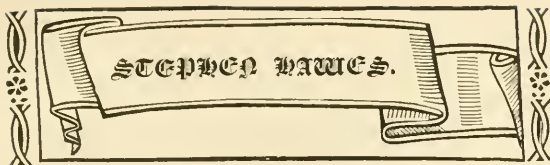


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The Conuersyon

of Swerers :

A Joyfull Medytacyon

to all Englonde of the Coronacyon
of Kyunge Henry the Cyght.



Edinburgh :

Reprinted for the Abbotsford Club.

M.DCCC.LXV.



P R E F A C E .

THE two poems now reprinted are chiefly remarkable for their extreme rarity ; although by an early writer of allegorical verse, who flourished at the commencement of the Sixteenth century, and whose name is usually regarded as one of the landmarks in the history of English poetry. Among the successors of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, Hawes and Skelton are indeed the only two who are worthy of special notice until we reach the times of Surrey, Sackville, and the earlier poets of the Elizabethan period.

Of STEPHEN HAWES scarcely anything is known, if we except the fact of his holding a place in the royal household of King Henry the Seventh. His usual designation is that of "one of the Grooms of King Henry the Seventh his chamber." In the twenty-first year of his reign, on the 1st of January [1505-6], the English monarch gave Stephen Hawes the reward of ten shillings for a ballad. Bishop Bale, in 1557, has given Hawes a high character for learning and accomplishments : " *Ingenium ei felicissimum contigit, et lingua ad omnem dicendi rationem accommoda ; totaque ejus vita, ut fertur, quasi virtutis exemplum fuit ;*" and states, that he had pursued his studies in England, Scotland, and France.¹ Anthony Wood, in referring to the education of Hawes at Oxford, repeats this statement, with other particulars, which may best be quoted in his own words :²—

"Stephen Hawes, or Hawys, originally descended, as it seems, from the Hawes, of Hawes in the Bushes, in the county of Suffolk ; was instructed in all such literature as this University could at that time

¹ *Scriptorum Britanniae Centuria Octava*, &c. p. 632, Basilee, 1557, folio. Hawes is not mentioned in Bale's original work, which appeared in 1548, 4to.

² *Athenae Oxonienses*, edit. by the Rev. Dr Bliss, vol. i., p. 9.

afford, but whether he took a degree, we have no register to shew it. Afterwards, in his travels through England, Scotland, and France, visiting the receptacles of good letters, did much advance the foundation of literature that he had laid in this place; so that after his return, he being esteemed a complete gentleman, a master of several languages, especially of the French, and, above all, for his most excellent vein in poetry, he was received into the court of King Henry Seventh; who being a great encourager of learning, and a judicious understander of men, was by him made at length one of the grooms of his chamber, and highly esteemed by him for his facetious discourse and prodigious memory; which last did evidently appear in this, that he could repeat by heart most of our English poets; especially Jo. Lydgate, a monk of Bury, whom he made equal, in some respects, with Geff. Chaucer. He hath transmitted to posterity several books in English, some of which are in verse and some in prose."

No collected edition of the poems of Hawes has ever appeared, which is more remarkable from the high praise awarded to him by Warton and other writers. In the list of his works, Bale includes *Templum Chrystallinum*, lib. i.; and Ames, in his "Typographical Antiquities," mentions it as having been printed by Wynken de Worde, in the year 1500: "Here bygenneth the temple of Glas, wrote by Stephen Hawes, grome of the chambre to king Henry VII. It contains 27 leaves in octavo." The words in italics are so given by Ames, and indicate that he had supplied them.¹ No such edition with these words has been discovered; and the poem, which is unquestionably by Lydgate, was first printed by Caxton, without date, it is supposed before 1479.² Hawes himself, while he repeatedly calls John Lydgate, monk of Bury, his master, in reciting his chief works, says thus:

————— and the tyme to passe
Of love he made the bryght TEMPLE OF GLASSE.³

The most important work, or, as Warton calls it, "capital performance"

¹ Ames, 1749, p. 86. See Herbert's Remarks, vol. i., p. 194.

² Dibdin's Ames, vol. i., p. 308; Blades's Life and Typography of William Caxton, vol. ii., p. 59.

³ Pastyme of Pleasure (Percy Society reprint, 1845, p. 54).

of Hawes, is, "The Passetyme of Pleasure, or the History of Graunde Amoure and la Bel Pucell." It was written in the year 1506, and seems to have been first printed in 1509. In a poem by Thomas Feylde, "A lytil treatise called the Contraversy bytwene a Lover and a Jaye," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, without a date, but probably before 1530, occurs the following allusion to the author, then deceased, from which we may infer that he had been cut off in the prime of life:—

"Yonge STEUEN HAWSE, whose soule God pardon,
Treated of love so clerkely and well.
To rede his workes is myne affeccion,
Whiche he compyled of *La bell Pucell*
Remembrynge storyes frnytfull and delètable."

