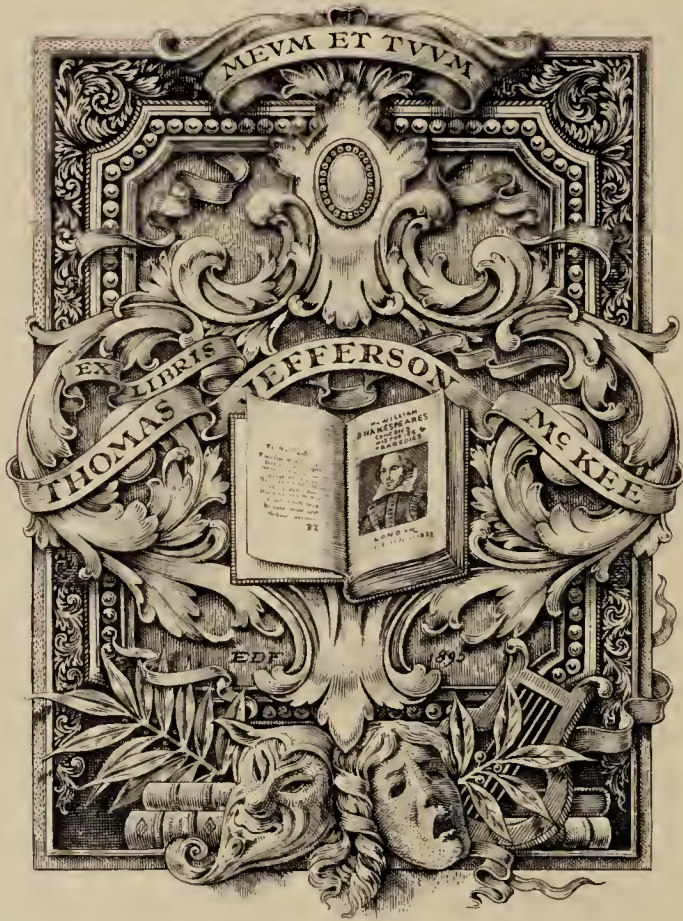


\*G. 389: 34





No. <sup>★ ★</sup> 389234

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Ariosto's  
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY  
SATYRES, IN  
SEVEN FAMOVVS DIS-  
courses, shewing the State,

- 1 Of the Court, and Courtiers.
- 2 Of Libertie, and the Clergie in generall.
- 3 Of the Romane Clergie.
- 4 Of Marriage.
- 5 Of Soldiers, Musitians, and Louers.
- 6 Of Schoolmasters and Scholers.
- 7 Of Honour, and the happiest Life.

*In English, by Garuis Markham.*



LONDON

Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Roger Jackson, dwelling in  
Fleet-street, neere the great Conduit. 1609.

3 A 1 Y L E 2 - 1 N  
MAY 21 1901

Ch. Harris  
Dec. 11, 1901



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To the Reader.

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Entle Reader, the vertuous, with their owne, hauing alwaies regard to an others good, do painfully bestow houres, daies, and yeares, to make that easie to others, which they with great labour haue obtained; in their places, vsing all meanes, to reclaime all persons, from all manner vices, and to furnish them with such gifts of grace, as make the possessors all iointly happy. From the man of experience, which hath learning and wisdom, thou mayest bee sure to receiue good instruction. I know my selfe vnable to giue the Author of this booke, his due commendation: if I were, and did, yet should I seeme to some, to flatter, to others not to haue sayd inough: wherefore for thy contentment, let this suffice thee, the author had his education with the learned, his liuing among the greatest concourse of people, and his life vnreproueable. For his gifts, the world hath already had sufficient experience, in that famous worke of *Urlando Furioso*. Whosoever thou art, I dare assure thee, thou mayest in this discourse (as in a glasse) see thy present estate, and so not misse to iudge rightly of thy end. In reading thou shalt finde pleasure, both in the matter and forme; by considerng thou shalt be able to instruct thy selfe and others; but by practising as thou ought, thou shalt find settled happinesse. Let the example

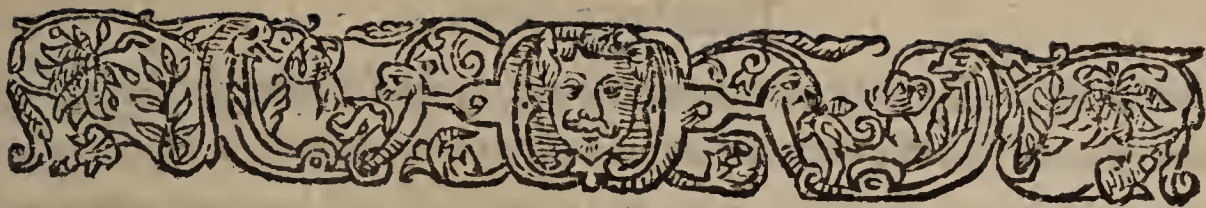
# To the Reader.

of others be thy instruction, to flie that euill which hath bin their ouerthrow, and to embrace that good which was their aduancement. Be thankful first to God, then to the author, and lastly to thy Country-man, who for thy sake, without any other recompence, hath taken the paines in most exquisite manner, to be thy interpreter.

*Vale.*







The argument of the whole worke, and  
the reasons why *Lodouico Ariosto* writ these  
Seauen Satyres.



*HE* reasons why Master *Lodouico Ariosto* writ these seauen Satyres, so much renowned and esteemed amongst all the Italians, were grounded upon these five principles or discontentments.

First, the Poet being giuen wholly vnto his booke and study, was in the twentieth year of his age (at what time he began to write his *Orlando Furioso*) entertained into the seruice of *Don Hypolito*, Cardinall of *Esta*, a greate fauourer of learning and good wits; where he continued certaine yeares at his study, being imployed by his Lord in many matters of greate importance, untill this strange accident hapned, which was the first occasion why he fell into disgrace with his Lord and master; and this it was.

The Cardinall *Hypolito* Master vnto *Ariosto*, falling in loue with a young Lady his kinswoman (who for her owne part was no lesse inamored of *Don Iulio* the naturall brother vnto the Cardinall) she confessed vnto him, that the only thing which occasioned her (aboue all other) to affect his brother, was the sweet aspect and beauty of his eies; upon which the Cardinall grew into so great a hatred against his owne brother, that by iealousie turning his loue into too violent fury, he set esprisallis ouer *Don Iulio* when he should goe out of the towne on hunting, and set vpon him with a company of villaines, whome the Cardinall commanded in  
his



## The Argument.

his owne presence to thrust out the eyes of his brother, because they onely were the choyce companions of his loue; an acte no lesse infamous to the Cardinall, then intollerable to all humane gouernement. Whereupon the Cardinall to escape all punishment that might happen to be inflicted upon him, hee presently fledde to Agria a Citty in Hungary, whereof he was Archbishop, & liued there untill the death of Iulio the second then Pope of Rome, to auoyde his fury, who was much incensed against him. And because Ariosto would not followe him thither, as other of his seruants in his ranke did, he tooke it maruellously ill at his hands, and casting him from fauour upon so sleight an occasion, gaue the Poet a ground for his inuention.

The second cause of his discontentment was, that he being of very familiar and inward acquaintance with the Medices of Florence, of which family two were Popes in his time, the one Leo the tenth, the other Clement the seuenth, both which he followed in good will, and stood them in greate stead as well when they were banished their country, as when they liued as priuate men in their owne citty: but when he sawe his expectation was deceiued, and that he found them not so ready to requite his seruice as himselfe imagined he had (and that rightly) deserued, he gaue them ouer quickly, and left the Romane Court, retyring himselfe to liue priuatly in Florence. For aboue all things he loued not to daunce long attendance at the Court for any preferment, neither would he be bound (longer then he pleased) unto any man, although hee might haue had neuer so much, he prizing his liberty at so high a rate, as he esteemed the same more then the best Cardinals hat in Rome, as himselfe in his second Satyre affirmeth more plainly.

The third cause which made him passionate, was this: his father dying, left him a greate charge and very little liuing, there being five brothers of them, and as many sisters (besides his old mother) all which lay upon his hands to provide for them; which was no  
small



## The Argument.

*Small course vnto him, to be troubled with so many worldly busi-  
nesses, he being giuen by nature to ease and to sit quietly at his  
booke; and this greued him so much, as oftentimes he was giuing  
ouer his study cleane, meaning to follow the world another while,  
had it not beene that he was perswaded to the contrary by a gen-  
tleman a deare friend and kinsman of his, whom he dearely loued,  
called Pandolfo Ariosto, whose death afterward he very much  
lamented.*

*The fourth cause of discontentment was, he was much galled  
with the loue of women, whereunto he was a little too much gi-  
uen, it being a veniall sinne amongst the Italians; yet is he the ra-  
ther to be pardoned, in that he often confesseth his fault, and shew-  
eth himselfe to be sorry for the same, wishing that he could haue  
amended it: and also because he deuoted himselfe vnto the seruice  
of such as were honorable, as was that most faire and vertuous wi-  
dow descended of the noble family of the Lapi in Florence, as hee  
himselfe testifieth in one of his Canzons, in which he celebrateth the  
beauties and honors of his Mistrisse, setting downe therein the  
time when, and the place where he first was inamored of her; which  
was in Florence, in the yeare 1513. vpon Saint Iohn Baptist day  
in Iune: at what time the Florentines vnder the conduct of their  
chiefe Captaynes, Iulian and Peter di Medices did solemnize  
many great feasts, and presented diuers rich shewes and playes be-  
fore the people, in honor of their brother Leo the tenth, who then  
was newly chosen Pope. But after Cardinall Hypolito dyed, Al-  
fonzo Duke of Ferrara allured Ariosto by al the meanes he could  
vnto his Court, offering him great offices and preferments to haue  
serued him in ordinary, but he louing his liberty more then any  
treasure refused his proffer, & yet not altogether in such sort, but  
that in some fashien he was content to retaine vnto him. Againe,  
had he beene giuen to haue sought wealth and to haue heaped riches  
together, he could no way haue been without them for diuers great  
Princes.*



## The Argument.

Princes being willing to haue had him liue in their Courtes with them, made tender of many great pensions vnto him, but he accepted of none: only he was content to offer his seruice (as I sayde before) to the aforesayd Duke Alfonso, whome he chose rather for country sake, and of meere loue to the place wherein he was borne, then for any great gaine or promotion which he expected.

Fiftly and lastly to conclude, he wrote these Satyres in Cardinall Hypolytoes time, and whilst he continued with Alfonso Duke of Ferrara; who amongst other fauours done vnto him, made him president or lieutenant of a country called Grassignana (subiect vnto his Dukedome) but because the people were very factious and the country rebellious, and therefore he troubled ouer much with them, he tooke small pleasure in that government, but rather mightily complaineth thereof, as is to be seene in the fourth and seuenth Satyre:

He was borne in Anno 1474: in the Castle of Reggio, which standeth in Lumbardy, his father at that time being gouernour thereof: He dyed of a payne he had in his stomacke, and was buried in Saint Bennets Church in Ferrara, hauing a fayre monument of marble with his statue placed thereupon, and an Epytaph which a gentleman a friend of his bestowed vpon him.

The



# The first Satyre.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*He sheweth what qualities such men ought to haue, who goe about to purchase credit and wealth in the Courts of Princes: and that both his service and his writings haue beene most ungratefully requited by his Lord and Maister.*

**B**rother, both of your selfe and of my friend  
I faine would know this doubts vncertaine end:  
Whether the Court thinkes of vs as we be,  
Or in obliuion drownes our memorie.

To his Brother  
M<sup>r</sup>. A. A. and  
his friend L. B.

Whether my Lord accuse my staying heere,  
Or if I haue a friend so nobly deere,  
As in mine absence will excuse my blame,  
And gainst mine imputations, reasons frame:  
That albe others follow him, yet I,  
May stay behinde with ample honesty.  
Or whether all of you most learnedly,  
Read in the wealthy rules of flattery.  
(That Goddesse of great Courtiers) rather augment  
By your soft smoothings, his high discontent:  
And so lift vp the fury of his heart,  
Beyond both reason, sense, and my desert.  
Well, if you do so, you are then most wise,  
For so in these daies Courtiers onely rise:



He is a foole that striues to liue by losse,  
 And t'is wits madnesse when our prince we crosse:  
 Not though he said he saw the mid-day bright,  
 Couered with starres as in the darke of night;  
 No, he that will by great mens fauours liue,  
 To sooth and flatter, must by no meanes grieue.  
 Let greatnesse either praise or discommend,  
 Do we not see how his attendants send,  
 Their verdicts forth, to iumpe with what he saies  
 Like Echos, or the Actors of stage plaies,  
 And from their lips send vollies of consent,  
 As if't were done by Act of Parliment:  
 And if by chance, any amongst them be,  
 (As t'were most strange in such a company)  
 That dares not speake so much for bashfulnesse,  
 Yet shall his looke applaud it nearthelesse:  
 And his old shining countenance tell, that he  
 In silence doth commend their flatterie:  
 Though this in others you do discomend,  
 Yet me it doth much reputation lend:  
 Because what euer my resolues haue moulded,  
 I plainly without flattery haue vnfolded,  
 And vtterd forth my reasons in such sort,  
 That no disgrace would to my fame retort,  
 The least of which in this extremitie,  
 I hold of worthy strong validity.  
 As first my life, which nature bids me prize,  
 Aboue all wealth thats vnderneath the skies,  
 Nor will I it by follie shorter make,  
 Then fortune or the heauens predestinate.  
 If I should spend in trauaile my best times,  
 And sucke th'infectious aire of forraine climes,  
 Being already sickly, I should die,  
 As *Else Valentine* and *Posthumus* do lie.  
 Againe, men say I know my bodies state,  
 Better then any other can relate.

\* Two famous  
 Physicians be-  
 longing to *Al-*  
*phonzo* Duke of  
 Ferrara, the se-  
 cond of that  
 name, the last  
 of which is said  
 to haue beene  
 borne with a  
 greene palme  
 in his hand,  
 and therefore  
 was thought he  
 would prooue  
 an excellent  
 Physitian, as af-  
 terward he did.

Can iudge what for my selfe is good or ill,  
 And therefore am referd to mine owne skill,  
 Which being so, I know my natures strength  
 Can not endure your cold climes: as at length,  
 Your selues haue proued and found that Italie,  
 Doth farre exceed the North in dignitie.  
 Besides, the cold doth not offend me more,  
 Then doth their stoues, whose heat I much abhor;  
 My nature being such, that euen the sent  
 I loath as t'were a plague maleuolent.  
 Nor the winters breaths with you a man,  
 Without his hot house, bath, or warming pan;  
 Where here with vs, nature doth order keep,  
 We drinke vntill we sweat, sweat till we sleep:  
 Eate til our iawes ake, game till our bones are weary,  
 Kisse till our lips smart: all things make vs merry.  
 Then who that comes from vs, with you can liue  
 In health, or to himseife contentment giue?  
<sup>b</sup> When like *Riphean*, snowie mountaines hie,  
 Many through sharpnesse of the aire do die.  
 As for my selfe, the vapours which exhale,  
 And from my queasie stomacke rise and fall,  
 Breeding Catarhres, and my sick braines vnrest,  
 Which soone frō thence fal down into my breast,  
 Would quickly rid me, in one night I know,  
 Both of my life and sicknesse at a blow.  
 Adde vnto this the strength of fuming wine,  
 Which boiles like poison in these veines of mine,  
 Which custome makes them quaffe & to carouse,  
 Who doth refuse is sacrilegious:  
 Their meat with pepper, and with spices hot,  
 Is mixt to make them relish more the pot:  
 Which diet *Reason* my Physitian saith,  
 Will make my sorrow long, and short my breath.  
 But you will answer me, that if I please,  
 My selfe may be the Steward of mine ease.

<sup>b</sup> Hec compa-  
 reth that part  
 of Hungary  
 where the  
 Cardinall  
 was vnto the  
 cold *Riphean*  
 mountaines in  
 Scythia, which  
 are euer coue-  
 red ouer with  
 snow.



And both prouid warme lodgings and sound friends  
 Who will not tie me those drunken ends.  
 Which custome and the countries libertie,  
 Hath knit to men of place and quality.  
 You'le say I may prouide my selfe a Cooke;  
 Whose care might ouer my prouisions looke.  
 And that my selfe according to my pleasure  
 Might with my coine, my conduit water measure,  
 Whilest you and your associates with delight,  
 Should make of one iust length both day and night:  
 And I like to a Charterhouse close Frier,  
 Sit in my chamber, and attend my fire,  
 Eat mine owne breath, and most impatiently,  
 Like *Timon* liue without mans company.  
 And yet this is not all, behinde is worse,  
 I must haue household stufte to plague my purse:  
 Both for my kitchin, and my chambers grace,  
 As fathers furnish brides in such a case.

<sup>e</sup> This was  
 Cardinall Hy-  
 pelioes Cooke,  
 whom hee had  
 with him into  
 Hungary.

<sup>c</sup> Besides, if master *Pasquin*, from his loue,  
 For once or twice, should daine but to approue,  
 To dresse my meat alone, yet in the end,  
 He would my seuerer humour discommend,  
 And say, if such particulars I hold,  
 I must prouide a Cooke of mine owne mould.  
 And truly were my wealth strong as my will,  
 Such counsaile I would earnestly fulfill.

<sup>d</sup> This was  
 one of the  
 greatest landed  
 men in Ferrara,  
 whose father  
 married the base  
 daughter of  
*Borzo*, sometime  
 Duke of that  
 City, by whom  
 he had a migh-  
 tie Masse of  
 treasure.

<sup>d</sup> Or if I had *Francisco Stensars* wealth,  
 No Prince should be more followd then my selfe:  
 But this great charge, I can no way support,  
 My meanes doth yield my minde so little comfort.  
 Besides, if to my Steward I should say,  
 (What best these warrish humours doth alay)  
 That buy and buy (what ere thou paie) the best,  
 Because such things my stomacke doth digest.  
 If once or twice to please me he do frame,  
 Foure times at least, he will forget the same.



Not daring sometimes buy them from this feare,  
Lest I should it cause the price is deere.

Hence comes it, oft I feed on bread alone,  
Which breeds in me the chollicke and the stone.

Hence I liue priuate, hence I am subiect much,

To choler, and to euery peeuish touch :

Pretting and fuming with such peeuishnesse,  
That in my best friends, I leaue doubtfulnesse.

*Apollo* thee I thanke, it is thy will,

And you faire *Muses* of the learned hill :

I find that for your sakes I not possesse,

Apparell that will cloath my nakednesse.

But say my Lord doth (as it is most true)

Each seuerall yeare make me apparell new.

Yet for your sakes that he performe the same,

T'is most vntrue, or so to thinke a blame.

Himselfe auowes as much, as well I may

With reputation write what he doth say,

Yet am no neerer my cares to rehearse,

Sith he respects strawes better then my verse.

All creatures can commend sweet poesie,

But none respects the Poets pouertie

That famous worke which I in painefull wise

Compos'd to raise his glories to the skies

He doth deny the merit of all fame,

Learning must beg; but rich men are to blame,

To gallop vp and downe, and post it hard :

My Lord auowes t'is he deserues reward,

Who keepes his banquet-house and banco sweet

And like a Spaniell waits vpon his feet.

That nicely plaies the secret Chamberlaine,

And watches euery houre with great paine :

Or he that to his bottles cleanly lookes.

And cooles his ale or wine in running brookes :

Orelse his Page that dares not close an eie,

Vntill the *Bergamiskes* industriously,

*Ariosto* by nature was very cholcrick, & he moued for any small trifle, as may appeare by the breaking of the Potters pots, which is spoken of in the story of his life.

He meaneth *Orlando Furioso*, about which worke *Ariosto* spent almost 18 yeares, taking his subject out of *Connt Boyardo*, Earle of Scandiane in Lumbardy, who finisht 3. bookes of *Orlando*, *Inamora-*

Beat on their anvils, whose very sound  
 Brings the poore sleepy boy into a swoond.  
 To these he giues his great beneuolence,  
 And doth approue their worthes by recompence;  
 He saith if in my bookes he praised be,  
 T'is nothing or to him, or vnto me.  
 And that it was the seede of Idle time,  
 Nourisht by vanitie and foolish rime,  
 And from my seruice he might more haue gained,  
 If I in other sort to him retained.

• This was a  
 certaine office  
 of no great va-  
 lue in Millain,  
 which the Car-  
 dinal bestowed  
 vpon him.

g What if within the Millan chancery,  
 Vnder the shew of some authority,  
 He hath bestow'd not fully out a third,  
 Of that true gaine the place might well afford  
 Vnto my labour? yet what was done therein?  
 Was that my trauell might his profit bring,  
 And that mine endlesse trauell and my cares,  
 Might bring an end vnto his great affaires?  
 Well *Virgil* if thou wilt be worldly wise,  
 Let my too deare bought counsell thee aduise,  
 Thy harp, thy bookes, thy verse with darknes shade,  
 And in thine old age learne some handy trade:  
 Or if thou hopest in this world to gaine,  
 Some office get, or to some Prince retaine:  
 For worse plague I neare wish mine enemy,  
 Then to be famous for sweete Poetry.  
 Yet this be sure, thy liberty is lost,  
 Vncertainty of place so deare doth cost:  
 Nor thinke although thou liuest vntill thy haire  
 Like flakes of snowie *Apenius* appeare,  
 Or that thy Lord as many old daies haue,  
 As aged *Nestor* bore vnto his graue:  
 Thinke not, I say, that thou shalt euer come,  
 By him or by his meanes to hier rome:  
 Or if once tierd with seruitude thou please  
 But to looke back or turne vnto thine ease.



Blest maist thou be if he vouchsafe to take,  
 But from thee what he gaue for vertues sake,  
 And so without more thought of iniury,  
 Send thee away with thred-bare charitie.  
 As for my selfe what euer he hath giuen,  
 If he back take and make my fortunes euen,  
<sup>h</sup> Because that *Buda* neither *Agria* I  
 Would see or follow him in *Hungarie*:  
 Yet I mislike not, force makes me content,  
 And shall doe, since against me he is bent;  
 Although away those prosperous plumes he bring,  
 Which euen him selfe did fix vnto my wing;  
<sup>i</sup> Although he doe exclude me from all grace,  
 And will not smile on me with chearefull face:  
 Although he say I am disloiall proued,  
 Respectlesse, base, vnworthy to be loued;  
 And that his publique speeches doe declaime,  
 How much he hates my memorie and name:  
 Yet patience shall within my bosome sit,  
 And thinke that I was borne to suffer it.  
 This was the reason that I haue remoued  
 My best obseruance, since I was not loued:  
 Knowing it was effectles to approue,  
 To bring incensed greatnes back to loue.  
<sup>k</sup> *Rogero*, if thy royall progeny,  
 From their disdaine blast me with obloquie,  
 And I from them haue nothing got, altho  
 Their worthy valours and braue deedes I shooe,  
 Spending my time and wit most studiously,  
 To raise them tombes vnto eternity,  
 Then what should I doe with them? tis well knowne

<sup>h</sup> Two famous cities in Hungarie, whereof the first now called *Osen*, hath vnder the walles towards the north west side, two fountaines or springs running out of a maine hill, the one of which is passing cold, and yet saoureth of brimstone, & the other so hot that one cannot suffer his finger in it. The other citie called *Agria* was an Archbishoprick, and the Cardinall Lord thereof, where he staid during the papacie of *Iulio* the second, whose furie he feared, because he had delt so vnnaturally & barbarously with his owne brother, as is shewed before in the generall argument. Both these townes now are subiect to the *Turke*.

<sup>i</sup> The Cardinall *Hypolito* was much incensed against *Ariosto*, because he would not follow him into Hungarie, as the rest of his men did.

<sup>k</sup> The house of *Esta* is said to haue descended from *Rogero* that famous Palladine which belonged vnto *Charles* the great. This *Rogero* is reported to come from the

stock of *Alexander* the great, his father was King of *Riza* not far from the mountaine of *Carena*, and his mother was called faire *Galacuella*, who was sister vnto *Agramant* King of *Africk*, whose chiefe citie was *Bizetta* quite rased & destroyed by *Charles* the great, & his Palladines. *Rogero* afterwards lost his life through the treason of that notable arch-traitor *Gano*, falling into a wonderfull deepe pit, wherein he with *Gradasso* king of *Sericano*, who had married *Rogeroes* sister *Marfiza*, were most pitifully famished to death: for which, with other horrible treasons more, *Gano* being after taken, was torne in peeces with wild horses.



<sup>l</sup> *Ariosto* nei-  
 ther loued hū-  
 ring, hauking,  
 nor much ri-  
 ding, for grow-  
 ing in yeares he  
 became very  
 corpulēt, grose  
 and vnwiely. <sup>m</sup> This was  
 the Cardinals  
 Steward,  
 meaning hee  
 would not if he  
 might haue his  
 place, although  
 he fared very  
 daintily, for he  
 was giuen by  
 nature to feed  
 meanly and  
 grossely. <sup>n</sup> Pope *Iulio*  
 the second, in-  
 tending to  
 make wacres  
 vpon the Duke  
 of Ferrara,  
 (whose brother  
 the Cardinall  
*Hypolito* was)  
*Ariosto* was

<sup>l</sup> I am no falkconer, all my arte is flowne.  
 From such light vanities, I haue not the skill,  
 To make my spaniels noses please my will:  
 Nor was I euer brought vp to the same,  
 Or can there to my worst indeauors frame:  
 For I am big, vnwiely, grose and fat,  
 And such strong motions gree not with my state.  
 I haue no curious taste, or eie of fire  
 To please the tongue or the vnchast desire.  
 Steward nor Cater to a noble man,  
 I was not borne to be, I nothing can  
 In those low offices. It had beene good,  
 I then had liu'd when men eate homely food.  
<sup>m</sup> *Gismunds* accounts, I will not on me take,  
<sup>n</sup> Nor vnto Rome an idle iourney make,  
 Posting with all my reasons to asswage  
 The fiery heat of great *Secundus* rage.  
 But say my fortune at such ods should runne,  
 That needes by me such seruice must be done:  
 I feare me in the businesse would be found,  
 Dangers more great, and able to confound.  
 Besides, if such hard seruices must be,  
 And that men must attend with flauery,  
 ° As doth *Arctophylax* vpon the Beare:  
 He that desires to purchase gold so deere  
 Let him enioy it freely; for my selfe

chosen as a most fit man to go in ambassadge vnto him, to pacific his wrath, which  
 businesse he managed so well, that he wan great reputation vpon his returne home againe,  
 yet the aforelaid Pope, afterward falling out again with the Duke, and euery man shun-  
 ning the office of embassador, vnto him, knowing his furious & angry nature, *Ariosto* once  
 more for the seruice of his Prince, and the safety of his country, did aduenter to take this  
 hard enterprize in hand, where he had like to haue lost his life, but that he secretly got a-  
 way. This Pope *Iulio* was fitter to haue beene a Souldier then a Priest, of whom it is said,  
 that hearing he had lost certaine of his army in the battel, apparelled himselfe in compleat  
 armor, & marching on the way as he came ouer Tyber, he in a great rage threw the keies of  
*Peter* therein, saying, he would see if the sword of *Paul* would stand him in better steed.  
 ° He alludeth a certaine signe in Rome, where a man is painted, waiting and attending  
 on a Beare.



I will not at so high rate buy my wealth.  
 Before advancement in such sort shall please,  
 Ile only study how to gain mine ease :  
 Rather then cares shall compasse me about  
 And from my mind thrust contemplation out :  
 Which though my body it enrich not right,  
 Yet to my mind it addes such rare delight,  
 That it deserueth in immortall stories,  
 To be enrold with all admired glories.  
 And hence it comes my pouertie I beare,  
 As it on earth my best of best things were.  
 This makes that brothel wealth I doe not loue,  
 Or that great name or titles do me moue :  
 Or any State allurements so adore,  
 That I wil sell my libertie therefore.  
 This makes me neuer to desire or craue,  
 What I not hope for, nor am like to haue.  
 Nor choler nor disdain doth me assaile,  
 Nor inward enuy shewes my count'nance pale ;  
 Sith *Maron* or *Celio* are Lords created,  
 Or from low basenes into greatnes slated.  
 Nor doe I care for sitting at great tables,  
 Soothing the humors of these pufpast bables;  
 But hold them as the scum of foolery,  
 Whom rymers taxe in idle balladry:  
 That I without attendants am content,  
 To walke a foote, and make my selfe consent  
 To follow mine affaires; and when I ride,  
 To knit my cloak-bag to my horses side,  
 As much doth please me, as at my command,  
 A world of mercenary knaues did stand.  
 And sure I thinke my sinne is lesse each way,  
 In this (for I respect not what men say.)  
 Then when in court I am inforst to bribe,  
 And euery scornfull proud delay abide,  
 Ere our most lawfull suits vnto the Prince,



p *Ariosto* being of nature desirous to be quiet, and to be his owne man, had rather haue a small thing of his owne, then to serue others & inioy much: for indeede his liuing was but small, although he set a good face on the matter.

q Although *Ariosto* were his fathers eldest sonne, yet he had 4 brethren more, and five sisters, & therefore his liuing could not be but small, considering his charge. The names of his brethren were *Charles, Alexander, Galasso* and *Gabriel*. *Charles* was a soldier, & was then in Hungarie with a friend of *Ariostos*, a captaine called *Cleanthus*, who hauing the keeping of a castle there, was driuen from it by the Turkes. *Alexander* was secretarie to the Cardinall *Hypolito*, & followed him into Hungarie: but *Gabriel* although he were borne lame, yet *Ariosto* brought him vp so well, as he became a reasonable good schollar, and followed his booke hard, yet much inferior to his brother.

