

A COLORING BOOK WITH SKELETONS!



This coloring book was adapted from a spooky tome called *Hans Holbein's Alphabet of Death!* This edition of Holbein's infamously macabre illumination is from 1856 and was embellished with mournful quatrains and includes illustrations by 16th century engraver Hans Lutzberger.

Check out the digital version of the original book at digital.auraria.edu/aa00003730

Or stop by Special Collections to see the real thing!

Colored pencils available for checkout at the AskUs Desk

HANS HOLBEIN'S

ALPHABET OF DEATH

ILLUSTRATED WITH OLD BORDERS ENGRAVED ON WOOD
WITH LATIN SENTENCES AND ENGLISH QUATRAINS

selected by

ANATOLE DE MONTAIGLON



PARIS

PRINTED FOR EDWIN TROSS

28, Rue des Bons - Enfants

M DCCC LVI



DEATH CAM DRYVYNG AFTER,
AND AL TO DUSTE PASSHED,
KYNGETES AND KNYGHTES,
KAYSERS AND POPES,
LERED AND LEWED,
HE LET NO MAN STONDE
THAT HE HITTE ENEVE,
THAT EVERE STIRRED AFTER.
MANYE A LOVELY LADY,
AND LEMMANS OF KNYGHTES,
SWOWNED AND SWELTED
FOR SORWE OF HIS DYNTE.

(PIERS PLOUGHMAN, Passus XX.)





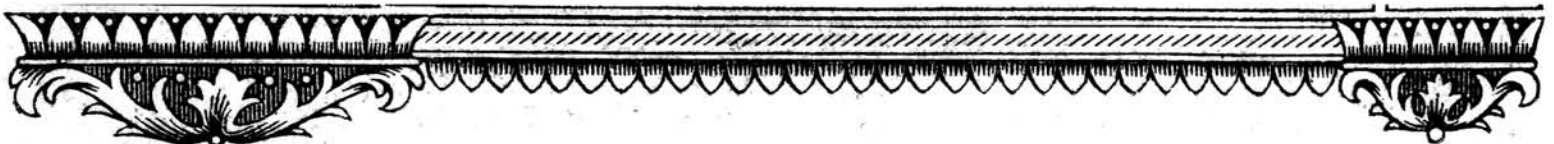
*O creatures, ye that ben resonable,
Who alle shalle trace the daunce of Macabré,
Ye may here lern doctrine ful notable,
How dethe ne spareth high ne low degré.*

A 1



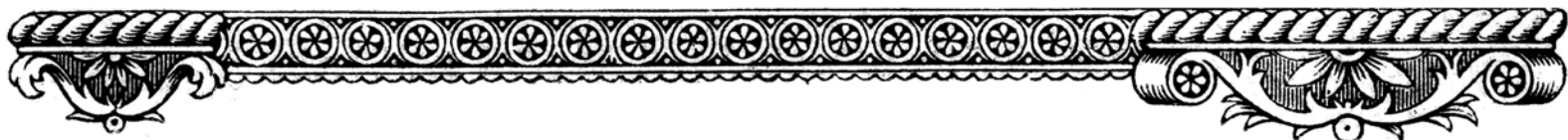
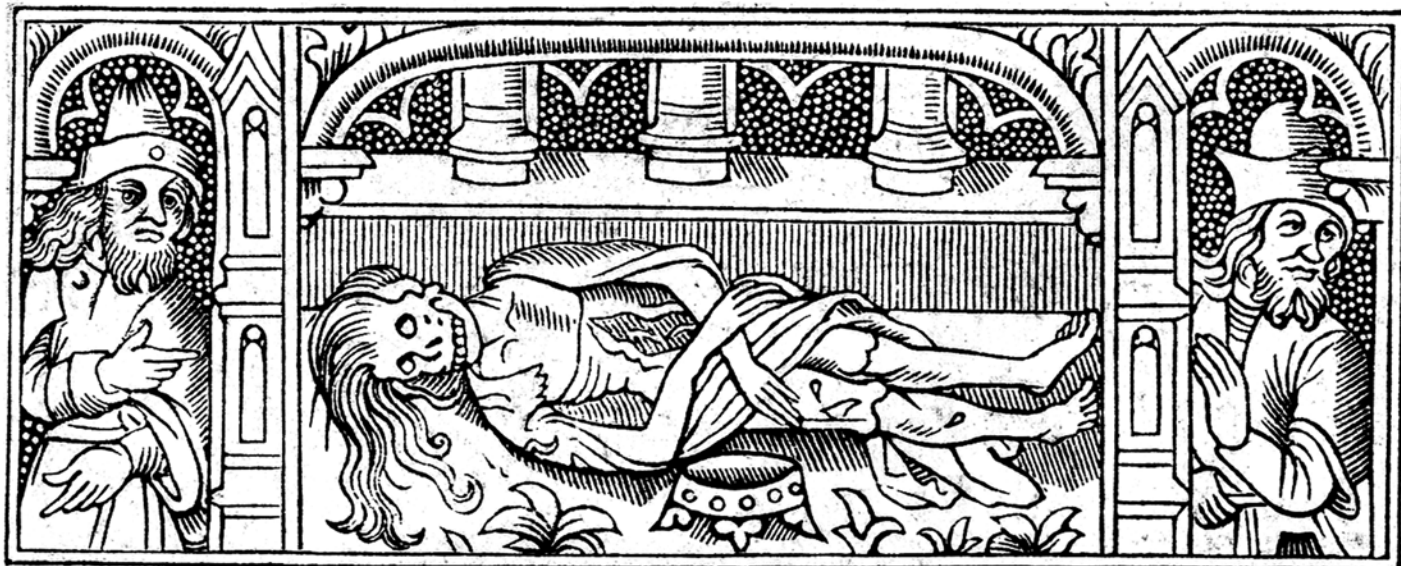


