
THE SPANISH MASQUERADO

Wherein under a pleasant devise is discovered effectually in certain brief sentences and mottos the pride and insolency of the Spanish estate, with the disgrace conceived by their loss, and the dismayed confusion of their troubled thoughts.

Whereunto by the author, for the better understanding of his device, is added a brief gloss.

By Robert Greene, *in Artibus Magister*.

Twelve Articles of the State of Spain.

The cardinals solicit all.
The King grants all.
The nobles confirm all.
The Pope determines all.
The clergy disposeth all.
The Duke of Medina hopes for all.
Alonso receives all.
The Indians minister all.
The soldiers eat all.
The people pay all.
The monks and friars consume all.
And the devil at length will carry away all.

Printed at London by Roger Ward for Thomas Cadman.
1589.

To the right worshipful M. Hugh Offley, Sheriff of the city of London, Robert Greene wisheth increase of worship and virtue.

Such pictures (right worshipful) as were presented to Alexander the Great had art to please the eye and conceit to please the wit; such as writ to Julius Caesar, discourses of wars; those that dedicated aught to Trajan, of peace, and to Severus, of justice, aiming the effects of their studies to the affects of those worthy men whom they resolved to honour with the patronage of their labours; the consideration of these premises (right worshipful), emboldened me to make choice of your Worship as a Maecenas fittest for a work of such grave import, persuaded thereunto by the report of a friend whose opinion I craved for the choice of a patron, and made the more resolute by the general censure that fame sets down, emblazoning your virtuous disposition in the care of the commonweal, and favour to good letters; encouraged by these causes I present unto your Worship the *Masquerado Of Spain*, a devise containing the discovery of the Spanish insolent pride allayed with a deep disgrace, and their presumptuous braves pulled down with the resolution of English soldiers, which work, if your Worship receive as gratefully as I present it heartily, I have the desired end of my labour, in which hope resting, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your Worship's to command,

Robert Greene.

Sonnet.

*Le doux Babil de ma lire d'iuoire
Serra ton front d'un laurier verdisant:
Dont a bon droit ie te voy iouissant,
(Mon doux ami) eternisant ta gloire.
Ton nom (mon Greene) anime par mes vers
Abaisse l'oeil de gens seditieux,
Tu de morteles compaignon de Dieux:
N'est ce point grand loyer dans l'uniuers?*

Ignoti nulla cupido.

Thomas Lodge.

To the gentlemen readers.

Hitherto, gentlemen, I have writ of loves, and I have found you favourable, at the least smiling at my labours with a plausible silence; now, lest I might be thought to tie myself wholly to amorous conceits, I have adventured to discover my conscience in religion. If I write barely in this theological phrase, as in all others, so I crave your favourable patience, which if you grant, I have my desire, and promise recompense in what I may, ever and every way to rest yours.

Robert Greene.

The Spanish Masquerado And The Mottos.

1. First the Pope, having put off his triple crown and his pontificalibus, sitting malcontented, scratching of his head, throwing away his keys and his sword, in great choler saith thus:

Neque Petrus, neque [sic] Paulus, quid igitur restat.

2. Philip, King of Spain, attired like an hermit, riding towards the church on his mule, attended on only with certain his slaves that are Moors, saith thus:

Iubet Ecclesia, dissentire non audeo.

3. The cardinals of Rome, seeing that the Pope was malcontented for the bad success of the Spanish fleet, apparelled like mourners, go solemnly singing *De profundis* from Castel Angelo to St. Peter's Church; to them is said:

Lugete quia cecidit Meretrix.

4. The clergy of Spain, mounted richly on their jennets, ride up and down consulting, and at their wits' end, fuming and fretting that their counsels had no better success; to them is said:

Achitophelis consilium, Achitophelis laqueum.

5. The rest of the rascal rabble of the Romish church, as monks, friars, and dirging priests, storming at these news, sitting banqueting with the fair nuns, having store of dainty cates and wines before them, stall-fed with ease and gluttony, groan out of their fat paunches this passion:

Quanta patimur pro amore Christi.

6. The nobility of Spain, grieved at the dishonour of their shameful return, after great consultation vow general pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella in hope of his aid for revenge; to them is said:

Si Petrus dormit Papae, num Iacobus vigilabit vobis?

7. The Duke of Medina, Captain-General of the army and Spanish forces, rideth on a jennet with one foot out of the stirrup, his cap pulled over his eyes, and his points untrussed; to him is said:

Pillulae Britannicae in dissenteriam te coniecerunt.

8. Don Martinez de Recalde, chief Admiral of the Fleet, standing in the haven and seeing his tattered ships, considering what goodly vessels were taken and drowned, and what

store of men and munition they had lost, leaning his back against a broken anchor, and shaking of his head, saith thus:

O Neptune, quantas epulas vna coena deuorasti?

9. Don Pedro de Valdes, general of the army of Andalusia, now prisoner in England, grieving at his fortune, sitteth sad, and leaning his head on his hand, with a great sigh saith:

Heu quanta de spe decidi.

10. The princes, noblemen, and other men of name that of their free will offered themselves adventurers in this Spanish attempt, frustrate of their intent, walk at home muffled in their cloaks as men disgraced, and say one to another in great passion:

Temeritatis nostrae cum Briareo poenas luimus.

11. The vicegerents of his Indies, having lost by sea and land much of their king's treasure, sitting as discontented men on the hatches of their ships, to them is said:

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis Apes.

12. The common soldiers, haled forward rather by command than courage, fearing at the first to attempt so dangerous an exploit, and grieved at the last with their hard misfortune, half mutinous, murmur this:

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiui.

 THE SPANISH MASQUERADO

The Pope, having put off his triple crown and his pontificalibus, sitting malcontented, scratching of his head, throwing away his keys and his sword, in great choler saith thus:

Neque Petrus, neque Paulus, quid igitur restat.

Glossa.