We can preferre and be dispacht from thence,  
 Or slander honest titles, or subuert,  
 Right without reason, conscience or desert,  
 Only to shew our malice, or whats worse,  
 (Because thereon doth hang a heauy curse)  
 To make poore parsons buy their tenths so deare,  
 That they are double forc't their flocks to sheare.  
 Besides, it makes me with a pure deuotion,  
 Thank my good God for my lowe safe promotiō,  
 And that where ere I come I this haue proued,  
 I liue amongst the best and am beloued.  
 Tis knowne though I no seruice had, I haue  
 p Goods to maintaine me, and to buy a graue.  
 That which to me from birth and fortune came,  
 Is such as I may boast without my shame:  
 But for I will not worke your too much paine,  
 To my first song I will returne againe,  
 That I no true occasion haue to grieue,  
 Because in your commercement I not liue.  
 I haue already strength of reasons showne,  
 And yet if more should be vnto you knowne,  
 It would be to no end, sith I doe see,  
 That our opinious warres will not agree.  
 Yet with one other more I will contest,  
 Because I hold it stronger then the rest:  
 If I from my poore house should start away,  
 All would to wrack, I being all their stay.  
 q Of five of vs (all which now liuing are)  
 Three are remoued into Regions farre.  
 As *Charles*, who in that kingdome meanes to stay,  
 From whence the Turkes *Cleanthus* driue away:  
*Gallasso* for a Bishoprick in Rome,  
 Doth daily gape and lookes when it should come.  
 Thou *Alexander* dost with my Lord remaine,

Ma



Making thy seruice purchase of thy gaine.  
 Only poore *Gabriels* here: but what wouldst thou  
 That he should doe hereafter? or what now?  
 He as thou know'st, of hands and feete is lame,  
 And so into this wretched world first came.  
 Abroad he hath not gone, which cannot go,  
 Little hath seene, and lesse then that doth know:  
 Onely at home he doth securely bide,  
 Now he that takes vpon him for to guid  
 A house, as I haue done, must haue respect,  
 That they doe not the impotent neglect.  
 My maiden suster is with me beside,  
 Whose dowrie I am bound I shall prouide:  
 Til which I haue effected honestlie,  
 I can nor say nor thinke that I am free.  
 r Lastly, th'unweildie age of mine old mother,  
 Doth all my other cogitations couer:  
 She must not be forsaken of vs all,  
 Vnlesse to ruine wee will headlong fall.  
 Of tenne I am the eldest, and am growne  
 An old man full of fortie foure yeares knowne,  
 My head is bald, and for I sicknes feare,  
 My braines to comfort, I a night cap weare.  
 The small remainder of my life behind,  
 To keepe it curiously is all my minde.  
 But thou whose issue from my mothers wombe,  
 After me fully eighreene yeares didst come,  
 Go thou and serue my Lord, and spend thy breath  
 In heate, in cold, in dangere and to death.  
 Go view the world, high Duch and Hungarie,  
 Attending on him most obsequiously.  
 Serue for vs both, and where my zeale doth lack,  
 Make thou amends and bring my fauours back.  
 Who if he truly please of me to thinke,  
 The seruice I can doe him is with inke  
 To giue his fame large wings, not in the field,

r He was a  
 most ductifull  
 and charitable  
 man to all his  
 poore kindred,  
 especially vnto  
 his old mother  
 who liued in  
 the house with  
 him many  
 yeares, of who  
 he had a most  
 reuerend care  
 and respect.



To proue my force, in such assaults I yeeld,  
 Say vnto him, Great Lord at thy command,  
 My brothers seruices doe humbly stand,  
 Whilst I at home with a shrill trumpets sound,  
 Will spread his worthy name vpon the ground;  
 That it shall goe as farre as Sea or land,  
 Yea and beyond the *Gadean* pillars stand.  
 To *Ariano* and *Filo* it shall fly,  
 But not so farre as flowes swift *Danuby*:  
 For my weake muse can hardly iumpe so farre,  
 So wet (alasse) my feete and bodie are.  
 But could the glasse of time to me restore,  
 Those fiftene yeares which I haue spent before,  
 Then would I neuer doubt but that the fire  
 Of my quick braine through all worlds should aspire.  
 But if he thinkes because he giues to me,  
 Each foure monthes twenty fve crownes for a fee:  
 Which pension is not alwaies duely paid,  
 But many times by many humors staid;  
 I therefore shall such bondage to him owe,  
 As if I were his villaine, and not know  
 Ought but his will, my health and life neglect,  
 Enter all dangers without all respect:  
 If so he think, his greatnes is mistaken,  
 Nor shall he finde my liberty forsaken.  
 Tel him ere ile liue in such slauery,  
 He entertaine most loathsome pouerty.

A tale.

Once there an Asse was, of his skinne and bone  
 So leane, that vnder them he flesh had none,  
 Who stealing through a hole that broken was,  
 Into a barne well stuf with corne did passe,  
 Where he so cloid his stomack and his hart,  
 That he grew fat and full in euery part.  
 His bodie growne to such a shapeles masse,  
 That like a tun his huge proportion was.  
 But in the end fearing if he should stay,

His

His bones too dearely for his meate should pay,  
Intends to issue forth where he came in,  
But is deceiued, for why his bellies skinne,  
Hath made his bulke so great with that he stole,  
His head can hardly now peepe through the hole:  
Nearth'lesse he striues and struggles much in vaine,  
Lost is his labour and his bootles paine.

A little mouse which spi'd him, thus did say,  
Asse if from hence thou wilt thy selfe conuay:  
Thy bodie thou must bring to such poore case,  
As when thou first didst come into this place,  
Leane and like carion must thy carcase be,  
Else neare expect safe harmelesse liberty.  
Hence I conclude, and boldly dare impart,  
That if my Princely master from his hart,  
Thinke with his gifts that he hath purchast me,  
It shall not to my selfe ought grieuous be,  
That I restore them back to him againe,  
So my former libertie may gaine.  
Freedome I onely loue, since I did heare,  
That men doe many times buy gold too deare.



## The second Satyre.

### THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth in his owne person that nature is contented with litle, and how much a man should esteeme of his liberty. The troublesome life of Church-men, and the great miseries wherein those of the Courre of Rome liue.

To his reuerend Brother  
G. A.



With mine affaires, not my desires become,

The causes why I goe to visit Rome:

(Snake,

<sup>a</sup> When Card'nals change their skinnes like to the

And for their God doe better choices make:

<sup>a</sup> At the election of new Cardinals, and at the death of the old, the other Cardinals use (through friendship) to exchange their first livings for others that are better.

Now when no dangerous sicknesses abound,

To infect mens bodies that are weake or sound,

Although a greater plague afflicts their mindes,

<sup>b</sup> Whilest that same wheele or *Ruota* turnes and windes:

O not that wheele, which doth *Ixion* scourge,

But that which doth in Rome so shrewdly purge

Mens purses; whilest through long & vile delaies,

Lawyers on them (As foule on carion) praies:

<sup>c</sup> *Gallasso* pray thee take for me (not farre

From that same place where thy commercements are,

I meane neare to that sumptuous Temple braue,

Which auncient Fathers that stout Priests name gaue,

stolical sea, it is

not much different fro the Roules here with vs in England. <sup>c</sup> This was his third brother, of whom he spake in his first Satyre, he was a Church-man, and lay in Rome to get some benefice or Church liuing.

Who



Who *Malchas* eare from off his head did cleave,  
 And more had done, might he haue had but leaue)  
 A lodging for foure beaſts: by which I meane,  
<sup>d</sup> Account me with my man (old *Iohn*) for twaine.  
 The other two a *Moile* and *Gelding* is,  
 A tired iade, that all his teeth doth miſſe.  
 Let it be lightſome, but not mounting hie,  
 I cannot brooke this climbing to the ſkie.  
 A chimney let it haue that will not ſmoake,  
 For ſuch perfumes do both me blind & choake.  
 Of our poore iades, thou likewiſe muſt take care,  
 For ſhould their prouender be ſcant or bare,  
 Little the ſtables warm'th would them auaille,  
 And in my iourney I ſhould hap to faile.  
 My bed and bedding of the beſt I craue,  
 That ſo my reſt might ſweeter quiet haue.  
 The matter cotten of fine wooll and thinne,  
 By no meanes let it be within an Inne.  
 My wood to burne, I would haue old and drie,  
 That it might dreſſe my meat conueniently.  
 A bit of Mutton, Biefe, or Lambe, or Veale,  
 For me and for my man doth full auaille.  
<sup>e</sup> No curious Kitchin-cooke I do deſire,  
 With ſauce to ſet mine appetite on fire:  
 Making me haue a ſtomacke gainſt my will,  
 Or being full haue ſtill deſire to fill.  
 Let thoſe proud curious Artiſts uſe their braine,  
 To keep their pots and veſſels ſiluer cleane,  
 And tend on Ladies, or for recompence  
<sup>f</sup> Striue to content *Vorranos* glutton ſence:  
 Whileſt I with a poore ſcullion am content,  
 And being cleanly, thinke him excellent.  
 He that by eating, ſeekes ſtill how to eate,  
 And makes not hunger ſauce vnto his meat,  
 Let him go caſt his vomit farre from me,  
 Ile neither hold his rule nor companie.

<sup>d</sup> This was his man he kept, & one that had ſerued him long his name was *Iohn de paſcia*, to whom when he died, he left halfe of all the moueables hee had, becauſe he had bin an honeſt & faithfull ſeruāt vnto him

<sup>e</sup> Although the Poet was very carefull of his health, & very precise in ſmal matters yet in his diet he was very plain & groſſe, & not ouer daintie in feeding at all, as himſelfe affirmeth in the firſt Satyr.

<sup>f</sup> This was a noble man of Mantua, who delighted ſo much in gluttony as hee had choiſe and change of all ſauces for all kinds of meats, he uſed to eate the more to increaſe his appetite. Hee was ſurnamed by ſome, *Lucullus* of Mantua.



Cooke now on euery vpitart fellow waite,  
 Who but erewhile did cheese and onions eate,  
 And in a russet frock was glad to keep,  
 On barren hills his masters flocks of sheep;  
 But now (this bore) growne rich by fortunes grace,  
 Shames euen to heare of his first fortunes place.  
 His Pheasants, Larks, & Blackbirds haue he must,  
 Who erst was glad to leap euen at a crust:  
 Alwaies to feed vpon one dish of meat,  
 Doth cloy his stomacke, and he cannot eate.  
 He now the wild bores taste doth truely know,  
 Which vp and downe the drier mountaines goe,  
 From th'other which rich *Elizean* fields,  
 (Fatted) vnto the Roman market yeelds.  
 I seeke no water from the fountaines cleare,  
 But that which come from Tyber, and is neare,  
 So it be setled well and very pure;  
 For troubled waters hardly I endure:  
 For wine it skils not, yet good wine I loue,  
 And mixt with water many times do proue,  
 (Though very little) and the tauerne still,  
 Will yeeld as much or little as I will.  
 The wines which grow vpon the marrish brinke,  
 Vnlesse delayed, much I neuer drinke.  
 The strōger wine, my brain doth make the worse  
 Offends my stomack, & my voice makes hoarse.  
 What then will these do, which are drunke with you?  
 I doubt the prooffe I shall but find too true.  
 The *Corfick* wines, and those of faithles *Greece*,  
 Nor the *Lygurian*, though all of one price,  
 Are not so vile as these: these are so strong,  
 That to the best conceits they do much wrong.  
 The Frier that in his study priuate sits,  
 Is with this liqu or thrust out of his wits,  
 The whilest with expectation and much doubt,  
 The wondring people gaze and looke about.

• The wines  
 of the Island of  
*Corfica*, are so  
 excellent good  
 and strong, as  
 there is a pro-  
 uerb in Italy of  
 them, which is  
*in Corso, vn*  
*Greco, vn Roma-*  
*nesco.*

When he the Gospels blessed truth should shew,  
 Who comes no sooner forth, but vp doth goe  
 Into the pulpit with a fiery grace,  
 A red-rose cheeke, and a dislempred face:  
 Making a noise with violence of passion,  
 And swearing out the scriptures in strange fashiō,  
 Threatning such iudgments, & such danied fate,  
 That all his audience he makes desperate.

<sup>h</sup> This also troubleth *Mejsser Moskens* head,  
 Whilest he is caried drunke vnto his bed,  
 And Frier *Gnaling* with his company,  
 Faining to hate *Vennachia* mightily,  
 Who once but got out of their cloister doore,

<sup>i</sup> Toth' *Gorgon* or the *Ethiopian* More  
 They go, and there Pigeons and Capons fat,  
 They eat vntill they breathe and sweat thereat:  
 So likewise vse they, when as all alone,  
 They forth from their Refectorie are gone.

Prouide me bookes to passe those houres away,  
 In which Romes prelates, onely feed and play.  
 Who once abroad, they giue a strait cominand,  
 None enter at their gates in any hand:

As Friers do vse, who bout the mid of day,  
<sup>k</sup> (Although you ring the bell, cry loud or pray)  
 Yet once set at the table, they'le not moue,  
 Were it to gaine more then a Princes loue.

My Lord Ile say (for brother is too base,  
 Since Spanish complement tooke plainnes place,  
 And Sr. is sent to euery bawdy house,  
 T'is now so common and ridiculous:

*Signior* Ile terme the basest Rascall now,  
 And making courtisie low vnto him bow)

<sup>h</sup> A notable drunkard, but otherwise a man that had good parts in him, being Steward or Bailiffe vnto the Monestarie of *S<sup>t</sup>a. Maria, Ara Cæli*, a house of *Franciscan* Friers in Rome of which couët also Frier *Gnaling* was, a good scholler, but ouer much giuen to drinking.

<sup>i</sup> Two of the chiefest *Taverns* in Rome, where most commonly the best wine and best victuals were, & where most *Dutchmē* resort, when

they come to the City. <sup>k</sup> It is a fashion in religious houses, when they are once set at dinner or supper neuer to open their dore vnto any man, knocke they neuer so much, vntill they are risen from the table, which order the *Iesuits* obserue more strictly then any other.



For Gods sake pray your reuerend Lord to daine  
To lend his eare whilest I of wrongs complaine.

<sup>l</sup> Hee setteth  
downe the  
proud humour  
of the Spaniard  
when he is at  
his table, in his  
own language.

<sup>l</sup> *Agora non se puede* will he say,  
*Es migliore*, (good sir) to go your way.  
*E vos torneis a la magnana*. Then  
If you reply vpon him freshagen,  
And say; yet let me trouble you once more,  
Tell him I do attend him at the dore.

Then surely *Cerberus* growes Peacocke proud,  
And this rough answer thunders forth aloud.  
I tell thee friend, my Lord is at repose,  
And will not troubled be with suters woes:  
He will not speake with *Peter*, *Paul* nor *John*,  
Nor heare the embassie of any one:

<sup>m</sup> This spech <sup>m</sup> No though his master *Nazareth* were here,  
is reported to  
come from

Cardinal *S. George*, who being high Chamberlain vnto the Apostolike sea, & a man of mightie wealth and authoritie, it hapned that the Pope (that then was) sent one of his chiefe officers to speake with him about some matter of importance: he being then set at dinner, where vpon one of the Cardinals Gentlemen told his Lord in his eare, that there was one very desirous to speake with him from his holinesse: but he not noting any thing, made shew as if hee did not heare his man: whereupon the partie returned back vnto him that was at the doore, certifying him that hee had deliuered his message, but his Lord seemed to giue no care vnto him. Notwithstanding this the messenger told him, he must needes speake with him, and with all, vsed such perswasions vnto him, that the yong Gentleman (although very loath) knowing his Lords cholericke nature, returned backe vnto the Cardinall, certifying him once more that the aforesaid partie desired very earnestly to speake with him but one word from the Pope, and that it was *M<sup>r</sup>. Paul* Archdeacon of aint *Anastalens* one of the Masters of the Chauacery: to whom *Saint George* (raising himselfe vp a little in his chaire, and looking very angerly vpon his man) burst out into these blasphemous speches. Tell him I wil not speake with *Paul* nor *Peter*, no nor with their master the Nazaret himself now I am set at dinner. The Gentleman hearing such a terrible shot discharged at his eare made haste to report the same to the Archdeacon, who was walking vp and downe before the doore to coole himselfe, who hearing the Cardinals answer, made the signe of the crosse and blessed himselfe, saying, it may well be that *Saint George* who is a Souldiers rough companion, and one that wanteth manners mighte send such good san answere: But I am sure, Christ himselfe would neuer haue sent so plaine a message vnto his holinesse, and therevpon he departed.



He would not daine to moue out of his chaire.  
 And therefore thou nor manners hast nor shame,  
 Thy suits at such vnfitting times to frame.  
 But had I *Linx* his eies on them to prie,  
 As with my minds eies I them full espy,  
 Or were they but transparant like to a glasse,  
 That through their inmost thoughts my sight might passe:  
 Such deedes I then(perhaps) should see them act  
 Within their priuy chambers: that the fact  
 Would giue them iuster cause themselues to hide,  
 From heauens sunne, then any man beside.  
 But they in time I hope will quite forsake  
 This loathed life, and better vertues take.  
 This as an Item is to their transgression,  
 To shew I wish and pray for their conuersion.  
 But sure I am, thou longst to know why I  
 Desire to visit Rome thus speedily.

u Well, I will tell thee: Tis because I seeke  
 A liuing small by patent safe to keep:  
 An officetis, which I in *Millan* hold,  
 (Although but smal) yet more then lose I would:  
 o And to prouide *St. Agaps* parsonage,  
 I might possesse if th'old Priest worne with age,  
 And much expence of time, should hap to die,  
 During the time, my fortunes there should lie.  
 Thou wilt suppose I runne into the net,  
 Which I was wont to say, the diuell did set  
 To catch those fooles, whose ouer burning hearts  
 Swallowes their makers bloud without defarts:  
 But tis not so, my thoughts did ne're agree,  
 To loue this cure or callings soueraginty:  
 My meaning is, the liuing to bestow,  
 On such a one as mine owne thoughts doe know  
 Fit for the same, for his liues grauity,  
 His learning, manners, vertue, honesty.

u This office  
 I spake of be-  
 fore, was giuen  
 him by the Car-  
 dinal, which he  
 sought to get  
 during his own  
 life by patent  
 from the Pope,  
 the same being  
 one of the chief  
 occasions why  
 he would lie a  
 while in Rome.  
 o *St. Agaps* is  
 a Church in  
 Rome, not far  
 from the *Pisca-*  
*ria* or Fish-  
 market, the re-  
 uersion of  
 which bene-

ficce, *Ariosto* was offred, although he would not accept thereof, as you may read a litle after.



Two things  
our Poet reue-  
renced, and  
would often  
cōmend them,  
the one was  
Priest-hood, &  
the other Ma-  
riage, and yet  
he liked nei-  
ther of them  
both.

Ariosto was a  
man of so good  
a conscience,  
That a certaine  
old Priest, ha-  
uing a fat bene-  
fice, called S.  
Angello, in the  
Piscaria in  
Rome of which  
wee but now  
spake, and be-  
ing in doubt to  
be poysoned,  
for greedinesse  
of the same, by  
some of his  
neerest kindred  
who thought to  
haue had the  
next Aduowson  
thereof, had so  
good an opini-  
on of the hone-  
sty of Ariosto, as  
he offered to re-  
signe the same  
vnto him, du-

To be a sacred Priest I will not proue,  
Cope, Rochet, Surplice, nor a Stole I loue :  
Nor will I haue a shau'd anointed crowne,  
Or weare the ring which Bishops do renowne.  
In vaine I go about to take a wife,  
If I should aime at a religious life :  
Or hauing taken one but to suppose,  
That for the Church t'were fit my wife to lose :  
But both these callings are of such defart,  
That albe I adore them in my heart :

Yet when I thinke how full they are of care,  
Of neither (with resolute) I venture dare.  
Priest-hood and mariage, who so doth obtaine,  
Saue but by death, no freedome can attaine.  
But here (perhaps) thou maiest demand of me,  
My reasons fault and insufficiency :  
Wherefore so great a burthen I do take,  
Ane instantly the same away do shake,  
Seeking to giue mine honours to another.  
Well though tby selfe, my friends & euery other,  
Shall blame, nay hate me, sith I doe let go,  
And will not take my fortunes when they floe ;  
Yea since at bounties hands Ile not accept  
The gifts of greatnesse, but doe all neglect,  
To shriue my soule to thee, and shew the cause,  
Which me to such a course of follie drawes :

Tis thus. The old priest hauing vnderstood,  
By the best friend both to his age and bloud :  
That vnderhand his death was closely wrought,  
By one that for his holy liuing sought,  
Fearing by poison to be made away,  
He sends for me, and humbly doth me pray :

ring his life, & to sojourne with him rather then with any of his own friends. Ariosto in some  
sort accepted of his kind proffer, perswadidg him to resign it vnto one of his brethren, because  
he liked not (as I told you before) to be a Churchmā, which whē he could not by any meanes  
bring the old Priest vnto, he thē got him to bestow it vpo another honest mā fit for the place.

That



That I into the open court would come,  
 And there take resignation of his roome:  
 Thinking this meanes to be the onely best,  
 By which his life might in most safetie rest.  
 I thankt him for it, yet did all I could,  
 That he to thee or *Alexander* would,  
 ( Whose nature in no opposition stands,  
 With holy orders or with holy hands )  
 His right and intrest passe, but t'would not be,  
 Nor to my motions would his sense agree.  
 Nor you, nor his owne kindred would he trust,  
 But (like himselfe) thought all men were vniust:  
 Onely my selfe aboue a world he chose,  
 And on my faith did all his trust repose:  
 But when I saw from him I could not haue it  
 To doe you good; vnto a third I gaue it.  
 Many I know will me condemne therein,  
 Sith ( carelesse ) I refuse such good to winne.  
 The rather, sith preferment in it is,  
 Whose pathes who treads can neuer honor misse.  
 † Those poore religious wormes scarce profitable,  
 Simple, vnilearned, weake vnfit, vnable,  
 Base and despis'd, contem'd of greatest part,  
 Haue got on best deserts so much the start.  
 As greatest kings are glad they may adore them,  
 And blest is he that most may fall before them.  
 But who so holy or so wise hath beene,  
 As in his life no fortune hath ore seene?  
 Either in little or in much I know,  
 Theres none that can himselfe so perfit shoew.  
 Each man his humor hath, and this is mine,  
 † Before I will my libertie resigne,  
 The richest hat in Rome I would refuse,  
 Though King or Cardinall they should me chuse:  
 What good to me is got by highest place,  
 Or at the Table to receiue most grace?

† He taxeth religious men,  
 who vnder the  
 colour of humili-  
 lity are growne  
 so proud, as the  
 greatest mo-  
 narchs are glad  
 to humble the  
 selues vnto  
 them.

† He priseth his  
 libertie at a  
 higher rate  
 then to be the  
 wealthiest Car-  
 dinall in all  
 Rome.



If thence I rise no better satisfi'd,  
 Then he which in the meanest rome doth bide:  
 So though my head with waight downe burdned be,  
 Of miters stor'd with pretious Jewelrie,  
 What doth it me auaille, if for all this  
 True ioy and quietnes of minde I misse?  
 Let others thinke it a beatitude,  
 That they are sought vnto, obseru'd and su'd,  
 That armies of attendants doe them grace,  
 Treading their steps through euery publike place,  
 Whilst all the people with astonisht eies,  
 Stare to behold their flattred maiesties.  
 Yet I suppose them idle vanities,  
 Yea worse, euen worst of earthly miseries.  
 I am so foolish mad, that oft I say,  
 In brothel Rome the Lord is euery way,  
 More slaue then is his slaue, man to his man;  
 And tis most true, deny it who so can.  
 The bondage wherein seruingmen do stand,  
 Is barehead to obey each slyght command,  
 To run or ride with him, which once expir'd,  
 There nothing else is at his hands required.  
 This being done, he may go where he please,  
 Frolick or game, reuell or rest at ease.

z In Rome  
 euery base fel-  
 lowe hath his  
 mistres, wh. ch  
 he keepeth *Ala*  
*posta*, as they  
 terme it.

Only his care is, that at euerie leasure,  
 He cannot see his wench, or haue that pleasure.  
 Else as he list, he may go sport about,  
 Either with company or else without.  
 On foote or horseback (if he money haue)  
 Be ciuill, or else swagger like a knaue.  
 In market, in the Tauerne, in Th'exchange,  
 Or in the brothell if he list to range.  
 Cloathes he may weare, of cullers light or darke,  
 Go as he please; he is not enuies marke,  
 None take exception gainst him, he may go  
 Naked, if naked he himselfe wil shoe;

Where-

Whereas his Lord (because he will haue place,  
To suit his ranke, and giue his glories grace)  
Doth leaue the safer seate, and though he gaine  
More honor, yet doth lesser wealth retaine.  
With profit lesse, and yet with greater charge,  
He steares the helme in vaine expences barge.  
Many he feedes, sith many on him tend,  
Though his reuenues are but small to spend:  
For count his first fruits with his bribes and all,  
Many yeares profits doe to ruine fall.  
Adde vnto this, how he in debt doth stand,  
For furnishing his house at second hand.  
His gifts to courtiers (but in courtesie)  
Chiefly to that great patron *Simonie*,  
Who is his chiefest saint and aduocate,  
Because he best doth know his purses state.  
But all the sport is, when his holinesse  
Sends to imploy him in some seriousnes.  
O then, if any of his followers misse,  
He cannot go, the way forbidden is.  
If that his coach be not in sight at hand,  
Or if his moiles doe not moit ready stand,  
If any thing be orderlesse displac't,  
He rages straight, his honor is disgrac't:  
If one rude wrinckle in his gowne be found,  
Tis to his place more then a deadly wound:  
His seruants must in comely equipage,  
March two and two according to their age:  
When if the basest groome in all his traine,  
His very scullion but behind remaine,  
He sweares as though he gaue the world this tuch,  
That hee's diuine, he nameth God so much.  
Out doth he cry he is discredited,  
If by such slaues he be not followed.  
On no Euangelist he now doth looke,  
(Good man) his age cannot indure his booke.



