AN EDITION OF BRITISH LIBRARY, ADDITIONAL MS 36529

A DISSERTATION SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

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VOLUME I: TRANSCRIPT
# CONTENTS

Abstract 4

Acknowledgements 5

Sources and Abbreviations 7

Editorial Introduction 12

Text of BL, Add. MS 36529 64

Indices:

- Index 1: Alphabetised First-Line Index 267
- Index 2: Author-Based First-Line Index 270

Appendices:

- Appendix 1: English Translation of *Sancta salutiferi nascentia semina verbi*
  [reproduced by kind permission of Dr Gerard Kilroy] 273
- Appendix 2: Image of BL, Add. MS 36529, fol. 45v 287
ABSTRACT

This semi-diplomatic edition of BL, Add. MS 36529 presents the first full transcription of, and commentary on, the English poems of that manuscript, which was compiled over the second half of the sixteenth century. Amid the seventy entries in the miscellany are twenty-eight poems by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516x17-1547) and nine (two doubtful) by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542), most of which are substantive texts. These are joined by the poems of other important mid-Tudor poets such as Sir John Cheke (1514-1557), Sir Thomas Chaloner (1521-1565), Thomas Phaer (1510?-1560), and the initial prime mover of the manuscript, John Harington of Stepney (1517x1520-1582). Seventeen poems are apparently unique to the manuscript; these include certain of the Harington pieces, and a sequence of twelve sonnet translations from Petrarch’s *Rime sparse* which probably also have a Harington provenance. Many poems are therefore glossed here for the first time; for others, particularly the Wyatt and Surrey poems, the collation of texts and stemmatic analysis is more thoroughgoing than is available in twentieth-century editions of these poets. The commentaries supplied have been designed to aid the comprehension of conscientious undergraduate students of English Literature.

In addition to the transcription and commentaries, this edition presents research on the compilers of the manuscript, the Harington family of Stepney and Kelston, who were also responsible for the Arundel Harington Manuscript. In particular, it discusses the elder Harington’s instigation of the manuscript, but also considers the role of his son, Sir John Harington (bap. 1561, d. 1612), who used it and probably contributed to it in one instance. The variety and quality of the texts in the manuscript suggest that the elder Harington was able to access important textual networks; several of its poems survive too in the most famous printed miscellany of the period, Tottel’s *Songes and Sonettes* (1557). The common denominator of the items in Add. MS 36529 is their soberness: literary value appears to have been an important criterion for selection, and the manuscript as a whole evidences the Haringtons’ pride in English letters. The edition reveals Add. MS 36529 to be a miscellany which interacts fully with the worlds of manuscript and print, and thus one which merits an important place in accounts of sixteenth-century literary and manuscript culture.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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I am grateful to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk for permission to consult that most famous volume, the Arundel Harington Manuscript, in the Archives at Arundel Castle; he has also graciously allowed me to include images from the manuscript in this thesis. Sara Rodger and Heather Warne aided my studies considerably during my toils with Arundel Harington. Thanks are owing to the Permissions Department at the British Library for their generosity in allowing me to reproduce images from BL, Add. MS 36529. I am indebted to the helpful staff in the manuscripts reading room at the British Library, and the library staff at Cambridge University Library and the Wren Library at Trinity College, Cambridge. Special thanks to Dr Julian Harrison, Zoe Stansell, and Zoe Wilcox at the British Library (as well as Alan Bryson) for going above and beyond the call of duty to assist me with the vexed matter of collating the manuscript. Prof. Eric Johnson and Rebecca Jewett of the Rare Books and Manuscripts Library at Ohio State University were unfailingly prompt, polite, and helpful in their correspondence with me about the Harington volume in their collections. Jason Powell liberally donated time and expertise in sharing with me his thoughts on the Haringtons and their Wyatt sources. Gerard Kilroy kindly sent me the typescript of his English translation of Edmund Campion’s *Sancta salutiferi nascentia semina verbi*, which I have reproduced *litteratim* in my thesis.

I owe thanks to all the scholars and researchers who have read draft commentaries, recommended primary or secondary sources, or have generally led me to contemplate things anew: Sylvia Adamson; Alan Bryson, whose ability to recall the lineages of all noble families in sixteenth-century England at the drop of a hat is a source of wonder; Joshua Eckhardt; Jessica Edmondes; A. S. G. Edwards; Mel Evans; Helen Graham-Matheson; Nicky Hallett; Arthur F. Marotti; Marcus Nevitt; Michelle O'Callaghan; Mike Pincombe; Peter Redford; Emma Rhatigan; Gavin Schwartz-Leeper; Victoria Van Hyning; Claire Bryony Williams; Gillian Woods; and Henry Woudhuysen. Reza Taher and Dr Rebecca Fisher have been
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Finally, my greatest thanks of all to Shannon Kennedy, whose untiring love and support, given so readily and generously, has been inestimable.
SOURCES AND ABBREVIATIONS

Manuscripts

AH Harrington MS Temp. Eliz. (Arundel Harington Manuscript)
B Trinity College Dublin, MS 160 (Blage Manuscript)
D British Library, Additional MS 17492 (Devonshire Manuscript)
E British Library, Egerton MS 2711
Hy78 British Library, Harley MS 78
P British Library, Additional MS 36529

Printed Books

Bible Miles Coverdale (1535) *Biblia the Bible*, Cologne.
Ch3 Raphael Holinshed (1587) *The First and second volumes of Chronicles*, London.
Dr1 Michael Drayton (1598) *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, London.
Dr2 Michael Drayton (1599) *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, London.
Dr3 Michael Drayton (1600) *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, London.
Dr4 Michael Drayton (1602) *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, London.
NA1 Henry Harington (ed.) (1769-1775) *Nugæ Antique: Being a miscellaneous collection of original papers in prose and verse, wrritten during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James: by Sir John Harington, Knt. And by others who lived in those times*, 2 Vols, London.


John Hall (?) (1549/50) *Certayne Chapters of the Prouerbes of Salamon*, London.


**Editions**

Chaucer  

Foxwell  

H&M  

Harrier  

Hughey  

Hughey, 1971  

McGaw  

M&T  

Nott  

Jones  


**General**


**BCE**  Before Common Era

**BL**  British Library

**Bod.**  Bodleian Library, Oxford, UK

**Corr.**  Correction

**CT**  Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*

**CIT**  Chaucer, *The Clerk’s Tale*

**CUL**  Cambridge University Library, Cambridge, UK

**EEBO**  Early English Books Online

**EM**  Early Modern

**eModE**  Early Modern English

**Folger**  Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington DC, USA

**FranT**  Chaucer, *The Franklin’s Tale*

**GP**  Chaucer, *General Prologue*

**Il.**  Homer, *The Iliad*


**KnT**  *The Knight’s Tale*


**ME**  Middle English

**MS**  Manuscript
MSS Manuscripts

N&Q Notes and Queries


Od. Homer, The Odyssey


OED The Oxford English Dictionary, OED Online, March 2011.

PRO Public Record Office

Ps. Psalm

Pss Psalms

Rawl. Rawlinson

RvT Chaucer, The Reeve’s Tale


Subscr. Subscription

T&C Chaucer, Troilus and Criseyde

TCD Trinity College, Dublin

ThT Sir Thopas’ Tale


TLS Times Literary Supplement

TNA The National Archives

Unless otherwise stated, all definitions are taken from the *OED*, all biblical quotations from the Coverdale Bible. All Chaucer references are taken from *The Riverside Chaucer*. For references to Petrarch, all Italian quotations and English translations are taken from Durling. For references to Ariosto, all English translations are taken from Guido Waldman (1974), *Orlando Furioso*, London: Oxford University Press; the Italian passages are from Lanfranco Caretti (ed.) (1966) *Orlando Furioso*, Torino: Einaudi.

All images from BL, Add. MS 36529 are reproduced with kind permission by the British Library.
EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

OVERVIEW

British Library, Additional MS 36529 (hereafter ‘P’) is a manuscript miscellany of verse compiled between c. 1560 and c. 1600. It comprises 105 leaves, 23 of which are blank; these are interspersed throughout the miscellany.¹ This edition provides the first full transcription and commentary on the English contents of the manuscript. P was begun and mostly developed under the auspices of the courtier John Harington of Stepney (c. 1517-1582), but was added to and used by his son, the Elizabethan courtier and epigrammatist Sir John Harington of Kelston (bap. 1560, d. 1612). Together, the Haringtons stand as a significant manuscript-compiling family in sixteenth-century England. P takes its place in the Harington collections alongside the famous Arundel Harington Manuscript, based at Arundel Castle (hereafter ‘AH’), and Wyatt’s autograph manuscript BL, Egerton MS 2711 (hereafter ‘E’), which came into the elder Harington’s possession at some time around the mid-sixteenth century.² Both of these manuscripts were rebound together in c. 1810 and designated ‘Harrington Ms Nos 1 and 2’. The collection and copying of P was in large part a family enterprise, accomplished with the aid of nine scribes in addition to Sir John, and includes Harington poems among its constituent items. However, the elder Harington also culled poems from several textual networks. The manuscript therefore has a dual identity as both an ‘in-house’ Harington family volume and a courtly one.

Like AH, P is an important and deliberate, rather than random, accumulation of items; the high merit of the poets it includes was recognised both by near-contemporaries to the Haringtons, such as the Elizabethan man of letters George Puttenham (1528-1590x1), as well as later scholars. In total, the manuscript comprises sixty-nine poems: sixty-eight are written in English and one in Latin. There is also a single prose item, the death-bed speech of the Puritan preacher Edward Dering (d. 1576), which is the final item in the manuscript. P has an intriguingly nostalgic character for, despite being anthologised over the second half of the sixteenth century, most of the known poets in the manuscript died before 1565. These include: Sir Thomas Wyatt (d. 1542), Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (d. 1547), Sir John Cheke (d.

¹ Figure 1 on pp. 25-27 below shows the distribution of the blanks in P.
² The route by which Harington acquired E is uncertain. Ruth Hughey believes the manuscript may have come into Harington’s hands through the medium of Wyatt’s son, Sir Thomas Wyatt the Younger, with whom Harington was associated and imprisoned in 1554 as a result of both men’s role in the uprising against Mary I’s marriage to Philip II of Spain (Hughey, 1971: 34-35).
1557), Thomas Phaer (d. 1560), and Sir Thomas Chaloner (d. 1565). The two exceptions are the initial prime mover of the manuscript, John Harington of Stepney, and the Jesuit martyr Edmund Campion (d. 1581), whose epic on the early Church, composed while a student at Oxford in c. 1567-9, is the single Latin item in the manuscript. As A. S. G. Edwards has noted, P is an important Surrey manuscript (Edwards, 2004: 286). Its twenty-eight Surrey poems are for the most part substantive, and together amount to the largest collection of that poet’s verse in manuscript. Only seventeen of these survive in the most popular printed miscellany of the period, Tottel’s *Songes and Sonettes* (1557). The Wyatt poems too are substantive, containing marked variants from other manuscript and print witnesses. As such, these entries contribute to the famously variant state of Wyatt’s texts that is one of the preoccupations of Chris Stamatakis’ recent work on Wyatt and the environment of fluid social textuality into which his verse was composed, copied, and reworked (Stamatakis, 2012: 1-37).

Formal and generic diversity is a keynote of *P*. It boasts poems in the long lines of the fourteener and poulter’s measure, several ambitious experiments with the sonnet form, and variations on the classical hexameter. It also gathers together important genres, including epic, heroic epistle, biblical paraphrase, elegy, epitaph, and love lament. Translations from the classics and Italian are also a major part of the manuscript, represented by Books 1-3 of Phaer’s translation of Virgil’s *Aeneid*, Chaloner’s translation Ovid’s *Heroides* 17, and several translations of sonnets from Petrarch’s *Rime sparse* by Wyatt, Surrey, and most probably John Harington of Stepney. The bulk of these poems have been overlooked, in part because the lack of a scholarly edition has rendered them unavailable to readers, but also because critics have tended to dismiss mid-Tudor verse as the product of a period which C. S. Lewis influentially labelled the ‘drab age’ (Lewis, 1954: 140). With the exception of Wyatt and Surrey editors, scholarship on *P* has been scant, despite the fact that the Chaloner and Petrarch translations add to a total of seventeen apparently unique poems in the manuscript, as listed in the Folger Union First Line Index. This is just under a third of the total verse contents.

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3 Examples of epic include poems [2], [3], [15], and [64]; poem [1] is a heroic epistle; poems [50]-[54] and [56], [58], and [59] are biblical paraphrases; poems [33] and [40] are elegies, poems [44], [45], [45], [65], and [67] are epitaphs; and poems [5], [11], [12], [20], [36], [37], [41], [42], and [43] are examples of love lament.

4 This is the Folger Shakespeare Library’s Union First Line Index of English Verse, 13th-19th Century <http: // firstlines.folger.edu/>. This combines first-line indexes from Oxford’s Bodleian Library, Yale’s Beinecke Library (Osborn Collection), W. H. Kellihers British Library index of verse in manuscripts (1894-2009), the Folger Shakespeare Library, the Houghton Library at Harvard University, the Huntington Library, the Brotherton Collection at the University of Leeds, the Rosenbach Museum and Library in Philadelphia, Steven W. May and William A. Ringler, Jr, (2004) *Elizabethan Poetry: A Bibliography and First-Line Index of English
In its collection of representative Henrician and mid-Tudor verse, *P* has a different tone and apparent purpose from those later Elizabethian and Jacobean manuscripts produced in the universities or Inns of Court. Chief examples are NAL Dyce MS 44, which Claire Bryony Williams has recently edited as An Edition of National Art Library (Great Britain) MS. Dyce 44 (unpublished PhD thesis, University of Sheffield, 2012); and BL, Harley MS 7392(2), which Jessica Edmondes is currently editing. These later miscellanies often contain contextually-specific poems, answer poems, salacious pieces, and poetic libels. The comparative soberness of the contents in *P* suggests that the Haringtons picked poems as much for their literary value as their currency, and perhaps to contribute to a patriotic agenda. In its range of translations and original verse, the manuscript showcases the generic and formal malleability of English verse in the mid-Tudor period, and its fitness to compete with other European vernaculars, as well as the classics. The Haringtons’ desire to promote the literary claims of English in their miscellany makes it a valuable document which attests to the worth of verse composed before the Elizabethian ‘Golden Age’.

**PROVENANCE**

1815-

*P* has been housed in the manuscripts collection at the British Library since 1973, when it was created as a separate institution from the British Museum. Prior to that institutional division, the British Museum purchased the codex from Bernard Quaritch in October 1900, as a note written on the flyleaf of the manuscript confirms: ‘Purch’d of Mr. B. Quaritch / 15 Oct. 1900’ (British Museum, 1969: 131). The Quaritch identified is probably the son (1871-1913) of the more famous bookseller Bernard Quaritch (1819-1899). For much of the nineteenth century, the manuscript was in the private collections of two of that century’s most avid bibliophiles. Quaritch most probably acquired it from the collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps (1792-1872), which was auctioned in 1896, with *P* as lot 1206. It is possible, however, that it came to Quaritch from a private sale conducted after the auction (British Museum, 1969: 131). Phillipps’ ownership of the manuscript dates from 1836, when he purchased it at the auction of the bookseller Thomas Thorpe in 1836 (lot 1244) (British Museum, 1969: 131).

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*Verse, 1559-1603*, 3 Vols, Harold Love (2004), *English Clandestine Satire, 1660-1702*, and verse from the searchable Wing and STC books from EEBO.

Phillipps assigned it the shelfmark ‘Phillipps MS 9474’ in his voluminous collection of manuscripts, as is recorded on fol. 2’ of P, a page mostly given over to pen trials in a range of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century hands. P apparently remained with him at Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham, until his death in 1872. Prior to Phillipps, Richard Heber (1774-1833) purchased the manuscript from the printer and seller Longman in c. 1815, and it was from the sale of his library in 1836 that Thorpe obtained it (catalogue XI, lot 1336).

Neither Phillipps nor Heber leave any evidence of consulting or examining P. The bulk of the written annotations and glosses within its leaves come from a generation or two earlier, at the turn of the nineteenth century, which witnessed an explosion of scholarly interest in the contents of the manuscript. The aggregate result was a new emphasis on the importance of P as the largest extant collection of Surrey poems in manuscript. This is the fact for which it continues to be known.

1791-1815

When Longman advertised P in their sales catalogue *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica* in 1815, the description read: ‘Surrey (Earl of). – A Collection of Manuscript Poems in the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, including many by Henry Howard Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat. | Folio pp. 210. ….. £84’ (Griffith, 1815: 328). The supplementary notes identified one Rev. William Sayle of Stowey, Somerset, as the owner and were based largely on those made by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore (1729-1811), who edited the famous *Reliques of ancient English poetry* (1765) and borrowed P from Sayle in the 1790s. Sayle, however, only kept the manuscript until 1800, and Longman’s description elides the ownership of two important owners between 1800 and 1815: the antiquarian and book collector Thomas Park (1758x9-1834), who owned it between 1800 and 1804, having purchased it from Sayle; and the dry-salter and book collector Thomas Hill (1760-1840), who bought the manuscript from Park and sold it to Longman to ease his debts after a failed speculation in indigo (‘Hill, Thomas’, *ODNB*). These are the two figures whose names most frequently provide the siglum for the manuscript (P or H), and its most common name: the Park-Hill Manuscript. Frederick Morgan Padelford, the first twentieth-century editor of Surrey, actually confused ‘P’ and ‘H’ as two different manuscripts due to the uncertainties around the early-nineteenth-century ownership of the manuscript (Padelford, 1907: 279). Only Hughey definitively reconciled them as the same codex in 1935 (Hughey, 1935: 408-413).
During his ownership of $P$, Hill lent the manuscript to two scholars. One of these was Wyatt’s and Surrey’s first modern editor, George Frederick Nott (1767-1841), from whom Hill was forced to recall it. Hughey records the correspondence between the two men over the return of the manuscript (Hughey, 1935: 409). Nott required $P$ for collation purposes as he worked on his two-volume edition *The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and of Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder* (1815-1816). His hand may feature in the manuscript, though is apparently not found in the Wyatt and Surrey groupings. Rather, it adds corrections to two poems: the first is [24], an anonymous translation of Petrarch’s *Rima* 61 on fol. 46r, and the second the elder Harington’s advice poem, ‘If dutie wyf’, on fol. 69r. In both instances initials ‘Gn’ (‘George Nott’?) are placed beneath the correction. Nott’s annotations are included in the textual notes to the transcript. While his forced return of the manuscript prevented it from assuming a more prominent role in his edition, Nott (I.233) does mention $P$ in his own textual notes, stating he took his text of [47] from the ‘Hill MS’.

Before Nott, Hill loaned $P$ to Alexander Chalmers (1759-1834), who used the manuscript in the second volume of his immense *The Works of the English Poets* (1810) to supplement the sections on Wyatt’s and Surrey’s lives and verse. Towards the end of the ‘Life of Surrey’, Chalmers notes explicitly that he borrowed the manuscript from Hill: ‘The translations of the Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and the few additional poems were printed, but not published, many years ago, by Dr. Percy, from a MS. now in the possession of Thomas Hill, esq., who, with his usual liberality, has permitted a transcription for the present edition’ (Chalmers, II, 1810: 322). In using $P$ specifically to push Surrey and his hitherto unpublished biblical paraphrases into print, Chalmers continued a trend which had been developed by both Park and Percy.

Park’s ownership of $P$ between 1800 and 1804 witnessed the first real foray of several of its poems into print, including Surrey’s paraphrases. He documents his acquisition and use of the manuscript in a note he appended to his copy of Percy’s and George Steevens’ projected two-volume edition, *Songs and sonettes and Poems in Blank Verse (not Dramatique) prior to Milton’s Paradise Lost* (1808): ‘These versions of chapters from Ecclesiastes and the Psalms were taken from one of the Harington MSS. in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Sayle of Stowey, at whose book sale I purchased it, and inserted most of the contents in Nugae Antiquae, vol. II’ (Hughey, 1935: 410, 2n.). Park’s note refers to his editorship of the third, 1804, edition of the *Nugæ Antiquæ* (hereafter ‘NA3’). The *Nugæ Antiquæ*, first published in 1769-1775 in two volumes (*NA1*), was a compendium of letters and poetry taken from the manuscripts of the sixteenth-century Haringtons of Stepney and
Kelston. It was the editorial project of Henry Harington (1754x5-1791), the son of the physician Henry Harington of Bath (1727-1816), and saw a second, three-volume edition in 1779 (NA2).\(^6\) Neither NA1 nor NA2 contain verse from \(P\), which had left the family at that point, and seem assembled in large part from \(AH\) and the two Harington prose manuscripts alongside manuscripts now apparently lost. Park overhauled the collection for NA3, omitting several items and inserting thirteen others from \(P\), which include Chaloner’s epsitle ([1]) and twelve Surrey poems ([34], [47], [50]-[59]). Each of these appears in the section of the second volume entitled ‘Poems by Various Authors (written between 1540 and 1612)’, and are annotated with Park’s own glosses.

Park has added germinal versions of some of these annotations in \(P\), leaving a visible record of his research in the pages of the manuscript. His ownership of the manuscript is confirmed in a note in red ink on the pastedown of the front cover, and Park’s apparent autograph, together with the date ‘1800’, is inscribed at the top of fol. 3\(^r\). Park may also have added the notes on fol. 4\(^r\) and fol. 49\(^v\), which comment on memoranda in the hand of Percy; the first reads ‘Dr. Percy’s memoranda – to whom this MS Vol. was lent by M'. Sayle in 1791’. Park’s pencilled note on Helen’s maids at the conclusion of [1], reproduced in the textual notes to the transcript, is similar to one which he adds to that poem in NA3. In the printed text, it reads: ‘Clymene and Æthra were the handmaids and confidantes of Helen. Vide de Arte Amand. lib. ii and Iliad, lib. iii’; in the manuscript on fol. 8\(^v\), the note reads: ‘The kinswomen of Menelaus | the maidians of Helen. Vid. Ovid de | arte a’r^r^mand’ (NA3, II: 389, 5n.). Likewise, fol. 9 of the manuscript is a later slip of paper added to \(P\) which features appraisals of Chaloner’s verse in the words of George Puttenham, Francis Meres and Anthony à Wood. The first two appear almost litteratim in Park’s initial note on the poem in NA3 (NA3, II: 372, 4n.). Other pencil annotations apparently in Park’s hand appear within the Surrey section of poems, all of which are included in the textual notes.

Park’s forerunner Thomas Percy, however, was the most active annotator of \(P\). On the pastedown of the front cover above Park, he has has written ‘Mem. This MS belongs to the Rev’d W. Sayle of Stowey, Co. Somerset | 1791’. It is therefore probable that Percy consulted the manuscript at around this time. He took poems from it to contribute to his Songes and Sonettes edition with Steevens, many copies of which were destroyed by a fire in the printing shop (‘Percy, Thomas’, ODNB). Percy’s interest was therefore limited to its Wyatt and Surrey entries, as it was when he used AH, ‘Dr. [Henry] Harington’s MS No. 2’, for the same

\(^6\) For a broader discussion of the three Nuge Antiquæ editions (NA1-3), see pp. 36-37 below.
purpose. On fol. 4r, he has written: ‘In this MS. occur many of Lord Surrey’s Poems (but not all that are printed among the Songs & Sonnets 1557 &c.) In D. Harrington’s MS. No. 1 occur in like manner many of S’s. Tho. Wyatt’s Poems but differing also from the printed copies’. To this he has added on fol. 4v ‘An Alphabetical Table of the Poems’ in P, organised as a first-line index. This table also contains notes on Percy’s annotating practice, including a comment that he has affixed asterisks to Wyatt and Surrey poems wherein ‘great variations’ to the printed versions are found. These asterisks and their accompanying references to the second quarto of Tottel are the annotations he adds within the Wyatt and Surrey groupings, and are recorded in the textual notes of this edition. In advertising the substantive Wyatt and Surrey poems in P, Percy laid the foundations for the scholarly use of the manuscript over the subsequent two decades and beyond.

1663-1791

In marked contrast to the early nineteenth century, the period before Rev. Sayle’s ownership of P in 1791 yields only scant information. It is possible that, by the 1790s, the manuscript had been in Sayle’s possession for a number of years; any previous eighteenth-century owners are unknown. Park does, however, leave a record of one possible seventeenth-century owner. Centred at the top of fol. 3r, he has written ‘Liber Jacobi Tyrell. | 1663’ in an ornate italic hand, besides which is his own name. This is a page which otherwise contains three biblical excerpts in Hebrew, from Numbers, 36:8, Leviticus, 27:29, and Exodus, 40:33, with accompanying references in Latin. The James Tyrrell to whom Park refers is unknown. P seems until Rev. Sayle to have a regional attachment to Somerset, beginning with its location in the Harington household at Kelston. However, no record of a James Tyrrell from Somerset survives on the genealogical database Family Search. Likewise, there are no candidates with this name at Cambridge, where some members of the Harington family were enrolled, but one at Oxford, where other family members attended. This is James Tyrrell of Shotover, Oxford (1642-1718) (‘Tyrrell, James’, ODNB), a high-profile political theorist who numbered John Locke (1632-1708) among his circle of friends. It is possible that P could have come to Tyrell from its apparent home at Somerset via a Harington. Locke also provides a possible though hypothetical link between Somerset and Oxford, though it is uncertain that he ever had possession of the manuscript. Locke was born in Wrintington, Somerset, and was

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7 The manuscript Percy terms ‘Dr. Harrington’s MS No. 1’ is Wyatt’s autograph manuscript, E.
8 The full website address is <https://familysearch.org/>; accessed 18 July 2013.
raised in neighbouring Ponsford before studying at Oxford. In the absence of further evidence, the Oxford James Tyrrell’s ownership can only be conjectural.

c. 1560-c. 1663

There is no certain knowledge of the owner(s) of P in the first half of the seventeenth century before Tyrrell. The evidence, however, points to the conclusion that it remained in the Harington family, perhaps as late as c. 1638 or 1639, before leaving it some time thereafter. The main grounds for this hypothesis are certain similarities with Wyatt’s autograph manuscript, E (‘Harington MS No. 1’), which the Haringtons certainly kept at this time. The younger Haringtons of this period used Wyatt’s manuscript as a workbook, creating a palimpsest of its leaves by overwriting the poems with mathematics and language homework, alongside several other types of note. On a much-reduced scale, P also features additions of this nature. On fol. 33v, someone has set out a mathematical problem; on fol. 34v, someone (perhaps the same person) has drawn a geometric diagram of a triangle. P and E also share passages in Hebrew: P on fol. 3r and E upside down E on fol. 40r; in each, the same hand may be responsible. The two manuscripts also share another annotating hand, probably seventeenth-century in origin, which has added passages on vacant leaves. The P example is found on fol. 79v, adjacent to [65] on fol. 80r but upside-down, where the hand has copied an English translation of an excerpt ‘out of Thomas Aquinas’. In E, the same hand has made entries on fols 2r-3v; it may be responsible too for adding a passage upside-down in the second Harington prose manuscript, on fol. 129r.9 These correspondences between P and E suggest, but cannot confirm, that P remained in the possession of the Harington family at Kelston in the years following Sir John Harington’s death in 1612. The circumstances which led to the manuscript leaving the family, a fact which distinguishes it from the Haringtons’ other principal verse miscellanies, is not known.

The binding of P at around turn of the seventeenth century brought a close to a process of compilation and transcription which had probably been ongoing for the best part of forty years or more. Like AH, the origins of P are most probably early Elizabethan: Hughey (I.36) argues that AH was begun ‘by the early years of Elizabeth’s reign, and perhaps earlier’, and continued up to c. 1600. The compilation of P appears to have taken place over a broadly similar period. In the Index (I.170), May and Ringler posit a hypothetical date range of c.

9 The second prose manuscript also has a mathematical problem on fol. 134v, but this is not in the same italic hand.
1560-1590. The preponderance of items composed before 1565 indicates that its instigator and initial compiler was almost certainly John Harington of Stepney, though much of the active copying and organisation of the manuscript was undertaken by his immediate family and household scribes.

Harington’s life was one of contrasting fortune and favour, both of which were tied to his allegiances. Hughey (1971) provides a detailed account of his life. First noted as being part of Henry VIII’s household in c. 1538, Harington had become the client of Thomas Seymour, brother of Edward Seymour, Protector Somerset, by c. 1544 (‘Harington, John’, *ODNB*). When Seymour fell in 1549, Harington was imprisoned alongside him. Poem [16] in *P*, a stanza on friendship translated from Ludovico Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*, reflects the strength of Harington’s relationship with Seymour. During his first imprisonment in 1549, Harington also translated a French version of Cicero’s *De Amicitia*, which Thomas Berthelet printed in 1550 as *The booke of frendeship of Marcus Tullie Cicero* (STC 5276). Harington was imprisoned for a second time in 1554 and early 1555 for his suspected involvement with Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, in the rising against Mary I’s proposed marriage to Phillip II of Spain. Princess Elizabeth was a fellow prisoner at this time. Poem [62] dates from this period and is aimed at Mary I’s Lord Chancellor Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, with whom Harington had a strained relationship (Hughey, 1971: 42-46). Upon Elizabeth I’s accession to the throne in 1558, in whose service Harington’s second wife Isabella had been, his life became more stable and prosperous. He retained the favour of Elizabeth, who was godmother to Sir John (1561-1612), and appears to have undertaken the process of building the family manor house at Kelston in Somerset, which Sir John completed (Hughey, 1971: 49; 64). It is in this period of comparative leisure that Harington most probably began the compilation of *P*.

The different characters of the ten scribal hands suggest that the items were copied over a range of dates in the second half of the sixteenth century. The probable input of Sir John’s hand in the manuscript, in poem [26a], indicates that work on *P* certainly continued into the later reaches of the century. Ruth Hughey identified Hands B and C in the manuscript as, first, Sir John’s brother and sister Francis and Ellina (Hughey, 1935: 408-413), before revising this hypothesis to his daughters Frances and Ellina, which would date the input of Hands B and C

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10 For a discussion of the ten scribal hands in *P*, see pp. 47-57 below.
to the late 1590s (Hughey, I, 1960: 40, 51n.).\textsuperscript{11} Hughey made these attributions on the basis that the signatures ‘Francis Haryngton’ and ‘Ellina Harrington’ have been added to fol. 29\textsuperscript{v}, as has the separate signature ‘Ellina Harrington’ on fol. 82\textsuperscript{r}. However, as the ‘Hands’ section below argues, it is distinctly improbable on palaeographical evidence that Hands B and C are those of Frances or Ellina. Nevertheless, their signatures do perhaps furnish evidence that Sir John’s children used \textit{P} and looked over its contents. The nature and possible sources of these contents, their layout and order in the manuscript, and their wider cultural significance, are the themes of the next section.

CONTENTS

\textit{P} is an important document whose contents, together with their possible sources, reveal John Harington of Stepney’s interest in collecting valuable poems from a wide range of textual networks. The layout and ordering of these contents in \textit{P} were undertaken in a deliberate and careful fashion, and the poems themselves hold significance in wider sixteenth-century literary and manuscript culture. This section addresses each of these aspects in turn.

Contents

The eight writers in \textit{P} are, in order of their appearance: Sir Thomas Chaloner; Thomas Phaer; Sir Thomas Wyatt; the elder Harington; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; Edmund Campion; Sir John Cheke; and Edward Dering. The manuscript therefore combines ‘in-house’ poems and representative early– and –mid Tudor entries, giving it a dual identity as both a family and courtly miscellany. Above all, the manuscript reflects the kinds of poem which circulated among mid-Tudor compilers such as the elder Harington, and the types of verse he valued and sought to supplement through his own poetic efforts. The result is a miscellany which, as a predominantly Elizabethan collection, is unusually nostalgic in its leanings, but which also showcases Harington’s well-connectedness. As Arthur F. Marotti has remarked of \textit{AH}, Harington’s preservation of such verse helped to fashion both himself and his family as members of ‘courtly society’ and participants in ‘the recreations of an educated elite’ (Marotti, 1995: 63). Harington’s selection of entries may also bespeak his desire to compile a

manuscript miscellany to emulate, and even rival, Tottel’s best-selling print anthology, the *Songes and Sonettes*.

At a fundamental level, *P* offers a conspectus of the wide range of genres and forms in which poets from the 1530s to 1560s worked and experimented, including Harington himself. Of the 4941 written lines in the manuscript, 3123 (63%) are taken up by epic poetry, with [2], [3], and [15] Books 1-3 of Phaer’s translation of the *Aeneid*; and [64] Campion’s 821-line religious epic on the early Church in Latin. In terms of numbers, however, the sonnet occupies the largest share of the manuscript, with twenty five of the seventy works (36%) in this form. This increases to twenty seven (39%) if [13] and [14] are permitted as eighteen-line variations on the sonnet. Biblical paraphrase in poulter’s measure is the second most represented genre, with eight items (11%) in the manuscript; non-sonnet love laments are third with seven poems (10%). Amid the variety of genres and forms are also anti-Catholic polemic ([13], [14]), complaint ([17], [18], [62]), elegy ([33]), epitaph ([45], [65]), and epithalamium ([65], [69]), the final two of which are among the earliest dated epithalamia in the Tudor corpus of verse. The common denominator of the poems in *P* is their sober tone. There are no lewd or salacious poems, nor, with the possible exception of Harington’s poem [62] on Gardiner, are there libels whose contents are tied to contextual knowledge of particular environments, events, or persons. In this regard, the manuscript has much in common with the earlier items in *AH*, and differs from the more *au courant* miscellanies compiled at the universities or Inns of Court in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which Marotti has described in depth (Marotti, 1995: 31-37; Marotti, 2012: 236-266). With the exception of Campion’s poem, *P* seems designed above all to foreground English as a viable and flexible medium for verse. This patriotic ambition of the manuscript is one of its main distinctions.

In his selection of entries for the manuscript, Harington demonstrably had access to several privileged manuscript circles despite his moderate social standing as a minor court servant and gentleman. Reconstructing these, or at least hypothesising what they were, gives some indication of his intellectual milieu, but is a valuable undertaking in itself given that relatively few of the poems in *P* survive in print, and not many more in other manuscript witnesses. It is clear from several pieces in *AH* that Harington was an opportunistic collector of verse. He possibly took the biblical paraphrases of Sir Thomas Smith; John Dudley, Earl of Warwick; and Robert Dudley in that manuscript during his two imprisonments in the

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12 Figure 1 below on pp. 25-27 describes the genre of each of the entries in *P*. 

22
Tower: Smith was a fellow prisoner in 1549, and the Dudley brothers John and Robert in 1554/5 (Hughey, I: [289], [290], [323]). The original composition of these pieces also certainly pre-dates their compilation in AH by several years, and it is highly probable that many of the contents in P were collected some time before transcriptions of them were made.

Harington had associations with several important Protestants and humanists of the mid-sixteenth century. These included Katherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk (1519-1580); to whom he dedicated his Booke of frendeship in 1550; Sir William Cecil; Sir John Cheke, and Roger Ascham. It is from these intellectual circles that he may well have culled the Cheke poems in P, of which [65]-[68] carry strong attributions; [69] is a probable Cheke item. Harington was, for instance, stationed in the household of Catherine Parr and Sir Thomas Seymour in 1548; at this time, Roger Ascham was tutor to Princess Elizabeth, of whom Parr and Seymour had charge. This is one potential route through which Harington obtained his Cheke poems. The Haringtons cultivated a wider interest in Cheke, and their prose miscellanies are replete with his letters to various recipients, including one from Cheke to Harington during Cheke’s exile in 1554. This is preserved in each of NA1-3. None of the Cheke poems survive in manuscript or print sources outside of P and AH, and the evidence of [66], which preserves Cheke’s idiosyncratic spellings, suggest that Harington’s source was possibly Cheke’s autograph copy or at least one at a close proximity to it. Harington’s poem [63] is a translation of a Latin original by Cheke’s associate and fellow humanist Walter Haddon (1516-1572) which probably pre-dates the appearance of that text in print. Here again the likelihood is that Harington obtained a version in manuscript through Protestant and/or humanist networks.

The preservation in P of the Chaloner and Phaer translations ([1]; [2], [3], [15] is also significant. Neither was apparently a prolific poet, and little is known of the textual circles through which their work circulated, particularly in the case of Phaer, who was stationed for most of his adult life in the marches of Wales. None of the pieces in P survive in any other extant manuscript sources. These texts may have found a courtly audience through a contact such as George Ferrers (c. 1510-1579), who knew both men. However, Ferrers’ membership of the literary circle of William Baldwin, with which Chaloner was connected and Phaer perhaps more loosely so, makes it an equally plausible source for Harington. This largely Protestant group collaboratively produced the the hugely popular compendium of de casibus

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13 Cheke’s letter is in NA1, I, pp. 171-172; NA2, II, pp. 258-259; and NA3, III, pp. 51-53.
14 For [63], see Vol. II, pp. 317-321.
tragedies, A Myrrour for Magistrates. Although Harington has no traceable link to the circle, he may have been well-placed to obtain copies of any poetic material which passed through it.

A similar scenario perhaps pertains for the Campion and Dering pieces. In these cases, Sir John as well as the elder Harington was possibly involved in accessing copies.\textsuperscript{15} Item [70] in \textit{P}, a version of the Puritan Dering’s reported death-bed sermon, is preserved in no other known manuscript witnesses. The two other copies of the Jesuit Campion’s poem are both of a Harington provenance. The textual environments through which both works circulated are unknown. Dering’s known networks are Kent-based and epistolary in nature, as his collection of letters to spiritually-inclined women, \textit{Certaine Godly and Verie comfortable Letters} (1590), attests (‘Dering, Edward’, \textit{ODNB}). Another avenue was perhaps the Court, where Dering material would probably have passed through the hands of stronger-minded Protestants, such as Barnabe Googe (1540-1594). The channels through which Campion’s poem came to the Haringtons may well have been both Catholic and clandestine. It is possible that such networks had roots at Oxford, where Campion composed the poem and was based until he departed for the continent in 1570.

Taken as a whole, \textit{P} is the product of Harington’s and his family’s dedication to uncovering and preserving poems from several intellectual sources. This includes its Wyatt and Surrey selections; these were probably obtained from courtly environments, and are considered in greater detail below. Early twentieth-century commentators proposed the elder Harington as the editor of Tottel’s \textit{Songes and Sonettes} and supplier of its major texts, which Hyder Rollins (II.92), Hughey (1971: 52), and Steven W. May (2009: 420) have successively rebutted. It is possible that Harington provided Tottel with some texts, but, in the case of \textit{P}, approximately half of its verse contents in \textit{P} do not survive in Tottel. Even taking Harington’s possible relation with Tottel into account, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that \textit{P} was a reaction to the printed miscellany. The literary-cultural impact which Tottel’s publication registered may have spurred the Haringtons to compile their own manuscript equivalent, but their choice of contents seems as rivalrous as it is imitative, delivering a bullish statement of their resourcefulness as compilers. In this sense, \textit{P} affords an example of the complex reciprocal interaction between the worlds of manuscript and print.

\textsuperscript{15} For a discussion of Sir John’s role in preserving material relating to Campion, see pp. 39-40 below.
Layout and Ordering

The layout and ordering of contents in \( P \) indicates that the Haringtons had a clear design in mind when they bound the manuscript. Given that the binding dates approximately to the turn of the seventeenth century, it is almost certain that the poems were initially copied on loose leaves and later folded and bound into the present codex. In addition, the scribes of [1] and [64] both use catchwords; lines from Phaer’s Books 2 and 3, on fols 21\(^{v}\)-28\(^{v}\) and 36\(^{v}\)-42\(^{v}\), run well into the gutter. These are both strong indications that the pages were copied before being bound. With some potential exceptions, the verse contents of \( P \) are arranged according to author and, within these authorial groupings, on the basis of genre or poem length. This principle may shed light on the authorship of the anonymous entries in the manuscript. Although the date of the binding makes it probable that Sir John oversaw this process, the plan to collate authorial groupings possibly originated with his father.

The term ‘author’ is, of course, used advisedly for manuscript poems: as Stamatakis argues, they were entities not so much authored as ‘handled’ and reworked by a number of different textual agents over the course of their transmission, including scribes and compilers (Stamakis, 2012: 17-18). Nevertheless, the Haringtons appear to have followed a broadly author- (or at least intial composer-) centred system of organisation in \( P \). Within the manuscript there are also six blank spaces, three of which are sizeable. The points at which these spaces occur suggest that they may be deliberate, and indicate that the Haringtons intended to fill them at a later date with poems linked via genre or author to those already in place. The table below shows these generally authorial groupings in the manuscript:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grouping / Section</th>
<th>Poem(s) and Genre</th>
<th>Poet</th>
<th>Folios</th>
<th>Hand(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>[1]: heroic epistle; translation of Ovid, <em>Heroides</em> 17</td>
<td>Chaloner</td>
<td>5(^{r})-8(^{v})</td>
<td>F</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>later slip of paper bound into the manuscript</td>
<td></td>
<td>9(^{cv})</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>[2]-[3]: epic; translation of Books 1 and 2 of the <em>Aeneid</em></td>
<td>Phaer</td>
<td>10(^{r})-29(^{v})</td>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>[4]: satire; [5]: sonnet; [6]-[10]: epigrams; [11]-[12]: love laments</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>30(^{r})-33(^{r})</td>
<td>B, A</td>
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<td>mathematics homework</td>
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<td>33r-35r</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>[13]-[14]: anti-curial satire; translations of Petrarch’s <em>Rime sparse</em> 136 and 138</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anon.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>35r</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>[15]: epic; translation of Book 3 of the <em>Aeneid</em></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Phaer</td>
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<td>36r-43r</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>[16]: stanza on friendship; translation from Ariosto, <em>Orlando Furioso</em></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Harington of Stepney</td>
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<td>44r</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>[17]: satire/complaint; [18]: satire/complainy</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anon.</td>
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<td>44r-44v</td>
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<td>original paper stock</td>
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<td>pp. 92-103 (unfoliated)</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>[19]-[25], [27]-[31]: sonnets translated from Petrarch’s <em>Rime sparse</em>; [26a]: moralising sixain</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anon.</td>
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<td>45r-48r</td>
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<td>48r-49r</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>[32]: amatory complaint; [33]: elegy; [34]: satire; [35]-[37]: amatory complaint; [38]: epigram; translation of Martial; [39]-[46]: sonnets; [47]: amatory poem; [48]-[49]: sonnets</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Surrey</td>
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<td>50r-57r</td>
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<td>57r-58r</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>[50]-[54]: biblical paraphrase; [55]: dedication; [56]: biblical paraphrase; [57]: dedication; [58]-[59]: biblical paraphrase</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Surrey</td>
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<td>58r-65r</td>
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<td>TWO LEAVES</td>
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<td>original paper stock</td>
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<td>pp. 147-150 (unfoliated)</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>[60]: sonnet</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Harington of</td>
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<td></td>
<td>66v</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Vol. I
Of the seventeen groupings (or sections for those single-item representatives), twelve are ordered on the basis of author, with the ninth and tenth effectively constituting one grouping with a short two-page hiatus between Surrey’s lyrics and biblical paraphrases. As in most anthologies, major entries tend to begin on rectos; those which do not, such as the fourth, eleventh, and thirteenth groupings, are among the more difficult to assign in the manuscript. It is probable that the fourth follows the autor-centred rationale, and possible that the sixth and seventh groupings represent one cohesive author-centred collection. The same pertains for the eleventh to thirteenth and fifteenth and sixteenth groupings. Each of these cases is discussed in greater detail below. The fifth section, Phaer’s translation of Book 3 of the Aeneid, is anomalous in the authorial groupings given that it is divorced from Books 1 and 2 in the second grouping. This lack of consecutive Phaer entries may well be the result of an error during the binding of the manuscript.

The Haringtons’ concern for arranging verse in an orderly and author-determined fashion in P resembles that of Tottel. Here again it is tempting to see the Songes and Sonettes as an influence on the elder Harington’s and Sir John’s anthologising practice. Nearer at hand,

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The twelve author-centred groupings (or sections) are 1-5, 9-11, 13-15, and 17.
also has similarities to the earliest sections of *AH*. Hughey (I.27) argues that in its initial conception, that manuscript contained four major groupings: (1) poems of John Harington of Stepney and others, (2) poems of Surrey, (3) poems of Wyatt, and (4) another section of Harington poems interspersed with the verse of others. This order is author-centred in its second and third groupings, though the others are more heterogeneous in nature and somewhat analogous to the ‘Uncertain Auctours’ section of Tottel. The broad correspondences between the two verse miscellanies here point to author-centred groupings being a Harington *modus operandi*.

In general, each authorial grouping in *P* is the work of an individual scribal hand among the ten who contributed to the manuscript, though there are exceptions. Hand A is responsible for copying all of the Phaer and Cheke poems in the manuscript; Hand B transcribed all of the known Harington the elder poems with the exception of [63], which is the work of Hand G. The single-poem sections continue this trend: Hand F copied the Chaloner poem in the first section, Hand E the Campion poem in the fourteenth section, and Hand H the Dering sermon in the seventeenth. This cumulative evidence suggests that the Haringtons set individual scribes the task of copying specific material. The consistency of the ink across most of these scribes’ output indicate that they copied their assigned workload in a single stint. This includes Hand H, who copied the 821-line Campion poem. In [2], another long poem, Hand A changed pens towards the end of the poem on fol. 19r.

Hands A and B are the apparent household scribes who undertook the bulk of the copying work. Hand A is involved in six groupings and Hand B in eight; both have an input in the third, Wyatt grouping, and ninth and tenth Surrey groupings. Hand B, or a hand which resembles it, added partial first lines from *Rime* 136 and 138 to serve as headings to the Hand A-copied poems [13] and [14] in the fourth grouping. The Wyatt and Surrey groupings therefore disrupt the general trend in being the products of more than one hand. Even here, however, the copying load is apparently subdivided according to genre or length of poem. With regard to Wyatt, Hand B copied the longer epistolary satire and Hand A the shorter lyrics; for Surrey, Hand A transcribed the lyrics, Hand B the paraphrase of Eccles. 1-5, and Hand C the paraphrase of Psalms 88, 73, and 55, together with their accompanying dedications. The single exception is poem [48], a sonnet which Hand B copied on fol. 57r; below it, Hand A completed the lyric section of the ninth Surrey grouping with [49]. The variants in handwriting size, line spaces, and ink indicate that Hand A copied the lyrics in more than one sitting (see textual notes in the transcript). The short hiatus between Surrey’s lyrics and the paraphrases demarcates the ninth and tenth groupings and has the paraphrases
unusually begin on a verso. However, it does not contradict the Haringtons’ broad schema of authorial groupings. They perhaps intended to fill the gap with additional Surrey lyrics, or wished to mark a generic division between lyrics and paraphrases. The same decision probably underlies the single-page ellipsis between the satire [4] and the lyrics [5]-[10] in the Wyatt grouping.

The most knotted questions which surround the make-up of P concern, first, the curious eighth grouping, and, second, the relation between the anonymous fourth, seventh, eleventh, and sixteenth sections and the authorial ones which precede or succeed them. Hand B has a central part in each of these groupings, except the fourth. It is the dominant hand in the eighth grouping, transcribing nine of a sequence of twelve sonnet translations from Petrarch’s *Rime sparse* which is punctuated by the sixain, [26a]. The varying consistency of the ink, as is the case between the poems on fol. 46r–v, makes it probable that Hand B copied the translations over more than one session. Poems [27] and [28] are the work of Hand D, who used only the recto of fol. 47; on the vacant verso, Hand I opportunistically added [29], probably after P had been bound. In this place, it serves as the only ‘answer poem’ as such in the manuscript, placed adjacent to a translation of the same sonnet, *Rima* 365, which completes the grouping.17 Alongside Hand B, there are therefore two additional scribes who contributed to the sequence. Despite this, the sequence appears to have been undertaken with a clear design in mind. Translations of Petrarch’s first and final sonnets in the *Rime sparse* serve as the bookends. There is perhaps also a thematic *cursus*, progressing from amatory through morally serious to spiritual sonnets, which dictated the arrangement of the internal poems and leaves in the grouping.18

With the probable exception of [29], this eighth grouping may be the work of a single author. Another witness to poem [26a] is preserved in *AH*, fol. 17v, though it is there deleted and replaced with a modified version. The surrounding poems in *AH* are all pieces with strong attributions to John Harington of Stepney; on this basis, Hughey (II.7-8) also claims him as the author of the variant sixain and, by implication, [26a]. The fact that Sir John copied [26a] into P suggests it is either his own poem or, equally, that of his father. His rationale for adding the poem after [25] may merely have been that the half-page was vacant, but it may also be a deliberate addition to a set of his father’s translations from Petrarch, or both. Beyond this hypothesis and the knowledge that Hand B copied most of the known Harington poems in the manuscript, there are literary grounds for considering the elder

17 For a discussion of [29], see Vol. II, pp. 181–182.
18 For a discussion of the order of the sequence, see Vol. II, p.156.
Harington the probable author of the sonnets in the sequence. The experimental forms of these sonnets are consistent with the adventurous rhyme schemes of Harington’s known poems, both sonnets and otherwise. The sustained allusions to Wyatt and Surrey in the sequence, moreover, suggest a keen admirer and student of the two poets, as Harington’s collections of their verse in both P and AH attest that he was. This formal and textual evidence makes Harington the chief candidate for their authorship.²⁹

The first anonymous grouping in P, the fourth, is copied by Hand A, and is confined to the single verso fol. 35v. It comprises two translations of Petrarch’s ‘Babylon’ sonnets, [13] and [14], which follow the Wyatt grouping. The case for Harington’s authorship of these is not as strong as the Petrarchan translations in the eighth grouping, but the unusual rhyme schemes make it plausible.²⁰ Both Kenneth Muir and Anthony Mortimer have assigned these poems to the elder Harington on the basis of their presence in P (Muir, 1950: 464-471; Mortimer, 2002: 17).

The second anonymous grouping, the seventh, is the work of Hand B. A stretch of six blank leaves (pp. 92-103) separates the poems in this section, [17] and [18], from the eighth grouping. They have, however, been gathered together with [16], a Hand B-copied poem which Sir John attributes unequivocally to his father in his translation of Orlando Furioso in 1591 (Harington, 1591: N5v). Poem [17] follows [16] on fol. 44v; [18] is on the subsequent verso.²¹ In the twelfth section, Hand B copied the two-line posy or maxim, [61].²² This is sandwiched between two Harington sections/groupings, both of which, like the fourth, begin uncommonly on versos. The eleventh contains [60], a sonnet which Sir John also assigns to his father in Orlando Furioso (Harington, 1591: F3v), and the thirteenth contains [62] and [63], both of which have strong connections to Harington. The placement of [17], [18], and [61] in the manuscript, together with the fact that Hand B copies them, makes Harington’s authorship highly probable if not, in the final analysis, conclusive.

Taking Harington as the author of these poems, [16]-[18] would constitute one cohesive sixth grouping in the manuscript and [60]-[63] one cohesive eleventh grouping. The sixteenth section in the manuscript, the single item [69], is almost certainly a Cheke poem given its formal and textual similarities with [65]-[68] in the fifteenth grouping. It is separated from these poems on the basis that the witness in AH, the only other copy known, carries no subscription to Cheke, whereas the texts of [65]-[68] in that manuscript all feature

²⁹ For a discussion of Harington’s possible authorship of the sequence, see Vol. II, pp. 158-160.
²² For a discussion of Harington’s possible authorship of [61], see Vol. II, p. 309.
one. If [69] is added to the existing Cheke collection, [65]-[69] would constitute a unified fifteenth grouping.

The result of merging the groupings thus would be a total of twelve groupings, with the fourth, sixth, eighth, and eleventh consisting of Harington poems. The possible presence of so many Harington poems in P accords with Marotti’s statement that manuscript compilers often inserted their own poems into their miscellanies (Marotti, 1995: 171). One clear problem with claiming the four anonymous groupings as Harington ones is that their sporadic presence in P disrupts the otherwise prevalent system of dedicating each grouping to an individual author, the error with the fifth notwithstanding. It is not clear why these ‘in-house’ items of P would not have been arranged in a similar fashion to the rest. The fact that blank spaces surround each of the present seventh, eighth, and eleventh groupings also warrants explanation. However, the other principal Harington miscellanies share similarities regarding these seemingly ad hoc Harington groupings and the use of blank spaces. First, the presence of Harington poems in different miscellaneous groupings is also a characteristic of AH, as cited above, though some of the pieces there were copied at different times onto available folios once the initial contents had been entered. Second, both AH and the first Harington prose manuscript have entries separated by blank leaves which correspond to the blanks in P; it therefore appears to be a procedure which the Haringtons adopted uniformly for their miscellanies. Before Sir John’s later additions to it, AH contained numerous blank leaves. As Hughey (I.27) notes, moreover, in the first prose manuscript ‘one to ten leaves of the original paper are left blank between entries[, making] space […] available for material of a similar nature’. As in P, these spaces were not used. The blanks surrounding the ‘Harington’ groupings in P were probably deliberate ellipses, left to be filled out when other Harington poems, or those in the same genre or form, came to hand.

With the possible exception of these ‘Harington’ groupings, there is overall a clear system underpinning the order of P, which focused on grouping together poems from the loose leaves on the basis of their authorship. This was an order which fell in line with both Tottel’s practice and AH, and may point to their influence.

**Cultural Significance**

The main significance of P in sixteenth-century manuscript and literary culture is the number of substantive Wyatt and Surrey poems it preserves, i.e., those which have do not descend from another extant witness, as well as the number of apparently unique mid-Tudor poems it
adds to the surviving canon. The first of these is covered in point (i) below, which focuses on the Wyatt and Surrey entries in P in the overall context of other sixteenth-century witnesses to these two poems, particularly Tottel. Point (ii) addresses the place of the manuscript in the overall Harington collection of miscellanies. As Marotti has averred, the importance of these collections makes the Haringtons one of the premier manuscript-compiling families of the sixteenth century (Marotti, 1995: 61-63). Point (iii) gives detailed consideration to the unique items in P, and (iv) considers its unusually varied religious profile.

(i) Wyatt and Surrey Canon

P is distinctive in being an Elizabethan verse miscellany whose contents are largely pre-1565 in date of composition. As noted above, this is in part because its featured poets are almost entirely contemporary with the elder Harington, as a man born in 1517x1520. The nostalgic inclination of the manuscript may also have been born out of the Haringtons’ desire to respond to the publication of Tottel’s printed miscellany. In making Wyatt and Surrey’s verse widely available in print from 1557, Tottel dulled the taste and need for anthologising it in manuscript after this date. Against this background, P’s inclusion of multiple poems by both poets is therefore unusual.\(^{23}\) Thomas Whythorne (c. 1528-1596) offers one of the more high-profile counterparts to Harington in gathering large numbers of Wyatt and Surrey poems for transcription, albeit at an earlier date. He copied both poets’ material, in transcriptions not now extant, for the playwright and epigrammatist John Heywood (1496x7-1578), as Whythorne recounts in his Autobiography: ‘Also whyll I waz with [Heywood] I did wryt owt for him diverz songs and sonets þat wer mad by þe erll of Surrey, sir Thomas Wiatt þe elder, and Mr Moor þe excellent harper bysdyt certain salms þat wer mad by þe said mr wyatt, and also mr. Sternhold’ (Whythorne, 1961: 14). Whythorne entered Heywood’s service as a ‘servant and skoller’ some time after his departure from Oxford in 1545 and appears to have remained in the household for around three years (Whythorne, 1961: 13; ‘Whithorne, Thomas’, ODNB).

\(^{23}\) There are no real Elizabethan analogues to P which manifest such a nostalgic taste, nor are there many which preserve poems which had been made widely available in print. Steven W. May’s recent article on Somerset Heritage Centre DD/SF 10/5/1, a manuscript apparently compiled by one Samuel Watts, offers a partial counterpart from the early-seventeenth century (May, 2012: 190-211). This manuscript takes form as an assemblage of mainly printed excerpts from poets such as Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Spenser, and prose writers such as John Lyly and Robert Greene. Watts and his principal collaborator therefore jettison early-Stuart favourites such as John Donne, Henry Wotton, and William Strode. However, Watts differs from the Haringtons in taking his excerpts directly from print rather than culling alternative versions from manuscript currents.
The Haringtons’ preservation of Wyatt and Surrey poems in $P$ thus ensures that the manuscript must be considered alongside earlier miscellanies in manuscript and print rather than Tottel’s Elizabethan successors such as Richard Edwards’ *The Paradyse of daynty deuices* (1576; STC 7516). Beyond this, their inclusion of Wyatt and Surrey poems may have been competitive in motivation, asserting the Haringtons’ ability to add different and (in their estimation) superior copies than were available in Tottel. The discussion below ends on this point.

Outside of the Harington collections, the major manuscript miscellanies with which $P$ shares poems are Henrician in provenance. These are BL, Add. MS 17492, the Devonshire Manuscript ($D$); and Trinity College, Dublin, MS 160, the Blage Manuscript ($B$). With $D$, $P$ shares five poems and with $B$ it shares three, as the table below summarises:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Poet</th>
<th>Add. MS 36529</th>
<th>Blage / Devonshire</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[4]: ‘Myne owne I.P’</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>fol. 30$^r$</td>
<td>$D$, fol. 85$^v$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[5]: ‘I finde no peace’</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>fol. 32$^r$</td>
<td>$D$, fol. 82$^r$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[6]: ‘Venemous thorns’</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>fol. 32$^r$</td>
<td>$D$, fol. 72$^v$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[7]: ‘I am not dead’</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>fol. 32$^r$</td>
<td>$D$, fol. 74$^r$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[9]: ‘A face’</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>fol. 32$^v$</td>
<td>$B$, fol. 72$^r$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[10]: ‘The wandring gadling’</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
<td>fol. 32$^v$</td>
<td>$D$, fol. 35$^v$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[35]: ‘Suche waywarde wais’</td>
<td>Surrey</td>
<td>fol. 53$^r$</td>
<td>$B$, fol. 178$^r$</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[65]: ‘What natures woorke’</td>
<td>Cheke</td>
<td>fol. 80$^r$</td>
<td>$B$, fol. 186$^r$</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Figure 2: Poems Common to $P$ and $D$, and $P$ and $B$**

The collation of these texts in the Commentary reveals that the elder Harington had recourse to different sources for the Wyatt and Surrey poems than those used by the the compilers of $D$ and $B$. The entries in the ‘WyT’ and ‘SuH’ sections of Beal’s *Index of English Literary Manuscripts, 1450-1625*, Vol. I, catalogue a handful of other manuscripts which are pre-1560 in origin and preserve Wyatt and Surrey poems. Poem [4], ‘Myne owne I.P’, has eight witnesses in total; poem [6] has seven, and poems [7] and [10] four apiece. Poem [35], Surrey’s ‘Suche waywarde wais’, also has four witnesses in total; [38], his epigram ‘Marshall,
the thinges for attayne’ ([38]), survives in eleven copies overall, though not in D or B.26 In all of these cases, too, the Harington copies in P consistently derive from sources independent of the rest, which generally have more identifiable textual relationships between them. Some of Surrey’s biblical paraphrases ([50]-[52], [56]) are preserved in the anthology of moralistic verse, Certayne Chapters of the proverbes of Salamon (1549/50; STC 2760), as is [56] in Francis Seager’s Certayne Psalmes select out of the Psalter of David (1553; STC 2728). Seager derives his text from Certayne Chapters, which is a substantive source in its own right; its poems, however, tend to be more error-strewn.

The same narrative holds true for Elizabethan manuscripts and printed texts which include Wyatt and Surrey poems. In terms of print, George Puttenham’s Arte of English Poesie (1589; STC 20519.5) reproduces several excerpts from Wyatt and Surrey to serve as exemplars of poetic composition. Puttenham seems to have adapted his sources to suit his purposes, as the lines he prints are often unique. Michael Drayton (1563-1631) also culled passages from Surrey to serve as supplementary notes to the fictitious epistle from Surrey to Geraldine in the second edition of Englands Heroicall Epistles (1594; STC 7194). As with Puttenham, the regularity with which Drayton’s readings are unique points to his own editing of them. Both Puttenham and Drayton only print excerpts with the single exception of Puttenham’s full text of [48], Surrey’s sonnet ‘Set me wheras the sonne’.

