This dissertation has been microfilmed exactly as received

LEES, Charles J., 1919–
THE POETRY OF WALTER HADDON, EDITED AND TRANSLATED. (VOLUMES I AND II).

The Ohio State University, Ph.D., 1961
Language and Literature, modern

University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan
THE POETRY OF WALTER HADDON,
EDITED AND TRANSLATED
VOLUME I

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of the Ohio State University

By
Charles J. Lees, B.A., M.A.

The Ohio State University
1961

Approved by
B. H. [Signature]
ADVISER
Department of English
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank the Henry E. Huntington Library, among whose holdings are the copies of the 1567 and 1576 editions of Haddon's poetry from which I worked in preparing this present edition. My thanks, also, to the libraries of Corpus Christi College and Caius College, Cambridge, the Bodleian Library, and the British Museum, for supplying me with photostats of various manuscripts.

I am grateful to the Reverend Philip C. Hoelle, S.M., Ph.D., of the University of Dayton, for reading my translation from the Latin; to P. B. O'Kelly, Ph.D., and F. L. Utley, Ph.D., for reading the dissertation and making helpful suggestions; and to the Reverend Joseph Bruder, S.M., S.T.D., for his linguistic help.

Finally, I extend my deep gratitude to my friend and adviser, Professor Ruth Hughey, whose untiring counsel has been a valuable ally in this study and whose own scholarly attainment has been my inspiration.
CONTENTS

Introduction

The Life and Work of Walter Haddon

I. The Life of Walter Haddon...................... 1
II. Haddon, the Educator............................ 40
III. Haddon, the Public Servant..................... 61
IV. Haddon, the Reformer.......................... 65
V. Haddon, the Poet.................................. 84

Bibliographical and Editorial Notes

I. Editions of Haddon's Poems......................112
II. Manuscript Copies of Haddon's Poems..........118
III. Editorial Note..................................120
IV. Abbreviations used in Notes to Variant Readings....122

Poems of Walter Haddon..........................123
INTRODUCTION

I. Life of Walter Haddon

Walter Haddon was born in Buckinghamshire in 1516. The Haddons, a knightly family, took their surname either from Haddon in Derbyshire, or Haddon in the counties of Huntingdon or Northampton, and were accustomed to spell their name de Haddon. Walter's parents were William and Dorothy Haddon, the latter being the daughter of Paul Dayrell. Walter's brother James was born about 1520, and, if we may believe the testimony of one of Walter Haddon's poems, the two brothers were closely allied in all their undertakings.


2 Among the Harleian Manuscripts, 6164, art. 1, is "A Book in folio of 98 leaves, written in a fair hand upon vellum, containing the Arms in Colours and Pedigrees of Families in the County of Sussex, taken at a visitation in A.D. 1634." The Haddon arms appear on fol. 36b. (A Catalogue of the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, III, London, 1808, 334f.) I have not seen this manuscript.


4 "In obitum Jacobi Haddon, fratris sui," Dominus Walteri Haddon, legum doctoris, serenissimae reginae Elisabethae, a supplicum libellis, poemata, studio labore Thomae Hatcheri Cantabrigiensis sparsim collecta, et edita (Londini, 1567), p. 100. I shall subsequently refer to this volume as Poemata. Here and in subsequent quotations I do not indicate ligature vowels.
On the Thames River in Bucks, within sight of Windsor, stands Eton College, and it was here that Haddon received his early education. Eton had been founded by Henry VI in 1440, under the name of Blessed Marie of Eton; and, at the time Walter enrolled, the headmaster was Richard Cox, subsequently bishop of Ely. Cox was also a native of Buckinghamshire and he himself had attended Eton. After graduating from King's College, Cambridge, Cox, at the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine, returned to Eton in the capacity of master. It was possibly due to Richard Cox that Haddon first felt drawn to the new religion. Cox was a warm adherent of the Lutheran party in the Church, and there is no doubt that he had a great influence on Walter. In later years, when Haddon himself was a recognized authority in the field of education, he called Cox the "vir perfectissimus," and his association with his erstwhile teacher lasted until Haddon's death.

When Walter was a student at Eton, there were seven forms, the first three composing the Lower School,

---


and the remainder the Upper School. The scholars rose at five in the morning, awakened to the prefect's cry of "Surgite." While dressing they chanted prayers, probably consisting of Psalms in Latin, in alternate verses, after which they made their beds and swept under them, and went downstairs to wash at the pump. They assembled in the classroom for morning prayers at six, having passed inspection by monitors who were on the lookout for dirty faces and hands. Bedtime was at eight, when there was more chanting of prayers. From six to nine, ten to eleven, twelve to three, and from four to five, the boys attended classes. Meals were served at nine, eleven, and five, with "bread and beer" at seven. Preparation for the next lessons took place from six to eight in the evening.  

Latin was almost the only subject of study. The lower boys, beginning their studies when they were from six to nine years old, concentrated on the declension and conjugation of words, while the older scholars had to learn by heart the rules of grammar. In medieval schools the lack of books had compelled the masters

8Lyte, p. 142.
10Brown, p. 44.
to insist that their students learn their lesson "without book," and even in the sixteenth century books and paper were so expensive that educators continued to cling to the lecture method of teaching. All the student had to do was to remember and reproduce upon demand what he had been told.

In addition to formal lessons in declension, conjugation, and grammar, every Eton boy daily had to write some sort of Latin composition. The lower boys were assigned to translate literally an English passage into Latin. In the Upper School the subject of the theme was set by the master, and the student had to rely on his notes and his memory for idiomatic expressions, figures of speech, and correct vocabulary. To perfect the student's Latin style, Roger Ascham, in *The Scholemaster*, advocated translating back into Latin, after a suitable interval, passages which the student had previously translated from Latin into English. The student's work was then compared to the Latin original. The idea of imitation of classic originals goes back to Cicero, and was a prime tenet of Renaissance education, so that no matter what method was employed to achieve it, the success or failure of a student was judged by the nearness his expression approached the

\[11\] Lyte, p. 146.
Latin originals.  

In imitation, then, of his classical models, the scholar learned to write letters, after the manner of Cicero, "to sundry persons, of sundry matters," in which letters he was instructed to chide, to exhort, to comfort, to counsel, to pray, to lament. There were manuals available for the ambitious letter writer, the chief one being Erasmus' De conscribendis epistolis. In the writing of themes, the rules were equally precise and exacting. The theme had to follow a set pattern in its development. In the exordium, the writer gained the approbation and attention of his audience; in the narratio, he made certain the matter of the theme was understood; in the confirmatio, he gave his proofs, arguments, reasons, being sure to add weight with illustrative quotations; in the confutatio, he listed and answered the objections to his thesis; in the conclusio, he summarized his material.

In addition to his exercises in writing prose, the student was also confronted with the necessity of composing verses. For this purpose, he was instructed in the rules of versification and the proper manner of scanning a verse. Latin verse had always been taught


13 Brown, pp. 77-82.
in the medieval schools, and in England during the time of the Renaissance the scholar was introduced to the composition of Latin verse in the fourth or fifth form. By this time, however, the schoolboy's ears were already accustomed to the hexameter, for most of the grammars in use were composed in verse so that the student might easily memorize their contents. For example, in William Lilly's *Brevissima institutio, seu ratio grammaticis cognoscendae*, composed with the help of Erasmus for use in St. Paul's School, and used generally in England for more than two centuries, the rules governing the gender of nouns and the conjugation of verbs are set to verse.14

The statutes of the school at Durham demanded that every other day the students make "certain verses upon a certain argument that shall be given them." Many examples survive of these juvenile efforts to commune with the muse. Nearly three thousand verses written by Sir Simonds d'Ewes (1602-1650) at school exist in manuscript. The poetic efforts of young Edward VI are still preserved. There are extant four collections of verses written by Eton boys during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and by the boys at Winchester when Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth visited the school. In

his poetic efforts, as well as in his prose compositions, a boy was expected to employ his own personal phrase book, in which he had entered, from his work in the classroom and from his own reading, phrases, synonyms, proverbs, quotations, and metaphors.15

The emphasis on Latin was not limited to written exercises. Only Latin was permitted to be spoken during school time and at meals, and the use of English was often forbidden on the school premises. Older students were assigned to see that "none speak English nor barbarous Latin." In some instances at least, students spoke Latin even at home. Witness, for example, the household of Thomas More, where Latin was the ordinary vehicle of conversation.16

Aside from his training in writing and speaking Latin, the young scholar was likewise subjected to a systematic and thorough study of approved Latin authors. In the first form at Eton, Cato and Vives were studied.17

15Ibid.
16Brown, pp. 77-82.
17Haddon conceived a great admiration for Louis Valentine Vives, the great Spanish humanist and friend of Erasmus and Thomas More. Vives came to the English court in 1523 at the invitation of Henry VIII and Queen Catherine of Aragon, remaining there until 1527, when he lost the favor of both royal patrons for not assuming an energetic role in their marital controversy. Haddon declared that Valencia, Vives' birthplace, was better known by reason of the Spanish scholar than was
Passing to the second form, the Etonian encountered Terence, Lucian's Dialogues, and Aesop's Fables. In the third form, he was introduced to Cicero's Epistles; while in the fourth he studied Terence, Ovid's Tristia, and the epigrams of Martial, Catullus, and Sir Thomas More. He continued his work with Cicero's Epistles in the fifth form, and added Ovid's Metamorphoses, Horace, Valerius Maximus, Lucius Florus, and Justin. In the last two forms, the scholar advanced in the study of Cicero, concentrating on De officiis and De amicitia, together with Virgil and Lucan. 18

The system of education in vogue at Eton and the other public schools was well designed to produce an extraordinary ease in the use of the Latin tongue in any talented boy. After such a training, the student was able to express his thoughts quite naturally in the Latin language; and the way to advance academically and to gain the favor of the instructors was to cultivate an excellence in Latin verse. Because of the systematic education in Latin composition and verse in the public schools, Anglo-Latin prose and poetry existed as an active branch of English literature until the eighteenth century. Such an intensive train-

Cordova because of the two Senecas. He had great esteem for Vives' learning and life of virtue (Epitaphium Lodovici Vivis Valentini," Poemata, p. 101f).

18Lyte, p. 146f.
ing, of course, produced not only Latin poets, but also critical readers of Latin poetry. Publishers could print a volume of Latin poetry with the knowledge that it would have a market and would be commercially successful.

The student was usually about sixteen years of age when he finished this comprehensive study of Latin and was considered ready to enter college. The Eton graduate usually passed on to King's College, Cambridge. The two schools, Eton and King's, had always been closely associated with one another. In 1441, only a year after he had established Eton, Henry VI founded King's for scholars from Eton. The arms of both schools are the same, and until the middle of the nineteenth century, scholarships and fellowships at King's were limited to Eton boys. Accordingly, in 1533, Haddon was elected scholar and soon after fellow to King's, declining an invitation to Wolsey's new foundation, Christ Church, Oxford.

Haddon's life was associated with Cambridge for the next nineteen years during a period in which the university was experiencing a golden age. Already in 1511, Bishop John Fisher, then president of Queens' College, Cambridge, managed to procure the services of Erasmus as the university's first Greek reader, and in 1519, Richard Croke, instructor in Greek to

19Bradner, p. 5.
Henry VIII, was appointed as Greek reader to the university. While Haddon was still a boy, a distinguished group of scholars—Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, Parker, and Coverdale—were all attending Cambridge. When Haddon himself was resident at the university, as student and faculty member, an equally learned aggregation passed through its portals. John Cheke was fellow at St. John's in 1529, becoming provost of King's in 1548. Thomas Smith became a fellow at Queens' in 1530, master in 1538, and public orator of Cambridge the same year. Roger Ascham graduated B.A. from St. John's in 1534, and M.A. in 1537. William Cecil was educated at St. John's, 1535-41. In 1541 Thomas Wilson entered King's, taking his B.A. in 1545 and his M.A. in 1549.

If, during these days of glory, the university had one spirit that towered over all the others, it was that of Sir John Cheke. Haddon attended the Greek

lectures of Cheke, and Haddon's evaluation of his friend and teacher was evident when in 1542 Cheke was summoned to court as tutor to Prince Edward, succeeding Richard Cox. Haddon wrote to him of the great loss sustained by the university on his departure. He complained that his own loss was greater than that of his colleagues. They knew only the external achievements of Cheke, whereas he was acquainted with his "interior ornaments."

The absence of Cheke, Haddon affirmed, made it doubly hard to endure the levity, superficiality, and ignorance of many men at the university. To him, Cheke was "the divine mouth, the loud trumpet... of all good discipline."26

Haddon was not alone in his appreciation of Cheke. Roger Ascham testifies that, in 1533, Cheke began to read "privately in his chambre, all Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydamides, Xenophon, Isocrates and Plato...."27 and for all the learning Ascham had, he credits Cheke.28 Writing to a friend absent from


Cambridge, Ascham declares:

Sophocles and Euripides are now more familiar to us than Plautus was when you were here. Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon are more read now than Livy was then. They talk now as much of Demosthenes, as they did of Cicero at that time. There are more copies of Isocrates to be met with now than there were of Terence then. Yet we do not treat the Latin writers with contempt, but we cherish the best of them who flourished in the golden age of their literature.

It was Cheke who gave the first impulse towards bringing about this state of things: he twice read through Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and Herodotus at a public lecture and that too without taking any fee. He meant to do the same for all the Greek poets, historians, orators, and philosophers, if ill luck had not stood in the way of such a great advancement of learning. 29

The "ill luck" to which Ascham refers concerned the controversy over the correct pronunciation of Greek in which Cheke became involved. Cheke believed that the student of Greek, of necessity, must cultivate a sprachgefühl for the language. To this end he must hear the language correctly read and he himself must become adept in pronouncing it correctly. As teacher of the Greek classics, Cheke made it a practice to read them aloud to his students. From this endeavor to have the student cultivate a critical ear for the

language, Cheke, in 1542, was precipitated into a controversy over the correct pronunciation of Greek. Here again, Roger Ascham enlightens us:

...when Cheke wished to enlarge his course of usefulness in the cause of learning by bringing back the true and ancient pronunciation of Greek, lo, the right reverend the bishop of Winchester [Stephen Gardiner], yielding to the requests of certain envious men, issued a decree to forbid the use of this new mode, and thus not only stopped the new pronunciation in spite of the remonstrances of almost all the university, but almost wholly extinguished all the zeal for learning which has been kindled up among us....Everyone is aware that all knowledge comes to us through our senses: if then we are thus deprived of the use of our ears, how can we distinguish between one word and another unless we keep our eyes constantly fixed upon a book?30

Time has vindicated the scholarship and judgment of Cheke, for, despite the temporary setback, his method eventually prevailed and is the one accepted by modern Greek scholars.31

Roger Ascham was as disconsolate as Walter Haddon when his "dearest friend" was summoned to court. He resigned himself to the fact that, since Cheke would be tutoring the sovereign, the whole realm would profit from Cambridge's misfortune.32 He would not deny, however, the enormity of the university's loss, for

30 Ibid.
31 Mueller, I, 68-70.
32 Toxophilus, pp. 45-46.
within three months after Cheke had left, Ascham wrote to him:

...things are now brought to such a pass that I know not what good can any longer be expected from that consent of good men, for the advancement of letters, and to check the turbulence and intolerance of some amongst us, which, although much supported by the goodness of the cause, was nevertheless kept up in a great measure by your prudent management.33

In 1545, Cheke sent to Haddon a translation into Latin from St. John Chrysostom, *D. Ioannis Chrysostomi de providentiae Dei ac de fato orationes sex*. Haddon was delighted with the work and expressed his appreciation. He informed Cheke that he had already composed an epitaph for him:

Divus Ioannes Chrysostomus aurea graeca
Fundere quod posset, nomen suscepit ab auro.
Noster Ioannes sit nomine Checus eodem,
Aurea qui graecis verbis dat verba latina.

[Divineine John Chrysostom took his name from gold because he could pour forth golden Greek. Let our John be of the same name, who gives to Greek words Latin words of gold]34

It is one of the ironies of literary history that it was, indeed, Haddon who composed Cheke's epitaph upon his demise in 1557, but, in the interim, hard times had come upon Cheke. One is almost inclined to say that

33Latin letters: Ascham to Cheke, in Giles, I, 53-57; translated, xli-xliv.

Cheke should have died sooner, perhaps in 1552, when he lay desperately ill, and had a premonition of death. At that time, be it observed, when he believed that he was at death's door, he thought of Haddon and asked the king to appoint Haddon to succeed him in the provostship of King's College. Cheke, however, recovered and lived through the unhappy years of imprudent political involvement, imprisonment, exile, betrayal, and humiliating abjuration. The epitaph finally written by Haddon kindly ignores these less happy events, and speaks only of the light that Cheke brought to England and laments that he can never be replaced. "He was not one of many, but one who towered over all."

