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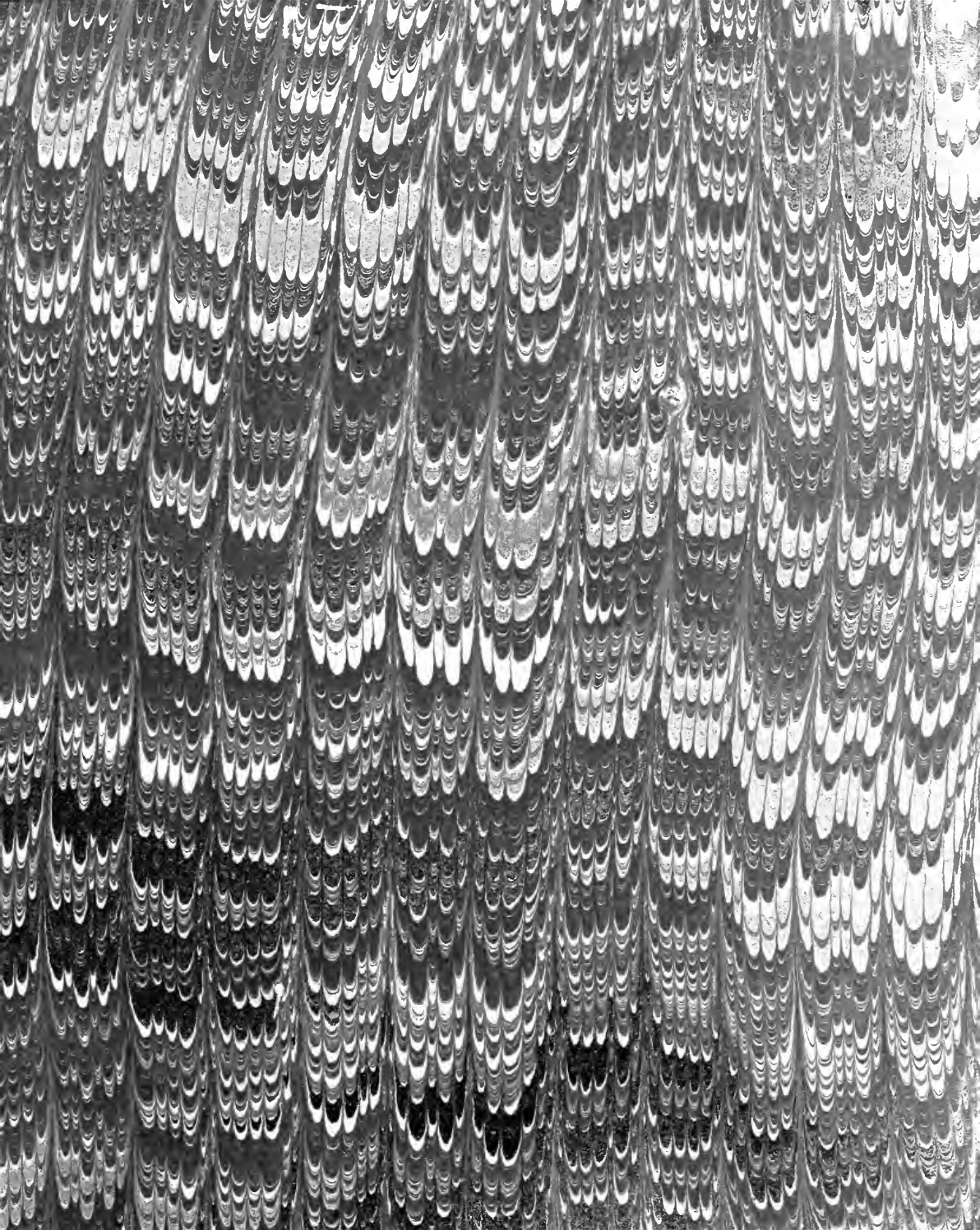


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THE ESSAYES OF
A PRENTISE, IN THE
DIVINE ART OF
POESIE.

WITH

A PREFATORY MEMOIR,

BY

R. P. GILLIES, ESQ., F. S. A. E.

And now whiles I consider what a Trompet of Honor Homer hath bene to sturre up many woorthy Princes; I cannot forget the woorthy Prince that is a Homer to himselfe, a golden spurc to Nobility, a Scepter to Vertue, a Verdure to the Spring, a Sunnc to the day; and hath not only translated the two divine poems of Salustius du Bartas, his heavenly Urany, and his hellish Furies, but hath readd a most Valorous Martial Lecture unto himselfe in his own victorious Cepanto, a short heroicall worke in meeter, but royal meeter fitt for a David's harpe.

GABRIEL HARVEY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

1814.

1917

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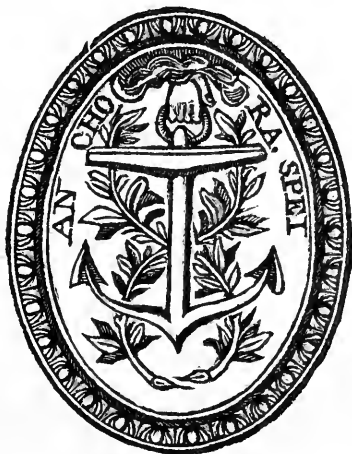


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1714

THE ESSAYES OF
A PRENTISE, IN THE
DIVINE ART OF
POESIE.



Imprinted at Edinbrugh, by Thomas
Vautroullier.

1584.

CVM PRIVILEGIO
REGALI.

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THE CATALOGVE OF THE
workis heirin contained.

THe twelf Sonnets of Inuocations to the Goddis.

The Vranie or heauenly Muse translated.

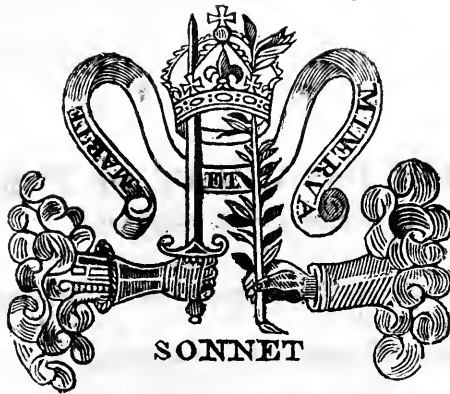
*The Metaphoricall Inuention of a Tragedie, callit
Phœnix.*

A Paraphrasticall translatioun out of the Poëte Lucane.

A treatise of the airt of Scottis Poësie.

*The CIIII Psalmes of Dauid, translated out of
Tremellius.*

A Poeme of Tyme.



IF *Martiall* deeds, and practise of the pen
Haue wonne to auncient *Grece* a worthie fame :
If Battels bold, and Bookes of learned men
Haue magnified the mightie *Romain* name :
Then place this Prince, who well deserues the same :
Since he is one of *Mars* and *Pallas* race :
For both the *Godds* in him haue sett in frame
Their vertewes both, which both, he doth embrace.
O *Macedon*, adorne with heauenly grace,
O *Romain* stout, decorde with learned skill,
The *Monarks* all to thee shall quite their place :
Thy endles fame shall all the world fulfill.
And after thee, none worthier shalbe seene,
To sway the *Sword*, and gaine the *Laurell* greene.

T. H.

* ij

SONNET.

THE glorious *Grekis* in stately style do blaife
The lawde, the conqurour gaue their *Homer* olde :
The verses *Cæsar* song in *Maroes* praife
The *Romanis* in remembrance depe haue rolde.
Ye *Thespian Nymphes*, that suppe the *Nectar* colde,
That from *Parnassis* forked topp doth fall,
What *Alexander* or *Augustus* bolde,
May found his fame, whose vertewes passe them all ?
O *Phæbus*, for thy help, heir might I call,
And on *Minerue*, and *Maias* learned sonne :
But since I know, none was, none is, nor shall,
Can rightly ring the fame that he hath wonne,
Then stay your trauels, lay your pennis adowne,
For *Cæsars* works, shall iustly *Cæsar* crowne.

R. H.

SONNET.

The mightie Father of the *Muses* nyne
Who mounted thame vpon *Parnassus* hill,
Where *Phæbus* faire amidd these *Sisters* syne
With learned tounge satt teaching euer still,
Of late yon God declared his woundrous will,
That *Vranie* should teach this Prince most rare :
Syne she informed her scholler with such skill,
None could with him in Poetrie compaire.
Lo, heir the fructis, *Nymphæ*, of thy foster faire,
Lo heir (ô noble *Ioue*) thy will is done,
Her charge compleit, as deid doth now declare.
This work will witnesse, she obeyed the sone.

O *Phæbus* then reioyce with glauncing glore,
Since that a King doth all thy court decore.

M. VII.

SONNET.

WHen as my minde exemed was from caire,
Among the *Nymphis* my self I did repose :
Where I gaue eare to one, who did prepare
Her sugred voice this sequell to disclose.
Conveine your selfs (*ô* sifers) doe not lose
This passing tyme which hasteth fast away :
And yow who wrytes in stately verse and prose,
This glorious Kings immortall gloire display.
Tell how he doeth in tender yearis essay
Aboue his age with fkill our arts to blaife.
Tell how he doeth with gratitude repay
The crowne he wan for his deserued praise.
Tell how of *Ioue*, of *Mars*, but more of *God*
The gloire and grace he hath proclaimed abrod.

M. W. F.

SONNET.

CAN goldin *Titan* shyning bright at morne
For light of torchis, cast ane greater shaw ?
Can *Thunder* reard the heicher for a horne ?
Craks *Cannons* louder, thocht ane *Cok* sould craw ?
Can our weak breath help *Boreas* for to blaw ?
Can *Candill* lowæ giue fyre a greater heit ?
Can quhyttest *Svvnans* more quhyter mak the *Snawv* ?
Can *Virgins* tears augment the *Vinters* weit ?
Helps pyping *Pan Apollos* Musique sweit ?
Can *Fountanis* smalle the *Ocean sea* increffe ?
No, they augment the greater nocht a quheit :
Bot they them selues appears to grow the leffe.
So (worthy Prince) thy works fall mak the knawin.
Ours helps not thyne : we steynzie bot our awin.

*De huius Libri Auctore, Herculis
Rolloci coniectura.*

*Q*uisquis es, entheus hic exit quo Auctore libellus,
(Nam liber Auctorem conticet ipse suum)
*Dum quonam ingenio meditor, genioque subactus,
Maiores humanis viribus ista canas :*
*Teque adeo qui sis expendo : aut Diuus es, inquam,
Aut a Diuum aliquis forte secundus homo.*
Nil sed habet simile aut Diuis, aut terra secundum :
Quanquam illis Reges proximus ornat bonos.
*Aut opus hoc igitur humano semine nati
Nullius, aut hoc sic Regis oportet opus.*

P R E F A C E.

IT must be allowed, perhaps, that the poetry of King James possesses no great intrinsic merit. Amid the romantic scenery of his birth and education, he probably never looked on any object with the true eye of a poet. Feeble as was the lustre of a court in those days, and simple and unrefined its habits and manners compared with the luxurious artifices of modern times, yet there was enough to enslave and controul the mind of the King. "My burden," he observes, "is great and continual." He had no eye for wild and unsophisticated nature. There is no evidence that he ever looked with rapture on the castled cliffs and aërial towers of his native city; or that he ever watched with a heart full of emotion the beams of the morning sun ascending out of the sea; and the rocky cliffs of Arthur's Seat, that overhang

Holyrood palace, half-seen, half-lost, amid the lingering vapours of night. There is no evidence that he ever loved, or hated, or rejoiced, or suffered, like a poet. It must then be granted that his productions have no great intrinsic claims to notice ; for their author possessed not the true temperament of a bard !

But most justly has it been said by Hume, that “ such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess over every other occupation, that even he who obtains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence over those who excel in other professions.” And, after all the concessions that have been made, it must be allowed, on the other side, that the royal author of these “ Essayes ” yet possesses high and unequivocal claims to the regard of the bibliographer. If JAMES was not himself a great author, he was at least a venerator and encourager of authorship. While other monarchs have chosen to mark their earthly career in characters of blood and desolation, his prime ambition was to be enrolled among poets and philosophers ; and if this object could not be gained, he loved to translate from the works of others. “ But sen, alas ! ”

he exclaims, alluding to Du Bartas, " God by nature hath denied me the like lofty and quick ingyne, and that my muse, age, and fortune have refused me the like skill and learning, I was forced to have refuge to the secound, which was to do what lay in me to set forth his praise when I could not merit the like myself." From his earliest years he delighted to foster and cherish the genius and reputation of his literary contemporaries. In consequence of this alone, he becomes an object of respect and attention ; and his character is illuminated by a borrowed light.

But this is not all. JAMES, if not an original inventor, was a competent classical scholar. The editor has at this moment, through the kindness of a highly valued literary friend, a transcript of an authentic document, indorsed, "The Kingis Ma^{ties} buikis Julii 1576." The books consist altogether of about ninety-two articles ; of which the titles, all except two, are in Latin ; and suggest chiefly well-known classical authors and books of divinity. There are also some treatises on the occult sciences, and old chronicles. It is apparent that this paper is not the catalogue of his Majesty's

whole library, but merely a list of books given out to the binder. It comprises two different records ; of which the second begins, " October 1580 John gibsonis buikbinder's precept 17 lb 4 s 4 d."

To shew the exemplary care with which JAMES transacted affairs relating to his library, I transcribe the following.

" Thesaurar & zour deputtis ze sall ansuer thir buikis to ze kingis maiestie And the prices thairof salbe thankfullie allowit to zow in zour comptis kepand thir presentis for zour warrand subscrivit with ovr hand At Dalkeith the xxv day of Julij 1576 JAMES REGENT."

" Rex.

Thesaurare we greit zow weill. It is our will and we charge zou that ze Incontinent aftir the sycht heirof ansuer our louit John gipsoun buikbinder of the sowme of sevintene pundis iiij ss iiij d within mentionat To be thankfullie allowit to zow in zour comptis keping this our precept with the said Johnne his acquitance tharevpoun for zour warrand subscrivit with our hand at Halyrudhous the first day of October 1580 JAMES R."

But the researches of the bibliographer depend for their support on the pleasures which they afford to the imagination. It has been observed by SCOTT, that the mere attribute of antiquity is of itself sufficient to rouse and interest the fancy.* Bibliography has been censured by the dull and unthinking, and old poetry has been called "trash" by those, to whose dormant imaginations it calls up no delightful associations. But let not such persons dare to condemn what is worthless, *only* because their cold hearts and narrow intellects are incapable of appreciating its worth !

The interesting attributes of King James as a poet, however, are not confined to that of antiquity alone. His verses are not wholly destitute of mind. His twelve sonnets to the gods evince learning at least ; and perhaps are not devoid of some original and poetical thoughts. The "Metaphorical Invention of a Tragedy called Phoenix" has been considered to relate to the character and misfortunes of Queen Mary. "Under the semblance of that fabulous bird," observes Mr Sibbald,

* See his admirable preface to Carey's Poems in *Edinb. Ann. Register* for 1810.

“ if I mistake not, the author attempts to exhibit the matchless beauty and sufferings of his unfortunate mother, whom he represents as dead, but performs his task with so much caution, and with such a timid and trembling hand, that one can scarcely recognize the resemblance.”

The “ Revlis and Cautelis ” have always been considered curious. To the “ Schort Poem of Tyme,” when compared with the production of contemporary poets, may justly be applied the expression of Pope’s father, “ These are good rhymes.”

As a monarch, JAMES has been abundantly censured by several historians. With this I have nothing to do. My business is only with his literary character. Were I to offer any remark on his conduct as a King, I should feel inclined to join with those judges who think, that after the union of the crowns, he was constrained to act as he did by difficulties, of which those who censure him are not sufficiently aware.

While his court flourished at Holyrood, it seems to have been adorned by several individuals of eminence and elegant taste in literature, especially by

Fouler, by Montgomery, Arbuthnot, and Alexander Hume.

The works of Fouler in MS. were presented to the College Library of Edinburgh; where they have reposed undisturbed, save by the hand (now cold) of that admirable poet and antiquary Dr Leyden: a gleam of whose genius fell on the neglected pages of two unfortunate bards, and rescued a few sonnets of Fouler, and a beautiful poem, "The Day Estival," of Hume, from oblivion. A MS. of Hume's poetry, referred to by Leyden, is preserved in the Advocates' Library; and a collection of his poems in quarto was printed at Edinburgh by Robert Waldegrave in 1599. This edition is now before me; but is so very rare as to be almost quite unattainable. He has rescued, also, an excellent sonnet of King James, addressed to Fouler, and prefixed to "The Triumph of Petrarke." As it exhibits rather a favourable specimen of the King's poetry, it is here subjoined:

SONNET.