In terms of manuscripts, there are four main Elizabethan Wyatt and Surrey sources with which P shares poems: Cambridge University Library, Ff.5.14 (c. 1566-1572), which contains copies of [4] and [6] in its compiler William More’s hand; Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely’s manuscript miscellany Corpus Christi College, Cambridge MS 168 (c. 1558-1578), which houses a text of [4]; Robert Commaundre’s miscellany BL, Egerton MS 2642 (c. 1570-1602), which has text of Surrey’s ‘Martial’ epigram; and, unusual for its seventeenth-century provenance, the pharmacist Richard Glover’s miscellany BL, Egerton MS 2230 (c. 1630), which contains a copy of [48].27 These manuscripts all include isolated witnesses rather than the cohesive Wyatt and Surrey groupings seen in P and AH. As Stamatakis points out with reference to Surrey, such differences perhaps indicate that Surrey circulated poems both as individual copies and tranches (Stamatakis, 2012: 22). None of the copies in these Elizabethan manuscripts are related to P; most compare unfavourably with those which P contains.

26 For [38], see Vol. II, pp. 220-224.
27 For [48], see Vol. II, pp. 257-259. Edwards also lists the curious circulation of Surrey’s lyric ‘If care do cause men cry’ in seventeenth-century Scottish manuscripts (Edwards, 2004: 289-290). This poem is not in P.
It is with Tottel in particular that the substantive Wyatt and Surrey poems in $P$ are fruitfully compared. With the printed miscellany, $P$ shares twenty-four poems in total, constituting its largest overlap with any other source. Seven of these are Wyatt texts and seventeen Surrey lyrics. With the exception of [4], $P$’s Wyatt poems are superior to their counterparts in Tottel. The relative estimation of $P$’s Surrey poems in comparison with those in Tottel is more complex. A. S. G. Edwards’ recent article on this subject aims to reverse the long-held critical attitude that Tottel’s contingent of Surrey lyrics is inferior to those in $P$ (Edwards, 2012: 25-44). He first notes that, as the earlier source, Tottel’s accidentals should be the basis for for copy-text. Second, he challenges the frequent criticism that the substantive variants in Tottel are purely editorial distortions which reflect Tottel’s or his editor’s desire to refine both metre and spelling. Edwards suggests that these variants may merely represent preferable readings. Third, he argues that Tottel devoted energy to acquiring multiple alternative texts when preparing $T1$ and $T2$, as reflected in the changes which the Surrey poems often undergo between these two editions. This may indicate that he had a choice of manuscript sources, and looked to use the best one available.

Edwards’ article informs some of the collations analysis for [32]-[49] in the Commentary in Volume. II. On average, the copies in Tottel contain fewer corruptions than $P$, but the quality of its texts fluctuates. Some poems in Tottel are manifestly superior, such as [32], [36], [37], [42], and [48];28 two poems, [38] and [41], are so different as to suggest Surrey’s circulation of two different versions of the poem.29 For others, $P$ is the better text, as in [39], [43], [44], and [45].30 In two cases, [37] and [42], the second edition of Tottel introduced additional errors, and so cannot have been set up from a more authoritative text than the first. In preserving substantive Wyatt and Surrey poems, as well as being the major manuscript of Surrey lyrics by which to compare Tottel, $P$ makes an important contribution to the surviving corpus of both Henrician poets. As May notes, Harington was almost certainly not the only man of his social station who had access to Wyatt and Surrey poems in such numbers, but the collections in $P$ and $AH$ are the major two that have survived, offering evidence that both poets still ‘circulated widely at the mid-century’ (May, 2009: 422).

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28 For [32], see Vol. II, pp. 191-192; [36], pp. 213-214; [37], pp. 216-217; [42], p. 239; and [48], pp. 257-259.
29 For [38], see Vol. II, pp. 220-224; for [41], see pp. 234-235.
30 For [39], see Vol. II, pp. 227-28; [43], p. 242; [44], pp. 245-246; and [45], pp. 249-250.
(ii) Place in Harington Collections

The Harington collection of verse miscellanies, which includes primarily AH, E, and NA1-3 alongside P, is one of the most sophisticated of any sixteenth-century family and contains numerous valuable poems. Yet P has often been considered marginal to this collection, partly due to it leaving the Harington family earlier than the others, and partly because it has been overshadowed in critical accounts by the attention accorded to AH and E. However, P manifestly had its own purpose which is in need of retrieval. The Commentary in Volume II undertakes a detailed collation of the texts in the manuscript alongside the Harington miscellanies and other extant witnesses, but it is worth summarising P’s overall relations to the family manuscripts in itemised form.

P has twenty-two poems in common with AH; this number involves compositions by the elder Harington, as well as Wyatt, Surrey, and Cheke poems.31 In general, the textual relationship between the two miscellanies is close, as Hughey (I.40-44) describes in detail. P and AH seem for the most part to have to have taken their texts from a common ancestor, as with Harington’s poem [62], Wyatt’s poem [4], Surrey’s poem [34], and Cheke’s poems [65]-[68]. Neither manuscript took its texts directly from the other, but, as Hughey argues, the scribes who transcribed Surrey’s biblical paraphrases in P (Hands B and C) appear to have checked their transcriptions against those in AH and revised accordingly.

The major differences between the two miscellanies are in size and scope. AH has 145 written folios, with 83 folios missing; it is therefore a much larger collection than P, with its 82 written folios. Whereas P showcases early- and mid-Tudor material alone, AH has contents from the contemporaries of both the elder Harington and Sir John. Besides the Wyatt and Surrey pieces, it shares a number of other lyrics with the ‘Uncertain Auctours’ grouping in Tottel. Through Sir John’s extensive additions to AH, however, it is also a store of high Elizabethan verse which had shortly left the pens of such poets as Sidney, Raleigh, and even Queen Elizabeth. In addition, AH contains verse libels such as the three consecutive ones on fols 132r-139r. Its poems in general have a higher degree of social and political allusiveness than P. This leaves the Haringtons’ motivation for compiling P an open question. One of the more distinctive characteristics of the manuscript is the strong presence of long translations from the classics and privileged European vernaculars. Poem [1], Chaloner’s translation of Ovid; [2], [3], and [15], Phaer’s rendering of Virgil’s Aeneid, Books 1-3; and [19]-[25] and

31 AH shares the following poems with P: [4], [16], [26a] (deleted but still visible AH), [32] (a fragment in AH), [34], [35], [50]-[59], [62], and [65]-[69].
[27]-[31], the sequence of Petrarch translations, are all significant in this regard. The elder Harington of evidently had an interest in such material and may have intended \( P \), at least in part, to champion English translations. This patriotic motive does not appear to be so conscious an aim of \( AH \). The fact that none of the translations cited above are preserved in either \( AH \) or Tottel suggests that the Haringtons may also have intended \( P \) to contain new or previously uncollected material. Both suggestions give the manuscript a distinct character and rationale which differentiate it from its more celebrated sibling.

\( P \) has a complex relationship with the three editions of the \textit{Nugæ Antiquæ}. With \textit{NA1} and \textit{NA2}, edited by Henry Harington, it shares fifteen poems.\textsuperscript{32} The first thirteen of these appear, with [36] first and [6] last, in a short anthology in \textit{NA1-2} entitled ‘SONNETS BY JOHN HARINGTON, ESQ., AND SOME OTHERS, 1547’.\textsuperscript{33} For the third edition, \textit{NA3}, Thomas Park omitted eleven poems in their earlier editions ([5]-[14] and [33]), but retained [62] and [63]; he also inserted thirteen poems from \( P \) to the section entitled ‘POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORs (written between 1540 and 1612)’ in Vol. 2, pp. 323-416.\textsuperscript{34} The textual relationship between \( P \) and \textit{NA3} is therefore close, including one variant in [62] where Park apparently revised the text he inherited from \textit{NA1-2} with a reading from \( P \).\textsuperscript{35} The other variants are in general attributable to scribal errors on the part of Park. The texts in \textit{NA1-2} also show relatively little substantive variation from \( P \), particularly in their Wyatt poems ([5]-[10]). This suggests that the entries in both \( P \) and \textit{NA1-2} possibly derive from a common or closely-related ancestor. Hughey (I.23) argues that the \textit{NA} copies may well be based on originals in \( AH \) which were then lost or destroyed after Henry Harington had used them. Given the corresponding closeness of \( P \) and \( AH \), and \( P \) and \textit{NA1-3}, Hughey’s speculation is plausible. Yet it is also possible that the common source of \( P \) and \textit{NA1-2} was another manuscript which has not survived. \( P \)’s relationship with \( E \) may add some evidence about the identity or character of this manuscript.

\( P \) has five poems in common with \( E \): the Wyatt pieces [4], [5]-[7], and [10]; and Surrey’s sonnet, [44], which commends Wyatt’s paraphrase of the penitential psalms. However, despite the fact that \( E \) apparently preserves Wyatt’s final versions of [4], [5]-[7], and [10], the Haringtons did not take their texts directly from that manuscript. Like \( AH \), the copies in \( P \) and \textit{NA1-2} consistently show the marks of a reviser who sought to refine Wyatt’s

\textsuperscript{32} \textit{NA1-2} share the following poems with \( P \): [5]-[14], [33], [36], [37], [62], and [63].
\textsuperscript{33} The section is in \textit{NA1}, I, pp. 183-199; the shared poems with \( P \) are on pp. 183-186 and 189-197. In \textit{NA2}, III, the section is on pp. 240-258; the shared poems with \( P \) are on pp. 240-243 and 246-256.
\textsuperscript{34} Park takes the following poems from \( P \): [1], [34], [47], and [50]-[59]. Poem [1] is on p. 372, [34] on p. 336, [47] on p. 339, and [50]-[59] on pp. 339-371.
\textsuperscript{35} For [62], see Vol. II, pp. 314-317.
poems in diction and metre to bring them in line with mid-Tudor prosodic developments. With regard to \textit{AH}, Hughey (I.56-50) suggests that the Haringtons, perhaps with the aid of another textual agent (or agents), took their poems from \textit{E} and then emended them. More recently, Jason Powell has speculated about the existence of another manuscript, probably made by the elder Harington or someone under his instruction, which served as an intermediary between \textit{E} (and other sources) and \textit{AH} and \textit{P}. This hypothetical ancestor modernised and subtly manipulated the texts in \textit{E}; it possibly accounts for the texts of [4] in \textit{P} and \textit{AH}, and also [5]-[10] in \textit{P} and \textit{NA1-2}, if their copies were not taken from \textit{AH}. The Collations in this edition broadly supports Powell’s speculation. The collation of [4] in the Commentary in Volume II shows that \textit{P} and \textit{AH} descend independently of the other copies, including \textit{E}. The copies of [5]-[10] in \textit{P} and \textit{NA1-2} regularly share substantive variants which modernise Wyatt’s poems and attempt to improve readings which are shared by the other surviving witnesses. The Wyatt texts in \textit{P} are therefore important as substantive copies in themselves, and also as evidence that Harington (and perhaps others) made a concerted effort to emend the poems that he acquired.

(iii) Unique Poems

Seventeen of the sixty-nine poems in \textit{P} are apparently unique;\textsuperscript{36} a further six entries survive only in \textit{NA1-3} outside of \textit{P}.\textsuperscript{37} Among the first category are poems [17] and [18]. These are outspoken pieces against the state whose predilection for alliterative phrasing and stock phrases place them within the same mid-Tudor polemical tradition as Thomas Churchyard’s \textit{Dauy Dycars Dreame} (1552?; STC 5225). Poems [19]-[25] and [27]-[31] are the sequence of twelve sonnet translations from Petrarch’s \textit{Rime sparse}. The collection is important on a number of grounds. As possible compositions by the elder Harington, the poems potentially expand his known corpus. The common bond of experimentation which unites them is also a testament to the formal ingenuity of mid-Tudor versifiers. The wealth of allusions to Wyatt and Surrey in form and phrase also represent one of the earliest and most sustained engagements with both poets.

Chief among the poems which are otherwise preserved only in \textit{P} and one or all of \textit{NA1-3} is poem [1]; this is Sir Thomas Chaloner’s translation of Ovid’s \textit{Heroides} 17, the epistle of Helen to Paris. It appears to be the earliest Tudor translation of an epistle from the \textit{Heroides}:

\begin{quote}
36 The poems are, in chronological order: [1], [17], [18], [19]-[25], [26]-[31], [60], [61], and [70].

37 The poems are, in chronological order: [11], [12], [13], [14], [47], and [63].
\end{quote}
Chaloner died in 1565, two years before the publication of George Turberville’s whole translation, *The Heroycall Epistles of ... Publius Ouidius Naso* (1567; STC 18939.5). Yet there is no substantial scholarship on the poem. Christopher Martin included [1] in his collection *Ovid in English* (1998), but its critical airings have been few. Lee T. Pearcy offered a brief comment about the unwieldy metre of [1] in *The Mediated Muse: English Translations of Ovid, 1560-1600* (Pearcy, 1984: 10). However, Chaloner’s long line is of formal interest, as it is an adaptation of poulter’s measure which inverts the twelve- and fourteen-syllable lines. Most recently, [1] was ignored in a special issue of the journal *Renaissance Studies* devoted to Renaissance translations of the *Heroïdes* (2008, 22:3: 295-433).

Poems [13] and [14], also preserved in *NAI*-2, are unusual eighteen-line translations of Petrarch’s *Rime* 136 and 138. These are two of his ‘Babylon’ sonnets, directed originally at the Papal Court at Avignon, but which the translator redirects firmly in the direction of the Catholic Church in general as part of a bitter Protestant rewriting of the poems. This makes them English contributions to a wider Protestant and continental vogue in the mid-sixteenth century for adapting the ‘Babylon’ sonnets thus (Taylor, 2006b: 446-453). Item [70], a transcription of the Puritan preacher Edward Dering’s death-bed sermon in 1576, is apparently the latest-dated item in the manuscript. It is also the single known witness to this prose sermon in manuscript, and contains marked substantive variation from the printed witnesses of this sermon.\(^{38}\) In the same vein, poems [2], [3], and [15] are the sole manuscript copies of Books 1-3 of Thomas Phaer’s translation of the *Aeneid*, and appear to be earlier drafts than those which were used for the four printed texts of seven, nine, twelve, and thirteen Books in 1558 (STC 24799), 1562 (STC 24800), 1573 (STC 24801), and 1584 (STC 24802). The case of the Phaer poems is perhaps analogous to the Tottel one: the elder Harington’s decision to include these translations have been spurred by the publication of one of the printed copies, probably 1558 or 1562. In sum, *P* adds considerably to the extant fund of mid-Tudor verse, and in range of representative genres and forms such as heroic epic, satire, sonnets, and epic.

(iv) *Religious Profile*

*P* is also important, and arguably distinctive, due to the diverse religious profile of its entries. One of the crucial questions this raises is whether the the elder Harington and Sir John were

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\(^{38}\) For [70], see Vol. II, pp. 337-339.
able to separate doctrinal allegiance from their estimation of literary worth value when compiling the manuscript. The elder Harington seems to have been involved in largely Protestant circles, but could apparently tolerate well-composed Catholic poems. According to Sir John, his father’s favourite poem at the time of his death in 1582 was Henry Walpole’s epitaph on Edmund Campion, ‘Why doe I vse my paper ynke and pen’, preserved in AH, fol. 32r, though ‘truely he misliked both the man [Campion] and the matter [his beliefs]’ (Harington, 1880: 105). The religious position of Sir John is notoriously difficult to gauge, given that he defined himself somewhat jocularly as a ‘protesting catholique puritan’ (Kilroy, 2005: 108). The unusually flexible positions of its two principal compilers may exert some influence on the material anthologised in P.

The bulk of the manuscript features poets who were either avowedly Protestant or appear to have been so: Chaloner, Cheke, Surrey, and Wyatt, alongside the elder Harington himself. However, the two distinct anomalies are the Puritan preacher Dering’s sermon (item [70]), and the Jesuit martyr Campion’s epic on the early Church: Sancta salutiferi semina verbi ([64]). Dering was a bête noir to Elizabeth I, upbraiding her ministry of the Church in a Lenten sermon delivered in 1569/70, but he was clearly a popular writer whose letters and sermons enjoyed a strong presence in print.39 The Haringtons’ particular interest in Campion, of which there is considerable evidence, is more curious.

The copy of Sancta salutiferi in P appears to be the earliest of three Harington copies: Sir John commissioned two presentation copies in the italic hand of his principal scribe, now Earl of Leicester, Holkham Hall MS 437, and Bodleian Library, Rawl. D.289. The poem on the early Church is a deliberate counterpoint to the earthly dynasticism of Virgil’s Aeneid, which Campion completed while nominally still a Protestant at Oxford shortly before he left for the continent in 1570 and converted to Catholicism. Its controversy therefore lies as much in the identity of its author, as a famous recusant, than any clear denominational slant in the poem itself. This edition prints a transcription of the poem in the main text, but does not include a commentary; Gerard Kilroy’s English translation is Appendix 1. The date at which the poem was copied for the Haringtons is unknown, but as the most famous Jesuit in Elizabethan England, circulation of material by or relating to Campion was restricted to tight circles. Kilroy’s Edmund Campion discusses in great detail the unusual lengths to which both the elder Harington, and especially Sir John, went to preserve Campion’s verse, including the hazardous transportation of material relating to him (Kilroy, 2005: 68). It is clear that the

39 For Dering’s biography, see Vol. II, pp. 335-336.
preservation of both it and Dering’s sermon give $P$ a religious profile which is decidedly more varied than those of many contemporaneous MSS.

**PREVIOUS SCHOLARSHIP**

Given that $P$ has not been edited in full, this edition is the first to include a commentary on poems such as [1], [13], [14], [19]-[25], [27]-[31], [60] and [61]. Because much of the earlier scholarship on the manuscript formed part of the Provenance, this section concentrates on the work of scholars since 1900. Critical and editorial use of the manuscript has been largely the preserve of Wyatt and Surrey scholars, but recent work has begun to consider some of the other contents of the manuscript.

**1900-2000**

In his 1920 critical edition *The Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey*, reprinted in 1928 and 1966, Frederick Morgan Padelford used $P$ as the copy-text for all twenty-eight Surrey poems in the manuscript. However, he did not collate several important witnesses, including $AH$, for which he instead used the transcription of $AH$ which Nott organised, now BL, Add. MS 28635. In 1964, Emrys Jones published *Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey: Poems*. Like Padelford, Jones used $P$ as the copy-text for most of the Surrey poems it contains, though he exercised quality control in his decision to omit copies of [36] and [37] on account of their ‘small merit’ (xxvii). Jones’ is not a critical edition; his interest inhered principally in Surrey’s poetics, and his Introduction advances the argument that Surrey is the first neoclassical poet.

Hughey was the first major editor outside of Wyatt and Surrey specialists to publish work on $P$. Her study of the manuscript was limited but ran in tandem with her principal research on $AH$, which she rediscovered at Arundel Castle in the 1920s. Hughey’s three publications to consider $P$, cited throughout the Introduction to this edition, are ‘The Harington Manuscript at Arundel Castle and Related Documents’ (1935), *The Arundel Harington Manuscript of Tudor Poetry*, 2 Vols (1960), and *John Harington of Stepney: Tudor Gentleman* (1971). In general, Hughey considered $P$ a later verse miscellany than $AH$, and a comparatively marginal one among the extant Harington verse miscellanies. She devoted more space to the relationship between $AH$ and $E$. In *John Harington*, Hughey took
her text of poem [63] from Arundel Harington; she did not recognise that [60] is a Harington poem, and therefore did not reproduce it. Hyder R. Rollins also undertook scholarship on P in his 1928 edition of Tottel’s Miscellany, 2 Vols, reprinted in 1966. In the Commentary in his Volume II, Rollins listed the variants between the copies of Wyatt and Surrey poems in Tottel and those in P. He also printed the Petrarchan translations [21], [22], [23], [27], and [28] from the manuscript as analogues to Wyatt’s earlier translations of these sonnets.


2000-

Since the turn of the millennium, A. S. G. Edwards has undertaken the major scholarship on P and its Surrey poems. His article ‘Manuscripts of the Verse of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey’ discusses the unusual size of the Harington collections of Surrey’s poems in P and AH in contrast to the piecemeal preservation of them in other manuscripts. Edwards locates in this fact the specific concerns of both the elder Harington and Sir John for collating Surrey’s lyric corpus and biblical paraphrases. Edwards’ second article on P, ‘Manuscript and Print: The Text and Canon of Surrey’s Lyric Verse’, is described above. This piece attempts to argue for the textual superiority of at least some of the Surrey poems in T1 over the witnesses

40 For a synopsis of Edwards’ article, see pp. 35-36 above.

Amanda Holton and Tom MacFaul made use of *P* in both their co-written article “‘Ruth’ in Surrey’s Windsor Elegy’, printed in *N&Q*, 56.1: 29-33 (2009), and co-edited volume *Tottel’s Miscellany: Songs and Sonnets of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt and Others*, published by Penguin in 2011. In the article, Holton and MacFaul examine the complexities of l. 21 of Surrey’s ‘So crewell prison’, examining the variants in *P*, *NA1-2*, and Tottel. They also give a different account of the relative precedence of *P* and *AH*, claiming the former as earliest (Holton and MacFaul, 2009: 29) Holton and MacFaul’s commentary in their edition of *Tottel’s Miscellany* lists substantive variants between the second quarto and *P*.

The major scholarship on Wyatt in relation to *P* this millennium has been Chris Stamatakis’ *Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Rhetoric of Rewriting: ‘Turning the Word’*, published in 2012. This book examines Wyatt’s poems as self-aware products of a textual milieu where authorship involved multiple agents. Stamatakis supplied a short description and provenance of *P* in Appendix I, which is in large part a reproduction of Hughey’s. Stamatakis also makes brief reference to poems [29] and [31] in the sequence of Petrarchan translations in the manuscript as an example of a ‘collational poetics’ in which readers were encouraged to compare different versions of the same text (Stamatakis, 2012: 51-52).

Jason Powell is currently editing Wyatt’s poetry and prose for Oxford University Press.

Gerard Kilroy’s *Edmund Campion: Memory and Transcription*, published in 2005, was the first major publication to print [64]. Kilroy discusses Sir John’s investment in preserving material related to Campion. He includes a transcription and translation of Campion’s biblical epic, together with a textual apparatus. Kilroy chose *P* as his copy text over Holkham Hall MS 437 (he was not then aware of Bod. Rawl. D. 289) due both to its greater accuracy and the fact that it is the source of the Holkham Hall MS. Kilroy also undertook a physical description of *P*, including details of its paper and watermarks.
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Size and Binding

P is a folio-sized codex measuring 200 x 295mm in size and comprising 105 leaves, 23 of which are blank. The manuscript is bound in late-sixteenth- or early-seventeenth-century brown calf with faded ornate gilt tooling; this may not be original, and the evidence indicates that the constituent poems in P were copied on loose leaves prior to binding. The boards feature an inlaid design of a diamond enclosed within a rectangle, and are much defaced with significant scuff-marks and wear, particularly in the corners. The spine is a later replacement: as a note written into the penultimate leaf indicates, the manuscript was rebacked around ‘January 1900’. On the spine the British Museum labels with shelfmark are inscribed in gilt morocco, and read: ‘POEMS | BY | SURREY | WYAT | AND | OTHERS | BRIT. MUS. | ADDITIONAL | 36,529’.

A square hole has been cut into the pastedown and two notes have been written on the back of the upper board. The first is by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and states: ‘Mem. | This MS belongs | to the Revd William Sayle | of Stowey Co. Somerset | 1791’. Immediately below the note is the second, possibly written by Thomas Park in red ink, which reads: ‘It was purchased by TPark / from Mr. Sayle’s Library, 1800’. Below these notes are a British Museum stamp and a cut-and-pasted section of an alternative, perhaps earlier version of the spine, reading ‘POEMS | BY | SURREY | WYAT &C. | MS.’. There are also some pencil notes relating to earlier shelfmarks assigned to P: 464.C, 668.a and 672.b are struck through, with $672b retained. 672 and b have been stuck onto the outer spine.

Paper

There are 82 written leaves in P; each of the total 105 leaves has vertical chainlines in the paper, and, where they occur, watermarks are found in or around the centre of the page. A note on the penultimate leaf of the manuscript, which is original and not a modern binding leaf bound into the volume, suggests it was foliated in 1900 when the British Museum acquired it: ‘82 ffs January 1900 w<...> | Examined by S S O’. The verse begins on fol. 5 (p. 13): fol. 2′ is a page of pen trials and verse excerpts written in a range of different early modern hands, fol. 3′ a series of three biblical excerpts in Hebrew, and fol. 4′ a series of notes on the manuscript which Percy has added. The ink pagination is still visible on the pages of

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41 For Percy’s and Park’s notes in P and their broader work on the manuscript, see pp. 16-18 above.
the manuscript, although it is almost uniformly struck through on rectos and replaced with folio numbers; exceptions are found on fols 10r, 67r and 82r, which preserve both page and folio numbers. The pagination on the present fols 3 and 4 skips from 4 to 9; this suggests two leaves are wanting from the original total in this place, though no stubs are visible.

The 23 blank leaves in the manuscript are unfoliated but still paginated. These fall within six distinct groupings, three of which are of particular note. The first, of six leaves, is found between poems [18] and [19], covering pp. 93-104; the second, of two leaves, is found between [59] and [60], extending from pp. 147-150; the third and largest, of thirteen leaves, is found between [64] and [65], covering pp. 176-202. In each instance, the paper is the same as the written leaves and is not supplied from a later stock, as in AH: George Frederick Nott, under whose direction AH was rebound in 1810, inserted nineteenth-century paper to stand for original leaves wanting (Hughey, I: 14-15). There is one stub in P, sandwiched between the present fols 68 and 69. Given that no lapse in the foliation takes place as a result of the excision of the leaf, it was probably removed at an early date, perhaps one close to the binding of the manuscript. The jagged state of the stub indicates that the leaf was not extracted with particular care. Fols 67 and 68 themselves became detached from the binding: a ‘Record of Treatment’ note pasted on the final vacant folio of P records preservation work undertaken in May 2012, in which these two leaves were reattached.

It is almost certain that P was bound in its present form after the poems were copied. This conclusion is indicated by the layout and arrangement of the manuscript, and is buttressed by further evidence. Any suggestion that P is a composite made up of unrelated gatherings which were later bound together is discounted by the fact that the same watermarks appear throughout the manuscript. Its distribution of blank leaves also seems pre-planned. The overwhelming evidence points to P starting life as a series of loose sheets which were written on and then folded and bound.

Watermarks

The Haringtons used three or more stocks of paper for their compilation of P. Forty-nine foliated and unfoliated leaves have no watermark, but three in total are identifiable in the manuscript. The first is a gloved left hand faced palm outwards with a daisy at the fingertips; ‘3’ is inscribed on the palm and ‘HH’ or ‘IH’ on the wrist. This watermark appears, in an

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42 The foliated leaves with no watermark are 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 28, 30, 33, 34, 36, 38, 39, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 52, 54, 58, 60, 61, 64, 67, 69, 70, 71, 73, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 82. The unfoliated leaves are pp. 89, 95, 97, 99, 193, 199, and 201.
upright position, in fols 7, 8, and 10; it is back-to-front in fols 14 and 15. The watermark is therefore used only at the beginning of the manuscript, and there sporadically, in parts of [1] and [2]. It is similar to watermark 11369 in Briquet, a paper stock from the Low Countries, dated c. 1533x1567 (Briquet, III, 1907: 574) and watermark 2512 in Heawood (Heawood, 1950: 328), though it closely corresponds with neither. It is possible that the paper was produced in a similar period of 1530x1560s. The second watermark is a right-handled pot with trefoil, which is found in upright positions on eighteen foliated and unfoliated leaves, and upside-down on twenty-eight foliated and unfoliated leaves. This second watermark is similar to 12672 in Briquet, a paper stock from the Low Countries, dated 1550s; and 12633, from Maestricht, dated c. 1542 (Briquet, IV, 1907: 633-4). Gerard Kilroy also suggests the similarity to Briquet 12672 in his description of P (Kilroy, 2005: 149). One of the main watermarks in Harington prose manuscripts I and II is also a right-handled pot with handle and trefoil. This is not, however, the same as that in P. The third watermark is in the form of a monogram, ‘GP’, enclosed within a rectangle. This is found singularly on the folio marked ‘End’.

The methodological problems around paper stocks prevent firmer conclusions about dating. The watermarks are of limited value, denoting time of usage alone: it is conceivable that the paper could have been stored for a period of years prior to being plied into a manuscript. In the case of P, it is difficult to establish how closely the date of the paper corresponds to the date range over which its entries were copied. It may well be some decades given that P is almost certainly an Elizabethan volume whose compilation can only loosely be estimated to a period spanning c. 1560 and 1600. The same argument pertains for the ten scribal hands in the manuscript. Although most of these are of a mid-Tudor character, their general duct indicates the period at which they were trained rather than the period at which the poems were transcribed, and styles often remained durably resistant to new palaeographical developments.

43 The watermark is also similar to 11379 (Vassenere, 1552), 11380 (Osnabrück, 1552; Bruges, 1552) and 11381 (Clairvaux, 1552) in Briquet; In each case, however, the initials inscribed on the wrist of the hand do not match the HH or IH of the watermark in Add. MS 36529.
44 The watermark is also similar to 2511 (n.d.), 2513 (1558) and 2521 (1544-46) in Heawood.
45 The foliated leaves are 20, 21, 27, 29, 40, 50, 51, 56, 66, 74, and 81; the unfoliated leaves are pp. 177, 181, 183, 185, 191, 195, and 197. I am grateful to Dr Alan Bryson for undertaking an independent check on the distribution of paper bearing this watermark in P.
46 The foliated leaves are 4, 17, 24, 25, 26, 31, 32, 35, 37, 41, 42, 44, 45, 53, 55, 57, 59, 63, 65, 68, and 72; the unfoliated leaves are pp. 11, 93, 101, 103, 149, 179, 187, and 189. I am grateful to Dr Alan Bryson for undertaking an independent check on the distribution of paper bearing this watermark in P.
47 The second watermark is also similar to 12635, a paper stock from Utrecht, c. 1541, in Briquet (IV, 1907: 633).
48 I am grateful to Dr Alan Bryson for identifying this watermark.
Collation

The task of producing a collation for $P$ is difficult for two principal reasons: the codex is still in its seventeenth-century binding, and as such is not especially robust, and the leaves have been tightly bound, with no visible stitch-marks. Except in the case of the first watermark (the gloved hand), watermarks are not a reliable guide for calculating the different quires given that they are dispersed with no discernible order throughout the manuscript. On the basis of the most detailed study possible in the circumstances, the following collation seems the most probable: i, 1$^4$, 2-3$^{10}$, 4$^{13}$, 5$^{10}$, 6$^9$, 7$^{12}$, 8$^{11}$ (-8.5), 9$^9$, 10$^{13}$, 11$^{10\mathrm{inc}}$. i. Fol. 9, a later slip of paper clearly not original to the codex, has not been considered in these figures; 8.5 corresponds to the stub between fols 67 and 68.

Quire 1 is the most confidently designated of the eleven postulated. It is the only gathering to include paper bearing the gloved hand watermark, and fols 5-15 are ruled in a matching brown ink with the same fold in the centre of the page. This is despite the fact that these folios comprise poem [1] and part of [2], which are copied by different scribal hands. Quires 9 and 10 have the same left-margin fold as first appears in Quire 8, where it was introduced to give the scribe of the Campion poem ([64]) sufficient space to add annotations.

Quires 5 and 8 are more conjectural. The first is so because its final two leaves (pp. 99-102) are possibly part of the following Quire 6. The eighth is made complex by the presence of the reattached fols 67 and 68, which protrude more than the other leaves in the gathering and makes it uncertain whether they belong in the larger gathering or represent a separate one. Considering them separate would lead to a tripartite division of Quire 8, in which fols 67 and 68 would be a self-contained ninth gathering bracketed by an eighth and tenth: i, 1$^4$, 2-3$^{10}$, 4$^{13}$, 5$^{10}$, 6$^9$, 7$^{12}$, 8$^4$, 9$^9$ (-9.2), 10$^4$, 11$^9$, 12$^{13}$, 13$^1$. i.

In general, the leaves of the manuscript are in good condition. There no wormholes in the paper, nor is the paper unclean to the point of obscuring the text. Some of the leaves have sustained light water damage: the Wyatt grouping in the MS, [4]-[12], which covers fols 30$^r$-fol. 33$^r$, is the most affected in this regard; fol. 30 bears particular marks of damage. Even in this instance, however, poem [4] is fully legible. Ink blots and other marks on the leaves are highlighted in the textual notes.

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49 Quire 1: fols 2-4 + blank before 5; Quire 2: fols 5-15; Quire 3: fols 16 to 26; Quire 4: fols 27-40; Quire 5: fol. 41 to p. 102, Quire 6: p. 103-fol. 52; Quire 7: fols 53-64; Quire 8: fols 65-73; Quire 9: fol. 74-p. 184, Quire 10: p. 85-fol. 82, Quire 11: fol. ‘End’.
**HANDS**

There are ten main scribal hands in *P*, defined as those hands responsible for copying the poems as opposed to those restricted to emendation or correction. The table below shows the number of poems which each of these hands transcribed:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hand</th>
<th>Poem(s) Copied</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>[2], [3], [15]</td>
<td>Phaer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[5]-[10]</td>
<td>Wyatt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[11]-[12]</td>
<td>Wyatt(?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[13]-[14]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[32]-[47], [49]</td>
<td>Surrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[65]-[68]</td>
<td>Cheke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A2</td>
<td>[69]</td>
<td>Cheke(?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[16]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[17]-[18]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[19]-[25], [30]-[31]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[50]-[54]</td>
<td>Surrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[60]-[62]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>[56]-[59]</td>
<td>Surrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>[27], [28]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>[64]</td>
<td>Campion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>[1]</td>
<td>Chaloner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>[63]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td>[70]</td>
<td>Dering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>[29]</td>
<td>Anon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
<td>[26a]</td>
<td>Harington of Stepney (?)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Hand A therefore copied all of the Phaer and Cheke poems, the Wyatt lyrics, and most of the Surrey lyrics. In total, this hand set down thirty-five of the seventy items in the manuscript.

Hand B copied all but one of the known Harington poems and all but two of the possible poems.

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50 All images from BL, Add. MS 36529 are reproduced with kind permission from the British Library.
Harington poems, transcribing a total of twenty-two poems. Cumulatively, therefore, Hands A and B are responsible for a substantial 81% of the entries in $P$.

In general, care for presentation is a consistent among the scribal hands, with most poems apparently fair or presentation copies. The most striking piece in this regard is the Hand F-copied poem [1], which is designedly and elegantly wrought. The poem boasts embossed letters in initial positions, ink-ruled lines, and a title and subscription; the script is careful and regular. The principal exceptions are the poems for which Hands E and H are responsible, [64] and [63], together with the Hand B-copied set of Surrey’s paraphrases of Eccles. 1-5. [50]-[54]. These are the most untidily copied poems in $P$, and are perhaps pre-final drafts or working copies. The two more careful transcriptions of [64], which Sir John commissioned in Holkham MS 437 and Bodleian MS Rawl. D. 289, attest to this fact for the Campion poem.

(i) Hand A

Hand A is anonymous. It is a clean, regular secretary hand of approximately mid-Tudor date, with few italic influences. Hughey (I.40) conjectured that it was the script of Sir James Harington, first Baron Ridlington (c. 1540-1613), a relation of John Harington of Stepney and Sir John who descended from the Haringtons of Exton. She made this attribution on the basis of an Elizabethan volume of metrical psalms, ‘King Davids Psalmes’, which is housed at Ohio State University with the shelfmark Spec.Rare.MS.Eng.16. However, the hand is not Sir James’, whose minuscule ‘g’ and occasionally looped ascenders on minusule ‘h’ are much different from Hand A. However, the general duct of the two hands, their regularity, and their general mid-Tudor character is similar, and is consistent with other principal Harington scribes.

As well as Sir James, Hughey (I.40) noted the close resemblance between Hand A and the main scribal hand in $AH$. The two are different, but again have the same general duct. Amid the diagnostic features of Hand A are its more frequent ‘w’ and ‘o’ abbreviations, and its distinctive minuscule ‘g’ with a looped descender. This form is apparent in each major grouping in $P$ that Hand A copies; on the whole, it is a sporadic rather than common feature, though is consistent in [32]-[35].\textsuperscript{51} It does not appear at all in [69], which otherwise looks like a Hand A poem. Minuscule ‘g’ here has a different body and elaborate descender, as does

\textsuperscript{51} For a discussion of the groupings in $P$, see pp. 24-31 above. Examples of the looped ‘g’ include poem [3], fol. 27; [4], fol. 32; [32], fol. 50; and [65], fol. 80.\textsuperscript{51}
majuscule ‘I’ in initial positions in the line. Neither letter is typical of Hand A, and suggests the possible input of a conjectural hand, scribe A2:

Hand A and Scribe A2

As with Sir James’ hand and the AH scribe, there are sustained similarities between Hand A2 and A. This evidence suggests that the Haringtons schooled the secretary hands of the scribes in their household, with the aim of encouraging a uniform script with little peculiar variation. P. J. Croft and R. H. Miller have demonstrated that Sir John Harington adopted a similar practice for the scribes who transcribed manuscripts for him (Croft, 1983: 39-75; Miller, 1987: 101-105). This includes three italic MSS that Beal catalogues as autograph (Beal, II, 1980: HrJ 21, HrJ 22, HrJ 328). Kilroy avers that Sir John’s italic scribe ‘belonged to a household circle’, and it probably bears witness to an earlier practice of this nature in the Harington household (Kilroy, 2009: 73).

Chief among the formations common to Hand A and its counterparts is majuscule ‘C’. This is an open-bodied form which is the one major influence from italic. Also common are minuscule ‘y’, the ‘st’ ligature, two types of minuscule ‘d’, and minuscule ‘e’ in terminal positions. In each hand, the descender on minuscule ‘y’ has an exuberant flick back to the body of the letter. The ‘st’ ligature, particularly in terminal positions, has a high curling loop which connects the two letter-forms. Minuscule ‘d’ can be both compact with a pronounced, angular left-leaning ascender and open-bodied with a looped ascender. Terminal ‘e’s tend to have a prominent spur.

Formations common to A and scribes A2, AH, and O

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Formations common to A and scribes A2, AH, and O

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52. The italic MSS are Cambridge, Adv. b. 8. 1; Folger Library MS v.a.249; and BL, Royal MS 17B XXII.
Apart from minuscule ‘g’, the other distinctive characteristics of Hand A concern its handling of abbreviations and use of diacritical marks. The first and second of these affect his ‘es’ abbreviation. This can be truncated and somewhat clubbed; in [3] and [15], Hand A also makes erroneous use of the abbreviation, often writing it after ‘e’. When expanded, this produces the ending ‘ees’ instead of ‘es’. Third, Hand A occasionally uses a ‘p’-abbreviation which resembles a superlinear ‘r’. The hand has otiose tildes, which pertains in particular to [2], [3], and [4]-[12]. They thus serve more as a decorative mark or scribal tic than an abbreviation. Hand A uses apostrophes to mark elisions, though his use is not uniform. 53

*Hand A: abbreviations*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hand A</th>
<th>Hand A</th>
<th>Hand A</th>
<th>Hand A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>‘es’ abb. fol. 21</td>
<td>superfluous ‘es’ abb.; fol. 26</td>
<td>‘er’ hook fol. 32</td>
<td>superfluous tilde fol. 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(ii) *Hand B*

Hand B is an italic hand which Hughey (I.41) ascribed to Ellina Harington, the third of Sir John’s daughters, born c. 1590. She made this attribution based on the fact that the name ‘Ellina Harrington’ is written in italic at the bottom of fol. 29v in the manuscript, and again on fol. 82r. These signatures are possibly modelled on Sir John’s: Miller prints a version of Sir John’s signatuere from Cambridge, Adv. 8. b. 1 (Miller, 1987: 103).

*Signatures of Ellina Harington*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ellina Harington, fol. 29v</th>
<th>Ellina Harington, fol. 82r</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><img src="image1" alt="Signature1" /></td>
<td><img src="image2" alt="Signature2" /></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Hughey’s attribution is flawed on two grounds. First, the two signatures are in different hands; it is not possible to determine which of them, if either, belongs to Ellina. Second, neither hand corresponds to Hand B. Chief among the distinct formations of Hand B are majuscule ‘E’ and majuscule ‘H’. Majuscule ‘E’ has serifs and a short flourish from the top left, but this is not as exaggerated as that in the signature on fol. 82r. Hand B’s majuscule ‘H’ inclines

---

53 See, for example, poem [40].1 and [41].4.
more strongly to the right than in the signatures; it also has a higher cross-bar and less prominent serifs. Also different are Hand B’s minuscule ‘l’ and ‘t’. The second in particular tends to have a serif, which is a feature of neither signature above:

**Hand B: majuscule and minuscule forms**

| Hand B majuscule ‘E’ fol. 60r | Hand B majuscule ‘H’ fol. 60v | Hand B minuscule ‘ll’ fol. 60r | Hand B Minuscule ‘t’ fol. 60v |

The dating of Hand B is difficult to establish, though a comparison with the mid-Tudor italic hands of Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheke, and Thomas Byng, preserved in *The Italic Hand in Tudor Cambridge* (1962), suggests it may well belong to a similar period (Fairbank and Dickins, 1962: Plates 2-9). Alfred Fairbank describes these as of ‘generally narrow letter, compactly proportioned and spaced, small in size, slightly sloped, and pointed (if not quite angular) with narrow bends’ (Fairbank and Dickins, 1962: 14). Two of the distinctive features of Hand B are majuscule ‘A’ and majuscule ‘I’. The flourish at the start of majuscule ‘A’ often resembles an ampersand; majuscule ‘I’ features a small flourish, distinct from the more common cross-bar, which curves to the left at the mid-point of the stem:

**Hand B: diagnostic forms**

| Hand B majuscule ‘A’ fol. 61r | Hand B majuscule ‘I’ fol. 61r |

(iii) **Hand C**

Hand C is another italic hand. Hughey (I.41) assigned the hand to Sir John’s daughter Frances on the basis of the appearance of her signature above Ellina’s on fol. 29v:

**Signature of Frances Haryngton**

Francis Haryngton, sig. fol. 29v
As with Hand B, Hughey’s attribution is flawed. Hand C is in general much more angular and serified than the signature. It shares some features with Hand B, but the overall duct is quite different. Chief among the shared features is the unusual flourish on majuscule ‘I’. Hand C also uses the ‘p’ abbreviation, which is not a characteristic of Hand B.

**Hand C: diagnostic forms**

- **Hand C**
  - Majuscule ‘I’
    - Fol. 64
  - ‘P’ abbreviation
    - Fol. 64

(iv) **Hand D**

Hand D is an italic hand whose majuscule forms are in general more stunted than in Hands B and C. Chief among its diagnostic features is majuscule ‘B’, which is formed through the superimposing of a ‘3’ or sideways ‘m’ shape over an ‘L’; this leaves a large penstroke which leads into the top of the body. Minuscule ‘p’ is also distinctive, and has a pronounced lower serif. Hand D tends to double vowels to represent long vowel sound, as in ‘skoorge’ in [27]. 9, and ‘empeere’ in [28]. 7.

**Hand D: diagnostic forms**

- **Hand D**
  - Majuscule ‘B’
    - Fol. 47
  - Minuscule ‘p’
    - Fol. 47

(v) **Hand E**

Hand E is a cursive secretary hand with small letter forms; it is probably mid- to late-Elizabethan in date, as several diagnostic features suggest. Chief among these are the initial flourishes which lead into initial ‘m’ and ‘n’ and the backwards-facing ‘e’. Hand E tends to write majuscule ‘C’ indiscriminately in initial positions. The formation of minuscule ‘c’ and ‘r’ is often similar, particularly in medial positions. There are also two types of miniscule ‘d’. The first is more elaborate and has a long, looped ascender which inclines to the left; the second has a straighter ascender. Hand E sometimes struggles to produce distinct forms when
writing a series of minims. Unlike the nine other scribal hands, with the exception of Hand F, Hand E uses catchwords.

**Hand E: diagnostic forms**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hand E</th>
<th>Hand E</th>
<th>Hand E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>minuscule ‘e’</td>
<td>similar formation of minuscule ‘c’ and ‘r’: ‘succurrite’; fol. 70’</td>
<td>minuscule ‘d’ (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fol. 72’</td>
<td></td>
<td>fol. 71’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hand E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>minuscule ‘d’ (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fol. 71’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(vi) **Hand F**

Hand F is an elegant secretary hand with some chancery influence; the title and subscription are written in chancery hand. The hand is difficult to date, though several diagnostic forms suggest that it mid-Tudor with some earlier influences. Chief among these is the ‘z’-like appearance of minuscule ‘r’, a common trait of Henrician secretary hands (Petti, 1977: 17). Of the more unusual forms, minuscule ‘k’ appears alongside more regular formations of that letter in a detached form, with the downstroke separate from the other strokes. Anthony G. Petti’s sample early-, mid-Tudor, and Elizabethan secretary alphabets in *English Literary Hands from Chaucer to Dryden* have no comparable form (Petti, 1977: 17-18); the feature may well descend from fifteenth-century hands, and is seen in printed texts such as John Lydgate’s *The horse, the goos & the sheep*. (1477; STC 17018). Majuscule ‘R’ has a broad flourish above the line which leads into the letter. In general, Hand F is compact in appearance; ascenders and descenders are truncated with the exception of long minuscule ‘s’ and ‘f’. Hand F uses few abbreviations and contractions; unlike the nine other scribal hands with the exception of Hand E, it uses catchwords.

**Hand F: diagnostic forms**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hand F</th>
<th>Hand F</th>
<th>Hand F</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>minuscule ‘k’</td>
<td>minuscule ‘r’</td>
<td>majuscule ‘R’</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fol. 8’</td>
<td>fol. 6’</td>
<td>fol. 5’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

54
Hand G is a somewhat careless secretary hand of generally mid-Tudor date. Hughey (I.40) argues that it is the same hand which copies items [323] and [324] on fol. 225r-v of AH; the first of these is a psalm paraphrase attributed to Thomas Smith. Both hands share several forms, though none is so unusual as to be diagnostic. Chief among them are the noticeably long descenders of minuscule ‘s’ and ‘f’. There are three major differences between the hands. First, Hand G’s majuscule ‘S’ is different from the AH scribe; second, he has a more stunted form of minuscule ‘p’ than the AH scribe; and third, his minuscule ‘h’ tends not to have the same cursive loop as it does for the AH scribe. The two hands are therefore not the same, but are probably the products of a similar schooling. In terms of duct, Hand G is the least careful in P.

**Hand G: diagnostic forms**

![Images from the manuscript are reproduced by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.](vol1image)
is formed like a Greek ‘ε’. In Hand H, initial ‘r’ tends to be double-stemmed; there are no equivalents for comparison in the AH scribe. The two hands also share looped ‘st’ and ‘sh’ ligatures, though neither is unusual. There are, however, differences between the hands. Hand H’s majuscule ‘C’ is secretary whereas the AH scribe adopts an italic one; Hand H’s minuscule ‘b’ does not have as exaggerated a loop on the ascender as that of the AH scribe and in general it has more engrossed majuscule forms. It is possible that the two samples are the same hand at different stages of its development, though they are more probably different hands which are the products of similar schooling.

*Hand H: diagnostic forms*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hand H</th>
<th>AH Scribe</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>minuscule ‘r’ (medial) fol. 82’</td>
<td>minuscule ‘r’ (medial)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>majuscule ‘C’ fol. 82’</td>
<td>majuscule ‘C’</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>minuscule ‘b’ fol. 82’</td>
<td>minuscule ‘b’</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>‘st’ ligature fol. 82’</td>
<td>‘st’ ligature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>engrossed ‘T’ fol. 82’</td>
<td>engrossed ‘T’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Arundel Castle Archives, Harington MS, fol. 17*

*Images from the manuscript are reproduced by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.*

(ix) *Hand I*

Hand I is an italic hand of probably later date than Hands B, C, and D. Chief among its diagnostic forms is the elaborate flourishes on majuscule ‘A’. Minuscule ‘t’ is distinctive in terminal positions as well as in a medial position in l. 1, with a loop on the top of the vertical stroke. Hand I uses apostrophes to mark elisions, a practice it shares with Hand A.
Hand I: diagnostic features

Hand J: diagnostic features

(x) Hand J

Hand J copies the single item [26a] in P. The hand is probably that of Sir John Harington, though it could be one of his scribes whose hand approximates Sir John’s. The hand matches the one which Miller prints from Bodleian MS Rawl. B. 162, p. 13 (Miller, 1987: 103). Sir John’s is a small, neat secretary hand with distinct italic influence. As with Hand H, initial ‘m’ and ‘w’ feature long diagonal flicks. Minuscule ‘y’ is uniformly cursive, seen also in Miller’s image from Rawl. B.162. Sir John engrosses the majuscule first letters of each line.

Hand J: diagnostic features

Ruling

Most of the leaves in P are ruled, although the method used to rule the paper differs across the manuscript. In Hand A-copied poems, the left margin and lines tend to be scored into the paper, with the margin ranging in size from approx. 16mm, in [2], to approx. 38mm, in [13] and [14]. In [2] and [3], Hand A has included dots in the left margin to indicate line spacing. The scored type of ruled line is also used in poems which Hands C, I, and J copy. In poems which Hands B and D copy, the ruled line is drawn onto the paper or scored and subsequently filled in with ink. Hand F also fills in the ruled lines; in each case the scribe uses the clearer line as an aid to regular lineation. The pages on which Hands E and H copy their poems have not been ruled. Further information on ruling and line spacing is supplied in the textual notes.
Correcting Hands

The main scribal hands in $P$ tend to make their own corrections to the poems they transcribe. However, there are also at least seven other correcting hands in the manuscript in addition to the scribal hands. These are defined as those hands whose input is restricted to correction or emendation. Five of the hands apparently make revisions and emendations to several poems across $P$, though the small sample size of each makes identification difficult. In general, the correcting hands are early modern in date, though most seem later than the main scribal hands. The presence of later emending hands in the poems of $P$ offers broad support to Stamatakis’ argument that poems in early modern manuscript contexts bear witness to a collaborative rather than fixed concept of authorship involving initial composers and other agents (Stamatakis, 2012: 5, 13).

(i) Correcting Hand 1

Correcting Hand 1 makes corrections to two poems in $P$: [1] and [2]. It is a somewhat careless secretary hand.

(ii) Correcting Hand 2

Correcting Hand 2 makes corrections to two poems in $P$: [1] and [66]. The hand has an open-bowled minuscule ‘d’ and a diagnostic minuscule ‘w’, the initial flourish of which is curved.
(iii) Correcting Hand 3

Correcting Hand 3 probably makes corrections to two poems in $P$: [4] and [59]. It is difficult to identify consistently, but has a minuscule ‘d’ which slopes to the left in terminal positions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Correcting Hand 3: [4], fol. 30’</th>
<th>Correcting Hand 3: [65], fol. 64’</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>‘would’</td>
<td>‘ioyn’d’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(iv) Correcting Hand 4

Correcting Hand 4 makes corrections to three poems in $P$: [21], [58], and [62]. It is a somewhat sloppy secretary hand with some italic features which writes with an imperfectly-cut pen: its corrections therefore tend to be in a patchy ink. There is a possibility that the correction in fol. 68’ is by Hand B, the main scribal hand in that poem.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Correcting Hand 4: [21], fol. 30’</th>
<th>Correcting Hand 4: [58], fol. 6’</th>
<th>Correcting Hand 4: [62], fol. 68’</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>‘shining’</td>
<td>‘fleace’</td>
<td>‘brest’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(v) Correcting Hand 5

Correcting Hand 5 makes corrections to two poems in $P$: [22] and [32]. It is a largely cursive hand which writes with a thick pen.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Correcting Hand 3: [22], fol. 45’</th>
<th>Correcting Hand 3: [32], fol. 50’</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>‘might’</td>
<td>‘it’</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Poems [35] and [52] all feature the input of individual correcting hands which do not appear to make revisions or emendations elsewhere in $P$.
EDITORIAL CONVENTIONS

The items in this edition are arranged in the same order in which they occur in \(P\). Numbering of the entries in arabic numerals has been supplied in square brackets; these numbers are centred and placed above each individual work, moving in sequence from [1] to [70]. There is one instance in the manuscript where a work has been crossed out and replaced with a retranscription. These have not been considered separate works and are designated [26] and [26a]. A first-line index of the seventy discrete items in \(P\) is found in Indices 1 and 2 at the end of this volume.

The edition produces a full transcription of \(P\), but not in a page-for-page format. In the manuscript, ink foliations have been added to the upper-right corner of rectos. In this edition, they are supplied in the left margin, enclosed in square brackets, and are level with the first line of each item. This will aid a reader referring to the manuscript with the edition at their side to turn promptly to the relevant leaf. In the case of rectos, folio numbers are not enclosed: e.g., [Fol.] 1[r], which reflects the fact that the folio number has been written onto the page and is not an editorial addition. In the case of versos, the folio number is an editorial interpolation and is therefore included in the brackets: e.g., [Fol. 1v]. When a change of leaf occurs during the course of a single item, this is marked by foliation given to the left of the first line of the new leaf. The one exception to this format is [64], where the scribal annotations in the left margin are considerable. In this instance, folio numbers are given to the right.

The edition retains the documentary lineation of the items in the manuscript; editorial line numbering in denominations of five is added in square brackets to the right of the text. Numbering begins from the first line of non-titular text.

The edition standardises differences in spacing between lines in the manuscript; the textual notes record the approximate spacing between lines as well as unusual disparities between poems, such as those on fols 53\(^v\) and 54\(^r\), and fol. 55\(^v\). Where text has been centred (e.g., a title) or copied using a larger left margin than is usual in the manuscript ([64]), this effect is replicated in the edition. In instances where the scribe has left a space in order to mark a change in verse paragraph (e.g., in [2].410-411), this is also reproduced in the transcript.

Ten scribal hands are involved in the composition of \(P\), designated Hand A to Hand J. These designations have been made according to the number of poems which each hand copied. Thus, Hand A is responsible for copying the largest number of works, Hand B the
second. For the hands which transcribe just one item, Hands E to J, the designations have been made according to the number of lines which each hand copies, with Hand E the most and Hand J the least. The textual notes for each poem record the hand which copies that item.

The edition uses different font formats on occasion to denote significant scribal changes in type. In [1] and the titles of [58] and [59], bold type is employed to represent an engrossed letter form; the title of [1] is also in a larger font to represent its size in proportion to the main text. In [13] and [14], copied by Hand A, the italic headings, added most probably by another hand, are distinctive from the secretary form of the non-titular text. They are therefore represented as italic in the transcript. The italic subscriptions of poems [32], [33], [34], and [37] to Surrey, not made by Hand A, are likewise printed in italic. This is not the case for the italic headings in [19], [20], [22], [25], [27], [28], and [48], which are apparently scribal and match the italic form of the hands which transcribe the non-titular texts (Hands B and D). In [64], the scribe uses italic script rather than the prevailing secretary for three principal reasons: to emphasise proper nouns, signal the heightened rhetorical effect of apostrophes, and distinguish marginalia from the main text. In the transcription of [64] in this edition, the use of italic script in these places corresponds to the practice of Hand E.

The systems of captalisation and punctuation which the different scribal hands in P use are retained. The virgule, which functions as both a punctuation mark and a marker of a verse paragraph break in [2], [3] and [15], is represented as ‘/’. Original spelling is retained as far as possible. Scribal use of ‘u’ for ‘v’ and ‘v’ for ‘u’ is preserved, as is scribal use of ‘i’ for ‘j’ and ‘j’ for ‘i’. In [64] and [66], a poem which features several orthographical idiosyncrasies, double ‘i’ (‘ii’) is represented as ‘ij’. For ease of reading, long ‘s’ is replaced with modern minuscule ‘s’. To ensure typographical consistency in the cases of poems where the scribe begins each individual line with a majuscule form, majuscule ‘ff’ is represented as ‘F’. The debased thorn, which occurs in the main in [65]-[69], is retained (thus ‘yë’ is given for ‘the’ and ‘yë’ for ‘that’). Superscript contractions are also retained; thus, ‘wð’ for ‘with’, ‘wðh’ for ‘which’ and ‘yo’ for ‘your’ (as well as similar examples such as ‘treaso’ for ‘treasour’) are preserved. In the last case, preserving the contraction elides the ambiguity of whether the expanded word would have been spelt ‘treasour’ or ‘treasour’. Abbreviations which use the colon, especially in the Latin headings to [50]-[59], are retained. Tildes, however, are expanded, with the supplied letter underlined, e.g. ‘frō’ becomes ‘from’. Hand A uses many otiose tildes, and so a different criterion has been used in this case, with tildes expanded only when it does not corrupt or distort the spelling of word (e.g. ‘áll’ for ‘all’, ‘cownnsell’ for ‘cownsell’).
Two other scribal abbreviations are also expanded, with the supplied letter(s) underlined. These are The ‘p’-abbreviation and the ‘er’ hook (e.g. ‘prosper’; ‘howsouer’). The terminal ‘es’ abbreviation is silently expanded. No sufficient character for any of these abbreviations is available on a standard Microsoft Word© program. The ampersand, ‘&’, is retained and used uniformly to represent all scribal variations on this character.

Deletions are represented through diamond brackets (<>). These are preferred to the strikethrough format on the basis that a large number of deletions in the manuscript involve single letters, which the strikethrough format is unable to represent as clearly (e.g. ‘al<l>e’ vs. ‘alle’). Most letters crossed or blotted out are still legible; in such cases, the letter or letters are enclosed in the diamond brackets. The textual notes record where letters cannot be identified, and an ellipsis marked in the main text (e.g. <...>). The number of periods enclosed in the diamond brackets represents an estimation of the number of unidentifiable letters (e.g. <....> indicates that four letters are unidentifiable). There are no instances in the manuscript in which the sense of a word or words has had to be repaired due to damage to the paper.

Interlinear insertions are represented above the line in the position in which they appear in the manuscript. In most cases, the scribe denotes an addition by writing a caret, which is also reproduced in the transcription. For each insertion, the textual note records whether or not it was made by the main copying hand, and whether the darkness and/or thickness of the ink indicates the time at which the insertion was made, i.e., whether the correction was made at the initial copying stage or is a later revision. The textual notes also record corrections and emendations not made by the main copying hand.

Marginalia in P performs a number of functions. Poem [64] is the single poem in the manuscript in which marginal glosses are scribal; in all other instances, the annotations are those of later owners or borrowers of the manuscript, and concern (among other things) author attributions, identification of historical figures, and page and folio references to printed copies of the poems, as in [4]-[12] and [32]-[49]. The textual notes describe all such marginal annotations, including, where possible, the identity of the annotator, and the whether the annotation has been made in pen or pencil. Unusual marks or crosses whose function is unclear are also included in the textual notes. These can be both original and later additions; the textual notes conjecture the probable date at which each mark was made.
Now that myn eyes thy pistle red alredy haue suffred stayn
Small prayse my pen shold wyn from answer to refrayn
Thow shamest nought (a straunger here) all honest custom broke
Agaynst her wedlocke vowe thyne hostes to provoke
Was that the cause thy weried ship long tost w\^1 wynd and wether
Of purpose (as thow saydest) her course dyrected hyther
Or herefore did our palaisce gates vnfolded to the stand
A gest v\^nknown to vs of vnaquaynted land,
To th\(<e>\) end that for our gentlenes we shold be wronged so
didest
Whan thou \(\wedge\) entre\(<st>\) wyth this mynd, was thow our frend or foo?
It may be for my wryting thus, thow wilt me symple call
As if I had no cause, to playn for this at all
Ye symple let me still remayn so not forgettyng shame
As long as no new blot, my wonted chastnes blame
Thoughe in my face no fayned chere, doth counterfeit the sad
With frownyng browes to seem, as if no myrth I had
Yet hetherto for deed or thought, my fame hath ben vntouched
Of none adulterer ma\(^y\), my spouse breache well be vouched
I muse the mo\(r\)e what confydens impelleth the hereto
Or what sign geves the hope, I newly shold mysdoo
If Theseus dyd ones afore, by force of Rape possesse me
Woldest thow therefore of right, the second tyme distresse me
Myne wer the fault if willingly I had agreed therto
But tane ageynst my will, what could I therwyth doo

[1]
Poem [1] is copied by Hand F. The poem is ruled in brown ink, with lines approx. 6mm apart. 
Helen to Paris: Written by Hand F in an engrossing hand which shows signs of chancery influence.
1.9 \(<e>\): Emendation not by Hand F; later revision by different hand in darker ink.
1.10 "didest": Correction not by Hand F; later revision by different hand.
1.18 spouse breache: Perhaps two words, i.e., ‘spouse breache’.
1.24 tane: ‘n’ written over another letter, of which descender still visible.
Yet gote he not for all his payn the frute of me he sought  
(The fear I had except) at hym I ayled nought
A sory kysse or twayn perhaps wyth strugling he bereft me 
Save that a virgin pure so as he found he left me
Wold Paris wyth no further gayn haue ben content as he 
God sheld me from all such, he was not lyke to the
A mayden to restore me home it less ned half his cryme
Youth playd his part but yet repentaunce cam in tyme
Did Theseus repent hym than for Paris to succede 
That in the peples mouthes my name agayn shold spread
[1.28] Save that: Lunula after ‘that’, but not before ‘save’; omitted in transcription.
1.31] less ned: Emendation by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
1.41] synne: Apparently deleted in the MS, but visible below strikethrough; there is an interlinear addition in a later hand, but only initial ‘s’ visible. Scribe or corrector perhaps intended to reinstate ‘synne’; retained in transcription.
1.43] think st: Emendation by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
1.49] th : Emendation not by hand E; same hand as 1.9.