This epitaph is found among the printed poems of Haddon. If Haddon thought anyone worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as Cheke, that man was Thomas Smith. Of Cheke and Smith, Haddon declared that neither was superior to the other in learning, but both were superior to all others. Of Smith he commented:

I admired this man for his learning; I loved him for his morals; I revered him for his

---

36 In obitum Domini Joannis Checi, equitis. Translation that of present editor.
37 "Gualteri Haddoni oratio, quam habuit, cum Cantabrigiae legum interpretationem ordiretur," Lucubrationes p. 62.
sobriety; I venerated him for his wisdom....
Who is perfect in philosophy? Smith. Who in mathematics? Smith. Who in civil law? Smith. Thus when Smith is named, we speak not of a man, but, as it were, of the true embodiment of all humanity and the arts.38

Haddon himself lacked the spark of genius. He was not comparable to Cheke, whose "example of excellency in learning, of godliness in living, of diligence in studying, of counsel in exhorting, of good order in all things did breed up so many learned men, in that one college of St. John's at one time, as I believe, the whole university of Louvain, in many years was never able to afford."39 Haddon lacked the scintillating brilliance of Smith who, at the age of twenty, was appointed Greek lecturer at Cambridge.40 But of Haddon's extraordinary ability there can be no doubt, for his advancement at Cambridge, while not swift, was continuous. He received his B.A. degree in 1537, and his M.A. in 1541. In 1546 he was made Doctor of Law, and was appointed vice-chancellor of the university.41 On March 21, 1552, he was appointed successor to Thomas Smith as regius professor of civil law, the petition to the Crown being drawn up

38 Ibid, 67-68.
39 The Scholemaster, p. 142.
40 Mueller, I, 5.
41 Charles Henry Cooper and Thompson Cooper, Athenae Cantabrigiensi, I, (Cambridge, 1858), 11, 299.
by Roger Ascham, who reminded King Edward and his council that the regius professorships in languages and the sciences had been founded by the king's father, and that these appointments had benefitted learning in a singular manner. Since the professorship of civil law was vacant, it was the unanimous plea of the entire university that Dr. Haddon, who had read lectures in that science for three years previously, "with great ingenuity, learning, and applause, to his own honor and the advantage of the university," be named to fill the vacancy. The appointment carried with it a stipend of forty pounds per annum.

Probably it was around this time, also, that Haddon married, taking for his bride Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Clere of Ormesby. Sir John, in 1549, was treasurer of the king's army in France. In 1557, he was appointed vice-admiral and went to sea with a fleet to the northern coasts of Scotland. He landed at Kirkwall, where he and eighty of his men were either killed or drowned when the Scots made a surprise attack on them. Walter Haddon commemorated

42 Biographica Britannica, collected from the best authorities, both printed and manuscript, and digested in the manner of Mr. Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary, IV (London, 1747-66), 2458-60.

this event in the poem, "In Dominum Iohannem Clerum, equitem." Sir John had another daughter, Elizabeth, and three sons: Robert, who lost his life fighting against the Scots at the Battle of Mussleborough; Thomas, who died at Florence; and Edward, who succeeded to the title. Haddon had four children by Margaret. A son, Clere, is the only one about whom there is any definite, albeit scanty, information. He was a student in King's College when his father died in 1572, and he wrote a poem lamenting the event, "Cleri Haddon luctus." It is from this poem that we learn that Clere had two sisters, who died sometime before their mother's demise in 1566, and a brother who died some time after that year. Clere himself did not long survive his father, drowning within a year after his father's death, in the Cam River, near Cambridge. Clere's poem on the death of his father, and three poems commemorating the untimely death of Clere, one by Osmund Lakes, and two by Giles Fletcher, are given in an appendix to this present edition.

In those troublesome years under King Edward when England was rent by religious strife, Haddon's vocation as educator by no means served to insulate him

from the unrest and controversy around him. The struggle between the new and old religions invaded not only scholastic halls of debate but forced its way into the very administration of the schools. There was never any doubt on which side Haddon aligned himself. If he had become Protestant in his sympathies under the tutelage of Richard Cox at Eton, his life at Cambridge only further convinced him of the fundamental truth of the new religion. Cambridge in these years was a veritable breeding ground for the religious reform in England. Upon the invitation of Cranmer, the continental reformers Martin Bucer and Paul Fagius had been invited to England from Strassburg, and they arrived in London on April 25, 1549. After several months at Lambeth, they came to Cambridge, where Bucer became professor of divinity, and Fagius of Hebrew. The English climate, however, had an adverse effect on both of them. Fagius died on November 13, 1550, and Bucer in February, 1552.\(^45\) Bucer's influence at the university was especially pronounced. Of him, Strype comments: "No professor certainly ever taught at Cambridge for so brief a period, and yet left behind him so deep an impression as did Martin Bucer of his services, virtues, and attainments."\(^46\) During Bucer's

\(^45\) Strype, Historical and Critical Memoirs of the University of Cambridge, II, 294.

short tenure at Cambridge, Haddon became his close friend and staunch adherent. Haddon's esteem was reciprocated, for Bucer named Haddon and Parker as the executors of his will. 47 Haddon delivered the oration at Bucer's funeral, and during the course of the eulogy paid this superlative tribute to Martin Bucer:

In him was the intelligence of Augustine, the variety of languages and doctrine of Jerome, the discipline of Cyprian, the authority of Ambrose, the learning of Origen, the skill in teaching of Chrysostom, the integrity of life of Bernard. 48

There is a descriptive paragraph in The Literary Remains of King Edward VI concerning Bucer's obsequies:

The lerned man Bucerus died at Cambridge, who was two dales after buried in Saint Maries church at Cambridge, al the hole universitie with the hole towne bringing him to the grave to the nombre 3,000 persons, also there was an oracion of mr. Haddon made verie eloquently at his death, and a sermon of (dr. Parker). After that mr. Redman made a thirde sermon. Wich three sermons made the peple wonderfully to lament his death. Last of al, alle the lerned men of th'universitie made ther epitaphes in his praise, laieing them on his grave. 49

Among Haddon's poems is one on the death of Martin Bucer. 50 Haddon also commemorates in another poem the

49II, 304-305.
50"In obitum Domini Martini Buceri," No. 58.
exhumation and cremation of the bones of Bucer which subsequently took place in the reign of Queen Mary, and the restoration of Bucer's tomb when Queen Elizabeth succeeded to the throne.\(^5\)

In March, 1552, when Haddon lay desperately ill, John Cheke, in an edifying and consoling letter to the sick man, referred to Haddon's oration at Bucer's funeral. He said that Haddon had "most eloquently bewailed" Bucer's death, but that Haddon should now be reminded that Bucer had prepared "an entrance to Christ" for him and that he should be resigned to death in the event that Almighty God should call him.\(^5\) Events proved that Cheke's funereal counsel was somewhat premature, for Haddon recovered and lived to write Cheke's epitaph.

Haddon's commitment to the new religion inevitably involved him in the struggle for the administrative and political machinery of the schools. There is no evidence that he was not a willing party to the contest for control of the institutions of learning; but, even had he wished to disassociate himself from the battle, it would have been impossible for him to do so. As it was, history seems to indicate that he

\(^5\)"In exhumationem, et restitutionem Martini Buceri," No. 68.

was projected into the struggle more by the resolution
of others than by any will of his own. In February,
1552, Haddon was appointed master of Trinity Hall,
taking the place of the Catholic, Stephen Gardiner, the
deprieved bishop of Winchester. The following month,
again by appointment, he became involved in the con­
test for the mastership of Clare Hall, which had two
rival claimants, John Madew, a Protestant, and Rowland
Swinburne, a papist. Haddon, Parker, and Ralph Ayns-
worth, master of Peterhouse, were commissioned to set­
tle the dispute. The judges, of course, decided in
favor of Madew, whose term proved of short duration,
for, when Mary ascended the throne the following year,
Swinburne assumed the mastership. 53

The next controversy necessitated Haddon's leaving
his beloved Cambridge. At Michaelmas in 1552, the
lord protector removed the Catholic Owen Oglethorpe
from the presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, and
appointed Haddon in his stead. Since the statutes of
that college stipulated that only a fellow of Magdalen
or New College could become president, Magdalen author­
ities remonstrated with the king. Acknowledging Dr.
Haddon as "a person of most singular parts and endow­
ments, and worthy of a far greater preferment, and

53 John Strype, Life and Acts of Matthew Parker, I
(Oxford, 1821), 165.
of a temper to preserve the peace of the college," they expressed "how gladly they should accept him had he been of their own foundation." The king, however, refused to rescind the appointment, and the college submitted. Oglethorpe resigned on September 27, and Haddon assumed the presidency on October 10. Michael Renniger, an opponent of Oglethorpe, welcomed Haddon with a congratulatory oration, but the general mood of the college was bitter. Aside from the breach of the college's statutes, one reason why the new president proved unpopular could have been the fact that Oxford, unlike Cambridge, was not a stronghold of the new religion. Uncomplimentary verses were "affixed to various parts of the college"; and a fellow of the college, Julius Palmer, judged guilty of the scribbling, was expelled for "popish pranks." Palmer was a perennial loser, subsequently suffering death under Queen Mary for--of all things--his religious opinions. At Magdalen "Dr. Haddon was ever accounted an Intruder,"


56Cooper, *Athenae Cantabrigiensis*, Part I, III, 299. There are a number of letters extant from Haddon to Cecil relative to this unhappy experience at Magdalen College. These letters are among the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum: 2, art. 84; 3, art. 5, 6, 7, 9, 35, 36. (A Catalogue of the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum, 1819, pp. 4-6.)
If such a sonorous phrase can be employed to describe so brief an episode: King Edward died the following year, and with the succession of Queen Mary there was an abrupt return to the status quo. On August 27, 1553, Haddon took a leave of absence, alleging pressing private affairs, and, on the following day, letters were forthcoming from the queen restoring the statutes of the college. Oglethorpe returned to the presidency on October 31.  

Upon the death of King Edward VI, Haddon could have reacted in any one of several ways. He could have become a zealot for the Protestant cause. His brother James chose this course. James had followed his brother to Cambridge, taking his B.A. in 1541, and his M.A. in 1544, becoming two years later one of the original fellows of Trinity College. In 1550, he became a licensed preacher, evincing more than an ordinary amount of merit and ability; for he became chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk and tutor to Lady Jane Grey. In August of 1552, he was transferred to a prebend in Westminster, and, two months later, to the deanery of Exeter. The following year he preached before the court. With the accession of Mary, in the convocation of October, 1553, he was one of the six champions who

upheld the cause of the reformers in a disputation, lasting for five days, concerning the real presence in the Eucharist. 58 John Philpot's narrative indicates that James Haddon was far from being a mere defendant in the debate. On the contrary, while he gave ample proof that he was an accomplished debater and that he was no mean student of Greek, his manner was self-confident and overbearing. 59 As a result, he was forced to flee to the continent, dying there in poverty. When Strype places Walter Haddon in exile in 1555, he confuses him with James. Strype quotes the following passage from a letter of John Bradford to Cambridge University in 1555:

Call to mind the threatenings of God, now something seen by thy children, Lever and others. Let the exile of Lever, Filkington, Grindal, Haddon, Horne, Scory, Ponet, etc., something admonish thee.

It is evident, however, from the Discourse of the Troubles at Franckford that it was James to whom Bradford refers. 60

With Cheke, Walter Haddon, upon the demise of King Edward, could have aligned himself with the party of King Edward. 58 Richard Watson Dixon, "James Haddon," DNB, VIII, 671-872.

59 The Examinations and Writings of John Philpot, ed. for the Parker Society (Cambridge, 1842), pp. 182-200.

60 "Walter Haddon," DNB, VIII, 672-875.
Northumberland. But Cheke's imprudence caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower on July 27, 1553. Upon his release, he fled to the continent. He was betrayed by his father-in-law, Sir John Mason, and by Lord Paget at Brussels in 1556 and forcibly returned to England, where he was made to undergo a public recantation. He died on September 13, 1557, perhaps from sorrow and humiliation. 

Hadden rejected the course of his brother James and that of his friend John Cheke. Instead, he retired from public controversy and accepted Queen Mary as the legitimate heir to the throne. He did not forfeit his Protestant beliefs, but, on the other hand, he did not publicly attack Queen Mary's program to reinstate the ancient faith. From a practical point of view, the sad fate of both James Haddon and Sir John Cheke demonstrates that Walter's course was the correct one. But, aside from the practical advantages involved in his mode of conduct, it might appear that he was not free from cowardice and hypocrisy, especially in view of the fact that he penned a congratulatory poem to Queen Mary upon her accession. Strype even goes so far as to say that it was due to this poem that Haddon owed his


62"Precatio ad tempora illustrissimae Reginae Mariae accommodata," No. 53.
life and safety. To convict Haddon of cowardice and duplicity to insure safety of life and limb, however, would seem to be an alarming oversimplification and a most superficial judgment. If Haddon were convinced of the legitimacy of Mary's claim to the throne, and it would seem that he was so convinced, his philosophy concerning the hierarchical order employed by God in governing the universe necessitated not only allegiance to her, but the recognition of the exalted sanctity of her person, raised, as she was, to be the minister of God in governing the kingdom. In a letter of paternal counsel to Thomas Wilson, Haddon states that it is one's duty to praise his superior. It will be demonstrated later, in the discussion of his poetry, how firmly Haddon believed in subjection to legitimate authority. He regarded resistance to the ruler as resistance to God. His appreciation for the divine establishment of order in society found rebellion abhorrent and sure to draw down the divine curse. It was quite possible, therefore, for him to cling to his Protestant convictions and, at the same time, to render

63 John Strype, Ecclesiastical Memorials, III (Oxford, 1822) 11, 176-177.

64 "Gualteri Haddonus Thomae Wilsono," Lucubrationes, pp. 193-206. This letter, translated into English, is found in the British Museum, Harington Prose Manuscripts, Additional Manuscripts, 46367, folios 121-124. I have seen this manuscript on film.
respect and obedience to a Catholic monarch. If his only concern were for personal safety, he would hardly have penned his poem to Princess Elizabeth when she was taken to the Tower upon suspicion of being involved in Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection in 1553.65

If he were a coward, Haddon would have disappeared from public life at the same time that he was forced to retire from the educational scene. He was, however, very conspicuous during Mary's reign. She did not interfere with his private practice of the new faith or with his public activities, precisely because he never constituted a threat to what she conceived the national interest and to her own possession of the throne of England. Accordingly, he became an advocate in the Court of Arches on May 11, 1555,66 a court of appeals for the ecclesiastical province of Canterbury under the jurisdiction of the archbishop. This court, since the end of the thirteenth century, had sat in the church of St. Mary de Arcubus (Bow Church) in the archbishop's exempt deanery of the Arches within the city of London. The official of the archbishop who presided over the court's sessions was often the dean

65 "Carmen consolatorium in rebus afflictis. Principis Elisabethae," No. 54.
of the Arches. It is also probable that in 1557 Haddon became a member of Gray's Inn. He served as member of Parliament from Reigate in Surrey during the session from October to December, 1555; in 1557 from Thetford in Norfolk; and in 1558 as member from Poole in Dorset.

Haddon's services were even employed by the Privy Council when Cardinal Pole was summoned to Rome. The cardinal had been accused to Pope Paul IV of tolerance towards heretics. In a move that indicates, especially in the light of subsequent events under Queen Elizabeth, that the papacy was strangely unaware of the state of affairs in England and lacked any adequate comprehension of popular feeling there, the pope divested the cardinal of his legislative authority and called him to Rome, appointing Peter Faro, a Franciscan friar, to succeed him. With all her devotion to the papacy and with her by no means extraordinary amount of political acumen, even Mary sensed that the papal


69 *House of Commons, Sessional Reports, LXII, 1, 384-397, 409."
command was inexpedient. She, accordingly, detained the cardinal and wrote to His Holiness on May 21, 1557, explaining how invaluable had been the cardinal's services in the restoration of the Catholic faith in England and how important it was to religion that the cardinal should continue his presence and work in the realm. She likewise lamented that the legacy was now detached from the archbishopric of Canterbury. This letter, ironically, was drawn up in Latin by a heretic, Roger Ascham. The Privy Council wrote in the same vein in July, and it was entrusted, again ironically, to another heretic, Walter Haddon, to frame the letter in suitable Latin. The pope reconsidered, and Pole was again confirmed as legate.70

That there was never any concealment of his fundamental sympathies on the part of Haddon is evident from the action of Elizabeth when she succeeded to the throne. Her first council, November 20, 1558, summoned Haddon to Hatfield, where he was made one of the masters of the Court of Requests.71 The Court of Requests had been established by Henry VII, about the ninth year of his reign, and continued until its suppression under Charles I. It was sometimes referred

70 Strype, Ecclesiastical Memorials, III, ii, 30.
to as the Poor Man's Court, because the petitioner was to have justice without paying any money. It was essentially, therefore, a court of equity similar to the Court of Chancery, but inferior to it in power, and existed for those who wished to address themselves to the Crown. The court consisted of three members, the lord privy-seal as chief judge, assisted by two masters-of-requests.

