A REPLY TO STEPHEN GOSSON'S SCHOOLE OF ABUSE
IN DEFENSE OF POETRY, MUSICK, AND STAGE PLAYS

by Thomas Lodge

Protogenes can know Apelles by his line though he see him not, and wise men can consider by the Penn the authoritie of the writer, though they know him not. The Rubie is discerned by his pale rednes, and who hath not hard that the Lyon is knowne by his claws. Though AEsopes crafte crowe be never so defflye decked, yet is his double dealing easely desiphered: and though men never so perfectly polish there wryttings with others sentences, yet the simple truth wil discover the shadow of ther follies: and bestowing every fether in the bodye of the right M. tourne out the naked dissembler into his owen cote, as a spectacle of follye to all those which can rightlye judge what imperfections be.

There came to my hands lately a little (woulde God a wittye) pamphlet, baring a fayre face as though it were the schoole of abuse, but being by me advisedly wayed I fynd it the offtcome of imperfections, the writer fuller of wordes than judgement; the matter certainly as ridiculus as serioues. Assuredly his mother witte wrought this wonder, the child to disprayse the father, the dogg to byte his mayster for his dainty morcell. But I see (with Seneca yt the wrong is to be suffered, since he disprayseth, who by costume hath left to speake well; bot I meant to be short: and teach the Mayster what he knoweth not, partly that he may se his owne follie, and partly that I may discharge my promise, both binde me. Therefore I would with the good scholmyster to over looke his abuses againe with me, so shall he see an ocean of inormities which begin in his first prinsiple in the disprayse of poetry.

And first let me familiarily consider with this find faulte what the learned have alwayes esteemed of poetrie. Seneca thoughte a stoike would have a poeticall sonne, and amongst the auncientest Homer was no les accompted than Humanus deus. What made Alexander I pray you esteme of him so much? Why allotted he for his works so curious a closet? Was ther no fitter under prop for his pillow then a simple pamphlet? In all Darius cofers was there no Jewell so costly? Forsooth my thinks these two (the one the father of Philosophers, the other the cheftaine of chivalrie) were both deceived if all were as a Gosson would wish them, if poets paynt naught e but palterie toyes in verse, their studies tended to folishnesse, and in all their indeaors they did not els but agendo nihil agere. Lord how Virgil's poore gnatt pricketh him, and how Ovid's fley byteth him, he can beare no bourde, he hath raysed up a new sect of serioues stoikes, that can abide naught but their owen shadowe, and alow nothing worthye, but what they conceive. Did you never reade (my over wittie frend) that under the persons of bestes may abuses were dissiphered? Have you not reason to waye? that whatsoever e[ther Virgil did write of his gnatt, or Ovid of his fley, was all covertly to declar abuse? But you are (homo literatus) a man of the letter, little savoring of learning, your giddy brain made you leave your thrift, and your abuses in London some part of your honestie. You say that Poets are subtil, if so, you have learned that poyn of them, you can well glose on a trifeling text: you you have dronke perhaps of Lethe, your grammar learning is out of your head, you forget your Accidence, you remeber not that under the person of AEneas in
Virgil, the practice of a diligent capitaine is described, under ye shadow of byrds, beastes, and trees, the follies of the world were disiphered, you know not that the creation is signified in the Image of Prometheus, the fall of pryde in the person of Narcissus; these are toyes because they savour of wisedom which you want. Marke what Campanus sayth, Mira fabularum vanitas sed quae si introspicantur videri possunt non vanae. The vanitie of tales is wonderful, yet if we advisedly look into them they wil seme and prove wise. How wonderful are the pithie poems of Cato! the curious comidies of Plautus! how bravely discovereth Terence our imperfection[n] in his Eunuch! how neatly dissiphereth he Daues! how pleasantly paynteth he Gnatho! whom if we should seeke in our dayes, I suppose he would not be farr from your parson. But I see you woulde seeme to be that which you are not, and as the proverb sayth Nodum in Cirpo quaerere. Poets you say use coullors to cover their incoviences, and wittie sentences to burnish theyr bawdery, and you divinitie to cover your knaverie.