Onely he doth deuise how he may spend  
 Little; and how his liuing he may mend,  
 To draw the bowe too farre, breakes it in twaine,  
 And thriftie sparing is the Lord of gaine.  
 I will not say but diuers there may be,  
 That haue both offices and lands in fee.  
 Who liue at harts ease farre beyond the best,  
 Free from disturbance, tumult or vnrest:  
 Nor horse, nor beast, nor man he scarsly keeps,  
 Whilst with a full purse he securely sleeps:  
 But there are fewe of those, for in these daies,  
 He's blest that liues content with his owne ease;  
 Now he thats plum'd with sterne ambitious wings,  
 And vp to heauen his cogitations flings,  
 He neuer with his owne estate is pleased,  
 But shapes newe scales by which he will be raised;  
 From Bishop straight he hath a wishfull hope  
 To climbe to be the second next the Pope:  
 When he hath that got will he then be quiet?  
 No; for his stomack must haue choicer diet.  
 He now aimes at the seate Pontificall,  
 To tread on kings, on Emperours and all;  
 But when he hath obtaind this blessed chaire,  
 Will he be pleased then and free from care?  
 Neither: for now his children and his friends  
 To places of great honor he commends;  
 When he was poore he scarce was knowne to any,  
 Now beeing Pope he is a kin to many:  
 Yet from the Epyrots, nor from the Greeke,  
 To giue them kingdomes doth he euer seeke,  
 Neither of Africk nor of Barbarie  
 Plotteth to giue them any soueraigntie;  
 Nor will he striue to pull the Pagans downe,  
 And to impale his kinsmen with their crowne,  
 To purchase which all *Europe* is at hand,  
 Furnisht with men and money at command,

Whilst he but acts what doth to him belong?  
 Weakning the Turks, making the Christians strong.  
 He rather seekes by trechery and art,  
 The noble *Coloneffi* to subuert,  
 Or to extirp *Ursinos* princely name,  
 \* To gaine all *Talliacorzos* worthy fame;  
 As from the other he got Palestine,  
 By royall policie surnam'd diuine:  
 Whilst in the meantime drunk with Christian blood,  
 He sits and triumphs in his ample good,  
 Some he sees strangled, some their heads do lose,  
 And euery thing quite topsie turuie goes.  
 Nor will he sticke to giue all Italie,  
 A pray to France, to Spaine or Germany;  
 And making a confusion of each thing,  
 y It shall go hard but one halfe he will bring  
 Vnto his bastard blood, nor doth he care  
 Tho th'other part fall to the Diuels share.  
 Then flies abroad excommunications,  
 Like vollies of great shot, in strangest fashion:  
 Then roares the buls worse then the Basan host,  
 Whilst Belles and bookes and candles curses boast.  
 Hence Indulgence and pardons haue beene found,  
 To be of warres the instruments and ground.  
 z From hence with gold the bearded muffle is prest,  
 Of all his valures power to shoe the best.  
 Sons the drunken Dutchman, who for pay,  
 Is hir'd in right or wrong or any way: (fight,  
 These must haue gold (without which thei'le not  
 And all this charge doth on the subiect light.  
 Oft haue I heard (and doe belecue the same)  
 By those which know the trueth of euery fame:  
 That neither Bishop, no nor Cardinall,  
 Nor yet the Pope, who is the head of all,

euery morning they come into their masters hall, where they haue certaine equall allowance  
 of bread and wine, which (God knowes) is but course and small, euery one severally to him-  
 selfe, and that is all he shall haue for that day. E Had

x The names  
 of the two che-  
 fest and most  
 ancient houses  
 of the Colo-  
 nessi & the Vr-  
 sini.

y Here *Ari-  
 osto* is very  
 plaine with the  
 Popes & their  
 kindred.

z The gentle-  
 men of Italie  
 for the most  
 part keepe no  
 table for their  
 followers as  
 they doe here  
 in England, but  
 hire them by  
 the months, gi-  
 uing them so  
 many crownes  
 euery foure  
 weekes as they  
 agree vpon, &



Had euer money to supply their want,  
 But that the end grew niggardly and scant.  
 But let this go, times now are at such passe,  
 That though one be a foole, a dolt, an asse,  
 Base of conditions, and (if't may be) worse,  
 Yet if he haue a well fild heauie purse  
 He may doe what he list, nor neede he care  
 What others of his actions shall declare:  
 Yet those which hoard most, and haue most to giue,  
 Most commonly most wretchedly doe liue.  
 Witnesse the starued household, who with grieffe  
 Complaine their ruines, yet find no reliefe.  
 The more the wealthy wittie courtier holds,  
 The lesse vnto the worlds eie he vnolds.  
 Of foure parts of his liuing, three he will  
 Be sure (all charges borne) to coffer still.  
 A mans allowance or of bread or bieffe,  
 Is halfe a pound of either for reliefe:  
 And that (God knowes) is either tough or crusty,  
 Or hardly mans meate, being old and musty.  
 Now as his bread and flesh is of worst sort,  
 So thinke his drinke deserues as vile report,  
 Either it is like vineger most tarte,  
 Or Rasor-like it makes the pallat smart:  
 Either in taste or relish tis so small,  
 That it hath lost both colour strength and all.  
 Or to be breefe, in ilnes tis beyond  
 The puddle water or the stinking pond:  
 Yet had a man sufficiency of foode,

*a* Some great estates there are in Italie, as Barrons and Bishops that keepe a table for their followers, but their cheare with their bread and wine, is so bad as it doth them little good, and the rather because they can neuer eat their bellies full, for the steward sitting at the table, as soone as euer he holdeth vp his white staffe, (which is the signe of his office) straight the cloth is taken vp, & they are forced to rise from the board, when oftentimes they haue nor

halfe eaten what would satisfie nature, & this is the cause instead of saying grace, that they fall a cursing when they leaue the table. *b* The Swizzers or Muffes are those people which the antient Historiographers (as Cesar & others) call Heluetians, they haue their habitations in the most high hills of Iura, named S. Claude, they are a race of men naturally warlik & rude, & for the sterillitie of their country more giuen to grasing then to tillage. They are free of themselues, sometimes they were vnder the Duke of Austria, & now are subiect vnto no Prince, but liue of themselues. They are diuided into thirteene cominalties, called Cautons, & wil be hired of any Prince for money to fight in their warres, be it right or wrong they neuer respect the same, so they be well paid, and haue their pay truely.



And at his pleasure drinke to doe him good:  
 Though they were homely and indifferent,  
 His grief were lesse, and time much better spent:  
 But both being bad, and of that bad no store,  
 Needs must the hart break or else couet more.  
 But thou wilt say, a seruant that is wise,  
 Will beare with this and smoothly temporise,  
 Because that scale which raiseth vp his Lord,  
 Doth some aduancement to him selfe afford,  
 And as the master mounts the man shall rise,  
 If with discretion he his wrongs disguise.  
 But such like fortunes are not generall,  
 For they like blazing comets seldome fall.  
 Honors change maners, new Lords makes new lawes  
 And all ther seruants to their purpose drawes.  
 Old seruants like old garments are cast by,  
 When new adorne them with more maiestie.  
 Seruice is no inheritance we know,  
 For he and beggerie in one base ranke doe go.  
 A chamberlen, a steward and a caiter,  
 A secretarie, a caruer, and a waiter,  
 Thy Lord must haue to beautifie his daies,  
 When thine age can supply not one of these.  
 Then maist thou thinke that thou art highly loued,  
 If from his seruice thou art not remoued:  
 Tis well for thee if thou canst find that grace,  
 To liue as thou hast done still in one place.  
 A liuery once a yeare, and nobles foure,  
 Is a braue price for seruing til foure score:  
 And then tis ten to one that beg thou must,  
 Therefore vnto thy selfe. not others trust.  
 How rightly spake that honest Mulitar,  
 When comming into Rome from regions farre,  
 He in the euening heard as he did passe,  
 That his owne Lord for Pope elected was.  
 Ah (quoth the slaue) to speake vnpartiall,



Twas best with me when he was Cardinall,  
 My labour then was little or else none,  
 Hauing but two poore moiles to looke vpon.  
 Now shall my toile be double or else more,  
 And yet my wages paid worse then before.  
 If any think because my Lord is Pope,  
 That I on great aduancements ground my hope,  
 Let him but giue me one chicken or lesse,  
 And all my rasures he shall full possesse.  
 No no, the wealthier that the Master proues,  
 So much the lesse his oldest slaues he loues.

The Tale.

In Naples where Nobility doth flowe,  
 (Though little wealth doth with their greatnes goe)  
 There was of good descent a prettie Lad,  
 That from his tender yeares still followed had  
 A Lordly caualier, who promis'd him  
 (As courtiers breathes can smoothly speak & trim)  
 That he no sooner should aduanced be,  
 To any place of worth or dignitie,  
 But that his page should rise as he did mount,  
 And for the youth had spent the first account  
 Of his liues glory, sith since he presumed  
 Vpon this hope, full thirtie yeares consumed,  
 His Lord now bids him be of merrie cheare,  
 For nothing that he held should be too deare.  
 The honest seruant thinking all was gold  
 Shind in such words, himselfe content doth hold.  
 Now whilst the hungry master and the man,  
 Gazd to behold which way preferments ranne;  
 It hapt the Naples king (through some request)  
 Him of his priuie chamber did inuest.  
 No sooner was he in his wisht for roome,  
 But he forgot his auntient trusty groome,  
 And prided with his fate now entertaines,  
 New gallants with braue cloathes and better meanes.  
 His old true page was in obliuion throwne,

And

And nought saue noueltie was to him knowne.  
 Which he perceiuing, taking time and place,  
 Vnto his Lord he breakes his heauy case,  
 Humbly intreats him that he would remember  
 His honest seruice, and some merit render  
 To his expence of time, and wasted store,  
 As he with earnestnesse had vowd before.  
 To whom the surly *Neopolitan*,  
 Taking him sharply vp, thus brieft began:  
 Fellow, the world is chang'd from that it was,  
 When I was scarce my self, thē thou mightst passe  
 And ranke with my dependants: but as now  
 Thou canst not do it, nor may I allow  
 Thy basenes so high place, sith it is fit,  
 My men be of more meanes, more doome & wit.  
 Yet nerethelesse since thou hast seru'd me long,  
 And that I will not do thy labours wrong,  
 Countnance, but no reward thou shalt possesse,  
 Sith thou art old, and euen seruicelesse.  
 The honest man being gald thus impiously,  
 Returnes his Lord (with grieft) this short reply.  
 Could I your best imploiments serue before,  
 When (saue my selfe) you kept no creature more?  
 And now that you haue many, may not I  
 My place with as great diligence supply?  
 Hath all my practise and experience  
 Brought me no wit, but tane away my sense.  
 Now when my paines expected their aduance,  
 Must my reward be nought but countenance?  
 Haue I consum'd my liues best floures with you,  
 My youth and manhood, to reap this poore due?  
 But youle abandon me I do perceiue.  
 Well, me you shall not, for tis you ile leaue.  
 Nor you, nor others, nor no time shall say,  
 You me dischargd. Loe I put you away.  
 No greater plague can hang on seruitude,



- " Then to be chaine'd, to base ingratitude.  
 And here withal away poore soule he went,  
 Mourning his seruice, and his time misspent.  
 By this true story wit may plainly see,  
 What seruants are, and what these Courtiers be.  
 " Youth spent in Court, oft brings age to poore state  
 " Past seruice, past reward, that's seruants fate.  
 I rather would be king of mine owne graue,  
 Then vnto greatest greatnesse be a slaue.  
 " To liue of others lendings is most base,  
 " In Court to daunce attendance is disgrace.  
 I like not prison musicke, nor such mirth,  
 Free was I borne, free will I liue on earth.  
 " He is truely rich that hath sufficient,  
 " And hating enuy liueth with content.  
 Yet libertie exceeds the gaine of wealth,  
 And therefore I will onely serue my selfe.





31  
The third Satyre.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satyre (as in the other before) hee condemneth the service of the Popes Court, grieneth that the promises made unto him by Leo (the tenth of that name) were not performed: sheweth the discontentments that arise by gathering together of riches. And lastly enueigheth against the couetousnesse and wicked lines of the Roman Courtiers.



Ince ( a noble *Hanibal*) thou wil'st me write,  
How I of Duke *Alphonso* seruice-like:  
Or whether hauing laid old burthens by,  
New waights presse on my back as heauily:

Or if they lighter be, for I do know,  
If you shall heare creations of new woe,  
Proceed from my complaints, you will conceiue,  
That I am barbarous, and vnto me cleaue  
Vlcers which will not heale, or like a iade,  
That I am dull, though nere so much of made)  
Then to speake freely with infranchis'd mind,

*b* After the death of Cardinall *Hypolito*, *Alphonso* Duke of *Ferata*, allured *Ariosto* by all the meanes he could, vnto his court, vsing him more like a companion then a seruant, offering him diuers offices of preferments to allure him to serue in ordinarie, which with much ado he was content to do, & which he did rather for his countries sake, & by reason of the loue he bare vnto the place where he was borne, then for any great gainc he got by following of him, as he himselfe setteth downe in his Satyre.

Written to the  
Lord *Hanibal*.  
M.

*a* This *Hanibal* *Mallaguzo* was a noble man of *Regio*, a City in *Lumbardy*, belonging vnto the Dukedome of *Ferara*, and kinsman vnto *Ariosto*, whose mother was of that house.



<sup>c</sup> Meaning that he is discontented as much with following the Duke as he was with belonging vnto the Cardinall his first Lord & master

<sup>d</sup> Regio is a City (as I said before) subiect vnto Ferrara, it was first built by *Marcus Lepidus* one of the Triumuerats of Rome.

<sup>e</sup> Meaning he was but poore, considering the great charge he had, for the Astronomers hold opinion, that he which is borne vnder that planet, shall be very rich and wealthy.

<sup>c</sup> Both of my burthens, I like heauy find,  
 And thinke I had bin blest, if vnto neither  
 I had beene subiect, sith I lose by either.  
 Say then (since I haue broke my backe with all,  
 Like a good Ass, thats laden till he fall)  
 Say that my spirits heauy dull and ill,  
 Say both in iest and earnest what you will:  
 Yet when you haue said what you list or can,  
 I will speake truth, and be an honest man.  
 But had I plaid the paricide or slaue,  
 And brought my father to an early graue,  
<sup>d</sup> In wealthy *Regio*, or but that haue thought,  
 Which *Iupiter* against great *Saturne* wrought:  
 Onely that I alone within my hand,  
 Might hold his wealth, his liuing and his land:  
 Which now mongst brothers & mongst sisters be  
 Diuided into ten parts equally:  
 I nere had plaid the foole as did the frog,  
 That for the Stork, did change his kingly clog:  
 Nor had I wandred to seeke forth my fate,  
 Or crept for fauour to each great estate.  
 I had not learnt the Apes duck with my head,  
 Nor crooked cringing curtsie should me stead.  
 But since I was not borne heire to my fire,  
 Nor that his lands fell vnto me entire.  
<sup>e</sup> Since I perceiue that subtill *Mercury*,  
 Was neare my friend, but ratheremie:  
 And that (against my will) I am nereth'lesse  
 Compeld to liue on others bounteousnesse:  
 I thinke it better, that I do retaine  
 Vnto the Duke, and be of his great traine:  
 Then to a lower fortune make my moane  
 Although my meanes and risings are all one,  
 Hardly so much, as his who is most poore,  
 And askes the misers almes from dore to dore.  
 Few I do know are of my thoughts or mind



And fewer of mine humours I do find.  
 Most thinke to be a Courtier is most braue,  
 I say a Courtier is a glorious slaue.  
 Let such be Courtiers, as by Courts can rise,  
 To me they are bright suns, and blind mine eies,  
 Farre wil I liue aloofe from these great fires,  
 If strength of fortune strengthen my desires.  
 Neuer one saddle one each horse we place,  
 Nor doth one garment every body grace.  
 Beasts are not for one vse ingenerall,  
 For some we see beare much, some nought at all.  
 The cage is to the Nightingale a hell,  
 The Thrush and Black-bird both do loue it well  
 The Robin red-brest rob'd of libertie,  
 Growes sad and dies with inward melancholy.  
 Who seekes to be a Cardinall or Knight,  
 And that great honours on his house may light,  
 Let him go serue the Pope or some great King,  
 Whil'st I liue safe, and hunt no such vaine thing.  
 I am as well contented with the meat,  
 Which (though but grosse) in mine own house I eate :  
 And thinke a carrot root doth tast as well,  
 Which doth of vineger or pepper smell :  
 As if of foule or fish, or other bables,  
 I had euen glewd my selfe to graet mens tables.  
 And I as well can rest my drowsie head,  
 Vpon a quilke, as on a downie bed :  
 And vnder rugs, as much safe quiet hold,  
 As vnder Turkie workes, Arras or gold.  
 Rather had I at home stay with my rest,  
 Saue my poore skin from scars, & know me blest,  
 Then vaunt that I had seene the India land,  
 Or frozen Scythia, or the Æthiop strand.  
 So many men, so many miades we say,  
 Each one delighting in his feuerall way,  
 Some will religious be, some marshall bent,



Some trauell, some at home liue with content,  
 Yet he thats pleas'd to be a traeller,  
 Let him behold each country far and neere:  
 Rich Fraunce, sweet England, fruitfull Germany,  
 Proud Spain, Greece spoild with Turkish tirany.  
 As for my selfe, at home Ile liue alone,  
 And like no country better then mine owne.  
 Yet haue I seene how Lumbardy doth stand,  
 And all Romania, and the Tuscan land.  
 Besides, that mountaine mightie huge & tall,  
 Which locks vp Italy as in a wall,  
 And both those Oceans beating on each side,  
 I haue beheld, and yet no danger tride.  
 And this contents me well, for other cost,  
 Or greater trauels whence mine ease is lost.  
 I can with *Ptolomie* behold them all,  
 In euery fort, vnile or seuerall.  
 All seas I likewise can behold and see,  
 (Without vow making in extremitie,  
 When heauē threats, with speaking thūder claps)  
 More safey in our moderne painted maps,  
 Then when I shall a rotten vessell enter,  
 And my poore life to certaine danger venter,  
 The Dukes seruice, I take it as it is,  
 Which if't be good, tis better much by this.  
 In that he seeldome from his Court doth part,  
 And so is friend to study and to art.  
 Nor doth he seeke to draw me from that place,  
 Where my lodg'd heart doth liue in its best grace  
 But now me thinkes I see you all this while,  
 How at my words and reasons you do smile.  
 Saying, that it is neither countries loue  
 Nor study, which incites me not to moue.  
 But tis my M<sup>r</sup>. eye that onely blinds me,  
 And in these euerlasting loue-knots binds me.  
 Well, I confesse the truth, tis so indeed,  
 (And then confessian, better proofes not need)



Tis most true, I list not to contend,  
 Or any falshood with my sword defend,  
 What ere the reason be, I stirre not out,  
 Or like a pilgrime walke the world about.  
 It is sufficient that it doth me please,  
 Nor would I other haue themselues disease  
 About mine actions, since my selfe knowes best,  
 Why I do heere with homely quiet rest.  
 Some will obiect, and in their wisdom say,  
 That if to Rome I had kept on my way:  
 And aim'd at Church promotions, I might then  
 Haue farre exceeded many other men:  
 So much the rather, as I was approued,  
 f To loue the Pope, and was of him beloued:  
 As hauing of his first acquaintance beene,  
 Long ere he had his daies of glory seene:  
 Which came to him for vertue, or through chance  
 And therefore reason he should me aduance.  
 Yea long before the Florentines set ope,  
 Their gates to entertaine him, or that hope.  
 g Moued worthy *Julian* his ennobled brother,  
 In *Vrbins* Court, his losses to recouer.  
 h Where with learnd *Bembo*, and *Castilian* sage,  
*Apollos* haire, flowers of that formall age,  
 He spent the daies of his first banishment,  
 In great delight of thought and hearts content.  
 And after when this subtile *Medicy*  
 Ouer their Country vs'd his tirany.

duke of Vebin, who in their exile did the al the honors that might be, notwithstanding al which  
 curtesies, *Leo* coing to be Pope most vnkindly draue the aforesaid duke out of his coutry at the  
 perswasions of *Alphonsus*, mother to his Nephew *Laurence*, on who he bestowed the dukedom,  
 who did cotinue in the same vntil *Adrian* the 6. that succeeded *Leo*, expulsed him, & restored  
*Francesco Maria* the true owner to the estate again, who enioyed it vntil he died, being the space  
 of 16. yeares, in so great reputation, that all the Princes of Italy both loued & honored him, to  
 many of which he was entertained as General in their wars, but he was so great a builder, & so  
 liberal to his Souldiers, that when he died he left no money behind him. h *Bembo* was borne  
 in a Castel in Lumbardy, called *Arralano*, he was an excellent Poet & Orator, he was Secreta-  
 ry to Pope *Leo* the 10. and at last was created Cardinal, he died in *Padea*, his monument be-  
 ing in *S. Francis* Church, in the City where hee lieth buried by *Castilian*, he meaneth Count  
*Balthasar Castilian* who made that excellent peece of worke called the Courtier.

f This was *Leo*  
 the 10. a Flo-  
 rentine born of  
 the house of  
 Medices, and  
 was of familiar  
 acquaintance  
 with *Ariosto*.  
 g *Julian di Me-*  
*dices*, and *Peter*  
 were brethren  
 to Pope *Leo* the  
 10. who made  
 the forclaid *Jul-*  
*lian*. Duke of  
*Nemours*, &  
 married him to  
 the Lady *Phis-*  
*libert* of *Sauoy*,  
 aunt to *Francis*  
 the French  
 King, the first  
 of that name.  
 This man be-  
 fore his brother  
 was Pope, be-  
 ing banished  
 with the rest of  
 thier family,  
 out of *Floréce*  
 were enterrai-  
 ned with great  
 kindnes by *Frä-*  
*cesco Maria*,



The Medicy  
 having gotten  
 the Emperours  
 army, ( who  
 then was in I-  
 taly) to repose  
 them in Flo-  
 rence, and to  
 cal them home  
 into their City  
 againe, diuers  
 of the Citizens  
 were against it,  
 especially Peter  
 Soderine, who  
 was then Gon-  
 falconer, which  
 (was the chiefe  
 officer of that  
 City) but in the  
 end they were  
 enforced to ad-  
 mit them, and  
 the aforesaide  
 Peter glad to  
 leaue his autho-  
 rity, and hard-  
 ly escaped with  
 life from out  
 the palace, at  
 what time (not  
 long after) what  
 by faire meanes  
 of Leo the tenth  
 their kinsman,  
 and afterwards  
 by fauour of  
 Charles the fift.  
 they seized  
 vpon the whole  
 estate, and after  
 got to be ablo-  
 ute Princes thereof, as at this day they are.

When the Gonfalconer forlooke the Court,  
 Leauing his place, his honours and his port,  
 Till *Leo* vnto Rome did make repaire,  
 And was installed in *St. Peters* chaire.  
 In all which time, to none he shewd such grace  
 As vnto me, whom he did euer place  
 Next to himselfe, affirming I and none  
 Was else his friend and best companion:  
 So that in ranke of fauour, I alone,  
 Stood still vnseconded of any one.  
 Besides, when he as Legat first did passe  
 To Florence, this his protestation was:  
 That I as deerely in his fauour stood,  
 As did his brother, or his best of blood.  
 These circumstances well considered,  
 And euery fauour rightly ordered,  
 Though some of little value wil esteeme them,  
 Yet others of more better price may deeme them.  
 And thinke if I would daine to Rome to goe,  
 And to his holinesse my fortunes shoe:  
 Doubtlesse I might obtaine for recompence,  
 Any faire suit of worthy consequence.  
 And that at my first motion or request,  
 A Bishopricke were granted at the least.  
 But they which think, such great things so soone got,  
 With iudgement nor with knowledge reckon not.  
 And therefore with a pretty history,  
 I will to such men giue a short reply:  
 Which hath in writing put me to more paine,  
 Then any man in reading shall attaine.  
 Long since, there was a scotch Sommer seene,  
 Which burnt the parcht earth with his beames so keene:  
 That it was thought *Phæbus* once more had giuen  
 His Chariot to his bastard to be driuen.

A tale,



For euery plant and hearb was dead and drie,  
Nor any greenes on the ground was spide.  
No fountaine, spring nor poole, or low or hie,  
But had his veines stopt vp and now stood drie:  
So that through riuers, chanel and great lakes,  
Men their long iourneies safely dry-shod takes.  
In this hot time a wealthy swaine did liue,  
(Or rather stile of poore I may him giue)  
Who had great store of cattell and of sheepe,  
But wanted moisture them aliue to keepe,  
Who hauing long searcht euery hopeful ground,  
(Although in vaine) where moisture might be found:  
He now inuokes that God omnipotent,  
(Whose eares on faithful orizons are bent)  
And he by inspiration in a dreame,  
Grants ease vnto his griefes that were extreame:  
Telling him that not farre from that dry land  
Within a certaine valley nere at hand,  
He should such store of wholesome water finde,  
As should giue ease and comfort to his minde.  
The swaine at this, takes children and his wife,  
And all his wealth (the second to his life)  
Leaues neither slaue, nor household stufte behind,  
But hastis the blessed vallies help to find;  
Where he no sooner came, but in the ground  
He cauld to dig, and water did abound.  
But now he wants wherewith to take it vp,  
And therefore is inforc't to vse a cup,  
A little cup, whose little quantitie,  
Hardly did serue one draught sufficiently.  
Which as he held, he said, now my hot thirst  
Ile coole, sith it is reason I be first.  
The next draught doth vnto my wife belong,  
Next to my children (if I doe not wrong:)  
When they haue done, my seruants shall begin,  
Each as his merit and desert doth winne.



And as they haue bestird themselues with paine,  
 To make this well, from whence this good we gaine.  
 This said, he then vpon his cattel thought,  
 The best whereof, he meanes shal take first draught:  
 And those which leanest were should be the last,  
 He thus his damage and his profit cast )  
 When euery thing was ordred in this fashion,  
 He tastes the water first and cooles his passion,  
 Next him his wife, his children followed than,  
 (As he had made the lawe) man after man.  
 Now euery one fearing the waters losse,  
 Began to presse about him, and to crosse.  
 His fellowes merit where most worth was cast,  
 All would be first, none willingly the last.  
 When this a little parret had suruaid,  
 With whom this wealthy shepheard often plaid,  
 And had in times past made it all his ioy,  
 Taking delight onely with it to toy.  
 And when it wel had vnderstood their strife,  
 It clamord forth, ah woe is my poore life.  
 I nor his sonne, nor of his seruants am,  
 Nor for to dig this well I hither came:  
 Nor can I either profit to him bring,  
 Then foolish mirth, and idle wantoning.  
 And therefore must be quite forgot of all,  
 And made the last on whom last lot must fall.  
 My thirst is great as theirs, my death as nie,  
 Vnlesse I can to better safetie flie,  
 Therefore I must elsewhere seeke my releefe,  
 And so away he flies with all his greefe.

My Lord I doe beseech you, with this storie,  
 Pack from your eares, those fooles that frō vaine glory.  
 Thinke that his holinesse wil me raise before,  
 The *Neri, Vanni, Lotti*, and some more,  
 His bastards Nephewes, kinne and other such,  
 Shall quench their thirsts ere I the water touch.

& These are  
 noble families  
 in Florence,  
 which were  
 great friends to  
 the Medices.



Nay there shall step betwixt me and my hope,  
 All those whose helping hands did make him Pope.  
 When these haue drunk, their steps forth to be serued,  
 Whole bands of martialists halfe pinde and sterued.  
 That gainst stout *Sodernie* did weapons beare,  
 Making his passage into Florence cleare.

<sup>l</sup> One boasts that he in Casentino was  
 With *Peter*, when he scarce from thence could passe

<sup>m</sup> With his lifes saftie, whilst *Brandino* cries,  
 I lent the money which his honors buies.

An other doth aproue, t'was onely hee  
 Maintaind his brother with a yearely fee:

And at his proper charges did prouide,  
 Both horse and armour, and what else beside.

Now if whilst these drinke I stand gazing by,  
 Either of force the well must be drawne drie:

Or else my thirst my bodies health must flay,  
 Sith stil such violence brookes no delay.

Well, tis much better to liue as I do,  
 Then to aproue if this be true or no.

Or whether fortunes fooles which waite vpon her,  
 Doe drinke of Lethe when they rise to honour.

Which though it be most true that fewe do climbe,  
 But they forget the daies of former time,

Yet can I hardly say his holinesse,  
 Hath drunke much water of forgetfulnesse.

No I may well protest the contrary,  
 Since I did find that in his memory.

<sup>l</sup> The country  
 of Casentino  
 amidst the  
 which runneth  
 the riuer Arno,  
 it is a territory  
 narrow, bar-  
 raine and full  
 of hills seated at  
 the foote of the  
 Appenine  
 mountaines, of  
 which Bibiena  
 is the cheefe  
 towne, this the  
 Medici went a-  
 bout to surprise  
 when they  
 were Banditi &  
 banished from  
 their country,  
 but being re-  
 pulst. by the  
 Florentines ar-  
 my, which then

kept them out, they escaped from thence not without great danger of losing their liues: The cheefe captaine of this company, was this *Peter* brother to Pope *Leo*, who afterward was most vnf Fortunately drowned as he was going towards Caieta not faire from Naples, He was eldet brother to Pope *Leo* and *Iulian di Medices*, which three were sonnes to that famous *Laurence di Medices*, of whom *Guychardine* in the beginning of his historie maketh most honourable mention of, *Cosimo* the great being their great grandfather, who was a citizen of singular wisdome and of infinite wealth. <sup>m</sup> *Brandino* is the surname of a rich familie in Florence, whose cheefe wealth consisteth in money, and who lent great store of coine vnto the Medices when they were in want.



I held my place, and when his foote I kist,  
 He with a smiling countnance prest my wrist,  
 Bowd downe his fore-head from his holy chaire,  
 And gaue me words of grace, and speeches faire,  
 He gently stroakt my cheekes and did me blisse,  
 And on them both bestowd a sacred kisse.

v Ariosto sheweth  
 with himselfe  
 to be of a good  
 nature, which  
 tooke so thank-  
 fully so small a  
 reward, consi-  
 dering how  
 much he had  
 deserued at the  
 Medices hands.

