The Poetical Works

of

John Skelton

Published by the Ex-classics Project, 2015
http://www.exclassics.com
Public Domain
Eterno maniura die dum idera sulgent
Equora dumque tument nec lautra nostra vivebit.
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomine referetur ad astra.
Vndiq; Skeltonis memorabitur altera donis.
CONTENTS

EDITORIAL NOTE AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS ....................................................... 6
INTRODUCTION BY ISAAC D'ISRAELI ..................................................................... 7
ADVERTISEMENT. ..................................................................................................... 12
PREFACE. .............................................................................................................. 13
NOTES TO THE PREFACE ...................................................................................... 14
SOME ACCOUNT OF SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS ........................................... 15
NOTES TO SOME ACCOUNT OF SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS ......................... 34
MERRY TALES OF SKELTON ................................................................................. 47
NOTICES OF SKELTON FROM VARIOUS SOURCES ........................................... 57
ON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE PRINCE, KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.............. 68
NOTES TO THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD IV .................................................... 71
ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND .................................... 74
NOTES TO THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND ......................... 80
AGAINST A COMELY CUSTRON ........................................................................... 82
NOTES TO AGAINST A COMELY CUSTRON ......................................................... 84
UPON A DEAD MAN'S HEAD ................................................................................. 87
NOTES TO UPON A DEAD MAN'S HEAD ............................................................. 89
WOMANHOOD, WANTON, YE WANT ................................................................. 90
NOTES TO WOMANHOOD, WANTON, YE WANT .............................................. 91
DIVERS BALLADS AND DITTIES SOLACIOUS ................................................. 92
NOTES TO DIVERS BALLADS AND DITTIES SOLACIOUS ................................ 96
MANNERLY MARGERY MILK AND ALE .............................................................. 99
NOTES TO MANNERLY MARGERY MILK AND ALE .......................................... 100
THE BOWGE OF COURT ....................................................................................... 101
NOTES TO THE BOWGE OF COURT. ................................................................. 114
PHILIP SPARROW ................................................................................................. 121
NOTES TO PHILIP SPARROW .............................................................................. 150
THE TUNNING OF ELYNOEUR RUMMING ......................................................... 171
NOTES TO THE TUNNING OF ELYNOEUR RUMMING. ..................................... 185
POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE .......................................................................... 201
NOTES TO POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE ....................................................... 212
AGAINST VENOMOUS TONGUES ...................................................................... 222
NOTES TO AGAINST VENOMOUS TONGUES ................................................... 225
ON TIME ...................................................................................................................228
NOTES TO ON TIME.................................................................................................229
PRAYERS TO THE THREE PERSONS OF THE TRINITY ........................................230
NOTES TO PRAYERS TO THE THREE PERSONS OF THE TRINITY ................232
WOEFULLY ARRAYED ............................................................................................233
NOTES TO WOEFULLY ARRAYED ......................................................................235
NOW SING WE, &C .................................................................................................237
NOTES TO NOW SING WE, &C ............................................................................240
WARE THE HAWK..................................................................................................241
NOTES TO WARE THE HAWK ..........................................................................249
EPITAPH FOR JOHN CLARKE AND ADAM UDERSALL ..................................257
TRANSLATION........................................................................................................260
NOTES TO EPITAPH FOR JOHN CLARKE AND ADAM UDERSALL ...............264
AGAINST THE SCOTS...........................................................................................266
NOTES TO AGAINST THE SCOTS.......................................................................271
UNTO DIVERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS RHYMING AGAINST THE SCOT JEMMY. .........................................................................................................................277
NOTES TO UNTO DIVERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS RHYMING ................278
VERSES AGAINST DUNDAS ..............................................................................279
NOTES TO VERSES AGAINST DUNDAS ...............................................................281
CALLIOPE ................................................................................................................284
NOTES TO CALLIOPE ............................................................................................285
THE BOOK OF THREE FOOLS .............................................................................286
NOTES TO THE BOOK OF THREE FOOLS ..........................................................290
A REPLICATION AGAINST CERTAIN YOUNG SCHOLARS ABJURED OF LATE ..........................................................................................................................291
NOTES TO A REPLICATION &C. ........................................................................302
MAGNIFICENCE .....................................................................................................308
NOTES TO MAGNIFICENCE ..................................................................................373
COLYN CLOUTE ....................................................................................................392
NOTES TO COLYN CLOUTE ..............................................................................419
THE GARLAND OF LAUREL ..............................................................................436
NOTES TO THE GARLAND OF LAUREL ..........................................................471
SPEAK, PARROT.....................................................................................................498
NOTES TO SPEAK, PARROT ..............................................................................511
WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT? .......................................................................525
NOTES TO WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT? ...................................................551
THE DOUGHTY DUKE OF ALBANY .................................................................567
NOTES TO THE DOUGHTY DUKE OF ALBANY ..............................................579
A LAUD AND PRAISE MADE FOR OUR SOVEREIGN LORD THE KING .....584
NOTES TO A LAUD AND PRAISE &c. ............................................................586
GLOSSARY .....................................................................................................587
EDITORIAL NOTE AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This edition of the Works of John Skelton is taken from the 1843 edition by Alexander Dyce. It includes all the works in English from that edition. The notes have also been taken mainly from there, some additional material has been provided by the Ex-Classics Project. The spelling has been modernized and obsolete words standardized using the primary spelling used by the OED.

Latin verses included in the English poems, and Latin quotations in the notes, have been translated, as follows:

- Quotations from the Vulgate Bible have been taken from the Douay-Rheims translation.

- Others have been taken from public domain sources if available; the translator has been credited in each case. PH means Philip Henderson, taken from his 1931 edition; SP refers to the Skelton Project, http://www.skeltonproject.com. We would like to acknowledge their generosity in allowing us to use their translations.

- Uncredited translations are by the Ex-Classics Project.

The Glossary is the work of the Ex-Classics project.
INTRODUCTION BY ISAAC D'ISRAELI

At a period when satire had not yet assumed any legitimate form, a singular genius appeared in Skelton. His satire is peculiar, but it is stamped by vigorous originality. The fertility of his conceptions in his satirical or his humorous vein is thrown out in a style created by himself. 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. But the magic of the poet is confined to his spell; at his first step out of it he falls to the earth never to recover himself. Skelton is a great creator only when he writes what baffles imitation, for it is his fate, when touching more solemn strains, to betray no quality of a poet—inert in imagination and naked in diction. Whenever his muse plunges into the long measure of heroic verse, she is drowned in no Heliconian stream. Skelton seems himself aware of his miserable fate, and repeatedly, with great truth, if not with some modesty, complains of

"Mine homely rudeness and dryness."

But when he returns to his own manner and his own rhyme, when he riots in the wantonness of his prodigal genius, irresistible and daring, the poet was not unconscious of his faculty; and truly he tells,—

"Though my rime be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty, moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith,
It hath in it some pith."

Whether Skelton really adopted the measures of the old tavern-minstrelsy used by harpers, who gave "a fit of mirth for a groat," or "carols for Christmas," or "lascivious poems for bride-ales," as Puttenham, the arch-critic of Elizabeth's reign, supposes; or whether in Skelton's introduction of alternate Latin lines among his verses he caught the Macaronic caprice of the Italians, as Warton suggests; the Skeltonical style remains his own undisputed possession. He is a poet who has left his name to his own verse—a verse, airy but pungent, so admirably adapted for the popular ear that it has been frequently copied [see note]*, and has led some eminent critics into singular misconceptions. The minstrel tune of the Skeltonical rhyme is easily caught, but the invention of style and "the pith" mock these imitators. The facility of doggrel merely of itself could not have yielded the exuberance of his humour and the mordacity of his satire.

*Note: George Ellis, although an elegant critic, could not relish "the Skeltonical minstrelsy." In an extract from a manuscript poem ascribed to Skelton, "The Image of Hypocrisye," and truly Skeltonical in every sense, he condemned it as "a piece of obscure and unintelligible ribaldry;" and so, no doubt, it has been accepted. But the truth is, the morsel is of exquisite poignancy, pointed at Sir Thomas More's controversial writings, to which the allusions in every line might be pointed out. As these works were written after the death of Skelton, the merit entirely remains with this fortunate imitator.
This singular writer has suffered the mischance of being too original for some of his critics; they looked on the surface, and did not always suspect the depths they glided over: the legitimate taste of others has revolted against the mixture of the ludicrous and the invective. A taste for humour is a rarer faculty than most persons imagine; where it is not indigenous, no art of man can plant it. There is no substitute for such a volatile existence, and where even it exists in a limited degree, we cannot enlarge its capacity for reception. A great master of humour, who observed from his experience, has solemnly told us, that "it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God; and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him*." Puttenham was the first critic who prized Skelton cheaply; the artificial and courtly critic of Elizabeth's reign could not rightly estimate such a wild and irregular genius. The critic's fastidious ear listens to nothing but the jar of rude rhymes, while the courtier's delicacy shrinks from the nerve of appalling satire. "Such," says this critic, "are the rhymes of Skelton, usurping the name of a Poet Laureat, being indeed but a rude rayling rhimer, and all his doings ridiculous—pleasing only the popular ear." This affected critic never suspected "the pith" of "the ridiculous;" the grotesque humour covering the dread invective which shook a Wolsey under his canopy. Another Elizabethan critic, the obsequious Meres, re-echoes the dictum. These opinions perhaps prejudiced the historian of our poetry, who seems to have appreciated them as the echoes of the poet's contemporaries. Yet we know how highly his contemporaries prized him, notwithstanding the host whom he provoked. One poetical brother (Sterne) distinguishes him as "the Inventive Skelton," and we find the following full-length portrait of him by another t:—

In the public rejoicings at the defeat of the Armada in 1589, a ludicrous bard poured forth his patriotic effusions in what he called "A Skeltonical Salutation, or Condign Gratulation," of the Spaniard, who, he says,—

"In a bravado,
    Spent many a crusado."

In a reprint of the poem of "Elynour Rumming," in 1624, which may be found in the Harl. Miscellany, vol. i., there is a poem prefixed which ridicules the lovers of tobacco; this anachronism betrays the imitator. At the close there are some verses from the Ghost of Skelton; but we believe it is a real ghost.

"A poet for his art,
Whose judgment sure was high,
And had great practise of the pen,
His works they will not lie;
His termes to taunts did leane,
His talk was as he wrate,
Full quick of wit, right sharpe of wordes,
And skilful of the state;
*****

And to the hateful minde,
That did disdain his doings still,
A scorner of his kinde."

When Dr. Johnson observed that "Skelton cannot be said to have attained great elegance of language," he tried Skelton by a test of criticism at which Skelton would have laughed, and "jangled and wrangled." Warton has also censured him for adopting "the familiar phraseology of the common people." The learned editor of
Johnson's Dictionary corrects both our critics. "If Skelton did not attain great elegance of language, he however possessed great knowledge of it. From his works may be drawn an abundance of terms which were then in use among the vulgar as well as the learned, and which no other writer of his time so obviously (and often so wittily) illustrated. Skelton seems to have been fully aware of the condition of our vernacular idiom when he wrote, for he has thus described it:—

"Our natural tongue is rude,  
And hard to be ennewed 
With polished termes lusty;  
Our language is so rusty, 
So cankered, and so full  
Of frowards, and so dull, 
That if I would apply  
To write ordinately, 
I wot not where to find  
Terms to serve my mind."

It was obviously his design to be as great a creator of words as he was of ideas. Many of his mintage would have given strength to our idiom. Caxton, as a contemporary, is some authority that Skelton improved the language.

Let not the reader imagine that Skelton was only "a rude rayling rhimer." Skelton was the tutor of Henry the Eighth; and one who knew him well describes him, as—

"Seldom out of prince's grace."

Erasmus distinguished him as "the light and ornament of British letters;" and one, he addresses the royal pupil, "who can not only excite your studies, but complete them." Warton attests his classical attainments: "Had not his propensity to the ridiculous induced him to follow the whimsies of Walter Mapes, Skelton would have appeared among the first writers of Latin poetry in England." Skelton chose to be himself; and this is what the generality of his critics have not taken in their view.

Skelton was an ecclesiastic who was evidently among those who had adopted the principles of reformation before the Reformation. With equal levity and scorn he struck at the friars from his pulpit or in his ballad, he ridiculed the Romish ritual, and he took unto himself that wife who was to be called a concubine. To the same feelings we may also ascribe the declamatory invective against Cardinal Wolsey, from whose terrible arm he flew into the sanctuary of Westminster, where he remained protected by Abbot Islip until his death, which took place in 1529, but a few short months before the fall of Wolsey. It is supposed that the king did not wholly dislike the levelling of the greatness of his overgrown minister; and it is remarkable that one of the charges subsequently brought by the council in 1529 against Wolsey—his imperious carriage at the council-board—is precisely one of the accusations of our poet, only divested of rhyme; whence perhaps we may infer that Skelton was an organ of the rising party.

"Why come you not to Court?"—that daring statepicture of an omnipotent minister—and "The Book of Colin Clout," where the poet pretends only to relate what the people talk about the luxurious clergy, and seems to be half the reformer, are the most original satires in the language. In the days when Skelton wrote these satires there appeared a poem known by the title of "Reade, and be not Wrothe," a voluminous invective against the Cardinal and the Romish superstitions, which has been ascribed by some to Skelton. The writer was William Roy, a friar; the genius, though not the
zeal, of Roy and Skelton are far apart—as far as the buoyancy of racy originality is removed from the downright earnestness of grave mediocrity. Roy had been the learned assistant of Tyndale in the first edition of the translation of the New Testament, and it was the public conflagration at London of that whole edition which aroused his indignant spirit. The satire, which had been printed abroad, was diligently suppressed by an emissary of the Cardinal purchasing up all the copies; and few were saved from the ravage; the author, however, escaped out of the country.

After the death of the Cardinal it was reprinted, in 1546; but the satire was weakened, being transferred from Wolsey and wholly laid on the clergy. The very rare first edition is reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, by Parke, vol. ix. Tyndale has reproached his colleague with being somewhat artful and mutable in his friendships; but the wandering man proved the constancy of his principles, for as a heretic he perished at the stake in Portugal. It has passed through a reprint by the Roxburgh Club.

In "The Crown of Lawrell" Skelton has himself furnished a catalogue of his numerous writings, the greater number of which have not come down to us. Literary productions were at that day printed on loose sheets, or in small pamphlets, which the winds seem to have scattered. We learn there of his graver labours. He composed the "Speculum Principis" for his royal pupil—

"To bear in hand, therein to read,"

and he translated Diodorus Siculus—"Six volumes engrossed, it doth contain." To have composed a manual for the education of a prince, and to have persevered through a laborious version, are sufficient evidence that the learned Skelton had his studious days as well as his hours of caustic jocularity. He appears to have written various pieces for the court entertainment; but for us exists only an account of the interlude of the "Nigramansir," in the pages of Warton, and a single copy of the goodly interlude of "Magnificence," in the Garrick collection. If we accept his abstract personations merely as the names, and not the qualities of the dramatic personages, "Magnificence" approaches to the true vein of comedy.

Skelton was, however, probably more gratified by his own Skeltonical style, moulding it with the wantonness of power on whatever theme, comic or serious. In a poem remarkable for its elegant playfulness, a very graceful maiden, whose loveliness the poet has touched with the most vivid colouring, grieving over the fate of her sparrow from its feline foe, chants a dirige, a paternoster, and an Ave Maria for its soul, and the souls of all sparrows. In this discursive poem, which glides from object to object, in the vast abundance of fancy, a general mourning of all the birds in the air, and many allusions to the old romances, "Philip Sparrow," for its elegance, may be placed by the side of Lesbia's Bird, and, for its playfulness, by the Ver Vert of Gresset.

But Skelton was never more vivid than in his Alewife, and all

"The mad mummyng
Of Elynuore Rummyng,"

a piece which has been more frequently reprinted than any of his works. It remains a morsel of poignant relish for the antiquary, still enamoured of the portrait of this grisly dame of Leatherhead, where her name and her domicile still exist. Such is the immortality a poet can bestow. "The Tunnyng of Elynuore Rumrayng" is a remarkable production of The Grotesque, or the low burlesque; the humour as low as
you please, but as strong as you can imagine. Cleland is reported, in Spence's Anecdotes of Pope, to have said, that this "Tunnyng of Elynoure Rummyng" was taken from a poem of Lorenzo de' Medici. There is indeed a jocose satire by that noble bard, entitled I Beoni, the Topers; an elegant piece of playful humour, where the characters are a company of thirsty souls hastening out of the gates of Florence to a treat of excellent wine. It was printed by the Giunti, in 1568, and therefore this burlesque piece could never have been known to Skelton. The manners of our Alewife and her gossips are purely English, and their contrivances to obtain their potations such as the village of Leatherhead would afford. The latest edition of Skelton was published in the days of Pope, which occasioned some strictures in conversation from the great poet. The laureated poet of Henry the Eighth is styled "beastly;" probably Pope alluded to this minute portrait of "Elynoure Rummynge" and her crowd of customers. Beastliness should have been a delicate subject for censure from Pope. But surely Pope had never read Skelton; for could that great poet have passed by the playful graces of "Philip Sparrow" only to remember the broad gossips of "Elynoure Rummyng?"

A noble amateur laid on the shrine of this antiquated beauty 20l. to possess her rare portrait; and, on the republication of this portrait, Steevens wrote some sarcastic verses on the print-collectors in the European Mag. 1794; they show this famous commentator to have been a polished wit, though he pronounced the Sonnets of Shakespeare unreadable. These verses have been reprinted in Dibdin's Bibliomania.

The amazing contrast of these two poems is the most certain evidence of the extent of the genius of the poet: he who with copious fondness dwelt on a picture which rivals the gracefulness of Albano, could with equal completeness give us the drunken gossips of an Ostade. It is true that in the one we are more than delighted, and in the other we are more than disgusted; but in the impartiality of philosophical criticism, we must award that none but the most original genius could produce both. It is this which entitles our bard to be styled the "Inventive Skelton."

But are personal satires and libels of the day deserving the attention of posterity? I answer, that for posterity there are no satires nor libels. We are concerned only with human nature. When the satirical is placed by the side of the historical character, they reflect a mutual light. We become more intimately acquainted with the great Cardinal, by laying together the satire of the mendacious Skelton with the domestic eulogy of the gentle Cavendish. The interest which posterity takes is different from that of contemporaries; our vision is more complete; they witnessed the beginnings, but we behold the ends. We are no longer deceived by hyperbolical exaggeration, or inflamed by unsparing invective; the ideal personage of the satirist is compared with the real one of the historian, and we touch only delicate truths. What Wolsey was we know, but how he was known to his own times, and to the people, we can only gather from the private satirist; corrected by the passionless arbiter of another age, the satirist becomes the useful historian of the man.

The extraordinary combination in the genius of Skelton was that of two most opposite and potent faculties — the hyperbolical ludicrous masking the invective. He acts the character of a buffoon; he talks the language of drollery; he even mints a coinage of his own, to deepen the colours of his extravagance—and all this was for the people! But his hand conceals a poniard; his rapid gestures only strike the deeper into his victim, and we find that the Tragedy of the State has been acted while we were only lookers-on before a stage erected for the popular gaze.
ADVERTISEMENT.

The Poems of Skelton are here reprinted from the excellent edition prepared by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. The various readings of the text have in general been omitted, the space which they occupy being out of proportion to the advantage derived from them by most readers. The latest improvements made by Mr. Dyce have received proper attention. A very small number of his notes have been abridged, or dropped as superfluous; about as many have been added, or enlarged, and a few have been altered,—it is hoped, for the better.

CAMBRIDGE, July, 1855.
THE very incomplete and inaccurate volume of 1736, and the reprint of it in Chalmers's *English Poets*, 1810, have hitherto been the only editions of Skelton accessible to the general reader.

In 1814, the Quarterly Reviewer,—after censuring Chalmers for having merely reprinted the volume of 1736, with all its errors, and without the addition of those other pieces by Skelton which were known to be extant,—observed, that "an editor who should be competent to the task could not more worthily employ himself than by giving a good and complete edition of his works." Prompted by this remark, I commenced the present edition,—perhaps with too much self-confidence, and certainly without having duly estimated the difficulties which awaited me. After all the attention which I have given to the writings of Skelton, they still contain corruptions which defy my power of emendation, and passages which I am unable to illustrate; nor is it, therefore, without a feeling of reluctance that I now offer these volumes to the very limited class of readers for whom they are intended. In revising my Notes for press, I struck out a considerable portion of conjectures and explanations which I had originally hazarded, being unwilling to receive from any one that equivocal commendation which Joseph Scaliger bestowed on a literary labourer of old; "Laudo tamen studium tuum; quia in rebus obscuris ut errare necesse est, ita fortuitum non errare."<3>

Having heard that Ritson had made some collections for an edition of our author, I requested the use of those papers from his nephew, the late Joseph Frank, Esq., who most obligingly put them into my hands: they proved, however, to be only a transcript of *Vox Populi, vox Dei* (from the Harleian MS.) and a few memoranda concerning Skelton from very obvious sources.

The individual to whom I have been the most indebted for assistance and encouragement in this undertaking has not survived to receive my acknowledgments; I mean the late Mr. Heber, who not only lent me his whole collection of Skelton's works, but also took a pleasure in communicating to me from time to time whatever information he supposed might be serviceable. Indeed, without such liberality on the part of Mr. Heber, a complete edition of the poet's extant writings could not have been produced; for his incomparable library (now unfortunately dispersed) contained some pieces by Skelton, of which copies were not elsewhere to be found.

To Miss Richardson Currer; the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville; the Hon. and Rev. G. N. Grenville, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; Sir Harris Nicolas; Sir Francis Walgrave; Rev. Dr. Bandinel; Rev. Dr. Bliss; Rev. John Mitford; Rev. J. J. Smith of Caius College, Cambridge; Rev. Joseph Hunter; Rev. Joseph Stevenson; W. H. Black, Esq.; Thomas Amyot, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq.; Thomas Wright, Esq.; J. O. Halliwell, Esq.; Albert Way, Esq.; and David Laing, Esq.;—I have to return my grateful thanks for the important aid of various kinds which they so readily and courteously afforded me.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

London, Gray's Inn,
Nov. 1st, 1843
NOTES TO THE PREFACE

1. "Mr. A. Chalmers," says Haslewood, "has since given place [sic] to Skelton's name among the English poets [vol. ii. p. 227]: and having had an opportunity to compare the original edition [that of Marshe, 1568] with Mr. Chalmers's volume, I can pronounce the text verbally accurate, although taken from the reprint of 1736." Brit. Bibliogr. iv. 389. As Haslewood was generally a careful collator, I am greatly surprised at the above assertion: the truth is, that the reprint of 1736 (every word of which I have compared with Marshe's edition—itself replete with errors) is in not a few places grossly inaccurate.—The said reprint is without the editor's name; but I have seen a copy of it in which Gifford had written with a pencil, "Edited by J. Bowie, the stupidest of all two-legged animals."

2. Q. Rev. xi. 485. The critique in question was written by Mr. Southey,—who, let me add, took a kind interest in the progress of the present edition.

3. "I praise your scholarship, however; for though in these obscure matters you must needs err, sometimes you may not"; Joanni Isacio Pontano—Epist. p. 490. ed. 1627.
SOME ACCOUNT OF SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS.

JOHN SKELTON<1> is generally said to have been descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland;<2> but there is some reason to believe that Norfolk was his native county. The time of his birth, which is left to conjecture, cannot well be carried back to an earlier year than 1460.

[The following entry pertaining to a John Skelton was discovered by Mr. W. H. Black in the Public Record Office.]

23d Feb. 12 Edw. iv. [1473]. "Tribus subclericis, videlicet Roberto Lane, Nicholao Neubold, et Johanni Skelton, videlicet praedictis Roberto l.s. et praedictis Nicholao et Johanni cuilibet eorum xl.s." ("To three junior clerics, that is, Robert Lane, Nicholas Newbold, and John Skelton, that is, to the aforesaid Robert 50 shillings, and to the aforesaid Nicholas and John 40 shillings each") A like payment was made to John Skelton on the 9th of Dec. preceding, when he is mentioned with others under the general denomination of clerks.) Books of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer,—A 4. 38. fols. 26, 27. (Public Record Office.)

There is, Mr. Black thinks, a possibility that Skelton had been employed, while a youth, as an under-clerk in the Receipt of the Exchequer; and he observes, that it would seem to have been a temporary occupation, as there is no trace of any person of that name among the admissions to offices in the Black Book.

The statement of his biographers, that he was educated at Oxford,<3> I am not prepared to contradict: but if he studied there, it was at least after he had gone through an academical course at the sister university; for he has himself expressly declared,

"Alma parens O Cantabrigensis,

. . . . tibi quondam carus alumnus eram;"<4>

Consolatory Poem before A Replication &c.

adding in a marginal note, "Cantabrigia Skeltonidi laureato primam mammam eruditionis pientissime propinavit."<5> Hence it is probable that the poet was the "one Scheklton," who, according to Cole, became M. A. at Cambridge in 1484.<6>

Of almost all Skelton's writings which have descended to our times, the first editions<7> have perished; and it is impossible to determine either at what period he commenced his career as a poet, or at what dates his various pieces were originally printed. That he was the author of many compositions which are no longer extant, we learn from the pompous enumeration of their titles in the Garland of Laurel.<8> The lines, Of the death of the noble prince, King Edward the Fourth, who deceased in 1483, were probably among his earliest attempts in verse.

In 1489 Skelton produced an elegy Upon the dolorous death and much lamentable chance of the most honorable Earl of Northumberland,<9> who was slain during a popular insurrection in Yorkshire. His son Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl, who is there mentioned as the "young lion, but tender yet of age,"<10> appears to have afterwards extended his patronage to the poet;<11> at a time when persons of the highest rank were in general grossly illiterate, this nobleman was both a lover and a liberal encourager of letters.
Skelton had acquired great reputation as a scholar, and had recently been laureated at Oxford,12 when Caxton, in 1490, published The Book of Aeneados compiled by Virgil,13 in the Preface to which is the following passage: "But I pray master John Skelton, late created poet laureate in the university of Oxenford, to oversee and correct this said book. And t'address and expound where as shall be found fault to them that shall require it. For him I know for sufficient to expound and English every difficulty that is therin. For he hath late translated the epistles of Tully,14 and the book of Diodorus Siculus,15 and diverse other works out of Latin into English, not in rude and old langage, but in polished and ornate terms craftily, as he that hath read Virgil, Ovid, Tully, and all the other noble poets and orators, to me unknown: And also he hath read the ix. Muses and understand their musical sciences, and to whom of them each science is appropred. I suppose he hath drunken of Helicon's well. Then I pray him and such other to correct add or minish where as he or they shall find fault."16 &c. The laureateship in question, however, was not the office of poet laureate according to the modern acceptation of the term: it was a degree in grammar, including rhetoric and versification, taken at the university, on which occasion the graduate was presented with a wreath of laurel.17 To this academical honour Skelton proudly alludes in his fourth poem Against Garnesche:

"A King to me mine habit gave:
At Oxford, the university,
Advanced I was to that degree;
By whole consent of their senate,
I was made poet laureate."

Fourth poem Against Garnesche

Our laureate, a few years after, was admitted ad eundem ("to the same") at Cambridge: "An. Dom. 1493, et Hen. 7 nono. Conceditur Johi Skelton Poet in partibus transmarinis atque Oxon, Laurea ornato, ut apud nos eadem decoraretur;" ("In the Year of the Lord 1493, ninth year of the reign of Henry vii, John Skelton, Poet, laureate at Oxford and abroad, was honoured in the same way among us") again, "An. 1504-5, Conceditur Johi Skelton, Poetae Laureat. quad possit stare eodem gradu hic quo stetit Oxoniis, et quad possit uti habitu sibi concesso a Principe." ("In the year 1504-5, John Skelton, Poet Laureate, was granted the right to the same rank (degree) here as he has in Oxford, and the right to wear the habit granted by the Prince") Warton, who cites both these entries,18 remarks, "the latter clause, I believe, relates to some distinction of habit, perhaps of fur or velvet, granted him by the King." There can be no doubt that Skelton speaks of this peculiar apparel in the lines just quoted, as also in his third poem Against Garnesche, where he says,

"Your sword ye swear, I ween,
So trenchant and so keen,
Shall kit both white and green
Your folly is too great
The King's colours to threat;"

Third poem Against Garnesche

from which we may infer that he wore, as laureate, a dress of white and green, or, perhaps, a white dress with a wreath of laurel. It was most probably on some part of the same habit that the word Calliope was embroidered in letters of silk and gold:

"Calliope,
As ye may see,
Regent is she
The Poetical Works

Of poetes all,
Which gave to me
The high degree
Laureate to be
Of fame royal;
Whose name enrolled
With silk and gold
I dare be bold
Thus, for to wear” &c.

Calliope

In the following passage Barclay perhaps glances at Skelton, with whom (as will afterwards be shown) he was on unfriendly terms;

"But of their writing though I ensue the rate,
No name I challenge of Poet Laureate:
That name unto them is meet and doth agree
Which writeth matters with curiosity.
Mine habit black accordeth not with green
Black betokeneth death as it is daily seen;
The green is pleasure, fresh lust and jollity;
These two in nature hath great diversity.
Then who would ascribe, except he were a fool,
The pleasanta laurer unto the mourning cowl?"<19>

Warton has remarked, that some of Skelton's Latin verses, which are subscribed—"Haec laureatus Skeltonis, regius orator"—"Per Skeltonida laureatum, oratorem regium." ("Skelton the laureate, royal orator")—seem to have been written in the character of royal laureate;<20> and perhaps the expression "of fame royal" in Skelton's lines on Calliope, already cited, may be considered as strengthening this supposition. There would, indeed, be no doubt that Skelton was not only a poet laureated at the universities, but also poet laureate or court poet to Henry the Eighth, if the authenticity of the following statement were established: "la patente qui declare Skelton poète laureate d'Henry viii. est datée de la cinquième année de son règne, ce qui tomb en 1512 ou 1513:" so (after giving correctly the second entry concerning Skelton's laureation at Cambridge) writes the Abbé du Resnel in an essay already mentioned; having received, it would seem, both these statements concerning Skelton from Carte the historian, <21> who, while he communicated to Du Resnel one real document, was not likely to have forged another for the purpose of misleading the learned Frenchman. On this subject I can only add, that no proof has been discovered of Skelton's having enjoyed an annual salary from the crown in consequence of such an office.

The reader will have observed that in the first entry given above from the Cambridge Univ. Regist. Skelton is described as having been laureated not only at Oxford but also "transmarinis partibus." That the foreign seat of learning at which he received this honour was the university of Louvaine,<22> may be inferred from the title of a poem which I subjoin entire, not only because it occurs in a volume of the greatest rarity, but because it evinces the celebrity which Skelton had attained.

"IN CLARISSIMI SCHELTONIS LOUANIENSIS POETAE LAUDES EPIGRAMMA.

Quum terra omnifero laetissima risit amictu,
Plena novo foetu quaelibet arbor erat;
Vertice purpurei vultus incepit honores
Extensis valvis pandere pulchra rosa;
Et segetum tenero sub cortice grana tumescent,
Flavescens curvat pendula spica caput.
Vix Cancri tropicos auestus lustravit anhelans
Pythius, et Nemeae verit ad ora ferae,
Vesper solis equos oriens dum clausit Olympo,
Agmina stellarum surgere cuncta jubet:
Hic primo aspiceres ut Cynthia vecta sereno
Extulerat surgens cornua clara polo;
Inde Hydram cernas, stravit quam clava trinodis
Alcidae, nitidis emicuisse comis;
Tum Procyon subiit, praepes Lepus, hinc Jovis ales,
Arctos, et Engonasus, sidus et Eridani;
Ignivomis retinet radiis quae stellifer orbis
(Quid multis remorer?) sidera cuncta micant.
Nutat Atlanteum convexum pondus, ocellis
Dum lustro haec aegris, vergit et oceano.
Tum furtim alma quies repens mihi membra soporat,
Curaque Lethaeo flumine mersa jacet:
O mihi quam placidis Icelos tulit aurea somnis
Somnia, musiphilis non caritura fide!
Nuncia percelebris Polyhymnia blanda salutans
Me Clarii ut visam numina sacra citat.
Ut sequar hanc laetus, mihi visus amoena vireta
Et nemorum umbrosos praeteriisse sinus:
Scilicet haec montes monstraverat inter eundum
Et fontes Musae quos coluere sacros;
Castalios latices, Aganippidos atque Medusei
Vidimus alipedis flumina rupta pede;
Antra him Libethri monstrat Pimpleidos undas,
Post vada Cepi, Phocidos atque lacus;
Nubifer assurgit mons Pierus atque Cithaeron,
Gryneumque nemus dehinc Heliconque sacer:
Inde et Parnasi bifidi secreta subimus,
Tota ubi Mnemosynes sancta propago manet.
Turba pudica novem dulce hic cecinere sororum;
Delius in medio plectra chelynque sonat:
Aurifluis laudat modulis monumenta suorum
Vatum, quos dignos censet honore poli:
De quo certarunt Salamin, Cumae, vel Athenae,
Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, primus Homerus erat;
Laudat et Orpheum, domuit qui voce leones,
Eurydicen Stygiis qui rapuitque rogis;
Antiquum meminit Musaeum Eumolpide natum,
Te nec Aristophanes Euriptidesque tacet;
Vel canit illustrem genuit quem Teia tellus,
Quemque fovit dulci Coa camera sinu;
Deinde cothurnatum celebrem dat laude Sophoclem,
Et quam Lesbides pavit amore Phaon;
AEschylus, Amphion, Thespis nec honore carebant,
Pindarus, Alcaeus, quem tuleratque Paros;
Sunt alii plures genuit quos terra Pelasga,
Daphnaeum cecinit quos meruisse decus:
Tersa Latinorum dehinc multa poemata texit,
Laude nec Argivis inferiora probat;
Insignem tollit ter vatem, cui dedit Andes
Cunas urbs, clarum Parthenopaea taphum;
Blanda Corinna, tui Ponto religatus amore,
Sulmoni natus Naso secundus erat;
Inde nitore fluens lyricus genere Appuls ille
Qui Latii primus mordica metra tulit;
Statius AEacidem sequitur Thebaida pingens,
Emathio hinc scribens praelia gesta solo;
Cui Verona parens lathe mollis scriptor amorum,
Tu nec in obscuro, culte Tibulle, lates;
Haud reticendus erat cui patria Bilbilis, atque
Persius hinc mordax crimina spurca notans;
Eximius pallet vel Seneca luce tragodus,
Comicus et Latii bellica praeda ducis;
Laudat et hinc alios quos saecula prisa fovebant;
Hos omnes longum iam meminisse foret.

Tum<24> Smintheus, paulo spirans, ait, ecce, sorores,
Qum clausa oceano terra Britanna nitet!
Oxoniam claram Pataraea ut regna videtis,
Aut Tenedos, Delos, qua mea fama viret:
Nonne fluunt istic nitidae Permessidos undae,
Istic et Aoniae sunt juga visa mihi?
Alma fovet vates nobis haec terra ministros,
Inter quos Schelton jure canendus adest:
Numina nostra colit; canit hic vel carmina cedro
Digna, Palatinis et socianda sacris;
Grande decus nobis addunt sua scripta, linenda
Auratis, digna ut posteritate, notis;
Laudiflua excurrer serie sua culta poesis,
Certatim palamam lectaque verba petunt;
Ora lepore fluunt, sicuti dives Tagus auro,
Aut pressa Hyblaeis dulcia mella favis;
Rhetoricus sermo riguo fecundior horto,
Pulchrior est multo puniceisque rosis,
Unda limpidior, Paro ma politior albo,
Splendidior vitro, candidiorque nive,
Mitior Alcinois pomis, fragrantior ipso
Thureque Pantheo, gratior et violis;
Vincit te, suavi Demosthene, unct Ulyxim
Eloquio, atque senem quem tulit ipse Pylos;
Ad fera bella trahat verbis, nequitt quod Atrides
Aut Brisis, rigidum te licet, AEacides;
Tantum eius verbis tribuit Suadela Venusque
Et Charites, animas quolibet ille ut agat,
Vel Lacedaemonios quo Tyrtaeus pede claudio
Pieriis vincens martia tela modis,
Magnus Alexander quo belliger actus ab illa
Maenon vatis grandisonante tuba;
Gratia tanta suis virtusque est diva camenis,
Ut revocet manes ex Acheronte citos;
Leniat hic plectro vel pectora saeva leonum,
Hic strepitu condat moenia vasta lyrae;
Omnimodos animi possit depellere morbos,
Vel Niobes luctus Heliadumque truces;
John Skelton

Reprimat hic rabidi Saulis sedetque furores,
Inter delphinas alter Arion erit;
Ire Cupidineos quovis hic cogat amores,
Atque dui assuetos hic abolere queat;
Auspice me tripodas sentit, me inflante calores
Concipit aethereos, mystica diva canit;
Stellarum cursus, naturam vasti et Olympi,
Aeris et vires hic aperire potest,
Vel quid cunctipares gremio tellus foveat almo
Gurgite quid teneat velivolumque mare;
Monstratur digito phoenice ut rarior uno,
Ecce virum de quo splendida fama volat!
Ergo decus nostrum quo fulget honorque, sorores,
Heroas laudes accumulate viro;
Laudes accumulent Satyri, juga densa Lycae,
Pindi, vel Rhodopites, Maenala quiue colunt;
Ingeminent plausus Dryades facilesque Napaeae,
Oreadum celebris turba et Hamadryadum;
Biandisonum vatem, vos Oceanitidesque atque
Naiades, innumeris tollite praecoonis;
AEterno liveat quo vos celebravit honore,
Ilius ac astra fama perennis eat:
Nunc maduere satis vestro, nunc prata liquore
Flumina, Pierides, sistite, Phoebus ait.
Sat cecinisse tuum sit, mi Schelton, tibi laudi
Haec Whitintonum: culte poet, vale.

The following verses are transcribed from a MS. (in the collection of the late Mr. B. H. Bright,) consisting of Hymni, &c., by Picus Mirandula:—

"Pici Mirandulae Carmen Extemporale.

Quid tibi facundum nostra in praeconia fontem
Sovere collibuit,
Sterne vates, Skelton, dignissime lauro,
Castalidumque decus?
Nos neque Pieridum celebramus antra sororum,
Forte nec Aonio
Ebibimus natum ditantes ora liquores.
At tibi Apollo chelym [sic]
Auratam dedit, et vocalia plectra sorores;
Inque tuis labiis
Dulcior Hyblaeo residet suadela liquore:
Sed tibi Calliope
Infudit totam: tu carmine vincis olorem;
Cedit et ipse tibi
Ultro porrecta cithara Rhodopeius Orpheus:
Tu modulante lyra
Et mulcere feras et duras ducere quercus,
Tu potes et rapidos
Flexanimis fidibus fluviorum sistere cursus;
Flectere saxa potes.
The Poetical Works

Graecia Maeonio quantum debebat Homero,
Mantua Virgilio,
Tantum Skeltoni iam sed debere fatetur
Terra Britanna suo:
Primus in hanc Latio deduxit ab orbe Camenas;
Primus hic edocuit
Exculte pureque loqui: te principe, Skelton,
Anglia nil metuat
Vel cum Romanis versa certare poetis.
Vive valeque diu!

Another laudatory notice of Skelton by a contemporary writer will not here be out of
place;

"To all ancient poets, little book, submit thee,
Whilom flowering in eloquence facundious,
And to all other which present now be;
First to master Chaucer and Ludgate sententious,
Also to pregnant Barkley now being religious,
To inventive Skelton and poet laureate;
Pray them all of pardon both early and late." <26>

Skelton frequently styles himself "orator regius;" <27> but the nature of the office
from which he derived the title is not, I believe, understood. The lines in which, as we
have just seen, Whittington so lavishly praises his "rhetorici sermo," allude most
probably to his performances in the capacity of royal orator.

In 1498 Skelton took holy orders. The days on which, during that year, he was
ordained successively subdeacon, deacon, and priest, are ascertained by the following
entries:

"In ecclesia conventuali domus sive hospitalis sancti Thome martiris de Acon civitatis
London. per Thomam Rothlucensem episcopum ultimo die mensis Marcii M. 
Johannes Skelton London. dioc. ad titulum Mon. beat Marie de Graciis iuxta Turrim
London." (In the conventual church of the monastery of St. Thomas in the City of
London, John Skelton was admitted by the Bishop of London Thomas Rothlucensis
(?) his name was actually Savage?) to the order of subdeacon of the Monastery Church
of Blessed Mary of Grace beside the Tower of London on the last day of March")

"[In cathedra sancti Pauli London. apud summum altare eiusdem per Thomam
permissione divina London. episcopum in sabbato sancto viz. xiii die mensis Aprilis]
Johannes Skelton poet [sic] laureatus Lond. dioc. ad titulum Mon. de Graciis iuxta
turrim London." (In St. Paul's Cathedral at the high altar the poet laureate John
Skelton was admitted by the divine authority of the Bishop of London to the order of
deacon of the monastery church of [Blessed Mary of] Grace beside the Tower of
London on Holy Saturday that is, the 14th day of April")

"In ecclesia conventuali hospitalis beat Marie de Elsing per Thomam Rothlucensem
episcopum ix die mensis Iunii M. Johannes Skelton poeta lureatus [sic] London. dim.
ad titulum Mon. de Graciis iuxta turrim London." In the conventual church of Saint
Mary in Elsing, the poet laureate John Skelton was admitted by the Bishop of London
Thomas Rothlucensis (?) his name was actually Savage?) to the order of priest of the
monastery [Church of Blessed Mary] of Grace beside the Tower of London on the
ninth day of June.")<28>

When Arthur, the eldest son of Henry the Seventh, was created Prince of Wales and
Earl of Chester, in 1489.<29> Skelton celebrated the event in a composition (probably
poetical) called Prince Arthur's Creation,<30> of which the title alone remains; and
when Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, was created Duke of York, in 1494, he was hailed by our author in some Latin verses—*Carmen ad principem, quando insignitus erat ducis Ebor. titulo*, ("A poem to the prince, when he was honoured with the title of Duke of York")—a copy of which (not to be found at present) was once among the MSS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, having been seen by Tanner, who cites the initial words,—"*Si quid habes, mea Musa.*" "If you have this, my Muse")

As at the last mentioned date Prince Henry was a mere infant, there can be no doubt that the care of his education had not yet been intrusted to our poet. It must have been several years after 1494 that Skelton was appointed tutor to that prince,—an appointment which affords a striking proof of the high opinion entertained of his talents and learning, as well as of the respectability of his character. He has himself recorded in his that he held this important situation:

"The honor of England I learned to spell,
In dignity royal that doth excel:
Note and mark well this parcel;
I gave him drink of the sugared well
Of Helicon's waters crystalline,
Acquainting him with the Muses nine.
It cometh thee well me to remorde,
That creancer was to thy sovereign lord:
It pleaseth that noble prince royal
Me as his master for to call
In his learning primordial."

*Fourth poem Against Garnesche*

And in another poem he informs us that he composed a treatise for the edification of his royal pupil:

"The Duke of York's creancer when Skelton was,
Now Henry the viii. King of England,
A treatise he devised and brought it to pass,
Called *Speculum Principis*, to bear in his hand,
Therin to read; and to understand
All the demeanour of princely estate,
To be our King, of God preordinate."<34>

*Garland of Laurel v. 1228*

The *Speculum Principis* has perished: we are unable to determine whether it was the same work as that entitled *Methodos Skeltonidis laureati*, sc. *Praecepta quaedam moralia Henrico principi, postea Henr. viii, missa*. Dat. apud Eltham A.D. MDI., which in Tanner's days was extant (mutilated at the beginning) among the MSS. in the Lincoln Cathedral Library, but which (like the Latin verses mentioned in a preceding page) has since been allowed to wander away from that ill-guarded collection.

When Prince Henry was a boy of nine years old, Erasmus dedicated to him an ode *De Laudibus Britanniae, Regisque Henricus Septimus ac Regiorum Liberorum*. The Dedication contains the following memorable encomium on Skelton; "*Et haec quidem interea tamquam ludicra munuscula tuae pueritiae dicavimus, uberiora largituri ubi tua virtus una cum aetate accrescens uberiorem carminum materiam suppeditabit. Ad quod equidem te adhortarer, nisi et ipse jamdudum sponte tua velis remisque (ut aiunt) eo tenderest et domi haberes Skeltonum, unum Britannicarum literarum lumen*
"ac decus, qui tua studia possit, non solum accendere, sed etiam consummare;" <36>
and in the Ode are these lines;

"Iam puer Henricus, genitoris nomine laetus,  
Monstrante fontes vate Skelton sacros,  
Palladias teneris meditatur ab unguibus arteis." <37>

The circumstances which led to the production of this Ode are related by Erasmus in the following curious passage: "Is erat labor tridui, et tamen labor, quod iam annos aliquid nec legeram nec scriesperam ullum carmen. Id partim pudor a nobis extorsit, partim dolor. Pertraxerat me Thomas Morus, <38> qui tum me in praedio Montjoii <39> agentem inviserat, ut animi causa in proximum vicum <40> expatiaremur. Nam illic educabantur omnes liberi regii, uno Arcturo excepto, qui tum erat nato Maximus. Ubi ventum est in aulam, convenit tota pompa, non solum domus illius, verum etiam Montjoiiacae. Stabat in medio Henricus annos natus novem, iam tum indolem quondam regiam prae se ferens, h. e. animi celsitudinem cum singulari quadam humanitate conjunctam. A dextris erat Margareta, undecim ferme annos nata, qua post nupsit Jacobo Scotorum Regi. A sinistris, Maria lusitans annos nata quatuor. Nam Edmondus adhuc infans, in ulnis gestabatur. Morus cum Arnoldo sodali salutato puero Henrico, quo rege nunc floret Britannia, nescio quid scriptorum obtulit. Ego, quoniam hujusmodi nihil expectabam, nihil habens quod exhiberem, pollicitus sum aliquo pacto meum ergo ipsum studium aliquando declaraturum. Interim subirascebar Moro, quod non praemonuisset; et eo magis, quod puer Epistolio inter prandendum ad me misso, meum calamum provocaret. Abi domum, ac vel invitis Musis, cum quibus iam longum fuerat divertium, Carmen intro tridum absolvi. Sic et ultus sum dolorem meum et pudorem sarsi." <41>

The mother of Henry the Seventh, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, is well known to have used her utmost exertions for the advancement of literature; she herself translated some pieces from the French; and, under her patronage, several works (chiefly works of piety) were rendered into English by the most competent scholars of the time. It is to her, I apprehend, that Skelton alludes in the following passage of the Garland of Laurel, where he mentions one of his lost performances;

"Of my Lady's grace at the contemplation,  
Out of French into English prose,  
Of Man's Life the Peregrination,  
He did translate, interpret, and disclose."  
Garland of Laurel v 1221.

According to Churchyard, Skelton was "seldom out of prince's grace:" <42> yet among the Acts, Orders, and Decrees made by the King and his Counsel, remaining amongst the Records of the Court, now commonly called the Court of Requests, we find, under anno 17. Henry vii.; "10 Junii apud Westminster Jo. Skelton commissus carcerebus Janitoris Domini Regis." <43> What could have occasioned this restraint, I cannot even conjecture, but in those days of extrajudicial imprisonments he might have been incarcerated for a very slight offence. It is, however, by no means certain that the "Jo. Skelton" of the above entry was the individual who forms the subject of the present essay; <44> and it is equally doubtful whether or not the following entry, dated the same year, relates to the mother of the poet;

It has been already shewn that Skelton took holy orders in 1498.<sup>46</sup> How soon after that period he became rector of Diss in Norfolk, or what portion of his life was spent there in the exercise of his duties, cannot be ascertained. He certainly resided there in 1504 and 1511,<sup>47</sup> and, as it would seem from some of his compositions,<sup>48</sup> in 1506, 1507 and 1513; in the year of his decease he was, at least nominally, the rector of Diss.<sup>49</sup>

We are told<sup>50</sup> that for keeping, under the title of a concubine, a woman whom he had secretly married, Skelton was called to account, and suspended from his ministerial functions by his diocesan, the bloody-minded and impure Richard Nykke (or Nix),<sup>51</sup> at the instigation of the friars, chiefly the Dominicans, whom the poet had severely handled in his writings. It is said, too, that by this woman he had several children, and that on his death-bed he declared that he conscientiously regarded her as his wife, but that such had been his cowardliness, that he chose rather to confess adultery (concubinage) than what was then reckoned more criminal in an ecclesiastic—marriage.

It has been supposed that Skelton was curate of Trumpington near Cambridge<sup>52</sup> (celebrated as the scene of Chaucer's Miller's Tale,) because at the end of one of his smaller poems are the following words;

"Auctore Skelton, rectore de Dis. Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptum<sup>53</sup> per Curatum eiusdem, quinto die Januarii Anne Domini, secundum computat. Anglia, MDVII."<sup>54</sup>

_Epitaph For John Clarke And Adam Udersonall_

But the meaning evidently is, that the curate of Trumpington had written out the verses composed by the rector of Diss; and that the former had borrowed them from the latter for the purpose of transcription, is rendered probable by two lines which occur soon after among some minor pieces of our author;

"Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas Pagellam; quia sunt qui mea scripta sciant,"<sup>55</sup>

Anthony Wood affirms that "at Disse and in the diocese" Skelton "was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit."<sup>56</sup> It is at least certain that anecdotes of the irregularity of his life, of his buffoonery as a preacher, &c. &c. were current long after his decease, and gave rise to that tissue of extravagant figments which was put together for the amusement of the vulgar, and entitled the _Merry Tales of Skelton_.<sup>57</sup>

Churchyard informs us that Skelton's "talk was as he wrote;"<sup>58</sup> and in this propensity to satire, as well in conversation as in writing, originated perhaps those quarrels with Garnesche, Barclay, Gaguin, and Lily, which I have now to notice.

As the four poems _Against Garnesche_ were composed "by the King's most noble commandment," we may conclude that the monarch found amusement in the angry rhymes with which Skelton overwhelmed his opponent. Garnesche it appears, was the challenger in this contest;<sup>59</sup> and it is to be regretted that his verses have perished, because in all probability they would have thrown some light on the private history of Skelton. _The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy_<sup>60</sup> bears a considerable resemblance to the verses against Garnesche; but the two Scottish poets are supposed to have carried on a sportive warfare of rude raillery, while a real animosity seems to have existed between our author and his adversary.<sup>61</sup> At the time of this quarrel (the exact date of which cannot be determined) Christopher Garnesche was gentleman
usher to Henry the Eighth, and dignified with knighthood; and (if Skelton may be credited) had risen from the performance of very menial offices to the station which he then occupied. As he had no claims on the remembrance of posterity, little is known concerning him; but since we have evidence that his services were called for on more than one occasion of importance, he must have been a person of considerable note. He is twice incidentally mentioned in connection with the royal sisters of Henry the Eighth. In 1514, when the Princess Mary embarked for France, in order to join her decrepit bridegroom Louis the Twelfth, Garnesche formed one of the numerous retinue selected to attend her, and had an opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself during that perilous voyage: "The ii. day of October at the hour of four of the clock in the morning this fair lady took her ship with all her noble company; and when they had sailed a quarter of the sea, the wind rose and severed some of the ships to Calais, and some in Flanders, and her ship with great difficulty was brought to Boulogne, and with great jeopardy at the entering of the haven, for the master ran the ship hard on shore, but the boats were ready and received this noble lady, and at the landing Sir Christopher Garnesche stood in the water, and took her in his arms, and so carried her to land, where the Duke of Vendôme and a Cardinal with many estates received her and her ladies." &c. Again, in a letter, dated Harbottle 18th Oct. 1515, from Lord Dacre of Gillesland and T. Magnus to Henry the Eighth, concerning the confinement in childbed of Margaret widow of James the Fourth, &c. we find; "Sir Christopher Garnesche came to Morpeth immediatly upon the queen's deliverance, and by our advice hath continued there with such stuff as your grace hath sent to the said queen your sister till Sunday last past, which day he delivered your letter and disclosed your credence, greatly to the queen's comfort. And for so much as the queen lieth as yet in childbed, and shall keep her chamber these three weeks at the least, we have advise the said Sir Christopher Garnesche to remain at Morpeth till the queen's coming thither, and then her grace may order and prepare every part of the said stuff after her pleasure and as her grace seemeth most convenient," &c. A few particulars concerning Garnesche may be gleaned from the Books in the Public Record Office:

(Easter Term, 18 Hen. vii.) "Cristofero Garneys de regardo de denariis per Johannem Crawford et al. per manue. for.—xl. li."
(i. e. in reward out of moneys forfeited by John Crawford and another upon bail-bond.)

(1st Henry viii.) "Item to Cristopher Garnewche for the King's offering at S. Edward's shrine the next day after the Coronation—vj. s. viij. d."

(Easter Term, 1-2 Henry viii.)"Cristofero Garneys uni generosorum hostiariorum regis de annuitate sua durante regis beneplacito per annum—x. li.
Eidem Cristofero de foedo suo ad xx. li. per annum pro termino vite sue—xx. li."

and we find that afterwards by letters patent dated 21st May, 7th Henry viii., in consideration of his services the King granted him an annuity of thirty pounds for life, payable half-yearly at the Exchequer.

(11th Henry viii.) "Item to Sir Christopher Garnewche knight upon a warrant for the hire of his house at Greenwich at x. li. by the year for one half a year due at Easter last and so after half yearly during x years c. s. (100 shillings i.e. 5 pounds)
see above: this entry is several times repeated, and occurs for the last time in 26th Henry viii.<72>

The following extracts, collected by Mr. D. E. Davy in Gent. Mag. for Sept. 1844, p. 229:—

"Sir Christopher Garnesche, kn., whom I suppose to be the person who was the object of Skelton's satire, was the second son of Edmund Garnesche, esq. of Beccles, who was the second son of Peter Garnesche, esq. of Beccles, whose eldest son, Thomas, was of Kenton. He, 'Sir Christopher,' was janitor of Calais, and often employed in the wars temp. H. viii. . . .

In a window of the chapel in the north aisle of St. Peter's Mancroft Church, Norfolk, was the following inscription: ‘. . anda . . a . . Dei, pro animabus Thome Elys tertia vice huius civitatis Norwici Majoris et Margarete consortis sue.—Orandumque est pro animabus Edmundi Garnesche armigeri, et Matilde eius consortis, filie predictorum Thome Elys et Margarete, ac pro longevo statu Christopheri Garnesche militis, dicti serenissimi Principis vile sue Calisie Janitoris.' See Blomf. Norf. Vol. iv. p. 199. [vol. ii. 628. ed. fol.]

'A description of the Standards borne in the field by Peers and Knights in the reign of Hen. Eighth, from a MS. in the College of Arms marked I. 2. Compiled between the years 1510 and 1525.'— Sir Christopher Garnesche. 'A on a wreath, Argent and Gules, an arm erased below the elbow, and erect proper, holding a falchion Argent, pommel and hilt Or, the blade imbrued in 3 places Gules. (Imperfect.) — Arms. Argent a chevron Azure between 3 escallops Sable.' Excerpta Historica, p. 317.


'The names of the Englishmen which were sent in Ambassade to the French King, before the Queens Landing, and other Gentlemen in their Company.'— Sir Christopher Garnesche (inter al.).— Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 704.

In the Atheneum for July 18, 1840, p. 572, there is a long letter, dated 'at Morpeth, the xxviiij day of December,' and signed 'C. Garneys,' whom the editor supposes to have been one of the medical attendants sent by the King, upon the illness of Queen Margaret: it was more probably [certainly, See above] Sir Christ. Garnesche, kn.

Sir Christopher was knighted at Touraine, 25 Dec., 5 H. viii. 1513, and married Jane, daughter of . . . She died 27th March, 1552. Her will was dated 27th Aug 1550, and proved 12th May, 1552; she was buried at Greenwich. Her husband was dead when she made her will. She names her son, Arthur Dymoke, esq. Bequeathes most of her personal estate for charitable purposes."

Bale mentions among the writings of Alexander Barclay a piece "against Skelton."<73> It has not come down to us; but the extant works of Barclay bear testimony to the hearty dislike with which he regarded our author. At the conclusion of The Ship of Fools is this contemptuous notice of one of Skelton's most celebrated poems;

"Hold me excused, for why my will is good
Men to induce unto virtue and goodness;
I write no jest ne tale of Robin Hood,
Nor sow no sparksles ne seed of viciousness;
Wise men love virtue, wild people wantonness,
It longeth not to my science nor cunning,
For Philip the Sparow the Dirige to sing:

"Of Philip Sparrow the lamentable fate,
The doleful destiny, and the careful chance,
Devised by Skelton after the funeral rate;
Yet some there be therewith that take grievance,
And grudge thereat with frowning countenance;
But what of that? hard it is to please all men;
Who list amend it, let him set to his pen."

Garland of Laurel v. 1254

That a portion of the following passage in Barclay's Fourth Egloge was levelled at Skelton, appears highly probable;

"Another thing yet is greatly more damnable:
Of rascal poets yet is a shameful rabble,
Which void of wisdom presumeth to indite,
Though they have scantly the cunning of a snite;
And to what vices that princes most intend,
Those dare these fools solemnize and commend.
Then is he decked as Poet laureate,
When stinking Thais made him her graduate:
When Muses rested, she did her season note,
And she with Bacchus her camous did promote.
Such rascal dramas, promoted by Thais,
Bacchus, Licoris, or yet by Testalis,
Or by such other new forged Muses nine,
Think in their minds for to have wit divine;
They laud their verses, they boast, they vaunt and jet,
Though all their cunning be scantly worth a pet:
If they have smelled the arts trivial,
They count them Poets high and heroical.
Such is their folly, so foolishly they dote,
Thinking that none can their plain error note:
Yet be they foolish, void of honesty,
Nothing seasoned with spice of gravity,
Void of pleasure, void of eloquence,
With many words, and fruitless of sentence
Unapt to learn, disdainning to be taught,
Their private pleasure in snare hath them so caught;
And worst yet of all, they count them excellent,
Though they be fruitless, rash and improvident.
To such ambages who doth their mind incline,
They count all other as private of doctrine,
And that the faults which be in them alone,
Also be common in other men each one." <76>

In the Garland of Laurel we are told by Skelton, that among the famous writers of all ages and nations, whom he beheld in his vision, was
"a friar of France men call Sir Gaguin,  
That frowned on me full angrily and pale;"

Garland of Laurel v. 374

and in the catalogue of his own writings which is subsequently given in the same poem, he mentions a piece which he had composed against this personage, "The Recule against Gaguin of the French nation." Garland of Laurel v. 1187.

Robert Gaguin was minister-general of the Maturines, and enjoyed great reputation for abilities and learning. 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.

That Skelton composed certain Latin verses against the celebrated grammarian William Lilly, we are informed by Bale, who has preserved the initial words, viz.

"Urgeor impulsus tibi, Lilli, retundere;" and that Lily repaid our poet in kind, we have the following proof;

"Lilli Hendecasyllabi in Scheltonum eius carmina calumniantem.

"Quid me, Scheltone, fronte sic aperta
Carpis, vipereo potens veneno?
Quid versus trutina meos iniqua
Libras? dicere vera num licebit?
Doctrinae tibi dum parare famam
Et doctus fieri studes poeta,
Doctrinam nec habes, nec es poeta." <80>

It would seem that Skelton occasionally repented of the severity of his compositions, and longed to recall them; for in the Garland of Laurel, after many of them have been enumerated, we meet with the following curious passage;

"Item Apollo that whirlèd up his chair,
That made some to snurr and snuff in the wind;
It made them to skip, to stamp, and to stare,
Which, if they be happy, have cause to beware
In rhyming and railing with him for to mell
For dread that he learn them their A, B, C, to spell.

With that I stood up, half suddenly afraid;
Supplying to Fame, I besought her grace,
And that it would please her, full tenderly I prayed,
Out of her books Apollo to rase.
Nay, sir, she said, what so in this place
Of our noble court is once spoken out,
It must needs after run all the world about.

God wot, these words made me full sad;
And when that I saw it would no better be,
But that my petition would not be had,
What should I do but take it in gree?
For, by Jupiter and his high majesty,
I did what I could to scrape out the scrolls,
Apollo to rase out of her ragman rolls."

Garland of Laurel v. 1471
The Poetical Works

The piece which commenced with the words "Apollo that whirlèd up his chair," and which gave such high displeasure to some of Skelton's contemporaries, has long ago perished,—in spite of Fame's refusal to erase it from her books!

The title-page of the *Garland of Laurel*, ed. 1523, sets forth that it was "studiously devised at Sheriff-Hutton Castle," in Yorkshire; and there seems no reason to doubt that it was written by Skelton during a residence at that mansion. The date of its composition is unknown; but it was certainly produced at an advanced period of his life; and the Countess of Surrey, who figures in it so conspicuously as his patroness, must have been Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of Edward Duke of Buckingham, second wife of Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, and mother of that illustrious Surrey "whose fame for aye endures." Sheriff-Hutton Castle was then in the possession of her father-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk, the victor of Flodden Field; and she was probably there as his guest, having brought Skelton in her train. Of this poem, unparalleled for its egotism, the greater part is allegorical; but the incident from which it derives its name,—the weaving of a garland for the author by a party of ladies, at the desire of the Countess, seems to have had some foundation in fact.

From a passage in the poem just mentioned, we may presume that Skelton used sometimes to reside at the ancient college of the Bonhommes at Ashridge; "Of the Bonhommes of Ashridge beside Berkhamstead, That goodly place to Skelton most kind, Where the sank royal is, Christ's blood so red, Wherupon he metrefied after his mind; A pleasanter place than Ashridge is, hard were to find," &c. *Garland of Laurel* v. 1461

That Skelton once enjoyed the patronage of Wolsey, at whose desire he occasionally exercised his pen, and from whose powerful influence he expected preferment in the church, we learn from the following passages in his works:

"Honorificatissimo, amplissimo, longeque reverendissimo in Christo patri, ac domino, domino Thomas, &c. tituli sanctae sacrosanctae Romanae ecclesiae presbytero, Cardinali meritissimo, et apostolicae sedis legato, a latereque legato superillustri, &c. Skeltonis laureatus, ora. reg., humillimum dicit obsequium cum omni debita reverentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque justitia; aequabilissimo moderatore, necnon praesentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo, &c., ad cujus auspicatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriosae immortalitatis, praesens pagella felicitatur, &c." *A Replication, &c*. <84>

"Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum Domino Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c. *Garland of Laurel* v. 1587 <85>

Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare
Henricum octavum, resonans sua praemia laudis.
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare
Prebendae, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis
Inter spemque metum.
*Garland of Laurel* v. 1590 <86>

'Tween hope and dread
My life I leed,
But of my speed
Small sickerness;
Howbeit I read
Both word and deed
Should be agreed
In nobleness:
Or else, &c."
"To my Lord Cardinal's right noble grace, &c.

Garland of Laurel v 1600

Go, little quire, apace,
In most humble wise,
Before his noble Grace,
That caused you to devise
This little enterprise
And him most lowly pray,
In his mind to comprise
Those words his grace did say
Of an amice gray.

le foy enterment en sa bone grace."<87>

The Doughty Duke of Albany v 524

We also find that Skelton "gave to my lord Cardinal" The Book of Three Fools.

What were the circumstances which afterwards alienated the poet from his powerful
patron, cannot now be discovered: we only know that Skelton assailed the full-blown
pride of Wolsey with a boldness which is astonishing, and with a fierceness of
invective which has seldom been surpassed. Perhaps it would have been better for the
poet's memory, if the passages just quoted had never reached us; but nothing
unfavourable to his character ought to be hastily inferred from the alteration in his
feelings towards Wolsey while the cause of their quarrel is buried in obscurity. The
provocation must have been extraordinary, which transformed the humble client of
the Cardinal into his "dearest foe."

We are told by Francis Thynne, that Wolsey was his father's "old enemy, for many
causes, but mostly for that my father had furthered Skelton to publish his Colyn
Cloute against the Cardinal, the most part of which Book was compiled in my father's
house at Erith in Kent."<88> But though Colyn Cloute contains passages which
manifestly point at Wolsey, it cannot be termed a piece "against the Cardinal:" and I
have no doubt that the poem which Thynne had in view, and which by mistake he has
mentioned under a wrong title, was our author's Why come ye not to Court. In Colyn
Cloute Skelton ventured to aim only a few shafts at Wolsey: in Why come ye not to
Court, and in Speak, Parrot, he let loose against him the full asperity of reproach.

The bull appointing Wolsey and Campeggio to be legates a latere jointly, is dated
July 27th, 1518, that appointing Wolsey to be sole Legate a latere 10th June,
1519;<89> and from the first two passages which I have cited above (see above) we
ascertain the fact, that Wolsey continued to be the patron of Skelton for at least some
time after he had been invested with the dignity of papal legate. If the third passage
cited above (p. liv. ) (see above) "Go little quaire, apace," &c. really belong to the
poem The Doughty Duke of Albany to which it is appended in Marshe's ed. of
Skelton's Works, 1568, our author must have been soliciting Wolsey for preferment as
late as November 1523: but his most direct satire on the Cardinal, Why come ye not to
Court, was evidently composed anterior to that period; and his Speak, Parrot (which
would require the scolia of a Tzetzes to render it intelligible) contains seeming
allusions to events of a still earlier date. The probability (or rather certainty) is, that the L'Envoy, "Go, little quaire," &c. has no connexion with the poem on the Duke of Albany: in Marsh's volume the various pieces are thrown together without any attempt at arrangement; and it ought to be particularly noticed that between the poem against Albany and the L'Envoy in question, another L'Envoy is interposed.<sup>90</sup> Wolsey might have forgiven the allusions made to him in <i>Colyn Cloute</i>; but it would be absurd to imagine that, in 1523, he continued to patronize the man who had written <i>Why come ye not to Court</i>.

The following anecdote is subjoined from Hall: "And in this season [15 Henry viii.] the Cardinal by his power legantine dissolved the Convocation at Paul's, called by the Archbishop of Canterbury [Warham,] and called him and all the clergy to his convocation to Westminster, which was never seen before in England, wherof Master Skelton, a merry Poet, wrote,

> "Gentle Paul, lay down thy sweard,  
> For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy beard."<sup>91</sup>

From the vengeance of the Cardinal,<sup>92</sup> who had sent out officers to apprehend him, Skelton took sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly received and protected by the abbot Islip,<sup>93</sup> with whom he had been long acquainted. In this asylum he appears to have remained till his death, which happened June 21st, 1529. What he is reported to have declared on his death-bed concerning the woman whom he had secretly married, and by whom he left several children, has been already mentioned: he is said also to have uttered at the same time a prophecy concerning the downfall of Wolsey.<sup>94</sup> He was buried in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Margaret's; and, soon after, this inscription was placed over his grave,

> Joannes Skeltonus, vates Pierius, hic situs est.<sup>95</sup>

Concerning the personal appearance of Skelton we are left in ignorance; for the portraits which are prefixed to the old editions of several of his poems must certainly not be received as authentic representations of the author.<sup>96</sup>

The chief satirical productions of Skelton (and the bent of his genius was decidedly towards satire) are <i>The Bowge of Court</i>, <i>Colyn Cloute</i>, and <i>Why come ye not to Court</i>.—In the first of these, an allegorical poem of considerable invention, he introduces a series of characters delineated with a boldness and discrimination which no preceding poet had displayed since the days of Chaucer, and which none of his contemporaries (with the sole exception of the brilliant Dunbar) were able to attain: the merit of those personifications has been allowed even by Warton, whose ample critique on Skelton deals but little in praise;<sup>97</sup> and I am somewhat surprised that Mr. D'Israeli, who has lately come forward as the warm eulogist of our author,<sup>98</sup> should have passed over <i>The Bowge of Court</i> without the slightest notice.—<i>Colyn Cloute</i> is a general satire on the corruptions of the Church, the friars and the bishops being attacked alike unsparingly; nor, when Skelton himself pronounced of this piece that "though his rhyme be ragged, it hath in it some pith," (<i>Colyn Cloute</i> v. 54) did he overrate its vigour and its weighty truth: <i>Colyn Cloute</i> not only shows that fearlessness which on all occasions distinguished him, but evinces a superiority to the prejudices of his age, in assailing abuses, which, if manifest to his more enlightened contemporaries, few at least had as yet presumed to censure.—In <i>Why come ye not to Court</i> the satire is entirely personal, and aimed at the all-powerful minister to whom the author had once humbly sued for preferment. While throughout this remarkable poem, Skelton either overlooks or denies the better qualities, the commanding talents,
and the great attainments of Wolsey, and even ungenerously taunts him with the
meanness of his origin; he fails not to attack his character and conduct in those
particulars against which a satirist might justly declaim, and with the certainty that
invectives so directed would find an echo among the people. The regal pomp and
luxury of the Cardinal, his insatiate ambition, his insolent bearing at the council-
board, his inaccessibility to suitors, &c. &c. are dwelt on with an intensity of scornful
bitterness, and occasionally give rise to vivid descriptions which history assures us are
but little exaggerated. Some readers may perhaps object, that in this poem the satire of
Skelton too much resembles the "oyster-knife that hacks and hews," to which that of
Pope was so unfairly likened<99>; but all must confess that he wields his weapon
with prodigious force and skill; and we know that Wolsey writhed under the wounds
which it inflicted.

When Catullus bewailed the death of Lesbia's bird, he confined himself to eighteen
lines and truly golden lines; but Skelton, while lamenting for the sparrow that was
"slain at Carrow," has engrafted on the subject so many far-sought. and whimsical
embellishments, that his epicée is really what the old editions term it,—"a book."
Phillip Sparrow exhibits such fertility and delicacy of fancy, such graceful
sportiveness, and such ease of expression, that it might well be characterized by
Coleridge as "an exquisite and original poem."<100>

In The Tunning of Elynour Rumming, which would seem to have been one of
Skelton's most popular performances, we have a specimen of his talent for the low
burlesque;—a description of a real ale-wife, and of the various gossips who keep
thronging to her for liquor, as if under the influence of a spell. If few compositions of
the kind have more coarseness or extravagance, there are few which have greater
animation or a richer humour.

The Garland of Laurel, one of Skelton's longest and most elaborate pieces, cannot
also be reckoned among his best. It contains, however, several passages of no mean
beauty, which show that he possessed powers for the higher kind of poetry, if he had
chosen to exercise them; and is interspersed with some lyrical addresses to the ladies
who weave his chaplet, which are very happily versified. In one respect the Garland
of Laurel stands without a parallel: the history of literature affords no second example
of a poet having deliberately written sixteen hundred lines in honour of himself.

Skelton is to be regarded as one of the fathers of the English drama. His Interlude of
Virtue<101> and his Comedy called Achademios<102> have perished: so perhaps has
his Necromancer;<103> but his Magnificence is still extant. To those who carry their
acquaintance with our early play-wrights no farther back than the period of Peele,
Greene, and Marlowe, this "goodly interlude" by Skelton will doubtless appear heavy
and inartificial its superiority, however, to the similar efforts of his contemporaries, is,
I apprehend, unquestionable.<104> If our author did not invent the metre which he
uses in the greater portion of his writings, and which is now known by the name
Skeltonical, he was certainly the first who adopted it in poems of any length; and he
employed it with a skill, which, after he had rendered it popular, was beyond the reach
of his numerous imitators. "The Skeltonical short verse," observes Mr. D'Israeli,
speaking of Skelton's own productions, "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."<105>

Skelton has been frequently termed a Macaronic poet, but it may be doubted if with strict propriety; for the passages in which he introduces snatches of Latin and French are thinly scattered through his works. "This anomalous and motley mode of versification," says Warton, "is I believe supposed to be peculiar to our author. I am not, however, quite certain that it originated with Skelton." <106> He ought to have been "quite certain" that it did not.<107>
NOTES TO SOME ACCOUNT OF SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS.

1. Sometimes written Schelton: and Blomefield says, "That his Name was Shelton or Skelton, appears from his Successor's Institution, viz. '1529, 17 July, Thomas Clerk, instituted on the Death of John Shelton, last Rector [Lib. Inst. No. 18.]" Hist. of Norfolk, i. 20. ed. 1739.

2. "John Skelton was a younger branch of the Skeltons of Skelton in this County [Cumberland]. I crave leave of the Reader, (hitherto not having full instructions, and) preserving the undoubted Title of this County unto him, to defer his character to Norfolk, where he was beneficed at Diss therein." Fuller's Worthies, p. 221 (Cumberland) ed. 1662. "John Skelton is placed in this County [Norfolk] on a double probability. First, because an ancient family of his name is eminently known long fixed therein. Secondly, because he was beneficed at Dis," &c. Id. p. 257 (Norfolk).—"John Skelton . . . was originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland." Wood's Ath. Oxon. i. 49. ed. Bliss. See also Tanner's Biblioth. p. 675. ed. 1748.—"I take it, that Skelton was not only Rector, but a Native of this Place [Diss], being son of William Skelton, and Margaret his Wife, whose Will was proved at Norwich, Nov. 7, 1512 [Regr. Johnson]." Blomefield's Hist. of Norfolk, i. 20. ed. 1739. Through the active kindness of Mr. Amyot, I have received a copy of the Will of William Skelton (or Shelton,) who, though perhaps a relation, was surely not the father of the poet; for in this full and explicit document the name of John Skelton does not once occur.—From an entry which will be afterwards cited, it would seem that the Christian name of Skelton's mother was Johanna.—In Skelton's Latin lines on the city of Norwich we find,

"Ah decus, ah patriae specie pulcherrima dudum!
Urbs Norvicensis," &c.
("Oh splendour, oh most beautiful sight of my country,
City of Norfolk")

Does "patriae" mean his native county?


4. "O Cambridge, parent of my soul, . . . to you I once was a dear foster son."

5. "At Cambridge the Laureate Skelton first drank most piously from the breast of learning."

6. "Wood reckons him of Ox. on the author. of Bale in a MS. in the Bodleian Libr., but with much better reason he may be called ours; for I find one Scheklton M.A. in the year 1484, at which time allowing him to be 24 years of age, he must be at his
death A.D. 1529, 68 or 69 years old, which 'tis probable he might be. v. Bale 653." Cole's Collections,—Add. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 5880, p. 199.

7. I suspect that, during Skelton's lifetime, two of his most celebrated pieces, Colyn Cloute and Why come ye not to court, were not committed to the press, but wandered about in manuscript among hundreds of eager readers. A portion of Speak, Parrot, and the Poems Against Garnesche, are now for the first time printed.

8. No poetical antiquary can read the titles of some of the lighter pieces mentioned in that catalogue,— such as The Ballad of the Mustard Tart, The Mourning of the Maple-root (see Note 183 to The Garland of Laurel)—without regretting their loss. "Many of the songs or popular ballads of this time," observes Sir John Hawkins, "appear to have been written by Skelton." Hist. of Music, iii, 39.

9. See Note 1 to The Death of the Earl of Northumberland.

10. He was only eleven years old at his father's death. See more concerning the fifth earl in Percy's Preface to The Northumberland Household Book, 1770, in Warton's Hist. of E. P. ii. 338. ed. 4to, and in Collins's Peerage, ii. 304. ed. Brydges.—Warton says that the Earl "encouraged Skelton to write this elegy," an assertion grounded, I suppose, on the Latin lines prefixed to it.

11. A splendid MS. volume, consisting of poems (chiefly by Lydgate), finely written on vellum, and richly illuminated, which formerly belonged to the fifth earl, is still preserved in the British Museum, MS. Reg. 18. D ii: at fol. 165 is Skelton's Elegy on the Earl's father.

12. For a notice of Skelton's laureation at Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Bliss obligingly searched the archives of that university, but without success: "no records," he informs me, "remain between 1463 and 1498 that will give a correct list of degrees."

13. This work (a thin folio), translated by Caxton from the French, is a prose romance founded on the Aeneid. It consists of 65 chapters, the first entitled "How the right puissant King Priamus edified the great City of Troy," the last, "How Ascanius held the realm of Italy after the death of Aeneas his father." Gawin Douglas, in the Preface to his translation of Virgil's poem, makes a long and elaborate attack on Caxton's performance;

"William Caxton had no compation
Of Virgil in that book he printed in prose,
Cleand it Virgil in Aeneados,
Qhilk that he says of French he did translate
It has no thing ado therewith, God wot,
Nor no more like than the Devil and Saint Austin," &c.
Sig. B iii. ed. 1553.

14. A work probably never printed, and now lost: it is mentioned by Skelton in the Garland of Laurel;

"Of Tully's Familiars the translation."
Garland of Laurel v. 1185

15. A work mentioned in the same poem;

"Diodorus Siculus of my translation
Out of fresh Latin into our English plain,
Recounting commodities of many a strange nation;
Who readeth it once would read it again;
John Skelton

Six volumes engrossed together it doth contain."

*Garland of Laurel v. 1498*

It is preserved in Ms. at Cambridge.

16. Sig. A ii.

17. For more about poet laureate, both in the ancient and modern acceptation, see Selden's *Titles of Honor*, p. 405. ed. 1681; the Abbe du Resnel's *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronzez.—Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature,)* x. 507; Warton's *Hist. of E. P. ii. 129. ed. 4to*; Malone's *Life of Dryden, (Prose Works,) p. 78*; Devon's *Introd. to Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham*, p. xxix., and his *Introd. to Issues of the Exchequer, &c., p. xiii.—Churchyard, in his verses prefixed. to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Works*, 1568, says,

"Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath,
And passed in schools, ye know."

See *Notices of Skelton from Various Sources*.

18. *Hist. of E. P. ii. 130, (note,) ed. 4to.—The second entry was printed in 1736 by the Abbé du Resnel (who received it from Carte the historian,) in *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronzez,—Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature,)* x. 522. Both entries were given in 1767 by Farmer in the second edition of his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 50.—The Rev. Joseph Romilly, registrar of the University of Cambridge, has obligingly ascertained for me their correctness.


20. *Hist. of E. P. ii. 132 (note,) ed. 4to, where Warton gives the subscription of the former as the title of the latter poem: his mistake was occasioned by the reprint of Skelton's *Works*, 1736.

21. Du Resnel expressly says that he was made acquainted with the Cambridge entry by "M. Carte, autrement M. Phillips." *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronzez,—Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature,)* x. 522.—Carte assumed the name of Phillips when he took refuge in France.

22. A gentleman resident at Louvaine obligingly examined for me the registers of that university, but could find in them no mention of Skelton.

23. The original has "Cum:" but the initial letters of the lines were intended to form a distich; see the conclusion of the poem.

24. Here again the original has "Cum."

25. From the 4to volume entitled *Opusculum Roberti Whittintoni in florentissima Oxonienst achademia Laureati.* ("A little work of Robert Whittington Laureate of the most illustrious university of Oxford") At the end, *Explicitiunt Roberti Whittintoni Oxonie Protovatis Epygrammata una cum quibusdant Panegyricis. Impressa Londini per me Wynandum de Worde. Anno post virginem partum. M. ccccc xix. decimo vero kalendas Maii. ("The end of Robert Whittington, first poet of Oxford's epigrams and eulogies. Printed in London by me, Wynkyn de Worde, 10th May 1519")


27. See the two subscriptions already cited above; and *Against Venomous Tongues, A Replication, &c., Speak, Parrot v. 516;—"Clarus & facundus in utroque scribendi*

28. Register Hill 1489-1505, belonging to the Diocese of London.


30. See the Garland of Laurel, v. 1178.


33. Creancer i.e. tutor: see Note 78 to Poems against Garnesche.—When ladies attempt to write history, they sometimes say odd things: e.g. "It is affirmed that Skelton had been tutor to Henry [viii.] in some department of his education. How probable it is that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill living wretch laid the foundation for his royal pupil's grossest crimes!" Lives of the Queens of England by Agnes Strickland, vol. iv. 104.

34. After noticing that while Arthur was yet alive, Henry was destined by his father to be archbishop of Canterbury, "it has been remarked," says Mrs. Thomson, "that the instructions bestowed upon Prince Henry by his preceptor, Skelton, were calculated to render him a scholar and a churchman, rather than an enlightened legislator." Mem. of the Court of Henry the Eighth, i. 2. But the description of the Speculum Principis, quoted above, is somewhat at variance with such a conclusion. The same lady observes in another part of her work, "To Skelton, who in conjunction with Giles Dewes, clerk of the library to Henry the Seventh, had the honour of being tutor to Henry the Eighth, this king evinced his approbation," ii. 590, and cites in a note the Epistle to Henry the Eighth prefixed to Palsgrave's Leselarcissement de la Langue Francoyse, 1530, where mention is made of "the singular clerk master Gyles Dewes sometime instructor to your noble grace in this self tongue." Though Dewes taught French to Henry, surely it by no means follows that he was "his tutor in conjunction with Skelton:"


36. "We have for the present dedicated these verses, like a gift of playthings, to your childhood, and shall be ready with more abundant offerings, when your virtues, growing with your age, shall supply more abundant material for poetry. I would add my exhortation to that end, were it not that you are of your own accord already, as they say, under way with all sails set, and have with you Skelton, that incomparable light and ornament of British Letters, who can not only kindle your studies, but bring them to a happy conclusion." (Francis Morgan Nichols.)

37. "Now comes the boy Henry, who rejoices in having his father's name, guided to the sacred springs by the poet Skelton, he has trained himself in the arts of Athena from his tenderest years" (Clarence Miller)—Erasmus Opera, i. 1214, 1216, ed. 1703.—The Ode is appended to Erasmus's Latin version of the Hecuba and Iphigenia in Aulide of
Euripides, printed by Aldus in 1507; and in that edition the second line which I have quoted is found with the following variation,

"Monstrante fonteis vate Laurigero sacros."

("guided to the sacred springs by the Laureate")

"It is probable," says Granger, "that if that great and good man [Erasmus] had read and perfectly understood his [Skelton's] 'pithy, pleasant, and profitable works,' as they were lately reprinted, he would have spoken of him in less honourable terms." Biog. Hist. of Engl. i. 102. ed. 1775. The remark is sufficiently foolish: in Skelton's works there are not a few passages which Erasmus, himself a writer of admirable wit, must have relished and admired; and it was not without reason that he and our poet have been classed together as satirists, in the following passage; "By what means could Skelton that laureate poet, or Erasmus that great and learned clerk, have uttered their minds so well at large, as through their cloaks of merry conceits in writing of toys and foolish themes: as Skelton did by Speak Parrot, Ware the hawk, the Tunning of Elynour Rumming, Why come ye not to Court? Philip Sparrow, and such like: yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged rhyme contained? Or who would have heard his fault so plainly told him, if not in such gibing sort? Also Erasmus, under his praise of Folly, what matters hath he touched therein? &c. The Golden Aphroditis, &c. by John Grange, 1577 (I quote from Censura Liter. vol. i. 382. ed. 1815.)"

38. Thomas Morus i.e. Thomas More, then a student of Lincoln's Inn.
39. The country-seat of Lord Mountjoy.
40. Probably Eltham.
41. "It was only a three days' task; but a task it was, for I had for some years neither read nor written poetry; and it was extorted from me partly by shame and partly by vexation. I was staying at lord Mountjoy's country house when Thomas More came to see me, and took me out with him for a walk as far as the next village, where all the king's children, except prince Arthur, who was then the eldest son, were being educated. When we came into the hall, the attendants not only of the palace but also of Mountjoy's household were all assembled. In the midst stood prince Henry, then nine years old, and having already something of royalty in his demeanour, in which there was a certain dignity combined with singular courtesy. On his right was Margaret, about eleven years of age, afterwards married to James, king of Scots; and on his left played Mary, a child of four. Edmund was an infant in arms. More, with his companion Arnold, after paying his respects to the boy Henry, the same that is now king of England, presented him with some writing. For my part, not having expected anything of the sort, I had nothing to offer, but promised that on another occasion I would in some way declare my duty towards him. Meantime I was angry with More for not having warned me, especially as the boy sent me a little note, while we were at dinner, to challenge something from my pen. I went home, and in the Muses' spite, from whom I had been so long divorced, finished the poem within three days." (Francis Morgan Nichols). Catal. (Primus) Lucubrationum, p. 2. prefixed to the above-cited vol. of Erasmi Opera. — In Turner's Hist. of the Reign of Henry the Eighth, it is erroneously stated that Erasmus "had the interview which he thus describes, at the residence if Lord Mountjoy." i. 11. ed. 8vo.
42. Lines prefixed to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568; see Notices of Skelton.
43. "10th June in Westminster John Skelton committed to the prison of the King's jailer" p. 30,—1592, 4to.

44. According to the xivth of the *Merry Tales of Skelton* he was "long confined in prison at Westminster by the command of the cardinal:" but the tract is of such a nature that we must hesitate about believing a single statement which it contains. Even supposing that at some period or other Skelton was really imprisoned by Wolsey, that imprisonment could hardly have taken place so early as 1502. As far as I can gather from his writings, Skelton first offended Wolsey by glancing at him in certain passages of Colyn Cloute, and in those passages the cardinal is alluded to as being in the fulness of pomp and power.

45. "Johannne Skelton widow from our lord the King—3l. 6s. 8d." By Writ of Privy Seal—*Auditor's Calendar of Files* from 1485 to 1522, fol. 101 (b.), in the Public Record Office.

46. Ritson (*Bibliog. Poet.* p.102) says that Skelton was "chaplain to king Henry the eighth:" qy. on what authority?

47. "He . . . was Rector and lived here [at Diss] in 1504 and in 1511, as I find by his being Witness to several Wills in this year. (Note) 1504, The Will of Mary Cowper of Disse, Witnesses Master John Skelton, Laureate, Parson of Disse, &c.' And among the Evidences of Mr. Thomas Coggeshall, I find the House in the Tenure of Master Skelton, Laureat. . . . Mr. Le-Neve says, that his [Skelton's] Institution does not appear in the Books, which is true, for often those that were collated by the Pope, had no Institution from the Bishop, many Instances of which in those Books occur; but it is certain from abundance of Records and Evidences that I have seen, that he was Rector several years." Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1739.—The parish-register of Diss affords no information concerning Skelton; for the earliest date which it contains is long posterior to his death.

48. See *Epitaph for John Clarke and Adam Udersall*, who died in 1506; *Lamentatio urbis Norvicen*, written in 1507, and *Chorus de Dis*, &c. in 1513.

49. I may notice here, that in an Assessment for a Subsidy, temp. Henry viii., we find, under "Saint Helen's Parish within Bishopsgate,"

"Mr. Skelton in goodes—xl. li."

*Books of the Treasury of the Exchequer*, B. 4. 15, fol. 7,—Public Record Office. Qy. was this our author?

50. "Cum quibusdam blateronibus fraterculis, praecepue Dominicanis, bellum gerebat continuum. Sub pseudopontifice Nordovicenci Ricardo Nixo, mulierem illam, quam sibi secreto ob Antichristi metum desponsaverat, sub concubine titulo custodiebat. In ultimo tamen vitae articulo super ea re interrogatus, respondit, se nusquam illam in conscientia coram Deo nisi pro uxore legitima tenuisse . . . animam egit . . . relictis liberis." ("With these scandalmongering brothers, particularly the Dominicans, he fought continually. While he was under the authority of Richard Nix, the false-hearted bishop of Norwich, he kept a woman under the guise of a concubine, whom he had however secretly married for fear of the Devil. At the end of his life, when he was asked about her, he replied, that in his conscience and before God he regarded her as his lawful wife . . . (and that) he gave up his soul . . . free of sin") Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* pp. 651, 2. ed. 1559.—"In Monachos praesertim Praedicatores S. Dominici saepe stylum acuit, & terminos praetergressus modestiae, contra eos scommatis acerbius egit. Quo facto suum exasperavit Episcopum Richardum Nixum, qui habito
John Skelton

de vita & moribus eius examine, deprehendit hominem votam Deo castitatem violasse, imo concubinam domi suae diu tenuisse." ("He often sharpened his pen against the monks, especially the Dominicans, and made vicious satires against them, passing the bounds of decency. His works exasperated the Bishop Richard Nix so much that he examined him about his morals and way of living, and condemned him as a man who had broken the vow of chastity, and worse, kept a concubine in his house") Pits, De Illust. Angl. Script. p. 701. ed. 1619.—"The Dominican Friars were the next he contested with, whose viciousness lay pat enough for his hand; but such foul Lubbers fell heavy on all which found fault with them. These instigated Nix, Bishop of Norwich, to call him to account for keeping a Concubine, which cost him (as it seems) a suspension from his benefice... We must not forget, how being charged by some on his death-bed for begetting many children on the aforesaid Concubine, he protested, that in his Conscience he kept her in the notion of a wife, though such his cowardliness that he would rather confess adultery (then accounted but a venial) than own marriage, esteemed a capital crime in that age." Fuller's Worthies, p. 257, (Norfolk,) ed. 1662.—Anthony Wood, with his usual want of charity towards the sons of genius, says that Skelton "having been guilty of certain crimes, (as most poets are,) at least not agreeable to his coat, fell under the heavy censure of Rich. Nykke bishop of Norwich his diocesan; especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and Dominicans in his writings." Ath. Oxon. i. 50. ed. Bliss, who adds in a note, "Mr. Thomas Delafield in his MS. Collection of Poets Laureate, &c. among Gough's MSS. in the Bodleian, says it was in return for his being married, an equal crime in the ecclesiastics of those days, bishop Nykke suspended him from his church."—Tanner gives as one of the reasons for Skelton's taking sanctuary at Westminster towards the close of his life, "propter quod uxorem habuit." ("because he had a wife") Biblioth. p. 675. ed. 1748.—In the xiiiith of the Merry Tales Skelton's wife is mentioned.

51. "Cui [Nixo] utcunque a nive nomen videatur inditum, adeo nihil erat nivei in pectore, luxuriosis cogitationibus plurimum aestuante, ut atro carbone libidines ejus notandae videantur, si vera sunt quae de illo a Nevillo perhibentur." ("Who (Nix) however pure his name might appear to be, there was nothing pure in his heart, raging continually with lustful thoughts, so that if one saw the truthful appearance, it would be coal-black with lustful ideas and lechery.") Godwin De Praesul. Angl. p. 440. ed. 1743.

52. "In the Edition of his Works in 8vo. Lond. 1736, which I have, at p. 272 he mentions Trumpinton, and seems to have been Curate there, 5. Jan. 1507. At p. 54 he also mentions Swafham and Soham, 2 Towns in Cambridgeshire, in The Crown of Laurel." Cole's Collections,—Add. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 5880, p. 199. To conclude from the mention of these towns that Skelton resided in Cambridgeshire is the height of absurdity, as the reader will immediately perceive on turning to the passage in question, Garland of Laurel. v. 1416,—Chalmers, on the authority of a MS. note by Kennet, a transcript of which had been sent to him, states that "in 1512, Skelton was presented by Richard, abbot of Glastonbury, to the vicarage of Dalting." Biog. Dict. xxviii. 45: if Chalmers had consulted Wood's account of the poet, he might have learned that the rector of Diss and the vicar of Dulting were different persons.

53. The old ed. has "scripter."

54. "Written by Skelton, rector of Diss. The end, &c. Transcribed in Trumpington by the curate of that place on the fifth of January 1507, (according to English reckoning)."
55. "I have sent you these little pages that I want you to copy out, which are what they know I have written."


57. Where see also the extracts from *A c. (100) Merry Tales, &c.—*The biographer of Skelton, in *Eminent Lit. and Scient. Men of Great Britain, &c. (Lardner's Cyclop.),* asserts that "he composed his Merry Tales for the king and nobles"!! 1. 279.

58. Lines prefixed to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Works*, 1568; see *Notices of Skelton*.

59. "Sith ye have me challenged, Master Garnesche," *Poems Against Garnesche* v. 1

60. In the Notes on the poems *Against Garnesche* I have cited several parallel expressions from *The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy.* That curious production may be found in the valuable edition of Dunbar's *Poems* (ii. 65) by Mr. D. Laing, who supposes it to have been written between 1492 and 1497 (ii. 420.) It therefore preceded the "flying" of Skelton and Garnesche. I may add, that the last portion of our author's *Speak, Parrot* bears a considerable resemblance to a copy of verses attributed to Dunbar, and entitled *A General Satire (Poems,* ii. 24); and that as the great Scottish poet visited England more than once, it is probable that he and Skelton were personally acquainted.

61. At a later period there was a poetical "flying" between Churchyard and a person named Camel, who had attacked a publication of the former called *Davie Dicar's Dream*; and some other writers took a part in the controversy: these rare pieces (known only by their titles to Ritson, *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 151, and to Chalmers, *Life of Churchyard,* p. 53) are very dull and pointless, but were evidently put forth in earnest.

62. In the first poem *Against Garnesche* he is called "Master:" but see *Note 7* to that poem.


64. *MS. Cott.* Calig. B. vi. fol. 112.

65. *Auditor's Calendar of Files from 1485 to 1522,* fol. 108 (b).


67. "To Christopher Garnesche one of the King's gentlemen-ushers as an annuity during the kings pleasure per year—10l. To the same Christopher for his faithfulness 20l. per year until the end of his life—20l." *Auditor's Calendar,* &c. fol. 162 (b).

68. *Auditor's Patent Book,* No. 1. fol. 6 (b).

69. In an account of the visit of the Emperor Charles the Fifth to England in June 1522, among the lodgings which were occupied on that occasion at Greenwich we find mention of "Master Garnyshe house." See *Rutland Papers,* p. 82, (printed for the Camden Society.) That a knight was frequently called "Master," I have shewn in *Note 7 to Poems Against Garnesche*


71. "Christopher Garnesche, soldier, for his annuity of 30l. on the feast of St. Michael last; viz. for one whole year by the hand of Richard Allen." *Teller's Book,* A. 8. 24. p. 293.5
72. To these notices of Garnesche I may add the following letter, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier:

"Please it your grace, we have received the King's most gracious letters dated at his manor of Greenwich the xth day of April, whereby we perceive his high pleasure is that we should take some substantial direction for the preparation and furnishing of all manner of victuals as well for man as for horse, to be had in readiness against the coming of his grace, his nobles with their train; Like it your grace, so it is we have not been in times past so greatly and sore destitute this many years past of all manner of victuals both for man and beast as we be now, not only by reason of a great murrain of cattle which hath been in these parts, but also for that the King's takers, lying about the borders of the sea coast next adjoining unto us, have taken and made provision thereof contrary to the old ordinance, so that we be utterly destitute by reason of the same, and can in no wise make any substantial provision for his highness nor his train in these parts, for all the butchers in this town have not substance of beefs and muttons to serve us, as we be accompanied at this day, for the space of iii. weeks at the most. And also as now there is not within this town of Calais fuel sufficient to serve us one whole week, the which is the great danger and unsurety of this the King's town. Wherefore we most humbly beseech your grace, the premises considered, that we by your gracious and favorable help may have not only remedy for our beefs and muttons with other victuals, but also that all manner of victuallers of this town may repair and resort with their ships from time to time to make their purveyance of all manner of fuel from henceforth for this town only, without any let or interruption of the King's officers or takers, any commandment heretofore given to the contrary notwithstanding, for without that both the King's Highness, your grace, and all this town shall be utterly disappointed and deceived both of victuals and fuel, which God defend. At Calais the xviiith day. of April,
By your servants,
John Peache,
William Sandys,
Edward Guldeferd,
Robert Wotton,
Christopher Garnesche.
To my Lord cardinal's grace, Legate a Latere and chancellor of England."

In Proceed. and Ordin. of the Privy Council (vol. vii. 183, 196), 1541, mention is made of a Lady Garnesche (probably the widow of Sir Christopher) having had a house at Calais; and in Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary (p. 120) we find under June 1543, "Item my Lady Garnesche servant for bringing cherries xiid."

74. fol 259. ed. 1570.
75. See Note 5 to The Tunning of Elynour Rumming. If this line alludes to Skelton, it preserves a trait of his personal appearance.
76. 4 sig. c. v. ed. 1570.
77. In a volume of various pieces by Gaguin, dated 1498, is a treatise on metre, which shews no mean acquaintance with the subject.
78. "Invectivam in Guil. Lilium, Lib. i." Script. Illust. Brit. &c. p. 652. ed. 1559. The reader must not suppose from the description, "Lib. i.," that the invective in question extended to a volume: it was, I presume, no more than a copy of verses. Wood mentions that this piece was "written in verse and very carping." Ath. Ox. i. 52. ed. Bliss: but most probably he was acquainted with it only through Bale. He also informs
us (i. 34) that Lily wrote a tract entitled "Apologia ad Joh. Skeltonum, Rob. Whittington." for a copy of which I have sought in vain.

79. "I am compelled to strike against you, Lilly"

80. See Weever's *Fun. Monum.* p. 498. ed. 1631; Stowe's Collections, *MS. Harl.* 540. fol. 57; and Fuller's *Worthies, (Norfolk,)* p. 257. ed. 1662. "And this," says Fuller, "I will do for W. Lilly, (though often beaten for his sake,) endeavour to translate his answer:

"With face so bold, and teeth so sharp,
Of viper's venom, why dost carp?
Why are my verses by thee weigh'd
In a false scale? may truth be said?
Whilst thou to get the more esteem
A learned Poet fain wouldst seem,
Skelton, thou art, let all men know it,
Neither learned, nor a Poet."

81. See Note 151 to *The Garland of Laurel.*

82. It was granted to him by the king for life.

83. Concerning this college, see Note 212 to *The Garland of Laurel.*

84. "To the most honourable, most mighty, and by far the most reverend father in Christ and in the Lord, Lord Thomas, etc., of the title of the sacred Cecilian, presbyter of the Holy Roman Church, the most deserving cardinal, Legate of the Apostolic See, and the most illustrious legate *a latere,* etc., Skelton Laureate, ora. reg., declares humble allegiance with all fit reverence due to such a great and magnificent Chief of Priests, most equitable moderator of all justice, and moreover the most excellent patron of the present little book, etc., at whose most auspicious contemplation, under the memorable seal of a glorious immortality, the present little treatise is commended [or devised]."(PH)—A *Replication against certain young scholars abjured of late, &c.* vol. 1.230. In *Typograph. Antiq.* ii. 539. ed. Dibdin, where the *Replication* is described and quoted from Heber's copy, we are told that it has "a Latin address to Thomas — who [sic] he [ Skelton] calls an excellent patron," &c. That the editor should have read the address without discovering that the said Thomas was Cardinal Wolsey, is truly marvellous.

85. "To His Most Serene Royal Majesty, together with the Lord Cardinal, the most honourable Legate *a latere* &c."

86. "Go, book, fall before the great King Henry VIII and worship him, re-echoing his glories. Greet likewise, with reverence, the great Cardinal, legate *a Latere,* and may he be mindful to sue for the prebend which he promised to entrust to me some day, and give me grounds to hope for his protection—between hope and fear." (PH).

87. "I trust entirely in his good graces" (PH).

88. *Animadversions upon the annotations and corrections of some imperfections of impressions of Chaucer's Works, &c.* p. 13, in Todd's *Illust. of Gower and Chaucer.* I may notice here, that among the Harleian MSS. (2252, fols. 156, 158) are two poems on the Cardinal, which in the Catalogue of that collection Wanley has described as "Skelton's libels; "but they are evidently not by him.

89. Wolsey had previously been named a Cardinal in 1515.—Fiddes (Life of Wolsey, p. 99. ed. 1726) says that he became Legate *a latere* in 1516: but see *State Papers*
John Skelton

(1830,) i. 9 (note.) Lingard's Hist. of Engl. vi. 57. ed. 8vo, &c.—Hoping to ascertain the exact date of the Replication, &c. (which contains the first of the passages now under consideration,) I have consulted various books for some mention of the "young heretics" against whom that piece was written; but without success. [These were Thomas Bilney and Thomas Arthur, Cambridge scholars who recanted their Lutheran Protestantism and carried their faggot of repentance at St. Paul's Cross on 29th September 1527. See http://www.exclassics.com/foxel/foxel72.htm.]

90. We cannot settle this point by a comparison of old editions, the poem against Albany and the two L'Envoy's which follow it being extant only in the ed. of Marshe.—It may be doubted, too, if the L'Envoy which I have cited at above "Perge, liber," &c. belongs to the Garland of Laurel, to which it is affixed in Marshe's edition as a second L'Envoy: in Faukes's edition of that poem, which I conceive to be the first that was printed, it is not found: the Cott. MS. of the Garland is unfortunately imperfect at the end.


92. "Ob literas quasdam in Cardinalem Vuolsium invectivas, ad Vuestmonasteriense tandem asylum fugere, pro vita servanda, coactus fuit: ubi nihilominus sub abbate Islepo favorem inviniet." ("Because of these words insulting Cardinal Wolsey, he was forced, in order to save his life, to seek sanctuary in Westminster: Where he came under the protection of abbot Islip.")—Bale, Script. Illust. Brit. p. 651. ed. 1559. "Ubi licet Abbatis Islepi favore protegeretur, tamen vitam ibi, quantumvis ante incunde actam, tristi exitu conclusit." ("Where he was protected by the goodwill of abbot Islip; however his life there was such a contrast to what he had before, that his end was a sad one.")—Pits, De Illust. Angl. Script. p. 701. ed. 1619.—"But Cardinal Wolsey (impar congressus, betwixt a poor Poet and so potent a Prelate) being inveighed against by his pen, and charged with too much truth, so persecuted him, that he was forced to take Sanctuary at Westminster, where Abbot Islip used him with much respect," &c. Fuller's Worthies, (Norfolk,) p. 257. ed. 1662.—"He [Skelton] was so closely pursued by his [Wolsey's] officers, that he was forced to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islipp the abbot, and continued there to the time of his death." Wood's Ath. Oxon. i. 51. ed. Bliss, who adds in a note; "The original MS. register of this sanctuary, which must have been a great curiosity, was in Sir Henry Spelman's library, and was purchased at the sale of that collection by Wanley for Lord Weymouth. MS. note in Wanley's copy of Nicholson's Historical Library in the Bodleian."

93. John Islip was elected abbot in 1500, and died in 1532; see Widmore's Hist. of West. Abbey, 119, 123. "John Skelton ... is said by the late learned Bishop of Derry, Nicholson (Hist. Lib. chap. 2.) to have first collected the Epitaphs of our Kings, Princes, and Nobles, that lie buried at the Abbey Church of Westminster: but I apprehend this to be no otherwise true, than that, when he, to avoid the anger of Cardinal Wolsey, had taken sanctuary at Westminster, to recommend himself to Islip, the Abbot at that time, he made some copies of verses to the memories of King Henry the Seventh and his Queen, and his mother the Countess of Richmond, and perhaps some other persons buried in this church." Account of Writers, &c. p. 5, appended to Widmore's Enquiry into the time of the fund. of West. Abbey.—Widmore is mistaken: neither in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568, nor in the Reges, Reginae, Nobles, &c., 1603, is there any copy of verses by our author on the Queen of Henry the Seventh.
94. "De morte Cardinalis vaticinium edidit: & eius veritatem eventus declaravit." (He prophesied the death of the cardinal, and the truth of this was shown by events")—Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 652. ed. 1559.—"The word *Vates* being Poet or Prophet, minds me of this dying Skelton's prediction, foretelling the ruin of Cardinal Wolsey. Surely, one unskilled in prophecies, if well versed in Solomon's Proverbs, might have prognosticated as much, that Pride goeth before a fall." Fuller's *Worthies*, (Norfolk,) p. 257. ed. 1662.—Did not this anecdote originate in certain verses of *Colyn Cloute* (v. 480 sqq)? See the fragment from Lansdown MSS. in Note 67 to *Colyn Cloute*.


In the *Church-Wardens' Accompts of St. Margaret's, Westminster* (Nichols's *Illust. of Manners and Expences, &c. 4to. p. 9,) we find this entry;

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>l.</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1529. Item, of Mr. Skelton for viii tapers</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2 8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The institution of the person who succeeded Skelton as rector of Diss is dated 17th July: See Note 1 above.

96. e. g. the portrait on the title-page of *Diverse Ballads and Ditties Salacious* (evidently from the press of Pynson;) is given as a portrait of "Doctor Boorde" in the *Book of Knowledge* (see reprint, sig. I; and (as Mr. F. R. Atkinson of Manchester obligingly informed me by letter some years ago) the strange fantastic figure on the reverse of the title-page of Faukes's ed. of the *Garland of Laurel*, 1523 (poorly imitated in *The Brit. Bibliogr.* iv. 389) is a copy of an early French print.

97. "Warton has undervalued him [Skelton]; which is the more remarkable, because Warton was a generous as well as a competent critic. He seems to have been disgusted with buffooneries, which, like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a tub for the whale; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous times." Southey, *Select Works of Brit. Poets*, (1831,) p. 61.

98. *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 69.

99. Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen:
Thine is an oyster-knife that hacks and hews," &c.
*Verses addressed to the imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace* (the joint composition of Lord Hervey and Lady M. W. Montagu.)
100. Remains, ii. 163.
101. "Of Virtue also the sovereign interlude." Garland of Laurel, v. 1177
102. "His comedy, Achademios called by name." Garland of Laurel, v. 1184
103. See Notices of Skelton (last item)—Mr. Collier is mistaken in supposing Skelton's "pageants that were played in Joyous Garde "to have been dramatic compositions: see Note 185 to The Garland of Laurel
104. A writer, of whose stupendous ignorance a specimen has been already cited (See Note 57 above) informs us that Magnificence "is one of the dullest plays in our language." Eminent Lit. and Scient. Men of Great Britain, &c. (Lardner's Cyclop.) i. 281.
105. Amen. of Lit. ii. 69.
106. Hist. of E. P. ii. 356.
107. "In heaven bliss ye shall win to be
Among the blessed company omnium supernorum ("All that are in heaven")
There as is all mirth joy and glee
Inter agmina angelorum ("among the host of angels")
In bliss to abide."

A reprint of Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works having appeared in 1736, Pope took occasion, during the next year, to mention them in the following terms,—casting a blight on our poet's reputation, from which it has hardly yet recovered;

"Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote"

Note—"Skelton, Poet Laureate to Hen. 8. a Volume of whose, Verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of Ribaldry, Obscenity, and Billingsgate Language." The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace imitated, 1737. But Pope was unjust to Skelton; for, though expressions of decided grossness occur in his writings, they are comparatively few; and during his own time, so far were such expressions from being regarded as offensive to decency, that in all probability his royal pupil would not have scrupled to employ them in the presence of Anne Boleyn and her maids of honour.
Here beginneth certain Merry tales of Skelton, poet laureate.

How Skelton came late home to Oxford from Abingdon. [Tale i.]

Skelton was an Englishman born as Scoggin was, and he was educated and brought up in Oxford: and there was he made a poet laureate. And one time he had been at Abington to make merry, where that he had eat salt meats, and he did come late home to Oxford, and he did lie in an inn named The Tabor which is now the Angel, and he did drink, and went to bed. About midnight he was so thirsty or dry that he was constrained to call to the tapster for drink, and the tapster heard him not. Then he cried to his hosts and his hostess, and to the ostler, for drink; and no man would hear him: "Alack", said Skelton, "I shall perish for lack of drink! What remedy?" At the last he did cry out and said, "Fire, fire, fire!" When Skelton heard every man bustled himself upward, and some of them were naked, and some half asleep and amazed, Skelton did cry, "Fire, fire!" still, that every man knew not whither to resort; Skelton did go to bed, and the host and hostess, and the tapster with the ostler, did run to Skelton's chamber with candles lighted in their hands, saying, "Where, where, where is the fire?" "Here, here, here," said Skelton, and pointed his finger to his mouth, saying, "Fetch me some drink to quench the fire and the heat and the dryness in my mouth:" and so they did. Wherefore it is good for every man to help his own self in time of need with some policy or craft, so be it there be no deceit nor falsehood used.

How Skelton dressed the Kendal man in the sweat time. [Tale ii]

On a time Skelton rolled from Oxford to London with a Kendal man, and at Uxbridge they baited. The Kendal man laid his cap upon the board in the Hall, and he went to serve his horse. Skelton took the Kendal man's cap, and did put betwixt the lining and the utter side a dish of butter: and when the Kendal man had dressed his horse, he did come in to dinner, and did put on his cap (that time the sweating sickness was in all England); at the last, when the butter had taken heat of the Kendal man's head, it did begin to run over his face and about his cheeks. Skelton said, "Sir, you sweat sore: beware that you have not the sweating sickness." The Kendal man said, "By the mysse, Ise wrang; I bus go till bed." Skelton said, "I am skilled in physic, and specially in the sweating sickness, that I will warrant any man." "In gewd faith," said the Kendal man "do see, and Ise bay for your skott to London." Then said Skelton,
"Get you a kerchief, and I will bring you abed:" the which was done. Skelton caused the cap be sod in hot lye, and dried it: in the morning Skelton and the Kendal man did ride merrily to London.

How Skelton told the man that Christ was very busy in the woods with them that made faggots. [Tale iii.]

When Skelton did come to London, there were many men at the table at dinner. Amongst all other there was one said to Skelton, "Be you of Oxford or Cambridge a scholar?" Skelton said, "I am of Oxford." "Sir," said the man, "I would put you a question: do you know that after Christ did rise from death to life, it was xl. days after he did ascend into heaven, and he was but certain times with his disciples, and when that he did appear to them, he did never tarry long amongst them, but suddenly vanished from them; I would fain know" (saith the man to Skelton) "where Christ was all those xl. days." "Where he was," saith Skelton, "God knoweth; he was very busy in the woods among his labourers, that did make faggots to burn heretics, and such as thou art the which dost ask such diffuse questions: but now I will tell thee more; when he was not with his mother and his disciples, he was in Paradise, to comfort the holy patriarchs' and prophets' souls, the which before he had fetched out of hell. And at the day of his ascension, he took them all up with him into heaven."

How the Welshman did desire Skelton to aid him in his suit to the King for a patent to sell drink. [Tale iv.]

Skelton, when he was in London, went to the King's court, and where there did come to him a Welshman, saying, "Sir, it is so, that many doth come up of my country to the King's court, and some doth get of the King by patent a castle, and some a park, and some a forest, and some one fee and some another, and they do live like honest men; and I should live as honestly as the best, if I might have a patent for good drink: wherefore I do pray you to write a few words for me in a little bill to give the same to the King's hands, and I will give you well for your labour." "I am contented," said Skelton. "Sit down then," said the Welshman, "and write." "What shall I write?" said Skelton. The Welshman said, "Write drink." "Write, more drink." "What now?" said Skelton. "Write now, a great deal of drink." "Put to all this drink a little crumb of bread, and a great deal of drink to it," and read once again. Skelton did read, "Drink, more drink, and a great deal of drink, and a little crumb of bread, and a great deal of drink to it." Then the Welshman said, "Put out the little crumb of bread, and set in, all drink, and no bread: and if I might have this signed of the King, said the Welshman, I care for no more as long as I do live. " "Well then," said Skelton, "when you have this signed of the King, then will I labour for a patent to have bread, that you with your drink, and I with the bread, may fare well, and seek our living with bag and staff."

Of Swanborne the knave, that was buried under St. Peter's wall in Oxford. [Tale v.]

There was dwelling in Oxford a stark knave, whose name was Swanborn; and he was such a notable knave that, if any scholar had fallen out th'one with th'other, the one would call th'other Swanborn, the which they did take for a worse word than knave. His wife would divers times in the week comb his head with a three-footed stool: then he would run out of the doors weeping, and if any man had asked him what he did ail, other while he would say he had the megrim in his head, or else, there was a great smoke within the house: and if the doors were shut, his wife would beat him under the
bed, or into the bench hole, and then he would look out at the cat hole; then would his wife say, "Lookest thou out, whoreson?" "Yea," would he say, "thou shalt never let me of my manly looks." Then with her distaff she would poke in at him. I knew him when that he was a boy in Oxford; he was a little old fellow, and would lie as fast as a horse would trot. At last he died, and was buried under the wall of S. Peter's church. Then Skelton was desired to make an epitaph upon the church wall, and did write with a roll, saying,

Beelzebub his soul save,
Qui iacet hic hec ("who lies here") a knave:
Iam scio mortuus est, ("For I know he is dead")
Et iacet hic hec a beast:
Sepultus est ("he is buried") among the weeds:
God forgive him his misdeeds!

How Skelton was complained on to the bishop of Norwich. [Tale vi.]

Skelton did keep a musket at Diss, upon the which he was complained on to the bishop of Norwich. The bishop sent for Skelton. Skelton did take two capons, to give them for a present to the bishop. And as soon as he had saluted the bishop, he said, "My lord, here I have brought you a couple of capons. The bishop was blind, and said, "Who be you?" "I am Skelton," said Skelton. The bishop said, "A whore head! I will none of thy capons: thou keepest unhappy rule in thy house, for the which thou shalt be punished." "What," said Skelton, "is the wind at that door?" and said, "God be with you, my lord!" and Skelton with his capons went his way. The bishop sent after Skelton to come again. Skelton said, "What, shall I come again to speak with a mad man?" At last he returned to the bishop, which said to him, "I would," said the bishop, "that you should not live such a slanderous life, that all your parish should not wonder and complain on you as they done: I pray you amend, and hereafter live honestly, that I hear no more such words of you; and if you will tarry dinner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you, said the bishop, for your capons." Skelton said, "My lord, my capons have proper names; the one is named Alpha, the other is named Omega: my lord," said Skelton, "this capon is named Alpha, this is the first capon that I did ever give to you; and this capon is named Omega, and this is the last capon that ever I will give you: and so fare you well," said Skelton.

How Skelton, when he came from the bishop, made a sermon.[Tale vii.]

Skelton the next Sunday after went into the pulpit to preach, and said, "Vos estis, vos estis, that is to say, You be, you be. And what be you?" said Skelton: "I say, that you be a sort of knaves, yea, and a man might say worse than knaves; and why, I shall show you. You have complained of me to the bishop that I do keep a fair wench in my house: I do tell you, if you had any fair wives, it were some what to help me at need; I am a man as you be: you have foul wives, and I have a fair wench, of the which I have begotten a fair boy, as I do think, and as you all shall see. Thou wife," said Skelton, "that hast my child, be not afraid; bring me hither my child to me:" the which was done. And he, showing his child naked to all the parish, said, "How say you, neighbours all? is not this child as fair as is the best of all yours? It hath nose, eyes, hands, and feet, as well as any of your: it is not like a pig, nor a calf, nor like no fowl nor no monstrous beast. If I had," said Skelton, "brought forth this child without arms or legs, or that it were deformed, being a monstrous thing, I would never have blamed you to have complained to the bishop of me; but to complain without a cause, I say, as I said before in my antetheme, vos estis, you be, and have be, and will and
shall be knaves, to complain of me without a cause reasonable. For you be presumptuous, and do exalt yourselves, and therefore you shall be made low: as I shall show you a familiar example of a parish priest, the which did make a sermon in Rome. And he did take that for his antetheme, the which of late days is named a theme, and said, *Qui se exaltat humiliabitur, et qui see humiliat exaltabitur*, that is to say, he that doth exalt himself or doth extol himself shall be made meek, and he that doth humble himself or is meek, shall be exalted, extolled, or elevated, or sublimated, or such like; and that I will show you by this my cap. This cap was first my hood, when that I was student in Jucalico, and then it was so proud that it would not be contented, but it would slip and fall from my shoulders. I perceiving this that he was proud, what then did I? shortly to conclude, I did make of him a pair of breeches to my hose, to bring him low. And when that I did see, know, or perceive that he was in that case, and allmost worn clean out, what did I then to extol him up again? you all may see that this my cap was made of it that was my breeches. Therefore, said Skelton, vos estis, therefore you be, as I did say before: if that you exalt yourself, and cannot be contented that I have my wench still, some of you shall wear horns; and therefore vos estis: and so farewell." It is merry in the hall, when beards wag all.

**How the friar asked leave of Skelton to preach at Diss, which Skelton would not grant. [Tale viii.]**

There was a friar the which did come to Skelton to have licence to preach at Diss. What would you preach there? said Skelton: do not you think that I am sufficient to preach there in mine own cure? Sir, said the friar, I am the limiter of Norwich, and once a year one of our place doth use to preach with you, to take the devotion of the people; and if I may have your good will, so be it, or else I will come and preach against your will, by the authority of the bishop of Rome, for I have his bulls to preach in every place, and therefore I will be there on Sunday next coming." "Come not there, friar, I do counsel thee," said Skelton. The Sunday next following Skelton laid watch for the coming of the friar: and as soon as Skelton had knowledge of the friar, he went into the pulpit to preach. At last the friar did come into the church with the bishop of Rome's bulls in his hand. Skelton then said to all his parish, "See, see, see," and pointed to the friar. All the parish gazed on the friar. Then said Skelton, "Masters, here is as wonderful a thing as ever was seen: you all do know that it is a thing daily seen, a bull doth beget a calf; but here, contrary to all nature, a calf hath gotten a bull; for this friar, being a calf, hath gotten a bull of the bishop of Rome." The friar, being ashamed, would never after that time presume to preach at Diss.

**How Skelton handled the friar that would needs lie with him in his inn. [Tale ix.]**

As Skelton rid into the country, there was a friar that hapened in at an alehouse whereas Skelton was lodged, and there the friar did desire to have lodging. The alewife said, "Sir, I have but one bed whereas Master Skelton doth lie." "Sir", said the friar, "I pray you that I may lie with you." Skelton said, "Master friar, I do use to have no man to lie with me." "Sir," said the friar, "I have lain with as good men as you, and for my money I do look to have lodging as well as you." "Well," said Skelton, "I do see then that you will lie with me." "Yea, Sir," said the friar. Skelton did fill all the cups in the house, and whittled the friar, that at the last, the friar was in mine eame's peason. Then said Skelton, "Master friar, get you to bed, and I will come to bed within a while." The friar went, and did lie upright, and snorted like a sow. Skelton went to the chamber, and did see that the friar did lie so; said to the wife, "Give me a washing beetle. Skelton then cast down the clothes, and the friar did lie stark naked: then
Skelton did shite upon the friars navel and belly; and then he did take the washing beetle, and did strike an hard stroke upon the navel and belly of the friar, and did put out the candle, and went out of the chamber. The friar felt his belly, and smelt a foul savour, had thought he had been gored, and cried out and said, "Help, help, help, I am killed!" They of the house with Skelton went into the chamber, and asked what the friar did ail. The friar said, "I am killed, one hath thrust me in the belly." "Fo," said Skelton, "thou drunken soul, thou dost lie; thou hast beshitten thyself. Fo," said Skelton, "let us go out of the chamber, for the knave doth stink. The friar was ashamed, and cried for water. "Out with the whoreson," said Skelton, "and wrap the sheets together, and put the friar in the hog sty, or in the barn." The friar said, "give me some water into the barn: and there the friar did wash himself, and did lie there all the night long. The chamber and the bed was dressed, and the sheets shifted; and then Skelton went to bed.

How the cardinal desired Skelton to make an epitaph upon his grave. [Tale x.]

Thomas Wolsey, cardinal and archbishop of York, had made a regal tomb to lie in after he was dead: and he desired Master Skelton to make for his tomb an epitaph, which is a memorial to show the life with the acts of a noble man. Skelton said, "If it do like your grace, I can not make an epitaph unlesse that I do see your tomb. The cardinal said, I do pray you to meet with me tomorrow at the West Monastery, and there shall you see my tomb a-making. The appointment kept, and Skelton, seing the sumptuous cost, more pertaining for an emperor or a maximus king, than for such a man as he was (although cardinals will compare with kings), "Well," said Skelton, "if it shall like your grace to creep into this tomb while you be alive, I can make an epitaph; for I am sure that when that you be dead you shall never have it." The which was verified of truth.

How the ostler did bite Skelton's mare under the tail, for biting him by the arm. [Tale xi.]

Skelton used much to ride on a mare; and on a time he happened into an inn, where there was a folish ostler. Skelton said, "Ostler, hast thou any mare's bread?" "No, Sir," said the ostler: "I have good horse bread, but I have no mare's bread." Skelton said, "I must have mare's bread." "Sir," said the ostler, "there is no mare's bread to get in all the town." "Well," said Skelton, "for this once, serve my mare with horse bread." In the mean time Skelton commanded the ostler to saddle his mare; and the ostler did gird the mare hard, and the ostler was in his jerkin, and his shirt sleeves were above his elbows, and in the girding of the mare hard the mare bit the ostler by the arm, and bit him sore. The was angry, and did bite the mare under the tail, saying, "A whore, is it good biting by the bare arm?" Skelton said then, "Why, fellow, hast thou hurt my mare?" "Yea," said the ostler, "ka me, ka thee: if she do hurt me I will displease her."

How the cobbler told Master Skelton, it is good sleeping in a whole skin. [Tale xii.]

In the parish of Diss, whereas Skelton was parson, there dwelled a cobbler, being half a souter, which was a tall man and a great sloven, otherwise named a slouch. The King's majesty having wars beyond the sea, Skelton said to this aforesaid doughty man, "Neighbour, you be a tall man, and in the King's wars you must bear a standard." "A standard!" said the cobbler, "what a thing is that?" Skelton said, "It is a great banner, such a one as thou dost use to bear in Rogation week; and a lord's, or a knight's, or a gentleman's arms shall be upon it; and the soldiers that be under the
aforesaid persons fighting under thy banner." "Fighting!" said the cobbler; "I can no skill in fighting." "No," said Skelton, "thou shalt not fight, but hold up, and advance the banner." "By my fay," said the cobbler, "I can no skill in the matter." "Well," said Skelton, "there is no remedy but thou shalt forth to do the King's service in his wars, for in all this country there is not a more likelier man to do such a feat as thou art."

"Sir," said the cobbler, "I will give you a fat capon, that I may be at home." "No," said Skelton, "I will not have none of thy capons; for thou shalt do the King service in his wars." "Why," said the cobbler, "what should I do? will you have me to go in the King's wars, and to be killed for my labour? then I shall be well at ease, for I shall have my mends in mine own hands." "What, knave," said Skelton, "art thou a coward, having so great bones?" "No," said the cobbler, "I am not afeared: it is good to sleep in a whole skin." "Why," said Skelton, "thou shalt be harnessed to keep away the strokes from thy skin." "By my fay," said the cobbler, "if I must needs forth, I will see how I shall be ordered." Skelton did harness the doughty squirrel, and did put an helmet on his head; and when the helmet was on the cobbler's head, the cobbler said, "What shall those holes serve for?" Skelton said, "Holes to look out to see thy enemies." "Yea," said the cobbler, "then am I in worser case then ever I was; for then one may come and thrust a nail into one of the holes, and prick out mine eye. Therefore," said the cobbler to Master Skelton, "I will not go to war: my wife shall go in my stead, for she can fight and play the devil with her distaff, and with stool, staff, cup, or candlestick; for, by my fay, Ich am sick; Ich'll go home to bed; I think I shall die."

How Master Skelton's miller deceived him many times by playing the thief, and how he was pardoned by Master Skelton, after the stealing away of a priest out of his bed at midnight. [Tale xiii.]

When Master Skelton did dwell in the country, he was agreed with a miller to have his corn ground toll free; and many times when his maiden[s] should bake, they wanted of their meal, and complained to their mistress that they could not make their stint of bread. Mistress Skelton, being very angry, told her husband of it. Then Master Skelton sent for his miller, and asked him how it chanced that he deceived him of his corn. "I!" said John miller; "nay, surely I never deceived you; if that you can prove that by me, do with me as you list." "Surely," said Skelton, "if I do find thee false any more, thou shalt be hanged up by the neck." So Skelton apointed one of his servants to stand at the mill while the corn was a-grinding. John miller, being a notable thief, would fain have deceived him as he had done before, but being afraid of Skelton's servant, caused his wife to put one of her children into the mill dam, and to cry, "Help, help, my child is drowned!" With that, John miller and all went out of the mill; and Skelton's servant, being diligent to help the child, thought not of the meal, and the while the miller's boy was ready with a sack, and stole away the corn; so when they had taken up the child, and all was safe, they came in again; and so the servant, having his grist, went home mistrusting nothing; and when the maids came to bake again, as they did before, so they lacked of their meal again. Master Skelton called for his man, and asked him how it chanced that he was deceived; and he said that he could not tell, For I did your commandment. And then Master Skelton sent for the miller, and said, "Thou hast not used me well, for I want of my meal." "Why, what would you have me do?" said the miller; "you have set your own man to watch me." "Well, then," said Skelton, "if thou dost not tell me which way thou hast played the thief with me, thou shalt be hanged." "I pray you be good master unto me, and I will tell you the truth: your servant would not from my mill, and when I saw none other
remedy, I caused my wife to put one of my children into the water, and to cry that it
was drowned; and whiles we were helping of the child out, one of my boys did steal
your corn." "Yea," said Skelton, "if thou have such pretty fetches, you can do more
than this; and therefore, if thou dost not one thing that I shall tell thee, I will follow
the law on thee." "What is that?" said the miller. "If that thou dost not steal my cup of
the table, when I am set at meat, thou shalt not escape my hands." "O good master,"
said John miller, "I pray you forgive me, and let me not do this; I am not able to do
it." Thou shalt never be forgiven," said Skelton, "without thou dost it." When the
miller saw no remedy, he went and charged one of his boys, in an evening (when that
Skelton was at supper) to sette fire in one of his hog-sties, far from any house, for
doing any harm. And it chanced, that one of Skelton's servants came out, and spied
the fire, and he cried, "Help, help! for all that my master hath is like to be burnt." His
master, hearing this, rose from his supper with all the company, and went to quench
the fire; and the while John miller came in, and stole away his cup, and went his way.
The fire being quickly slaked, Skelton came in with his friends, and reasoned with his
friends which way they thought the fire should come; and every man made answer as
they thought good. And as they were reasoning, Skelton called for a cup of beer; and in
no wise his cup which he used to drink in would not be found. Skelton was very angry
that his cup was missing, and asked which way it should be gone; and no man could
tell him of it. At last he bethought him of the miller, and said, "Surely, he, that thief,
hath done this deed, and he is worthy to be hanged." And he sent for the miller: so the
miller told him all how he had done. "Truly," said Skelton, "thou art a notable knave;
and without thou canst do me one other feat, thou shalt die." "O good master," said
the miller, "you promised to pardon me, and will you now break your promise?"
"Aye," said Skelton; "without thou canst steal the sheets of my bed, when my wife
and I am asleep, thou shalt be hanged, that all such knaves shall take example by
thee." "Alas," said the miller, "which way shall I do this thing? it is impossible for me
to get them while you be there." "Well," said Skelton, "without thou do it, thou
knowest the danger." The miller went his ways being very heavy, and studied which
way he might do this deed. He having a little boy, which knew all the corners of
Skelton's house and where he lay, upon a night when they were all busy, the boy crept
in under his bed, with a pot of yeast; and when Skelton and his wife were fast asleep,
he all anointed the sheets with yeast, as far as he could reach. At last Skelton
awaked, and felt the sheets all wet; waked his wife, and said, "What, hast thou
besritten the bed?" and she said, "Nay, it is you that have done it, I think, for I am
sure it is not I." And so there fell a great strife between Skelton and his wife, thinking
that the bed had been besritten; and called for the maid to give them a clean pair of
sheets. And so they arose, and the maid took the foul sheets and threw them
underneath the bed, thinking the next morning to have fetched them away. The next
time the maids should go to washing, they looked all about, and could not find the
sheets; for Jacke the miller's boy had stolen them away. Then the miller was sent for
again, to know where the sheets were become: and the miller told Master Skelton all
how he devised to steal the sheets. "How say ye?" said Skelton to his friends; is not
this a notable thief? Is he not worthy to be hanged that can do these deeds?" "O good
master," quoth the miller, "Now forgive me according to your promise; for I have
done all that you have commanded me, and I trust now you will pardon me." "Nay,"
quoth Skelton, "thou shalt do yet one other feat, and that shall be this; thou shalt steal
master parson out of his bed at midnight, that he shall not know where he is become."
The miller made great moan and lamented, saying, "I can not tell in the world how I
shall do, for I am never able to do this feat." "Well," said Skelton, "thou shalt do it, or
else thou shalt find no favour at my hands; and therefore go thy way." The miller being sorry, devised with himself which way he might bring this thing to pass. And ii. or iii. nights after, gathered a number of snails, and agreed with the sexton of the church to have the key of the church door, and went into the church between the hours of xi. and xii. in the night, and took the snails, and lighted a sort of little wax candles, and set upon every snail one, and the snails crept about the church with the same candles upon their backs and then he went into the vestry, and put a cope upon his back, and stood very solemnly at the high altar with a book in his hand; and afterward tolled the bell, that the priest lying in the churchyard might hear him. The priest, hearing the bell toll, started out of his sleep, and looked out of his window, and saw such a light in the church, was very much amazed, and thought surely that the church had been on fire, and went for to see what wonder it should be. And when he came there, he found the church door open, and went up into the choir; and see the Miller standing in his vestments, and a book in his hand, praying devoutly, and all the lights in the church, thought surely with himself it was some angel come down from heaven, or some other great miracle, blessed himself and said, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, what art thou that standest here in this holy place?" "O," said the miller, "I am saint Peter, which keep the keys of heaven gate, and thou knowest that none can enter into heaven except I let him in; and I am sent out from heaven for thee." "For me!" quoth the priest: "good saint Peter, worship may thou be! I am glad to hear that news. Because thou hast done good deeds, said the miller, and served God, he hath sent for thee afore doomsday come, that thou shalt not know the troubles of the world." "O, blessed be God!" said the priest; I am very well contented to go: yet if it would please God to let me go home and distribute such things as I have to the poor, I would be very glad." "No," said the miller; "if thou dost delight more in thy goods then in the joys of heaven, thou art not for God; therefore prepare thyself, and get into this bag which I have brought for thee." The miller having a great quarter sack, the poor priest went into it, thinking verily he had gone to heaven, yet was very sorry to part from his goods; asked saint Peter how long it would be ere he came there. The miller said he should be there quickly; and in he got the priest, and tied up the sack, and put out the lights, and layed every thing in their place, and took the priest on his back, and locked the church doors, and to go: and when he came to go over the stile that the priest cried "oh." "Oh good saint Peter," said the priest, "whither go I now?" "Oh," said the miller, these be the pangs that you must abide before you come to heaven." "Oh," quoth the priest, "I would I were there once!" Up he got the priest again, and carried him till he came to the top of an high hill, a little from his house, and cast him down the hill, that his head had many shrewd raps, that his neck was almost burst. "O good saint Peter," said the priest, "where am I now?" "You are almost now at heaven;" and tied a rope about the sack, and drew him up to the top of the chimney, and there let him hang. "O good S. Peter, tell me now where I am," said the priest. "Mary," said he, "thou art now in the top of John miller's chimney." "A vengeance on thee, knave!" said the priest: "hast thou made me believe al this while that I was going up into heaven? well, Now I am here, an ever I come down again, I will make thee to repent it." But John miller was glad that he had brought him there. And in the morning the sexton rang all in to service; and when the people were come to church, the priest
was lacking. The parish asked the sexton where the priest was; and the sexton said, "I can not tell:" then the parish sent to Master Skelton, and told how their priest was lacking to say them service. Master Skelton marvelled at that, and bethought him of the crafty doing of the miller, sent for John miller; and when the miller was come, Skelton said to the miller, "Canst thou tell where the parish priest is?" The miller up and told him all together how he had done. Master Skelton, considering the matter, said to the miller, "Why, thou unreverent knave, hast thou hauled the poor priest on this fashion, and put on the holy ornaments upon a knave's back? thou shalt be hanged, an it cost me all the goods I have." John miller fell upon his knees, and desired Master Skelton to pardon him; "For I did nothing," said the miller, "but that you said you would forgive me. "Nay, not so," said Skelton; "but if thou canst steal my gelding out of my stable, my two men watching him, I will pardon thee; and if they take thee, they shall strike off thy head;" for Skelton thought it better that such a false knave should lose his head than to live. Then John miller was very sad, and bethought him how to bring it to pass. Then he remembered that there was a man left hanging upon the gallows the day before, went privily in the night and took him down, and cut off his head, and put it upon a pole, and broke a hole into the stable, and put in a candle lighted, thrusting in the head a little and a little. The men watching the stable, seeing that, got themselves near to the hole (thinking that it was his head), and one of them with his sword cut it off. Then they for gladness presented it unto their master, leaving the stable door open: then John miller went in, and stole away the gelding. Master Skelton, looking upon the head, saw it was the thief's head that was left hanging upon the gallows, said, "Alas, how oft hath this false knave deceived us! Go quickly to the stable again, for I think my gelding is gone." His men, going back again, found it even so. Then they came again, and told their master his horse was gone. "Ah, I thought so, you doltish knaves!" said Skelton; "but if I had sent wise men about it, it had not been so." Then Skelton sent for the miller, and asked him if he could tell where his horse was. "Safe enough, master," said the miller: for he told Skelton all the matter how he had done. Well, said Skelton, considering his tale, said, that he was worthy to be hanged, "For thou dost excel all the thieves that ever I knew or heard of; but for my promise sake I forgive thee, upon condition thou wilt become an honest man, and leave all thy craft and false dealing." And thus John miller escaped unpunished.

How Skelton was in prison at the commandment of the cardinal. [Tale xiv. ]

On a time Skelton did meet with certain friends of his at Charing Cross, after that he was in prison at my lord cardinal's commandment: and his friend said, "I am glad you be abroad among your friends, for you have been long pent in." Skelton said, "By the mass, I am glad I am out indeed, for I have been pent in, like a roach or fish, at Westminster in prison." The cardinal, hearing of those words, sent for him again. Skelton kneeling of his knees before him, after long communication to Skelton had, Skelton desired the cardinal to grant him a boon. "Thou shalt have none," said the cardinal. Thassistence desired that he might have it granted, for they thought it should be some merry pastime that he will show your grace. "Say on, thou hoar head," said the cardinal to Skelton. "I pray your grace to let me lie down and wallow, for I can kneel no longer."

How the vinteners wife put water into Skelton's wine. [Tale xv. ]

Skelton did love well a cup of good wine. And on a day he did make merry in a tavern in London: and the morow after he sent to the same place again for a quart of the
same wine he drunk of before; the which was clean changed and brewed again.
Skelton perceiving this, he went to the tavern, and did sit down in a chair, and did sigh
very sore, and made great lamentation. The wife of the house, perceiving this, said to
Master Skelton, "How is it with you, Master Skelton?" He answered and said, "I did
never so evil:" and then he did reach another great sigh, saying, "I am afraid that I
shall never be saved, nor come to heaven." "Why," said the wife, "should you dispair
so much in God's mercy?" "Nay," said he, "it is past all remedy." Then said the wife,
"I do pray you break your mind unto me." "O," said Skelton, "I would gladly show
you the cause of my dolour, if that I wist that you would keep my counsel." "Sir," said
she, "I have been made of counsel of greater matters then you can show me." "Nay,
nay," said Skelton, "my matter passeth all other matters, for I think I shall sink to hell
for my great offences; for I sent this day to you for wine to say mass withall; and we
have a strong law that every priest is bound to put into his chalice, when he doth sing
or say mase, some wine and water; the which doth signify the water and blood that did
run out of Christ's side, when Longeous the blind knight did thrust a spear to Christ's
heart; and this day I did put no water into my wine, when that I did put wine into my
chalice." Then said the vintiners wife, "Be merry, Master Skelton, and keep my
counsel, for, by my faith, I did put into the vessel of wine that I did send you of to day
x. gallons of water; and therefore take no thought, Master Skelton, for I warraount
you." Then said Skelton, "Dame, I do beshrew thee for thy labour, for I thought so
much before; for through such uses and brewing of wine may men be deceived, and
be hurt by drinking of such evil wine; for all wines must be strong, and fair, and well
coloured; it must have a redolent savour; it must be cold, and sprinkling in the pece or
in the glass.

Thus endeth the Merry Tales of Master Skelton, very pleasant for the recreation of
mind.
NOTICES OF SKELTON FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

From the imperfect copy of *A C. Merry Tales*, small fol., printed by John Rastell. (See Singer's reprint, p. 55.

**Of Master Skelton that brought the bishop of Norwich ii pheasants. xl.**

IT fortuned there was a great variance between the bishop of Norwich and one Master Skelton a poet laureate; in so much that the bishop commanded him that he should not come in his gates. This Master Skelton did absent himself for a long season. But at the last he thought to do his duty to him, and studied ways how he might obtain the bishop's favour, and determined himself that he would come to him with some present, and humble himself to the bishop; and got a couple of pheasants, and came to the bishop's place, and required the porter he might come in to speak with my lord. This porter, knowing his lord's pleasure, would not suffer him to come in at the gates; wherfore this Master Skelton went on the backside to seek some other way to come in to the place. But the place was moated that he could see no way to come over, except in one place where there lay a long tree over the moat in manner of a bridge, that was fallen down with wind; wherefore this Master Skelton went along upon the tree to come over, and when he was almost over, his foot slipped for lack of sure footing, and fell into the moat up to middle; but at the last he recovered himself, and, as well as he could, dried himself again, and suddenly came to the bishop, being in his hall, then lately risen from dinner: which, when he saw Skelton coming suddenly, said to him, "Why, thou caitiff, I warned thee thou shouldest never come in at my gates, and charged my porter to keep thee out." "Forsooth, my lord," quod Skelton, "though ye gave such charge, and though your gates be never so surely kept, yet it is no more possible to keep me out of your doors than to keep out crows or pies; for I came not in at your gates, but I came over the moat, that I have been almost drowned for my labour." And shewed his clothes how evil he was arayed, which caused many that stood thereby to laugh apace. Than quod Skelton, "If it like your lordship, I have brought you a dish to your supper, a couple of pheasants." "Nay," quod the bishop, "I defy thee and thy pheasants also, and, wretch as thou art, pike thee out of my house, for I will none of thy gift how [something lost here] Skelton then, considering that the bishop called him fool so oft, said to one of his familiars thereby, that though it were evil to be christened a fool, yet it was much worse to be confirmed a fool of such a bishop; for the name of confirmation must needs abide. Therefore he imagined how he might avoid that confirmation, and mused a while, and at the last, said to the bishop thus, "If your lordship knew the names of these pheasants, ye would [be] content to take them." Why, caitiff, quod the bishop hastily and angry, [what] be their names? Ywis, my lord, quod Skelton, this pheasant is called Alpha, which is, in primis the first, and this is called Omega, that is, novissimus the last; and for the more plain understanding of my mind, if it please your lordship to take them, I promise you, this Alpha is the first that ever I gave you, and this Omega is the last that ever I will give you while I live." At which answer all that were by made great laughter, and they all desired the bishop to be good lord unto him for his merry conceits: at which earnest entreaty, as it went, the bishop was content to take him unto his favour again. By this tale ye may see that merry conceits doth a man more good than to fret himself with anger and melancholy."
From Tales, and quick answers, very merry, and pleasant to read. 4to. n.d., printed by Thomas Berthelet. (See Singer's reprint, p. 9.)

Of the beggar's answer to M. Skelton the poet. xiii.

A poor beggar, that was foul, black, and loathly to behold, came upon a time unto Master Skelton the poet, and asked him his alms. To whom Master Skelton said, "I pray thee get thee away from me, for thou lookest as though thou camest out of hell." The poor man, perceiving he would give him nothing, answered, "For sooth, Sir, ye say truth; I came out of hell. Why didst thou not tarry still there?" quod Master Skelton. "Marry, Sir," quod the beggar, "there is no room for such poor beggars as I am; all is kept for such gentlemen as ye be."

Prefixed to Pithy pleasaunt and profitable works of master Skelton, Poet Laureate. Now collected and newly published. Anno 1568. 12mo.