Reading the annals or records making mention of Antichrist, who being the worst amongst men extolleth himself above God, calling himself his vicar and yet making his patron by transubstantiation, Peter's successor, as he feigneth, and yet his enemy in faith, we shall find that since sincerity in religion and humility were put to exile, and men's traditions and pride erected as pillars of the church, that from feeders of the flock they have refused to enter by the door, and have proved ravening wolves and subverters of Christ and his doctrine. Their great pomp, unfitting for the humble purity of Christ's disciples; their extreme covetousness, selling the gifts of the Holy Ghost for money; their open simony; their secret juggling in dispensation for sins; their whoredoms and their sodomy, their palpable and gross heresies maintained, not with Peter's doctrine, but with Paul's sword, with rigours, not with reason, proves that since Peter's time, Peter's seat hath pleaded *Sede vacante*, and that these shavelings are not his successors, but approved by their lives and doctrine to be professed Antichrists. Peter was humble, and spent his time in prayer and preaching; these are proud and meddle with states, empires, kingdoms, and monarchies, pulling down one and creating another, having emperors kneeling at his feet, and casting off their crowns with his toe, treading on their backs, and blasphemously applying the text to himself, *Calcabo super Aspidem, & Leonem*. These presumptuous thoughts were not found in Peter, who imitating his master Christ, walked abroad to feed his flock; this (the Pope, I mean) following the aspiring attempt of Lucifer, is carried on men's shoulders, and yet in his heretical bulls to blind the people he calleth himself *Seruus Seruorum*, guarded not as Peter was with the faithful of Israel, but either with his stout cardinals, copesmates of Caiaphas' crew, or with some detestable courtesans, the best emblazers of his profession. Long did this monster mask in a sheep's skin, partly covered by his own policies and partly by the favour of princes, but at last breaking out into his own proper shape, his name and nature was discovered, so that [neither his] pardons, his bulls, his excommunications, his curses, nor such paltries could prevail, but he was manifestly laid open for Antichrist to the world. So that his very countrymen Italians, nursed up under his nose, seeing his detestable life, his great profession and little performance, his heretical pomp usurped in his papacy, could not but in conscience in their books pen down his sundry abuses and great absurdities, as Pasquin, Mantuan, John Boccace, Petrarch, and lately Ludovico Ariosto, who in one of his cansons describes him for a monster thus.

Ariosto.

*Quiui una Bestia vscir de la Foresta,
Parea di crudell vista, odiosa & bella*

*C'hauea l'orecchie d'Asino, e la testa
 Di lupo, ei' denti, & per gran fame asciuta
 Branchi hauea di Leon, l'altro chi resta
 Tutta era volpe, & pareo scorrer tutta.
 Et Francia, & Italia, e Spagna & Inghilterra,
 L'Europa el' Asia alfin tutta la terra.*

Here the poet describeth this monster, this Antichrist, the Pope, to be in form like a beast, his ears like those of an ass, the head of a wolf, lean and ill-favoured as insatiate of his prey, the claws of a lion, and what resteth resembled [sic?] a fox. This monster, saith he, had overcome all France, Italy, Spain, England, Europe, Asia, nay, the whole world, triumphing in the pomp of his iniquity, till his date being expired, & the term of his reign ended, diverse princes, hating to brook the imperious ravening of such a reasonless monster, sought to hunt him out of the forest, and therefore sent divers good and expert bloodhounds to rouse him from his den, as was John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Oecolampadius, and Zwinglius. After, Luther, and the Duke of Saxony, who for the defence of the truth maintained wars against the church of Rome. The huntsmen that pursued this monster in chase was first Francis, the first of that name, King of France, who was so hot that he thrust his sword to the hilts in the ribs of this beast; next him, Maximilian of Austria; third, Charles the Fifth, Emperor, who with his spear passing eager, pierced the throat of this monster, but he that with his boar-spear stabbed him in the breast & gave the deep & mortal wound was Henry the Eighth, King of England, who seeing the abomination of that proud Antichrist by his lawless dispensations for coin, & the abuse his shavelings used in England, their massing & masking, their gluttony and lechery, the falseness of religion, lastly, the extreme abuse of their profession, flying to the text *Whatsoever my father hath not planted shall be rooted up by the roots*, he suppressed their abbeys, pulled down their sumptuous buildings, & scarce left one stone upon another, subverted their estate, changed their religion, for blind papistry gave us the light of the gospel. This his own countryman, Ariosto, repeateth in the same canson in another stanza thus.

Ariosto.

*La Chanea fui elza nella pancia,
 La Spada immersa la maligna fera,
 Francesco primo hanea Scritto di Francia,
 Massimo homo d'Austria, a par seco era,
 E Carlo Quinto Imperator di Francia,
 Hanea passata ill monstro all Gorgiera,
 Et l'altro chi di strale gli fige il petto,
 Lottauro Henrigo d'Inhil-terra e detto.*

This monster, wounded thus by so worthy a woodman who knew how to strike his game with advantage, feeling the wound incurable, yet somewhat salved and but now rubbed afresh by our mighty and famous princess Elizabeth, daughter to that renowned Henry, who with her father rightly taking upon her the ecclesiastical supremacy hath utterly

raced & abolished all his trash and traditions as absurdities & heresies out of her churches of England and Ireland, hating the Pope as Antichrist, and the church of Rome as that whore of Babylon figured out in the Revelation; this cause maketh this monster to stir, so that to revenge he bent all his policies, suborning diverse false traitors to attempt her death, persuaded thereunto by false Jesuits and seminaries sent by him into these our parts, which the Lord discovering, hath given them their hire, and mightily preserved his anointed; seeing these petty practices could not prevail, nor his bull would not carry any credit, he flieth to incense princes to bend their forces against this our little island, which defended by God, and governed by so virtuous a princess as God hath chosen after his own heart, standeth and withstandeth their forces without aid of spear or horse, having the wind and sea captains sent from above to quell the pride of such heretical enemies of the gospel, so that the Pope, seeing his purposed intent could not speed, as in a doubtful anguish of mind fell into this bitter passion:

Neque Petrus, neque Paulus, quid igitur restat.