But tell mee truth Gosson, speakest thou as thou thinkest? What coelers findest thou in a Poete not to be admitted? Are his speaches unperfect? Savor they of inscience? I think if thou hast any shame thou canst not but like and approve the[m]. Are ther godes unpleasant unto thee? doth Saturne in his majesty move thee? doth Juno with her riches displease thee? doth Minerva with her weapon discomfort thee? doth Apollo with his harping harme thee? Thou mayst say nothing les then harme thee because they are not, and I thinke so to[o] because thou knowest them not. For wot thou that in the person of Saturne our decaying years are signified, in the picture of angry Juno our affections are dissiphered, in ye person of Minerva is our understa[n]ding signified, both in respect of warre, as policie. When they faine that Pallas was begotten of the braine of Jupiter their meaning is none other but that al wisdome (as the learned say) is from above, and commeth from the father of Lights: in the portrature of Apollo all knowledge is denocated. So that, what so they wrot it was to this purpose, in the way of pleasure, to draw men to wisedome: for se[e]ing the world in those daies was unperfect, yt was necessary that they like good Phisi[c]ions should so frame their potions, that they might be appliable to the quesie stomaks of their werish patients. But our studentes by your meanes have made shipwrack of theye labors, our schoolemaisters have so offended that by your judgement they shall subire poenam capitis for teaching poetry, the universitie is little beholding to you, al their practices in teaching are frivolus. Witt hath wrought that in you, that yeares and studie never sett[ed] in the heads of our sagest doctors.

No mervel though you dysprayse poertye, when you know not what it meanes. Erasmus will make that the pathwaye to knowledge which you dysprayse, and no meane fathers vouchsafe in their seriousness questions of divinitie, to insert poetically sensures. . . . Poets you confesse are eloquent but you reprove them in their wantonness, they write of now wisedom, you may say their tales are frivolus, they prophane holy thinges, they seeke nothing to the perfection of our soules. Theyr practise is in other things of lesse force: to this objection I answe[r] no otherwise then Horace doeth in his booke de arte poetica where he wryteth thus:

Silvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Sedibus, et victu faedo deterruit orpheus.
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres rabitosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion Thebanae conditor urbis
Saxa movere sono, testudinis et prece blanda
Ducere quo velit. Fuit hoc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere sacra prophanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare Iura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

The holy spokesman of the Gods
With heave[n]ly Orpheus hight:
Did drive the savage men from wods,
And made them live aright.
And therefore is sayd the Tygers fierce,
And Lyons full of myght
To overcome: Amphion, he
Was sayd of Theabs the founder,
Who by his force of Lute dyd cause
The stones to part a sonder,
And by his speach did them derect
Where he would have them staye:
This wisedome this was it of olde
All strife for to allaye.
To give to every man his owne,
To make the Gods be knowne,
To drive each lecher from the bed
That never was his owne.
To teach the law of mariage,
The way to build a towne,
For to engrave these lawes in woods
This was these mens renowne.

I cannot leave Tirtheus pollicy untouched, who by force of his pen could incite
men to the defence of their countrye. If you require of ye Oracle of Apollo what successse
you shal have: respondet bellicosum numine. Lo now you see your objections my
answers, you behold or may perceive mainfestlye that Poetes was the first raysors of
cities, prescribers of good lawes, mayntayners of religion, disturbers of the wicked,
advancers of the wel disposed, inve[n]tors of laws, and lastly the very fo[o]tpaths to
knowldg and understa[n]ding. Ye if we sho[u]ld beleve Herome he will make Platos
exiles honest me[n] and his pestiferous poets good preachers: for he accounteth Orpheus,
Museus, and Linus, Christians, therefore Virgil (in his 6 boke of AEneiad wher he
lernedly describeth ye journey of AEneas to Elisum) asserteneth us, yt among them yt
were ther for the zeale they beare toward there country, ther were found Quinque pii
vates et Phaebo digna loquitu but I must answer al objectio[n]s, I must fil every nooke. I
must arme myself now, for here is the greatest bob I can gather out of your booke forsoth
Ovids abuses, in descriyng whereof you labour very vehementlye term[n]g him letcher,
and in his person dispaise all poems, but shall on[e] mans follye destroye a universal
comodity? What gift what perfit knowldg hath ther bin, emong ye professors of we ther
hath not bin a bad on [?] the Angels have sinned in heave[n], Ada[m] and Eve in earthly paradise, emo[n]g ye holy apostles ungratious Judas. I reson not yt al poets are holy but I affirme yt poetry is a heave[n]ly gift, a perfit gift then which I know not greater pleasur. And surely if I may speak my mind I thi[n]k we shall find but few poets if it were exactly wayd what they oughte to be: your Muscovian stranguers, your Scithian monsters wonderful, by one Eurus brought upon one stage in ships made of Sheepskins, wyll not prove you a poeit nether your life alow you to bee of that learning: if you had wisely wayed ye abuse of poetry, if you had reprehended ye foolish fantasies of our poets nomine non re which they bring forth on stage, my self would have liked of you and allowed your labor. But I perceive nowe yt all red colloured stones are not Rubies, nether is every one an Alexander yt hath a stare in his cheeke, al lame men are not Vulcans, nor hooke nosed men Ciceroes, nether each professor a poet, I abhore those poets that savor of ribaldry, I will with the zealous admit the expullcion of suche enormities. Poetry is dispraised not for the folly that is in it, but for the abuse whiche many ill Wryters couller by it. Beleeve me the magestrats may take advise (as I knowe wisely can) to roote out those odd rymes which runnes in every rascales mouth. Savoring of rybaldry, those foolishe ballets that are admitted make poets good and godly practises to be refused. I like not of a wicked Nero that wyll expell Lucan, yet admit I of a zealous governour that wil seke to take away the abuse of poetry. I like not of an angrye Augustus which wyll banishe Ovid for envy. I love a wise Senator, which in wisdedome wyll correct him and with advise burne his folyees: unhappy were we yf like poore Scaurus we should find Tiberius that wyll put us to death for a tragedy making, but most blessed were we if we might find a judge that severely would amende the abuses of Tragedies. . . .