IF sloth and tract of time
(That wears each thing away)
Should rust and canker worthy arts,
Good works would soon decay.
If such as present are
Forgoeth the people past,
Our selves should soon in silence sleep,
And lose renown at last.
No soil nor land so rude
But some odd men can show:
Then should the learned pass unknown,
Whose pen and skill did flow?
God shield our sloth were such,
Or world so simple now,
That knowledge 'scape without reward,
Who searcheth virtue through,
And paints forth vice a right,
And blames abuse of men,
And shows what lief deserves rebuke,
And who the praise of pen.
You see how foreign realms
Advance their poets all;
And ours are drowned in the dust,
Or hung against the wall.
In France did Marrot reign;
And neighbour there unto
Was Petrarch, marching full with Dante,
Who erst did wonders do;
Among the noble Greeks
Was Homer full of skill;
And where that Ovid nourished was
The soil did flourish still
With letters high of style;
But Virgil won the phrase,
And pased them all for deep engine,
And made them all to gaze
Upon the book he made:
Thus each of them, you see,
Won praise and fame, and honor had,
Each one in their degree.
I pray you, then, my friends,
Disdain not for to view
The works and sugared verses fine
Of our rare poets new;
Whose barbarous language rude
Perhaps ye may mislike;
But blame them not that rudely play
If they the ball do strike,
Nor scorn not mother tongue,
O babes of English breed!
I have of other language seen,
And you at full may read
Fine verses trimly wrought,
And couched in comely sort;
But never I nor you, I trow,
In sentence plain and short
Did yet behold with eye,
In any foreign tongue,
A higher verse, a statlier style,
That may be read or sung,
Than is this day indeed
Our English verse and rhyme,
The grace wherof doth touch the gods,
And reach the clouds sometime.
Through earth and waters deep
The pen by skill doth pass,
And featly nips the world's abuse,
And shows us in a glass
The virtue and the vice
Of every wight alive:
The honeycomb that he doth make
Is not so sweet in hive
As are the golden leaves
That drops from poet's head,
Which doth surmount our common talk
As far as dross [sic] doth lead:
The flour is sifted clean,
The bran is cast aside,
And so good corn is known from chaff
And each fine grain is spied.
Piers Plowman was full plain,
And Chaucer's spirit was great;
Earl Surrey had a goodly vein;
Lord Vaux the mark did beat,
And Phaer did hit the prick
In things he did translate,
And Edwards had a special gift;
And divers men of late
Hath helped our English tongue,
That first was base and brute:—
Oh, shall I leave out Skelton's name,
The blossom of my fruit,
The tree wheron indeed
My branches all might grow?
Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath,
And passed in schools, ye know;
A poet for his art,
Whose judgment sure was high,
And had great practice of the pen,
His works they will not lie;
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talk was as he wrote,
Full quick of wit, right sharp of words,
And skilfull of the state;
Of reason ripe and good,
And to the hatefull mind,
That did disdain his doings still,
A scorrner of his kind;
Most pleasant every way,
As poets ought to be,
And seldom out of prince's grace,
And great with each degree.
Thus have you heard at full
What Skelton was indeed;
A further knowledge shall you have,
If you his books do read.
I have of mere good will
These verses written here,
To honour virtue as I ought,
And make his fame appear,
That when the garland gay
Of laurel leaves but let:
Small is my pain, great is his praise,
That thus such honour get.
*Finis quod Churchyarde.*

From *Johannis Parkhursti Ludicra sine Epigrammata Juvenilia.* 1573, 4to. p. 103.

**De Skelton vate et sacerdote.**

*SKELTONUS gravidam reddebat forte puellam,
Insigni forma quae peperit puerum.
Illico multorum fama haec perveniit ad aures,
Esse patrem nato sacrificum pueru.
Skeltonum facti non poenitet aut pudet; aedes
Ad sacras festo sed venit ipse die:
Pulpita conscendit facturus verba popello;
Inque haec prorupit dicta vir ille bonus;*
Quid vos, O scurrae, capit admiratio tanta?
Non sunt eunuchi, credite, sacrifici:
O stolidi, vitulum num me genuisse putatis
Non genui vitulum, sed lepidum puerum;
Sique meis verbis non creditis, en puer, inquit;
Atque e suggesto protulit, ac abiit."

("Of Skelton the priest and poet.
It happened that Skelton got a girl pregnant
Who gave birth to a boy.
This story came to the ears of many
That a son was born to a priest.
Skelton was not ashamed or penitent,
But went to church the same day to say Mass
He went in the pulpit to preach to the people
This good man confronted them thus:
'Why, you scoundrels, are you making a fuss?
Believe me, priests are not eunuchs
You fools, do not think that I have fathered a calf,
It is not a calf, but a lively boy:
If you don't believe me, here is the boy,' he said,
And he brought him out to show them, and then went away."

From A Treatise Against Judicial Astrology. Dedicated to the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Egerton Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and one of her Majesty's most honorable privy Council. Written by John Chamber, one of the Prebendaries of her Majesty's free Chapel of Windsor, and Fellow of Eton College. 1601. 4to.

Not much unlike to merry Skelton, who thrust his wife out at the door, and received her in again at the window. The story is well known how the bishop had charged him to thrust his wife out of the door: but that which was but a merriment in Skelton, &c.
p. 99.

So that the leap year, for any thing I see, might well use the defence of merry Skelton, who being a priest, and having a child by his wife, every one cried out, "Oh, Skelton hath a child, fie on him," &c. Their mouths at that time he could not stop: but on a holy day, in a merry mood, he brought the child to church with him, and in the pulpit stript it naked, and held it out, saying, "See this child: is it not a pretty child, as other children be, even as any of yours? hath it not legs, arms, head, feet, limbs, proportioned every way as it should be? If Skelton had begot a monster, as a calf, or such like, what a life should poor Skelton have had then? So we say for the leap year, if it had changed the nature of things, as it is charged, how should it have done then to defend itself?
p. 113.

From The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not only in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London: But also how valiantly she behaved herself in the wars of Boulogne. 1635. 4to. (Of this tract there is said to have been a much earlier edition. I quote from the reprint in Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana, 1816.)
AFTER the carrier had set up his horse, and dispatched his lading, he remembered his oath, and therefore bethought him how he might place these three maids: with that he called to mind that the mistress at the Eagle in Westminster had spoken divers times to him for a servant; he with his carriage passed over the fields to her house, where he found her sitting and drinking with a Spanish knight called Sir James of Castile, doctor Skelton, and Will Sommers; told her how he had brought up to London three Lancashire lasses, and seeing she was oft desirous to have a maid, now she should take her choice which of them she would have. "Marry," quoth she, (being a very merry and a pleasant woman,) "carrier, thou comest in good time; for not only I want a maid, but here be three gentlemen that shall give me their opinions, which of them I shall have." With that the maids were bidden come in, and she intreated them to give their verdict. Straight as soon as they saw Long Meg, they began to smile; and doctor Skelton in his mad merry vein, blessing himself, began thus:

*Domine, Domine, unde hoc?* ("Lord, lord, where is she from?")
What is she in the gray cassock?
Me thinks she is of a large length,
Of a tall pitch, and a good strength,
With strong arms and stiff bones;
This is a wench for the nones:
Her looks are bonny and blithe,
She seemes neither lither nor lithe,
But young of age,
And of a merry visage,
Neither beastly nor bowsy,
Sleepy nor drowsy,
But fair fac'd and of a good size;
Therefore, hostess, if you be wise,
Once be ruled by me,
Take this wench to thee;
For this is plain,
She'll do more work than these twain:
I tell thee, hostess, I do not mock;
Take her in the gray cassock.

"What is your opinion?" quoth the hostess to Sir James of Castile. "Question with her," quoth he, "what she can do, and then I'll give you mine opinion: and yet first, hostess, ask Will Sommers' opinion." Will smiled, and swore that his hostess should not have her, but King Harry should buy her. "Why so, Will?" quoth doctor Skelton: "Because," quoth Will Sommers, "that she shall be kept for breed; for if the King would marry her to long Sanders of the court, they would bring forth none but soldiers." Well, the hostess demanded what her name was. "Margaret, forsooth," quoth she. "And what work can you do?" "Faith, little, mistress," quoth she, "but handy labour, as to wash and wring, to make clean a house, to brew, bake, or any such drudgery: for my needle, to that I have been little used to." "Thou art," quoth the hostess, "a good lusty wench, and therefore I like thee the better: I have here a great charge, for I keep a victualling house, and divers times there come in swaggering fellows, that, when they have eat and drank, will not pay what they call for: yet if thou
The Poetical Works

take the charge of my drink, I must be answered out of your wages." "Content, mistress," quoth she; "for while I serve you, if any stale cutter comes in, and thinks to pay the shot with swearing, hey, gogs wounds, let me alone! I'll not only (if his clothes be worth it) make him pay ere he pass, but lend him as many bats as his crag will carry, and then throw him out of doors." At this they all smiled. "Nay, mistress," quoth the carrier, "'tis true, for my poor pilch here is able with a pair of blue shoulders to swear as much;" and with that he told them how she had used him at her coming to London. "I cannot think," quoth Sir James of Castile, "that she is so strong." "Try her," quoth Skelton, "for I have heard that Spaniards are of wonderful strength." Sir James in a bravery would needs make experience, and therefore asked the maid if she durst change a box on the ear with him." "Aye, sir," quoth she, "that I dare, if my mistress will give me leave." "Yes, Meg," quoth she; "do thy best." And with that it was a question who should stand first: "Marry, that I will, sir," quoth she; and so stood to abide Sir James his blow; who, forcing himself with all his might, gave her such a box that she could scarcely stand, yet she stirred no more than a post. Then Sir James he stood, and the hostess willed her not spare her strength. "No," quoth Skelton; "and if she fell him down, I'll give her a pair of new hose and shoon." "Mistress," quoth Meg (and with that she struck up her sleeve,) "here is a foul fist, and it hath passed much drudgery, but, trust me, I think it will give a good blow: and with that she raught at him so strongly, that down fell Sir James at her feet. "By my faith," quoth Will Sommers, "she strikes a blow like an axe, for she hath struck down an ass." At this they all laughed. Sir James was ashamed, and Meg was entertained into service.

CHAP. IV.

Containing the merry skirmish that was between her and Sir James of Castile, a Spanish knight, and what was the end of their combat.

There was a great suitor to Meg's mistress, called Sir James of Castile, to win her love: but her affection was set on doctor Skelton; so that Sir James could get no grant of any favour. Whereupon he swore, if he knew who were her paramour, he would run him through with his rapier. The mistress (who had a great delight to be pleasant) made a match between her and Long Meg, that she should go drest in gentleman's apparel, and with her sword and buckler go and meet Sir James in Saint George's field[s]; if she beat him, she should for her labour have a new petticoat. "Let me alone," quoth Meg; "the devil take me if I lose a petticoat." And with that her mistress delivered her a suit of white satin, that was one of the guards that lay at her house. Meg put it on, and took her whinyard by her side, and away she went into Saint George's fields to meet Sir James. Presently after came Sir James, and found his mistress very melancholy, as women have faces that are fit for all fancies. "What ail you, sweetheart?" quoth he; "tell me; hath any man wronged you? if he hath, be he the proudest champion in London, I'll have him by the ears, and teach him to know, Sir James of Castile can chastise whom he list." "Now," quoth she, "shall I know if you love me: a squaring long knave, in a white satin doublet, hath this day monstrously misused me in words, and I have nobody to revenge it; and in a bravery went out of doors, and bade the proudest champion I had come into Saint George's fields and quit my wrong, if they durst: now Sir James, if ever you loved me, learn the knave to know how he hath wronged me, and I will grant whatsoever you request at my hands." "Marry, that I will," quoth he; "and for that you may see how I will use the knave, go with me, you and master doctor Skelton, and be eye-witnesses of my manhood. To this they agreed; and all three went into Saint George's fields, where Long Meg was walking by the windmills. "Yonder," quoth she, "walks the villain that
abused me." "Follow me, hostess," quoth Sir James; "I'll go to him." As soon as he drew nigh, Meg began to settle herself, and so did Sir James: but Meg passed on as though she would have gone by. "Nay, sirrah, stay," quoth Sir James; "you and I part not so, we must have a bout ere we pass; for I am this gentlewoman's champion, and flatly for her sake will have you by the ears." Meg replied not a word; but only out with her sword: and to it they went. At the first bout Meg hit him on the hand, and hurt him a little, but endangered him divers times, and made him give ground, following so hotly, that she strucke Sir James' weapon out of his hand; then when the saw him disarm'd, she stept within him, and, drawing her poniard, swore all the world should not save him. "Oh, save me, sir!" quoth he; "I am a knight, and 'tis but for a woman's matter; spill not my blood." "Wert thou twenty knights," quoth Meg, "and were the King himself here, he should not save thy life, unless thou grant me one thing." "Whatsoever it be," quoth Sir James. "Marry," quoth she, "that is, that this night thou wait on my trencher at supper at this woman's house; and when supper is done, then confess me to be thy better at weapon in any ground in England." "I will do it, sir," quoth he, "as I am a true knight." With this they departed, and Sir James went home with his hostess sorrowful and ashamed, swearing that his adversary was the stoutest man in England. Well, supper was provided, and Sir Thomas More and divers other gentlemen bidden thither by Skelton's means, to make up the jest; which when Sir James saw invited, he put a good face on the matter, and thought to make a slight matter of it, and therefore beforehand told Sir Thomas More what had befallen him, how entering in a quarrel of his hostess, he fought with a desperate gentleman of the court, who had foiled him, and given him in charge to wait on his trencher that night. Sir Thomas More answered Sir James, that it was no dishonour to be foiled by a gentleman [of England?], sith Caesar himself was beaten back by their valour. As thus they were discanting of the valour of Englishmen, in came Meg marching in her man's attire: even as she entered in at the door, "This, Sir Thomas More," quoth Sir James, is that English gentleman whose prowess I so highly commend, and to whom in all valour I account myself so inferior." "And, sir," quoth she, "pulling off her hat, and her hair falling about her ears, he that so hurt him today is none other but Long Meg of Westminster; and so you are all welcome." At this all the company fell in a great laughing, and Sir James was amazed that a woman should so wap him in a whinyard: well, he as the rest was fain to laugh at the matter, and all that supper time to wait on her trencher, who had leave of her mistress that she might be master of the feast; where with a good laughter they made good cheer, Sir James playing the proper page, and Meg sitting in her majesty. Thus was Sir James disgraced for his love, and Meg after counted for a proper woman.

_Scogan and Skelton_, 1600, a play by Richard Hathway and William Hankins, is mentioned in Henslowe's MSS.: see Malone's _Shakespeare_ (by Boswell,) iii. 324.

Notices of Skelton may also be found in:

— _A Dialogue both pleasant and pitiful, wherein is a godly regiment against the Fever Pestilence, with a consolation and comfort against death. Newly corrected by William Bullein, the author thereof._ 1573, 8vo. Of this piece I have seen only the above ed.; but it appeared originally in 1564. It contains notices of several poets, introduced by way of interlude or diversion in the midst of a serious dialogue; and (at p. 17) Skelton is described as sitting "in the corner of a Pillar, with a frosty bitten face, frowning," and "writing many a sharp Disticons "against Wolsey—
"How the Cardinal came of nought,  
And his Prelacy sold and bought," &c.  
(15 verses chiefly made up from Skelton’s works).

— The Reward of Wickedness, discoursing the sundry monstrous abuses of wicked and ungodly Worldlings, &c. Newly compiled by Richard Robinson, servant in household to the right honorable Earle of Shrewsbury, &c. 4to, no d. (The Address to the Reader dated 1574,) at sig. Q 2.

— A Discourse of English Poetry, &c., By William Webbe, Graduate, 1586, 4to, at sig. c iii.

— The Art of English Poesy, &c. (attributed to one Puttenham: but see D'Israeli’s Amen. of Lit. ii. 278, sqq.), 1589, 4to, at pp. 48, 50, 69.

— Four Letters, and certain Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, &c. (by Gabriell Harvey,) 1592, 4to, at p. 7.

— Pierces Supererogation or a New Praise of the Old Ass, &c. [by] Gabriell Harvey, 1593, 4to, at p. 75.

— Palladis Tamia. Wit’s Treasury Being the Second part of Wit’s Commonwealth. By Francis Meres, &c., 1598, 12mo, at p. 278279.

— Virgidemiarum. The three last books of biting Satires. (by Joseph Hall,) 1598, 12mo, at p. 83.

— The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, Afterward called Robin Hood of merry Sherwood. (by Anthony Munday,) 1601, 4to. In this play, which is supposed to be a rehearsal previous to its performance before Henry the Eighth, Skelton acts the part of Friar Tuck.

— In The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington, &c. (by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle,) 1601, 4to, which forms a Second Part to the drama just described, Skelton, though his name is not mentioned throughout it, is still supposed to act the Friar.


— Pimlico, or Run Red-Cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon, 1609, 4to. Besides a notice of Skelton, this poem contains two long quotations from his Elynour Rumming.

— Cornucopiae. Pasquil's Night-cap: Or Antidote for the Head-ache (by Samuel Rowlands,) 1612, 4to, at sig. O 2 and sig. Q 3. The second notice of Skelton in this poem is as follows;

"And such a wondrous troupe the Hornpipe treads,  
One cannot pass another for their heads,  
That shortly we shall have (as Skelton jests)  
A greater sort of horned men than beasts:"

but I recollect nothing in his works to which the allusion can be applied.

— An Half-pennyworth of wit, in a Pennyworth of Paper. Or, The Hermit's Tale. The third Impression. 1613, 4to. At p. 16 of this poem is a tale said to be "in Skelton's rime" —to which, however, it bears no resemblance.

— The Shepherd's Pipe (by Browne and Withers,) 1614, 12mo, in Eglogue 1., at sig. C 7
— *Hypercritica; or A Rule of Judgment for writing, or reading our Histories, &c.* By Edmund Bolton, Author of *Nero Caeser* (Published by Dr. Anthony Hall together with *Nicolai Triveti Annalium Continuatio*, &c.), 1722, 8vo, at p. 235. At what period Bolton wrote this treatise is uncertain: he probably completed it about 1618; see Haslewood's Preface to *Anc. Crit. Essays*, &c. ii. xvi.


— *The Golden Fleece Divided into three Parts, &c.*, by Orpheus Junior [Sir William Vaughan], 1626, 4to, at pp. 83, 88, 93, of the Third Part. In this piece "Scogin and Skelton" figure as "the chief Advocates for the Doggerel Rhymers by the procurement of Zoilus, Momus, and others of the Popish Sect."

— *The Fortunate Isles, and their Union. Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth-night*, 1626, by Ben Jonson. In this masque are introduced "Skogan and Skelton, in like habits as they lived:" see Jonson's *Works*, viii. ed. Gifford: see also his *Tale of a Tub* (licensed 1633), *Works*, vi. 231.

— *Wit and Fancy In a Maze. Or the Incomparable Champion of Love and Beauty. A Mock-Romance, &c.* Written originally in the British Tongue, and made English by a person of much Honour. *Si foret in terris rideret Democritus*. 1656, 12mo. [Note Such is the title-page of the copy now before me: but some copies (see *Restituta*, iv. 196) are entitled *Don Zara del Fogg*, &c. 1656; and others *Romancio-Mastix, or a Romance of Romances, &c.* By Samuel Holland. Gent. 1660.] In this romance (p. 101) we are told that "[In Elysium] the British Bards (forsooth) were also engaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but Ben Jonson, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets . . . Skelton, Gower, and the Monk of Bury were at Daggers-drawing for Chaucer:" and a marginal note on "Skelton" informs us that he was "Henry 4. his Poet Laureate, who wrote disguises for the young Princes!"

— Of Skelton's drama, *The Necromancer*, the following account is given by Warton:—

"I cannot quit Skelton, of whom I yet fear too much has been already said, without restoring to the public notice a play, or MORALITY, written by him, not recited in any catalogue of his works, or annals of English typography; and, I believe, at present totally unknown to the antiquarians in this sort of literature. It is, *The NECROMANCER, a moral INTERLUDE and a pithy written by Master SKELTON laureate and played before the King and other estates at Woodstock on Palm Sunday*. It was printed by Wynkin de Worde in a thin quarto, in the year 1504. *[see Note below] It must have been presented before King Henry the seventh, at the royal manor or palace, at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, now destroyed. The characters are a Necromancer or conjurer, the devil, a notary public, Simony, and Philargyria or Avarice. It is partly a satire on some abuses in the church; yet not without a due regard to decency, and an apparent respect for the dignity of the audience. The story, or plot, is the trial of SIMONY and AVARICE: the devil is the judge, and the notary public acts as an assessor or scribe. The prisoners, as we may suppose, are found guilty, and ordered into hell immediately. There is no sort of propriety in calling this play the Necromancer: for the only business and use of this character, is to open the subject in a long prologue, to evoke the devil, and summon the court. The devil kicks the necromancer, for waking him so soon in the morning: a proof that this drama was performed in the morning, perhaps in the chapel of the palace. A variety of measures,
with shreds of Latin and French, is used: but the devil speaks in the octave stanza. One of the stage-directions is, *Enter Beelzebub with a Beard*. To make him both frightful and ridiculous, the devil was most commonly introduced on the stage wearing a visard with an immense beard. Philargyria quotes Seneca and saint Austin: and Simony offers the devil a bribe. The devil rejects her offer with much indignation: and swears by the foul Eumenides, and the hoary beard of Charon, that she shall be well fried and roasted in the unfathomable sulphur of Cocytus, together with Mahomet, Pontius Pilate, the traitor Judas, and King Herod. The last scene is closed with a view of hell, and a dance between the devil and the necromancer. The dance ended, the devil trips up the necromancer's heels, and disappears in fire and smoke."

*Hist. of E. P.* ii. 360. ed. 4to.

*Note: "My lamented friend Mr. William Collins, whose Odes will be remembered while any taste for true poetry remains, showed me this piece at Chichester, not many months before his death: and he pointed it out as a very rare and valuable curiosity. He intended to write the HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF LEARNING UNDER LEO THE TENTH, and with a view to that design, had collected many scarce books. Some few of these fell into my hands at his death. The rest, among which, I suppose, was this INTERLUDE, were dispersed."*
ON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE PRINCE, KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM

[From the ed. by Kynge and Marche of Certain books compiled by Master Skelton, n.d. – collated with the same work, ed. Day, n.d. and ed. Lant, n.d.; with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568; occasionally with the Mirror for Magistrates, 1587 (in the earlier eds. of which the poem was incorporated,) and with a contemporary MS. in the possession of Miss Richardson Currer, which last has furnished a stanza hitherto unprinted.]

1

Miseremini mei, ye that be my friends!
This world hath conformed me down to fall.
How may I endure, when that every thing ends?
What creature is born to be eternal?
Now there is no more but pray for me all:
Thus say I Edward, that late was your king,
And twenty-two years ruled this imperial,
Some unto pleasure, and some to no liking:
Mercy I ask of my misdoing;
What availeth it, friends, to be my foe,
Sith I cannot resist, nor amend your complaining?
Quia, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!

I sleep now in mould, as it is natural
That earth unto earth hath his reverture.
What ordained God to be terrestrial
Without recourse to the earth of nature?
Who to live ever may himself assure?
What is it to trust on mutability,
Sith that in this world nothing may endure?
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperity:
To presume thereupon it is but a vanity,
Not certain, but as a cherry-fair, full of woe:
Reigned not I of late in great felicity?
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!

Where was in my life such one as I,
While Lady Fortune with me had continuance?
Granted not she me to have victory,
In England to reign, and to contribute France? <5>
She took me by the hand and led me a dance,
And with her sugared lips on me she smiled;
But, what for her dissembled countenance,
I could not beware till I was beguiled:
Now from this world she hath me exiled,
When I was lolest hence for to go,
And I am in age but, as who saith, a child,
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!

I see well, they live that double my years:
Thus dealed this world with me as it list,
And hath me made, to you that be my peers,
Example to think on, had I wist.
I stored my coffers and also my chest
With tasks taking of the commonalty;
I took their treasure, but of their prayers missed;
Whom I beseech with pure humility
For to forgive and have on me pity;
I was your king, and kept you from your foe:
I would now amend, but that will not be,
Quia, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!

I had enough, I held me not content,
Without remembrance that I should die;
And more ever to encroach ready was I bent,
I knew not how long I should it occupy:
I made the Tower strong, I wist not why;
I knew not to whom I purchased Tattershall;
I amended Dover on the mountain high,
And London I provoked to fortify the wall;
I made Nottingham a place full royal,
Windsor, Eltham, and many other mo:
Yet, at the last, I went from them all,
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!

Where is now my conquest and victory?
Where is my riches and my royal array?
Where be my coursers and my horses high?
Where is my mirth, my solace, and my play?
As vanity, to nought all is wandered away.
O Lady Bess, long for me may ye call!
For I am departed till doomsday;
But love ye that Lord that is sovereign of all.
Where be my castles and buildings royal?
But Windsor alone, now I have no mo,
And of Eton the prayers perpetual,
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!

Why should a man be proud or presume high?
Saint Bernard thereof nobly doth treat,
Saith a man is but a sack of stercory,
And shall return unto worm's meat.
Why, what came of Alexander the Great?
Or else of strong Sampson, who can tell?
Were not worms ordained their flesh to fret?
And of Solomon, that was of wit the well?
Absolon proffered his hair for to sell,
Yet for all his beauty worms eat him also;
And I but late in honour did excel,  
*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!*  
I have played my pageant, now am I passed;  
Ye wot well all I was of no great eld:  
Thus all thing concluded shall be at the last,  
When Death approacheth, then lost is the field:  
Then *sithen* this world me no longer upheld,  
Nor nought would conserve me here in my place,  
*In manus tuas, Domine,* my spirit up I yield,  
Humbly beseeching thee, God, of thy grace!  
O ye courteous commons, your hearts unbrace  
Benignly now to pray for me also:  
For right well you know your king I was,  
*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!*
NOTES TO THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD IV

1. Edward the Fourth died April 9th, 1483, in the 41st year of his age and the 23d of his reign: see Sir H. Nicolas's *Chron. of Hist.* pp. 325, 349, sec. ed. These lines were probably composed soon after the king's death—*per Skeltonidem laureatum* having been subsequently added to the title.

2. *Miseremini mei*] "Have pity on me."

3. *Quia, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!*] "Behold, now I sleep in the dust!"

4. *cherry-fair*] Cherry-fairs are still held in some parts of England on Sunday evenings, in the cherry orchards. They are the resort of the gay and thoughtless, and as such afforded frequent metaphors to our early writers for the vanity of worldly things. See Brand's *Antiquities*, by Sir H. Ellis, vol. ii. p. 457.—Halliwell's *Dict*. in v.

"For all is but a cherry fair,
This world's good, so as they tell."
—Gower's *Conf Am.*, Prol., fol. 3. ed. 1554.

"And that endureth but a throw,
Right as it were a cherry feast."
—Id. Ib. B. vi. fol. cxxxii ed 1554.

"This world is but a cherry fair, when ye be highest ye more aslake."

"Revolving all this life a cherry fair,
To look how soon she dead the fairest wight."
—*Poems* by C. Duke of Orleans,—*MS. Harl.* 682. fol. 42.

"This world it turns even as a wheel,
All day by day it will impair,
And so, soon, this world's weal,
It fareth but as a cherry fair."

5. _to contribute France_] i.e. to take tribute of France. In 1475, Edward withdrew from France with his army on condition that Louis should pay him immediately 75 thousand crowns, settle on him an annuity for life of 50 thousand more, &c. See Lingard's *Hist. of Engl*. v. 303. ed. 8vo.

6. _as who saith_] — A not unfrequent expression in our early poetry, equivalent to—as one may say, as the saying is.

7. _Had I wist_] i.e. Had I known,—the exclamation of one who repents of a thing done unadvisedly. It is very common in our early poetry. In The Paradise of dainty devises, 1576, the second copy of verses is entitled *Beware of had I wist*.


9. _I made the Tower strong_] "Edward IV . . . fortified the Tower, and _made it strong._" Stow's *Survey*, B. i. 79. ed. 1720.
10. *I knew not to whom I purchased Tattershall* I have not found elsewhere any mention of Edward the Fourth having possessed Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire. "It does not appear into whose hands the Tattershall estate fell after the death of the Lord Treasurer Cromwell [in 1455], until the year 1487, when Henry VII. granted the manor to his mother Margaret Countess of Richmond," &c. *Hist. of the County of Lincoln*, ii. 73.

11. *I amended Dover*] "K. Edw. IV., by the advice of Lord Cobham, expended 10,000l. in repairing and fortifying the several works, and beautifying the apartments in it [Dover Castle]." Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, iv. 63.

12. *And London I provoked to fortify the wall*] "In the Seventeenth of Edward iv., Ralph Josceline, Mayor, caused part of the Wall about the City to be repaired, to wit, between Aldgate and Aldersgate," &c. Stow's *Survey*, B. I. 10. ed. 1720.

13. *I made Nottingham a place full royal*] Leland, describing Nottingham Castle, says; "But the most beautifullest Part and gallant Building for lodging is on the North side, where Edward the 4. began a right sumptuous piece of Stone Work, of the which he clearly finished one excellent goodly Tower of 3. Heights in Building, and brought up the other Part likewise from the Foundation with Stone and marvellous fair compassed windows to laying of the first soil for Chambers and there left." *Itin.* i. 107. ed. 1770.

14. *Windsor*] "The present magnificent fabric [St. George's Chapel at Windsor], which exhibits one of the most beautiful specimens in this or any other kingdom, of that richly ornamented species of architecture, which prevailed towards the close of the fifteenth and the commencement of the 16th century, was begun by King Edward IV., who having found it necessary to take down the old chapel on account of its decayed state, resolved to build another on the same site, upon a larger scale, and committed the superintendence of the building to Richard Beauchamp, bishop of Salisbury. The work was not completed till the reign of King Henry VIII.," &c. Lysons's *Berkshire*, p 424: see too p. 468 of the same volume.—An account of the manors, &c., granted by Edward to Windsor College, will be found in Pote's *Hist. of Wind. Castle*, p. 107.


17. *Where be my castles and buildings royal? But Windsor alone, now I have no mo*] He [Edward IV. ] lies buried at Windsor, in the new Chapel (whose Foundation himself had laid, being all the Works of Piety by him left) under a Monument of Steel, polished and gilt, [iron gilt—see Lysons's *Berkshire*, p. 210.], representing a Pair of Gates, betwixt Two Towers, all of curious transparent Workmanship after the Gothic Manner, which is placed in the North-Arch, faced through with Touch-Stone, near to. the High-Altar." Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 413. ed. 1707.

18. *Saint Bernard thereof nobly doth treat*] In cap. iii. of *Meditationes piissimae de cognitio humanae conditionis*, a piece attributed to Saint Bernard, we find, "Nihil aliud est homo, quam sperma foetidum, saccus stercorum, cibus vermium . . . Cur ergo superbis homo . . . Quid superbis pulvis et cinis," &c. ("Man is nothing else than
a rotten seed, a bag of excrement, food for worms . . . Why therefore the pride of man? why the pride of dust and ashes?") Bernardi *Opp.* ii. 335-36. ed. 1719. In a *Rythmus de contemptu mundi*, attributed to the same saint, are these lines:

"Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?
Vel pulcher Absalon, vultu mirabilis?
* * * *

O esca vermium O massa pulveris!
O roris vanitas, cur sic extolleris?"

*Opp.* ii. 913-14. ed. 1719,

("Say where is Solomon, once so noble?
Or where is Samson, the invincible warrior?
Or beautiful Absalom, with marvellous features?
* * * *
O food for worms, O pile of dust
O dew of vanity, why will you praise it so?")

(This *Rythmus* is printed by Mr. Wright among *The Latin Poems* attributed to Walter Lapes, p. 147.) So also Lydgate in a poem on the mutability of human affairs;

"And where is Salomon most sovereign of cunning;
Richest of building, of treasure incomparable?
Face of Absolon most fair, most amiable?
* * * *
And where is Alexander that conquered all?"

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 4, 5.

19. *I have played my pageant,*]—my part on the stage of life. Compare

"Their pageants are past,
And ours wasteth fast,
Nothing doth aye last
But the grace of God."

Feylde's *Controv. between a lover and a jay*, sig. B iii. n. d. 4to.

The word pageant was originally applied to the temporary erections (sometimes placed upon wheels) on which miracle-plays were exhibited, afterwards to the exhibition itself. See Sharp's *Diss. on Coventry Pag. and Myst.* p. 2; Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 151.

20. *In manus tuas, Domine*] "In your hands, Lord."
ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

[From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568, collated with a copy of the poem in a MS. vol. now in the British Museum (MS.Reg 18 D ii fol. 165,) which formerly belonged to the fifth Earl of Northumberland, son of the nobleman whose fate is here lamented. This elegy was printed by Percy in his Reliques of An. Eng. Poetry (i. 95, ed 1794,) from the MS. just mentioned.]

POETA SKELTON LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM METRICE ALLOQUITUR

Ad dominum properato meum, mea pagina, Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum iura paterna gerit;
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis
Quaeque suo patri tristia iusta cano.
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
Fortunam, cuncta quae malefida rotat.
Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos;
Ad libitum cuius ipse paratus ero. <1>

SKELTON LAUREATE

UPON THE DOLOROUS DEATH AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHANCE OF THE MOST HONOURABLE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

<2>

I WAIL, I weep, I sob, I sigh full sore
The deadly fate, the doleful destiny
Of him that is gone, alas, without restore,
Of the blood royal descending nobly;<3>
Whose lordship doubtless was slain lamentably
Through treason, again him compassed and wrought,
True to his prince in word, in deed, and thought.

Of heavenly poems, O Clio called by name
In the College of Muses goddess historial,
Address thee to me, which am both halt and lame
In elect utterance to make memorial!
To thee for succour, to thee for help I call,
Mine homely rudeness and dryness to expel
With the fresh waters of Helicon's well.

Of noble acts anciently enrolled
Of famous princes and lords of estate,
By thy report are wont to be extolled,
Registering truly every former date;
Of thy bounty after the usual rate
Kindle in me such plenty of thy noblesse
These sorrowful ditties that I may show express.

In seasons past, who hath heard or seen
Of former writing by any precedent
That villein haskards in their furious teen,
Fulfilled with malice of froward intent,
Confettered together of common consent
Falsely to slay their most singular good lord?
It may be registered of shameful record.

So noble a man, so valiant lord and knight,
Fulfilled with honour, as all the world doth ken;
At his commandment which had both day and night
Knights and squires, at every season when
He called upon them, as menial household men:
Were not these commons uncourteous carls of kind
To slay their own lord? God was not in their mind!

And were not they to blame, I say, also,
That were about him, his own servants of trust,
To suffer him slain of his mortal foe?
Fled away from him, let him lie in the dust;
They bode not till the reckoning were discussed;
What should I flatter? what should I glose or paint?
Fie, fie for shame, their hearts were too faint.

In England and France which greatly was redoubted,
Of whom both Flanders and Scotland stood in dread,
To whom great estates obeyed and louted,
A meiny of rude villeins made him for to bleed;
Unkindly they slew him, that holp them oft at need:
He was their bulwark, their pavis, and their wall,
Yet shamefully they slew him; that shame may them befall!

I say, ye commoners, why were ye so stark mad?
What frantic frenzy fell in your brain?
Where was your wit and reason ye should have had?
What wilful folly made you to rise again
Your natural lord? alas, I cannot feign:
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behind:
Well may ye be called commons most unkind!

He was your chieftain, your shield, your chief defence,
Ready to assist you in every time of need;
Your worship depended of his excellence:
Alas, ye madmen, too far ye did exceed;
Your hap was unhappy, too ill was your speed:
What moved you again him to war or to fight?
What ailed you to slay your lord again all right?

The ground of his quarrel was for his sovereign lord,
The well concerning of all the whole land,
Demanding such duties as needs must accord
To the right of his prince, which should not be withstand;
For whose cause ye slew him with your own hand.
But had his noblemen done well that day
Ye had not been able to have said him nay.
But there was false packing, or else I am beguiled;  
How be it, the matter was evident and plain,  
For if they had occupied their spear and their shield,  
This nobleman doubtless had not been slain.  
But men say they were linked with a double chain,  
And held with the commons under a cloak,  
Which kindled the wild fire that made all this smoke.

The commons renied their taxes to pay,  
Of them demanded and asked by the king;  
With one voice importune they plainly said nay;  
They busked them on a bushment themselves in bale to bring,  
Again the king's pleasure to wrestle or to wring;  
Bluntly as beasts with boast and with cry.  
They said they forced not, nor cared not to die.

The nobleness of the north, this valiant lord and knight,  
As man that was innocent of treachery or train,  
Pressed forth boldly to withstand the might,  
And, like martial Hector, he fought them again,  
Vigorously upon them with might and with main,  
Trustling in noblemen that were with him there;  
But all they fled from him for falsehood or fear.

Barons, knights, squires, one and all,  
Together with servants of his family,  
Turned their backs, and let their master fall,  
Of whose life they counted not a fly:  
Take up who would, for there they let him lie.  
Alas, his gold, his fee, his annual rent  
Upon such a sort was ill bestowed and spent!

He was environed about on every side  
With his enemies, that were stark mad and wood;  
Yet while he stood he gave them wounds wide:  
Alas for ruth! what though his mind were good,  
His courage manly, yet there he shed his blood:  
All left alone, alas, he fought in vain!  
For cruelly among them there he was slain.

Alas for pity! that Percy thus was spilt,  
The famous Earl of Northumberland!  
Of knightly prowess the sword, pomme1, and hilt,  
The mighty lion<1> doubted by sea and land:  
O dolorous chance of Fortune's froward hand!  
What man, rememb'ring how shamefully he was slain,  
From bitter weeping himself can restrain?

O cruel Mars, thou deadly god of war!  
O dolorous Tuesday, dedicate to thy name,  
When thou shook thy sword so noble a man to mar.  
O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,  
Which wert endyed with red blood of the same
Most noble earl! O foul misused ground
Whereon he got his final deadly wound!

O Atropos, of the fatal sisters iii,
Goddess most cruel unto the life of man,
All merciless, in thee is no pity!
O homicide, which slayest all that thou can,
So forcibly upon this earl thou ran
That with thy sword, enharped of mortal dread,
Thou cut asunder his perfect vital thread!

My words unpolished be, naked and plain,
Of aureat poems they want illumining;
But by them to knowledge ye may attain
Of this lord's death and of his murdering;
Which whiles he lived had foison of everything,
Of knights, of squires, chief lord of tower and town,
Till fickle Fortune began on him to frown.

Paregal to dukes, with kings he might compare,
Surmounting in honour all earls he did exceed;
To all countries about him report me I dare;
Like to Aeneas benign in word and deed,
Valiant as Hector in every martial need,
Provident, discreet, circumspect, and wise,
Till the chance ran again him of Fortune's double dice.

What needeth me for to extol his fame
With my rude pen encankered all with rust,
Whose noble acts show worshiply his name,
Transcending far mine homely Muse, that must
Yet somewhat write supprised with hearty lust,
Truly reporting his right noble estate,
Immortally which is immaculate?

His noble blood never distained was,
True to his prince for to defend his right,
Doubleness hating false matters to compass,
Traitory and treason he banished out of sight,
With truth to meddle was all his whole delight,
As all his country can testify the same:
To slay such a lord, alas, it was great shame!

If the whole choir of the Muses nine
In me all only were set and comprised,
Enbreathed with the blast of influence divine,
As perfectly as could be thought or devised:
To me also although it were promised
Of laureate Phoebus wholly the eloquence,
All were too little for his magnificence.

O young lion, but tender yet of age,
Grow and increase, remember thine estate;
God thee assist unto thine heritage,
And give thee grace to be more fortunate!  
Again rebellions arm thee to make debate;  
And, as the lion, which is of beasts king,  
Unto thy subjects be courteous and benign.

I pray God send thee prosperous life and long,  
Stable thy mind constant to be and fast,  
Right to maintain, and to resist all wrong:  
All flattering faïtours abhor and from thee cast;  
Of foul detraction God keep thee from the blast!  
Let double dealing in thee have no place,  
And be not light of credence in no case.

With heavy cheer, with dolorous heart and mind,  
Each man may sorrow in his inward thought  
This lord's death, whose peer is hard to find,  
Algife England and France were through sought.  
All kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought,  
Both temporal and spiritual, for to complain  
This nobleman, that cruelly was slain:

More specially barons, and those knights bold,  
And all other gentlemen with him entertained  
In fee, as menial men of his household,  
Whom he as lord worshiply maintained;  
To sorrowful weeping they ought to be constrained,  
As oft as they call to their remembrance  
Of their good lord the fate and deadly chance.

O peerless Prince of heaven imperial!  
That with one word formed all things of nought;  
Heaven, hell, and earth obey unto thy call;  
Which to thy resemblance wondrously hast wrought  
All mankind, whom thou full dear hast bought,  
And us redeemed from the fiend's prey;  
To thee pray we, as Prince incomparable,  
As thou art of mercy and pity the well,  
Thou bring unto thy joy interminable  
The soul of this lord from all danger of hell,  
In endless bliss with thee to bide and dwell  
In thy palace above the orient,  
Where thou art Lord and God omnipotent.

O Queen of Mercy, O Lady full of grace,  
Maiden most pure, and God's Mother dear,  
To sorrowful hearts chief comfort and solace,  
Of all women O flower withouten peer!  
Pray to thy Son above the stars clear,  
He to vouchsafe, by thy mediation,  
To pardon thy servant, and bring to salvation.
In joy triumphant the heavenly hierarchy,
With all the whole sort of that glorious place,
His soul may receive into their company,
Thorough bounty of Him that formed all solace:
Well of pity, of mercy, and of grace,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
In Trinity one God of might's most!

Non sapit, humanis qui certam ponere rebus
Spem cupit: est hominem raraque ficta fides.<7>

TETRASTICHON SKELTON. LAUREATI AD MAGISTRUM RUKSHAW, SACRAE
THEOLOGIAE EGREGIUM PROFESSOREM<8>

Accipe nunc demum, doctor celeberrime Rukshaw,
Carmina, de calamo quae cecidere meo
Et quanquam placidis non sunt modulates camenis,
Sunt tamen ex nostro pectore prompta pio.<9>

Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissime.<10>
NOTES TO THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

1. "Skelton the Poet Laureate Speaks in Metre in This Little Book"

"May my writing go quickly to you, my Lord Percy, who
Holds the inheritance of Northumberland
At whose nod you can replace the famous lion*
And of whose appropriate sadness for his father I sing,
But when he has read these verses, let him consider in his mind
His own uncertain fortune, surrounded as he is by treachery,
May the lion be lucky, and may he attain Nestor's years
And may I be ready to please him."

(Mervyn James)

* Alluding to his crest and supporters. See v. 109 of the poem.

2. This elegy must have been written soon after the earl's murder: see v. 162.—"The subject of this poem . . . is the death of Henry Percy, fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489, the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Brittany. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the King wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c. If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best [?]), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having, among his menial servants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, and even BARONS: see v. 32, v. 183, &c., which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants." PERCY.

3. Of the blood royal descending nobly] "The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland; was Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster whose father Edmond was second son of K. Henry iii. The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of K. Edward iii. The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline de Lovain (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. ii. Vid. Camdeni Britan., Edmondson, &c." PERCY.

4. carls of kind] i.e. churls by nature.

5. great estates] i.e. persons of great estate or rank
6. *O young lion*] The fifth Earl of Northumberland was only eleven years old at his father's death.

7. *Non sapit, &c*] "He does not know in what men he may hope to put his trust, for it is rare for men to keep faith"


> Take now, most celebrated doctor Ruckshaw,  
> These verses which fall from my pen,  
> And although my strains are not those of the gentle Muse,  
> They do however come from my pious heart  

> Farewell, and go happily, O most praiseworthy of men."

*Rukshaw* — The person here addressed was perhaps "William Rowkshaw, priest," by whom a letter, dated from the Gilbertine priory of Watton in the east riding of Yorkshire, is printed among the *Plumpton Correspondence*, p. 82. Camd Soc. ed.
AGAINST A COMELY CUSTRON

That curiously chanted and currishly countered and madly in his musics mockishly made against the ix. Muses of politic poems and poets matriculate.

[This poem, and the three pieces which follow it, are given from a tract of four leaves, n.d., and without printer’s name (but evidently from the press of Pynson,) collated with Marshe’s ed. of Skelton’s Works, 1568.]

<1>

OF all nations under the heaven,
These frantic fools I hate most of all;
For though they stumble in the sins seven,
In peevishness yet they snapper and fall.
Which men the eighth deadly sin call. <2>
This peevish proud, this prendergest,
When he is well, yet can he not rest.

A sweet sugar-loaf and sour Bayard's bun
Be somewhat like in form and shape,
The one for a duke, the other for dun,
A manchet for morel thereon to snap. 10
His heart is too high to have any hap;
But for in his gamut carp<3> that he can,
Lo, Jack would be a gentleman!<4>

With, hey, trolly, lolly,<5> lo, whip here, Jack,
Alumbek sodildim sillorim ben!
Curiously he can both counter and knack<6>
Of Martin Swart.<7> and all his merry men.
Lord, how Perkin is proud of his pea-hen!
But ask where he findeth among his monochords
An holy water clerk a ruler of lords.

He cannot find it in rule nor in space:
He solfas too haute, his treble is too high;
He braggeth of his birth, that born was full base;
His music without measure, too sharp is his Mi;
He trimmeth in his tenor to counter pyrdewy;<8>
His descant is busy, it is without a mean;
Too fat is his fancy, his wit is too lean.

He lumb'reth on a lewd lute Rutty Bully joys,
Rumble down, tumble down, hey go, now, now! 30
He fumbleth in his fingering an ugly good noise,
It seemeth the sobbing of an old sow!
He would be made much of, an he wist how;
Well sped in spindles and turning of tavells;
A bungler, a brawler, a picker of quarrels.
Comely he clappeth a pair of clavichords;
He whistlethe so sweetly, he maketh me to sweat;
His descant is dashed full of discords;
A red angry man, but easy to entreat:
An usher of the hall fain would I get
To point this proud page a place and a room,
For Jack would be a gentleman, that late was a groom.

Jack would jet, and yet Jill said nay;
He counteth in his countenance to check with the best:
A malapert meddler that pryeth for his prey,
In a dish dare he rush at the ripest;
Dreaming in dumps to wrangle and to wrest:
He findeth a proportion in his prick-song,
To drink at a draught a large and a long.

Nay, jape not with him, he is no small fool,
It is a solemn sire and a sullen;
For lords and ladies learn at his school;
He teacheth them so wisely to solfa and to feign,
That neither they sing well prick-song nor plain:
This Doctor Deuce-ace commenced in a cart,
A master, a minstrel, a fiddler, a fart.

What though ye can counter Custodi nos?
As well it becometh you, a parish town clerk,
To sing Sospitati dedit aegros.
Yet bear ye not too bold to brawl ne to bark
At me, that meddled nothing with your work:
Correct first thyself: walk, and be nought!
Deem what thou list, thou knowest not my thought.

A proverb of old: Say well or be still!
Ye are too unhappy occasions to find
Upon me to clatter, or else to say ill.
Now have I showed you part of your proud mind:
Take this in worth, the best is behind!
Written at Croydon by Crowland-in-the-Clay,
On Candlemas even, the Calends of May.
NOTES TO AGAINST A COMELY CUSTRON

1. *Custron* (which Skelton uses again in his poem *The Doughty Duke of Albany*, v. 171., and has Latinized in his *Speak, Parrot*, v. 125 is written by Chaucer *quistron*;

   "This God of Love of his fashion
   Was like no knave ne *quistron*,
   [Ne resembloit pas un garcon]."


   Custron (*Coystrowne, questron, quoitron, coestron*) is—bastard, (from *quaestuaria, quae quaestu corporis vivit*). "*Chetif, coquin, truant, Questron, bastart.*" Ducange, ed. Henschel, in v. QAESTUARIUS.

   *Currishly countered*—In *Prompt. Parv.* we find "*Countering in song. Occento.*" ed. 1499. To *counter* is properly—to sing an extemporaneous part upon the plain chant. Skelton uses the word in other places, and perhaps not always in its strict sense.

2. *In peevishness yet they snapper and fall,*

   *Which men the eighth deadly sin call*] Snapper is commonly explained—stumble; but Palsgrave makes a distinction between the words: "*I Snapper, as a horse doth that trippeth*, *Je trippette*. My horse did not stumble, he did but snapper a little, Mon cheval ne choppit point, il ne fit que trippetter un petit." Palsgrave, *L'Éclaircissement de la Langue Française*, par Jean Palsgrave, ed. F. Génin. Paris, 1852. p. 723.

   Compare the following lines;

   "Not say I this but well percase that I
   In peevish sin might hap me in a sweven,
   Which is the viii sin to sins vii."


3. *carp*] Which generally means speak, talk,—is sometimes found applied to music, and here, perhaps, is equivalent to—make a noise.

4. *Lo, Jack would be a gentleman!*] So in Heywood's Dialogue;

   "*Jack would be a gentleman*, if he could speak French."

   *Sig. D 2*,—*Works*, ed. 1598.

   See also Ray's Proverbs, p. 124. ed. 1768.

5. *Hey, trolly, lolly,*] Ritson observes, is a chorus or burden "of vast antiquity;" see *Anc. Songs*, ii. 8. ed. 1829:

6. *knack*] i.e. triflingly, or affectedly show off his skill in singing about, &c.

7. *Martin Swart*] In *A very merry and Pithy Comedy, called The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art, &c. Newly compiled by W. Wager*, 4to. n. d. (written in the early part of Elizabeth's reign), Moros sings, among other fragments of songs,

   "Martin swart and his man, sodledum, sodledum,
   Martin swart and his man, sodledum bell."

   *Sig. A 3.*

   and in a comparatively recent drama we find;
"The Bear, the Boar, and Talbot with his tuskish white,
Oh so sore that he would bite,
The Talbot with his Tuskish white,
_Souldedum Souldedum;
The Talbot with his Tuskish white, _Souldedum_ bell.
The Talbot with his Tuskish white,
Oh so sore that he would bite,
_Orebecke souldedum, sing orum bell._" 
_The Variety_ (by the Duke of Newcastle), 1649. 12mo. p. 41.

Martin Swart, "a noble man in Germany, and in martial feats very expert," (Hall's _Chron. (Henry VII.)_ fol. ix. ed. 1548), headed the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel, and fell, fighting with great valour, at the battle of Stoke.

8. _pyrdewy_] Compare _Hycke Scarner_;
"Then into love's dance we were brought,
That we played the pyrdewy.
_Sig. A v. ed. W. de Word._

and _Cokelbie Sow_;
"Sum _Perdowy_, sum Trolly lolly._
_v. 303. Laing's Early Pop. Poet. Of Scotland._

9. _prick-song_] i.e. music pricked or noted down; when opposed to plain song, it meant counter-point, as distinguished from mere melody.

10. _a large and a long_] Characters in old music: one large contained two longs, one long two breves, &c.

11. _feign_] Palsgrave gives, "_I feign_ in singing, _Je chante a basse voix._ We may not sing out, we are too near my lord, but let us _feign_ this song," &c., p. 548. But here, I apprehend, _feign_ can only mean—sing in falsetto. Our author, in _The Bowge of Court_, has
"His throat was clear, and lustily could _feign._"
_v. 233._

12. _doctor Deuce-ace_] Deuce-ace was a dice throw of a one and a two—a losing throw, depending on the game. So again Skelton in his _Colyn Cloute_,
"Avaunt, sir doctor Deuce-ace!"
_v. 1159._

Compare a much later writer:
"What, a grave Doctor, a base John Doleta the Almanack-maker, Doctor Deuce-ace and Doctor Merryman?" Nash's _Have with you to Saffron-Walden_, 1596. sig. L 3

13. _Custodi nos?_] _Custodi nos, Domine_ ("Protect us, O Lord") is a plain chant hymn.

14. _Sospitati dedit aegros_] ("The sick are restored to health") is from the plainchant _Sequence ofSt. Nicholas of Bari._

15. _walk, and be nought!]_ Equivalent to—away, and a mischief on you!

16. _Take this in worth_] To take in worth, or in gree, is to accept favourably, be satisfied with.
17. Written at Croydon by Crowland-in-the-Clay, On Candlemas even, the Calends of May] To G. Steinman Steinman, Esq., author of the Hist. of Croydon, I am indebted for the following observations: "The passage has been a puzzle to me. The distance is very great between Crowland and Croydon in Cambridgeshire; and in Croydon in Surrey there is no such place as Crowland, though I can point out to you the Clays there. The manor of Crouham is in the Surrey Croydon, but far away from the Clays:" [Perhaps two distant places are purposely brought together for grotesque effect. This would be in the same humour as the confusion of times in the next line, "Candelmas even, the Kalends of May:" which expression, it may be observed, occurs also in the Interlude of Thersytes, obviously written in imitation of Skelton.

"Writing at my house on Candelmas day, Midsummer month, the Calends of May."
UPON A DEAD MAN'S HEAD

SKELTON, LAUREATE

Upon a dead man's head that was sent to him from an honourable gentlewoman for a token, devised this ghostly meditation in English convenable, in sentence commendable, lamentable, lacrimable, profitable for the soul.

YOUR ugly token
My mind hath broken
From worldly lust:
For I have discussed
We are but dust,
And die we must.

It is general
To be mortal:
I have well espied
No man may him hide
From Death hollow-eyed,
With sinews withered,
With bones shidered,
With his worm-eaten maw,
And his ghastly jaw
Gasping aside,
Naked of hide,
Neither flesh nor fell.

Then, by my counsel,
Look that ye spell
Well this gospel:
For whereso we dwell
Death will us quell,
And with us mell.

For all our pampered paunches
There may no fraunches,
Nor worldly bliss,
Redeem us from this:
Our days be dated
To be checkmated <1>
With draughts of death
Stopping our breath:
Our eyes sinking,
Our bodies stinking,
Our gums grinning,
Our souls brinning.
To whom, then, shall we sue,
For to have rescue,
But to sweet Jesu
On us then for to rue?
O goodly Child
Of Mary mild,
Then be our shield!
That we be not exiled
To the dyne dale
Of bootless bale,
Nor to the lake
Of fiends black.

But grant us grace
To see thy face,
And to purchase
Thine heavenly place,
And thy palace
Full of solace
Above the sky
That is so high;
Eternally
To behold and see
The Trinity!
Amen.

*Myrres vous y.* <2>
NOTES TO UPON A DEAD MAN'S HEAD

1. Checkmated] The term at chess when the king is made prisoner, and the game consequently finished, is often used figuratively by our early writers. With the present lines compare the following passages:

"With a draught he was checkmate.  
King Robert of Sicily,—MS. Harl. 1701. fol. 93.
"But she had taken such cold for the default of help that deep draughts of death took her, that needs she must die," &c.  
Morte d'Arthur, B. via. c. i. vol. i. 247. ed. Southey.

2. Myrres vous y] "Behold yourself therein" (Carl Woodring)
WOMANHOOD, WANTON, YE WANT

WOMANHOOD, wanton, ye want;
Your meddling, mistress, is mannerless;
Plenty of ill, of goodness scant,
Ye rail at riot, reckless:
To praise your port it is needless;
For all your draff yet and your dregs,
As well borne as ye full off time begs.

Why so coy and full of scorn?
Mine horse is sold, I ween, you say;
My new furred gown, when it is worn,
Put up your purse, ye shall none pay.
By creed, I trust to see the day,
As proud a pea-hen as ye spread,
Of me and other ye may have need.

Though angelic be your smiling,
Yet is your tongue an adder's tail,
Full like a scorpion stinging
All those by whom ye have avail.
Good mistress Anne, there ye do shail:<1>
What prate ye, pretty pigsney?
I trust to quite you ere I die.

Your key is meet for every lock,
Your key is common and hangeth out;
Your key is ready, we need not knock,
Nor stand long wrestling there about;
Of your door-gate ye have no doubt:
But one thing is, that ye be lewd:
Hold your tongue now, all beshrewed!

To Mistress Anne, that farly sweet,
That wonnes at The Key in Thames Street.
NOTES TO WOMANHOOD, WANTON, YE WANT

1. Shail is several times used by Skelton. "Shailer, that goeth awry with his feet, boiteux." Palsgrave, p. 266. "I Shail, as a man or horse doth that goeth crooked with his legs: Je vas eschais." p. 700.
DIVERS BALLADS AND DITTIES SOLACIOUS

[A tract so entitled, of four leaves, n.d. and without printer's name, but evidently from the press of Pynson, consists of the following five pieces]

Here followeth divers ballads and ditties solacious, devised by Master Skelton, Laureate.

MY DARLING DEAR, MY DAISY FLOWER

WITH lullay, lullay, like a child,
Thou sleepest too long, thou art beguiled.

My darling dear, my daisy flower,
Let me, quod he, lie in your lap.
Lie still, quod she, my paramour,
Lie still hardly, and take a nap.
His head was heavy, such was his hap,
All drowsy dreaming, drowned in sleep,
That of his love he took no keep,
With hey lullay, &c.

With ba, ba, ba! and bas, bas, bas,<1>
She cherished him both cheek and chin,<2>
That he wist never where he was;
He had forgotten all deadly sin.<3>
He wanted wit her love to win:
He trusted her payment and lost all his pray:<4>
She left him sleeping and stole away.
With hey lullay, &c.

The rivers rowth, the waters wan,<5>
She spared not to wet her feet;
She waded over, she found a man
That halsed her heartily and kissed her sweet:
Thus after her cold she caught a heat.
My love, she said, routeth in his bed;
Ywis he hath an heavy head.
With hey lullay, &c.

What dreamest thou, drunkard, drowsy pate?
Thy lust and liking<6> is from thee gone;
Thou blinkard blow-bowl<7>, thou wakest too late,
Behold thou liest, luggard, alone!
Well may thou sigh, well may thou groan,
To deal with her so cowardly:
Ywis, pole hatchet,<8> she bleared thine eye.<9>

THE ANCIENT ACQUAINTANCE, MADAM, BETWEEN US TWAIN

-92-
THE ancient acquaintance, madam, between us twain,  
The familiarity, the former dalliance,  
Causeth me that I cannot myself refrain  
But that I must write for my pleasant pastance:  
Remembering your passing goodly countenance,  
Your goodly port, your beauteous visage,  
Ye may be counted comfort of all courage.  

Of all your features favourable to make true description,  
I am insufficient to make such enterprise;  
For this dare I say, without contradiction,  
That Dame Menolope <10> was never half so wise:  
Yet so it is that a rumour beginneth for to rise  
How in good horsemen ye set your whole delight,  
And have forgotten your old true loving knight.  

With bound and rebound, bouncingly take up  
His gentle curtal, and set nought by small nags!  
Spur up at the hinder girth, with, Gup, morel, gup!  
With, Joyst ye,<11> jennet of Spain, for your tail wags!  
Ye cast all your courage upon such courtly hags.<12>  
Have in sergeant farrier,<13> mine horse behind is bare;  
He rideth well the horse, but he rideth better the mare.  

Ware, ware the mare winceth with her wanton heel!  
She kicketh with her calkins and caleth with a clench;  
She goeth wide behind, and heweth never a deal:  
Ware galling in the withers, ware of that wrench!  
It is parlous for a horseman to dig in the trench.  
This grieveth your husband, that right gentle knight,  
And so with your servants he fiercely doth fight.  

So fiercely he fighteth, his mind is so fell,  
That he driveth them down with dints on their day-watch;  
He bruisest their brainpans and maketh them to swell,  
Their brows all to-broken, <14> such claps they catch;  
Whose jealousy malicious maketh them to leap the hatch;<15>  
By their cognizance knowing how they serve a wily pie  
Ask all your neighbours whether that I lie.  

It can be no counsel that is cried at the cross:<16>  
For your gentil husband sorrowful am I;  
Howbeit, he is not first hath had a loss.  
Advertising you, madam, to work more secretly,  
Let not all the world make an outcry:  
Play fair play, madam, and look ye play clean,  
Or else with great shame your game will be seen.  

Qd. Skelton, Laureat.

KNOWLEDGE, ACQUAINTANCE, RESORT, FAVOUR WITH GRACE
KNOWLEDGE, acquaintance, resort, favour with grace;
Delight, desire, respite with liberty;
Courage with lust, convenient time and space;
Disdains, distress, exiled cruelty;
Words well set with good hability;
Demure demeanour, womanly of port;
Transcending pleasure, surmounting all dispote;

**Electuary arrected** to redress
These fervorous axes, the deadly woe and pain
Of thoughtful hearts plunged in distress;<17>
Refreshing minds the April shower of rain;
Conduit of comfort, and well most sovereign;
Arbour enverdured, continual fresh and green;
Of lusty summer the passing goodly queen;
The topaz rich and precious in virtue;
Your ruddies with ruddy rubies may compare;
Sapphire of sadness,<18> enveined with indy<19> blue;
The polished pearl your whiteness doth declare;
Diamond pointed to rase out heartly care;
Gainst surfeitous suspect the emerald commendable;
Relucuent smaragd,<20> object incomparable;
Encircled mirror and perspective<21> most bright,
Illumined with features far passing my report;
Radiant Hesperus, star of the cloudy night,
Lodestar to light these lovers to their port,
'Gainst dangerous storms their anchor of support,
Their sail of solace most comfortably clad,
Which to behold maketh heavy hearts glad:

Remorse<22> have I of your most goodlihood,
Of your behaviour courteous and benign,
Of your bounty and of your womanhood,
Which maketh my heart oft to leap and spring,
And to remember many a pretty thing,
But absence, alas, with trembling fear and dread
Abasheth me, albeit I have no need.

You I assure, absence is my foe,
My deadly woe, my painful heaviness;
And if ye list to know the cause why so,
Open mine heart, behold my mind express:
I would ye could! then should ye see, mistress,
How there nis thing that I covet so fain
As to embrace you in mine arms twain.

Nothing earthly to me more desirous
Than to behold your beauteous countenance:
But, hateful absence, to me so envious,
Though thou withdraw me from her by long distance,
Yet shall she never out of remembrance;
For I have graved her within the secret wall
Of my true heart, to love her best of all!
Qd. Skelton, Laureat.

THOUGH YE SUPPOSE ALL JEOPARDIES ARE PAST

CUNCTA licet cecidisse putas discrimina rerum,
Et prius incerta nunc tibi certa manent,
Consiliis usure meis tamen aspice caute,
Subdola non fallat to dea fraude sua:
Saepe solet placido mortales fallere vultu,
Et cute sub placida tabida saepe dolent;
Ut quando secura putas et cuncta serena,
Anguis sub viridi gramine saepe latet.<23>

Though ye suppose all jeopardies are past,
And all is done that ye looked for before,
Ware yet, I rede you, of Fortune's double cast,
For one false point she is wont to keep in store,
And under the fell oft festered is the sore:
That when ye think all danger for to pass
Ware of the lizard<24> lieth lurking in the grass
Qd. Skelton, Laureat.

GO, PITEOUS HEART, RASED WITH DEADLY WOE

Go, piteous heart, rased with deadly woe,
Pierced with pain, bleeding with wounds smart,
Bewail thy fortune, with veins wan and blo.
O Fortune unfriendly, Fortune unkind thou art,
To be so cruel and so overthwart,
To suffer me so careful to endure
That where I love best I dare not discure!

One there is, and ever one shall be,
For whose sake my heart is sore diseased;
For whose love, welcome disease to me!
I am content so all parties be pleased:
Yet, an God would, I would my pain were eased!
But Fortune enforceth me so carefully to endure
That where I love best I dare not discure.

Skelton, Laureate.
At the instance of a noble lady.
NOTES TO DIVERS BALLADS AND DITTIES

SOLACIOUS

1. With ba, ba, ba, and bas, bas, bas] i.e. With kissings,—with, kiss me.

2. She cherished him both cheek and chin

"Come near my spouse: and let me ba thy cheek"
Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Prol. v. 6015. ed. Tyr.

"I would him chuck, cheek and chin, and cherish him so mickle."
Dunbar's Tale of The Two Married Women and the Widow,—Poems, i. 71. ed. Laing.

3. He had forgotten all deadly sin] Compare our author's Philip Sparow, v. 1081.

4. pray] Qy. "pay"?

5. waters wan] Many passages of our early poetry might be cited where this epithet is applied to water: see note 115 to Why come ye not to Court, where a wrong reading has misled H. Tooke and. Richardson.

6. lust and liking] i.e pleasure and delight. This somewhat pleonastic expression (used again more than once by Skelton) is not uncommon in our old writers: "Alas! my sweet sons, then she said, for your sakes I shall lose my liking and lust." Morte d'Arthur, B. xi. c. x. vol. ii. 174. ed. Southey. Nay, in the interlude of The World and the Child, 1522, one of the characters bears the name of Lust and Liking.

7. blow-bowl] i.e. drunkard.

"To blow in a bowl, and for to pill a platter," &c.
Barclay's First Egloge, sig. A iii. ed. 1570.

"Farewell! Peter blow-bowl I may well call thee."
Interlude of King Darius, 1565. sig. B.

8. pole hatchet] "An opprobrious appellation" (OED). So again in our author's Garland of Laurel;

"Pole hatchets, that prate will at every ale pole."
v. 613

9. bleared thine eye] i.e. imposed on, put a cheat on you.

10. Menolope] In a "ballade" entitled The IX Ladies Worthy, printed among Chaucer's Works, the writer, after celebrating the eighth, "Queen Semiramis," concludes thus;

"Also the lady Menalip thy sister dear,
Whose martial power no man could withstand,
Through the world was not found her peer,
The famous duke Theseus she had in hand,
She chastised him and [conquered] all his land,
The proud Greeks mightily she did assail,
Overcame and vanquished them in battle."
fol. 324. ed. 1602.

[Menalippe was a sister of Antiope, queen of the Amazons, and was so far from subduing Theseus that she was taken prisoner by Hercules. Penelope is a more probable reading.]
11. Gup, morel, gup!
With, Joyst ye,] Gup [go up?] and joyst [stand still?] are exclamations applied to horses; compare our author's Elynour Rummyng, v. 390, and his third Poem against Garnesche. v. 13 So too in Camelles Rejoinder to Churchyarde (fol. broadside);

"Then gip fellow ass, then joist fellow lurdan."

12. hags] I know not in what sense Skelton uses this word: [Qy. youth, hero, gallant?] so again in his Colyn Cloute;

"I purpose to shake out
All my cunning bag,
Like a clerkly hag."

v. 50.

and in his poem The Doughty Duke of Albany;

"For thou can not but brag,
Like a Scottish hag."

v. 294.


(xix. of Hen. vii) "Item paid to the sergeant plumber and Bartram upon their indentures for Greenwich – xx li."

14. all to-broken] A writer in the new ed. of Boucher's Gloss. (in v. All) justly observes that it is a mistake to "suppose that in such expressions all is coupled with to, and that it becomes equivalent to omnino from being thus conjoined. The augmentative to is connected with the following word as a prefix, and often occurs without being preceded by all: so in our author's Bowge of Courte,

"A rusty gallant, to-ragged and to-rent." —

v. 345.

15. to leap the hatch] i.e., to run away (hatch—the fastened half or part of the door, the half-door).

"I pretend [i.e. intend] therefore to leap over the hatch."

The Trial of Treasure, 1567. sig. E ii.

16. It can be no counsel that is cried at the cross] i.e. It can be no secret that is proclaimed at the market-place.

17. Of thoughtful hearts plunged in distress] Skelton borrowed this line from Lydgate, whose Life of our Lady begins

"O thoughtful heart plunged in distress."

Thoughtful is anxious, heavy, sad.

18. Sapphire of sadness]—sadness, i.e. steadiness, constancy:

"For it is writ and said how the sapphire
Doth token truth."

Poems by C. Duke of Orleans,—MS. Hart. 682. fol. 44.

"The strings of her veins as azure indy blue."

v. 1571.

See too his *Garland of Laurel*, v. 478. and Nevil, son of Lord Latimer, in a poem of great rarity;

"On the gates two scriptures I espied,
They for to rede my mind then I applied
Writen in gold and indy blue for folks' furtherance."

*The Castle of pleasure*, sig. A v. 1518.

Sir John Mandeville says that the beak of the Phoenix "is coloured blue as inde."

*Voyage and Travel*, &c., p. 58. ed. 1725.

20. the emerald commendable;

*Relucent smaragd.*] *Emerald* and *smaragd* are generally considered as synonymous; but here Skelton makes a distinction between them. So too Drayton in his *Muses Elizium*, 1630. p. 78; and Chamberlayne in his *Pharonnida*, 1659. B. ii. c. 4. p. 150. And so R. Holme "The Emerald is green."—"The Smaragd is of an excellent fresh green, far passing any Leaf." *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. ii. pp. 39, 41.

21. perspective] Which generally signifies a glass to look through, seems here, from the context, to mean some sort of reflecting glass.

22. Remorse] Means commonly in early writers,—pity; but that sense is unsuited to the present passage: it seems to be used here for—[a painful] recollection.

23. CUNCTA licet, &c.] The lines following in English are a translation of the Latin.

24. lizard] In the Latin above, the corresponding word is *anguis*: long after Skelton's time, the poor harmless lizard was reckoned venomous; so in Shakespeare's *Third Part of Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 2., "lizards dreadful stings."
MANNERLY MARGERY MILK AND ALE

[From the Fairfax MS., which formerly belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and now forms part of the Additional MSS. (5465. Fol. 109) in the British Museum. It was printed (together with the music) by Hawkins, Hist. of Music, iii. 2. This song was inserted also in the first edition of Ancient Songs, 1790, p.100, by Ritson, who observes,—"Since Sir J. Hawkins's transcript was made, the MS. appears to have received certain alterations, occasioned, as it should seem, but certainly not authorised, by the over-scrupulous delicacy of its late or present possessor". p.102.]

AY, beshrew you, by my fay,
These wanton clerks be nice alway;<2>
Avaunt, avaunt, my popinjay!
What, will ye do nothing but play?
Tully vally,<3> straw, let be I say!
Gup, Christian Clout,<4> gup, Jack of the Vale!<5>
With, Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.

By God, ye be a pretty pode,<6>
And I love you an whole cart-load.
Straw, James Fodder, ye play the fode;<6>10
I am no hackney for your rod:
Go watch a bull, your back is broad!
Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale!
With, Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.

I wiss ye deal uncourteously;
What, would ye frumple me? now fie!
What, and ye shall be my pigsney?
By Christ, ye shall not, no hardly;
I will not be japed bodily:20
Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale!
With, Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.

Walk forth your way, ye cost me nought;
Now have I found that I have sought:
The best cheap<7> flesh that ever I bought.
Yet, for His love that all hath wrought,
Wed me, or else I die for thought!<8>
Gup, Christian Clout, your breath is stale!
Go, Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale!
Gup, Christian Clout, gup, Jack of the Vale!30
With, Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale.
NOTES TO MANNERLY MARGERY MILK AND ALE

1. Skelton mentions this piece among his works, in the *Garland of Laurel*, v. 1198. Sir John Hawkins, who printed it together with the music, says that it "appears to have been set by William Cornish of the Chapel Royal in the reign of Henry vii." *Hist. of Music*, iii. 2.

2. *These wanton clerks be nice alway* i.e. These wanton scholars be always foolish, inclined to folly, to toyish tricks: compare our author's *Philip Sparrow*;

   "Philip, though he were nice
   In him it was no vice," &c.

   v. 173.

3. *Tully vally* Or Tilly vally—an exclamation of contempt, the origin of which is doubtful.

4. *Christian Cloute* Compare our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

   "He could not sing himself therout
   But by the help of Christian Cloute."

   v. 880

5. *Jack of the vale* [The hero of some popular ditty.] So our author in his *Magnificence*; "some jangling Jack of the vale," v. 260. Compare two pieces of a much later date;

   "I am not now to tell a tale
   Of George a Greene, or Jack a Vale."

   *The Odcombian Banquet*, 1611. sig. C 3.

   "And they had lever printen Jack a vale
   Or Clim o Clough," &c.

   J.Davies,—*Other Eglogues* annexed to *The Shepherd's Pipe*, 1614. sig. G. 4.

6 *Straw, James Fodder, ye play the fode* i.e. apparently, Nonsense! James Fodder, you play the child, or fool.

7. *best cheap* i.e. cheapest.

8. *thought* i.e. sadness, grief: see note 17 to *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious*
THE BOWGE OF COURT

[From the ed. of Wynkyn de Word, n.d., in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, collated with another ed. by Wynkyn de Worde in the Public Library, Cambridge, and with Marsh's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

<1>

HERE BEGINNETH A LITTLE TREATISE NAMED THE BOWGE OF COURT.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOWGE OF COURT.

IN autumn, when the sun in Virgine
By radiant heat enriped hath our corn;
When Luna, full of mutability,
As empress the diadem hath worn
Of our pole arctic, smiling half in scorn
At our folly and our unsteadfastness;
The time when Mars to war him did dress;
I, calling to mind the great authority
Of poets old, which full craftily,
Under as covert terms as could be, 10
Can touch a truth and cloak it subtilly
With fresh utterance full sententiously,
Diverse in style, some spared not vice to write,
Some of morality nobly did indite;
Whereby I rede their renown and their fame
May never die, but evermore endure.
I was sore moved to aforce the same,
But Ignorance full soon did me discure,
And showed that in this art I was not sure; 20
For to illumine, she said, I was too dull,
Advising me my pen alway to pull,
And not to write: for he so will attain
Exceeding further than his conning is,
His head may be hard, but feeble is his brain,
Yet have I known such ere this;
But of reproach surely he may not miss,
That climbeth higher than he may footing have:
What an he slide down, who shall him save?
Thus up and down my mind was drawn and cast,
That I ne wist what to do was best; 30
So sore enwearied, that I was at the last
Enforced to sleep and for to take some rest,
And to lie down as soon as I me dressed.
At Harwich port slumbering as I lay
In mine host's house, called Power's Quay,
Methought I saw a ship, goodly of sail,
Come sailing forth into the haven broad,
Her tackling rich and of high appareil:
She cast an anchor, and there she lay at road.
Merchants her boarded to see what she had load:
Therein they found royal merchandise,
Freighted with pleasure of what ye could devise.

But then I thought I would not dwell behind
Among all others I put myself in press.
Then there could I none acquaintance find:
There was much noise; anon one cried, Cease!
Sharply commanding each man hold his peace:
Masters, he said, the ship that ye here see
The Bowge of Court it hight for certainty:
The owner thereof is lady of estate
Whose name to tell is Dame Sans-peer;
Her merchandise is rich and fortunate,
But who will have it must pay therefor dear;
This royal chaffer that is shipped here
Is called Favour, to stand in her good grace.
Then should ye see there pressing in apace
Of one and other that would this lady see;
Which sat behind a travis of silk fine,
Of gold of tissue the finest that might be,
In a throne which far clearer did shine
Than Phoebus in his sphere celestine;
Whose beauty, honour, goodly port
I have too little cunning to report.

But of each thing there as I took heed,
Among all other was written in her throne
In gold letters, these words, which I did read:
Gardez le fortune, qui est mauvais et bon!
And, as I stood reading this verse myself alone,
Her chief gentlewoman, Danger by her name,
Gave me a taunt, and said I was to blame
To be so pert to press so proudly up:
She said she trowed that I had eaten sauce;
She asked if ever I drank of sauce's cup.
And I then softly answered to that clause,
That, so to say, I had given her no cause.
Then asked she me, Sir, so God thee speed,
What is thy name? and I said I was to blame
What moved thee, quod she, hither to come?
Forssooth, quod I, to buy some of your ware.
And with that word on me she gave a glum
With browes bent, and gan on me to stare
Full dainously, and fro me she did fare,
Leaving me standing as a mazed man:
To whom there came another gentlewoman;

Desire her name was, and so she me told,
Saying to me, Brother, be of good cheer,
Abash you not, but hardly be bold,
Advance yourself to approach and come near:
What though our chaffer be never so dear,
Yet I advise you to speak, for any dread:<8>
Who spareth to speak, in faith, he spareth to speed.

Mistress, quod I, I have none acquaintance
That will for me be mediator and mean;
And this another, I have but small substance.
Peace, quod Desire, ye speak not worth a bean:<9>
If ye have not, in faith, I will you lene
A precious jewel, no richer in this land;
Bon Aventure have here now in your hand

Shift now therewith, let see, as ye can
In Bowge of Court chevisaunce to make;
For I dare say that there nis earthly man
But, an he can Bon Aventure take,
There can no favour nor friendship him forsake;
Bon Aventure may bring you in such case
That ye shall stand in favour and in grace

But of one thing I warn you ere I go:
She that steereth the ship, make her your friend.
Mistress, quod I, I pray you tell me why so,
And how I may that way and means find.
Forsooth, quod she, however blow the wind,
Fortune guideth and ruleth all our ship:
Whom she hateth shall over the seaboard skip;
Whom she loveth, of all pleasure is rich,
Whiles she laugheth and hath lust for to play;
Whom she hateth, she casteth in the ditch,
For when she frowneth, she thinketh to make a fray;
She cherisheth him, and him she casteth away.
Alas, quod I, how might I have her sure?
In faith, quod she, by Bon Aventure.

Thus, in a row, of merchants a great rout
Sued to Fortune that she would be their friend:
They throng in fast, and flocked her about;
And I with them prayed her to have in mind.
She promised to us all she would be kind:
Of Bowge of Court she asketh what we would have,
And we asked Favour, and Favour she us gave.

Thus endeth the Prologue; and beginneth the 

Bowge of Court briefly compiled.

-103-
DREAD

The sail is up, Fortune ruleth our helm,
We want no wind to pass now over all;
Favour we have tougher than any elm,
That will abide and never from us fall;
But under honey oftime lieth bitter gall;
For, as methought, in our ship I did see
Full subtle persons, in number four and three.

The first was Favell, full of flattery,
With fables false that well could feign a tale;
The second was Suspect, which that daily
Misdeemed each man, with face deadly and pale;
And Harvy Hafter, that well could pick a male;
With other four of their affinity,
Disdain, Riot, Dissimuler, Subtlety.

Fortune their friend, with whom oft she did dance;
They could not fail, they thought, they were so sure;
And oftentimes I would myself advance
With them to make solace and pleasure;
But my disport they could not well endure;
They said they hated for to deal with Dread.
Then Favell gan with fair speech me to feed.

FAVELL

No thing earthly that I wonder so sore
As of your conning, that is so excellent;
Dainty to have with us such one in store,
So virtuously that hath his days spent;
Fortune to you gifts of grace hath lent:
Lo, what it is a man to have conning!
All earthly treasure it is surmounting.

Ye be an apt man, as any can be found,
To dwell with us, and serve my lady's grace;
Ye be to her, yea, worth a thousand pound;
I heard her speak of you within short space,
When there were divers that sore did you menace;
And, though I say it, I was myself your friend,
For here be divers to you that be unkind.

But this one thing—ye may be sure of me;
For, by that Lord that bought dear all mankind,
I cannot flatter, I must be plain to thee;
An ye need ought, man, show to me your mind,
For ye have me whom faithful ye shall find;
Whiles I have ought, by God, thou shalt not lack,
And if need be, a bold word I dare crack.

Nay, nay, be sure, whiles I am on your side
Ye may not fall, trust me, ye may not fail.
Ye stand in favour, and Fortune is your guide,
And, as she will, so shall our great ship sail:
These lewd cockwats shall nevermore prevail
Against you hardily, therefore be not afraid.
Farewell till soon, but no word that I said.

**DREAD**

Then thanked I him for his great gentleness.
But, as methought, he wore on him a cloak
That lined was with doubtful doubleness;
Methought, of words that he had full a poke;
His stomach stuffed oft times did reboke.
Suspicion, methought, met him at a braid.
And I drew near to hark what they two said.

In faith, quod Suspect, spake Dread no word of me?
Why? what then? wilt thou let men to speak?
He saith he cannot well accord with thee.
Twist, quod Suspect, go play! him I ne reck!
By Christ, quod Favell, Dread is sullen freke.
What, let us hold him up, man, for a while?
Yea so, quod Suspect, he may us both beguile.

And when he came walking soberly,
With hum and ha, and with a crooked look,
Methought his head was full of jealousy,
His even rolling, his hands fast they quoke;
And to meward the straight way he took:
God speed, brother! to me quod he then;
And thus to talk with me he began.

**SUSPICION**

Ye remember the gentleman right now
That communed with you, methought a pretty space?
Beware of him, for, I make God avow,
He will beguile you and speak fair to your face;
Ye never dwelt in such another place,
For here is none that dare well other trust;
But I would tell you a thing, an I durst.

Spake he, i'faith, no word to you of me?
I wot, an he did, ye would me tell.
I have a favour to you, whereof it be
That I must show you much of my counsel:
But I wonder what the devil of hell
He said of me, when he with you did talk.
By mine advice use not with him to walk.

The sovereignest thing that any man may have,
Is little to say, and much to hear and see;
For, but I trusted you, so God me save,
I would nothing so plain be;
To you only, methink, I durst shrive me;
For now am I plenarly disposed
To show you things that may not be disclosed.

DREAD

Then I assured him my fidelity
His counsel secret never to disclose.
If he could find in heart to trust me;
Else I prayed him, with all my busy cure,
To keep it himself, for then he might be sure
That no man earthly could him betray.
While of his mind it were locked with the key.

By God, quod he, this and thus it is;
And of his mind he showed me all and some.<14>
Farewell, quod he, we will talk more of this:
So he departed there he would be come.
I dare not speak, I promised to be dumb:
But, as I stood musing in my mind,
Harvy Hafter came leaping, light as lind.<15>

Upon his breast he bore a versing-box,<16>
His throat was clear, and lustily could feign.
Methought his gown was all furred with fox,
And ever he sang, Sith I am nothing plain.<17>
To keep him from picking it was a great pain:
He gazed on me with his goatish beard;
When I looked on him, my purse was half afeared.

HARVY HAFTER

Sir, God you save! why look ye so sad?
What thing is that I may do for you?
A wonder thing that ye wax not mad!
For, an I study should as ye do now,
My wit would waste, I make God avow.
Tell me your mind: methink,ye make a verse;
I could it scan, an ye would it rehearse.

But to the point shortly to proceed,
Where hath your dwelling been ere ye came here?
For, as I trow, I have seen you indeed
Ere this, when that ye made me royal cheer.
Hold up the helm, look up, and let God steer:
I would be merry, what wind that ever blow.
Heave and how rumbelow,<18> row the boat, Norman, row!<19>

Princess of Youth can ye sing by rote?<20>
Or shall I sail with you a fellowship essay;<21>
For on the book I cannot sing a note.
Would to God, it would please you some day
A ballad book before me for to lay,
And learn me to sing re, mi, fa, sol!
And, when I fail, bob me on the noll.<22>
Lo, what is to you a pleasure great
To have that conning and ways that ye have!
By God's soul, I wonder how ye get
So great pleasure, or who to you it gave:
Sir, pardon me, I am an homely knave,
To be with you thus pert and thus bold;
But ye be welcome to our household.

And, I dare say, there is no man herein
But would be glad of your company:
I wist never man that so soon could win
The favour that ye have with my lady;
I pray to God that it may never die:
It is your fortune for to have that grace;
As I be saved, it is a wonder case
For, as for me, I served here many a day
And yet unneth I can have my living;
But, I require you, no word that I say;<23>
For, an I know any earthly thing
That is again you, ye shall have weeting:
And ye be welcome, sir, so God me save:
I hope hereafter a friend of you to have.

DREAD

With that, as he departed so from me,
Anon there met with him, as methought,
A man, but wonderly beseen was he;
He looked haughty; he set each man at nought;
His gaudy garment with scorns was all wrought;
With indignation lined was his hood;
He frowned, as he would swear by Cock's blood;
He bit the lip, he looked passing coy;
His face was belimmed, as bees had him stung:
It was no time with him to jape nor toy;
Envy had wasted his liver and his lung,
Hatred by the heart so had him wrung,
That he looked pale as ashes to my sight:
Disdain, I ween, this cumbrous crab is high:
To Harvy Hafter then he spake of me,
And I drew near to hark what they two said.
Now, quod Disdain, as I shall saved be,
I have great scorn, and am right evil payed.<24>
Then quod Harvy Hafter, Why art thou so dismayed?
By Christ, quod he, for it is shame to say;
To see yon Johan Dawes<25>, that came but yesterday,
To Harvy Hafter then he spake of me,
And I drew near to hark what they two said.
Now, quod Disdain, as I shall saved be,
I have great scorn, and am right evil payed.<24>
Then quod Harvy Hafter, Why art thou so dismayed?
By Christ, quod he, for it is shame to say;
To see yon Johan Dawes<25>, that came but yesterday,
To Harvy Hafter then he spake of me,
And I drew near to hark what they two said.
Now, quod Disdain, as I shall saved be,
I have great scorn, and am right evil payed.<24>
Then quod Harvy Hafter, Why art thou so dismayed?
By Christ, quod he, for it is shame to say;
To see yon Johan Dawes<25>, that came but yesterday,
By God, quod Harvy, an it so happen might;  
Let us therefore shortly at a word  
Find some means to cast him overboard.

By Him that me bought, then quod Disdain,  
I wonder sore he is in such conceit.  
Turd, quod Hafer, I will thee nothing lain,  
There must for him be laid some pretty bait;  
We twain, I trow, be not without deceit:  
First pick a quarrel, and fall out with him then,  
And so outface him with a card of ten.<26>

Forthwith he made on me a proud assault  
With scornful look moved all in mood;  
He went about to take me in a fault;  
He frowned, he stared, he stamped where he stood.  
I looked on him, I weened he had been wood.  
He set the arm proudly under the side,  
And in this wise he gan with me to chide.

DISDAIN

Rememberest thou what thou said yesternight?  
Wilt thou abide by the words again?  
By God, I have of thee now great despite;  
I shall thee anger once in every vein:  
It is great scorn to see such an hayne  
As thou art, one that came but yesterday,  
With us old servants such masters to play.<27>

I tell thee, I am of countenance:<28>  
What weenest I were? I trow thou know not me.  
By God's wounds, but for displeasance,  
Of my quarrel soon would I venged be:  
But no force, I shall once meet with thee;  
Come when it will, oppose thee I shall,  
Whatsomever adventure thereof fall.

Trowest thou, drevil, I say, thou gaudy knave,  
That I have deigned to see thee cherished thus?  
By God's side, my sword thy beard shall shave;  
Well, once thou shalt be charmed, ywis.  
Nay, straw for tales, thou shalt not rule us;  
We be thy betters, and so thou shalt us take,  
Or we shall thee out of thy clothes shake.

DREAD

With that came Riot,<29> rushing all at once,  
A rusty gallant, to-ragged and to-rent;  
And on the board he whirled a pair of bones,<30>  
Quater trey deuce<31> he clattered as he went.  
Now have at all, by Saint Thomas of Kent!<32>  
And ever he threw and cast I wot ne'er what:  
His hair was grown through out his hat.<33>
Then I beheld how he disguised was:<34>
His head was heavy for watching over night,
His e_v_en bleared, his face shone like a glass;
His gown so short that it ne cover might
His rump, he went so all for summer light;<35>
His hose was garded with a list of green,<36>
Yet at the knee they were broken, I ween.

His coat was checked with patches red and blue;
Of Kirkby Kendal was his short _demi_;<37>
And _a_ye he sang, In faith, deacon, thou crew;<38>
His elbow bare, he wore his gear so nigh;<39>
His nose a-dropping, his lips were full dry;
And by his side his _whinard_ and his pouch,
The devil might dance therein for any _crouch_.<40>

_Counter_ he could _O lux_ upon a pot;<41>
An ostrich feather of a capon's tail
He set up freshly upon his hat aloft:
What, revel rout!<42> _quod_ he, and _gan_ to rail
How oft he had hit Jennet on the tail,
Of Phyllis _fetis_, and little pretty Kate,
How oft he knocked at her _clicket-gate_.<43>

What should I tell more of his ribaldry?
I was ashamed so to hear him prate:
He had no pleasure but in harlotry.
A_y, _quod_ he, in the devil's date,<44>
What art thou? I saw thee now but late.
_Forsoot_ _quod_ I, in this court I dwell now.
_Welcome_ _quod_ _Riot_, I make God avow.

**RIOT**

And, sir, in faith why com'st not us among,
To make thee merry, as other fellows done?<45>
Thou must swear and stare, man, all day long,
And wake all night, and sleep till it be noon;
Thou mayest not study, or muse on the moon;
This world is nothing but eat, drink, and sleep,
And thus with us good company to keep.

_Ppluck_ up thine heart upon a merry pin,<45>
And let us laugh a _pluck_ or twain at _nale_;<46>
What the devil, man, mirth was never one!
_What_, lo man, see here of dice a _bale_!
_A br_ idling-cast<47> for that is in thy _male_!
Now have at all that lieth upon the board!
_Fie_ on these dice, they be not worth a turd!

Have at the hazard, or at the dozen brown,<48>
Or else I pass<49> a penny to a pound!
_Now_, would to God, thou would lay money down!
_Lord_, how that I would cast it full round!

-109-
Ay, in my pouch a buckle I have found,
The arms of Calais, I have no coin nor cross!
I am not happy, I run aye on the loss.

Now run must I to the stew's side
To weet if Malkin, my leman, have got aught:
I let her to hire, that men may on her ride,
Her arms' ease far and near is sought:
By God's side, since I her hither brought
She hath got me more money with her tail
Than hath some ship that into Bordeaux sail.

Had I as good an horse as she is a mare,
I durst adventure to journey through France;
Who rideth on her, he needeth not to care,
For she is trussed for to break a lance;
It is a curtal that well can winch and prance;
To her will I now all my poverty allege;
And, till I come, have here is mine hat to pledge.

DREAD

Gone is this knave, this ribald foul and lewd;
He ran as fast as ever that he might:
Un thriftiness in him may well be showed,
For whom Tyburn groaneth both day and night.
And, as I stood and cast aside my sight,
Disdain I saw with Dissimulation
Standing in sad communication.

But there was pointing and nodding with the head,
And many words said in secret wise;
They wandered aye, and stood still in no stead:
Methought alway Dissimuler did devise;
Me passing sore mine heart then gan arise,
I deemed and dread their talking was not good.
Anon Dissimuler came where I stood.

Then in his hood I saw there faces twain;
That one was lean and like a pined ghost,
That other looked as he would me have slain;
And to meward as he gan for to coast,
When that he was even at me almost,
I saw a knife hid in his one sleeve,
Whereon was written this word, Mischief:

And in his other sleeve, methought, I saw
A spoon of gold, full of honey sweet,
To feed a fool, and for to prove a daw;
And on that sleeve these words were writ,
A false abstract cometh from a false concrete:
His hood was side, his cope was russet grey:
These were the words that he to me did say.
DISSIMULATION

How do ye, master? ye look so soberly:
As I be saved at the dreadful day,
It is a perilous vice, this envy:
Alas, a conning man ne dwell may
In no place well, but fools with him affray!
But as for that, conning hath no foe
Save him that nought can. Scripture saith so.

I know your virtue and your literature
By that little conning that I have: 450
Ye be maligned sore, I you assure;
But ye have craft yourself alway to save:
It is great scorn to see a misproud knave
With a clerke that cunning is to prate:
Let them go louse them, in the devil's date!

For albeit that this long not to me,
Yet on my back I bear such lewd dealing:
Right now I spake with one, I trow, I see;
But what, a straw! I may not tell all thing.
By God, I say there is great heart-burning 460
Between the person ye wot of, [and] you;
Alas, I could not deal so with a Jew!

I would each man were as plain as I;
It is a world, I say, to hear of some:
I hate this feigning, fie upon it, fie!
A man cannot wot where to be come.
Ywis I could tell—but humlery, hum,
I dare not speak, we be so laid await,
For all our court is full of deceit.

Now by Saint Francis, that holy man and friar, 470
I hate these ways again you that they take;
Were I as you, I would ride them full near;
And, by my troth, but if an end they make,
Yet will I say some words for your sake,
That shall them anger, I hold thereon a groat;
For some shall, I ween, be hanged by the throat.

I have a stopping oyster<53> in my poke,
Trust me, an if it come to a need:
But I am loath for to raise a smoke,
If ye could be otherwise agreed. 480
And so I would it were, so God me speed,
For this may breed to a confusion
Without God make a good conclusion.

Nay, see where yonder standeth the t'other man!
A flattering knave and false he is, God wot;
The drevil standeth to harken, an he can:
It were more thrift he bought him a new coat;
It will not be, his purse is not on float:
All that he weareth, it is borrowed ware;
His wit is thin, his hood is threadbare.

More could I say, but what this is enow:
Adieu till soon, we shall speak more of this:
Ye must be ruled as I shall tell you how;
Amends may be of that is now amiss;
And I am yours, sir, so have I bliss,
In every point that I can do or say;
Give me your hand, farewell, and have good-day.

**DREAD**

Suddenly, as he departed me fro,
Came pressing in one in a wonder array:
Ere I was ware, behind me he said, Bo!
Then I, astonied of that sudden fray,
Start all at once, I liked nothing his play:
For, if I had not quickly fled the touch,
He had plucked out the nobles of my pouch.

He was trussed in a garment strait:
I have not seen such another page;
For he could well upon a casket wait;
His hood all pounced and garded like a cage;
Light lime-finger! he took none other wage.
Hearken, quod he, lo here mine hand in thine!
To us welcome thou art, by Saint Quentin.

**DECEIT**

But, by that Lord that is one, two, and three,
I have an errand to round in your ear:
He told me so, by God, ye may trust me,
Pardie, remember, when ye were there,
There I winked on you—wot ye not where?
In A loco, I mean juxta B:
Woe is him that is blind and may not see!

But to hear the subtlety and the craft,
As I shall tell you, if ye will hark again;
And, when I saw the whoreson would you haft,
To hold mine hand, by God, I had great pain;
For forthwith there I had him slain,
But that I dread murder would come out:
Who dealeth with shrews hath need to look about.

**DREAD**

And as he rounded<54> thus in mine ear
Of false collusion confettered by assent,
Methought, I see lewd fellows here and there
Come for to slay me of mortal intent;
And, as they came, the shipboard fast I hent.
And thought to leap; and even with that woke,
Caught pen and ink, and wrote this little book.
I would therewith no man were miscontent,
Beseeching you that shall it see or read
In every point to be indifferent,
Sith all in substance of slumbering doth proceed.
I will not say it is matter indeed,
But yet oft-time such dreams be found true.
Now construe ye what is the residue!

Thus endeth the Bowge of Court
NOTES TO THE BOWGE OF COURT.

1. "It is a bowge of court. Ceremonia aulica est." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. s iii. ed. 1530. "Bouche à Court. Budge-a-Court, diet allowed at Court." Cotgrave's Dict. "The Kings Archers . . ., had Bouch of Court (to wit, Meat and Drink) and great Wages of six Pence by the Day." Stow's Survey, B. vi. 49. ed. 1720. [Probably from old French, bouge, kitchen.] "The poem called the BOUGE OF COURT, or the Rewards of a Court, is in the manner of a pageant, consisting of seven personifications. Here our author, in adopting the more grave and stately movement of the seven lined stanza, has shown himself not always incapable of exhibiting allegorical imagery with spirit and dignity. But his comic vein predominates." Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 347. ed. 4to.

"Bouge of Court, a corruption of bouche, Fr. An allowance of meat and drink for the tables of the inferior officers, and others who were occasionally called to serve and entertain the court. Skelton has a kind of little drama called Bouge of Court, from the name of the ship in which the dialogue takes place. It is a very severe satire, full of strong painting, and, excellent poetry. The courtiers of Harry must have winced at it." Gifford, note on Ben Jonson's Works, vii. 428.

2. sore enwearied]—enwearied means simply—wearied. Richardson (Dict. in v. En) observes that "Skelton appears to have wantoned in such compounds."

3. Methought I saw a ship, goodly of sail,
   Come sailing forth into the haven broad,
   Her tackling rich and of high appareil
   Of this passage Mr. Wordsworth has a recollection in one of his noble 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."
   Works, iii. 34. ed. 1836.

4. I put myself in press] i.e. I joined the throng.

5. Gardez le fortune, qui est mauvais et bon!] "Beware of Fortune, which is both bad and good!"

6. travis] Means here a sort of low curtain or screen—Hall, describing the preparations for combat between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, tells us that the former, having entered the lists, "sat him down in a chair of green velvet which was set in a travis of green and blew velvet," &c.; and that the latter "sat down in his chair which was Crimson Velvet, curtained about with white and red Damask." Chron. (Henry IV. ) fol. iii. ed. 1548.—At a later period, curtains, which were used on the stage as substitutes for scenes, were called traverses. See also Singer's note on Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 167. ed. 1827, and Sir H. Nicolas's note on Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, p. 259.

7. she trowed that I had eaten sauce] Compare our author's Magnificence:

   Ye have eaten sauce, I trow, at the Taylors Hall."
   v. 1421.
8. *I advise you to speak, for any dread*] i.e. I advise you to speak, notwithstanding any dread you may feel.

9. *not worth a bean*] Bean is frequently used by our early poets to express any thing worthless:

"I give not of her harm a bean."
Chaucer's *Rom. of the Rose,*—*Works,* fol. 137. ed. 1602.

10. *Harvy Hafter*] Hafter i.e. sharper, cheat. Eds., have "Harvy Haster;" and in the fourth of Skelton's *Poems against Garmesche,* v. 164 the MS. gives the name with the same error. Compare our author's *Why come ye not to Court;*

"Havell and Harvy Hafter."
v. 94

and his *Magnificence;*

"Now, benedicite, ye ween I were some hafter."
v. 259

"Crafting and hafting contrived is by me."
v. 707.

"For to use such hafting and crafty ways."
v. 1698

"And from crafters and hafters I you forfend."
v. 2485

11. *Dainty to have with us such one in store*] Dainty means often—pleasant, "nice."

But both in the present passage, and in a subsequent stanza of the same poem—

"Trowest thou, drevil, I say, thou gaudy knave,
That I have dainty to see thee cherished thus?"
v. 337

*Dainty* seems to be equivalent to—pleasure: compare

Because that he hath joy and great *dainty*  
To read in books of old antiquity."
Lydgate's *Wars of Troy* (Prologue), sig. B i. ed. 1555.

"Adieu, dolour, adieu! my *dainty* now begins."
Dunbar's tale of *The Two Married Women and the Widow,*—*Poems,* i. 76. ed. Laing.

12. *cockwats*] Compare our author's third copy of verses *Against venomous tongues;*

"Than ye may command me to gentle *cockwat."
v. 15

and his *Magnificence;*

"What canst thou do but play *cockwat."
v. 1206.

Is *cockwat* only another form of *cockward,* i.e. cuckold? See *Arthur and the King of Cornwall,* p. 279, *Sir Gawayne,* &c., edited by Sir F. Madden.

13. *reboke*] i.e. belch, cast up.

"As grunting and drinking, *reboking* up again."
Barclay's *Ship of Fools,* fol. 229. ed. 1570.

15. *light as lind*] So in Annunciacio;

"A, what, I am light as lind!"

Towneley Myst. p. 80.

and in Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*;

"Be eye of cheer as light as leaf on lind."

v. 9087. ed. Tyr.

*Lind* is the linden or lime-tree.

16. *a versing box*] Does it mean—a dice-box?

17. *Sith I am nothing plain*] the commencement of some song.

18. *Heave and how rumbelow*] A chorus of high antiquity, (sung chiefly, it would seem, by sailors):

"They spread their sails as void of sorrow,
Forth they rowed, saint George to borrow,
For joy their trumpets did they blow,
And some sung heave and how rumbelow."

*Cock Lorelles boat*, sig. C 1.

"They rowed hard, and sung thereto,
With heavelow and rumbeloo."


"Maidens of England sore may ye mourn
For your lemans ye have lost at Bannock's burn,
With heave a low,
What weeneth the king of England
So soon to have won Scotland,
With rumbelow."

*Scottish Song on the Battle of Bannockburn*,—Fabyan's *Chron.*, vol. fol.169. ed. 1559.

"Your mariners shall sing a-row
Hey how and rumby low."

*The Squire of Low Degree*,—Ritson's *Met. Rom*. iii. 179.

"I saw three ladies fair, singing hey and how,
Upon yon ley land, hey:
I saw three mariners, singing rumbelow,
Upon yon sea-strand, hey."

Song quoted *ibid.*, iii. 353.

19. *row the boat, Norman, row*] A fragment of an old song, the origin of which is thus recorded by Fabyan: "In this. xxxii. year [of King Henry the Sixth] Jhon Norman foresaid, upon the morrow of Simon and Jude's day, th'ac cusomed day when the new Mayor used yearly to ride with great pomp unto Westminster to take his charge, this Mayor first of all Mayors broke that ancient and old continued custom, and was rowed thither by water, for the which ye Watermen made of him a roundel or song to his great praise, the which began: Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman, and so forth with a long process." *Chron*. vol. ii. fol. 457. ed. 1559.
20. *Princess of youth can ye sing by rote?*] The meaning of this line seems to be—Can you sing by rote the song beginning, *Princess of youth?* Skelton, in his *Garland of Laurel*, calls Lady Anne Dakers

"Princess of youth, and flower of goody port."

v. 897

21. *Or shall I sail with you a fellowship assay*] i.e., I suppose,—Or try, of good fellowship, (or, perhaps, together with me,) the song which commences *Shall I sail with you?*

"Now, of good fellowship, let me by thy dog."

*Magnificence*, v. 1095.

"Ing. But if thou wilt have a song that is good, I have one of Robin Hood. The best that ever was made. *Hu. Then a fellowship let us hear it.*"


22. *bob me on the noll*] i.e. beat me on the head.

23. *But I require you no word that I say*] i.e. But I beg you not to mention a word of what I say.

24. *evil payed*] i.e. ill satisfied, ill pleased.

25. *Dawes*] Equivalent to—simpleton; the daw being reckoned a silly bird: so again, in the next line but one, "doctor Dawcocke."

26. *And so outface him with a card of ten*] "A common phrase," says Nares, "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. To face meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face." *Gloss.* in v. *Face it, &c.* "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." *Ibid.* in v. *Card of ten.

27. *such masters to play*] i.e. to play such pranks of assumed superiority. See Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Maistryss.*

28. *I am of countenance*] i.e. perhaps, I am a person of credit, good means, consequence. (see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 111).

29. *Riot*] The picture of Riot in the present passage and in v. 379 sqq. gave birth no doubt to the following lines in a poem called *Sirs spare your good;*

"No, by my faith, he said incontinent,
But by saint Thomas of Kent
I would have at the hazard a cast or two,
For to learn to caste the dice to and fro;
And if here be any body that will for money play,
I have yet in my purse money and pledges gay:
Some be nobles, some be crowns of France;
Have at all who will of this dance.
One of them answered with that word,
And cast a bale of dice on the board," &c.
I quote from *Brit. Bibliog.* ii. 371, where are extracts from an ed. of the poem printed by Kytson, n. d.: it originally appeared from the press of W. de Worde; see *Cens. Liter.* i. 55. sec. ed.

30. *bones*] i.e. dice.

31. *Quater trey deuce*] "Four three two" – a dice throw.

32. *by saint Thomas of Kent*] i.e. by Saint Thomas à Becket:

"Thought I, *By saint Thomas of Kent*," &c.

33. *His hair was grown through out his hat*] Compare Barclay's *Argument of the first Egloge*;

"At divers holes *his hair grew through his hood.*"
Sig. A i. ed. 1570.

and Heywood's *Dialogue*;

"There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood
That will sure make *his hair grow through his hood.*"
Sig. G 2.,—*Words*, ed. 1598.

Ray gives, "*His hair grows through his hood.* He is very poor, his hood is full of holes." *Proverbs*, p. 57. ed. 1768.

324 *how he disguised was*] i.e. what a wretched plight he was in:

"Ragged and torn, disguised in array."
Chaucer's *Court of Love*, fol. 329,—*Works*, ed. 1602.

35. *he went so all for summer light*] Compare;

"It seemed that he caried litle array,
All light for summer rode this worthy man."
Chaucer's Canon's Yoeman's Prol. v. 16035. ed. Tyr.


36. *His hose was garded with a list of green*] i.e. his breeches were faced, trimmed with a border of green cloth, &c. "There was an affectation of smartness in the trimming of his hose." Warton, note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to.

37. *Of Kirkby Kendal was his short demi*] Kendal, or Kirkby in Kendal, was early famous for the manufacture of cloth of various colours, particularly green. Here the word "Kendal" seems equivalent to—green: so too in Hall's Chronicle, where we are told that Henry the Eighth, with a party of noblemen, "came suddenly in a morning into the Queen's Chamber, all appareled in short coats of Kentish Kendal ... like outlaws, or Robyn Hood's men." (*Henry viii.*.) fol. vi. ed. 1548.—*demi*; i.e., says Warton, note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to., "doublet, jacket:" rather, I believe, some sort of close vest, his "coat" having been mentioned in the preceding line.

38. *In faith, deacon thou crew*] The commencement of some song; quoted again by our author in *Epitaph for John Clarke and Adam Udersall*, v. 44. and in *Why come ye not to Court*, v. 63
39. he wore his gear so nigh] i.e., I suppose, he wore his clothes so near, so thoroughly. But Warton explains it "his coat-sleeve was so short." Note on Hist. of E. P. ii. 348. ed. 4to.

40. — his pouche,
The devil might dance therein for any crouch] — any crouch, i.e. any piece of money,—many coins being marked with a cross on one side. "The devil might dance in his purse without meeting with a single sixpence." Warton, note on Hist. of E. P. ii. 348. ed. 4to. So in Massinger's Bashful Lover;

"The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross
To drive him from it."
Works (by Gifford), iv. 398. ed. 1813.

41. Counter he could O lux upon a pot] — i.e. he could sing O lux, playing an accompaniment to his voice on a drinking pot. To counter is properly—to sing an extemporaneous part upon the plain chant. Skelton uses the word in other places, and perhaps not always in its strict sense. O lux beata Trinitas ("O blessed light of the Trinity") 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. In a comedy by the Duke of Newcastle is a somewhat similar passage: "I danced a Jig, while Tom Brutish whistled and play'd upon the head of a pint pot." The Humorous Lovers, 1677, act i. sc. 1. p. 5.

42. What, revel rout] Here, as below, "rout" is a verb—What, let revel roar! Compare;

"And ever be merry, let revel rout."


44. in the devil's date] An exclamation several times used by Skelton.—In Piers Plowman, a charter, which is read at the proposed marriage of Mode, is sealed "in the date of the devil," sig. C i. ed. 1561.

45. Pluck up thine heart upon a merry pin] The expression occurs often in our early poetry; and is found even in one of Wycherley's comedies.

46. And let us laugh a pluck or twain at nale] "Pluck" — compare Thersytes, n. d.

"Darest thou try masteries with me a pluck."
p. 60. Rox. ed.

and a song quoted in Note 56 to Magnificence

"A stoup of beer up at a pluck."

at nale, (atten ale, at then ale; see Price's note, Warton's Hist. of E. P. ii. 501. ed. 1824), i.e. at the ale house.

47. A bridling cast] Usually, a parting drink, "One for the road." It occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady;

"Let's have a bridling cast before you go.
Fill's a new stoup."
act ii. sc. 2.
48. *the dozen brown*] 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 dozen brown" 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."

49. *pass*] Seems here to be equivalent to—stake; but I have not found pass used with that meaning in any works on gaming. See *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 119. ed. 1680.

50. *agrise*] For the readings in all the eds. "aryse" I have ventured to substitute "agryse", cause to suffer. Compare;

"Sore might her agrise."
*Arthur and Merlin*, p. 34. ed. Abbotsf.

"Of his sweven sore him agrose."

"The king's heart of pity gan agrise."

"Such pains, that your hearts might agrise."
*Chaucer's Friar's Tale*, v. 7231. ed. Tyr.

51. *Then in his hood &c.*] This passage is quoted by Warton, who observes, "There is also merit in the delineation of DISSIMULATION. . . and it is not unlike Ariosto's manner in imagining these allegorical personages." *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 349. ed. 4to.

52. *to prove a daw*] i.e. to prove, try a simpleton: see *Note 25* above.—Warton, who gives the other reading, "to prey a daw," explains it—to catch a silly bird. Note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 349. ed. 4to.

53. *a stopping oyster*] Compare Heywood;

"Herewithall his wife to make up my mouth,
Not only her husband's taunting tale avoweth,
But thereto deviseth to cast in my teeth
Checks and choking oysters."

54. *round*] i.e. whisper,—or, rather, mutter, for Skelton (*Garland of Laurel*, v. 250) and other poets make a distinction between whisper and round:

"Me list not now whisper neither round."
Lydgate's *Story of Thebes*, Pars Prima, sig. b viii. ed. 4to. n. d.

"Whisper and round things imagined falsely."
Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, fol. 208. ed. 1570

"They're here with me already, whispering, rounding."
Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.
PHILIP SPARROW

[From the ed. by Kele, n.d., collated with that by Kitson, n.d. (which in some copies is said to be printed by Weale,) and with Marshe’s ed. of Skelton’s Works, 1568.]

HEREAFTER FOLLOWETH THE BOOK OF
PHILIP SPARROW

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE

Placebo
Who is there, who?
Dilexi,<2>
Dame Margery;
Fa, re, my, my,
Wherefore and why, why?
For the soul of Philip Sparrow<3>
That was late slain at Carrow,<4>
Among the Nuns Black,<5>
For that sweet soul's sake,
And for all sparrows' souls
Set in our bead-rolls,
Pater noster qui,
With an Ave Mari,
And with the corner of a Creed,
The more shall be your meed.

When I remember again
How my Philip was slain,
Never half the pain
Was between you twain,
Pyramus and Thisbe,
As then befell to me:
I wept and I wailed,
The tears down hailed;<6>
But nothing it availed
To call Philip again,
Whom Gib our cat,<7> hath slain.

Gib, I say, our cat
Worried her on that
Which I loved best:
It cannot be express
My sorrowful heaviness,
But all without redress;
For within that stound,
Half slumbering, in a swound
I fell down to the ground.
Unneth I cast mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skies:
But when I did behold
My sparrow dead and cold, 40
No creature but that wold
Have rued upon me,
To behold and see
What heaviness did me pang:
Wherewith my hands I wrang,
That my sinews cracked,
As though I had been racked,
So pained and so strained
That no life well-nigh remained.

I sighed and I sobbed, 50
For that I was robbed
Of my sparrow's life.
O maiden, widow, and wife,
Of what estate ye be,
Of high or low degree,
Great sorrow then ye might see
And learn to weep at me!
Such pains did me fret
That mine heart did beat,
My visage pale and dead, 60
Wan, and blue as lead;
The pangs of hateful death
Well-nigh had stopped my breath.

Heu, heu, me,
That I am woe for thee!
Dominum, cum tribularer, clamavi.<8>
Of God nothing else crave I
But Philip's soul to keep
From the maraes deep
Of Acherontes<9> well, 70
That is a flood of hell;
And from the great Pluto,
The prince of endless woe;
And from foul Alecto,
With visage black and blo;
And from Medusa, that mare,
That like a fiend doth stare;
And from Megaera's adders
For ruffling of Philip's feathers,
And from her fiery sparklings
For burning of his wings; 80
And from the smokes sour
Of Proserpina's bower;
And from the dens dark
Where Cerberus doth bark,
Whom Theseus did affray,
Whom Hercules did outray,\(^{10}\)
As famous poets say;
From that hell-hound
That lieth in chains bound,
With ghastly heads three;
To Jupiter pray we
That Philip preserved may be!
Amen, say ye with me!

\textit{Dominus},
Help now, sweet Jesus!
\textit{Levavi oculos meos in montes}.\(^{11}\)
Would God I had Zenophontes,\(^{12}\)
Or Socrates the wise,
To show me their device
Moderately to take
This sorrow that I make
For Philip Sparrow's sake!
So fervently I shake,
I feel my body quake;
So urgently I am brought
Into careful thought.
Like Andromach, Hector's wife,
Was weary of her life,
When she had lost her joy,
Noble Hector of Troy;
In like manner also
Increaseth my deadly woe,
For my sparrow is go.

It was so pretty a fool,
It would sit on a stool,
And learned after my school
For to keep his cut,
With Philip, keep your cut!\(^ {13}\)

It had a velvet cap,
And would sit upon my lap,
And seek after small worms,
And sometime white bread-crumbs;
And many times and oft
Between my breasts soft\(^{14}\)
It would lie and rest;
It was proper and \textit{prest}.

Sometime he would gasp
When he saw a wasp;
A fly or a gnat,
He would fly at that;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant.
Lord, how he would pry
After the butterfly!
Lord, how he would hop
After the gressop!
And when I said, Phip, Phip!
Then he would leap and skip,
And take me, by the lip.
Alas, it will me slo
That Philip is gone me fro!

_Sin iniquitates_\(^{15}\)
Alas, I was evil at ease!
_De profundis clamavi_,\(^{16}\)
When I saw my sparrow die!

Now, after my dome,
Dame Sulpicia\(^{17}\) at Rome,
Whose name registered was
For ever in tables of brass,
Because that she did pass
In poesy to indite
And eloquently to write,
Though she would pretend
My sparrow to commend,
I trow she could not amend
Reporting the virtues all
Of my sparrow royal.

For it would come and go,
And fly so to and fro;
And on me it would leap
When I was asleep,
And his feathers shake,
Wherewith he would make
Me often for to wake,
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skin;
God wot, we thought no sin:
What though he crept so low?
It was no hurt, I trow
He did nothing, _pardie_,
But sit upon my knee:
Philip, though he were _nice_,
In him it was no vice;
Philip had leave to go
To peck my little toe;
Philip might be bold
And do what he _wold_;
Philip would seek and take
All the fleas black
That he could there espy  
With his wanton eye.

_Opera._  
La, sol, fa, fa,  
_Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo!_<18>  
Alas, I would ride and go<19>  
A thousand mile of ground!  
If any such might be found  
It were worth an hundred pound  
Of King Croesus' gold,  
Or of Attalus the old, <190>  
The rich prince of Pergame,<20>  
Whoso list the story to see.  
Cadmus, that his sister sought,  
An he should be bought  
For gold and fee,  
He should over the sea,  
To weet if he could bring  
Any of the offspring,  
Or any of the blood. 200  
But whoso understood  
Of Medea's art,  
I would I had a part  
Of her crafty magic!  
My sparrow then should be quick  
With a charm or twain,  
And play with me again.  
But all this is in vain  
Thus for to complain.

I took my sampler once 210  
Of purpose, for the nonce,  
To sew with stitches of silk  
My sparrow white as milk,<21>  
That by representation  
Of his image and fashion  
To me it might impart  
Some pleasure and comfort  
For my solace and sport:  
But when I was sewing his beak,  
Methought my sparrow did speak,  
And opened his pretty bill,  
Saying, Maid, ye are in will  
Again me for to kill,  
Ye prick me in the head!  
With that my needle waxed red,  
Methought, of Philip's blood;  
Mine hair right upstood,  
I was in such a fray,  
My speech was taken away.
I cast down that there was, 230
And said, Alas, alas,
How cometh this to pass?
My fingers, dead and cold,
Could not my sampler hold:
My needle and thread
I threw away for dread.
The best now that I may
Is for his soul to pray:
A porta inferi,<sup>22</sup>
Good Lord, have mercy 240
Upon my sparrow's soul,
Written in my bead-roll!

Audio vocem,<sup>23</sup>
Japhet, Ham, and Shem,
Magnificat,<sup>24</sup>
Show me the right path
To the hills of Armony,<sup>25</sup>
Wherefore the birds yet cry<sup>26</sup>
Of your father's boat,
That was sometime afloat, 250
And now they lie and rot;
Let some poets write
Deucalion's flood it hight.
But as verily as ye be
The natural sonnes three
Of Noah the patriarch,
That made that great ark,
Wherein he had apes and owls,
Beasts, birds, and fowls,
That if ye can find 260
Any of my sparrow's kind
God send the soul good rest!
I would have yet a nest
As pretty and as prest
As my sparrow was.
But my sparrow did pass
All sparrows of the wood
That were since Noah's flood,
Was never none so good.
King Philip of Macedony 270
Had no such Philip as I,
No, no, sir, hardly.

That vengeance I ask and cry,
By way of exclamation,
On all the whole nation
Of cats wild and tame;
God send them sorrow and shame!
That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My little pretty sparrow
That I brought up at Carrow.

O cat of carlish kind,
The fiend was in thy mind
When thou my bird untwined!<27>
I would thou hadst been blind!
The leopards savage,
The lions in their rage
Might catch thee in their paws,
And gnaw thee in their jaws!
The serpents of Libany<28>
Might sting thee venomously!
The dragons with their tongues
Might poison thy liver and lungs!
The manticores<29> of the mountains
Might feed them on thy brains!

Melanchates,<30> that hound
That plucked Actaeon to the ground,
Gave him his mortal wound,
Changed to a deer,
The story doth appear,
Was changed to an hart:
So thou, foul cat that thou art,
The selfsame hound
Might thee confound,
That his own lord bote,<31>
Might bite asunder thy throat!

Of Ind the greedy gripes
Might tear out all thy tripes!
Of Arcady the bears
Might pluck away thine ears!
The wild wolf Lycaon<32>
Bite asunder thy backbone!
Of Etna the burning hill,
That day and night burneth still,
Set in thy tail a blaze,
That all the world may gaze
And wonder upon thee,
From Ocean the great sea
Unto the Isles of Orcady,
From Tilbury Ferry
To the plain of Salisbury!
So traitorously my bird to kill
That never ought thee evil will!

Was never bird in cage
More gentle of courage
In doing his homage
Unto his sovereign.
Alas, I say again,
Death hath departed us twain!
The false cat hath thee slain:
Farewell, Philip, adieu!
Our Lord, thy soul rescue!
Farewell, without restore,
Farewell, for evermore!

An it were a Jew,
It would make one rue,
To see my sorrow new.
These villainous false cats
Were made for mice and rats,
And not for birds small.
Alas, my face waxeth pale,
Telling this piteous tale,
How my bird so fair,
That was wont to repair,
And go in at my spare,
And creep in at my gore
Of my gown before, <33>
Flickering with his wings!
Alas, my heart it stings,
Remembering pretty things!
Alas, mine heart it slayeth
My Philip's doleful death!
When I remember it,
How prettily it would sit,
Many times and oft,
Upon my finger aloft!
I played with him tittle-tattle,
And fed him with my spittle,
With his bill between my lips;
It was my pretty Phips!
Many a pretty kiss
Had I of his sweet muss;
And now the cause is thus,
That he is slain me fro,
To my great pain and woe.

Of fortune this the chance
Standeth on variance:
Oft time after pleasance,
Trouble and grievance;
No man can be sure
Alway to have pleasure:
As well perceive ye may
How my disport and play
From me was taken away
By Gib, our cat savage,
That in a furious rage
Caught Philip by the head
And slew him there stark dead!

*Kyrie, eleison,*
*Christe, eleison,*
*Kyrie, eleison!*<34>
For Philip Sparrow's soul,
Set in our *bead-roll,*
Let us now whisper
A *Pater noster.*

*Lauda anima mea, Dominum!*<35>
To weep with me look that ye come,
All manner of birds in your kind;<36>
See none be left behind.
To mourning look that ye fall
With dolorous songs funeral,
Some to sing, and some to say,
Some to weep, and some to pray,
Every birde in his lay.
The goldfinch, the wagtail;
The jangling<37> jay to rail,
The flecked pie to chatter
Of this dolorous matter;
And robin redbreast,
He shall be the priest
The requiem mass to sing,
Softly warbling,
With help of the reed sparrow,
And the chattering swallow,
This hearse for to hallow;
The lark with his long toe;
The spink, and the martinet also;
The shoveller with his broad beak;
The dotterel<38>, that foolish peak
And also the mad coot,
With bald face to toot:
The fieldfare and the *snite;*
The crow and the kite;
The raven, called Rolfe,
His plain-song to sol-fa;
The partridge, the quail;
The plover with us to wail;
The woodhack, that singeth chur
Hoarsely, as he had the *mur;*
The lusty chanting nightingale;
The popinjay to tell her tale,
That *tooteh* oft in a glass,
Shall read the Gospel at mass;
The mavis with her whistle
Shall read there the Epistle.
But with a large and a long
To keep just plain-song,
Our chanters shall be the cuckoo,
The culver, the stockdoo.
With peewit the lapwing,
The Versicles shall sing.

The bittern with his bump,
The crane with his trump,
The swan of Menander,
The goose and the gander,
The duck and the drake,
Shall watch at this wake;
The peacock so proud,
Because his voice is loud,
And hath a glorious tail,
He shall sing the grail;
The owl, that is so foul,
Must help us to howl;
The heron so gaunt,
And the cormorant,
With the pheasant,
And the gagging gant,
And the churlish chough;
The knot and the ruff;
The barnacle, the buzzard,
With the wild mallard;
The divendop to sleep;
The water-hen to weep;
The puffin and the teal
Money they shall deal
To poor folk at large,
That shall be their charge;
The seamew and the titmouse;
The woodcock with the long nose;
The throstle with her warbling;
The starling with her brabbling;
The rook, with the osprey
That putteth fishes to a fray;
And the dainty curlew,
With the turtle most true.

At this Placebo
We may not well forgo
The countering of the co:
The stork also,
That maketh his nest
In chimneys to rest;
Within those walls
No broken galls
May there abide
Of cuckoldry side,<50>
Or else philosophy
Maketh a great lie.

The ostrich, that will eat
An horseshoe so great,<51>
In the stead of meat,
Such fervent heat
His stomach doth fret;
He cannot well fly,
Nor sing tunably,
Yet at a braid<52>
He hath well assayed
To sol-fa above E-la.<53>
Ga, lorell, fa, fa;
Ne quando 490
Male cantando,<54>
The best that we can,
To make him our bell-man,
And let him ring the bells;
He can do nothing else.<55>

Chanticleer, our cock,
Must tell what is of the clock
By the astrology
That he hath naturally<56>
Conceived and caught,
And was never taught 500
By Albumasar<57>
The astronomer,
Nor by Ptolomy
Prince of astronomy,
Nor yet by Haly;<58>
And yet he croweth daily
And nightly the tides
That no man abides,
With Partlot his hen,<59>
Whom now and then 510
He plucketh by the head
When he doth her tread.

The bird of Araby,
That potentially
May never die,
And yet there is none
But one alone;
A phoenix it is
This hearse that must bless
With aromatic gums 520
That cost great sums,
The way of thurification
To make a fumigation,
Sweet of reflair,
And redolent of air,
This corse for to cense
With great reverence,
As patriarch or pope
In a black cope.
While he censeth the hearse,
He shall sing the verse,
*Libera me*,
In de, la, sol, re,
Softly B molle,
For my sparrow's soul.
Pliny showeth all
In his Story Natural
What he doth find
Of the phoenix kind;
Of whose incineration
There riseth a new creation
Of the same fashion
Without alteration,
Saving that old age
Is turned into courage
Of fresh youth again;
This matter true and plain,
Plain matter indeed,
Who so list to read.

But for the eagle doth fly
Highest in the sky,
He shall be the sedeant,
The choir to demean,
As provost principal,
To teach them their Ordinal;
Also the noble falcon,
With the gyrfalcon,
The tiercel gentle,
They shall mourn soft and still
In their amice of gray;
The saker with them shall say
Dirige for Philip's soul;
The goshawk shall have a role
The choristers to control;
The lanners and the merlins
Shall stand in their mourning-gowns;
The hobby and the musket
The censers and the cross shall fet;
The kestrel in all this work
Shall be holy water clerk.
And now the dark cloudy night
Chaseth away Phoebus bright,
Taking his course toward the west,
God send my sparrow's soul good rest!

Requiem aeternum dona eis, Domine! <74>
Fa, fa, fa, mi, re, re,
A por ta in fe ri,
Fa, fa, fa, mi, mi.

Credo videre bona Domini, <75>
I pray God, Philip to heaven may fly! 580

Domine, exaudi orationem meam! <76>
To heaven he shall, from heaven he came!
Do mi nus vo bis cum!
Of all good prayers God send him some!

Oremus,
Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere, <77>
On Philip's soul have pity!
For he was a pretty cock,
And came of a gentle stock,
And wrapt in a maiden's smock, <78>
And cherished full daintily,
Till cruel fate made him to die:
Alas, for doleful destiny!

But whereto should I
Longer mourn or cry?
To Jupiter I call,
Of heaven imperial,
That Philip may fly
Above the starry sky,
To tread the pretty wren,
That is our Lady's hen: <79>
Amen, amen, amen!

Yet one thing is behind,
That now cometh to mind;
An epitaph I would have
For Philip's grave:
But for I am a maid,
Timorous, half afraid,
That never yet assayed
Of Helicon's well,
Where the Muses dwell;
Though I can read and spell,
Recount, report, and tell
Of the Tales of Canterbury,
Some sad stories, some merry;
As Palamon and Arcet,
Duke Theseus, and Partelet;
And of the Wife of Bath,
That worketh much scath.
When her tale is told 620
Among housewives bold,
How she controlled
Her husbands as she wold,
And them to despise
In the homeliest wise,
Bring other wives in thought
Their husbands to set at nought.
And though that read have I
Of Gawain<sup>80</sup> and Sir Guy,<sup>81</sup>
And tell can a great piece 630
Of the Golden Fleece,
How Jason it won,<sup>82</sup>
Like a valiant man;
Of Arthur's Round Table,
With his knights commendable,
And Dame Gaynour, his queen,
Was somewhat wanton, I ween;
How Sir Lancelot de Lake
Many a spear brake
For his lady's sake; 640
Of Tristram, and King Mark,
And all the whole work
Of Belle Isolde his wife,
For whom was much strife;<sup>83</sup>
Some say she was light,
And made her husband knight
Of the common hall,
That cuckolds men call;
And of Sir Lybius,<sup>84</sup>
Named Dysconius; 650
Of Quater Fylz Amund,
And how they were summoned
To Rome, to Charlemagne,
Upon a great pain,
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon;
Men see him now and then
In the forest of Arden:<sup>85</sup>
What though I can frame
The stories by name
Of Judas Maccabeus,<sup>86</sup>
And of Caesar Julius;<sup>87</sup>
And of the love between
Paris and Vienne;<sup>88</sup>
And of the duke Hannibal,<sup>89</sup>
That made the Romans all
Fordread and to quake:
How Scipion did wake
The city of Carthage,
Which by his unmerciful rage
He beat down to the ground.
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troy,
That was all their joy,<90>
Whom Achilles slew,
Wherefore all Troy did rue;
And of the love so hot
That made Troilus to dote
Upon fair Cresseid,<91>
And what they wrote and said,
And of their wanton wills
Pandar bore the bills
From one to the other;
His master's love to further,
Sometime a precious thing,
An ouch,<65> or else a ring;
From her to him again
Sometime a pretty chain,
Or a bracelet of her hair,
Prayed Troilus for to wear
That token for her sake;
How heartily he did it take,
And much thereof did make;
And all that was in vain,
For she did but feign;
The story telleth plain,
He could not obtain,
Though his father were a king,
Yet there was a thing
That made the male to wring;<93>
She made him to sing
The song of lover's lay;
Musing night and day,
Mourning all alone,
Comfort had he none,
For she was quite gone;
Thus in conclusion,
She brought him in abusion;
In earnest and in game
She was much to blame;
Disparaged is her fame,
And blemished is her name,
In manner half with shame;
Troilus also hath lost
On her much love and cost,
And now must kiss the post;<94>
Pandar, that went between,
Hath won nothing, I ween,
But light for summer green;
Yet for a special laud
He is named Troilus' bawd;
Of that name he is sure
Whiles the world shall dure:

Though I remember the fable
Of Penelope most stable,
To her husband most true,
Yet long-time she ne knew
Whether he were live or dead;
Her wit stood her in stead,

That she was true and just
For any bodily lust
To Ulysses her make,
And never would him forsake:

Of Marcus Marcellus
A process I could tell us;
And of Antiochus,<95>
And of Josephus
De Antiquitatibus;<96>
And of Mardocheus,
And of great Ahasuerus,<97>
And of Vesca<98> his queen,
Whom he forsook with teen.
And of Esther his other wife,
With whom he led a pleasant life;
Of King Alexander;<99>
And of King Evander;<100>
And of Porsena the great,
That made the Romans to sweat.: 740

Though I have enrolled
A thousand new and old
Of these historious tales,
To fill budgets and males
With books that I have read,
Yet I am nothing sped,
And can but little skill
Of Ovid or Virgil,
Or of Plutarch,
Or Francis Petrarch,
Alcaeus or Sappho,
Or such others poets mo,
As Linus and Homerus,
Euphorion and Theocritus,
Anacreon and Anion,
Sophocles and Philemon,
Pindarus and Simonides,
Philistion and Pherecydes;
These poets of ancientry,
They are too diffuse for me:<101>
For, as I tofore have said,
I am but a young maid,
And cannot in effect
My style as yet direct
With English words elect:
Our natural tongue is rude,
And hard to be ennewed<102>
With polished terms lusty;
Our language is so rusty,
So cankered, and so full
Of frowards, and so dull,
That if I would apply
To write ornately,
I wot not where to find
Terms to serve my mind.

Gower's English is old,
And of no value told;
His matter is worth gold,
And worthy to be enrolled.

In Chaucer I am sped,
His Tales I have read:
His matter is delectable, 790
Solacious, and commendable;
His English well allowed,
So as it is enprowed,
For as it is employed,
There is no English void,
At those days much commended;
And now men would have amended
His English, whereat they bark,
And mar all they work.
Chaucer, that famous clerk,
His terms were not dark,
But pleasant, easy, and plain;
No word he wrote in vain.

Also John Lydgate
Writeth after an higher rate;<103>
It is diffuse to find
The sentence of his mind,
Yet writeth he in his kind,
No man that can amend<104>
Those matters that he hath penned;
Yet some men find a fault,
And say he writeth too haute.

Wherefore hold me excused
If I have not well perused
Mine English half abused;
Though it be refused,
In worth I shall it take, And fewer words make. But, for my sparrow's sake,
Yet as a woman may. My wit I shall assay An epitaph to write In Latin plain and light, Whereof the elegy Followeth by and by:

Flos volucrum formose, vale! Philippe, sub isto Marmore iam recubas, Qui mihi carus eras. Semper erunt nitido Radiantia sidera coelo; Impressusque meo Pectore semper eris. <106>

Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem Haec cecinisse licet Ficta sub imagine texta. Cujus eras volucris, Praestanti corpore virgo: Candida Nais erat, Formosior ista Joanna est; Docta Corinna fuit, Sed magis ista sapit. Bien m'en souvient. <107>

THE COMMENDATIONS

Beati immaculati in via, O gloria fama! <108> Now mine whole imagination And studious meditation Is to take this commendation In this consideration; And under patient toleration Of that most goodly maid That Placebo hath said, And for her sparrow prayed In lamentable wise, Now will I enterprise, Thorough the grace divine Of the Muses nine, Her beauty to commend, If Arethusa will send Me influence to indite, And with my pen to write;
The Poetical Works

If Apollo will promise,
Melodiously it to devise,
His tunable harp strings
With harmony that sings
Of princes and of kings
And of all pleasant things,
Of lust and of delight,
Through his godly might; 870
To whom be the laud ascribed
That my pen hath imbibed
With the aureate drops,
As verily my hope is,
Of Tagus, that golden flood,
That passeth all earthly good;
And as that flood doth pass
All floods that ever was
With his golden sands,
Whoso that understands
Cosmography, and the streames
And the floods in strange reams,
Right so she doth exceed
All other of whom we read,
Whose fame by me shall spread
Into Persia and Mede,
From Britons' Albion
To the Tower of Babylon.

I trust it is no shame,
And no man will me blame, 890
Though I register her name
In the court of Fame;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flowerisheth new and new<110>
In beauty and virtue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femina,<111>
Retribue servo tuo, vivifica me!
Labia mea laudabunt te.<112>

But enforced am I
Openly to ascry,
And to make an outcry
Against odious Envy,<113>
That evermore will lie,
And say cursedly;
With his leather eye,
And cheeks dry;
With visage wan, 910
As swart as tan;
His bones creak,
Lean as a rake;
His gums rusty
Are full unlusty;
His heart withal
Bitter as gall;
His liver, his lung
With anger is wrung;
His serpent's tongue
That many one hath stung;
He frowneth ever;
He laugheth never,
Even nor morrow,
But other men's sorrow
Causeth him to grin
And rejoice therein;
No sleep can him catch,
But ever doth watch,
He is so beat
With malice, and fret
With anger and ire,
His foul desire
Will suffer no sleep
In his head to creep;
His foul semblant
All displeasant;
When others are glad,
Then is he sad;
Frantic and mad;
His tongue never still
For to say ill,
Writhing and wringing,
Biting and stinging;
And thus this elf
Consumeth himself,
Himself doth slo
With pain and woe.
This false Envy
Sayeth that I
Use great folly
For to indite,
And for to write,
And spend my time
In prose and rhyme,
For to express
The nobleness
Of my mistress,
That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation,
Of her commendation.
And there again
Envy doth complain,
And hath disdain;
But yet certain
I will be plain,
And my style dress
To this process.

Now Phoebus me ken
To sharp my pen,
And lead my fist
As him best list,
That I may say
Honour alway
Of womankind!
Truth doth me bind
And loyalty
Ever to be
Their true bedell,
To write and tell
How women excel
In nobleness;
As my mistress,
Of whom I think
With pen and ink
For to compile
Some goodly style;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:

Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femina,<111>
Legem pone mihi, domina, viam justificationum tuarum!
Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.<115>

How shall I report
All the goodly sort
Of her features clear,
That hath none earthly peer?
Her favour of her face
Ennewed all with grace,
Comfort, pleasure, and solace.
Mine heart doth so embrace,
And so hath ravished me
Her to behold and see,
That in words plain
I cannot me refrain
To look on her again:
Alas, what should I feign?
It were a pleasant pain
With her aye to remain.

Her even grey and steep
Causeth mine heart to leap;
With her brows bent<116>
She may well represent
Fair Lucre, as I ween,
Or else fair Polexene,<117>
Or else Calliope,
Or else Penelope;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:
_Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femina,_<111>
_Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo!
Servus tuus sum ego._<118>

The Indy sapphire blue
Her veins doth ennew;
The orient pearl so clear,
The whiteness of her lere;
Her lusty ruby rudds
Resemble the rose buds;
Her lips soft and merry
Enbloomed like the cherry,
It were an heavenly bliss
Her sugared mouth to kiss.

Her beauty to augment,
Dame Nature hath her lent
A wart upon her cheek,
Whoso list to seek
In her visage a scar,
That seemeth from afar
Like to the radiant star,
All with favour fret,<119>
So properly it is set:
She is the violet,
The daisy delectable,
The columbine commendable,
The jelofer amiable;<120>
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
_Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femina,_<111>
And when I perceived
Her wart and conceived,
It cannot be denied
But it was well conveyed,
And set so womanly,
And nothing wantonly,
But right conveniently,
And full congruently,
As Nature could devise,
In most goodly wise;
Whoso list behold,
It maketh lovers bold
To her to sue for grace,
Her favour to purchase;
The scar upon her chin,
Enhatched on her fair skin,
Whiter than the swan,
It would make any man
To forget deadly sin
Her favour to win;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femina,
Defecit in salutacione tua anima mea;
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima? babae!
Soft, and make no din,
For now I will begin
To have in remembrance
Her goodly dalliance,
And her goodly pastance:
So sad and so demure,
Behaving her so sure,
With words of pleasure
She would make to the lure
And any man convert
To give her his whole heart.
She made me sore amazed
Upon her when I gazed,
Methought mine heart was crazed,
My eyen were so dazed;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femin,<111>
Quomodo dixi legem tuam, domina!
Rexcent vetere, nova sint omnia.<127>

And to amend her tale,
When she list to avail,<128>
And with her fingers small,
And hands soft as silk,
Whiter than the milk,
That are so quickly veined,<129>
Wherewith my hand she strained,
Lord, how I was pained!
Unneth I me refrained,
How she me had reclaimed,<130>
And me to her retained,
Embracing therewithall
Her goodly middle small
With sides long and strait:
To tell you what conceit
I had then in a trice,
The matter were too nice,
And yet there was no vice,
Nor yet no villainy,
But only fantasy;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femin,<111>
Iniquos odio habui!
Non calumnientur me superbi.<131>

But whereto should I note
How often did I toot
Upon her pretty foot?
It rased mine heart-root
To see her tread the ground
With heels short and round.
She is plainly express
Egeria, the goddess,
And like to her image,
Emportured with courage,
A lover's pilgrimage;<132>
There is no beast savage,
Ne no tiger so wood,
But she would change his mood,
Such relucr ent grace
Is formed in her face;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:

\textit{Hac claritate gemina},
\textit{O gloriosa femina}, \textit{<111>}
\textit{Mirabilia testimonia tua!}
\textit{Sicut novellae plantationes in juventute sua}.\textit{<133>}

So goodly as she dresses,
So properly she presses
The bright golden tresses
Of her hair so fine,
Like Phoebus' beams shine.
Whereto should I disclose
The gartering of her hose?\textit{<134>}
It is for to suppose
How that she can wear
Gorgeously her gear;
Her fresh habiliments
With other implements
To serve for all intents,
Like Dame Flora, queen
Of lusty summer green;
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue:

\textit{Hac claritate gemina},
\textit{O gloriosa femina}, \textit{<111>}
\textit{Clamavi in toto corde, exaudi me!}
\textit{Misericordia tua magna est super me}.\textit{<135>}

Her kirtle\textit{<136>} so goodly laced,
And under that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say;
Yet though I write with ink,
No man can let me think,
For thought hath liberty,
Thought is frank and free;
To think a merry thought
It cost me little nor naught.
Would God mine homely style
Were polished with the file
Of Cicero's eloquence,
To praise her excellence!
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,  
So Jupiter me succour,  
She flourisheth new and new  
In beauty and virtue:

\textit{Hac claritate gemina,}  
\textit{O gloria\-sa femina},<\textit{111}>  
\textit{Principes persecuti sunt me gratis!}  
\textit{Omnibus consideratis,}  
\textit{Paradisus voluptatis}  
\textit{Haec virgo est dulcissima}.<\textit{137}>  

My pen it is unable,  
My hand it is unstable,  
My reason rude and dull  
To praise her at the full;  
Goodly Mistress Jane,  
Sober, demure Diane;  
Jane this mistress \textit{hight},  
The lode-star of delight,  
Dame Venus of all pleasure,  
The well of worldly treasure;  
She doth exceed and pass  
In prudence Dame Pallas;  
For this most goodly flower,  
This blossom of fresh colour,  
So Jupiter me succour,  
She flourisheth new and new  
In beauty and virtue:

\textit{Hac claritate gemina,}  
\textit{O gloria\-sa femina!}<\textit{111}>  

\textit{Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!}<\textit{74}>  
With this psalm, \textit{Domine, probasti me},<\textit{138}>  
Shall sail over the sea,  
With \textit{Tibi, Domine, commendamus},<\textit{139}>  
On pilgrimage to Saint James,  
For shrimps, and for prawns,  
And for stalking cranes;  
And where my pen hath offended,  
I pray you it may be amended  
By discreet consideration  
Of your wise reformation;  
I have not offended, I trust,  
If it be sadly discussed.  
It were no gentle guise  
This treatise to despise  
Because I have written and said  
Honour of this fair maid;  
Wherefore should I be blamed,  
That I Jane have named,  
And famously proclaimed?
She is worthy to be enrolled
With letters of gold.

Car elle vaut. <140> 1260

Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem. <141>

Laudibus eximiis merito haec redimita puella est:
Formosam cecini, qua non formosior nulla est;
Formosam potius quam commendaret Homerus.
Sic juvat interdum rigidos recreare labores,
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa .Minerva mea est.
Rien que plaisir. <142>

Thus endeth the Book of Philip Sparrow, and here followeth an addition made
by Master Skelton.

