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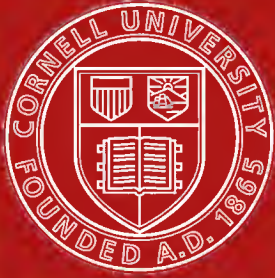
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THE HYSTORIE

OF THE

MOSTE NOBLE KNIGHT PLASIDAS,

AND OTHER RARE PIECES.



THE HYSTORIE  
OF THE  
MOSTE NOBLE KNIGHT PLASIDAS,  
AND OTHER RARE PIECES;  
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**N**onneur De la sainte trinite  
Louège de sous charles roy treschrestien  
De latin en francois iap transtlate  
Lystoire du tressort amoureur sien  
Deuriasus et de sucresse le maintien  
Que en amours ont eu durant leur vie



# The Roxburghe Club.

MDCCCLXXIII.

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## PREFACE.

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THE volume which is here reprinted, by the kind permission of the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge, forms part of the Pepysian Library, and bears at the beginning and end the two bookplates of its donor, one being his own portrait, and the other his cypher.

These plates, as well as the title-pages of the five principal pieces contained in it, and also the cover of the book with his arms stamped on the side, it has been thought well to reproduce in fac-simile, thus adding to the interest of the reprint.

The volume is composed of the following pieces bound up together :

- I. The worthie Hystorie of Placidus (1566), by John Partridge.
- II. The Historie of the Lady Pandavola (1566), by John Partridge.
- III. The History of the Lady Lucre of Scene (Sienna), and of her lover Eurialus.
- IV. The Northren Mother's Blessing.
- V. The Way to Thrift.
- VI. The Life and Death of Sir John Oldcastle, Knight (1601), by John Weever.

Of these, No. V. is in prose, the rest in verse; No. VI. in Roman, the others in English letter.

No. I. is the story of the life, acts, and martyrdom of Saint Eustace, a patron saint of hunters, who, under his pagan name of Placidus, was a captain of the Roman guard, and was converted to Christianity by a vision of our blessed Lord, who appeared to him while hunting "a huge and lofty Bucke," and commanded him to forsake his idols.

The story, which was very popular, may be found in Caxton's

Golden Legend (fo. 331 r<sup>o</sup>. 1st edition), and also in chap. cx. of the *Gesta Romanorum*. In the English version of the latter book, published by the Club, the Emperor Trajanus of the Latin tale becomes the Emperor Avorios, and the knight Placidus figures only as "a certain knight," unnamed, and unidentified with Saint Eustace.

Mr. Collier, who reprinted the present poem in 1866, has given in his *Bibliographical Catalogue* (fol. ii. p. 117) a pretty full account of it; and in his *Extracts from the Register of the Stationers' Company* we find the licence for its printing, as follows :

R<sup>d</sup> of Thomas hackett, for his lycense for prynting of "an history of  
the mooste noble kynge plasadas, &c. . . . . iij d.

Of No. II. Collier could give no account, never having seen it. It tells of Pandavola, the fair daughter of Sylewma the King of Turkey, whose "comly corps" the people thronged from all parts to see; of her love for Alfyne, a knight of low estate, and of their tragic deaths.

The following is the licence for printing this book :

R<sup>d</sup> of Thomas Purfoote for his lycense for the pryntinge of the moost  
famose history of the worthy lady pandavolay, &c. . . . . iij d.

The story appears to be a translation from a foreign work, for Partridge, in some dedicatory verses addressed to Thomas Baynam, says he has

this story brought  
Unto our vulgar speche.

but I can find no trace of the original.

These verses follow the poem, and are themselves followed by two other short pieces, one in praise of friendship, the other in dispraise of flattery. The poetry of these works of Partridge is but poor; they are, however, worth preserving, not for their own merits, but as a specimen of what was thought good enough to entertain our forefathers.

No. III. is told much better in prose than the two former are in verse, and is indeed written with some power; reading like a story from Boccaccio.

Its original author was Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., himself a Siennese, who wrote in 1443 this "Opusculum de duobus amantibus Eurialo et Lucretia." \*

The Spanish (12,491 d.), 4to, 1512, is entitled, "Historia muy verdadera de dos amantes Eurialo Franco y Lucretia Senesa que acaescio en la cibdad de Sena en el año de Mil & cccc & xxxiiij. años en presencia del emperador Fadrique: fecha por Eneas siluio que despues fue elegido papa llamado Pio Segundo." The colophon is "Fin del presente tratado d'los dos amantes Eurialo franco y Lucretia senesa. Fue impreso en la muy noble y muy leal cibdad de Seuilla por Jacobo cröberger. Año de mill q'nientos y doze, A, xxviiij. de Julio."

The German version (12,403 c.) is contained in thirty-seven leaves 4to, and is illustrated with nineteen coloured woodcuts (of which one is employed twice over,) representing various points in the story. They are so quaint that it has been thought well to insert fac-similes of them in the present volume.

The first of them, with its border and initial letter (a C reversed doing duty for a D) heads the next page, and represents the translator, Nicholas von Wyle (or his messenger), presenting his book to his patroness, the opening words being

\* This novel was very popular in its day, as may be supposed from the fact that no less than twenty-eight fifteenth-century editions are mentioned by Hain, in his *Repertorium Bibliographicum* (1826, vol. i. pt. 1, p. 25), as still extant, besides eight translations of the same century, three into Italian, two into German, and three into French; one of the latter being "Translate du latin en francoys par maistre Antithus chappellain de la sainete chappelle aux ducez de bourgogne a la priere et requeste des dames," and another, a poetical paraphrase, of which a copy is in the British Museum. It is supposed to be by Octavien de St. Gelais.

The same library possesses several early Latin editions, amongst which are A° 1476 Argentine (Granville 9,274); 1490 (?) Cologne (?) pressmark 3,835  $\frac{5}{8}$ ; 1497 Venice (12,450 d.); as well as one of the year 1648 in Vincent Obsopæus's book, *De Arte Bibendi*, &c. The Museum has also one of the German translations mentioned by Hain, and other Spanish and Italian versions.

Of the 1476 text (which is not mentioned by Hain) a reprint will be found in an appendix to the preface.



er durchleuchtigen hoch gebornen Fürstin und frawen fraw katherinen, Herzogin von österreich margrevin zu Baden, &c. und grevin zu Spanheim meiner gnedigsten frawen entbeut ich niclaus von wyle der zeit statschreiber zu Esslingen mein underthenig willig dienst zuvor.

He dates his dedication "Geben zu Esslingen auff Esto mihi,\* Anno domini M.cccc.lxij." Then follows the author's dedication to Count Schlick: "Dem hochgeachten und volgeborn Ritter herren Caspern Schlicken herren des Nuwenburg keyserlichem Cantzler und houbtman zu Eger uñ zu dē Elenpogen seinem besundern herren entbeut[e]t Eneas Siluius poet und keiserliche Secretari vil und

\* Probably *auf festo michi*, i. e. Michaelmas.





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THE TRANSLATOR PRESENTS HIS WORK TO THE MARGRAVINE OF BADEN,  
HIS PATRONESS.





enpflicht heils sich im. Marianus Sosinus mein lantzman von Senis burtig ein mann so guttig und so grosser kunst das ich zweifell ob ich seines geleichen ye gesehen habe, Hat mich dise tag her gebetten das ich im schreyb zwei lieb habende menschen." The colophon states the book to be "Geben zu Wyen 5 nones Julij, 1477."

Besides the early Italian translations mentioned by Hain there was one published in Venice by Matthias Pagan in 1554; and another in Daelli's *Bibliotheca Rara*, 1864. Both these are in the British Museum.

The French work of Octavien de St. Gelais consists of some 4,850 lines, beautifully printed by Antoine Verard, about 1493, on 92 leaves of vellum; the first of which has a large miniature, representing the author presenting his work to King Charles the Eighth. A fac-simile will be found as a frontispiece to the present volume.

There are also 129 smaller miniatures very well executed, but, as may be supposed from the number, compared with the length of the story, not all of them depicting incidents clearly distinguishable one from the other. Thus, one represents Eurialus writing a letter to Lucrece; another, Lucrece receiving it; another, Lucrece, with the forefinger of one hand on the forefinger of the other, considering what she shall say in answer. Another shews "Cōmēt Lucrese appercent Eurial<sup>s</sup> et parla a lui" (fo. 38); and the next "Cōmēt Eurial<sup>s</sup> parla a Lucrese" (fo. 38<sup>v</sup>); the two miniatures being almost exactly the same (much like No. 10 in the German set), only with a different action of the hands of the speakers. Two others (and these are two of the best in the book) show "Cōmēt Sozie mist Eurial<sup>s</sup> dedens une estable parmy du fein et comment il fut presq, trouve par dromo page neust este Sozias" (fo. 59), and "Cōmēt Lucrese amusa son mari en bas et le mena en la caue tant que Eurial<sup>s</sup> sen feust ale." (fo. 62 <sup>v</sup>.)

Manuscript notes on the margin of the pages, such as these above quoted, accompany and explain the miniatures, one of which, as a specimen of the style, has been given in fac-simile at p. 112. It is from fo. 61 of the French book.

The first edition of the English translation is said to be that in the British Museum, a black-letter quarto (C. 21 c.) which Hazlitt dates c. 1549: but Lowndes mentions one by W. Copland, of 1547, which may be either the same or an earlier edition, or else perhaps a mistake for that of 1567 here reprinted, which is also from Copland's press.

There seems to be internal evidence that the Museum edition is *not* the first. It is too full of errors, and apparently errors of a copyist. See, amongst others, that pointed out in the note on p. 133, l. 16.

Mr. Henry Huth has a copy of an edition of 1560.

"The Excellent Historie of Euryalus and Lucretia" was licensed to T. Creede, October 19, 1596, but whether this was to be a reprint with a new title, or a new translation, is not known. Probably it was never printed, as Hazlitt mentions no copy, and there is none either in the British Museum or Bodleian.

There are two other translations in the British Museum; one (12  $\frac{K.M.}{2 \ 3 \ 7}$ ), by Charles Allen, printed in 1639, and another, in a volume (12,510 b.) containing also the Story of Hyppolitus, Earl of Douglas (1741), and the Secret History of Macbeth. It is entitled: "The Art of Love, or the History of the Amours of Count Schlick, Chancellor to the Emperor Sigismund, and a Young Lady of Quality of Sienna. By Æneas Sylvius, Poet Laureat, and Secretary to the same Emperor, afterwards Pope Pius the Second. London, 1741."

In the preface to the work the translator says

There is yet another advantage which our Author has above the Monsieurs in writing on a real not fictitious story. For though he gives his Lovers the names of Eurialus and Lucretia, it is plain from a passage\* in his Epistle Dedicatory to the Count of Schlick that he drew his picture from the true Adventures of that Lord."

---

\* The passage is as follows:

"The affair happened at *Sienna*, during the abode of the Emperor Sigismund in that City; you was there at the same time, and if I may believe my Ears, you bestowed some of your Time and Address in Love. It is the City of *Venus*. Your Friends, who know

A very full account of the book and its story is given by Mr. Furnivall in his preface to "Captain Cox, or Laneham's Letter," (p. xxxviii.) printed in 1871 for the Ballad Society.

It is the story of the beautiful Lucreces of Sienna and her lover Eurialus, a knight "of the contre of Francony" in the train of the Emperor Sigismund; and tells how that her husband Menelaus meets the fate of his Spartan namesake, and loses the love of his too fair wife; how that Eurialus supplants him by the help of his trusty friend Nisus, and of "Pandalus," cousin to Menelaus, and in spite of the vigilance of Agamemnon, Menelaus's brother; and how that Eurialus, called to Rome by his lord the Emperor, is forced to leave his love, who shortly after dies of grief; and himself, though married by the Emperor "to a ryghte noble and excellent ladye, yet never enioyed after, but in conclusyon pitifully wasted his painful life."

The French version, following the original, makes him a less doleful end. The concluding lines are

Jusqu a ce que cesar souverains  
 Une femme lui donna chaste et tendre  
 Du sang estoit dun noble duc venue  
 La plaisante femme espousa  
 Belle chaste et prudente tenue  
 Sage homs estoit: moult lama et pris  
 Es oraisons quil faisoit tousiours a  
 De la bonne Lucesse remembrâce  
 C'il q' le corps a ame noubliera  
 Lame jamais sil a bonne prudence.

In the original there is a short Envoy or moral, of which the you well, say that you were then much in Love, and that no Body was more gallant than yourself; and believe that there was no Amour past at that Time that you had not some Knowledge of. I therefore desire you to read over this History, and see whether I have wrote Truth or not; blush not if it call to your Mind any Transactions of yours that were like these, since you were a Man, and therefore subject to the Frailty of Man. *He who was never in love, is either a Stone or a Beast*—"oder ein unvernünftiges tier." (German version.)

following French lines are a translation, and to them the translator adds a moral of his own.

\* Le Pape pre  
anant sa pa  
paulte nom  
me enee sil  
ue, aucteur  
de celiure, po<sup>r</sup>  
la cōclusion  
de son enure  
dit a Marian<sup>s</sup>  
an q'l il le  
dirige.

Mon cher ami Marianus tu as  
Icy la fin du liure des amans  
Lamour nen est fait ne eureux se bien as  
Par tout vise; ce te suis affermans  
Qui ce liure liront silz sont savans  
Se garderont de choir en telz perilz  
Le breuage damours ne soiēt beuans  
Ou dalors plus que miel est mis.

LE TRANSLATEUR.

Histoire q' ay cy deuant translatee  
Se p' bon sens on la veult digerer  
Et qu il ne soit quen bien interpreter  
A p'sonne ne veult mal suggerer  
Toute vertu et bien veult ingerer  
Peché finir et faictz p'nicieux.

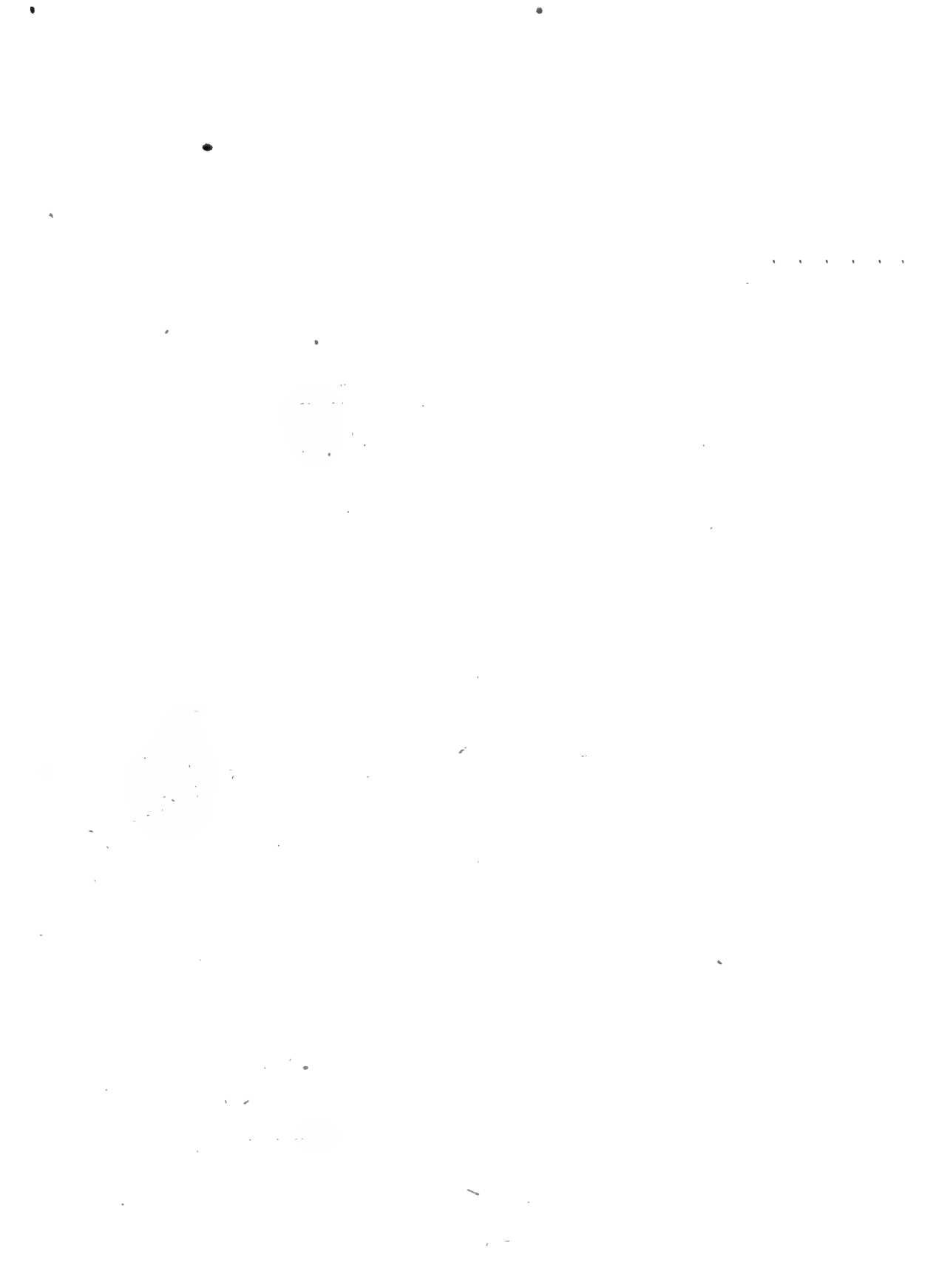
The Envoy of the English translation which I add from Mr. Huth's copy of the edition of 1560, appears not to have formed part of the present edition. It points the moral of the story, showing that the joys of love—unlawful love is meant—of which the future Pope gives a somewhat graphic description, are surpassed by its sorrows.

LE A TO THE REDER.

Bi thys lytle thou mayst perceyue my fréd  
The end of loue not fayned nor fortunate,  
By which right playnly thou mayst entend  
That loue is no pleasure, but a pain pardurable,  
And the end is deth which is most lamentable.  
Therefore, ere thou be chayued with such care,  
By others' peryls take hede and beware.

---

\* A MS. note by the side of the text, in the same hand as the others which are found in almost every page, explaining the miniatures.





THE TRANSLATOR PRESENTS HIS BOOK TO POPE PIUS THE SECOND.

Fyrst by Eurialus, by whome perceyue thou maist  
 The best it is to eschue shortelye  
 To drynke of the cup, or of it to taste  
 That savoured more of gall than of hony.  
 Also I coulde shewe the hystories of many  
 That yf they by tyme had made resystance  
 They myght have eschued all such inconvenienc.

There was also the noble Troylus  
 Whych all hys lyfe abode in mortall payne  
 Delayed by Cresyde whose hystory is pyteous,  
 Tyll at the last Achilles had hym slayne.  
 Yet other there be, whych in this careful chaine  
 Of loue have contynued all theyr lyfe dayes,  
 Death was their end, there was non other waies.

We redde also Piramis and thysbe  
 Whych slew them selfe by theyr feruent loue,  
 Of Hercules, and of the fayre ioyle,  
 Wyth many other, whiche I coulde not attaine.  
 And of Dido, whiche wyth her selfe stroue  
 For love of Eneas whā she coulde not attaine,  
 Tyll at the laste she had her selfe slaine.

Yet coulde I shewe you of many other mo  
 Yf leyser not wanted, but now I let it pas,  
 Whiche by theyr love were constrayned also  
 To mortal death, more pitye, alas !  
 Therfore thys boke in English drawe was  
 For an example, therby to eschew  
 The paynes of love ere after they it rewe.

In the woodcut annexed (No. 3 of the German series) we see the translator presenting his work to its author, Pope Pius himself, who was still on the throne, and did not die till two years after the date of the translation. The bystanders appear to be remonstrating with him on his temerity, but he persists, and His Holiness receives the homage graciously.

Æneas Sylvius did not, however, look back with satisfaction on this work of his, which, while it professes to be a dissuasive from unlawful love, is so, not at all on the score of its immorality, but of

its dangers and its hapless end; and portrays only too well the unscrupulous morals of the age and country in which he lived; and as he, when Pope, condemned, in his *Bulla Retractationis*, the anti-papal opinions which as Imperial Secretary he had professed, so, in like manner, in his more advanced years, he was ashamed of and condemned this and any other writings of his youth which had an immoral tendency.

Nicolaus Beets, in his work "De Æneae Sylvii . . . . morum mentisque mutationis rationibus" (Haarlem, 1839, p. 11) writes as follows: "Etenim animadvertendum est. Pium quum (a. 1463) in *Bulla Retractationum* scriberet 'Aeneam rejicite, Pium suscipite' morum non minus quam sententiæ politicæ mutationem respexisse, ut et inde apparet, quod eadem formula in utraque causa utatur. Voluptatibus enim nimium indulserat juvenis; nunc senex scribit Carolo Cypræo, (Koelhoff, Cologne, MCCCCL[xx]viii, p. 352.) "De amore igitur quæ scripsimus juvenes contemnite, non morales\* atque respuite; sequimini quæ nunc dicimus et seni magis quam juveni credite. Nec privatum hominem pluris facite quam Pontificem; Æneam rejicite, Pium suscipite; illud gentile nomen parentes indidere nascenti, hoc Christianum in Apostolatu suscepimus;" and in the note, "Spectat hæc, quam citavimus Epistola, Carolo Cypræo scripta, *Tractatum de duobus amantibus* sive *narrationem de Eurialo et Lucretia se amantibus*, quam, petenti Mariano Sozimo amico scripserat Aeneas anno 1444, quum jam per duos annos Imperatori ab actis fuerat. Est sine dubio narratio satis lubrica, nec tamen plane bonis moribus noxia, quippe et eo consilio composita ut juvenes ab illicito amori deterreat; 'in amore autem quot lateant mala si quis aliunde nescit hinc poterit scire.' (Aeneae Prologus.) Nec non ei insunt argumentationes morales optimæ frugis. Multa tamen lasciviose modo sunt proposita, quæ sine dubio plus fecerunt ut celebratissima fieret hæcce historiola, quæ jam saec. xv. plures vidit editiones (Cf. Naaml. van boeken in der Nederl. gedurende de

\* O mortales, 1551.



15<sup>de</sup> eeuw gedrukt; by P. van Dummel, Amst. 1767, p. 2, 8, 15, 27, 56) quam quod inerat morale dogma. Doluit hoc Pius Secundus. Hinc scripsit in Epistola laudata duo contineri in eo libello, apertam videlicet sed heu lascivam nimis prurientemque amoris historiam, et morale, quod eam sequitur, aedificans dogma. Quorum primum fatuos atque errantes videbat sectari quamplurimos, alterum, heu dolor, pene nullos. Ita impuratum esse atque offuscatum mortalium genus.”

The correct text of so much of the Epistle as relates to this subject will be found in the Appendix.

Alessandro Bracci, in his translation of Lucretius and Eurialus, Firenze, 1489, recast the plot, with the intention but certainly not the effect of improving its morality. In Daelli's *Bibliotheca Rara*, 1864, vol. 38, there is an edition of Piccolomini's novel, and in the preface the editor says, “Alessandro Bracci non tradusse, ma rifece, o meglio guastó. Guastó la testura dello stile framettendovi di suo frigidì versi e anche un sonetto bisticcio.

Amor m'ha ratto retto e, spento, spinto  
Che senza sarte in sirte surto gemo  
Avanti a' vanti in pene tante tinto.

Guastó la favola facendo morir Menelao scambio di Lucrezia e sposarla in seconde nozze da Eurialo. Crede cosí legittimar l'adulterio, e per esser piu morale, o com' egli dice piu jocundo, finge che Lucrezia che non aveva mai conceputo di Menelao e neppur di Eurialo ne' suoi congiungimenti impudichi, avesse di costui, dopo i legittimi nodi, otto figliuoli, tutti maschi e formosi. Egli la fa sopravvivere tre anni ad Eurialo, che muore di settentacinqu' anni! Questo egli chiama nella dedicatoria del suo Rifacimento a Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de Medici *continuare tutto il processo della storia con cose piacevoli e joconde!*”

I have corrected this 1567 edition by Mr. Huth's copy of that of 1560, and by the copy of the earlier edition in the British Museum (which last Mr. Furnivall kindly collated for me), and these correc-

tions, with others founded on a comparison with the original Latin, will be found in the notes.

No. IV. is "The Northren Mother's Blessing;" on which so much has been said by Mr. Furnivall in his "Forewords to the Babees Book, &c." (printed for the Early English Text Society,) p. lxxix. under its other title "How the Good Wijf 'Tauzte hir Dou3tir," and so much by Mr. Hazlitt in his "Early English Popular Poetry," vol. i. p. 178, that little more remains to be told, unless it be thought useful to add a comparison of the various versions of this popular piece, and, in order to make the present poem complete, to append a few stanzas which exist in the others but not in this.

It contains, as its other title denotes, a mother's address to her daughter, advising her how she should walk in the paths of this life, especially as a wife, a mistress of a house, and a neighbour, if she would thrive and bear a good name.

Our ancestors were somewhat prodigal of their advice to women, and often gave them, as in the present tract, very good advice.

Thus, Fitzherbert, writing about 1530, gives in his *Boke of Husbandry* a world of good counsel. After the precepts of *Husbandry proper* he writes a "Prologue for the Wyues Occupation."

"Now thou husbände, that haste doone thy dylygence and labour that longeth to an husbände, to get thy lyuyng, thy wyues, thy chyldrens, and thy seruantes; yet there are other thynges, that muste nedes be done or elles thou shalte not thryue. For there is an olde common sayenge, that seldome dothe the husbände thryue withoute the leue of his wyfe. By this sayenge it shoulde seme, that there be other occupations and labours that be moste conuenient for the wyues to do. And howe be it that I haue not the experyence of al theyr occupations and warkes, as I haue of husbandry, yet a lyttell wyl I speke, what they ought to do, though I tel them not howe they shulde doo, and exercyse theyr labours and occupations."

Then he begins to give her a "Lesson for the Wyfe," quoting

Solomon and Saint Jerome; and, after exhorting her to the love of her husband, he tells "What Warkes a Wyfe shulde do in generall," beginning "First, in a mornyng whan thou arte waked, and purposest to ryse, lyfte vp thy hande, and blesse the, and make a sygne of the holy crosse, In nomine patris, et filii, et spiritus sancti, Amen. In the name of the father, the sonne, and the holy gooste. And if thou saye a Paternoster, an Aue, and a Crede, and remember thy Maker, thou shalte spede moche the better." And then he goes on to tell her how she is to look after her house, her dairy, her children, her servants, her bakery, her brewery, her poultry, and her field and garden produce; impressing upon both husband and huswife "Tene Mensuram," "Eate within thy Tedure," *i. e.* tether. It is an interesting and amusing book, and in some parts a good parallel to our poem.

The other poems under this or like names differ so much in expression from the present piece and from one another, that they read more like translations or adaptations from some common original (perhaps written in 1391, "nine years before the death of Chaucer," as our title-page says; perhaps much earlier) than mere variations under the hand of a copyist. See on p. xix the lines from the version in the Cambridge University MS., the author of which desires his readers to pray for him *and* for the maker of the book.

Of the fellow-piece, "How the Wise Man tauȝt his Son," we find the prototype, consisting of 189 Anglo-Saxon lines, in an Exeter MS. of the tenth century. See Thorpe's *Codex Exoniensis*, p. 300.

It begins

Dus frod fæder  
Freo-bearn lærde,

that is to say, "Thus a wise father his dear son taught;" and ends

Swa þu min bearn gemyne  
Frode fæder-lare  
& þec a wið firenum geheald.

“ So thou my son remember wise fatherly lore and thyself aye against sins preserve.”

The “ Wise Man ” appears also to have been widely popular ; he is mentioned in the Chartulary of Godstowe, p. 13. (Rawl. MS. B. 408).

“ The prologue of the englyssh register. The wyseman tawht hys chyld gladly to rede bokys and hem weft undurstonde, for in defaute of vndyrstondyng is ofttymes causyd neclgyence, hurte, harme and hynderaunce, as experyens prevyth in many a place ; ” and then the writer goes on to say, that, as Latin is too hard for women, but they ought to know what their documents are, he means to translate for them the history or charters of their nunnery.

The several versions of the “ Good Wife ” which are now known, are

1. The present version ; from a MS. “ Reserved long in the Studie of a Northfolke Gentleman,” says J. S. who published it in 1597.

2. That in the Cambridge University, MS. KK. 1, 5.

3. That in St. John’s College (Cambridge) MS. G. 23.

4. That in the Ashmole MS. 61, fo. 7.

5. That in the Porkington MS. No. 10, fo. 135 v°.

6. That in the Lambeth MS. 853, p. 102.

7. That in the Trinity College (Cambridge) MS. R. 3, 19.

8. That in the Loscombe MS.

They all show signs, more or less clear, of their Northern origin.

No. 2 is printed in the Early English Text Society’s issue for 1870, called “ Ratis Raving,” p. 103 ; and is entitled “ The Thewis of Gudwomen.” It is written, says the editor, in the Lothian dialect, and begins

The gud wyf schawis, fore best scho can,  
 Quhilkis ar thewis of gud women ;

Qubilk's gar women be haldin deir,  
 And pouer women princis peir;  
 With sum ill maneris and thewis  
 That folowis ful women & schrewis.

It describes, but not like most of the others in the form of an address to a daughter, what is a woman's duty to God and to her neighbour. It contains 316 lines.

It is, perhaps, the same Rate, whose "Raving" we have in this book, who appears again in No. 4 (see p. xx).

No. 3 is of the same type and contains 306 lines; Mr. W. W. Skeat has kindly lent me a transcript of it for comparison. It is, he tells me, in Lowland Scottish, and was written out by a scribe named John de Ramsay, in 1487.

It varies considerably from No. 2, both in spelling and phraseology, and also in omission and addition of lines. I have marked in italics the differences in the first six lines.

The gud *wiff* schawis *the* best scho can  
*Qubilk* ar *the* thewis of a gud woman  
*Qubilk* garris women be haldin deir,  
 And *makis* pouer women princis peir  
 With sum ill *techis* and *ill* thewis  
 That followis *foull* women & schrewis.

No. 4, "How þe Goode Wyfe tauzt hyr Douzter," consists of 208 lines, and is printed in the volume containing Sir H. Gilbert's "Queene Elizabeth's Achademy," issued in 1869 by the Early English Text Society (extra series viii. p. 44).

No. 5 consists of 14 stanzas (168 lines), printed on p. 39 of the same volume, and is entitled, "The good wyfe wold a pylgremage."

No. 6 has 31 stanzas (219 lines), and is printed, as before said, in "The Babees Book," beginning on the 36th page; and has, in the footnotes, the collation of No. 7, which contains 32 stanzas.

No. 8, entitled "How the Goode Wif thaught hir Doughter," has 35 stanzas (175 lines), and was printed by Sir F. Madden in

1838; and again by Mr. Hazlitt in 1864, (Early Popular Poetry, vol. i.) with the addition of the opening stanza and some few readings from the 1597 printed text.

It is in the opening stanza that the several versions mostly differ. Thus in No. 4 it runs

Lyst *and* lythe A lytell space,  
 Y shall you telle A *praty* cace,  
 How þ<sup>e</sup> gode wyfe tauȝt hyr' douȝter  
 To mend hyr' lyfe, *and* make her' better.

No. 5 begins

The goode wyf wold a pylgremage  
 unto þ<sup>e</sup> holly londe :  
 Sche sayd " my dere doȝttur,  
 þou most vndor'stonde  
 For to gowerne well this hous,  
 and saue thy selfe frow schond.  
 For to do as I þ<sup>e</sup> teche,  
 I charge the þou fonde.  
 Witt an' O & a ny,  
 seyde hit ys full ȝore,  
 That lothe childe lore behowytt,  
 and leue childe moche more."

The first stanza of No. 6 is

The good wijf tauȝte hir douȝtir  
 Ful many a tyme & ofte  
 A ful good womman to be,  
 And seide " douȝtir to me dere,  
 Sum good þou must lere  
 If euere þou wolt þee."

all the stanzas, but the first and last, ending " my leve childe."

No. 7 varies but little.

No. 8 omits the first stanza, and ends the others alternately " My dere childe " and " My leve childe."

Stanzas 15, 16, and 27 of our poem are, with verbal variations,

in No. 7, but not in No. 6; stanza 22 is represented in the Lambeth MS. by

- (St. 18.) And what so thy meyne do, about hem pou wende,  
 And as myche as pou maist,\* be at þat oon ende,  
 And if pou fynde ony defaute, do it soone ameende  
 So þei hane tyme and space, and may hem defende.  
 To compelle a dede to be doone & pere be no space,  
 It is but tyrannye with-out temperaunce & grace,†  
 Mi leue child.

See also stanza 17 of the same MS. on p. xix.

Stanza 26 runs in the Lambeth MS.

- (St. 29.) Now haue y þee tauȝt, douȝtir, As † my modir dide mee;  
 pinke þeron § nyȝt and day, forȝete þat it not be; ||  
 Haue mesure and lownes, ¶ as \*\* y haue þee tauȝt,  
 And †† what man †† þe wedde schal, him dare care nouȝt. §§  
 Betere were a child vnborne  
 þan vntauȝt of wijs lore, ||||  
 Mi leue child.

Instead of stanzas 28 and 29 of the present poem, No. 6 has

- (St. 23.) Whanne pou art a wijf, a neiȝbore for to be,  
 Loue þan weel þi neiȝboris, as god haȝ comaundide þee;  
 It bihoueȝ þee so for to do,  
 And to do to þem as pou woldest be doon to.

\* No. 8, for "And . . . . mayst," reads *Wilke dede þ<sup>t</sup> schalle be done.*

† No. 8, for "So þei . . . . & grace," reads

*[So] þei haue swiche for hem þ<sup>t</sup> may hem defende*

*Mykelle note hym be houethe to don þ<sup>t</sup> house schalle holden.*

‡ No. 8, for "as," reads *so.*

§ No. 8, for "pinke þeron," reads *þenk þer on bothe.*

|| No. 8, for "þat it not be," reads *nought þise þre.*

¶ No. 8, for "and lownes," reads *lowenesse & forthought.*

\*\* No. 8, for "as," reads *þ<sup>t</sup>.*

†† No. 8 omits "And."

‡‡ No. 8, for "what man þe," reads *what man þ<sup>t</sup> þe.*

§§ No. 8, for "him dare care nouȝt," reads *þan is he nought bycaught.*

|||| No. 8 omits "of wijs lore."

If ony discorde happen nyght or daye,  
 Make it no worse, meende it if þou maye,  
 Mi leue child.

which is found in none of the other MSS.

Stanzas 28 and 29 correspond to 26 and 27 in No. 8; and that version adds another stanza in this place which is peculiar to it.

(St. 28.) Take ensauple by hem, and lette alle folie,  
 þat þou haue none defaute, ne þey or 3e dyen,  
 ȝif God þe sende children, þou hast þe more to done,  
 þey askyn grete dispens, here warisone þei wille haue sone,  
 Care he hathe þ<sup>t</sup> childryn schalle kepe, my leue childe.

No. 7, in place of the same two stanzas 28 and 29, and of st. 30 (st. 24 in No. 6), has its st. 23 and 24, which correspond in sense to our st. 19 and 27; and the following (25) which is neither in ours nor in No. 6.

(St. 25) \* *With* ryche Roobys and garlondes, and *with* ryche † thyng,  
 Counterfete ‡ no lady as thy hosbond § were a kyng.  
 ·*With* suche as he may the ayde, || apayde shalt þow be,  
 That no countenance be lost for cause ¶ of thee:  
 Ouyrdone pryde maketh nakyd syde,  
 My leef chylde.

Stanza 21 is represented by 16 and part of 17 of No. 6.

(St. 16.) And if þin husbonde \*\* be from home, lete not þi meyne †† goon ydil,  
 But loke weel who dooþ myche eiper litil, ††

\* Collier in his edition of No. 8 prefixes *go not* to this line; but the sense does not need it.

† No. 8, for "with ryche," reads *swiche*.

‡ No. 8 prefixes *ne* to this line.

§ No. 8, for "hosbond," reads *lorde*.

|| No. 8, for "ayde," reads *fynde*.

¶ No. 8, for "That . . . thee," reads *þat he lees noght his manhed for þe loue of þe*.

\*\* No. 8 reads *lorde*.

†† No. 8, for "þi meyne," reads *hem*.

‡‡ No. 8, for "But . . . litil," reads *Loke þ<sup>t</sup> þou wete wele, ho do mekylle or lytelle*.



And he þat weel doop, þou qwhite \* him weel his whyle,  
 And he þat doop oper, serue him as þe vile,  
 A forn doon dede  
 Wole anoper spede,

Mi leue child.†

(St. 17.) And if þi nede be greet & þi tyme streite,  
 þan † go þi silf þerto & worche § an houswijfes brayde,  
 þanne wille þei alle do þe bettir þat aboute þee stande[s] ||  
 þe work is the sonner do þat haþ many handis,  
 For manye handis & wight  
 Make an heuy worke light;  
 After þi good seruise  
 þi name schal arise,

Mi leue childe.¶

Our final stanza does not appear in any of the others, and in lieu of it No. 2 has

And here I pray ye redaris all  
 And als ye heraris, gret and small,  
 That ay, quhen at thai one it luke,  
 They pray for hyme that maid the buk;  
 And fore al crystyꝛne man, and me;  
 Amen, Amen, for cherytte.

which is lacking in No. 3.

No. 4 has

Ther' for' all' myzhty god Inne troue  
 Spede vs Alle, both euen and morne;

\* No. 8 reads þ<sup>t</sup> *hathe wele done, zelde*

† No. 8, for "And he þat doop . . . child," reads *He dothe an oper tyme þe bette but he be a vyle, A dede well done herte it whemyth, my dere childe.*

‡ Omitted in No. 8.

§ No. 8 has *make*.

|| No. 8 has *All þei schalle do þe better, þ<sup>t</sup> þou bi hem standes.*

¶ No. 8, for "þe work . . . schal arise," has *many handys make light werke, my leue childe.*

And bringe vs to thy hyzhe blysse,  
 That neuer more fro vs schall mysse  
 Amen, *quod Rate*.\*

## No. 5 ends

(St. 14.) Far-well douȝttur, far-well nowe!  
 I go vn-to my pylgremage;  
 Kepe þe wel on' my blessinge  
 tyl þou be more of a[ge],  
 let no merth ner' Jollyte  
 þis lesson frowe þe swage;  
 Then þou schalt have þe blys of heyvyn  
 to thy errytage.  
 Witt a O and a I,  
 doȝttur, pray for' me;  
 A schort prayer' wynnythe heyvyn',  
 the patter noster and an' ave,  
 Amen.

The last two stanzas of No. 6 (Lambeth) stand in the place of the last stanza of the Northren Mother's Blessing, and are as follows :

(St. 30.) Now þrift and peedom mote þou haue my swete barn,†  
 Of alle oure former fadris þat euere were or aren,  
 Of alle patriarkis and prophetis þat euere weren alyue,  
 Her blessinge mote þou haue, and weel mote þou priue!  
 For weel is the child  
 þat wiþ synne wole not be filid,  
 Mi leue child.‡

(which corresponds to the last stanza of Nos. 7 and 8.)

(St. 31.) The blessinge of God mote þou haue, and of his modir brizt,  
 Of alle aungils & of alle archaungils, and of alle holy wight,

\* The title also of No. 4 is followed by the words "quod Rate," and in both cases it is misprinted *Kate*.

† No. 8 reads *my leue swete barn*.

‡ No. 8, for "þat wiþ . . . leue child," reads *þat þryue may my dere child*.

And þat þou nowe haue grace to wende þe wey ful riȝt  
 To þe blis of heuene þere sittip god almyȝt,  
 Amen.

A harmony of the stanzas of four of the versions of the Northren Mother's Blessing.

No. 1. 1597.	No. 6. Lambeth.	No. 7. Trin. Coll.	No. 8. Loscombe.	No. 1. 1597.	No. 6. Lambeth.	No. 7. Trin. Coll.	No. 8. Loscombe.
Stanza.	Stanza.	Stanza.	Stanza.	Stanza.	Stanza.	Stanza.	Stanza.
1	—	—	—	19	25	23	19
—	1	1	—	20	15	15	20
2	2	2	1	21	16	16	21
3	3	3	2		17	17	22
4	4	4	3	22	18	18	23
5	5	5	4	23	19	26	24
6	6	6	5	24	26	27	32
7	7	7	6	25	20	28	33
8	8	8	7	26	29	31	34
9	9	9	8	27	—	24	25
10	10	10	9	28	—	—	26
11	11	11	10	29	—	—	27
12	12	12	11	—	23	—	—
13	13	13	12	—	—	—	28
14	14	14	13	30	24	—	29
15	—	19	14	31	28	30	30
16	—	20	15	32	27	29	31
17	21	21	16	33	—	—	—
18	22	22	17	—	30	32	35
—	—	25	18	—	31	—	—

No. V., *The Way to Thrift*, is a short piece of 71 lines. It teaches by contraries, and might rather be called *A Lamentation over Unthrift*.

The last piece in the volume is *The Mirror of Martyrs, or The Life and Death of Sir John Oldcastle, knight*, a poem which

deserved a better fate than to have been reduced, as it is said, to two, or at most three, extant copies. The present reprint will do a tardy justice to its merits.

Mr. Collier points out that the author applauds Spenser—"O greefe, that Spenser's gone!"—and borrows from Shakspeare; but this latter obligation seems to be very doubtful, as far at least as concerns the lines on the battle of Shrewsbury, which are given by Collier as an instance of his borrowing.

And all the Armie, ventrous, val'rous, bold,  
Hote on the spur, now in the spur lie cold.

Here so obvious a play on the name Hotspur was surely apt to occur both to Weever and Shakspeare, without any borrowing on either hand.

The "first true Oldcastle" in Weever's dedication may be, as Mr. Collier says, a reference to Shakspeare's "Old Lad of the Castle," and may intimate that he for the *first* time was showing Oldcastle in his *true* colours, whereas Shakspeare had shown him in false ones; and to these false colours he may refer where he says the world

With cowardise beginneth to empeach me.

Page 185.

In the fourth stanza, however, there seems to be certainly a reference to Shakspeare, when our author says

The many-headed multitude were drawne  
By Brutus speech that Cæsar was ambitious;

for it is more probable that he refers to the play of Julius Cæsar, written about that time, than to the facts of history, or to Plutarch's version of them.

It is Oldcastle himself who relates his own prowess, his master's favour, his sufferings and death, martyred for his Lollard opinions; and who modestly says

Becket is set; now doth Oldcastle shine;  
Him for a Saint within your Kalends hold."

Capgrave in his Chronicle of England gives a full account of Lord Cobham, but, though he gives him credit for his valour and ability, he does not estimate him so highly as in Weever's poem he estimates himself. Probably the contemporary view of the Lollards was as much too bad, amongst their opponents, as the distant view of the days of Elizabeth was too good, amongst the reapers of the seed they had sown. In the days of Henry the Fifth and Sixth their enormities were more visible than their virtues to the eyes of churchmen. In the days of Elizabeth their enormities were forgotten, and they were credited, as being the first fathers of the Reformation, with more virtues than they had possessed. Capgrave says "Thei [the Lollardis] trvsted mech on the witte and on the power of a certeyn knyte thei cleped Ser Jon Oldcastelle. He was cleped Cobham, for he had weddid a woman ny of the lordis kyn. A strong man in bataile he was, but a grete heretik, and a gret enmye to the Cherch. For his cause the archbishop gadered a Councel at London; for he sent out prestis for to preche, which were not admitted be non Ordinarie; and he was present at her sermones; and alle thei that seide ageyn his prestis was he redy to smite with his swerde."

The Chronicle comes to an abrupt end in the very year in which Oldcastle was recaptured and put to death; and shortly afterwards Edward de Cherlton, fourth Lord Cherlton of Powis (the "Lord Powis, gouvernour in Wales," of the 233rd page) received the thanks of Parliament for his good service in capturing "that notorious rebel," and delivering him over to the authorities of the State.

HENRY H. GIBBS.

Aldenham,  
November 30, 1872.

## NOTES.

- Page ix, line 1, ioyle, *i. e. iole*.
- „ 113, „ 1, The Emperour Sigismund. The Spanish version says “The Emperour Frederick III.” whose secretary, indeed, Piccolomini was, and whose chancellor was Count Schlick.
- „ „ „ 4, strete; it should be *gate*; orig. “porta.”
- „ „ „ 19, euery, *i. e. ivory*; *iuery*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 24, deceyued; the original adds “and made, as we say, as horned as a stag.”
- „ „ „ 29, bente facioned; *bente, facyoned*, B. M. and 1560.
- „ 114, „ 6, pytes, *i. e. pits*; *pyttes*, B. M.
- „ „ „ 14, in warder; *inward*, B. M.
- „ „ „ 19, cared, *i. e. carried*; Latin, “Non timida, non audax, sed temperatum verecundiæ metum, *virilem animum* sub femineo corde gerebat.” The words underlined have been omitted in all three editions of the English, The French has “Et courage plus que viril auoit.”
- „ „ „ 27, presouente, *i. e. present*; the other two editions have *prefounte*. In the Latin it is “cesarem in funeribus habuit.”
- „ 115, „ 4, yene; *eyne*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 21, fame, read *flame*; all English editions have *fame*, but the Latin is “Non tamen hac ipsa die vel in se *flammam* Lucretia cognovit.”
- „ 116, „ 1, they, read *the*; *thee*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 10, Latin, “Excute conceptas e casto pectore flammam si potes infelix.”
- „ „ „ 16, louethe the, read *louethe the not*; Latin, “si virum fastidis.”
- „ „ „ 27, abrode. So in all three editions; it should be *abode*, *i. e. delay*; see p. 135, l. 31. The Latin has “Et dabit ante fidem; cur tuta timeam? Accingar, et omnem *moram* pellam.”
- „ 117, „ 8, Media; *Medea*, B. M.
- „ „ „ 22, he put, &c.; French, “Deurialus rabatit le chapeau deuant les yeux.”
- „ „ „ „ ayne; *eyne*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 26, couler; so also in the 1560 edition; *courler*, B. M.; it should be, perhaps, *courser*; French, “Sur ung boiart;” Latin, “Erat Eurialo spadix equus ardue ceruicis.”

- Page 117, line 27, here, *i. e. haire*; *heare*, 1560.
- ” ” ” 30, manie, read *maine*, *i. e. mane*.
- ” 118, ” 1, beinge alone; the Latin has here “*sola fuit, claudere viam destinasset amori*,” which last four words the translator, or more probably the editor of a later edition of his translation, has omitted.
- ” ” ” 4, chastye; so also in 1560; *chastitie*, B. M.
- ” ” ” 6, fyers, *i. e. fierce*; Latin, “*dira*.”
- ” ” ” 8, aften; *often*, 1560.
- ” ” ” 12, Zosias; Latin, *Socias*.
- ” ” ” 32, dooste to = *dostow*, sometimes written for “*dost thou*,” *doest thou*, B. M.
- ” 119, ” 16, thee, read *hee*, B. M.
- ” ” ” 25, deade, *i. e. deed*; Latin, “*facinus*.”
- ” 120, ” 23, Perria; so in all English editions; it should be *Porcia* (see p. 160, l. 20). The Latin has “*Porcia cathonis*.”
- ” 121, ” 20, with thys wisdome; Latin, “*Hic ubi ardere se vidit, diu prudentiam suam miratus est, seque multotiens increpavit*.” The French is  
“*Mais quant il vit par effait reaulment  
Que Lucesse de bonne amour laymoit  
Sa prudence loua tres grandement  
Ma<sup>s</sup> plusieurs fois luy mesme<sup>s</sup> se icrepoint*.”
- ” 122, ” 2, goodes; so in all three editions; it should be *goddes*; Latin, “*Diis equa potestas est cesarum*.”
- ” ” ” 4, disroyl; so in 1560; *disroyle*, B. M.; it should be *dispoyl*; Latin, “*pharetris et leonis spolio positis*.”
- ” ” ” 11, beleuyng, *i. e. bellowing*; Latin, “*mugientes*.”
- ” ” ” 28, my, *probably* thy; Latin, “*sed omnis tum salutis tum vite spes mee ex te pendet*.”
- ” ” ” ” sefe; *selfe*, 1560.
- ” 123, ” 1, sightes, read *sighs*; Latin, “*suspiria*.”
- ” ” ” 3, godlyhede, read *goodlyhede*; Latin, “*venustatis*.”
- ” ” ” 5, thy, read *the*.
- ” ” ” 13, lefe, read *lese* (lose); Latin, “*perdere*.”
- ” ” ” 19, happe, read *happie*; Latin, “*felix*.”
- ” 124, ” 5, entre out of my syghte; Latin, “*I ocius venefica*,” German, “*Mach dich bald hinweg*,” French,  
“*Vaten dicy pars bien legierement  
Vielle infecte, benefique et mauldicte*.”
- ” ” ” 23, omit “*is*.”
- ” ” ” 8, here; so in all three editions; perhaps a misprint for *veze*; Latin, “*parce literis ac nunciis me vexare*.”

- Page 126, line 2, bautye; *beauty*, B. M.
- „ 127, „ 4, a lesse thinge; the Latin is more definite and less delicate, “trans-  
formari in pulicem vellem;” the French has,  
“Plus volentiers *puce* ie deuiendroye  
Lors fenestre ne pourries fermer.”
- „ „ „ 14, chaunce; *chaunge*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 15, that, read *thee*; B. M., *the*; 1560, *p<sup>e</sup>*.  
N.B. The letter used for “th” in the 1560 and 1567 editions,  
though not a correctly made *thorn* (þ), is, as in many other six-  
teenth-century books, a different type from the *y*
- „ „ „ 18, thou haste none excuse; Latin, “nihil est quod objicias.”
- „ 128, „ 12, Adriana; so in the Latin; *i. e. Ariadne*. Cf. Chaucer’s “Man of  
Lawes prologue.”
- „ „ „ 23, I than synce am, *i. e. I then, since I am*; the “I” is not unfre-  
quently omitted in early writers; Latin, “michi ergo nuptæ nobili.”
- „ „ „ 24, louers, *loues*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 25, continuallye laste, read *continual, least*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 29, *y<sup>e</sup>*, read *y<sup>t</sup>*.
- „ 129, „ 31, Deiphus; Latin, “Deiphebum Helena perdidit.”
- „ 130, „ 11, note, read *not*.
- „ „ „ 16, at all, read *shall*; Latin, “reditus festinus erit.”
- „ „ „ 19, Strusia, meaning “Tuscia,” or [E]“truria,” Latin.
- „ 132, „ 1, one; *on*, 1560.
- „ 133, „ 10, sythen the wyndowes of *y<sup>e</sup>* towne shewed them selfe. The translator,  
or more probably the printer, has made a strange jumble of the  
sense. The Latin has, “Sene ipsa vidue videbant,” *Sienna herself*  
*seemed widowed*; in the French, “Sene veufue lore dire on  
pouoit;” but the printer of the 1560 edition, which this follows,  
has mistaken probably the “Sene” (or Sien) of some earlier  
edition for Sythen, and “widow” for widow (window), and made  
hopeless nonsense of the passage.
- „ „ „ 21, may se in the bright mornonge what . . . . . &c.; it should be, *may*  
*se the bright morninge! What measure is in love? It cannot be*  
*cloked—no more than a cough can!*
- „ „ „ 24, naything, *i. e. neighing*; Latin, “hinnitus equorum.” The Latin  
adds, “et prolixæ barbæ strepitus tuæ.”
- „ „ „ 25, here; *her*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 31, voyde, read *viewed*; Latin, “spectatoque loco.”
- „ 134, „ 1, caneil = *channel*; *canell*, 1560; Latin, “cloaca.” French,  
“Entre hostel du tauernier et cil



De Lucesse ung grant euier auoit  
Tout plain de eaue."

- Page 134, line 12, inioynnge, read *inioying*, see note on p. 138. l. 10; Latin, "amoris nostri *gaudium nimium distulimus.*"
- " " " 24, of bothe these; elles, &c., read *of both these illes, &c.*
- " 135, " 27, thoughte, read *though*.
- " 136, " 2, the; so in all three editions; it means *thee* (it seemeth to thee).
- " " " 15, companye boystous; *companye of boystous*, 1560.
- " " " 20, fearethe, read *fareth*, B. M.
- " " " 21, chaunced; *chaunged*, 1560.
- " " " 25, wayfer, read *wayter*, B. M.; Latin, "expectantem recreat Eurialum."
- " 137, " 14, at; so also in 1560; but omitted in B. M., thus making sense of the passage.
- " " " 20, ropes, *i. e.* the porter's knot; Latin, "hos funes missos face." The German has "Lass fallen diese seiler." The corresponding lines in the French version are
- " Mais or auant ma volupte ma ioye  
Ostes ce sac mōstres vous claremēt  
Despouilles vous fait tāt q' vo<sup>s</sup> voie  
Hors cet habit de porteur vitemēt  
Deceignes vous de cordes prōptement  
Ottroies moy q' ie vous puisse voir."
- " 138, " 10, enioynyng, read *enioyyng*, 1560; the French book has
- " Telles ioyes prouffiter ne voye mie;"
- Latin, "quid hæc amoris gaudia."
- " " " 24, all, read *as*.
- " 140, " 5, rested, read *resysted*, B. M.; Latin, "obstabat mulier."
- " " " 24, tymee, read *tyme*, 1560.
- " 141, " 17, answered, read *a sward*, 1560; French,
- " Mon espee qui au coste pendoit;"
- Latin, "fidus ensis herebat lateri."
- " " " 18, and there many seuantes, read *there was many seruantes*, B. M.
- " " " 27, cyuyll lawe; Latin, "Lex Julia"
- " 142, " 8, one, read *on*, 1560.
- " " " 20, *louynge*, read *louynge*; Latin, "vultu blando."
- " " " 22, cane, read *can*, 1560.
- " 143, " 8, *founde* the pleasant . . . . and after the *Courte* . . . .; the Latin words, "Solebat hoc hominum genus pergratum esse matronis nostris," had got transposed in the printed copy, and the translator

has made nonsense of the passage. It should run, "*founde* the love-letter. This kind of folk was wont to be pleasaunt to our matrons; but since the Emperour's *Courte* . . ."

- Page 143, line 26, falth; *falleth*, 1560.
- „ 144, „ 10, clouced=*closed*; *cloced*, 1560.
- „ 145, „ 3, maysters, read *mayster*.
- „ „ „ 12, soketh, read *seketh*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 13, leue, read *lyue*, 1560.
- „ 147, „ 30, erre; so in all three editions; it means *ere*.
- „ 148, „ 9, reyneth; *it reyneth*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 14, I bourne, read *it bournes*; Latin, "ardeat."
- „ „ „ 18, rag; *rage*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 22, mee, read *my*; French, "Pour q' mon cas damour cogneu te soit;" Latin, "meum amorem."
- „ „ „ 26, it, read *in*.
- „ 149, „ 8, that the loue of us both lyke pearish; so also in 1560. The Latin has "Illa incensa et ego ardeo; ambo perimus. A line has been omitted by the copyist. B. M. has, "that the loue of us both was lyke, she is kyndeled, and I burne, and we both peryshe." In German it is "Dye ist entzund et ich briynne; in French, "Elle brnsle et je ars nen doubtte point  
Nous perissons remede ne trouuon."  
The Spanish has "Ella arde y yo me abraso: y ambos, sino nos vales pereceremos."
- „ „ „ 26, geeue=*give*; *geue*, 1560.
- „ 150, „ 3, hem, read *him*, 1560.
- „ „ „ 5, Earle; French, "Conte soys seur palatin tu seras."
- „ 151, „ 32, rewarde, read *rewarded*; Latin, "premiandus."
- „ 152, „ 5, done it by unknowne; so all three editions; Latin, "si potuisset nesciente fieri." *By* may imply "in an unknown fashion," or may it perhaps be "per tmesin," un-*be*-known?
- „ „ „ 11, A gylted bull; this is not, as might be imagined, the coat-armour granted to Pandalus "and his posteriaris;" but the "aurea bulla" of the original—the patent of nobility. The French book says,  
"Pandalus eut de macreau le salaire  
Bientost apres fut conte palatin  
De noblesse p' mieulx le tout parfaire  
Les ornemens receut a ung matin  
Ce fut assez tire pour ung hutin

Sa lignée en est magnifique  
 Portant habis de velour et satin  
 Aux plus nobles par tout parifiée."

Here the author has a long reflection on nobility and its origin; which his translator has omitted, fearing Scandalum Magnatum. It is as follows:—

"Of nobility there are many grades, my Marianus; and, indeed, if thou look into the origin of any of them, thou wilt find, in my opinion, none, or certainly very few, that have not had an evil origin. For when we see those called noble who abound in wealth—but wealth is rarely the companion of virtue—who doth not see that their nobility has a degenerate birth? Usury enriches one; spoil another, ruin a third; this man gets wealth by poison, that by adulation, the other owes his place to adultery, while some get their profit out of lies; some make gain of their wives, some of their children; many are helped on their way by murder. Rare is he who gets together his wealth honestly. *No one makes a big bundle who mows not all kinds of herbs.* Men get riches together, and ask not whence they come, but in what quantity they come. This verse suits every one, 'Whence comes your having no one cares, but have you must.' But when the chest is once full, straightway a patent of nobility must be asked for—nobility, which thus sought is nothing else but the reward of iniquity. My ancestors were considered noble, but flatter me not; I think my forefathers were no better than others, whose antiquity is their only excuse, and that because their crimes are not in the memory of man. In my opinion no one is noble unless he be a lover of virtue. Of cloth of gold, of horses and dogs, of a row of lacqueys, of dishes, of tables, of marble palaces, villas, farms, fishponds, magistracies, forests, I make no account. For these, and all of these, a fool can get; whom if any one call noble, he must be himself a fool. 'Twas by pimping that our Pandalus got his peerage."

Page 152, line 22, hadde very; *hadde a very*, 1560.

" " " 30, harden, read *harde* (B. M.)=heard.

" 153, " 8, one, read *an*, B. M.

" " " 26, appere; it should be *open*; Latin, "adaperiat."

" 154, " 10, faylige, read *fayling*, 1560.

" 155, " 18, emly; the "Emilie" of Chaucer's Knight's Tale, and Boccaccio's Theseide.

- Page 155, line 27, nowe where doth; so all three English editions; read *nowe were dethe*, &c.; Latin, "nunc mori satius est quando hoc gaudium est, ne qua interveniat calamitas;" German, "jetz wer leicht zu sterben;" Spanish, "agora seria conveniente el morir."
- " " " 29, embrachynges; so also 1560; *embracynges*, B. M.
- " 156, " 2, chayret; *chayre*, 1560.
- " " " 10, Athens, read *Antæus*.
- " " " 12, dewe here (all editions) = *dewy hair*.
- " " " 16, mytyng; *meting*, 1560.
- " 157, " 5, wel; *wyl*, 1560.
- " " " 21, leue; *live*, 1560.
- " " " 25, merely (all editions) = *merrily*.
- " " " 30, fayth full; *faythfull*, 1560.
- " 160, " 19, snowned (all editions), read *suowned*, *i. e.* swooned; Latin, "exanguis cecidit."
- " " " 20, Percia, *i. e.* *Porcia*.
- " " " 23, beade, *i. e.* *bed*; *bede*, 1560.
- " " " 25, were; *ware*, 1560.
- " 161, " 2, speke; *spake*, 1560.
- " 234, " 3, dread; so in original; read *dead*.
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APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

[The marginal corrections and additions are from the 1490 edition, unless it is otherwise stated. When the additions are incorporated into the text they are inclosed within square brackets.]