But the words might only allude to Hawes having written such poems in his youth. Warton (who gives an elaborate analysis of Hawes's poem) says,—“It is almost the only effort of imagination and invention which had yet appeared in our poetry since Chaucer. This poem contains no common touches of romantic and allegoric fiction. The personifications are often happily sustained, and indicate the writer's familiarity with the Provençal school. The model of his versification and phraseology is that improved harmony of numbers, and facility of diction, with which his predecessor Lydgate adorned our octave stanza. But Hawes has added new graces to Lydgate's manner.”¹ Upon this passage George Ellis remarks,—“It is very doubtful whether every reader will concur in this favourable opinion of Stephen Hawes's merit.”² The poem itself was popular at the time, and passed through several editions.

An edition printed at London by Wynkyn de Worde, 1509, 4to, is mentioned in Lowndes's Manual, but no copy is at present known.

The next edition has this title, written in scroll, “Here begynneth the passe tyme of pleasure.” At the end of the table we read, “This boke called the Pastyme of pleasure was made and compyled by Stephen Hawes, one of the groomes of the most honourable chamber of our soverayn lord Kyng Henry the Seventh.” It contains several woodcuts which are omitted in the later editions. The colophon runs thus: “Here

¹ History of English Poetry, sect. xxviii.

² Specimens of the Early English Poets, vol. i., p. 410.

endeth the pastyme of pleasure. Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde the yere of our lorde M.CCCCC. & xvij. therd day December," with the woodcut device "W. C." The only copy known, from the Roxburghe and Sykes collections, is now in the library of Mr Christie Miller at Britwell House, Buckinghamshire, being one of many fortunate acquisitions made at the dispersion of Mr Heber's library.

There are three later editions, under the title of "The Historie of Graunde Amour and la Bell Pucell, called the Pastime of Pleasure," and printed at London by J. Wayland, 1554, by Richard Tottell, 1555, and by John Waley, 1559, all in black letter, 4to. The edition of 1555 was reprinted in the series of publications of the Percy Society, vol. xviii., edited by Mr Thomas Wright, 1845.

The "Conversyon of Swerers," now reprinted, was also written in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Ames and Herbert quote the title and colophon of an edition printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1509, 4to, eight leaves. But the only copy known, apparently, of this edition, is defective of the first and last leaves. It passed successively from the libraries of Dr Farmer, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr Heber, into that of Mr Miller at Britwell.

Another undescribed edition has this colophon: "¶ Thus endeth the conuersyon of swerers made and compyled by Stephan Hawes grome of the chambre of our souereygne lorde kyng Henry the seventh. Imprynted at London by Wyllyam Copland, for Robert Toye. In the yere of our lorde. M.D.LI.," 4to, eight leaves. Two copies of sign. B were found pasted as the cover of an old book several years ago. One of these is in my possession; whether the other is still preserved I am uncertain.

A third edition without date, also unknown to Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin, and described "as probably unique," occurred in the sale of Caldecott's library in 1833 (No. 642), where it fetched L.8, 8s. As a proof of the present increased value of such books, it may be noticed that this copy was resold among George Daniel's books in 1864, and bought by Mr Lilly, for Henry Huth, Esq., when it produced the large sum of L.40. It has this imprint: "Thus endeth the Conuersyon of swerers

made & compyled by Stephen Hawys, grome of the chambre of our souerayne lordē kyngē Henry the seventh. ¶ Imprynted at London in fletestrete, at the sygne of saynt Johan euangelyste, by me Johan Butler." 4to, eight leaves.

In the following reprint all these three editions have been employed, the colophon of the original copy being supplied on the authority of Ames, who must have seen a perfect copy. There are several minute variations of orthography in these copies, but not of sufficient importance to be enumerated.

The next tract, "A Joyfull Meditacyon," four leaves, 4to, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, without date, but no doubt at the time of the joyful event which it commemorates. King Henry the Seventh died on the 21st of April 1509, and his son and successor, Henry the Eighth, was crowned on the 24th of June that year. The only copy of the original known to exist is among Bishop More's books in the public library of the University of Cambridge. It is slightly defective, in having a line at the foot of three of the pages cut away in binding. For the transcript of this poem I was indebted to the friendly aid of the Rev. John E. B. Mayor of St John's College, now Librarian of the University, Cambridge. On the first page is a rude woodcut, of which no attempt is made to give a facsimile.

How long Hawes may have survived can only be conjectured. The words of Feylde already quoted, "Yonge Stephen Hawes," seem to imply that it was in the prime of life; if, therefore, we suppose that Hawes was born after the year 1480, and died before 1522, he would not be more than forty years of age. Mr Wright has pointed out an important fact, that "it appears from a book of the expenses of the 12th Henry VIII., among the records in the Rolls House, that the following payment was made to our author on 6th January in that year; the Play referred to is now perhaps lost."