But thinke not I am angry now, for who wold not be loved
In case the love thow shewest vnfaynedly be moved
Yet stand I halfe in doubt thereof, not for I nede to fear
As yf I wysst not well, what shap and face I bear
But seyng our credulytie, vs Ladyes doth vndoo
So hardly may your wordes wyth othes be trusted to
Yet others synne and matrones chast ben rare thou sayst to see
What lettes among those rare my name enrold to be
For where thou thynk st my mothers dede myght serve me as it were
A president whereby what I shold do to lear /
Mystaking was her giltes excuse where Iove (hys godhed hyd)
In lykenes of a swan his pleasure on her dyd
But if I synne I can not say vnwittingly to do it
No errour in this case, can serve for shadow to it

Happy was she to synne so well through th auto’ of the same
But where haue I a love to honor so my shame

65
Thou bostest eke thyn auncestry, wyth royall names ysett
As yf we dyd our house, from baser titles fett
All Pelops lyne with Tyndarus and Iove to overpasse
   Though to my husbandes syre gret grandfater he was
My mother geaves me names ynough Ioves daughter that I am
   Who vnnder semblant fauls transfourmed to her cam
Now go and boste thy Troian stocke of famous rote to growe
   With Prian take good heed Laomedon thou show
Whom I esteme but thus thow seest that Iove at v\degree
   Suche glory to thy blode is but the first from me
I graunt the Sceptres of thy Troy, ben great as thou dost say
   Yet do I not suppose these here for lesse than they
Nombre of goodes and men perchaunce, thy land hath more than myne
   Yet may I say it is, not barbarous as thyn
great
Suche promyses of presentes \(\alpha\), thy golden lynes do make me
   Aswell through them myght move the Goddesses to take the
But sure and yf that any thing, myght move me to relent
   Thy selfe sholdest be more cause t\(\sigma\) enforse me to consent
Eyther I will preserve my name vnspotted as it stode
   Or rather shall I yeld to Paris than his good
Yet do I not contemn thy gyftes, for gyftes ar had in store
   Suche as the geuers sake comendeth twyse the more
the same
But more do I commend thy loue, that am \(<\she>\) for whome
   Thy travayled ship hath cut the trustles salt see fome
And though I fayn to marke it nought, yet do I marke right well
   At table when we sit, thy countenaunce euery deal
Somtyme thyn eyes behold me fast, wyth long attractyue looke
   Whose stedfast pereyng rays myn eyes can scarsly brooke

1.65] \"great\": Correction by Hand F; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision. A later hand has retraced the word in pencil or faint ink.
1.68] \(\<\sigma>\): Emendation by Hand F; ink matches main text, suggesting correction made at initial copyiing stage
[Fol. 5v] Catchwords: \'Eythe I will\'.
1.71] Redundant dot after first \('gyftes\'); omitted from the transcription.
1.73] \"the same\": Correction not by Hand F; same hand as l. 10.
1.76] euery deal: Perhaps one word, i.e., \'euerydeal\'.
Then doost thou sighe or take the cup where I afore did sipp
Forgetting nought whiche syde I turned to, my lypp
How often haue I marked eke signes wyth thy fingers made
How often with thy browes, whiche well nere speking had
So farfurth as I feared least my husband shuld hesp ye
And blusshed at som thinges not handled couer,ly
Not ones or twyse then wordes I sayd, wyth murmor long or low
Is he no whit asham<e>d? whyche nowe I proue ryght so
I noted eke about the borde, where my name set aboue
Thy finger dipt in wyne substribed had, I love
Whiche natheles I beheld wyth eyes renouncyng it was so
But now alas suche signes, for wordes may serve I know
Those dalyaunces if ought could cause, shuld sonest cause me synne
Those were the rediest traynes to make me fall therein
Thy face therto I do confesse is rare and suche as may
More any womans wisshe, wyth such a lord to play
But rather let som others hap be happy voyd of cryme
Than I my wyfely trouth, in straungers love to lyme fayr
Lerne thou by me these beaulties , to can, want and refrayn
A vertu it is from weal desyred, to abstayn
That thow dost wysh hath ben the wyshe of yongmen more then one
What than to iudge aright, hath Paris eies alone?
Nay sure thou seest no more than they, but more thou rashly darest
They know as moch as thou, but lesse for shame thou sparest

Then lo I wold wyth hasted ship, thou hyther haddest ben brought
When me a mayden yet, a thousand woers sought
yet
A thousand if I had seen, had gon wythout thy gayn
My husband shall in this, forgeue my judgement playn
But now to com for pleasures past, and ioies enioyed I say
Thy hope was overslacke, an other hath got thy pray
Nat so vnleef that I shold wysh to be thy Troian wyfe
Wyth Menelay I lead no such displeasant lyf
Do way therefore wyth fawnyng wordes, my tendre hart to presse
And do not brew her hurt, whose love thou dost professe
But suffer me to broke at leest, in worth my fortunes will
To shamefull were thy spoyles, my shamefastnes to spill
But Venus did behight it so, when in the vales of Ide
Three goddesses by the ther naked beaulties tryed
So where the first dyd profer state, the second knighthode gave
The third thou saiest dyd plight, that Heleyn thou sholdst have
It may well be but sure I trow full hardly yet that they
From heavin down wold com thy judgement to obey
That if they dyd the tother part, is but thy own devyse
Where I of thyn award, am sayd to be the pryse or
I do not thynke aboue the rest my beaultie so moche w<it>the
As it for greatest gifte a goddes shuld set forth
Sufficeth that my sely fourme do mortall eyes detayn
But vndre Venus <trayn> prayse, I fear som secret trayn
Yet do I not refuse the same, for why shold I make coy
With outward wordes to squaym, my inward thu,sted ioye
Nor be thou wrath wyth moch a doo, that scant I do beleve the
A weighty case as is, requyres slacke fayth to preue the
My fourme therefore I dobled hold, to Venus prayse referrd

1.105 ^yet^: Correction not by Hand F; same hand as ll. 10 and 73.
1.123 w<it>^or^the: Correction by Hand F; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
1.124 set forth: A later hand has retraced the word in pencil or faint ink.
1.126 <trayn>: Deletion represented through strikethrough and dotted underlining; the underlining perhaps indicates that an eye-skip has occurred.
1.128 thu'r'sted: Correction by Hand F; ink browner and fainter than in main text, suggesting later revision.
1.130 preue: First 'e' written over another letter, unidentifiable.
And likewyse by thy choyse, for gretest gift preferred
That neyther Pallas profers large nor Iunos hestes might move
Thy mode (my name ones hard) ther parties to approve
For my sake then dyd Paris leaue, both prowes state and havyour
What adamant could chose so free an hart but fauour

[Fol. 7r] I ame not made of Athamanl althoughe I ame not prone
To loue hym that I scarce could thynke wold be myn own
Why shold I seke to plowe the sand, whose print the flood replyeth self
Or geaue my suche hope, as place it self denyeth
I can not skill on Venus stelthes, and love my witnes be
My husband never yet deceuyed was by me
Yea wher I now to aunswer thyne this pystle vndretake
Thinke how it is the first, whiche ever I dyd make
Happy be they that knowe the trade, but I through practyse small
Suppose the way right hard to syn and scape wythall
The fear it self is ill ynough alredy I geaue place
As if a worldes eies stode poring in my face
Nor yet in vayn mysgeves my mynd I know what people say
My damsell Ethra hard som backe tales yesterday
So eyther thou must cloke thy love, or leaue wyth loue to mell
But why shold loue be left, which thow maist cloke so well
Play but beware and thinke we haue, more libertie nat most
That Menelay is nowe, departed from this coast
He for affaiers which touch’d hym nere good man the seas hath past
A great and laufull cause, his sodeyn gate dyd hast
And partely I where doubting yet, what best was to be done
I bade hym go with speede, to spede hym home as sone
Glad for the lucke, my wordes hym gaue, he kyssed me, and see
Thou loke well to our hous and chere our <our> ghost qd he

1.140] my: ’y’ of this word has been converted from an ‘e’; revision in later hand.
^self^: Correction not by Hand F; same hand as 1. 10, 73, 105.
1.155] touch<e>d: Emendation by Hand F; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision.
1.160] <our>: Deletion represented through strikethrough and dotted underlining; the underlining perhaps indicates that an eye-skip has occurred (see 1.126).
Skarse could I then my laughter, wyth struglyng backe to call

One word I had not more for answer, but I shall.

And so his sayles wyth wynd at will to Creteward he vnfolded

But let not thy conceit be therefore to moche bolded

His absence is not suche but that, his spials present ar

The proverbe sayth (thou knowest) a kinges hand stretcheth farr

My fame also reputed fayr shall, now this combraunce do me

The more I am bely<e>d to, cause him loke more to me

So that the prayse which set me fourth is now my settler backe

Me lever were mens eyes, had found in me som lacke

[Fol. 7v]

Yet marvell not though parted hence with Paris he durst leaue me

My maners and good lyfe, such credit makes hym geaue me

My face may cause hym <stran> stand in drede, my lyfe hym self will swear

Is such as well what doubt my beaultie moves can clear

But tyme thou sayst thus proferd vs, we shold not lose alday

His symplenes to take for vauntage while we may

I wold and yet I fear to will my mind I wot ner how

Half geaven to consent, half doth it disalow

My husband is from home I wot, and thou alone dost lye

My beaultie perceth thyn, thyn perced hath myn eye

These nyghtes ar long and now in spech we ioyn and wo is me

So fayr thy wordes ar sett, and both in one house be

And neuer haue I ioye vnles all thinges provoke me to it

But ay this elvish drede revokes me to vndo it

O that thou hadst the pour to force that ill thou dost perswade

So lo a symple wight more skilfull shold be made

An injury somtyme doth turne vnto theyr bote that byd it

1.161 *kepe*: Correction by Hand F; ink darker than main text (see 1.65 and 97), suggesting later revision.

1.162 *I shall*: A later hand has retraced these words in pencil or faint ink; this hand perhaps adds virgule at end of 1.162.

1.168 belyk<e>d: Emendation by Hand F; ink darker than in main text, suggesting later revision.


1.173 <stran>: Deleted word conjectural; deletion represented through strikethrough and dotted underlining. The underlining perhaps indicates that an eye-skip has occurred. (see 1.126 and 160).

1.178 geaven: ‘ven’ in blacker ink, written over other letters, unidentifiable.
So were I happy loo, to say compeld I dyd it
But rather let me leaue this loue, ere further it encreseth
A fyer but newly made with little water ceaseth
S\(<o>\) vnstedfast is this straungers love it wandreth eft as they
Whan moost we thinke it sure, it sonest flyeth away
Hipsiphile and Ariadne can hereof witnes bear

Both Ioyn\(<e>d\) to other beddes by whom betrayed they were
And thou lykewyse vnfaithfull man art sayd to haue forsaken eke
Enone, \(\wedge\) that so long was for thy mastres taken
Nor yet thy self denyest it, but thinke not \(<\text{that}\>\) but I know
By depe enquery made how all thy doynges goo
But yf thou woldest be fyrme in love, how lyeth it in thy pour
Thy maryners do loke for passage euery hour
Whyles we do treat or whiles the night long hopt \(<...>\) hard at hand
A thankeles wynd shall blow directly for thy land
Then as thy ship doth ronne her course, thy new sought Ioyes and I
Here lefte behynd our loue into the wynd shall flye./

Or shall I folow by thy reed thy famous Troy to see
There nere vnto the great Laomedon to be
Nay yet I do not set so light, by brute of flyeng fame
That she the worldes cares, shuld burden wyth my shame will doo
What \(\wedge\) my town of Spart than \(\wedge\) what may hole Grekeland say
Wyll Asy or Troy it self from blamyng of me stay
Will Priam or king Priams wyf, excuse my dede herein
Thy brethern or ther wyves with other of thy kyn
Wilt thou thy self hereafter hope, that faithfull I wold bye

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1.191 S\(<o>_o>\): Emendation by Hand F; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision.
1.194 Ioyn\(<e>d\) \(<\text{d}d\>\): Emendation by Hand F; ink patchier than main text, suggesting later revision.
1.196 \(\wedge\text{eke}^\wedge\): Correction not by Hand F; later addition by different hand (see 1.10, 73, 105, and 140).
1.197 \(<\text{that}>\): Deletion represented through strikethrough and dotted underlining.
1.201 \(<...>\): Letter or word supplied is unclear; a descender is visible, and a character that resembles minuscule 'r' and perhaps serves as an ampersand.
[Fol. 7v] Catchwords: 'Or shall I folow'.
1.209 \(\wedge\text{will}^\wedge\), \(\wedge\text{doo}^\wedge\): Corrections probably not by Hand F, though difficult to establish.
1.210 Asy: Dash-like line above 'y', function unclear.
Nat rather to suspect thy own example tryed
What s’ever gest in foreyn ship Troy hauen then dyd entre
      [215]
Shuld cause thy ielous hart to fear thy own aventure
Then lo at every lytle larr adulteres wilt thou say
Forgetting of my cryme, thy own to bere the key
And so shall he that made me synne condemp my synne also
      [220]
Ere that day com I wish my carcas laid full lowe
But goodes thou sayst with richer wede obteyn I shall at Troy
There gyftes in dede above thy promes to enioye
Such purple Robes soch cloth of gold soch jewells plyeng to the
Wyth tresour pyld in hurdes <in houerdes> presented shall \(\_\) be <to me>
Thy presentes suer forgeaue it me I do not so allow
To leave my natyve ground more leef I wot nere how
How? if in Troy I suffer wrong whose succour shall me steed
      [225]
Whence shall I claym my kynne or brothers ayd at neede
Meda was constrayned at last from Esons hous to go
How ever Iason fals dyd promes her nat soo
      [230]
But where had she her father than her mother or her syster
Dispsyed so by hym for refuge to assist her
Now as I fear no soch myshap no more Medea dyd
But often on good hope yll chaunces haue betid
A ship that is amyds the seas turmented to and froo
      [235]
At setting from the port myght fynd the waves full low
The fyerbrand eke wyth Hecuba before thy byrth dyd seme
All bloddy to bryng fourth moch make me to mysdeme

[Fol. 8v] And sore I drede the prophecy whyche cometh thus they say
That Ylion shall burne with grekysh fyre one day
      [240]
And lyke as Venus is thy frend bycause she wan and welded
Two tryumphes at one tyme whiche thyh award her yelded
So fear I yf thy vaunt be true the tothers iust dysdayn

1.224] <in houerdes>: Deletion represented through strikethrough and dotted underlining; the underlining perhaps indicates that an eye-skip has occurred (see 1.126, 160, and 173).
^P: Correction not by Hand F; later addition by different hand.
Who standyng to thy dome dyd not theyr cause obtayn
And sure I ame that followyng the, warr foloweth next at hand
To tryall of the sworde our love alas must stand
For ravyshe Hippodanie the beastly Centaures pray
Bettwene her frendes and them how blyndly was the fray
Will Tyndarus or Menelay wyth both my Brethern than
Forgeaue the and not seke revengement all they can
Now where thou doost thy manhood bost for warly feates achiyerved
That beaultie of thyn forbyddes thy wordes to beylyved
Those tendre lymmes not made for Mars, in venus camp shuld play
Let warryoures fight ther fill, thou Paris love all day
Byd Hector whom thou praysest so fyght for the if he will
An other maner fight pertayneth to thy skill
Conclude that yf I had the wyt or spryte thereto I shuld
Thyn ample profers take as she that wyse is wold
Or I perchaunce will take them to my shamfast fear vp<cast>
And yeld me to the tyme that may me wyn at last
Where thou desierst som secret place to treat betwen vs two
I know thy trayn and how, our treaty than shold goo
But soft a whyle what nedes this hast thy corn ys yet but grene
Thy taryng all this whyle, perchaunce thy frend hath bene
Thus hetherto my pen that put, my secret mynd in wryting
Syns weried is my hand shall ceas now from endyttyng
The rest hereof by Clemenee and Ethra thou shalt know
My pryvy Damsels both and Counsayloures also. finis.

qd T. Chaloner eques auratus. etc. /

1.245] Medial comma added later by a different hand in pencil or faint ink.
1.247] Hippodanie: ‘ni’ possibly ‘m’; would give ‘Hippodame’.
1.248] blyndly]: Deletion represented through strikethrough and dotted underlining.
   ^bloddy^: Correction by Hand F; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision (see 1.65, 97, and 161). A later hand has retraced the word in pencil or faint ink.
1.252] thy words...belyved: A later hand has retraced the words in pencil or faint ink.
1.259] up<cast>: Correction not by Hand F; later addition by different hand (see 1.10, 73, 105, 140, and 196).
gloss: Above ‘and’ (1.267), Park has written an asterisk in pencil and added note: ‘The kinswomen of Menelaus / the maidians of Helen. Vid. Ovid de / arte ama[...]’ The reference is to Ovid’s Ars Amatoria (‘Art of Love’).
qd. T. Chaloner...etc./ subscription in engrossing hand.
gloss: Underneath subscription, later hand has added note in pencil: ‘no other copy seems to be known.’

[Fol.] 9[r]: Fol. 9 is a slip of paper inserted between Fols. 8 and 10, in which Park has collected and written in pen a series of appraisals of Chaloner’s verse. These read:

*In Eclogue + pastoral poësie (says <...>^Puttenham^) Sir P. Sidney + Maister Chaloner, for such doings as I haue seen of them, do deserve the highest praise.”*  

*Art of English Poesie. 1589.*

*Meres also numerates Master Chaloner among the best, in his time, In pastorall:*  

*Wits Treasury. 1598*

*Wood says that “he had written some matters pertaining to virtuosity, + others, + Pastoral but whether extant he could not tell.” (Wood upon the younger[?] Chaloner) Ath. Oxn. I. 398.*
I that some time my slender flute, in verse was wonte to sounde
of wooddes, and next to that I taught, for husband men the grounde
how frute vn to their greedye lust, thei might constraine to bring
A worke of thankes / Lve nowe of mars, and dreedfull warres I sing.
of armes, and of the man of Troie, that first by fatall flight
from thence arived to Lavine land, that now Italia hight:
but shaken sore withe many a storme, by seas and landes ytost
and all for goddesse Iunos wrathe, that wrought to haue him loste
and sorrowes greate in warres he bode er he the walles coulde frame
of mightye Rome, and bring the goddes t’adaunce the Romaine name
now muse direct my song to tell, for what offence and why
what ayled so this quene of goddes, to dryve thus cruelly
this noble prynce of vertue mylde, from place to place to toile
suche paynes to take, maie heavenlie myndes, so sore in ranco’boile?
 Ther was a Towne of auncient tyme, Cartha
go of olde it hight
against Italia and Tyberes mouthe laye loof at seas aright
bothe riche in welthe, and sharpe in war, the people it held of Tire
this towne above all Townes to reise was Iunos most desire
forsooke her seate at Samos Ile, and here her armes she set
all
her cheare, and here she myndes to make (if goddes do not let)
an empier all the worlde to rule, but hearde she had be forne
from Troie shuld rise a stock, by whome, their towres should all be torne
that Lyby lande destroie they shoulde, so fortune tournes the whe,le
for feare of that, and calling eft, the olde war to her mynde
that she at Troie had don before, for greekes her frinedes so kinde ne from her hart the causes olde, of wrathe and sore disdaine still was slaked yet, but in her breast highe spite did <yet> remaine how Paris venus beautie praised, and heres estemed at naught shabhorres the stocke, and Ganimede, whome Iove to heaven had raught thus flamed in her moode she cast, through all the seas to throwe the selie pore remaine of Troie, that grekes had laide so lowe and them thatt wilde Achilles wrathe had spared aliue at last from Italie she thought to kepe till destny shoulde be past and many a yere thei wandred wide through seas and sondry pine so howge a worke of weight it was, to buylde of Rome the ligne sailes scant from the sight of Scicile Ile, theire <seales> in merie araye went vnder winde, and throughg the seas, and salt fome made their waye when Iuno her bethought againe, of her imortall wounde vnto her self: and shall I thus, be conquered and confounde? and shall I leave it thus qd she? shall yet this Troian king? for all my worke to Italie, this people saulflie bring? I trowe the destny willes it so: but did not Pallas burne a fleet of greekes? and in the seas, them all did ouer tourne? for oonne mannes sinne? and for the fault, of Aiax made to fall she threwe the fieres of mightie Iove from skies vpon them all? and drowned their shippes and he him self w1 whirlewind set a fier all smoking on the rockes she caste, his carcas to expier? But I that Quene of godes am calde, and sister of Iove in throne and eke his wief, how long I war, with this pore stocke alone? so many a yere? and who shall nowe, dame Lunos godhead knowe? or shortlye on myne altares: who due hono" will bestowe? Thus rolling in hir burning brest, she streight to Aeolia hide into the countrye of cloudye skies, where <blustering> blustring windes do bide King Eolus the wrastling windes, in caves he lockes full lowe. in prison strong the stormes he keepes, forbidden a brode to blowe

2.27] "still": Correction made by Hand A; ink fainter than main text, suggesting later revision.
2.36] theire: Diagonal line struck through ‘h’; letter retained in transcription.
"sailes": Correction not by Hand A; later revision by different hand.
thei for disdaine, withe murmo' greate, at everie mouthe do rage: but he a lofte w' mace in hand, their force doth all aswage if he so did not: landes and seas, and skyes thei wolde so swepe within a whylde, that all were gon, therfore in dongeons deepe, almighty love hath clos<e>ed them vpp, and hilles hath over set and made a king that shulde know whan, to loose them whan to let whome to entreate this Iuno came, and thus to him she spake.

King Eolus for vnto the, the greate god hath be take and geven the leave to lift the flouddes, and calme to make them still on Tyrrhen sea there <seales> sayles a flete, that beares me no good will to Italye thei mynde to passe, a new Troie there to buylde let out thy windes, and all their shipps, do drowne w' waters wilde disperse them all to sondry shores, or whelme them downe w' deepe of precious ladies seaven and seaven, a bowte me do I kepe. wherof the fairest of them all, that cald is Dyopeye shalbe thine owne for ever more, my mynde if thow obeye and of a goodlie sonn (qd she) she shall the make a syer. To that said Eolus: (o queene:) what nedes all this desire?

commaunde me (Dame) I must obey, my duetie <i>t is of right by youe this kingdome furste I gate, and grace of Iove on hight ye youe make me sit among the godes, at Bankettes this <youe> knowe youe gaue me might thies stormye windes, to straine or make to blowe he tornd his sworde whan this was saide, and through the hilles he push't and all at ones withe thronges thereat, the windes furthe out thei rusht the whirlwindes to the landes went out, and then to seas thei flue waves both est and west and from the sandes the <waters> aloft thei threw the stormy Southe againe the clives, the waters drives so hie that cables all began to crate and men for dreede to crye
anon was taken from Trojan eyes both sight and light of sun
and on the sea the grimme darke night, to close all in begonne
the thonders rored, and lightnings lept, full oft on everie side
there was no man but present death, before his face espied
Eneas then in everie limme with the cold began to quake
with handes vp throwne to heavens a loft, his mone thus gan he make
O blessed men whose fortune was before there parents sight
before the walles of Troie to die, and lose their lives in fight
O Deomedoe thou valiant Lorde and guyde of greekes so stoute
coulde I not of thy force have fallen, and shed my lif right oute
In Trojan fieldes? wher hector fearce, liethe vnder Achilles launce
King Sarpedon and many a lorde, how blissfull was their chaunce.
whose bodies with their armes and Sheeldes, in Symois waters sinkes
he as thus spake the northerne blast, his sayles brake to the brinkes
unto the skies the waves them lifte, their Oares been all to torne
and awaye gothe helme with the surge, the shipp syde downe is borne
In come the seas, and hie as hilles, some hanges in flouddes a bove
some downe the gaping water sends, aeginst the sandes to shove
three there at once the Southerne windes, into the rockes hath cast
(soho call thei stones that in the seas, like altars lie full fast)
and three the easterne winde also, that pitie it was to thinke
out of the deepe into the shouldes, and quicke sandes made to sink
and one that men of Lycya lande and trustie Oon Orontes helde
afore his face there fell a see that made the pupp to yelde
and hedlong downe the master falles, and thrise the keele a grounde

2.92] Deomedoe; ‘o’ blotted out by Hand A. Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
2.96] ‘their’; Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision.
2.97] ‘he’; Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches 2.96).
2.99] lifte; Terminal ‘e’ by Hand A written in brown ink, suggesting later revision.
2.99] ‘and’; Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches 2.96 and 97).
2.102] ‘three’; Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches 2.96,97, and 99).
2.103] like; ‘i’ written over ‘y’; correction orthographic.
the water whirl'd, and at the last, the wild sea swalowed rounde

[Fol. 11v]

there mought youe see both heere and there men w't their arme's gyms
the robes and painted pompe of Troie, laye fleeting on the brimm and now the ships where IIionee, and where Achates strong

and where as Abas went and where Aleches living long
the weather had wonne and throughg the ribbes, the seas cam wonders fast when sodainlie the god Neptune, vp stert him all agast

withe wonder how so greate a rage, should hap to him vntold
and furthe his noble face he puttes, the water to behold

there saw he how Eneas ships through all the seas be spred
and Troian folke ydrownde withe <flud> flud, and stormes falln over he

anon the craft therof he knew, and Iuno his sisters yre
straight by there names he calles the windes, who than began retire
Are yow so bolde youe blastes (qd he), without my licence heere
the <londes> londes and Skyes and seas also, withe suche a storme to steere?

I wilbe quyte. But first is best, the flouddes to set in staie
and after this for yo' desertes, be sure I shall youe paie

In hast be goan: go tell yo' king, the seas is not his chardge
but vnto me that lot befell, with mace three forked lardge
not here but in his caves of winde, his cor te go bid him kepe
there let him if he list, youe blastes, inclose in prison depee
this spoken with a worde he makes, the swelling seas to cesse

and sonne to shine, and cloudes to flee that did the skies oppresse
the mermades therew'all apperces, and Triton fleetes a bove
and withe his forke thei all the shipps from rockes do softlie move
then lettes he lose the perilous sandes that ships away may slide
and on the sea full smothe his chare, withe wheeles he made to ride
and like as in a people stoute, when chauncethe to betide
the multitude to make a fraie, of wit full often wide
that stones and weapons flees a broade, and what comes first to hand

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2.119] *flud*: 's'-like flourish on terminal 'd' not typical of Hand A.
2.123] *londes* <londes>: Hand A substitutes word written without 'es' abbreviation for same word with abbreviation.
2.135] *chare*: 'a' written over another letter, probably 'e'.
2.138] *hand*: Flourish on terminal 'd' (matches 2.119).
some sad man comth that for his right, is loved of all the land
anon thei cease and silence make, and downe thei ley their rage
to harke at him, and he with speeche, *<w>* their wood myndes dothe asswage
So fell this deadly fraye at sea, whan Neptune had controlld
the waters wilde, and through the seas, his chare a brode had rolld
the men of Troie vnto the shore, that next was in their sight
made hast to drawe, and on the coaste, of affrica thei lyght

[Fol.] 12[r] For in the shore there lyethe an yle, and there besides a baye
where from the chanell deepe the haven *<goeth>* goth in and oute allway
e
on eyther side the roches hie, to heavens vpp clyme to growe
and vnnder them the still sea lieth, for there no breath can blowe
but greene wood like a garland growes, and *<hides>* hides them all w's shade
and in the middles a pleasauante cave, there standes of nature made
where sittes the nymphes among the springes, in seates of mosse and stone
when shipps ar in no gables neede, nor ankers neede thei none.
Than from the ship to walke a lande, Eneas longed sore
and chose of all the nomber seaven, and brought w's him to shore
there by a banke their werie ly
mes, of salt sea did thei strethche
and firste Achates from the flint, a sparke of fire did fetche
whiche he receaved in matter meete, and drye leaves laide a boute
than vitalles oute thei laide a lande w's seas well nere ymarde
and corne to drye thei set and some with stones thei brused harde
There whiles Eneas vp the rocke, was gone to walke on hie
to see where anie ships of his, astraye he mought espie
if Caicus armes vpon the sailes, or Capis happes to showe
no boate in sight but on the shore, three hartes there stoode arowe
and after them the herde behinde, a long the valey fedd
he stayed, and of his boltes and bowe Achates streight him *<fedd>* spedd

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2.139) *land*: Flourish on terminal ‘d’ (matches 2.119 and 138).
2.142) *whan*: Initial ‘w’ perhaps majuscule.
2.143) *rolld*: Line struck through flourish on terminal ‘d’ in brown ink.
2.147) *e*heaven: Correction by Hand A; ink fainter than main text, suggesting later revision.
2.150) *<hides>* *hides*: Hand A substitutes word written without ‘es’ abbreviation for same word with abbreviation (matches 2.123).
the cheef that highest bare their heades, a downe with darts he kest
and to the woodes he followed than, with like p'sute the rest
fallen
he left them nat till seaven of them, were <falne> withe bodies greate
to match the nombre of his ships, that now had nede of meate
than to the haven he dothe the flesshe, among his men devide
and pipes of wine departed eke, that was a bourde that tyde
whiche good Acestes had them geven, when thei from Cicile went
and then to cheere their heavie hartes, w't these wordes he him bent
O mates (qd he) that many a woo, have bidden and borne er this
worse haue we seene, and this also, shall end whan goddes wille, is,
through Scilla rage (youe wote) and through the roring rockes we past
thoughe Ciclops shore was full of feare, yet cam we through at last
pluckle vp yo' hartes, and dryve from thence, bothe thought & feare awaye
to thinke on this maye pleasure be, perhaps a nother daye:
withie paines and many a daung<i>er sore, by sondry chaunce we wend
to come t' italia, where wee trust, to fynde o' resting end.

and where the destnies haue decreede, Trois kingdom eft to rise
be bolde and harden now your selfes, take ease whan ease applies
Thus spake he tho: but in his hart, howge cares him had opprest
disimmling hope withe outwarde eyes full heavie laie his brest
than all besturd them to the praye, the bankettes gan begin
the skinnes from of the flesshe thei pluckle, and eke thentrailes withein
some cut their shares and quaking yet, on broches gan to broile
some blew the fire to burne, and some, their Cawdrens set to boile
good cheare thei made and fed them fast, as on the grasse they sat
withe wine and vittelles of the best, and red deere good and fat
whan meate was don and honger past, and trenchers vp ytake
greate search and talking for their frendes that were behinde thei make
n
I, hope and dreede of them they stande, and whither alive thei be

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2.169] 'falne': Correction by Hand A; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
2.186] Word covered over between 'eyes' and 'full'.
or what is elles of them becom, or shall them ever see. / case
But cheeflie good Eneas did the full sore lament
of stoute Orontes and Amicus, whome the seas had hent
and other whiles he sighed sore, for Lycus pitiouse fall
and mightie Gias and Cloanthus, mourned he moste of all
And now an ende therof there was, when Iove him self on hie
beheld the seas where ships do faile, and broade landes vnder skye
and from the toppes of heaven above, he kest his eyes a downe
and stayed and loked on Affrike, and who there bare the Crowne
came venus in, and sad she was, vnlike her custome paste
withe teares about her eyes so bright, she thus began to plaine
O king (qd she) that ouer vs all, bothe goddes and men dost raine
for euermore, and with the dintes, of lightninges makest afright
what hath my sonne Eneas wrought, or spoken againe thy might
what hathe the simple Troians don? that after turmentes all
from Italie to kepe them of, the wo'ilde is made so small?
Sometime yow saide there shuld arise, whan yeres were come a boute
the men of Rome, that of the ligne, of Troie should be so stoute
that seas and landes should to there rule bothe far and nere suppresse
what makes o mightie father now, yo' will a waye to dresse?
In hope therof yewis I tooke, the fall of Troie so light
and thought amendes should now be made, & pleasure payne to quyte
now but I see the same mischaunce, the pore men yet to chase
what end therof shall wee awaite, at your almightie grace?
Anteno' through the myddes of Greece had fortune saulf to steale
and to Lyburnus kingdom cam, as destnie list to deale
even to the mides and head therof, wheroute Tymavus springes

2.195 first line: Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches those on Fol. 11r).
2.197 case: Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches those on 11r).
2.208 king: Initial ‘k’ perhaps majuscule.
2.219 now: Correction by Hand A; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
2.222 deale: Initial ‘d’ perhaps majuscule.
where issues nyne, the sea makes in, for noyse the mountaine ringes
yet for the men of Troie to dwell a citie builte he there
Padua by name, and gave them lawes, and armes of Troie to beare.
now liethe he there in pleaasunt rest, no wight him dothe disease
but we yo\textsuperscript{1} stock, whome to the starres, of heaven admit youe please
or ships distroyed (I abhor to thinck) and for the cruell spight
of one alone we be betrayed, and spoiled of oure right
ne to the coastes of Italie, for ought we can atteaine
is this the fathers <love> love we finde? so stablissh yow my raigne?
sweetlye
the maker of the goddes and men, to her all <suertlye> smyles
<wl> withe countinaunce suche as from the skies, the stormes & cloudes exiles
and sweetlye kisd his doughter deere, and ther withall he speakes
feare not (qd he) thi mens good happ, for none their fortunes breakes
thy kingdom prosper shall and eke the walles I the behight
thow shalt see rise in Lavine lande, and grow full great of might
and thow thi sonne Eneas stoute, to heaven shalt bring at last
among the goddes be sure of this, my mynde is fixed fast
and now to the disclose I shall, (for sore I see the doubte)
the long discourse of destenies, that yeres shall bring a boute
he
great war in Italie have \_ shall, er he the people wilde
may vndertread & lerne to leve, and then the Citie builde
that sommers <there> three er he shall sit, as king, them shall renewe
and winters three before he can the Rutilus all subdue
than shall Askanius (now a childe) whose name yulus hight
(was ylus cald when Troies estate, and kingdom stoode vpright)
till space of xxx\textsuperscript{ie} yeres expire, his kingdom shall optaine
and he from Lavin shall translate, the olde seat of the raigne
and stronglie fortefie the Towne, of Alba long shall he
where hole three hundreth yeres the stocke of hecto\textsuperscript{1} kinges shalbe

\textsuperscript{2.233} \textit{sweetlye}: Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches those on fol. 11\textsuperscript{r}).
\textsuperscript{2.243} \textit{he}: Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches those on fol. 11\textsuperscript{r}).
\textsuperscript{2.247} \textit{yulus}: Initial ‘y’ perhaps majuscule.
till Ilia queene w<child> childe of Mars twoo twinnnes to light shall bring
whome wolves shall nurse & proude therof, he growes that shalbe king

he Romulus shall take the rule, and vp the valles shall frame
of mightie Rome, and Romaines all, shall call them of his name
no end to the,ne estate I set ne termes of time or space
but endles shall their empier growe and Iunos cruell grace
that now with feare the grounde beneth, turmoiles and eke the skies
shall leave her wrath<e> and worke w<child> me, and take more sad advice
to loue the Romaines lorde of peace, and people clad in gowne
let it be so: let time rolle on: and set forth their renowne
than shalbe borne of Troian blod thempro<child> Cesar bright
whose empier through the seas shall stretch, and fame to heaven vpright
and Iulius his name it is, of myghtie yule derivd
him laden full of eastern spoiles, by him in war achivd

In heaven thow shallesi bestow full glad, & vowes men shall him hight
then downe goth war men shalbe myld, in armes shall not delight
than truth and right and Romaine goddes, shall sit w<child> lawes in hand
the gates of war w<child> boltes and barres, of harde steele fast shall stand
and there w<child> in <in> on armo<child> heapes, sittes Battlerage and wailes
w<child> brasen chaines a hundreth bounde, his wrastling not a vailes
Thus moche he saide and downe anon, the sonne of Maie he sent
that new Carthage and all the coast, of Affricke shoulde be bent
The Troians to receave aland, lest Dido there the Quene

e might from hir shore expell them of, er she the cause had seene
and downe he flees him through the skies, w<child> winges as swift as wind
and on <lo> the lande of Lybie stoode, and did his fathers mynde
w'that the mores laide doune their rage, as god did byd and eke
the queene hir self ganne turne, and lo, the Troians waxed meeke /
But good Eneas all that night, his mynde a boute he <kost> tost
and in the morning went him oute, to serche and see the cost
to lerne what lande thei were com to, what people dwelt theron
if men or salvage beasts it holdes, for tild he could see non /
this wolde he know, and to his men, the <trueth> truthe of all to tell
there whilst with in a water cave, his ships he made to dwell
whome trees and wooddes with shadowes thick, and eke the rockes doth hide
than furth he goth and tooke but one, Achates, by his side
and lawnces twoo thei bare in hand, of metall sharp and light
and as he went amyd the wood, he met his mother right
moste like a meyde in maydens weede, she maydens armo't beares
as dothe harpabice the queene, that horses wild out weares
so wight of footo as heber streame, so swift she leavth behinde
for hunter like her bow she bare, her lockes went w't the winde
behinde her backe, and tuckd she was, that naked was her knee
she cald to them and saide, good sirs, I pray youe did you see
to straye this way as ye have come, my sisters any one
with quiver bound that in the chace, of some wild beast ar gone
or w't a crie pursueth a pace, the fomy bore to paine
so venus saide, and venus sonne, her aunswerd thus againe
none of thy sisters have I seen, nor hard I the assure
O mayde what shall I make of the? thy face I see so pure
not mortall like, nor like mankinde, thy voice doth sounde I gesse
some goddesse thow arte, and Phebus bright, thy brother is doubtles
or of the noble nymphes thow comst, of grace we the besche
twhat ever thow arte, and help o' neede, and now vow',chaf to teache
what land is this? what coast of heaven, wee be come vnder here?

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2.278 mynde: 'y' thickly formed, though not clearly written over another letter.
2.281 <kost>: Deleted word perhaps 'tost'.
2.292 harpabice: Initial 'h' perhaps majuscule.
2.293 heber: Initial 'h' perhaps majuscule.
2.306 vow't'chaf: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
straied

where neyther man nor place wee knowe, so <strayd> we haue in feare

bin

oute of o^e^ co^e^ se we have <him> cast, w^i^ wyndes and fluddes yshake

a fore thine altares many a beast, to offre I vndertake

as for myne altares (qd she) tho, no suche estate I beare

the maner is of virgins heere, this short araye to weare

I, purple weede we vse to walke, w^i^ quiver fast ybounde

of

the realme of Affrick heere thow seest, and men _ Tirus grounde

here is the citie of Ageno^f^ fearce be the londes a boute

queen Dido rules and wearth the crowne, from Tirus she came oute

and <lately> latlye from her brother fled, the cause is long to leare

e

the storie long but towche I woll, the cheef and leave it thare

Sycheus was her husband tho, the riche man of grounde

n

I, all the coast and deepe (good harte) in love w^i^ hir was drounde

for her to him her father gave, a virgyn yet vntwight

and vnto her brother cam the crowne, of Tirus than by right

Pigmalion a wicked wretche of all that ever rayned

whome covetise did blinde so sore, and rage of fury strayned

that vnaware w^i^ prvy knyf, before the altares pure

he slew Sycheus and of his sisters, love he thought him sure

[Fol. 14v]

and long he kept the deede in close, and she good sowle full sad

the craftie theef made wonders meanes, and tales her mynd to glad.

but in a dreame (vnburied yet,) her husbande came to pere

w^i^ visage pale & wonders hewes, full deadly was his cheere

and told her all, and wide his wounde, set ope, he shewed his brest

2.307 land: ‘a’ thickly formed; probably written over ‘o’.
2.308 ^straied^: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage. Correction orthographic.
2.309 ^bin^: Correction probably by Hand A; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
2.313 Pn^e^: Correction by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches those on fol. 11^v^).
2.314 ^of^: Correction by Hand A; difficult to establish whether made at initial copying stage or later.
2.318 th^e^care: Correction by Hand A; difficult to establish whether made at initial copying stage or later. Hand A has added interlinear ‘e’ but not deleted ‘a’; both letters retained in transcription.
2.320 Pn^e^: Correction probably by Hand A; ink browner and fainter than main text, suggesting later revision (matches those on fol. 11^v^).
Vol. I

how he before the altares was, for what entent opprest
and bad her flee the wycked soile, er wo'se might her befall
and treaso' vnd' ground he showd, to help her therew'all
bothe golde and siluer pleantie greate, vknowne <th> till than and so
this Dido did and made her frindes, and ordained her to go
than suche as for his wicked lif, the cruell Tiraunt hates
or bin a fraud of him for ought, them gettes oute of the gates
In ships that readye laye by chaunce, the gold w't them thei packte
and spoiled also Pigmalion, this was a womans acte
than past thei furth and here thei cam, where now thow shalt espie
the howgee walles of new Carthage, that now thei reare on hie
thei bought the soile and birsa it cald, when first thei did begin
as muche as w't a bull hyde cut, thei could inclose within
But what are youe, faine wold I knowe? or what coast com youe fro?
where wold youe be? demaunding thus, he aanswered her vnto
w't sighing deepe, and from his brest his heavye tale he fet
O ladie myne (qd he) to tell, if nothing did me let
and of o'r paines ye luste to heere, the stories out at lardge
the daie were short and er an end the <sone> son wolde him dischardge
of auncyent Troye, if ever, Troie, besides your eares hath past
of thence be wee: by sondrye seas, and coastes we haue bin cast
and nowe the tempest hath us brought, to Lyby lande by chaunce
my name Eneas cleaped is: my countrie goddes (t'advauce)
In ships I bring: vnto the starres, well blased ys my fame
of Italie I seeke the lande, and loves ofspring I am
a Troian fleete I tooke to sea, w't twentie vesselles wide
my mother godesse taught my waye, as destnie did me guide
now seaven ther of do skant remayne the rest w't weathere gon
And I vknowne in wildernes, here walke and comfort non
From Asia and from Europa quyte thus dryven I am, that
she c'ulde no lenger byde him speake: but <his tale> brake his tale thereat

2.340] spoiled: ‘p’ unclear; left-leaning tail overlaps with that of ‘s’.
2.361] "wt": Correction by Hand A; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
what euer thow art (qd she) for well I wote the goddes above
hath loued the moche to save thi lif, to this place to remove
go furth to yonder Palais straight, assaye the queene to see
for saulf thei companie a land, be set beleeve thow me
and saulf thi ships be com to shore w' northern wind at will
vnlesse my conning failes me now, whom wont I was to skill
beholde the flocke of sixe and sixe, that yonder cheerlie flyes
of swannes / whome late an egle fearce did chase through all the skies
now toward land, or on the <lande> land thei seeme their co'se to keepe
and as for ioye of daunger past, their winges a lofte thei <sheepe> sweepe
w' mirth and noise right, so thi men, and all thy ships arose
be come to haven, or nye the haven, in saulfgard this I knowe
now get thee furthe, and where the waye thee leades keepe on a pace
skant had she sayde and therew'all, she turned a side her face
as red as rose she gan to shine, and from hir heavenlie heare
the flavo' sprang, as nectar sweete, downe fell her <kirtle> kirtell there
and like a godesse right she fled, whan he his mother wist
he followed fast, and cald ( alas), what meane youe thus to list
In fayned shaps so oft to me, begiling to appere
n
whi ha'd in hand embrace we not, and one a nother heere?
thus playning sore he still his pace, vnto the citie holdes
but venus as thei went a weede a bout them both she foldes
of mist and cloude and ayer so thick that no man should the spie
ne do them harme nor interrupt, ne axe them who ne whi
her self by skie to Paphos yedes where standes her honno' seates
and temple riche, and of incence, a hundreth altares sweates
and wherof <flowers> floures and garlandes freshe, her floore is all bespred

2.362] she: Smudged fingerprint around word.
c'o'ulde: Correction made by Hand A; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial

2.371] <lande>: Deleted word perhaps 'lond'.
2.373] men: 'e' slightly blotted.
2.378] <kirtle> kirtell: Correction orthographic.
2.382] ha'n'd: Correction not by Hand A; later revision by different hand.
2.387] honnour: First 'n perhaps 'u'; would give 'hounour'.
2.389] <flowers> floures: Correction orthographic.
thei in that while went on there waye, whereto the pathe them led
and now com vp thei wer the hill, that nere the citie lies
from whence the towrs and castelles all, be subiect to their eyes
Eneas wondred at the worke where some time sheepe was fed
and on the gates he wondred eke, and noise in streete yspred
The mores w\(^1\) corage went to worke, some vnder burdens grones
some at the walles and towres w\(^3\) handes wer tombling vp the stones
some measured oute the place to build, their manc\(\text{c}^\text{i}^\text{n}\) howse w\(^3\)in
some lawes and officers to make, in parlment did begyn /
[Vol. 15v]
a nother sort a haven had cast, and deepe thei trench the ground
some other for the games and plaies, a statlye place had found
and pillers great thei cut for kinges, to garnishe furth their halles
and like as bees among the flowers whan freshe the sommer faulles
In shine of Sonne applie thir wo\(\text{k}^\text{e}\) whan grown, is vp their yong
or whan their hives thei gin to stop and hony sweete is sprong
that all their caves and cellers eke, w\(\text{d}^\text{u}\) dulcet liquor fille\(\text{s}\)
some dothe vn\(\text{l}^\text{a}^\text{d}^\text{e}\), som other bringes, the stuff withe readye wille\(\text{s}\)
some time thei ioyne and all at ones, do from their mangers fet
the slouthe\(\text{f}^\text{u}\) full drones, that wolde consume and nowght will do to get
the work it heates, the hony smelles of flowres and tyme ywet
O happie men whose chaunce it is, yo\(\text{f}^\text{t}\) walles now thus to rise
Eneas saide / and to the topp\(\text{e}^\text{s}\), of all he kest his eyes /
encompass with the cloude he g\(\text{o}\)th a wonders thing to skill
and through the middes of men vn\(\text{s}^\text{e}^\text{n}\), he cometh and goth at will
Amides the towne a grove there stoode, full gladsom was the shade
where furst the mores by weather cast, and stormes into that trade
had made a marke and dygd the place, where shortly thei had found

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2.393 \textit{worke}: Ink blots around word.
2.398 \textit{officers}: ’e’ slightly blot\(\text{t}\)ed.
2.405 \textit{eke}: ’e’ and ‘k’ slightly blot\(\text{t}\)ed.
2.409 \textit{smelles}: ’es’ slightly blot\(\text{t}\)ed; perhaps written over another letter.
2.410-411 Hand A leaves additional gap between 2.410 and 2.411; retained in transcrip\(\text{t}\)tion.
2.411 \textit{topp\(\text{e}^\text{e}^\text{\text{s}}\)}: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
2.412 \textit{encompass}: Thick vertical to right of word in pencil or faint ink; not added by Hand A.
a horses hed of corage highe, so Iuno did compound
that by that signe thei vnderstode, there stocke should prosper stoute
in warres and fame and light to fynd, in tyme by landes a boute
and in that place queene Dido had, a gorgeous temple set
w^1 richesse great, no spare of coast, shuld Iunos <honno^1> hono^1 let
the brasen grees a fore the dores, did mount and eke the beames
w^1 brasse ar knit, and vawtes and and doorbes, of brasse and mettall streames
there in that wood a sodaine sight, his feare began to slake
and there Eneas furst him dares, to trust and comfort take
for as w^1 in that temple wide, on <euery> euery thing he gasde
and waited whan the queene should come, & stoode as one amasde
to see the worke and how to state, so soone the towne was brought
and wondered at the preciouse thinges, that craftes men there had wrought
he seethe amonges them all the lestes of Troie and stories all
and wares that w^1 their their fame had fild, all kingdomes great and small
King Priam and Atridas twaine, and wrothe to both Achill
he staied w^1 teares and said, alas, what land hath not his fill
of o^1 decaye? Achates myne, what place is voyde? behold
where Priam is, lo here some praise, is left him for his gold
here is a sight for men to mourne, and sample take in mynde
cast of <this> thy care for of this fame, some comfort thow shalt fynde
so saide, but yet w^1 picture plaine, a while his mynde he fedd
and many a sight and lardge streames, from oute his eyes he shedd
for there he sawe how in the fight, the walles of Troie aboute
heere feldd the greekes, and them p'sued, the youth of Trojan route
here thei of Troye be chaced a fore, Achilles wild in chare
Not far aloof was Ryses camp that while in baners bare
he mournd to thinke how soone betraid, thei were and fast a sleepe
Tytydes them in blooddye fight, distroyed w^1 slawghter deepe
and brought a waye the horses stoute, er once thei had assaide
the tast of Troyan pastur, or, their feet in water laide

2.432] wrothe: Formation of initial ‘w’ not typical of Hand A; also slightly blotted.
2.437] fame: Dot above ‘m’.
2.446] assaide: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
a nother waye was Troilus seene, to ronne w' armo' broke
vnlucky lad and matche vnmeete, Achilles to provoke
his horses fled and he a long, in chare was over cast
yet held he still the raynes in hande, and er a while is past
by hear and hed vnnto the ground, Achilles hath him hent
and w't his speare to cruelly death, in dust he hath him sent
there whiles vnnto the temple greate, of angry pallas went
the wifes of Troie w't hear vnfold, a veyle thei did present
with humble tears and on their breasts, to knock thei nothing spares
she <turnd> turns her face & fast her eyes vpon the ground she stares
three tymes a bout the walles of Troye was Hector haled agrounde
his carcas eke Achilles had, for gold exchaunged rounde
then from the botom of his brest, a howge sighe he drewe
whan of his <fre,nde> frind ye cruell spoile, & chare and corps he knewe
and Priamus he saw to praye, w't handes a broad on knee
and eke him self among the lordes, of Greece he saw to be
and feldes that out of Inde were fet, and Memnons black araye
and frome the Realme of Amazon, w't thronges and tergates gaye
Penthafile virago feeerce, amides the milliones standes
in armo' girt her pap set out, and laced w't golden bandes
a queene of war though maide she be, that men she likes to <be> trie
while thus a bout this Troian duke, Eneas led his eye
[Fol. 16v]
w't marvell moche and ernest stooed, him still in one to vewe
to temple comes this Dido lo, the queene so faire of hewe
of Lordes and <of> lustie yonkers fine, aboute her many a route
most like vnto Diana bright, when she to hunt goth oute
vpon Evrotas bankes or throughe the copps of Cynthus hyll
whome thousands of the ladie nymphes awayt to do her will
she on her arme her quyver beares, and all them overshines
and in her brest the ticking ioye, her harte to myrthe enclines

2.452] ground: Flourish on terminal ‘d’ (matches those in fols 11r-12r).
2.457] <turnd>: Terminal ‘d’ perhaps replaced with ‘s’.
2.461] <fre,nde>: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
So Dido cam, and freshlie glad, among the <praise> prease she past and forward she their wo'ke set furthe, and cherly biddes them hast when she into the temple cam, before the godesse gate amydes her gard her downe she set, in seat of great estate there justice right and Law she gave and labo'd did devyde in equall partes or elles by lot, let men their chaunce abide when sodainlie Eneas seethe, w's great concourse to throng both mightie Anteas and S'gestus and Cloanthus strong and other Troians <ma> many one, whom weathers wide had sp'ed and driven a broaude in sondry sortes, to dyuere coastes yled astoynd w'him Achates was, for ioye thei wold haue lept to ioyne their handes, but feare ageine, them held & close ykept tooke nothing on, and through the cloude, thei hid, did all behold what chaunce thei had and where their ships, & what shore might them hold what make thei there for men yculd, of all the navie chief withe cries into the Temple came, to seeke the queenes relief whan they were in and licence had, before the queene to speake the greatest lord S' <E>Ilione, thus gan the scilence breake O queene to whom is geven of god, to buyld this citie new and for yo'justice peoples proude, and salvage to subdue we Troians poore whom through the seas, all wyndes ytossed haue beseekte yo' grace o' selye ships, from wicked fiers to save haue mercie vpon o' gentle stocke, and graciouslye relieve o' painfull cace we com not heere, w'weopon's yow to greeve to spoile the coast of Lyby lande, or booties hence to beare we conquered men be not so bold, o' pride neede none to feare there is a place the Greekes by name, Hesperia do call an auncyant lande and stoute in war. & <fruyt> frutefull soile w'all
oute from Oenotria thei cam<e> that furst did till the same
now Italie men seith the is cald, so of the captaines name
to that o' course was bent /
whan sodainlye there rose at South, a winde and tempest wood
that towarde shore enforst to fall, and so tooke on the flood
that in the rockes we be dispersst, we few this coast haue caught
what kinde of men be theise of yo^e^? What maners wild ytaught
this countrey keepes? to lodge in sande, we can not suff,red be
they fight, and non to tread a lande, thei can content to see
if mortall men youe do dispise, and care for non in fight
yet haue respecte to goddes aboue, that iudge both wrong and right
wee had a king Eneas cald, a iuster was there none
in vertue nor in <feast> feates of warres, or armes culd matche him <n>oone
whome if the destnies keepes alive, if breth and ayer of skies
he drawes, nor yet among the gostes, of cruell deth he lies
there is no feare it shalbe quyt, the favo^e^ now yow showe
youe furst his kindnes to provoke, shall never repent I knowe
in dyuersse Iles some cities be, that Troyan armo^e^ beares
of Troyan blood there is also, Acestes crowne that weares
now geue us leave o's shaken ships, to laye a lande we praye
oares
and Tymber to repayre them eke, and to passe a waye
that w^e^ o' king if we can meete, and eke o' fellowes mo
to Italye by yo' relief, with glad chere maye we go
but if that comfort all be past, and mightie father thee
the Lyby seas hath had nor of, Iulus hope maye wee
yet at the last to Cicill yle, and seates that will not swarve
fro whence wee cam let us departe, and king Acestes sarve
So saide S^e^ Illionee, the rest of Troyans cryed the same
at once w^e^ murmo^e^ great /
Than Dido shortlye full demure, her eyes downe set and thus
cast of yo' care yow Troians, set, yo' hartes at ease for us
great neede, and yet the raw estate, of this my kingdom new
compelleth me thus my coast to keepe, and wide a boute me vew
who knows not of Eneas who? Or hath not hard the name
of lustie Troie and of the men, and all that war the flame
we mores be not so base of wit, ne yet so blunt of minde
ne from this town the sonne his horse, so far away doth wynde

[Fol. 17v] go where yow please to Italie, to old Saturnus feldes
or get yow into Scicill land, that king Acestes weldes
I will yow help and see yow saulf, and geue yow goodes to go
will yow remayne even here with me? Be yow contented so?
this town is yo's I haue it made, set vp yo's ships anon
a Troian and a more to me, in dyfferent shalbe one
and wold to god yo' king had hapt, this way also to bend
and were him self Eneas heere, forsooth I will out send
a long the coastes and wyldernes perhaps he maie be found
if any where in townes he strayes, or woodes of affryke ground
w'this the Troians comfort tooke, and now Achates strong
and lord Eneas through the cloude, to breake thei thought to long
Achates to Eneas first, him drew and to him saide
thow godesse sonne what meane<st> thow thus? How long shall we be staide
all thinges thow seest is saulf & sure, o'fleete, o'frindes, and all
we misse but one whome in the mides, of floudes we saw to fall
and drownd, but in the rest I see, yo' mothers tale is true
skant had he spake, and sodainlye, the cloude from them w'drew
and vanished into aier alone, and left them bare in light
Eneas stoode and freshlie shinde, all men behold him might
most like a god w't face and hew, for than his mother deere
set forth hir sonne w't shoulders faire, and comelye shinde his hear
nd
a, w't a roset yowth his eyes, & countenence over cherd
and whyte as burnisht everie fyne, his neck and handes aperd

2.555] saide: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
2.556] meane<st>: Deletion of ‘s’ and ‘t’ unclear.
2.565] a'nd`: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
full like as if the silver cleare, or perl's ar put in gold
than to the queene he steps and saide, (all sodainly) behold
he that youe seek, lo heere I am, Eneas Trojan I
escaped from the Lyby seas, where drownd I was welney
O queene that in o' woes (alone), suche mercy dost extende
to us the poore remaine of Troie that welney brought t’an ende
by seas and landes are tost and tried, of all thing bare and pild
o' towne o' howse o' people eke, yow wo' thy thankes to yeld
it lieth not Dido in o' power, nor what is everye where
of Troian blood not all that through, the wide wo'lde scatered were
thalmightie godes if pitie thei, regarde or if there be
of iustice any wight or <sowle> sowle, that vertue loves to see
do paie thi meede: what happie wo'lde, furth such a treaso' brought?
what blessed father the begate, and mother suche hath w'ought?
while floodes into the seas do ronne, while hilles do shadowes cast
and while the starres abowte the skies do turne and tary fast.
shall never more w' me thy name, thy praise and hono' end
what lande so ever calth me to, so saide, and than his frind
S' Ilionee by hand he tooke, and then Serestus strong
and Gyas and Cloanthus eke, and other his lordes among
the queene astonied gan to be, whan first she saw the sight
and way<d> the chaunce of such a lorde, & thus her wordes she dight
Thow godesse sonne what fortune the, through all these daungeres drives?
what force vnto this cruell shore, thy person thus arives?
art thow not he Eneas whom from Dardanus the king
Anchises gate on Venus hie, where Symois dothe spring?
er this I well remembre how, that Tevcer from his raine
exiled was, and to the towne of Sydon flee was faine
some help at Belus hand t’optaine, his kingdom to restore
than warde my father Belus wide, in Ciperes land so sore
and conquered all and kept the state, that tyme I hard the fall

2.567] perl'e's: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
2.571] extende: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
of Troye and eke the name of the, and kinges rehersed all
their enmyes of the Troians than great praise a broade did blowe
and of the auncient race of Troie, to come he wold be knowe
wherfore approch and welcom<e> all, my houses shall yow hoast
for like mischaunce w'labo'se sore, my self som time hath toast
and fortune heere hath set me now, this land for to subdue
by proof of pain I haue <been> taught on painfull men to rew
thus talked she and then Eneas to her pallais brough't
whan on their altares thei had don suche hono'res as they thought
yet ceased not the queene to send, vnsto his men that tyde
a score of bulles and eke of brawnes a hundreth rough of hide
and w't the dames a hundreth more, of lambes both good and fat
The gladsom giftes of god. /
The inner court was all be set, wyth ryches round a boute
and in the myddes the feastes thei gan, prepare for all the route
with preciouse clothe and coning wrought, and proudeelye embroudered wide
and on the bordes the mightie pyles, of plate there stoode beside
<and deeds of lorde's> wherin was graven in golden wo'ke, the stories
by all <by> rowe
and deeds of lorde's of antike fame, a long disco'se to knowe
Eneas than for in his mynd could love not <yet> let him rest
his frind Achates for his sone Askanius hath him drest
vnsto the ships and bad him tell, the newes and bring him there
as faste as maye, for in Askanius fixt was all his feare
and giftes with him he bad to bring, from Troye destroyed yfet
a ryall pall that all with gold, and stones was over set
and eke a robe w't borderes riche, somtyme it was the weede
of helen bright whan Paris her, from Greece to Troye dyd leede

2.604 *bin*: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage. Correction orthographic.
2.615 *by*: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage. Rhyme-word of 2.615 is not on a separate line in MS.
2.618 *drest*: Initial ‘d’ perhaps majuscule.
2.622 *ro'yll*: Correction by Hand A; ink patchier than main text, suggesting later revision.
her mother Ledas gifte it was, wonderous wo'ke to view

a septer eke that Ilioney, king Priamus dowghter trew

was wont to bear, and eke a brooche, that from her neck went downe

w^i^ preciouse perles and doble set, of fine gold eke a crowne

theise thinges to fet Achates hast, vnto the navie makes counsailes

but Venus straunge devises new, and <councelles> new she takes

that Cupide shall the face and hew, of sweete Askanius take

and beare the presentes to the queene, her hart a fier to make

w^i^ farvent love, and in her bones, to fling the privye flame

suspect she dothe the mores that haue, of doble tong the name

and Iunos wrath her frettes, and in the night her care returnes

therefore she thus exhortes her sonne, Cupide that loveres burnes

my sonne that art my staye a<bove>, my great renowne & might

my sonne that of the thunderblastes, of Iove settest but light

how through the seas Eneas myne, thi brother hath ben throwne

by cruell Iunos wicked wrathe, to the is not vnknowne

and often mournd w^i^ me thou hast, therefore, but so it is

w^i^ Dido queene he lodgeth now, and feare he flattered is

but whereto Iunos Iynnes will turne, is matter harde to knowe

in suche a time of daung<i>er great, thow mayst not be to slowe

wherefore opreventing all mischaunce, I liste to worke a while

and with the flame of loue I meane, the queene for to beguile.

lest by some misaventure bad, her mynd she happlye turne

but for Eneas loue w^i^ me, some deale I like she burne

and how this thing ywrowght shalbe, Geeve ear & know my mynd

now goth <my> the childe my cheefest care, vnto his father kind

into the towne and from the seas, the presentes furth he bringse

that from the flame of burnyng Troie, weare savd and other thinges

2.626] dowghter: Second letter perhaps ‘a’; would give ‘dawghter’.
2.630] ^counsailes^: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage. Correction orthographic.
2.635] ret^o^urnes: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage. Correction orthographic.
2.637] a<bove>^lone^: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
him purpose I, a sleepe to make, and into hie Cytheere
or to my seates in yda mount all vnaware to beare
that from this craft he maie be far, ne let therin to make
thow for a night and not beyonde, his forme and figure take
her to beguyld, and of a child, thow child put on the face
that when within her lap, the queene, the gladlye shall embrace
among the ryall pompe of meate, and wyne of Bacchus blisse
and clips the sweet and on thy lips, doth presse the pleasaunt kisse
disperse in her thy secret flame, and poison sweet enspire
love doth obey putes of hys winges, and after her desire
putes on Askanius shape furthwth, and like the same he went
but venus on Askanius sweet, a restfull slumber cast
and in her bosom vpp she beares, and furth with hym she past
to yda woodes where beddes of, and maioram so soft
and lustie floures in greene wood shade, hym breathes and comfortes oft
and now is Cupide on hys waye, Achates with hym yeede
the ryall presentes to the corte, they beare as they were bed
whan in they cam the queene hert sett, in chayre on carpet gaye
of kingly state with hanginges riche, in gold and prowde araye
and now the lorde Eneas eke, and youth of Troian rowte
together came in purple seates, bestowed they were abowte
the wayters gave the water sweet, and princlie towelles wrought
and eke the bread in sundrie guyse, in baskettes fine they brought
and fiftie ladies far within, ther was, that had the chardge
of all the feast to be set furthe, and fieres on alteres largde
a hundreth more to wayt and carve, and like of age and trade
a hundreth gentilmen besides, the deyntyte bourdes to lade
and many lorde of mores among, at everye bourd to dyve
cam in and were commaunded sit, on <puct> pictured carpetes fyve

[Fol. 19v]
They wondered at the presente there, they wondered at yule

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2.656] From this line until 2.738 Hand A has used different pen, with thinner nib. Also exploits more page space, with more lines per page.
2.669] bed: ‘e’ perhaps ‘i’; would give ‘bid’.
2.672] rowte: Brown stain around initial ‘r’.
2.680] bourd: ‘o’ written over another letter, probably ‘u’.
his countnunce quicke, & well that gode, his eyes, and tong could rule
but specyllie the queene was cawght, in mervell to behold
vpon the child vpon the pall, the giftes and robe of gold
[685]
no sight her eyes could draw therfrom, and as she looked more
the more she fell into the flame, that after paynd her sore
but chieflie to the noble child, she moves who in a while
whan he his fayned father had, deceaved with a wyle
[690]
vtto the queene he drew and her, withe eyes and brest and all
about her neck embraces sweet, and whole on her doth fall
she on her lape somtyme hym settes, good dyd nothing knowes
how great a god vpon her sittes, what cares on her he throwes
he thinking on his motheres art, by smale, and smale doth make
the queene forgett her husband dead, & hym from mynde to shake
[695]
and where of love she nothing feeles, her hart she kept so true
her wonted heat and old desires, he stires and doth renue
whan men from meat began to rest, and trenchures vp was take
great bolles of wine along they set, and crownes on them they make
great cheer in all the chamberes wide, of noyse the hall yt ringes
[700]
and taps towarde night they burne, hie hangd w† golden stringes
and w† the light of torches great, they drowne the darke at ones
the queene commaundes a mightie bolle, of gold and precious stones
to fill w† wyne, whome Belus king, and all king Belus ligne
was wont to hold, then through them all, was scilence made by signe
[705]
O Iove (qd she) for thow of hoostes, and gestes both great & small
men saye the lawes hast put, geve grace and let vs all
both mores and also Troianes here, this daye for good be met
that all owre ofspringe after vs, this time in ioye may set
now Bacchus maker of the mirth, good Iuno godesse deere
[710]
and yow o mores go do yo† best, these Troianes for to cheere /
Thus sayde she, and whan the grace was don, the boll in hand she sipt
and in the liquor sweete of wine, her lips she scantlye dipt
but vnto Bycius she it raught, w† chardge and he anon

2.696] nothing <e> feeles: Terminal ‘e’ scrubbed out or covered over.
2.701] towarde: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
the fomy boll of of gold vpturnd, and drew till all was gon
than all the lordes and states abowt, and on hys golden harp
yopas w't his busshie lockes, in sweete song gan to carp
of stories suche as hym had taught, most mightie Atlas old
the wandring mone and of the soonn, the dailie toyle he told
how mankind was begon and beastes, wherhence the fier & showres
proceedes and how the stares arise, and fall in certeyne howres
the wayne the ploughe star and the seven, y't stormes and tempest lowres
what meanes the son that to the sea, he westwarde hieth so fast
in winter dayes and why the nightes, so short in somer wast
the mores w't cryes cast vp their handes, so doth the Troians eke
and all that night the queene of them, new talke begane to seeke
full oft of Priam wold she knowe, of hecto'r oft enqueeres
in what aray auroras sone, came in she gladlie heeres
what horses dyomedes brought, how great Achilles was
she lerned all to soone, & of, long love she bibbes alas
and from the first (qd she) my gest, vouchsaf I pray to tell
the treasones of the greekes, & how, yo'r Towne and people fell
and of yo'r chaunce and travailes all, for thus these seven yere
abowt the landes and all the seas, thow wanderest as I here.

