

shanke them taken me for an honest poore man, and shew- ed me much kindness: but as for their secretts, they were to wile to commit them to any such as I am.

Heradventure quoth the Gentleman, thou searcht to utter any thing of them, because they were thy frends, lest they hearing thereof, might hereafter withdraw their friend ship from thee, which thou desirest not to feare, I warrant thee, for they are sure enough, and neuer like to pleasure thee more, ner no man els.

With that the water flood in Marbeckes eyes. Why weepst thou quoth the Gentleman? Oh sir, quoth he, I pray you pardon me, these men haue done me good, where- fore I beseech the liuing God to comfort them as I would be comforted my selfe.

Well quoth the Gentleman, I perceiue thou wilt play the wile: and then he opened one of the bookes, and asked him if he understood any Latine. But a little sir, quoth he. How is it then, quoth the gentleman, that thou hast trans- lated thy booke out of the latin Concoz dance, & yet under- standest thy learned the tongue? I will tell you quoth he. In my youth I learned the principles of my Grammat, whereby I haue some understanding therein, though it be very small. When the gentleman began to try him in the latin Concoz dance & English Bible which he had brought: and when he had so done, & was satisfied, he called vp his man to fet away the bookes, & so departed, leaving Marbecke alone in the chamber, the doore fast shut vnto him.

About two houres after, the Gentleman came againe, with a sheet of paper folded in his hand, & sate him down vpon the beds side (as before) & sayd: by my troth Mar- becke, my lord seeth to much wilfulness in thee, that he saith it is pity to do thee good. when wast thou last in Haynes? Forsooth, quoth he, about a thre weekes agoe, I was at dinner with him. And what talk, quoth the Gentleman, had he at his word? I ca not tel now, quoth he. No, quoth the gentleman, thou art not so dull witted, to forget a thyng in so short space. Yes sir, quoth he, such familiar talk as me do vie at their bordes, is most commonly by the next day forgotten, and so it was with me. Didst thou neuer, quoth the Gentleman talke with him, nor with none of thy fel- lowes, of the Masse, or of the blessed Sacrament? No, for- sooth, quoth he. Now forsooth, quoth the Gentleman, thou liest, for thou hast bene sene to talke with Westwood, and other of thy fellowes, an houre together in the church, wher honest men haue walked vp and downe beside you, & as euer they haue drawn neare you, ye haue staied your talk till they haue bene past you, because they should not heare wherof you talked. I deny not, quoth he, but I haue tal- ked with Westwood and other of my fellowes, I cannot tel how oft, which maketh not that we talked epyther of the Masse, or of the sacrament: for men maye common & talke of many matters, that they would not p euery man should heare, and yet far from any such thyng: therefore it is good to iudge the best. well quoth the Gentleman, thou must be playner with my Lord then this, or els it wyl bee wrong with thee, and that sooner then thou weneest. How playne will his Lordship haue me to be sir, quoth he? There is nothing that I can do and say with a safe conscience, but I am ready to do it at his Lordships pleasure. What tellest thou me quoth the gentleman of thy conscience? Thou maist with a safe conscience utter those that be heretikes, and so doying thou canst do God and the king no greater seruice. If I knew sir, quoth he, who were an heretike in dedde, it were a thing: but if I should accuse him to be an heretike that is none, what a woyme would that be in my conscience so long as I liued: yea it were a great deale better for me to be out of this lyfe, then to lyue in such torment. In faith quoth the Gentleman, thou knowest as well who be here- rikes of thy fellowes at home, and who be none, as I doe knowe this paper to be in my hand: but it maketh no mat- ter, for they shall all be sent for and examined: and thinkest thou that they will not utter and tell of thee all that they can? yes I warrant thee. And what a foolish dole art thou, that wilt not utter aforeshand what they be, seeing it stand- doth vpon thy deliuerance to tell the truth? What soeuer quoth he, they shall say of me, let the doe it in the name of God, for I will say no more of the, nor of no man els, then I knowe. Mary quoth the Gentleman if thou wilt doe so, my L. requireth no more. And for as much as now per- aduenture, thy wits are troubled, so that thou canst not call things euen by & by to remembrance. I haue brought thee inke & paper, that thou mayest excoigate with thy selfe, & write such things as shal come to thy mynd. O lord, quoth Marbecke, what will my L. do: will his lordship com- pel me to accuse men, and wot not wherof? No, quoth the Gentleman, my L. compelleth thee not, but gently entrea- ted thee to say the truth. Therefore make no more adoe, but write, for my Lord will haue it so, and so layd downe the

ynke and paper and went his way.