"Item, to Mr HAWSE, for his Play, vijli xiijs iiijd."¹

This notice proves that Hawes was alive in January 1520-21.

¹ Preface to the Percy Society reprint of "The Pastime of Pleasure," 1845.

The two following tracts were reprinted a few years ago, with no very definite purpose, my chief object being to preserve them from the chance of casual destruction. While preparing a List of the Members and a Catalogue of the Books issued by the ABBOTSFORD CLUB, during its limited period of existence, it occurred to me that the present little volume, of which the copies still remain in the printer's hands, might be included in that series, as a copy will be furnished to each of the surviving members of the Club.

There are some other poems by Hawes still existing, to which I have not had access;¹ and I may express a hope that some zealous English antiquary, with better opportunities for research than I possess, will perform for HAWES the same good service which the Rev. Alexander Dyce so successfully accomplished for SKELTON, by publishing a collected edition of his writings. A collection of the minor unpublished poems and ballads of LYDGATE, is no less a desideratum in old English literature. Hawes, after enumerating his principal works, exclaims :

O! Mayster Lydgate, the most dulcet sprynge
Of famous retheryke, with balade ryall,
The chefe orygynal of my lernyng.

Sytben the tyme that his lyfe was gone,
In all this realme his pere did not dwell,
Above all other he did so excell.²

DAVID LAING.

Edinburgh, 1865.

¹ For instance one entitled, "Here foloweth a compendyous story, and it is called the Exemple of Vertu," &c. Compyled by Stephen Hawys: London, Wynkyn de Worde, M.CCCXXV., 4to.—(F. Dibdin's Ames, vol. ii., p. 281). "Only one copy known; sold Roxburghe, 3270, £60; resold, Heber, pt. IV., £9, 5s.; again, in 1854, £21."

Lowndes also specifies another tract by Hawes, entitled "Comfort of Lovers. Emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde," no date, and says, "only one copy known."

² Pastyme of Pleasure, edit. 1845, p. 55.

The
Conuercyon of Grece
vers. ii



The frutesfull sentence and the noble werkes
To our doctryne wryten in olde antyquyte
By many gret and ryght notable clerkes
Grounded on reason and hygh auctoryte
Dyde gyue us example by good moralyte
To folowe the trace of trouth and ryghtwysnes
Leuyng our synne and mortall wretchednes

By theyr wrytyng doth to us appere
The famous actes of many a champpyon
In the courte of fame renowned fayre and clere
And some endyted theyr entencion
Cloked in coloure harde in construccyon
Specially poetes vnder cloudy figures
Couered the trouthe of all theyr scripatures

So hystoryagraphes all the worthy dedes
Of kynges and knyghtes dyde put in wrytyng
To be in mende for theyr memoryall medes
How sholde we now haue knowledgyng
Of thynges past, but by theyr endytyng
Wherefore we ought to prayse them doubteles
That spent theyr tyme in suche good busynes

Amonge all other my good mayster Lydgate
The eloquent poete and monke of bury
Dyde bothe contryue and also translate
Many vertues bokes to be in memory
Touchyng the trouthe well and sentenciously
But syth that his deth was intollerable
I praye God rewarde hym in lyfe perdurable

Amonge all thynges nothyng so prouffitable
As is science with the sentencious scripture
For worldly rycheffe is often transmutable
As dayly dothe appere well in dre
Yet science abydeth and is moost sure
After pouerte to attayne grete rycheffe
Science is cause of promocion doubtles

I ytell or nought expect in poetrye
Remembrynge my youth so lyght and frayne
Purpose to compyle here full breuatyly
A ytell treatyse wofull to bewayne
The cruell swerers whiche do god assaile
On euery syde his swete body to tere
With terryble othes as often as they swere

But all fordrede plunged in necligence
My penne dothe quake to presume to endyte
But hope at laste to recure this science
Exorteth me ryght hardely to wryte
To deuoyde ydlenesse by good appetyte
For ydlenesse the grete moder of synne
Every vyce is redy to lette synne

I with the same ryght gretely infecte
Likely to deye tyll grace by medecyne
Recured my seknes my payne to abiecte
Commaundynge me by her hye power deuynne
To drawe this treatyse for to enlumpne
The reders therof by penytencyall pyte
And to pardon me of theyr benygnyte

Right myghty p̄ces of euery crysten regnō
I sende you gretynge moche hertly & grace
Right wel to gouern vpright your dominio
And all your lordes I greete in lyke care
By this my lettre your hertes to embrace
Besechynge you to prynte it in your mynde
How for your sake I toke on me mankynde