In a letter from Westminster, dated December 26, 1558, the Privy Council instructed the dean and the chapter of Canterbury to bestow upon Dr. Haddon the "rowme" of master of the Prerogative. Dr. Kowse, or some other person in sacred orders, was to be associated with him and would give ecclesiastical censures. The Prerogative Court was ecclesiastical in character, presided over by a metropolitan whose jurisdiction extended over affairs in which suffragan dioceses had a common interest, e.g., the will of a person who had property in several dioceses. The court's jurisdiction over business connected with wills and property administration was assumed by the court of probate in

1858, and had its duties reduced practically to granting the license of marrying without publication of the marriage banns.\footnote{52}

On June 20, 1559, Haddon was one of the commissioners appointed to visit Eton and Cambridge.\footnote{56} This appointment entailed a pension of fifty pounds per annum,\footnote{57} and the chief business of the commission was to purge the university by swearing the heads, chief members, and officers to allegiance to the queen and to her supremacy.\footnote{58} On October 20, 1559, he was named to the commission to receive the supremacy oath from ecclesiastics.\footnote{59}

Dr. Haddon was also on the commission whose duty it was to reform the order of lessons read in the liturgical services throughout the year; to initiate the


\footnote{76John Strype, \textit{Annals of the Reformation}, I (Oxford, 1824), I, 248.}

\footnote{77Thomas Rymer, \textit{foedera, conventiones, literae et cujus-cumque generis acta publica inter reges angliæ et aliquos quovis imperatores, reges, pontifices, principes, vel communitates ab anno 1101 ad nostra usque tempora, habita aut tractata ex autographis, infra secretiores archivorum regiorum, thesaurarias per multi saecula reconditis, fideliter exscripta, XV (London, 1713), 541.}

\footnote{78Strype, \textit{Parker}, I, 86f.}

\footnote{79Rymer, \textit{Foedera}, XV, 546f.}
printing of new calendars; to adopt remedies against
the decay of churches and the neglect of chancels; to
assure measures for the adornment of churches; to see
that the table of the Ten Commandments be hung up in
chancels; to prescribe good order for the collegiate
churches and their use of the Latin service. In all
its enactments, the commission was to provide that,
as much as possible, uniformity be observed everywhere.80

In 1564 Queen Elizabeth granted Windham Abbey to
Haddon, who was to pay in fee 11 1 9s 8d per annum.
After the dissolution of the monasteries, the abbey
had been given in 1545 to Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,
during the lifetime of his father, Thomas Howard, the
third Duke of Norfolk, with the condition that he pay
into the Court of Augmentations 9 1 7s 7d a year. It
came to the Crown afterward, belonging to Queen Mary
and then to Queen Elizabeth.81

The following year Haddon, together with Viscount
Montague and Dr. Wotton, was dispatched to Bruges to
confer with officials from Spain concerning commerce
between England and the Netherlands.82 The attitudes

80 Strype, Parker, I, 165. Other members on the com-
mission were Parker, Bishop Grindal of London, and Dr.
Bill, the Queen's Almoner.
81 Blomefield, County of Norfolk, II, 518.
82 Calendar of State Papers - Foreign, 1564-65, ed.
Conference at Bruges.
of the Duke of Alba and Cardinal Granvell towards Protestants and the presence of the Inquisition had prompted the English to remove the wool mart from the Netherlands to Emden, Germany. Diego Gusman de Sylva, then ambassador from the Netherlands, endeavored to persuade the English to return to Bruges, the traditional mart since 1338, when Lodowic Malanus, Earl of Flanders, by granting generous concessions, had been instrumental in the decision of England to settle the staple of wool at Bruges. This commerce had caused Bruges to prosper and made of it a veritable Mecca, where merchants came to buy wool and dispose of their own wares. Annual trade between the two countries amounted to over twelve million ducats of gold. Gusman's effort caused the trade to be resumed, and the contrary ordinances made on both sides since Elizabeth had come to power were suspended. The English deputies met with the commissioners for the Flemings, Montigni, Assonville, and Joachim Giles, at Bruges; and it was agreed that, thereafter, there should be open trade, until one prince declared war upon the other, in which event merchants were to have forty days' notice to dispose of their effects. 83

83 Biographica Britannica, IV, 2456-60.
From 1563 to 1567 Haddon was member of Parliament from Coventry in Warwickshire, and in 1566 was one of those on the committee from the House of Commons to confer with the Lords concerning the queen's marriage. Like his contemporaries, Haddon was much preoccupied with the question of the queen's nuptials. Such interest was not akin to frivolity, for Elizabeth's choice of consort would be an important factor in the future religious and political life of the realm. Her selection of a consort, if it were to prove unpopular, even had the power to precipitate rebellion; Thomas Wyatt's uprising under Queen Mary demonstrated this fact, if demonstration were needed. In a poem addressed to the queen, Haddon devoutly hopes that, after her death, she leaves offspring like to herself. Haddon was mindful of Elizabeth's marriage, even before her ascent to the throne. In a short poem addressed to Princess Elizabeth, he wishes her happiness with her future husband and children. Elizabeth, too, recognized that one of the greatest pawns she held was her selection of a consort; and one is spellbound at the political

84House of Commons, Sessional Reports, LXII, 1, 406.
85Cooper, Athenae Cantabrigiensi, I, 11, 300.
86"In auspiciatissimum s. Reginae Elisabethae regimen," No. 76.
87"Ad Elisabetham Principem," No. 28.
dexterity she manifested in using this pawn to her advantage.

Haddon, in the same year that he was bent on seeing that the queen enter an advantageous marriage, had tragedy strike his own household when his wife, Margaret, died. According to the testimony of Haddon himself, his union with her had been a happy one, and her passing left him disconsolate. Writing to Thomas Wilson in August, 1566, he confided:

I love the love which makes you so solicitous for my health. The condition of my body is more infirm than you would wish, but my soul, I hope, is the firmer. For this loneliness in which I now live is nothing else than that perpetual reminder of death, so highly recommended by that most divine man, Socrates. Every day I meditate (I meditate frequently) on this: how soon the time comes when my body, whose afflictions I so much pamper, will completely sink into dust. This has been especially so since all life, which has been of no interest to me since the death of my most sweet wife, is rather death than life.88

Despite his daily meditations on the brevity of life, its sorrows, and the imminence of death, life for Haddon went on. On December 17, 1567, he took out a license to wed Anne, the daughter of Sir Henry Sutton,89 son of Sir Thomas Sutton of Nottinghamshire. Anne's mother, Allice, the daughter of Sir John

88"G. Haddonus Thomae Wilsono legum doctori," Lucubrationes, p. 344.
89"Walter Haddon," DNB, op. cit.
Harington, Knight of Exton and High Sheriff of Rutland, was Henry's second wife. Two of Haddon's poems, well known in his day, concern the advantages and disadvantages of marriage. It is interesting to note that, in his own life, Haddon thought that the comforts of matrimony outweighed the encumbrances.

A document, dated 1569, contains a list of examiners and persons to be questioned concerning the plot in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was to wed the Duke of Norfolk. Haddon was one of the examiners. Since Haddon's name is not mentioned in the rather extensive account of these interrogations in the Collection of State Papers of Lord Burghley, Haddon must have played a rather minor role in examining those who were thought to be implicated in the plot. Burghley mentions Haddon's friends, Thomas Wilson, Thomas Smith, and Walter Mildmay as among the interrogators, but Haddon must be included in the phrase "and others," a phrase Burghley employs more than once when he lists the names of the


91 "Uxor est ducenda" and "Uxor non est ducenda," Nos. 35 & 36.

Writing to Cecil on July 28, 1570, Haddon complained that he was suffering from the stone and was unable to ride on horseback. Whether the complication referred to was responsible for his death is unknown, but he died in London on January 21, 1572, at the age of fifty-six. He was buried in Christ Church, Newgate Street, with his first wife, Margaret Clere. The following inscription was placed over them:

Sic, o sic juncti tumulo maneamus in uno
Quos semper vivos junxerat unus amor.

His second wife, Anne Sutton, had a monument, subsequently destroyed in the great fire of 1666, erected at the upper end of the chancel on which was inscribed:

S. Memoriae.

Gualtero Haddono, Equestri loco nato, Jurisconsulto, Oratorl, Poetae celeberrimo, Graecae Latinaeque Eloquentiae sui temporis facile principi, sapientia, et sanctitate vitae, in id invecto, ut Reginae Elizabethae a supplicium libellis magister esset, destinareturque

93 A Collection of State Papers Relating to Affairs in the Reigns of King Henry VIII, King Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, left by Wm. Cecil Burghley ed. Samuel Haynes, I, II (London, 1740).


majoribus nisi facto immaturius cessisset: interim in omni gradu viro longe eminens: conjugi suo optimo meritissimo: Anna Suttona, uxor ejus secunda, flens, moerens, desiderii sui signum posuit. Obiit anno Salut. hum. 1572, aetatis 56.96

To the sacred memory of Walter Haddon, born of a knightly family, lawyer, orator, celebrated poet, easily the prince of Greek and Latin eloquence in his own time. He was made Master of Requests to Queen Elizabeth, raised to it for his wisdom and holiness of life; and, except for his untimely death, was destined for higher honors. For the time being, his second wife, Anna Sutton, weeping and mourning for her most virtuous and deserving husband, a man long distinguished in every position, has erected this memorial of her grief. He died in the year of human salvation, 1572, at the age of 56.97


97 English translation that of present editor.
II. Haddon, the Educator

That Haddon was one of the most influential educators of his day is evident from the succession of important scholastic posts he held and from the litany of laudatory statements made about him by the famous schoolmen of his time. He was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, master of Trinity Hall, regius professor of civil law, official orator of the university, and president of Magdalen College, Oxford. He served on a number of important educational commissions. When Cheke was sick and thought that he was dying, he advised King Edward VI to let Haddon succeed him as provost of King's College. Haddon was one of the names recommended for the headship of Eton by Bishop Grindal of London in December, 1561.¹ Parkhurst refers to him in his Epigrams:

Quid memorem quanta Wllocus, Skinnerus, et Haddon, Aelmerusque tuos ornarint luce penates?²

Haddon was a member of the group which gathered to dine in the chambers of Sir William Cecil at Windsor Castle on December 10, 1563. Together with Haddon were assembled Sir William Petre, Sir John Mason, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, Sir Walter Mildmay, John Astley, Bernard Hampton, Charles Nicasius, and

Roger Ascham. The latter's memorable work The Scholemaster evolved from a pedagogical discussion of this group, described by Ascham as a "companie of so manie wise & good men togither, as hardly than could have beene picked out agalne, out of all England beside."^3

^3 Roger Ascham, The Scholemaster, ed. Wm. Aldis (Cambridge, 1904), p. 176. Ascham's laudatory statement was in no wise exaggerated. Sir William Petre (1505?-1572) had attended Exeter College, Oxford and, in 1523, was made fellow of All Souls, Oxford, where he became a Doctor of Canon Law in 1533. In 1543 he was knighted and appointed secretary of state, a position he held until 1566 (A. F. Pollard, "Sir William Petre," DNB, X, 981-982).

Sir John Mason (1503-1566) had obtained his M.A. in 1525 at All Souls, Oxford, where he was a fellow, and subsequently became a king's scholar at Paris. After several diplomatic missions and domestic political offices, he became ambassador to France in 1550, master of requests and clerk of Parliament in the year following. From 1552 until 1556 and from 1559 until 1564 he was chancellor of Oxford University. Under Queen Mary he was made treasurer of the chamber and ambassador to Charles V at Brussels (A. F. Pollard, "Sir John Mason," DNB, XII, 1310-1313).

Nicholas Wotton (1497-1567) had graduated in civil and canon law at Oxford, and studied in Italy. Henry VIII employed him on a number of missions, and he became dean of Canterbury in 1541 and of York in 1544. He was privy councillor in 1546; and from 1546 until 1549 and from 1553 until 1557 ambassador to France. After two years as secretary of state, 1549-50, he was appointed ambassador to France (A. F. Pollard, "Nicholas Wotton," DNB, XXI, 972-976).

Sir Richard Sackville (d. 1566) had been educated at Cambridge, after which he was a barrister at Gray's Inn. He served a number of terms in Parliament. In 1548 he became treasurer of the army and chancellor of the court of augmentations, being knighted the following year. He was appointed privy councillor in
Sir Walter Mildmay (1520?-1589) was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, entering Gray's Inn in 1546. The following year he was knighted and appointed revenue commissioner. After serving several terms in Parliament, he was made chancellor of the exchequer in 1566. He founded Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1585, and was a benefactor to Christ's Hospital, London, Christ's College, Cambridge, and other educational institutions (Sidney Lee, "Sir Walter Mildmay," DNB, XIII, 374-376).

John Astley (d. 1595), who went to Frankfort in Mary's reign, was made master of the jewel house by Queen Elizabeth. He also served several terms in Parliament during Elizabeth's reign. His "Art of Riding" appeared in 1584 (Thompson Cooper, "John Astley," DNB, I, 678-679).

Bernard Hampton was clerk of the King's Council in 1552, and John Strype says of him that he was one of the most eminent persons around King Edward VI (Ecclesiastical Memorials, II, i, 522; ii, 164, 224).

Charles Nicasius matriculated a fellow-commoner, the first of three ranks in which students were matriculated, from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1563 (John and J. A. Venn, Alumni Cantabrigienses, I, iii, Cambridge, 1924, 254).

Roger Ascham, author of The Scholemaster, was B.A. and fellow at St. John's College, Cambridge, taking his M.A. in 1537. He became Greek reader in 1538. "Toxophilus," his book on archery, appeared in 1545. The following year he became public orator at Cambridge. In 1548 he succeeded Grindal as tutor to Princess Elizabeth, returning to Cambridge two years later. He served as secretary to Sir Richard Morysin, English ambassador to Charles V, 1550-1553, after which he became Latin secretary to Queen Mary. His treatise, The Scholemaster, was published in 1570 (Sidney Lee, "Roger Ascham," DNB, I, 622-631).
Of the work itself, Ascham declared, "...many tymes I wished, that some one of those three, my deare frendes with full purses, Syr. Tho. Smithe, M. Haddon, or M. Watson, had had the doing of it." Still later in the treatise, Ascham formulates still another appreciation of Haddon:

...herein, in my time thies men of worthie memorie, M. Redman, M. Cheke, M. Smith, M. Haddon, M. Watson, put so to their helping handes, as that universitie (i.e. Cambridge), and all studentes there, as long as learning shall last, shall be bounde unto them, if that trade in studie be trewlie followed, which those men lefte behinde them there.5

4 The Scholemaster, p. 179.

5 Ibid., p. 278. John Redman (1496-1551) received his M.A. at Cambridge in 1530 and his D.D. seven years later. He was Lady Margaret Professor, 1538-44 and 1549. From 1546-51 he was first master of Trinity College, Cambridge (William Arthur Jobson Archbold, "John Redman," DNB, XVI, 825).

Thomas Watson (1513-1584), fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, took M.A. in 1537 and D.D. in 1554. In 1545, he became chaplain to Stephen Gardiner, a position he held eight years. A Roman Catholic, he was imprisoned in 1547 and again in 1550. In 1553 he became master of St. John's, Cambridge, and bishop of London in 1557. In 1559 he was deprived of his see and kept in custody until his death (A. F. Pollard, "Thomas Watson," DNB, XX, 942-945).

Sir Thomas Smith (1513-1577) was fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1530, taking his M.A. in 1533. In 1538 he was public orator at Cambridge, afterwards taking his D.C.L. at Padua. In 1544 he was appointed regius professor of civil law and vice-chancellor. In 1546 he became secretary of state and was knighted the same year. After an interim of retirement under Queen Mary, he became ambassador to France in 1562, being named a member of the Privy Council in 1571 and secretary of state the year after (A. F. Pollard, "Sir Thomas Smith," DNB, XVIII, 532-535).
In the *Arte of Rhetorique*, Thomas Wilson, wishing to illustrate a figure of speech, writes:

> [It] is an other kinde of Amplification, when unto the hiest there is added some thing higher than it is. As thus. There is no better Preacher among them all, except Hugh Latimer, the Father of all Preachers. There is no better Latine man within England, except Gualter Haddon the Lawyer.

It would seem that Haddon himself lacked the original genius of the men who were so generous in praising him; but he did have the perspicacity to recognize genuine contributions to the educative process whenever he found them. Despite his own devotion to the ancient languages, he enthusiastically approved Thomas Wilson’s

---

6 Thomas Wilson (1525-1581) was a student at Eton and King’s College, Cambridge, taking his M.A. in 1549. His celebrated *Rule of Reason* appeared in 1551, to be followed by his *Arte of Rhetorique* in 1553. He took his L.L.D. at Ferrara in 1559, afterwards becoming an advocate in the Court of Arches. In 1561 he was appointed master of requests. He was member of Parliament and served on diplomatic missions to Portugal, Spain, and the Netherlands. In 1578 he became secretary of state, and, two years later, lay dean of Durham (A. F. Pollard, "Thomas Wilson," *DNB*, XXI, 603-607).