Enee Siluii poete Senensis de duobus amantibus Eurialo et Lucrecia opusculum ad Marianum Sosinum feliciter incipit Prefatio.

[From the print of the Vienna MS. of 1446. Argentine, 1476.]


**M**agnifico et generoso militi domino Iaspari Slich domino noui castris, Cesario cancellario, ac terrarum Egee Cubitique Capitaneo, domino suo precipuo, Eneas Siluius poeta, imperialisque secretarius salutem plurimam dicit, et se reddit commendatum. Marianus Sosinus Senensis, conterraneus meus, vir cum mitis ingenii tum litterarum multarum (cuius adhuc similem visurus ne sim, hereo), duos amantes sibi ut describerem rogatum me hiis diebus fecit; nec referre dixit rem veram agerem, an more poetico fingerem. Seis qui vir sit; mirabere si tibi expendam, nihil ei preter formam natura inuidit, homontio est: nasci ex mea familia debuit cui paruorum hominum est cognomen: vir est eloquens, iuris vtriusque consultus: Historias omnes nouit: poetrie peritus est: carmen facit et latinum et tuscum; philosophie tam sciens quam Plato, geometer quasi Boecius, in numeris fere Macrobio similis: nullum instrumentum ignorat musicum; agriculturam quasi Virgilius nouit; nihil ciuile ignotum viro. dum iuuenili adhuc stabant in corpore vires, alter Entellus erat luctandi magisterio. Non cursu non saltu non gestu poterat superari. Preciosiora sunt interdum parui corporis vascula, vt gemme lapillique testantur! nec ab re fuerit quod de Tethideo refert Stacius in hunc referri. "Maior in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus." Dij formam huic homini et immortalitatem si dedissent, is etiam erat deus. Sed nemo sortitus est omnia inter mortales. Nullum adhuc noui cui pauciora quam huic defuerint: Quid quod minutissima etiam didicit quasi alter Appelles sic pingit: Nihil emendatius est, nihil lucidius, quam sua manu scripti codices: Sculpsit vt Praxiteles, nec medicine ignarus est: Adde virtutes morales que alias regunt ducuntque. Noui meis diebus plerosque studiis literarum deditos, disciplinis qui admodum abundabant; sed hii nihil ciuilitatis habebant nec rempublicam nec domesticam regere norant. Stupuit Plagarensis et furti villicum accusavit, qui

suem fetam undecim porcellos, [asinam] unum dumtaxat enixam pullum, retulerat: samicius mediolanensis grauidum se putauit, diuque partum veritus est, quia se uxor ascendit: Hii tamen iuris maximum lumen habiti sunt: in aliis vero vel fastum vel auaritiam inuenies, hic perliberalis est. Plena semper ei domus est honestis hospitibus; nulli aduersus est, pupillos tuetur, egros solatur, pauperibus subuenit, uiduas iuuat, nulli indigenti deest vultus eius: quasi socraticus, semper est idem: In aduersis fortem animum prebet; nulla fortuna inflatur: versucias, non vt exerceat sed vt caueat, quaslibet nouit: Ciuibus dilectus est, peregrinis amatus; nulli odiosus, nulli grauis: At homo tantarum virtutum cur nunc rem leuiusculam exigit? Haud scio, id scio nihil illi mihi negare fas esse. Eum namque, dum Senis essem, vnice dilexi; nec diminutus est amor quamuis separatus sit. Is quoque, cum esset ceteris nature dotibus preditus, tamen hac maxime pollebat, vt nullius erga se sterilem esse amorem sineret: Huius ergo rogatus non censui respuendos, scripsique duorum amantium casus, nec finxi: res acta Senis est dum Sigismundus imperator illic degeret.

Tu etiam aderas, et si verum hiis auribus hausi, operam amori dedisti. Ciuitas veneris est, aiunt qui te norunt uehementerque asserunt, quod nemo te gallior fuerit, nihil ibi amatorie gestum te inscio putant.

Ideo historiam hanc vt legas precor, et an vera scripserim videas. ¶ Nec reminisci te pudeat si quid huiusmodi nonnumquam euenerit tibi; homo enim fueras. qui nunquam sensit amoris ignes aut lapis aut bestia est. Ille namque vel per deorum medullas non latet igneam fauillam. Vale.

[PREFATIO.]

 Neas Siluius, poeta, imperialisque secretarius, salutem plurimam dicit mariano Zosino vtriusque iuris interpreti, conciuui suo. ¶ Rem petis haud conuenientem etati mee, tue vero et aduersam et repugnantem: quid enim est quod vel me iam pene quadragenarium scribere, vel te quinquagenarium de amore conueniat audire? ¶ Iuuenes animos res ista delectat, et tenera corda deponcit.

¶ Senes enim tam ydonei sunt amoris auditores, quam prudentie iuuenes: ¶ Nec quicquam est senectute deformius que venerem affectat sine viribus.

¶ Inuenies tamen et aliquos senes amantes, amatos vero nullum.

¶ Nam et matronis et puellis est despectum senium. ¶ Nullius amore tenetur mulier nisi quem viderit etate florentem.



¶ Si quid aliter audis, deceptio subest. Ego vero cognosco amatorium scriptum mihi non conuenire, qui iam meridiem preter gressus, in vesperum feror. Sed non minus me scribere quam te poscere dedecet. Ego tibi debeo morigerus esse: tu vide quid postules. Nam quanto es natu maturior, tanto equius est parere amicitie legibus, quas si tua iusticia non veretur mandando infringere, nec stultitia mea timebit transgredi obediendo. Tua in me tot sunt beneficia, vt nihil negare petitionum tuarum queam, etiam si admixtum sit aliquid turpitudinis. Parebo igitur petitioni tue iam decies multiplicata, nec amplius negabo quod tanto con[u]jtitio postulas. Non tamen (vt ipse flagitas) fictor ero; nec poete vtetur tuba dum licet vera referre.

Quis enim tam nequam est vt mentiri velit cum se vero potest tueri? Quia tu sepe amator fuisti, nec adhuc igne cares, vis tibi vt duorum amantium hystoriam texam, nequitia est que te non sinit esse senem. Ero morigerus cupiditati tue et hanc inguinis egri caniciem prurire faciam; nec fingam quando tanta est copia veri quid enim est toto terrarum orbe amore communius? que ciuitas, quod oppidulum, que familia vacat exemplis? Quis trigesimum nactus annum amoris causa nullum peregit facinus? Ego de me facio coniecturam, quem amor in mille pericula misit. Ago superis gratias quod structas insidias milies fugi felicior astro marte quem vulcauus cum venere iacentem ferreo illaqueauit reticulo, deridendumque diis ceteris ostentauit. Sed alienos non meos amores attingam, ne dum vetusti cineres ignis euoluo, scintillam adhuc viucentem reperiam.

Referam autem mirum amorem peneque incredibilem quo duo amantes (ne dicam amentes), inuicem exarsere; nec vetustis nec oblitteratis vtat exemplis, sed nostri temporis ardentes faces exponam, nec troyanos, nec babilonios, sed nostre vrbs amores audies; quamuis ex [a]mantibus alter sub artico natus fuerit celo, forsitan et hinc sugere aliquid vtilitatis licebit: nam cum puella que in argumentum venit, amatore perduto, inter plorandum mestam et indignantem exaluerit animam, alter vero post hac nunquam vere letitie particeps fuerit, commonitio quedam iuuenibus erit, his vt abstineant iugis. ¶ Audiant igitur adolescentule et hoc edocte casu videant ne post amores iuuenum se eant perditum: Instruit hec historia iuuenes ne militie se accingant amoris que plus fellis habet quam mellis. Sed omissa lasciua que homines reddit insanos virtutis incumbant studiis que possessorem suum gloria beare potest. In amore autem quot lateant mala si quis aliunde nescit, hinc poterit scire. Tu vale, et historie quam me cogis scribere attentus auditor esto.

[¶ Incipit opusculum de duobus amantibus.]\*

\* The Venice Edition of 1497 omits the Dedication and Preface, and begins with the words, ¶ Siluii Enee Poete, qui postea summi Pontificatus gradum adeptus Pius est appellatus, Hystoria de duobus amantibus cum multis epistolis amatoriis, ad mariannam compatriotam suum. Feliciter Incipit.



**V**rbem Senas, unde tibi et mihi origo est, intranti Sigismundo Cesari quot honores impensi fuerunt, iam ubique vulgatum est. Palatium illi apud sacellum sancte marthe super uicum que ad cophorum<sup>a</sup> ducit portam strictam paratum fuit. Huc postquam cerimonie peracte sunt cum uenisset Sigismundus, quattuor maritatas obuiam habuit, nobilitate, forma, etate, ornatuque pares: non mortales sed deas quisque putauit: si tres dumtaxat fuissent, ille uideri poterant quas referunt paridem per quietem uidisse. Erat Sigismundus, licet grandeuus, in libidinem prouus; matronarum alloquiis admodum oblectabatur, et femineis blandimentis gaudebat; nec suauius illi quicquam fuit illustrium aspectu mulierum. Vt ergo has uidit, desiliens equo, inter manus earum exceptus<sup>b</sup> est, et ad comites versus, ait. "Similes ne unquam hiis feminas uidistis. Ego dubius sum an facies humane sint, angelici ue uultus; celestes sunt certe." Ille oculos humi deiicientes, ut uerecundiores fiunt, sic pulchriores redduntur. Sparso namque inter genas rubore, tales dabant ore colores quales indicum<sup>c</sup> ebur ostro uiolatum, aut quales reddunt alba immixta purpureis rosis lilia. Precipuo tamen inter eas nitore Lucretia fulsit, adolescentula nondum viginti annos nacta, in familia camelorum<sup>d</sup> prediuiti uiro Menelao nupta. Indigno tamen cui tantum decus domi seruiret, sed digno, quem uxor deciperet, et (sicut nos dicimus) cornutum quasi ceruum redderet. Statura mulieris eminentior reliquis; come illi copiose, et aureis laminis similes, quas non more virginum retrofusas miserat, sed auro gemmisque incluserat: Frons alta, spaciique decentis, nulla interfecta ruga: Supercilia in arcum tensa, pilis paucis nigrisque debito interuallo disiuncta: Oculi tanto nitore splendentes ut in solis modum respicientium intuitus [h]ebetarent; Hiis illa et occidere quos uoluit poterat, et mortuos cum libuisset in uitam resumere: Nasus in filum directus, roseas genas equali mensura disiungebat: <sup>e</sup> Nihil hiis genis amabilius, nihil delectabilius visu; Que, cum mulier risit, in paruam utrinque dehiscebant foueam: Nemo has uidit qui non cuperet osculari. Os paruam decensque: Labra corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima: Dentes paruuli et in ordinem positi ex crystallo videbantur; per quos tremula lingua discurrens, non sermonem sed armoniam suauissimam mouebat.

Quid dicam menti speciem an gule candorem? Nihil illo in corpore non laudabile: interioris forme iudicium faciebat exterior. Nemo hanc aspexit qui uiro non inuiderit. Erant insuper in eius ore multe facietie. Sermo is fuit qualem rumor est graccorum matrem habuisse corneliam, siue hortensii filiam. Nec suauius aliquid eius oratione, nec modestius fuit, non ut plerique tristi facie honestatem ostendebat, sed alacri uultu modestiam: non timida, non audax, sed temperatum uerecundie metu,<sup>f</sup> virilem animum sub femineo corde gerebat: uestes illi multiplices erant: non monilila,<sup>g</sup> non fibule, non balthei,

<sup>a</sup> topthorum, 1490, topthorum, al. ed. colophorum 1648. dei Tofi, Ital.

<sup>b</sup> acceptus

<sup>c</sup> inclitum

<sup>d</sup> camillorum

<sup>e</sup> disternabat

<sup>f</sup> metum

<sup>g</sup> monilia



THE EMPEROR SIGISMUND RECEIVED BY FOUR LADIES OF SIENNA.



non armille deerant. Redimicula capitis mirifica: multi vniones adamantesque cum in digitis tum in sero fuere, non Helenam pulchriorem fuisse crediderim, quo die paridem in conuiuio menelaus excepit. Nec ornatorem: andromachen, cum sacris Hectoris initiata<sup>a</sup> est nuptiis. Inter has et Katherina Peruchia<sup>a</sup> inuitata fuit, que paulo post diem functa extremum, cesarem in funebribus habuit qui et natum eius militia ante sepulchrum donauit quamuis infantem: huius quoque mirabilis forme decus elucebat, inferior tamen Lucrecia erat. Omnis de Lucretia sermo audiebatur: hanc Cesar, hanc ceteri commendabant intuebantur que; quocumque illa uertebatur eo et oculi sequebantur astantium.<sup>b</sup> [Et sic<sup>b</sup> astantium omitted.] orpheus sono cithare siluas ac saxa fert traxisse sic ista homines quocumque volebat intuitu ducebat.] Vnus tamen inter illos plus equo in illam ferebatur Eurialus franco, quem nec forma nec diuitie amori reddebant ineptum: Duorum et triginta annorum erat: non eminentis stature, sed lete grateque habitudinis. Illustris<sup>c</sup> oculis, malis ad gratiam rubescentibus, ceteris membris non sine<sup>c</sup> Illustribus quadam maiestate decoris, stature correspondentibus. Reliqui curiales propter longinquam militiam omnes auro excussi erant; hic quia et domi abundabat, et propter amicitiam cesaris magna munera recipiebat, in dies ornatior conspectibus hominum reddebatur: longum famulorum ordinem pone ducebat. [Nunc auro illitis nunc muricis tirij sanguine tinctis non filis que vultum legunt<sup>d</sup> textis<sup>d</sup> nunc filis que ultimi legunt Seres] vestibus utebatur.] Tum equi tales illi erant quales in fabulis est ad Troyam uenisse Memnonis. Nihil huic ad excitandum illum blandum animi calorem quem amorem uocant, preter otium, deerat. Sed vicit<sup>e</sup> iuuenta et lux; tum<sup>e</sup> vincit leta fortune bona quibus ille nutritur. Nec potens Eurialus sui: vt Lucretiam uidit, ardere puellam cepit; herensque uultui nihil satis uidisse putauit.<sup>f</sup> Nec<sup>f</sup> putabat. impune dilexit: Mira res. Multi egregia forma iuuenes: sed vnum hunc Lucretia; plures honesti corporis mulieres; sed hanc vnam eurialus sibi delegit.<sup>g</sup> Non<sup>g</sup> elegit. tamen hac ipsa die uel in se flammam Lucretia cognouit Euriali, uel ille Lucretie; sed amare se frustra uterque putauit. Vt igitur cerimonia sacro cesaris capiti per-actis modus fuit, illa domum reuersa in Eurialum tota, in Lucretiam totus Eurialus, ferebatur. Quis nunc Tisbes et Pirami fabulam demeretur,<sup>h</sup> inter quos noticiam primosque gradus uicinia fecit, quippe<sup>i</sup> domos habuere<sup>b</sup> demiretur contiguas? Tempore creuit amor. Hii nusquam se prius uiderant nec fama cogno-<sup>i</sup> quippe uerant. Hic franco, illa tusca, fuit: nec lingue commercium intercessit; sed oculis tantum res acta est, cum alter alteri placuisset. Saucia ergo graui cura Lucretia, et igne capta ceco, iam se maritatam obliuiscitur. Virum odit; et alens uulnere<sup>k</sup> uulnus, infixos pectore tenet Euriali uultus. Nec nullam<sup>k</sup> "venerium." membris suis quietem prebet; secum que, "nescio quid obstat," ait, "vt amplius herere viro nequeam, nil me iuuant eius amplexus; nil oblectant oscula: fasti-

dium verba ingerunt : peregrini semper ante oculos est ymago qui hodie propior erat Cesari : excute conceptas e casto pectore flammam, si potes infelix. Si possem, non essem egra vt sum ; Noua me uis inuitam trahit. Aliud cupido quod suadet, aliud mens. Scio quid<sup>a</sup> est melius ; quod deterius est sequor. O ciuis tibi omitted. egreggia ac nobilis, quid tibi<sup>b</sup> cum peregrino est? quid in extraneo vreris? quid thalamos aliene concipis vreris? Si uirum fastidis, hec eciam potest Hen dare terra quod ames : Sed, hey<sup>c</sup> mihi, que nam illius est facies! quam non moueat eius forma, etas, genus, uirtus? certe mea pectora mouit, et nisi ferat opem dispereo.<sup>d</sup> Dii meliora dent. Vah! prodam ego castos hymenos, meque aduene nescio cui credam, qui, vbi<sup>e</sup> abusus me fuerit, abeat, uirque sit alterius, et me pene relinquat? Sed non is est eius uultus, non ea nobilitas animi uidetur, nec gratia forme illa est, ut timeam fraudes et amoris obliuia nostri : dabit ante fidem : Cur tuta timeam? Accingar, et omnem morem<sup>f</sup> pellam. Ego quoque ita sum pulchra ut non me minus ille velit quam ego ipsum cupiam Semper se mihi dabit, si semel ad oscula fuerit receptus mea. Quot me ambiunt prochi<sup>g</sup> quocunque pergo! Quot riuales ante fores excubant meas! Dabo amori operam : aut hic manebit, aut me secum abiturus abducat. Ergo ego et matrem et uirum et patriam relinquam. Seua est mater et meis semper infesta gaudiis. Viro carere quam potiri malo. Patria illic est ubi delectat uiuere. At famam perdam! Quid mihi rumores hominum, quos ipsa non audiam? Nihil audet qui fame nimis studet. Multe hoc alie fecerunt. Rapi helena uoluit; non inuitam asportauit Paris. Quid Dyanam referam uel Medeam? Nemo errantem arguit qui cum multis errat." Sic Lucretia : nec intra pectus minora incendia nutriebat Eurialus. Medias inter Cesaris curiam et Euriali domum Lucretia edes habuit : nec palatium Eurialus petere poterat quin illam ex altis se ostendantem fenestris haberet in oculis. Sed erubuit semper Lucretia cum Eurialum vidit; que res Cesarem dedit amoris conseium.<sup>h</sup> Nam cum ex sua consuetudine nunc huc nunc equitaret illuc et hac sepe transiret animaaduertit mutari feminam Euriali aduentu, qui sibi quasi Mechenathes Octaueano astabat, ad quem uersus "en" ait : "Euriale, siccine vreris feminas? mulier illa te ardet : " semel [vero], tanquam inuideret amanti, vbi ad edes Lucretie uentum est, Euriali oculos pilleo<sup>i</sup> contexit : " nec videbis," inquit, "quod amas ; ego hoc spectaculo fruar." Tum Eurialus : "quid hoc signi est Cesar. Nihil mihi cum illa : Sed hoc facere incautum est, ne circumstantes in suspicionem abducas." Erat Eurialo spadix equus ardue ceruicis angustique capitis, quem et breuis aluus et obesa tergora spectabilem reddebant; animoso pectore choris luxuriantem, qui sonante tuba stare loco nesciebat : nutabat auribus et collectum fremens uoluit<sup>k</sup> sub naribus ignem. Densa iuba, et dextro iactata



THE EMPEROR COVERS EURIALUS'S EYES WITH HIS CAP.









LUCRETIA CONFIDES IN SOSIAS.

recumbebat in armo. Et cauans tellurem solido cornu, grauiter sonabat vngula. Similis illi fiebat Eurialus, uisa Lucretia: Que licet<sup>a</sup> dum sola fuit, claudere<sup>a</sup> libet uiam destinasset amori,<sup>b</sup> vt tamen<sup>c</sup> illum aspexit nec modum flamme nec sibi<sup>d</sup> amoris ponebat. Sed ut siccus ager qui admisso igne comburitur, si chori perflant, c tamen omitted. altius flammescit, sic infelix Lucretia exardebat. Ita est sane ut sapientibus uidetur. Humiles tantum casas inhabitat castitas: solaque pauperies affectu sano tenetur; et que domo se coercet modico, diuites edes nescit pudicitia. Quisquis secundis rebus exultat semper insolita appetit. Delicatas eligit domos et penates magnos dira fortune comes libido. Intuens igitur Eurialum quam sepe transeuntem Lucretia, nec ardorem compescere potens, diu secum cogitabat cui patefaceret. Nam qui tacitus amat magis uritur. Erat inter uiri seruos Sosias theutonicus, senex, heroque fidus, cui iam seruierat diu liberaliter: hunc aggreditur amans, plus nationi quam homini credens. Ibat magna procerum stipatus caterua per urbem Cesar, iamque Lucretie domum preteribat. Que vbi adesse Eurialum cognouit, "adeste," inquit, "Sosia, paucis te volo. Respice deorsum ex fenestra. Vbinam gentium inuentus est huic similis? Viden vt omnes calamistrati sunt, erecti, eminentibus humeris: Aspice cesaries et madido cirro contortos crines: O quales facies! omnes lactea colla ferunt. Quo sese ore ferunt, quam forti pectore! Aliud est hoc hominum genus quam terra nostra producat:<sup>d</sup> semen hoc deorum est aut celo missa progenies. O si ex his in<sup>d</sup> perducat virum fortuna dedisset! Nisi testes oculi essent: nunquam tibi narranti hec credidissem. Et si fama fuerit prestare omnibus gentibus germanos, credo subiectam boree eorum plagam ex frigore magno albedinem mutuari. Sed nostin tu aliquos?" "Quam plurimos," inquit Sosias. Tum Lucretia: "Eurialum franconem nosti?" "tanquam me," ait Sosias. "Cur tamen hoc rogas?" "Dicam," inquit Lucretia. "Scio quod in apertum non ibit: Hanc spem mihi tua bonitas facit. Ex hiis<sup>e</sup> qui Cesari astant nemo est mihi Eurialo gratior.<sup>e</sup> his In hunc animus meus commotus est; nescio quibus exuror flammis. Neo illum obliuisci nec mihi pacem possum dare nisi ei me facio notam. Perge oro, Sosia: conueni Eurialum dic me ipsum amare. Nil uolo ex te amplius, nec tu frustra hoc nuntium facies." "Quid audio?" refert Sosias. "Heccine me flagitia facere aut cogitare? O hera: Prodam ne ego dominum? iamque senex incipiam fallere quod iuuenis abhorui? Quin potius clara progenies huius vrbis extirpa nefandas flammis e casto pectore. Ne obsequere dire spei: extingue ignem. Non egre amorem pellit qui primis obstat insultibus: qui dulce malum blandiendo nutrit, duri et insolentis domini seruituti se dat, nec cum uult excutere iugum potest. quod si hoc resciret maritus, heu quibus te ille laceraret modis! Nullus diu latere potest amor." "Tace," inquit Lucretia. "Nihil loci terrori est. Nihil timet qui non timet mori. Quemcunque dederit exitum casus feram."

“ Quo misera pergis ? ” Sosias retulit ; “ *Domum infamem reddes, solaque tui generis eris adultera. Tutum esse facinus reris : Mille circa te oculi sunt. Non sinet genitrix occultum scelus, non uir, non cognati, non ancille, serui ut taceant, iumenta loquentur, et canes, et postes,<sup>a</sup> et marmora te accusabunt. Atque ut* <sup>a</sup> pisces <sup>b</sup> celas <sup>c</sup> in hijs <sup>d</sup> sceleris <sup>e</sup> rectum <sup>f</sup> tuo <sup>g</sup> colatini <sup>h</sup> porcia <sup>i</sup> minuere <sup>k</sup> om. <sup>l</sup> in sc om. <sup>m</sup> per om.

*celes<sup>b</sup> omnia, qui uidet omnia celare non potes deum. Disce quid pena presens conscie mentis [pauor] et animus culpa plenus seque ipsum timens : negata est magnis<sup>c</sup> sceleribus fides. Compesce, obsecro, impii amoris<sup>d</sup> flammam ; expelle facinus mente casta horridum ; metue concubitus nouos miscere thalamis mariti.”*


“ Scio tectum<sup>e</sup> esse quod dicis,” rettulit Lucretia. “ Sed furor cogit sequi peiora. Scit animus quantum precipitium instat, et ruit [sciens]. Vincit et regnat furor ; potensque mente tota dominatur amor. Stat sequi quod regnum iubet amoris. Nimis heu nimis reluctata sum frustra : perfer, si mei te miseret, nuncium.” Ingemuit super his [Sosias] “ per que has ” [dixit] “ canas senectute comas, fessumque curis pectus, et fida que prebui generi<sup>f</sup> seruitia te precor supplex siste furorem, teque ipsam adiua : Pars sanitatis est uelle sanari.” Tum Lucretia : “ non omnis,” ait, “ ingenium reliquit pudor : Parebo tibi, Sosia, et amorem qui tegi non uult vincam ; unicum effugium est huius mali ; morte ut preueniam nephas.” Exterritus hac Sosias uoce “ moderare,” inquit, “ hera, mentis effrene impetus ; coerce animos ; nunc uita es digna, quia te nec[e] dignam putas.” “ Decretum est,” ait Lucretia, “ mori. Admissum scelus colatein<sup>g</sup> uxor gladio vindicauit : ego honestius preueniam : morte committendum. Genus leti quero : laqueo, ferro, precipitio, veneno, vindicare castitatem licet. Vnum horum aggrediar.” “ Non patiar,” inquit Sosias. At Lucretia, “ si quis mori constituit prohiberi non potest,” ait. “ Procia<sup>h</sup> Cathonis, mortuo Bruto, cum ferrum sibi substractum esset, carbones ardentes imbibit.” “ Si tam proteruus,” inquit Sosias, “ incumbat menti furor, tue uite magis quam fame consulendum est. Fallax sepe fama est, que malo melior, bono peior, nonnunquam datur. Temptemus hunc Eurialum et amori operam demus. Meus erit iste labor ; tibi que ni falor rem confectam dabo.” His dictis incensum animum inflammauit amore : spemque dedit dubie menti. Sed non illi animus erat ut quod dixerat esset facturum, differre animum femine querebat, furorem que imminuere ;<sup>i</sup> ut sepe tempus exti[n]guit flammam, et adimunt egritudinem dies. Existimauit Sosias gaudijs puellam producere donec vel cesar abiret vel mens illius mutaretur ; ne, si negasset, alius nuntius<sup>k</sup> queretur, aut in se<sup>l</sup> manus mulierini<sup>l</sup> ceret. Sepe igitur ire atque redire se finxit et illum gaudere amore suo, et tempus ydoneum querere quo inuicem affari possent. dixit interdum, non fuisse loquendi opportunitatem ; non nunquam se mitti extra urbem studiit, ac in reditum gaudia distulit. Sic diebus multis egrotum pauit animum. Et ne per<sup>m</sup> omnia mentiretur, semel tantum adorsus Eurialum, “ O quam hic dilectus es,” ait. Nec illi, querenti





EURIALUS SENDS A LETTER BY A PROCURESS.

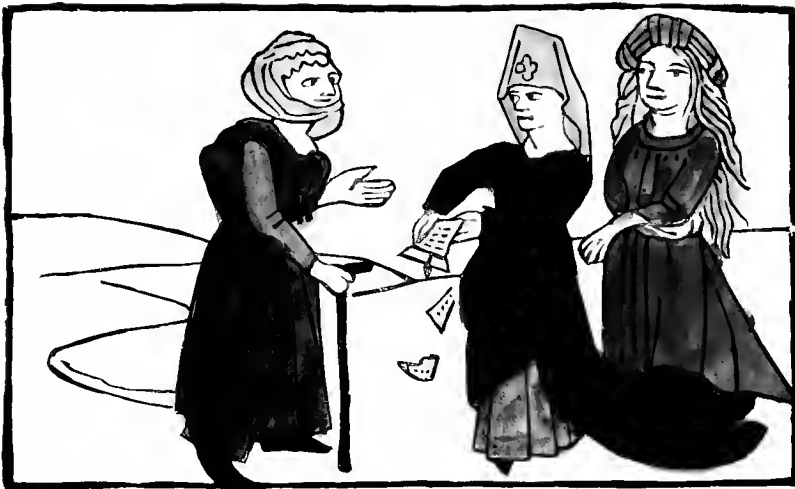
quid hoc esset, respondit. At Eurialus secreto<sup>a</sup> cupidinis arcu percussus, nullam<sup>a</sup> om. membris quietem dabat, igne furtiuo populante uenas qui totas penitus vorabat medullas: non tamen Sosiam nouit, nec Lucretie missum putauit, vt omnes minus spei habemus quam cupiditatis; hic vbi ardere se vidit, diu prudentiam suam miratus est, seque multotiens increpauit: “En Euriale quid sit amoris imperium nostri! longi luctus, breues risus, parua gaudia, magni metus; semper moritur et nunquam mortuus est qui amat. Quid tu hiis nugis<sup>b</sup> immisceas iterum?”<sup>b</sup> om. Ac<sup>c</sup> cum se frustraniti videret, “quid tandem,” ait, “incassum miser amori repugno?”<sup>c</sup> om. Num me licebit quod Iulium licuit, quod Alexandrum, quod Hanibalem? Viros armatos refero. Aspice poetas: Virgilius per funem tractus ad mediam turrim pependit: dum se mulierecule sperat vsurum amplexibus. Excuset quis poetam, vt laxioris uite cultorem: quid de philosophis dicemus diciplinarum magistris, et artis beneuiuendi preceptoribus? Aristotelem tanquam equum mulier ascendit, freno coercuit, et calcaribus pupugit. Diis equa potestas est Cesaris.<sup>d</sup> Non est<sup>d</sup> Cesarum. uerum quod vulgo dicitur. ‘Non bene conueniunt nec in una sede morantur maiestas & amor.’ Quis maior est amator quam noster Cesar? Quotiens hic amori operam dedit? Herculem dicunt (qui fuit fortissimus et certa deorum soboles) pharetris et leonis spolio positus, colum suscepisse, passumque aptari digitis smaragdos, et dari legem rudibus capillis, et manu que clauam gestare solebat, properante fuso duxisse fila. Naturalis est hec passio. Sentit ignes genus aligerum; Nam niger a uiridi turtur amatur aue. Et uariis albe iunguntur sepe columbe; si uerborum memini que ad Pharonem siculum scribit Sapho. Quid quadrupedes referam? mouet pro<sup>e</sup> coniugio bella iumentum: timidi scerui<sup>f</sup> prelia<sup>e</sup> per poscunt, et concepti furoris dant Signa mugientes: Vruntur hircane tigrides: <sup>f</sup> cervi (1497). Vuluificus aper dentes acuit: Peni quatiunt terga leones: cum mouit amor ardent insane ponti belue. Nihil immune est; nihil amori<sup>g</sup> negatum: olim<sup>h</sup> perit cum<sup>g</sup> om. iussit amor. Iuenum feroces concitat flammis, sensibusque fessis rursus extinctos<sup>h</sup> odium reuocat calores: Virginum ignoto ferit igne pectus. Quid ergo<sup>i</sup> nature legibus<sup>i</sup> ego renitar. Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.” Hec vbi firmata sunt lenam querit, cui seras<sup>k</sup> ad nuptam ferendas committat [Eurialus]: Nisus huic fidus<sup>k</sup> ceras comes fuit, harum rerum callidus magister. Hic prouinciam suscipit, mulierculamque condegit cui littere committuntur in hanc sententiam scripte.

“ Alutarem te, Lucretia, meis scriptis, si qua mihi salutis copia foret; sed omnis cum salus tua spes mee ex te pendet: ego te magis quam me amo, nec te puto latere meum ardorem, lesi pectoris Index tibi esse potuit uultus meus sepe lacrimis madidus, et que, uidente te, emisi suspiria. Fer benignè te precor quod me tibi aperio.

Cepit me decus tuum, *vinetumque* tenet [eximia], qua omnibus prestas, uenustatis gratia: Quid esset amor antea nesciui: Tu me cupidinis imperio subiecisti. Pugnaui diu, fateor, violentum ut effugerem dominum: sed vicit meos conatus splendor tuus: Vicerunt oculorum radii, quibus es sole potentior: captus sum tuus, nec mei amplius compos sum. Tu mihi et cibi et potus vsum abstulisti: Te dies noctesque amo, te desidero, te voco, te expecto, te cogito, te spero, de te me oblecto: tuus est animus; tecum sum totus: Tu me sola seruare potes, solaque perdere: Elige horum alterum, et quid mentis habeas rescribe: Nec durior erga me verbis esto quam fueras oculis quibus me colligasti. Non peto rem grandem: ut alloquendi copiam habeam postulo, hoc tantum volunt littere mee, ut que scribo dicere possim coram te: Hoc si das, viuo, et felix viuo. Si negas, extinguitur cor meum, quod te magis quam me amat. Ego me tibi, et tue commendo fidei. Vale anime mi et uite subsidium mee." Has vbi gemma signatas accepit lena, festino cursu Lucretiam poscit: eaque sola inuenta, "Hanc tibi epistolam," inquit, "tota cesarea nobilior et potentior curia mittit amator; vtque sui te miseret, magnis precibus rogat." Erat lenocinio notata mulier; nec id Lucretiam latebat: permolestaque tulit nefandam feminam ad se mitti: Atque in eam versa, "que te," ait, "scelesta, in hanc domum audatia mittit? Que te dementia adire meam presentiam suavit? Tu nobilium edes ingredi, tu matronas tentare<sup>a</sup> potentes, et violare audes legitimas faces? Vix me contineo quin in capillos inuolem tuos. Tu mihi des litteras? tu me alloquaris? tu me respicias? nisi plus quod me decet attenderem quam quod tibi conuenit, efficerem hodie ne post hac tabellas amatorias ferres. I ocuis venefica, tuasque litteras tecum defer! ymmo da potius vt lacerem ignique dedam!" Arripiensque papirum in partes diuersas scidit,<sup>b</sup> et calcatam sepe pedibus atque consputam, in cinerem proiecit. "Ac sic de te" [ait] "sumi supplicium, lena, deberet, igne quam viuo<sup>c</sup> dignior! Sed abi ocuis, ne te vir inueniat meus, et quas tibi remisi de te poscat penas: Caueto que admodum ne<sup>d</sup> ante conspectum redeas meum!" Timuisset talia mulier: Sed hec matronarum nouerat mores, et intra se inquit, "nunc uis maxime quia te nolle ostendis." Moxque ad illam "Parce," inquit, "domina: Putaui me bene facere, tibi que placitum iri. Si secus est, da ueniam imprudentie mee: Si non uis redeam, parebo. Tu quem despicias amatorem uideris." Atque hiis dictis e conspectu recessit. Eurialo autem inuento. "Respira," inquit, "felix amator! plus amat mulier quam amatur, sed nunc non fuit rescribendi ocium. Inueni mestam Lucretiam; At vbi te nomino tuasque litteras debo, hylarem uultum fecit, milliesque papirum basiauit. Nec dubita, mox responsum dabitur." Et abiens vetula, cauit ne amplius inueniretur, ne pro verbis referret verbera. Lucretia vero, postquam anus euasit, fragmenta perquirens epistole, particulas

<sup>a</sup> temptare<sup>b</sup> incidit<sup>c</sup> vita [Leyd. ed.]<sup>d</sup> ne om.






LUCRETIA TEARS THE LETTER.




quasque suo loco reposuit, et lacera verba contexuit, iamque legibile cirographum fecerat: Quod postquam milies legit, miliesque deosculata est, tandem involutum sindone inter preciosa iocalia collocavit. Et nunc hoc repetens nunc illud verbum, maiorem horatim bibebat amorem; Eurialoque rescribere statuit, atque hunc in modum dictatam epistola misit.

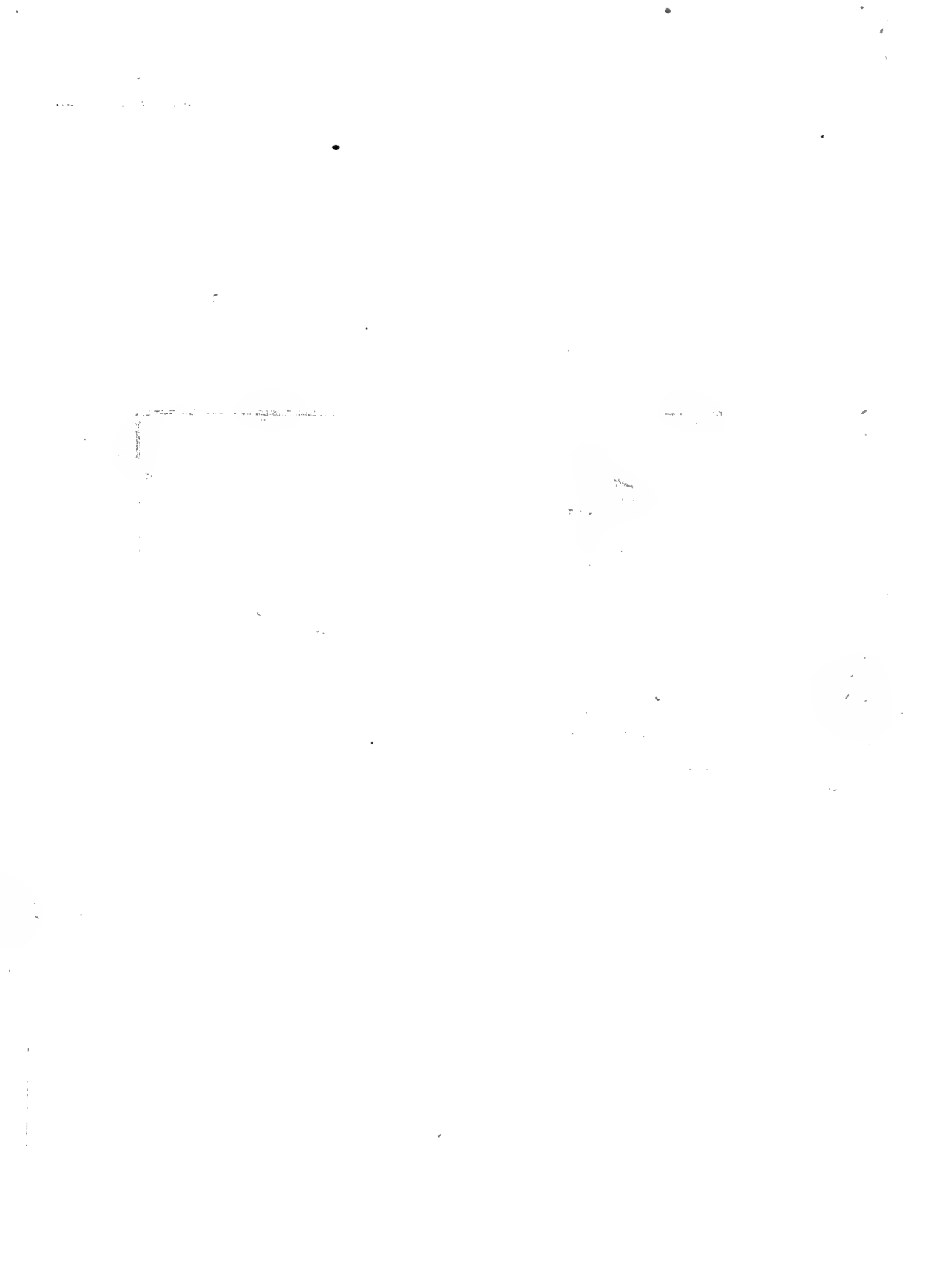
“**D**esine sperare quod assequi non licet, Euriale: Parce litteris ac nunciis me vexare: nec me illarum ex grege credito qui se vendunt: Non sum quam putas, nec cui submittere lenam debeas: Quere aliam incestandam: me nullus amor nisi pudicus sequatur: Cum aliis ut libet agito: Ex me nil postules; teque me indignum scias. Vale.” Hec epistola quamvis durior Eurialo visa est et contraria lene dictis, viam tamen ostendit vltro citroque litteras missitandi. Nec dubitavit Eurialus credere cui fidem Lucretia prebuisset: sed angebatur quia sermonis ytalici nescius erat: Ideoque feruenti studio curabat ediscere. Et quia sedulum faciebat amor, breui tempore doctus euasit, solusque sibi dictavit epistolas qui prius ab aliis: mutuabatur quidquid etrusco sermone scribi oportuit. Respondit ergo Lucretie nil succensendum esse sibi quod infamem miserat feminam; cum id se peregrinum lateret qui vti alio nuntio non poterat; missionis amorem fuisse causam, qui nihil quereret inhonesti. Credere se fore pudicam castissimamque, atque id circo maiori dignam amore. Insolentem feminam honorisque sui prodigam nedum se non diligere, sed maximo odio prosequi; Pudicitia namque amissa, nil esse quod in femina commendetur: Formam esse delectabile bonum sed fragile caducumque, et cui, nisi pudor assit, nihil precii<sup>a</sup> detur: que pudicitiam forme adiunxerit eam<sup>a</sup> om. diuinam esse mulierem, ipsam [que] vtraque dote pollentem scire; ac propter[e]a coli a se, qui nihil ab ea peteret libidinosum, aut offuturum fame: optare se tantum alloqui, vt animum suum, qui scriptis plene ostendi nequit, verbis aperiat. Cum hiis litteris munera misit non solum materia sed etiam opere preciosa. Ad hec Lucretia sic rescripsit: “Accepi litteras tuas, iamque nil amplius de lena queror: quot me ames non magnifacior; quia nec primus es nec solus quem mea forma deceperit. Multi et amauerunt, et amant me alii. Sed vt illorum sic et tuus erit labor vatuus: <sup>b</sup> Habere verba tecum, nec possum, nec volo. Inuenire <sup>b</sup> vacuus. me solam, nisi fias hyrundo, non potes: Alte sunt domus, et aditus custodia clausi. Munera tua suscepi, quia oblectauit me opus illorum: sed ne quid tuum gratis apud me sit; ne ue hoc pignus videatur amoris, remitto ad te annulum quem matri mee vir dedit, ut apud te quasi precium sit venditoris iocalium. Nec enim minoris est gemma eius quam munus tuum. Vale.” Hiis Eurialus sic replicauit.

“  Agno in gaudio fuit epistola tua, que finem querelis facit de leua, sed angit me quod amorem paruipendis meum. Nam et si te<sup>a</sup> plures, nullorum tamen ignis comparandus est meo. At tu hoc non credis, quia loqui nequeo tecum : id si daretur, non me contemneres. O vtinam fieri possem hyrundo ; sed libentius transformari in pulicem vellem ne mihi fenestram clauderes. At ego non quod nequeas, sed quod nollis doleo. Nam quid ego nisi animum respicio. Ach mihi Lucretia, quid dixisti te nolle ? An fieri possit, me nolis alloqui qui tuus sum totus, qui nil magis cupio quam tibi gerere morem, quod, si iubes in ignem ire, citius obediam quam precipias ? Mitte obsecro verbum hoc : si non datur facultas, assit voluntas tamen : ne me verbis eneca, que vitam oculis mihi prebes. Si non placet me alloquium petere quia non sit impetrandum, obsequar. Sed muta sententiam illam, qua meum laborem vacuum dixisti futurum. Absit hec crudelitas. Mitior esto amanti tuo. Si pergis sic loqui, fies homicida ; nec dubita. Facilius tu me verbis interimeres, quam alius quiuis gladio. Desino iam plura poscere : vt redames tantum postulo : Nihil [hie] est quid obicias : nemo potest hoc prohibere : Dic te me amare, et beatus sum. Munuscula mea quouis modo apud te sint. Gratum est quod illa te aliquando mei admonebunt amoris. Sed parua illa fuerunt, et minora sunt que nunc mitto : tu tamen noli spernere, quod amator donat. Maiora<sup>b</sup> in dies ex patria debent afferri : Cum aderunt, ex me recipies. Anulus tuus nunquam ex digito meo recedet, et illum vice tua crebris osculis reddam madidum. Vale delictum meum, et mihi quod potes solatium dato.”

<sup>a</sup> om.<sup>b</sup> Majoraque<sup>c</sup> om.

 Ie cum frequenter replicatum esset,<sup>d</sup> in hunc tandem modum Lucretia dedit epistolam. “ Uellem tibi Euriale morem gerere, teque (vt petis) amoris mei participem facere ; Nam id tua nobilitas meretur, et mores tui deposcunt, vt incassum non ames. Taceo quantum mihi placet forma tua, et plena benignitatis facies : sed mihi non est vsui te vt diligam : nosco meipsam : Si amare incipiam, nec modum nec regulam seruabo : Tu hic diu esse non potes, nec ego te, postquam in ludum venerim, possem carere. Tu me nolles abducere, at ego nollem manere. Mouent me multarum exempla que per peregrinos amantes deserte sunt, ne tuum amorem sequar : Jason Medeam<sup>d</sup> (cuius auxilio uigilem interemit draconem, et vellus aureum asportauit) reliquit :<sup>e</sup> Tradendus erat Theseus minotauro in escam, sed Adriane<sup>f</sup> consilio fretus euasit ; illam tamen desertam apud insulam deseruit : Quid Dido infelix, que profugum recepit Eneam. Num illi peregrinus amor interitum dedit. Scio quanti periculi est amorem extraneum admittere, nec me tantis obiciam discriminibus. Vos viri solidioris estis animi : furoremque magis compescitis.


<sup>d</sup> Medeam deceptit<sup>e</sup> om.<sup>f</sup> Ariadne





EURIALUS RECEIVES A LETTER FROM JUCRETIA.

*Femina*<sup>a</sup> vbi furere incipit sola potest morte assequi terminum: Non amant sed<sup>a</sup> femina insaniunt mulieres, et nisi correspondeat amor, nihil est amante femina terribilius: Postquam receptus est ignis, nec famam curamus nec vitam: unicum remedium est, si copia sit amati.<sup>b</sup> Nam quo magis caremus, magis cupimus; <sup>b</sup> amanti. nec discrimen timemus vllum, dum nostre libidini satisfiat. Mihi ergo nupte nobili, diuiti, consultum est amori viam precludere; et tuo presertim, qui non potest esse diuturnus, ne uel Rodopeya Phillis, dicar, vel altera Sapho. Ideo te oratum volo: ne vltra meum exposcas amorem, et tuum vt paulatim comprimam extinguasque: Nam id est viris quam feminis multo facilius; nec tu si me (vt dicis) amas, id ex me querere debes, quod mihi exitio sit. Pro tuis donis remitto auream crucem margaritis ornatam, que, licet brevis sit, non tamen precio caret. Vale." Non tacuit Eurialus his acceptis sed vt erat nouis scriptis incensus calamum suscepit, atque sub hac forma dictauit epistolam.

“ Alue anime mi Lucretia que me tuis litteris saluum facis, etsi non nihil fellis immisceas, sed hoc spero me audito distrahes. Venit meas in manus epistola tua, clausa, et tua gemma signata. Hanc et legi sepe et deosculatus sum sepius; sed hec aliud suadet quam tuus videtur animus fuisse. Rogas me vt amare<sup>c</sup> desinam quia non expedit tibi<sup>c</sup> amore peregrini flammam amoris sequi; Et ponis exempla deceptarum, sed hoc tam ornate culteque scribis, vt mirari magis et amare tuum ingenium debeam quam obliuisci. Quis est ille qui tunc amare desinat quando prudentiorem et sapientiore animaduertat amicam. Si meum imminuere<sup>d</sup> amorem uolebas non<sup>d</sup> minuire oportuit doctrinam tuam ostendisse. Nam hoc non est incensum extinguere, sed ignem maximum ex parua conflare favilla. Ego dum legi magis exarsi uidens forme tue preclare et honestati coniunctam esse doctrinam. Verba sunt tamen quibus rogas vt amare desistam. Roga montes vt in planum veniant, atque fontes sua repetant flumina! tam possem ego te non amare, quam suum relinquere phebem cursum! Si possunt carere niuibus sitie<sup>e</sup> sithie montes, aut maria piscibus, aut feris silue, poterit et obliuisci Eurialus tui. Non est pronum viris vt reris, Lucretia, flammam extinguere. Nam quod tu nostro sexui ascribis, plerique vestro assignant: sed nolo hoc certamen nunc aggredi. Ad ea me respondere oportet, que in aduersum rettulisti. Id circo enim nolle te mihi iam-[que cor]-respondere amanti significas, quoniam multas peregrinus amor decepit, exempla que ponis; sed possem ego plures referre quos femine reliquerunt. Troylum, sicut nosti, Priami filium Crisis decepit: Dei


<sup>a</sup> perdidit      phebum Helena prodidit: <sup>a</sup> amantes circes <sup>b</sup> suos medicamentis vertebat in sues,  
<sup>b</sup> circe      atque in aliarum terga ferarum: Iniquum est paucarum consuetudine totum  
<sup>c</sup> om.      uulgus censere. Nam si sic pergimus, et tu propter duos tres ve malos aut  
<sup>d</sup> que om.      etiam decem viros omnes accusabis <sup>c</sup> horrebisque, <sup>d</sup> et propter totidem feminas  
                   cetere omnes erunt odio mihi. Quin potius alia sumamus exempla qualis amor  
                   Anthonii Cleopatreque fuit; et aliorum quos epistole breuitas referri non sinit.  
                   Sed tu Ouidium legisti, inuenistique post troyam dirutam achiuorum plurimos  
                   dum remeant peregrinis retentos amoribus, nunquam in patriam reuertisse.  
                   Heserunt namque amatricibus suis, carere potius necessariis, domo, regnis, et  
                   aliis que sunt in patria queque gratissima uoluerunt, quam amicas relinquere.  
<sup>e</sup> et que pauca fuerunt.      Hec te rogo my Lucretia cogites, non illa que nostro amori sunt aduersa, et  
<sup>f</sup> sum      que pauci fecerunt. <sup>e</sup> Ego ea mente te sequor, vt perpetuo te amem, simque <sup>f</sup>  
                   perpetuo tuus: nec tu me peregrinum dixeris; magis namque ciuis sum quam qui  
                   hic nascitur. Nam illum casus fecit ciuem, me vero electio. Nulla mihi patria  
                   erit, nisi vbi tu sis, et quanuis aliquando contingat me hinc abire, reditus tamen  
                   festinus erit: Nec ego in teutoniam reuertar nisi res compositurus ordinaturusque  
                   vt tecum esse quam diu possim valeam; facile manendi apud te reperietur occasio.  
<sup>g</sup> cesari      Multa hiis in partibus cesaris <sup>g</sup> negocia sunt; hec mihi committi expedienda  
<sup>h</sup> trusia      curabo; nunc legatione fungar, nunc munus exercebo. Vicarium in strucia <sup>h</sup>  
<sup>i</sup> nec      cesarem habere oportet: hanc ego prouinciam impetrabo. Ne <sup>i</sup> dubita suauium  
<sup>k</sup> suauis mi      meum <sup>k</sup> Lucretia, meum cor, spes mea: Si viuere absque corde possum, te et  
                   relinquere possum. Age iam tandem, miserere amantis tui, qui tanquam nix ad  
<sup>l</sup> om.      solem liquescit: Considera meos labores et modum <sup>l</sup> iam denique meis martiriis  
<sup>m</sup> finem statute.      statue. <sup>m</sup> Quid me tamdiu crucias. Miror ego mei, qui tot mala perpeti  
<sup>n</sup> palidus sum.      potuerim, que tot noctes insomnes duxi, qui tot ieiunia toleraui. Vide quam  
                   <sup>n</sup> palidus sum, quam palidus: <sup>n</sup> parua res est que spiritum alligatum corpori  
                   detinet. Si tibi aut parentes, aut filios occidissem non pot[e]ras de me maius quam  
                   hoc supplicium sumere: Si sic me punis quia te amo, quid igitur facies qui tibi  
                   damnum dederit aut malum? Ah mea Lucretia, mea hera, mea salus, meum  
                   refugium, suscipe me in gratiam; demum rescribe me tibi carum esse! Nihil aliud  
<sup>o</sup> mihi      volo, liceat me <sup>o</sup> dicere seruus Lucretie sum! Et reges et cesares amant, seruos  
<sup>p</sup> dedignantur [1497].      vbi fideles nouerint, nec-[dum dignantur p] readamare qui amant. Vale spes  
                   mea, meusque metus." Vt turris que, fracta interius, inexpugnabilis videtur  
                   exterius, si paries adnotus fuerit mox confrigitur, sic Euriali verbis Lucretia  
                   victa est: Postquam enim sedulitatem amantis aperte cognouit, et ipsa dis-  
                   simulatum patefecit amorem, atque hiis litteris Eurialo sic aperuit.







EURIALUS RECEIVES "HEAVY NEWS" FROM LUCRETIA.

“ On possum tibi amplius aduersari, nec te amplius, Euriale, mei amoris expertem habere possum. Vicisti; iamque sum tua. Me miseram, que tuas suscepi litteras; nimium multis exponenda sum periculis, nisi tua me fides et prudentia iuuet. Vide vt serues que scripsisti: In amorem iam tuum venio: si me deseris, et crudelis, et proditor, et omnium pessimus es. Facile est femellam decipere; sed quanto facilius tanto turpius. Adhuc res integra est; si putas me deserendam: dicito antequam magis amor ardeat. Nec incipiamus quod post modum incepisse peniteat. Omnium rerum respiciendus est finis. Ego, vt feminarum est, parum video. Tu vir es; te mei et tui curam habere oportet. Do me iam tibi, tuamque sequor fidem: nec tua esse cupio, nisi vt sim perpetuo tua. Vale meum presidium meeque ductor vite.” Post hanc plures epistole misse utrique sunt, nec tam ardentem scripsit Eurialus, quam feruenter Lucretia respondit: unum iam utrique<sup>a</sup> desiderium erat simul conueniendi, sed arduum ac pene impossibile<sup>a</sup> vtriusque videbatur, omnium oculis Lucretiam obseruantibus, que nec sola vnquam egrediebatur, nec unquam custode carebat; nec tam diligenter bouem Junonis Argus custodiuit, quam Menelaus iusserat obseruari Lucretiam. Vicium hoc apud ytalos late patet; feminam suam quasi thesaurum quisquis<sup>d</sup> recludit, meo<sup>b</sup> quisque iudicio minus vtiliter. Sunt enim fere eiusmodi mulieres omnes, vt id potissimum cupiant quod maxime denegatur: Que vbi velis nolunt, vbi nolis cupiunt vltro: Ee<sup>c</sup> si liberas habent habenas minus delinquunt: Exinde tam facile est inuitam<sup>e</sup> Hee custodire mulierem, quam in feruente sole pulicum gregem obseruasse: Nisi suapte casta sit mulier, frustra maritus nititur apponere seruantes eam: sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Cauta est, et ab illis incipit vxor. Indomitum animal est mulier, nullisque frenis retinendum. Erat Lucretie spurius frater; huic sepe tabellas commiserat Eurialo deferendas, hunc enim amoris sui consciam fecerat. Cum hoc igitur [conuenitur] Eurialum vt clam domi recipiat: habitabatque hic apud nouercam suam Lucretie matrem quam Lucretia sepe visitabat, et ab ea sepius visitabatur, nec enim magno interuallo distabant. Ordo ergo is erat, vt, clauso in conelauo Eurialo, postquam mater ecclesiasticas auditura cerimonias exiuisset, Lucretia superueniret, tanquam matrem domi conuentura, qua non inventa, reditum expectaret, interim vero apud Eurialum esset. Post biduum statutus erat terminus; at hii dies tanquam anni visi sunt amantibus longi; vt bene sperantibus hore producte<sup>d</sup> sunt, male sperantibus correpte. Sed non arrisit amantum desideriis fortuna; presentit namque insidias mater: atque vt dies<sup>d</sup> perducte venit, egressa domum preuignum excludit. Qui mox Eurialo triste nuncium tulit; Cui non minus quam Lucretia fuit molestum, Que postquam detectos<sup>e</sup> hoc [al. ed.] agnouit dolos; hac<sup>e</sup> [animus commotus est: “nescio quibus”]<sup>f</sup> non successit: quibus 1497.

<sup>a</sup> aggrediamur [al. ed.] Alia," inquit, "egrediamur <sup>a</sup> via: nec potens erit mater meis obsistere voluptatibus." Pandalus vero affinis erat, quem iam Lucretia fecit archanorum scium, nec enim poterat ignitus animus quiescere. Significat igitur Eurialo hunc ut alloquatur, quia fidus sit et conueniendi viam possit monstrare. At Eurialo non videbatur tutum illi se credere, quem Menelao semper herentem intuebatur et subesse fallaciam verebatur. Inter deliberandum autem iussus est Eurialus romam petere, atque cum pontifice maximo de coronatione transigere. Que res tum sibi tum amice molestissima fuit. Sed oportebat cesaris imperium ferre. Iter ergo [mora] duorum mensium fit. Lucretia interim domi manere, fenestras claudere, mestas induere uestes, nusquam exire cernitur: mirantur <sup>b</sup> omnes, nec causam noscunt. Sene ipse vidue videbantur, et, tanquam sol defecisset, cuncti se putabant in tenebris agere. Domestici, qui eam sepe incubantem lectulo, et nunquam letam videbant, egritudini imputabant, et quicquid remediorum afferri poterat perquirebant, sed nunquam illa vel risit vel thalamum egredi voluit, nisi <sup>c</sup> isse [al. ed.] postquam redire Eurialum, et illi cesarem obuiam esse <sup>c</sup> cognouit. Tunc enim, quasi e graui summo excitata, lugubri veste posita, et ornamentis redimita prioribus, fenestras aperuit letabundaque illum expectauit. Quam ut cesar vidit, "ne nega amplius, Euriale," inquit, "detecta est res. Nemo vnquam absente te Lucretiam videre potuit; nunc, quia redisti, auroram cernimus. Quis enim modus assit amori? Tegi non potest amor, nec abscondi tussis." "Jocaris mecum ut soles, cesar, et me in risum ducis," Eurialus ait. Ego quid hoc sit non scio. Hinnitus equorum [tuorum] et prolixae barbe strepitus tue illam forsitan excitauit." Atque sic effatus Lucretiam furtim aspexit, et oculos coniecit in oculos; <sup>d</sup> consalutatio eaque post reditum prima salutatio <sup>d</sup> fuit. Paucis deinde interiectis diebus Nisus Euriali fidus comes, dum anxius amici cause fauet, tabernam speculatus est que post Menelai domum sita, in Lucretiae cameram retrorsum habebat intuitum: Cauponem igitur sibi consiliat, Spectatoque loco Eurialum adducit, et, "hac," inquit, "ex fenestra alloqui Lucretiam poteris." Media inter vtramque domum cloaca fuit, nec homini <sup>e</sup> nec soli accessata; triumque vlnarum distantia fenestram Lucretiae disternabat. Hic diu conscedit <sup>f</sup> amator, expectans si quis casus Lucretiam ostenderet. Nec deceptus est: affuit tandem Lucretia, cumque huc atque illuc respiceret. Quid agis, "ait Eurialus," vite rectrix mee? quo tendis lumina, meum cor? Huc huc dirige oculos, presidium meum! Tuus hic Eurialus est! me, me, assum, me respice!" "Tu ne hic ades," inquit Lucretia, "O my Euriale? Jam te alloqui possum? Vtinam et amplecti valerem?" "At istud Eurialus, non magno conatu faciam: Scalam huc admouebo: observa thalamum, amoris nostri gaudia nimium distulimus." "Caue, my Euriale, si me vis saluam: fenestra hic ad dextram est, vicinusque pessimus, nec cauponi



LUCRETIA TALKS TO EURIALUS ACROSS THE ALLEY.



credendum est, qui parua pecunia et te et me perderet: sed alia incedamus via. Sat est si hinc sermoni nostro patet accessus," respondit Lucretia. "At mihi," inquit Eurialus, "mors est hec visio, nisi de " semel amplector, meisque brachiis " te teneo mediam." Diu ex hoc loco tractus est sermo, missaque per harundinem sunt munera. Nec Eurialus in donis quam Lucretia liberalior fuit. Sensit dolos Sosias; secumque, "frustra," inquit, "amantum conatibus obsto: nisi astans prouideo, et hera peribit, et domus infamiam subibit. Ex hiis malis satius est vnum auertere. Amet hera: nihil nocebit si clam sit. Ipsa pre amore ceca est, nec quid agat satis prospicit.<sup>b</sup> Si non potest custodiri pudicitia, satis est rumorem <sup>b</sup> perspicit. tollere, ne domus infamis fiat, ne ue paricidium committatur. Adibo, et operam prebebo meam: Restiti quoad potui ne committeretur nefas; id quia non licuit, meum est curare," ait, "vt quod agitur occultum sit, et sic agere vt nemo sciat. Commune malum libido est, nec homo est quem pestis hec non agitet. Et ille castior habetur qui cautius agit." Dumque sic fatur Lucretiam egressam thalamo videt; Aggressusque feminam "Quid iam est," inquit "quod nihil amoris mihi comunicas? Eurialus tibi nihilominus dilectus est, et vt clam ames, Videas cui des fidem. Primus sapientie gradus est, non amare; secundus vt sic ames ne palam fiat. Sola hoc siue internuntio facere non potes. Quanta mihi apud te sit fides, longo iam tempore didicisti. Si mihi committere vis, iube: mihi maxima cura est ne amor iste detegatur, et tu penam luas, et vir omnium [obtutationes ferat]." Ad hec Lucretia, "sic est vt ais, Sosia," inquit, "et tibi magnam habeo fidem; sed tu visus es nescio quomodo negligens, et meis aduersus desideriiis: Nunc quia sponte te offers, vtar obsequiis tuis, nec abs te decipi timebo. Tu scis quantum ardeo: diu ferre non possum hanc flammam: Iuua me vt simul esse possumus. Eurialus amore languet, et ego morior.<sup>c</sup> Nil peius est quam obstare cupidini nostre. <sup>c</sup> om. Si semel inuicem conueniremus, temperantius amabimus, et noster tectus erit amor. Vade igitur, Eurialoque viam vnicam me accedendi dicito. Si ab hinc quadriduo dum rustici frumentum afferunt, vectoris personam induat, operatusque sacco triticum per scalas in horreum ferat, tute scis thalamum meum ad scalas habere ostium. Itaque omnia Eurialo dicito. Hic diem manebo, et dum erit tempus sola in cubili ero. Ipse ostium impellat dum solus sit, et ad me ingrediatur."