And as a lambe moost mekely dyde enclyne
To suffre the dethe for your redempcyon
And ye my kynges whiche do nowe domyne
Duer my comons in terrestriall mancyon
By p̄yncely p̄eemynence and Juredycyon
In your regall courtes do suffre me be rente
And my tender body with blode all bespyente

Without my grace ye maye nothyng p̄cuayle
Though ye be kynges for to mayntene your see
To be a kyng it may nothyng auayle
But yf my grace p̄ferue his dygnyte
Beholde your seruauntes how they do tere me
By cruell othes now vpon euery syde
Aboute the worlde launcynge my woundes wyde

All the graces whiche I haue you shewed
Reuolue in mynde ryght ofte ententyfly
Beholde my body with bloody droppes endewed
Withyn your realmes nowe torne so pyteously
Cowfed and tugged with othes cruelly
Some my heed some myn armes and face
Some my herte do all to rente and race

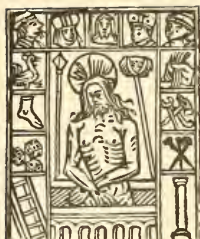
They newe agayne do hange me on the rode
They tere my sydes and are nothyngge dysmayde
Whi woundes they open and deuoure my blode
I god and man moost wofully arayde
To you complayne it maye not be denyde
Ye nowe do tug me / ye tere me at the roote
Yet I to you am these refuyte and boote

Wherefore ye kynges reygnyngge in renowne
Resourne your seruauntes in your courte abused
To good example of euery maner towne
So that theyr othes whiche they longe haue used
On payne and punysshement be holly refused
Oke as a Lambe I suffre theyr grete wronge
I maye take vengeaunce thoughe I tary longe

I do forbere I wolde haue you amende
And graunte you mercy and ye wyll it take
O my swete brederne why do ye offende
Agayne to tere me whiche deyed for your sake
Lo se my kyndnes and frome synne awake
I dyde redeme you from the deuylls chayne
And spyte of me ye wyll to hym agayne

Oade I not heuen the moost gloryous mansyon
In whiche I wolde be gladde to haue you in
Now come swete bretherne to myn habytacyon
Alas good brederne with your mortall synne
Why flee ye from me / to torne agayne begynne
I wrought you I bought you ye can it not denye
Yet to the deuyll ye go nowe wyllingly





See
He (kynde
Be
Agayne
My payne (in mynde
Retayne
My swete bloode
On the roode (my broder
Dyde the good

My face ryght red *
Myn armes spred (thynke none oder *
My woundes bled *
Beholde thou my syde
Wounded so ryght wyde (all for thyn owne sake
Bledynge soze that tyde *
Thus for the I smerted *
Why arte thou harde herted (& thy swerynge aflake
Be by me conuerted
Tere me nowe no more
My woundes are soze (and come to my grace
Leue swerynge therfoze
I am redy *
To graunte mercy (for thy trespace *
To the truly *
Come nowe nere
My frende dere (before me
And appere *
I so
In wo se se * *
Dyde go *
I

Crye (the
Hy



Unto me dere broder my loue and my herte
Turmente me no more with thyn othes grete
Come vnto my Joye and agayne reuert
From the deuylles snare and his sutyl net
Beware of the worlde all about the set
Thy fleshe is redy by concupyscence
To burne thy herte with cursed vyolence

Thoughe these thre enemyes do sore the assaile
Upon euery syde with daungerous iniquite
But yf thou lyst / they may nothyng preuayle
Nor yet subdue the with all theyr extremyte
To do good or yll / all is at thy lyberte
I do graunte the grace thyn enemyes to subdue
Swete broder accepte it theyr power to extue

And ye kynges and prynces of hys noblenes
With dukes and lordes of euery dygnyte
Indued with manhode wysdome and ryches
Duer the comons haupnge the soueraynte
Correkte them whiche so do tere me
By cruell othes without repentaunce
Amende be tyme lest I take vengeaunce

Exodi bicelimo / non accipies nomen dei tui in banum.

Unto the man I gaue commaundement
Not to take the name of thy god vaynefully
As not to swere but at tyme conuenient
Before a Iuge to bere recorde truely
Namyngge my name with reuerence mekely
Unto the Iuge than there in presence
By my name to gyue to the good credence

A my brederne yf that I be wrothe
It is for cause ye falsly by me swere
Ye knowe yourlesse that I am very trothe
Yet wrongfully ye do me rente and tere
Ye neyther loue me nor my Justyce fere
And yf ye dyde ye wolde full gentyllly
Obeie my byddyngge well and perfytelly

The worldly kynnges haupnge the soueraynte
ye do well obey without resystance
ye dare not take theyr names in vanyte
But with grete honoure and eke reuerence
Than my name more hye of magnyfycece
ye ought more to drede whiche am kynge of all
Bothe god and man and reygne celestyall

