

Anno 1553.

The ende and decess of king Edward the sixt.

The report of the Princes Scholemaster, in commendation of his towardnes to the Archb.

The decess of king Edward 6.

Thus having discoursed things done and past, under the raigne of king Edward, such as seemed not burdensome to be knowne, we will now draw to the ende and death of this blessed king, our young Iohannes. who about a yeare and a halfe after the death of the Duke of Somerset hys Uncle, in the yeare of our Lorde 1553, entering into the 17. yeare of his age, and the 7. yeare of his raigne, in the month of June, was taken from vs, for our sinnes no doubt. whome if it had so pleased the good wil of the Lord to have spared with longer life, not unlike it was by all conjectures probably to be esteemed by those his towarde and blessed beginnings, but proceeding so as he began he would have reformed such a Common wealth here in the Realme of England, as by good cause it might have bene sayd of hym, y was sayd in y olde tyme of the noble Emperour Augustus in reforming and aduancing the Empire of Rome: Quamquam ille lateritiam (vt aiebat) accepit, marmoream reliquit. which Empire he receiued (he sayd) of brickes, but he left it of fine Marble. But the condition of this Realme, and the custonable behauiour of English people (whose proprietie is commonly to abuse the sighte of the Gospell when it is offered) desired no such benefite of so blessed a reformation, but rather a contrarye plague of deformation, such as hapned after his raigne, as ye shall heere (the Lord granting) in the nexte Chapteres dayes that followed.

Thus then this godly and vertuous Prince, in the time and moneth aboue mentioned was cut from vs, of whose worthy life and vertues haue bene partly afoze declared. Remembred to haue some monument of him remaining to reddie of the good nature and gentle disposition of that Prince, we will adde hertoe for a remembraunce, thys little Epistle of his own hand wytyng to the Archb. of Cantebury, his Godfather as followeth.

An Epistle of yong Prince Edward to the Archb. of Canterbury his Godfather.

Imperio te plurima salute colendissime Praesul, & charissime Suceptor Quia abes longe a me, vellem libenter audire te esse incolumem. Precor autem vt viuas diu, & promoueas verbum Dei. Vale. Antiz decimo octauo Junij.

Tuus in Christo filius Edwardus Princeps.

An other Epistle of the young Prince Edward, to the Archb his Godfather.

Et puer sum colendissime Suceptor, non tamen immemor sum vel officij erga te mei, vel humanitatis tuae quam indies mihi exhibere studes. Ne exciderit mihi humanitas tua litterarum precibus diui Petri ad me data. Quibus ante hac respondere nolui, non quod illas neglexerim, aut non minerim, sed vtillarum diuina meditatione fruere, fidelique memoria reponerem, atque demum bene ruminatis pro mea virili responderem. Proinde affectum erga me tuum vere paternum, quem in illis expressisti, amplector & veneror, optoque vt multos viuas annos, tuoque pio ac salubri consilio pergas esse mihi venerandus pater. Nam pietatem ante omnia mihi amplectendam & excolendam esse duco, quoniam diuus Paulus dicit: Pietas ad omnia utilis est. Optime valeat tua paternitas in plurimos annos. Hartefordice tertio decimo Ianuarij.

Tui studiosissimus EDWARDVS Princeps.

The answer of the Archbishop to Prince Edwardes Epistle.

Non magis poterit ipsa me seruire salus (fili in Christo charissime) quam salus tua. Mea vita non dicenda est vita abiq; tua & salute & valitudine. Quapropter cum te incolumem ac saluum intelligo, vitam etiam mihi integram esse & incolumem sentio. Neque certe absentia mea tam est iniucunda tibi quam sunt litterae tuae periuicundae mihi. Quae arguunt tibi iuxta adesse & ingenium dignum tanto principe, & praecceptorem dignum tanto ingenio. Ex quibus tuis litteris te sic litteras video colere, vt interim doctrinae coelestis tua nequaquam minima sit cura: quae cuiusque sit cura, non potest illum quaeuis cura frangere. Perge igitur qua via incoepisti Princeps illustrissime, & Spartam quam nactus es hanc orna, vt quam ego per litteras video in te virtutis lucem, eadem olim illuminet vniuersam tuam Angliam. Non scribam prolixius, tum quidem vt me intelligas breuitate non nihil affici, tum etiam quod credam te etate quidem adhuc paruulum paruo gaudere, & similem simili: tum etiam pariter ea ne impolitica mea oratio in causa sit, quod generosa illa tua indoles barbariae vitium contrahat.