But other matters call me and I must not staye upon this onely, there is an easier task in hand for me, and that which, if I may speak my conscience, fitteth my vain bes, your second abuse, Gosson, your second abuse; your disprayses of Musik, which you unadvisedly terme pyping: that is it will most byte you, what so is an overstay of life, is displeaunt to your person, musik may not stand in your presence, whereas all the learned Philosophers have alwayes had it in reverence. Homer commendeth it highly, referring to the prayses of the Gods whiche Gosson accompteth foolishnesse; looke uppon the harmonie of the Heavens; hang they not by Musik? The primus motor gouvern[s], be not they inferiora corpora affected quadam sumpathia and agreement? Howe can we measure the debilitie of the patient but by the disordered motion of the pulse? Is not man worse accompted of which he is most out of tune? Is there any thinge that more affecteth the sense? Doth there any pleasure more acuat our understanding? Can the wonders yt hath wroughte and which you your selfe confesse no more move you? It fitteth well now that the learned have sayd, musica requirit generosum animu[m] which since it is far from you, no marvel though you favor not that profession. It is reported of the Camelion that shee can chaunce her selfe unto all coolors save whyte, and you can accompte of all thinges save such as have honesty. Plutarch your good Mayster may bare me witness that the ende whereto Musick was, will proove it prayes worthy. O Lord howe maketh it a man to remember heavenly things to wo[n]der at the works of the creator. Eloquence can stay the souliars sword from slaying an Orator, and shall not musike be magnified which not onely saveth the bodye
but is a comfort to the soul? David rejoyseth singeth and prayeth the Lorde by the
Harpe, and the Simbale is not removed from his sanctuary, the Aungels syng *gloria in
excelsis*. Surely the imagination in this present instant calleth me to a deepe
consideration of my God. Looke for wonders where musike worketh, and wher harmonie
is ther followeth incredible delectation. The bowels of the earth y[i]eld where the
instrument soundeth and *Pluto* cannot keepe *Proserpina* if *Orpheus* recorde. The Seas
shall not swallowe *Arion* whilst he singeth, nether shall hee perish while he harpeth, a
doleful tuner ye a diing musition can move a Monster of ye sea to mourne. A Dolphin
respectet a heavenly recorde. . . .

But since you wrote of abuses, we may licence you to lye a little, so ye abuse will
be more manifest. Lord with how goodly a cote have you clothed your conceiptes, you
abound in storyes but impertinent, they bewray your reeding but not your wisedom,
would God they had bin well aplyed. But now I must play the musitian right nolesse
buggs now come in place but pavions and mesures, dumps and fancies, and here growes a
great question what musick *Homer* used in curing ye diseased gretians, it was no dump
you say, and so think I, for yt is not apliable to sick men, for it favoreth Malancholie. I
am sure it was no mesure, for in those days they were not such good da[n]sers, for so[o]th
the[n] what was it? If you require me, if you name me the instrume[n]t, I wyl tel you
what was ye musik. Meanwhile a gods name let us both dout yt is no part of our
salvation to know what it was nor how it went. When I speak with *Homer* next you shall
knowe his answere.