" We find by proof that into every age
 In Phœbus art some glistering stars did shine,

Who worthy scholars to the Muses sage
 Fulfilled their countries with their workes divine,
 So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine
 Among the Greeks into his learned days ;
 So Virgil was among the Romans syne
 A sprite sublimed, a pillar of their praise.
 So lofty Petrarke his renown did blaze
 In tongue Italic in a sugred style,
 And to the circled skies his name did raise,
 For he by poems that he did compile
 Led in triumph Love, Chastness, Death, and Fame,
 But thou triumphs o'er Petrarke's proper name."

Of the " Revlis and Cautelis" the most remarkable chapter is the last, in which the author probably indicates the favourite poets, to whom he served his apprenticeship, by resorting to them for illustrative quotations. Of the first of these quotations I am not prepared to say whence it is extracted. It seems to sound like the poetry of Gawin Douglas, but is not to be found in any of his prologues. The circumstance which constitutes whatever poetical merit the verses possess, renders it the more difficult to ascertain its origin, for in the poetry both of Scotland and England at this period,

there are numberless "Auroras," of which all are more or less beautiful. "All differ, but all agree" in those leading expressions and phrases, by which the origin of a quotation is generally to be traced.

Almost every poem of any length or consequence in the romantic ages begins with a description of a morning in spring. The remark applies to every old romancer ; to Douglas, Dunbar, Lyndesay, and other Scottish worthies, and is equally applicable to Chaucer. I never walk out to Blackford or Corstorphine hill or Arthur's seat, in the fine mornings of April or May, when the west winds blow, and all nature smiles, without fancying that these very walks have given rise to many strains of inspired poetry, whose memory shall never die. I imagine that it was *here* where Leyden wrote his beautiful sonnet on Sabbath Morning ; where Dunbar conceived the preface to his "Goldin Terge ;" or where Dugald Stewart walked with the Ayrshire bard, whose never-dying strains yet swell upon the ear. There is extant a fine old song, entitled, "Blackford hill," which I have often recollected

when wandering near the romantic scenery to which it refers.*

Of the next two quotations the editor is equally unprepared to assign the author. The stanza *on Echo* is from a poem of Montgomery's, to be found in volume third of Sibbald's Chronicle, where also a copious extract is given from the "Flyting of Polwart and Montgomery;" from which extravagant production the ludicrous description of witches is taken by the royal critic. The last of the king's illustrations is a stanza of a well-known poem of Montgomery.

Of the recommendatory versifiers T[homas] H[udson] was the author of a translation of Du Bartas's History of Judith, printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Vautrollier, and republished in the works of Du Bartas, by Joshua Sylvester.†

* While correcting the proof sheet of this preface, I discovered that "Blackford Hill" is not ancient, but is the composition of Mr Pinkerton. The origin of the song in question, with that of many others, is determined by the confessions in page CXXXI of "List of the Scottish Poets," prefixed to volume first of Maitland Poems. Lond. 1786.

† A copy of the original either is, or ought to be, in the College Library, as it occurs in Drummond's Catalogue.

R. H[udson] probably a brother of the preceding, was also a writer of verses. See an address to him by Montgomery, in the second volume of Sibbald's Chronicle.

M. W. F. is obviously Master William Fowler, author of "The Triumphs of Petrarke" and "The Tarantula of Love," extant in MS. in the College Library of Edinburgh, of which specimens have been published by Dr Leyden. Besides this, Fowler was the author of the following, also addressed to the king.

SONNET.

Where shall the limits lie of all your fame ?
 Where shall the borders be of your renown ?
 In East, or where the sunne again goeth down ?
 Or shall the fixed Poles impale the same ?
 Where shall the pillars which your praise proclaime,
 Or trophies stand of that expected crowne ?
 The monarch first of that triumphant towne
 Revives in you, by you renews his name.
 For that which he performed in battels bold
 To us his books with wonders doth unfold.
 So we of you far more conceave in minde,
 As by your verse we plainlie, Sir, may see

You shall the writer and the worker be
 For to absolve that Cæsar left behind.*

Sibbald, 3. 492.

In addition to the ridiculous sonnet signed A. M. which are no doubt the initials of Montgomery, the following of more fortunate execution by the same author may not be unacceptable.

SONET TO HIS MAJESTIE.

As bright Apollo staineth every star,
 With goldin rayis when he begins to rise,
 Quhais glorious glance yet stoutlie skaillis the skyis
 Quhen with a wink we wonder quhair they war,
 Befoir his face for feir they faid so far
 And vanishes away in such a wayis,
 That in their spheiris they dar not interpryse
 For to appeir lyk planeits as they ar ;
 Or as THE PHŒNIX, with hir fedrum fair,
 Excels all foulis in diverse hevinly hues
 Quhais nature contrair nature so renews
 As onlie but companion or compar.
 So quintessence of Kings ! quhen thou compyle
 Thou stainis my versis with thy staitlie style.

Sibbald, 3. 493.

* *This is prefixed to " His Majesties Poetical Exercises."*

Comparisons have often been drawn between our author and his predecessor James I. with a view to depreciate the former. I confess I see no great merit in the buffooneries and ribaldry “of Chryst’s Kirk on the Green,” or “Peblis to the Play.” But whatever praise I might be inclined to allow to these productions, infinitely rather would I read the worst composition of James VI. than join such facetious readers in their exclusive admiration of those two poems ; or even of their prime favourites, the “Jollie Beggar” and the “Wyfe of Auchtermuchty.” To such persons the present publication will no doubt appear dull and absurd. But I honour the spirit of the following address to his book, by John Bellenden, the translator of Hector Boyse’s chronicle.

Sen thou contains mo vailzeand men and wyse

Than evir was red in ony buke but dout

Gif ony churle or velane the dispyse,

BID HENCE HIM HARLOT ! HE IS NOT OF THIS
ROUT ;

For heir are kingis and mony nobillis stout,

And nane of thame pertenant to his clan.

Thou art sa full of nobylnes partout,

I WALD NANE RED THE BOT ANE NOBYLL MAN !

Before concluding this preface, I must not forget to notice the second publication of James, printed by Robert Waldegrave in 1591, entitled, "Poetical Exercises," to which the preface is so interesting and unassuming, that it cannot fail to impress the reader with an indulgent and favourable opinion of its author.

"Receave here, beloved reader, a short poetique discovrs which I have selected and translated from amongst the rest of the works of Du Bartas as a vive mirror of this last and most decreeped age. Heere shalt thou see clearlie, as in a glass, the mi-series of this wavering world," &c. &c. "And in case thou finde aswel in this work as in my Lepanto following, many incorect errors, both of the dytement and orthography, I must pray thee to accept this reasonable excuse which is this. Thow considers, I doubt not, that upon the one part, I composed these things in my verie young and tender yeares, wherein Nature, except she were a monster, can admit of no perfection. And now, on the other part, being of riper yeares, my burden is so great and continuall, without any intermission, that quhen any ingyne and age could, my affairs and

fasherie, will not permit me to remark the wrong orthography, committed by the copies of my unlegible and ragged hand, far les to amend my proper errorrs. Yea, scarslie, but at stolen moments, have I the lesure to blenk upon any paper, and yet not that with free and unvexed spirit. Alwaies rough and unpolished as they are, I offer them unto thee : which being well accepted, will move me to haste the presenting unto thee of my Apocalyps; and also such number of the Psalms as I have perfited; and encourage me to the ending out of the rest. And thus, beloved Reader, recommending these labours to thy freindlie acceptance, I bid thee hartelie farewell."

It is impossible to withhold a tribute of applause from this preface. And when due credit is granted to the author's apology, that these verses were the production of his "verie young and tender yeares," and it is considered that the Essays now reprinted were published in the author's eighteenth year, they have surely, on this account alone, a claim to be reckoned among the "curiosities of literature."

The "Exercises" consist of "The Furies," a

translation from a wild effusion of Du Bartas, depicting under this title all the vices and miseries that assail human nature, and of "The Lepanto," a long original poem of King James, of which he says in the preface, that "it is an argument, a minore ad majus, largely intreated by a poetique comparison, being to the writing heerof moved by the stirring up of the league and cruel persecution of the protestants in all countries, at the very first rageing whereof I compiled this poeme."

The poem, in short, is a narrative of the battle of Lepanto; from which inferences are drawn, which the author considers applicable to circumstances and events in his own age. This production afforded to Du Bartas, the contemporary and favourite author of JAMES, an opportunity of complimenting his royal friend. He translated "The Lepanto" into French heroic verse, and his translation was printed at Edinburgh in 1591, with a truly interesting preface, consisting of enthusiastic encomiums in prose, and a second preface of the same kind in verse, by the translator. And at the conclusion of the translation appears the following son-

net of KING JAMES, which being very little known,
I gladly take this opportunity of reviving.

SONET.

The azure vaulte, the crystall circles bright,
The gleaming fyrie torches powdered there ;
The changing round, the shining beamie light,
The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters faire ;
The prodiges appearing in the aire,
The rearding thunders and the blustering winds,
The foules in hue and shape and nature raire,
The prettie notes that winged musicians finds ;
In earth, the savrie flouris, the metalled minds,
The wholsom herbes, the hautie pleasant trees,
The silver streams, the beasts of sundrie kinds,
The bounded roares and fishes of the seas ;
All these for teaching man the Lord did frame
To do his will whose glorie shines in thame.

J. R. S.

When I read this excellent sonnet, I almost fear
that I have at the beginning of these desultory re-
marks too much undervalued the pretensions of
JAMES to poetic merit.

Before quitting the subject of " His Majesties
Poetical Exercises," I must not neglect to men-

tion that the copy now before me of this rare quarto has been most carefully perused by Ben Jonson ; whose accurate pen has been employed to correct many of the errors in orthography, which are deprecated by the author in his preface already quoted. The title page has Jonson's name, with the motto which he was accustomed to inscribe on all his books.

“ *Tanquam Explorator.*

BEN : JONSON.”

It has been endeavoured to make the following reprint a perfect resemblance of the original. But as from its extreme rarity, it was necessary that the printer should depend entirely on a written copy of the volume (which was executed with unrivalled care and industry, by the editor's friend MR WEBER,) a few typographical inaccuracies may perhaps be found ; which as they are of little or no importance in themselves, and do not at all affect the general appearance of the work, it is hoped the candid reader will treat with indulgence.

R. P. G.

ACROSTICHON.

I Nsigne Auctoris vetuit præfigere nomen
A uctoris cuncta pectus vacuum ambitione.
C uius præclaras laudes, heroica facta,
O mnigenasq; animi dotes, & pectora verè
B elligera, exornat cælestis gratia Musæ.
V era ista omniq; est virtus, virtuteq; maior
S ublimis regnat generoso in pectore Christus.
S cottia fortunata nimis, bona si tua noffes.
EX imij vatis, plectrum qui pollice docto
T emperat, & Musas regalem inducit in aulam.:
V ieturus post fata diu : Nam fama superstes
S emper erit, semper florebit gloria vatis.

Pa. Ad. Ep. Sanct.

A

EIVSDEM AD LECTOREM

EPIGRAMMA.

S*iquæras quis sit tam compti carminis auctor,
Auctorem audebis Musa negare tuum? |
Ille quidem vetuit, cui te parere necesse est :
Quis tantum in Diuas obtinet imperium?
Cui parent Musæ, Phœbus quo vate superbit,
Et capiti demit laurea ferta suo.
Cui lauri, & sceptri primi debentur honores,
Cui multa cingit laude tyara caput.
Quo duce spes certa est diuisis orbe Britannis,
Haud diuisa iterum regna futura duo.
Progenies Regum, Regnorumq; unicus hæres,
Scilicet obscurus delituisse potest !*







ANE QVADRAIN OF
ALEXANDRIN VERSE.

IMmortall Gods, fen I with pen and Poets airt
So willingly hes fervde you, though my skill be fmall,
I pray then euerie one of you to help his pairt,
In graunting this my fute, which after follow shall.

SONNET. I.

FIRST *Ioue*, as greatest God aboue the rest,
Graunt thou to me a pairt of my desyre :
That when in verse of thee I wryte my best,
This onely thing I earnestly requyre,
that thou my veine Poetique so inspyre,
As they may fuirlie think, all that it reid,
When I descryue thy might and thundring fyre,
That they do see thy self in verie deid
From heauen thy greatest *Thunders* for to leid,
And syne vpon the *Gyants* heads to fall :
Or cumming to thy *Semele* with speid
In *Thunders* least, at her request and call :
Or throwing *Phaethon* downe from heauen to eard,
With threatning thunders, making mōstrous reard.

SONNET. 2.

Apollo nixt, affist me in a parte,
Sen vnto *Ioue* thou secound art in might,
That when I do descryue thy shyning Carte,
the Readers may esteeme it in their sight.
And graunt me als, thou worlds ô onely light,
That when I lyke for subiect to deuyse
To wryte, how as before thy countenance bright
The yeares do stand, with seasons dowble twyse,
That so I may descryue the verie guyse
Thus by thy help, of yeares wherein we liue :
As Readers syne may say, heir surely lyes,
Of seasons fowre, the glasse and picture viue.
Grant als, that so I may my verses warpe,
As thou may play them syne vpon thy Harpe.
A. iiii.

SONNET. 3.

AND first, ô *Phæbus*, when I do descriue
The *Springtyme* sproutar of the herbes and flowris,
Whomewith in rank none of the foure do striue,
But nearest thee do stande all tymes and howris :
Graunt Readers may esteeme, they sie the shôwis,
Whose balmie dropps so softlie dois distell,
Which watrie cloudds in mesure fuche downe powris,
As makis the herbis, and verie earth to smell
With fauours sweit, fra tyme that onis thy fell
The vapouris softlie fowkis with smyling cheare,
VVhilks fyne in cloudds are keiped clofs and well,
VVhill vehement *Winter* come in tyme of yeare.
Graunt, when I lyke the *Springtyme* to displaye,
That Readers think they sie the Spring alwaye.

SONNET. 4.

AND graunt I may so viuely put in verfe
The *Sommer*, when I lyke their of to treat :
As when in writ I do their of reherse,
Let Readers think they fele the burning heat,
And graithly see the earth, for lacke of weit,
With withering drouth and Sunne so gaigged all,
As for the grasse on feild, the dust in streit
Doth ryse and flee aloft, long or it fall.
Yea, let them think, they heare the song and call,
Which *Floras* wingde musicians maks to found.
And that to taste, and smell, beleue they shall
Delicious fruitis, whilks in that tyme abound.
And shortly, all their senses so bereaued,
As eyes and earis, and all may be deceaued.

B

SONNET 5.

OR when I lyke my pen for to imploy
Of fertile *Harvest* in the description trew :
Let Readers think, they instantly conuoy
The busie shearers for to reap their dew,
By cutting rypest cornes with hookes anew :
Which cornes their heauy heads did downward bow,
Els seking earth againe, from whence they grew,
And vnto *Ceres* do their seruice vow.
Let Readers also surely think and trow,
They see the painfull *Vignerons* pull the grapes :
First tramping them, and after pressing now
The greneest clusters gathered into heapes.
Let then the *Harvest* so viue to them appeare,
As if they saw both cornes and clustersneare.

SONNET. 6.

BVt let them think, in verie deid theyfeill,
When as I do the *VVinters* stormes vnfolde,
The bitter frosts, which waters dois congeill
In *VVinter* season, by a pearfing colde.
And that they heare the whiddering *Boreas* bolde,
With hiddeous hurling, rolling Rocks from hie.
Or let them think, they see god *Saturne* olde,
Whose hoarie haire owercouering earth, maks flie
The lytle birds in flocks, fra tyme they see
The earth and all with stormes of snow owerced :
Yea let them think, they heare the birds that die,
Make piteous mone, that *Saturnes* hairis are spred.
Apollo, graunt thir foirfaid fuitis of myne,
All fyue I fay, that thou may crowne me fyne.

SONNET. 7.

AND when I do descriue the *Oceans* force,
Graunt fyne, ô *Neptune*, god of seas profound,
That readars think on leebord, and on dworce,
And how the Seas owerflowed this massiue round :
Yea, let them think, they heare a stormy found,
Which threatnis wind, and darknes come at hand :
And water in their shippes fyne to abound,
By weltring waues, like hyst towres on land.
Then let them think their shipp now low on sand,
Now climmes & skippes to top of rageing seas,
Now downe to hell, when shippmen may not stand,
But lifts their hands to pray thee for some eas.
Syne let them think thy *Trident* doth it calme,
Which makes it cleare and smothe lyke glas or alme.

SONNET. 8.

AND graunt the lyke when as the swimming fort
Of all thy subjects skaled I list declare :
As *Triton* monster with a manly port,
Who drownd the *Trojan* trumpetour most raire :
As *Marmaids* wyse, who wepis in wether faire :
And marvelous *monkis*, I meane *Monkis* of the see.
Bot what of monsters, when I looke and staire
On wouderous heapes of subiectis feruing the ?
As whailes so huge, and *Sea eylis* rare, that be
Myle longs, in crawling cruikis of fixtie pace :
And *Daulphins*, *Seaborse*, *Selchs* with oxin ee,
And *Merfwynis*, *Pertrikis* als of fishes race.
In short, no fowle doth flie, nor beaft doth go,
But thow hast fishes lyke to them and mo.