Philip, King of Spain, attired like an hermit, rideth towards the church on a mule, only attended on with certain his slaves that are Moors, and saith thus:

Iubet Ecclesia, dissentire non audeo.

Glossa.

Philip of Spain, nuzzled from his infancy in the dark and obscure dungeon of papistry, led as one blinded with the veil of ignorance by this proud Antichrist, drunk with the dregs of that poison which the whore poureth out to the kings of the earth, pleasant in taste, but more bitter than wormwood in the maw, offered by the flattering strumpet riding on the beast with the seven heads, drunk (I say) with her empoisoned cup, he sleepeth securely in the Pope's lap till, the vials of God's wrath poured down, his conscience, new-seared with a hot iron, then feels the sting of sin as a plague following all such as have received the mark of that incestuous strumpet. Philip therefore, taking the Pope for Peter's successor, suffereth himself to be led and ruled by this man of sin, holding his precepts for oracles, & that who sitteth in that seat, how bad soever of life, yet he cannot err, that what canons or decretals he setteth down are as true and as firmly to be believed and observed as the gospel penned by the holy evangelists who were inspired and directed by the Holy Ghost, whereas notwithstanding we see by manifest and daily instances that every Pope abolisheth another[s] canons and decretals as false and erroneous, yet Philip is so blinded as he hath not an insight into this their juggling, for that he is taught by their doctrine that the church of Rome is the supreme church, and that there is no church which is not a perfect member of the same, these making the church material, and tying it to a local and particular seat; soothing himself up in these heresies, he so feareth the frown of the Pope and his cardinals, doubting to be excommunicated with some paltry bull, that what they demand he granteth, as well in matters of temporal estates as in ecclesiastical rights(?) and ceremonies, that if the clergy concludeth peace,

Philip confirmeth it; if the clergy do proclaim wars, he sends forth straight a press for soldiers, so that being a mighty prince of inheritance and revenues, yet he ruleth by the clergy and nobility, especially them of the spiritual sect, that riding quietly with a few Moors to hear Mass, he shaketh off all cares, leaving the glory of his kingdom in the power of his clergy, who being enemies to the truth, seek by all means possible to subvert the truth; well, persuaded by the Pope and them of the ecclesiastical sort, he provideth a great armado, his ships huge and monstrous, his men the chosen cavaliers of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other provinces; for munition, it is much and marvellous, that, the premises considered, they seem to threaten ruin to the greatest monarchy of the whole world, and yet their forces bended against a little island, a handful in respect of other kingdoms; but see as the Lacedaemonians, few in number, subverted Xerxes and his navy, which for multitude of vessels covered the ocean, Joshua with a handful struck the Canaanites, so God, hearing their great braves against him and his people, did put a hook into their nostrils and a bridle into their jaws, and brought them back the same way they came, not suffering them to enter into the land, nor to come against it with a shield, nor to cast a bank about it, but scattered them as dust before the wind, and no doubt if we enter into a deep consideration of the Spanish attempt, we shall find it sent into these parts by the Lord for special causes. First, to show us how for our sins he can bring the very enemies of his truth as ministers of his wrath to punish offenders, as oft he did against the Israelites when they transgressed his statutes and laws, neglected the preaching of the prophets, and contemned the word; then he brought in the Edomites, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and other nations which carried them away captive. Second, seeing how secure we slept, careless, reposing ourselves in that [sic?] our own strength, for that we were hedged in with the sea, and had a long and peaceable time of quiet; made slothful by these his favours, his Majesty brought in these Spaniards to waken us out of our dreams, to teach the brave men of this realm that after peace comes wars, that in the greatest quiet we should apply ourselves to martial endeavours, and know how to handle the sword and spear, not only in a slothful security to say *The Lord is our defence*, but to use the ordinary means he hath appointed, & then to invoke upon him, and bending our swords, say in faith, *The Lord is on our side; who can be against us*, for the Israelites never subdued the Canaanites but the Lord did put weapons in their hands to execute the end of his victories. The third, he sent them as summons and ambassadors to encourage us to attempt the like, for when the Saracens in the time of Charles the Great had invaded Germany and the fronts of France, the news hereof brought to the emperor, he presently said, *How doth the Lord favourably accuse us of sloth, and carelessness of increasing his religion, by those pagans, when they for their Mahomet and the advancement of his blasphemies hazard their lives to suppress the contrary? And I seem to sit at home, and dare not for the Lord of Hosts' cause enter arms against the infidels*, so that awakened with this, Charles not only withstood them in his own land, but having given them the repulse, spent many years in setting forth the glory of God by the sword among the miscreants; so no doubt these Spaniards, the soldiers of Antichrist, are sent to tell our nobles, captains, and martial men of this land that they sleep secure, that the bees hive in their helmets, that their pampered horses serve for foot-cloths, not for the field, that we suffer the enemies of the truth too much to offer us the brave; these causes no doubt moved the Lord to send them, and yet to subvert them; to show them he favoureth his people, and useth revenge against the despisers of his gospel; therefore are such men

greatly to be commended that for the benefit of their country fear not to hazard their lives, especially if it were with the advancement of the glory of God. If then the mighty men which Solomon sent to fetch gold from his friends to Jerusalem were highly extolled; if the Portugals chronicled them which first sought by navigation to find out strange lands, returning with no profit but the discovery of countries, how then hath this island cause to eternize with their pens the worthy deeds of Sir Francis Drake, who passing, *malgrado* of the Spaniard, hard by his door, nay, setting foot into his land and having preys, went with a few small barks and pinnaces into his Indies, and fetched from them gold and treasure for the enriching of his prince and country, and returning back in triumph feared not what the Spaniard with all his great vessels dared attempt, insomuch that the report of his valour both by sea as he passed, and by land when he arrived in India, being bruited in Spain, his very name is as great a terror to the Spanish as Scipio to the Numidians. Then Sir Martin Frobisher, a man of great travel and experience in navigation, and last, M. Ca[ve]ndish, who so lately ventured with the farthest, showing great courage and fortune in bringing home from far so rich treasure; thus we may see that the Lord is on our side, that bringeth us home safe with a few little pinnaces from the very jaws of our enemies, when the Spaniards could not return, having so strong an armado furnished for battle. These considerations no doubt maketh Philip to let his clergy sweat in these frivolous attempts, while he himself quietly may for excuse say:

Iubet Ecclesia, dissentire non audio.

