

Henry VIII, Pastyme With Good Company

Passtyme with good companye
I love, and shall until I dye;
Grugge who wyll, but none deny,
So God be pleeyd, this lyfe wyll I:
For my pastaunce,
Hunt, syng, and daunce,
My hert ys sett;
All godely sport,
To my comfort,
Who shall me lett?

Youth wyll have nedes dalyaunce,
Of good or yll some pastaunce,
Companye me thynketh them best,
All thouts and fantasyes to dygest.
For ydleness,
Ys chef mastres
Of vices all:
Than who can say,
But passe the day
Ys best of all.

Company with honeste,
Ys vertu and vyce to flee;
Company ys gode or yll,
But ev'ry man hath hys frewylle;
The best I sew,
The worst eschew,
My mynd shall be:
Vertue to use,
Vyce to refuse,
I shall use me.