SONNET. 9.

O Dreidfull *Pluto*, brother thrid to *Ioue*,
With *Proserpin*, thy wife, the quene of hell :
My fute to you is, when I like to loae
The ioyes that do in *Elife* field excell :
Or when I like great Tragedies to tell :
Or flyte, or murne my *fate* : or wryte with feare
The plagues ye do fend furth with *Diræ* fell.
Let Readers think, that both they see and heare
Alecto, threatning *Turnus* sifter deare :
And heare *Celænos* wings, with *Harpyes* all :
And see dog *Cerberus* rage with hiddeous beare,
And all that did *AEneas* once befall.
When as he past throw all those dongeons dim,
The foresaid feilds fyne visited by him.

SONNET. 10.

O Furious *Mars*, thow warlyke fouldiour bold,
And hardy *Pallas*, goddeſs ſtout and graue :
Let Reidars think, when combats manyfold
I do deſcriue, they ſee two champions braue,
With armies huge approaching to reſaue
Thy will, with cloudds of duſt into the air.
Syne Phifers, Drūmes, and Trumpets cleir do craue
The pelmell chok with larum loude alwhair,
Then nothing hard but gunnis, and ratling fair
Of ſpeares, and clincking ſwords with glaunce ſo cleir,
As if they foght in ſkyes, then wrangles thair
Men killd, vnkilld, whill *Parcas* breath reteir.
 There lyes the venquiſht wailing fore his chaunce :
 Here lyes the victor, rewing els the daunce.

SONNET. II.

ANd at your handis I earnestly do craue,
O facound *Mercure*, with the *Muses* nyne,
That for conducting guyde I may you haue,
Afwell vnto my pen, as my Ingyne.
Let Readars think, thy eloquence deuyne
O *Mercure*, in my Poems doth appeare :
And that *Parnassus* flowing fountaine fyne
Into my works doth shyne lyke cristall cleare.
O *Muses*, let them thinke that they do heare
Your voyces all into my verfe resound.
And that your vertewis singuler and feir
May wholly all in them be also found.
Of all that may the perfyte Poems make,
I pray you let my verses haue no lake.

SONNET. 12.

IN fhort, you all forenamed gods I pray
For to concur with one accord and will,
That all my works may perfyte be alway :
Which if ye doe, then fweare I for to fill
My works immortall with your praises ftill :
I fhall your names eternall euer fing,
I fhall tread downe the graffe on *Parnafs* hill
By making with your names the world to ring :
I fhall your names from all obliuion bring.
I lofty *Virgill* fhall to life reftoir,
My fubiefts all fhall be of heauenly thing,
How to delate the gods immortals gloir.
Effay me once, and if ye find me fwerue,
Then thinke, I do not graces fuch deferue.

FINIS.

C.

五 四 三 二 一



* *THE VRANIE*

translated.







* *To the fauorable*

Reader.



Auing oft reuolued, and red ouer (fauorable Reader) the booke and Poems of the deuine and Illuster Poëte, *Salust du Bartas*, I was moued by the oft reading & perusing of them, with a restles and lofty desire, to preas to attaine to the like vertue. But sen (alas) God, by nature hathe refused me the like lofty and quick ingyne, and that my dull *Muse*, age and Fortune, had refused me the lyke skill and learning, I was constrained to haue refuge to the secound, which was, to doe what lay in me, to set forth his praise, sen I could not merite the lyke my self. Which I thought, I could not do so well, as by publishing some worke of his, to this yle of *Brittain* (swarming full of quick ingynes,) aswell as they ar made manifest already to France. But knowing my self to vnskillfull and grosse, to trāslate any of his heauenly & learned works, I almost left it of, and was ashamed of that opinion also. Whill at the last, preferring foolehardines and a good intention, to an vtter dispaire and sleuth, I resolued vnaduyfedly to asfay the translating in my language of the easiest and

C. iij.

The Preface.

shortest of all his difficile, and prolixed Poems : to wit, the *Vranie* or heauenlye Muse, which, albeit it be not well translated, yet hope I, ye will excuse me (faorable Reader) sen I neither ordained it, nor auowes it for a iust translation : but onely fet it forth, to the end, that, albeit the Prouerb saith, that foolehardines proceeds of ignoraunce, yet some quick spirited man of this yle, borne vnder the same, or as happie a Planet, as *Du Bartas* was, might by the reading of it, be moued to translate it well, and best, where I haue bothe euill, and worst broyled it.

For that cause, I haue put in, the French on one side of the leif, and my blocking on the other : nought thereby to giue prooffe of my iust translating, but by the contrair, to let appeare more plainly to the foresaid reader, wherin I haue erred, to the effect, that with lesse difficulty he may escape those snares wherin I haue fallen. I must also desire you to bear with it, albeit it be replete with innumerable and intolerable faultes : sic as, Ryming in tearmes, and dyuers others, whilkis ar forbidden in my owne treatise of the Art of Poesie in the hinder end of this booke, I must, I say, praye you to appardone mee, for three causes. First, because that translations are limitat, and restrained in some things, more then free inuentions are, Therefore reafoun would, that it had more libertie in others. Secoundlie, because I made nought my treatise of that intention, that eyther I, or any others behoued astricktly to follow

The Preface.

follow it : but that onely it should shew the perfection of Poësie, wherevnto fewe or none can attaine. Thirdlye, because, that (as I shewe alreadye) I auow it not for a iust translation. Befydes that I haue but ten feete in my lyne, where he hath twelue, and yet translates him lyne by lyne. Thus not doubting, faorable Reader, but you will accept my intention and trauellis in good parte, (sen I requyre no farder,) I bid you faire well.

*

*



L'VRANIE, OV MVSE

CELESTE.

IE n'estoy point encor en l'Auril de mon aage,
 Qu'un desir d'affranchir mon renom du trespas,
 Chagrin me faisoit perdre & repos, & repas,
 Par le braue proiet de maint sçauant ourage.

Mais comme vn pelerin, qui sur le tard, rencontre
 Vn fourchu carrefour, douteux, s'arreste court :
 Et d'esprit, non des pieds, de cà de là discourt,
 Par les diuers chemins, que la Lune luy monstre.

Parmi tant des sentiers qui, fleuris, se vont rendre
 Sur le mont, ou Phæbus guerdonne les beaux vers
 De l'honneur immortel des lauriers tout-iour verds,
 Je demeurey confus, ne sçachant lequel prendre.

Tantost i'entreprenoy d'orner la Grecque Scene
 D'un vestement Francois. Tantost don vers plus haut
 Hardi, i'ensanglantoy le François eschafaut
 Des Tyrans d'Illion, de Thebes, de Mycenc.

Je consacroy tantost à l'Aonide bande
 L'Histoire des Francois : & ma saincte fureur
 Desmentant à bon droit la trop commune erreur,
 Faisoit le Mein Gaulois, non la Seine Alemande.

Tantost ie desseignoy d'une plume stateuse
 Le los non meritè des Rois & grands Seigneurs :



THE VRANIE, OR HEA-
VENLY MVSE.

S Scarce was I yet in springtyme of my years,
When greening great for fame about my peares
Did make me lose my wonted chere and rest,
Essaying learned works with curious brest.
But as the *Pilgrim*, who for lack of light,
Cumd on the parting of two wayes at night,
He stayes assone, and in his mynde doeth cast,
What way to take while Moonlight yet doth last.
So I amongst the paths vpon that hill,
Where *Phæbus* crownes all verses euer still
Of endles praise, with *Laurers* euer grene,
Did stay confusde, in doubt what way to mene.
I whyles essaide the *Grece* in Frenche to praise
Whyles in that tounge I gaue a lusty glaife
For to descryue the *Troian* Kings of olde,
And them that *Thebes* and *Mycens* crowns did holde.
And whiles I had the storye of Fraunce elected,
Which to the Muses I should have directed :
My holy furie with consent of nane,
Made frenche the *Mein*, and nowyse dutche the *Sein*.
Whiles thought I to set forth with flattering pen :
The praise vntrewe of Kings and noble men,

L'VRANIE.

*Et pour me voir bien tost riche d'or, & d'honneurs,
D'un cœur bas ie rendoy mercenaire ma Muse.*

*Et tandis ie vouloy chanter le fils volage
De la molle Cypris, & le mal doux-amer,
Que les plus beaux esprits souffient pour trop aimer,
Discours, où me pouffoit ma nature, & mon aage.*

*Or tandis qu' inconstant ie ne me puis resoudre,
De çà, de là pouché d'un vent ambitieux,
Vne sainte beauté se presente à mes yeux,
Fille, comme ie croy, du grand Dieu lance-foudre.*

*Sa face est angelique, angelique son geste,
Son discours tout diuin, & tout parfait son corps :
Et sa bouche à neuf-voix imite en ses accords
Le son harmonieux de la dance celeste.*

*Son chef est honoré d'une riche couronne
Faitte à sept plis, glissans d'un diuers mouuement,
Sur chacun de ses plis se tourne obliquement
Je ne sçay quel rondeau, que sur nos chefs raionne.*

*Le premier est de plomb, & d'estain le deuxiesme,
Le troisieme d'acier, le quart d'or iaunissant,
Le quint est composé d'electre pallissant,
Le suyuant de Mercure, & d'argent le septiesme.*

*Son corps est affublé d'une mante azuree,
Semée haut & bas d'un million de feux,
Qui d'un bel art sans art distinctement confus,
Decorent de leurs rais ceste beauté sacrée.*

*Icy leut le grand Char, icy flambe la Lyre,
Icy la Pouffiniere, icy les clairs Bessons,*

THE VRANIE.

And that I might both golde and honours haue,
 With courage baffe I made my Mufe a flauē.
 And whyles I thought to fing the fickle boy
 Of *Cypris* foft, and loues to-ſwete anoy,
 To lofty ſprits that are therewith made blynd,
 To which difcour my nature and age inclynd.
 But whill I was in doubt what way to go,
 With wind ambitious toſſed to and fro :
 A holy beuty did to mee appeare,
 The *Thunders* daughter ſeeming as ſhē weare.
 Her porte was Angellike with Angels face,
 With comely ſhape and tounge of heauenly grace :
 Her nynevoiced mouth reſembled into ſound
 The daunce harmonious making heauen reſound.
 Her head was honorde with a coſtly crown,
 Seuinfolde and rounde, to dyuers motions boun :
 On euery folde I know not what doth glance,
 About our heads into a circuler dance.
 The firſt it is of Lead, of Tin the nixt,
 The third of Stele, the fourth of Golde vnmixt,
 The fyfth is made of pale Electre light,
 The fixt of Mercure, ſeuint of Siluer bright.
 Her corps is couered with an Afure gowne,
 Where thouſand fires ar ſowne both vp and downe :
 Whilks with an arte, but arte, confuſde in order,
 Dois with their beames decore thereof the border.
 Heir ſhynes the Charlewain, there the Harp giues light,
 And heir the Seamans ſtarres, and there Twinnis bright,

The ſeuin
Planets.

Firmamēt

Fixed
Starres.

L'VRANIE.

*Icy le Trebuschet, icy les deux Poissons,
Et mille autres brandons que ie ne puis descrire.*

*Je suis [dit elle alors] ceste docte VRANIE,
Qui sur les gonds astrez transporte les humains,
Faisant voir à leurs yeux, & toucher à leurs mains,
Ce que la Cour celeste & contemple & manie.*

*Je quinte-essence l ame : & fay que le Poete
Se surmontant soy mesme, ensonce vn haut discours,
Qui, diuin, par lorcille attire les plus sourds,
Anime les rochers & les fleues arreste.*

*Agreeable est le son de mes doctes germaines :
Mais leur gosier, qui peut terre & ciel enchanter,
Ne me cede pas mains en l art de bien chanter,
Qu'au Rossignol l' Oison, les Pies aux Syrenes.*

*Pren moy donques pour guide : esleue au ciel ton aisse
Saluste, chante moy du Tout-puissant l honneur,
Et remontant le luth du Jessean sonneur,
Courageux, brosse apres la couronne eternelle.*

*Je ne puis d vn œil sec, voir mes sœurs maquerelles,
Des amoreuz Francois, dont les mignards escrits
Sont pleins de feints souspirs, de feints pleurs, de feints cris,
D' impudiques discours, & de vaines querelles.*

*Je ne puis d vn œil sec voir que l on mette en vente
Nos diuines chançons : & que d vn flateur vers,
Pour gaigner la faueur des Princes plus peruers,
Vn Commode, vn Neron, vn Caligule on vante.*

*Mais, sur tout, ie ne puis sans souspirs & sans larmes
Voir les vers employez contre l autheur des vers :*

THE VRANIE.

And heir the Ballance, there the Fishes twaine,
 With thousand other fyres that pas my braine.
 I am said she, that learned VRANIE,
 That to the Starres transports humanitie,
 And maks men see and twiche with hands and ene
 It that the heauenly court contemplating bene.
 I quint-essence the Poets foule so well,
 While he in high discours excede him fell,
 Who by the eare the deafest doeth allure,
 Reuiues the rocks, and stayes the floods for sure.
 The tone is pleasaunt of my * sisters deir :
 Yet though their throts make heauen and earth admire,
 They yeld to me no lesse in finging well,
 Then Pye to Syraine, goose to Nightingell.
 Take me for guyde, lyft vp to heauen thy wing
 O *Salust*, Gods immortals honour sing :
 And bending higher *Dauids* Lute in tone,
 With courage seke yon endles crowne abone.
 I no wais can, vnwet my cheekes, beholde
 My sisters made by Frenchemen macquerels olde,
 Whose mignarde writts, but faynd lamenting vaine,
 And fayned teares and shameles tales retaine.
 But weping neither can I see them spyte
 Our heauenly verse, when they do nothing wryte,
 But Princes flattry that ar tyrants rather
 Then *Nero*, *Commode*, or *Caligule* ather.
 But specially but sobbes I neuer shall
 Se verse bestowd gainst him made verses all,

Nyne
Muses.

I can

L'VRANIE.

*Je ne puis voir battu le Roy de l'univers
De ses propres soldats, & de ses propres armes.*

*L'homme a les yeux fillez de nuits Cimmeriennes
Et s'il a quelque bien, tant soit peu precieux,
Par differentes mains il l'a receu des cieux :*

Mais Dieu seul nous apprend les chansons Delphiennes.

*Tout art s'apprend par art : la seule Poësie
Est un pur don celeste : & nul ne peut goustier
Le miel, que nous faisons de Pinde degoutter
S'il n'a d'un sacré feu la poitrine saisie.*

*De ceste source vient, que maints grands personnages
Consonnez en sçavoir, voire en prose diferts,
Se trauaillent en vain à composer des vers :*

Et qu'un ieune apprenti fait de plus beaux ourages.

*De là vient que iadis le chantre Meonide,
Combien que mendiant, & sans maistre, & sans yeux,
A vaincu par ses vers les nouueaux, & les vieux,
Chantant si bien Vlysse, & le preux Aeacide.*

*De là vient qu'un Nason ne peut parler en prose,
De là vient que Dauid mes chants si tost aprit,
De pasteur fait Poëte, & que maint ieune esprit
Ne sçachant point nostre art, suyuant nostre art compose.*

Recherche nuit & iour les ondes Castalides :
Regrimpe nuit & iour contre le roc Besson :
*Soit disciple d'Homere, & du saint nourrisson
D'Ande, l'heureux sejour des vierges Pierides.*

*Lis tant que tu voudras, volume apres volume,
Les liures de Pergame, & de la grande cité,*

Qui

THE VRANIE.

I can not see his proper foldiers ding
 With his owne armes him that of all is King.
 Mans eyes are blinded with *Cimmerien* night :
 And haue he any good, beit neuer so light,
 From heauen, by mediat moyens, he it reaches,
 Bot only God the *Delphiens* songs vs teaches
 All art is learned by art, this art alone
 It is a heauenly gift : no flesh nor bone
 Can preif the hounie we from *Pinde* distill,
 Except with holy fyre his breeft we fill.
 From that spring flowes, that men of special chose,
 Consumde in learning, and perfyte in prose,
 For to make verse in vaine dois trauell take,
 When as a prentise fairer works will make.
 That made that *Homer*, who a songfter bene,
 Albeit a begger, lacking master, and ene,
 Exceded in his verse both new and olde,
 In finging *Vlifs* and *Achilles* bolde.
 That made that *Nafso* nocht could speak but verse,
 That *Dauid* made my songs so soon reherse,
 Of pastor Poët made. yea yongmen whyles
 Vnknowing our art, yet by our art compyles.
 Seke night and day *Castalias* waltring waas,
 Climme day and night the twinrocks of *Parnaas* :
 Be *Homers* skoller, and his, was borne in *Ande*,
 The happie dwelling place of all our bande.
 How oft thou lykes reid ouer booke efter booke,
 The bookes of *Troy*, and of that towne which tooke
 Diij

Virgil

L'VRANIE.