Fynis /

2.725] eke: Perhaps ‘eke’.
2.726] talke: ‘l’ unclear; perhaps written over another letter.
Fynis: Added by Hand A; ink fainter than main text, suggesting later addition.
All held their peace and fixt with eyes, intentif to behold
whan lord Eneas there he sat, from hie benche thus he told
da dolefull work me to renue (o queene,) thow dost constrayne
to tell how Greekes the Troyan wealth, and lamentable raygne
did overthrow, whiche I my self, have seene and ben apart [5]
no smale therof: but to declare, the stories all, what hart?
can of the Greekes or souldio’ one, of all vlisses rovte
refrayne to weep? and now the night, w’ hie heaven gothe abowte
and on the skies the falling starres, do men provoke to rest
but yf so great desire to know, such longing have yo’ brest
of Troie the later toile to heere: to speake or yet to thinke
for all that yt my mynde abhorres, & sorow makes me shrinke
I will begin: / fforsaken of godes, and tyrd warres at last
the lordes of Greekes whan all in vaine, so many yeres had past
a horse of tree by Pallas arte, most like a mounte they frame [15]
with timber bourdes, (and for a vowe,) to leave) they blow the fame
Ther is an yle in sight of Troye, and Tenedos it hight
a welthie land while Priams state, and kingdome stoode vpright
but now a baye and herbo’ bad, for shipes to lye at rode
to that they went and hid them self, that none was seene abrode
we thought them gon, and w’ the winde, to Greec to have ben fled
therefore all Troye of labors long, relived, abrod them spred
set ope the gates, they runne to sport, and grekishe campes to see
and places long of souldio’ kept, whereof they now ben free
here lay the men of dolop land, here fearce Achilles fought
here stoode the ships and here to trye, were wont the armies stoute
some gased at the straungee gift, that there to Pallas stoode
and wondred at the horse so great, and furst for counsell goode

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[3]
[3] is copied by Hand A. There are more lines per page than in [2].
3.3] *renue:* Brown ink stain obscures terminal ‘e’.
Timetes straight wold into towne, and market have it brought 

god wot if craft or wether so, of Troye the fortune wrought 

But Capis and a few beside, that wiser were in skill 

bad throw the treasones of the Greekes, and giftes suspected yll 

into the sea, or w'r a fier, ymade to burne outeright 

or hew the ribbes and serche w'in, what thing yhid be might 

the comones into sundrye wittes, devided were & stoode 

till Lacoon came from the Towne, in hast as he were woode 

and aft' hym a nombre great, and ere they gan to throng 

he cried, o wretched citizens, what madness is yow among? 

beleeve yow gon the Greekes? or do, yow thinke that enie giftes 

of them be good? so know yow well, that false vlisses driftes? 

In this tree for my lif is hid, of Greekes an hideous rowte 

or this is but an engin made, to climbe o' walles with owt 

and sodainlie to slip them downe, and on the citie fall 

or other worse devise ther is, take heede yow know not all 

what ever it is I feare the Greekes, and trust their giftes as sma 

[30] 

this saide and w'r a coradge good, his mightie speare he drives 

against the side beneth the ribbes, that where he hyt it clives 

it shooke therw't and still it stoode, that throughge the bellye round 

the vawtes w'in and all the caves, of noise againe resound 

and yf the will of goddes had not, had not o' hartes ben blind 

ynoughe was don all vp to breake, and all the craft to find 

and Troye thow shouldst have stand as yet, and Priamus towres have shind 

Behold the shepperdes in this while, a yong man have ycought 

and pyniond w'hys handes behind, vnto the king hym brought 

that for the nones had don hym self, by yelding to be take. 

to compasse this and to the Greekes, Troye open wide to make 

a fellow slie and stoute of mynd, and bent in bothe to trie 

[35] 

[35] 

[35] 

[40] 

[45] 

[50] 

[55] 

[86] 

3.28] the: Faint brown ink stain above word. 
3.30] wether: Ccorrection by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage. 
3.41] this: Faint ink stain to immediate right of this word. 
[Fol. 21v]: At top of leaf, an unidentified sixteenth-century secretary hand has written upside-down 'haue marcie on vs Lord / for marcies sake'. Correction made by a different hand.
to wine w't guyle of yf he faile, w't certeyne dethe to dye
on everie side abowt hym drew, the Troyan youthe to see
and some of them to skorne hym gan, but now take heed to me
yow shall perceave the treasones false, of Greekes and of this one /
coniecture all. /
For as vnarmed in the myddes, all vexed ther he stood
and w't hys eyes on Troyane men, did looke w't piteous mood
Ahlas (qd he) what ground may me, what sea maye me receave?
what shall I Caytif miser do, what hope may I conceave?
that neyther w't the Greekes dare bide, and now the Troyans here
as worthy is my blood to shed, for vengaunce to requere?
w't morening thus, o' mynd gan tourne, o' force we left alone
and bad hym tell what man he was what ment he thus to mone
what newes he had he shuld expresse, and furth hys mynd to breake
he at the last set feare a side, and thus began to speake
all thing (qd he) o king what ev't, yt is I will confess
nor me a Greeke I can denye, among them born dowbtlesse /
this furst: for thowgh that fortune false, hath Synon captive brought
yet lyer shall she never make, nor faine or flatter ought
In speach if ever to yo' eares, the name of Palamed
hath come, and of the glorie great, that of hys fame did spread
whome by a treason false the Greekes, & spite by wicked lawe
vngiltie did condempe (alas) for he from war did drawe
to death him put, and now hym dead, they mourne to have againe
his squier I was and kinsman neare, my father (to be plaine)
to hym for povertie me put, in armes my yowth to frame
while yet hys kingdom stoode vntwight, and truth to saye some name
and hono't eke we bare w't men: but whan throwgh false envie
the wicked wretche Vlisses had, betrayed and don hym die
for woe my lif in corners darke, and wailing furth I drewe
lamenting sore the fale of myne, vngiltie frind so trewe.

3.70] bad: Terminal ‘d’ thickly formed; probably written over another letter, unidentifiable.
3.74] virgule At end of 3.74 perhaps part of the ascender from ‘b’ in ‘brought’ (3.75).
3.77] speech: Flourish on terminal ‘h’ creates diagonal stroke; perhaps functions as virgule.
and foole I could not hold my peace, but if that fortune servd
if ever to my countrey com, I might as he deserved
w1 hym I threatened to be quite, and great things did I crake
here was the cause of all my woe, this did vlisses make
new crymes against me to invent, and cause me be suspecte
to all the camp as one by Troye, of treason than infecte
nor wold he rest till calcas had, by hys vngratious wit
but what do I rehearse these thinges, to show that be not fit?
if all the Greekes in one aray, yow hate yf I yt wist
it is younge: yow have me here: take vengaunce yf yow list
vlisses and Atridas twayne, great goodes for that wold spend
than kindled he wee more to know, the circumstauence and end
not thincking of so great a craft, and Greekes devise so fell
all trembling on his tale he goth, w1 fayned harte to tell
Full oft the Greekes wold have ben gon, and Troye forsake at last
for werie of the war they were, that long in vaine had past
and gon they had but oftentimes, roughe seas and cruell tyde
and winter storme, and Southerne winde, them stayed and made to byde
but cheeflye whan this tymber horse, was reisde and stood a ground
such noise among the cloudes was hard, that all the skie did sound
Euripilus to Phebus straight, for councell all amasd
we sent, and he returnning home, this heavie aunswer blasd
w1 blood (o greekes,) yow pleasd the windes, and with a virgine slayne
whan furst the seas to Troye ye tooke, and now through blood ageyne
seeke to retourne: a greekishowle, for wind yow must bestowe
that worde whan through the commons eares, was soone abroad yblowe
all men agast, and trembling feare, on everie persone falles
to thincke who now this death shall dye, & whome Apollo calles
vlisses here hys tyme espied, and Calcas furth he drewe
the prophet great and hym before, the states of Greece a newe
bad ytter plaine what man yt was, Apollo he des<e>iird

3.89] servd: ‘Ss’-like flourish terminal ‘d’ (matches those in [2], Fols. 11r-12v).
3.99] wo<u>ld: Deleted ‘u’ written over another letter, now unidentifiable; correction orthographic. Ink of strike-through smudged; extends onto 3.100.
and here and there men murmured me, for privelie enspird
men smeld the compasse of this wretch, and some me warning sent
ten dayes in scilence Calcas was, and semed not content
that by hys tale should anie man, to cruell deth be drest
till at the last vlisses cries, hym forst w'outen rest
as covenente was w' open voice, and me to death they name
all men agreed, for of hym self, eche one had feard the same
and to be sure w' glad assent, they all cryed owt one me
and now the daye was nere at hand, whan offred I shuld be
the garlandes on my hed wer set, and frutes as vsage is
from deathe my self I drew and brake, my bandes I knowledge this
and in a slimie lake of mudde, all night laye hid in woase
till they were past and vnder sayle, I durst me not disclose

[Fol. 22v]
and now my natif countrey deere, for ever have I lost
nor see my children sweet I shall, nor father loved most
whome they maye chaunce for my escape, all giltles put to payne
and w' the death of them poore sowles, this fault redeeme ageine
that I the by the mightie goddes, and heaven that truthe doth heere
by if there doth among mankind, remayne yet any where
vnfayned faith: (o king I <po> praye), have mercie of my estate
relieve my woe whome cares oppresse, that all men kindlie hate
than pardon we for pitie gave: this wayling smertes vs so
king Priam first his men commaundes tunbind hym free to go
what ever thow art, forget the Greekes, from hence thow need not care
thow shalt be o's and now the truth, of my request declare
what mean they by this monster big, this horse who did invent?
wherefore? religion sake? or is yt some ginne of war ybent
thus saide, and he w' grekishe wyles, and treasones false yfreight
his lowsed handes to heaven above, w' great crye held on height.
O everlasting fiers of god, whose wrath no wight can beare
yow altares and yow swerdes also, whose force I fled I sweare
and yow to witnesse now I call, and by the garlondes gaye
that like abeast to slawghter brought,(qd he) I bare that daye
not by my will I am compeld, great secretes here to spread
not by my will my countrey I hate, but since their cruell deed
hath forst me thus it lawfull is, all goddes me pardon shall
thowghe secretes hie whome they conceyle, I blase and vter all
thow Troye therfore which I <perce> preserve, w' like faith save thow me
performe thy worde if treaso" great, great fortune bring I the
The hope of greece and comfort all, since furnst the war began
in Pallas ayde was ever set, and not in vayne till whan
Ti<d>tides and of myschief all, the father Vlisses had
by treason Pallas temple take, by night like people mad
they slew the watche and in they brake, and all with blud embrud
a waye they browght w' sinfull hands, her signe w' blisse endued
from that daye furthe the good fortune flew, nothing to mynd ensues
no hope ne <.> force they find & quite, the goddesse them refuse
nor by no doubtfull signes of wrath, them Pallas did affright
for skant her ymage to the campe, was brought and ther ypight
a fleing flame from oute her eyes, oute stert & over all
her bodye ran w' sweat, and from, the ground (we wondred all)
three tymes alone she lept, and thrise, her shild and speare she shooke
anon to flight to the seaes, bides Calcas men to looke
this hope is lost (qd he) by greekes, shall Troye not now be teard
but lest this godesse from o' campe, the fetche is to be feared
and now that to ther countrey land, the long seas have they past
tys but a wyle for ther a new, their godes to wyn thei cast

[Fol.] 23[r]
and w' a freshe force godes and men, whan wind may serve to drive
all vnawares anew they come, thus Calcas can contrive
and for amendes to Pallas wrath, so greved w' sore offence
by visions warnd this image here, they set er they went hence
but it so howge in timber worke, so nere the skies to lifte
for feare of yow did Calcas make, for this was Calcas drifte

3.166] <.>: Deleted word unidentifiable.
3.174] be feared: Perhaps one word, i.e., ‘befeared’.
that to yowr towne ne through yo' gates, yow might yt not receve
nor it the people worshipp shuld, but Pallas honors leave
for if by chaunce yow should attempt, this gift of her defile
destruction great and long (that god, on hys head whelme therwhile)
w'outen doubt on Priams blood, and all hys empier falls:
but yf by yowr devocon great, it had stand on yo' walls
all Greece should for yo' fortune quake, and conquistes far and wyde
ye should opteyne and wee and o'^, those destnyes must abyde
by this deceyte and throw the craft, of Synon false perjur'd
this to beleeve vs falshed caught, and we w^1 teares allur'd
whome neyther all Titides force, nor fearce Achilles fame
not ten yeres war nor yet of Greekes, a thowsand ships could tame
A nother monster worse then this, and worse to dread o' eyes
amased made and quite from doubt, confusd o' heartes vnwise
for as by chaunce that tyme apreest, to neptune chosen newe
Laoocoon a myghtie bull, on thoffring alters slewe
behold from Tenedos aloof, in calme seas through the deepe
(I quake to tell) twoo serpentes great, w^1 foldinges great dothe sweepe
and side by side in dragons wise, to shore their way they make
their heads above the streme they hold, ther firered manes y^2 shake
the salt se waves before them fast, they shoven, & after trayles
their uygly backes and long in linckes, behind them drag ther tayles
w^1 russhing noyse the fome vp riseth, & now to land they past
w^1 blood red lookes & glistring fiers, their sparkling eyes out cast
w^1 hissing out w^1 spirting tonges, their mouthes they lick for yre
we dead almost for fear do flie, they strayt w^1 one desier
on Laoocoen set, and first in sight, his tender children twayne

eche one they tooke, and wynding wrappes, their tender limes to <stray>
and gnawing them w^1 greddie mouthes, (<pore> poore wetches) fed they fast
than he hym self to their deffence, w^1 drawne sword making hast

3.190] opteyne: 'p' probably written over 'b'; order difficult to establish. Correction orthographic.
3.194] not ten: 't' of 'not' and 'te' of 'ten' smudged; ink blotted.
3.202] y': Later hand has added a caret and letter above the 'e' in thick, black ink, now unidentifiable.
3.210] "strayne": Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
in hold they caught, and wreathing gryp, his bodye abowt at tywse
and twyse his throte w' rolles they girte, them selfes in compasse wise
and, then ther heades and scale bright neckes, hym ov' aloft they lift
whan from their knottes hym self t' vntwyne, w' handes he sought to shift
ther poisons rancke all ov' hym rones, and lothsom filthe out flies
therw' a greslye noyse he cast, that mountes vp to the skies
likewise as from the mortall stroke, some wounded bull at stake
the slawghtering axe hath fled by chaunce, & roring lowd dothe make
but they anon the dragons twayne, all gliding swift they lept
and to the godesse sacred seate, in Pallas temple crept
there vnderneath her sheeld & feete, they cowching close them kept
than trembling feare through all o' hartes, was spred & wonder newe
we thinke how Lacoon for sine, was paide w' vengeaunce dewe
for hurting of the holie gift, whome he w' cursed speare
assayled had, & worthie was, men said, that plaag to beare
bring in the holie horse they cried, this godesse wrathe t' appease.
and her of mercye great beseek. /
then wide abroad we breake the walles, a way throvgh them we make
w' coradge all men fals to worke, some sort doth vndertake
his feete on sliding wheeles to slip, som thwart his necke bigin
the cables bynde, and on the walles, now climbes the fatall ginne:
w' armor fraight: about hym ronnes, of boyes & girles the skull
w' songes and hympnes, and glad goeth he, that hand may put to pull
It enteres, and a fronte the Towne, it slides w' threatning sight
Oh countrey soyle, oh howse of godes, thow ylion, oh the might
of doughtie Troyan walles in war, for there fower tymes a ground
it swayde, and fowre times through throughe the wombe, was harneise hard to sound
yet we went on & blind w' rage, o' worke we wold not let
but in this cursed monster brought, by Pallas towre to set
than prophecies alowd to preach, cassandra nothing spares

3.236] the: Terminal ‘e’ written over another letter, probably ‘o’.
as god enspird but nev' of vs, beleevd who nothing cares
and wretches we that never daye, beside that daye shuld byde
the temples stroade and through the towne, great feasting made that dyde
this while the firmament doth turne, & darke night vp doth rise
and ov' hides w' shadow great, both lands, & seas & skies
and falsoed of the Greekes w' all, and now along the walles
the werie Troyans laid at rest, the dead sleap on them falles
 1
whan w' their f.eet in goodlie araye, the grekishe armies soone
from Tenedos wer come for than, full frendlie showe the moone
In scilence great, their wonted shore, they tooke, and than a flame
their admyrall ship for waryng showd, whan kept all godes to shame
S' Synon out by stealth hym stirres, & wyde he settes abroad
his horses pautche and he disclosd, strait laideth owt hys load
Thersander, Stelenus, and false, Vlisses captaines all
and Athamas and Thoas eke, by long ropes downe they fall
Neptolemus Achilles broode, Machaon chief w' pride
and menelae w' nomberes mo, full gladlie furth the slide
and he him self Epeus there, this mischief furst that found
the Towne invade they do furthw', in sleepes & drinking drownd
they slew the watche and then the gates, broad vp they breake & standes
ther fellowes readye to receave, & thicke they ioyne their bandes
That tyme of night it was whan slomber first, & dead sleeps deepe opprest
on werie mortall men doth creepe through godes gift sweet at rest
 2
vnto my sight as dreame I did, all sad w' dolefull cheere
did Hector stand and large hym weepe, w' sobbes I might well heere
w' horses haled as blooddy drawne, some tyme he was in dust
and all to swollen his worthy feete, where through the thonges wer thrust
alas to thinke hym sore beraide, how from that hector sore
he changed was that in Achilles spoiles came home before
or whan among the shipes of Greece, the fiers so fierce he flong
but now in dust his beard bedabd, his heare w' blood is elong

3.250] f'v'eet: cCorrection by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
3.270] beraide: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
{withe naked wondes that in defence of Troyan walles sustaing
he often had: and me to weepe, for pitie woe constraind
{w' heavie voice me thought to speake, and thus to hym I plaind

O light of Troye o Troyan hope, at neede that never faild
what countrey the so long hath kept, what cause hath so prevaiyd
that after slawghters great of men, thy towne thy people tierd
w't sundrye paynes and daungeres past, the long so sore desierd
at last we se, what chaunce vnkind thi face before so brighte
hath made so fowle? alas and whi, of wonds I see this sighte?
he nothing therto spake nor me, w't vaine talke long delaid
but heavye from hys brest he fet, his deepe sigh than he said /
Fle flee thow goddesse sone alas, thy self save from these flames
the walles ar woné (qd he) the Greekes, of Troye pull downe the frames
for Priam and o' countrey deere, o' duetie is done, yf hand
or manes relief might Troye have kept, by this hand had yt stand
and now religiones all to the, w't goddes doth Troye betake
new fortune thow and they must seeke thow vnto them shalt make
more mightie walles, when through the seaes, long iorneyes hast thow take
so said & w't his handes me thought, he from ther alteres drew
the mightie godes and all there fiers, aie lasting owt he threw
By this tyme diuerse noise abroade, through all the Towne is sterd
and waylinges lowde and more and more, on everie side apeerd
and thoughe my father Anchises howse, w't trees encompast rownd
stooede far w'in yet brime we heere, the noise and armoures sound
therew't I woke and vp the Towre, I clime by stayres on hie
and layd myne eare and still I stood, abowt me round to spie
and even as fier in boistowes wind, some contrey ripe of corne
doeth burne, or as the mountayne flood, w't great force downe hath borne
the grayne the grasse the toile of men, that plowghes and bestes have
and trees it hedlong drawes w'all, for stones it forceth nought

3.301] downe: Faint diagonal line running through this word; difficult to establish whether Hand A or another hand. Stain around word; perhaps indicates attempted deletion of line.
the plowman wayling from the rocke, beholde and heres the sound
right so this wofull sight I saw, and Greekeishe treasones fownd.

and now the great howse downe was falne, by fyre that wild doth
of Deiphebus furst, and next, his neyghbo' burns on hie
vcalegon, and shores & strondes, w' blasing shines abowt:
and shriking showtes of people riseth, and trompettes blowne ar owt

amased I myne armo' tooke, nor what to do I wust
but hedlong ranne and throughe the thronges, to sight I thought to thrust
and to the castellward I hied, more ayd to call me nye
w' anger wood, and fayre me thought, in armes it was to dye

behold where scaping from the Greekes, and through ther weopones past

dothe panthus ronne, that of the towre, was Phebus priest, and fast
his relikes w' his conquered goddes, he bare, & hym beside
his neview smale he haling drew, and swift to shoreward hide

now Panthus where goth the worst? what shift, what tower is best we take
Skant had I saide, whan he all straught, in cries thus owt he brake
owre vtt' owre is come alas, fell destynes have vs caught
we have ben Troes whan Ilion was, o' glories great to naught
the spitefull goddes have all to torne: o' pompe o' towe ne o' towrs
the Citie burns and who but Greekes, ar lordes of vs and owres
the howgee horse abroad his men, in harneise powreth owte

w' conquest wide and everie gate, is fild w' people armd
w' thowsandes such as owt of Greece, so thicke they never swarmd
the straytes in everie streete they keepe, the wayes w' weapons pight
and stowte in ranckes they stand w' steele, fast bent to death in fight
skant doth the watche that kepe the towers, resist w' feble might

this whan I hard no longer hold, my self I could but right
into the flames and weapons flue, where most resembling hell
men roring made, and where w' cries, to heaven the people yell

3.308] abowt: Colon misaligned, placed under line; corrected in transcription.
[Fol. 24v]: Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.
3.315] was: Mark after ‘w’; probably indicates partially-formed letter which Hand A aborted.
Than Ripheus hym self adioynd, & mightie most w\textsuperscript{t} lawnce
cam Iphitus vnto my side, by moone light met by chaunce
and Hypanis and dymas eke, abowt me flocke they more
w\textsuperscript{t} yong Choreb duke Migdones sone, that few dayes than before
to troye was come. Cassandras love, w\textsuperscript{t} wood desier to wynne
and succo\textsuperscript{t} than for Priam brought, to assist her Troyan kynne
vnhappie man that what hys spowse, hym raving told in trawnce
wold not regard . /
whome as I sawe to battaile bent, thus bold me cluster abowt
I thus began. / O lustie youth, of valiant harts and stowt
in vaine if into daungers most, attempting after mee
yow mynd to ronne, the state of thinges, and fortune heere yow see
the temples left and seates alone, and alters quite forsake
the godds whereby this empier stoode, ar gon, yow vndertake
a Cite burnd to seeke to save, what shall we do? but dye
like men and in the mydes of armes, and weapones let vs flye?
one cheef relief to conquered men, is desperatlie to trye
whan this the yong men hard me speake, of wild they waxed wood
and than like wolves, whome hunger drives, to ravin for the foode
in clowdye mistes abroad to raung, ther welps with hungrie iawes
them bides at home and they for rage, do ronne to feede their mawes

[Fol.] 25[r] Even so through thicke & thine we flang, through foes & weapons pight
to doubtles death right through the streetes encompast all w\textsuperscript{t} might
who can the slawteres of that night, w\textsuperscript{t} tong declare, or who
w\textsuperscript{t} worthy teares can tell the toyle, that death men drave vnto
the Cite faith that auncyaunt long, & manye a yere the crowne
hath borne, & everie streat is strowd, w\textsuperscript{t} bodies beaten downe
and heapes of everie howse ther lyeth, & temples all ar fild
w\textsuperscript{t} bodies dead, and not alone, the Troyanes poore ar kild
sometyme whan tired bin ther hартes, ther manfull stomakes steeres

3.343] Virgule has flick on top left; resembles a diamond bracket (>).
3.345] heere: Double-stemmed ‘r’ defectively formed; spelling difficult to establish.
3.346] seates: Hand A has written ‘e’ then ‘es’ abbreviation; would give ‘seatees’. Not retained in transcription.
3.351] yong: Faint brown ink stain around ‘y’.

112
and downe ther conqueroures they quell, on everie side appeeres
the fearfull creed & wayling wide, and face of death at hand
there furst against vs of the Greekes, w' men a mightie band
Androgeos vs met and thought, his countrey men we were.
al vnaare, and like a frind, he cald vs void of feare
Set forward s'^: what trifling thus? so long yow linger makes
whan other men the burning Towne, doth sacke, o' fellowes ta<l>kes
the spoiles of Troye while yow for slowthe, skant from yo' ships can
he said, and straight (for aunswer none, that likd hym geven ther was)
all sodaynlie amides hys foes, hym self betrapt he kew
he stanke therw' and stopt hys tale, and foote he backward drew
as one that vnbethought hath hapt, some snake among the briers
to tread, and quickelye starting back, w' trembling feare retiers
whan swolne w' angrie teene he seethe, his blew neick bent vpright
so quaking whan Androgeos vs, espied he tooke hys flight
but we persued and thicke w' armes, them all encompast round
on everie side, and them affrayd, & nothing kew the ground
we overthrow: and fortunes lucke, o' first assaye succeedes
for ioye wherof trivmpthing fearce, Chorebus nothing dreedes
now matche (qd he) where fortune furst, hath shewed relief, & where
o' valiaunt handes o' ayd hath well, begon proceede we there
and let vs chaing o' shilds w' greekes, & armd in Greekes arraye
let vs set on what skilles it force, or falshed enemies slaye
o' enemies lo their weapons yeldes, ageinst them selves to fight
so said and on hys hed he putes, Androgeos helmet bright
and w' his gorgeous shild him self, he clad full gaye to beare
and on hys side the greekishe sword, he comelye girt did weare
so Rypheus so dymas dothe, him self & therw'all
the youth of Troye w' greekishe spoiles, them deckes both great & small
there mixt among the Greekes we gon, o' selfes vs doth not guyde
and manye a skirmishe sore that night, we blindlye fought & tryde
and manye a Greeke to hell we sent, some other awaye for feare

3.369] thus?: Question mark not clearly formed; perhaps a colon.
to shipburd ran, & some to shores, w't coursin here & there
som full afraid their howgie horse, againe to climbe and take
their wonted seates & in his pauche, ther lurking old they make
alas what may mankind prevale, when goddes hym doth forsake

behold wheare hald by heare of hed, from Pallas temple sure
Kinges Priames dawghter drawne we se, Cassandra virgin pure
and vp to heaven in vayne for help, her glistring eies shee cast
her eies for then her tender handes, w't yrones were fettered fast
that sight Chorebus raging wood, could not hym hold to see
but even among the myddes he lepte, w't will to dye & wee
him after sude and thicke in thronges, of armes o' selfes we thrust
there from the temples top aloft, with troians weapones first
o' owne men vs did whelme, where doth most piteous shawghter rise
o' armo's false mistake and greekishe sheeldes deceyvd their eyes
than all the Greekes whan from them take, the virgin was for yre
by flockes on everie side w't cryes, invades vs wild as fyer
Atrydas twaine, and Aiax cheif, and eger in armies stowte
and after them their armes all, & youth of Dolop rowte
none otherwise than whan somtyme, the whirlwindes owt ar brast
and sundrye stormes from sundrye coastes, ar met and struggling fast
conflictes bothe east & weast & Sowthe, that woodes with craking quakes
and Neptunes forke the fomye seas, from botemes wild vp rakes
and they also whome through the darke, y't night wee chased had
and overcam by chaunce before, they first w't coradg glad
apered in sight and first o' sheeldes and armo's false escried
they knew and marking by o' soundes, o' seuerall tongues espied
there downe by heapes the nomber vs threw, Chorebus first of all
at mightie Pallas seat of Peneleus hand doth fall
and fall doth Ripheus to ground, the iustest man that was
of Troyan kynd and one that most, of right and law did pas
but god of them had other wise, than disposed and beside
bothe hipanis and dymas eke, wer lost and slayne that tyde
their owne men through them weopones threw nor the o Pańthu pure
thi vertue great nor Phebus crowne, from deathe could than assure
yet by the flames extreame I sweare, that all Troye brought to dust
[430]
at yowr decaies I witnesse take, (if truth protest I must:)
I never man ne weapon shond of Greekes ne from yow swarvd
if goddes will were my death I sought, and sure my hand deservd
than oute we breake bothe Iphitus, and I and Pelias kind
the one for age thother Vlisses wond made coome behind
[435]
and by the cries to Priames co’t, o’ king, furthw’l enclynd
there now the battaile great was vp, as yf no place elles where
had felt of warr as dye did none, through all the towe but there
so raging mars and Greekes vp ron, to howses toppes we see
and postes puld downe, & gates vp broke, beset that none should flee
[440]
the wales w’l scaling laders laide, & sculpes of scaffoldes hie
& vp by staires they climbe and backe, they drive the dartes y’l flie
w’l sheldes: & bartilmentes above, in handes they catche & hold.
against them Troyanes downe the Towres, & toppes of howses rold
[Fol.] 26[r]
[445]
and rafters vp they reeve and after all attempes at last
those toles for shift at death extreame, to fend them selfes they cast
their golden beames their auntiaunt fathers frames of comlye sight
they tombled downe some other alowe, w’l weopones pointed bright
at gates & everie dore dothe ward, & thicke in ranckes doth stand
anon the palaies of o’ king, to healpe we tooke in hand
[450]
o’ aide to put & add relief, to men w’l labours spent
a wall ther was and through the same, a posterne yate ther went
an entrie blind, that secret servid Priames lodginges wide
where through sometyme whan yet in state, their kingdomes did abide
full oft Andromache was wont, her self alone to pas
[455]
vn to the king and queene her father and, mother law that was
and yong Astyanax her child, his grundsier to, she brought

3.441] wales: Hand A has written ‘e’ then ‘es’ abbreviation; would give ‘walees’. Not retained in transcription.
there through I scoope and vp the toppes of howses hie I past
where downe the selie Troyans, darts, in vaine for fainting cast
a towre that steepe vpright did stand, & hie to skies vp reerd
above the rooфе from whence all Troy, full brode in sight appeerd
and whence the shippes and campes of Greekes, & tentes in times of warres
men wonted wer to viewe the towre, w' ginnen & mightie barres
we vnder heaved and where the ioyntes, & timber beames it bownde
beneth togethher at ones we lift, at last it lose from grounde
[460]
we shogd & with the shog for heft, w' ratling noise and fall
downe over along the Greekes it falles, and farr & wyde w' all
great slawghter makes but other vpp stepps for them, nor stones this while
nor kindes of weapons cease ther one. /
before the porche all ramping first, at thentrye dore dothe stand
duke Pyrrhus w' his brasen harneis bright w' burnished brand
& glistring like a serpent shines, whome poysoned weedes hath fild
that lurking long hath vnder ground, in winter cold bin hild
and now his coate of cast all freshe, w' youth renued & pride
vpright his head doth hold & swift, w' walowing backe doth glide
brest heigh against the sonne & spites, w' tongues three forked fyer
and howgie Periphas w' hym, w' hym Achilles squyer
Automedon his maysters steedes, that wonted was to chase
then all the youthe of stirie land, ensues & to the place
they enter thicke & fieres abowt, on howses highe they fling
him self in hand among the cheif, a twyble great doth bring
and therw' all he throughe the gates, and dores w' dintes doth dryve
and downe the brasen postes doth pull, & timb' plakes doth clyve
and now the the barres a sunder brast, and ioystes vp hewed doth fall
and entrye broad & window wide, is made now through the wall
[480]
there howses farr w'in appeers and halles are laid in light
appeers kings Priams parlowres great, that auntiaunt kinges had dight
and harneisde men they se to stand, at thentrie doores to fight
but thiner lodginges all w' noise, and wofull wailing sowndes
w1 bounsiges thicke and lar<o>umes lowde, the byuldings all rebounds and howling women showtes, their cries, the golden starres do smyte then wandring here & there w1 dreede through chamberes wide, affright the mothers clip theire countrey postes, them kissing hold they fast but Pirrhus w1 his fatheres force, on <prea^c^th> preaceth neyther walles nor keepers him there owt can hold, w1 rammes and enginnes falles the portall postes and thresholdes vp, ar throwne and doores and halles than forcing furth & through they shove, they pushe, & downe y2 kill them furst that meetes & everie floore, w1 souldyo18 fast they fill not half so ferc the fomy flood, whose rampier torne / w1 rage oute rones whan ditches thwart & pieres ar over borne w1 waves and furthe on feeldes it falles, and waltring downe the vales and howses downe it beares w1 all, and herdes of beastes it hales Neptolemus my self I saw, w1 slaughteres wood to rage and bretherne twaine Atridas fierce, their furies none could swage queene Hecuba and her hundreth dawnghter lawes & Priam there w1 blood I sawe defile the fieres, him self to god did reare and fiftie paramo18 he had, & children yssue told no nomb1asse, the statelie spoiles, of postes full proud of gold abroad ar throwne, & what the fier, dothe leave the Greekes dothe hold. / The fatall end of Priam now, perhappes yow will requier when he the citie taken saw, and howses toppes on fyre and byuldings broke & round about, so thicke his enmies rage his harneise on hys shoulderes (long vnworne till then) for age all quaking on (good man) he puttes, to purpose smale, & than his sword hym girte and into death, & enmyes thicke he ranne amides the skies right vnderneth, the nakid skies in sight on alter howge of sise ther stoode, and by the same vpright an auncyaunt laurer tree did grow y1 wide abrode did shed & yt & all the carved goddes, w1 brode shade over spred

3.490] lar<o>umes: Correction orthographic.
[Fol. 26v]: Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.
3.494] <prea^c^th>: Correction by Hand A; difficult to establish whether made at initial copying stage or later.
3.499: Virgule perhaps part of descender from ‘f’ in ‘fill’ (3.498).
there heccuba and her daughters all, poore sowles at thawt's side
in heaps togethier affraid them drewe, like doves whan doth betide
some storme them hedlong drive and clipping fast their godes they hold
but whan she Priam thus be clad, in armes of yowth so bold
espied: what mynd alas (qd she), o woffull husband yowe
in harneis dight & whither awaye, in weopones ronne yow now
not men nor weopones vse can save, this time doth aske to beare
no such defence no not yf hector myne here present were

\{
stand here by me this altar vs, from slaughters all shall sheld
or dye together at ones we shall, so said she & gan to weld
hym aged man & in that sacred seat hym set & held
Behold wheare scaping from the stroke, of Pirrhus fearce in fight
Polites one of priams sonnes, through foes and weopones pight
through galeries along doth ronne and wide abowt hym spies
sore wonded than but Pirrhus aft' hym sues w'h burninge eyes
in chace & now wellnie in hand, hym caught and held w'h speare

till right before hys parentes sight, he came, then feld hym there
to death & w'h his gussing blood, his lief right owt he shed
there priamus though now for woe, that tyme he half was dead
hym self could not refraine nor yet, his voice nor anger hold
but, vnto the (oh wretch he cried) for this dispite so bold
the goddes if anie Justice dwelles, in heaven, or right regard
do yeld the worthy thanckes, & the, do pay thy due reward
\}
that here w'in my syght my sonne, hast kild w'slawghter vile
& not ashamed w'lothsom death, his fatheres face to file
not so did he whome falslye thow, belyst to be thy syer

Achilles w'h his enmye Priam deald, but my desyer
whan Heceto" corps to tombe he gave, for gold did entertaine
w'truth & right & to my realme, restoared me half againe
so spake he and therw'all his darte, w'fble force he threwe
but sounding on his brasen harneise hoarse, it backward flewe
and on his target side it hit, where dyntles downe yt hing
Than Pirrhus said / Thow shalt go now, therfore and tydinges bring
vnto my father Achilles sowle, my dolefull deedes to tell
Neptolemus his bastard is, not I, say this in hell
[555]
now dye & as he spake that worde, from thalter self he drew
ym trembling there & deepe hym throughe, his sonnes blood
& w'his left hand wrapt his lockes, w'h right hand through his syde
his glistring sword owte drawne he did, hard to the hiltes yt glide
This end had Priames destnies all, this chaunce him fortune sent
[560]
whan he the fyre in Troy had seene, his walles & castels rent
that sometyme over people proud, and landes had raigned w'fame
of Asia Thempro' greate, now short, on shore he lithe w'shame
his hed besides his shoulders laide, his corpse nomore of name
Then furst the cruell feare me caught, & sore my sprytes appald
[565]
& of my father deere I thought, his face to mynd I cald
whan slaine w'greeslye wound o'king, hym like of age in sight
lay gasping dead, & of my wief, Crewsa bethought the plight
alone, foresake my howse dispoild, my child what chaunce had take
I loked, & abowt me viewde, what strength I might me make
all men had me forsake for paines, and downe their bodye drew
[570]
to ground they lept, & some for woe, them selves in fires they threw
and now but I was left alone, when vestas temple stayre
to keepe & secretlye to lurke, all cowching close in chayre
dame helen I mought see to sit, brigh burninges gave me light
where ever I went the waies I past, all thing was sett in sight
[575]
she fearing her the Troyanes wrath, for Troye destroyed to wreake
Greekes, turmentes & her husbandes force, whose wedlock did she breake
the plaage of Troye & of her countrey monster most vntame
there sat she w'her hated head, by thaltares hid for shame
streight in my brest I felt a fyre, deepe wrathe my hart did straine
[580]
my countreies fall to wreake & bring, that cursed wretch to paine

3.571] to: Faint ‘t’ to immediate left of word; ‘to’ written in darker ink and indented. Faint line through ‘o’.
what shall she into her countrey soile, of Sparthe & hie Mycene
all saulf shall she retourne? & there on Troye triumpe as queene
her husband, children, coutrey kynne, her howse her parentes old
w' troyan wyves and Troyan lorde, her slaves shall she behold?
was Priam slayne w' sword for this? Troye burnt w' fyre so wood?
Is it herfore that Dardan strondes, so often hath swet w' blood?
not so, for though it be no praise, on womans kind to wreake
nor hono' none there lyeth herein, nor name for men to speake
yet quenche I shall this poyson here, and due desertes to dight
man shall commend my zeale, & ease, my mynd I shall outeright
thus much for all my peoples boanes, and countrey flames to quyte
These things w'in my self I lost, & fearce w' force I ranne
whan to my sight my mother great, so brime no tyme till than
appeerd & shoud her self in sight, all shining pure by might
right goddesse like w' glorie suche, as heavens beholdes her bright
so great w' maiestie she stooed, & me by right hand tooke
she staide & red as rose w' mowth, these wordes to me shee spooke
my sonne what sore owtrage so wild, thy wrathfull mynd vpsteares?
why fretest thow? or where of vs, thy cares exilde appeares?
not furst vnto thy father seest? whome feble in all this woo
thow hast forsake? nor if thy wief, doth live thou knowest or noo?
nor yong Askanius thy child? whome thronges of Greekes abowt
doeth swarming Ronne & w<h>ere not my, relief w'owten doubte
by this tyme flames had vpp devowrd, or swordes of enmies kilde
it is not helens face of Grece, this towne my sonne hath spilde
nor Paris is to blame for this:, but goddes w' grace vnkinde
this welth hath overturnd, and Troye, from toppe to ground vntwinde
Behold for now awaye the clowd, & dymme fogg will I take
that over mortall eyes doth hange, & blynd thy sight doth make
thow to thy parentes heest take heede, dread not, my mynd obeye

[Fol. 27v]: Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.
3.599] vpsteares: Hand A has written ‘e’ then ‘es’ abbreviation; would give ‘vpstearees’. Not retained in transcription.
3.607] Double punctuation in middle of line.
In yonder place where stones from stones, & buyldinges hye do swey thow seest, and mixt w' dust & smoke, thick streames of rekinges rise him self the god Neptune that side, doth turne in wondrous wise w' forke threttynd the walles vp rootes, fundacions all to shakes & quyte from vnder soyle this towne, w' grownd workes all vp rakes on yonder syde w' furies most, dame Iuno fearcelie standes the gates she keeps and from their shippes, the Greekes her in armo' girt she calles Lo their ageine wheare Pallas sittes, on fortes & castle Towres w' gorgon eyes in lightning clowdes, vnclosde full grym she lowres the father god hym self to Greekes, their nightes and coradge steeres hym self ageinst the Troyan blood, both goddes & armo' reeres betake the to thy flyght my sonne thy labo' end procure I will the nev' payle but the, to resting, place assure Thus said she & through the darke night shaad, her self she drew from sight appeers the gryslye faces than Troyes enmies vglye dyght the mightie powres of goddes. / then verilie right broad I saw, hole Ilion casteles sinke in fyres & vpp so downe all Troye, from bottoom turne to brinke & like as on the mountayne top, some auncyaunt oke to fall the plowmen w' their axes strong, do strive and twybbles tall to grub & round abowte hath hewed: it threatning from above doth nod, & w' the braunches wide, all trembling bendes to move till overcom w' strokes, at last, all craking downe to fall one wound it ov' throwes, & ground yt drawes & rockes w' all than downe I went as god me led, through flames & foes to trye all weopones as I passe geve place, & flames a' waie do flye but whan vnto my fathers manc'ion howse I came, and there hym first I thought to shift & vp, the mountaines next to beare my father aft’ Troye destroyd, no longer lif desyres nor owtlaw wold he become, of yow whose youth requyres

3.619] *calles*: Possible virgule after word, obscured by descender from ‘f’ in ‘from’ (3.617).
3.621] *grym*: ‘y’ written over another letter, probably ‘e’.
3.642] *wold*: Flourish of the terminal ‘d’ perhaps ‘e’; would give ‘wolde’.
to live, & blood in lust vpholdes, (qd he) yowr lymes to weld
take yow yo' flight

For as for me yf goddes above, wold lif have had me led
this place, they wold have kept me: ynough, tomoche & ov' hed
do
of slawghters have we seen, o' citie burnt we <have> survive
go furthe let me remaine (I pray) for me do yow not stryve
myne owne hand shall my death optayne, my foe will rew my pl畸
my corps he can but spoile, for of, a grave the losse is light
this many a yeare to goddes abhord, vnwildye lif I fynd
since tymne when me the father of goddes, & king of all mankind
be blasted w' his lightning windes, & fyres on me did cast
thus spake he & in purpose still, he fixed remayned fast
wee there ageinst w' streaming teares, my wief also she stoode
Askanius & o' howshold all, we praid that in that moode
all things w' hym good father turne, he nold no slawghter make
of all outeright nor vs to death, and destnies fell betake
he still denied, & stif hys mynd, nor purpose wold forsake
ageine to weopones furth I flew, & death most myser call
for counsell what, or what relief, of fortune now can fall
Thinke yow that I one foote from hence, yow father left behynd
can passe, or may there such a synne, escape yo' mouth vnkynd
if nothing of so great a towne, to leave the goddes be bent
& fixt in mynd, yow have decreed, Troyes ruynes to augment
w' losse of yowe & yo'' agreed, at this doore death doth stand
& heere anon from Priames blood, comth Pirrhus hot at hand
that chyld afore the fathers syght, & fathr on thaltar killes
for this oh mightie mother myne, through fyres foes & billes
have yow me savd till now for this? that in my parloure flouwres
myne enmyes I must see to kill, my folkes w'in my doors
Askanius my child my wief, Creusa, my fathe old
all spralling slayne w' blood in blood, embrud shall I behold?

3.647] ^do^: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
3.663] vnkynd: 'y' written over 'i'; correction orthographic.
weopones servantes bring me weopones, of last howre doth vs call
& yeld ne among the Greekes to fight, let me to Battaile fall
afreshe, for nev’ shall we dye, this daye vnvenged all
than me ageine w’t sword I girte, my left arme vnder sheeld
I put and owt at doores I ran, w’t rage to fight in feeld
beholoed at thentrie gate my wief, embracing both my feet
doth kneele, & vp to me she holdes, my chyld Askanius sweet
if towards death thow goest take vs, w’t the to chaunces all
yf succo’ owght <t>or ho<l>pe thow fyndst, in armes than first of all
defend this howse to whome forsakst, thy chyld yule alas?
to whome thy father levist? and somtyme thy wief that was?
thus wayling all of howse she filde, thus cryed she throwgh the halles
whan sodaylie right wonder great, to tell, a monster falles
For even betwene o’ handes, & right before o’ face in sight
beholoed from owt Askanius top, a flame vprythe bright
and harmele lyckes hys lockes & soft, abowt hys temples feed
we straight his burning heare gan shake, all tremblng dead for dreed
and wateres on the sacred fyres to quench anon we sheed
but than my father Anchises glad, to heaven doth lift his eies
w’h handes vpthrowne against the starres, & voice exalted cries /
Almightie Iove of mans respect, or prayers doest regarde
beholoed vs now this cauce, & yf, o’ deeds deserve rewarde
from hencefurth father help vs send, and blesse this grace w’h
scant from hys mouth the word was past, whan skies aloft to rore
begines, & thunder light was thrown & downe from heaven by shade
a streaming starr discendes & long, w’h great light maketh a glade
we looking, brim beholde it might, & ov’ o’ howse it slippes
& furthe to Ida woodes it went, there downe it self it dippes
vs poyning owt the waies to flee, than straking light along

3.681 chaunces: Hand A has written ‘e’ then ‘es’ abbreviation; would give ‘chaunces’. Not retained in transcription.
3.682 ho<l>pe: ‘o’ written over ‘e’.
in: ‘i’ possibly formed from initial ‘a’, corrected.
3.694 regarde: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
3.695 rewarde: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
[Fol. 28v]: Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.
doth shyne & broad abowte dothe smoke, w't sent of sulfur strong
than straight my father (overcom) hym self advauncing weeldes
and praieth his goddes & worship to, that blessed starr he yeeldes
now now no more I let, lead whear, yow list I will not swarve
oh countrey goddes ow'howse vphold, my neviewe saulf presarve
this token yet is yo"n: yet Troye, in youre regard remaynes
I yeld me sonne nor further staye, w't the to take all paynes
so spake he, & nowe abowt o' walles, the fyres approching soundnes
at hand, & nere & nere the flames, w't fervent rage redowndes
deere father now therfore yowr self, set on, my necke to beare
my shoulndes shall yow lift, this labour me shall nothing deare
what ev't chaunce betydes one daunger both we must abide
in sauftye both alike we shall, be sure, & by my syde
my child yule shall go, my wief, shall trace aloof behynde
yow servauntes what I saye take heede, emprint it well in mynde
ther is a hill whan owt the towne, ye coome & temple olde
of Ceres long vnvsed there, besydes yow shall beholde
an auncyaunt Cypres tree to growe, that for reliygyones sake
o' fathers there did set, & there, long tyme did hono't make
in that place owt of dyverse waies, we all shall seeke to meet
yow father take o' countrey goddes, in hand o' comfort sweet
for me that from the battailes Freshe, am coom & slawghters new
I may not them for synne presume, to towch till wateres dewe
w't Flooddes hath washt me pure. /
Thus said I & one my shoulderes broad, & twarte my neck I kest
a a weede & in <my> Lyons skynne, full red my self I drest
& vnd't burden fast I fled, my child my ryght hand kept
yule, & aft' me w't pace, vnlike in length he stept
my wief ensued through lanes & crookes, & darkenes most we past
& me that late no showtes or cryes, nor noise nor woopones cast

could feare, nor clusteres great of Greekes, in thronges agast cold make
now everie wynde & puffe doth move, at everie sound I quake
not for my self, but for my mate, & for my bowrdens sake
And now against the gates I cam, w'ch owt of daungers fownd
I thought I well escaped had, whan soddainlie the sound
of feete we heer to tread, & men, full thicke my father stand
flee flee my sonne he cryed: lo here they com, lo here at hand
their harneise bright appers, & glistring I se to shyne
there what it was I not, some chaunce, or god no freed of myne
amasyd than my witt for while through thicke & thinne I passe
and from thaccustomed waies I drew, to seeke to skape alas
my wief from me (most woefull man), good Crewse beloved best
remayne she did or lost her waye, or sat her downe to rest.

unknowne it is but aft' that, in vaine her all we sought
nor of her losse I knew, nor lacke I looked, or bethought
till vnto Ceres temple olde, and auncyaunt seat, eche oone
was come & there togithers met, we all, but she alone
did lacke, & there her frendes & child & husband did beguyle

what man or god for anger madde, did I not curse that while?
or what in all that towne vpturnd, sawe I so sore befall?
my father and my child yule, and Troyan goddes w'all
vnto my men I tooke and in, a crooked vale them hydd
againe vnto the citie girt, in glistening armes I yeedd
all chaunces there ageine to trye, my mynd I fixed fast
all Troye for her ageine to seeke, my lief to Daung'es cast
first backe vnto the walles & gate, I turnd & thentrye blind
where owt I cam I sought, & steps, of feete I mark behynd

3.733] Greekes: 'es' abbreviation thickly formed; possibly written over ‘e’.
3.749] olde: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
3.755 vnto: Initial ‘v’ written over ‘i’.
3.759 feete: Initial ‘f’ blotted.
where night to see could serve & fyres, that glistring shines about
great feare on every syde I saw, that scilence mackes me dowbt
my howse at home if happlie there, yf happlie there shee hild
I went to looke, the Greekes were in, & howses all they fild
devouring fyre doth all consume, from howse to howse yt flies
the wynd increasethe flames, & vp, the rage to heaven doth ryse
to Priames cort I turne & to, the castell view I cast
the temples great wer spoild & Iunos holye dores dores wer brast
amyddes the floore the keeps stood, the cheefe of captaynes stowt
both Phenix and Vlisses false, w't them their trayne about
the praye did kepe, and Greekes to them, the Troyan riches brought
that from the fyres one everye syde, was raught the temples sowgh
& tables from the goddes wer take, & basones great of golde
& precious plate and robes of kinglie state, & treaso's old
& captive children stooed & trembling wives in long arraye
were stowde abowte.

I ventred eke my voice to lift, & through the glimsing night
the wayes w't cryes I fild & Creusas name full lowd yshright
in vaine I cald & cald & ofte, ageine & yet I cryed
thus seking & w't endless paines, & rage all places tryed
At last (w't woefull lucke) her spright, & Creusas ghoast alas
before myne eyes I saw to stand, more great then wonted was
I stonyed & my heare vpstart, my mouthe for feare was fast
she spake also & thus from me, my cares she gan to cast
what meane yow thus yo'r raging mynd, w't labo's sore to move
oh husband sweet these things w'owt, the poweres of goddes above
hath not betyde: me now from hence, to lead or by yo's syde
yow shall see nev'more: he wille, it not that heavn doth gyde
long Pilgrimage yow have to passe, howge feeldes of seas to eare
vnto hespia land yow shall, arive do yow not feare
whear Tiber flood throughge fertill soyle, of men doth softly slyde
there substaunce great & kingdom strong, & queene to wief besyde

yow shall enioye, for me thy Creusa deere do weep no more
to Myrmidonese nor dolop land, shall I not now be bore
nor to the ladyes proud of Greece, shall I be servaunt scene
of Dardan and of venus dawghter lawe. /

But me the mightie mother of goddes, will not from hence to move
& now farr well, & of o’ child, for both keepe thoue the love
thus whan she said I weeping there, & moe thinges wold have spoke
she left me: & w’t the winde she went, as thinn from sight as smoke
three tymes abowt her necke I sought, my armes to set & thrise
in vaine her lykenes fast I held, for through my handes she flies
like wavering wynd or lyke to dreames that men full swift espies
than to my companye at last, whan night was gon I drew
& there a multitude of men, full huge & nomb’ new
I fownde w’t messvaile muche bothe men, & women yong & old
a rable great exild & piteous comones to behold
from everie coast were come, & w’t theire gooddes & hartes assent
to what land or sea soeuer I wold, them lead they were content
and now from vpp the mountayne, toppes the dawning starr doth rise
and brings ageine the daye, the Greekes, as best they cowld devise
the gates possest, & held, all hope, & helpe was gon, at last
I yeelded & my father tooke, and vp the hill I past. /

finis

Francis Haryngton
Ellina Harrington

gloss: Beneath ‘finis’ in centre of page, a later hand has added in faint black ink: ‘See the third book on p. 73’
(ref. to old pagination).
Francis Haryngton | Ellina Harrington: At bottom of Fol. 29v an italic hand has written these two names.
gloss: To left of Francis Haryngton a later hand (the same as above) has added note in faint black ink: ‘was the younger brother of Sir John H. who furnished 50 stanzas in Book XXXII of Orlando Furioso’.
Myne owne <I.> I. P. sins you delite to knowe the cawse whie that whomeward I do me drawe and flee the prese of courtes wherso they goe Rather than to liue thralle vnder the aw<br>of lordely lokes wrapped w\^ in my cloke to will and lust, learning to set a lowe It is not because I scorne or mocke the power of them to whom fortune hath lent charg ouer us of right to strike the stroke but trew it is that I haue allwaies ment lesse to esteme theim than the common sorte of owtward things that iudge in theire intent w\(^t\) owt regarde what dothe inward resorte. I graunt sumtime that of glory the fier doth touch my hart melist not to reporte blame by honor and honor to desier but how may I now this honor attaigne to cloke the truth for praise w\(^t\) out desart of theim that list all uice for to retaine I cannot honor theim that settes their parte / with Venus and Backus all their life long, nor hold my pease of theim though that I smarte; I cannot crouch, nor kneale to do so great a wrong to worship theim lyke god on earth alone; that ar as wolue s theise sillie lambes among I cannot w\(^th\) wourdes complain and mone,
vse wiles for wit and make discerte a pleasure
and call craft, counsaile, for proffitte still to paint,
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer
with innocent bloode to feade my selfe fat
and do most hurt where my selfe I offer:
I am not he that can allowe the state
of high Cesar and dampne Cato to die
that with his death did scape out of the gate
from Cesars handes (if Liuie doth not lie.)
would
and <will> not liue where libertie was lost
so did his hart the comon weale applie:
I am not he sutche eloquens to bost
to make the crowe singing as the swanne,
of
nor call the lion <of> coward, beastes the most,
That cannot take a mouce as the cat can;
and he that dieth for hunger of the golde
call him Alexander, and say that Pan
passeth Appollo in musicke manyfold;
praise Sir Topias for a noble taile,
and <the> story that the knight told
praise him for counsaile that is dronke of ale;
grynne when he laughs, that beareth the sway,
froune, when he frouneth, and grone when he is pale,
on others lustes to hang both day and night,
one of these points will euer frame in me:

4.30 innocent: To left of word there is a mark which resembles an inverted comma.
4.31 Colon at end of line in darker ink than main text: added by later hand? (see [4].31).
4.35 Liuie: First ‘i’ slightly smudged.
The parentheses and period at the end of line in darker ink than main text: added by later hand? (see
[4].31).
4.36 ‘would’: Correction not by Hand B; later revision by different, later hand in darker ink and finer pen.
4.37 Colon at end of line in darker ink than main text: added by later hand? (see [4].31).
4.40 ‘of’: Correction not by Hand B; later revision by different hand in browner, fainter ink. Same hand makes
 strike through of ‘<of>’ in line.
4.46 told: Water damage has partially obscured ‘o’ and ‘l’.
4.47 <asale>: Words struck through unclear: first letter perhaps an ‘o’.
of ale: Difficult to establish whether correction made by Hand B or later hand. Ink darker than main text, and text larger, suggesting revision made after initial copying stage.
my wit is naught I cannot learne to way
and mutch the lesse of things that greater bee,
That aske helpe of colours to deuise
to ioyne the meane w' each extremitie
w' the nearest uertue to cloke alway the vice,
and as to purpose like wise it shall fall
to presse the uertue that it may not rise,
as dronkennes good fellowship to call,
the frendly foe w' his dowble face,
say he is gentle and curteis therw'all,
and that fauell hath a goodly grace
In eloquens, and crueltie to name
Zeale of iustice, and chaung in tyme and place,
and he that suffreth offence w' out blame
call him pitifull, and him trewe and plaine
That rayleth reckles to euery mans shame;
say he is rude that cannot lye and faine,
The letcher a louer, and tirranye
to be the right of a Princes raigne
I cannot I no nor yet will not be:
this is the cause that I wold neuer yet
hang on there sleues, that way as thou mayst see
a chip of chaunce more than a pound of witt:
This maketh me at <w>home to hunt and hauke,
and in foule wether at my boke to sit.