7 Ed. G. H. Mair (New York, 1909), p. 123. Hugh Latimer (1485-1555) arrived at Cambridge in 1500, becoming a fellow of Clare Hall and taking his B.A. in 1510, his M.A. in 1514. Having been ordained to the priesthood, he became master of theology at Oxford in 1530. In 1535, after being accused of heresy and submitting, he was named bishop of Worcester. A puritan in sympathy, he resigned his bishopric in 1539 because he could not support the Act of the Six Articles. Queen Mary sent him to the Tower in 1555, and he was burnt at Oxford the year following (James Gardiner, "Hugh Latimer," *DNB*, XI, 612-620).
Arte of Rhetorique and Arte of Logie. His praise appears in two poems: "In Anglicam Dialecticam Thomae Wilsoni" and "In Anglicam Rhetoricam ejusdem Thomae Wilsoni." His fundamental agreement with Roger Ascham's educational endeavors can be at least partially deduced from his verses: "In Librum Partitionum sagittariarum Rogeri Aschami." And, although Haddon is mentioned in The Scholemaster as one of those who agreed with William Petre, "that the Rodde onlie, was the sworde, that must keepe, the Schole in obedience, and the Scholer in good order," and although Haddon himself declared that "the best Scholemaster of our time, was the greatest beater, and named the Person," he himself seemed not to have ruled by the rod. None of his orations wherein he speaks of education refers to corporal punishment; and his letters seem to have been penned by one with a rather affectionate attitude towards his students. It is difficult to envision a man holding a whip in his hand concluding a letter to a student in the following affectionate manner: "Goodbye, and love me though absent, to whom when present you give so much, so that the common talk is that I am loved by you." He is eloquent in inveighing

8P. 176.

against laziness among his charges, calling it "that multiple monster... pest of studies, expeller of virtue, seed of all iniquity." But his exhortations to the young to learn are marked by a calm rationality.

There is no hint of duress. On the contrary, he exposes the beauty, value and necessity of learning. He regrets that so few young people give themselves to education, for learning is necessary for the realization of the common good. The schools are public in name, public in their benefits, public in their institution, and founded for the public advantage of the whole commonwealth.

Of all the students at Cambridge during his tenure there, Haddon seems to have been most impressed by Henry (1535-1551) and Charles (1537?-1551) Brandon, sons of the Duke of Suffolk and his wife, Katherine Willoughby. The Duke had died in 1545, with Henry succeeding to the title. Katherine Willoughby, the Duchess of Suffolk, was an enthusiast of both the new religion and the new learning, who used her influence to effect the reform of the clergy, the abolition of superfluous holydays, the removal of images and relics.

10"G. Haddoni, Cantabrigienses, sive exhortatio ad literas," Lucubrationes, p. 115.

11"Gualteri Haddoni in admissione bacchalaureorum Cantabrigiensium, anno Domini 1547, oratio," Lucubrationes, p. 11.
from the churches, and the cessation of pilgrimages. In 1547, when she settled at Grimsthorpe in Lincolnshire, she worked to see that a large Bible was in a convenient place in every church and encouraged the clergy to preach against papal authority. She urged the people to read the Scriptures, seeing to it that the young, especially, learned the Our Father, the articles of faith, and the ten commandments.¹²

The observation Roger Ascham made about the sons of great men, that they were the "worst brought up,"¹³ did not apply to the Brandon brothers. The Duchess of Suffolk took great care of their education. Thomas Wilson was secured as their tutor; and Henry was afterwards sent to court, where he was a fellow student of Prince Edward's, under the tutelage of Sir John Cheke. In 1549 Henry made a short visit to France in the company of Thomas Wilson, who reported that the Frenchmen wonderered at the learning of the young Duke when they heard him make a notable oration in Latin, and they were again astonished when they saw his comely riding.¹⁴

In 1549 Charles entered St. John's, Cambridge, to be joined shortly afterwards by his elder brother.

¹³The Scholemaster, pp. 122-123.
Their mother moved to Kingston, a village six miles from the campus, probably staying at the old Manor House, which was formerly a convent and is still to be seen. Thomas Wilson continued his responsibilities as tutor and described the intellectual enthusiasm of the Brandon brothers:

During dinner, one of them read a chapter of the Greek Testament, and did afterwards translate into English; they then said Grace in turns; and did afterwards propound questions, either in philosophy or Divinity; and so spent all the time at meals in Latin disputation.

When there was any public disputation, they were always present; every morning they did read and afterwards translate some of Plato in Greek, and at supper present their labours. Every day was devoted to private lectures, and the residue they did account for.15

Thomas Wilson also bore witness to Charles' ability in Latin, Greek, French, music and "all exercises of the body." The boys were "two Jewels sent from God."16

In addition to Thomas Wilson, the intellectual and social circle of the Duchess, while her sons went to Cambridge, comprised Sir John Cheke, Roger Ascham, and Walter Haddon. Martin Eucer, the famous continental reformer, was also lecturing at the university, having received the post of regius professor of divinity.17

16Arte of Rhetorique, p. 15.
17See pp. 19-21.
The Duchess had been one of the first to welcome him to England, and at Cambridge sent him a cow and a calf towards the maintenance of his family. 18

In February of 1552 Martin Bucer died; and that summer the sweating sickness broke out. The Brandon brothers were hurried off to Buckden, the erstwhile residence of Bishop Holbeach of London. The bishop had been deprived of the palace four years previously, and Lady Margaret Nevill, a sister of Lord Latimer and step-daughter of Katherine Parr, was living there. The young Duke of Suffolk and Charles had often visited Lady Margaret in the past.

It was at Buckden that both Brandons contacted the disease, and, according to their biographers, the youths had strange premonitions of death.

[Henry], sitting at supper and very merry, said suddenly to that right honest and godly gentlewoman, that most faithful and long assured servant, whose life God grant long to continue: "O Lord, where shall we sup to-morrow at night?" Whereupon, she being troubled, and yet saying comfortably, "I trust, my Lord, either here, or elsewhere at some of your friends' houses." "May", quoth he, "We shall never sup together again in this world, be you well assured," and with that, discomfited, turned it into mirth, and passed the rest of the supper with much joy, and the same night, after twelve of the clock, being the fourteenth of July, sickened, and so was taken the next morning, about seven of the clock, to the mercy of God, in the year of our Lord, 1551. When the eldest was gone, the younger would not tarry, but told before

(having no knowledge thereof by anybody living) of his brother's death, to the great wondering of all that were there, declaring what it was to lose so dear a friend, but comforting himself in that passion said, "Well, my brother is gone, but it maketh no matter for I will go straight after him," and so he did in the space of half an hour. 19

The Brandon brothers were buried at Euckden, and Walter Haddon made an eloquent eulogy upon them before the university. Thomas Wilson in his Arte of Rhetorique devoted a large section, "An Example of Comfort" to consoling the bereaved mother. 20 Scholars at both Oxford and Cambridge wrote verses in their memory. The Duchess of Suffolk, in remembrance of her sons, endowed four scholarships at Cambridge, with 6£ 13s 4d. In one of his orations at Cambridge, Haddon exhorted the students to emulate the scholastic achievement of Henry and Charles, Dukes of Suffolk. 21

Haddon briefly developed his philosophy of education in his address to the students of Oxford when he assumed the position of president of Magdalen College. 22 In the scale of being, a man enjoys some of

19 Epistola de vita et obitu.....Henrici et Caroli Brandoni, quoted in A Woman of the Tudor Age, p. 192f.
20 Pages 66-86.
the marks of divinity; and in the hierarchy of values, erudition is to be placed after humanity and duty. In fact, the prime purpose of education is to train the student to the exercise of virtue and duty. Utility and pleasure are only secondary purposes. These three purposes are, as it were, the fountains for all the thoughts of our nature; they are the common denominator for all study, all labor, and even for all sensory activity. Honor comes before all else. Advantages which are consequent upon the possession of authority, abundance of wealth, familiarity of friendship are attainments of an inferior order when compared to the acquisition of virtue and the fulfillment of duty. After honor and utility comes pleasure, by which is meant the delight which the soul receives from rightful praise, deeds well done, and the satisfaction of learning. When Haddon speaks of utility, he rejects the sordid, mercenary ambitions of the vulgar; and when he eulogizes pleasure, he does not refer to the delights of men who immerse themselves in the sensuous pleasures of the body. To discover the pleasures of the soul and to obtain interior contentment, one must flee the pleasures of the senses. Haddon realized that the distinction he made among the three purposes of learning is only a mental one, and that in the actual stream of life the purposes simultaneously
Virtue, according to Haddon, is a habit proceeding from nature and right reason. It adorns man's condition with divinity. Virtue, properly speaking, is not taught to the young; rather they must be schooled in the knowledge of discipline, and the first movements of their souls must be directed toward virtue. Compared to virtue, a quality of the soul, utility, as such, is futile because of its transiency. Beauty, strength, health, wealth, lands, property, clothing, feelings, and the like refer to the body and terminate with it. They are in a constant state of flux and can be sources of danger to a life of virtue; for unless one's appreciation of all these qualities is ruled by moderation, instead of bearing good fruit, they yield only thorns. Unless restrained by the discipline of virtue, even men most gifted by nature can become blind and perverse. Spiritual goods—cognition, understanding, wisdom, art—are by their very nature superior to material benefits; and they must have priority at all times and in all places and in every undertaking. They provide strength in adversity; they raise up the afflicted; they almost call the dead back to life.

It is readily discernible that Haddon is here only echoing Cicero, who taught that the practice of virtue is man's *sumnum bonum*, and that "in the
observance of duty lies all that is honourable, and in the neglect of it all that is dishonourable."\(^2^3\) Without virtue there is no friendship, justice, or liberality, "and no one can be brave who declares pain the greatest evil, or temperate who maintains pleasure to be the highest good."\(^2^4\) The excellence and dignity of human nature, according to Cicero, demands that a man lead a frugal, temperate, well-disciplined life and avoid languishing in luxury and pampering himself in voluptuous ease. It is the practice of virtue that makes a man's nature transcend that of the brutes, who are susceptible only of sensual pleasure. The mind of man is nourished by study and thought, and he must scorn sensual pleasure as unworthy of his dignity.\(^2^5\) "Riches, pleasures, or anything else than acting the part of a great and gallant man....are not to be ranked among good things."\(^2^6\) To live well and happily is nothing else than to live virtuously and rightly. Man is endowed with a soul, "than which there exists nothing more excellent and divine"; it is from the soul that a


\(^{2^4}\) Ibid., p. 7.

\(^{2^5}\) Ibid., I, 30, p. 41.

man derives his value, and from the soul's activities his real goods.\textsuperscript{27}

In agreement with Cicero,\textsuperscript{28} Haddon maintains that study derives much of its value from the fact that we thereby gain insight into the arts, counsels, deliberations, and knowledge of virtuous men. Haddon explains that such men have left behind in their writings the revelation of themselves. We can make their wisdom and doctrine our own. Even though they have passed on, they continue to live in their work and in us who absorb their teaching. We can observe how philosophy upheld them in trials and enabled them properly to evaluate life's passing woes. Socrates could laugh in the face of death. Cicero could maintain his equanimity in grave misfortune. When our souls grasp the doctrine of these men, our lives will be reflections of theirs. Fear will leave us; adversity will not disturb us; insatiable desires will not inflame us. We will make their tranquillity and happiness our own.\textsuperscript{29}

Because of the salutary influence to be derived from studying great men, Haddon recommended to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, that he give himself to the

\textsuperscript{27}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 268.
\textsuperscript{28}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 266.
\textsuperscript{29}"De laude scientiarum oratio," \textit{Lucubrationes}, pp. 17-36.
reading of Plutarch's Lives. 30

Philosophers are a breed of humanity by themselves. They are able to stand back from the multitude, and survey and judge its activities. Apart from the occupations and cares of the rabble, they employ their discernment and knowledge to delineate affairs in their true light. Education enables us to follow in their footsteps and profit from their doctrine.

The greatest men of the past, according to Haddon, were the orators. This may appear to belie the importance he gives to philosophy; but Haddon's concept of the orator is that of Cicero and presupposes that the orator is likewise a philosopher. 31 In fact, when Haddon was at Bruges to represent English commercial interests there, this very question arose during a supper with the French ambassador. The latter affirmed that Cicero was an excellent orator but a mean philosopher. Haddon, with vehemence, defended Cicero and maintained that he was "a most excellent" philosopher. The discussion so rankled Haddon that he wrote to Smith about it, inquiring his opinion. Smith answered, as Haddon no doubt knew he would, that there could be


no question about the philosophical accomplishments of Cicero.\textsuperscript{32}

The orator is his country's greatest force in war or in peace. Eloquence is greater than arithmetic, mathematics, astronomy, geometry, or music. If eloquence is the "most divine" of all accomplishments, then no other teacher can compare with Cicero; for the greatest praise of oratory is the praise of the eloquence of Cicero.\textsuperscript{33}

In his unbounded idealization of Tully, Haddon only reflected the spirit of the time in which he lived. It was Petrarch who had put Cicero on the pedestal he was to occupy for centuries:

You are well aware that from early boyhood of all the writers of all ages and of all races the one author whom I most admire and love is Cicero...I am not afraid of being considered a poor Christian by declaring myself so much of a Ciceronian. To my knowledge, Cicero never wrote one word that would conflict with the principles proclaimed by Christ. If, perchance, his works contained anything contrary to Christ's doctrine, that one fact would be sufficient to destroy my belief in Cicero, and in Aristotle, too, and in Plato....Christ is my God; Cicero, on the other...


hand, is the prince of the language I use.
I grant you that these ideas are widely separated, but I deny that they are at conflict with the other... For, considering his noble and almost divine intellect, if Cicero had merely heard of His name, not only (in my opinion) would he have embraced the faith, but, with his incomparable excellence, would most ably have spread the teachings of Christ.34

Erasmus was no less enthusiastic in his esteem for Cicero. He declared that he could not read Tully "On Old Age," "On Friendship," his "Offices" or his "Tusculan Question," without kissing the book and venerating the divine soul that wrote them. It was the opinion of Erasmus that all of Tully's books of philosophy seem to breathe something divine. He especially admired the treatise on old age, and the following quotation he considered divinely inspired:

Should it please God to give me a grant to begin my life again from my very cradle, and once more to run over the course of my years I have lived, I would not upon any terms accept of it. Nor would I, having in a manner finished my race, run it over again from the starting-place to the goal. For what pleasure has this life in it? Nay, rather, what pain has it not? But if there were not, there would be undoubtedly in it satiety or trouble. I am not for bewailing my past life as a great many, and learned men too, have done, nor do I repent that I have lived, because I have lived so that I am satisfied I have not lived in vain. And when I leave this life, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode...For

Nature has given us our bodies as an inn to lodge in, and not to dwell in. O glorious day that will be when I shall leave this rabble rout and defilements of the world behind me, to go to that society and world of spirits.\textsuperscript{35}

Erasmus wished that "all the discourses of our monks, even with their holy virgins, were such as the dialogue of this aged pagan with the pagan youths of his time."\textsuperscript{36}

Roger Ascham was less colorful in voicing his appreciation of Tully, but no less enthusiastic. Besides being the ultimate arbiter in style and rhetoric,\textsuperscript{37} Cicero was for him the norm of a man's orthodoxy. Ascham predicted that the man who disliked Aristotle and Tully will "presume by like pride, to mount higher, to the disliking of greater matters; that is, either in religion to have a dissidentious head, or in the commonwealth to have a factious heart."\textsuperscript{38} Ascham declared that he was "commonly....never wont to dissent" from Tully;\textsuperscript{39} and, even though Cicero had never known Jesus Christ, it seemed to Ascham that the Roman was

\textsuperscript{35}On Old Age, 23, quoted by Bush in The Renaissance and English Humanism, p. 61f.
\textsuperscript{36}Ibid.
\textsuperscript{38}Ibid., p. 176f.
\textsuperscript{39}Ibid., p. 255.
divinely enlightened by some shadow. Cicero was he of whom Ascham declared "above all others I like best." All others must stand and look after Tully "than hope to overtake him, what course soever he hold either in fair or foul." 

We have Ascham's testimony that in his appreciation of Cicero's works, he was only following the example of his master, Sir John Cheke, who averred that he who joined his study of the Eible to Tully in Latin and to Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Socrates, and Demosthenes in Greek, "must needs prove an excellent man."