Besides he did bestowe that Bull on me,  
 Which *Bibienna* after seriously  
 Dispatcht, and got, although I yet did pay  
 Some bribes before I was dismiss away:  
 But being done, and I ioyd therewithall, (fall.  
 (All wet through raine & stormes which the did  
 Vnto Montano fast I rode that night,  
 Where I reposed with merry hart and light.  
 Thus curteous words and speeches I had many,  
 But other fauours I possess not any.  
 But say twere true the Pope should keep his word  
 And to me all his promises afford,  
 That I might reape the fruits which I did sow,  
 Both now and elsewhere many yeares agoe:  
 Imagine with more Miters and read hats  
 He would adorne me, and with greater stats,  
 Then euer at the Popes great solemne masse,  
 Hath or beene scene or euer giuen was.  
 Nay say he fild vp all my bags with gold,  
 And cramd my chests as ful as they could hold:  
 Shall yet th'ambition of my greedy minde,  
 Enough contentments for her humors finde?  
 Or shall this quench my thirsts consuming fire?  
 Or wil my thoughts take truce with her desire?  
 No; I from Barb'rie to Catay wil goe,  
 From Dacia, where seuen headed Nile doth flow:  
 Not Rome alone must hold my soueraignty,  
 So of my affections I might master be;  
 And so I might haue power and both beable,  
 To tame my thoughts, and hopes vnfatiable.

But when I shall a Cardinall be instald,  
 Or what is more, seruant of seruants cald,  
 Nay when I shall aboute the Pope be spi'd,  
 And yet my minde rest still vnsatisfi'd.  
 To what end then should I so much disease me,  
 Or toile my selfe for that which wil not please me?  
 Tis better priuatly to liue, then thus  
 To vex and greeue for titles friuolous.  
 I speake not this as, though my selfe were he,  
 Whose nature could with no content agree:  
 But to this end, that sith all greatnes euer,  
 Doth in this endlesse Auarice perseuer,  
 (Who though they all possesse, yet more doe craue,  
 As if they would imploy them in the graue.)  
 I thinke its better liue a priuate life,  
 Then wealth to hold with vnabated strife.

Then when this world was in her infancy,  
 And men knew neither sin nor trecherie;  
 When cheators did not vse to liue by wit,  
 Nor flattery could each great mans humour fit,  
 A certaine nation (which I knew not well)  
 Did at the foot of an high mountaine dwell,  
 Whose top the heauens counsailes sent to know,  
 (As it apear'd to them that liu'd below)  
 These men obseruing how the moone did rise,  
 And keep her monthly progresse through the skies:  
 And yet how with her horned forehead she  
 Alterd her shape, her face and quantitie,  
 They straight imagin'd if they were so hie,  
 As the hils top, they easly might espie,  
 And come where she did dwell to see most plaine,  
 How she grew in the full, how in the waine.  
 Resolu'd thereon, they mount the hill right soone,  
 With baskets and with sackes to catch the moone,  
 Striuing who first vnto the top should rise,  
 And make himselfe the master of the prize,

A tale.



But mounted vp, and seeing that they were  
 As farre off as before, and neere the neare,  
 Wearie and feeble on the ground they fall,  
 Wishing (though wishes are no help at all)  
 That they had in the humble valley staid,  
 And not like fooles themselves so much dismaid.  
 The rest of them which did remaine belowe,  
 Thinking the others which so high did show,  
 Had toucht the Moone, came running after then  
 By troopes and flocks, by twenties and by tennes:  
 But when the senselesse misconceit they found,  
 Like to the rest they wearie fell to ground.

This loftie mountaine is the Wheele of fate,  
 Vpon whose top sits roializd in state,  
 (As ignorance and follie doth suppose)  
 All quietnesse, al peace, and sweete repose.  
 But they (alasse) doe all mistake the ground,  
 For there nor ioy is, nor contentment found.  
 Now if with riches or with honours went  
 (Like louing twins) the minds desird content:  
 Then had I reason to commend that wit,  
 VVhich were employd and spent to purchase it.  
 But when I see both Popes and mightie Kings,  
 (VVho for the soueraignes are of earthly things,  
 As gods within this world esteemed are)  
 That they of griefes and troubles haue their share,  
 I needes must say, content they doe not hold,  
 As long as they haue sorrowes manifold.  
 Should I in wealth the mightie Turke outgoe,  
 Or boast more glories then the Pope doth know,  
 And yet still couet higher to aspire,  
 I am but poore, through that my more desire.  
 VVell tis most reason and our best best wit,  
 To liue of things are competent and fit,  
 VVhereby wee may not pine away with want,  
 Nor of our needfullst needements to be scant.

For euerie one all strength of reasons haue,  
To nourish life, and not liue as a slaue:  
But if a man be so sufficient rich,  
That hee too little hath not, nor too much,  
That hath enough his nature to content,  
And in desire is not ore vehement:  
He that can ease his hunger at his pleasure,  
And giue each appetite his equall measure:  
He that hath fire to warme him when hees cold,  
A house to shelter him when he is old:  
That when he should ride forth is not compeld,  
To lackey spaniel-like through euerie field,  
But to command a horse is alwaies able,  
And keepses a man to waite vpon his table.  
Besides a cleanly houswife that will keepe  
His house in comely order neate and sweete:  
If this I haue, what neede I more request?  
For hauing thus much, I haue all the rest.  
Enough is neuer then aboundance lesse,  
He that all couets, nothing doth possesse.  
Besides this duetic, reason doth demand,  
That on strict rearmes of honor we doe stand,  
Yet in such sort that we be neuer found,  
T'exceede the golden meane in any bound;  
For nothing is on earth more dangerous,  
Then to be noted as ambitious.  
This is true honour when the world doth cry  
Thou art an honest man and so dost die:  
VWhich if thou beest not, it will soone be knowne,  
And as thy faults are so thy fame is blowne.  
Hypocrisie is wouen of fine thrid,  
Yet fewe in these daies can in nets be hid.  
Because each one right reuerend doth thee call,  
Or Earle or Baron, Knight or Generall,  
I would not haue thee thinke they honor thee,  
Vnlesse more in thy selfe then titles bee.



But when I see thy merits worth doth moue  
 From vertue, then thou shalt enjoy my loue.  
 What glory ist to thee when I behold,  
 How thou apparel'd art in filkes and gold?  
 Or that the wondring people with amaze,  
 As vp and downe thou walkest, vpon thee gaze?  
 If afterward, as soone as thou art gone,  
 And thy backe turn'd, they sing this hatefull song.  
 See there the man who for a bribe in gold,  
 The gates of Rome vnto the French-men sold:  
 Which gates to keep, he had of speciall trust,  
 Yet sold the same, an art base and vniust.  
 Fic, fie, how many knight-hoods here are bought,  
 How many Bishoprickes desertlesse caught?  
 Which after being knowne abroad become,  
 The foule disgrace and scandall vnto Rome.  
 To be an honest man in word and deed,  
 Though on my backe I weare a course plaine weed,  
 As much doth please me as if I did go,  
 Royally clad in roabes which kingly shoe.  
 Let him that will or gold or veluet buy,  
 For I will not with spots of infamy.

o Vnder this  
 name he tax-  
 eth some noto-  
 rious & wicked  
 man that grew  
 rich through  
 villanic.

o But now me thinkes base *Bomba* doth reply,  
 And vnto mine assertions gives the lie:  
 Saying, let me haue riches, I not care,  
 Or how they come, or how they purchast are:  
 Come they by villany, by drabs or dice,  
 Riches are euer of most worthy price.  
 Vertue is riches bastard, nor do I  
 Respect, against me what the vulgar cry.  
 All men of no man speaketh reuerently,  
 And some haue raild against the deity.  
 Husht *Bomba* husht, do not flie all so fast,  
 But flag thy wanton peacocks traine at last,  
 I tell thee none blaspheme the deity,  
 But such as are more dam'd in villany,

Then

Then those who naild their maker to the Crosse,  
 Whose woes eternally do mourne their losse:  
 Meane space the good and honest sort one word,  
 Will not of goodnesse to thy fame afford.  
 They say false cards, false dice, and falser queanes,  
 Purchast thy liuings and thy large demeanes.  
 And thou administrest to euery tongue,  
 Matter to talke of, as thou walk'st along:  
 Wearing and tearing out more cloth of gold,  
 More silkes and Tiflus from Arabia sold,  
 Then all the worthy gallants Rome doth breed,  
 So much thy pride and riot doth exceed.  
 Those thefts and cosenages thou shouldst conceale,  
 Vnto the world and me thou dost reueale.  
 Making euen fooles and sillie Infants know,  
 That cottages where hardly thatch did grow,  
 Thou in these few yeares palaces hast made,  
 By thy smooth cheating and thy cosening trade:  
 The world doth see thy banquets and thy feast,  
 Where in thou surfer'st like an ore fed beast.  
 Yet thou conceiu'st that thou a gallant art,  
 And all that smile on thee do take thy part.  
 Foole, those same smiles are like the serpents hisse,  
 And they would kill thee faine which doe thee kisse.  
 P *Borno* (so no man tell him to his face,  
 How vile he is) beleeu'es it no disgrace:  
 Although behind his backe he heare men cry,  
 He hath nor faith, nor loue nor piety:  
 And how that worse then bloody-handed *Caine*,  
 He his owne brother tyrant-like hath slaine:  
 Although an exiles life he hath indured,  
 Yet all agree'd, all euils now are cured:  
 And he the whole inheritance hath got,  
 Without vexation of a partners lot.  
 Therefore let all men say what all men can,  
 Hee'l'e walke the streets (sith rich) an honest man.

P This is also  
 a shadowed  
 name, whereby  
 hee biteth at  
 some others of  
 as bad faults as  
 may be.



Another that's as vile as is the best,  
 Tiers out his daies with labour and vnrest:  
 Till he haue got a Miter in such fashion,  
 As shames himseife, his kinne and all his nation:  
 When he no worthier is to beare the load,  
 Then a base asse is of a Purple roab.  
 But knew the world how to this height he came  
 The very stinke would poyson them with shame.  
 O times corrupt, O manners worse then nought,  
 Where nothing but whats vile is sold and bought!  
 Too true it is, which all the world hath told,  
 All things at Rome, euen heauen for coine is sold.

A tale:

*William* surnamed *Rufus*, when in hand,  
 He swaid the English Scepter at command,  
 It chanc't a wealthy Abby void did fall,  
 Whose great demeanes being rich in general,  
 Many came to the king the same to buy,  
 (For he did mony loue exceedingly)  
 Now when Church chapmē al were com'd vnto him  
 And with their vtmost sums did amply woe him,  
 He spide a Monke stood halfe behind the dore,  
 Whom straight he cald, and bade him come before:  
 Imagining he came as did the rest,  
 With full fild bags, to make his offer best,  
 And therefore thus the king most grationly  
 Speakes to the Monke; Tell me man willingly,  
 What thou wilt giue; great the reuenues are,  
 And thou free leaue to offer for thy share.  
 My gracious Lord (the old man did reply)  
 I came not hither this rich place to buy:  
 For I am poore: or had I wealth at will,  
 I would not load my conscience with such ill:  
 Asto ingrosse Churchliuings aboue other,  
 Making me rich by robbing of my brother.  
 Besides, I were an asse to vndertake,  
 To lay too great a burthen on my backe:

Which



Which to support, I know I am unfit,  
 Both for my learning, industry and wit.  
 Onely I hither came in humble wise,  
 To beg of him which to this place should rise,  
 That I this petty fauour might but haue,  
 To be his Priest, his beadf-man or his slaue.  
 The King who heard this old man gratioufly,  
 And finding in him true humilitie,  
 Whence his rare vertues sprang so curiously,  
 That they exceld his ranke in dignity:  
 Freely and frankly without recompence,  
 Gaue him this Abbey and dispatcht him thence,  
 Saying he it deseru'd most worthily,  
 Sith he so wel could brooke his pouertie.  
 Neither such gift nor King I ere shall know,  
 Yet such a mind and thoughts within me grow.  
 I haue a mind which harbours calme content,  
 Voide of all lucre, and from malice bent.  
 And would I fish for liuings, theres no doubt,  
 But I shold easily bring my wish about.  
 ¶ But home is homely, I am best at ease,  
 When I haue none but mine owne selfe to please.  
 Riches are still the children of much care,  
 Who couets nothing, oneiy rich men are.  
 Great is the labour which doth purchase gaine,  
 Greater the sorrow which doth it maintaine.  
 But once to lose it, euen death doth bring:  
 Ile no such bees which haue so sharp a sting.  
 Sufficient for my selfe is my small store,  
 And greatest monarches do enioy no more.

“

“

“

“

“

“

¶ Ariosto was  
 somewhat vari-  
 able in his de-  
 sires and a litle

humourous withall, and therefore would hardly be bound or tied to any thing longer then  
 himselfe listed.



## The fourth Satyre.

### THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth that it is good and necessary to marry, and yet by the way glaunceth merily at that state of life, shewing how hard a matter it is for a man to keep his wife honest and chaste.

Written to the  
Lord Hanibal  
Malaguzzo.



Heare<sup>a</sup> by strangers, friends the world and all,  
(Except thy selfe, thrice noble Hanibal)  
That thou art now about to take a wife,  
Knitting these worlds cares to a better life.

<sup>a</sup> Ariosto being not giuen to marry, his kinsman the Lord Hanibal was loth to make him priuy to his wedding, which hee taketh very vnkindly in this Satyre.

<sup>b</sup> He excuseth himself in that he liued a batchellor so long, which hee saith was his hard

fortune, and not his fault; although there is no doubt, but if hee had listid, hee might haue matched very well, and euery way to his contentment.

That



That then to marry, I haue chose to burne.  
 My selfe excusing that I still was crost,  
 By hand of Fate, and so my fortunes lost:  
 For though vnto it I was fully bent,  
 Occasion still my meaning did preuent.  
 But this hath euer mine opinion beene,  
 Nor euer shal there change in me be seene:  
 That men cannot in perfect goodnesse stand,  
 Vnlesse he liue within the mariage band.  
 Nor without women can liue free from sinne,  
 For he which thrusts such guests out of his Inne,  
 Is either forc't to borrow of another,  
 Or theefe-like without conscience robs his brother.  
 c Besides, who vnto stranger sheets doth cleaue,  
 Turnes Cormorant, and temperance doth leaue.  
 For if to day he feed on larke or quaille,  
 Next morne, heele haue the Pheasant or the Raile.  
 And which is worst, he looseth sense of loue,  
 And that sweet touch which charity should moue.  
 d Hence comes it, priests of all men are the worst,  
 Biting like dogs with madnesse made accurst.  
 The while it no common Palliard, baud nor slaue,  
 Carries more viler surfets to his graue.  
 Borrow of all they doe, but none they pay,  
 Base are their deedes, how well so ere they say.  
 Againe, in publike cariage and in shoe,  
 They are so void of iudgement, and do goe  
 So farre from vertue, that I wonder much,  
 Women will daine but to be toucht by such.  
 You know tis true, who do in Regio dwell,  
 But that all truths, for feare you dare not tell.  
 Bug-bear confession whispering in your eare,  
 It is damnation to tell all you heare.  
 Well, though you nothing say, yet from your eies,  
 I read the depth of all your mysteries,  
 e Of stubborne *Modena* I speake nought at all,

c Hee could  
 giue good  
 counsaile him-  
 selfe, but could  
 not follow it, as  
*Medea* saith in  
*Ouid.*

--- *Video melio-  
 ra proboque  
 deteriora se-  
 quor.*----

a He enueigh-  
 eth against  
 some Priests,  
 who liued too  
 much inconti-  
 nently.

c *Modena* is  
 a City in Lum-  
 bardy, subiect  
 vnto the Duke-  
 dome of Fera-  
 ra (now the  
 Popes) where  
 the Church-  
 men bare them-  
 selues ouer li-  
 centiously and  
 more vnciuilly  
 then becomed  
 them. In this  
 town *Sadoletus*  
 and *Molza*,  
 two learned I-  
 talians of  
 their time were  
 borne.



f A famous  
Physician of  
Ferara, who  
married not til  
he was all 80.  
yeares old, &  
then (doating)  
tooke a mar-  
uellous faire  
maid vnto his  
wife, and pre-  
sētly after died.

Who though this great plague did vpon it fall,  
Yet it deserueth to be punisht worse,  
May on her and her priests light heauens curse.

But now to you. Elest betimes your mate,  
Better too soone to marry then too late.  
And since perforce thou needes this life wilt try,  
Aduenter on it most couragiously.

f Do not as did doctor *Bacon Leo* old,  
Who tooke a wife when all his bloud was cold:  
When age had made him for a graue more fit,  
Then or for wise or youthfull appetit.

Defer not thou till age come creeping on,  
Lest strength consum'd, thy body suffer wrong.

“ Old ages Herbingers and snow-white haire,  
“ Warmedrinks & cloathes are good for many yeares :

A cup of wine in withred *Hermans* head,  
Is better then a faire maid in his bed :

Age with such liquors often is well eas'd,  
*Venus* with gouts and palsies is not pleas'd.

Faire *Hymeneus* is not painted old,  
But youthfull, fresh, with saffron haire like gold :

The old man feeling but some sparkes of fire,  
Which with much labour doth but warme de fire,  
Begins to rouse his Icie spirits vp,

As if he had caroust on *Asons* cup :

Much he imagins he can do, when loe,  
Strength doth forsake him, ere his strength he know:  
And he poore soule euen in his height of pride,  
Is conquer'd ere th'encounter he haue tride.

Yet so he must not thinke his wife will yield,  
Her better spirit better ioyes the field.

“ Fire with water, neuer will agree,  
“ Nor nature will not loose her soueraignie.

But say it were not so ; yet in these daies,  
The world being rather giuen to dispraise,  
Then to speake well of any, who are they,

Will marry Winter vnto youthfull May?  
 But they will wish Saint *Lukes* badge on his head,  
 And that in horne-bookes he be deeply read.  
 And thus although they merit not this blame,  
 Yet can they not escape all poisoning fame,  
 Who for the most part doth of falshoods prate,  
 But be it false or true tis then too late  
 To call it home againe, if once the vent,  
 About the bussing busie world be sent:  
 And who his honour or good name doth loue,  
 Must patient be, for he this crosse must proue.  
 Yet this bad passion nothing is at all,  
 But that which we damn'd ienaloufie do call:  
 Although tis ill enough when we behold,  
 An Infant whom the cradle doth infold:  
 And two or three croupe newly from the shell,  
 Who in their clamours do their grieuance tell.  
 Adde vnto these a pretty girle or twaine,  
 Whom thou in vertues manners seek'st to traine:  
 Yet hast not any whom thy soule can trust,  
 Will honest be to them, or to thee iust.  
 But rather will allure them by all meanes,  
 To vitious liuing, and to shamelesse straines.  
 Chuse wisely then, since thou dost know this curse,  
 And like our Gentlemen be not found worse.  
 Many of which buried in cloisters low,  
 Lie hid, while'tt grasse doth ore their graue stones grow,  
 On marriage their minds did neuer set,  
 Because they meant not children to beget,  
 And so be forc't that little to disseauer,  
 Which scarce would serue, when twas vnite together  
 That which in strength of youth they did refuse,  
 Now growne in yeares most shamefully they chuse,  
 Shewing themselues to be so base of mind,  
 That euen in Borish villages they find:  
 And in the Kitchins greasie scullerie,

s He findeth  
 fault with di-  
 uers Gentle-  
 men of Ferrara,  
 that were yong-  
 er brothers,  
 who because  
 their wealth  
 was little,  
 would not mar-  
 ry when they  
 were young, &  
 yet comming to  
 be old, they  
 made their  
 choice worse,  
 when getting  
 their owne  
 maides and  
 drudges with  
 child, they  
 were after glad  
 to marry them  
 because the  
 children which  
 they had got  
 by them should  
 not be counted  
 bastards.



With whom to sport themselves lasciuiously,  
 Boyes are begot, which as in yeares they grow,  
 Such abiect vile behauiours from them flow,  
 That they are forc't to marry them perforce,  
 Vnto Clownes daughters, or to creatures worse,  
 Euen to crackt Chambermaids broke vp of late,  
 Because they would not haue their sons in state  
 of bastardy, and here hence doth proceed,  
 That noblest houses in Ferrara bleed,  
 With wounds of tainted honour and with shame,

h This Poet  
 giueth his  
 friend better  
 counsaile then  
 hee himselve  
 could follow,  
 for although  
 he would neuer  
 marry, yet is  
 he noted to  
 haue kept at  
 his owne pro-  
 per charges  
 one *Alexandra*,  
 a proper wo-  
 man a long  
 time, although  
 his friend say  
 that he was  
 married vnto  
 her priuily, and  
 durst not bee  
 knowne of it,  
 for feare of  
 loosing some  
 small spirituall  
 liuing which  
 he had, and  
 which were not  
 lawfull for any  
 married man to  
 enjoy.

As all eies do behold which view the same.  
 This is the cause the worthies of this towne,  
 Are seldome seene to flourish in renowne  
 Of vertue, or of valour, or of arts,  
 And hence it is their auncestors best parts,  
 I meane those of the worthy mothers side,  
 Are of their generous qualities so wide.

My Lord, to marry you do passing well,  
 And yet attend these precepts I shall tell.  
 First thinke thereof, lest when you would retire,  
 You cannot, being slau'd vnto desire :

h In this important matter, most, most great,  
 Although my counsaile you do not intreat.  
 Yet I will shew you how a wife to chuse,  
 And which mongst women wisemen should refuse :

But you perhaps, will wondring smile at me,  
 And place it with impossibility,

That I this waighty charge should vndertake,  
 Yet neuer knew what meant the married state.

I pray you tell me; hath not your Lordship seene,  
 When as two gamsters haue at tables beene :

The third man which (as lookers on) stood by,  
 More to haue seene in play then they could spy:

If you do find I shoot nere to the white,  
 Follow my rules and hold my iudgment right:

But if you see I roue far off and wide,

Then

Then both my counsailes and my selfe deride:  
And yet before I further doe proceede,  
Tis meete, that first this caution I doe reede.  
If you to take a wife haue strong pretence,  
Yet build your ground on naught but lustfull sence,  
Tweremadnes to perswade you from her loue,  
Though reasons gainst her honor I could proue.  
If she doe please you, then she vertuous is,  
Nor any gift of goodnes can she misse:  
No Rhethorick, reason, nor no strength of wit,  
Can make thee loath when lust rules appetit :  
So much thou art besotted on her face,  
That reason must to pleasure yeeld her place.  
I for a wilfull blinde man am no guide,  
But if in lists of wisedome thou wilt bide,  
Then scholler-like examine what I say,  
And I shall merit thankses another day.

Who so thou art that meanst a wife to take,  
(If of thine honor thou account dost make )  
Learne what her mother is, that step begin,  
And how her sisters liue, how free from sinne:  
If we in horses, kine, and such like creatures,  
Desire to know their lineall race and natures,  
What ought wee then to doe in these, who are  
Then other cattell, more deceitfull farre ?  
A Hare you neuer saw bring forth a Hart,  
Nor doe from Doues nests Eglats euer part.  
Euen so a mother that is infamous,  
Hardly can beare a daughter vertuous.  
From trotting races, amblers seldome breede,  
From selfe like natures, selfe like things proceede.  
Besides the branch is like vnto the tree,  
And children keepe what first they learned be.  
Ill education spoileth maners good,  
Corrupts best natures, and infects the blood.  
Home-bred examples and domestick illes,



Grafts errors in cleannest breasts, & good thoughts  
 If she perceives her mother to possesse, (kils.  
 Many faire seruants she will haue no lesse:  
 Nay she will more haue, or her better skill,  
 Shall leaue to be the agent of her will:  
 And this she doth to show in courtlinesse,  
 That (then her mother) she is nothing lesse,  
 And that heauen did with equall bountie place,  
 Within them both one beautie and one grace,  
 To know her nurse, and how her life she leades,  
 What her commercements are, and how she treads:

*i* Here Ariosto is a little malicious against the court for many gentlewoman, yea & those sort are as well brought vp, & as vertuously giuen, liuing in the court, as if they had all the daies of their youth beene trained & mew'd vp in their fathers owne houses, musique and a sweete voice, being two as commendable qualities as can adorne any Lady, only the libertie of courts to diseased minds, is the ground to these inuentions.

Whether her father brought her vp or no,  
 If she can play the cooke, weaue, worke or sowe,  
*i* Or if in idle courts she haue remaind,  
 And there in song and musique hath beene traind.  
 To iudge the better of her vertues this,  
 And all the rest to know, most needefull is.  
 Seeke not a wife whose stile and noblenesse  
 Shall fill thy veines with much vaingloriousnes:  
 Such oft their husbands vnto wrath prouoke,  
 Whilst they to him are nothing else but smoke.  
 Tis good to match with one thats nobly borne,  
 So she her husbands birth hold not in scorne.  
 Such one take thou great Lord as fit shall be,  
 Both for thy liuing and thy pedigree:  
 For hardly thou thy better shalt content,  
 Vnlesse on her dependance much be spent.  
 A brace of pages, seruing gentlemen,  
 And for her state a flock of gentlewomen,  
 To keepe their Lady from all faults offence,  
 Without the which there is no patience.  
 Nor so content, a dwarfe she needes must haue,  
 A foole, a pandor, and a iesting knaue,  
 VVith dogs and munkies, parrets and such toies,  
 Whose idle seruice, idle time destroies:  
 VVith other company for cards and dice,

VVhose

Whose wits can sort with courtiers that are nice;  
 Nor when she takes the aire, wil she forth tread,  
 Without her rich caroche well furnished.  
 But this last charge is nothing to that cost,  
 Must on more priuate toies be vainly lost.  
 Now if thou no such prodigall fond part,  
 (Who for of birth and liuing chiefe thou art  
 Within thy natiue home) shalt proue, then know,  
 The poorer sort such glories dare not show.  
 If hackney men doe round about the towne,  
 Run for to let their coach horse vp and downe,  
 What then will he doe? who at his command  
 Hath of his owne, which euer ready stand?  
 If others two horse keepe, the rich will still  
 Haue foure at least, yet thinke the draught but ill.  
 With such an one thou shalt possesse more care,  
<sup>k</sup> Then mine *Orlando* in his madnes bare.  
<sup>l</sup> If she shall braule with thee maliciously,  
 Gouverne with patience her extremitie;  
 And as *Vlysses* gainst the Sirens song,  
 Made himselfe deafe to shelter him from wrong,  
 So her expostulatings doe not heare,  
 But gainst such clamarous noise glew vp thine eare.  
 " When she speaks most do thou least speach afford,  
 " For silence cuts a shrow worse then a sword.  
 " A froward wife for very spight will cry,  
 " When thy neglect doth scorne her tyrannie.  
 Haue special care that with no foule-mouthd speach,  
 Thou mak'st into her fury any breach:  
 For then thou all confound'st, and one small showre,  
 Will on thy head a world of newe stormes powre,  
 Which with such bitteresse she will declare,  
 That stings of wasps not halfe so noisome are.  
 Let her as neare as arte or wit can finde,  
 Agree with euery humor in thy minde,  
 That ancient customes in thy house remaine.

<sup>k</sup> Meaning  
 that an ill wife  
 will make a mā  
 mad, as *Orlando*  
 became throug  
 the vnkindnes  
 of *Angelica*.

<sup>l</sup> Here the Po-  
 et setteth  
 downe many  
 excellent rules  
 how a man  
 should choose  
 a wife, and ha-  
 uing chosen  
 one, how he  
 should behaue  
 himselfe to-  
 wards her.



And that no danger lurke within her traine,  
 In being greater then thou canst support,  
 For things doe fall to ruine in that sort.  
 I doe not like that beautie whose rare merit  
 Will praise beyond all excellence inherit:  
 Nor such a one whose court audacitie,  
 Beares her beyond all comely modestie.  
 Twixt faire and foule there is a golden meane,  
 Vnto which path I faine would haue you leane.  
 A louing maide, not louely striue to chuse  
 The faces beautie; for the mindes refuse.  
 Please thy best iudgement, tis no matter then,  
 Though she seeme foule or black to other men.  
<sup>m</sup> Her to possesse whose beautie doth exceede,  
 Doth to all curious eies much sorrowe breede:  
 For she euen frozen harts doth set on fire,  
 Making them languish in vnchaſte desire.  
 A world will venture her faire forte to spoile,  
 Wherein albe she giue some fewe the foile:  
 Yet at the last comes one with bribes and praies,  
 Who so in peeces all her forces teares,  
 That at the last hauing no more delay,  
 She yeelds, and he her honor beares away.  
 A wife thats more then faire is like a stale,  
 Or chanting whistle which brings birds to thrall.  
<sup>n</sup> Yet of no sluttish foulenes fix thy minde,

The Italian hath a praire of such a wife.

