

# The trite reporte of the forme and

shape of a monstros childe, borne at Muche Horkesley, a village thre  
myles from Colchester, in the Countye of Essex, the. xxi. daye  
of Appyll in this yeare. 1562.

O, prayse ye God and  
blesse his name

His mightye hande hath  
wrought the same,



**H**is monstrous wold that monsters bredes as  
Als men tofore it bred by natvie kinde (rise)  
By birthes that shewe corrupted natures strife  
Deciates what sinnes beset the secrete minde.

I meane not this as though deformed shape  
Were alwayes linked with fraughted minde with vice  
But that in nature god such draughtes doth shape  
Resemblyng sinnes that so bin had in price,

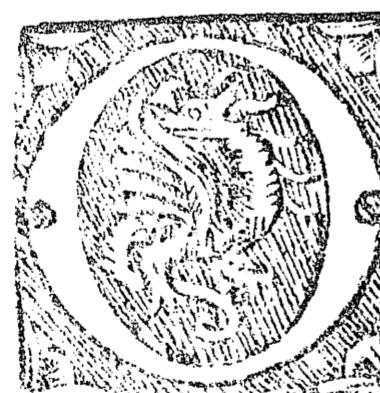
So grossest faultes blast out in bodyes forme  
And monster caused of want or to much store  
Of matter, shewes the sea of sinne: whose stome  
Dreslowes and whrlines vertues barren shose.

Faultye alike in ebbe and eke in flowd,  
Like distaunt both from meane, both like extremes.  
Yet greatest exesse the want of meane doth shewide  
And want of meane exesse from vertues meanes.

So contrayest extremes consent in sinne  
Whiche to be wary to bliddest eyes by syght  
To holde a calfe hath clapt about his chinne  
Dischauderne rest whence nature placed it right.

And cuffyd dyes boutfull seers to proue by speache  
Them selues not values, and makes the fashion stale,  
In him behold by exesse from meane our breache  
And middis exesse yet want of natures shape.

To shewe our misse beholde a gusllesse babe  
Rest of his limmes (for such is vertues want)  
Him selfe and parentes both infamous made  
With sinful byrth: and yet a worldlyng scant.  
Feares midwyfes route: bewrayeng his parentes fault  
In want of honestye and exesse of sinne.  
Made latifull by all lawes of man, yet halt  
Of limmes by God, sead not the shamefull marke  
Of bastard sonne in bastard shape descryed.  
Better farre better vnguen were his lyfe  
Than geuen so. For nature iust enuyed  
Her gift to hym: and crouyd wyth mayning knyfe  
His limmes, to wreake her spyte on parentes sinne;  
Whiche, if she spare unwares so many scapes  
As wyched wold to breed wiuerer lyme  
Theyr lynes declare theyr mains sau'd fro their shapess  
Scorchd in theyr mindes (o cruel priuye mayme  
That felstretch styl, o vnrecured sore)  
Where thotheres quiting wyth theyr bodyes shame  
Theyr parentes guilt, oft linger not theyr lyues  
In lothed shapes but naked flye to skyes.  
As this may do whose forme tofore thine eyes  
Through want thou seest, amonstrous vglye shape  
Whom frendly wold to sinne doth terine a scape.



**A**T Tysday being the xvi. day of Appyll, in this yeare of our Lorde God a thousand syue hundred thre score and two, there was boorne a man childe of this maymed forme at Muche Horkesley in Essex, a village about thre myles from Colchester, betwene a naturall fathur and a naturall mothe having neyther hande, foote, legge, nor arme, but on the left syde i t hath a stumpe growynge out of the shoulde, and the ende thereof is rounde, and not so long as it shoud go to the elbowe, and on the ryght syde no mencion of any thing where any arme shoud be, but a litel stumpe of one ynche in length, also on the left buttocke there is a stumpe comming out of the length of the thygh almost to the knee, and round at the ende, and groweth someting ouerthwart towardes the place where the ryght legge shoud be, and where the ryght legge shoud be, there is no mencion of any legge or stumpe. Also it hath a Codde and stones but no yearde, but a lytell hole for the water to issue out. Finallye it hath by estimation no tonge, by reason whereof it sucketh not, but is succoured wyth liquide substance put into the mouth by droppes, and nowe begynneth to feede wyth pappe beyng very well sauoured, and of good and cheareful face.

**C**he aforesayde Anthony Smyth of Much Horkesley husbandman and his wyfe, were both maryed to others before, and haue had dryuers chyldeyn, but this deformed childe is the fyfth that the sayd Anthony and his wyfe had betwene them two, it is a man childe. This chylde was begot out of matrimony, but boorne in matrimonye. And at the makynge hereof was living, and like to continue.

**C**Imprinted at London in Fleetstrete nere to S. Dunstons church by Thomas Marþe,