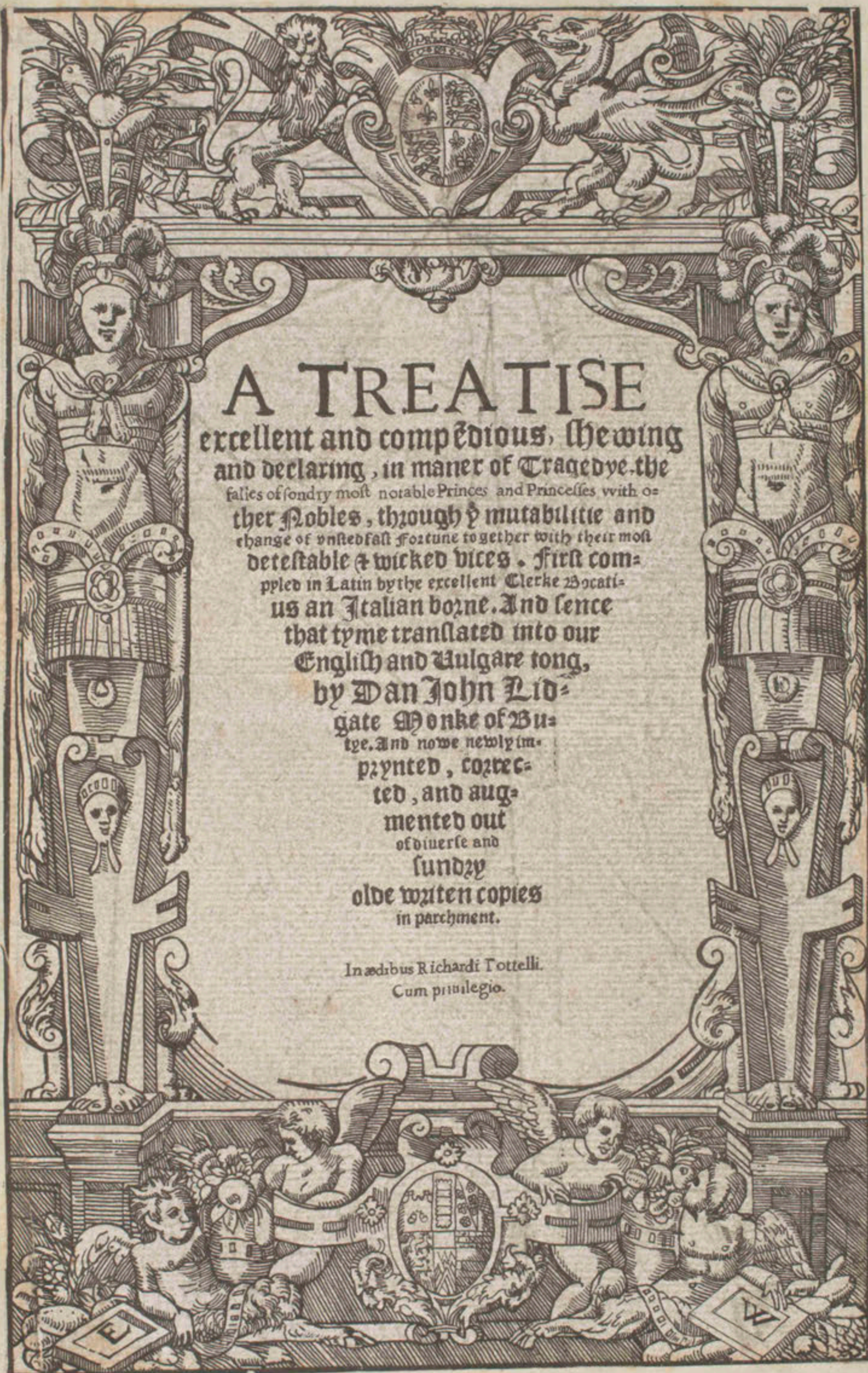




A TREATISE
excellent and compediuous, shewing
and declaring, in maner of Tragedye, the
fallies of sondry most notable Princes and Princesses with o-
ther Nobles, through y mutabilitie and
change of vnstedfast Fortune together with their most
detestable & wicked vices. first com-
pyled in Latin by the excellent Clerke Bocati-
us an Italian borne. And sence
that tyme translated into our
English and Vulgare tong,
by Dan John Lid-
gate Monke of Bu-
tche. And nowe newly im-
prynted, correc-
ted, and aug-
mented out
of diuerse and
sundry
olde wyten copies
in parchment.