Now was Marbecke to full of heauienes and wo, that he wylt not what to do, nor how to set the pen to the booke to satisfie the Bishops mynd, vntlesse he did accuse men to the woundyng of his owne soule. And thus beyng com- palled about with nothing but sorow and care, he cryed out to God in his hart, fallyng downe with weeping tears and sayd:

O most mercifull father of heauen, vpon that knowest the se- cret doings of all men, haue mercy vpon thy poore prisoner which is destitute of all helpe and comfort. Assiste me (O Lorde) with thy speciall grace, that to saue this frayle and vile bodye, which shall turne to corruption at his tyme, I haue no power to say or to write any thing, that may be to the calling awaye of my christen brother: but rather (O Lord) let this vile flesh suffer at thy will and pleasure. Grant this, O most mercifull father, for thy deare sonne Iesus Christes sake.

Then he rose vp and beganne to search his conscience what he might write, and at last framed out these wordes: wher as your Lordship will haue me write such thyngs as I knowe of my fellowes at home: please it your lord ship to vnderstand, that I cannot call to remembrance a- ny manner of thing wherby I might iustly accuse any one of them, vntlesse it be that the reading of the new testament (which is common to all men) be an offence: more the this I know not.

Now the Gentleman about his houre appointed, came agayne, and found Marbecke walking vp and downe the chamber. How now, quoth he, hast thou written nothing? yes sir, quoth he, as much as I know. well sayd, quoth the Gentleman, and toke vp the paper. Which when hee had read, he cast it from him in a great fume, swearing by our lordes body, that he would not for xx. pound, carry it to his L. and maister. Therefore quoth he, go to it againe, and aduise thy selfe better, or els thou wilt set my Lord against thee, and then art thou utterly vndone. By my troth sir, quoth Marbecke, if hys Lordshippe shall keepe me here these liuen years, I can say no more then I haue sayde. When wilt thou repent it, quoth the Gentleman, and so putting vp hys penna and inkeborne, departed wryth the paper in hys hand.

The third examination of Marbecke, before the Byshop of Winchester hymselfe in his owne house.

The next day, which was wednesday, by viij. of the clocke in the morning, the bishop sent for Marbecke to his house at S. Mary Meries, and as he was entering in- to the bishops hall, he sawe the bishop himselfe commyng out at a doore in y upper end thereof, with a rolle in his had, and goyng toward the great wyndow, he called the poore man vnto him and sayd: Marbecke, wilt thou cast awoaye thy selfe? No my Lord quoth he, I trust. Yes, quoth the B. thou goest about it, for thou wilt utter nothing. what a deuill made thee to meddle with the scriptures? Why v- dication was an other way, wher in thou hast a goodly gyft, if thou didst esteeme it? Yes my Lord, quoth he, I doe esteeme it and haue done my part therein, accordyng to that litle knowlege that God hath geuen me. And why the de- uill quoth the Byshop, bydst thou not holde thee there? and with that he flang awaye from the wyndow out of the Hall, the poore man following him from place to place, til he had brought him into a long gallery, and being there, y bishop began on this wise: A sirha, quoth he, the next of you is broke I trow. And vnfolding his roll (which was about an elne long) he said: Behold, here be your captains both Hobby and Haynes, with all the whole pacce of thy secte about windfore, & yet wilt thou utter none of them. Alas my lord quoth he, how should I accuse them, by whō I know nothing: well, quoth the bish, if thou wilt needs cast away thy selfe, who can let thee: what helpers haddest thou in setting forth thy booke? Forsooth my lord, quoth he none. Now quoth the bishop: how can that be? It is not possible that thou shouldst do it without helpe. Truly my L. quoth he, I can not tel in what part your lordship doth take it, but how soeuer it be, I will not deny but I did it without the helpe of any man saue God alone. Nay quoth the B. I do nor discomend thy diligece, but what shouldst thou meddle with that thyng which pertayned not to thee? And in speaking these wordes, one of his Chaplaynes, (called M. Bedow) came vp and sayd himselfe at a win- dow, to whō the bishop sayd, here is a marueilous thinge. This fellow hath taken vpon him to set out the Concoz- dance in english, which booke whē it was set out in latyn was not done without the helpe and diligence of a dosen learned men at the least, and yet will he beare me in hand that he hath done it alone. But say what thou wilt, quoth

Marbecke brought to great distresse.

Marbeckes pray- er vnto God.

Marbeckes wordes written in Winchesters paper.

Winchesters gentleman re- turneth the third time to Marbeckes.

Well sworne and like a right Papist.

The third exa- mination of Marbeck.

Christ sayth, Scrutansini Scripturas: And Winches- ter sayth the Deuill maketh men to meddle with the Scrip- tures.

Marbeck charg- ed for setting forth the Con- cordance.

Marbecke cannot be persuaded to detect others.

Another talke be- tweene Winchesters gentleman and Mar- becke.

How Win- chester hun- teth for D. Haynes.

Conscience litle pallid of among these pa- pites.

Marke here the wiles of Winchester.

Mar- beck vr- ged to ac- cuse his bre- thren.