To Haddon, too, Cicero seemed to occupy the status of a deity. He lived and breathed Cicero. He scarcely penned a letter without digressing on Cicero. He never delivered an oration without praising him; and Cicero, to him, was the wellspring of knowledge. He declared that we learn from Cicero all the polite arts of speaking and writing. His predilection for the Latin orator and statesman prompted Haddon to consider

40 Ibid., p. 256.
41 Ibid., p. 257.
42 Ibid., p. 259.
43 Ibid., p. 227f.
44 "G. Haddoni, Cantabrigienses, sive exhortatio ad literas," Lucubrationes, p. 117.
Cicero almost his exclusive possession. More than once he speaks of "my Cicero." Smith, at least, recognized Haddon's property rights, and in his correspondence with his friend spoke of the Roman as "your Cicero."
III. Haddon, the Public Servant

Writing to Roger Ascham on July 12, 1564, Haddon informed him that his old colleague, Haddon himself, had been reconciled with the queen and admitted that he had used intemperate language in a sermon preached before her.\textsuperscript{1} The story is also told that Haddon, on one occasion, came into the queen's presence and was told by Her Majesty that his boots stunk. To which he replied: "I believe, madam, it is not my new boots that stink, but the old petitions which have been so long in my bag unopened."\textsuperscript{2} From the foregoing, it would seem reasonable to conclude that Haddon was an outspoken man. Perhaps it was Haddon's sincerity that prompted Elizabeth, when asked whether she preferred Buchanan or Haddon, to reply "Buchannum omnibus antepono, Haddonem nemini postpono."\textsuperscript{3}

Haddon's reputation for sincerity is likewise evident from his correspondence with Smith. The latter, when acting as ambassador to France, wrote to Haddon to ascertain whether the performance of his ambassadorial duties was favorably received at home.\textsuperscript{4} It is small

\textsuperscript{1} Works of Roger Ascham, ed. Rev. Dr. Giles, II (London, 1865), 100.
\textsuperscript{2} Cooper, "Walter Haddon," DNB, VIII, 872-875.
\textsuperscript{3} Ibid.
wonder that a man, far from the intrigues, suspicion, and rumors of the Elizabethan court, and mindful of the fickleness of royal favor, should be somewhat concerned about the status of his reputation. It is significant that he presumed upon the friendship and honesty of Haddon to give him the answer and, further, that he attributed to Haddon the prudence and keenness of judgment necessary to supply the information.

The brief reply Haddon wrote to Smith indicates the high esteem which Haddon held for a life of unselfish public service. Haddon protested that he was not a party to the secret counsels of the court but that, among those friends whom he deemed most intelligent, Smith was considered both wise and prudent. Cecil, especially, always held him in honor and spoke of him with friendship. Of old Cicero could not correct Cato, even though he was desirous to make some slight amendment in him and fashion him, but he did extend to him a few words of counsel. He should be his own adviser; he should make his own decisions, without being influenced by the blasts of reports or the storms arising from fears; he should pursue those purposes which, in his judgment, serve justice and bring the most benefit to the administration of the state.

mind engaged in public service cannot remain steady, and decisions cannot be properly made and expedited when attention is paid to rumors.

Haddon sympathized with Smith in the difficulty of his undertaking. As ambassador, he had his problem compounded by the fact that he received the laws of his embassy from others, and his management of state affairs was guided by the prescriptions he received from them. But Haddon urged him to interpose himself and not to maintain silence when to do so would be disadvantageous to England and his countrymen. Smith was chided for his worries, which, according to Haddon, blunt the edge of the mind. Far from helping the work of administration, they deal only mischief to body and soul. Smith should go about his work with indifference to the offences, the passions, and the mistakes of others; he would be unworthy of his calling, his prudence, and his learning if he let himself be disturbed by these things. He should let his own conscience be his guide and good deeds his comfort. A mind founded in wisdom cannot be moved by the hasty gusts of fortune.

In his philosophy of education, Haddon encouraged his students to prepare themselves for public service, and he insisted on the precedence of the common weal
over the private good. When he himself was on a mission to Flanders and homesick for his native land, he wrote to Smith:

"Your Plato will not permit you, nor my Tully me, to be our own, who would have us serve our country; and as we originally received all that we possess from her, so we again return everything to her."

There seems to be no doubt of Haddon's altruism in his service to his country. There is no evidence that in the offices and commissions he held that he personally profited. And there is reason enough to believe that he expended himself in the service of the commonwealth. Besides being master of requests, he served in the House of Commons and on innumerable governmental, educational, and religious or quasi-religious commissions. The greater portion of his writing is devoted to matters affecting the public good, scholastic, civic, and ecclesiastical. His appreciation of the hierarchy of values which should guide a man is succinctly phrased in the conclusion of his address to the students at Eton:

"Live, wax strong, and develop, for the glory of God, the honor of the realm, and your own praise."


8"Gualteri Haddoni oratio ad pueros Aetonenses," Lucubrations, p. 147.
IV. Haddon, the Reformer

In December, 1552, the king wrote to the bishop of Exeter to inform him that it was the royal pleasure that Dr. Haddon be dispensed from taking any orders other than those he already had. Strype supposes that Haddon might have taken orders "from Protestants beyond the sea," but there seems to be no reason why he should have gone abroad when it would have been a simple matter to be admitted to sacred orders in England. How far he advanced before receiving the royal dispensation is uncertain; perhaps he was only in minor orders. Throughout his life, however, he was vitally interested in religious affairs; and his reputation for competency in ecclesiastical matters can be ascertained from the number of important duties the government assigned him.

Haddon's religious position was a comparatively moderate one. He occasionally used rather strong language against the Church of Rome, but he lacked the persistent venomous invective characteristic of some of his contemporaries. Aside from his poetry, he reserved his strongest anti-Roman sentiments for his discussions with Osorio, and even here he acted, at least in part, from extreme provocation. His

¹John Strype, Ecclesiastical Memorials, II, ii, 275f.
Protestant views did not prevent him from writing Bishop Cuthbert Tunstal's epitaph, a task he undertook at the invitation of Archbishop Parker. Tunstal had died in 1559 a few weeks after being incarcerated by Elizabeth for refusing to take the oath of supremacy and for declining to consecrate Matthew Parker as archbishop of Canterbury. Tunstall's tomb, covered by a slab of black marble, was placed in the choir, beneath the communion table, of Lambeth parish church. His epitaph, together with the record of his age and date of death, was inscribed on a brass plate affixed to the slab:

Vixit annos 85 ob. 18 Novembr. An. 1559. Anglia Cuthbertum Tunstallum maesta requirit Cuius summa domi laus erat atque foris, Rhetor Arithmeticus Juris consultus et aequi Legatusque fuit denique praesul erat. Annorum satur et magnorum plenus honorum Vertitur in cineres aureus iste senex.2

Ingram's observation that Haddon, after assuming the presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, sold "as many of the precious effects of the chapel as were valued at about a thousand pounds" for 52 £ 14 s 8 d, which, with 120 £ of public money, he used for

2He lived eighty-five years, dying on November 18 in the year 1559.

Sad England feels the loss of Cuthbert Tunstal, whose fame was great at home and abroad. While he lived, he was orator, mathematician, learned in law and equity, and legate, and at last a dancer.
alterations, might lead one to infer that Haddon entertained Puritan sympathies. Such a conclusion, however, would be unwarranted. When Haddon was in Bruges, Archbishop Parker wrote to him a complaining letter about difficulties with the Puritans, how their ministers refused to wear ecclesiastical garb and how they flaunted the law concerning seditious books. In his reply, Haddon referred to the Puritans as "vulgar men" and "mere novices." He evoked that the authority ofucer and Peter Martyr alone, learned divines, should have been enough to overthrow the fancies of the Puritans.

Richard in years and full of honor, that golden old man has succumbed to dust.

Charles Sturges, Cuthbert Tunstal (New York, 1936), pp. 327ff. Haddon's holograph letter to Archbishop Parker containing the epitaph is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Ms. 109, p. 56. This original, a photostat of which the present editor has seen, contains only one variation: the last line reads "solvitur" for "vertitum".

The slab with Haddon's inscription was still in place when John Strype in 1720 published his revised edition of John Stow's Survey of London (Vol. III, App. I, p. 85) but by the time Andrew C. Ducarel published his History of the Parish of Lambeth in 1786 (App., p. 40), it had disappeared.

If the Puritans would bring sincere minds, not fore­
stalled with error, to study the weighty discourses of
Bucer and Martyr, they would soon abandon their false
opinions. Haddon's own conviction was that there had
been enough discussion concerning doctrine and that
the time had come to employ discipline, so that non­
conformists might be restrained by chastisement. He
felt that the Puritans were merely making a clamor
about arbitrary matters against the queen's decree and
the public constitutions of the Church.  

However surfeited he was with dogmatic discussions,
Haddon was catapulted by the English government into
a controversy of sizeable dimensions with a Portuguese
priest, Jerome Osorio de Fonseca. Because of the ele­
gance of his Latin style, Osorio was called the Portu­
guese Cicero. He had studied at Salamanca, and, at the
age of nineteen, went on to Paris, where he became an
intimate with one of the first members of the Society
of Jesus, Peter Faber. This association led to the
establishment of the Jesuits in Portugal. From Paris
Osorio went to Bologna, where he studied Hebrew and
theology. He became professor of theology at the
University of Coimbra; and, much esteemed by Pope Greg­
ory XIII, he was consecrated bishop of Sylves in Al­

4 John Strype, Life of Matthew Parker, I, 11, 443f.
garva. He died in 1560. His library was captured at sea by the Earl of Essex in 1566, and much of it is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.5

In 1562 Osorio addressed Queen Elizabeth in an epistle written in Latin, which was printed in France in both Latin and French. It was translated into English in 1565 by Richard Shacklock, a student of civil law at Louvain, whose translation was printed at Antwerp under the title A Pearl for a Prince. Osorio's epistle exhorted the queen to return to the Catholic communion and attempted to demonstrate the error of her ways. If the letter had been only theological in content, it might not have caused so much rancor. Osorio indulged in some rather extreme charges; and Haddon, evidently commissioned by Secretary Cecil, set about answering Osorio. Perhaps the Ciceronian style of Osorio influenced the selection of Haddon. Thomas Smith indicated in his correspondence with Haddon that Osorio's style was not lost on the reader, for Smith commented that Osorio "brought nothing but the bare imitation of Cicero."6

On November 26, 1563, Cecil wrote to Smith, then English ambassador to France, about having Haddon's work printed abroad, and in the following January he sent

the manuscript. Cecil wanted the printing to be done at once, together with a translation into French, and desired that Smith add something to it from his own hand. When on January 24, 1564, Smith wrote to Cecil that he would have five hundred copies of the book printed for twenty-five crowns and would have it turned into French, he did not realize the political difficulties which would have to be overcome before the project became reality.

Smith negotiated with Robert Estienne, the French king's printer, about the book; and the latter asked for the manuscript to ascertain the size of the book and to determine whether it contained any materials harmful to the kingdom. He stipulated, further, that he would have to obtain permission from the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici, to do the printing. While the manuscript was in the possession of the printer, a certain de Valla borrowed it. Upon some pretense or other, de Valla was arrested and the copy fell into the hands of the provost. Whereupon Smith remonstrated with the chancellor of France, reviewing the whole history of the proposed publication. Smith solicited permission from the chancellor to have Haddon's work

8 Calendar of State Papers - Foreign, 1564-1565, No. 99.  
9 Strype, The Life of Thomas Smith, p. 79.
permitted *cum privilegio*. If that were impossible, he desired at least to have it printed in Latin and French. At any rate, he demanded to have the manuscript returned to him, so that, if the printing could not be expedited in France, it might be done elsewhere.\(^{10}\)

In answer, the chancellor reported that the queen was much offended with those who had had Osorio's book printed without the king's license and that she had commanded that those responsible be punished. He asked Smith to send him a copy of Osorio's work, so that the printer thereof might be brought to justice. He was returning Haddon's manuscript. Disapproving the printing of Osorio's work, the government could not permit the publication of Haddon's.\(^{11}\)

One would have had to have been less intelligent than Smith not to have understood the political chicanery involved. The English ambassador was equal to the occasion. He sent the chancellor a French copy of Osorio's work, all the Latin copies having been sold. The printer reported to Smith that he had printed and sold about five hundred Latin copies, since he knew of no reason why he should not have done so. From this information Smith concluded that the book was printed *cum privilegio*. Accordingly, on March 10, 1564, Smith informed the chancellor that, since the

\(^{10}\) *Calendar of State Papers - Foreign, 1564-1565*, No. 221

book had been printed with governmental approval, it was now impossible to suppress the work or punish its printers. Smith likened the action of the chancellor to shutting the case after the birds had flown, and he asked that Haddon be given treatment equal to that of Osorio. Smith could not refrain from commenting that Haddon's Latin eloquence equalled that of Osorio's. Smith's perseverance was at least partially rewarded. He did not obtain cum privilegio status for Haddon's answer, but on April 14, 1564, he was able to write to Cecil that he was sending him some copies of Haddon's book which, under the title Gualteri Haddoni pro reformatione Anglicae epistole apologetica ad Hier. Osorium, Lusitanum, had been printed by Robert Estienne at Paris. The epistle was reprinted in Lucubrationes in 1567 and translated into English by Abraham Hartwell, under the title A Sight of the Portu­call Pearle, London, 1565 (STC 12598).

In his reply to Osorio, Haddon disavowed any intention of indulging in recriminations; he wished

12 Ibid., No. 238.
13 Ibid., No. 386.
14 Ibid., No. 227. John Strype, The Life of Thomas Smith, pp. 78-80, summarizes the difficulties Smith encountered before Haddon's work was printed.
only to correct the mistaken notions entertained by Osorio concerning the state of religion in England. He desired, too, to correct the false information disseminated by Osorio's epistle. The reformation in England, he contended, was not the work of a number of obscure men, but was brought about by the united effort and consent of the common people, the nobility, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the prince.

Osorio had stated that the English religion was an innovation, without any basis in apostolic times, given to flaunting pleasure and liberty, and abounding in innumerable evils. Its founders were detestable characters—murderers, sorcerers, traitors, and enemies of humankind; the new religion itself was accursed and despicable. Haddon countered by demanding the particulars which prompted such a judgment: the names of those detestable men and wherein the English religion was so abhorrent. He viewed the religious change as the dispersing of darkness and the letting in the sunshine of the gospel. Whereas the people formerly wallowed in superstition and the slough of sin, and believed that their iniquities were all erased by the pardon of a pope's bull and the muttering of mysterious prayers, now their ears were opened to the authority of the Scriptures. Casting aside the inventions of men, they now sought refuge only in the gratuitous
mercy of God, conforming their manners to holiness and righteousness.

Osorio had warned the queen that she would eventually be dethroned by the new sect. But Haddon pointed out that, under the reformed faith, the queen prospered, loving her subjects and being loved by them, and he defended against Osorio's scoffing the men responsible for purging the Church in England and leading it to the pristine practice of the gospel. Haddon referred to them as servants of God, sent from heaven, to rouse the people from their lethargy and afford them help in dangerous times. The reformers were the living refutation of impiety.

To Osorio's question as to whether the reformers were more perfect in their praise of piety than the doctors of the Church, Haddon answered that the doctors and the reformers stood for the same things. It was Augustine who complained that the Christians of his day, like the Jews of old, were overwhelmed with ceremonies. It was Jerome who desired that the Scripture be learned by women and children. It was Basil who exhorted monks to live holy lives; and if his advice had been heeded, no harm would have come to them. It was Athanasius who delivered a creed to which all Christians could subscribe.
Haddon defended Luther against the charge of being a madman by reminding Osorio how well Luther acquitted himself in an assembly before the Emperor Charles, and how wisely, for a span of thirty years, he fended off attacks from the Roman Church. Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were saintly men, both in their lives and in their writings.

Osorio disapproved the new religion's rejection of human authors in favor of the Sacred Scripture alone, but Haddon declared that such was the practice of Our Lord, the Apostles, and the Fathers. Haddon contended that the reformers had made use of approved interpreters of Scriptures, and he denied that they had boasted of the sanctity of their personal lives; they did not arrogate to themselves anything above the condition of human nature. Osorio lamented the fact that monks and virgins were turned out of religious houses into the wicked world, while their properties were sold. Haddon maintained that such houses were dens of iniquity, devoted to pharisaical devotions in an unknown tongue; the rites that were enacted within those walls could be compared to the bacchanalia of ancient Rome. From such vice, the inhabitants of convents and monasteries were called to lives of virtue and honest wedlock. Their houses were put to good use as schools, universities, and hospitals.
It was true that religion had been divested of images, pictures, and statues, because the gospel commanded that heed should be taken against idols, and because God is a spirit who should be worshipped in spirit and truth. Since prayer arises from the inner man, the soul, and is addressed to a spiritual being, God, it is not proper that religion should be weighted with material objects. Experience had proved that when man busied himself with the shadows of holy things, his spirit grew cold and lost the true fruit of meditation. The apostolic Church lacked such objects; and, when they were introduced, the inward devotion of God ceased.

Haddon characterized as an impudent hyperbole Osorio's accusation that all sacred things, ceremonies, and sacraments had been overthrown. Teachers of religion were being sent into every corner of the realm; there was a public form of prayer, collected from scripture; sacraments were administered in the manner taught by scripture and the early Church; the native tongue was used in worship; numerous religious rites were carried out, viz., the imposition of hands, the ceremony of marriage, the churching of women after childbirth, the visitation of the sick, the burial of the dead. The yoke of the pope had been cast off, a burden too heavy to bear. Far from rending the
cloak of Christ, as Osorio maintained they had done, the reformers only picked a hole in the cloak of the bishop of Rome.