*Qui du nom d' Alexandre a son nom emprunté :
Exerce incessamment & ta langue, & ta plume.*

*Join tant que tu voudras, pour vn carme bien faire
L' obscure nuitt au iour, & le iour á la nuict,
Si ne pourras tu point cueillir vn digne fruit
D'vn si fascheux trauail, si Pallas t' est contraire.*

*Car du tout hors de l' homme il fault que l' homme sorte,
Sil veut faire des vers qui facent teste aux ans :
Il fault qu' entre nos mains il sequestre ses sens :
Il fault qu' vn saint ecstase au plus haut ciel l' emporte.*

*D' autant que tout ainsi que la fureur humaine
Rend l' homme moins qu' humain : la diuine fureur
Rend l' homme plus grand qu' hõme : & d' vne sainte erreur
Sur le ciel porte-feux á son gré le promeine.*

*Cest d' vn si sacré lieu que les diuins poëtes
Nous apportent ça bas de si doctes propos,
Et des vers non suiets au pouuoir d' Atropos,
Truchemens de Nature, & du Ciel interpretes.*

*Les vrais Poëtes sont tels que la cornemuse,
Qui pleine de vent sonne, & vuide perd le son :
Car leur fureur durant, dure aussi leur chanson :
Et si la fureur cesse, aussi cesse leur Muse.*

*Puis dôques que les vers ont au ciel pris naissance,
Esprits vrayment diuins, aurez vous bien le cœur
De prononcer vn vers & profane, & moqueur
Contre cil, qui conduit des cieus astreux la danse ?*

*Serez vous tant ingrats, que de rendre vos plumes
Ministres de la chair, & serues de peché ?*

Tout

THE VRANIE.

Her name from *Alexander* Monark then,
 Exerce but cease thy tounge and eke thy pen.
 Yea, if to make good verse thou hes sic cure,
 Joyne night to day, and day to night obscure,
 Yet shall thou not the worthy frute reape so
 Of all thy paines, if *Pallas* be thy fo.
 For man from man must wholly parted be.
 If with his age, his verse do well agree.
 Amongst our hands, he must his witts resing,
 A holy trance to highest heauen him bring.
 For euen as humane fury maks the man,
 Les then the man : So heauenly fury can
 Make man pas man, and wander in holy mist,
 Vpon the fyrie heauen to walk at list.
 Within that place the heauenly Poëts fought
 Their learning, syne to vs heare downe it brought,
 With verse that ought to *Atropos* no dewe
 Dame *Naturs* trunchmen, heauens interprets trewe.
 For Poets right are lyke the pype alway,
 Who full doth found, and empty staves to play :
 Euen so their fury lasting, lasts their tone,
 Their fury ceast, their Muse doth stay affone.
 Since verse did then in heauen first bud and blume,
 If ye be heauenly, how dar ye presume
 A verse prophane, and mocking for to sing
 Gainst him that leads of starrie heauens the ring ?
 Will ye then so ingrately make your pen,
 A slaue to sinne, and serue but fleshy men ?

Alexãdria.

L'VRANIE.

*Tout-iour donques sera vostre style empesché
A remplir, mensongers, des songes vos volumes.*

*Ferez vous, ô trôpeurs, tout-iour d'un diable un ange ?
Fendrez vous tout-iour l'air de vos amoureux cris ?
Hé ! n'orra on iamais dans vos doctes escrits
Retentir haut & clair du grand Dieu la louange ?*

*Ne vous suffit il pas de sentir dans vostre ame
Le Cyprien brandon, sans que plus effrontez
Qu'une Lays publique, encore vous euentez
Par le monde abuse vostre impudique flâme ?*

*Ne vous suffit il pas de croupir en delices,
Sans que vous corrompiez, par vos nombres charmeurs,
Du lecteur indiscret les peu constantes mœurs,
Luy faisant embrasser pour les vertus les vices ?*

*Les tons, nombres, & chants, dant se fait l'harmonie,
Qui rend le vers si beau, ont sur nous tel pouuoir,
Que les plus durs Catons ils peuuent esmouuoir,
Agitant nos esprits d'une douce manie.*

*Ainsi que le cachet dedans la cire forme
Presque un autre cachet, le Poete sçauant,
Va si bien dans nos cœurs ses passions grauant,
Que presque l'auditeur en l'auteur se transforme.*

*Car la force des vers, qui secrettement glisse,
Par des secrets conduits, dans nos entendemens,
Y empreint tous les bons & mauuais mouuemens,
Qui sont representez par un docte artifice.*

*Et c'est pourquoy Platon hors de sa Republique
Chassoit les escriuains, qui souloient par leurs vers.*

Rendre

THE VRANIE.

Shall still your brains be busied then to fill
 With dreames, ô dreamers, euery booke and bill ?
 Shall Satan still be God for your behoue ?
 Still will ye riue the air with cryes of loue ?
 And shall there neuer into your works appeare
 The praise of God, resounding loud and cleare ?
 Suffis it nought ye feele into your hairt
 The *Ciprian* torche, vnles more malapairt
 Then *Lais* commoun quean, ye blow abroad
 But shame, athort the world, your shameles god ?
 Abusers, staikes it not to lurk in lust,
 Without ye smit with charming numbers iust
 The fickle maners of the reader slight,
 In making him embrace, for day, the night ?
 The harmony of nomber tone and song,
 That makes the verse so fair, it is so strong
 Ouer vs, as hardest *Catos* it will moue,
 With spreits aflought, and sweete transported loue.
 For as into the wax the seals imprint
 Is lyke a seale, euen so the Poët gent,
 Doeth graue so viue in vs his passions strange,
 As maks the reader, halfe in author change.
 For verses force is sic, that softly slydes
 Throw secret poris, and in our fences bydes,
 As makes them haue both good and euill imprinted,
 Which by the learned works is represented.
 And therefore *Platos* common wealth did pack
 None of these Poëts, who by verse did make

L'VRANIE.

Rendre meschans les bons, plus peruers les peruers,
Sapans par leurs beaux mots l'honesteté publique.

Nō ceux qui dans leurs châts marioient les beaux termes
Avec les beaux suiets : ore entonnans le los
Du iuste foudroyeur : ore d'un saint propos,
Seruans aux desuoyez & de guides & d' Hermes.

Profanes esriuains, vostre impudique rime,
Est cause, que l'on met nos chantrés mieux-disans
Au rang des basteleurs, des boufons, des plaisans :
Et qu'encore moins qu'eux le peuple les estime.

Vos faites de Clion vne Thais impure :
D' Heloicon vn bordeau : vous faites impudens,
Par vos lascifs discours, que les peres prudens
Deffendent à leurs fils des carmes la lecture.

Mais si foulans aux pieds la deité volage,
Qui blece de ces traits vos idolatres cœurs,
Vous vouliez employer vos plus saintes fureurs
A faire voir en France vn sacré-sainct ourage.

Chacun vous priseroit, comme estant secretaires,
Et ministres sacrez du Roy de l' vniuers.
Chacun reuereroit comme oracles vos vers :
Et les grands commettroient en vos mains leurs affaires.

La liaison des vers futiadis inuentee
Seulement pour traiter les mysteres sacrez
Avec plus de respect : & de long temps apres
Par les carmes ne fut autre chose chantee.

Ainsi mon grand Dauid sur la corde tremblante
De son luth tout-diuin ne sonne rien que Dieu.

Ainsi

THE VRANIE.

The goodmen euill, and the wicked worfe,
 Whose pleafaunt words betraied the publick corfe.
 Not thofe that in their fongs good tearmes alwaife
 Joyned with fair Themis : whyles thūdring out the praife
 Of God, iuft Thundrer : whyles with holy fpeache,
 Lyke *Hermes* did the way to ftrangers teache.
 Your fhameles rymes, are caufe, ô Scribes prophane,
 That in the lyke opinion we remaine
 With Juglers, buffons, and that foolifh feames :
 Yea les then them, the people of vs eſteames.
 For *Clio* you put *Thais* vyle in vre,
 For *Helicon* a bordell. Ye procure
 By your lafcivious fpeache, that fathers fage
 Defends verſe reading to their yonger age.
 But lightleing * yon fleing godhead flight,
 Who in Idolatrous breafte his darts hath pight.
 If that he would imploy your holy traunce,
 To make a holy hallowde work in Fraunce :
 Then euery one wolde worthy ſcribes you call,
 And holy ſeruants to the King of all.
 Echone your verſe for oracles wolde take,
 And great men of their counſell wolde you make.
 The verſes knitting was found out and tryt,
 For ſinging only holy myſteries by it
 With greater grace. And eſter that, were pend
 Longtyme no verſe, but for that only end.
 Euen ſo my *Dauid* on the trembling ſtrings
 Of heauenly harps, Gods only praife he ſings.

Cupide

L'VRANIE.

*Ainsi le conducteur de l'exercite Hebrieu,
Sauué des rouges flots, le los du grand Dieu chante.*

*Ainsi Judith, Delbore, au milieu des gensd'armes,
Ainsi Job, Jeremie, accablez de douleurs,
D'un carme bigarré des cent mille couleurs
Descriuoient saintement leurs ioyes, & leurs larmes.*

*Voyla pourquoy Satan, qui fin se transfigure
En Ange de clarté pour nous enforcerer,
Ses prestres & ses dieux faisoit iadis parler
Non d'une libre langage, ains par nombre, & mesure.*

*Ainsi, sous Apollon la folle Phæmonoe
En hexametres vers ses oracles chantoit :
Et par douteux propos, cauteleuse affrontoit
Non le Grec seulement, ains l'Ybere, & l'Eoe.*

*Ainsi l'antique voix en Dodone adorée,
Aesculape & Ammon en vers prophetizoient,
Les Sibylles en vers le futur predisoient,
Et les prestres prioient en oraison nombrée.*

*Ainsi Line, Hesiodé et celuy dont la lyre
Oreilloit, comme on dit, les rocs, & les forests,
Oferent autrefois les plus diuins secrets
De leur profond sçauoir en doctes vers escrire.*

*Vouz qui tant desirez vos fronts de laurier ceindre,
Où pourriez vous trouuer un champ plus spacieux,
Que le los de celuy qui tient le frein des cieux,
Qui fait trembler les monts, qui fait l'Erebe craindre ?*

*Ce suiet est de vray la Corne d'abondance,
C'est un grand magazin riche en discours faconds,*

C'est

THE VRANIE.

Euen fo the leader of the *Hebreuv* hoſte,
 Gods praife did ſing vpon the Redſea coſte.
 So *Judith* and *Delbor* in the ſoldiers throngs,
 So *Job* and *Jeremie*, preaſt with woes and wrongs,
 Did right deſcryue the ioyes, their woes and torts,
 In variant verſe of hundred thouſand forts.
 And therefore crafty Sathan, who can feame
 An Angell of light, to witch vs in our dreame,
 He cauſde his gods and preeſts of olde to ſpeake
 By nomber and meature, which they durſt not breake.
 So fond *Phæmonö* vnder *Apollos* wing,
 Her oracles *Hexameter* did ſing :
 With doubtſum talke ſhe craftely begylde,
 Not only *Grece*, but *Spaine* and *Indes* ſhe ſylde.
 That olde voce ſerude in *Dodon*, ſpak in verſe
 So *AEſculap* did, and ſo did *Ammon* fearſe,
 So *Sybill*s tolde in verſe, what was to come :
 The Preeſts did pray by numbers, all and ſome.
 So *Hefiod*, *Line*, and he * whoſe Lute they ſay,
 Made rocks and forreſts come to hear him play,
 Durſt well their heauenly ſecrets all diſcloes,
 In learned verſe, that ſoftly ſlydes and goes.
 O ye that wolde your brows with *Laurel* bind,
 What larger feild I pray you can you find,
 Then is his praife, who brydles heuens moſt cleare,
 Maks mountaines tremble, and howeſt hells to feare ?
 That is a horne of plenty well repleat :

Orpheus

*That is a ſtorehouſe riche, a learning feat.

L'VRANIE.

*C'est vn grand Ocean, qui n'a riue, ny fonds,
Vn surjon immortel de diuine eloquence.*

*L' humble suiet ne peut qu humble discours produire :
Mais le graue suiet de soymesme produit
Graues & mastes mots : de soymesmes il luit,
Et fait le sainct bonneur de son chantré reluire.*

*Or donc si vous voulez apres vos cendres viure,
N'imitiez Erostrat, qui pour viure, brusla
Le temple Ephesien : ou celuy qui moula,
Pour estendre son nom, vn cruel veau de cuiure.*

*Ne vucillez employer vostre rare artifice
A chanter la Cyprine, & son fils emplumé :
Car il vaut beaucoup mieux n' estre point renommé,
Que se voir renommé pour raison de son vice.*

*Vierges sont les neuf sœurs, qui dacent sur Parnasse,
Vierge vostre Pallas : & vierge ce beau corps
Qu'vn fleuve vit changer sur les humides bords,
En l' arbre tout-iour vert, qui vos cheveux enlace.*

*Consacrez moy plustost ceste rare eloquence
A chanter hautement les miracles compris
Dans le sacré fueillet : & de vos beaux esprits
Versez là, mes amis, toute la quinte-essence.*

*Que Christ, comme Homme-Dieu, soit la croupe iumelle
Sur qui vous sommeillez. Que pour cheual aité
L Esprit du Trois-fois grand, d vn blanc pigeon voité,
Vous face ruiffeter vne source immortelle.*

*Tout ouurage excellent la memoire eternize
De ceux qui tant soit peu trouaillent apres luy :*

THE VRANIE.

An Ocean hudge, both lacking shore and ground,
 Of heavenly eloquence a spring profound.
 From subiects base, a base discours dois spring,
 A lofty subiect of it selfe doeth bring
 Graue words and weghtie, of it selfe diuine,
 And makes the authors holy honour shine.

If ye wolde after ashes liue, bewaire,
 To do like *Erostrat*, who brunt the faire
Ephesian temple, or him, to win a name,
 * Who built of brasse, the crewell Calfe vntame.

Perillus

Let not your art so rare then be defylde,
 In singing *Venus*, and her fethred chylde :
 For better it is without renowme to be,
 Then be renowmde for vyle iniquitie.

Those nyne are Maides, that daunce vpon *Parnaas* :
 Learnd *Pallas* is a Virgin pure, lyke as

* That fair, whom waters changed on wattry banks
 Into * that tre still grene, your hair that hanks.

Daphne
 Laurell

Then consecrat that eloquence most rair,
 To sing the lofty miracles and fair

Of holy Scripture : and of your good ingyne,
 Pour out, my friends, there your sift-essence fyne.
 Let Christ both God and man your Twinrock be,

Whom on ye slepe : for that * hors who did fle,
 Speak of that * thryse great spreit, whose dow most white
 Mote make your spring flow euer with delyte.

Pegasus
 Holy
 ghost.

All excellent worke beare record euer shall,
 Of traouellers in it, though their paines be small.

F.

L'VRANIE.

*Le Mausolee a fait viure iusqu auioïrd huy
Timothee, Bryace, & Scope, & Artemise.*

*Hiram seroit sans nom, sans la sainte assistance
Qu'il fit au bastiment du temple d' Israël.
Et sans l' Arche de Dieu l' Hebreiu Beseleel
Seroit enseveli sous eternel silence.*

*Et puis que la beauté de ces rares ouurages
Fait viure, apres la mort tous ceux qui les ont faits,
Combien qu avec le temps les plus seurs soient deffaits
Par rauines, par feux par guerres, par orages.*

*Pensez, ie vous suppli, combien sera plus belle
La louange, qu heureux, ça bas vous acquerrez,
Lors que dans vos saints vers DIEV seul vous chanterez
Puis qu vn nom immortel vient de chose immortelle.*

*Je sçay que vous direz que les antiques fables
Sont l' ame de vos chants, que ces contes diuers,
L' vn de l autre naissans, peuuent rendre vos vers
Beaucoup plus que l' histoire au vulgaire admirables.*

*Mais où peut on trouuer choses plus merueilleuses
Que celles de la Foy ? hé ! quel autre argument
Aucc plus de tesmoins nostre raison desment,
Qui rabat plus l' orgueil des ames curieuses ?*

*l' aymeroy mieux chanter la tour Assyrienne,
Que les trois monts Gregeois l' vn dessus l' autre entez
Pour dethrosner du ciel les dieux espouuantez :
Et l' onde de Noé, que la Deucalienne.*

*l' aymeroy mieux chanter le changement subite
Du Monarque d' Assur, que de l' Arcadien,*

Et

THE VRANIE.