No erthely man loueth you so well
As I do / whiche mekely dyde enclayne
For to redeme you from the fendes of hell
Takyngge your kynde by my godhede dyuyne
you were the fendes I dyde make you myne
For you swete bretherne I was on the rode
Gyuyngge my body my herte and my blode

Chan why do ye in euery maner of place
With cruell othes tere my body and herte
My lydes and woundes it is a pyteous case
Alas swete brederne I wolde you conuerte
For to take vengeaunce ye do me coherte
From the hous of swerers Hall not be absent
The plage of Justyce to take punysshement

¶ Ende Ecclesiastici. xxxiii. Vir multum iurans implebitur iniquitate
et non discedent a Domo eius plaga.

A man moche swerynge with grete inquite
Shall be replete and from his mancyon
The plage of vengeaunce Hall not rested be
Wherefore ye brederne full of abusyon
Take ye good hede to this dyscrypyon *
Come nowe to me and are forgyuenes
And be penyntente and haue it douteles

Augustinus. Non potest male mori qui bene bixit et bix bene moritur
qui male bixit.

Who in this worlde lyueth well and ryghtwysly
Shall deye well by ryght good knowlegynge
Who in this worlde lyueth yll and wrongfully
Shall hardly scape to haue good endynge
I do graunte mercy but no tyme enlongynge
Wherefore good brederne whyles that ye haue space
Amend your lyfe and come vnto my grace



My wordes my prelates vnto you do preche
For to conuerte you from your wretchednes
But ytell awayleth you nowe for to teche
The worlde hathe cast you in suche blyndnes
Lyke vnto stoness your hertes hathe hardnes
That my swete wordes may not reconlyle
Your hertes harde with mortall synne so vyle

No worthe your hertes so planted in pryde
No worthe your wrath and mortall enuye
No worthe slouth that dothe with you abyde
No worthe also inmesurable glotony
No worthe your tedys synne of lechery
No worthe you whome I gaue free wyll
No worthe couetyse that dothe your soules spyll

No worthe shorte Joye cause of payne eternall
No worthe you that be so peruerted
No worthe your pleasures in the synnes mortall
No worthe you for whome I sore smerted
No worthe you euer but ye be conuerted
No worthe you whose makynge I repente
No worthe your horryble synne so vpolent

No worthe you whiche do me forsake
No worthe you whiche wylllyngely offende
No worthe your swerynge whiche dothe not asslake
No worthe you whiche wyll nothyng amende
No worthe byre that dothe on you attende
No worthe your grete unkyndenes to me

No worthe your hertes withouten pyte

No worthe your fallhode and your doublenesse

No worthe also your corrupte Iugement

No worthe delyte in worldely rycheffe

No worthe debate without extynguyshment

No worthe your wordes so moche impacient

No worthe you vnto whome I dyde bote

And wo worthe you that tere me at the rote

Blessyd be ye that loue humylyte

Blessyd be ye that loue trouthe and pacyence

Blessyd be ye folowyngge werkes of equyte

Blessyd be ye that loue well abstynence

Blessyd be ye vprygyns of excellence

Blessyd be ye whiche loue well vertue

Blessyd be ye whiche do the worlde eschue

Blessyd be ye that heuenly Joye do loue

Blessyd be ye in vertuous gouernaunce

Blessyd be ye whiche do pleasures reprove

Blessyd be ye that consyder my greuaunce

Blessyd be ye whiche do take repentaunce

Blessyd be ye remembryngge my passyon

Blessyd be ye makynge petycyon



Blessyd be ye folowyngge my trace

Blessyd be ye souynge trybulacyon

Blessyd be ye not wyllynge to trespase

Blessyd be ye of my rashpracyon

Blessyd be ye of good operacyon

Blessyd be ye vnto me ryght kynde
Blessyd be you whiche haue me in your mynde

Blessyd be ye leuynges yll company
Blessyd be ye hauntynges the vertuous
Blessyd be ye that my name magnesy
Blessyd be ye techynges the vycyous
Blessyd be ye good and relygyous
Blessyd be ye in the lyfe temperall
Whiche applye yourselke to Joye celestyall

The bretyll worlde ryght often transmutable
Who wyl in it his lyfe and tyme well spende
Shall Joye attayne after inestimable
For in the worlde he must fyrst condyscende,
To take grete payne as his power wyl extende
Agaynst the worlde the flesshe and the deuyll
By my grete grace for to withstande theyr enyll

For who can be a gretter fole than he
That spendeth his tyme to hym vncertayne
For a breuyat pleasure of worldly vanyte
Than after that to haue eternall payne
Who of the worlde delyteth and is fayne
Shall after sorowe and cry be ve
In an other worlde quante sunt tenebre