<sup>m</sup> *Chi ha bianco cavello, et bella moglie,*  
*Non vive mai senza doglie.*  
 Whose horse is white, and wife is faire,  
 His head is neuer void of care.

He alludeth to the common saying in Italie.

<sup>n</sup> *Fa peccati nisieme col penitenza,*  
*Chi piglia bruta moglie a credenza.*  
 Who takes a woman foule vnto his wife,  
 Doth penance euer, yet sinnes all his life.

For so perpetuall penance thou shalt finde.  
 Beauties which are indifferent most me moue,  
 Faire which is still most faire I doe not loue.  
 Pure of complexion let her be and good,  
 And in her cheekes faire circled crimson blood.  
 Hie coulors argue choler and distaste,  
 And such hot blouds are seldome made to waste.  
 Let her be milde and witty, but not curst,  
 Nor foolish, for of all breeds she is the worst.  
 None so deformed are, or ugly foule,  
 As foules which more are gazd at then the Owle:  
 For if she any fault abroad commit,  
 Her long-tongd gossip straight must know of it:  
 Nothing so private can be done or said, ( uaid.  
 Which throught the whole world shall not bee con-  
 Thus she her husband and her selfe doth bring,  
 To be a scorne to euery abiect thing:  
 Whereas the wittie wench so careful is,  
 There's none shall know albe she doe amisse.  
 Like to the Cat who buries vnder ground  
 Her ordure, lest by men it should be found.  
 Let her be pleasing, full of curtesie,  
 Lowly of minde, prides deadly enemy:  
 Pleasant of speech, seldome sad or neuer,  
 And let her countenance cheareful be for euer,  
 A viniger tart looke or cloudy brow,  
 Furroud with wrinckles I doe not allow,  
 And so to pout or lowre through sullenesse,  
 Is a strong signe of dogged peeuishnesse.  
 Let her be bashfull and of modest grace,  
 Heare, but not answer for thee, wherein place  
 Thou art: for tis extreamest oblequie,  
 When she doth prate and thou must silent be,  
 No idle huswife let her euer be,

selfe, her husband and her friends.

o There's no ill  
 qualitie so vile  
 in a woman, as  
 to be a foole,  
 for I haue not  
 heard a wise  
 man say, he  
 had rather haue  
 a willy wantō,  
 a witty throw,  
 or a foule slut  
 to his wife, then  
 one that was  
 fourth or foo-  
 lish, affirming  
 that the  
 first if she did a  
 fault would  
 with discretion  
 hide it. The se-  
 cond with her  
 wit would now  
 and then de-  
 light him. The  
 third because  
 of her deformis-  
 tie, studie and  
 indour al-  
 waies to please  
 him, but the  
 last which was  
 the foole, would  
 shame both her



But alwaies doing some thing seriously.  
 ♀ Sluttishnes in P Let her well loued selfe, her selfe preferue,  
 women was so And from all goatish sents he skinne conserue.  
 much detested And from all goatish sents he skinne conserue.  
 with the anti- Women doe oft like golden tombes apeare,  
 ent Romans, Worthy without when naught within is faire.  
 that one of the Some ten or twelue. yeares yonger then thou art,  
 cheefe noble Elect thy wife, for thats a wise mans part:  
 men of the ci- Because a womans glories euer faile,  
 tie put his wife Long ere the mans strength doe begin to quaile,  
 from him by And so within thine eie wil breede dislike,  
 diuorce, as if Ere mutuall yeares thee in like weaknesse strike,  
 she had beene Therefore I wish the husbands age should be  
 incontinent & Thirty at least, for then th'impaciency  
 vnchaste of her Of youthfull heate beginneth to asswage,  
 bodie, yea only And with more moderation rules his rage.  
 for that fault. Let her be such a one as feareth God,  
 Lest she aproue the sting of heauens rod,  
 Religious, not scrupulous, and boue all,  
 Let her know none whom puritans we call:  
 To run frō Church to Church through all the towne,  
 To weare a thin small ruffe, a bare black gowne,  
 To faigne to speake like chickins when they peepe,  
 Or leare like cats when they doe seeme to sleepe.  
 To make long praiers and goggle vp their eies,  
 As if their zeales would teare God from the skies.  
 To chide if any thing we say is good,  
 (Excepting God) as Prince or almes, or foode,  
 Christmas to name but Christ tide, as it were  
 Damnation, but the bare word masse to heare,  
 To speake to none that walketh in the streete,  
 Or with these words God saue you, any greete:  
 Not to looke vp, but fix on earth the eie,  
 Aparant signes are of hypocrisie.  
 God pleased is with plainnesse of the hart,  
 And not with dumb shoes of the outward part,  
 Such as her life, such her religion is,



Where arts and words agree not, all's amisse.

¶ I would not that acquaintance she should haue,  
With a precision *Frise* for hees a knaue,  
They vnder colour of confession frame,  
Mischiefe and many matrons doe defame,  
Nor shall she feast them with delicious fare,  
For they but counterfeits and cheaters are,  
To widowes, wiues and maids they doe remaine,  
Vild, as in haruest are great showers of raine.

¶ Let her owne beautie be her owne delight,  
Without adulterate painting, read or white,  
Nature hath fixt best colours to the face,  
No art hath power to giue so sweete a grace.  
Great paines to little purpose and much shame,  
They spend, who to adorne their bodies frame,  
Doe profitlesse consume whole daies away,  
Let such a one not in thy fauour stay.

A golden time, a glorious world it was,  
When women had no other looking glasse  
Then the cleere fountaine, and no painting knew,  
But what they from the simple sleikstone drew.  
Complexion now in euery place is sold,  
And plaister wise daubd vpon yong and old.  
Old iades must haue read bridles, and the hag,  
Will not in roies behind the yongest lag.

¶ Knew *Herculan* but where those lips of his,  
He layeth when his *Lidia* he doth kisse.  
He would disdain and loath himselfe as much,  
As if the loathsom'ft ordure he did touch.

¶ He knowes not, did he know it he would spewe,  
That paintings made with spettie of a Iewe,  
(For they the best sell) nor that loathsome smell,  
(Though mixt with muske and amber nere so well,  
Can they with all their cunning take away

¶ Many good  
gentlewomen  
especially old  
widowes are ab-  
used by coun-  
terfeit Priests in  
Italie, they ma-  
king a shewe of  
more holinesse  
then the rest of  
their coat, whe  
it is nothing els  
but meere kna-  
uerie and dissi-  
mulation.

¶ These be such  
women as the  
Poet speaketh  
of, *Mervis for-  
mosa videri*, that  
is, she deserued  
with the paines  
she tooke, to  
seem handsome  
though indeed  
she was not.

¶ An Italian  
gentleman,  
whose mistris  
face was like a  
painters table.

¶ It is most  
true that the  
Iewes make the  
best colours,  
either *Rosa* or  
*Bianca*, as may  
be seene in *Pa-*

*magosta* in Cyprus, and it is also credibly reported that they make it after this filthy maner as  
the Poet here setteth downe.



The fleame and (not so ranke in it doth stay,  
 Little thinks he that with the filthy dounge,  
 Of their small circumcised infants young,  
 The fat of hideous serpents, spauie of snakes,  
 Which slaues from out their poisonous bodies takes.  
 All which they doe preferue most curiously,  
 And mix them in one bodie cunningly,  
 Making that vnguent, which who buies to vse,  
 Buies hell withall, and heauen doth refuse.  
 Fie how my queasie stomach vp doth rise,  
 To thinke with what grosse stufte in beastly wise,  
 They make this hatefull vomit of the face,  
 With which fond women seeke themselves to grace,  
 Daubing their cheekes in darke holes with the same,  
 Lest the daies eie should tell the world their shame:  
 But knew men which doe kisse them, what I know,  
 They would so farre in detestation grow,  
 That ere they would touch masks so foule as this,  
*Mensis profluuium* they would gladly kisse.  
 Nay knew but women how they are abusd  
 By these plague salues (so generally vsd  
 Of them) and by those drugs wherewith they fill  
 Their closets, cabinets and cofers still:  
 They soone would finde their errors and confesse,  
 Tis they alone which makes them beautilesse.  
 This curious painting when they vndertake,  
 True natures beautie doth the cheekie forsake:  
 All that is excellent away is fled,  
 Hating to liue with hell being heauen-bred.  
 Likewise those waters which they vse with care,  
 To make the pearle teeth orient and more fare,  
 Turnes them to rottennesse, or black like hell,  
 Whilst from their breaths doth issue forth a smell,  
 More noisome then the vilest iakes can yeeld,  
 Or carion that corrupts within the field.  
 Well, let thy wife to none of these sins cleaue,

a Although  
 this doctrine  
 be as true as  
 true may be,  
 yet will not  
 many gen-  
 tlewomen be-  
 lieue it, but  
 hold it to bee  
 meere heresie  
 and no truth.



But to the Court these rarer cunning's leaue.

Let her apparell be in comely fashion,  
And not stragnized after euery nation.  
Head-tires in thape like to a coronet,  
With pearle, with stone, and Jewels richly set,  
Befits a Princesse right; a veluet hood,  
With golden border, for thy wife's as good.  
The Loom, the Needle and fine Cookery,  
Doth not disparage true gentility.

Nor shall it be amisse, if when thou art,  
Within thy country home, thy wife impart,  
Her huswifely condition, and furuay,  
Her Dayrie and her milk-pans once a day.  
The greatest states in these daies will respect  
Their profits, when their honours they neglect.

\* But her cheefe care shall on thy Children be,  
To bring them vp in each good quality.

And thus, if such a wife thou canst attaine,  
I see no reason why thou shouldst refraine.  
For say that afterward her mind should change,  
And from corrupter thoughts desire to range:

Or that she seekes to scandalize her house,  
With blacke disdaine, or shame most impious,  
When in her haruest yeares thou comst to mow,

And findest where corne was, nought but weeds dohgrow:

Yet thou thy selfe as faulty, canst not blame,  
But spitefull Fate, the author of defame:

And that her infancie was misgouerned,  
And not in vertue truly nurtered.

Thou canst but sorry be for her offence,  
When want of grace doth draw on impudence.

But he that like a blind man doth run on,

-- The vertues that in women praise do win,  
Are sober shewes without, chaste thoughts within;  
True faith and due obedience to their make,  
And of their children honest care to take.

\* The bringing vp of children in good sort, is one of the chiefest parts which belongs to an honest woman, as the Poet saith in his *Orlando Furioso*.

And



And takes the first his fortunes fall vpon,  
 Or he that worse doth (as doth basest he)  
 Who though he know her most vchast to be:  
 Yet he will haue her in dispight of all,  
 Euen though the world him hatefull Wittall call.  
 If after sad repentance him imp ortune,  
 Let him accuse himselfe for his misfortune:  
 Nor let him thinke any will moane his case,  
 Since his owne folly bred his owne disgrace.

But now since I haue taught thee how to get,  
 Thy best of choice, and thee on horse-backe set.  
 Ile learne thee how to ride her: wild or tame,  
 To curb her when, and when to raine the same:

No sooner thou shalt take to thee a wife,  
 But thou shalt leaue the old haunts of thy life,  
 Keep thine owne nest, lest some strange bird lie hid,  
 And do by thee as thou by others did.

7 Good coun-  
 saile to all such  
 yong men who  
 haue long war-  
 med themselves  
 by other mens  
 sayes.

7 Like a true Turtle with thine owne doue stay,  
 Else others t'wixt thy sheetes may falsly play.  
 Esteeme her deare, and loue her as thy life,  
 No matchlesse treasure like a loyall wife.  
 If thou wilt haue her like and honour thee,  
 First let her thine affections amply see:  
 What she doth for thee, kindly that respect,  
 And shew how thy loue doth her loue affect.  
 If by omission she do ought amisse,  
 In any thing that gainst thy nature is:  
 With loue and not with fury let her know.  
 Her errors ground, for thence amendments grow.  
 A gentle hand, A Colt doth sooner tame  
 Then chaines or fetters which do make him lame.  
 Spaniels with stroking we doe gentle find,  
 Sooner then when they coopled are or pinde.  
 These kind of cattell gentler then the rest,  
 Without the vse of rigor do the best.  
 Good natures by good vsage best do proue,



Disdaine breedes hate, tis loue ingenders loue,  
 But that like asses they should beaten be,  
 Neither with sense nor reason doth agree :  
 For where loues art auailles not, there I feare,  
 Stroakes will more bootlesse and more vile appeare.  
 Many will boast what wonders they haue wrought  
 By blowes, and how their wishes they haue caught.  
 How they haue tam'd their shrewes & puld them downe,  
 Making them vaile euen to the smallest frowne.  
 But let those Gyants which such boastings loue,  
 Tell me what they haue got and it will proue,  
 Their wiues their blowes, on hands & face do beare,  
 And they their wiues marks on their foreheads weare.  
 \* Besides who least a wicked wife can tame,  
 Doth ofttest brag that he can do the same.  
 Remember she is neighbour to thy heart,  
 And not thy slaue, she is thy better part.  
 Thinke tis enough that her thou maist command,  
 And that she doth in loue-knots loyall stand :  
 Although thy power thou neuer do approue,  
 For thats the way to make her leaue to loue.  
 Giue her all wishes whilest she doth desire,  
 Nothing but that which reason doth acquire.  
 And when thou hast confirmd thee in her loue,  
 Preserue it safe, let nothing it remoue.  
 And yet to suffer her, do all she will,  
 Without thy knowledge, may much vertue kill.  
 So likewise to instruct without all reason,  
 To perfit loue is more then open treason.  
 To go to feasts and weddings mongst the best,  
 Is not amisse : for there suspect is least.  
 Nor is it meet, that she the Church refraine,  
 Sith there is vertue, and her noble traine.  
 In publike markets and in company,  
 Is neuer found adulterous villany.  
 But in thy gossips or thy neighbours house,

\* These brag-  
 gants are like  
 that honest  
 man whose wife  
 hauing broke  
 his pate, and he  
 wearing a  
 nightcap, being  
 asked why hee  
 ware it, answer-  
 ed that his  
 wife falling  
 on the sud-  
 daine sicke, hee  
 rooke such  
 thought for the  
 same, that hee  
 became him-  
 selfe ill also, &  
 so was glad to  
 excuse the mar-  
 ter.



<sup>2</sup> By this trick  
Ariosto sheweth  
himselfe to be  
a right Italian:  
for so do many  
Italians vse to  
dog their wiues  
when they goe  
abroad, the  
poore women  
not thinking  
that their hus-  
bands do watch  
them as they  
doe.

<sup>b</sup> There was in  
a certaine Uni-  
uersitie either  
heere or else  
where a certain

And therefore hold such places dangerous.

<sup>a</sup> Yet as deuotion to the Church her leades,  
Thou shalt doe well to marke which way she treads:

For often times the goodly pray is still  
The cause why men do steale against their will.

Chiefly take heed, what consort she liues in,  
Beware of Wolues that weare the Weathers skin.

Marke what resort within thy house doth moue,  
Many kisse children for the nurses loue.

<sup>b</sup> Some for thy wiues sake much will honour thee;  
Doe not with such men hold society.

When shee's abroad, thy feare is of small worth,  
The danger's in the house when thou art forth.

Yet wisely watch her, lest she doe espy  
Thy politicke and waking ieaiousie.

Malt-man, who hauing a very sweet & lovely browne woman to his wife, many Gentle-  
men Students and others, would be his kinsmen, in so much that a familiar of his deman-  
ded one day of him merrily, which way it came that so many gallants were allied vnto him:  
who replied laughing (like a good companion) by my truth sir I know not, except this kin-  
dred come by my wiues side: for before I was married vnto her, there was not one scholler  
in this Vniuersitie that was acquainted with me. This fellow though he was plaine, yet had  
hee a shrewd pate, and although hee said little, yet did hee thinke more, and many drie  
blowes he would giue these lusty youtnes which resort vnto his house, wherof I will giue you  
a taste and so away: One day a gentleman of a good house came to visite him (or rather if  
I should say truly his wife) who meeting him at his dore saluted him, calling him kinsman,  
and withall asked how his cosen his wife did, saying hee would bee so bold as to goe in and  
see her. I pray you do, said the goodman, and yet before you goe a word with you. With all  
my heart, replied the scholler: then said the malt-man, since I came acquainted with you and  
other kinde gentlemen my kintred, I haue learnt two Latine verses, and I would know the  
meaning of them. Let me heare them said the yong student: that you shall said the townes-  
man, and these be they.

*Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen:*

*Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.*

Now, said he, I pray you tell me them in English, I am not so good a scholler at the first sight  
to explaine them, replied the student. Then I am said the married man, and this it is:

Friendship with greatest safetie doth deceaue,  
And yet though safe, tis knauish by your leaue.

Hereupon hee fell a laughing, saying, I thinke I haue now paid you home, and so away hee  
went, leauing the student to goe visit his wife.

Which



Which if she do, then is her reason strong,  
 Thee to accuse, that dost her causelesse wrong.  
 Remoue all causes what so ere they be,  
 Which to her name may coople infamy.  
 And if she needes will cast away all shame,  
 Yet let the world know thou art not to blame.  
 I know no other rules to set thee downe,  
 How thou maiest keep vnstaind thy wiues renowne.  
 Nor how thou maist keep men from hauing power,  
 Thy wiues chaste honours basely to deuoure.  
 And yet Ile tell thee this, if she haue will  
 To tread awry, thou must not thinke through skill  
 To mend her, for she is past all recure,  
 And what she will do thou must needes indure.  
 Doe what thou canst by art or obseruation,  
 She will create thee of a forked fashion.  
 All's one if thou do vse her ill or well,  
 When women are resolu'd spight heauen or hell  
 They will strike faile, and with lasciuious breath,  
 Bid all men welcome though it be their death.  
 And for you shall not iustly thinke I lie,  
 Lend but your eare to this true history.

There was a Painter whom I cannot name,  
 That vsed much to picture out the Diuell,  
 With face and eies fit for a louely dame:  
 Nor clouen feet, nor hornes, nor any euill.  
 So faire he made him, and so formally,  
 As whitest snow, or purest Iuory.

The diuell who thought it very great disgrace,  
 The Painter should orecome in curtesie:  
 Appear'd vnto him face to face,  
 Declared what he was in breuity:

married would haue bin naught as wel as she. Nay then (quoth his neighbor) if you thinke so,  
 God forbid I should disswade you from an opinion you hold so confidently, and so left him.

Many hold of opinion that to be a cuckold is destiny and not their wiues dishonesties, as a good fellow in the world said to a friend of his, who telling him hee was sorry that so honest a man as he should be abused as hee was, seeing the fault was his wiues and not his. I thanke you neighbour (replied he) for your good conceit of me: but I assure you I thinke it was not her fault, but rather mine owne fortune that made me a cuckold: for I verily beleue whoeuer I had

A tale.



And that he came but onely to requite,  
His paines in painting him so faire and white.

And therefore wild him aske what so he would,  
Assuring him to haue his whole request.  
The wretch who had a wife of heauenly mould,  
Whose beautie brought his iealous braines vnrest:  
Intreated for the ending of that strife,  
Some meanes to be assured of his wife.

Then seem'd the diuell to take a goodly ring,  
An put it on his finger, saying this;  
So long as thou shalt weare this pretty thing,  
Thou maiest be sure she cannot doe amisse.  
But if thou vse to leaue this ring vnworne,  
Nor man nor diuell can keep thee from the horne.

Glad was this man, and with his gladresse waked;  
But scarce had he opened both his eies,  
Before he felt his wife starke belly naked:  
And found his finger hid betweene her thighes.  
Remembring then his dreame how it concluded,  
He thought the Diuell had him in sleep deluded.

And yet not so (quoth he) for it is true.  
If so we meane our wiues shall be no flingers,  
There is no such deuise, nor old nor new,  
As still to weare such rings vpon our fingers:  
For else though all our haire were watchful eies,  
We should not see their subtile treacheries.

Nor can this policy scarce vs auaille,  
For if she meaneth *Chaucer's* iest to trie,  
She to another will her loue entaile,  
Although she knew she for the same should die.



<sup>d</sup> The sic Venetian lockt his Ladies ware,  
Yet through her wit *Acleoni* badge he bare.

<sup>d</sup> *Antonio Siluro*  
a noble man of  
Venice, hauing  
a maruellous  
faire woman  
vnto his wife,  
and being sent  
embassador in-  
to *Germany* vn-  
to the Empe-  
rour the liuing,  
the *Signori* of  
Venice, was so  
iealousouer  
her, as hee de-  
uised a most  
wonderfull,  
strange and ar-  
tifiuall locke &  
key *per la Fica  
sua*, which the  
good Lady  
took so vnkind-  
ly ( being mis-

My Lord, few married men do liue content,  
Their wiues as crosses vnto them are sent :  
So must I say the single life is ill,  
Sith in the same dwels many troubles still.  
<sup>e</sup> Yet better tis in purgatorie dwell  
A little space, then alwaies liue in hell.  
What my best strength of reasons are you see,  
And therefore your owne caruer you may be.  
<sup>f</sup> T'is all but one resolute, who ere is borne  
To marry, likewise must possesse the horne.  
Yet I but merrily do write and iest,  
The married mans estate of all is best :  
And they who cannot chastly lead their liues,  
May in the world find many worthy wiues.  
One of the best of which I wish to you,  
One that is louing, loyall, wise and true.

trusted without caule) that he no sooner was gone onward on his iourney, but that she by the counsel & perswasion of her amorous seruant (assisted by the cunning deuise of a most ingenious & excellent workman, a Dutchman) got a false key for the lock; & so enioyed her louing friend all the absence of her husband, who returning home againe neuer perceiued the fraud: But after the death of this Lady, the knowledge wherof coming to the *Signori* of Venice, they for the strangenes of the matter, caused the lock & chain to be amongst their other chiefe monuments in *Grand Sala* in *S. Mark* palace, it is made of siluer plate, very thin, & in proportio not much vnlike a horse-shoe, with small little holes in the midst, and is as smooth at the one end as at the other, hauing two little small chaines which came round about her middle, and were shut close on each side with a lock, it is at this day with other antiquities to be seen there.

<sup>e</sup> The Poet compareth marriage to Purgatory, whereas they say they continue in paine but for a certaine time. But the Batchellors life he termeth hell, because in respect of the comforts in marriage, it may be termed a hellish life, or else he termeth the batchellors life hell, because he thinks that none perhaps liue honest vntil they be married: & therefore in the greater danger if they die not maides. <sup>f</sup> Our Poet here is very merry with his kinsman, especially being an Italian, who of all sports cannot abide any iest that saoureth of the horn, for if he say

*Ioco di mano; Ioco di villano*

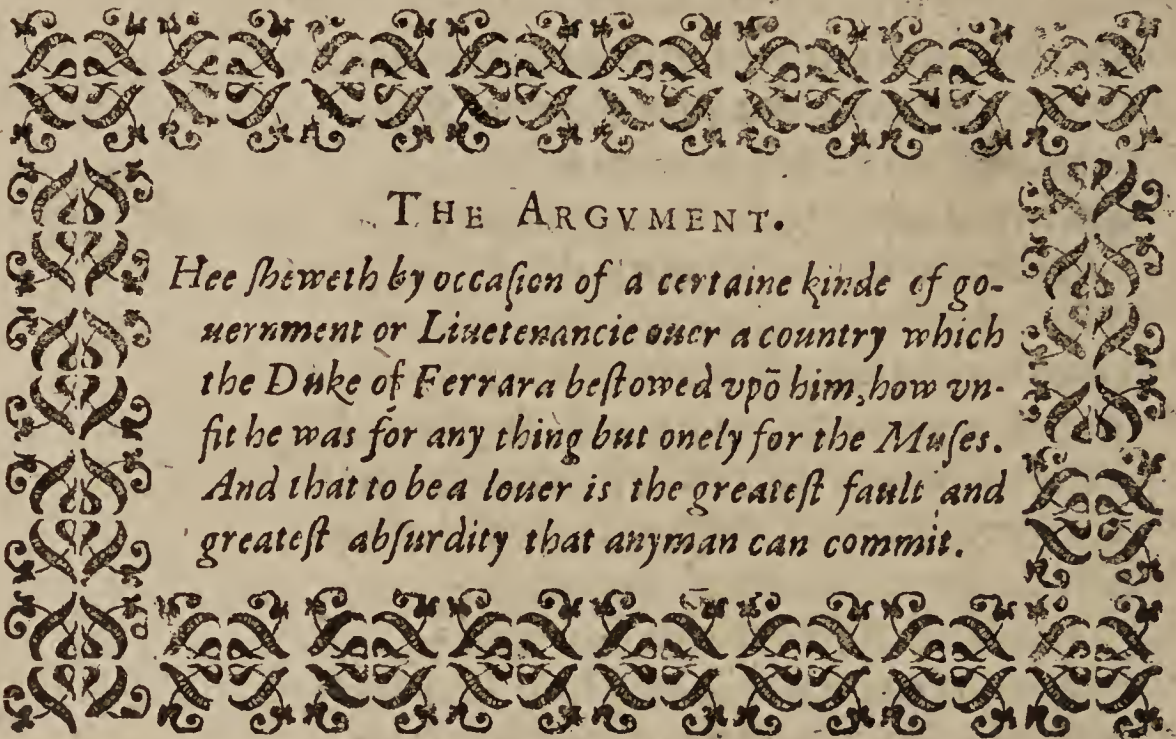
No doubt, *Pigliara neil gran scorno*

*Il Ioco dello corno.*

But in the end he maketh him amends, wishing him as good a wife as good may be, euen the best amongst women,



# The first Satyre.



## THE ARGUMENT.

Hee sheweth by occasion of a certaine kinde of gouernment or Liutenancie ouer a country which the Duke of Ferrara bestowed vpon him, how unfit he was for any thing but onely for the Muses. And that to be a louer is the greatest fault and greatest absurdity that anyman can commit.

To Master Sigismond Malaguzzi.



His day hath fully sum'd an euen yeare,  
 Since hither first I made my sad repaire:  
 (Leauing Ferrara, where I first drew breath,  
 By endlesse toile to hasten speedy death)

<sup>a</sup> Two riuers so called, not farre from the Apenine mountaines.  
<sup>b</sup> A little town vpon the borders of the Dukedome of Ferrara, & in these daies somewhat dangerous by reason of the woods and mountaines there abouts, where a number of Bandity kept.

<sup>a</sup> Hither where swift Turruta, Serchio meetes,  
 Betwixt two bridges whence their billowes fleetes.  
 Making continuall noise through diuers springs,  
 Which their owne flowing waters to them brings.  
 To gouerne as the Duke did me assigne,  
<sup>b</sup> His poore distressed flocke of Graffanine,  
<sup>c</sup> Which crau'd his aid asloone as *Leo* died,  
 Because the Romish yoke they would not bide,  
 Euen *Leo* who with much sterne crueltie,

<sup>e</sup> *Leo* the 10. was no sooner dead but *Alphonso* Duke of Ferrara, entred into the field with an hundred men at armes, two thousand foot, & three hundred light horsemen, & so went to in-campe before *Cento*, after he had recouered by the will of the Italians *Bondena*, *Finale*, the mountaine of *Modena*, and *Graffagnana*, and other townes about *Romagnia* which *Leo* had taken from him, although he challenged them to be his.



Had brought them to the gate of miserie,  
 And worse had done, but that the mightie hand  
 Of heauen, did all his tyrannies with stand.  
 And this the first time is in all this while,  
 That euer I did write or ought compile:  
 Or to the learned Muses haue made sute,  
 But dumbly liued, tong-tide and sadly mute,  
 The strangenesse of this place hath so dismaid me,  
 That like a fearefull bird I durst not play me,  
 Who hauing changd her cage, flutters her wing,  
 And through amazement scard, doth feare to sing.  
 (Kinde kinsman) that my case is in this sorte,  
 And that from me thou hast not heard reporte.  
 Wonder thou not, but rather doe admire,  
 That in this space my breath did not expire,  
 Seeing I am an exild man, at least,  
 An hundred miles from that I fancie best,  
 Since riuers, rocks, and mountaines boue the skies,  
<sup>d</sup> Keepes me from her is dearer then mine cies.  
 All other businesles which me concerne.  
 I can excuse, and from mine case doe learne,  
 To make my friends conceiue in generall,  
 That all my greatest faults are veniall.  
 But to thy selfe I will in plaine phrase speake,  
 And all mine inward cogitations breake.  
 To thee I shriue my selfe, for thou shalt know,  
 Both how my wisdom and my follies growe,  
 Where as to others should I so much tell,  
 My folly would be made my passing bell,  
 To ring my death of wit, whilst with sterne looke,  
 The world would hardly my confession brooke:  
 Saying no question he is mightie wise,  
 Which can see nothing, yet hath both his eies,  
 And is most fit to be a foole to other,  
 When his affects he can nor rule nor smother.  
 Fie to be fiftie yeares and yet to glowe,

*d* Ariosto had  
 no fault, but  
 onely that he  
 loued *Venerie*,  
 which was a  
 veniall sinne a-  
 mongst the Ita-  
 lians.