*O thou that of alle estates spiritualle
In erthe art set moste high in dignité
Upon this daunce firste begynne thou shalle,
As moste worthy by thy soverainté.*





*Sir emperour, lorde of alle the grounde,
Soverayne prynce and hieste of noblesse,
Ye moste forsake of golde your aple rounde,
Sceptre and swerde, and alle your high
[prowesse.*



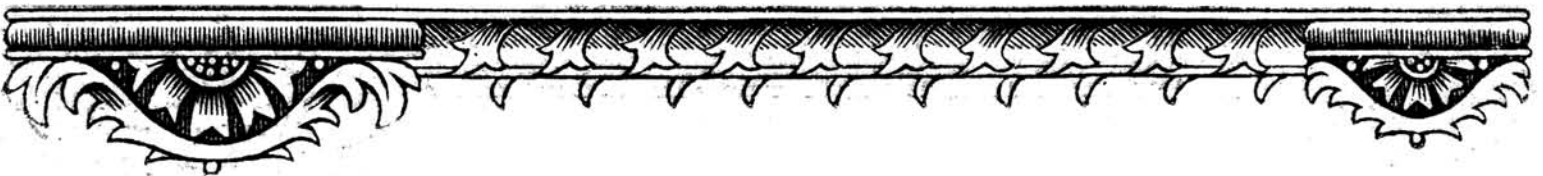


*Ye ben abasshed, it semeth, and in drede,
Syre cardynalle; me thynketh by your chere;
But yit forthy ye folowe shale in dede
With othere folk, my daunce for to lere.*





*Ye han not lerned here afore to daunce
No daunce in sothe of fotyngge so sage,
Wherefor ye see by clere demonstraunce
What pryde is worth, force, or high lynage.*



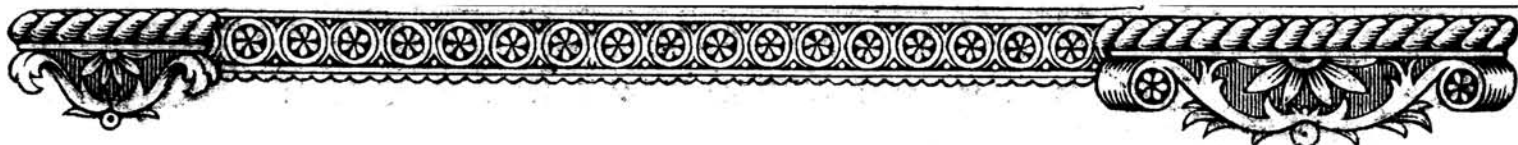


At youre passetyme has ben to shaken the
[dyce ;
But throwe no more, for nowe it is youre
[chaunce,
Maugré youre grete othes and wordes nyce,
To folowe me bothe in the dedely daunce.





*Lytel enfaunt, that were but late borne,
Schaped in this worlde to have no plesaunce,
Thou moste wyth othere that are gone to forne
Be led in haste by fatal ordynaunce.*





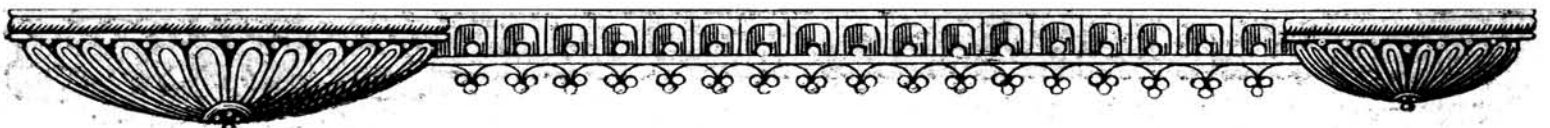
OUR TERM OF LIFE DEPENDS NOT ON OUR
DEED.
BEFORE OUR BIRTH OUR FUNERAL WAS
DECREED;
NOR AW'D BY FORESIGHT, NOR MISLED BY
CHANCE,
IMPERIOUS DEATH DIRECTS THE EBON'S
LANCE,
PEOPLES GREAT HENRY'S TUMBS, AND LEADS
UP HOLBEIN'S DANCE.

(PRIOR.)





*Remember alle there is no better victorie
In this lyfe here than sle synne at leste,
Thanne shalle ye regne in Paradys with glorie;
Happy is he in hevене that makethe his feste.*













LA MORT NY MORD



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