Who is wyser than he that wyl applye
In the worlde to take payne by due dylgence
After shorte payne to come to grete glorye
Whiche is eterne moost hye of excellence
Where he shall se my grete magnyfyence

With many aungelles whiche for theyr solace
Insaeyately do beholde my face

Regarde no Joye of the erthly consystory
For lyke as Phebus dothe the snowe relent
So passeth the Joyes of the worlde transytory
Tyme renneth fast tyll worldly lyfe be spent
Consyder this in your entendemente
Blessed be they that my worde do here
And kepe it well / for they are to me dere

Therefore good brederne your hertes encline
To loue and drede me that am omnipotent
Bothe god and man in Joye celestyne
Beholde my body all to torne and rent
With your spytefull othes cruell and vyolent
I loue you ye hate me ye are to harde herted
I helpe you ye tere me so how for you I smerted

Mercy and peace dyde make an vnyte
Bytwene you and me but trouthe & ryghtwysnesse
Do nowe complayne byddyng my godheed se
How that ye breke the lege of sothfastnesse
They tell me that by Justyce doubtlesse
I must take vengeaunce vpon you sykerly
That by your swerynge / agayne me crucefy

For at the request of good mercy and peace
I haue forborne you longe and many a daye
Yet more and more your synnes do encrease
Therefore my Justyce wyl no more delaye

But take vengeaunce for all your proude araye
I warne you ofte ye are nothyng the better
But ye amende my vengenaunce Shall be gretter

Contra furatores xpi in celo crucifigentes,
per bernardū dicit dominus. Nonne satis
pro te vulneratus sum! nonne satis pro te af-
flictus sum! desine amplius peccare. q̄r magis
aggrauat balmus peccati quam vulnus lateris
mei.

Am not I wounded for the sufferynt
Haue I not for the ynoughe afflycyon
Leue more to synne by good amendement
The wounde of synne to me is more passyon
Than the wounde of my syde for thy redempcyon
Thoughe I do spare I shall you deskeny
But ye amende to brenne eternally

With my bloody woundes I dyde your chartre seale
Why do you tere it / why do ye breke it so
Syth it to you is the eternall heale
And the releace of euerlastyng wo
Beholde this lettre with the prynte also
Of myn owne seale by perfyte portrature
Prynte it in mynde and ye shall helthe recure

And ye kynges and lordes of renowne
Exorte your seruauntes theyr sweryng to cease
Come vnto me and cast your synne adowne
And I my vengeaunce shall truly releace
With grace and plente / I shall you encrease

And brynge you whiche reuolue inwardly
This is my complaynte to eternall glory.

A M E N.

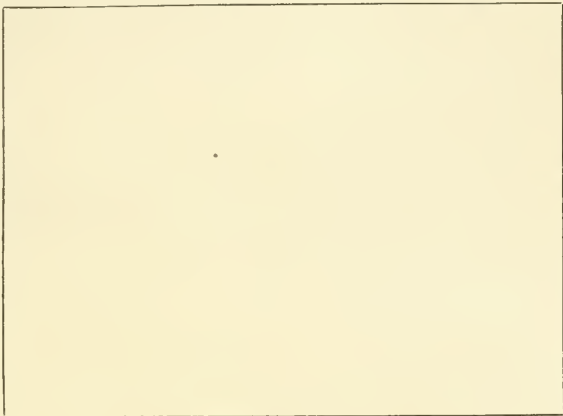
¶ The Auctour as foloweth.

¶ So lytell treatyse deuoyde of eloquence
Tremblynge for dreade to approche the maiceste
Of our souereynge lord surmountynge in excellence
Put under the wyng of his benygnyte
Submyttnge the to his mercyfull pytie.
And beseeche hys grace to pardon thy rudnesse
Wherof late was made to eschewe ydlenesse.

¶ Thus endeth the conuersyon of swerers, made
and compyled by Stephen Hawys, groome of the
chambre of our souerigne lorde Kyng Henry the
seuenth. Enprynted at London, in Fletestrete, at
the hygne of the Sonne, by Wynken de Worde,
Prynter vnto the moost excellent prynces, my lady
the kynges graundame, the yere of our Lord a
MCCCCXX. the first yere of the reigne of our
souerayne lord kyng Henry the VII.



**A Joyfull medytacyon to all Eng-
londe of the coronacyon of our moost naturall soue-
rayne lorde kynge Henry the eyght.**



The prologue.