In frost and snowe then w' my bowe to stalke,
no man doth marke where that I ride or goe,
In lustie leases at lybertie I walke
and of these newes I feale nother well nor woo,
saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heale,
noforce for that, for it is ordered soe,
That I may leape bothe hedge and diche full well:
I am not in fraunce to iudg the wine
what sauerie sauce theise delicates to fele;
nor yet in spaine where one must him encline,
rather than to be outwardly to seame,
I meddle not wît wittes that be so fine;
nor flaunders chere letts nat my sight to dime
of blacke nor white, nor takes my wittes away
wît beastlynes the beastes do so esteame,
nor I am not wher Christ is geuen in pray
for monye, poyson and treason at Rome,
a comon place vsed night and day:
but heare I am in Kent, and Christendome,
among the muses wheare I read and rime,
wher yf thou list my. I. P. for to cume
do
thow shalt be iudge how I a spend my tyme. ~

4.98] ^do^: Correction not by Hand B; later revision by different hand.
Pace non trouo.

I finde no peace and all my war is done
I feare and hope I burn and frese like yse
I flye above the wind yet can not ryse
and nowght I haue yet all the world I season
that loosethe nor locketh holdes me in prison
and holds me not yet can I escape no wise
nor letes me live nor dye at my device
and yet of death it gevethe none occasion
w'out eye I see and w'out tong I playn
I desire to perishe yet aske I helth
I love another and yet I have my self
I feed in sorow and lawgh in all my paine
likewise pleaseth me bothe death and lyfe
and my delight is causer of my gryef
Vol. I

[6]

o

Venemus thorns that be both sharpe and keene
beare somtymes flowers fayre and fresh of hew
and poyson ofte ys put in medycine
and cawseth helth in man for to renew
the fier eke that all consumeth cleene
may help and hurt and yf that this betrew
I trust somtyme my harme may be my helth
syns every woe is ioyned w^i^ some welth.

[7]

I am not dead although I had a fall
the sonn returns that was hid vnder clowde
and whan fortune hath spytt owt all her gall
I trust good luck shalbe to me allowde
for I haue seen a shipp into the haven fall
when storme hath broke both mast & also shrowde
and eke the willow that stowpith w^i^ the winde
doth ryse a gaine and greater wood doth bynde

---

[6] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

gloss: In left margin above [6], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 42’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
6.1 *venem^o^us*: Difficult to establish whether correction made by Hand A or later hand; ink similar to main text.

[7] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
[Fol. 32v] Luckes my faire falcon and yo' fellowes all how well pleasaunt yt were yo' libertie ye not forsake me that faire might ye befall but they that somtyme lykt my companye like lyse awaye from ded bodies thei crall Loe what a profe in light adversytie But ye my birdes I swear by all yo' belles ye be my fryndes & so be but few elles.

[9] A face that shuld content me wonders well shuld not be faire but louelie to behold w't gladsome cheare all grief for to expell w't sober lookes so wold I that it should speake w'out wordes such wordes as non can tell the tresse also should be of crysped gold w't witt and thus might chaunce I might be tyde and knyt a gayne the knott that should not slide.

[8] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper. The ink in the poem is darker than that in [9] and [10], matching the ink in [11] on fol. 33'. [8] may have been copied in a different sitting than [9] and [10].

gloss: In left margin above [8], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 35’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).

[9] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

gloss: In left margin above [9], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 35’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
[10]

[Fol. 32v] The wandring gadling in the somer tyde
that fyndes the adder w't his retchles fote
startes not dysmayde so sodenly a syde
as did gelosy tho ther were no boote
when that he saw me sitting by her side
that of my health ys very cropp and roote
yt pleased me to have so faire a grace
to styng the wight that wold have had my place.

[11]

[Fol.] 33[r] Playn ye my neyes accompany my hart
your
for by fault Loe here is death at hand
ye brought him first into this bytter band
and of his harme as yet ye felt no part
but now ye shall Loe here begsyns yo' smart
wet shall ye be ye shall yt not withstand
w't weeping teares that shall make dymm yo' sight
and mistie clowdes shall hang still in yo' light
blame but yo' selves that kyndyld have this brand
withe such desire to straine that past yo' might
but synce by yow the hart hathe cawght his harme
his flamed heate shall somtyme make ye warm.

[10] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

[11] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

11.2] 'your': Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.

11.4] harme: Unusual character to left of the 'h', slightly overlapping with it, looks like minuscule 'c', but formation not typical of Hand A. Would give 'charme'.
I see my plaint with open eares
ys hard alas and lawghing eyes
I see y't scorne beholdes my teares
and all the harme hap can devyse
I se my lyfe a way so weares
that I my self my self dispyse
and most of all wherew't I stryve
ys that I see my self a lyve
Fiamma dal ciel:

Vengeance must fall on thee thow fylthie hoore
of Babilon thow breaker of christes fold
that from achorns and from the water cold
are rych becom w' making many pore
thow tresons nest that in thy hart dost hold
of cancard mallis and of mischif more
than pen can wryte or may w' tong be told
slaue to delightes that chastety hath sold
for wyne and ease whiche settyth all thy store
vpon hooredom & on no nother lore
in thy pallays of strompetes yong and old
there walkes plenty and Belzabub thi Lorde
gydes thee and them and dothe thy rayne vphold
yt is but late as wryting will recorde
that pore thow art w'outen land or golde
yet now hath gold & pryde by on accord
In wickednes so spred thy lyfe a brode
that yt doth styneke before the face of god.

[13]

[Fol. 35v]
Fontana di dolor.

Spring of all woe o den of cursed yre
scole of errour temple of heresye
thow Pope I meane hed of hipocrasy
thow and thi church vnsasiat of desier
have all the world fyld full of misery

[5]

well of disceat thow dungeon full of fire
that hides all trueth to breede Idolatrie
thow wycked wretch christ can not be a lyer

behold therfore thi judgement hastelie
thy first fownder was gentill poverty

[10]

but there against, is all thow dost require
thow shamles beast where hast thow put thy trust
in thy hooredom or in thi ryche attyre
Lo constantyne that is turned into dust

shall not returne for to mentaine thy lust

[15]

but now his heires that might not set the hier
for thy great pride shall teare thy seat a sonder
and scourge the so that all the world shall wonder.

[14]

[14] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper. 
Fontana di dolor. The opening words of Petrarch’s Rima 138 are copied by Hand B . 
Whan Asia state was ov'throwne & Priamus kingdom stowte
all gilteres by the poweres of goddes, above was rooted owte
and downe the fortresse prowde was fallne, that Ilyon glorious hight
& flat from grownde all neptunes Troye, lay smoking broad in sight
to dyuerse landes & diuerse costes, like owtlawde men compeld
by tokens of the goddes we were, to seeke from thence expeld
& vnd'neth Antander hille, and mountes of Ida name
in Phrigie land o' navie great, we wrought & vp did frame
vncertaine whereupon to staye, where destenye list vs guyde
& power of men assembleth fast, scant sooner first wee spied
whan sayles vnto the wyndes to set, my father Anchises cryes
then parting from my countrey shores, & havens w't weeping eyes

The feeldes where Troye did stand I leave, furthe owtlaw fare I right
my sonne my mates & frindeg w't me, through deep seas tooke their flight
my sayntes & countrey goddes also, that are full great of might

There lyeth a land farre loof at seas, wher mars is lord & where
the lardgee feeldes & fertill soyle, men Thracis cald doth eare
some tyme Lycurgus force therin, did reigne & empier holde
an aunciaunt staye to Troye & like, in faith & frendship olde
while fortune was: to that I went, & on the croked shore
foundacions furst of walles I laid, w't destnyes lucke full sore
& of my name their name I shope, & Eneades them call
vnto the mother of goddes that tyme, & heavenlye persons all
great sacrifice I made for lucke, my workes to prosper new
& to the king of heaven him self, a bright bull downe I slew

a banke by chaunce by me ther stoode, where bright as horne of hew
voddes vpright & braunches thicke, a mirtill bushe ther grew
I drew me nere, & from the grownd, the greene bushe vp I pull
myne altares to adourne therw, w't bowes & shadowes full
A deedfull sight & monstre (marvaile great to tell) I found
for from the twig that furst I brake, & rootes I rent from ground
the blacke blood owt dothe breake & downe, w't trickling dropes yt trylles
defiling fowle the soyle w't that, for fear my bodye chilles
my lymes do quake, my blood for dread, dothe shrincke w' frostye cold
A nother braunche ageine to plucke, w' force I waxed bold
the cawse therof to lerne & see, what thing ther vnder laye
that other braunch ageine doth bleed, & blacke doth me beraye
[30]
great thinges in mynd I cast & streight, the feeld nymphes I ado,
& mars the father great that prince, is of that land & shore
good fortune me to send & tourne, that sight to good they should
but whan the third tyme twiges to take, w' greater might I pulde
& knees ageine the sand I set, w' force: what shall I do?
speake owt or holde my peace? a pyteous wayling vs vnto
was hard from owt the hill, & voice thus groning spake me to
why doost thow thus Eneas, me, most woefull miser teare
[40]
abstayne my grave to fyle, from synne, thy gentill handes forbeare
I am to the no staunger borne, nor thus deserve to speed
this blood thow seest from owt this stub, ywis doth not proceed
flee flee alas this cursed shore, flee from this cursed land
for I am polidore in this, place slaine I was w' hand
[50]
This bushe of dartes is growne, & sharp w' prickes on me they stand
than more w' doubt & dread opprest, my mynd from me was past
I stonyed & my heare vpstart, my mouth for fear was fast
This Pollidore somtyme w' gold, of weight full huge to tell
hys father Priam king (good man), by stelth had sent to dwell
unto the king of Thrace, whan furst, to Troy he gan mistrust
whan he the citie sieged saw, that needes defend he must
But he, whan Troye decaye began, & fortune furth was past

[Fol. 36v]: Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.
the strong parte he tooke & Agamemnon aydyng fast
all truthe he brake, & Polidore, of choppes, & then the gold
by force into his handes he caught, & held, what can be told
or what is yt that hung' sweet, of gold dothe not constayne
men mortall to attempt? when feare my bones forsooke agayne
vnto the peoples lordes I went, & furtle vnto my Syer
the monsters of the goddes I show, theyr counselles I re quyere
All they w' one assent doth bydde, that cursed land forsake
to leave that hostrye vyle, & shipes, to wyndes at south betake
Anon therfore to Pollydore, a herce we gan prepare
& howge in height his tombe we reare, all altares hanged are
w' weedes of mourning hewes & cypres trees and black devise
& Troian wives abowt w' heare, vnfold as is ther guyse
great fomye bolles of mylke we threw, lukewarme on hym to fall
& holie blood in basens brought, we powre, & last of all
we shright, & on his sowle o' last, w' great cries owt we call
Than whan the seas wee see to trust, & wynd w' pypling sweet
ys owt at South & to the seas, to sayle doth call the fleete
my mates their shippes set furth & shores, w' men they mustred all
to seas wee flee, & as wee flee, both townes and hilles do fall
Ther is a land in mydsea set, whome Neptune deere doth love
& mother of the mermaydes eke, that land somtyme did hove
in floodes and to & fro did stray, till Phoebus it did bynd
w' landes abowt & fixt it fast, & bad defye the wynd
w' Gyarus & Myconey, twoo countreyes stronglye stayde
whan in wee cam, o' werye shippes in haven at rest we layde
& went to worshyp Phoebus Towne, & giftes w' vs wee beare
king Anyus king of men & Phoebus prest against vs theare
his hedd w' holie labelles layd, & crowne of lawrer greene
cam owt & welcom bad his frend Anchises long vnseen
then hand in hand we set, & lodging tooke in howses hie
I worship eke the temple there, that to y' god I spie

15.59] aydyng: Dot above ‘n’; omitted from transcription.
15.61] told: Possible virgule or question mark after word; disappears into gutter of page so unidentifiable.
of auncyaunt stone: O Phebus bright, geve me som howse to dwell
ggee walles to werie men and Towne, from whence may none expell
have mercye vpon o' blood & save, of Troye this last remayne
the leavings of Achilles wild, & greekes abiectes vslayne
who shall vs lead? or where appoint, o' place it may the please
o' rest to take, geve token god, enspier our hartes w' ease
scant this I said, whan trembling fast, w' sodeyne shewe to shove
the lawrell trees gan quake, & dores, & thresholdes all to move
the mount therw doth bend, & vp, the gates w' roring breakes
adowne to ground all flat wee fall, streight avoic ye Troyans tough the ground that yow, furst bare from

[Fol. 37[r]

the same shall yow receave ageine, seeke owt yo' mother old
for ther Eneas howse shall stand, whome countreyes all shall dreed
& childrens childe all their ligne, that of them shall proceed
This Phebus said, & we for ioye great noyse & murmur make
& what those walles should be wee skanne & councell great we take
what place it is that Phebus biddes, to seeke & where to fynd
my father then the stories old, of auncyaunt men to mynd
doth call, & then, yow lordes (qd he), laye now to me yo' eare
& marke me well, for now of me, yo' great hope shall yow leare
Candye from hence in mydsea lyeth, Ioves Iland great it is
whear Ida mount doth stand, & where, furst sprang o' stocke er this
a hundrith mightie Townes they kepe, most frutfull soyle to till
from whence o' aunciaunt groundsier great (if trueth report I skill)
king Teucrus issued furst, & on the coast of Rheta hit
and there his kingdom furst began, Troy was not vp as yet
nor Ilion Towres did stand, but there, in lowe vales did they dwell
Cibele wildernes doth haunt, therin w' sounding bell
& Coribantes beat there brasse, the moone from clippes to cure
from thence we have that service tyme, wee keepe w' scilence pure
for Lyones in that ladyes chare, their yokes to drawe do beare

15.111] is: Dot to immediate right of word.
15.114] (if trueth...skill): Closing lunula unclear; lack of space at end of page.
15.120] that: Large space between ‘h’ and ‘a’ not typical of Hand A.
come of therefore & where the goddes, do call, let vs go theare
please we the wyndes, & furth to Candye kingdomes let vs wend
the corse is not so long, if love, vs lucke voutchaf to send
ʃhipps on Candye shores to stand, the third day shall we see
so speaking on the alters there, due honor kill did hee
a bull to the O Neptune furst, a bull to Phebus bright
a blace beast to the winter storme, to western flawes a white
There flyeth a fame that of his fathers kingdom quyf forsake
Idomeneus duke thereof, expeld his flight hath take
& all the coast of Candye lyeth, wyde open for their foes
vnfenced & the townes of people void of so rumof goes
anon therfore oʃ havens we left, & through the seas we fliee
by greene Donysse & Naxon hilles, where men to Baccus crie
Olearon aparon white, as swe ofe, & skattered wyde
of Cicladas we compasse yles, that rough seas makes to ryde
The mariners their showtes vp set, eche man his mate doth bold
to Candye let vs cheerlye fare, to seeke oʃ grundsieres old
a merye coole behynd them fast, pursues, & furth do the Drive
& at the length on Candye coastes, oʃ shippes we do arrive
my towne therfore (wʃ great desyer) & walles I gynne to frame
& pergam I the citie call, right glad they take that name
I courage them that land to love, & towres and temples buyld
& now well neare oʃ shippes vp set, drye land oʃ nayye heeld
wʃ wedding and wʃ tilladge newe, the yowth them selfes aplies
& howses eke & lawes I gave. whan sodaylye doth rise
among them fowle, a plaage & piteous murreyne to be thought
the skies corrupted wer, that trees, & corne distroyed to naught
& lymes of men consuming rottes, such yere of death them deares
that sweete lif of they leave, or long, their grevowes wo them weares
the dog star vp doth ryse, for heate of sonne doth frye

15.128] storme: Dot above first minim of ‘m’; probably accidental.
15.131] foes: ‘o’ smudged; resembles an ‘a’.
15.147] murreyne: ‘u’ and first ‘r’ unclear: ‘u’ possibly written over an ‘r’. First ‘r’ is thickly formed and blotted; perhaps indicates attempted deletion. Would give ‘mureyne’.
15.151] dog star: Perhaps one word, i.e., ‘dogstar’.
the grayne & grasse vp dryes, & feeldes of foode doth men denye

Againe to Phebus holie seat, yet backe ageyne owre waye
through seas my father biddes vs turne, & Phebus mercye praye
what end of wo to werie men, he puttes & how from payne
oure selves we may releeve, and where from hence to tourne agayne
then was yt night & on the grownd, all creatures laid a sleepe
the goddes of Phrigie land, whome I w't me full deere do keepe
whome from the myddes of burning Troye, w't me I brought in flight
before myne eyes (as dreame I did), I sawe to stand vpright
all shining in theyre glorie bright, behold I myght them cleere

the way that throughe my wyndow then, the full moone did appeere
they spake also & thus from me, they lighten gan my cheere
The thing that of Apollo now, to know yow do entend
he speaks yt heere, & vs to the, w't glad will doth he send
we from the flames of Troye w't the, thyne armye came to guyde
we vnd'r the w't navye great, the salt seas broad have tryde
we be the same that to the starres, thy ligne shall lift w't pryde
An empyer great we shall the geeve, & cytie great to reare
for mightie men make mightie walles, long flight d o thow not feare
chaunge yet thy place, not here it is, that Phebus biddes the byde
it is not here to Candye shore, Appollo the did guyde /
There is a place the Greekes by name, Hesperya do call
an auncyaunt land, & fearce in war, & frutfull soyle w't all
out from Oenotrya they cam, that furst did tyll the same
now Italie men saithe is cald, so, of the Captaynes name
ther be o' dwelling seates, from thence king Dardan self was borne
& Iasius the prince from whome, o' ligne descendes beforne
arise, to go, & tell this thing vnto thy father deere
seeke once Italia land, the shores, of Corit coast enqueere
be bold, proceede, for Iove doth the, from Candye countreyes take
astonyed I w't this was made, whan goddes to me so spake
for slomb' was it not (me thought,) but plaine theyre faces bright
& folded heare bewrapt I sawe, & knew them well by syght
w't cold sweat all my bodye then, did roonne, and therw'all
from owt my bed I lept, & streyght, on knees there downe I fall
my handes to heaven, I held, & praid, & giftes and offringes pure
in fyres to them I threw, & all, my duetye dome w't cure
Anchises I asserteyne then, & hym declare the cace
anon the dubfull lygne he knew, how he beguyled was
by graunysyers twayne, & children twayne, & places old mystake
than said he thus, Oh sonne whome Troye, by destnys, tough doth make
Cassandra alone of all mankynd, these thinges to me did tell
theese chaunces of o't stocke she sang, I now remember well
of Italie full oft she spake, oft of hespia shore
but who could ev't thinke that tyme, or this beleeve before
that Troyanes to hespia land, should come to dwell at last
of prophecyes or who that time, of madde Cassandra past
to Phebus let vs yeld, & aft're warning take the best
so spake he, & anon w't ioye, all we obeyed hym prest
that seat also we than forsake, and few folke left behynd
w't beames through howgee seas we cut, & sayles set vp for wynd
when to the deepe o't shyppes wer coom, & now on neyther syde
appeeres no land, but seas & skies, abowt vs broad ar spyde
a showre above my hedd there stoode, all dustie blacke w't blewe
both night & storme it brought, & roughe, the wateres darke their hewe
streight all the seas w't windes ar tost, & mightie surges rise
& throughe the deepes we to & fro, be throwne in wonderes wise
the clowdes inclosed have the daye, dymme night hath hyd t'the heaven
and from the skies the lightning fyers, do flashe w't greeslye steaven
from owt o't corse wee be dispers't, & blynd in waves we straye
 eke he him self o' master there, can scant the night from daye

15.188] fyres: Hand A has written ‘e’ then ‘es’ abbreviation; would give ‘fyrees’. Not retained in transcription.
15.191] twayne [second in line]: ‘w’ thickly formed; not clearly written over another letter.
15.208] wise: Mark between ‘w’ and ‘i’; possible ligature, though probably an accidental mark.
discerne he sayth, so trubleth hym, the tempest, palynure
nor in the waters wyld hys waye, to hold he can be sure
three daies therfore, vncerteyne where, we go w'outen soonne
in seas wee wand° wyde, & th<e>ree, nightes like in darke we ronne
w'outen starr the fourthe daye land to ryse wee spyde at last
& mountaynes farr in sight are seene, & smoke do seeme to cast
o° sayles furthw° do fall, & vp, w° oares & than anon
the marino° do sweepe the seas, & through the fome they gon
escaping so the seas, on shore, at strophades I lyght
at strophades, so for so their names, in greekishe tong doth hight
ffor Ilandes in the salt sea great, they stand, wherin doth dwell
Celeno fowle mishapen byrde, & harpyes more right fell
since Phynes howse from them was shut, theyre former fare
a monster more to feare then them, nor plaage was nev° bred
nor from the pitt of hell vpstert, the wreake of god so wyld
like fowles w° maydens face they byyn, theyr pauches wyde defylde
w° garbage great theyre hooked pawews they spred, & ev° pale
with hungrye lookes / when there we cam & furst in havn, wee entered, lowe see
the heerdes of beastes full fat to feede, on everye syde full free
& goates also to grase, & keeper, their was to view
o° wepones on them fast we laye, & downe them all we slew
& bankes vpon the shore wee make, & goddes to parte we call
& love hymself to blesse the praye, & fast to meat wee fall
but soddeynelye from downe the hilles, w° greeleye fall to sight
the harpies com, & beating winges w° great noyse out they shrygh,
and at o° meat they snatche & w°, their clawes they all defyle
& fearfull cryes also they cast, & sent of savo° vyle
againe into the prevye place, where rockes & caves doth hyde
w° trees & shadowes compast darke, o° tables we provyde
and altares vp agayne wee make, & fyres on them we tynd

15.214] wyld: Flourish on terminal ‘d’ perhaps ‘e’; would give ‘wylde’.
15.233] *none*: Correction by Hand A; ink fainter and patchier than in main text, suggesting later revision.
ageyne from owt a dyverse coast, from holes & lurkinges blynd
the prease w\textsuperscript{i} crooked pawes ar owt, & sownding fowle they flye
polluting w\textsuperscript{i} their filthy mouthes, o\textsuperscript{i} meat, & than I crye
that all men weapones take, and w\textsuperscript{i}, that ugl\textsuperscript{y} nacion fight
They did as I them bad furthw\textsuperscript{i}, & in the grasse from sight
theire swordes by them they layed, & cowching close there sheeldes
then when the third tyme from the clyves, w\textsuperscript{i} noys\textsuperscript{e} ageine they glide
Misenus from aloft w\textsuperscript{i} brasen trompe settes owt a sound
my mates invade them than, & felt, the fight but newly found
& on the filthye byrdes they beate, that wyld sea rockes doth breed
bur feather none do from them fall, nor wound for stroke doth bleed
nor force of weopons hurt them can, their backes & whing no spear
can perce, but fast away they flee, full hye from sight, and there
the pray to vs haulf manched &, begnawne full fowle they leave
but one of them, Celeno, than, her self on rockes doth heave
 vnhappye tale to tell, & thus, her lothsom voyce she brake
& is it war q\textsuperscript{d} she w\textsuperscript{i} vs? war Troyans do yow make?
& for o\textsuperscript{i} cattell slayne do yow, w\textsuperscript{i} vs to batta\textsuperscript{y}le bende?
poore harpies, & o\textsuperscript{i} kingdom, take, from vs that nought offend?
take this w\textsuperscript{i} yow therfore, & well, my wordes imprynt in mynd
that god hym self to Phebus sayd, & I by Phebus fynd
that am the cheif of furies all, & thus to yow I tell
to Italie yo\textsuperscript{i} course yow take, whan wynd shall serve yow, well
to Italie arive yow shall, & havn possesse yow there
but power yow shall not have yo\textsuperscript{i} towne, nor walles therof to rear
till famyn for yo\textsuperscript{i} trespas heer, & for o\textsuperscript{i} cattall slayne
shall pinch yow so that tables vp, to eate yow shalbe fayne
she said & into woooddes therw\textsuperscript{i}, full fast she tooke her flight
but than my mates their bloood for cold, did shrinckes & sore affright
theire coourage downe doth fall, & now, no weopones more they weld

\begin{footnotesize}
\footnote{[Fol. 38v]: Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.}
\footnote{15.255} backes: Brown ink stain surrounds ‘c’; letter not smudged, but possibly retraced.
\footnote{15.254} there: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
\footnote{15.266} well: Mark to bottom of word; probably accidental.
\end{footnotesize}
but vowes & prayers make, & downe, for peace they kneele in feeld
if goddesses perchaunce they be, or furyes, or of seas
some boistous birdes, what ev’ it is, full fayne they wold them please
but than my father Anchises, vp, his handes to heavn on hye
dothe holde & to the goddes above, w’hono’es great doth crye
Oh goddes defend this feare, Oh goddes, from this chaunce vs presarve
god save good men from harme: than from, that shore he biddes to swarve
& cables vp to wynd, & sayles, vp hoys w’halseres hye
the northerne wynd vs blowes, & fast, through foming seas we flie
where wyndes doth dryve, & where o’re maister call o’ corse to keepe
Zacinthos Iland, full of wooddes, appeares amiddles the deepe
Dulichin & Samey landes & craggis of Nerit hye
of Ithaca wee flee the rockes, (& as we passe them by
the kingdom of Laertes there, sir false Vlisses nurse
that land aloof we leave, & it w’s good cause oft we curse
Anon the point Lewcate cald, & clowdy toppes of hill
apperes Appollo poynte, & coast, that shipmen trust full yll
all werye there we land, & there, the citie small we vewe
o’ ankeres owt we layde on land, & shippes to shore we drew
Therfore to mayne land whan we cam, long looked for at last
processions great to Iove we make, & altares kindle fast
& on the shore to Troyan guyse, o’ games, & playes we point
some wrastling for disport w’naked lymes in oyle anoint
& maystries w’t them selfes they trye, great ioy they make to se
that through so manye townes of Greekes, & foes they spected be
this while the soonne w’ compasse wyde, the great yere brings abowt
& wint’ windes & Northerne frostes, rough seas dothe make men dowbt

\[
\text{the tittle} \begin{cases}
\text{a sheeld of beaten brasse, sometyme, that Albas strong did weare}
\text{on poastes I fixed fast, & tittle wrote, & left it there}
\end{cases}
\]

15.273] \textit{there}: Brown stains above word, probably caused by blotting of ink.
15.283] \textit{maister}: Comma-like mark under ‘s’; omitted from transcription.
15.289] \textit{Lewcate}: ‘w’ traced over another ‘w’, visible beneath in fainter ink. Formation of both ‘w’s not typical of Hand A.
\textit{clowdy}: ‘o’ thickly formed; probably written over another letter, unidentifiable.
15.295] \textit{playes}: ‘y’ thickly formed; possibly written over ‘e’.
15.299] \textit{abowt}: Possibly spelled ‘about’; word disappears into gutter, so difficult to establish.
Eneas of the victors greekes, these armes hath offered here
than portes I bid them leave, & furthe to sea them self to stere
streight w there oares they skoome the seas, & salt some through they
sweep

streight from sight Pheaca Towres, we hidde w mountaynes steepe
& round abowt Epyrus coast, wee roonne & then anon
to Chaon haven, & vp the towne, of Butrot hye we gon
a wonderes fame there fillies o eares & rumor thought but vaine
that Helenus king Priames sonne, on greekshe townes doth rayne
& wedded vnto Pyrrhus wief, & Pyrrhus kingdoms keeps
& how Andromache eftsones, w Troyan husband sleeps
I stonyed & w wonders love, my hert in fyre did glowe
to see the man, & of that chaunce, the fortune great to knowe
from owt the haven I went to walke, my fleete bestowed behynnde
great sacrifice by chaunce that tympe, & giftes w heavy mynd
before the towne in greene wood shade, by Symois water syde
Andromache to Hectos dust, w service did provide
& deyntees great of meat she brought, & to hys sowle she cried
at hectos tombe that greene w grasse, & turfes stode her besyde
& cawses more to mourn therby, twoo altares had she set
whan toward her she saw me come, & Troyan armos met

all straught w monsters great she stert, & frantike like, affright
astonied starke she stoode, her lymmes, had heat forsaken quite
she fell therw & long at last, w these wordes owt she shrigh

And is yt true? I see thy face? true tydinges bringst thow me?
or
O godesse sonne? & art alive? & yt we changed be
into some other world, wher is, my Hector now q she
and w that worde her eyes on wat brast, & therw all
the corte w cryes she fyld, & I, whome sorowe thus did pall
few wordes could I replye for woe, & softlye spake ageine
I live in dred, & aft' daungers all in life remayne
dowbt not for truth thow seest. /

Ahlas how from so great a fall, so great a husband slayne
what chaunce doth the restore, or fortune due doth enterayne
Andromache of hecto'n wief, Pyrrs wedlockes dost thow keepe
she kest her eyes to ground, & soft, w't voice she did beweepe

Oh happie one of happies all, king Priams dawghter right
that vnderneth the walles of troye, was don to death outright
before her enemys tombe, for lottes, on her wer nev' cast

nor nev' she to M's bedd, was capitue fixed fast
but wee when brent o' countrey was, through sundrye seas w' paysne

the pryde of fearce Achilles ympe, & yonglinges hye disdayne
in thraldome to o' travaile great, have borne, but he at last

hys mynd on helenes (dawght') gaye, for greekes to wed) did cast
& me his maid, to Helenus, his man, for wief he left

but shortlye hym, for Ielous rage, & for his spowse bereft

Orestes full of furies wood, all vnaire w' knyf
him slewe, & on hys fatheres tombe, hym chopt & tooke from lyf

Then dyed Neptolemus also, & of hys kingdomes all

this parte to helenus befell, which he did Chaon call
of Chaon Troiane lord, & Chaon feeldes theyr name is yet
this pergam towne he buylt, & ylion towre ther on he set

But the what destnye, thus doth guyde? what wynd the here doth drive?
what chaunce or god vnto this coast, vknowne doth the arrive?
how doth Askanius thy chyld? doth lyf & breth him feede?
whome tymelye Troy to thee. /

how farethe he? how for his mother lost? doth he not long
doeth he not manfull vertues great, embrace? & them among
example of hys father take, & vncll Hector's strong?
Theese thinges w't teares she told, & weepinges long for woe she drew
whan from the towne the prince hym self, descending there we vew
king Helenus king Priames sonne, w't lordes a stately trayne
his countrey men he knew, & vs, to towne he brought full fayne
& teares from owt hys eyes in talke, at everie word did fall
I went me furth to walke, & Troye, by name that citie small,
In countenance like to Troye the great, & pergam walles I vewe
& slend' brooke of xanthus name, & gates well lyke I knewe
the troyans in their countrey towne, also ther easment take
the king hym self great cheere to them, in parlo wyde doth make
& wyne in plentye great they quaff, & deyntyte meates in gold
they feed, & seemelye set in halles, their cuppes in hand they hold
& thus a daye or twayne the tyme we past, whan wynd at willes
begins to blow & calling furth, o' sayles w't puffing fylles
vnto the sacred king I went, & frendlye prayd hym thus
O Troyan king that secretes hie, of great goddes canst discusse
whome Phebus token trees & starrs, of heaven hath taught to skye
both chirminges tonges of byrdes & whinges, of fowle that swift doth flye
tell sooth I thee beseeke, for luckye course & happye trade
Religions all, & all the goddes, w't one voice do perswade
but one alone (a monster straung,) to thinke) & synne to speake
Celeno harpie fowle, doth wond' tell, & fearfull wreake
of hung' vile what daung' first, shall I escape Alas?
or whervnto shall I me trust, through paynes so great to passe?
There Helenus as custome is, furst heiferes downe she slew
& prayeth this godes of peace, & then, the labelles he w'drew
from of hys holye hed, and to, thy blessed secretes me
O Phebus hand in hand he brought, all trembling them to see
& then w't mouth devyne he spake, both priest & prophet he
O goddesse sonne for greater lucke, than mankind through the deepe
doth guyde the thus, & greater might, to great' things doth keepe
Right trewe it is the king of goddes, hym self to destnye guydes
so lottes doth fall, & so the whole, of fatal ord' slides
few things of nomb' moe, to the, that bould' through the seas
thow mayst endure, & to thy po<e>tes, at last arive w' ease
In brief I will declare for destnyes deepe I leave vntold
I know them not, & Juno more to tell my tonge doth hold
first Italye, whome nere at hand, vnware thow doest suppose
& neare at hand in haven thy rest to take thow doest propose
far owt aloof & long aloof, it lyethe in compasse sore
& first in Cicill streame thow must, embathe & bend thyne oare
& fleeting in the salt sea fome, long coursinges must thow make
for Cyrces yle must first be seene, & landes of Lymbo lake
[Fol.] 40[r]
these tokens I the tell, do thow, emp'int them well in mynd
whan thow alone w' carefull hart, shaltes sit besydes a flood
& see a sow of mightye syse, that late hath layed her broode
beneth a banke among the rootes, w' thirtie sucklinges owt
all white her self on ground, & white, her brattes her dugges abowt
there shall thy cytye stand, ther lyeth, thy rest of labo' all
nor dreed the not the plage that shall, of tables eating fall
the destnyes will invent a weye, therfore, & Phoebus bright
shalbe thyne ayde & the therof, from daungeres all acquite
but yonder coast & all that land, that ov'r next vs lyes
though part of Italye it be attempt not in no wyse
leave all aloof the cursed Grecies, all cities ther have filled
one quarter men of Locrus have, & castelles strong they bild
another where in salet feeldes, all places pestring wyde
Idomeneus duke hys ar'my keepes, & there besyde
Petilia small whome Philoctetes wall doth compasse round
[Fol.] 40[r]
duke Melybee therin doth dwell, & Grecies possesse the ground

15.395] po<e>r'tes: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
moreouer, when the seas ar past, & shipes in saulftly stand
& altares thow shalt make to paye, thy vowes vpon the sand
w^t^ purpull weedes & hooes of purple hewes yo^t^ self attyre
In purple hyde yo^t^ heddes from sight, before the sacred fyre
for hono^rs^ great of goddes: that no, vnfrindlye signe or face
of enmytye appear, disturbing all, and hind^d^ grace
This custome kepe thy self, so set, thy mates & all thy trayne
in this religion pure also, thyn ofspringes shall remayne
but whan approching Scicile coast, the wynd the furth doth blow
and that Pelorus crooked straites, begine them selfs to show
than left hand land, & left hand sea, w^t^ compasse long alee
fetch owt aloof from landes & seas, on right hand see thow flee
these places twoo some tyme by force, w^t^ breathche and ruynes great
(sometyme doth altar thinges & what, it is but age doth eate?)
from sond^d^ fell, men sey whan bothe, in one the grownd did grow
the seas brake in by force, & through, the myddes did ov^th^throw
both townes and feeldes, & Italye, forthw^t^ from Cycill syde
did cut & yet w^t^ narrow streame, & sharpe it doth devide
the right syde Scilla keepes, the left Charibdes gulf vnmuyl^d^w^t^
three tymes to grownd she gulpes, & thries, the same to skies on hight
by corse aloft she liftes ageinst, the starres the surges smyght
but Silla couching close in cave, yf pray she happily fyndes
her head above the streame she holdes, & shippes in rockes she wyndes
from shoulderes vp a man she lookes: in brest amayden bright
but from the navell downe a whale, w^t^ vglye shape to sight
compacted of the wombes of wolves, & myxt w^t^ dolephines tayles
behyn her long they lag & thus, in seas her self she trayles
yet better is Pacchinus point, & crookes both in & owt
by leyso^t^ all to seeke, & cowrses long to cast abowt
Then oanes this Silla monster wyld, behold in dungeon fowle

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15.434] _places_: Hand A has written ‘e’ then ‘es’ abbreviation; would give ‘placees’. Not retained in transcription.
15.437] _through_: Comma after word may be part of abbreviation with ‘w^t^’ on line below (15.438).
or heare the roare among the rockes, of dogges, that there doth howle
besydes all this if cooininge ought, of prophecyes, or skill
to Helenus is geven, if Phebus me doth trulye fill
one thing to the thow goddesse sonne, one thing & ov' all
one thing I wolle the warne, & yet agayne, and yet I shall
dame Iunos goddhead great adore, w' hart and prayers meeke
to Iuno make thy vowes that ladye great & mightye seeke
to winne w' humble gifts, so shalt, thow to thy mynd at last
all saulf to Italye arive, the land of Sycill past
there whan thow comst & Cumas towne thow entrest furst at shore
where holye lakes in wooddes & flooddes (Averna cald) doth roare
a frantike prophet preest, of woman kynd thow shalt behold
that deepe in ground doth dwell, & vnd' rockes her self doth hold
& destnies owt she singes, & leaves, w' notes & names she singes
what ev' thing that vyrgine writes, in leavs & painted lines
in rymes and verce she settes & them, in caves in ord' couche
there still they byde nor from ther ord' move if nothing touche
but when the doore by chaunce doth turne, & wynd that<cov> blowes
theyre heapes asund' fall, & furth, they flye and breake ther rowes
she then to staye, nor from the cave, to flye doth nev' lett
nor seekes them eft to ioyne nor of, her verses more doth sett
awaye they ronne & Syblies howse, their misteres seat they hate
there let no tyme be lost, but though, for hast thow thinkest late
though all thy mates do call & crye, to seas, & wynd at will
allureth forthe thy fleet, & sayles, thow maist w' puffing fylle
assaye the prophet first, & her, w' prayers do beseche
thy destnies the to tell & chaunces all by mouth to teache
of Italye she shall the showe, & peoples all declare
and warres at hand & how thy self, therto thow must prepare
& everie labo' how thow maist, avoid or howe endure

[Fol. 40v] Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.
15.470] *'corner*": Correction probably by Hand A; ink fainter than main text and letters formed less carefully, suggesting later revision.
15.471] rowes: Spelling unclear; word disappears into gutter.
& all thy course she will the tell, that preest & prophet pure
these thinges I maie the show, & this, to heere hath byn thy chaunce
go play thy parte & mightye Troye, to heaven w' deedes advaunce
w'ch thinges when thus the prophet me, so lyke a frind had told
great giftes of Iueryr wrought and treasores great in weight of gold
to shippes he biddes vs beare, & rowmes abord he made to lade
w' silv'r plentye great, & plate, full riche & massye made
a gorgeous armo' coat also, threefolded gilt w' hookes
of gold, & helmet eke, w' crest, theron that glistring lookes
Neptolemus his armes, my father eke hath hys rewardes
& horses more & captaynes more.

And armo' eke vnto my mates, he gave & doth supplie
o' want of ores, my father all, this while doth byd them hye
& sayles in ord'sett, that nothing lack whan wynd doth call
whome Phebus prophet spake vnto, w' these wordes last of all
Anchises whome dame venus proud, in bed did not disdayne
thow care of goddes, that twyse from Troyes destrocc
tion dost remayne lo Italye lo yond' it, to the, set vp thy sayles
& take the same, yet must thow passe, by this land owt of fayle
that further land yt is Apollo, showethe that further shore
go furthe: o happye man w' such, a sonne, what shold I more

<go furth> prolong the tyme in talke: & yow from wynd that ryseth keepe
lykewise Andromache no lesse, at parting gan to weepe
& robes of riche arraye, & brodered deepe w' gold she brought
a troian mantell for Askanius wondrous gorgeous wrought
& hym w' giftes & woven workes, of gold full gaye doth lade
than said she thus take this of me, myne owne handes have them made
take this my child, that long w' the my love in mynd maye last
of Hecto's wief, receave thy frindes good will & tokens last
Oh figure, next Astianax, alone to me most deere
so he hys eyes so he hys handes, so lyke he bare his cheere
& now alike in yeeres w' the, his youth he should have led
then parting thus I spake to them, & teares for weeping shed
now fare ye well, oh happye men, whose fortunes end is past

Vol. I

[485]

[490]

[495]

[500]

[505]

[510]

[515]
now destnyes vs doth call, & we, from care to care be cast
yo\textsuperscript{r} rest is readye won\textsubscript{n}, no feeld, of seas yow have to eare
to seeke the land that backe doth alwaye flee yow have no feare
yo\textsuperscript{r} cytey fayne in fac\textsuperscript{\textit{\textit{\textit{j}}}}on like, to Troye & xanthus old
yo\textsuperscript{r} ryv\textsuperscript{f} lyke, & buyldynges worthy prayse yow do behold
yo\textsuperscript{r} proper handes them made, yo\textsuperscript{r} self, the frames therof do reare
w\textsuperscript{t} bett\textsuperscript{f} lucke (I trust) & lesse, the Greekes shall need to feare
if ev\textsuperscript{f} I to Tyber flood, & feeldes of Tyb\textsuperscript{f} fayre
maye come & see my citye buylt, whereof I not dispayre
[520]
two freendlye townes hereafter\textsuperscript{f}, that & this both neare of kynne
two peoples neyghbo\textsuperscript{r} like shall dwell, & frendshipp fast betwene
Epyrus & Italia land, whose fownd\textsuperscript{b} both of name
king dardan is one blood we be, & chaunce have had the same
& now of both one Troye to make, in wynd let vs prepare
[530]
and to o\textsuperscript{r} offspring all\textsuperscript{f} vs, likewise we leave the care
in seas we went & at Ceramic\textsuperscript{a} neare o\textsuperscript{f} selfes we putt
from whence Italia lyeth & shortest corse there is to cutt
the so\textsuperscript{n} this while dothe fall, & shadowes great doth hyde the hilles
we spredd o\textsuperscript{f} selfes on land & layd, vs downe w\textsuperscript{t} gladsome wille\textsuperscript{s}
[535]
whan shipes to shore was brought, & cheere we make oon corneres all
o\textsuperscript{r} werye lymes we fresh & slumb\textsuperscript{r} sweet doth on vs fall
nor yet from vs the mydnyght howre his compass owt had ro\textsuperscript{n}
whan palinurus quicke from cowch, hymself to steere begonn
to feel the wyndes and quarteres all, w\textsuperscript{t} eares attentif harkes
[540]
& everye starr that still doth stand, or moves in heavn he markes
the waye the plowgh starr & the sev, that stormes & tempest powres
Orion grimie w\textsuperscript{t} fawcon great, of gold also that lowres
when all thing sure he seethe & all, thing fayre in skyes above
from shyphurd lowd he geves a signe, we than o\textsuperscript{f} campe remove
[545]
the waye we seeke to kepe, & wings of sayles full hye we hove
& now the morning redd doth rise, & stares expelled be
when farr aloof w\textsuperscript{t} mountaynes dumme, & low to looke we see
Italia land Italia furst, of all Achates cryed
Italia then w\textsuperscript{t} greeting lowde, my mates for ioy replyed
Anchises then my father straight, a mightye boll of gold
did crowne & fill w^1 wyne, & vp, to goddes on hye did hold
advancing furth in shippe. /  

[Fol. 41v] Oh goddes that landes & seas & tempestes great have might to guyd
vowchaf yo^r grace to send, & speed vs fast w^1 wynd & tyde
the wynd at wishe dothe blow: & havn, more open now is neare
& pallas temple towre to vs doth broad in sight appeare
my fellowes made to shore, & downe, their sayles they do bestowe
The port lyeth in from easterne seas, & crooketh like abowe
a front yt rockes do stand, & salt, sea fome abowt them falles
but close yt self it lyeth, on eyther syde w^1 howgye walles
twoo rockye Toweres arysye, the temples shrinkes awaye from shore
there for a lucke fowre horses furst, I saw to feed in grasse
the ground w^1 teethe they share, & whyte as snow the colo^r was
my father then Anchises: war (oh countrey land) qþ he
thow threatnest war, theese beestes betoken war right well I see
but then ageyne for in the cart, I see they wonted were
to draw like matches meete,, & glad their bittes & yokes to beare
I hope of peace (he sayed) then fast, o^r blessed goddes we prai
& pallas great in war, that furst, vs did receave that daie
& headdes w^1 purple hooddes, before, the fyers in Troyan guyse
we hyd from sight as helenus, w^1 great charg did advyse
& vnto greekishe Iuno there, w^1 giftes & hono^r new
we sacryfyce and aft^r all thing do^n, we order dew
o^r shrowdes aloft we lift, & sayles, abroad on hye we heave
anon the greekishe townes & countrey sore suspect we leave
then passe we by Tarentum baye, where Hercules sometyme
(yf mens report be true) did dwell, & there against doth clyme
Latynia goddesse seat & towres, of Cawlon castelles hye
& then to Sillas wrackfull shore, w^1 shippes approch we nye
than from the flood a farr we do the mountayne Etna see
& howgie noyse of seas we heere, & stones that beaten be
against the clives & flapping voice, of waves & water soundes
the surges leps aloft, & from, the sandes they steer the groundes
Than said my father Anchises, lo, here is Charibdis hold
these stones did Helenus declare, these gastye rockes he told
O mates laye to yo’ might and vs, w’ oares from hence remove
they did as he comaund, and Palinurus furst above
his tackle to the left hand set, and sterne to left hand wryed
to left hand all my mates their shippes w’ wynes & oares applyed
as hie as heaven we rise, w’ mounting waves & therw’ all
whan downe we come vnto the sowles, of hell we thinke we fall
three roringes lowd among the rockes, we hard and surges flashe
& thrise the falling fome to breake, & starres we saw to washe
This while the wynd o’ werye fleet, forsooke, so did the sonn
& vnawares on cycloppes coast, from owt o’ corse we ronn
A haven ther is whome force of wynd, o’ storme can nothing move
but Etnas brasting noise w’ greeslye thundring rores above
somtyme therowt a blowstring cloud, doth bleake & vp to skyes
all smoking blacke as pitche w’ flakes, of fyers among it flyes
& flames in fouldinges round to sweep, the starres the mouth doth cast
somtyme the rockes & mountayne deep, entrayles a sund’ brast
it belching bolketh owt, & stones, it meltes & vp it throwes
in lompes w’ roring noyse, & lowe, beneth the botom glowes

Enceladus (men saye) haufl brent, sometyme w’ lightening blast
is pressed heere w’ weight & Etna howge on hym is cast
whose flaming breath along those broken chimneyse vp doth ryse
& whan his werye syde he happes, to tourne in wonderowes wyse
all Scycill land doth shake w’ noyse, & smoke doth close the skies.

that night in wooddes w’ straw’ gie sight, & monsteres far from kynd
we troobled were, nor cause of all that noyse & sownd we fynd

15.587 mates: ‘t’ smudged.
15.610 straw’n’gie: Correction by Hand A; ink fainter and patchier than main text, suggesting later revision.
for neyther star nor light in skies, ther was nor welkyn cleere
nor yet for clowdes & tempest dime, the mone could ought appeere
The morning next doth ryse at east, & light abroad was spred
& from the skyes the drowping shade, of night awaye was fled
whan sookeynelye from owt the woodes, w' fleashe consumed leane
a straungie man to sight appeeres, in pituouse forme vncleane
to vs he came & downe did kneele, w' handes abroad vpthrowne
we loked, fowl araid he was, his beard was overgrowne
his vesture rent w' thornes, & like a Greeke in weed he went
and was sometyme among the Greekes, to Troye in armo' sent
he when that Troyans ensignes owt, & armes of Troye beheld
affrayd he pawsed furst, & still, hym self <held> awhile he held
anon in hast all hedlong downe, he ronns and prayers meeke
w' teares he wayling makes / now by the starres I yow beseke
by all the goddes & by this breath, of heavn that men do feede:
take me from hence (oh Troyans) wheare, ye list awaye me lead
to landes or seas I recke not wheare, I know my self a Greeke
& in their shippes I came, the spoyle, of Troye yo' towne to seeke
for w' ch, if my offence so great, deserveth such a wreake
in flooddes do yow me drowne, or all, my lymes in water breake
if mankynd me doth kille, yt dothe, me good my lyf to loose
so saide he and his knees before, vs still he kept in woase
what man he was we bid hym strayt, to tell what kinred borne
& what hym ayles & why he lookes, so lyke a man forlorne
my father Anchises gave to hym, his hand him self anon
and bad hym comfort take, for harme of vs he shold have non
he set hys fear asyde & thus, his tale proceeded on
I am a man of Ithaca, vlisses woefull mate
my name is Achamenides, to Troye I cam but late
my father sent me there, & Adamastus is his name
of poore estate I wold we yet, continued had the same
for in this place, when all my fellowes fled this coast vnkind

15.636] his: ‘s’ thickly formed; possibly written over another ‘s’.
for hast in Cyclopes dongeon wyde, they left me here behynd h
a blooddye shop where slawgter fowle, & deinties vile do stinke
but howge & broad w\(^{1}\) in: but he, hym self is worse to thinke
the starres he retchethe: such a plaage, god from this world defend
no hart can hym behold, nor tong, in talke can comprehennd
on fleshe of men he feedes, & wretches blood he gnawes & bones
I saw my self when of my fellowes bodyes twayne at once
w\(^{1}\) mightye handes he caught, & groveling on the ground owtright
ageinst a stone he brake them both, the dongeon flore in sight
did swimmme w\(^{1}\) blood I saw the blood, and filthy slavo\(^{1}\) drop
from owt hys mouth when he w\(^{1}\) teethe, their quaking limes did chop
[645]
but paid he was, nor there vlisses in that daung\(^{1}\) great
this mischief could sustayne to see, nor did hymself forget
for when he gorged had hym self, w\(^{1}\) meates & drinkinges drownd
he bowed his necke to sleepe & there, he laye along the grownd
and hyeous thing to sight, & belching owt, the gubbes of blood
and lompes of fleshe w\(^{1}\) wyne, he galped furth we all vpstood
and prayed o\(^{1}\) goddes for help, and all, at ones hym rownd abowt
we spred o\(^{1}\) selves & did hys eye, w\(^{1}\) weopones sharpe put owt
his mightye eye that on hys frowning full broad he heeld
in compasse like the son or lyke, a greekishe armye sheeld
& thus o\(^{1}\) fellowes lif at last, full glad we be to wreake
[650]
but flee (alas) oh caytiffes flee, and fast from shore do blrake
yors cables. /
ffor of the sort that Poliphemus is in dongeon deepe
& closeth beasts & straung\(^{1}\) all, doth kill & mylketh sheepe
a hundreth more along this crooked coast of Ciclopes fell
among these mountayne do straye, and deepe in dennis they dwell
three tymes the mone her light hath fyld & thrise her light exild
since I my lief in woodes & hauntes, of beasts & maysters wyld
[655]

15.645] slawg\(^{1}\)ter: Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
[Fol. 42v]: There are much fewer guides to line spacing in left margin than the other verso pages in [15].
15.663] mighty: Comma after word smudged; probable attempt at deletion. Omitted from transcription.
15.669] straung\(^{1}\): Terminal ‘es’ abbreviation scrubbed out / covered over.
in wyldernes do lead & Cyclops hie from holdes & rockes
all quaking I behold, & of, thier feet I feare the knockes
for hung’ sloes hath bin my foode, and mast on trees I fownd
& hawthornes hard & rootes of heerbes I rent from owt the grownd
all thinges abowt I spied: this fleet, at last on seas I see
what ev’ it were I did my self, bequethe therto to flee
and now escaped from this wicked kind I am at ease
destroy me rather yow, & geeve, to me what death yow please
scant had he saide his tale when on the mountayne toppes above
hym self among the beastes we see, w’ b.usteuous noyse to move
that vgly Polyphemus, &, to shore hym self encl ynd
a monst’ fowle, mishapen, lothsom great oneide & blind
a post in hand he bare of mightye pyne & ther’ all
he felt hys waye & led hys sheepe, ther was hys comfort all
abowt hys necke a pipe ther honge, his greef ther’ l to ease
<from owt hys grevous eye, the blood>
whan to the floodes he came, & set, his foote w’in the seas
from owt hys grevous eye, the blood, he washt & poys son fowle
w’ gnashing teeth for woe, & lowd for woe began to howle
& through the streamye waves, he stamping goeth & yet above
his brest is nothing wet, & thus hym self in sea doth hove
we all afraid in hast awaye, do flee & vp we take
o’ gest as worthy was, and soft o’ cables of we breake
than sweepe we through the seas, & oares we pull w’ might & mayne
he hard vs & against the sownd, he turning stept agayne
but when w’ hand on vs to grype, we could not have his retche
nor wading through the deepe of seas vs backe he cold not fetche
\begin{align*}
\text{a roaring lowde aloft he liftes, whereat the seas & all} \\
\text{the wateres shoke & landes therw’, affrighted gan to pall} \\
\text{of Italie, & Etna mount, did yell as it wold fall}
\end{align*}
But from the wooddes all Cyclopes kynde, & swarmes onn everye hill

\[15.679\] \textit{bequethe}: First minim of ‘u’ written over ‘e’.
\[15.682\] \textit{he}: Initial ‘h’ written over ‘s’ or ‘f’: a partially scrubbed out / covered over descender visible.
\[15.683\] \textit{b\textsuperscript{o\textasciitilde}usteuous}: Correction by Hand A; difficult to establish whether made at initial copying stage or later.
arose, and to the portes they ronne, and shores along they fill

[Fol.] 43[r] we sawe them stand (but harme they could, not do) w^1 lowring eyes

the bretherne grime of Etna mount, ther heddes were vp to skies

 an vgly councell, like in sight, for nomb’ to behold

vtnto a forest great of okes, or trees of Cypres old

or like dyanas wood that hie, to heavn their tops doth hold

all hedlong feare enforceth vs, to flee nor waye we know

but furth to seas in hast we flew, where wynd vs list to blow

but then agayne king helenus, commandmentes did vs staye

to keepe betweene Charibdis gulf, & Sylla mydld waye

betwene them both we part w^1 daung^t great, & glad we were

if corse we could not kepe, yet back, ageine we thought to beare

behold a Northern blast from owt Pelorus mouth was sent

therw^1 pantagia stonye cragges, I past incontynent

and Megaros & all those bayes, where tapsus lowe doth lye

I left them all & through the seas, w^1 wynd at will I flye

Theese places vs repeted then, where left he had beforne

poor Achamenydes, Vlisses mate vnluckye borne

ageinst the race of Scicill land, there lyeth in seas an yle

Plemyrium of auncyaunt men, it hight, but later while

Ortigia doth it call, the same, is, how Alpheus brooke

by secreat wayes all vnd^r seas, to this land passage tooke

and heere it brasteth owt, & Arethusas mouth it meetes

and therw^t all to Scicill seas, it ronnes & furth it fleetes

the blessed goddes, that in that place, do dwell we hono’ than

& streight Elorus fertill soyle, wee past, & furth we ran

then through the rockes, that sleepe do stand, ageinst Pachinus no o’ wayes we share w^1 labo^s great, we ouercam the crookes

Then Camerina poole whome destnye nev’ graunt to move

and Gelas towne full great, and Gelas hilles apperes above

then Agragas hys gorgeous walles, oloof settes owt on hye

15.703] kynde: Character after ‘e’; possibly scrubbed out / covered over.
15.713] keepe: Initial ‘k’ probably written over ‘b’.
where horses force somtyme did breed, the towrs a farr we spye & the w^1 all thy dates Selynys soone I left behynd and Lylybeas lurking stones, & sholdes I passed blynd then haven at drepanus I tooke, in that vngladsome shore whan daungeres all of seas, & tempestes all wer past before Ahlas my father there, my onely ioy in care & woe Anchises I do lose ahlas, he there departes me froe there me oh father deare, in labours all thow dost forsake ahlas in vayne from daungeres all, of seas thow hast bin take nor Helenus whan he to me, great fearfull thinges did tell theese waylinges did fore speake to fall, nor yet Celeno fell This is my labo^rs last, there was, my iorneye long at end ffrom thence departing now doth god, me to yo^l contreies send

So lord Eneas to them all, intentif to behold the destnies of the goddes did show, & all hys corses told he stayed at last and making here, an end, did scilence hold

Finis

[pp. 89-90] [BLANK PAGE]

15.734] gorgeous: Faint fingerprint above initial `g'.
15.736] Selynys: Body of `y' thickly formed; possible attempt to retrace as `v'.
 tooke: Fingerprint / stain above word; extends up to `stones' (15.738).
15.745] fore speake: Perhaps one word, i.e., `forespeake'.
None can deame right who faythfull frends do rest
beare sway or riese
whilst they <do rule and raln> in great degree
for than bothe fast and fained frends ar prest
whose faithes seame bothe of one effect to be
but if that welfte vnwind and fortune flee
as never knowne reuolt’s th’unfaithfull gest
but he whose hart once vertue linked fast
lif and
will loue and sarue when <hope of> all is past

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[Fol.] 44[r]  

16.1 gloss: In left margin above 16.1, a later hand has written ‘e’ in pencil.
16.2] <do rule or raln>: Final word unclear behind strikethrough.

*bear sway or riese*: Correction by Hand B; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision.
16.4] whose: Mark above ‘o’ resembles the ascender of a partially-completed letter which Hand B aborted.
16.8] *lif and*: Correction probably by Hand B; left-sloping ascender of ‘d’ not typical of hand. Ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision (matches 16.2).
You on whose necks, the weight of rewild doth rest,
and bound by othe, to judge all men aright,
to frend the trouthe, each errore to detest
with owt respect, of fauor gold or might
right to maintaine, all wrongs to se redrest
looke bake betimes, be hold th’unhappie plight
of Englands state, by yo’ corrupted gaine
whear crewell will, doth rule in reasons place
th’offenceles b
<the giltles> lym, es, w’ wynding raks to strain
unbridled lust, as lawe eke deames each cache
what shold I say, vice doth so much abownd
and chef in those, that bear, the chefest sway
that skant the face of vertue can be found
and all the rest, so bound-men lyke obay
that yf he smile, they lawghe, yf frowne, they fyght
sware or he speake, that all is sooth he sais
and no life spar’d, that may withstand his spight
leave of for shame, to use so bloody wais
make hast to mend, or else beleeue yt well
the Lord in heauin, will skorge you all in hell
Whear giltles men ar greuously oprest
and faultie folks of fauor boldly boste
whear wrongs encreace eache day and none redreste
whear wisdome wants and will dothe rule the roste
whear crewelltie doth rain that bloody beast
w^1 innocents blood be sprinkling euery poste
whear good mens gold do store the wickedes chest
whear law is rakt and right of Iustice lost
whear plaines pines and flatre feads at feast
whear wolues do warde the lames through owt the cost
whear that byrd breads that files her natrall nest
whear fleshe and blood doth rule and guid the gost
And trouthe constraind, dothe offers costum place
that piteous state doth stande in wofull cace.

[pp. 92-103 blank] [BLANK PAGES]
voi che ascoltate in rime.

You that in rime dispersed here the sound
of wonted sighs that whylome eas’d my hart
in my greene yeares whilst youthe tooke errours part
course
when I strayd farr from that <way> synce I found
of the sere sort wheare in I plead and plaine
somtyme w’ hope somtyme w’ heuy mynd
at you I say whear youth did euer raine
pitie I troust as well as pardon fynde
howb’it I know what brewts ther haue bred
abrode of me long tyme, therby not seeld
euin at my self shame staynes my cheeks w’ red
such ar the frewts which those uain coourses yeeld
repentance eke, and knowledge printed deepe
that eache worlds Ioy is but a slombring sleepe.

finis

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[Fol.] 45[r] [19]

Voil que ascoltate in rime:

You that in rime dispersed here the sound
of wonted sighs that whylome eas’d my heart
in my green years whilst youth tooke errours part
course
when I strayed far from that <way> since I found
of the sere sort where in I plead and plain
sometime with hope sometime with heavy mind
at you I say where youth did ever raine
pitiful I trust as well as pardon you
howbeit I know what fruits there have bred
abroad of me long time, therby not sold
even at my self shame stayes my cheeks with red
such are the fruits which those vain courses yield
repentance also, and knowledge printed deep
that each world’s joy is but a slumber sleep.

finis

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[Fol.] 45[r] [19]

Voil que ascoltate in rime: The opening words from Petrarch’s Rima 1 are copied by Hand B.