The *Mausole* tombe the names did eternise
 Of *Scope*, *Timotheus*, *Briace* and *Artemise*.
 But *Hirams* holy help it war vnknowne
 What he in building *Izraels* Temple had showane,
 Without Gods Ark *Beseleel* Jewe had bene
 In euerlasting filence buried clene.
 Then, since the bewty of those works most rare
 Hath after death made liue all them that ware
 Their builders: though them selues with tyme be failde,
 By spoils, by fyres, by warres, and tempests quailde.
 I pray you think, how mekle fairer shall
 Your happie name heirdowne be, when as all
 Your holy verse, great God alone shall sing,
 Since praise immortall commes of endles thing.
 I know that ye will fay, the auncient rables
 Decores your songs, and that * those dyuers fables,
 Ilk bred of other, doeth your verses mak
 More loued then storyes by the vulgar pack.
 But where can there more wondrous things be found,
 Then those of faith? ô fooles, what other ground,
 With witnes mo, our reasons quyte improues,
 Beats down our pryde, that curious questions moues?
 I had farr rather *Babell* tower forthsett,
 Then the * thre *Grecian* hills on others plett,
 To pull doun gods afraide, and in my moode,
 Sing *Noës* rather then *Deucalions* floode.
 I had far rather sing the suddaine change
 Of *Affurs* monarch, then of *Arcas* strange.

Metamor-
 phosis

Ossa, Pin-
 dus, and
 Olympus

Nabuchad-
 nezer.

L'VRANIE.

*Et le viure second du saint Bethanien,
Que le recolement des membres d' Hippolite.*

*L'vn de plaire au lecteur tânt seulement se mesle,
Et l' autre seulement tafche de profiter :
Mais seul celuy là peut le laurier meriter,
Qui, sage, le profit avec le plaisir mesle.*

*Les plus beaux promenoirs font pres de la marine,
Et le nager plus seur pres de riuages verds :
Et le sage Escriuain n' estoigne dans ses vers
Le sçauoir du plaisir, le ieü de la doctrine.*

*Vous tiendrez donc ce rang en chantant choses telles :
Car enseignans autruy, vous mesmes apprenez
La reigle de bien viure : & bien-beureux, rendez
Autant que leurs suiets, vos chansons immortelles.*

*Laissez moy donc à part ces fables surannées :
Mes amis, laiçtez moy cest insolent Archer,
Qui les cœurs otieux peut seulement brescher,
Et plus ne soyent par vous les Muses profanées.*

*Mais las ! en vain ie crie, en vain, las ! ie m enroue :
Car l vn, pour ne se voir couuaincu par mon chant,
Va, comme vn fin aspic, son oreille bouchant :
L' autre Epicurien, de mes discours se ioue.*

*L' autre pour quelque temps se range en mon eschole,
Mais le monde enchanteur soudain le me soustrait,
Et ce discours sacré, qui les seuls bons attrait,
Entre par vne aureille, et par l autre s' enuolle.*

*Las ! ie n en voy pas vn qui ses deux yeux deffille
Du bandeau de Venus, & d vn profane fiel.*

De

THE VRANIE.

Lazarus

Of the * *Bethaniens* holy second liuing
 Then Hippolitts with members glewde reuiuing.
 To please the reader is the ones whole cair,
 The vther for to proffite mair and mair :
 But only he of *Laurell* is conding,
 Who wyfely can with proffit, pleasure ming.
 The fairest walking on the Sea coast bene,
 And suirest swimming where the braes are grene :
 So, wyfe is he, who in his verse can haue
 Skill mixt with pleasure, sports with doctrine graue.
 In singing kepe this order showen you heir,
 Then ye your self, in teaching men shall leir
 The rule of liuing well, and happily shall
 Your songs make, as your thems immortall all.
 No more into those oweryere lyes delyte,
 My freinds, cast of that insolent archer quyte,
 Who only may the ydle harts surpryse :
 Prophanē no more the *Muses* with yon cries.
 But oh ! in vaine, with crying am I horce :
 For lo, where one, noight caring my songs force,
 Goes lyke a crafty snaik, and stoppes his eare :
 The other godles, mocks and will not heare.
 Ane other at my schoole abydes a space,
 While charming world withdrawe him frō that place ;
 So that discours, that maks good men reiofe,
 At one eare enters, and at the other goes.
 Alas, I se not one vnvail his ene
 From *Venus* vaill and gal prophane, that bene

L'VRANIE.

*De ses carmes dorez ne corrompe le miel :
Bien que de bons esprits nostre France fourmille.
Mais toy, mon cher mignon, que la Neufuaine sainte
Qui de Pegase boit le surjon perennel,
Fit le sacré sonneur du los de l' Eternel,
Mesme auant que de toy ta mere fust enceinte :
Bien que cest argument semble vne maigre lande,
Que les meilleurs esprits ont en friche laissé,
Ne sois pour l auenir de ce travail lassé :
Car plus la gloire est rare, & tant plus elle est grande.
SALVSTE, ne perds cœur si tu vois que l Enuie
Aille abbayant, maligne, apres ton los naissant :
Ne crain que sous ses pieds elle aille tapissant
Les vers que tu feras, comme indignes de vie.
Ce monstre blece-honneur ressemble la Mastine,
Qui iappe contre ceux qui sont nouveau venus,
Pardonnant toutesfois à ceux qui sont cognus,
Curtoise enuers ceux cy, enuers ceux la mutine.
Ce monstre semble encor vne fameuse nue,
Que le naissant Vulcan presbe de toutes pars,
Pour, noire, l' estouffer de ses ondeux brouillars :
Mais où plus ce feu croist, plus elle diminue.
Sui donc (mon cher souci) ce chemin non froyable
Que par ceux, que le ciel, liberal, veut benir,
Et ie iure qu en brief ie te feray tenir
Entre les bons esprits quelque rang honorable.
Cest par ce beau discours que la Muse celeste
Tenant vne couronne en sa pucelle main,*

Attire

THE VRANIE.

To golden honnied verfe, the only harme,
 Although our France with lofty fpirits doth swarme.
 But thou my deir one, whome the holy *Nyne*,
 Who yearly drinks *Pegafis* fountaine fyne,
 The great gods holy fongfter had receiued,
 Yea, euen before thy mother the conceiued.
 Albeit this fubiect feame a barren ground,
 With quickeft fpreits left ley, as they it found,
 Irk not for that heirefter of thy paine,
 Thy glore by rairnes greater fhall remaine.
 O *Saluft*, lofe not heart, though pale Inuye
 Bark at thy praife increafing to the fkye,
 Feare not that the tread vnder foote thy verfe,
 As if they were vnworthie to reherfe.
 This monfter honnors-hurt is like the curr,
 That barks at ftrangers comming to the durr,
 But fparing alwaies thofe are to him knowin,
 To them moft gentle, to the others throwin.
 This monfter als is like a raving cloude,
 Which threatnes alwayis kendling *Vulcan* loude.
 To fmore and drowne him with her powring raine,
 Yet force of fyre repellis her power againe.
 Then follow furth, my fonne, that way vnfeard,
 Of them whom in fre heauens gift hath appeared.
 And heare I fweare, thou shortly fhall refaue
 Some noble rank among good fpreits and graue.
 This heauenly *Mufe* by fuch difcourfes fair,
 Who in her Virgin hand a riche crowne bair :

L'VRANIE.

*Attire à soy mon cœur d'un transport plus qu'humain,
Tant bien a ses doux mots elle adiouste un doux geste.*

*Depuis, ce seul amour dans mes veines bouillonne :
Depuis ce seul vent souffle és toiles de ma nef :
Bien-heureux si ie puis non poser sur mon chef,
Ains du doight seulement toucher ceste couronne.*

FINIS.



THE VRANIE.

So drew to her my heart, so farr transported,
And with swete grace so swetely she exhorted :
As since that loue into my braines did brew,
And since that only wind my shipfailes blew,
I thought me blest, if I might only clame
To touche that crown, though not to weare the fame.

FINIS.

*

*

G

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**ANE METAPHORICAL
INVENTION OF A TRAGEDIE
CALLED PHOENIX.**

* The expansion of the
former Colomne.

E If Echo help, that both together w
(S ince cause there be) may now lamēt with teari
M y murnefull yearis. Ye furies als with hi
E uen Pluto grim, who dwels in dark, that h
S ince cheif we se him to you all that beari
T he style men fearis of Diræ : I reques
E che greizlie ghest, that dwells beneth the S
W ith all yon thre, whose hairis ar snaiks full ble
A nd all your crew, assist me in thir tw
R epeit and sha my Tragedie full nei
T he chance fell heir. Then secoundlie is bef
D euils void of rest, ye moue all that it rei
W ith me, indeid, lyke dolour thame to gri
I then will liv', in lesser greif therebi
K ythe heir and trie, your force ay bent and quic
E xcell in sik lyke ill, and murne with m
From Delphos syne Apollo cum with speid,
Whose shining light my cairis wil dim in deid.

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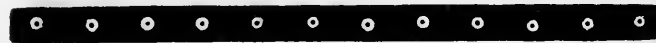
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PHOENIX.

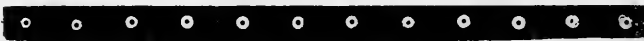
THE dyuers falls that *Fortune* geuis to men,
By turning ouer her quheill to their annoy,
When I do heare thē grudge, although they ken
That olde blind *Dame* delytes to let the ioy
Of all, fuche is her vse, which dois conuoy
Her quheill by gefs : not looking to the right,
Bot still turnis vp that pairt quhilk is too light.



Thus quhen I hard so many did complaine,
Some for the losse of worldly wealth and geir,
Some death of frends, quho can not come againe ;
Some losse of health, which vnto all is deir,
Some losse of fame, which still with it dois beir
Ane greif to them, who mereits it indeid :
Yet for all this appearis there some remeid.



For as to geir, lyke chance as made you want it,
Restore you may the fame againe or mair.
For death of frends, although the fame (I grant it)
Can noght returne, yet men are not so rair,
Bot ye may get the lyke. For seiknes fair
Your health may come : or to ane better place
Ye must. For fame, good deids will mend disgrace.



PHOENIX.

Then, fra I saw (as I already told)
How men complaind for things whilk might amend,
How *Dauid Lyndsay* did complaine of old
His *Papingo*, her death, and sudder end,
Ane common foule, whose kinde be all is kend.
All these hes moved me presently to tell
Ane Tragedie, in griefs thir to excell.

For I complaine not of sic common cace,
Which diuersly by diuers means dois fall :
But I lament my *Phœnix* rare, whose race,
Whose kynde, whose kin, whose offspring, they be all
In her alone, whome I the *Phœnix* call.
That fowle which only one at onis did liue,
Not liues, alas ! though I her praise reuiue.

In *Arabie* cald *Fœlix* was the bredd
This fowle, excelling *Iris* farr in hew.
Whose body whole, with purpour was owercledd,
Whose taill of coulour was celestiall blew,
With skarlat pennis that through it mixed grew :
Her craig was like the yallowe burnisht gold,
And she herself thre hundreth yeare was old.

PHOENIX.

She might haue liued as long againe and mair,
If fortune had not stayde dame *Natures* will :
Six hundreth yeares and fourtie was her fcair,
Which *Nature* ordained her for to fulfill.
Her natie foile she hanted euer still,
Except to *Egypt* whiles she tooke her course,
Wherethrough great *Nylus* downe runs frō his fourse.

Like as ane hors, when he is barded haile,
An fethered pannach fet vpon his heid,
Will make him feame more braue : Or to affaile
The enemie, he that the troups dois leid,
Ane pannache on his healme will fet in deid :
Euen so, had *Nature*, to decore her face,
Giuen her ane tap, for to augment her grace.

In quantitie, she dois refemble neare
Vnto the foule of mightie *Jove*, by name
The *AEgle* calld : oft in the time of yeare,
She vjde to foir, and flie through diuers realme,
Out through the *Azure* skyes, whill she did shame
The Sunne himself, her coulour was so bright,
Till he abashit beholding such a light.

PHOENIX.

Thus whill she vſde to ſcum the ſkyes about,
At laſt ſhe chanced to fore out ower the ſee
Calld *Mare Rubrum* : yet her courſe held out
Whill that ſhe paſt whole *Aſie*. Syne to flie
To *Europe* ſmall ſhe did reſolue : To drie
Her voyage out, at laſt ſhe came in end
Into this land, ane ſtranger heir vnkend.

Ilk man did maruell at her forme moſt rare.
The winter came, and ſtorms cled all the feild :
Which ſtorms, the land of fruit and corne made bare,
Then did ſhe flie into an houſe for beild,
VVhich from the ſtorms might faue her as an ſheild.
There, in that houſe ſhe firſt began to tame,
I came, ſyne took her furth out of the ſame.

Fra I her gat, yet none could gefs what fort
Of foule ſhe was, nor from what countrey cum :
Nor I my ſelf : except that be her port,
And gliftring hewes I knew that ſhe was ſum
Rare ſtranger foule, which oft had vſde to ſcum
Through diuers lands, delyting in her flight ;
Which made us ſee, ſo ſtrange and rare a fight.

Whill

PHOENIX.

Whill at the laft, I chanced to call to minde
How that her nature, did refemble neir
To that of *Phœnix* which I red. Her kinde,
Her hewe, her fhape, did mak it plaine appeir,
She was the fame, which now was lighted heir.
This made me to efteme of her the more,
Her name and rarenes did her fo decore.

Thus being tamed, and throughly weill acquent.
She toke delyte (as ſhe was wount before)
What tyme that *Titan* with his beames vpsprent,
To take her flight, amongs the ſkyes to foir.
Then came to her of fowlis, a woundrous ſtore
Of diuers kinds, ſome ſimple fowlis, ſome ill
And rauening fowlis, whilks ſimple onis did kill.

And euen as they do ſwarme about their king
The hunnie *Bees*, that works into the hyue :
VVhen he delyts furth of the ſkepps to ſpring,
Then all the leaue will follow him belyue,
Syne to be nixt him biſſelie they ſtriuē :
So, all thir fowlis did follow her with beir,
For loue of her, fowlis rauening did no deir.

PHOENIX.

Such was the loue, and reuerence they her bure,
Ilk day whill euen, ay whill they shedd at night.
Fra time it darkned, I was euer fure
Of her returne, remaining whill the light,
And *Phæbus* ryfing with his garland bright.
Such was her trueth, fra time that she was tame,
She, who in brightnes *Titans* felf did shame.

By vse of this, and hanting it, at last
She madè the foules, fra time that I went out,
Aboue my head to flie, and follow fast
Her, who was chief and leader of the rout.
When it grew lait, she made them flie, but doubt,
Or feare, euen in the cloffe with her of will,
Syne she her felf, perkt in my chalmer still.

When as the countreys round about did heare
Of this her byding in this country cold,
Which not but hills, and darknes ay dois beare,
(And for this cause was *Scotia* calld of old,)
Her lyking here, when it was to them told,
And how she greind not to go backe againe :
The loue they bure her, turnd into disdaine.

PHOENIX.

Lo, here the fruitcs, whilks of *Inuy* dois breid,
To harme them all, who vertue dois imbrace.
Lo, here the fruitcs, from her whilks dois proceid,
To harme them all, that be in better cace
Then others be. So followed they the trace
Of proud *Inuy*, thir countreyis lying neir,
That such a foule, should lyke to tary heir.

Whill Fortoun at the laft, not onely moued
Inuy to this, which could her not content,
Whill that *Inuy*, did feafe some foules that loued
Her anis as femed : but yet their ill intent
Kythed, when they faw all other foules still bent
To follow her, mifknowing them at all.
This made them worke her vnderferued fall.

This were the rauening fowls, whome of I fpak
Before, the whilks (as I already shew)
Was wount into her prefence to hald bak
Their crueltie, from fimple ones, that flew
With her, ay whill *Inuy* all feare withdrew.
Thir ware, the *Rauin*, the *Staincbell*, & the *Gled*,
With other kynds, whome in this malice bred.

PHOENIX.

Fra *Malice* thus was rooted be *Inuy*,
In them as sone the awin effects did shaw.
VVhich made them syne, vpon anc day, to spy
And wait till that, as she was wount, she flaw
Athort the skeyes, syne did they neir her draw,
Among the other fowlis of dyuers kynds,
Although they were farr diffonant in mynd.

For where as they ware wount her to obey,
Their mynde farr contrair then did plaine appeare
For then they made her as a commoun prey
To them, of whome she looked for no deare,
They strake at her so bitterly, whill feare
Stayde other fowlis to preis to defend her
From thir ingrate, whilks now had clene miskend her.

When she could find none other faue refuge
From these their bitter straiks, she fled at last
To me (as if she wolde wishe me to iudge
The wrong they did her) yet they followed fast
Till she betuix my leggs her felse did cast.
For sauing her from these, which her opprest,
Whose hote pursfute, her suffred not to rest.

PHOENIX.

Bot yet at all that servd not for remeid,
For nogttheles, they spaird her not a haire.
In stede of her, yea whyles they made to bleid
My leggs : (so grew their malice mair and mair)
Which made her both to rage and to dispair,
First, that but cause they did her such dishort :
Nixt, that she laked help in any fort.

Then hauing tane ane dry and wethered stra,
In deip dispair, and in ane lofty rage
She sprang vp heigh, outfleing euery fa :
Syne to *Panchaia* came, to change her age
Vpon *Apollos* altar, to affwage
With outward fyre her inward raging fyre :
Which then was all her cheif and whole defyre.