But you can not be content to erre but you must maintain it to[o]. *Pithagoras* you
say alowes not that musik decerned by eares, but hee wisheth us to ascend unto the sky
and marke that harmony. Surely this is but one doctors opinion (yet I dislike not of it)
but to speake my conscience my thinkes musike best pleaseth me when I heare it, for
otherwise the catter walling of Cats, were it not for harmonie, should more delight mine
eies then the tunable voyces of men. But these things are not the chiefest poynsts you
shote at, thers somewhat els sticketh in your stomak God graunt it hurt you not, from the
daunce you run to the pype from 7. to 3. which if I shoulde add I beleve I could wrest
out halfe a score of inco[n]veniences more out of your booke. Our plesant consortes do
discomfort you much, and because you lyke not thereof they are discomendable, I have
heard it is good to take sure fotinge when we travel unknowen countryes, for when we
wade above our shoe latchet *Appelles* wyll reprehende us for coblers, if you had bene a
father in musick and could have decerned of tunes I would perhaps have likt your opinion
sumwhat where now I abhor it, if you wear a professor of that practise I would quickly
perswade you, that the adding of strings to our instrument make the sound more
hermonious, and that the mixture of Musike maketh a better concent. But to preach to
unskillful is to perswad ye brut beastees, I wyl not stand long in thys point although the
dignite thereof require a volume, but how learned men have esteemed this heavenly gift,
if you please to read you shall see. *Socrates* in hys old age will not disdain to learn ye
science of Music amo[n]g children, he can abide their correctio[n]s to[o], so much
accou[n]ted her that wt you contemn, so profitable thought he yt, wt you mislik. *Solon*
wil esteme so much of ye knowldg of singing, yt he wil soner forget to dye the[n] to
sing. Pithagoras likst it so wel yt he wil place it in Greace, and Aristoxenus will saye yt
the soule is musik. Plato (in his booke de legibus) will affirme that it can not be handled
without all sciences, the Lacedemonians and Cretensis wer sturred to warre by
Anapaestus foote, and Timotheus with the same incensed kinge Alexander to batel, ye yf
Boetys fitten not, on Tauromitanus (by this Phrigian sound) hastened to burn a house
wher a stru[m]pet was hidden. . . .

But as I like musik so admit I not of thos that deprave the same: your pipers are
as odius to mee as yourselfe; nether alowe I your harpinge merye beggers: although I
knew you my self a professed play maker, and a paltry actor. Since which ye windmil of
your wit hath bin tornd so long wyth the wynde of folly, that I fear me we shall see the
dogg returne to his vomit, and the clensed sow to her myre, and the reformed
scholemayster to hys old teaching of follye. Beware it be not so, let not your booke be a
blemish to your own profession. Correct not musik therfore whe[n] it is praiseworthy,
least your worthlesse misliking bewray your madness. Way the abuse and that is matter
sufficient to serve a magistrates animadversion. Heere may you advise well, and if you
have any stale rethorik florish upon thys text, the abuse is, what that is applied to
wantonnesse, which was created to shewe Gods worthinesse. When ye shamefull resorts
of shamles curtezanes in sinfull sonnets shall prophane vertue, these are no light sinnes,
these manke many good men lament, this causeth parents hate there right borne children,
if this were reformed by your policie I should esteme of you as you wysh. I feare me it
fareth otherwyse, latet anguis in herba, under your fare show of conscience take heede
you cloake not your abuse, it were pittie the learned should be overseene in your
simplesesse, I feare me you will be politick with Machavel not zealous as a prophet. . . .

Well, I leave this poynt til I know further of your mynde, mean while I must talke
a little wyth you about ye thyrd abuse, for the cater cosens of pypers, theyr names (as you
terme them) be players, and I think as you doe, for your experience is sufficient to
erenorme me. . . . Men yt have knowledge what comedies and tragedis be, wil comend
the[m], but it is sufferable in the folish to reprove that they know not, becaus ther
mouthes wil hardly be stopped. Firste therfore, if it be not tedious to Gosson to harken to
the lerned, the reder shall perceive the antiquity of playmaking, the inventors of
comedies, and therewithall the use and comoditaye of the[m]. So that in ye end I hope
my labor shall be liked, and the learned wil soner conceve his folly.