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[19] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

gloss: In left margin, a later hand has written ‘e’ and an ‘x’-like sign in pencil.
Voil que ascoltate in rime: The opening words from Petrarch’s Rima 1 are copied by Hand B.

gloss: To right of Italian heading a later hand has added ‘2’ in black ink.

19.3] greenyeares: Perhaps one word, i.e., ‘greeneyeares’.

19.4] cource: Correction by Hand B; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision.

19.5] plaine: Above word, the interlinear correction on 21.5 on other side of leaf has bled through paper.

19.9] haue ben bred: Above word, the interlinear correction on 21.9 on other side of leaf has bled through paper.
Se amor non è

Yf loue be not, what throwse doo I sustayne
but yf loue be, lord what and wch is he
If good whence springs, each pange and deadlie paine
if badd what thynge, so sweetlie tortments me
if w' my will, I smart why do I plaine
if gainst my will, what boots to wishe me free
o lyuyng death, o slipry staid degree
but I consent, howe can such care increase
if I agree, I arre in dole to driue
thus tikl’imbarkt, in stormes that neuer seace
steereles I stand, between to winds that striuę
light lade w' skill, w' errours fraught am tost
so that my selfe ne knowes whear safe t’ariue
In cold I burne, in heat I freese as froste.

finis
Some kind of creatures have, so persing sight
shining
They can behold, the <glistring> sonne so hie
And some again, cannot abide the bright
Nor come abrode, but when the night drawes nie
by flaming
One other sort <be>cause of <shining> light
through vaine lust hopes of sport in
And tast's by play, in ernest burning right
Alas and I, ame of this latter Rate
<glistring too bright> two faire <eyes> starrs
Those <lightning starres> to vew I want much myght
yet
<And> for deffence, I know ther is no flight
Nor place so darke, can helpe nor ower so late
Wherfore I yeld, wth honor or wth blame
To folow wheare, I shalbe led by fate
All thoughge I know, I go as flie to flame.
finis
Cesare poi che

Cesare what time the wise and valiant hed
from <By> traitors hand for present hym was broght
world might see
Cloking the Ioy the <whole world saw> it wroght
Outwardlie wept what euer inward bred
Haniball eke whan he saw fortune fled
And th’empire skorged as no man wold haue thought
Amides the troupe of wiping eyes he la,ght
To slake the rage his kendled furi fed
So chancith it that eache mind doth assay
To hyde his harme w’ cloke of diuerse hew
As passions pearce w’ looke now grime now gay
Therfore if I chance sing or smile a new
It <is> for that I can none other way
Couver the plaintes that still my life pursew.

finis
If stable mynd and hart that cannot faine
if sportles plaints that moues unfained desire
if constant will that neuer ment retier
if restles foote in maze that treads in vaine
if face whear in eache thougt is painted plaine
if broken voice that wantes words to require
if now for shame and then for feare in paine
if frawdles searche that fyndeth frutles gaine
if to esteme you than my selfe more deere
if endles sewte that wageles craueth hier
if gref for foode and panges that pearce to neere
if boorn farr of and freese a mids the fire
be cawse that I thus helples tourne and tosse
yo" is the fawlt and myne the giltles losse.

finis
Blest be the day the moneth and, the yere
the time and howr the season and iust ground
eache part and place that first did make a pere
that sober looke whose uertue hath me bound
blest be also the first sweet greuous wound
that I receaud by pressing loue so nere
the bow the shaft and shot that did me deare
whose skarr shall aye w\(\times\) in my hart be found
blest be the voice so oft as it doth call
the name of her that is my liues delight
blest be the sighes and teares wher so the fall
pen paper inke and euery lyne I wright
that spreads her fame, and blest be those thoughts all
that bound and free doth mynd none other wight.

finis
Dell’a empia Babilonia

From babells bowre and all her wiked wais
From whence eache shame and euery good is fled
Howse of harts gref and wombe that errowre bred
Ame I fled eke for to prolong my dais
And here kepes home and as the humors moue
Now walke and muse now write in verse and rime
But most I minde the torne of better tyme
And cheffly this doth me much ease I proue
For comon rowts nor fortune take I cure
Ne self care much nor yet for awght vile is
w1 in nor owt great heat nor cold I dure
Only twoo wightes I wold and wishe th’one sure
Euen such good hape as cold not hape a mis
seen Th’other in state as I haue , or this.

[25]

[25] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin, a later hand has written ‘e’ in pencil.
gloss: Below character above, a later hand has written ‘e’.
Dell’a empia Babilonia. The opening words from Petrarch’s Rima 114 are copied by Hand B.
25.14] ‘seen’: Correction by Hand B; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
Now hope, now feare, now ioye, now wofull cace,
Our wandringe willes in nature frayle dothe prove.
In steed of good for better bad <to> t’embrace.
In place of best the worst to like and love.
So taking sweet for sowre and ioy for payne
We erre in chaunge and reape repentaunce vayne
Vinse Anniball’ e\textsuperscript{\textregistered} non seppe usar poi

Haniball woon and after cold not sew
The victrus lote that happily to him fell
Therfore deer sire take heed and fore see well
That like mischance doo not chance unto you
The Beare for losse of whelps skant owt of shell
(Whiche finds in mai moste cause their food to Rew)
Doothe storme and rage and hardens teethe and clawse
For to reuenge on us her yong whelps cause
Whilst this new storme doothe laste then skoorge their pride
Doo not put up that honorable bronnde
But preasse to that your fortune doothe prouide
Go throughe w’ that that you haue tane in honde
Whiche after death mai geue unto your name
A thosand years and mo honor and fame.

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[Fol.] 47[r]

[27] is copied by Hand D. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

* gloss: In left margin, a later hand has written ‘e’ in pencil.

* Vinse Anniball...poi: The first line from Petrarch’s *Rima* 103 is copied by Hand D.

* 27.6 and 27.13] mai: No dot above stem of ‘i’ in either word.

* 27.10] bronnde: ‘o’ thickly formed; probably written over another letter, unidentifiable
Rotta è l’alta colonna, e’ il uerde lauro

The precius piller perisht is and rent
That co\textsuperscript{unt}nanste lief and cherd the werid mind
Like of my losse no age shall euer find
Thoghe the wolrds eyes a seking all wais went
Death the worlds cheef glory heere
Who made the mind w\textsuperscript{i} lief the more content
And now alas no gold no land Empeere
Nor gift so great can that restore is spent
But if the cawse proseed from th’uper place
What can I more then morn that ame constrained
W\textsuperscript{i} wofull tears to waill that wofull case
O britell lief w\textsuperscript{i} face so faire I stained
How easly lost th’ art in a moment space
That many yeares w\textsuperscript{i} muche a doo a tained

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\textsuperscript{28} is copied by Hand D. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin, a later hand has written ‘e’ in pencil.
gloss: In left margin of 28.1, Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 21’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
\textit{Rotta è...lauro}: The first line from Petrarch’s \textit{Rima} 269 is written by Hand D.
28.2] \textit{co\textsuperscript{u}ntnaste}: Correction probably by Hand D; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
28.5] Comma in darker ink than main text; if not an ink blot, probably a later addition.
28.14] \textit{attained}: ‘e’ written over ‘i’; correction orthographic.
Now I bewayle the stepps I trode awry
That I a mortall thing so vaynely loved,
Still sor’d e aloe and never sor’d e on hy,
Who might have others by example moued.
Thow mightie maker of yᵉ gloriouse skyes
That seeste ech sinne committed in ech place
Pardon my wandring Sowle that Mercy cryes
And fill my many wantes wᵗʰ thy more grace;
That though I livde in warre an Surging Seas
In fearefull tempe sts and in hatefull strife,
Yet grant me reach the Haven and pass in peas
The little Remnant of my lingring life.
And when I shall (whence I was framᵈᵉ) to dust.
Help Lord: Thow knowst thow art my only trust.

---

[29] is copied by Hand I. The poem is not ruled.

Gloss: In left margin, a later hand has written ‘e’ and an ‘x’-like sign in pencil.

29.3 sorᵈᵉ: Initial ‘s’ of first ‘sorᵈᵉ’ appears to have been written over a majuscule ‘S’.

29.8 grace: Terminal semi-colon in line possibly a colon.

29.9 an: Later hand has added ‘d’ in pencil after ‘an’.

29.11 pass: First ‘s’ is long (‘ʃ’) and second short.
The belye cheere ease and the unchast bed
hathe dreuin each vertu from the world to flie
whearby o' nature strayethe farr a wrie
Costome so rules and nature is so led
and t'heauinlie skill so spent or skarslie spred
whearein the forme of eache good lif dothe lie
that who to wisdom doth direct ther hed
or other lore doth set them selfs t'aplie
a finger marke is made and counted uain
go poore and naked as thow hast profest
the nomb' saith assotted dronke in <vile> gain
small thrust is fownd to presse y' waie is best
the rathere sands whilst y' ow thie course shalt roon
leau not th’atempt so vertiouslye begoon
I do bewepe my rekles passed days
that I consum’d in serche of things all vain
wch ill bestow’d doth all the lif distain
and well imployd myght chaunce haue lefte som praise
thou faultles lord fore whome eache fault displaise
thou lasting king that rules the termles rain
socor the sowll straid fraylye from thy train
and store with grace whear want it self bewrais
if I haue liu’d in warr and troublous seas
grant I may die in peace and quiet land
if vain th’abode yet let the parting pleas
and for the small remain lif hath to stand
and eke in death I aske, thie help alone
for other trust thou know’st I haue in none
The sonne hath twyse brought forth the tender grene, 
and cladd the yerthe in livelye lustynes, 
Ones have the wyndes the trees dispoyled clene, 
and now agayne begynnes their cruelnes; 
sins I have hidd vnder my brest the harme 
that never shall recover helthfulnes 
the wynters hurt recovers w' the warme; 
the perched grene restored is w' shade 
what warmth alas may sarve for to disarme 
the froosyn hart that my inflame hath made? 
what colde agayne is hable to restore 
my freshe grene yeres that wither thus & faade? 
 alas I see nothinge to hurt so sore 
but tyme somtyme reduceth a retourne; 
yet tyme my harme increseth more & more, 
and semes to have my cure allways in skorne; 
straunge kynd of death, in lief that I doo trye 
at hand to melt farr of in flame to bourne 
eche thing alive that sees the heaven w' eye 
w' cloke of might maye cover and excuse 
him self from travaile of the dayes vnrest 
save I alas against all others vse 
that then sturres vpp the torment of my brest 
to curse eche starr as cawser of my faat
and when the sonne hath eke the darke represt
and brought the daie <yet> doth nothing abaat
the travaile of my endles smart & payne
For then as one that hath the light in haat
I wishe for night more covertlye to playne
and me w'drawe from everie haunted place
lest in my chere my chaunce should pere to playne
and w' my mynd I measure paas by paas
to seke that place where I my self hadd lost
that daye that I was tangled in that laase
in seming slacke that knytteth ever most
but never yet the trayvaile of my thought
of better state could catche a cawse to bost
for yf I fynde somtyme that I have sought
those starres by whome I trusted of the port
my sayles do fall and I advaunce right nought
as anchord fast my sprites do all resort
to stand atgaas and sucke in more & more
she
the deadlye harme which _ doth take in sport
lo yf I seke how I do fynd my sore
[Vol. 50v]
and yf I flye I carrey w' me still
the venymd shaft which dothe his force restore
by hast of flight and I maye playne my fill
vnto my self oneles this carefull song
prynt in yo' hart some parcell of my will
for I alas in sylence all to long
of myne old hurt yet fele the wound but grene
rue or me lief or elles yo' crewell wrong
shall well appeare and by my deth be sene. ~

Finis H. S.

32.26] ^it^: Correction not by Hand A; revision added by later hand in darker ink.
32.42] _atgaas_: Probable scribal error which has compounded the words ‘at’ and ‘gaas’.
32.43] ^she^: Correction not by Hand A; revision added by later hand (not same as 32.26).
So crewell prison howe could betyde alas
as prowde wyndso’, where I in lust & ioye
w’ a kinges soon my childishe yeres did passe
in greater feast then Priams sonnes of Troye
where eche swete place retournes a tast full sowre
the large grene courtes / where we wer wont to hove
w’ eyes cast vpp nto the maydens towre
and easye sighes such as folke drawe in love
the statelye sales / the Ladyses bright of hewe
the daunces short, long tales of great delight
w’ wordes & lookes, that Tygers could but rewe
where eche of vs did plead the others right
the palme playe where dispoyled for the game
w’ dased eyes oft we by gleames of love
have mist the ball and got sight of o’ dame
to bayte her eyes which kept the leddes above
the graveld ground w’ sleves tyed on the helme
on fomynge horse w’ swordes and frendlye hertes
w’ chere as thoughe the one should overwhelme
where we have fought & chased oft w’ darters
w’ sylver dropps the meades yet spredd for rewthe
In active games of nymblenes and strengthe
where we dyd strayne, trayled by swarmes of youthe
our tender lymes that yet shott vpp in lengthe
the secret groves which oft we made resound

H.S.: Subscr. perhaps in Hand A’s italic script; if not, added by italic hand approx. contemporary with Hand A.

[33] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin above [33], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in top right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 6’ (signifies fol. no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
gloss: Centred above [33].1, Percy has added in red ink ‘No. 2’.
33.13] palme: Brown dot above ‘m’.
33.22] active: Written in fainter ink than rest of main text; Hand A or reviser has scrubbed out / covered over a terminal ‘s’.
of pleasaunt playnt, & of o’t ladyes prayes
recording soft, what grace eche one had found
what hope of spede what dred of long delayes
the wyld forest, the clothed holtes w’t grene
w’t raynes avald, and swift ybrethed horse
with crye of houndes and merey blastes bitwen
where we did chace the fearfull hart a force
the voyd walles eke that harbourde vs eche night
wherew’t alas revive within my brest
the swete accord such slepe as yet delight
the plesaunt dreams the quyet bedd of rest
the secret thoughtes imparted w’t such trust
the wanton talke, the dyvers chaung of playe
the frendshipp sworne eche promyse kept so iust
wherew’t we past the winter nightes awaye
and with this thought the blood forsakes my face
the teares berayne my chekes of dedlye hewe
the which as sone as sobbing sighes alas
vpsupped have thus I my playnt renewe

[Fol. 51v] O place of blys renewer of my woos
give me accompt wher is my noble fere
whome in thy walles thow didest eche night enclose
to other lief, but vnto me most dere
eache alas that dothe my sorowe rewe
retournes therto a hollowe sound of playnt
thus I alone where all my fredome grew
In pryson pyne w’t bondage and restraynt
and w’t remembraunce of the greater greif
To bannishe the lesse I fynde my chief releif ~

Finis. H. S

33.25] made: Dot above ‘m’; downstroke on ‘a’ is thickly formed, though not clearly written over another letter.
33.28] what dred: Initial flick on ‘w’ not typical of Hand A.
33.39] iust: Fingerprint in red ink in right margin next to word.
33.54] fynde: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
London, hast thou accused me
Of breche of lawes the roote of stryfe,
within whose brest did boyle to see
(so fervent hotte) thy dissolute lief
that even the hate of synnes that groo
within thy wicked walles so rife
For to breake forthe did convert soo
that terro\(^5\) colde it not represse
the which by wordes syns prechers knoo
what hope is left for to redresse
by vnknowne meanes it liked me
my hydden burden to expresse
wherby yt might appere to the
that secret synn hath secret spight
ffrom Iustice rodd no fault is free
but that all such as wourkes vnright
In most quyet ar next ill rest
In secret sylence of the night
this made me with a reckles brest
to wake thy sluggardes w\(^7\) my bowe
A fygure of the lordes behest
whose scourge for synn the sceptures shew
that as the fearfull thonder clapp
by soddayne flame at hand we knowe
of peoble stones the sowndles rapp
the dredfull plagie might mak the see
of goddes wrath that doth the enwrapp

*Finis*: Added by Hand A; ink fainter than in main text, suggesting later addition.
*H.S.:* Subscr. perhaps in Hand A’s italic script; if not, added by italic hand approx. contemporary with Hand A.

[34] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
*gloss*: Centred above [34].1, Percy has added ‘No. 3’ in red ink.
34.21 A: Letter perhaps minuscule.
that pryde might know from conscyence free
how loftye workes may her defend
and envye fynd as he hath sought
how other seke hym to offend
and wrath tast of eche crewell thought
the iust shapp hyer in the end
and ydell slouthe that nev'r wrought
to heven hys spirite lift may begyn
& gredye lucre lyve in drede
to see what haate ill gott goodes wynn
the lechers ye that lustes do feed
perceve what secrecye is in synne
and gluttons hartes for sorow blede
awaked when their faulthe they fynd
In lothsome vyce eche dronken wight
to styrr to godd this was my mynd
thy wyndowes had don me no spight
but proud people that drede no fall
clothed w't falshed and vnright
bred in the closures of thy wall
but wrested to wrathe in fervent zeale
thow hast to strief my secret call
endured hartes no warning feale
Oh shameles hore is dred then gon?
by suche thy foes as ment thy weale
Oh membre of false Babylon
the shopp of craft, the denne of ire
thy dredfull dome drawes fast vppon
thy martyres blood by swoord & fyre
in heaven & earth for Iustice call
the lord shall here their iust desyre
the flame of wrath shall on the fall

34.51] Oh: Ink blots around ‘O’, not due to smudging of letter.
w't famyne and pest lamentablie
stricken shalbe they lecheres all
thy prowd towers and turretes hye
enmyes to god beat stone from stone
thyne Idolles burnt that wrought iniquitie
when none thy ruyne shall bemone
but render vnto the rightwise lord
that so hath iudged Babylon
Imortall praise w't one accord

Fynis H. S
wais

[Fol.] 53[r] Suche waywarde <wailes> hath love that moste parte in discorde
o' wills do stand wherby o' hartes but seldom dooth accorde
Disceyte is his delight and to begyle and mocke
The symple hertes wch he doth stryke w'd froward dyvers stroke
he cawseth hertes to rage w'd golden burninge darte
and doth alaye w'd ledden cold agayne the tothers harte
hot gleames of burning fyre & easye sparkes of flame
In balaunce of vneggall weight he pondereth by ame
From easye fourde where I might wade & passe full well
he me w'drawes and doth me drive into the darke diep well
and me w'dholdes where I am cald and offerd place
do
and wooll that still my mortall foo I beseech of grace
he lettes me to pursue a conquest well nere woon
to follow where my paynes wer spilt or that my sute begune
lo by these rules I know how sone a hart can turne
from warr to peace from trewce to stryf and so again returne
I knowe how to convert my will in others lust
of little stuff vnto my self to weyve a webb of trust
and how to hide my harme w'd soft dissembled chere
when in my face the paynted thoughtes wolde outwardlye appere
I knowe how that the blood forsakes the faas for redd
and how by shame it staynes agayne the chekes w'd flaming redd
I knowe vnder the grene the Serpent how he lurckes
the hamer of the restles forge I know eke how yt workes
I know and can be roote the tale that I wold tell
but ofte the wordes come forth a wrye of hym that loveth well

[35]

[35] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin above [35], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in top right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 3’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
gloss: Centred above [35].1, Percy has added in red ink ‘No. 4’.
35.1] ‘wais’: Correction not by Hand A; later addition by different hand in fainer and browner ink.
35.3] Disceyte: Initial ‘d’ formed with open bowl, which is not typical of Hand A; letter perhaps majuscule.
35.12] ‘do’: Correction by Hand A; difficult to establish where made at initial copying stage or later.
I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes
In singeing how he can complayne, in sleepinge how he wakes
to languishe w'out ache sickles for to consume
a thousand thinges for to devyse resolving all <hys> fume
I know to seke the tracke of my desyred foo
and feare to fynd that I do seke but chefelye this I know
that lovers must transforme into the thing beloved
and live alas (who colde beleve) w'l spryte from lief removed
I know in hartye sighes and lawghters of the splene
at ones to chaunge my state my will and eke my colo'l clene
I know how to disceyve my self withouten helpp
and how the Lyon chastysed is by beating of the whelpp
In standing nere my fyer I know how that I frese
Far of to burn, in both to wast & so my lief to lese
I know how love doth rage vppon the yeldon mynd
how small a nett may take & mashe a hart of gentle kynd
which seldom tasted swete to seasoned heaps of gall
revyved w'l a glyns of grace olde sorowes to let fall
the hidden traynes I know & secret snares of love
how sone a loke may prynt a thought that nev'r will remoue
that slipper state I know those sodayne tournes from welthe
that doutfull hope that certayne woo & sure dispaire of helthe
[Fol. 53v] As ofte as I behold and see
the soveraigne bewtie that me bound
the ner my comfort is to me
alas the fressher is my wound

As flame dothe quenche by rage of fier
and roonnyng streames consumes by raine
so doth the sight that I desire
apeace my grief and deadly payne

Like as the flee that seethe the flame
and thinkes to plaie her in the fier
that fownd her woe and sowght her game
whose grief did growe by her desire

When first I saw theise christall streames
whose bewtie made this mortall wounde
I litle thought w't in these beames
so sweete a venvme to have found

Wherein is hid the crewell bytt
whose sharpe repulse none can resist

and eake the spooore that strayn<e>th eche wytt
to roon the race against his list
But wilfull will did prick me forthe
blynd cupide dyd me whipp & guyde
force made me take my grief in worth
my fruytles hope my harme did hide

I fall and see my none decaye
as he that beares flame in his brest
Forgetes for payne to cast a waye
the thing that breadythe his vnrest

And as the spyder drawes her lyne
w'l labour lost I frame my sewt
the fault is hers the losse ys myne
of yll sown seed such ys the frewte.

H. S
When youthe had ledd me half the race,  
That Cupides scourge did make me rune,  
I loked backe to mete the place  
ffrom whence my werye course begune.

And then I sawe how my desyre  
by ill gydyng had let my waye  
whose eyes to greedye of their hire  
had lost me manye a noble praye

ffor when in sightes I spent the daye,  
and could not clooke my grief by game,  
their boyling smoke did still bewraye  
the fervent rage of hidden flame.

And when salt teares did bayne my brest  
where love hys plesaunt traynes had sowne  
the brewt therof my frewt opprest,  
or that the bloomes were sprunge & blowne.

And where myne eyes did still pursue  
the flying chace that was their quest  
their gredye lookes did oft renewe  
the hydden wounde within my brest
when everye looke these cheekes might stayne
from dedlye pale to flaming redd
by owtward signes apperyd playne
the woo wherew' my hart was fedd

But all to late love learneth me

to paynt all kynd of coloures newe
to blynde their eyes that elles should see
my sparskled chekes w' Cupydes hewe

And now the covert brest I clayme

that worshipps Cupyd secretlye
and nourysheth hys sacred flame
From whence no blasing sparckes do flye

Finis H S

37.27] blynde: Terminal ‘e’ unclear.
Finis: Written by Hand A.
H S: Subscr. perhaps in Hand A’s italic script; if not, added by italic hand approx. contemporary with Hand A.
Marshall the thinges for to attayne
the happy life be thes I fynde
the riches left, not got w^t^ payne
the frutfull grownd the quyet mynde
the equall freend no grudge nor stryf
no charge of rule nor governance
w^t^ out disease the helthfull life
the howshold of <contenaunce> contynvance
the meane dyet no delicate fare
wisdom ioyn’d w^t^ simplicitye
the night discharged of all care
where wyne may beare no <soventy> soveranty
the chast wise wyfe w^t^ out debate
suche sleapes as may begyle the night
contented w^t^ thyne owne estate
neyther wisshe death nor fear his m^ght

H S.
From Tuscan came my ladies worthi race
faire Florence was some time her auncient seate
the westorne Ile (whose pleaasant showre doth face
wylde Chambares clifffes) did geve her lyvely heate
Fostred she was w' mylke of Irishe brest
an
her Syer erle, hir dame, of princes bloud
from tender yeres in britaine she doth rest
w' a kinges child where she tastes gostly foode
honsdon did furst present her to myn eyen
bryght ys her hew and Geraldine shee hight
furst

Hampton me tawght to wishe her
for myne

and Wind'sor alas doth chace me from her sight
of kind
bewty <her mad>e her vertue’s from a bove
happy ys he, that may obtainge her love.

H S

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[39]

[Fol.] 55[r]
From Tuscan cam my ladies worthi race
faire Florence was some time her auncient seate
the westorne Ile (whose pleaasant showre doth face
wylde Chambares clifffes) did geve her lyvely heate
Fostred she was w' mylke of Irishe brest
an
her Syer erle, hir dame, of princes bloud
from tender yeres in britaine she doth rest
w' a kinges child where she tastes gostly foode
honsdon did furst present her to myn eyen
bryght ys her hew and Geraldine shee hight
furst

Hampton me tawght to wishe her
for myne

and Wind'sor alas doth chace me from her sight
of kind
bewty <her mad>e her vertue’s from a bove
happy ys he, that may obtainge her love.

H S

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[39] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines of approx. 8-9mm between lines.
gloss: In left margin above [39], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo.5’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
gloss: Centred above [39].1, Percy has added in red ink ‘No. 8’.
39.2] sometime: Perhaps two words, i.e., ‘some time’.
39.3] showre: ‘r’ written over another letter, probably ‘e’.
39.6] ‘an’: Correction by Hand A; ink patchier than main text, suggesting later revision.
39.11] ‘furst’ : Correction by Hand A; ink fainter and patchier than main text, suggesting later revision.
39.13] ‘of kind’ : Correction by Hand; ink fainter than main text, suggesting later revision.
H S: Subscription added by Hand A. Ink fainter than main text, suggesting later addition
When windesor walles sustain’d my wearied arme
my hand my chyn, to ease my restles hedd

ech pleasant plot revested green w’l warm

with lustie

the blossom’d bowes <which lively> veare yspred

the flowred meades the weddyd birds so late

myne eyes discouerd. than did to mynd resort


the Io,ly woes the hateles shorte debate

the rakhell life that longes to loves disporte

wherw^l^ alas myne hevy charge of care

heapt in my brest brake forth against my will

and smoky sighs that over cast the ayer

my vaporied eyes such drery teares <doth> distill

the tender spring to quicken wher thei fall


and I hav, f bent to th,owe me downe w’all.
I neuer saw youe madam laye aparte
your cornet black in colde nor yet in heate
sythe first ye knew of my desire so greate
which other fances chac’d cleane from my harte
whiles to my self I did the thought reserve
that so vnware did wounde my wofull brest
pytie I saw w'in your hart dyd rest
but since ye knew I did youe love and serve
your golden treese was clad alway in blacke
all that w'drawne that I did crave so sore
so doth this cornet governe me a lacke
In sommeres sonne in winter breath of frost
of your faire eies whereby the light is lost

H S
Love that doth raine and lie within my thought
and buylt his seat within my captyve brest
clad in the armes wherein w't me he fowght
oft in my face he doth his banner rest
but she that tawght me love and suffre paine
^my doubfull hope & eke my hote desire^  
with shamfast clooke to shadoo and refrayne
her smyling grace convertyth streight to yre
And cowarde love then to the hart apace
taketh his flight where he doth lorde and playne
his purpose lost and dare not shew his face
for my lordes gylt thus fawtles byde I payine
yet from my Lorde shall not my foote remove
sweet is the death that taketh end by love

H S

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[42]

[Fol. 55v]  Love that doth raine and liue within my thought
and buylt his seat within my captyve brest
clad in the armes wherein w't me he fowght
oft in my face he doth his banner rest
but she that tawght me love and suffre paine
^my doubfull hope & eke my hote desire^  
with shamfast clooke to shadoo and refrayne
her smyling grace convertyth streight to yre
And cowarde love then to the hart apace
taketh his flight where he doth lorde and playne
his purpose lost and dare not shew his face
for my lordes gylt thus fawtles byde I payine
yet from my Lorde shall not my foote remove
sweet is the death that taketh end by love

H S
In Cipres springes (wheras dame venus dwelt)
a well so hote, that who so tastes the same
were he of stone as thawed yse shuld melt
and kindled fynd his brest w^t secret flame
whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate
this creping fier my cold lymmes so oprest
that in the hart that harbred fredom late
endles dispaire long thraldom hath imprest
endles dispaire long thraldom hath imprest
one eke so cold in froson _sone_ is found
whose chilling venume of repugnant kind
the fervent heat doth quenche of cupides wound
and w^t the spote of change infectes the mynd
where of my deer hath tasted to my payne
my service thus is growne into disdayne.

H S

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[43]
[43] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin above [43], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo.<17>5’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).
gloss: Centred above [43].1, Percy has added in red ink ‘No. 12’.
43.9) "snow": Correction by Hand A; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
H S: Subscription added by Hand A. Ink fainter than main text, suggesting later addition.
The greate Macedon that out of persy chased
Darius of whose huge powre all Asia range
in the riche arke yf hommers rymes he placed
who fayned gestes of heathen princes sange
what holie grave, what worthye sepulture
to wyates spalmes should christians than purchase
where he doth painte the lively fayth and pure
the stedfast hope the sweet returne to grace
of Iust David by perfect penitence
where rulers may see in a myrrour clere
the bytter frute of false concupicence
how lurye bowght vryas death full deere
in princes hartes godes scourge <in>yprinted deepe
mowght them awake out of their synfull sleepe.

H S
In the rude age when Scyence was not so rife
If Iove in crete and other where they taught
Artes to reverte to profyte of our lyfe
wan after deathe to have their temples sought
If vertue yet in no vnthankfull tyme
fayled of some to blast her endles fame
a goodlie meane bothe to deter from cryme
and to her steppes our sequell to enflame
In dayes of treuthe if wyattes frendes then waile
(the onelye debte that ded of quycke may clayme)
That rare wit spent employde to our avayle
where Christe is tought deserve they Momus blame
his livelie face thy brest how did it freate?
whose Cynders yet with envye doo the eate

H S.
Thassryans king in peas with fowle desyre
And filthye lustes that staynd his regall harte
In warr that should sett pryncelye hertes a fyre
vaynquyshd dyd yelde for want of marcyall arte
The dent of swordes from kysses semed straunge
and harder then hys ladyes syde his targe
from glotton feastes to sowldyers fare a chaunge
his helmet far aboue a garlandes charge
who scace the name of manhode dyd retayne
Drenchd in slouthe & womanishe delight
Feble of sprete vnpanyent ofayne
when he hadd lost his hono' and hys right
Prowde tyme of welthe, in stormes appawl'd w' drede
murdrd hym self to shew some manfull dede

H S
Yf he that erst the fourme so livelye drewe
Of venus faas tryvmpht in paynteres arte
Thy father then what glorye did ensew
By whose pencell a goddesse made thow arte
Touchid with flame, that figure made some rewe
And w1 her love surprysed manye a hart
There lackt yet that should cure their hoot desyer
Thow canst enflame and quenche the kyndled fyre

H S

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[47] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper. 
\textit{gloss:} Centred above [47].1, Percy has written ‘No. 16’ in red ink. 
\textit{H S:} Subscription added by Hand A. Ink fainter than main text, suggesting later addition.
[48]

[Fol.] 57[r]  Pommi,  oue'l sol occide i fiori, et l’herba

Set me wheras the sonne, dothe perche the grene
Or whear his beames, may not dissolue the Ise
In temprat heat, wheare he is felt and sene
w¹ prowde people, in presence sad and wyse
set me in base, or yet in highe degree

[5]
in the long night, or in the shortyst day
in clere weather, or whear mysts thikest be
in loste yowthe, or when my heares be grey
set me in earthe, in heauen or yet in hell
in hill, in dale, or in the fowming floode

[10]
Thrawle, or at large, a liue whersoo I dwell
sike, or in healthe, in yll fame, or in good
yours will I be, and w¹ that onely thought
comfort my self when that my hape is nowght. ~

H . S

[48] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper, retraced in a faint ink.

*gloss:* In left margin above [48], Percy has written an asterisk in red ink; in right margin, he has added in red ink ‘fo. 6’ (signifies folio no. in second quarto of Tottel, T2).

*gloss:* Centred above [48].1, Percy has added in red ink ‘No. 17’.

*Pommi...l’herba:* Opening line of Petrarch’s *Rima* 145 copied by Hand B.

48.1] *Set me:* Red ink blot between words.

*H . S:* Subscr. perhaps in Hand A’s italic script; if not, added by italic hand, approx. contemporary with Hand A.
Dyvers thy death doo dyverslye bemone
Some that in presence of that livelye hedd
Lurked whose brestes envye with hate had sowne
yeld Cesars teres vppon Pompeius hedd
Some that watched with the murdrers knyfe
with egre thurst to drynke thy guyltles blood
whose practyse brake by happye end of lyfe
weape enviousy teasres to here thy fame so good
But I that knewe what harbourd in that hedd
what vertues rare were tempred in that brest
hono’ the place that such a iewell bredd
and kysse the ground where as thy coorse doth rest
with vaporde eyes from whence suche streames avayle
as Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewayle

H S
Cap. 1. Eccles:

I Salomon dauids sonne, king of Ierusalem
Chossen by god to teache the Iewes, and in his lawes to leade them
   confesse vnder the sonne, that euery thing is uayne
The world is false, man he is fraile, and all his pleasures Payne
   Alas what stable frute, may Adams Children fynde
In that they seke by sweate of browses, and trauill of their mynde
   we that liue on the earthe, drawe toward o' decay
Ower children fill o' place a whille, and then they fade awaye
   suche chaungs maks the earthe, and dothe remoue for none
But sarues us for a place, too play, o' tragedes vppon
   when that the restles sonne, westwarde his course hathe ronne
Towards the east he hasts as fast, to ryse where he begonne
   o
   when h.o.rey boreas, hathe blowen his frozen blast
Then Zephirus w's his gentill breathe, dissolues the Ise as fast
   fludds that drinke vpp smale broks, and swell by rage of rayne
Discharge in sees, w'ch them repulse, and swallowe strayte againe
   these worldly pleasures (lord) so swifte they ronne their race
That skace o' eyes may them discerne, they byde so littell space
   what hathe bin, but is now, the like hereafter shall
What new deuice grounded so suer, that dreadeth not the fall
   what may be called new, but suche things in tymes past
   s
   A<…> time buryed and dothe reuiue, and tyme agayne shall waste

[50]
[50] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled in faint ink, with lines approx. 6mm apart.
gloss: To right of the heading Park has added note in pencil: 'By the Earle of Surrey – to page 145 [fol. 65v]'; level with 50.2, he has added 'In Warton III.26'.
Cap. 1. Eccles: Heading copied by Hand B; ink fainter than main text, suggesting later revision.
50.9] chaung'e's: Correction by Hand B; ink similar to main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
50.12] Towards: Terminal 's' in darker ink than the rest of word; later addition.
50.13] ho.rey: Correction by Hand B; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision. Letter to right of terminal 'y' scrubbed out / covered over, as is terminal colon in line.
50.16] repulse: 'ul' written over 'le' (i.e., 'replesse'), with ascender of 'l' scrubbed out / covered over.
things past right worthey fame, haue now no brute at all
Euen so shall day suche things, as now, the simple wounders call
I that in dauides seate, sit crowned and rejoyce
That w' my septer rewle the Iewes, and teache them w' uoyce
all
haue serchied long to know, <straunge> things vnder the sonne
To see how in this mortall lyef, a suerty might be wonne
this kyndled will to knowe, straunge things for to desyer
God hathe grafte in o' gredye breasts, a torment for o' hier
the end of eache trauell, furthw th I sought to knoo
uaine
I found them mixed w' gall, and burdend w' muche woo
r
defaults of natures wo,ke, no mans hand may restore
Whiche be in nomber like the sandes, vppon the salte floods shore
gan
then vaunting in my witte, I <gall> call to my mynd
What rewles of wysdom I hadde taught, that elders could not find
<that elders,> and as by contraries to treye, most things we use
Mens follies and ther errors, eke I gan them all peruse
therby w' more delight, to knowledge for to clime
But this I found an endles wourke of payne and loss of tyme
skoole
For he towisdomes <skolle>, that doth applie hys mynd
the further that he wades therin, the greater doubts shall find

And such as enterprice, to put newe things in ure
of some that shall shorne their deuise, may well them selves assure.

finis

50.22] A<ts> Correction by Hand B; difficult to establish whether made at initial copying stage or later.
50.26] my: Correction by Hand B; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
50.27] all: Correction by Hand B; difficult to establish whether made at initial copying stage or later.
50.28] To: ‘o’ thickly formed; possibly written over another letter, unidentifiable (remnants of descender).
50.31] trauell] ’e’ written over another letter, probably ‘i’ as dot visible.
50.32] uaine: Correction by Hand B; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
50.33] wo’reke: Correction by Hand B; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
50.35] gan: Correction by Hand B; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
50.39] therby: ’h’ is in Hand B’s secretary hand, and has been partially written over.
50.41] skoole: Correction by Hand B; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
50.43] such: ’s’ written over ’f’.
50.44] shall skorne: Later hand has drawn undulating line through words; its function is unclear.
From pensif fanzies then, I gan my hart reuoke
And gaue me to suche sporting plaies, as laughter myght prouoke
but euen suche uain delights, when they moste blinded me
<When they most I> Allways me thought w't smiling grace, a kyng did yll agre
then sought I how to please, my belly w't muche wine
To feede me fatte w't costely feas, of rare delights and fine
and other plesures eke, too purchace me w't rest
In so great choise to finde the thing, that might content me best
but lord what care of mynde, what sodaine stormes of Ire
W't broken slepes enduryd I, to compasse my desier
 to buylde my howses faier, then sett I all my cure
By princely actes thus straue I still, to make my fame indure
delicius gardens eke, I made to please my sight
And grafte therin all kindes of fruts, that might my mouthe delight
condits by liuely springs, from their owld course I drewe
For to refreshe the frutfull trees, that in my gardynes grewe
of catell great encrea, I bred in littell space
Bondmen I bought I gaue them wifes, and saru’d me w't ther race
greate heapes of shining gold, by sparing gan I saue
W't things of price so furnyshed, as sitts a prince to haue
to heare faier women sing, sometyme I dyd rejoyce
Rauyshed w't ther pleaasunt times, and swetnes of their voyce
lemans I had so faier, and of so liuely hewe
That who so gased in their face, myght well their bewteyJ rewe

[51]

Cap. 2. Eccles.

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gloss: To right of ‘finis’ in [50], Park has added note: ‘These lines are printed before Archb. Parker’s Psalms, taken from the Earle of Surrie’s “Ecclesiastes”, which denotes this Version to be his Lordship’s.’

[51] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled in faint ink, with lines approx. 6mm apart.
Cap. 2. Eccles.: Heading copied by Hand B; ink matches main text. A later hand has underlined the title.
51.4] <When they most I>: Terminal letter in deleted sequence an unfinished vertical stroke, probably ‘b’.
51.8] me: Redundant dot above first minim of ‘m’; scribe perhaps intially wrote ‘i’.
neuer erste sat theyr king, so riche in dauyds seate
Yet still me thought for so smale gaine, the trauaile was to great
from my desirous eyes, I hyd no pleaasuNT sight
Nor from my hart no kind of myrth, that might geue them de|Lyght
w^{ch} was the only freute, I rept of all my Payne

To feade my eyes and to reiOyce, my hart w{all my gaine
but when I made my compte w{th howe great care of mynd
And herts vnrest that I had sought, so wastfull frutt to fynde
then was I streken strayte, w{ that abused fier
To glory in that goodly witte, that compast my desyer
but freshe before myne eyes, grace did my fawltis renewe
What gentill callings I hadd fledd, my ruyne to purswe
what raging pleasurs past, perill and hard eskape
What fancis in my hed had wrought, the licor of the grape
the erroure then I sawe, that their fraile harts dothe moue
W^{ch} striue in vaine for to compare, w{ him that sitts aboue
in whose most perfect worcks, suche craft apperyth playne
That to the least of them, their may no mortall hand attayne
and like as lighsome day, dothe shine aboue the night
So darke to me did folly seme, and wysdomes beames as bright
whose eyes did seme so clere, mots to discern and fynde
But will had clossed follies eyes, w^{ch} groped like the blynde
yet death and time consume, all witt and worldly fame
And looke what ende that folly hath, and wisdome hath the same
then sayd I thus (oh lord) may not thy wisdome cure
The waylfull wrongs and hard conflicts, that folly doth endure
r
to shape my witt so fine, then why toke I this Payne
Now finde I well this noble serche, may eke be called vayne
as slanders lothsome brute, soundes follies iust rewarde
Is put to silence all be time, and brought in smale rgarde

51.29] payne: Faint brown ink blot or fingerprint surrounds ‘ne’.
51.51] sha^r^rpe: Correction by Hand B; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
51.53] lothsome: Second ‘o’ written over another letter, probably ‘a’.
eun so dothe tyme deuoure, the noble blast of fame

W^ch shoWld resounde their glories great, that doo desarue the same
thus present changes chase, away the wonders past
Ne is the wise mans fattal thred, yet lenger spunne to last
then in this wretched vale, o' lief I lothed playne

When I beheld o' frutles paynes, to compasse pleassurs vayne
my trauayll this a vaile, hath me produced loo
An heire unknowen shall reape the frute, that I in sede did sowe
but whervnto the lord, his nature shall inclyne

Who can fore knowe into whose handes, I must my goods resine
but lord how pleasaut swete, then seamed the idell liefe
That neuer charged was w^th care, nor burdened w^t stryefe
and vile the gredye trade, of them that toile so sore
To leaue to suche ther trauells frute that neuer swet therfore
what is that pleasant gaine, w^ch is that swet relief
That shoWld delay the bitter tast, that we fele of o' gref
the gladsome dayes we passe, to serche a simple gaine
The quiete nights w^t broken slepes, to fead a restelles brayne
what hope is left us then, what comfort dothe remayne
O' quiet herts for to reioyce, w^t the frute of o' payne
yf that be trew who may him selfe so happy call
As I whose free and sumptius spence, dothe shyne beyonde them all
sewerly it is a gift, and favor of the lorde
Liberally to spende o' goods, the ground of all discorde
and wretched herts haue they, that let their tressurs mold
And carrey the roodde that skorgeth them, that gloreys in their gol
but I doo knowe by prove, whose ryches beres suche brute
What stable welthe my stand in wast, or heping of suche frute

finis

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51.59] lo^o'thed: Correction by Hand B, then apparently scrubbed out / covered over.
51.60] frutles: Ink of the initial 'f' smudged at top; scribe (or later reviser) has attempted to scribble it out.
51.65] seamed: ‘d’ written over ‘e’.
51.77] it: Faint brown ink blot surrounds word.
Capitulo. 3. Eccles.

boote
Like to the stereles, 
that swerues w’ every wynde
the slipper topp of worldly welthe, by crewell prof I finde
Skace hathe the seade wherof, that nature foremethe man
receuied lief when deathe him yeldes, to earth wher he began
The grafted plants w’ payn, wherof wee hoped frute

to roote them vpp w’ blossomes sprede, then is o’ cheif porsute
That erst we rered vpp, we undermyne againe
and shred the spraies whose grouthe, some tyme we laboured w’ paine
Eache frowarde thretning chere, of fortune maiks vs playne

and euery plesant showe re<ioyce> o’ wofull herts againe
Auncient walles to race, is o’ unstable guyse
and of their wether beten stones, to buylde some new deuyse

[Fol. 60v] New fanzes dayly spring, w’ch vaade returni
and now we practyse to optaine, that strayt we must forgoo
Some tyme we seke to spare, that afterward we wast

and that we trauelid sore to knitt, for to un<c>lose as fast
In sober sylence now o’ quiet lipps we crosse
and with vnbyrdled toungs, furth w’ o’ secret herts disclosse
Suche as in folded armes, we did embrace, we haate

whom straye we reconsill againe, and banishe all debate
My sede w’ labour sowne, suche frute produceth me

to wast my lief in contraries, that neuer shall agre
From god these heuy cares, ar sent for o’ vnrests
and w’s suche burdens for o’ welth, he frauteth full o’ brests
All that the Lord hathe wrought, hath bewtay and good grace
and to eache thing assined is, the proper tyme and place
And graunted eke to man, of all the worldes estate
and of eache thinge wrought in the same, to argue and debate
w’ch arte though it approche, the heuennly knowlege moste
r
to se,che the naturall grounde of things, yet all is labor loste
But then the wandering eyes, that longe for suertey sought
founde that by paine no certayne welth might in this world be bought
Who liueth in delight, and seks no gredy thryfte
but frely spends his goods, may thinke it is a secret gifte
Fullfilled shall it be, what so the lord intende
[35]w’ch no deuice of mans witt, may, advaunce nor yet defende
Who made all thing of nought, that Adams chyldren might
lerne how to dread the Lord that wrought, suche wonders in their sight
The gresly wonders past, w’ch tyme wearse owt of mynde
to be renewed in o’ dayes the Lord hath so assynde
Lo thuse his carfull skourge dothe stele on us vnware
w’ch when the fleshe hath clene forgott, he dothe a gaine repaire
When I in this uaine serche, had wanderyd sore my Witt
 eke
as
I saw a rioall throne, wher<as, that> iustice should haue sitt
In stede of whom I saw, w’f fyerce and crwell mode
 wher wrong was set that blody beast, that drounke the giltles blode
Then thought I thus one day, the lord shall sitt in dome
to vewe his flock and chose the pure, the spotted haue no rome
Yet be suche skourges sent, that eache agreuid mynde
lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage, and fury by ther kynde

His erroure may confesse, when he hath wreasteled longe

and then with pacience may him arme, the sure defence of wronge

For death that of the beaste, the carion doth deuoure

unto the noble kynde of man, presents the fatall hower

ether

The perfitt forme that god, hathe <ether> geuen to man

or other beast dissolue it shall, to earth wher it began

And who can tell yf that, the sowle of man ascende

or w't the body if it dye, and to the ground decende

Wherfore eache gredy hart, that riches seks to gayne

gather may he that sauery frutte, that springeth of his payne

A meane conuenient welth, I meane to take in worth

and w't a hand of larges eke in measure poore it fourth

For treasure spent in lyef, the bodye dothe sustayne

the heire shall waste the whourded gold, a massed w't muche payne

Ne may foresight of man, suche order geue in lyef

fore

for to know, who shall reioyce, their gotten good w't stryef. ~

Finis //

52.51 wreasteled: ‘a’ smudged, with small hook-like mark coming from bottom right.
52.52 therwith: ‘r’ scrubbed out / covered over, with tilde supplying ‘n’.
52.55 ^ether^: Correction by Hand B; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision.
52.66 ^fore^: Correction by Hand B; ink darker than main text, suggesting later revision.

know: Large, brown ink blot surrounds word; matches that next to ‘lost’ (52.30), created when leaves placed together.
Capitolo. 4. Eccles

When I be thought me well vnder the restles soon
by foolke of power what crewell wourks unchastyced were doon
I saw wher stroode a heard by power of suche opprest
oute of whose eyes ran floods of teares that bayned all ther brest
Deuoyde of comfort clene, in terroure and distresse
in whose defence none wolde aryse, suche rigor to represse
Then thought I thus (oh Lord,) the dead whose fatall hower
is clene roune owt more happy ar whom that the wormes deouure
And happiest is the sede, that neuer did conceive
that neuer felt the waylfull wrongs, that mortall folke receue
And then I saw that welth, and euery honest gayne
by trauill woune, and swete of browes gan grow into disdayne
Throughe slouthe of carles folke, whom <eache> so fatt dothe feade
whose Idell hands doo nought but waast, the frute of other seeade
Wch to them selves perswade that little gott w^i^ ease
more thankefull is then kyndomes woon, by trauayle and disceace
A nother sort I saw, w^i^ out bothe frend or kynne
whose gredy wayes yet neuer sought a faithfull frend to winne
Whose wretched corps no toile yet euer wery could
nor glutted euer wer their eyne, w^i^ heaps of shying gould
But yf it might appeare to ther abused eyne
to whose a vaile the trauill so, and for whose sake they pyne
Then should they see what cause they haue for to repent
the frutles paynes and eke the tyme that they in vayne haue spent

[53]
[53] copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled in faint ink, with lines approx. 6mm apart.
Capitolo. 4. Eccles: Heading by Hand B; ink fainter than main text.
53.13] "ease": Correction by Hand B; is matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage
53.15] {gott} ‘it’ written over another letter, unidentifiable.
{ease}: ‘s’ written over ‘c’.
53.16] kyndomes: ‘o’ in darker ink; not clearly written over another letter.
gloss: 53.22] In left margin, a later hand has written a ‘+’ sign in faint ink; its function is unclear.
Then gan I thus resolue, more pleasant is the lyef
   of faythefull frends that spends their goods in commone w' out stryef
For as the tender frend appeasith euery gryef
   so yf he fall that lives a lone, who shalbe his relyef
The frendly feares ly warme, in armes embraced foste
   who sleapes aloone at euery tourne dothe feale the winter blast
What can he doo but yeld, that must resist aloone
   yf ther be twaine one may defend the tother ouer throwne
The single twyned cordes, may no suche stresse indure
   thre fould as cables brayed, may, together wreted swer
In better far estate stande children poore and wyse
   then aged kyngs wedded to will that worke w' out aduice
In prison haue I sene, or this a wofull wyght
   that neuer knewe what fredom ment, nor tasted of delyght
W' suche unhoped happ in most dispaier hath mete
   w' in the hands that erst ware giues to haue a sept<re sett
And by coniures the seade of kyngs is thrust from staate
   wheron agreuyd people worke, ofteymes their hidden haat
Other w' out respect, I saw a frend or foo
   w' feat wore bare in tracing such, whearas the honours groo deeth
And at <change> of a pryncen great rowtes reuiued strange
   w'ch faine theare owlde yoke to discharg, reioyced in the change
But when I thought to theise, as heavie euen or more
   shalbe the burden of his raigne, as his that went before
And that a trayne like great upon the deade depend
   I gan conclude eache gredy gayne, hath his vncertayne end
In humble spritte is sett, the temple of the Lorde
   wher yf thow enter loke thy mouth, and conscyence may accorde
Whose churche is buylde of loue, and dect w' boote desyre
   and simple fayth the yolden goost, his marcy doth requyre

53.34] "thre fould": Correction by Hand B; ink fainter and patchier than main text, suggesting letter revision.
53.45] "deth": Correction by Hand B; ink fainter and patchier than main text, suggesting later revision (matches 53.34).
53.54] goost: Initial ‘g’ written over ‘h’ in darker ink.
Vol. I

When perfectly for aye, he in his word doth the rest
w' gentill eare to heare thy sute, and graunt to thy request

[Fol.] 62[r] In boost of owtwarde works, he taketh no delight
nor wast of wourds suche sacryfice unsaue,th in his sight

Finis

[54]

Capitulo 5. Eccles./

When that repentant teares, hathe clensyd clere from ill
the charged brest, and grace hathe wrought, therin amending will
W't bold demands then may, his mercy well assaile
the speche man fayth, w't owt the w'ch, request may no<t> preuaile
More shall thy pennytent sighes, his endles mercy please
then their Importune suits w'ch dreame, that words gods wrath appease
For hart contrit of fault, is gladsome recompence
and praier fruict of faythe werby, god doth w't synne dispence
As ferfull broken slepes, spring from a restles hedde
by chattering of vnholly lippis, is frutles prayer bredde
In wast of wynde I rede, vowe nought vnto the Lord
wherto thy hart, to bynd thy will, freely doth not accord
For humble uowes fullfilld, by grace right swetly smoks
but bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of god prouoks
Yet bett<er> w't humble hert, thy frayltye to confesse
then to bost of suche perfitnes, whose works suche fraud expresse

53.58 unsaue're'th: Correction by Hand B; ink fainter and patchier than main text, suggesting later revision (matches 53.34 and 53.45).

[54]
[54] is copied by Hand B. The poem ruled in faint ink, with lines approx. 6mm apart.
Capitulo 5. Eccles./ Heading written by Hand B; ink matches main text. The ‘5’ is slightly smudged.
54.14 broken: Brown ink blot partially obscures ‘r’; letter perhaps written over another letter, unidentifiable.
of god: Several marks surround words, the result of damage to leaf, and extend down to ‘sight’ in 54.20.
ks
W't fayned wor<ds> and othes, contract w' god no gyle
suche craft returns, to thy nown harme, and doth thy self defile

And though the myst of sinne, perswad such error light
therby yet ar, thy owttward works, all dannped in his sight

As sondry broken dreames, vs dyuerslye abuse
so ar his errors manifold, that many words dothe use
W't humble secret playnt fewe words of hotte effect
honor thy Lord, alowance vaine, of uoyd desart neglect

Though wronge at tymes the right, and welthe eke nede oppresse
thinke not the hand of Justice slowe, to followe the redresse en

For suche unrightius folke, as rule w'out, dred<d>
by some abuse of' secret lust, he suffereth to be led to

The cheif blisse that in earth, <the> liuing man is lent
is moderat welth, to nourishe lief, yf he can be content

He that hath but one felde and gredely seketh nought
tillers <toiling>
to fence the hand from nede, is king w'in his thought

But suche as of ther golde, ther only Idoll make
noe treasure may the rauen of ther hungry hands asslake

For he that gapes for good, and hurdeth all his gayne
trau'lls in uayne to hyde the sweet, that showld releue his payne

Wher is gret welth their showld, be many a nedy wight
to spend the same and that should be, the riche mans cheif delight

The sweet and quiet slepes that weryd limmes oppresse
begile the night in diet thyne, and feasts of great excesse

[Vol. 62v]
But wakerly the riche, whose lyuely heat w't rest
their charged boolkes w't change of meats cannot so sone dygest
righteous
An other <greedy> dome, I sawe of greedy gayne
w't busye cares suche treasures oft preseruyd to their bayne
The plenteus howsses sackt, the owners end w't shame
their sparkelid goods, their nedy heyres, that showld reioyce the same
From welthe dyspoyled bare, from whence they came they went
clad in the clothes of pouerte as nature fyrst them sent
Naked as from the wombe, we came yf we depart
w't toyle to seeke that wee must leue, what bote to uexe the hart then <then>
What lyef leede testeye men x that <that> consume their dayes
In inwarde freets, untempred hates, at stryef w't sum alwaies
Then gan I prayce all those, in suche a world of stryffe
as take the proffitt of their goods, that may be had in lyffe
For sure the liberall hand, that hath no hart to spare
this fading welthe, but powres it forthe, it is a uertu rare
That maks welth slaue to nede, and gold becom his thrall
clings not his gutts, w't niggishe fare, to heape his chest w't all
But feeds the lusts of kynde, w't costely meats and wynne
and slacks the hunger and the thurst, of nedy folke that pynne
<Ne> No gluttons feast I meane in wast of spence to stryue
but temp<e>rat mealles the dulled spryts w't ioye thus to reuiue
No care may perce where myrth, hath tempred such a brest
the bitter gaull season<e>d w't swet suche wysdome may digest. ~
Finis.
Wher recheles youthe in a vnquiet brest
set on by wrath revenge and crueltye
after long warr pacyens had opprest
and iustice wrought by pryncelye equitie
my deny then myne error depe imprest
began to worke dispaire of libertye
had not David the perfyt warriour tought
that of my fault thus pardon shold be sought. ~

*gloss:* Below [54], Park has added note in pencil: ‘The above variations marked H, from Dr. Harrington’s copy, were inserted by Mr. Percy.’ This refers to *AH*.

[55]
[55] is copied by Hand C. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
Domine deus salutis. Psal 98:

Oh lorde vppon whose will dependeth my welfare
to call vppon thy hollye name syns daye nor night I spare
  graunt that the iust request of this repentaunt mynd
so perce thyne eares that in thy sight som fauour it may fynd
  my sowle is fraughted full w' greif of follies past
my restles bodye doth consumne and death approcheth fast
  lyke them whose fatall threde thy hand hath cut in twayne
Of whome ther is no further brewte which in their graues remayne
  oh lorde thow hast cast me hedling to please my fooe
into a pitt all botomeles whear as I playne my wooe
  the burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppesse
and sundrye stormes thow hast me sent of terroure and distresse
  the faithfull frends ar fled and bannished from my sight
and such as I haue held full dere haue sett my frendshipp light
  my duraunce doth perswade of fredom such dispaire
that by the teares that bayne my brest myne eye sight doth appaire
  yet did I neuer cease thyne ayde for to desyre
w' humble hart and stretched hands for to appease thy yre
  wherfore dost thow forbeare in the defence of thyne
to shewe such tokens of thy power in sight of Adams lyne
  wherby eche feble hart w' fayth might so be fedd
that in the mouthe of thy elect thy mercyes might be spredd
  the fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy loue declare
nor suche sett forth thy faith as dwell in the land of dispaire
  in blind endured herts light of thy livelye name

[56]

[56] is copied by Hand C. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin, Park has added note in pencil: ‘By the Earl of Surrey’.
gloss: A later hand has written asterisk above ‘98’ in Latin heading; in right margin is an asterisk and the correction ‘88’.

Domine deus salutis. Psal 98: Latin heading by Hand C, in slightly engrossed script; ink matches main text.
can not appeare as can not iudge the brightnes of the same
nor blasted may thy name be by the mouth of those
whome death hath shitt in sylence so as they may not disclose
the liuelye uoyce of them that in thy word delight
must be the trumppe that must resound the glorye of thy myght
wherfore I shall not cease in chief of my distresse
to call on the till that the sleape my weryd lymes oppresse
and in the morning eke when that the slepe is fledd
w't floods of salt repentaunt teres to washe my restles bedd
w't in this carefull mynd bourndyd with care and greif
why dost thow not appere oh lord that sholdest be his relief
my wretched state beholde whome death shall strait assaile
of one from youth afflicted still that never did but waile
the dread loo of thyne yre hath trod me vnder feet
the scourgis of thyne angreye hand hath made deth sene full sweet
like to the roring waues the sunken shipp surrounde
great heaps of care did swallow me and I no succour found
for they whome no myschaunce could from my loue devyde
ar forced for my great' greif from me their face to hyde.