The cardinals of Rome, seeing that the Pope was malcontented for the bad success of the Spanish fleet, apparelled like mourners, go solemnly singing *De profundis* from Castel Angelo to St. Peter's Church; to them is said:

Lugete quia cecidit Meretrix.

This brood of Antichrist whom Francis Petrarch and John Boccace calleth *Inspidum Sal terrae*, the cardinals, I mean, no sooner have anything to contrary their minds but with the Pharisees they anoint themselves, and causing trumpets to be blown before them, fly to their dirges & trentals, as *Causa sine qua non* their misfortunes may not be redressed. But seeing they oppose themselves to Christ and his religion, their lip-labour is turned unto sin, and cry they *Domine, Domine* never so loud, yet their feigned exclamations in vain are only breathed into the air, but leaving their religion as palpably heretical to all true Christians, let us in a word or two look into their lives, wherein as in a crystal mirror we shall see figured and portrayed the anatomy of the seven deadly sins. For pride, both in their hearts puffed up with aspiring thoughts and in their apparel set out with inestimable bravery, the meanest scholar or the least traveller either by reading or experience may manifest, for who meeteth a cardinal mounted, first marking the trappings and furniture of his horse richly studded, his foot-cloth of velvet fringed with gold, his brave attire covered with his scarlet robe, and his sumptuous train following him, shall think that he meeteth not one of Peter's disciples but some great potentate or monarch of the world, rather resembling Alexander in his effeminate Persian robes when he surnamed himself the son of Ammon than a Christian, a pillar of the church, that

should in the humbleness of his life give light unto the people. Their sodomy, as they keep not very secret, for they in their palaces imitating the heathen god Jupiter get them Ganymedes which *Stantes a poculis* serve for pages, yet they, as much as they can, obscure, but their lechery they fear not to make manifest, as being fathers of many bastards and paramours of sundry courtesans to whom in their carnival they go in masks and so openly court with sundry devilish devises. Their sloth is seen in the security of their lives, for apply they themselves never so strictly to study while they are of mean degree, yet after they attain the calling of a cardinal, they answer with their master the Pope that with Peter they have cast the net and laboured all night, and now caught the fish, not the souls of men, but some great dignity and preferment, which gotten, they say to their souls: Live at ease.

Their gluttony is seen in their sumptuous banquets, which exceed in such riotous abundance, to pamper themselves, not to feed the poor, that the monsters of Rome, their predecessors in belly-cheer, Heliogabalus, Commodus, Julianus, & Lucullus, emperor and senators, never surpassed in this vice these peevish shavelings; envy is seen in their frowning at the fortunate success of their very friends, for when any amongst them is preferred to the papacy, then the rest, incensed with envy, fall to treasons, conspiracies, privy murders, and poisonings, that some Popes have scarcely lived 2 days, nay some one day, before they have been made away by the cardinals, who through envy seek to establish the papal seat with blood, as did Pope Alexander and divers others, so that oft-times it may be said of their Pope, as Tully said of the consul that lived but one day:

Vigilantissimum habuimus Papam, qui toto suo Papatu somnum vix vidit.

Their wrath & fury, let the chronicles of the state of Italy, as of Venetia, Florence, Urbie, Naples, Genoa & the rest discover, in which places, having been appointed as legates, they have displayed the trophies of their wrath, as upon the house of the Medici in Florence, after the death of old Cosmo, against Peter Ludovic and Lorenzo, their intent to murder these brave gentlemen, so to satisfy their extreme wrath and fury.

Their covetousness Italy cries out on, as burdened with their tasks, extortions, and impositions for bulls, pardons and dispensations; nay, England itself may be produced as a witness, who a long while paid to Rome many extraordinary duties. Pole & Wolsey are late instances what insatiate covetousness is harboured under the pretenced show of their religion; these shavelings sleeping thus in their wickedness, attending upon that rich whore of Babylon who professeth himself patroness of their practices, mourn lest our abolishing of their abominations in England should incense the rest of Europe by our examples to shake off their heavy yoke of ignorance and to embrace the light of the gospel, and therefore rightly to them is said:

Lugete, quia cecidit Meretrix.

The clergy of Spain, mounted richly on their jennets, ride up and down consulting, and at their wits' end, fuming and fretting that their counsels had no better success; to them is said:

Ahitophelis [sic] consilium, Ahitopelis [sic] laqueum.

Glossa.

Philip being old, holding in the one hand a sword, in the other a crutch, as ready to step from his sceptre to the grave, hath his mind troubled with contrary passions, so that he may say with Don Pedro, *Spiritus est ab inquietudine coactus*. Devout he is, although it consisteth in ignorance; ambitious, desiring still to enlarge his possessions and kingdoms; and covetous, as never satisfied with all his territories and treasures; yet age somewhat cooleth these desires, and casteth water in the flame, but his clergy make supply by their persuasions in what his years do fail in defect, for they sorry that little England should suppress their grand patroness, that proud whore of Babylon, or oppose itself against Antichrist, the Pope, thinking that if either these failed, or the light of the gospel did flourish, that princes and nations, having a deep insight into their jugglings, their religion should fail, they incense poor Philip to set himself *ex diametro* against the truth, and to endeavour in what he may to subvert the estate of true Christianity, aiming especially at our most gracious sovereign Lady Elizabeth as the chief defendress and patroness in all Europe of the purity of the gospel, giving counsel with Achitophel against David, against the Lord's anointed, but he turning their worldly wisdom into foolishness, overthroweth their policy and practices, verifying upon their heads the proverb:

Malum consilium Consultori pessimum.