As if I did fully fiftene knowe,  
 And then he tels the scriptures strictest lawes,  
 Both scriu'ners ordages, and old mens sawes.  
 Well though I erre, I am not fully blinde,  
 But can my blouds fault in large measure finde:  
 And which is more, I doe condemne the same,  
 And not as others doe, defend my shame.

e He is the rather to be pitied in that he confesseth his fault, beeing sorrie for it, & willingly would he haue amended it, but that he could not.

But what auailles my penance, when nearelesse  
 I know my faults, yet make my faults no lesse,  
 Or since no precious Antidote I finde,  
 To heale the ranckling vicer of my minde:  
 But thou art wiser, since when thou dost please,  
 Thou canst affectious sicknesses appease,  
 Which being hid in man, Nature doth mix,  
 And to mans inward soule the same doth fix.  
 This is the worst the world of me can say,  
 Whose ill perhaps may haue a worse display  
 Then it deserues, although some verball care  
 They haue of me, when great their sorrowes are,  
 (And would haue more) if I could this redresse,  
 And these my fleshly motions quite suppress.  
 Those which in this world speake most curiously,  
 Close in their hearts the deepest iniurie.  
 Thou knowst I know the world hath many a slaue  
 That wil blaspheme, swear, curse, be mad and raue,  
 Accusing others that they cuckolds be,  
 When his weake iudgement hath no power to see,  
 How goodly, large and spreading is that horne,  
 Which his owne forehead many yeares hath borne:  
 Other diseases euery one can spie,  
 But none will mend his owne deformity.  
 We can reprove in strangers whats amisse,  
 And see not in our selues what vilder is,  
 We take delight that we can reprehend,  
 Whent'were more generous our selues to mend.  
 The wallet which behind hangs with sins store,

We neuer see, our eies are both before.  
 I neither kill, nor strike, nor doe contend,  
 Nor am I hurtfull, but the whole worlds friend,  
 The worst I doe, is that I onely grieue,  
 Because I cannot with my mistres liue,  
 And thinke it torment more then torments be,  
 To liue from her which onely liues in me,  
 And yet I not forget t'acknowledge this,  
 That herein onely I doe still amisse:  
 Yet not so ill but that by intercession  
 I may be pardond: through mine owne confession.  
 The vulgar sort with water oftentimes,  
 (Not onely greater faults then my small crimes)  
 Wash cleane away, but (which breeds greater shame  
 Baptiseth vice with noble vertues name.  
*f* *Hermilian* that is growne so couetous,  
 (As to behold the same tis monstrous)  
 Nor rests by day nor slumbers in the night,  
 But makes his gold his God and his delight,  
 No loue of friend or brother wil he hold,  
 Hates his owne selfe, loues nothing but his gold,  
 Yet is esteemd a man of industry,  
 Of perfit wisdome and great policie.  
*Rainard* swels big and doth disdain his state,  
 Lookes as the world would tremble at his hate.  
 He thinks himselfe what he can neuer be,  
 And feeds his hopes with idle imagery,  
 He will surpassse in spending ill got wealth,  
 And in apparel goes beyond him selfe.  
 A steward he will haue, a huntsman, faulkoner,  
 A cooke, a chamberlaine, and a curious caruer.  
 Lordships he sels, and makes them fly away,  
 A mannor or a parke goes euery day.  
 What his old auncestry had many yeares  
 Gathered together, and left vnto their heires,  
 That with immoderate lawishnes he spends,

*f* By *Hermilian*  
*Rainard* and o-  
 thers, hee shew-  
 eth how many  
 in the world  
 commit grosser  
 faults by farre  
 then he did, &  
 yet what they  
 doe passeth for  
 currant, and  
 are not con-  
 demned of the  
 worlde.



And through the world in all disorders sends.  
 But what for this? none murmures at his will,  
 Nor doth demaund why he consumes thus ill:  
 But rather calls him most Magnanimus,  
 Most bountifull, gallant and vertuous.  
 The common sort the Hydra multitude,  
 Thus with their flattery doe him delude.

*Solonio* so much businesse takes in hand,  
 And meddles so with all things in the land,  
 That euen the waight is able to confound  
 The strongest horse that euer trod on ground.  
 Within the custome house he hath a charge,  
 And in the Chancery, a pàtten large,  
 To Ports and Keies immediately he flies,  
 Where both his profit and commandment lies.

g One of the  
 strongest and  
 richest places  
 in Rome be-  
 longing to the  
 Pope, which  
 Pope *Clement*  
 the eight be-  
 stowed vpon  
 his nephew  
*Don Pietro*, it  
 being worth  
 better then  
 12000 crownes  
 by the yeere.

g To Castell Angelo then will he scower,  
 And all this done in minute of an howre,  
 The very quintescense of all his braines,  
 He doth distill to bring the Pope newe gaines,  
 Nor doth his cares or painful studies end  
 To any thing saue profit onely tend,  
 It ioyes his hart when he heares Rumor say,  
 That with his toiles he wastes his life away,  
 And so that to his Lord he crownes may bring,  
 He nor respects acquaintance, friend nor kinne.  
 The people hate him, and they haue good cause,  
 Since it is true, tis he which onely drawes  
 The Pope to plague the Citie, and still lades  
 Her with newe customes, taxes and intrudes.  
 Yet a Magnifico this fellow is,  
 High stated and can nothing doe amisse.  
 Whilst like to peassants noblemen not dare  
 To come to him and their great suits declare:  
 But they must cap and crouch and bare head stand,  
 As if he were the Monarch of the land.

*Laurino* takes vpon him (of pure zeale )

In vpright iustice, chiefe affaires to deale,  
 His country heele defend through his desarts,  
 Whilst publike good to priuate he conuarts,  
 Three he exiles, but six to death he sends,  
 Begins a Fox, but like a Lion ends.  
 From tyrannie his strength he doth create,  
 Whilst gifts and bribes doe euen dam vp his gate:  
 The wicked he doth raise, the good keepes downe,  
 And yet this man is rich in all renoune,  
 He is renound to be both iust and good,  
 When he is full of whordome, theft and blood:  
 Where he should honour giue, he giues disgrace,  
 Malice with pride, & pride with wealth doth place,  
 Whom he should most relecue, he most offends,  
 His ope-cied iustice, loues none but his friends,  
 Crowes oft for Swans & Swans he takes for Crowes,  
 Now knewe this Iustice, but my loue-sick woes,  
 VVhat sower faces from him would apeare,  
 Like him that on a close-stoole straining were.  
 VVell let him speake his pleasure with the rest,  
 I care not for their speeches, thats the best,  
 Only thee which art mine onely friend,  
 I doe confesse my pleasures are at end,  
 Since I first hither (gainst my wil) was tost,  
 My ioyes are gone and my delights are lost.  
 This of my reasons I haue chiefest tride,  
 Though others more I could alledge beside,  
 VVhy I haue left *Pernassus* learned mount,  
 Nor with the Muses talkt as I was wont,  
 Then when with thee in Reggio I did stay,  
 (My native soile) and past the time away,  
 In all best Iouiall follace and delight,  
 Priding my selfe in waightie verse to write,  
 Those glorious places did me ample good,  
 Reuiu'd my spirits and inflam'd my blood.



h He describeth a marvellous dainty banqueting house in Reggio, belonging to the Mallaguzzi, & called so because it is built after the maner of the buildings in Barbary, full of great & wide windowes for coolenes in sommer, and beautified with many excellent and admirable pictures, & statues of great price & worth.

h Thy Mauritanian lodge for banqueting,  
 Withall the worthiest pictures flourishing,  
 And call my *Rodanus* not farre from thence,  
 Of water nimphes the choicest residence,  
 Thy christall fishponds, and thy garden, which  
 A siluer spring with moisture doth enrich,  
 Watring by Arte those checkerd flowers still,  
 And in the end fals downe into a Mill.  
 O how I wish for that and for the rest,  
 Which whilst I did enioy my sense was blest.  
 Nor can my memorie forgoe the thought,  
 Of those braue vines from fertill *Luce* brought,  
 Those valleies, nor those hills, nor that high Tower  
 Can I forget, where I haue many an hower  
 Reposd, and searcht out euery shadowie place,  
 The Fresco coole I loued to imbrace:  
 Whilst I one booke or other would translate,  
 Which forraine Authors did communicate.  
 O then I youthfull was and in my prime,  
 My yeeres euen April, or the springs best time,  
 Which now are like October somewhat colde:  
 For I begin, and shall ere long be olde.  
 But neither can the fountaine Hellicon,  
 Nor Ascras valleies, no nor any one  
 Be of the power to make my verses sing,  
 Vnlesse my hart be free from sorrowing:  
 Which being so, then this place where I dwell,  
 Is not for study, sith it is my hell,  
 When here no pleasure is, nor any ioy,  
 More then dissention, horror and anoy.  
 This soile I barraine and vnwholsome finde,  
 Subiect to stormes, to tempelts and to winde.  
 One part is hillie, th'other lowe and plaine,  
 VVherein there doth no pleasantnes remaine.  
 The place wherein I liue is like a cell,



Deepe and descending downeward as to hell.  
 From hence theirs: none can come at any time,  
 Vnlesse he passe the Riuer Appenine.  
 I tell thee gentle Cuz, ill is my taking,  
 Since thus of all my friends I am forsaken.  
 For stay I in my house, or to the aire,  
 Seeke to disburthen some parte of my care:  
 Nothing I heare but spightfull accusations,  
 Brawle, brabbles or more shamefull acclamations,  
 Murthers and thefts, and such like villanie,  
 To which I must attend most patiently.  
 This is the cause I one while am compeld  
 VVith mildest reasons to make some men yeild,  
 Others to threaten, and by force to drawe,  
 Others to punish by strict penall lawe,  
 Some I absolue, to some I pardon giue,  
 In hope hereafter they will better liue.  
 Then to the Duke I straight doe packets write,  
 For counsaile or for soldiers which must fight,  
 To th'end those outlawes which about me stay,  
 May or be flaine, or driuen quite away:  
 For one thing I must let thee vnderstand,  
 That in most wretched state abides this land.  
 Since the wilde Panther first, the Lyon then,  
 Did in this wofull country make their den.  
 So many lurking theeues doe here abide,  
 And in such numbers flock on euerie side,  
 As not the best commanders which we haue,  
 (VVhose charge is to pursue them to the graue:  
 Dares with his ensignes spread their strengths inuade  
 Such proofes the slaues haue of their valors made:  
 So that he wisest is which safe doth stand,  
 And flirs not to take danger by the hand.  
 Still I doe write, and write to him againe,  
 VVhom it concernes, but all my labours vaine:  
 For though he send (as reason is he should)

i Leo the Pope  
 vsed the people  
 of this country  
 so hardly, that  
 they rooke vp  
 armes amongst  
 themselues and  
 became rebels.  
 k Some think  
 by the Panther  
 he meant *Iulius*  
 the second, not  
 long before  
 Pope, and by  
 the Lyon *Leo*  
 the tenth.



Four score  
and three Cas-  
tels or small  
villages were  
there in all,  
which were ri-  
sen vp in armes  
by reason they  
were so mighti-  
ly oppressed by  
Pope Leo.

Yet he not sends that answere which I would,  
 1 Each Castel armes (within it selfe) doth take,  
 And fourescore three in number they doe make  
 Of perjur'd rebels, who maliciously  
 Spoile their owne country with hostilitie.  
 Iudge then if great *Apollo* when I call,  
 Wil come or shew himselfe to me at all,  
 Leaving his Cynthien or his Delphian shore,  
 To heare these brabbles which he doth abhorre,  
 Both he and all his sacred sisters nine,  
 To looke vpon such places doe repine:  
 But here thou maist demand of me the cause  
 VVhich me to this vexation headlong drawes,  
 Leaving my studie with obscure neglect,  
 And my deare mistresse without all respect.

O Cuz, thou know'it I neare was couetous,  
 Nor from ambition haue beene enuious.  
 VVith a poore pension I haue beene content,  
 VVhich in Ferrara got I there haue spent,  
 But thou perhaps this chance didst neuer know,  
 That when the warres began with vs. to grow.

When *Ariosto*  
first follow-  
ed the Duke of  
Ferrara, hee of  
his own volun-  
tarie minde be-  
stowed a yeere-  
ly pension of  
him, but after-  
wards hauing  
warres with the  
Pope and the  
Venetians, both  
at one time,  
he withdrew  
his former li-

m The Duke but slowly did my pension pay,  
 And at the last did take it quite away.

During the warres I grieu'd not to be barde  
 Of my best due, but when as afterward,  
 All things was quiet and the world at peace,  
 It troubled me to see my paiment cease.

" And so much more, since by ill boading fate,  
 I then had lost an office in the State.

In Millain, through this vnexpected warre,  
 Hoping in vaine, short time would end the iarre,  
 Horses doe sterue ( they say) whilst grasse doth spring,

beralitie, nor when they were ended did hee restore the same vnto him againe, which *Ariosto*  
 tooke very unkindly. n *Aliud ex alio nalum*, here is one mischeefe vpon an others neck,  
 he no sooner lost his pensio in Ferrara, but his office which the Cardinal *Hypolito* had bestow-  
 ed vpon him in Millain, was taken from him by reason of the ciuill warres in Italie also.



And I found he said true that so did sing.  
 At last vnto the Court I weary came,  
 And thus my suit vnto the Duke did frame,  
 My gracious Lord (said I) vouchsafe some gaine  
 Vnto the elder merits of my paine.  
 Or suffer me that I may else pursue  
 My fortunes some where else, and not with you.  
 The *Graffanini* at that time by chance,  
 Began themselues with courage to aduance,  
 • Being perswaded by *Marzoccus* song,  
 To leaue the Pope who then had done them wrong.  
 And thereupon sent many embasies,  
 Vnto our Duke their mindes to specific.  
 Th'effect was this, they humbly craue,  
 They might their auntient priuiledges haue.  
 With their old customes wherto hees content,  
 And they forthwith yeeld to his gouernment.  
 And hence it came out of some sodaine grace,  
 I chosen was to gouerne in that place.  
 Either because the time so short did grow,  
 That well he knew not where he might bestow  
 The office but on me, or for I best,  
 Might spared be as one of merit lest,  
 For which I count my selfe with humblenesse  
 Bound by this grace vnto his mightinesse.  
 It is his loue which bindes me to his grace,  
 For which I thanke him more then for this place.  
 Which though beyond my spirits it aspire,  
 Yet doth it not accord with my desire.  
 Now if about these rebels you demand,  
 What mine opinion is : it thus doth stand.  
 They rather did deserue seuerity,  
 Then any touch of gentle lenitie :  
 For when I do but call into my minde,

• This was  
 the chiefe cap-  
 taine of the re-  
 bels, who did  
 periwade his  
 companions to  
 leaue the Pope,  
 and yeeld vnto  
 the Duke of  
 Ferrara, which  
 vpon the con-  
 ditions afore-  
 said, they did.  
 Whereupon the  
 Duke sent *Ari-  
 osto* thither as  
 gouernour (to  
 make him as  
 mends for his  
 late vnkindnes)  
 where he beha-  
 ued himselfe so  
 wisely, that he  
 brought the  
 country into  
 great quietnes,  
 in such wise as  
 when he came  
 from them hee  
 left them in a  
 manner in good

peace and concord, although whilest he remained there, hee was much disconcerted and  
 disquieted in mind.



How periur'd and perfidious I them finde,  
 Although what ere I did was still to ease them,  
 Yet theres no doubt but I did still displease them.  
 They nor like me, nor I their country loue,  
 And therefore daily pray for my remoue.  
 In this I do resemble *Æsops* Cocke,  
 Who hauing found a pearle, the same did mocke.  
 A place I haue obtain'd of gaine and fame,  
 And yet (in sooth) I care not for the same.

A tale.

As with the sea Venetian, so with me  
 It fares, to whom a swift-foot barbarie;  
 (A gallant horse) was giuen by the king,  
 A Portugale for some great meriting,  
 Who for he would shew that he did accept,  
 His royall gift, and not the same reiect,  
 (Forgetfull how the difference to discern,  
 T'ixt vse of bridles, and the the tall ships sterne;  
 Mounts on his back, and therewith taketh hold,  
 Vpon the pannell, like a horse-man bold,  
 That done he strikes his spurs into his side,  
 Saying softly to himselfe, for all thy pride,  
 Thou shalt not fling me downie do what thou can,  
 If the girths hold, Ile shew my selfe a man:  
 The fiery iade, feeling the wounding spurre,  
 Began to plunge, to bound and keep a sturre:  
 Which when the good old Sea-man felt, he more,  
 Drawes in his bridle then he did before:  
 And spurs him worse, both on the flankes and side,  
 Till with his bloud his riders heeles were dide.  
 The horse not vsed to be ridden so,  
 Nor can his riders doubtfull meaning know,  
 The bridle holding backe, and bidding stand,  
 The spurre to go on forward doth command.  
 But in the end, madly resolu'd thereon,  
 Flat on the ground he flings sir *Pantalon*.  
 Our great *Magnifico* lies on his back,

And

And cries as he were torturd on a racke.  
With thighes all fore, and shoulders out of ioint,  
His head fore bruisde, his heart at deaths last point,  
All pale with grieffe and feare in piteous wise,  
Be smeard with dirt, at last he vp doth rise:  
Right malecontented that he was so mad,  
To deale in that where he no iudgement had.

Farre better had he done, and so had I,  
He with his horse, I with this country,  
T'haue said my Liege, or Lord, I am not fit  
For this high place, nor do I merit it.  
This bountie doth exceed what I deserue,  
Let it some better worthes, and not mine serue,  
If either I or he had beene thus plaine,  
I had had much more ease; he lesler paine.





The sixth Satyre.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hee sheweth what qualities a good Schoolemaster ought to haue, and how hardly any is found honest of that coat, and in the end setteth downe certaine grievous losses which hee endured in his youth time.

To M<sup>r</sup>. Peter Bembo.

a. He wrot this Satyre before Bembo was Cardinal, who as I said before was Secretary to Leo the 10. who aduanced him to that degree.

b. Although he were neuer married yet had hee two sons by a very faire woman called *Alessandra*, wherof this

**B**embo, <sup>a</sup> I nothing couet or require,  
 (Though tis the carefull parents strong desire)  
<sup>b</sup> So much as I might my *Virginio* see,  
 Rarely instructed in Philosophie,  
 Which who so hath he then is in request,  
 And may take vp his ranke amongst the best.  
 Now since I know that thou most learned art,  
 And of each liberall science holdst best part:  
 Euen from my best of loue, I humbly craue  
 That of this youth, some watchfull care thou haue  
 And yet I would not haue thee to conceiue,  
 That with thee any trouble I would leaue:  
 Or that I would thou shouldst his Pedant be,  
 To teach him Grammar rules industriously:  
 Tis not my mind: for I would haue thee know,  
 Better good manners doth within me grow.  
 Such men of worth as thou, and of thy place,

*Virginio* whom he loued best was one. The other was called *Gran Baptista*, but the Lady to whom hee was deuoted most, was called *Genouisca*, as hee himselfe confesseth in his seventh Canzon or sonnet, where he doth figuratiuely set it downe in a most schollerlike manner.

With



With these disparagements we do not disgrace:  
 Onely my meaning is that at thy leasure,  
 Thou wouldst vouchsafe to do me that hie plea-  
 As to bethinke thee, if vnto this end, (sure.  
 Thou knowst in Venice any worthy friend,  
 Or else in Padoa mongst the learned throng,  
 Who speaks the Grecian & the Caldean tongue,  
 Skilfull in knowledge, iust in deed and word,  
 With whom he may haue learning, and his board.  
 If such a one thou knowst of worth and skill,  
 He shall (with reason) haue what ere he will:  
 Let him be learned, but especially  
 Looke that his life be fixt to honesty:  
 For if in vertue he do not surmount,  
 Of th'other qualities I make no account.  
 T'is easie to find learned, but we can  
 Hardly find out a learned honest man.  
 For in this age, who most of art doth braue,  
 Hath oft most vice (reading makes him a knaue)  
 Besides, the *Peccadillos* smal of Spaine,

This is a common speech in Italy when any hath committed any notable or horrible sinne, they terme it *Ironice*, or a small *Peccadillo* of Spaine: which grew first from this occasion. A certaine Cavalier of Spaine came to his Confessor to be shriuen of his sinne, to whom the Frier giuing eare, he began to tel him that he had mightily offended in pride. His Ghostly father told him, that it was the root of all euill, and the chiefe president of al the other deadly sinnes: but said hee, despaire not, and beleene faithfully, and thou mayest be forgien, and the rather because all Spaniards by nature are proud and surly. Secondly he told him

he was giuen to be very wrathfull and full of choller: and this, answered the Frier, is another deadly sin, and yet pardonable, in that you being a Souldier and a braue man at armes, ought not to pocket vp any indignitie or abuse: especially if it were to the disparagement of your honour. Thirdly he said, he was giuen to lust and lecherie: and that replied the Confessor, is a heauy sinne: yet may proue to be light through grace, and may well bee forgien as veniall, because thou art a lusty young man, and in the prime of heat and youth, and no doubt but age will tame it in you. Fourthly he said he was giuen much to gluttony, & that (said his Ghostly father) may be pardoned, in that when you liue at home at your owne house, you liue with little, not surfeting in meat or drinke, as you doe when you are abroad. To conclude, the Spaniard told the Frier, he was guilty of the other three sinnes, which were Sloth, Enuy and Couetousnesse: the more is the pity (answered the Priest) yet for your sloth, take more paines hereafter: In stead of being enuious, be louing & charitable: And for your couetousnesse, enertaine liberality & bounty, which will bring you soone to heauen, and so God forgie you & I do. And hauing so said, he rose to go his way, when the Spaniard staying him with his hand, told him, he had one litle thing more to tell him of. The Frier asked him what it was. He replied, that it was a matter of no moment, & a meere trifle. Yet (quoth the other) cleare your conscience of all, now you haue begun. But said the Spaniard it is not worth the speaking of, it is nothing, *Nados, nados, Peccadillos, peccadillos*. The Frier hearing him make so small account of the same, & yet not willing to disclose it, was the more earnest with him to tel it. Whereupon on the suddaine, the Spaniard burst out into these words. *Non credo in Deo: I do not beleue in God*. The Frier hearing him say so, blest himself with the signe of the crosse, as if he had bin some diuel, & away he got from him as fast as euer he could trudge. And euer since that time any ferocious or notorious villany, is termed *Peccadillo* distinctly, as the con-



They say he in his speeches doth maintaine,  
 Of *Atheisme* they him challenge and approue,  
 The faith Apostolike he doth not loue :  
 Nor of that Vnitie (admired most)  
 Betwixt the Father, Sonne and holy Ghost.  
 He cannot thinke how th'one from th'other goes,  
 Like diuers springs which frō one fountaine flowes.  
 Nor can he in his sense conceiue how one,  
 Should or be three, or that three still be one.  
 He rather thinketh that if hold he shall,  
 An argument quite opposite to all.  
 Contesting with all sacred verity,  
 Alledging for sound reason *Sophistrie*.  
 That then his wit is excellent and rare,  
 And his conceit beyond the best compare.  
 Making the world beleue he climbs the aire,  
 And reaches to *Iehouahs* sacred chaire.

d Two famous  
 Friars, the first  
 of the order of  
 S. *Augustine*,  
 the other of S.  
*Francis*, & now  
 of late daies,  
*Lupo Panigarola*  
 & *Aquapenden-*  
*te* haue bene  
 counted very  
 learned Prea-  
 chers in the  
 court of Rome,  
 insomuch that  
 the Pope would  
 say *Lupus*  
*monet*, *Paniga-*  
*rola suadet*, &  
*Aquapendente*  
*docet*.

d If *Nicoletto* preaching holy writ,  
 Or famous *Martin* with his learned wit :  
 Suspected be of infidelity,  
 Or if they chauce to hold strong heresie:  
 Their too much knowledge, I accuse thereof,  
 Nor will I angry be thereat or scoffe,  
 Sith their ambitious spirits mounting hie,  
 To search Gods deep forbidden secrecie.  
 No maruel t'is though they confounded are,  
 When they beyond their strengths will wade so far.

But thou whose study is humanity,  
 Wherein no such depth lies confusedly :  
 Whose subiects are the woods and shadowing hills,  
 Or chrystall springs whence water cleas'd distils :  
 Whilest thou old martiall stories dost rehearse,  
 And blaze abroad in proud Heroicke verse :  
 Or with the rhetoricke of sweet words dost moue,  
 And turnest harsh thought vnto pliant loue.  
 Or else with pleasing flattery too too base,



Princes dost praise when they deserue disgrace.  
 Tell me what thou in thy conceit dost find,  
 That thou with madnes shouldst perturb thy mind?  
 Or what doth with thy knowledge disagree,  
 That thou as others shouldst not honest be.  
 The name thou didst receiue when thou wert borne  
 Of Saint or of Apostle, thou dost scorne:  
 When they thy suerties do Christian make,  
 And so into the holy Church do take,  
 In *Cosusco* or in *Pomponio*,  
 Thou changest *Peter* to *Pierio*,  
*John* into *Iano* or *Iouinian*:  
 Turning the cat *Reureso* in the pan,  
 As if the worse thou shouldst be for the name,  
 Or thou thereby shouldst purchase greater fame,  
 To be a better Poet, then if seriously,  
 Thou plid'st thy booke with lesser vanity.  
 Such fooles as these are such as *Plato* did,  
 From euery ciuill common-wealth forbid.  
 By his graue discreet lawes, Since he well knew,  
 Nor good nor profit would from them accrew.  
 Yet *Phæbus* musicke nor *Amphions* art,  
 Shall not compare with these in any part.  
 Nor those which first did holy verse deuise,  
 Whose sacred tunes perswaded Angell wise,  
 Men for to liue with men, and to giue ore  
 To feed like beasts on achornes (as before)  
 Whilest in the woods and thickets wofully,  
 They sauage like did range confusedly.  
 Most true it is, such as were strongst of all,  
 (Whose lawless force the weakest did enthrall  
 Taking frō them their flocks, their food, their wiues,  
 And often times (without all cause) their liues)  
 At last became obedient to that law,  
 Which to be needfull for themselves they saw,  
 Whilest following plowes and tilling of the land,

e Many Itali-  
 ans both men  
 and women  
 will chuse ra-  
 ther to bee cal-  
 led after the  
 old Romans  
 then as Chri-  
 stians are, as  
*Peter* they will  
 be called *Pie-  
 rio*, for *John*, *Ias-  
 no*, for *Luke*,  
*Lucio*, for *Mark*,  
*Marco* & such  
 like.



f Quintilian was the first famous Gramarian that euer read openly in Rome, g This was an excellent Orator, called Giouanni di Pistoia: He wrot diuers epistles in Italian, but very wanton which are much in request amongst his countrymen the Italians.

h He meaneth fro some of Aretynes lasciuious workes, which are of great account in his country. Aretyne was borne in Arezzo, a towne subiect to the duke

They iustly got by labour of their hand,  
And through the sweat which issued fro their paines,  
The worthy haruest of their honest gaines.

Hence did the learn'd perswade the ignorant,  
And simple people, who did iudgement want:

That Phœbus built vp Troy with musikes sound,  
And Amphions harp rais'd Thebes out of the ground:

That musicke could make mountaines to obey,  
And stones to daunce about when they did play:

As Orpheus did, who with his holy song,  
Lions and Tygers drew with him along.

Yet think not though gainst these of mine own coat,  
I thus enueigh with loud and open throat:

But that (besides vs Poets) I do see,  
In other schoolemen as much vanitie,

Who do deserue worse punishment then speach,  
If to the world I durst their crimes appeach.

f Tis not Quintilian, tis not he alone,  
That doth his Schollers villanies bemonc,

But others, whom if here I should display,  
And tell their vices, thou wouldst quickly say,

g That from Pistoias closset (not from mine)  
h They stolne haue, and from Peter Aretine.

of Florence, and where excellent dishes are made of fine earth for banquering stuffe. At first he studied diuinitie: But when he saw the Court of Rome to make no account of vertuous learning, he gaue ouer that course, and writ most villanous bookes, as *Villa delle Monache, delle Maritale, & delle Curtezani*. He was such a seuerer taxer of Princes faults, which lived in his time, that he was called *Flagello delli Principi*, the scourge of Princes. He died in Venice, and lieth buried in *Sebastians Church*, with this Epitaph.

