

The metyng

OF DOCTOR BARONS AND
 doctor Powell at Paradise gate
 of theyz communicacion bothe
 drawen to Smithfyld frō
 the Tower. The one
 burned for Heresye
 as the papistes
 do saye,
 /n-truly
 and the other
 quartered
 for po-
 pety
 and all within
 one bou-
 re.
 d

Powel

Tis scene often
that men mete nowe and then
but so do hylles neuert
what wynde draue the hevches

Barons

Demaunde thou wherfore
for quynt cuet moxe
I haue trauld longe therfore

Powel

Whyp I the desire
thy reward is boynng fyre
thy trauell was non other
but against holt churches moches

Barons

Trulpe thou doste not saye
ful bcsy I haue bene
Goddes worde so pure & cleane
as it hathe bene wel seue
to op en nyghte and daye
but I haue bene so croppid
pollid and noppid



and

and so often stopped
In that my godly Journe
ever some pepishetrayne
out of a byshoppes bpayne
dyd turne me backe agayne
cleane besyde the waye
so for the verye trothe
I fasyd wþch manye an oþre
and susteyninge muche wrothe
my dewtye coulde not doo
thoughe Barons was my name
and had grudge and blame
rebuke disdayne and shame
wþth forowe care and woo
by many of the wycked
I was spozid at and kycked,
when that they were pycked
one the galde backe
that they myghte fulfull
theyre pepishetrayned wyll
and so contene we stylle
with malis lie and cracke
they made many listes

A.S.

and

and gaue no smal giftes
now little to theire thriktes
by burning very longe
they alleged many lawes
after their owne lawes
not wodly, i.e. strawes
to put pore men to wronge
some pore sely sowles
were brought forthe to powles
with carefull heuy nowles
suffering muche shame and care
some had ther names
with tauntes rebukes and shame,
and constrainyd were w blaines
tagots for to were
some in prison depe
did lye and slepe
and coulde not stirze nor crepe
lyke theues as they had bene
with course barley b̄d
very hungerly feade
so heuy as any leade
theire dyuke was water thin

if they had not sought aboufe
strendes to get them out
longe ells they mought
in prison tarry still
and yet no cause why
that they coulde pacifie
orells truly iustice
but theyz malice to fulfylle
for the truthe sake
some they did make
their gods to forſake
some were exiled clene
many they did spill
banynshe burne and kyll
folowyg theyz wicked wyll
lyke theues as they had bene
some in the bishoppes chamberre
privadlye examined were
because þ people shuld not cō nere
to knowe what there was done
wythe threateninges all to maiynd
and fasinges so ze blaſmud
to recante they were constrainyd

from thens or they were gone

Dowell

If Barons thou raylest
it is not true thou saylest
to lewdly thou saylest
in thy communication
tell some other tayle
and do no longer rayle
for els I will not sayle
to leave the here alone.

Barons.

It is your old pleyng
that we do vse rayling
the truth when we besayeng
against your nougty lyutng
ye can not abyde
youre wyckednes should be spyde
or the truth shold be cride
ye be therat so byting
but God that sitteth on hys
so haue on me mercie
if I entent to lye
or therof wyll make recyding

ther

therfore brother powell
though on pope; y stylle sinelle
and will not that I tell
you; detestable fasshion
as I am so I am
nothir popish nor roman
but a very christian
and that on christes passion
for wittnes do I call
though bitter was my fall
I am content with all
let me my mynd declare
for I will not spare
nowe I am past care
the truth for to saye
mercy I tell the shewed they waue
but a way with flesh and bone
of them they cried anone
that spake against they; wyl
better it were they sayd
in yrons that he were teyd
or to the fter leyde
then our kingdom he should spyll

stil

All about they sought
and spicfully wrought
speaking that was not thought
the truthe to put to flight
with malycie to much vised
Judally they accused
the truthe to be refusid
was all theyz delyght
abroab were sent lyvers
of p[re]stes and of friers
to be priuy spiers
to put Gods woord to wrong
who did not cease
malycie to increase
and not quietnes
through the ynglysh thrauge
if they had remembred well
what on the Jewes fel
persecuting the gospell
and the vndoubted truyth
Then woulde they loke about
and feare their popish rone
in peaces shuld brent out

or haue a great tuyth
a deuylsh mad deuile
well doing to dispise
namynge the newgisse
as lone did it call
whiche be the holy roode
hath done much more good
to our ynglysh bloud
then the old fasshion all

Powell.

Cease thy communacation
against the olde fasshion
our catholyke tradicion
what doest thou knowe
of bate or sediscon
of grudge or rebellyon
within ynglysh region
that the old sorte did so we
I see thou dust not sayle
to Ieste and to tayle
with an euell tayle,
and malyciously to crowne.