Then being careful, the event to know
Of her, who homeward had returnde againe
Where she was bred, where storms dois neuer blow,
Nor bitter blasts, nor winter snows, nor raine,
But sommer still : that countray doeth so staine
All realmes in fairnes. There in haste I sent,
Of her to know the yflew and event.

PHOENIX.

The messenger went there into sic haste,
As could permit the farrnes of the way,
By crossing ower sa mony countreys waffe
Or he come there. Syne with a lytle stay
Into that land, drew homeward euery day :
In his returne, lyke diligence he shew
As in his going there, through realmes anew.

Fra he returnd, then sone without delay
I speared at him, (the certeantie to try)
What word of *Phænix* which was flowne away ?
And if through all the lands he could her spy,
Where through he went, I bad him not deny,
But tell the trueth, yea whither good or ill
Was come of her, to wit it was my will.

He tolde me then, how she flew bak againe,
Where fra she came and als he did receit,
How in *Panchaia* toun, she did remaine
On *Phæbus* altar, there for to compleit
With *Thus* and *Myrrh*, and other odours sweet
Of flowers of dyuers kyndes, and of *Incens*
Her nest With that he left me in suspens.

PHOENIX.

Till that I charged him no wayes for to spair,
But presently to tell me out the rest.
He tauld me then, How *Titans* garland thair
Inflamde be heate, reflexing on her nest,
The withered stra, which when she was opprest
Heir be yon fowlis, she bure ay whill she came
There, fyne aboute her nest she laid the fame.

And fyne he tolde, how she had such desyre
To burne herself, as she sat downe therein.
Syne how the Sunne the withered stra did fyre,
Which brunt her nest, her fethers, bones and skin
All turnd in ash. Whois end dois now begin
My woes: her death maks lyfe to greif in me.
She, whome I rew my eyes did euer see.

O deuills of darknes, contraire vnto light,
In *Phæbus* fowle, how could ye get such place,
Since ye are hated ay be *Phæbus* bright?
For still is sene his light dois darknes chace.
But yet ye went into that fowle, whose grace,
As *Phæbus* fowle, yet ward the Sunne him fell.
Her light his staine, whome in all light dois dwell.

PHOENIX.

And thou (ô *Phœnix*) why was thou so moued
Thow foule of light, be enemies to thee,
For to forget thy heauenly hewes, whilkis loued
Were baith by men and fowlis that did them see ?
And fyne in hewe of ashe that they sould bee
Conuerted all : and that thy goodly shape
In *Chaos* sould, and nocht the fyre escape ?

And thou (ô reuthles *Death*) sould thou deuore
Her ? who not only passed by all mens mynde
All other fowlis in hewe, and shape, but more
In rarenes (sen there was none of her kynde
But she alone) whome with thy stounds thou pynde :
And at the last, hath perced her through the hart,
But reuth or pitie, with thy mortall dart.

Yet worst of all, she liued not half her age.
Why stayde thou *Tyme* at least, which all dois teare
To worke with her ? O what a cruell rage,
To cut her off, before her threid did weare !
VVherein all *Planets* keeps their course, that yeare
It was not by the half yet worne away,
VVhich sould with her haue ended on a day.

Then

PHOENIX.

Then fra ther newis, in forrows foped hail,
Had made vs both a while to holde our peace,
Then he began and said, Pairt of my taill
Is yet vntolde, Lo here one of her race,
Ane worme bred of her ashe : though she, alace,
(Said he) be brunt, this lacks but plumes and breath
To be lyke her, new gendred by her death.

L'enuoy.

Apollo then, who brunt with thy reflex
Thine onely fowle, through loue that thou her bure,
Although thy fowle, (whose name doeth end in X)
Thy burning heat on nowayes could indure
But brunt thereby : Yet will I the procure,
Late foe to *Phænix*, now her freind to be :
Reuiuing her by that which made her die.

Draw farr from heir, mount heigh vp through the air
To gar thy heat and beames be law and neir.
That in this countrey, which is colde and bair,
Thy gliftring beames als ardent may appeir
As they were oft in *Arabie* : so heir
Let them be now, to make ane *Phænix* new
Euen of this worme of *Phænix* ashe which grew.

PHOENIX.

This if thou dois, as sure I hope thou shall,
My tragedie a comike end will haue :
Thy work thou hath begun, to end it all.
Els made ane worme, to make her out the laue.
This Epitaphe, then beis on *Phœnix* graue.
*Here lyeth, vvhome too euen be her death and end
Apollo hath a longer lyfe her fend.*

FINIS.



A PARAPHRASTICALL
TRANSLATION OV T OF
THE POETE LVCANE.

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

LVCANVS LIB.

QVINTO.

CAEsaris an cursus vestrae sentire putatis
Damnum posse fugae? Veluti si cuncta minentur
Flumina, quos miscent pelago, subducere fontes:
Non magis ablatis vnquam decreverit æquor,
Quam nunc crescit aquis. An vos momenta putatis
Vlla dedisse mihi?

If all the floods amongst them wold conclude
To stay their course from running in the see:
And by that means wold thinke for to delude
The *Ocean*, who sould impaired be,
As they supposde, beleuing if that he
Did lack their floods, he should decreesse him fell:
Yet if we like the veritie to wye,
It pairs him nothing: as I shall you tell.

For out of him they are augmented all,
And most part creat, as ye shall perfaue:
For when the Sunne doth souk the vapours small
Forth of the seas, whilks them containe and haue,
A part in winde, in wete and raine the laue
He render dois: which doth augment their strands.
Of *Neptuns* woll a coate syne they him weaue,
By hurling to him fast out over the lands.

LVCANVS LIB. V.

When all is done, do to him what they can
 None can perfaue that they do swell him mair.
 I put the cafe then that they neuer ran :
 Yet not thelefs that could him nowife pair :
 VVhat needs he then to count it, or to cair,
 Except their folies wold the more be shawin ?
 Sen though they ftay, it harmes him not a hair,
 what gain they, thogh they had their courfe withdrawē ?

So euen ficlike : though fubieets do coniure
 For to rebell againft their Prince and King :
 By leauing him although they hope to fmure
 that grace, wherewith God makes him for to ring,
 though by his gifts he shaw him felf bening,
 to help their neid, and make them thereby gaine :
 Yet lacke of them no harme to him doth bring,
 VVhen they to rewe their folie fhallbe faine.

L'enuoy.

Then *Floods* runne on your wounted courfe of olde,
 Which God by Nature dewly hes prouyded :
 For though ye ftay, as I before haue tolde,
 And caft in doubt which God hath els decyded :
 To be conioynde, by you to be deuyded :
 to kythe your fpite, & do the *Depe* no fkaith :
 Farre better were in others ilk confyded,
 Ye *Floods*, thou *Depe*, whilks were your dewties baith.

FINIS.

ANE SCHORT
TREATISE,
CONTEINING SOME REVLIS
and cautelis to be obseruit and
eschewit in Scottis
Poesie.

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A QVADRAIN OF ALEXANDRIN
VERSE, DECLARING TO QVHOME THE
Authour bes directit his labour.

*To ignorants obdurde, qubair vvilfull erronr lyis,
Nor zit to curious folks, qubilks carping dois deieet thee,
Nor zit to learned men, quha thinks thame onelie vvoyis,
But to the docile bairns of knavvledge I direct thee.*



THE PREFACE TO
the Reader.

THE caufe why (docile Reader) I haue not dedicat this fhort treatife to any particular perfonis, (as cōmounly workis vsis to be) is, that I efteme all thais quha hes already fome beginning of knowledge, with ane earnest defyre to atteyne to farther, alyke meit for the reading of this worke, or any vther, quhilke may help thame to the atteining to thair foirfaid defyre. Bot as to this work, quhilke is intitulit, *The Reulis and cauetelis to be obseruit & efchewit in Scottis Poesie*, ze may maruell parauenture, quhairfore I fould haue written in that mater, fen fa mony learnit men, baith of auld and of late hes already written thair of in dyuers and findry languages: I anfwer, That nochtwithftanding, I haue lykewayis written of it, for twa cauffis: The ane is, As for thē that wrait of auld, lyke as the tyme is changeit fenfyne, fa is the ordour of Poesie changeit. For then they obseruit not *Flowring*, nor efchewit not *Ryming in termes*, befydes findrie vther thingis, quhilke now we obserue, & efchew, and dois weil in fa doing: becaufe that now, quhē the world is waxit auld, we haue all their opinionis in writ, quhilke were learned before our tyme, befydes our awin ingynis, quhair as

THE PREFACE.

they then did it onelie be thair awin ingynis, but help of any vther. Thairfore, quhat I speik of Poesie now, I speik of it, as being come to mannis age and perfectioun, quhair as then it was bot in the infancie and chyldeheid. The vther cause is, That as for thame that hes written in it of late, there hes neuer ane of thame written in our language. For albeit findrie hes written of it in English, quhilk is lykest to our language, zit we differ from thame in findrie reulis of Poesie, as ze will find be experience. I haue lykewais ommitit dyuers figures, quhilkis are necessare to be vsit in verse, for twa causis. The ane is, because they are vsit in all languages, and thairfore are spokin of be *Du Bellay*, and findrie vtheris, quha hes writtē in this airt. Quhairfore gif I wrait of thame also, it sould seme that I did bot repete that, quhilk thay haue written, and zit not sa weil, as thay haue done already. The vther cause is, that they are figures of Rhetorique and Dialectique, quhilkis airtis I professe nocht, and thairfore will apply to my selfe the counsale, quhilk *Apelles* gaue to the shoemaker, quhē he said to him, seing him find falt with the shankis of the Image of *Venus*, efter that he had found falt with the pantoun, *Ne sintor ultra crepidam*.

I will also wish zow (docile Readar) that or ze cūmer zow with reading thir reulis, ze may find in zour self sic a beginning of Nature, as ze may put in practice in zour verse many of thir foirfaidis preceptis, or euer ze sie them as they are heir set down. For gif Nature be nocht the chief worker in this airt, Reulis
 wilbe

THE PREFACE.

wilbe bot a band to Nature, and will mak zow within
fhort space weary of the haill airt : quhair as, gif Na-
ture be cheif, and bent to it, reulis will be ane help
and staff to Nature. I will end heir, left my preface
be langer nor my purpose and haill mater following :
wifhing zow, docile Reidar, als gude fucces and great
proffeit by reiding this fhort treatife, as I tuke earnift
and willing panis to blok it, as ze fie, for zour caufe.
Fare weill.

I Haue infert in the hinder end of this Treatife, maift
kyndis of verfe quhilks are not cuttit or brokin, bot
alyke many feit in euey lyne of the verfe, and how
they are commounly namit, with my opinioun for
quhat fubieētis ilk kynde of thir verfe is meiteft to be
vfit.

TO know the quantitie of zour lang or fhort fete in
they lynes, quhilk I haue put in the reule, quhilk
teachis zow to know quhat is *Flowing*, I haue markit
the lang fute with this mark, — and abone
the heid of the fhort fute, I
haue put this mark *v*.

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SONNET OF THE AVTHOVR
TO THE READER.

SEn for zour saik I v̄ryte vpon zour airt,
Apollo, Pan, and ze ó Musis nyne,
And thou, ó Mercure, for to help thy pairt
I do implore, sen thou be thy ingyne,
Nixt efter Pan had found the qubiffil, syne
Thou did perfyte, that qubilk he bot espyit :
And efter that made Argus for to tyne
(quba kepit Io) all his v̄vindois by it.
Concurre ze Gods, it can not be denyit :
Sen in zour airt of Poësie I v̄ryte.
Auld birds to learne by teiching it is tryit :
Sic docens discam gif ze help to dyte.
Then Reidar sie of nature thou haue pairt,
Syne laikis thou nocht, bot heir to reid the airt.

SONNET DECIFRING

THE PERFYTE POETE.

ANe rype ingyne, ane quick and vvalkned vvit,
VVith sommair reasons, suddenie applyit,
For euey purpose vsing reasons fitt,
VVith skilfulnes, vvhare learning my be spyit,
With pithie vvordis, for to expres zovv by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie qubairof, vveill hes he tryit :
With memorie to keip qubhat he dois reid,
With skilfulnes and figuris, qubilks proccid
From Rhetorique, vvith euerlasting fame,
With vthers vvoundring, preassing vvith all speid
For to atteine to merite sic a name.
All thir into the perfyte Poëte be.
Goddis, grant I may obtcine the Laurell trie.



THE REVLIS AND CAV-
TELIS TO BE OBSERVIT
and eschewit in Scottis

Poesie.
CAP. I.



FIRST, ze fall keip iust cullouris,
quhair of the cautelis are thir.

That ze ryme nocht twyfe in
ane syllabe. As for exemple, that
ze make not *proue* and *reproue* ryme
together, nor *boue* for houeing on
hors bak, and *behoue*.

That ze ryme ay to the hinneft lang syllabe, (with
accent) in the lyne, suppose it be not the hinneft syl-
labe in the lyne, as *bakbyte zovv*, & *out flyte zovv*, It
rymes in *byte* & *flyte*, because of the lenth of the syl-
labe, & accent being there, and not in *zovv*, howbeit
it be the hinneft syllabe of ather of the lynis. Or
question and *digestion*, It rymes in *ques* & *ges*, albeit
they be bot the antepenult syllabis, and vther twa be-
hind ilkane of thame.

Ze aucht always to note, that as in thir foirfaidis,
or the lyke wordis, it rymes in the hinneft lang syllabe
in the lyne, althoucht there be vther short syllabis be-
hind it, Sa is the hinneft syllabe the hinneft fute, sup-
pose there be vther short syllabis behind it, quhilkis are
eatin vp in the pronouneing, and na wayis comptit as
fete.

REVLIS AND CAVTE LIS

Ze man be war likewayis (except necessitie compell yow) with Ryming in *Terms*, quhilk is to say, that your first or hinneft word in the lyne, exceid not twa or thre syllabis at the maist, vsing thrie als feindill as ye can. The cause quhairfore ze fall not place a lang word first in the lyne, is, that all lang words hes ane syllabe in them fa verie lang, as the lenth thairof eatis vp in the pronouncing euin the vther syllabes, quhilks are placit lang in the same word, and thairfore spillis the flowing of that lyne. As for exēple, in this word, *Arabia*, the secound syllabe (*ra*) is fa lang, that it eatis vp in the pronouncing [*a*] quhilk is the hinneft syllabe of the same word. Quhilk [*a*] althocht it be in a lang place, zit it kythis not fa, because of the great lenth of the preceding syllabe (*ra*). As to the cause quhy ze fall not put a lang word hinneft in the lyne, It is, because, that the lenth of the secound syllabe (*ra*) eating vp the lenth of the vther lang syllabe, [*a*] makis it to serue bot as a tayle to it, together with the short syllabe preceding. And because this tayle nather seruis for colour nor fute, as I spak before, it man be thairfore repetit in the nixt lyne ryming vnto it, as it is set doune in the first: quhilk makis, that ze will scarcely get many wordis to ryme vnto it, zea, nane at all will ze finde to ryme to findrie vther langer wordis. Thairfore cheifly be warre of in serting sic lang wordis hinneft in the lyne, for the cause quhilk I last allegit. Befydes that nather first nor last in the lyne, it keipis na *Flowing*. The reulis and cautelis quhairof are thir, as followis.

CHAP.

FIRST, ze man vnderftād that all fyllabis are deuydit in thrie kindes : that is, some fchort, some lang, and some indifferent. Be indifferent I meane, thay quhilk are ather lang or fhort, according as ze place thame.

The forme of placeing fyllabes in verfe, is this. That zour firft fyllabe in the lyne be fhort, the fecond lang, the thrid fhort, the fourt lang, the fyft fhort, the fixt lang, and fa furth to the end of the lyne. Always tak heid, that the number of zour fete in euery lyne be euin, & nocht odde : as four, fix, aucht, or ten : & nocht thrie, fyue, feuin, or nyne, except it be in brocken verfe, quhilkis are out of reul and daylie inuentit be dyuers Poetis. But gif ze wald ask me the reulis, quhairby to knaw euery ane of thir thre foirfaidis kyndis of fyllabes, I anfwer, Zour eare man be the onely iudge and difcerner thair of. And to proue this, I remit to the iudgement of the fame, quhilk of thir twa lynis following flowis beft.

v — v — v — v — v — v —
 Into the Sea then Lucifer vpsprang.

v — v — v — v — v — v —
 In the Sea then Lucifer to vpsprang.