Sosias quamuis arduum facinus esset; maiora veritus mala, prouinciam suscipit; Eurialoque inuento cuncta ex ordine nunciat, que ille iudicans leuia libenter amplectitur, seque imperatis accingit; nec aliud queritur quam nimiam moram.<sup>d</sup> O insensatum pectus amantis! O mentem cecam! O animam audacem, corque intrepidum! Quid est tam inuium, quod

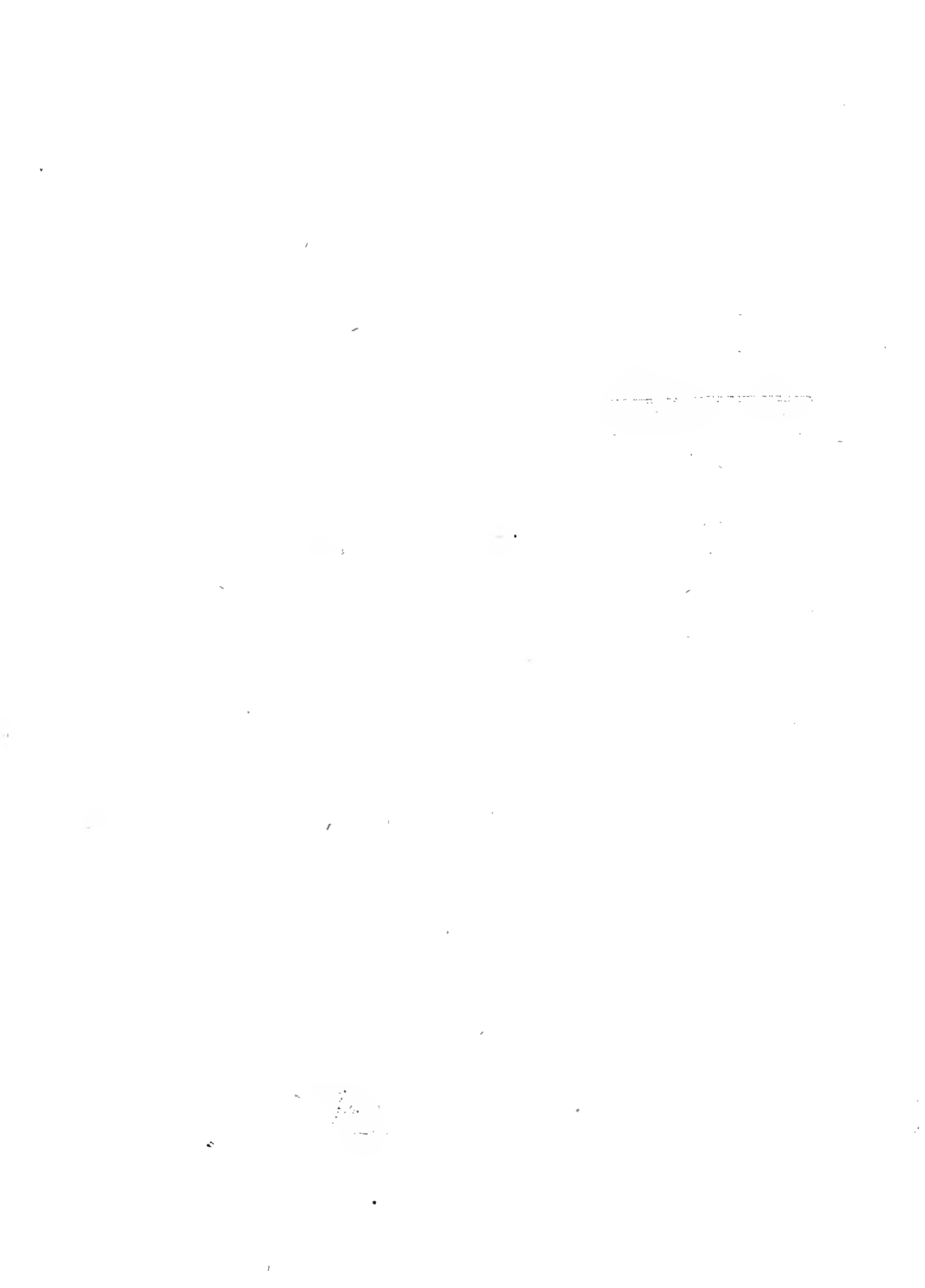
tibi *peruium* non uideatur? Quid tam *asperum*, quod *planum* non estimes? Quid tam *clausum*, quod tibi non sit *apertum*? Tu omne *discrimen* parui facis: tu nihil *difficile* *censes*. Inanis est apud te omnis *custodia* *maritorum*: Nulle te *leges* tenent, nulli *metus*: Nulli  *pudori* *obnoxius* es: Omnis *labor* tibi est *ludus*. O *rerum* *amor* *domitor* omnium! Tu *virum* *primatem*, *cesari* *acceptissimum*, *diuiciis* *affluentem*, *etate* *maturum*, *imbutum* *litteris*, *prudencia* *clarum*, eo *producis*, vt, *posita* *purpura*, *saccum* *induat*, *nultum* *fucio* *tegat*, *seruus* *ex* *domino* *fiat*; et qui *nutritus* in *deliciis* fuerat, iam *humeros* *ingestandis* *oneribus* aptat *seque* *publicum* *baiulum* *mercede* *locat*. O *rem* *mirandam* *peneque* *incredibilem*! *Virum* aliquando *consilio* *grauissimum* inter *cateruas* *vectorum* *cernere*, atque in *coluue* *illa*, *feceque* *hominum*, *contubernium* *habuisse*! Quis *transformationem* *querat* *maiores*? Hoc est quod *Ouidius* *methamorphoseos* *vult*, dum *fieri* *ex* *hominibus* *aut* *bestias* *scribit*, *aut* *lapides*, *aut* *plantas*: hoc et *poetarum* *eximius* *Maro* *sentit*, dum *Circes* *amatores* in *terga* *ferrarum*<sup>a</sup> *verti* *cantauit*. Nam *ita est* *ex* *amoris* *flamma* *sic* *mens* *hominis* *alienetur*, vt *parum* *a* *bestiis* *differat*. *Linquens* *croceum* *tithoni* *aurora* *cubile*, iam *diem* *referebat* *optatum*;<sup>b</sup> *moxque* *suum* *rebus* *collorem* *apollo* *reddens*, *expectantem* *recreat* *Eurialum*; qui *tunc* *se* *fortunatum* *beatumque* *censuit*, cum *admixtum* *vilibus* *seruis* *nulli* *noscendum* *se* *vidit*. *Pergit* *igitur*, *ingressusque* *Lucesie* *domum*, *frumento* *se* *oneravit*, *positoque* *in* *horreum* *tritico*, *vltimus* *descendentium* *fuit*, atque, ut *erat* *perdoctus* *ostium* *maritalis* *thalami*, quod in *medio* *scalarum* *clausum* *videbatur*, *impellit*, *seque* *intro* *recipit*, et *reclusis* *foribus*, *solam* *Lucesiam* *serico* *intentam* *videt*. Et *accedens* *propius*, “*Salve* *my* *Anime*,” *inquit*, “*Salve* *vnicum* *vite* *presidium* *spesque* *mee*! *Nunc* *te* *solam* *ostende*.”<sup>c</sup> *Nunc* *quod* *semper* *optavi* *semotis* *arbitris* *te* *amplectar*; *nullus* *iam* *paries*, *nulla* *distantia* *meis* *obstat* *oculis*.” *Lucesia* *quanuis* *ordinem* *ipsa* *dedisset*, *primo* *congressu* *stupuit*, *nec* *Eurialum* *sed* *spiritum* *se* *videre* *putauit*, vt *que* *virum* *tantum* *ad* *ea* *pericula* *iturum* *sibi* *non* *suadebat*; *At* *vbi* *inter* *amplexus* *et* *oscula* *suum* *cognouit* *Eurialum*. “*Tu* *ne* *hic* *es*,” *ait*, “*paupercule*? *Tu* *ne* *hic* *ades* *Euriale*?” *Et* *rubore* *per* *genas* *fuso* *complexa* *est* *artius* *hominem*, *et* *media* *fronte* *conspicatur*:<sup>d</sup> *moxque* *repetens* *sermonem*, “*Heu* *quanto* *te*,” *ait*, “*discrimini* *subiecisti*! *Quid* *amplius* *dicam*? *Iam* *me* *tibi* *carissimam* *scio*. *Iam* *tui* *amoris* *feci* *periculum*. *Sed* *neque* *tu* *me* *aliam* *inuenies*. *dii* *tantum* *fata* *secudent* *et* *amori* *nostro* *prosperum* *ventum* *dent*. *Dum* *spiritus* *hos* *reget* *artus* *preter* *te* *nemo* *Lucesie* *potens* *erit*; *Nec* *maritus* *quidem*, *si* *rite* *maritum* *appello*, *qui* *michi* *inuite* *datus* *est*, *et* *in* *quem* *animus* *nunquam* *consensit* *meus*. *Sed* *age*, *mea* *voluptas*, *meum* *delicium*, *abiicito* *saccum* *hunc*, *teque* *michi* *tu* *quis* *es* *ostende*. *Exue* *vectoris* *speciem*; *hos* *funes* *missos* *face*; *Eurialum* *me* *videre* *concedito*.” *Iam* *ille*, *depositis* *sordibus* *ostro* *fulgebat* *et* *auro*, *et* *amoris* *in* *officium* *pronus* *ibat*. *Tum* *Sosias* *ante* *ostium* *pulsitans*, *cauete*

<sup>a</sup> ferarum<sup>b</sup> adoptatum<sup>c</sup> offendi.<sup>d</sup> dissuaniata  
[al. ed.]





EURIALUS DISGUISED AS A PORTER.







MENELAUS AND BERTUS PICK UP THE CASKET.

inquit amantes! nescio quod rerum querens Menelaus huc festinat: tegite furta vestra, dolisque virum fallite. Nihil est quod egredi putetis. Tum Lucretia: "latibulum paruum inquit sub strato est: illic preciose res sunt. Scis quid tibi scripserim, Si te mecum existente vir aduentaret: ingredi huc: tutus his tenebris eris: Neque te moueris, neque screatum a dederis." Anceps quod agat a secretatum Eurialus, mulieris imperium subit. Illa foris patefactis ad sericum redit. Tum Menelaus et vna Bertus assunt c[h]irographa nonnulla ad rempublicam pertinentia quesituri. Que postquam nullis inuenta sunt scriniis, "in latibulo nostro," inquit Menelaus, "forsitan erunt. I, Lucretia lumenque affer: hic intus querendum est." His exterritus Eurialus vocibus, exanguis fit, iamque Lucretiam odisse incipit; Atque intra se [dixit], "Heu me fatuum," inquit, "quis me huc venire compulit, nisi leuitas mea? Nunc deprehensus sum, nunc infamis fio: nunc cesaris gratiam perdo: quid gratiam! Vtinam mihi vita supersit! Quis me hinc viuum eripiet? Emori certum est! O me vanum et stultorum omnium stultissimum! In hanc sentinam volens cecidi! Quid hec amoris gaudia, si tanti emuntur? Breuis est illa voluptas, dolores longissimi: O si nos hoc pro regno celorum subiremus! Mira est hominum stultitia. Labores breues nolimus b pro nolimus longissimis tolerare gaudiis: Amoris causa, cuius letitia fumo comparari potest, infinitis nos obiectamus angustiis! Ecce me ipsum, iam ego exemplum, iam fabula omnium ero: nec quis exitus pateat scio. Hinc si me deorum quispiam traxerit nusquam me rursus labor illaqueabit. O deus eripe me hinc! parce iuuentuti mee! Noli meas metiri ignorantias. Reserua me, vt horum delictorum penitentiam agam! Non me amavit Lucretia; sed quasi ceruum in casses voluit deprehendere. Ecce uenit dies meus! nemo me adiuuare potest, nisi tu deus meus. Audiueram ego sepe mulierum fallacias, nec declinare sciu. At si nunc euasero, nulla me vnquam mulieris tegna deludent." Sed nec Lucretia minoribus vrgebatur molestiis, que non solum sue sed amantis quoque saluti timebat. At, vt est in periculis subitaneis mulierum quam virorum promptius ingenium, excogita[t]o remedio, "Age," inquit, "vir: Cistella illic super fenestram est, ubi te meministi monumenta nonnulla recondisse. Videamus an illic c c illi cirographa d sint reclusa:" Subitoque incurrens, tanquam vellet aperire cistellam, d chyrographa (1497). latenter illam deorsum impulit; Et quasi casu cecidisset, "proh mihi, vir:" ait, "adesto ne quod damni sentiamus. Cistella ex fenestra decidit: perge occius e e otius. ne ioculea vel scripture dispereant. Ite, ite ambo! quid statis? Ego hinc, ne quis furtum faciat, oculis obseruabo." Vide audaciam mulieris! I nunc et feminis credito! Nemo tam oculatus est, vt falli non possit. Is duntaxat non fuit illus, quem coniunx fallere non temptauit. Plus fortuna quam ingenio sumus felices. Motus hoc facto Menelaus Bertusque vna repente in uiculum se precipitant,

Domus etrusco more altior fuit, multique gradus descendendi erant. Hinc datum est Eurialo spacium mutandi locum, qui ex monitu <sup>a</sup> Lucretie in nouas latebras se recepit. Illi collectis iocalibus atque scripturis, quia cirographa <sup>b</sup> que quesierant non reperierunt, ad scrinia iuxta que latuerat Eurialus transeunt; ibique voti compotes facti, consalutata Lucretia recesserunt. Illa, abducto foribus pessulo; “Exi my Euriale, exi my anime,” inquit, “veni gaudiorum summa meorum; veni fons delectationum mearum, scaturigo letitie [mee]<sup>c</sup> fauum mellis; veni dulcedo iucumparabilis mea! iam tuta sunt omnia; iam nostris sermonibus liber campus patet. Iam locus est amplexibus tutus. Aduersari oculis nostris fortuna voluit, sed aspiciunt dii nostrum amorem, nec tam fidus amantes deserere vouerunt. Veni iam meas in vlnas: nihil est quod amplius vereare, meum lilium rosarumque cumulus. Quid stas? quid times? tua hic sum Lucretia: quid cunctaris Lucretiam amplexari?” Eurialus vix tandem formidine posita sese recipit: complexusque mulierem, “nunquam me inquit tantus inuasit timor, sed digna tu es cuius causa talia tolerentur. Nec istec oscula et tam dulces amplexus obueneri cuiquam gratis possunt nec debent nec ego, vt verum fateor, satis emi tantum bonum. Si post mortem rursus viuere possem, teque perfrui, emori milies vellem, si hoc precio tui possent amplexus coemi. O mea felicitas! O mea beatitudo! Visum video an ita est? Teneo te an somniis illudor vanis? Tu certe hic es; ego te habeo.” Erat Lucretia leui vestita palla, que membris absque ruga herebat, nec vel pectus vel clunes me[n]tiebatur. Vt erant artus sic se ostendebat. Gule candor niualis; oculorum lumen tanquam solis iubar; Intuitus letus; facies alacris; gene veluti lilia purpureis immixta rosis; Risus in ore suavis atque modestus; pectus amplum; papille quasi duo punica poma ex vitroque latere tumescebant; pruritus quoque palpitantes mouebant. Non potuit Eurialus vltra stimulum cohibere, sed oblitus timoris, modestiam quoque ab se repulit; aggressusque feminam, “Iam,” inquit, “fructum sumamus amoris.” Rem verbis ingerebat. Obstat <sup>d</sup> mulier: curamque sibi honestatis et fame esse dicebat, nec aliud eius amorem quam verba et oscula deprecere. Ad que, subridens Eurialus, “Aut scitum est inquit me huc venisse, aut nescitum: Si scitum, nemo enim est qui non cetera suspicetur; Stultum enim est infamiam sine re subire: Sin vero nescitum, et hoc quoque sciet nullus. Hoc pignus amoris est; moriar prius quam hoc caream.” “Ach,<sup>e</sup> scelus est,” inquit Lucretia. “Scelus est, refert Eurialus,” bonis non vt cum possis. “An ego occasionem mihi concessam, tum quesitam cum optatam, mitterem?” Acceptaque mulieris veste, pugnans feminam que vincere volebat ab negotio vicit. Nec veneris hoc satietatem, vt Amoni cognita Thamar, peperit; sed maiorem sitim excitauit amoris. Memor tamen discriminis Eurialus, postquam vini cibique paulisper

<sup>a</sup> motu<sup>b</sup> chyrographa<sup>c</sup> om.<sup>d</sup> obstat

Ha





EURIALUS, ON HIS WAY FROM LUCRETIA'S HOUSE, OVERTAKES ACHATES  
AND NISUS.



hausit, repugnante *Lucretia* recessit. Nec sinistre quispiam suspicatus est quod unus ex baiulis putaretur.

**A**dmirabatur seipsum *Eurialus* dum viam pergeret secumque ait. O si nunc se obuium mihi daret cesar, meque agnosceret! quam illi habitus hic suspicionem faceret! quam me rideret! Fabula omnibus essem, et illi iocus: nunquam me missum faceret, donec sciret omnia. Dicendum sibi esset quid hec rustica vestis vellet; sed fingerem: non hanc sed aliam me dicerem aduisse matronam. Nam et ipse hanc amat: nec ex vsu est meum sibi amorem patere: *Lucretiam* nunquam perderem: que me suscepit seruauitque." Dum sic loquitur, *Nisum*, *Achatem*, *Pliniumque* cernit eosque preit; nec prius ab hiis cognitus est quam domi fuit, Vbi, positis saccis, pretextaque sumpta, rerum pandit euentum; Dumque quis timor quod gaudium intercessit memoriter narrat, nunc timenti similis, nunc exultanti fit. Inter timendum autem, "heu me stultum," inquit, "femine meum commisi caput! Non sic me pater ammonuit, dum me nullius femine fidem sequi debere docebat. Ille feminam esse dicebat animal indomitum, infidum, mutabile, crudele, mille passionibus deditum. Ego paterne immemor discipline, vitam meam muliercule credidi. Quid si me oneratum frumento aliquis agnouisset? <sup>a</sup> quod dedecus! <sup>a</sup> cognouisset. quenam infamia mihi et meis posteris euenisset! Alienum me *Cesar* fecisset; tamquam leuem et insanum potuisset me contemnere. Quid autem si me vir dum serinia versat latentem inuenisset. Seua est lex *Julia* mehis. Exigit tamen dolor mariti maiores penas quam lex vlla concesserit. Necat hec ferro; necat ille cruentis verberibus; sed putemus virum pepercisse vite mee; num me in vinculis coniecisset, aut infamem cesari tradidisset? Dicamus et illius me manus effugere potuisse, quia inermis erat; quia mihi fidus ensis herebat lateri: At viro comitatus erat; et arma ex pariete pendebant captu facilia; in domo longus famulorum ordo. Clamores mox invaluissent, et ostia fuissent clausa: tum de me supplicium sumptum fuisset. Heu me dementem nulla me prudentia liberauit ab hoc discrimine sed casus tantum. Quid casus? Immo et promptum ingenium *Lucretia*: O fidam feminam! O amatricem sapientem! O insignem et nobilissimum amorem! Cur me tibi non credam? Cur tuam non sequar fidem? Mille mihi si non <sup>b</sup> assint ceruices omnes tibi committam: <sup>b</sup> om. tu fidelis es, tu cauta, tu prudens: scis amare, et amantem tueri. Quis tam cito excogitare potuisset viam, qua me querentes auerteret, vt tu ipsa cogitasti? Tu mihi hanc vitam seruasti; eandem tibi deuoneo. Non meum est sed tuum quod spiro. Non erit mihi durum perdere propter te quod per te teneo. Tu vite mee ius habes, tu necis imperium. O candidum pectus! O dulcem linguam!

O suaues oculos! O ingenium velox! O membra marmorea succique plena! quando ego vos reuisam? qua[n]do iterum corallina labia mordebo? quando tremulam linguam ori meo immurmurantem denuo sentiam? Papillas ne vnquam illas retractabo?" "Parum est," ait Achates, "quod in hac femina vidisti. quo propior femina, eo formosior est." "Non candali regis Lidia formosa vxor formosior fuit quam ista est. Non minor <sup>a</sup> illum voluisse nudam socio <sup>b</sup> demonstrari, vt plenius sumeret gaudium. Ego quoque itidem facerem si facultas esset; Lucretiam tibi nudam ostenderem. Aliter autem nec tibi effari quanta sit eius pulchritudo possem nec tu, quam solidum, quam plenum, fuerit meum gaudium, potes considerare. Sed congaude mecum, quia maior fuit mea voluptas quam uerbis exponi queat." Sic Eurialus cum Achate; nec pauciora secum Lucretia dicebat. Eius tamen tanto minor letitia fuit quo taciturnior. Aliis fidem non habuit vt rem posset referre. Sosie pre verecundia totum non audebat narrare.

<sup>a</sup> miror  
<sup>b</sup> coningem  
socio.



**P**acorus interea Pannonius eques, domo nobilis, qui cesarem sequebatur, ardere Lucretiam cepit. Et quia formosus erat, redamari putabat, solamque femine pudicitiam obstare sibi rebatur. Illa sicut mos est nostris dominabus omnes uultu blando intuebatur. Ars est, siue deceptio potius, ne verus amor palam fiat. Insanit Pacorus, nec consolari potest, nisi Lucretie mentem persentiat: Solent matrone senenses ad primum lapidem sacellum diuine Marie, quod in bethleem nuncupatur, sepius visitare. Huc Lucretie, duabus comitata virginibus et anu quadam, proficisciebatur; Sequitur Pacorus violam iu manu gestans deauratis foliis, in cuius collo epistolam amatoriam subtilibus inscriptam membranis asconderat. Nec mirere. Tradit enim Cicero yliadem omnem ita subtiliter scriptam sibi ostensam fuisse, ut testa nucis clauderetur. Offert violam Lucretie, seque commendat Pacorus. Respuit donum Lucretia: Instat Pacorus magnis precibus: Tum anus, "Recipe," <sup>c</sup> inquit, "hera, <sup>d</sup> donatum florem. Quid times vbi nullum est periculum? parua res est qua potes huic militem placare." Secuta est Lucretia anilem suasionem, violamque recepit. Parumper vltra progressa, violam alteri ex virginibus dedit. Nec diu post obuiam facti sunt duo studentes qui virgunculam vt sibi florem traderet non magno negotio induxerunt, apertoque viole stipite, carmen amatorium inuenerunt. Solebat hoc hominum genus pergratum esse matronis nostris. Sed postquam Cesaris curia Senas venit, irrideri, despici, et odio haberi cepit, quia plus armorum strepitus quam litterarum lepor nostras feminas oblectabat. Hinc grandis liuor et similtas ingens erat: querebant que toge vias omnes quibus possent nocere sagis. Vt ergo viole dolus patuit, ad Menelaum mox itur, epistolam que vt legat rogatur: Ille mestus domum pergit, vxorem increpat, <sup>e</sup> domum que clamoribus implet.

<sup>c</sup> respice.

<sup>d</sup> om.

<sup>e</sup> domum to  
uxor om.



PACORUS GIVES A LOVE-LETTER TO LUCRETIA, CONCEALED IN THE STALK  
OF A VIOLET.







PACORUS THROWS A SNOWBALL CONTAINING A LOVE-LETTER INTO  
LUCRETIA'S WINDOW.

Negat se ream vxor,<sup>f</sup> remque <sup>gestam</sup> exponit, et anus adducit testimonium. Itur ad cesarem : fit querela : vocatur Pacorus : Is crimen fatetur, petensque veniam numquam se posthac Lucretiam vexaturum iureiurando confirmat. Sciens tamen iouem non irasci sed arridere periuriis amantum, sterilem flammam quo magis prohibitus erat eo diligentius sequebatur. Venit hiems, exclusis que ventis notis solam boream admittebat. Cadunt ex celo niues. Soluitur in ludum ciuitas : iactant matrone in vicos, iuuenes in fenestras, niuem. Hinc nactus est occasionem Pacorus ; epistolam alteram cera includit, ceramque niue tegit et cingit, factaque pila, in fenestram Lucretie iacit. Quis non omnia regi fortuna dicat ? quis non fauorabilem eius cupit flatum ? Fati enim plus valet hora benigni, quam si te veneris commendet epistola marti. Dicunt quidam nil esse quod in sapiente queat fortuna. Hoc ego hic sapientibus concedo : qui sola virtute gaudent, qui et pauperes et egroti, et in equo phallaris clausi, vitam se credunt possidere beatam, qualem adhuc nullum vel vidi vel fuisse putarim. Communis hominum vita fauoris fortunæ indiget ; hec quos vult eleuat, et quos vult deprimit. Quis Pacorum perdidit nisi fortuna ? Nonne prudentis consilii fuit in nodis viole clausisse tabellas, et nunc beneficio niuis epistolam transmississe ? Dicet aliquis fieri cautius potuisse ? quod si hoc consilium iuisset fortuna, et cautus hic et prudentissimus iudicatus fuisset. Sed obstans fatum pilam ex Lucretie manibus lapsam apud ignem duxit, ubi solutis calore niuibus, liquefactaque cera tabellas manifestauit, quas tum vetule que se calefaciebant, Tum Menelaus qui aderat, perlegerunt, nouasque lites excitauerunt, quas Pacorus non excusatione sed fuga vitauit. Hic rumor [ex vsu] venit Eurialo ; nam vir dum gressus et actus Pacori speculatur, insidiis Euriali locum facit. Verumque est quod dici solet, non facile custodiri quod a pluribus impugnatur. Expectabant amantes, post primum concubitum, secundas nuptias. Viculus inter edes Lucretie atque vicini perartus<sup>a</sup> erat per quem pedibus utrumque parietem porrectis in fenestram Lucretie haud difficilis prebebatur ascensus. Sed huc ascendere solum<sup>(1497)</sup> noctu licebat. Menelao petendum rus erat, ibique pernoctandum, qui dies ab amantibus tanquam saturnaliorum, expectabatur. Fit recessus ; mutatis Eurialus vestibus, in viculum se recipit. Stabulum illic Menelaus habebat, quod Eurialus, ducente Sosia, ingressus est. Ibi, nocte manens, sub feno latebat. Tum ecce Dromo qui erat Menelai secundus famulus, equis prepositus, impleturus presepia : fenum ex Euriali latere suscipit, eratque amplius suscepturus, ac Eurialum furca percussurus, nisi Sosias obuiasset. Qui vt discrimen agnouit, “da mihi hanc operam,” inquit, “frater bone, ego pabulum equis prebebo.” Tu<sup>b</sup> prebeo. interea loci vide an nobis cena instructa sit. Gaudendum est dum herus abest : Melius est nobis cum domina quam cum illo : hec iocunda est et

perliberalis, ille iracundus, clamorosus, auarus, difficilis: Nunquam nobis bene est dum ille adest. Vides vt ventres nostros iniquo castigat medio,<sup>a</sup> qui semper esurit vt nos fame cruciet; nec sinit<sup>b</sup> muscida<sup>c</sup> frusta cerulei panis consumi, sed hesterna minuta seruat in mensem, vnusque cene silueos<sup>d</sup> ed.]<sup>e</sup> porri (1497). et anguillas salsas in alteram differt; numerata fila sectilis pori<sup>e</sup> ne quid tangamus signata recludit. Miser qui per hec tormenta querit diuitias! Nam stultius nil quam viuere pauperem vt locuplex moriaris. Quanto melius nobis cum hera, que non contenta vitulis nos pascere et teneris hedis, gallinas quoque turdosque ministrat, et uini copiam melioris! I Dromo: cura ut quam vncta coquina sit." "Istud," inquit Dromo, "cure habebō, mensam potius quam equos fricabo. Herum ego hodie in rus deduxi, quod sibi male succedat. Nunquam mihi verbum dixit nisi vesperi cum me remisit et equos, renuntiarique domine iussit, non se rediturum hac nocte. Ah, laudo te Sosia, qui tandem odire cepisti domini mores. Ego iam mutassem dominum nisi me domina matutinis tenuisset offellis. Nihil dormiendum est hac nocte. Bibamus, voremus, donec veniat dies. Non tantum per mensem lucrabitur herus, quantum nos vna cena consumemus." Audiebat hec Eurialus libens, tametsi mores seruorum notabat, et idem sibi fieri non dubitaret. Et cum Dromo abisset,<sup>f</sup> assurgens Eurialus, "O quam," inquit, "beatam noctem, Sosia, tuo beneficio sum habiturus, qui me huc duxti, et ne patefierem probe curasti. Vir bonus es, meritoque te amo, nec tibi non gratus inueniar." Aderat hora prescripta. Letus Eurialus, quamuis duobus perfunctus discriminibus, murum ascendit, ad apertam fenestram subintrat: Lucretiam iuxta foculum sedentem, paratissime obsequiis, expectantem reperit. Illa vt amantem cognouit, assurgens medium complexa est. Fiunt blanditie: dantur oscula: itur in venerem tensis velis, fessam que nauigio citheream nunc ceres reficit nunc bacchus.

<sup>f</sup> Et cum domo abiisset Menelaus, utque dromo recessit (1490).



Eu quam breues voluptates sunt, quam longe sollicitudines! Vix horam Eurialus letam habuerat. Tum ecce Sosiam qui reditum Menelai nunciat gaudiumque perturbat. Timens Eurialus fugere studet: Lucretia, mensis absconditis, obuam viro pergit, reuersumque salutatur. Et, "o my vir," inquit, "quam bene redisti. Nam ego iam te villicum inuisatum rebar. Quid tu<sup>g</sup> tamen rure tam diu. Caue ne quid olfaciam cur non domi manes. Quid me tua contristare absentia studes. Semper dum abes timeo tibi. Tu ne quam ardeas formido, vt sunt infidi vxoribus suis viri. Quo metu si me vis soluere, nunquam foris dormias. Nec enim sine te nox est mihi vlla iocunda. Sed cena hic iam; post cubitum ibimus." Erant tamen in aula vbi prandere

<sup>g</sup> tu cum





EURIALUS CLIMBS IN AT LUCRETIA'S WINDOW.







EURIALUS AND LUCRETIA AT SUPPER.

familia solet; *ibique* virum detinere Lucretia nitebatur, Donec Eurialus abeundi spacium suscepisset, cui necessaria est morula quendam: Menelaus autem foris cenatus erat, *seque* in thalamum recipere festinabat. Tum Lucretia: "Parum me amas" inquit, "Cur non potius domi apud me cenasti? Ego quia tu aberas nec commedi hodie nec bibi quicquam. Venerunt tamen villici ex rosalia nescio quid vini portantes: optimum esse ferebant trebeanum. Ego pre mestitia nihil gustavi: Nunc, quando ades, eamus si placet in cellarium introrsum, gustemusque vinum, si vt illi dixerunt tam suauissimum sit." Hisque dictis, lanternam <sup>a</sup> laternam dextra, <sup>b</sup> virum sinistra manu recepit, et in infimum penarii descendit: tanquam <sup>c</sup> dextera diu nunc hunc nunc illum cadum terebrauit, ac cum viro petis[s]auit, donec Eurialum putauit abiisse. Ac ita demum ad ingratos hymeneos cum viro transiuit: Eurialus intempesta nocte domum repetiit. Sequenti luce, siue quod sic expediebat cauere, siue suspitio mala fuit, muro fenestram Menelaus obstruxit. Credo, ut sunt conciuues nostri in coniecturas acuti, suspicionumque pleni, timuisse Menelaum loci commoditatem, vtque parum videbat, vxori occasionem demere voluisse. Nam et si nihil conscius erat illi, vexatam tamen feminam, multis dietim tentatam precibus non ignorabat; et animum cognoscebat mulieris instabilem, cuius tot sunt voluntates quot in arboribus folia. Sexus enim femineus nouitatis est audis, raroque virum amat cuius copiam habet. Sequebatur ergo viam maritorum perulgatam, quorum opinio est infortunium bonis excludi fortunis. <sup>c</sup> custodiis. Erepta est huic conueniendi facultas, nec mittendis litteris premissa libertas est. Nam et cauponem qui post edes Lucretie viariam tabernam conduxerat, ex qua solebat Eurialus affari Lucretiam, ac litteras per harundinem mittere, sicut Menelaus suasit, ingratus <sup>d</sup> expulit. Restabat solus oculorum intuitus, nutuque <sup>d</sup> magistratus tantum se consalutabant amantes. Neque istac amoris extrema linea commode perfrui poterant: erat ingens dolor vtrique, cruciatusque morti similis. Quia nec amoris poterant obliuisci, nec in eo perseuerare. Dum sic <sup>e</sup> anxius Eurialus quid <sup>e</sup> si consilii capiat meditatur, venit in mentem Lucretie monitum, quod sibi de Pandalo scripserat Menelai sobrino; peritosque medicos imitatus quibus mos est in periculosis egritudinibus anceps adhibere medicamentum, et ultima potius experiri, quam morbum sine cura relinquere. Aggredi Pandalum statuit, remediumque suscipere quod antea refutarat. Huic ergo accersito, et in penitioem domus partem vocato: "Sede," inquit, "amice: rem grandem tibi dicturus sum, indigentem his quas in te scio sitas, diligentia, fide, et taciturnitate. Volui hec dudum tibi dixisse, sed non eras mihi adhuc plene cognitus; nunc et te nosco, et quia probate fidei es, amo et obsecro: Quod si aliud <sup>f</sup> te <sup>f</sup> de [non] scirem, satis est quia omnes tui conciuues te laudant, tum comites mei quibuscum amicitiam confluisti, et qui sis, et quanti pendendus, me certum fecere; ex

<sup>a</sup> cupere [al. ed.]

quibus te capere <sup>a</sup> meam beniuolentiam didici, cuius iam facio participem : *Quia non minus illa es dignus, quam ego sum tua.* Nunc quid velim, quoniam inter amicos res agitur, paucis exponam [verbis]. Tu scis mortale genus quam in amorem sit pronum ; seu virtutis sit, seu vicii, late patet ista calamitas ; nec cor est, si modo carneum est, quod amoris non aliquando sentiat stimulos. Scis quia nec sapientissimum Salamonem, nec Sampsonem fortissimum ista passio dimisit immunem. Incensi preterea pectoris et amoris improbi ea natura est, vt si prohibeatur magis ardeat. Nulla re magis ista curatur pestis, quam dilecti copia. Fuerunt plures cum viri tum mulieres, tam nostra quam maiorum nostrorum memoria, quibus inhibitio durissime necis fuit occasio. Contra vero plerosque nouimus, que post concubitum et amplexus passim concessos, mox furere desinerunt. Nihil consultius est, postquam amor ossibus hesit, quam furori cedere : Nam qui aduersus tempestatem nititur sepe naufragium facit. Et qui obtemperat procelle, superat. Hec ideo dixi, quia te scire meum amorem volo, et quod mei causa sis facturus. Tum quod emolumentum hinc sit oriturum nihil tibi tacebo, quia iam mei cordis alteram te reputo partem. Ego Lucretia[m] diligo : neque hoc, my Pandale, mea culpa est factum. Sed regente fortuna in cuius manu est totus quem colimus orbis. Mihi non erant noti mores vestri, nec huius vrbs consuetudines noram. Putabam ego feminas vestrates quod oculis monstrant in corde sentire [sed me stant <sup>b</sup> homines, vestre maritate non amant]. Hinc deceptus sum. Credidi namque amatam me Lucretie fore, dum me luminibus intuebatur placidis, cessique contra diligere ; nec tam elegantem dominam dignam putavi cui vices non redderentur amoris. Nondum te noui vel tuum genus : amaui putans amari. Quis enim tam saxeus est aut ferreus qui non amet amatus ? Sed postquam fraudes noui, meque [dolis] irritum, ne meus sterilis esset amor nisus sum omnibus artibus illam incendere, vt par pari referretur. Ardere namque, nihilque vrere, tum rubor erat, tum anxietas animi, que me die noctuque mirum in modum cruciabat, et eram adeo introrsum vt egredi nullo pacto valerem. Factum est igitur vt, me continuante, par sit amor amborum. Illa incensa est, ego ardeo, ambo perimus nec remedium protelande vite videmus vllum, nisi tu scis <sup>c</sup> adiumento : Vir custodit et frater ; non tam vellus aureum peruigil draco seruabat, nec aditum orci Cerberus, quam ista diligenter recluditur. Noui ego familiam vestram ; scio quia nobiles estis inter primores vrbs, diuites, amati, vtinam nunquam nouissem hanc feminam, sed quis est qui possit resistere fatis ? <sup>d</sup> Non elegi hanc, sed casus dedit amandam. Sic se res habet : tectus adhuc amor est. Sed nisi bene regatur, magnum adhuc <sup>e</sup> quod superi auertant, malum pariet : Possem ego me fortassis compescere, si hinc abirem, quod quamquam esset mihi grauissimum, facerem tamen vestre familie gratia, si hoc putarem ex vsu fore. Sed nosco illius furorem : aut

<sup>b</sup> inescant [Leyden ed.]

<sup>c</sup> sis [Leyd. ed.]

<sup>d</sup> satis.

<sup>e</sup> om.




EURIALUS CONFERS WITH PANDALUS.





me sequeretur, aut manere coacta manus sibi consciret,<sup>a</sup> quod esset domui vestre<sup>a</sup> dedecus perpetuum, quod igitur te volebam te [que]<sup>b</sup> vocabam, vestri causa est; <sup>b</sup> vt obuiemus hiis malis: Nec alia via: nisi vt amoris nostri aurigam te prebeas, curesque vt bene dissimulatus ignis fiat opertus. Ego me tibi comendo, deuoueo: obsequere nostro furori, ne dum oppugnatur magis incendatur: cura vt simul conuenire possimus, quo facto magis humiliabitur ardor, tolerabili-orque reddetur. Tute scis aditus domus; scis quando vir abest; scis quomodo me valeas introducere. Frater viri aduertendus est qui est ad has res nimium prospicax; Lucretiam quoque, tanquam locum germani tenet, magnaue cura custodit: Inuersaque Lucretie verba, euersas ceruices, gemitus, screatus, tussim, risus, attente considerat. Hunc eludere sententia est, nec sine te fieri potest. Assis ergo, et quando abfuturus sit vir, me instrue, remanentemque fratrem diuerte ne custos affixus Lucretie sit, neue custodes adhibeat alios. Tibi credet; et quod dii faxint, hanc tibi prouintiam fortasse committet. Quam si susceperis et me iuueris, vt spero, in uado res est. Poteris enim me clam, dum ceteri dormient, intromittere, et amorem lenire furentem. Ex hiis quot emergant vtilitates, arbitror te pro tua prudentia palam cernere: Seruabis namque in primus honorem domus; amorem teges qui non posset abs vestra<sup>c</sup> infamia mani-<sup>c</sup> tua festari. Sobrinam tuam in vita tenebis; Menelao uxorem custodies, cui non tam obest vna nox mihi concessa nesciis omnibus, quam si sciente populo illam perdidit me sequentem. [Nupta] Senatori romano secuta est Ippia ludum<sup>d</sup> ad pharon<sup>a</sup> Lybdum [al. ed.] [et nilum] formosaque menia lagi. Quid si me domi nobilem atque potentem<sup>a</sup> [lucretia] sequi statuatur. Quod dedecus vestri generis: qui<sup>e</sup> populi risus: que<sup>o</sup> quis nedum vestra sed totius vrbis infamia. Diceret forsitan aliquis, absumenda potius ferro aut extinguenta uenenis est mulier, quam id agat. Sed ve illi que<sup>f</sup> se<sup>f</sup> qui humano sanguine polluit, et maiori scelere vindicat minus. Non augenda sunt mala: sed minuenda. Nos hoc scimus ex duobus bonis melius eligendum: aut ex malo et bono quod sit bonum: sed ex malis duobus quod minus obsit. Omnis via periculi plena est; sed hec quam monstro, minus habet discriminis; per quam nedum sanguini tuo consules, sed mihi quoque proderis, qui pene insanio dum mei causa video Lucretiam cruciari. Cui potius odio esse vellem, quam te rogare: Sed hic sumus; eo deducta res est. Et nisi tuis artibus, tura cura, ingenio atque sollicitudine nauis regatur, nulla salutis spes maneat. Iuua igitur et illam et me, tuamque domum abs nota conserua: nec me putes ingratum: Scis apud Cesarem quanti sim: quicquid petierim impetratum tibi efficiam. Et hoc ante omnia tibi polliceor, doque fidem, Palatinum te Comitum futurum, omnemque tuam posteritatem hoc titulo gauisuram. Ego tibi Lucretiam meque et nostrum amorem, et famam nostram, et tui generis decus committo, tueque

mando fidei: Tu arbiter es; omnia hec in te sita sunt: Vide quid agas, vt seruare potes ita et perdere.”

“Vbrisit hiis auditis Pandalus, facta que morula, “noram hec Euriale,” dixit, “et utinam non accidissent: sed eum in locum, sicut abs te dictum est, res rediit, vt necesse sit me quod iubes efficere, nisi et nostrum genus affici contumeliis, et scandalum ingens cuiuspiam exoriri.

Ardet mulier, sicut dixi, et impotens sui est: nisi occurro, ferro se fodiet, aut ex fenestris se dabit precipitem; nec vite iam sibi nec honoris est cura: Ipsa mihi suum ardorem patefecit: Restiti, increpauit, lenire flammam studii; nihil profeci: Omnia preter te parui facit: Nihil nisi te curat: Tu illi semper in mente sedes; te petit, te desiderat, te solum cogitat. Sepe me vocitans, ‘audi, precor Euriale,’ dixit. Sic mulier ex amore mutata est vt non eadem videatur. Heu pietas! heu dolor! Nulla [prius] in vrbe tota vel castior vel prudentior Lucretia fuit. Mira res si tantum iuris natura dedit amori in mentes humanas: Medendum est huic egri[t]udini; Nec alia cura est, nisi quam tu monstrasti. Accingam me huic operi, teque dum tempus erit commonere faciam. Nec ex te gratiam quero, quia non est officium boni viri, cum hiis nihil promereatur, gratiam poscere. Ego vt vitam infamiam nostre imminentem familie hoc ago. Quod si tibi conducit, non propterea sum premiandus.” At enim Eurialus inquit, “Ego vel sic tibi gratiam habeo; et creari te comitem vt dictum est faciam. Tu modo dignitatem istam nihil spernas.” “Non sperno,” inquit Pandalus, “sed ne hinc profecta sit volo: Si ventura est, libere veniat: nihil ego conditionale facio: Si potuisset hoc te nesciente fieri, mea vt opera apud Lucretiam esses, libentius id egissem: Vale.” “Et tu vale,” retulit Eurialus; “Post quam animum redidisti, fac, finge, inueni, effice vt simul simus.” “Laudalis,”<sup>a</sup> inquit Pandalus, “Letusque abiit quod tanti viri gratiam inuenisset, tum quod<sup>b</sup> se comitem fore iam sperabat; cuius dignitatis tanto erat audior, quanto se minus cupere demonstrabat. Sunt enim homines quidam, vt mulieres, que cum se maxime nolle dicunt, tunc maxime volunt. Hic lenocinii mercedem sortitus est; Comitatum et auream bullam sue nobilitatis posteritas demonstrabit. In nobilitate multi sunt gradus mi Mariane. Et sane si cuiuslibet originem queras, sicut mea sententia fert, aut nullas nobilitates inuenies, aut admodum paucas, que sceleratum non habuerint ortum. Cum enim hos dici nobiles videamus qui diuitiis abundant, Diuitie vero raro virtutis sunt comites, quis non videt ortum nobilitatis esse degenerem? Hunc vsure ditauerunt, illum spolia, prodiones alium; Hic beneficiis ditatus est, ille adulationibus; Huic adulteria locum<sup>c</sup> prebent, non nullis mendacia prosunt; Quidam faciunt ex [coniuge questum, quidam ex] natis; Plerosque

<sup>a</sup> laudabilis

<sup>b</sup> quia


<sup>c</sup> lucrum





EURIALUS FORCES HIMSELF INTO LUCRETIA'S HOUSE AT THE HALF-OPENED DOOR.

homicidia iuuant; Rarus est qui iuste diuitias congreget; Nemo falcem <sup>a</sup> amplam <sup>a</sup> fascem facit nisi qui omnes metit herbas; congregant homines diuitias multas, nec vnde veniant, sed quam multe veniant querunt. Omnibus hic versus placet; “unde habeas querit nemo, sed oportet habere.” Postquam vero plena est archa, tum <sup>b</sup> tunc nobilitas poscitur, que sic quesita nil est aliud quam premium iniquitatis. Maiores mei nobiles habiti sunt; sed nolo <sup>c</sup> mihi blandiri: non puto meliores <sup>c</sup> noli fu[i]sse proanos meos aliis quos sola excusat antiquitas, quia non sunt in memoria eorum vitia. Mea sententia nemo nobilis esse, <sup>d</sup> nisi virtutis amator. <sup>d</sup> est Non miror aureas vestes, equos, canes, ordinem famulorum, lautas mensas, marmoreas edes, villas, predia, piscinas, iurisdictiones, siluas; Nam et hec omnia stultus assequi [potest], quem si quis nobilem dixerit, ipse fiet stultus. Pandalus noster lenocinio nobilitatus est.

“  On multis post diebus rure inter Menelai rusticos rixatum est, et occisi non nulli qui plus [equo] biberant; opusque fuit ad res componendas Menelaum proficisci. Tum Lucretia “mi vir,” inquit, “gravis es, homo debilisque; equi tui grauiter incedunt; quin gradiarium aliquem recipe commodatum.” Cumque ille perconctaretur <sup>e</sup> vbinam esset aliquis; “optimum,” inquit Pandalus, “nisi fallor, Eurialus habet, et tibi libens concedit. Si me vis petere.” “Pete,” inquit Menelaus. Rogatus Eurialus mox equum iussit adduci; idque sui gaudii signum recepit, secumque tacite dixit, “Tu meum equum ascendes, Menelae: Ego tuam vxorem equitabo.” Conuentum erat vt noctis ad horam quintam in vico Eurialus esset, speraretque bene si cantantem Pandalum [audiret]. Abierat Menelaus, iamque celum noctis obduxerant tenebre: mulier in cubili tempus manebat. Eurialus ante fores erat, signumque morabatur: Nec cantum audiebat, nec screatum. Iam preterierat hora et vt abiret Eurialus suadebat Achatas, delusumque dicebat. Durum erat amanti recedere, et nunc vnam nunc aliam causam manendi querebat. Non canebat Pandalus quia Menelai frater domi manserat, et omnes aditus scrutabatur, ne quid insidiarum fieret, noctemque trahebat insomnem; cui Pandalus; “Nunquamne hac nocte cubitum ibimus? Iam nox medium poli transcendit axem, et me grauis occupat sompnus. Miror te cum iuuenis scis, <sup>f</sup> senis habere naturam, quibus siccitas somnum aufert: nunquam dormiunt nisi paululum prope diem, dum currus voluitur septentrionalis, cum iam tempus esset surgendi. Eamus tamen iam tandem dormitum. Quid si <sup>g</sup> hec volunt vigilie?” “Eamus,” inquit <sup>h</sup> sibi Agamennon, “si tibi sic videtur; antea tamen inspiciende sunt fores an satis firmate sunt ne furibus pateant.” Veniensque ad ostium nunc vnam nunc aliam [seram] ammouit, et pessulum addidit. Erat illic ingens ferrum quod

<sup>e</sup> percunctaretur

<sup>f</sup> sis [Leyd. ed.]

vix duo poterant eleuare, quo nunquam ostium claudebatur: Quod postquam Agamennon admouere non potuit, "iuua me," inquit, "Pandale; admoueamus ferrum hoc ostio, tum dormitum ibimus." Audiebat hos sermones Eurialus, et, "actum est" tacitus ait, "si hoc ferramentum adiungitur." Tum Pandalus: "Quid tu paras Agamennon? tanquam domus obsidenda sit, firmare ostium paras? An tuta sumus in ciuitate? Libertas hic est et quies omnibus eadem, cum hostes procul sunt quibus-cum bella gerimus Florentini. Si fures times, sat clausum est: Si hostes, nihil est quod in hac domo te possit tueri. Ego hac nocte non subibo onus, quia scapulas doleo, et infra sum fractus, nec

<sup>a</sup> vah

gestandis oneribus sum ydoneus; aut tute leua, aut sine." "Vach,<sup>a</sup> satis est," inquit Agamennon, dormitumque cessit. Tum Eurialus, "manebo hic adhuc horam," ait, "si forte aliquis adaperiat." Tedeat Achatem more, tacitusque maledicebat Eurialo, qui se tam diu retineret insonnem. Nec diu mansum est, cum per rimulam visa est Lucretia, parum quid luminis secum ferens; versus quam pergens Eurialus. "Salue mi anime, Lucretia" dixit: At illa exterrita fugere primum voluit: Ex inde recogitans, "quis tu es vir?" ait: "Eurialus tuus" inquit Eurialus. "Aperi, mea voluptas; iam mediam noctem te hic opperior." Agnouit Lucretia vocem; sed quia simulationem timebat, non prius ausa est aperire, quam secreta inter se tantum nota percepit. Post hec magno labore seras remouit. Sed quia plurima ferramenta fores retinebant, que manus feminea ferre non poterat, ad semipedis dumtaxat amplitudinem ostium patuit. "Nec hoc," ait Eurialus, "obstabit," extenuansque suum corpus, per dextrum latus intro se coniecit, Mulierem que mediam amplexatus est. Achates foris in excubiis mansit. Tum Lucretia, siue timore nimio, siue gaudio, exanimata, inter Euriali deficiens brachia, pallida facta est, et amisso verbo ac oculis clausis, per omnia similis mortue videbatur, nisi quod adhuc calor pulsusque manebant.

<sup>b</sup> casu [Leyd. ed.]

<sup>c</sup> si

Exterritus Eurialus subito casu,<sup>b</sup> quid ageret nesciebat; [Secumque] "si abeo" inquit, "mortis sum reus, qui feminam in tanto discrimine deseruerim. Sim<sup>c</sup> maneo, interueniat Agamennon aut alius ex familia, et ego perierim. Heu amor infelix, qui plus fellis quam mellis habes! Non tam absinthium est amarum quam tu! Quot me iam discrim[in]ibus obiecisti! quot mortibus meum caput denouisti! Hoc nunc restabat vt meis brachiis feminam exanimares. Cur me non potius interemicti?<sup>d</sup> Cur me leonibus non obiecisti? Heu quam optabilius erat in huius me potius gremio quam istam meo sinu deficisse! Vicit amor virum; abiecta que propria cura salutis, cum femina mansit; eleuansque altius mutum corpus atque deosculatus, madidus lacrimis, "Heu Lucretia," inquit.

<sup>d</sup> interemisti

<sup>e</sup> mi om [Leyd. ed.]


"Vbinam gentium es? Vbi aures tue? cur non respondes? cur non audis? Aperi oculos, obsecro mi<sup>e</sup> meque respice: Arride mihi vt soles: Tuus hic assum

Eurialus; tuus te amplectitur Eurialus: Cur me [non] contrabasias? Mi cor, abisti<sup>a</sup> an dormis? Vbi te queram? Cur, si mori uolebas, non me monuisti ut<sup>a</sup> obisti occidissem una? Nisi me audis, en iam latus meum aperiet gladius, et ambos habebit exitus unus. Ach<sup>b</sup> uita mea: suauium meum! deliciae mee! spes unica!<sup>b</sup> Ha integra quies! siccine te Lucretia perdo? Attolite oculos! eleua caput! nondum mortua es! Video, adhuc cales; adhuc spiras: Cur mihi non loqueris? Sic me recipis? ad hec me gaudia vocas? Hanc mihi das noctem? Assurge, oro, requies mea! respice tuum Eurialum! Assum tuus Eurialus!" Ac si<sup>c</sup> fatus<sup>c</sup> sic [Leyd. ed.] lacrimarum flumen super frontem et mulieris tipona<sup>d</sup> pluit. Quibus tanquam<sup>d</sup> tempora roseis aquis excitata mulier quasi de graui somno surrexit, amantemque videns, "heu me," inquit, "Euriale! Vbinam fui? Cur me non potius obire sinisti? Beata iam moriebar in tuis manibus: Vtinam sic excederem antequam tu hac vrbe discederes."


**D**Vm sic inuicem fantur, in thalamum pergunt. Ubi talem noctem habuerunt qualem credimus inter duos amantes fuisse, postquam nauibus altis raptam Helenam Paris abduxit: Tamque dulcis nox ista fuit, vt ambo negarent tam bene inter Martem veneremque fuisse. "Tu meus es Ganimedes, tu meus Hipolitus, Diamedesque<sup>e</sup> meus," dicebat<sup>e</sup> Adonisque Lucretia. "Tu mihi Polixena," Eurialus referebat; "tu Emilia, tu Venus ipsa." Et nunc os, nunc genas, nunc oculos commendabat. Eleuataque non nunquam lodice, secreta que non viderat antehanc<sup>f</sup> contemplabatur; et, "plus," dicebat,<sup>f</sup> antehac "inuenio quam putaram! Talem lauantem vidit Atheon<sup>g</sup> in fonte Dianam!<sup>g</sup> Actæon [al. ed.] Quid his membris formosius? Quid candidius? Iam redemi pericula. Quid est quod propter te non debeat sustineri? O pectus decorum! O mamille prenitide! Vos ne tango? vos ne habeo? vos ne meas incidistis manus? O teretes artus! O redolens corpus! te ne ego possideo? Nunc mori satius est quando hoc gaudium est recens, ne qua interueniat calamitas: Anime mi teneo te, an somnio? Vera ne ista voluptas est? an extra mentem positus sic reor? Non sompno, certe vera res agitur. O suauia basia! o dulces amplexus! o melliflui morsus! Nemo me felicius viuit, nemo beatius! Sed heu quam veloces hore! Inuida nox, cur fugis? Mane,<sup>h</sup> apollo, mane apud inferos diu! Cur equos tam cito in<sup>h</sup> magne iugum trahis? plus<sup>i</sup> graminis edant. Da mihi noctem vt Alemene dedisti. Cur<sup>i</sup> sine vt plus tu tam repente Titoni tui cubile relinquis aurora? Si tam illi grata esses, quam mihi Lucretia, haud tam mane surgere te permetteret. Nunquam mihi nox visa est hac breuior, quamuis apud britannos dachosque fuerim." Sic Eurialus: nec minora dicebat Lucretia. Nec osculum nec verbum irrecompensatum preterit. Stringebat hic stringebat illa, nec post venerem lapsi<sup>k</sup> iacebant. Sed vt Antheus<sup>k</sup> lass

ex terra validior resurgebat, sic post bellum alacriores isti robustioresque fiebant. Nocte peracta, cum crines suos ex oceano tolleret aurora, discessum est: Nec post multos dies rediendi copia fuit crescentibus dietim custodiis; sed omnia superavit amor viamque tandem conueniendi reperit,<sup>a</sup> qua se usi amantes sunt. Interea Cesar qui iam Eugenio reconciliatus erat Romam petere destinavit. Sentit hoc Lucretia; quid enim non sentit amor, aut quis fallere possit amantem? Sic igitur Lucretia scripsit Eurialo.

<sup>a</sup> repetit

“ I posset animus meus irasci, tibi iam succensserem, quod abiturum te dissimulasti. Sed amat te quam me magis spiritus meus, nullaque potest ex causa aduersus te moueri. Heu mi cor,<sup>b</sup> quid est quod mihi Cesarem non dixi recessurum? Ille itineri separat, nec tu hic manebis, scio; quid, obsecro, de me fiet? Quid agam misera: Vbi requiescam, si me relinquis? non viuo biduum. Per, ergo, has litteras meis lacrimis madidas, per que tuam dexteram, et datam fidem, si de te quicquam merui aut fuit tibi quicquam dulce mecum,<sup>c</sup> miserere infelicis amantis! non peto vt maneas, sed vt tollas te mecum.<sup>d</sup> Fingam me vesperi bethleem petere velle, vnicamque recipiam anum: Assunt illuc duo tresve famuli ex tuis; me rapiant. Nihil negotii est volentem eripere. Nec tibi dedecori puta: nam filius Priami coniugem sibi raptu parauit. Non iniuriaberis viro meo; is enim omnino me perditurus est. Namque nisi abducas, mors illi me aufert. Sed nolis tu ess crudelis, meque morituram relinquere, que te pluris semper quam me feci.” Ad hec Eurialus in hunc modum rescripsit.

<sup>b</sup> miror<sup>c</sup> meum<sup>d</sup> me tecum.