The guise nowadays
Of some jangling jays
Is to discommend 1270
That they cannot amend,
Though they would spend
All the wits they have.

What ails them to deprave<144>
Philip Sparrow's grave?
His Dirige, her Commendation
Can be no derogation,
But mirth and consolation
Made by protestation,
No man to discontent 1280
With Philip's interment.

Alas, that goodly maid,
Why should she be afraid?
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name,
Honourably reported,
Should be set and sorted,
To be matriculate
With ladies of estate?

I conjure thee, Philip Sparrow,
By Hercules that hell did harrow,<145>
And with a venomous arrow
Slew of the Epidaures<146>
One of the Centaures,
Or Onocentaures,<147>
Or Hippocentaures;<148>
By whose might and main
An hart was slain
With horns twain
Of glittering gold; 1300
And the apples of gold
Of Hesperides withhold,
And with a dragon kept
That nevermore slept,
By martial strength
He won at length;
And slew Geryon
With three bodies in one;
With mighty courage
Adaunted the rage
Of a lion savage;
Of Diomedes' stable
He brought out a rabble
Of coursers and rounces
With leaps and bounces;
And with mighty lugging,
Wrestling and tugging,
He plucked the bull
By the horned skull,
And offered to Cornucopia;<149>
And so forth per cetera.

Also by Hecate's bower,
In Pluto's ghastly tower;

By the ugly Eumenides,
That never have rest nor ease;

By the venomous serpent,
That in hell is never brent,<150>
In Lerna the Greek's fen,
That was engendered then;

By Chimera's flames,
And all the deadly names
Of infernal posty,
Where souls fry and roasty;

By the Stygian flood,
And the streams wood
Of Cocytus' bottomless well;

By the ferryman of hell,
Charon with his beard hoar,
That roweth with a rude oar
And with his frownded foretop
Guideth his boat with a prop:

I conjure Philip, and call
In the same of King Saul;
Primo Regum<151> express,
He bade the Pythoness<152>
To witchcraft her to dress,
And by her abusions
And damnable illusions
Of marvellous conclusions,
And by her superstitions,
And wonderful conditions,<153>
She raised up in that stead
Samuel that was dead;
But whether it were so,
He were idem in numero,<154>
The self-same Samuel,
Howbeit to Saul he did tell
The Philistines should him ascry,<155>
And the next day he should die,
I will myself discharge
To lettered men at large:

But, Philip, I conjure thee
Now by these names three,
Diana in the woods green,
Luna that so bright doth shine,
Proserpina in hell,
That thou shortly tell,
And show now unto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexity!

Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe pulchra Joanna
Instanter petii: cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet? est sero; minor est infamia vero.<156>

Then such as have disdained
And of this work complained,
I pray God they be pained
No worse than is contained
In verses two or three
That follow as ye may see.

Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas?
Talia te rapiant rapiunt quae fata volucrem!
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua.<157>
NOTES TO PHILIP SPARROW

1. PHILIP SPARROW 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: see Some Account of Skelton and his Writings.

The Luctus in morte Passeris of Catullus no doubt suggested the present production to Skelton, who, when he calls on "all manner of birds" (v. 387) to join in lamenting Philip Sparrow, seems also to have had an eye to Ovid's elegy In mortem Psittaci, Amor. ii. 6. Another piece of the kind is extant among the compositions of antiquity,—the Psittacus Atedii Melioris of Statius, Silv. ii. 4. In the Amphitheatrum Sapientiae Socraticae Joco-seriae, &c., of Dornavius, i. 460 sqq. may be found various Latin poems on the deaths, &c. of sparrows by writers posterior to the time of Skelton. See too Herrick's lines Upon the death of his Sparrow, an Elegy, Hesperides, 1648. p. 117; and the verses entitled Phyllis on the death of her Sparrow, attributed to Drummond, Works, 1711. p. 50. "Old Skelton's 'Philip Sparrow,' an exquisite and original poem." Coleridge's Remains, ii. 163. Page 61.

2. Placebo,

... Dilexi] "I will please . . . I am well pleased". These, and many other Latin phrases in the poem, are taken from the Service for the Dead. See Glen Gunnhouse's Hypertext Book of Hours at http://www.medievalist.net/hourstxt/deadves.htm. Skelton is not the only writer that has taken liberties with the Catholic liturgy. In Chaucer's Court of Love, parts of it are sung by various birds; Domine, labia by the nightingale, Venite by the eagle, &c., Works, fol. 333. ed. 1602: in a short poem by Lydgate "diverse fowls" are introduced singing different hymns. MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 37: and see too a poem (attributed, without any authority, to Skelton) called Harmony of Birds, n. d., reprinted (inaccurately) in Typog. Antiq. iv. 380. ed. Dibdin; and Sir D. Lyndsay's Complaint of the Papingo, Works, i. 325. ed. Chalmers. In Reynard the Fox, we are told that at the burial of "coppe, chantecleer's daughter," —"Then began they placebo domino, with the verses that belongen," &c. Sig. a 8. ed. 1481. Compare also the mock Requiem printed (somewhat incorrectly) from MS. Cott. Vesp. B. 16. in Ritson's Ancient Songs, i. 118. ed. 1829; Dunbar's Dirige to the King at Stirling, Poems, i. 86. ed. Laing; and the following lines of a rare tract entitled A Commemoration or Dirige of Bonner, &c., by Lemeke Auale, 1569,—

Heu me, beware the bug, out quod Bonner alas,
De profundis clamavi, how is this matter come to pass.
Laevavi oculos meos from a dark deep place," &c.
sig. A viii.

(Placebo Domine—I will please the Lord"
Heu me—"Woe is me"
De profundis clamavi—"I have cried out from the depths"
Laevavi oculos meos—"I have raised my eyes")

Other pieces of the kind might be pointed out.

3. Philip Sparrow] Philip, or Phip, was a familiar name given to a sparrow from its note being supposed to resemble that sound.
4. *Carrow*] A nunnery in the suburbs of Norwich. "Here [at Norwich]," says Tanner, "was an ancient hospital or nunnery dedicated to St. Mary and St. John; to which K. Stephen having given lands and meadows without the south gate, Seyna and Leftelina two of the sisters, A. D. 1146, began the foundation of a new monastery called Kairo, Carow, or Carhou, which was dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, and consisted of a prioress and nine Benedictine nuns." *Not. Mon.* p. 347. ed. 1744. In 1273, Pope Gregory the Tenth inhibited the Prioress and convent from receiving more nuns than their income would maintain, upon their representation that the English nobility, whom they could not resist, had obliged them to take in so many sisters that they were unable to support them. At the Dissolution, the number of nuns was twelve. The site of the nunnery, within the walls, contained about ten acres. It was granted, with its chief revenues, in the 30th Henry viii. to Sir John Shelton, knight, who fitted up the parlour and hall, which were noble rooms, when he came to reside there, not long after the Dissolution. It continued in the Shelton family for several generations. This nunnery was 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.

See more concerning Carow in Dugdale's Monast. (new ed.) iv. 68 sqq., and Blomefield's Hist. of Nor folk, ii. 862 sqq. ed. fol.

5. *Nuns Black*] i.e. Black Nuns,—Benedictines.

6. *The tears down hailed*] So Hawes;

"That evermore the salt tears down hailed."


7. *Gib our cat*] Gib, a contraction of Gilbert, was a name formerly given to a male cat:

"Gib our Cat,
That awaiteth Mice and Rats to killen."


8. *Dominum, cum tribularer, clamavi*] "When I was in tribulation I cried to our Lord"

G. Gunhouse.

9. *Acherontes' well*] i.e. Acheron's well. So,—after the fashion of our early poets,—Skelton writes *Zenophontes* for *Xenophon*, *Eneidos* for *Eneis*, *Achilliedos* for *Achilleis*, &c.

10. *outray*] i.e. vanquish, overcome: and so in the following passages.

"Whom Hercules most strong and courageous,
Sometimes *outrayed*, and slew him with his hand."

Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, B. i. leaf xxvii. ed. Wayland.

"All be that Croesus fought long in his defence,
He finally by Cyrus was *outrayed*,
And deprived by knightly violence,
Take in the field," &c.


"But it may fall, a dwarf in his right,
To *outray* a giant for all his great might."

11. *Levavi oculos meos in montes*] "I have lifted up mine eyes unto the mountains" G. Gunhouse.

12. *Zenophontes* i.e. Xenophon: see note 9 above.

13. *For to keep his cut,*

*With, Philip, keep your cut!*] Compare Sir Philip Sidney in a sonnet;

"Good brother Philip, I have borne you long,
I was content you should in favour creep,
While craftily you seem'd your cut to keep,
As though that fair soft hand did you great wrong."

*Astrophel and Stella*, p. 548. ed. 1613.

Brome in *The Northern Lass*, 1632;

"A bonny bonny Bird I had
A bird that was my Marrow:
A bird whose pastime made me glad,
And Philip 'twas my Sparrow.
A pretty Playfere: Chirp it would,
And hop, and fly to fist,
*Keep cut*, as 'twere a Usurers Gold,
And bill me when I list."

Act iii. sc. 2. sig. G 2.

and in *The New Academy*; "But look how she turns and keeps cut like my Sparrow. She will be my back Sweet-heart still I see, and love me behind." Act iv. sc. 1. p. 72. *(Five New Plays*, 1659).

14. *Between my breasts soft*

*It would lie and rest*] So Catullus, in the beginning of his verses *Ad Passerem Lesbiae*, (a distinct poem from that mentioned above);

"Passer, delicae meae puellae,
Quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere," &c.
(Sparrow, my girl's delight,
With which she plays, which she holds to her bosom)

15. *Sin in i qui ta tes.*] "Without evil"

16. *De pro fun dis cla ma vi*] "I cried out from the depths"

17. *Sulpicia* Lived in the age of Domitian. Her satire *De corrupto statu reipub. temporibus Domitiani, praesertim cum edicto Philosophos urbe exegisset*, ("Of the corrupt condition of the state in the time of Domitian, especially as shown by the decree expelling philosophers from the City") may be found in Wernsdorf's ed. of *Poetae Latini Minores*, iii. 83.

18. *Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo*] "I will confess to thee O Lord in my whole heart:" G. Gunhouse.

19. *ride and go*] A sort of pleonastic expression which repeatedly occurs in our early writers. [It means ride and *walk*.]

20. *Pargame* i.e. Pergamus.

21. *My Sparrow white as milk*] Compare Sir P. Sidney;

"They saw a maid who thitherward did run,
To catch her sparrow which from her did swerve,
As she a black-silk Cap on him begun
To sett, for foil of his milk-white to serve."

Arcadia, lib. i. p. 85. ed. 1613.

22. A porta inferi] "Fom the gate of hell"

23. Au di vi vo cem] "I have heard the voice"

24. Ma gni fi cat] "He exalts"

25. Armony] i.e. Armenia.—So in Processus Noah;

"What ground may this be?
Noah. The hills of Armony."

Townley Myst. p. 32.

26. Wherefore the birds yet cry
Of your father's boat] The reading of Kele's ed.,"boards,", is perhaps the true one;—compare Piers Plowman;

"And [God] came to Noah anon, and bade him not let
Swith go shape a ship of shides and of boards."


and qy. did Skelton write,—

"Whereon the boards yet lie?"

27. untwined] i.e. tore to pieces, destroyed: so again in our author's Garland of Laurel;

"This goodly flower with storms was untwined."

v. 1445.

28. Libany] i.e. Libya.

29. manticores] "Another manner of beasts there is in India that ben called manticora, and hath visage of a man, and three huge great teeth in his throat, he hath eyes like a goat and body of a lion, tail of a scorpion and voice of a serpent in such wise that by his sweet song he draweth to him the people and devoureth them and is more deliverer to go than is a fowl to flee." Caxton's Mirror of the world, 1480. sig. e vii. See also R. Holme's Ac. of Armory, 1688. B. ii. p. 212.—This fabulous account is derived from Pliny.

30. Melanchaetes, that hound] See the story of Actaeon in Ovid's Metam.;

"Prima Melanchaetes in tergo vulnera fecit."

iii. 232.

(First, Melanchaetes wounds his back.)"

31. That his own lord bote,
Might bite asunder thy throat!]—bote, i.e. bit. So in Sir Tryamoure;

"He took the steward by the throat,
And asunder he it bote."

Early Pop. Poetry (by Utterson), i. 28.

32. The wild wolf Lycaon] See Ovid's Metam. i. 163 sqq. for an account of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, being transformed into a wolf. I ought to add, that he figures in a work well known to the readers of Skelton's time—The Recueil of the Histories of Troy.
33. And go in at my spare,  
And creep in at my gore  
Of my gown before] "Spare of a gown, fente de la robe." Palsgrave, p. 273. "That part of women's clothes, sik as of their gown or petticoat, quhilk under the belt and before is open, commonly is called the spare." Skene, quoted by Jamieson, Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. in v. Spare. Gore, a triangular piece of cloth inserted at the bottom of a shirt or shift, to give breadth to the lower part of it.

34. Kyrie, eleison,  
Christe, eleison,  
Kyrie, eleison!] "Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy  
Lord, have mercy!"

35. Lauda anima mea, Dominum] "May my soul praise you, O Lord"

36. To weep with me look that ye come,  
All manner of birds in your kind, &c.] Compare Ovid (see note 1 above):

"Psittacus, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis,  
Occidit: exequias ite frequenter, aves.  
Ite, piae volucres, et plangite pectora pennis,  
Et rigido teneras ungue notate genas.  
Horrida pro moestis lanietur pluma capillis,  
Pro longa resonent carmina vestra tuba."  
Amor. lib. ii. El. vi. 5. 1.

("Our parrot, winged mimic of the human voice, sent from farthest Ind, is dead. Come ye in flocks, ye birds, unto his obsequies. Come, ye pious denizens of the air; beat your bosoms with your wings and with your rigid claws, score furrows on your dainty heads. Even as mourners rend their hair, rend ye your ruffled plumes. Since the far-sounding clarion is silent, sing ye a doleful song" J. Lewis May)

37. jangling] i.e. babbling, chattering—an epithet generally applied to the jay by our old poets.

38. The dotterel, that foolish peak] The dotterel is said to allow itself to be caught, while it imitates the gestures of the Fowler: peak, seems here to be used by Skelton in the sense of—contemptible fellow; so in his Colyn Cloute;

Of such Pater-noster peaks  
All the world speaks."  
v. 264.

And see Todd's Johnson's Dict., and Richardson's Dict. in v. Peak.

39. To keep just plain-song,  
Our chanters shall be the cuckoo] So Shakespeare mentions "the plain-song cuckoo gray." Mids. Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 1.

40. peewit the lapwing] In some parts of England, the lapwing is called peewit from its peculiar cry.

41. The bittern with his bump] "The Bitter, or Bittern, Bumpeth, when he puts his Bill in the reeds." R. Holme's Ac. of Armory, 1688. B. ii. p. 310.

42. Menander] Means here Maeander: but I have not altered the text; because our early poets took great liberties with classical names; because all the eds. of Skelton's Speak, Parrot, have
"Alexander, a gander of Menander's pool."

v. 178.

and because the following passage occurs in a poem by some imitator of Skelton;

"Wots not where to wander,
Whether to Meander,
Or unto Menander."

The Image of Hypocrisy, Part Third.

43. wake] i.e. watching of the dead body during the night.

44. The owl, that is so foul]—foul, i.e. ugly. The Houlate, (in the poem so called, by Holland), says,

"Thus all the fowls, for my filth, has me at feud."

Pinkerton's Scot. Poems, iii. 149.

45. the gagging gant]—gagging is cackling: Our author in his Elynour Rumming has

"In came another dant,
With a goose and a gant."

v. 515.

where gant is plainly used for gander. In the present passage, however, gant must have a different signification ("The goose and the gander" being mentioned v. 435), and means, I apprehend,—wild goose. [Rather gannet, solan goose, as explained by Way, Promptor. Parvul. vol. i. p. 186.]

46. The barnacle] i.e. The goose-barnacle, concerning the production of which the most absurd fables were told and credited: some asserted that it was originally the shell-fish called barnacle, others that it grew on trees, &c.

47. Money they shall deal, &c.] According to the ancient custom at funerals.

48. brabbling] i.e. clamour, noise—properly, quarrel, squabble.

49. the osprey

That putteth fishes to a fray]—fray, i.e. fright. It was said that when the osprey, which feeds on fish, hovered over the water, they became fascinated and turned up their bellies.

50. The stork also,

That maketh his nest
In chimneys to rest;
Within those walls
No broken galls
May there abide

Of cuckoldry side] The stork breeds in chimney-tops, and was fabled to forsake the place, if the man or wife of the house committed adultery. The following lines of Lydgate will illustrate the rest of the passage:

"a certain knight,
Gyges called, thing shameful to be told,
To speak plain English, made him [i.e. Candaules] cuckold.
Alas! I was not advised well before,
Unconningly to speak such language:
I should have said how that he had an horn,
Or sought some term with a fair visage,
To excuse my rudeness of this great outrage:
And in some land Cornodo men do them call,
And some affirm that such folk have no gall."
*Fall of Princes*, B. ii. leaf lvi. ed Wayland.

51. **The ostrich, that will eat**

*An horseshoe so great*]—In *Struthiocamelus*, a portion of that strange book *Philomnythie*, &c., by Tho. Scot., 1616, a merchant seeing an ostrich, in the desert, eating iron, asks

"What nourishment can from those metals grow?
The Ostrich answers; Sir, I do not eat
This iron, as you think I do, for meat.
I only keep it, lay it up in store,
To help my needy friends, the friendless poor.
I often meet (as far and near I go)
Many a founedered horse that wants a shoe,
Serving a Master that is moneyless
Such I relieve and help in their distress"
Sig. E 7.

52. **at a braid** Has occurred before in our author's Bowge of Court, where it means—in an instant; but here it seems to have a somewhat different meaning, and to signify—at an effort, at a push. "*At a braid, Faisant mon effort, ton effort, son effort, &c.*" Palsgrave, p. 831. This expression is used here in connection with singing: [?] and in one of the *Christmas Carols*, printed for the Percy Society, p. 51, we find,

"Wherefore sing we all *at a braid*, Noel."

53. **E-la**] i.e. the highest note in the scale of music.

54. **Ne quando**

*Male cantando,*] "Nor when, singing badly"

55. **The best that we can,**

*To make him our bell-man,*

*And let him ring the bells;*

*He can do nothing else*] "*Sit campanista, qui non vult esse sophista,* Let him be a bell-ringer, that will be no good Singer." Withals's *Dict*. p. 178. ed. 1634.

56. **Chanticleer, our cock,**

*By the astrology*

*That he hath naturally,* &c.] So Chaucer;

"But when the cock, common Astrologer,
Gan on his breast to beat," &c.
*Troilus and Cressida*, B. iii. fol. 164.—*Works*, ed. 1602.

See also Lydgate's *Wars of Troy*, B. i. sig. D v. ed. 1555; and his copy of verses (entitled in the Catalogue *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*), *MS. Harl.* 2255. fol. 132.

57. **Albumasar**] A famous Arabian, of the ninth century.


59. **Partlot his hen**] So in Chaucer's *Nun's Priests Tale*; Lydgate's copy of verses (entitled in the Catalogue *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*), *MS. Harl.* 2255. fol. 132; and G. Douglas's Prol. to the xii Book of his *Eneados*, p. 401. 1.
54. ed. Ruddiman, who conjectures that the name was applied to a hen in reference to the ruff (the partlet), or ring of feathers about her neck.

60. *Libera me*] "Set me free."

61. *B molle*] i.e. B flat. So in the last stanza of a poem by W. Cornishe, printed in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Works*, 1568;

"I keep by round and he by square
The one is B molle and the other B square."

(B square is B sharp)

62. *Pliny showeth all*  
*In his Story Natural*] See *Historia Naturalis*, lib. x. sect. 2.

63. *the sedean*] Does it mean subdean, or subdeacon? [Sedekine, sub-deacon. Halliwell, Dict.]

64. *the noble falcon*] "There are seven kinds of Falcons, and among them all for her nobleness and hardy courage, and withal the frankness of her mettle, I may, and do mean to place the Falcon gentle in chief." Turbervile's *Book of Falconry*, &c. p. 25. ed. 1611.

65. *the gyrfalcon*] "Is a gallant Hawk to behold, more huge then any other kind of Falcon, &c." *ibid.* p. 42.

66. *The tiercel gentle*] Is properly the male of the goshawk; but Skelton probably did not use the term in its exact meaning, for in the fifth line after this he mentions "the goshawk." It is commonly said (see Steevens's note, on *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.) to be called tiercel because it is a tierce or third less than the female. But, according to Turbervile, "he is termed a Tiercelet, for that there are most commonly disclosed three birds in one self eyrie, two Hawks and one Tiercel." *Book of Falconry*, &c. p. 59. ed. 1611.

67. *Amice*]— properly the first of the six vestments common to the bishop and presbyters. "First do on the amice, then the alb, then the girdle, then the maniple, then the stole, then the chasuble." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. E iii. ed. 1530.


69. *The lanners and the merlins*] "They are more blank (i.e. white) Hawks then any other, they have less beaks than the rest, and are less armed and pounced then other Falcons be." Turbervile's *Book of Falconry*, &c. p. 47. ed. 1611. — *the merlins*,—the smallest of the hawks used by falconers.

70. *The hobby*] "Of all birds of prey that belong to the Falconers use, I know none less than the Hobby, unless it be the Merlyn." Turbervile's *Book of Falconry*, &c. p. 53. ed. 1611.

71. *the musket*] i.e. the male sparrow-hawk. "You must note, that all these kind of hawks have their male birds and cocks of every sort and gender, as the Eagle his Erne and the Sparrow hawk his Musket." Turbervile's *Book of Falconry*, &c. p. 3. "The male sparrow hawk is called a musket." *The Country Farm*, p. 877. ed. 1600.


73. *holy water clerk*] *Aquaebajulus*, an office usually mentioned with contempt.
74. Requiem aeternum dona eis, Domine] "Grant them eternal rest, O Lord"
75. Credo videre bona Domini] "I believe I shall see the good Lord"
76. Domine, exaudi orationem meam] "Lord, hear my prayer"
77. Oremus,
Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere] "Let us pray,
O God whose nature is to have mercy and to spare"

78. And wrapped in a maiden's smock] Spenser seems to have recollected this passage: he says, that when Cupid was stung by a bee, Venus

"took him straight full piteously lamenting,
And wrapt him in his smock."

See a little poem in his Works, viii. 185. ed. Todd.

79. the pretty wren,
That is our Lady's hen] So in a poem (attributed, on no authority, to Skelton) entitled Harmony of Birds, n. d., and reprinted entire in Typogr. Antiq. iv. 380. ed. Dibdin;

"Then said the wren,
I am called the hen
Of our lady most comely."

p. 382.

Wilbraham, in his Cheshire Gloss. p. 105, gives the following metrical adage as common in that county;

"The Robin and the Wren
Are God's cock and hen,
The Martin and the Swallow
Are God's mate and marrow."

In the Ballad of Kind Kittcock, attributed to Dunbar, we are told that after death she "was our Lady's hen-wife," Poems, ii. 36. ed. Laing.—An Elysium, very different from that described in the somewhat profane passage of our text, is assigned by the delicate fancy of Ovid to the parrot of his mistress, in the poem to which (as I have before observed, Skelton seems to have had an eye;

"Colle sub Elysio nigra nemus illice frondens," &c.
Amor. 6. 49.
("There, in Elysium, on a hill-side's gentle slope there stands a forest of broad, shady oaks" J. Lewis May)

I had written the above note before the appearance of a valuable volume put forth by the Bannatyne Club, entitled *Syr Gawayne; A collection of Ancient Romance-Poems, by Scotish and English Authors, relating to that celebrated Knight of the Round Table, with an Introduction, &c.*, by Sir F. Madden, 1839.

81. *Sir Guy*] In *The Rime of Sir Thopas*, Chaucer mentions "Sir Guy" as one of the "romances of pris." For an account of, extracts from, and an analysis of, the English romance on the subject of this renowned hero of Warwick, see Ritson's *Met. Rom. (Dissert.)* i. xcii., Warton's *Hist. of E. P.* i. 169. ed. 4to., and Ellis's *Spec. of Met. Rom.* ii. I must also refer the reader to a volume, issued by the Abbotsford Club, entitled *The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick, and Rembrun his son. Now first edited from the Auchinleck MS.* 1840.

82. *the Golden Fleece,*

*How Jason it won*] A book of the whole life of Jason was printed by Caxton in folio, n. d. (about 1475), being a translation by that venerable typographer from the French of Raoul le Fevre. A copy of it (now before me) in the King's Library, though apparently perfect, has no title of any sort. Specimens of this prose-romance, which is not without merit, may be found in Dibdin's *Biblioth. Spenc.* iv. 199.—The story of Jason is also told by Chaucer, *Legend of Hipsiphile and Medea*; by Gower, *Conf. Am.* Lib. v. ; and, at considerable length, by Lydgate. *Wars of Troy*, B. i.

83. *Of Arthur's Round Table,*

*With his knights commendable,*

*And Dame Gaynour, his queen,*

*Was somewhat wanton, I ween;*

*How Sir Lancelot de Lake*

*Many a spear brake*

*For his lady's sake;*

*Of Tristram, and King Mark,*

*And all the whole work*

*Of Belle Isolde his wife*

*For whom was much strife;*] Concerning the various romances on the subject of Arthur, Lancelot, Tristram, &c. see Sir F. Madden's Introduction to the volume already mentioned, *Syr Gawayne*, &c.—In this passage, however, Skelton seems to allude more particularly to a celebrated compilation from the French— the prose romance of *The Birth, Life, and Acts of King Arthur*, &c., commonly known by the name of *Morte d'Arthur*. At the conclusion of the first edition printed in folio by Caxton (and reprinted in 1817 with an Introd. and Notes by Southey) we are told "this book was ended the ix. year of the reign of king Edward the Fourth by sir Thomas Malory, knight" . . . "which book was reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory knight as before is said and by me [Caxton] divided into xxi books chaptered and emprinted and finished in th'abbey Westminster the last day of July the year of our lord mcccmxxxv."

In the *Morte d'Arthur*, the gallant and courteous Sir Lancelot du Lake, son of King Ban of Benwyck, figures as the devoted lover of Arthur's queen, Guinevere (Skelton's "Gaynour"), daughter of King Lodegreans of Camelard. On several occasions, Guinevere after being condemned to be burnt, is saved by the valour of her knight. But their criminal intercourse proves in the end the destruction of Arthur and of the fellowship of the Round Table. Guinevere becomes a nun, Lancelot a priest. The last meeting of the guilty pair,—the interment of Guinevere's body by her paramour,—and
the death of Lancelot, are related with no ordinary pathos and simplicity. The same work treats fully of the loves of Sir Tristram, son of King Melyodas of Lyonesse, and La Belle Isoud (Skelton's "Belle Isolde"), daughter of King Angus of Ireland, and wife of King Mark of Cornwall, Tristram’s uncle.—(Tristram’s wife, Isoud La Blaunche Maynys, was daughter of King Howel of Bretagne).—The excuse for the intrigue between Tristram and his uncle’s spouse is, that their mutual passion was the consequence of a love-potion, which they both drank without being aware of its nature.

"In our forefathers time," observes Ascham, some what severely, "when Papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of Chivalry, as they said for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries, by idle Monks, or wanton Canons: as one for example Morte Arthure: the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter, and bold bawdry: in which book, those be counted the noblest knights, that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts: as Sir Lancelot, with the wife of king Arthur his master: Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Mark his uncle: Sir Lamorak, with the wife of king Lot, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff, for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the Court, and Morte Arthure received into the Prince's chamber." The School Master, fol. 27. ed. 1571.

84. — of syr Lybius, Named Dysconius] See the romance of Lybeaus Disconus (Le beau desconnu), in Ritson's Met. Rom. ii.; also Sir F. Madden's note in the volume entitled Syr Gawayne, &c. p. 346.

85. Of Quater Fylx Amund, . . how they rode eche one On Bayarde Mountalbon; Men se hym now and then In the forest of Arden] The English prose romance on the subject of these worthies came originally from the press of Caxton, an imperfect copy of his edition n. d. folio, being in Lord Spencer's library; see Dibdin's AEdes Althorp. ii. 298: and that it was also translated from the French by Caxton himself, there is every reason to believe; see Dibdin's Biblio. Decam. 438. According to the colophon of Copland's ed., this romance was reprinted in 1504 by Wynkyn de Worde; see Typ. Antiq. ii. 116. ed. Dibdin. Copland's edition has the following title: The right pleasant and goodly History of the four sons of Aimon the which for the excellent indicting of it, and for the notable Prowess and great virtues that were in them: is no less pleasant to read, than worthy to be known of all estates both high and low, M.CCCCC.LIII. folio. The names of the brothers were "Reynawde, Alarde, Guycharde, and Rycharde, that were wonderful fair, witty, great, mighty, and valiaunt, specially Reynawde which was the greatest and the tallest man that was found at that time in all the world. For he had xvi. feet of length and more." fol. i. ed. Copl. The father of this hopeful family was Duke of Ardeyne.

Bayarde—(properly a bay horse, but used for a horse in general)—" was such a horse, that never was his like in all the world nor never shall be except Busifal the horse of the great King Alexander. For as for to have run. xxx. mile together he would never have sweated. The said Bayarde this horse was grown in the Isle of Boruscan; and
Mawgys the son of the duke Benes of Aygremont had given to his cousin Reynawde, that after made the King Charlemagne full wroth and sorry." fol. v. Reynawde had a castle in Gascoigne called Mountawban; hence Skelton's expression, "Bayarde Mountalbon." A woodcut on the title-page represents the four brothers riding "each one" upon the poor animal. "I," says Reynawde, relating a certain adventure, "mounted upon Bayarde and my brethren I made to mount also th'one before and the two other behind me, and thus rode we all four upon my horse Bayarde." fol. lxxxii. Charlemagne, we are told, made peace with Reynawde on condition that he should go as a pilgrim, poorly clothed and begging his bread, to the holy land, and that he should deliver up Bayarde to him. When Charlemagne had got possession of the horse,—"Ha Bayarde, Bayarde," said he, "thou hast often angered me, but I am come to the point, god gramercy, for to avenge me;" and accordingly he caused Bayarde to be thrown from a bridge into the river Meuse, with a great millstone fastened to his neck. "Now ye ought to know that after that Bayarde was cast in the river of Meuse: he went unto the bottom as ye have heard, and might not come up for because of the great stone that was at his neck which was horrible heavy, and when Bayarde saw he might none otherwise escape: he smote so long and so hard with his feet upon the millstone: that he burst it, and came again above the water and began to swim, so that he passed it all over at the other side, and when he was come to lande: He shaked himselfe for to make fall the water fro him and began to cry high, and made a marvellous noise, and after began to run so swiftly as the tempest had borne him away, and entered in to the great forest of Ardennes . . . and wit it for very certain that the folk of the countr耶 sayen, that he is yet alive within the wood of Ardennes. But wit it when he seeth man or woman: He runneth anon away, so that no body may come near him." fol. cxlv.

86. Of Judas Machabeus] "Gaultier de Belleperche Arbalestrier, ou Gaultier Arbaletetrier de Belleperche, commenca le Romans de Judas Machabee, poursuivit jusques à sa mort . . . Pierre du Riez le continua jusques à la fin." ("Gaultier &c. started the Romance of Judas Maccabeus, and worked on it until his death, Pierre du Riez continued it to the end.") Fauchet's Reveil de l'origine de la langue et poesie Française, &c., p. 197.

87. of Caesar Julius] In the prologue to an ancient MS. poem, The book of Stories called Cursor Mundi, translated from the French, mention is made of the romance "Of Julius Caesar the emperor." Warton's Hist. of E. P., i. 123, note, ed. 4to.

88. of the love between Paris and Vienne] This prose romance was printed by Caxton in folio: Here beginneth t'history of the noble right valiant and worthy knight Paris, and of the fair Vienne the dauphin's daughter of Viennois, the which suffered many adversities because of their true love ere they could enjoy the effect thereof of each other. Colophon: Thus endeth t'history of the noble, &c. &c., translated out of French into English by William Caxton at Westminster finished the last day of August the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV, and enprinted the xix day of December the same year, and the first year of the reign of king Harry the seventh.

Gawin Douglas tells us in his Palace of Honour, that, among the attendants on Venus,

"Of France I saw there Paris and Vienne."
p. 16. Bann. ed.

89. duke Hannibal]—duke, i.e. leader, lord,— So Lydgate;
"Which brother was unto duke Hannibal."
*Fall of Princes*, B. ii. leaf xlv. ed. Wayland;

and in a copy of verses entitled *Thank God of all*, he applies the word to our Saviour;

"The dearworth duke that deem us shall."
*MS. Cott. Calig. A ii. fol. 66.*

90. *Of Hector of Troy,*
*That was all their joy*] See the *Wars of Troy* by Lydgate, a paraphrasical translation of Guido de Colonna's *Historia Trojana*: it was first printed in 1513. See too the *Recueil of the Histories of Troy*. Compare Hawes;

"Of the worthy Hector that was all their joye."
The Pastime of pleasure, sig. P iii. ed. 1555.

91. *of the love so hot*
*That made Troilus to dote*
Upon fair Cressid, &c.] See Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*.

92. *ouche*] i.e. a buckle, clasp, brooch; or any other ornament. —Concerning *ouche*, a word whose etymology and primary signification are uncertain, see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss*.
to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. *Nouches*, and Richardson's *Dict. in v. Ouch*.—Here, perhaps, it means a brooch: for in the third book of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, Cressid proposes that Pandarus should bear a "blue ring" from her to Troilus; and (ibid.) afterwards the lovers

"interchanged their rings,
Of which I can not tellen no scripture,
But well I wot, a *broche* of gold and azure,
In which a Ruby set was like an heart,
Cresseid him gave, and stuck it on his shirt."

After Cressid becomes acquainted with Diomede, she gives him a *brooch*, which she had received from Troilus on the day of her departure from Troy. *Ibid*. fols. 179, 181.

93. *That made the male to to wring*] So Skelton elsewhere;

"That ye can not espy
Howe the *male doth wry*."  
*Colyn Cloute*, v. 687.

"The countering at Calais
*Wrung us on the males.*
*Why come ye not to Court*, v. 74.

and so Lydgate;

"Now all so mote I thrive and thé, said he then,
I can not see for all wits and espies,
And craft and cunning, but that the *male so wries*
That no cunning may prevail and appear
Against a woman's wit and her answer."

94. *kiss the post*] i.e. to be baffled, fail of one's object. So Barclay;

"Yet from beginning absent if thou be,
Either shalt thou lose thy meat and *kiss the post*," &c.
The expression is found in much later writers: see, for instance, Heywood's Woman Killed with Kindness, sig. E 2. ed. 1617.

95. of Antiochus] Whom Chaucer calls "the cursed king Antiochus." The Man of Law's Prol. v. 4502. ed. Tyr. His story may be found in Gower's Confessio Amantis, lib. viii. fol. clxxv. sqq. ed. 1554.

96. De Antiquitatibus] "Of the Antiquities " i.e The Antiquites of the Jews by Flavius Josephus.

97. of Mardocheus, And of great Ahasuerus, &c.] "Even scripture-history was turned into romance. The story of Esther and Ahasuerus, or of Anion or Hanlon, and Mardocheus or Mordecai, was formed into a fabulous poem." Warton, note on Hist. of E. P. ii. 178. (where some lines of the romance are quoted from a MS.) ed. 4to.

98. Vesca] i.e. Vashti.


100. of king Evander] As the lady declares (v. 756) that she was slightly acquainted with Virgil, we may suppose that her knowledge of this personage was derived from The Recueil of the Histories of Troy, and Caxton's Book of Eneydos.

101. too diffuse for me] i.e. too difficult for me to understand. "Diffuse, hard to be understand." Palsgrave, p. 310.

"But oft yet by it [logic] a thing plain, bright and pure,
Is made diffuse, unknown, hard and obscure."
Barclay's Ship of Fooles, fol. 53. ed. 1570.

102. ennewed] "I Ennewe, I set the last and freshest colour upon a thing, as painters do when their work shall remain to declare their cunning, Je renouvelle. Your image is in manner done; so soon as I have ennewed it I will send it you home," &c. Palsgrave, p. 536.

"Alike ennewed with quickness of colour,
Both of the rose and the lily flower."
Lydgate's Wars of Troy, B. ii. sig. I ii. ed. 1555.

103. John Lydgate
Writeth after an higher rate] Lydgate, however, disclaims all elevation of style: see his Fall of Princes, Prol. sig. A iii. ed. Wayland; his Wars of Troy, B. ii. sigs. F ii, K ii, B. v. sigs. E e i. ii. iii. ed. 1555.

104. No man that can amend, &c.] So Hawes, speaking of the works of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate;

"Whose famous draughts no man can amende."
The Pastime of pleasure, sig. G iii. ed. 1555.

105. In worth] i.e. kindly.

106. Flos volucrum formose, vale!

Pectore semper eris] "Farewell, beautiful flower of birds! Philip, you lie beneath this
John Skelton

marble, you who were dear to me. Your image will be graven on my heart, as long as the stars shine in the sky"

107. Per me laurigerum

....

Bien m'en souvientJ "This poem is allowed to be sung by me, Skelton, the Poet Laureate of Britain. Johanna, the virgin who owned the bird, is most excellent, more beautiful in her person, purer than the Naiad; Corinna was taught it, but the learned themselves know it. I well remember it."

108. Beati immaculati in via,
O gloriosa femina] "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, O most renowned lady"

109. If Arethusa will send
Me influence to indite] Skelton recollected that Virgil had invoked this nymph as a Muse;

"Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem."
Ecl. x. 1.
"(‘My last task this – vouchsafe me it, Arethusa!’ H.R.Fairclough)

110. She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue] So Lydgate:

"And ever increasing in virtue new and new."
The Temple of Glus., sig. b vii. n. d. 4to.

111. Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa femina] "O most renowned and doubly bright lady"

112. Retribue servo tuo, vivifica me!
Labia mea laudabunt te]

"Reward your servant, so that I may live!
My lips praise you"

113. odious Envy, &c.] Here Skelton has an eye to Ovid's picture of Envy:

"Pallor in ore sedet; macies in corpore toto:
Nusquam recta acies: livent rubigine dentes:
Pectora felle virent: lingua est suffusa veneno.
Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.
Nec, fruitur sommo, vigilacibus excita curis:
Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
Successus hominum: carpitque et carpitur una:
Suppliciumque suum est."
Met. ii. 775
"(‘Her sight is skewed, her teeth are livid with decay, her breast is green with bile, and her tongue is suffused with venom. She only smiles at the sight of suffering. She never sleeps, excited by watchful cares. She finds men’s successes disagreeable, and pines away at the sight. She gnaws and being gnawed is also her own punishment.’
A. S. Kline)

See too the description of Envy in Piers Plowman, sig. F ii. ed. 1561.

114. Lean as a rake] From Chaucer.

"As lean was his horse as is a rake."
Prol. to Cant. Tales, v. 289. ed. Tyr.
115. *Legem pone mihi, domina, viam justificationum tuarum!*
*Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum*
"Set before me for a law the way of thy justifications, O Lady!
As the hart panteth after the fountains of water."

116. *With her browes bent* —bent, i.e. arched. Compare Hawes:

"Her forehead steep with fair brows ybent,
*Her eyen gray."
*The Pastime of pleasure.* sig. S i. ed. 1555

I may just observe that these passages (and many others which might be cited) show how unnecessarily Ritson substituted "brent" for "bent" in *The Squire of Low Degree*; see his note, *Met. Rom.* iii. 351.

117. *Polexene* i.e. Polyxena, the daughter of Priam,—celebrated by Lydgate in his *Wars of Troy*, and by others.

118. *Memor esto verb tui servo tuo! Servus tuus sum ego*] "Be thou mindful of thy word to thy servant. I am thy servant."

119. *with favour fret*]—favour, i.e. beauty; so Skelton has "features favourable," in the second of his *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious, v.* 8. *fret,* I believe, does not here mean fraught (see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales*), but is equivalent to—wrought, adorned,—in allusion to fret-work; so in our author's *Garland of Laurel,—*

"*Fret* all with orient pearls of Garnet."
*v. 485.*

120. *The columbine commendable,*

*The jelefer amiable*] jelefer is perhaps what we now call gillyflower; but it was formerly the name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweet-williams. So Graunde Amoure terms La Bell Pucell;

"The gentil jelefer, the goodly columbine."

121. *Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo, domina, Et ex praecordiis sonant preaconia*
"Thou hast done well with thy servant, O lady.
And declarations sound forth from the breast."

122. *scar*] i.e the wart.

123. *Enhatched*] i.e. Inlaid: our author has the word again in his *Garland of Laurel;*

"*Enhatched* with pearl and stones preciously."
*v. 40.*

124. *To forget deadly sin*] Compare the first of our author's *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious, v.* 11.

125. *Defecit in salutatione tua anima mea; Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima? babae!*] "My soul hath fainted after thy salvation.
What do you ask for your son, O sweetest mother? O wonderful!"

126. *make to the lure*] A metaphor from falconry: "*Lure* is that whereto Falconers call their young Hawks, by casting it up in the air, being made of feathers and leather, in
such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl." Latham's *Falconry (Explan. of Words of Art)*, 1658.

127. *Quomodo dilexi legem tuam, domina!*  
*Recedant vеляta, nova sint omnia*  
"How I am pleased with your law, O lady!  
The old things have departed, everything is new."

128. *And to amend her tale,*  
*When she list to avail* — *avail* is generally—to let down, to lower: [condescended to show me some favor?] but I know not how to explain the present passage, which appears to be defective.

129. *And hands soft as silk,*  
*Whiter than the milk,*  
*That are so quickly veined* — quickly veined i.e. lively veined. Compare Hawes;

"*By her proper hand, soft as any silk.*"  
*The Pastime of pleasure*, sig. II iii. ed. 1555.

"*Her fingers small, and thereto right long,*  
*White as the milk, with blue veins among.*"  
*Ibid. sig. S*

130. *reclaimed*] A metaphor from falconry. *"Reclaiming is to tame, make gentle, or to bring a Hawk to familiarity with the man." Latham's *Falconry (Explan. of Words of Art)*, 1658.*

131. *Iniquos odio habui!*  
*Non calumniemt me superbi*]  
"I have hated the unjust!  
Let not the proud calumniate me."

132. *She is plainly express*  
*Egeria, the goddess,*  
*And like to her image,*  
*Emportured with courage,*  
*A lover's pilgrimage*] I must leave the reader to form his own idea of the meaning of the last two lines, which are beyond my comprehension. [Perhaps—made to bear herself (or else, simply portrayed) with courage (feeling); a fit object for lovers to make pilgrimages to.]

133. *Mirabilia testimonia tua!*  
*Sicut novellae plantationes in juventute sua*]  
"Thy testimonies are wonderful!  
As new plants in their youth."

134. *So goodly as she dresses,*  
*So properly she presses*  
*The bright golden tresses*  
*Of her hair so fine,*  
*Like Phoebus' beams shine.*  
*Whereto should I disclose*
The gartering of her hose? — Phoebus' beams shine, i.e. the shine of Phoebus' beams. Compare Hawes;

"Her shining hair so properly she dresses
Alofe her forehead with fair golden tresses
. . . . .
Her feet proper, she gartered well her hose."

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. S i. ed. 1555

135. Clamavi in toto corde, exaudi me!
Misericordia tua magna est super me]
"I cried with my whole heart, hear me.
Thy mercy is great towards me."

136. Kirtle] "Kirtle, a garment, corpset, surcot, cotelle." Palsgrave, p. 236. It has been variously explained (see notes on Henry IV. Part ii. act ii. sc. 4, Shakespeare by Malone and Boswell, xvi. 98, 99, Todd's Johnson's Dict., and Nares's Gloss.), petticoat,—safe-guard or riding-hood,—long cloak,—long mantle, reaching to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face, and usually red,—apron,—jacket,—and loose gown!!! The following note by Gifford on Cynthia's Revels (Jonson's Works, ii. 260) gives the most satisfactory account of a kirtle: "Few words have occasioned such controversy among the commentators on our old plays as this; and all for want of knowing that it is used in a twofold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always a jacket and petticoat, a half kirtle (a term which frequently occurs) was either the one or the other: but our ancestors, who wrote when this article of dress was everywhere in use, and when there was little danger of being misunderstood, most commonly contented themselves with the simple term (kirtle), leaving the sense to be gathered from the context."

137. Principes persecuti sunt me gratis!
Omnibus consideratis,
Paradisus voluptatis
Haec virgo est dulcissima]
"Princes have persecuted me without cause!
All things considered
A paradise of delights
Is this sweetest girl."

138. Domine, probasti me] "Lord, thou hast proved (i.e.tested) me"

139. Tibi, Domine, commendamus] "To you, Lord, we commend ourselves."

140. Car elle vaut] "Because she wishes it."

141. Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem] "By me, Skelton, poet laureate of Britain."

142. Laudibus eximiis merito haec redimita puella est:
Formosam cecini, qua non formosior nulla est;
Formosam potius quam commendaret Homerus.
Sic juvat interdum rigidos recreare labores,
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa .Minerva mea est.
Rien que plaisir]
"This girl deserves to be garlanded with praises.
I sing of the beauty than whom none is more beautiful.
The beauty greater than the one praised by Homer [i.e. Helen of Troy]
In this way she makes tedious labour delightful
Not least this little poem. She is my Goddess Minerva.
Nothing but pleasing."

143. *an addition*] Though found in all the eds. of Philip Sparrow 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 *Garland of Laurel*, v. 1258, where he tells us that some
persons "take grievance, and grudge with frowning countenance," at his poem on
Philip Sparrow,—alluding probably more particularly to Barclay; see *Account of
Skelton and his Writings*.

144. *deprave*] i.e. vilify, defame. "Thus was sir Arthur *depraved* and evil said of."

145. *Hercules that hell did harrow*] 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. There were several early miracle-plays on this favourite
subject; and Lydgate strangely enough says that Christ

"Out of hell souls many a pair,
Maugre Cerberus and all his cruelty."
*Testamentum*,—MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 49.

I may add, that Warner, speaking of Hercules, uses the words "harrowed hell."

146. *Slew of the Epidaures, &c.*] Qy. is not the text corrupted here?

147. *Onocentaures*] Like a centaur, but half human and half *ass*, rather than *horse*.
However, see AElian *De Nat. Anim*. lib. xvii. c. 9. ed. Gron., and Phile *De Anim.
Prop*. c. 44. ed. Pauw. Both these writers describe the onocentaur as having the bosom
of a woman. R. Holme says it "is a Monster, being the Head and Breasts of a Woman

148. *Hippocentaures*] i.e. centaurs, half human, half horses.

149. *He plucked the bull*  
*By the horned skull,*
*And offered to Cornucopia*] The "bull" means Achelous, who, during his combat with
Hercules, assumed that shape:

"Rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit: truncaque a fronte revellit.
Naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrarunt: divesque meo bona Copia cornu est."
("holding the tough horn in his cruel hand, he broke it and tore it away from my
mutilated brow. The Naiades took it, filling it with fruit and scented flowers, and
made it sacred: the Goddess of Abundance is rich now because of my horn of plenty."
A. S. Kline.)

150. *the venomous serpent,*
*That in hell is never bren*] —brent, e. burned. A somewhat profane allusion to the
scriptural expression "the worm dieth not; "— (worm and serpent were formerly synonymous).

151. *Primo Regum* i.e. The First Book of Kings, or, as it is also called, The First Book of Samuel, chap. xxviii.

"Primo regum as ye may plainly read."
Lydgate’s *Fall of Princes*, B. ii. leaf xxxix ed. Wayland.

152. *He bade the Pythoness*

*But whether it were so,*
*He were idem in numero,*

*The self same Samuel, &c.* — Pythoness i.e.—the witch of Endor.

And speak as *renably*, and fair, and well,
As to the *Pythoness* did Samuel:
And yet will some men say it was not he," &c.

Chaucer’s *Friar’s Tale*, v. 7091. ed. Tyr.

"And secretly this Saul is forth gone
To a woman that should him *rede* and *wiss*.

*In Israel called a pythoness."

*To divines this matter I commit,*

*Whether it was the soul of Samuel,* &c.

Lydgate’s *Fall of Prynces*, B. ii. leaf xl. ed. Wayland.


153. *conditions*] i.e. qualities. But in our author's *Garland of Laurel*, where this "addition" is given, the passage according to Fake’s ed., and rightly, perhaps (compare the preceding lines), stands thus;

"And by her superstitions
Of wonderful conditions."

v. 1343.

154. *idem in numero*] "exactly the same."

155. *ascry*] i.e. to assail (with a shout). In Langtoft’s *Chronicle* we find,

"Edward was hardy, the Londoners gan he *ascry*.”

The original French has,

"Sir Eduard fiz le rays, les loundrays *escrye*.”


156. *Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe pulchra Joanna*

*Instanter petiit: cur nostri carminis illam*
Nunc pudet? est sero; minor est infamia vero
"Philip, your obsequies the fair Joanna Scrope ardently longed for: why is she now ashamed of our song? It is too late; shame is less than truth." (PH)

157. Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas?
Talia te rapiant rapiunt quae fata volucrem!
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua.]
"Why, Green Envy, do you condemn the sacred funeral rites of a sparrow? May the fate which overtook my bird seize upon thee. Yet malice is a perpetual death to thee" (PH).
HEREAFTER FOLLOWETH THE BOOK CALLED
THE TUNNING OF ELYNOUR RUMMING PER SKELTON LAUREATE

TELL you Ich'il,<3>
If that ye will
Awhile be still,
Of a comely gill<4>
That dwelt on a hill:
But she is not grill,
For she is somewhat sage
And well worn in age.
For her visage
It would assuage
A man's courage.
Her loathly leer
Is nothing clear,
But ugly of cheer,
Droopy and drowsy,
Scurvy and lowsly;
Her face all bowsy,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a roast pig's ear,
Bristled with hair.
Her lewd lips twain,
They slaver, men sayne,
Like a ropy rain,
A gummy glair;
She is ugly fair;
Her nose somedeal hooked,
And camously crooked,<5>
Never stopping,
But ever dropping;
Her skin, loose and slack,
Grained like a sack;
With a crooked back.
Her even goundy<6>
Are full unsoundy,
For they are bleared;
And she gray-haired;  
Jawed like a *jetty*;  
A man would have pity  
To see how she is gummed,  
Fingered and thumbed,  
Gently jointed,  
Greased and annointed  
Up to the knuckles;  
The bones of her huckles  
Like as they were with buckles  
Together made fast:  
Her youth is far past:  
Footed like a plane,  
Legged like a crane;  
And yet she will *jet*  
Like a jolly *fet*,  
In her furred *flocket*,  
And gray russet *rocket*,  
With *simper-the-cocket*.<7>  
Her *huke* of Lincoln green,<8>  
It had been hers, I ween,  
More than forty year;  
And so doth it appear,  
For the green bare threads  
Look like *sere* weeds,  
Withered like hay,  
The wool worn away;  
And yet, I dare say,  
She thinketh herself gay  
Upon the holy day  
When she doth her array  
And girdeth in her *gites*  
Stitched and pranked with pleats;  
Her kirtle Bristow-red,<9>  
With clothes upon her head  
That weigh a *sow* of lead,  
*Writehn* in wonder wise,  
After the Saracen's guise,  
With a whim-wham,<10>  
Knit with a trim-tram,<11>  
Upon her brain-pan;  
Like an *Egyptian*  
Capped about;<12>  
When she goeth out  
Herself for to show,  
She driveth down the dew  
With a pair of heels  
As broad as two wheels;  
She hobbles as a goose  
With her blanket hose
Over the fallow;
Her shoon smeared with tallow,
Greased upon dirt
That bawdeth her skirt.<13> 90

*Primus Passus*

And this comely dame,
I understand, her name
Is Elynour Rumming,
At home in her wonning;
And as men say
She dwelt in Surrey<14>
In a certain stead
Beside Leatherhead.
She is a tunnish gib:<15>
The devil and she be sib.

But to make up my tale,
She breweth nappy ale,
And maketh thereof port-sale<16>
To travellers, to tinkers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,<17>
And all good ale-drinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But drink till they stare
And bring themselves bare,
With, Now away the mare!<18> 110
And let us slay care,
As wise as an hare!

Come whoso will
To Elynour on the hill,
With Fill the cup, fill,<19>
And sit there by still,
Early and late:
Thither cometh Kate,
Cicely and Sarah,
With their legs bare,
And also their feet
Hardly full unsweet;
With their heels dagged,
Their kirtles all to-jagged,
Their smocks all to-ragged,
With titters and tatters,
Bring dishes and platters,
With all their might running
To Elynour Rumming
To have of her tunning:
She lendeth them on the same,
And thus beginneth the game.
Some wenches come unlaced,
Some housewives come unbraced,
With their naked paps,
That flips and flaps,
It wigs and it wags
Like tawny saffron bags;
A sort of foul drabs
All scurvy with scabs:
Some be flybitten,
Some skewed as a kitten;
Some with a shoe-clout
Bind their heads about;
Some have no hair-lace,
Their locks about their face,
Their tresses untrussed
All full of unlust;
Some look strawry,
Some caury-maury;
Full untidy tegg,
Like rotten eggs.
Such a lewd sort
To Elynour resort
From tide to tide:
Abide, abide,
And to you shall be told
How her ale is sold
To Maud and to Mold.

Secundus Passus

Some have no money
That thither come-y,
For their ale to pay,
That is a shrewd array;
Elynour sweared, Nay,
Ye shall not bear away
My ale for nought,
By Him that me bought!

With Hey, dog, hey,
Have these hogs away!
With Get me a staff,
The swine eat my draff!
Strike the hogs with a club,
They have drunk up my swilling-tub!
For, be there never so much press,
These swine go to the high dais,
The sow with her pigs,
The boar his tail wrigs,
His rump also he frigs
Against the high bench!
With, Fo, there is a stench!
Gather up, thou wench;  
Seest thou not what is fall?  
Take up dirt and all,  
And bear out of the hall:  
God give it ill-preving  
Cleanly as evil chieving!  

But let us turn plain,  
There we left again.  
For, as ill a patch as that,  
The hens run in the mash-vat;  
For they go to roost  
Straight over the ale-just,  
And dung, when it comes,  
In the ale-tuns.  
Then Elynour taketh  
The mash-bowl, and shaketh  
The hens dung away,  
And skimmeth it into a tray  
Whereas the yeast is,  
With her mangy fists:  
And sometime she blends  
The dung of her hens  
And the ale together;  
And sayeth, Gossip, come hither,  
This ale shall be thicker,  
And flower the more quicker;  
For I may tell you  
I learned it of a Jew,  
When I began to brew,  
And I have found it true;  
Drink now while it is new;  
An ye may it brook,  
It shall make you look  
Younger than ye be  
Years two or three,  
For ye may prove it by me;  
Behold, she said, and see  
How bright I am of blee!  
Ich am not cast away,  
That can my husband say,  
When we kiss and play  
In lust and in liking;  
He calleth me his whiting,  
His mulling and his miting,  
His nobs and his coney,  
His sweeting and his honey,  
With Bass, my pretty bonny,  
Thou art worth goods and money.  
Thus make I my fellow fonny,  
Till that he dream and drony;
For, after all our sport,
Then will he rout and snort;
Then sweetly together we lie
As two pigs in a sty.
To cease meseemeth best,
And of this tale to rest,
And for to leave this letter,
Because it is no better,
And because it is no sweeter;
We will no further rhyme
Of it at this time;
But we will turn plain
Where we left again.

_Tertius Passus_

Instead of coin and money
Some bring her a coney,
And some a pot with honey,
Some a salt, and some a spoon,
Some their hose, some their shoon;
Some run a good trot
With a skillet or a pot;
Some fill their pot full
Of good Lemster wool:
An housewife of trust,
When she is athirst,
Such a web can spin,
Her thrift is full thin.
Some go straight thither,
Be it slaty or slither:<34>
They hold the highway,
They care not what men say,
Be that as be may;
Some, loth to be espied,
Start in at the back-side
Over the hedge and pale,
And all for the good ale.
Some runne till they sweat,
Bring with them malt or wheat,
And Dame Elynour entreat
To _hirle_ them of the best.<35>
Then cometh another guest;
She sweareth by the rood of rest,<36>
Her lips are so dry,
Without drink she must die;
Therefore fill it by and by,
And have here a peck of rye.
Anon cometh another,
As dry as the other,
And with her doth bring
Meal, salt, or other thing,
Her harvest girdle, her wedding ring,
To pay for her scot
As cometh to her lot.
One bringeth her husband's hood
Because the ale is good;
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale-tap,<37>
With flax and with tow;
And some brought sour dough
With, Hey, and with, Ho!
Sit we down a row,
And drink till we blow,
And pipe Tirly Tirlow!<38>
Some laid to pledge
Their hatchet and their wedge,
Their heckle and their reel,
Their rock, their spinning-wheel;<39>
And some went so narrow
They laid to pledge their wharrow,
Their ribs <40> and their spindle,
Their needle and their thimble:
Here was scant thrift
When they made such shift.
Their thirst was so great
They asked never for meat,
But Drink, still drink,
And let the cat wink,<41>
Let us wash our gums
From the dry crumbs!

Quartus Passus
Some for very need
Laid down a skein of thread,
And some a skein of yarn;
Some brought from the barn
Both beans and peas;
Small chaffer doth ease
Sometime, now and then:
Another there was that ran
With a good brass-pan;
Her colour was full wan;
She ran in all the haste,<42>
Unbraced and unlaced;
Tawny, swart, and sallow
Like a cake of tallow;
I swear by all hallow<43>
It was a stale to take
The devil in a brake.<44>

And then came halting Joan,
And brought a gammon
Of bacon that was reasty:
But, Lord, as she was testy,
Angry as a waspy!<45>
She began to gane and gaspy,
And bade Elynour go bet,<46>
And fill in good met;
It was dear that was far-fet.

Another brought a spick
Of a bacon flick;
Her tongue was very quick,
But she spake somewhat thick.
Her fellow did stammer and stut,
But she was a foul slut,
For her mouth foamed
And her belly groaned:
Joan sayn she had eaten a fiest.<47>
By Christ, said she, thou liest,
I have as sweet a breath
As thou, with shameful death!<48>

Then Elynour said, Ye callets,
I shall break your pallets,
Without ye now cease!
And so was made the peace.<49>
Then thither came drunken Alice;
And she was full of tales,
Of tidings in Wales,
And of Saint James in Gales,<50>
And of the Portingales;
With Lo, gossip, ywis,
Thus and thus it is:
There hath been great war
Between Temple Bar
And the Cross in Cheap,<51>
And there came an heap
Of mill-stones in a rout:
She speaketh thus in her snout,
Snivelling in her nose
As though she had the pose;<52>
Lo, here is an old tippet,
An ye will give me a sippet
Of your stale ale,
God send you good sale!
And as she was drinking
She fell in a winking

---
With a barley-hood,  
She pissed where she stood;  
Then began she to weep,  
And forthwith fell on sleep.  
Elynour took her up,  
And blessed her with a cup  
Of new ale in corns; Alice found therein no thorns,  
But supped it up at once,  
She found therein no bones.

Quintus Passus

Now in cometh another rabble;  
First one with a ladle,  
Another with a cradle,  
And with a side-saddle;  
And there began a fabble,  
A clattering and a babble  
Of a foolish filly  
That had a foal with Willy,  
With jaist you! and gup gilly!  
She could not lie stilly.

Then came in a jennet,  
And swore, By Saint Bennet,  
I drank not this sennight  
A draught to my pay;  
Elynour, I thee pray,  
Of thine ale let us essay,  
And have here a pilch of gray  
I wear skins of coney,  
That causeth I look so donny.

Another then did hitch her,  
And brought a pottle pitcher,  
A tunnel and a bottle,  
But she had lost the stopple;  
She cut off her shoe-sole,  
And stopped therewith the hole.  
Among all the blommer  
Another brought a skommer,  
A frying-pan, and a slice;  
Elynour made the price  
For good ale each whit.

Then start in mad Kit  
That had little wit;  
She seemed somedeal sick,  
And brought a penny chick

-179-
To Dame Elynour,
For a draught of liquor.

Then Margery Milkduck
Her kirtle she did uptuck
An inch above her knee, 420
Her legs that ye might see;
But they were sturdy and stubbed,
Mighty pestles and clubbed,
As fair and as white
As the foot of a kite:
She was somewhat foul,
Crook-necked like an owl;
And yet she brought her fees,
A cantle of Essex cheese,
Was well a foot thick
Full of maggots quick:
It was huge and great,
And mighty strong meat
For the devil to eat;
It was tart and punyete.

Another sort of sluts,
Some brought walnuts,
Some apples, some pears,
Some brought their clipping shears,
Some brought this and that, 440
Some brought I wot ne'er what;
Some brought their husband's hat,
Some puddings and links,
Some tripes that stinks.

But of all this throng
One came them among,
She seemed half a leech,
And began to preach
Of the Tuesday in the week
When the mare doth kick: 450
Of the virtue of an unset leek,
Of her husband's breek;
With the feathers of a quail
She could to Bordeaux sail;
And with good ale barm
She could make a charm
To help withal a stitch.
She seemed to be a witch.

Another brought two goslings
That were noughty frostlings;
She brought them in a wallet,
She was a comely callet:
The goslings were untied;
Elynour began to chide,
They be wretchocks thou hast brought,
They are sheer shaking nought!

**Sextus Passus**

Maud Ruggy thither skipped:
She was ugly hipped,
And ugly thick lipped,
Like an onion sided,
Like tan leather hided:
She had her so guided
Between the cup and the wall,
That she was there withal
Into a palsy fall;
With that her head shaked,
And her hands quaked:
One's head would have ached
To see her naked:
She drank so of the dregs,
The dropsy was in her legs;
Her face glistering like glass;
All foggy fat she was;
She had also the gout
In all her joints about;
Her breath was sour and stale,
And smelled all of ale:
Such a bedfellow
Would make one cast his craw;
But yet for all that
She drank on the mash-vat.

There came an old ribibe;
She halted of a kibe,
And had broken her shin
At the threshold coming in,
And fell so wide open
That one might see her token,
The devil thereon be wroken!
What need all this be spoken?
She yelled like a calf:
Rise up, on God's half,
Said Elynour Rumming,
I beshrew thee for thy coming!
And as she at her did pluck,
Quack, quack, said the duck
In that lampatram's lap;
With Fie, cover thy shap
With some flip flap!
God give it ill hap,
Said Elynour for shame,
Like an honest dame.
Up she start, half lame,
And scantly could go
For pain and for woe.

In came another dant,
With a goose and a gant:
She had a wide weasand;
She was nothing pleasant;
Necked like an elephant;
It was a bullyfant,<66>
A greedy cormorant.

Another brought her garlic heads;
Another brought her beads
Of jet or of coal,
To offer to the ale pole;
Some brought a wimble,
Some brought a thimble,
Some brought a silk lace,
Some brought a pincase,
Some her husband's gown,
Some a pillow of down,
Some of the napery;
. . . . <67>

And all this shift they make
For the good ale sake.

A straw, said Belle, stand utter,<68>
For we have eggs and butter,
And of pigeons a pair.
. . . . <67>

Then start forth a fizgig,<69>
And she brought a boar pig;
The flesh thereof was rank,
And her breath strongly stank;
Yet, ere she went, she drank,
And got her great thank
Of Elynour for her ware,
That she thither bare
To pay for her share.
Now truly, to my thinking,
This is a solemn drinking.

Septimus Passus

Soft! quod one hight Sybil,
And let me with you bible,<
She sat down in the place,
With a sorry face
Whey-wormed about;
Garnished was her snout
With here and there a pustule,
Like a scabbed mussel.
This ale, said she, is nappy;
Let us sup and soppy
And not spill a droppy,
For, so mote I hoppy,
It cooleth well my croppy.

Dame Elynour, said she,
Have here is for me
A clout of London pins;
And with that she begins
The pot to her pluck
And drank a good-luck;
She swunged up a quart
At once for her part;
Her paunch was so puffed,
And so with ale stuffed,
Had she not hied apace,
She had defiled the place.

Then began the sport
Among that drunken sort:
Dame Elynour, said they,
Lend here a cock of hay,
To make all thing clean;
Ye wot well what we mean.

But, sir, among all
That sat in that hall
There was a prick-me-dainty
Sat like a sainy,
And began to painty
As though she would fainty:<70>
She made it as coy
As a lege de moy:<71>
She was not half so wise
As she was peevish nice.

She said never a word,
But rose from the board
And called for our dame,
Elynour by name.
We supposed, Iwis,
That she rose to piss;
But the very ground
Was for to compound
With Elynour in the spence,
To pay for her expense:
I have no penny nor groat
To pay, she said, God wot,  
For washing of my throat,  
But my beads of amber  
Bear them to your chamber.  
Then Elynour did them hide  
Within her bed's side.

But some then sat right sad  
That nothing had,  
There of their own,  
Neither gelt nor pawn:  
Such were there many  
That had not a penny,  
But, when they should walk,  
Were fain with a chalk  
To score on the baulk,  
Or score on the tail:  
God give it ill hail!  
For my fingers itch;  
I have written too much  
Of this mad mumming  
Of Elynour Rumming.  
Thus endeth the geste  
Of this worthy feast.

Quod Skelton, Laureate.

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIGNANTIUM  
DISTICHON<73>

A couplet by Skelton the Laureate, in despite of the evil-minded.

Quamvis insanis, marcescis quamvis inanis,  
Invide, cantamus: haec loca plena jocis.<74>

Bien m'en souvient.<75>.:

Omnes foeminas, quae nimis bibulae sunt, vel quae sordida labe  
squaloris, aut qua spurca foeditatis macula, aut verbosa loquacitate  
notantur, poeta invitat ad audiendum hunc libellum, &c..<76>

Ebria, squalida, sordida foemina, prodiga verbis,  
Huc currat, properet, veniat! Sua gesta libellus  
Iste volutabit: Paean sua plectra sonando  
Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco.<77>

Finis.

Quod Skelton, Laureate.
NOTES TO THE TUNNING OF ELYNOUR RUMMING.

1. On the title-page, and also on the last leaf of Rand's edition of this poem, 1624, 4to, (reprinted, not with perfect accuracy, in the *Harleian Miscellany*; see vol. i. 415. ed. Park) is an imaginary portrait, of which the subjoined is a facsimile:

Illustration: Portrait of Elynour Rumming

"When Skelton wore the Laurel Crown,
My Ale put all the Ale-wives down."

George Steevens having heard that a copy of Rand's edition was in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, prevailed on the Dean to bring it to London; and having made a drawing of the title-page, gave it to Richardson the print-seller, who engraved and published it. Steevens, soon after, contributed to the *European Magazine* for May, 1794, vol. xxv. 334,— "Verses meant to have been subjoined (with the following Motto) to a Copy from a scarce Portrait of Elynour Rumming, lately published by Mr. Richardson, of Castle-street, Leicester square.

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori
Xanthia Phoceu! prius insolentem

-185-
John Skelton

Serva Briseis niveo colere
Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivm dominum Tecmessae;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine rapta
HORACE.

("Phocian Xanthis, don’t be ashamed of love for your serving-girl. Once before, Briseis the Trojan slave with her snow-white skin aroused angry Achilles. Captive Tecmessa’s loveliness troubled her master Ajax, the son of Telamon: and Agamemnon, in his mid-triumph, burned for a stolen girl." (A. S. Kline)

"Eleonora Rediviva."

To seek this nymph among the glorious dead,
Tir’d with his search on earth, is Gulston fled:—
Still for these charms enamour’d Musgrave sighs;
To clasp these beauties ardent Bindley dies:—
For these (while yet unstag’d to public view)
Impatient Brand o’er half the kingdom flew:—
These, while their bright ideas round him play,
From classic Weston force the Roman lay:—
Oft too, my Storer! heaven has heard thee swear,
Not Gallia’s murder’d Queen was half so fair:—
‘A new Europa!’ cries the exulting Bull,
‘My Granger now (I thank the gods) is full:’
Even Cracherode’s self, whom passions rarely move,
At this soft shrine has deign’d to whisper love.—
Haste then, ye swains, who Rumming’s form adore,
Possess your Elynour, and sigh no more.
W. R."

The Marquis of Bute told Dallaway that he gave twenty guineas for the original engraving of Elynour: see Dallaway’s Letheraeum, 1821, p. 6. Rand's edition opens with the following lines, which, I need hardly observe, are by some rhymer of the day:

Skelton's Ghost.

To all tapsters and tiplers,
And all ale house vittlers,
Inn-keepers and cooks,
That for pot-sale looks,
And will not give measure,
But at your own pleasure,
Contrary to law,
Scant measure will draw
In pot and in can,
To cozen a man
Of his full quart a penny,
Of you there's too many:
For in King Harry's time,
When I made this rime
Of Elynour Rumming
With her good ale tunning,
Our pots were full quarted,
We were not thus thwarted
With froth-can and nick-pot
And such nimble quick shot,
That a dozen will score
For twelve pints and no more.
Full Winchester gage
We had in that age;
The Dutchman's strong beer
Was not hopped over here,
To us 'twas unknown
Bare ale of our own
In a bowle we might bring
To welcome the king,
And his grace to beseech,
With, Wassall my Liege.
Nor did that time know
To puff and to blow
In a piece of white clay,
As you do at this day,
With fire and coal,
And a leaf in a hole;
As my ghost hath late seen,
As I walked between
Westminster Hall
And the church of Saint Paul,
And so through the city,
Where I saw and did pity
My countrymen's cases,
With fiery-smoke faces,
Sucking and drinking
A filthy weed stinking,
Was ne'er known before
Till the devil and the Moor
In th' Indies did meet,
And each other there greet
With a health they desire
Of stink, smoke, and fire.
But who e'er doth abhor it,
The city smokes for it;
Now full of fire-shops
And foul spitting chops,
So neesing and coughing,
That my ghost fell to scoffing,
And to myself said,
Here's filthy fumes made;
Good physick of force
To cure a sick horse.
Nor had we such slops,
And shag-hair on our tops:
At wearing long hair
King Harry would swear,
And gave a command
With speed out of hand
All heads should be polled,
As well young as old,
And his own was first so,
Good ensample to show.
Y'are so out of fashion,
I know not our nation;
Your ruffs and your bands,
And your cuffs at your hands,
Your pipes and your smokes,
And your short curtail cloaks;
Scarfs, feathers, and swords,
And thin bodkin beards;
Your waists a span long,
Your knees with points hung,
Like morris-dance bells;
And many toys else,
Which much I distaste:
But Skelton's in haste.
My masters, farewell;
Read over my Nell,
And tell what you think
Of her and her drink:
If she had brewed amiss,
I had never wrote this.

At the end of the poem is, from the same hand,

**Skelton's Ghost to the Reader.**

Thus, countrymen kind,
I pray let me find,
For this merry glee,
No hard censure to be.
King Henry the Eight
Had a good conceit
Of my merry value,
Though duncical plain
It now nothing fits
The time's nimble wits:
My laurel and I
Are both withered dry,
And you flourish green
In your work's daily scene,
That come from the press,
Well writ I confess;
But time will devour
Your poets as our,
And make them as dull
As my empty skull.

I give these lines from the Harl. Miscel., the copy of Rand's ed. which was lent to me by Mr. Heber, wanting the last leaf.

Concerning Elynour Rumming and the poem by which Skelton has rendered her famous, Dallaway has the following remarks,—his account of the circumstances which introduced Skelton to her acquaintance being a mere hypothesis! "When the Court of Henry viii was frequently kept at the palace of Nonsuch (about six miles distant), the
laureate, with other courtiers, sometimes came to Leatherhead for the amusement of fishing, in the river Mole; and were made welcome at the cabaret of Elynour Rumming, whom Skelton celebrated in an equivocal encomium, in a short [?—it consists of 623 lines—] poem, remarkable only for a very coarse jest, after a manner peculiar to the author and the times in which he lived, but which has been more frequently reprinted than his other works. The gist or point of this satire had a noble origin, or there must be an extraordinary coincidence of thought in the Beoni, or Topers, a ludicrous effusion of the great Lorenzo de Medici, when a young man. [*Note: Dallaway was led to this remark by the following passage in Spence's Anecdotes, &c.; "Skelton's poems are all low and bad: there's nothing in them that's worth reading.—P. [Mr. Cleland, who was by, added, that the Tunning of Elynour Rumming, in that author's works, was taken from a poem of Lorenzo de' Medici's," p. 173, ed. 1820.—"I Beoni," observes Mr. D'Israeli, referring to Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, i. 290, "was printed by the Giunti in 1568, and therefore this burlesque piece could never have been known to Skelton." Amen. of Lit. ii. 79. ]

Her domicile, near the bridge, still exists. The annexed etching was made from a drawing taken previously to late repairs, but it still retains its first distinction as an ale-house."
"Some of her descendants occur in the parish register in the early part of the last century." *Letheraeum*, 1821, pp. 4-6.


3. *Tell you Ich'ill,*
   *If that ye will*
   A while be still [Ich'ill, e. Ich wyll, I will. Compare *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*;
   
   "*An ye will a while be still,*
   *I shall tell you how they wrought.*"
   p. 74, Bann. ed

   and the Prol. to *King Alissaunder*;
   
   "*If ye willen sit still,*
   *Full fele I will you tell.*"
   Weber's *Met. Rom.* i. 5.

4. *gill*] Equivalent here to girl—a familiar name for a female; as in the proverb, "Every Jack must have his *Gill:*" supposed by some etymologists to be an abbreviation of *Julia, Juliana, or Gillian*; by Richardson (*Dict.* in v.) to be a corruption of *giglot.*

5. *Her nose somedeal hooked,*
   *And camously crooked* — "*Cammed,* or short nosed. Simus." *Prompt. Parv.* [ed. Way.]* "A *Camous* nose, that is to say crooked upward as the Morians [Moors]."
   Baret's *Alvearie.* "*Camous.* Flat." *Tyrwhitt's Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales.* "*Camoused.* Flat, broad and crooked; as applied to a nose, what we popularly call a snub-nose." Nares's *Gloss.* Todd, quoting this passage of Skelton, explains *camously,* awry. Johnson's *Dict.* in v.

6. *goundy*] i.e. sore running eyes. So Lydgate;
   
   "*A goundy eye is deceived soon,*
   *That any colour chooseth by the moon.*"
   *Wars of Troy,* B. ii. sig. H iii. ed. 1555.

7. *With simper-the-cocket*] So Heywood in his *Dialogue*;
   
   "*Upright as a candle standeth in a socket,*
   *Stood she that day, so simper decocket.*"
   Sig. F,— *Works*, ed. 1598.

   and Jonson in his Masque, *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*;
   
   "*Lay by your wimbles,*
   *Your boring for thimbles,*
   *Or using your nimbles,*
   *In diving the pockets,*
   *And sounding the sockets*  
   *Of simper-the-cockets.*"
   *Works* (by Gifford), vii. 376.

In a note on the latter passage, Whalley quotes from Cotgrave's *Dict.*: "*Coquine,* a beggar-woman, also a cockney, *simper de cocket,* nice thing." Gifford (ibid.) remarks, "*Cocket* was a fine species of bread, as distinguished from common bread; hence, perhaps, the name was given to an overstrained affectation of delicacy. To *simper* at, or over, a thing, is to touch it *as in scorn.*" Nares (Gloss. in v.) doubts (justly, I think)
the connexion of *simper-the-cocket* with *cocket* bread, and explains it, "quasi simpering coquette," observing, that "one of Cotgrave's words in rendering 'coquette' is *cocket*." I may add, that in *Gloss. of Prov. and Loc. Words* by Grose and Pegge, ed. 1839, is, "*Cocket*, brisk, apish, pert," and "*Simper*, to mince one's words." ["An affected mealy-mouthed girl." *Cotgrave*. "A simper-de-cocket, *coquine, fantastica. Howell, 1660. Halliwell."

8. *Her huke of Lincoln green,
   It had been hers, I ween

   "My cloak it was a very good cloak,
   It hath been always true to the wear,
   But now it is not worth a groat;
   I have had it *four and forty year."

   *Take thy old cloak about thee,—Percy's Rel. of A. E. P. i. 206. ed. 1794.*

9. *Her kirtle Bristow red]—Bristow i.e. Bristol

   "London hath scarlet, and *Bristow* pleasant red."
   *Barclay's Fourth Eglogue, sig. C iii. ed. 1570.*

   "At Bristow is the best water to dye red."
   *Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. V ii. ed. 1530.*

10. *whim-wham] i.e. something whimsically, fantastically devised. The word is frequently applied to articles of female finery by our early dramatists. In *Ae Interlude of the Laying of a Ghost*, we are told

    that the Ghost

    "stole from piteous Abraham
   Ane whorl and *ane whim-wham."

    —*Laing's An. Pop. Poetry of Scotland.*

    Whim-wham is used by *Gray, Works, iii. 123. ed. Mitford*, and by *Lamb, Prose Works, ii. 142.*

11. *trim-tram] i.e. some trim, neat ornament, or pretty trifle. In *Weaver's Lusty Juventas, Hypocrisy*, after enumerating a variety of popish trumpery, adds

    "And a hundred *trim-trams mo."

    Sig. B iii. ed. Copland.


15. *tunnish gyb] The epithet *tunnish* is perhaps derived from her occupation of *tunning* (see note 2 above), or perhaps it may allude to her shape: *gyb* is properly a male cat (see note 7 to *Philip Sparrow*); but the term, as here, is sometimes applied to a woman;
"And give a thousand by-words to my name,  
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot."
Drayton's Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey,—Poems, p. 175. ed. 1619. fol.

16. Port-sale] So Lant's ed. Ed. of Kyng and Marche, "pore sale." Day's ed. "poore sale." Marsh's ed. "poorte sale." Rand's ed. "port-sale." If port sale be the right reading, it must be used here for—sale in general. "Port-sale, the sale of fish as soon as it is brought into harbour; also an outcry or public sale of any commodity."
Kersey's Dict.

17. To sweaters, to swinkers] i.e. to those who sweat and labour hard, — to labourers of various kinds.
"For we can neither swink nor sweat"  
Piers Plowman, sig. I ii. ed. 1561.

18. Now away the mare] Skelton has the same expression in his Magnificence, v. 1342. Compare The Friar and the Boy;
"Of no man he had no care,  
But sung, hey how, away the mare."

and Jyl of Braintford's Testament, n. d.;
"Ah sirrah, marry, away the mare,  
The devil give thee sorrow and care."
sig. B ii.

and A new Comedy &c. of the beauty & good properties of women, &c. n. d.
"Tush, sir, be merry, let pass away the mare."
Sig. A ii.

The words are doubtless a portion of some song or ballad. In Ravenscroft's Melismata, Musical Fancies, &c. 1611, is a song (No. 6) supposed to be sung by "Servants out of Service" who "are going to the City to look for new;"

"Heigh ho, away the Mare,  
Let us set aside all care,  
If any man be disposed to try,  
Lo here comes a lusty crew,  
That are enforced to cry  
A new Master, a new,"

"With, Fill the pot, fill, and go fill me the can."
Uterson's Early Pop. Poet. ii. 15.

20. It wigs and it wags] Qy. "that . . . that"?

21. Some look strawry,  
Some caury-maury] —strawry [newly come from the straw?] I do not remember to have met with anywhere: caury-maury (as a substantive) occurs in Piers Plowman;
"[Envy] was as pale as a pellet; in the palsy he seemed  
And clothed in Caurymaur, &c."
sig. F ii. ed. 1561.

22. tegs] A term found again in our author's first poem Against Garnesche;
"Your windy shaking shanks, your long loathy legs
Brings you out of favour with all female tegs."
v. 29.

In what sense Skelton uses teg, I cannot pretend to determine. In Warwickshire and Leicestershire, a teg means a sheep of a year old; and Ray gives, "A Tagge, a Sheep of the first Year, Suss." Coll. Of Words, &c., p. 88, appended to Proverbs, ed. 1768. [Palsgrave (p. 279) applies the term to a young deer: "teg, a pricket saillant;" properly the doe in its second year. Halliwell.] [Ex-classics editor's note: OED gives a fleece of a year-old sheep as one sense of the word, which seems most likely here]

23. Like rotten eggs] Lydgate in a satirical description of a lady has

"Coloured like a rotten eey [i.e. egg]."
MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 156.

24. Him that me bought] i.e. Jesus Christ.

25. For, be there never so much press
These swine go to the high dais] Press, i.e. a great throng; Dais, a word of doubtful etymology, generally means — a table of estate,—the upper table raised on a platform more elevated than the others. See Tyrwhitt's note on Cant. Tales, v. 372; and Richardson's Dict. in v. Dais. It sometimes signifies a long bench (see Jamieson's Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. in v. Deis); and such seems to be its meaning here, as in the fourth line after this "the high bench" is mentioned.—Roy in his satire against Wolsey, Read me, and be not wroth, &c., has imitated the present passage of Skelton;

"For, be there never so great press,
They are set up at the high dais."

[To go to the high dais seems here to mean only to take the best place].

26. God give it ill preving
Cleanly as evil chieving]—preving, i.e. proving; cleanly, i.e. wholly

"And preachest on thy bench, with evil preve; "(i.e. evil may it prove!)

— evil chieving, i.e. evil ending, bad success.

"God give it evil chieving."
Roy's Read me, &c., Harl. Miscell. ix. 79. ed. Park.


27. patch] I know not how to explain.

28. In lust and in liking] See note 6 to Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious.

29. whiting] So in our early dramas, whiting-mop (young whiting) is a cant term for a nice young woman, a tender creature: see Puttenham's Art of E. P., 1589. p. 184., and note in my ed. of Webster's Works, iii. 37.

30. His mulling and his miting] Mulling—This term of endearment occurs in the Coventry Mysteries, applied by one of the shepherds to the infant Saviour;

"Though I be the last that take my leave,
Yet fair mulling take it not at no grieve."
Compare also Hormanni Vulgaria: "This is a fair and sweet mulling. Blandus est puerulus insigni festivitate." Sig. dd vii. ed. 1530.

Mitting—Eds. of King and Marche and of Lant, "Nyting" Marshe's ed. "Nittine". Rand's ed. mittine. In the Towneley Mysteries, one of the shepherds says to the infant Saviour,

"Hail, so as I can, hail, pretty miting!"

p. 96.

and Jamieson gives miting as a fondling designation for a child, Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.—In our author's third poem Against Garnesche, "miting"—(but used as a term of contempt)—is, here, the rhyme to "witing."

Since writing the above note, I have met with a passage in the comedy called Wily Beguiled which might be adduced in support of the reading, "niting;" but I still think that "miting" is the true one: the dramatist evidently recollected Skelton's poem, in the ed. of which he had found "nytyng," "nittinge," or "nittine:"—"Comely Peg, my nuttering, my sweeting, my love, my dove, my honey, my bonnie, my duck, my dear and my darling." Sig. C 4. ed. 1606.

31. His nobs and his coney] coney, i.e. rabbit. So in a song in The Trial of Treasure, 1567;

"My mouse, my nobs, and coney sweet." Sig. E.

32. Thus make I my fellow fonny] fonny i.e. to be foolishly amorous; compare—

"As freshly then thou shalt begin to fonne
And dote in love."

Chaucer's Court of Love,—Works, fol. 329. ed. 1602.

33. Instead of coin and money &c.] In Skelton's Works, 1736, the passage is given thus

"Some instead of coin and money
Will come and bring her a coney
Or else a pot with honey
Some a knife and some a spoon
Some bring their hose, some their shoon.

34. slaty or slither] i.e. miry or slippery.

35. birle] The word birle—to pour out, furnish for, or part drink among guests—(see Jamieson's Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. in v., and Leyden's Gloss. to The Comp. of Scotland in v. Beir)—is not very common in English literature: "the old God of wine called Bacchus birling the wine." Hall's Chronicle, (Hen. viii.) fol. lxxiii. ed. 1548.

36. She sweare by the rood of rest]—rood, i.e. cross: see note 10 to Ware the Hawk.

"That is hardly said, man, by the rood of rest."

Barclay's First Egloge, sig. A iii. ed. 1570.

37. To offer to the ale tap] So in Jack Hare, a poem attributed to Lydgate;

"And with his winnings he maketh his offering
At the ale stakes."


38. And pipe Tirly Tirlow] Compare a Song belonging to the Tailors' and Shearmen's Pageant;
"They sang terly terlow."

Sharp's Diss. on Coventry Pag. And Myst., p. 114.

39. rock] i.e. distaff.—In a poem entitled Christ Cross me Speed. A. B. C. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreet at the sign of the Sun, by me Wynkyn de Worde, 4to. (which I know only from the account of it in Typog. Antiq. 367. ed. Dibdin) are the following lines:

"A great company of gossips, gathered on a rout,
Went to besiege an ale house round about;
Some brought a distaff & some a reel,
Some brought a shovel & some a pail,
Some brought drink & some a tankard,
And a gallon pot fast they drew thitherward," &c.

Though no edition of Elynour Rumming has come down to us printed anterior to Christ Cross me Speed, the evident imitation of the former in the passage just quoted, shows that it must have existed.

40. ribs[skin] In Prompt. Parv., MS. Harl. 221, is "Rybbe skynn. Melotula." In a MS. Catholicicon in Lingua materna, dated 1483, I find "Ribbing skin. nebrida pellicudia."—Does it mean (as Albert Way, Esq. has obligingly suggested to me) a leather apron, used during the operation of flax dressing? ["Pellicula, Anglice a ribs[skin]; nebrida, idem est.' Nominale MS." Halliwell's Dict. See also the same, in v. Trip-skin: "a piece of leather, worn on the right-hand side of the petticoat by spinners with the rock, on which the spindle plays, and the yarn is pressed by the hand of the spinner. Forby."]

41. But drink, still drink,
And let the cat wink] So in The World and the Child, 1522;

"Manhood. Now let us drink at this commaunt,
For that is courtesy.
Folly. Marry, master, ye shall have in haste
A ha, sirs, let the cat wink," &c.

Sig. C ii.

See also three epigrams by Heywood Of the Winking Cat,—Works, sig. P 4. ed. 1598.

42. in all the haste] Compare

"Bulwarks were made in all the haste."
Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. z iii. ed. 1530.

"the right way
To London they took in all the haste."
Smith's XII Merry Jests of the Widow Edith, ed. 1573. sig. H iii.

43. I swear by all hallow] i.e. by all the saints.

44. it was a stale to take
The devil in a brake] For "stare," which is the reading of all the eds., I have substituted "stale"—i.e. lure, decoy. So in Marmyon's Hollands Leaguer, 1632;

"And if my skill not fails me, her I'll make
A Stale, to take this Courtier in a brake."
Act ii. sc. 1. sig. D 3.

Compare too an epigram by Heywood:
"Take time when time cometh: are we set time to take? 
Beware time, in mean time, take not us in brake."

and Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, "At last, as ye have heard here before, how divers of the great estates and lords of the council lay in a-wait with my Lady Anne Boleyn, to espay a convenient time and occasion to take the cardinal in a brake." p. 147. ed. 1827.—In our text, and in the passages just quoted, *brake* seems to be used for trap: among its various significations, it means a strong wooden frame for confining the feet of horses, preparatory to their being shod; see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 463.

45. *Angry as a waspy*] So Heywood;

"Now merry as a cricket, and by and by, 
*Angry as a wasp."

46. *go bet*] apparently an old hunting cry, "go better," i.e. faster. Compare;

"Arundel, quoth Bevis tho, 
For my love *go bet, go.*"

"*Go bet, quod* he, and ask readily, 
What corps is this," &c. 
*Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale*, v. 12601. ed. Tyrwhitt,—

who observes that in the following lines of Chaucer's *Legend of Dido* (288), *go bet* seems to be a term of the chase;

"The herd of harts founden is anon, 
With hey, *go bet, prick* thou, let gone, let gone."

"He hath made me dance, *maugre* my head, 
Among the thorns, hey *go bet.*"

who supposes the words to be the name of some old dance.

47. *a fiest*] So Hawes;

"She let no fart nor yet *fiest* truly."

"*A fiest, Tacitus flatus.*"

48. *with shameful death*] Equivalent to—may you die with a shameful death! see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, in v. *With*.

49. *And so was made the peace*] In confirmation of the reading I have given, compare *Reynard the Fox*: "Thus was the peace made by Firapeel the Leopard, friendly and well." Sig e. 5 ed 1481.

50. *Saint James in Gales*] The body of Saint James the Great having, according to the legend, been buried at Compostella in Galicia (Gales), a church was built over it. Pilgrims flocked to the spot; several popes having granted the same indulgences to those who repaired to Compostella, as to those who visited Jerusalem. In *The Four P. P.*, by Heywood, the Palmer informs us that he has been
"At saint Cornelius, at saint James in Gales, 
And at saint Winifred's well in Wales," &c. 
Sig. A ii. ed. n. d.

51. *The Cross in Cheap*] Was originally erected in 1290 by Edward I. at one of the 
resting places of the body of his beloved Eleanor, in its progress from Herdeby, where 
she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried; and was adorned with her 
image and arms. Of its being afterwards rebuilt,—of the conduits that were added to 
it, &c. &c. an account will be found in Stow's *Survey*, B. iii. 35. ed. 1720, and *Sup. to 
Gent. Mag.* for 1764, vol. 34. 607. This structure was barbarously demolished in 
1643, as a monument of Popish superstition.

52. *Snivelling in her nose,* 
*As though she had the pose*—i.e a head cold. So Chaucer; 

"he speaketh in his nose, 
And sneezeth fast, and eke he hath the pose."

See also *The Reeve's Tale*, v. 4149.

53. *new ale in corns*] i.e. ale just drawn off the malt. So in *Thersytes*, n. d.; 

"I will make thee drink worse than *good ale in the corns*."
p. 56. Rox. ed. 

"New ale in corns. *Cervisia cum recrementis*" 
Baret's *Alvearie*, in v. *Ale*.

54. *donny*] Richardson, *Dict.* in vv. *Dun, Dunny*, cites this line as containing an 
example of the latter word,—rightly, perhaps, for *donne (dun)* occurs in Skelton's 
*Magnificence*, v. 1002.—The common people of Ireland, employ *donny* in the sense 
of—poor, mean-looking, as "a donny creature; "also in the sense of—poorly, [so in 
Lancashire.] as "How are you to-day?"—" Och ! but donny, very donny." For this 
information I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Edgeworth, who has used the word 
in one of her excellent tales.

55. *Margery Milkduck*] So again in our author's *Magnificence*; 

"What, Margery Milk Duck, marmoset!"
v. 462 

Compare one of the *Coventry Mysteries*; 

"Malkin Milkduck and fair Mabel." 
*MS. Cott. Vesp.* D viii. fol. 74.

56. *Her kirtle she did uptuck* 
*An inch above her knee*] So in our old ballad poetry; 

"Then you must cut your gown of green, 
*An inch above your knee."
*Child Waters*,—Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.* iii. 56. ed. 1794.

57. *pestles*] i.e. legs,—so called, perhaps, because the leg-bone resembles a pestle 
used in a mortar. The expression "pestle of pork "frequently occurs in our early 
writers; as in the following passage concerning the tremendous appetite of 
Charlemagne; "When he took his repast he was content with little bread, but as 
touching the pittance, he ate at his repast a quarter of mutton, or ii hens, or a great
John Skelton

goose, or a great pestle of pork, or a peacock, or a crane, or an hare all whole."
Caxton's Life of Charles the Great, &c., 1485. sig. b iii.

58. the virtue of an unset leek] "Unset leeks be of more virtue than they that be set . . . praestant in medicina. ("they are more powerful as medicine") " Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. f ii. ed. 1530.

59. noughty frostlings] i.e. worthless things, stunted by frost. In Suffolk, froslin is applied to anything—a lamb, a gosling, a chicken, an apple, &c., nipped, or pinched, or injured by frost: see Moor's Suffolk Words, Appendix.

60. wretchocks] "The famous imp yet grew a wretchock; and though for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rocked in a cradle of Welsh cheese, like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer, and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his quinquennium. ('fifth year')" Jonson's Masque, The Gipsies Metamorphosed,—Works, vii. 371. ed. Clifford, who thus comments on the pas sage in his authoritative style: i.e. pined away, instead of thriving. Whalley appears to have puzzled himself sorely in this page, about a matter of very little difficulty. In every large breed of domestic fowls, there is usually a miserable little stunted creature, that forms a perfect contrast to the growth and vivacity of the rest. This unfortunate abortive, the goodwives, with whom it is an object of tenderness, call a wretchock; and this is all the mystery. Was Whalley ignorant that what we now term chick, was once chocke and chooke?" The fol. ed. of the Masque of Gipsies has "wretch-cock," which Nares, who does not know what to make of' the word, observes "would admit of an easy derivation from wretch and cock, meaning a poor wretched fowl." Gloss. in v. [Perhaps wretchock is merely a diminution of wretch.

61. sheer shaking nought] i.e. sheer worthless. So again our author in his Magnificence:

"From qui fuit aliquid to sheer shaking nought."

v. 1319.

62. an old ribibe] Chaucer, in The Friar's Tale, says,

"This Sompnour, waiting ever on his prey, 
Rode forth to summon a widow, an old ribibe."

v. 6958. ed. Tyrwhitt,—

who says he cannot guess how this musical instrument came to be put for an old woman, "unless perhaps from its shrillness." The word so applied occurs also in Jonson's Devil is an Ass, act i. sc. 1, where Gifford observes, "Ribibe, together with its synonym rebeck, is merely a cant expression for an old woman. A ribibe, the reader knows, is a rude kind of fiddle, and the allusion is probably to the inharmonious nature of its sounds." Works, v. 8.

63. She halted of a kibe] i.e. She limped from a chap in the heel. The following remedy is seriously proposed in The Country Farm, and was no doubt applied by our ancestors: "For kibes on the heels, make powder of old shoe soles burned, and of them with oil of roses anoint the kibes; or else lay unto the kibes the rind of a pomegranate boiled in wine." p. 83. ed. 1600.

64. on God's half] i.e. for God's sake: half, i.e. behalf, like halben in German.
65. *lampatrams*. A word which I am unable to explain. [Ex-Classics Editor's Note: This word is in the OED, with this line as the quotation, and no definition! *Lampaetra* is the Latin word for a lamprey.]

66. *bullyfant*. A mock derivation from bull, in imitation of elephant.

67. The line which rhymes with the previous one has dropped out.

68. *A straw, said Belle, stand utter*] — *stand utter*, i.e. stand more out, back.

   "Straw, quod the third, ye ben lewd and nice."
   Chaucer's *Canon's Yeoman's Tale*, v. 16393. ed. Tyr.
   
   *Stand utter, fellow! where doest thou thy courtesy preve?*


70. *Sat like a sainty, And began to painty As though she would fainty*] Sainty, i.e. saint: *painty*, i.e. paint,—feign: *fainty*, i.e. faint. Compare our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

   "That counterfeits and paints
   As they were very saints."
   v. 922.

71. *a lege de moy*] So again in our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

   "And how Parys of Troy
   Danced a *lege de moy*,
   Made lusty sport and joy
   With dame Helen the queen."
   v. 952.

I have not found elsewhere the term *lege de moy*. Mace, in his *Musick's Monument*, 1676, mentions a *Tattle de Moy*, —"a New Fashion'd Thing, much like a Seraband; only It has more of Conceit in It, as (in a manner) speaking the word (Tattle de Moy)," &c. p. 129.

72. *ill hail*] i.e. ill health,—ill luck,—a common imprecation in our old poetry;

   "Ill hail, Alein, by God thou is a *fonne*."
   Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale*, v. 4087. ed. Tyr.


73. *LAUREATI SKELETONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIGNANTUM DISTICHON*] " A couplet in contempt of the wicked by Skelton the laureate poet." (SP)

74. *Quamvis insanis, marcescis quamvis inanis, Invide, cantamus: haec loca plena jocis*] " Jealous man, however you waste away in your vanity, we sing; these places are full of jests"(SP)

75. *Bien m'en souvient.*] "I remember it well."

76. *Omnes foeminas &c.*] "All women who are either fond of drinking, or who bear the dirty stain of filth, or who have the sordid blemish of squalor, or who are marked out by garrulous loquacity, the poet invites to listen to this little satire." (SP)
77. *Ebria, squalida, sordida foemina &c.*] "Drunken, filthy, sordid, gossiping woman, let her run here, let her hasten, let her come; this little satire will willingly record her deeds: Apollo, sounding his lyre, will sing the theme of laughter in a hoarse song."

(SP)
POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE

SKELTON LAUREATE, DEFEND[ER], AGAINST M[ASTER] GARNESCHE, CHALLENGER, ET CETERA

<1>

[These Poems against Garnesche (now for the first time printed) are from a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 367, (fol. 101), which is in many places scarcely legible, being written in a hand very difficult to decipher, as well as being much injured by damp.]

SITH ye have me challenged, M[aster] Garnesche, Rudely reviling me in the king's noble hall, Such another challenger could no man wish,<2> But if it were Sir Termagant<3> that tourneyed without nall;<4> For Sir Frollo de Franko<5> was never half so tall. But say me now, Sir Satrapas,<6> what authority ye have In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?

What, have ye kithed you a knight,<7> Sir Douglas the Doughty,<8> So currishly to beknave me in the king's place?<9> Ye strong sturdy stallion, so stern and stouty, Ye bear ye bold as Barabbas, or Sir Terry of Thrace; Ye grim grimly with your gums and with your grisly face. But say me yet, Sir Satrapas, what authority ye have In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?

Ye foul, fierce and fell, as Sir Ferumbras the freke,<11> Sir captain of Catywade, catacombs of Cayre,<12> Though ye be lusty as Sir Libius <13> lances to break, Yet your countenance uncomely, your face is not fair: For all your proud pranking, your pride may impair. But say me yet, Sir Satrapas, what authority ye have In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?

Of Mantrible the Bridge, Malchus the Morrion,<14> Nor black Balthasar<15> with his basnet rough as a bear, Nor Lycaon, that loathly lusk,<16> in mine opinion, Nor no boar so bremly bristled is with hair, As ye are bristled on the back for all your gay gear. [But say me yet, Sir Satrapas, what authority ye have In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?]

Your wind-shaken shanks, your long loathly legs, Crooked as a cammock, and as a cow calfless, Brings you out of favour with all female tegs: That Mistress Punt put you off, it was not all causeless; At Orwell her haven<17> your anger was lawless. [But say me yet, Sir Satrapas, what authority ye have In your challenge, Sir Chesten, to call me a knave?]

-201-
I say, ye solemn Saracen, all black is your blee;
As a glede glowing, your even glister as glass,
Rolling in your hollow head, ugly to see;
Your teeth tainted with tawny; your seemly snout doth pass,
Hooked as an hawk's beak, like Sir Thopas.

Boldly bend you to battle, and busk yourself to save:
Challenge yourself for a fool, call me no more knave!

By the King's most noble commandment.

Skelton Laureate, Defender, Against Master Garnesche,

How may I your mockery meekly tolerate,
[Your] groaning, your grunting, your groining like a swine?
[Your] pride is all to-peevish, your port importunate;
[Your] manticore, ye malapert, ye can both wince and whine;
[Your] loathsome leer to look on, like a greased boot doth shine.
Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate,
Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware yet of checkmate.

Whole is your brow that ye brake with Deuardall your own sword;
Why hold ye on your cap, sir, then? your pardon is expired:
Ye hobble very homely before the king's board;
Ye counter umwhile too captiously, and ere ye be desired;
Your moth-eaten mockish manners, they be all to-mired.
Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate,
Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware of checkmate.

O Gabionite of Gabion, why do ye gane and gasp?
Huff a gallant Garneshe, look on your comely corse!
Lusty Garnesche, like a louse, ye jet full like a jasp;
As witless as a wild goose, ye have but small remorse
Me for to challenge that of your challenge maketh so little force.

Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate,
Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware of checkmate.

Sir Guy, Sir Gawain, Sir Cayus, for and Sir Oliver,
Pyramus, nor Priamus nor Sir Pyrrhus the proud,
In Arthur's ancient acts nowhere is proved your peer;
The fashion of your phys'nomy the devil in a cloud;
Your heart is too haught, ywis, it will not be allowed.

Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate,
Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware of checkmate.

Ye ground you upon Godfrey, that grisly gorgon's face,
Your standard, Sir Olifranke against me for to splay:
Baile, baile at you both, frantic fools! follow on the chase!
Come Garnesche, come Godfrey, with as many as ye may!
I advise you beware of this war, range you in array.

Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate,
Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware of checkmate.

-202-
Gup, gorbellied Godfrey, gup, Garnesche, gaudy fool!
To tourney or to taunt with me ye are too far to seek:
For these twain whip slovens call for a cuck-stool:
Thou manticore, ye marmoset, garnished like a Greek,
Wrangling, wayward, witless, wrav, and nothing meek.
Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate,
Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware of checkmate.

Myrres vous y,<32>
Look not too high.

By the King's most noble commandment.

SKELTON LAUREATE, DEFENDER, AGAINST LUSTY GARNESCHE, WELL-BESEEN CHRISTOPHER,<33> CHALLENGER, ET CETERA.

I have your lewd letter received,
And well I have it perceived,
And your scribe<34> I have espied,
That your mad mind contrived.
Saving your usher's rod,
I cast me not to be odd
With neither of you twain:
Wherefore I write again
How the favour of your face
Is void of all good grace;
For all your carpet cushions,
Ye have knavish conditions.
Gup, marmoset, jaist ye, morel!
I am laureate, I am no lorel.
Lewdly your time ye spend
My living to reprehend;<35>
And will never intend
Your own lewdness to amend:
Your English lewdly ye sort,
And falsely ye me report.
Garnesche, ye gape too wide:
Your knavery I will not hide,
For to assuage your pride.

When ye were younger of age
Ye were a kitchen-page,
A dish-washer, a drivel,
In the pot your nose did snivel;<31>
Ye fried and ye broiled,
Ye roasted and ye boiled,
Ye roasted, like a fon,
A goose with the feet upon;
Ye sluffered up sauce
In my Lady Bruce's house.
Where to should I write
Of such a greasy knight?
A bawdy dish-clout,  
That bringeth the world about  
With hafting and with polling,  
With lying and controlling.

At Guines when ye were  
But a slender spear,  
Decked lewdly in your gear;  
For when ye dwelt there,  
Ye had a knavish coat  
Was scantly worth a groat;  
In dud frieze ye were shrined  
With better frieze lined;  
The outside every day,  
Ye might no better a way;  
The inside ye did call  
Your best gown festival.  
Your drapery ye did want,  
The ward with you was scant.  
When ye cast a sheep's eye,  
. . . . Mistress Andelby,<38>  
. . . . Guines upon a gong,  
. . . . sat somewhat too long;  
. . . . her husband's head  
. . . . mall of lead,  
. . . . that ye there preached,  
To her love ye not reached:  
Ye would have bussed her bum  
So that she would have come  
Unto your lousy den;  
But she of all men  
Had you most in despite,  
Ye lost her favour quite;  
Your pilled-garlic head<39>  
Could occupy there no stead;<40>  
She called you Sir Guy of Gaunt,<41>  
Nosed like an elephant,  
A pickaxe or a twibill;  
She said how ye did bridle,  
Much like a dromedary;  
Thus with you she did warray  
With much matter more  
That I keep in store.

Your breath is strong and quick;  
Ye are an elder-stick;  
Ye wot what I think;  
At both ends ye stink.  
Great danger for the king,  
When his Grace is fasting,  
His presence to approach:
It is to your reproach.
It falleth for no swine,
Nor souters, to drink wine,
Nor such a noddypole
A priest for to control.

Little wit in your scribe's noll,
That scribbled your fond scroll,
Upon him for to take
Against me for to make,
Like a doctor dawpate,
A laureate poet for to rate.
Your terms are too gross,
Too far from the purpose,
To contaminate
And to violate
The dignity laureate.

Bold bayard, ye are too blind,<42>
And grow all out of kind,
To occupy so your mind;
For reason can I none find
Nor good rhyme in your matter;
I wonder that ye smatter,
So for a knave to clatter,
Ye would be called a maker;
And make much like Jake Raker;<43>
Ye are a comely craker,
Ye learned of some pie-baker.
Cast up your curious writing,
And your dirty inditing,
And your spiteful despiting,
For all is not worth a miting,
A mackerel nor a whiting:
Had ye gone with me to school
And occupied no better your tool,<44>
Ye should have couathed me a fool.

But now, gaudy, greasy Garnesche,
Your face I wis to varnish
So surely it shall not tarnish.
Though a Saracen's head ye bear,
Rough and full of lousy hair,
As every man well seeth,
Full of great knavish teeth,
In a field of green peason,
Is rhyme yet out of reason;
Your wit is so geson,
Ye rail all out of season.

Your skin scabbed and scurvy,
Tawny, tanned, and shurvy;<45>
Now upon this heat
Rankly when ye sweat,
Men say ye will wax lousy,
Drunken, droopy, drowsy.
Your sword ye swear, I ween,
So trenchant and so keen,
Shall cut both white and green:<46>
Your folly is too great
The king's colours to threat.
Your breath it is so fell
And so puauntly doth smell,
And so heinously doth stink,
That neither pump nor sink
Doth savour half so sour
Against a stormy shower.
O ladies of bright colour,
Of beauty that beareth the flower,
When Garnesche cometh you among
With his breath so strong,
Without ye have a confection
Against his poisoned infection,
Else with his stinking jaws
He will cause you cast your craws,
And make your stomach seek
Over the perch to prick.

Now, Garnesche, guard thy gums;
My serpentines and my guns
Against ye now I bend;
Thyself therefore defend.
Thou toad, thou scorpion,<47>
Thou bawdy habion,
Thou bear, thou bristled boar,
Thou Moorish manticore,
Thou rammish stinking goat,
Thou foul churlish parrot,
Thou grisly Gorgon gleimy,
Thou sweaty sloven seamy,
Thou morrion, thou maument,<48>
Thou false stinking serpent,
Thou mockish marmoset,
I will not die in thy debt!<49>
Tyburn thou me assigned,
Where thou shouldst have been shrined;
The next halter there shall be
I bequeath it whole to thee;
Such pelfry thou hast packed,<50>
And so thyself o'er-watched
That there thou shouldst be racked,<51>
If thou were metly matched.

140
150
160
170
180
Ye may well be bedawed,<52>
Ye are a fool outlawed;
And for to tell the ground,
Pay Stokes his five pound.
I say, Sir Dalyrag,<53>
Ye bear you bold and brag
With other men's charge:
Ye cut your cloth too large:
Such polling pageants ye play,<54>
To point you fresh and gay.

And he that scribbled your scrolls,<55>
I reckon you in my rolls
For ii drunken souls.
Read and learn ye may,
How old proverbs say,
That bird is not honest
That fouleth his own nest.<56>
If he wist what some wot,
The flesh basting of his coat
Was sowed with slender thread.
God send you well good speed,
With Dominus vobiscum!
Good Latin for Jack-a-Thrum,<57>
Till more matter may come.

By the King's most noble commandment.

DONUM LEAUREATI DISTICHON CONTRA GOLIARDUM GARNESCHE ET SCRIBAM EIUS<58>

Tu, Garnesche, fatuus, fatuus tuus est mage scriba:
Qui sapuit puer, insanit vir, versus in hydram.<59>

SKELETON LAUREATE DEFENDER AGAINST LUSTY GARNESCHE WELL BESEEN CHRISTOPHER <60> CHALLENGER, ET CETERA.

Garnesche, gorgon, ghastly grim,
I have received your second hyime.
Though ye can skill of large and long,<61>
Ye sing alway the cuckoo song:
Ye rail, ye rhyme, with Hey, dog, hey!
Your churlish chanting is all one lay. <62>
Ye, sir, rail all in deformity:
Ye have not read the property
Of Nature's works, how they be
Mixed with some incommodity,
As proveth well in his Rhetorics old,
Cicero with his tongue of gold.<63>
That Nature wrought in you and me,
Irrevocable is her decree;
Waywardly wrought she hath in thee,
Behold thyself, and thou mayst see;  
Thou shalt behold nowhere a worse,  
Thy mirror may be the devil's arse.  
With knave, sir knave, and knave again!  
To call me knave, thou takest great pain:  
The proudest knave yet of us twain  
Within thy skin he shall remain;  
The starkest knave, and least good can,  
Thou art called of every man;  
The court, the country, village and town,  
Saith from thy toe unto thy crown  
Of all proud knaves thou bearest the bell,  
Loathsome as Lucifer lowest in hell.  
On that side, on this side thou doth gaze,  
And thinkest thyself Sir Piers de Brasy,  
Thy caitiff's carcass coarse and crazy;  
Much of thy manners I can blazy.  
Of Lombardy George Hardyson,  
Thou would have scored his habergeon;  
That gentle George the Januay,  
Ye would have triced his trull away;  
Such pageants with your friends ye play,  
With treachery ye them betray.  
Garnesche, ye got of George with gaudery  
Crimson velvet for your bawdry.  
Ye have a fantasy to Fenchurch Street,  
With Lombards' lemans for to meet,  
With Buss me, butting, pretty Cis!  
Your loathsome lips love well to kiss,  
Slavering like a slimy snail—  
I would ye had kissed her on the tail!  
Also not far from Bowgy Row,  
Ye pressed pertly to pluck a crow:  
Ye lost your hold, unbend your bow,  
Ye won nothing there but a mow;  
Ye won nothing there but a scorn;  
She would not of it thou had sworn.  
She said ye were coloured with coal-dust;  
To dally with you she had no lust.  
She said your breath stank like a brock.  
With Gup, Sir Guy, ye got a mock  
She swear with her ye should not deal,  
For ye were smeary, like a seal,  
And ye were hairy, like a calf;  
She prayed you walk, on God's halfl <71>  
And thus there ye lost your prey;  
Get ye another where ye may.  
Disparage ye mine ancestry?  
Ye are disposed for to lie:
I say, thou fell and foul flesh-fly,  
In this debate I thee ascry.  
Thou claimest thee gentle, thou art a cur; 
Heralds they know thy coat armour:  
Though thou be a gentleman born,  
Yet gentleness in thee is threadbare worn;  
Heralds from honour may thee divorce,  
For harlots haunt thine hateful corse;  
Ye bear out brothels like a bawd;  
And get thereby a slender laud  
Between the tapet and the wall—  
Fusty bawdias! I say not all.  
Of harlots to use such an harass,  
Ye breed moths in cloth of Arras.  
What aileth thee, ribald, on me to rave?  
A king to me mine habit gave:  
At Oxford, the university,  
Advanced I was to that degree;  
By whole consent of their senate,  
I was made poet laureate.  
To call me lorel ye are too lewd:  
Lith and listen, all beshrewed!  
Of the Muses nine, Calliope  
Hath pointed me to rail on thee.  
It seemeth not thy pilled pate  
Against a poet laureate  
To take upon thee for to scrive;  
It comes thee better for to drive  
A dung-cart or a tumbril  
Than with my poems for to mell.  
The honour of England I learned to spell,  
In dignity royal that doth excel.  
Note and mark well this parcel:  
I gave him drink of the sugared well  
Of Helicon’s waters crystalline,  
Acquainting him with the Muses nine.  
It cometh thee well me to remord  
That creancie was to thy sovereign lord:  
It pleaseth that noble prince royal  
Me as his master for to call  
In his learning primordial.  
Avaunt, ribald, thy tongue reclaim!  
Me to beknave thou art to blame;  
Thy tongue untaught, with poison infect,  
Without thou leave thou shalt be checked,  
And taken up in such a frame.  
That all the world will spy your shame.  
Avaunt, avaunt, thou sluggish . . .  
And say poets no dis . . .

-209-
It is for no bawdy knave
The dignity laureate for to have.
Thou callest me scold, thou callest me mad:
Though thou be pilled, thou art not sad.
Thou art frantic and lackest wit,
To rail with me that thee can hit.
Though it be now full-tide with thee,
Yet there may fall such casualty,
Ere thou be ware, that in a throw
Thou mayest fall down and ebb full low.
Wherefore in wealth beware of woe,
For wealth will soon depart thee fro.
To know thyself if thou lack grace,
Learn or be lewd, I shrew thy face.
Thou sayest I called thee a peacock:
Thou lyest, I called thee a woodcock;
For thou hast a long snout,
A seemly nose and a stout,
Pricked like an unicorn:
I would some man's back ink-horn
Were thy nose spectacle-case;
It would garnish well thy face.
Thou deemest my railing overthwart:
I rail to thee such as thou art.
If thou were acquainted with all
The famous poets satirical,
As Persius and Juvenal,
Horace and noble Martial,
If they were living this day,
Of thee wot I what they would say;
They would thee write, all with one stevin,
The foulest sloven under heaven,
Proud, peevish, lither, and lewd,
Malapert, meddler, nothing well-thewed,
Busy, brainless, to brawl and brag,
Witless, wayward, Sir Wrig-wrag,
Disdainous, double, full of deceit,
Lying, spying by subtlety and sleight,
Fleering, flattering, false, and fickle,
Scornful and mocking over too mickle.
My time, I trow, I should but lese
To write to thee of tragedies,<82>
It is not meet for such a knave;
But now my process for to save,<83>
Inordinate pride will have a fall.
Presumptuous pride is all thine hope:
God guard thee, Garnesche, from the rope!
Stop a tide, and be well ware
Ye be not caught in a hempen snare.
Harken thereto, ye Harvy Hafter,<84>
Pride goeth before and shame cometh after.

Thou writest, I should let thee go play:
Go play thee, Garnesche, garnished gay;
I care not what thou write or say,
I cannot let thee the knave to play,
To dance the hay or run the ray:<85>
Thy fond face can me not fray.
Take this for that, bear this in mind,
Of thy lewdness more is behind;
A ream of paper will not hold
Of thy lewdness that may be told.
My study might be better spent;
But for to serve the king's intent,
His noble pleasure and commandment,
Scribble thou, scribble thou, rail or write,
Write what thou wilt, I shall thee aquire.

*By the King's most noble commandment.*
NOTES TO POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE.

1. All the particulars concerning Garnesche which I have been able to discover, will be found in the Account of Skelton and his Writings.

2. wish] So MS. seems to read.

3. Sir Termagant] A very furious deity, whom the Crusaders and romance-writers charged the Saracens with worshipping, though there was certainly no such Saracenic divinity. Concerning the name, see Gifford's note on Massinger's Works, ii. 125. ed. 1813, and Nares's Gloss. in v. – So in The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy, which in various minute particulars bears a strong resemblance to the present pieces Against Garnesche;

"Termagantis temptis and Vespasius thy came."

Dunbar's Poems, ii. 85. ed. Laing.

4. nall] Seems to be the reading of MS.—"nall" having been added, instead of "alle," which is drawn through with the pen.


6. Sir Satrapas] Neither with this, nor with the personage mentioned in the next line, have I any acquaintance.

7. have ye kithed you a knight]—kithed, i.e. made known, shown.

"It kithed be his cognisance ane knight that he was."


Garnesche had the dignity of knighthood; see Account of Skelton and his Writings. In the heading, and first line, of this poem, he is called Master; but knights were frequently so addressed. In Cavendish's Life of Wolsey mention is made of "Sir William Fitzwilliams, a knight," who is presently called "Master Fitzwilliams," pp. 310, 311. ed. 1827, and of "Sir Walter Walshe, knight," who is immediately after termed "Master Walshe," pp. 339, 340, and of "that worshipful knight Master Kingston," p. 374.


9. place] Might be read perhaps "palace."

10. Sir Terry of Thrace] I do not recollect any romance or history in which a Sir Terry of that country is mentioned.

11. Sir Ferumbras the freke] freke (common in romance-poetry in the sense of—man, warrior) is here, as the context shows, equivalent to furious fellow: We have had the word before, The Bowge of Court v. 187. Consult the analysis of the romance of Sir Ferumbras in Ellis's Spec. of Met. Rom. ii. 356, and Caxton's Life of Charles the Great, &c., 1485, for much about this Saracen, called in the latter Fyerabras,—" a
marvellous giant,"—"which was vanquished by Oliver, and at the last baptised, and was after a Saint in heaven." Sig. b viii.

12. Sir captain of Catywade, catacombs of Cayre[ C] Cayre is Cairo; but I am unable to explain the line. In the opening of Heywood's Four P. P., the Palmer says, he has been at "the great God of Katewade," alluding, as O. Gilchrist thinks, to Catwadebridge in Sampford hundred in Suffolk, where there may have been a famous chapel and rood; see Dodsley's Old Plays, i. 61. last ed.


14. Of Mantrible the Bridge, Malchus the Morrion] morrion, i.e. Moor; so in the third of these poems, Skelton calls Garnesche "Thou morrion, thou maument," v. 170; so too in the Scottish Treasurer's Accounts for 1501, "Peter the Morrion," Dunbar's Poems, ii. 306. ed. Laing; and in a folio broadside, M. Harry Whobals mon to M. Camell, &c. "(among the "flytings" of Churchyard and Camell), "Some morrion boy to hold ye up." If the present passage means that the Bridge was guarded by a Moor called Malchus, I know not what authority Skelton followed. Concerning the Bridge of Mantrible see the analysis of the romance of Sir Ferumbras, Ellis's Spec. of Met. Rom. ii. 389; and Caxton's Life of Charles the Great, &c., 1485, "Of the marvellous bridge of Mantrible, of the tribute there paid for to pass over," &c., sig. e. viii., and how "the strong bridge of Mantrible was won not without great pain," sig. h viii.: it was kept by a giant, named Algolufre in the former, and Galafre in the latter, who was slain by the Frenchmen when the Bridge was won. In The Bruce of Barbour, the hero reads to his followers "Romance of worthy Ferambras" and how Charlemagne "won Mantrible and passed Flagot." B. ii. v. 832 sqq. ed. Jam. "The tale of the bridge of the mantrible" is mentioned in The Complaint of Scotland, p. 98. ed. Leyden. Compare also Don Quixote; "nor that [history] of Fierabras, with the Bridge of Mantrible", which befell in Charlemagne's time, and is, I swear, as true, as that it is day at this instant." P. i. B. iv. c. xxii. p. 546., Shelton's trans., 1612.

15. black Balthasar with his basnet rough as a bear] Does black Balthasar mean one of the Magi, or, as they were commonly called, the Three Kings of Cologne? "the third, Balthasar, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard," &c. Festa Anglo-Romana, p. 7, cited in Brand's Pop. Ant. i. 19 (note), ed. 1813: with his basnet rough as a bear, i.e. with his cap (not helmet, it would seem) rough as a bear.

16. Lycaon, that loathly lusk] "Here is a great knave i. a great lither lusk, or a stout idle lubber." Palsgrave's Acolastus, 1540. sig. X ii. "Lusk, a vile person, ribault, esclave, lourdault." Palsgrave, Lesclar de la Lang. Fr. p. 241. The word is often used as a term of reproach in general.

17. Orwell her haven] By Harwich.

18. As a glede glowing] i.e. glowing like a burning coal:—but qy. did Skelton write "as a glede glowering?" i.e. staring like a kite. He uses glede in this latter sense in Magnificence, v. 1059; and in The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy (see note 3 above) we find,—

"hungry glede."

"Like to ane stark thief glowrand in ane tedder."
Dunbar's Poems, i. 70, 72. ed. Laing.
19. *Hooked as an hawk's beak, like Sir Thopas*] The allusion is to Chaucer's Sire Thopas, who "had a seemly nose." v. 13659. ed. Tyr.

20. *Godfrey*] Concerning this person, who assisted Garnesche in his compositions, and is afterwards called his scribe, I can give the reader no information.

21. [*Your* groaning, your grunting, your groining like a swine?] The beginning of this line, and the next three lines, torn off in MS. As to *groining*, Skelton has elsewhere:

"Hoining like hogs that groins and roots."

*Against venomous tongues*, v. 4

"The grunting and the *groining* of the groaning swine."

*Garland of Laurel*, v. 1376

To *groin* is explained to groan, to grunt, to growl; but perhaps our author may have used it like the French "*Groigner*". To nuzzle, or to root with the snout." Cotgrave's *Dict*.

22. *Ye capped Caiaphas copious, your paltock on your pate, Though ye prate like proud Pilate, beware yet of checkmate*] *Copious* is perhaps an allusion to some sort of cope, in which that personage might have figured on the stage. The usual explanations of *paltock* (*"Paltock. Baltheus," Prompt. Parv. ; "a short garment of the doublet kind," Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 352) do not seem to suit the present passage. In Palsgrave, p. 251, we find "*Paltock, a patch, palleteau;" and see what immediately follows in this poem. Compare *The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy* (see note 4 above):

"Thou irefull *atercop, Pilate apostata."

......

"Caiaphas thy faitour."

Dunbar's Poems, ii. 85, 86. ed. Laing.

23. *Deu[ra]ndall*] Was the celebrated sword of Roland: see (among other works which might be referred to) Caxton's *Life of Charles the Great*, &c., 1485, "How Roland died holily after many martyrs and orisons made to God full devoutly, and of the complaint made for his sword durandal." Sig. i.

24. *Gabionite of Gabion*] So in his *Replication against certain young scholars*, &c. Skelton calls them (in Latin) "*Gabaonitae.*" The *Gabionites* were the inhabitants of Gabii, a nearby town, who warred with the Romans early in their history.

25. *Huff a gallant*] [*Huff* seems to mean a swaggering, bullying fellow.] Compare;

"*Hof hof hof* a frisch gallant."


"Make room sirs and let us be merry,
With *huffa galand*, sing tirl on the berry."


In some Glossary, to which I have lost the reference, is "*Huff, a gallant*"

26. *Jasp*] usually means a jewel, specifically the semiprecious stone *jasper*, but here—does it mean *wasp*?

27. *that of your challenge maketh so little force*] i.e. that maketh (make) so little matter of your challenge.
28. Sir Guy, Sir Gawain, Sir Cayus, for and Sir Olyvere] Concerning the first two see Notes 80 and 81 to Philip Sparrow. Cayus, or Kay, was the foster brother of King Arthur; see the Morte d'Arthur, &c. &c.: for and [and also] is an expression occasionally found in much later writers; see Middleton's Fair Quarrel, act v. sc. 1., Works, iii. 544. ed. Dyce; and Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle,—

"For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it."
Act ii. sc. 2. [sc. 3.]
a passage which the modern editors have most absurdly altered: Oliver was one of the twelve peers of France.

29. Priamus] Perhaps the personage so named, who fought with Gawain, and was afterwards made a knight of the Round Table; see Morte d'Arthur, B. v. ch. x. xii. vol. i. 148 sqq. ed. Southey.

30. Arthur's ancient acts] An allusion, perhaps, more particularly to the Morte d'Arthur; see its other title in note 83 to The Garland of Laurel.

31. Sir Olifranke] Qy. a mistake of the transcriber for Sir Olifaunte, the giant mentioned in Chaucer's Sir Thopas?

32. Myrres vous y] "Behold yourself therein" (Carl Woodring)

33. lusty Garnesche, well-beseen Christopher] Both these epithets allude to his dress: "Lusty or fresh in apparel, frisque." Palsgrave, p. 318; well beseen, [well looking.].—Compare Dunbar;

"Gif I be lusty in array,
Than love I paramours thay say
....
Gif I be not well als beseen," &c.
Poems, i. 185. ed. Laing.

34. scribe] Means Godfrey, see note 20 above, and compare v. 90 of the present.

35. My living to reprehend] Added to the MS. in a different hand.

36. your nose did snivel] So in The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy (see note 3 above);

"Out! out! I shout, upon that snout that snivels."
Dunbar's Poems, ii. 86. ed. Laing.

37. dud frieze] i.e. coarse frieze: [a dudd was also a coarse wrapper or dread-nought. Rags, or poor clothes in general, are still called duds. See Way's Prompt. Parv. ]

38. A portion of the MS is torn off here.

39. pilled-garlic] [i.e. scalled–pilled is peeled.] Compare the next poem Against Garnesche;

" Thou callest me scold, thou callest me mad:
Though thou be pilled, thou art not sad.
v. 117

Pilled-garlick was a term applied to a person whose hair had fallen off by disease, see Todd's Johnson's Dict. in v.

40. occupy there no stead] i.e. avail nothing
41. Sir Guy of Gaunt] So our author again, in his Colyn Cloute;

"Avaunt, sir Guy of Gaunt."

v. 1157.

In The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy (which, as already shown, strongly resembles the present pieces Against Garnesche in several minute particulars) we find

"thou spreit of Guy."

Dunbar's Poems, ii. 72. ed. Laing.

and at p. 37 of the same vol., in The Droichis Part of the Play, attributed to Dunbar,—

"I wait I am the spreit of Guy."

So too Sir D. Lyndsay in his Epistle to the King's Grace before his Dream,—

"And sometime, like the grisly gaist of Guy."

Works, i. 187. ed. Chalmers,—

who explains it "the well-known Sir Guy of romance." But both Dunbar and Lyndsay allude to a story concerning the ghost of a person called Guy, an inhabitant of Alost. There is a Latin tract on the subject, entitled De spiritu Guidonis, of which various translations into English are extant in MS. One of these is now before me, in verse, and consisting of 16 closely written 4to pages: Here beginneth a notable matter and a great miracle done by our Lord Jesus Christ and showed in the year of his incarnation MCCCXXIII. [printed Latin tract now before me has MCCCXXIIII.] and in the XVI day of December in the City of Aleste. Which miracle is of a certain man that was called Guy and dead and after viii days he appeared to his wife after the commandment of God of which appearing she was afeared and often time ravished. Then she took counsel and went to the friars of the same city and told the Prior friar John Goly of this matter, &c. As Gaunt is the old name of Ghent, and as Alost is about thirteen miles from that city, perhaps the reader may be inclined to think,—what I should greatly doubt,—that Skelton also alludes to the same story.

42. Bold bayard, ye are too blind] The proverbial expression, "as bold as blind bayard,"—(bayard, properly a bay horse, but used for a horse in general),—is very ancient, and of very frequent occurrence in our early literature; its origin is not known:

"For blind bayard cast peril of nothing,
Till that he stumbling fall amid the lake."

Lydgate's Wars of Troy, B. v. sig. E e ii. ed. 1555.

43. Ye would be called a maker, And make much like Jake Raker] i.e. You would be called a composer of verses, or poet, and you compose much in the style of Jack Raker. So again our author;

"Set sophia aside, for every Jack Raker
And every mad meddler must now be a maker."

Speak, Parrot, v. 165

"He maketh us Jack Rakers;
He says we are but crakers." &c.

Why come ye not to Court, v. 270.

So too in the Comedy by Nicholas Udall, entitled Ralph Royster Doyster;
"Of Songs and Ballads also he is a maker,
And that can he as finely do as Jack Raker."

Act ii. sc. 1. p. 27. (reprint.)

Mr. Collier (Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet. ii. 448) speaks of Jack Raker as if he really had existed: I rather think that he was an imaginary person, whose name had become proverbial.

44. occupied no better your tool] i.e. used no better your tool, pen.

45. Your skin scabbed and scurvy.
Tawny, tanned, and shurvy, &c.] The first line added to MS. in a different hand. — shurvy, i.e., perhaps, "shrovy, squalid." Forby's Vocab. of East Anglia: [probably only a softened form of scurvy.] With this passage compare The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy (see note 3 above)

"Fie! scowdered skin, thou art both skyre and skrumple.

....
Ane crabbed, scabbed, evil faced messantyke.

....
Thou lookest lousy."
Dunbar's Poems, ii. 70, 84, 72. ed. Laing.

46. Shall cut both white and green] an allusion to the dress which our author appears to have worn as Laureate; see Account of Skelton and his Writings.

47. scorpion] So in The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy "scorpion venomous."
Dunbar's Poems, ii. 75. ed. Laing.


49. I will not die in thy debt] Compare Cock Lorel's Boat;

If he call her callet, she calleth him knave again;
She shall not die in his debt." Sig. B i.

50. Such pelfry thou hast packed] I do not understand this line: pelfry is, perhaps, pilfer; but does it not rather mean—petty goods,—which Garnesche had packed, fraudulently got together? "Much of their fish they do barter with English men, for meal, laces, and shoes, and other pelfry," Borde's Book of knowledge, sig. I, reprint.

"Out of which country the said Scots fled, and left much corn, butters, and other pelfry, behind them, which the host had." Letter from Gray to Cromwell, State Papers, iii. 155,—the Vocabulary to which renders pelfry, pillage—wrongly, I believe. Dekker, describing "The Black Art "(or "Picking of Locks"), tells us that "The gains gotten is Pelfry." The Bellman of London, &c. sig. F 4. ed. 1608. Page 145. v. 179.

51. thou shouldst be racked] i.e. thou shouldst be stretched—have thy neck stretched.
So in The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy;

"For substance and gear thou has a widdy teuch
On Mont Falcone, about thy craig to rack."
Dunbar's Poems, ii. 79. ed. Laing.

(widdy teugh = "tough rope made of osiers; thy craig to rack = "thy neck to stretch")

52. be bedawed] Does it mean—be daunted? or, be called simple fellow? see note 25 to The Bowge of Court.
53. Sir Dalyrag] So our author elsewhere;

"Let sir Wrigwrag wrestle with sir Dalyrag."
Speak, Parrot. v. 91.

"Adieu now, sir Wrig wrag,
Adieu, sir Dalyrag!"
The Doughty Duke of Albany v. 297


55. he that scribbled your scrolls] i.e. Godfrey; see note 20 above.

56. That bird is not honest
That fouleth his own nest] This proverb occurs in The Owl and the Nightingale (a poem of the 12th century), p. 4. Rox. ed.

57. Jack-a-thrum] In his Magnificence, our author mentions "Jack-a-thrum's bible," v. 1444, also in his Garland of Laurel, v. 209; and in his Colyn Cloute he uses the expression,—

"As wyse as Tom-a-thrum."
v. 284.

where the MS. has "Jacke athrum"—Compare: "And thereto accords two worthy preachers, Jack a Thrum and John Brest Bale." Burlesques,—Reliquiae Antiquae (by Wright and Halliwell), i. 84.

58. DONUM LEAUREATI DISTICHON CONTRA GOLIARDUM GARNESCHE ET SCRIBAM EIUS] "This couplet against Garnesche the goliard, and his scribe, (is) a gift of the Laureate "—goliardum is equivalent, probably, to buffoon, or ridiculous rhymer. ["The goliardi, in the original sense of the word, appear to have been in the clerical order somewhat the same class as the jongleurs and minstrels among the laity, riotous and unthrifty scholars, who attended on the tables of the richer ecclesiastics, and gained their living and clothing by practising the profession of buffoons and jesters. The name appears to have originated towards the end of the twelfth century; and, in the documents of that time and of the next century, is always connected with the clerical order." Wright, Poems of Walter Mapes, p. x.] See Du Cange's Gloss. in v., Tyrwhitt's note on Chaucer's Cant. Tales, v. 562, and Roquefort's Gloss. in v. Goliard.

59. Tu, Garnesche, fatuus, fatuus tuus est mage scriba:
Qui sapuit puer, insanit vir, versus in hydram.] "You, Garnesche, are a fool, your scribe a greater fool; [He] who was wise as a boy, is mad as a man, changed into a serpent.

60. lusty Garnesche well beseen Christopher] See note 33 above
61. *Though ye can skill of large and long*] i.e. Though you be skilled in large and long; see note 10 to *Against a Comely Custron*.

62. *Ye sing alway the cuckoo song:*  
*Ye rail, ye rhyme, with Hey, dog, hey!  
Your churlish chanting is all one lay.*] one lay, i.e. one strain. So Lydgate;  
"The cuckoo sing can then but one lay."  

63. *Cicero with his tongue of gold*] Side note here: *Observa prologium libri secundi in veteri Rhetorica Ciceronis. Incipit autem sc.g. Crotoniati quondam cum florerent omnibus copiis, et cetera.* ("See the prologue to the second book of old Cicero's Rhetoric [i.e. *De Inventione*]. It begins 'The men of Croton, when they were flourishing with every kind of riches, &c.'"). So Dunbar speaking of Homer and Tully;  
"Your *aureate tongues* both ben all too light," &c.  


65. *Sir Piers de Brasy*] i.e. Pierre de Brézé, grand-seneschal of Anjou, Poitou, and Normandy, and a distinguished warrior during the reigns of Charles vii. and Lewis xi.: he fell at the battle of Montlhéry in 1465.

66. *George Hardysen*] Perhaps the "George Ardeson "who is several times mentioned in the unpublished *Books of King's Payments Temp. Hen. vii. and viii.*, preserved in the Chapter-House, Westminster: one entry concerning him is as follows;  

xxiii. of Hen. vii.—*George Ardeson* and Dominick Sall are bounden in an obligation to pay for the licence of cccl butts of malmsey vi.s viii.d for every butt within iii months next after they shall be laid upon land – cxvi li. xii. s

67. *the Januay*] i.e. the Geneose. "*The Jannays .... Genuenses.*" *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. k iii. ed. 1530.

68. *pageants*] i.e. tricks. See note 54 above.

69. *Bowgy row*] i.e. Budge Row: "This Ward [Cordwainers Street Ward] beginneth in the East, on the West side of Walbrooke, and runneth West, through *Budge Row* (a street so called of the Budge Fur, and of Skinners dwelling there)," &c. Stow's *Survey*, B. 15. ed. 1720.

70. *Gup, Sir Guy*] See note 11 to *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious*, and note 41 above.

71. *on God's half*] See note 64 to *Elvnour Rumming*.

72. *Between the tapet and the wall*] A line which occurs again in our author's *Magnificence*, v. 1249.

73. *Fusty bawdyas*] An expression used again by Skelton in his *Garland of Laurel*;  
"Foo, *fusty bawdyas* some smelled of the smoke."  
v. 639

It occurs in the metrical tale *The King and the Hermit*;
"When the cope comes into the place,
Canst thou say fusty baudyas,
And think it in your thought?
And you shall hear a totted friar
Say strike pantnere,
And in ye [the] cope leave right nought."

Brit. Bibliogr. iv. 90.

and several times after, in the same poem. [Apparently, a kind of drinking strophe. See in Ivanhoe, by Walter Scott: "The one toper says fusty baudias, to which the other is obliged to reply, strike pantnere, and the Friar passes many jests on the King's want of memory.]

74. harras] Equivalent to—collection. "Harras, a race; horses and mares kept only for breed." COTG. Way's Prompt. Parv.

75. cloth of Arras] i.e. tapestry; so called from Arras in Artois, where the chief manufacture of such hangings was.

76. The honour of England] i.e. Henry the Eighth. Learned i.e. taught.

77. remord] Fr. "Remordre. To bite again; also, to carpe at, or find fault with." Cotgrave's Dict. The word is frequently used by Skelton (see, for instance, Unto Divers People That Remord This Rhyming) where he introduces it with other terms nearly synonymous,—"reprehending" and "rebuking").

78. creancer] i.e. tutor: see Account of Skelton and his Writings. —Erasmus in his Paraph. in Epist. Pauli ad Galat. cap. 4. v. 2,—Opp. vii. 956. ed. 1703-6, has these words; "sed metu cohibetur, sed alieno arbitrio ducitur, sub tutoribus et actoribus agens," &c.: which are thus rendered in The Paraphrase of Erasmus upon the New Testament, vol. ii. fol xiii. ed. 1548-9; "but is kept under with fear, and ruled as other men will, passing that time under creancers and governors," &c. (Fr. creanser.)

79. ribald] MS. seems to have "rylode."

80. Without thou leave &c.] In the MS. the latter part of this line, and the concluding portions of the next two lines, are so injured by stains that I can only guess at the words. The endings of the third and fourth lines are illegible.

81. I would some man's back ink horn

82. tragedies] Skelton does not mean here dramatic pieces: compare his piece Against the Scots, v. 72. So Lydgate's celebrated poem, The TRAGEDIES, gathered by John Bochas, of all such Princes as fell from their estates, &c.

83. my process for to save] process, i.e. story; so our author in his Why come ye not to Court;

"Then, our process for to stable."

v. 533.

84. Harvy Hafter] See note 14 to The Bowge of Court.

85. hay . . . ray] Names of dances, the latter less frequently mentioned than the former:
"I can dance the ray, I can both pipe and sing."
Barclay’s *First Egloge*, sig. A ii. ed. 1570.
AGAINST VENOMOUS TONGUES
AGAINST VENOMOUS TONGUES ENPOISONED WITH SLANDER AND FALSE DETRACTIONS

[From Marsh's ed. Of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

SKELTON LAUREATE,
ORATORIS REGIUS TERTIUS

Quid detur tibi, aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam?

Deus destruet te in finem; evellet te, et emigrabit te de tabernacula tuo, et radicem tuam de terra viventium.

All matters well pondered and well to be regarded,
How should a false lying tongue then be rewarded?
Such tongues should be torn out by the hard roots,
Hoining like hogges that groins and roots.

Dilexisti omnia verba praecipitationis, lingua dolosa. Ubi s, &c.

For, as I have read in volumes old,
A false lying tongue is hard to withhold;
A slanderous tongue, a tongue of a scold,
Worketh more mischief than can be told;
That, if I wist not to be controlled,
Yet somewhat to say I dare well be bold,

How some delight for to lie thick and threefold,

Ad sannam hominem redigit comice et graphice.

For ye said, that he said, that I said, wot ye what?
I made, he said, a windmill of an old mat:
If there be none other matter but that
Then ye may commend me to gentle Cockwat.

Hic notat purpuraria arte intextas literas Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum ante et retro.

For before on your breast, and behind on your back,
In Roman letters I never found lack;
In your cross row nor Christ cross you speed;
Your Paternoster, your Ave, nor your Creed.
Whosoever that tale unto you told,
He saith untruly, to say that I would
Control the cognisance of noble men
Either by language or with my pen.

Paedagogium meum de sublimiori Minerva constat esse: ergo, etc.

My school is more solemn and somewhat more haut
Than to be found in any such fault.
Paedagogium meum male sanos maledicos sibilis complosisque manibus explodit, &c.  

My schools are not for unthriffs untaught, 
For frantic faitours half mad and half straught; 
But my learning is of another degree 
To taunt them like idderons, lewd as they be.

Laxent ergo antennam elationis suae inflatem vento vanitatis. li. ille, &c.<12>

For though some be lither, and list for to rail, 
Yet to lie upon me they cannot prevail: 
Then let them vale a bonnet of their proud sail,<13> 
And of their taunting toys rest with ill-hail.

Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vilitas, etc.<14>

There is no noble man will judge in me 
Any such folly to rest or to be: 
I care much the less whatever they say, 
For tongues untied be running astray; 
But yet I may say safely, so many well-lettered, 
Embroidered, enlaced together, and fettered, 
And so little learning, so lewdly allowed, 
What fault find ye herein but may be avowed? 
But ye are so full of vertibility, 
And of frantic folability, 
And of melancholy mutability, 
That ye would coerce and enforce me 
Nothing to write, but hey the guy of three,<15> 
And I to suffer you lewdly to lie 
Of me with your language full of villany!

Sicut novacula acuta fecisti dolum. Ubi s.<16>

Malicious tongues, though they have no bones, 
Are sharper than swords, sturdier than stones.

Lege Philostratum de vita Tyanaei.<17>

Sharper than razors that shave and cut throates, 
More stinging than scorpions that stung Pharaotis.<18>

Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum.Ps. <19>

More venomous and much more virulent 
Than any poisoned toad or any serpent.

Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis? ad domestica recurramus, &c. li. ille.<20>

Such tongues unhappy hath made great division 
In realms, in cities, by such false abusion: 
Of false fickle tongues such cloaked collusion 
Hath brought noble princes to extreme confusion.