For tragedies and comedies Donate the gramarian sayth, they wer invented by
lerned fathers of the old time to no other purpose, but to yeelde praye unto God for a
happy harvest, or plentifull yeere, and that thys is trewe the name of Tragedye doeth
importe, for if you consider whence it came, you shall perceive (as Iodocus Badius
reporteth) that it drewe his original of Tragos, Hircus, and Ode, Cantus (so called), for
that the actors thereof had in rewarde for thyr labour, a Gotes skynne fylled with wyne.
You see then that the fyrst matter of tragedies was to give thankes and prayses to GOD,
and a gratefull prayer of the countreymen for a happye harvest, and this I hope was not
discommendable. I know you will judge [th]is farthest from a buse. But to wade farther,
thys fourme of invention being found out, as the dayes wherein it was used did decay,
and the world grew to more perfection, so yt witt of the younger sorte became more riper,
for they leaving this fourme, invented an other, in the which they altered the nature but
not ye name: for sounets in prayse of ye gods, they did set forth the sower fortune of many exiles, the miserable fal of haples princes, the ruinous decay of many cou[n]tryes, yet not content with this, they present the lives of Satyers, so that they might wiselye, under the abuse of that name, discover the follies of many theyr fellow-citesens: and those monsters were then, as our parasites are now adayes: such as with pleasure reprehended abuse. As for comedies because they bear a more plesanter vain, I wil leave the other to speake of them. Tully defines them thus. Comedia (sayth he) is Imitatio vitae, speculum consuetudinis, et imago vetatis, and it is sayde to be termed of Comai (emongste the Greekes) which signifieth Pagos, and Ode, Cantus: for that they were exercised in the fielde. They had thy beginning wyth tragedies, but their matter was more plessaunt, for they were suche as did reprehend, yet quodam lepore. These first very rudely were invented, by Susarion Bullus, and Magnes two auncient poets, yet so that they were mervelous profitable to the reclamynge of abuse: whereupon Eupolis with Cratinus, and Aristophanes began to write, and with ther eloquenter vaine and perfection of stil[e], dyd more severely speak against the abuse the[n] they: which Horace himselfe witnessesth. For sayth he ther was no abuse but these men reprehended it. A thefe was loth to be seene on there spectacle. A coward was never present at theyr assemblies. A backbiter abhord that company, and I my self could not have blame your (Gosson) for exampting yourself from this theater, of troth I should have lykt your pollicy. These therefore, these wer they that kept men in awe, these restrayned the unbridled cominaltie, whereupon Horace wisely sayeth,

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore,
Oderunt peccare mali, formidine penae.

The good did hate al sinne for vertues love,
The bad for feare of shame did sin remove.