“ Elani te vsque nunc, mea Lucretia, ne te nimium afflictares antequam tempus esset. Scio mores tuos: noui quia te nimis crucias. Nec Cesar sic recedit, vt non sit reuersurus. Ex vrbe postquam reuenerimus Hac iter est nobis in patriam: quod si Cesar aliam viam fecerit, me certe si vixero reducem videbis: negent mihi patriam superi, errabundoque similem me reddant vlix, nisi huc reuertar! Respira ergo mi anime, sumeque vires; noli te macerare, quin viue potius leta. Quod dicis de raptu esset mihi tum gratissimum tum iocundissimum; Nec maior mihi voluptas prestari posset quam te semper mecum habere, ac meo ex arbitrio potiri: sed consulendum est magis honori tuo quam mee cupiditati. Exigit namque fides tua qua me complexa es, tibi vt consilium fidele prebeam, et quod in rem sit tuam. Tu te scis prenobilem esse et in clara familia nuptam. Nomen habes cum pulchritudine [tum pudicissime] mulieris, nec apud ytalos solum tua fama clauditur, sed et teutones panonii et bohemi et omnis septemtrionis populi tuum



nomen cognoscunt: quod si te rapiam, (mitto dedecus meum quod tui causa flocci facerem,) qua ignominia tuos afficeres necessarios! Quibus doloribus matrem pungeres! Quid de te dicerent! Quis rumor exiret in orbem! Ecce Lucretiam que Brute<sup>a</sup> coniuge castior, Penelopeque melior dicebatur, iam mecum se<sup>a</sup> bruti sequitur im[m]emor parentum et patrie! Non Lucretia sed Ippia est: vel Jasonem secuta Medea? Heu me quantus meror [haberet] cum de te talia dici sentirem! Amor noster clam est, nemo te non laudat: Rapina turbaret omnia, nec unquam tam laudata fuisti, quam tunc vituperareris. Sed mittamus famam; quid quod nos amore nostro perfrui non valeremus? Ego Cesari seruo. Is me virum fecit potentem dinitem. Nec ab eo recedere possum sine mei status ruina; quod si eum desererem, non quirem te decenter habere. Si curiam sequeretur nulla quies esset: Omni die castra mouemus: nusquam Cesari tanta mora fuit quanta nunc Senis. Idque belli necessitas facit quod si te circumducerem, et quasi publicam feminam in castris haberem, vide quam esset mihi et tibi dedecorum? Hiis ex rebus obsecro te mi Lucretia mentem vt istam exuas, honorique consulas. Nec furori magis quam tibi blandiaris. Alius fortassis amator aliter suaderet, et vltro te fugere precaretur, vt te, quam diu posset, abuteretur; Nihil futuri prouidus dum presenti satisfaceret egritudini. Sed hic non esset amator verus, qui libidini magis quam fame consuleret. Ego, mea Lucretia, quod frugi est moneo. Mane hic te rogo, nec me dubita rediturum, quicquid apud etruscos agendum Cesari, mihi committi curabo, daboque operam vt te frui abs tuo incommodo possim. Vale: viue: ama: nec meum quam tuus est ignem putato minorem. Aut me non immitissimum<sup>b</sup> hinc abscedere. Iterum<sup>b</sup> inuitissimum vale mea suauitas, et anime cibus mee.”

**A**quieuit his mulier et imperata facturam rescripsit. Paucis post diebus Eurialus cum Cesare Romam perrexit: Nec diu moratus illic febribus est incensus. Infelix penitus, qui cum arderet amore, febriumque cepit ignibus estuare: cum<sup>c</sup> iam vires amor extenuasset, cumque<sup>c</sup> adiectis morbi doloribus parum superat vite. Tenebaturque spiritus medicorum remediis, potius quam manebat. Cesar dietim ad eum veniebat, et quasi filium solabatur, omnesque curas apollinis adhibere iubebat. Nulla est<sup>d</sup> valentior medela quam Lucretie scriptum, quo viuentem illam et sospitem cognouit; que res ali<sup>d</sup> Sed nulla fuit quantisper morbum imminuit, Eurialumque surgere in pedes fecit: et coronationi Cesaris interfuit, ac ibi militiam suscepit et aureum calcar. Post hac, cum Cesar Perusium peteret, is Rome mansit nondum ex integro sanus. Exinde Senas venit, quamuis adhuc debilis exterminatusque faciem. Sed intueri potuit, non alloqui, Lucretiam. Epistole plures vtrinque misse sunt, Rursusque de fuga

tractatum est. Triduo illic mansit Eurialus; demum cum sibi aditus omnes videret ereptos, recessum eius amanti renuntiauit. Nunquam tanta dulcedo in conuersando fuit quanta in recedendo mestitia. Erat in fenestra Lucretia; per vicum iam Eurialus equitabat: humidos<sup>a</sup> oculos alter in alterum iecerat. Flebat vnus, flebat alter: ambo doloribus vrgebantur, vt quiuis<sup>b</sup> ex sedibus cor euelli dolenter<sup>c</sup> sentiebant. Si quis in obitu quantus sit dolor ignorat; duorum amantum separationem consideret; quamuis maior hic anxietas: in est et cruciatus ingentior: dolet animus in morte, quia corpus relinquit amatum: Corpus, absente spiritu, nec dolet nec sentit: Ac cum duo ad<sup>d</sup> inuicem conglutinati [per amorem] sunt auimi, tanto penosior est separatio quanto sensibilior est vterque dilectus. Et hic sane non erant spiritus duo: sed quemadmodum [inter amicos] Aristophanes<sup>e</sup> putat Aristophanes<sup>e</sup> vnus anime duo corpora facta erant. Itaque non recedebat animus ab animo, sed vnicus amor scindebatur in duos; cum cor in partes diuidebatur, mentis pars ibat et pars remanebat, et omnes inuicem sensus disgregabantur, et a se ipsis discedere flebant. Non mansit in amantium faciebus sanguinis gutta; nisi lacrimae fuissent et gemitus, simillimi mortuis videbantur. Quis scribere, quis referre, quis cogitare posset illarum mentium molestias, nisi qui aliquando insaniuit. Laudomia, recedente Protheselao, et ad sacras yllii pugnas eunte, exanguis cecidit. Eadem, post quam viri mortem agnouit, viuere amplius minime potuit. Dido phenissa post fatalem Enee recessum, seipsam interemit. Nec Prochia<sup>f</sup> post Bruti necem voluit superesse. Hec nostra, postquam Eurialus ex visu recessit, in terram colapsa, per familias recepta est, cubilique data donec resumeret spiritum. Vt vero ad se rediit, vestes aureas purpureasque et omnem letitiae ornatum reclusit, pullisque tunicis vsa, nunquam post hac cantare audita est, nunquam visa ridere, nullis facetiis, nullo gaudio, nullisque vnquam iocis in letitiam potuit reuocari. Quo in statu dum aliquamdiu perseueret, [in]egritudinem incidit; Et quia cor suum aberat, nullaque menti consolatio dari poteret, inter multum plorantis brachia matris ac collacrimantis, et frustra consolatoriis verbis vtentis, indignantem animam exalauit. Eurialus, post quam ex oculis nunquam se amplius visuris abiit, nulli inter eundem<sup>g</sup> locutus: solam in mente Lucretiam gerebat, et an vnquam reuerti posset meditabatur. Venitque tandem ad cesarem Perusii manentem quem deinde Farrariam,<sup>h</sup> Mantuam, Tridentum, Constantiam, et Basileam, secutus est, ac demum in Hongariam atque Bohemiam. Sed vt ipse Cesarem, sic eum Lucretia sequebatur<sup>i</sup> in somnis, nullamque noctem sibi quietam permittebat. Quam vt obiisse verus amator cognouit, magno dolore permotus lugubrem vestem recepit; nec consolationem admisit, nisi postquam Cesar ex ducali sanguine virginem sibi cum formosam tum castissimam atque prudentem matrimonio iunxit. Habes amoris exitum, Mariane mi amantissime, non

<sup>a</sup> humidos<sup>b</sup> qui suis<sup>c</sup> violenter<sup>d</sup> om.<sup>e</sup> Aristophanes<sup>f</sup> porcia<sup>g</sup> eundem—  
(Al. ed.)<sup>h</sup> ferrariam<sup>i</sup> loquebatur



LUCRETIA, HEARING OF EURIALUS'S DEPARTURE, FAINTS AWAY.

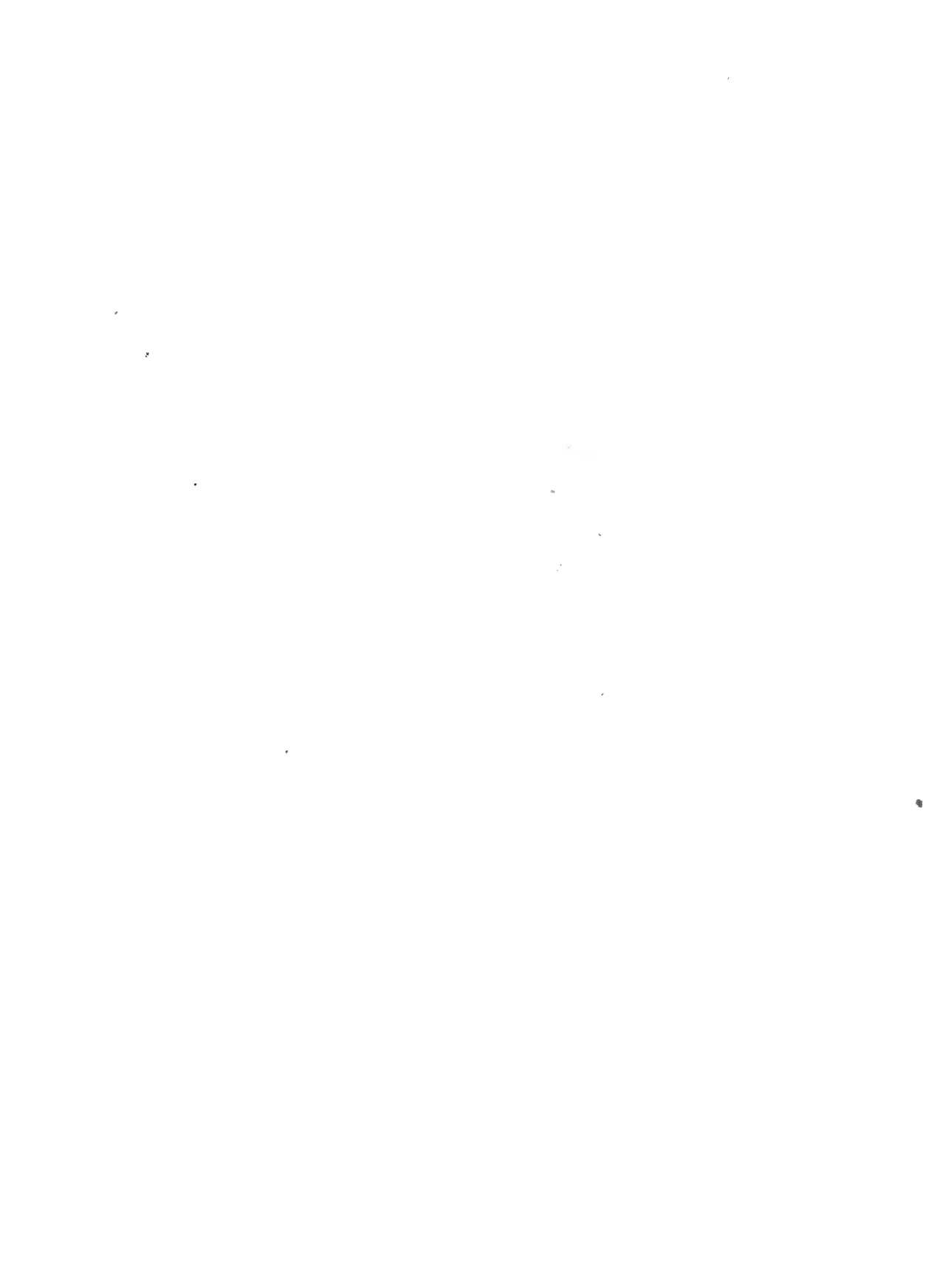


ficti neque felicis : Quem qui legerint, periculum ex aliis faciant quod sibi ex vsu sciet.<sup>a</sup> Nec amatorium bibere poculum studeant quod longe plus aloes habet quam<sup>a</sup> fiet. mellis. Vale. Ex vienna quinto nonas Iulias. Millesimo quadringentesimo quadragesimo quarto. Explicet opusculum Enee Silui de duobus amantibus impressum argentine Anno domini millesimo quadringentesimo septuagesimo sexto.

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ÆNEÆ SYLVII OPERA. BASLE, 1551, p. 869, EPISTLE 395.

“Tractatum de amore olim sensu pariterq: ætate iuuenes cum nos scripsisse recolimus, Carole fili dilectissime, poenitentia immodica, pudorq: ac mœror animum nostrum vehementer excruciant: quippe qui sciamus quiq: protestati expresse fuimus, duo contineri in eo libello, apertam videlicet, sed heu lasciuiam nimis prurientemq: amoris historiam, et morale quod eam consequitur, edificans dogma, quorum primum fatuos atque errantes video sectari quamplurimos: alterum heu dolor pene nullos: ita imprauatum est atque obfuscatum infelix mortalium genus. De amore igitur quæ scripsimus olim iuuenes, contemnite o mortales atque respuite, sequimini quæ nunc dicimus et seni magis quam iuueni credite, nec priuatum hominem pluris facite quam Pontificem: Æneam rejicite, Pium suscipite; Illud gentile nomen parentes indidere nascenti, hoc Christianum in Apostolatu suscepimus. Porro si quem descripsimus Euriali Lucretiæq: amorem, deuoti, ut accepimus, O miseri, O insipientes, perlegitis, huc propensius iamiam accedite.”





FAC - SIMILE OF THE COVER OF THE ORIGINAL VOLUME.









The worthe Hystorie  
of the moſte Noble and  
valiaunt Knight *Plafidas*,  
therwiſe called *Euſtas*, who  
was martyred for the Pro-  
feſſion of *Jeſus*  
*Chriſt*.

*Gathered in Engliſh verſe by Iohn*  
*Partridge in the yere of*  
*our Lord 1566.*

*IMPRINTED*  
*at London, by Henrye*  
*Denham, for Thomas*  
*Baſchet: and are to be*  
*ſolde at his Shoppe*  
*in Lunbarde*  
*ſtreate.*



●

To the worshipfull Arthur Dwabene,  
MARCHAUNT VENTURER, his seruante and dayly oratour  
JOHN PARTRIDGE wisheth increase of worship,  
by his worthy trauayle.

WHAT tyme, right Worshipfull, the moste excellent Philosopher of y<sup>e</sup> worlde, Democritus was demaunded of a frend, what was the chiefeste beste amongeste men in all the worlde, verely (quoth he) a pacient man in miserie. The other replying, and demaunding the cause of that his assertion, he answered and sayde: eyther he is not in miserie at all, or else armed most strongly and surely agaynste all aduersities what so euer they be, that shall happen vnto him. By pacience, sayth he, of a thousande euilles he is not at all any whit molested. Anaxagoras the Philosopher, borne of a noble stocke, and sonne to Eubullus, who in Philosophie dyd exceede, sayeth that he himself could find nothing more excellent in war, than this one thing, that is, a Souldier to be hardy, and also chiefly aboue all other things, the same to be likewise trustie and pacient to indure trauayle, payne, and other kind of miseries that shall happen or befall vnto him in that conflicte of war in which he then is conuersaunte. Alexander I meane the greate, hauing made war against the Persians and of thē had made gret slaughter, the king of Persia being of a noble corage bolde, stoute, pacient and hardy, hauing taken a castle or hold for his defence, and beeing in tyme brought in subiection to the Macedonians, was demaunded of Alexander in what poynt he sawe himselfe not to be ouercome, to whome

the King of Persia answered in this wise : Sir king, in no point at all am I ouercome. Alexander hering him saye so, demaunded if he had not lost both friends, cūtries, castles, townes, and all thinges else, yes verily (quoth he) and yet am I not ouercōe : for though they be gone, yet can I with pacience beare the losse of the same. Oh greate was the pacience of this King, yet verily nothing in comparison of his, whome I haue taken to write vpon. Therefore I deeming nothing more fyt for a good nature than to set forth so notable a fact of pacience, as this was, haue at the request of a speciall friend of mine, drawen the same though rudely yet hoping not without some profite, eyther of myself, or of som other. And bicause that to euery castle, towne, citie, worke or workemanshippe, there belongeth defence : and knowing that defence canne not be made wythout some one defender, I am so bolde (consydering mine owne weakenesse) to dedicate this my simple worke vnto youre worship, that your wisdome may bee the defence thereof agaynst the rancorous Zoilictes, whiche at all tymes from the beginning haue bene readie to breathe the fylth of their cancred stomackes vpon those most famous works of the excellentest clearkes that euer were, whose bokes I am not worthye to beare, knowing likewise that if those went not fre, mine can not. Therefore I hoping of your worships defence, am boldened the more in prosecuting of the same. Thus trusting to your goodnesse, I end, desiring God to mayntayne your estate, and sende you long life and good health, to his pleasure and your heartes desire. )(.

Your humble seruaunt,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

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## To the Reader.

LET pacience increase by kinde,  
    within thy dolefull breast :  
Let that swete dame within thy howse,  
    haue hir abyding neast.  
Consider, viewe and vnderstande,  
    what liquor doth descende :  
Out of hir welles, from perils great,  
    the same will thee defende.  
The stinking bande of fowle dispaire,  
    thy state shall not molest :  
Ne slaughter in thy gates shall not,  
    to strike be ready prest.  
For Socrates doth playne declare,  
    no other good to be :  
Than wrapt in woes and pinching cares,  
    a pacient one to see.  
The saincts haue shewed what pacience is,  
    howe precious in Gods sight :  
In stories we may reade and finde,  
    how much they did delight,  
For to be founde in miseries,  
    in pacience to dwell :  
Whereof to vs this story doth  
    most playnely shewe and tell.  
What patience had Iob I finde,  
    such patience is rare :

A thousand Martirs I with him,  
may very well compare.  
What was the pacience of those,  
whome flashing firy flames :  
Bereft of life, yet coulde it not,  
at all extinct their fames.  
For fame for good desert doth rest,  
behinde though they be gone :  
Bicause we might pursue the like,  
and oft thinke thervpon.  
Therefore let vs pursue the same,  
and then we shal be sure :  
For to possesse that glorious crowne,  
that lastes and shall endure,  
After that earth, yea birdes and beastes,  
shall be consumed to nought :  
Which crowne to vs O Lord do graunt,  
that with thy bloud vs bought.



•

### The Verdicte of the Booke.

Learne here thou shalt one God most hie  
To rule the heauens the earth and all :  
The Sunne, the Moone, the starry Skie,  
Subiect to be vnto his call.  
Of pacience likewise reade thou shalt,  
Which is a gift of all most pure :  
Aboue the rest I thee ensure.

Gods prouidence here thou shalt knowe,  
His great good will I doe declare :  
His mighty force I playne doe showe,  
Reade on therfore and doe not spare.  
Though that my skill be very bare,  
Yet fruite hereby well take you may :  
If it to reade you wil assay.

In whome to put thy trust be bolde,  
In whome to ioy here thou mayst see :  
A treasure passing any golde,  
Or precious stones what that they be.  
The same I doe declare to thee,  
To reade me therefore take some payne :  
And that I count my authors gayne.

Farewell my friendes for for your sakes,  
My author hath abrode me sent :  
I passe not for all crabbed crakes,  
That Zoilus to make is bent.  
For all for you my author meant,  
When that in hand his pen he toke :  
And out this storie first did loke.

Patienter ferenda quæ mutari  
non possunt.

## The Noble History of Plasidas.

Sometyme in Romane lande there was,  
a king of noble fame :  
Who was full faire in martiall feates,  
and Trayan had to name.  
Who vnder him of lusty knightes  
did keepe a comely trayne :  
And ouer them he poynted hath,  
One knight as Capitaine.  
This knight to name had Plasidas,  
one whome the king did loue :  
For martiall feates that in this knight,  
did shine the rest aboue.  
A wife he had of glistering hew,  
of shape both faire and trim :  
Of louing minde, of gladsome heart,  
and trusty vnto him.  
By her he had two children fayre,  
surmounting Phœbus bright :  
Who for their manly courage stout,  
compare with him they might.  
The prouerbe olde is verified,  
vpon these babies twaine :  
By splendent courage they assay,  
their honoures to maintaine.  
The father he before doth striue,  
to runne a happy rase :  
The manly children parent like,  
do followe on apace.

And seeks for to obtayne the crowne,  
 of honour and of prayse :  
 Which to atchieue the noble hearts,  
 indeuour still alwayes.  
 They spende their tyme with ioy and blisse  
 their labour they employ :  
 According to their parentes mindes,  
 their hope and perfect ioy.  
 Such bookes these babes did learn to reade  
 as present tyme did giue :  
 Which might their tender yeares trade vp  
 in Mametrie to liue.  
 Thus they in whom all tendernesse,  
 of age did still remaine :  
 Were taught the labour tedious,  
 of study to sustaine.  
 The parentes eke employ their dayes,  
 good learning to attaine :  
 And now and then they finde pastime,  
 their griefes for to restraine.  
 Sometime on hunting he doth ride,  
 sometyme to Chesse they goe :  
 Sometime great doutes they do decide,  
 that in the Realme might growe.  
 This was the vse of Plasidas,  
 his minde to recreate :  
 This vsed eke his children deare,  
 O blessed happy fate.  
 The stormy winter dayes hath left,  
 with misty cloudes to swell :  
 And Phœbus bright appointed is,  
 more nearer vs to dwell.

And Eolus no pleasure takes  
to dim the ayre with cloudes :  
And Phœbus nowe is quite deuoide,  
of fogges his beames that shrowdes.  
Then doth Aurora leaue the bed  
Of Titan, and doth bring :  
Some ioyes to men, the wished day  
beholding once to spring.  
And trees and hearbes with ioyfull heart,  
do shew their pleasaunt hew :  
And Knights in Forrests bende their force  
the Bucke for to subdew.  
Then Plasidas with comely traine,  
of knightes of royall kinde :  
Do enter now the greene Forestes,  
a Bucke foorth for to finde.  
At lēgth he came where bucks great store,  
did stande confusedly :  
And ech man now doth bend him selfe,  
his lusty Stede to try.  
Now here and there the harmelesse Buck,  
assayeth for to runne :  
And Plasidas at one faire Bucke,  
to ryde he hath begonne.  
The other knightes amongst the Buckes,  
in fieldes abrode do raunge :  
But Plasidas followeth hard,  
this Bucke and will not chaunge.  
At length in thickst of woods I say,  
the Bucke doth enter in :  
And then more fiercely hir to sew,  
this knight doth straight beginne.

Till at the last the Bucke had tooke,  
     a Mountaine huge and hye :  
 And there the huge and lofty Bucke,  
     Plasidas did discry.  
 But as he was addicted sore,  
     the Bucke with force to take :  
 The mighty God in Skyes aboue,  
     his seruaunt did him make.  
 And out from cloudes he called to him,  
     his Idolles to detest :  
 Which by and by fel in a swoune,  
     and so he left the beast.  
 Then there he layde his sprangling corps,  
     almost deuoyde of breath :  
 I am thy God then sayd the Lord,  
     which bought thee with my death.  
 My very bloud doth iustifie,  
     in me thou hast thy life :  
 Go wende in hast the Lorde can say,  
     conuert thy Heathen wife.  
 Thy children eke let them be taught,  
     one God to honour pure :  
 Then thou my kingdome shalt possesse,  
     hereof thou mayst be sure.  
 Where thou shalt liue eternally,  
     if thou this life detest :  
 And shalt if thou fight manfully,  
     for aye with me be blest.  
 Arise therefore go wende in hast,  
     this life is but as grasse :  
 To day full faire (hir glistring hew,)  
     to morow quite is past.

Those stocks and stones the which thou doest  
as Goddes adorne with prayse :  
Are in my sight Idolatrous,  
therefore eschewe those wayes.  
Arise I say and get thee hence,  
make hast thee to baptise :  
And see thou do conuert thy wife,  
I say in any wise.  
Apalled sore with feare and dreade,  
the Knight straight wayes did say :  
Haue mercy Lord, and me forgiue,  
I hartly do thee pray.  
Stand vp thou knight then sayd the Lord,  
thy sinnes remitted be :  
Do thou not feare for Sathan will,  
thee plague with misery.  
Then downe he sat with stretched handes  
to God he gaue the prayse :  
And sayde, to thee that sittes on hye,  
be honour due alwayes.  
That hast vouchsafe this day to call,  
thy seruaunt gone astray :  
Euen as a sheepe by fortune strayed,  
out of the herde away.  
I do confesse thou onely arte,  
my comfort and my trust :  
And eke my God, and thy promyse,  
thou kepest true and iust.  
No part thereof thou violatest,  
thou art both God and man :  
These stockes, these stones be Diuels yll,  
do vs no good they can.

Thee therefore I do worship still,  
     thou madest the worlde of naught :  
 And I the Image of thy grace,  
     that thou of earth hast wrought.  
 I do confesse my heauenly king,  
     that no good is in me :  
 But that the goodnesse which I haue,  
     doth all discende from thee.  
 Without thy grace and goodnesse, I  
     no day at all can say :  
 But that I should be ouerthrowen,  
     and brought to deathes decay.  
 But thou O God art my defence,  
     my aide, my hope, and trust:  
 Thou art my king, my God, my Lord,  
     my sauour true and iust.  
 O Lord I know that Sathan will,  
     with cares my soule molest :  
 But thou O Lord in pacience,  
     defende my carefull brest,  
 Let me with pacience still abide,  
     thy gracious laysure good :  
 And graunt also to me full hope,  
     in thy most precious bloud.  
 That what so euer illes do hap,  
     vnto thy seruaunt here :  
 With willing minde the burden huge,  
     with pacience I may bere.  
 Graunt also that dispayre do not,  
     molest my quiet state :  
 Ne that I should in any wise,  
     incurre thy heauy hate.



But give me Lord a minde alwayes,  
obedient for to bee ;  
Unto thy hest, and to submit  
my will alwayes to thee.  
So shall I be a most fitte braunch,  
ingrafted in the tree :  
Of liuing dayes, and at the last,  
shall euer raigne with thee.  
To whome be prayse eternally,  
both now and euer more :  
One only God though persons three,  
as I haue sayd before.  
Then at the last this noble knight,  
from Forrest made returne :  
And thought within his hunting race,  
no longer to soiourne.  
But home he commes in posting wise,  
The knightes they after hye :  
And some the chase will follow on,  
the ende thereof to trye.  
The mighty Buckes lye dead on launde,  
the Palfrayes they do sweate :  
And from their frothy mouthes they breath  
the inward partching heate.  
Now here now there with launce in hand,  
the marshall knightes do runne :  
And at the last they haue espyed,  
how Plasidas did come.  
From out the groues so greene which was  
beset with many a tree :  
With heauy chere much like vnto,  
a man in miserie.

When they perceyued well that he,  
with sorrow was infect :  
They mused much, yet of that hapte,  
they nothing did suspect.  
Then home they go and some doe lade,  
the pray that they haue slaine :  
And other some for their repastes,  
in Forrestes do remaine.  
At length Plasidas doth ariue,  
before his Castle gate :  
His wife to welcome home hir Loue,  
is ready sone thereat.  
From gate to Hall they do ascende,  
and there the bourdes be spred :  
The sunne is downe, and time it is,  
for men to goe to bed.  
The chamberlaynes the bed downe lay,  
and fier in chamber make :  
And nowe Plasidas he is come,  
his corporall rest to take.  
When he in bed had layne a while,  
great griefes he did sustayne :  
And so at length his minde to breake,  
he purposeth certaine.  
At length his wife perceyuing that,  
no rest her Mate could finde :  
She did procure him for to shewe,  
what dreade was in his minde.  
At length he sayde, oh louing mate,  
the cause sith thou wouldest know :  
Of these my cares so huge and fell,  
to thee them I will showe.

This day (quoth he) as I abrode  
    In Forrest thicke did runne :  
A mighty Bucke his race to take,  
    before me hath begunne.  
At whom I sued with all my might,  
    and force that I could make :  
At length the Bucke for his defence,  
    the densid woodes doth take.  
And there the Bucke I do pursue,  
    on loftie steede amaine :  
Till that the toppe of one great hill,  
    he seketh to attaine.  
And there from out the skyes did breake,  
    A voyce like thunders cry :  
For feare wherof almost my breath,  
    to Skyes away did fly.  
Quoth he I am thy very God,  
    ne made but being still :  
Both heauen and earth, yea Skyes and al  
    obeyes vnto my will.  
I made them all, and thee O man,  
    as Lorde of earth to bee :  
The fishe, the foules, the birdes, the beast,  
    shall all obey to thee.  
And for the loue which I thee bare,  
    my Image I thee made :  
A liuing soule the life wherof,  
    away shall neuer fade.  
Thus art thou now my Image pure,  
    and I thy Lorde and king :  
Thou art the shepe whom I do loue,  
    aboue all earthly thing.

By this my loue I did declare,  
     when thou wast vtterly :  
 Condemned for thy wickednesse,  
     eternally to dye.  
 I loued thee so that I did take,  
     a seruaunts shape on me :  
 For to be slaine euen as a sheepe,  
     at Sacrifice we see.  
 And thou vnkinde forgetting quite,  
     what I for thee haue done :  
 Hast made thee Goddes, and of vile earth,  
     a God is now become.  
 Yet I bicause I tender thee,  
     And rewe thy heauy fall :  
 Vouchsafe againe thee to the folde,  
     once more from sinne to call.  
 Repent therefore and learne to knowe,  
     thy God, thy Lord, and King :  
 So shalt thou with him eterne liue,  
     where Angels holy sing.  
 Forsake thy Idolles and become,  
     a Christian now at last :  
 And Ile remitte and quite forgiue,  
     thy wickednesse forepaste.  
 Arise therefore go wende in hast,  
     make speede for to conuert :  
 Thy gentle wife, that honour shee,  
     may me with all hir heart.  
 O Lord (quoth I) if Sathan do,  
     with care my corps molest :  
 Be thou my ayde, let pacience still,  
     abide within my brest.

Do thou defende our sinfull corps,  
O Lorde we thee desire :  
That by thy death vnto the crowne  
of life we may asspire.  
Then sayd the Lorde with troubles great,  
Sathan shall thee anoye :  
By fraude in frendship such as erst,  
with thee were wont to toye.  
And speake thee faire, with cap and knee,  
at euery worde do make :  
Now in thy fall and miserie,  
their flattering leaues shall take.  
And not content with rayling voice,  
reprochfull wordes to say :  
But eke are bent to spoyle thy Tent,  
thy goodes to beare away.  
Which thou shalt by my grace diuine,  
with pacience beare thy losse :  
And at the length when I see time,  
Ile take away this crosse.  
And will againe in former state,  
thee place with ioy and blesse :  
With double folde, and shalt againe  
possesse thy lost rychesse.  
Then downe I fell in swouning there,  
and loud and shirle I cryed :  
Oh Lord thy seruaunt will I be,  
hap me what will betide.  
These were the wordes when sacred tops,  
of mountaines great and tall :  
He left, O Plasidas go home,  
thy wife see that thou call.

Then sayd his wife, my louing Lord,  
O Plasidas so true :  
He is the God of heauen and earth,  
that did appeare to you.  
For yester night as I did lye,  
in bed with heauy minde :  
Me thought before me one most faire,  
in chamber I did finde.  
Appalled sore twixt feare and dreade,  
at length to me he spake :  
And sayd, O Theapis from slepe,  
and drousinesse awake.  
To morrow shall thy husbände dere,  
what I am well perceauē :  
I am thy Christ and went his way,  
and thus he tooke his leaue.  
This for to shewe my louing Lord,  
I durst no whit to thee :  
Least happely thou mightst haue thought,  
in me some iniury.  
But now I knowe and well perceyue,  
that that was Christ in deede :  
He is of God coequall mate,  
and eke of Dauids seede.  
To him therfore with thankes giuing,  
on Flutes and Pypes full shrill :  
Our Sacrifices vnto him,  
on Aultars will we kill.  
This is the Prophet which to vs,  
full long was prophecied :  
This is the very sonne of him,  
who Starres in Skyes doth guide.

Therefore my Lord if that thee please,  
of baptisme let vs take :  
The sacrament, and then let vs,  
our Country soyle forsake.  
Then sayd the knight, faire dame at hand,  
Doth rest a clarke of fame :  
A Minister of sacred rightes,  
who Buno hath to name.  
A comely man, of fayth most pure,  
to him straight we will wende :  
For rightes of Baptisme to receyue,  
I verily do pretend.  
Our children eke he baptise shall,  
according vnto right :  
And thus to him they went in hast,  
in midst of the night.  
And when they baptisme had receyued,  
as now the maner is :  
Plasidas, Eustas had to name,  
his wife is Theapis.  
His children eke whom nature made,  
of beauty passing faire :  
Were tender ones, thone Agapite,  
Theospite was the heyre.  
Thus baptisme done vnto their house,  
agayne they do repaire :  
And there in peace a while they liue,  
both honestly and faire.  
At length the sturdy boystrous blastes,  
of Sathan gins to rore :  
Euen as the water from a hyll,  
or as a myghty Bore.

Which of some wight receyued hath,  
a wound both huge and great :  
Or as the flashing waues of floudes,  
that craggie rockes doth beate.  
With hurling here and there hir streames,  
indeuoring for to weare :  
The ragged bankes which of their floudes,  
the crabbyd rage doth beare.  
Much like vnto a battayle made,  
a Citie for to get :  
And munition with burning strokes,  
to sacke the walles is set.  
And breach is made, and houses burne,  
and souldiers nowe beginne :  
For ioy of spoyle, by vitall breath  
not for to set a pinne.  
Or else when as a Lion great,  
doth range with angry moode :  
With hungrie chawes amid the woods,  
doth seeke to haue his foode.  
And he that first within his sight,  
appeares that he may see :  
With gasping mouth on him he runnes,  
deuoured for to bee.  
So Sathan now in roving wise,  
on Plasidas doth runne :  
His sheepe and cattell for to slay,  
already hath begunne.  
Then Plasidas to pouertie,  
is brought the ready way :  
And eke when that his fayned friendes,  
perceyued his decay,



They runne his house to spoyle and sacke,  
his goodes they beare away :  
Euen those whom he had feasted earst,  
before his great decay.  
These pampered churles that sit all day,  
at tables dayntie fed :  
Who by all mischieuous crabbed guiles,  
with stinking heart is led.  
Whome neyther loue ne hate can driue,  
from out the Castell dore :  
They learned haue so for to rowe,  
with the Athenien oare.  
I may such persones well compare,  
vnto a pype or tonne :  
That hath good wine to outwarde sight,  
in which there is poyson.  
For they themselues so beautifie,  
their wordes in inward showe :  
But poyson much is hyd therein,  
as afterwardes we knowe.  
Thus Plasidas from great renoume,  
to pouertie is brought :  
And where he was a royall Knight,  
nowe is he worse than nought.  
Thus then when shame had ouertoke,  
this worthy knight, then loe :  
In midst of all the darkesome night,  
from house and friends they goe.  
To water side, and there doe wayte,  
when lofty ship shall glyde :  
On foming seas, the winde is good,  
for them on seas to ryde.

They do inquire if any ship,  
     to countrey farre will wende :  
 To whome the Master aunswere made,  
     that straight they did intende,  
 To hoise their sayles and to departe,  
     to Egipt in all hast :  
 Agreed they are, they hoise their sayles,  
     to sayle away at last.  
 The lande they leaue, into the deepe,  
     they launce with winde at will :  
 The mighty shippe the hollowe waues,  
     at euery surge doth fill.  
 The night is gone and day is come,  
     wherein eche thing doth ioy :  
 And here the lusty fish begin,  
     at paynted pupe to toy.  
 With fetching friscoes here and there,  
     with spready finne in sea :  
 And seemeth who fastest should swimme,  
     some wager for to lay.  
 They sayled haue and now at length,  
     neere Egipt they ariue :  
 The Master of the ship doth like,  
     the beautie of the wife,  
 Of Plasidas, and doth delight,  
     his wauering wanton minde :  
 With rolling in his diuelish brayne,  
     the beautie of hir kinde.  
 She pleased hath his lothfull eyes,  
     with beauties shining beames :  
 Fro whence sometime did yssue out,  
     of teares abundant streames.

Then at the last when vnto land,  
they drewe, and playne did see :  
The touret tops, and knewe full well,  
how far from lande they be.  
The Master of the ship did say,  
yon passangers we see :  
That nere to land our ship is come,  
therefore nowe ready be.  
For that you haue your fraught to pay,  
as due it is by right :  
Come on sir boy, launce out this boate,  
the towne is here in sight.  
The anker then through flashing fload,  
a way doth make for holde :  
And there to ryde from daungers great,  
the Master is full bolde.  
The Master and the Mariners guide,  
the cocke boate vnto lande :  
Then he his freight for to receiue,  
he stretcheth forth his hande.  
Yet nought at all from Plasidas,  
might hap in any wayes :  
For all was gone, and naught was left,  
before he toke the seas.  
Why Plasidas the Master sayd,  
thy wife Ile haue away :  
If that thou wilt not out of hand,  
my duetie to me pay.  
Then out of hande he toke his wife,  
Plasidas being on shoare :  
And sayd, y<sup>n</sup> friend thou shuldst haue sought  
thy frayght to pay before.

Therefore I say thy wife with me,  
     away from hence shall wende :  
 With whome Plasidas all in vayne,  
     did labour and contende,  
 To kepe hir still, the Master straight,  
     His Mariners bad to bring :  
 Plasidas loe in midst of seas,  
     by furious force to fling.  
 So that his wife the Master he,  
     at will might then possesse :  
 His wilfulnesse brought him his death,  
     in thende as I doe gesse.  
 Well Plasidas must needes departe,  
     whether he will or nay :  
 For money none at all he had,  
     as then, the frayght to pay.  
 But from the shoares of surging seas,  
     with heauy minde doth wende :  
 And for to liue in Egipt lande,  
     he verily doth intende.  
 With his two babes of tender yeares,  
     so faire in nature's grace :  
 The one on fathers armes hanging,  
     both followe on a pace,  
 The other he doth runne afore,  
     with euery grasse to play :  
 His father mery for to make,  
     all meanes he doth assay.  
 At length wher flashing streames of flouds,  
     the shoares doth cleane deuide :  
 They are ariued, and there they stande,  
     the maner to decide,

How for to passe those troublesome waues  
for needes that way he must :  
Unto the towne, O Fortune thou  
to good men neuer iust,  
Who earst a loft in chaire of state,  
was wonte in peace to syt :  
Is now in floudes of miserie,  
and thou not leauing it,  
Doest adde more care vnto his payne,  
thy fashion it is so :  
Bycause thou wouldest that all men shuld  
take thee for friend nor foe.  
What mourning makes y<sup>r</sup> wight good lord  
whome wife is borne fro :  
And taking vp his yongest sonne,  
from dolefull shoares doth go,  
To thother side where woodes and trees,  
on fertile ground doth stande :  
He is ariued, and there doth set,  
his tender childe on lande.  
And entring nowe the rushing waues,  
that soundes with noyse so shrill :  
He doth approach the hollow waues,  
in myddest thereof to fill.  
When he in myddest was thereof,  
there came a Woulfe and tooke :  
The tender childe who late before,  
was borne ouer the brooke,  
And bare away, but God who made,  
the heauen the earth and all :  
Did so prouide that once no hurt,  
vnto it should befall.

He seeing then his childe was gone,  
with dolefull minde he cride :  
Oh wicked wretch and miser vile,  
what shall of me betide ?  
And comming nowe to the other side,  
his eldest sonne to catch :  
A Lion huge from wood doth come,  
and thother vp doth snatch.  
Which straight doth trudge from thence away,  
vnto the wood agayne :  
A heauy sight for Plasidas,  
in this his dolefull payne.  
But Plasidas pore soule doth striue,  
his childe to get againe :  
But he pore wretch of very truth,  
laboureth all in vayne.  
When that he sawe no helpe there was,  
good Lorde he doth lament :  
But mighty God the childe to saue,  
hath rescue ready sent.  
The countrey men that were as then,  
a plowing in the fielde :  
The heard men eke that sheepe did kepe,  
did stand and all behelde.  
Where as a Lion huge did runne,  
and eke with him did beare :  
A manly childe, and loked as though,  
in pieces he would teare.  
Then out they sent their hungry dogs,  
the Lion to ouertake.  
And so at length the Lion he,  
the childe did quite forsake.

The Woulfe likewise to beare the childe,  
already hath begunne :  
Through mydst of the plow men there,  
and they at him do runne  
With battes and staues, the praye he left,  
and there the childe they founde :  
A comely wight, no hurt he had,  
But was both whole and sounde.  
The plowe men and the heard men both,  
are ioyous of this thing :  
That chaunced hath, and to the towne,  
the children both they bring.  
There they declare how that they toke,  
these tender babes of age :  
From beasts ful fierce, and how they brought  
them home to their village.  
These men they were both of one towne,  
and set the babes to schole :  
To learne such things as after they,  
thereby their life might rule.  
Nowe leaue we here a while and stay,  
and let vs furder heare :  
Of Plasidas how he doth range,  
in dolefull heavy cheare.  
He passed is the watrie streames,  
of that vnhappy shoare :  
With sobbes and teares his cares and smart,  
increaseth more and more.  
And then at last vpon the ground,  
prostrate on face he lies :  
Haue mercy Lord on me vile wretch,  
continually he cries.

Thou god that madest both heauen and erth,  
     the sea and eke eche thing :  
 Which al the windes from out their caues,  
     and hollowe rockes dost bring.  
 That madest the world and eke eche beast,  
     that liueth now therein :  
 Who makest pore, and eke dost cause,  
     of pore to ryse a King.  
 Who made the Sea, the fish, the foule,  
     that flies vnder the Skies :  
 Who rules the very iawes of beastes,  
     in whom all force now lies.  
 Who placed first the heauenly throne,  
     of thy Godhead diuine :  
 Who eke hath made within the world,  
     both houres, dayes and time.  
 Thou that didst make the firmament,  
     with Stars shining so bright :  
 Thou that for day didst make the Sunne,  
     mens steps to guide aright.  
 Thou that hast made the planets seauen,  
     in spheares to runne their race :  
 Thou that next to the croked Moone,  
     the burning flame doest place.  
 And next to it a vacant place,  
     where aire doth all aboude :  
 The water eke which compasse doth,  
     the heauy massiue grounde.  
 That hast to man such power giuen,  
     thy noble workes to knowe :  
 And yet on him of thy good grace,  
     dost dayly more bestowe.



Graunt vnto me thy seruaunt here,  
    one sparke of thy good grace :  
That in this land I may now finde,  
    some ioyfull resting place.  
Euen I that wretch who is deuoyde,  
    of wife and children twaine :  
Giue pacience Lord, to me pore wretch,  
    though languished in payne.  
Haue mercy upon my children deare,  
    where so their corps shall lie :  
Haue mercy on their parent eke,  
    who liues in miserie.  
This sayde, vnto the towne he goeth,  
    and ceaseth not to weepe :  
For children twaine, at last he commeth,  
    in midst of the streate.  
And there the men of that same towne,  
    do Plasidas desire :  
To kepe their sheepe, and so he should,  
    of them receyue his hire.  
Agreed they are, and Plasidas,  
    his sheepe full well doth knowe :  
And now forthwith vnto the fieldes,  
    his sheepe and he do goe.  
Now leaue we heare of Plasidas,  
    in shepherdes weede for gayne :  
Sometime he was a noble Lorde,  
    but now more pore certayne.  
But now we forth will shewe the meane,  
    how God did all prouide :  
For mother and the children eke,  
    as it may well be spide

In ende, for loe, the fatall wretch,  
    hath his rewarde with gayne :  
His great desire was once the cause,  
    why that his corps was slayne.  
For when on lofty roaring waues,  
    he was with winde at will :  
He then in hast would strayght assay,  
    his lust for to fulfill.  
But as he would by force of armes,  
    haue wrought the deedely acte :  
The mighty God with death repayde,  
    this his purposed facte.  
And there in shippe all deade he lies,  
    whose lust did cause his woe :  
The mariners lament this case,  
    and eke to lande they goe.  
With hir, on shoare to set, and eke  
    more victuals for to buy :  
When winde is faire to cuntry soyle,  
    againe that they may hye.  
And much they prayse hir constancie,  
    hir beautie and hir grace :  
Hir faithfulnessse vnto hir Loue,  
    in this hir heauie case.  
The Lorde they praise and honor him,  
    with all their might they haue :  
That so of his benignitie,  
    his blessed flocke can saue.  
Then when to shore their boate was come,  
    she there hir leaue doth take :  
And willingly not with them any  
    longer soiorne to make.

Doth wende vnto a towne thereby,  
intending there to liue :  
Untill that God shall see his tyme,  
hir from hir cares to meue.  
Thus fiftene yeares all desolate,  
she liues in widdowes ray :  
Hir honest life not one there is,  
in all that towne that may  
Distaine. And loe it so befell,  
since Plasidas was gone :  
That enimies the Romane lande,  
do vexe and warre vpon.  
At whome the King enuying sore,  
doth warre on them beginne :  
But all in vaine his trauell was,  
he lost, and nought could winne.  
Then of his Knight good Plasidas  
to thinke he doth beginne :  
And wishing alwayes that he were,  
in Romane land with him.  
At length the King doth sende abrode,  
through many a place and towne :  
His lusty Knightes in hast to seeke,  
Plasidas of renownme.  
And bring him home to Romane lande,  
where earst he was the Knight :  
That did most harme vnto his foes,  
by mortall dint of fight.  
And who that findes the same in ende,  
the king would honour giue :  
With riches eke in honour great,  
all dayes of life to liue.

Within the armie of the King,  
     two Knightes there were certayne :  
 Who euer under Plasidas,  
     in warres did much remayne.  
 They into Egipt land do goe,  
     some newes for to heare tell :  
 Of Plasidas, and loe they chaunce,  
     in streate where he doth dwell.  
 And Plasidas from field doth come,  
     as they were entred in :  
 Then to inquire of Plasidas,  
     the Knightes doe now begin.  
 If that he knewe not one, within  
     that towne that had to name :  
 Plasidas, who of chiuallrie,  
     did beare away the fame.  
 He aunswered them, and sayd forsooth,  
     no such man I doe knowe :  
 But yet he doth the Knightes desire,  
     vnto his house to goe.  
 And take such things as he poore soule,  
     vnto them then might giue :  
 Which might their weary faynting lims,  
     from wearinesse relieue.  
 With whom they went with al their harts  
     and their repastes did take :  
 With such small cheere as he good man,  
     at that time could them make.  
 But when he did reuolue in minde,  
     the state that he was in :  
 Sometime with them, good Lord therefore,  
     to weepe he doth begin.

Then went he out from chamber where,  
the Knightes did then remaine :  
To wash his face, and afterwardes,  
returne to them againe.  
But whilest he was from them a time,  
they thought that it was he :  
Whome they appoynted were to seeke,  
and so agreed they be,  
At his retourne for to demaund,  
some licence and some leaue :  
To see a wounde which sometime he,  
in battayle did receaue.  
At length he commes, and they to him,  
with gentle wordes doe speake :  
Good sir sayd they, much like thou arte,  
to him whome we doe seeke.  
Therefore of thee we do desire,  
this one thing for to loke  
Upon thy head, for such a wounde,  
that he in battayle toke.  
They then behelde the wound, and knewe,  
full well that it was he :  
No tong can then expresse their ioy,  
fulfilled so they be.  
With stretched armes they him embrace,  
desiring him to tell :  
Where that his children are become,  
and where his wife doth dwell.  
Then aunswered he and sayd his sonnes  
were refte of vitall breath :  
And as he thought, his wife likewise  
tasted of cruell death.

And howe the Master had his wife,  
vnto the Knightes he tolde :  
And how by force of armes from him,  
his wife he did with holde.  
This done, in hast throughout the land,  
reporte doth blowe this thing :  
The neyghboures then do hast vnto,  
Plasidas pore lodging.  
With maruelling, much like vnto  
A swarme of bees they goe :  
About the house, and there the knightes,  
their message forth do shew.  
And then they ray sir Plasidas,  
with vesturementes of price :  
Then from their seates to walke a while,  
the lusty Knightes arise.  
In hast they leaue that ioyfull soyle,  
and homewarde do they wende :  
They are ariued in Romane lande,  
ere fyftene dayes were ende.  
The Emperour then when that he heard,  
that Eustas was at hande :  
Doth ioy that God hath sent this Knight,  
agayne vnto his lande.  
Now Trayan he doth ryde in hast,  
Plasidas for to meete :  
And ioyfull Trayan Plasidas,  
his louing friend doth greeete.  
Then Trayan with Plasidas,  
vnto his court doth goe :  
With great frequent of people that,  
behind them did followe.

When he came there, of al his happes,  
    he doth declare and tell :  
Of all the woes and miseries,  
    that vnto hym befell.  
How his wife was taken him fro,  
    how children both were slayne :  
And how himselfe nowe fyftene yeares,  
    did liue in dolefull payne.  
From thence they goe to banketting,  
    to reuels and to play :  
In dauncing and in minstrelsie,  
    they spend that lucky day.  
And Plasidas is made I say,  
    Lieutenant of the bande :  
And all the ordering of the warres,  
    is put into his hande.  
He then before him calles the Knightes,  
    and doth their number take :  
Intending vp an armie great,  
    in hast forthwith to make.  
And doth commaund that strayght,  
    eche towne to him should sende :  
Two lusty men with Plasidas,  
    vnto the warres to wende.  
It happened so that that same towne,  
    two souldiers forth must make :  
Which from the Lion and the Woulfe,  
    those tender babes did take.  
At length the townes men do agree,  
    that both these children should :  
Goe with the Knight, with willing mindes  
    and heartes, euen so they would.

The countrie men these souldiers twayne,  
did bring vnto the Knight :  
Their maners and their comelie shape,  
did much his minde delight.  
Wherefore with first at table he,  
hath placed the same to be :  
Bycause in them such noblenesse,  
of maners he did see.  
The day is come, to battayle they,  
must wende euen out of hand :  
And now they must the great assault,  
of cruell foes withstande.  
The battayles great on eyther part,  
the flames do reach the Skie :  
The roaring sound of Canons shot,  
the force of walles doth trie.  
The Knightes with launce in hand I say,  
do pearce throughout the throng :  
The souldier doth assay to lay,  
his enimie all along.  
The battayle standes in doubt of truth,  
which side shall other beate :  
Here martch they on amayne and there,  
they blowe agayne retreat.  
Here all along on ground they lie,  
and here from tourets hie :  
The deadly shaft through mistey cloudes,  
aloft in Skies doe flie.  
And here in flesh it lightes full deepe,  
and giues a deadly wound :  
And in an other parte there is,  
a thousand brought to ground.



Here fighteth Plasidas ful harde,  
in midst of all the throng :  
And here the children parent like,  
slay enimies along.  
They forwarde doe retire in hast,  
and men afore do lacke :  
And Plasidas assayles his foes,  
behinde vpon their backe.  
The wings that were the ayde and helpe,  
of foote men, goe their way :  
The battayles lost, all through defacde,  
of keping their aray.  
The wings are fled, and battayle must  
by footemen stand awhile :  
The battayls great, but at the length,  
they are brought to exile.  
The enimies flie from felde amaine,  
and Romanes followe styll :  
Upon the chase, for they did minde,  
their cruell foes to kyll.  
Retreate is blowen, and home agayne,  
to campe the souldiers hie :  
That willing were, eyther their foes,  
or they in chase to die.  
The towne is made full strong and sure,  
with rampiers for shotte :  
And eke eche syde of all the towne,  
with munition is hotte.  
The scaling lathers downe to throwe,  
they haue their iron staues :  
They haue their hatchets for to cut,  
in sunder all their raues.

Some stand with slings from far to strike,  
the Romane armies great :  
Some stand with billes those that assault,  
with furious force to beate :  
The pike men they on walles doe stande,  
their towne for to defende :  
And some from towre with bow in hande,  
the graygoose wing do sende.  
The labourers do mende the walles,  
with gonshot all to shake :  
The townes men all within the towne,  
do seeke defence to make.  
And sluises al are opened,  
to stop the enimies way :  
Least that to scale their walles by night,  
the enimie doe assay.  
The night is come, and it doth parte  
the armies for that time :  
The watch man he aloft in towre,  
beginneth for to clime.  
The warde at gate is kept all night,  
the souldiers stand in ray :  
That when the onset shall be giuen,  
resist their foes they may.  
The night is gone, and breake of day,  
beginneth to drawe nie :  
By which the watch man in the towre,  
the armie may discrie.  
And see from farre howe Plasidas,  
doth order all his bande :  
How that he telleth them the way,  
their foes for to withstande.

He doth declare, as he can deeme,  
    what number that they be :  
And doth espie if any troupe,  
    of horse men he may see.  
That doth aproch vnto the towne,  
    for to increase their feare :  
Plasidas sent horse men forth,  
    to range both here and there.  
To see if that they enter would,  
    from towne, and would descend :  
In open fielde by force of armes,  
    their citie to defende.  
But they within did kepe themselues,  
    in order for to fight :  
Then had the day quite droue away,  
    the lothsome mystes of nyght.  
And Plasidas his comely trayne,  
    vnto the walles doth bring :  
The which the watch man well perceyued,  
    and al arme out doth ring.  
To walles they goe both tagge and ragge,  
    their Citie to defende :  
And euery man his businesse,  
    doth duely nowe intende.  
The pushing pikes stand next the walles,  
    their enimies downe to fling :  
The stelly boyes the heauy earth,  
    on shoulders thither bring.  
The sunne from depth of Ocean sea,  
    did scarce himselfe areare :  
When as the Romane armie did,  
    before the towne appeare.

And then the gones the way doe make,  
through walles of stone and bricke :  
And eke the flames of fiers do,  
the tops of houses licke.  
The Romanes, they bring to the walles,  
their scaling lathers hie :  
With iron hookes, vnto the tops  
of houses for to tie.  
Now all the walles of Romanes stout,  
is filled to the ende :  
And more and more continually,  
vpon the walles ascende.  
The towne is wonne, and Plasidas  
in midst thereof is set :  
And all their labour is as nowe,  
the spoyle thereof to get.  
The towne to dust is quite consumde,  
and burnt with scorching fire :  
The trumpets sound triumphantly,  
to cause their men retire.  
Then after when the towne is wonne,  
and all was brought to ground :  
A resting place for all his bande,  
there in a towne he found.  
In which his wife did dwell, and kept  
a house for hostage there :  
To whome hir sonnes for harbor then,  
vnto hir do repaire,  
Not knowing what she was, in deede,  
they there their restes doe take :  
And for their noble victories,  
great ioy they oft do make.

At last the yonger doth desire,  
the elder for to tell :  
His yong estate, and what to him,  
in childehode oft befell.  
Whose talke the silly mother oft,  
did listen much to knowe :  
Some newes by warriers stoutly done,  
and afterwardes might showe.  
The same vnto hir friendes that list,  
oft times of warres to talke :  
Therefore full oft I say she doth,  
before the chamber walke.  
At last the eldest sayd, good friend,  
I doe remember well :  
Howe that my father rulde the Knightes  
of Rome that did excell.  
And eke a Lady faire I had,  
to mother well I knowe :  
Two children eke they had full fayre,  
I well remember so.  
My yonger brother was full faire,  
surmounting in degree :  
All other men, so rich he was,  
with giftes of dame beautie.  
Long did they liue in ioy and blisse,  
within that lande I know :  
But yet by night he toke a shippe,  
and from that lande did goe.  
Unto a countrey not farre thence,  
the name I doe not knowe :  
The shippe is come vnto the porte,  
and then to land we goe.

My mother she behinde was left,  
but howe I can not say :  
But as I iudge, the Master he,  
my mother there did stay.  
And then from thence we did depart,  
vnto a towne thereby :  
With heauy minde, vntill he came,  
vnto a great ferry.  
And there he set me downe on ground,  
and ouer strayght he bore :  
His yonger sonne ouer the flood,  
vnto the other shore.  
And entring now the flood agayne,  
me thither for to fetch :  
A cruel Woulfe my brother yong,  
vp in his mouth doth catch.  
And wendes his way vnto the wood,  
my brother loud doth cry :  
My father still he striued harde,  
agayne to me to hie.  
But out alas, a Lion huge  
came from the wood amaine :  
And snatcht vp me, and to the wood  
he did returne agayne.  
But when the Lion great and tall,  
the heard men they doe see :  
Their dogs they set vpon the beast,  
and so they saued me.  
The yonger sayd, my brother deare,  
euen as I heard it tolde :  
The plowmen toke me from a Woulfe,  
which had me in his holde.

By that thou saydst, coniecture I,  
thy brother that I am :  
Loe happy day they both doe say,  
that vnto warres we came.  
The ioy that they doe make forsoth,  
no tong can it expresse :  
No heart can thinke, no eye hath seene,  
such blessed ioyfulnesse.  
The mother then hath heard their talke,  
and ponder it well doth she :  
And doth reuolue within hir minde,  
if that hir babes they be.  
Then vnto Plasidas she goeth,  
and doth desire him sone :  
That he would let hir goe with him,  
for she was borne at Rome.  
And as to him these wordes she spake,  
in sounding she oft fell :  
And cried at length, O Plasidas,  
I knowe thee very well.  
I am thy wife pore Theopis,  
which taken was thee fro :  
In midst of floudes, when thou from ship,  
vnto the land didst goe.  
The mighty God of heauen and earth,  
for thee hath kept me cleane :  
The Master he for his deserte,  
by darte of death is slayne.  
Then Plasidas doth well perceyue,  
his wife, his loue and make :  
His heart, his life, and vnto him,  
in armes he doth hir take.

What ioy was there I can not tell,  
my fingers weary be :  
To write the same, my eyes like that,  
in world did neuer see.  
The wife the husband doth embrace,  
the man the wife likewise :  
The ioy to shewe, the teares doe gushe,  
like streames from out their eyes.  
And in their ioy, the wife demaundes,  
where that hir children be :  
Then he did say, my louing wife,  
their deaths myselfe did see.  
Two cruel beastes with foming mouthes,  
our children both hath slayne :  
Then sayd his wife be of good cheere,  
aliue they both remaine.  
For loe, the God which vnto vs,  
this ioyfull meeting gaue :  
By his good grace and power diuine,  
did both our children saue.  
Then him she tolde how souldiers twaine,  
their infancie did showe :  
And strayght he sent for those yong men,  
the truth of them to knowe.  
The children both vnto him come,  
and eche of them doth tell :  
His infancie, by which he knoweth,  
they be hys sonnes full well,  
He then doth kisse and eke embrace,  
those tender babes of his :  
The armie then for newes hereof,  
in heart right ioyfull is,



They spende those dayes in ioy and blisse,  
and after do intende :  
To Romane lande triumphantly  
his hoste and he to wende.  
But whilest in warres he did abyde,  
good Trayan was deade :  
And Adrian in the Empire,  
succeeded in his steade.  
Who in all mischieues did abounde,  
as stories vs doe tell :  
For persecuting of the truth,  
he did the rest excell.  
When Plasidas to Rome was come,  
and did a time soiourne :  
Then Adrian did him commaund,  
his Idols to adourne.  
For that the Romanes did possesse,  
so great a victorie :  
But Plasidas would not so doe,  
he playnely did deny,  
That they were Gods, and unto him,  
they nought at all could giue :  
He said by Christ, in Christ it was,  
that he in world did liue.  
Then Adrian commaunded that,  
deuoured they should be :  
Of a Lion in Church, whereas  
his Goddes the facte might see.  
And so it was as he commaunde,  
perfourmed eke and done :  
The Lion he most ioyfully,  
vnto their feete doth come.

