

Transcript

Editorial comments:

BL MS Cotton Caligula C III f. 70r - v. William Herle to the Bishop of Ross.

Letter text:

[fol. 70r] 28 April 1571 From William Herle to the Bp: of Rosse/

My Lord your suddaine Ire amased me wholly seeing my self between the hard anvile & the hammer, but I will comfort you as I looke for comfote at your handes which is all that I desire, & is the prooffe I will shewe with hassard of mine owne life, And first for the trust you have comitted to me, this right hand shall play rather *Mutius* parte then either breake with you or shrinck therein And for a last confirmation they shall rather rent this poore carcasse then I bewray the least title of that hath passed in these affayres: wherein, as I speake it with great sorrowe of minde, so will I seale it with my blood if need be esteeming no greater torment then the unjust jealousy conceived of a true freind, for they be even droppes of death in every motion Mary if I wayed them not the matter were soone passed, so as nowe ye have a great instument in hand, yf you knowe to use him well, weying honor more then wealth & truthe above life, remayning yours (be it humbly spoken) though you would not, so mi in loving duty hath beene zealous long since, neither can force, nor preferment remove me, having cared lesse for greater temptations or nowe, as to be playne I doe ambitiously affect to be somewhat or nothing: therefore stand boldly to the counsell (yf they chardge me) in my honest cause, for this tongue & pen shall never come against you. And as wisdom is to suspect likely causes, [fol. 70v] causes, & to geve [1 word expunged] eare to true rumours: so is it great nicenesse to condemne friendship so truly ment & so dangerously tried, for I am a party & no beholder, which may move any wise judgment to deepe consideration, otherwise greater service wilbe discouraged, when so great a weaknes is discovered in the principall, looking for consolation at your L: hands, els you doe me more wrong then ever you may redresse, protesting to you, if any will maynteyne that I proceed otherwise then honestly I will make them lyers in their throate, challenging the Acte it self for my triall & noe glose, which if it were not would soone appeare as your self hath written, beseeching your L humbly to keepe this writing for an inviolable faith betweene us, & to resolve me yea or nay of your trust, having secretly heard by my deere frend and companion *John Poole* that the keeper here hath beene at the Court, & that the *Counsell* stormes that Charles will utter nothing, wherein his remove to the Tower is not so much I thinck for an extremity as to devide us a sonder, the suspicon rising of a *Bakers* wife that sawe me talking at a windowe with him So our Lord preserve you & comfort us in trouble, for truly my legges are galled with Irons, but my minde much more with pensive thoughtes, But yf your L be satisfied, I am well, having written a lre to *William Barthelet* to this end willing him to shewe it you, *This saterday* morning at x of the clock forsaken of all my frends/