The people of England, Osorio had averred, were proud, impudent, dishonest, conspiratorial. Haddon denied the universal castigation of his fellow citizens. Without denying that England had its share of the wayward, Haddon bade Osorio look to the guilt of the members of his own communion. Against Osorio's bickering concerning the manner in which the new faith taught the gospel, Haddon promised that when they all should stand before Christ the judge, they would be examined not by decrees and decretals, nor by the Julians and Bonificians, but by the gospel which the Roman Church had buried for so long. Haddon, in turn, found fault with the preaching of the ministers of the Roman Church. He termed the exhortations of friars both tedious and trite. He described the Roman celebration of the Mass as a rite tending to put the people outside the frame of worship, with all religious activity so concentrated in the priest that the people were left with nothing to do. Communion was taken more in ceremony than with a contrite heart.

Contradicting Osorio's low opinion of the English people, Haddon described them in glowing terms. The
queen, presiding over the realm, was incomparably pious and learned. The archbishops and bishops, unlike those of the popish Church, resided in their dioceses, preached in their own persons, and took care of all the churches. The nobility lived in great concord with one another. The common people were dutiful in every way. There was great tranquillity throughout the realm. Evidently Osorio had been misinformed, and he should heed the caution of Tully that many men speak many things, but that it is not necessary to believe everything.

Answering Osorio's plea to Elizabeth to embrace Catholicism and restore it in the realm, Haddon let him know that such pleading was in vain. What he referred to as novelty, the queen knew to be antiquity. Her Majesty humbly thanked God for her faith, and she would lay down her life rather than disavow it. Osorio was a mere stranger in the gospel, if he did not realize the queen's conviction. 15

In his English translation of Osorio's epistle, Richard Shacklock concluded his work with an address to Haddon, upbraiding him for his wickedness in refuting Osorio. He recalled how Valens the Emperor suffered a great cramp or palsy in his hand when he wrote the

decree banishing St. Basil. Haddon should profit by this horrible example, lest he, too, become a spectacle to all men. Haddon's theological acumen was derided. When he discoursed on divinity, he could no more bestir himself than could David in Saul's armor. If he continued to answer theological tracts, he would stir up so many enemies that, whereas he was master of requests and should be at leisure to attend to the petitions of the plaintiffs who came to him, he would have to inform them that he could not be troubled, that he was busy answering Osorio in Portugal, Kosius in Poland, such a man in such a country. Even if he would not make such an answer, his mind would not be upon his charge but concerned with the many books and letters written by his betters. Eventually he would be expelled from his office for negligence, and he would be sent away from the court to Cambridge, so that he would have time to answer his adversaries. As master of requests, he was petitioned to grant this request: not to increase his old fault with any new offense. 16

This counsel went unheeded. When Osorio in 1567 published a reply to Haddon, the latter undertook a rejoinder. He commenced his work by declaring to Osorio

16 Ibid., pp. 84-85.
that he stood in the defense of his country and would do so as long as breath were left in his body. Haddon's reply was not finished at the time of his death, a fact which induced Strype to make the dark observation that it could be suspected that Haddon, dying in Bruges in 1566, had met with foul play. Since Haddon died in England six years after his sojourn in Flanders, Strype's melodramatic touch loses its force.


In 1560 there was printed at London a prayerbook, Liber precum publicarum, purporting to be a Latin edition of the Elizabethan Book of Common Prayer. Prefixed to it were Royal Letters Patent, dated April 6, giving permission to the university chapels to use this Latin version in their liturgy, including the Eucharistic service. The authorship of this Latin version

17Ibid., p. 85.
is attributed to Haddon. Evidently, however, no effort was made to make the Latin edition conform to the revised English Book. On the contrary, the basis of the work was a Latin translation of the Prayer Book of 1549. This translation was made by Alexander Aless, a Scottish divine and physician. Even the preface is that of Aless, with a few corrections in its Latinity. Francis Proctor and Walter H. Frere, in a detailed study, have compared Haddon's version with that of Aless; from their analyses of the various prayers and rubrics, it is safe to conclude that the two Latin editions are essentially the same. Proctor and Frere also point out the discrepancies between Haddon's version and the revised English edition of 1552.18

Another project of considerable dimensions in which Haddon was involved was the reformation of canon law. As early as 1533, the king was authorized to appoint thirty-two subjects--sixteen members from the lords in Parliament and sixteen members from the clergy--to examine the canons, constitutions, and ordinances, provincial and synodal, to ascertain which ones were still in effect, i.e., "not contrarient to the laws, customs, and statutes of this realm nor to the damage

and hurt of the king's prerogative royal." Further statutes were passed in 1535 and in 1543 for the appointment of a like commission. In 1549 an act directed the appointment of thirty-two commissioners who shall have power and authority to assemble themselves by his highness's commandment for three years to come, for the perfect collection, compiling, and ordering of Ecclesiastical Laws; and that such laws so compiled, gathered, and ordered by the said thirty-two, or the more part of them, and set forth and published by the King's proclamation, with the advice of the privy council, under the great seal, shall by virtue of this act be only taken, reputed, practised, and put in use for the king's ecclesiastical laws of this realm.

Commissioners for the undertaking were selected in October, 1551. In November a letter to the chancellor revised the commission and only eight names were listed "for the first drawing and ordering of the Cannon Lawes." Again, in the following February another letter was sent to the chancellor to make out a commission composed of the archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, learned men, civilians, and lawyers "for th'establishment of the ecclesiastical lawes according to th'act of parliament made the last sessions."

Cranmer undertook the task. Haddon and Cheke put the production into Latin. The undertaking, however, was not completed within the specified three years. King Edward desired the project to be continued,
and so directed in the last draught of his will. The scheme was overturned with the advent of Queen Mary. Elizabeth did not revive the project, although the code was edited by John Foxe in 1571, probably by direction of Archbishop Parker, for the guidance of Parliament. It was reprinted in 1640, under the title "Reformation of the Ecclesiastical Laws as attempted in the reigns of King Henry VIII, King Edward VI, and Queen Elizabeth," with an historical preface by Edward Cardwell, the principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford.19

19 Literary Remains of King Edward VI, II, 397ff. Also, footnote 3, 397ff. There is no agreement concerning the degree in which Haddon cooperated in the codification. Henry Hallam mentions the tradition that it was the work of Cheke and Haddon (History of Literature, II, 32); Strype states that Haddon only corrected the Latinity (Mem. of Cranmer, Bk. 1, c. 30), and that the production was the work of a commission in which Cranmer did the greater portion of the work and that the words were mainly his (James Bass Mullinger, The University of Cambridge (Cambridge, 1884), II, 111). Thompson Cooper is of the opinion that Haddon and Cheke played the major roles in the scheme (DNB, "Walter Haddon," VIII, 872-875).
V. Haddon, the Poet

John Fryer, in his introductory poem to Walter Haddon's *Lucubrationes*, compared the author to Cicero, Ovid, Prudentius, Sedulius, and Juvenecus, and asserted that Haddon is superior to all of them. In so delineating Haddon's literary work, Fryer was, perhaps, trying to say that the best in pagan and Christian literature is embodied in the *opera* of this one man. To fuse the Greek and Roman classical tradition with Christian morals and doctrine, no easy task, was the *telos* of every Christian humanist, and to judge a writer successful in achieving this ambition is a great tribute. Limiting our discussion to Haddon's poetry, we are overwhelmed with evidence that, in externals at least, Haddon consciously set himself to the imitation of the ancients; and he did so with a superlative degree of success.

A non-classical verse form, the iambic dimeter, is used by Haddon on only three occasions. Otherwise, Haddon's poetry is apparelled in classical meters,

1Prudentius (348-?) was a Christian poet whose hymns were widely used in the Middle Ages; Sedulius, who flourished around 450 A.D. was the author of a poem "Carmen Paschale," popular for centuries; Juvenecus flourished around 337 A.D. (J. Howard Brown, *Elizabethan Schooldays*, Oxford, 1933, pp. 75-76; Patrick S. Casserly, *Latin Prosody*, New York, 1925, p. 160.)

2Poems 31, 34, 41.
which he uses with great competence and surprising variety. In poems which he wishes to invest with special dignity and seriousness, he uses dactylic hexameter, i.e., the heroic verse of Homer and Virgil; or the alternating dactylic hexameter and pentameter lines, i.e., the elegiac distich, used by Ovid and Catullus. These two meters predominate. With the exception of "The Lord's Prayer," Haddon employs the first form in his translations from the New Testament; and the second form in those from the Old Testament and from St. Augustine. In his other religious and moralistic poems, he almost always chooses the elegiac distich, the exceptions being "Perpetua est mutatio tum animi tum corporis" and "Cogimur ad suspiciendum publica munera," when he uses dactylic hexameter.

His patriotic poems and those on the members of the royal family are characterized by both meters. Haddon's two long narrative poems "Amatorium" and "Confessio peccatoris" are written in alternating dactylic hexameter and pentameter, the meter preferred by him in

3 Poem 23.
4 Poem 27.
5 Poem 102.
6 Poem 103.
most of his other poems.

There are, however, some interesting variations from the two predominant metric forms just described. Haddon translates "The Lord's Prayer" into seven Sapphic strophes, consisting of three lesser Sapphic verses (i.e., two trochees, one dactyl, and two trochees) and one Adonic verse (i.e., one dactyl and one trochee). The Sapphic strophe was used by Horace, and, on a few occasions, by Catullus. Haddon turns to this meter again in one of his poems in honor of Cicero, in his panegyric on music, and in the companion poems on whether or not it is expedient for a man to take a wife. The concluding stanza of each of the companion poems just mentioned consists of another Horatian form: five Asclepiadean lines, i.e., five lines made up of a spondee, two choriamb (a metrical foot of four syllables, the first and last long, the middle two short), and one iamb.

Two other companion poems, the precepts of a husband to his wife and her answer, are written in

7 Poem 10.
8 Poem 32.
9 Poem 34.
10 Poem 35, 36.
11 Poems 37, 38.
Phalacian verse, i.e., five-foot lines, with the first foot a spondee, trochee, or iamb, the second a dactyl, and the last three trochees. Haddon again employs the Phalacian line, often used by Catullus, in one of his poems on the Brandon brothers and in "Ad Elisabetham Principem."  

Certain classical poetic ornaments and licenses, too, are abundantly present in Haddon's poems. He often uses the plural for the singular: "Discipulis, praeeptuta dabit, sic ora resolvens." He employs the future perfect to indicate a simple futurity: "Doctior aut melior fuerit dubitatur." His poetry is profuse in its use of the enclitic que, which is often annexed to a word to which it does not strictly belong. He is fond, perhaps excessively so, of repetitions of like words and sounds:

Sic patriae servire decet, servire frequenter
Ut liceat, serque tuo succrescere patri.  

His salutation "Ad Elisabetham Principem" uses the 

12 Poem 60.
13 Poem 28.
14 Poem 1, line 3. Literally translated, it reads "opening his mouths."
15 Poem 69, line 11.
16 Poem 64, lines 21-22.
17 Poem 28.
adjective foelx seventeen times in a poem of thirteen lines. Another extreme example is in his panegyric on music, in which the Greek word for music introduces fifteen of the poem's twenty lines. Less extreme but carefully calculated examples, of course, are present, e.g., line 7 of "In librum partitionum sagittariarum Rogeri Aschami": "Docta manus dedit hunc, dedit hunc meus docta libellum." 19

Admitting Haddon's successful imitation of the external form of the ancients, can we say that he captured their philosophy and spirit with equal success? Leicester Bradner says of him that nowhere in his poetry does he display any fruitful influence from the classics or a tendency to imitate classical themes. According to Bradner, Haddon's attitude towards the ancients was the same as that of Colet who admonished his students to imitate the style but not the content of the classics. 20 If there was failure here, Bradner intimates, it was a failure Haddon shared with his contemporaries and immediate predecessors in England. Leicester Bradner points out that, while the humanists in Italy were devoting their efforts to the rediscovery

18 Poem 34.
19 Poem 48.
20 Musae Anglicanae, p. 20.
of lost manuscripts or the composition of odes and erotic verses in the best classical manner, the leaders of the movement in England were expending their energies on religion and education instead of on literature per se. Their labors were rather directed to new editions of the Bible and the founding of colleges. Indeed, while it was conceded that Cicero, Seneca, and Virgil were worthy of study, there existed generally an active antipathy against classical authors. In Beatus Rhenanus' preface to Sir Thomas More's Epigrammatica, published at Basel in 1518, such Italian poets as Politian, Fontano, and Sannazaro, are termed immoral and unfit to be read by Christians. Douglas Bush comments on Thomas Salter's Mirrhor of Lodestie (1579):

Salter is indignant that women able to read Prudentius and other Christian poets should prefer "Lascivious books of Ovide, Catullus, Propercius, Tibullus, and in Virgill of Eneas and Dido; and amonge the Greeke poettes of the filthie love (if I maie terme it love) of the Goddes themselves, and of their wicked adulteries and abominable fornications, as in Homer and suche like" (p. 17). There are classical anecdotes of a moral turn, and a quite unclassical dialogue between Mercury and Virtue.

Outside of the employment of classical meters, Bradner continues, there is little evidence that, until

21 Musae Anglicanae, p. 13.

well into the second half of the sixteenth century, Latin poets in England were influenced by the poetry of the ancients. Thomas More, whose robust medievalism distinguished him from some of the more severe humanistic reformers, wrote largely on moral or didactic subjects: evils in the Church, the qualities of a good king, contempt of this world, the brevity, nothingness, and vanity of this mortal life. John Constable wrote one Sapphic ode, but it is a hymn to the Virgin. George Etheridge, in 1586, published the work of his erstwhile teacher, John Shepreve (died 1542), entitled Hyppolytus Ovidianae Phaedrae respondens, which, in a poem of more than 1800 lines, refutes the arguments of Ovid's Phaedra for illicit love. Even the pastoral, used by Baptista Mantuan in the previous generation for religious purposes, did not appear in England until the second half of the sixteenth century. William Lilly's most famous poem "Qui mihi discipulus," which first appeared in his Epigrammata, is a set of instructions on manners and morals.\(^{23}\)

The classical influence, Bradner insists, made itself fully felt in English letters only after Haddon's

\(^{23}\) Bradner, p. 14. Lilly's poem was printed in all the editions of his grammar. Since this grammar was used at Eton and other English schools for three hundred years, "Qui mihi discipulus" was familiar to generations of students.
death. It is true, for example, that anyone reading the poems of the elder Giles Fletcher (1549-1611) on the death of Haddon which appear in the 1576 edition of Haddon's poetry, can see at once the difference in the poetry of the two men. Fletcher, using the pastoral, has caught the spirit of classical myth. Transplanting pagan rites from Greece and Rome to the shores, the woods, the plains, the rivers of England, Fletcher has colored the contemporary scene with the rich imagery of classical lore. And, despite the span of time and of geography, the ancient mythos is at home in England. It is not the intruder who is never admitted into the bosom of the family, but the ingratiating familiar who, quietly revolutionizing the household, somehow makes the family feel that domestic life has always been this way.

The manner of writing in mythical vein was never achieved—or, for that matter, desired—by Haddon. There is in Haddon's poetry evidence of superficial allegiance to classical myth, but the allegiance is strained and artificial, even apologetic:

O God, O you who by your true name are said to be Jupiter.24

24 Poem 21, line 49.
Haddon's classical allusions are multiple and can be delightful. Witness, for example, his poem "On a certain noble woman.

Venus is in your face, Fallas hovers over your discreet lips, bright Apollo dwells in your fingers. Mercury regulates your tongue, Cynthia your conduct. O goddess worthy of a god, and Juno worthy of Jove.

When all is said and done, however, the reader is not aware that the poet has distilled a classical liqueur from the mythology of the ancients.

Let Haddon call heav'n Olympus, if he will; it is, by the prophets, Abram's bosom still.

The urge to imitate Ovid also seems to have arrived in England only in the latter quarter of the sixteenth century. William Camden (1551-1623), Robert Moore (1570-1639), John Dickenson (fl. 1594), Thomas Campion (1567-1620), Thomas Watson (1555-1592), and William Vaughn (1577-1641)--all drew upon Ovid for inspiration. Admitting Haddon's authorship of "Amatorlum" and "Confessio peccatoris," one is inclined to look for Ovidian antecedents in the poems. Search as we will, however, we can detect no evidence of Ovid's influence. Perhaps Haddon's Christian mores, nurtured by the stern

25 Poem 55.

26 Musae Anglicanae, pp. 44-56.

27 For a discussion of these two poems, see the notes to poems 102 and 103.
mandates of the decalogue, were temperamentally unsuited to enter the pagan, sensuous habitat of Ovid. Leicester Bradner says that "Amatorium" is "a curious twisting of the usual Ovidian love-elegy," but, while rejecting the theory that it is at all autobiographical, he comments that "it seems more like an actual transcript from life than an imitation of the classics." The young man, whose flirtation is cut short when the girl's mother demands that he declare his intentions, could well step out of a Renaissance dwelling and bemoan to a waiting friend that he had just been ejected and forbidden the house because he had shied from marriage with the matron's daughter.