And there doth lie much like a dogge,  
    *cum caude* that doth play :  
And from their feete no man ywis,  
    can get the beast away:  
But there he lies and mery makes,  
    he doth no hhurt at all :  
Then Adrian doth strayght commaunde,  
    his men them forth to call,  
And doth commaund that they be put,  
    in Oxe of brasse to die :  
But nought they care, in Jesus Christ  
    they had their trust wholly.  
The Oxe with flame is thorow hote,  
    and they are put therein :  
And ioyfully in Christ they all,  
    to sing do then beginne.  
Thus ended they their mortall race,  
    their file was at an ende :  
That we may so indure good Lorde,  
    to vs thy mercy sende.

FINIS.

John Partridge.

**T**he most fa-  
mous and worthe Historie,  
of the worthy Lady Panda-  
uola, daughter to the  
mighty Baynne,  
the great  
Turke.

(. .)

**I**mprinted at London,  
in Paules churchyard  
at the signe of the  
Lucrece, by  
Thomas Pur-  
foote.

1566.



¶ The historie of Pandauola.

Sometime in Turky there,  
A famouse lande by name,  
Did dwell a kīg whose daughters fare  
Deserued immortal fame :  
So bewtifull she was,  
So fette of lymme and ioynte,  
That sure a worlde it was to see,  
Her shape from point to point.  
So comly to be knitte,  
For witte she bare the bell,  
Her comly shape all other wightes  
For bewtie did excell :  
Her grace is such to see  
That heauen it was to heare  
And see, what suters was to get  
This worthy royall peare :  
As thicke as starres in skies  
So thicke the people be,  
In euery place the comly corps  
Of this Princes to see.  
The lusty gentell knightes,  
On foaming steades on hie,  
Her loue to wynne, their manly force  
Full often there doe trie.

And demyng in their myndes  
That he that once should haue  
The victory, auaunce more nede not  
Of her, her loue to craue.  
Therefore they haue decreede  
A tournament to crie,  
In which they thinke with dynte of sworde  
Their harnes for to trie.  
Then to the king they go  
With one assent, and saie :  
We thee desier most royall Lorde,  
To graunt without delaye.  
A tournament to be,  
Our forces for to trie,  
Your presence likewyse there we craue,  
The playe to bewtifie.  
This is all our request,  
This is that we doe craue :  
Thus shall you doe a gratefull thing,  
If our requestes we haue.  
The king foorthwith doth graunte,  
To their request in deede,  
And biddeth them prepare them selues,  
To trie them selues with speede.  
And thus their leaue they take,  
And homeward take their waye :  
And euery oure they thinke a yeere,  
Before that come the daye.  
The daie then being come,  
In glistring armour bright :  
One might beholde on coursers tale,  
Full many a manly knight.

With speare and lannce in hande,  
I clad in plate of steele,  
Naught wanting there, that might become  
A manly knight so wele.  
But first of all it doth  
Behoue for to descriue,  
The maner of the place, wherein  
These lusty knightes should striue.  
Without the Palaise great  
Of Sylewma the king,  
Appointed was the field, which was  
Made compasse like a rynge ;  
In ether ende whereof  
Was mightie pillers sette,  
To which the parties ouercome,  
By forse of armes were fette,  
And there the lawe was so,  
That then they must abide,  
Untill such time that other were  
Toke of the other side.  
And at one ende there was,  
Appointed for to stande,  
Pandauola for whom this broile,  
They first had tooke in hande.  
And all the companie  
Of Ladies of great prise,  
Stoode there beside, within a place  
That was made there likewyse.  
At thother end the king,  
Did sitte with all his traine :  
And in the middes were Judges sette,  
Indifferent for them twayne.

Thus passed was the night,  
     And daie began tappeare :  
 And trompettes blew in euery place,  
     The sound eche wight might heare.  
 Then first in field there came,  
     The king and tooke his place :  
 And afterward Pandauola,  
     Came with her fathers grace.  
 And tooke her seate where as  
     She, pointed was and then  
 The harrauldes foorth are sent to shew  
     Unto these lusty men  
 How that the king was set,  
     And wayted them to see,  
 Wherefore the trompettes are commaunde  
     Foorthwith I bloun should be,  
 The Martiall seas that none  
     Doe come within the rayle :  
 Then comes the knightes and to their king,  
     Their bonettes they doe vayle.  
 But one among the rest,  
     That Alfine had to name,  
 Is challenger and must beginne  
     To showe this royall game.  
 A comly knight he was,  
     Pandauolas one deare :  
 And she to him did speake these woordes,  
     Euen with a mery cheare,  
 My Lord (quod she) you see,  
     That naught can here auayle,  
 But stripes with courage bold and stout,  
     Your foes for to assaile.



And for your party I  
    Am sure good knightes to haue :  
And nought there wantes but courage bolde,  
    From daunger you to saue.  
And courage stoute I knowe,  
    Doth you possesse and holde,  
Wherby your foes neuer so stoute,  
    May easy be controulde :  
Go wende in haste therefore,  
    Prepare your selfe to fight :  
And for to honor you the more,  
    We will giue you the sight.  
To whom he aunswered,  
    If that I so might craue :  
Your gloue or sleue, then might I thinke,  
    The victorie to haue.  
Oh Lady deare therefore,  
    Graunt this my small desier :  
And then I thinke for my desert,  
    I am repaide my hier.  
This saide, her gloue she drawes  
    From of her fingers small,  
And giues to him and eke a ringe,  
    She giueth there withall.  
Who nowe doth ioye but he,  
    Who els desires to fight  
But he, then straight the defendant,  
    Is come redy in sight.  
Who Flaccus had to name,  
    And after him doth ryde,  
The brother of this Alfine loe,  
    A man of litle pride.

When as before the kyng  
     They came, they license craue,  
 That they the field as doth behoue,  
     May full possesse and haue.  
 To trie their lusty steedes,  
     Their hartes and harnes strong,  
 And eke to trie which of them all  
     Should lay other along.  
 The king hath graunted them,  
     The trompettes straight doth blowe,  
 With speare in reste these manly knightes  
     Thone at thother goe.  
 He that in felde then was,  
     Must learne his head to saue,  
 Or els may chaunce appointed be,  
     To lie full long in graue.  
 Their speares that well were whette,  
     On harnise chrasshing crie,  
 And other some how swoordes will holde  
     Upon their helmettes trie.  
 But Flaccus Alfine markes,  
     And straight at him doth ronne,  
 But Alfine falling on his men,  
     This worthy knight doth shonne.  
 But he with' cruell hate  
     Aloude in felde doth crie :  
 Oh Alfine, Alfine, where art thou  
     That pointed hast to trie ?  
 With me by force of armes  
     The gloue and ringe to haue,  
 Come forth I saie, both the and thine,  
     Against me se thou saue.

When Alfine harde him crie  
    After this kynde of wise,  
His harte for Ire began to quake,  
    His bloud began to rise.  
And setting sporres to horse,  
    He brake his foes araye,  
And smyteth Flaccus in the shelde,  
    That on the grounde he laye.  
Then Alfine striues to drawe  
    This Flaccus lacking breth  
Unto the piller there beside,  
    But Brennus rescueth  
This Flaccus, and vpon  
    His brother Alfine falles,  
With mortall dynte of sworde,  
    Aloude to him he calles.  
O brother tourne thee nowe,  
    I doe thee here defie,  
And if thou be a gentill knight,  
    Seeme not for to denie,  
To meete me here in fielde,  
    Sithe that fortune hath so  
Appointed vs, then both at once,  
    Togeather they doe go :  
And rushing here and there,  
    How for to sytte they trie :  
And thone at thother ranne so sore,  
    Their speares in peeces flie.  
But by this time Flaccus,  
    His selfe was come vnto,  
And armed now his foes in field,  
    Doth mortaly pursue.

But meting once againe,  
     With Alfine in the field,  
 Of courage and of ire he doth  
     Unto the soldiers yield,  
 Such bloes that none before,  
     His swoorde durst once to stand,  
 And hauing made a way by force,  
     He ioyneth hand to hand,  
 With Alfine and they both,  
     At once to ground are caste :  
 And then they both agreed are,  
     Retrete to blowe at laste.  
 The rest for to deferre,  
     Untill the sunne began  
 For to descende possessing earst,  
     His place Meredian.  
 The king vnto the court  
     Anone doth take his waye,  
 Pointing an our or two I wis  
     Within his place to staye.  
 And then for to retourne,  
     The ende hereof to see,  
 Agreed they are and in the court  
     To dinner gone they bee,  
 But lo Pandauola,  
     Hath caught a mortall blowe,  
 Euen with a shafte that was shot fourth  
     From out dame Cupides bowe.  
 Her harte was set on fire,  
     And she began to burne,  
 The rosis in her ruddey cheekes,  
     Began awaye to turne.

Her senses doe denie,  
    Their offices to doe :  
Her breath doth fayle and men doe looke,  
    But death for to insue.  
She eates no meate at all,  
    But downe on bed is laide :  
But at the last her eies out brast  
    With teares, and thus she saide.  
Oh Gods that rule the skies,  
    In whome my trust doth lie,  
And thou O God whiche chiefest arte  
    Aboue the golden skie.  
And thou oh Lady deare,  
    Oh Venus by thy name,  
Vouchsaue my wofull crie to heare,  
    Thy captiue doe not blame :  
Though that alwayes I sought,  
    Thy forse for to withstande :  
Yet nowe I feele the mighty stroke  
    Of Cupide thy sonnes hande.  
Take pitie now therefore  
    Sithe that a captiue I :  
Can not preuaile, yet giue me salfe  
    To helpe my misery.  
And take me to thy grace,  
    Sythe that my selfe I yelde,  
And graunte to smyte him with that shafte  
    Thou hittes me in the felde.  
Oh Cupide I the praie,  
    This whyle the knightes are gone  
Them selues to dine and rest their corps,  
    But Alfines layd vpon

His bedde, and doth complaine,  
Of heuy woes and smart,  
Which for Pandauola his dere,  
Doth vexe him at the harte.  
The king hath heard hou that  
His daughter doth not well,  
And sendeth for Phisitians  
In conning that excell,  
To knowe the cause of grieffe,  
That doth her so molest,  
And eke of them to knowe what kinde  
Of medicines are beste.  
Her health againe to gette,  
The messengers are gone,  
Whome the Phisitions aunswere,  
That they will wayte vpon  
His prudent grace, as fast  
As possible they may :  
And with the messengers they all  
To court doe take their way.  
The game is then deferde  
Untill an other tide :  
And postes for Phisitians yet,  
About the countrey ryde.  
In meane space she with paine  
Is vext, and greuous smart :  
And cruell cares with great anoye,  
Tormente her gentill harte.  
At last the Phisitions,  
Are come her grace to see :  
But oh alas there is none can tell,  
To cure her maladie.

The king doth weepe and wayle,  
His daughter thus to see :  
At last of them he doth inquire,  
If any helpe there be ?  
To whom they aunswere made,  
With heuy pending cheare :  
That naught but death in her at all  
To their sight did appeare,  
For liuely bloud was gone,  
Her poulses did not beate  
Her limmes waxt starke for want of bloud,  
And of her liuely heate.  
Her sensis all are dull,  
And death approched nye,  
But this they said vnto the kyng,  
Their cunning they would trye :  
Her health againe to get,  
Hir Ladies sitte her by,  
And doth beholde how now and then,  
She tournes her heuy eye :  
As though that Atropos  
Should ende her vitall race :  
And eke that nature quite and cleane,  
Her worke should so deface.  
The place with waylinges great,  
Is filde vnto the ende,  
The Phisitions the company  
Out of the chamber sende.  
Then they their medicines,  
Unto this lady giue :  
The whiche opprest with cares beginnes  
Againe for to relieue.

The king is this meane while  
    Within his chamber set,  
To whom a messenger is come,  
    And thus the king doth greeete.  
The Gods thee saue O king,  
    Thy seruaunt still doth praye,  
Alfine thy knight desireth thee,  
    To graunt without delaye,  
A phisition with speede  
    His maladie to cure :  
Or els oh king that he shall die,  
    Thereof thou maiest be sure.  
To whome the king thus spake,  
    What greater grieve can be,  
Unto a king then for to lose,  
    So good a knight as he.  
Ah fortune that doest beare,  
    A double face in hood  
Ne knowest thy frende ne fo, but doest  
    Unto them equall good.  
And him thou settest on hie,  
    Euen him thou laiest alowe :  
As to thy friend suche frendlines,  
    Thou showest vnto thy foe.  
With weping teares he saide,  
    And then he foorth doth call  
His Phisitions, and doth commaunde  
    That they go with him all,  
Unto Alfine his knight,  
    With that Pandauola  
Began to speake to one that stode  
    Her by, and thus did saye.



And is it true I heare ?  
Is Alfine sicke also ?  
She called then a Phisition,  
And bad him straight to goe  
To him in all the haste,  
And tell him this that she  
Is ready nowe for to departe,  
But lackes his companie.  
To whome she might as mate,  
With him take paine in waye :  
The Phisition did thinke that she  
These woordes of feare did saye.  
And like a wise man then,  
He aunswered by and by,  
Be you content ho lady deare,  
Thinke not that he will die  
But if you will commaunde,  
I will your will obay,  
And willingly will doe the thing  
That it shall please you saye.  
And if that death should carpe  
My vitall thread atwaine,  
Your secretes I will keepe still close  
Though that I should be slaine.  
With that she drew her breath,  
But fainting nowe and then,  
Ah God (quod she) Alfyne Alfyne,  
The truste of all men :  
With that as men perceiue  
By little streames that ronne  
The place, and cause that first their course  
Of water hath begonne :

Or as one might perceauē  
     Where eaco doth resounde,  
 That in that place though touching skie  
     It is their hollowe grounde.  
 So he when as he harde  
     Her clamor and her crie,  
 Knewe well in ende that such streames would  
     Their fountaine head discrie.  
 And as the man that hath  
     By trauell and by payne  
 Founde out, where as of golde there is  
     Some riche and costly vaine :  
 Doth digge and delue the more,  
     The ende therof to finde :  
 So he a conning workeman doth  
     Reuolue within his mynde  
 Whereof their wordes should ryse,  
     He then perceiueth plaine  
 The cause of grief and seketh meanes  
     Her woes for to restraine,  
 And then beginning newe  
     His tale to her he said,  
 Oh Lady, of my woordes be not  
     One whitte at all dismaid.  
 For I in ende I hope  
     Will fynde you for to ease,  
 So that my seruice may not once  
     Your gracious minde displease,  
 My frend (quod she againe)  
     No whit shall me displease.  
 What that it be, saye what you will  
     So it be for any ease,

And I the truth will tell,  
    But see you trusty be  
Of all the cause and where I am  
    Thus vexte with malady,  
To whom he aunswered,  
    The Gods by whome eche thing,  
Was made, quighte me confounde,  
    And vnto ruine bring,  
Euen at that instaunt; when  
    Your secret I bewray :  
And bring my soule where furis fell  
    Shall it moleste I pray,  
That I may with him gape  
    That sekes the floudeds to drinke,  
And for my plague from yarning lips  
    The same againe may shrynke,  
Or els that carping gripe,  
    That eates the groing harte  
Of Titius, in sonder may  
    My faithles harte departe.  
And if in hell there be  
    One that surmountes the reste  
For breache faith, then let it all  
    Be iudged for my breste,  
As due rewarde and eke,  
    If naught in hell there be,  
Sufficient, then mighty Joue  
    Against me thus decree,  
That I with those may haue  
    My towme, whome Joue most hie,  
Did fling to ground by thonder boltes  
    That flew from forth the skie.

And now their toumes possesse  
     Where as their corps doth boyle  
 With fier and brymstone scalding hote,  
     Their corpes for to tourmoyle.  
 This saide he thus began,  
     No Phisition (quoth he)  
 Can minister vnto your health,  
     Unlesse that perfectly  
 The cause of grieffe he knowes,  
     His labour is in vaine,  
 And lost is all his study, for  
     To ease you of your payne.  
 Therfore of you I craue  
     The principall to knowe  
 Of all your grieffe, and then I will  
     Some phisick therfore showe.  
 Your vryne doth declare  
     That you in deede are ill,  
 A cause the same doth showe also,  
     But not contentes my will.  
 For further cause I must  
     Of you here vnderstande,  
 And then I may giue medicines  
     To you, ende out of hande.  
 As when the gentill Buck  
     Hath take a mortall blowe,  
 Doth runne about to seke some ease,  
     So she about doth goe.  
 With sugered woordes to tell  
     Howe she at harte was prest  
 With greuous panges, and afterwarde  
     In order all rehearst.

What maladie she felt  
    Within her selfe, but she  
Did not declare what was the cause,  
    Of her great maladie.  
At last she cries Alfyne,  
    And there her voyce doth stayer.  
The Phisition perceiued the cause,  
    And thus began to saie :  
Oh Lady mine take cheare,  
    The cause of all I finde  
To be the loue of Alfyne, which  
    You so doe beare in mynde,  
Therefore take you no thought,  
    For I will woorke the waye  
That shall you ease, therefore your self  
    In quiet state doe staie.  
I will to Alfyne go,  
    Your minde to him to breake,  
And if your graces will be so  
    I beseeche you to speake.  
With that she tournes and toste  
    As though she straight will die,  
And thus at last to him she spake  
    With heuy dolefull eye.  
O syr (quoth she) you knowe  
    The cause of all my care,  
For Alfyne low it is, that I  
    This greuous sicknes bare.  
And sithe you nowe doe knowe  
    What is the cause of wo,  
As for my frende I doe you take,  
    My secretes doe not showe.

Content your selue a whyle  
     Quoth he, and let me worke,  
 To Alfyn I will straight wayse wend  
     To ease him of his hurte :  
 And afterward I will  
     Againe come vnto you,  
 And as for me, oh Lady deare,  
     As friend doe thinke me true,  
 Well then (quod she) syth that  
     You must be gyde, of gayne  
 Take here this gold the which I giue  
     For part reward of paine,  
 And sithe to him you go,  
     To him this ringe doe giue,  
 And tell him that without his loue,  
     I desire not to liue,  
 And if to doe him good,  
     My death could ought auaile,  
 To haue the same without delay,  
     Sure, sure, I would not faile.  
 This saide, the Phisition  
     To Alfyne straight doth goe,  
 Who whē he came straight to the kinge  
     This ioyfull newes doth showe.  
 That he did hope in time  
     His daughter well to see,  
 Wherof the king exceading ioyse  
     To Alfyne gone to be.  
 And telles the king that he  
     His disease well doth see,  
 And will in time without all doughte  
     Finde out a remedy

For him, and then he doth  
    Them all with harte desire  
For to depart, the king and all  
    Doth that he doth require.  
When all was foorth of dores,  
    He thus his tale began :  
Right worthy Syr, I doe perceiue  
    That you are a sick man,  
And sore torment with paine,  
    But be you of good cheare,  
For from a frende of yours I haue  
    A message good to heare.  
The worthy knight then said,  
    Good syer welcome to me,  
And for her sake that hath you sent  
    Right welcome syr ye be.  
With that the Phisition  
    Began on this same sorte,  
The Gods confounde me, if my tonge  
    Shall forder false reporte.  
Good syr (quoth he) eache thing  
    Obedient needes must be,  
Unto the will of him that made  
    Those thinges, as thinges to see.  
And as the hounde which is  
    His maisters great delight,  
Unto the hare by nature made  
    Doth daily worke despight.  
Or as the sylley doue  
    No greater ioye can finde  
When as she in loue is macht  
    With one of selfe same kinde.

So mortall man though he  
    Be kinge and lorde of all,  
Yet in this point w<sup>t</sup> him eache beast  
    Is to their Lorde equall,  
And thus beside we see  
    As Cupide shaft doth fall,  
So oftentimes the feruent loue  
    Departeth there withall.  
And for because that loue  
    Is cause of your vnreste,  
Therefore I thinke the principall  
    To shewe it were the best.  
Oh sier said Alfyne then,  
    My honor doth not craue  
That though my loue so feruent be,  
    That I the same should haue,  
And if so be that I  
    In byrth her grace might mate,  
Yet doe I thinke that worthy I  
    Were not for such a state  
As she, but would be glad  
    If I were king of kinges,  
Euen for her sake, to leaue my state,  
    And eke all royal thinges.  
And if I might haue hope  
    To craue I could not sease,  
If I were sure my sute to gaine,  
    No happier is the peace  
That with a tound is made  
    When warres indured hath  
Ful long thē were with me, I swere  
    Of knightthod by the faithe.



But out alas her witte  
    And iudgement sage is so,  
That of my sute when I beginne  
    To faile, in ende I know.  
Therefore maister Doctor,  
    I you desire and praie,  
In any case of her no more  
    Unto me for to saye,  
But let me in destres  
    Now end my dolefull dayes  
And let me die remediles  
    Sithe I haue bene alwayes.  
To whome the Doctor spake  
    And bad him quiet be,  
For so he saide that somewhat might  
    Ease him of maladie.  
And if he would a whyle  
    His talke giue eare vnto,  
He might haue ease, and Alfyne he,  
    Is willing so to do.  
With that he thus began,  
    And saide, I maruell much  
That for to shew such one as you  
    For feare so sore should grutchie,  
To doe the thing wherby  
    To you comes all the gaine,  
And it were so, why should you shrinke  
    To take so small a paine,  
Sithe labour can not lose,  
    Parhappes she does to trie  
Your faithfulnessse, and other whyles,  
    Perhappes she doth denie

To graunt you that you craue,  
     Because she would that ye  
 Should not suppose in your conceit  
     Her person light to be,  
 Therefore this would I wyshe,  
     That you should courage take,  
 And in the walles with manly hart  
     Should seeke a breache to make  
 For once the citie which  
     Can scarce there defence make,  
 Doth giue vnto the conquerer  
     A hope it for to take,  
 And where they willing are,  
     No treate ought to be :  
 The Sea to ebbe and flowe so oft  
     Is not constrainde we see,  
 Yet doth it so therfore  
     Of courage take some part,  
 And do assaie yet once againe  
     To breake her flinty hart.  
 For as the litle droppes  
     That oft fall from on hie,  
 The hardest stone with falling on,  
     Both thorowe weare and trie,  
 So she with praiera fayre,  
     May be obtainde I knowe,  
 Therefore good syr, and if you please  
     my counsell do folowe.  
 To whom Alfyne answerd,  
     Good syr as you do saye,  
 I doe intende the chaunce to proue  
     Without any delaye.

And for your great good will,  
I giue you thankes certaine,  
And if it lie in me one daye  
I will rewarde your paine.  
And sitting then vpright  
Within his bed, he saide,  
That for to prosecute his mynde,  
He would not be afraide.  
And geuing thankes as then  
The Phisicion vnto,  
He purposeth as he hath saide,  
Forth with end so to doe,  
The Phisition perceiued  
That then he might haue time  
To shewe his mynde, and thus he said,  
If not committing crime,  
I might my message showe,  
So bould then I would be  
To speake in few, to whome y<sup>e</sup> knight  
Did aunswere courtously  
Saie on, oh Doctour myld  
With willing harte certaine  
We will you heare, if to declare  
That you will take the paine.  
Then with a mery cheare,  
On this wyse he did say :  
I haue (quoth he) before I came  
Haue ben that part of daie.  
With faire Pandauola  
The daughter of the king,  
Which vnto me before I came  
Hether, gaue me this ring

With this in message to  
     Declare vnto your grace,  
 That you would be of a good cheare,  
     She prayes in any case :  
 And as a token of  
     Her faith she this hath sent,  
 To you protesting that she hath  
     As yet no other ment,  
 Ne neuer tendes to doe  
     While life she doth possesse,  
 And so that you will like protest  
     She verely doth gesse,  
 As when a man hath lost  
     Some Juell riche of pryse,  
 With heuy hart and painfull mind  
     He ginneth for to ryse,  
 And so the Juell great  
     He seketh round about,  
 And neuer seaseth till that he  
     The Juell hath founde out.  
 And when that he hath founde  
     The same, vp to the skeyse  
 He liftes his handes, the Joyse whereof  
     Makes streames runne downe his eyes,  
 So plaieth Alfine nowe,  
     With teares he blottes his face,  
 And stretching out his heuy armes,  
     The Doctor doth imbrace.  
 And kissing twyse the ringe,  
     Upon her name doth call,  
 And eke beholde he feles him selfe  
     Reliued therewithall.

And willing with his harte  
The equall will to be  
Equally macht, sithe her goodwill  
To his will so did gree.  
And douting nothing nowe,  
He thinkes him well at ease,  
Minding the Doctor for his paynes  
With golde and fee to please.  
Then doth the Doctor saie,  
That he would also wende  
Unto Pandauola, and askes  
If ought that he would sende  
As token vnto her,  
To whiche he doth consent,  
And vnto her a chaine with ring  
Withall his hart hath sent.  
The Doctor goes his waes,  
Well rewarded for paine :  
And wished that he were daily  
So set a woorke againe,  
Who nowe doth Alfyne loue,  
But Pandauola bright,  
Who is to him coequall mate  
Who ioyeth nowe in light.  
What payne doth Alfyne feele,  
Ne all is fled away,  
He of his griefe is reliued,  
To ryse he doth assaie :  
And taking courage bolde,  
To walke he doth assaie :  
And feling not him selfe at ease,  
Againe on bed he laye

With ioyfull cheare I wis  
     He sate as any wight,  
 He taketh then his pen in hande,  
     And thus began to wrighte.  
 And seking for to feede  
     His flinging fancies so,  
 Purposith in some prety songe  
     His Ladies praise to showe.  
 And thus he doth beginne,  
     Desiring helpe and ayde  
 Of Musis nyne, and thus at last  
     With pleasaunt voyce he saies.

*The song made by the Translator.*

You Musies nyne that sisters be,  
 Helpe now my dolefull voyce to singe,  
 The prayse of her whose comly gle  
 Surmounteth nowe eche vitall thing,  
     The same whiche so Appelles sought,  
     At once in her is trimly wrought.

Appelles O thou happy man,  
 Whose daies to short were for to see  
 The floure that of dame nature came,  
 So faire, so trimme, and eke so free,  
     Whose shape doth passe all in the time,  
     Much more then snow doth passe the slime.

If thou hadst liued and sene the wight  
 Which now doth liue in Turkey lande,

As one deuoyde of life and sight,  
Before her grace thou wouldest stande,  
Such wōdring would haue toke the there  
Her worthy shape in minde to beare.

Pigmalion for all his arte,  
So faire a peece once could not graue,  
Nor if they both should take a part,  
By conning so their fames to saue  
Yet should they eare and not come nere  
My Ladies grace that royall peare.

To whome I wishe eternall ioye,  
With healthfull state and happy dayes,  
And eke to passe without anoye,  
These euill times and perilous seas,  
And I my selfe what euer betide,  
With her in shippe on them may ryde.

*Finis.*

This done he layes him downe  
Some rest on bed to take,  
And afterward within an houre,  
He ginneth for to wake.  
The Phisition is come  
Pandauola to see,  
But lo, the king and all his Lordes  
Within her chamber be,  
To whome the Doctor ginnes  
To drawe him selfe vnto,  
And coming in, Pandauola  
He asketh howe she doe.

To whome she aunsweres then,  
    The better him to see :  
And of the same she asked then  
    Wheare he so long hath bee.  
He aunswered straightwaye,  
    He was for to provide  
For certain things that nedes he must  
    For her haue in that tide,  
But then she ginnes to saye  
    The weather hote to bee,  
The Phisition that her intent  
    Did well perceiue and see.  
And did the Lordes desire,  
    A while them selues to keepe  
Abroade in chamber there beside,  
    To see if she could slepe.  
The king then doth departe  
    And all the Lordes are gone  
According to their duties,  
    The king to wayte vpon.  
When all was foorth of doores,  
    The Phisition doth tell  
The order of his being there,  
    And howe eche thing befell.  
And vnto her doth giue  
    The tokens that were sent  
By him to her, and afterwards  
    He shoves the whole intent  
Of Alfynes sicknes then,  
    She him desires againe,  
That early on the morowe he  
    To come will take the payne,



To her, and then he shall  
    Knowe more of her intent.  
To whose requeste, the Phisition  
    Doth thorowly consent,  
And then his leaue doth take  
    Till time of her request :  
And she her selfe doth laie her down,  
    And there doth take her rest.  
The sunne from height of heauen  
    Into the sea doth fall,  
And rūning through the flashing fiods  
    Ascendeth there withall.  
And being weary then  
    Of his iourney God wote,  
He putteth out the monstrous hores  
    From out the chariot.  
And comming now where as  
    Aurora hell her see,  
To make the night somewhat longer,  
    They both agreed be :  
At length Aurora doth  
    The bed of Titan flye,  
And ginnes to shewe her cristall face  
    Throughout the syluer skie.  
And Phebus he him selfe  
    His goulden head doth showe :  
Lifting him selfe from out of the waues  
    Our orisont belowe.  
And with his fyrie chaire  
    Is flowne into the skie  
An houre long, the Phisition  
    Perceiueth by and by,

That time it is to go,  
 And fourth straightwaies he went  
 Unto Pandauola, and she  
 Unto his house hath sent,  
 But at the last he comes  
 And vnto her doth go,  
 Desiring that he may fourthwith  
 Her graces intent knowe.  
 To whome she straight did saye,  
 That he forthwith must beare  
 A letter vnto Alfyne, whiche  
 You after all shall heare.

¶ **The Letter of Pandauola to her louer Alfyne.**

As to the heuy wight  
 Tormented sore with paine,  
 All thinges are ioyfull that doth seeke  
 His tormentes to restraine.  
 So it is vnto me  
 O Alfyne, this to heare,  
 That life with health y<sup>u</sup> dost possesse  
 That art to me so deare.  
 Which all the gods I praye  
 For euer to maintayne,  
 And good successe in all assaies,  
 I wishe to the certaine  
 The cause why that to you  
 My letters I indighte  
 Is this, because you may suer thinke  
 My promyse to be right,

And that the Doctor hath  
    Unto your goodnes tolde,  
To be the thing which I doe meane  
    Therof you may be bolde.  
And for your sicknes lo  
    I rew, this thing is plaine,  
But yet suppose that much more ill  
    Then you, I was againe.  
As well my father could  
    Declare, and Doctor to,  
Who as you know for me in deede  
    Hath had somewhat to doe.  
And sithe the Gods doe so  
    Graunt our requestes to be :  
This is the cause that you fourthwith  
    Come hether me to see,  
And thereof myne intent,  
    The ende shall you perceiue :  
And thus because of leasure I  
    You to your selue do leue.  
Fare well therefore my knight,  
    Good health the Gods the sende :  
And thus from the kings manor place  
    My minde and wryght I ende :  
Fare well oh Juell deare,  
    Fare well my owne delight :  
Fare well also of knighthoode thou  
    The chiefe and truest knight.

This letter she doth geue  
    The Phisition vnto,

And bad him that in all the haste  
     He should his labour doe  
 The same in haste to beare,  
     Alfyne to vnderstande :  
 And afterwardes to bring to her  
     An aunswere out of hande.  
 The Phisition is gone  
     Alfyne her knight vnto,  
 According to her graces wyll,  
     The message for to do.  
 The meane spase she from out  
     Her wery bed doth ryse,  
 And deckes her selfe in trimme aray  
     After her wonted gyse.  
 And walking up and downe  
     Within her chamber, she  
 Beginneth in her minde to roull  
     Of him the great bewty,  
 And doth his state compare  
     With Paris comly gle :  
 And yet within her selfe she saies,  
     Much fairer loe is he  
 Then Narsissus so faire,  
     Or mystus lo is he :  
 And by and by, she thinkes fairer  
     He is if there may be,  
 Fairer then Narsissus  
     Or Mystus that haue bene  
 The fairest and the comliest wightes,  
     That euer earst were seene.  
 At last her father comes  
     To see howe that she doe,

With many a Lorde and lusty knight  
That come her grace vnto.  
Her father, he doth aske,  
If she her helth possesse :  
To whome she aunsweres by and by,  
For all his great richesse,  
She would not feell suche paine,  
As she not past eight daies  
Did feele ago, but to the Gods  
She gaue immortall prayse.  
Her father then doth ioye,  
And doth declare how that  
The noble knight Alfyne, is nowe  
Recouered of late  
Of his disease, and doth  
Sit up, and walkes about,  
And saith that Alfyne would lyue,  
Therof he had no doubt.  
Wherto she saies Amen,  
Though yet were there vnknowne  
The fame then of her health abroade,  
About the cities blowne.  
As sone as once the health  
Of her the people knowe,  
On aulters of the Goddes they all  
Their offringes bestowe.  
And bond fyers they doe make  
For ioye of this good chance :  
In euery streate they mery make,  
They singe, they leape, and daunce.  
And as the wight that is  
From death deliuered late,

So ioyeth she and father eke,  
    Oh thryse and happy fate.  
They all this daie therfore  
    For holy doe suppose,  
And then their myndes to eleuate  
    The hearmony they chose.  
The Phisition approched is  
    Syr Alfynes house vnto,  
And vnto him his message then  
    He ginneth for to doe.  
And then declares that she  
    His comming would abide  
Within the court of Sylluma :  
    Then takes he him aside,  
And vnto him doth giue  
    The letter that he bare,  
Desyring lo an aunswere straight,  
    For he to court would fare.  
To whome Alfyne doth tell,  
    That he straightway would frame  
An aunswere and he should forthwith  
    To her go beare the same.  
Then to his closet he  
    Doth go, and penne doth take,  
And on this wyse the aunswere he  
    Therof to her doth make.

## ¶ The aunswere to the letter of Pandauola.

The Gods whom we accompt  
As iust and blest to be,  
Preserue thy life oh Lady deare  
The chiefest ioye to me,  
As to a captiue naught,  
Is ioye but libertie.  
Euen so likewyse, there nothing is  
More ioyfull vnto me,  
Then thus by your goodnes  
Although a captiue I,  
And as it were one rescued nowe,  
Once iudged for to die :  
And as for demyng lo,  
Unworthy I me fynde  
The least good gift of your good grace  
That you to me haue syn.  
I thinke those famous men  
That liued haue eare this,  
Could not deeme other, but that ye  
Are chiefest cause of blisse.  
Or els I deeme that they  
Would neuer vndertake  
Suche perilles, as full often they  
You to obtaine, doe make.  
Achilles champion stoute,  
What tyme in Troye he sawe  
Polyxena, he did desire  
To be the sonne in lawe

Of Pyramus, that king  
    Of Troye of renowne,  
Syr Parys eke the worthiest knight,  
    That was in Illyon towne.  
His brother Hector saue  
    To Grece his passage tooke :  
His Aunt the faire Exiona,  
    Within their courtes to looke.  
But being taken with  
    The fyry cleuing darte,  
Of Helena the Queene, whose syght  
    Did strike him to the harte.  
That maugre all their heades,  
    To shippe this dame he bare :  
And hoisyng vp his mery sailes,  
    To Troye began to fare.  
So if that Cupide durste  
    These champions stoute assayle,  
What boutyd them him to resiste,  
    When naught they could preuayle.  
To striue against the streame,  
    Is labour lost in vayne :  
The more he striues, the more increase  
    His dolour and his payne.  
The noble Pyramus,  
    Him selfe for Tysbe slew,  
Because he thought that he was cause  
    Of breaking faith so trewe.  
Thus if these did as heare,  
    Full oft we haue heard saye :  
Then maruell not oh Lady dear,  
    Why that as quighte awaye,



My senses all were fled.  
    Sythe you doe passe them all,  
Then all the reste, it doth behoue  
    That I should lower fall.  
And that you haue your health,  
    I ioye therof to heare,  
The which I praie the Gods to holde  
    Full many daies and yeare.  
If life or death you should  
    Commaunde, I would obey :  
Be life or death, or what thing els,  
    If that it please you say.  
And whyle that life this corps  
    Should full inioye and haue :  
I am the knight that shall performe  
    What thing your grace shall craue.  
And here I bynd me to  
    Your grace, your man to be  
At all assaye without delay  
    To doe that pleaseth ye,  
Thus here I take my leue,  
    Desiring Gods to sende  
The wysshed ioyes that we desire,  
    Our griefes to make an ende.

This done, the letter he  
    Unto the Doctor bringes,  
Desiring that the Doctor would  
    Before all other thinges,  
Deliuer that his deede  
    Unto her graces hande.

The Phisition doth straight departe,  
     He will no lenger stande  
 With him to talke, but goes  
     Awaye from him apace,  
 And then within a whyle he is  
     Ariued in the place  
 Of Syluma the king,  
     And forward straight doth goe  
 Unto the faire Pandauola,  
     His message for to showe.  
 And coming in where as  
     The Lordes a daunsing be,  
 He makes a signe, the which thing lo,  
     Perceiued soone had she :  
 And from her place doth ryse,  
     Taking him by the hande,  
 Desiring him, that she might there  
     His message vnderstande.  
 The letter foorth he drawes  
     And giues it her vnto,  
 And saith that Alfyne is preste  
     Her bidding for to doe.  
 With that he goes awaye,  
     And saieth then that he,  
 At one time or an other, will  
     Returne her grace to see.  
 And now the pleasaunt dewe  
     Of heauen beginnes to fall  
 And eache man loe, his reste to take  
     Perswadeth there withall.  
 The syluer skye of hew  
     The darkesome shades of night

Doth couer cleane the sunne and daye  
    Descended out of sight,  
And glistring starres do decke  
    The pole of heauen so hie,  
And nature ginnes her rest to craue  
    With heuy pensiuē eye.  
Thus then Pandauola  
    Her rest to take doth go,  
And wisheth that Alfyne her knight  
    Weare there so none might knowe.  
She rouples, she tournes, she tosse,  
    With dreaming often, to  
One while she thinketh on their loue  
    An other while to doe.  
Some prety feate so that  
    They their desire may haue,  
An other whyle she counteth on  
    Her honor for to saue.  
Thus on this wyse she spendes,  
    And driues the night awaye,  
Untill such tyme as Phebus did  
    His banner foorth displaye,  
With clearsome light aboue,  
    Our Horisonte in east.  
And with his praunsing horse drewe foorth  
    His chaire into the weste.  
Then Alfyne comes vnto  
    The court of Sylewma,  
And enters into the chamber  
    Of fayre Pandauola,  
Who when she sawe, then straight  
    With stretched paulmes awid

She giues the Gods most hartly thankes,  
     That so for her prouide.  
 And then about his necke  
     Her gentill armes she caste,  
 With kissing swete, a thousand foulde  
     She welcomes him at last.  
 And there he doth abide  
     With her his Lady bright,  
 His life, his health, his ioye, his trust,  
     And eke his hartes delight.  
 Unto the king they go,  
     And he in chamber is,  
 Who for to welcome Alfyne, doth  
     With frendly hart him kisse :  
 And eke Pandauola :  
     Whose kisses were more swete  
 Then fathers were, Alfyne her knight  
     Againe with kisse doth grete.  
 Then downe to meate they go,  
     For dinner drewe full nie, ioyfull  
 So they consume that ioyfull daie  
     With pleasaunt hermony.  
 But Alfyne and the mayde,  
     (The dinner being done)  
 Unto their chamber richely decte,  
     To talke are thether gone.  
 Thus haue they past the daye,  
     And Alfyne sees that night  
 Is come, for to departe as then,  
     He sheweth that it is right.  
 But lo Pandauola,  
     This parting ill doth take,

And doth desire him that he will  
    As then his soiorne y make.  
But he desiring lo  
    Paredon, doth her denie,  
(For those his wordes) and sayeth more,  
    Her father he will trie,  
As concerning the thing  
    That they haue greede upon,  
They take their leaue and Alfine he  
    Unto his place is gone,  
The gliding starres perswades  
    Eche tñing vnto his reste  
And darkesome shades the pole of heauen  
    Do compas to the west,  
And pleasaunt sleape doth creepe  
    By stealth into their eies,  
In meane while the golden pole  
    Of heauen about earth flies,  
And gilding starres doe fall,  
    Then shone Aurora cleare,  
And Phebus bright with glistring beames,  
    Unto vs he doth appeare.  
Then Alfyne doth arise,  
    And to the king doth go,  
In purpose of the king the ende  
    Of his intente to knowe,  
Who when he comes he gretes  
    The king likewyse againe,  
Doth welcome him and geues him thankses,  
    That he would take the paine  
As to come him to see,  
    With that a knight full faire

Came to the king and said, that he  
    For this cause did repaire,  
To tell vnto his grace  
    Some newes, wherby he might  
Some helpe forsee, for him and his,  
    As due it was be tright.  
To whom the king commaund,  
    That he without all shame  
Should tell his tale, and said that he  
    Therefore should haue no blame.  
The knight then thus begonne,  
    Oh king, the Christian knightes  
Inuade thy lande, and daily yet  
    They worke vs more despights.  
The Spasyardes doe possesse  
    Almost thy countrey rounde,  
And Hungarians doe like wise  
    Thy people quight confounde,  
Helpe therefore nowe O king  
    With spede we thee doe praye,  
Or els they quighte will ouerronne  
    This land without delaye.  
For now from this same place  
    They be but iourneyes small.  
Helpe nowe oh king, sith we as nowe  
    For helpe to thee doe call.  
This saide, the king straght way  
    Doth for his counsell call,  
The which doe come, and then they do  
    Enter the counsell hall.  
When they were set, Alfyne  
    Doth foorth his matter breake,

But lo, the king doth him commaunde  
    No woorde therof to speake.  
And thus he saide, syr knyght,  
    You knowe the royall rase  
Of Pandauola, and she ought  
    In suche a kinde of case  
For to be matcht with one  
    Whose birth is somewhat like :  
Therefore syr Alfyne wey this well,  
    And yours is farre to seke.  
Therefore your selfe content,  
    For I doe tell you plaine,  
She shall not yet be maried,  
    Yet muse I more againe,  
Sithe that you being but  
    A Duke of lynage poore,  
Should seme to craue in mariage  
    So ryche and fayre a flowre.  
When as syr Flaccus, who  
    Is next me in this lande,  
Will not presume her for to craue :  
    Therefore thus it shall stande,  
That when a time shall come  
    Better we will prouide  
For her then so, therefore (quoth he)  
    Set this your talke aside.  
And then he doth declare  
    The fine of this intent,  
As concerning the warres in hand,  
    And this was their iudgement :  
That Syluma him selfe,  
    An army great should make,

And shall descende in battell and  
     Should Alfyne with him take.  
 So thus they haue agreed,  
     And there the counsell brake,  
 And Alfyne he doth from the king  
     His iourney forthwith take  
 Unto the chamber of  
     The daughter of the king,  
 And vnto her recounteth all  
     Of euery kinde of thyng  
 That hath bene saide or done,  
     Within the chamber lo.  
 She vnderstandeth euery white,  
     Alfyne then thence doth go  
 With heuy cheare and then  
     Pandauola doth wayle,  
 And afterwards her maydes she calles  
     With them for to counsaile  
 Wherof one Palyne,  
     Suche one as she may truste  
 She calles to her, and so her mynde  
     At last she hath discuste  
 From point to point, and then  
     For counsell she doth craue,  
 To whome Palyne aunswered,  
     'This sorte (quoth she) I haue  
 Oh noble Lady deare,  
     Byne trusted nowe ear this  
 About suche cures, wherfore I hope  
     That nowe I shall not misse,  
 But will you ease certaine,  
     Of good chere therefore be,



And for a tyme let fortune woorke,  
The ende your grace shall see  
To be profitable,  
When he at warres hath bene,  
We can not tell but happely  
May chaunce some kinde of thing,  
Or iust deserte of his  
Upon our enemies tride,  
That may vnto this euill chaunce  
Some better waye prouide.  
Therefore my counsell is,  
That he with willing mynde  
Shall doe the thing what that it be  
To him that is a synde.  
Therby full soone he may  
Obtaine your fathers grace  
To be his friende, more faithfull then  
He nowe is in this case.  
And when some noble feate  
He shall haue complishd so,  
A daily friende the king will be  
To him, this well you knowe.  
Then may he seme to craue,  
And also iustly may  
You, to obtaine be the bolder  
Your father for to praye.  
Therefore my counsell is,  
That you with spede and might  
Shall him perswade for to be stoute  
According vnto right,  
Your fathers foes to quell  
And true subiect to be,

Regarding not your fathers woordes,  
     But his faith and dutie.  
 The daye is come, and they  
     Their armies great haue chose,  
 And Alfyne with his armie, he  
     Unto the Palayse goes  
 Of Syluma the king,  
     And mousters him before  
 With colour pale and angry harte,  
     Much like vnto a Bore.  
 He castes his holowe eyes  
     Now here, now there about,  
 With frothing lips his dedly thoughtes  
     With colour black flye out.  
 The king the mouster sees,  
     For Alfyne he doth sende,  
 And doth cōmaunde that he forthwith  
     Unto the felde do wende,  
 The Christians they prepare  
     Defence with spede to make,  
 And Alfyne he beginnes forthwith  
     Thether his waye to take.  
 The armie of the king  
     Is ready in this tide,  
 The which to Flaccus he committes  
     Unto the felde to guyde,  
 But yet before they go,  
     Alfyne his leaue doth take  
 Of Pandauola bright and shene,  
     His loue, his deare, his mate,  
 To whome she on this sorte  
     Began her tale to tell,

(Quoth she) O Alfyne this my deare,  
    You know full sure and well,  
That when by prowes great  
    Some thing you shall achiefe,  
Then bouldly may you aske i wys  
    Me for to be your wife.  
Therefore my counsell is  
    All rancor layde asyde,  
That you my fathers heastes to doe  
    With spede shall runne and ryde.  
Neither that you should take  
    Suche griefe, of that he saide,  
Be of good chere, fortune hath now  
    Her worste at first displayde.  
Then rounde about his necke  
    Her gentell armes she caste  
With teares she brwes her gētil chekes  
    And takes her leue at last.  
Now Alfyne and the king  
    Unto the army goes,  
The king the conduct of the warre  
    Nowe vnto Alfyne shoes,  
And him exhortes to striue  
    Victorie to obtaine,  
And then he sayes in end he shall  
    Him well rewarde for paine  
This wordes to Alfyne gaue  
    Some hope his praye to wynne,  
For ioye whereof his heauy harte  
    Reioyseth now within.  
The Sunne hath entryd now  
    The waues that shine so bright

And Luna spreades her beames abroad,  
Now procheth on the night.  
The king and Alfyne they  
Unto the campe are come,  
Before the waues haue couered  
The golden shining Sunne.  
The Souldiers busy be  
Their campe to fortifie,  
Some go to reste, the glistring starres  
Fulfilling all the skie.  
The night is gone and all,  
The armie plaine Apeares :  
Then all the Christians foorthwith  
Their standardes tall vpreares.  
The Turke is nothing slowe  
The Christians to mete,  
With chrayshing swoordes, the other they  
With lusty bloes do grete  
Upon the name of Christe  
Full loude the Christians call,  
The Turkes vnto their Mahomet  
With prayer ginnes to fall.  
The Turkes haue lost that daye,  
Of men a nomber great,  
But yet for that they do not seace,  
The Christians heads to beate.  
The gonstones through the ayre  
With dolefull voyce doe crie,  
And fautall arrowes through the cloud  
Into eche armie flie.  
And here in fleshe it lightes,  
And geues a deadly wounde :

And in an other parte there is  
    A thousand brought to grounde.  
The battaile standes in doubt,  
    At last the Christians, they  
Haue wonne the felde, the Turkes apase  
    From thence doe flie awaye.  
Thus pleased God to graunte  
    The victorie as then  
By force so gotte, end for to fall  
    Unto the Christen men.  
The night departed hath  
    The armies for that tide,  
And misty cloudes eche others campe  
    Asunder doth deuide.  
When that the daie was come,  
    And Phebus shone full bright,  
The Turke beginnes to incourage  
    His souldiers for to fight.  
And thus to them he saies  
    With cruell angry cheare :  
As by the wordes that he did speake,  
    May very well appeare.  
Oh catiues quight undone,  
    You traytours to your king :  
You enemies to Mahomet,  
    What got you by flying.  
This other daie nowe paste  
    Before your enemies hande,  
And for your cowardnes durst not  
    Before their swordes to stande.  
Why should not they possesse  
    That earst our fathers wanne,

And why, haue they not quite destroide  
     Of vs both childe and man ?  
 What could their force withstande  
     When you began to flie.  
 Thinke you that stones for our quarel  
     With them would seme to trie.  
 The honour of our name,  
     Through you is gone and lost  
 The fame of oure olde aunceters  
     Is topsy touruy toste  
 By Mahomete (quoth he)  
     Nothing doth make me muse,  
 That then to spoyle our tentes also,  
     The Christians did refuse,  
 But that I thinke some god  
     Our ruen did perpende  
 And therefore would not suffer them  
     Their fury to extende.  
 With that he paused awhyle,  
     His souldiers full bould  
 Did giue a showte as heauē and earth  
     As then together would  
 The whiche he marked well,  
     My thinkes (quoth he) I see  
 The hartes and willes of men which woulde  
     Not so accompted be,  
 But that they would reuenge  
     Their shame committed so  
 They crie, desiring of the king  
     That they to felde may go,  
 And then he should perceiue  
     Their hartes and willes the more,

How they would reuenge the iniurie  
    Done so the daie before.  
Then saide the king, sithe that  
    Amendes you tende to make,  
I am content forthwith the felde  
    Against our foes to take.  
Then to the felde he goes  
    With all his Turkishe trayne :  
The Christians forthwith also  
    Descende vnto the playne,  
The battaile then beginnes  
    Full fiers on ether side.  
The Christians striue the bodies of  
    The Turkes for to deuide.  
But Alfyne he doth so  
    With sworde the Christians checke,  
That some he makes lower to be  
    By head and eke the necke.  
Then when the Christian kynges  
    On that sorte so beholde.  
Euen with a winge of horsemen they  
    Syr Alfyne doe infolde.  
There they him prisoner take  
    And led him to their tent,  
The Turkes y<sup>e</sup> while to win the felde  
    Or els to die are bent.  
Thus standes it all the daye  
    The Christians are full faine  
For to retire they hauing so  
    Almost their armie slaine.  
Then Syleuma the king  
    Unto their tentes doth go,

And by and by, a messenger  
Comes and to him doth showe,  
Howe that the noble Duke  
Syr Alfyne him doth praye,  
In all the haste that eare he came,  
His raunsome he will paye,  
And also this beside,  
The Christians require  
To haue a peace confirmde of him,  
For the space of three yeare.  
When nues did come to him  
That Alfyne did abide  
With the Christians as prysoner,  
He calles his Lordes asyde.  
And asked them what they  
Would counsell him to doe :  
To whom syr Flaccus answered  
That sithe it came so to  
Passe, as he looked for,  
He thought it best, that he  
Should as a prisoner with those  
Of Christendome still be,  
For he that would your grace  
To them haue deliuere,  
In my iudgement he ought not now  
So to be raunsomed.  
But for the peace he saide,  
He thought it good to be  
Concluded vpon for so small time,  
As farre as he could see.  
And lastly ye shall fynde  
Full well (quoth he) I knowe,



That he for a litle or naught  
    Againe shall be let go.  
That I haue saide (quoth he)  
    I will proue it to ende,  
Therefore (quoth he) oh king you may  
    If please you answere sende  
Unto the Christians, that  
    Sithe that they peace doe craue,  
You are content that for three yeares,  
    A peace that they shall haue.  
The counsell all doe like  
    This Flaccus counsell so  
That thereupon they doe agree  
    Before the truthe they knowe.  
The messenger they call  
    His message to receiue :  
Who hath the peace graunted to him,  
    And so they take their leaue.  
But as for Alfyne, he  
    Should not his raunsome haue,  
And with this floute he bad that they  
    That iuell riche should saue.  
The messenger is gone  
    The Christen kinges vnto :  
When he was come, he thus at last  
    His message gan to doe.  
The kinges and Lordes once set,  
    His tale he thus began :  
(Quoth he) I haue most royall Lordes  
    As farre forth as I can  
Requested of the king  
    A peace for three yeares space,

The whiche he hath graunted to vs,  
     But yet thus saith his grace,  
 That as for Alfyne he  
     Sall still your prisoner be.  
 And this condicion that  
     You all his lande must leaue  
 Within eight monethes vpon this same  
     Your peace ye must receiue :  
 This message being done,  
     They straight them sport and playe  
 With ioye and myrth, and some of them  
     To Alfyne take their waye,  
 Who mourning ginnes to wayle,  
     And thus at last he saide.  
 And hath my Lege denied me  
     My raunsome to be payde,  
 I some time was a Prince,  
     But now a captiue vile,  
 A slaue, a drudge, a beaste, no man,  
     But drouen to exile.  
 Oh would (quoth he) to God  
     My Lady fayre and bright,  
 Did knowe my case how my true hart  
     Hath brought me this despight.  
 Oh Sylewma (quoth he)  
     Haue I so trusty bene  
 To thee and thine, and yet by me  
     Thou settest not a pinne.  
 These Christian knightes I know,  
     Would haue sone raunsomed me  
 If theirs I were and had bene tooke  
     Of thee mine enemy.

Muche gentlier be these knightes  
    Unto me, I doe fynde,  
Then thou oh Tyraunt fierse and fell  
    Unto me in this kinde,  
Wherfore I praie the Goddes  
    Some good lucke then to sende.  
That once they may of thee and me,  
    Both see some euill ende :  
Fare well my Lady deare  
    Pandauola the fayre,  
That art to Sylewma the king,  
    His daughter and his ayre :  
Fare well I saye, for now  
    Thou shalt some other haue.  
And Flaccus now myne enemy,  
    May boldly seeme to craue  
Thee of thy father now,  
    I can not him withholde,  
For lo, the king doth not esteme  
    Me worth a strawe of golde.  
Oh knightes, alfyne beholde  
    For Ladies bright and shene  
That wonted was with you to iuste  
    With speres both sharpe and kend  
Lo, now in chaines he lies  
    Fast bounde, both foote and hande :  
Oh Pandauola that for thee  
    With Flaccus oft did stande.  
But thus why doe I wayle,  
    Come death and ende my dayes,  
Sythe that vyle wretche I can not be  
    Relieued, by no wayse.

But yet would God my harte  
     She might inioye and haue  
 Before my corps intumyld were  
     Or put into the graue.  
 This saide, he wepes and wayles,  
     And so his talke did ende,  
 The whiche the Christian kinges haue heard  
     And for him straight did sende.  
 The king of Spaine doth rewe,  
     The king of Hungary  
 Doth also wepe to heare how he  
     Lamentes his destenie,  
 At last Alfyne is come  
     Before them, and they all  
 Of him inquier what he would doe,  
     If so it might befall,  
 That if so be at libertie  
     As then that he should wende,  
 Wherto he aunswered, that this  
     As then he did intende  
 That is, he neuer would  
     Take sworde in hand to fight  
 Against the Christians, but that he  
     With all his power and might  
 Would them defende he saide.  
     Wheron they doe agree,  
 That without any raunsome he  
     Forthwith shall losid be  
 To go where that he please,  
     Or els there to abide.  
 They gaue him eke a lusty steade  
     To Uardam for to ryde.

Where after foure monethes space  
    Unto the court he came  
Of Syleuma which then was held  
    Within the towne Uardam,  
But when he would haue prochte  
    Syleumase court vnto,  
He was forbode by the porter  
    So on that sorte to doe.  
Wherfore he doth departe  
    Unto his mansion place,  
To whome a messenger doth come  
    From old Syleumas grace.  
With this message in hande,  
    That he his house should holde  
Untill he knewe farther, and not  
    Once for to be so bolde  
As once abrode to go  
    From that his house certaine.  
The messenger doth then departe  
    Unto the king againe,  
And Alfyne he this while  
    As the rewarde of payne,  
Unto the Christian Kinges hath sent  
    Twelue cartes lodid with graine,  
Which thing when Flaccus knew,  
    He forward straight doth goe  
To Syluma the king, and he  
    Therof his grace doth showe.  
Then Syleuma doth sende  
    His messenger to areste  
Syr Alfyne, of such treason as  
    Before it is exprest.

The messenger hath done  
     He was commaunded to do,  
 The officers syr Alfyne bringes  
     King Syleuma vnto.  
 Who when he comes, then straight  
     The king to iudgement goes,  
 And Flaccus he doth enter in  
     And the accusement showes,  
 Whiche Alfyne doth denie :  
     But Flaccus doth desire  
 According to the lawe of armes,  
     To trie it with his speare.  
 Wherto the king doth graunt,  
     The our of fight is set :  
 And now the Lordes and Ladies do  
     About their places get,  
 The houre being come,  
     The king with all his trayne,  
 Are come and take their place  
     In midstest vpon the playne.  
 Then Flaccus commeth in,  
     The king once being set,  
 And then the Harrauldes are cōmaūde  
     Alfyne to fielde to fette :  
 Pandauola she sittes  
     Hard by her fathers side,  
 The Harrauldes are come, and Alfyne  
     Into the fielde doth ryde  
 To Syluma the king :  
     Flaccus doth come also,  
 And there the accusation  
     Againe Flaccus doth showe,

For proufe wherof he is  
Contented for to trie  
The combate, but Alfyne  
Syr Flaccus wordes deny,  
And saieth that he will  
According vnto right,  
Proue y<sup>t</sup> he hath spoke al these wordes  
Of falshod and despight.  
The Harraulde then beginne  
Therof to make the crie,  
With speare in hand like lusty knights  
They runne immediatly,  
When speares were broke, they then  
Vnto their swordes them take  
And laiying on such lode, they teache  
A medicine for head ake.  
Suche bloues Alfyne doth deale  
As he that had bene there  
Would not haue thought, that Flaccus shold  
So many bloues haue beare.  
But lo as thinges are set  
So oftentimes they fall,  
Their swordes are broke, and they  
For other swordes doe call,  
The which when that they haue,  
With courage bould and stoute,  
The manly knightes vnequall macht,  
Doe lay them rounde about,  
But Flaccus to Alfyne  
Hath such a blowe him lent,  
That maugre all his force, to grounde  
He Alfyne downe hath sent :

But Alfine being quicke,  
    He getteth vp againe,  
And such a blowe Flaccus he lent,  
    That Flaccus he hath slaine.  
Which when the king behelde  
    With heauy dolefull cheare,  
He parted thence, much like a man  
    Full mad he did appeare.  
Then Alfyne did commaunde  
    His body to be drawne  
Throughout the citie round about  
    According to the lawe.  
Then Alfyne to the court  
    Of Syleuma doth come,  
And Pandauola in her armes  
    Her Alfyne hath up num  
And kisseth him full ofte,  
    With geuing thankes certaine  
Unto her God, that so Alfyne  
    His enemy hath slaine.  
The king with ier possest,  
    No lenger can abyde,  
But drawes his fatall blade, and it  
    In Alfynes throte doth hyde.  
Whiche when his daughter sawe  
    That murdring cruell dede,  
She tooke him vp, and euen then  
    She to her father yede,  
Desiring him that she,  
    For all his raging spytes  
Might geue the body of buriyng,  
    The solome kinde of rightes.



To which thing he doth graunte,  
    But saies, she shall not be  
At the buriall, but she should stande  
    Where as she might it see.  
So straight a fyer great  
    Under the toure was made  
Where she did stande, and Alfyne  
    Into the fyer was layde.  
When she behelde this corps,  
    Alfyne she loude doth call,  
And sodainly from of the toure  
    She flong her selfe withall,  
Disdaining lo that so  
    Her father did presume.  
And there in fyer two louers  
    Did quight and cleane consume.  
The Ladies they runne in  
    Her father for to tell  
Who when he harde of his daughter  
    What mischief had befell :  
Upon his fatall sworde,  
    He fell and so was slayne,  
Not leauing any issue there  
    As king for to remayne.

Finis. quoth J. Pertridge.