Quicquid loquantur, ut effeminantur, ita effiantur, &c.<21>
Sometime women were put in great blame,
Men said they could not their tongues atame;
But men take upon them now all the shame,
With scolding and slandering make their tongues lame.

Novarum rerum cupidissimi, captatores, delatores, adulatores, invigilatores,
deliratores, etc., id genus ille.<22>

For men be now trallers and tellers of tales;
What tidings at Tottenham, what news in Wales,
What ships are sailing to Scalis Malis?<23>
And all is not worth a couple of nut-shells:
But leering and lurking here and there like spies;
The devil tear their tongues and pick out their eyes!
Then run they with lesings and blow them about,
With, He wrote such a bill without a doubt;
With, I can tell you what such a man said;
An you knew all, ye would be ill-apayed.

De more vulpine, gannientes ad aurem, fictas fabellas fabricant, il. ille. <24>

Inauspicatum, male ominatum, infortunatum se fateur habuisse horoscopum,
quicunque maledixerit vati Pieria, S[keltonidi] L[aureato], &c.<25>

But if that I knew what his name hight,
For clattering of me I would him soon quite;
For his false lying, of that I spake never,
I could make him shortly repent him for ever:
Although he made it never so tough,<26>
He might be sure to have shame enough.

Cerberus horrendo barathri latrando sub antro
Te rodatque voret, lingua dolosa, precor.<27>

A false double tongue is more fierce and fell
Than Cerberus the cur couching in the kennel of hell;
Whereof hereafter I think for to write,
Of false double tongues in the despite.

Recipit se scripturum opus sanctum, laudabile, acceptabile, memorabileque, et nimis
honorificandum.<28>

Disperdat Dominus universa labia dolosa et linguam magniloquam!<29>
NOTES TO AGAINST VENOMOUS TONGUES

1. TERTIUS] A misprint: qy. Versus?

2. Quid detur tibi, aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam?] "What shall be given to thee, or what shall be added to thee, to a deceitful tongue? " Ps. 119.3.

3. Deus destruet te in finem; evellet te, et emigrabit te de tabernacula tuo, et radicem tuam de terra viventium.] "God will destroy you in the end; pluck thee out, and remove thee from thy dwelling place, and root thee out of the land of the living." Ps 51. 7.

4. Hoining] "Hoi. To grumble, mutter, murmur; to repine; also, to whine as a child or dog." Cotgrave's Dict. "Hoi, a word used in driving hogs," says Minsheu; who proceeds to derive it " from Gr. Koi, quod est imitatio vocis porcellorum." ("which is an imitation of the voices of pigs"). Guide into Tongues.

5. Dilexisti omnia verba praecipitationis, lingua dolosa] "Thou hast loved all the words of ruin, O deceitful tongue." Ps. 51. 6.

6. Ad sannam hominem redigit comice et graphice] "He brings a man to mockery, derisively and cunningly."(PH)

7. Hic notat purpuraria arte intextas literas Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum ante et retro] "Here he refers to Roman letters artfully written in purple on the front and back of their gowns."

8. lack] i.e. fault, blame.

9. In your cross row nor Christ cross you speed]—cross row, i.e. alphabet; so called, it is commonly said, because a cross was prefixed to it, or perhaps because it was written in the form of a cross. See Nares's Gloss. in v. Christ-cross. [Christ cross me speed, seems to have been the beginning of an early school lesson. Such a lesson preserved in MS. Rawl. 1032, commences, "Christ cross me speede in all my work." Halliwell, Dict.]

"How long ago learned ye Christ cross me speed?"
Lydgate's Prohemy of a marriage, &c.,—MS. Harl. 372. fol. 50.

In The Book of Courtesy we find;

"If that thou be a young infant,
And think thee schools for to haunt,
This lesson shall thy master thee mark,
Cross Christ thee speed in all thy work."

and see title of a poem cited in note 39 to The Tunning of Elynour Rumming

10. Paedagogium meum de sublimiori Minerva constat esse: ergo, etc.] "My school is steadfast in upholding the most sublime Goddess Mineva; therefore &c."

11. Paedagogium meum male sanos maledicos sibilis complosisque manibus explodit] "My school beats off the curses of the evil with hissing and flogging."
12. *Laxent ergo antennam elationis suae inflatem vento vanitatis* "Therefore let them relax their sail puffed up with the winds of vanity."

13. *vale a bonnet of their proud sail* vale—to lower sail: *bonnet* here means an additional piece of canvas laced to the foot or top of a sail to catch more wind; the sense is "let them lower their sails a little."

14. *Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vilitas*] "Those who are noble pay no attention to the abuse of the ignoble."

15. *hay the guy of three* Perhaps an allusion to the dance called *heydeguies* (a word variously spelt).

16. *Sicut novacula acuta fecisti dolum.*] "As a sharp razor, thou hast wrought deceit" Ps. 51.4

17. *Lege Philostratum de vita Tyanaei.*] Read Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius of Tyana.*

18. *Pharaotis* i.e. (I suppose) Pharaoh.

19. *Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum*] "The poison of asps is under their lips." Ps. 13.3.

20. *Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis? ad domestica recurramus, etc.*] "Why do we need foreign examples?—let us revert to our own country" (PH)

21. *Quicquid loquantur, ut effeminantur, ita effantur*, etc.] "Whatever they say, they chatter like women." (PH)

22. *Novarum rerum cupidissimi, captatores, delatores, adulatores, invigilatores, deliratores*] "Greedy of novelty, legacy-hunters, informers, flatterers, spies, madmen." (PH)


24. *De more vulpine, gannientes ad aurem, fictas fabellas fabricant,*] "Wolfishly, snarling in the ear, they frame their false fables." (PH)

25. *Inauspicatum, male ominatum, infortunatum se fateatur habuisse horoscopum, quicunque maledixerit vati Pieria, Skeltonidi Laureato.*] "Whoever has spoken ill of the Pierian poet, Skelton the Laureate, let him confess that he has an inauspicious, ill-omened horoscope." (PH)

26. *Although he made it never so tough*] The expression, to make it tough, i.e. to make difficulties, occurs frequently, and with several shades of meaning, in our early writers; see R. of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, p. 510. ed. Hearne, and the various passages cited in Tyrwhitt's *Gloss* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales* in v. *Tough*. Palsgrave has "*I Make it tough*, I make it coy, as maidens do, or persons that be strange if they be asked a question." p. 624.

27. *Cerberus horrendo barathri latrando sub antro Te rodatque voreit, lingua dolosa, precor.* "I pray that Cerberus, with horrid barking beneath the cave of the abyss, may bite you and devour you, deceitful tongue." (PH)
28. *Recipit se scripturum opus sanctum, laudabile, acceptabile, memorabileque, et nimis honorificandum.* "He undertakes to write a book holy, laudable, acceptable, memorable and altogether honourable." (PH)

29. *Disperdat Dominus universa labia dolosa et linguam magniloquam* "May God destroy all deceitful lips and boasting tongues." (PH)
ON TIME

[This and the next three poems are from the ed. by King and Marche of *Certain Books compiled by Master Skelton*, n.d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n.d., and ed. Lant, and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Works*, 1568. I may here notice that in those eds. the present piece is preceded by a copy of verses, "All noble men of this take heed," &c., which will be given afterwards, before *Why Come ye not to Court?* where it is repeated in all the eds. ]

YE may hear now, in this rime,
How every thing must have a time.

Time is a thing that no man may resist;
Time is transitory and irrevocable;
Who sayeth the contrary, time passeth as him list;
Time must be taken in season convenable;
Take time when time is, for time is aye mutable;
All thing hath time, who can for it provide;
Bide for time who will, for time will no man bide.

Time to be sad, and time to play and sport; 10
Time to take rest by way of recreation;
Time to study, and time to use comfort;
Time of pleasure, and time of consolation:
Thus time hath his time of divers manner fashion:
Time for to eat and drink for thy repast;
Time to be liberal, and time to make no waste:

Time to travail, and time for to rest;
Time for to speak, and time to hold thy peace:
Time would be used when time is best;
Time to begin, and time for to cease; 20
And when time is, [to] put thyself in press,<1>
And when time is, to hold thyself aback:
For time well spent can never have lack.

The roots take their sap in time of vere;
In time of summer flowers fresh and green;
In time of harvest men their corn shear;
In time of winter the north wind waxeth keen,
So bitterly biting the flowers be not seen:
The calends of Janus, with his frosts hoar, 30
That time is when people must live upon the store.

Quod Skelton, Laureat
NOTES TO ON TIME

1. *put thyself in press* i.e. to go into company.
PRAYERS TO THE THREE PERSONS OF THE TRINITY

PRAYER TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN

O RADIANT Luminary of light interminable,
Celestial Father, potential God of might,
Of heaven and earth O Lord incomparable,
Of all perfections the essential most perfite!
O Maker of mankind, that formed day and night,
Whose power imperial comprehendeth every place!
Mine heart, my mind, my thought, my whole delight
Is, after this life, to see thy glorious face:
Whose magnificence is incomprehensible,
All arguments of reason which far doth exceed,
Whose Deity doubtless is indivisible,
From whom all goodness and virtue doth proceed;
Assist me, good Lord, and grant me of thy grace,
To live to thy pleasure in word, thought, and deed,
And, after this life, to see thy glorious Face.

TO THE SECOND PERSON

O BENIGN Jesu, my sovereign Lord and King,
The only Son of God by filiation,
The Second Person without a beginning,
Both God and man our faith maketh plain relation,
Mary thy mother, by way of incarnation,
Whose glorious passion our souls doth revive!
Again all bodily and ghostly tribulation
Defend me with thy piteous wounds five.<1>
O peerless Prince, pained to the death,
Ruefully rent, thy body wan and blo,
For my redemption gave up thy vital breath,
Was never sorrow like to thy deadly woe!
Grant me, out of this world when I shall go,
Thine endless mercy for my preservative:
Against the world, the flesh, the devil also,
Defend me with thy piteous wounds five.

TO THE HOLY GHOST

O FIERY fervence, inflamed with all grace,
Enkindling hearts with brands charitable,
The endless reward of pleasure and solace,
To the Father and the Son thou are communicable
In unitate<2> which is inseparable!
O water of life, O well of consolation!
Against all suggestions deadly and damnable
Rescue me, good Lord, by your preservation:

-230-
To whom is appropried the Holy Ghost by name,  
The Third Person, one God in Trinity,  
Of perfite love thou art the ghostly flame:  
O mirror of meekness, peace, and tranquillity,  
My comfort, my counsel, my perfite charity!  
O water of life, O well of consolation,  
Against all storms of hard adversity  
Rescue me, good Lord, by thy preservation.

Quod Skelton, Laureat
NOTES TO PRAYERS TO THE THREE PERSONS OF THE TRINITY

1. *wounds five* A common expression in our early poetry;

"Jhesu, for thy wounds five, &c.

See too Dunbar's *Poems*, i. 229. ed. Laing.

2. *In unitate*] "In a unity."
WOEFULLY ARRAYED

[From the Fairfax MS. (which once belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and now forms part of the Additional MSS., 5465, in the British Museum), where it occurs twice,—(fol. 76 and, less perfectly, fol. 86); collated with a copy written in a very old hand on the fly-leaves of Boetius de Discip. Schol. cum notabili commento, Daventrie, 1496, 4to. (in the collection of the late Mr. Heber), which has supplied several stanzas not in the Fairfax MS. It was printed from the latter, not very correctly, by Sir John Hawkins, Hist. of Music, ii. 89. I have followed the metrical arrangement of the MS. in the Boetius.]

WOEFULLY arrayed, <1>
My blood, man,
For thee ran,
It may not be nay'd:
My body blo and wan,
Woefully arrayed.

Behold me, I pray thee, with all thy whole reason,
And be not so hard-hearted, and for this encheason,
Sith I for thy soul sake was slain in good season,
Beguiled and betrayed by Judas' false treason;

Unkindly entreated,
With sharp cord sore fretted,
The Jews me threatened,
They mowed, they grinned, they scorned me,
Condemned to death, as thou mayest see,
Woefully arrayed.

Thus naked am I nailed, O man, for thy sake!
I love thee, then love me; why sleepest thou? awake!
Remember my tender heart-root for thee brake,
With pains my veins constrained to crack:
Thus tugged to and fro,
Thus wrapped all in woe,
Whereas never man was so,
Entreated thus in most cruel wise,
Was like a lamb offered in sacrifice,<2>
Woefully arrayed.

Of sharp thorn I have worn a crown on my head,
So pained, so strained, so rueful, so red;
Thus bobbed, thus robbed,<3> thus for thy love dead,
Unfeigned I dained<4> my blood for to shed:
My feet and hands sore
The sturdy nails bore;
What might I suffer more
Than I have done, O man, for thee?
Come when thou list, welcome to me,
Woefully arrayed.
Of record thy good Lord I have been and shall be;
I am thine, thou art mine, my brother I call thee
Thee love I entirely; see what is befall me!
Sore beating, sore threating, to make thee, man, all free:
Why art thou unkind?
Why hast not me in mind?
Come yet and thou shalt find
Mine endless mercy and grace;
See how a spear my heart did race,
Woefully arrayed.

Dear brother, no other thing I of thee desire
But give me thine heart free to reward mine hire:
I wrought thee, I bought thee from eternal fire;
I pray thee array thee toward my high empire
Above the orient,
Whereof I am regent,
Lord God omnipotent,
With me to reign in endless wealth;
Remember, man, thy soul's health.

Woefully arrayed,
My blood, man,
For thee ran,
It may not be nay'd:
My body blo and wan,
Woefully arrayed.

Explicit qd. Skelton
NOTES TO WOEFULLY ARRAYED

1. *Woefully Arrayed* is mentioned by our author as one of his compositions in the *Garland of Laurel*, v. 1418

With the opening of this piece compare Hawes's *Conversion of Swearers*, where Christ is made to exclaim,

"They new again do hang me on the rood,
They tear my sides, and are nothing dismayed,
My wounds they do open, and devour my blood:
I, god and man, most woefully arrayed,
To you complain, it may not be deny'd,
Ye now to-lug me, ye tear me at the root,
Yet I to you am chief refuge and boot."

and a little after,

"Why art thou hard hearted, &c.
Sig. A iii. ed n. d. 4to.

Barclay too has,

"Some sweareth arms, nails, heart, and body,
Tearing our Lord worse than the Jews him arrayed."

The Ship of Fools, fol. 33. ed. 1570.

*Woefully arrayed* is, I believe, equivalent to—woefully disposed of or treated, in a woeful condition. "Array, condition or case, point." Palsgrave, p. 194—

"Isaac. What have I done, father, what have I said?
Abraham. Truly, no kyns ill to me.
Isaac. And thus guiltless shall be arrayed."

Abraham,—Towneley Mysteries, p. 40.

—"His [Tybert's] body was all to-beaten, and blind on the one eye. When the king wiss this, that Tybert was thus arrayed, he was sore angry, &c." Reynard the Fox, sig. b 8. ed. 1481. Again in the same romance, when Isegrym the wolf has received a kick on the head from a mare, he says to Reynard, "I am so foul arrayed and sore hurt, that an heart of stone might have pity of me." Sig. f 4.

"Who was with love: more woefully arrayed
Than were these twain."

Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, sig. I iii. ed. 1555.


2. Entreated thus in most cruel wise,
Was like a lamb offered in sacrifice] So in a "little dite" by Lydgate, appended to his Testamentum;

"Drawn as a felon in most cruel wise

Was like a lamb offered in sacrifice."

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 64.
3. *Thus bobbed, thus robbed*] MS in the *Boetius* has "bowed . . . rowed". *Bobbed*—i.e. struck. So Lydgate in the piece cited in the previous note;—

"Beat and eke bobbed."

and in the *Coventry Mysteries*, Nichodemus seeing Christ on the cross, says

"Why have ye *bobbed* and thus beaten out
All his blessed blood?"


*Robbed*—i.e. (I suppose) robed. [Qy. stripped?]

4. *Unfeigned I dained*] MS in the *Boetius* has "*Unfrayned.*" *Dained*—i.e. disdained;

"Youth *daineth* counsel, scorning discretion."


5. Here the Fairfax MS. concludes: what follows is given from the MS. in the *Boetius*.

6. *But give me thine heart*] With this and v. 41 compare Lydgate's "little *dite*" already cited:

"*Give me thine heart, and be no more unkind.*"

*MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 66.*

7. *Above the orient*] MS. "*I Love the Orient*".
NOW SING WE, &C.

[From Bibliographical Miscellanies (edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss), 1813, 4to., p. 48, where it is given from an imperfect volume (or fragments of volumes) of black-letter Christmas Carols, partly (but probably not wholly) printed by Kele.]

<1>

Now sing we, as we were wont,
Vexilla regis prodeunt. <2>

The King's banner on field is splayed,
The crosses myst'ry cannot be nay'd,
To whom our Saviour was betrayed,
And for our sake;
Thus saith he;
I suffer for thee,
My death I take,
Now sing we, &c.

Behold my shanks, behold my knees,
Behold my head, arms, and thees,
Behold of me nothing thou sees
But sorrow and pine;
Thus was I spilt,
Man, for thy guilt,
And not for mine.
Now sing we, &c.

Behold my body, how Jews it dong
With knots of whipcord and scourges strong;
As streams of a well the blood outsprung
On every side;
The knots were knit,
Right well with wit,
They made wounds wide.
Now sing we, &c.

Man, thou shalt now understand,
Of my head, both foot and hand,
Are four c. and five thousand
Wounds and sixty;
Fifty and vii.
Were told full even
Upon my body.

Now sing we, &c.

Sith I for love bought thee so dear,
As thou may see thyself here,
I pray thee with a right good cheer
Love me again,
That it likes me
To suffer for thee
Now all this pain.
Now sing we, &c.

Man, understand now thou shalt,
Instead of drink they gave me gall,
And eisel mingled therewithal, 40
The Jews fell;
These pains on me
I suffered for thee
To bring thee fro hell.
Now sing we, &c.

Now for thy life thou hast misled,
Mercy to ask be thou not a dreadful;
The least drop of blood that I for thee bled
Might cleanse thee soon
Of all the sin
The world within
If thou hadst done.
Now sing we, &c.

I was more wrother with Judas,
For he would no mercy ask,
Than I was for his trespass
When he me sold;
I was ever ready
To grant him mercy,
But he none wold.
Now sing we, &c.

Lo, how I hold my arms abroad,
Thee to receive ready y-spread! 60
For the great love that I to thee had
Well may thou know.
Some love again
I would full fain
Thou wouldest to me show.
Now sing we, &c.

For love I ask nothing of thee
But stand fast in faith, and sin thou flee,
And pain to live in honesty
Both night and day;
And thou shalt have bliss 70
That never shall miss
Withouten nay.
Now sing we, &c.

Now, Jesu, for thy great goodness,
That for men suffered great hardness,
Save us from the devil’s cruelty,
And to bliss us send,
And grant us grace
To see thy face
Withouten end.
Now sing we, &c.
NOTES TO NOW SING WE, &c.

1. This piece is mentioned by Skelton as his own composition in the *Garland of Laurel*, v. 1420.

2. *Now sing we as we were wont,*
   *Vexilla regis prodeunt*—"The royal banners fly") Compare Lydgate;
   
   "Wherefore I sing as I was wont,
   *Vexilla regis prodeunt."
   
   Poem about Various birds singing praises to God.-MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 38.

The hymn *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, &c. may be seen in *Hymni Ecclesiae et Breviario Parisiensi*, 1838, p. 71. I ought to add that the present poem is not a translation of it.
WARE THE HAWK


<1>

HEREAFTER FOLLOWETH THE BOOK ENTITLED WARE THE HAWK, PER SKELTON, LAUREATE.

PROLOGUS SKELTONIDIS LAUREATI SUPER WARE THE HAWK.

THIS work devised is
For such as do amiss;
And specially to control
Such as have cure of soul,
That be so far abused<2>
They cannot be excused
By reason nor by law;
But that they play the daw,
To hawk, or else to hunt
From the altar to the font,
With cry unreverent,
Before the sacrament,
Within holy church's bounds,
That of our faith the ground is.
That priest that hawks so
All grace is far him fro;
He seemeth a schismatic,
Or else an heretic,
For faith in him is faint.
Therefore to make complaint
Of such misadvised
Parsons and disguised,<3>
This book we have devised,
Compendiously comprised,
No good priest to offend,
But such daws to amend,
In hope that no man shall
Be miscontent withal.
I shall you make relation,
By way of apostrophation,
Under supportation
Of your patient toleration,
How I, Skelton Laureate,
Devised and also wrate
Upon a lewd curate,
A parson beneficed,
But nothing well advised:
He shall be as now nameless,
But he shall not be blameless,
Nor he shall not be shameless;  40
For sure he wrought amiss
To hawk in my church of Diss.<4>
This fond frantic falconer,
With his polluted pautener.<5>
As priest unreverent,
Straight to the sacrament
He made his hawk to fly,
With hideous shout and cry.
The high altar he stripped naked;
Thereon he stood, and craked;
He shook down all the cloths,
And sware horrible oaths
Before the face of God,
By Moses and Aaron's rod,
Ere that he hence yede,
His hawk should prey and feed
Upon a pigeon's maw.
The blood ran down raw
Upon the altar-stone;
The hawk tired<6> on a bone;
And in the holy place
She muted there a chase<7>
Upon my corporas face.
Such sacrificium laudis<8>
He made with such gambades.

OBSERVATE

His second hawk waxed gery,<9>
And was with flying weary;
She had flown so oft,
That on the rood-loft<10>
She perched her to rest.  70
The falconer then was pressed,
Came running with a dow,
And cried Stow, stow, stow!<11>
But she would not bow.
He then, to be sure,
Called her with a lure.<12>
Her meat was very crude,
She had not well endued:
She was not clean ensaimed.
She was not well reclaimed:
But the falconer unfained
Was much more feeble brained.
The hawk had no list
To come to his fist;
She looked as she had the frounce;\(^{13}\)
With that he gave her a bounce
Full upon the gorge:
I will not feign nor forge;
The hawke with that clap
Fell down with evil hap.
The church doors were sparred,
Fast bolted and barred,
Yet with a pretty gin
I fortuned to come in,
This rebel to behold,
Whereof I him controlled;
But he said that he would,
Against my mind and will,
In my church hawke still.

CONSIDERATE\(^{14}\)

On Saint John decollation\(^{15}\)
He hawked in this fashion,
\textit{Tempore vesperarum},
\textit{Sed non secundum Sarum}\(^{16}\)
But like a March hare-um
His brains were so parum.\(^{17}\)
He said he would not let
His hounds for to fet,
To hunt there by liberty
In the despite of me,
And to halloo there the fox:
Down went my offering-box,
Book, bell, and candle,
All that he might handle:
Cross, staff, lectern, and banner,
Fell down in this manner.

DELIBERATE\(^{18}\)

With troll, cytrace, and trovy,\(^{19}\)
They ranged Hankin Bovy,\(^{20}\)
My church all about.
This falconer then gan shout,
These be my gospellers,
These be my epistolers,\(^{21}\)
These be my choristers,
To help me to sing,
My hawks to matins ring.
In this priestly guiding\(^{22}\)
His hawk then flew upon
The rood with Mary and John.\(^{23}\)
Dealt he not like a fon?
Dealt he not like a daw?
Or else is this God's law,
Decrees or decretals,
Or holy synodals.
Or else provincials,
Thus within the walls
Of holy Church to deal,
Thus to ring a peal
With his hawk's bells?
Doubtless such losels
Make the church to be
In small authority:
A curate in special
To snapper and to fall
Into this open crime;
To look on this were time.

VIGILATE<24>

But whoso that looks
In the official booke,
There he may see and read
That this is matter indeed.
Howbeit, maiden Meed<25>
Made them to be agreed,
And so the Scribe was fee'd,
And the Pharisee
Then durst nothing say,
But let the matter slip,
And made truth to trip;
And of the spiritual law
They made but a gewgaw,
And took it out in drink,
And thus the cause doth shrink:
The Church is thus abused,
Reproached and polluted:
Correction hath no place,
And all for lack of grace.

DEPLORATE<26>

Look now in Exodi<27>
And de arca Domini,<28>
With Regum<29> by and by;
(The Bible will not lie);
How the Temple was kept,
How the Temple was swept,
Where sanguis taurorum,
Aut sanguis vitulorum, <30>
Was offered within the walls,
After ceremonials;
When it was polluted
Sentence was executed,
By way of expiation
For reconciliation.

DEVINITATE<31>

Then much more, by the rood,
Where Christ's precious blood
Daily offered is,
To be polluted thus;
And that he wished withal
That the dove's dung down might fall
Into my chalice at Mass,
When consecrated was
The blessed Sacrament:
O priest unreverent!
He said that he would hunt
From the altar to the font.

REFORMATE<32>

Of no tyrant I read
That so far did exceed,
Neither Diocletian,
Nor yet Domitian,
Nor yet crooked Cacus,<33>
Nor yet drunken Bacchus;
Neither Olibrius,<34>
Nor Dionysius;
Neither Phalary;
Rehearsed in Valery;<35>
Nor Sardanapall,<36>
Unhappiest of all;
Nor Nero the worst,
Nor Claudius the curst;
Nor yet Egeas,<37>
Nor yet Sir Ferumbras;<38>
Neither Zorobabel,
Nor cruel Jezebel;
Nor yet Tarquinius,
Whom Titus Livius
In writing doth enroll;
I have read them poll by poll;<39>
The story of Aristobel,<40>
And of Constantinople,
Which city miscreants<41> won
And slew many a Christian man;
Yet the Soldan, nor the Turk,
Wrought never such a work,
For to let their hawks fly
In the Church of Saint Sophy;<42>
With much matter more,
That I keep in store.

PENSITATE<43>

Then in a table plain
I wrote a verse or twain,
Whereat he made disdain:
The peakish parson's brain
Could not reach nor attain
What the sentence meant;
He said, for a crooked intent,
The words were perverted:
And thus he overthwarted.
Of the which process
Ye may know more express,
If it please you to look
In the residue of this book.

Hereafter followeth the table.

Look on this table,
Whether thou art able
To read or to spell
What these verses tell.

Sicculo lutureis est colo búraará
Nixphedras visarum caniuter tuntantes
Raterplas Natábridian umsudus itnugenus.
18.10.2.11.19.4.13.3.3.1 téuvalet.
Chartula stet, precor, haec nullo temeranda petulco.
Has rapiet numeros non homo, sed mala bos.
Ex parte rem chartae adverte asperte, pone Musam Arethusam hanc.<44>

Where to should I rehearse
The sentence of my verse?
In them be no schools
For brain-sick frantic fools:
Construas hoc,<45
Domine Dawcock!

Ware the hawk!
Master sophista,
Ye simplex syllogista,
Ye devilish dogmatista,<46
Your hawk on your fist-a,
To hawk when you list-a
In ecclesia ista,
Domine concupisti,<47
With thy hawk on thy fisty?
Nunquid sic dixisti?
Nunquid sic fecisti?
Sed ubi hoc legisti,
Aut unde hoc, <48>
Doctor Dawcock?

Ware the hawk!
Doctor *Dialetica*,
Where find you in *Hypothetica*,
Or in *Categoria*,
*Latina sive Dorica*,
To use your hawk's *forica*
In *propitiatorio*,
*Tanquam diversorio?*
*Unde hoc*, <50>
Domine Dawcock?

Ware the hawk!
Say to me, Jack Harris, <51>
*Quare aucuparis*
*Ad sacramentum altaris?*<52>
For no reverence thou spares
To shake thy pigeon's feathers
*Super arcam foederis:*
*Unde hoc*,<53>
Doctor Dawcock?

Ware the hawk!
Sir *Dominus vobiscum*,<54>
*Per aucupium*<55>
Ye made your hawk to come
*Desuper candelabrum*
*Christi Crucifixi*<56>
To feed upon your fisty:
*Dic, inimice crucis Christi,*
*Ubi didicisti*
*Facere hoc*,<57>
Domine Dawcock?

Ware the hawk!
Apostata Julianus,<58>
Nor yet Nestorianus,<59>
Thou shalt nowhere read
That they did such a deed,
To let their hawkes fly
*Ad ostium tabernaculi,*
*In que est corpus Domine*
*Cave hoc*,<60>
Doctor Dawcock!

Ware the hawk!
Thus doubtless ye raved,
Diss church ye thus depraved;<61>
Wherefore, as I be saved,
Ye are therefore beknaved:

-247-
Quare? quia Evangelia,  
Concha et conchylia,  
Accipiter et sonalia,  
Et bruta animalia,  
Caetera quoque talia  
Tibi sunt aequalia:  
Unde hoc,<61>  
Domine Dawcock?

Ware the hawk!  
Et relis et ralis,  
Et reliqualis,<62>  
From Granada to Galis,<63>  
From Winchelsea to Wales,  
Non est brain-sick talis,  
Nec minus rationalis,  
Nec magis bestialis,<64>  
That sings with a chalice:  
Construas hoc,<45>  
Doctor Dawcock!  
Ware the hawk!  
Mazed, witless, smeary smith,  
Hampar with your hammer upon thy stith,  
And make hereof a sickle or a saw,  
For though ye live a c. year, ye shall die a daw.  
Vos valete,  
Doctor indiscrete!<65>
NOTES TO WARE THE HAWK

1. This poem was evidently called forth by a real event; but the name of the "hawking parson" has not transpired. According to Barclay, skill in hawking sometimes advanced its possessor to a benefice;

"But if I durst truth plainly utter and express,
This is the special cause of this inconvenience,
That greatest fools, and fullest of lewdness,
Having least wit, and simplest science,
Are first promoted, and have greatest reverence,
For if one can flatter, and bear a hawk on his fist,
He shall be made Parson of Honington or of Clist."

_The Ship of Fools_, fol. 2. ed. 1570.

I may add, that afterwards, in the same work, when treating of indecorous behaviour at church, Barclay observes;

"Into the Church then comes another sot,
Without devotion, jetting up and down,
Or to be seen, and to show his garded coat:
Another on his fist a Sparhawk or Falcon," &c.
fol. 85.

2. _abused_ i.e. vitiated, depraved.

"Be all young gallants of these _abused_ sort,
Which in young age unto the court resort?"


3. _disguised_ i.e. guilty of unbecoming conduct: so again in our author's Colyn Cloute;

"They _mought_ be better advised
Than to be so _disguised_.

_v. 581._

4. _Diss_ A town in Norfolk, of which Skelton was rector; see _Account of Skelton and his Writings_.

5. _pautener_ i.e. a net-bag. "Pautner [Pawtenere, MS. Hari. 221.] Cassidile." Prompt. Parv. ed. 1499. "Will. Brito: Cassidile dicitur pera Aucupis in modum reticuli facta, in quo ponit quos in casse, id est, rete, cepit." (A bag of the type called a pera made by a bird-catcher, in which he puts the game he takes with a net") Du Cange's _Gloss_.

6. _tired_ A term in falconry: the hawk tired on what was thrown to her, when she pulled at and tore it.

7. _a chase_ i.e. a spot. Compare a passage in that curious tract, by Walter Smith, _xii Merry Jests of the widow Edith_

"Her pottage & _ek_ her ale were well powdered
With an wholesome influence that surgeons call
Poudier Sinipari that will make one cast his gall:"

in consequence of which, she is compelled suddenly to quit the supper-table, and,
"When that she was up, she got her forth apace,
And ere she had walked xxx foot, she marked a chase
And eftsoons another, through the Hall as she vede,” &c.
Sig. f iii. ed. 1573.

"A chase at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or chase. At long tennis, it is the spot where the ball leaves off rolling." Douce's Illust. of Shakespeare, i. 485. Compare our author's Why come ye not to Court, v. 880.

8. sacrificium laudis] "Sacrifice of praise" i.e. the Mass

"How gery fortune, furious and wood."
Lydgate's Fall of Prynces, B. iii. leaf lxxvii. ed. Wayland.

"And as a swallow gerish of her flight,
'Tween slow and swift, now crooked now upright:"
ibid. B. vi. leaf cxxiii.

Tyrwhitt explains "gery–changeable." Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales. Richardson observes that in the present passage of Skelton "it seems to be giddy (sc.) with turning round." Dict. in v.

10. the rood loft] A loft (generally placed just over the passage out of the church into the chancel,) where stood the rood,—an image of Christ on the cross, with figures of the Virgin Mary and Saint John on each side of it: compare v. 126 of the present poem:

"His hawk then flew upon
The rood with Mary and John."

11. And cried, Stow, stow, stow!] So Fancy, in our author's Magnificence, exclaims to his bird, (which, however, appears to have been an owl)

"Stow, bird, stow, stow!
It is best I feed my hawk now."
zs.

Compare Brathwait's Merlin;

"But stow, bird, stow,
See now the game's afoot,
And white-mail'd Nisus,
He is flying to't."

"Make them come from it to your fist, either much or little, with calling and chirping to them, saying: Towe, Towe, or Stow, Stow, as Falconers use." Turbervile's Book of Falconry, &c. p. 182. ed. 1611.

12. lure] i.e. "that whereto falconers call their young hawks, by casting it up in the air, being made of feathers and leather in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl." Latham, quoted by Halliwell, Dict.

13. the frounce] Is a distemper in which a whitish foam gathers in wrinkles (frounces) about the hawk's mouth and palate. "The Frounce proceedeth of moist and cold humours, which descend from the hawk's head to their palate and the root of the
tongue. And of that cold is engendered in the tongue the *Frounce*, &c. Turbervile's *Book of Falconry*, &c. p. 303. ed. 1611.

14. **CONSIDERATE**] "Regard carefully"

15. *On Saint John decollation* i.e. On the festival of the beheading of St. John. (29th August)

16. *Tempore vesperarum,*

*Sed non secundum Sarum* i.e. "At the time of vespers, but not according to (the ordinals of Osmond, Bishop of) Sarum." So in Sir D. Lyndsay's *Complaint of the Papingo*:

"Suppose the geese and hens should cry alarum,
And we shall serve secundum usum Sarum."

*Works*, i. 327. ed. Chal.

The proverbial expression, "It is done *secundum usum Sarum*," is thus explained by Fuller: "It began on this occasion; Many Offices or forms of service were used in several Churches in England, as the Office of York, Hereford, Bangor, &c. which caused a deal of confusion in God's Worship, until Osmond Bishop of Sarum, about the year of our Lord 1090, made that Ordinal or Office which was generally received all over England, so that Churches thence forward easily understood one another, all speaking the same words in their liturgy. It is now applied to those persons which do, and actions which are formally and solemnly done, in so regular a way by authentic precedents, and patterns of unquestionable authority, that no just exception can be taken thereat." *Worthies (Wiltshire)*, p. 146. ed. 1662.

17. **parum**] "Insufficient"

18. **DELIBERATE**] "Consider well"

19. *With, troll, cytrace, and trovy* So in *Apius and Virginia*, by R. B., 1575;

"*With* hey trick, *how trowle*, *trey trip*, and *trey trace*."  
Sig. B.


"And we will have minstrelsy
that shall pipe *hankyn boby*."


and Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-walden*, 1596; "No vulgar respects have I, what Hoppenny Hoe and his fellow *Hankin Booby* think of me." Sig. K 2: and Brome's *Jovial Crew*, 1652; "he makes us even sick of his sadness, that were wont to see my Gossips cock to-day, mould Cocklebread, dance clutterdepouch and *Hannykin booby*, bind barrels, or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us." Act ii. sc. i. [For *mould Cocklebread*, sc. Aubrey in *Thoms Anecd. & Tradit.* (1697) p.94 "Young wenches have a wanton sport which they call moulding of cockle-bread, viz. they get upon a table-board, and then gather up their knees and their coats with their hands as high as they can, and then they wobble to and fro, as if they were kneading of dough, and say these words, viz. 'My dame is sick and gone to bed, And I'll go mould my Cockle-bread.'"]

21. *gospellers ... epistolers* i.e. priests that chant the gospel and the epistle, respectively, at Mass.

"Wise women has ways, and wonderful guidings."
Dunbar's tale of The Two Married Women and the Widow,—Poems, i. 77. ed. Laing.

23. *The rood with Mary and John*] See note 10 above.

24. *VIGILATE*] Be attentive.

25. *maiden Meed*] See the allegorical account of Meed in Piers Plowman; where we find,

"That is meed the maid, quod she, hath noyed me full oft."
Sig. B iv. ed. 1561.

26. *DEPLORATE*] "Lament this".

27. *Exodi*] i.e. the book of Exodus.

"In Exodi ben these mentions."
Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, B. i. leaf vii. ed. Wayland.

28. *de arca Domini*] "about the Ark of the Covenant"

29. *Regum*] i.e. The Third, now called The First, Book of Kings.

30. *sanguis taurorum, Aut sanguis vitulorum*] "The blood of a bull, or the blood of a calf".

31. *DEVINITATE*] Qy "Divinate"? ("Foretell, prophesy")

32. *REFORMATE*] "Transform"

33. *Cacus*] A cruel giant who ruled in Carthage. See extract from The Recueil of the Histories of Troy, in note 8 to Epitaph For John Clarke And Adam Udersall.

34. *Olibrius* was "the provost" by whose order Saint Margaret, after being put to sundry tortures, was beheaded at Antioch. Golden Legend, fol. ccxiii. sqq. ed. 1483. See also The Legend of Saint Margaret, printed from the Auchinleck MS., in Turnbull's *Legendae Catholicae*. Most readers will recollect Mr. Milman's dramatic poem, The Martyr of Antioch.

35. *Phalar, Rehearsed in Valery*] i.e. Phalaris, recorded in Valerius Maximus, (lib. iii. cap. iii. where it is related that the Agrigentines, at the instigation of Zeno Eleates, stoned the tyrant Phalaris to death. "'Tis plain," says Bentley, "he mistakes Phalaris for Nearchus." Diss. upon the Ep. of Phalaris,—Works, 1. 241. ed. Dyce, and lib. ix. cap. ii.)

36. *Sardanapall*] i.e. Sardanapalus, legendary king of Assyria. So our early writers often spell his name;

"Last of all was Sardanapall."
Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, Book ii. leaf L. ed. Wayland.

37. *Egeas*] Is mentioned with various other evil personages in The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy,

"Herod thy other eame, and great Egeas."
Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 86. ed. Laing.
and in the Second Part of Marlowe's Tamburlaine:

"The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh."
Last sc. of act iv. sig G 3. ed. 1606.

38. Sir Ferumbras] A Saracen giant vanquished by Oliver. See note 11 to Poems Against Garnesche.

39. poll by poll] i.e. head by head,—one by one.

"And ye shall here the names poll by poll."
Cock Lorell's Boat, sig. B ii.

40. Aristobel] i.e. (I suppose) Aristobulus,—who, having succeeded his father Hyrkanus as high-priest and governor of Judea, assumed the title of king,—cast his mother into prison, and starved her to death,—caused his brother Antigonus to be assassinated,—and died after reigning a year. See Prideaux's Connect. Part ii. B. vi.

41. miscreants] i.e. infidels. "These three kings were the first of miscreants that believed on Christ." The three kings of Cologne, sig. C ii. ed. 1526.

42. The church of Saint Sophy] i.e. Hagia Sophia, in Constantinople.

43. PENSITATE] "Weigh this well"

44. Sicculo lutureis &c.] This cipher has been decoded by Henry Bradley, in The Academy, Vol 50 (1896) p. 83:

TWO PUZZLES IN SKELTON
July 18, 1896.

One of my friends, who has a morbid interest in John Skelton, recently asked me whether I could throw any light on the interpretation of two cryptographic passages in the writings of that extraordinary windbag. Although I do not think the illustration of Skelton is worthy of any great expenditure of labour, a childish fondness for puzzles has tempted me to try whether I could make anything of the passages in question. I think I have succeeded; possibly my solution may have been anticipated, but I am not aware that any explanation has been published.

One of the passages occurs in "The Garland of Laurel," after line 750 in Dyce's edition. Skelton indicates the name of one of his enemies by the following cipher:

17. 4. 2. 17. 5. 18.
18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12

The other passage is in "Ware the Hawk," between the lines numbered by Dyce 239 and 240, and is as follows:

"Sicculo luteris est colo buraara
Nizphedras uisarum caniuter tuntantes
Raterplas Natabrian umsudus imugenus
18.10. 2. 11. 19. 1. 13. 3. 3. 1. Teuulet
Chartula stet, precor, haec nullo temeranda petulco:
Hoc rapiet numeros non homo sed mala bos.
Ex parte rem chartae adverte aperte, pone Musam Arethusam hanc."

The numerical ciphers, I think, are transparent enough. Skelton denotes the consonants by the numbers marking their places in the alphabet, and the vowels by the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The three figures 2, 3, 4, have thus a twofold value: they may either mean b, c, d, or e, i, o respectively.
The name of Skelton's enemy is therefore ROGERUS STATHUM. Whether this person is otherwise known I have not ascertained. The other cipher reads SKELTONICA; but I suspect that Skelton has inadvertently written a 3 for a 4, and that the ciphers with the four succeeding letters are to be read Skeltonida vatem, which is elsewhere the Laureate's way of Latinising himself in the accusative. The rest of the first four lines is anagrammatic: the syllables of all the long words are transposed (without any other inversion), and after each word two, three, or four unmeaning letters are added to mislead the decipherer. The first four lines, therefore, yield the following hexameters

"Sic, velut est Arabum phenix avis unica tantum,  
Terra Britanna suum genuit Skeltonida vatem."
("Just as Arabia has produced that exceptional bird, the Phoenix  
The land of Britain has produced the poet Skelton.")

The distich is certainly eminently Skeltonical, both in its Latinity and in its sentiment. Whether any anagram lurks in the last three lines of the passage, and whether there is any meaning in the inserted syllables culo, ris, colo, ram, dras, rum, ter, tes, plat, an, das, nus, let, are questions which I gladly leave to the future editor of Skelton.

The translation of the whole passage, therefore, is

"Just as Arabia has produced that exceptional bird, the Phoenix  
The land of Britain has brought forth the poet Skelton.  
I pray that this little paper may remain, to be violated by no wanton person  
Not a man, only an evil ox may destroy these numbers.  
Perceive the meaning of this paper, place there the Arethusan muse."

45. Construas hoc] "Translate that"
46. Master sophista,  
Ye simplex syllogista,  
Ye devilish dogmatista] "Master sophist, Ye simple logician, Ye devilish theologian."

47. In ecclesia ista,  
Domine concupisti] "In that church, you defiled the Lord"

48. Nunquid sic dixisti?  
Nunquid sic fecisti?  
Sed ubi hoc legisti,  
Aut unde hoc,] "Did you never say so? Did you never act so? But where did you read that, or whence this?"

49. Latina sive Dorica] "In Latin or Greek"

50. Forica] To use your hawk's forica  
In propitiatorio,  
Tanquam diversorio  
Unde hoc] "To allow your hawk to use the propitiatory as a privy, as if it were in a tavern, whence that?" Propitiatory is the Mercy-seat or seat of atonement, Hebrews 9:5.

51. Jack Harris] Must not be mistaken for the name of the person who called forth this piece; we have been already told that he "shall be nameless," v. 38. So in our author's Magnificence, Courty Abusion terms Cloaked Collusion "cankered Jack Hare." v. 768. There is a poem by Lydgate (at least attributed to him) concerning a personage called Jack Hare, of which the first stanza is as follows

-254-
"A froward knave plainly to describe,
And a sluggard plainly to declare,
A precious knave that cast him never to thrive,
His mouth well wet, his sleeves right threadbare,
A tournebroche, a boy for wat of ware
With lowering face nodding and slumbering,
Of new christened called Jack Hare,
Which of a bowl can pluck out the lining."

MS. Hail. 2251. fol. 14.

Since the above note was written, the ballad on Jack Hare has been edited from MS. Lansd. 699. fol. 88, by Mr. Halliwell, among Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 52 (printed for the Percy Society). "The original of this," says Mr. H. (p. 267), "is an Anglo-Norman poem of the 13th century, in MS. Digb. Oxon. 86. fol. 94, entitled 'De Maimound mal esquier.'"

52. Quare aucuparis
Ad sacramentum altaris?] "Why do you go bird-catching by the sacrament of the altar?"

53. Super arcam foederis
Unde hoc?] "Over the Ark of the Covenant., whence that?"

54. Dominus Vobiscum] "The Lord be with you."

55. Per aucupium] "by bird-catching"

56. Desuper candelabrum
Christi Crucifixi] "From above the candlesticks of Christ crucified"

57. Dic, inimice crucis Christi,
Ubi didicitest
Facere hoc] "Say, enemy of Christ's cross, where did you learn to do this?"

58. Nestorianus] "Nestoriani quidam heretici qui beatam mariam non dei, sed hominis
dicunt genitricem" ("Nestorians are heretics who say the Blessed Virgin was the
teacher of a man, not of God") Ortus Vocab. fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d.: but here
Nestorianus seems to be put for Nestorius, the founder of the sect.

59. Ad ostium tabernaculi,
In que est corpus Domine:
Cave hoc,] "Even to the door of the tabernacle, where the body of the Lord is: beware
of that"

60. Diss church ye thus depraved] To deprave generally means—to vilify in words (as
in our author's Colyn Cloute, "The Church to deprave," v. 515; but (and see the poem
The Doughty Duke of Albany v. 191) here depraved must be equivalent to—defiled.

61. Quare? quia Evangelia,
Concha et conchylia,
Accipter et sonalia,
Et bruta animalia,
Caetera quoque talia
Tibi sunt aequalia
Unde hoc] "Why? Because the Gospels, holy vessels, a hawk and bells, and brutish
animals, and other such things are alike to you. Whence that?"
62. *Et relis et ralis,*  
*Et reliqualis*] Perhaps means "You strike back, and rail, but are left behind." Occurs again in our author's *Garland of Laurel,* v. 1216.

63. *Galis*] i.e. Galicia.

64. *Non est brain-sick talis*  
*Nec minus rationalis,*  
*Nec magis bestialis*] "It is not so brain-sick, nor less reasonable, nor more bestial"

65. *Vos valete,*  
*Doctor indiscreet!] "Goodbye, undistinguished doctor!"
EPITAPH FOR JOHN CLARKE AND ADAM UDERSALL

[From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568]
Note: This poem is mostly in Latin. A translation is printed below.

THIS treatise devised it is
Of two knaves sometime of Diss.
Though these knaves be dead,
Full of mischief and queed,
Yet, wheresoever they lie,
Their names shall never die.

Compendium de duobus versipellibus, John Jayberd, et Adam all a knave, deque illorum notissima vilitate.

A DEVOUT TRENTAL<1> FOR OLD JOHN CLARKE, SOMETIME THE HOLY PATRIARCH OF DISS

Sequitur trigintale
Tale quale rationale,
Licet parum curiale,
Tamen satis est formale,
Joannis Clerc, hominis
Cujusdam multinominis,
Joannes Jayberd qui vocatur,
Clerc cleribus nuncupatur.
Obiit sanctus iste pater
Anna Domini MD. sexto.
In parochia de Dis
Non erat sibi similis;
In malitia vir insignis,
Duplex corde et bilinguis;
Senio confectus,
Omnibus suspectus,
Nemini dilectus,
Sepultus est among the weeds:
God forgive him his misdeeds!

Dulce melos
Penetrans coelos.

Carmina cum cannis
cantemus festa Joannis:
Clerk obiit vere,
Jayberd nomenque dedere:
Dis popula natus,
Clerk cleribus estque vocatus.
Hic vir Chaldæus,
nequam vir, ceu Jebusaeus,
In Christum Domini
fremuit de more cameli,  
Rectori proprio  
tam verba retorta loquendo  
Unde resultando-
que Acheronta boando tonaret.<2>
Nunquam sincere  
solitus sua crimina flere;  
male lingua loquax-
que dicax mendaxque, fuere  
Et mores tales  
resident in nemine quales;  
Carpens vitales  
auras, turbare sodales  
Et cines socios,  
asinus, mulus velut, et bos.  
Omne suum studium  
rubeum pictum per amictum  
Discolor; et victum  
faciens semper maledictum  
Ex intestinis ovium-
que boumque caprorum;  
Tendens adque forum,  
fragmentum colligit horum,  
Dentibus exemptis  
mastigat cunquae polentis  
Lanigerum caput aut ovis<3>  
aut vaccae mugientis.  
Quid petis, hic sit quis?  
John Jayberd, incola de Dis;  
Cui, dum vixerat is,  
sociantur jurgia, vis, lis.  
Jam jacet hic stark dead,  
Never a tooth in his head.  
Adieu, Jayberd, adieu,  
In faith, deacon thou crew!<4>
Fratres, orate  
For this knavate,  
By the holy rood,  
Did never man good:  
I pray you all,  
And pray shall,  
At this trental  
On knees to fall  
To the football;  
With, Fill the black bowl  
For Jayberd's soul.  
Bibite multum:  
Ecce sepultum  
Sub pede stultum,
Asinum, et mulum!
The devil kiss his culum!
Hey, ho, rumbelow!<5>
Rumpopulorum,
Per omnia secula seculorum! Amen

REQUIEM, &c.

Per Fredericum Hely,
Fratrem de Monte Carmeli,
Qui condunt sine sale
Hoc devotum trigintale.
Vale Jayberd, valde male!

Adam Uddersall,<6>
Alias dictus Adam all
a knave, his
Epitaph followeth devoutly;
He was sometime the holy
Bailiff of Diss.

OF DISS.

Adam degebat:
dum vixit, falsa gerebat,
Namque extorquebat
quicquid nativus habebat,
Aut liber natus; rapidus
i/lupus inde vocatus:
Ecclesiamque satus
de Belial iste Pilatus
Sub pede calcatus
violavit, nunc violatus:
Perfidus, iratus,
umquam fuit ille beatus:
Uddersall stratus
benedictis est spoliatus,
Improbus, inflatus,
maledictis jam laceratus:
Dis, tibi bacchatus<7>
ballivus praedominatus:
Hic fuit ingratus,
porcus velut insatiatus,
Pinguis, crassatus;
velut Agag sit reprobatus!
Crudelisque Cacus
barathro, peto, sit tumulatus!<8>
Beelzebub his soul save,
Qui jacet hic, like a knave!
Jam scio mortuus est,
Et jacet hic, like a beast.
Anima ejus
De malo in pejus. Amen
De Dis haec semper erit camena,
Adam Uddersall sit anathema!

Auctore Skelton, rectore de Dis.

Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptum per Curatum ejusdem, quinto die Januarii Anna Domini, secundum computat. Angliae, MDVII.<9>


TRANSLATION

(Translation in italics – Roman letters indicate English words in the original)

A compendium of two little poems, about John Jayberd and Adam-all-a-knave, and their notorious worthlessness.

EPITAPH FOR JOHN CLARKE AND ADAM UDERSALL, SOMETIME THE HOLY PATRIARCH OF DISS

There follows a trental,
So great in logic,
So little is allowed by the court
However it is formal enough
John Clerk, a man
Who had many names,
Who was called John Jayberd;
Clerk by the Clergy.
This holy father died
in the year of the Lord 1506.
in the parish of Diss
There was none like him;
A man notable for malice,
Two-hearted and two-tongued
His years completed,
Mistrusted by all,
Loved by none
He is buried among the weeds:
God forgive him his misdeeds!

A sweet tune
filling the air.

A song with reed instruments
We will sing on the feast of John,
Clerk is truly dead,
Who was given the name Jayberd:
Born of the people of Dis,
Clerk, this cleric was called.
This Chaldean man,
not a man, but a Jebusite


*In Christ the Lord,*  
*He brayed like a camel,*  
*Speaking such words*  
*To the rector of that place,*  
*And to whom he retorted*  
*thundering like the river Acheron.*  
*Never honestly*  
*repenting his habitual crimes*  
*Speaking with an evil tongue,*  
*telling lies,*  
*And his morals were such*  
*As no-one else had;*  
*Using all his breath,*  
*To disturb the companions*  
*and the neighbours on this side,*  
*Just like an ass, a mule and an ox.*  
*All his effort went into*  
*smearing and blackening,*  
*And his livelihood*  
*was in always making curses*  
*from the entrails of sheep,*  
*oxen and goats;*  
*Going to the market-place*  
*to gather up scraps,*  
*Having no teeth,*  
*he ate with his porridge,*  
*The head of a lamb, sheep or cow.*  
*What do you ask, who might this be?*  
*John Jayberd, inhabitant of Diss*  
*Who while he lived,*  
*Was associated with forceful quarrels and strife.*  

*Now he is struck* stark dead,  
*Never a tooth in his head.*  
*Adieu, Jayberd, adieu,*  
*In faith, deacon thou crew!*  
*Brothers, pray*  
*For this knavate,*  
*By the holy rood,*  
*Did never man good:*  
*I pray you all,*  
*And pray shall,*  
*At this trental*  
*On knees to fall*  
*To the football;*  
*With, Fill the black bowl*  
*For Jayberd's soul.*  

*Drink deeply,*  
*This tomb underfoot*  
*is that of a fool*
An ass and a mule!  
The devil kiss his arse!  
Hey, ho, rumbelow!  
Rumpopulorum,  
For ever and ever. Amen.

By Frederic Hely,  
A brother of the Carmelite order,  
Who conducted without pay,  
This trental devotion.  
Go, Jayberd, extremely badly!

Adam Uddersall,  
Otherwise called Adam all  
a knave, his  
Epitaph followeth devoutly;  
He was sometime the holy  
Bailiff of Diss.

Adam has passed away,  
While he lived, he behaved dishonestly  
and he extorted  
Whatever the people had,  
Either serf or free-born.  
Thus he was called a ravening wolf:  
And this Pilate from Belial  
trampled the violated  
church underfoot:  
Treacherous, wrathful,  
Never did he do what was virtuous:  
Udersall's pompous blessing spread  
robbery, wickedness,  
Curses and wounds:  
Diss, to you this enraged  
bailiff was a tyrant:  
He was hateful,  
like a greedy pig  
Obese, stuffed with food,  
May he be condemned like Agag!  
And I pray, may he be entombed in a pit  
like cruel Cacus!  
Beelzebub his soul save,  
Who is buried here, like a knave!  
For I know he is dead,  
And is buried here, like a beast.  
May his soul go  
from bad to worse. Amen

This will always be the song of Diss,  
May Adam Udersall be anathema!

Written by Skelton, rector of Diss
The Poetical Works

The end, &c. Transcribed in Trumpington by the curate of that place on the fifth of January 1507, (according to English reckoning).

Adam, Adam, where are you? Genesis. Where there is no rest, where there is no order, but everlasting horror dwelleth. Job
NOTES TO EPITAPH FOR JOHN CLARKE AND ADAM UDERSALL

1. *trental* i.e. properly, a service of thirty masses for the dead, usually celebrated on as many different days.

2. *que Acheronta boando tonaret, &c*] Perhaps these passages ought to be arranged thus for the sake of the rhyme:

   "$que Acheronta boando
tonaret. Nunquam sincere," &c

   "que dicax mendax-
que, fuere et mores tales," &c

But from the rest of the poem it seems that Skelton intended each hexameter to be cut only into two parts

3. *Lanigerum caput aut ovis*] Ed. "caput caput". I give the conjectural reading of the Rev. J. Mitford. The rhyme suggests (but the metre will not allow) "bidentis."

4. *I faith, deacon thou crew!*] See note 38 to *The Bowge of Court*.

5. *With, hey, ho, rumelow*] See note 18 to *The Bowge of Court*.

6. *Adam Uddersall &c.*] In this passage I have followed the arrangement followed by the Rev. J. Mitford.—ED. thus:

   Adam Uddersale, alias dictus
   Adam all. A knave his Epitaph.
   followeth devoutly
   He was sometime the holy
   baillyve of Dis."


   "Sis tibi baccatus
   Bailans praedominatus."

8. *Crudelisque Cacus barathro, peto, sit tumulatus*] To readers of Skelton's days Cacus was known not so much from the 8th book of Virgil's Aeneid, as from *The Recuel of the Histories of Troy*, (a translation by Caxton from the French of Raoul le Fevre), where his story is related at considerable length, and with great variation from the classical fable: "In the city of Cartagena, a king and giant reigned, named Cacus which was passing evil and full of tyranny, and had slain by his cursedness the kings of Aragon and of Navarre, their wives and their children and possessed her seignouries and also held in subjection all the country into Italy," &c. Book ii. ed. 1471—about the middle of the volume, which is printed without paging or signatures. His death is afterwards thus described: "But Hercules ran after and retained him and embraced him in his arms so hard that he might not move and brought him again and bore him unto a deep pit that was in the cave where he had cast in all ordures and filth. Hercules came unto this foul pit that the Greeks had founden and planted Cacus therein, his head downward from on high unto the ordure beneath. Then the Italians came about the pit and cast so
many stones upon him that he died there miserably. Such was the end of the power[ful] king Cacus. He died in an hole full of ordure and of stinking filth."

9. *Apud Trumpinton scriptum, per Curatum ejusdem, &c.*] A passage wrongly understood by Skelton's biographers: see *Account of Skelton and his Writings.*
AGAINST THE SCOTS

[The following pieces, called forth by the battle of Flodden, and the lines on the Battle of the Spurs annexed to them, are from the ed. of Kyng and Marche of Certain Books Compiled by Master Skelton, n.d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n.d., ed. Lant, n.d., and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

AGAINST the proud Scots clattering,
That never will leave their trattling:
Won they the field, and lost their king?
They may well say, Fie on that winning!

Lo, these fond sorts<2>
And trattling Scots,
How they are blind
In their own mind,
And will not know
Their overthrow
At Brankston Moor!
They are so stour,
So frantic mad,
They say they had
And won the field
With spear and shield:
That is as true
As black is blue
And green is grey.
Whatever they say,
Jemmy is dead
And closed in lead,<3>
That was their own king:
Fie on that winning!

At Flodden hills
Our bows, our bills,
Slew all the flower
Of their honour.
Are not these Scots
Fools and sots,
Such boast to make,
To prate and crake,
To face, to brace,<4>
All void of grace,
So proud of heart,
So overthwart,
So out of frame,
So void of shame,
As it is enrolled,
Written and told
Within this quaire?
Who list to repair,
And therein read,
Shall find indeed
A mad reckoning,
Considering all thing,
That the Scots may sing
Fie on the winning!

When the Scot Lived

Jolly Jemmy, ye scornful Scot,
Is it come unto your lot
A solemn sumner for to be?
It greeth nought for your degree
Our king of England for to cite,<5>
Your sovereign lord, our prince of might:
Ye for to send such a citation,
It shameth all your naughty nation,
In comparison but king Kopping<6>
Unto our prince, anointed king.
Ye play Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean;<7>
Ye show right well what good ye can:<8>
Ye may be lord of Locrian<9>—
Christ cense you with a frying-pan!—
Of Edinburgh and Saint John's town:<10>
Adieu, Sir Sumner, cast off your crown!

When the Scot was Slain

Continually I shall remember
The merry month of September,
With the ix <11> day of the same,
For then began our mirth and game;
So that now I have devised,
And in my mind I have comprised,
Of the proud Scot, King Jemmy,
To write some little tragedy,
For no manner consideration
Of any sorrowful lamentation,
But for the special consolation
Of all our royal English nation.
Melpomene, O muse tragedial,
Unto your grace for grace now I call
To guide my pen and my pen to imbibe!
Illumine me, your poet and your scribe,
That with mixture of aloes and bitter gall
I may compound confectures for a cordial,
To anger the Scots and Irish<12> caterans withal,
That late were discomfект with battle martial.
Thalia, my Muse, for you also call I,
To touch them with taunts of your harmony,
A medley to make of mirth with sadness,
The hearts of England to comfort with gladness:
And now to begin I will me address,
To you rehearsing the sum of my process.

King Jamey, Jemmy, Jocky my jo,<13>
Ye summoned our king,—why did ye so?
To you nothing it did accord
To summon our king, your sovereign lord.
A king, a sumner! it was great wonder:
Know ye not sugar and salt asunder?
Your sumner too saucy, too malapert,
Your herald in arms not yet half expert.
Ye thought ye did yet valiantly,
Not worth three skips of a pie:<14>
Sir Skyrghaliard,<15> ye were so skit,
Your will then ran before your wit.

Your liege ye laid and your ally,
Your frantic fable not worth a fly,
French king, or one or other;
Regarded ye should your lord, your brother.<16>
Trowed ye, Sir Jemmy, his noble Grace
From you, Sir Scot, would turn his face?
With, Gup, Sir Scot of Galloway!
Now is your pride fall to decay.
Maleured was your false intent
For to offend your president,
Your sovereign lord most reverent,
Your lord, your brother, and your regent.

In him is figured Melchizedek,
And ye were disloyal Amalek.
He is our noble Scipion,
Anointed king; and ye were none,
Though ye untruly your father have slain.<17>
His title is true in France to reign;
And ye, proud Scot, Dundee, Dunbar,<18>
Pardie, ye were his homager,
And suitor to his parliament:
For your untruth now are ye shent.
Ye bear yourself somewhat too bold,
Therefore ye lost your copyhold;
Ye were bond tenant to his estate;
Lost is your game, ye are checkmate.

Unto the castle of Norham,<19>
I understand, too soon ye came.
At Brankston Moor and Flodden hills,
Our English bows, our English bills.
Against you gave so sharp a shower,<20>
That of Scotland ye lost the flower.
The White Lion, there rampant of mood,
He raged and rent out your heart-blood;
He the White, and ye the Red,<21>
The White there slew the Red stark dead.
Thus for your guerdon quit are ye,
Thanked be God in Trinity, 140
And sweet Saint George, Our Lady's knight!<22>
Your eye is out: adieu, good-night!
Ye were stark mad to make a fray,
His Grace being out of the way:<23>
But, by the power and might of God,
For your own tail ye made a rod!
Ye wanted wit, sir, at a word;
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword.<24>
Ye might have busked you to Huntley Banks;<25>
Your pride was peevish to play such pranks:
Your poverty could not attain
With our king royal war to maintain.

Of the king of Naverne ye might take heed,
Ungraciously how he doth speed:
In double dealing so he did dream,
That he is king without a ream;
And, for example ye would none take,<26>
Experience hath brought you in such a brake.
Your wealth, your joy, your sport, your play,
Your bragging boast, your royal array,
Your beard so brim<27> as boar at bay,
Your Seven Sisters, that gun so gay,<28>
All have ye lost and cast away.
Thus Fortune hath turned you, I dare well say,
Now from a king to a clot of clay:
Out of your robes ye were shaked,
And wretchedly ye lay stark naked.
For lack of grace hard was your hap:
The Popes curse gave you that clap.<29>

Of the out isles the rough-footed Scots,<30> 170
We have well-eased them of the bots:
The rude rank Scots, like drunken dranes,<31>
At English bows have fetched their banes.
It is not fitting in tower and town
A sumner to wear a king's crown:
Fortune on you therefore did frown;
Ye were too high, ye are cast down.
Sir Sumner, now where is your crown?
Cast off your crown, cast up your crown!
Sir Sumner, now ye have lost your crown. 180
Quod Skelton Laureate, orator to the King's most royal estate.

Sco*ttia, reducta in formam provinciae,
Regis parebit nutibus Angliae; <32>
Alioquin, per desertum Sin, super cherubim,
Cherubim, seraphim, seraphimque, ergo, &c. <33>
NOTES TO AGAINST THE SCOTS.

1. The battle of Flodden, one of the most disastrous events in Scottish history, has been rendered so familiar to readers of our own day by the poem of Marmion, that a particular account of it here is unnecessary. It took place on September 9th, 1513. The English army was commanded by the Earl of Surrey (created Duke of Norfolk the February following); the Scottish by their rash and gallant monarch James the Fourth, who perished in the field amid heaps of his slaughtered nobles and gentlemen.

2. Lo, these fond sots, &c.]—fond, i.e. foolish. This passage resembles a rhyme made in reproach of the Scots in the reign of Edward the First:

"These scaterand Scots
Hold we for sots," &c.
Fabyan's Chron. vol. ii. fol. 140. ed. 1559.

3. closed in lead] The body of James, disfigured with wounds, was found the day after the battle; it was carried to Berwick, and ultimately interred in the priory of Shene: see Weever's Anc. Fun. Mon., p. 394. ed. 1631. After the dissolution of that house, according to Stow's account, the body, enclosed in lead, was thrown into one of the lumber rooms; and the head, which some workmen hewed off "for their foolish pleasure," was brought to London and buried in St. Michael's Church, Wood Street: Survey, B. iii. 81. ed. 1720.

4. To face, to brace] So Borde in his Book of Knowledge introduces a Scotchman saying,

"I will boost my self, I will crake and face."
Sig. G 2. reprint.

Compare our author's Magnificence;

"Cl. Col.: By God, I tell you, I will not be out-faced.
By the mass, I warrant thee, I will not be braced."
v. 2247.

and his Garland of Laurel;

"Some facers, some bracers, some make great cracks."
v. 189.

In Hormanni Vulgaria we find, "He faceth the matter, and maketh great crakes. Tragice loquitur, et ampullosa verba proiicit." Sig. P. iii. ed. 1530. "He is not afeared to face or brace with any man of worship. Nullius viri magnitudinem allatrare dubitat." Sig. O ii. And in Palsgrave, p. 542, "I face, as one doth that brawleth or falleth out with another to make him afraid, Je contrefays des mines . . . I dare not pass by his door, he faceth and braceth me so: . . . Il contrefayt tellement des mines." 'I Brace or face, Je bragguay. He braced and made a bracing here afore the door as though he would have killed . . . Il braggoyt," &c. p. 462.

5. Our king of England for to cite] While Henry viii. was encamped before Terouenne, James iv. sent his chief herald to him, with a letter (which may be found in Hall's Chron. (Hen. viii.), fol. xxix. ed. 1548), reckoning up the various injuries and insults he had received from Henry, and containing what amounted to a declaration of
war, unless the English monarch should desist from hostilities against the French king.

6. *king Kopping*] Compare the *Coliphizacio*, where Caiaphas exclaims—

"Therefore I shall thee name that ever shall rue thee,

*King Copyn* in our game," &c.

*Towneley Mysteries*, p. 194,

the Glossary informing us that "A coppin is a certain quantity of worsted yarn wound on a spindle, and the spindle then extracted."—which may be true, though it does not explain the passage. Some game must be alluded to.

7. *Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean*] So again our author in *Speak, Parrot*;

"Hob Lobyn of Lowdean would have a bit of bread."

v. 74.

Perhaps there is an allusion to some song or ballad: Lowdean is, I apprehend, Lothian.

8. *what good ye can*] i.e. what manners you know.]

9. *Locrian*] i.e Loch Ryan a large bay in Wigtonshire, which, by approximating to the bay of Luce, forms the peninsula called the Rinns of Galloway. It is mentioned by Barbour;

"And at *Lochrian* in Galloway

He shipped, with all his men."

*The Bruce*, B. xi. v. 36. ed. Jam.

In the poem *The Doughty Duke of Albany* Skelton speaks of the Scots

"Of Locryan,

And the ragged ray

Of Galloway."

v. 21.

and in his verses against Dundas, he calls him "Dundas of Galloway." v. 29. See too v. 109 of the present poem. Our author uses Scottish names at random.

10. *Saint John's town*] i.e. Perth. Compare Langtoft's *Chronicle*, p. 333, ed. Hearne; Minot's *Poems*, p. 6. ed. Ritson; and Barbour's *Bruce*, B. v. 53. ed. Jam. It is said that the Picts, after their conversion to Christianity, or the Scots, after their king had succeeded to the Pictish throne, consecrated the church and bridge of Perth to St. John the Baptist; and that hence in process of time many persons gave to the town the name of St. Johnston: see Jamieson's note on the passage last referred to.

11. *the ix*] Eds. "xi".

12. *Irish caterans*] Irish, i.e. Highlanders and Islesmen:

"Than girt he all the *Irishry*

That were in till his company,

*Of Argyll, and the Isles also,*" &c.


*Caterans* (see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Cateranes*) i.e. marauders who carried off cattle, corn, &c.

13. *Jocky my jo*] Perhaps a fragment of some song or ballad. In Scotch, *Jocky* is the diminutive of *Jock*, the abbreviation of *John*: *jo* is sweetheart, dear, (joy).
14. **pie** | i.e. magpie

15. **Sir Skyrgaliard** | So again our author in his *Speak, Parrot;*

   "With Skyrgaliard, proud palliard, vauntparler, ye prate."

   v. 427.

   and in his poem *The Doughty Duke of Albany;*

   "Such a skyrgaliard."

   v. 168.

   "William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the *Gaillard,* was a noted freebooter . . . His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called *The Galliard.* The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character." Scott's *Minst. of the Scott. Bord.* i. 305. ed. 1810. To *skir* (under which Richardson in his Dict. cites Skelton's term "a skyrgaliard") is to scour, to move rapidly.

16. **brother** | James married Margaret sister of Henry the Eighth.

17. **Though ye untruly your father have slain** | James iii. was slain by a ruffian whose name is not certainly known, under circumstances of great atrocity, in 1488, in a miller's cottage, immediately after his flight from the battle of Sauchieburn, where his son (then in his 17th year) had appeared in arms against him. The mind of James iv. was haunted by remorse for his father's death; and he wore in penance an iron girdle, the weight of which he every year increased.

18. **Dundee, Dunbar** | Scottish names used at random: so again in our author's *Verses Against Dundas,* "Dundee, Dunbar," v. 60, and in his poem *The Doughty Duke of Albany* "Dunbar, Dundee,” v. 24.

19. **the castle of Norham** | In taking the Castle of Norham, James wasted some days, previous to the battle of Flodden, while he ought to have employed his forces in more important enterprises.

20. **Against you gave so sharp a shower** | Shower is often applied by our old writers to the storm, assault, encounter of battle:

   "The *sharp showers* and the cruel rage
   Abide fully of this mortal war."

   Lydgate's *Wars of Troy,* B. iv. sig. Y iii. ed. 1555.

   "He was *slawe* in *sharp shower.*"

   *Kyng Robert of Sicily,*—*MS. Harl.* 1701. fol. 94.

   and see our author's poem *The Doughty Duke of Albany* v. 240.

21. **The White Lyon, there rampant of mood,**

   **He raged and rent out your heart blood:**

   **He the White, and ye the Red** | The White Lion was the badge of the Earl of Surrey, derived from his ancestors the Mowbrays. His arms were Gules, on a bend between six cross croslets, fitchy, argent: after the battle of Flodden, the king granted to him "an honourable augmentation of his arms, to bear on the bend thereof: in an escutcheon Or, a demi Lion rampant, pierced through the mouth with an arrow, within a double tressure flory and counter fory Gules; which tressure is the same as surrounds the royal arms of Scotland." Collins's *Peerage,* i. 77. ed. Brydges.

   "If Scotland's Coat no mark of Fame can lend,
   That Lion plac'd in our bright silver-bend,
   Which as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish blood discoloured Floden-Field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave Ensign bare,
As a rich Jewel in a Lady's hair,
And did fair Bramston's neighbouring values choke
With clouds of Canons fire-disgorged smoke."

Epistle from H. Howard Earl of Surrey to Geraldine.—Drayton's Poems, p. 86 [88], ed. 8vo. n. d.

"George Buchanan reporteth that the Earl of Surrey gave for his badge a Silver Lion, which from Antiquity belonged to that name, tearing in pieces a Lion prostrate Gules; and withal, that this which he terms insolence, was punished in Him and his Posterity," &c. Drayton's note on the preceding passage.

[266]sweet Saint George, our Lady's knight] "Our Lady's knight" is the common designation of St. George: so in a song written about the same time the present poem, Cott. MS. Domit. A. xviii. fol. 248; in Sir Bevis of Hamtoun, p. 102. Maitl. ed. &c. &c.

[22. His grace being out of the way] i.e. Henry the Eighth being in France: see note 5 above

[24. ye lost your sword] The sword and dagger, worn by James at the battle of Flodden, are preserved in the college of Heralds. An engraving of them is prefixed to Weber's ed. of the poem, Flodden Field.

[25. Huntley Banks] So again in our author's Verses against Dundas;

"That prates and pranks
On Huntley banks."

v. 57.

and in his Why come ye not to Court;

"They [the Scots] play their old pranks
After Huntley Banks."

v. 263.

and in his poem The Doughty Duke of Albany;

"Of the Scots rank
Of Huntley Bank."

v. 18.

Here again Skelton uses a Scottish name at random. The Huntleybank, where, according to the charming old poem, Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of Faery, is situated on one of the Eldoun hills.

[26. Of the king of Naverne ye might take heed, Ungraciously how he doth speed: In double dealing so he did dream That he is king without a ream; And, for example ye would none take.]—Naverne i.e Navarre; ream, i.e. realm. In a letter despatched from the camp before Terouenne, in answer to the epistle of the Scottish king, (see note 5 above), Henry says; "And if the example of the king of Navarre being excluded from his realm for assistance given to the French king cannot restrain you from this unnatural dealing, we suppose ye shall have like assistance of the said French king as the king of Navarre hath now: Who is a king without a realm,
&c." Hall's Chron. (Henry viii.) fol. xxxi. ed. 1548. James, however, never received this letter: he was slain before the herald who bore it could procure a passage from Flanders.


28. Your Seven Sisters, that gun so gay] Lindsay of Pitscottie informs us that when James was making preparations for his fatal expedition against England, "he had seven great cannons out of the castle of Edinburgh, quhilkis was called the Seven Sisters, cast by Robert Borthik; and three master gunners, furnished with powder and lead to them at their pleasure." Cron. of Scotl. i. 266. ed. 1814. These cannons were named Sisters because they were all of the same great size and fine fabric. Concerning Borthwick, master of the artillery to James, the following mention is made by Lesley: "Rex amplo stipendio Robertum Borthuik, insigne tormenti fabricandi artificem donavit, ut tormenta bellica maiora in arce Edinburgensi aliquamdiu conflaret: quorum per multa hodie in Scotia reperiantur, hoc versa incisa: "Machina sum. Scoto Borthuik fabricata Roberto." ("Robert Borthwick, well paid by the king, who gave him a commission to make cannon, so that with this great cannon he should demolish the castle of Edinburgh: which can be seen by many in Scotland today with this inscription: 'I am a machine made by Robert Borthwick the Scot".) De or. mor. et reb. gest. Scot. p. 353. ed. 1578.

29. The Pope's curse done you that clap]—clap, i.e. stroke. James died under a recent sentence of excommunication for infringing the pacification with England.

30. Of the out isles the rough footed Scots] i.e. the rough-footed Scots of the Hebrides: the epithet rough footed was given to them, because they wore, during the frost, a rude sort of shoe, made of undressed deer-skin, with the hairy side outwards; see MS. quoted in Pinkerton's Hist. of Scotland, ii. 397.

31. drunken dranes]—dranes, i.e. drones. The Editor of Skelton's Works, 1736, printed "dronken Danes;" and Weber (Flodden Field, p. 276) proposes the same alteration; but though the Danes (as the readers of our early dramatists know) were notorious for deep potations, the text is right. Our author has again, in his poem The Doughty Duke of Albany;

"We set not a prane (prawn) By such a drunken drane." v. 163.

"Drane. Fucus." Prompt. Parv. ed. 1499. And compare Pierce Plowman's Creed;

"And right as dranes doth nought but drinketh up the honey." Sig. D i. ed. 1561.

32. fitting] Other eds. "sitting", which, perhaps, Skelton wrote, as he elsewhere uses the word.

33. Scotia, reducta in formam provinciae, Regis parebit nutibus Angliae:] "Scotland reduced to a province, its king will be seen to be at the nod of the English"

34. Alioquin, per desertum Sin, super cherubim, Cherubim, seraphim, seraphimque, ergo, &c] "Otherwise, through the desert of Sin, above the Cherubim, Cherubim, and Seraphim, seraphim": per desertum Sin is a reference to Exodus. xvi. 1 "Profectique sunt de Elim, et venit omnis multitudo
And they set forward from Elim, and all the multitude of the children of Israel came into the desert of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai"

filiorum Israel in desertum Sin, quod est inter Elim et Sinai," ("And they set forward from Elim, and all the multitude of the children of Israel came into the desert of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai")
UNTOSPECSEOPLETHATREMORDTHIS
RHYMINGAGAINSTTHESCOTJEMMY.

Iamnowconstrained,
Withwordsnoughtheigned,
Thisinvectivetomake,
Forsomepeoples'sake
Thatlistfortojangle
Andwaywardlytorangle
Againstthismymaking,
Theirmalesthereatshaking,
Atitreprehending,
Andvenomouslystinging,
Rebukingandremording,
Andnothingaccording. 10

Causehavetheynoneother,
Butforthathewasbrother,
Brotherunnatural
Untoourkingroyal,
Againstwhomhединfight
Falselyagainstallright,
Likethatuntruerebels
FalseCainagainstAbel. 20

Whosothereatpickethmoord,
Thetokensarenottogood
TobetrueEnglishblood;
For,iftheyunderstood
Histraitorlydespite,
Hewasarecreantknight,
Asubtlechismatic,
Rightnearanheretic,
Ofgraceoutofthestate,
Anddiedexcommunicate. 30

Andforhewasaking,
Themoreshamefulereckoning
Ofhimshouldmenreport,
Inearnestandin sport.
Hescantlylovethourking,
Thatgrudgingathisthing:
Thatcastsuchovertwartz
Perchancehavehollowhearts.

Si v eritatem dico, quare non creditis mihi? 1
NOTES TO UNTO DIVERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS RHYMING

1. *Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis mihi?* "If I speak truth, why do you not believe me?"
VERSES AGAINST DUNDAS

VILITISSIMUS SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS CONTRA ANGLIGENAS <1>

<2>
[This poem from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

Caudatos Anglos, spurcissim Scote, quid effers?
Effrons es, quoque sons, mendax, tua spurcaque bucca est.<3>

Anglicus a tergo
caudam gerit;
est canis ergo.
Anglice caudate,
cape caudam
ne cadat a te.
Ex causa caudae
manet Anglica
gens sine laude.<4>

Diffamas patriam, qua non
est melior usquam.
Cum cauda plaudis dum
possis, ad ostia pultas
Mendicans; mendicus eris,
mendaxque bilinguis,
Scabidus, horribilis, quem
vermes sexque pedales
Corrodunt misere; miseris
genus est maledictum<5>

Skelton, nobilis poeta.<6>

Gup, Scot,
Ye blot:
Laudate
Caudate,<7>
Set in better
Thy pentameter.
This Dundas,
This Scottish ass,
He rhymes and rails
That Englishmen have tails.<8> 10

Skeltonus laureatus,
Anglicus natus,
Provocat Musas
Contra Dundas
Spurcissimum Scotum,
Undique notum,
Rustice fotum,  
Vapide potum. <9>  
Skelton laureate  
After this rate  
Defendeth with his pen  
All English men  
Against Dundas,  
That Scottish ass.  
Shake thy tail, Scot, like a cur,  
For thou beggest at every man's door.  
Tut, Scot, I say,  
Go shake thy dog, hey! <10>  
Dundas of Galloway  
With thy versifying rails  
How they have tails.  
By Jesu Christ,  
False Scot, thou liest:  
But behind in our hose  
We bear there a rose  
For thy Scottish nose,  
A spectacle case  
To cover thy face,  
With trey deuce ace.  
A toolman to blot<11>  
A rough footed Scot!  
Dundas, sir knave,  
Why dost thou deprave  
This royal ream,  
Whose radiant beam  
And relucuent light  
Thou hast in despite,  
Thou dunghill knight?  
But thou lackest might,  
Dundas, drunken and drowsy,  
Scabbedd, scurvy, and lousy,  
Of unhappy generation  
And most ungracious nation.  
Dundas,  
That drunk ass,  
That rates and ranks,  
That prates and pranks  
Of Huntly-banks.<12>  
Take this our thanks:—  
Dundee, Dunbar,<13>  
Walk, Scot,  
Walk, sot,  
Rail not too far.
NOTES TO VERSES AGAINST DUNDAS.

1. Vilitissimus Scotus Dundas allegat caudas contra angligenas] So, perhaps, Skelton wrote; but qy. "Vilitissimus?" ("The most worthless Scot Dundas alleged that the English race had tails")


3. Caudatos Anglos, sparcissime Scote, quid effers? Effrons es, quoque sons, mendax, tua spuraque bucca est] "English with tails,' you foulest Scot, what do you say? You are criminal and shameless, a liar, and your mouth is full of filth."

4. Anglicus a tergo caudam gerit; est canis ergo. Anglice caudate, cape caudam ne cadat a te. Ex causa caudae manet Anglica gens sine laude.} "The Englishman has a tail behind, and is therefore a dog. Tailed Englishman, grab your tail so it does not fall off. Because of the tails, the English remain a people without praise." These three hexameters, are, it would seem, the composition of Dundas.

5. Diffamas patriam, qua non est melior usquam. Cum cauda plaudis dum possis, ad ostia pultas Mendicans; mendicus eris, mendaxque bilinguis, Scabidus, horribilis, quem vermes sexque pedales Corrodunt misere; miseris genus est maledictum.} "You slander our country, than which none is better. While you can lash your tail, lash yourself out the door to beg; you will be a beggar, a two-tongued liar, scabby, horrible, miserably infested with worms six feet long, your wretched clan accursed."

6. nobilis poeta.] "noble poet." (you knew that, didn't you?)
7. Laudate
Caudate.] "Praise ye those with tails"

8. That Englishmen have tails] "After this Saint Austin entered in to Dorsetshire, and came in to a town where as were wicked people & refused his doctrine and preaching utterly & drove him out of the town casting on him the tails of thornback or like fishes, wherefore he besought almighty god to show his judgement on them, and god sent to them a shameful token, for the children that were born after in that place had tails as it is said, till they had repented them. It is said commonly that this fell at Stroud in Kent, but blessed be God at this day is no such deformity." The life of Saint Austin,—Golden Legend, fol. clxxiiii. ed. 1483. See too Nova Legenda Angliae (by Capgrave), 1516. fol. xxx.

On the proverbial expression Kentish Long-Tails, Fuller has the following remarks. "Let me premise, that those are much mistaken who first found this Proverb on a Miracle of Austin the Monk . . . I say they are much mistaken, for the Scene of this Lying Wonder was not laid in any Part of Kent, but pretended many miles off, nigh Cerne in Dorsetshire. To come closer to the sense of this Proverb, I conceive it first of outlandish extraction, and cast by foreigners as a note of disgrace on all the English, though it chanceth to stick only on the Kentish at this Day. For when there happened in Palestine a difference betwixt Robert brother of Saint Lewis King of France and our William Longspee Earl of Salisbury, hear how the Frenchman insulted over our nation: O timidorum caudatorum formidolositas! Quam beatrus, quam mundus praesens foret exercitus, si a caudis purgaretur et caudatis. "O the cowardliness of these fearful Long-tails! How happy, how clean would this our army be, were it but purged from tails and Long-tails". Matthew Paris. Anno Dom. 1250. pag. 790.

That the English were nicked by this speech appears by the reply of the Earl of Salisbury following still the metaphor; The son of my father shall press thither to day, whither you shall not dare to approach his horse tail: Some, will have the English so called from wearing a pouch or poke, (a bag to carry their baggage in) behind their backs, whilst probably the Proud Monsieurs had their Lacqueys for that purpose. In proof whereof they produce ancient pictures of the English Drapery and Armory, wherein such conveyances do appear. If so, it was neither sin nor shame for the common sort of people to carry their own necessaries, and it matters not much whether the pocket be made on either side, or wholly behind. If any demand how this nick-name (cut off from the rest of England) continues still entailed on Kent? The best conjecture is, because that county lieth nearest to France, and the French are beheld as the first founders of this aspersion. But if any will have the Kentish so called from drawing and dragging boughs of trees behind them, which afterwards they advanced above their heads and so partly cozened partly threatened King William the Conqueror to continue their ancient customs, I say, if any will impute it to this original, I will not oppose." Worthies (Kent, p. 63), ed. 1662. The preceding passage of Fuller, somewhat abridged, is copied by Ray into his Proverbs, p. 245. ed. 1768. For fanciful stories concerning the origin of Kentish long tails, see also Cornucopiae, Pasquils Night-cap, 1612, (attributed to S. Rowlands), p. 42. sqq.; and the commencement of Robin Good-fellow. His mad Pranks and Merry Jests, 1628, (a tract which originally appeared at an earlier date).

9. Skeltonus laureatus,
Anglicus natus,
Provocat Musas
Contra Dundas

Spurcissimum Scotum,
Undique notum,
Rustice fotum,
Vapide potum]

"Skelton the Laureate, an Englishman born, calls on the Muses against Dundas, that filthiest Scot, who is well known to be full of boorish drunkenness and hot air."

10. Go shake thy dog, hey] In our author's Magnificence is,

"Go, shake the dog, hay, sith ye will needs."

v. 306.

and had the expression occurred only in these two passages of Skelton, I should have felt confident that in the present one "thy" was a misprint for "thee," and that both were to be explained—"Go shake thee, dog," &c.; but again, in his poem The Doughty Duke of Albany we find,

"Twit, Scot, shake thy dog, hey"

v. 159.

11. A toolman to blot] A friend queries "tal man?" but toolman is, I believe, pen-man: compare our author's third poem Against Garnesche;

"Had ye gone with me to school,
And occupied no better your tool [i.e. pen]," &c.

v. 117.

also the commencement of the present piece,

"Gup, Scot,
Ye blot."

12. Huntley Banks] See note 25 to Against the Scots

13. Dundee, Dunbar] See note 18 to Against the Scots
CALLIOPE

[This poem from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

WHY WERE YE CALLIOPE EMBROIDERED WITH LETTERS OF GOLD?

SKELTON LAUREATE, ORATO. REG., MAKETH THIS ANSWER

CALLIOPE,
As ye may see,
Regent is she
Of poets all,
Which gave to me
The high degree
Laureate to be
Of fame royal;
Whose name enrolled
With silk and gold
I dare be bold
Thus for to wear.
Of her I hold
And her household;
Though I wax old
And somedeal sere,
Yet is she fain,
Void of disdain,
Me to retain
Her servitude:

With her certain
I will remain,
As my sovereign
Most of pleasure,

Maulgre touz malheureux.<1>
NOTES TO CALLIOPE

1. *Maulgre touz malheureux*] "Despite all unhappiness."
THE BOOK OF THREE FOOLS.

[From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

<1>

M. SKELTON, POET LAUREATE, GAVE TO MY LORD CARDINAL.

THE FIRST FOOL.

THE man that doth wed a wife
For her goods and her richess,
And not for lineage feminative,<2>
Procureth dolour and distress,
With infinite pain and heaviness;
For she will do him much sorrow,
Both at even and at morrow.

THE SECOND FOOL.

The darts right cursed of Envy
Hath rained sith the world began,
Which bringeth man evidently
Into the bonds of Satan;
Wherefore he is a discreet man
That can eschew that evil sin
Where body and soul is lost in.

THE THIRD FOOL.

Divers by voluptuousness
Of women, the which be present,
Be brought into full great distress,
Forgetting vertues excellent
Of God, the which is permanent,
And suffereth themselves to be bound
In cords, as it were a hound.

Come hither, and take this book, and read therein for your learning with clear even, and look in this book, that sheweth you foolish fools without wit or understanding. Pecunious fools, that be avarice, and for to have good time and to live merrily, weddeth these old withered women, which hath sacks full of nobles, clarify here your sight, and ye shall know what goodness cometh thereby, and what joy and gladness. Some there be that abandonth themselves for to gather together the dung that issueth out of their ass's arse, for to find evermore grease:<3> it is great folly truly; but yet the young man is more foolisher the which weddeth an old wife, for to have her gold and silver. I say that he is a great fool that taketh an old wife for her goods, and is much to blame.

They the which do so procureth all tribulations; for with her he shall neither have joy, recreation, nor rest. He nourisheth strifes and great debates, thought, pain, anguish, and melancholy: and if he would accomplish the works of marriage, he may not, for she is so debilite, cold, unpropice, unnatural, and undiscurrent, for the coldness that is
in her. The husband of this old wife hath none esperance to have lineage by her, for he never loved her. The man is a very fool to make his demurrance upon such an old wife. When he thinketh sometime upon such things, he leseth his natural wit, in cursing himself more then a M. times with the gold and the silver, and the cursed hazard of Fortune. And when he seeth his poor life in such distress, his heart is all oppressed with melancholy and dolour: but when the unhappy man seeth that it is force, and that he is constrained to have patience, he putteth his cure to draw to him the money of the old withered woman in making to her glad cheer. And when he hath the money and the bag with nobles, God knoweth what cheer he maketh, without thinking on them that gathered it. And when he hath spent all, he is more unhappier than he was before. If that the fool be unhappy, it is well right, for he hath wedded avarice, mother of all evils: if he had taken a wife that had been fair and young, after his complexion, he had not fallen into so great an inconvenience. It is written in ancient books, that he which weddeth a wife by avarice, and not for to have lineage, hath no cure of the honesty of matrimony, and thinketh full evil on his conscience. The union of marriage is decayed; for, under the colour of good and loyal marriage, is wedded avarice, as we se every day by experience through the world. And one will have a wife, and that he mark his to be demanded in marriage, they will enquire of his riches and cunning. And on the other side he will demand great goods with her, to nourish her with: for and her father and mother and friends have no great riches, he will not of her; but an she be rich, he demandeth none other thing. It is written, that one were better have his house in desert, whereas no mention should be of him, than to bide with such wives, for they be replete with all cursedness. And the poor fool breaketh his heart; he loseth his soul, and corrupteth his body. He selleth his youth unto the old wife that weddeth her for avarice, and hath but noise and dissension, in using his life thus in sin. Consider, you fools, what servitude ye put your self in, when ye wed such wives. I pray you be chaste, if that ye will live without unhap. My friends, which be not in that band, put you not therein, and ye shall be well happy. Notwithstanding, I defend you not to marry<4>, but I exhort you to take a wife that ye may have progeny by, and solace bodily and ghostly, and thereby to win the joys of Paradise.

OF ENVY, THE SECOND FOOL.

Approach, you foolish envious, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and see in this book your perverse and evil conditions. O envy, that devoureth the conditions of men, and dissipers of honour! Thou maketh to have ravishing hearts famished; thou brennest the desires, and slayeth the soul in the end; thou engenderest the dart environed with mischief, that which travaileth divers folks. Cursed fool, how hast thou thy heart so replete with cruelty? for, if I have temporal goods, thou wilt have envy thereat; or, if that I can work well, and that I apply me unto divers things the which be honest, or if that I have castles, lands, and tenements, or if that I am exalted unto honour by my science, or won it by my hardiness truly and justly, or if that I am beloved of divers persons which reclaimeth me good and virtuous and of a noble courage, thou wilt vilepend me with thy words: thou wottest never in what manner thou mayest adnichil mine honour. Thy malicious heart is hurt with a mortal wound, in such wise that thou hast no joy nor solace in this world, for the dart of Envy pierceth thy heart like a spear. Thou hast wild liquor, the which maketh all thy stomach to be on a flame. There is no medicine that may heal thy mortal wound. I, being in a place where as mine honour was magnified, thought for to have taken alliance with an odiferant flower, but all suddenly I was smitten with a dart of Envy
behind my back, wherethrough all they that were on my party turned their backs upon me, for to agree to one of Venus' dissolute servants, proceeding from a heart envenomed with envy. Wherefore I shall specify unto you the conditions of the envious. Who that holdeth him of the subjects of Envy, she constitueth to devour and bite every body; giving unhaps and miseries unto her servants. Such folks doth the innocent a thousand wrongs. They be replenished with so many treasons, that they can not sleep in their beds; they have no sweet canticles nor songs. They have their tongues honeyed with sweet words under the colour of love; they be lean, and infect of rigour these envious, more bitterer than the gall of the fish glauca<5>, with their even beholding a traverse<6>, of stomachs chafed scintillously, and without their mouths, as the vine that is new cut, they be environed with rage and great anguish, beholding evermore to destroy some body. Conceive the history of Joseph in your minds, the which had vii. brethren, that were envious against him which was the youngest, and sold him unto the merchants of Egypt by envy, and betrayed him; the which were delibered of a long time to have destroyed him. These envious never laugh but when some good man hath damage upon the sea or land; or at the disfortune of some body, he dranketh his blood as milk. Notwithstanding his heart is ever embraced with envy, and as long as he liveth it shall gnaw his heart. He resemblèth unto Etna which brenneth always. As of Romulus, and Remus his brother, the which Romulus edified first Rome, and gave it to name Rome, after his own name. Nevertheless they were pastors, for they established laws in the city. And Romulus punished every body equally. He did institute limits or marks about the city, and ordained that he that passed the limits should be put to death. His brother passed them, wherefore he was put unto death incontinent in the same place. We read also how Cain slew his own brother by envy. Have we not ensample semblably of Atreus, of whom his brother occupied the park, how well that they were in the realm strong and puissant, for to defend them? It was Theseus<7> that expulsed his brother out of the realm by envy, and was called again because that he had taken the park, and finally was banished, and by envy and under the colour of peace he was sent for. And when he was come unto a feast, he made his two children for to be roasted, and made them to drink their blood. O what horror was it to see his two children die that were so discreet! In like wise Ethiocles<8>, if thou wilt be discreet, good, and wise, fly from Envy, and thou shalt find thy self sound of body and soul!

OF THE VOLUPTUOUSNESS CORPORAL, THE THIRD FOOL.

Right heartily I beseech you, foolish and lecherous people, that it will please you for to come and make a little collation<9> in this book; and if there be any thing that I can do for you, I am all yours both body and goods; for truly I have an ardent desire to do you some meritorious deed, because that I have ever frequented your service.

Now hearken what I have found you, cautelous women. They that the paps be seen all naked, their hair combed and trussed in divers places marvellously, be unreasonable fools, for they dress them like voluptuous harlots, that make their hair to appear at their brows, yellow as fine gold, made in little tresses for to draw young folk to their love. Some, for to have their goods, presenteth to them their beds for to take their carnal desires; and after that they have taken all their disports, they pill them as an onion. The other, for to have their pleasures mundane, chooseth them that she loveth best, and maketh signification to them, saying that she is enamoured on them. Thou art a very idiot so to abandon thy self unto the vile sin of lechery, for thou lettest thy self be wrapped therein, like as a calf or a sheep is bound in a cord, in such wise that ye can not unbind your self. O fool, have aspect unto that which thou committest! for
thou puttest thy poor soul in great danger of damnation eternal; thou puttest thy goods, thin understanding, and thy joy, unto dolorous perdition: and for all that ye be in your wor[l]dly pleasures, yet it is mingled with distress or with misery, great thought or melancholy. I require thee, leave thy wor[l]dly pleasures, that endureth no longer than the grass of the field. If you have joy one only moment, thou shalt have twain of sorrow for it. We read of Sardanapalus, that for his lechery and libidinosity fell into hell; the which put himself in the guise of a poor woman: his men, seeing him so obstinate in that vile sin, slew him, and so finished he his days for following of his pleas ance mundane. The sovereign Creator was more puissant than this wretched sinner. Let us not apply our self thereto, sith that he punisheth sinners so as perly; but with all our hearts enforce we our self for to resist against that vile and abominable sin of lechery, the which is so full of infection and bitterness, for it distaineth the soul of man. Flee from the foolish women, that pilleth the lovers unto the hard bones, and you shall be beloved of God and also of the world.
NOTES TO THE BOOK OF THREE FOOLS

1. This piece is a paraphrase of three portions of Brant's *Ship of Fools*: see the Latin version by Locher, *Stultifera Navis*, ed. 1497,—*Uxorem ducere propter opes*, ("To take a wife for wealth") fol. lx., *De livore et invidia*, (Of bruises and envy") fol. lxi., and *De voluptate corporali*,(Of the pleasures of the flesh") fol. lvi.: the same sections will be found accompanying Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, ed. 1570,—fol. 95, fol. 97, and fol. 92.

2. *lineage feminative* i.e. female lineage

3. *for to gather together the donge . . . grease*] In the Latin of Locher;

   "Arvinam multi quaerunt sub podice asselli: Ep cumulant trullas: stercora vana petunt."
   (He searches for grease under the anuses of donkeys And collects it in a scoop; he searches the excrement in vain")
   fol. lx. ed. 1497.

4. *I defend you not to marry*] i.e. I do not forbid you from marrying.

5. *glauca*] Properly *glaucus*, a kind of fish whose modern name is unknown. See *Topsell Four-f. Beasts* (1658) 16 "A fish called Glaucus, whereof the male swalloweth up all the young ones when they are endangered and afterwards yieldeth them forth again"—quoted in OED

6. *eyen beholding a traverse*] i.e. eyes looking cross, awry.

7. *Theseus*] Should of course be *Thyestes*, as in Locher's Latin: yet Barclay, in his version of the passage, has,

   "Atreus' story and *Theseus* cruel."
   *The Ship of Fools*, fol. 96. [99], ed. 1570.

8. *Ethiocles*] So written in Locher's Latin for Eteocles; and so Lydgate,-

   "But make your mirror of *Ethiocles.*"
   *Story of Thebes, Pars Prima*, sig. C v. ed. 4to. n.d.

9. *collation*] Equivalent here, I believe, to comparison.
A REPLICATION AGAINST CERTAIN YOUNG SCHOLARS ABJURED OF LATE

Honorificatissimo, amplissimo, longeque reverendissimo in Christo patri, ac Domino, domino Thomae, &c., tituli sanctae Ceciliae, sacrosanctae Romanae ecclesiae presbytero, Cardinali meritissimo, et apostolicae sedis legato, a latereque legato superillustri, &c., Skeltonis laureatus, ora. reg., humillimum dicit obsequium cum omni debita reverentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque justitiae aequabilissimo moderatore, necnon praesentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo, &c., ad cujus auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriosae immortalitatis, praesens pagella felicitatur, &c. <2>

ARGUMENTUM

Crassantes nimium, nimium sterilesque labruscas,
Vinea quas Domini Sabaot non sustinet ultra
Laxius expandi, nostra est resecare voluntas<3>
Cum privilegio a rege indulto.<4>

Protestation alway canonically prepensed, professed, and with good deliberation made, that this little pamphlet, called The Replication of Skelton Laureate, ora. reg., remording divers recrayed and much unreasonable errors of certain sophisticate scholars and reckless young heretics lately abjured, &c., shall evermore be, with all obsequious readiness, humbly submitted unto the right discreet reformation of the reverend prelates and much noble doctors of our Mother Holy Church, &c.

Ad almam Universitatem Cantabrigensem.<5>

Eulogium Consolationis.<6>

Alma parens, O Cantabrigensis,
Cur lacrymaris? Esto, tut sint
Degeneres hi filioli, sed
Non ob inertes, O pia mater,
Insociolos vel decolor esto.
Progenies non nobilis omnis,
Quam tua forsan mamma fovebat.
Tu tamen esto Palladis almae
Gloria pollens plena Minervae,
Dum radiabunt astra polorum:
jamque valeto, meque foveto,
Namque tibi quondam carus alumnus eram.<7>

How young scholars nowadays enbolned with the fly-blown blast of the much vainglorious pippling wind, when they have delectably licked a little of the licorous electuary of lusty learning, in the much studious school-house of scrupulous Philology, counting themselves clerks excellently informed and transcendingly sped in much high conning, and when they have once superciliously caught
A little rag of rhetoric,
A less lump of logic,
A piece or a patch of philosophy,
Then forthwith by and by
They tumble so in theology,
Drowned in dregs of divinity,
That they judge themself able to be
Doctors of the chair in the Vintry
At the Three Cranes,<8>
To magnify their names: 10
But madly it frames,
For all that they preach and teach
Is further than their wit will reach.
Thus by demerits of their abusion,
Finally they fall to careful confusion
To bear a faggot, or to be enflamed:
Thus are they undone and utterly shamed.

Ergo:
Licet non enclitice,
Tamen enthymematice,
Notandum imprimis,
Ut ne quid nimis.
Tantum pro primo.<9>

Over this, for a more ample process to be further delated and continued, and of every true Christian man laudably to be employed, justified, and constantly maintained; as touching the tetrical theologisation of these demi-divines, and stoical students, and friskajolly<10> younkerkins, much better bained than brained, basked and bathed in their wild burbling and boiling blood, fervently reboiled with the infatuate flames of their reckless youth and witless wantonness, embraced and interlaced with a much fantastical frenzy of their insensate sensuality, surmised unsurely in their perihermenial principles<11>, to prate and to preach proudly and lewdly, and loudly to lie; and yet they were but feebly informed in Master Porphyry's<12> problems, and have waded but weakly in his three manner of clerkly works, analytical, topical, and logical: howbeit they were puffed so full of vainglorious pomp and surcudant elation, that pope-holy<13> and peevish presumption provoked them to publish and to preach to people imprudent perilously, how it was idolatry to offer to images of our Blessed Lady, or to pray and go on pilgrimages, or to make oblations to any images of saints in churches or elsewhere.

Against which erroneous errors, odious, orgulous, and fly-blown opinions, &c.,

To the honour of our Blessed Lady,
And her most Blessed Baby,
I purpose for to reply 20
Against this horrible heresy
Of these young heretics, that stink unbrent,
Whom I now summon and content,<14>
That lewdly have their time spent
In their study abominable,
Our glorious Lady to disable.
And heinously on her to babble
With language detestable;
With your lips polluted
Against Her Grace disputed,
Which is the most clear crystal
Of all pure cleanness virginal,
That our Saviour bare,
Which us redeemed from care.

I say, thou mad March hare,
I wonder how ye dare
Open your jangling jaws,
To preach in any clause,
Like prating popping daws,<15>
Against her excellence,
Against her reverence,
Against her pre-eminence,
Against her magnificence,
That never did offence.

Ye heretics recreayed,
Wot ye what ye said
Of Mary, mother and maid?
With bawdry at her ye brayed;
With bawdy words unmeet
Your tongues were too fleet;
Your sermon was not sweet;
Ye were nothing discreet;
Ye were in a drunken heat.
Like heretics confettered,
Ye count yourselves well-lettered:
Your learning is stark nought,
For shamefully ye have wrought,
And to shame yourself have brought.

Because ye her misnamed,
And would have her defamed,
Your madness she attamed;
For ye were worldly shamed
At Paul's Cross openly,
All men can testify.
There, like a sort of sots,
Ye were fain to bear faggots;
At the feast of her Conception
Ye suffered such correction.

Sive per aequivocum,
Sive per univocum,
Sive sic, sive not so,<16>
Ye are brought to, Lo, lo, lo!
See where the heretics go,
Witless, wandering to and fro!
With Te he, ta ha, bo ho, bo ho!<17>
And such wanderings many mo.
Helas, ye wretches, ye may be woe!
Ye may sing well-a-way,
And curse both night and day
When ye were bred and born,
And when ye were priests shorn,
Thus to be laughed to scorn,
Thus tattered and thus torn,
Thorough your own folly,
Ye be blown with the fly
Of horrible heresy.
Fain ye were to reny,
And mercy for to cry,
Or be brent by and by,
Confessing how ye did lie
In preaching shamefully.

Yourself thus ye discured
As clerkes unassured,
With ignorance obscured.
Ye are unhappily ured.
In your dialectical<18>

And principles syllogistical,
If ye to remembrance call
How syllogisari
Non est ex particulari,
Neque negativis,
Recte concludere si vis,
Et caetera, id genus?<19>
Ye could not corde tenus,<20>
Nor answer verbo tenus,<21>
When prelacy you opposed;
Your hearts then were hosed,<22>
Your relations reposed;
And yet ye supposed
Respondere ad quantum.<23>
But ye were confuse tantum,<24>
Surrendering your suppositions,
For there ye missed your cushions.

Would God, for your own ease,
That wise Harpocrates<25>
Had your mouths stopped,
And your tongues cropped,
When ye logic chopped,
And in the pulpit hopped,
And foolishly there fopped,
And porishly forth popped
Your schismaticate saws
Against God's laws,
And showed yourselves daws!
Ye argued arguments,
As it were upon the elenches,
De rebus apparentibus
Et non existentibus;<26>
And ye would appear wise,
But ye were foolish nice:
Yet by means of that vice
Ye did provoke and 'tice,
Oftener than once or twice,
Many a good man
And many a good woman,
By way of their devotion
To help you to promotion,
Whose charity well regarded
Cannot be unrewarded.

I say it for no sedition,
But under patient tuition,
It is half a superstition
To give you exhibition
To maintains with your schools,
And to prove yourself such fools.

Some of you had ten pound,
Therewith for to be found
At the university,
Employed which might have be
Much better other ways.
But, as the man says,
The blind eateth many a fly:
What may be meant hereby
Ye may soon make construction
With right little instruction;
For it is an ancient bruit,
Such apple-tree, such fruit.
What should I prosecute,
Or more of this to clatter?
Return we to our matter.

Ye soared over-high
In the hierarchy
Of Jovenian's heresy,
Your names to magnify,
Among the scabbed skies
Of Wycliff's flesh-flies;
Ye stringed so Luther's lute
That ye dance all in a suit
The heretics' ragged ray,
That brings you out of the way
Of Holy Church's lay;
Ye shall inter enigmata
And *inter paradigmata*,<sup>27</sup>  
Marked in your cradles  
To bear faggots for baubles.  
And yet some men say  
How ye are this day,  
And be now as ill,  
And so ye will be still,  
As ye were before.  
What should I reckon more?  
Men have you in suspicion  
How ye have small contrition  
Of that ye have miswrought:  
For, if it were well sought,  
One of you there was  
That laughed when he did pass  
With his faggot in procession;  
He counted it for no correction,  
But with scornful affection  
Took it for a sport,  
His heresy to support;  
Whereat a thousand gazed,  
As people half-amazed,  
And thought in him small grace  
His folly so to face.  
Some judged in this case  
Your penance took no place,  
Your penance was too light;  
And thought, if ye had right,  
Ye should take further pain  
To resort again  
To places where ye have preached,  
And your lollardy learning teached,  
And there to make relation  
In open predication,  
And knowledge your offence  
Before open audience,  
How falsely ye had surmised,  
And devilishly devised  
The people to seduce,  
And chase them through the mews  
Of your naughty counsel,  
To hunt them into hell  
With blowing out your horns,  
Full of mockish scorns,  
With chating and *recheating*,<sup>28</sup>  
And your busy prating.  
Of the gospel and the 'pistles  
Ye pick out many thistles,  
And *brimly* with your bristles.
Ye cobble and ye clout
Holy Scripture so about
That people are in doubt
And fear lest they be out
Of all good Christian order.
Thus all thing ye disorder
Throughout every border.

It had been much better
Ye had never learned letter,
For your ignorance is greater,
Than all your literature.
Ye are but litter logici,<sup>29</sup>
But much worse isagogici,<sup>30</sup>
For ye have induced a sect
With heresy all infect;
Wherefore ye are well checked,
And by Holy Church correct,
And in manner as abject,
For evermore suspect,
And banished in effect
From all honest company,
Because ye have eaten a fly,
To your great villany,
That never more may die.

Come forth, ye pope-holy,
Full of melancholy;
Your mad hypocrisy,
And your idiocy,
And your vainglory,
Have made you eat the fly,
Puffed full of heresy,
To preach it idolatry
Whoso doth magnify
That glorious maid Mary;
That glorious maid and mother,
So was there never another
But that princess alone,
To whom we are bound each one
The image of her grace
To reverence in every place.

I say, ye brainless beasts,
Why jangle you such jests,
In your divinity
Of Luther's affinity,
To the people of lay fee,<sup>31</sup>
Railing in your rages
To worship none images,
Nor do pilgrimages?
I say, ye devilish pages,
Full of such dotages,
Count ye yourself good clerks,
And snapper in such works?

Saint Gregory and Saint Ambrose,
Ye have read them, I suppose,
Saint Jerome and Saint Austen,
With other many holy men,
Saint Thomas de Aquino,
With other doctors many mo,
Which de latria<32> do treat;
They say how latria is an honour great
Belonging to the Deity:
To this ye needs must agree.

But, I trow, yourself ye oversee
What longeth to Christ's humanity.
If ye have read de hyperdulia,
Then ye know what betokeneth dulia:<33>
Then shall ye find it firm and stable,
And to our faith much agreeable,
To worship images of saints.
Wherefore make ye no more restraints,
But mend your minds that are mazed;
Or else doubtless ye shall be blazed,
And be brent at a stake,
If further business that ye make.
Therefore I advise you to forsake
Of heresy the devilish schools,
And cry Godmercy, like frantic fools.

Tantum pro secundo. <34>

Peroratio ad nuper abjuratos quosdam hypotheticos hereticos, &c.<35>

Audite, viri Ismaelitae, non dico Israelitae;
Audite, inquam, viri Madianitae, Ascalonitae;
Ammonitae, Gabaonitae, audite verba que loquar.<36>

Opus evangelii est cibus perfectorum;
Sed quia non estis de genere bonorum,
Qui caterisatis categorias cacodaemoniorum,

Ergo

Et reliqua vestra problemata, schemata,
Dilemmata, sinto anathemata!
Ineluctabile argumentum est.<37>

A confutation responsive, or an inevitably prepensed answer to all wayward or froward altercations that can or may be made or objected against Skelton Laureate,
deviser of this Replication, &c.
Why fall ye at debate
With Skelton Laureate,
Reputing him unable
To gainsay replicable
Opinions detestable
Of heresy execrable?

Ye say that poetry
May not fly so high
In theology,
Nor analogy,
Nor philology,
Nor philosophy,
To answer or reply
Against such heresy?

Wherefore by and by,
Now consequently,
I call to this reckoning
David, that royal king,
Whom Hieronymus,
That doctor glorious,
Doth both write and call
Poet of poets all,
And prophet principal.

This may not be remorded,
For it is well recorded
In his epistle \textit{ad Paulinum},
\textit{Presbyterium divinum},<38>
Where word for word ye may
Read what Jerome there doth say:

\begin{quote}
\textit{David, inquit, Simonides noster, Pindarus, et Alcaeus, Flaccus quoque, Catullus, atque Serenus, Christum lyra personat, et in decachordo psalterio ab inferis excitat resurgentem. Haec Hier. <39>}
\end{quote}

\textbf{THE ENGLISH}

King David the prophet, of prophets principal,
Of poets chief poet, Saint Jerome doth write,
Resembled to Simonides, that poet lyrical
Among the Greeks most relucent of light,
In that faculty which shined as Phoebus bright:
Like to Pindarus in glorious poetry,
Like unto Alcaeus, he doth him magnify.
Flaccus nor Catullus with him may not compare,
Nor solemn Serenus,<40> for all his harmony
In metrical muses, his harping we may spare;
For David, our poet, harped so melodiously
Of our Saviour Christ in his \textit{decachord psaltery}.  

-299-
That at his resurrection he harped out of hell
Old patriarchs and prophets in heaven with him to dwell.

*Return we to our former process.*

Then, if this noble king
Thus can harp and sing
With his harp of prophecy
And spiritual poetry,
As Saint Jerome saith,
To whom we must give faith,
Warbling with his strings
Of such theological things,
Why have ye then disdain
At poets, and complain
How poets do but feign?
Ye do much great outrage,
For to disparage
And to discourage
The fame *matriculate*
Of poets laureate.

For if ye *sadly* look,
And wisely read the Book
Of Good Advertisement,
With me ye must consent<41>
And infallibly agree
Of necessity,
How there is a spiritual,
And a mystical,
And a mystical
Effect *energial*,
As Grecians do it call,
Of such an industry,
And such a pregnancy,
Of heavenly inspiration
In laureate creation,
Of poets commendation,
That of divine miseration
God maketh his habitation
In poets which excels,
And sojourns with them and dwells.

By whose inflammation
Of spiritual instigation
And divine inspiration
We are kindled in such fashion
With heat of the Holy Ghost
Which is God of mights most,
That he our pen doth lead,
And maketh in us such speed
That forthwith we must need
With pen and ink proceed,
Sometime for affection,
Sometime for sad direction,
Sometime for correction,
Sometime under protection
Of patient sufferance,
With sober circumstance,
Our minds to advance
To no man's annoyance;
Therefore no grievance,
I pray you, for to take
In this that I do make
Against these frenetics,
Against these lunatics,
Against these schismatics,
Against these heretics,
Now of late abjured,
Most unhappily ured:
For be ye well-assured
That frenzy, nor jealously,
Nor heresy will never die.

*Dixi*

iniquis, Nolite inique agere; et delinquentibus, Nolite exaltare cornu. <42>

Tantum pro tertio. <43>

De raritate poetarum, deque gymnosophistarum, philosophorum, theologorum, caeterorumque, eruditorum infinita numerositate, Skel. L. epitoma. <44>

Sunt infiniti, sunt innumerique sophistae,
Sunt infiniti, sunt innumerique logistae,
Innumeris sunt philosophi, sunt theologique,
Sunt infiniti doctores, suntque magistri
Innumeris; sed sunt pauci rarique poetae.
Hinc omne est rarum carum; reor ergo poetas
Ante alios omnes divino flamine flatos,
Sic Plato divinat, divinat sicque Socrates;
Sic magnus Macedo, sic Caesar, maximus heros
Romanus, celebres semper coluere poetas.<45>

Thus endeth the Replication of Skel. L. &c.
NOTES TO A REPLICATION &C.

1. These were Thomas Bilney and Thomas Arthur, Cambridge scholars who recanted their Lutheran Protestantism and carried their faggot of repentance at St. Paul's Cross on 29th September 1527. See the Ex-Classics edition of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Chapter 171—Thomas Bilney, at http://www.exclassics.com/foxe/foxe172.htm, for full details.

2. Honorificatissimo &c.] "To the most honourable, most mighty, and by far the most reverend father in Christ and in the Lord, Lord Thomas, &c., of the title of the sacred Cecilian, presbyter of the Holy Roman Church, the most deserving cardinal, Legate of the Apostolic See, and the most illustrious legate a latere, &c., Skelton Laureate, ora. reg., declares humble allegiance with all fit reverence due to such a great and magnificent Chief of Priests, most equitable moderator of all justice, and moreover the most excellent patron of the present little book, &c., at whose most auspicious contemplation, under the memorable seal of a glorious immortality, the present little treatise is commended [or devised]." (PH). This passage forms the title-page of the original edition by Pynson, n.d.

3. Crassantes nimium, nimium sterilesque labruscas,
Vinea quas Domini Sabaot non sustinet ultra
Laxius expandi, nostra est resecare voluntas.] "The Lord of hosts will no longer tolerate these bitter fruited vines, which are growing too thickly and spreading openly; we will cut them off."

4. Cum privilegio a rege indulto.] "By leave of the King"

5. Ad almam Universitatem Cantabrigensem.] "To the nurturing University of Cambridge"


7. Alma parens, O Cantabrigensis, &c.] "O Cambridge, nurturing mother, why should you weep? O pious mother, let it be for these degenerate offspring, unskilful and ignorant. Not all your children are noble, whom you have nurtured with your breasts. May you however have the nurturing of students filled with the muses, so that they shine like pole stars: and now be strong and warm me, for to you I will be your cherishing alumnus."

8. in the Vintry
At the Three Cranes] Here the tavern with the sign of the Three Cranes is meant: the three cranes were originally three strong cranes of timber, placed on the Vintry-wharf, for lifting from the ships the vessels of foreign wine which were landed there.

9. Ergo:
Licet non enclitice,
Tamen enthymematice,
Notandum imprimis,
Ut ne quid nimis.
Tantum pro primo.] "Therefore: It must be noted in the first place that nothing may be in excess. So much for the first (part)." (PH)

10. friskajolly] So in the Interlude of the iii Elements, n.d.;
The Poetical Works

"Sing fryska Jolly with hey troly loly."
Sig. B ii

11. perihermenial principles] i.e. principles of interpretation.

12. Master Porphyry] Porphyry of Tyre AD c. 234 – c. 305, a Neoplatonic philosopher who edited and published the Enneads, the only collection of the work of his teacher Plotinus. He also wrote many works himself on a wide variety of topics. His Isagoge, or Introduction, is an introduction to logic and philosophy, and in Latin translation it was the standard textbook on logic throughout the Middle Ages. In addition, through several of his works, most notably Philosophy from Oracles and Against the Christians, he was involved in a controversy with a number of early Christians. (Wikipedia)

13. pope-holy] Occurs again several times in our author's writings. In Piers Plowman we find,

"And now so singular by himself, nor so pope holy."
Sig. T ed 1561.

In Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose is the following description;

"Another thing was done there write,
That seemed like an hypocrite,
And it was cleped pope holy,
That ilke is she that privily
Ne spared never a wicked deed
When men of her taken none heed,
And maketh her outward precious,
With pale visage and piteous,
And seemeth a simple creature," &c.
Works, fol. 111. ed. 1602,

The original French of the preceding passage is,

"Une autre imaige estoit escripte,
Qui sembloit bien estre ypocrite,
Papelardie est appellee," &c.
Le Rom. de la Rose, vol. i. 15. ed. 1735,

Roquefort (Gloss. de la Langue Romaine) cites these lines under "Papelardie, papelardise: Hypocrisie, tromperie, subtilité, mauvaise foi. ('Hypocrisy, deceit, subtlety, bad faith')" See too Du Cange's Gloss. in vv. Papelardia, Papelardus.
Compare also Lydgate;

"And for popeholy and vice look well about."
The Prohemy of a marriage, &c., MS. Hart. 372. fol. 51.

and Barclay;

"Over sad or proud, deceitful and pope holy."
The Ship of Fools, fol. 57. ed. 1570.

and the Interlude of the iii Elements, n. d.

"For rather than I would use such folly
To pray, to study, or be pope holy,
I had as lief be dead."
Sig. B II.
14. content.] Qy. "convent" i.e. to call together?

15. popping daws] Compare our author's Why come ye not to Court;

"Popping foolish daws."

v. 261.

and v. 121 of the present piece;

"And porishly forth popped
Your schismaticate saws."

"Popping, blabbing, like a popinjay or parrot." Gloss. to Exmoor Scolding; daws, i.e. simpletons.

16. Sive per aequivocum,
Sive per univocum,
Sive sic, sive not so] "Either through the equivocal, Or through the unequivocal, Or so or not so."

17. Te he, &c.] Expressions of laughter;

"Te he, quod she, and clapped the window to."


18. Ye are unhappily ured.

In your dialectical, &c.] The old (and unique) copy is without punctuation in this passage; but that the first line closes the sense, and that Skelton did not mean that these heretics were unhappily ured in their dialectical, &c. would appear from a comparison of other passages:

"Against these heretics,
Now of late abjured,
Most unhappily ured:
For be ye well assured,"

v. 403 of the present piece.

"But men nowadays so unhappily be ured,
That nothing than wealth may worse be endured."

Magnificence, v. 6.

"O Scots perjured,
Unhappily ured,
Ye may be assured," &c.


In our author's Colyn Cloute we find,

"Wherefore he hath good ure," &c.

v. 1003.

in the note on which line I have cited various examples of ure in the sense of—hap, luck; and in his poem Against the Scots,

"Maleured was your false intent,"

v. 111.

which surely means—Ill-fortuned, &c. (Fr. malheur). Is unhappily ured to be considered as nearly synonymous with maleured, or is it to be explained,—unhappily (evilly) used, practised, habituated?
19. syllogisari
   Non est ex particulari,
   Neque negativis,
   Recte concludere si vis,
   Et caetera, id genus?] "If you want to conclude rightly in a case like this, you cannot
argue from a particular case, or from negatives."
20. corde tenus] "In your heart."
21. verbo tenus] "In your name."
22. Your hearts then were hosed] i.e. Your hearts were in your hose (breeches): so
again our author in his Why come ye not to Court;
   "Their hearts be in their hose."
   v. 286.
23. Respondere ad quantum] "To give your opinion."
24. confuse tantum] "So much confounded."
26 De rebus apparentibus
   Et non existentibus] "Concerning things apparent and non-existent."
27. inter enigmata
   And inter paradigmata] "Amongst riddles and amongst paradigms."
28. With blowing out your horns,
   Full of mockish scorns,
   With chating and recheating]. Whatever Skelton may have meant by "chating,"
(perhaps he uses it for chatting,—in the next line we have "prating"),—recheating is
properly a hunting term, and signifies sounding the rechate or recheat (Fr.), a certain
set of notes blown with the horn to recall the dogs.
29. Logici] "Logicians."
30. Isagogici] "Beginners in theological studies"
31. the people of lay fee] i.e. the laity; as again in our author's Colyn Cloute;
   "The lay fee people rails."
   v. 403.
fee, i.e. possessions; see Tyrwhitt's Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales, Jamieson's Et.
Dict. of Scot. Lang., and Todd's Johnson's Dict. in v.
32. latria] "The worship due to God only."
33. But, I trow, yourself ye oversee
   What longeth to Christ's humanity.
   If ye have read de hyperdulia,
   Then ye know what betokeneth dulia]—oversee i.e. overlook: longeth, i.e. belongeth.
"L'adoration de Superdulie est celle qui se dare la Vierge, et elle est plus eminente
pour la grace qu'elle a recu de Dieu, plus particuliere les autres Saints, pour avoir
porte le Fils de Dieu en ses entrailles." ("The worship of Hyperdulia, is that which is
given to the Vigin, and she is more eminente than the other saints, for the particular
grace she has received from God for having carried the Son of God in her womb")
Perroniana, p. 71. "Aux Saints nous de feronz l'honner qu'on appelle Dulie." ("To the saints we give the honour called Dulia") Id. p. 312. ed. 1740. "Dulia (δουλεία) enim adoratio est, quae etiam creaturæ exhibetur, quæ duas species habet, unam qua hominibus indifferenter, alteram quae soli humanitati Christi exhibetur." ("For this dulia is the adoration, which is shown to created things, there are two kinds: one for men generally, the other part which is paid to the humanity of Christ alone") Gaufridus Abbas in Epist. ad Albinum Cardinalem,—cited by Du Cange, Gloss. in v.

34. Tantum pro Secundo] "So much for the second (part)."

35. Peroration ad nuper abjuratos quosdam hypotheticos hereticos] "The peroration against certain recently abjured hypothetical heretics." (PH)

36. Audite, viri Ismaelitae, non dico Israelitae; Audite, inquam, viri Madianitæ, Ascalonitæ; Amnonitæ, Gabaonitæ, audite verba que loquar.] "Hear, men of Ishmael, I do not say Israel; hear, say I, men of Madian, of Askalon, of Ammon, of Gabaon, hear the words I shall speak." (PH)

37. Opus evangelii &c.] "The Book of the Gospel is the food of the elect; but, because you are not of the race of the good, you who caterize (make improper use of) the categories of evil spirits, therefore also the rest of your problems, schemata, dilemmas, may they be anathema. It is an inescapable argument."

38. his epistle ad Paulinum] i.e. his (St. Jerome's) Epistle ad Paulinum presbyterum de omnibus divine historiae libris, ("To Paul the priest about all the books of divine history") prefixed to the Vulgate: the passage quoted by Skelton is also to be found in Hieronymi Opera, I. 1011. ed. 1609.

39. David, inquit, Simonides noster, Pindarus, et Alcaeus, Flaccus quoque, Catullus, atque Serenus, Christum lyra personat, et in decachordo psalterio ab inferis excitat resurgentem. Haec Hier] "David, who is our Simonides, Pindar, and Alcæus, our Horace, our Catullus, and our Serenus all in one, sings of Christ to his lyre; and on a psaltery with ten strings calls him from the lower world to rise again " (W.H. Freemantle).

40. Serenus] The Scholium on this name in Hieronymi Opera is; "Aulus Serenus lyricus ipse etiam fuit, et, ut Terentianus est auctor, eleganti ac facili ingenio, et ad jocos amoresque describendos accommodare: Martianus Capella ac Nonius saepius ejus carmina citant." ("Aulus Serenus himself wrote poems, and as were those of Terentius, they were in an elegant and smooth style, appropriate for amusing tales of love"), I. 1017. ed. 1609.—See also an account of Serenus, prefixed to his extant pieces, in Wernsdorf's Poetae Latini Minores, tom. ii.

41. For if ye sadly look,
And wisely read the Book
Of Good Advertisement,

With, me ye must consent, &c.] sadly look, i.e. seriously look, consider. In the Garland of Laurel Skelton mentions, as one of his own compositions,

Item Good Advisement, that brainless doth blame.

v. 1186.

Qy. does he allude to it here?
42. *Dixi iniquis, Nolite inique agere; et delinquentibus, Nolite exaltare cornu.*] "I said to the wicked, be not stubborn; and to evil-doers, lift not up the horn. (PH)"

43. *Tantum pro tertio*] "So much for the third (part)."

44. *De raritate poetarum, deque gymnosophistarum, philosophorum, theologorum, caeterorumque, eruditorum infinita numerositate, Skel. L. epitoma.*] "About the rarity of poets, and the infinite abundance of gymnosophists, philosophers, theologians, and the rest of the learned, this is Skelton Laureate's epitome." (PH)

45. *Sunt infiniti &c.*] "Infinite, innumerable are the sophists, infinite, innumerable are the logicians, innumerable are the philosophers and the theologians, infinite in number are doctors, and masters; but poets are few and rare. Hence all that is precious is rare. I think, then, that poets before all others are filled with the divine afflatus. So Plato thinks and so Socrates; so the great Macedonian, so Caesar, the greatest of Roman heroes, always honoured the renowned poets." (PH)
MAGNIFICENCE.

[From the ed. printed by Rastell, n.d.;–in which the list of characters is placed at the end of the drama]

<1>

A GOODLY INTERLUDE AND A MERRY,
DEVISED AND MADE BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

These be the Names of the Players:
Felicity.
Liberty.
Measure.
Magnificence.
Fancy.
Counterfeit Countenance.
Crafty Conveyance.
Cloaked Collusion.
Courtly Abusion.
Folly.
Adversity.
Poverty.
Despair.
Mischief.
Goodhope.
Redress.
[Sad] Circumspection.
Perseverance.

Felicity. All things contrived by man's reason,
The world environed of high and low estate.
Be it early or late, wealth hath a season.
Wealth is of wisdom the very true probate;<2>
A fool is he with wealth that falleth at debate:
But men nowadays so unhappily be ured,
That nothing than wealth may worse be endured.
To tell you the cause me seemeth it no need,
The amends thereof is far to call again;<3>
For, when men buy wealth, they have little dread
Of that may come after; experience true and plain,
How after a drought there falleth a shower of rain,
And after a heat oft cometh a stormy cold.
A man may have wealth, but not, as he wold,
Aye to continue and still to endure;
But if prudence be proved with sad circumspection,
Wealth might be won and made to the lure,<4>
If nobleness were acquainted with sober direction;
But will hath reason so under subjection,
And so disordereth this world over all,
That wealth and felicity is passing small.
But where wonnes wealth, an a man would weet? [Enter LIBERTY]
For Wealthful Felicity truly is my name.

*Liberty.* Mary,<5> Wealth and I was appointed to meet,
And either I am deceived, or ye be the same.

*Fel.* Sir, as ye say, I have heard of your fame;
Your name is Liberty, as I understand.

*Lib.* True you say, sir; give me your hand.

*Fel.* And from whence come ye, an it might be asked?

*Lib.* To tell you, sir, I dare not, lest I should be masked
In a pair of fetters or a pair of stocks.

*Fel.* Hear you not how this gentleman mocks?

*Lib.* Yea, to knocking earnest what an it preve?<6>

*Fel.* Why, to say what he will, Liberty hath leave.

*Lib.* Yet Liberty hath been locked up and kept in the mew.<7>

*Fel.* Indeed, sir, that liberty was not worth a cue!<8>
Howbeit Liberty may sometime be too large,
But if reason be regent and ruler of your barge.

*Lib.* To that ye say I can well condescend:<9>
Show forth, I pray you, herein what you intend.

*Fel.* Of that I intend to make demonstration,
It asketh leisure with good advertisement.
First, I say, we ought to have in consideration,
That Liberty be linked with the chain of continence,
Liberty to let from all manner offence;
For Liberty at large is loth to be stopped,
But with continence your courage must be cropped.

*Lib.* Then thus to you—

*Fel.* Nay, suffer me yet further to say,
And peradventure I shall content your mind.
Liberty, I wot well, forbear no man there may:
It is so sweet in all manner of kind;
Howbeit, Liberty maketh many a man blind;
By Liberty is done many a great excess;
Liberty at large will oft wax reckless:
Perceive ye this parcel?

*Lib.* Yea, sir, passing well:
But an you would me permit
To show part of my wit,
Somewhat I could infer
Your conceit to debar,<9>
Under supportation
Of patient toleration

-309-
Fel. God forbid ye should be let
Your reasons forth to fet;
Wherefore at liberty.
Say what ye will to me.

Lib. Briefly to touch of my purpose the effect;
Liberty is laudable and privileged from law,
Judicial rigour shall not me correct—

Fel. Soft, my friend; herein your reason is but raw.

Lib. Yet suffer me to say the surplus of my saw<10>;
What wot ye whereupon I will conclude?
I say there is no wealth whereas Liberty is subdued;
I trow ye cannot say nay much to this;
To live under law it is captivity;
Where dread leadeth the dance, there is no joy nor bliss;
Or how can ye prove that there is felicity,
An you have not your own free liberty
To sport at your pleasure, to run, and to ride?
Where Liberty is absent, set wealth aside.

Hic Intrat MEASURE
(“Enter MEASURE”)

Meas. Christ you assist in your altercation!

Fel. Why, have you heard of our disputation?

Meas. I perceive well how each of you doth reason.

Lib. Master Measure, you be come in good season.

Meas. And it is wonder<11> that your wild insolence
Can be content with Measure's presence!

Fel. Would it please you then—

Lib. Us to inform and ken—

Meas. Ah, ye be wondrous men!
Your language is like the pen
Of him that writeth too fast.

Fel. Sir, if any word have passed
Me, either first or last,
To you I arret<12> it, and cast
Thereof the reformation.

Lib. And I of the same fashion;
Howbeit, by protestation,
Displeasure that you none take,
Some reason we must make.

Meas. That will not I forsake,
So it in measure be:
Come off, therefore, let see:
Shall I begin, or ye?

_Fel._ Nay, ye shall begin, by my will.

_Lib._ It is reason and skill,
We your pleasure fulfil.

_Meas._ Then ye must both consent
You to hold content
With my argument;
And I must you require
Me patiently to hear.

_Fel._ Yes, sir, with right good cheer.

_Lib._ With all my heart entire.

_Meas._ Horatius to record, in his volumes old,
With every condition measure must be sought:
Wealth without measure would bear himself too bold,
Liberty without measure prove a thing of nought;
I ponder by number; by measure all thing is wrought,
As at the first original, by godly opinion,
Which proveth well that measure should have dominion:
Where measure is master, plenty doth none offence;
Where measure lacketh, all thing disordered is;
Where measure is absent, riot keepeth residence;
Where measure is ruler, there is nothing amiss;
Measure is treasure: How say ye, is it not this?

_Fel._ Yes, questionless, in mine opinion,
Measure is worthy to have dominion.

_Lib._ Unto that same I am right well agreed,
So that Liberty be not left behind.

_Meas._ Yea, Liberty with Measure need never dread.

_Lib._ What, Liberty to Measure then would ye bind?

_Meas._ What else? for otherwise it were against kind:
Liberty should leap and run where he list
It were no virtue, it were a thing unblessed;
It were a mischief, if Liberty lacked a rein,
Wherewith to rule him with the writhing of a _wrest:_
All trebles and tenors be ruled by a mean;
Liberty without Measure is accounted for a beast;
There is no surfeit where Measure ruleth the feast;
there is no excess where Measure hath his health;
Measure continueth prosperity and wealth.

_Fel._ Unto your rule I will annex my mind.

_Lib._ So would I, but I would be loth,
That wont was to be foremost, now to come behind:
It were a shame, to God I make an oath,
Without I might cut it out of the broad cloth,
As I was wont ever at my free will.

Meas. But have ye not heard say, that will is no skill?
Take sad direction, and leave this wantonness.

Lib. It is no mastery<18>.

Fel. Tush, let Measure proceed,
And after his mind hardly yourself address;
For, without Measure, Poverty and Need
Will creep upon us, and us to Mischief lead:
For Mischief will master us if Measure us forsake.

Lib. Well, I am content your ways to take.

Meas. Surely I am joyous that ye be minded thus.
Magnificence to maintain, your promotion shall be.

Fel. So in his heart he may be glad of us.

Lib. There is no prince but he hath need of us three:
Wealth with Measure, and pleasant Liberty.

Meas. Now pleaseth you a little while to stand;
Meseemeth Magnificence is coming here at hand.

\textit{Hic Intrat MAGNIFICENCE}
\textit{("Enter MAGNIFICENCE")}

Magn. To assure you of my noble port and fame,
Who list to know, Magnificence I hight.
But Measure, my friend, what hight this man's name?

Meas. Sir, though ye be a noble prince of might,
Yet in this man you must set your delight.
And, sir, this other man's name is Liberty.

Magn. Welcome, friends, ye are both unto me.
But now let me know of your conversation.

Fel. Pleaseth your Grace, Felicity they me call.

Lib. And I am Liberty, made of in every nation.

Magn. Convenient persons for any prince royal.
Wealth with Liberty, with me both dwell ye shall,
To the guiding of my Measure you both committing:
That Measure be master, us seemeth it is sitting.<19>

Meas. Whereas ye have, sir, to me them assigned,
Such order I trust with them for to take,
That Wealth with Measure shall be combined,
And Liberty his large with Measure shall make.

Fel. Your ordinance, sir, I will not forsake.

Lib. And I myself wholly to you will incline.
Magn. Then may I say that ye be servants mine,
For by Measure, I warn you, we think to be guided.
Wherein it is necessary my pleasure you know,
Measure and I will never be divided
For no discord that any man can sow;
For Measure is a mean, neither too high nor too low,
In whose attemperance I have such delight,
That Measure shall never depart from my sight.

Fel. Laudable your conceit is to be accounted;
For Wealth without Measure suddenly will slide.

Lib. As your Grace full nobly hath recounted,
Measure with nobleness should be allied.

Magn. Then, Liberty, see that Measure be your guide,
For I will use you by this advertisement.

Fel. Then shall you have with you prosperity resident.

Meas. I trow Good Fortune hath annexed us together,
To see how greeable we are of one mind;
There is no flatterer, nor losel so lither,
This linked chain of love that can unbind.
Now that ye have me chief ruler assigned,
I will endeavour me to order every thing
Your nobleness and honour concerning.

Lib. In joy and mirth your mind shall be enlarged,
And not embraced with pusillanimity;
But plenarly all thought from you must be discharged,
If ye list to live after your free Liberty:
All delectations acquainted is with me.
By me all persons work what they list.

Meas. Hem, sir, yet beware of "Had I wist!"<20>
Liberty in some cause becometh a gentle mind,
By cause course of Measure, if I be in the way:
Who counteth without me is cast too far behind
Of his reckoning, as evidently we may
See at our eye the world day by day:
For default of Measure all thing doth exceed.

Fel. All that ye say is as true as the Creed.
For howbeit, Liberty to Wealth is convenient,
And from Felicity may not be forborne,
Yet Measure hath been so long from us absent,
That all men laugh at Liberty to scorn;
Wealth and wit, I say, be so threadbare worn,
That all is without Measure, and far beyond the moon.

Magn. Then nobleness, I see well, is almost undone,
But if thereof the sooner amends be made;
For doubtless I perceive my magnificence
Without Measure lightly may fade,
Of too much liberty under the offence:
Wherefore, Measure, take Liberty with you hence,
And rule him after the rule of your school.

Lib. What, sir, would ye make me a popping fool?<

Meas. Why, were not yourself agreed to the same,
And now would ye swerve from your own ordinance?

Lib. I would be ruled, an I might for shame.

Fel. Ah, ye make me laugh at your inconstancy.

Magn. Sir, without any longer dalliance,
Take Liberty to rule, and follow mine intent.

Meas. It shall be done at your commandement.

Itaque MEASURE exeat locum cum LIBERTATE et maneat MAGNIFICENCE cum FELICITATE
("Here MEASURE leaves with LIBERTY and MAGNIFICENCE remains with FELICITY")

Magn. It is a wanton thing, this Liberty;
Perceive you not how loth he was to abide
The rule of Measure, notwithstanding we
Have deputed Measure him to guide?
By measure each thing duly is tried:
Think you not thus, my friend Felicity?

Fel. God forbid that it otherwise should be!

Magn. Ye could not else, I wot, with me endure.

Fel. Endure? No, God wot, it were great pain!
But if I were ordered by just measure
It were not possible me long to retain.

Hic Intrat FANCY
("Enter FANCY")

Fan. Tush, hold your peace, your language is vain.
Please it your Grace to take no disdain,
To show you plainly the truth as I think.

Magn. Here is none forceth whether you float or sink!<

Fel. From whence come you, sir, that no man looked after?

Magn. Or who made you so bold to interrupt my tale?

Fan. Now, benedicite,< ye ween I were some hafter,
Or else some jangling Jack of the Vale;
Ye ween that I am drunken, because I look pale.

Magn. Meseemeth that ye have drunken more than ye have bled.

Fan. Yet among noblemen I was brought up and bred.
Fel. Now leave this jangling, and to us expound
Why that ye said our language was in vain.

Fan. Mary, upon truth my reason I ground,
That without Largesse nobleness cannot reign;
And that I said once, yet I say again.
That without Largesse worship hath no place,
For Largesse is a purchaser of pardon and of grace.

Magn. Now, I beseech thee, tell me what is thy name?

Fan. Largesse, that all lords should love, sir, I hight.

Fel. But hight you Largesse, increase of noble fame?

Fan. Yea, sir, undoubted.

Fel. Then of very right
With Magnificence, this noble prince of might,
Should be your dwelling, in my consideration.

Magn. Yet we will therein take good deliberation.

Fan. As in that, I will not be against your pleasure.

Fel. Sir, hardely remember what may your name advance.

Magn. Largesse is laudable, so it be in measure.

Fan. Largesse is he that all princes doth advance;
I report me herein to King Lewis of France.<24>

Fel. Why have ye him named and all other refused?

Fan. For, sith he died, Largesse was little used.
Pluck up your mind, sir; what ail you to muse?
Have ye not Wealth here at your will?
It is but a madding, these ways that ye use:
What availeth Lordship, yourself for to kill
With care and with thought how Jack shall have Jill?<25>

Magn. What? I have espied ye are a careless page.

Fan. By God, sir, ye see but few wise men of mine age;
But Covetise hath blown you so full of wind
That colica passio<A painful abdominal spasm> hath groped you by the guts.

Fel. In faith, Brother Largesse, you have a merry mind.

Fan. In faith, I set not by the world two Doncaster cuts.<26>

Magn. Ye want but a wild flying bolt to shoot at the butts:
Though Largesse ye hight, your language is too large;
For which end goeth forward ye take little charge.

Fel. Let see, this check if ye void can.

Fan. In faith, else had I gone too long to school,
But if I could know a goose from a swan!

Magn. Well, wise men may eat the fish, when ye shall draw the pool.
Fan. In faith, I will not say that ye shall prove a fool,
But oft time have I seen wise men do mad deeds.

Magn. Go! shake the dog! hey, sith ye will needs!
You are nothing meet with us for to dwell,
That with your lord and master so pertly can prate:
Get you hence, I say, but my counsel;
I will not use you to play with me checkmate.

Fan. Sir, if I have offended your noble estate,
I trow I have brought you such writing of record
That I shall have you again my good lord,
To you recommendeth Sad Circumspection.
And sendeth you this writing closed under seal.

Magn. This writing is welcome with hearty affection:
Why kept you it thus long? How doth he? Well?

Fan. Sir, thanked be God, he hath his heal.

Magn. Wealth, get you home, and command me to Measure;
Bid him take good heed to you, my singular treasure.