These shavelings, this presumptuous brood of Antichrist, puffed up not only with this blind zeal but with the spirit of pride which filleth them with aspiring ambition, insomuch that they, imitating their father the Pope, seek not to content themselves with ecclesiastical power but to intermeddle with kingdoms and states, so that they fear not to bridle the affections of Philip as far as they list to limit, burning his son at their pleasure, and letting him bleed to abate his courage, almost to the peril of his life. Judge, gentle reader, if this becometh a subject, an inferior, nay, a clergyman who should be humble and give those duties to Caesar that belong to Caesar, and those honours to God that belong to God, but the devil, working their confusion by their own imaginations, hardeneth their hearts with Pharaoh, and maketh them shameless with Achitophel to give wicked counsel against the truth, but as Pharaoh was drowned in the rancour of his thoughts, and Achitophel, seeing the Lord had overthrown his counsels, went home and hanged himself, so shall confusion come to all that with Saul kick against the prick, that rightly it may be said to those confused clergymen,

Achitophelis consilium, Achitophelis laqueum.

The rest of the rascal rabble of the Romish church, as monks, friars, and dirging priests, storming at these news, sitting banqueting with the fair nuns, having store of dainty cates and wines before them, stall-fed with ease and gluttony, groan out of their fat paunches this passion:

Quanta patimur pro amore Christi.

Glossa.

Now, gentle reader, give leave that this crew of popish madcaps may presume amongst the rest into our *Masquerado*; these are they which saying *Aue Rex Iudaeorum*, yet smote Christ on the face with a reed; these are the bulls of Basan, that fattened up in the Pope's stall, feed themselves against the day of slaughter; these are the jolly fellows that once in England lived like princes in their abbeyes and friaries, whose bonnets were veiled and their top-sails so low stricken that no wind would serve them from sinking into the bottomless gulf; these be they who, when Christ commandeth that whoso loveth him shall take up his cross and follow him, clapping on their backs a basket stuffed with good cheer, say *Quanta patimur pro amore Christi*. Whereupon are merrily recited these verses:

*O Monachi quorum Stomachi sunt Amphora Bacchi:
Vos estis, Deus est testis, mundi mala.*

Of this generation John Boccace in his *Decameron* telleth many pretty tales, of their lechery, as when fair Albert under the shape of the Angel Gabriel lay with Dame Lezetta; of their false legend [sic?], as a monk preaching to the people, having found a very rich feather of some some [sic] strange fowl, intended to make his parishioner believe it was a plume of the Angel Gabriel; certain good companions, his familiars, noting his knavery, secretly stole out of his casket the feather, and put in coals. Well, Mas Monk come once into his pulpit, after a long exordium told to the people what a relic he had, one of the feathers of the Angel Gabriel, but putting his hand into his casket and finding nothing but coals, straight found the knot in the rush and said he had taken the wrong casket, but yet brought them a relic no less precious, which was the coals that Saint Laurence was roasted on, so that making crosses with them upon their garments he departed with monkish credit. Many of these and worse pranks, abominable to rehearse, have their own countrymen and papists penned down against them, amongst choice, one merrily (I call not his name to remembrance) setteth down that a monk sitting in his cell had on the one side his leman, a fair nun, no man, [sic?] on the other side, his portas; being thus seated as in a dileman [sic], laying one hand on the nun's knee and the other on his mass-book he fetched a great sigh and said, *Quo me vertam, nescio*: the devil behind made him answer, *Haud refert: vtraque enim ducit ad infernum*. Whereupon to avoid the doubt, he made proof of both. Another setteth down these verses as a censure:

*O Monachi nigri, non estis ad impia nigri,
Atra notat vestis, qualis intrnisceus [sic?] estis.*

Their religion and their nature thus agreeing, debating amidst their cups and their courtesans of the Spanish repulse, full of wine and delicate cheer, they cry out:

Quanta patimur pro amore Christi.

The nobility of Spain, grieved at the dishonour of their shameful return, after great consultation vow a general pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella in hope of his aid for revenge; to them is said:

Si Petrus dormit Papae, num Iacobus vigilabit vobis?

Glossa.

When Hannibal had given the Romans a repulse before Capua, the senate, hearing the ill news, resolved in the senate-house to sacrifice unto Mars, fearing he was displeased with their army, which sentence Scipio hearing, starting up amongst them said: I will no other god but our fortunes, no other vows but our right, no other sacrifice but the sword. I infer this heathenish comparison, both accounting the saint of Compostella with the pagan idols, and thinking them far inferior to the courage of Scipio, although none glories more in his chivalry than the Spaniard, but I suppose his religion and his stomach to be equally poised, the one false, the other faint, that what they attempt is not to be [sic?] overcome with prowess, but to suppress with multitudes, for their service in wars is either by policy, to circumvent by perjury, to entice by treason, to undermine, or by some little martial practice to weaken the enemy, whom if they find valiantly to resist, their brave once cooled, they seldom or never dare give a fresh encounter, whereupon these, the nobles of Spain, daunted, choose rather fearfully to seek out St. James of Compostella than valiantly with Scipio to swear revenge with the sword. This custom brooks not an English heart, for our nobles, having taken repulse, fly not to St. George, but managing their swords cry God and their right, seeking either with Epaminondas to win their honours with their blood, or to be carried out with him resolutely on their shields; they faint not with Julian at the first frowns of Severus, but valiantly expect with the Argentinin(?) of Alexander the Great the coming of their foes, not asking how many there be, but where they be, not attending with Xerxes and his faint-hearted soldiers to have the brave, but valiantly, like the cavaliers of Troy, thrusting amidst the attending Grecians. Divers instances, as when in the time of Robert the Third, King of Scots, Earl Douglas with a mighty and puissant army entered the frontiers of England making havoc as far as Newcastle, sundry times bickered with our men, and gave them the foil, which Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland surnamed Henry Hotspur noting, fuming at such bad fortune, and as it were struck to the heart with the dishonour of the English, sought not to St. George or other pilgrimages (whereof then there were many in England), but offering his prayers unto God, and vowing a courageous resolution on the hilts of his sword, having a very small company in respect of the Scots, he pricketh towards them, and although he was sharply repulsed at the first and second encounter, yet thinking how sweet it were to die rather than to live with dishonour, he gave a fresh charge and overthrew the Scots with such a slaughter that he took prisoners the Earls Douglas, Fife,

Murray, and Angus. Thus do our nobles of England make their pilgrimage, and end their revenge, which if it be not true, I report me to the nobles of Spain themselves, who lately had experience of their courage, that they were fain, for the vowing of their pilgrimage to St. James, to deserve this mock:

Si Petrus dormit Papae, num Iacobus vigilabit vobis?

