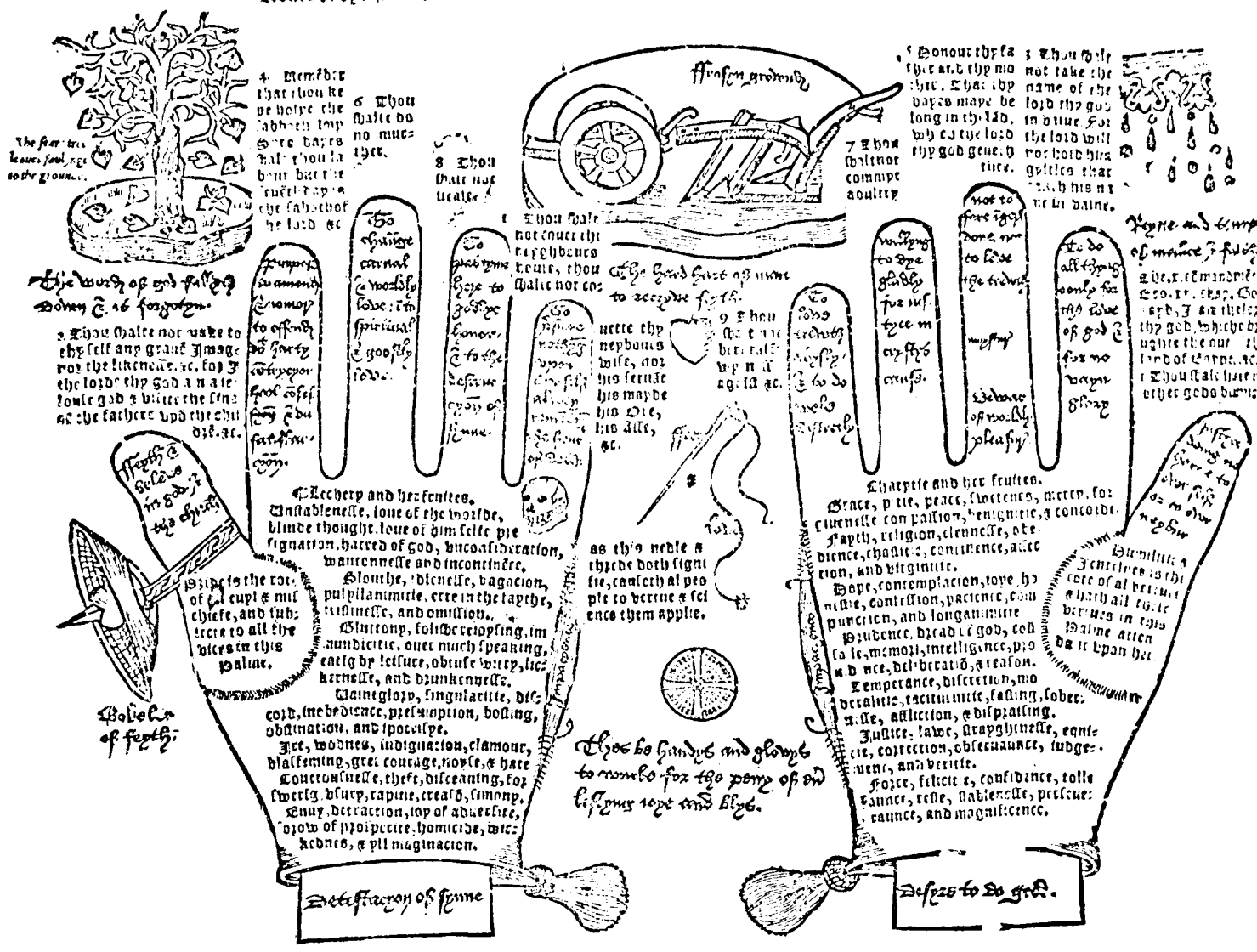
The gloues deuided for Newyeres gyftes to teche yonge pro[illegible]

knowe good from euyll wherby they maye learne the .x. commaundementes at theyr fyngers endes .x. other good lessons be written within the fyngers, the tree of Vertues with her braunches in the right palme and the Route of vyces in the lefte, with a declaration of the other pyctures folowinge in meter.



Who loueth and wolde vertues increase
and vices eke to ouer throwe,
Loe heare be gloues that wyl the teache
all euyll in tyme to laye full lowe,
Drawe nere therfore and bye apace
For newyeres gyftes you maye them geue
To olde and younge in euery place
Ther is no man will the repreue.
Nowe this matter to make thee vnderstande,
As mans hart is harde gods truth to receue:
So to frosen grounde it is compared
Which in no wyse the plowe can reue.
As the seare tree leaues that falleth to ground,
The worde of god calleth vs to grace,
If we forgetfull be not founde
Our wealth shall growe in euery place.
But wher mallice and falsehode stil doth raigne
With vs in this clere gospelles lyghte,
Ther loke for storme, tempest, and raine,
As plagues from heauen both day and night.
Feare god therfore and loue him eke,
With labour trew the Penny wynne,
And to euerlastinge ioye and blysse,
As before is saide, it will the brynge.
The .x. Commaundementes of the lorde,
At thy fyngers endes here mayest thou lere,
Deuided from one hande to the other,
As title telles in mynde to beare.

The fingers tenne yet more doth teache,
Tenne vertues for to beare in harte,
The which if you kepe well in minde,
From all euill wayes thou shalt reuarte.
More by these gloues thou mayst well see,
The seame is broke by impacient breath,
That vice to restrayne I aduise thee,
Eche time and houre remembre death.
Within the Palmes thou mayst well learne
Vertues to knowe in thy right hande
And vyces in the lefte to ouer turne,
If with shielde of faith, thou stoutly stande.
Detestation of synne, and desyre to do good
As braselettes fine I aduise thee holde,
With deuoute prayer for mercy and grace,
Then hope well thou mayst be bolde.
Throu the Christ our sauiour safe to be,
And his iuste iudgement to imbrace,
This is the truste I haue trwely
Within the sterres to haue a place.
And ryde aloste aboue the skyes
In Quintessence I hope to dwell,
Where ioye and solace shall neuer cease
All worldly pleasures they do excell.

God saue the Quene. Finis. M. T. T.

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