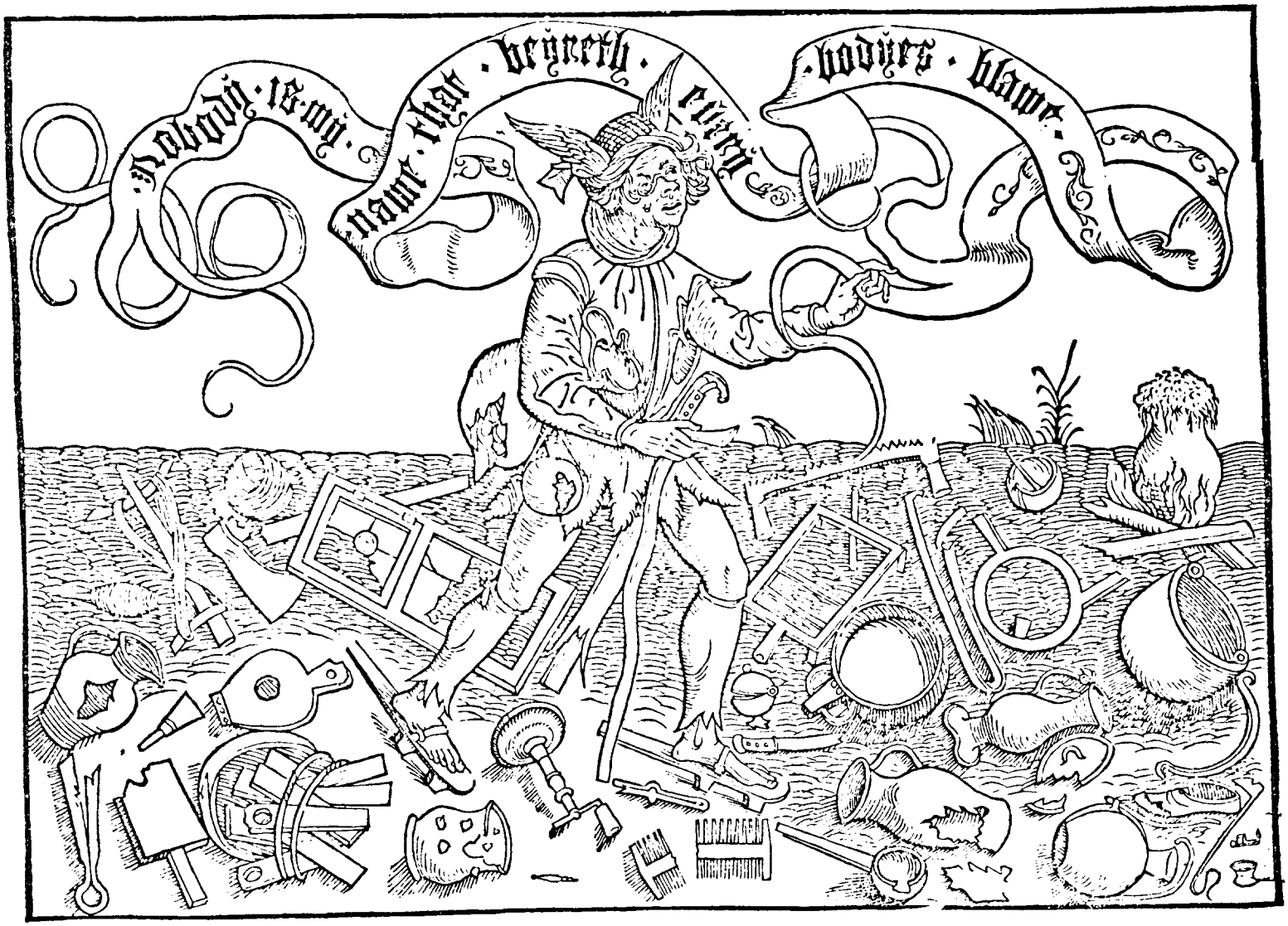
¶ The welspoken Nobody.