The Duke of Medina, Captain-General of the army and Spanish forces, rideth on a jennet with one foot out of the stirrup, his cap pulled over his eyes, and his points untrussed; to him is said:

Pillulae Britannicae in dissenteriam te coniecerunt.

Glossa.

When Julius Caesar was sent by the senate dictator against the Gauls, his friend Lepidus asking him whither he now journeyed, *In Galliam* (quoth he) *quaesiturus aut sepulchrum, aut honorem*. This valiant resolution of Caesar was not found in the Duke of Medina Sidonia, for though he was sent by his prince and sovereign as general of all his forces, yet he chose rather to return with dishonour than with valiant Caesar to seek a sepulchre in England, for coming with a mighty fleet, well provided with martial furniture such as might have amazed the greatest monarch in the whole world to encounter, coming with as great a brave towards England as Xerxes against Lacedaemonia, setting up his streamers as commanders that Eolus should be favourable to his navy. And with him the Admiral Don Martinez de Recalde, Pedro de Valdes, Martin Bertendona, Gomez de Medina and others, whose hieroglyphical symbols, emblems, impresses, and devises did prognosticate (as they supposed) their triumphant victory and our dishonourable and miserable overthrow, playing at dice for our noblemen and knights, and dividing our land into portions, Medina and Recalde sitting thus as princes of the sea, braving Neptune in our straits, no sooner came amongst our coast and were encountered with our fleet filled with noblemen of invincible courage but Medina, the great champion of Spain, took the lower end of the ship, Recalde his bed, whereas our Lord Admiral, the Lord Charles Howard, stood upon the upper deck, resolutely and valiantly encouraging his men to fight for the honour of their country. The Lord Henry Seymour, a nobleman of worthy prowess, standing in the face of the enemy to put oil in the flame & valour in an English heart, taught the Spaniards with bullet [sic?] that the noblemen of England, fired with sparks of honour, counted life no more than a debt every hour due unto nature. With him the Lord Thomas Howard, whose forward resolution the Spaniards may report in Spain, to their great dishonour. Next these, that worthy gentleman, that famous cavalier, the terror of Spain, that fortunate knight, Sir Francis Drake, bestirred himself as his wonted manner, not fearfully as Medina, but valiantly standing in the fore-room delivered with cannon his ambassage to the enemy. With him Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Roger Townshend, and others which I omit, not as men of less valour, but for brevity's sake. Then let us note and rejoice how our nobles of England and worthy knights behaved themselves, how God, inserting courage in their minds, fought for us and the truth, and how striking a

terror and cowardice into the lords of Spain, as unto Sennacherib and his host bending their forces against Samaria, the lord of Medina hasted out of our seas, and our fleet held them long in chase, spoiling and preying on their ships daily.

Thus the great general of Spain was content to pocket up this dishonour to save his life, and therefore must abide the reproachful taunt that our English pills hath cast him into a lask, and such a stir as hath defiled all his honour; then (for me) let him have the deserved scoff:

Pillulae Britanica in dissenteriam te coniecerunt.

Don Martinez de Recalde, chief Admiral of the Fleet, standing in the haven and seeing his tattered ships, considering what goodly vessels were taken and drowned, and what store of men and munition they had lost, leaning his back against a broken anchor, and shaking of his head, saith thus:

O Neptune, quantas epulas vna coena deuorasti?

Glossa.

Although Don Martinez, for his expert skill in navigation and policy in naval fight was elected chief Admiral of the Spanish Fleet, yet such his fate, his fortune, or his little courage, that coming to England as proudly as the Turk came into the gulf, yet he went away worse dishonoured than Caligula, that instead of battle gathered cockles on the western shore.

Six years at the least he was great commander for furniture necessary for this intended fleet, which no doubt he stuffed and stored to the full, gathering together such provision as if he should with the giants intend war against Mars and Jupiter; he had in his fleet, of galleons, hulks, pataches, zabras, galleasses, and galleys, 130. The receipt being 57, 868 tons; soldiers, 19,295; mariners, 8450. And of great brazen pieces, 2630. Provided thus, as might be supposed, for the conquest either of Asia or Africa, he bendeth his course against England, a little island, where, as St. Augustine saith there be people with angels' faces, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions, which poor Don Martinez tried true, for God, using Elizabeth his servant and her subjects as his instruments to punish the enemies of his truth, no sooner came this proud Holofernes into our seas but the mice crept out of little Betulia, Judith sitting peaceably in her royal seat, and encountering fiercely with their foes, taught them that God fought on their side, then not to be daunted with multitudes, and Martinez, fearful, shrunk away. But God, who holdeth revenge in his hand, let loose the winds and threw a storm into the sea, that many of their ships which escaped our hands perished on the rocks, using the sea for revenge, as he did against Pharaoh when he persecuted the children of Israel, so that Don Recalde with dishonour passed into Spain, and our Admiral returned with glorious triumph into England bringing home ships, prisoners, and furniture, that our English shores sounded

with echoes of triumph, and every mouth was filled with the praises of the Lord Charles Howard, while Recalde, dismayed at at [sic] his misfortune, and his tottered ships, saith:

O Neptune, quantas epulas vna coena deuorasti?

Don Pedro de Valdes, general of the army of Andalusia, now prisoner in England, grieving at his fortune, sitteth sad, and leaning his head on his hand, with a great sigh saith:

Heu quanta de spe decidi.