"Confessio peccatoris" is even less Ovidian than "Amatorium," concerned as it is with the remorse of a debauchee whose saintly wife dies. The tale is one of the operation of Christian grace, describing man's resistance to it but his degeneracy without it. And, while it demonstrates that God punishes sin, it also describes the means providence employs--death of a loved one, sickness, loneliness--to bring a sinner, even one guilty of the foulest depravity of the flesh, to his knees.

28 Musae Anglicanae, p. 23.
29 Ibid.,
While it seems correct to deny that classical myth in general and Ovid in particular influenced the poetry of Walter Haddon, the opinion of Leicester Eradner is too extreme, namely, that nowhere in his poetry does Haddon display any fruitful influence from the classics or a tendency to imitate classical themes. It is quite evident, for example, that Haddon was influenced by the epistles of Horace. At least eighteen of Haddon's poems are epistolary in character and, like Horace's, they cover a wide range of subjects. "They deal with human foibles and frailties, discuss philosophic principles, open windows wide upon the poet's domestic circle, and give us incidents and scenes from daily life.""50

Generally speaking, Haddon lacks some of the urbanity of Horace. The latter could be moralistic without being ponderous, witty without losing seriousness. Haddon, on the other hand, rarely employs the bon mot which shows the ability to smile even while emphasizing lofty maxims. Not that he is incapable of sympathetic geniality; rather he permits himself only rarely to indulge in it. How affectionate he appears in his epistle to a certain noble youth who has sent him a book as a New Year's gift.31

31 Poem 33.
Haddon appreciates the kind thought and dispatches with great affection a gift in return. One of Haddon's briefest poems is possibly his most touching, namely the stanza to Richard Cox, composed when Haddon, sick in bed and hardly able to lift his head from the pillow, could only write "Farewell." There is much tender sympathy, too, in the consolatory poem he addresses to Princess Elizabeth when she is under suspicion and confined by her sister, Queen Mary. He is equally commiserating in his epistle to the Duchess of Suffolk who has lost her two sons from the sweating sickness. His epistle to Nicholas Bacon, with its attention to diet, waking and sleeping, exercise, sobriety, drafts, and condiments, contains, perhaps, certain echoes from Martial, even though it lacks the latter's saucy banter and roguish humor.

Haddon's preoccupation with the theme of peace and harmony within the kingdom and between England and other nations likewise possesses classical overtones. In praise of the state of peace in Rome under Augustus,

32 Poem 45.
33 Poem 54.
34 Poem 59.
35 Poem 77.
Horace had waxed eloquent concerning many of the same circumstances which thrilled Haddon when peace came intermittently to England: cattle feeding in the quiet mead, tranquil seas, contented homes, good laws, lack of fear. Both poets lock on peace as the warm sunshine of life.

Haddon's "bloody Mars" does not preside over battles between heroes. The god of war is rather occupied with the unholy anger of the rough soldiery, the ravaged fields of the farmer, the virgin violated, a parent's sorrow, commerce interrupted. War, glorious in the days when giants walked the earth, is apocalyptic in Haddon, a sign of the displeasure of a biblical God, a chastisement for sin. It is not a contest in which gods, flanked by their mortal favorites, seek to outwit one another. If the deity favors Englishmen—which he invariably does—it is the God of the Old Testament coming to the aid of his chosen people. And this scriptural God moves with simplicity and might, without the conniving and chicanery of the Greek and Roman immortals.

But even with its strong Christian background,
Haddon's concept of war is not totally divorced from that of the ancients. With Virgil, Haddon bemoans the crimes of battle: the peaceful peasant pressed into service, the fallow fields, commerce interrupted, the indescribable waste. The "fierce coursers" of Mars and the "divine thunder" of the Christian God are not too far apart and are equally terrifying.

The Virgilian influence seems evident again in Haddon's "Prosopopoeia." The praises of England by Haddon parallel considerably those of Italy by Virgil. Italy, unlike England, does not publish its own worth; but the two poems concentrate on similar glories: estimable ancestry, fertile fields, the ocean's shores, happy streams, veins of metallic wealth. As Virgil salutes Caesar, so does Haddon Elizabeth. Christian humanist that he is, Haddon cannot forbear praising God from whom all blessings flow, directing his prayers through Jesus Christ. A fervent devotee of the new religion, he reckons the reformation in England, with its emphasis on the revealed word of God, as one of heaven's choicest favors.

Poems 19, 21, 22, 40, 53, 61, 75, 76.
Poem 75.
Such an appraisal of Haddon is further illustrated by his preoccupation with translating portions of Scripture into Latin verse. Poetic renditions of the Bible are only one aspect of the great interest of the time in the ancient languages, an interest considerably augmented by the zeal of the Protestant reformers to return to the Bible as the wellspring of religious truth. Especially popular were verse translations of the Psalms. The Psalter has always been the most popular of the biblical books, and in the original Hebrew it was attired in poetic dress. The great impetus, however, to translate the Psalms into Latin verse seems to have caught hold in the late twenties of the sixteenth century, reaching its climax towards the end of the century and subsiding during the next few decades. Psalm paraphrases in Latin verse, now a dead literary genre, was an outlet for both the Christian humanist's piety and his delight in literary skill. It was a challenge for him to take the Psalms, known to everybody from school, church, home, and books of devotion, and translate them into the language and the meters of the classics. Johannes A. Gaertner lists about a hundred poets, writing in England and on the continent from 1500 until 1620, who published significant Psalm translations. The list is not meant to be exhaustive,
and Gaertner estimates that he has mentioned only half of the poets who should be included in a complete enumeration. The production of such translations was whetted by their popularity. George Buchanan's (1506-1582) translation of the Psalms went through sixteen editions during his lifetime; and, before the century ended, twelve more editions appeared. 44

The two editions of Haddon's poetry contain poetic renditions of only three Psalms; but his preoccupation with both the Bible and classical form is evinced by his lengthy paraphrases of other portions of Scripture. He translated chapters 5, 6, and 7 from St. Matthew; the first five chapters of the Epistle of St. James; and the Lord's Prayer. His other paraphrases are from the Old Testament: from Job, Tobias, and the first twelve chapters of Ecclesiasticus. It is significant that all these portions of Scripture are moralistic, equating them, from a literary point of view, to the Ciceronian epistles.

Practical in his educational and philosophic principles, which were largely those of Cicero, Haddon likewise emphasized the practicality of religion. Haddon seems

to have been troubled very little by the vagaries of dogma, even in his epistle to Osorio. In his approach to the Scriptures, it might be said that he remained a Ciceronian, his interest centered on what was reasonable and moderate, productive of the individual and social good. He left to others arguments about the relations of the Persons in the Trinity, the essence of heavenly beatitude, the mode of Christ's presence in the Eucharist. Admitting this life a prelude to heaven, he was concerned with the rules which should govern the mortal span of man's existence. 45

Another aspect of Walter Haddon's religious tendencies is his admiration for St. Augustine. In his regard for Augustine, he evinces again that he was a product of his times. Aside from the delight afforded the humanists by the Platonic vein they found in Augustine, those of the new religion found, or thought they found, substantial defense for their theological positions. 46 Although Haddon seems to have had little interest in dogmatic controversy, concerning himself largely with the practicable rules productive of the good life, he could not escape the contemporary

45 For example, poems 16, 17, 24, 25, 26, 27.

enthusiasm of the *intelligentsia* for Augustinian doctrine. And a man of utilitarian bent, like Haddon, could also find much counseling and moralizing in this fifth-century Doctor of the Church.

The humanists and the religious reformers shared their enthusiasm for returning to the golden age. For the former it was the glory of Greece and Rome; for the latter it was the Bible and the primitive Church. As a result of this diligence to uncover the ungarnished truth and riches of times long passed, the study of the early doctors of the Church regained new life, the religious coinciding with the neo-classical movement. While the humanists were exulting in fresh appreciation of classical writers, the leaders of the Protestant revolution were declaring that their teachings were not really revolutionary at all but were based on Scripture as interpreted by the primitive fathers.

St. Augustine was held in high honor on both counts. In philosophy a Platonist and in literary style a Ciceronian, he was a fountain where the Christian humanist could, in good conscience, satisfy his thirst. Augustine had been a teacher of rhetoric, and his writings demonstrate a literary craftsman's genius. While he approved Cicero's classification of three styles—the subdued, the moderate, and the grand—he himself, even
when protesting that he is writing in the plain style, has a resounding eloquence\(^47\) that stirred the admiration of the humanists, men trained to note, analyze, and appreciate a writer's verbal and rhetorical skill. In their appreciation of Ciceronian style, Augustine and Haddon were kindred spirits. In one of three poems addressed to Cicero, Haddon asks:

Do you desire eloquence for yourself?  
Or do you desire to be given wisdom?  
Tully alone shall easily  
impart both to you.\(^48\)

The Christian humanists found literary kinship with St. Augustine, and the religious reformers found support in him for their convictions. When the reformers protested that they recognized only the Scriptures as the authority for their faith and that they upheld the freedom of each man to seek his own light therein, they could, it seemed to them, find in Augustine patristic pronouncements teaching the same doctrine. Did Augustine not declare that the sacred canon of Scripture stands absolutely in a superior position to all subsequent letters of bishops? And did he not observe that the letters of bishops are liable to error? Did he not further maintain that even universal councils

\(^{48}\)Poem 31.
of the Church must correct their teaching when "by some actual experiment things are brought to light which were before concealed, and that is known which previously lay hid?" One of the principal contentions of the leaders of the reformation was that the Church of Rome had forsaken the Scriptures, letting the voice of human authority assume equal importance with the divine word of the Bible. In a rather eloquent poem, "Prayer against the enemies of the Evangelists," Hadden describes in vitriolic terms the animosity felt by the subscribers of the new religion against the Papists for what the Protestants considered betrayal of the word of God. For having tampered with the holy Bible, the Roman Church is styled a step-mother, a foul monster, a proud debauchee; she is accused of selling smoke and shadows, of making laws and then annulling them, of feeding on great wealth. She is a wolf, a degenerate animal, wounding the members of God.

The personal element in St. Augustine's devotional life further endeared him to the Protestant mind, distrustful of traditional religious rites and ceremonies. Each individual can find reflected in Augustine "his own spirit's search for God" pictured "in bold strokes

and deathless colors"; here is "the movement of a human soul on its way to God." Roger Hazelton points out that St. Augustine does not set down specific instructions for the devotional life. He is not like Loyola with precise exercises for every hour of every day; he does not, like Bonaventure, reduce the mystic life to a scientific analysis; nor is he like Jeremy Taylor, "full of homely rules and sundry exhortations for the Christian caught in the tangles of a sad, bad, mad world." Augustine's life of prayer springs from the integrity of a human creature toward his creator, who is "more inward to me than my most inward part, and higher than my highest." St. Augustine's devotional life arises from an integrated appreciation of his relationship to God. He is not concerned with the distinction between love and logic, devotion and theology, but "prodded by burning desire and lured by unspeakable promise," he travels "his restless but determined way to God." It was the Augustine of the Confession, struggling towards God,

...the religious individual, recounting the story of his own inward combat with sin, who was rediscovered in the Renaissance period. He became the inspiration for countless

52 Ibid., p. 400.
53 Ibid.
mystics, philosophers, and poets, who rejoiced in a new sense of spiritual awakening. Above all, the lonely desperate seekers after God's power to lift the burden of moral guilt, those who may be called the "wrestlers with Christ," find St. Augustine second only to St. Paul as their companion and their guide. 54

It is significant that Martin Luther was an Augustinian monk, shouldering, in a sense, the same realization of moral guilt that so weighed upon St. Augustine. While Luther's doctrine of grace differs from that of the "Doctor of Grace," Luther came to his conclusion after being trained in the thought of Augustine. 55

On more than one occasion Haddon shows his agreement with the Augustinian thesis that grace is the power which makes possible our right use of freedom, a doctrine not significantly qualified by St. Thomas Aquinas. 56 In one of his prayers from Augustine, he admits that unless that grace is available to him, he cannot dedicate himself to God. 57 And, again, he confesses that there is nothing good in him due to his own merits, only punishment due to wickedness. 58

55 Ibid.
56 Ibid.
57 Poem 12, lines 27-28.
58 Poem 13, lines 3-4.
poem, "Confessio peccatoris," especially looks to God as the author of any good that might be found in the sinner. The sinner cannot even confess that he is sorry for his transgressions unless God gives the grace to do so.

Renaissance social theory was likewise, in great part, Augustinian. Edward R. Hardy, Jr., terms the following statement the central proposition of Augustine's social teaching, and its emphasis on order is identical with that propounded by Walter Haddon in his poetry.

The peace of the body is an ordered harmony of its parts. The peace of the irrational soul is an ordered satisfaction of its desires; the peace of the rational soul is an ordered agreement of thought and action. The peace of body and soul is the ordered life and health of the living being. The peace of mortal man and God is an ordered obedience in faith under the eternal law. The peace of men is ordered harmony; the peace of a household is an ordered harmony of those who dwell together, in commanding and obeying; the peace of a commonwealth is a similar ordered harmony of its citizens. The peace of the heavenly city is a most ordered and most harmonious fellowship in enjoying God and one another in God. The peace of all things is the tranquility of order.

If there is an integrating factor in the poetry of Walter Haddon, it surely is this emphasis on the order

59Poem 103.

and harmony of all creation under God. This harmony is symbolized by music:

Music rules the loftiest stars;
music rules the lowest regions of the earth;
permeating everything, music rules the depths of the sea.61

Any deviation from the divinely constituted order is, according to Haddon, madness, blindness, stupidity, and an affront to God himself.62 It is not that Haddon is unaware of the world's evils, for he acknowledges that a superior member of the hierarchical order can inflict injustice on an inferior. He speaks of the royal will by which the body of Bucer was exhumed and publicly burnt as an act of tyranny.63 And he indirectly admits the possibility of royal peccability when he exhorts individual rulers to practice lives of virtue, justice, and charity.64 But he regards any resistance to divinely constituted authority as rebellion against God himself, who sees injustice, permits it, and, in his own good time, rights it. When Haddon bids Elizabeth, confined in the Tower, to revere her sister, he does not caution her to obey because her sister is just but because Mary is her queen. Only a power superior to the queen's, namely the authority

61 Poem 34, lines 13-16.
62 Poem 40, lines 1-16.
63 Poem 68, line 1.
64 Poems 20, 53, 76.
of God, can correct the ruler. God in times past, Haddon reminds Elizabeth, has intervened in human affairs. It is our duty to be patient and wait for God to come to our aid, as he came to the aid of Judith, Susanna, and the mother of John the Baptist.  

Admitting the premises of Haddon, one admits his conclusion. It is only when Haddon leaps the boundaries of England and bids the Scots to be subject to their "Britain sovereign," that the modern spirit finds Haddon's logic distasteful. Haddon admonishes the Scots:

How learn at last to serve your Britain king, by which happy king happy England has often achieved, and now achieves, and will achieve shining victories.

When one recalls that the first edition of Poemata appeared just two years before Mary Queen of Scots crossed from Scotland to England and that she had declared herself the lawful monarch of England on the death of Mary Tudor, one can be more understanding, if not entirely sympathetic, with Haddon's point of view. The whole relation of England and Scotland at this time was very complex; but, even so, Haddon seems to demonstrate a certain hauteur when he terms the

Poem 54.

Poem 19, lines 22-24.
Scots treasonable and undisciplined "wretches" for resisting English domination. 67

Happily, there is a more appealing side to Haddon's patriotism. In his expressions of love for his homeland he is not an unworthy forerunner of Shakespeare himself. Haddon is a warm lover of that "small island completely circumscribed by the ocean's shores," with its pastures swelling with fertility, with its streams mingling with brooks on their way to the sea, with its noble woods and green fields. 68 Witnessing the exuberance of Haddon's love, even one who is not an Anglophile can understand why Haddon considers his country the land of promise and the English race chosen by God. All the world loves a lover, and who will dispute the fervent exaggerations of love?

Despite occasional manifestations of genuine poetic power, Haddon is not a great poet. His importance in the history of literature in England does not arise either from the bulk of his poetry, which is small, or the lofty inspiration of his verse, which rarely appears. Rather his stature looms large because he mirrors so well the times in which he lived. Even

67 Poem 19, line 19.
68 Poem 75.
his very proficiency in the Latin tongue and his mastery
of verse forms are enduring evidence of the educational
practice of his day; and a modern educator, with theories
radically different from those of Haddon and his con-
temporaries, can see in Haddon, who was not a genius,
the extraordinary productivity of the English class-
room in the first half of the sixteenth century.