I doubt not bot zour eare makkis zou easilie to perfauē, that the firft lyne flowis weil, & the vther nathing at all. The reafoun is, becaufe the firft lyne keips the reule abone written, to wit, the firft fute fhort, the fecond lang, and fa furth, as I shewe before : quhair as the vther is direct contrair to the fame. Bot spe-

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

cially tak heid, quhen zour lyne is of fourtene, that your *Seſtioun* in aucht be a lang monofyllabe, or ellis the hinmeſt ſyllabe of a word alwais being lang, as I ſaid before. The cauſe quhy it mā be ane of thir twa, is, for the Muſique, becauſe that quhen zour lyne is ather of xiiij or xij fete, it wilbe drawin ſa lang in the ſinging, as ze man reſt in the middes of it, quhilk is the *Seſtioun* : ſa as, gif zour *Seſtioun* be nocht ather a monofyllabe, or ellis the hinmeſt ſyllabe of a word, as I ſaid before, bot the firſt ſyllabe of a polyſyllabe, the Muſique ſhall make zow ſa to reſt in the middes of that word, as it ſhall cut the ane half of the word fra the vther, and ſa ſhall mak it ſeme twa different wordis, that is bot ane. This aucht onely to be obſeruit in thir foirſaid lang lynis : for the ſhortnes of all ſhorter lynis, then thir before mentionat, is the cauſe, that the Muſique makis na reſt in the middes of thame, and thairfore thir obſeruationis ſeruis nocht for thame. Onely tak heid, that the *Seſtioun* in thame kythe ſomething langer nor any vther ſeit in that lyne, except the ſecond and the laſt, as I haue ſaid before.

Ze man tak heid lykewayis, that zour langeſt lynis exceid nocht fourtene fete, and that zour ſhorteſt be nocht within foure.

Remember alſo to mak a *Seſtioun* in the middes of euery lyne, quether the lyne be lang or ſhort. Be *Seſtioun* I meane, that gif zour lyne be of fourtene fete, zour aucht fute, mannot only be langer then the ſeuint, or vther ſhort fete, bot alſo langer nor any vther lang fete

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fete in the same lyne, except the secound and the hinneft. Or gif your lyne be of twelf fete, zour *Sectioun* to be in the sext. Or gif of ten, zour *Sectioun* to be in the sext also.

The cause quhy it is not in fyue, is, because fyue is odde, and euerie odde fute is short. Or gif zour lyne be of aucht fete, your *Sectioun* to be in the fourt. Gif of sex, in the fourt also. Gif of four, zour *Sectioun* to be in twa.

Ze aucht lykewife to be war with oft composing zour haill lynis of monosyllabis onely, (albeit our language haue sa many, as we can nocht weill eschewe it) because the maist pairt of thame are indifferent, and may be in short or lang place, as ze like. Some wordis of dyuers syllabis are lykewayis indifferent, as

Thairfore, restore.

I thairfore, then.

In the first, *thairfore*, (*thair*) is short, and (*fore*) is lang In the vther, (*thair*) is lang, & (*fore*) is short, and zit baith flowis alike weill. Bot thir indifferent wordis, composit of dyuers syllabes, are rare, suppose in monosyllabes, cōmoun. The cause then, quhy ane haill lyne aucht nocht to be composit of monosyllabes, is, that they being for the maist pairt indifferent, nather the secound, hinneft, nor *Sectioun*, will be langer nor the other lang fete in the same lyne. *Thairfore* ze man place a word cōposit of dyuers syllabes, and not indifferent, ather in the secound, hinneft, or *Sectioun*, or in all thrie.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS.

Ze man also tak heid, that quhen thare fallis any
short syllabis efter the last lang syllabe in the lyne,
that ze repeat thame in the lyne quhilk rymis to the
vther, evin as ze set them downe in the first lyne : as
for exempill, ze man not say

*Then feir nocht
Nor heir ocht.*

Bot

*Then feir nocht
Nor heir nocht.*

Repeting the same, *nocht*, in baith the lynis : becaufe
this syllabe, *nocht*, nather feruing for cullour nor fute,
is bot a taylor to the lang fute preceding, and thairfore
is repetit lykewayis in the next lyne, quhilk rymes vn-
to it, evin as it set down in the first.

There is also a kynde of indifferent wordis, asweill
as of syllabis, albeit few in nomber. The nature
quhairof is, that gif ze place them in the begynning
of a lyne, they are shorter be a fute, nor they are, gif
ze place thame hinneft in the lyne, as

*Sen patience I man haue perforce.
I liue in hope with patience.*

Ze se there are but aucht fete in ather of baith thir
lynis aboue written. The cause quhairof is, that, *pa-
tience*, in the first lyne, in respect it is in the beginning
thairof, is bot of twa fete, and in the last lyne, of thrie,
in

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in respect it is the hinneft word of that lyne. To know & difcerne thir kynde of wordis frā vtheris, zour eare man be the onely iudge, as of all the vther parts of *Flowving*, the verie twicheftane quhair of is Mufique.

I haue teachit zow now fhortlie the reulis of *Ryming Fete*, and *Flowving*. There reftis zet to teache zow the wordis, fentences, and phrafis neceffair for a Poete to vfe in his verfe, quhilk I haue fet down in reulis, as efter followis.

CHAP. III.

Firft that in quhatfumeuer ze put in verfe, ze put in na wordis, ather *metri caufa*, or zit, for filling furth the number of the fete, bot that they be all fa neceffaire, as ze fould be constrained to vfe thame, in cace ze wer fpeiking the fame purpofe in profe. And thairfore that zour wordis appeare to haue cum out willingly, and by nature, and not to haue bene thrawin out constrainedly, by compulfion.

That ze efchew to infert in zour verfe, a lang rable of mennis names, or names of tounis, or fik vther names. Becaufe it is hard to mak many lang names all placit together, to flow weill. Thairfore quhen that fallis out in zour purpofe, ze fall ather put bot twa or thrie of thame in euerie lyne, mixing vther wordis amang thame, or ellis fpecifie bot twa or thrie of thame at all, faying (*VVith the laif of that race*) or (*VVith the rest in thay partis*;) or fic vther lyke wordis : as for exemple,

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*Out through his cairt, quhair Eous was eik
VVith other thre, quhilk Phaëton had drawin.*

Ze sie there is bot ane name there specifeit, to
for vther thrie of that forte.

Ze man also take heid to frame zour wordis and sen-
tencis according to the mater : As in Flyting and In-
uectiues, zour wordis to be cuttit short, and hurland
ouer heuch. For thais quhilkis are cuttit short, I meane
be sic wordis are thir,

Iis neir cair

for

I fall neuer cair, gif zour subiect
were of loue or tragedies. Because in thame zour
words man be drawin lang, quhilkis in Flyting man
be short.

Ze man lykewayis tak heid, that ze waill zour wor-
dis according to the purpose : As in ane heich and
learnit purpose, to vse heich, pithie, and learnit wordis.

Gif zour purpose be of loue, To vse commoun lan-
guage, with some passionate wordis.

Gif zour purpose be of tragicall materis, To use la-
mentable wordis, with some heich, as rauifhit in admi-
ratioun.

Gif zour purpose be of landwart effairis, To vse cor-
ruptit, and vplandis wordis.

And finally, quhatfumeuer be zour subiect, to vse
vocabula artis, quhairby ze may the mair viuelie re-
present that persoun quhais pairt ze paint out.

This is likewayis neidfull to be vsit in sentences, als
weill

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weill as in wordis. As gif zour subiect be heich and leirnit, to vse leirnit and infallible reafonis, prouin be reafonities.

Gif zour subiect be of loue, To vse wilfull reafonis, proceeding rather from passioun, nor reafoun.

Gif zour subiect be of landwart effaris, To vse sklen-der reafonis, mixt with grosse ignorance, nather keiping forme nor order. And sa furth, euer framing zour reafonis, according to the qualitie of zour subiect.

Let all zour verse be *Literall*, sa far as may be, quhatfumeuer kynde they be of, bot speciallie *Tumbling* verse for flyting. By *Literall* I meane, that the maist pairt of zour lyne, fall rynne vpon a letter, as this tumbling lyne rynnys vpon F.

Fetching fude for to feid it fast furth of the Farie.

Ze man obserue that this *Tumbling* verse flowis not on that fassoun, as vtheris dois. For all vtheris keipis the reule quhilk I gaue before, To wit, the first fute short the secound lang, and sa furth. Quhair as thir has twa short, and ane lang through all the lyne, quhen they keip ordour: albeit the maist pairt of thame be out of ordour, & keipis na kynde nor reule of *Flowing*, & for that cause are callit *Tumbling* verse: except the short lynis of aucht in the hinder end of the verse, the quhilk flowis as vther verses dois, as ze will find in the hinder end of this buke, quhair I giue exemple of findrie kyndis of versis.

CHAP. III.

MARK also thrie special ornamentis to verſe, quhilkis are, *Comparifons*, *Epithetis*, and *Prouerbis*.

As for *Comparifons*, take heid that they be ſa proper for the ſubieſt, that nather they be ouer baſ, gif your ſubieſt be heich, for then ſould your ſubieſt diſgrace your *Comparifoun*, nather your *Comparifoun* be heich quhen your ſubieſt is baſſe, for then fall your *Comparifoun* diſgrace your ſubieſt. Bot let ſic a mutuall correſpondence and fimilitude be betwix thē, as it may appeare to be a meit *Comparifoun* for ſic a ſubieſt, and ſa fall they ilkane decore vther.

As for *Epithetis*, It is to deſcryue brieflie, *en paſſant*, the naturall of euerie thing ze ſpeik of, by adding the proper adiectiue vnto it, quhairof thair are twa faſions. The ane is, to deſcryue it, be making a corruptit worde, compoſit of twa dyuers ſimple wordis, as

Apollo gyde-Sunne

The vther faſſon, is, be *Circumlocution*, as

Apollo reular of the Sunne,

I eſteme this laſt faſſoun beſt, becauſe it expreſſis the authouris meaning als weill as the vther, and zit makis na corruptit wordis, as the vther dois.

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As for the *Prouerbis*, they man be proper for the subiect, to beautifie it, chofen in the fame forme as the *Comparifoun*.

CHAP. V.

IT is alfo meit, for the better decoratioun of the verfe to vfe fumtyme the figure of Repetitioun, as

Qubylis ioy rang,

Qubylis noy rang, &c.

Ze fie the word *qubylis* is repetit heir. This forme of repetitioun fometyme vfit, decoris the verfe very mekle : zea quhen it cūmis to purpofe, it will be cumly to repete sic a word aucht or nyne tymes in a verfe.

CHAP. VI.

ZE man alfo be warre with compofing ony thing in the fame maner, as hes bene ower oft vfit of before. As in speciall, gif ze fpeik of loue, be warre ze defcryue zour *Loues* makdome, or her fairnes. And ficlyke that ze defcryue not the morning, and ryfing of the Sunne, in the Preface of zour verfe : for thir thingis are fa oft and dyuerflie written vpon be Poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin *Inuentioun*, quhilk is ane of the cheif properties of ane Poete.

M. ij.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

Thairfore gif zour subiect be to prayse zour *Loue*, ze fall rather prayse her vther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, nor hir shaip: or ellis ze fall speik some lytill thing of it, and syne say, that zour wittis are fa smal, and zour vtterace so barren, that ze can not descryue any part of hir worthilie: remitting always to the Reider, to iudge of hir, in respect sho matches, or rather excellis *Venus*, or any woman quhome to it fall please zow to compare her. Bot gif zour subiect be sic, as ze man speik some thing of the morning, or Sunne ryfing, tak heid, that quhat name ze giue to the Sunne, the Mone, or vther starris, the ane ane, gif ze happin to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the Sunne *Titan*, at a tyme, to call him *Phæbus* or *Apollo* the vther tyme, and ficlyke the Mone, and vther Planettis.

CHAP. VII.

BOT sen *Inuention*, is ane of the cheif vertewis in a Poete, it is best that ze inuent zour awin subiect, zour self, and not to compose of sene subiectis. Especially, translating any thing out of vther language, quhilk doing, ze not only essay not zour awin ingyne of *Inuentioun*, bot be the same meanes, ze are bound, as to a staik, to follow that buikis phrasis, quhilk ze translate.

Ze man also be war of wryting any thing of materis of cōmoun weill, or vther sic graue sene subiectis (except

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cept Metaphorically, of manifest treuth opinly knawin, zit nochtwithstanding vsing it very seindit) becaufe nocht onely ze essay nocht zour awin *Inuentioun*, as I spak before, bot lykewayis they are to graue materis, for a Poet to mell in. Bot becaufe ze can not haue the *Inuentioun* except it come of Nature, I remit it thairvnto as the cheife cause, not onely of *Inuentioun*, bot also of all the vther pairtis of Poefie. For airt is onely bot ane help and a remembraunce to Nature, as I shew zow in the Preface.

CHAP. VIII. tuiching the kyndis of versis,
mentionat in the Preface.

First there is ryme quhilk, seruis onely for lang histories, and zit are nocht verse. As for exemple,

*In Maie woben that the bliffesfull Phæbus bricht,
The lampe of ioy, the heauens gemme of licht,
The goldin cairt, and the etheriall king,
With purpoure face in Orient dois spring,
Maist angel-lyke ascending in his sphere,
And birds wwith all their heauenlie voces cleare
Dois mak a sweit and heauinly harmony,
And fragrant flours dois spring vp lustely :
Into this season sweitest of delyte,
To wwalk I had a lusty appetyte.*
And sa furth.

REVLIS AND CAVTELIS

¶ For the description of Heroique actis, Martiall and knightly faittis of armes, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Heroicall*, As

*Meik mundane mirrour, myrrie and modest,
Blyth, kynde, and courtes, comelie, clene, and cheft,
To all exemple for thy honestie,
As richest rose, or rubie, by the rest,
With gravis graue, and gesture maist digest,
Ay to thy honnour alwayis hauing eye.
Were fassouns fleimde, they nicht be found in the :
Of blissings all, be blyth, thow hes the best,
With euerie berne belouit for to be.*

¶ For any heich & graue subiectis, specially drawin out of learnit authouris, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Ballat Royal*, as

*That nicht he ceist, and went to bed, bot greind
Zit fast for day, and thocht the nicht to lang :
At last Diana doun her head reclieind,
Into the sea. Then Lucifer vpsprang,
Auroras post, vvhome sho did send amang
The Jeittie cludds, for to foretell ane hour,
Before sho stay her tears, qubilk Ouide sang
Fell for her loue, qubilk turnit in a flour.*

¶ For tragicall materis, complaintis, or testaments vse
this

OF SCOTTIS POESIE.

this kynde of verse following, callit *Troilus* verse, as

*To thee Echo, and thou to me agane,
In the desert, amangs the woods and vells,
Qubair destinie bes bound the to remane,
But companie, vvithin the firths and fells,
Let vs complain, vvith vvofull zoutts and zells,
A shaft, a shotter, that our harts bes slane :
To thee Echo, and thou to me agane.*

¶ For flyting, or Invectiues, vse this kinde of verse following, callit *Rouncefallis* or *Tumbling* verse.

*In the hinder end of haruest vpon Athallow ene,
Quben our gude nichtbors rydis (nou gif I reid richt)
Some bucklit on a benwood, & some on a bene,
Ay tröttand into troupes fra the troylicht :
Some sadland a sho ape, all grathed into grene :
Some hotcheand on a hemp stalk, hovand on a heicht.
The king of Fary vvith the Court of the Elf quene,
VVith many elrage Incubus rydand that nicht :
There ane elf on ane ape ane vnsell begat :
Besyde a pot baith auld and vvorne,
This bratsbard in ane bus vvvas borne,
They fand a monster on the morne,
VVar facit nor a Cat.*

¶ For compendious praying of any bukes, or the authoris thair of, or ony argumentis of vther historeis, quhair findrie sentences, and change of purposis are re-

REVLIS AND CAVELIS

quyrit, vse *Sonet* verse, of fourtene lynis, and ten fete in euery lyne. The exemple quhairof, I neid nocht to fhaw zow, in respect I haue set down twa in the beginning of this treatise.

¶ In materis of loue, vse this kynde of verse, quhilk we call *Commoun* verse, as

*Qubais answer made thame nocht sa glaid
That they sould thus the victors be,
As euen the answer quhilk I haid
Did greatly ioy and comfort me :
Quben lo, this spak Apollo myne,
All that thou seikis, it fall be thyne.*

¶ Lyke verse of ten fete, as this foirfaid is of aucht, ze may vse lykewayis in loue materis : as also all kyndis of cuttit and brokin verse, quhairof new formes are daylie inuentit according to the Poetis pleasour, as

*Quba wald haue tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
Throuch shouting of the Larkis ?
They sprang sa heich into the skyes
Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis
Of Naturis chapell Clarkis.
Then leauing all the Heauins aboute
He lichted on the eard.*

Lo !

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Lo! how that lytill God of loue

Before me then appeard,

So myld-lyke

And chyld-lyke *VWith how thre quarters skant*

So moylie

And coylye *He luckit lyke a Sant.*

And fa furth.

¶ This onely kynde of brokin verse abone written, man of necessitie, in thir last short fete, *as so moylie and coylye*, haue bot twa fete and a tayle to ilkane of thame, as ze sie, to gar the cullour and ryme be in the penult fyllabe.