God that is all good and almyghtye
Hath shewed his power vpon me Nobodye,
For whear my mouth with locke was sparred
He hath it burst and my speche restored,
Wherfor I wyll syng prayse vnto his name
Bicause I may speke withoute anye blame,
And thoughe the pope with all his trayn
Do me rebuke and against me sayen
That as tofore I shuld nowe holde my peace
Yet Gods honour to set furth I can not ceasse.



Many speke of Roben hoode that neuer shott in his bowe
So many haue layed faultes to me, which I did neuer knowe,
But nowe beholde here I am
Whom all the worlde doeth diffame
Long haue they also skorned me
And locked my mouthe for speking free
As many a Godly man they haue so serued
Vvhich vnto them Gods truth hath shewed
Of such they haue burned and hanged some
That vnto their ydolatrye wold not come
The ladye truthe they haue locked in cage
Sayeng that of her Nobodye had knowledge
For almuche nowe as they name Nobodye
I thinke verilye they speke of me
Vvherfore to answere I nowe beginne
The locke of my mouthe is opened with ginne
Vvrought by noman, but by Gods grace
Vnto whom be prayse in euery place
My Journeyes I make both far and nere
To seke whear people Gods iustice fear
In that place wolde I make my habytation
Trusting there to haue a continuall mansion
In print tofore I did neuer appere
Yet many coulde me not well bear
But no maruell for the prouerbe sayeth
All men can not abyde to here the truthe
A companyon must he be with these good fellowes,
As long as they wyll haue hym in theyr companyes,
But sometyme they forget hym, vntyll he be
Moulded or wormeaten, and than for heresye
They do hym burne secretely, as in the nyght
The Jewes toke Christ, so these by theyr myght
Followe the other, beyng sore afrayed,
Lest these theyr prankes shuld be bewrayed.
In the Dedication daye, than oute of the steple
Do they hym hange to espye the people,
And with a litle bell them for to warne,
Because the prestes shuld catche no harme
In studiyng Gods worde the flocke to fede.
No thys is ynough, they haue no other sede
To sowe, therfore they shall reap
Vvynde, as they sowed wynde a great heap.
Vvo be to me sayth Paule, yf I shuld not preache
No sayth the Pope my ceremonyes teache.
But what do they teache shew the meanynge?
Vvel, Gods worde gyueth me smellyng
That Paule and your opinyon contrary be,
Shuld men leaue Paule, and followe the.
On relyke Sondayes, than bryng you furth trompery
Your relykes must be washen, that water saye yee,
Is good for synne and sicknes of beast,
Thus of Christes bloude make you a gest
So is thy soule spiritually fedde,
With Christes moost blessed bodye and bloude,
Vvhich for thy synnes was offered on the rode,
Vvith whiche oblacyon Gods wrathe is satisfyed
Neuer hereafter to be Reoffered
For with one oblacyon by hym self made,
He hath made vs perfect, therfore be glad,
For vnto perfection nothyng can be added
Vvhere be now suche, as masses haue sayed
To be propiciatory God them forgeue,
And conuert theyr hartes, whyles they do lyue
That they loke for none other propiciation
Than that which Christ made hym self alone,
In remembraunce, wherof to confirme our saythe
He bade vs receyue as the scripture sayeth.
Thys holye communyon. No come and see
Stare on it (sayeth the Pope) and ones a yere take
Nay not so neyghbour take not, but gape.
Thy synger wold rot yf thou touche but the chalyce,
O holye Paule, thou bade men be wyse,
And ware of suche, as shuld admonysh
From hādlyng and touchyng, which thynges do perysh
Euen with thabuse thou sayest. Vvell
Nowe seynge that all men begyn to smell
All you that be prestes I Nobodye praye,
To repent and be lerned, resist not I saye