¶ To Thomas Baynam  
his friende, John P.  
wysmeth health.

*Amicus est quasi alter idem.*

Vnworthy is that wight  
A benefite in deede,  
Which will not once requite  
A gift that did proceede  
From such a one whose will  
Indeuour and intent,  
To pleasure him in very deede,  
From time to time was bent.  
But like a crabid churle againe  
Naught wayeng that they payde  
But for thy gentilnes foreshoude  
Requites it with disdaine.  
As is the prouerbe olde,  
Wherfore least I should be  
Acoumpted as vngratefull nowe  
To such a frende as ye;  
I haue this story brought  
Unto our vulgar speche  
To pleasure you, wherfore accept  
The same, I you beseche.  
And as a recompence  
Though that the gift be small,  
Yet doe accept the louing hart  
The giuer giues withall.

Finis.

¶ *De amore inter Amicos.*

As loue is chiefest thing  
     That common is to all,  
 So faithfulness is rare thing  
     That to louers doth fall.  
 For many frendes there be  
     In outward kinde of shewe,  
 But faithful frendes as wyse men saye  
     There is a very fewe,  
 Suche frendes I meane, as will  
     Not hault with hound nor hare  
 But for the profite of his friend,  
     Nor friend ne foe will spare.  
 Nor he who heate nor colde,  
     Ne tempest, wynde, nor rayne,  
 Can cause to flie but in all stormes  
     Still constant doth remaine.  
 Such one a Juell is,  
     Excelling golde and fee :  
 And he is riche that hath a frende  
     So sure a one as he.  
 The greedy yauning iause  
     Of vipers flattring taile  
 Do what they cā, against such frendes  
     Can naught at all preuaile.

¶ *In blanditia adulatorum.*

As he is blest in deede  
     That hath a trusty friende,  
 So contrary is he on whome  
     Flatterers doe much intende.  
 For as the trusty friende  
     No paine can call awaye,  
 Euen so doe flatterers flie apase  
     When that no more they may  
 Obteine that they desire,  
     But in his paine and grieffe  
 They do him leaue whē their frēdship  
     Of ioyse should be the chiefe.  
 But as the Scorpion doth  
     As those that trye doe knowe  
 No hurt at all, so long as you  
     In quiet let them go.  
 But when she once shall feele  
     You, to disturbe her ease  
 Neuer so smal then straight she seekes  
     Againe you to displease :  
 By pouring out of her  
     Her poysoned styng, wherby  
 She stynges so sore, that out of hande  
     The party stong shall die,  
 Unlesse that the selfe same  
     That stong him so before  
 Be slayne, his health againe  
     He cannot get no more.  
 And yet it standes in doubte  
     Though that the same they get,

If that the Scorpion to the hart  
     The poyson so hath set.  
 Hermes, a flattring man  
     Doth lyken well certaine  
 Unto a Camell, which saue white,  
     All colours doth retaine.  
 And as he wantes the same,  
     So like wyse may we see  
 A flatterer, all pointes to haue  
     Saue only honestie.  
 No dagger strikes more depe,  
     Nor Uiper poysones so  
 As doth the flattring parasite,  
     A swete destroyng to.  
 Therefore if you be wyse,  
     Learne to escewe the snare  
 Of flatterers, or els perhaps  
     They make your purse full bare.  
 And warning take by him  
     That therof feeles the payne  
 If you be wyse, and from such men  
     Your footesteps do you frame.

Finis. quoth J. Par.





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COMÈT EURIALUS ESCOUTOIT LA LÂGUE  
DES S'UTEURS, ET FUT MIS EN LA CHAMBRE PAR LA FENESTRE, ET  
DE CE Q' FUT FAIT LA.

# The goodli

History of the moste noble & beautifull  
Ladye Lucretia of Scene in Tuskany,  
and of her louer Curtialus, verye  
pleasaunt and delectable vnto the  
reader.

(\*)

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\* \*

\* Anno Domini.  
M. D. L. X. vii.

E.V.





THE Emperour Sygismonde enteringe into the Towne of Scene in Tuskane what Honours he receyued : is al redy euery where published. His palace was prepared at Sayncte Marthyes chapell in the strete that ledethe vnto the Strete, called Tophore. After the Cceremonys finyshed, when Sigismond was come thyther, foure ladyes in noblenes, facion, age and apparell semblable dyd mete hym not lyke mortal women : but as goddes, to euery mans iudgemente and yf they hadde ben but thre they hadde been too bee rekened theym that Parys sawe in his dreame. Sigismōd (though he were aged) was prone vnto luste, and delyted muche in deuyssinge with ladyes, and reioysed in blandismentes of women, nor nothinge was to hym more plesaunt, then to behold goodly women. Then in aduysinge them (vnlyke to the rest) he was receyued from his horse among them and turnīg to his familiers sayd, saw ye euer any lyke to these women I am in doubt whether these faces be mankynde, or aungels, but surely they are heauēly. They casting their eyne to the ground in blushynge became fayrer, and that ruddy flushynge in theyr chekes, gaue suche a colour to their countenaunce, as hath the ynde euery stoined w<sup>t</sup> the scarlet, or the whit lilies amōg the purple roses : But amōg al : Lucre the yong Ladie not yet of twenty yeres, shone in great brightnes yong maryed in the famyly of the Camilis, vnto a very rich mā, named Menelaus vnwortheie to whome suche beutye should serue at home, but wel worthye of his wyfe to be deceyued. The stature of the Lady Lucre was more hygher than the other. Her heare plenteous and lyke vnto the gould wyre, which hanged not downe behinde her, after the manner and custome of maydēs : but in goulde and stone, she had eclosed it, her forhed high of semely space, wythoute wrynkell, her browes bente facioned, wyth fewe heares, by due space, deuyded, her eyne

shininge wythe suche bryghtnes that lyke as the sonne, they ouer-came the behoulders loking with those she might whome she woulde, flee (and slayne) whē she wold reuyue. Strayt as thriede was her noose, and by euen deuision parted, her fayre chekes, nothinge was more amiable, then these chekes, nor nothing more delectable to behold, wherein (whan she dyd laughe) appeared two proper pytes, whiche no man dyd see, that wished not to haue kissed. Her mouth smal and comely her lippis of corall coloure, handsome to byte on, her small tethe wel set in order semed Cristal, throughe which the quyerynge tonge dyd send furthe, (not wordes) but mooste plea-saunt armony. What shall I shewe the beautye of her chynne, or the whitenesse of her necke? Nothyng was in that bodye not too bee praysed, as the outwarde aparauces shewed token of that was in warder no man beheld her that dyd not enuye her husband, she was in speche as the fame is, that the mother of Gracchus was or the doughter of Hortentius. Nothyng was more sweter, nor soberer, than her talke. She pretended not (as doth mani) honestie by heui countenaunce: but with mery vysage, shewed her sobernes, not fearefull nor ouer heardye: but vnder drede of shame, she cared in a womans harte. Her apparell was diuers, she wanted, nether broches, borders, gyrdels, nor rynges. The abilymentes of her head, was sumptuouse, many pearles, many dyamantes, were on her fingers and in her borders. I thincke the day that the Greeke Menelaus feested Parys, Helen was no fayrer: nor Adromaches no more gorgeus when shee was married vnto Hector. And amonge those was Katheryne of Perusia that shortelye after dyed, in whose funerals the Emperoure was presounte (and thoughe he were but a chylde) made her Sonne knyght at her sepulchre, and of her the beautye was also merueluse: but no thinge so greate, as of Lucreces. her dyd the Emperoure Sigismonde and all other, prayse and beholde, but one among theym, more than ynoughe was sette vppon her.

¶ Eurialus of the contrie of Francony, whome neyther shap nor rychesse caused to be vnmete to loue hee was of the age of two and thyrty yeres, not very hyghe stature, but of gladsome and pleasaunt facion, with noble yene, his chekes ruddy and fayre, as the whyte lylyes amonge the purple roses hys other membres (as who sayed) w<sup>t</sup> a statelines of shape correspōdent to his stature. The other courtyers by lōg warre, were but poore Hee besydes his owne substaunce, by famylyartyie wyth the Emperoure, receyued daylie rewardes. He was more and more gorgeouse in sighte of menne, and leade a greate trayne of seruauntes after hym. And he hadde suche a horse (as the tale reporteth) as Mennō hadde, whan he came to Troye. Nothing he wanted to prouoke y<sup>e</sup> same hete of the mynd, called loue but onlye ydlenes, yet youth lust, and the glade goodes of fortune, with whiche thynges Hee was well nouryshed, ouer came hym out of his owne power, Eurialus as sone as he had sene Lucre, he brent in the loue of the Lady, and firyng his eyne in her face, neuer thought he to haue sene ynoughe, yet loueth he not in vayne, it is a wouderouse thyng, there were manye goodly yonge men but Lucre had onely chosen thys, there were manie goodly women: But Eurialus had chosen her onely. Neuertheles, not at the tyme knewe Lucre the fame of Eurialus towarde her, nor he hers, but eche one of theym thought to haue loued in vayne.

The ceremonies vnto y<sup>e</sup> Emperoure finished, she retourned whome, hoole vowed vnto Eurialus, and Eurialus clene geuen vnto Lucre, remayneth, Who nowe should maruell of the tale of Pyramys and Thisbe? betwyxte whome, bothe acquayntaunce and neyghbourehode myghte be entre of theyr loue, and in tyme grewe theyre lowe. These louers Eurialus and Lucre, neuer sawe nor hearde afore eyther of other, he a Franchonyen, and she a Tuskan, nor in these busenes they occupied not theyr tongues: but it was all done w<sup>t</sup> eyne, sythens that the one so plesed the other. Lucre then wounded

with greuous care, and takē wyth they blynde fyre forgetting all readye that shee is maryed, hateth her husbände, and wyth woundes nouryshynge the wounde holdethe fyxed in her breste the countenance and face of Eurialus, nor geueth no maner reste vnto her lymmes and wyth her selfe saythe, I wote not what lettethe me that I can no more companie with my husbände nothyngē delytethe me hys embracynges no thynges pleaseth me hys kysses, his wordes anoye me so standeth alwayes afore myne eyene the ymage of the straūger that to day was nexte vnto the Emperour. Caste halas, oh vnhappye, oute of my chaste breaste that conceyued flames, yf thou maye, yf I myght, halas, I shoulde not be, as I am, euell at ease. A new kind of strengthe agaynste my wyll, draweth me. My desyre and my reson meueth me dyuerslye, I knowe the best, and the worste I folowe, Oh Noble cytezen, what hast thou to do with an vnknowne mā whye brennest thou in straungers loue ? whye seekest thou thy luste, in a straunge cuntrye ? yf thy husband louethe the thyne owne cōuntrye may geue thee that thou loueste, Oh, but what a maner of face hath he ? what woman woulde not be meaued wyth his beautye, youth Noblenes, and vertue ? surely I am, and withoute hys helpe, I despayre, God graunt vs better Shall I betray halas, the chaste spousels, and be take me too a straunger, I wote not whence ? which when he hath abused me, shall departe, and shal be an others and so leaue me behinde, but by his countenaūce, it is not lyke to be so and the noblenes of his mynde semeth not to be suche nor so pretendethe not the grace of hys beuty that I should fere disceit or his forgetting of loue. And he shall promise a forehande assured, whye do I dread I shall apply it without ferther abrode, parde, I am so fayre that hee will no lesse desyre me, than I hym, hee shall be myne for euer, yf ones I may receyue hym to my kysses. How many do wo me where so euer I go ? how many ryuals do watche afore my dore ? I shal entende to loue, either he shal tarye here or at hys departinge cary me with hym. Shall I than forsake,



my mother my husbnde and my countrye my mother is frowarde and alwayes againste myne appetites my husbnde I had rather wante, than haue, my countrye is there as I delyte to dwel, but shal I so lease my Fame? whye Not? what haue I to do wyth mennes wordes which I shall not here? Nothing shal he dare, y<sup>t</sup> feareth the theratninge of fame, many other haue, done the same, Helena woulde be rauyshed. Paris caryed her not away against her wil What shal I tel of Dyana or Media? no mā blameth the fauter that fauteth wyth many. Thus sayd Lucres, nor within his brest, nouryshed Euryalus no lesse flames.

In the myd way, betwyxt the Emperors courte, and Euryalus lodgyng was Lucreses house, and Euryalus myght not go vnto the pallace, but showing her self out of the highe wyndowes, was in hys eyne, but always Lucres blusshed, whan she sawe Eurialus, which thyng gaue vnto the Emperour knowledge of the loue For as by custome he vsed to ryde here and there, passyng often that way, he saw the woman chaunge countenaunce, by Eurialus comyng, whiche, was as next vnto hym as Mecena to Octauyan to whome the Emperour lokyng asyde, sayde doste thou bren women on thys facion Euryalus? that woman surely loueth the, and ones in maner as though he had enuyed his loue, whē he came before Lucres house he put Eurialus cappe ouer his ayne, thou shalte not see quod he that thou louest, I wyll myselfe vse the sighte. Eurialus aunswered, sir what meanethe this? I haue nothinge to do with her, but take heede what ye doe least ye bringe suspecte in them that bee here about vs Eurialus was mounted vpon an hygh rayned couler, wyth a small heade, whose shorte bely and fayre here caused him to shewe, goodly, well brested, lusty, and courageous so that heryng the trumpet he could no where reaste he receyued the fury of the noyse, hys fayre manie honge vppon y<sup>e</sup> ryght side, And the grounde resowned, beten with his fote, and not much vnlike him was his maister, whē he had

espied Lucrez who beinge alone, as sone as She hadde sene him, coude neyther temper the flame nor her selfe so the vnhappy Lucrez did burne. In mene houses dwelleth chastetye, and onely Pouertye vsed good affection and Chastye that hanteth small cotages, knoweth not the policies for ryche mene who that haboundeth in prosperytie lightlye desyreth, vnaccoustomed thynges, Fyers, luste, companyon to fortune hathe chosen dylicate Howses and statly mancions. Lucrez, that aften times beholdynge Eurialus passing by, might not asswage her ardaunte desire, busely thinckinge to whome she might her selfe discouer, for who that secreatlye brenneth, more greuouuslie suffreth.

There was amonge the seruauntes of her husbaunde, one Zosias an Almaine olde and faithfull to his maister : whome he had longe serued, verye honestlye, him doth she go vnto trusting more to the nacion than to the man.

The Emperour accompanied with manye Noble menne, wente solacyinge throughe the towne, and euen nowe did he passe by the house of Lucrez whō whā she knew that Eurialus was ther Come hether quod she Zosias I would speke with thee, loke heare out of the windowe, where in the worlde is there onye youthe lyke this, seest thou how vpryght and fayre sprede shoulders they haue, behoulde theyer bushes and well kempte heares Oh, what faces, what fayre neckes. What noble hartes theyr countenaūces dothe pretend this is an other kynde of people than our Countrye dothe brede, they seme Goddes or of heauenlie kynde. O that fortune had giuen me an husbande of one of these, yf myne eyene had not sene them I woulde neuer haue beleued thee, yf thou hadde toulde me of them, Yet the fame is that the Almaynes excelleth all other people, and surelye I beleue that the colde geueth to them great whitnes, the countries so drawyng towarde the Northe. But dooste to knowe anye of them. yea many quod Zosias Than quod

Lucres, Eurialus the Franconyen, dooste thou know him? Ye as mine owne selfe, sayth Zosias, but why doste thou aske? I shall tell thee quod shee. I knowe it shall not be disclosed, thys hoope hath thy goodnes gyuen me. Amonge all them that are about the Emperoure, none pleaseth me lyke hym. In him mi mynde is meaued. I wotte not wyth what flames I burne, I canne neyther forget hym, nor yet my selfe apeare, excepte I maye make my selfe acquaynted wythe hym. Go therefore I beseche thee Zosias, seeke Eurialus, tell him I loue him, nothyngel les I desyre of the, and yet this shalt thou not do in vayne, what is thys quod Zosias? shall I eyther do suche outrage, or ones thynke it Madame, shall I betraye my Maister? shal I nowe olde begyne too deceyue, which I haue hated in my youth Rather mooste Noble Ladye of thys Towne caste fourthe the wicked furoure out of thi chaste breste, folowe not thy cruell hoope, but quenche the fire, Hee doth not painefullie put backe loue, that resisteth the firste assautes, but thee that the sweete yll flatering doth nourishe, geueth hym to bondage of a right harde and cruel maister, nor whan hee woulde, maye not forsake the yocke, whiche yf thy husbände should knowe, halas vnder what facyon woulde he tormente the? no loue can longe lye hyddene.

¶ Houlde thy peace quod Lucres, there is no feare at all, nothyngel he feareth that feareth not death. I am content to suffer it what soeuer happeneth, what oppynyon dooste thou houlde? Oh vn-happie quod Zosias, thou shalt shame thy house, and onlye of all thy kynne thou shalte bee adulteresse, thinkest thou the deade can be secreate. A thousand eyne are aboute thee. Thy mother, yf shee do accordinge, shall not suffer thy outrage to be preuye, not thy husbände, not thy Cousyns, not thy maydens ye and thoughe thy seruauntes woulde holde theyr peace the bestes would speake it, y<sup>e</sup> dogges the poostes, and the marble stones, and thoughe thou hyde all thou canste not hyde it from God that seeth all, Understande that

payne is presente vnto a Gylyte thoughte, and the mynde fylled with offence, feareth hym selfe. Faythe is denied in great crimes Asswage I beseeche thee, the flames of wycked loue, feare to mengle straunge makes in thy husbādes bedde, I knowe quod she it is accordinge as thou sayste, but the rage maketh me folow the worse My mynde knoweth howe I fall hedling, but furour hath ouercom and reygneeth and ouer all my thought ruleth loue. I am determyned to folow the commandement of loue. Ouermuche alas haue I wrestled in vaine, yf thou haue pytie on me, carye my mesage. Ful heauie was Zosias with this worde, and sayde to her thus, for these hoore heares on my heade, by age, and for the faithful seruice that I haue done vnto thy kynne humblye I beseeche thee leue thys furour and helpe thy selfe, a great parte of helthe is to wyll to be heled. To whome sayth Lucreces, all shame hath not forsaken my mynde, I wyll obeye thee Zosia, in the loue that cannot bee hyd only the exchuyng of this yll is by deathe to preuent the offence. Zosias affeared wyth thys sayinge moderate quod hee my ladye the rage of thi vnbrudeled mynde, tempere thy thoughte, nowe arte thou worthi lyfe, when thou iudgest thy selfe worthy of deathe, I am determined quod Lucreces to dye. Collatinus wyfe the faute committed, venged with a swearde. I more honestye shall preuent it, I studye but the kynde of my deathe, a cord swearde, fall or poyson, shall reuēge chastitie one of these I shall assaye. I wyll not suffer thee quod Zosias, quod Lucreces who, that determineth to dye, cannot be let. Perria, at the deathe of Bruthus, whan weapon was taken frome her, dyd eate hote coles, If the furoure bee soo frowarde in thy minde quod Zosias, thy lyfe is rather to be socoured, than the fame, deceytfull is fame that to the yll, better and to the good worsen, is oftē geuen, Lette vs assaye thys Eurialus, and lete vs intende to loue the laboure shall be myne, and as I thyncke, I shall bringe it to effecte :

With these wordes the kyndled thought hee enflamed and gaue

hoope to the doubtfeul mind but his minde was not to doe as hee sayde, hee thought to deferre the mynde of the woman, to aswage the desyre, as often times time quencheth flames and sufferaunce healeth diseases, Zosias went with fals truste to dryue her forthe tel the Emperoure shoulde departe, or shee shoulde chaung her minde leaste yf hee hadde denyed it, yf another messenger shoulde haue bene founde, or els the woman shoulde haue slayne her selfe, oftentimes therefore hee fayned hym selfe to goo and come and that he reioyced in her loue, and sought a cōuenyente tyme that they myghte talke together, sometyme he coulde not speake with hym, some tyme he soughte to be sente oute of the towne, and tyll his retourne deferred her glad dayes, so manie dayes he did fede the sicke minde and because he shoulde not lye in al thinges, once onelye he brake vnto Eurialus, sayinge O howe thou arte here beloued, yet whan he asked what that mente, he answered not. But Eurialus strikē with the secret darte of Cupido, gaue no rest nor sleape to his lymmes, the fyre so crepte in hys vaynes and vtterly wasted his marie yet knewe he not Zosia, nor thoughte him to be the messēger of Lucres, so haue we al lesse hope then desyre, He whan he sawe him selfe burne, a greate while with thys wisdome wōdered and vnder this facion oftentimes blamed him selfe, Lo Eurialus, thou knoweste what the rage of loue is lōg plaintes, and shorte laughters, few ioyes and manye dredes, alwayes he dyeth and is neuer deade that louethe, what doste thou meddle in vayne at laste quod he, and for noughte, O wrech, whye stryue I againste loue? May not I do that Julius that Alexāder, that Hanybal dyd and these were worthie warryoures. Loke besydes vpon Poetes, Virgyll drawen vp by a roape, honge in the mydwaye to the windowe, trustyng to haue embraced his loue. If anye man wyll excuse the Poet, as a folower of a more dissolute lyfe, what shall we saye of Philosophers, maysters of lernynge, and rulers of good lyuing. A woman dyd ryde Aristotle like a horse, and ruled hym with a brydle and spurred hym. It is not

true that is sayde comonlye honoure and loue accorde not together the Emperoures power is equall with the goodes, and who is a greater loue then hee? They say that Hercules, that was strongest of all menne, and of the race of Godes the disroyl of the lyon and his quyere layde a parte, toke in hande roke, and trymmed rynges for his fyngers, and sette in order his rudde busshe, And with hys hande, where with hee wonte too carye a mace by tyrlinge of a spindell he drewe a threde, it is a naturall passyon. Berdes are brente with this fyre. The turtull and the doue dothe loue. What shall I saye of beastes? The horse meuth battell for loue. The feareful hearte sekethe to fyghte And by beleuyng shewethe his furoure, the fyers Tegre, and the cruell Boore, whettyng his teath, doth vse it. And the Lyons of Lybya set vp theyr roughe manes, whan loue mouethe. The monstures of the sea do fele this heate, nothing is free, ne nothing vnto loue denied. Hate gyueth place vnto it. It styrred the fyers flames of youth, and vnto very age it reuokethe the deade heate, and strikethe the brestes of maydens with a breninge fyre. Whye then doo I stryue againste the lawes of loue?

Loue ouercommeth all thing and let vs gyue place vnto him.

¶ Whan these thynges were concluded, he seeketh a bawde too whome he mighte take her leters to carye to her, Nisus was his faithfull felowe, and vnderstode mucche in suche matters. He takethe the busynes in hande, and hyrethe a woman to whome the letters were taken, written as foloweth,

### ¶ *Surialus vnto Lucreces.*

I wolde sende the greatyng and helthe with my letters yf I had any my selfe, but surelye bothe of my healthe and lyfe, the hope hangeth in my handes, more than my selefe I loue the, And I weene it is not vnknowne vnto thee, my face ofte moysted with teres, maye

shewe token of my woūed breste, and the sightes which in thy presence I haue cast fourthe Take it well I beseche thee that I discouere me vnto the, thi beautye hath takenne me and the grace of godlye hede, wherein thou passest al other, houldeth me, what loue mente vnto nowe I neuer knewe, but thou haste subdued me to thy power of thy desyre, longe did I stryue (I confesse) to escape so violente a maister, but thy brightnesse hath ouercome myne endeuoure, the beamys of thine eyne passynge the sonne hath ouercom me. I am taken and am no more myne owne, the vse of meate and drincke thou takest fro me contynually. I the loue, the I desyre, thee I call, thee I awayte, thee I thyncke on the truste in, and with thee I delyte mee, thyne is my mynde, and with the it is hole. thou onlye mayste saue me, thou onelye mayste lefe me, the one of these chuse, and what thou intendest, wryte it vnto mee. Bee no more harde in thy wordes in answering me, than thou was with thine eyne in byndyng me, it is no greate thyng that I aske. To speke conuenientlye wyth the I aske, this onelye desyreth my letters. That that I wryte, I maye saye afore the this if thou graunt me, I lyue, and well happe I lyue yf not thou sleest my harte that y<sup>e</sup> more then me loueth. I recōmend me vnto thy good grace, and too the trust that I haue in thee. And thus farewell the delyte and resydue of my lyfe.

These letters sealed, when the woman had receiued, hasteli she wente vnto Lucres, and fynedyng her alone, sayde vnto her thus, The mooste Noble of the Emperoures Courte. Thy louer sendeth these letters, and prayeth thee instantlye to make him vnto thy grace. This woman was noted for a baude, And that knewe Lucres and tooke it verye dyspleasuntlye to haue a naughtye womanne sente vnto her, and to her she sayde, what madnesse hathe meued the to come to my presence arte thou so boulde to entre in the houses of noble men darest thou prouoke greate Ladyes too vyolate sacred

marriage? skance canne I holde my handes frō thy eare. bringest thou letters vnto me? speakest thou vnto me? darest thou loke me in my face? If I regarded not more what becōmeth me thanne what thou deseruest, I shulde so order thee that thou shouldest after this daye neuer carye more letters of loue, entre out of my sighte abhomyneable queane, and take thy letters with thee. ye rather gyue them mee, that I maye caste them in the fyre, and snatchinge the paper from her, tare it in peaces and trode vnder her fete, spittinge at it, caste it in the ashes, so should thi selfe be punished Baude quode she more worthy the fyre, than thy lyfe, pycke thee hence shortly leaste that my husbnde, fyndyng thee heare gyue thee that that I remitte vnto thee and whyle thou lyuest neuer come in my syghte. A nother woulde haue bene afrayde, but she well acquaynted with the maners of women, thoughte to her selfe, nowe wouldest thou mooste, when thou shewest mooste the contrarye, and sayde vnto her forgeue me madame, I thoughte I had not done amysse, And that it should haue stande wyth thy pleasure, yf it be otherwyse, pardone myne ignoraunce, yf thou wylte not that I retourne vnto thee, I shall obey thy commaundemente, but take thou heede what a louer thou forsakest, and with these woordes departed from her, and when she had found Eurialus: Be of good conforte quod she, thou louer, the woman louethe more thee, then she is loued, But nowe it is was no tyme to wryte vnto thee, I founde her sad, but whan I named thee, and gaue her thy letters, She made good countenaunce, And kyssed the paper a thousand times, doubte not thou shaite shortelye haue an aunsweare, and thus the olde woman departyng, she was well ware no more to be founde leaste she hadde suffred for her lyinge.

¶ Trulye Lucreces, after the woman was departed, soughte vp y<sup>e</sup> peeces of the letter, and sette eche in theyr place, and ioyned soo the torne wordes that she made it legeable, whyche when she hadde



redde it a thousand tymes, a thousande tymes she kyssed it, and at the last wrapped it in a fayre napkyne, and pute it amonge her Juels, and remembringe nowe thys worde, nowe that woorde, continuallye she sooked in more loue, and determined too wryte to Eurialus, and sent her letter on thys fashyon endyted,

¶ *Lucres to Eurialus.*

O Eurialus, leue to hope after that thou canste not attayne, leue to bere me wyth thy letters and messangers, thynke not that I am of that sorte that sell them selues, I am not shee that thou takest me for nor vnto whome thou shouldest send a bawd, seke for thy luste another, No affeccione but chastitie shall folowe, wyth other doo as thee lyketh, but of me aske nothyng, for bee thou sure I am vnmeete for thee. Farwell.

Thys letter (thoughe it seemed vnto Eurialus verye harde, and contrarye too thee womannes woordes) yet dyd shewe hym the redye waye howe too sende hys letters, for hee douted not too truste whome she trusted, but the ignoraunce of the Italien tounge combred hym, therefore with busye studye he learned it and bee cause loue made hym dyligent, he was in shorte whyle counnyng, and hym selfe alone endyted hys letters, whyche afore hee was wonte to borowe, whan he shuld write anye thyng in Italien.

He aunswered than to Lucres, That she shulde not be dyspleased wyth hym, Bycause he sente an vnhoneste womanne to her, sythē hee as a straunger knewe it not, and could vse none other messangere. The cause of hys sendyng was hys loue, desyryng noo dys-honestye. Hee beleued her verye honeste and chaste, And so muche more to bee beloued, and that vnhonest womanne and ouer lyberall of theyr honour he dydde not onelye not loue : but also greatlye hate,

for chastitye loste, nothyng is a woman not to be praysed, for bautye is a delectable pleasure, and a frayle, and nought to be esteemed wythoute honestye, and that she that honesty wynneth with beautye, passethe in both gyftes, And that therefore he dyd honoure her and onelye he desyred to speake wyth her, that he myghte by hys wordes declare hys mynde, that he coulde not by hys letters.

With suche manere of letters hee sente a tokene, not onely ryche in value, but excellent in the workmanshype.

¶ To these letters Lu-  
cres thus an-  
swered,

\* \*

I haue receyued thy letters, nor it is not the womanne nowe I blame thee for That thou loueste mee I esteame not greatlye, For thou arte neyther alone, nor the fyrste whome they saye my beauti hath deceyued.

Manye haue loued me, and do loue mee, but thy laboure as well as theyres shalbe in vayne: I nether can nor wyll talke with thee and excepte thou were a swallow thou canste not fynde me alone.

The houses be hygh, and the gates be kepte. I haue takene thy token for that the facione pleaseth me, but because I wyll nothyng of thyne for nought, and that it shall not be as a tokene of loue, I sende the ryng, whiche my husbnde gaue my mother, that it maye be to the as pryce of thy Juels for it is of no lesse value than the gyfte.

Farewell.

To these letters Eurialus replied. Great confort wer thy letters vnto mee that thou complaynest no more of the womane. But that thou settest thi loue so lyght greueth me sore, for though many do

loue thee, none of theyr loue is so feruente as myne, but thou be-leueste it not, for that I may not speke with thee, but yf I might thou shuldest not wey it so lyght. Would to god as thou sayest, that I might be a swalowe, ye, or a lesse thinge, that thou myght not shitte thy wendowe agaist mee, but my most grefe is not that thou can not, but that thou wylte not. Ah my Lucre, what meaneth that thou wylte not, yf thou myght woldeste thou not speake wyth mee that am all thyne? and that nought desireth so mucche as to please thee. If thou hyde me go into the fyre, I shall soner obey thē thou shalte commaunde. Sende me worde I beseche thee, that yf thou myghte thy wyll were good Geue me not death with thy wordes, that mayste gyue lyfe vnto me wyth thyne eyene. If thou wylte not speake wyth me because thou may not I am contente, but chaunce that woorde I praye thee that sayest my laboure shall be in vayne, God forbyde in that suche crueltye, Be I beseche thee the more genteller to thy verye louer, yf thou Contynue so, thou shalte slee mee, And bee thou sure, soner thou with a word then another with a sworde. I aske thou haste none excuse, no man canne forbyde thee that, saye thou louest me, and I am happye that my tokene remayneth with thee, howe soeuer it be I am glade of it, it shall sometyme remember thee of my loue, But it was to symple, and that that I sende thee now is lesse, but refuse not thou that thy louer sendeth the, I shal haue out of my countrye dayly beter when they come, thou shalte not lacke them, Thy rynges shall neuer part from my fynger, And insteede of the I shal moyst it with cōtinual kysses. Farewell my healthe, and in that thou maye healpe me.

¶ At the last after mani writings and answeres Lucre sente hym suche a letter.

¶ **Lucreces to Curialus.**

I wolde fayne Eurialus doo the pleasure, and as thou desireste, rewarde thee with my loue, for that asketh thy Noblenes, and thy condicions deserueth it, that thou shuldest not loue in vayne, besides thy beautie and goodlye face, but it is not for mee to loue thee. I knowe myselfe, yf I begin to loue I shall neuer keepe measure nor rule. Thou canste not longe be heare, and yf I fall vnto the I canne not lacke the, thou wouldest not to take me withe thee, and I surelye wolde not longe tarrye behynde thee. Many examples do meue to refuse a straungers loue. Jason that wanne the golden flece by Medeas counsell, forsoke her. Theseus hadde bene caste too the Minaturs had not the counsell of Adriana healed him, yet dyd hee leue her behinde him in an Iland. What became on the vnhappye Dido, that receyued the wanderinge Eneas Was not her loue her deathe? I knowe what pearyll it is to receiue a straungers loue nor I wyll not put me into suche hasardes, yong menne are of more stronge mynd, and soner can quence the fyre. A womanne whan she beginneth to loue, onely by death maketh an end. Women rage thei doe not loue, and excepte they bee aunswered with loue nothinge is more teryble, after the fire be kindled, we neither regard fam nor lif The onely remedye is the obtaininge of the louer, for that that we moost lacke, we moost desyre Nor we feare no daunger for our appetytes, I than synce am maryed and vnto a noble riche man, am determined to exclude all louers, and speciallye thyne, whiche cane not be continually laste, I bee noted as Philis or Sapho. Therefore I desyre thee no more to aske my loue, and lyttle by lyttle to asswage and quenche thyne, for it is more easy to menne then to womē, nor thou yf thou loue me, as thou sayest, woldest not desire that y<sup>r</sup> shoulde bee my destruccion. for the token I sende thee a crosse of golde, wyth pearles, whiche thoughe it be litle is of some value. Farewell.

¶ Eurialus to thys Letter helde not his peace, But as he with the newe writing kindeled, so toke he the penne in hande, And vnder this forme folowyng endyted a letter.

¶ **Eurialus vnto Lucre.**

Honour and helth be vnto my dere hart Lucre she y<sup>t</sup> geueth me helthe with her leters, though they be medled some what wythe galle, yet I truste when thou hast heard mine thou shalt withdraw it. Thy letters are come to my handes sealed, whiche I haue red oftentimes and kissed as oft. But it semeth to meane another thing than thy minde wolde. Thou desireste me to leue to loue, because it is not mete for thee to folowe a straungers loue, bringinge examples of such that hath bene so deceiued (so eloquentli) that I must rather wōder of thee, thē forget y<sup>e</sup>. Who woulde then leaue to loue, when he seeth suche wyte and lerning in his maistres? yf thou woldeste haue swaged my loue, thou shuldest not haue shewed thyne eloquence, for that is not to quēch the fyre, but to make it rather flame, the more I reade it, the more I burned, seyng thy beautie and honestie so ioyned with lerninge, but it is in vayne to desire mee to leaue to loue the, Desire the hilles too be come plaine and the riuers to retourne into the springes, For aswell may I leaue to loue, As the sonne his course, If the highe mountanes maye wante snowes, or the sea fysshes, yf the forestes maye wante Dere, then may Eurialus forget thee. Men ar not so prone as thou wenest Lucre, to quenche theyr desires, for that that thou geueste vnto our mynde, men do ascribe it vnto youres, but I wil not vndertake that to debate, to that must I answer which toucheth me neare for the deceites of other, thou brigest in exāples wherby y<sup>e</sup> wylt not rewarde me w<sup>t</sup> thy loue. But more are to be brought mi lucre, whō women hath deceyued, Troylus by Cresyde, Deiphus by Helena, and Circes by her enchaumentes deceyued her louers.

But it were not accordynge, by y<sup>e</sup> dedes of a fewe, to iudge all the rest. Soudest thou for a certaine yll man abhorre and accuse all menne? Or I for manye yll women hate all the rest? nay, rather lette vs take other examples, as was of Anthonius and Cleopatra, and of other whome y<sup>e</sup> shortnes of my letters letteth too reherce, but it is red y<sup>t</sup> the Grekes retournynge frome Troy haue bene holden by straungers loues, nor neuer haue come to theyr countries, but taryed with theyr loues, contente rather too wante theyr frendes, theyr houses, theyre reynes, and other deare thynges, of theyr cuntrye, than too forsake theyr ladyes. This I besече thee my Lucrez remember and note those few thinges that be against our loue.

So do I loue thee, to loue thee alwayes, and euer to be thyne. Nor call me not straunger, I pray thee, for I am rather of this cuntrye, thā he that is borne heare, sithens hee is but by chaunce, and I by mine owne choyse, no Cuntrye is myne but where thou arte. And thoughe I departed at anye tyme my retourne at all bee shorte, nor I shall not retourne at all into mi cuntrye, But too sette ordere in my businesses, that I maye dwel longe with thee, wherefore, occasion maye be found sonne inough The Emperoure hathe muche to doo in these partyes the charge whereof I wyll sue to haue sometye as ambassadoure, And he muste haue a Lieutenaunte in Strucia, and that wyll I optayne, Doubte not my delyte, my herte, and my only truste. If I maye lyue yet pytie thy louer that melteth lyke snowe afore thee.

Sone consyder my trauailes, and nowe at the last set an ende to my tormentes, whye punisheste thou me so longe? I wonder of my selfe howe I haue suffered so many euyles howe I haue waked so manye nyghtes howe I haue forborne my meate and my drynke soo longe; beholde howe lene I am, and howe pale, a small thyng it is y<sup>t</sup> holdeth the lyfe within my bodye; yf I hadde slayne thy Parētes or thy chyl dren, thou couldeste punyshe me no sorer, yf thou so handle mee for that I loue thee, what shalte thou doo to them that

haue offended thee? Ah my Lucre, my Lady, my healthe, and my socoure take me vnto thy grace, and at laste wryte vnto mee that I am thy beloued. nothyng I woulde els but that I myghte saye I am thy Seruaunte. Pardy both Kinges and Emperoures loue their faithfull Seruauntes, nor the Goddes disdayne not to knowe them that loueth them, Farewell my trust and my drede.

¶ Lyke as towre craked wythin sowndyng outewarde impre-nyble, yf a piece of ordonaunce be shotte agaynste it, furthe withe it rente in peces: So was Lucre ouercom with Eurialus wordes, for after shee hadde perceiued the diligēce of y<sup>r</sup> louer, her dissembled loue she declared with such letres.

¶ **Lucre to Eurialus.**

I may noo more my Eurialus resiste thy requestes nor longer withold my loue from the I am ouercome vnhappy woman by thy letters, whiche yf thou obserueste nat, accordyng to thy wrytynge, thou shalt be of all periured traytours the worst It is easy to deceyue a Woman, but soo moche Is it the more shamefull now that I am come into thi loue, and as a woman can considre but lytle, thou that arte a man, take charg bothe of thy selfe and of me Thyne I am, and thy faythe I folowe, and thyne wolde I nat bee, excepte it were for euer, Farewel the staye and leder of my lyfe.

¶ After thys were manye letters wryten on both partyes, and Eurialus wrote nat soo vehementelye, as Lucre dyd answer feruentlye, and that had both one desyre of theyr metyng, but it semed harde, and almost impossible, sithens the eyne of euery body dyd behold Lucre, which neuer wente forth alone, nor wanted a keper, Nor argus neuer kepte Junos Cowe soo dylygently as Mene-laue caused Lucre too bee kepte. Thys vyce is of property to the

Ytalyens, to shyttē vp theyr wyues as theyr treasure, and one my faythe (to my iudgemente) to lytle purpose, for the mooste parte of womenne be of thys sorte, that mooste they desyre that mooste too them is denyed, and whan thou woldest they wyll not, and whan thou woldest not, they wolde, and yf they haue the brydle at lybertye, lesse they offende, so that it is as easy to kepe a woman agaynst her wyll as a flocke of flyes in the hete of the sonne, excepte shee bee of her selfe chaste. In vayne dothe the husbände set keepers ouer her, for who shal kepe those keepers, She is crafty, and at them lyghtely she begyneth, and whan she takethe a fantasy, she is vnreasonable, and lyke an vnbyrdeled mule.

¶ Lucreces had a brother in lawe he caryed her letters, and was of counsell in her loue with him, shee hadde appoynted to shytt priuely Eurialus in hys house, and he dwelled within his stepmother, y<sup>t</sup> was Lucreces mother, whome Lucreces dyd oftentymes visyte, and was also of her oftentymes visyted, for they dwelt not farre asonder. Nowe thys was the order of it, Eurialus shulde be shyttē in the parler, and after the mother was gone to the Church, Lucreces shulde come as it were to speke with her, and nat fyndyng her, shulde tarye for her returne, in the meane tyme she shulde be with Eurialus, this shulde be within two dayes, but these two dayes were too yeres to the louers, for to them y<sup>t</sup> hoppe well, the houres be longe, and to them that truste lytle they be as shorte, but fortune folowed nat theyre desyres.

The mothere mystrusted, and at that daye whan she wente forth, shytt her sone in lawe oute, which broughte too Eurialus the heuye newes, to whome the displeasour was noo lesse than too Lucreces, whiche whan she sawe her crafte perceyued, let vs go quod she another waye to worke, yet shall not my mother lette my appetyte.

One Pandalus was her husbādes cousyn, whome shee had also made pryuy of her secretes, for y<sup>t</sup> flaminge mynde myght no where



reste. She aduertysed Eurialus to speke with him, for he was trusty and could fynde well a meane for theyr metynge, but Eurialus thoughte it nat sure to truste hym, whō he sawe alwaye w<sup>t</sup> him. Menelaus fearinge therby deceyt. In takyng deliberacion, he was sēte by the Emperoure to Rome, to determyne wythe the Pope for hys Coronacyon, whiche was boothe vnto him and her greuous, but it must be obeyed, so was his Journeye two monethes longe: In the meane tyme Lucre kept her house, shytt vppe her wyndowe, pute on sadde apparell, And no where went she forth, euery body marueled and knewe nat the cause, sythen the wyndowes of y<sup>e</sup> towne shewed thē selfe, and they of y<sup>e</sup> house thoughte them selfe in darkenes, as though they hadde wāted the sonne, seyng her often on her bed and neuer merye, thoughte it sicknes, and sought all remedies that myghte be, but she neuer neyther laughte nor came oute of her chambere, tyll tyme shee knewe that Eurialus was come to the presēce of the Emperoure, for than, as waked out of a slepe she layde a parte her sade clothes, and dressed w<sup>t</sup> her former gorgeousnes, opened her wīdowes gladli lokīg for him, whome whan y<sup>e</sup> Emperoure sawe denye it no more quod Eurialus, the matter is perceyued, neuer mā in thy absence myght see Lucre, nowe that thou art come we may se in the bryghte mornonge what measure is in loue; it can nat be cloked nor hydden with hemmes.

¶ Ye mocke syr quod Eurialus, and finde your laughter at me. I know nat what it meaneth, the naythinge of your horses hath peradventure wakened here, and whan he hadde sayde, pryuelye he behelde Lucre and fixed faste his eyne in heres, and that was theyr fyrste salutacion after his retourne.

Shortely after Nysus Eurialus trusty frende dilygently pursuyng his frendes cause, founde a Tauerne, which behynde Menelaus house hadde a wyndowe toward Lucre chambere, He maketh the Tauerne his frende, and whan hee had voyde the place bringeth thyther Eurialus sayeng, out of this wyndowe maiste thou speke with Lucre,

betwyxte bouthe houses was a darke caneil, which no man came too, deuydyng Lucres windowe from the chambre, by the space of three elles. Here sattu the louer awaytinge if by chaunce he might see her and he was nat deceyued, for at the laste she came to the wyndowe and lokyng here and there, what doost thou quod Eurialus, the nouryshe of my lyfe, whethere tourneste thou thyne iyene, my dere harte ? hyther tourne theym I pray thee, loke hether mi helth, beholde, thyne Eurialus is here, I my selfe am here.

Art thou here quod Lucres ? Oh my Eurialus, nowe maye I speke with thee, and wold god I might embrace thee, It shall nat nede no great busynes quod Eurialus, I shall sette too a ladder, opene thy chambre, to longe haue we dyfferred the inioyninge of oure loue, Beware of that quod shee my Eurialus, yf thou loue my lyfe, heere is a windowe on the ryght hande and a verye yll neighbour, and the tauerner is nat to be trusted, that for a lytle money wolde peraduētūre betraye bothe thee and mee, but let vs worke otherwyse, it is inough yf here we talke together. But this is death to me sayethe Eurialus, wythoute I myght in mine armes embrace thee. In this place dyd they talke longe, and at the laste rechid ech to other tokēs uppon a rede, and Eurialus was no more liberall in his gyftes, than Lucres. Zosias perceiued the crafte, and sayde to him selfe. In vayne do I resiste the mynd of the louers, and excepte I prouide wysely, my maistres is vndone, and the house shamed for euer of bothe these ; elles, it is best to withstand the one, my maistres loueth, yf it be secrete, it maketh no mater, she is blynde for loue and seethe not well what she doeth.

¶ yf chasteytye can not be kept, it is inoughe to hyde the noyse, leest the hoole house bee slaundered, or leest there bee any murdre done, surelye, I wyll goo to her, and helpe her whyle I myghte. I dyd withstande that no offence shoulde bee doone, and because I myghte nat, it is nowe my parte to hyde that that nedes wyl be, leest it be knowen. Luste is an vniuersall reygnyng myschief, nor

none there is nat infected wythe this syckenes and he is Judged mooste chaste y<sup>t</sup> is mooste secrete. And thus thinkynge wyth hym selfe, Lucrez cam out of her chambre, and Zosias metynge here, sayde thus, what meaneth it that thou deuyseste w<sup>t</sup> me no more of thy loue ? and neuertheles Eurialus is beloued of the ? take hede whome thou trustest, The fyrst poynte of wysdome is, nat to loue at all. The nexte that at the leest it be secrete, and thou alone withoute a messenger canst nat doo it. In what truste thou mayste putte me in, by longe tyme thou hast lerned, yf thou wylte trust me, tell me, for my most care is, leeste thys loue, yf it be knowen, thou shalte suffre, and thy husbände most of all. To this answered Lucrez, it is as thou sayeste Zosias, and I truste thee mooche, but me thought I wote not howe neglygence, and agaynst my desyre, Nowe that thou offerest thyselfe, I wyll vse thy diligence, and I feare nat to be deceyued of thee. Thou knowest howe I burne, and longe, I may nat endure this flambe, helpe mee that wee maye be togythere, Eurialus for loue languisheth, and I dye Nothing is to vs worse than to lette our appetyties, yf wee may ones mete togyther, oure loue shall be more temperate, and it shall well be hid. Goo than and shewe to Euryalus the only waye to come to me, yf he wyll within these foure dayes, whan the vyllyaynes bringe in whete, disguise him like a portur, and clothe him selfe in sake clothe and carie the corne in too the garner. Thou knoweste my chambre hath a backe dore by the lader, tel all vnto Eurialus, and I shall wayte for hym, and whan tyme is, I shalbe alone in my chambre, and whan he is alone let hym put opene the dore and come into me. Zosias thoughte it were a hyghe mater, ferynge a worse, taketh in hande the busynes, and fyndynge Eurialus, appoyntethe with hym y<sup>t</sup> order of euery thinge whiche hee as lyght thinges gladlye accepteth, and makethe hym redy to this message and nought plaineth but of longe abode. O insensible brest of a louer. O blynde thoughte. O hardye mynde and vnfearefull hart. What is so

vnaccessyble that thou thynkeste nat open inoughe? what way so sharpe that the semethe nat playne? what is so close that is nat to bee vnclosed? thou settest lighte all daungers, thou findest nothings too harde, vaine is the Jelousie of husbandes against the; neyther lawe no feare doth holde thee, to no shame arte thou subiecte, to al labours is but playe.

Oh, loue, subduer of all thynges, a noble man derelie beloued with the Emperoure, rich, of good age, wel lerned, and of gret wite, thou bringest in that case, that purple layde a parte, he clothes him in sake clothe, he dissembleth hys owne face, and of a mayster is he comen a seruaunt, and he that deliciouslie hathe bene nourished, nowe dresseth hys sholders for the burdene, and letteth hym selfe to hyre for a comon portour. Oh maruelouse thyng and almooste vncredyble, to se a man, in other thynges a graue counseller, amonge the companye boystous portoures, pressynge hym selfe amonge suche raskal people, who wyll seke a greater charge? This same is it that Ouide meaneth in his transformacions, whan he telleth howe women became beestes, stones or trees, that same is it that the nooble Poete Uirgyl meaneth whan he telleth howe circes enchaunted her louers into beestes for so fearethe it by loue, so is the mynde of man thereby chaunced, that lytle hee differeth from a beest.

The mornynge forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, reduced the desyred day, and shortelye the sonne declaryng the coloure of eche thyng reioyced the wayfer Eurialus, that thought him than happye and fortunate, whan he sawe hymselfe among the vyle portours, so goeth he furth into the house of Lucreces charged hym selfe wyth whete and settinge it in the garner, discended last of the cōpany. and as he was taught, the dore of the chambre, that was put to, he thrust opē, and wente in, and shyttyng the dore after hym he fōud

Lucres aboute sylkworke and comyng towarde her, god spede quod hee my dere herte and the onely helpe and hope of my lyfe. Lucres, thoughte she hadde appoynted his matter, at the firste sight, was some what abassed, and thought that it hadde bene rather a spyryte, than her louer Eurialus, for she coulde nat well belieue that suche a man as he wolde aduenture suche perrylles, but after warde in kyssyng and embracynge she knewe wel Eurialus and sayde, Arte thou here quod shee poore portour, arte thou here myne owne Eurialus, and than she straynyng hym strayter lokyng in hys face, began her wordes agayne thus Alas quod she my dere herte Eurialus, what daungers haste thou aduentured, what shall I saye now, I perceyue I am mooste dere vnto thee, I haue made profe of thy loue, and thou shalte neuer fynde me none other wyse vnto thee. God sende vs only good lucke at in our loue, and whyle the spyryt shal rule my lymmes, none shalbe before thee wythe Lucres, no, Nat my husbnde, yf I call hym ryghte. My husbnde that was gyuen mee agaynste my wyll: where too my minde neuer consented. But nowe I beseche thee my Eurialus, caste a waye this sacke cloth, and shew y<sup>e</sup> vnto me as thou arte, put a waye this portours garmente and laye awaye these ropes, Let me see my Eurialus. than he caste of the fylti apparell and shone all in gold and purpull, and began to entende busely to the offyce of loue, whanne Zosias scrapyng at the dore, sayd take hede ye louers, Menelaus sekinge I wote nat what, comethe hyther, hyd al thyng pryuely for oute ye can not scape. Than quod Lucres there is by the bedde a derke closette where bee Juels, thou woteste what I wrote vnto thee, yf my husbnde came in, while thou were wythe mee goo thou thyther, there thou mayste be sure in the derke, and neyther styrre nor spytte. Eurialus beyng in doute what he shulde do folowed the womans bydding, she set opē the dore, and went to her worke. There came Menelaus, and one Bertus a scryuener with him, to seke thynges that belonged to the comon weale, whiche whan they

were nat in dyuers boxes founde, they are paraenture quod Mene-  
 laus in the closet. Goo Lucreces, and fetch a lyght for to seke here.  
 With this worde Eurialus was sore afrayde and beganne straye to  
 hate Lucreces, and to hym selfe sayde, Ah foole that I am. Who caused  
 me to comme hether, butte myne owne lyghtenes, I am takenne,  
 I am shamed, I shall leese the Emperoures fauour: what for  
 fauour? I wolde God my lyfe were safe. Howe shall I scape alyue?  
 I am sure too dye. Oh vayne, and of all fooles mooste foolyshe,  
 I am fallen in to theese bryeres wylfullye, to what purpose is the  
 enioynng of loue, yf it be bought soe deare? the pleasures be  
 shorte and the doloures infinite. Oh yf we woulde endure these  
 thynges for heauen, it is a maruelous folyshenes of men that for-  
 sakethe lyghte laboures, for longe ioyes auef or loue, whose ioyes bee  
 comparable to smoke, wee putte oure selves into extreme daungers,  
 Loo, my selfe nowe shall I bee a tale and example to euerye bodye  
 and knowe not what ende shall become of it, yf anye Good sainte  
 woulde healpe me hence, neuer agayne shall suche labour deceyue.  
 O good Lorde healpe me hēce and pardon my youthe. Remember  
 not myne ignoraunces, but saue me to repente me of thys faute.  
 She hath not loued me, but as a dere hathe taken me in the net,  
 my daye is come, no man maye healpe me, but thou good lorde.  
 Ofte haue I herde the deceytes of women, and I coulde nat  
 eschew it. yf I escape nowe there shall neuer no crafte of women  
 deceyue me. But Lucreces was all yll combred, that fearyd as muche  
 hys healthe as her owne, and as womens wyttes is more redye than  
 mannes in sodeyne peryles, hadde founde a remedye. Come hether  
 quod she husband, here is a caske in this wyndowe, wherin I haue  
 sene you putte dyuers thynges of charge, let vs see yf the wrytynge  
 be there, and runnyng as it were to opene it, ouerthrewe it into the  
 strete, and as it had bene by chaunce; alas quod shee come hethere  
 husbande leest we lese any thyng, the casket is fallen oute of the  
 wyndowe, go quyckely, leest anye Jewels or wrytynge fall oute,

goo goo for goddes sake, why tary ye I wyll loke oute that no man take nothyng. Se the desceyte of the womane, nowe trust them hardelye, no man is so circumspecte, that cannot be deceyued, he was neuer kyndelye deceyued whome his wyfe neuer assaied to deceyue, we are ofte more fortunate thene wyse. Menelaus and Bertus abashed with this same ranne bothe hastely into the streate, the house was high after the Italyan facion and manie steppes downe, whereby Eurialus had space to chaūge and putte hym selfe by her coucell into a nother darcke corner.

They whē they had gathered the writinges and the iewels, because they founde not that that they sought, wente into the closette, wher they founde it, and so byddyng her farewell, departed, and she barred the dore, Come forthe quoth she Euryalus, come forthe my dere harte, and the summe of my ioyes, come the well of my delytes, and sprynge of my gladnes, all thyng is sure, we may talke at lybertie, and now is the place sure for our embracings, Fortune woulde haue lettēd oure kyssynges, but God hath faouered oure loue, and hath not forsaken so faythfull louers, whye taryest thou? here is thy Lucre, whie lettēst thou to embrace her. Eurialus at the laste forsakyng hygh feare, clapseth her wyth his armes. I in my lyfe quod he, was I neuer so feared, but thou arte wel worthy for whome suche thīges shulde be suffered. These kyssynges and swete embracings quoth he noo manne shulde haue for noughte, nor, I (to saye trouthe) haue not boughte deare ynoughe soo greate a pleasure. If after my deathe I might lyue, vsyng thy company, a thousand times wold I dye too bye thy embrachynges so oftene. O howe happye and howe blessed, is it a vysyon, or is it in deede? do I holde in mine armes? or do I dreame? surelye it is thyselve, and thee I haue. Lucre was in a lyghte garmente, that wythoute plyght or wrynkell shewed her bodye as it was, a fayre necke, and the lyghte of eyne lyke the bryght sonne, gladsome countenaunce and a merye face, her chekes lyke lylyes medled wyth roses, swete and sober as her laughyng,

her breaste large and the two papes semyng apples, gathered in Uenus gardeine meued the curage of the thoucher. Eurialus coulede no longer suffer the spurre, but forgettyng all feare, and sobernes layde a parte, sayde vnto the woman: Let vs nowe tast of the fruyte of loue, hee pressed her soore, and she to the contrarye rested, shewyng howe shee cared for her honestye, and that her loue desyred nothyng but onely woordes and kysses: Unto whych Eurialus smylyng dyd answer, It is knowne quod hee that I am here or it is not knowne, yf it bee knowne there is no manne that wyll not iudge the reaste, yf it bee not knowne, noo moore shall this be, it is the rewarde of loue, and lette me dye rather than want that. O but offence quod Lucreces. It is offence quod Eurialus not too vse pleasure whan thou mayst, should I forsake such occasion graunted and desyred so greatly? and taking her garmente, The stryuyng woman y<sup>t</sup> wolde not bee ouer comen he ouercame, yet dyd hee not quenche the desyre of Uenus: but rather prouoked a greater thyrste, but Eurialus fearinge a further daunger, after he hade a litle bagnetted, departed, soumethinge agaynste her will and minde, and no man suspected, because he was as one of the portours. As hee wente throughe the strete, Eurialus wonderinge on him selfe said Oh yf the Emperoure shulde now mete with me, and knowe me, what suspecte wold this garmēt bryng hym in? howe wolde hee mocke mee. I shulde bee a tale for euery body, and euer a laughter for him. Neuer wolde he leue me tyll tyme that hee knewe all, and neades tel him I must what this apparell meanethe, but I woulde saye y<sup>t</sup> it were for another woman than thys, for perauenture hee loueth her, and also it were not mete too declare hym my loue, for I woulde neuer so betray Lucreces, that hathe bothe receiued and saued me. And thus as he thought he sawe Nisus, Achates, and plynius, and goth afore and was not knowne of them tyll he came home, wher as chaungyng hys clothes, vnder coloure of other names, he telleth the chaunce of the matter, and as hee



remembreth the feare and the joye so dyd he in tellynge feare and reioyce, and in the myddes of his feare, ah fole y<sup>t</sup> I was quod he I trusted a woman with my hed, so was I not councelled of my fathere, whan he taughte me too truste the faythe of no woman, for that they were cruell deceytefull, chaūgeable, and full of dyuers passiōs, and I yll remēbryng the lesson put my lyfe in a womans handes. what yf anie man hadde knowne me when I was charged wythe wheate? what shame what slaunder hadde bothe I and myne hade for euer? The Emperoure wolde haue refused mee, and as lyghte and madde brayned, myght haue estemed me. What yf her husband had founde me in y<sup>e</sup> closet? The cyuyll lawe is cruell too adulterers, but the furoure of the husband would haue had greater payne; the tone hadde ben but shorte deathe: the other, deathe wyth cruell tormentes. But set case that he hathe fauoured my lyfe, at y<sup>e</sup> least he wold haue bounde me, and sent me shamed vnto the Emperoure. ye, thoughe I had escaped hys hādes because hee hadde no weapon, and I had answered by my syde, yet hade he a man wythe hym, and weapnes honge at hande vpon the wall, and there manye seuantes in the house, the noyse shoulde haue rysen and the dores shyt and I shoulde haue ben hādled accordyng. Alas madde that I was, no wysdome, but chaunce hathe delyuered mee from this daunger. Sorowe for chaunce, and it was the readye wytte of her. O trusty woman. O wyse louer. O noble and excelente loue, why should I not trust vnto thee? why should I not truste thy faythe, yf I hadde a thousande lyues, durst truste with them all, thou arte faythfull and wyse, and wysely thou can loue, and healpe thy louer, who could so sone haue the waye too auoyde them that soughte mee, as thou hadde? thou hast saued my lyfe, and I vowe it vnto thee, the lyfe that I lyue is not myne, but thyne, and it shall not be greuous vnto mee, for thee to lease that by thee I haue, thou haste the ryght of my lyfe and commaundement on my deathe. O fayre breste. O pleasaunte tongue, O swete eyen, O freshe wittes,

O goodly lymmes and well furnyshed, whan shall I see you againe, whan shall I byte the same coral lyppe, and here thee speke within my mouthe? shall I neuer handell agayne those rounde brestes? O Achates, it is but lytle that thou haste seene in any woman in comparyson too this, the more nearer she is the more fayrer she is, Lydia the fayre wyfe of Candalus the Kynge was no fayrer: I wondere not yf hee woulde shewe her naked vnto Satius for to do him the greater pleasure; for one my faythe, yf I myghte, so woulde I shew thee this Lady, for els may I not declare vnto thee her beuty nor thou perceiue what ioye I had, but reioyce w<sup>t</sup> me. I besече thee that my pleasure was greater than canne be expressed wythe wordes. Thus talked Eurialus with Achates, and Lucreces with her selfe sayde as muche, but soo muche lesse was her gladnesse that shee myghte truste none too shewe it vnto, and vnto Zosias shee durste not for shame tell all.