*Qui iacet l Aretin Amara Tosco,  
Del semen humani la cia lingua trafisse,  
Et viue, & morti ô Idnio mal disse:  
Et si scuso con dio I nol conosco.  
Here biting Aretyn lies buried,  
With gall more bitter neuer man was fed.  
The liuing nor the dead to carp he spared,  
Nor he for any King or Key sar cared.  
Oneiy on God to railc he had forgot,  
His scuse was this (quoth he) I know him not.*



From others studies, honor oft and shame  
 I reape, and so with pleasure mix defame :  
 Yet not in such wise as when I doe spie,  
 That Poets praise as well doe liue as die.  
 More I doe grieue and inwardly lament,  
 To heare how faire *Aonio* by consent,  
 Is senselesse held without all braine or wit,  
 And that the winde so wauering doth not flit:  
 Then if from some most foolish Doctors voice,  
 His neare Ally in folly and in choice,  
 I should haue heard the same, to whō some foole  
 (Like to him selfe) in his vnlettred schoole,  
 The selfe same honor on his fame should clap,  
 With a scarlet gowne, and formali corner cap.  
 It grieues me more that weake *Placidian* still  
 With feasts and surfets should his old age fill,  
 As when he did his youths first heate enioy,  
 And that from man he should become a boy:  
 Then for to know how that the same disease,  
*Andronico* my neighbour doth displease,  
 Who hath possessit it full this seauen yeare,  
 And yet (as at the first) is nothing cleare.  
 If it be told me, greedy *Pandarus*  
 Is ore much griping, *Curio* Iealious,  
 That *Ponticus* affects Idolatrie,  
 And *Flavius* sweareth most egregiously:  
 It doth with spight go to my heart more neare,  
 Then when, for small gaines I *Cusatro* heare  
 False Iudgements vpon any one to fix,  
 Or that *Masse Baptust* doth strong poison mix  
 Amongst his Phisick, whilst (through trechery)  
 His spanish figs kils vs vnnaturally.  
 Or, sith that Master in Theologic,  
 (The counterfeit of deepe Diuinitie)  
 Who (for the nonce) to doe his country wrong,  
 Mixeth his Burgamasks with the Tuscan tongue,

i By this co-  
 uert name he  
 bewaileth the  
 disgrace of Po-  
 etry that is in  
 this age.

k Under these  
 faigned names  
 of *Placidian* &  
 others which  
 follow after, as  
*Andronico, Pan-*  
*darus, Curio, Pō-*  
*ticus, Flavius,*  
*Cusatro* and the  
 rest, hee taxeth  
 some great mē  
 that haue liued,  
 of grieuous  
 faults.



Keepeth in pay a sniueling durty whore,  
 Who at one birth two bastards to him bore :  
 Whilst for to please her greedy nere-fild gut,  
 He spends Gods cope vpon that brothell slut,  
 Though his owne sterued mother mongst the poore  
 Goes vp and downe, and begs from doore to doore:  
 Yet afterward I heare him blushlesse cry,  
 As if he were nought else but sanctitie.

l He meaneth  
*Virginio* of who  
 we spake of be-  
 fore, who after-  
 ward became a  
 Church man, &  
 had very good  
 ecclesiasticall  
 liuing, but his  
 other sonne  
*Gian Baptista*  
 was a soldier, &  
 became Cap-  
 tain of a band  
 of men of the  
 Duke of Fera-  
 ras, of whom  
 he was well ac-  
 counted, & li-  
 ued in good es-  
 teeme with  
 him.

m He meaneth  
*Homer* that fa-  
 mous Greeke  
 Poet.

n *Appolonius* of  
 the sect of *Py-  
 thagorians*, wrot  
 an excellent  
 discourse of his  
 trauels in  
 greeke, which is  
 extant.

Saying I am the man doth pray and fast,  
 Giues almes, and leads my life pure virgine chaste,  
 And which is more, thou knowit, ô God aboue,  
 Deare as my selfe I doe my neighbour loue.  
 But neither this dissembling nor the rest,  
 Brings to my thoughts or trouble or vnrest,  
 So that it shall nor breake my quiet sleepe,  
 Nor me from feode or other pleasures keepe.  
 It is not me, it is themselues they wound,  
 The sores whereof wil on their soules be found.  
 But to returne from whence this speech me draue,  
 I for my sonne would such a Master haue,  
 As by my good will with these vgly crimes,  
 Should nor be staine, nor challeng'd by the times:  
 One that would truly make him vnderstand,  
 From the great language (so loued in our Land)  
 What politick *Vlysses* did at Troy,  
 Both of his trauels and his sad annoy,  
 Or all that euer *Appolonius* writ,  
 Or what *Euripides* (that fount of wit)  
 With tragedies of stately *Sophocles*,  
 And the *Astrean* Poets workes of praise.  
 To them adde *Pindarus* whose famous bookes,  
 Called *Galatea* from the water-brookes:  
 With all those other writers which so long  
 Haue beene renowned for the Greekish tongue,  
 Already hath my selfe taught him to know,  
*Virgil* and *Ouid*, and *Horace* long agoe.



*Plautus* and *Terence* he doth vnderstand,  
 And oft haue seene them acted in our land.  
 Thus ( without me ) by this his Latine aide,  
 He may hereafter safe to *Delphos* traide,  
 Nor can he misse the way to *Hellicon*,  
 But safely to his iourneys end passe on,  
 Yet that his iourney may the safer be,  
 And he more strengthened by his industry.  
 P I faine would haue for him a trusty guide, ( tride,  
 Whose knowledge in these countries hath beene  
 My slothfulnesse, or rather destiny,  
 q Forbids my selfe to keepe him company.  
 From *Phæbus* Temple vnto *Delos* Ile,  
 As Roman gates I opened him ere while,  
 My meaning is, that I am farre to seeke,  
 Though Latine I him taught, to teach him Greeke.  
 Alas, when first I was by nature giuen  
 To verse, and not thereto by strong hand driuen:  
 My bloome of youth being in the first apeare,  
 As hauing on my chinne not one soft heire,  
 My father with all rigor of his wit,  
 Quickly compels me to abandon it,  
 To study glosses and the ciuill Law,  
 In which five yeares I spent, but no good sawe.  
 But when he from his wisdom did perceiue  
 That I an endlesse web began to weaue,  
 And that against my nature I did climbe,  
 The scale I loued not, and so lost my time,  
 With much adoe he gaue me libertie,  
 And made his will my will accompany.  
 Now was I twentie yeares of age and more,  
 Nor had I any schoolemaster before,  
 So as ( to tell you true ) I scarce was able  
 To vnderstand in *Æsop* any fable,  
 Till smiling fortune brought me to conuerse,

o His meaning was when his sonne had gotten the Latine tongue perfectly, then he should learne the Greeke, and not before.

p *Ariostos* care is to be commended, in that he is so desirous to haue a good schoolemaster for his sonne.

q He was sorrie he could not teach his sonne Greeke as well as hee did Latine.



r This was an excellent Latinist, and a good Grecian, and the best Schoolemaster that euer *Ariosto* had.

r With *Gregorie* of *Spoletto* whose commerce, I shall renoune and euer loue his name, Because what skill I haue, from him it came. In *Romane* language he was excellent, And in the *Grecian* tongue as eloquent; So that he well could iudge from skill profound, Whose trumpet had the shrill or better sound, Or *Venus* sonne, or *Thetis* louely boy: But I in those deepe iudgements tooke no ioy, Nor sought to knowe the wrath of *Hecuba*, Nor how *Ulysses* slyly stole away From valiant *Rhesus*, both his life and horse, By art of wit, and not by manly force. For I desirous was to know at first, Why to *Aeneas*, *Iuno* was so curst, Or why her malice with prolixitie, Held him from being king of *Italie*. Besides me thought no glorie would arise, From the *Grecke* tongue, to me in any wise, If first I did not *Latine* vnderstand, It being once the tongue of our owne Land. Whilst thus the one with industry I sought, Hoping the other would with ease be caught: Angry occasion fled me, for because, Offring her fore-lock, I did seeme to pause: That haplesse dutchesse tooke my *Gregorie* From me, to fix in her sonnes company, Whose Vnckle did vsurpe his souerainty, For which she saw reuenge sufficiently. (Though to her cost) alasse why was't not ment, That he which wrongs should haue the punishment!

f He meaneth *Isabel* daughter to *Alphonso*, king of *Naples*, whose husband *Iohn Galbarzo*. *Sforza* was duke of *Millan*, ouer which state his vnckle *Lodwick* (surnamed the *More*, because he was of a tawny complexion) did vsurpe, & in the end poisoned his foresaid nephew, who died at *Pania*, after whose

death his sonne called *Francis Sforza*, who married *Beaterice* the daughter of *Hercules* Duke of *Ferrara*, beeing very young, succeeded his father in the Dukedome, but his foresaid great vnckle *Lodwick* ruled all. To this yong Duke *Francis Sforza*, was *Gregorie di Spoletto* tutor, by the meanes of *Isabell* his mother.



c The vnckle and the nephew, such was fate,  
 Lost at one instant, kingdome, goods, and state:  
 Both being conuaid close prisoners into France,  
 One instant giuing date to each mischance.  
 But *Gregorie* at the suite of *Isabel*,  
 Followed his scholler whom he lou'd so well,  
 u To France he follow'd, where he liu'd, till death  
 Tooke from his best of friends their best of breath.  
 This losse so great, with other losses more,  
 Which (vnexpected) I with patience bore,  
 Made me forget the Muses, and my song,  
 And all that to my study did belong.  
 \* Then dyed my father: from *Maria* now,  
 My minde I to *Maria* needs must bow,  
 I now must finde a husband who must take  
 One of my sisters to his louing make.  
 Then for another I must straight prouide,  
 That to a lesser charge I might be tide:  
 y For though the Land came vnto me as haire,  
 Yet others held in it with me a share.  
 Then to my yonger brothers was I bound,  
 Who me a father in my loue haue found,  
 Doing that office which most dutiously  
 I ought performe to sacred pietie.  
 Some of them vnto studie did attaine,  
 Some in the Court did couet to remaine:  
 Each one to such good courses so well bent,  
 That to my conscience they gaue good content,

t After *Lodowick* had a while vsurped  
 vpo the duchie of Millan,  
 which belonged vnto his Ne-  
 phew, both he and his Ne-  
 phew were be-  
 traied by the  
*Swizers*, & sold  
 vnto *Lewis* the  
 12. then King  
 of France, who  
 sent them pri-  
 soners to the  
 castell of Lo-  
 ches, wherein  
 they remained  
 as long as they  
 liued. The  
 aforelaid *Lodowick*  
 was a  
 Prince most  
 excellent for  
 his eloquence  
 and industry,  
 & for many  
 good gifts of  
 nature and spi-  
 rit, a creature of  
 very rare per-  
 fection, had he  
 not beene of  
 a too ambitious

and aspiring minde: others reporte that there was no commendable qualitie in him, but gi-  
 uen to be busie headed and troublesome, setting his neighbour Princes together by the eares:  
 he was the first which brought *Lewis* the 12. King of France into Italie, being one of the chief  
 occasions of all the troubles that happened vnto his country: others say he began an vsur-  
 per, liued a dissembler, and dyed a begger, and which is worse, a wretched prisoner. u *Gie-  
 gorie* of *Spoleto* following the yong Duke *Francis Sforza* into France, within a while after dyed  
 there. x When *Ariosto* was 24. yeares of age, his father died (who in his youth had beene  
 a companion of Duke *Borzo*, & after that an officer to Duke *Hercules*) leauing his mother cal-  
 led *Maria* to liue with him, & another of his sisters called *Maria* also, for whom he was to pro-  
 uide a dowrie. y Although *Ariosto* was the eldest sonne, yet was he not left rich, because  
 his fathers liuing stode most vpon offices and fees which died with him.



Whereby I saw their vertuous infancy,  
 Would saue their age from all indignitie:  
 Nor was this all the care which from my booke,  
 Kept my long thirsty and desiring looke:  
 But many more, (though these sufficient be)  
 That I was forc't in this extremitie,  
 To ty my Barke vnto the safe calme shore,  
 Lest it should faile at randon as before,  
 And so vnwares vpon the quick-sands runne,  
 Whereby the rest and I might be vndone.

z He was so much perplexed with the charge of so great a familie as he had, and with bestowing his sisters, and prouiding for his brothers, that he was in a maner ready to giue over his study, had not the emulation which he had with a gentleman of his own name & kinne, called *Pandolpho Ariosto*, still renewed his former disposition.

a *Pandolpho* his cheefe tred and cosin dying: he tooke his death so heauily, as for a while he gaue ouer his booke and study.

z But I as then so many crosses had,  
 And in so many folds of griefes was clad:  
 That I desired nothing but my death,  
 As weary onely of a wearie breath.  
 a Ay me! as then my chiefeest pleasure died,  
 The colunne whereon all my hopes relied,  
 He whose commerce did onely ioy my hart,  
 Gaue life vnto my studie, bred mine art:  
 Whose sweetest emulation made me runne,  
 That frō the world I might the goale haue won.  
 My kinsman, friend, my brother most, most, deare  
 My heart, my soule, nay thē my soule more neare,  
 My best *Pandolpho* died, ô that my death  
 Had beene the happy ransome of his breath.  
 O hard mishap, ô cruell ouerthrow,  
 That to the *Ariostian* house could grow,  
 To lese their choiseest branch, their garlāds grace,  
 Whose like shall neuer grow in any place.  
 In so great honor liuing didst thou liue,  
 That I but rightly said, when I did giue  
 Thee first preheminance to vertues crowne,  
 In all Ferrara, or Bologna towne;  
 From whence thy noble ancestors first came,  
 And at this day doe flourish in the same.  
 If vertue honor giues, as vice disgrace,

Then

Then neuer was there any of his place,  
More likelier to obtaine in each degree,  
All honor, worth, and famous dignity.

Now to my fathers death, and next to his,  
(Two images my soule can neuer misse,)

<sup>b</sup> Adde how I was oppressed with the thrall,  
Of seruitude vnto the Cardinall:

<sup>c</sup> And yet no Prince with him may be compar'd  
For bounty, though to me perpetuall hard.

For from the time Pope *Iulio* was create,  
Euen till his breath of life did consummate,  
And afterward, of *Leo* seauen yeare,

He did not suffer me stay any where,  
And so my wits about his workes applide,  
That in no certaine place I could bide:

That from a Poet I was straight transuerted,  
And to a worthlesse Cauallier conuerted.

<sup>d</sup> Note then if pesting alwaies vp and downe,  
Through Cities, Courts, & euery country towne,  
I could the Greeke or Chaldean tongue obtaine,  
Whilst to my selfe my selfe did not remaine.

Now I assure thee I do much admire,  
That such a fate my fate did not acquire,

<sup>e</sup> As did to that Philosopher befall,  
Vpon whose head a stone fell from the wall,  
Whose very stroke did from his braine disseuer  
All former thoughts and motions whatsoener.

But to be breefe good *Bembo* I thee pray,  
(Ere I too late should wish) elect the way,  
To choose for my *Virginis* such a friend,  
As thy best iudgement may with worth comend,

tain philosopher in Athens, who through a blow he had vpon the head with the fall of a great stone, fell into such a strange infirmity, that after he was recouered he lost his memory, in such wise, that he forgot that euer he was scholler, nor vnto his death could remember that euer he knew or had any learning at all.

<sup>b</sup> This was *Hypolito* the Cardinall, of whom we spake so much in the first Satyre, ha- uing receiued but small kind- nelle for his great paines in seruice.

<sup>c</sup> The honest disposition of the Poet, who commendeth the Cardinall, although he had no cause thereto.

<sup>d</sup> This was a- boue 18. yeeres in all, all which time he follow- ed the Cardi- nals seruice with exceeding great paines, yet receiued little or no be- nefit.

<sup>e</sup> *Aulus Gellius* maketh men- tion of a cer-



That right might guide him to *Pernassus* hill,  
 Since I thereto haue neither fate nor skill:  
 Yet no such Pedagogue I craue as this,  
 Whose storie Ile relate, and this it is.

A Tale,

There was an youth in Spaine, of ill-bred blood,  
 In learning poore, but rich in wordly good,  
 Whose frends when he was yong put him to schoole,  
 But all in vaine, the foole prou'd still more foole.  
 At last a liuing of the Church there fell,  
 In that same towne where this rich foole did dwell:  
 And to the same a free schoole ioyned was,  
 Whither the townsmens children all might passe  
*Gratis*, and teaching haue, sith stypends great,  
 Allotted was to th'one and th'others seate:  
 Now when his kinne of this had heard the fame,  
 They thought with coine to plant him in the same:  
 Meaning for schoole an vsur he should haue,  
 And for his Church some Deacon, sober, graue,  
 To both of which, small pensions he should giue,  
 And on the surplussage himselfe would liue:  
 For this was in the daies of ignorance,  
 When men did wealth, not worthy arts aduance;  
 Besides they thought, by this deuise to make  
 The world this foole for some wise *Solon* take  
 When they should heare what liuings he possest,  
 In which they none but men of note inuest.  
 Hence from the King of Spaine by coyne they got  
 His royall letters, to commend this sott  
 Vnto the Pope himselfe for it was he,  
 That held this guift in his owne charitie:  
 Besides a priuie item in them was,  
 His holinesse should suffer this rich asse:  
 To be instald, and not examined,  
 As one whose art was onely famozed.  
 Onely three words of latine he was taught,

When

When with his letters first he should be brought  
 Before the Pope: which spoken artfully,  
 He should haue his dispatch with breuity.  
 The first was this, making a reuerence,  
 He onely should say, *Salue sancte parens.*  
 The Pope then, *Vnde venisti*, would reply,  
*De Spania* must he say, then by and by.  
*Vbi sunt littere* (last) the Pope would say,  
 He then must answer, *In mantica mea*:  
 And take them forth, and kissing them he shold,  
 Forthwith dispatcht be, with his bribing gold.  
 Thus being taught his lesson by his friends,  
 Towards Rome he hies, for there his iourney tends.  
 But halfe the way he hardly had discern'd,  
 Ere he had lost the Latine he had learn'd.  
 Now as he beat his braines againe to find,  
 What he had lost, though t'was out of his mind:  
 It fortun'd as he did amuze thereon,  
 To see come by a great Procession.  
 One of the Priests whereof did loudly sing,  
*Salue sancte parens*, that the streets did ring.  
 When as this dunse no sooner heard the same,  
 But into his dull braine forthwith it came:  
 Those were the words he onely had forgot,  
 And therefore ouerjoyed at his lot:  
 Great hast he makes to haue a swift accesse,  
 (By meanes of friends) vnto his Holinesse.  
 Where falling downe low, *Salue sancte parens*,  
 Sayes this foole Scholler, in an open audience.  
 The Pope not knowing what he meant by this,  
 Saies, *Non sum mater Christi*, you your mark do misse.  
 The other sencelesse (*Paraquito* like)  
 Not knowing what he spake or wrong or right,  
*De Spania*, did reply with count'nance bold,  
 The Pope, that with a frowne did him behold,

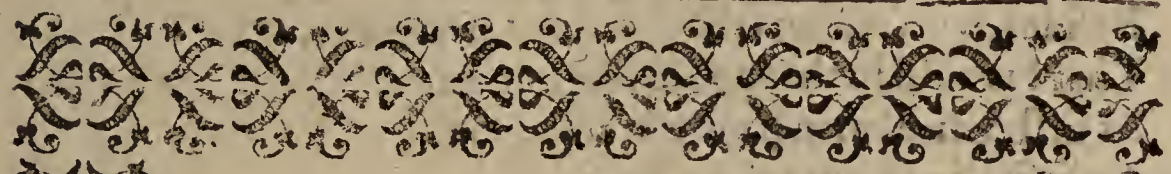


Mumbled, *Demonium habe adolescen tu;*  
*In mantica mea*, he replied, and drew  
 His bag, to giue his letters to the Pope :  
 Who thinking with the Diuell he should cope,  
 Cried out, and for to run was ready prest,  
 Till one of some more wit then ali the rest,  
 Found that an Asse was in a Lions hide,  
 Whose base ambition all men did deride.  
 But when the Pope the Spanish King did see,  
 So earnest in this fooles behalfe to be :  
 And likewise did consider how much gaine,  
 His coffers by such *Idiots* did retaine :  
*Accipiamus pecuniam* then he said,  
*Et admittamus Asinum* in his stead.  
 Thus was the Spaniard lightned of his gold,  
 And both these liuings vnder seru'd did hold.  
*Bembo*, no such like Pedant do I craue,  
 We and the world too many of them haue.  
 Let him be learned, and an honest man,  
 Let him haue both these vertues if you can.  
 " Where vertue reigneth most, least vice is still:  
 " Thy iudgement's good, I aske but thy good will.

The

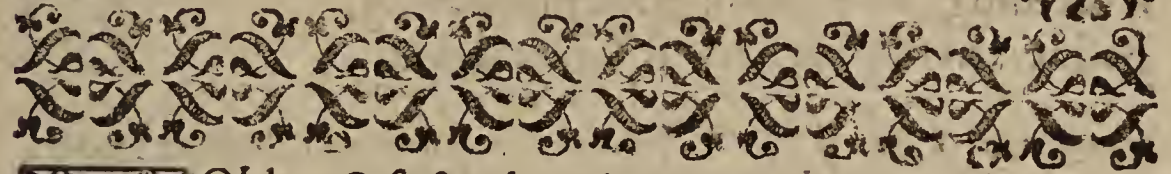


# The seventh and last Satyre.



## THE ARGUMENT.

Hee sheweth that honours change manners, and that many men increasing in fortune and riches, change their first good vertues and qualities, being either unminafull or unthankesfull towards such frō whom they haue receiued former courtesies, & how his desire alwaies was to liue at his study and booke quietly, and with a small lining.



Oble <sup>a</sup> Pistofile, thou dost write to me,  
 If I the Dukes Embassador would be,  
<sup>b</sup> Vnto Pope Clement, and for three yeares space,  
 In Rome liue Ledger, with all port and grace:

Written to the honorable Bonauenter, Pistofilo, Secretary

to <sup>a</sup>phonso Duke of Ferrara. <sup>a</sup> Ariosto writ this Satyre a little before hee got leaue to giue ouer his Liuetenancie, of Grassanana, which he so much disliked. and this Pistofilo being Secretary to the Duke of Ferrara, obtained licence for him to come away, not long before which time he offred him to go Embassador to Pope Clement, but he would not in any wise accept it. <sup>b</sup> Clement the leuenth, was base sonne to Iulio (Leo the tenth brother) he was called Iulio before, & was first made knight of the Rhodes, by the afore named Leo his kinsman, and after that, Cardinall and Legat of Bologna. He was so mightie when he was Cardinal, as making his entry into two Conclaues, he was absolute commander of 16. voices. He was at last made Pope within two yeares after the death of Leo, notwithstanding the many obrusions and emulations of the most ancient Cardinals. This man married Catherine di Medices, his Neece, vnto the second sonne of Francis the French king: and in his time was Rome sacked by the Emperial armie (whereof the Duke of Burbon was General, & was slaine before the walles) and the Pope himselife, with certaine Cardinals, taken prisoners. Hee died hated of all his Court, suspected of most Princes, & for the order of his life, he left behind him a renoune, rather hatefull then acceptable: for hee was accounted couetous, of little fidelity, and naturally farrē of from doing pleasure to any man, insomuch that hee was in a manner vnwilling his owne house of Medici should be aduanced.



To giue thee notice, and thou wilt with paine,  
 To my request this suit and glory gaine,  
 Besides, with reasons thou dost me perswade,  
 That I would in this noble motion wade:  
 As first that all men haue esteemed me,  
 A perfit friend vnto the *Medici*:  
 That we acquaintance most familiarly,  
 Haue had together, and most inwardly:  
 As well when they at first were banisht men,  
 As when their City cald them home agen.  
 That I knew *Leo* after and before  
 On crimson shooe the golden crosse he bore.  
 Next (that besides thou thinkst, I profit should  
 The Dukes estate) vnto my selfe it would  
 Exceeding gaine, and mightie profit bring,  
 Besides the steps of honour I should win.

c Although our  
 Poet was well  
 acquainted  
 with Pope Leo  
 and all the  
 house of Medi-  
 ci, when they  
 were but pri-  
 uate Citizens,

and after when they obtained greater dignities: yet hee like a wise man, looking into the world, and perceiuing the fashion of countries, how they would giue faire words, but doe few kind deedes, considering how well hee deserued at their hands, hee very cuaningly drewe his necke out of the collar, and gaue ouer the Court. But to come to *Leo* the tenth againe, he was chosen Pope, the seuenth day after the Cardinals went into the Conclauē, being then but 37. yeares old, the young Cardinals being the occasion of his election, by their great industry, hauing long time before secretly agreed amongst themselues, to create the first Pope of their number: his name was *Iohn* before. He was a mightie Prince in his time: for he possessed in peace, and great obedience, the large estate of the Church of Rome, and his whole court florisht wonderfully vnder him, in plentifull happinesse and felicitie. Hee had full authoritie ouer the state of Florence, which in those dates, was a common wealth mighty in people, policy, and riches. He was naturally inclined to pleasures, & therefore tooke no great delight in hearing of suits and busying himselfe about such affaires as concerned the Apolliticall sea: his custome was to consume the day in hearing of musick, in seeing of stage-plaies, and trifling with scoffers and iesters, and was so effeminate, as hee was altogether estranged from warres, giuing himselfe so much to ease, that he grew so corpulent and fat, as though he was but a yong man, yet was he scarce able to goe vpon his legs. Besides, he was ouer liberall & magnificall, insomuch that he not onely wasted the treasures that *Iulio* the 2. his Predecessor left him, but also was euer poore & needy. He had no great care to raise or make great his house or kindred, after his 2. brethren *Iulio* & *Peter* were dead, being greatly vnfortunate in this, that he liued to see in himselfe the end of his own house, excepting one yong maiden, who was called *Katherine de Medices*, of whom we spake before. He died in Rome of a feuer. But as some say, he was poisoned by *Barnaby Malestina*, his Chamberlain, whose office was alwaies to giue him drink, & it was thought he was hired therunto by the French king then li-  
 uing.

Thar



That in a riuer great, more fish are caught,  
 Then in a little brooke of easie draught :  
 That Princes seruices haue no compare,  
 And where we profit find, all pleasures are.  
 But now that you haue to my minds best eie,  
 Explain'd your wisdome, hearken my reply.  
 First to thy noble vertues thanks I giue,  
 That thus in thy remembrance I do liue:  
 And that I find thou alwaies didst contend,  
 How me vnto aduancements to commend :  
 Seeking to make me worthy as the best,  
 When my dull spirit with no fire was blest.  
 Next, I assure thee, willingly I wold,  
 Passe fire, or flood, or any freezing cold,  
 To serue the Duke : nor shalt thou me command,  
 To Rome alone, but euery other land  
 Ile post through willingly, and trie the fate  
 Of Fraunce, of Spaine, or of the Indian state.  
 But where thou saiest, that I shall honours gaine,  
 And to my selfe a world of wealth attaine,  
 If that thou thinkest will moue, then pardon me,  
 For in that point I cannot iump with thee :  
 d Other deuices must allure my minde,  
 Ambition in my thoughts I neuer find,  
 Honour I haue too much, I none do lacke,  
 And faine I would discharge some from my backe.  
 It shall suffice, as through Ferrara I  
 Walke, to dispatch my buisinesse seriously:  
 Each one that meetes me, giues me courtesie,  
 Vaileth his hat, and speaketh thankfully :  
 e For all men know it oft hath pleas'd his grace,  
 That I at his owne table should take place.  
 Nor when or for my selfe, or for my friend,  
 I do the weight of any suit commend,  
 Am I repulst : but what I wish to draw,

*d Pulper anno.*  
*sa hand capieur*  
*laqueo. Ariosto*  
 had tried the  
 Court so often,  
 where he found  
 onely words &  
 no deedes.  
*e Alphonso duke*  
 of Ferrara  
 vsed him very  
 kindly, making  
 him in some  
 sort his compae  
 nion, though  
 otherwise hee  
 got little in his  
 seruice.



f Fortune is  
fained by the  
Poets, to be  
slow in clea-  
ping from the  
vessel of *Epime-  
theus*: that is, an  
after wit is bet-  
ter then a fore-  
wit, a good  
lucke cometh  
not so soone as  
an ill. Of this  
*Epimetheus*, you  
may read more  
in *Plato*.

g Alluding to  
the common  
laying, *Fortuna  
favet jactis*:  
for commonly  
it is seene, who  
deserveth best,  
findeth least fa-  
vour at her  
hands.

h He saith that  
every one that  
is lifted vp vp-  
on the wheele  
of Fortune loo-  
keth hie, for-  
getting his old  
friends, & be-  
commeth a  
new man as it  
were, not re-  
membering his  
old poore ac-  
quaintance,  
with whom he  
so familiarly con-  
versed before.

i Meaning honours changeth manners: Affirming that a  
meane man raised to dignity, and then humbling himselfe, as he did before, shall bee rather  
hindred then advanced thereby, and therefore he must keepe state still.