Batons

thou popish asse
shall I let passe
the prelates iniquitas
wherat totus mundus
tozeth at the bishops
with their comysh shiphockes
the popes praty cokes
I meane plainlye thus
who lyst to seke about
may in chyonicles sone finde oute
what sedes the popish route
in yngland hath lowen
because the time is short
I shall brefely report
and wright in dewe sort
them what I haue knowen
and howe manifullly hardy
the fathers of the clargy
and nothing at all hardy
in lyes, disvayne and pryde
spared no expence
nor yet dayly diligence
by the prente defence

Gods

Godis worde for to hyde
sinna sinnerum is
that thou in no wyse myself
to conuycye this
to the high prelates al
it is my last writing
I wold they use no byting
yer open sittinge
what soever therof be fal

I fane esce
ped on the e
ther side o
this page
the iii.
Line for
dronke b
kes rede d
hes bloud

THE LETTER OF BARONS

Ful heuy I say they ought to be
for so long clokig of godis veritt
and to lament right bitterly
calling for mercye
that he wold their eyes open
þ the þ stony harts may be broken
whyche so longe hathe bene soken
with doctrine so fylthy
all the woölde doth nowe it spye
and wonderfully upon them crye
that they so long chyiste dyd denye

out

for our only helth & saufoure
we made vs beleue on stoks & stong
dronken blockes and drye bones,
to be all helpers for the nones
for our wicked behauore
holly bred and holly water
w redde letters wrytten in paper
and to the cake as to oure maker
to trust they did vs teache
for the thonder to the holly bell
and at our dethe the holly candel
masses propiscatory they did sel
to be out helping leche
for this lordes laydes and knyghts
they haue had in greate despighte
w many other that nowe wright
against theyz abhominacion
it is wel knownen and now espied
by my bloude and other that tryed
in smithefild god's word hath tried
theyz pharisis olde fasshion
suche as was to polles called
and in prisones cruelly scallid

for

for gods worde a spitfully bralled
for vengeaunce haue cried
to god who w ye pze lats now hath
for theyz crampy weut let (ment
& for thyz Juggelng & snatig net
this cannot be dented
therer is no man that now brookes
These stowte crakes a hie lookest
their double hartes & fablig bokes
their pride do abate
thogh truth was inclosed in a wal
it is broken out and now doth fall
your lordly pride brother snowbal
all these be sene of late.

Powell.

Thou abhominable heretike
fantasticall and lunatike,
thi wordes mi hart do throw prick
thus to heare the rayle
prate and say what thou wyll
the papistes therat haue no skyll
they wyll kepe their holde styll
and thou shalt not preueyle

If se therē is no remedy
any longer to talke w̄ the
as thou was so wilte thou be
abominable hereticke
as for thy letter to conueye
to my prelates stoute and gaye
here I openlye saye the naye
and thereat trust and stycke
they w̄ll p̄euaple whē þ̄ art gone
when þ̄ add thine lamente & mone
þ̄ei haue to be mett it is wel knouē
no sorowe can make them sickē

Barons

The deuel, a lyȝ brother powell
dust thou saye but I tel the tel
let them lyȝe any longer to smell
and theyȝ fusty popery
þ̄ei know þ̄ law þ̄ei know þ̄ paine
they can no longer cloke nor fayne
and if ther̄ do I tel the certayne
theyȝ rewarde is playne topety
hereof I nedē not much to saye
þ̄ assayed þ̄ game þ̄ knywest þ̄ play

let

let them turne theyȝ mynd a traye
and styrfe not against the right
if þ̄ lordly poure myght ons a bate
then wold they quickly open þ̄ gate
of true doctrine whch of late
king henty did bring to light
god saue kig Edwards noble grace
& send his highenes tyme & space
to contynewe forþ his godly trage
by gods powere and myght
& send þl chaunte & crokis happens
to all suche popishe forkyd capes
that gaue so manye cursd slappes
for gods blissted w̄ord
so hath he done it is certayne
they haue not won I tel the pletne
and never shal tyl they haue agaie
the pope to be therē lord

Powel

The deuel of hel be thy gyde
thou dust euer braule and chyde
against my sorte and dust not hyde
one word lesse or more

thou

thou saist thou comest to haue rest
thou shalt be the Deuels geste
and hereto I wyl do my best
thou mayst be sure therfore.

Finis,

Impynted

At London, at the signe of the
Hyll, at the west doore of
Paules. By Wylly-
am Hill. And the
re to be
sold