Right honorable and my singular good Lorde, after my most hartie commendations: the oportunitie of this messenger tocerth me to wyrite at this tyme, hauing little matter but onely to signyfy vnto your grace, that my Lordes grace your godsonne is mery and in health, and of such towardnes in learning, godlynesse, gentlenes and all honest qualites, y both you and I, and all this realme ought to thanke hym and take hun for a singular gift sent of God, in myne worthy of such a father: for whome we are bounde sine intermissione, to render to God most hartie thankes, wth most humble request of thys long & prosperous continuance. We hath learned almoste foure bookes of Cato to confite, to parte, and to say wyrtout booke. And of hys otone courage nowe in the latter Booke hee will needes haue at one tyme 14. verses which he knoweth pleasantly and perfectly, besides things of the Bible, Sarcellitium Vinis, Esops Fables, and Latin making, wherof he hath sent your Grace a late tall. Dominus Isius te dntissimè seruet.

Thus in a hertoe hauinge declared, touchinge the worthy vertues and singulare towardnes of this godly tynce king Edward the sixt, although I haue not, neither can insert all things due to his commendation, but am enforced to let passe many memorabile matters, well worthy to be prosecuted, if they might haue come to our hands: yet this one byrse note I thought not to ouerlyt (some thinge to recreate the wery reader in such a dolfull torye) being notified to me by one M. Edward Hunderhill, who wyting y same tyme, w the rest of his felowes pensioners, and men at armes, as Syr Henry Gates, M. Robert Hol, M. Henry Hartson, and M. Staflorton hearde these wordes betwene the king and his comfaike.

The relation and testimonie of which persone and persons aboue named, come to this effect, that king Edw. the 6. the 4. yere of his raigne, being then but 13. yeres old and upward, at Grenewiche vpon S. Georges day, when he was come from the sermon, into y presence chamber, there being his vncle, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Northumb. wth other Lordes & Knights of that order, called the order of the Garter, he said vnto them: My Lordes, I pray you, what saincte is S. George, that we here so honour hym? At which question the other Lordes being all anonised, the L. Treasurer (y then was) perceiuing this, gaue answer, and said: If it please your Maiestie, I did neuer read in any hy storie of S. George, but only in Legenda aurea, where it is thus set downe, that S. George out with his sworde, and ran the Dragon through with his speare. The king, when he could not a greate while speake for laughing, at length saide: I pray you my Lorde, and what did he with his sworde the while? That I can not tell your maiesty, said he. And so an end of y question of good S. Geor.

Now to retorne againe from whence we haue digressed, which is to signifie some part of the order & manner of his godly departing: as the tyme approached when it pleased almighty God to call this young king from vs, wherof was the 6. day of Iulye, the yeare aboue sayde, about three houres before his death, this Godly childe, his eyes being closed, speaking to himselfe, & thinking none to haue heard hun, made this prayer as followeth.

The prayer of king Edwarde before his death.

Orde God, deliuer me out of this miserable & wretched life, & take me among thy chosen: how be it not my will, but thy wil be done. Loge I commit my spirit to thee. Oh Lord thou knowest howe happy it were for me to be with thee: yet for thy chofens sake send me life and health, that I may truly serue thee. Oh my Lorde God, blese thy people, and saue thine inheritaunce. Oh Lord God, saue thy chosen people of England. Oh my Lord God, defend this Realme from papistris, and maintaine thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for thy sonne Iesus Christes sake.

Then turned he his face, & seemy who was by him, sayd vnto them: Are ye so night, I thought you had bene further off? Then Doc. Owen said, We heard you speake to your selfe, but what you saide we knowe not. He then (after his fashion suitingly) said, I was praying to God. The last words of his pangs were these: I am faint, Lord haue mercy vpon me, & take my spirit. And thus he yeilded vp the ghost, leauing a wofull kingdom behinde vnto his sister. Albeit he in his will hadde excluded his sister Marye from the succession of the crowne, because of her corrupt religion: yet y plague which God had destinate vnto this sinfull Realme, conside nor so be voided, but that shee beinge the elder and daughter to king Henry, succeeded in possession of y crowne. Of whose deadfull and bloudy regement, it remaineth nowe consequently to discourse.

Thys

Ex Suctoiois.

Prince Edward when he wrote this epistle seemed to be very younge not above seauen years of age, lying then at Amble.

An other Epistle of Prince Edward to his godfather.

L. Tr. 4.

Allude ad verba Terentij in Comcedia.

The answer of Thomas Cranmer Archbishop of Cant. to the epistle of Prince Edward.

This letter seemed to be written by D. Cox.

The order and time of the kings departure.

The kings prayer at his death.