In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.
Cum privilegio.

The daunce of Machabree.

¶ Lennoye of the
translatoure.

O ye my lordes & maisters all in feare,
of auenture þæt þal this daunce reade
Lowely I pray with all myne heart,
to correct where as ye se nede (entere.
for nought elles I aske for my mede,
But goodly support of this translatioun,
and with fauour to suppowalle dzebe,
beninglye in your correccion.

Out of the French I drough it of entent,
not word by word, but folowing in substance
And from Paris to England it sent,
only of purpose you to do pleasaunce.
haue me excused my name is John Lidgate
Rude of langage, I was not boine in frace
Her curious miter in Englishe to traslate
Of other tong I haue no suffisance.

¶ There endeth the daunce of
Machabree.

¶ Imprinted at London

in Fleetestrete within Temple barre at
the sygne of the hande and starre, by Richard
Cottel, the .x. day of September in the
yeare of oure Lorde.

1554.

Cum Priuilegio ad impre-
mendum solum.

The prologe

And with support of his magnificence
Under the winges of his correccion,
Though that I haue lacke of eloquence,
I shal procede in this translation,
fro me auoyding al presumption,
lowly submitting euery houre and space
My rude language to my Lordes grace.

And(as I haue o thynge wel in mind)
He bade I should in especiall
folowe myne auctour wrytten as I fynde,
And for no fauour be not parciall,
Thus I meane to speake ingenerall,
And none estate singlerly depaue,
But the sentence of myne auctour saue.

At this conceiued, I gan my stile dresse,
thought I would in my matter procede
And for the matter abrayde on heauines,
Of freshe colours I toke no maner hede,
But my processe playnly for to lede
(As me semed) it was to me most mete
to set a part all Rethorikes swete.

Ditties of mourning and of complayning
Doe not pertain vnto Calliope,
Nor to the muses that on Parnaso syng,
which ben remembred in nobers thise three,
And vnto matters of aduersitee,
with theyr sugred aureat licour,
they been not willye for to don fauour.

But of disdeyn me setten farre abacke,
to hinder me of that I would endite,
hauing no colours but only white & blacke
to the tragedies which that I shal wryte.
And(for I can my selfe no better acquite)
Under support of al that shall it rede,
Upon Bochas right thus I will procede.

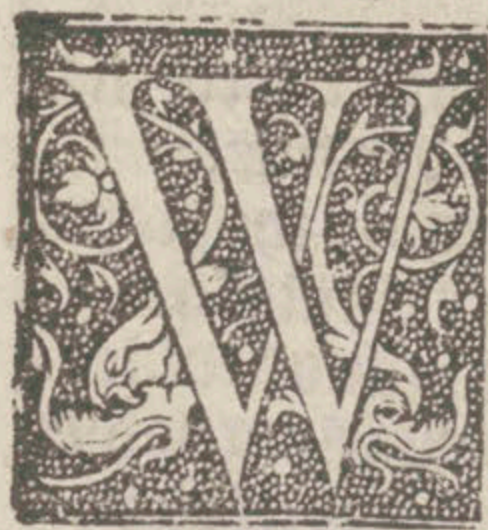
Thus endeth the authours prologe.
And here beginneth
the first booke.





Howe Adam and Eue for theyr
inobedience wer put out of paradise, and li-
ued in sozow and woe, they & their offspringe:
And how they standyng naked befoze Bo-
chas, desyred him to putte theyr woefull fall
fyrst in remembraunce.

The fyrst Chapter.



Wan John Bochas,
considred had and sought
The woeful fall,
of mightie conquerours:
A remembraunce entred
In his thought,
Rekening the numbze
of our predecestours.

And first to mynd came the progenitours
of all mankynd, farre I ranne in age,
And toward him holding their passage.

And as him thought in his inward sight
In their comming full pitouslye tremlyng,

Quaking for age and for lacke of might,
their great feblesse by signes out shewing,
And one of fyrst at hys cummyng
Our fader Adam sodeynly abraide,
And to mine autour euen thus he sayde.

Osine Bochas, I wil wel that thou lere
thou that art busy to searche out ouer al,
Of infortune the maner to enquire,
Her sodayn chaunge turning as a ball,
of earthly princes from theyr estate royall:
It is most sitting or we a sundre twinne,
It vs twayn thy processe to begynne.

Considre fyrst the lord in his auyse,
whan he vs made vnto his likenes.
He put vs both into paradise,
There to haue liued in perfit stablenes,
till the serpent did his busines,
of false enuie, to make vs lese our grace,
Perpetually textile vs from that place.