Finis
The sondden stormes that heaue me to and froo
had welneare perced faith my guyding saile
for I that on the noble voyage goo
to succhor treuthe and falshed to assaile
constrayned am to beare my sayles ful loo
and neuer could attayne some pleasautn gaile
for vnto such the prosperous winds doo bloo
as ronne from porte to porte to seke availe
this bred dispayre whereof such doubts did groo
for vnto such the prosperous winds doo bloo
that I gan faint and all my courage faile
but now my blage myne erro' well I see
such goodlye light King David giueth me. /
Quam bonus Israel Deus. Ps: Lxxiiij

Though e lorde to Israell thy graces plentuous be
I meane to such with pure intent as fixe their trust in the
yet whiles the faith did faynt that shold haue ben my guyde
lyke them that walk in slipper pathes my feet began to slyde
whiles I did grudge at those that glore in ther golde
whose lothsom pryde reioyseth welth in quiet as they wolde
to se by course of yeres what nature doth appere
the pallayces of princely fourme succede from he, re to heire
from all such trauailes free as longe to Adams sede
neither w'drawne from wicked works by daunger nor by dread
wherof their skornfull pryde and gloried w't their eyes
as garments clothe the naked man thus ar they clad in vyce
thus as they wishe succeeds the mischief that they meane
whose glutten cheks slouth feads so fatt as scant their eyes be sene
vn to whose crewell power most men for dred ar fayne
to bend and bow w't loftye looks whiles they vawnt in their rayne
and in their bloody hands whose creweltye that frame
the wailfull works that skourge<s> the poore w't out regard of blame
to tempt the living god they thinke it no offence
and perce the symple w't their tungs that can make no defence
suche proofes bifo re the iust to cau se the harts to wau er
be sett lyke cups myngled w't gall of bitter tast and sau er
then saye thy foes in skorne that tast no other foode
but sucke the fleshe of thy elect and bath them in their bloode
do th shold we beleue the lord \& know and suffer this
Fuled be he w^f^ fables vayne that so abused is
in terro^t^ of the iust thus raignes iniquititye
armed w^t^ power laden w^t^ gold and dred for crueltye
then vayne the warr might seme that I by faythe mayntayne
against the fleshe whose false affects my pure hert wold distayne
for I am scourged still that no offence have doon
by wrathes children and from my byrth my chastising begoon
when I beheld their pryde and the slacknes of thy hand
I gan bewaile the wofull state wherein thy chosen stand
and as I sought wherof thy sufferaunce lord shold groo
I found no witt could perce so farr thy hollye domes to knoo
and that no mysteryes nor dought could be distrust
till I com to the holly place the mansion of the iust
where I shall se what end thy iustic shall prepare
for such as buyld on worldly welth and dye ther colours faire
Oh how their ground is false and all their buylding vayne
and they shall fall their power shall faile that did their pryde mayntayne
as charged harts w^t^ care that dreme some pleauntaunt tourne
after their sleape fynd their abuse and to their plaint retoune
so shall their glorye faade thy sword of vengeaunce shall
vnto their dronken eyes in blood disclose their errours all
and when their golden <fleshe> is from their backe yshorne
the spotts that vnder neth wer hidd thy chosen shepe shall skorne
and till that happye daye my hert shall swell in <rare>
my eyes yeld teares my yeres consume bitwne hope and dispayre
looo how my sprits ar dull and all thy judgments darke
no mortall hedd may skale so highe but wunder at thy warke.
alas how oft my foes haue framed my decaye
but when I stode in drede to drenche thy hands still did me stay
and in eache voyage that I toke to conquer synne
thow wert my guyd and gaue me grace to comfort me therin
and when my withered skyn vnto my bones did cleue
and fleshe did wast thy grace did then my simple sprits releue
in other succo’ then oh lord why should I trust
but onely thyn whom I haue found in thy behight so iust
and suche for drede or gayne as shall thy name refuse
shall perishe with their golden godds that did their harts seduce
where I that in thy worde haue set my trust and ioye
the highe reward that longs therto shall quietlye enioye
and my vnworthye lypps inspired w’ thy grace
shall thus forespeke thy secret works in sight of Adams race. /

Finis

58.52] warke: Character like superlinear ‘r’ above terminal ‘e’; written then scrubbed out / covered over. This period is perhaps an accidental mark or dot marking guide for line spacing.
Giue eare to my suit lord fromward hide not thy face
beholde herking in grief lamenting how I praye
my fooes they bray so lowde and eke threpe on so fast
buckeled to do me scathe so is their malice bent
care perceth my entrayles and trauyleth my spryte
the greslye feare of death enuyroneth my brest
Of dred
a tremblynge cold clene ouerwhelmeth my hert
O thinke I hadd I wings like to the symple doue
this peryll myght I flye and seke some place of rest
In wylder woods where I might dwell farr from these cares
what spade way of wing my playnts shold the<ye> lay on
to skape the stormye blast that threatned is to me
rayne those vnbridled tungs breake that coniured league
for I decyphred haue amydd o'towne the stryfe
gyle and wrong kep<the> walles they ward both day and night
and <whiles> myscheif w' care doth kepe the market stede
whilst wickidnes w' craft in heaps swarme through the strete
<then> my declared foo wrought me all this reproche
by harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse
for though myne ennemyes happ had bryn <not> to preuaile
I cold <not> haue hidd my face from eenym of his eye

[59]


Giue eare to my suit lord fromward hide not thy face
beholde herking in grief lamenting how I praye
my fooes they bray so lowde and eke threpe on so fast
buckeled to do me scathe so is their malice bent
care perceth my entrayles and trauyleth my spryte
the greslye feare of death enuyroneth my brest
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and <whiles> myscheif w' care doth kepe the market stede
whilst wickidnes w' craft in heaps swarme through the strete
<then> my declared foo wrought me all this reproche
by harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse
for though myne ennemyes happ had bryn <not> to preuaile
I cold <not> haue hidd my face from eenym of his eye

[59]

[59] is copied by Hand C. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.

*Exaudi...PS:55.* Latin heading by Hand C, in slightly engrossed script; ink matches main text.

59.7 *of dred*: Correction not by Hand C; later revision in fainter ink by different hand, with left-sloping ‘d’.

59.11 sp*e*ady, the<ye>v'l: Two corrections by Hand C; in both matches main text, suggesting revisions made at initial copying stage. Deleted ‘y’ in ‘<they>’ converted from ‘n’.

59.15 <h*o*>, kep<the>v: Two corrections not by Hand C; same hand as 59.7.

59.16 *i*oynd <ek>: Correction not by Hand C; same hand as 59.7 and 59.15, with left-sloping ‘d’.

59.18 *me*: Difficult to establish whether correction by Hand C or later hand; ink patchier than main text.

59.20 *for*: Difficult to establish whether correction by Hand C or later hand.
It was a friendly foe by shadow of good will
myne old fere and dere frende my guyde that trapped me
where I was wont to fetch the cure of all my care
and in his bosome hyde my secreat zeal to god
such soden surprys quicke may them hell deuoure
whilst I invoke the lord whose power shall me defend
my prayer shall not cease from that the sonne discends
till he his <h>aulture wynn and hyde them in the see
w^3 words of hott effect that moueth from hert contryte
such humble sute o lord doth perce thy pacient care
It was the lord that brake the bloody compactes of those
that preloked on w^3 yre to slaughter me and myne
the euerlasting god whose kingdom hath no end
whome by no tale to dred he cold divert from synne
the consceynce vnquyet he stryks w^3 heuy hand
and proues their force in fayth whome he sware to defend
butter fales not so soft as doth hys pacience longe
and ouer passeth, fine oyle running not halfe so smothe
but when his suffrauncye fynds that brydled wrath prouoks
he thretneth wrath he whets more sharpppe then any toole can fyle
friowr whose harme and tounge presents the wicked sort
of those false wolves w^3 cootes which doo their ravin hyde
that sweare to me by heauen the fotestole of the lord
who though force had hurt my fame they did not touch my lyfe
such patching care I lothe as feeds the welth w^3 lyes
but in the thother phalme of David fynd I ease
Iacta curam tuam super dominum et ipse te’ enutriet.

Finis
Who so can way, of eache a tempt the end
shall seldom seake awght better lost then woon
and who by others harms his own can shoon
may boste his tyme in hapy skoole to spend
and he w^t force of mynd that can assend
[5] to conquer lust and his affections kill
do th passe in powr some that suche deeds haue doon
as their great praise the world w^t fame doth fill
suche one is ware by what degrees he climes
rather pleasant then proud in great estate
[10] rather bold then abasht in sowrist times
and eyther chance can vse in so good rate
as many wold, but few can do or none
of w^ch small sort I wishe yo^ L° one. ~

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[60]
[60] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper and then filled in in with a faint ink.
gloss: In left margin above 60.1, a later hand has written ‘e’ in pencil.
60.1] _a tempt_: Perhaps one word, i.e., ‘atempt’.
60.14] _L°_: Mark to immediate right of word resembles a partially-formed ascender which Hand B aborted.
How soeuer the world shall wind
such as I seame such shall you find. ~

[BLANK PAGE]

At lest w'd draw yo' crewweltie
or force the tyme, to work yo' will
it is to muche extremytie
to kepe me pent, in prison still
fre from all fault, voyd of all cawse,
w' owt all right, against all lawse,
how can you vse, more crewell spight
then offer wrong, and promes right:
yet cannot acuse, nor will aqut.

A leuin monnthes full, and longer space
I haue indur'd, yo' deuilishe driftes
whil'st you haue sought, bothe man and place
and set yo' snares, w'all yo' shiftes
the faultles foote, to wrape w' wile

[61]
[61] is copied by Hand B.

[62]
[62] is copied by Hand B. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 6mm apart scored into the paper.
gloss: In left margin above 62.1, a later hand has written 'e' in pencil.
62.5] Medial comma may be inadvertent mark or ink blot.
62.10] monnthes: Second 'n' thickly formed and written over another letter, possibly 'o'.
62.11] indur'd: Terminal 'd' thickly formed; to immediate right, another 'd' has been scrubbed out / covered over.
in any guilt, by any gile
and now you see it will not be
how can you thus for shame agre
to kepe hym bound, you ought set fre.

Yo’ chance was once, as myne is now
to kepe this hold, against your will
and than you sware, I know well how
thoghe now you swarue, you know how ill
but thus the world, hys course dothe passe
the priste forgat, that clarke he was
and you that then, cried iustice still
and now, haue iustice at yo’ will
wrest iustice wrong, against all skill

But whie do I thus coldly plain
as thoghe it wer my cawse alone
when causse, doth eache man so constrain
as England through haue causse to mone
to see yo’ bloodye searche of suche
as all the erthe can no way tuche
and better wer that all yo’ kind
lyk howndes in hell, w’ shame wer shrin’d
then you had myght vnto yo’ mynd

But as the stone that strikes the wall
some time rebounds, on th’urlers hed
so yo’ fowll fetche, to yo’ fowll fall
brest
may torn, and noy the <bost> it bred
and than such mesure as yo’ gau
of right and iustice looke to haue
yf good or euill, life short or long
if false or trew, yf right or wrong
and thus till then, I end my song. ~

[Fol. 68v]  

[BLANK PAGE]

[63]

[Fol.] 69[r]  
If dutie wyf leade the to deeme
that trade moost fytt I hold moost deere
furst god regarde next me esteme
thy chirdrene then respect thow neere
o' howse both Sweete and clenlye see
ordre o' fare thy maides kepe short
thy mirth with meane well myxed be
thy curtese partes in chaste wyse sort
in sober weede the clenly dresse
when ioyes me rayse thy cares downe cast
when gryeffes me grype thy solace sease
who so me frendes frend them as fast
in preasse gyve place what so I say


[63]  
[63] is copied by Hand G. The poem is not ruled.
gloss: Centred above 63.1, a later hand has added the title ‘Advice to his Wife’.
gloss: In left margin of 63.1 a later hand has written an asterisk-like sign.
gloss: 63.1] Above ‘wf’, Nott has written ‘x’ in black ink. In right margin, he has added ‘x wyfe’ in black ink.
gloss: 63.4] Above ‘chirdren’, Nott has written ‘x’ in black ink. In right margin, he has added ‘childreñe’ in black ink. Below are the initials ‘Gn’.
gloss: 63.11] *grype*: ‘y’ thickly formed; not clearly written over another letter.
gloss: 63.11] Above ‘sease’, Nott has written ‘x’ in black ink. In right margin, he has added ‘sease, i.e. seize’ in black ink.
gloss: 63.13] Above ‘preasse’, Nott has written ‘x’ in black ink. In right margin, he has added ‘preaþe’ (β = ‘ss’) in black ink.
apart complayne yf cause thou fynde
let liberall Lypps no trust bewray
nor ielous humor payne thy mynd
yf I the wronge thy gryef vnfold
yf thow me vex thyne error graunt
to seke straunge soyles be not to bold
the stryfles bedd no iarrs may haunt
smale sleap and tymely prayer intende
the Idle lyff as poyson hate
no credytt light nor much spech spende
no in open place <no> cause debate
no thwartes, no frowns, no grudge nor stryf
eschew the badd embrace the best
to troth of worde ioyne honest lyff
and in my bosom byuld thy nest

63.17] gryef: ‘y’ possibly written over another letter, unidentifiable.
62.24] "no": Correction by Hand G; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
Nacentis Ecclesiæ generatio prima:

Hoc est.

Catalogus Pontificum Romanorum Cæsarum patrum et rerum aliquot insignum post Chrsit servatoris Ascensionem ad annum Domini septuagesimum

Authores praecipui quorum frequentius opera vbi sumus.

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<table>
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<td>Josephus</td>
<td>Augustinus</td>
<td>Suetonius tranquillas</td>
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<td>Philo</td>
<td>Theodoretus</td>
<td>Cornelius tacitus</td>
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<td>Euseb. Cæs.</td>
<td>Egesippus</td>
<td>Entropius &amp;.</td>
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<td>Hieron.</td>
<td>Nicephorus &amp;.</td>
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</table>

O HER^ICIS virtutibus ornatissimo viro D. Anthonio Browneo Vicecomiti montis acuti Edmundus Campianus Oxonijensis aeternam et veram fælicitatem praecatur.

Si quicquam de tuo in bonas litteras, totamque adeo Rempub christianam ardore et studio dubitarem (Iustrissime domine) per quam mihi necessarium fore crederem, uti ne prius tuo nomine hosce labores meas infimæ sortis ~ homuncio consecrarem, quam audiace meæ Culpam vel potius impudentiae deprecatus essem. Nunc vero cum ad Ceteras vel naturæ vel ingenij tui Clarissimas et amplissimas virtutes, insignis quaedam atque incredibilis morum facilitas accesserit vt plane nihil sit quod cuisquam in hac causa animum perterre faciat Non sum veritus ne parum verecunde hoc institutum viderer suscepisse qui te tantum virum tantillus adolescens in istius opusculi patrocinium tam Confidenter advocarem Nam cum summa semper admiratione et gloria apud homines nostros fuerunt excellens
dignitas, singularis erudito spectata pietas et mansuetudo tua, tum mihi praeter caeretos alliquot ab hinc mensibus istius in te splendoris et gloriæ quasi signum alliquod tam pulchre sustulisti postquam litterulas meas et rudes et loquaces tam Comiter, tam honorificè exceptissæ, vt conscientia quadam obstrictus liberalitatis et Clementiæ tuae acquiescere nequaquam potuerim Donec elucubrato saltem munusculo litterario hoc quicquid est officiæ et ardoris erga te mei demembre. Quare vt subrusticum et invtilem pudorem in Causa tam honesta, ac Iudice tam benigno proiiciam, quibusque caetori praesidii instructi paulatim, ac pedentem lectores allicere, et favorem vel emereri vel ambire solent, ea ego tamquam superflua praetermittam. En tibi (vir vt ita loquar) ecclesiæ Compendio expeditam historiam ad id vsque temporis κατὰ γὰρ: potius quam παραφραστικῶς heroicis versibus Comprehensam quo Petrum & Paulum totius ecclesiæ lumina nequissimus Imperator ad inter necionem dedit. Cuius intervallum temporis hoc potissimum Consilio primam Christianæ fidei generationem libuit appellare quod Petro iam Rom Pontif totius ecclesiæ figuram geram Paulo gentium Doctore trucidatis aptum mihi interstitium historiæ subsequentis ordiendæ videbatur præsertim cum et haec prima, e decem notissimum persecutionibus numeretur, qua cum Nerone finem sortitæ est. Et nunc primum deus optimus maximus pace Christianis elargita Vespasianum Imperatorem ac Titum filium ad Iudaicam perfidiam et obstinatiam frangendam atque vlciscendam ammaret Ad cuius ego gentis subversionem accuratius et Copiosius contextandum accinctus volui interea temporis quasi præludii quibusdam agera, et brevissimo Compendio seciem rerum præcedentium multis et magnis nego tiorum fluctibus refertissimam comprehendere Quod quidem univ erum ex pro batissimus Authoribus Conflatum bonis exemplis et hominibus longe ditissimum varietate ipsa (nisi mi animus fallit) minime inuicundam tuæ Committo man doque fidei Si probas vehementer gaudeo, sin minus tamen id gaudeo aliquam me saltem industrie et observantia significationem apud animum tuum testatam reliquisse. Id vnum si assequuts fuero, quod humanitatis et amplitudo mihi tua pollicetur vberrimum laboris mei fructum, et quasi talionem Consequentus fuero. Tuam interea dignitatem (qua nihil habet haec ætas vel sanctius vel celebrius, Clementissimus deus incollumem ac ilæsam duitissime teneri velit. vale
Psalm 18:

Sancta salutiferi nascentia semina verbi
et quacumque patent spatiosae viscera terrae
fortiter emissas caelesti numine voces
et tragicos fluctus, et plus quam ferrea mundi
saecula, promissae calcantia dona salutis
Christicolaeque gregis primordia lumina dicam
Annue Conanti per laudes ire tuorum
Christe graves hominum semper miserate labores
spes, via, vita, salus mundi melioris origo
Nate Dei patris verum de numine numen
tequo Carpo viam cuius vestigia pressa
nulla patent sine te, nec tam iuvenillibus annis
tristis inaccessum reserabit semina passum
vos quoque se precibus fas est sperare patronos
faelices anime, tot tanta pericula passa
per mare per terra, per laesi principis iram
(praelia vestra cano) tenui succurrite vati
Huc agitate viri fortes et macula virtus
Arma virosque Cano Christumque latrantia contra
bella, per impuros ter terque ferocia Campos
et tamen invitis et pulsis luce tanabris
victrices animas totoque nitentia Caelo
Casta trophaea ducum temeri suffulchra popelli
arma virosque cano: Non quae mavortius heros
fullminibusque potens magni furor altitonantis
temperat aut fictae pugnantia signa Minervae
Iupiter interijt, perijt Tritonia Pallas
et qui Phoebus equos (vulcania dona) Coercet
Saturnique Nepos, Iove natus matre Iovisque
et soror et Coniunx incedens regia Iuno
et Mars, et Triviæ mendacia sceptra Dianæ
et finxit quæcumque superstitionis vetustas
numina, solus enim terram, mare sydera Caelum
solum et unus habet, de pater atque hominum rex

Ille Colit terras illi mortalia Curæ

adsit, et ille mihi dederitque in carmina vires

Act. 1º.

Iam lux illa aderat niveo signando lapillo

cum Deus humana lustrans sub imagine terras

Io. 20 & 21

Discipulis doctis et rebus rite peractis

et quæcumque chari mandata parentis

per dies quadraginta conspicit

lucu quaterdena (devicta morte) triumphos

ab illis & loquitur eis de

agit, et inflatum divini numinis haustum


numine præsenti Cupidis infundit amicis

fluit in eos & dicit eis

Quin et perfidae ne quæ scintilla supersit

accipite spiritum sanctum

omnia intuitu gaudentibus assidet

Jo. 20

vestitur et celebri penetrat sermone medullas

praecipit eis ne discederent

Mox vti ne solimis discenderat neve verentes

Hierosolimis sed expectaret

spe frustrare velint animas infixaq certis

promissum patris de quo inquit promissis teneant

pectora promissis teneant, et condita servat

quit) auditis ex me. Act. 1.

praecpitque novo fundari lumine terras

frusque dolusque aberint me me qui spondeo (dixit)

Cernite veracem invidia testante Magistrum

Cælitus instincti (non vos mortalibus ausis

destino præcones) docili celestia mente

Quoniam Ioannis baptizavit vos

volvite et erectos ad sydera tollite vultus

aqua vos autem baptizabimini

Hactenus emensum satagit baptisma Iohannis

Spiritu Sancto & igne post dies

exiguoque sacro contentos simplicis vndae


nil nisi transactæ facienda piamina Culpæ

sat fuit exhaustos irroravisse liquores

nunc opus est alijs et ad hæc obeunda p Erlatis

viribus, et strenuo quia sunt immensa vigore

otius ergo dehinc vbi decurrentia paucs

tempora transcatis fuerint elapsa diebus

Candida spiritui reserantes pectera Sancto

vberiora novi capietis dona Lavarchi

Vol. I

Mar: 16 dixit et eliso célestibus aere pennis
Luc: 14 Angel<1>ico resonante chore plaudentibus astris
Jo: 20 quem genus ob nostrum muliebri tegmine lætus
Act: 2 deseruit celsum repetit rediviuus olimpiam –

atque haec loquatus viden//
tibus ipsis in altum sub//
latus est et nubes sub//
duxit illum ex oculis
eorum

Mat: 16 quiue secutus erat dominum post prima Phillipus
et cecidit sors super annumeretur et his Mathias sorte credatus
Mathiam et coapta hi numero bis sex domini mandata capessunt
ad numerum undecim multaque per proceres perturbam plurima passi
Apostolorum, Act. 1 Certa tamen verbis figentes corda supremis
Visæ sunt illis dissectæ ignibus accensi sacris et numine fortes
linguae velut ignae ac veridico fideique amarti viribus altis
repleti sunt omnes spiritu incaluere sono totusq
sancto Act. 2 Sunt quoque tantillæ retrahunt qui nomina chartæ
Præter duodecim Aposto// praecones alij quorum celeberrima facta
los Christi in terris nulla dies potetit nec edax abolere vetustas
plus quam septuaginta Stephane primus eras Stephano qui digna tulisti
discipulos concertatius demone qui victo qui pulsis luce tenebris
fuissæ Autor est Euseb hostibus in medijs célesti luce Coruscans
lib. 1 cap. 14 Te lapides sevæque manus et vullnera torquent
Στεφανος corona victus es et tenues excessit vita per auras
Act. 7. Dixisti moriens hoc hoc pater elue Crimen
da meliora sciant
At pater omnipotens in te sua dona Coronans
annuerat precibus Saulique minantia tela

Act. 13. Condidit et sanctas inspirat numine flammas

Act. 8. Saulus consen Paulus ab insigni tractum pro Consule nomen
erat in necem eius Saulus erat dum mente ferox et sanguine foedus
act. 22. Galat. cap. 1 Terror erat sanctis, ferrumque minatus et ignes
supra modern persequebatur omnia turbaret Nunc nunc mitissima Colla

236
ecclesiam dei & depopula//

subbidit electus (Christo vor., ante) magister
doctor et interpres cæpti fiducia verbi
Moxque per immensos terræ pelagique meatus
arma inter media et rabiosam demonis iram
sydera voce potens Christum pius intonat ore
corrae voce potens Christum pius intonat ore
eldi mihi quanta tulit sacra versatus in vrbe
sacril egos inter proceres dum scismatis Author
et novitatis amans et non bene sanus habetur
Quanta tulit vivens dum vincatus cæsus abactus
versus et inversus ventis agitatus et vndis
predicat extremis ignoti partibus orbis
Denique fælici facto trans secula cursu
Miles inexhaustus charo Comitante sodali
Quanta tulit moriens sævo grassante tiranno?
Cætera quid referam quorum numerosa Caterva
proditur in sacr is libris dictante fidel i
Luca discipulo certoque per omnia teste
Non mea fert ætas ab orgine cuncta referre
vt ait Hieron) vsq ue ad annum Neron non animus: sed summa loquar fastigia rerum
3 vs. anno Domini 60
In paucos igitur stringentem plurima versus
que supplent alij qua nos Collegimus <...> ipsi
Si quid habent certi veterum monumenta parentum
ordinis et rerum seriem tenuisse iu vabit
Iam prope Tiberius bis denos imperat annos
iamque novos fructus effuderat altera messis
post dominum passum duri cum pectora ferri
mol liri cæpere mora, Collisque superbis
imposuere ingum sed non immite futurum
vndique sancta salus mentes linguasque fideles
occupat et steriles cultura perpolit artus

64.101 vor*it* ante: Correction by Hand H; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.

Nec Iudea suis Conclusit finibus vltro
procipit in gentes sternitque ferocia Corda
Iam videas resonare domos iam tecta penates

vt appareat Act Cap. 9.10.11
hac ibat Petrus illicpia dogmata Paulus

& alibi.
intonaet atque alibi reliquorum turba ministrum

Egesippus lib. 2 de excidio
nam simul in Stephanum sceleratos impia turba

vrbis Hierosolimi cap. 12
iactasset lapidos et inevitabile pondus

Eusebias Cesariensis
dispersi fratres hominesque locumque perosi

Ecclesiasticae historiae
invia lustrantes et quo tulit impetus illos

lib.2o. Cap. 3.
Antiochos adeunt profugi sedemque locarunt

Cognominati sunt primum
tum primum Celebri referentes nomine Christum

Antiochae Christianae
Pontius interea Pilatus Christiomastrix

Act. 11o.
sensit vt in tantam reprobatum accrescere sectam
et circumferri recto præconia visu.

Tartullianus in Apolog pro
arripit (vt mos est) calamum dignamque relatu

Christianis cap. 5
orditur seriem Christi<q> natique deique

Eusebias lib. 2. cap. 2.
Artificis miri crucifixi denuo viui

Elatique super summa vertigine caeli

Retulit hæc domino Romanis imperitanti
et Caesar patribus (quorum sine numine non est

Eusebias Cesariensis
alius
designare deos \& vellentne iubent

Esse Deum Christum. vah stulta insania surgit
sed male Consultus quisquis fuit ille senator

praesentesque animos sic in sua vota reflectit

Ergone Diis superis novus hic asciscitur hospes?

quam quicunque Colit reliquos abdicere divos

et patrios ritus et tot solemnia sacra

atque eadem nobis inimica vocare necesse est

non fero non patior non stat sententia (patres

64.153] ^alios^: Correction by Hand H; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
quin potius veterum pia tot monumenta deorum
sedulo firmemus meritoque sequam honore
dicta viri pars voce probant stimulosque frumenti
adijciunt ali partes assensibus implent
At Cæsar (quid enim faceret luctante senatu)
impia Regali condemnanus murmura voce
anxius accepit patiturque doletque repalsum
et licet adverso contendunt omnia vultu
sanciri vetent quod nec suffragia curat
nec tulit impuria decreta nefanda senatus
hoc tamen ipse sì tenet alta mente repostum
Cælicolas inter venerandum numen Jesu
esse reponendum. sed et his minitatur acerbe
hoc qui Iudicibus deferrent nomine quenquam
Nondum Scilla vorax non irriquet Charibdis
vrget et insontes nondum mala vexat errinus
pax vptata fuit nullo prohibente volentes
discipuli Coeunt precibus noctesque diesque
invigilant læti celebuntque salubria sacra
hæc quoque prima sacre dedérant insignia vitæ
alter in alterius reiecti nomen honores
non mundi tenebris non ambitione sepulti
sponte sua insigni Solimorum dede vocantes
Jacolum Domini fratem Cognomine Iustum
non illo melior quisquam ned amontior æqui
vir fuit huic sedi curarunt préficiendum
Annus erat quintus domini scandentis olimpum
Tiberius moritur Caiusq secundus ab illo
praefuit Imperio Caligæcui castra dedere
nomen et invertit sacrati numina sceptri
perfidus elatas Regni dum sentit habenas
et cæcam ridere deam quæ vindice nullo

[165] [Fol. 72[r] [170] [175] [180] [185] [190]
sepe fovet miseros et spæ producit inani
ardua celsa petens et summa Cacumina spirans

Sueton in Calig cap. 22.
& Paulus Osorius lib. 70 cap. 5
Joseph antiquit. lib. 19
1. Apostroph ad
Cæsarem

se imbet esse deum legumque in fronte notari
imperat hoc fieri Caius Dominusque Deusque
Quo ruis ben Cæsar quo te ferus incitat error
sis deus ergo vides quæ te mala fata sequuntur
ergo caves, ergo plusquam trieteridæ regnas
sed neque vidisti quia tu libi Credo caveres
sed neque Cavisti nec plus trieteride regnas
Aspice transacti Clarissima nomina sæcti
et quærunque tenent dives circumspice tellus
si nihil est solidum nihil omni ex parte beatum
plurima si fatum rapiat si plurima casus
omnia tempus edax rebusque inimica vetustas
tu tibi Concedis vitam sperare perennem
Aut si non speras quæ to dementia coepit
vt tibi divinos tribua mortalis honores
Quid quod Hierosolima foede laceravit vrbem
sacratasque deo sedes altaria phana
turpiter abciptiens sibi consecraverit ipsi
nec contentus eo quamvis atrocius istis
nil patrare potest incendia furta rapinos
terribiles pugnas cædes homicidia spirat
totaque luxuriat Iudæo terra Cruore
flumina mellis erant et flumina lactis habeant
Antiqui patres iam flumina sanguinis ibant
quin mihi dent operam pulso Iudæus Jesu
Cæsaris in leges sancte iuravimus (inquit
hunc solum colimus: nihil in nos iris habebit
qui modo se nobis Regem mentitur Jesus
Et nunc Cæsar habet volat vndique sæva potestas
Ille iubet fieri sed quo sociante ministro?

64.220] rapinos: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘rapinas’.

240
ferendam in Christum sen//
tentiam impulerunt nunc
ijdem ipsi Iudæi poenas
luunt Euseb.
Principis Imperium quondam excercente Pilato
hic erat in Christum Capitali servidus ore
gens tamen extorsit gen importuna coegit
nunc manus hæc eadem gentem convellit eadem

Cæsari ad nutum quem sic Iudæa colebas
hic quoque ne moriens tantum non impius esset

Pilatus moritur
Euseb. lib. 2. cap. 7.
Cætera cuncta ferox vbi sanguine contaminasset
atque cruentatam foedasset sordibus urbem
in sua victricem Convertit viscera dextrum
Temporis huius erat Iunior (sic namque vocabant)

Herodes iunior tetrarcha.
Herodes regni cui portio quarta cadebat
huic Tetrarchie nomen sed Cæsaris iram
vltricesque manus meritusque piacula Culpis
Cædis in Authorem tantum scelerisque magistrum
Dicere fert animus; bello confertus et armis

Niceph lib. 1. cap. 20..
Impius Herodes Caio male fidus haberi
Joseph antiquit lib. 18.
cæpit et exilio mulctatus regia sceptra
invitus posuit videt hæc et adultera Coniunx
cap. 4.
et dolet et sequitur moritura fit exulis uxor
Euseb. lib. 2. cap. 4.
antea prodiderat lascivam perfida natam
que nodo sanguineam ducebat læta Choreæam
Bapistaæque caput Prodromi magnique prophætæ
inter fæmineas quo non fuit altera proles
sanctor aut maior læthali Condidit ense

Egesip lib. 2. cap. 5.
Traditur Agrippæ regnum qui nomine primo
Euseb. lib. 2. cap. 11º.
Dictur Hrodes Contedit Cæsariensi
vt sit consonantia inter
Præsul et historicus sic res non para movebat
Lucam referentem de
Interea vigiles celesti voce ministri
morte Herodis Act. 12.
quo pede cæperunt longe lateque salutem
et Josephum qui hoc idem
gentibus inculcant et qui secumque locassent
perlustrant
evenisse scribit Agrippæ
sedulo <fulgent> & peregrinas lumine terras

Margin] impulerunt: Kilroy emends to ‘impulerant’.
64.229] eadem: stroke through ‘d’; probably accidental.
4.255] secumque: Kilroy emends to ‘se cumque’.
fundarunt magno repetentes fœnore lucrum
Ergo alias aij: prædam pater unicus vnam

Thaddeus celebrem domino venatur Edessam
promissamque prius expectatamque salutem

detulit Augaro qui regia sceptra tenebat

Cuius epistolion fertir salvator Iesus
cum fera iudaice mulceret pectora gentis
cum celebres curas et tot medicamina morbis

ederet acceptum vultu dignatus amico

rescriptoque simul: quæ religiosa vetustas

servat adhuc nobis nec erit recitare molestum

Chari deo soboles hominum servator Iesu
hanc libi qua careo nisi decens salutem
mittit Edesena princep<…>s Augarum ab urbe

diceris eximias nullo medicamine curas
atque alia immensi miracula pleana stuporis
adere vt eterno confringas dæmona verbo

vt caecos oculis mutos sermone bearis
et pedibus clandos et multis multa refundas.
quasque animas iam tertia lux admiserat orco,
solus inexhaustæ revocaris numine vocis.

te genus humanum meritis pro talibus ornat
et merito nequem qui tot tam magna potenti
efficias nutu miracula, caeca latæbris

abdita recludas, qui ventos imperiose

Corrigis et mare velivolum terrasque iacentes
aut frenare queas aut emollire loquendo
(sic mecum statuo) fars est mortale vocari

Ergo deus certe nostra sub imagine terras
incolis aut saltem divinæ stirpe creatus
Sis bonus o fælixque tuis; me sæva dolorum
millia exanguem prope tot labentibus annis
mimanis morbi lacerat miserable telum
his lachrimis vitam tribue et misereresce <miseram>
malorum

tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.
hac mecum tenui poteris requiescere terra
terras tibi quando struit Iudæa propago.
Ergo veni et si te non his graviora morantur
numine presenti lacrmas vliscere nostros.

Rescriptum Iesum ad Augarum

Hæc Rex his Regem scriptis affatur Iesus

Judice me princeps o terque quaterque beate
missurus maiora brevi nunc verba remitto
pausa tuis qui me peracuto lumine mentis
Credulitate vides aliter non videres vnquam
vecares de me sic præciniure Prophæte
Corporeis oculio me natio stulta videbit
non habitura fidem quibus hæc concessa facultas
non erit advertent animos et pectore condent
et credent vitae mortisque caligine solvent
seque suasque animas, et partas frande catænas
Scribis vt accedam fessosque doloribus artus
restituam Nunc te quæ sint facienda monebo
ffilius a summo dilapsum numine numen
versor adhuc homines inter gentemque vocatam

omnia facturus Chari mandata parentis
et mox ad caelos cursu properante revertur
tum tibi de nostro numero præconia mittam
Corperis atque animi rigidos pellentia morbos
hæc ait et fido dedit obsignata ministro

scripta Capistratum mox ascensura Cubile
fertur et expressam divini pictor Iudæam

64.289] miserab^i^le: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting correction made at initial copying stage.
64.290] malorum: Final word of 64.290 not on separate line in MS.
64.292] tenui: “n” smudged.
Ioseph lib. 2. cap. 7.

vultus adduxisse simul quam principis ardo
efflagitarat opus cælesti pollice dignum
vsibus hæc nostris Sirij prompsere libelli
non indigna fide ac annallibus eruta priscis

Anno domini. 43.
accidit elapsus Caius bis quatuor

Evangelium Mathei post
post dominum passum celebrata Titus in vrbe u

Christum passum. 8. annis.
Cla. dius accepit fasces cellamque curulem

perscriptum fuit non tamen
primus Evangelium tipo Matheo hebraeo

editum & vulgatum vt
scripserat æternum nativæ gentis in vsum

placet Ireno priusquam
Consoluitque suis alias inviscere terras

Petrus & Paulum Romam advenissent anno viz Domini. 58. /

Eusebius lib. 3. cap. 34
Dum parat at notam Cupit omnibus esse salutem

Theophilact 9 in Math.
intestina fames terrarum obsederat salutem

refert ex aliorum sentenijs
Rex Agrippa sacra foedavit cædibus vrbem

Iohannem convertisse evangelium
dilaniatque gregem Capitisque pericula sanctis

Mathei ex hebreo in
fratibus ostentat quorum satis ampla propago

græcum. Act. 11. Sueton
infixas stabili retinens sub pectore voces

et procul a foedis rerum ablactatque lacunis

Corpora Corporibus opponunt ensibus arma
arma fides fuit et vitæ spes certa futuræ

prodijt edictum volitatque per ora per aures

invisum sancti nomen iubet esse magistri
hoc qui non faciant sceleri quincuncte reclament
morte luant poenas superisque piamina sunto

Inter Apostolicos semor Iacobus

Conspicuus pietate pater fideique Columna

principis obsequium conculcans Rege triumphans

Christo qui cæli qui terræ sustinet axem

Iudicis ante pedes reus est astante sodali

margin] Mathei: Possible attempt to delete terminal ‘i’, but unclear; retained in transcription.
64.324] Cla^u^dius: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
64.327] invisere: Kilroy emends to ‘invisere’.
margin] Petrus & Paulum: Lineation of marginal annotation changed here in order to fit it on line.
Qui Iacobum accuseverat
et se Christicolam fassus (mirabile dictu)
qu qui prius hunc ipsum scelerato prodidit ausu

Christianus et ipse factus
sedulo Martirij palmam subiturus adhæsit
dumque iter ad pænum pressum capessunt

Martirium vna. subijt
me miseram ingenitat per me iacet inclitus iste

Clemens Alexand. 7'. lib.
sacratusque parens me me discerpite Cives

diposit vt citatur ab Euseb.
pæmitet ah sceleris sola hæc medicina dolori

lib. 2. cap. 9
obvia fit nostro quod te per vulnera passi

Qui Iacobum accuseverat
et se Christicolam fassus (mirabile dictu)
qu qui prius hunc ipsum scelerato prodidit ausu

Qui Iacobum accuseverat
et se Christicolam fassus (mirabile dictu)
qu qui prius hunc ipsum scelerato prodidit ausu
fæcessitque fidem dictis res ipsa sequa
ni prece in precio in viribus omnes
atria Complessent et læsi principis iram
pollictis blandis et spe meliora levassent
Ergo vbi Concedit solio sceptroque superbus
Corporis insigni forma fulgentibus auro
vestibus ingenti. peditum stipatus acervo
voce manuque potens pacem studiosius instat
solaturque suis Concussam viribus vrbem
Ambiguum est populum insperat, voluntas
principis an pietas an res tam grata citaret
applausere viro laetis Clamoribus omnes
quoque foret maior furiosæ gratia turbæ
plenius vt misero Dominum laudaret hiatus
sæpe hoc elegium blasphæmo prodidit ore
Dei voces & non hominis
Act. 12.
Cælitus hæc (inquit) non sunt mortalia verba
obstupuisse tum si mens non læva fuisset
Rex Agrippa foret callcasses impia vulgi
præmia damnasses sceleratæ murmura plebis
non tua Cælicolum vox sed mortale sonabat
pectus et ingenium Capiti suffulchra superbo
hæc tamen ille videt nec iniqua mente ferebat
auribus exhausit nec dum piget esse receptum
mox piget atque pudet postquam feriente supremo
numine Cælorum terræque marisque monarcha
Regia vindicibus permittit viscera penis
vermiculisque scatens deformi Corpore foedus
hepate corroso laniata Carne putrescens
en ait en sceleris manifesta piacula nostri

64.380 atria: Blot surrounding word.
64.384 Period in line perhaps accidental.
64.396 callcasses: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘calcasses’.
64.403 marisque: ‘r’ and ‘i’ blotted; ‘i’ written over ‘e’.

Vol. I
ecce deus vester quid me censetis amici?
qui modo tam celsæ tantillus homuncio famæ
succubui demens mortis terroribus angor
et mecum (quid enim nonstra de mole supersit?)
lausque decusque mei crudelibus occupat vmbris
Hæc autem et moriens verba intermissa retentat
sic precor o pereat videatque novissima fata
qui si mortalis tanta dignetur honore
pax erat et positis cælesti gaudia Curis
sancta C<h>ohors agitat cæso recreata tiranno
sed fera progenies tetro nutrita sub orco
videt vt externo nullum discrimen<e> ab hoste
et legem Domini contra intentibus armis
regibus invitis tenebras pulsasse paternas
d fraudibus aggreditur quo, aperto marte nequibat

Simon Magus pater haereti/
Samariae impostor natus prænomine Symon
cus eorum Ignati in epistola
quem dixere Magum nativa pulsus ab vrbe
ad Trallianos act. 8.
pestiferas artes Divo reserante Philippo
Commigrat Romani Romae venalia profert
numera discipulos et quod speraret habebat
quo non prurumpit petulans audacia sese
iactitat esse deum blasphemis impia dictis

Eusebius lib. 2. cap. 1.
astruxere fidem miracula prodigiosis
plena dolis Satan quo ipse inexit Anteor

Niceph. lib. 3. cap. 14.
huius ad arbitrium muliercula foeda Selenes
auxerat infandum facinus mentemque sup'mam
se verat impulus Cuius terestria quæisque
et præfinitos observant aethera Cursus

64.408] ecce: First ‘c’ in majuscule italic; possible attempt to delete, but unclear. Retained in transcription.
64.413] Hæc: Initial ‘H’ perhaps minuscule.
64.422] quo‘d’: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting correction made at initial copying stage.
64.427] et: ‘e’ written over ‘v’.
64.433] facinus: Precise spelling difficult to establish due to unclear sequence of minims.
miscenturque novis semper nova præmia rebus
et placitura simul dulci Condita veneno
sancta vivendi studium curamque salutis

Theodoretus haereticarum
fabularum lib. primo.

sustulit a medio neque enim pia facta beatum

August. de heresibus ad quod vult

et placitura simul dulci Condita veneno
sancta vivendi studium curamque salutis

cap. 1. Simonis Magi in hunc

Cætera sic docuit seu dogmata plean stuporis

modum commeminit negabat

Consa discipulis tantum scelerumque ministris

quare si quis prima voluit contigere fronte

carnis resurrectionem & assere//

protinus insolita rabie laceratus abir<et> abibat

bat se esse christum. dixerat
denique provectus studio magicisque susurris

enim se in monte Sinai legem
crevit eo faciles vt concililaret honores

Moisis in patris persona dedisse
inque foro posita est auro tituloque superba

Judeis tempore Tibij in filij
sacra deo sancta Simonis insignis imago

persona putative apparaisse
lamque novi solis toto spatiantia cælo

postea se in linguis igneis spi/
lumina et alternis exustos ignibus agors

ritum sanctum super Apostolos
Autumnosque duos hiemisque ruentia versæ

venisse.
frigora Conspexit Romani Claudius orbis

Simoni Deo sancto.
princeps et terris nati post tempora Christi
tertius effluxit et quadragessimus annus

Ann° Claud. Cas. 2.
ec

Anno Domini. 44.
Sanctor interea Simon cognomine Petrus

Petrus Romam venit
Carcere iampridem et minitata cæde solutus

in Ann° Claud. 2. ann°
qua via Romanam recta deducit ad urbem

Domini. 44.
Carpit iter sacri sparsurus semina verbi
hic vbi sacriligos fœdi nebulonis honores
i

Euseb. lib. 2. cap. 14. 15.
vid<e>t et impuri praecomia tanta magistri

Hieron in Catalogo Script
Casibus indoluit depravatamque Magiam

ecclesiast.
a

prodit et insidi<...>s nutrimenta malorum
et fœdos Coitus et sordida lucra Selenis

---

64.444] rabie: Initial ‘r’ z-like in appearance.
abitat] Correction made in Hand E’s italic hand.
64.455] san°e°tior] Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting correction made at initial copying stage.
64.455-456] Kilroy (2005) has the two lines in the opposite order.
64.460] vid<e>t°e°v°] Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting correction made at initial copying stage.
sedibus e patrijs vt sit detrusus vterque
nullaque præterea Romam sit causa videndi
assensere greges ac impostore relicito
præcephore novo melioris dogmata famæ

et fide maioris avent Petroque docente
orsa est innumeris ecclesia clara trophæis

Initium Romæ ecclesie

At magus interea sceleratæ conscius artis
Convulsasque videns manifestæ fraudis habænas
antea quas <teneuit> tenuit totumque illuserat orbem
prestigias latebris inania furtæ recondit
fœlix Roma tuos alta sub pace triumphos
nunc age nunc lætos animos et splendida fata
victricesque manus et fortia proelia iacta
non genus Æneadum non te cum fratre Quirinus

Rhemio conscriptive patres cellæve
nec Caesar decorat spolijs orientis onustus
gaudia falsa tibi Jove sub Statore creasti
indigitesque deos studios veneraris inani
luce data plenas terrena fere lacunas
desere tam magni vocem sortita Magistri
hunc tibi (fabor enim quando est effabile verum)
principe sub Christo cui summa capescere fas est
nacta es christicolæ primum Caput urbis et orbis

De Antechristo præter ea

passim in epist Pauli &

Ioannis aliquæ scripture

locis occurunt pulcherrima

tu tibi nec metas rerum nec tempora ponas
Imperium sine fine tenes sedemque perennem
et pia iura dabis sacrati pastor ovilis

tu maris exhaustos <cursas> cursus terrasque iacentes

detectosque polos et quod tegit omnia Cælum
extremumque diem fatis ruitura notabis
impietatis enim veniet sævissima proles
si modo sunt aliquid veterum præsagia, sed sunt

[Fol. 74v] Catchword: ‘nacta’. 
extat praemonitio Hipoliti\hspace{2cm} versabitque novas artes et pectore falso
Marturis in eo libre quem\hspace{2cm} adversus Dominum nova somnia voluit Iesum
scripsit de consummatione\hspace{2cm} At tu dum reliquas inter Caput eriges vrbes
saecl./\hspace{2cm} contundes pestem nec te sententia vertet
August in tract de Anti//\hspace{2cm} luce tua extincta impune grassabitur hostis
christo.\hspace{2cm} scismata, fera, faces, concussæ vulnera terræ
Chrisostomus in espi Pauli\hspace{2cm} donec ad extremum gravidas purgabit aristas
ad Thesoloni.\hspace{2cm} et purum trit<te>cum conflabit in horrea messor
Matt. 13.\hspace{2cm} Petrus adhuc Romæ (Marco sociante) sonoras
ediderat voces et Christum turbine pfflat
Marcus discipulus interp’s\hspace{2cm} Marcus at interpres quæ retulit ille docendo
Petri Hieron in Catal. Script\hspace{2cm} fratribus obsequitur Graioque idiomate vestit
ecclesiasticorum An’. 44.\hspace{2cm} et mox assumpto quem scripserat ipse libello
Theoph in Marck Marci\hspace{2cm} pergit in Egiptum et magna Comitante caterva
Evangelii.\hspace{2cm} primus Alexandri sortitur episcopus vrbem
S. Marcus Allexandrinus\hspace{2cm} Tam iusti rectique tenax vt sacra propago
Episcopus\hspace{2cm} huius ad exemplum sincero tramite vitam
Duceretet mundo moriens carniq ue sepulta
Euseb. cap. 17. lib. 2.\hspace{2cm} et nunc Mosaisæ legisse volumina legis
Philo Iudaes cum videret\hspace{2cm} nunc iuvat historias nunc evoluisse prophœtas
ecclesiam Allexandriæ\hspace{2cm} nocte quies agitur stomachique invitat orexis
adhuc Iudaizatam quasi\hspace{2cm} et si quid simile est inhonestâ negotia pellens
in laude gentis suæ\hspace{2cm} Azimus est panis potatur fluminis vnda
libellum edidit péρi flio\hspace{2cm} vice exularum sal nil condimenta morantur
θεωρήτακον ικεστων\hspace{2cm} delicias addunt hisopus et alia porrum
de vita contemplativa\hspace{2cm} hæc atque memini multo maiora Philonem
supplicum hoc opusculum\hspace{2cm} tradere Iudaem qui tempestate sub ille
inter cætera Philonis\hspace{2cm} floruit et Christo nunquam sua Colla subegit
habetur Hieron in Script\hspace{2cm} O Patria o poetas et laudatissima quondam
Ecclesiast. August contra\hspace{2cm} pectora Britanni si sic tua sacra stetissent

64.500 fer^r^a: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
64.505 retulit: ‘i’ written over ‘e’ or ‘a’.
August contra faust

si sic orasses si sic ieuna fuisses

Manichae. lib. 12

fecisses vtam tua nunc quoque sacra stetissent.

cap. 39. & alibi

sed redeo ad seriem Nato post sæcula verbem

Ann° Domini 49.

transierant prope lustra decem cum nuptas puella

sancta Maria parens sine semina fæmina virgo

[530]

Christifera exacto iam conclamata sub ævo

(pone supercilium veteri si more loquamur)

Anno ætatis sue. 59.

assumpta ad Cælos fruitur melioribus annis

Nicèph lib. 2. cap. 21.

O quam te memorem virgo namque haud tibi fas est

2. 23.

communes casus & lamentabile fatum

assignare tuo qui tanta ventre tulisti

progeniem cuius fulgenti lumine vultus

humanas tenebras tempestatesque serenat

sis fælix nostrumque leues pia virgo laborem

Anno domini. 51.

Annus ad elapsos accesserat vnus et alter

antiochos inter cum seditione coerta

Act. 15.

Mosaicos ritus et anitum pondera legum

fratribus inculcat Pharisaica turba cietque

scismaticus pestes et caeni vincla prioris

quæ nec ferre patres nec nos portavimus ipsi

nec poterit servare ætas ventura nepotum

hæc mala vel Paulo presente vidente docente

impia sex agitat: Quid nostra hæc tempora? quid non

ergo vbi fraterni convulsum Culmen amoris

videtet excusæ languentia federa pacis

protinus assumpto proficicitur ille sodali

consultumque patres tenui velocior aura

pergit Hierosolimas Mox confluxere parentes

grandævi veneranda Cohors et vulnera curant

Petrus etiam eo loci vbi:

Primus ibi ante omnes to celeberrimus vrbe

[555]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Latin Text</th>
<th>English Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Iacobus episcopatum tenuit</em></td>
<td>Peter also gave suffrage in the voting of the first in the decrees.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>in decernendo primas obtinuit</em></td>
<td>In the voting of the first he obtained.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Proximus a primo κρινειν Iacobus habebat</em></td>
<td>The next to the first, Jacob, held judgement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>inde refert Paulus peregrinum vt viserit orbem quantaque barbaricas acciret gratia gentes</em></td>
<td>Paul, who had travelled the world, wanted to acquire barbarian territory for the benefit of the nations.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>vox audita vir studijs accensa referrent</em></td>
<td>The voice of the man enlightened by study was reported.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>pectora ter sancti postquam meminere magistri</em></td>
<td>His heart of the holy men remembered them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Messis abunda satis sed defest operarius (inquit)</em></td>
<td>The harvest is plentiful enough but the laborer is deficient.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Sunt lachrimæ rerum et mentem miseratio tangit non secus ac celeri qui fertur in avia Cursa</em></td>
<td>There are tears of things and a soul moves sorrow that moves as quickly as he who travels by bird.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Corripuere viam desudatosque labores in melius vertant et gaudia luctibus æquant</em></td>
<td>They tore up the path of the troubled laborers and turned them to better ends and joys measured to sadness.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Gens antiqua fuit studijs asperima belli</em></td>
<td>An ancient people had studies as difficult as war.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Parthia.</em></td>
<td>Parthia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Parthica nomen habet rubrum mare sentit ab austro hircanumque fretum septem fudere triones</em></td>
<td>The name of Parthia is the red sea that feels from the east hircanian appetite is seven times to burn the trines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Scithia.</em></td>
<td>Scithia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Didimus hoc Thomas mater ei Scithia est Tanais devisa meatu frigoribus durata suis patientque laborum</em></td>
<td>Didimus, this is Thomas mother to Scithia is Tanais, the meat of the cold endured its patient labor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>India.</em></td>
<td>India.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>India laeta duas messes fructusque secundos quæ capit et primi contenta lumina solis dives agri dives placide mulcentibus auris messibus erre novis nunc horrea plena reportat</em></td>
<td>India is an occasion to two harvests and fruits and days that it captures and first content light of the sun. The fertile fields are fertile in placidly fertile and new fields. The barns are now full of report.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Ethiopia.</em></td>
<td>Ethiopia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Bartholomæus habet Ethiopia quorum sub montibus Atlantis littora strata iacent quæ littora sole tepescunt occiduo gaudentque vndantis flumien Nili</em></td>
<td>Bartholomaeus has Ethiopia of whom under the mountains of Atlantis the littoral strata lie which littoral solar tepescents at sunset they enjoy the river of Nile.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

64.571 vertant: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘vertunt’.
64.576 devisa: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘divisa’.
[Fol. 75v] Catchword: ‘littora’.
oceanoque freto terraque orientis Ægipti
traditque Mattheo

Vide Niceph. lib. 2. Capadocum Simon Petrus Galatumque ruinas
curat et obtigerat to Asia Charo Ioanni [590]

Caetera Nicephorus nos paucis plura canemus
Interea Paulus terris iactatus et vndis

Act. 16. multa quoque et flagris passus et carcere multa
artibus exultus doctas pervenit Athenas

Act. 17. Protinus accelerant rerum studiosa novarum [595]
turba virum doctique sophi timideaque puellæ
advertuntque animos pendentque loquentis ab ore
tum Paulus (neque enim prius abstinuere rogatis)
quam circumfusum placesset voce Catervam

O ait o hominum plusquam sermone profari [600]
fas habet, inconsulta cohors tutuloque superba
nescio quot rerum quaram sub imagine falsa
intumet et toto maceratur devia Cælo

Ecce (viri fratres) dum limina vestra subintro
limina magnorum Cætu miranda sophorum [605]
hei mihi quot video pro rebus semina rerum
nulla domus vacua est passim fera regnat erinnis
vrbs orbata suis oculis et lumie capta
ter nimium nimiumque superstitione laborat
obvia querenti mihi fit dum cætera lustro [610]
ignota sacrata deo quæ ponitur ara
ingari Colitus quem summa luce colendum
par fuit hunc vobis hunc solum predico (fratres)
qui cha<rt>os antiquum partes divisit in omnes
qui Cælo terras et terris abscidit vndas [615]
qui fera teribili iaculatur fulmina dextra
qui solus mundi ruiturum sustinet axem
Ille opifex rerum nostroque salutifer ævo

64.599] circumfusum: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘circumfusam’.
64.614] partes: ‘r’ and ‘t’ possibly crossed out, but this is unclear. Retained in transcription.
tempora despiciens fœdis conclusa volucris
et genus humanum tanto complexus amore
avorat et tenebris missa sub secula nato
virginem in Corpus quem milla pericula passum
per mare per terras et acerbæ vulnera mortis
restituit vitae superasque remisit ad auras
dixit et incertum studia in contraria vulgus
Scinditur eludunt alij tolluntque chachinnos
hi dubitant pauci sincero pectore Condunt
e quibus ille fuit celeri Dionisus arte

Dionisius Areopagita.

Cuius ad obtitum Phæbus pudibenda
ora cruentatis avertens lumina caepitis
nonum animo exciderat cum splendidis Areopagi
doctor in aeterni desudans viscera caeli
Eclipsumque videns quam nec natura nec artis
admisit ratio sic in sua verba resolvit
Aut patitur mundi deus aut hæc machina mundi
dissolvetur ait vigilans industria quid non
expuguat? quid non mentis coniectat acumen?

Mat. 27. Marc. 17.
Luc. 23.
Dionis Areop. in epist.
ad Policarpum.

Euseb. lib. 3. cap. 4.
de Celesti Hierarchia
de ecclesiast Hierarch.
de diuinis nominibus
de mistica Theolog.

præsul Athenarum (Paulo statuente) creatus
edidit egregiæ bis bina volumina famæ
que tibi Commendo vere sunt aurea (lector)
omnia perlustrans cursat videt et revisit
non labor absterret, non sordida lucra morantur
non mora laxatas oneri permittit habenas
quantumque fuit pedibusve, manuve, rotave
huc atque huc celeri defertur in omnia cursu<...>
deinde peragratis ignoti partibus orbis

*Iudæis* iterum solidam firmware salutem [650]

*Act. 21.*
nititur et notas iterum Contendit ad oras

Pene quaterdecimum regnabit *Claudius* annum

lucida sacrælegi miscent acomita ministri

*Sueton cap. 23. & 24.*

occubensque neci supremae sceptra *Neroni*

*in via Claudij Cæs.*

Commendat verbis reducémcum ad sidera *Christum* [655]

*Anno domini 56.*

bis duo bis deni volvendis mensibus orbis

vidissent læti *Nondum* miserabile *Cæsar*

flagitius patæfæcit iter retinentem magistro

*Seneca pius Philosophus*

Philosophoque pio *Seneca* qui pondere vocis

*Cornelius Tacit. lib. 13:

frænat et emollit iuvenilis plena furoris [660]

*vide Tragediam octaviam*

pectora non aliter luctantem <Re>publica flamam

*Act. 2.*

viribus occule<s>ri>s sed qué tamen vsque recurrat

omnia invitis Quibus enim celaverit ignem?

*Act. 21.*

vincula iam *Paulum* cruciant tormentaque dira

*Paulus Hieros. in carcer.*
et *Iudæa* ferox et inanis murmura vulgi [665]

duos annos permansit.

ille manet fixis medijsque in millibus vrget

*act. 2. 23. 24. 25. 26.*
invisumque suis dum se videt esse tribun al<l>

*Act. 25.*

*Caesar* apellat fruitur spatia<s>que> bienni

*ingreditur*

*Act. 27. Act. vltimo.*
hopsicium *Rome* , latijsque suisque

*Hic Lucas destit Paulum*

lumen evangelij nullo discriminé prodir

Quin et *Romulide* quantum profecerit

et quibus auxiliis *Iudæis* vicerit artes

discipulum scripto monuit *Me Caesar* inquit

2. *Timo. 4.*

Ante pedes dubijs ægrum successibus atque

Extrema stantem fortuna nemo iuvabit [670]

Ausfugere omnes gelidusque per <mira> ima cucurrit

ossa tremor iusto precor vt sub iudite pænas

quas meruere pati non dent (charissime fili)

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64.668] *spatia<s>que*: Second ‘a’ perhaps ‘o’; would give ‘spatiosque’.
64.669] *ingreditur*: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
64.671] *profecerit*: ‘i’ written over ‘a’.

255
At qui/cuncta potest operari solus et vnus
Astitit ille mihi tempestatique futuræ
Mete leuamen erat nec me tulit esse relictum

Vnde colligit Paulum dicta fancibus abreptum spumantis cæde leonis
causa absolutum fuisse et Protinus amissæ videt et dispendia prædæ
evangelium postea prædicasse fex Iudæa sitim nondum satia cruentam
per annos. 10. (in facinus iurasse putes) nova pectore versat
Consilia et scelerum gravioribus incubat ausis [Fol. 77r]

Iacobus iustus frater
Iacobus sanctæ venerandis Episcopus vrbis
sanguinis admixta Clarus cognomine Iusti et
Clarior vita longe clarissimus ipsa
hos apud æterni iecit fundamina verbi [690]
sanctus honoratæ fælici matris ab alvo
sanctus ab intacta terreni fece negoti
balneolis, oleis, vnguentis, vitibus, hostis
non animale satatur vacuo iuiunia ventre
et crebris precibus toto agit integer annos [695]
Cuius ad obsequium vitae exempla probatae
aucta fides dederat quæsitam cædibus ansam

Egesippus lib. 5. apud. sanctus honoratæ fælici matris ab alvo
Euseb. lib. 4. cap. 32 sanctus ab intacta terreni fece negoti
egerant enim cum balneolis, oleis, vnguentis, vitibus, hostis
Hunc igitur summi residentem in vertice templi
Iacobo vt sua autho// pacta prius quiddam quod ab ipsis stare putabant
ritate populum a circumfusa ruit teneros fucata susurros [700]
Christo revocaret. turba virum scelerata Chohors instructa dolosis
artibus et plusquam crudelia cæpta voluntas
talia voce refert hominum sanctissima proles
Cuius in arbitrio posita est sententia nostra
Cuius honorati mirare in verba Magistri [705]
cuius honorati mirare in verba Magistri
cuius in arbitrio posita est sententia nostra
res iubet et pietaet et muturata senectus
aspcis ignotum plebs vt veneretur Iesum
Mesiamqve ferat quem quondam magna loquentem

64.679] qui/cuncta: Hand E has added line to demarcate two words he initially compounded.
[Fol. 76v] Catchword: ‘Consilia’.
64.688] clarus: ‘u’ written over ‘i’.
64.689] ^et^: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
et sibi credentem et cælesti patre superbum
protinus e terris meritum devovimus orco

Dicage (quando tibi divum pater atq hominum rex
dit
expugnare de, quem nos incognita turbant)

Dic age (quando tibi divum pater et hominem rex
dit
expugnare de, quem nos incognita turbant)

Dic age veri quæ tandem lumina Christi
tu Iacobe voces tibi nos pendemus ab ore
talibus orabat dictis Pharisaæ caterva

Confessio Iacobi

Dic age veri quæ tandem lumina Christi
tu Iacobe voces tibi nos pendemus ab ore
talibus orabat dictis Pharisaæ caterva

Crux tua nostra salus tua mors nos morte redemptus
et patriæ reduces fecit qui plurima sæcla
fraude Catenati patrijuque excludimus oris
tu patris ad dextram nos in tua regna vocasti
venisti pastor tenerum solatus ovile
qui venies olim spatio in æthera ludex
vivis et æternum tua laus florebit in ævum
vix bene finierat pudor, et furor iræ mentem
hostibus extimulat hominem quem elate colendum
religione patrem nulli pietate secundum

talia dicentem feriunt pinnaque suprema
protrusum in terras furiata mente dederunt
Ille quidem (horesco referens) quo fata vocabant
volvitur in præceps ac poplite lapsus vtroque
orat et inanis animis meliora precatus

extrema sanctum sequitur pietate magistrum
vivus
iam quoque difficili spirat semi<nibus> agone

---

64.712] de^dit^*<bent>*: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
64.733] horesco: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘horresco’.
64.737] semi*vivus<nibus>*: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.
Excidiu m Hierosol quod Sede vacante patres Simionem substituere [740]
 iam imminebat Iosephus prognatum Cleopha coniunctum sanguine Christo
 partim huic flagitio Pax ab Iudaes alius tamen ingruit horror
 piaculum assignat et gravior quem das finem rex magne laborum
 Hae (inquit) omnia Iudaes Principio Caesar immanis ab omni
 acciderant propter parte foret nostrum horrendum Cendele superbum [745]
 Iacobum cognominatum fas nihili pendens tetræ feritatis imago
 iustum. qui erat frater matris et uxoris dimisit in ilia ferum
 Iesu qui dicitur Christus ter tribus ruunt quæ mortibus atque diebus
 quem iustiss. & pijiss. omnium continuis miseram pariunt incendia stragem
 confessione virum Iudaei Sæva renitentes populatur flamma plateas [750]
 interfecerunt Ioseph. Cumque satis arbusta simul perudesque virosque
tectaque cumque suis rapuit penetralia sacrís
 lib. 20. cap. 19. Cornelius tectaque cumque suis rapuit penetralia sacris
 Sueton in vita Neronis Infelix Caesar perituris pectora palmis [755]
cap. 34. & 35. Contulit sævis vlciscitur ignibus ignes
 Cornelius Tacit. lib. 15. Subditit ergo reos in quos Crudele tirannos
 Osor. lib. 7. cap. 7 ederet exemplum non vlo Crimine santes
 Cornelius Tacit. lib. 15 sed genus invisum Christique insigne gerentes
 Suet in Nerone Caes. affixus alios Cencibus terrisque ferinis [760]
cap. 16. impositos alios subiectis vre re flammis
 Hieron in Catal. Script. iussit: et arderi nocturni in luminis vsum
 August. de Civitate Quid moror externis? rediere domestica bella
 dei. lib. 5. cap. 11. sepe ego magnorum recolo dum scripta sophorum
 Concitus occurrit non ultima gloria sanctus [765]
grandiloquosque patres et avitæ pondera famæ
 Sæneca si fas est sanctis cum patribus istur
dicere) qui mersum tenebris damnabile sæclum
 increpat et mutuo Paulum complexus amore
 scripta libens habuit liberque remisit ad illum

64.737] e=e-rebrum: Correction by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage
64.767] No opening lunula to match that after ‘dicere’.
non tultit hos mores non h<...>ius iurgia Caesar [770]
nec hortatoris fidissima verba magistri
mitior ista tamen neque Convenientia primis
quod necis electum meritis pro tallibus addit
Interea Petrus magni Coriphaeus ovilis

itque reditque frequens et purgat fecibus vrbe
his quibus allectam cæco modulamine turbe
caeperat impostor qui postquam fœda
in tenebris vivens aliquot labentibus annis
hæsit in adverso fructumque salutis abegit
denique blasphæmis iactantem plurima verbis
spirantemque suis ad ad summam Culmen Olimpi

carminibus magicis Petrus melioribus atmis
vaniloquum e summi deiecit in ima prophætam

Egesippus. lib. 3. cap. 2.