Fel. Is there anything else your Grace will command me?

Magn. Nothing but fare you well till soon;
And that he take good keep to Liberty.

Fel. Your pleasure, sir, shortly shall be done.

Magn. I shall come to you myself, I trow, this afternoon
I pray you, Largesse, here to remain,
Whilst I know what this letter doth contain.

Hic faciat tanquam legeret litteras tacite. Interim superveniat cantando
COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE suspenso grade, qui, viso MAGNIFICENCE,
sensim retrocedat; at tempus post pusillum rursum accedat COUNTERFEIT
COUNTENANCE prospectando et vocitando a longe; et FANCY animet silentium
cum manu.

("As MAGNIFICENCE is reading the letter, COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE
comes in on tiptoe, humming to himself, but, seeing MAGNIFICENCE, withdraws
quietly; then, a little later, He comes back again, hailing FANCY from a safe distance.
FANCY motions him to keep quiet."

C. Count. What! Fancy, Fancy!

Magn. Who is that that thus did cry?
Methought he called Fancy.

Fan. It was a Fleming Hansy.

Magn. Methought he called Fancy me behind.

Fan. Nay, sir, it was nothing but your mind:
But now, sir, as touching this letter—

Magn. I shall look in it at leisure better:
And surely ye are to him behold;
And for his sake right gladly I wold
Do what I could to do you good.

Fan. I pray God keep you in that mood!

Magn. This letter was written far hence.

Fan. By lakin, sir, it hath cost me pence
And groats many one, ere I came to your presence.

Magn. Where was it delivered you, show unto me.

Fan. By God, sir, beyond the sea.

Magn. At what place now, as you guess?

Fan. By my troth, sir, at Pountesse;<29>
This writing was taken me there,
But never was I in greater fear.

Magn. How so?

Fan. By God, at the sea side,
Had I not opened my purse wide
I trow, by Our Lady, I had been slain,
Or else I had lost mine ears twain.

Magn. By your sooth?<30>

Fan. Yea, and there is such a watch,
That no man can scape but they him catch.
They bare me in hand that I was a spy;<31>
And another bade put out mine eye,
Another would mine eye were bleared,
Another bade shave half my beard;
And boys to the pillory gan me pluck,
And would have made me Friar Tuck,
To preach out of the pillory hole<32>
Without an antetheme<33> or a stole;
And some bade "Sear him with a mark:"
To get me fro them I had much work.

Magn. Mary, sir, ye were afraid.

Fan. By my troth, had I not paid and prayed,
And made largesse, as I hight,<34>
I had not been here with you this night;
But surely largesse saved my life,
For largesse stinteth all manner of strife.

Magn. It doth so, sure, now and then,
But largesse is not meet for every man.

Fan. No, but for you great estates:<35>
Largesse stinteth great debates;
And he that I came fro to this place
Said I was meet for your Grace;
And indeed, sir, I hear men talk,
By the way, as I ride and walk,
Say how you exceed in nobleness,
If you had with you Largesse.

*Magn.* And say they so in very deed?

*Fan.* With yea, sir, so God me speed.

*Magn.* Yet Measure is a merry mean.<36>

*Fan.* Yea, sir, a blanched almond is no bean.
Measure is *meet* for a merchant's hall,
But Largesse becometh a state royal.
What, should you pinch at a peck of oats,
Ye would soon pinch at a peck of groats.
Thus is the talking of one and of other,
As men dare speak it hugger-mugger;
A lord, a niggard, it is a shame,
But Largesse may amend your name.

*Magn.* In faith, Largesse, welcome to me.

*Fan.* I pray you, sir, I may so be,
And of my service you shall not miss.

*Magn.* Together we will talk more of this:
Let us depart from hence home to my place.

*Fan.* I follow even after your noble Grace.

---

*Hic descedat* MAGNIFICENCE *cum* FANCY, *et intrat* COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE

("Exit MAGNIFICENCE with FANCY and enter COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE."(PH)<37>

*C. Count.* What, I say, hark a word.

*Fan.* Do away, I say, the devil's turd!

*C. Count.* Yea, but how long shall I here await?

*Fan.* By God's body, I come straight:
I hate this *blundering* <38> that thou dost make. [Exit FANCY]

*C. Count.* Now, to the devil I thee betake,
For in faith ye be well met!

Fancy hath catched in a fly-net
This noble man Magnificence,
Of Largesse under the pretence.
They have made me here to putt the stone:<39>
But now will I, that they be gone,
In bastard rhyme, after the doggerel *guise*,
Tell you whereof my name doth rise.
For Counterfeit Countenance known am I;
This world is full of my folly.
I set not by him a fly,
That cannot counterfeit a lie,
Swear, and stare, and bide thereby,
And countenance it cleanly, 420
And defend it mannerly.
A knave will counterfeit now a knight,
A lurdan like a lord to fight.<40>
A minstrel like a man of might,
A tapster like a lady bright:
Thus make I them with thrift to fight,
Thus at the last I bring him right
To Tyburn, where they hang on height.
To counterfeit I can by pretty ways:
Of nights to occupy counterfeit keys, 430
Cleanly to counterfeit new arrays,
Counterfeit earnest by way of plays:
Thus am I occupied at all assays:<41>
Whatsoever I do, all men me praise,
And mickle am I made of nowadays:
Counterfeit matters in the law of the land,
With gold and groats they grease my hand,
Instead of right that wrong may stand,
And counterfeit freedom that is bound;
I counterfeit sugar that is but found;<42> 440
Counterfeit captains by me are manned;
Of all lewdness I kindle the brand;
Counterfeit kindness, and think deceit;
Counterfeit letters by the way of sleight;
Subtly using counterfeit weight;
Counterfeit language, fayty bon geyte.<43>
Counterfeit is a proper bait;
A count to counterfeit in a receipt;
To counterfeit well is a good conceit.
Counterfeit maidenhood may well be borne, 450
But counterfeit coins is laughing to scorn;
It is evil patching of that is torn;
When the nap is rough, it would be shorn;
Counterfeit halting without a thorn;
Yet counterfeit chaffer is but evil corn;
All thing is worse when it is worn.
What would ye, wives, counterfeit
The courtly guise of the new jet?<44>
An old barn would be underset:
It is much worth that is far-fet, 460
What, wanton, wanton, now well y-met!
What, Margery Milk Duck,<45> marmoset!
It would be masked in my net;
It would be nice, though I say nay;
By Creed, it would have fresh array,
And therefore shall my husband pay;
To counterfeit she will essay
All the new guise, fresh and gay,
And be as pretty as she may,
And jet it jolly as a jay:
Counterfeit preaching, and believe the contrary;
Counterfeit conscience, peevish pope-holy;
Counterfeit sadness, with dealing full madly;
Counterfeit holiness is called hypocrisy;
Counterfeit reason is not worth a fly;
Counterfeit wisdom, and works of folly;
Counterfeit countenance every man doth occupy
Counterfeit worship outward men may see;
Riches rideth out, at home is poverty;
Counterfeit pleasure is borne out by me:
Coll would go cleanly, an it will not be,
And Annot would be nice, and laughs Tehe wehe!
Your counterfeit countenance is all of nicety,
A plumed partridge all ready to fly:
A knuckleboneyard<46> will counterfeit a clerk,
He would trot gently, but he is too stark,
At his cloaked counterfeiting dogs doth bark;
A carter a courtier, it is a worthy wark,
That with his whip his mares was wont to vark:
A custrel to drive the devil out of the dark,
A counterfeit courtier with a knave's mark.
To counterfeit thus friars have learned me;
Thus nuns now and then, an it might be,
Would take in the way of counterfeit charity
The grace of God under benedicite;<23>
To counterfeit their counsel they give me a fee;
Canons cannot counterfeit but upon three,
Monks may not for dread that men should them see.

Hic ingrediatur FANCY, properantur cum CRAFTY CONVEYANCE cum famine
multo adinvicem garrulantes: tandem, viso COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE, dicat
CRAFTY CONVEYANCE
("Here FANCY comes in quickly with CRAFTY CONVEYANCE, the two talking
rapidly and at length to one another. At last, seeing COUNTERFEIT
COUNTENANCE, CRAFTY CONVEYANCE says–" (PH)

Cr. Con. What, Counterfeit Countenance!

C. Count. What, Crafty Conveyance!

Fan. What, the devil, are ye two of acquaintance?
God give you a very mischance!

Cr. Con. Yes, yes, sir, he and I have met.

C. Count. We have been together both early and late:
But, Fancy, my friend, where have ye been so long?

Fan. By God, I have been about a pretty prong;
Crafty Conveyance, I should say, and I.

Cr. Con. By God, we have made Magnificence to eat a fly.
C. Count. How could ye do that, an I was away?

Fan. By God, man, both his pageant and thine he can play.

C. Count. Say truth?

Cr. Con. Yes, yes, by lakin, I shall thee warrant, As long as I live, thou hast an heir apparent.

Fan. Yet have we picked out a room for thee.

C. Count. Why, shall we dwell together all three?

Cr. Con. Why, man, it were too great a wonder That we three gallants should be long asunder.

C. Count. For Cock's heart, give me thy hand.

Fan. By the mass, for ye are able to destroy an whole land.

Cr. Con. By God, yet it must begin much of thee.

Fan. Who that is ruled by us it shall be long ere he thé.

C. Count. But, I say, keepest thou the old name still that thou had?

Cr. Con. Why, weenest thou, whoreson, that I were so mad?

Fan. Nay, nay, he hath changed his, and I have changed mine.

Count. Now, what is his name, and what is thine?

Fan. In faith, Largesse I hight, And I am made a knight.

C. Count. A rebellion against nature, So large a man, and so little of stature! But, sir, how counterfeited ye?

Cr. Con. Sure Surveyance I named me. <47>

C. Count. Surveyance! where ye survey, Thrift hath lost her coffer-key!

Fan. But is it not well? how thinkest thou?

C. Count. Yes, sir, I give God avow, Myself could not counterfeit it better. But what became of the letter, That I counterfeited you underneath a shroud?

Fan. By the mass, oddly well allowed.

Cr. Con. By God, had not I it conveyed Fancy had been deceived.

C. Count. I wot, thou art false enough for one.

Fan. By my troth, we had been gone: And yet, in faith, man, we lacked thee For to speak with Liberty.

C. Count. What is Largesse without Liberty?
Cr. Con. By Measure mastered yet is he.
C. Count. What, is your conveyance no better?

Fan. In faith, Measure is like a tetter,
That overgroweth a man's face,
So he ruleth over all our place.

Cr. Con. Now therefore, whilst we are together,—
Counterfeit Countenance, nay, come hither,—
I say, whilst we are together in same—

C. Count. Tush, a straw, it is a shame
That we can no better than so.

Fan. We will remedy it, man, ere we go:
For, like as mustard is sharp of taste,<48>
Right so a sharp fancy must be found
Wherewith Measure to confound.

Cr. Con. Can you a remedy for a phthisic,
That showeth yourself thus sped in physic?

C. Count. It is a gentle reason of a rake.

Fan. For all these japes yet that ye make—

Cr. Con. Your fancy maketh mine elbow to ache.

Fan. Let see, find you a better way.

C. Count. Take no displeasure of what we say.

Cr. Con. Nay, an you be angry and overthwart,
A man may beshrew your angry heart.

Fan. Tush, a straw, I thought none ill.

C Count. What, shall we jangle thus all the day still?

Cr. Con. Nay, let us our heads together cast.

Fan. Yea, and see how it may be compassed,
That Measure were cast out of the doors.

C. Count. Alas, where is my boots and my spurs?

Cr. Con. In all this haste whither will ye ride?

C. Count. I trow, it shall not need to abide.

Cock's wounds, see, sirs, see, see!

Hic ingrediatur CLOAKED COLLUSION cum elato aspectu, deorsum et sursum ambulando.

("Enter CLOAKED COLLUSION, walking up and down with a lofty air"(PH)

Fan. Cock's arms, what is he?

Cr. Con. By Cock's heart, he looketh high;
He hawketh, methink, for a butterfly.

C. Count. Now, by Cock's heart, well abidden.
For, had you not come, I had ridden.
Cl. Col. Thy words be but wind, never they have no weight;
Thou hast made me play the iurde hayt.<49>

C. Count. And if ye knew how I have mused
I am sure ye would have me excused.

Cl. Col. I say, come hither: what are these twain?
C. Count. By God, sir, this is Fancy small brain;
And Crafty Conveyance, know you not him? 590

Cl. Col. Know him, sir! quod he: yes, by Saint Sim.
Here is a leash of ratches to run a hare:<50>
Woe is that purse that ye shall share!

Fan. What call ye him, this?

Cr. Con. I trow what he is.

C. Count. Tush, hold your peace.
See you not how they press
For to know your name?

Cl. Col. Know they not me, they are to blame.
Know you not me, sirs?

Fan. No, indeed.

Cr. Con. Abide, let me see, take better heed;
Cock's heart, it is Cloaked Collusion.

Cl. Col. Ay, sir, I pray God give you confusion!

Fan. Cock's arms, is that your name?

C. Count. Yea, by the mass, this is even the same,
That all this matter must undergrope.

Cr. Con. What is this he weareth—a cope?

Cl. Col. Cap, sir! I say you be too bold.

Fan. See how he is wrapped for the cold:
Is it not a vestment?

Cl. Col. Ah, ye want a rope!

C. Count. Tush, it is Sir John Double-Cloak.

Fan. Sir, an if you would not be wroth—

Cl. Col. What sayest?

Fan. Here was too little cloth.

Cl. Col. Ah, Fancy, Fancy, God send thee brain!

Fan. Yea, for your wit is cloaked for the rain.

Cr. Con. Nay, let us not chatter thus still.

Cl. Col. Tell me, sirs, what is your will.

C. Count. Sir, it is so that these twain
With Magnificence in household do remain,
And there they would have me to dwell,
But I will be ruled after your counsel.

Fan. Mary, so will we also.

Cl. Col. But tell me whereabout ye go.

C. Count. By God, we would get us all thither
Spell the remnant, and do together.

Cl. Col. Hath Magnificence any treasure?

Cr. Con. Yea, but he spendeth it all in measure.

Cl. Col. Why, dwelleth Measure where ye two dwell?
In faith, he were better to dwell in hell.

Fan. Yet where we won, now there wonneth he.

Cl. Col. And have you not among you Liberty?

C. Count. Yea, but he is a captivity.<51>

Cl. Col. What the devil! how may that be?

C. Count. I cannot tell you: why ask you me?
Ask these two that there doth dwell.

Cl. Col. Sir, the plainness you tell me.<52>

Cr. Con. There dwelleth a master man called Measure—

Fan. Yea, and he hath rule of all his treasure.

Cr. Con. Nay, either let me tell, or else tell ye.

Fan. I care not I, tell on for me.

C. Count. I pray God let you never to the!

Cl. Col. What the devil aileth you? can you not agree?

Cr. Con. I will pass over the circumstance,
And shortly show you the whole substance.
Fancy and I, we twain,
With Magnificence in household do remain,
And counterfeited our names we have
Craftily all things upright to save,
His name Largesse, Surveyance mine:
Magnificence to us beginneth to incline
Counterfeit Countenance to have also,
And would that we should for him go.

C. Count. But shall I have mine old name still?

Cr. Con. Peace, I have not yet said what I will.

Fan. Here is a pistle of a postic!

Cl. Col. Tush, fonnish Fancy, thou art frantic.
Tell on, sir, how then?
Cr. Con. Mary, sir, he told us, when
We had him found we should him bring,
And that we failed not for nothing.

Cl. Col. All this ye may easily bring about.

Fan. Mary, the better an Measure were out.

Cl. Col. Why, can ye not put out that foul freke?

Cr. Con. No, in every corner he will peek,
So that we have no liberty,
Nor no man in court but he,
For Liberty he hath in guiding.

C. Count. In faith, and without Liberty there is no biding.

Fan. In faith, and Liberty's room is there but small.

Cl. Col. Hem! that like I nothing at all.

Cr. Con. But, Counterfeit Countenance, go we together,
All three, I say.

C. Count. Shall I go? whither?

Cr. Con. To Magnificence with us twain,
And in his service thee to retain.

C. Count. But then, sir, what shall I hight?

Cr. Con. Ye and I talked thereof to-night.

Fan. Yea, my fancy was out of owl-flight,
For it is out of my mind quite.

Cr. Con. And now it cometh to my remembrance:
Sir, ye shall hight Good Demeanance.

C. Count. By the arms of Calais, well conceived!<53>

Cr. Con. When we have him thither conveyed,
What an I frame such a sleight,
That Fancy with his fond conceit
Put Magnificence in such a madness,
That he shall have you in the stead of sadness,
And Sober Sadness shall be your name?

Cl. Col. By Cock's body, here beginneth the game!
For then shall we so craftily carry,

Fan. For Cock's heart, tarry whilst that I come again.

Cr. Con. We will see you shortly one of us twain.

C. Count. Now let us go, an we shall, then.

Cl. Col. Now let see quit you like pretty men.

[Here FANCY, CRAFTY CONVEYANCE, and COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE go out]
John Skelton

*Hic Deambulat*

("Here he walks up and down")

*Cl. Col.* To pass the time and order while a man may talk
Of one thing and other to occupy the place;
Then for the season that I here shall walk,
As good to be occupied as up and down to trace
And do nothing; Howbeit, full little grace
There cometh and groweth of my coming,
For Cloaked Collusion is a perilous thing.
Double dealing and I be all one,
Crafting and hafting contrived is by me;
I can dissemble, I can both laugh and groan;
Plain dealing and I can never agree;
But division, dissension, derision, these three
And I am counterfeit of one mind and thought,
By the means of mischief to bring all things to nought.
And though I be so odious a guest,
And every man gladly my company would refuse,
In faith yet am I occupied with the best;
Full few that can themselves of me excuse.
When other men laugh, then study I and muse,
Devising the means and ways that I can,
How I may hurt and hinder every man:
Two faces in a hood covertly I bear,
Water in the one hand, and fire in the other;
I can feed forth a fool, and lead him by the ear:
Falsehood in fellowship is my sworn brother.
By Cloaked Collusion, I say, and none other,
Cumbrance and trouble in England first began;
From that lord to that lord I rode and I ran,
And flattered them with fables fair before their face,
And told all the mischief I could behind their back,
And made as I had known nothing of the case;
I would begin all mischief, but I would bear no lack.
Thus can I learn you, sirs, to bear the devil's sack;
And yet, I trow, some of you be better sped than I
Friendship to feign, and think full litherly.
Paint to a purpose good countenance I can,
And craftily can I grope how every man is minded;
My purpose is to spy and to point every man;
My tongue is with favel forked and tined:
By Cloaked Collusion thus many one is beguiled.
Each man to hinder I gape and I gasp;
My speech is all pleasure, but I sting like a wasp:
I am never glad but when I may do ill,
And never am I sorry but when that I see
I cannot mine appetite accomplish and fulfil
In hindrance of wealth and prosperity;
I laugh at all shrewdness, and lie at liberty.
I muster, I meddle; among these great estates
I sow seditious seeds of discord and debates:
To flatter and to fleer is all my pretence
Among all such persons as I well understand
Be light of belief and hasty of credence;
I make them to startle and sparkle like a brand,
I move them, I maze them, I make them so fond,
That they will hear no man but the first tale:
And so by these means I brew much bale.

_Hic ingrediatur COURTLY ABUSION cantando._
("Enter COURTLY ABUSION, singing.")

_Court. Ab._ Huffa, huffa, tanderum, tanderum, tain, huffa, huffa! <54>
_Cl. Col._ This was properly prated, sirs! what said a?
_Court. Ab._ Rutty bully, <55> jolly rutterkin, heyda! <56>
_Cl. Col._ De que pays estes vous? <57>

_Hic faciat tanquam exiat beretrum cornice_  
("With an ironical air he makes as if to doff his hat." PH) <58>

_Court. Ab._ Deck your hofte and cover a louse.
_Cl. Col._ Say vous chanter, Venter tre dawce? <59>

_How sayest thou, man, am not I a jolly rutter?_
_Court. Ab._ Give this gentleman room, sirs, stand utter! <61>
By God, sir, what need all this waste?
What is this, a beetle, or a batowe or a buskin laced?<62>
_Court. Ab._ What, ween esth thou that I know thee not, Cloaked Collusion?
_Cl. Col._ And weenest thou that I know not thee, cankered Abusion?
_Court. Ab._ Cankered Jack Hare <63> look thou be not rusty,
For thou shalt well know I am neither dirty nor dusty.
_Court. Ab._ Dusty! nay, sir, ye be all of the lusty,

_Howbeit of scape-thrift thy cloaks smelleth musty: But whither art thou walking, in faith unfeigned?_
_Court. Ab._ Mary, with Magnificence I would be retained.
_Court. Ab._ By the mass, for the court thou art a meet man:
Thy slippers they swap it, yet thou footest it like a swan.
_Court. Ab._ Yea, so I can devise my gear after the courtly manner.
_Court. Ab._ So thou art personable to bear a prince's banner.
By God's foot, an I dare well fight, for I will not start.<64>
_Court. Ab._ Nay, thou art a man good enough but for thy false heart.
_Court. Ab._ Well, an I be a coward, there is more than I.
_Court. Ab._ Yea, in faith a bold man and a hardy;
_Court. Ab._ A bold man in a bowl of new ale in corns."
Court. Ab. Will ye see this gentleman is all in his scorns?
Cl. Col. But are ye not advised to dwell where ye spake?
Court. Ab. I am of few words, I love not to bark.<66>
Bearest thou any room,<67> or canst thou do ought?
Canst thou help in favour that I might be brought?
Cl. Col. I may do somewhat, and more I think shall.

Here cometh in CRAFTY CONVEYANCE, pointing with his finger and sayeth

Cr. Con. Hem, Collusion!
Court. Ab. Cock's heart, who is yonder that for thee doth call?
Cr. Con. Nay, come at once, for the arms of the dice!<68>
Court. Ab. Cock's arms, he hath called for thee twice.

Cl. Col. By Cock's heart, and call shall again:
To come to me, I trow, he shall be fain.

Court. Ab. What, is thy heart pricked with such a proud pin?
Cl. Col. Tush, he that hath need, man, let him run.

Cr. Con. Nay, come away, man: thou playest the cayser.
Cl. Col. By the mass, thou shalt bide my leisure.

Cr. Con. Abide, sir, quod he! Mary, so I do.
Court. Ab. He will come, man, when he may tend to.

Cr. Con. What the devil, who sent for thee?
Cl. Col. Here he is now, man; mayest thou not see?

Cr. Con. What the devil, man, what thou meanest?
Art thou so angry as thou seemest?
Court. Ab. What the devil, can ye agree no better?

Cr. Con. What the devil, where had we this jolly jetter?
Cl. Col. What sayest thou, man? why dost thou not supply,
And desire me thy good master to be?
Court. Ab. Speakest thou to me?
Cl. Col. Yea, so I tell thee.

Court. Ab. Cock's bones, I ne tell can
Which of you is the better man,
Or which of you can do most.

Cr. Con. In faith, I rule much of the roost.
Cl. Col. Rule the roost! ye, thou wouldest <69>
As scant thou had no need of me.

Cr. Con. Need! yes, Mary, I say not nay.
Court. Ab. Cock's heart, I trow thou wilt make a fray!

Cr. Con. Nay, in good faith, it is but the guise.

Cl. Col. No, for ere we strike, we will be advised twice.<70>

Court. Ab. What the devil, use ye not to draw no swords?

Cr. Con. No, by my troth, but crake great words.

Court. Ab. Why, is this the guise nowadays?

Cl. Col. Yea, for surety, oft peace is taken for frays.

But, sir, I will have this man with me.

Cr. Con. Convey yourself first, let see.

Cl. Col. Well, tarry here till I for you send.

Cr. Con. Why, shall he be of your band?

Cl. Col. Tarry here: wot ye what I say?

Court. Ab. I warrant you, I will not go away.

Cr. Con. By Saint Mary, he is a tall man.

I know in him no default,

But that the whoreson is proud and haut.

And so they (i.e. CLOAKED COLLUSION and CRAFTY CONVEYANCE) go out of the place.

Court. Ab. Nay, purchase ye a pardon for the pose,

For pride hath plucked thee by the nose,

As well as me. I would, an I durst,

But now I will not say the worst.

COURTLY ABUSION alone in the place

What now, let see,

Who looketh on me

Well round about,

How gay and how stout

That I can wear

Courtly my gear:

My hair busheth<71>

So pleasantly,

My robe rusheth

So ruttingly,

Meseem I fly,

I am so light,

To dance delight;<72>

Properly dressed,

All point-device,

My person prest,

Beyond all size

Of the new guise,
To rush it out
In every rout:
Beyond measure
My sleeve is wide,<sup>73</sup>

All of pleasure,
My hose strait tied,
My buskin wide
Rich to behold,
Glittering in gold.

Abusion,
Forsooth I hight;
Confusion
Shall on him light,
By day or by night
That useth me;

He cannot thé.
A very fon,
A very ass,
Will take upon
To compass
That never was
Abused before;
A very poor
That so will do,
He doth abuse

Himself too too,<sup>74</sup>
He doth misuse
Each man take a fee <sup>75</sup>
To crake and prate;
I befoul his pate.

This new fon jet
From out of France<sup>76</sup>
First I did set;
Made purveyance
And such ordinance,

That all men it found
Throughout England;
All this nation
I set on fire
In my fashion,
This their desire,
This new attire;
This ladies have,
I it them gave;
Spare for no cost;
And yet indeed
It is cost lost
Much more than need
For to exceed
In such array:
Howbeit, I say,
A carle's son,
Brought up of nought,
With me will wonne
Whilst he hath aught;
He will have wrought
His gown so wide
That he may hide
His dam and his sire
Within his sleeve;
Spend all his hire
That men him give.
Wherefore I preve,
A Tyburn check<77>
Shall break his neck.

_Here cometh in FANCY, crying, Stow, stow!

All is out of harre,<78>
And out of trace,
Aye warre and warre
In every place.
But what the devil art thou,
That criest Stow, stow?

Fan. What, whom have we here, Jenkin Jolly?
Now welcome, by the God holy.

Court. Ab. What, Fancy, my friend! how dost thou fare?

Fan. By Christ, as merry as a March hare.

Court. Ab. What the devil hast thou on thy fist, an owl?

Fan. Nay, it is a farly fowl.

Court. Ab. Methink she frowneth and looks sour.

Fan. Turd, man, it is an hawk of the tower;<79>
She is made for the mallard fat.

Court. Ab. Methink she is well-beaked to catch a rat.
But now what tidings can you tell, let see.

Fan. Mary, I am come for thee.

Court. Ab. For me?

Fan. Yea, for thee, so I say.

Court. Ab. How so? tell me, I thee pray.

Fan. Why, heard you not of the fray
That fell among us this same day?

Court. Ab. No, mary, not yet.

Fan. What the devil, never a whit?

Court. Ab. No, by the mass; what should I swear?
Fan. In faith, Liberty is now a lusty speri.

Court. Ab. Why, under whom was he abiding?

Fan. Mary, Measure had him a while in guiding,
Till, as the devil would, they fell a-chiding
With Crafty Conveyance.

Court. Ab. Yea, did they so?

Fan. Yea, by God's sacrament, and with other mo.

Court. Ab. What needed that, in the devil's date?<80>

Fan. Yes, yes, he fell with me also at debate.

Court. Ab. With thee also? what, he playeth the state?<81>

Fan. Yea, but I bade him pike out of the gate,
By God's body, so did I.

Court. Ab. By the mass, well done, and boldly.

Fan. Hold thy peace, Measure shall from us walk.

Court. Ab. Why, is he crossed then with a chalk?

Fan. Crossed! yea, checked out of conceit.

Court. Ab. How so?

Fan. By God, by a pretty sleight.
As hereafter thou shalt know more:
But I must tarry here, go thou before.

Court. Ab. With whom shall I there meet?

Fan. Crafty Conveyance standeth in the street,
Even of purpose for the same.

Court. Ab. Yea, but what shall I call my name?

Fan. Cock's heart, turn thee, let me see thine array:
Cock's bones, this is all of John de Gay.

Court. Ab. So I am pointed after my conceit.

Fan. Mary, thou jettest it of height.<82>

Court. Ab. Yea, but of my name let us be wise.<83>

Fan. Mary, Lusty Pleasure, by mine advice,
To name thyself. Come off, it were done.<84>

Court. Ab. Farewell, my friend.


[Here COURTLY ABUSION goes out].

Stow, bird, stow, stow!

It is best I feed my hawk now.

There is many evil favoured, an thou be foul;<85>
Each thing is fair when it is young: all hail, owl!
Lo, this is
My fancy, ywis:
Now Christ it bless!
It is, by Jesse,
A bird full sweet,
For me full meet:
She is furred for the heat
All to the feet;
Her brows bent,
Her even glent:
From Tyne to Trent,
From Stroud to Kent,
A man shall find
Many of her kind,
How standeth the wind-
Before or behind:
Barbed like a nun,
For burning of the sun;
Her feathers dun;
Well-favoured bonne!
Now, let me see about
In all this rout
If I can find out
So seemly a snout
Among this press:
Even a whole mess—
Peace, man, peace!
I rede, we cease.
So farly fair as it looks,
And her beak so comely crooks,
Her nails sharp as tenter-hooks!
I have not kept her yet three wooks.
And how still she doth sit!
Tewit, tewit! Where is my wit?
The devil speed whit!
That was before, I set behind;
Now too courteous, forthwith unkind;
Sometime too sober, sometime too sad;
Sometime too merry, sometime too mad;
Sometime I sit as I were solemn proud;
Sometime I laugh over loud;
Sometime I weep for a gee-gaw;
Sometime I laugh at wagging of a straw;
With a pear my love you may win,
And ye may lese it for a pin.
I have a thing for to say,
And I may tend thereto for play;
But in faith I am so occupied
On this half and on every side,
That I wot not where I may rest.
First to tell you what were best,
Frantic Fancy-service I hight;
My wits be weak, my brains are light:
For it is I that other while
Pluck down lead, and thatch with tile;
Now I will this, and now I will that,
Make a windmill of a mat;
Now I would, and I wist what.
Where is my cap? I have lost my hat;
And within an hour after
Pluck down a house, and set up a rafter;
Hither and thither, I wot not whither:
Do and undo, both together;
Of a spindle I will make a spar:
All that I make forthwith I mar;
I blunder, I bluster, I blow, and I blither;
I make on the one day, and I mar on the other;
Busy, busy, and ever busy,
I dance up and down till I am dizzy;
I can find fantasies where none is;
I will not have it so, I will have it this.

*Hic ingrediatur FOLLY, quatiendo crema et faciendo multum, feriendo tabulas et similia.* ("Enter FOLLY, shaking his bauble, capering about, and playing on an instrument." PH)

**Fol.** Masters, Christ save everichon!
What, Fancy, art thou here alone?

**Fan.** What, fonnish Folly! Ibefool thy face.

**Fol.** What, frantic Fancy in a fool's case!
What is this, an owl or a glede?
By my troth, she hath a great head.

**Fan.** Tush, thy lips hang in thine eye.
It is a French butterfly.

**Fol.** By my troth, I trow well!
But she is less a great deal
Than a butterfly of our land.

**Fan.** What pilled cur leadest thou in thy hand?

**Fol.** A pilled cur!

**Fan.** Yea so, I tell thee, a pilled cur!

**Fol.** Yet I sold his skin to Mackemurre <94>
In the stead of a budge fur.<95>

**Fan.** What, flayest thou his skin every year?

**Fol.** Yes, in faith, I thank God I may hear.

**Fan.** What, thou wilt cough me a daw for forty pence?
Fol. Mary, sir, Cockermouth is a good way hence.
Fan. What? of Cockermouth spake I no word.
Fol. By my faith, sir the furbisher hath my sword.
Fan. Ay, I trow ye shall cough me a fool.
Fol. In faith, truth ye say, we went together to school.
Fan. Yea, but I can somewhat more of the letter.
Fol. I will not give a halfpenny for to chose the better.
Fan. But, brother Folly, I wonder much of one thing,
That thou so high fro me doth spring,<97>
And I so little alway still.
Fol. By God, I can tell, and I will.
Thou art so feeble fantastical,
And so brainsick therewithal,
And thy wit wandering here and there,
That thou canst not grow out of thy boy's gear;
And as for me, I take but one foolish way,
And therefore I grow more on one day
Than thou can in years seven.
Fan. In faith, truth thou sayest now, by God of heaven!
For so with fantasies my wit doth fleet,
That wisdom and I shall seldom meet.
Now, of good fellowship, let me buy thy dog.
Fol. Cock's heart, thou liest, I am no hog.
Fan. Here is no man that called thee hog nor swine.
Fol. In faith, man, my brain is as good as thine.
Fan. The devil's turd for thy brain!
Fol. By my sire's soul, I feel no rain.
Fan. By the mass, I hold thee mad.
Fol. Mary, I knew thee when thou wast a lad.
Fan. Cock's bones, heard ye ever sic another?
Fol. Yea, a fool the t'one, and a fool the t'other.
Fan. Nay, but wottest thou what I do say?
Fol. Why, sayest thou that I was here yesterday?
Fan. Cock's arms; this is a work, I trow.
Fol. What, callest thou me a dunnish crow?
Fan. Now, in good faith, thou art a fond guest.
Fol. Yea, bear me this straw to a daw's nest.
Fan. What, weenest thou that I were so foolish and so fond?
Fol. In faith, yet is there none in all England.
John Skelton

_Fan._ Yet for my fancy's sake, I say,  
Let me have thy dog, whatsoever I pay.

_Fol._ Thou shalt have my purse, and I will have thine.

_Fan._ By my troth, there is mine.

_Fol._ Now, by my troth, man, take, there is mine.  
And I beshrew him that hath the worse.

_Fan._ Turd, I say, what have I do?  
Here is nothing but the buckle of a shoe,  
And in my purse was twenty mark.

_Fol._ Ha, ha, ha! hark, sirs, hark!  
For all that my name hight Folly,  
By the mass, yet art thou more fool than I.

_Fan._ Yet give me thy dog, and I am content;  
And thou shalt have my hawk to a botchment.

_Fol._ That ever thou thrive, God it forfend!  
For God's cope thou wilt spend.  
Now take thou my dog, and give me thy fowl.

_Fan._ Hey, chish, come hither!

_Fol._ Nay, turd, take him by time.

_Fan._ What callest thou thy dog?

_Fol._ Tush, his name is Grime.

_Fan._ Come, Grime, come, Grime! It is my pretty dogs.

_Fol._ In faith, there is not a better dog for hogs,  
Not from Alnwick unto Aungey.

_Fan._ Yea, but trowest thou that he be not mangy?

_Fol._ No, by my troth, it is but the scurf and the scab.

_Fan._ What, he hath been hurt with a stab?

_Fol._ Nay, in faith, it was but a stripe  
That the whoreson had for eating of a tripe.

_Fan._ Where the devil gat he all these hurts?

_Fol._ By God, for snatching of puddings and worts.

_Fan._ What, then, he is some good poor man's cur?

_Fol._ Yea, but he will in at every man's door.

_Fan._ Now thou hast done me a pleasure great.

_Fol._ In faith, I would thou hadst a marmoset.

_Fan._ Cock's heart, I love such japes.

_Fol._ Yea, for all thy mind is on owls and apes.  
But I have thy poultry, and thou hast my cattle.

_Fan._ Yea, but thrift and we have made a battle.
Fol. Rememberest thou not the japes and the toys—
Fan. What, that we used when we were boys?
Fol. Yea, by the rood, even the same.
Fan. Yes, yes, I am yet as full of game
As ever I was, and as full of trifles,
Nil, nihilum, nihil anglice, nifles.<103>
Fol. What, cannest thou all this Latin yet,
And hath so mazed a wandering wit?
Fan. Tush, man, I keep some Latin in store.
Fol. By Cock's heart, I ween thou hast no more.
Fan. No? yes, in faith, I can versify.

Fol. Then I pray thee heartily,
Make a verse of my butterfly;
It forceth not of the reason, so it keep rime.
Fan. But wilt thou make another on Grime?
Fol. Nay, in faith, first let me hear thine.
Fan. Mary, as for that thou shalt soon hear mine:
Est snavi snago with a shrewd face vilis imago.<104>
Fol. Grimbal dus greedy, snatch a pudding till the roast be ready.
Fan. By the heart of God, well done!
Fol. Yea, so readily and so soon!

Here cometh in CRAFTY CONVEYANCE

Cr. Con. What, Fancy! Let me see who is the other.
Fan. By God, sir, Folly, mine own sworn brother.
Cr. Con. Cock's bones, it is a farly freke:
Can he play well at the hoddypeak?<105>
Fan. Tell by thy troth what sport canst thou make.
Fol. Ah, hold thy peace: I have the tooth-ache.
Cr. Con. The tooth-ache! lo, a turd ye have.
Fol. Yea, thou hast the four quarters of a knave.
Cr. Con. Wottest thou, I say, to whom thou speaks?
Fan. Nay, by Cock's heart, he ne reeks,
For he will speak to Magnificence thus.
Cr. Con. Cock's arms, a meet man for us.
Fol. What, would ye have more fools, and are so many?
Fan. Nay, offer him a counter instead of a penny.
Cr. Con. Why, thinkest thou he can no better skill?
Fol. In faith, I can make ye both fools, an I will.

Cr. Con. What hast thou on thy fist—a kestrel?

Fol. Nay, ywis, fool, it is a dotterel.

Cr. Con. In a coat thou can play well the disour.<106>

Fol. Yea, but thou can play the fool without a visor.

Fan. How rode he by you? how put he you? <107>

Cr. Con. Mary, as thou sayest, he gave me a blur.
But where got you that mangy cur?

Fan. Mary, it was his, and now it is mine.

Cr. Con. And was it his, and now it is thine?
Thou must have thy fancy and thy will,
But yet thou shalt hold me a fool still.

Fol. Why, weenest thou that I cannot make thee play the fon? 1200

Fan. Yes, by my faith, good Sir John.<108>

Cr. Con. For you both it were enough.

Fol. Why, weenest thou that I were as much a fool as thou?

Fan. Nay, nay, thou shalt find him another manner of man.

Fol. In faith, I can do masteries, so I can.

Cr. Con. What canst thou do but play cockwat?<109>

Fan. Yes, yes, he will make thee eat a gnat.

Fol. Yes, yes, by my troth, I hold thee a groat
That I shall laugh thee out of thy coat.

Cr. Con. Then will I say that thou hast no peer. 1210

Fan. Now, by the rood, and he will go near.

Fol. Hem, Fancy, regardez, voyez. <110>

Here FOLLY maketh semblant to take a louse from CRAFTY CONVEYANCE'S shoulder.

Fan. What hast thou found there?

Fol. By God, a louse.

Cr. Con. By Cock's heart, I trow thou liest.

Fol. By the mass, a Spanish moth with a gray list.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cr. Con. Cock's arms, it is not so, I trow.

Here CRAFTY CONVEYANCE putteth off his gown.

Fol. Put on thy gown again, for now thou hast lost. <111>
Fan. Lo, John of Bonam,<112> where is thy brain?
Now put on, fool, thy coat again.

Fol. Give me my groat, for thou hast lost.

_Here FOLLY maketh semblaunt to take money of CRAFTY CONVEYANCE, saying to him_

Shut thy purse, daw, and do no cost.

Fan. Now hast thou not a proud mock and a stark?

Cr. Con. With, yes, by the rood of Woodstock Park.

Fan. Nay, I tell thee, he maketh no doubts
To turn a fool out of his clouts.

Cr. Con. And for a fool a man would him take.

Fol. Nay, it is I that fools can make;
For be he cayser or be he king,
To fellowship with Folly I can him bring.

Fan. Nay, wilt thou hear now of his schools,
And what manner of people he maketh fools?

Cr. Con. Yea, let us hear a word or twain.

Fol. Sir, of my manner I shall tell you the plain.
First I lay before them my bauble,
And teach them how they should sit idle,
To pick their fingers all the day long;
So in their ear I sing them a song,
And make them so long to muse,
That some of them runneth straight to the stews;
To theft and bribery<113> I make some fall,
And pick a lock and climb a wall;
And where I spy a nysot gay,
That will sit idle all the day,
And cannot set herself to work,
I kindle in her such a lither spark
That rubbed she must be on the gall
Between the tapet and the wall.

Cr. Con. What, whoreson, art thou such a one?

Fan. Nay, beyond all other set him alone.

Cr. Con. Hast thou any more? Let see, proceed.

Fol. Yea, by God, sir, for a need
I have another manner of sort,
That I laugh at for my disport;
And those be they that come up of nought,
As some be not far, an if it were well sought:
Such daws, whatsoever they be
That be set in authority,
Anon he waxeth so high and proud,
He frowneth fiercely, brimly browed,<114>
The knave would make it coy, an he could;
All that he doth must be allowed;
And. This is not well done, sir, take heed;
And maketh him busy where is no need:
He dances so long, hey, trolly lolly,
That every man laugheth at his folly.

_Cr. Con._ By the good Lord, truth he saith.

_Fan._ Thinkest thou not so, by thy faith?

_Cr. Con._ Think I not so! quod he. Else have I shame,
For I know divers that useth the same.

_Fol._ But now, forsooth, man, it maketh no matter,
For they that will so busily smatter,
So help me God, man, ever at the length
I make him lose much of their strength;<115>
For with folly so do I them lead,
That wit he wanteth when he hath most need.

_Fan._ Forsooth, tell on: hast thou any mo?

_Fol._ Yes, I shall tell you, ere I go,
Of divers mo that haunteth my schools.

_Cr. Con._ All men beware of such fools!

_Fol._ There be two lither, rude and rank,
Simkin Titivell<116> and Pierce Pykthank;
These lithers I learn them for to lere
What he saith and she saith to lay good ear,
And tell to his sovereign every whit,
And then he is much made of for his wit;
And, be the matter ill more or less,
He will make it mickle worse than it is:
But all that he doth, and if he reckon well,
It is but folly every deal.

_Fan._ Are not his words cursedly couched?

_Cr. Con._ By God, there be some that be shrewdly touched:
But, I say, let see an if thou have any more.

_Fol._ I have an whole armoury of such haberdash in store;
For there be others that folly doth use,
That follow fond fantasies and virtue refuse.

_Fan._ Nay, this is my part that thou speakest of now.

_Fol._ So is all the remnant, I make God avow;
For thou formest such fantasies in their mind,
That every man almost groweth out of kind.

_Cr. Con._ By the mass, I am glad that I came hither,
To hear you two rutters dispute together.
Fan. Nay, but Fancy must be either first or last.

Fol. But when Folly cometh, all is past.

Fan. I wot not whether it cometh of thee or of me. But all is folly that I can see.

Cr. Con. Mary, sir, ye may swear it on a book.

Fol. Yea, turn over the leaf, read there and look, How frantic Fancy first of all Maketh man and woman in folly to fall.

Cr. Con. A, sir, a, a! Howe<117> by that!

Fan. A perilous thing to cast a cat Upon a naked man, an if she scrat.

Fol. Soho, I say, the hare is squat! For, frantic Fancy, thou makest man mad; And I, Folly, bringeth them to qui fuit gad,<118> With qui fuit, brain-sick, I have them brought, From qui fuit aliquid, to sheer shaking nought.<119>

Cr. Con. Well argued and surely on both sides: But for thee, Fancy, Magnificence abides.

Fan. Why, shall I not have Folly with me also?

Cr. Con. Yes, pardie, man, whether that ye ride or go: Yet for his name we must find a sleight.<120>

Fan. By the mass, he shall hight Conceit.

Cr. Con. Not a better name under the sun: With Magnificence thou shalt won.

Fol. God have mercy, good godfather.

Cr. Con. Yet I would that he had gone rather; For, as soon as ye come in Magnificence' sight, All measure and good rule is gone quite.

Fan. And shall we have liberty to do what we will?

Cr. Con. Riot at liberty rusheth it out still.

Fol. Yea, but tell me one thing.

Cr. Con. What is that?

Fol. Who is master of the mash-vat?

Fan. Yea, for he hath a full dry soul.

Cr. Con. Cock’s arms, thou shalt keep the brewhouse bowl.

Fol. But may I drink thereof whilst that I stare?

Cr. Con. When Measure is gone, what needest thou spare? When Measure is gone, we may slay care.

Fol. Now then go we hence. Away the mare!<121>
Here FOLLY and FANCY go out.

CRAFTY CONVEYANCE alone in the place.

Cr. Con. It is wonder to see the world about,
To see what folly is used in every place;
Folly hath a room, I say, in every rout,<122>
To put, where he list, Folly hath free chase;
Folly and Fancy all where, every man doth face and brace;<123>
Folly footeth it properly, Fancy leadeth the dance;
And next come I after, Crafty Conveyance.

Whoso to me giveth good advertence, 1350
Shall see many things done craftily:
By me conveyed is wanton insolence,
Privy 'pointments conveyed so properly,
For many times much kindness is denied
For dread that we dare not oft lest we be spied;
By me is conveyed mickle pretty ware,<124>
Sometime, I say, behind the door for need;
I have an hobby can make larks to dare;
I knit together many a broken thread.
It is great alms the hungry to feed, 1360
To clothe the naked where is lacking a smock,
Trim at her tail, ere a man can turn a sock:
What ho, be ye merry! was it not well conveyed?
As oft as ye list, so honesty be saved;
Alas, dear heart, look that we be not perceived!
Without craft nothing is well behaved;
Though I shew you courtesy, say not that I crave,<125>
Yet convey it craftily, and hardly spare not for me,
So that there know no man, but I and she.

Theft also and petty bribery 1370
Without me be full oft espied;
My inwit dealing there can no man descry,
Convey it by craft, lift and lay aside.
Full much flattery and falsehood I hide,
And by crafty conveyance I will, an I can,
Save a strong thief and hang a true man.
But some men would convey, and can not skill,
As malapert taverners that check with their betters,
Their conveyance welteth the work all by will;
And some will take upon them to counterfeit letters, 1380
And therewithal convey himself into a pair of fetters;
And some will convey by the pretence of sadness,
Till all their conveyance is turned into madness.
Crafty conveyance is no child's game:
By crafty conveyance many one is brought up of nought;
Crafty Conveyance can cloak himself from shame,
For by crafty conveyance wonderful things are wrought.
By conveyance crafty I have brought
Unto Magnificence a full ungracious sort,
For all hooks unhappy to me have resort. 1390

Here cometh in MAGNIFICENCE with LIBERTY and FELICITY.

Magn. Trust me, Liberty, it grieveth me right sore
To see you thus ruled and stand in such awe.
Lib. Sir, as by my will, it shall be so no more.
Fel. Yet Liberty without rule is not worth a straw.
Magn. Tush, hold your peace, ye speak like a daw!
Ye shall be occupied, Wealth, at my will.
Cr. Con. All that ye say, sir, is reason and skill.
Magn. Master Surveyor, where have ye been so long?
Remember ye not how my Liberty by Measure ruled was?
Cr. Con. In good faith, sir, meseemeth he had the more wrong.
Lib. Mary, sir, so did he exceed and pass,
They drove me to learning like a dull ass.
Fel. It is good yet that Liberty be ruled by reason.
Magn. Tush, hold your peace, ye speak out of season:
Yourself shall be ruled by Liberty and Largesse.
Fel. I am content, so it in measure be.
Lib. Must Measure, in the mare's name, you furnish and dress?
Magn. Nay, nay, not so, my friend Felicity.
Cr. Con. Not, an your grace would be ruled by me.
Lib. Nay, he shall be ruled even as I list. 1410
Fel. Yet it is good to beware of Had I wist.
Magn. Sir, by Liberty and Largesse I will that ye shall
Be governed and guided: wot ye what I say?
Master Surveyor, Largesse to me call.
Cr. Con. It shall be done.
Magn. Yea, but bid him come away
At once, and let him not tarry all day.

Here goeth out CRAFTY CONVEYANCE.

Fel. Yet it is good wisdom to work wisely by wealth.
Lib. Hold thy tongue, an thou love thy health.
Magn. What, will ye waste wind, and prate thus in vain?
Ye have eaten sauce, I trow, at the Tailors' Hall.
Lib. Be not too bold, my friend; I counsel you, bear a brain.
Magn. And whatso we say, hold you content withal.
Fel. Sir, yet without sapience your substance may be small;  
For, where is no measure, how many worship endure?

Here cometh in FANCY.

Fan. Sir, I am here at your pleasure;  
Your Grace sent for me, I ween; what is your will?  
Magn. Come hither, Largesse, take here Felicity.  
Fan. Why, ween you that I can keep him long still?

Magn. To rule as ye list, lo here is Liberty!

Lib. I am here ready.

Fan. What, shall we have Wealth at our guiding to rule as we list?  
Then farewell thrift, by Him that cross kissed!

Fel. I trust your Grace will be agreeable  
That I shall suffer none impeachment  
By their demeanance, nor loss reprovable.

Magn. Sir, ye shall follow mine appetite and intent.  
Fel. So it be by measure I am right well content.

Fan. What, all by measure, good sir, and none excess?

Lib. Why, wealth hath made many a man brainless.

Fel. That was by the means of too much liberty.

Magn. What, can ye agree thus and appose?<130>

Fel. Sir, as I say, there was no fault in me.

Lib. Yea, of Jack-a-Thrum's bible<131> can ye make a glose?

Fan. Sore said, I tell you, and well to the purpose:  
What should a man do with you? Lock you under key?

Fel. I say, it is folly to give all wealth away.

Lib. Whether should Wealth be ruled by Liberty,  
Or Liberty by Wealth? Let see, tell me that.

Fel. Sir, as me seemeth, ye should be ruled by me.

Magn. What need you with him thus prate and chat?

Fan. Show us your mind then, how to do and what.

Magn. I say, that I will ye have him in guiding.

Lib. Master Felicity, let be your chiding,  
And so, as ye see it will be no better,  
Take it in worth<132> such as you find.

Fan. What the devil, man, your name shall be the greater,  
For Wealth without Largesse is all out of kind.

Lib. And Wealth is nought worth if Liberty be behind.
Magn. Now hold ye content, for there is none other shift. 1460

Fel. Then waste must be welcome, and farewell thrift!

Magn. Take of his substance a sure inventory,
And get thou home together; for Liberty shall bide,
And wait upon me.

Lib. And yet for a memory,
Make indentures how ye and I shall guide.

Fan. I can do nothing but he stand beside.

Lib. Sir, we can do nothing the one without the other.

Magn. Well, get you hence then, and send me some other.

Fan. Whom? lusty Pleasure, or merry Conceit?

Magn. Nay, first lusty Pleasure is my desire to have,
And let the other another await,<134>
Howbeit that fond fellow is a merry knave;
But look that ye occupy the authority that I you gave.

Here goeth out FELICITY, LIBERTY, and FANCY.

MAGNIFICENCE alone in the place

Magn. For now, sirs, I am like as a prince should be:<135>
I have Wealth at will, Largesse and Liberty:
Fortune to her laws cannot abandon me,<136>
But I shall of Fortune rule the rein;
I fear nothing Fortune’s perplexity;
All honour to me must needs stoop and lean;
I sing of two parts without a mean;
I have wind and weather over all to sail,
No stormy rage against me can prevail.
Alexander, of Macedon’s king,
That all the orient had in subjection,
Though all his conquests were brought to reckoning,
Might seem right well under my protection
To reign, for all his martial affection;
For I am Prince Peerless, proud of port,
Bathed with bliss, embraced with comfort.
Cyrus, that solemn sire of Babylon,
That Israel released of their captivity,
For all his pomp, for all his royal throne,
He may not be compared unto me.
I am the diamond doubtless of dignity:
Surely it is I that all may save and spill;
No man so hardy to work against my will.
Porsena, the proud provost of Turkey land,
That rated the Romans and made them ill rest,
Nor Caesar July, that no man might withstand,
Were never half so richly as I am dressed:
No, that I assure you: look who was the best.
I reign in my robes, I rule as me list,
I drive down these dastards with a dint of my fist.
Of Cato the count accounted the Khan,
Darius, the doughty chieftain of Perse.  
I set not by the proudest of them a prawn,
Ne by none other, that any man can rehearse.
I follow in felicity without reverse.
I dread no danger, I dance all in delight:  
My name is Magnificence, man most of might.
Hercules the hardy, with his stubborn clubbed mace,
That made Cerberus to couch, the cur dog of hell,
And Theseus, that proud was Pluto to face,
It would not become them with me for to mell:
For of all barons bold I bear the bell,
Of all doughty, I am doughtiest duke, as I deem:
To me all princes to lout may be seen.<137>
Charlemagne, that maintained the nobles of France,
Arthur of Albion, for all, his brim beard,
Nor Basian the bold, for all his bribance,<138>
Nor Alaric, that ruled the Gothiance<139> by sword,
Nor no man on mould<140> can make me afeared.
What man is so mazed with me that dare meet,
I shall flap him as a fool to fall at my feet.
Galba, whom his gallants garred for to gasp,<141>
Nor Nero, that neither set by God nor man,
Nor Vespasian, that bore in his nose a wasp,<142>
Nor Hannibal against Rome gates that ran,
Nor yet Scipio, that noble Carthage won,  
But I shall frounce them on the foretop,<143> and gar them to quake.

_Here cometh in COURTLY ABUSION, doing reverence and curtsey._

_Court. Ab._ At your commandment, sir, with all due reverence.

_Magn._ Welcome, Pleasure, to our magnificence.

_Court. Ab._ Pleaseth it your Grace to show what I do shall?

_Magn._ Let us hear of your pleasure to pass the time withal.

_Court. Ab._ Sir, then, with the favour of your benign sufferance
To show you my mind myself I will advance,
If it like your Grace to take it in degree.<144>

_Magn._ Yes, sir, so good man in you I see,  
And in your dealing so good assurance,
That we delight greatly in your dalliance.

_Court. Ab._ Ah, sir, your Grace me doth extol and raise,
And far beyond my merits ye me commend and praise;
Howbeit, I would be right glad, I you assure,
Any thing to do that might be to your pleasure.
Magn. As I be saved, with pleasure I am surprised
Of your language, it is so well devised;
Polished and fresh is your ornaecy.

Court. Ab. I would to God that I were half so crafty,
Or in elect utterance\textsuperscript{145} half so eloquent,
As that I might your noble Grace content!

Magn. Trust me, with you I am highly pleased,
For in my favour I have you fiefed and seised.\textsuperscript{146}
He is not living your manners can amend;
Mary, your speech is as pleasant as though it were penned;
To hear your commune, it is my high comfort;
Point-device all pleasure is your port.

Court. Ab. Sir, I am the better of your noble report;
But, of your patience under the support,
If it would like you to hear my poor mind—


Court. Ab. So as ye be a prince of great might,
It is seeming your pleasure ye delight,
And to acquaint you with carnal delectation,
And to fall in acquaintance with every new fashion;
And quickly your appetites to sharpen and address,
To fasten your fancy upon a fair mistress,
That quickly is envived with ruddies of the rose,\textsuperscript{147}
Inpurtered with features after your purpose,
The strains of her veins\textsuperscript{148} as azure Indy blue,
Enbudded with beauty and colour fresh of hue,
As lily-white to look upon her lere,
Her eyen relucant as carburncle so clear,
Her mouth embalmed, delectable and merry,
Her lusty lips ruddy as the cherry:
How like you? ye lack, sir, such a lusty lass.

Magn. Ah, that were a baby to brace and to bass!
I would I had, by Him that hell did harrow,\textsuperscript{149}
With me in keeping such a Philip Sparrow!
I would hawk whilst my head did wark,\textsuperscript{150}
So I might hobby for such a lusty lark.\textsuperscript{151}
These words in mine ear they be so lustily spoken,
That on such a female my flesh would be wroken;
They touch me so thoroughly, and tickle my conceit,
That wearied I would be on such a bait:
Ah, Cock's arms, where might such one be found?

Court. Ab. Will ye spend any money?

Magn. Yea, a thousand pound.

Court. Ab. Nay, nay, for less I warrant you to be sped,\textsuperscript{152}
And brought home, and laid in your bed.
Magn. Would money, trowest thou, make such one to the call?<153>

Court. Ab. Money maketh merchants, I tell you, over all.

Magn. Why, will a mistress be won for money and for gold?

Court. Ab. Why, was not for money Troy both bought and sold? Full many a strong city and town hath been won By the means of money without any gun. A mistress, I tell you, is but a small thing; A goodly ribbon, or a gold ring, May win with a saute the fortress of the hold; But one thing I warn you, press forth and be bold.

Magn. Yea, but some be full coy and passing hard-hearted.

Court. Ab. But, blessed be our Lord, they will be soon converted.

Magn. Why, will they then be entreated, the most and the least?

Court. Ab. Yea, for omnis mulier meretrix, si celari potest.<154>

Magn. Ah, I have spied ye can much brooken sorrow.

Court. Ab. I could hold you with such talk hence till tomorrow; But if it like your Grace, more at large Me to permit my mind to discharge, I would yet show you further of my conceit.

Magn. Let see what ye say, show it straight.

Court. Ab. Wisely let these words in your mind be weighed: By wayward wilfulness let each thing be conveyed; Whatsoever ye do, follow your now will; Be it reason or none, it shall not greatly skill; Be it right or wrong, by the advice of me, Take your pleasure and use free liberty; And if you see anything against your mind, Then some occasion of quarrel ye must find, And frown it and face it, as though ye would fight, Fret yourself for anger and for despite; Hear no man, whatsoever they say, But do as ye list, and take your own way.

Magn. Thy words and my mind oddly well accord.

Court. Ab. What should ye do else? are not you a lord? Let your lust and liking stand for a law; Be wresting and writhing, and away draw. An ye see a man that with him ye be not pleased, And that your mind cannot well be eased, As if a man fortune to touch you on the quick, Then feign yourself diseased and make yourself sick: To stir up your stomach you must you forge, Call for a caudle and cast up your gorge,<155> With 'Cock's arms, rest shall I none have Till I be revenged on that whoreson knave!
Ah, how my stomach wambleth! I am all in a sweat!
Is there no whoreson that knave that will beat?'

Magn. By Cock's wounds, a wonder fellow thou art;
For oftentimes such a wambling goeth over my heart;
Yet I am not heart-sick, but that me list
For mirth I have him curried, beaten, and blist,<156>
Him that I loved not and made him to lout,
I am forthwith as whole as a trout;
For such abus ion I use now and then.

Court. Ab. It is none abus ion, sir, in a noble man,
It is a princely pleasure and a lordly mind;
Such lusts at large may not be left behind.

Here cometh in CLOAKED COLLUSION with MEASURE.

Cl. Col. Stand still here, and ye shall see
That for your sake I will fall on my knee.

Court. Ab. Sir, Sober Sadness cometh, wherefore it be? 1650

Magn. Stand up, sir, ye are welcome to me.

Cl. Col. Please it your Grace, at the contemplation <157>
Of my poor instance and supplication,
Tenderly to consider in your advertence,
Of our blessed Lord, sir, at the reverence,
Remember the good service that Measure hath you done,
And that ye will not cast him away so soon.

Magn. My friend, as touching to this your motion,
I may say to you I have but small devotion;
Howbeit, at your instance I will the rather
Do as much as for mine own father.

Cl. Col. Nay, sir, that affection ought to be reserved,
For of your Grace I have it nought deserved;
But if it like you that I might rowne in your ear
To show you my mind, I would have the less fear.

Magn. Stand a little aback, sir, and let him come hither.

Court. Ab. With a good will, sir, God speed you both together.

Cl. Col. Sir, so it is: this man is hereby,
That for him to labour he hath prayed me heartily;
Notwithstanding to you be it said,
To trust in me he is but deceived;
For, so help me God, for you he is not meet:
I speak the softlier, because he should not weet.

Magn. Come hither, Pleasure, you shall hear mine intent.
Measure, ye know well, with him I cannot be content,
And surely, as I am now advised,
I will have him reheted and despised.<158>
How say ye, sirs, herein what is best?

Court. Ab. By mine advice with you, in faith, he shall not rest.

Cl. Col. Yet, sir, reserved your better advisement. 1680
It were better he spake with you ere he went,
That he know not but that I have supplied
All that I can his matter for to speed.<159>

Magn. Now, by your troth, gave he you not a bribe?

Cl. Col. Yes, with his hand I made him to subscribe
A bill of record for an annual rent.

Court. Ab. But for all that he is like to have a glent.<160>

Cl. Col. Yea, by my troth, I shall warrant you for me,
An he go to the devil, so that I may have my fee,
What care I? 1690

Magn. By the mass, well said.

Court. Ab. What force ye, so that ye be paid?

Cl. Col. But yet, lo, I would, ere that he went,
Lest that he thought that his money were evil spent,
That ye would look on him, though it were not long.

Magn. Well canst thou help a priest to sing a song!

Cl. Col. So it is all the manner nowadays,
For to use such hafting and crafty ways.

Court. Ab. He telleth you truth, sir, as I you ensure.

Magn. Well, for thy sake I may endure 1700
That he come hither, and to give him a look
That he shall like the worse all this woke.

Cl. Col. I care not how soon he be refused,
So that I may craftily be excused.

Court. Ab. Where is he?

Cl. Col. Mary, I made him abide,
Whilst I came to you, a little here beside.

Magn. Well, call him, and let us hear him reason,
And we will be communing in the mean season.

Court. Ab. This is a wise man, sir, wheresoever ye him had. 1710

Magn. An honest person, I tell you, and a sad.

Court. Ab. He can full craftily this matter bring about.

Magn. Whilst I have him, I need nothing doubt.

Hic introducat COLLUSION MEASURE, MAGNIFICENCE aspectante vultu elatissimo
("CLOAKED COLLUSION brings MEASURE forward, while MAGNIFICENCE
looks on him very loftily." PH )

-350-
Cl. Col. By the mass, I have done that I can,  
And more than ever I did for any man:  
I trow, ye heard yourself what I said.

Meas. Nay, indeed; but I saw how ye prayed,  
And made instance for me by likelihood.

Cl. Col. Nay, I tell you, I am not wont to fode  
Them that dare put their trust in me;  
And thereof ye shall a larger proof see.

Meas. Sir, God reward you as ye have deserved:  
But think you with Magnificence I shall be reserved?

Cl. Col. By my troth, I cannot tell you that;  
But, an I were as ye, I would not set a gnat<161>  
By Magnificence, nor yet none of his,  
For, go when ye shall, of you shall he miss.

Meas. Sir, as ye say.

Cl. Col. Nay, come on with me:  
Yet once again I shall fall on my knee  
For your sake, whatsoever befall;  
I set not a fly, and all go to all.

Meas. The Holy Ghost be with your Grace.

Cl. Col. Sir, I beseech you, let pity have some place  
In your breast towards this gentleman.

Magn. I was your good lord till that ye began  
So masterfully upon you for to take  
With my servants, and such masteries gan make,<162>  
That wholly my mind with you is miscontent;  
Wherefore I will that ye be resident  
With me no longer.

Cl. Col. Say somewhat now, let see, for yourself.<163>

Meas. Sir, if I might permitted be,  
I would to you say a word or twain.

Magn. What, wouldst thou, hurdan, with me brawl again?  
Have him hence, I say, out of my sight;  
That day I see him I shall be worse all night.

Here MEASURE goeth out of the place [with COURTLY ABUSION, who, as he carries him off, exclaims]

Court. Ab. Hence, thou haynard, out of the doors fast!

Magn. Alas, my stomach fareth as it would cast!

Cl. Col. Abide, sir, abide, let me hold your head.

Magn. A bowl or a basin, I say, for God's bread!  
Ah, my head! But is the whoreson gone?  
God give him a mischief! Nay, now let me alone.
Cl. Col. A good drift, sir, a pretty feat:
By the good Lord, yet your temples beat.

Magn. Nay, so God me help, it was no great vexation,
For I am panged oftentimes of this same fashion.

Cl. Col. Cock's arms, how Pleasure plucked him forth!

Magn. Yea, walk he must, it was no better worth.

Cl. Col. Sir, now methink your heart is well eased.

Magn. Now Measure is gone I am the better pleased.

Cl. Col. So to be ruled by Measure, it is a pain.

Magn. Mary, I ween he would not be glad to come again.

Cl. Col. So I wot not what he should do here:
Where men's bellies is measured, there is no cheer;
For I hear but few men that give any praise
Unto Measure, I say, nowadays.

Magn. Measure, tut! what, the devil of hell!
Scantly one with Measure that will dwell.

Cl. Col. Not among noble men, as the world goeth:
It is no wonder therefore though ye be wroth
With Measure. Where all nobleness is, there I have passed:
They catch that catch may, keep and hold fast,
Out of all measure themselves to enrich;
No force what though his neighbour die in a ditch.
With polling and plucking out of all measure,
Thus must ye stuff and store your treasure.

Magn. Yet sometime, pardie, I must use largesse.

Cl. Col. Yea, Mary, sometime in a mess of verjuice,
As in a trifle or in a thing of nought,
As giving a thing that ye never bought:
It is the guise now, I say, over all;
Largesse in words, for rewards are but small:
To make faire promise, what are ye the worse?
Let me have the rule of your purse.

Magn. I have taken it to Largesse and Liberty.

Cl. Col. Then it is done as it should be.
But use your largesse by the advice of me,
And I shall warrant you wealth and liberty.

Magn. Say on, methink your reasons be profound.

Cl. Col. Sir, of my counsel this shall be the ground:
To choose out ii-iii of such as you love best,
And let all your fancies upon them rest;
Spare for no cost to give them pound and penny,
Better to make iii rich than for to make many;
Give them more than enough and let them not lack,
And as for all other let them truss and pack;
Pluck from an hundred, and give it to three,
Let neither patent ’scape them nor fee;
And wheresoever you will fall to a reckoning, 1800
Those three will be ready even at your beckoning,
For them shall you have at liberty to lout;
Let them have all, and the other go without:
Thus joy without measure you shall have.

Magn. Thou sayst truth, by the heart that God me gave!
For, as thou sayst, right so shall it be:
And here I make thee upon Liberty
To be supervisor, and on Largesse also,
For as thou wilt, so shall the game go;
For in Pleasure, and Surveyance, and also in thee 1810
I have set my whole felicity,
And such as you will shall lack no promotion.

Cl. Col. Sir, sith that in me ye have such devotion,
Committing to me and to my fellows twain
Your wealth and felicity, I trust we shall obtain
To do you service after your appetite.

Magn. In faith, and your service right well I shall requite;
And therefore hie you hence, and take this oversight.

Cl. Col. Now, Jesu preserve you, sir, prince most of might!

Here goeth CLOAKED COLLUSION away, and leaveth MAGNIFICENCE alone in
the place.

Magn. Thus, I say, I am environed with solace; 1820
I dread no dints of fatal destiny.
Well were that lady might stand in my grace,
Me to embrace and love most specially:
Ah, Lord, so I would halse her heartily,
So I would clip her, so I would kiss her sweet!

Here cometh in FOLLY

Fol. Mary, Christ grant ye catch no cold on your feet!

Magn. Who is this?

Fol. Conceit, sir, your own man.

Magn. What tidings with you, sir? I befool thy brain-pan!

Fol. By our lakin, sir, I have been a hawking for the wild swan. 1830
My hawk is ramage, and it happed that she ran,
Flew I should say, into an old barn
To reach at a rat, I could not her warn;
She pinched her pinion, by God, and caught harm:
It was a runner; nay, fool, I warrant her blood warm!

Magn. Ah, sir, thy gyrfalcon and thou be hanged together!
And, sir, as I was coming to you hither,
I saw a fox suck on a cow's udder,
And with a lime-rod I took them both together.
I trow it be a frost, for the way is sladder: 1840
See, for God avow, for cold as I chitter.

Magn. Thy words hang together as feathers in the wind.<165>

Fol. Ah, sir, told I not you how I did find
A knave and a churl, and all of one kind?
I saw a weathercock wag with the wind;
Great marvel I had, and mused in my mind;
The hounds ran before, and the hare behind;
I saw a losel lead a lurdan, and they were both blind;
I saw a souter go to supper ere ever he had dined.

Magn. By Cock's heart, thou art a fine merry knave. 1850

Fol. I make God avow, ye will none other men have.<166>

Magn. What sayest thou?

Fol. Mary, I pray God your mastership to save:
I shall give you a gaud of a gosling that I gave,<167>
The gander and the goose both grazing on one grave;
Then Rowland the reeve ran, and I began to rave,
And with a bristle of a boar his beard did I shave.

Magn. If ever I heard such another, God give me shame.

Fol. Sim Saddlegoose was my sire, and Dawcock<168> my dam:
I could, an I list, gar you laugh at a game, 1860
How a woodcock wrestled with a lark that was lame:
The bittern said boldly that they were to blame;
The fieldfare would have fiddled, and it would not frame;
The crane and the curlew thereat gan to grame;
The snipe snivelled in the snout and smiled at the game.

Magn. Cock's bones, heard you ever such another.

Fol. See, sir, I beseech you, Largesse my brother.

Here FANCY cometh in.

Magn. What tidings with you, sir, that you look so sad?

Fan. When ye know what I know ye will not be glad. 1870

Fol. What, Brother Brainsick, how farest thou?

Magn. Yea, let be thy japes, and tell me how
The case requireth.

Fan. Alas, alas, an heavy meeting!
I would tell you, an if I might for weeping.

Fol. What, is all your mirth now turned to sorrow?
Farewell till soon, adieu till to-morrow.

Here goeth FOLLY away.
Magn. I pray thee, Largesse, let be thy sobbing.

Fan. Alas, sir, ye are undone with stealing and robbing!
Ye sent us a supervisor for to take heed:
Take heed of yourself, for now ye have need. 1880

Magn. What, hath Sadness beguiled me so?

Fan. Nay, madness hath beguiled you and many mo:
For Liberty is gone and also Felicity.

Magn. Gone? alas, ye have undone me!

Fan. Nay, he that sent us, Cloaked Collusion,
And your painted Pleasure, Courtly Abusion,
And your demeanour with Counterfeit Countenance,
And your surveyor, Crafty Conveyance,
Ere ever we were aware brought us in adversity,
And hath robbed you quite from all felicity. 1890

Magn. Why, is this the largesse that I have used?

Fan. Nay, it was your fondness that ye have used.

Magn. And is this the credence that I gave to the letter?

Fan. Why, could not your wit serve you no better?

Magn. Why, who would have thought in you such guile?

Fan. What? yes, by the rood, sir, it was I all this while
That you trusted, and Fancy is my name;
And Folly, my brother, that made you much game.

Here cometh in ADVERSITY

Magn. Alas, who is yonder, that grimly looks?

Fan. Adieu, for I will not come in his elokes. [Here FANCY goes out] 1900

Magn. Lord, so my flesh trembleth now for dread!

Here MAGNIFICENCE is beaten down, and spoiled from all his goods and raiment.

Adver. I am Adversity, that for thy misdeed
From God am sent to quite thee thy meed.
Vile velyard, thou must now my dint withstand,
Thou must abide the dint of my hand:
Lie there, losel, for all thy pomp and pride;
Thy pleasure now with pain and trouble shall be tried.
The stroke of God, Adversity I hight;
I pluck down king, prince, lord, and knight,
I rush at them roughly, and make them lie full low,
And in their most trust I make them overthrow.
This losel was a lord, and lived at his lust,
And now, like a lurdan, he lieth in the dust:
He knew not himself, his heart was so high;
Now is there no man that will set by him a fly:
He was wont to boast, brag, and to brace:
Now dare he not for shame look one in the face:
All wordly wealth for him too little was;
Now hath he right nought, naked as an ass:
Sometime without measure he trusted in gold,
And now without measure he shall have hunger and cold.
Lo, sirs, thus I handle them all
That follow their fancies in folly to fall:
Man or woman, of what estate they be,
I counsel them beware of Adversity.
Of sorrowful servants I have many scores:
I visit them sometimes with blains and with sores;
With botches and carbuncles in care I them knit;
With the gout I make them to groan where they sit;
Some I make lepers and lazars full hoarse;
And from that they love best some I divorce;
Some with the marmoll to halt I them make;
And some to cry out of the bone-ache;
And some I visit with burning of fire;
Of some I wring of the neck like a wire;
And some I make in a rope to totter and walter;
And some for to hang themself in a halter;
And some I visit to battle, war, and murder;
And make each man to slay other;
To drown or to slay themself with a knife;
And all is for their ungracious life.
Yet sometime I strike where is none offence,
Because I would prove men of their patience.
But, nowadays, to strike I have great cause,
Lidderons so little set by God's laws.
Fathers and mothers, that be negligent,
And suffer their children to have their intent,
To guide them virtuously that will not remember,
Them or their children oft times I dismember;
Their children because that they have no meekness;
I visit their fathers and mothers with sickness;
And if I see thereby they will not amend,
Then mischief suddenly I them send;
For there is nothing that more displeaseth God
Than from their children to spare the rod
Of correction, but let them have their will;
Some I make lame, and some I do kill;
And some I strike with a frenzy;
Of some of their children I strike out the eye;
And where the father by wisdom worship hath won,
I send oft times a fool to his son.
Wherefore of Adversity look ye beware,
For when I come cometh sorrow and care:
For I strike lords of realms and lands,
That rule not by measure that they have in their hands,
That sadly rule not their household men;
I am God's prepositor, I print them with a pen;
Because of their negligence and their wanton vagues,
I visit them and strike them with many sore plagues.
To take, sirs, example of that I you tell, 1970
And beware of Adversity by my counsel,
Take heed of this caitiff that lieth here on ground;
Behold, how Fortune of him hath frowned!<172>
For though we show you this in game and play,
Yet it proveth earnest, ye may see, every day.
For now will I from this caitiff go,
And take mischief and vengeance of other mo.
That hath deserved it as well as he.
Ho, where art thou? come hither, Poverty,
Take this caitiff to thy lore.

Here cometh in POVERTY [and ADVERSITY goes out]

Pover. Ah, my bones ache, my limbs be sore;
Alas, I have the sciatica full evil in my hip!
Alas, where is youth that was wont for to skip?
I am lousy, and unliking, and full of scurf,
My colour is tawny, coloured as turf:
I am Poverty, that all men doth hate,
I am baited with dogs at every man's gate:
I am ragged and rent, as ye may see;
Full few but they have envy at me.
Now must I this carcass lift up:
He dined with delight, with Poverty he must sup.
Rise up, sir, and welcome unto me.

Hic accedat ad levandum MAGNIFICENCE et locabit eum super locum stratum
("Here he lifts up MAGNIFICENCE, and puts a coverlet over him" PH)

Magn. Alas, where is now my gold and fee?
Alas, I say, whereto am I brought?
Alas, alas, alas, I die for thought!
Pover. Sir, all this would have been thought on before:
He wotteth not what wealth is that never was sore.

Magn. Fie, fie, that ever I should be brought in this snare!
I weened once never to have known care.
Pover. Lo, such is this world! I find it writ,
In wealth to beware, and that is wit.

Magn. In wealth to beware, if I had had grace,
Never had I been brought in this case.
Pover. Now, sith it will no other be,
All that God sendeth, take it in gree;
For, though you were sometime of noble estate,
Now must you learn to beg at every man's gate.

Magn. Alas, that ever I should be so shamed!
Alas, that ever I Magnificence was named!
Alas, that ever I was so hard happed,  
In misery and wretchedness thus to be lapped!  
Alas, that I could not myself no better guide!  
Alas, in my cradle that I had not died!  

_Pover._ Yea, sir, yea, leave all this rage,  
And pray to God your sorrows to assuage:  
It is folly to grudge against his visitation.  
With heart contrite make your supplication  
Unto your Maker, that made both you and me,  
And, when it pleaseth God, better may be.  

_Magn._ Alas, I wot not what I should pray!  

_Pover._ Remember you better, sir, beware what ye say,  
For dread ye displease the high Deity.  
Put your will in his will, for surely it is he  
That may restore you again to felicity,  
And bring you again out of adversity.  
Therefore poverty look patiently ye take,  
And remember he suffered much more for your sake,  
Howbeit of all sin he was innocent,  
And ye have deserved this punishment.  

_Magn._ Alas, with cold my limbs shall be marred!  

_Pover._ Yea, sir, now must ye learn to lie hard,  
That was wont to lie on feather-beds of down;  
Now must your feet lie higher than your crown.  
Where you were wont to have caudles for your head,  
Now must you munch mammocks and lumps of bread;  
And where you had changes of rich array,  
Now lap you in a coverlet full fain that ye may;  
And where that ye were pomped with what ye would,  
Now must ye suffer both hunger and cold:  
With courtly silks ye were wont to be draw;  
Now must ye learn to lie on the straw;  
Your skin that was wrapped in shirts of Rennes,  
Now must ye be storm-beaten with showers and rains;  
Your head that was wont to be happed most droopy and drowsy,  
Now shall ye be scabbed, scurvy, and lousy.  

_Magn._ Fie on this world, full of treachery,  
That ever nobleness should lie thus wretchedly!  

_Pover._ Sir, remember the turn of Fortune's wheel,  
That wantonly can wink, and winch with her heel.  
Now she will laugh, forthwith she will frown;  
Suddenly set up, and suddenly plucked down.  
She danceth variance with mutability;  
Now all in wealth, forthwith in poverty;  
In her promise there is no sickerness;  
All her delight is set in doubleness.  

_Magn._ Alas, of Fortune I may well complain!
**Pover.** Yea, sir, yesterday will not be called again:
But yet, sir, now in this case,
Take it meekly, and thank God of his grace;
For now go I will beg for you some meat;
It is folly against God for to *plete*;
I will walk now with my beggar's bags,
And wrap you the whiles with these homely rags.

*Discendo dicat ista verba:*
("Going away, he says these words")

Ah, how my limbs be *lither* and lame!
Better it is to beg than to be hanged with shame;
Yet many had *liefer* hanged be,
Than for to beg their meat for charity:
They think it no shame to rob and steal,
Yet were they better to beg a great deal;
For by robbing they run *in manus tuas* quick <174>
But begging is better medicine for the neck;
Yea, Mary, is it, yea, so *mote* I go:
Ah, Lord God, how the gout wringeth me by the toe!

*Here MAGNIFICENCE dolorously maketh his moan.*

**Magn.** O feeble fortune, O doleful destiny!
O hateful *hap*, O *careful* cruelty!
O sighing sorrow, O thoughtful misery!
O redeless *ruth*, O painful poverty!
O dolorous heart, O hard adversity!
O odious distress, O deadly pain and woe!
For worldly shame I wax both wan and *blo*.

Where is now my wealth and my noble estate?
Where is now my treasure, my lands, and my rent?
Where is now all my servants that I had here of late?
Where is now my gold upon them that I spent?
Where is now all my rich habiliment?
Where is now my kin, my friends, and my noble blood?
Where is now all my pleasure and my wordly good?
Alas, my folly! alas, my wanton will!
I may no more speak, till I have wept my fill.

*Here cometh in LIBERTY.*

**Lib.** With, yea Mary, sirs, thus should it be:
I kissed her sweet, and she kissed me;
I danced the darling on my knee;
I *garred* her gasp, I *garred* her *glee*.
With *Dance on the lea, the lea!* <175>
I bussed that baby with heart so free;
She is the *boot* of all my *bale*, <176>
Ah so! that sigh was far-fet!
To love that lovesome I will not *let*;
My heart is wholly on her set:
I plucked her by the patlet;
   At my devise I with her met;
My fancy fairly on her I set;
So merrily singeth the nightingale!
In lust and liking my name is Liberty:
   I am desired with highest and lowest degree;
   I live as me list, I leap out at large;
Of earthly thing I have no care nor charge;
   I am president of princes, I prick them with pride.<177>
What is he living that Liberty would lack?
A thousand pound with Liberty may hold no tack;
   At liberty a man may be bold for to break;
Wealth without liberty goeth all to wrack.
But yet, sirs, hardly one thing learn of me:
   I warn you beware of too much liberty,
For totum in toto<178> is not worth an haw;<179>
Too hardy, or too much, too free of the daw;<180>
Too sober, too sad, too subtle, too wise;
Too merry, too mad, too giggling, too nice;
Too full of fancies, too lordly, too proud;
   Too homely, too holy, too lewd, and too loud;
   Too flattering, too smattering, too too out of harre;
   Too clattering, too chattering, too short, and too far;
   Too jetting, too jagging, and too full of japes;
   Too mocking, too mowing, too like a jackanapes:
Thus totum in toto<178> growth up, as ye may see,
By means of madness, and too much liberty;
   For I am a virtue, if I be well used,
   And I am a vice where I am abused.

Magn. Ah, woe worth thee, Liberty, now thou sayst full true!
That I used thee too much, sore may I rue.
Lib. What, a very vengeance, I say, who is that?
What brothel,<181> I say, is yonder bound in a mat?
Magn. I am Magnificence, that sometime thy master was.

Lib. What, is the world thus come to pass?
Cock's arms, sirs, will ye not see
   How he is undone by the means of me?
For if Measure had ruled Liberty as he began,
This lurdan that here lieth had been a nobleman.
But he abused so his free liberty,
   That now he hath lost all his felicity,
Not through largesse of liberal expense,
   But by the way of fancy insolence;
For liberality is most convenient
A prince to use with all his whole intent,
Largely rewarding them that have deserved,
And so shall a nobleman nobly be served:
But nowadays as hucksters they huck and they stick,
And pinch at the payment of a pudding-prick;
A laudable largesse, I tell you, for a lord,
To prate for the patching of a potsherd!
Spare for the spence of a noble, that his honour might save,
And spend c. s.<182> for the pleasure of a knave!
But so long they reckon with their reasons amiss,
That they lose their liberty and all that there is.

Magn. Alas, that ever I occupied<183> such abusion!

Lib. Yea, for now it hath brought thee to confusion:
For, where I am occupied and used wilfully,
It cannot continue long prosperously;
As evidently in reckless youth you may see,
How many come to mischief for too much liberty:
And some in the world their brain is so idle,
That they set their children to run on the bridle,
In youth to be wanton and let them have their will;
And they never thrive in their age, it shall not greatly skill:
Some fall to folly themself for to spill,
And some fall preaching at the Tower Hill;<184>
Some hath so much liberty of one thing and other
That neither they set by father nor mother;
Some have so much liberty that they fear no sin,
Till, as ye see many times, they shame all their kin.

I am so lusty to look on, so fresh, and so free,
That nuns will leave their holiness, and run after me;
Friars with folly I make them so fain,
They cast up their obedience to catch me again,
At liberty to wander and walk over all,
That lustily they leap sometime their cloister wall.

Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro post populum.
("Here someone blows a horn behind the audience" PH)

Yonder is a whoreson for me doth recheat;
Adieu, sirs, for I think lest that I come too late. [Here LIBERTY goes out]

Magn. O good Lord, how long shall I endure
This misery, this careful wretchedness?
Of worldly wealth, alas, who can be sure?
In Fortune's friendship there is no steadfastness:
She hath deceived me with her doubleness.
For to be wise all men may learn of me,
In wealth to beware of hard adversity.

Here cometh in CRAFTY CONVEYANCE and CLOAKED COLLUSION, with a lusty laughter.

Cr. Con. Ha, ha, ha! for laughter I am like to brast.

Cl. Col. Ha, ha, ha! for sport I am like to spew and cast.<185>

Cr. Con. What hath thou gotted, in faith, to thy share?
Cl. Col. In faith, of his coffers the bottoms are bare.
Cr. Con. As for his plate of silver, and such trash, 
I warrant you, I have given it a lash. 2190
Cl. Col. What, then he may drink out of a stone cruse?
Cr. Con. With, yea, sir, by Jesu that slain was with Jews!
He may rinse a pitcher, for his plate is to wed.
Cl. Col. In faith, and he may dream on a dagswain for any feather-bed.
Cr. Con. By my troth, we have rifled him meetly well!
Cl. Col. Yea, but thank me thereof every deal.
Cr. Con. Thank thee thereof, in the devil's date!
Cl. Col. Leave thy prating, or else I shall lay thee on thy pate.
Cr. Con. Nay, to wrangle, I warrant thee, it is but a stone-cast. 2200
Cl. Col. By the mass, I shall cleave thy head to the waist.
Cr. Con. Yea, wilt thou cleanly cleave me in the cleft with thy nose?
Cl. Col. I shall thrust in thee my dagger—
Cr. Con. Through the leg into the hose.
Cl. Col. Nay, whoreson, here is my glove; take it up, an thou dare.
Cr. Con. Turd, thou art good to be a man of war.
Cl. Col. I shall skelp thee on the scalp; lo, seest thou that?
Cr. Con. What, wilt thou skelp me? thou dare not look on a gnat.
Cl. Col. By Cock's bones, I shall bless thee, an thou be too bold.
Cr. Con. Nay, then thou wilt ding the devil, an thou be not hold. 2210
Cl. Col. But wottest thou, whoreson? I rede thee to be wise.
Cr. Con. Now I rede thee beware, I have warned thee twice.
Cl. Col. Why, weenest thou that I forbear thee for thine own sake?
Cr. Con. Peace, or I shall wring thy be in a brake. 2220
Cl. Col. Hold thy hand, daw, off thy dagger, and stint of thy din,
Or I shall falchion thy flesh, and scrape thee on the skin.
Cr. Con. Yea, wilt thou, hangman? I say, thou cavell!
Cl. Col. Nay, thou rude ravener, rain-beaten javel! 2210
Cr. Con. What, thou Colyn Coward, known and tried!
Cl. Col. Nay, thou false-hearted dastard, thou dare not abide!
Cr. Con. An if there were none to displease but thou and I,
Thou should not scape, whoreson, but thou should die.
Cl. Col. Nay, I shall wring thee, whoreson, on the wrist.
Cr. Con. Mary, I defy thy best and thy worst.
Here comes in COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE.<193>

C. Count. What, a very vengeance, need all these words? Go together by the heads, and give me your swords.

Cl. Col. So he is the worst brawler that ever was born.

Cr. Con. In faith, so to suffer thee, it is but a scorn.

C. Count. Now let us be all one, and let us live in rest, For we be, sirs, but a few of the best. 2230

Cl. Col. By the mass, man, thou shalt find me reasonable.

Cr. Con. In faith, and I will be to reason agreeable.

C. Count. Then I trust to God and the holy rood, Here shall be no great shedding of blood.

Cl. Col. By our lakin, sir, not by my will.

Cr. Con. By the faith that I owe to God, and I will sit still.

C. Count. Well said: But, in faith, what was your quarrel?

Cl. Col. Mary, sir, this gentleman called me a javel.

Cr. Con. Nay, by Saint Mary, it was ye called me knave.

Cl. Col. Mary, so ungodly language you me gave. 2240

C. Count. Ah, shall we have more of these matters yet? Methink ye are not greatly encumbered with wit.

Cr. Con. God's foot, I warrant you I am a gentleman born, And thus, to be faced I think it great scorn.

C. Count. I cannot well tell of your dispositions; An ye be a gentleman, ye have knavish conditions.

Cl. Col. By God, I tell you I will not be out-faced!

Cr. Con. By the mass, I warrant thee, I will not be braced.

C. Count. Tush, tush, it is a great default: The one of you is too proud, the other is too haut. 2250
Tell me briefly whereupon ye began.

Cl. Col. Mary, sir, he said that he was the prettier man Than I was, in opening of locks; And, I tell you, I disdain much of his mocks.

Cr. Con. Thou saw never yet but I did my part, The lock of a casket to make to start.

C. Count. Nay, I know well enough ye are both well-handed To grope a gardeviance<194>, though it be well banded.

Cl. Col. I am the better yet in a budget.

Cr. Con. And I the better in a male. 2260

C. Count. Tush, these matters that ye move are but sops in ale: Your trimming and tramming by me must be tanged,<195>
For, had I not been, ye both had been hanged,
When we with Magnificence goods made chevisaunce.<196>
Magn. And therefore our Lord send you a very vengeance!
C. Count. What beggar art thou that thus doth ban and warray?<197>
Magn. Ye be the thieves, I say, away my goods did carry.
Cl. Col. Cock's bones, thou beggar, what is thy name?
Magn. Magnificence I was, whom ye have brought to shame.
C. Count. Yea, but trow you, sirs, that this is he? 2270
Cr. Con. Go we near, and let us see.
Cl. Col. By Cock's bones, it is the same.
Magn. Alas, alas, sirs, ye are to blame!
I was your master, though ye think it scorn,
And now on me ye gaure and spurn.
C. Count. Lie still, lie still now, with ill-hail!
Cr. Con. Yea, for thy language, cannot thee avail.
Cl. Col. Abide, sir, abide, I shall make him to piss.
Magn. Now give me somewhat, for God's sake I crave!
Cr. Con. In faith, I give thee four quarters of a knave. 2280
C. Count. In faith, and I bequeath him the tooth-ache.
Cl. Col. And I bequeath him the bone-ache.
Cr. Con. And I bequeath him the gout and the gin.
Cl. Col. And I bequeath him sorrow for his sin.
C. Count. And I give him Christ's curse,
With never a penny in his purse.
Cr. Con. And I give him the cough, the murr, and the pose.
Cl. Col. Yea, for requiem aeternam growth forth of his nose<199>. But now let us make merry and good cheer!
C. Count. And to the tavern let us draw near. 2290
Cr. Con. And from thence to the half street,<200> To get us there some fresh meat.
Cl. Col. Why, is there any store of raw mutton<201>
C. Count. Yea, in faith, or else thou art too great a glutton.
Cr. Con. But they say it is a queasy meat;<202> It will strike a man mischievously in a heat.
Cl. Col. In fay, man, some ribs of the mutton be so rank, That they will fire one ungraciously in the flank.
Yea, and when ye come out of the shop, Ye shall be clapped with a collop, That will make you to halt and to hop.

Some be rested there that they think on it forty days, For there be whores there at all assays.

For the passion of God, let us go thither! <203>

Et cum festinatione descendat a loco.  
("And they go hurriedly out of the place " PH)

Alas, mine own servants to show me such reproach,  
Thus to rebuke me, and have me in despite!  
So shamefully to me, their master, to approach,  
That sometime was a noble prince of might!  
Alas, to live longer I have no delight!  
For to live in misery it is harder than death:  
I am weary of the world, for unkindness me slayeth.

Des. Despair is my name, that Adversity doth follow:  
In time of distress I am ready at hand;  
I make heavy hearts with even full hollow;  
Of fervent charity I quench out the brand;  
Faith and Goodhope I make aside to stand;  
In God's mercy, I tell them, is but folly to trust;  
All grace and pity I lay in the dust.  
What, liest thou there lingering, lewdly and loathsome?  
It is too late now thy sins to repent;  
Thou hast been so wayward, so wrangling, and so wrathsome,  
And so far thou art behind of thy rent,  
And so ungraciously thy days thou hast spent,  
That thou art not worthy to look God in the face.

Nay, nay, man, I look never to have part of his grace;  
For I have so ungraciously my life misused,  
Though I ask mercy, I must needs be refused.

No, no, for thy sins be so exceeding far,  
So innumerable and so full of despite,  
And against thy Maker thou hast made such war,  
That thou canst not have never mercy in his sight.

Alas, my wickedness, that may I wite!  
But now I see well there is no better rede,  
But sigh and sorrow, and wish myself dead.

Yea, rid thyself, rather than this life for to lead;  
The world waxeth weary of thee, thou livest too long.
Mis. And I, Mischief, am come at need,
Out of thy life thee for to lead:
And look that it be not long
Ere that thyself thou go hang
With this halter good and strong;
Or else with this knife cut out a tongue
Of thy throat-boll<204>, and rid thee out of pain:
Thou art not the first himself hath slain.
Lo, here is thy knife and a halter! and, ere we go further,
Spare not thyself, but boldly thee murther.

Des. Yea, have done at once without delay.

Magn. Shall I myself hang with an halter? nay;
Nay, rather will I chose to rid me of this life
In sticking myself with this faire knife.

Here MAGNIFICENCE would slay himself with a knife.

Mis. Alarum, alarum! too long we abide! <205>

Des. Out, harrow<206>, hell burneth! where shall I me hide?

Hic intrat GOODHOPE fugientibus DESPAIR et MISCHIEF: repente GOODHOPE
surripiat illi gladium, et dicat:

("Enter GOODHOPE, driving away DESPAIR and MISCHIEF: quickly
GOODHOPE snatches away the knife, and says:" PH)

Good. Alas, dear son, sore cumbered is thy mind,
Thyself that thou would slay against nature and kind!

Magn. Ah, blessed may ye be, sir! what shall I you call?

Good. Goodhope, sir, my name is; remedy principal
Against all sautes of your ghostly foe:
Who knoweth me, himself may never slo.

Magn. Alas, sir, so I am lapped in adversity,
That Despair well-nigh had mischieved me!
For, had ye not the sooner been my refuge,
Of damnation I had been drawn in the luge.

Good. Undoubted ye had lost yourself eternally:
There is no man may sin more mortally
Than of wanhope through the unhappy ways,
By mischief to breviate and shorten his days:
But, my good son, learn from Despair to flee,
Wind you from wanhope, and acquaint you with me.
A great misadventure, thy Maker to displease,
Thyself mischieving to thine endless disease!
There was never so hard a storm of misery
But through Goodhope there may come remedy.

Magn. Your words be more sweeter than any precious nard,
They mollify so easily my heart that was so hard;
There is no balm, ne gum of Araby.
More delectable than your language to me.
Good. Sir, your physician is the grace of God,
That you hath punished with his sharp rod.
Goodhope, your pothecary assigned am I.
That God's grace hath vexed you sharply,
And pained you with a purgation of odious poverty,
Mixed with bitter aloes of hard adversity;
Now must I make you an electuary soft,
I to minister it, you to receive it oft,
With rhubarb of repentance in you for to rest;
With drams of devotion your diet must be drest;
With gums ghostly of glad heart and mind,
To thank God of his sond, and comfort ye shall find.
Put from you presumption and admit humility,
And heartily thank God of your adversity;
And love that Lord that for your love was dead,
Wounded from the foot to the crown of the head.
For who loveth God can ail nothing but good;
He may help you, He may mend your mood.
Prosperity toHim<207> is given solaciously to man,
Adversity by Him therewith now and then;
Health of body his business to achieve,
Disease and sickness his conscience to discrive,
Affliction and trouble to prove his patience,
Contradiction to prove his sapience,
Grace of assistance his measure to declare,
Sometime to fall, another time to beware:
And now ye have had, sir, a wondrous fall,
To learn you hereafter for to beware withal.
How say you, sir? can ye these words grope?

Magn. Yea, sir, now am I armed with Goodhope,
And sore I repent me of my wilfulness;
I ask God mercy of my negligence<208>
Under Goodhope enduring ever still,
Me humbly committing unto God's will.

Good. Then shall you be soon delivered from distress,
For now I see coming to youward Redress.

Hic Intrat REDRESS
("Enter REDRESS")

Red. Christ be among you, and the Holy Ghost!
Good. He be your conduct, the Lord of mights most!
Red. Sir, is your patient anything amended?
Good. Yea, sir, he is sorry for that he hath offended.
Red. How feel you yourself, my friend? how is your mind?
Magn. A wretched man, sir, to my Maker unkind.
Red. Yea, but have ye repented with heart contrite?
Magn. Sir, the repentance I have no man can write.

Red. And have ye banished from you all despair?

Magn. Yea, wholly to Goodhope I have made my repair.

Good. Questionless he doth me assure
In goodhope alway for to endure.

Red. Then stand up, sir, in God's name!
And I trust to ratify and amend your fame.
Goodhope, I pray you with hearty affection
To send over to me Sad Circumspection.

Good. Sir, your request shall not be delayed.

Et Exeat
("And he goes out")

Red. Now surely, Magnificence, I am right well apayed
Of that I see you now in the state of grace;
Now shall ye be renewed with solace:
Take now upon you this habiliment,
And to that I say give good advertisement.

MAGNIFICENCE accipiat indumentum
("MAGNIFICENCE takes the garment.")

Magn. To your request I shall be comformable.

Red. First, I say, with mind firm and stable
Determine to amend all your wanton excess,
And be ruled by me, which am called Redress:
Redress my name is, that little am I used
As the world requireth, but rather I am refused:
Redress should be at the reckoning in every account,
And specially to redress that were out of joint:
Full many things there be that lacketh redress,
The which were too long now to express;
But redress is redeless, and may do no correction.
Now welcome, forsooth, Sad Circumspection.

Sad Cir. Sir, after your message I hied me hither straight,
For to understand your pleasure and also your mind.

Red. Sir, to account you the continue of my conceit,
Is from adversity Magnificence to unbind.

Sad Cir. How fortuned you, Magnificence, so far to fall behind?

Magn. Sir, the long absence of you, Sad Circumspection,
Caused me of Adversity to fall in subjection.

Red. All that he saith, of truth doth proceed;
For where Sad Circumspection is long out of the way,
Of Adversity it is to stand in dread.
Sad Cir. Without fail, sir, that is no nay; Circumspection inhateth all running astray. But, sir, by me to rule first ye began.

Magn. My wilfulness, sir, excuse I ne can.

Sad Cir. Then of folly in times past you repent?

Magn. Soothly, to repent me I have great cause. Howbeit, from you I received a letter Which contained in it a special clause That I should use largesse.

Sad Cir. Nay, sir, there a pause.

Red. Yet let us see this matter thoroughly engrossed.

Magn. Sir, this letter ye sent to me, at Pontoise was enclosed.

Sad Cir. Who brought you that letter, wote ye what he hight?

Magn. Largesse, sir, by his credence was his name.

Sad Cir. This letter ye speak of, never did I write.

Red. To give so hasty credence ye were much to blame.

Magn. Truth it is, sir; for after he wrought me much shame, And caused me also to use too much Liberty, And made also Measure to be put from me.

Red. Then Wealth with you might in no wise abide.

Sad Cir. Ah ha! Fancy and Folly met with you, I trow.

Red. It would be found so, if it were well tried.

Magn. Surely my wealth with them was overthrow.

Sad Cir. Remember you, therefore, how late ye were low.

Red. Yea, and beware of unhappy abusion.

Sad Cir. And keep you from counterfeiting of Cloaked Collusion.

Magn. Sir, in Goodhope I am to amend.

Red. Use not then your countenance for to counterfeit.

Sad Cir. And from crafters and hafters I you forfend.

Hic Intrat PERSEVERANCE
(You know what Hic intrat means by now, surely?)

Magn. Well, sir, after your counsel my mind I will set.

Red. What, brother Perseverance! surely well met.

Sad Cir. Ye come hither as well as can be thought.

Per. I heard say that Adversity with Magnificence had fought.

Magn. Yea, sir, with Adversity I have been vexed. But Goodhope and Redress hath mended mine estate, And Sad Circumspection to me they have annexed.
Red. What this man hath said, perceive ye his sentence?<214>

Magn. Yea, sir, from him my courage shall never flit.

Sad Cir. According to truth they be well devised.

Magn. Sirs, I am agreed to abide your ordinance, 2500
Faithful assurance with good peradversion.

Per. If you be so minded, we be right glad.

Red. And ye shall have more worship than ever ye had.

Magn. Well, I perceive in you there is much sadness, 2510
Gravity of counsel, providence, and wit;
Your comfortable advice and wit exceedeth all gladness.
But friendly I will refrain you further, ere we flit,<215>
Whereto were most meely my courage to knit:
Your minds I beseech you herein to express,
Commencing this process at Master Redress.

Red. Sith unto me foremost this process is erected, 2520
Herein I will aforce me to show you my mind.
First, from your magnificence, sin must be abjected,
In all works more grace shall ye find; 2530
Be gentle then of courage and learn to be kind,
For of nobleness the chief point is to be liberal.
So that your largesse be not too prodigal.

Sad Cir. Liberty to a lord belongeth of right, 2540
But wilful waywardness must walk out of the way;
Measure of your lusts must have the oversight,
And not all the niggard nor the chincherd to play;
Let never niggardship your nobleness affray;
In your rewards use such moderation
That nothing be given without consideration.

Per. To the increase of your honour then arm you with right, 2550
And fumously address you with magnanimity;
And ever let the dread of God be in your sight;
And know yourself mortal, for all your dignity;
Set not all your affiance in Fortune full of guile;
Remember this life lasteth but a while.

Magn. Redress, in my remembrance your lesson shall rest, 2560
And Sad Circumspection I mark in my mind:
But, Perseverance, meseemeth your problem was best;
I shall it never forget, nor leave it behind, 2570
But wholly to Perseverance myself I will bind,
Of that I have misdone to make a redress,
And with Sad Circumspection correct my wantonness.

Red. Unto this process briefly compiled,<216>
Comprehending the world casual and transitory,
Who list to consider shall never be beguiled,
If it be registered well in memory;
A plain example of worldly vain-glory,
How in this world there is no sickerness,
But fallible flattery enmixed with bitterness;
Now well, now woe, now high, now low degree,
Now rich, now poor, now whole, now in disease,
Now pleasure at large, now in captivity,
Now lief, now loath, now please, now displease,
Now ebb, now flow, now increase, now decrease;
So in this world there is no sickerness,
But fallible flattery enmixed with bitterness;

Sad Cir. A mirror encircled is this interlude,
This life inconstant for to behold and see;
Suddenly advanced, and suddenly subdued,
Suddenly riches, and suddenly poverty,
Suddenly comfort, and suddenly adversity;
Suddenly thus Fortune can both smile and frown,
Suddenly set up, and suddenly cast down;
Suddenly promoted, and suddenly put back,
Suddenly cherished, and suddenly cast aside,
Suddenly commended, and suddenly find a lack,
Suddenly granted, and suddenly denied,
Suddenly hid, and suddenly espied;
Suddenly thus Fortune can both smile and frown,
Suddenly set up, and suddenly cast down.

Per. This treatise, devised to make you disport,
Showeth nowadays how the world cumbered is,
To the pith of the matter who list to resort;
To-day it is well, to-morrow it is all amiss,
To-day in delight, to-morrow bare of bliss,
To-day a lord, to-morrow lie in the dust;
Thus in the world there is no earthly trust;
To-day fair weather, to-morrow a stormy rage,
To-day hot, to-morrow outrageous cold,
To-day a yeoman, to-morrow made a page,
To-day in surety, to-morrow bought and sold,
To-day masterfast, to-morrow he hath no hold,
To-day a man, to-morrow he lieth in the dust;
Thus in this world there is no earthly trust.

Magn. This matter we have moved, you mirthful to make,
Pressly purposed under pretence of play,
Showeth wisdom to them that wisdom can take,
How suddenly worldly wealth doth decay,
How wisdom through wantonness vanisheth away,
How none estate living of himself can be sure,
For the wealth of this world cannot endure;
Of the terrestre rechery we fall in the flood,
Beaten with storms of many a froward blast,
Ensored with the waves savage and wood.
Without our ship be sure, it is likely to brast,
Yet of magnificence oft made is the mast;
Thus none estate living of him can be sure,
For the wealth of this world cannot endure.

Red. Now seemeth us sitting that ye then resort
Home to your palace with joy and royalty.

Sad Cir. Where everything is ordained after your noble port.

Per. There to endure with all felicity.

Magn. I am content, my friends, that it so be.

Red. And ye that have heard this disport and game,
Jesus preserve you from endless woe and shame!

Amen
NOTES TO MAGNIFICENCE.

1. That this piece was composed subsequently to the year 1515 seems evident from the mention made in one place [v. 283] of "King Lewis of France," as an example of liberality [and as dead]; and this could only mean Louis XII who died in that year, as his immediate predecessor of that name [who died in 1483] was the most niggardly of wretches." MS. note by Ritson in a transcript of Magnificence.

2. probate] In our author's Garland of Laurel mention is made of

"Macrobius that did trete
Of Scipions dream what was the true probate."

v. 367

where probate is proof, meaning, or, perhaps, interpretation: but in what sense Skelton uses the word here I cannot determine [Qy. trial, touchstone ?], the greater part of this speech being beyond my comprehension.

3. The amends thereof is far to call again] i.e. apparently, the amends, cure, is far to seek.

4. made to the lure] See note 12 to Ware the Hawk

5. Mary] i.e. By the Virgin Mary.


7. in the mew] i.e. in confinement,—properly, the place in which hawks were kept, or in which fowls were fattened.

8. a cue] i.e. half a farthing. "Cu, half a farthing, or q., Calcul." Prompt. Parvul. ed. Way. p. 106. Q. should seem to stand for quadrans, a farthing; but Minshow, who finished his first edition in Oxford, says it was only half that sum, and thus particularly explains it: "Because they set down in the battling or buttery books in Oxford and Cam bridge, the letter q. for half a farthing, and in Oxford, when they make that cue or q. a farthing, they say, cap my q., and make it a farthing thus "q/" Nares's Glossary.

It seems possible that cue or q. may have been an abbreviation of "calculus, quarta pars oboli." Way's note in v.

9. Somewhat I could infer
Your conceit to debar] i.e. I could bring in somewhat to hinder, contravene, your conception of the subject. So again in our author's Garland of Laurel;

"Madame, your apposal is well inferred,
And at your advantage quickly it is
Touched, and hard for to be debarred."

v. 141.

10. the surplus of my saw] i.e. the remainder of my saying.

11. wonder] I may observe that the Roxburgh reprint, without authority, and against the sense, has "no wonder."
12. To you I arret it, and cast
Thereof the reformation] So Skelton again;

"Sith unto me foremost this process is aretted." 
\[2507\] of the present drama.

"Arreting unto your wise examination
How all that I do is under reformation."

_Garland of Laurel, v. 410._

He has also,

"Arreting my sight toward the zodiac." Id. v. 1.

"My supplication to you I arret." Id. v. 55.

_Arret_ in our early writers frequently signifies—impute, a meaning foreign to the present passages: in the two last cited, there can be no doubt that it is used in the sense of—raise: in the others it seems to mean—offer, refer.

13. Come off, therefore, let see] Compare Chaucer;

-- let see, come off, and say."

_Court of Love—Works_, fol. 331. ed. 1602.

and Reynard the Fox; "Why tarry ye thus long, come off." Sig. b 7. ed. 1481: and _Morte d'Arthur_; "Come off then said they all, and do hit." Book xx. cap. iii. vol. ii. 394. ed. Southey.


15. Horatius to record] i.e. Horace to witness. See _Odes_, Bk II, X.

16. Measure is treasure] Lydgate mentions this as "an old proverb: "see his verses on Moderation, _MS. Harl._ 2251. fol. 29, and his poem beginning "Men writ of old how measure is treasure." Id. 2255. fol. 143.

17. All trebles and tenors be ruled by a mean] "Intercentus, a mean of a song." _Ortus Vocab._ fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d. In the notes on Shakespeare, in Todd's _Johnson's Dict. &c._, _mean_ is wrongly explained—tenor: what the _mean_ was, depended entirely on the nature of the composition.

18. it is no mastery] i.e. what you say requires no masterly skill.

"So me help God! quoth Bevis theo.
It were no mastery me to slo,
For this is the fourth day agone
Meat ne drink ne bit I none."


"That is little mastery said Sir Launcelot, to slay mine horse." _Morte d'Arthur_, B. xix. c. iii. vol. ii. 369. ed. Southey.

19. sitting] i.e. proper, becoming,—a word very common in our early poetry (altered unnecessarily to "fitting" in the Roxburgh reprint of this piece).

20. Had I wist!] i.e. of a mistake which you may have cause to repent. See note 7 to _The Death of King Edward IV_.

-374-
The Poetical Works

21. *a popping fool*] "He is a popped fool or a stark fool for the nonce. *Homo fatuitate monstrabilis.*" Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. P iii. ed. 1530. And see note 15 to *A Replication, &c.*

22. *Here is none forceth whether you float or sink*] So Chaucer;

"Him recketh never whether she float or sink."
Annel. and Ar.,—Works, fol. 244. ed. 1602.

23. *benedicite*] "Bless you"

24. *King Lewis*] i.e. King Louis the Twelfth: see note 1.

25. *Jack shall have Jill*] So Heywood;

"Come chat at home, all is well, Jack shall have Jill."
Dialogue, sig. F 3.—Works, ed. 1598.

26. *Doncaster cuts*] i.e. Doncaster horses.—Cut was a term for a common horse, from its having the tail cut short.

27. *Go, shake the dog, hey*] See note 10 to *Verses Against Dundas*

28. *your noble estate*] Equivalent to—your noble lordship.

29. *Pountesse*] i.e Pointoise, near Paris

30. *Magn. By your sooth?*] Ed. prefixes "Fancy" to these words, and omits the prefix to the next speech.

31. *They bare me in hand that I was a spy*] i.e. They accused me, laid to my charge, that, &c.

"This false knight, that hath this treason wrought,
Bereth her in hand that she hath done this thing."

"What crime or evil mayest thou bear me in hand of: Quel crime ou mal me peuls tu mettre sus."
Palsgrave, p. 450. "Many be borne in hand of a fault, and punished therefor, that were never guilty. *Plerique facinoris insimulantur,*" &c. Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. m i. ed. 1530. This expression occurs with a different shade of meaning in our author's *Why come ye not to Court,—*

"He beareth the king on hand,
That he must pill his land" &c.
* v. 449.

32. *And would have made me Friar Tuck,
To preach out of the pillory hole*] An allusion to the punishment called *collistrigium*, a kind of pillory in which the head (or the head and hands) was confined in holes, so that the prisoner would bear a ludicrous resemblance to a preacher bending over his pulpit.

33. *antetheme*] So in the absurd story of Skelton's preaching, *Merry Tales*, Tale vii "I say, as I said before in my antetheme, vos estis."

34. *made largesse as I hight*] i.e. made donation of money according to my name (Fancy's assumed name being Largesse, see *v. 272*)

35. *great estates*] i.e. persons of great estate or rank.
36. *measure is a merry mean*] Heywood in his *Epigrams upon Proverbs* has ten on "Measure is a merry mean." Sig. N --Works, ed. 1598.

37. *Hic descedat &c.] This stage-direction is not quite correct, for C. Count. enters as Fancy is going off, and detains him for the next few lines


39. *to put the stone*] i.e. to throw the stone above hand, from the uplifted hand, for trial of strength.

40. *to fight*] Qy. "to flyte"—scold (a word used elsewhere by Skelton), or "to sight"—see next line but two.

41. *at all assays*] i.e. in all sorts of trials or enterprises. Occurs again in v. 2303. "At all assays, En tous poynys, or a tous poynys." Palsgrave, p. 831. "He is a friend at all assays. Omnim horarum amicus est." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. Y ed. 1530.

42. *I counterfeit sugar that is but found*] This line seems to be corrupt.

43. *fayty bone geyte*] Perhaps corrupted French—*fait a bon get or geste*. ("Makes a good story").


"Yet a point of the new jet to tell will I not blyn."

*Juditium,—Towneley Mysteries*, p 312.

45. *Margery Milk Duck*] See note 55 to *The Tunning of Elynour Rumming*.

46. *knuckleboneyard*] i.e. a rude clown. Compare Palsgrave's Acolastus, 1540; "Do I reign here on this fashion, being a swineherd amongst swine of Boeatia. i.e. amongst a meiny of Jack-hold-my-staves, or *knuckleboneyards*, being but of late a king," &c.

Sig. Y iii.; and Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c.,—

He is a *knuckleboneyard* very meet
To match a minion neither fair nor sweet."

Sig. D 4.,—Works, ed. 1598.

47. *Sure Surveyance I named me*] Ed. gives this line to C. Count., and the next speech to Cr.Con. Compare v. 652

48. *For, like as mustard is sharp of taste*] Qy. A line wanting to rhyme with this?

49. *the iurde hayt.*] Words (French perhaps) which I do not understand

50. *Here is a leash of ratches to run a hare*] The ratch hunted by scent and was useless against hares.

51. *a captivity*] "a" is rather, I suspect, a misprint for, than used in the sense of "in": compare v. 2543.

52. *Sir, the plainness you tell me.*] Ed. prefixes Crafty. Con. to these words, and omits the prefix to the next line.—Qy. for the rhyme,="you me tell?" *The plainness* = the plain fact.

53. *By the arms of Calais*] The same exclamation occurs in *The Bowge of Court*:

"The arms of Calais, I have no coin nor cross!"

v. 398

54. *Huffa, huffa*] See note 25 to *Poems Against Garnesche*
55. *Rutty bully*] "The initial words of some old song." Hawkins' *History of Music*, iii. 41. Also occurs in *Against a Comely Custron*:

"He lumb'reth on a lewd lute Rutty bully joys."

v. 29.

56. *jolly rutterkyn, heyda*] Occurs in a song preserved in the Fairfax MS. which once belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and is now among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum (5465, fol. 114):

"Hoyda, jolly rutterkin, heyda,
Like a rutterkin, heyda!
Rutterkin is come unto our town,
In a cloak, without coat or gown,
Save a ragged hood to cover his crown,
Like a rutter, heyda!

Rutterkin can speak no English,
His tongue runneth all on buttered fish,
Besmeared with grease about his dish,
Like a rutter, heyda!

Rutterkin shall bring you all good luck,
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,
Till his brain be as wise as a duck,
Like a rutter, heyda!

When rutterkin from board will rise,
He will piss a gallon pot full at twice,
And the overplus under the table, of the new guise,
Like a rutter, heyda!"

Sir John Hawkins printed the above song (with the music) and tells us that it "is supposed to be a satire on those drunken Flemings who came into England with the princess Anne of Cleve, upon her marriage with king Hen. vili." Hist. of Music, iii. 2. But if it be the very song quoted in our text, it must allude to "rutterkins" of a considerably earlier period; and, as the Fairfax MS. contains two other pieces which are certainly known to be from Skelton's pen, there is a probability that this also was composed by him. Court. Ab. in his next speech but one says, "am not I a jolly rutter?" and (v. 846)

"My robe rusheth
So ruttingly."

*Rutter*, which properly means—a rider, a trooper (Germ. *reiter, reuter*), came to be employed, like its diminutive *rutterkin*, as a cant term, and with various significations, (see Hormanni Vulgaria, sig q iii. ed. 1530; Drant's *Horace His Art of Poetry*, pistles, &c. sig. D ii. ed. 1567). When Court. Ab. asks "am not I a jolly rutter?" he evidently uses the word in the sense of—dashing fellow, gallant, alluding to his dress, on which he afterwards enlarges in a soliloquy. In v. 805 Cr. Con. terms him "this jolly jetter."

Compare the following passage of Medwall's *Interlude of Nature*, n. d;

"And when he is in such array,
There goeth a rutter, men will say,
a rutter, huff a gallant." Sig. d ii

57. *De que pays estes vous?*] Fr. "From what country are you?"
58. *Et faciat tanquam exiat beretrum cornice* Qy. *"exuat (or rather, exueret) barretrum (i.e. pileum) ironice?"*—which would = "With an ironical air he makes as if to doff his hat."

59. *Say vous chanter, Venter tre dawce?* i.e. *Savez vous chanter* (Fr. "Do you know how to sing"), &c.: the last three words of the line seem to be the beginning of some French song.

60. *Wyda* i.e. *Oui da!* (Fr. "Yes indeed!")

61. *stand utter* i.e. stand out, back.

62. *a beetle, or a batowe or a buskin laced*] In *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d., besides *"Feritorium. anglice a batting staff, a battledore or a beetle,"* we find *"Porticulus. anglice a little hand staff or a beetle."* For "batowe" I have proposed *"batone"* (baton), a conjecture which is somewhat supported by the preceding word; but it seems more probable that the right reading is *"botowe,"* i.e. boot, for the work above cited has *"Ocree . . . anglice boots or botwes [ed. 1514—botowes],"* and *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499 gives *"Botewe. Coturnus. (A buskin boot)"

63. Jack Hare] See note 51 to *Ware the Hawk.*

64. *By God's foot, &c.*] Here the prefixes to the speeches are surely wrong, but as I am doubtful how they ought to be assigned, I have not ventured to alter them. Qy.

   *"Court. Ab. By God's foot, an I dare well fight, for I will not start."

   *Cl. Col.* Nay, thou art a man good enough but for thy false heart.

   *Court. Ab.* Well, an I be a coward, there is more than I.

   *Cl. Col.* Yea, in faith a bold man and a hardy;
   A bold man in a bowl of new ale in corns!

   *Court. Ab.* Will ye see," &c.

65. *ale in corns*] i.e. just drawn off the malt: see note 53 to the *Tunning of Elynour Rumming.*

66. *bark*] qy. crake?

67. *Bearest thou any room?*] i.e. Do you hold any office?

68. *for the arms of the dice*] Some cant exclamation.

69. *thou wouldest*] Qy, for the rhyme, "thou wouldest, ye?"

70. *we will be advised twice*] i.e. we will consider of it twice.

71. *My hair busheth*] So Barclay, alluding to the "new fashions and disguised garments" of the time;

   "To Ship, gallants, come near, I say again,
   With your set bushes curling as men of Inde."

   *The Ship of Fools,* fol. 8. ed. 1570.

72. *To dance delight*] So afterwards, Magnificence, exulting in his prosperity, says, "I dance all in delight," v. 1510.

73. *My sleeve is wide*] So Barclay describes the young gallants of the time with "Their sleeves blazing like to a Crane's wings." *The Ship of Fools,* fol. 8. ed. 1570. Wide
sleeves are also mentioned in the following curious passage of Medwall's *Interlude of Nature*, n. d. (written before the year 1500); the speaker is Pride:

"Behold the bonnet upon my head,
a staring colour of scarlet red;
I promise you a fine thread,
and a soft wool.
It cost me a noble at one pitch,
The scald capper swore sythyche
That it cost him even as much,
But there Pride had a pull.
I love it well to have side here
Half a wote beneath mine ear;
For ever more I stand in fear
That mine neck should take cold.
I knit it up all the night,
and the day time comb it down right,
And then it crispeith and shineth as bright
as any pirled gold.
My doublet is unlaced before
A stomacher of satin and no more.
Rain it, snow it, never so sore,
Me thinketh I am too hot.
Then have I such a short gown,
With wide sleeves that hang adown,
They would make some lad in this town
a doublet and a coat.
Some men would think that this were pride;
But it is not so; ho, ho, abide,
I have a dagger by my side,
yet thereof spake not I.
I bought this dagger at the mart,
A sharp point and a tart,
He that had it in his hart
Were as good to die.
Than have I a sword or twain;
To bear them my self it were a pain;
They are so heavy that I am fain
to purvey such a lad;
Though I say it, a pretty boy,
It is half my life's joy;
He maketh me laugh with many a toy,
The urchin is so mad." Sig. c ii

74. *to to* | So in v. 2121;
"Too flattering, too smattering, too too out of harre."

Compare *Harry Whobal's moan to M. Camell*, &c. (folio broadside among the "flytings" of Churchyard and Camell;)

"My master Harry Whoball, sir, is too too shameful wroth.

. . . .
. . . for drink is too too nappy."

Ray gives "*Too too will in two. Chesh.*" *Proverbs*, p. 163. ed. 1768.
75. *Each man take a fee*] there seems to be some corruption of the text here. Qy."Each man to accuse."

76. *From out of France*] So Barclay;

"Reduce courtiers clearly unto your remembrance,
From whence this disguising was brought wherein ye go,
As I remember it was brought out of France."


Borde, in his *Boke of knowledge*, introduces a French man saying,

"I am full of new inventions,
And daily I do make new toys and fashions:
All nations of me example do take,
When any garment they go about to make."

Sig. T. reprint.

77. *A Tyburn check*] i.e. a hangman's rope.

78. *out of harre*] i.e. out of hinge, out of order: see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*

and *Suppl.* in v. *Har.*

"There nas no door that he nolde heave of harre."
("There was no door that he could not lift off its hinges")

*Cant. Tales.* v. 552. ed. Wright.

The expression occurs again in v. 2121; and is found in the *Towneley Myst.* and G. Douglas's Virgil's *Aen.*

79. *an hawk of the tower*] So again our author in the *Garland of Laurel*;

"Genteel as falcon
Or hawk of the tower."

v. 1006.

i.e., says Warton, "in the King's mews in the Tower," *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 355. ed. 4to: and the following lines occur in a poem called *Harmony of Birds*, n. d. (attributed without authority to Skelton), reprinted entire in *Typograph. Antiq.* iv. 380. ed. Dibdin;

"The Hawks did sing,
Their bells did ring,
They said they came fro the tower.
*We hold with the king*
And will for him sing
To God, day, night, and hour."

p. 383.

But I apprehend that by a *hawk of the tower* Skelton means—a hawk that towers aloft, takes a station high in the air, and thence swoops upon her prey. Juliana Berners mentions certain hawks which *ben hawks of the tower.* *Book of St. Albans*, sig. c. v. : and Turbervile says; "She [the hobby] is of the number of those Hawkes that are high flying and tower Hawks." *Book of Falconry*, p. 53. ed. 1611.

80. *in the devil's date*] See note 44 to *The Bowge of Court.*

81. *he playeth the state*] i.e. he playeth the person of consequence.

82. *thou jettset it of height*] i.e. thou struttest it in high style.

83. *let us be wise*] Equivalent to—let us understand.
84. *come off, it were done*] The expression "come off" has occurred before; see note 13 above. Compare Mary Magdalene:

"Come off, ye harlots that it were done."

Magnus Herodes:

"Hence now go your way that ye were there."
Townley Mysteries. p. 147.

Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*;

"Sir knave, make haste Diccon were here."
Sig. E 3. ed. 1575.

See too our author's *Garland of Laurel*, v. 243.

85. *There is many evil favoured, an thou be foul*] i.e. There is many a one ill-looking, if thou be ugly: see note 44 to *Philip Sparrow*.

86. *Barbed like a nun*] "The feathers under the beak [of a hawk] ben called the Barb feathers." *Book of Saint Albans*, sig. a 5. Barb is explained by Tyrwhitt to mean a hood or muffler, which covered the lower part of the face and the shoulders; *Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales*; and he refers to Du Cange in v. Barbuta. According to Strutt, it was a piece of white plaited linen, and belonged properly to mourning: in an edict concerning "The order and manner of apparel for great estates of women in time of mourning," made by the mother of Henry vii. in the 8th year of his reign, we find "Every one not being under the degree of a Baroness to ware a barb above [Strutt prints by mistake—"about"] the chin. And all other: as knights' wives, to wear it under their throats, and other gentlewomen beneath the throat goyll." *MS. Harl. 1354. fol. 12. See Dress and Habits*, pp. 323, 325, 326, 368, and plate cxxxv.

87. *I rede, we cease*] i.e. I advise that we cease.

88. *The devil speed whit!*] i.e. The devil speed it not at all. So again in our author's *Why come ye not to Court*;

"For as for wit,
*The devil speed whit!*
V. 1013.

89. *a pear*] used frequently by our early writers for a thing of no value. "Vain glory of the world, the which is not worth a pear." *Morte d'Arthur*, B. xv. cap. vi. vol. ii. 254. ed. Southey.

90. *Make a windmill of a mat*] Compare *Against venomous Tongues*, v. 14

91.  *blunder*] See note 38 above.

92. *thy lips hangs in thine eye*] So in *Th'interlude of Youth*, n. d.;

"Fain of him I would have a sight,
But my lips hang in my light."
Sig. A iiiii.


93.  *pilled*] i.e. bald—mangy: see note 39 to *Poems against Garnesch.*

94. *Mackemurre*] A proper name, (McMurrough) though not printed as such in the old copy:
The great O'Neill, and Makmurre also,  
And all the lords and kings of Ireland."

Harding's *Chronicle*, fol. cxlix. ed. 1543.

95. *budge fur*] "Budge or Lamb's fur." Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues*. In an order respecting the scholastic habit in the University of Cambridge, dated 1414, (quoted by Todd from Farmer's papers, in a note on Milton's *Comus*, v. 707,) mention is made of "furruris buggeis aut aquis." ("Budge or lamb's fur")

96. *thou wilt cough me a daw*] daw, i.e. simpleton. So in the fourth line after this, "ye shall *cough me a fool:*"; and in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594; "I know he will cough for anger that I yield not, but he shall *cough me a fool* for his labour." Sig. B 2.

97. *so high fro me doth spring*] i.e. doth grow so much taller than I.

98. *there is mine*] Qy., for the rhyme, "my purse?"

99. *For God's cope*] So we find as an oath, "By God's blue hood." *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, p. 5, ed. 1661.

100. *Now take thou my dog, and give me thy fowl*] Qy. A line wanting to rhyme with this?

101. *Aungey*] Does it mean Angers, or Anjou?

102. *cattle*] i.e. beast.

103. *Nil, nihilum, nihil anglice, nifles*] "Nothing, nothing, nothing, in English, nifles." *Nifles* is a word sufficiently explained by the context, and of frequent occurrence. So in *A Merry Play between Johan the Husband, Tyb his Wife, and Sir John the Priest, 1533, attributed to Heywood*;

"By God, I would ye had hawk the trifles,  
The toys, the mocks, the fables, and the *nifles*,  
That I made thy husband to believe and think."  
p. 21. reprint.

104. *vilis imago.*] "a cheap picture." Between this line and the next, ed. has "*Versus*".

105. *play well at the hoddypeak*]—*hoddypeak* is a common term of contempt or reproach (as in our author's *Why come ye not to Court*, v. 326.), and is generally equivalent to—fool. The original meaning of the word is altogether uncertain. Steevens note on *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (explains it—hodmandod (shell-snail); and Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) is inclined to agree with him. [Qy. compounded of *hoddy*, i.e. doddy, stupid, and *peke*, fool?] In a passage of Dunbar's *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins* (Poems, i. 51. ed. Laing), "*hud-pykis*" has been explained (on account of the context)—misers. In Cotgrave's *Dict.* is "*Noddy peke.*"

106. *In a coat thou can play well the disour*] Disour i.e. a low jester, tale-teller, mimic. Ang. Sax. *dysig*, foolish, dizzy, &c. "Disour, that cannot be sad (i.e. serious). Bomolochus." *Prompt. Parvul*. Way. "Disour, a scoffer, saigefol." Palsgrave, p. 214. "He can play the *disour* with a counterfeit face properly. *Morionem scite representat.*" Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. bb iii. ed. 1530. "One that were skilled in the crafti of *disour* or scoffing fellows." Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, 1540. sig. H ii.

107. *how put he you*?] Qy. for the rhyme, "you there?"

108. *Sir John*] A contemptuous name for a priest; here, for a simpleton in general.

109. *cockwat*] See note 12 to *The Bowge of Court*. 

-382-
110. *regardez, voyez.*] "Look, see"

111. *thou hast lost*] Qy. for the rhyme, "for thou hast lost now?"

112. *John a Bonam*] One of the persons who figure in the old metrical tale, *The Hunting of the Hare*, is called "Jac of Bonam:" see Weber's *Met. Rom.* iii. 279.


"Theft also and petty *bribery.*"

v. 1370 of the present drama.

"Some have a name for theft and *bribery.*"

*Garland of Laurel*, v. 183.

So too in *The High Way to the Spital House*, by Copland, n. d.;

"*Bribe, and convey*, from master and mistress."

Uterson's *Early Pop. Poet*. ii. 37.

and in *Gentleness and Nobility*, n. d. (attributed without reason to Heywood);

"*For bribe* and steal every thing they will,
If they may secretly come thereuntil."

Sig. B

"Divide me like a *brib'd* buck, each a haunch."

*Merry W. of W*. v. 5. (Cited by Halliwell.)

Other passages might be cited from various poets. And see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss*. to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, and Richardson's *Dict*. Page 58.v. 1244.

114. *He frowneth fiercely, brimly browed,*

*The knave would make it coy, an he could*]—*fiercely* and *brimly* are nearly synonymous: *make it coy* means here-affect (not merely reserve, but) haughtiness;—

and so in our author's *Bowge of Court,*—

"*He bot* the lip, he looked passing *coy.*"

v. 288.

115. *I make him lose much of their strength*] "*Him*" should be *them*. Compare l. 427 above. Perhaps these inconsistencies may have arisen from contractions in the MS.

116. *Simkin Titivell*] See note 57 to *Colyn Cloute*.

117. *Howe*] i.e. ho! stop!

"*Ye shall have ay quhill* you cry *ho.*"

*Philotus*, sig. B. ed. 1612.

"*Great God defend I should be one of tho Quhilk of their feud and malice never ho.*"


119. to sheer shaking nought] i.e. to sheer nothing. So in our author's Elynour Rumming, (v. 466), that lady pronounces a couple of stunted goslings to be "sheer shaking nought," i.e. sheer worthless.

120. a sleight.] Ed. "Shift" Compare v. 687 & v. 964 where "sleight" is the rhyme to "conceit".

121. Away the mare!] See note 18 to The Tunning of Elynour Rumming.

122. a room . . in every rout] i.e. a place in every crowd, assembly.

123. doth face and brace:] See note 4 to Against the Scots.

124. an hobby can make larks to dare]—to dare, i.e. to lurk, lie hid. So in the poem The Doughty Duke of Albany:

"Therein, like a roil,
Sir Duncan, ye dared."

v. 270.

"... let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks."

Henry VIII. Act. III. Sc. 2.

To dare larks was an expression applied to the catching of larks by terrifying them; and there were several modes of daring them. When the hobby (a small hawk, see note 70 to Philip Sparrow) was employed for that purpose, the larks lay still in terror till a net was thrown over them.—On the word dare, see Notes & Queries, vol. vii. p. 542.

125. That I crave] Qy., for the rhyme "craved?"

126. hooks unhappy] i.e. knavish chaps.—hooks, a word frequently applied to persons as a term of reproach. "Unhappy of manners, maulvays." Palsgrave, p. 328. So in Jack Juggler, n.d.;

"Lo, yonder cometh that unhappy hook."


and in Heywood's Dialogue, &c.;

"Since thou art cross sailed, avale, unhappy hook."

Sig. E,—Works, ed. 1598.

127. Had I wist] i.e. repenting too late. See note 7 to The Death of King Edward IV.

128. Ye have eaten sauce] Compare our author's Bowge of Court, v. 72.

129. bear a brain] i.e. look out, take heed.

130. What, can ye agree thus and appose?]—and appose, i.e. and yet keep questioning, disputing: "He was apposed, or examined of his belief. De religione apellatus est." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. D ii. Ed. 1530.


132. Take it in worth] i.e. Be satisfied with it. See note 16 to Against a Comely Custron.

133. And get thou] Qy. "You?", see note 115 above.

134. And the other another await] Qy. "Another time"?
The Poetical Works

135. *For now, sirs, I am like as a prince should be &c.*] This speech of Magnificence is very much in the style of Herod in the old miracle-plays: see, for instance, the *Coventry Mysteries, MS. Cott. Vesp. D.* viii. fol. 92. sqq. (In ed. this speech is given to Fancy)

136. *abandon*] i.e. subject completely.

"For *abandoned* will he not be to *berne* that is born."

(i.e. "For he will not be subject to any man born")

*Tollegros and Gawain*, p. 142,
– *Sir Gawaine*, &c.

"Till all to you *abandoned* be."


137. *may be seen*] Qy. "May beseem?"

138. *Basian the bold, for all his bribance*] *Basian* is, I suppose, Antoninus Bassianus Caracalla (he is called "*Basian*" in Robert of Gloucester's *Chron.* p. 76. sqq.);

*bribance* would seem to mean—plundering (properly, pilfering); see note 113 above.

139. *the Gothiaunce*] i.e. the Goths.

140. *on mould*] i.e. on the earth.

141. *Galba, whom his gallants garred for to gasp*] i.e. (I suppose) the Roman Emperor Galba, whom his gallants (soldiers) made to gasp:—they assassinated him.

142. *Vespasian, that bore in his nose a wasp*] This passage is explained by the following lines of a poem never printed, entitled *The Siege of Jerusalem*:

"His father Vespasian ferly betide;  
A *bye* of wasps bred in his nose,  
Hived up in his head he had hem of thought,  
And Vespasian is called by cause of his wasps."


143. *I shall frounce them on the foretop*] To *frounce* is—to wrinkle, ruffle up, &c. In our author's *Phillip Sparrow*, v. 1340. Charon is described as having a "*frounced foretop*; "and in his *Colyn Cloute*, v. 533, "fore top" means simply—head, pate.

144. *take it in degree*] Seems equivalent here to—*take it in gree* (which occurs in v. 2005), i.e. take it kindly: see note 14 to *Against a Comely Custron*.

145. *elect utterance*] i.e. choice expression.

146. *fieffed and seised*] i.e. enfeoffed and seised,—law-terms.

147. *That quickly is envived with ruddies of the rose*] i.e. That is quickly enlivened with hues, or complexion, of the rose. This somewhat pleonastic expression is found again in our author's *Garland of Laurel*;

"*Envived* pictures well touched and *quickly.*"

v. 1161.

148. *The strains of her veins*] i.e. The runnings of her veins.

"Rills rising out of every bank,  
In wild meanders strain."

Drayton's *Muses Elizium*, p. 2. ed. 1630.

149. *by Him that hell did harrow*] i.e. by our Saviour: see note 145 to *Philip Sparrow*. 

-385-

151. hobby for such a lusty lark] See note 124 above. The same metaphorical use of this expression occurs in our author's Colyn Cloute, v. 194.

152. to be sped] i.e. to be made successful.

153. make such one to the call] A metaphor from falconry.

154. omnis mulier meretrix, si celari potest.] "Every woman is a whore, if she can do it in secret."

155. cast up your gorge] i.e. vomit up what you have swallowed.

156. blist] i.e. wounded,—thumped.

"Your lazy bones I pretend so to bliss,
That you shall have small lust to prate any more."
The Trial of Treasure, 1567. sig. A. iii.

157. at the contemplation] i.e. at the request of. Thus in The Garland of Laurel:

"Of my Lady's grace at the contemplation,
Out of French into English prose,
Of Man's Life the Peregrination,
He did translate, interpret, and disclose."
v. 1221.

Compare also Holinshed; "At the contemplation of this Cardinal, the King lent to the Emperor a great sum of money." Chron (Hen viii) vol iii. 839 ed. 1587.

158. I will have him reheted and despised] Our early poets frequently use rehete in the sense of—revive, cheer; a meaning foreign to the present passage. In the Towneley Mysteries, we find "rehett" and "rehete," pp. 143, 198, which the Gloss. explains "to threaten;" qv. if rightly? In some copies of Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, B. iii. 350, is "reheting;" of which, says Tyrwhitt (Gloss. to Cant. Tales), "I can make no sense," In G. Douglas's Virgil's Aeneidos, B.xiii. p.467. l.53 ed. Rudd., and in the Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy, Dunbar's Poems, ii. 74, 80. ed. Laing, is "rehatoure," which has been referred to the French rehair: and perhaps rehayted in our text is—re-hated (Skelton afterwards in this piece, v. 2458, has the uncommon word inhateth). [Transcriber's Note: OED gives two meanings for rehete: "to cheer, comfort or encourage" and "to attack, persecute", which latter is clearly the meaning here.]

159. for to speed] i.e. to advance his affairs.

160. But for all that he is like to have a glent] Glent is frequently found in the sense of—glance; but its meaning here, as would seem from the context, is—slip, fall: and in our author's Garland of Laurel we find,

"Go softly, she said, the stones be full glint [i. e, slippery]."
v. 572.

161. set a gnat by] i.e. value at a gnat, care a gnat for.

162. such masteries gan make]—such masteries, i.e. such disturbances from the consequence which you assumed; and see note 18 above.
The Poetical Works

163. let see, for yourself] Qy. for the rhyme, "for yourself let see?"—unless "for yourself" was intended to form the commencement of the next verse.

164. my hawk is ramage] "Ramage is when a Hawk is wild, coy, or disdainful to the man, and contrary to be reclaimed." Latham's Falconry (Explan. of Words of Art), 1658.

165. Thy words hang together as feathers in the wind.] An expression which occurs again in our author's Speak, Parrot, v. 295. So too in a comedy, The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art, &c. Newly compiled by W. Wager, n. d.;

"A song much like th'author of the same,
It hangeth together like feathers in the wind."
Sig. D. ii.

166. other men have] qy. "man?"

167. I shall give you a gaud of a gosling that I gave] Gaud is found in the sense of—jest, trick, toy, &c.: but the line (perhaps corrupted) is beyond my comprehension.

168. Dawcock] See note 25 to The Bowge of Court.

169. your surveyor] Ed. "Supervisor:" compare v. 1414; v. 652, &c. Cl.Col has just been made "supervisor", see v. 1808.

170. Some with the marmoll to halt I them make]—marmoll, i.e. old sore, ulcer, gangrene. "Marmoll, a sore, loup." Palsgrave, p. 243. Skelton recollected Chaucer;

"But great harm was it, as it thought me,
That on his shin a mormal had he."
Prol. to Cant. Tales, v. 387.

on which passage see Tyrwhitt's note.

171. And some I visit to battle, war, and murder.] for to, qy. "with?" Compare lines 1927, 1934 or rather change the manuscript vysyte, "visit" to yncyte, "incite".


173. unliking] i.e. in poor condition of body. "The strength and lustiness, or well liking of my body." Palsgrave's Acolastus, 1540. sig. U iii. "I am withered," says Falstaff, "like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking." Shakespeare's Henry IV. Part I. act iii. sc. 3.

174. they run in manus tuas quick] i.e. they quickly come to be hanged, when they say In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. "Into your hands, Lord, I commend my soul."

175. dance on the lea] A fragment, it would seem, of some song.

176. the boot of all my bale] i.e. the remedy or help of all my evil or sorrow.

"God send every good man boot of his bale."
Chaucer's Canon's Yeoman's Tale, v. 16949. ed. Tyr.

177. I am president of princes, I prick them with pride] Qy. A line wanting to rhyme with this?

178. toto in tot] "all in all"

179. not worth an haw] A common expression in our early poetry;
"Your woe appease which is not worth an haw."
Lydgate's Wars of Troy, B. ii. sig. I iii. ed. 1555.

(A haw is the edible but uninteresting fruit of the whitethorn bush)

180. Too free of the daw] Equivalent, I suppose, to—too much fooling: see note 25 to The Bowge of Court.

181. brothel] Was formerly applied as a term of reproach to the worthless of either sex:

"Of this day glad was many a brothel
That might have an oar with Cock Laurel."
Cock Laurel's Boat, n. d. sig. C

182. c. s.] i.e. a hundred shillings, or five pounds, an enormous sum in Skelton's time.

183. occupied] Though our author, according to his occasionally pleonastic style, has in the next line but one "occupied and used," the words are synonymous: see note 8 to The Death of King Edward IV.

184. some fall preaching at the Tower Hill] Qy. "fall to preaching"? So in Th'interlude of Youth, n. d.;

"By our Lady he did promote thee
To make thee preach at the gallows tree."
Sig. B i.

185. spew and cast] One of Skelton's pleonasms.

186. a dagswain] i.e. a rough sort of coverlet. "Dagswain. Lodex." Prompt. Parv. ed. 1499. "My bedde is cowered with a dagswain and a quilt . . . gausape . . . " —"Some dagswains have long thums & jags on both sides: some but on one." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. g iii. ed. 1530.


188. in the devil's date] See note 44 to The Bowge of Court

189. ding the devil]—ding, i.e. strike, knock. So again in our author's poem The Doughty Duke of Albany;

"And the devil down ding."

Compare The Droichis Part of the Play, attributed to Dunbar;

"That dang the devil, and gart him yowl."
Dunbar's Poems, ii. 38. ed. Laing.

190. wring thy be in a brake] Some cant expression: brake, see note 44 to The Tunning of Elynour Running and note 128 to Why come ye not to Court.