And

The fifth

Of new agayn al the commontie,
Fro Rome sent Caius Marius,
Foz the murders and horrible crueltie,
Wrought by Jugurtha the tyrant furious,
Which to reforme the sayd Caius,
A consule of purpose was sent down,
A manly knight and famous of renown.

Ful notably the warres he began,
Wrought euery thing of hys prouidence,
And fortune which helpeth a hardy man,
Gave him great fauour by her influence,
And alder fyrst he did his diligence,
Foz to auoyde all that wer vicious,
Delicate people and folkes lecherous.

A day was set and taken a battayle,
By Jugurtha by false subtiltie,
Promysed much good which might not auaille
to haue corrupt if it would haue be,
The sayd Marius, but euer in one degre,
He stode ay stable, byright as a wall,
And toke none hede to his profer at all.

Then Jugurtha in party despayred,
Greatly astonied within himself musing,
But like a man hyndred and appeyred,
He gan purpose anone a new thyng,
Of Mauritayne he went to the king,
to geat helpe, which called was Bocchus,
Him to succour ageyn this Marius.

Twene the was made of newe an alliance
the which last but a litle space,
Foz king Bocchus gan fal in repentance,
Cast he would resort to the grace,
Of the Romayns, and no more trespase,
And to persourne this entencion,
He made to Marius this mediation.

There was one Sylla called a Questor,
Of Marius host had gouernaunce,
Foz king Bocchus he was mediatour,
That there was newly accordance,
twene hem and Caius, & by the purueyance
of this Bocchus, Jugurtha anon was hent
Maugre his might, and to Marius sent.

And al his kingdom without resistance,
Agein to Romayns came vnder obeysance.

And Marius forgave them their offence,
Receiued them vnder assurance
that he shal not by dome doe no vengeance,
to punish the trespases that they did afoyn,
the space accounted fro time they wer boyn.

Jugurtha taken almost foz anger mad,
Was brought to Rome & fetted in prison,
to Tarpeia an hye hil he was lad,
Judgement youe foz his false treason,
Bound to a stone and after throwe down,
Fro the place full hye where he stode,
without mercy into Tybre flood.

Clenuoye.

This may be wel called a tragedy,
By description taking autozitie,
Foz tragedy as Poetes specifye,
Gynneth with ioye, endeth with aduersitie,
From hye estate cast in lowe degre,
Example taken this story sayth aright,
Of Jugurtha that was first a good knyght.

At his ginning famous in chivalry,
Gate Humantia of Spayn a great Citie
But in repaying home to that partie,
I meane whan he came home to his cuntrey,
He changed knyghthod into crueltie,
With couetise so blynded was the sight,
Of Jugurtha that first was a good knyght.

His wit, his power, he wholy did applye
To hateful murder, fraude and subtiltie
Bextort tytle himselfe to magnifie
flough rightfull heires rest the their libertie
by false intrusion clambe vp to their see
& gaue no force whether it wer wrog or right
A thing contrary to euery worthy knyght.

Noble princes lift vp your heartes eye,
within your selfe remembre and doe see
Of this murdre the hatefull tyranny
with oppression done to the commontie
His gynning good, a cursed end had he,
Murdre cryeth vengeance day and night
A thing contrary to euery woorthy knyght.

The ende of the fifth booke.

The Sixth Booke. Fo. cxliii.



There Bochas sitting in his studie alone, writeth a great processe howe Fortune lyke a monstrous ymage, hauing an hundred handes appeared vnto hym and spake, and Bochas vnto her: Makynge betwene them both many gret argumentes & reasons of Fortunes chaunces.

The fyrst Chapter.

In his studie alone as Bochas stode, his pene in hond of sodein auenture, To remembre he thought it did him good. Howe that no man maye himself assure In worldly thinges fully to recure. Grace of fortune to make her to be stable

Her dayly chaunces be so variable.

She braydeth euer on the chauntplure now sog, now weping, now wo now gladnes flow in mirth, now in peyn to endure (nes now light, now heuy, now bitter, now swete. flow in trouble, now free, now in distresse, Shewing to vs a maner resemblaunce, No worldly welth hath here none assurace.

While Bochas pensief stode in his library with chere oppressed pale in his visage, Sumdele abashed alone and solitary, To him appeared a monstrous ymage, Parted on twayne of colour and coage, Her right syde full of somer flours, the tother oppressed w winters stormy shous (wres

Bochas astonied feareful for to abrayde, when he beheld the wonderfull figure Of fortune, thus to him selfe he sayde: what may this meane, is this a creature? Or a monstre transfourmed ageins nature? whose brening ypen sparkling of their light As do sterres the frosty winters night.