¶ Any of thir foirfaisdis kyndes of ballat is of haill verse, and not cuttit or brokin as this last is, gif ze lyke to put ane owerword to ony of thame, as making the last lyne of the first verse, to be the last lyne of euerie vther verse in that ballat, will set weill for loue materis.

Bot befydis thir kyndes of brokin or cuttit verse, quhilks are inuentit daylie be Poetis, as I shewe before, there are findrie kyndes of haill verse, with all thair lynis alyke lang, quhilk I haue heir omittit, and tane bot onelie thir few kyndes abone specifreit

as the best, quhilk may be ap-
plyit to ony kynde of
subiect,

bot rather to thir, quhair of I
haue spokin before.

* * *

*

N



* THE CIII. PSALME,
TRANSLATED OVT OF
TREMELLIVS.



PSALME CIIII.

O Lord inspyre my spreit and pen, to praise
Thy Name, whose greatnes far surpassis all :
That fyne, I may thy gloir and honour blaife,
Which cleithis the ouer : about the lyke a wall
The light remainis. O thow, whose charge and call,
Made Heauens lyke courtenis for to spred abreid,
Who bowed the waters so, as serue they shall
For cristall fylring ouer thy house to gleid.

Who walks vpon the wings of restles winde,
Who of the clouds his chariot made, euen he,
Who in his present still the spreits doeth find,
Ay ready to fulfill ilk iust decie
Of his, whose seruants fyre and flammis they be.
Who fet the earth on her foundations sure,
So as her brangling none shall euer see :
Who at thy charge the deip vpon her bure.

So, as the very tops of mountains hie
Be fluidis were onis ouerflowed at thy command,
Ay whill thy thundring voice sone made them flie
Ower hiddeous hills and howes, till noght but sand
Was left behind, fyne with thy mightie hand
Thow limits made vnto the roring deip.
So shall she neuer droun againe the land,
But brek her wawes on rockis, her mairch to keip.

N. iij.

PSALME CIIII.

Thir are thy workis, who maid the strands to breid,
 Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,
 Whairto wyld Affes oft dois rinn with speid,
 With vther beafts to drinke. Hard by we heir
 The chirping birds among the leaues, with beir
 To fing, whil all the rocks about rebounde.
 A woundrous worke, that thow, ô Father deir,
 Maks throtts so small yeild furth so great a found !

O thow who from thy palace oft letts fall
 (For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine :
 Who with thy works mainteins the earth and all :
 Who maks to grow the herbs and grafs to gaine.
 The herbs for foode to man, grafs dois remaine
 For food to horse, and cattell of all kynde.
 Thow caufest them not pull at it in vaine,
 But be thair foode. fuch is thy will and mynde.

Who dois reioyse the harts of man with wyne,
 And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,
 And who with foode his stomack strenghtnes syne
 who nurishes the very treis aright.
 The *Cedars* evin of *Liban* tale and wight
 He planted hath, where birds do bigg their nest.
 He made the *Firr* trees of a woundrous hight,
 Where *Storks* dois mak thair dwelling place, & rest.
 Thow

PSALME CIIII.

Thow made the barren hills, wylde goats refuge.
 Thow maid the rocks, a residence and rest
 For *Alpin* ratts, where they doe liue and ludge.
 Thow maid the *Moone*, her course, as thou thocht best.
 Thow maid the *Sunne* in tyme go to, that lest
 He still fould shyne, then night fould neuer come.
 But thow in ordour all things hes so drest,
 Some beafts for day, for night are also some.

For Lyons young at night beginnis to raire,
 And from their dennis to craue of God some pray :
 Then in the morning, gone is all their caire,
 And homeward to their caues rinnis fast, fra day
 Beginne to kythe, the Sunne dois so them fray.
 Then man gois furth, fra tyme the Sunne dois ryfe,
 And whill the euening he remanis away
 At lesume labour, where his liuing lyes.

How large and mightie are thy workis, ó Lord !
 And with what wisedome are they wrought, but faile.
 The earths great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde
 Dois beare : Heir of the Seas (which dyuers skaile
 Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare : Ilk faile
 Of dyuers ships vpon the fwolling wawes
 Dois testifie, as dois the monstros whalle,
 Who frayis all fishes with his ravening Jawes.

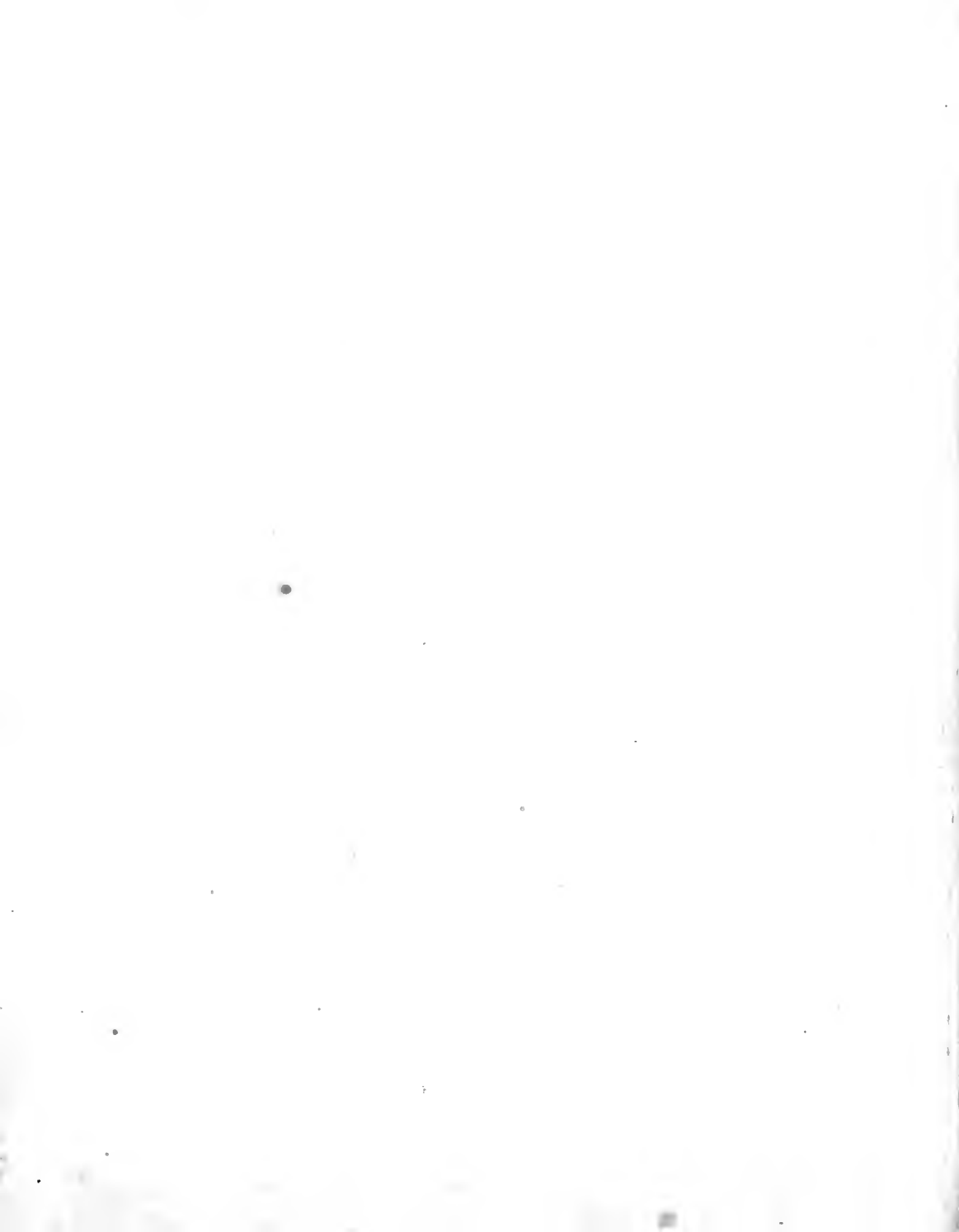
PSALME CIIII.

All thir (ô Lord) yea all this woundrous heape
Of liuing things, in feason craues their fill
Of foode from thee. Thow giuing, Lord, they reape :
Thy open hand with gude things fills them still
When so thow lift : but contrar, when thow will
Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled fair,
Their breath by thee receavd, fone dois them kill :
Syne they returne into their ashes bair.

But notwithstanding, Father deare, in cace
Thow breath on them againe, then they reviuē.
In short, thow dois, ô Lord, renewe the face
Of all the earth, and all that in it liue.
Therefore immortall praise to him we giue :
Let him reioyse into his works he maid,
Whose looke and touche, so hills and earth dois greiue,
As earth dois tremble, mountainis reikis, afraid.

To *Jeboua* I all my lyfe shall sing,
To found his Name I euer still shall cair :
It shall be sweit my thinking on that King :
In him I shall be glaid for euer mair :
O let the wicked be into no whair
In earth. O let the sinfull be destroyde.
Blessē him my foule who name *Jeboua* bair :
O bleffe him now with notts that are enioyde.

Hallelu-iab.









ANE SCHORT POEME
OF TYME.

* * *
*

AS I was panfing in a morning, aire,
And could not fleip, nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was fa faire,
Athort the feilds, it femed to me the best.
the *East* was cleare, whereby belyue I gefit
That fyrie *Titan* cumming was in fight,
Obfcuring chaft *Diana* by his light.

Who by his ryfing in the *Azure* fkyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
VVhich made the foile to fauour fweit and smell,
By dewe that on the night before downe fel,
VVhich then was foukit vp by the *Delphienns* heit
Vp in the aire : it was fo light and weit.

Whose hie afcending in his purpour Sphere
Prouokit all from *Morpheus* to flee :
As beafts to feid, and birds to fing with beir,
Men to their labour, biffie as the Bee :
Yet ydle men deuyfing did I fee,
How for to dryue the tyme that did them irk,
By findrie pafstymes, quhill that it grew mirk.
O. ii.

TYME.

'Then woundred I to see them feik a wyle,
So willinglie the precious tyme to tyme :
And how they did them felfis so farr begyle,
To fashe of tyme, which of it felfe is fyne.
Fra tyme be past, to call it backward fyne
Is bot in vaine : therefore men fould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which giues him dayis his God aright to know :
Wherefore then fould we be at sic a stryfe,
So fpedelie our felfis for to withdraw
Euin from the tyme, which is on nowayes flaw
To flie from vs, suppose we fled it nocht ?
More wyfe we were, if we the tyme had foght.

Bot sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we fould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heauenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat.
Bot sen that death to all is destinat,
Let vs imploy that tyme that God hath fend vs,
In doing weill, that good men may commend vs.

Hæc quoq ; perficiat, quod perficit omnia, Tempus.

FINIS.

A TABLE OF SOME OBSCVRE
WORDIS WITH THEIR SIG-
nifications, efter the ordour of
the Alphabet.

* *
*

VWordis

Significations

<i>Ammon</i>	Iupiter Ammon.
<i>Ande</i>	A village beyde <i>Mantua</i> where <i>Virgill</i> was borne.
<i>Alexandria</i>	A famous citie in <i>Egypt</i> where was the notable librarie gathered by <i>Ptolo-</i> <i>meus Philadelphus</i> .

B

Bethaniens fecound liuing *Lazarus* of *Bethania*, who
was reuiued be *Christ*, reid *John* II Chap.

C

<i>Castalia</i>	A well at the fute of the hill
<i>Parnassus</i> .	
<i>Celæno</i>	The cheif of the <i>Harpyes</i> , a kynde of monsters with wingis and womens faces, whom the Poets feynzies to represent theuis.

THE TABLE.

<i>Cerberus</i> of hell.	The thrie headed porter
<i>Cimmerien</i> night	Drevin from a kynd of peo- ple in the East, called <i>Cimmerij</i> , who are great theuis, and dwellis in dark caues, and therefore, sleeping in finne, is called <i>Cimmerien</i> night.
<i>Circuler daunce</i>	The round motionis of the Planets, and of their heauens, applied to feuin fin- drie metallis.
<i>Clio</i>	One of the <i>Muses</i> .
<i>Cypris</i>	The dwelling place of <i>Ve-</i> <i>nus</i> , tearming <i>continens pro contento</i> .
<i>Cyprian torche</i>	Lovis darte.

D

<i>Delphien Songs</i>	Poemes, and verses. draw- en from the Oracle of <i>Apollo</i> at <i>Delphos</i> .
<i>Diræ</i>	Thre furies of hell, <i>Alecto</i> , <i>Megera</i> , and <i>Tesphone</i> .
<i>Dodon</i>	A citie of the kingdome of <i>Epirus</i> , beydes the which, there was a wood and a Temple therein, consecrated to <i>Jupiter</i> .

E

<i>Electre</i>	A metall, fowre parts gold and fift part siluer.
<i>Elise field</i>	In Latin Campi <i>Elisij</i> , a ioy full place in hell, whereas the Poets feinzeis all the

THE TABLE.

happie spreits do remaine.

Esculape
god.

A mediciner, after made a

G

Greatest thunders

Jupiter (as the Poets feinzais) had two thunders, whereof he sent the greatest vpon the Gyants, who contemned him.

H

Hermes

An AEgyptiā *Philosopher* soone after the tyme of *Moyfes*, confessed in his Dialogues one onely God to be Creator of all things, and graunted the errours of his forefathers, who brought in the superstitious worshipping of Idoles.

Hippolyte

After his mēbers were drawin in funder by fowre horses, *Esculapius* at *Neptuns* request, glewed them together, and reuiued him.

M

Mausole tombe

One of the seauin miracles which *Artemise* caused to be builded for her husband by *Timotheus*, *Briace*, *Scope*, and findrie other workmen.

Mein

A riuer in *Almanie*.

Sein

A riuer in *Fraunce*.

P

THE TABLE.

<i>Triton</i>	A monster in the sea, shapin like a man.
<i>Turnus</i> sifter,	Named <i>Iuturna</i> , a goddesse of the water, who in the shape of her brothers wag- goner led his chariot through the fields, ay till <i>Alceto</i> appeared vnto them in the shape of an How- let.

V

<i>Vranie</i>	The heauenly Muse.
---------------	--------------------

FINIS.



Sonnet of the Authour.

THE facound Greke, *Demosthenes* by name,
His toung was ones into his youth so flow,
As evin that airt, which floorish made his fame,
He scarce could name it for a tyme, ze know.
So of small feidis the *Liban Cedres* grow :
So of an egg the *Egle* doeth proceid :
From fountains small great *Nilus* flood doeth flow :
Evin so of rawnis do mightie fishes breid.
Therefore, good Reader, when as thow dois reid
These my first fruiçtis, dispyse them not at all.
Who watts, bot these may able be indeid
Of fyner Poemis the beginning small.
Then, rather loave my meaning and my panis,
Then lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis.

Rheto-
rique.

FINIS.

I HAVE INSERT FOR
THE FILLING OVT OF THIR
VACAND PAGEIS THE VERIE

wordis of *Plinius* vpon the

Phœnix,

as followis.

*

C. PLINII

Nat. Hist. Lib. Decimi, Cap. 2.

De Phœnice.

* *

*

AEthiopes atq; Indi, discolores maximè & inenarabiles ferunt aues, & ante omnes nobilem Arabia Phœnicè: haud scio an fabulosè, vnum in toto orbe, nec visum mag noperè. Aquilæ narratur magnitudine, auri fulgore circa colla, cætera purpureus, cæruleam roseis caudam pennis distinguentibus, cristis faciem, capûtque plumeo apice cohonestante. Primus atque diligentissimus togatorum de eo prodidit Manilius, Senator ille, maximis nobilis doctrinis doctore nullo: neminem extitisse qui viderit vescentè: sacrum in Arabia Soli esse, viuere annis DCLX. fenescentem, casia thurisque furculis construere nidû, replere odoribus, & superemori. Ex ossibus deinde & memedullis eius na-

fei primo ceuermiculum : inde fieri pullum : principioque iusta funeri priori reddere, & totum deferre nidum prope Panchaiam in Solis urbem, & in ara ibi deponere. Cum huius alitis vita magni conuersionem anni fieri prodit idem Manilius, iterumque significationes tempestatum & siderum eadem reuerti. Hoc autem circa meridiem incipere, quo die signum Arietis Sol intrauerit. Et fuisse eius conuersionis annum prodēte se P. Licinio, M. Cornelio Consulibus. Cornelius Valerianus Phœnicem deuolasse in Aegyptum tradit, Q. Plautio, Sex. Papinio Coss. Allatus est & in urbem Claudij Principis Censura, anno urbis DCCC, & in comitio propositus, quod actis testatum est, sed quem falsum esse nemo dubitaret.

FINIS.

*I helped my self also in my Tragedie thair of with
the Phœnix of Lactantius Firmianus, with
Gesnerus de Auibus, & dyuers others,
but I haue onely insert thir fore-
said words of Plinius,
Because I follow
him maist in my Tra-
gedie.
Fareuueill.
(* *)*



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