191. cavell] "Kevil, Kephyl, A horse, contemptuously applied to a person, 'Thou girt (i.e. great) kevil.'" The Dialect of Craven, &c. Compare Lydgate's verses, entitled in the Catalogue, Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues;

"I saw a kevell corpulent of stature,
Like a mattress raddled was his coat," &c.
MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 132.
192. Javel] "Javel. Ioppus." Prompt. Parv. ed. 1499. Of this common term of contempt (which Skelton uses in other passages) the meaning and etymology are uncertain. Todd (Johnson's Dict. in v.) explains it "A wandering or dirty fellow;" shows that it is sometimes written jabel; and would derive it from the verb, javel, jable, or jarble, to bemire, to bedew. Nares (Gloss. in v.) refers it to the French javelle, which sometimes means "a faggot of brushwood or other worthless materials." The compiler of the Gloss. to The Towneley Mysteries (under Hawvelle) considers it equivalent to—jabberer. [It has not been suggested that this word may be only a shortened form of javelonne, jevellone, jailer. The Lieutenant of the Tower, advising Sir Thos. More to put on worse clothes at his execution, gave this reason, "because he that is to have them is but a Javel" Halliwell's Dict.]

193. Here cometh in COUNTERFEIT COUNTENANCE] Ed., besides omitting this stage direction, leaves the two following lines unappropriated.

194. gardieviance] In a note on Dunbar's Friar of Tungland, Lord Hailes observes that gardyvians is "literally garde de viande, or cupboard; but there it implies his cabinet;" and Mr. D. Laing adds, "rather, a portable cabinet." Dunbar's Poems, ii. 243. Skelton appears to use the word in the sense of—trunk. ["Scrinio; a casket or forsar, a gardiviance' Elyot. 1559." Halliwell's Dict.]

195. Your trimming and tramming by me must be tanged] The reader will hardly expect that I should attempt any precise explanation of this line.

196. When we with Magnificence goods made chevisaunce]—chevisaunce, i.e. booty. Compare Gower;

"Right as a thief makes his chevisaunce,
And robbeth men's goods about," &c.

197. ban and warray] "I warray, I ban or curse. Je mauldis." Palsgrave, p. 772. Barclay is even more pleonastic than Skelton;

"And your unkindness warray, ban and curse."
The Ship of Fools, fol. 22. ed. 1570.

198. gauire] i.e. stare: see Tyrwhitt's Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales. Yet Palsgrave has "I Gauire, I cry, Je hue. Howe he gauireth after his hawk: Comment il heue apres son oiseau." p. 561.

199. requiem aeternam growth forth of his nose] requiem aeternam = "eternal rest" i.e. death. Heywood has a similar expression;

"Hunger droppeth even out of both their noses."
Dialogue, &c. sig. D 4.—Works, ed. 1598.

And Cotgrave; "Chishe-face . . . one out of whose nose hunger drops." Dict.

200. the half street] On the Bank-side, Southwark,—where the stews (i.e. brothels) were: it is mentioned in the following curious passage of Cock Laurel's Boat, n. d. (where the "wind from Winchester" alludes to the temporary suppression of the Southwark stews at the intercession of the Bishop of Winchester);

"Sir this pardon is new found
Beside London Bridge, in a holy ground
Late called the Stews Bank.
Ye know well all that there was
Some religious women in that place,
To whom men offered many a franc,
And because they were so kind and liberal,
A marvellous adventure there is befall.
If ye list to hear how,
There came such a wind from Winchester,
That blew these women over the river,
In wherry, as I will you tell,
Some at saint Katherine's struck aground,
And many in Holborn were found.
Some at saint Giles, I trow,
Also in Ave Maria Alley, and at Westminster,
And some in Shoreditch drew thither,
With great lamentation;
And by cause they have lost that fair place,
They will build at Colman Hedge in space
Another noble mansion,
Fairer and ever the Half Street was.
For every house new paved is with grass,
Shall be full of fair flowers;
The walls shall be of hawthorn, wot well,
And hanged with white motley it sweet doth smell;
Green shall be the colours,
And as for this old place, these wenches holy
They will not have it called the stews for folly,
But maketh it Strawberry Bank." Sig. B iv.

201. *mutton*] Long after Skelton's time, as the readers of our early dramatists will recollect, *mutton* was a favourite cant term for a prostitute.


"I pray you fill you not to much of the *mutton*;
I promise you that it is very *queasy.*" Sig. A.

203. *For the passion of God, let us go thither!*] Qy. A line wanting to rhyme with this?


205. *Mis. Alarum, alarum! too long we abide!*] Ed. Mag.n.


207. *Prosperity to Him*] Qy. "by Him?"
208. negligence] Qy., did Skelton write, for the rhyme, "neglygesse?"
209. Red. First, I say, with mind firm and stable] Ed. leaves this speech unappropriated.
210. to account you the continue of my conceit] i.e. to tell you the continuation, the rest, of my conceit, conception.
211. that is no nay] i.e. that is not to be denied.
212. inhateth] Skelton's fondness for compound words has been already noticed (see note 2 to The Bowge of Court) and here most probably inhateth was not intended to convey a stronger meaning than—hateth.
213. from you I received a letter] Qy. for the rhyme, "a letter sent?"
214. Red. What this man hath said, perceive ye his sentence?] Qy. Some corruption? This line ought to rhyme with the preceding line but one. Qy. "conceit?"
215. I will refrain you further, ere we flit] i.e. I will question you farther before we remove (refrain being here, it would seem, according to Skelton's use of such compounds, equivalent to the simple, and not uncommon word,—frayne).
216. this process] i.e. this drama of Magnificence: (so presently, "this interlude" v. 2548, "this treatise" v. 2562, "this matter" v. 2576: see also v. 2506)
217. Pressly purposed] i.e. Briefly discoursed.
218. the terrestre rechery] If "rechery" be the right reading, I know not what it means. Qy. "treachery? "as before, v. 2046.

"Fie on this world, full of treachery."
219. Ensorded] Could only, I presume, mean—defiled; but qy. As the context seems to require, "Ensorbed," i.e. sucked in, swallowed?
COLYN CLOUTE

<1>
[From the ed. by Kele, n.d., collated with the ed. by Kytson, n.d., with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568, and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2252, fol. 147.]

HERE AFTER FOLLOWETH A LITTLE BOOK CALLED COLYN CLOUTE,
COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

Quis consurget mecum adversus malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo, Domine! <2>

WHAT can it avail
To drive forth a snail,<3>
Or to make a sail
Of an herring's tail;
To rhyme or to rail,
To write or to indite,
Either for delight
Or else for despite;
Or books to compile
Of divers manner style,
Vice to revile
And sin to exile;
To teach or to preach,
As reason will reach?
Say this, and say that,
His head is so fat,
He wotteth never what
Nor whereof he speaketh;
He crieth and he creaketh,
He prieth and he peeketh,<4> 20
He chides and he chatters,
He prates and he patters,
He clitters and he clatters,
He meddles and he smatters,
He gloses and he flatters;
Or if he speak plain,
Then he lacketh brain,
He is but a fool;
Let him go to school,
On a three-footed stool
That he may down sit,
For he lacketh wit.
And if that he hit
The nail on the head,
It standeth in no stead;
The Devil, they say, is dead,<5>
The Devil is dead.

-392-
It may well so be,  
Or else they would see  
Otherwise, and flee  
From worldly vanity,  
And foul covetousness,  
And other wretchedness,  
Fickle falseness,  
Variableness,  
With unstableness.

And if ye stand in doubt  
Who brought this rhyme about,  
My name is Colyn Cloute.  
I purpose to shake out  
All my conning bag,<6>  
Like a clerkly hag;<7>  
For though my rhyme be ragged,<8>  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely rain-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten,  
If ye take well therewith,  
It hath in it some pith.  
For, as far as I can see,  
It is wrong with each degree:  
For the temporality  
Accuseth the spirituality;  
The spiritual again  
Doth grudge and complain  
Upon the temporal men:  
Thus each of other bother  
The one again the other.  
Alas, they make me shudder!  
For in hugger-mugger  
The Church is put in fault;  
The prelates ben so haut,  
They say, and look so high,  
As though they would fly  
Above the starry sky.  
Laymen say, indeed,  
How they take no heed  
Their silly sheep to feed,  
But pluck away and pull  
The fleeces of their wool,  
Unneth they leave a lock  
Of wool among their flock;  
And as for their conning,  
A glumming and a mumming,<9>  
And make thereof a jape;  
They gasp and they gape  
All to have promotion,
There is their whole devotion,  
With money, if it will hap,  
To catch the forked cap.<10>  
Forsooth they are too lewd  
To say so, all beshrewed!

What trow ye they say more  
Of the bishops' lore?  
How in matters they be raw,  
They lumber forth the law,  
To hearken Jack and Gill,  
When they put up a bill,  
And judge it as they will,  
For other men's skill,<11>  
Expounding out their clauses,  
And leave their own causes.  
In their provincial cure  
They make but little sure,  
And meddle very light  
In the Church's right;  
But ire and venire,<12>  
And solfa so alamire,<13>  
That the praemunire  
Is like to be set afire  
In their jurisdictions  
Through temporal afflictions:  
Men say they have prescriptions  
Against spiritual contradictions,  
Accounting them as fictions.  

And while the heads do this,  
The remnant is amiss  
Of the clergy all,  
Both great and small.  
I wot never how they wark,  
But thus the people bark;<14>  
And surely thus they say,  
Bishops, if they may,  
Small houses would keep,  
Not slumber forth and sleep,  
And essay to creep  
Within the noble walls  
Of the king's halls,  
To fat their bodies full,  
Their souls lean and dull,  
And have full little care  
How evil their sheep fare.  

The temporality say plain,  
How bishops disdain  
Sermons for to make,  
Or such labour to take;
And, for to say truth,
A great part is for sloth,
But the greatest part
Is for they have but small art
And right slender conning
Within their heads wonning.<15>
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerkes out of measure,
And yet that is a pleasure.
Howbeit some there be,
Almost two or three,
Of that dignity,
Full worshipful clerks,
As appeareth by their Works,
Like Aaron and Ure,<16>
The wolf from the door
To werrin and to keep
From their ghostly sheep,
And their spiritual lambs
Sequestered from rams
And from the bearded goats
With their hairy coats;
Set nought by gold ne groats,
Their names if I durst tell!
But they are loth to mell,
And loth to hang the bell
About the cat's neck,<17>
For dread to have a check;
They are fain to play deuz deck<18>
They are made for the beck.<19>
Howbeit they are good men,
Much hearted like an hen:
Their lessons forgotten they have
That Becket them gave:
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia,
Spernit damna, spernit opprobria,
Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.<20>
But now every spiritual father,
Men say, they had rather
Spend much of their share
Than to be cumbered with care:
Spend! nay, nay, but spare;
For let see who that dare
Shoe the mockish mare;<21>
They make her wince and kick,
But it is not worth a leek.<22>
Boldness is to seek
The Church for to defend.
Take me as I intend,
For loth I am to offend
In this that I have penned:
I tell you as men say.
Amend when ye may,
For, *usque ad montem Sare,*<23>
Men say ye cannot appare
For some say ye hunt in parks,
And hawk on *hobby larks,*<24>
And other wanton warks,
When the night darks.

What hath laymen to do
The gray goose for to shoe?<25>
Like hounds of hell,
They cry and they yell,
How that ye sell
The grace of the Holy Ghost:
Thus they make their boast
Throughout every coast,
How some of you do eat
In Lenten season flesh meat,
Pheasants, partridge, and cranes;
Men call you therefore profanes;
Ye pick no shrimps nor prawns,
Salt-fish, stock-fish, nor herring.
It is not for your wearing;
Nor in holy Lenten season
Ye will neither beans ne peason,
But ye look to be let loose
To a pig or to a goose,
Your gorge not endewed
Without a capon stewed,<26>
Or a stewed cock,<27>
To know what is o'clock
Under her surfled smock,<28>
And her wanton woodcock.

And how when ye give orders
In your provincial borders,
As at *Sitientes,*
Some are *insufficientes,*
Some *parum sapientes,*
Some *nihil intelligentes,*
Some *valde negligentes,*
Some *nullum sensum habentes,*<29>
But bestial and untaught;
But when they have once caught
*Dominus vobiscum* by the head<30>,
Then run they in every stead,<31>
God wot, with drunken rolls;
Yet take they cure of souls,
And wotteth never what they read,
Paternoster, Ave, nor Creed;
Construe not worth a whistle
Neither Gospel nor Epistle;
Their matins madly said, 240
Nothing devoutly prayed;
Their learning is so small,
Their primes and hours fall
And leap out of their lips
Like sawdust or dry chips.
I speak not now of all,
But the most part in general.
Of such vagabundus 32
Speaketh totus mundus; 34
How some sing Laetabundus 35
At every ale stake,
With, Welcome, hake and make! 36

By the bread that God brake,
I am sorry for your sake.
I speak not of the good wife,
But of their apostles life;
Cum ipsis vel illis
Qui manent in villis
Est uxor vel ancilla, 37

Welcome Jack and Gylla! 260
My pretty Petronilla,
An you will be stilla,
You shall have your willa!
Of such Paternoster peaks

All the world speaks.
In you the fault is supposed,
For that they are not apposed
By just examination
In conning and conversation;
They have none instruction 270
To make a true construction:
A priest without a letter,
Without his virtue be greater,
Doubtless were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattock or a rake.
Alas, for very shame!
Some cannot decline their name;
Some cannot scarcely read,
And yet he will not dread 280
For to keep a cure,
And in nothing is sure;
This *Dominus vobiscum*,<38>
As wise as Tom-a-Thrum,<39>
A chaplain of trust
Layeth all in the dust.

Thus I, Colyn Cloute,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk
I hear the people talk.
Men say, for silver and gold
Mitres are bought and sold;
There shall no clergy appose
A mitre nor a crose,
But a full purse:<40>
A straw for God's curse!
What are they the worse?
For a simoniac
Is but a hermoniac;
And no more ye make
Of simony, men say,
But a child's play.

Over this, the foresaid lay,<41>
Report how the Pope may
An holy anchor call
Out of the stone wall,
And him a bishop make,
If he on him can take
To keep so hard a rule,
To ride upon a mule<42>
With golde all betrapped,
In purple and pall<43> belapped;
Some hatted and some capped,
Richly and warm bewrapped,
God wot to their great pains
In rochets of fine Rennes,
White as morrow's milk;
Their tabards<44> of fine silk,
Their stirrups of mixed gold begared<45>;
There may no cost be spared.
Their mules gold doth eat,
Their neighbours die for meat.

What care they though Gill sweat,
Or Jack of the Noke?<46>
The poor people they yoke
With summons and citations
And excommunications,
About churches and market:
The bishop on his carpet
At home full soft doth sit.
This is a farly fit,
To hear the people jangle,
How warlike they wrangle:
Alas, why do ye not handle
And them all to-mangle?
Full falsely on you they lie,
And shamefully you ascry,
And say as untruly,
That a butterfly
A man might say in mock
Ware <MS "wasa">the weathercock
Of the steeple of Paul's;
And thus they hurt their souls
In slandering you for truth:
Alas, it is great ruth!
Some say ye sit in thrones,
Like princes aquilonis;<48>
And shrine your rotten bones
With pearls and precious stones;
But how the commons groans,
And the people moans
For prests and for loans;<49>
Lent and never paid,
But from day to day delayed,
The commonwealth decayed,
Men say ye are tongue-tied,
And thereof speak nothing
But dissimulating and glozing.
Wherefore men be supposing
That ye give shrewd counsel
Against the common weal,
By polling and pillage,
In cities and village,
By taxing and tollage,
Ye make monks to have the culerage
For covering of an old cottage,
That committed is a college
In the charter of dotage,
Tenure par service de sottage,
And not par service de socage;<50>
After old seigneurs,
And the learning of Littleton Tenures;<51>
Ye have so overthwarted,
That good laws are subverted,
And good reason perverted.
Religious men are fain
For to turn again
In secula seculorum;<52>
And to forsake their quorum
And vagabundare per forum;<53>
And take a fine meritorum,
\textit{Contra regulam morum,}
\textit{Aut black monachorum,}
\textit{Aut canonicerum,}
\textit{Aut Bernardinorum,}
\textit{Aut crucifixorum},<54>
And to sing from place to place,  
Like apostates.

And the selfsame game  
Begun is now with shame  
Among the silly nuns:  
My lady now she runs,  
Dame Sibyl our abbess,  
Dame Dorothy and Lady Bess,  
Dame Sarah our prioress,  
Out of their cloister and choir  
With an heavy cheer,  
Must cast up their black veils  
And set up their fuck-sails, <55>  
To catch wind with their ventales—  
What, Colyn, there thou shales!  
Yet thus with ill-hails  
The lay fee people<56> rails.

And all the fault they lay  
On your precept, and say  
Ye do them wrong and no right  
To put them thus to flight;  
No matins at midnight,  
Book and chalice gone quite;  
And pluck away the leads  
Even over their heads,  
And sell away their bells,  
And all that they have else:  
Thus the people tells,  
Rails like rebels,  
Redes shrewdly and spells,  
And with foundations mells,  
And talks like titivils,<57>  
How ye brake the dead's wills,  
Turn monasteries into water mills,  
Of an abbey ye make a grange<58>;  
Your works, they say, are strange;  
So that their founders souls  
Have lost their bead-rolls,  
The money for their masses  
Spent among wanton lasses;  
The \textit{Diriges} are forgotten;  
Their founders lie there rotten,  
But where their souls dwell,  
Therewith I will not mell.  

-400-
What could the Turk do more
With all his false lore,
Turk, Saracen, or Jew?
I report me to you,
O merciful Jesu,
Your support and rescue,
My style for to direct,
It may take some effect!
For I abhor to write
How the lay fee despite
You prelates, that of right
Should be lanterns of light.
Ye live, they say, in delight,
Drowned in deliciis,
In gloria et divitiis,
In admirabili honore,
In gloria et splendore
Fulgurantis hastae,
Viventes parum caste:<59>
Yet sweet meat hath sour sauce:
For after gloria, laus,<60>
Christ by cruelty
Was nailed upon a tree;
He paid a bitter pension
For man's redemption,
He drank eisel and gall
To redeem us withal;
But sweet hippocras<61> ye drink,
With, Let the cat wink!<62>
Each wot what each other think;
Howbeit, per assimile<63>
Some men think that ye
Shall have penalty
For your iniquity.
Nota what I say,
And bear it well away;
If it please not theologues,
It is good for astrologues:
For Ptolemy told me
The sun sometime to be
In Ariete <64>
Ascendant a degree<65>,
When Scorpion descending
Was so then portending
A fatal fall of one <66>
That should sit on a throne,
And rule all things alone.
Your teeth whet on this bone
Amongst you everichon,
And let Colyn Cloute have none<67>
Manner of cause to moan:
Lay salve to your own sore,
For else, as I said before,
After *gloria, laus*,<60>
May come a sour sauce;
Sorry therefore am I,
But truth can never lie.

With language thus polluted
Holy Church is bruit
And shamefully confuted.
My pen now will I sharp,
And wrest up my harp
With sharp twinkling trebles,
Against all such rebels
That labour to confound
And bring the Church to the ground;
As ye may daily see
How the *lay fee*
Of one affinity
Consent and agree
Against the Church to be,
And the dignity
Of the bishop's see.

And either ye be too bad,
Or else they are mad
Of this to report:
But, under your support,
Till my dying day
I shall both write and say,
And ye shall do the same,
How they are to blame
You thus to defame:
For it maketh me sad
How that the people are glad
The Church to deprave;
And some there are that rave,
Presuming on their wit,
When there is never a whit
To maintain arguments
Against the sacraments.

Some make *epilogation*
Of high predestination;
And of *recidivation*
They make interpretation
Of an awkward fashion;
And of the prescience
Of divine essence;
And what *hypostasis*
Of Christ's manhood is.
Such logic men will chop,
And in their fury hop,
When the good ale sop
Doth dance in their foretop;<68>
Both women and men,
Such ye may well know and ken,
That against priesthood
Their malice spread abroad,
Railing heinously
And disdainously
Of priestly dignities,
But their malignities.<69>

And some have a smack
Of Luther's sack,<70>
And a burning spark
Of Luther's wark,
And are somewhat suspect
In Luther's sect;
And some of them bark,
Clatter and carp
Of that heresiarch
Called Wicliffista,<71>
The devilish dogmatista;
And some be Hussians,<72>
And some be Arians,
And some be Pelagians,
And make much variance
Between the clergy
And the temporalty,
How the Church hath too mickle,<73>
And they have too little,
And bring in materialities
And qualified qualities;
Of pluralities,
Of trialities,
And of tot-quot<74>,
They commune like sots,
As cometh to their lots;
Of prebendaries and deans,
How some of them gleans
And gathereth up the store
For to catch more and more;
Of parsons and vicaries
They make many outcries;
They cannot keep their wives
From them for their lives;
And thus the losels strives,
And lewdly says, by Christ,
Against the silly priest.
Alas, and wellaway,
What ails them thus to say?
They mought be better advised
Than to be so disguised:
But they have enterprised,
And shamefully surmised,
How prelacy is sold and bought,
And come up of nought;
And where the prelates be
Come of low degree,
And set in majesty
And spiritual dignity,
Farewell benignity,
Farewell simplicity,
Farewell humility,
Farewell good charity!

Ye are so puffed with pride,
That no man may abide
Your high and lordly looks:
Ye cast up then your books,
And virtue is forgotten;
For then ye will be wroken
Of every light quarrel,
And call a lord a javel,
A knight a knave ye make;
Ye boast, ye face, ye crake,
And upon you ye take
To rule both king and kaiser;
An if ye may have leisure,
Ye will bring all to nought,
And that is all your thought:
For the lords temporal,
Their rule is very small,
Almost nothing at all.
Men say how ye appal
The noble blood royal:
In earnest and in game,
Ye are the less to blame,
For lords of noble blood,
If they well understood
How conning might them advance,
They would pipe you another dance:
But noblemen born
To learn they have scorn,
But hunt and blow an horn,
Leap over lakes and dykes,<75>
Set nothing by politics;
Therefore ye keep them base,
And mock them to their face:
This is a piteous case,  
To you that be on the wheel  
Great lords must crouch and kneel,  
And break their hose at the knee,  
As daily men may see,  
And to remembrance call.  
Fortune so turneth the ball  
And ruleth so over all,  
That honour hath a great fall.

Shall I tell you more? yea, shall.  
I am loth to tell all;  
But the commonalty you call  
Idols of Babylon,  
De Terra\textsuperscript{76} Zabulon,  
De Terra Neptalim;  
For ye love to go trim,  
Brought up of poor estate,  
With pride inordinate,  
Suddenly upstart  
From the dung-cart,  
The mattock and the shule,  
To reign and to rule;  
And have no grace to think  
How ye were wont to drink  
Of a leather bottle  
With a knavish stopple,  
When mammocks was your meat,  
With mouldy bread to eat;  
Ye could none other get  
To chew and to gnaw,  
To fill therewith your maw;  
Lodging in fair straw,  
Couching your drowsy heads  
Sometime in lousy beds.  
Alas, this is out of mind!  
Ye grow now out of kind.  
Many one ye have untwined,\textsuperscript{77}  
And made the commons blind.  
But qui se existimat stare,\textsuperscript{78}  
Let him well beware  
Lest that his foot slip,  
And have such a trip,  
And fall in such decay,  
That all the world may say,  
Come down, in the devil way!\textsuperscript{79}  
Yet, over all that,  
Of bishops they chat,  
That though ye round your hair  
An inch above your ear,
And have *aures patentes*<sup>80</sup>  
And *parum intendentes*,<sup>81</sup>  
And your tonsures be cropped,  
Your ears they be stopped;  
For Master *Adulator*,<sup>82</sup>  
And Doctor *Assentator*,<sup>83</sup>  
And *Blandior blandiris*,<sup>84</sup>  
With *Mentior mentiris*,<sup>85</sup>  
They follow your desires,  
And so they blear your eye,  
That ye cannot espy  
How the *male* doth wry.  

Alas, for God's will,  
Why sit ye, prelates, still  
And suffer all this ill?  
Ye bishops of estates<sup>86</sup>  
Should open the broad gates  
Of your spiritual charge,  
And come forth at large,  
Like lanterns of light,  
In the people's sight,  
In pulpits authentic,  
For the weal public  
Of priesthood in this case;  
And always to chase  
Such manner of schismatics  
And half heretics,  
That would *intoxicate*,  
That would *coinquinate*,  
That would *contaminate*,  
And that would violate,  
And that would derogate,  
And that would abrogate  
The Church's high estates,<sup>87</sup>  
After this manner rates,  
The which should be  
Both frank and free,  
And have their liberty,  
As of antiquity  
It was ratified,  
And also gratified,  
By holy synodals  
And bulls papals,  
As it is *res certa*<sup>88</sup>  
Contained in *Magna Charta*.  

But Master Damyan,  
Or some other man,  
That clerkly is and can  
Well scripture expound
And his texts ground,
His benefice worth ten pound,
Or scant worth twenty mark,
And yet a noble clerk,
He must do this wark; 730
As I know a part,
Some masters of art,
Some doctors of law,
Some learned in other saw.
As in divinity,
That hath no dignity
But the poor degree
Of the university;
Or else friar Frederic,
Or else friar Dominic, 740
Or friar Hugulinus,
Or friar Augustinus,
Or friar Carmelus,
That ghostly can heal us;
Or else if we may
Get a friar gray,
Or else of the order
Upon Greenwich border, Called Observance,
Or a friar of France; 750
Or else the poor Scot,
It must come to his lot
To shoot forth his shot;
Or of Babwell beside Bury, To postil upon a Kyrie,
That would it should be noted
How scripture should be quoted,
And so clerkly promoted;
And yet the friar doted.

But men say your authority, 760
And your noble see,
And your dignity,
Should be imprinted better
Than all the friars' letter;
For if ye would take pain
To preach a word or twain,
Though it were never so plain,
With clauses two or three,
So as they might be
Compendiously conveyed,
These words should be more weighed, 770
And better perceived,
And thankfullerly received,
And better should remain
Among the people plain,
That would your words retain
And rehearse them again,
Than a thousand thousand other,
That blabber, bark, and brother,
And make a Welshman's hose
Of the text and of the gloss.<92>

For protestation made,
That I will not wade
Farther in this brook,
Nor farther for to look
In devising of this book,
But answer that I may
For myself alway,
Either analogice
Or else categorice,
So that in divinity
Doctors that learned be,
Nor bachelors of that faculty
That hath taken degree
In the university,
Shall not be object at by me.

But Doctor Bullatus,
Parum litteratus,
Dominus doctoratus<93>
At the Broad Gatus,<94>
Doctor Dawpatus,<95>
And bachelor bacheleratus,
Drunken as a mouse,<96>
At the ale house,
Taketh his pillion and his cap<97>
At the good ale tap,
For lack of good wine;
As wise as Robin swine,
Under a notary's sign
Was made a divine;
As wise as Waltham's calf,<98>
Must preach, a God's half,<99>
In the pulpit solemnly;
More meet in the pillory,
For, by Saint Hilary,
He can nothing smatter
Of logic nor school matter,
Neither syllogisare,<100>
Nor enthymemare,<101>
Nor knoweth his elenches,
Nor his predicamentes;
And yet he will mell
To amend the Gospel,
And will preach and tell
What they do in hell;  
And he dare not well neven  
What they do in heaven,  
Nor how far Temple Bar is  
From the Seven Stars.

Now will I go  
And tell of other mo.  
_Semper protestando_  
_De non impugnando_  
The four orders of friars,  
Though some of them be liars;  
As limiters at large  
Will charge and discharge;  
As many a friar, God wote,  
Preaches for his groat,  
Flattering for a new coat  
And for to have his fees;  
Some to gather cheese;  
Loth they are to lese  
Either corn or malt;  
Sometime meal and salt,  
Sometime a bacon _flick_,  
That is three fingers thick  
Of larde and of grease,  
Their convent to increase.

I put you out of doubt,  
This cannot be brought about  
But they their tongues file,  
And make a pleasant style  
To Margery and to Maud,  
How they have no fraud;  
And sometime they provoke  
Both Gill and Jack at Noke  
Their duties to withdraw,  
That they ought by law  
Their curates to content  
In open time and Lent:  
God wot, they take great pain  
To flatter and to feign;  
But it is an old said saw,  
That need hath no law.

Some walk about in _melottes_,  
In gray russet and hairy coats;  
Some will neither gold nor groats;  
Some pluck a partridge in remotes,  
And by the bars of her tail  
Will know a raven from a rail,  
A quail, the rail, and the old raven:  
_Sed libera nos a malo_! Amen.
And by *Dudum*, their Clementine,
Against curates they repine;
And say properly they are *sacerdotes*,
To shrive, *assoil*, and release
Dame Margery's soul out of hell:<110>
But when the friar fell in the well,
He could not sing himself thereout
But by the help of Christian Clout.<111>
Another Clementine also,

How friar Fabian, and mo,
*Exivit de Paradiso*;<112>
When they again thither shall come,
*De hoc petimus consilium*;<113>
And through all the world they go
With *Dirige* and *Placebo*.<114>

But now my mind ye understand,
For they must take in hand
To preach, and to withstand
All manner of objections;
For bishops have protections,
They say, to do corrections,
But they have no affections
To take the said directions;
In such manner of cases,
Men say, they bear no faces
To occupy such places,
To sow the seed of graces:
Their hearts are so fainted,
And they be so attainted
With covetise and ambition,
And other superstition,
That they be deaf and dumb,
And play silence and glum,<115>
Can say nothing but mum.

They occupy them so
With singing *Placebo*,
They will no farther go:
They had liefer to please,
And take their worldly ease,
Than to take on hand
Worshipfully to withstand
Such temporal war and bate,
As now is made of late
Against Holy Church estate,
Or to maintain good quarrels.
The lay men call them barrels
Full of gluttony
And of hypocrisy,
That counterfeits and paints<116>
As they were very saints:
In matters that them like
They show them politic,
Pretending gravity
And signiority,
With all solemnity,
For their indemnity;
For they will have no loss
Of a penny nor of a cross
Of their predial lands,
That cometh to their hands,
And as far as they dare set,
All is fish that cometh to net:
Building royally
Their mansions curiously,
With turrets and with towers,
With halls and with bowers,
Stretching to the stars,
With glass windows and bars;
Hanging about the walls
Cloths of gold and palls,
Arras of rich array,
Fresh as flowers in May;
With dame Diana naked;
How lusty Venus quaked,
And how Cupid shaked
His dart, and bent his bow
For to shoot a crow
At her tirly tirlow;
And how Paris of Troy
Danced a lege de moy,
Made lusty sport and joy
With dame Helen the queen;
With such stories bedene
Their chambers well beseen;
With Triumphs of Caesar,
And of Pompeius' war,
Of renown and of fame,
By them to get a name:
Now all the world stares,
How they ride in goodly chairs,
Conveyed by elephants,
With laureate garlands,
And by unicorns
With their seemly horns;
Upon these beasts riding,
Naked boys striding,
With wanton wenches winking.
Now truly, to my thinking,
That is a speculation
And a meet meditation
For prelates of estate,<125>
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonness,
Their chambers thus to dress
With such parfittness<126>
And all such holiness;
Howbeit they let down fall
Their churches cathedral.

Squire, knight, and lord,
Thus the Church remord;
With all temporal people
They run against the steeple,
Thus talking and telling
How some of you are melling;
Yet soft and fair for swelling,
Beware of a quean's yelling.

It is a busy thing
For one man to rule a king<127>
Alone and make reckoning,
To govern over all
And rule a realm royal
By one man's very wit;
Fortune may chance to flit,
And when he weeneth to sit,
Yet may he miss the cushion:
For I rede a preposition,
Cum regibus amicare,
Et omnibus dominari,
Et supra te pravare<128>;
Wherefore he hath good eure<129>
That can himself assure
How fortune will endure.

Then let reason you support,
For the commonality doth report
That they have great wonder
That ye keep them so under;
Yet they marvel so much less,
For ye play so at the chess,
As they suppose and guess,
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkmate<130>
With lords of great estate,
After such a rate,
That they shall mell nor make,
Nor upon them take,
For king nor kaiser sake,
But at the pleasure of one<131>
That ruleth the roost alone.
Helas, I say, helas!
How may this come to pass,
That a man shall hear a mass,
And not so hardy on his head
To look on God in form of bread,
But that the parish clerk
Thereupon must hark,
And grant him at his asking
For to see the sacring?

And how may this accord,
No man to our sovereign lord
So hardy to make suit,
Nor yet to execute
His commandment,
Without the assent
Of our president,
Nor to express to his person,
Without your consentation
Grant him his licence
To press to his presence,
Nor to speak to him secretly,
Openly nor privily,
Without his president be by,
Or else his substitute
Whom he will depute?
Neither earl ne duke
Permitted? By saint Luke,
And by sweet saint Mark,
This is a wondrous wark!
That the people talk this,
Somewhat there is amiss:
The Devil cannot stop their mouths,
But they will talk of such uncouths,
All that ever they ken
Against all spiritual men.

Whether it be wrong or right,
Or else for despite,
Or however it hap,
Their tongues thus do clap,
And through such detraction
They put you to your action;
And whether they say truly
As they may abide thereby,
Or else that they do lie,
Ye know better than I.
But now debetis scire,
And groundly audire,
In your convenire,
Of this praemunire.
Or else in the mire
They say they will you cast;
Therefore stand sure and fast.

Stand sure, and take good footing,
And let be all your mooting.<138>
Your gasping and your tooting,
And your partial promoting
Of those that stand in your grace;
But old servants ye chase,
And put them out of their place. 1080

Make ye no murmuration,
Though I write after this fashion;
Though I, Colyn Cloute,
Among the whole rout
Of you that clerkes be,
Take now upon me
Thus copiously to write,
I do it for no despite.

Wherefore take no disdain
At my style rude and plain;
For I rebuke no man
That virtuous is: why then
Wreak ye your anger on me?
For those that virtuous be
Have no cause to say
That I speak out of the way.

Of no good bishop speak I,
Nor good priest I scry,
Good friar, nor good chanon,
Good nun, nor good canon,
Good monk, nor good clerk,
Nor yet of no good work:
But my recounting is
Of them that do amiss,
In speaking and rebelling,
In hindering and disavailing
Holy Church, our mother,
One against another;
To use such despiting
Is all my whole writing;
To hinder no man,
As near as I can,
For no man have I named:
Wherefore should I be blamed?
Ye ought to be ashamed,
Against me to be gramed,<139>
And can tell no cause why,
But that I write truly.
Then if any there be
Of high or low degree
Of the spirituality,
Or of the temporality,
That doth think or ween
That his conscience be not clean,
And feeleth himself sick,
Or touched on the quick,
Such grace God them send
Themself to amend,
For I will not pretend
Any man to offend.

Wherefore, as thinketh me,
Great idiots they be,
And little grace they have,
This treatise to deprave;
Nor will hear no preaching,
Nor no virtuous teaching,
Nor will have no reciting
Of any virtuous writing;
Will know none intelligence
To reform their negligence,
But live still out of fashion,
To their own damnation.
To do shame they have no shame,
But they would no man should them blame:
They have an evil name,
But yet they will occupy the same.

With them the word of God
Is counted for no rod;
They count it for a railing,
That nothing is availing;
The preachers with evil hailing:
Shall they daunt us prelates;
That be their primates?
Not so hardy on their pates!<140>
Hark, how the losel prates,
With a wide weasand!
Avaunt, sir Guy of Gaunt!<141>
Avaunt, lewd priest, avaunt!
Avaunt, sir doctor Deuce-ace!<142>
Prate of thy matins and thy mass,
And let our matters pass!
How darest thou, dawcock, mell?
How darest thou, losel,
Allegate the Gospel
Against us of the council?
Avaunt to the devil of hell!
Take him, Warden of the Fleet,
Set him fast by the feet!
I say, Lieutenant of the Tower,
Make this lurdan for to lour;
Lodge him in Little Ease,
Feed him with beans and peas!
The King's Bench or Marshalsea,
Have him thither by and by!
The villain preacheth openly,
And declareth our villany;
And of our free simpleness
He says that we are reckless,
And full of wilfulness,
Shameless and merciless,
Incorrigible and insatiate;
And after this rate
Against us doth prate.

At Paul's Cross or elsewhere,
Openly at Westminster,
And Saint Mary Spital,<143>
They set not by us a whistle:<144>
At the Austin Friars<145>
They count us for liars:
And at Saint Thomas of Acre's<146>
They clack of us like crakers,
How we will rule all at will
Without good reason or skill;<147>
And say how that we be
Full of partiality;
And how at a prong
We turn right into wrong,
Delay causes so long.
That right no man can fong;
They say many matters be born
By the right of a ram's horn.<148>
Is not this a shameful scorn,
To be teared thus and torn?

How may we this endure?
Wherefore we make you sure,
Ye preachers shall be yawed;
And some shall be sawed,
As noble Isaias,<149>
The holy prophet, was;
And some of you shall die,
Like holy Jeremy;
Some hanged, some slain,
Some beaten to the brain;
And we will rule and reign,
And our matters maintain,
Who dare say there again,
Or who dare disdain,
At our pleasure and will:
For, be it good or be it ill,
As it is, it shall be still, 1220
For all master doctor of Civil,
Or of Divine, or doctor Drivel,
Let him cough, rough, or snivel; 150
Run God, run Devil,
Run who may run best,
And let take all the rest!
We set not a nut-shell<151>
The way to heaven or hell.

Lo, this is the guise nowadays!
It is to dread, men says,
Lest they be Sadducees, 1230
As they be said sayne.<152>
Which determined plain
We should not rise again
At dreadful doomesday;
And so it seemeth they play,
Which hate to be corrected
When they be infected,
Nor will suffer this book
By hook ne by crook 1240
Printed for to be,
For that no man should see
Nor read in any scrolls
Of their drunken nolls, 153
Nor of their noddypolls,
Nor of their silly souls,
Nor of some witless pates
Of divers great estates,
As well as other men.

Now to withdraw my pen, 1250
And now a while to rest,
Meseemeth it for the best.

The forecastle of my ship
Shall glide, and smoothly slip
Out of the waves wood 1260
Of the stormy flood;
Shoot anchor, and lie at road,
And sail not far abroad,
Till the coast be clear,
And the lode-star appear:
My ship now will I steer
Toward the port salu<155>
Of our Saviour Jesu,
Such grace that He us send,
To rectify and amend
John Skelton

Things that are amiss,
When that His pleasure is.
Amen!

In opere imperfecto,
In opere semper perfecto,
Et in opere plusquam perfecto! <156>

Colinus Cloutus, quanquam mea carmina multis
Sordescunt stultus, sed puevinate sunt rare cultis,
Pue vinatis altisem divino flamine flatis.
Unde mea refert tanto minus, invida quamvis
Lingua nocere parat, quia, quanquam rustica canto,
Undique cantabor tamen et celebrabor ubique,
Inclita dum maneat gens Anglica. Laurus honoris,
Quondam regnorum regina et gloria regum,
Heu, modo marcescit, tabescit, languida torpet!
Ah pudet, ah miseret! vetor hic ego pandere plura
Pro gemitu et lacrimis: praestet peto praemia paena.<157>
NOTES TO COLYN CLOUTE

1. 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.

"I could never conceive, Mr. Warton, to what Drayton alludes, in the preface to his Eclogues, where he says, that 'the Colyn Cloute of SCOGAN, under Henry the Seventh, is pretty.' He is speaking of pastoral poetry; and adds that Barklays ship of fools hath twenty wiser in it.' You somewhere say [Hist. of E. P. iii. 76, note, ed. 4to], 'he must mean SKELTON; but what PASTORAL did HE write?' Ritson's Obs. on Warton's Hist. of E. P., p. 20 (note); see too his Bibl. Poet., p. 99. I believe that Drayton did mean Skelton. Colyn Cloute is surely as much a pastoral as Barclay's Ship of Fools,—as much perhaps as even Barclay's Egloges.

2. Quis consurget mecum adversus malignantes? Aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo, Domine! "Who will rise up with me against evil-doers? or who will stand up with me against the workers of iniquity? No one, O Lord!" Vulg. Psal. xciii. 16.

3. What can it avail
To drive forth a snail

"In effect it shall no more avail
Than with a whip to drive a snail."
Sig. C ii.

4. He prieth and he peeketh] "I peek or I pry." Palsgrave p.655. So Gascoigne;

"That other pries and peeks in every place."
The Steel Glass, fol. 301,—Works, ed. 1587.

5. The devil, they say, is dead] Heywood has six Epigrams on this proverbial expression,—Works, sig. N 2. ed. 1598. Ray gives, "Heigh ho, the Devil is dead." Proverbs, p. 55. ed. 1768.

6. conning bag} i.e. bag, store, of knowledge or learning.

7. hag] See note 12 to Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious.


9. a mumming] Compare our author elsewhere;

"Men of such matters make but a mumming."

"There was among them no word then but mum."
Id. v. 1118
"But play silence and glum,
Can say nothing but mum."

v. 906 of the present poem.

10. *the forked cap* i.e. the mitre.

"No wise man is desirous to obtain
The forked cap without he worthy be."


11. *For other men's skill*—*skill*, i.e. reason: the line seems to mean—Notwithstanding other men's reasons.

12. *ire* and *venire* "come and go."

13. *solfa so alamire*—*alamire* is the lowest note but one in Guido Aretine's scale of music: Gayton, in his *Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, says (metaphorically) that Maritornes "played her part so well, that she run through all the keys from A-la-mi-re to double Gammut," &c. p. 83.

14. *But thus the people bark;* So MS. Eds. have "carke." Qy. "carp?" Compare v 542.

15. *A great part is for sloth,*
*But the greatest part*
*Is they have little art*
*And right slender conning*
*Within their heads wonning* slimmer knowledge, learning: wonning, i.e. dwelling. The meaning of the passage is—a great part of this is owing to their laziness, but it is chiefly to be attributed to their ignorance, &c.

16. *Ure* i.e. Uriah.

17. *loth to hang the bell*
*About the cat's neck* So Heywood;

"And I will hang the bell about the cat's neck:
For I will first break and jeopard the first check."


See *Piers Plowman*, where one of the rats proposes that a bell should be hung about the cat's neck. Sig. A ed. 1561; and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 85. ed. 1768.

18. *to play deuz deck* An allusion, I suppose, to some game.

19. *for the beck* i.e. to obey the nod of command.

20. *manum mittit ad fortia,*
*Spernit damna, spernit opprobria,*
*Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.* "He puts his hand to braver things, spurns loss, spurns dishonour, no damage can break Thomas."

21. *Shoe the mockish mare* So in our author's *Why come ye not to Court*;

"And Mock hath lost her shoe."

v. 83.

22. *not worth a leek* An expression not uncommon in our early poetry:

No fellow worth *ane leek."

"Such love I price not at a leek."

23. Amend whan ye may,
For, usque ad montem Sare,
*Men say ye can not appare*] usque ad montem Sare, i.e. "even as far as Mount Seir". Other eds. have *fare* for *Sare*; MS. has "sciire" (perhaps Skelton wrote "Seir" and in the next line "appeire" The meaning of this passage, is—Amend when ye may, for it is said by every body, 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." ("And it compasseth from Baala westward unto mount Seir.") Josue, xv. 10.

24. *hawk on hobby larks*] i.e. catch larks (i.e. girls) like hobbies, or hawks. See also notes 124 and 151 to *Magnificence*.

25. *The gray gose for to shoe*] Hoccleve uses this proverbial expression;

"Ye meddle of all thing, ye mote shoe the goose."

and Heywood has the following Epigram;

"Of common meddlers.
He that meddleth with all thing, may shoe the gosling.
If all such meddlers were set to goose shoeing,
No goose need go barefoot between this and Greece,
For so we should have as many goose shoers as geese."
Sig. P 2,—*Works*, ed. 1598.

See also Davies's *Scourge of Folly* (*Proverbs*), n. d. p. 175.

26. *Your gorge not endewed* 
*Without a capon &c.*] Equivalent to—You not digesting any thing except, &c. "She (the hawk) endueth when her meat in her bowels falleth to digestion."—Book of St. Albans, by Juliana Berners, sig. C. iii. "The gorge is that part of the hawk which first receiveth the meat, and is called the Craw or Crop in other fowls."—Latham's *Falconry* (Explan. of words of art,) 1658.

27. *a stewed cock*] Compare the following passage in the *Interlude of the iiiii Elements*, n. d.;

"Taverner. Though all capons be gone, what then?
Yet I can get you a stewed hen
That is ready dight.
*Humanity*. If she be fat it will do well.
*Taverner*. Fat or lean I cannot tell,
But as for this, I wot well
She lay at the stews all night."
Sig. B. vi.

28. *To know what is o'clock* 
*Under her surfled smock*] Compare Heywood's Dialogue, &c.;

"Howbeit suddenly she minded on a day,
To pick the chest lock, wherein this bagge lay:

. . . .
But straight as she had forthwith opened the lock,
And looked in the bag, what it was o'clock," &c.
Sig. K 3,—Works, ed. 1598.

In our author's *Garland of Laurel* we find,

"With burrs rough and buttons *surfling.*"

v. 803.

which is cited (*Dict. in v. Surfel*) by Richardson, who, after quoting from Gifford that "To *surphule* or *surfel* the cheeks, is to wash them with mercurial or sulphur water," &c., adds that Gifford's "explanation does not extend to the passage from Skelton."
The fact seems to be that Skelton uses *surfle* for *purfle*, i.e. border, embroider: and I may notice that Brathwait, on the other hand, seems to employ *purfle* for *surfle*;

"With painting, *purfling*, and a face of Art."

*A Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, p. 150.

29. *And how when ye give orders*

*In your provincial borders,*

*As at Sitientes,*

*Some are insufficientes,*

*Some parum sapientes,*

*Some nihil intelligentes,*

*Some valde negligentes,*

*Some nullum sensum habentes,*] *Sitientes* ("those who thirst") is the first word of the Introit of the Mass for Passion Sunday — "*Sitientes, venite ad aquas, dicit Dominus,*" &c., ("All you that thirst, come to the waters") *Isaiah* lv. 1. For this note I am indebted to W. Dyce, Esq., who further observes that Sitientes Saturday was of old, and is now abroad, the Saturday before Passion Sunday.  

*insufficientes* i.e. "defective"

*parum sapientes* i.e. "having little wisdom"

*nihil intelligentes* i.e. "no intelligence"

*valde negligentes* i.e. "very negligent"

*nullum sensum habentes* i.e. "having no sense"

30. *But when they have once caught*

*Dominus vobiscum by the head*] *Dominus vobiscum* i.e. "The Lord be with you", a phrase from the Mass. The meaning of the two lines is—"Once they have become priests."

31. *run they in every stead*] i.e. run they in every place.

32. *primes and hours*] i.e. the devotions so named.

33. *vagabundus*] i.e. vagabonds.

34. *Totus Mundus*] "All the world"

35. *Laetabundus*] The Sequence from the Mass for Christmas Day.

36. *welcome hake and make*] An expression which I have not elsewhere met with. Ray gives among *North Country words*, "To hake, To sneak, or loiter;" in Hunter's *Hallam. Gloss.* is "A haking fellow, an idle loiterer;" and in a song cited by Mr. J. P. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, ii. 472) from a MS. drama called *Misogonus* by T. Richards, we find,—
"With Bess and Nell we love to dwell,  
In kissing and in haking."

—*make* is common in the sense of—mate, companion

37. *Cum ipsis vel illis*  
*Qui manent in villis*  
*Est uxor vel ancilla*] "With those very people (i.e. bishops) who live in villas is a wife or a maid."

38. *Dominus vobiscum*] "The Lord be with you"


40. *There shall no clergy appose*  
*A mitre nor a crose,*  
*But a full purse:*]—clergy, i.e. erudition.

    "Androgeus by king Mynos was sent,  
    For he should profit in *clergy,*  
    To Athens."

Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, B. i. leaf xii. ed. Wayland.

*Appose* seems to be used in a different sense from that in which we have just had it (v. 267), and to be equivalent to—procure.

41. *Over this, the foresaid lay*] i.e besides this, the above-mentioned laity.

42. *To ride upon a mule*  
*With gold all betrapped*] Perhaps, as Warton thinks (note on *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347. ed. 4to), an allusion to Wolsey: afterwards in this poem, the Cardinal appears to be pointed at more plainly.

43. *purple and pall*] An expression which frequently occurs, more particularly in ballad poetry (considered by Percy and others as equivalent to—purple robe):

44. *Tabards*] Jackets or coats, without sleeves, close before and behind, and open at the sides, are still worn by heralds: but those mentioned in the text were longer,—a sort of riding-cloaks. "Tabard, a garment, manteau." Palsgrave, p. 278. And see Du Cange's *Gloss. in v. Tabartum*: Roquefort's *Gloss. in v. Tabar*; and Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c, ii. 301.

45. *Their stirrups of mixed gold begared*] The line, I suspect, ought to stand,—  
"Their stirrups with gold begared."

*Begared*—ornamented.

46. *What care they though Gil sweat,*  
*Or Jack of the Noke*] So afterwards, v. 857, the same terms are used to signify the labouring poor of both sexes. Jack of the Noke, i.e. (I suppose) Jack of the Nook: see "*Nocata terrae*" in Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, &c. ed. 1727.

47. *Ware*] MS "wasa".

48. *Like princes aquilonis*] i.e. like so many Lucifers.

49. *For prests and for loans*]—*prests*, i.e. sums in advance. "*Prest and loan,*" Sir H. Nicolas observes to me, "seem to have been used in nearly, if not precisely, the same sense in the 16th century. Perhaps, strictly, *prest* meant a compulsory advance. In fiscal records it has much the meaning of *charge or imprest.*"
50. Tenure par service de sottage,
And not par service de socage,] "held for being dolts and not as payment for labour
done." (PH)

51. Littleton Tenures] The Treatise on Tenures by Thomas de Littleton, 1482, a

52. In secula seculorum] "For ever and ever"

53. vagabundare per forum] "To wander through the market-place."

54. And take a fine meritorum,
Contra regulam morum,
Aut black monachorum,
Aut canonicorum,
Aut Bernardinorum,
Aut crucifixorum] "To beg, or work for money, contrary to the rule of the order, either
of the black friars (Dominicans), or of the (Augustinian) Canons, or of the
Benedictines, or of the Cistercians."

55. fuck-sails] So in a copy of verses attributed to Dunbar;

"The dust upscales, many fillock with fuck sails."
Poems, ii. 27. ed. Laing.

and in another by Sir R. Maitland;

"Of finest cambric their fuck sails."

Focksegel, a foresail, German. In the Expenses of Sir John Howard, first Duke of
Norfolk, we find, "Item, the same day my master paid to the said Clayson, for a fuck
mast for the said caravel, iijs. iiijd." Manners and Household Expenses of England,

56. The lay fee people] i.e. the laity: see note 31 to A Replication, &c.

57. titivils] This word occurs not unfrequently, and with some variety of spelling, in
our early writers. So Lydgate;

"Tytyvylles tyrants with tormentors."
Le Assemble de dyeus, sig. c i. n. d. 4to.

and Heywood;

"There is no mo such titifyls in England's ground,
To hold with the hare, and run with the hound."

Some have considered the word as derived from the Latin, titivilitium, a thing of no
worth. Jamieson "suspects that it is a personal designation," Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. in
v. Tutivillaris. In Juditium, Towneley Mysteries, p. 310, Tutivillus is a fiend; and in
the Moral Play of Mankind he represents the sin of the flesh, Hist. of Eng. Dram.
Poet., ii. 297, by Mr. J. P. Collier, who says (ii. 223) that "the name afterwards came
to mean any person with evil propensities," and refers to the comedy of Rauf Royster
Doyster, Skelton's Works, and the Interlude of Thersytes: when he objected to the
derivation of the word from titivilitium and proposed "the more simple etymology,
totus and villis," he was probably not aware that some writers (wrongly) "totivillitium
volunt, quasi *totum vile:*” (“use *totivillitium* instead of *totum vile*”)—see Gronovius’s note on the *Casina* of Plautus, ii. 5. 39. ed. Var.

58. *Of an abbey ye make a grange*] A proverbial expression.

“Our changes are such that an abbey *turneth to a grange.*”


“To bring an Abbey to a Grange.” Ray’s *Proverbs*, p. 174. ed. 1768.

59. *in deliciis,*

*In gloria et divitis,*

*In admirabili honore,*

*In gloria et splendore*

**Fulgurantis hastae,**

Viventes *parum caste:*] "in luxury, in glory and riches, in amazing state, in glory and the brightness of a glittering spear, living unchastely." *splendore Fulgurantis hastae* - From the Vulgate. "*Ibunt in splendore fulgurantis hastae tuae.*" ("They shall go in the brightness of thy glittering spear") *Habac. iii.* 11. "*Et micantis gladii, et fulgurantis hastae.*" ("And of the shining sword, and of the glittering spear") *Nahum*, iii. 3.

60. *Gloria, laus*] "Glory, praise."

61. *Hippocras*] Was a favourite medicated drink, composed of wine (usually red), with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so named from Hippocrates; perhaps because it was strained,—the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification being termed *Hippocrates’s sleeve.*

62. *Let the cat wink*] See note 41 to *The Tunning of Elynour Rumming*.

63. *per assimile*] "Similarly"

64. *In Ariete*] in the astrological house of Aries.

65. *Ascendant a degree*] This passage seems to be corrupted. MS. "*Assendente a dextre:*” (and compare the Lansdown MS quoted below, note 65.)

66 *A fatal fall of one*] Here Skelton seems to allude to Wolsey; and from these lines (called in the Lansdown MS., "The prophecy of Skelton" perhaps originated the story of our poet having prophesied the downfall of the Cardinal.

67. *And let Colyn Cloute have none*] MS. has "alone;" and omits the seventy-eight lines which follow. Among the Lansdown MSS. (762. Fol. 75) I find the subjoined fragment:

Some men think that ye
Shall have penalty
For your iniquity
Note well what to say
If it please thee not only
It is good for astrology
For Ptolemy told me
The sun sometime to be
In a sign called Ariotte [i.e. Aries]
*Assendam ad dextram* ["rising in the east"]
When Scorpio is descending
Effectual fall of one [i.e Wolsey]
That sits now on throne
And rules all thing alone.
Your teeth whet on this bone
Among you everichon
And let Colyn Cloute alone

The Prophecy of Skelton*
1529
(*The name originally written "Skylton.")

68. foretop i.e. (as the context shows) simply,—head, pate.
69. But their malignities] Qy. by their malignities?
70. And some have a smack
Of Luther's sack] Concerning the wine called sack (about which so much has been written) see Henderson's Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines, p. 298.
72. Hussians] i.e. Hussites, followers of Jan Huss.
73. How the Church hath too mickle &c.] This passage in MS. stands thus:

"Some say holy church have too mickle
Some say the have trialities
And some say they bring pluralities
And qualify qualities
and also tot-quot
They talk like sots
Making many outcries
That they cannot keep their wives
and thus the losels strives."

74. tot-quot] A tot-quot is a dispensation to hold any number of benefices. So Barclay;

"Then if this lord have in him favour, he hath hope
To have another benefice of greater dignity,
And so maketh a false suggestion to the pope
For a tot-quot, or else a plurality."
Ship of Fools, fol. 60. ed. 1570.
75. dykes] i.e. ditches.

"Where the blind leadeth the blind, both fall in the dyke."
76. De Terra] "Of the land of"
77. Many one ye have untwined] The reading of the MS., which at least gives a sense to the line; untwined, i.e. destroyed; see note 27 to Philip Sparrow.
78. qui se existimat stare] "Who thinketh he standeth" (1 Cor. x. 12)
79. in the devil way] A common expression in our early writers.

"Our Host answerd; Tell on a devil way."
Chaucer's Miller's Prol., v. 3136. ed. Tyr.

"In the twenty devil way, Au nom du grant diable." Palsgrave, p. 838. "What reason is that, in the twenty devil way, that he should bear such a rule? Quaenam (malum) ratio est," &c. Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. dd iii. ed. 1530.
80. aures patentes] "open ears"
81. parum intendentes] "Too little hearing"

82. Adulator] "Sycophant"

83. Assentator] "Yes-man"

84. Blandior blandiris] "I flatter, you flatter"

85. Mentior mentiris] "I lie, you lie"

86. Ye bishops of estates]—of estates, i.e. of great estate, rank, dignity.

87. The Church's high estates] i.e. the dignitaries of the Church.

88. res certa] A certain fact.

89. of the order

Upon Greenwich border,
Called Observance] The statement that Edward the Third founded a religious house at Greenwich in 1376 appears to rest on no authority. 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. The friars of Greenwich were much favoured by Katherine, Queen of Henry the Eighth; and when, during the question of her divorce, they had openly espoused her cause, the king was so greatly enraged that he suppressed the whole order through out England. The convent at Greenwich was dissolved in 1534. Queen Mary reinstated them in their possessions, and new-founded and repaired their monastery. Queen Elizabeth suppressed them, &c. See Lysons's Environ's of London, iv. 464. ed. 1796.

90. Babwell beside Bury] 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.

91) To postil upon a Kyrie] i.e. to comment upon a Kyrie eleison ("Lord, have mercy", a prayer in the Mass) A postil is a short gloss or note.

92. And make a Welshman's hose
Of the text and of the gloss] So again our author in his Garland of Laurel;

"And after conveyance as the world goes,
It is no folly to use the Welshman's hose."
y. 1238.

Compare The Legend of the Bishop of St. Andrew's;

"Of omnigatherene now his gloss,
He made it like a Welshman's hose."

"WELSHMAN'S HOSE. Equivalent, I imagine, to the breeches of a Highlander, or the dress of a naked Pict; upon the presumption that Welshmen had no hose." Nares's Gloss. in v. Unfortunately, however, for this ingenious conjecture, the expression is found varied to "shipman's hose,"—which certainly cannot be considered as a non-
entity. "Hereunto they add also a Similitude not very agreeable, how the Scriptures be like to a Nose of Wax, or a Shipman's Hose: how they may be fashioned, and plied all manner of ways, and serve all men's turn's." Jewel's Defence of the Apology, &c. p. 465. ed. 1567. "And not made as a shipman's hose to serve for every leg." Wilson's Art of Rhetorick, p. 102. ed. 1580. Surely Welshman's hose (as well as shipman's) became proverbial from their pliability, power of being stretched, &c.

93. Parum litteratus, Dominus doctoratus] "Professor with a doctorate, little literate."

94. the Broad Gatus] Means, perhaps, Broadgates Hall, Oxford, on the site of which Pembroke College was erected.

95. Dawpatus] i.e. Simple-pate: see note 25 to The Bowge of Court.

96. Drunken as a mouse] So Chaucer;

"We faren as he that drunk is as a mouse."
The Knight's Tale, v. 1263. ed. Tyr.

97. his pillion and his cap] pillion, from Lat. Pileus ("A brimless felt hat or cap"). "Hic pilleus est ornamentum capitis sacerdotis vel graduati, Anglice a hure or a pillion." ("This pilleus is an ornamental headdress of priests and graduates, called in English a hure or pillion.") Halliwell, Dict. Compare Barclay;

"Mercury shall give thee gifts manifold,
His pillion, scepter, his wings, and his harp."
Fourth Egloge, sig. C iii. ed. 1570.

98. As wise as Waltham's calf] So Heywood;

"And think me as wise as Walthams calf, to talk," &c.

Ray gives, "As wise as Waltham's calf, that ran nine miles to suck a bull." Proverbs, p. 220. ed. 1768.

99. a God's half] i.e. for God's sake. See note 64 to The Tunning of Elynour Rumming.

100. syllogisare] "Argue by syllogism"

101. enthymemare] "Construct an enthymeme (i.e. A rhetorical and impressive (but perhaps dubious) argument)

102. Semper protestando De non impugnando] "Always protesting about not attacking"

103. Flattering, &c.] Compare Barclay;

We give wool and cheese, our wives coin and eggs,
When friars flatter and praise their proper legs."
Fifth Egloge, sig. D v. ed. 1570.

104. their tongues file]—file, i.e. smooth, polish: the expression occurs in earlier and in much later writers.

105. To Margery and to Maud,
How they have no fraud] As we find the name "Mawte" in our author's Elynour.
Rumming, v. 159, and as in the second of these lines the MS. has "fawte" (i.e. fault), the right reading is probably,

"To Margery and to Maud,
How they have no fault"


107. Some walk about in melottes] "Circuerunt in melotis." Vulgate,—Heb. xi. 37. "Melotes," as Mr. Albert Way observes to me, "is explained in the Catholicon to be a garment used by the monks during laborious occupation, made of the skin of the badger, and reaching from the neck to the loins," and according to other early dictionaries, it was made of the hair or skin of other animals. So the original Greek word, μηγωτή, which properly means pellis ovina ("sheep-skin"), signifies also pellis quaevis ("any kind of skin").

108. in remotes] i.e. in retired places.

109. Sed libera nos a malo] "but deliver us from evil"—from the Lord's Prayer

110. And by Dudum, their Clementine,
Against curates they repine;
And say properly they are sacerdotes,
To shrieve, assoile, and release
Dame Margery's soul out of hell] sacerdotes, i.e. priests. "On a de Clement V une compilation nouvelle, tant des décrets du concile général de Vienne, que de ses épîtres ou constitutions. C'est ce qu'on appelle les Clementines." ("Clement V made a new compilation of the decrees of the Council of Vienne together with his letters and rulings on the subject. This is what is called the Clementines.") L'Art de verifier les Dates, &c. (depuis la naissance de Notre-seigneur), iii. 382, ed. 1818. Skelton alludes here to Clement. lib. iii. tit. vii. cap. ii. which begins, "Dudum à Bonifacio Papa octavo proedecessore nostro," &c., and contains the following passages. "Ab olim siquidem inter Praelatos & Rectores, seu Sacerdotes ac Clericos parochialium Ecclesiarum per diversas Mundi provincias constitutos ex una parte, & Praedicatorum & Minorum ordinum fratres ex altera (pacis aemulo, satore zizania procurante), gravis & periculoosa discordia extitit, suscitata super praedicationibus fidelium populi faciendis, eorum confessionibus audiendis, penitentiis iniungendis eiusmodem, & tumulandis defunctorum corporibus, qui apud fratrum ipsorum Ecclesias sive loca noscuntur eligere sepulturam . . .

Statuimus etiam & ordinamus auctoritate praedicta, ut in singulis civitatis & diocesis, in quibus loca fratrum ipsorum consistere dognoscuntur, vel in civitatis & diocesis locis ipsis vicinis, in quibus loca huiusmodi non habentur, Magistri, Prioris provinciales Praedicatorum, aut eorum Vicarii & Generales, et Provinciales Ministri & custodes Minorum & ordinum dictorum ad praesentiam Praelatorum eorum locorum se conferant per se, vel per fratres, quos ad hoc idoneos fore putaverint, humiliter petituri, ut fratres, qui ad hoc electi fuerint, in eorum civitatis & diocesis confessiones subditorum suorum confiteri sibi voluntium audire libere valeant, & huiusmodi confitentibus (prout secundum Deum expedire cognoverint) penitentialis imponere salutares, atque eiusmodi absolutionis beneficium impendere de licentia, gratia, & beneplacito eorum: Ac deinde praefati Magistri, Prioris, Provinciales, & Ministri ordinum praedictorum eligere studeant personas sufficientes, idoneas, vita probatas, discretas, modestas, atque peritas, ad tam salubre min isterium et officiurn exequendum: quas sic ab ipsis electas repreharent, vel
faciant praesentari Praelatis, ut de eorum licentia, gratia, & beneplacito in
civitatis & diocesis earumdem huiusmodi personae sic electae confessiones
confiteri sibi volentium audiant, imponant penitentias salutares, & beneficium
absolutionis (in posterum) impendant, prout superius est expressum: extra civitates &
dioeceses, in quibus fuerint deputatae, de quas eam volumus & non per provincias
deputari, confessiones nullatenus auditurae. Numerus autem personarum
assumendarum ad huiusmodi officium exercendum esse debet, prout universitas cleri
& populi, ac multitudo vel paucitas exigat eorumdem. Et si idem Praelati petitam
licentiam confessionum huiusmodi audientur, imponant penitentias salutares, & beneficium
absolutionis (in posterum) impendant, prout superius est expressum: illum praeferint
Magistri, Ministri, & alii cum gratiarum recipiendra actione, dictaeque personae sic
electae commissum sibi officium exequantur. Quod si forte iam dicti Praelati
quenquam ex dictis fratribus praesentatis eisdem ad huiusmodi officium nollent
habere, vel non ducerent admittendum: eo amoto, vel subtracto loco ipsius similiter
eisdem praestantibus Praelatis possit, & debeat alius surrogari. Si vero idem
Praelati praefatis fratribus ad confessiones (ut praemittitur) audiendas electas, huius
modi exhibere licentiam recusaret, nos ex nunc ipsis, ut confessiones sibi confiteri
modi praestatamus Praelatis possit, & debeat alius surrogari. Si vero idem
Praelati praefatis fratribus ad confessiones (ut praemittitur) audiendas electas, huius
modi exhibere licentiam recusaret, nos ex nunc ipsis, ut confessiones sibi confiteri
modi praestatamus Praelatis possit, & debeat alius surrogari.

111. But when the friar fell in the well,
He could not sing himself theroeout
But by the help of Christian Clout
The name "Christian Clout" has occurred before in
our author's Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale, v. 6. 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 Friar Well fitted: or, A Pretty Jest that once befel,
How a Maid put a Friar to cool in the Well.
To a merry new Tune. Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order."

The Friar wishes to seduce the Maid;

"But she denied his Desire,
And told him, that she feared Hell-fire;
fa, la, &c.
Tush, (quoth the Friar) thou needst not doubt,
fa, la, &c.
If thou wert in Hell, I could sing thee out;
fa, la, &c.

The Maid then tells him that he "shall have his request," but only on condition that he
brings her "an angel of money." While he is absent, "She hung a Cloth before the
Well;" and, when he has returned, and given her the angel,—

"Oh stay, (quoth she) some Respite make,
My Father comes, he will me take;
fa, la, &c.
Alas, (quoth the Friar) where shall I run,
fa, la, &c.
To hide me till that he be gone?"
"Good Sir, (said she) there's no such matter,
I'll make you pay for fouling my Water;
fa, la, &c.
The Friar went along the Street,
fa, la, &c.
Dripping wet, like a new-wash'd Sheep,
fa, la, &c.
Both Old and Young commended the Maid,
That such a witty Prank had played;
fa, la, la, la, la,
fa, la, la, lang-tree down-dilly."

_Ballads_, Brit. Mus. 643. m.

112. Another Clementine also,
_How friar Fabian, with other mo,
Exivit de Paradiso;_] _Exivit de Paradiso_ – "Went out from Paradise". I suspect some corruption here. In MS. the passage stands thus;

"Another Clementine how friar faby and mo
Exivit," &c.

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 coelestis agricola," ("'I came out from paradise,' he said; 'I will water the plants in the garden,' said that heavenly farmer.") &c. p. 313. (_Decret._ tom. iii. ed. 1600).

113. _De hoc petimus consilium_] "Of this we seek counsel."

114. _Dirige_ and _Placebo_] The first words respectively of the Matins and Vespers services for the dead.

115. _play silence and glum
Can say nothing but mum._] See note 9 above.

116. _paints_] i.e. feigns. See note 70 to _The Tunning of Elynour Rumming._

117. _cross_] i.e. coin. See note 40 to _The Bowge of Court._

118. _palls_] See note 43 above
119. Arras] i.e. tapestry: see note 75 to Poems Against Garnesche.

120. Tirly tirlow] This passage was strangely misunderstood by the late Mr. Douce, who thought that "tirly tirlow" alluded to the note of the crow, that bird being mentioned in the preceding line! Illust. of Shakespeare, i. 353. The expression has occurred before, in our author's Elynour Rumming, v. 292; here it is equivalent to the modern fa, la, la, which is often used with a sly or wanton allusion—as, for instance, at the end of each stanza of Pope's court-ballad, The Challenge.

121. A lege de moy] See note 71 to The Tunning of Elynour Rumming.

122. With such stories bedene]—bedene, that is, "by the dozen," says Warton, erroneously, quoting this passage, Hist. of E. P., ii. 343. ed. 4to (note). The word occurs frequently in our early poetry, with different significations: here it may be explained—together—(with a collection of such stories); so in The World and the Child, 1522,

"Now Christ . . .
Save all this company that is gathered here bedene."
Sig. C iii.

123. Their chambers well beseen]—well beseen, i.e. of a good appearance,—well-furnished, or adorned.

124. Now all the world stares, &c.] "This is still," as Warton observes (Hist. of E. P., ii. 343. ed. 4to, note), "a description of tapestry."

125. Estate] i.e. high rank, dignity.

126. Their chambers thus to dress
With such parfitness]—parfitness, i.e. perfectness. "We should observe," says Warton, after citing the passage, "that the satire is here pointed at the subject of these tapestries. The graver ecclesiastics, who did not follow the levities of the world, were contented with religious subjects, or such as were merely historical." Hist. of E. P., ii. 344. ed. 4to.

127. For one man to rule a king] An allusion, I apprehend, to Wolsey's influence over Henry the Eighth: so again our author speaking of Wolsey, in some Latin lines at the end of Why Come ye not to Court, "Qui regnum regemque regit." ("Who rules the realm and the king") (Not in this edition). I may observe too, in further confirmation of the reading "King" instead of "ging" [Kele's ed.], that we have had, in an earlier passage of the present poem,

"To rule both king and kayser."
v. 606.

128. Cum regibus amicare,
Et omnibus dominari,
Et supra te pravare.] "To be friendly with kings, and to rule all things, and to tyrannise." "Amico, to befrend." Medulla Gramatice, MS. (now in the possession of Mr. Rodd). Pravare—In Ortus Vocab. fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d., is "Pravo . . . pravum facere, or to shrew," and "Tirannus. shrew or tyrant." The meaning therefore of pravare in our text may be—to play the tyrant.

"My goddess bright, my fortune, and my eure."
Chaucer's Court of Loue, fol. 330, Works, ed. 1602.

"The grace and eure and hap of old fortune."

"But wait his death & his fatal eure."
Id. sig. A a i.

"And fortune which hath the such eure y-sent."

130. played so checkmate] In allusion to the king's being put in cheek at the game of chess.
131. at the pleasure of one, &c.] Meaning, surely, Wolsey.

132. not so hardy on his head] An elliptical expression; compare "Not so hardy on their pates!" v. 1154. In the Morte d'Arthur when Bors is on the point of slaying King Arthur, "Not so hardy, said Sir Launcelot, upon pain of thy head, &c." B. xx. c. xiii. vol. ii. 411. ed. Southey.

133. To look on God in form of bread] A not unfrequent expression in our early writers.

"When I sacred our Lord's body,
Christ Jesu in form of bread."


134. this] Perhaps for—thus; Skelton, elsewhere, like many of our old poets, uses this for thus; as in Ware the Hawk;

Where Christ's precious blood
Daily offered is,
To be polluted this"
v. 179

135. debetis scire] "You ought to know."
136. audire] "To hear."
137. convenire] "To confer together."


139. to be gramed] i.e. to be angered: gramed is doubtless the right reading here, though the eds. have "greued" and the MS. "grevyd"—(grame has already occurred in Magnificence, v. 1864.

140. Not so hardy on their pates] See note 132 above.

141. Sir Guy of Gaunt] See note 81 to Philip Sparrow

142. doctor Deuce-ace] See note 12 to Against a Comely Custron


144. set not by us a whistle] i.e. value us not at a whistle, care not a whistle for us. Compare Lydgate;
"For he set not by his wrath a whistle."

The prohemy of a marriage, &c.,—MS. Harl. 372. fol. 45.

145. the Austin friars] In Broad-street Ward: see Stow's Survey, B. ii. 114. ed. 1720.

146. Saint Thomas of Acre's] Concerning the Hospital intituled of "S. Thomas of Acon or Acars [Acre in the Holy Land], near to the great Conduit in Cheap," see Stow's Survey, B. iii. 37. ed. 1720, and Maitland's Hist. of London, ii. 886. ed. 1756.

147. reason or skill] See note 14 to Magnificence.


"As right as ram's horn."

Reliquae Antiquae (by Wright and Halliwell), ii. 19.

And Lydgate has a copy of verses, the burden of which is,

"Conveyed by line right as a ram's horn."

MS. Harl. 172. fol. 71.


149. Isaias] According to a Jewish tradition, Isaiah was cut in two with a wooden saw by order of King Manasseh.

150. cough, rough, or snivel]—rough, i.e., perhaps, rout, snore, snort. I may just observe that Palsgrave not only gives "rowte" in that sense, but also "I Rowte, I belch as one doth that voideth wind out of his stomach, Je roucte," (p. 695.) and that Coles has "To rout, Crepo, pedo." (to belch, fart") Dict.

151. set not a nut-shell] i.e. value not at a nut-shell, care not a nut-shell for.

152. said sayne] A sort of pleonastic expression,—equivalent to,—called commonly or proverbially. See also in v. 864 "an old said saw".

153. great estates] i.e. persons of great estate, or rank.

154. far] i.e. farther:

"I will no far mell."

Gentleness and Nobility, n. d. (attributed without grounds to Heywood) sig C.

155. the porte salu] i.e. the safe port. Skelton has the term again in his Garland of Laurel, v. 541. Compare Hoccleve;

"whether our taill
Shall soon make us with our ships sail
To port salu." Poems, p. 61. ed. 1796,—

where the editor observes, "Port salut was a kind of proverbial expression, and so used in the translation of Cicero de senectute printed by Caxton." He continues, "but the ships, which were to be procured by their taill (or exchequer tally) to carry them to this safe port, were probably nobles (which had a ship for the reverse)"

156. In opere imperfecto,
In opere semper perfecto,
Et in opere plusquam perfecto] "In an imperfect work, in a work always perfect, and in a work more than perfect." (PH)
157. *Colinus Cloutus &c.*] "Colyn Cloute, though many of my songs . . . [second and third lines unintelligible (but see below)] Whence it concerns me so much the less, although the envious tongue prepares to hurt, because, although I sing of rustic things, yet I shall be sung about on all sides, and everywhere shall be celebrated, so long as the glorious nglish race remains. The laurel of honour, once the queen of possessions and the glory of kings, alas! now decays and rots and grows languid and torpid! Ah, the shame! ah, the pity! Here I am forbidden, for groaning and tears, to speak more. I pray the rewards may exceed the punishment." (PH)

These verses, not in eds., follow the poem of Colyn Cloute in the Harleian MS. The corruptions in the second and third lines (distinguished by Roman letter) have baffled the ingenuity of the several scholars to whom I submitted them.

A reviewer in the Gentleman's Magazine (Sept. 1844, p.246,) would cure this corrupted passage as follows:

*Colinus Cloutus, quanquam mea carmina multis
Sordescunt stultus, sed paucis sunt data cultis,
Paucis ante alios divino flame flatis.*

("Colyn Cloute, though many of my songs seem filthy to fools, it is given however to a few cultivated persons, to tell the few inspired words from the farts")
THE GARLAND OF LAUREL

[From Fauke's ed. 1523, collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568, (in which it is entitled The Crown of Laurel,) and with fragments of the poem among the Cottonian MSS. Vit. E.X. fol. 200. The preface Latin lines are from Fauke's ed., where they are given on the back of the title page, and below a woodcut portrait headed "Skelton Poeta": they are not in Marshe's ed. nor in MS.]

A RIGHT DELECTABLE TREATISE UPON A GOODLY GARLAND OR CHAPLET OF LAUREL

BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE, STUDIOUSLY DEVISED AT SHERIFF-HUTTON CASTLE, IN THE FOREST OF GALTRES, WHEREIN ARE COMPRISED MANY AND DIVERS SOLACIOUS AND RIGHT PREGNANT ELECTUARIES OF SINGULAR PLEASURE, AS MORE AT LARGE IT DOOTH APPEAR IN THE PROCESS FOLLOWING.

Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent,
Aequora dumque tument, haec laurea nostra virebit:
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomen referetur ad astra,
Undique Skeltonis memorabitur alter Adonis.<2>

Arrecting my sight toward the zodiac,
The signs xii for to behold afar,
When Mars retrogradant reversed his back,
Lord of the year in his orbicular,
Put up his sword, for he could make no war,
And when Lucina plenarly did shine,
Scorpio ascending degrees twice nine;

In place alone then musing in my thought
How all thing passeth as doth the summer flower,
On every half my reasons forth I sought,
How often fortune varieth in an hour,
Now clear weather, forthwith a stormy shower;
All thing compassed, no perpetuity,
But now in wealth, now in adversity.

So deeply drowned I was in this dump,
Encrampished so sore was my conceit,
That, me to rest, I leant me to a stump
Of an oak, that sometime grew full straight,
A mighty tree and of a noble height,
Whose beauty blasted was with the boisterous wind,
His leaves lost, the sap was from the rind.

Thus stood I in the frithy forest of Galtres,
Ensoaked with silt of the miry moss,<4>
Where harts bellowing embossed with distress,
Ran on the range so long, that I suppose
Few men can tell now where the hind-calf goes;
Fair fall that forester that so well can bate his hound!
But of my purpose now turn we to the ground.

Whiles I stood musing in this meditation,
In slumbering I fell and half in a sleep;
And whether it were of imagination,
Or of humours superfue, that often will creep
Into the brain by drinking over-deep,
Or it proceeded of fatal persuasion,
I cannot well tell you what was the occasion;

But suddenly at once, as I me advised,
As one in a trance or in an ecstasy,
I saw a pavilion wondrously disguised,
Garnished fresh after my fantasy,
Enhatched with pearl and stones preciously,
The ground engrosed and bet with bourne gold,
That passing goodly it was to behold:

Within it, a princess excellent of port;
But to recount her rich habiliment,
And what estates to her did resort,
Thereto am I full insufficient;
A goddess immortal she did represent;
As I heard say, dame Pallas was her name;
To whom supplied the royal Queen of Fame.

The QUEEN OF FAME to DAME PALLAS

Princess most puissant, of high pre-eminence,
Renowned lady above the starry heaven,
All other transcending, of very congruence
Madam regent of the science seven,
To whose estate all nobleness must leanen,
My supplication to you I arrect,
Whereof I beseech you to tender the effect.

Not unremembered it is unto your grace
How you gave me a royal commandement
That in my court Skelton should have a place,
Because that his time he studiously hath spent
In your service; and, to the accomplishment
Of your requests, registered in his name
With laureate triumph in the court of Fame.

But, good madam, the accustom and usage
Of ancient poets, ye wot full well, hath been
Themself to embusy with all their whole courage,
So that their works might famously be seen,
In figure whereof they wear the laurel green;
But how it is, Skelton is wonder slack,
And, as we dare, we find in him great lack.

For, ne were only he hath your promotion,
Out of my books full soon I should him rase;
But sith he hath tasted of the sugared potion
Of Helicon's well, refreshed with your grace,
And will not endeavour himself to purchase
The favour of ladies with words elect,
It is sitting that ye must him correct.

DAME PALLAS to the QUEEN OF FAME

The sum of your purpose, as we are advised,
Is that our servant is somewhat too dull;
Wherein this answer for him we have comprised,<13>
How rivers run not till the spring be full;
Better a dumb mouth than a brainless skull;
For if he gloriously polish his matter,
Then men will say how he doth but flatter;
And if so him fortune to write true and plain,
As sometime he must vices remord,
Then some will say he hath but little brain,
And how his words with reason will not accord;
Beware, for writing remaineth of record;
Displease not an hundred for one man's pleasure;
Who writeth wisely hath a great treasure.

Also, to furnish better his excuse,
Ovid was banished for such a skill,
And many more whom I could induce;
Juvenal was threat, pardie, for to kill<14>
For certain invectives, yet wrote he none ill,
Saving he rubbed some upon the gall;
It was not for him to abide the trial.

In general words, I say not greatly nay,
A poet sometime may for his pleasure taunt,
Speaking in parables, how the fox, the grey,<15>
The gander, the goose, and the huge elephant,
Went with the peacock again the pheasant;
The lizard came leaping, and said that he must,
With help of the ram, lay all in the dust.

Yet divers there be, industrious of reason,
Somewhat would gather in their conjecture
Of such an endarked chapter some season;
Howbeit, it were hard to construe this lecture;
Sophisticated craftily is many a confecture;
Another man's mind diffuse is to expound;<16>
Yet hard is to make but some fault be found.

The QUEEN OF FAME to DAME PALLAS

Madam, with favour of your benign sufferance,
Unto your grace then make I this motive;<17>
Whereto made ye me him to advance
Unto the room of laureate promotive?
Or whereto should he have that prerogative,
But if he had made some memorial
Whereby he might have a name immortal?

To pass the time in slothful idleness,
Of your royal palace it is not the guise,
But to do somewhat each man doth him dress:
For how should Cato else be called wise,
But that his books, which he did devise,
Record the same? or why is had in mind
Plato, but for that he left writing behind,

For men to look on? Aristotle also,
Of philosophers called the principal,
Old Diogenes, with many other mo.
Demosthenes, that orator royal,
That gave Aeschines such a cordial,
That banished was he by his proposition,
Against whom he could make no contradiction?

DAME PALLAS to the QUEEN OF FAME
Soft, my good sister, and make there a pause.
And was Aeschines rebuked as ye say?
Remember you well, point well that clause;
Wherefore then rased ye not away
His name? or why is it, I you pray,
That he to your court is going and coming,
Sith he is slandered for default of conning?

THE QUEEN OF FAME to DAME PALLAS
Madame, your apposal is well inferred,
And at your advantage quickly it is
Touched, and hard for to be debarred; Yet shall I answer your grace as in this,
With your reformation, if I say amiss,
For, but if your bounty did me assure,
Mine argument else could not long endure.

As touching that Aeschines is remembered,
That he so should be, me seemeth it sitting,
Albeit great part he hath surrendered
Of his honour, whose dissuasive in writing
To courage Demosthenes was much exciting,
In setting out freshly his crafty persuasion,
From which Aeschines had none evasion.

The cause why Demosthenes so famously is bruited
Only proceeded for that he did outray
Aeschines, which was not shamefully confuted
But of that famous orator, I say,
Which passed all other; wherefore I may
Among my records suffer him named,
For though he were vanquished, yet was he not shamed:
As Jerome, in his preamble \textit{Frater Ambrosius},<24>
From that I have said in no point doth vary,
Wherein he reporteth of the courageous
Words that were much consolatory
By Aeschines rehearsed to the great glory
Of Demosthenes, that was his utter foe:
Few shall ye find or none that will do so.

\textit{DAME PALLAS to the QUEEN OF FAME}

A thank to have, ye have well deserved,
Your mind that can maintain so apparently;
But a great part yet ye have reserved
Of that must follow then consequently,
Or else ye demean you inordinately;
For if ye laud him whom honour hath opprest,
Then he that doth worst is as good as the best.

But whom that ye favour, I see well, hath a name,
Be he never so little of substance,
And whom ye love not ye will put to shame;
Ye counterweigh not evenly your balance;
As well folly as wisdom oft ye do advance:
For report riseth many diverse ways.
Some be much spoken of for making of frays;
Some have a name for theft and bribery;
Some be called crafty that can pick a purse;
Some men be made of for their mockery;
Some careful cuckolds, some have their wives curse;
Some famous wittols, and they be much worse;
Some \textit{liddersons}, some \textit{losels}, some naughty \textit{packs};
Some facers, some bracers, some make great cracks;<25>
Some drunken dastards with their dry souls;
Some sluggish slovens, that sleep day and night;
Riot and Revel be in your court-rolls;<26>
Maintenance and Mischief, these be men of might;
Extortion is counted with you for a knight;
These people by me have none assignment,
Yet they ride and run from Carlisle to Kent.

But little or nothing ye shall hear tell
Of them that have virtue by reason of \textit{conning},
Which sovereignly in honour should excel;
Men of such matters make but a mumming,<27>
For wisdom and \textit{sadness} be set out a-sunning;
And such of my servants as I have promoted,
One fault or other in them shall be noted.

Either they will say he is too wise,
Or else he can nought but when he is at school;
Prove his wit, sayeth he, at cards or dice,
And ye shall well find he is a very fool;
Twish, set him a chair, or reach him a stool,  
To sit him upon, and read Jack-a-Thrum's bible,<28>  
For truly it were pity that he sat idle.  

_The QUEEN OF FAME to DAME PALLAS_  
To make _repugnance_ against that ye have said  
Of very duty it may not well accord,  
But your benign sufferance for my discharge I laid,  
For that I would not with you fall at discord;  
But yet I beseech your grace that good record  
May be brought forth, such as can be found,  
With laureate triumph why Skelton should be crowned;  

For else it were too great a derogation  
Unto your palace, our noble court of Fame,  
That any man under supportation  
Without deserving should have the best game:  
If he to the ample increase of his name  
Can lay any works that he hath compiled,  
I am content that he be not exiled  
From the laureate senate by force of proscription;  
Or else, ye know well, I can do no less  
But I must banish him from my jurisdiction,  
As he hath acquainted him with idleness;  
But if that he purpose to make a redress,  
What he hath done, let it be brought to sight;  
Grant my petition, I ask you but right.  

_DAME PALLAS to the QUEEN OF FAME_  
To your request we be well condescended:  
Call forth, let see where is your _clarioner_,<29>  
To blow a blast with his long breath extended;  
Aeolus, your trumpet,<30> that known is so far,  
That _bararag_ bloweth in every martial war,  
Let him blow now, that we may take a view  
What poets we have at our retinue;  
To see if Skelton will put himself in press,  
Among the thickest of all the whole rout;  
Make noise enough, for clatterers love no peace;  
Let see, my sister, now speed you, go about;  
Anon, I say, this trumpet were found out,  
And for no man hardly let him spare  
To blow _bararag_ till both his _even_ stare.  

_SKELTON POETA_  
Forthwith there rose among the throng  
A wonderful noise, and on every side  
They pressed in fast; some thought they were too long;  
Some were too hasty, and would no man bide;  
Some whispered, some _rowned_, some spake, and some cried.
With heaving and shouting, have in and have out;
Some ran the next way, some ran about.

There was suing to the Queen of Fame;
He plucked him back, and he went afore;
Nay, hold thy tongue, quod another, let me have the name;
Make room, said another, Ye press all too sore;
Some said, Hold thy peace, thou gettest here no more;
A thousand thousand I saw on a plump:<31>
With that I heard the noise of a trump,

That long time blew a full timorous blast,
Like to the boreal winds when they blow,
That towers and towns and trees down cast,
Drove clouds together like drifts of snow;
The dreadful din drove all the rout on a row;
Some trembled, some girned, some gasped, some gazed,
As people half peevish, or men that were mazed.

Anon all was whist, as it were for the nonce,
And each man stood gazing and staring upon other:
With that there come in wonderly at once
A murmur of minstrels,<32> that such another
Had I never seen, some softer, some louder;
Orpheus, the Thracian, harped melodiously
With Amphion, and other Muses of Arcady:
Whose heavenly harmony was so passing sure,
So truly proportioned, and so well did agree,
That in the forest was none so great a tree
But that he danced for joy of that glee;
The huge mighty oaks themself did advance,
And leap from the hills to learn for to dance:

In so much the stump, whereto I me leant,
Start all at once an hundred foot back:
With that I sprang up toward the tent
Of noble Dame Pallas, whereof I spake;
Where I saw come after, I wot, full little lack
Of a thousand poets assembled together:
But Phoebus was foremost of all that came thither;
Of laurel leaves a coronal on his head,
With hairs encrisped<33> yellow as the gold,
Lamenting Daphnes,<34> whom with the dart of lead<35>
Cupid hath striken so that she ne wold
Consent to Phoebus to have his heart in hold,
But, for to preserve her maidenhood clean,
Transferred was she into the laurel green.

Meddled with mourning the most part of his muse,
O thoughtful heart,<36> was evermore his song!
Daphnes, my darling, why do you me refuse?
Yet look on me, that loved you so long,
Yet have compassion upon my pains strong:
He sang also how, the tree as he did take
Between his arms, he felt her body quake.<37>

Then he **assurred**<38> into this exclamation
Unto Diana, the goddess immortal;
O merciless madame, hard is your constellation,
So close to keep your cloister virginal,
Enharded adamant the cement of your wall!
Alas, what ails you to be so **overthwart**,
To banish pity out of a maiden's heart?

Why have the gods showed me this cruelty,<39>
Sith I contrived first principles medicinable?
I help all other of their infirmity,
But now to help myself I am not able;
That profiteth all other is nothing profitable
Unto me; alas, that herb nor grass
The fervent access of love cannot repress!

O fatal fortune! what have I offended?
Odious disdain, why rayest<40> thou me on this fashion?
But sith I have lost now that I intended,<41>
And may not attain it by no meditation,
Yet, in remembrance of Daphne's transformation, 320
All famous poets ensuing after me
Shall wear a garland of the laurel tree.

This said, a great number followed by and by
Of poets laureate<42> of many divers nations;
Part of their names I think to specify:
First, old Quintilian with his Declamations;
Theocritus with his bucolical relations;
Esiodus, the **iconomicar**<43>,
And Homerus, the **fresh historiar**;

Prince of eloquence, Tullius Cicero,
With Sallust against Lucius Cataline,
That wrote the history of Jugurta also;
Ovid, enshrined with the Muses nine;
But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of wine,
Of clusters **engrossed** with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;

Lucan, with Statius in Achilleidos;
Persius pressed forth with his problems **diffuse**;
Virgil the Mantuan, with his Aeneidos;
Juvenal **satirray**, that men maketh to muse;
But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of wine,
Of clusters **engrossed** with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;
There Titus Livius himself did advance
With decades historious, which that he mingleth
With matters that amount the Romans in substance;
Ennius that wrote of martial war at length;
But blessed Bacchus, the potential god of strength,
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;

Aulus Gelius, that noble historiar;
Horace also with his new poetry;
Master Terence, that famous comicar,
With Plautus, that wrote full many a comedy;
But blessed Bacchus was in their company,
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;

Seneca full soberly with his tragedies;
Boyce, recomforted with his philosophy;
And Maximian, with his mad ditties,
How doting age would jape with young folly;
But blessed Bacchus most reverent and holy,
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;

There came John Bochas with his volumes great;
Quintus Curtius, full craftily that wrate
Of Alexander; and Macrobius that did treat
Of Scipio's dream what was the true probate;
But blessed Bacchus that never man forgate,
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;

Poggeus also, that famous Florentine,
Mustered there among them with many a mad tale;
With a friar of France men call Sir Gaguine,
That frowned on me full angerly and pale;
But blessed Bacchus, that boot is of all bale,
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy floats
These orators and poets refreshed their throats;

Plutarch and Petrarch, two famous clerks;
Lucilius and Valerius, Maximus by name;
With Vicentius in Speculo, that wrote noble works;
Propertius and Pisandros, poets of noble fame;
But blessed Bacchus, that masteries oft doth frame,
Of clusters engrossed with his ruddy floats
These notable poets refreshed their throats;

And as I thus sadly among them avised,
I saw Gower, that first garnished our English rude,
And Master Chaucer, that nobly enterprised
How that our English might freshly be ennewed;
The monk of Bury then after them ensued,
Dan John Lydgate: these English poets three,<59>
As I imagined, repaired unto me,
Together in arms, as brethren, embraced;<60>
Their apparel far passing beyond that I can tell;
With diamonds and rubies their tabards were traced,
None so rich stones in Turkey to sell;
They wanted nothing but the laurel;<61>
And of their bounty they made me goodly cheer,
In manner and form as ye shall after hear.

**MASTER GOWER to SKELTON**

Brother Skelton, your endeavourement
So have ye done, that meritoriously
Ye have deserved to have an employment
In our college above the starry sky,
Because that ye increase and amplify
The bruited Britons of Brutus Albion,<62>
That well-nigh was lost when that we were gone.

**The Poet SKELTON to MASTER GOWER**

Master Gower, I have nothing deserved
To have so laudable a commendation:
To you three this honour shall be reserved,
Arrecting unto your wise examination
How all that I do is under reformation,
For only the substance of that I intend,
Is glad to please, and loth to offend.

**MASTER CHAUCER to SKELTON**

Counterweighing your busy diligence
Of that we began in the supplement,
Enforced are we you to recompense,
Of all our whole college by the agreement,
That we shall bring you personally present
Of noble Fame before the Queen's grace,
In whose court appointed is your place.

**The Poet SKELTON answereth**

O noble Chaucer, whose polished eloquence
Our English rude so freshely hath set out,
That bound are we with all due reverence,
With all our strength that we can bring about,
To owe to you our service, and more if we mought!
But what should I say? Ye wot what I intend,
Which glad am to please, and loth to offend.

**MASTER LYDGATE to SKELTON**

So am I prevented of my brethren twain
In rendering to you thanks meritory.
That well-nigh nothing there doth remain
John Skelton

Wherewith to give you my regratiatory,
But that I appoint you to be protonotary
Of Fame's court, by all our whole assent
Advanced by Pallas to laurel preferment.

The Poet SKELTON answereth

So have ye me far passing my merits extolled,
Master Lydgate, of your accustomable
Bounty, and so gloriously ye have enrolled
My name, I know well, beyond that I am able,
That but if my works thereto be agreeable,
I am else rebuked of that I intend,
Which glad am to please, and loth to offend.

So finally, when they had showed their devise,
Under the form as I said tofore,
I made it strange, and drew back once or twice,
And ever they pressed on me more and more,
Till at the last they forced me so sore,
That with them I went where they would me bring,
Unto the pavilion where Pallas was sitting.

Dame Pallas commanded that they should me convey
Into the rich palace of the Queen of Fame;
There shall he hear what she will to him say
When he is called to answer to his name;
A cry anon forthwith she made proclaim,
All orators and poets should thither go before,
With all the press that there was, less and more.

Forthwith, I say, thus wandering in my thought,
How it was, or else within what hours,
I cannot tell you, but that I was brought
Into a palace with turrets and towers,
Engalleried goodly with halls and bowers,
So curiously, so craftily, so cunningly wrought
That all the world, I trow, an it were sought,
Such another there could no man find;
Whereof partly I purpose to expound,
Whiles it remaineth fresh in my mind.

With turquoises and chrysolites enpaved was the ground;
Of beryl embossed were the pillars round;
Of elephants' teeth were the palace gates,
Enlozenged with many goodly plates
Of gold, entached with many a precious stone;
An hundred steps mounting to the hall,
One of jasper, another of whales' bone;
Of diamonds pointed was the rocky wall;
The carpets within and tapets of pall;
The chambers hanged with cloths of Arras;
Envaulted with rubies the vault was of this place.
Thus passed we forth walking unto the pretory, Where the poets were embullioned with sapphires Indy blue, Englazed glittering with many a clear story; Jacinths and smaragds out of the floorth they grew. Unto this place all poets there did sue, Wherein was set of Fame the noble Queen, All other transcending, most richly beseen.

Under a glorious cloth of estate, Fret all with orient pearls of garnet, Encrowned as empress of all this worldly fate, So royally, so richly, so passing ornate, It was exceeding beyond the common rate.

This house environ was a mile about; If xii were let in, xii hundred stood without.

Then to this lady and sovereign of this palace Of pursuivants there pressed in with many a diverse tale; Some were of Poyle, and some were of Thrace, Of Limerick, of Lorain, of Spain, of Portingale, From Naples, from Navern, and from Rouncevale, Some from Flanders, some from the sea-coast, Some from the mainland, some from the French host:

With, How doth the north? What tidings in the south? The west is windy, the east is meetly well; It is hard to tell of every man's mouth; A slipper hold the tail is of an eel, And he halteth often that hath a kiby heel. Some showed his safe-conduct, some showed his charter, Some looked full smoothly, and had a false quarter; With, Sir, I pray you, a little tine stand back, And let me come in to deliver my letter; Another told how ships went to wrack; There were many words smaller and greater; With, I as good as thou, I'faith and no better; Some came to tell truth, some came to lie, Some came to flatter, and some came to spy:

There were, I say, of all manner of sorts, Of Dartmouth, of Plymouth, of Portsmouth also; The burgesses and the bailiffs of the v. Ports, With, Now let me come! and, Now let me go; And all time wandered I thus to and fro, Till at the last these noble poets three Unto me said, Lo, sir, now ye may see

Of this high court the daily business; From you must we, but not long to tarry; Lo, hither cometh a goodly mistress, Occupation, Fame's registrary, Which shall be to you a sovereign accessory,
With singular pleasures to drive away the time,
And we shall see you again ere it be prime.<72>

When they were passed and went forth on their way,
This gentlewoman, that called was by name
Occupation, in right goodly array,
Came toward me, and smiled half in game;
I saw her smile, and I then did the same;
With that on me she cast her goodly look;
Under her arm, methought, she had a book.

**OCCUPATION to SKELTON**

Like as the lark, upon the summer's day,
When Titan radiant burnisheth his beams bright,
Mounteth on high with her melodious lay,
Of the sunshine engladed with the light,
So am I surprised with pleasure and delight
To see this hour now, that I may say
How ye are welcome to this court of array.

Of your acquaintance I was in times past,
Of studious doctrine when at the port salu<73>
Ye first arrived; when broken was your mast
Of worldly trust, then did I you rescue;
Your storm-driven ship I repaired new,
So well entackled, what wind that ever blow,
No stormy tempest your barge shall overthrow.

Welcome to me as heartily as heart can think,
Welcome to me with all my whole desire!
And for my sake spare neither pen nor ink;
Be well assured I shall aquite your hire,
Your name recounting beyond the land of Tyre,
From Sidony to the mount Olympian,
From Babel's Tower to the hills Caspian.

**SKELTON POETA answereth**

I thanked her much of her most noble offer,
Affiancing her mine whole assurance
For her pleasure to make a large proffer,
Imprinting her words in my remembrance,
To owe her my service with true perseverance.
And with that word she took me by the hand.
So passed we forth into the foresaid place,
With such communication as came to our mind.
And then she said, Whiles we have time and space
To walk where we list, let us somewhat find
To pass the time with, but let us waste no wind,
For idle janglers have but little brain;
Words be swords, and hard to call again.
Into a field she brought me wide and large,
Enwalled about with the stony flint,
Strongly enbattled, much costious of charge.
To walk on this wall she bade I should not stint.
Go softly, she said, the stones be full glint.
She went before, and bade me take good hold:
I saw a thousand gates new and old,
Then questioned I her what those gates meant;
Whereto she answered, and briefly me told,
How from the east unto the occident,
And from the south unto the north so cold,
These gates, she said, which that ye behold,
Be issues and ports from all manner of nations;
And seriously she showed me their denominations.

They had writing, some Greeke, some Hebrew,
Some Roman letters, as I understood;
Some were old written, some were written new,
Some characters of Chaldee, some French was full good;
But one gate specially, where as I stood,
Had graven in it of chalcedony a capital A;
What gate call ye this? And she said, Anglia.

The building thereof was passing commendable;
Whereon stood a leopard, crowned with gold and stones,
Terrible of countenance and passing formidable,
As quickly touched as it were flesh and bones,
As ghastly that glares, and grimly that groans,
As fiercely frowning as he had been fighting,
And with his fore foot he shook forth this writing:

Formidanda nimis Jovis ultima fulmina tollis:
Unguiibus ire parat loca singula livida curvis
Quam modo per Phoebes nummos raptura Celaeno;
Arma, lues, luctus, fel, vis, fraus, barbaræ tellus;
Mille modis erras odium tibi quaerere Martis;
Spreto spineto cedant saliunca roseto.<75>

Then I me leant, and looked over the wall.
Innumerable people pressed to every gate.
Shut were the gates; they might well knock and call,
And turn home again, for they came all too late.
I her demanded of them and their estate:
Forsooth, quod she, they be haskards and ribalds,
Dicers, carders, tumblers with gamboldes.

Furtherers of love, with bawdry aquainted,
Brainless blinkards that blow at the coal,
False forgers of money, for coinage attainted,
Pope-holy hypocrites, as they were gold and whole,
Pole-hatchets, that prate will at every ale-pole,
Riot, reveller, raider, bribery, theft,
With other conditions that well might be left:

Some feign themselves fools, and would be called wise,
Some meddling spies, by craft to grope thy mind,
Some disdainful dawcocks that all men despise,
False flatterers that fawn thee, and curs of kind
That speak fair before thee and shrewdly behind;
Hither they come crowding to get them a name,
But haled they be homeward with sorrow and shame.

With that I heard guns rush out at once,
Bounce, bounce, bounce! that all they out cried;
It made some limp-legged and bruised their bones;
Some were made peevish, porishly pink-eyed,
That ever more after by it they were espied;
And one was there, I wondered of his hap,
For a gun-stone, I say, had all to-jagged his cap,

Ragged and dagged, and cunningly cut,
The blast of the brimstone blew away his brain;
Mazed as a March-hare, he ran like a scut;
And, sir, among all methought I saw twain,
Of a dicer, a devil way, grew a gentleman,
Pierce Prater the second, that quarrels began;

With a pellet of peevishness they had such a stroke,
That all the days of their life shall stick by their ribs:
Faugh, foisty bawdias! some smelled of the smoke;
I saw divers that were carried away thence in cribs,
Dazing after dotterels, like drunkards that dribs;
These titivels with tampions were touched and tapped;
Much mischiefs, I hight you, among them there happed.

Sometime, as it seemeth, when the moon-light
By means of a grisly endarked cloud
Suddenly is eclipsed in the winter night,
In like manner of wise a mist did us shroud;
But well may ye think I was nothing proud
Of that adventure, which made me sore aghast.
In darkness thus dwelt we, till at the last

The clouds gan to clear, the mist was rarified;
In an arbour I saw, brought where I was,
There birds on the briar sang on every side;
With alleys ensanded about in compass,<81>
The banks enturfed with singular solace,<82>
Enrailed with rosers, and vines engraped;
It was a new comfort of sorrows escaped.
In the midst a conduit, that curiously was cast,
With pipes of gold engushing out streams;
Of crystal the clearness these waters far past,
Enswimming with roaches, barbels, and breams,
Whose scales ensilvered against the sun-beams
Englistered, that joyous it was to behold.
Then furthermore about me my sight I revolved,
Where I saw growing a goodly laurel tree,
Enverdured with leaves continually green;
Above in the top a bird of Araby,
Men call a phoenix; her wings between
She beat up a fire with the spark full keen
With branches and boughs of the sweet olive,
Whose flagrant flower was chief preservative
Against all infections with canker inflamed,
Against all barratous bruisers of old,
It passed all balms that ever were named,
Or gums of Araby so dearly that be sold.
There blew in that garden a soft pipling cold
Enbreathing of Zephyrus with his pleasant wind;
All fruits and flowers grew there in their kind.
Dryads there danced upon that goodly soil,
With the nine Muses, Pierides by name;
Phyllis and Testalis, their tresses with oil
Were newly enbibed; and round about the same
Green tree of laurel much solacious game
They made, with chapeltts and garlands green;
And foremost of all dame Flora, the queen
Of summer, so formally she footed the dance;
There Cyntheus sat twinkling upon his harp-strings;
And Iopas his instrument did advance,
The poems and stories, ancient inbrings
Of Atlas' astrology, and many noble things,
Of wandering of the moon, the course of the sun,
Of men and of beasts, and whereof they begun,
What thing occasioned the showers of rain,
Of fire elementar in his supreme sphere,
And of that pole arctic which doth remain
Behind the tail of Ursa so clear;
Of Pleiades he preached with their drowsy cheer,
Emoistured with misling and aye dropping dry,
And where the two Trions a man should espy,
And of the winter days that hie them so fast,
And of the winter nights that tarry so long,
And of the summer days so long that do last,
And of their short nights; he brought in his song
How wrong was no right, and right was no wrong.
There was countering of carols in metre and verse
So many, that long it were to rehearse.

_OCCUPATION to SKELTON_

How say ye? is this after your appetite?  
May this content you and your merry mind?  
Here dwelleth pleasure, with lust and delight;  
Continual comfort here ye may find,  
Of wealth and solace no thing left behind;  
All thing _convenable_ here is contrived,  
Wherewith your spirits may be revived.

_The Poet SKELTON answereth_

Questionless no doubt of that ye say;  
Jupiter himselfe this life might endure;  
This joy exceedeth all worldly sport and play,  
Paradise this place is of singular pleasure:  
O well were him that hereof might be sure,  
And here to inhabit and aye for to dwell!  
But, goodly mistress, one thing ye me tell.

_OCCUPATION to SKELTON_

Of your demand show me the content,  
What it is, and whereupon it stands;  
And if there be in it anything meant,  
Whereof the answer resteth in my hands,  
It shall be loosed full soon out of the bands  
Of scrupulous doubt; wherefore your mind discharge,  
And of your will the plainness show at large.

_The Poet SKELTON answereth_

I thank you, goodly mistress, to me most benign,  
That of your bounty so well have me assured;  
But my request is not so great a thing,  
That I _ne force_ what though it be discured;  
I am not wounded but that I may be cured;  
I am not laden of _litherness_ with lumps,  
As dazed dotards that dream in their _dumps_.

_OCCUPATION to SKELTON_

Now what ye mean, I trow I _conject_;  
God give you good year, ye make me to smile!  
Now, by your faith, is not this th'effect  
Of your question ye make all this while,  
To understand who dwelleth in yon pile,  
And what blunderer is yonder that played diddle diddle?  
He findeth false measures out of his fond fiddle.

_Interpolata, que industriosum postulat interpretem, satira in vatis adversarium._

_Tressis agasonis_ _species prior, altera Davi:_  
_Aucupium culicis, limis dum torquet ocellum,_
Concipit, aligeras rapit, appetit, aspice, muscas!
Maia quaeque foveat, foyer aut quae Jupiter, aut quae  
Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, algida Luna,
Si tibi contingat verbo aut committere scripto,
Quam sibi max tacita sudant praecordia culpa!
Hinc ruit in flammas, stimulans hunc urget et illum,
Invocat ad rixas, vanos tamen excitat ignes,
Labra movens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.

His name for to know if that ye list,
Envious Rancour truly he hight:
Beware of him, I warn you; for an ye wist
How dangerous it were to stand in his light,
Ye would not deal with him, though that ye might,
For by his devilish drift and graceless provision
An whole realm he is able to set at division:

For when he speaketh fairest, then thinketh he most ill;
Full gloriously can he glose, thy mind for to feel;
He will set men a-fighting, and sit himself still,
And smirk, like a smithy cur, at sparks of steel;
He can never leave work whilst it is weel;
To tell all his touches it were too great wonder;
The devil of hell and he be seldom asunder.

Thus talking we went both in at a postern gate;
Turning on the right hand, by a winding stair,
She brought me to a goodly chamber of estate,
Where the noble Countess of Surrey in a chair
Sat honourably, to whom did repair
Of ladies a bevy with all due reverence:
Sit down, fair ladies, and do your diligence!
Come forth, gentlewomen, I pray you, she said;
I have contrived for you a goodly wark,
And who can work best now shall be assayed;
A coronal of laurel with verdures light and dark
I have devised for Skelton, my clerk;
For to his service I have such regard
That of our bounty we will him reward:

For of all ladies he hath the library,
Their names recounting in the court of Fame;
Of all gentlewomen he hath the scrutiny,
In Fame's court reporting the same;
For yet of women he never said shame,
But if they were counterfeits, that women them call,
That list of their lewdness with him for to brawl.
With that the tapets and carpets were laid,
Whereon these ladies softly might rest,
The sampler to sew on, the laces to embraid;
To weave in the stool some were full prest;
With sleys, with tavells, with hiddles well dressed;
The frame was brought forth with his weaving pin:
God give them good speed their work to begin!

Some to embroider put them in press,
Well guiding their glowtonn to keep straight their silk,
Some pirling of gold their work to increase
With fingers small, and hands white as milk;
With, Reach me that skein of tuly silk;
And, Wind me that bottom of such an hue,
Green, red, tawny, white, black, purple, and blue.

Of broken works wrought many a goodly thing,
In casting, in turning, in flourishing of flowers,
With burrs rough and buttons surfling,
In needle-work raising birds in bowers,
With virtue enbusied all times and hours;
And truly of their bounty thus were they bent
To work me this chaplet by good advisement.

OCCUPATION to SKELTON
Behold and see in your advertisement
How these ladies and gentlewomen all
For your pleasure do their endeavourment,
And for your sake how fast to work they fall:
To your remembrance wherefore ye must call
In goodly words pleasantly comprised,
That for them some goodly conceit be devised,

With proper captations of benevolence,
Ornately polished after your faculty,
Sith ye must needs aforce it by pretence
Of your profession unto humanity,
Commencing your process after their degree,
To each of them rendering thanks commendable,
With sentence fructuous and terms convenable.

The Poet SKELTON
Advancing myself some thank to deserve,
I me determined for to sharp my pen,
Devoutly arecting my prayer to Minerva,
She to vouchsafe me to inform and ken;
To Mercury also heartily prayed I then,
Me to support, to help, and to assist,
To guide and to govern my dreadful trembling fist.
As a mariner that amazed is in a stormy rage,
Hardly bested and driven is to hope
Of that the tempestuous wind will assuage,
In trust whereof comfort his heart doth grope,
From the anchor he cutteth the cable rope,
Commiteth all to God, and letteth his ship ride;
So I beseech Jesu now to be my guide.

To the right noble COUNTESS OF SURREY

After all duly ordered obeisance,
In humble wise as lowly as I may,
Unto you, madam, I make recognizance,
My life enduring I shall both write and say,
Recount, report, rehearse without delay
The passing bounty of your noble estate,
Of honour and worship which hath the former date;
Like to Argea by just resemblance,
The noble wife of Polimites king;
Prudent Rebecca, of whom remembrance
The Bible maketh; with whose chaste living
Your noble demeanour is counterweighing,
Whose passing bounty, and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.
The noble Pamphila, queen of the Greeks' land,
Habiliments royal found out industriously;
Thamer also wrought with her goodly hand
Many devices passing curiously;
Whom ye represent and exemplify,
Whose passing bounty, and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.
As Dame Thamarys, which took the king of Perce,
Cyrus by name, as writeth the story;
Dame Agrippina also I may rehearse
Of gentle courage and perfite memory;
So shall your name endure perpetually,
Whose passing bounty, and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.

To my Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD

To be your remembrancer, madam, I am bound,
Like to Aryna, maidenly of port,
Of virtue and conning the well and perfect ground;
Whom dame Nature, as well I may report,
Hath freshly embeautied with many a goodly sort
Of womanly features, whose flourishing tender age
Is lusty to look on, pleasant, demure, and sage.

Good Creisseid, fairer than Polexene,
For to envive Pandarus' appetite;
Troilus, I trow, if that he had you seen,
In you he would have set his whole delight:
Of all your beauty I suffice not to write;
But, as I said, your flourishing tender age
Is lusty to look on, pleasant, demure, and sage.

To my Lady MIRRIELL HOWARD<120>

My little lady I may not leave behind,
But do her service needs now I must;
Benign, courteous, of gentle heart and mind,
Whom Fortune and Fate plainly have discussed<121>
Long to enjoy pleasure, delight, and lust:<122>
The embuddled blossoms of roses red of hue
With lilies white your beauty doth renew.

Compare you I may to Cydippes, the maid,
That of Acontius, when she found the bill<123>
In her bosom, lord, how she was afraid!
The ruddy shamefacedness in her visage fill,
Which manner of abashment became her not ill.
Right so, madam, the roses red of hue
With lilies white your beauty doth renew.

To my Lady ANNE DAKERS of the South<124>

Zeuxes that empictured fair Elene the queen,
You to devise his craft were to seek;<125>
And if Apelles your countenance had seen,
Of portraiture which was the famous Greek,
He could not devise the least point of your cheek;
Princess of youth, and flower of goodly port,
Virtue, conning, solace, pleasure, comfort.

Paregal in honour unto Penelope,
That for her truth is in remembrance had;
Fair Dianira surmounting in beauty;
Demure Diana womanly and sad,
Whose lusty looks make heavy hearts glad!
Princess of youth, and flower of goodly port,
Virtue, conning, solace, pleasure, comfort.

TO MISTRESS MARGERY WENTWORTH<126>

With marjoram gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.

Plainly I cannot glose;
Ye be, as I divine,
The pretty primrose,
The goodly columbine.
With marjoram gentle,
The flower of goodlihead.
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.
Benign, courteous, and meek,
With words well devised;
In you, who list to seek,
Be virtues well comprised.
With marjoram gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET TYLNEY<127>
I you assure,
Full well I know
My busy cure
To you I owe;
Humbly and low
Commending me
To your bounty.
As Machareus
Fair Canace,<128>
So I, ywis,
Endeavour me
Your name to see
It be enrolled,
Written with gold.
Phaedra ye may
Well represent;
Attentive aye
And diligent,
No time misspent;
Wherefore delight
I have to write
Of Margarite,
Pearl orient,<129>
Lode-star of light,
Much relucent; 950
Madam regent
I may you call
Of virtues all

TO MISTRESS JANE BLENNERHASSET<130>
What though my pen wax faint,
And hath small lust to paint?
Yet shall there no restraint
Cause me to cease,
Among this press,
For to increase
Your goodly name.

-457-
I will myself apply,  
Trust me, intentively,  
You for to stellify;  
And so observe  
That ye ne swerve  
For to deserve  
Immortal fame.  

Sith Mistress Jane Hasset  
Small flowers helped to set  
In my goodly chaplet,  
Therefore I render of her the memory  
Unto the legend of far Laodami.<131>  

**TO MISTRESS ISABEL PENNELL**  

By Saint Mary, my lady,  
Your mammy and your daddy  
Brought forth a goodly baby!  

My maiden Isabel,  
Reflairing rosabel,  
The fragrant chamomile;  
The ruddy rosary,  
The sovereign rosemary,  
The pretty strawberry;  
The columbine, the nept,  
The gillyflower well set,  
The proper violet;  
Ennewed your colour  
Is like the daisy flower  
After the April shower;  
Star of the morrow gray,  
The blossom on the spray,  
The freshest flower of May;  
Maidenly demure,  
Of womanhood the lure;  
Wherefore I make you sure,  
It were an heavenly health,  
It were an endless wealth,  
A life for God himself,  
To hear this nightingale  
Among the birds small  
Warbling in the vale,  
Dug, dug,  
Jug, jug,  
Good year and good luck,  
With chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck!  

**TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY**
Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;

With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;

As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coriander,
Sweet pomander,
Good cassander,
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought;
Far may be sought
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

TO MISTRESS GERTRUDE STATHAM

Though ye were hard-hearted,
And I with you thwarted
With words that smarted,
Yet now doubtless ye give me cause
To write of you this goodly clause,
Mistress Gertrude,
With womanhood endued,
With virtue well renewed.

I will that ye shall be
In all benignity
Like to dame Pasiphae;
For now doubtless ye give me cause
To write of you this goodly clause,
With womanhood endued,  
With virtue well renewed.

Partly by your counsel,  
Garnished with laurel  
Was my fresh coronal;  
Wherefore doubtless ye give me cause  
To write of you this goodly clause,  
Mistress Gertrude,  
With womanhood endued,  
With virtue well renewed.

TO MISTRESS ISABEL KNIGHT

But if I should acquit your kindness,  
Else say ye might  
That in me were great blindness,  
I for to be so mindless,  
And could not write  
Of Isabel Knight.

It is not my custom nor my guise  
To leave behind  
Her that is both womanly and wise,  
And specially which glad was to devise  
The means to find  
To please my mind,  
In helping to work my laurel green  
With silk and gold:  
Galathea, the maid well beseen,  
Was never half so fair, as I ween,  
Which was extoll'd  
A thousandfold

By Maro, the Mantuan prudent,<138>  
Who list to read;  
But, an I had leisure competent,  
I could shew you such a precedent  
In very deed  
How ye exceed.

OCCUPATION to SKELTON

Withdraw your hand, the time passes fast;  
Set on your head this laurel which is wrought;  
Hear you not Aeolus for you bloweth a blast?  
I dare well say that ye and I be sought.  
Make no delay, for now ye must be brought  
Before my lady's grace, the Queen of Fame,  
Where ye must briefly answer to your name.

SKELTON POETA

Casting my sight the chamber about,  
To see how duly each thing in order was,
Toward the door, as we were coming out,
I saw Master Newton sit with his compass,
His plummet, his pencil, his spectacles of glass,
Devising in picture, by his industrious wit,
Of my laurel the process every whit.

Forthwith upon this, as it were in a thought,
Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, these three
Before remembered, me courteously brought
Into that place whereas they left me,
Where all the said poets sat in their degree.
But when they saw my laurel, richly wrought,
All other beside were counterfeit they thought

In comparison of that which I wear:
Some praised the pearl, some the stones bright;
Well was him that thereupon might stare:
Of this work they had so great delight,
The silk, the gold, the flowers fresh to sight,
They said my laurel was the goodliest
That ever they saw, and wrought it was the best.

In her estate there sat the noble Queen
Of Fame: perceiving how that I was come,
She wondered, methought, at my laurel green;
She looked haughty, and gave on me a glum:
There was among them no word then but mum,
For each man hearkened what she would to me say;
Whereof in substance I brought this away.

The **QUEEN OF FAME** to **SKELTON**

My friend, sith ye are before us here present
To answer unto this noble audience,
Of that shall be reasoned ye must be content;
And, for as much as by the high pretence
That ye have now thorough pre-eminence
Of laureate triumph, your place is here reserved,
We will understand how ye have it deserved.

**SKELTON POETA** to the **QUEEN OF FAME**

Right high and mighty princess of estate,
In famous glory all other transcending,
Of your bounty the accustomable rate
Hath been full often and yet is intending
To all that to reason is condescending,
But if hasty credence, by maintenance of might
Fortune to stand between you and the light:

But such evidence I think for to induce,
As so largely to lay for mine indemnity,
That I trust to make mine excuse
Of what charge soever ye lay against me;
For of my books part ye shall see,
Which in your records, I know well, be enrolled,
And so Occupation, your registrar, me told.

Forthwith she commanded I should take my place;
Calliope pointed me where I should sit:
With that, Occupation pressed in apace;
Be merry, she said, be not afeard a whit,
Your discharge here under mine arm is it.
So then commanded she was upon this
To show her book; and she said, Here it is.

The QUEEN OF FAME to OCCUPATION

Your book of remembrance we will now that ye read;
If any records in number can be found
What Skelton hath compiled and written indeed
Rehearsing by order, and what is the ground,
Let see now for him how ye can expound;
For in our court, ye wot well, his name cannot rise
But if he write oftener than once or twice.

The Poet SKELTON

With that of the book loosened were the clasps:
The margin was illumined all with golden rails
And byse, empictured with gressops and wasps,
With butterflies and fresh peacock tails,
Enflowered with flowers and slimy snails;
Envived pictures well touched and quickly;
It would have made a man whole that had been right sickly,
To behold how it was garnished and bound,
Encovered over with gold of tissue fine;
The clasps and bullions were worth a thousand pound;
With balasses and carbuncles the borders did shine;
With aurum musicum every other line
Was written: And so she did her speed,
Occupation, immediately to read.

OCCUPATION readeth and expoundeth some part of Skelton's books and ballads
with ditties of pleasure, inasmuch as it were too long a process to rehearse all by
name that he hath compiled, etc.

Of your orator and poet laureate
Of England, his works here they begin:
In primis the Book of Honourous Estate;
Item, the Book how men shoulde flee sin;
Item, Royal Demeanance worship to win;
Item, to learn you to die when ye will;
Of Virtue also the sovereign interlude;
The Book of the Rosier; Prince Arthur's Creation;
The False Faith that now goeth, which daily is renewed;
Item, his Dialogues of Imagination;
Item, Antomedon of Love’s Meditation;  
Item, New Grammar in English compiled;  
Item, Bowge of Court, where Dread was beguiled;  

His comedy, Achademios called by name;  
Of Tully’s Familiars the translation;  
Item, Good Advisement, that brainless doth blame;  
The Recule against Gaguin of the French nation;  
Item, the Popinjay, that hath in commendation  
Ladies and gentlewomen such as deserved,  
And such as be counterfeits they be reserved;  

And of Sovereignty a noble pamphlet;  
And of Magnificence a notable matter,  
How Counterfeit Countenance of the new jet  
With Crafty Conveyance doth smatter and flatter,  
And Cloaked Collusion is brought in to clatter  
With Courtly Abusion; who printeth it well in mind  
Much doubleness of the world therein he may find;  

Of Mannerly Mistress Margery Milk and Ale;  
To her he wrote many matters of mirth;  
Yet, though I say it, thereby lieth a tale,  
For Margery winched, and brake her hinder-girth;  
Lor, how she made much of her gentle birth!  
With, Gingerly, go gingerly! her tail was made of hay;  
Go she never so gingerly, her honesty is gone away;  

Hard to make ought of that is naked nought;  
This fustian mistress and this giggish gase,  
Wonder is to write what wrenches she wrought,  
To face out her folly with a midsummer maze;  
With pitch she patched her pitcher should not craze;  
It may well rhyme, but shrewdly it doth accord;  
To pick out honesty of such a potsherd:  

Patet per versus.  

Hinc puer hic natus: vir conjugis hinc spoliatus  
Jure thori; est foetus Deli de sanguine cretus;  
Hinc magis extollo, quad erit puer alter Apollo;  
Si quaeris qualis? meretrix castissima talis;  
Et relis, et ralis et reliqualis.  

A good herring of these old tales;  
Find no more such from Wanfleet to Wales.  

Of my lady’s grace at the contemplation,  
Out of French into English prose,  
Of Man’s Life the Peregrination,  
He did translate, interpret, and disclose;  
The Treatise of Triumphs of the Red Rose,  
Wherein many stories are briefly contained  
That unremembered long time remained:
The Duke of York's creancer when Skelton was,  
Now Henry the viij, King of England,  
A treatise he devised and brought it to pass,  
Called Speculum Principis, to bear in his hand.<170>  
Therein to read, and to understand  
All the demeanour of princely estate,  
To be our King, of God preordinate;  
Also the Tunning of Elinour Rumming,<171>  
With Colyn Cloute,<172> John Ive, with Ioforth, Jack;<173>  
To make such trifles it asketh some conning,  
In honest mirth pardie requireth no lack;  
The white appeareth the better for the black,  
After conveyance<174> as the world goes,  
It is no folly to use the Welshman's hose;<175>  
The umbles of venison, the bottle of wine,  
To fair Mistress Anne that should have be sent,<176>  
He wrote thereof many a pretty line,  
Where it became, and whither it went,  
And how that it was wantonly spent;  
The Ballad also of the Mustard Tart  
Such problems to paint it longeth to his art;  
Of one Adam all a knave, late dead and gone,—<177>  
Dormiat in pace,<178> like a dormouse!—  
He wrote an Epitaph for his grave-stone,  
With words devout and sentence aigre-douce,  
For he was ever against God's house,  
All his delight was to brawl and to bark  
Against Holy Church, the priest, and the clerk;  
Of Philip Sparrow the lamentable fate,<179>  
The doleful destiny, and the careful chance,  
Devised by Skelton after the funeral rate;  
Yet some there be therewith that take grievance,  
But what of that? hard it is to please all men;<180>  
Who list amend it, let him set to his pen;  
Of pageants that were played in Joyous Garde;<181>  
He wrote of a Muse through a mud wall;  
How a doe came tripping in at the rearward,  
But, lord, how the parker was wroth withal!
And of Castle Angel the fenestral,\footnote{186} Glittering and glistening and gloriously glazed,
It made some men's\textit{ even} dazzled and dazed;

The\textit{ Repeat} of the\textit{ Recule} of Rosamond's bower,\footnote{187} Of his pleasant pain there and his glad distress
In planting and plucking a proper gillyflower flower;
But how it was, some were too reckless,
Notwithstanding it is remediless;
What might she say? what might he do thereto?
Though Jack said nay, yet Mock there lost her shoe;\footnote{188}

How then like a man he won the barbican\footnote{189}
With a\textit{ saute} of solace at the long last;
The colour deadly, swart,\textit{ blo}, and wan
Of Exion, her lambs dead and past,\footnote{190} The cheek and the neck but a short cast;
In Fortune's favour ever to endure,
No man living, he sayeth, can be sure;

How dame Minerva first found the olive tree,\footnote{191} she\textit{ read}
And planted it where never before was none;
An hind enhurt, hit by casualty,
Recovered when the forester was gone;
The harts of the herd began for to groan,
The hounds began to\textit{ yearn} and to\textit{ quest};\footnote{192} and\textit{ dread}
With little\textit{ business} standeth much rest;\footnote{193} in\textit{ bed}

His Epitomes of the miller and his jolly\textit{ make};\footnote{194}
How her\textit{ blee} was bright as blossom on the spray,
A wanton wench and well could bake a cake;
The miller was loth to be out of the way,
But yet for all that, be as be may,
Whether he rode to Swaffham or to Soham,
The miller durst not leave his wife at home;

With, Woefully\textit{ Arrayed}, and shamefully betrayed;\footnote{195}
Of his making devout\textit{ meditations};
\textit{Vexilla regis}\footnote{196} he devised to be displayed;
With\textit{ Sacris solemniis},\footnote{197} and other\textit{ contemplations},
That in them comprised considerations;
Thus passeth he the time both night and day,
Sometime with sadness, sometime with play;

Though Galen and Dioscorides,\footnote{198}
With Ipocras and Master Avycen,\footnote{1199}
By their physic doth many a man ease,
And though Albumasar\footnote{200} can thee inform and\textit{ ken}\footnote{201}
What constellations are good or bad for men,
Yet when the rain\textit{ raineth} and the goose\textit{ winketh},
Little\textit{ wotteth} the gosling what the goose\textit{ thinketh};
He is not wise against the stream that\textit{ striveth};\footnote{202}
Dun is in the mire\footnote{203}, dame, reach me my spur;
Needs must he run that the devil driveth;
When the steed is stolen, spar the stable-door;
A gentle hound should never play the cur;
It is soon espied where the thorn pricketh;
And well wotteth that cat whose beard she licketh;

With Marion clarion, sol, lucerne,<204>
Grand juir,<205> of this French proverb old,
How men were wont for to discern
By Candlemas Day what weather should hold;
But Marion clarion was caught with a cold cold (anglice a cuckold,
And all overcast with clouds unkind.
This goodly flower with storms was untwined;

This gillyflower gentle, this rose, this lily flower,<206>
This primrose peerless, this proper violet,
This columbine clear and freshest of colour,
This delicate daisy, this strawberry pretty set,
With froward frosts, alas, was all to-fret!
But who may have a more ungracious life
Than a child's bird and a knave's wife?<207>

Think what ye will<208>
Of this wanton bill:
By Mary Gipsy,<209>
Quad scripsi, scripsi:<210>
Uxor tua, sicut vitis,
Habetis in custodiam,
Custodite sicut scitis,
Secundum Lucam, etc.<211>

Of the Bonhams of Ashridge beside Berkhamstead,
That goodly place to Skelton most kind,
Where the sank royal is, Christ's blood so red,<212>
Whereupon he metrified after his mind;
A pleasanter place than Ashridge is, hard were to find,
As Skelton rehearseth, with words few and plain,
In his distichon made on verses twain;

Fraxinus in clivo frondetque viret sine rivo,
Non est sub divo similis sine flumine vivo; <213>

The Nation of Fools he left not behind;<214>
Item, Apollo that whirled up his chair,<215>
That made some to snurr and snuff in the wind;
It made them to skip, to stamp, and to stare,
Which, if they be happy, have cause to beware
In rhyming and railing with him for to mell,
For dread that he learn them their A,B,C, to spell.

The Poet SKELTON

With that I stood up, half suddenly afraid;
Supplying to Fame, I besought her grace,
And that it would please her, full tenderly I prayed,
Out of her books Apollo to rase.
Nay, sir, she said, whatso in this place
Of our noble courte is once spoken out,<216>
It must needs after run all the world about.

God wot, these words made me full sad;
And when that I saw it would no better be,
But that my petition would not be had,
What should I do but take it in gree?
For, by Jupiter and his high majesty,<217>
I did what I could to scrape out the scrolls,
Apollo to rase out of her Ragman Rolls.<218> 1490

Now hereof it irketh me longer to write;<219>
To Occupation I will again resort,
Which read on still, as it came to her sight,
Rendering my devices I made in disport
Of the Maiden of Kent called Comfort,<219>
Of Lovers' testaments and of their wanton wiles,
And how Iollas loved goodly Phyllis; <220>
Diodorus Siculus of my translation
Out of fresh Latin into our English plain,<221>
Recounting commodities of many a strange nation;<222> 1500
Who readeth it once would read it again;
Six volumes engrossed together it doth contain.
But when of the laurel she made rehearsal,
All orators and poets, with other great and small,

A thousand thousand, I trow, to my dome.<223>
Triumpha, triumpha! they cried all about;
Of trumpets and clarions the noise went to Rome;<224>
The starry heaven, methought, shook with the shout;
The ground groaned and trembled, the noise was so stout:
The Queen of Fame commanded shut fast the book;
And therewith suddenly out of my dream I woke.

My mind of the great din was somedeal amazed,
I wiped mine eyen for to make them clear;
Then to the heaven spherical upward I gazed,
Where I saw Janus, with his double cheer,
Making his almanac for the new year;
He turned his tirikkis, his volvelle ran fast:<225>
Good luck this new year! the old year is past.

Mens tibi sit consulta, petis? sic consule menti;
Aemula sit Jani, retro speculetur et ante.<226> 1520

Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum.<227>
Ite, Britannorum lux O radiosa, Britannum
Carmina nostra pium vestrum celebrate Catullum!
Dicite, Skeltonis vester Adonis erat;
Dicite, Skeltonis vester Homerus erat.  
*Barbara cum Latio pariter iam currite versu;*  
*Et licet est verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,*  
*Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet,*  
*Est magis inculta nec mea Calliope.*  
*Nec vos poeniteat livoris tela subire,*  
*Nec vos poeniteat rabiem tolerare caninam,*  
*Nam Macro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,*  
*Immunis nec enim Musa Nasonis erat.*

**L'ENVOY**

Go, little quaire,  
Demean you fair;  
Take no despair,  
Though I you writ  
After this rate  
In English letter;  
So much the better  
Welcome shall ye  
To some men be:  
For Latin warks  
Be good for clerks;  
Yet now and then  
Some Latin men  
May haply look  
Upon your book,  
And so proceed  
In you to read,  
That so indeed  
Your fame may spread  
In length and breadth.  
But then I dread  
Ye shall have need  
You for to speed  
To harness bright,  
By force of might,  
Again envy  
And obloquy:  
And wot ye why?  
Not for to fight  
Against despite,  
Nor to derain  
Battle again  
Scornful disdain,  
Nor for to chide,  
Nor for to hide  
You cowardly;  
But courteously  
That I have penned.
For to defend,
Under the banner
Of all good manner,
Under protection
Of sad correction,
With toleration
And supportation
Of reformation,
If they can spy
Circumspectly
Any word defaced
That might be rased,
Else ye shall pray
Them that ye may
Continue still
With their good will.

Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum Domino
Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, etc. <230>

L'AUTRE ENVOY<231>

Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare
Henricum octavum, resonans sua praemia laudis.
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare
Prebendae, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis
Inter spemque metum.<232>

'Tween hope and dread
My life I lead,
But of my speed
Small sickerness:
Howbeit I rede
Both word and deed
Should be agreed
In nobleness:
Or else, etc.

ADMONET SKELTONIS OMNES ARBORES DARE LOCUM VIRIDI LAURO JUXTA
GENUS SUUM.

Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus,
Populus in fluiiis, abies, patulissima fagus,
Lenta salix, platanus, pinguis ficulnea ficus,
Glandifera et quercus, pirus, esclus, ardua pinus,
Balsamus exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervae,
Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cuspid e lenta,
Botrigera et domino vitis gratissima Baccho,
Rex et sterilis labrusca perosa colonis,
Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura Sabaeis
Thus, redolens Arabis pariter notissima myrrha,
Et vos, O coryli fragiles, humilesque myricae,
Et vos, O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrtri,
 Arboris omne genus viridi concedite lauro!

Prennees en gre
The Laurelle. <233>

EN PARLAMENT A PARIS

Justice est morte,
Et Veryte sommeille;
Droit et Raison
Sont alez aux pardons:
Lez deux premiers
Nul ne les resuelle;
Et lez derniers
Sount corrumpus par dons.

OUT OF FRENCH INTO LATIN

Abstulit atra dies Astraeam; cana Fides sed
Somno pressa jacet; Jus iter arripuit,
Et secum Ratio proficiscens limite longo:
Nemo duas primas evigilare parat;
Atque duo postrema absunt, et munera tantum
Impedient, nequeunt quod remeare domum.

OUT OF LATIN INTO ENGLISH

Justice now is dead;
Truth with a drowsy head,
As heavy as the lead,
Is lain down to sleep,
And taketh no keep:
And Right is over the fallows
Gone to seek hallows, <234>
With Reason together,
No man can tell whither:
No man will undertake
The first twain to wake;
And the twain last
Be withhold so fast
With money, as men sayn,
They cannot come again.

A grant tort,
Foy dort. <235>

Here endeth a right delectable treatise upon a goodly Garland or Chaplet of Laurel, devised by Master Skelton, Poet Laureate.
NOTES TO THE GARLAND OF LAUREL

1. Sheriff-Hutton Castle "is situated in the Wapentake of Bulmer, and is distant ten miles north-east from York . . . The slender accounts of it that have reached our times, ascribe its origin to Bertram de Bulmer, an English Baron, who is recorded by Camden to have built it in the reign of King Stephen, A. D. 1140 . . . From the Bulmers it descended by marriage to the noble family of the Nevilles, and continued in their possession upwards of 300 years, through a regular series of reigns, until seized by Edward IV. in 1471, who soon after gave the Castle and Manor to his brother the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In 1485, in consequence of the death of Richard at the Battle of Bosworth Field, it became the property of King Henry VII., and continued in the hands of the Crown, until James the First granted it to his son, Prince Charles, about 1616. The Castle and Manor were subsequently granted (also by King James, according to Camden, and the original grant confirmed by Prince Charles after he ascended the throne) to the family of the Ingrams, about 1624-5, and are now in possession of their lineal descendant, the present Marchioness of Hertford."

Some Account of Sheriff-Hutton Castle, &c. pp. 3-5, York, 1824.

Leland (who says, erroneously it would seem, that Sheriff-Hutton Castle "was builded by Rafe Nevill of Raby the first Earl of Westmoreland of the Nevilles,"') gives the following description of it. "There is a Base Court with Houses of Office afore the Entering of the Castle. The Castle self in the Front is not ditched, but it standeth in loco utcunque edito ("in a place where one can be constructed"). I marked in the forefront of the first Area of the Castle self 3. great and high Towers, of the which the Gate House was the Middle. In the second Area there be a 5. or 6. towers, and the stately Stair up to the Hall is very Magnificent, and so in the Hall itself, and all the residue of the House: in so much that I saw no House in the North so like a Princely Lodgings. I learned there that the Stone that the Castle was builded with was fetched from a Quarry at Terington a 2. Miles off. There is a Park by the Castle. This Castle was well maintained, by reason that the late Duke of Norfolk lay there x. Years, and since the Duke of Richmond. From Shirhuten to York vij. Miles, and in the Forest of Galtres, whereof 4. Miles or more was low Meadows and Marsh Ground full of Carres, the Residue by better Ground but not very high." Itin. i. 67. ed. 1770.

"Report asserts, that during the civil wars in the time of Charles the First, it [the Castle] was dismantled, and the greater part of its walls taken down, by order of the Parliament. But this is certainly not the fact, as will be seen by reference to the 'Royal Survey' made in 1624 . . . From this Survey it will appear evident, that the Castle was dismantled and almost in total ruin in the time of James I.,—how long it had been so, previous to the Survey alluded to, is now difficult to say. From the present appearance of the ruins, it is plain that the Castle was purposely demolished and taken down by workmen, (probably under an order from the Crown, in whatever reign it might happen,) and not destroyed by violence of war. However, since this devastation by human hands, the yet more powerful and corroding hand of Time has still further contributed to its destruction. The Castle stands upon a rising bank or eminence in front of the village, and its ruins may be seen on every side at a great distance." Some Account, &c. (already cited), pp. 5, 6. The vast forest of Galtres formerly extended nearly all round Sheriff-Hutton.

When Skelton wrote the present poem, Sheriff-Hutton Castle was in possession of the Duke of Norfolk, to whom it had been granted by the crown for life: see note on v. 769.
2. *Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent,*
Aequora dumque tument, haec laurea nostra virebit:
Hinc nostrum celebrep et nomen referetur ad astra,
Undique Skeltonis memorabitur alter Adonis.
"While the stars shine with eternal day,
and while the seas swell, these our laurels shall be green;
our illustrious name shall be translated to the sky,
and everywhere shall Skelton be renowned as another Adonis."
(PH)

3. Encrampished] i.e. encramped. Skelton's fondness for compounds of this kind has
been already noticed. The simple word occurs in other writers:

"Crampisheth her limbs crookedly."
Chaucer's *Annel. and Ar.,—Works*, fol. 244. ed 1602.

"As marble cold her limbs crampishing."

4. *Thus stood I in the frithy forest of Galtres,*
Ensoaked with silt of the miry moss
The forest of Galtres (which, as already noticed,
extended nearly all round Sheriff-Hutton) was, when Camden wrote, "in some places
shaded with trees, in others swampy." *Britannia* (by Gough), iii. 20.

5. *harts bellowing*] In the Book of Saint Albans, Juliana Berners, treating "Of the
crying of these beasts," says,

"An hart belloweth and a buck groaneth, I finde."
Sig. d ii.

the Book of Saint Albans we are told;

"And for to speak of the harte if ye will it lere:
Ye shall him a Calf call at the first yere."
Sig. C vi.

7. *superflue*] i.e. superfluous.

"Ye blabbering fools superflue of language."

8. *disguised*] i.e. decked out in an unusual manner.

"Of his strange array marvelled I sore
Me thought he was gaily disguised at that feast."
Lydgate's *Assemble de dyeus*, sig. b ii. n. d. 4to.

9. *Garnished fresh after my fantasy* 
*Enhatched with pearl, &c.*] fresh i.e. elegantly; enhatched i.e. inlaid, adorned with
pearl, &c. Our author in his Phillip Sparrow tells us that a lady had a wart (or as he
also calls it, a scar) "enhatched on her fair skin," v. 1078. Gifford observes that
"literally, to hatch is to inlay [originally, I believe, to cut, engrave, mark with. lines];
metaphorically, it is to adorn, to beautify, with silver, gold, &c." Note on Shirley's
*Works*, ii. 301. "The ladies' apparel was after the fashion of Inde, with kerchiefs of
pleasance, hatched with fine gold." Holinshed's *Chron.* (Hen. viii.) vol. iii. 849. ed.
1587. "Hatching, is to Silver or gild the Hilt and Pommel of a Sword or Hanger." R.
Holme's *Ac. of Armory*. 1688. B. iii. p.91.
The Poetical Works

10. The ground engrossed and bet with bourne gold]—ground, i.e. (not floor, but) ground work; as in Lydgate's verses entitled For the better abide;

    "I see a ribbon rich and new
    The ground was all of brent gold bright."

Bet has here the same meaning as in Le Bone Florence of Rome;

    "Her clothes with beasts and birds were bet."
Met. Rom. iii. 9. ed. Ritson,

who somewhat copiously explains it "beaten, plaited, inlay'd, embroider'd;"

11. To whom supplied the royal Queen of Fame] Opposite this line MS. has a marginal note, partly illegible, and partly cut off, "Egida concussit p . . . dea pectore porta . . " (too fragmentary to attempt a translation).

12. of very congruence] i.e. of very fitness.

    "Such ought of duty and very congruence," &c
Barclay's Ship of Fools, fol. 188. ed. 1570 Page 173. v. 54.

13. comprised] i.e orne in mind. Compare our author in L'envoy to Wolsey, appended to The Doughty Duke of Albany.

    "And him most lowly pray,
In his mind to comprise
Those words," &c.
    v. 530.