Glossa.

Amongst the generals of these intended squadrons, Don Pedro de Valdes was not of the meanest account, nor thought of the least valour, but supposed for his courage and resolution to be a second Hector, insomuch as Medina, Recalde, and the rest relied much both upon his policy and prowess, and he himself at his departure from the king, and his loosing from Lisbon, by his brave words, his great promises, and martial threats, was of surpassing great hope amongst the Spaniards, so that the King of Spain sent him as Sennacherib sent Rabsaketh to defy Ezekiah. And Pedro himself resolved by a prefixed time to enter the land with conquest, insomuch that the Romans never conceived better hope in Horatius Cocles, in Torquatus, in Scipio African, nay, in Caesar when he was dictator, than the Spaniards did in Don Pedro, thinking that no sooner he would have arrived in the English coast but he would have written back as the Roman monarch did, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but if he or his fellows had read the conquests of England, how difficult they were, either of the Saxons, Danes, or of the Romans, or lastly by the Normans, either he would have provided a greater fleet, or a better courage, for being embarked with a ship of 1330 tons carrying fifty cannons, after a while he had straggled on our coast, meeting our fleet, which presently gave the charge, he was one of the first that was taken, not making any resistance at all, or showing any point of honourable resolution, not so much as drawing his sword in defence. Is this the mind of a nobleman of dubbed chivalry, of a captain, to submit in the first extremity? Do the Spaniards prize life so high that they make no estimation of honour? Fortitude is high, and will not be stained in mean dangers; courage is like the eagle, that catcheth not at flies. First Don Pedro was commanded by his king to attempt his purpose with death, his vow was to purchase England, though with death, his promise at his departure was to conquer, or to seal the attempt with death, and yet coming in the skirmish, a few bullets had but bruised his ship and spoiled his tacklings, but submit he yielded without one stroke, having three hundred and forty men of war and a hundred and eighteen mariners, or without one denial with shot, having fifty cannons in his ship; he that like a lion came storming from Spain, humbly like a lamb crouched to our Admiral in the English seas, yielding himself, and his, prisoner; now note the Spanish braving promises, what cowardly conclusions they infer. Cato Vicensis chose rather to murder himself than to fall into the hands of Caesar, his enemy, nay, Cleopatra, a woman, suffered rather death by stinging of aspicks than she would submit to her foe; honour amongst soldiers is highly prized, and to bear the yoke

of an enemy is more bitter to a noble mind than death, yet liked not Don Pedro of this philosophy; he thinks to die is the last deed, and therefore to live is sweet, but this was not answerable to his emblems and impresses which he gave in his ensigns, banners, and streamers, for in the one was figured a sun and a moon, the motto in Spanish, but to this effect; *Heri plenilunium, hodie defectus*, Yesterday the full, but today the wane, meaning (as I suppose) that the fullness of England's prosperity was at an end, and now by his means should it fall into the wane; on the other side was depainted an altar with sacrifice fuming; the poesy: *Sic cupio, sic cogito: Spiritus ab inquietudine coactus*; I cannot well discourse his meaning in this, but no doubt whatsoever he wrote, what he invented, yea, all his devises, practices, and thoughts were of the subversion of England; well, those banners and ensigns which he hoped to have displayed in England to our great reproach were to his deep dishonour hanged to the joy of all true English hearts about the battlements and cross of Paul's, and on London bridge; he himself prisoner, & feeling the burden of his misfortune, could not (though never so well used in England) but sigh and say:

Heu quanta de spe decidi.

The princes, noblemen, and other men of name that of their free will offered themselves adventurers in this Spanish attempt, frustrate of their intent, walk at home muffled in their cloaks as men disgraced, and say one to another in great passion:

Temeritatis nostrae cum Briareo poenas luimus.

Glossa.

In this Spanish fleet were many voluntary adventurers, princes, dukes, counties, barons, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, younger brothers, to the number of 124, besides their servants, who without request or command, upon their own free will offered themselves as consorts in this voyage, moved first with a blind zeal of religion, then with desire of honour, especially against the English, who they heard were full of courage, thirdly, for hope of preferment in this our island after the conquest hoped for of the Spanish. Moved with these considerations they came triumphing in this fleet; finding a cooling card to allay their hot stomachs, they returned home discouraged, dishonoured, and disgraced, insomuch that looking with a deep insight into our victory and their overthrow, seeing our ships like little pinnaces, and their huge barks built like castles, overpeering ours, they in their own consciences confessed that God was on our side, saying that their oversight in being so forward was requited as the detestable attempt of Briareus, the giant with the hundred hands, and Tiphes who, the poets feign, did war against the gods and heaped hill on hill, as Pelion on Ossa, to climb up to the heavens, whereupon Jupiter with a thunderbolt pashed them all to powder, so they, blinded with the veil of ignorance, attempted against the gospel, the truth, and the defendress of them both, Queen Blizabeth [sic], the Lord's chosen, and his anointed, and therefore against God, which consideration made them murmur to themselves:

Temeritatis nostrae cum Briareo poenas luimus.

11. The vicegerents of his Indies, having lost by sea and land much of their king's treasure, sitting as discontented men on the hatches of their ships, to them is said:

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis Apes.

Glossa.