He prudent problems / & the noble werkes
Of the gentyll poetes in olde antyquyte
Unto this day hath made famous clerkes
For the poetes wrote nothyng in vanyte
But grounded them on good moralyte
Encensynge out the fayre dulect fume
Dur langage rude to exyle and consume

The ryght eloquent poete and monke of bery
Made many fayre bookes / as it is probable
From ydle derkenes / to lyght our emyspery
Whose vertuous pastyme / was moche comendable
Presentynge his bookes / gretely prouffyttable

To your worthy predeceffour the .v. kynge Henry
Whiche regyftred is in the courte of memory

Amyddes the medowe of flora the quene
Of the goddes elycon / is the fprynge or well
And by it groweth / a fayre laurell grene
Of whiche the poetes do ofte wryte and tell
Besyde this olyue / I dyde neuer dwell
To tast the water whiche is aromatyke
For to cause me wryte with lufte rethoryke

Wherefore goodsoverayne / I beseeche your hyghnes
To pardon me whiche do rudely endyte
As in this arte hauynge small intres
But for to lerne is all myn appetyte
In folowynge the monke whiche dyde nobly wryte
Beseechynge your hyghnes and grace debonayre
For to accepte this rude and lytell quayne
¶ Explicit prologus

 God alone in heuen weyngne crowne
In whose inspercte is euery regall se
Both to enhaunce & for to cast adowne
Suche is y power of thy hygh magiste
Neither hardynes treasure nor dygnyte
May withstande thy strengthe whiche is i euery place
So grete and myghty is thy dyuine grace

Two tytles in one thou dydest well vnyfye
Whan the rede rose toke the whyte in maypage
Reygnyngne togyder ryght hygh and noble
From whose vnyd tytlys and worthy lygnage
Descended is by ryght excellent courage
Kynge Henry the .viii. for to reygne doutles
Vnyuersall his fame honour and larges

Whiche hathe spousyd a fayre floure of vertue
Descended of kynges dame katheryn of Spayne

.

By grace and prudens the peace to attayne
Wherefore Englonde thou nedes not complayne
Synth thou hast crowned openly in syght
This kynge and quene by good true loue and ryght

What sholde I shewe by perambulatoryn
All this grete tryumphe of whiche reporte
Is made aboute nowe in euery nacyon
Unto all this realme to be joy and comforte
Wherefore you lordes I humb[ly] you exhorte
Spyrytuall and temporall with the comyns unyfyde
To gyue god the prayse whiche dothe grace prouyde

Englonde be gladde/ the dewe of grace is spred
The dewe of Joy/ the dewe holsome and soote
Dyspylled is nowe from the rose so red
And of the whyte so spryngynge from the roote
After our trouble to be refute and boote
This ryall tree was planted as I knowe
By god aboute the rancour to downe throwe

Who is the floure that dothe this grace dyspyll
But only Henry the .viii. kynge of his name
With golden droppes all Englonde to fulfyll
To shewe his larges his honour and his fame
His dedes thereto exemplefye the same
Wherefore nowe Englonde with hole deuocyon
For this yonge kynge make dayly orayson

Our late souerayne his fader excellent
I knowe ryghte well some holde oppynyon
That to auaryce he had entndement
Gadrynge grete rycheffe of this his regyon
But they lytell knowe by theyr small reason
For what hys entente he gadered doutles
Unto his grace suche innumerable ryches

For I thynke well and god had sente hym lyfe

As they haue meruaylled moche of this gadrynge
So it to them holde haue ben affyrmatyfe
To haue had grete wonder of his spendyng
It may fortune be thought to haue mouyng
Of mortall warre and fayth to stablyshe
Agaynst the turkes theyr power to mynysh

But syth that dethe by his course naturall
Hathe hym arested/ and wolde not delay
Lyke wyse as he was so he we mortall
How/ where/ or whan I can nothyng say
Therefore to god aboute let vs all pray
For to graunt hym mercy whiche was our kynge
Bryngyng his soule to Joy euerlastyng

A fayre Englonde mystruste the ryght nought
Regarde ryght well/ his sonnes justyce
Se how that they whiche inuencyous sought
Delytyng them in the synne of auaryce
To oppresse the comyns by grete pryudyce
Dothe he not punyssh them accordyng to lawe
Such newe promocyous to dampne and withdrawe

Saturne. Fly on the saturne with thy myshy fume
Replete with fraude treason and wyckednes
To shewe thy beames thou darest not presume
So cursed thou arte withouten stablenes
Deuoyde of grace fulfylled with doblenes
Thy power to Englonde was neuer anyable
But alwayes euyl vntreue and varyable

Juppyter. Now gentyll Juppyter the lodesterre of lycht
Thy stedfast beames so fayre and so cleue
Cast now abrede that we may haue a lycht
To gladdde vs all whan that they do appere
Sendyng downe trouthe from thy fulgent spere
For to make our hertes mekely to encline

To serue our souerayne whiche doth nowe dompne

O myghty Mars o god of the warre
O flambynge honour of euery hardy herte
Sende downe thy power truely from so ferre
Us to encourage that we do not sterre
But by hardynes that we may subuerre
Our soueraynes enemyes to him contraypous
By bataylles fyerce ryghtfull and rygorous

Mars.