Cc.ii. And

The daunce of Machabree.



Death fyrst speaketh vnto the
pope, and after to euery degree as
foloweth.

On this daunce with other for to trace,
For which al honoz, who prudently can see,
is litle worth that doth so soone passe.

Death speaketh to the Emperour.



(Dignitie,
Y^e been set most in high
Of al estates in earth
spirituall,
And like as Peter hath
the soueraintee,
Ouer the church and
states temporall,
vpon this daunce ye first begin shall,
As most worthy lord and gouernour,
For al the worship of your estate papall,
And of Lordship to god is the honour.

The Pope maketh aunswere.

Fyrst me behoueth this daunce for to lede
which sat in earth highest in my see,
the state ful perilous whoso taketh hede,
To occupie Peters dignitee,
But for al that, death I may not flee,

Y^e Emperour lord of al the grounde
souereine prince & highest of noblesse,
Ye mot forsake of gold your apple round
scepter and swerde & al your high prowesse
behind leten your treasour and your riches
And with other to my daunce obey,
Against my might is worth none hardnes,
Adams children al they must deye.

The Emperour maketh aunswere.

I Note to whom that I may appeale,
touching death which doth me so constrain
there is no gin to helpen my querel,
but spade and pickoys my graue to attayne
A simple herte there is nomore to seyn,
to wrappen in my body and visage,
wherupon soze I me compleyne,
That Lordes great haue litle auantage.

Death

The daunce of Machabree.

Fol. CCxi.

Death speaketh to the
Cardinal.

Death speaketh to the
Patriarche.

Be been abashed it semeth and
in drede,
Sy Cardinal it sheweth by
your chere,
But yet for thy ye folowe shall in dede,
With other folke my daunce for to lere,
your great aray al shal leauen here,
your hat of red, your besture of great coste,
All these thynges reckoned well in feare,
In great honour good auple is losse.

The Cardinall maketh
aunswere.

I haue great cause, certes this is no fable,
To be abashed and greatly dread me,
Sith death is come me sodainly to assaile
that I shall neuer hereafter clothed be,
In grise nor Ermine like vnto my degree,
Mine hat of red leuen eke in distresse,
By which I haue learned wel and see,
how that al soye endeth in heauines.

Death speaketh to the
kyng.

Noble kyng most worthy of renown
Come forth anone for al your
worthines,
That whylom had about you enuiron,
Great roialtie and passing hye noblesse,
But right anon al your great highnes,
Sole from your men in hast ye shall it lete,
who most aboundeth here in great riches,
Shall beare with hym but a litle.

The kyng maketh
aunswere.

I haue nought learned here to for to daunce
no daunce in sooth of footyng so sauage,
where through I se by clere demonstraunce
what pride is worth or force of high linage,
Death all fordoth this is his blage,
Great and smal that in this world sojourne
Who is most meke I hold hym most sage.
For we shall all to the dead aches tourne.

Sy Patriarche al your humble chere,
He quiteth you nought nor your
humilitie,
your double crosse of gold and stones clere
your power whole and al your dignitie,
Some other shall of very equitie,
Possede anon as I rehearse can,
Trusteth neuer that ye shall Pope be,
For holy hope deceiueth many a man.

The Patriarche maketh
aunswere.

Worldly honour gret treasure & riches,
Haue me deceiued soothfastly in dede
Mine old soyes been turned into tristesse
what auayleth such treasures to possede?
It climbeth vp a fall bath for his mede,
Great estates folke waster out of number,
who mounteth high, it is sure and no drede,
Great burden doth hym oft encomber.

Death speaketh to the
Cunstable.

It is my ryght to arest you and
constreynne,
With vs to daunce my mayster
Sir Cunstable,
for more stronger than euer was Charlemain,
Death hath afforced and more worchipable,
for hardines ne knighthode this is no fable
nor strong armure of plates nother of maile
what gayneth armes of folkes most notable
whan cruell death list him to assaile?

The Cunstable maketh
aunswere.

My purpose was and whole entencid
to assail castels & mighty fortresses
And byng folke vnto subieccion,
to seke honour, fame, and great riches.
But I see that al worldly prowesse,
Death can abate which is a great despite,
to him alone, sorow and eke sweetenes,
for agaynst death is found no respite.

CC.ii. Death