(So it agree with reason or the Law)  
And (if although my mind be satisfide,  
With all that doth in honours power abide)  
I had so much of wealth that my desire,  
Vnto a greater height could not aspire:  
I then should quiet be, where now my minde,  
To keep a compasse right, I never find.  
I for my selfe but this wish and no more,  
That I might liue, not beg of others store.  
Which henceforth ile not hope for, since I proue,  
So many mightie men have vow'd my loue,  
As might haue made me rich, and yet refused,  
(For little I haue had, and lesse haue vsed)  
Whence growes the cause that thus I poorely serue,  
Although I might say, better I deserue.  
f I will not that the power which once was slow,  
From carelesse *Epimethus* crue to go,  
Shall draw me like a Buffone by the nose,  
Nor will I more delight in flattering shoes.  
Much doth the painted turning wheele me feare,  
Which after one selfe manner euery where  
Is drawne by painters: true t'is like to be,  
When as so many in one thing agree.  
g He that sits on the top thereof's an Ass,  
All know this riddle, and may let it passe  
Without a *Sphinx* which may the same expound,  
The meaning with such easinesse is found.  
h Besides, these seene that all which mount on hie,  
Eftsoones refine their members curiously.  
i And what of earth behind doth heavy stay,  
That keepes him backe in all things as it may.  
The very hope it selfe to mind I call,  
Which with the leaues and flowers came first of all,



But after fled away: nor did September;  
 Expect all this, and more I can remember,  
 \* The day the Church was vnto *Leo* giuen,  
 For spouse, and (for her dowry) endlesse liuing:  
 When at that mariage, I so many saw,  
 Of my best friends, who then to Rome did draw,  
 On whom faire scarlet honours were bestow'd:  
 Whilst I liued still with my poore needy load,  
 The Calends came, the Ides were past and gone,  
 Yet I of any was not thought vpon.

I could not be remembred, and yet I  
 Remember this, and shall do till I die.

1 O 't is most vaine, for man on man to trust,  
 Ile none belecue, they all are most vniust.

That day came down from heauen fond foolish hope  
 And went to forraine foiles, when first the Pope

Imbrac't and kist me (though it was vnmeet)  
 Whilest prostrate I fell downe before his feet.

But afterwards, when I perceiu'd that nought,  
 (Saue aire of words) his fauours to me brought:

And that experience taught me how to know,  
 That onely shadowes from such grace did flow:

I then began to giue despaire my hand,  
 And plainly saw, I ficht on the drie land:

And since that time I vow'd, none to belecue,  
 Nor more (for what I cannot haue) to greeue.

<sup>m</sup> There was a *Gourd* or *Melton*, long agoe,  
 That (in a while shot vp) so high did grow,  
 As it a *Peare-tree* (neighbour by) so couerd,  
 That with her leaues, his boughes were welny smotherd.

Now this fame *Peare-tree* on a morning chaunst  
 To ope his eies, and round about him glaunst:

For he had slept a mightie sleep and long,  
 And seeing how this new fruit did him wrong,

Said vnto it: What art thou, and what chaunce,  
 Makes thee so soone thy proud head to aduaunce?

k He meaneth  
*Leo* the tenth  
 of whom wee  
 spake before.

l An excellent  
 saying of *Ariosto*,  
 and a worthy  
 precept to  
 know the in-  
 constance of  
 common  
 friendship.

m He applieth  
 his hasty po-  
 sting to Rome,  
 to be aduanced  
 by *Leo* when  
 hee was made  
 Pop: (of which  
 hee was decei-  
 ued) and the  
 suddaine rising  
 of *Leo* and the  
*Medici*, & his  
 chiefe friends,  
 to the sprouting  
 of this *Gourd*,  
 which as it rose  
 hastily, so did  
 it fall suddainly,  
 and so did they  
 all, *Ariosto* of  
 his expectatio,  
 the Pope and  
 all his followers  
 of their glorie.



Where wert thou hid, when I fell first asleepe,  
 That ore my head, thus proudly thou dost peepe?  
 The Gourd told him her name, & shew'd the Place,  
 Where on the ground below she planted was:  
 And that in three months space, it did attaine,  
 Vnto that height in which it did remaine.  
 And I (replide the tree) with mightie feare,  
 Haue hardly got this talenesse which I beare:  
 Although this thirtie yeares I here haue growne,  
 And haue all seasons and all weathers knowne.  
 But thou which in the twinkling of an eie,  
 Hast rais'd thy faire head euen into the skie.  
 Assure thy selfe, as thou art grown in hast,  
 With selfe like speed, thy glories all shall wast.  
 Euen so my hopes which made me posting come,  
 My vaine fond hopes, which brought me first to Rome,  
 Might well haue said, I came in fitter time,

▪ Although the  
 chiefe of the  
 house of *Medi-*  
*ci*, had but ill  
 fortune, which  
 were Pope *Le-*  
*o*s brethren, yet  
*Clement* his  
 kinsman, who

▪ Euen when the *Medici* were in their prime,  
 That I did help them when they did remaine  
 Exiles, and sought to bring them home againe:  
 And that to make the Lambe like *Leo* proue,  
 A Princely Lyon I did thither moue.  
 • He that had held *Charles Soffinas* braue spright,

within two yeares after succeeded him in the Papacie, raised vp againe (although in a manner constrained therunto) his familie in Florence; for hee sent for his nephew *Alexandre*, out of Flaunders, where he followed the Emperour *Charles* the fift; who comming to Florence, proclaimed himself absolute Duke of that City. He married the Emperours base daughter, and carried himselfe very stoutly towards the people, insomuch as in the end hee was slaine by a kinsman of his owne, called *Laurence di Medices*; who thereupon fled to Venice, & was afterward slaine by certaine men, in hope of a reward which was proclaimed to be giuen to him that could take the murtherer either aliue or dead. *Alexander* being thus dispatcht, *Cosmo* the son of *Iohn di Medices*, was chosen Duke of the Florentins, who liued some 23. yeares after his election. He married *Don Diego di Tolledos* daughter, Viceroy of Naples, & had diuers children by her, of which *Francesco* succeeded him, & after his death then *Ferdinando* his brother who was called *Ferdinando di Medices*, *gran Duca di Tuscano*. This *Ferdinando* married the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, grandchild & executrix to *Katherine di Medices*, late Queene mother of Fraunce. • This *Soffina* was a noble man of Romagna in Italy, allied to the *Strozzi* of Florence, and therefore one that could not brooke the greatnesse of the *Medici*.

Would



Would then perhaps haue said in open fight,  
 p VVhen he had heard *Lorenzo* to be nam'd  
 By stile of Duke, and with that title fam'd:  
 q He to Duke *Nemours* would as much haue said,  
 And not of scornfull eies haue stood afraid  
 r Vnto the Cardinall of *Rosi*, and  
 s To *Bibiena* (mightie rich in land)  
 VVho had bene better much if he had staid  
 t At *Torsy*, then a red hat to haue swaid.

p† When *Leo*  
 the tenth was  
 Pope (as I said  
 before) hee va-  
 iustly expulst  
 the Duke of  
*Vrbino* out of  
 his lawfull e-  
 state, & placed  
 his nephew  
*Laurence* in that  
 Dukedome,

who had to wife through the fauour of *Francis* the French King, *Lady Magdalena*, nobly descended of the Duke of *Bullion*, with a yearely reuenue of ten thousand crownes, during her life. But this mariage proued but fatall vnto them both, for after hee had bene a while in France where he consummated his wedding, his wife died, and he within a while after followed her, leauing none other heire of his bodie lawfully begotten, then one young daughter called *Katherine* who as I said before, was married to the French King *Henry* the second: she dyed in *Anno* 1588, about the same time that the Duke of *Guise* was slaine in the Castel of *Bloise* by her sonne *Henry* the third, king of France and *Poland*. In this forelaid *Katherine* ended the direct and right line (speaking of those which were lawfully begotten) of *Cosmo di Medices*, surnamed the great. The aforementioned *Laurence*, was a man of great hope for his yeares, for his valour and learning, and was a great *Mecenas* and fauourer of the learned: he left a base sonne behind him called *Alexander* first Duke of *Florence*, who, as I said but euen now, was afterward slaine by his owne kinsman.

q He meaneth *Don Iulian*, Pope *Leo's* brother, who died of a consuming and languishing disease in *Florence*, whose wife *Philiberta* of *Sauoy*, although she was but yong, and with all passing faire, when her husband left her widowe, notwithstanding she had many great offers of diuerse Princes which then liued: yet did she (to the wondring of euery one) giue ouer the world voluntarily, retiring her selfe into a Nunnery, which she her selfe had built, where she liued in deuotion vnto her dying daie.

r This was a noble man of *Florence*, a follower of the *Medices*, and by *Leo* made Cardinall.

s He meaneth *Barnard Diuitio* of *Bibiena*, who was a mightie man of wealth, and a true friend vnto the *Medices* in all their troubles, aiding them continually with men and money. A man of that good conscience, that *Don Iulio* Duke of *Nemours* made him his executor when he died, although as then he had two brethren aliue, which were Pope *Leo*, and *Peter* the eldest of the three.

t *Torsy* was *Bibienas* cheefe house or place, not farre from *Calentino*. The Poet saith, he had bene better to haue liued quietly at home, then to haue bene Cardinall, because it cost him so much in assisting the *Medices* in their troubles, and againe, because hee did not long enioy that honour, but dyed.



u He would haue said vnto *Contesina*,  
 \* *Contesina* is x To *Magdalena* (beautious at that day)  
 the name of y Vnto the daughter and the Mother in lawe,  
 Leo the tenth z And all that house which euery one then saw  
 mother.  
 \* This was Orecome with ioy, euen thus I say, he wold  
 the King of Talke to the worlde with courage strong and bold,  
 France kins- Thy familie most properly applide,  
 woman, & wife May be to them which doe with greatnesse bide:  
 to *Laurence* the For as their ioies aboue all ioies did runne,  
 Popes nephew, So shall they quickly fade and be vndone.  
 of whom wee spake before. 2 All men must die, their time indures not euer,  
 y This was And this strong fate can be eschewed neuer:  
*Alfonzina* the That *Leo* also shall his life resigne  
 Popes sister, & Ere Troies first founder shall into the signe  
 mother vnto Turne eight times: this as gospel is most true,  
*Laurence di Me-* For so each thing did afterwards ensue.  
*dices*, vnto who Leo graunted a  
 donation of  
 the profits, and  
 exactions of  
 the indulgen-  
 ces in many  
 places in Ger-  
 many, vpon  
 which occasion  
*Martin Luther*  
 began first to  
 take exception  
 against the  
 Pope for the  
 same, and so  
 consequently

against the popish religion. z The coronation of *Leo* was so sumptuous and costly, that  
 many tooke exceptions against the same, as in *Guyhardine* more at large appeareth. 2 All  
 that were at the coronation of *Leo* in their iollitie (I meane the greatest persons) died within  
 a while after, first *Peter* the elder brother was drowned, *Julian* the second consumed to death  
 shortly after, *Laurence* their nephew died of a languishing disease in France, and his wife a  
 little before him, left her life there also, so likewise *Contesina* the Popes mother, *Alfonzina* his  
 sister, the Cardinals of *Rossi* and *Bibienna*, yea and the Pope *Leo* himselfe, all these I say dyed  
 one after another in a short space, as namely in the space of eight yeares and lesse.



For neither of them both I would possesse:

Honor I scorne, for tis meere vanity,

And riches mix not with my destiny.

<sup>b</sup> Say rather I shall leaue this place I keepe,  
Nor longer with these barbarous people sleepe,  
More rude then are the rocks wherin they dwell,  
So rude their maners are, and wrath so fell,  
Say, I shall not be troubled, some to fine,  
Some to exile to kill or to confine:

Whilst I complaine that force doth ouerway

All reason, yet that force I must obey.

Tell me I shall haue leasure and fit time

To talke vnto the Muses in sweete rime,

And must faire groaues and arbors to deuise

The strength of verse and rarely poetize.

<sup>c</sup> Tell me, with *Sadolet*, with *Rembo*, *Ienio*,

With *Molza*, *Vida* and with *Blosio*;

VVith *Tibaldi* and *Pontanus*, and the rest,

I may liue at mine ease, most happy blest,

Taking for guide, which of them best doth please me:

Or altogether iointly sit and ease me,

VVhilst they to me old Romes antiquitie,

Discribe at large with graue authority:

<sup>d</sup> Saying here *Circus* was, and here did stand

*Forum Romanum*, and here on this hand

<sup>e</sup> *Saburra* stood, this *Sacer* *Linus* was,

a place like our rilt-yard, where the ancient Romanes vsed to runne with Charriots and horses for certaine games or prizes.

<sup>e</sup> *Saburra* was a streete most of all frequented in Rome, by reason there dwelled many Curtezans, for *Vbi cadauer ibi Cornu*; and therefore like enough to giue occasion of much quarrell and misrule amongst youths, as appeareth by *Inuencali* and *Martiall* in these verses.

*Fame, non nimium bone puella,  
Quales in media sedent Saburra.*

<sup>b</sup> He intreateth (rather then to be troubled any more) to be rid first of his liuetenancy of *Grassignana*, the country being so full of factions and diuisions, & such a number of rebels & *Banditi* swarming euery where, as he was in a maner wearie of his life.

<sup>c</sup> These are the names of certaine learned men, then abiding in Rome, and familiar friends and acquaintances with our Poet.

<sup>d</sup> *Circus* was



And now by *Vestaes* Temple you do passe:  
 Tell me, I cannot any thing indite,  
 (Nor of what subiect best shall please me write)  
 But I may counsaile haue and take aduise,  
 If any doubt doth in the Author rise:  
 That out of Latine, Tuscan, or of Greeke,  
 I may translate, or any pleasure seeke.

Besides the number great thou maist me tell,  
 Of worthy ancient bookes which doe excell:

f One of the rarest libraries in the world, built in the Popes pallace of Saint Peter in Rome by *Sixtus Quartus*, and much augmented by *Sixtus Quintus*, it is thought there are not so fewe as ten thousand bookes little & great within the same.

g This *Emilius* was a noble Roman, who hauing married a maruailous faire & beautifull yong Lady, put her away, and being blamed of his friends for

f All which Pope *Sixtus* through the world of late,  
 Did gather for the good of publick state,  
 Whilst this rare library each one may vse,  
 And what him list may from it cul and chuse.

Now when such proffers thou shalt make to me,  
 Of noble worth, account, and dignitie,

And yet this Iourney I refuse nere-lesse,  
 Thou then maist say that frenzy doth possesse,  
 My troubled braine, and melancholy fits,  
 Hath brought distemperature vnto my wits.

But I, in stead of answering thee, wil play  
 g As did *Emilius* once, who forth did lay  
 His foote vnto his friend, saying you see

How cleane my shoe is made, how neate, how curiously,  
 And yet for all this, little dost thou know,

Where it doth wring me, or doth gall my toe.

He takes me from my selfe that doth remoue  
 My bodie from the natiue soile I loue:

For being absent thence, I cannot liue,

Yea, lay I in *Iones* lap, I yet should grieue:

And should I not be daily one of those,

Who for their morning walks with pleasure goes

so doing, held out his foote vnto them, saying, see you this my shoe how fine it is made, how well it fits vpon my foote, and how handsome it is for me, and yet none of you all knoweth in what part of my foote it wringeth and pincheth me: euen so my wife, although as you say, she is faire, courteous, wittie and well spoken, yet none of you know in what sort she offendeth me.



h Betweene the *Domo* of Ferrara, and  
 Those famous statues which richly stand,  
 Of my two noble Marquesses, then I  
 Should die with griefe, to want that liberty,  
 And leaner would my visage be then his,  
 Whose lips the water and the fruit doth kisse:  
 Yet hath no power either of both to taste,  
 But pines with hunger, and away doth waste.

*Francis* the first French king that bare that name,  
 One day by fortune vnto Paris came,  
 And by a wealthy Burgesse feasted was,  
 Whose sumptuous cheare and bounty did surpasse.  
 Now whilst the King amongst his minions late,  
 And merrily discours't of euery state:  
 Each one began to tell some wondrous thing,  
 And mongst the rest one told vnto the king,  
 That at that time within the Cittie was  
 An old man liuing, who by gesse did passe  
 The age of fourescore yeares, yet nere was seene,  
 Out of the walles of Paris to haue beene.  
 The King admiring at this tale, straight sent  
 For this old man to come incontinent,  
 And of him did demand if true it was,  
 That he beyond those walles did neuer passe:  
 Or whether feare or loue became the cause,  
 Which his affections to such straitnes drawes?  
 The old man thus replide, So please your grace,  
 I was borne, bred, and brought vp in this place,  
 And now I am fourescore and ten aboue,  
 In all which time my foot did neuer moue  
 Out of the citties gates, though men of worth,  
 Haue by intreaty sought to get me forth:  
 So that was not command, but mine owne will,  
 Which in this towne hath thus confin'd me still:  
 Besides no motion in my minde hath moued,  
 From whence the countries fight should be beloued.

h He meaneth  
 the two statues  
 in the market  
 place of Ferrar-  
 ra as you go to  
 the *Domo*  
 (which is the  
 Cathedrall  
 Church of the  
 same Citie) the  
 one of *Lionel*,  
 and the other  
 of *Bozro*, two  
 Princes of the  
 house of *Esta*.



Well then replide the King, since this long space  
 Thou freely with thy friends hast held this place,  
 Henceforth I charge thee on the paine of death,  
 Thou not presum'it so long as thou hast breath,  
 To looke beyond these walles, for I intend,  
 As thou hast liued, so thou shalt make an end.  
 The poore old man, who neuer long'd before  
 To go out of the towne or out of dore,  
 As long as it was in his libertie:  
 Now that he saw he to the contrary  
 Comanded was, with a most strange desire,  
 To see the country he is set on fire:  
 But seeing by constraint he thus was tide  
 Against his will, for very greefe he dide.  
 Noble *Pistophilo*, no such minde I hould  
 At this old man did, but I rather would  
 Liue in Ferrara euer from my birth,  
 Then any forraine nation of the earth:  
 Yet should I be compeld to leaue that place,  
 And goe to Rome, it would be lesse disgrace,  
 Then to continue in this hellish soile,  
 Where nothing is but trouble and turmoile:  
 But if my Lord intend me any fauour,  
 O let him call me home, or send me rather

i Argento & Bondena are Cities belonging to the Dukedome of Ferrara, to which *Ariosto* was often sent by the Duke, & many times vp and downe about his busines, which hee mistiked very much.

i Vnto Argento, Bondena, or where  
 He can deuise, so I may not liue here.  
 If needs I must be made a toiling beast,  
 I faine would haue my burthen with the least:  
 No packhorse, but a foote cloath would I be,  
 For they but one man carie easily.  
 To serue the Duke my soule did neuer grudge,  
 Onely I greeue to be a common drudge.  
 But now if you demand the reason why,  
 I loue mine owne home thus exceedingly,  
 I will as willingly the same confesse,  
 As I my grieuous sins doe more or lesse,

Plain-



Plainly discharge to my Confessors eares,  
 When at the shrift he all mine errors heares.  
 And yet I know, that thus replie you can,  
 And say : loe heere a perfit well staid man,  
 Of fourescore nine yeares at the least, and yet,  
 Of youths worst loofnesse he must haue a fit,  
<sup>k</sup> So much to pleasure he his minde doth giue,  
 That without wantonesse he cannot liue:  
 But it is well for me, that I can hide  
 My selfe within this valley where I bide,  
 And that an hundred miles thy purer eie,  
 Cannot extend to see my vanity:  
 Or whether pale or red, I chaunce to looke,  
 When with escapes I suddainly am tooke.  
 For then thou shouldst perceiue, I blusht for shame,  
 Although my letter doe not shew the same:  
<sup>l</sup> And thou wouldst thinke that neither old dame *Amber*,  
 Nor her young daughter (good stufte in a chamber)  
 For all their varnish, looked halfe so red:  
 Or that old father *Canon* lately dead,  
 When he let fall amidst the market place,  
 A bottle full of wine (with foule disgrace)  
 Which from a Frier he had but stolne before,  
 Besides (which were about him found) two more.  
 Were I but with thee now a while, I doubt  
 Thy loue would with my folly haue about:  
 And with a cudgell, thou wouldst beat me well,  
 To heare these frantike reasons which I tell,  
 And do alleage to liue where as thou art,  
 For were I with thee, I would neuer part:  
 But nature and my duty bids me serue  
 My Prince and country, as they do deserue,  
<sup>m</sup> Although there is another whom I would  
 Rather attend on, if get leaue I could.  
 Great Lord, thou art a Courtier by thy place,

<sup>k</sup> Hee frankly  
 confesseth that  
 hee cannot liue  
 except hee en-  
 ioy the compa-  
 ny of his Mi-  
 stresse,

<sup>l</sup> The first a  
 notable old  
 mother baud,  
 and the other a  
 famous Cour-  
 tezan of Ferra-  
 ra, in those  
 daies.

<sup>m</sup> He meaneth  
 his Mistresse,  
 whom he saith  
 he had rather  
 attend on, then  
 vpon any  
 Prince in the  
 world;

And



And maicst command, for thou hast speciall grace:  
The Dukes chiefe Secretary thou onely art,  
And mak'st him blest that liues within thy hart.

*n* This *Pistofilo*, Secretary to *Alphonso*, Duke of Ferrara, was a mā low of stature, and little in body, but of so excellent a wit, and happy memory, that none liued in those daies like vnto him. Besides hee was of a sweet conuersation, and an humble carriage towards all men, inso much as being of the Dukes priuy Counsell, hee was greatly faouered and beloued, as wel of his Prince as of the people.

*n* Although thou little in thy stature be,  
The great'st in Court are glad to crouch to thee:  
And truly worthy art thou of thy place,  
Since to all vertues thou dost giue all grace,  
Wisely thou dost, for better t'is the loue  
Of people, then their hatred to approue:  
Chiefly where Princes as their fancies range,  
Their fauorites do often chop and change.  
But yet for all these caps and bended knees,  
Which done vnto thee of all sorts thou see'st:  
Sir (by your leaue) for all your gallant glory,  
You sometimes feele what makes you sad and fory.  
Oft do you wish, deny it if you can,  
That you might liue like to a priuate man.  
Courts haue their crosses, kingly crownes their cares,  
Who merriest liues, best of all men fares.  
Vnto no Embassie do me preferre,  
But to my Mistresse, I would go to her.  
o Intreat the Duke I may come home againe,  
And thats the boone I craue of all thy paine:  
Let him but me vnto Ferrara call,  
And thou shalt haue my thankes, life, soule and all.

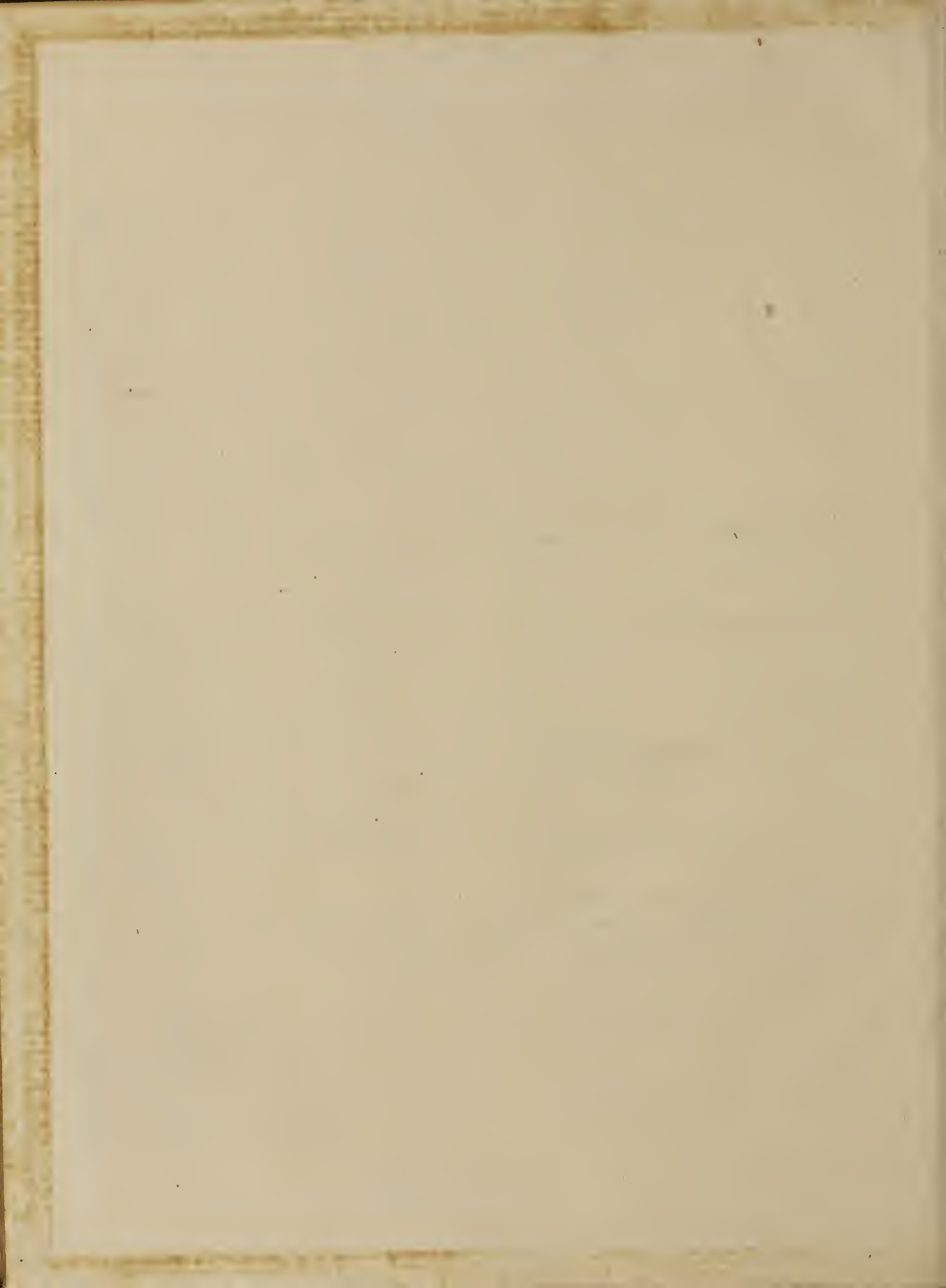
Duke *Alphonso*, would merrily say, that what through his little *Pinace*, the *Bonaventure* and his strong Castell *Barletto* (alluding to the name of his Secretary, which was *Bonaunter Postophilo*, and his chiefe General of all his forces, called *Galeazo Barletto*, a famous Soldier) he thought himselfe strong inough to encounter with any of his neighbour Princes. This Secretary was an inward friend and of great acquaintance with *Nicholas Machiuel*, and *Peter Aretine*, who liued in the raigne of Henry the eight, of famous memory King of England. He died in Ferrara, but his body with solemne pompe was conuaid to be buried at Modena, where he was borne, it being interred in the Monasterie of *S. Francis*, there where his monument is at this day to be seene.

o *Pistofilo* performed this request of *Ariosto*, for within a while after, he had libertie to come to Ferrara, where he liued quietly, and in great credit, vntill his dying day.

FINIS.











Ariosto's *Satires* — those seven poetical epistles, in which with kindly cynicism he relates the main incidents of his life and the great events of the age — had also had early appreciation in England. Robert Tofte, who in 1598 tried his hand at the translation of the first three cantos of the *Orlando Innamorato*, made a version of them. The little volume was published under the name of Gervaise Markham in 1608, and reprinted in 1611. The first edition was printed by Nicholas Okes, and the second by William Stansby. The Boston Public Library has a copy of the first edition; the volume, however, is dated 1609. The earliest Italian edition of the *Satires* in the Library was printed at Venice in 1553.



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