And thou fayre bryght/ and aureate phebus
Encreace now lyght with loue and honoure
Amonge the lordes so gay and glorys
With thy radyant beames so hye of fauoure
Deuoydunge all trechery debate and rancoure
And yllumpne the mynde with lyberalyte
Of our good souerayne with welth and vnyte

Phebus.

And lady Venus with thy sone Cuppyde
Of euery lorde do nowe the herte enspyre
With feruent loue that he do not syde
And of the rompns set the hertes on fyre
To loue our souerayne with theyr hole desyre
Folowynge his grace with dulcet armonye
To the ryghtfull waye withouten Jeoperdye

Venus.

Also thou Mercury the god of eloquence
The gentyll sterre of grace and vertue
Thy beames of ryght peare and consyence
On our kynges counsayll downe sende and reueue
The trouthe of Justyce/ that they may extue
For to do wronge by the synne of couetyse
That here before hath done grete preiudyse

Mercury.

And thou watery dyane of the se the goddess
With thy broder colus the god of the wynde
Encourage the hertes by inwarde hardynes

Luna.

And ennyes vyse that they be not behynde
Them for to chare and the se to scoure
By grace and fortune in many a stormy flour

O god above/ trononyfed in heuen
In whose wyll resteth euery thyng alone
The skye/ the erthe/ with all the planettes seuen
Without whose grace/ comforte haue we none
As thou arte thre enclused in one
So saue our souerayne/ from all maner wo
And this his realme from mortall warre also

Holy chirche reioyse/ with all your lybertees
Withouten domage/ the kynge wyll ye encrease
And be your helde from all aduersytees
No wronge shall be but he wyll it soone cease
Knyttynge the knotte of fayth loue and peace
Bytwene you and hym without dysurbance
So for to endure by longe contynuaunce

Ryght myghty prynce our goode souerayne lorde
To god enclynnyng he hardy and gladd
Of you and your realme he wyll se concord
Though other nacyons be therfore full sadde
Agaynst you murmyng with theyr werkes badde
Yet drede ye nothyng for god with his myght
Wyll be alwaye redy to defende the ryght

Ryght noble/ wise/ and excellent pryncesse
Ryght benygne lady/ lyberall and vertuous
Descended lynnally of the lyne of noblenesse
Fayre quene Katheryne so swete and precyous
To our souerayne espoused with Joy solacypous
Almyghty god gyue grace to multiplye
From you your floures to reygne ryght vally

And lady Mary prynces ryght beauteuous
Indued with honour/ vertue and prudence

Ryght meke/ goodly/ gentyll and gracyous
Syster ryght dere vnto the excellence
Of our good souerayne/ surmountynge in sapyence
Ryght fayre yonge lady/ the grette lorde about
He graunte you grace/ high fame/ fortune/ and loue

And all you lordes and ladyes honourable
And you noble knyghtes so hauntynge chynalry
Unto our souerayne be meke and tendable
Whiche wyll rewarde you well and nobly
As to shewe his largesse vnyuersally
Encouragynge your hertes wth courage chynalrous
In tyme of batayll for to be vyrtoryous

And all ye offycers of euery degre
Beware extorcyon/ for and it be knowen
No doute it is but ye shall punysshed be
Take hede of them/ the whiche be ouerthrowen
Remember well how fortune hath blowen
The promoters downe/ and castynge them full lowe
In solowynge them ye shall fall as I trowe

Englonde be true and loue well eche other
Obey your souerayne/ and god omnytpotent
Whiche is about/ of all the worlde the rother
Wyll sende you welthy/ from whom all goode is sente
He gyue vs grace to kepe his cōmaundement
And saue our souerayne/ with his semely quene
With all theyr bloode/ without trouble and tene

¶ Amen.

¶ Excusacio auctoris

¶ So lytell treatyse submyt the humbly
To our souerayne lorde/ to be in his presence
Beseechynge his grace to accepte the mekely
And to pardon thy rudenes and necligence

.

To compyle those maters whiche holde pleasure be
Unto his hyghnes and regall maiestie

Now ye fayre ladies / wyse and vertuous
I ryght humbly praye you for to condyscende
To accepte my makynge nothyng facundious
I wolde that fortune wolde connyngge extende
That myn endytynge I myght than amende
To dyrecte my maters after your pleasaunce
Whiche yet replete am with all ygnoraunce

A D E R

¶ Thus endeth this Joyfull medytacyon made & com-
pyled by Stephen hawes somtyme grome of þe cham-
bre of our late souerayne lorde kynge Henry þe seventh
¶ Enprynted at London in þe fletestrete at þe sygne of
the sonne by wynkyn de worde.