Egessipus. lib. 3. cap. 2.

Mat. 16.

Egesipp. lib. 3. cap. 2.

Hieron in Catal.

Prima Crucifixum dederat sententia Petrum
qui simul ac decreta videt Capitalia mortem
Æmulus excelsi metuens ambire Magistri

exigit et pedibus mecum Caput imprimat imo
stipite deiecto quo spectet lumine terram

figitur ergo manus subter pedibusque supinis
altior hoc animo quanto minor ille figura

noverat ex humili citius penetrabile cælum
pectore prostratas agnoscent æthera mentes

[775]

[Fol.] 78[r]

64.796] mecum: Kilroy (2005) emends to ‘versum’.
Proximus in Pauli ingulum Nero fervidus iram evomit et Corpus læthali vulnerat ense qua Collo est confine Caput, praedixerat ipse

2. Tim. 4. *Timotheumque monet iam (nunc ait ipse resolvor)*

*Et consummato delabor ad æthra cursa*
nec mora protrahitur non lux non hora fefellit dividit ossa duum ripa sacratus vtraque

*Tibris et exstructis æterna trophæa sepuchris,* regio
dextra Petrum regio_A tenet altera Paulum [810]
et quos vna fides <...> fouit, quos vna salutis anchora nutrivit morientes lucifer idem

evehit ad superes, exoptatamque Coronam sedem
 Protinus a Petro successor habebat

*Anno domini. 70.*
*Iren lib. 3. cap. 3.* *Liuus at imperium confecta Galba Nerone*

*vide suetoni in vitis*

*prostavit Galbam, septem post mensibus Otho.*

*Istum nec vita nec morte Vitellius, vt vir, namque vbi nocturnas quæ temperat æmula currus bis quater in toto reparsset cornua ciclo.*

*Eminus accito succumbens Vespasiano* [820]
turpiter imperium cum sanguine fudit inermi

finis

[pp. 176-201] [BLANK PAGES]

[Fol.] 79[r] [BLANK PAGE]

[Fol. 79v] [TEXT IN LATER HAND, UPSIDE DOWN]

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64.808] *dividit*: Terminal ‘t’ written over ‘d’.
64.809] *exstructis*: ‘x’ written over another letter, possibly ‘I’.
64.814] *sede*: Correction made by Hand E; ink matches main text, suggesting revision made at initial copying stage.

[Fol. 79v]: Translation ‘Out of Thomas Aquinas’
what natures worke is this in one wightes corps to hyde
so gaye giftes & so bad ill myxt w' owt a meane
The happye hedde of witt, y® tong well set to speake
the skillfull pen in hand to paint the wittes device
vncerteyne is the rest which shame will not discrye
nor rage w' stroke of tonge that byttrest ege to byte,
Ageye the dead who hath discharged vnto earth
Dame natures loue of lyf y' hevy dett to paye
what saye we then by ye whose wittye workes we see
Excell in kynd of verce as woorthy chawcers mate
even as the paynter good, w' pensell, natures match
Apelles ons did leave y® lusting goddes hedd
porterd w' shape of lyf faire blomes of beawtis shyne
so fayre & lively drawn w' collers to behold
that onely yt lakt in dede both lyf & heat therin
the boddy left vnmade no connyng hand in woorke
the craft of skill well tryed dourst facion to y® rest
and drawe w' trained hand a sightlye boddyes frame
to y' so noble pece y® prayse of paintures scoole
such was natures device so fyne in sevte to mold
& plentyfull to make one kynd w' shiffted sort
thy hedd she made of witt, a paragon of tonge
a sottell tole to fyle y® roughe hewne to the best
of style a streame to flowe w' conynyng to Indite
w® ch envye wyll deny most perfytest grace to have
such seldom thewes of kynd is seld in one hed fownd
what should I saye the rest much better ment then spoke
not hyd w'\textsuperscript{th} envies flame Lust prays for to deny
but staid by purposd stile thy great lacke to forgett
the had well praysd in the not had is stayd to wishe

[30]

[66]

[Fol. 80v] I prai to god, who weldeth ai, the sterri heavns
in cours so due, to serve him & hys chosen all
y\textsuperscript{i} this desyred knot, that all the free do knit
and seek to wrap them selves within, & hoap to last
with heated hart in love, to lead the stailes hap
of lives vnended bond: so maye the course be set
of yo\textsuperscript{f} remained lijf: that all this slipri tyme
do of breath ne given but lent to yeld vp at the <wie>
forpointed of the owner hie: yow may go through
w'\textsuperscript{e}asi mynde, & passe the strijfsles yoake w'\textsuperscript{i}health
vngreeved of disease, while hoared aage do call
& tell that all must paye the due, which birth to death
doth ow by natures plaine decree, & heer to leav
sum frute behynd, vndeathfull if the goan be mai
vndeathfull ai to maake ye heer, & eek to leave
of them by tyme againe to keap the goal, to bee
boathe happie, in this haples age, and happie eeke
w hear happes vnhappy can be noan, & so to short
my wishe, desire, that happie hap yow boathe befall
w'\textsuperscript{ch} yow do wishe yo' selves to have, & god doth heap
on hys beloved chosen: & none have no moar. ~

[66]

[66] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 9-10mm apart scored into the paper. Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.

66.8) °day°: Correction probably not by Hand A, with open-bowled ‘d’ and tail of ‘y’ which flicks strongly to the right.

66.21) Medial colon unclear, and slightly misaligned, with second dot beneath main text.

moar: Terminal ‘r’ smudged and partially obscured.
[67]

[Fol. 80v] The fainted shade of lif painted w't nature's hand
like blossom freshe of hew dothe sleighely passe away
who in the morning castes a pleasant beame of youthe
but or y^e cold dewd night, the hote son dothe a bate
& hides his dayly course ay drenched in y^e sea
her fairnes all doth fade shronken w^th withred sear
and fallethe downe apall'd w't drery chere to see. ~

[68]

[Fol.] 81[r] vncertaine certaine deathe free grindall hath the rawght
w't dent of flaming plagg, & stint thy race of lif
no losse ther in to be, thy quiet lif thee tawght
synce bound is none so free, as change to rest from strif
by study lernd, by proof sober, by nature wise
by grace well lyvd to dye & free from egre lust
didst welthe of hap beare well & throws of chaunce dispise
well pleas'd w't smart of death, th'apointed end of dust
thie lif did other please, death did thy self content
an hapy havin of lif well wune in vertues lore
wherfore thy spedy death was late to lyf well spent
& makes thee hapy man more hapy then before. ~

[67] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 9-10mm apart scored into the paper. Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.

[68] is copied by Hand A. The poem is ruled, with lines approx. 9-10mm apart scored into the paper. Dots marking guides for line spacing visible in left margin.

68.10 \textit{wune}: First letter unclear; sequence of minims would allow for ‘w’, making ‘wune’, though form not typical of Hand A. Minims and possible dot above second minim may suggest ‘ri’, making ‘rimne’, i.e., ‘run’. Transcription above prefers first option.
So luckie be yo' twistid holde of copled youthe
Iknit withe easy bondes of hartes well pleasid happe
That day do none appere so gray ne nighte so darke
withe deadly soore of haate well able streife <..> to make
Ne thoughtefull aake of dreery minde to fetche the sighe
So deepe of wakinge nightes to forthinke happes be falen
Ne fretid worde so sharpe to lawnce the tendre harte
And leave the restes hevy minde in care be wrapte
Yonge impes ye may have < anc broughte well vppe
In wanton youthe withe spoorte to play w' dred to learne
To serve the heavenly Lorde above w' lowlie feare
And eke the soveraigne here on earthe w' humble harte
In age when heate of feirs batayle dothe presse the state
W' manfull hande and harte to serve in welschie peace
W' cownsell helpe evells to redresse good things tadvaunce
In haythe of honours princely seate and stately rule
To beare them eaven and iustely, dele eche wighte betwene
In order of private doings to vse the <state> stay
Of temperance in all the course of worldly lyfe
By trade of wisdoms loore the skilled way to sve
And then the longer that the webbe of lyves tike
Thread stretchethowte y' feble holde of hastie life
And drawithe on the reache of all appointed endes
This likely duties knot the faster may be bownde
w' staide agremente of marriage the happie parte
And daylie moore encrese in honours heighe degree
w' praise amonge all ear> thely folkes afore the Lorde

---

[69]
[69] is copied by Hand A. The poem is not ruled, and copied further from left margin and toward centre of leaf than [65]-[68].
69.4] <...>: Deleted word scrubbed out / covered over.
69.7] fretid: ‘r’ possibly written over another letter, unidentifiable.
69.9] 'many faire': Correction by Hand A2; ink darker than the main text, suggesting later revision.
whose dreadfull hande dothe turne the starry heavens aboute
And stayethe yᵉ heavy earthe vppon the stormy seaes
In godly feare and wirshipp of his holy name
To leade the course in of this vnstayde slipprie life /
These words ffolowinge that M' Diringe spake in this life
the occasion was by the openinge of a windowe, at wch the sonn
dyd shine in vpon him, the wch windowe was opened of
purpose by those that then wear wth him, who thought he
had bene dead because he Laye soe still & moued not, then
they asked him if the Sonn did not burne hime /
who answered thus. /

There is but one sonn that giueth light<es> vnto the earth, there is but
one Sonn of righteousnes, there is but one ffealowshipp of Saintes
wch I wishe wee maie holde through loue to the ende. / Yf wee
wear the excellentist creatures in the worlde If wee wear as
righteous as Abraham Isack & Iacob for they wear the most righteous
on the earth, yet wee must confes that wee are all synneres & haue
nede of the grace of god, and that there is no saluation but in the
rightuoussnes of Christe, And for my parte I feel such Ioie of
sprighte, that if I sholde here the sentence of lyfe on the one side
and the sentence of death on the other side, seing the Lorde hath
appointed his time of seperation I had rathre a thousand times
Chuse the sentence of death then of lyfe /

Ellina Harrington
## INDEX 1: ALPHABETISED FIRST-LINE INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>Poem No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A face that should content me wonderous well</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All held their peace and fixed with eyes intentive to behold</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As oft as I behold and see</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At least withdraw your cruelty</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest be the day, the month, and all the year</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caesar what time the wise and valiant head</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diverse thy death diversely do bemoan</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain of sorrow, O spring of all pain</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Babel’s bower and all her wicked ways</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From pensive fancies then I gan my heart revoke</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Tuscan came my lady’s worthy race</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give ear to my suit Lord fromward hide not thy face</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hannibal won but after could not sue</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howsoever the world shall wind</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am not dead although I had a fall</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I do bewail the steps I trod awry</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I do beweep my reckless passed days</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I find no peace and all my war is done</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I never saw my lady look apart</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I pray to God who wieldeth aye the starry heavens</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I see my plaint with open ears</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Solomon David’s son king of Jerusalem</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I that sometime with slender flute in verse was wont to sound</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If duty wife lead thee to deem</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If he that erst the form so lively drew</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If love be not, what throes do I sustain</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If stable mind and heart that cannot feign</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Cyprus springs whereas Dame Venus dwelt</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the rude age when science was not so rife</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like to the steerless boat that swerves with every wind</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London, dost thou accuse me</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Love that doth reign and live within my thought
Lucks my fair falcon and your fellows all
Martial the things for to attain
Mine own J.P since you delight to know
None can deem right who faithful friends do rest
Now hope now fear now joy now woeful case
Now that mine eyes thy pistle read already have suffered stain
O Lord upon whose will dependeth my welfare
Plain ye mine eyes accompany my heart
Sancta salutiferi nascentia semina verbi
Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green
So cruel prison how could betide alas
So lucky be your twisted hold of coupled youth
Some kind of creatures have so piercing sight
Such wayward ways hath love that most part in discord
The Assyrians’ king in peace with foul desire
The belly cheer ease and the restless bed
The fainted shade of life painted by nature’s hand
The Great Macedon that out of Persia chased
The precious pillar perished is and rent
The sudden storms that heave me to and fro
The wandering gadling in the summer tide
The sun hath twice brought forth the tender green
The wandering gadling in the summer tide
These words following that Mr Dering spake in this life
Though Lord to Israel thy graces plenteous be
Uncertain certain death free Grindal hath thee raught
Venemous thorns that be both sharp and keen
Vengeance must fall on thee thou filthy whore
What nature’s work is this in one wight’s corpse to hide
When Asia state was overthrown and Priamus kingdom stout
When I bethought me well under the restless sun
When that repentant tears hath cleansed clear from ill
When Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm
When youth had led me half the race 37
Where guiltless men are grievously oppressed 18
Where reckless youth in a unquiet breast 55
Whoso can weigh of each attempt the end 60
You in whose rhymes dispersed hear the sound 19
You on whose necks the weight of rule doth rest 17
INDEX 2: AUTHOR-BASED FIRST-LINE INDEX

Anon.

I do bewail the steps I trod awry 29
[Cheke, Sir John?]
So lucky be your twisted hold of coupled youth 69
[Harington, John, of Stepney?]
Blest be the day, the month, and all the year 24
Caesar what time the wise and valiant head 22
Fountain of sorrow, O spring of all pain 14
From Babel’s bower and all her wicked ways 25
Hannibal won but after could not sue 27
Howsoever the world shall wind 61
I do beweep my reckless passed days 31
If love be not, what throes do I sustain 20
If stable mind and heart that cannot feign 23
Now hope now fear now joy now woeful case 26a
Some kind of creatures have so piercing sight 21
The belly cheer ease and the restless bed 30
The precious pillar perished is and rent 28
Where guiltless men are grievously oppressed 18
Vengeance must fall on thee thou filthy whore 13
You in whose rhymes dispersed hear the sound 19
You on whose necks the weight of rule doth rest 17

Campion, Edward (1540-1581)

Sancta salutiferi nascentia seminar verbi 64

Chaloner, Sir Thomas (1521-1565)

Now that mine eyes thy pistle read already have suffered stain 1

Cheke, Sir John (1514-1557)

I pray to God who wieldeth aye the starry heavens 66
The fainted shade of life painted by nature’s hand 67
Uncertain certain death free Grindal hath thee rauht
What nature’s work is this in one wight’s corpse to hide

**Dering, Edward (1540-1576)**
These words following that Mr Dering spake in this life

**Harington, John, of Stepney (1517x1520-1582)**
At least withdraw your cruelty
If duty wife lead thee to deem
None can deem right who faithful friends do rest
Whoso can weigh of each attempt the end

**Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey (1516x17-1547)**
As oft as I behold and see
Diverse thy death diversely do bemoan
From pensive fancies then I gan my heart revoke
From Tuscan came my lady’s worthy race
Give ear to my suit Lord fromward hide not thy face
I never saw my lady look apart
I Solomon David’s son king of Jerusalem
If he that erst the form so lively drew
In Cyprus springs whereas Dame Venus dwelt
In the rude age when science was not rife
London, dost thou accuse me
Like to the steerless boat that swerves with every wind
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Such wayward ways hath love that most part in discord
The Assyrians’ king in peace with foul desire
The Great Macedon that out of Persia chased
The sudden storms that heave me to and fro
The sun hath twice brought forth the tender green 32
Though Lord to Israel thy graces plenteous be 58
When I bethought me well under the restless sun 53
When that repentant tears hath cleansed clear from ill 54
When Winsdor walls sustained my wearied arm 40
When youth had led me half the race 37
Where reckless youth in a unquiet breast 55

**Phaer, Thomas (1510?-1560)**

All held their peace and fixed with eyes intentity to behold 3
I that sometime with slender flute in verse was wont to sound 2
When Asia state was overthrown and Priamus’ kingdom stout 15

**Wyatt, Sir Thomas (1503-1542)**

A face that should content me wonderous well 9
I am not dead although I had a fall 7
I find no peace and all my war is done 5
I see my plaint with open ears 12
Lucks my fair falcon and your fellows all 8
Mine own J.P since you delight to know 4
Plain ye mine eyes accompany my heart 11
The wandering gadling in the summer tide 10
Venemous thorns that be both sharp and keen 6
APPENDIX 1

Gerard Kilroy’s English translation of *Sancta salutiferi nascentia semina verbi*\(^{61}\)

*The first generation of the new-born church*

This is a catalogue of the Roman pontiffs, Emperors, Fathers and sufficiently significant events after the Ascension of Christ our Saviour up to the seventieth year of Our Lord.

These are the authors whom I have used more frequently:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Josephus</td>
<td>Augustine</td>
<td>Suetonius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philo</td>
<td>Theodoretus</td>
<td>Cornelius Tacitus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eusebius</td>
<td>Egesippus</td>
<td>Eutropius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerome</td>
<td>Nicephorus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[Dedication]

To Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, one of the most heroic men alive, Edmund Campion at Oxford wishes eternal and true happiness. If I, an ordinary mortal, had any doubt, my most noble Lord, of your warmth and enthusiasm both for learning and indeed for the entire Christian world, I should think it absolutely necessary to apologise for my boldness, even impudence, before I adorned my work with your name. But as your very generous virtues of nature and talent are well known, and as these have been enhanced by an outstanding and incredible ease of manner which makes it impossible for anyone to be frightened in an approach of this kind, I have had no fear of seeming arrogant in this undertaking: I, a young man of little worth, call confidently upon you to be patron of this work. For among our people, your dignity, your extraordinary learning and your well-tried piety and kindness been the subject of pride and admiration. In addition to this, you have shown to me personally, above all others, such a token of your splendour and glory in accepting my rough and loquacious little works of literature that, conscious of your generosity and kindness, I feel myself deeply in your debt. I could not rest, therefore, until I had completed this little literary offering, and produced it to show my loyalty and devotion towards you.

So let me now, in a cause so noble and with a judge so well disposed, abandon all pretence of uncultivated and pointless shyness, and pass over as quite unnecessary those defensive devices which others use to win over readers step by step, and to solicit or gain their favour. Here for you, Sir, a man held in the highest esteem by all, is a history of the church as it comes to birth (if I can so describe it) from the Ascension of our Saviour to the time when that most wicked emperor Nero put to death those lights of the whole church, Peter and Paul. It is written in heroic verse, enumerating the events in plain prose rather than in an elaborate paraphrase.

This period of time, rich in wisdom, I have decided to call the first generation of the Christian faith, when Peter, who as Roman Pontiff was forming the shape of the whole church, and Paul, who was acting as the Doctor of the Gentiles, were butchered. It seemed

\(^{61}\) I am grateful to Dr Gerard Kilroy for generously sending to me a copy of the typescript of his translation, which is reproduced here.
especially fitting that I should insert into the history of the subsequently established church what came to be numbered the first out of the ten most famous persecutions which reached their end with Nero. Then for the first time Almighty God gave peace to the Christians, and stirred up the Emperor Vespasian and Titus his son to break and avenge the treachery and obstinacy of the Jews. The overthrow of that nation I wish to deal with more fully and in a more scholarly way, when I am fully armed with references. Meanwhile I wished to provide a summary of the main events that preceded it, a time packed with the stormy fluctuations of political life.

I entrust this to you, a history based on a careful collation of the best authorities, a period rich in good examples and admirable men and, in its very variety I imagine, attractive to you. I shall be overjoyed if you approve; if not, I shall nevertheless be glad that you will have with you some proof of my hard work and religious observance. If I have achieved that one thing, which your humanity and generosity promise to me, then I shall have achieved both the richest fruit of my labours and, in a way, the most appropriate payment. May the most merciful God meanwhile preserve your high office (there is nothing in this age more holy or more renowned); may it remain unharmed and uninjured for as long as possible. Farewell.

[Invocation: 1-36]

The birth of the sacred seeds of the Word that brings salvation; the voices courageously uttered, wherever the bowels of the spacious earth lie open, by heavenly inspiration; the tragic storms of that period of the world’s history worse than the age of iron, which trampled down the gifts of the promised salvation; and the first lights of the Christian flock: of all these shall I sing.

Help me, O Christ, as I try to relate the praises of thy people – thou who hast always pitted the grievous labours of men, who art the Hope, the Way, the Life, Salvation and origin of a better world. Son of God the Father, true God from true God: with thee as my guide I am going down a road whose tracks are not open without thee; without thee the gloomy path will not disclose its inaccessible steps to one so young. And you too, O happy souls – if I can dare to hope for such patrons in my prayers – who have endured such great dangers by sea and land through the anger of offended princes (it is your battles I sing): come to the aid of this feeble bard! O brave men with your virile courage, hasten here.

I sing of arms and men, and wars thrice three times savage, shrieking against Christ, waged over plains defiled with blood; yet I sing too of souls victorious when darkness has been unwillingly repelled by the light; of the unsullied trophies of leaders, shining through heaven, the comfort of a delicately young people. I sing of arms and men, not those brandished by Aeneas, the martial hero, nor the madness of the mighty thunderer as he wields his lightning, nor the battle standards of an imagined Minerva. Jupiter is dead; perished is the Tritonian Pallas, and Phoebus Apollo who guides his chariot horses (Vulcan’s gift) and Saturn’s grandson to whom Jupiter was mother; perished is royal, stately-stepping Juno, Jupiter’s sister and wife; dead too is Mars, and Diana’s realm of lies; and whatever divinities superstitious antiquity has invented. For one alone, he who is Father of gods and King of men possesses earth and sea and stars and sky: he cherishes the earth; mortal affairs are his care. May he be with me and give me strength for my song!
Vol. I

[The Risen Christ: 37-69]

And now the day was at hand, to be marked by stone of snowy white, when God ranging
the earth in human form, having taught his disciples and accomplished all his works to
perfection, and all the commands which he had received from his dear Father, triumphed on the fortieth
day after his conquest of death and, with the indwelling spirit, poured out upon his eager
friends the inspiration of the power of God. Indeed, so that no spark of treachery should
remain, he sat among them, much to their joy, and ate with them; with his oft-quoted
discourse he reached into their inmost hearts.

Next, he commanded them not to leave Jerusalem, nor directly to choose to rob minds of
hope, but hold and keep their hearts firmly fixed and grounded in his sure promises. He
commanded too that the earth be surely founded on a new light, and that deceit and treachery
should be no more. ‘Behold in me,’ he said, ‘in me who make this promise, a truthful teacher,
as even envy bears witness. Inspired by heaven, I am sending you forth as heralds for
purposes that transcend human designs. So turn your mind to heavenly things, and lift up
your face to the stars above. Up till now, the revelation of John’s baptism was enough: when
it was a mere atonement to be made for past sin, it was enough for people content with the
little ritual of simple water to draw and sprinkle it over them. Now a different and very
exalted strength is needed, and strenuous vigour too, to face these tasks, for they are immense.
So when time has gone by and a few days have elapsed after this, you will open your pure
hearts to the Holy Spirit, and seize the richer gifts of the new baptism.’ He spoke and, as the
chorus of angels sang and the stars applauded, he rent the air asunder with his heavenly wings.
He who had risen from the dead, returned to the heaven above which he had abandoned so
joyfully for our – for mankind’s – sake.

[The Apostles: 70-123]

So he had gone; but his servants did not go: Simon, who was given the famous name of Peter,
the two brothers James and the beloved John; Andrew; Thomas; Matthew; Bartholomew;
Simon the Zealot; Alphaeus; the other Judas; and Philip who had followed the Lord after the
first. To these we should add Mathias, chosen by lot. These twelve undertook the Lord’s
commands, and suffered much at the hands of rulers, and very much at the hands of the mob;
yet they were faithful in their hearts to his last words. Burning with sacred fire, strong in the
power of the Spirit that speaks the truth, and armed with the lofty strength of faith, they spoke
with warm eloquence: and the whole world trembled. There are other heralds too, whose
names stand out from those in this little book, whose deeds of renown Time will not destroy
nor age consume.

Stephen, whose name in Greek means crown, you were the first, you who suffered a fate
for which you deserved your crown, who conquered the devil, drove away darkness with
light. In the midst of your foes, you shone with heavenly light, and on those very foes
bestowed the most beautiful gifts of salvation. Stones, cruel hands and wounds tormented
you: overcome, you allowed your life to dissolve in the insubstantial air. As you were dying,
you said, ‘Father, wash away this crime from them, and grant that they may know better.’
And the Almighty Father, crowning His gifts in you, granted your prayers, sheathed Saul’s
threatening weapons, and by his divine power breathed into him a holy flame. As Saul he had
been fierce of heart and stained with blood, brought fear to the holy, and everywhere wrought
havoc with his threats of fire and sword; as Paul – a name taken from a famous proconsul –
he gently submitted his neck to the yoke, and was chosen, at Christ’s calling, as master,
teacher, interpreter and faithful witness to the new Word. And soon, through immense
journeys by land and sea, in the face of wars and the raging wrath of the devil, he raised his voice to the skies and piously thundered out the name of Christ. Alas, what sufferings he endured in the holy city, among sacrilegious leaders, when he was held to be the source of schism, a lover of novelty and not really sane! What sufferings he endured in his life when, bound and beaten and imprisoned, tossed this way and that by wind and wave, he preached in the furthest parts of an unknown world. Finally, when that undaunted soldier, with his dear companion, had completed his journey across the world, what sufferings he endured in death when a cruel tyrant set upon him. Why tell of his other deeds? A host of them is reported in the sacred scriptures, in the words of the faithful disciple Luke, a reliable witness in all matters. Neither my age nor inclination leads me to tell everything from the beginning, but I shall relate the highest points of the story. Confining within a few verses all the facts which others supply, or which I have collected myself – whatever certainty is contained in the memorials of our ancestors – I shall choose simply to keep to the chain of events in their order.

[The Reign of Tiberius: 124-87]

Tiberius had reigned nearly twenty years, and a second harvest had yielded its new fruits since the passion of our Lord, when the hearts of iron, with the passage of time, began to soften and laid upon proud necks a yoke which was not to be harsh. Everywhere holy salvation seized faithful hearts and tongue, and the celebration of faith refines the limbs of a barren culture. Nor did Judaea any longer keep within its own bounds: out it rushed among the gentiles, and laid proud hearts low. Now you could see houses and homes and hearths echo with the name of Christ. Peter was going here; there Paul thundered out his sacred teachings – and elsewhere a crowd of all the other ministers. For as soon as the impious mob had hurled its wicked stones and inescapable heavy rocks against Stephen, the brethren scattered. Disgusted with those men and that place, they passed through pathless wastes, wherever their instinct led them, and arrived as exiles at Antioch, and there made their home. Then it was that they first recalled Christ in the (now) famous name they adopted.

Meanwhile, Pontius Pilate, the scourge of Christ, seeing that the sect he had rejected was growing so great, and that the proclamation of the resurrection of the Lord and his ascension into heaven was everywhere being made in public, seized the pen (as the custom is) and began the remarkable story of Christ, both born of woman and divine, the marvellous Creator, crucified and living anew, raised above the summit of highest heaven. He reported these things to the lord who ruled over the Romans; Caesar reported them to the senate, without whose sanction no other gods can be named, and asked them whether they wished to decree that Christ should be God? Alas, foolish madness arose. Ill advised was the senator, whoever he was, who bent the feelings of the moment to his own wishes: ‘So is a new stranger now being enrolled among the gods above? Must whoever worships him abjure all other gods, the rites of our fathers and all our holy ceremonies, and call all these hostile to us? This is not to be borne; I will not endure it. This proposal cannot stand, Senators. Why should we not instead carefully strengthen all the holy memorials of our ancient gods, and worship them with the honour they deserve?’

Some voiced their assent to the man’s words, and spurred on his rage; others made up the party simply by voting with him. Caesar (for what could he do against a senate’s opposition?) merely condemned their impious murmurs with regal voice; though disquieted, he accepted, suffered and lamented the rejection. Though they argued every point against him with hostile look, he forbade the decision to be ratified because he neither cared about the votes nor tolerated that wicked senate’s unspeakable decrees. Deep in his heart, however, he
held the belief that the venerable power of Jesus should be counted among the gods of heaven. He also gave a sharp warning against anyone who should denounce any person to the judges by name. Greedy Scylla and unresting Charybdis were not yet a pressing danger, nor was the evil Fury yet troubling the innocent. The long-desired peace was at hand. No one stopped the disciples from gathering together as they wished. The disciples gathered freely by day and by night to watch and pray with joyful mind, and they celebrated the rites that bring salvation. And the first other sign they had given of a holy life was this: they all rejected honours, handing them to others, and were not buried alive by the darkness of the world or its ambitions. Of their own free will, in the famous see of Jerusalem, they summoned James, the brother of the Lord, who was called the Just (there was no man better or more devoted to justice than he) and they put him in charge of the see.

[Caligula: 188-261]

It was now the fifth year since the Ascension of Our Lord: Tiberius died, and Gaius (to whom the army gave the name Caliga) was his successor in command of the Empire. That traitor turned the power of the sacred sceptre upside down, when he felt the sublime reins of empire, and the smiles of the blind goddess who often cherishes wretched mortals and leads them on, unpunished, with vain hopes. He coveted the heights, breathed the spirit of the summit, and ordered that he should be a god; that, in the preamble of all laws should be written: ‘Gaius, Lord and God, commands that his be done.’ Alas, where are you rushing, Caesar? Where is your wild error driving you? Suppose you are a god: then you surely see what evil destiny is coming to you? Are you, therefore, on your guard so that you reign for more than three years? But you did not see: otherwise, I believe, you would have been on your guard. But you were not on your guard: so you did not reign for more than three years.

Consider the most famous names of past ages; look around everything the rich earth possesses. Consider this: if nothing is solid or happy in every respect; if fate and chance take most things away, and greedy time and age, the universal enemies, take everything – do you allow yourself to hope for eternal life? Or if you do not, what madness has seized you, that you award yourself, a mere mortal, honours due to gods alone?

And what of the way he foully mutilated the city of Jerusalem, basely seized its sites consecrated to God, its altars and shrines? And not content with this (though no more outrageous deed could he commit) he breathed fire, theft, rapine, dreadful battles, massacres, and murders: and the whole land of Judaea wallowed in blood. In ancient times our fathers had rivers of honey and rivers of milk; of blood we were the rivers that now flowed.

‘Let them take heed of me,’ says the Jew, ‘now Jesus has been driven out; we have piously sworn allegiance to Caesar’s laws. Caesar alone we do worship: Jesus who once lied to us that he was king, shall have no rights over us.’ Caesar has the rights now; his cruel command flies everywhere, and he gives orders but who is to help him carry it out? It is the very same Pilate who once exercised the authority of the Emperor. He was once zealous against Christ, and passed deadly sentence: but it was the people, the importunate people who forced him to do it. Yet now the same hand tears in pieces that same people at the command of the Caesar whom, O Judaea, you worshipped so much. Yet Pilate too, ferocious in all he did, made sure his death was as evil as his life; after defiling everything with blood and turning the city into a blood-stained theatre of filth, he plunged his conquering sword into his own entrails.

The younger Herod (so they called him), belonged to this time, to whom fell a fourth part of the kingdom, called a tetrarchy. My heart bids me tell of the way he incurred Caesar’s anger and his avenging hand, the deserved punishment for the sins of a monstrous murderer.
and master of crime. Worn out by war and conflict, impious Herod began to incur the distrust of Gaius Caesar; he was punished by exile, and the loss of his royal sceptre. His adulterous wife saw this, grieved, and followed him: she was to die an exile’s wife. This was the treacherous woman who had previously betrayed her wanton daughter, who once joyfully led the dance of blood, and cut off with lethal sword the head of John the Baptist (no child of woman has been holier or greater than this man) the Precursor, the great prophet.

The kingdom was handed over to Agrippa, who had Herod as his first name (argued by the Bishop of Caesarea, the historian, who considered it no small point). Meanwhile, the tireless disciples brought salvation with heavenly voice to the gentiles far and wide, with the same speed with which they had begun; and wherever they settled they shed light over those foreign lands. They invested their treasure, and recovered it with great profit. So they did their work in various ways. One father alone, Thaddaeus, gained as a prize for the Lord the famous Edessa, and offered Abgar, who held the royal sceptre there, the salvation promised and so long awaited.

[Letters to and from Jesus: 262-321]

It is said that when Jesus, our Saviour was softening the savage hearts of the Jewish race, and was performing his famous healings and many cures of disease, He received a letter from Abgar, and thought it deserved a friendly response. He immediately replied. Posterity has faithfully preserved the text of these letters for us, and it will not be tedious to repeat them.

‘Jesus, dear Son of God and saviour of man, Prince Abgar from the city of Edessa sends you that greeting of salvation which I cannot have unless you grant it. You are said to perform without medicine amazing cures and other astonishing miracles, so as to crush the devil with your eternal Word: to give sight to the blind and speech to the dumb, to make the lame walk and pour gifts on all. You alone have brought back to life, with the power of your unfailing voice, those souls who have been in the land of the dead for two days. The human race honours you for such services, and rightly so. For (as I firmly believe) it is wrong for such an act to be called mortal, if you perform such mighty miracles with a nod of power: reveal things hidden in dark, secret places, command the winds with authority; and are able to restrain or calm, merely by speaking, the sail-bearing seas and the lands that surround them. Truly you are a god in human form, dwelling on the earth; at least you were born of divine stock. Be kind and bring happiness to your people. As the years slip by for me, the wretched dart of a horrible disease and thousands of fierce pains make me almost lifeless. Grant life to me in my tears, have mercy on my great troubles, and take pity on a soul that suffers undeservedly. You will be able to rest with me in this land when the Jewish race plots treachery against you. So come, and if no graver matters delay you, avenge our tears with your present help.’

So wrote the king, and Jesus addressed the king in writing as follows: ‘O prince, thrice and four times happy (as I judge), I send a few words in reply to yours and will send more soon. It is only because of your faith – in no other way could you see me – that, by the keen light of your mind, you have seen me. The prophets told the truth when they foretold of me: “A foolish nation shall see me with its eyes and shall not believe, while those to whom this chance has not been given will heed and keep me in their hearts: they will believe in life, and set free from the darkness of death both themselves and their souls, and loosen the chains born of deceit.” You write to ask me to come and restore your limbs, worn out by pain. I will tell you what must be done. I am the Son divine, sent down from God on high; I am still living among men and the chosen people, ready to carry out all the commands of the Father. Soon, with eager haste, I shall return to heaven; and then I will send you messages from our
people which will drive away sicknesses of body and mind.’ So he said, and gave the writings (soon to go up to a tightly fastened bed) to a faithful servant. A painter is said to have brought at the same time an image of the divine face – a picture which the enthusiastic prince had demanded – a work worthy of a divine finger. Syrian books have made public these things for our use: the story deserves belief and comes out of early records.

[Agrippa: 322-40]

Eight years after the passion of Our Lord, Gaius died. Titus Claudius took up the fasces and occupied the curule chair in the famous city. Matthew had written the first Gospel in Hebrew, for the eternal use of his native people. He advised his own people to visit other lands; and while he was preparing eagerly for salvation to be known to all, a dreadful famine began there and spread to the whole world. King Agrippa besmirched the holy city with murder, butchering the flock and threatening the saints with death. A large number of them, keeping the Lord’s words firmly in their steadfast hearts, weaned away from the foul waters of the world, opposed bodies with bodies, swords with arms; but their arms were faith and the sure hope of future life. The edict went forth: through mouths and ears it flew, ordering the Holy Master’s name to be hated. Those who did not obey, or who refused to commit this crime, were to pay the penalty of death, and be a sacrifice to the old gods.

[Martyrdom of James the Elder: 341-62]

Among the Apostles was James the Elder, the foster-child, a father conspicuous for his piety, and a pillar of the faith, one who trampled on obedience to the prince and triumphed in Christ the King, who holds up the axis of heaven and earth. At the judge’s feet he stands accused, and with him the comrade who had previously betrayed him so wickedly, but who now – a remarkable story – confessed himself a Christian, and clung steadfastly to the faith, as he prepared to submit to the palm of martyrdom. While they were making their way with hurried steps to their punishment, he cried out, ‘Wretch that I am!’ Fixed with his whole attention on the eyes of the Lord, he rolls on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh with his last breath, repeated, ‘Wretch that I am! It is my fault that this famous holy father is to die. Tear me in pieces, citizens! I repent of my crime; the only remedy I can have for my pain is that I beg thee, father, by the wounds of him who suffered and who taught you – him whom I long for as I face death – to absolve my sin.’

So he spoke, and was silent, overcome by tears. James, turning over I know not what great matter in his mind, embraced his companion, and said, ‘Peace be with thee, brother.’ So they both died, reconciled. It is said that the blind mob was pleased.

[Death of Agrippa: 363-415]

When the tyrant’s insatiable thirst saw this, hoping to gain some solid favour from what he did, he put all his efforts into the work of destruction, and piled crime on crime. He made cruel chains for his prime victim Peter, and laid hands on him. Though the king had his servants watching to keep him fettered, behold an angel, ready to help if any danger threatened, made light work of breaking the chains, and released the former captive into the thin air.
So Peter went free; but the tyrant’s revenge was yet to come. The time came when the king deluded by vain ambition, hastened to Caesarea, full of enmity towards the Tyrians and the city of Sidon. He boiled with the suppressed fires of vengeance; rolling his lascivious eye, he hurled royal threats and bombastic edicts for the people’s destruction. Deeds would have followed words, if the people had not filled the hall with prayers, offerings and all the means they had and, by flattering promises and better hopes, lessened the prince’s anger. So, when he sat on the throne, proudly holding his sceptre, with his impressive person and his garments gleaming with gold, surrounded by an immense mass of soldiers, powerful in voice and hand, he strongly urged peace, comforting the very city which his own power had shaken. Whether it was the unexpected pleasure or the prince’s piety or the happy event that influenced the people is unclear; but they applauded him with shouts of joy. And to increase still more the sycophancy of the possessed crowd, they praised their master even more lavishly; with their wretched mouths wide open, they repeatedly cried out with blasphemous lips, ‘It is not the voice of a human being that sounds here, but a god from on high; these are not mortal words but sent from heaven.’

If your mind had not been deranged, your reaction would have been to be struck dumb; King Agrippa, you would have trampled over the impious rewards offered you by the mob, and you would have condemned the murmurings of a wicked people. Your voice was not that of the gods; the heart and mind that supported your proud head spoke the language of mortals. Agrippa saw all this, however, and was not distressed by it; he drank it all in with his ears, and had no qualms yet about being so received. Soon he had both qualms and shame when the supreme God of heaven, monarch of land and sea, struck him down, and his royal intestines succumbed to a dreadful punishment. Teeming with worms, foul over all his hideous body, with his liver eaten up and his butchered flesh rotting, ‘Behold,’ he cried, ‘the manifest punishment of my crime! Behold your god! Friends what do you think of me? I, an insignificant little human who just now in my madness was carried away by my lofty fame, am now tortured by the terrors of death; and with me (for what of my body can survive?) my praise and glory fall to the cruel shades.’ This first is what he spoke; dying, he returned to his interrupted speech: ‘I pray that any mortal who thinks himself worthy of such divine honour will perish like this, and see before him his last and final day.’

[Simon the Magus: 416-73]

Now there was peace and the holy company, revived by the death of the tyrant, put aside its cares and turned to heavenly joys. But when the savage offspring of Satan, bred in horrid Hell, saw that there was no danger from external foes, and that the law of the Lord had driven away the darkness of their father Satan, despite the efforts of kings who relied upon arms against them, they attempted by deceit what they could not achieve by open war.

An impostor named Simon, born in Samaria, whom they called ‘the Magician’, was driven from his native city when Saint Philip exposed his pestilent arts, and moved to Rome. In Rome he sold offices at a price, and gained disciples and whatever else he hoped for. To what lengths will not his outrageous audacity go? He boasts – impious idea in blasphemous words – that he is god. Miracles full of extraordinary tricks, which Satan himself contrived, built up people’s belief in him. At his will, a disgraced woman called Selenes had compounded the dreadful crime, and called herself ‘the Supreme Mind’ at whose bidding all earthly and heavenly things observe their predetermined courses. New rewards certain to give pleasure, but seasoned with seductive poison, went with new actions. He took away the desire to live a holy life and to care for salvation. ‘For,’ he said, ‘it is not good works or well-performed acts that make a man blessed, but grace.’ He taught in this way the rest of his
doctrines, which were full of madness known only to his disciples and the servants of his crimes. If anyone wanted to acquire even the first sight of these, he went away mauled by the man’s strange madness. Finally, as he progressed in his study and his magic mumblings, he grew so great that he could easily acquire honours; there was set up in the Forum a remarkable image, proudly made in gold and inscribed as ‘sacred to the holy god Simon’.

And now Claudius, the ruler of the Roman world, had seen the light of the new sun ranging the heavens, the fields parched by its recurring fires, two autumns, and the hastening cold of returning winter, and the forty-third year since Christ was born had passed away from the earth. Meanwhile a holier Simon – Peter by name – long freed from prison and the threat of death, made his way along the road that leads straight to Rome, to scatter the seeds of the holy word. Here, when he saw the blasphemous honours conferred on that vile scoundrel and the great fame of the impure teacher, he wept over the disaster and exposed the wicked magic, the deceits, the nourishing of evil, the sexual depravity and the corrupt avarice of Selenes. The result was that both were driven from their native home, and were deprived of any reason thereafter for seeing Rome. The flock agreed, and abandoning the impostor, welcomed doctrines of better repute and greater faith from their new teacher. Under Peter’s instruction, the church began to be famous with innumerable triumphs. Meanwhile the magician, conscious of his criminal art and seeing torn from his hands the reins of his outrageous deception which he had held before, and with which he had fooled the whole world, hid his conjuror’s tricks and vain deception in secret places.

[Apostrophe to Rome: 474-502]

O happy Rome, enjoy your triumphs in deep peace: now boast a joyful heart, a splendid destiny and battles bravely fought. It is not the descendants of Aeneas nor Quirinus with his brother Remus, nor the Roman senators nor the curule chairs, nor Caesar, laden with the spoils of the East, that covers you with honour: under Jupiter Stator you invented false joys, and you worship your mythical heroes with pointless enthusiasm. Now that the light has come, abandon those swamps choked with earthly filth: you have gained the voice of so great a master as Peter. I shall speak the truth since it can be spoken: you have gained him as the first head of the city of Christ and the world of Christ. It is he who, under Christ your prince, rightly undertakes the highest charge. Set no limits of time or space to your rule: the empire you hold is without end, your see everlasting. As shepherd of the sacred flock, you will make laws that are holy. You will be there to mark the last day of all, as the sea’s courses are dried up, the poles and the heaven which covers all, as it rushes to its destined destruction, and the lands which lie beneath it, all cast down. For the most savage offspring of impiety will come – if the prophecies of the ancients mean anything, and surely they do – and he will exercise new arts and with false heart has already planned new fantasies against the Lord Jesus. As long as you hold up your head among the rest of the cities, you will crush the plague of heresy; no vogue will change your decision. But once your light is put out, the foe will riot unchecked. Schisms, wars, fire and all the horrors of an earthquake will follow, until, at the last day, the reaper purges the heavy crop, and gathers the pure wheat into the granaries.

[Britain and the Apostolic Life 503-27]

Peter, with Mark at his side, was still giving out his powerful voice at Rome, and preaching Christ in a whirlwind of words. Mark, the interpreter, met the needs of the brethren, and clothed in the Greek idiom what Peter brought forth in his teaching. Taking up the little book
he had written himself, he made his way to Egypt, and with a great crowd accompanying him, was chosen as the first bishop of Alexandria. So firmly did he hold to truth and justice that the holy race, following his example, took an honest path through life, and dead to the world and buried to the flesh, confounded the watchful foe by fasting and prayer. Now it is their delight to read the books of the Mosaic law, now to unroll the histories, now the prophets and anything of that kind, which drives away all dishonest business. The night is passed in peaceful contemplation, and the hunger of the stomach encourages them. Their bread is unleavened, river water is their drink; they scarcely wait for salt at dinner, and not at all for sauces; hyssop, garlic and leeks are their simple luxuries. I remember that Philo the Jew, who flourished about this time and never submitted to the yoke of Christ, handed on these and other more important traditions.

_O my country, O piety, O Britons, hearts once so much praised; if your sacred rites had stood firm like that, if you had prayed and fasted like that (would that you had done so!) your sacred rites too would now have stood firm._

[The Primacy of Peter: 528-71]

But I return to the chain of events. Nearly fifty years have passed since the time when the Word was born; the wedded girl, holy Mary, mother without seed, woman and virgin, bearer of Christ, now that her time was done and that she was called by the mourners (lay aside your displeasure if I speak now in the old way), was taken up to heaven and enjoys there a better life.

_O what shall I call you, Virgin? For it cannot be right to attribute to you the common accidents and sorrowful fate of man. For you bore in your womb such a child, the bright light of whose countenance calms the tempests and lightens the darkness of man. May you be gracious to us, O Holy Virgin, and lighten our labour._

A year or two more had passed when a disturbance arose at Antioch: the Pharisees were imposing on the brethren the rites of Moses and the weighty burden of the ancestral laws, stirring up the plague of schism and the chains of the old mire. Our fathers could not endure this, nor have we ourselves borne it, nor will the coming ages of our descendants be able to keep it. Even while Paul was there, watching and teaching, the impious sect stirred up these evils. _What does this age of ours not produce?_

And so when he saw the achievement of brotherly love torn down, and the agreements of the peace now weakened, he at once took his companion with him and, swifter than the insubstantial wind, hastened to Jerusalem to consult the elders. The ancient fathers, a venerable band, assembled and healed the wounds. First before all was Peter, most famous man in the city; and he was the first to pronounce his vote. It was James who had to give judgement next after him. Then Paul reported how he had taken the Gospel far and wide round the world, and how grace had summoned the barbarian nations. They listened to this man’s voice, and their hearts, kindled by enthusiasm, grew warm, when they remembered the words of their thrice-holy master: ‘The harvest is great, but the labourers are few.’ The world is full of tears, and pity touches the human heart. Just as when a man who is travelling into pathless places, calls out and fills the wide countryside with his shrill cries, and looks for a way that a sure guide can teach him, there comes into sight, someone whom chance or fate has brought there and who can bring help to the wretched wanderer: what a welcome arrival! So the disciples considering all lands in order, hastened on their way, turned to good account the work at which they toiled and matched sorrows with joys.
There was an ancient race, fierce in the pursuits of war: it is called the Parthian race: this country, to which Thomas Didymus went, feels the Red Sea on its southern side, while its northern part contains the source of the Hyrcanian sea. The mother country, separated from it by the winding Tanais, is Scythia, hardened by the cold and able to bear toil. Andrew took this. Blessed India, which fell to Bartholomew, has two harvests and a second crop of fruit, enjoys the light of the rising sun, and is rich in land and in gently soothing breezes: see, now it brings home full granaries of her new harvest. The Ethiopians whose shores lie beneath the mountains of Atlas – shores which grow warm with the western sun and rejoice in the stream of the flooding Nile, the straits of the Ocean and the land of Egypt in the east – all these are entrusted to Matthew. Simon Peter looks after the ruins of the Cappadocians and Galatians, while Asia as a whole had fallen to the beloved John. Nicephorus tells us the rest. I shall sing of many things in few words.

Meanwhile Paul, who had been tossed on land and sea and suffered much from scourging and imprisonment, came (skilled in arts as he was) to Athens seat of learning. A crowd fascinated by novelty at once hurried to see him; learned philosophers and timid young women paid him attention and hung from his lips as he spoke. Then Paul began (for they did not stop asking until he had satisfied the surrounding crowd by speaking): ‘O race of men, more ill-advised and prouder of its name than it is right to say, I know not beneath what false image of how many things this race swells with pride, and torments itself wandering over the whole of the heavens! Behold, my brethren, when I enter your dwelling – a dwelling much to be admired for the gathering here of great philosophers – how many seeds of things I see, instead of realities! No home is empty of them; the wild fury reigns everywhere. A city, eyeless and blind, labours too much, far too much, under the burden of its superstition. While I was looking all round, there met my inquiring eye an altar dedicated to the Unknown God. Him whom you worship in your ignorance should be worshipped in full light; Him alone, brethren, I proclaim to you. He it is who divided the primeval chaos into all its parts, who separated the earth from the sky and the waters from the land, who hurls the fierce thunderbolt from his terrible right hand. The axis of the world, ready to rush to destruction, He alone sustains. This creator of the world, this bringer of salvation to our age, looked down on an age imprisoned in enveloping filth, and embraced the human race with such love, rescued it out of darkness by sending his Son into the world and into the body of a virgin. After his Son had endured countless dangers by sea and land and the wounds of bitter death, God restored him to life and sent him back to the air above.’

So he spoke, and the undecided crowd was divided into opposite factions. Some made fun and raised a laugh; some wavered in doubt; a few stored his words in their honest hearts. One of these was Dionysius, a man famous for his quick skill in observing the movements of heavenly Olympus. Perhaps he had not forgotten the day that saw the passion of Jesus, at the sight of which Phoebus turned his face away in shame, averting his eyes from the bloody deed. When the great teacher of the Areopagus, labouring to understand the innermost organs of the heavens, and seeing an eclipse which neither nature nor the principles of his art made possible, he explained it thus in his own words: ‘Either the god of the universe is suffering, or the whole cosmic structure will be broken up,’ he said. What does not watchful industry conquer? What does the mind’s sharpness not conceive? On Paul’s decision, Dionysius was
made bishop of Athens and composed four famous books: I commend them to you reader; they are pure gold.

Paul left Athens, and now well known throughout the world, saw everything, and went back to visit it again. Toil did not deter him, nor petty profit delay him. There was no pause in his labours, and he gave full rein to his load. With all his strength, whether by hand, foot or wheel, he moved quickly back and forth in every direction. Then, having traversed the regions of the unknown world, he tried once more to give the Jews a solid basis of faith, and again made his way to those familiar shores.

**[Paul in Rome: 652-82]**

Claudius reigned for nearly fourteen years. Treacherous servants give him some deadly aconite: he falls dead, and with his last words entrusts the empire to Nero. This was twenty-four years after Christ had been happily restored to heaven. The new Caesar had not yet opened up his wretched path of crime, because his teacher, the pious philosopher Seneca, held him back. He restrained him with weighty advice, and calmed a heart that was full of youthful fury. But it was just like trying to conceal a flame that is struggling to break out in public with its secret force; the flame is bound to come again despite the efforts of everyone. For who has ever concealed fire?

Chains and other dreadful torments, fiercely hostile Jews and the murmurs of a foolish mob now tortured Paul. But he stood firm and, although surrounded by thousands of enemies, pressed on. When he saw that even his own people hated him, he appealed to Caesar’s court and enjoyed a breathing space of two years. He entered a lodging at Rome, and preached the light of the gospel to his own people and to the Latins, without distinction. Indeed he told a disciple in a letter how much good he had done the city of Romulus, and what assistance he had received to overcome the trickery of the Jews. ‘No one helped me,’ he wrote, ‘when I stood before the feet of Caesar, troubled at the uncertain outcome, and in extreme peril. They all ran away, and a chill pierced the bones of their trembling bodies. I pray, my dearest son, they may not suffer at the hands of a just judge the penalty they deserve. But he who can do all things alone and by himself stood by me, and was a kindly comfort to me in the storm to come: he did not let me be abandoned, but snatched me from the jaws of the lion foaming with murderous rage.’

**[Death of James: 683-741]**

When the Jewish riff-raff saw that it was robbed of its prey, its thirst for blood not yet sated, you might think it had conspired to commit a crime. They turned over new schemes, and brooded on more evil outrages. James, the venerable bishop of the holy city, who was famous for his kinship with the Lord, and even more for his cognomen ‘the Just’, and most famous of all for his way of life, laid the foundations of the eternal Word among these people. He was holy in that he came from the blessed womb of his honoured mother, and in that he kept himself free from the filth of earthly affairs: he was the enemy of baths, oils, unguents and wine. He did not assuage the fasting of his empty belly with animal food, and faithfully spent his entire life in frequent prayer. The growth of the faith under his direction, and in response to the example of his well-approved life, gave them the handle they wanted to compass his death. So, as he sat on the gable of the temple, a crowd of men, having first made an agreement with him that they believed to be to their advantage, flocked around him with false
soft murmurs of affection. They were a criminal gang, trained in all the arts of treachery, and a desire to commit deeds that were worse than cruel.

This was how they addressed him. 'Most holy offspring of men: our views depend on your decision. Your piety, your revered old age, and the situation itself, command us to give allegiance to you as our honoured master. You can see how the mob reveres this unknown, Jesus, and regards him as the Messiah. This was the man who once talked grandly, believed in himself and boasted of his heavenly father; this was the man we rightly sent down from earth to Hell: tell us now – for the father of gods and king of men has granted you power to overcome the unknown things that trouble us – tell, tell us what you, James, call the light of the true Christ. We hang on every word that falls from your lips.' Such was the appeal of the crowd of the Pharisees.

Then he replied: 'Why do you order me to repeat what should have been fixed firmly in your heart? O most immutable light of the world,' he cried, ‘Son of God the Father and bringer of salvation to our time; body conceived in a virgin’s body; your cross is our salvation, your death has redeemed us from death, and restored us to our native country, we who have been chained by deceit and banished from our native shores. You have summoned us back to your kingdom, to the right hand of God the Father. You have come as a shepherd comforting the tender flock, and you will come one day, through the wide heaven, as judge. You live eternally, and your glory will flourish for ever and ever.’

Scarcely had he finished when shame, madness and anger aroused his enemies’ minds. The man they should have worshipped with great honour, the father second to none in holiness, they struck down even as he was speaking, and hurled him from the top of the gable to the ground in their fury. He tumbled – I shudder to tell – headlong to his fate: but falling on both knees, he prayed, and begged for better things for their insane minds, and so followed his holy master in piety to the end. He was still half alive, and hardly breathing in his agony, when his head was smashed by a fuller’s club. He died, and his funeral was celebrated with great weeping. The fathers appointed Simeon, the son of Cleophas (also connected by blood to Christ), to fill the vacancy left by his death.

[Nero and Seneca: 742-773]

There was peace then from the Jews. But another worse horror looms: O mighty King when will you give an end to all the toils of your followers? First of all Caesar, a terrifying, cruel, arrogant monster, and a model of grim savagery, living up to his reputation of being brutal in every respect, with no thought for right and wrong, thrust the sword into his wife’s guts. Then fires, raging continuously for nine days and nights, gave rise to a pitiable slaughter. The cruel flames ravaged the gleaming squares, carrying off crops and trees, cattle and men, houses and shrines with their holy objects. Astonished by the sudden terror of this great disaster, unhappy Caesar beat his breast with hands doomed to perish, and avenged fires with fires still more savage. The tyrant brought to court defendants, guilty of no other crime than being of the hated race that bears the name of Christ. These he would make into a cruel example. Some he ordered to be fastened to crosses, others were covered in the skins of wild beasts; all were to have flames lit beneath them and to be burnt to give light in the night.

But why do I linger over foreign wars? Domestic wars returned. Often, when I read over again the writings of great philosophers, nobly eloquent Fathers of the church and the weighty memorials of the ancient classics, there comes to mind, as one of their great glories, the holy Seneca (if it is right to speak of him in the same breath as the holy Fathers). He cried out against an accursed age, sunk in darkness; he embraced Paul with mutual love, willingly received his letters and freely replied to him. Caesar could not bear either Seneca’s character
or his reproofs or the very loyal words of his teacher and counsellor. More merciful, and completely inconsistent with his earlier actions, was his rewarding Seneca’s merits by giving him a choice of death.

[The Martyrdom of Peter and Paul: 774-821]

Meanwhile Peter, the leader of the great flock, went back and forth, and cleansed the city of the filth with which the impostor had captivated it. For having seduced it with his dark incantations, done foul deeds and lived in darkness for several years, Simon the Magus had clung to his contrary path, and driven away the fruit of salvation. In the end, when the vain prophet was making mighty boasts in blasphemous words and aspiring to the heights of Olympus with his magic charms, Peter, using better weapons, hurled him down from the heights to the depths. In this way he breathed his last, and finished with his wicked outrages.

Things now went well. The strong pillar of faith stood firm, and the sure barque of Peter, never to sink, sailed bravely forward despite the tyrant; sure it always was, unbroken by tempests or force of arms, and never to perish by the wiles of devils. None the less, it was tossed about when, in a more serious storm, the hateful Caesar, execrable monster, raged again and filled his last days with madness and bloodshed. His first judgement sentenced Peter to death on the cross; but as soon as Peter saw the sentence of death, fearing to rival his sublime master, he asked that his head be reversed to his feet, and fixed to the bottom of the stake, so that he could see the ground with lowered eyes. So his hand was fastened below, and his feet looked upwards. For his spirits were raised as his appearance was lowered; for he knew that heaven is more quickly gained by a humble heart; for the heavens recognize a prostrate mind.

Next, angry Nero vomited his anger on Paul’s neck, and struck his body with a fatal stroke of the sword, just where the head joins the neck. Paul had predicted this himself. He had warned Timothy, ‘Now I myself am being broken up; I have run my race, and am being poured out as a libation to heaven.’ He was dragged forth without delay. Neither the day nor the hour escaped him. Tiber, sacred now on both banks, divides the two men’s bones, and the eternal monuments of their lofty tombs; the right side holds Peter, the other Paul. Those whom a single faith cherished and one anchor of salvation nurtured, a single day raised at death to heaven and the crown they both longed for.

After Peter, Linus at once succeeded to the see of Rome; on Nero’s death, Galba succeeded to the empire. After seven months Otho laid Galba low; and Vitellius, who neither lived nor died like a man, slew Otho. For when the envious goddess of the moon, who steers the chariot of the night, had refashioned her horns in a complete orb eight times, Vitellius gave way to Vespasian, who had been summoned from afar, and shamefully shed his empire and, without any show of arms, his blood.

The End
APPENDIX 2

BL, Additional MS 36529, fol. 45v

Some kind of creature have, so pesting sight
They can behold, the shining sun so fine
And some again, cannot abide the bright
Nor come abroad, but when the night draws nigh
One other sort, crawl of nightly night
Through want of sport, waste the fire to live
And calls by play, in midst burning right
Alas and woe, of this latter rate
And lighten him, to send I want much might
And for advice, I know there is no sight
Nor place so darke, can help nor overt so late
Wherefore I yield, to honored blame
A fellow whear shall be led by fate
All through I knew, I go as fate to blame.

Cesaret the wise and valiant hed
From traitors hand for present hym was bright
Cliking the joy, the rightest led it bright
Outwardly wept what ever inward bred
Hath ill eke when he sawd fortune fled
And themsevls stroged as no man would have thought
Amides the sound of wipping eyes he light
To take the rage his kindled fire fed
So charmed is that culate mind doch assay
To hyde his hame in cloke of disguise here
As pious peace wil look no more now gay
Wherefore if I chance sing or smile a new
Thought of that I can none other way
Cover the plaines that still my life purses.