The Indies, being first sought out by the Portugal, and lately conquered and possessed by the King of Spain, yieldeth to him all his treasure wherewith he feedeth his clergy in their pomp, his nobility in their bravery, and his soldiers in their pay. In this conquest of the Indies did the Spaniard show his courage, his faith, his clemency: his courage in performing so haughty & dangerous a conquest, for being armed at all points with his cuirass, his corslet, burgonet, his horse, his pike, his spear, with store of men-at-arms and demi-lance, he invaded a company of naked Moors without armour or knowledge of use of weapon but a few fish bones; his faith, in that these naked men flying into the woods and mountains, whither the Spaniard neither could nor durst march, was persuaded upon his oath by the Christian God to come and yield with promise of life and liberty, who no sooner were in his reach and circuit with his soldiers, but breaking his oath, as one that sware by none of his friends, he caused his soldiers to apprehend their nobility as prisoners; his clemency in using the victory, not as Caesar, that gloried in his courtesies used to his foes, but like brute beasts caused the Indians to be hunted with dogs, some to be torn with horses, some to have their hands cut off, and so many sundry massacres as grieveth any good mind to report. The Spaniard, seated thus in the country, straight sought out the mines of gold, & causing the remnant of the Moors as slaves to dig in the mines, sent yearly with a great fleet much treasure from thence into Spain, which being blazed abroad through all the world, the report coming into England, there rose up a man of high and hardy resolution, Sir Francis Drake, who sent by her Majesty to discover that country not only found it out but brought home great riches, and the same time as a warrior went, and *malgrado* of the Spaniard, landed, entered up into the country near Cathagene & Santo Domingo, putting the Spaniard to the foil & the sword, brought home store of wealth and treasure, and getting by his valour such endless fame and glory as far surmounteth such momentane trash, using the Moors conquered with such courtesy as they thought the English gods, and the Spaniards both by rule and conscience half devils. Sir Francis Drake's happy success in India and the late loss of their sovereign's fleet, joined together, sore daunted the minds of the India generals, that they sit as men discontented in their hearts, to whom is objected (as in derision) the verses that Virgil wrote against Batillus:

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis Apes,
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis Aves,
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra Boues,
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis Oues.*

Meaning that as the bees make heavy [sic] themselves, yet not for themselves, but men reap it to their use, so the Spaniard digged out sweet honey from the golden mines, and Sir Francis Drake fetched it home to be tasted in England, reaping his profit out of their labours, so that the India generals are fain to bear this scoff:

Sic vos non vobis.

12. The common soldiers, haled forward rather by command than courage, fearing at the first to attempt so dangerous an exploit, and grieved at the last with their hard misfortune, half mutinous, murmur this:

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiui.

Glossa.

Caesar, being dictator for the Romans, & having conquered France, hearing that there was a little island beyond full of hardy and courageous people, thirsting after honour, and coveting to increase the Roman monarchy, he rigged his fleet and cut over into England, where he found such hard landing that he was glad to pass away with the repulse, but he, whose mind was impatient of dishonour, after he had renewed his fleet made a long oration to encourage them, but they found so hard a breakfast that hardly they could be induced to give the second attempt. The Spaniards being but in respect our neighbours, hearing how not only we have defended our own realm but made divers invasions with great victories, as Edward the Third in France, and Henry the Fifth, who forced the king by arms to proclaim him heir apparent, insomuch that Henry the Sixth sat crowned in Paris. The poor soldiers, having heard of these and other our resolutions, were discouraged before they came, and feared to buckle with men so hardy and fortunate although they were both charged by their king, and encouraged by the Pope with a general pardon *a poena & culpa*, yet all the persuasions would not serve, for divers hid themselves, and other by feigned excuses sought absence, but at last compelled forward, and forced to take shipping, they found here that they feared, men that durst abide their brave, and return them blow for blow, not like naked Moors nor the fainting Portugal, but Englishmen that prize honour as dear as their lives, who if they hear but this word Elizabetha, they fly like lions in the face of the enemy, nay, in the mouth of the cannon, rather opposing themselves to ten thousand deaths than the fortune of her enemies should touch her royal Majesty with any contrary passion. Feeling thus what they feared, some taken prisoners, others slain, a multitude drowned in the sea by shipwreck, the remnant of poor mercenary men cry out in bitterness of mind:

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiui.

Thus, gentle reader, thou hast seen the *Spanish Masquerado* which I have now devised to discourse to thee their estate, how although the malicious enemy seeks (puffed up by ambition and covetousness) to subvert our religion and make a conquest of our island, yet

he that seated our most royal princess in her kingdom as his minister to set forth his truth and plant his gospel still shroudeth her under his wing, and protects her from the violent attempt of all her foes, and breaketh off the wheels of their chariots that seek with Pharaoh to persecute his people.

Then rejoice and give thanks to God for all his gracious favours, and be faithful and true-hearted to the prince whom God so loveth; stand steadfast in the truth wherewith he blesseth thee, and then fear not what the Spaniard can do, for their bows shall be broken and their arrows cracked asunder; the Lord shall send forth his wrath as hot as coals, & the breath of his nostrils as a consuming fire to burn such chaff as purged out with the fan of his justice lies scattered abroad with the wind; if Spain shall attempt against England as Pharaoh did against the Israelites, Moses shall show wonders to amaze them, and maugre the prince of Egypt, lead his people through the sea. If Samaria be begirt with Edomites and Assyrians, yet shall the Lord send a fear and terror into their thoughts, that they shall fly and be discomfited with their own imaginations; if the Pope and Spain with their heretical confederates fill the narrow seas with vessels whose tops muster like a wood in the ocean, yet shall the Lord, if we keep his commandments and obey his statutes, send gusts and storms to scatter their navy and confound them with his creatures as men that do make war against God & plant their engine against the holy mount of Sion. Let Englishmen then, shrouded under the wings of the most highest, not fear what thousands can do against them; nay, let them give thanks to God who hath blessed us with such a prince as makes us eat fruits of our own vineyard and drink of the water of our own wells; our cities are full of joy, and our children are seen sporting in the streets; peace and plenty flourisheth in England, and all our land floweth with milk and honey; nay more, that heavenly manna, the food of our souls, the gospel of our Saviour Christ is frankly, freely, and truly not only preached, but lovingly embraced by the Queen and her subjects.

Seeing then we are every way blessed and favoured from above, that the Lord, our merciful God maketh England like Eden, a second paradise, let us fear to offend him and be zealous to execute the tenour of his commandments; then shall we be sure his Majesty will send our queen long life, his church to have faithful ministers, and our realm perfect subjects, and shroud us against Spain, the Pope, and all other enemies of his gospel.

FINIS.