14. pardie, for to kill] i.e. par dieu, verily, for to be killed.

15. the grey] i.e. the badger. Juliana Berners says;

    That beast a bauson hight: a brock or a grey:
These three names he hath the sooth for to say."
The Book of St. Albans, sig. D vi.

16. diffuse is to expound] i.e. is difficult to expound: see note 101 to Philip Sparrow.

17. motive] i.e. motion. So in the next line but one is "promotive," i.e. promotion: and so Lydgate has "imaginative" for--imagination. Fall of Princes, B. v. leaf cxvii. ed. Wayland.

18. Aeschines] Aeschines (389 – 314 BC) was a Greek statesman and orator. He and Demosthenes had a long-standing rivalry which was expressed in several speeches which have survived; in the end Demosthenes was victorious and Aeschines was forced into exile in 330 BC.

19. apposal] i.e. question.

    "And to Poverty she put this apposal."
Lydgate's Fall of Princes, B. leaf lxvi. ed. Wayland.

    "Made unto her this uncouth apposal:
Why weep ye so;" &c. Id. B. v. leaf. cxxviii.

well inferred—i.e. well brought in.
20. quickly it is  
Touched i.e. it is lively, subtly expressed: compare v. 592 and v. 1161, where the words are applied to visible objects.

21. debarred] See note 9 to Magnificence: and compare Gentleness and Nobility (attributed without grounds to Heywood) n.d.;

"That reason is so great no man can debarr."
Sig. C iii.

22. freshly] i.e. elegantly: "Fresh, gorgeous, gay." Palsgrave, p.313—which I ought to have cited earlier for the meaning of this word.

23. outray] i.e. vanquish. See note 10 to Philip Sparrow where this passage is examined.

24. Jerome, in his preamble Frater Ambrosius, &c.] The Epistle of Jerome to Paulinus, prefixed to the Vulgate, begins, "Frater Ambrosius tua mihi munuscula perferens," ("Brother Ambrosius bringing to me your little gifts") &c., and contains this passage: "Unde et Aeschines, cum Rhodi exularet, et legeretur illa Demosthenis oratio, quam adversus eum habuerat, mirantibus cunctis et laudantibus, suspirans ait, Quid, si ipsam audissetis bestiam sua verba resonantem?" ("When the speech of Demosthenes against Aeschines was recited before the latter during his exile at Rhodes, amid all the admiration and applause he sighed: if you could but have heard the brute himself deliver his words?") It may be found also in Hieronymi Opp. I. 1005. ed. 1609.

25. Some facers, some bracers, some make great cracks] See note 4 to Against the Scots.

26. court-rolls].—Warton cites this and the next two verses as "nervous and manly lines." Hist. of E. P. ii. 354. ed. 4to.

27. a mumming] See note 9 to Colyn Cloute.


29. clarioner] Is used here for—trumpeter: but the words properly are not synonymous;

"Of trumpeters and eke of clarioners."
Lydgate's Wars of Troy, B. i. sig. C v. ed. 1555.

and Skelton himself has afterwards in the present poem, "trumpets and clarions." v. 1507.

30. Aeolus, your trumpet] i.e. Aeolus, your trumpeter.

"A trumpet stood and proudly gan to blow,
Which slain was and from the tree down throw."
Lydgate's Fall of Princes, B. v. leaf cxxx. ed. Wayland.

So Chaucer makes Aeolus trumpeter to Fame: see House of Fame, B. iii.

31. plump] i.e. cluster, mass. "Stood still as it had been a plump of wood." Morte d'Arthur, B. i. cap. xvi. vol. i. 27. ed. Southey. Dryden has the word; and the first writer perhaps after his time who used it was Sir W. Scott.

32. A murmur of minstrels] So in many of our early English dramas "a noise of musicians" is used for a company or band of musicians.
33. *hairs encrisped*] i.e. hairs formed into curls, curling.

34. *Daphnes*] i.e. Daphne. So our early poets wrote the name;

   "A maiden whilom there was one
   Which Daphnes hight."

   "Her name was Daphnes which was devoid of love."
   *The Castle of pleasure,* (by Nevil, son of Lord Latimer), sig. A iii. 1518.

So afterwards in the present poem we find *Cidippes* for Cydippe, v. 885; and see note 9 to Philip Sparrow.

35. *the dart of lead*] From Ovid, *Met.* i. 471.

36. *O thoughtful heart*] See note 17 to *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solcaious.*

37. *the tree as he did take*

   *Between his arms, he felt her body quake*] From Ovid, *Met.* i. 553.

38. *he assured into this exclamation*]—assured, i.e. broke forth—a word which I have not elsewhere met with, but evidently formed from the not uncommon verb *sourd,* to rise. "There within sourdeth and springeth a fontain or well." Caxton's *Mirror of the world,* 1480, sig. e. v. : in that work, a few lines after, occurs "resourdeth."

39. *Why have the gods showed me this cruelty, &c.*] This stanza ia also imitated from Ovid, *Met.* i. 521.

40. *rayest*] i.e. arrayest:—*to array* is to put into a condition or plight: see note 1 to *Woefully Arrayed.*

41. *But sith I have lost, &c.*] Again from Ovid, *Met.* i. 557.

42. *poets laureate, &c.*] It must be remembered that formerly a poet laureate meant a person who had taken a degree in grammar, including rhetoric and versification: and that the word poet was applied to a writer of prose as well as of verse; "*Poet, a conning man.*" Palsgrave, p. 256.

   "And poets to proven it. Porfirie and Plato

   "Nor sugared deties [ditties] of Tullius Cicero."

43. *Esiodus, the iconomicar*] i.e. Hesiod, the writer on husbandry (the eds. by a misprint have "icononucar,"—which Warton says he "cannot decipher." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 352 (note), ed. 4to. Among MSS. *Dig. Bod.* 147. is "*Carmen Domini Walteri de Henleye quod vocatur Yconomia sive Housbundria:*" ("A song of Lord Walter of Henley which is called Ecomonia, that is, husbandry") compare Cicero; "quam copiose ab eo [Xenophonte] agricultura laudatur in eo libro, qui est de tuenda re familiari, qui Oeconomicus inscribitur." ("How abundantly agriculture is praised by him [Xenophon] in that book, entitled Economicus which is about the preservation of his property"), *Cato Major,* c. 17.

44. *Aulus Gellius*] A Latin author and grammarian (c. 125 – after 180 AD). He is famous for his Attic Nights, a commonplace book, or compilation of notes on grammar, philosophy, history, antiquarianism and other subjects, preserving
fragments of many authors and works who otherwise might be unknown today (Wikipedia)

45. "Horace also with his new poetry" That is, Horace's Art of Poetry. Vinesauf wrote De Nova Poetria. Horace's Art is frequently mentioned under this title." Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 353 (note), ed. 4to.

46. Boyce] i.e. Boethius, author of the Consolation of Philosophy.

47. And Maximian, with his mad ditties,
   How doting age would jape with young folly.] The Elegiarum Liber of Maximianus, which has been often printed as the production of Cornelius Gallus, may be found, with all that can be told concerning its author, in Wernsdorf's Poetae Latini Minores, tomi sexti pars prior. ("Minor Latin Poets, Volume 6 part 12) In these six elegies, Maximianus deplores the evils of old age, relates the pursuits and loves of his youth, &c. &c. Perhaps the line "How doting age would jape with young folly" (in which case jape would have the same meaning here as in our author's Mannerly Margery Milk and Ale, v. 20, is a particular allusion to Elegy v., where Maximianus informs us, that, having been sent on an embassy, at an advanced period of life, he became enamoured of a "Graia puella," ("Greek girl"), the adventure being described in the grossest terms.

48. Johan Bochas with his volumes great]. Johan Bochas i.e. Giovanni Boccaccio. In Skelton's time, the De Genealogia Deorum, the De Casibus Virorum et Feminarum Illustrium, and other now-forgotten works of Boccaccio, were highly esteemed,—more, perhaps, than the Decamerone.

49. Quintus Curtius Rufus] was a Roman historian, probably of the 1st century AD, author of his only known and only surviving work, Historiae Alexandri Magni, "Histories of Alexander the Great," (Wikipedia).

50. Macrobius] Macrobius Ambrosius Theodosius, commonly referred to as Macrobius, was a Roman who flourished during the early fifth century. He is primarily known for his writings, which include the Commentarii in Somnium Scipionis ("Commentary on the Dream of Scipio"), which was an important source for Platonism in the Latin West during the Middle Ages (Wikipedia)

51. probate] i.e. proof, meaning, or, perhaps, interpretation. See note 2 to Magnificence.

52. Poggeus ... with many a mad tale] When this poem was written, the Facetiae of Poggio enjoyed the highest popularity. In The Palace of Honour, Gawen Douglas, enumerating the illustrious writers at the Court of the Muses, says,

   "There was Plautus, Poggius, and Persius."
   p. 27. ed. Ban. 1827.

53. a friar of France men call Sir Gaguine] Concerning Gaguin, see Account of Skelton and his Writings.

54. boot is of all bale] i.e. remedy of all evil. See note 176 to Magnificence.

55. Lucilius] Gaius Ennius Lucilius (c. 180 – 103/2 BC), the earliest Roman satirist, of whose writings only fragments remain (Wikipedia).

56. Valerius, Maximus by name] i.e. Valerius who has the name Maximus (to distinguish him from Valerius Flaccus). Valerius Maximus was a Latin writer and
author of a collection of historical anecdotes. He worked during the reign of Tiberius (14 AD to 37 AD)

57. Vincentius in Speculo, that wrote noble works] The Speculum Majus of Vincentius Bellovacensis (naturale, morale, doctrinale, et historiale), a vast treatise in ten volumes folio, usually bound in four, was first printed in 1473. See the Biog. Univ., and Hallam's Introd. to the Lit. of Europe, i. 160.

58. Pisandros] "Our author," says Warton, "got the name of Pisander, a Greek poet, from Macrobius, who cites a few of his verses." Hist. of E. P., ii. 353 (note), ed. 4to. A mistake: Macrobius (Sat. v. 2.) mentions, but does not cite, Pisander.

59. these English poets three] "That only these three English poets [Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate] are here mentioned, may be considered as a proof that only these three were yet thought to deserve the name." Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 354. ed. 4to. So the Scottish poets of Skelton's time invariably selected these three as most worthy of praise: see Laing's note on Dunbar's Poems, ii. 355.

60. Together in arms, as brethren, embraced] So Lydgate;

"Embraced in arms as they had been knit
Together with a girdle."
Le Assemble de dyeus, sig. d iii. n. d.

61. They wanted nothing but the laurel] Meaning,—that they were not poets laureate: see note 42 above.

62. The bruited Britons of Brutus Albion]—bruited, i.e. famed. So Lydgate;

"Rejoice ye folks that born be in Britain,
Called otherwise Brutus Albion."
Fall of Princes, B. viii. fol. viii. ed. Wayland.

Brutus Albion was the mythical founder of Britain. See Layamon's Brut.

63. I made it strange] i.e. I made it a matter of nicety, scruple.

64. Enlozenged with many goodly plates
Of gold, entatched with many a precious stone;] i.e. Having many goodly plates of gold shaped like lozenges (quadrilateral figures of equal sides, but unequal angles). Entached may be used in the sense of—tacked on; but qy. is the right reading "enhatched?" as in v. 40 of the present poem, "Enhatched with pearl," &c. (see note 9 above), and v. 1078 of Phillip Sparrow.

65. whale's bone] In our early poetry "white as whale's bone" is a common simile; and there is reason to believe that some of our ancient writers supposed the ivory then in use (which was made from the teeth of the horse-whale, morse, or walrus) to be part of the bones of a whale. Skelton, however, makes a distinction between "whale's bone" and the real ivory (see v. 468). The latter was still scarce in the reign of Henry the Eighth; but, before that period, Caxton had told his readers that "the tooth of an elephant is ivory." Mirror of the world, 1480. sig. f i.

66. The carpets within and tapets of pall]—tapets of pall, i.e. coverings of rich or fine stuff (perhaps table-covers): that tapets does not here mean tapestry, is proved by the next line; and compare v. 787.

"With that the tapets and carpets were laid,
Whereon these ladies softly might rest,
The sampler to sew on," &c.
In an unpublished book of King's Payments, in the Chapter-House, we find, under the first year of Henry 8; "Item to Corneles Vanderstrete upon his warrant for xv Tapets made for Windows at the tower—ix s."

67. cloths of Arras] See note 75 to Poems against Garnesche.

68. Floorth] i.e. floor. Planché, the florde of any thing that is boarded." Palsgrave, p. 49. "Floorth of a house, astre." Id. p. 221."Gyst that goeth over the floorth, soliue, giste." Id. p. 225. "I Plaster a wall or floorth with plaster ... I will plaster the floorth of my chamber to make a gernyer there, Je plastreray latre de ma chambre pour en faire ung grenier." Id. p. 660.

69. false quarter] "The false quarters is a soreness on the inside of the hoofs, which are commonly called quarters, which is as much as to say, crazed unsound quarters, which comes from evil shoeing and paring the hoof." R. Holme's Ac. of Armory, 1688. B. ii. p. 152.

70. I pray you, a little tine stand back] So Heywood;

"For when provender pricked them a little tine," &c.
Dialogue, &c. sig D,—Works, ed. 1598.

71. the bailiffs of the v ports] i.e. the bailiffs of the Cinque Ports. (Sandwich, Hastings, Rye, Dover and Hythe).

72. ere it be prime] I have my doubts about what hour is here, meant by prime. Concerning that word see Du Cange's Gloss. in Prima and Horae Canonicae, Tyrwhitt's Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales, Sibbald's Gloss. to Chron. of Scot. Poetry, and Sir F. Madden's Gloss. to Sir Gawayne, &c.

73. the port salu] See note 155 to Colyn Cloute.

74. As quickly touched] i.e. touched, executed, as much to the life.

75. Formidanda nimis Jovis &c] MS. Side note here: "Cacosinthicon (properly Cacosyntheton) ex industria." "Badly made".

The whole of this passage is beyond my comprehension.

Unguibus ire parat loca singula livida curvis: Here Skelton has an eye to Juvenal;

"Nec per conventus nec cuncta per oppida curvis
Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno."
("Not to use the courts in every town to snatch money, like Celaeno with her hooked talons")
Satires. viii. 129

Spreto spineto cedat saliunca roseto: Here he was thinking of Virgil;

"Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivae
Puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis."
("The supple willow yields to the pale olive and the lowly Celtic reed to the rose")
Eclogues. v. 16.


"Wine was not made for every haskard."
Copland's High Way to the Spital Hous, Early Pop. Poetry, ii. 33. ed. Utterson.
– who in the Gloss. queries if haskard mean "dirty fellow? from the Scotch hasky."
[Rough, rude fellows. See Halliwell's Dict. where "hastarddis," (p. 8. v. 24.) is referred to this word.]

77. *Furtherers of love* i.e. pimps, pandars.

78. *blow at the coal*] A friend suggests that there is an allusion here to alchemists; but I believe he is mistaken. It is a proverbial expression. So our author again;

"We may blow at the coal."
*Why come ye not to Court,* v. 81.

The proverb given by Davies of Hereford;

"Let them that be cold, blow at the coal."
So may a man do, and yet play the fool."
*Scourge of Folly,*—Proverbs, p. 171.

and by Ray, *Proverbs,* p. 90. ed. 1768, seems to have a quite different meaning.

79. *gold and whole*] Heywood also has this expression;

"In words gold and whole, as men by wit could wish,
She will [lie] as fast as a dog will lick a dish."
*Dialogue,* &c.—*Works,* sig H2, ed. 1598.

80. *Pole-hatchets*] See note 8 to *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious.*

81. *With alleys ensanded about in compass*] i.e. "it was surrounded with sand-walks."
Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, 350 (note), ed. 4to. So the garden, in which Chaucer describes Cressid walking, was "sanded all the ways." *Troilus and Creseide,* B. ii. fol. 152,
*Works,* ed. 1602: and compare Lydgate;

"All the alleys were made plain with sand."
The Churl and the Bird,—*MS. Harl.* 116. fol. 147.

82. *with singular solace*] i.e. in a particularly pleasant manner

83. *beat up a fire*] i.e. made a fire, (properly, mended).

84. Side note here: *Oliva speciosa in campis* "An olive tree in the plains"

85. *flagrant flower]*-flagrant, i.e. fragrant. Compare v. 978. So Hawes;

"Strewed with flowers flagrant of air."

86. Side note here: *Nota excellentiam virtutis in oliva* "Note the excellence of virtue in the olive."

87. *the nine Muses, Pierides by name*] So Chaucer;

"Muses, that men clepe Pierides."
The Man of Law's Prol. v. 4512 (but. see Tyrwhitt's note).

88. *Testalis*] i.e. Thestylis. So Barclay;

"Neera, Malkin, or lusty Testalis."

Thestyris (like Phyllis) was a conventional name for a woman in pastoral poetry. See Theocritus *Idyll* 2; also *Ametas and Thestyris Making Hay-ropes* by Andrew Marvell and *L'Allegro* by John Milton.
89. twinkling upon his harp strings]—twinkling, i.e. tinkling. So, at a much later period, Dekker; "Thou (most clear throated singing man,) with thy Harp, (to the twinkling of which inferior Spirits skipped like Goats over the Welsh mountains)," &c. A Knight's Conjuring, 1607. sig. D 2.

90. And Iopas, &c. Here, and in the next two stanzas, Skelton has an eye to Virgil;

"Cithara crinitus Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quae maxumus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores;
Unde hominum genus, et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes;
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones;
Quid tantum Oceano proerent se tinguere soles
Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet."
Aen. i. 740
("Long-haired Iopas on his gilded lyre fills the chamber with songs ancient Atlas taught; he sings of the wandering moon and the sun's travails; whence is the human race and the brute, whence water and fire; of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the twin Oxen; why wintry suns make such haste to dip in ocean, or what delay makes the nights drag lingeringly." (J.W. Mackail)).

91. dropping dry] Qy. mistake for dropping eye?

92. Trions] the stars of the Plough.

93. I am not laden of litherness with lumps] i.e. I am not weighed down by lumps of laziness.

94. Interpolata, que industriosum postulat interpretem, satira in vatis adversarium]. "An interpolated satire against the poet's adversary, which demands an industrious interpreter." (PH)

95. Tressis agasonis species &c.] "The first kind is a three-halfpenny ostler, the second a Davus. He strains at a gnat, turning his eye aslant and, look, he seizes, snatches at flies! Whatever Maia cherishes, or Jupiter, or cold Saturn, Sun, Mars, Venus, and the chill Moon, if you chance to put it in words or writing, how soon the heart begins to sweat with silent guilt! Hence he bursts into flames, stirs up this one and that, egging them on, yet only kindles ineffectual fires, muttering in silence—let Codrus burst his lungs!" (PH).

96. Tressis agasonis] "Hic Dama est non tressis agaso." ("This ostler Dama is not worth three coppers") Persius, Sat. v. 76. Davus is a slave's name in Plautus, Terence, &c.

97. Side note here: Nota Alchimiam et 7 metalla. ("Note Alchemy and the seven metals")

98. tacita sudant praecordia culpa] "Sweating from the guilt hidden in his breast" From Juvenal, Sat. i. 167.


18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.] This can be decoded to Rogerus Statham. See note 44 to Ware the Hawk.
The Countess of Surrey appears to have been fond of literature; and, as she calls Skelton her "clerk," we may suppose that she particularly patronised him. The probability is, that the present poem was really composed at Sheriff-Hutton Castle, which as stated in note 1 above had been granted by the king to the Duke of Norfolk for life, and that the Countess was residing there on a visit to her father-in-law. The Garland of Laurel was written, I apprehend, about 1520, or perhaps a little later: in v. 1192 Skelton mentions his Magnificence, which was certainly produced after 1515,—see note 1 to that piece.

103. tapets and carpets] See note 66 above.

104. To weave in the stool] So Chaucer;

"And woven in stool the radvore."
Leg. of Philomene. fol. 195.—Works, ed. 1602.

and Hall; "On their heads bonnets of Damask silver flat woven in the stool, and therupon wrought with gold," &c. Chron. (Hen. viii.) fol. vii. ed. 1548.—Mr. Albert Way observes to me that in Prompt. Parv. MS. Harl. 221, is "Lyncent, working instrument for silkwomen. Liniarium," while the ed. of 1499 has " Lyncet, a working stool and he supposes the stool to have been a kind of frame, much like what is still used for worsted work, but, instead of being arranged like a cheval glass, that it was made like a stool,—the top being merely a frame or stretcher for the work.

105. With sleys, with tavells, with hiddles well dressed] sleys, weavers' reeds; tavels, bobbins used in silk-weaving; "Heddles, Hedeles, Hiddles, The small cords through which the warp is passed in a loom, after going through the reed." Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. by Jamieson, who cites from G. Douglas's Aeneid;

"With subtle sleys, and her hiddles slee.
Rich lenze webs neatly weaved she."
B. vii. p. 204. 45. ed. Rudd.

106. to embroider put them in press] i.e. put themselves in press (applied themselves earnestly) to embroider.

107. glowtonn] Does it mean—ball, clue? or, as Mr. Albert Way suggests,—a sort of needle, a stiletto as it is now called,—something by which the silk was to be inwrought?

108. pirling] "I pirl wire of gold or silver, I wind it upon a wheel as silk women do."
Palsgrave. p. 658.

109. tuly silk] Richardson in his Dict. under the verb Tew (to beat skins as part of the process of leather-making) places tewly, as derived from it, and cites the present passage. But tewly seems to have nothing to do with that verb. "Tuly colour. Puniceus vel punicus." ("Purple or pomegranate colour") Prompt. Parv. MS. Harl. 221. In MS.
John Skelton

Sloane, 73. fol. 214, are directions "for to make bokerham, tuly, or tuly thred," where it appears that this colour was "a manner of red colour as it were of crop madder," that is, probably, of the tops or sprouts of the madder, which would give a red less intense or full: the dye was "safflower" (saffron?) and "ashes of whin balls ybrent;" and a little red vinegar was to be used to bring the colour up to a fuller red.—For this information I am indebted to Mr. Albert Way.

110. bottom] "I can make no bottoms of this thread ... glomera." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. t i. ed. 1530.

111. captations of benevolence] Todd gives "Captation (old Fr. captation, ruse, artifice). The practice of catching favour or applause; courtship; flattery." Johnson's Dict. Richardson, after noticing the use of the verb captive "with a subaudition of gentle, attractive, persuasive means or qualities," adds that in the present passage of Skelton captation is used with that subaudition. Dict. in v.

112. Sith ye must needs aforce it by pretence Of your profession unto humanity] i.e. Since you must needs attempt, undertake, it by your claim to the profession of humanity,—humaniores literae, polite literature.

113. Polimits] i.e. Polynices;

". . . his fellow dan Polimites,
Of which the brother dan Ethiocles," &c.
Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, B. v. fol. 180, Works, ed. 1602,

"Let Polymyte rejoice his heritage."
Lydgate's Story of Thebes, Pars tert. sig. i v. ed. 4to. n. d.

In Greek mythology, Polynices was the son of Oedipus and Jocasta. Because of a curse put on them by their father Oedipus, the sons Polynices and Eteocles did not share the rule peacefully and died as a result by killing each other in a battle for the control of Thebes.

114. Pamphila, queen of the Greeks' land] "Telas araneorum modo texunt ad vestem luxumque foeminarum, qua bombycina appellatur. Prima eas redordiri, rursusque texere invenit in Ceo mulier Pamphila, Latoi filia, non fraudanda gloria excitatae rationis ut denudet foeminas vestis." Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xi. 26 ("These insects weave webs similar to those of the spider, the material of which is used for making the more costly and luxurious garments of females, known as "bombycina." Pamphile, a woman of Cos, the daughter of Latos, was the first person who discovered the art of unravelling these webs and spinning a tissue therefrom; indeed, she ought not to be deprived of the glory of having discovered the art of making vestments which, while they cover a woman, at the same moment reveal her naked charms." (John Bostock. Perseus Digital Library). Qy. does any writer except Skelton call her a queen?

115. Thamer also wrought with her goodly hand Many devices passing curiously] It is plain that Skelton, while writing these complimentary stanzas, consulted Boccaccio De Claris Mulieribus: there this lady is called Thamyris (see, in that work, "De Thamyri Pictrice," cap. liii. ed. 1539). Her name is properly Timarete; she was daughter to Mycon the painter; vide Plinii Nat. Hist.

116. Agrippina] There were several eminent Roman ladies called Agrippina; it is not clear which one Skelton meant but it can hardly have been the best-known one, wife of the Emperor Claudius, who, amongst other crimes, poisoned Claudius and
committed incest with her son Nero. He may have meant the wife of Germanicus, brother of the Emperor Claudius.

117. *lady Elisabeth Howard*] Was the third daughter of the second Duke of Norfolk by his second wife, Agnes Tylney, daughter of Sir Hugh Tylney, and sister and heir to Sir Philip Tylney of Boston, Lincolnshire, knight (I follow Howard's *Memorials of the Howard Family*, &c.; Collins says "daughter of Hugh Tilney"). Lady Elizabeth married Henry Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex.

118. *Arynna*] i.e. perhaps—Irene. In the work of Boccaccio just referred to is a portion "*De Hyrene Cratini filia,*" ('Of Irene daughter of Cratinus") cap. lvii.; and Pliny notices her together with the above-mentioned Timarete.

119. *Good Creisseid, fairer than Polexene*] See Chaucer's *Troilus and Creuse*. *Polexene*—i.e. Polyxena, the daughter of Priam.

120. *lady Mirriell Howard*] Could not have been Muriel, daughter of the second Duke of Norfolk; for she, after having been twice married, died in 1512, anterior to the composition of the present poem. Qy. was the Muriel here celebrated the Duke's grandchild,—one of those children of the Earl and Countess of Surrey, whose names, as they died early, have not been recorded? Though Skelton compares her to Cidippe, and terms her "madame," he begins by calling her "my little lady."

121. *Whom Fortune and Fate plainly have discussed*]—discussed, i.e. determined. So again our author in *Why come ye not to Court*;

> "Almighty God, I trust,  
> Hath for him discussed," &c.  
> v. 747.

and Barclay;

> "But if thou judge amiss, then shall Eacus  
> (As Poets sayeth) hell thy just reward discuss."  
> *The Ship of Fools*, fol. 4. ed. 1570.

and Drayton;

> "In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,  
> In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,  
> In vain to fly; for destiny, discussed,  
> By their own hands or others' die they must."
> *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, p. 115. ed. 1627.

122. *pleasure, delight, and lust*] One of Skelton's pleonastic expressions.

123. *to Cydippes, the maid,  
That of Acontius, when she found the bill, &c.*]—*Cydippes;* see note 34 above: *the bill*; i.e. the writing,—the verses which Acontius had written on the apple.

124. *lady Anne Dakers of the South*] The wife of Thomas Lord Dacre, was daughter of Sir Humphrey Bouchir, son of John Lord Berners and of Elizabeth Tylney, who afterwards became the first wife of the second Duke of Norfolk.

125. *his craft were to seek*] i.e. his skill were at a loss.

John Skelton

127. mistress Margaret Tylney] A sister-in-law, most probably, of the second Duke of Norfolk. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Frederick Tylney of Ashwell-Thorpe, Norfolk, knight, and widow of Sir Humphrey Bourchier, son of John Lord Berners: his second wife was Agnes, daughter of Sir Hugh Tylney, and sister and heir to Sir Philip Tylney of Boston, Lincolnshire, knight.

128. As Machareus

*Fair Canace] Their tale is told in the *Conf. Am.* by Gower; he expresses no horror at their incestuous passion, but remarks on the cruelty of their father, who

"for he was to love strange,
He wold not his heart change
To be benign and favourable
To love, but unmerciable!"

B. iii. fol. xlviii. ed. 1554.

(and see the lines cited in note 137 below). Lydgate (*Fall of Princes*, B. i. leaf xxxv. ed. Wayland) relates the story with a somewhat better moral feeling.

129. Pearl orient] In allusion to her Christian name just mentioned, "Margaret."

130. Mistress Jane Blennerhasset] Perhaps a daughter of Sir Thomas Blennerhasset, who was executor (in conjunction with the Duchess) to the second Duke of Norfolk: see Sir H. Nicolas's *Test. Vet.* ii. 604.

131. Laodomia] i.e. Laodamia. She was the wife of Protesilaus, a Greek warrior in the Trojan War. After Protesilaus was killed in the war he was allowed to return to his wife for only three hours before returning to the underworld because they had only just married. Thereafter Laodamia committed suicide by stabbing herself, rather than be without him.


133. hawk of the tower] See note 79 to *Magnificence*.

134. fair Isaphill] The Hypsipyle of the ancients. She was queen of Lemnos and when Jason and his Argonauts stopped at the island, she became his mistress and bore him a child. He vowed eternal fidelity before sailing away, but soon forgot her.

"Isiphile,

. . . .

She that did in fairness so excel."

Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, B. i. leaf xviii. ed. Wayland.

She figures in the *Story of Thebes* by the same indefatigable versifier, who there says,

"But to know the adventures all
Of this lady, Isyphyle the fayre,"

(Pars tert. sig. h iii. n. d. 4to.)

We must have recourse to Boccaccio *De Claris Mulieribus* (see that work, cap. xv. ed. 1539).

135. pomander] Was a composition of perfumes, wrought into the shape of a ball, or other form, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck (Fr. *pomme d'ambre*). In the following entry from an unpublished *Book of King's Paymentis from i to ix of Henry viii*, preserved in the Chapter-House, Westminster, pomander means a case for holding the composition;
"Item to the french queen's servant, that brought a pomander of gold to the princes, in Reward: xx.s."
(9th year of reign.

136. cassander] Cassia, a spice resembling cinnamon

137. Pasiphae] Lest the reader should be surprised at finding Skelton compare Mistress Statham to Pasiphae, I cite the following lines from Feylde's Controversy between a Lover and a Jay (printed by W. de Worde), n. d., in which she and Taurus are mentioned as examples of true love:

"Phedra and Theseus,
Progne and Thereus,
Pasiphae and Taurus,
Who liketh to prove,
Canace and Machareus,
Galathea and Pamphilus,
Was never more dolorous,
And all for true love." Sig. B

I may add too a passage from Caxton's Book of Eneidos, &c. (translated from the French), 1490; "The wife of king Minos of Crete was named Pasiphae that was a great lady and a fair above all other ladies of the realm . . . . The queen Pasiphae was with child by king Minos, and when her time was come she was delivered of a creature that was half a man and half a bull." Sig. h 6.

138. By Maro] i.e. Virgil, vide Ecl. i. and iii.

139. estate] meaning here—state, raised chair or throne with a canopy: compare v. 484.

140. There was among them no word then but mum] See note 9 to Colyn Cloute.

141. byse] Hearne in his Gloss. to Langtoft's Chron. has "bis, grey, black," [the original signification of the word: see Ducange, Bisa, and, Gloss. Franc., Bis] with an eye, no doubt, to the line at p. 230.

"In a marble bis of him is made story.

and Sir F. Madden explains the word "white or grey" in his Gloss. to Sir Gawain, &c., referring to the line "Of gold, azure, and byse" in Sir Gawain and The Carle of Carlyle, p. 204. But we also find "Byce, a colour, azur." Palsgrave, p. 198.

"Scriveners write with black, red, purple, green, blue or byce, and such other." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. Q ed. 1530. "Bize, Blue, Byze, a delicate Blue." Hohne's Acad. of Arm., 1688. B. p. 145.

142. Envived pictures well touched and quickly] quickly i.e. to the life; a somewhat pleonastic line, as before, see note 147 to Magnificence.

143. garnished and bound,
Encovered over with gold of tissue fine;
The clasps and bullions &c.] "I had lever have my book sowed in a forel [in cuculli involuco] than bound in boards, and covered and clasped, and garnyshed with bullions [umbilicis]." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. Q iii. ed. 1530: bullions, i.e. bosses, studs.

144. worth a thousand pound] An expression found in other early poets;
"And every boss of bridle and paytral
That they had, was worth, as I would ween.
A thousand pound."

Chaucer's *Flower and Leaf.*—Works, fol. 345. ed. 1602.

145. **balasses**] Tyrwhitt (Gloss. to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*) explains Balass to be "a sort of bastard Ruby." Du Cange (Gloss.) has *'Balascus, Carbunculus, cujus rubor et fulgor dilutiores sunt . . . a Balascia India regione . . . dicti ejusmodi lapides pretiosi.'*

(Balass, A carbuncle with less redness and sparkle . . . they are from Balascia in India . . . called precious stones") Marco Polo tells us, "In this country [Balashan or Badakhshan] are found the precious stones called balass rubies, of fine quality and great value." *Travels*, p. 129, translated by Marsden, who in his learned note on the passage (p. 132) observes that in the Latin version it is said expressly that these stones have their name from the country. See too Sir F. Madden's note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 209.

146. **aurum musicum** i.e. *aurum musicae or musivum,*—mosaic gold.


"Honor is a sign of the operation of doing good: Psalms. Noble is he who ennobles his own character: Cassian. He is next to God, who knows the reason to be silent: Cato. Death is the end of all things: Horace."

148. **in primis**] "First"

149. **Book of Honorous Estate** i.e. Book of Honourable Estate. Like many other of the pieces which Skelton proceeds to enumerate, it is not known to exist.

150. **to learn you to die when ye will**] A version probably of the same piece which was translated and published by Caxton under the title of *A little treatise short and abridged speaking of the art and craft to know well to die*, 1490, folio. Caxton translated it from the French: the original Latin was a work of great celebrity.


"Everything depends on talent. Sallust. Faith is safe nowhere. Virgil. Love is a thing full of anxious fears. Ovid. If custom wishes, in whose power &c. Horace"

152. **Prince Arthur's Creation**] Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry the Seventh, was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, 1st Oct. 1489: see Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 475. ed. 1707.

153. **Antomedon** qy. "Automedon"? Automedon was an ancient Greek poet known from his poems in the Greek Anthology. Twelve epigrams of his are still extant and he is mentioned by Philippus of Thessalonica in the proem of his anthology Garland of Philippus. He is placed from the 1st century B.C to the 1st century A.D (Wikipedia)

154. **Bowge of Court**] See above.

156. Of Tully's Familiars the translation Is noticed with praise in Caxton's Preface to The Book of Eneydos, &c. 1490; see the passage cited in Account of Skelton and his Writings.

157. The Recule against Gaguin of the French nation]—Recule, Fr. recueil, is properly—a collection of several writings: it occurs again in v. 1390; and in Speak, Parrot, v. 232. Concerning Gaguin, see Account of Skelton and his Writings.

158. Item, the Popinjay, that hath in commendation
Ladies and gentlewomen such as deserved,
And such as be counterfeits they be reserved]—Popinjay, i.e. Parrot: "Reserved, excepte, sauf." Palsgrave, p. 322.—No part of Speak, Parrot, answers to this description: but "the Popinjay" is certainly only another name for Speak, Parrot (see v. 280.); and Skelton must allude here to some portion, now lost, of that composition.


161. Mannerly Mistress Margery Milk and Ale] See above for one of the "many matters of mirth" which Skelton here says that he "wrote to her."

162. Side note here: De nihilo nihil fit: Aristotiles: Le plus displeysant plieser puent. "Nothing can come from nothing. Aristotle. The most displeasing pleasure stinks(?)."

163. should not craze] i.e. that it should not break.

164. It may well rhyme, but shrewdly it doth accord] shrewdly, i.e. badly. A copy of verses on Inconsistency by Lydgate has for its burden,

"It may well rhyme, but it accordeth nought."

165. Patet per versus] "It is clearly shown by the opposite"

166. Hinc puer hic natus, &c.] "Hence, this boy was born, hence the man's bed was robbed of his lawful spouse; The child was born of the blood of Delos; I greatly praise him, the boy who will be the second Apollo; If you ask me how? Such a chaste whore; &c. &c. &c"
Side note here: Nota. ("Note")

167. Et reliquae omelia de diversis tractatibus] "And the rest of the homily from various treatises."

168. Of my lady's grace at the contemplation,
Out of French into English prose,
Of Man's Life the Peregrination,
He did translate, interpret, and disclose] my lady means perhaps the mother of Henry the Seventh, the Countess of Derby. This illustrious and excellent lady, on whose death Skelton wrote an elegy in Latin (not reproduced here), was Margaret Beaufort, born in 1441, the only child of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset. Her first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, who died in 1456, a little more than a year after their
John Skelton

marriage, the sole issue of which was Henry, afterwards King Henry the Seventh. Her second husband was Sir Henry Stafford, second son of Humphrey, the great Duke of Buckingham. Her third husband was Lord Thomas Stanley, afterwards the first Earl of Derby of his name. Having survived him, as also her son King Henry, she died June 29, 1509, in her 69th year, and was buried in the magnificent chapel then lately erected in Westminster Abbey.

Warton says that this piece was "from the French, perhaps, of Guillaume [de Guilleville] prior of Chalis. But it should be observed that Pynson printed Peregrinatio humani generis, 1508, 4to. Hist. of E. P., ii. 337 (note), ed. 4to. The Pilgrimage of the Soul translated out of French into English with somewhat of additions, the year of our lord m.cccc & thirteen, and endeth in the Vigil of saint Bartholomew Imprinted at Westminster by William Caxton, And finished the sixth day of June, the year of our lord, m.cccc.Lxxxi. And the first year of the reign of king Edward the fifth. fol., was taken from the French of Guillaume de Guilleville (see Biog. Univ. xix. 169); but, though Skelton was in all probability an author as early as 1483, there is no reason for supposing that the volume just described had received any revision from him. Peregrinatio Humani Generis, printed by Pynson in 4to., 1508, is, according to Herbert (Typ. Ant. ii. 430. ed. Dibdin), "in ballad verse, or stanzas of seven lines;" it cannot therefore be the piece mentioned here by Skelton, which he expressly tells us was in "prose."

169. The Treatise of the Red Rose] Side note here: Apostolus: Non habemus hic civitatem manentem, sed futurum perquerarium. Notat bellum Cornubiense quod in campestribus et in potentioribus vastisque solitudinibus prope Grenewiche gestum est. "The apostle: for we have not here a lasting city: but we seek one that is to come. (Heb. 13:14) This refers to the Cornish war which was fought openly in the fields and in the great wasteland almost as far as Greenwich."

170. Speculum Principis] "Mirror of the Prince". This was a common title for books of advice to rulers in the Renaissance period. A piece by Skelton entitled Methodos Skeltonidis Laureati, sc. Praecepta quaedam moralia Henrico principi, postea Hen. viii. missa. Dat. apud Eltham. A.D. MDI. was once among the MSS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, but is now marked as missing in the Catalogue of that collection, and has been sought for in vain. Whether it was the same work as that mentioned in the present passage, I am unable to determine.

Side note here: Erudimini qui judicatis terram: Pso. "Receive instruction, you that judge the earth. Psalms"


173. John Ive, with Ioforth, Jack] In 1511, a woman being indicted for heresy, "her husband deposed, that in the end of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, one John Ive had persuaded her into these opinions, in which she had persisted ever since." Burnet's Hist. of the Reform., i. 51. ed. 1816. The words "with Ioforth, Jack," were perhaps a portion of Skelton's poem concerning this John Ive: ioforth is an exclamation used in driving horses;
"Harrer, Morelle, ioforth, hyte."

Mactacio Abel.-Towneley Mysteries, p. 9.

174. conveyance] See the long speech of Crafty Conveyance in our author's Magnificence, v. 1343

175. the Welshman's hose] See note 92 to Colyn Cloute.

176. The umbles of venison, the bottle of wine,
To fair Mistress Anne that should have been sent] Umbles i.e. parts of the innards of a deer. "Umbles of a deer or beast, entrailles." Palsgrave, p. 248. And see Sir F. Madden's note, Syr Gawain, &c. p. 322. A present of wine seems to have been not uncommon;

"Beds, brooches, and bottles of wine he to the lady sent."

Lydgate's Ballad of A Prioress and her three Wooers,—MS. Harl. 78. fol. 74.

The "mistress Anne" here mentioned is doubtless the lady to whom the lines in Womanhood, Wanton, Ye Want are addressed.


178. Dormiat in pace] "May he sleep in peace"


180. Side note here: Etenim passer invenit sibi domum: Psalmo. "For the sparrow hath found herself a house. Psalms."

181. At this point are inserted the lines known as The Addition to Philip Sparrow, which are printed at the end of that poem.


183. Mourning of the Maple-Root] In Ravenscroft's Panonelia, 1609, part of a nonsensical song (No. 31) is as follows;

"My Lady's gone to Canterbury,
S. Thomas be her boot,
She met with Kate of Malmsbury,
Why weepst thou maple root?"

a recollection perhaps of Skelton's lost ballad.

184. Moses' horns] So Lydgate;
"... Moses
With golden horns like Phoebus' beams bright."

Process. of Corpus Christi,—MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 251.

"Cumque descenderet Moses de monte Sinai... ignorabat quod cornuta esset facies sua ex consortio sermonis Domini." ("And when Moses came down from Mount Sinai... he knew not that his face was horned from the conversation of the Lord."

Vulgate.—Exod. xxxiv. 29.)

185. Of pageants that were played in Joyous Garde] Bale, in his enumeration of Skelton's writings, alluding to this line (as is evident from his arrangement of the pieces), gives "Theatrales ludos." ("Theatrical plays") Script. Illust. Bryt. p. 652. ed. 1557: and Mr. J. P. Collier states that "one of Skelton's earlier works had been a series of pageants, 'played in Joyous Garde,' or Arthur's Castle." Hist. of Eng. Dram Poet. ii. 142. But, assuredly, in the present line, pageants means nothing of a dramatic nature. The expression to "play a pageant" has occurred several times already in our author's poems; "I have played my pageant" (my part on the stage of life), see note 19 to The Death of King Edward IV: "Such polling pageants ye play "(such thievish pranks), see note 54 to Poems Against Garnesche; and though it may be doubted whether the pageants that were played in Joyous Garde, i.e. in the Castle of Sir Launcelot, according to the romances—are to be understood as connected with feats of arms, I cite the following passage in further illustration of the expression;

"The first that was ready to Joust was sir Palomydes and sir Kaynus le Strange a knight of the table round. And so they two encountered together, but sir Palomydes smote sir Kaynus so hard that he smote him quite over his horse's croupe (crupper), and forthwithal sir Palomydes smote down another knight and brake then his spear & pulled out his sword and did wonderly well. And then the noise began greatly upon sir Palomydes. Lo said King Arthur yonder Palomydes beginneth to play his pageant. So God me help said Arthur he is a passing good knight. And right as they stood talking thus, in came sir Tristram as thunder, and he encountered with sir Kay the Seneschal, and there he smote him down quite from his horse, and with that same spear sir Tristram smote down three knights mo, and then he pulled out his sword and did marvellously. Then the noise and cry changed from sir Palomydes and turned to sir Tristram and all the people cried O Tristram, O Tristram. And then was sir Palomydes clean forgotten. How now said Launcelot unto Arthur, yonder rideth a knight that playeth his pageants." Morte d' Arthur, B. x. cap. lxxix. vol. ii. 140. ed. Southey.

Side note here: Tanquam parieti inclinato et maceriae depulsae: Psalmo. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido: Ovid. "As if you were thrusting down a leaning wall, and a tottering fence. Psalms. Every lover is a soldier, and Cupid has his own camp." Ovid.

186. Castle Angel the fenestral] Castle Angel: i.e. the Castel Sant' Angelo, in Rome.
"Anon the pope fled unto Castle Angell." Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 143, ed.. 1827. Fenestral—Before the general introduction of glazed windows, their place was supplied by framed blinds of cloth or canvas, termed fenestrals. . . . Horman says that "paper or linen cloth streaked across with lozenges make fenestrals in stead of glazen windows." Harrison, who wrote his description of England about 1579, . . . states that glass had become so cheap and plentiful, being imported from Burgundy, Normandy, and Flanders, as well as made in England, of good quality, that every one who chose might have abundance." Way's Prompt. Parv. i. 155.
187. Side note here: Introduxit me in cubiculum suam: Cant. Os fatuae ebullit stultitiam. Cant. "He brought me into his chamber. Song of Solomon. The mouth of a fool bubbleth out folly. Song of Solomon ("fatuae" (of a fool) altered purposely by Skelton from "fatuorum" (of fools) of the Vulgate Prov. xv. 2 – not Song of Solomon.)

188. Mock there lost her shoe] A proverbial expression, which occurs again in our author's Why come ye not to Court, v. 83. In his Colyn Cloute we find

"shoe the mockish mare."

v. 181.

189. barbican] "A Barbican, antemurale, promurale, tormentorun bellicorum sedes, locus." "A bulwark, outwork, Station or place of artillery." Coles's Dict. "It was generally," says Nares (referring to King on Anc. Castles, Archael.), "a small round tower, for the station of an advanced guard, placed just before the outward gate of the castle yard, or ballium." Gloss. in v. And see Richardson's Dict. in v.


190. Of Exione, her lambs, &c.] Marshe's ed. has "lamb is"–which may be the right reading. MS. defective here. If the reader understands the line, it is more than I do.


192. to yearn and to quest] Coles renders both these hunting terms by the same word, "nicto" (i.e. open, give tongue). Dict. Turberville, enumerating "the sundry noises of hounds," tells us that "when they are earnest either in the chase or in the earth, we say They yearn." Noble Art of Venery, &c. p. 242. ed. 1611. "Quest, united cry of the hounds." Sir F. Madden's Gloss. to Sir Gawaine, &c.

193. With little business standeth much rest]:

"Great rest standeth in little business."

Good Counsel,—Chaucer's Works, fol. 319, ed. 1602.

194. Side note here: Duae molentes in pistrino, una assumetur, altera relinquetur: Isaias Foris vastabit eum timor, et intus pavor: Pso. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: one shall be taken, and one shall be left. Isiah. Without, fear shall lay him waste, and terror within. Psalms". (The first quotation is actually from Matt. xxiv. 41; the second derived from Deut xxxii. 25, which reads Foris vastabit eos gladius, et &c. "The sword shall lay them waste.")

195. Woefully arrayed] See above. Side note here: Opera quae ego facio ipsa perhibent testimonium de me: In Evang. &c. "The works themselves, which I do, give testimony of me. In the Gospel, &c." (John v. 36)

196. Vexilla regis] i.e. Now Sing We, &c. (see above)
197. *Sacris solemniis*] As the still-extant piece mentioned in the preceding line, and headed *Vexilla regis*, &c., is not a translation of that hymn, so we may with probability conclude that this was not a version of the hymn beginning "*Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia,*" (*At this our solemn feast let holy joys abound*" John David Chambers) which may be found in *Hymni Ecclesia; Breviario Parisien*, 1838. p. 94.

198. Side note here: *Honora medicum; propter necessitatem creavit eum altissimus &c. Superiores constellationes influent in corpora subjecta et deposita, &c. Nota.* "Honour the physician for the need thou hast of him: for the most High hath created him &c. (Sirach) The higher constellations influence higher and lower bodies. Note."

199. *Ipocras and Master Avycen*] *Ipocras* i.e. Hippocrates.

"Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien."

*Chaucer's Prol. to Cant. Tales*, v. 433. ed. Tyr. 3

"For Ipocras nor yet Galien."

*Poems* by C. Duke of Orleans,—*MS. Harl.* 682. fol. 103.

*Avycen* i.e. Avicenna, An Arabian physician of the tenth century.

200. *Albumasar*] A famous Arabian astrologer, of the ninth century

201. *ken*] i.e. instruct (pleonastically coupled with "inform," as in v. 825.

202. Side note here: *Spectatum admisse, risis teneatur amor?* Horace. Nota.—A misquotation of Horace *Art of Poetry.* line 5: "*Spectatum admisis, risum teneatis, amice!*" ("As asked to a viewing, could you stifle laughter, my friends?" A.S. Kline). Qy. Is the barbarous alteration of this line only a mistake of the printer?

203. *Dun is in the mire*] A proverbial expression, which occurs in *Chaucer's Manciples Prol.* v. 16954. ed. Tyrwhitt, and is common in writers long after the time of Skelton. Gifford was the first to show that the allusion is to a Christmas gambol, in which *Dun* (the cart-horse) is supposed to be stuck *in the mire*; see his note on Jonson's *Works*, vii. 283.

204. *lucerne*] i.e. lamp. So in the *Lenvoye* to *Chaucer's Cuckoo and Nightingale;*

"Aurora of gladness, and day of lustiness,
Lucerne a night with heavenly influence
Illumined"


Side note here: *Lumen ad revelationem gentium*: Pso. clxxv (sic, actually Luc. xi. 32)

"A light to the revelation of the Gentiles".

205. *Grand juir*] "Great rejoicing"

206. Side note here: *Velut rosa vel lillium, o pulcherrima mulierum,* &c. *Cantat ecclesia.* "Like unto a rose or a lily, O most beautiful of women. The Church sings."

207. *But who may have a more ungracious life
Than a child's bird and a knave's wife?"

This proverbial expression occurs in Lydgate;

"Unto purpose this proverb is full rife
Read and reported by old remembrance;
*Child's bird and a knave's wife*
The Poetical Works

Have often seen great sorrow and mischance."

*The Churl and the Bird,—MS. Harl. 116. fol. 151.*

208. Side note here: *Notate verba, signate mysteria: Gregori.* Consider the word, mark the mystery. Pope Gregory I.

209. By Mary Gipsy] In much later writers we find, as an interjection, *marry gep, marry gip, marry guep, marry gap.*

210. *Quad scripsi, scripsi* "What I have written, I have written" (John xix. 22)

211] *Uxor tua, sicut vitis,*

*Habetis in custodiam,*

*Custodite sicut scitis,*

*Secundum Lucam, etc.*

"Your wife, as a fruitful vine,
You have in your care,
guard her as well as you know how,
according to Luke, etc.".

Thy wife, as a fruitful vine—Ps. cxvii. 3.

*according to Luke*—Skelton seems here to allude to the Vulgate *"et uxor tua Elisabeth, &c."* (*"And your wife Elizabeth, &c" Luke i. 13*)

212. Of the Bonhams of Ashridge beside Berkhamstead,

*Where the sunk royal is, Christ's blood so red]* The college of the Bonhommes, completed in 1285, was founded by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, son and heir of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was King of the Romans and brother of Henry the Third, for a rector and twenty brethren or canons, of whom thirteen were to be priests. It was founded expressly in honour of the blood of Jesus, ("the sunk royal"), which had once formed part of the precious relics belonging to the German emperors, and which Edmund had brought over from Germany to England. See Todd's *History of the College of Bonhommes at Ashridge*, 1823. p. 1-3.

The pretended blood of Christ drew to Ashridge many persons of all ranks, greatly to the enrichment of the society, "But," Speed tells us, "when the sun-shine of the Gospel had pierced through such clouds of darkness, it was perceived apparently to be only honey clarified and coloured with saffron, as was openly showed at Paul's Cross by the Bishop of Rochester, the twenty four of February, and year of Christ 1538." A *Prospect of The Most Famous Parts of the World*, 1631, (in *Buck*. p. 43).

213. *Fraxinus in clivo frondetque viret sine rivo,*

*Non est sub divo similis sine flumine vivo;* "The ash-tree on the ridge blooms and flourishes without a brook, there is not another like it under the sky without a living stream." (PH)

"As to the name Ashridge," says Kennett, "it is no doubt from a hill set with Ashes; the old word was *Aescrugge, Rugge*, as after *Ridge*, signifying a hill or steep place, and the Ashen-tree being first *Aesc*, as after *Ashche, &c.*" *Parochial Antiquities*, p. 302. ed. 1695.

Side note here: *Nota penurium aquae, nam canes ibi hauriunt ex puteo altissimo.*

("Consider the shortage of water, for the dogs(?) draw it there from the highest well.")

214. *The Nation of Fools]* Most probably *The Book of Three Fools*, (see above)
Side note here: Stultorum infinitus est numerus, &c. Ecclesia. Factum est cum Apollo essit Corinthi: Actus Apostolorum. Stimulus sub pectore verit Apollo: Virgilius. "The number of fools is infinite. Ecclesiastes. And it came to pass, while Apollo was at Corinth. Acts of the Apostles. Apollo applies the whip to her breast. Virgil. (Aeneid Book 6 l. 101)"

215. Apollo that whirled up his chair] Concerning the piece, of which these were the initial words, a particular notice will be found in Some Account of Skelton and his Writings: chair, i.e. chariot; compare the first of the two lines, which in the old eds. and some MSS. of Chaucer stand as the commencement of a third part of The Squire's Tale;

"Apollo whirleth up his chair so high."
Works, fol. 25. ed. 1602.

and the opening of The Flower and the Leaf;

"When that Phoebus his chair of gold so high
Had whirled up the starry sky aloft."
_Id. fol. 344.

See also Poems by C. Duke of Orleans, MS. Harl. 682. fol. 47.

216. Side note here: Fama repleta malis pernicibus evolat alis, &c. "Rumour, full of harm and evil, flies on wings."

217. Side note here: Ego quidem sum Pauli, ego Apollo: Corn. "I indeed am of Paul; and I am of Apollo: Corinthians."

218. ragman rolls] i.e. lists. The collection of deeds in which the Scottish nobility and gentry were compelled to subscribe allegiance to Edward I. of England in 1296, and which were more particularly recorded in four large rolls of parchment, &c., was known by the name of Ragman's Roll: but what has been written on the origin of this expression appears to be so unsatisfactory that I shall merely refer the reader to Cowel's Law Dictionary, &c., ed. 1727, in v., Jamieson's Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. in v., Naress's Gloss in v., Gloss. to The Towneley Myst. in v., Todd's Johnson's Dict. in v. Rigmorole, [See also Wright's Anecdota Literaria, and his Glossary to Piers Plowman.]

219. Of the Maiden of Kent called Comfort] Probably one of the Neville family. Lord George Neville, 3rd Baron Bergavenny, lived in a house called Comfort, near Cobham in Kent.

220. how Iollas loved goodly Phyllis] Iollas and Phyllis, conventional names for characters in Pastoral poetry–See Virgil Eclogues.

Side note here: Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella; Virgilius. Nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iollas: 2. Bucol. "Galatea, the wanton girl, throws an apple at me. Virgil. Nor if you fought with gifts would Iollas yield. Eclogue 2."

221. Diodorus Siculus of my translation
Out of fresh Latin, &c.] fresh, i.e. elegant: see note 22 above. This translation from the Latin of Poggio is mentioned with praise in Caxton's Preface to The Book of Eneydos, &c. 1490, and is still preserved in MS. among Parker's Collection, in Corpus Ch. College, Cambridge: see Account of Skelton and his Writings.

223. Side note here: *Millia millium et decies millies centena millia, &c.: Apocalipsis. Virtute senatum laureati posse dent: Ecclesiastica. Cavit.* "Thousands of thousands and tens of thousands times a hundred thousand, &c. Revelations. Garlanded virtue occupies the senate. Church Fathers. He is wary." Faukes's ed., which alone has these marginal notes, has *vite* for *virtute.* The reference "*Cauit*" ("He is wary") I do not understand.

224. *The noise went to Rome]* So Chaucer;

"And there came out so great a noise,
That had it stand upon Oise,

*Men might have heard it easily*

*To Rome,* I trow *sickerly.*"


225. *He turned his tiriksys, his volvelle ran fast:]* What is meant by *tiriksys,* I know not: it occurs again in our author's *Speak, Parrot;*

"Some treat of their *tiriksys,* some of astrology."

v. 139.

Volvelle— For the following note I am indebted to W. H. Black, Esq. "The volvell is an instrument, called *volvella* or *volvellum* in the Latin of the middle age, consisting of graduated and figured circles drawn on the leaf of a book, to the centre of which is attached one movable circle or more, in the form of what is called a geographical clock. There is a very fine one, of the fourteenth century, in the Ashmolean MS. 789. f. 363, and others exist in that collection, which affords likewise, in an Introduction to the Knowledge of the Calendar, (in the MS. 191. iv. art. 2. f. 199,) written in old English of the fifteenth century, a curious description of the volvell, with directions for its use. The passage is entitled The Rule of the Volvell:—Now followeth here the volvelle, that some men *clepen* a lunarie; and thus must ye govern you therin. First take the greatest circle that is made in the leaf, for that showeth the 24 hours of the day natural, that is of the night and day, of the which the first hour is at noon between 12 and one. Then above him is another circle, that hath writ in hem the 12 months with her days, and 12 signs with her degrees; and within that, there is written a rule to know when the sun ariseth and the moon both; if ye behold well these numbers written in red, 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. +. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.' The rule proceeds to show that there is another row of the same figures in black, and that the red cross stands in the place of Cancer, the black at Capricorn: the red figures were used to show the rising of the sun and moon, the black for their setting. Over this is 'another circle that hath a tongue,' (or projecting angle to point with,) the figure of the sun on it, and 29½ days figured, for the age of the moon. Upon this is the least circle, 'which hath a tongue with the figure of the moon on it, and within it is an hole, the which showeth by similitude how the moon waxeth and waneth.' It was used by setting 'the tongue of the moon' to the moon's age, and 'the tongue of the sun' to the day of the month, then moving the circle of months and signs to bring the hour of the day to the last named tongue, 'whereby might be found' in what sign he' (the moon, masculine in Anglo-Saxon) 'sitteth and the sun also, and in what time of the day they arisen, any of hem, either gone down, and what it is of the water, whether it be flood or ebb.' The rule concludes by observing that the wind sometimes alters the time of the tide 'at London bridge.'"
226. *Mens tibi sit consulta, &c.*] "Your mind must be consulted, you say? Well, consult your mind; Let it emulate Janus, looking behind and before." (PH)
Side note here: *Vates.* "The prophet"


228. *Ite, Britannorum lux, &c.*] "Go, radiant light of the Britons, make known our songs, your worthy British Catullus. Say Skelton was your Adonis; say Skelton was your Homer; though foreign, you now run an equal race with Latin verse. And though the greater part is woven of British words, our Thalia is not too uncouth, nor my Calliope too unlearned. Nor should you be sorry to receive wounds from spears or endure the attacks of mad dogs; for great Virgil bore the brunt of similar threats, and Ovid's muse was not exempt." (PH—mostly; he omits the line *Nec vos poeniteat livoris tela subire* ” Nor should you be sorry to receive wounds from spears”).

229. *Any word defaced*] i.e. Any disfigured, deformed, unseemly word.

230. *Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum Domino Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c.*] "To His Most Serene Royal Majesty, together with the Lord Cardinal, the most honourable Legate a latere &c."

231. *L'autre Envoy*] Concerning this curious Envoy, see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

232. *Perge, liber, &c.*] "Go, book, fall before the great King Henry VIII and worship him, re-echoing his glories. Greet likewise, with reverence, the great Cardinal, legate a Latere, and may he be mindful to sue for the prebend which he promised to entrust to me some day, and give me grounds to hope for his protection—between hope and fear." (PH).

233. *ADMONET SKELTONIS &c.*

"SKELTON EXHORTS ALL TREES, ACCORDING TO THEIR KIND, TO GIVE THEIR FOLIAGE TO THE LAUREL.

"The ash in the wood, the rowan high on the mountain, the poplar by the river, the fir, the farthest-spreading beech, the pliable willow, the plane, the fig-tree bearing its plump fruit, the oak, the pear-tree with its edible fruit, the lofty pine oozing balsam, the oleaster, Minerva's olive-tree, the juniper, the box, the spiny flexible mastic-tree, the grape-vine, king of trees, which we have from the generosity of lord Bacchus, the wild vine, barren and hated by the countryman, the Sabaean frankincense tree oozing its sweet-smelling incense, as also does the most famous Arabian myrrh-tree, and you, O fragile hazel, and the low-growing tamarisk, and you, O fragrant cedar, and also you, the myrtle, trees of every kind, give your foliage to the laurel!

Take this in good part.

The Laurel."

These Latin lines, with the copy of French verses which follow them, and the translations of it into Latin and English, are from Faukes's ed.—where, though they have really no connexion with *The Garland of Laurel*, they are considered as a portion of that poem, see the colophon; collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568,—where they occur towards the end of the vol., the last three placed together, and the first a few pages after.—Marshe's ed. "Admonito Skeltonis ut omnes Arbores viridi Laureo concedant."

234. *Gone to seek hallows*]—hallows, i.e. saints.
"On pilgrimage then must they go,
To Wilsdon, Barking, or to some hallows."
_The School House of Women_, 1572,—Utterson's _Early Pop. Poetry_, ii. 66.

But "to seek hallows" seems to have been a proverbial expression;

"O many woman hath caught be in a train,
By going out such hallows for to seek."
Lydgate's _Wars of Troy_, B. ii. sig. I ii. ed. 1555.

235. _A grant tort,
Foy dort._] "Slept through great wrongs"
SPEAK, PARROT

[From the ed. by Lant of Certain books compiled by master skelton, &c. n.d., collated with the same work ed. Kynge and Marche, n.d., and ed. Day n.d.; with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568, and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2533. Fol. 133, which has supplied much not given in the printed copies, and placed between brackets in the present edition. The marginal notes are found only in MS.]

<1>

THE BOOK COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE, CALLED SPEAK, PARROT.

[Lectoribus auctor recipit opusculi hujus auxesim. Cresecet in immensum me vivo pagina praesens; Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis aurea fama.<2>

Parrot.]

MY name is Parrot, a bird of Paradise,<3>
By nature devised of a wondrous kind,
Daintily dieted with divers delicate spice,
Till Euphrates, that flood, driveth me into Inde;<4>
Where men of that country by fortune me find,
And send me to great ladies of estate;
Then Parrot must have an almond<5> or a date:

A cage curiously carven, with silver pin,<6>
Properly painted, to be my coverture;
A mirror of glass, that I may toot therein;
These, maidens full meekly with many a diverse flower;
Freshly they dress, and make sweet my bower,
With Speak, Parrot, I pray you! full curteously they say:
Parrot is a goodly bird, a pretty popinjay!

With my beak bent my little wanton eye,<7>
My feathers fresh as is the emerald green,<8>
About my neck a circlet like the rich ruby,
My little legs, my feet both feat and clean,
I am a minion to wait upon a queen;
My proper Parrot, my little pretty fool;<9>
With ladies I learn, and go with them to school.

Ha, ha, ha, Parrot, ye can laugh prettily!
Parrot hath not dined all this long day:
Like your puss cat, Parrot can mute and cry
In Latin, Hebrew, Araby and Chaldy;<10>

In Greek tongue Parrot can both speak and say,
As Persius, that poet, doth report of me,
Quis expedivit psittaco suum chaire?<11>
Douce French of Paris Parrot can learn,<12>
Pronouncing my purpose after my property<13>,
With Parlez bien, Parrot, ou parlez rien;<14>
With Dutch, with Spanish, my tongue can agree;
In English to God Parrot can supply,
Christ save King Henry viii, our royal king,
The red rose in honour to flourish and spring!

With Katherine incomparable, our royal queen also,<15>
That peerless pomegranate, Christ save her noble grace!
Parrot, saves habler Castiliano, <16> 40
With fidasso di cosso in Turkey and in Thrace;<17>
Vis consilii expers, as teacheth me Horace,
Mole ruit sua,<18> whose dicts are pregnant,
Soventez foys, Parrot, en souvenante.<19>

My lady mistress, Dame Philology,<20>
Gave me a gift, in my nest when I lay,
To learn all language, and it to speak aptly:
Now pandez mory, wax frantic, some men say,
Phronesis for phrenesis may not hold her way.
An almond now for Parrot,<21> delicately dressed;
In Salve festa dies, toto <22> there doth best.

Moderata juvant,<23> but toto doth exceed;
Discretion is mother of noble virtues all;
Myden agan<24> in Greek tongue we read;
But reason and wit wanteth their provincial
When wilfulness is vicar general.
Haec res acu tangitur, Parrot, par ma foy:<25>
Ticez vous, Parrot, tenez vous coye.<26>

Busy, busy, busy, and business again!
Que pensez voz,<27> Parrot? what meaneth this business? 60
Vitulus<28> in Horeb troubled Aaron's brain,
Melchizedek merciful made Moloch merciless;
Too wise is no virtue, too meddling, too restless;
In measure is treasure, cum sensu maturato;<29>
Ne tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.<30>

Aram was fired with Chaldee's fire called Ur;
Jobab was brought up in the land of Hus;<31>
The lineage of Lot took support of Assur;
Jereboseth is Hebrew, who list the cause discuss.
Peace, Parrot, ye prate as ye were ebrius;<32>
Howst thee, lyver god van hemrik, ich seg;<33>
In Popering grew pears <34> when Parrot was an egg.

What is this to purpose? Over in a whinny Meg!<35>
Hob Lobin of Lowdeon<36> would have a bit of bread;
The gibbet of Baldock<37> was made for Jack Leg;
An arrow unfeathered and without an head,
A bagpipe without blowing standeth in no stead:
Some run too far before, some run too far behind,
Some be too churlish, and some be too kind.

Ich dien<38> serveth for the ostrich feather,
Ich dien is the language of the land of Beme;<39>
In Afric tongue byrsa<40> is a thong of leather;
In Palestina there is Jerusalem.
Colostrum<41> now for Parrot, white bread and sweet cream!
Our Thomasen she doth trip, our jennet she doth shale:
Parrot hath a black beard and a fair green tail.

Moryshe mine own shelf!<42> the costermonger sayeth,
Fate, fate, fate, ye Irish waterlag;<43>
In flattering fables men find but little faith,
But moveatur terra, let the world wag;
Let Sir Wrigwrag wrestle with Sir Delarag;<44>
Every man after his manner of ways,
Pawbe une arver,<45> so the Welchman says.

Such shreds of sentence, strewed in the shop
Of ancient Aristippus and such other mo,
I gather together and close in my crop,
Of my wanton conceit, unde depromo
Dilemmata docta in paedagogio
Sacro vatem,<46> whereof to you I break:
I pray you, let Parrot have liberty to speak.

But ware the cat, Parrot, ware the false cat!
With Who is there? a maid? Nay, nay, I trow:
Ware riot, Parro! ware riot, ware that!
Meat, meat for Parrot, meat I say, how!
Thus diverse of language by learning I grow:
With Buss me, sweet Parrot, buss me, sweet sweet:
To dwell among ladies Parrot is meet.

Parrot, Parrot, Parrot, pretty popinjay!
With my beak I can pick my little pretty toe.
My delight is solace, pleasure, disport, and play;<47>
Like a wanton, when I will, I reel to and fro:
Parrot can say Caesar, ave <48> also;
But Parrot hath no favour to Esebon:<49>
Above all other birds, set Parrot alone.

Uhlula, Esebon, for Jeremy doth weep!
Sion is in sadness, Rachel ruely doth look;
Madionita Jethro, our Moses keepeth his sheep;
Gideon is gone, that Zalmane undertook,
Horeb et Zeb, of Judicum read the book.<50>
Now Geball, Ammon, and Amaloch—hark, hark!
Parrot pretendeth to be a Bible clerk.

O Esebon, Esebon! to thee is come again
Seon, the regent Amorraeorum,
And Og, that fat hog of Bashan, doth retain
The Poetical Works

The crafty *coistronus Cananaeorum:*<ref51>
And asylum, *whilom refugium miserorum,*<ref52>
*Non fanum, sed profanum,*<ref53> standeth in little stead:
*Ulula.* Esebon, for Jephthah is stark dead!

Esebon, Marylebone, Whetstone next Barnet;
A trim-tram<ref54> for an horse-mill it were a nice thing;
Dainties for damoiselles, chaffer far-fet:
Bo ho doth bark well, but Hough ho he ruleth the ring;
From Scarpary<ref55> to Tartary renown therein doth spring,
With He said, and We said, *ich wot* now what ich wot,
*Quod magnus est dominus Judas Iscariot.*<ref56>

Ptolemy and Haly<ref57> were cunning and wise
In the *volvele,* in the quadrant, and in the *astroloby,*
To prognosticate truly the chance of Fortune's dice;
Some treat of their *tirrikis,* some of astrology,<ref58>
Some *pseudo-propheta* with chiromancy:
If Fortune be friendly, and grace be the guide,
Honour with renown will run on that side.

*Monon calon agaton,*
*Quod Parrato*
*In Graeco.*<ref59>

Let Parrot, I pray you, have liberty to prate,
For *aurea lingua Graeca*<ref60> ought to be magnified,
If it were conned perfectly, and after the rate,
As *lingua Latina,* in school matter occupied,<ref61>
But our Greeks their Greek so well have applied,
That they cannot say in Greek, riding by the way,
Ho, hostler, fetch my horse a bottle of hay!

Neither frame a syllogism in *phrisesomorum,*<ref62>
*Formaliter et Graece, cum medio termino:*<ref63>
Our Greeks wallow in the wash-bowl *Argolicorum;*<ref64>
For though ye can tell in Greek what is *phormio,*
Yet ye seek out your Greek in *Capricornio;*
For they<ref65> scrape out good scripture, and set in a gall,
Ye go about to amend, and ye mar all.

Some argue *secundum quid ad simpliciter,*<ref66>
And yet he would be reckoned *pro Areopagita;*<ref67>
And some make distinctions *multiplicita,*<ref68>
Whether *ita* were before *non,* or *non* before *ita,*
Neither wise nor well-learned, but like *hermaphrodita:*
Set *sophia*<ref69> aside, for every Jack Raker<ref70>
And every mad meddler must now be a *maker.*

*In Academia* Parrot dare no problem keep,
For *Graece fari*<ref71> so occupieth the chair
That *Latinum fari*<ref72> may fall to rest and sleep,
And *syllogisari* was drowned at Stourbridge Fair;<ref73>
Trivials and *quatrivials*<ref74> so sore now they *appair.*
That Parrot the popinjay hath pity to behold
How the rest of good learning is roufled up and trolled,

*Albertus de modo significandi,*<75>
And *Donatus*<76> be driven out of school;
Priscian's head broken now handy-dandy,
*Inter didascolos*<77> is reckoned for a fool;
Alexander,<78> a gander of Menander's pool,<79>
With *Da Cansales,*<80> is cast out of the gate,
And *Da Racionales*<81> dare not shew his pate.

*Plauti* in his comedies a child shall now rehearse,
And meddle with Quintilian in his Declamations,
That Petty Caton<82> can scantly construe a verse,
With *Aveto in Graeco,*<83> and such solemn salutations,
Can scantly the tenses of his conjugations;
Setting their minds so much on eloquence,
That of their school matters lost is the whole sentence.<84>

Now a nutmeg, a nutmeg, *cum gariopholo,*<85>
For Parrot to pick upon, his brain for to stable,
Sweet cinnamon-sticks and *pleris cum musco,*<86>
In Paradise, that place of pleasure *perdurable,*
The progeny of Parrots were fair and favourable;
Now in *valle* Hebron Parrot is fain to feed:
Christ-Cross and Saint Nicholas, Parrot, be your good speed!

The mirror that I *toot* in, *quasi diaphanum,*<87>
*Vel quasi speculum, in aenigmate,*<88>
*Elencticum,* or else *enthymematicum,*<89>
For logicians to look on, somewhat *sophistice;*
Support Parrot, I pray you, with your suffrage ornate,
Of *confuse tantum*<91> avoiding the checkmate.

But of this supposition that called is art,
*Confuse distributive,*<92> as Parrot hath devised,
Let every man after his merit take his part,
For in this process Parrot nothing hath surmised,
No matter pretended, nor nothing enterprised,
But that *metaphora, allegoria* with all,
Shall be his protection, his *pavis,* and his wall.

For Parrot is no churlish chough, nor no flecked pie,
Parrot is no *pendugum,* that men call a *carling,*
Parrot is no woodcock, nor no butterfly,
Parrot is no stammering stare, that men call a *starling;*
But Parrot is my own dear heart and my dear darling;
Melpomene, that fair maid, she burnished his beak:
I pray you, let Parrot have liberty to speak.

Parrot is a fair bird for a lady;
God of His goodness him framed and wrought;
When Parrot is dead, she doth not putrefy:
Yea, all things mortal shall turn unto nought,
Except man's soul, that Christ so dear bought;
That never may die, nor never die shall:
Make much of Parrot, the popinjay royal.

For that peerless Prince that Parrot did create,
He made you of nothing by his majesty:
Point well this problem that Parrot doth prate,
And remember among how Parrot and ye
Shall leap from this life, as merry as we be;
Pomp, pride, honour, riches, and worldly lust,
Parrot sayeth plainly, shall turn all to dust.

Thus Parrot doth pray you,
With heart most tender,
To reckon with this recueil now,
And it to remember.

Psittacus, ecce, cano; nec sunt mea carmina Phoebo
Digna scio; tamen est plena camena deo.<93>

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum,
In Pierorum catalogo numeratum.<94>
Itaque consolamini invicem in verbis istis &c.<95>
Candidi lectores, callide callete; vestrum fovete Psittacum, &c.<96>

[ GALATHEA <97 >

Speak, Parrot, I pray you, for Mary's sake,
What moan he made when Pamphilus lost his make.<98>

PARROT

My proper Bess,
My pretty Bess,
Turn once again to me:<99>
For sleepest thou, Bess,
Or wakest thou, Bess,
Mine heart it is with thee.

My daisy delectable,
My primrose commendable,
My violet amiable,<100>
My joy inexplicable,
Now turn again to me.

I will be firm and stable,
And to you serviceable,
And also profitable,
If ye be agreeable
To turn again to me,
My proper Bess.

Alas, I am disdained,<101>
And as a man half maimed,
My heart is so sore pained!
I pray thee, Bess, unfeigned,
Yet come again to me!
By love I am constrained
To be with you retained,
It will not be refrained:
I pray you, be reclaimed,
And turn again to me,
My proper Bess.
Quod Parrot, the popinjay royal.

_Martialis cecinit carmen, fit mihi scutum
Est mihi lasciva pagina, vita proba._

GALATHEA

Now _kus_ me, Parrot, _kus me, kus, kus, kus, kus:_
God's blessing light on thy sweet little mus!

_Vita et anima,
Zoe kai psyche._

_Concumbunt Graece. Non est hic sermo pudicus._

_Ergo_
_Attica dictamina_
_Sunt plumbi lamina,_
_Vel spuria vitulamina:_
_Avertat haec Urania! _

[Amen]
_Amen, Amen,_
And set to a D,
And then it is Amend
Our new found A.B.C.

_Cum caeteris paribus._

LENOY PRIMERE

Go, little _quaire_, named the Popinjay,
Home to resort Jerubbesheth persuade;
For the cliffs of Scalop they roar wellaway,
And the sands of Cefas begin to waste and fade,
For _replication_ restless that he of late there made;
Now Neptune and Aeolus are agreed of likelihood,
For Titus at Dover abideth in the road;
Lucina she wadeth among the watery floods,
And the cocks begin to crow against the day;
_Le tonsan de Jason_ is lodged among the shrouds,
Of Argus revenged, recover when he may;
Lyacon of Libyk and Lydy hath caught his prey:
Go, little _quaire_, pray them that you behold
In their remembrance ye may be enrolled.
Yet some fools say that ye are furnished with \textit{knacks},
That hang together as feathers in the wind;
But \textit{lewdly} are they lettered that your learning lacks,<sup>111</sup>
Barking and whining, like churlish curs of kind,<sup>112</sup>
For who looketh wisely in your Works may find
Much fruitful matter: but now, for your defence
\textit{Again all remords},<sup>113</sup> arm you with patience. 300

\textbf{MONOSTICHON <114>}

\emph{Ipse sagax aequi ceu verax nuntius ito.}
Morda \emph{puros mal desires. Portugues.}
\textit{Penultimo die Octobris, 33°. <115>}

\textbf{SECOND LENOVOY}

Pass forth, Parrot, towards some passenger,
Require him to convey you over the salt foam;
Addressing yourself, like a sad messenger,
To our sullen seigneur Sadoc<sup>116</sup>, desire him to come home,
Making his pilgrimage by \textit{Nostre Dame de Crome}.<sup>117</sup>
For Jerico and Jersey shall meet together as soon
As he to exploit the man out of the moon.<sup>118</sup>

With porpoise and grampus he may feed him fat,
Though he pamper not his paunch with the great seal:
We have longed and looked long time for that,
Which causeth poor suitors have many a hungry meal:
As president and regent he ruleth every deal,
Now pass forth, good Parrot, our Lord be your steed,
In this your journey to prosper and speed!

And though some disdain you, and say how ye prate,
And how your poems are barren of polished eloquence,
There is none that your name will abrogate
Than \textit{noddypolls} and \textit{gramatolls} of small intelligence;
Too rude is their reason to reach to your sentence:
Such melancholy mastiffs and mangy cur dogs
Are \textit{meet} for a swineherd to hunt after hogs.

\textbf{MONOSTICHON <114>}

\emph{Psittace, perge volans, fatuorum tela retundas.}
Morda \emph{puros mal desires. Portugues.}
\textit{In diebus Novembris, 34.<sup>119</sup>}

\textbf{LE DEREYN<120> LENOVOY}

Prepare you, Parrot, bravely your passage to take,
Of Mercury under the \textit{trinal} aspect,
And sadly salute our sullen sire Sydrake,<sup>121</sup>
And show him that all the world doth \textit{conject},
How the matters he \textit{mells} in come to small effect;
For he wanteth of his wits that all would rule alone;
It is no little burden to bear a great mill-stone:
To bring all the sea into a cherry-stone pit,
To number all the stars in the firmament,
To rule ix. realms by one man's wit,
To such things impossible reason cannot consent:
Much money, men say, there madly he hath spent—
Parrot, ye may prate this under protestation,
Was never such a senator since Christ's incarnation.

Wherefore he may now come again as he went,
Non sine postica sanna,
From Calais to Dover, to Canterbury in Kent,
To make reckoning in the resset how Robin lost his bow,
To sow corn in the sea-sand, there will no crop grow.
Though he be taunted, Parrot, with tongues attainted,
Yet your problems are pregnant, and with loyalty acquainted.

MONOSTICHON

I, properans Parrote, malas sic corripe linguas.
Morda puros mal desires. Portugues.
15 Kalendis Decembris,
34.

DISTICHON MISERABLE

Altior, heu, cedro, crudelior, heu, leopardo!
Heu, vitulus bubali fit dominus Priami!

Tetrastichon-Unde species Priami est digna imperio.

Non annis licet et Priamus sed honore voceris:
Dum foveas vitulum, rex, regeris, Britonum;
Rex, regeris, non ipse regis: rex inclyte, calle;
Subde tibi vitulum, ne fatuet nimium.

God amend all,
That all amend may!
Amen, quoth Parrot,
The royal popinjay.
Kalendis Decembris,
34.

LENOY ROYAL

Go, proper Parrot, my popinjay,
That lords and ladies this pamphlet may behold,
With notable clerkes: supply to them, I pray,
Your rudeness to pardon, and also that they wold
Vouchsafe to defend you against the brawling scold,
Called Detraction, encankered with envy,
Whose tongue is attainted with slanderous obloquy.

For truth in parable ye wantonly pronounce,
Languages divers, yet under that doth rest
Matter more precious than the rich jacounce.
Diamonde, or ruby, or balass of the best,
Or Indy sapphire with orient pearls dressed:
Wherefore your remorders are mad, or else stark blind,
You toremord erstere they know your mind.

DISTICHON<130>

I, volitans, Parrote, tuam moderare Minervam:
Vix tua percipient, qui tua teque legent.<131>

HYPERBATON

Psittacus hi notus seu Persius est puto notus,
Nec reor est nec erit licet est erit.<132>

Maledite soit bouche malheureuse!<133>

LAUCTURE DE PARROT

O my Parrot, O unice dilecte, votorum meorum
Omnis lapis, lapis pretiosus operimentum tuum!<134>

PARROT

Sicut Aaron populumque, sic bubali vitulus, sic bubali vitulus, sic bubali vitulus.<135>

Thus much Parrot hath openly expressed:
Let see who dare make up the rest.

Le Popinjay s'en va complaindre:<136>

Helas! I lament the dull abused brain,
The infatuate fantasies, the witless wilfulness
Of one and other at me that have disdain:
Some say, they cannot my parables express;
Some say, I rail at riot reckless;
Some say but little, and think more in their thought,
How this process I prate of, it is not all for nought.

O causeless cowards, O heartless hardiness!
O manless manhood, enfainted all with fear!
O cunning clergy, where is your readiness
To practise or postil this process here and there?
For dread ye dare not meddle with such gear,
Or else ye pinch courtesy, truly as I trow,
Which of you first dare boldly pluck the crow.<137>

The sky is cloudy, the coast is nothing clear;
Titan hath trussed up his tresses of fine gold;
Jupiter for Saturn dare make no royal cheer;
Lyacon laugheth thereat, and beareth him more bold;
Rachel, ruely ragged, she is like to catch cold;
Moloch, that maumet, there dare no man withsay;
The rest of such reckoning may make a foul fray.
John Skelton

Dixit, quod Parrot, the royal popinjay.

C'est chose malheureuse,  
Que mall bouche. <138>

PARROT

Jupiter ut nitido deus est veneratus Olympto;  
Hic coliturchre deus.  
400
Sunt data thura Jovi, rutilo solio residenti;  
Cum Jove thura capit.  
Jupiter astorum rector dominusque polorum,  
Anglica sceptras regit. <139>

GALATHEA

I compass the conveyance unto the capital  
Of our clerk Cleros, whither, thither, and why not hither?  
For pass a pace apace is gone to catch a moll, <140>  
Over Scarparity mala vi, <141> Monsire Cy and slither:  
What sequel shall follow when pendugums meet together?  
Speak, Parrot, my sweet bird, and ye shall have a date,  
Of franticness and foolishness which is the great state?  
410

PARROT

Difficile it is to answer this demand:  
Yet, after the sagacity of a popinjay,—  
Franticness doth rule and all thing command;  
Wilfulness and brainless now rule all the ray;  
Again frantic frenzy there dare no man say nay,  
For franticness and wilfulness, and brainless ensemble,  
The nebs of a lion they make to treat and tremble;  
To jumble, to stumble, to tumble down like fools,  
To lour, <142> to droop, to kneel, to stoop, and to play couch quail, <143>  
420  
To fish afore the net and to draw pools;  
He maketh them to bear baubles, and to bear a low sail;  
He carrieth a king in his sleeve, if all the world fail;  
He faceth out at a flush, <144> with Show, take all!  
Of Pope Julius' cards he is chief cardinall.  
He triumpheth, he trumpeth, he turned all up and down,  
With Skyrgaliard, proud pailliard, vauntparler, ye prate! <145>  
His wolf's head, wan, blo as lead, gapeth over the crown;  
It is to fear lest he would wear the garland on his pate,  
Paregal with all princes far passing his estate;  
430  
For of our regent the regiment he hath, ex qua vi,  
Patet per versus, quod ex vi bolte harvi. <146>

Now, Galathea, let Parrot, I pray you, have his date;  
Yet dates now are dainty, and wax very scant,  
For grocers were grudged at and groined at but late;  
Great raisins with reasons be now reprobitant,  
For raisins are no reasons, but reasons currant. <147>
Run God, run Devil! yet the date of our Lord
And the date of the Devil doth shrewdly accord.

Dixit, quod Parrot, the popinjay royal.

GALATHEA

Now, Parrot, my sweet bird, speak out yet once again,
Set aside all sophisms, and speak now true and plain.

PARROT

So many moral matters, and so little used;
So much new making, and so mad time spent;
So much translation into English confused;
So much noble preaching, and so little amendment;
So much consultation, almost to none intent;
So much provision, and so little wit at need;—
Since Deucalion's flood there can no clerks rede.

So little discretion, and so much reasoning;
So much hardy dardy, and so little manliness;
So prodigal expense, and so shameful reckoning;
So gorgeous garments, and so much wretchedness;
So much portly pride, with purses penniless;
So much spent before, and so much unpaid behind;—
Since Deucalion's flood there can no clerks find.

So much forecasting, and so far an after deal;
So much politic prating, and so little standeth in stead;
So little secretness, and so much great counsel;
So many bold barons, their hearts as dull as lead;
So many noble bodies under a daw's head;
So royal a king as reigneth upon us all;—
Since Deucalion's flood was never seen nor shall.

So many complaints, and so small redress;
So much calling on, and so small taking heed;
So much loss of merchandise, and so remediless;
So little care for the common weal, and so much need;
So much doubtful danger, and so little dread;
So much pride of prelates, so cruel and so keen;—
Since Deucalion's flood, I trow, was never seen.

So many thieves hanged, and thieves never the less;
So much 'prisonment for matters not worth an haw;
So much papers wearing for right a small excess;
So much pillory-pageants under colour of good law;
So much turning on the cuck-stool for every gee-gaw;
So much mockish making of statutes of array;—
Since Deucalion's flood was never, I dare say.

So brainless calves' heads, so many sheeps' tails;
So bold a bragging butcher, and flesh sold so dear;
So many plucked partridges, and so fat quails;
So mangy a mastiff cur, the great greyhound's peer;
So big a bulk of brow-antlers cabbaged that year;
So many swans dead, and so small revel;—
Since Deucalion's flood, I trow, no man can tell.

So many truces taken, and so little perfect truth;
So much belly-joy, and so wasteful banqueting;
So pinching and sparing, and so little profit groweth;
So many huge houses building, and so small householding;
Such statutes upon diets, such pilling and polling;
So is all thing wrought wilfully without reason and skill;—
Since Deucalion's flood, the world was never so ill.

So many vagabonds, so many beggars bold;
So much decay of monasteries and of religious places;
So hot hatred against the Church, and charity so cold;
So much of 'my Lord's Grace,' and in him no graces;
So many hollow hearts, and so double faces;
So much sanctuary-breaking, and privilege barred;—
Since Deucalion's flood was never seen nor lyerd.

So much ragged right of a ram's horn;
So rigorous ruling in a prelate specially;
So lordly in his looks and so disdainously;
Was never such a filthy Gorgon, nor such an epicure,
Since Deucalion's flood, I make thee fast and sure.

So much privy watching in cold winters' nights;
So much searching of losels, and is himself so lewd;
So much conjurations for elfish mid-day sprites;
So many bulls of pardon published and shewed;
So much crossing and blessing, and him all beshrewed;
Such pole-axes and pillars, such mules trapped with gold;
Since Deucalion's flood in no chronicle is told.

Dixit, quod Parrot.

Crescet in immensum me vivo Psittacus iste;
Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis inclita fama.<159>

Quod Skelton Laureat,
Orator Regius.
34.
NOTES TO SPEAK, PARROT

1. That the extant portions of this very obscure production were written at intervals, is not to be doubted; and that we do not possess all that Skelton composed under the title of *Speak, Parrot*, is proved by the following passage of the *Garland of Laurel*, where, enumerating his various works, he mentions

"the Popinjay, that hath in commendation
Ladies and gentlewomen such as deserved,
And such as be counterfeits they be reserved."

v. 1188.

a description which, as it answers to no part of the existing poem (or poems), must apply to some portion which has perished, and which, I apprehend, was of an earlier date. "The Popinjay" is assuredly only another name for *Speak, Parrot*;

"Go, little quaire, named the Popinjay."

*Speak, Parrot*, v. 280.

2. *Lectoribus auctor recipit &c.*] "By his readers an author receives an amplification of his short poem. The present book will grow greatly while I am alive; thence will the golden reputation of Skelton be proclaimed." (SP) For "recipit" MS has "recepit."

The next two lines are given very inaccurately here in MS., but are repeated (with a slight variation) more correctly at the end of the poem. The Latin portions of the MS. are generally of ludictrous incorrectness, the transcriber evidently not having understood that language.

3. *Parrot, a bird of paradise*] So Lydgate (in a poem, entitled in the Catalogue, *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*);

"Popinjays from paradise comen all green."

*MS. Harl.* 2255, fol. 133.

"Then spake the popinjay of paradise."


5. *Then Parrot must have an almond*] In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, act v. se. 5, we find,—

"Poll is a fine bird! O fine lady Poll!
Almond for Parrot, Parrot's a brave bird;"

and Gifford, citing the last line (he ought rather to have cited v. 50), observes that Jonson was indebted to Skelton for "most of this jargon." *Works*, vi. 109.

6. Side note here: *Topographia, quam habet haec avicula in deliciis.* "A description of the delightful home of this little bird."

7. Side note here: *Delectatur in factura sua, tamen res est forma fugax.* "He is delighted with his own work, despite his show of modesty."

8. *My feathers fresh as is the emerald green*] So Ovid in his charming verses on Corinna's parrot;
"Tu poteras virides pennis hebetare smaragdos."
(You could outshine emeralds with your green feathers)
*Am. lib. ii. vi. 21.*

9. *My proper Parrot, my little pretty fool*—proper, i.e. pretty, handsome (elsewhere Skelton uses "proper" and "pretty" as synonyms: see *Philip Sparrow*, v. 127.

"I pray thee what hath ere the Parrot got,
And yet they say he talks in great men's bowers?

A good fool call'd with pain perhaps may be."

10. Side note here: *Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina disco: Hoc per me didici dicere, Caesar, ave. "I, a parrot, am taught by you the names of others; I have learned of myself to say, 'Hail! Caesar!'" (tr. Bohn) Martial xiv. 73.

11. *Quis expedivit psittaco suum chaire?* "Who taught Parrot to say Hallo?" (chairé = Greek χαιρε) (PH).

12. *Douce French of Paris* Douce, i.e. sweet, soft. Chaucer's Prioress spoke French

"After the school of Stratford atte bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknow."
*Prol. to Cant. Tales*, v. 125. ed. Tyr.

13. *after my property*] i.e. in the way that I can best do; Property in the sense of a special characteristic or talent.

14. *Parlez bien, Parrot, ou parlez rien!* "Say well, Parrot, or say nothing!"

15. Side note here: *Katerina universalis vitii ruina, Graecum est. Fidasso de cosso i. habeto fidem in temet ipso. Auctoritate[m] inconsultam taxat hic. Lege Flaccum, et observa plantatum diabolum.* This is very obscure. It seems to mean "Katherine (brings about) the destruction of every kind of vice, it is Greek. To trust in oneself, that is, have faith in your own convictions. This examines an unconsulted authority. Read Flaccus, and see the devil planted." *Katerina universalis vitii ruina, Graecum est* is an allusion to the Greek word from which *Katherine* is derived, i.e. καθαριζω (katharizo) or καθαρος (catharos), meaning "clean" or "pure".

16. *Parrot, saves habler Castiliano*] "Parrot, can you speak Castilian?" – this is a question which Spanish boys at the present day frequently address to that bird.

*Saves–*So MS. Eds. "saiues:"—"habler" ought to be "hablar;" but throughout this work I have not altered the spelling of quotations in modern languages, because Skelton probably wrote them inaccurately.

17. *With fidasso de cosso in Turkey and in Thrace*]-fidasso de cosso [Old editions, sidasso de cosso, and sidasso de costo] is perhaps lingua franca,—some corruption of the Italian fidarsi di se stesso ("To trust in oneself") (PH)


19. *Soventez foys, Parrot, en souvenante*] "Many times, Parrot, within memory." (PH)
20. Side note here: *Saepenumero haec pensitans psittacus ego pronuntio. Aphorismo, quia paranomasia certe incomprehensibilis.* ("I very often declare this to be the parrot thinking. This I say as an aphorism because a pun would certainly be incomprehensible.") *Pronuntio* (I declare) is probably not the right reading. The MS. seems to have either "pô sio" or "pô fio".

21. *An almond now for Parrot* I know not if these words occur in any writer anterior to the time of Skelton; but they afterwards became a sort of proverbial expression. See note 5 above.

22. *Salve festa dies, toto* "On holiday it is best to go the whole hog. (PH)" Skelton has two copies of verses, which begin "Salve, festa dies, toto," &c.


24. *Myden agan* i.e. Greek Μηδεν αγαν "Not too much".

25. *Haec res acu tangitur, Parrot, par ma foy* "This thing is sharply touched, parrot, by my faith!"

26. *Ticez-vous, Parrot, tenez vous coye!* Shut up, Parrot; be quiet!

27. *Que pensez-vous* "What do you think?"


29. *cum sensu maturato* "With a mature perception."

30. *Ne tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.* "Not too sane, not too mad."

31. *Jobab was brought up in the land of Hus* "Verisimile est Jobum eundem esse cum Jobabo, qui quartus est ab Esau ... Duces in ista opinione sequimur omnes fere antiques Patres quos persuasit, ut ita sentirent, additamentum in exemplaribus Gracis, Arabicis et in antiqua Vulgata Latina appositum: 'Job vero habitabat in terra Hus, inter terminos Edom et Arabia, et antea vocabatur Jobab,'" &c. "Truly Job is the same as Jobab, who was the fourth from Esau . . . In this opinion we follow the lead of every old Patristic writer, in addition to Greek and Arabic exemplars, and also in the old Latin Vulgate: 'Job truly lived in the land of Hus, between the border of Edom and Arabia, and was formerly called Jobab'" Concord antic; Bibl. Sacr. Vulg. Ed. by Dutripson, in v. Job. ii.

32. *Ebrius* Drunk

33. *Howst thee, lyver god van hemrik, ich seg* *Howst thee* is (I suppose) Hist thee: what follows is German,—*lieber Gott von Himmelreich, ich sage*—Dear God of heaven's kingdom, I say,—spoken by way of oath.

34. *In Popering grew pears* From *Popering*, a parish in the Marches of Calais (see Tyrwhitt's note on Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. 13650), the *poprin, poperin, or popperin* pear, frequently mentioned in our early dramas, was introduced into this country.

35. *Over in a whinny Meg* The initial words of a ballad or song. Laneham (or Langham) in his strange *Letter* concerning the entertainment to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, mentions it as extant in the collection of Captain Cox, who figured in the shows on that occasion: "What should I rehearse here what a bunch of
Ballets and songs all ancient: As Broom broom on hill, So woe is me begone, Trolly lo, *Over a whiny Meg,* &c. See Collier's Bridgewater-House Catalogue, p. 164.

36. *Hop Lobyn of Lowdeon*] See note 7 to *Against the Scots.*


38. *Ich dien*] "I serve."

39. *Beme*] i.e. Bohemia, now the Czech Republic.

40. *byrsa*] An allusion to Virgil;

> "Mer-catique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam, Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo."
> "And bought ground, called thence Byrsa, As much as a bull's hide would encircle" (J.W.Mackail)
> *Aen.* i. 367.

Perhaps too Skelton recollected a passage in Lydgate's *Fall of Princes,* B. ii. leaf xlviii. ed. Wayland.

41. *Colostrum*] i.e. the beestings,—the first milk after the birth given by a cow (or other milch animal). This form of the word occurs in the title of an epigram by Martial, lib. xiii. 38, and in Servius's commentary on Virgil, *Ecl.* ii. 22.

42. *Moryshe mine own shelf! the costermonger sayeth*] From the next line it would seem that "Moryshe "is meant for the Irish correction of some English word; but of what word I know not.

43. *Fate, fate, fate, ye Irish waterlag*] Waterlag is a water carrier. Mr. Crofton Croker obligingly observes to me that he has no doubt of "fate" being intended for the Irish pronunciation of the word water.—"There is risen a fray among the water laggers. Coorta est rixa inter *amphorarios.*" *Hormanni Vulgaria,* sig. q vi. ed. 1530.

44. *Let Sir Wrig-wrag wrestle with Sir Delarag*] See note 53 to *Poems against Garnesche.*

45. *Pawbe une arver*] Welsh—either *Paub un arver,* Every one his manner, or *Paub yn ei arver,* Every one in his manner.

46. *unde depromo*  
*Dilemmata docta in paedagogio*  
*Sacro vatem*] "Whence I produce learned arguments in the poet's sacred school." (PH)

47. *solace, pleasure, disport, and play*] One of Skelton's pleonasms.

48. *Caesar, ave*] "Hail, Caesar." "Ut plurimum docebantur haec aves salutationis verba . . . interdum etiam plurium vocum versus aut sententias docebantur: ut corvi, qui admirationi fuerunt Augusto ex Actiaca victoria revertenti, quorum alter institutus fuerat dicere, *Ave Caesar,* &c." "Generally these birds were taught words of salutation . . . sometimes they were even taught lines of poetry or sentences: so that to show the admiration in which Augustus was held after his return from Actium, a crow was taught to say Hail, Caesar &c." *Casaubonus ad Persii Prol.* v. 8.


50. *of Judicum read the book*] i.e. read the Book of Judges.
"In Iudicum the story ye may read."
Lydgate's Fall of Princes, B. i. leaf xiv. ed. Wayland.

51. O Esebon, Esebon! to thee is come again
Seon, the regent Amorraeorum,
And Og, that fat hog of Bashan, doth retain
The crafty coistronus Cananaeorum] coistronus Cananaeorum —i.e. Caananite villain.—coistronus is a Latinised form of custron, see note 1 to Upon a Comely Custron. Though in an earlier part of Speak, Parrot, we find "Christ save King Henry the viii, our royal king," &c. v. 36, yet it would almost seem that he is alluded to here under the name of Seon. Og must mean Wolsey. This portion of the poem is not found in MS. Harl, and there can be no doubt that Speak, Parrot is made up of pieces composed at various times. After Skelton's anger had been kindled against Wolsey, perhaps the monarch came in for a share of his indignation.

52. asylum, whilom refugium miserorum, &c.] "Sanctuary, formerly the refuge of the unfortunate". So afterwards in this piece, v. 496, among the evils which Skelton attributes to Wolsey, mention is made of "much sanctuary breaking;" and in Why come ye not to Court? he says of the Cardinal that "all privileged places He breaks and defaces," &c. v. 1086.

53. Non fanum, sed profanum] "Not sacred, but profane"

54. trim-tram] See note 11 to The Tunning of Elynour Ruming.


56. Quod magnus est dominus Judas Iscariot] "How mighty is lord Judas Iscariot." (PH)

57. Haly] See note 50 to Philip Sparrow.

58. the Volvelle . . . tirikks. . ] See note 25 to The Garland of Laurel.

59. Monon calon agaton
Quod Parrato
In Graeco.] "The only beauty is goodness, said the Parrot in Greek." Monon calon agaton—Μονον καλὸν αγαθόν.

60. aurea lingua Graeca] "The Golden Greek Language"

61. As lingua Latina, in school matter occupied] lingua Latina "the Latin language"; in school matter occupied i.e. used in school studies.

62. a syllogism in phrisesomorum] "Sic [indirecte] in prima figura concludunt quinque illi modi, qui ab interpretibus fere omnibus (excepto Zabarella) pro legitimis agnoscuntur, quique hoc versus comprehendi solent, Celantes, Baralip, Dabilis, Fapesmo, Frisesom." ("Thus the first figure includes these five moods, which are acknowledged as legitimate by all authorities (except Zabarella) which are usually understood by the names Celantes, Baralip, Dabilis, Fapesmo, Frisesom"
Crakanthorp's Logicae Libri Quinque, 1622. p. 275.

63. Formaliter et Graece, cum medio termino. "Formally in the Greek fashion, with a middle term"

64. the wash-bowl Argolicorum] i.e the springs of the Erasinos, where sacrifices were made to the god Pan.
65. *They*] Qy. "ye" here—or "they" in the three preceding lines?

66. *secundum quid ad simpliciter*] "[what is true] in a certain respect and [what is true] absolutely", a type of informal fallacy that occurs when the arguer fails to recognize the difference between rules of thumb (soft generalizations, heuristics that hold true as a general rule but leave room for exceptions) and categorical propositions, rules that hold true universally" (Wikipedia)

67. *pro Areopagita*] "For the Areopagus", the site of the highest courts in ancient Athens. The sense of these two lines is that some people make logical fallacies in their arguments but still think themselves great orators.

68. *make distinctions multiplicita* i.e. argue at length over trivial distinctions.

69. *sophia*] "Wisdom."

70. *Jack Raker*] See note 43 to *Poems against Garnesche*.

71. *Graece fari*] "Speaking Greek"

72. *Latinum fari*] "Speaking Latin"

73. *And syllogisari was drowned at Stourbridge Fair*] *syllogisari* "to argue logically". *Stourbridge Fair* was kept annually in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and so named from the rivulet *Stour* and *bridge*.

74. *Trivials and quatrivials*] The trivials were the first three sciences taught in the schools, viz. Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic; the quatrivials were the higher set, viz. Astrology (or Astronomy), Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music. See *Du Cange's Gloss.* in vv. *Trivium, Quadrivium*; and *Hallam's Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, i. 4.

75. *Albertus de modo significandi*] "Albertus," says Warton, after citing this stanza, "is the author of the *Margarita Poetica*, a collection of *Flores* from the classics and other writers, printed at Nurenberg, 1472, fol." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to. The work mentioned here by Skelton is stated to have been first printed in 1480. The title of an edition by Wynkyn de Worde, dated 1515, is as follows; *Modi significandi Alberti sine quibus grammaticae notitia haberi nullo pacto potest* ("The rules laid down by Albertus without which no knowledge of grammar can be had"); there is said to be another edition n. d. by the same printer: see *Typ. Ant.*, ii. 208. ed. Dibdin.

76. *Donatus*] i.e. the work attributed to Aelius Donatus, the Roman grammarian: see the *Biblioog. Dictionary* of Dr. Clarke (iii. 144), who observes; "It has been printed with several titles, such as *Donatus; Donatus Minor; Donatus pro puerulis, Donati Ars*, &c., but the work is the same, viz. Elements of the Latin Language for the Use of Children." See too Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, i. 281 (note), ed. 4to.

77. *Inter didascolos*] "*Interdidascolos* is the name of an old grammar." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to. Warton may be right; but I have never met with any grammar that bears such a title.

78. *Alexander*] i.e. Alexander de Villa Dei, "author of the *Doctrinale Puerorum*, which for some centuries continued to be the most favourite manual of grammar used in schools, and was first printed at Venice in the year 1473 [at Treviso, in 1472; see *Typ. Ant.*, ii. 116. ed. Dibdin]. It is compiled from Priscian, and in Leonine verse. See Henr. Gandav. *Scriptor. Eccles.* cap. lix. This admired system has been loaded with glosses and lucubrations; but, on the authority of an ecclesiastical synod, it was superseded by the *Commentarii Grammatici* of Despauterius, in 1512. It was printed
in England as early as the year 1503 by W. de Worde. [The existence of this ed. has been questioned. The work was printed by Pynson in 1505, 1513, 1516: see Typ. Ant., ii. 116, 426, 427, ed. Dibdin, and Lowndes's Bibliog Man., i. 27]. Barklay, in the Ship of Fools, mentions Alexander's book, which he calls 'The old Doctrinal with his diffuse and unperfect brevity.' fol. 53. b [ed. 1570]" Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to.


80. Da Cansales] "He perhaps means Concilia, or the canon law." Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to.

81. Da Racionales] "He seems to intend Logic." Id. ibid.

82. Petty Caton] Cato Parvus (a sort of supplement to Cato Magnus, i.e. Dionysii Catonis Disticha de Moribus) was written by Daniel Churche, or Ecclesiensis, a domestic in the court of Henry the Second; see Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 170, and Dibdin's ed. of Typ. Ant., i. 120.

83. Aveto in Graeco] "Good morning in Greek"

84. whole sentence] i.e. whole meaning.

85. cum gariopholo] "With a clove". So, I believe, Skelton wrote, though the classical form of the word is garyophylo.

86. pleris cum musco] "An ointment with musk." Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "pleris com musco." Eds. of Day and Marshe "pleris commusco." Instead of "pleris", the Rev. J. Mitford proposes "flarnis" (species placentae ("A kind of cake.")).

87. quasi diaphanum] "as though transparent" (PH)

88. Vel quasi speculum, in aenigmate] "Like a mirror, in a riddle" (PH)

89. Enenteticum, or else enthymematicum] "an elenchus or else an enthymeme (PH)"—these are terms in logic; elenchus is a method of eliciting truth by question and answer, as used by Socrates; enthymeme is a rhetorical argument.

90. fresh humanity] i.e. elegant literature; see notes 9 and 221 to The Garland of Laurel

91. confuse tantum] "so much confusion" (PH)

92. Confuse distributive] "Methodical confusion" (PH)

93. Psittacus, ecce, cano; nec sunt mea carmina Phoebi Digna scio; tamen est plena camena deo. "Behold Parrot, I sing; I know my songs are not worthy of Phoebus; yet the inspiration comes from the god" (PH).

94. Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum, In Pierorum catalogo numeratum.] "Here continues the work of the famous Skelton, numbered in the catalogue of the Muses"

95. Itaque consolamini invicem in verbis istis &c.] "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." From the Vulgate, 1 Thess. iv. 17.

96. Candidi lectores, callide callete; vestrum fovete Psittacum, &c.] "Fair readers, shrewdly cherish your Parrot" (PH)
97. Side note here: *Hic occurrat memoriae Pamphilus de amore Galathea.* "Here is a reference to the love of Pamphilus and Galathea."

98. *when Pamphilus lost his make*—make, i.e. mate. As the heading "Galathea" precedes this couplet, there is an allusion to a once popular poem concerning the loves of Pamphilus and Galathea,—*Pamphili Mauriliani Pamphilus, sive De Arte Amandi Elegiae*. It is of considerable length, and though written in barbarous Latin, was by some attributed to Ovid. It may be found in a little volume edited by Goldastus, *Ovidii Nasonis Pelignensis Erotica et Amatoria Opuscula,* &c. 1610. See too the lines cited in note 137 to *The Garland of Laurel*.

99. Side note here: *In ista cantilena ore stilla plena abjectis frangibilis et aperit.* (Seems to mean "In this old song the mouth full of drops opens by a wretched breaker"—which makes no sense.) Grossly corrupted. The Rev. J. Mitford proposes "*ore stillanti.*" ("dribbling mouth") MS has "eperit."

100. Side note here: *Quid quaeritis tot capita, tot census?* "What do you look for, so many heads, so many counted?"

101. Side note here: *Maro: Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella, et fugit ad salices,* &c. "Virgil: Galatea, the wanton girl, threw an apple at me and fled into the willows."

102. *Martialis cecinit carmen, fit mihi scutum Est mihi lasciva pagina, vita proba.* "Martial sang a song, which makes a shield for me. It is 'My poems are naughty, but my life is pure'"—Martial, Ep. i. 5.

103. *Vita et anima, Zoe kai psyche.* "Life and soul" in Latin and Greek respectively. Side note here: *Non omnes capiunt verbum istud, sed quibus datum est desuper.* "Not everyone understands these words, but those to whom it is given from above."

104. *Concumbunt Graece. Non est hic sermo pudicus.* "They will lie together in Greek. This is not obscene talk." (PH). Side note here: *Aquinates.* ("The man from Aquinum") This has crept into the text in eds. and is not clearly distinguished from the text in MS. But it is certainly a marginal note—meaning Juvenal, from whom "*Concumbunt Graece, &c.*" is quoted. Sat. vi. 291.

105. *Ergo
Attica dictamina
Sunt plumbi lamina,
Vel spuria vitulamina:
Avertat haec Urania!* "Therefore the Attic sayings are sheets of lead (i.e. the Greek language is a shield) or, if you prefer, bastard slips: May Urania prevent this!" *Spuria vitulamina* is from the Vulgate, *Spuria vitulamina non dabunt radices altas.* "bastard slips shall not take deep root." Wisdom iv. 3

Side note here. *"Sua consequentia magni aestimatur momenti Attica sane eloquentia."
"His Attic eloquence, which follows, is certainly greatly esteemed."

106. *Cum caeteris paribus* "With the other like things" (PH)

107. From this *Lenvoy primere* inclusive to the end of *Speak, Parrot,* with the exception of a few stanzas, the satire is directed wholly against Wolsey. The very obscure allusions to the Cardinal's being employed in some negotiation abroad are to be referred probably to his mission in 1521. That *Speak, Parrot* consists of pieces
written at various periods has been already noticed: and "Pope Julius," v. 425, means, I apprehend, (not Julius ii., for he died in 1513, but) Clement vii., Julius de Medici, who was elected Pope in 1523. With respect to the dates which occur after the present Lenuoy,—"Penultimo die Octobris, 33°," "in diebus Novembris, 34," &c., if "33" and "34" stand for 1533 and 1534 (when both Skelton and the Cardinal were dead), they must have been added by the transcriber; and yet in the volume from which these portions of Speak, Parrot are now printed (MS. Harl. 2252) we find, only a few pages before, the name "John Colyn mercer of London," with the date "1517." At the end of Why come ye not to Court we find (what is equally puzzling) "xxxiii."

108. Jerubesheth i.e. Wolsey

109. Le tonsan de Jason] "Jason's (golden) fleece."

110. Lyacon] Occurs again in v. 393: is it Lycaon?

111. But lewdly are they lettered that your learning lacks] i.e. badly, meanly, are they lettered that find fault with your learning.

112. curs of kind] i.e. curs by nature.

113. Again all remords] i.e. Against all blamings, censures, carpings: see note 77 to Poems against Garnesche: but as in v. 368, where MS. has "remordes," the sense absolutely requires "remorders," there is perhaps the same error here.


115. Ipse sagax aequi ceu verax nuntius ito. Morda puros mal desires. Portugues. Penultimo die Octobris, 33°] Morda puros mal desires—This strange gibberish (which occurs twice afterwards) seems to mean,—"To bite the pure, is an evil desire". The whole, therefore, can be translated as—"Himself fair-minded, let him go like a truthful messenger. To bite the pure is an evil desire. Portuguese. The 30th of October, 33"

116. Our sullen seigneur Sadoc] in applying the name Sadoc to Wolsey, Skelton alludes to the high-priest of Scripture (2 Samuel viii. 17) not to the knight of the Round Table.

117. nostre dame de Crome] So in A Merry Play between Johan the Husband, Tyb his Wife, and Sir Jehan the Priest, 1533, attributed to Heywood;

"But, by gog’s blood, were she come home
Unto this my house, by our lady of Crome,
I wold beat her erg that I drynke."
p. 1. reprint.

118. to exploit the man out of the moon] i.e. to achieve the feat of driving the man out of the moon.

119. Psittace, perge volans, fatuorum tela retundas. Morda puros mal desires. Portugues. In diebus Novembris, 34.] "Parrot, go on flying, turn back the shafts of fatuity.(PH) To bite the pure is an evil desire. Portuguese. In the November days, 34"

120. DEREYN] "Last"
121. *Sydrake*] So Wolsey is termed here in allusion to a romance (characterised by Warton as "rather a romance of Arabian philosophy than of chivalry," Hist. of E. P., i. ed. 4to), which was translated from the French by Hugh of Caumpedan, and printed in 1510, under the title of *The History of King Boccus and Sydracke, &c.*

122. *a cherry-stone pit*] An allusion to a game played with cherry-stones;

"I can play at the cherry pit,
And I can whistle you a fit,
Sires, in a willow rind.

*The World and the Child*, 1522. sig. A iii.

123. *Non sine postica sanna*] "Not without a grimace behind his back" (PH). Persius *Satires* i. 65.

124. *I, properans Parrote, malas sic corripe linguas.*

*Morda pueros mal desieres. Portugues.*

15 Kalendis Decembris, 34.] "Go in haste, Parrot, and thus reprove the evil tongues. To bite the pure is an evil desire. Portuguese. 15th December, 34." *Parrote* must be here considered as a Latin word, and a trisyllable (long-long-short)

125. *DISTICHON MISERABILE*] "a wretched couplet" (PH).

126. *Altior, heu, cedro, crudelior, heu, leopardo! Heu, vitulus bubali fit dominus Priami!*] "Higher, alas, than the cedar, more cruel, alas, than the leopard! Alas, the calf of the wild ox become the lord of Priam!" (PH)

127. *Tetrastichon-Unde species Priami est digna imperio.* "A quatrain–Whence the race of Priam is worthy to rule"

128. *Non annis licet et Priamus sed honore voceris: Dum foveas vitulum, rex, regeris, Britonum; Rex, regeris, non ipse regis: rex inclyte, calle; Subde tibi vitulum, ne fatuet nimium.*] "It is not because of your age but because of your rank that you are called Priam. While you cherish the calf, king of Britain, you are ruled: King, you are ruled, you do not yourself rule: illustrious king, be wise, subdue the calf, lest he become too foolish."

129. *Kalendis Decembris* "1st December"

130. *DISTICHON*] "Couplet"

131. *I, volitans, Parrote, tuam moderare Minervam: Vix tua percipient, qui tua teque legent.*] "Go, flying Parrot, moderate your wit: scarce will they understand you who read you and your writings," (PH). For "volitans" MS has *utilans* ("useful"): not, I think, a mistake for "rutilans;" ("reddening") compare above, "Psittace, perge, volans," and "I, properans, Parrot."

132. *Psittacus hi notus seu Persius est puto notus, Nec reor est nec erit licet est erit.*] Thus corrected by a reviewer in Gent. Mag.

*Psittacus hic notus seu Persius est puto notus, Nec reor est, nec erit, nec licet est, nec erit*

"This Parrot, alas, is known, as Persius is, I think, known. Nor, I believe, is he (i.e. the Parrot) nor will he be everywhere known, though he (i.e. Persius) is and will be everywhere known." (SP)

133. *Maledite soit bouche malheureuse!*] "Cursed be the evil mouth!"
134. O unice dilecte, votorum meorum
Omnis lapis, lapis preotiosus soperimentum tuum!] "O only loved one, the whole jewel of my prayers, every precious stone is thy covering (PH)" From the Vulgate, "Omnis lapis preotiosus soperimentum tuum." "every precious stone is thy covering" Ezech. xxviii. 13.

135. Sicut Aaron populumque, sic bubali vitulus, sic bubali vitulus. "As Aaron and the people, so the calf of the wild ox, so the calf of the wild ox, so the calf of the wild ox" (PH)

136. Le Popinjay s'en va complaindre:] "The parrot begins to lament."

137. pluck the crow] i.e. enter into a quarrel.

138. C'est chose malheureuse,
Que mall bouche.] "It is an unfortunate thing, an evil mouth."

139. Jupiter ut nitido deus est veneratus Olymo;
Hic coliturque deus.
Sunt data thura Jovi, rutilo solio residenti;
Cum Jove thura capit.
Jupiter astrorum rector dominusque polorum,
Anglica sceptra regit.] "As Jove is venerated in shining Olympus, he is worshipped here as a god. Incense is given to Jove, sitting on his red-gold throne; with Jove he takes the incense. Jove, ruler of the stars and lord of the poles, rules the English kingdom." (PH)

140. For pass a pace apace is gone to catch a moll] Qy. is there an allusion here to Secretary Pace?

141. Scarpary mala vi] Scarpary—in Tuscany. "$\textit{Mala vi}$"."By evil force".

142. To lour] Qy. "$\textit{Lout}$?"

143. to play couch quail] i.e. to cower, crouch down, to hide as a quail does in long grass. So in Thersytes, n. d.;

"How I have made the knaves for to play couch quail."
p. 42. Roxb. ed.

"And thou shalt make him couch as doth a quail."
The Clerk's Tale, v. 9082. ed. Tyr.

144. He faceth out at a flush] flush, i.e. a hand of cards all of a sort. Compare The Bowge of Court, v. 315.

"And so outface him with a card of ten."

145. Skirgalliard, proud palliard, vauntparler, ye prate!] Skirgalliard—see note 15 to Against the Scots; proud palliard—so, afterwards, the Duke of Albany is termed by Skelton in his tirade against that nobleman, v. 168; Paillard—A lecher, wencher, whoremonger, whorehunter; also, a knave, rascal, varlet, scoundrel, filthy fellow." Cotgrave's Dict.; vauntparler—"Avant-parleur. A forespeaker; or one that is too forward to speak." Cotgrave's Dict.; "Which be the vauntparlers and heads of their faction." Letter of Bedyll to Cromwell,—State Papers (1830), i. 424.

146. ex qua vi,
Patet per versus, quod ex vi bolte harvi] "from which power, it is plain from my verse, he said that from strength . . . " (SP)—the meaning of bolte harvi is unknown.
147. Great raisins with reasons be now reprobitant,  
For raisins are no reasons, but reasons currant.] Perhaps this is the earliest instance 
of a quibble between raisins and reasons. The same pun is used by Shakespeare in 
*Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1, and (though Steevens thinks not) in *Troilus and 
Cressida*, act ii. sc. 2: compare also Dekker; "Raisons will be much asked for 
especially in an action of injury." *The Owl's Almanack*, 1618. p. 36.

148. So many moral matters, &c.] There is a considerable resemblance between this 
concluding portion of *Speak, Parrot*, and a piece attributed to Dunbar, entitled *A 
General Satire*; see his Poems, ii. 24. ed. Laing

149. So much new making] i.e. so much new composing of poetry etc.

150. doubtful danger] i.e. danger that ought to cause dread

151. not worth an haw] See note 179 to Magnificence.

152. So much papers wearing for right a small excess]—excess, i.e offence. "And for 
truth he [the Cardinal] so punished perjury with open punishment & open papers 
wearing, that in his time it was less used." Hall's *Chron.* (Hen. viii) fol. lix. ed. 1548. 
Criminals were obliged to wear a paper detailing their crimes.

153. So bold a bragging butcher, . .

So mangy a mastiff cur, the great greyhound's peer;] Again, in his *Why come ye not to 
Court*, Skelton alludes to the report that Wolsey was the son of a butcher, vv. 295 and 
491. Compare too Roy's satire against Wolsey, *Read Me, and be not wroth*, &c.;

"The mastiff cur, bred in Ipswich town.  
. . . .  
Wat. He commeth then of some noble stock?  
Jeff. His father could snatch a bullock,  
A butcher by his occupation."  

and a poem *Of the Cardinal Wolsey*;

"To see a churl a Butcher's cur,  
To reign & rule in such honour," &c.  
MS. Harl. 2252. fol. 156.

Cavendish says that Wolsey "was an honest poor man's son;" and the will of his father 
(printed by Fides) shows that he possessed some property: but, as Mr. Sharon Turner 
observes, that Wolsey was the son of a butcher "was reported and believed while he 
lived." *Hist. of Reign. of Hen. the Eighth*, i. 167. ed. 8 vo.

With the second line of the present passage compare our author's *Why come ye not to 
Court*, where he wishes that "that mastiff" Wolsey, may

. . . "never confound  
The gentle greyhound."  
v. 775.

By the greyhound seems to be meant Henry viii., in allusion to the royal arms.

154. So big a bulk of brow-antlers cabbaged that year] "Cabusser. To cabbage; to 
grow to a head," &c.—"The Cabbage of the Deer's head. *Meule de cerf.* Cotgrave's 
*Dict.* "I cabbage a deer, Je cabaiache . . . I will cabbage my deer and go with you: Je 
155. *such pilling and polling* i.e. such stripping and plundering (by exactions of various kinds).

156. *sanctuary-breaking* see note 52 above.

157. *rueling* MS has "reveling" – meant for "ruelyng"

158. *Such pole-axes and pillars, such mules trapped with gold* So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, *Read Me, and be not wroth*, &c.;

"Wat. Doth he use then on mules to ride?
Jeff. Ye; and that with so shamful pride
That to tell it is not possible:
More like a god celestial
Than any creature mortal,
With worldly pomp incredible.
Before him rideth two priests strong,
And they bear two crosses right long,
Gaping in every man's face:
After them follow two lay-men secular,
And each of them holding a pillar
In their hands, stead of a mace.
Then followeth my lord on his mule,
Trapped with gold under her cule.
In every point most curiously;
On each side a pole-axe is borne,
Which in none other use are worn,
 Pretending some hid mystery.
Then hath he servants five or six score,
Some behind and some before,
A marvellous great company:
Of which are lords and gentlemen,
With many grooms and yeomen,
And also knaves among.
Thus daily he proceeth forth," &c.

"Then," says Cavendish, "had he two great crosses of silver, whereof one of them was for his Archbishopric, and the other for his Legacy (i.e. his office as a legate), borne always before him whither soever he went or rode, by two of the most tallest and comeliest priests that he could get within all this realm." *Life of Wolsey*, 94. ed. 1827.

"And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noble men and other worthy gentlemen, as noblemen and gentlemen of his own family; thus passing forth with two great crosses of silver borne before him; with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt: Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said, 'On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!' Thus passed he down from the chamber through the hall; and when he came to the hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped all together [altogether] in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross bearers, and pillar bearers, also upon great horses trapped with [fine] scarlet: Then marched he forward, with his train and furniture in manner as I have declared, having about him four footmen, with gilt pole-axes in their hands; and thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door." *Id.* 106. See also Cavendish's *Metrical Legend of Wolsey*, p. 533. *ibid.* The pillars implied that the person before whom they were carried was a
pillar of the church. That the Cardinal had a right to the "ensigns and ornaments" which he used, is shown by Anstis in a letter to Fiddes,—Appendix to Fiddes's *Life of Wolsey*.

159. *Crescit in immensum me vivo Psittacus iste; Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis inclita fama*] "This Parrot will grow immensely in my lifetime; hence my glorious Skeltonian fame will be celebrated." (PH)
WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?


<1>
HEREAFTER FOLLOWETH A LITTLE BOOK, WHICH HATH TO NAME
WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?
COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE

The reluctant mirror for all Prelates and Presidents, as well spiritual as temporal, sadly to look upon, devised in English by Skelton.

ALL noble men of this take heed,<2>
And believe it as your Creed.

Too hasty of sentence,
Too fierce for none offence,
Too scarce of your expense,
Too large in negligence,
Too slack in recompense,
Too haut in excellence,
Too light [in] intelligence,
And too light in credence; 10
Where these keep residence,
Reason is banished thence,
And also Dame Prudence,
With sober Sapience.
All noble men, of this take heed,
And believe it as your Creed.

Then without collusion,
Mark well this conclusion,
Thorough such abusion,
And by such illusion, 20
Unto great confusion
A nobleman may fall,
And his honour appal;
And if ye think this shall
Not rub you on the gall
Then the devil take all!

Haec vates ille,
De quo loquentur mille.<3>

WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?

For age is a page
For the court full unmeet,
For age cannot rage,
Nor buss her sweet sweet:
But when age seeth that rage
Doth assuage and refrain,
Then will age have a courage
To come to court again.

But
Helas, sage overage,<4>  
So madly decays
That age for dotage
Is reckoned nowadays:
Thus age (a grande dommage<5>)
Is nothing set by,
And rage in arrearage
Doth run lamentably.

So
That rage must make pillage,
To catch that catch may,
And with such forage
Hunt the boscage,
That harts will run away;
Both hartes and hinds,
With all good mindes:
Farewell, then, have good-day!

Then, have good-day, adeieu!
For default of rescue,
Some men may haply rue,
And some their heads mew;
The time doth fast ensue,
That bales begin to brew:
I dread, by sweet Jesu,
This tale will be too true;
In faith, deacon, thou crew,
In faith, deacon, thou crew, &c.<6>

Deacon, thou crew doubtless;
For, truly to express,
There hath been much excess,
With banqueting brainless,
With rioting reckless,
With gambading thriftless,  
With spend and waste witless,
Treating of truce restless,
Prating of peace peaceless.
The countering at Cales<7>
Wrung us on the males:
Chief Counsellor was careless,
Groaning, grouchings, graceless;
And, to none intent,
Our talwood all is brent,
Our faggots are all spent,
We may blow at the coal:
Our mare hath lost her foal,
And Mock hath lost her shoe;
What may she do thereto?
An end of an old song,
Do right and do no wrong,
As right as a ram's horn;
For thrift is threadbare worn,
Our sheep are shrewdly shorn,
And truth is all torn;
Wisdom is laughed to scorn,
Favell is false forsworn,
Javell is nobly born,
Havell and Harvy Hafter,
Jack Travell and Cole Crafter,
We shall hear more hereafter;
With polling and shaving,
With borrowing and craving,
With reaving and raving,
With swearing and staring,
There vaileth no reasoning,
For will doth rule all thing,
Will, will, will, will, will,
He ruleth alway still.
Good reason and good skill,
They may garlic pill,
Carry sacks to the mill,
Or peascods they may shill,
Or else go roast a stone:
There is no man but one
That hath the strokes alone;
Be it black or white,
All that he doth is right,
As right as a cammock crooked.
This bill well over-looked,
Clearly perceive we may
There went the hare away,
The hare, the fox, the grey,
The hart, the hind, the buck:
God send us better luck!
God send us better luck &c.
Twit, Andrew, twit, Scot,
Gae hame, gae scour thy pot;
For we have spent our shot:
We shall have a tot quot
From the Pope of Rome,
To weave all in one loom
A web of linsey-woolsey,
Opus male dulce:
The devil kiss his cule!
For, whilst he doth rule
All is worse and worse;
The devil kiss his arse!
For whether he bless or curse
It cannot be much worse.
From Bamborough to Bothombar<26>
We have cast up our war,
And made a worthy truce,
With Gup, level suse!<27>
Our money madly lent,
And more madly spent:
From Croydon to Kent,
Wot ye whither they went?
From Winchelsea to Rye,
And all not worth a fly;<28>
From Wentbridge to Hull
Our army waxeth dull,
With turn all home again,
And never a Scot slain.
Yet the good Earl of Surrey,
The Frenchmen he doth fray,<29>
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he may;
The Frenchmen he hath fainted,
And made their hearts attainted:
Of chivalry he is the flower;
Our Lord be his succour!
The Frenchmen he hath so mated,<30>
And their courage abated,
That they are but half men;
Like foxes in their den,
Like cankered cowards all,
Like urchins in a stone wall,
They keep them in their holds,
Like hen-hearted cuckolds.
But yet they over-shoot us
With crowns and with scutus;<31>
With scutes and crowns of gold.
I dread we are bought and sold;
It is a wondrous wark:
They shoot all at one mark,
At the Cardinal's hat,
They shoot all at that;
Out of their strong towns
They shoot at him with crowns;<32>
With crowns of gold emblazed
They make him so amazed,
And his even so dazed,<33>
That he ne see can <34>
To know God nor man.
He is set so high
In his hierarchy
Of frantic frenzy
And foolish fantasy,
That in the Chamber of Stars
All matters there he mars;
Clapping his rod on the board,
No man dare speak a word,
For he hath all the saying,
Without any renaving;
He rolleth in his records,
He sayeth How say ye, my lords?
Is not my reason good?
Good even, good Robin Hood!
Some say Yes! and some
Sit still as they were dumb:
Thus thwarting over them,
He ruleth all the roost
With bragging and with boast;
Borne up on every side
With pomp and with pride,
With Trump up, Alleluia!
For dame Philargyria
Hath so his heart in hold
He loveth nothing but gold;
And Asmodeus of hell
Maketh his members swell
With Dalyda to mell,
That wanton damosel.
Adieu, Philosophia,
Adieu, Theologia!
Welcome, dame Simonia,
With dame Castrimeria,
To drink and for to eat
Sweet hippocras and sweet meat!
To keep his flesh chaste,
In Lent, for a repast
He eateth capons stewed,
Pheasant and partridge mewed,
Hens, chickens, and pigs:
He foins and he frigs,
Spareth neither maid nor wife:
This is a postle's life!

Helas! my heart is sorry
To tell of vain glory:
But now upon this story
I will no further rime
Till another time,
Till another time &c.
What news, what news?
Small news that true is,
That be worth ii. Cues;
But at the naked stews,
I understand how that
The Sign of the Cardinal Hat,<45>
That inn is now shut up,
With Gup, whore, gup, now, gup.
Gup, Guilliam Travillian,
With jaist you, I say, Julian!
Will ye bear no coals?<46>
A meiny of mare-foals,<47>
That occupy their holes,
Full of pocky moles.

What hear ye of Lancashire?
They were not paid their hire;
They are fell as any fire.

What hear ye of Cheshire?
They have laid all in the mire;
They grudged, and said
Their wages were not paid;
Some said they were afraid
Of the Scottish host,
For all their crake and boast,
Wild fire and thunder;
For all this worldly wonder,
A hundred mile asunder
They were when they were next;
That is a true text.

What hear ye of the Scots?
They make us all sots,
Popping foolish daws;
They make us to pill straws;
They play their old pranks,
After Huntley banks:<48>
At the stream of Bannockburn
They did us a shrewd turn,
When Edward of Carnarvon
Lost all that his father won.

What hear ye of the Lord Dacres?<49>
He maketh us Jack Rakers;<50>
He says we are but crakers;
He calleth us England men
Strong-hearted like an hen;
For the Scots and he
Too well they do agree,
With, do thou for me,
And I shall do for thee.
While the red hat doth endure,
He maketh himself cocksure;
The red hat with his lure
Bringeth all things under cure.

But, as the world now goes,
What hear ye of the Lord Rose?
Nothing to purpose,
Not worth a cockly fose:
Their hearts be in their hose.

The Earl of Northumberland
Dare take nothing on hand:
Our barons be so bold,
Into a mousehole they wold
Run away and creep;
Like a meiny of sheep,
Dare not look out at door
For dread of the mastiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog
Would worry them like an hog.

For an this cur do gnar,
They must stand all afar,
To hold up their hand at the bar.
For all their noble blood
He plucks them by the hood,
And shakes them by the ear,
And brings them in such fear;
He baiteth them like a bear,
Like an ox or a bull:
Their wits, he sayeth, are dull;
He sayeth they have no brain
Their estate to maintain;
And maketh them to bow their knee
Before his majesty.

Judges of the king's laws,
He counts them fools and daws;
Serjeants of the coife eke,
He sayeth they are to seek
In pleading of their case
At the Common Pleas,
Or at the King's Bench;
He wringeth them such a wrench,
That all our learned men
Dare not set their pen
To plead a true trial
Within Westminster Hall;
In the Chancery, where he sits,
But such as he admits
None so hardy to speak;
He sayeth, Thou hoddypeak.
Thy learning is too lewd,
Thy tongue is not well thewed,<58>
To seek before our grace;
And openly in that place
He rages and he raves,
And calls them cankered knaves;
Thus royally he doth deal
Under the king's broad seal;
And in the Chequer he them checks;
In the Star Chamber he nods and becks,
And beareth him there so stout,
That no man dare rout,
Duke, earl, baron, nor lord,
But to his sentence must accord;
Whether he be knight or squire,
All men must follow his desire.

What say ye of the Scottish king?<59>
That is another thing.
He is but a youngling,
A stalworthy sprigilng:
There is a whispering and a whipling.
He should be hither brought;
But, an were well sought,
I trow all will be nought,
Not worth a shuttle-cock,
Nor worth a sour calstock.
There goeth many a lie
Of the Duke of Albany,<60>
That off should go his head,
And brought in quick or dead,
And all Scotland ours
The mountenance of two hours.<61>
But, as some men sayne,
I dread of some false train
Subtly wrought shall be
Under a feigned treaty;
But, within months three
Men may haply see
The treachery and the pranks
Of the Scottish banks.

What hear ye of Burgonions,
And the Spaniards onions?
They have slain our Englishmen,
Above threescore and ten:
For all your amity,
No better they agree.
God save my Lord Admiral!
What hear ye of Mutrell?<sup>62</sup>
Therewith I dare not <i>mell</i>.

Yet what hear ye tell
Of our Grand Council?
I could say somewhat,
But speak ye no more of that,
For dread the Red Hat
Take pepper in the nose;<sup>63</sup>
For then thine head off goes,
Off by the hard arse.<sup>64</sup>
But there is some <i>traverse</i>
Between some and some,
That makes our sire to <i>glum</i>;<sup>65</sup>
It is somewhat wrong,
That his beard is so long;
He mourneth in black clothing.
I pray God save the king!
Wherever he go or ride,<sup>66</sup>
I pray God be his guide!
Thus will I conclude my style,
And fall to rest a while,
And so to rest a while, &c.

Once yet again
Of you I would <i>frain</i>,
Why come ye not to court?–
To which court?
To the king's court,
Or to Hampton Court?<sup>67</sup>
Nay, to the king's court:
The king's court
Should have the excellence;
But Hampton Court
Hath the preeminence,
And York's Place,<sup>68</sup>
With my lord's grace,
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluence,
Suits and supplications,
Embassades of all nations.<sup>69</sup>
Straw for law canon,
Or for the law common,
Or for law civil!
It shall be as he will:
Stop at law <i>tancrete</i>,
An abstract or a concrete;
Be it sour, be it sweet,
His wisdom is so discreet,
That, in a fume or an heat,
Warden of the Fleet,
Set him fast by the feet!
And of his royal power
When him list to lower,
Then, Have him to the Tower,
Saunz aulter remedy,<70>
Have him forth, by and by
To the Marshalsea,
Or to the King's Bench!
He diggeth so in the trench
Of the court royal
That he ruleth them all.
So he doth undermine,
And such sleights doth find,
That the king's mind
By him is subverted,
And so straitly coarcted 430
In credencing his tales,
That all is but nut-shells
That any other sayeth;
He hath in him such faith.

Now, yet all this might be
Suffered and taken in gree,
If that that he wrought
To any good end were brought;
But all he bringeth to nought,
By God, that me dear bought!
He beareth the king on hand,<71>
That he must pill his land, 450
To make his coffers rich;
But he layeth all in the ditch,
And useth such abusion,
That in the conclusion
All cometh to confusion.
Perceive the cause why,
To tell the truth plainly,
He is so ambitious,
So shameless, and so vicious, 460
And so superstitious,
From whence that he came
That he falleth into a caeciam,<72>
Which, truly to express,
Is a forgetfulness,
Or wilful blindness,
Wherewith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sights,
The Gomorrhians also
Were brought to deadly woe,
As Scripture records:
*A caecitate cordis,*
In the Latin sing we
*Libera nos, Domine!* <73>

But this mad Amaleck,
Like to a Mamelek,<74>
He regardeth lords
No more than potsherds;
He is in such elation
Of his exaltation,
And the supportation
Of our sovereign lord,
That, God to record,<75>
He ruleth all at will,
Without reason or skill:
Howbeit the primordial
Of his wretched original,<76>
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy,
He came of the *sank royal*<77>
That was cast out of a butcher's stall.

But however he was born,
Men would have the less scorn,
If he could consider
His birth and room together,
And call to his mind
How noble and how kind
To him he hath found
Our sovereign lord, chief ground
Of all this prelacy,
That set him nobly
In great authority,
Out from a low degree,
Which he cannot see:
For he was, *pardie,*
No doctor of divinity,
Nor doctor of the law,
Nor of none other *saw*;
But a poor master of art,
God wot, had little part
Of the *quatrivials,*
Nor yet of *trivials,*<78>
Nor of philosophy,
Nor of philology,
Nor of good policy,
Nor of astronomy,
Nor acquainted worth a fly
With honourable Haly,
Nor with royal Ptolemy,
Nor with Albumasar,
To treat of any star
Fixed or else mobile;
His Latin tongue doth hobble,
He doth but clout and cobble

In Tully's faculty,
Called humanity:
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no man can him amend:
But have ye not heard this,
How a one-eyed man is
Well-sighted when
He is among blind men?

Then, our process for to stable,
This man was full unable
To reach to such degree,
Had not our Prince be
Royal Henry the Eight,
Take him in such conceit,
That he set him on height,
In exemplifying

Great Alexander the king,
In writing as we find;
Which of his royal mind,
And of his noble pleasure,
Transcending out of measure,
Thought to do a thing
That pertaineth to a king,
To make up one of nought,
And made to him be brought
A wretched poor man,
Which his living wan
With planting of leeks
By the days and by the weeks,
And of this poor vassal
He made a king royal,
And gave him a realm to rule
That occupied a showell,
A mattock, and a spade,
Before that he was made
A king, as I have told,
And ruled as he wold.
Such is a king's power,
To make within an hour,
And work such a miracle,
That shall be a spectacle
Of renown and worldly fame:
In likewise now the same
Cardinal is promoted,
Yet with lewd conditions quoted,<84>
As hereafter ben noted, 570
Presumption and vainglory,
Envy, wrath, and lechery,
Covetise and gluttony,
Slothful to do good,
Now frantic, now stark wood.

Should this man of such mode
Rule the sword of might,
How can he do right?
For he will as soon smite
His friend as his foe;
A proverb long ago.

Set up a wretch on high
In a throne triumphantly,
Make him a great estate,<85>
And he will play checkmate<86>
With royal majesty,
Count himself as good as he;
A prelate potential,
To rule under Belial,
As fierce and as cruel 590
As the Fiend of hell.

His servants menial
He doth revile, and brawl,
Like Mahound in a play;<87>
No man dare him withsay:
He hath despite and scorn
At them that be well-born;
He rebukes them and rails:
Ye whoresons, ye vassails,
Ye knaves, ye churl's sons, 600
Ye ribalds, not worth two plumes,
Ye rain-beaten beggars reagg aged,
Ye recrayed ruffians all ragged,
With Stoop, thou havel,<88>
Run, thou javel!
Thou peevish pie pecked,<89>
Thou losel long-necked!
Thus, daily, they be decked,
Taunted and checked,
That they are so woe,
They wot not whither to go.

No man dare come to the speech
Of this gentle Jack-breech,<90>
Of what estate he be,
Of spiritual dignity,
Nor duke of high degree,
Nor marquis, earl nor lord;
Which shrewdly doth accord,
Thus he born so base
All noblemen should out-face,
His countenance like a kaiser.
My Lord is not at leisure;
Sir, ye must tarry a stound.<91>
Till better leisure be found;
And, sir, ye must dance attendance,
And take patient sufferance,
For my lords Grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speak with you as yet.
And thus they shall sit
Chose them sit or flit,
Stand, walk, or ride,
And at his leisure abide
Perchance, half a year,
And yet never the near.<92>

This dangerous dowsypere,<93>
Like a king's peer;
And within this xvi. year
He would have been right fain
To have been a chaplain,
And have taken right great pain
With a poor knight,<94>
Whatsoever he hight.
The chief of his own council,
They cannot well tell
When they with him should mell,
He is so fierce and fell;
He rails and he rates,
He calleth them doddy-pates;
He grins and he gapes,
As it were jackanapes.
Such a mad bedlam<95>
For to rule this realm,
It is a wondrous case:
That the king's grace
Is toward him so minded,
And so far blinded,
That he cannot perceive
How he doth him deceive,
I doubt lest by sorcery,
Or such other loselry.
As witchcraft, or charming;
For he is the king's darling,
And his sweet heart-root,
And is governed by this mad coot:
For what is a man the better
For the king's letter?
For he will tear it asunder;  
Whereat much I wonder,  
How such a hoddipole  
So boldly dare control,  
And so malapertly withstand  
The king's own hand,  
And sets not by it a mite;  
He sayeth the king doth write  
And writeth he wotteth not what;  
And yet, for all that,  
The king his clemency  
Dispenseth with his demency.

But what His Grace doth think  
I have no pen nor ink  
That therewith can mell;  
But well I can tell  
How Francis Petrarch,  
That much noble clerk,  
Writeth how Charlemagne  
Could not himself refrain,  
But was ravished with a rage  
Of a like dotage:  
But how that came about  
Read ye the story out,  
And ye shall find surely  
It was by necromancy,  
By carects and conjuration  
Under a certain constellation,  
And a certain fumigation,  
Under a stone on a gold ring,  
Wrought to Charlemagne the king,  
Which constrained him forcibly  
For to love a certain body  
Above all other inordinately.  
This is no fable nor no lie;  
At Acon it was brought to pass,  
As by mine author tried it was.  
But let my masters mathematical  
Tell you the rest! For me, they shall;  
They have the full intelligence,  
And dare use the experience,  
In their absolute conscience  
To practise such obsolete science;  
For I abhor to smatter  
Of one so devilish a matter.