Yea would God our realme could light uppon a Lucillius, then should the wicked bee poyned out from the good, a harlot woulde seeke no harbor at stage plais, lest she shold here her owne name growe in question: and the discourse of her honesty cause her to bee hated of the godly. As for you I am sure of this one thing, he would paint you in your players orname[n]ts, for they best becam you. But as these sharpe corrections were disanulde in Rome when they grewe to more licenciousnes: so I fear me if we should practise it in our dayes, the same intertainmente would followe. But in illreformed Rome what comedies now? A poets wit can correct, yet not offend. Philemon will mitigate the corrections of sinne, by reproving them covertly in shaodwes. Menander dare not offend ye Senate openly, yet wants he not a parasite to touch them prively. Terence wyl not report the abuse of harlots under there proper stile, but he can finely girde the[m] under the person of Thais. Hee dare not openly tell the Rich of theyr covetousnesse and severity towards their children, but he can controle them under the person of Dures Demeas. He must not shew the abuse of noble yong gentilmen under theyr owne title, but he wyl warne them in the person of Pamphilus. Will you learne to know a parasite? Look upon his Dauus. Wyl you seke the abuse of courtly flatterers? Behold Gnato: and if we had some Satericall Poetes nowe a dayes to penn our comedies, that might be
admitted of zeal to decipher the abuses of the world in the person of notorious offenders. I know we should wisely ryd our assemblyes of many of your brotherhood, but because you may have a full scope to reprehende, I will ryp up a rableme[n]t of playmakers, whose Wrightinges I would wishe you overlooke, and seeke out theyr abuses. Can you mislike of Cecillius? or dispise Plinius? or amend Neuius? or find fault with Licinius? Wherein offended Actilius? I am sure you can not but wonder at Tercinious? Wil it please you to like of Turpelius? or alow of Trabea? You muste needs make much of Ennius for overloke al ths, and you shall find ther volums ful of wit if you examine the[m]: so yt if you had no other masters, you might deserve to be a doctor, wher now you are but a folishe scholemaister. But I wyll deale wyth you verye frendlye, I wil resolve everi doubt that you find. Those instrumentes which you mislike in playes grow of auncient custome, for when Rossius was an Actor, be sure that as with his tears he moved affections, so the Musician in the Theater before the entrance, did mornefullly record it in melody (as Servius reporteth). The actors in Rome had also gay clothing and every ma[n]s apparel was apliable to his part and person. The old men in white, ye rich men in purple, the parasite disguisedly, the yong men in gorgeous coulours, ther wanted no devise nor good judgeme[n]t of ye comedy, whe[n]c[e] I suppose our players both drew ther plaies and fourme of garments. As for the appointed dayes wherein comedies wer showen, I rede that the Romaynes appoynted them on the festival dayes, in such reputation were they had at that time. Also Iodocus Badius will assertain you that the actors for shewing pleasure receved some profite. But let me apply those dayes to ours, their actors to our players, their autors to ours.

Surely we want not a Rossius, nether ar ther great scarcity of Tercinious professio[n], but yet our men dare not noe a dayes presume so much as the old Poets might, and therfore they apply ther writing to the peoples vain, wheras if in the beginning they had ruled, we should now adaies have found smal spectacles of folly. But (of truth) I must confes with Aristotle, that men are greatly delighted with imitation, and that it were good to bring those things on stage, that were altogether tending to vertue: all this I admit, and hartely wysh, but you say unlesse the thinge be taken away the vice will continue, nay I say if the style were changed the practise would profit. And sure I thinke our theaters fit, that Ennius seeing our w[a]n ton Glicerium may rebuke her, if our poetes will nowe become severe, and for prophane things write of vertue: you I hope shoulde see a reformed state in those thinges, which I feare me yf they were not, the idle hedded commones would worke more mischiefe. I wish as zealously as the best that all abuse of playinge were abolished, but for the thing, the antiquitie causeth me to allow it, so it be used as it should be. I cannot allow the prophaning of the Sabaoth, I praise your reprehension in that, you did wel in discommending the abuse, and surely I wysh that that folly wer dislaymed, it is not to be admitted, it maked those sinne, which perhaps if it were not, would have binne present at a good sermon. It is in the Magistrate to take away that order, and appoynt it otherwyse. But sure it were pittie to abolish yt which hath so great vertue in it, because it is abused. The Germanes when the use of preaching was forbidden them, what helpe had they I pray you? Forsoth the learned were fayne covertly in comedies to declare abuses, and by playing to incite the people to vertues, whe[n] they
might heare no preaching. Those were lamentable dayes you will say, and so thinke I, but was not this I pray you a good help in reforming the decayng Gospel? You see then how comedies (my severe judges) are requesit both for ther antiquity, and for ther commoditye: for the dignity of the wrighters, and the pleasure of the hearers. But after your discrediting of playmaking, you salve upon the sore somewhat, and among many wise workes there be some that fitte your vaine: the practise of parasites is one, which I meruel it likes you so well since it bites you so sore. But sure in that I like your judgement, and for the rst to[o], I approve your wit, but for the pigg of your own sow (as you terme it) assuredly I must discommend your verdit. . .

Wel as I wish it to have continuance, so I praye God wyth the Prophet it be not abused. And because I thinke my selfe to have sufficiently answered that I supposed, I conclude with this. God preserve our peacable prince[s], and confound her enemies. God enlarge her wisdome, that like Saba she may seeke after a Salomon: God confounde the imaginations of her enemies, and perfit His graces in her, that the daies of her rule may be continued in the bonds of peace, that the house of the chosen Isralites may be maynteyned in happinesse: lastly I frendly bid Gosson farwell, wyshinge him to temper his penn with more discretion.