In the mean tyme a knight called Pacorus, of a noble House folowinge the Emperour, began to loue Lucreces, and because hee was fayre and goodly, thoughte to be beloued, and only rekened the chastitye of the woman to let him, She as y<sup>e</sup> custō of Italy is behelde euery body withe a lourynge countenaūce, whether it were by disceit or craffe, least the true loue shuld appere. Pacorus rageth and cane not be in rest tyll he haue felte her minde. The matrones of Shene went ofte to visyte y<sup>e</sup> chapell of our lady of Bethlem. Hyther was Lucreces come with two Maydens and an olde wyfe. Pacorus folowed her wyth a vyolet with goldē leaues in his hande in the stalke wherof he hadde hydde a letter of Loue, written in fine letters, and haue no maruayle thereof. For Cicero sayeth there was shewed him the hole History of Troye, so fynelye written, that it myghte all haue ben closed in a nout shel. Pacorus offereth the violette too Lucreces, recommending him vnto her, and she refuseth

it. He desyreth her instantlie to take it, Take the floure madame quod y<sup>e</sup> olde wyfe, what feare you? there is no pearell, it is but a small thyng: wherein peraventure ye maye doo the gentelman pleasure. She folowed here counsell, and tooke the floure, and whanne she hadde gonne a lyttle waye, she tooke it vnto the toone of her maydens, and shortelye after they mette wythe two scholers, which I wot not how lyghtly obtayned the flour of the maide, and openyng the stalke, founde the pleasaunt letter. Nowe after the matrones of Scene had founde the louers, that the Emperoure broughte, and after the Courte was come thither, these folke were mocked and deceyued, and lyttle esteemed, for the clattering of harneys dellyted more these women then eloquence of lernynge. Here vppon grewe greate enuye, and the longe gownes soughte alwayes howe to lette the courtiers. Than whan the crafte of the vyolet was knowne, strayghte was Menelaus gonne vnto, and desyred too red the letter, beyng verye angrye goeth home, blameth hys wyfe, and fylleth all the house wythe noyse. And shee to the contrarye denyeth that there is one faute in her, and tellynge the hole tale, bryngethe the olde wyfe for wytnesse. The Emperour is gone to, complaint is made, Pacorus is called for and he confessethe the faute, asketh forgeuenes and sweareth neuer more too vexe Lucre, but ryghte well knewe hee that Jupiter rather laughethe then takethe angerlye the periuryng of louers, and soo the more that he was let y<sup>e</sup> more hee foloweth the vayne flame.

The winter is come and the Northe wyndes had broughte downe snows, y<sup>e</sup> towne falth on plaing, the wiues cast snow balles into the stretes, and the yonge men oute of the stretes into theyr wyndowes. here hade Pacorus gottē occasiō, and had enclosed ī waxe an other leter, and putteth it in a snowe ball, and castynge it vnto Lucre wyndowe. Whoo wyll not saye that fortune ruleth all thyng? one

happy hour is more worth to thee, thā if Mars shulde recomende thee in his letter to Uenus. Some saye that fortune hathe noo powere in wyse menne, I graunte too suche wyse menne that only delygth in vertue; and sufferynge pouertye, syckenesse, and presonne can thincke theym selfe blessed, which one yet I neuer sawe, nor neuer thyncke there was. The commone lyfe of menne neadeth fortunes faouere. She whome she wyll she anaunceth, and whō shee lysteth ouerthroweth. Whoo hindered Pacorus but forteoune; was it not wysely handeled, in a violetes stalke to hide his letters and nowe agayne too sende hys letter clouced in snowe, woulde anye man saye it myghte be crafty, so that yf fortune had holpe he had be iudged crafty, and excellently wyse, but contrary chaunce brought the ball that fell oute of her hande to the fyre, soo that the snowe ones wasted, and the waxe melted, y<sup>e</sup> letters appeared, which bothe an olde womanne y<sup>t</sup> warned her, and Menelaus beyng by, dyde reade, and there be ganne a newe noyse, whiche Pacorus dydde not tarye too excuse, but wente hys waye. This noyse healped Eurialus, so that it is true y<sup>t</sup> hath bene sayde: it is harde defendyng that is diuersly assaulted.

The louers awaited for the secōd maryage and there was a lyttle strayte lane betwyxte Lucreces house and her neyghboures, by the whiche settinge his fete vpon eche wall, hee had not ouer harde clymyng too Lucreces wyndowe, but this myght only be by nyghte. Nowe must Menelaus go into y<sup>e</sup> countrey and there must he lye all nyghte, whiche daye was wayted for of those two louers, as it hade bene a Jubyle. The good manne is gone, and Eurialus, chaungyng hys clothes, is come into the lane, there hadde Menelaus a stable, wherein by the teaching of Zosias all the euenyng hee laye hydde in the haye, and loo where Dromo came, y<sup>t</sup> was a seruaunte of Menelaus, and hadde rule of hys horses, to fyll the rackes, and harde by Eurialus syde dyd pulle out hay, and had taken more, and strykē in him with the forke, had not Zosias helped, who whan hee sawe

the daungere, brothere quod he, geue me thys worke. I shall geue hay to the horses, thou in the meane tyme looke that oure supper be redy, we must be mery whyle our maysters is furthe, our maistres is better felowe, she is merye and lyberall, he is angrye, full of noyse, couetous, and harde; wee are neuer well whē he is at home; se I praye thee what lanke belyes we haue, hee is hungry hym selfe too sterue us to hunger, hee wyll not suffer one moyste peece of browne bread to be loste, but the fragmentes of one daye hee keapethe fyue dayes after, and the gobbets of salte fysh and salte eles of one supper he kepeth vnto another, and marketh the cut chese, leaste anye of it shulde be stolen. The fole y<sup>t</sup> bi suche wretchednes soketh hys ryches for nothyng is more folysh thā to leue poore for to dye rychli. howe muche are we better w<sup>t</sup> our maistres; y<sup>t</sup> feedeth vs not onely with vele and kydde, but with hennes and byrdes, and plenty of wyne. Go Dromo and make the kytechē smoke. Mary quod Dromo, that shall be my charge, and soner shall I laye the tables thanne rub the horse. I broughte my maister into the countre to daye that the Deuyll breke hys necke, and neuer speake hee woorde vnto me butte badde me whan I brought home my horses, to tel my maistres that hee woulde not come home too nyghte; but by God quod he, I prayse the Zosias y<sup>t</sup> at the last hast founde faute at my maysters condycions. I had forsaken my mayster, yf my maystres had not geuē me my morowe meles as she hath, lette vs not sleape to nyght Zosia, but lette vs eate and dryncke tyll it bee daye, my mayster shall not wynne so muche thys moneth, as we shall waste at one supper. gladlye dyd Eurialus here this, and marked the maners of seruants and thoughte he was serued a lyke, and whan Dromo was gone Eurialus arose, and sayd, O happy nyght that throughe thy healpe Zosia I shall haue that haste brought me hether, and wyselye taken heede that I was not discovered, and thou shalt not see that I shal be vnkynde. The houre was come, and the glad Eurialus, that had passed two daungers,

clame vppe the wall, and at the wyndowe wente in where al thing was ready and Lucre's by the fire. She whan she sawe her loue, clasped him in her armes, ther was embracynge and kyssyng, and with full sayle they folowe theyr lusts, and weried Uenus, nowe with Ceres, and nowe wyth Bachus, was refreshed.

Alas, howe longe busynes and howe shoorte be the pleasures; skant hadde Eurialus one gladdre houre lo where Zosias brought woorde that Menelaus was comme and marred all the playe. Eurialus maketh hym readye to departe.

¶ Lucre's when she hadde hidden the banket meteth her husbände welcommyng hym home. Welcome quod she my husbände, by mi trouthe quod shee, I wened that thou haddest bene loste in husbändrye, what haste thou done in the countrie thus longe? why tariest thou nat at whome? thou makeste mee sadde with thyne absence, I feare leaste thou haue some other that thou louest, these husbandes be so false to theyr wiues; yf thou wylte that I shall not mystruste thee, neuer slepe oute of my companye. For I can slepe no nyghte w'oute thee, but lette vs suppe here and go to bedd. They were than in the hall, where they vsed to dyne and she sought for to haue kept him there tyl Eurialus had space for to go his waye, for it required somme leasure, but Menelaus had supped forthe, and hasted toward his chamber, Now on my fayth and trouthe quod Lucre's, y<sup>e</sup> arte vnkinde, why diddest thou not rather sup with me, because thou was from hence, I haue eaten noo meate to daye, and there were here men of the country that brought in maruelous good wynne, as they sayd, and yet I tasted not of it, but nowe that thou arte come lette vs goo into the celler I beseche thee, and tast yf the wyne be as they say, and so hauynge the läterne in her one hande, pullynge her husbände w' the other häde, wente into the celler, and so longe perced thys vessell and that, and supped with her husbände, tyll she thoughte Eurialus was gonne, And so at the laste wente with her husbände to the euell pleasaunte bed.

¶ Eurialus in the styll of y<sup>e</sup> night wente home. And on the morowe eyther for that it were necessarye to take hede or for some yll suspecte : Menelaus walled vppe the wyndowe : I thynke as our Cytezens be suspectuous and full of cōiectoures : so dyd hee feare the cōmoditye of the place, and woulde eschewe the occasyon, for thoughe he knewe noughte, yet wyste hee welle that she was muche desyred and daylie prouoked by greate requestes, and iudged a womans thought vnstable, which hath as many myndes as trees hath leues, and that theyr kynde alwaye is desyrous of new thynges, and seldom loue thei their husbandes, whom thei haue obtained. Therefore did he folowe the common opynyon of married men : too auoyde myshape thoughe it come with good lucke, so was theyr meatinge lette, and theyr sendyng of Letters also stopped, for the Tauerner that dwelte behynde Lucrese house, where as Eurialus was wounte to speke with here, and geue here letters : at Menelaus perswasion was putte out by the Aldermen, only remayned the behouldyng of theyr eyne, and wyth becke the louers saluted eche other, and skante myght they vse this vttermoeste poynte of loue, theyr sorowes were greate, and theyr tormentes lyke y<sup>e</sup> death, for the could neyther forgete, nor use their loue. Whyle Eurialus doothe study dyligently what auyse hee myghte take in this mater, he remembred Lucrese counsell whiche she wrot vnto him of Menelaus cousyne Pandalus, and dyd as these cunnyng Physiciās, whose manners is, in daūgerous sycknes to geue indyfferente medecyns and in extreme to vse the last medecins, rather than leue the dysease incurable. He determyned to goo vnto Pandalus, and folowe that waye that afore he hadde forsaken, and when he had sente for him, called hym into a secrete place. Syte downe quod he my frende, I must tell thee a great thyng that requireth suche thynges as be in thee, that is dyligent, fayth, and secretnesse. I woulde erre nowe haue shewed it thee, but I knewe thee not, nowe I doo knowe thee, and, because thou arte an honest faythfull man, I loue thee, and

entrete thee, soo that I knewe nothyng els, it is inoughe that thy neyghboures prayse thee, and my fellows to, wythe whome thou haste entred frendshyppe, and who and of what sorte thou arte they haue tould mee, of whome I haue learned that thou desyreste my frendeshyppe, whiche I promyse nowe vnto thee, for thou arte as well worthy myne as I am thyne.

Nowe for bycause amonge frendes a thyng is done in fewe wordes, what I woulde, I wyl shew thee. Thou knowest how the kynde of man is prone unto loue, whether it be vertue or vyce, reyneth euery where, nor no hart there is of fleshe that some tyme hathe not felte the prickes of loue. Thou knoweste that neyther the wyse Salomone nor the stronge Samson hath eschaped from this passyon. Furthermore the nature of a kyndeled harte and of a folyshe loue is this, the more it is lette, the more I bourne. Wyth nothinge soner is this dysease healed, than with obtayninge of the loued. manye there hath bene, both in oure tyme and in oure elder, to whome theyr let hath bene cause of cruel deathe, and agayne many after y<sup>e</sup> thig obtained, haue left to rag. Nothyng is better when loue is crepte into the bones than too geue place to the rage, for who soo stryueth agaynste the tempest, ofte tymes suffereth wracke and who dryueth with the storme escapeth.

This I tel y<sup>e</sup> for that thou shalte knowe mee loue, and what for my sake thou muste doe, and then what profytte thou shalte haue thereby. I wyl shewe thee all, for nowe I reaken thee as one part of my harte. I loue Lucreces, and truly Pandalus it is not by my faut but by y<sup>e</sup> gouernaunce of fortune: it whose hādes is the hole worlde, that we inhabyte. The customes of the countrey were vnknowne to mee, I thoughte your women hadde felte in theyr hartes that they sheweth with theyr eyene, and that hath deceyed me, for I thought Lucreces hadde loued me, because she beheld me pleasantlye, and I agayne begane too loue her, for I thought suche a lady was not vnmeete to bee beloued for loue, and yet dyd I not



know the, nor none of thy kynne. I loued and wened to haue bene loued; who is soo stonye harde (beyng loued) that doth not loue? (But after I sawe I was deceiued.) least my loue shuld be vayne, with all maner of wayes I assayed too kyndell her wythe lyke and lyke fyre, for I hourned and piteously wasted, and shame and trouble of my mynde daye and nyghte dyd maruelouslye tormente me, and I was soo tangled that wyth no wayes I coulde escape, and at the laste I contynued so long, that the loue of vs both lyke pearishe, nor we se noo remedy too oure lyues, but onelye thy healpe. Her husbände keepeth her in his chāber. The waker dragon dyd neuer keepe so well the goldē fleece, nor Cerberus the entre of hel, as Lucres is kepte. I knowe your kynrede, and also I knowe that ye are noble and ryche, and among the beste of thys towne beeloued, but who can withstand destenye? halas Pandalus it was not by my choyse, but by chaunce, and thus standeth this matter, it is as yet secrete, but withoute it be wel guyled, it is lyke, as God forbyd, to brede a greate myschef. I peraduenture myghte apeace my selfe yf I wente from hence, whiche thoughe it were greuouse vnto me, I woulde do for your families, yf I thought that shoulde healpe, but well I know her rage, eyther she woulde folowe me, or els yf she were constrained to tarye, woulde kyll her selfe, whiche woulde be vnto youre house a perpetuall dyshonoure.

That I sente for you, is for youre cause to wythstande these myscheues, nor there is none other waye but that thou wylt be gouernour of oure loue, that the dyssembled fyre maye bee secrete. I recomende, I geeue, and I vowe mee holy vnto thee, be diligent in this furoure, leaste whyle it bee lette, it flame the more. Do so much that wee maye mete together, and soo shall the heate bee aslaked, and made more sufferable; thou knowest the wayes of the house, thou knoweste when the good manne is absente, thou knowest howe to brynge me in, but Menelaus brother muste bee hadde oute of the waye, whiche wayteth euer dylygently for these matters, and

kepeth Lucrez in steade of her brother, and marketh dylygently her wordes, her lookes, her countenaunce, her spittynges, her coughes, her laughes, and eche thyng he consydereth, hem muste I deceyue, and it cannot bee wythoute thee. Healp therefore I besече the, and whan her husbände Menelaus is frome home, aduertise me, and his brother that taryeth brynge theym out of the waye y<sup>t</sup> he neyther take hede to her, nor set none other kepers ouer her, which, if thou wilt vndertake, and healpe mee as my trust is in thee, all is safe, for thou mayste pryuelye, whyle the other be faste in sleape, lette me in, and ease oure furyous loue. What profyte shall ensue of this? I thynke thou vnderstādest by the discrecyō. For fyrste thou shalte saue the honoure of the house, and hyde the loue that in no wyse can be publyshed wythoute your shame. Secondly thou shalt saue thy cosē in lawes lyfe, and also too Menelaus, saue a wyfe, too whome it shall not bee so hurtefull that shee were myne for one nyght (no man knowyng of it) as yf hee shoulde lese her, all the worlde wonderyng whan she shoulde folowe me. Dyuers women folowed their louers, what yf she determined to folowe mee? what dyshonoure shoulde it be to your kynne! what mocke among people! what shame as well to al the towne as to you! some wolde peraduenture say, put her to deth rather than she shoulde doe thus, but woo be vnto hym that syleth hym with bludsheddyng, and remedieth one faute by a greater.

Myscheuousnes be not too be encreased but too be lessed. of two good thynges, wee knowe y<sup>e</sup> beste is to bee chosen, and of a good and of an ylle, the good, and of two ylles the least. Euerye waye is daungerous, but thys y<sup>t</sup> I shewe the is leaste peryllous, by which y<sup>e</sup> shalt not only helpe thine own bloud, but also me that am almost oute of my wytte too see Lucrez suffre as she doth for me: who I would rather dyd hate me, thā I woulde entreate thee; but thus it is and at thys poynte, and wythe oute thy craft, thy wytte and thy dylygence y<sup>e</sup> shyppe be guded ther remayneth noo hope of

health. Helpe therefore bothe her and me, and saue thy house from shame, And thyncke not that I wyll bee vnkynde, thou knowest I maye doe wythe the Emperoure, and what thou wylte, I wyll gette thee graüted, and thys I promyse thee on my faythe thou shalt bee an Earle by patente, and all thy posteritye shall inioye the same tytyle. I commyt vnto thee both Lucres, we, oure loue and fame, the honoure of thy kynne, I truste vnto thy fayth, thou art the arbyter, and all these be in thyne handes: Take hede nowe what dost, for lyke as thou mayst saue, so maist thou spil.

¶ Pandalus when he heard this smyled, and after a lytle pause sayde (Al this haue I knowne quod he Eurialus, and wolde God it had not happened, but nowe, as thou sayest, it is at that poynte that I must nedes doo as thou byddeste mee, excepte I wold shame all our kyn and rayse a greate slaunder: The woman idede brenneth, and hath no power ouer her selfe, and w'out I healpe, she wyl sle her self w' some knyfe, or breke her necke oute of some wyndowe, neyther careth she for honoure nor for her selfe; she hath toulde me her desyre, I haue blamed her, I haue busyed me too quence the flame, and all in vayne, she careth for nought but for thee, thou arte alwaies in her mynde, that she wysseth, thee she desyret, and thee onlye shee thynketh vpon, often tymes callynge mee by thy name. Soo is the womanne chaunged by loue, that she semeth not the same.

Halas what pytye and what sorowe, there was none in all the towne more chaste or more wyser then Lucres. It is a maruelous thyng yf nature haue geuen loue suche lawe ouer thee myndes of menne. Thys dyssease muste bee healped and with none other cure than thou haste shewed, I wyll goo aboute thys busynes, and whanne tyme is, I shall warne thee, nor seeke no rewarde of thee. It is not the offyce of an honeste manne to aske thanke where none is deserued. I do it to auoyde the fame of oure house, and yf thou take anye benefyte thereby, I am not therefore to be rewarde. Yet

quod Eurialus for all that I thancke thee, and as I sayde, I promyse thee to cause thee to be made Erle and refuse not hardly thys honoure. I refuse it not quod Pandalus, but I woulde not it shoulde come by this meanes. Yf it come lette it come, I wyll nothyng dooe by couenaunte, yf I myghte haue done it by vnknowne to thee, that thou myghte haue bene with Lucre's, I woulde gladly haue done it. Farewell, and thou also quod Eurialus, nowe that thou haste geuen me comforte, make fayne, fynde, or do by some meanes, that we maye be together. Thou shalt prayse me quod Pādalus, and hee departed full glade that he hadde entred in Eurialus grace. Hopīg to be an Earle, whereof hee was more desyrous, in as muche as he shewed leaste, for there bee manye men, so woman lyke, that whan they saye moste nay, they woulde fayneste. He hathe gotten by furtheraunce of loue the name of an Earle and hys posteriars shall shewe for theyr noblenes a gylted bull.

Not longe after there was a fray in the cōtry among Menelaus husbandmen, and dyuers of them that hadde dronke ouer muche were slayne, wherfore Menelaus must go forth to set good order in these matters, to whome Lucre's sayde, husbände thou art heaue and weake, and thy horse goeth harde, borowe therefore some ambelynge horse. And whan he asked where myghte borowe any, Mary quod Pandalus Eurialus hadde very good one, and sure he wyll gladly lende hym thee, yf thou wylte I shall aske hym.

Doe quod Menelaus, and Eurialus assone graūted as he was desyred, takyng it for a good tooke, and to him selfe saide, yf thou leape vppon my horse, I shall doe the same vnto thy wyfe. Nowe the couenaunte was that at fyue of y<sup>e</sup> clocke Eurialus shuld wayte in the streate, And shouldē hoope well yf he harden Pandalus sing. Menelaus was gone, and thee cloudy nyghte had couered the heuen. Lucre's taried her time in her chambre, and Eurialus was afor the

doore, and taryed y<sup>e</sup> token, but he neyther harde hym synge nor spit. The houre was paste, Achates meued him too departe. It was hard too departe, and ymagyned nowe one cause nowe another. Pandalus sange not because Menelaus brother was lefte there, that soughte eche corner for feare of deceytes, and waked all the whyle, To whome Pandalus sayde, shall we not goo too bedde thys nyght and I am wonderous slepy, I wōder of thee that arte a yonge man, and lyke one olde manne, too whome drynes taketh awaye sleape, thou neuer dooste sleape, but before day when other men do ryse. Lette vs goo to bedde, to what purpose do we wathe: Lette vs go quod Agemennon, yf thou wylte, but lett vs looke fyrst to the dores yf they be well shutte for doute of theues And whan he was came to the dore, he putte to it, nowe one locke, nowe another, and bolted it.

There was a great barre of yron that scāte two coulde lyfte where wyth the dore was neuer shutte, whych whan Agamennon coulde not put too, desyred healpe. Thou shuttest the dore quod Pandalus as yf the house should be beseged, are we not in a sure city? wee are at liberty in this towne, and quietnes is come to vs all. The Florentynes oure enemyes w<sup>t</sup> whome we haue warre be farre hence. If thou dred enemyes this house can not healpe vs. I wyll this nyght lyfte noo burdons, my shoulders ake, and I am sore brused within. I am not meete for the burden, therefore lyfte thou thy selfe, or let it alone, Well then quod Agamennon it is ynoughe, and wente to bed, Then quod Eurialus, I wyll tarye here thys houre too se peraduēture yf anye body doo appere. Achates that was with Eurialus was wery of soo longe tarying, and preuely cursed Eurialus whiche had kepte him so longe frō sleape. yet they taryed not longe after, but they sawe Lucre through a creues, carying a light in her hande. Towarde whō Eurialus w<sup>t</sup> and sayd God spede quod he my dere harte Lucre, and shee beyng a feard, woulde haue gone her waye, but thā remēbringe her selfe, What man arte y<sup>u</sup> quod shee

y<sup>t</sup> callest mee? I thyne Eurialus am here quod he, opē the dore my delite, I haue taryed here halfe this nyghte. Lucreces at the laste knewe his voyce, but because shee feared deceyte, she durste not opē tyll she knewe some token that it was he, and so with greate laboure she remoued y<sup>e</sup> lockes, but because there were manye fastenynge too the dore that a womā's strēgth could not vndo, shee opened it but halfe a foote wyde. Good ynough quod Eurialus, and stretchyng hym selfe at last gate in and taketh her in his armes. Achates watched w<sup>o</sup>ute. Lucreces, eyther for feare or for Joy swowned in Eurialus armes, and her strenght faylige wyth pale face semed all readye deade, but that her pulce and hete remainyd. Eurialus wyth the sodeyne chaunce affeared, wyste not what to do, yf I go hence thought he, y<sup>e</sup> faute of her death shal be in me to leaue a womanne in suche daūger, yf I tarye, Agamennon or some of the house shall come, and thā I am vndone. Alas vnhappy loue y<sup>t</sup> haste in the more gal than hony, y<sup>e</sup> bytter worme wode is no more soure than thou arte, what daungers haste thou al redye put me in, w<sup>t</sup> howe manye dethes haste thou thretened my hed? and haste thou lefte me nowe too haue a woman dye in myne armes? whye haste y<sup>e</sup> not rather slayne me? whye haste thou not torne me w<sup>t</sup> lyons. Alas howe muche had it bene y<sup>t</sup> I had dyed in her lappe, thā she in my bosome! Loue had ouercome the mā, and regarding not his own helth taryed with the womanne, and lyfting vppe her bodie al be moysted wythe teres, kyssed her, Alas Lucreces quod he, wher art thou become? where bee thyne eares? whye answerest thou not? why herest thou not? open thyn eyes. I besoeche the looke vpon me, smyle on mee as thou arte wonte; thy Eurialus is heare, he doth embrace thee, why dooste thou thus trouble me, I wonder, arte thou gone, or dooste thou slepe; where shall I seke the? yf thou wouldest dye, why dydest thou not warne me that I myght haue dyed with thee. If y<sup>e</sup> wilt not heare me, my sword shal straight open my syde, and we shall booth dye at ones. Ah my lyfe, my

darlynge, my delyte, and my only hoppe, and my hole healthe, shall I thus lese thee ? open thyne eyne, lyfte vp thy head, thou art not yet ded, I fele thou arte warme, and thy breathe is yet in thee. Whye doste thou not speake to me ? doste thou receyue me of this sort ? doste y<sup>e</sup> call me to suche pastyme ? dooste thou gyue me suche a nyght ? Rise I besече the my dere hart, looke on thy Eurialus, I am here ; and wyth that worde he stoude of, his teres flushed so vppon her face, that as wyth droppes of water y<sup>e</sup> woman awaked out of her slepe, and seyng her louer, Alas quod she Eurialus, where haue I ben ? why dydest thou not suffer me to dye ? happlie had I dyed in thy armes, and would god I myght so dye eare thou should depart y<sup>e</sup> towne. Thus talckyng together, they wente into the chamber, where they hadde suche a nyghte as we iudge the two louers Paris and Helena had after he had taken her away, and it was vnto thē so pleasaunte, that they thoughte Mars and Uenus hadde neuer none suche. Thou arte quod Lucre my Ganimedes, my Ypolitus, my Diomedes. Thou arte quod Eurialus my Polaxeno, my emly, ye and Uenus her selfe ; and her mouth and now her eyene and now her chekes he kysseth, and sometyme casting doune the clothes, he sawe suche beautye as he neuer afore saw. I haue found more quod he than I wened, suche a one sawe Acteon of Diana, whanne she bathed her in the fōūtayne. What is more pleasaunter or more fayrer than these lymmes ? nowe haue I bought them wyth pearyll, but what thinge shuld I not haue suffred for thee ? O fayre necke, and plesaūt brestes, is it you y<sup>t</sup> I touche, is it you that I haue ? are ye in my handes ? O round lymmes, O swete body, haue I thee in my armes ? Nowe where doth pleasāt in the freshnesse of my ioye, that no displeasure myghte here after hurte it. Do I holde thee or do I dreime ? O pleasaunte kysses, Oh dere embrachynges, O swete bytinges, no man lyuenge is more happe than I, or more blessed.

But alas howe swyfte bee these houres ! Thou spetefull nyghte,

why goest y<sup>u</sup> awaye ? abyde Apollo and tarye vnder the earth. Why dost thou so sone put thy horse into the chayret ? lete them repast ; geue me this nyght as thou dyddest to Alcmena. Whi doest thou Aurora leue so sone the bed of Titan. Yf thou were as pleasaunte vnto hym as Lucreces is to me, he wold not suffer thee to aryse so earlye. Neuer sawe I so shorte a nyghte, yet haue I bene in Britayne and in Denmarke : thus saide Eurialus, and Lucreces sayde no lesse, nor suffered not one kysse not one woorde too passe vnrecompēced. He strained and she strained, and whā they had done they were not wearye, but as Athens rose from the gronde strōger, soo after battell were they more desyrous of warre. The nyghte ended whan Aurora tooke from the Ocean her dewe heere. He departed and longe after myghte not retourne, by thee dayelye watche that was put vnto her.

Bet loue ouercame all thyng, and at laste they founde waie for their mytyng, which long whyle they vsed.

In the meane tyme the Emperoure, that all redy was reconcyled to Eugenius, determyne to goo to Rome. This dyd Lucreces perceyue, for what is that that loue knoweth not ? or who can deceiue a louer ? one therefore Lucreces wrote thus vnto Eurialus.

If my minde could be wroth toward the, I wold now be angrye with thee, for that thou haste dyssembled thy departyng, but it loueth thee better then me, and maye for no cause be meaued againste thee. Alasse my hert, whi haste thou not told me of the Emperoures departure ? hee makethe hym redye toward hys iourney and I knowe y<sup>u</sup> shalte not tary behind. Alas what shall bee come of mee, what shal I do pore womā, wher shal I reste ? yf thou doo forsake me, my lyfe lasteth not two dayes. For these letters therefore



moysted with my teares, and for thye ryghte hande, and thy promysed fayth, yf euer I haue deserued ani thyng of thee, or yf euer thou hast had anye delyte by mc, haue pyty on thy vnhappy louer. My desire is not that thou shuldist tary but that thou shouldest take me with thee. I wel make as I would go in the euenyng to Bethlē, and take but one olde womā with me, Let two or thre of thy seruauntes bee ther, and by force take me awaye. It is noo greate payne too take one awaye that woulde be gone, nor thynke it noo shame, for Parys the sonne of a kinge dyd lyke wyse, and y<sup>e</sup> shalte doe no wronge vnto my husbände, for hee shall algates lease mee, for yf it be not by thy takyng, it shal be by death. But I am sure thou wylte not bee so cruell to leaue mee behynde too dye, that euer hath made more of thee than of my lyfe. Farewel mi onlye trust.

To whome Eurialus aunswered after this facion.

Hetherto haue I hydde from thee my Lucrez my departyng, because thou shouldest not tourmēte thee ouermuch afore the tyme. I knowe thy condicions, and vnder what manner thou soroweste, but y<sup>e</sup> Emperoure departeth not so that he shall not retourne, and whan we shall retourne from Rome, this is in oure waye to our contrey, and yf so bee y<sup>e</sup> Emperoure wyll goo any other waye, yf I leue thou shalte se me retourne. Let god neuer suffer mee to come into my countreie, But make me wander lyke Ulyses, yf I come not hether. So comfort thy selfe therefore my dere hert and be of good cheare, bee not sade, but rather lyue merely. Thou sayest thi takyng awaye shoulde bee thee greatest pleasure that coulde bee to me ; it is trouthe, and greater delyte I coulde not haue, thā thee alwais at mi desire : But I must rather take heede to my honoure than to my lust, for the fayth that thou berest vnto me, byndeth me to geue thee such fayth full counseyle as shulde bee mete for thee. Thou

knoweste thou art maryed into a noble famylye, and haste y<sup>e</sup> name of a ryght beautyfull and chaste Lady, and it is not onlye in Italye, but as well in Teutonya, Panonia, Bohemia, and all the worthy partyes, so that yf I take thee awaye (besyd my shame y<sup>t</sup> for thy sake I set little by), what dyshonoure shuldeste thou do to all thy frendes ! what sorow shulde thy mother take ! what shulde be then spoken of the ? what rumeure shoulde all the worlde heare of thee ? Lo, Lucreces, that was called more chast thē y<sup>e</sup> wyfe of Brutus and better thā Penelope, foloweth an adultherer not remembringe neyther her parentes nor countreye ; it is not Lucreces, but Ippia, or Medea, y<sup>t</sup> folowed Jason. Halas what greffe shuld it be to me to here such thinges of the ! oure loue is yet secret, there is noo man that dyspraiseth thee, Thy taking awaie shulde marre all, nor thou were not so praysed as thou shuldest then be blamed. But besides our honour howe were it possible that we shuld use our loue ? I serue the Emperoure, he hath made me riche and of great power, and I cannot departe frō hym wythout the losse of my state, so that yf I shulde leaue hym, I coulde not conuenientlye entertaine thee, ye I shulde contynuallye folowe the courte. We haue no reast, euerye day we chaunge places. The Emperoure hath taryed no where so longe as he hathe done here, and that because of warre, soo that yf I shoulde carye thee about wyth me, and haue thee in my Tent as a folower of the felde, what reprefe and shame shulde it be both to the and me ! For these causes I beseche y<sup>e</sup> my Lucreces put awaye this mynde and remember thy honoure, and flatter not rather thy rage than thy selfe. Another louer peradventure wolde other wyse counsel thee, and desyre thee to ronne thy waye, that he might abuse thee as longe as he mighte, nothyng regarding what shuld be fal of it while he mighte satisfye hys appetite, but he were noo true louer that wolde regarde rather his owne lust than thy fame. I counsell the my Lucreces for the best, tary heare I beseche the and doubt not in my retourne : what so euer the Emperour

bath to do here, I wyll sue to haue it cōmytted vnto me y<sup>t</sup> I maye accōpanye with thee withoute daunger. Farewell, liue and loue me, and thinke my fyre no lesse than thine owne, and moost contrary to my minde I departe. Farewell agayne the delyte and fode of my lyfe.

¶ Wyth these letters the woman somewhat had appesed her selfe, and aunswered that shee woulde folowe his counsell.

Shortly after Eurialus wente to Rome withe the Emperoure, where he had not bene longe but he was sicke of an hote ague. The pore vnhappy man when he was burnyng in loue, began also to burne in sycknes, and when loue had wasted his strength by doloure and of y<sup>e</sup> disease, litle remaineth of his lyfe, and that spirit was rather entertained with Physiçiōs thā taried of it selfe. The Emperour visyted hym dayly, confortig hym as his sonne, and commaunded that he shoulde haue all cure of medecynes that myghte bee, but none was of more effecte for hys remedye then a letter from Lucres, whereby hee vnderstode her helth, which somewhat mynysheth hys sycknes, and made him recouer hys fete, so that hee was at the coronacion of the Emperoure, and there was made knyght. After thys, whā the Emperoure wente too Perusia, hee taryed at Rome, and fro thence wente too Scene, all thoughe hee were but yet weke and verry grene of hys sycknes, but he myghte onely behoulde Lucres and not speake to her. Many letters wente betwixt them, and agayne there was practysynge for her goynge away. Thre dayes did Eurialus tarye there, and whē he sawe no maner of wayes to come to her, y<sup>t</sup> as thē was takē from hym, hee dyd aduertise hys lady of his departynge, but neuer had they suche plesure in theyr cōuersacyon as they had dyspleasur in theyre departinge. Lucres was in her wyndowe when Eurialus rid through the strete, and wyth theyr moyste eyen the one beheld the other. He wept and

she wept, and bothe were destrayned with greuouse doloures, as they that felte theyr hartes tourne of theyr places. If anye mā doth not know the dolour of death let him cōsider the departynge of two louers, whiche hath more heuynes and more paynefull tormēt. The soule suffreth in death, for that it parte frō the beloued bodye, and the bodye (the soule ones departed) suffreth not, but whanne two mindes bee ioyned together, soo much is the diuision more full in so muche as the delyte of eyther of them is more sencyble.

And surelye heare was not two myndes, but surelye, as wenethe Aristophanes, one soule in two bodies so departed, not one minde from another, but one loue and one mynd was in two deuyded, and the harte suffred particion. Parte of the minde wente and part remayned and all the sences were disperpled and playned too departe frō theyr owne selfe. Nor one drope of bloude remained in the louers faces, but only teares and bewaylinges, and veye death apered in theyr vesages. Who maye wryte or declare, to thynk the grefes of those mindes, but he y<sup>t</sup> hath ones in hys lyfe bene like wyse made? Laodomya, whan Prothesilaus wēt to y<sup>e</sup> siege of Troy, snowned, and whan she knewe of his deathe dyed. Dido, after the predestinate departynge of Eneas, slewe herselfe, And Percia wolde not lyue after Brutus deathe. But thys our Lucreces, after Eurialus was out of her syght, fallinge too the earthe, was taken vp by her maidens, and layde in her beade, and when she came to her selfe, al purple and golden clothes and glad apparel she layde a parte, and were dyspleasaunte tawnye and neuer after was harde synge or seene laughe, nor by no sportes nor ioye, nor myrth, myghte neuer bee reconforted, in whiche condycion when she had a lytle whyle continued, she fel into sycknes, and, because her hearte was absente, the mynde woulde receyue no consolacyon, and at the laste betwyxte the armes of her muche wepyng mother (vsynge vayne cōfortable woordes) she gauē vpe the weryd gooste, dysdaynyng the sorowfull lyfe.

Eurialus, after he had passed the syght of those eyn y<sup>t</sup> shuld neuer agayne see hym, neuer speke to anye bodye in hys iourney, but caryed onely Luces in his mynde, and thoughte busyllye yf he myghte retourne, and at last came vnto the Emperoure at Perusia, and wente wyth hym too Ferrar, to Mantua, to Trydente, to Constantia, and to Basyle, and so into Hungery, and to Bohemy. But lyke as he folowed the Emperoure so dyd Luces folow hym in hys sleepe and suffred hym noo nyghtes rest, whō whē he knewe hys true louer to be deed meaued by extreme doloure clothed him in mournynge apparell, and vtterly excluded all cōforte, and yet though the Emperoure gaue hym in mariage a ryghte noble and excellente Ladye, yet he neuer

enioyed after, but in  
conclusyon piti-  
fully wasted  
his painful  
lyfe.

\* \*

¶ Imprynted at London in  
Louthbury by me Wyl-  
lyam Copland.

\* \*



THE  
NORTHERN  
MOTHERS  
BLESSING.

*The way of Thrift.*

Written nine yeares  
*before the death of G.*  
Chaucer.



LONDON,  
Printed by Robert Robinson for  
*Robert Dexter.* 1597.







When thou sits in the Kirke thy Bedes shalt thou bid,  
 Therein make no iangling with friend ne sib,  
 Laugh not to scorne nodir old ne yong,  
 Be of good bering and haue a good tongue :  
     For after thy bering,  
     So shall thy name spring,  
         My leue dere child.

Gif any man with worship desire to wed thee,  
 Wisely him answere, scorne him not what he be,  
 And tell it to thy friends and hide thou it nought,  
 Sit not by him nor stād not that sin mow be wrought :  
     For gif a slaunder be once raysed,  
     It is not so sone stilled,  
         My leue dere child.

What man that shall wed the fore God with a ring,  
 Looke thou loue him best of any earthly thing,  
 And meekly him answere and not too snatching ;  
 So may thou slake his yre and be his darling :  
     Faire Words slaken yre,  
     Suffer and haue thy desire,  
         My leue dere child.

Sweete of spech be thou and of milde moode,  
 True in word and dede, so bids our Lord God,  
 And keepe the eucr daughter fro velony and shame  
 That men for thy doing speake the no blame :  
     Good life ends wele,  
     Be true euer as the stele,  
         My leue dere child.

Be of fayre sembland and of good manere,  
Change not thy coūtnaunce for ought thou can here,  
Ne fare not as a giglot what euer thee betyde,  
Laugh not too loud ne gape not too wide :  
    Maydens should laugh softlye  
    That men here not they bee,  
    My leue dere child.

When thou goes by the gate go not too fast,  
Ne bridle not with thy head, ne thy shoulders cast,  
Be not of mony words ne sweare not to gret,  
All euill vices my doughter thou foryet :  
    For gif thou haue an euill name,  
    It will turne the to grame.  
    My leue dere child.

Goe not oft to the towne as it were a gaze  
Fro one house to odir for to seeke the maze,  
Ne go not to market thy barrell to fill,  
Ne vse not the Tauern thy worship to spill.  
    For who the Tauerne vsis  
    His thrift he refusis,  
    My leue dere child.

Gif thou be in place where good drinke is on loft,  
Wheder that thou serue or thou sit softe,  
Mesurely take thou, and get the no blame ;  
Gif thou be drunken it turnes the to shame.  
    Who so loues measure and skill,  
    He shall ofte haue his will,  
    My leue dere child.

Go not to the wrastling, ne shoting the cock,  
 As it were a strumpet or a giglot :  
 Be at home doughter and thy things tend,  
 For thine owne profit at the latter end :  
     Mery is owne thing to see,  
     My dere doughter I tell it thee,  
     My leue dere child.

Acquaint the not with euery man goes by the strete,  
 When folks thee bespeaken curtesly hem grete,  
 Let hem not by the wey, nor by hem doe not stond,  
 That they with velony make not thine hert bond :  
     For all men are not tristy,  
     Gif they speake to thee gayly,  
     My leue dere child.

Of lefe men doughter gift thou none take,  
 But thou wote wele how sone it forsake :  
 Men with their gifts wemen oregone  
 Gif they of herts be herd as stone :  
     Bounden is he or shee  
     That gifts takis securely,  
     My leue dere child.

In odur mens housen make thee no mastrye,  
 Ne blame thou nothing thou sees with thine eye,  
 Doughter I the prey bere thee so wele  
 That all men may sey thou art true as steele :  
     For wise men and old  
     Sayne good name is worth gold,  
     My leue &c.

Be thou no chider ne of wordis bold,  
To missay thy neighbors neder young ne old,  
Be thou not too proud ne too enuious  
For thing that may betyde in odir mens house :  
    For an enuious hert  
    Procures mickle smert,  
    My leue &c.

Gif thy neighbors haue riche instore or tyre  
Therefore make thou no strife ne bren not as fire,  
But thanke God of goods he has thee yeuen,  
And so shalt thou doughter good life liuen.  
    For oft at ease he is  
    That loues peace I wis,  
    My leue &c.

Huswifely shall thou go on the werk-day,  
Pride, rest, and idlenes put hem cleane away,  
And after on the holyday well clad shalt thou be  
The haliday to worship, God will loue the,  
    More for worship of our lord  
    Than for pride of the world.  
    My leue &c.

Mekill shame doughter shall that wife tyde  
That maken poore their husband with their great pride :  
Therefore doughter be huswife good,  
After the wren has vaines men may let blood.  
    For their thrift wexis thin  
    That spend more than they win,  
    My leue dere child.

Wisely looke thy houshold thy meynye,  
 To bitter ne to boner with hem ne bee,  
 And looke what neede is best to be done  
 And thereto set thy meiney sone :

Before done deede  
 Another may speede  
 My leue &c.

Looke to thy meyny and let them not be ydell,  
 Thy husband out, looke who does much or litell,  
 And he that does well quite him his meede  
 And gif he doe amisse amend thou him bidde,  
 And gif the work be great and the time strait  
 Set to thy hond, and make a huswifes brayd,  
 For they will do better gif thou by them stond,  
 The worke is soner done there as is many hond  
 My leue &c.

And looke what thy men doon, & about him wēd,  
 At euery deede done be at the tone end,  
 And gif thou finde any fault soone it amend,  
 Eft will they doe the better and thou be nere hand.  
 Mikell him behoues to doe  
 A good house that will looke to.  
 My leue &c.

Looke all thing be well when they worke leauen,  
 And take thy keyes to the when it is euen,  
 Looke all thing be well, and let for no shame  
 And gif thou so do, thou gets thee the lasse blame :  
 Trust no man bett than thy selfe  
 Whilest thou art in thy helth :  
 My leue &c.

Borrow not too gladly, ne take not to trest  
But the more neede it make or the more breste  
Make the not rich of oder mens thing  
The bolder to spend the worse thriuing  
For at the ending  
Home will the borrowed thing,  
My leue &c.

Giue thy meiney their hire at the terme-day  
Wheder they abiden or els gone away,  
Be wise euer doughter of their doing  
That thy friende may haue ioy of thy prouing  
Loose not the loue of thy frind,  
For a litle that thou mightst spend,  
My leue &c.

Now haue I taugt the doughter, so did my moder mee  
And therefore do therafter gif thou think to the,  
Look or thou wed any mā, that he haue a good name,  
True of hand and tongue without any blame :  
For better it is a childe to be vnborne,  
Than for vnteaching to be forlorne,  
My leue &c.

Sit not at euen too long at gaze with the cup  
For to wassell and drinke all vppe,  
So to bed betimes, at morne rise beliue  
And so may thou better learne to thriue :  
He that woll a good house keepe  
Must ofte-times breake a sleepe,  
My leue &c.

Gif it betide doughter thy friend fro the fall  
 And god send the children that for bread will call,  
 And thou haue mickle neede, helpe litle or none,  
 Thou must then care and spare hard as the stone :  
     For euill that may betide,  
     A man before should dread,  
         My leue &c.

Of all thing doughter looke thou thinke,  
 Gif men wold for worship set thee on the benk,  
 Be not too statly doughter noder young ne old,  
 For some folk are now pore that sometime ware gold :  
     Many folk for pride  
     After weren a naked side,  
         My leue &c.

Gif thou be a rich wife be not ouer hard,  
 Welcome thy neighbours that come the toward,  
 Giue hem meat and drink, the more is thy meed  
 Each bodie to his state shold giue the pore at need :  
     For thing that may thee betide,  
     Loue well thy neighbour thee beside,  
         My leue &c.

Take heed to thy children which thou hast born  
 And wait wel to thy daughters that they be not forlorne,  
 And put hem betime to their mariage  
 And giue them of thy good when they be of age.  
     For maydens bene louely,  
     But they bin vntrusty,  
         My leue &c.



Gif thou loue thy children hold thou hem lowe  
And gif any of hem misdo banne hem not ne blow,  
But take a good smart rod and beat hem arowe  
Till they cry mercy and their gilts bee know.  
For gif thou loue thy children wele  
Spare not the yard neuer a deale,  
My leue &c.

Now looke thou do doughter as I haue taught thee  
And thou shalt haue my blessing the better may thou the,  
And euery maiden that good wife wold bee  
Do as I haue taught you for saint charity :  
And all that so will do God giue hem his blessing  
And send hem all heauen at her last ending.

AMEN.

Explicit.



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## The Way to Thrift.

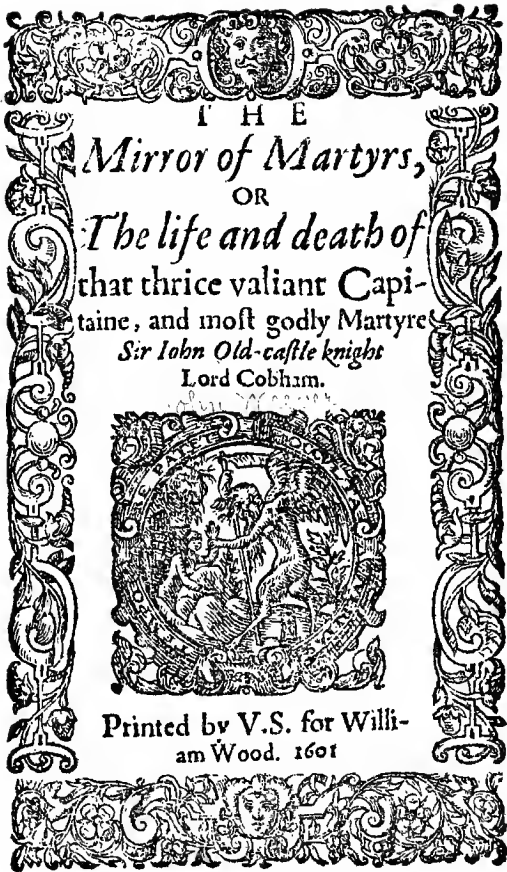
Lord God what is this worldes wele,  
Riches, reuell and great aray ?  
Nothing to spare, and all day to spill,  
Full sone it wastes and weares away.  
When plenty may no lenger paye  
What wight with him wold then abide ?  
A carefull man both night and day  
With heauie hart his head must hide,  
And all is for default of grace,  
That God grutches ayenst our gouernaunce  
When measure may not medle in place.  
What is it to a man more grieuance,  
Than sodenly fro manhood for to fall  
In pride his simple purueyance  
There pouertie is steward in hall :  
But hee that can in some season  
Gedder and keepe or that hee grynde  
In winter tyme by way of reason  
Hee shall not be farre behinde.  
For ther as measure is in mynde  
Good rule may not long faile,  
Yet beware to bee ouer kinde  
For skoring in the comiter taylor ;  
But wele and worship with welfare  
Mickle wastes with little winne  
Full soone brings a housholder bare,

With large spending both out and in,  
 Then bee aduised or thou beginne  
 That thou haue none need to plaine,  
 Think what a state thou standest in  
 For Pouerty is a priuie payn,  
 And if thou haue hope of help and trist  
 Of lords aud ladies with her pleasance  
 And yet beware of Had I wist  
 For old enuy makes new distaunce  
 In pride and pouerty is great penaunce  
 And yet is danger most disease.  
 Here is a cumberrouse acquaintance  
 When noder of hem oder please,  
 Fer Had I wist comes euer too late  
 When there lackes both lock and key,  
 What nede is then to spare the yat  
 When nothing is leaued in the way  
 With a pennylesse purse for to pay.  
 How can he then his people please,  
 Many a man had a leue dye,  
 As long to liue in such disease.  
 A bare beard may soon be shauen  
 There as is none heyre about  
 It faireth as a man that mickle wold hauen  
 And is not else but pore and proud,  
 But euer ready in ilke rout  
 And lay to wed both pot and panne.  
 When the fire clean is blowne out  
 Where shall wee go dyne than ?  
 What need is it to delue deep,  
 There as is no seed to sowe ?  
 The pot is easy for to keep

When all the fat is ouerblowe,  
Noder for the kyte ne for the crow  
Incumber not thine owne nest.  
Too mickle bend will breake thy bow  
When thy game is alder best,  
Ensample men may see all day.  
Yet keep I no man to defend.  
The houshold and great aray  
Is Lords life and Ladies game,  
When gladshippe grows into grame  
And for need must begge and borro  
First comes pride and after shame,  
And from solace turnes to suddain sorrow.

FINIS.





I H E

*Mirror of Martyrs,*

OR

*The life and death of*

that thrice valiant Capi-  
taine, and most godly Martyre

*Sir Iohn Old-castle knight*  
Lord Cobham.



Printed by V.S. for Willi-  
am Wood. 1601





To the liuely image of all morall Virtues, and  
true perfection of heauen-borne Arts,  
William Couell Bachelor of Diuinitie,  
all successe agreeable to the auncient worth  
of his ancestors.

This Poem (Right Wor:) which I present to your  
learned view, some two yeares agoe was made fit for  
the Print; that so long keeping the corner of my  
studie, wherein I vse to put waste paper: This first  
trew Oldcastle, thought himselfe iniurde, because he  
might not bee suffered to sustaine the second Mar-  
tyrdome of the Presse: In somuch that I was con-  
tented he should stand bare-headed to these churlish  
times, and endure the censure of his vtmost enemies,  
onely to make his Death more glorious. Howsoever,  
now he passeth vnder your protection; and though my  
pensill be too weake, either for his or your picture,  
accept of the same, because it comes from zeale.

The admirer of your vertues,

Io Weeuer.

To the Authors most honored friend,  
Richard Dalton of Pilling,  
enriched with all gifts of Nature, and graced  
with the chiefe ornaments of  
true Gentilitie.

How ioyfully the Authors Poem goes,  
To thee, whose wit, whose vertues he admires,  
With what a willing soule hee daily shows,  
That loue, the which thy loue of him requires,  
Whose name he honors, and whose machlesse worth,  
He can imagine better than set forth.

His minde farre more is, than his feeble might,  
Yet hath he wouen of this home-spunne thred,  
So fine a webbe, so richly scourde and dight,  
(Minerua like) beyond the wisest head :  
The which to praise, were onely to this end,  
To marre the loome, and not the cloth to mend.

•

**The Life and death of Sir Io : Oldcastle  
knight, Lord Cobham.**

Faire Lucifer, the messenger of light,  
Vpon the bosome of the star-deckt skie,  
Begins to chase the rauē-fethered night :  
That stops the passage of his percing eie :  
    And heauing vp the brim of his bright beuer,  
    Would make that day, which day was counted neuer.

But Mercurie, be thou the morning Star,  
Beare my embassage from Elysium,  
Shew to my countrie hence remoued far,  
From these paulions I can neuer come :  
    Staind vice ascends from out th'infermall deepes,  
    But in the heauens vnspotted vertue keeps.

Deliuier but in swasiue eloquence,  
Both of my life and death the veritie,  
Set vp a *Si quis*, giue intelligence,  
That such a day shall be my Tragedie :  
    If thousands flocke to heare a Poets pen,  
    To heare a god, how many millions then ?

The many-headed multitude were drawne  
 By Brutus speach, that Cæsar was ambitious,  
 When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne  
 His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious ?  
     Mans memory, with new, forgets the old,  
     One tale is good vntill another's told.

Sing thou my dirgies like a dying Swan,  
 Whose painfull death requires a playning dittie :  
 That my complaint may pierce the hart of man,  
 Plaine be thy song, sweete, pleasing, full of pittie :  
     And more, to moue the multitude to ruth,  
     Let my apparell be the naked truth.

Truth bring I nak't, for other weedes she scorneth,  
 Saue that her smocke in flames of colored silke  
 Is strangelic wrought, her beawtie it adorneth,  
 As through the same it peares more white then milke :  
     In open view she comes, faire, comelie, meeke,  
     For, Truth the hidden corners doth not seeke.

My father Reignold Cobham (whom so many  
 Haue crown'd with euer-greene victorious baies),  
 For valorous worth before him plac'd not any ;  
 O but I must be parciall in his praise.  
     T'emblazon forth her owne truth, Truth's denide,  
     Herein the Truth, for Truth, is counted pride.

Within the Spring-tide of my flowring youth  
He stept into the winter of his age :  
Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the Truth,)   
That I was made Sir Thomas Mowbraies page :  
    A meanes to die, who meanes to liue so long,  
    Aged in ill, in goodnesse euer yong.

There did I spend my purple-coloured May,  
Bathing in blisse, and courtlie blandishment ;  
Vntill the sentence on Saint Lamberts day  
Pronounced was of Mowbraies banishment ;  
    Of Englands woe, of Richards lowe deposing.  
    Of Herfords honour, of my seruice losing.

He might haue seen how Fate that day fore-pointed,  
That gloomie day wherein the heauens did mone :  
She would haue Herford Englands king annointed,  
To rend the wreath of Diamonds from his Throne :  
    But Majesty, whose lustre is so bright,  
    Destroies the sense, and dazleth the sight.

Fate the foule of-spring of black Erebus,  
Th'inhabitesse of foamie Phlegeton :  
Ill fortunes day star, good lucks Hesperus,  
Pale Deaths fore-teller, grim Porphyriion.  
    Ioues scribe in brasse with pens of dragons wings,  
    The chiefe commaundresse both of gods and kings.

Earths Genius, mans inauspicious starre,  
 A triple power, the knowledge of things past,  
 To come, and present, Trumpeter to warre,  
 Ill at the first, injurious at the last ;  
     A crosse wherewith we all must rest contented,  
     Fate tho fore-seene can seldome bee preuented.

Then whil'st the Aprill of my yong yeares lasted,  
 (Aged in nothing onely but my name :)  
 Her forward budding in the prime I blasted,  
 With wind of pride, and hoarie frost of shame ;  
     With riotous Loue, whose highest point's a pleasure,  
     With paine before, repentance at more leasure.

And like a Trau'ler which his way hath lost,  
 In th'vnknowne woods, when vp and downe he rangeth,  
 On euery side with blind Meander's crost,  
 And this for that, that for another changeth :  
     Within the sharp-set thickets long thus tost,  
     At length finds this that he himselfe hath lost.

So in my youth I was a Traueler,  
 Within this world a wilderness of woe,  
 No Palmers then could tell a Passenger  
 Which way from danger safely he might goe :  
     Led once astray in youth, who euer found  
     His first trode path, where pleasures do abound.

Thus lost within the Laborinth of sin,  
Wandring the woods in Egypts gloomie Night,  
Tying no threed from whence I first came in,  
No Sun to shine, no star to giue me light :  
    Echidnaes ofspring, hell-borne serpents knew me,  
    And at their pleasures to strange pleasures drew me.

Some way I left before I had begun it,  
And some was knottie, othersome would bryre me :  
This marrish ground, and yet I could not shun it,  
This steepe and sandie sooner it would tyre me ;  
    This way to follow vertue would procure me,  
    To this my youthful head-strong yeares did lure me.

And youth excusd the errours in my nature,  
Whose greenenes tooke vpon him all the fault :  
Perswading me, such power was in no creature,  
Once to resist vice when it gaue assault :  
    Perswasion's vaine, for one to vices bent,  
    The minde agrees, as Nature doth consent.

Audacious Youth, impatient being moued,  
A witlesse substance in a seeming show ;  
Scorner of age, of age yet best beloued ;  
By Phaeton the world's ouerthrow,  
    A sleepe, a dreame, a brauling lunacie,  
    A selfe-conceit short-killing plurasie.

Before this Youth in mirthfull sports was lauisht,  
 No meane Cumrades, no base associates,  
 In company with my perfections rauisht,  
 Swore me for one of their confederates,  
     For valour, wit, and court-ship few came nie me,  
     In all which, Richard, Henries both did trie me.

But valour, court-ship, wit, and all good parts,  
 Make without maners but a glittering show :  
 Nature is onely beautified with arts :  
 Wit oftentimes is her owne ouerthrow.  
     This court-ship, valour, wit, al are disgraced,  
     Within the minde when vertue is not placed.

For strange attempts, for Mars-like chiuallrie,  
 Among my fellowes yet I beare the bell,  
 In hastie wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie,  
 I counted vertue alwaies to excell,  
     And deem'd it better perish in the field,  
     Then for base feare my weapons vp to yeeld.

Feare the minds fall with lasting infamie,  
 In expectation of some future ill :  
 Twixt Mars and Venus got in luxurie,  
 A cold congealed ice, a bloudlesse chill,  
     An Ecstasis, a breeder of gray haire,  
     An abject spirit, scorne to youthfull yeares.



Yet the world poys'ned with a swaggering humour,  
Of some shape-altring Succubus begot ;  
A wynd-swolne monster, many headed Rumour :  
Vices preseruer, vertues festred rot ;  
    Prides male-content, minds putrified wound,  
    A liquour moist distilled from the ground.

This ayres innate and chiefest qualitie,  
This Ship-mans hose ; this heat-extinguisher,  
This gallants wisdom, wise-mens gullerie,  
This paynted wethercocke, Arts diminisher.  
    With cowardize beginneth to empeach me,  
    Because in worth not able for to reach me.

We daft the world with time ourselues beguiled,  
Dreaming on nought saue on eternitie,  
And good Successse from highest heauens smiled  
On our attempts and mirthfull jollitie :  
    For that seemes good which present pleasures brings,  
    Tho't bee the roote, from whence all euil springs.

Successse, the friend of famous Conquerours,  
Faire Fortunes handmaid, daughter of pure blood,  
The worlds darling, wish of Emperours,  
Desyres great Goddessse, fauorite of the good,  
    From pale facde death or danger euer blest me,  
    And with the robe of honour doth inuest me.

And seeking how she might the more inhaunce me,  
 Though lewd my hauiour was, vnsound my carriage,  
 With roialtie and high discent t'aduance me,  
 Shee join'd me with a Ladie faire in mariage ;  
     By whose high honour I first won the name  
     And Seignorie of Cobhams endlesse fame.

Long I injoi'd this weary wing of Fame,  
 My beauteous wife, my Margarite of worth,  
 Whose Nature was more precious then her name,  
 All titles were but staines to set her forth ;  
     For stature, bewtie, vertue, wit, and blood,  
     More comelie none, faire, sober, matchlesse, good.

But bewtie, stature, vertue, wit, nor blood,  
 Nor yet the ripenesse of a flowring age,  
 Faire, comelie, sober, matchlesse, lustie, good,  
 Can aught at all delay deaths murdrous rage,  
     For all these gifts from Margarite ycome,  
     And buried lie with Margarite in her tombe.