But I will make further relation  
Of this isagogical collation,  
How Master Gaguine, the chronicler.
Of the feats of war
That were done in France,
Maketh remembrance,
How King Lewis of late
Made up a great estate<102> 720
Of a poor wretched man,
Whereof much care began.
Iohannes Balua was his name,
Mine author writeth the same;
Promoted was he
To a cardinal's dignity
By Lewis the king aforesaid,
With him so well apayed
That he made him his chancellor
To make all or to mar,
And to rule as him list,<103> 730
Till he checked at the fist,<104>
And, again all reason,
Committed open treason
And against his lord sovereign;<105>
Wherefore he suffered pain,
Was headed, drawn, and quartered,
And died stinkingly martyred.
Lo, yet for all that
He wore a cardinal's hat, 740
In him was small faith,
As mine author sayeth:
Not for that I mean
Such a casualty should be seen,
Or such chance should fall
Unto our cardinal.

Almighty God, I trust,
Hath for him discussed
That of force he must
Be faithful, true, and just
To our most royal king,
Chief root of his making;
Yet it is a wily mouse
That can build his dwelling house
Within the cat's ear,<106>
Without dread or fear.
It is a nice reckoning,
To put all the governing,
All the rule of this land
Into one man's hand:
One wise man's head
May stand somewhat in stead:
But the wits of many wise
Much better can devise,
By their circumspection,
And their sad direction,
To cause the common weal
Long to endure in heal.
Christ keep King Henry the Eight
From treachery and deceit,
And grant him grace to know
The falcon from the crow,
The wolfe from the lamb,
From whence that mastiff came!
Let him never confound
The gentle greyhound:
Of this matter the ground
Is easy to expound,
And soon may be perceived,
How the world is conveyed.

But hark, my friend, one word
In earnest or in bourd:
Tell me now, in this stead,
Is Master Meautis dead,
The king's French secretary,
And his untrue adversary?
For he sent in writing
To Francis, the French king,
Of our master's counsel in every thing:
That was a perilous reckoning!–
Nay, nay, he is not dead;
But he was so pained in the head,
That he shall never eat more bread.
Now he is gone to another stead
With a bull under lead,
By way of commission,
To a strange jurisdiction
Called Dimmings Dale,
Farre beyond Portingale,
And hath his passport to pass
Ultra Sauromatas,
To the devil, Sir Satanias,
To Pluto, and Sir Belial,
The Devil's vicar general,
And to his college conventual,
As well calodemonial,
As to cacodemonial,
To purvey for our cardinal
A palace pontificial,
To keep his court provincial,
Upon articles judicial,
To contend and to strive
For his prerogative,
Within that consistory
To make summons peremptory
Before some protonotary
Imperial or papal.
Upon this matter mystical
I have told you part, but not all:
Hereafter perchance I shall
Make a larger memorial,
And a further rehearsal,
And more paper I think to blot,
To the court why I came not;
Desiring you above all thing
To keep you from laughing
When ye fall to reading
Of this wanton scroll,
And pray for Meautis' soul,
For he is well past and gone;
That would God everichon
Of his affinity
Were gone as well as he!
Amen, amen, say ye,
Of your inward charity;
Amen,
Of your inward charity.

It were great ruth,
For writing of truth,
Any man should be
In perplexity
Of displeasure;
For I make you sure,
Where truth is abhorred
It is a plain record
That there wanteth grace;
In whose place
Doth occupy,
Full ungraciously,
False flattery,
False treachery,
False bribery,
Subtle Sim Sly,
With mad folly;
For who can best lie
He is best set by.
Then farewell to thee,
Wealthful felicity!
For prosperity
Away then will flee.
Then must we agree
With poverty;
For misery,
With penury,
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hath made ascry
And outcry,
Following the chase
To drive away grace.
Yet sayest thou percase,
We can lack no grace,
For my lord's grace,
And my lady's grace,
With trey, deuce, ace,
And ace in the face,
Some haut and some base,
Some dance the trace
Ever in one case:
Mark me that chase
In the tennis play,<112>
For cinque quater trey<113>
Is a tall man:
He rode, but we ran!
Hey the gye and the gan!<114>
The grey goose is no swan;
The waters wax wan,<115>
And beggars they ban,
And they cursed Datan,
De tribu Dan,<116> 890
That this work began,
Palam et clam,<117>
With Balak and Balam,
The golden ram
Of Fleming dam,
Shem, Japhet, or Ham.
But how come to pass
Your cupboard<118> that was
Is turned to glass,
From silver to brass,
From gold to pewter,
Or else to a neuter,
To copper, to tin,
To lead, or alcumin?
A goldsmith your mayor;<119>
But the chief of your fair
Might stand now by potters,
And such as sell trotters:
Pitchers, potsherds,
This shrewdly accords
To be a cupboard for lords.
My lord now, and sir knight,
Good even and good night!

-543-
For now, Sir Tristram,
You must wear buckram,
Or canvas of Caen,
For silks are wane.
Our royals that shone,
Our nobles are gone
Among the Burgunians,
And Spaniards onions,
And the Flanderkins.
Gill sweats, and Kate spins,
They are happy that wins;
But England may well say,
Fie on this winning all way!
Now nothing but pay, pay!
With, laugh and lay down,
Borough, city, and town.

Good Spring of Langham
Must count what became
Of his cloth-making:
He is at such taking,
Though his purse wax dull,
He must tax for his wool
By nature of a new writ;
My lord's Grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit:
In the spite of his teeth
He must pay again
A thousand or twain
Of his gold in store;
And yet he paid before
An hundred pound and more,
Which pincheth him sore.
My lord's Grace will bring
Down this high spring,
And bring it so low
It shall not ever flow.

Such a prelate, I trow,
Were worthy to row
Through the straits of Marock
To the gibbet of Baldock:
He would dry up the streams
Of ix. kings' reams,
All rivers and wells,
All waters that swells;
For with us he so mells
That within England dwells,
I would he were somewhere else;
For else by and by
He will drink us so dry,
And suck us so nigh,
That men shall scantly
Have penny or halfpenny.
God save his noble Grace,
And grant him a place
Endless to dwell
With the Devil of hell!
For, an he were there,
We need never fear
Of the fiends black:
For I undertake
He would so brag and crake,
That he would then make
The devils to quake,<127>
To shudder and to shake,
Like a fire-drake,
And with a coal-rake
Bruise them on a brake,<128>
And bind them to a stake,
And set hell on fire,
At his own desire.
He is such a grim sire,<129>
He is such a potestolate,
And such a potestate,
That he would break the brains
Of Lucifer in his chains,
And rule them each one
In Lucifer's throne. 990
I would he were gone;
For among us is none
That ruleth but he alone,
Without all good reason,
And all out of season.
For Fulham peason
With him be not geason;
They grow very rank
Upon every bank
Of his arbours green, 1000
With my lady bright and sheen;<130>
On their game it is seen
They play not all clean,
An it be as I ween.
But as touching discretion,
With sober direction,
He keepeth them in subjection:
They can have no protection
To rule nor to guide,
But all must be tried,
And abide the correction
Of his wilful affection.
John Skelton

For as for wit,
The Devil speed whit! But brainsick and brainless,
Witless and reckless,
Careless and shameless,
Thriftless and graceless,
Together are bended,
And so condescended,
That the commonwealth
Shall never have good health,
But tattered and tugged,
Ragged and rugged,
Shaven and shorn,
And all threadbare worn.
Such greediness,
Such neediness,
Miserableness,
With wretchedness,
Hath brought in distress
And much heaviness
And great dolour
England, the flower
Of relucent honour,
In old commemoration
Most royal English nation.
Now all is out of fashion,
Almost in desolation;
I speak by protestation:
God of his miseration
Send better reformation!
Lo, for to do shamefully
He judgeth it no folly!
But to write of his shame
He sayeth we are to blame.
What a frenzy is this,
No shame to do amiss,
And yet he is ashamed
To be shamefully named!
And oft preachers be blamed
Because they have proclaimed
His madness by writing,
His simpleness reciting,
Remording and biting,
With chiding and with flyting,
Showing him God's laws:
He calleth the preachers daws,
And of holy scripture's saws
He counteth them for gee-gaws,
And putteth them to silence
And with words of violence,
Like Pharaoh, void of grace,
Did Moses sore menace,
And Aaron sore he threat,
The word of God to let;
This maumet in like wise
Against the Church doth rise;
The preacher he doth despise,
With craking in such wise,
So bragging all with boast,
That no preacher almost
Dare speake for his life
Of my lord's Grace, nor his wife,
For he hath such a bull,
He may take whom he wull,
And as many as him likes;
May eat pigs in Lent for pikes,
After the sects of heretics,
For in Lent he will eat
All manner of flesh meat
That he can anywhere get;
With other abusions great,
Whereof for to treat
It would make the Devil to sweat,
For all privileged places<133>
He breaks and defaces,
All places of religion
He hath them in derision,
And maketh such provision
To drive them at division,
And finally in conclusion
To bring them to confusion;
Saint Alban's to record<134>
Whereof this ungracious lord
Hath made himself abbot,
Against their wills, God wot.
All this he doth deal
Under strength of the great seal,
And by his legacy,<135>
Which madly he doth apply
Unto an extravagancy
Picked out of all good law,
With reasons that ben raw.
Yet, when he took first his hat,
He said he knew what was what;
All justice he pretended,
All things should be amended,
All wrongs he would redress,
All injuries he would repress,
All perjuries he would oppress;
And yet this graceless elf,
He is perjured himself,<136>
As plainly it doth appear
Who list to inquire
In the registry
Of my Lord of Canterbury,
To whom he was professed
In three points expressed;
The first, to do him reverence,
The second, to owe him obedience,
The third, with whole affection
To be under his subjection:
But now he maketh objection,
Under the protection
Of the king's great seal,
That he setteth never a deal
By his former oath,<137>
Whether God be pleased or wroth.
He maketh so proud pretence,
That in his equipollence
He judgeth him equivalent:
To God omnipotent:
But yet beware the rod,
And the stroke of God!

The apostle Peter
Had a poor mitre
And a poor cope
When he was create Pope,
First in Antioch;
He did never approach
Of Rome to the See
With such dignity.

Saint Dunstan, what was he?
Nothing, he sayeth, like to me:
There is a diversity
Between him and me;
We pass him in degree,
As legatus a latere.

Ecce, sacerdos magnus,<138>
That will head us and hang us,
And straitly strangle us
An he may fang us!<139>
Decree and decretal,
Constitution provincial,
Nor no law canonical,
Shall let the priest pontifical
To sit in causa sanguinis.<140>
Now God amend that is amiss!
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whisking rod,
The flail, the scourge of Almighty God.

This Naman Sirus,<141>
So fell and so irous,
So full of melancholy,
With a flap afore his eye,
Men ween that he is pocky,<142>
Or else his surgeons they lie,
For, as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery
It is manus Domini.<143>
And yet this proud Antiochus,
He is so ambitious,
So elate, and so vicious,
And so cruel-hearted,
That he will not be converted;
For he setteth God apart,
He is now so overthwart,
And so pained with pangs,
That all his trust hangs

In Balthasar<144>, which healed
Domingo's nose that was whealed;
That Lombard's nose mean I,
That standeth yet awry;
It was not healed alderbest,
It standeth somewhat on the west;
I mean Domingo Lomelin<145>
That was wont to win
Much money of the king
At the cards and hazarding:
Balthasar, that healed Domingo's nose
From the pustuled pocky pose,
Now with his gums of Araby
Hath promised to heal our cardinal's eye;
Yet some surgeons put a doubt
Lest he will put it clean out,
And make him lame of his nether limbs.
God send him sorrow for his sins!

Some men might ask a question,
By whose suggestion
I took on hand this wark,
Thus boldly for to bark?
An men list to hark,
And my words mark,
I will answer like a clerk;
For, truly and unfeigned,
I am forcibly constrained
At Juvenal's request,
To write of this glorious gest.
Of this vainglorious best,
His fame to be increased
At every solemn feast;
*Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere.*<146>
Now, master doctor, how say ye,
Whatsoever your name be?
What though ye be nameless,
Ye shall not escape blameless,
Nor yet shall 'scape blameless:
Master doctor, in your degree,
Yourself madly ye oversee;
Blame Juvenal, and blame not me.
Master doctor Diricum,
*Omne animi vitium,* &c.<147>
As Juvenal doth record,
A small default in a great lord,
A little crime in a great estate,
Is much more inordinate,
And more horrible to behold,
Than any other a thousandfold.
Ye put to blame ye wot ne'er whom;
Ye may wear a cock's-comb;
Your fond head in your furred hood,
Hold ye your tongue, ye can no good:
And at more convenient time
I may fortune for to rhyme
Somewhat of your madness;
For small is your sadness
To put any man in lack,
And say ill behind his back:
And my words mark truly,
That ye cannot bide thereby,
For *smegma non est cinnamonum,*<148>
But *de absentibus nil nisi bonum.*<149>
Complain, or do what ye will,
Of your complaint it shall not skill:
This is the tenor of my bill,
A dawcock ye be, and so shall be still.
NOTES TO WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?

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

2. **ALL noble men, &c.] These twenty-eight introductory lines, which are found in all the eds. of this poem, are also printed, as a distinct piece, in the various editions of Certain books compiled by Master Skelton, &c., n.d., and in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.

3. **Haec vates ille, De quo loquuntur mille.**] "This (is) the poet thousands are talking about."

4. **overage**] Seems here to be—over-age (excessive age); while, again, in our author's poem *The Doughty Duke of Albany*, it appears to be—over-rage (excessive rage);

   "It is a reckless rage,
   And a lunatic overage."

   v. 417.

5. **A grande dommage**] "A great pity" (Fr.)

6. **In faith, deacon, thou crew[** See note 38 to *The Bowge of Court*.

7. **The countering at Cales**] countering does not, I apprehend, mean—encountering, but is a musical term (see note 1 to *Against a Comely Custron*) used here metaphorically, as in other parts of Skelton's works. The allusion seems to be to the meeting between Henry the Eighth and Francis in 1520, when (as perhaps few readers need be informed) Henry went over to Calais, proceeded thence to Guisnes, and met Francis in the fields between the latter town and Ardres. If "Cales" (the reading of the manuscript) is to be understood as—Cadiz (See note 23 to *Against Venomous Tongues*) I know not any occurrence there of sufficient consequence to suit the present passage.

8. **We may blow at the coal[** See note 78 to *The Garland of Laurel*.

9. **Mock hath lost her shoe**] See note 188 to *The Garland of Laurel*

10. **As right as a ram's horn**] See note 129 to *Colyn Cloute*.

11. **all to-torn**] i.e. torn to pieces. See note 14 to *Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious*

12. **Favell**] i.e. Flattery. See note 10 to *The Bowge of Court*.

13. **Javell**] See note 192 to *Magnificence*.

14. **Havell**] Which occurs again in v. 604, is a term of reproach found less frequently than *javel* in our early writers: whether it be connected with *haveril*,—one who *havers* (see the Gloss. to *The Towneley Myst.* in v. *Hawvelle*), I cannot pretend to determine.

15. **Harvy Hafter**] See note 14 to *The Bowge of Court*.

16. **Jack Travell**] Among payments made in the year 1428 (in the reign of Hen. vi.), *Jack Travel* occurs as the name of a real person; "Et a Iakke Travaill et ses compagnons, feisans diverses Jeues et Enterludes, dedeins le Feste de Noell, devant nostre dit Sire le Roi," &c. ("And to Jack Travel and his companions, making various plays and interludes before our lord the King") Rymer's *Foed*. T. iv. p. 133.

18. roast a stone] So Heywood;
   "I do but roast a stone
   In warming her."
   Dialogue; &c. sig. F 2,—Works, ed. 1598.

19. no man but one] i.e. Wolsey.

20. This bill well over-looked] i.e. This writing being well overlooked, examined.

21. There went the hare away] A proverbial expression:
   "Man. By my faith, a little season
   I followed the counsel and diet of reason
   Gloto. There went the hare away;
   His diet quod-a," &c.
   Medwall's Interlude of Nature, n. d., sig. g ii
   ", . . here's the King, nay stay
   And here, ay, here: there goes the Hare away."
   The Spanish Tragedy (by Kyd), sig. G 3. ed. 1618.

22. 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;
   "Wherefore never look their mouths to be stopped
   Till ther money be restored, though some heads be off chopped
   As thou did serve the Buck;
   For as men say, by thee that was done
   That since had this land no good luck."
   MS. Harl. 2252. fol. 158.


24. linsey-woolsey] A cloth made from a mixture of wool and linen. Here, an evident play on the Cardinal's name.

25. Opus male dulce] "Sweet evil work."

26. Bothombar] I know not what place is meant here.

27. gup, level suse!] level suse, or level-sice, (levez sus?) is the same as level-coil (levez cul?), a noisy Christmas game, in which one player hunted another from his seat; hence applied to any riot or disturbance. Level-coil was also applied to games of skill, when, three persons playing, two at a time, the loser gave up his place and sat out. See Halliwell's Dict.

28. not worth a fly] A common expression in our early poetry.;
   "The goose said then all this nis worth a fly"
   Chaucer's Ass. of Fowls,—Works, fol. 235. Ed.1602

29. Yet the good Earl of Surrey,
   The French men he doth fray, &c.] This nobleman (before mentioned, see note 102 to The Garland of Laurel). 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. In

30. *mated* i.e. confounded I may just observe that Palsgrave, besides "I *Mate* at the chesses, *Je matte,*" gives "I *Mate* or overcome, *Je amatte.*" p. 633.

31. *scutus* "Scutum, Moneta Regum Francorum, ita appellata quod in ea descripta essent Franciae insignia in scuto." ("Scutum, a coin of the kingdom of France, so called because it had the arms of France in a shield") Du Cange's Gloss. (Ital. scudo, Fr. écu).

32. *They shot at him with crowns, &c.* On the immense gifts and annuities which Wolsey received from foreign powers, see Turner's *Hist. of Reign of Hen. the Eighth*, i. 236. ed. 8vo.

33. *his eyen so dazed*—dazed, i.e. dazzled, or, according to Skelton's distinction—dulled; for in his *Garland of Laurel* we find "eye dazzled and dazed." v. 1389.

34. *ne see can* i.e. can not see.

35. *the Chamber of Stars* i.e. the Star-Chamber, a special court used for trying political cases.

36. *Good even, good Robin Hood* This was, as Ritson observes, a proverbial expression; "the allusion is to civility extorted by fear." *Robin Hood*, i. lxxxvii. Warton mistook the meaning of this line, as is proved by his mode of pointing it: see *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 346. ed. 4to.

37. *thwarting over them* i.e. overthwarting them, perversely controlling them.

38. *With, Trump up, Alleluia* i.e. says Warton, "the pomp in which he celebrates divine service." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 346 (note), ed. 4to. Compare Wager's *Mary Magdalene*, 1567;

   "*Ite Missa est, with pipe up, Alleluia.*"
   Sig. A iii.

*Ite missa est*—the last words of the Mass.

39. *Philargyria* i.e. φιλαργυρία, argenti amor, pecuniae cupiditas. ("Love of money") She was one of the characters in Skelton's lost drama, *The Necromancer*.

40. *Asmodeus* The name of the evil spirit in the Book of *Tobit*.

41. *Dalyda* i.e. Delilah.

   "Unto his lemmam *Dalida* he told,
   That in his hairs all his strength lay."


42. *Castrimergia* "The true reading is CASTRIMARGIA, or Gulae concupiscientia, Gluttony. From the Greek, Γαστριμαργία, ingluvies, Hellvatio. Not an uncommon word in the monkish latinity. Du Cange cites an old Litany of the tenth century, *A spiritu CASTRIMARGIAE Libera nos, domine!* ("Free us from the demon of gluttony, Lord!") *Lat. Gloss.* i. p. 398. Carpentier adds, among other examples, from the statutes of the Cistercian order, 1375 [1357], *Item, cum propter detestabile*
John Skelton

CASTRIMARGIAE vitium in labyrinthum vitiorum descendatur, &c: ("Item, because of the detestable vice of gluttony, he would be brought down into the labyrinth of vice.") Suppl. tom. i. p. 862: Warton's Hist. of E. P., ii. 346 (note), ed 4to.

43. In Lent for a repast, &c.] So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, Read me, and be not wroth, &c.;

"Wat. What abstinance useth he to take?
Jeff. In Lent all fish he doth forsake,
Fed with partridges and plowers.
Wat. He leadeth then a Lutheran's life?
Jeff. O nay, for he hath no wife,
But whores that be his lovers."


44. partridge mewed]—mewed, i.e coopered up. "I keep partridges in a mew against your coming." Hormanni Vulgaria, sig. e ii. ed. 1530.

45. The sign of the Cardinal Hat] "These allowed Stewhouses [in Southwark] had Signs on their Fronts, towards the Thames, not hanged out, but painted on the Walls, as a Boar's-Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Crane, the Cardinal's Hat," &c. Stow's Survey, B. iv. 7. ed. 1720.

46. Will ye bear no coals] Steevens, in his note on the opening of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, cites the present line among the examples which he gives of the expression to bear or carry coals, i.e. to bear insults, to submit to degradation. In the royal residences and great houses the lowest drudges appear to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c.; see note on Jonson's Works, ii. 169, by Gifford, who afterwards (p. 179) observes, "From the mean nature of this occupation it seems to have been somewhat hastily concluded, that a man who would carry coals would submit to any indignity."

47. A meiny of mare foals] i.e. (as appears from the expressions applied to horses four lines above) a set of marefoals, fillies.


49. Lord Dacres] Thomas Lord Dacre (of Gillesland, or of the North) was warden of the West Marches. The accusation here thrown out against him (because, perhaps, he was on the best terms with Wolsey) of "agreeing too well with the Scots" is altogether unfounded. He was for many years the able and active agent of Henry in corrupting by gold and intrigues the nobles of Scotland, and in exciting ceaseless commotions in that kingdom, to the destruction of its tranquillity and good government. He died in 1525. And see notes 52 and 60 below.


51. the red hat] i.e. Wolsey.

52. Lord Rose] i.e. Thomas Manners, Lord Roos. In 14 Henry viii. he was constituted warden of the East Marches towards Scotland; and by letters patent in 17 Henry viii. he was created Earl of Rutland. He died in 1543. See Collins's Peerage, i. 465. sqq. ed. Brydges. Hall makes the following mention of him: "In this summer [xiii year of Henry the viii] the lord Ross and the lord Dacres of the North which were appointed to keep the borders against Scotland did so valiantly that they burned the good town of Kelso and lxxx. villages and overthrew xviii. towers of stone with all their Barnkyns or Bulwarks." Chron. fol. ci. ed. 1548.

-554-
53. *a cockly fose* A term which I do not understand. (*Cockly* means wrinkled, but what a *fose* is, is more than I can tell).

54. *Their hearts be in their hose* See note 52 to *A Replication*.

55. *The Earl of Northumberland, &c.*] 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: *vide* Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 305. ed. Brydges. That he found himself obliged to pay great deference to the Cardinal, is evident from Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, where (pp. 120-128, ed. 1827) see the account of his being summoned from the north, &c. when his son Lord Percy, (who was then, according to the custom of the age, a "servitor" in Wolsey's house) had become enamoured of Anne Boleyn. This nobleman, who encouraged literature, and appears to have patronised our poet (see *Some Account of Skelton and his Writings*), died in 1527.

56. *Mastiff cur . . . butcher's dog*] i.e. Wolsey: see note 153 to *Speak, Parrot*.

57. *Serjeants of the coife*] The Serjeants-at-Law were an order of barristers at the English bar. The Serjeants had for many centuries exclusive jurisdiction over the Court of Common Pleas, being the only lawyers allowed to argue a case there. At the same time they had rights of audience in the other central common law courts (the Court of King's Bench and Exchequer of Pleas) and precedence over all other lawyers. Only Serjeants-at-Law could become judges of these courts right up into the 19th century. Serjeants wore a special and distinctive dress, the chief feature of which was the *coif*, a white lawn or silk skullcap, afterwards represented by a round piece of white lace at the top of the wig. (Wikipedia)

58. *well thewed*] i.e. well mannered.

59. *the Scottish king*] i.e. James the Fifth.

60. *There goeth many a lie Of the Duke of Albany*] This passage relates to the various rumours which were afloat concerning the Scottish affairs in 1522, during the regency of John Duke of Albany. (The last and disastrous expedition of Albany against England in 1523 had not yet taken place: its failure called forth from Skelton a long and furious invective against the Duke;—*The Doughty Duke Of Albany*.) In 1522, when Albany with an army eighty thousand strong had advanced to Carlisle, Lord Dacre, by a course of able negotiations, prevailed on him to agree to a truce for a month and to disband his forces: see *Hist. of Scot.*, v. 156 sqq. by Tytler,—who defends the conduct of Albany on this occasion from the charge of cowardice and weakness.


   "And largely the mountenaunce of an hour
   They gone on it to read and to pore."


62. *What hear ye of Mutrell?*]—*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. To suppose that the reference is to the siege of
Montreuil in 1544, would be equivalent to pronouncing that the passage is an interpolation by some writer posterior to the time of Skelton.

63. For dread of the red hat
*Take pepper in the nose*] i.e. For dread that the Cardinal, Wolsey, take offence.

"He taketh pepper in the nose, that I complain
Upon his faults."


64. Off by the hard arse] Compare the *Interlude of the iii Elementes*, n. d.;

"Yea but yet I served another worse:
I smote off his leg by the hard arse
As soon as I met him there."

Sig. E i.

65. *makes our sire to glum.*] i.e. makes our lord (Wolsey) have a gloomy or sour look.

66. *go or ride*] i.e. walk or ride. See note 19 to *Philip Sparrow*.

67. *Hampton Court*] The palace of Wolsey; which he afterwards, with all its magnificent furniture, presented to the King.

68. *York's 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.

69. *To whose magnificence, &c. . . . Embassades of all nations*]—*Embassades*, i.e. Embassies. "All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always dispatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their dispatch. His house was 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's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 112. ed. 1827.

70. *Sanz aulter remedy*] i.e Without any remedy.

71. *He beareth the king on hand*]—*beareth on hand*, i.e. leads on to a belief, persuades.

"Lordings, right thus, as ye han understood,
Bare I stiffly mine old husbands on hand,
That thus they saiden in hir drunkenness."

Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Prol.*, 5961. ed. Tyr.

"He is my countryman: *as he beareth me on hand,—uti mihi vult persuasum.*" ("As he wishes me to be persuaded") Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. X viii. ed. 1530. The expression occurs in a somewhat different sense in our author's *Magnificence*, see note 31 to that work.

72. *a caeciam*] "Caecia, σκοτοδινία [a vertigo with loss of sight]." Du Cange's Gloss. The editions give *Acisiam*. Qy. is "accidiam" ("sloth") the right reading? ("Acedia, accidia . . . taedium . . . tristitia, molestia, anxietas" &c. (Greek ακηδία): see Du Cange)? See also v. 472.

73. *A caecitate cordis, . . Libera nos, Domine!* "From blindness of heart, deliver us, O Lord!" PH
74. *a Mamelek* i.e. a Mameluke, a member of a Muslim warrior caste in the Middle East. They drove out the Crusaders, and subsequently became rulers of Egypt 1254-1517.

"And crafty inquisitors,
Worse than Mamalokes."

*The Image of Hypocrisy*, Part Four.

75. *God to record* i.e. God to witness.

76. *the primordial*

*Of his wretched original* primordial, i.e. first beginning.

77. *sank royal* i.e. royal blood.

78. *quadtrivials . . . trivials* See note 74 to *Speak, Parrot*. This depreciation of Wolsey's acquirements is very unjust: his learning, there is reason to believe, was far from contemptible.

79. *Haly . . Albumasar* See notes 57 and 58 to *Philip Sparrow*.

80. *conceit* i.e. good opinion, favour.

81. *exemplifying* i.e. following the example of.

82. *A wretched poor man, &c.* i.e. Abdalonymus (or Abdolonimus) whom Alexander made king of Sidon: see Justin, xi. 10. Cowley touches on the story at the commencement of *Plant. Lib. iv.* and in his English version of that commencement, under the title of *The Country Life*, he has greatly improved the passage.

83. *occupied a showell* i.e. used a shovel: see note 8 to *The Death of King Edward IV*

84. *with lewd conditions quoted* i.e. quoted, noted, marked, with evil qualities.

85. *a great estate* i.e. a person of great estate, or rank.

86. *play checkmate* In allusion to the king's being put in check at the game of chess.

87. *Like Mahound in a play* 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.

88. *havel* See note 14 above.

89. *peevish pie* i.e. silly magpie.


91. *My Lord is not at leisure!*

*Sir, ye must tarry a stound* a stound, i.e. a time, a while. Compare *A Character of the insolent behaviour of Cardinal Wolsey*, as given by Thomas Allen, *Priest and Chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in a Letter to his Lordship about Apr. 1517*, among Kenett's Collections,—*MS. Lansd. 978*. fol. 213. "Pleaseth your Lordship to understand upon Monday was sennight last past I delivered your Letter with the examination to my Lord Cardinal at Guilford, whence he commanded me to wait on him to the Court. I followed him and there gave attendance and could have no Answer. Upon Friday last he came from thence to Hampton Court, where he lieth. The morrow after I besought his Grace I might know his pleasure; I could have no Answer. Upon Monday last as he walked in the Park at Hampton Court, I besought his Grace I might know if he would command me any service. He was not content with me that I spoke to him. So that who shall be a Suitor to him may have no other business but give attendance upon his pleasure. He that shall so do, it is needful..."
should be a wiser man then I am. I saw no remedy, but came without Answer, except I
would have done as my Lord Dacre's Servant doth, who came with Letters for the
King's service five months since and yet hath no Answer. And another Servant of the
Deputy of Calais likewise who came before the other to Walsingham, I heard, when he
answered them, 'If ye be not content to tarry my leisure, depart when ye will.' This
is truth, I had rather your Lordship commanded me to Rome than deliver him Letters,
and bring Answers to the same. When he walketh in the Park he will suffer no Servant
to come nigh him, but commands them away as far as one might shoot an arrow."

92. never the near] near, i.e. nearer.

"That they were early up, and never the near."


93. dangerous dowsypere] Dangerous i.e. arrogant, difficult to please. "He hath a
dangerous look: Atollit supercilium, adducit, contrahit supercilia."—"I can not away
with such dangerous fellows: Ferre non possum horum supercilium, vel superciliosos,
arrogantes, fastuosos, vel arrogantiam, aut fastum talium." Hormani Vulgaria, sigs.
L, I, P iii. ed. 1530:—dowsypere, i.e. lord, noble (properly, one of the Douze-Pairs of
France);

"Earl, duke, and douch-sper."


See too Spenser's Faerie Queene, iii. x. 31.

94. With a poor knight] "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 special 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. And, as I understand, the office was the treasurership of Calais, who was, in
consideration of his great age, discharged of his chargeable room, and returned again
into England, intending to live more at quiet. And through his instant labour and
especial favour his chaplain was promoted to the king's service, and made his
chaplain." Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 70. ed. 1827. According to Nash, it was Sir
Richard Nanfan (father of Sir John) who was "captain of Calais, made a knight, and
esquire of the body to Henry vii." Hist. of Worcestershire, i. 85.

95. bedlam] i.e. bedlamite, an inmate of Bethlem madhouse.

96. For he will tear it asunder] So Roy, in his satire against Wolsey, Read me, and be
not wroth,

"His power he doth so extend,
That the King's letters to rend
He will not forbear in his rage."


97. And sets not by it a mite] i.e. values it not at a mite, cares not a mite for it.

98. How Francis Petrarch, &c.] (Translation below) "Vidi Aquensem Caroli sedem, &
in templo marmoreo verendum barbaris gentibus illius principis sepulcrum, ubi
fabellam audivi, non inamoenam cognitu, a quibusdam templi sacerdotibus, quam
scriptam mihi ostenderunt, & postea apud modernos scriptores accuratius etiam
tractatam legi, quam tibi quoque ut referam incidunt animus: ita tamen, ut rei fides non
apud me quaeratur, sed (ut aiunt) penes auctores maneat. Carolum Regem quem
Magni nomine [ed Bas. cognomine] aequare Pompeio & Alexandro audent, muliercolum quandam perdite & effiectim amasse memorant, eius blanditias enervatum, neglecta fama (cui plurimum inservire consueverat) & posthabitis regni curis, aliarum rerum omnium & postremo suipius oblitungu, diu nulla prorsus in re nisi illius amplexibus acquievisse, summa cum indignatione suorum ac dolore. Tandem cum iam spei nihil superesset (quoniam aures regias salutaribus consilii insanus amor obstruxerat), foeminarum ipse malorum causam insperata mors abstulit, cuius rei indigens primum in regia sed latens gaudium fuit: deinde dolore tanti prior graviore, quantum foedi morbo corregentis regis animum videbant, cuius nec ruorte lenitus furor, sed in ipsum obscoenum cadaver & exangue translatum est, quod balsamo & aromatibus conditum, onustum gemmis, & velatum purpura, diebus ac noctibus tam miserabiliter quam cupidio fovebat amplexu. Dici nequit quam discors & quam male se compassura conditio est amantis ac regis: nunquam profecto contraria sine lite iunguntur. Quid est autem regnum, nisi iusta & gloriosa dominatio? Contra quid est amor, nisi foeda servitus & iniusta? Itaque cum certatim ad amantem (seu rectius ad amentem) Regem, pro summis regni negotiis legationes gentium, praefectique & provinciarum praesides convenirent, is in lectulo suo miser, omnibus exclusis & obseratis foribus, amato corpusculo cohaeret, amicam suam crerebro, velut spirantem responsuramque compellans, illi curas laboresque suos narrabat, illi blandum murmur & nocturna suspiria, illi semper amoris comites lachrymas instillabat, horrendum miseria solamen, sed quod unum ex omnibus Rex alioquin (ut aiunt) sapientissimus elegisset. Addunt fabula quod ego nec fieri potuisse nec narrari debere arbitror. Erat ea tempestate in aula Coloniensis Antistes vir, ut memorant, sanctitate & sapientia clarus, necnon comis, et consilii Regii prima vox, qui domini sui statum misera, ubi animadvertit humanis remediis nihil agi, ad Deum versus, illum assidue precari, in illo semper reponere, ab eo finem mali poscere multum cum gemitu: quod cum diu fecisset, nec desinitus videretur, die quodam illustre miraculo recreatus est: siquidem ex more sacrificandi, & post devotissimas preces pectus & aram lachrymis implenti, de coelo vox insonuit, Sub extinctae mulieris lingua furoris Regii causam latere. Quo laetior, sed multo post rediens Carolus, et consuetudine consuetudinum mortua congressum optatum, spectaculo concussus, obvivit, exhorruitque contactum, auferri eam quantocumque nec multum nec noctibus avelli. Quod ubi sensit vir iustus ac prudens, optabilem forte multis sed onerosam sibi sarcinamabiacciatur, ut si vel ad manus alterius perveniret, vel flammis consumeretur, domino suo aliud periculi affareret, annulum in viciniae paludis praefectum voraginem demersit. Aquis fortasse ad arduum recognoscit, ex eoque tempore cunctis civitatis sedes illa praestata est, in ea nil sibi palude gratius, ibi assidue & illis aures cum voluptate, illius odore velut suavissimo delectari. Postremo illum regiam suam transtulit, & in medio palustris limi, immenso sumpto, iactatis molibus, palatium templumque construxit, ut nihil divinae vel humanae rei eum inde abstraharet. Postremo ibi vitae suae reliquum egit, ibique sepultus est: cauto prius ut successores sui primula inde coronam & prima imperii auspicia capescerent, quod hodie quoque servatur, servabiturque quam diu Romani frena Theutonica manus ager."

frightening to the barbarians. There from the clergy appointed to the shrine I heard a rather amusing story which they showed me as it had been written and which afterward I read in a more discreet form as recounted by modern writers. I should now like to tell it to you also provided, however, that you do not seek verification of it from me but, as they say, from those authors to whom it belongs. They recount that King Charles, whom they dare equate to Pompey and Alexander by giving him the surname [Ed. Bas nickname] of "the Great," loved a certain ordinary woman desperately and immoderately. Overcome by her flattery and forgetful of his reputation which he was accustomed to cultivate carefully, and neglecting also the responsibilities of his position, and forgetful of all other cares and even of himself, for a long time he devoted himself exclusively to the caresses of this woman despite the indignation and sorrow of his people. When finally there seemed to be no hope, since his mad love had closed his royal ears to all advice, an unforeseen death struck the woman who had been the cause of so much evil. As a result a wide-spread joy at first spread throughout the kingdom. This however was followed by an even more serious concern than the former one when the people saw their king overcome by a frightening illness, for his madness was not mitigated by death but instead became transferred to the foul and bloodless cadaver which had been treated with balsam and perfumes, weighed down by jewellery and covered with a purple shroud. Charles began strangely fondling it night and day in an attitude of sadness and longing. It is unnecessary to explain how unbecoming and unpropitious us it is for a king to be a lover, for opposites can never be joined without serious consequences. What is a kingdom if not a just and glorious reality? By the same token what is love but foul and unjust slavery? Therefore when embassies, governors and other officials came to the lover or rather to the insane king to discuss very important affairs of the kingdom, he, wretched in his small bed, and with his doors shut and bolted, clung to the loved body, addressing his mistress repeatedly as if she were breathing and able to answer. He would relate to her his cares and labours, whisper blandishments, suffer nocturnal sighs and shed upon her constantly his tears of love. So this king who otherwise, as they say, was most wise, chose this dreadful consolation for his distress. The story adds something which I neither believe could have happened nor really think I should recount, it says that at that time there was in that court a bishop from Cologne, a man outstanding for his sanctity and wisdom, and indeed a primary counsellor to the king. Having seen the pitiful state of his lord, and having noted that there was nothing that could be done by human means he turned to God and began praying constantly. He placed his trust in Him, and tearfully sought from Him an end of misfortune. When he had done this for some time and seemed ready to continue indefinitely, one day he found relief through a miracle which became widely known. As he was offering his usual mass and after his very devout prayers and tears which fell copiously on his breast and on the altar, a voice was heard echoing from heaven saying that the cause of the king's madness lay under the tongue of the dead woman. Joyful at this news and following the completion of the sacrificial offering he hurried to the place where the body was. He gained admission through a right granted him through his friendship with the king, and secretly with his finger he felt inside the dead woman's mouth and found a jewel encased in a very small ring under the cold stiff tongue. He then hastened away. Shortly thereafter when Charles hurried according to his custom to the dead woman, he was shaken by the sight of the withered cadaver. He appeared chilled and horrified at the contact with it and ordered it to be removed as quickly as possible and buried. Then turning to the bishop he began to love him, honour him, to embrace him daily more and more, and finally to do nothing unless it was approved by him. He
also refused to be separated from him either night or day. When the good and wise
man sensed what was happening, he determined to abandon a situation which, while
perhaps desirable to most men, seemed burdensome to him. Being worried lest it fall
into the hands of others or that it be destroyed by fire, or that it bring to his master any
danger, he threw the ring into the deep ravine of a nearby marsh. At that time the king
by chance happened to be living at Aix with his chief men, and from that moment that
seat of government became preferred above all other cities. And no marshland became
more pleasing to him than those waters beside which he sat and which he viewed with
pleasure. Even the smell of the place came to please him very much. Finally he
transferred his abode there, and in the middle of the marsh at an immense cost he built
a palace and a church so that nothing, either human or divine, could draw him away
from there. There he spent the remainder of his life, and there he was buried after
having carefully ordered that there his successors be crowned and there they begin to
rule. This tradition still continues and will continue as long as the reins of the Roman
empire are in Teutonic hands." (Aldo Bernardo)—On this story, which he found in a
French author, Mr. Southey has composed a ballad: see his Minor Poems.

99. Acon] Aachen, (Aix la Chapelle); "Acon in Almayne which is a much fair city,
where as King Charles had made his palace much fair & rich and a right devout
chapell in th'onour of our lady, wherin himself is buried." Caxton's History and Life of
Charles the Great, &c. 1485. sig. b 7.

100. But I will make further relation
Of this isagogical collation— isagogical collation seems to be equivalent here to—
comparison introduced, or discourse introduced for the sake of comparison.

101. How master Gaguine, &c.] Concerning Gaguin see Some Account of Skelton and
his Writings. The passage here alluded to, will be found in Roberti Gaguini ordinis
sanctae trinitatis ministri generalis de origine et gestis francorum perquamutile
compendium," ("A very useful compilation of the origin and deeds of the French, by
(where the marginal note is "Balluae cardinalis iniqvitas" ("The wickedness of
Cardinal Ballua")), ed. 1497. Cardinal Balue (whom the reader will probably recollect
as a character in Sir W. Scott's Quentin Durward) 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 headed, drawn, and
quartered," v. 737; for though be appears to have deserved that punishment, he
terminated his days prosperously in Italy.

102. a great estate] i.e. a person of great estate, or rank.

103. And to rule as him list] And might perhaps be thrown out. See also v. 1062. As
him list—i.e. as pleased him.

104. checked at the fist] Seems to be equivalent here to—attacked, turned against the
hand which fed him. "Check is when Crows, Rooks, Pies, or other birds coming in the
view of the Hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them." Latham's Falconry
(Explan. of Words of Art), 1658.

105. And against his lord sovereign] And perhaps ought to be thrown out. Compare v.
1062.

106. Yet it is a wily mouse
That can build his dwelling house
Within the cat's ear] This proverbial saying occurs in a poem attributed to Lydgate;
"An hardy mouse that is bold to breed
In cats' ears."

The Order of Fools,—MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 304.

And so Heywood;

"I have heard tell, it had need to be
A wily mouse that should breed in the cat's ear."


107. that mastiff . . .
Let him never confound
The gentle greyhound] See note 153 to Speak, Parrot.


109. a bull under lead] lead, i.e. a leaden seal.


"Mother Bryce of Oxford, and great Gyb of Hynxey,
Also Maud of Thrutton, and Mabel of Chartesey,
And all other witches that walk in Dimmings dale,
Clittering and clattering there your pots with ale."
p. 68. Roxb. ed.

111. Ultra Sauromatas] "Beyond the Sammatians"—a people who lived in the steppes south-west of the Urals.

112. Mark me that chase
In the tennis play] See the latter part of note 7 to Ware the Hawk, "Marquez bien cette chasse. Heed well that passage, mark well the point, whereof I have informed you."

Cotgrave's Dict. in v. Chasse.

113. cinque quater trey] "Five four three".

114. Hey, the gye and the gan] In one of his copies of verses Against Venomous Tongues, Skelton has,

"Nothing to write, but hey the guy of three."
v. 47.

where there seems to be some allusion to the dance called heydeguiés. In the present passage probably there is a play on words: gye may mean—goose and gan gander.

115. The waters wax wan] Home Took in his Div. of Purley, Part ii. p.179. ed. 1805, citing this line from the ed. of Skelton's Works, 1736, thus, "The waters were wan," considers "wan"as the past participle of the verb "wane,"—wand, decreased; and he is followed by Richardson, Dict. in v. Wan. But "were" is merely a misprint of ed. 1736;
and that "wan "is here an adjective expressing the colour of the water, is not to be doubted. So Skelton elsewhere;

"For worldly shame I wax both wan and blo."
Magnificence, v. 2080.

"The rivers rowth, the waters wan."
Divers Ballads and Ditties Solacious, v. 15.

So too in Henry's Wallace;

"Both rochis heich, and water deep and wan."

116. De tribu Dan] "Of the tribe of Dan"
117. Palam et clam] "(both) openly and secretly"

118. cupboard] "Cupboard of plate, or to set plate upon, buffet." Palsgrave, p. 211. It had a succession of "desks" or stages, on which the plate was displayed: see the description of a magnificent entertainment in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 195. ed. 1827, and the editor's note.


120. sir Tristram] See note 83 to Philip Sparrow. The name is, of course, used here for a person of rank generally.

121. With, laugh and lay down] A punning allusion to the game at cards so called.

122. Spring of Langham] Langham is in Essex. In the Expenses of Sir John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, we find, under the year 1463, "Item, Appleton and Spring of Langham oweth my master, as James Hoberd and young Appleton knoweth well [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 noticed 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 captain? . . . one John Green a man of fifty years old answered, that poverty was both cause and captain. For the rich clothiers Spring of Langham and other had given over occupying, whereby they were put from their ordinary work and living." Annales, p. 525. ed. 1615. Neither Hall nor Holinshed, when relating the same circumstance, make any mention of Spring.

123. He must tax for his wool] i.e. He must pay tax for his wool.

124. quia non satisfacit] "because it is not satisfactory (or sufficient)"

125. straits of Marock] i.e. the straits of Gibraltar.

"Throughout the sea of Greece, unto the strait Of Maroc."

126. the gibbet of Baldock] See note 37 to Speak, Parrot
127. **That he would then make**

*The devils to quake*] So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, *Read me, and be not wroth*, &c.;

"If he be as thou hast here said,  
I ween the devils will be afraid  
To have him as a companion;  
For what with his execrations,  
And with his terrible fulminations,  
He wold handle them so,  
That for very dread and fear,  
All the devils that be there  
Will be glad to let him go."


128. **Bruise them on a brake**] *brake* (which has occurred before in a different sense, see note 44 to *The Tunning of Elynour Rumming*) means here an engine of torture: "I Brake on a brake or pain bank, as men do misdoers to confess the truth." Palsgrave, p. 463. In the Tower was a celebrated *brake* known by the nick-name of the Duke of Exeter's Daughter: see the wood-cut in Steevens's note on *Measure for Measure*,—*Shakespeare* (by Malone and Boswell), ix. 44.

129. **a grim sire**] *sire* i.e lord.

"Right a grim sire at doomsday shall he be."  

130. **bright and sheen**] Are synonymous: yet Spenser also has;  
"Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheen," &c.  
*The Faerie Queene*,—*Mutability*, vii. 7.

131. **The devil speed whit**] See note 88 to *Magnificence*.

132. **And with words of violence**] *And* perhaps ought to be thrown out. Compare v. 735.

133. **For all privileged places, &c.**] See note 52 to *Speak, Parrot*.

134. **Saint Alban's to record.**] 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, it was considered, of the canon law.

135. **legacy**] i.e. legatine power.

136. **He is perjured himself, &c.**] "And York [Wolsey] perceiving the obedience that Canterbury [Warham] claimed to have of York, intended to provide some such means that he would be superior in dignity to Canterbury than to be either obedient or equal to him. 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. . . . Obtaining this dignity [he] thought himself meet to encounter with Canterbury in, his high jurisdiction before expressed; and that also he was as meet to bear authority among the temporal powers, as among the spiritual jurisdictions. Wherefore remembering as well the taunts and checks before sustained of Canterbury, which he intended to redress, having a respect to the advancement of worldly honour, promotion, and great benefits, [he] found the means with the king, that he was made
Chancellor of England; and Canterbury thereof dismissed, who had continued in that honourable room and office, since long before the death of King Henry the Seventh." Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, pp. 90, 92, ed. 1827. It appears, however, from the contemporary testimonies of Sir Thomas More and Ammonius, that this statement was founded on false information, and that Wolsey did not employ any unfair means to supersede Warham. The latter had often requested permission to give up the chancellorship before the king would receive his resignation. When the seals were tendered to the Cardinal, either from affected modesty, or because he thought the office incompatible with his other duties, he declined the offer, and only accepted it after the king's repeated solicitations. See Singer's note on Cavendish, ubi supra, and Lingard's Hist. of Engl. vi. 57. ed. 8vo.

137. he settheth never a deal
By his former oath] i.e. he values not a bit, regards not a bit, his former oath.

138. Ecce, sacerdos magnus]"Behold, the great priest"

139. That will head us and hang us, . . . an he may fang us!]—fang, i.e. catch, lay hold of. Compare Sir D. Lyndsay's Satire of the Three Estates, Part ii.;

"Some says ane king is come amang us,
That purposes to head and hang us:
There is no grace, if he may fang us,
But on an pin."
Works, ii. 81. ed. Chalmers.

140. in causa sanguinis] "in a case of blood" i.e. in a criminal case which could result in a death sentence. Ecclesiastics were not supposed to sentence a man to death.


"And Naaman Sirus thou purgedest of a leprosy."
Bale's Promises of God, &c. 1538. sig. E i.

142. pocky] i.e. poxy, infected with syphilis. So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, Read me, and be not wroth, &c.;

"He had the pox, without fail,
Wherefore people on him did rail
With many opprobrious mocks."
Hart. Miscell. ix. 32. ed. Park.

This was one of the charges afterwards brought against Wolsey in parliament.

143. manus Domini] "The hand of God."


145. Domingo Lomelin, &c.] 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 620l.: see pp. 17, 32, 33, 37, 190, 204, 205, 267, 270 of that work, edited by Sir H. Nicolas, who
observes (p. 316) that Domingo "was, like Palmer and others, one of Henry's 'diverting vagabonds,' and seems to have accompanied His Majesty wherever he went, for we find that he was with him at Calais in October, 1532."

146. *Quia difficile est*  
*Satiram non scribere*] "Because it is difficult not to write satire" (Juvenal, Sat. i. 30)

147. *Omne animi vitium, &c.*] "Every vice of the soul &c." (Juvenal, Sat. viii. x 40).

148. *smegma non est cinnamonum*] "Soap is not cinnamon"

149. *de absentibus nil nisi bonum.*] "(speak) nothing but good of the absent"
THE DOUGHTY DUKE OF ALBANY

[From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's Works, 1568.]

HOW THE DOUGHTY DUKE OF ALBANY, LIKE A COWARD KNIGHT, RAN
AWAY SHAMEFULLY, WITH AN HUNDRED THOUSAND TRATTLING
SCOTS AND FAINT-HEARTED FRENCHMEN, BESIDE THE WATER OF
TWEED.

Rejoice, England,
And understand
These tidings new,
Which be as true
As the gospel:
This duke so fell
Of Albany,
So cowardly,
With all his host
Of the Scottish coast,
For all their boast,
Fled like a beast;
Wherefore to jest
Is my delight
Of this coward knight,
And for to write
In the despite
Of the Scots' rank
Of Huntley bank,<>
Of Lothian,
Of Loch Ryan,
And the ragged ray<>
Of Galloway.

Dunbar, Dundee,
Ye shall trow me,
False Scots are ye:
Your hearts sore fainted,
And so attainted,<>
Like cowards stark,
At the castle of Wark,
By the water of Tweed,
Ye had evil speed;
Like cankered curs,
Ye lost your spurs,
For in that fray
Ye ran away,
With, hey, dog, hey!<>
For Sir William Lyle<>

<1>
<2>
<3>
<4>
<5>
<6>
Within short while,
That valiant knight,
Put you to flight;
By his valiance
Two thousand of France
There he put back,
To your great lack,
And utter shame
Of your Scottish name.
Your chief chieftain,
Void of all brain,
Duke of all Albany,
Then shamefully
He reculed back,
To his great lack,
When he heard tell
That my Lord Admiral<7>
Was coming down
To make him frown
And to make him lour,
With the noble power
Of my lord cardinal,
As an host royal,
After the ancient manner,
With Saint Cuthbert's banner,<8>
And Saint William's also;
Your captain ran to go,
To go, to go, to go,
And brake up all his host;
For all his crake and boast,
Like a coward knight
He fled and durst not fight,
He ran away by night.

But now must I
Your Duke ascry
Of Albany
With a word or twain
In sentence plain.

Ye duke so doughty,
So stern, so stouty,
In short sentence,
Of your pretence
What is the ground,
Briefly and round
To me expound,
Or else will I
Evidently
Shew as it is;
For the cause is this,
How ye pretend
For to defend
The young Scottish king,
But ye mean a thing,<9>
An ye could bring
The matter about,
To put his eyes out
And put him down,
And set his crown
On your own head
When he were dead.
Such treachery
And traitory
Is all your cast:
Thus ye have compassed
With the French king
A false reckoning
To invade England,
As I understand:
But our king royall,
Whose name over all,
Noble Henry the Eight,
Shall cast a bight,<10>
And set such a snare
That shall cast you in care,
Both King Francis and thee,
That know ye shall be
For the most recrayed
Cowards afraid,
And falsest forsworn,
That ever were born.

O ye wretched Scots,
Ye puant piss pots,
It shall be your lots
To be knit up with knots
Of halters and ropes
About your traitors' throats!
O Scots perjured,
Unhappy ured,
Ye may be assured
Your falsehood discured
It is and shall be
From the Scottish sea
Unto Gabione!
For ye be false each one,
False and false again,
Never true nor plain,
But fleer, flatter, and feign,
And ever to remain
In wretched beggary
And mangy misery,
In lousy loathsomeness
And scabbed surfiness,
And in abomination
Of all manner of nation,
Nation most in hate,
Proud and poor of state.
Twit, Scot, go keep thy den,
Mell not with English men;
Thou did nothing but bark
At the castle of Wark.
Twit, Scot, yet again once,
We shall break thy bones,
And hang you upon poles,
And burn you all to coals;
With, twit Scot, twit Scot, twit,
Walk, Scot, go beg a bit
Of bread at ilka man's heck!
The fiend, Scot, break thy neck!
Twit, Scot, again I say,
Twit, Scot of Galloway,
Twit, Scot, shake thy dog, hey!\textsuperscript{11}
Twit, Scot, thou ran away.

We set not a fly
By your Duke of Albany;\textsuperscript{12}
We set not a prawn
By such a drunken drone;
We set not a mite
By such a coward knight,
Such a proud palliard,
Such a skyrgaliard,
Such a stark coward,
Such a proud poltroon,
Such a foul custron,
Such a doughty dagswane;\textsuperscript{13}
Send him to France again,
To bring with him more brain
From King Francis of France:
God send them both mischance!

Ye Scots all the rabble,
Ye shall never be able
With us for to compare;
What though ye stamp and stare?
God send you sorrow and care!
With us whenever ye mell,
Yet we bear away the bell,
When ye cankered knaves
Must creep into your caves
Your heads for to hide,  
For ye dare not abide.

Sir Duke of Albany,  
Right inconveniently
Ye rage and ye rave,  
And your worship deprave:<14>
Not like Duke Hamilcar,  
With the Romans that made war,  
Nor like his son Hanibal,  
Nor like Duke Hasdrubal<15>
Of Carthage in Afric;  
Yet somewhat ye be like  
In some of their conditions,  
And their false seditions,  
And their dealing double,  
And their wayward trouble:  
But yet they were bold,  
And manly manifold,  
Their enemies to assail  
In plain field and battle;  
But ye and your host,  
Full of brag and boast,  
And full of waste wind,  
How ye will bears bind,<16>  
And the devil down ding,  
Yet ye dare do nothing  
But leap away like frogs,  
And hide you under logs,  
Like pigs and like hogs,  
And like mangy dogs.

What an army were ye?  
Or what activity  
Is in you, beggars' brawls,  
Full of scabs and scawls,  
Of vermin and of lice,  
And of all manner vice?

Sir Duke, nay, Sir Duck,  
Sir Drake of the Lake, Sir Duck  
Of the Dunghill, for small luck  
Ye have in feats of war;  
Ye make nought but ye mar;  
Ye are a false intruser,<17>  
And a false abuser,  
And an untrue knight;  
Thou hast too little might  
Against England to fight.  
Thou art a graceless wight  
To put thyself to flight:  
A vengeance and despite
On thee must needs light,
That durst not bide the sight
Of my Lord Admiral,
Of chivalry the well,
Of knighthood the flower
In every martial shower,
The noble Earl of Surrey,
That put thee in such fray;
Thou durst no field derain,
Nor no battle maintain
Against our strong captain,
But thou ran home again
For fear thou should be slain,
Like a Scottish cateran
That durst abide no reckoning;
Thy heart would not serve thee:
The fiend of hell mote starve thee!  
No man hath heard
Of such a coward,
And such a mad image
Carried in a cage,
As it were a cottage;
Or of such a maumet
Carried in a tent;
In a tent! nay, nay,
But in a mountain gay,
Like a great hill
For a windmill,
Therein to couch still,
That no man him kill;
As it were a goat
In a sheep-cote,
About him a park
Of a mad wark,
Men call it a toil;
Therein, like a roil,
Sir Duncan, ye dared,
And thus ye prepared
Your carcass to keep,
Like a silly sheep,
A sheep of Cotswold,
From rain and from cold,
And from raining of raps,
And such after-claps;
Thus in your cowardly castle
Ye decked you to dwell:
Such a captain of horse,
It made no great force
If that ye had ta'en
Your last deadly bane
With a gun-stone,
To make you to groan.
But hide thee, Sir Topias,
Now into the castle of Bass,
And lurk there, like an ass,
With some Scottish lass
With dugs, dugs, dugs:
I shrew thy Scottish lugs,
Thy munpyns, and thy crag.
For thou cannot but brag,
Like a Scottish hag:
Adieu now, Sir Wrig-wrag,
Adieu, Sir Dalyrag!
Thy melling is but mocking;
Thou mayst give up thy cocking,
Give it up, and cry creak,
Like an hoddypeak.

Where should I more speak
Of such a farly freke,
Of such an hornkeck,
Of such a bold captain,
That dare not turn again,
Nor durst not crack a word,
Nor durst not draw his sword
Against the Lion White,
But ran away quite?
He ran away by night,
In the owl flight,
Like a coward knight.
Adieu, coward, adieu,
False knight, and most untrue!
I render thee, false rebel,
To the flinging fiend of hell.

Hark yet, Sir Duke, a word,
In earnest or in bourn:
What, have ye, villain, forged,
And virulently disgorged,
As though ye would parbrake.
Your avaunts to make,
With words embossed,
Ungraciously engrossed,
How ye will undertake
Our royal king to make
His own realm to forsake?
Such lewd language ye spake.
Sir Duncan, in the devil way,
Be well ware what ye say:
Ye say that he and ye,—
Which he and ye? let see;
Ye mean Francis, French king,
Should bring about this thing.
I say, thou lewd lurdain,
That neither of you twain
So hardy nor so bold
His countenance to behold:
If our most royal Harry
List with you to warray,
Full soon ye should miscarry,
For ye durst not tarry
With him to strive a stound:
If he on you but frowned,
Not for a thousand pound,
Ye durst bide on the ground,
Ye would run away round,
And cowardly turn your backs,
For all your comely cracks,
And, for fear perchase
To look him in the face
Ye would defile the place,
And run your way apace.
Though I trim you this trace
With English somewhat base,
Yet, save voster grace,<29>
Thereby I shall purchase
No unpleasant reward,
If ye well can regard
Your cankered cowardness
And your shameful doubleness.
Are ye not frantic mad,
And wretchedly bestad,
To rail against his grace,
That shall bring you full base,
And set you in such case
That between you twain
There shall be drawn a train
That shall be to your pain?
To fly ye shall be fain.
And never turn again.
What, would Francis, our friar,
Be such a false liar,
So mad a cordelier,
So mad a murmurer?
Ye muse somewhat too far;
All out of joint ye jar:
God let you never thrive!
Ween ye, dawcocks, to drive
Our king out of his realm?
Gae hame, rank Scot, gae hame,<30>
With fond Francis, French king:
Our master shall you bring
I trust, to low estate,
And mate you with checkmate.<31>

Your brains are idle;
It is time for you to bridle,
And pipe in a quibible;<32>
For it is impossible
For you to bring about,
Our king for to drive out
Of this his realm royal
And land imperial;
So noble a prince as he
In all activity
Of hardy martial acts,
Fortunate in all his facts.

And now I will me dress
His valiance to express,
Though insufficient am I
His Grace to magnify
And laud equivalently;
Howbeit, loyally,
After mine allegiance,
My pen I will advance
To extol his noble Grace,
In spite of thy coward's face,
In spite of King Francis,
Devoid of all noblesse,
Devoid of good courage,
Devoid of wisdom sage,
Mad, frantic, and savage;
Thus he doth disparage
His blood with fond dotage.
A prince to play the page
It is reckless rage,
And a lunatic overage. <33>

What though my style be rude?
With truth it is ennewed:
Truth ought to be rescued,
Truth should not be subdued.

But now will I expound
What nobleness doth abound,
And what honour is found,
And what virtues be resident
In our royal regent,
Our peerless president,
Our king most excellent:
In martial prowess 430
Like unto Hercules;<34>
In prudence and wisdom
Like unto Solomon;
In his goodly person
Like unto Absolon;
In loyalty and foy
Like to Hector of Troy;
And his glory to increase,
Like to Scipiades;<35>
In royal majesty 440
Like unto Ptolemy,
Like to Duke Josue,<36>
And the valiant Machube;<37>
That if I would report
All the royal sort
Of his nobility,
His magnanimity,
His animosity,
His frugality,
His liberality, 450
His affability,
His humanity,
His stability,
His humility,
His benignity,
His royal dignity,
My learning is too small
For to recount them all.

What losels then are ye, 460
Like cowards as ye be,
To rail on his estate,
With words inordinate!

He rules his commonalty
With all benignity;
His noble baronage,
He putteth them in courage
To exploit deeds of arms,
To the damage and harms
Of such as be his foes;
Wherever he rides or goes, 470
His subjects he doth support,
Maintain them with comfort
Of his most princely port,
As all men can report.

Then ye be a knappish sort,<38>
Et faitez a luy grant torte,<39>
With your enbosed jaws

-576-
To rail on him like daws;
The fiend scratch out your maws!

All his subjects and he
Most lovingly agree
With whole heart and true mind,
They find his Grace so kind;
Wherewith he doth them bind
At all hours to be ready
With him to live and die,
And to spende their heart-blood,
Their bodies and their good,
With him in all distress,

Alway in readiness
To assist his noble Grace;
In spite of thy coward's face,
Most false attainted traitor,
And false foresworn faitor.

Avaunt, coward recraved!
Thy pride shall be allayed;
With Sir Francis of France
We shall pipe you a dance,
Shall turn you to mischance.

I rede you, look about;
For ye shall be driven out
Of your land in short space:
We will so follow in the chase
That ye shall have no grace
For to turn your face;
And thus, Saint George to borrow,<40>
Ye shall have shame and sorrow.

L'ENVOY

Go, little quaire, quickly;
Show them that shall you read
How that ye are likely
Over all the world to spread.
The false Scots for dread,
With the Duke of Albany,
Beside the water of Tweed
They fled full cowardly.
Though your English be rude,
Barren of eloquence,
Yet, briefly to conclude,
Grounded is your sentence
On truth, under defence
Of all true Englishmen,
This matter to credence
That I wrote with my pen.
Go, little quaire, apace,
In most humble wise,
Before his noble grace,
That caused you to devise
This little enterprise;
And him most lowly pray,
In his mind to comprise
Those words his grace did say
Of an amice gray.

*Je foy enterment en sa bone grace.*
NOTES TO THE DOUGHTY DUKE OF ALBANY.

1. John duke of Albany (son of Alexander duke of Albany, the brother of James the Third) was regent of Scotland during the minority of James the Fifth; and this poem relates to his invasion of the borders in 1523; an expedition, which, according to Pinkerton, "in its commencement only displays the regent's imprudence, and in its termination his total deficiency in military talents, and even in common valour." Hist. of Scot., ii. 230. Mr. Tytler, however, views the character and conduct of Albany in a very different light; and his account of the expedition (Hist. of Scot., v. 166 sqq.) may be thus abridged. Albany's army amounted in effective numbers to about forty thousand men, not including a large body of camp-followers. With this force,—his march impeded by heavy roads, the nobles corrupted by the gold and intrigues of England, they and their soldiers jealous of the foreign auxiliaries, and symptoms of disorganization early appearing,—the regent advanced as far as Melrose. Having vainly endeavoured to persuade his discontented army to cross the Tweed, he encamped on its left bank, and laid siege to Wark Castle with his foreign troops and artillery. There the Frenchmen manifested their wonted courage; but the assaulting party, receiving no assistance from the Scots, and fearing that the river flooded by rain and snow would cut off their retreat, were obliged to raise the siege, and join the main body. The Earl of Surrey (see notes 102 to The Garland of Laurel and 29 to Why Come ye not to Court?), who had in the meanwhile concentrated his troops, hearing of the attack on Wark Castle, now advanced against the enemy. At the news of his approach, the Scottish nobles being fixed in their resolution not to risk a battle, Albany retreated to Eccles, (a monastery six miles distant from Wark,) with his foreign auxiliaries and artillery; and the rest of his forces dispersed, rather with flight than retreat, amidst a tempest of snow. From Eccles Albany retired to Edinburgh, and, soon after, finally withdrew to France. His army had been assembled on the Burrow-Muir near Edinburgh towards the end of October; and its dispersion took place at the commencement of the following month.

2. Huntley Bank] See note 25 to Against the Scots

3. the ragged ray]—ray seems here to be merely—array; but Skelton in his Replication, &c., has,

"That ye dance all in a suit
The heretics' ragged ray."

v. 168.

and see note 85 to Poems Against Garnesche.

4. And so attainted] Qy. "sore attainted"?

5. With, hey, dog, hey] This line has occurred before, in Elynour Rumming, v. 168.

6. For Syr William Lyle, &c.] "And the said Monday at ij a clock at after noon, the water of Tweed being so high that it could not be ridden, the Duke sent over ij m. (2000) Frenchmen in boats to give assault to the place, who with force entered the bas courte ("lower courtyard"), and by Sir William Lisle captain of the castle with c. (100) with him were right manfully defended by the space of one hour and an half without suffering them to enter the inner ward; but finally the said French men entered the inner ward, which perceived by the said Sir William and his company
freely set upon them, and not only drove them out of the inner ward, but also out of
the outer ward, and slew of the said Frenchmen x (10) persons. And so the said
French men went over the water," &c. Letter from Surrey to Henry the Eighth,—MS.
Cott. Calig. B. vi. fol. 304. Mr. Tytler says that the assaulting party left "three
hundred slain, of which the greater number were Frenchmen." Hist. of Scot., v. 165.

7. my lord admiral] i.e. the Earl of Surrey.

8. With Saint Cuthbert's banner] An earlier passage of the letter just cited is as
follows. "At which time I being at Holy Island, vij (7) miles from Berwick, was
advertised of the same [Albany's attack on Wark Castle] at v a clock at night the said
Sunday; and incontinent sent letters to my lord cardinal's company, my lord of
Northumberland, my lord of Westmoreland at Saint Cuthbert's banner lying at
Alnwick and thereabouts, and in likewise to my lord Dacre and other lords and
genlemen lying abroad in the country to meet me at Barmer Wood v miles from
Wark on Monday, who so did."

9. But ye mean a thing, &c.] That Albany aimed at the destruction of James V. was a
popular rumour, but, according to Mr. Tytler, entirely without foundation.

10. bight] i.e., perhaps noose. Beight, bright, or bought, is any thing bent, folded: in
Markham's Masterpiece (as Stevenson observes, Additions to Boucher's Gloss. in v.)
it is used both to express a noose formed of a rope, and the bent or arched part of a
horse's neck. In Hormanni Vulgaria we find "Boughtes. . . . Chartae complicatae."
("folded papers") Sig. Q iii. ed. 1530.

11. shake thy dog, hey!] Qy "thee, dog?" but see note 10 to Verses Against Dundas.

12. We set not a fly
By, &c.] i.e. We value not a fly, care not a fly for.

13. dagswayne] Normally means "A coverlet of coarse cloth." I know not if the word
was ever used as a term of reproach by any writer except Skelton.

14. Right inconveniently,
Ye rage and ye rave,
And your worship deprave]—inconveniently, i.e. unsuitably, unbecomingly: your
worship deprave, i.e. debase, degrade, lower your dignity. "I am also advertised that
he [Albany] is so passionate that an he be apart amongst his familiars and doth hear
any thing contrarious to his mind and pleasure, his accustomed manner is to take his
bonnet suddenly off his head and to throw it in the fire, and no man dare take it out
but let it to be brent. My lord Dacre doth affirm that at his last being in Scotland he
did burn above a dozen bonnets after that manner." Letter from Lord Surrey to
Wolsey,—MS. Cott., Calig. B vi. fol. 316.


    "Duke whilom of Carthage
    Called Hamilcar."
    Fall of Princes, B. v. leaf cxxvi. ed. Wayland.

    "Duke Hasdrubal, whom books magnify."
    Ibid. B. ii. leaf xlv.

16. How ye will bears bind] Compare;

    "With meed men may bind bears."
"Some man is strong bears for to bind."
Lydgate's verses Against Self-love, &c.—MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 10.

"That with the strength of my hand
Bears may bind."
The Droichis Part of the Play, attributed to Dunbar,—Poems, ii. 37. ed. Laing.

"Making the people to believe he could bind bears."
Bale's King Johan, p. 72. ed. Camd.

17. intruser] i.e. intruder.
"But an intruser, one called Julian."
Lydgate's Fall of Princes, B. viii. leaf ii. ed. Wayland.

18. The fiend of hell mote starve thee] i.e. May the fiend of hell cause thee to die, destroy thee. (To starve in our old writers is common in the sense of—die, perish).

19. Carried in a cage, &c.] In no historian can I find any allusion to the strange vehicle here mentioned.

20. Therein, like a roil,
Sir Duncan, ye dared] Compare;

"By your revellous riding on every roil,
Well-nigh every day a new mare or a moyle."

"Nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis, There is not one crumb or drop of good fashion in all that great roil's body. For Catullus there speaketh of a certain maiden that was called Quintia," &c. Udall's Flowers, or Eloquent Phrases of the Latin speech, &c. sig. G 5. ed. 1581. Grose gives "Roil or royle, a big ungainly slamakin, a great awkward blowze or hoyden." Prov. Gloss.:—Sir Duncan is a Scottish name used here at random by Skelton, as he elsewhere uses other Scottish names, see note 18 to Against The Scots. Dared [lurked, lay hid], see note 124 to Magnificence; and compare; "Daren or privily been hid. Latito." Prompt. Parv. ed. 1499.

"Under fresh flowers sweet and fair to see,
The serpent dareth with his covert poison."
Lydgate's Fall of Princes, B. iv. leaf cvii. ed. Wayland.

"the snail goeth low down,
Dareth in his shell."
Poem by Lydgate entitled in the Catalogue, Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues,—MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 133.


22. Bass] The Bass is an island, or rather rock, of immense height in the Firth of Forth, about a mile distant from the south shore.

23. lass] "as" in MS. I may just notice, in support of this reading, that "a lusty lass" occurs in our author's Magnificence, v. 1577

24. munpyns] Compare;

"Sirs, let us crib first for one thing or other,
That these words be pursed, and let us go fodder
Our munpyns."
Prima Pastorum,—Towneley Mysteries, p. 89.

(a passage which the writer of the Gloss. altogether misunderstands), and;
"Thy munpyns ben like old ivory,  
Here are stumps feeble and here are none," &c.  


25. *sir Wrig-wrag . . . sir Dalyrag*] See note 53 to *Poems Against Garnesche*

26. *the Lion White*] i.e. the Earl of Surrey. See note 21 to *Against The Scots*.

27. *the flingande fiend*] i.e. the flinging fiend. So in Ingeleld's *Disobedient Child*, n. d.;

> *The flyinge and [sic] fiend go with my wife.*

Sig. F ii.

Northern readers at least need not be informed that to *fling* means—to throw out the legs;

> "Sometime, in dancing, fairly I flang."

Sir D. Lyndsay's *Epistle* before his *Dream*.—*Works*, i. 187. ed. Chalmers.


29. *save voster grace*] "despite your grace."

30. *Gae hame*] Scottice for—Go home—as before in *Why Come Ye Not To Court*, v. 123.

31. *mate you with checkmate*] In allusion to the king's being put in check at the game of chess.

32. *pipe in a quibible*] The word *quible*, as far as I am aware, occurs only in Skelton. Chaucer has a well-known passage,

> "And playen songs on a small ribible;  
> Thereto he sang sometime a loud quinible."

_The Miller's tale_, v. 3331

where Tyrwhitt (apparently against the context) supposes *quinible* to be an instrument: and I may notice that Forby gives "Whybibble, a whimsy; idle fancy; silly scruple, &c." *Voc. of East Anglia*.

33. *overage*] Over-rage, excessive rage. See note 4 to *Why Come Ye Not To Court*.

34. *Like unto Hercules*] Barclay goes still farther in a compliment to the same monarch;

> "He passeth Hercules in manhood and courage."


35. *Scipiades*] i.e. Scipio.

36. *Duke Josue*]—*Duke*, i.e. leader, lord. So Hawes;

> "And in like wise duke Josue the gent," &c.

_The Pastime of Pleasure*, sig. c ii. ed. 1555.

37. *the valiant Machube*] i.e. Maccabee.

39. *Et faitez a luy grant torte* "And do him a great injury"

40. *Saint George to borrow* i.e. St. George being my surety or pledge: the expression is common in our early poetry.

41. *Skelton Laureat, obsequious et loyal, &c*] Perhaps these words are a portion of the superscription to the L'envoy which follows. The L'envoy itself does not, I apprehend, belong to the poem on the Duke of Albany. See *Some Account of Skelton and his Writings.*

42. *Je foy enterment en sa bone grace.*] "I trust entirely in his good graces" (PH)
A LAUD AND PRAISE MADE FOR OUR SOVEREIGN LORD THE KING.

[This title (in a different handwriting from that of the poem) is the endorsement of the MS., which consists of two leaves, bound up in the volume marked B. 2. 8, (pp. 67-69) among the Records of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer, now at the Rolls House. [Printed for the first time by Dyce, from a manuscript discovered by Mr. W. H. Black.] Qy. is this poem the piece which, in the catalogue of his own writings, Skelton calls "The Book of the Rosiar," Garland of Laurel, v. 1178.

THE Rose both White and Red<1>
In one Rose now doth grow;
Thus through every stead
Thereof the fame doth blow:
Grace the seed did sow:
England, now gather flowers,
Exclude now all dolours.

Noble Henry the eight, <2>
Thy loving sovereign lord,
Of kings' line most straight,
His title doth record:
In whom doth well acord
Alexis young of age,
Adrastus wise and sage.

Astrea, Justice hight,<3>
That from the starry sky
Shall now come and do right,
This hundred year scantly
A man could not espy
That Right dwelt us among,
And that was the more wrong:

Right shall the foxes chare,<4>
The wolves, the bears also,
That wrought have much care,
And brought England in woe:
They shall worry no mo,
Nor root the Rosary
By extort treachery:

Of this our noble king<5>
The law they shall not break;
They shall come to reckoning;
No man for them will speak:
The people durst not creke
Their griefs to complain,
They brought them in such pain:
Therefore no more they shall<6>
The commons overbace,
That wont were over all
Both lord and knight to face;
For now the years of grace
And wealth are come again,
That maketh England fain.

Adonis of fresh colour,<7>
Of youth the godly flower,
Our prince of high honour,
Our paves, our succour,
Our king, our emperor,
Our Priamus of Troy,
Our wealth, our worldly joy;

Upon us he doth reign, <8>
That maketh our hearts glad,
As king most sovereign
That ever England had;
Demure, sober, and sad,
And Martis' lusty knight;<9>
God save him in his right!
Amen.

Bien men sovient.<10>

Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem.<11>
NOTES TO A LAUD AND PRAISE &c.

1. THE Rose both White and Red] Side note: candida, punica, &c. "White, red, &c."
4. Right shall the foxes chare] Side note: Arcebit vulpes, &c. "He will cage the foxes, &c."
5. Of this our noble king] Side note: Ne tanti regis, &c. "Not of such a king, &c."
6. Therefore no more they shall] Side note: Ecce Platonis secla, &c "Behold the age of Plato, &c."
7. Adonis of fresh colour] Side note: Rediit jam pulcher Adonis &c. "He has now brought back the beauty of Adonis.
9. Martis' lusty knight] i.e. vigorous knight of Mars (warrior).
10. Bien men sovient.] "Well remembered". These words are followed in the MS. by a sort of flourished device, which might perhaps be read—"Deo (21) gratias." (Thanks be to God"
11. Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem.] "By me, Skelton, Poet Laureate of Britain"

THE END
The Poetical Works

**GLOSSARY**

Of obsolete words, or words used in an obsolete sense

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abandon</td>
<td>To dominate absolutely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abidden</td>
<td>Waited for</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abjected</td>
<td>Thrown down, cast off</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abusion</td>
<td>Deceit or shameful usage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acalmmed</td>
<td>Quelled, knocked down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acon</td>
<td>Aachen, Aix-la-Chapelle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acquite</td>
<td>Requite, reward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adnichil</td>
<td>To reduce to nothing, annihilate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertisement</td>
<td>Attention, consideration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Affiance</td>
<td>N) Trust, confidence V) to pledge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aforce</td>
<td>To attempt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After-clap</td>
<td>An unexpected blow at an opponent who thought the fight was over.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agrise</td>
<td>To be disgusted and frightened</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aigre-douce</td>
<td>Sour-sweet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alcumyn</td>
<td>Alchemy &quot;gold&quot;, an alloy based on brass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alderbest</td>
<td>Best of all, in the best manner possible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ale pole, Ale stake</td>
<td>A pole, or stake, set up before an ale-house as a sign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Algife</td>
<td>Even if</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allectives</td>
<td>Alluring things</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allegate</td>
<td>To use in argument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allege</td>
<td>N) An argument V) To use as an argument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambages</td>
<td>Roundabout, over-elaborate or deceitful talk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amice</td>
<td>A fur-lined gown or cloak worn by members of religious orders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An</td>
<td>If</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anchor</td>
<td>An anchorite, a hermit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ane</td>
<td>A, an</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angel</td>
<td>A gold coin, worth in Skelton's time, 6s. 8d. (one-third of a pound)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animosity</td>
<td>Bravery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antetheme</td>
<td>A text or saying said at the beginning of a sermon as its theme or subject</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apayed</td>
<td>Rewarded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appair, Appare</td>
<td>To impair, damage or weaken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appal</td>
<td>To make pale, make to decay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apparel</td>
<td>Apparel, accoutrements</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apple-john</td>
<td>&quot;A kind of apple said to keep two years, and to be in perfection when shrivelled and withered.&quot; (OED)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apposal</td>
<td>A question or puzzle posed to be answered, or the posing of such a question.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appose</td>
<td>To question, examine or audit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appropried</td>
<td>Assigned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aquite</td>
<td>To pay back, requite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrearage</td>
<td>The state of being in debt or in arrears of payment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrect</td>
<td>To raise, to subject to examination, to appoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arret</td>
<td>To charge or impute the guilt of something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ascry</td>
<td>To declare publicly, to challenge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aspect</td>
<td><em>To have aspect</em> = to look carefully at</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asperly</td>
<td>Sharply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assay</td>
<td>To attempt. In <em>At all assays</em> = in all sorts of trials or enterprises</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assoil</td>
<td>Absolve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assurd</td>
<td>To burst out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astroloby</td>
<td>An astrolabe, a mediaeval astronomical instrument.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attame</td>
<td>To tame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attemperance</td>
<td>Moderation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attercop</td>
<td>A spider, a venomous malignant person.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aureat</td>
<td>Golden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avale</td>
<td>To sail with the tide or current</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avised</td>
<td>A boast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Axes</td>
<td>i.e. accesses = fits or seizures</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aye</td>
<td>Ever</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Babion</td>
<td>A baboon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baile</td>
<td>As a signal to combatants = <em>start fighting!</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bained</td>
<td>Bathed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balass</td>
<td>A rose-red ruby</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Bale            | a) Evil (still found in the form *baleful* = full of evil)  
b) A set of dice |
| Ban             | To curse                              |
| Bararag         | An onomatopoeic rendering of the sound of a trumpet. |
| Barley-hood     | A bout of drunkenness                 |
| Barm            | The yeasty froth on top of fermenting ale or beer |
| Barratous       | Quarrelsome                           |
| Basnet          | A kind of helmet                       |
| Bass            | Kiss                                  |
| Bate            | N) Dissension, strife                 
                           V) to restrain |
<p>| Baulk           | Post or crossbeam, roof-beam of a house |
| Bawd            | To foul or dirty                       |
| Bawdias         | Dirty people                          |
| Bayard          | A bay horse                           |
| Bayard's bun    | A kind of bread used for feeding horses |
| Bead-roll       | A list of persons to be prayed for    |
| Bedell          | A messenger                           |
| Bedene          | Together, accompanying.               |
| Begared         | Decorated, adorned                    |
| Belimmed        | Disfigured                            |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Belly-joy</td>
<td>Gluttony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben</td>
<td>Are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bend</td>
<td>To tie together</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berne</td>
<td>A warrior or hero; a man generally.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beseen</td>
<td>Having an appearance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beshrew</td>
<td>To curse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bestad</td>
<td>Bested, overcome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bet</td>
<td>Ornamented</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bewray</td>
<td>To expose, reveal a secret of someone, betray.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bib</td>
<td>To tipple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bid</td>
<td>Endured</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bight</td>
<td>A noose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill</td>
<td>a) A Mediaeval weapon resembling a halberd. b) A letter or written document</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird-bolt</td>
<td>A blunt arrow used to kill birds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birle</td>
<td>To pour out a drink</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blain</td>
<td>A blister, sore or pustule</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blazy</td>
<td>To blazon, i.e. to describe the armorial bearings of a lord or knight; hence to describe fully.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blee</td>
<td>Colour, complexion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bless</td>
<td>To wound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blin</td>
<td>To cease or desist from something.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blinkard</td>
<td>One who blinks dazedly because he is drunk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blist</td>
<td>Wounded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blo</td>
<td>Blackish blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blommer</td>
<td>Uproar, confusion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blather</td>
<td>To blether, talk nonsense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blow-bowl</td>
<td>A drunkard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blundering</td>
<td>Disturbance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blur</td>
<td>A blister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob</td>
<td>To strike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonne</td>
<td>Bonny ie. pretty one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boot</td>
<td>Source of assistance, remedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bootless</td>
<td>Without remedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boscage</td>
<td>A thicket or field of bushes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Botch</td>
<td>A swelling or tumour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Botchment</td>
<td>An addition, something extra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bote</td>
<td>Bit (= past tense of Bite)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bots</td>
<td>A parasitic disease of horses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bottle</td>
<td>A bundle of hay or straw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bottom</td>
<td>A ball of thread</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bouge</td>
<td>The rations or rewards of Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bounce</td>
<td>A blow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourd</td>
<td>A joke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourne</td>
<td>Burnished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowsy</td>
<td>Boozy i.e. drunken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brace</td>
<td>a) To embrace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) to boast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Braid</td>
<td>At a braid = in an instant, very soon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brake</td>
<td>a) A cage or trap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) An instrument of torture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>c) broke, broken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brand</td>
<td>A stick burning at one end, a torch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brast</td>
<td>Burst, be destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bremly</td>
<td>Fiercely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bren</td>
<td>To burn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brent</td>
<td>Burned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breviate</td>
<td>To cut short</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bribance</td>
<td>Corruptibility, venality</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bribery</td>
<td>Petty theft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridling cast</td>
<td>A parting drink, &quot;One for the road.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brim</td>
<td>Furious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brin</td>
<td>To burn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brock</td>
<td>A badger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooken</td>
<td>Endured</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brothel</td>
<td>A prostitute, or worthless person of either sex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruit</td>
<td>Rumour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruited</td>
<td>Spoken about, famous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Budge fur</td>
<td>Lambskin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Budget</td>
<td>A leather bag or pouch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bullion</td>
<td>A knob or stub</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgonions</td>
<td>Burgundians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bushment</td>
<td>An ambush</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busk</td>
<td>To prepare oneself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busked them</td>
<td>Prepared themselves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buskin</td>
<td>A kind of boot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But if</td>
<td>Unless</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butting</td>
<td>A term of endearment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buttons</td>
<td>Buds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byke</td>
<td>A bees' nest or swarm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byse</td>
<td>According to the OED, a kind of fur used for trimming clothes; but see note 141 to The Garland of Laurel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cacodemonial</td>
<td>Of or relating to evil spirits or angels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caitiff</td>
<td>A wretch, miserable scoundrel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cale</td>
<td>To gambol, move irregularly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calkins</td>
<td>The parts of a horseshoe which are turned up to prevent slipping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callet</td>
<td>A lewd woman, trull, drab</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calodemonial</td>
<td>Of or relating to good spirits or angels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calstock</td>
<td>A cabbage-stalk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cammock</td>
<td>A crooked stick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camous</td>
<td>A pug nose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camously</td>
<td>Crookedly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can</td>
<td>To know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cantle</td>
<td>A chunk or piece cut off a larger thing e.g. from a cheese, loaf of bread, pie etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Description</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capper</td>
<td>A cap and hat maker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captation</td>
<td>An attempt to get something by blandishments or artifice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carect</td>
<td>A magic charm or inscription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Careful</td>
<td>Full of cares or suffering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carle</td>
<td>A coarse ruffian or country boor, a culchie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carling</td>
<td>The now extinct gairfowl or great auk (<em>Alca impennis</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlish</td>
<td>Ruffianly, coarse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carre</td>
<td>A pool of water in a bog or marshy ground</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Cast     | a) Contrivance, stratagem  
b) To vomit                                |
| Caterans | Scottish freebooters or marauding soldiery                                  |
| Caudle   | A kind of gruel given to sick people, pregnant women, etc.                  |
| Caury-maury| A kind of coarse cloth                                                    |
| Cautelous| Deceitful, crafty                                                           |
| Cayser   | Caesar i.e. emperor                                                        |
| Cense    | To burn incense                                                            |
| Chaffer  | Merchandise                                                                 |
| Chair    | A chariot                                                                  |
| Chaldee  | Chaldea i.e. Syria; *Characters of Chaldee* i.e. in the Aramaic language   |
| Chanon   | A canon, in the ecclesiastical sense.                                       |
| Chare    | To drive away                                                               |
| Chase    | A place, spot                                                               |
| Check    | N) A merry taunt  
V) To bandy words                                           |
| Cheer    | Face, appearance                                                           |
| Chevisauce| Provisions, supplies, money. *To make a chevisauce = to borrow money         |
| Chieve   | To accomplish something, acquire wealth etc.                                |
| Chincherd| A stingy or grasping person                                                 |
| Chish    | Perhaps, a generic name for a dog?                                          |
| Chitter  | To shiver with the cold                                                     |
| Civilian | Of the city, urban                                                         |
| Clarioner| A trumpeter                                                                 |
| Clatter  | To prattle, talk nonsense                                                   |
| Cle      |                                                                           |
| Clepe    | To call by name e.g. *Cleped was she Madame Eglantine* = Her name was Madame Eglantine (Chaucer, *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*) |
| Clicket-gate| A wicket gate or gate with a latch.                                      |
| Clip     | To embrace                                                                  |
| Clokes   | Claws                                                                       |
| Clout    | N) A rag  
V) To patch with a piece of cloth or leather                            |
<p>| Co       | A Jackdaw                                                                   |
| Coarcted | Restricted                                                                  |
| Cock     | In <em>Cock's wounds</em>, <em>Cock's heart</em> etc = God                               |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cockly</td>
<td>Wrinkled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cockwat</td>
<td>A cuckold (see note 12 to <em>The Bowge of Court</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coinquinate</td>
<td>To sully or defile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collop</td>
<td>Fried eggs with ham or bacon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come</td>
<td>To become</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comicar</td>
<td>A writer of comedies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connaunt</td>
<td>Commons (in the sense of a community dining-hall)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complexion</td>
<td>Bodily constitution or temperament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comprise</td>
<td>To remember, bear in mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Condescend</td>
<td>To agree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Condescending</td>
<td>Agreeing, conformable with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conditions</td>
<td>Qualities</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coney</td>
<td>A rabbit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confettered</td>
<td>Leagued together</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conject</td>
<td>To imagine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conning</td>
<td>Knowledge, learning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contemplation</td>
<td>Request</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contribute</td>
<td>To force to pay tribute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Convenable</td>
<td>Suitable, agreeable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Convey</td>
<td>To steal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conveyance</td>
<td>Theft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coot</td>
<td>A kind of water-fowl (<em>Fulica atra</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cope</td>
<td>A heavy cloak, often specially ornamented or coloured and worn as a badge of office by a provost, cardinal etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copious</td>
<td>Perhaps &quot;wearing a cope?&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copyhold</td>
<td>A kind of tenure in England of ancient origin: tenure of lands being parcel of a manor, 'at the will of the lord according to the custom of the manor', by copy of the manorial court-roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cordelier</td>
<td>A Franciscan friar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporace, corporas</td>
<td>A cloth laid on the altar on which the chalice and paten are placed during Mass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal</td>
<td>Bodily</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Costious</td>
<td>Costly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counter</td>
<td>To sing an accompaniment to the melody of a song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Courage</td>
<td>Mind or spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Courser</td>
<td>A horse used for hunting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Couth</td>
<td>To know, or believe to be so.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coverture</td>
<td>Shelter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Covetise</td>
<td>Greed, covetousness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crag</td>
<td>Neck or throat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crake</td>
<td>To boast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craker</td>
<td>Boaster, big talker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CRAzed</td>
<td>Crushed, enfeebled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creak</td>
<td>In <em>cry creak</em> = to give in, surrender</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creancer</td>
<td>A tutor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creke</td>
<td>To complain, cry out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crose</td>
<td>A crosier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruse</td>
<td>A jug or tankard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuck-stool</td>
<td>An instrument of punishment for scolds, whores, fraudulent tradespeople, etc., consisting of a chair, in which the offender was fastened and exposed to the jeers of the bystanders, or taken to the nearest water and ducked in it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cue</td>
<td>Half a farthing i.e. one-eighth of a penny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cule</td>
<td>Rump, bottom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Culerage</td>
<td>The plant water-pepper (<em>Polygonum hydropiper</em>) which was used as a cure for diarrhoea. In large doses it causes severe irritation of the bowels, hence its alternative name <em>arse-smart</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Culver</td>
<td>A wood-pigeon (<em>Columba palumbus</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cunning</td>
<td>Knowledge and abilities</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cure</td>
<td><em>Under his cure</em> = under his care, authority</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtal</td>
<td>A horse with a docked tail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Custrel</td>
<td>An attendant on a knight or man-at arms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Custron</td>
<td>A bastard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cut</td>
<td>A horse with its tail cut short</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cutter</td>
<td>A robber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dagged</td>
<td>Clogged with dirt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dagswane</td>
<td>A coverlet of coarse cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dain</td>
<td>To disdain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dainously</td>
<td>Disdainfully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dan</td>
<td>A title of honour for a knight, poet or scholar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dangerous</td>
<td>Arrogant, difficult to please</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dant</td>
<td>A profligate woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dare</td>
<td>To be frightened, to hide oneself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daw</td>
<td>Literally, a jackdaw (<em>Corvus monedula</em>); metaphorically, a fool.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawpate</td>
<td>A fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deal</td>
<td>Part, bit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dearworth</td>
<td>Valuable, costly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debilite</td>
<td>Worn out, feeble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decachord</td>
<td>Ten-stringed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decline</td>
<td>To recite the grammatical cases of a noun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decollation</td>
<td>Beheading</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decretal</td>
<td>A Papal decree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedecorate</td>
<td>Disgraceful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deem</td>
<td>To judge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defend</td>
<td>Forbid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delated</td>
<td>Accused, brought to court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deliber</td>
<td>To think, believe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demean</td>
<td>To manage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demeanance</td>
<td>Demeanour, Behaviour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demeaning</td>
<td>Demeanour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demency</td>
<td>Madness, dementia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demure</td>
<td>Wise, serious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demurrance</td>
<td>Dwelling, living with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deprave</td>
<td>Vilify, insult</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depute</td>
<td>Appointed, prescribed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derain</td>
<td>To contest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Despite</td>
<td>Insults or outrageous behaviours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deuce-ace</td>
<td>A throw of a one and a two with two dice -- a losing throw in various games; hence bad luck, misfortune</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devise</td>
<td>Gift, legacy or a thing bestowed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dicts</td>
<td>Sayings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diffuse</td>
<td>Difficult to understand, complex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ding</td>
<td>Knock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dint</td>
<td>A blow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disable</td>
<td>To disparage, speak ill of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disavail</td>
<td>To damage, harm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discomfct</td>
<td>Discomfited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discrive</td>
<td>Normally, to describe, but in this context would seem to mean search for or discover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discure</td>
<td>To say openly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discured</td>
<td>Discovered, shown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discuss</td>
<td>To decide, determine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disguised</td>
<td>Misbehaved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disour</td>
<td>A jester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dissiper</td>
<td>Something or someone which dissipates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Distain</td>
<td>To defile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Distichon</td>
<td>A couplet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dite</td>
<td>A ditty, short poem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divendop</td>
<td>A dabchick (Podiceps minor, a small water fowl)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doddy-pate</td>
<td>A fool, blockhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dome</td>
<td>Doom, or judgement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dong</td>
<td>Struck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donny</td>
<td>Deaf or stupid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dotages</td>
<td>Stupidities</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dotterel</td>
<td>A kind of plover (Charadrius morinellus), noted for its stupidity in allowing itself to be easily caught, hence, a fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doubted</td>
<td>Dreaded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douce</td>
<td>Sweet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dough-bake</td>
<td>Insufficiently baked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dow</td>
<td>A dove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dowsypere</td>
<td>Originally one of the twelve chief knights or paladins (Douze peers) of the emperor Charlemagne, hence used for any very important person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draff</td>
<td>Spent brewing grains or pig-swill made from them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dranes</td>
<td>Drones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draught</td>
<td>A move at chess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drib</td>
<td>To drip, dribble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drivel</td>
<td>A menial kitchen servant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Droichis</td>
<td>Dwarf's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drony</td>
<td>Snoring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dump</td>
<td>A reverie or absent-minded state</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dyne</td>
<td>Dun-coloured, dark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edify</td>
<td>To build</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eftsoons</td>
<td>Again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egyptian</td>
<td>A Gypsy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eisel</td>
<td>Vinegar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eke</td>
<td>Also</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elate</td>
<td>Raised up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eld</td>
<td>Age</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electuary</td>
<td>An ointment consisting of some active ingredient mixed with honey or syrup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elenches</td>
<td>Syllogistical arguments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embassade</td>
<td>A diplomatic mission, or a member or members thereof</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embossed</td>
<td>a) Swollen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) Foaming at the mouth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embullioned</td>
<td>Studded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emportured</td>
<td>Importuned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enbattled</td>
<td>Fortified</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enbibed</td>
<td>Soaked</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enbolned</td>
<td>Puffed up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enbosed</td>
<td>Covered in foam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enceason</td>
<td>Cause</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Encrampished</td>
<td>Cramped, distorted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Endewed</td>
<td>Moistened</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Endue</td>
<td>To digest food</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Energial</td>
<td>Physical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engine</td>
<td>Talent, intelligence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engladed</td>
<td>Made glad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engrossed</td>
<td>a) Written out or engraved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) Plumped out, swollen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enharped</td>
<td>Curved, like a scimitar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enhatched</td>
<td>Inlaid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ennewed</td>
<td>Coloured, embellished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enow</td>
<td>Enough</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enproved</td>
<td>Improved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ensaime</td>
<td>To clean of grease</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ensample</td>
<td>Example</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ensorded</td>
<td>Defiled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entached</td>
<td>Decorated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enthymeme</td>
<td>A rhetorical and impressive but perhaps dubious argument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entreated</td>
<td>Treated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Envive</td>
<td>Enliven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epicede</td>
<td>An elegy or lament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epilogation</td>
<td>Final argument or summary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equipollence</td>
<td>Equality of power or influence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erst</td>
<td>At first, or before the next thing mentioned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Escry</td>
<td>To cry out against</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esperance</td>
<td>Hope, expectation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eure</td>
<td>Luck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evangelie</td>
<td>The Gospels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everichon</td>
<td>Every one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exhibition</td>
<td>A scholarship, or grant of money for studying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eyen</td>
<td>Eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fabble</td>
<td>Chatter, foolish talk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fact</td>
<td>A deed or action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faint</td>
<td>To make cowardly, to frighten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faitor, Faitour</td>
<td>A vagabond, cheat or imposter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falchion</td>
<td>To cut with a falchion,(a kind of wide-bladed sword)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Famously</td>
<td>Vigorously</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fang</td>
<td>To catch , seize</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farly</td>
<td>Something wonderful or strange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faugh</td>
<td>An exclamation of disgust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favell</td>
<td>Deceitful flattery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fay</td>
<td>Faith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feat</td>
<td>Neat, pretty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Featly</td>
<td>Neatly, elegantly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feign</td>
<td>Sing falsetto. See also note 11 to Against a Comely Custron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fele</td>
<td>At great length</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Fell         | 1. The skin or hide of an animal  
2. Frightful, deadly                                                          |
| Fenestral    | Having many windows                                                          |
| Ferly        | Wonderful                                                                    |
| Fet          | 1. To fetch, fetched  
2. A lively person                                                             |
| Fetches      | Thefts                                                                      |
| Fetis        | Handsome, well-formed                                                        |
| Fiefed       | Granted property as a feudal vassal                                          |
| Fiest        | A fart or other foul smell                                                  |
| Fillock      | A young girl                                                                 |
| Fire-drake   | A dragon                                                                     |
| Fizgig       | A flighty or thoughtless woman                                               |
| Fleer        | a) To laugh mockingly or sneer  
b) to smile flatteringly or fawningly                                             |
| Flick        | A side of bacon                                                              |
| Flingande    | Flinging out the legs                                                        |
| Float        | In on float = flowing, full.                                                 |
| Floats       | Drops or gushes of liquid flowing from something                             |
| Flocket      | A loose garment with long sleeves                                            |
| Floorth      | Floor                                                                       |
| Fluke        | A flatfish                                                                   |
| Flyte        | Scold, insult                                                                |
| Fode         | (V) To deceive with false kindness or flattery, to encourage a foolish delusion  
(N) One who beguiles with fair words |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Foin</td>
<td>To thrust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foison</td>
<td>Abundance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foisty</td>
<td>Musty, mouldy-smelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folability</td>
<td>Folly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fon</td>
<td>A fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fong</td>
<td>To get, take hold of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fonny</td>
<td>Foolish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For and</td>
<td>And also</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Force</td>
<td>To be of importance e.g. What force ye = what does it matter to you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No force, it forceth not = it does not matter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fordread</td>
<td>To fear greatly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forel</td>
<td>A case or covering in which a book or manuscript is kept, or into which</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>it is sewn (OED)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foretop</td>
<td>Top of the head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forfend</td>
<td>To protect from</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgate</td>
<td>Forgot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Former</td>
<td>First, highest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forseed</td>
<td>Regarded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foy</td>
<td>Faith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frain</td>
<td>Ask, inquire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fraunch</td>
<td>A bout of gluttony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freke</td>
<td>A fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fresh</td>
<td>Elegant, comely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fret</td>
<td>a) Richly adorned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) Freighted, loaded with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frig</td>
<td>To rub, often sexually</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frithy</td>
<td>Bushy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fro</td>
<td>From</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frounce</td>
<td>a) A disease of hawks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) To wrinkle; to frown or scowl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frownsed</td>
<td>Folded or wrinkled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frumple</td>
<td>To rumple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuck-sail</td>
<td>Literally, the foresail of a ship; here, a fine head-dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fustian</td>
<td>A kind of coarse cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gad</td>
<td>a) A goad or cattle prod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) A surveying rod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gae</td>
<td>Go (Scots)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gage</td>
<td>A quart pot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaist</td>
<td>Spirit, ghost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gall</td>
<td>A sore or sensitive place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gambades</td>
<td>Pranks, gambollings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gamboldes</td>
<td>Gambols, acrobatic tricks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gan</td>
<td>Began</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gane</td>
<td>Yawn, open the mouth wide</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gant</td>
<td>1. A gannet (<em>Sula bassana</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. A gander</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gar</td>
<td>To make or cause something to happen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garded</td>
<td>Having an ornamental border</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardeviance</td>
<td>Originally a food cupboard or meat-safe; also, a chest or locker for valuables.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gase</td>
<td>A goose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaudery</td>
<td>Trickery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaudy</td>
<td>Full of trickery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gare</td>
<td>To gaze upon, stare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaynour</td>
<td>Guinevere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geason</td>
<td>Scarce, rare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gery</td>
<td>Giddy, capricious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geson</td>
<td>Rare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geste</td>
<td>Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghostly</td>
<td>Spiritual</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gif</td>
<td>If</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giggish</td>
<td>Wanton, flighty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gill, Gilly</td>
<td>A girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>1. Trick, contrivance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. The rack or other instrument of torture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girdn</td>
<td>To snarl and show one’s teeth at someone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girth</td>
<td>A leather strap used to hold a saddle or pack on a horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gite</td>
<td>A kind of gown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glair</td>
<td>Egg white, or any similar slimy substance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glede</td>
<td>a) A glowing coal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) A kite (the bird, <em>Milvus</em> sp.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glee</td>
<td>To squint, look sideways</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gleimy</td>
<td>Slimy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glent</td>
<td>(N1) A slip or fall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(N2) Glance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(A1) Glowing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(A2) Slippery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glint</td>
<td>Slippery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glose, Gloze</td>
<td>(a) Gloss, in the sense &quot;explanation&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(b) To explain; or, explain away dishonestly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glum</td>
<td>A scowl or sullen look</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glumming</td>
<td>Looking gloomy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gnar</td>
<td>To snarl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gong</td>
<td>A privy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodlihead</td>
<td>Excellence or beauty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gorbellied</td>
<td>Big-bellied</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gore</td>
<td>The opening at the breast of a gown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gorge</td>
<td>The crop or gizzard of a bird</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gothiance</td>
<td>The Gothic realm and people</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goundy</td>
<td>(of eyes) Bleared with rheum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goyll</td>
<td>The hollow of the throat, just above the breastbone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grail</td>
<td>The gradual, a psalm recited during Mass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grame</td>
<td>1. To be angry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. To grieve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grammatol</td>
<td>A person with only a superficial knowledge of a subject</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grange</td>
<td>A barn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gree</td>
<td>In <em>take it in gree</em> = take it in good part, with resignation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greeth</td>
<td>Agreeth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gressop</td>
<td>A grasshopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grey</td>
<td>A badger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grill</td>
<td>Dreadful, horrible, fearsome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gripe</td>
<td>Vultures, gryphons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groat</td>
<td>A fourpenny coin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groining</td>
<td>Rooting up with the snout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guerdon</td>
<td>Reward, just deserts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guise</td>
<td>Fashion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gun</td>
<td>Begun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gun-stone</td>
<td>A bullet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gup</td>
<td>Get up! – said to a horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haberdash</td>
<td>Small articles of little value (not confined to its modern meaning of dressmakers' sundries)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Habergeon</td>
<td>A sleeveless jerkin of chain mail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haft</td>
<td>To cheat, trick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hafter</td>
<td>A trickster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hafting</td>
<td>Deceit, trickery, dishonest dealing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggard</td>
<td>A female peregrine falcon taken from the wild as an adult.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail</td>
<td>Health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hale</td>
<td>To drag</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hallow</td>
<td>A saint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halse</td>
<td>To embrace round the neck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hame</td>
<td>Home (Scots)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Han</td>
<td>Have</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hap</td>
<td>(V) To cover (N) An event</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardly</td>
<td>Firmly, assuredly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harness</td>
<td>Armour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harre</td>
<td>A hinge; In out of harre = out of order</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrow</td>
<td>Or Haro, a cry of despair.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haskard</td>
<td>A man of low degree, a base or vulgar fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hastive</td>
<td>Hasty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haut, Haute, Haught</td>
<td>High, Haughty, proud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havel</td>
<td>A low fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haw</td>
<td>The barely edible fruit of the whitethorn bush – used as the type of something almost worthless.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay</td>
<td>&quot;A country dance having a winding or serpentine movement, or being of the nature of a reel&quot; – OED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haynard</td>
<td>A low wretch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayne</td>
<td>A low wretch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heal</td>
<td>Health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hearter</td>
<td>One who encourages or abets someone to an action</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heck</td>
<td>A door</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heckle</td>
<td>A tool for preparing flax for spinning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helas</td>
<td>Alas!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hem</td>
<td>Them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hent</td>
<td>To seize, seized</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her</td>
<td>Their</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermoniac</td>
<td>A heretic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hew</td>
<td>To knock the feet together when walking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hight</td>
<td>A) To be called. B) <em>I hight you</em> = I assure you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinder</td>
<td>To harm, injure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hippocras</td>
<td>Wine sweetened and flavoured with spices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hir</td>
<td>Their</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historiar</td>
<td>An historian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hobby</td>
<td>A kind of hawk (<em>Falco subbuteo</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoddypeak</td>
<td>A fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoddypole</td>
<td>A fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hofte</td>
<td>Head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoin</td>
<td>To whine or murmur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holp</td>
<td>Helped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Homager</td>
<td>A vassal, one who owes homage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hook</td>
<td>A dishonest person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hornkeck</td>
<td>A garfish (<em>Belone belone</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huck</td>
<td>To haggle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huckles</td>
<td>Hips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huff</td>
<td>A hectoring bully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huke</td>
<td>A hooded cloak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humanity</td>
<td><em>Humaniores literae</em> i.e. polite literature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hure</td>
<td>A cap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hypostasis</td>
<td>Of Christ: his essential substance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iconomicar</td>
<td>A writer about agriculture, husbandry, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilka</td>
<td>Each, every</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilke</td>
<td>The same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ill-apayed</td>
<td>Ill rewarded, dissatisfied</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illudent</td>
<td>Deceptive, mocking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imbibe</td>
<td>Draw up ink</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In mine eame's peason</td>
<td>Literally, &quot;In my uncle's pea-field&quot;; metaphorically, not knowing what is going on. See <em>English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases</em> by W.C. Hazlitt, no. 6369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inbring</td>
<td>To introduce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incontinent</td>
<td>Immediately</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inconveniently</td>
<td>Unsuitably, unbecomingly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indite</td>
<td>Declare, utter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Induce</td>
<td>To lead forth, give as an example</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inhate</td>
<td>To hate intensely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inpurtured</td>
<td>Portrayed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intoxicate</td>
<td>To poison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intruser</td>
<td>Intruder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inwit</td>
<td>a) Conscience. b) in <em>inwit dealing</em> = deceit, deceitful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ioforth</td>
<td>An exclamation used in driving horses, &quot;Go on!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irous</td>
<td>Angry irascible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isagogical</td>
<td>Introductory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacounce</td>
<td>The jacinth or hyacinth-stone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jag</td>
<td>To indulge one's desires or emotions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaist</td>
<td>To a horse –stand still!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Javel</td>
<td>A scoundrel, worthless person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennet</td>
<td>A small horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jet</td>
<td>V) To prance or swagger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>N) Fashion, a fashionable thing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jetter</td>
<td>A swaggerer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jetty</td>
<td>The overhanging upper storey of a building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jo</td>
<td>A dear friend, beloved one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just</td>
<td>A large earthenware pot with handles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ka me, ka thee</td>
<td>You do it to me, and I'll do it to you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep</td>
<td>Heed, care</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken</td>
<td>To teach</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kibe</td>
<td>A sore on the foot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kithed</td>
<td>Made known shown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knack</td>
<td>A trifle or frippery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knacking earnest</td>
<td>Downright earnest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knappish</td>
<td>Rude, presumptuous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knuckleboneyard</td>
<td>A clown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kus</td>
<td>Kiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kyns</td>
<td>In no kyns = no kind of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lack</td>
<td>Reproach, blame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lacrymable</td>
<td>Provoking tears</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laid</td>
<td>Argued his case</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lain</td>
<td>To conceal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lakin</td>
<td>By our Lakin = By Our Lady. Lakin is a contraction of ladykin – little lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lap</td>
<td>To wrap up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Large</td>
<td>Range</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laurer</td>
<td>A laurel tree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lay fee</td>
<td>The laity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazar</td>
<td>A diseased beggar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leanen</td>
<td>Bow down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leech</td>
<td>A doctor, healer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leer</td>
<td>Complexion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legatus a latere.</td>
<td>Papal legate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leman</td>
<td>A lover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lene</td>
<td>Lend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lenze</td>
<td>Linen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lere</td>
<td>Learn, learnt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lese</td>
<td>Lose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesings</td>
<td>Falsehoods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let</td>
<td>Hinder, prevent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewd</td>
<td>Ignorant, contemptible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewdness</td>
<td>Vilene, ignorance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Libany</td>
<td>Lebanon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lidderon</td>
<td>A rascal or blackguard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liefer</td>
<td>Rather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lime-finger</td>
<td>Someone with sticky fingers, i.e. a thief.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limiter</td>
<td>A friar licensed to beg in a specified place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lind</td>
<td>The linden or lime tree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Links</td>
<td>Strings of sausages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>List</td>
<td>a) To want, desire to do something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) A strip of cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lith</td>
<td>To pay attention</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lithe</td>
<td>Gentle or humble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lither</td>
<td>Spiteful, evil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litheriness</td>
<td>a) Spite, wickedness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) Slothy, laziness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Ease</td>
<td>A prison cell in the Tower of London which was too small to sit, lie or stand in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lode-star</td>
<td>The Pole star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long</td>
<td>Belong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lore</td>
<td>In <em>take him to thy lore</em> = teach him a lesson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lorel</td>
<td>A good-for-nothing rogue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Losel</td>
<td>A scoundrel, worthless person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loelyr</td>
<td>Villainy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lot</td>
<td>To count or rely on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lour</td>
<td>To look sullen or unhappy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lout</td>
<td>To bow down, make obeisance before someone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucerne</td>
<td>A lamp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lug</td>
<td>An ear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luge</td>
<td>Lodge, abode</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luggard</td>
<td>A heavy fellow, sluggard,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lurdan, lurdain</td>
<td>An idle ruffian or vagabond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lusk</td>
<td>A lazy fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lust</td>
<td>Powerful desire – not necessarily sexual</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lusty</td>
<td>Gaily dressed, attractive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyerd</td>
<td>Learned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main</td>
<td>An army</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make</td>
<td>Mate; husband or wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make, to</td>
<td>To compose music or poetry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maker</td>
<td>A poet or composer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malapert</td>
<td>Adj: Impertinent, Noun: an impertinent person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male</td>
<td>a) A bag, pouch or pocket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) In the phrase <em>to wring the male</em> or <em>to wry the male</em> = to cause trouble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maleured</td>
<td>Ill-fortuned (fr. Fr. Malheur)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mammock</td>
<td>A scrap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchet</td>
<td>Fine white bread</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manticore</td>
<td>A fabulous monster having a lion's body, a man's head, porcupine's quills, and the tail of a scorpion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mare</td>
<td>A witch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marees</td>
<td>Marsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark</td>
<td>A unit of weight (8 ozs.) or of money (13s. 4d. i.e. the value of 8 ozs of silver)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marmoll</td>
<td>A sore or varicose ulcer on the leg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marmoset</td>
<td>A monkey of any kind, or a grotesque painting or statue resembling one.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maro</td>
<td>Virgil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marrow</td>
<td>A companion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masterfast</td>
<td>Bound to a master</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mastery</td>
<td>a) A great feat or achievement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) A cunning trick or sleight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>c) Disturbance, strife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matriculate</td>
<td>Enrolled in a university</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maugre</td>
<td>Despite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maument</td>
<td>A false god or idol</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mavis</td>
<td>A song-thrush (<em>Turdus musicus</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mawment</td>
<td>A doll or puppet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meddle</td>
<td>To mingle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meed</td>
<td>a) Reward, just deserts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) money acquired corruptly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meet</td>
<td>Appropriate, suitable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meiny</td>
<td>A troop of servants or followers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mell</td>
<td>1. To meddle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. To fight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melotte</td>
<td>A monk's tunic made of sheepskin or badger fur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mends</td>
<td>Compensation or reward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meritory</td>
<td>Meritorious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meseem</td>
<td>It seems to me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Messan-tyke</td>
<td>A lapdog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mew</td>
<td>(N) A cage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(V) To hide</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meward</td>
<td>Towards me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mews</td>
<td>The opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mickle</td>
<td>Great, greatly, a great quantity,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miting</td>
<td>a) A term of endearment for a woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) A trifle, thing of little worth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mo</td>
<td>More</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monochord</td>
<td>A musical instrument with only one string</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moot</td>
<td>To argue or dispute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morel</td>
<td>A dark coloured horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrion</td>
<td>Moor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrow</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mote</td>
<td>May as subjunctive adverb – e.g. <em>So mote it be</em> = may it be so</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mought</td>
<td>Should, could</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountenance</td>
<td>Total quantity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mow</td>
<td>(N) A grimace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(V) to grimace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moyle</td>
<td>A mule</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mulling</td>
<td>A term of endearment for a woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mumming</td>
<td>Murmuring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mundane</td>
<td>Physical, of this world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Munpyns</td>
<td>Teeth. See also note 24 to <em>The Doughty Duke of Albany</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murr</td>
<td>Catarrh or sore throat causing hoarseness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musket</td>
<td>A sparrow-hawk (Note: the word was not used for a gun until well after Skelton's time)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muss</td>
<td>Mouth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mute</td>
<td>a) To mew like a cat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) To shit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nale</td>
<td>An ale-house</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nall</td>
<td>A cobbler's awl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nappy</td>
<td>Heady, strong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nard</td>
<td>Sweet balsam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Navern</td>
<td>Navarre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naverne</td>
<td>Some far-off place – Navarre? Auvergne?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nay</td>
<td>(V) To deny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne</td>
<td>Not, nor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neb</td>
<td>Snout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neese</td>
<td>To sneeze</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nept</td>
<td>Catmint (<em>Nepeta</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neven</td>
<td>To name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nice</td>
<td>Foolish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nifle</td>
<td>A thing of no value, a trifle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nis</td>
<td>Is not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noble</td>
<td>A gold coin, worth 6s 8d. It had a depiction of a ship on one side.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noddypoll</td>
<td>A fool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noll</td>
<td>1) a head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2) a stupid or drunken person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nones</td>
<td>The occasion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nought</td>
<td>Ought not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noy</td>
<td>To vex, annoy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nysot</td>
<td>A lazy, wanton girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Obumbilate</td>
<td>Obscured</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occupied</td>
<td>Used (see note 8 to <em>The Death of King Edward IV</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occupy</td>
<td>To engage in trade or business</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odiferant</td>
<td>Sweet-smelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omnigatherene</td>
<td>A mixture of various miscellaneous things.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or</td>
<td>Ere, before</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orbiccular</td>
<td>Circular (i.e. its orbit)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orgulous</td>
<td>Haughty, arrogant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ornacy</td>
<td>Ornateness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ouch</td>
<td>A brooch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outray</td>
<td>To vanquish, overcome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overthwart</td>
<td>(A) Unfriendly, opposed to (V) To oppose</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### The Poetical Works

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pack</td>
<td>A cheat or worthless person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Packing</td>
<td>In <em>False packing</em> -- false dealing (packing is--iniquitous combination, collusion, for evil purposes, for deceiving, &amp;c.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pageant</td>
<td>A part in a play</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pall</td>
<td>Rich or fine cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pallet</td>
<td>Head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palliard</td>
<td>A beggar or vagabond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palstock</td>
<td>A kind of jacket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Papingo</td>
<td>A parrot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parbrake</td>
<td>To vomit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pardie</td>
<td>By God (fr. <em>Par Dieu</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paregal</td>
<td>Fully equal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parfitness</td>
<td>Perfection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parker</td>
<td>A park-keeper or gamekeeper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Partlet, patlet</td>
<td>A collar, scarf or neckerchief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pastance</td>
<td>Pastime, recreation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paten</td>
<td>A dish on which the communion bread is placed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pautener</td>
<td>(a) A rascal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(b) A small bag or purse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paves</td>
<td>A shield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pavis</td>
<td>A kind of shield, big enough to cover the whole body</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pax</td>
<td>A small bas-relief of the crucifixion on a handle, kissed by the officiating priest and then the congregation at Mass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paytral</td>
<td>A armoured breastplate for a horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peak</td>
<td>A fool, simpleton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peakish</td>
<td>Foolish, contemptible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peasecod</td>
<td>A pea pod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peason</td>
<td>Peas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pece</td>
<td>A wine-cup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pecunious</td>
<td>Money-loving</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pendugum</td>
<td>A penguin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peradvertisance</td>
<td>Thorough carefulness or attention</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percase</td>
<td>Perhaps, by chance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perce</td>
<td>Persia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perdurable</td>
<td>Everlasting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfite</td>
<td>Perfect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perihermenial</td>
<td>Relating to interpretation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perse</td>
<td>Persia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pet</td>
<td>A Fart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phrenesis</td>
<td>Frenzy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phronesis</td>
<td>Practical intelligence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phthisic</td>
<td>Tuberculosis or other serious disease of the lungs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pick</td>
<td>To steal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pie</td>
<td>A magpie (<em>Pica pica</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pigsney</td>
<td>Darling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pike</td>
<td>To go away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilch</td>
<td>A coarse cloak or rug</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pill</td>
<td>a) To rob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) To skin or peel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilled</td>
<td>Bald or skinned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pillion</td>
<td>A kind of hat or head-dress worn by a Doctor of Divinity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pipling</td>
<td>Piping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pippling</td>
<td>Whistling softly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pirl</td>
<td>To twist or spin thread. <em>Pirled gold</em> = lace of gold thread</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pistle</td>
<td>= <em>epistle</em>, a letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plate</td>
<td>Articles made of (solid) silver or gold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Playfere</td>
<td>A playmate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasaunce</td>
<td>Pleasure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plendarly</td>
<td>a) (Of the moon), full.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) Fully, perfectly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plete</td>
<td>To plead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pluck</td>
<td>An attempt, a go in its slang sense, as in <em>have a pluck</em> = have a go</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plump</td>
<td>A crowd or tightly packed company of people</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pocky</td>
<td>Suffering from the pox, i.e. syphilis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pode</td>
<td>A toad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Point</td>
<td>To stab</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Point-device</td>
<td>Perfectly correct</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pointed</td>
<td>Appointed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Points</td>
<td>Laces for fastening clothes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole hatchet</td>
<td>Literally, a pole-axe; also &quot;an opprobrious appellation&quot; (OED)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poll</td>
<td>To rob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poll by poll</td>
<td>One by one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollers and Pillers</td>
<td>Robbers and extortionists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Popped</td>
<td>Pampered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pope-holy</td>
<td>Pretending to be very pious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porishly</td>
<td>Squintingly, crookedly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port</td>
<td>The way in which one shows oneself, carriage, mien</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portas</td>
<td>A small portable breviary i.e. a book holding the prayers and readings appropriate for each day of the year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portingale</td>
<td>Portugal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port-sale</td>
<td>Sale by auction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pose</td>
<td>A cold in the head, a running of the nose etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postic</td>
<td>Something false or counterfeit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postil</td>
<td>A short note or commentary on scripture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Posty</td>
<td>Power, strength</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potestate</td>
<td>A powerful person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potestolate</td>
<td>A humorous diminutive of potestate i.e. a little person with a little power</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pothecary</td>
<td>Apothecary, pharmacist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pottle</td>
<td>A half-gallon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pounced</td>
<td>Of a garment, decorated with holes or slashes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poyle</td>
<td>Apulia, in Italy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Praemunire</strong></td>
<td>The crime of bringing a case in an ecclesiastical court instead of under the law of England, or otherwise supporting the authority of the Pope in opposition to the King.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prank</strong></td>
<td>To swagger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Predial</strong></td>
<td>Relating to land or farming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Predicamentes</strong></td>
<td>The ten categories of Aristotle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prendergest</strong></td>
<td>&quot;A word (probably the origin of the surname Prendergast) which I am unable to explain.&quot; (Dyce). It is not in the OED and no-one seems to know what Skelton meant by it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prepense</strong></td>
<td>Planned in advanced</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prepositio</strong></td>
<td>A school prefect</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Prest**       | 1) Prepared, in order  
|                 | 2) Alert, sprightly  
<p>|                 | 3) A gift or loan of money                                                                                                     |
| <strong>Pretence</strong>    | Claim                                                                                                                          |
| <strong>Pretend</strong>     | Attempt                                                                                                                        |
| <strong>Pretory</strong>     | Originally, the HQ of the Praetorian Guard in Imperial Rome; by extension, any court building or palace                          |
| <strong>Preve</strong>       | An alternative spelling of <em>prove</em>                                                                                             |
| <strong>Prevented</strong>   | Forestalled, anticipated                                                                                                       |
| <strong>Prick</strong>       | To spur on a horse                                                                                                             |
| <strong>Pricked</strong>     | Sticking up                                                                                                                    |
| <strong>Prick-me-dainty</strong> | One who is affectedly nice, fussy or finicky.                                                                                 |
| <strong>Private</strong>     | Deprived, devoid                                                                                                               |
| <strong>Probate</strong>     | Proof                                                                                                                          |
| <strong>Process</strong>     | Story, account                                                                                                                 |
| <strong>Prohemy</strong>     | A preface or introduction                                                                                                      |
| <strong>Promotive</strong>   | Promoting                                                                                                                      |
| <strong>Prong</strong>       | A prank                                                                                                                        |
| <strong>Proper</strong>      | Pretty                                                                                                                         |
| <strong>Protonotary</strong> | The Chief clerk of a court                                                                                                     |
| <strong>Provoked</strong>    | Incited, caused                                                                                                                |
| <strong>Psaltery</strong>    | A musical instrument resembling a zither                                                                                       |
| <strong>Puant</strong>       | Stinking                                                                                                                       |
| <strong>Pudding-prick</strong> | A skewer used to fasten a pudding-bag                                                                                         |
| <strong>Puissant</strong>    | Powerful                                                                                                                       |
| <strong>Pump</strong>        | The bilge of a ship                                                                                                             |
| <strong>Punyete</strong>     | Sharp                                                                                                                          |
| <strong>Pursuivant</strong>  | A herald                                                                                                                       |
| <strong>Pyrdewy</strong>     | A nonsense refrain (see <em>note 8 to Against a Comely Custron</em>)                                                                  |
| <strong>Qd.</strong>         | i.e. quod = quoth, said.                                                                                                        |
| <strong>Quaire</strong>      | A short book                                                                                                                   |
| <strong>Quean</strong>       | A slut or whore                                                                                                                |
| <strong>Qued</strong>        | Evil                                                                                                                           |
| <strong>Quest</strong>       | Of hounds = to bay while following a scent                                                                                     |
| <strong>Quhilk</strong>      | Which                                                                                                                          |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quhilkis</td>
<td>Which</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhill</td>
<td>While</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quick</td>
<td>Alive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quission</td>
<td>A cushion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quit</td>
<td>To avenge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quite</td>
<td>To requite, revenge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quod</td>
<td>Said. <em>Quod-a</em> = he said (sarcastically)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quoke</td>
<td>Quaked, shook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quorum</td>
<td>A religious community</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Race</td>
<td>To cut or slash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radevore</td>
<td>A kind of cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rage</td>
<td>To toy wantonly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rail</td>
<td>A neckerchief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ramage</td>
<td>Of a hawk, not fully trained</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rank</td>
<td>To behave haughtily, as if one was of superior rank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ratch</td>
<td>A hound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rate</td>
<td>To abuse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raught</td>
<td>Reached</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ravener</td>
<td>A robber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray</td>
<td>a) To deal with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) A kind of dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>c) Array</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ream</td>
<td>Realm, kingdom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reboke</td>
<td>To vomit or belch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recheat</td>
<td>To blow a blast on a huntsman's horn to call together or encourage the dogs, or to show that the hunt is over (depending on the notes used)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recidivation</td>
<td>Relapse into crime or heresy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reck</td>
<td>a) To take care cf. modern <em>reckless</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) To reckon, (at a high value)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reclaim</td>
<td>To tame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recognizance</td>
<td>Acknowledgement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recrayed</td>
<td>Heretical, apostate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recreant</td>
<td>False, treacherous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recueil</td>
<td>A literary compilation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recule</td>
<td>To turn back, withdraw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rede</td>
<td>(V) To advise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(N) Advice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redeless</td>
<td>Usually means &quot;badly advised&quot; but often in Skelton seemingly &quot;helpless, unavailing&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reeve</td>
<td>A steward of bailiff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflair</td>
<td>Odour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflairing</td>
<td>Pleasant smelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refrain</td>
<td>To hold back, delay or detain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Registry</td>
<td>An official keeper of records</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Regratatory</td>
<td>Thanks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rehete</td>
<td>To persecute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejagged</td>
<td>Repeatedly torn, very ragged</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relucent</td>
<td>Shining</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Remord** | V) To shame or rebuke  
N) A feeling of shame or remorse |
| **Remorder** | Someone who condemns or abuses. |
| **Renably** | Fluently |
| **Renaying** | Renouncing, abjuring |
| **Reny** | Refuse, deny |
| **Repeat** | Recitation |
| **Report** | To refer |
| **Repugnance** | In *to make repugnance* = to express disagreement |
| **Resset** | A place of safety or refuge |
| **Retrogradant** | Of a planet, in that part of its orbit where it appears to be moving backward in relation to the fixed stars. |
| **Reverture** | Return, reversion |
| **Revoled** | Turned, revolved |
| **Ribibe** | An old hag |
| **Ribible** | A kind of three stringed fiddle |
| **Ribskin** | A leather apron worn by women preparing flax for spinning |
| **Rock** | A distaff |
| **Rocket** | An outer garment like a smock-frock |
| **Roil** | a) An inferior horse  
b) A large clumsy woman |
<p>| <strong>Rood</strong> | A crucifix |
| <strong>Rood-loft</strong> | A loft or gallery above the rood-screen of a church |
| <strong>Rood-screen</strong> | A screen, usually of richly carved wood or stone and surmounted by a crucifix, crossing the nave of a church above the front of the altar enclosure |
| <strong>Root</strong> | To uproot |
| <strong>Rosabel</strong> | A beautiful rose |
| <strong>Rosary</strong> | A rose bush |
| <strong>Rosers</strong> | Rose bushes |
| <strong>Roufled up</strong> | Gathered up roughly |
| <strong>Rounce</strong> | A riding horse |
| <strong>Roncevale</strong> | Roncevalles, in the Pyrenees |
| <strong>Round</strong> | To whisper, mutter low |
| <strong>Rout</strong> | To snore, mutter |
| <strong>Rowne</strong> | To whisper |
| <strong>Rowth</strong> | Rough |
| <strong>Royal</strong> | A gold coin, worth, in Skelton's time 11s 3d. |
| <strong>Rudd</strong> | Complexion |
| <strong>Ruely</strong> | Ruefully |
| <strong>Rurate</strong> | Rural |
| <strong>Rusty</strong> | Uncivil |
| <strong>Ruth</strong> | Sorrow |
| <strong>Rutter</strong> | A gallant |
| <strong>Ruttingly</strong> | Dashing, making a splendid show |
| <strong>Sacre</strong> | To celebrate Mass, or specifically the Eucharistic elements thereof |
| <strong>Sad</strong> | Serious, hence <em>Sadly</em> = Seriously, <em>Sadness</em> = Gravity, |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sank</td>
<td>Blood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Satirray</td>
<td>Satirical or satirist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saute</td>
<td>A sudden assault</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saw</td>
<td>A branch of learning</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Sayne        | a) A saint  
               b) To say                                                               |
| Scald        | Contemptible (literally, afflicted with a skin disease)                   |
| Scath        | Harm                                                                      |
| Scintillously| So to emit sparks                                                        |
| Scot         | A reckoning, money owed for food, drink, accommodation, etc.              |
| Scowdered    | Scorched, burnt                                                          |
| Scrat        | Scratch                                                                  |
| Scrive       | To write                                                                  |
| Scut         | A hare                                                                    |
| Scute, Scutus| A kind of gold coin.                                                     |
| Seamew       | A seagull (Larus spp.)                                                   |
| Seised       | Put in possession of property                                            |
| Sekernes     | Certainty                                                                 |
| Semblably    | Similarly                                                                 |
| Semblant     | Pretence                                                                  |
| Sennight     | A week (seven-night)                                                     |
| Sentence     | Meaning                                                                   |
| Sere         | Withered                                                                 |
| Serpentine   | A kind of cannon                                                         |
| Shail        | 1. To stumble or walk awkwardly  
               2. To make a mistake                                                   |
<p>| Shear        | To reap                                                                   |
| Shent        | Lost, ruined                                                             |
| Hide         | A beam of timber                                                          |
| Shidered     | Shattered                                                                |
| Shill        | To remove nuts, peas etc. from the shell or pod                          |
| Shipboard    | The side of a ship, gunwale                                              |
| Shoon        | Shoes                                                                     |
| Shrew        | To curse                                                                  |
| Shrewdly     | Badly                                                                     |
| Shrive       | Speak confidentially                                                     |
| Shule        | A Shovel                                                                  |
| Shurvy       | Scaly, scurfy                                                            |
| Sic          | Such                                                                      |
| Sicker       | Certain, hence sickness = certainty, sickerly = certainly                |
| Side         | Long or full                                                              |
| Significance | To make significance = to tell or make known                             |
| Silly        | Innocent, simple                                                          |
| Simonia      | Simony, the sale of church offices or other sacred things.               |
| Simoniac     | A venal or corrupt churchman                                             |
| Simper-the-cocket | An affected, coquettish woman                           |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sink</td>
<td>A cesspool, or a pit for refuse or ordure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sith, sithen</td>
<td>Since</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sitting</td>
<td>Proper, becoming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skelp</td>
<td>To strike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skewed</td>
<td>Skewbald i.e. with coloured with patches of brown and white</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skill</td>
<td>To matter, be of importance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skit</td>
<td>Skittish, impulsive, over-hasty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skommer</td>
<td>A spit for roasting meat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skyrghaliard</td>
<td>A wild or dissipated fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slawe</td>
<td>Slain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slee</td>
<td>Clever</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slider</td>
<td>Slippery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slo</td>
<td>To slay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sluffer</td>
<td>To gobble noisily</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smaragd</td>
<td>An emerald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smatter</td>
<td>To talk ignorantly, to blather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SMEary</td>
<td>Smeared with dirt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snapper</td>
<td>To stumble or trip (but see note 2 to Against a Comely Custron)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snite</td>
<td>A snipe (Gallinago spp.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snurr</td>
<td>Snort</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sod</td>
<td>Steeped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solace</td>
<td>Sport, amusement, pleasure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solacious</td>
<td>Pleasant, amusing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solution</td>
<td>Consolation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sond</td>
<td>Something that is sent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Souter</td>
<td>A shoemaker or cobbler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sow</td>
<td>A pig, in the sense of a block of metal. A sow of lead = about 250 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spar</td>
<td>To close and bar a door</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spare</td>
<td>An opening or slit in a gown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sparkle</td>
<td>A spark, which can cause something to catch fire; hence, something small which has an important result.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sped</td>
<td>Qualified or successful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sped</td>
<td>Versed in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spence</td>
<td>Spending</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spere</td>
<td>A shoot or young plant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spick</td>
<td>A chunk of fat bacon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spink</td>
<td>A chaffinch (Fringilla cælebs)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Splay</td>
<td>To display</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Splay</td>
<td>Display</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spreit</td>
<td>Spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprinkling</td>
<td>Sparkling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spurn</td>
<td>To kick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stale</td>
<td>Bait or decoy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stale</td>
<td>Thievish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stalworthy</td>
<td>Sturdy, strongly built</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Definition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Start</td>
<td>To spring open</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starter</td>
<td>One who abandons his principles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starve</td>
<td>To kill or destroy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stead</td>
<td>A village, place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steep</td>
<td>Brilliant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stellify</td>
<td>To make into a star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stercory</td>
<td>Excrement, filth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevin</td>
<td>Voice</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Stint    | N) An allotted amount  
V) To stop, prevent                                         |
| Stith    | An anvil                                                                  |
| Stockdoo | A stock-dove (*Columba ænas*)                                             |
| Stopple  | A bung or stopper                                                         |
| Stound   | A period of time. (*vide* German *Stunde* = hour)                         |
| Stour    | Obstinate                                                                 |
| Strait, straitly | Tight, tightly               |
| Straught | Distraught                                                                |
| Sumner   | A bailiff                                                                 |
| Supply   | Pray, implore, supplicate                                                 |
| Supprised| Overcome with emotion                                                     |
| Surcudant| Arrogant                                                                  |
| Surfled  | Having an embroidered hem.                                               |
| Swap     | To flap up and down                                                       |
| Sweed    | Sword                                                                     |
| Sweven   | A dream                                                                   |
| Swink    | To work hard                                                              |
| Swith    | Quickly, at once                                                          |
| Swound   | A swoon                                                                   |
| Synodals | Decrees of a *synod*, i.e. a meeting of bishops & senior clergy           |
| Sythyche | Contraction of *So thé ich* = So that I shall prosper                    |
| Tail     | Tally                                                                     |
| Taille   | A tax                                                                     |
| Tall     | a) Handsome, seemly  
   b) Brave, audacious                                                   |
| Talwood  | Firewood, cleft and cut into billets of a uniform length                  |
| Tampion  | A wooden stopper fitted in the muzzle of a gun to keep out water.         |
| Tancrete | Transcribed or copied                                                     |
| Tapet    | a) A tapestry or wall-hanging  
   b) a similar cloth used as a carpet or rug                            |
| Tarsel   | The male of any bird of prey.                                             |
| Tavell   | A bobbin used in silk-weaving                                              |
| Tedder   | A hangman’s noose                                                         |
| Teen     | 1. Harm, vexation  
   2. Annoyance, anger or spite                                           |
| Teg      | A sheep in its second year, or the fleece or wool of one                  |
| Terrestre| Of this earth                                                             |
| Tetrical | Harsh, severe |
| Tetter | A skin rash |
| Touch | Tough |
| Thassistance | The others present |
| Thé | To flourish |
| Thées | Thighs |
| Tho | A) Then  
B) Those |
<p>| Throat-boll | The larynx or Adam's apple |
| Thrums | A fringe of warp threads left at the side of a piece of woven cloth |
| Thurification | Blessing with incense |
| Tine | In a little tine = Something very small |
| Tippet | A strip of coloured silk cloth worn behind the neck and over the shoulders in front with the ends hanging down, nowadays called a stole |
| Tired | Seized and ate |
| Tirlary | Spinning |
| Titivil | Name for a devil said to collect fragments of words dropped, skipped, or mumbled in the recitation of divine service, and to carry them to hell, to be registered against the offender; hence, a name for a demon or devil in the mystery plays; hence, a scoundrel or ruffian |
| To- | As a prefix = completely |
| Tofore | Before, heretofore |
| To-fret | Altogether eaten up, consumed. |
| To-het | Overheated |
| Toolman | Penman |
| Toot | To peer or look at something searchingly |
| Totted | Shaky or muddle-headed |
| Touch | A trick, cunning stratagem |
| Tournebroche | A boy who turns the spit for roasting meat |
| Trace | A sequence of steps in dancing |
| Trahy | Betrayed! (fr.) |
| Train | Deceit |
| Trattlers | Prattlers, chatterers |
| Trattling | Chattering, talking idly |
| Traverse | A thwarting contrivance |
| Travis | A wooden framework; a partition |
| Treat | To entreat, beseech |
| Triality | The holding of three benefices at the same time |
| Trice | To snatch away, to carry off. |
| Trinal | In astrology: at an angle of 120 degrees |
| Troll | A song in the form of a round or catch |
| Trolled | Wheeled away |
| Trow | To believe or declare to be true |
| Tully | The Roman orator Cicero, whose middle name or nomen gentile was Tullius |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuly</td>
<td>Deep red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tunnel</td>
<td>A funnel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tunning</td>
<td>Brewing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tunnish</td>
<td>Very fat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twibill</td>
<td>A two-headed axe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulula</td>
<td>Howl, lament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umbles</td>
<td>Entrails, organ meats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umwhile</td>
<td>Occasionally, sometimes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unbrent</td>
<td>Unburned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncouths</td>
<td>Strange matters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undergrope</td>
<td>To investigate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Underset</td>
<td>To support or prop up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undiscurrent</td>
<td>Not valid or in circulation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unfain</td>
<td>To displease</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unhap</td>
<td>A misfortune</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unliking</td>
<td>A) In poor health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>B) Unpleasant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unlust</td>
<td>Repulsiveness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unneth</td>
<td>Scarcely, with difficulty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unpropice</td>
<td>Unpropitious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untwined</td>
<td>Torn to pieces</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upcheering</td>
<td>Encouragement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urchin</td>
<td>A hedgehog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ured</td>
<td>a. Prayed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b. Used, dealt with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utter</td>
<td>In stand utter = stand aside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vague</td>
<td>A prank or trick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vassails</td>
<td>Vassals, low-born folk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vauntparler</td>
<td>An arrogantly boastful or self-promoting person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Velyard</td>
<td>An old man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ventale</td>
<td>Something acting as a sail or fan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vere</td>
<td>Spring-time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verjuice</td>
<td>Sour grape or crab-apple juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vertility</td>
<td>Changeableness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vilipend</td>
<td>To vilify or treat with contempt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visor</td>
<td>A mask</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Void</td>
<td>i.e. avoid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volvel</td>
<td>An astrological instrument. See note 225 to the Garland of Laurel for a full description.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter</td>
<td>To roll from side to side on the ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wamble</td>
<td>To feel nausea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wan</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wane</td>
<td>Wanting, not to be had</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanhope</td>
<td>Despair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wap</td>
<td>To beat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward</td>
<td>Wardrobe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wark</td>
<td>a) Work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b) Ache</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Poetical Works

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warray</td>
<td>To make war on someone, physically or verbally</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warre</td>
<td>Worse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warse</td>
<td>Worse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washing beetle</td>
<td>A wooden paddle used for beating clothes when washing them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterlag</td>
<td>A man who sells water from barrels on a cart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weal</td>
<td>Welfare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weasand</td>
<td>Neck or throat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>To wed =- in pawn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weel</td>
<td>Well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ween</td>
<td>To know or declare, to think</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weet</td>
<td>To know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weeting</td>
<td>Knowledge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wellaway</td>
<td>An exclamation of distress or sorrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welt</td>
<td>To throw down, to ruin or destroy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Werrin</td>
<td>To harry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wharrow</td>
<td>A grooved pulley, part of a spinning-wheel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wherry</td>
<td>A rowing boat used for conveying goods and passengers, especially on the River Thames.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whew</td>
<td>Appearance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whilom</td>
<td>Once, formerly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whinyard</td>
<td>A short sword</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whipling</td>
<td>A piping sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whip-sloven</td>
<td>A careless, dirty fellow who deserves whipping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whirlary</td>
<td>Whirling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White motley</td>
<td>Literally, cloth of speckled white and another colour; also used (as here) for the appearance of the whitethorn in flower.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whittle</td>
<td>To make drunk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Widdy</td>
<td>A rope made of osiers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winch</td>
<td>To flinch, jump back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiss, wis</td>
<td>1) To know, 2) to inform</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wist</td>
<td>To know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wite</td>
<td>To blame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Withsay</td>
<td>To oppose or contradict</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wittol</td>
<td>A man who tolerates his wife's adultery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woke</td>
<td>Week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wold, Wolde</td>
<td>Would</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonne</td>
<td>To dwell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood</td>
<td>Savage or crazy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodhack</td>
<td>A woodpecker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wook</td>
<td>Week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worry</td>
<td>a) To eat greedily, gobble, b) to choke, strangle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worts</td>
<td>Cabbages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wot</td>
<td>To know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wrang</td>
<td>Wrung</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wrate</strong></td>
<td>Wrote</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wraw</strong></td>
<td>Wrathful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wrest</strong></td>
<td>A tuning peg or key of a string instrument, used to tighten the string to the correct pitch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wretchcock</strong></td>
<td>The smallest (chick, puppy etc) in a clutch or litter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wrig</strong></td>
<td>To wag from side to side</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Written</strong></td>
<td>Twisted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wroken</strong></td>
<td>Exercised, gratified</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wull</strong></td>
<td>Will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Yark</strong></td>
<td>Strike, lash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Yaw</strong></td>
<td>To move something out of its course</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ybrent</strong></td>
<td>Burnt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Yearn</strong></td>
<td>Of hounds = <em>to give tongue</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Yede</strong></td>
<td>Go, went</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Youkkerkin</strong></td>
<td>A little young gentleman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Youward</strong></td>
<td>Towards you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ywis</strong></td>
<td>I know; it is true</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>