Hymen put on his saffron-coloured cote,  
 And now vice had no warrantize by yeares,  
 With that I gin my fellowes faults to note,  
 Sounding sweete counsell in their Adders eares.  
     But ill it seem d me them to blame : though I  
     Censurd my selfe like mine owne enemy.

Delight saw this, and would not slip the season,  
But in my soule shee made a strange diuision ;  
The sensuall parts shee armed all gainst Reason,  
Defending goodnesse to be superstition ;  
    A fopperie, a fond Precisians toy,  
    The which who loues, doth liue still void of ioy.

My wil, whose obiect was the chiefest good,  
And vnderstanding facultie the truth,  
This sharpe encounter cowardlie withstood,  
So weakned with the pleasures of my youth.  
    Tis hard to hate vice which we long haue loued,  
    An habite got once, seldom is remoued.

The troupes disperst, now darknesse ends the fight,  
And reason held his late-won victorie :  
But inward Senses skirmish in the night,  
The common sense, Remembrance, Phantasie,  
    Whose warre, is warre, warre onely to increase,  
    When Reasons warre, is warre to liue in peace.

Faire was the field where first we met, and spatious,  
Enuironed with odoriferous meads,  
Ioynd to a Citie, to the sight most gratious,  
Where stately Trees, with wood-bine pleighted heads,  
    Of Mandrake, Poppie, euer greene did flourish,  
    With hearbs whose iuice the drowsy sense wold nourish.

Here none saue night-byrds houer with their wings,  
 The fatall scritch-owles, feast profaning Bats ;  
 From two faire founts the Riuer Lethe springs :  
 And on the clearest Minerall she pats ;  
     Whose stealing streames along the channell fals,  
     Like Euphrates, at first, twixt Edens wals.

This crawling runner, hony-bubbling fountaine,  
 Whil'st thousands slept in Nights securitie ;  
 Descending from the Diamond-rockie mountaine,  
 Like the mellifluent brooke of Castilie ;  
     Turning the sand, and playing with the stones,  
     Would alway answere both their sighes and grones.

The Citie with two entrances is graced,  
 Whose workmanship the matter seemes to scorne ;  
 The first, wherein expreslie dreames are placed,  
 With curious Art is builded all of horne ;  
     The other made of polisht Iuorie,  
     Where dreames vnvail'd, and ouershaddowed be.

A sumptuous Temple all of burnisht gold,  
 Within the wals erected vnto night,  
 Which Phantasies in greatest reuerece hold ;  
 Another Chappell Alethia hight,  
     With diuers formes, to diuers shapes, some tall,  
     Some vglie, winged, wither'd, grosse, some small.

With scaling ladders on the walls I venter,  
(In which fierce entrance well I might haue perisht,)  
Whose Pallaces no sooner could I enter,  
But pleasant sights, my soule and senses cherisht :  
    From ghastly feare faire Icolon me keepes,  
    And lullabies my thoughts with carelesse sleepes.

Sweete Sleepe, distresse and sorrowes soueraigne cure,  
Worthie entitled Nox sonne Morpheus,  
Send downe from Heauen vnto Pallinure,  
Mans king and Gods endeard by Orpheus,  
    Within the circuit of this pallace knew me,  
    And pleasures past, with what would come, did shew  
    me.

For the Idæa of a thing in sleepe,  
May be imprinted in the Phantasie,  
With shape-transforming visions so deepe,  
That it deludes the senses outwardly,  
    And so in forme and in estate appeere  
    Within the mind as if he waking were.

Thus neere Iberiaes foremost fertile coast,  
I entred in Gades two-leau'd brasen dore,  
Where I espide of Demi-gods an hoast,  
Landing vpon the sea-Atlanticke shore,  
    In yeeres none yong, with yeeres not any olde,  
    None parcht with heate, none withered with colde.

These Deities liu'd in so rare a ground,  
 Which thrice a yeere her fruitfulness did show,  
 Yet plow nor planting did her forehead wound,  
 No other winde but Zephyrus did blow,  
     No showres, no raine, for fruits will neuer perish,  
 Which the danke moisture of the ayre doth cherish.

Downe in a dale enameled with roses,  
 Ten thousand Adones standing on a raw,  
 And by a crannie which a garden closes,  
 So many Virgins and wood Nymphs I saw,  
     With brests halfe hid, with loose dishevil'd haire,  
     To catch the baulme-sweete breathing of the aire.

Which gamesomlie into their bosomes got,  
 Whisks vp and downe, twines, curls vp their tresses,  
 And enterlaces with a Trew-loues knot;  
 And last; diuides each haire, each plight vndresses;  
     Playes fast and loose, as fearing least his sport  
     Should end too soone, his pleasure be too short.

Thrice twenty thousand Cupids in their eies,  
 Bathing them selues; so many Graces set  
 Vpon the bancks their browes; each (naked) hies:  
 The first place in this paradize to get.  
     Tell me the man these visions would not moue,  
     For Sight breedes wonder, wonder bringeth Loue.

One thought of hate, ten thoughts of loue reuiueth,  
Whilst beauty charmes the vertue of the senses,  
Great powers small aide gainst loues encounter giueth :  
Wit's but a warrant for these sweete offences :

What hope hath reason now to quench loues fire,  
When hate breedes loue, wit kindleth loues desire ?

Mine inward sense thus argu'd with my reason,  
Told her these saints, this heauenly place enjoying :  
Spent all their life in mirth, their baiting season  
Slept in delights ; and past in amorous toying :  
Gainst heauen herselfe who would not be rebelling,  
To liue, where loue, youth, beutie haue their dwelling.

With that I stretcht my lims along the bed,  
Hauing no power to ope my gowlie eyes ;  
Thrice ore the caddow I mine armes out spred :  
Thrice did I fall, before I once could rise :  
Leaning vpon mine elbow for a rest,  
Nodding, I knockt my chin against my brest.

Then sigh'd, slipt downe, and twixt the sheete and  
I nuzled in, joyn'd knees and chin together : [pillow  
I dream'd I wore a garland of greene willow.  
But snuffling low, I prickt me with a fether ;  
So wakt, the bolster for my backe I chose,  
And yawning thrice, I rub'd mine eyes and rose.

At length, well wakened from the pleasing slumber :  
(O that such slumbers euer should awake !)  
As I began my follies past to number,  
Despaire gainst comfort gins a head to make.  
    Yet in remembrance of my youthfull yeares,  
    Innumerable sins, I spent innumerable teares.

Like to a needle plac'd in equall distance,  
Betwixt a Load-stone and an Adamant,  
By either drawne, to neither makes resistance :  
But stands immote as she their force did dant.  
    So do I stand in great perplexitie,  
    And onely certaine in vncertaintie.

I'm in a wood, greene may it euer grow,  
Yet o're my head a threatening Rocke still hingeth ;  
The Rocke despaire, the wood doth comfort show,  
The rocke my soule, which worme of conscience stingeth.  
    Twixt wood and rocke, I stand on six and seauen,  
    Yet makes the wood my through-fare into heauen.

So (but I list not of my valour boast,  
Tis no ambition though, to boast of good :)  
Reason outbrau'd this heauen-aspiring hoast,  
And left them wallowing in their loathsome blood,  
    Whilst many fled, which made the more affraide,  
    Thus I mine ensignes in the aire displaide.



But Rochester shall Eccho forth my praise,  
If Rochester remaine not most vngratefull,  
A sin in fashion for these humerous daies :  
To whom wee owe, to them we are most hatefull :  
    O that it were in fashion ; I am sure  
    Nine daies (like wonders) fashions but endure.

I must vpbraide her else, not praises giuing,  
How first my fauours patronag'd her pride :  
But in too much remembrance of the liuing,  
In darke obliuion dead mens praise wee hide.  
    A begger from the dunghill once extold,  
    Forgets himselfe, whom what he was of old.

When first her grauell-purified riuer,  
No bridge vpon her bote-lod'n bosome bore,  
Some high renowne I striued for to giue her,  
And made a bridge her swiftest currant o're.  
    Sir Robert Knowles was in the same an actor :  
    But Cobham was the chiefest benefactor.

And Walter Merton, Merton Colledge founder,  
(Why doth mischance neere charitie thus dwell ?)  
With lime and sand gainst tempest-beating bound her,  
Who from her top by great misfortune fell,  
    Riding along the workemen for to see :  
    Fortune is alwaies vertues enemye.

Kinde Rochester it seemes hath yet respected,  
 His name should liue in ages for to come,  
 In whose memoriall lately is erected  
 An Epitaph upon a Marble tombe :  
     But one good turne another still doth craue :  
     For this ; they found a goblet in his graue.

Warham, th'archbishop once of Canterbury,  
 The Iron barres vpon the bridge bestow'd :  
 Warner the copings did reedifie,  
 And many since their liberall minds haue show'd,  
     Whose deedes in life (if deedes can heauen merit)  
     Made them in death all heauenly joyes inherit.

Thus Medway by this faire stone bridge adorned,  
 Made Thamesis enamor'd of her beauty :  
 All other riuers England had he scorned,  
 Yeelding to her kinde loue-deseruing duty,      [ings,  
     In smiles, embracements, gracious lookes and greet-  
     In amorous kisses, murmures, night-set meetings.

But how he courted, how himselfe hee carri'd,  
 And how the fauour of this Nimph he wonne,  
 And with what pompe Thames was to Medway marri'd,  
 Sweete Spenser shewcs (O grieffe that Spenser's gone !)  
     With whose life heuens a while enricht vs more,  
     That by his death wee might be euer pore.

With swifter currant Medway to this day  
From Maidstone runs, in hope the bridge to kisse,  
One streame another chasing fast away,  
That thousands hasting of their purpose misse :  
    And downe the gullet all in anger glide,  
    Yet turne in whirle-pooles round, to vew her side.

One streame stands kissing with a naked piller,  
Whose force rebutts the streame which runneth after,  
And backe retires, with glauncing lookes to fill her  
Long-wisht desire ; and smiles, and falls to laughter,  
    Last (in her language) when she slides away,  
    She seemes to thanke mee for her marriage day.

With thanks the gods, with thankes good men are pleased,  
And thankes she giues him that this bridge first founded :  
Because this rest her wearie streame hath eased,  
And now with oares her sides are neuer wounded,  
    But thankfull she, vnthankfull all the towne,  
    The cause (no doubt) was once the bridge fell downe.

Ioues issue borne of faire Eurynomes,  
Mirth's naked mothers, snow-white Charites :  
Daughters of th'Ocean, riuers Presides,  
The pride of Desarts, sweete mouth'd Naides,  
    These Nymphs of Ashdon forrest neuer haunted  
    Medways flour'd banks whilst this fair bridge she wāted.

For goddesses could not abide the sauour  
 Of millions ouerwhelmed in her brooke :  
 These deyties now take it for a fauour,  
 Their beautie in her glassie streames to looke,  
     All do rejoyce ; and are most thankefull ; man,  
     Which should be thankefull, most vnthankefull thau.

Let marriners which shute his arches through  
 Describe aright his length, his bredth, his beautie ;  
 Riding in's sight, they vaile their bonnet low,  
 And strike their top-saile in submissiue dutie :  
     Hee'l not be brau'd ; no vessell since the marriage  
     Will he receiue, but of a lowly carriage.

Some higher ship, whose sailes are swolne with pride,  
 Whose bloody flaggs like fierie streamers hing,  
 At Chattam lies, and from her hollow side,  
 With double charge sendes forth a culuering,  
     Which rends the shore, and makes the towne to shake,  
     The bridge her breath, herselfe in snuffe doth take.

The fierie smoake this Engine vomits out,  
 To him transported by the aire and wind,  
 Hee straight receiues ; and prisons in throughout  
 His hollow vaults, his creuices, and rindes,  
     So th'aire redoubling in his arches slips  
     A mocking eccho to these powder ships.

This bridge reuiues my dying memorie,  
Ouer the which I passe into the towne,  
To view the sacred church of Trinitie :  
Built by Sir Robert Knowles : and (though vnknowne)  
That Chauntrey joyning to the same I founded,  
Where Harmonie for euer should be sounded.

Sweete Harmonie suppos'd of Pithagoreans,  
To be the spheares and heauenly bodies motion,  
Of Platonists, Amphibolites, and Iouians,  
A Simmetrie within the soules sharp notion :  
Heauens handmaide, one of the liberall arts,  
A concord, all of disagreeing parts.

Soule-drowning pleasure rauisher of sense,  
Elisiums Anthem, court-enchanting spell,  
Our nouice lady-woing eloquence,  
The fetcher of Euridice from hell,  
The cowards courage to vphold his armes,  
The valiant mans encoutring fresh alarmes.

The ioy to grieffe-acclloyd calamitie,  
Thebes singing Syren to display her banners,  
Prisoners comfort in cold miserie,  
Cares cosoner, reformer of the manners ;  
In sorrow, smart, exilement, hunger, anguish,  
An helper, least we faint, despaire, or languish.

Wench-wanton Ioue, and faire Electraes daughter,  
 Of seauen starres, the seauenth not appearing,  
 Empresse of solace, greatest Queene of laughter,  
 Venus white doue, and Mars his onely dearing,  
     Why am I thus in thy remembrance rotten,  
     And in thy sweete saint-pleasing songs forgotten ?

Had some feirce Lionesse by the Libian fountaines,  
 Or blacke-mouth'd barking Scilla brought thee forth,  
 On flintie Etnaes sulphur-flaming mountaines :  
 By Tygres nurs'd in th'ice congealed north,  
     Thou couldst not be more frozen harted hatefull,  
     Injurious more, lesse louing, more vngratefull.

Neptune obtayning but his Amphitrite,  
 By the Dolphins meanes in heauens azure frame ;  
 In the remembrance of this benefite :  
 Ten stars compacted by the Dolphins name ;  
     Nor Gods, nor men, but Clownes, illiterate, rude,  
     Would thus be poisoned with ingratitude.

O but I heare thy notes Angelicall,  
 On Orpheus siluer-sounding Harp excuse thee,  
 Whose strayed ditties most melodicall  
 Tell me, the world in dotage doth abuse me :  
     The world is old, and I more old in name,  
     Old age, by youth's preseru'd, not by the same.

The time's in dotage, and the world in yeares,  
This organ-aged litle world man,  
Which cradle-witted infant-waxen peares,  
Gray coated, fond, pale, hoarie, feeble, wan,  
    Bald, drie, diseased, rheumaticke, and cold :  
    Therefore the world is earthlie doting old.

He that lyes well, does well this ill age fit,  
Hee's a bare foole which speakes the naked Truth ;  
The one wise follie, th'other foolish wit :  
This stripling world is alwaies thus in youth :  
    Such wisdomc's doting, doting's frostie cold :  
    Therefore the world is foolish doting old.

Old age within her hart a Fox doth hold,  
A Kyte in hand ; a Bee within her brest ;  
Fox false, deceaues, Kyte greedie, catch thee wold,  
Bee angrie, stings, beleev'd, come neare, deprest ;  
    These signes all shew within this world I could,  
    Therefore the world is crooked doting old.

Shee builds highe roofes with ruines of the Church,  
Sels lyes for nothing, Nothing for too much ;  
Faith for three farthings, t'haue thee in the lurch :  
Shee's meale mouth'd, simple, scarce abiding tuch.  
    First shee is greedie, next, her craft behold :  
    Therefore the world is wylie doting old.

When for a looke shee will be in the lawe,  
 To take the wall, is by the wall to dye,  
 At a great word she will her poynard draw,  
 Looke for the pincke if once thou giue the lye.  
     Is she not angry, hot, audacious bold ?  
     Therefore the world is testie doting old.

Tis greedie, first, which vsurers will nourish,  
 Tis craftie, Lawers lie not to the truth,  
 Tis angry, Fencers euery where do flourish,  
 Craft, anger, vsury, neuer seene in youth :  
     In crabbed age these vices we behold,  
     Doubtlesse the world is wonderous doting old.

But all the world in question is not cald,  
 For art can varnish o're decayed nature,  
 Old men haue haire, and many yong men bald,  
 Yet periwigs and painting helpe their feature,  
     In nature weake, in art the world's strong,  
     The world in age againe thus waxeth yong.

When great Apollo shewes his threefold might,  
 And by his issue dayly's made the yonger,  
 Keeping his vertue, influence, and light,  
 May not man thinke thereby to liue the longer ?  
     No, he's a father, though his chin be bare,  
     But man's a monster if he want his haire.



Time was of old, when all of vs were yong,  
Then we learn'd much, for litle were we knowing,  
When riper yeares and manhoode made vs strong,  
Then we knew much, and more still would be showing,  
    Age knowes all well, do nothing well it would,  
    In vertue yong the world, in knowledge old.

Our fixed stars, a pur-blind old man's eyes,  
The aire's a gnastie old mans breath ill smelling,  
Water a rhume in dropsie when he lyes,  
Valleyes rough wrinckles, mountaines gowtie swelling ;  
    The earth a sleepy old man's long-kept dregs,  
    Men now a feeble old mans windie egs,

Let vs but looke into the giants age,  
Danske Corioneus English Albion,  
Or Titans broode which gainst the heauens did rage,  
Fierce Lentesmophius, Effra, Gration,  
    These were the worlds first youthfull progenie,  
    To these our men are an Epitomie,

Whose dig'd vp reliques, if we but behold,  
Do we not wonder at their ribs or teeth ?  
Like props and and milstones so our issue old  
Will wonder at our greatnesse which she seeth,  
    Now are we dwarfs, they will be pismires then,  
    This is the fumbling of our aged men.

Nor thou faire frame with azure lines thicke quoted,  
 Bright heauen thy swift orbicular round motion,  
 (As Linceus-eyde Astronomers haue noted :)  
 From East to West keeps not thy reuolution,  
     Seauen starstheir seates haue left, and lost some light:  
     The world is old when heauen is dimme of sight.

Ioue's gone to Libra from his amorous maide,  
 And Mercurie thou'rt fled to Scorpio, then  
 From Scorpio Saturne to the Shooters straide,  
 Mars loaths the crab, lies in the lion's den :  
     How can the course of this our world go euen :  
     When all this ods and jarring is in heauen ?

Pure, thin, and pleasing, was the aires first breath,  
 Now thick, grosse, noysome tis whereon we feede,  
 A vile contagious mist which can vnneath  
 But pestilence or worse diseases breede :  
     If sicknes thus infect her from the skies,  
     Then the world's old, and on her death-bed lies.

The water famous by a Nimphs faire name,  
 Of some foue-leprous body now's the lees :  
 The sea a sinke, and riuers to the same  
 Are rotten pipes, so fountaines in degrees,  
     The world o'reworne, vnwholesome, for new birth  
     Shee must retorne needes to her grandame earth.

Our grandame earth, whose for-head is o're thwarted,  
With high-wayes bald, whose backe huge buildings  
    sway,

Whose bellie's stuff with piles of men departed,  
Boweld, puld out, and garbisht euery day,  
    Heauen, earth, aire, water, man, the world and all,  
    Are doting old and must to ruine fall.

Deceiptfull world, blood-thirsty, couetous,  
Bleare-eyde, mishapt, vntoward, impious,  
Three-legd, treble-tong'd, bifronted, traiterous,  
Backe-broken, bald, enuie-swolne, obliuious,  
    Aire, water, putrifide, heauen, earth, infectious,  
    To gods, to men, and to thy selfe injurious.

Wax old and die, what ? dost thou want a toombe ?  
Into thy Chaos backe againe returne :  
And thus wise child perhappes thou maist becoome,  
Wax old, a new the sooner to be borne,  
    Meaue while encrease, thou maist decrease thereby,  
    At length wax old, and last for euer die.

Die thou for euer with thy harmonie,  
Extenuate no more worth's matchlesse deedes,  
Rochester blot me out of memorie,  
Let Cobham haue disdaine for worthie meedes :  
    For slaue-born pesants are for worthies deemed  
    And worthies worse then pesants are esteemed.

Ioues Pursiuant, nimble Mercurius,  
 The proloquator of my worlds wonne glorie,  
 Swift as Medusaes flying Pegasus :  
 Heare now (O heare) the processe of my storie,  
     Grieu'd at the world, in anger ouer-shot,  
     My iust complaint I almost had forgot.

Looke when the sun most bride-groome like doth rise,  
 Soone as the morne vnbarres her christall gate :  
 So Bullingbrooke vnto the gazers eyes  
 Riseth in Richards royall chaire of state,  
     Whose rising was the cause that millions fel,  
     That we in peace and endlesse pleasure dwel.

Great Bolingbrooke this type of chiuallrie,  
 In ayding false-faith-breaking Orleance,  
 Against the hote assault of Burgundie,  
 Whose ciuil warres neere driue him out of France,  
     To higher honour willing me to call,  
     Of al the forces made me generall.

Then ledde I warre mailde vp in sheetes of brasse,  
 Drawne in a Charriot with amaze and horror,  
 Whose fiery steedes Bellona sterne would lash,  
 To strike the Frenchmen in an vncouth terror ;  
     Feare, clamour, wrath, warres followers but assem-  
     bled,  
     The French astonisht, turned backe and trembled.

Burgundie stonisht, which so prowldy vaunted,  
Turn'd backe and trembled, turning warre to peace,  
So much our souldiers sight his courage daunted,  
So much the Frenchmen lou'd to liue at ease :  
How would these warriors then haue feard to fight,  
When with our looks whole myriads tooke their  
flight.

Marke what ensues (for marking it deserues,)  
With this dayes honour Orleance not content,  
But from his oath and neare alliance swerues ;  
And a bold challenge to king Henry sent :  
But once forsworne and be forsworne for euer :  
A Traitor once will be a subiect neuer.

Henry (to calme the Sea of war) betraid,  
Rebates the edge of choller with aduise :  
Most mildlie answeres to the challenge made ;  
So of himselfe the Conquerour did rise.  
Which conquest is a far more kinglie boast,  
Then for to brag the conquering of an hoast.

Proude Orleance marching with six thousand strong,  
(For hate deepe rooted hardlie left in Frenchmen)  
Beseig'd the towne of Vergie three moneths long :  
Three hundred English onlie there entrencht then :  
Of which smal force, (in force great to withstand hers,)  
I and Sir Robert Antfield were commaunders.

Three months exyr'd, mind-loftie Orleance  
 Saw that his Souldiers courage gan recoile,  
 With that retyr'd his forces back to France,  
 Without all honour, victorie, or spoile.

All Guien since for sauing of their Towne  
 Long time gaue tribute vnto Englands Crowne.

With Thomas Percie Worcesters braue Earle,  
 Against the French againe I went to fight :  
 Percie of bold aduenterous knights the pearle :  
 Many to sword ; but more we put to flight.

In wars abroad, in ciuill broiles at home,  
 Oldcastle still selected was for one.

Then high-resolued Hotspur, Scotlands terrour,  
 The child of Mars and magnanimitie ;  
 The throne of fame, wars palme, & knighthoods mirrour,  
 Ioin'd with the Yorkists, made a mutinie.

Thus ill to worse, and worse to worse did fall,  
 Worst to rebellion, which was worse then all.

To raise all people sooner to commotion,  
 The Archbishop let the commons vnderstand  
 In guilfull Rhetoricke that it was deuotion,  
 Which caus'd them take these home-bred warrs in hand.

This euer is a Rebels chiefe pretence,  
 To vaile his treason o're with innocence.

Looke how a swarme of hony-gathering Bees,  
(The Muses birds) leauing their luscious bowers,  
Follow their king in order and degrees,  
Vntill they find some arbour deckt with flowers :  
    And then they murmur, hum, and all reioice :  
    Euen so the Commons yeelding, made a noice.

And followed Percie to these ciuill broiles,  
Who made no doubt of Henries victorie :  
Emboldened by Scotlands late-won spoiles,  
Yet left him slaine behind at Shrewsbury :  
    And all the Armie, ventrous, valorous, bold,  
    Hote on the spur, now in the spur lie cold.

If this désereue a Conquerours praise,  
For with a Conquest this may make comparison ;  
Engirt my temples with triumphant baies :  
Gainst Percie then I led a garrison.  
    Percie so cald ; because he pierst the eie  
    Of the Scots king, and set Northumbers free.

Prest then I was with Iohn of Lancaster,  
Vertues Pyramides, fames imagerie.  
We vanquished our foes at Doncaster  
With wisdom, not with rash temeritie.  
    Tis often seen, ill-pleasing accidents  
    Proceed from rage and hare-braind hardiments.

No day which would not me to wars importune ;  
 No warres, but got palme-crowned victorie ;  
 No victorie, but brought her handmaide fortune ;  
 No fortune, but enlarg'd my dignitie.

Daies, wars, victorie, fortune, and renowne,  
 Cald me so high, to cast me lower downe.

On Sea the mild-aspecting heauens would guide me,  
 (Whereon who fares may not commaund his waies ;)  
 Cherubs on earth, and Seraphins would hide me  
 Vnder their brode gold-flaming winged raies,  
 On Sea, on Land, the Heauens, and Angels all,  
 First faouered me, at last to make me fall.

Fall, ah ! no fall, but honour-climbing staire :  
 Staire, ah no staire ; but prince-ascending Throne :  
 Throne, ah no throne ; but Ioues gold-scorning chaire :  
 Chaire, ah no chaire ; but Heauen her selfe alone :  
 That no tong, mind, nor Art, can tell, think, measure,  
 My crownd, soule-pleasing, sweet, joy, mirth, &  
 plesure.

The radiant Eos, which so brightlie shone,  
 Whose lamps enlightned all this Hemisphare :  
 Henry the fourth vnto Elisium's gone ;  
 Of whose departure England gins to feare  
 Her soddain fall ; and, iudg'd by outward signe,  
 Henry the fifth would lose his fathers shine.



Looke how the Suns approach doth ouershade  
The lesser stars from entercourse of sight ;  
But from the worlds quick-eie the Sun conuaide,  
The Stars receiue from him their former light.  
    Stars by the Sun ; Sun in the stars be graced,  
    In Sun, in Stars, heauens sun-bright glori's placed.

Henry the Fift euen thus did rise, whose shine  
Of vertue dimm'd all kings before him quight ;  
He being barred from his glorious shrine,  
Their memorie reuiu'd, and shone more bright :  
    Thus they by him, and he in them was graced,  
    In them, in him, faire Englands glorie placed.

Now one, by none, but one makes all illustrious,  
One the first mouer of this firmament,  
In ruling all her orbes and spheares industrious ;  
Sun, stars, all plannets are to her obedient ;  
    Like the first mouer as she now appeares,  
    O that she might all England moue his yeares.

When Henry first injoi'd th'imperiall Crowne,  
A blazing Comet in the West appeared ;  
At which strange vision, pointed streaming downe,  
The common sort Art-ignorant much feared.  
    A cause, or signe, some said twas, to portend,  
    The kingdomes fall, or kings vntimely end.

Our sharper wits suppos'd thus Ouid wrasted  
 The fable of foole-hardie Phaeton,  
 When some huge Comet was dissolu'd and wasted,  
 Great heat, and drinesse following therevpon,  
     For want of water so the world burned,  
     But vpside downe the Suns carr neuer turned.

This all-affrighting Comet I haue heard  
 To be the plighted tresse of Meropes,  
 Or staring haire within the curled beard  
 Of Vulcans prentice swartie Steropes.  
     Be what it will, this much I do define,  
     Of kingdomes fall tis neither cause nor signe.

A Comet is an earth-agreeing vapour,  
 Drawne by the power attractiue of some star,  
 Fyr'd by the Suns beames, burneth like a tapour :  
 Seen in the supream region of the aire :  
     Turning those beames, receiueth forme withall,  
     Bearded, or trest, or stretching forth his taile.

Why should a mist-hung Star-exhaled Meteor  
 To kings or kingdomes be prestigious ?  
 Whose cause is not about the power of Nature :  
 Why should it seeme to men prodigious ?  
     Vnlesse we would this Axiom reject,  
     A naturall cause, a naturall effect.

In Europe many Comets haue we seen  
Fore-running kings, nor kingdomes ouerthrow,  
And kings with kingdomes vanquished haue been,  
When neuer Comet in the Aire did show.  
    To prophesie from Comets, or deuine,  
    Tis foolerie, they neither cause nor signe.

If euer sheild-shapt Comet was portent  
Of Criticke day, foule and pernicious :  
Then to the Frenchmen, this assigne was sent,  
Disaster, fatall, inauspicious :  
    Whose bloudie tresses tilting did foreshow,  
    At Agincourt their blooddie ouerthrow.

Or else it was (would it had neuer been,)  
But the fore-runner of my Tragedie :  
And heauens saw (oh had they neuer seen)  
I should sollicite nimble Mercurie,  
    To ingraue my words vpon the hardest mettle,  
    Whose Characters in harts of steele may setle.

Which when heauens saw, (what doth not heauens see?)  
With raine of teares she seemes my case to weepe,  
Vsing all meanes, but all meanes would not bee,  
From death insuing danger me to keepe.  
    But hard it is for heauens to preuent,  
    When destinies for death giue once consent.

My Destinies are set in parlement,  
 Aboue their heades a curious frame of stone :  
 Marble below, and during Adamant,  
 On each side flint, and softer object none,  
     Saue that in chaires of hardest oake they sate,  
     Insteede of wooll-packes neere the barred gate.

In scarlet vestments, winter-coloured tresses,  
 Iron their wands, of brasse their writing table,  
 Penns made of tinne ; for inke strong *aqua fortis*,  
 Their paper steele, their carpet Indian sable,  
     Their countenance like Caiphas, mou'd to ruth ;  
     For god, religion, valour, age, nor youth.

In Paules thus sate this vniuersall Sinode,  
 The cheife Archbishop Thomas Arundell,  
 More sterne then Minos, Eacus, or Herode,  
 Like Rhadamanth the grim-fac'd iudge of hell :  
     In the first yeare of Henries happy raigne,  
     Last of my ioy, and midle of my paine.

First the forsworne Inquisitours sent to them,  
 Of Wickleues (as they tearm'd them) villanies,  
 Out of whose bookes they did collect, to shoe them,  
 Two hundred sixtie and six heresies ;  
     All stricken dumbe, they star'd as if their eies  
     Should for an answeere then intreate the skies.

To stop the worlds talkatiue wide mouth,  
Wherefore they sate vpon this conuocation,  
They hired men to blazon for a truth,  
It was all for the churches reformation ;  
    Thus mischiefe will her vice in vertue smother,  
    Blearing mens eyes with one deceit or other.

For first the sun dissolue might with his beames,  
The icie bulke of waylesse Caucasus,  
On whose snowie mantled top it neuer gleames,  
Then these frost-bitten prelates sembled thus  
    Would otherwise haue all their causes ended,  
    But as before the Sinode they pretended.

Nay Mercurie, if with thy charming wand  
Thou had'st descended from the Olimpique spheares,  
To plead for pittie, at their feete to stand  
With both thine eyelids full of swelling teares,  
    This sense-beguiling action had but ended,  
    My iudgement as before it was pretended.

Before these deepe-braind all-fore-seeing Doctours,  
These reuerent fathers purgatorie teachers,  
I was complain'd of by the generall proctours,  
To be a great maintainer of good preachers.  
    O times vntaught, men scorners of sound teaching,  
    Louers of playes, and loathers of good preaching.

That Richard, Henries both I had enformed  
 Of the clergies great and manifold abuses :  
 That popish bulls and ceremonies scorned,  
 Roomes dignitie, her rites, and sacred vses,  
     And that I wisht the popes dominion  
     Might stretch no furr then Callis Ocean.

That I had caused Wickleues bookes be sent,  
 Faire writ, to Boheme, France, and Germanie,  
 Whereof two hundred openly were brent  
 By Prages Archbishops great authoritie,  
     That I preferd vp Bills in Parliament,  
     Wherto the King and Lords gaue all consent.

Of all the Cleargies villainous abusion,  
 Which I put vp in open Parlement,  
 Writ in a briefe-containing sharpe conclusion,  
 These verses were the summarie content,  
     Whose soules with sin empoisoning hate did anguish,  
     That they ne're left me till they saw me languish.

*Plangunt Anglorum Gentes crimen Sodomorum,  
 Paulus fert horum sunt idola causa malorum,  
 Surgunt ingrati Giezite symone nati,  
 Nomine prelati, hoc defensare parati,  
     Qui reges estis, populis quicunque præestis,  
     Qualiter hijs estis gladios prohibere potestis.*

His owne translation.

Bewaile may England sinne of Sodomites,  
For Idoles and they are ground of all their wo,  
Of Symon Magus a sect of hypocrites,  
Surnamed Prelates, are vp with them to go,  
And to vphold them in all that they may do :  
    You that be rulers peculiarly selected,  
    How can you suffer such mischiefes vncorrected ?

Now least delay bred danger, they were prest  
For to proclaime me for an heretike,  
But one of more experience than the rest,  
Such hazard rash proceedings did not like,  
    Because I was in fauour with the King,  
    'Twas best (he thought) to haue his counselling

My life-surmising Bishops swolne in rage,  
Ambitiously (high Prelates lowlines)  
As if th'ad vow'd sin-pard'ning pilgrimage,  
With tapers to Saint Peters holines,  
    Went to the king, made great complaints and lies,  
    Blemisht my name with grieuious blasphemies.

Which when he heard (kings then too much would  
    heare them)  
Then he desir'd (why should not kings cōmand ?)  
In mild-perswading words and deedes to beare them  
To mee the chiefest pillar of his land.  
    Vnto the church to bring me without rigour,  
    Respecting knighthood, prowesse, stocke, and vigour.

And promis'd them vpon his excellence,  
 (If in pursute they tooke deliberation,)  
 In smother-edge-rebating eloquence  
 To conquer me by might of sweete perswasion :  
     The clergie gone, Henry for Cobham sent,  
     I came, and shew'd myselfe obedient.

Looke how some tender bleeding-harted father,  
 When's son hath vow'd a vertue-gaining voyage,  
 Flint-rock-relenting arguments will gather  
 All to diswade him from this pilgrimage,  
     And prayes, intreates ; intreates, and prayers vaine,  
     At length considers tis for vertues gaine.

Yet bout his necke he vseth kissing charmes,  
 And downe his bosome raines a shower of teares,  
 Hugges, culles, and clippes him in his aged armes :  
 This thing he doubts, another thing he feares,  
     Takes leaue, turnes backe, returnes, intreates anew,  
     Giues ouer, weepes, and last, bids him adew.

Euen so the king, to stay my voyage tended,  
 (My vowed voyage to the holy land,)  
 Ten thousand reasons both begunne and ended,  
 'That gainst the Pope I should in no wise stand :  
     Then vowes, prayes, treates ; vowes, treates, and  
     praiers vaine,  
     From prayers, treates, and vowes he doth refraine.



To whom I answerd in humilitie,  
(Because I knew kings were the Lords anoynted)  
To him I yeilded all supremacie,  
As Gods sword-bearing minister appointed :  
    My body, goods, my life, my loue, my land  
    Were his to vse, distribute, or command.

Then in a sorrow-sighing extasie,  
(Seeing my zealous burning true affection,)  
Denying to the Pope supremacie,  
Yeelding to him foote-treading low subjection :)  
    Henry tooke leaue, turn'd backe, entreated new,  
    Gauē ouer, wept, and last bade me adew.

If tyrants will, vsurpt authoritie  
Must be obey'd, what reuerence me behoued  
To giue this king, this tyrantsemie,  
Feared for loue, and for his vertues loued,  
    Whose honours ensigne o're the world had spred him,  
    In warres, and peace, if church men had not led him.

And tyrants tended on with injurie,  
With murders, rapes, lou'd only but for feare,  
Whose sword and scepter gards iniquitie,  
Ought t'haue their subjects reuerence to them beare,  
    As we ourselues, so must the common wealth,  
    Some sicknesse, sometimes suffer, sometimes health.

As some disease, or bed infecting bile,  
 Whose pricking ach, sharpe agonie, and stings,  
 Must be sustaind and suffred for a while,  
 Till time to his maturitie him brings,  
     Not rashly then, but as the Surgeon will,  
     Least suddain handling all the bodie spill.

Euen so a Tyrant (Realmes infectious bile,)  
 Must not be robd of his regalitie,  
 Till death him of his regiment beguile :  
 Or wise men for this grieffe find remedie :  
     Not rashly then, for altring of a State  
     Breedes often outrage, bloodshed, and debate.

Euen as the head the bodie should commaund,  
 And all his parts, to peace or warfare lead :  
 So with a mightie Monarch doth it stand,  
 His subiects parts, and he himselfe the head :  
     But if those parts do grudge and disobay,  
     Head, bodie, Monarch, subiects, all decay.

A God, a King, are conuertible voices,  
 Then Kings like Gods should gouerne and beare sway :  
 What Gyants broode in vprere so reioices,  
 That gainst the Gods his banners will display ?  
     Though with his huge weight Pelion Ossa prest,  
     And fought with Ioue, he neuer got the best.

How many blessed Patriarches suffred wrong  
By cruell Tyrants sin-reuenging rod !  
And haue endur'd such heauie bondage long,  
Accounting it a torture sent from God.

The Tyrant as a man may be rejected,  
His place and office yet must be respected.

What punishment for practizing belongs ?  
But punishment, nor practise will I name :  
Men more doe follow most forbidden wrongs  
When by forbidding they doe knowe the same.

For Parricide the Romaines made no Law,  
Least such a sin the people so might knaw.

Now Arundel resorts vnto the King,  
By Popish charmes inchaunting him thereto,  
To send Cytations, fore them me to bring.  
(What was it not but Clergie men could do ?)

The Sumner came to Cowling, but as one  
Afraid, turnd back his message left vndone.

The Kings doore-keeper (in the silent night,)  
John Butler sent for was by Arundell :  
For this heauen-martyring deede he doubtlesse might  
In Cerberus place haue kept the doore of Hell.

With great rewards, and warrantize from blame,  
He caus'd him cyte me in king Henries name.

This kiss-betraying Iudas writ I stood,  
 Who with a lie thus left me in the lurch :  
 But still the Bishop thirstie of my blood,  
 Caus'd writs be set on Rochesters great Church.  
     In paine of curse commaunding me remember  
     To appeare at Ledes th'eleuenth of September.

All were rent downe. He excommunicates  
 And cites afresh with curse and interdiction,  
 Compels the Lay power ; them he animates  
 T'assist him in Apostataes conuiction.  
     In more reproach and vile contempt to haue me ;  
     Such like opprobrious names the Bishop gaue me.

At last (thus tost) I writ my faiths confession,  
 Vnto the foure chiefe Articles answered :  
 Of Penance, Shrift, Saints, transubstantiation,  
 Which gainst me all by Arundell were laid.  
     I come to Court and written with me bring,  
     My Swans last funerall dirgee to the king.

Which to recieue Henry began to grudge :  
 (Marke but the power of Clergie men those daies)  
 Commaunding me deliuer it to my judge  
 (Here Arundell both sword and miter swaies)  
     The Archbishop: But with a flat deniall,  
     I did appeale vnto the Pope for triall.

But this denyde in presence of the king,  
(Without vainglorious ostentation,)  
I proffred an hundreth Knights to bring,  
Esquiers as many, for my iust purgation.  
Not once depending on their safe protection,  
But to the King shew dutifull subjection.

Againe I offred in my faiths true quarrell,  
By law of Armes to fight for life or death,  
With Christ'n, Heathen, Turk, Iew, Infidell :  
The king excepted, any that drew breath.  
They answered me, I was too valorous bold :  
Then in the Tower they laid me fast in hold.

Valour the sonne of mightie Ioue esteemed  
Where blooddie Mauors borroweth his name,  
Of old Philosophers onelie vertue deemed :  
Learnings bright sheild, the register of Fame.  
Which to expresse the Greeians could afford,  
For Valour, Mauors, Vertue, but one word,

Death-scorning Arioth, why is not regarded  
Thy Sun-resplendant kingdome conquering power ?  
Is Mars-amazing Turnaments rewarded  
With Traitors meede impris'nment in the Tower ?  
From bearing Armes valour hath me exempted ;  
Why was my challenge else not then accepted ?

Sir Robert Morley then the Towers Lieutenant,  
 Twice (to be briefe) did bring me to appeare ;  
 In Plutoes court before this Rhadamant :  
 The Arguments of my strong faith to heare.  
 Yet he no faith had, was it not a wonder,  
 That he was faithlesse, all the Church Faith vnder ?

In all mine answeares taking great aduise,  
 As a true faith professing Protestant,  
 Not superstitious, nor too fond precise,  
 Whose firme resolue no tyrannie can dant.  
 So with mine answeares as it seemd amazed,  
 My iudgement on the soddaine forth they blazed.

To heauens all seeing light vpon my knees,  
 (The sentence giuen) humblie did I fall,  
 With heau'd-vp hands pray'd for mine enemies,  
 In his great mercie to forgiue them all :  
 Bound hand and foote back through the Sluce I'm led,  
 The gazers eyes like sluces in his head.

Whilst there I lie in midnight-dark immur'd,  
 My friends emblazoned forth mine injurie :  
 Whereby the Priests great obloquie incur'd,  
 Both of the Commons, and Nobilitie,  
 In pollicie, to haue this tempest staid,  
 They to my Bills an abjuration made.

A parliament was cald at Leicester,  
(Because I had such fauour bout the citie,  
They would not haue it kept at Westminster :)  
This act establisht was ; O more then pittie,  
That such strange acts should be establisht euer,  
Which man from wife, from goods and land doth seuer.

That whosoeuer in the mothers tong,  
Should reade, heare, the sacred Scriptures scand :  
For this so hainous heauen-offending wrong,  
From him, his heires, should lose his goods and land ;  
Gainst Heauens, and gainst the Kings great majestie,  
He should be hang'd for treason, burnt for heresie.

O murder-poisned ruthlesse Rhadamants,  
Blood-thurstie Neroes, brainsicke Bacchides,  
Earth swallowed Typhons, currish Coribants,  
Beare-fostered Dracons, damn'd Busirides.  
Liue by your euill, know for euill done,  
Liues with the father, dyes not with the son.

Now to release my bodie from the Tower,  
(How might the Tower include so old a castle,)  
Case-altring bribes I vs'd not, strength, nor power ;  
But with my wit, out of her bonds I wrastle.  
The prentice bard of freedom thus aduentures  
To break his bonds and cancell his indentures.

Riches in thraldome no contentment bring,  
 All lordship's lost when libertie is gone,  
 What vaileth it a lion be a king ?  
 Closely shut vp within this tower of stone.  
 Man was made free, and lord o're euery creature :  
 To be in bondage then, is gainst his nature.

The husbandman more glad is at the plough,  
 That browne-bread, crusts, and rustie bacon eates :  
 Then th'imprisoned king that hath inough,  
 Of wastell cakes ; and far more lushious meates.  
 No bird takes solace by her songs in hold,  
 Although her meate be curds, her cage of gold.

Nor vnto mee that lay in prison bound,  
 In musicke mirth was, or in riches pleasure,  
 Lingling of fetters had no merie sound,  
 My griefe too much, for ioyes on earth to measure.  
 But now I'm free ; my keeper he remaines  
 To taste my sorrowes ; vndergoe my paines.

Nor can I judge, I being misst the morrow,  
 His griefe's extreame, though foolishnes it be,  
 For treasure lost, to waile, or make great sorrow :  
 When, whosoeuer greeues in that degree,  
 Counting his losse, and afterward his paine,  
 He of one sorrow maketh sorrowes twaine.



But the remembrance of my prisonment,  
In little ease fast bound in yron chaines,  
Did breede more comfort, joy, and soules content,  
When libertie had loosenes of the raines,  
One by another contraries delight,  
Daie is delightsome in respect of night.

And though I am escaped from the Tower,  
Feare yet my soule in prison fast doth hold,  
Other mishaps pursue me eu'ry hower,  
Burnt childe dreadeth fire, the prouerb's old,  
Who dreads no danger, in danger must fall,  
What foole once at large, would make himselfe thrall ?

Sir Roger Acton, in the priests displeasure,  
Of my escape was thought the chiefe procurement ;  
Onely when t'was the night, which gaue me leasure,  
(Whose shade for freedome is the sole allurement :)  
To thinke of flight, effecting what I thought,  
With both together my escape I wrought.

Night the beginning of this massie round,  
The worlds mother, shaddow of the earth,  
Greate Demogorgons issue from the ground,  
The ancientest of Goddesses by birth,  
Louers delight ; loues fittest time to play,  
Venus bright star, and Cupides clearest day.

The ease of care, for ease the sweetest rest,  
 The peace of minde, the quiet seate of peace,  
 The soule of sleepe, the sleepe of soules opprest,  
 Desires best meane, impris'nments release :  
     Aboue all nights, nights, dayes, each hower remember,  
     To solemnize the twentieth of Nouember.

Mounting her chariot of darke Ebony,  
 Whilst thorn-backt Cinthia held her Iennets raine,  
 Adorned in her winters liuery,  
 Of stars three millions following as her traine,  
     She rockt the world with sense-sure-binding sleeps,  
     And bade me lanch forth to the Ocean deeps.

Tide for the ship, and ship was for the tide,  
 Wind for the tide, and tide was for the wind,  
 For Neptune men, and Neptune them to guide,  
 Thames wanton-currant stealing on behind,  
     Night, Neptune, men, ship, tide, the Thames, and  
     For my escape were all in one combind.     [wind,

And whilst I cut this dangerous swelling sourse,  
 The brest-bare-loue-enticing Naiedes,  
 Play on before me, and direct my course  
 To the dew-bedangled Oceanitides,  
     For whose sweete sake I'm entertain'd a stranger,  
     And harmelesse sau'd frō waves, frō wind, frō danger.

What time the gloomie morning from her bed,  
Muffled in mists, and raukie vapours rose,  
With watrie lockes about her shoulders spred  
Regardlessly ; because she did suppose  
    Our quiuering flags and streamers did out-braue  
    The golden sun, vpon the siluer waue.

I rode on Goodwins mercie-wanting sand,  
Or sea-mans swallowing gulfe drunke Hecates,  
And like Vlisses to his dearest land,  
I scour'd the Scillaes and Simphlegades,  
    Ariuing at my wisht-for hauen Douer,  
    And thorow Kent to Cowling I came ouer.

Ship, slice the sea, and be thou deifi'd,  
Shine brightest on this starre-bestudded vaile,  
In heauen more worthy to be stellifi'd,  
Than that wherein the Argonautes did saile :  
    Let frothie waues die o're thy pitchie blacke,  
    And in Elisiums deepe last suffer wracke.

But home, no harbour was for mine estate ;  
I'm still pursu'd so with mine enemies,  
E're thrise the sun did ope his Eastern gate,  
I with my houshold were constrain'd to flee :  
    Tost long vpon the Bishops Sea, at last  
    Neere to saint Albones we our anchor cast.

But by misfortune t'was the Abbots land,  
 Whereas we lay ; so by his priuie spies,  
 The fat-backt tumbrell soone did vnderstand,  
 And vnawares asleepe did vs surprise,  
     Three of my men he tooke, my bookes, my wife,  
     Onely with one I fled, and sau'd my life.

My men to treat the Abbot now begin,  
 My Margarites beauty, streaming on his face,  
 Fairenesse no fauour in his sight would win,  
 Their wordes no pittie moue, their lookes no grace :  
     Then she gan speake, but spake vnto the wind,  
     Remorse did neuer lodge in clownish mind.

Dumb stode my doue, and wrung her hands, whilst often  
 Low kneeling downe, teares from her eies did shower :  
 Hard is that hart which beauty cannot soften,  
 Yet mourning beautie had on him no power :  
     Although her teares were like his christall beads,  
     Which melted, wash the place whereon he treads.

Stil she intreates, and still the pearles round  
 Stil through her eies, and wel vpon her face,  
 Such hony drops on roses I haue found,  
 When bright Apollo held the morne in chace :  
     But both the charmes of teares and sugred words  
     For their release no aide at all afordes.

Thus [kneeld], thus prai'd, thus wept my beuteous  
Queene,

T[o see my loving] mens imprisonment :  
[Thus wisht shee] rather that they might haue seene  
Her dying day, or endlesse banishment :  
And in remembrance I was mist among,  
Her weakned sorrowes therby grew more strong.

But now the limbecke of her blood-shot eies,  
Burnt vp with sighs, their springing teares haue staid,  
No hope of life in her the Abbot sees ;  
So backe to Cowling safe she was conuaid :  
She drowps, she faints, she snownds, she comfort  
I was her comfort, comfortlesse she dieth. [flieth,

I trauel still, like to the wandering knight  
For ladies loue, on strange aduentures bownd,  
As counseller, I made the tonglesse night  
Of my distresse, which all in silence drown'd,  
Least to the world, day should my grieffe discouer,  
I striue, vntill hart, eies, sighs, teares, ran ouer.

Through many bywaies, many countries fle[d,]  
In midst of Cheshire now I am on a riuer,  
By more crookt winding which her curr[ent led,]  
Then I had gone by-wayes ; her name the W[eev]er :  
On whose prowde banke such entertaine I had,  
As longer, if I might, I would haue staid.

[The passages within brackets are illegible in the book from which this edition is printed, and they have been supplied from another source.]

Still doe I wander by the banks of Weeuer,  
 With gorgeous buildings stately ritch adorned :  
 Buildings the banks, and banks outbraue the Riuer ;  
 Shee swels o're banks and buildings, them shee scorned,  
     Limits there be for euery thing beside,  
     No banks can limit in the sea of pride.

Her tumbling streame my guide was to vaile roiall,  
 Through all the Wyches vnto Ashtons chappell,  
 Frodsham, Rockesauage, Thus I had a triall,  
 How she vnloaded all her rolling Channell :  
     With neare embracements Weeuer Mersey met,  
     And both together th'Irish Seas they gret.

I will but wade neare to this Riuers brink,  
 And of her deepnesse make this shallow boast :  
 Her cooling water those dry countries drink :  
 So shee makes fruitfull all the western coast ;  
     That no lesse famous, no lesse faire a riuer,  
     Then the fift Auon, or third Ouze, is Weeuer.

To Lancashire from hence my journey lies,  
 Where plentie dwels, where pleasantnesse of Aire  
 Breathes forth like baulme from rose-strawne Paradies,  
 At the first blushing of the morning faire :  
     Where beutie, vertue, loue, wit, and the Graces,  
     Sit all in triumph on the weemens faces.

I doe salute this climate in my way,  
On which the heauens such fauours did bestow :  
But t'was too hote for me therein to stay,  
Except I would myselfe a Papist show :  
    So there, through many paines and perils past,  
    I'm safe returned back to Wales at last.

Here Cobham liues, oh doe not say he liues,  
But dying liues, or liuing howerly dies ;  
A liuing death exilement alwaies giues,  
A banisht man still on his death bed lies.  
    Mine high estate is low misfortunes graue,  
    My power restrain'd is now a glorious slaue.

What in exilement to my sect befell,  
Daigne to vnfold mellifluous Mercurie :  
Nay stay, why shouldst thou to the world tell  
That with thy tong all eies abhord to see :  
    Yet greefe kept in oftimes doth grow more fell,  
    For riuers damm'd about the bank doe swell.

This Act proclaim'd and disanuld in many,  
Twice twentie hundred soules were martyred :  
Out of the land to Spaine, and Germanie,  
Bohemia, Fraunce, and Scotland, others fled :  
    Who would not flie, what patient man can bide,  
    In Clergie men ambitious hautie pride ?

Sir Roger Acton, Browne, and Beuerley,  
 Knight, Squire, and Preacher, valorous, vertuous, good:  
 In Christenmas vpon Saint Thomas day,  
 Gainst certain Priests vpon a quarrell stood :  
     For which so hainous and inhumane wrong,  
     They were attacht, and into prison flong.

Now was the month which Ianus hath to name,  
 Of old new christened by Pompilius ;  
 And wondrous proud that he had got such fame :  
 Added feeld-purging Februarius :  
     Ianus bifronted, one which bids adew  
     Vnto the old yeare, entertaines the new.

When Roger Acton, Beuerley, and Browne,  
 Of Heresie conuicted by the Act :  
 To Thicket feelds vpon an hurdle drawne,  
 Were hang'd, and burn'd (O more then monstrous fact :)  
     And through the Realme all Artists it would cumber,  
     By that sore Act the martyres all to number.

Some two yeares after was a mutinie,  
 An uproare, tumult, or rebellion,  
 In Saint Gyles feelds ; the which conspiracie  
 Acton and I, some doe affirme begone ;  
     But the Kings power not able to with-stand,  
     We fled, were taken, burned out of hand.





In greatest greefe this one thing made me glad,  
 (Though hard tis fasten mirth with miserie,)
 That in mine absence Arundell was dread,  
 Which was resolu'd before, my death to see :  
     But sold comes better, he, though void of grace,  
     Yet was a man, the Deuill came in his place.

Thus ill at worst doth alway gin to mend,  
 And by example good doth often gaine :  
 That by degrees so rising in the end,  
 To perfect goodnesse it returnes againe :  
     So since his time they haue so risen still,  
     Thriuing in good, as they decaid in ill.

Now goodnesse raised to her highest pitch,  
 In snow-white robes is sent vs for a gift :  
 The radiant splendour of this Empire ritch,  
 Whose shining lustre heauens doth enlight :  
     O that I could a spirit in thee breathe,  
     Whose life preserues diuinitie from death.

By Chichley Archbishop of Canterburie,  
 And Bedford Prorex (oh the King was absent :)  
 Of Treason I'm condemn'd and Heresie ;  
 A double crime, a double punishment :  
     My iudgement giuen ; of death, the day and hower  
     Appointed ; I am sent back to the Tower.

Death, the pale daughter of black Erebus,  
What fashion to appeare in doth not know :  
But councell takes of Nox and Morpheus,  
What forme most terrour and amaze will show :  
Hell, Sleepe, Night, Death, are troubled to devise,  
What new found shape might please these tyrants  
[eies.

Two fyrie coursers foming clottred blood,  
Whurries ; at last, Death bound in iron chaines ;  
Whil'st goblings (gaping like a whirle-poole) wood,  
Doe lash their goarie sides, with steeled yaines :  
Blood and reuenge by in a chariot ride,  
Millions of furies scudding by their side.

Which all at once doe vomit Sulphure flakes,  
Throw scorching brands, which wrapt in brimston, choke  
The trembling Audience ; that affrighted quakes,  
To vew the Sun eclipst with steaming smoke :  
To heare deuils, ghosts, and feends howle, roare, &  
Filling the earth, as though they emptied hell. [yell,

To Thickets feeld thus was Oldcastle hurried,  
The gallowes built of purpose wondrous hie :  
Neare to the top of which (as one lies buried)  
In three cold chaines mine aged corps doe lie :  
The faggots fyr'd, with me the gallows burne,  
I call on God, and to the fyre I turne.

The Prelates curse, alowd the people crie,  
 One would rebell, another him aswageth,  
 One sighs, to vew anothers blubred eie,  
 One murmuring railles, another inlie rageth,  
     All weep, some howle, some faint, some swound,  
     Deafing the heauens, darkening the skie. [some die.

The bundels cracke ; with that the mourning Aire  
 Comes whisking round to coole the raging flame,  
 When he perceiues his breathes but bellowes are,  
 Rather to kindle than to coole the same :  
     He turnes himselfe to water, and he raines  
     To quench the fyre, and ease me of my paines.

The fyre, red-blushing of his fact ashamed,  
 Clad him in smoke, the smoke to Aire he turned,  
 That aire to water, water earth receiued,  
 Earth, like the fyre to melt to water, burned :  
     Earth, Water, Aire, Fyre, symboliz'd in one,  
     To quench, or coole, Oldcastl's Martyrdome.

But now I gaspe, I fry, I drop, I fall,  
 My Chaines doe yeeld, Spectators stand agast,  
 To make the which abhorred more of all,  
 My Bootes and Spurs must in the fyre be cast.  
     O death ! strange death ! which to describe at large  
     Would aske sweet Ouids wit, and Nestors age.

If wits pearle-dropping Oprobium,  
In Amber-streaming Eloquence were drie ;  
Vnto my bleached cinders she might come,  
And take a fluent Helicon supplie :  
    Mine Ashes bath'd in th'vnguent of her eies,  
    A siluer-fethered Phœnix would arise.

Ah no ! my bodies snow-white burned ashes,  
(Those harmlesse reliques) cast were in the riuer,  
Whose salt-fresh-meeting waues betwixt them washes,  
Like Lethe, my remembrance not to liue here :  
    My vertues fame is like my bodies death,  
    Kindled with a blast, and burnt out with a breath.

And in this idle age who's once forgotten,  
Obluion dims the brightnesse of his glory :  
Enuie is ripe before his bones be rotten,  
And ouerthrowes the truth of vertues story :  
    Despoil's his name, and robs him of his merits :  
    For naught but fame man after death inherits.

Nor can my soule within the sable night,  
When all (but louers) welcome carelesse rest :  
Like to some subtle shade, or wandring spright,  
With goarie sides, and deeper lanced brest ;  
    Holding in tho'ne hand wildfyre, in the other  
    A torch, to stifle th'aire with pitchie smother.

With deep sunke eyes, lanke cheeks, and pallide hew,  
 Dismembred armes, sharpe visage, doubtfull sight,  
 Enter some watchfull Poets secret mew,  
 His heauenly thoughts, and quiet studies fright ;  
     With hollow voice : commaunding him set forth  
     Immortall verse for my entomblesse worth.

Then should the world on brasen pillars view me,  
 With great Achilles, in the house of Fame ;  
 His Tutor'd pen with Tropheis would renew me,  
 And still repaire the ruin of my name :  
     But I'm inuiron'd with the Elisian feelds,  
     Which for departed soules no passage yeelds.

But Wickleues soule now beares me company,  
 And Ierome Prages, within the highest heauen,  
 (These were my comfort in calamitie)  
 Whose ioyes (Rome sayes) her curses hath bereauen ;  
     Thus (if they could) they would denie vs t'haue,  
     In heauen our soules, as in the earth our graue.

Iewes burie him which railes on Moses lawes,  
 Turkes him which worships not their Alkaron,  
 Tartarians him which Cham no reuerence shawes,  
 The Persians him which worships not the sun ;  
     More rigorous cruell then this Romish crew  
     Then Persian, Turke, Tartarian, or Iew.

Their dead in banquets Scithians deuoure,  
Their dead with dogs Hircanians do eate,  
Phagi with fish ; with foule th'Assirian poure,  
The Troglodites to wormes are giuen for meate :  
    More heath'nish papists, they deny me t'haue,  
    In beast, fish, foule, in man, or worme, my graue.

Becket was wounded in his priests apparrell,  
In Romes defence ; his death was glorious ;  
I burnt, vnburied, drown'd for Christs owne quarrell,  
My death to most was ignominious ;  
    He prais'd, adornd, and for a martyr sainted,  
    Whilst I (Romes scoffe) my rites of buriall wanted.

For Becket's sake erected was a tombe,  
Like an Egiptian high Pyramides,  
Millions of bare-foote pilgrims yeerely come,  
With tapers burning to his holynes,  
    Till Henry th'eight, by Cromwells good procurement,  
    Cast downe this mocke-ape toy, this vaine allure-  
    ment.

The glorious beutie of this brightest shrine,  
The tresorie of euer-springing gold :  
Becket is set ; now doth Oldcastle shine :  
Him for a Saint within your Kalends hold.  
    Thus fooles admire what wisest men despiseth,  
    Thus fond affects doe fall, when vertue riseth.

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Wit, spend thy vigour, Poets, wits quintessence,  
Hermes, make great the worlds eies with teares :  
Actors make sighes a burden for each sentence :  
That he may sob which reades, he swound which heares.  
    Mean time, till life in death you doe renew,  
    Wit, Poets, Hermes, Actors, all adew.

FINIS.



Mens  
cujusque is est  
quisque