In his poetic work, whether translations or orig-
inal verse, Haddon mirrors his own day. To read his
poetry is to take a trip through the England of his
lifetime. The excursion begins at court, where the
reader meets Henry and Edward, Mary and Elizabeth, with
their entourage, Lady Jane Somerset, Sir Nicholas
Poyntz, the Marchioness of Northampton, Nicholas Lord
Bacon, Sir Anthony Cooke and his famous daughters,
William and Thomas Cecil, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and
Sir Walter Mildmay. We mingle in ecclesiastical circles
with Archbishops Cranmer and Parker, with controverси-
alists James Haddon and Dr. Cox, and we hear the ex-
citing advances of the new religion. We journey down
to Cambridge where we hear Vives, John Cheke, Roger
Ascham, Thomas Wilson, Martin Bucer, and Thomas Smith,
and admire the scholastic achievements of the Brandon
brothers, the young Lord Maltravers and the Earl of
Warwick. We visit the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of the
Brandon boys, in her dwelling near Cambridge. We sail to the Scottish coast with Sir John Clere to quell the Scots; we march north with Robert Dudley to put down Kett's rebellion; we weather the plague of 1552. We even take a trip across the channel and meet reformers Wolfgang Musculus, Johann Hess, and Johann Carion.

With Haddon we share the adventure and excitement of advancing to new political, intellectual, and religious frontiers. We feel the invincibility of glorious England. We thank God that he has shown so much favor to us; and, while we boast of our good fortune, we protest in humility that God is the author of our blessings. But, as the golden lights glitter and music pours forth joy, a small voice speaks to remind us of our medieval past, and, for the moment, the lights are softened and the music fades, and we are confronted by Everyman who bids us seek God alone against the day of reckoning when our spirit must abandon our weary limbs and our bodies must lie in the grave.69

69 Poem 101.
The poems of Walter Haddon, "collected from scattered sources and edited by the study and labor of Thomas Hatcher of Cambridge"¹ were first published in 1567. According to Charles Henry Cooper, Hatcher was "fellow, author of a catalogue of the provosts, fellows, and scholars of this college [i.e., King's], an admired Latin poet, and editor of the works of Dr. Nicholas Carr and Dr. Walter Haddon." Hatcher died in 1583.²

The 1567 volume of Haddon's poems was printed by William Seres. Seres was previously associated with the printer, John Day, but he separated from Day in 1550 and established his business in St. Paul's Churchyard. Walter Haddon is one of the signers of a letter of the High Commission, addressed to the Master Wardens and Company of Stationers, dated May 25, 1560, in which they are reminded that William Seres has the "pryvyledge and libertie of pryntinge the prymers [i.e., forms of private prayers] and psalters books in englishe," and that those "certayne evill desposyd persons" who are infringing on his right are to be punished.³ Seres was

¹From the title-page of the poems of the 1567 edition. Translation is that of the present editor.


³Stationers Register, II, 62.
thrown into prison under Queen Mary, but Elizabeth renewed his patent. He was Master of the new Stationers' Company in 1570, 1571, 1575-1577. Among his more important works was Cheke's *The Kurt of Sedition* in 1549 and in 1569.  

The 1567 publication in which Walter Haddon's poems appear is a rather curious volume. The book has two title pages, the first before a collection of Haddon's orations and letters; and the second before the collection of his poems. On the first title page is a four-line poem addressed to the reader, by Thomas Hatcher. This poem, together with one by John Fryer and one by Abraham Hartwell on the page following, I have given in an appendix to Walter Haddon's poems.

Abraham Hartwell (1542-1576) was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He was fellow from 1562

---


5 In the Huntington Library copy, on a fly leaf before the first title-page, is penned, probably in an eighteenth-century hand: Queen Elizabeth being asked whether she preferred Haddon or Buchannan as men of learning? She replied, "Buchannum omnibus antepono, Haddonum neminem post pono." Buchannan I place before all. Haddon I reckon second to none. *Proverbs*, p. 967.

to 1567, taking his M.A. degree in 1567. He was the author of *Regina literata sive de serenissimae Dominae Elizabethae... in Academiam Cantabriensiensem adventu... anno 1564, Aug. 5*, which appeared in London in 1565. Prefixed to the poem are two long Latin letters to the reader and to Walter Haddon, written in elegiacs and containing over fifteen hundred lines. Hartwell also translated into English Haddon’s letter to Osorio.⁷ According to Charles Henry Cooper, John Fryer, a fellow at Cambridge, was an able London physician, who died in 1563.⁸

The table of contents, appearing early after the first title page, does not note that the poems are in the volume. In fact, the only indication that the collections of prose and of poetry are not bound together by mistake is a brief list of Errata which appears after the last poem.⁹ The Errata refers to the

⁸Memorials of Cambridge, I, 218.
⁹At the bottom of the leaf [S3v], after the last poem, in the Huntington Library copy, in a hardly legible Renaissance secretary hand, is written in Latin:

*Cum sit aetatis tibi cursus actus,
Quid iuvat nummos cumulare? nummis
Dives est Pluto, satis est Charonti
Nummulus? annon?*
orations and the letters, as well as to the poems. The pagination and the lettering of the signatures after the two separate title pages are independent of one another.

In preparing this present edition of Walter Haddon's poems I have worked from photostats of the copy in the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino, California.

The second and final edition of Walter Haddon's poetry appeared in 1576, again printed by William Seres, under the editorship of Thomas Hatcher. William Beloe says that the "little volume...is of very considerable rarity."¹⁰ The copy, from which photostats I

```
Qui suum censum cupide petivit,
Ponet Invitus cupide petitum,
Jam senescenti satis est, paratis
Cetera bonis.
```

Since you have completed the course of your life, what is the use of piling up money; Pluto has plenty of it (so he doesn't expect any from you), while all you need for Charon is a small coin (to ferry you across the Styx). Isn't that so?

Whoever greedily got his gold will some day put aside what he sought greedily. A man growing old has enough all ready if in things otherwise good which he has gathered in preparation.

¹⁰William Beloe, *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*, (London, 1807-12), pp. 217-221. In the copy of the 1576 edition of Haddon's poems in the Huntington Library, on a fly leaf before the title page, is written: In Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books" is a particular account of this curious little Volume. J. E. Under the signature is a word I cannot decipher. Upon investigation, I discovered
worked, is located in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California. The volume is divided into two books. After the title page is printed John Fryer's epigram on the poetry of Haddon. This poem originally appeared after the first title page of the 1567 volume, before Haddon's orations and epistles. Then, on the two following pages, a brief life of Haddon, in Latin, is given, followed by a poem by Haddon on his own life, which appeared in the earlier edition before his two long narrative poems. The 1576 edition of Haddon's poems reproduces all the poems of the first edition and contains four poems not printed in the 1567 edition. In the edition I have prepared, these four poems appear separately, after the poems of the first edition.

Their titles are "Sarientiae Jesu filii Sirachi vulgo Ecclesiastici"; "In ardes Apthorpianas D. Gualteri Mildmali"; "De insipientiis ejusdem Mathaei"; and "In obitum R. D. Mathaei Cantuariensis archiepiscopi."

The order of the poems in the second edition varies from that of the first. Added to the 1576 volume are two lengthy elegies, by Giles Fletcher, on Haddon;

---

that Beloe is primarily concerned with a particular copy found in the collection of the Bishop of Ely, which had belonged to the antiquary Thomas Baker, "who with many others lost their preferment and fellowships for refusing to take the oaths of abjuration of King James." This copy was bequeathed to St. John's College, Cambridge. Beloe remarks that poems in the second book
a lamentation on his father's death by Clere Haddon, together with two answers to the lamentation by Osmund Lakes and Giles Fletcher respectively; a four-line poem by Fletcher in Greek, on the deaths of father and son; and a eulogy by the same author, on Clere Haddon. All of the works not written by Haddon and which appear in the 1576 volume I have, in my edition, put in an appendix.

Indicate "some playfulness and humor," in proof of which he refers to Haddon's two poems on whether it is expedient to marry. Beloe also has a sentence or two on each of the poets who are represented in the final pages of the 1576 edition of Haddon's poems.
Manuscript copies of Haddon's poems seem to be few in number. From the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, I have obtained a photostatic copy of Corpus Christi MS. 106-336, folio 625, which gives Haddon's poem against the rebels in Norfolk. The poem is written in Renaissance secretary and is entitled: "Versus Gualteri Haddon in adventum comitis Warwickii ad Cantabrigiam adversus Nordovicensis rebellis."

From Caius College, Cambridge, I have a photostat of MS. 218/233, f. 41. Written in an Italian hand, it contains a poem entitled: "Epitaphium Gualteri Haddoni in reverendum patrem Martini Eucerum."

From the Bodleian Library I have three photostatic copies of Haddon's poem on Thomas Norton's Alchemy:

(L) Ashmole MS. 971, f. 8, written in a hand which combines both secretary and Italian characteristics, entitled: "Gualteri Haddoniis in laudem Thomae Nortonii," with a note, in a different hand, after the poem saying that it has been "copied from MS. 1445. II" and advising: "See also No. 1478. 54b."

(2) Ashmole MS. 1445. ii F. 1v, written in an Italian hand, is entitled: "Gualteri Haddoni carmen, in laudem Thomae Nortonii."

(3) Ashmole MS. 1478. f. 54v, also in an Italian hand, is entitled: "Gualteri Haddoni carmen in laudem Thomae
Also from the Bodleian Library I have a photostatic copy of MS. Rawlinson D. 1293, f. 26 and 26v, written in an Italian hand, containing a poem entitled: "Oratio Dominica."

From the Royal and King Manuscripts in the British Museum I have seen on film 18-B. XXIV, f. 79b, which is written in an Italian hand, and is a copy of Haddon's poem entitled: "Gualteri Haddoni, a supplicibus libellis serenissimae Reginae Elizabethae carmen in laudem huius libri," the book referred to in the title being Thomas Norton's Ordinal of Alchemy.

Also, from the British Museum, I have seen on film Manuscripts Add. 19400, f. 86, f. 95v, containing two poems, the first on the Commonplaces of Wolfgang Musculus and the coat of arms of Matthew Parker, and the second, added in the 1576 edition of Haddon's poems, on Parker's coat of arms. These two poems are in the poet's own hand. In another hand, also secretary, sandwiched between the two poems is a translation into English of the second poem. This translation is given in the notes to the poems. Haddon writes in secretary, and his penmanship is not neat by any standard. The ink is blotted several times, and the lines, instead of being horizontal, are convex.
III EDITORIAL NOTE

This present edition of Haddon's poems follows the order of the poems in the 1567 edition. The four poems added in the 1576 edition the editor has placed after those of the 1567 edition. The titles are those of the first edition, excepting, of course, the titles of the four poems just mentioned, which are taken from the second edition. The typography of the titles has been standardized; but the use of upper and lower case in the poems themselves has been retained, even though the original printer was not always consistent in employing them. Shortened forms which are used by the poet for the sake of his meter and which are accepted poetic forms are retained; but abbreviations made by the printer to lessen his labor or to conserve space are enlarged. These abbreviations, such as "&" for "et"; "q" for the enclitic "-que"; "e" with a cedilla to note an absent vowel; a vowel surmounted by "~" to indicate that the following consonant is absent— all these have been enlarged and, due to their great number, have not been individually indicated by a footnote. Misspellings have been corrected and, since they are few in number, are specifically noted. Characteristic spellings are retained, such as "charus" for "carus"; "sydus" for "sidus"; "reliogio" for
"religio". Modern usage determines the employment of "u" and "v". The ligatures in the original edition are not indicated in my text. When the original edition indents certain lines of a long poem, equivalent to the indentation of a prose paragraph, the indentation is retained. The punctuation of the 1567 edition is the one used by the present editor. For the convenience of the reader, the lines of any poem of ten lines or more are numbered at intervals of five. In the first footnote to each poem I list the extant copies of the poem and give in parentheses the exact location of the poem in both the 1567 and 1576 editions.

A translation of Haddon's poems into English is supplied in volume two. This translation endeavors to be as literal as possible, without offending against acceptable English usage. Certain awkward situations arise in which the poet abruptly shifts tenses or persons; but the translator has permitted such situations to stand, rather than to depart from the poet's expression.
IV
ABBREVIATIONS USED IN
NOTES TO VARIANT READINGS

Books
D. Gualteri Haddoni....Poemata (1567) ...............A
Poematum Gualteri Haddoni....Libri duo (1576)......B
G. Haddoni....Lucubrations (1567) ....................C

Manuscripts
Corpus Christi MS 106.336, folio 625.................D
Caius College MS 218/233, f. 41.......................E
Ashmole MS 971. f. 8.................................F
Ashmole MS 1445. ii f lv............................G
Ashmole MS 1478. f. 54v............................H
MS Rawlinson D. 1293 f. 26 and 26v....................K
Royal and King MS 16 B. XXIV, f. 79b...............L
British Museum Add. MS 19400, f. 86, f. 95v....M
Gualterus Haddonus

pio lectori

Quisquis es, has domini leges qui scire laboras,
Disce mori mundo, vivere disce deo.
Namque licet Christum fecit mea musa poetam,
Attamen est idem, qui fuit ante, deus.
Non animi causa versus percurrere debes:
Sumitur hinc vitae regula certa tuae.
Regula, quae numeris currens, ut promptior esset.
Carminis haec nobis unica causa fuit.
Subsequitur domini vocem doctrina Iacobi:
Discipulus domino convenit iste suo.
Quae legis, in vitam transfer praecupta beatam,
Ut sit idem cordis semper et oris, iter.
Sic tibi certa tui constabunt lucra laboris:
Sic mihi certa mei lucra laboris erunt.

Praeterit habitus huius mundi.

A(AlV); B(C6F)
Oratio Iesu Christi, qua populum affatus est, cum ascendisset in montem, comprehensa versibus, authore Doctoris Gualtero Haddono

Matthaeus V

Astitit, et populum cernens concurrere Christus
In tumulo sedit, circumfusisque sedenti
Discipulis, praecepta dabat sic ora resolvens.
Pectore summisso qui sunt, animisque modestis,
Foelices ibunt patriae coelestis ad oras.

Foelices etiam, vitae qui crimina, moerent:
Namque pium sequitur solatio laeta dolorem.

Mitia mansuete, qui degunt tempora vitae,
Suscipit hos gremio, sanctissima terra beato.

Iustitiae sitis, atque famæs quos sacra tenebit,
Illorum foelix, satiabit copia fauces.

Qui teneris animis sunt, et mollescere possunt:
Mutua foelices illos miseratio reddet.

Pura quibus mens est, et cor sine labe malorum,
Et dominum cernent, et erunt cernendo beati.

Aspera concordi, qui sedat praelia pace,

$\mathbb{A}(A^2 - C^1); \mathbb{B}(C^6 - D^5)$

6. crimina misspelled cricine in A. Mistake noted in Errata at end of A, which mistakenly puts the error in line 11 instead of line 6.
Foelix divinae florebit nomine prolis.
Iustitiae causa quotquot tormenta dolorum
Intrepide subeunt, coelestia regna tenebunt.

Impia pestiferis quoties convitia linguis,
Natio prava vomens, ad poenas corpora quaeret:
Et quoties pueros mores infamia falsa
Conspuet, eximio quia me celebratis honore,
Vos, o vos toties vere censete beatos.

Tempora laetitiae sunt haec plenissima vestrae,
Fraemia quae summo deducent maxima coelo.
Namque fuit quondam qualis fortuna Prophetis,
Talis et in vobis hodie succedere debet.
Pectora vos insulsa decet condire salubri
Doctrinae succo, putridas purgare lacunas

Corruptae vitae: quia sal coelestis in omnes
Spargimini terras, sal si tabescere caepit,
Interit, atque foras conculcat turba iacentem.

Lumina vos estis toto lucentia mundo.

Non igitur caecis debet lux vestra cavernis
Obruta demergi, sed ut urbes monte locatae
Ostendunt longe muros, et tecta domorum:
Utque ardens lucerna solet diffundere lucem,
Quando micans sursum conclavia lumine complet:
Sic benefactorum vestrorum flamma refulgens
Igne pio feriat sensus, et corda perurat:
Possit ut exemplis vestris revirescere virtus,
Gloria coelestem sequitur sic maxima patrem.

Tollere praeteritas nolo, sed figere leges,
Tollere non statuo, statuo revocare Prophetas.
De quibus affirmo, dum mundi machina durat
Syllaba nulla cadet, sed iustum pondus habebit.
Haec minima qui parte sui convellere tentat,
Aut aliis culpae fuerit temerarius author,
Non poterit regni coelestis civis haberi.
Qui tenet, ac aliis suadet mandata tenere,
Foelix in coelo magna mercede fruetur.
Nam nisi iustitiae maiores edere fructus
Vestra potest pietas, quam Scribae regula possit,
Aut Pharisaorum solennis formula legum,
Non licet in regno coelesti ponere sedem.

Lex antiqua fuit, quae non occidere mandat,
Atque reos caedis iusto quae iudice punit.
Sed mea lex iram, si sit temeraria damnat:
Iudicioque notat commoti iurgia fratria.
Si furor exarsit linguae, convitia lactans,
Concilio subjectus erit, qui crimen habebit.
Stultitiae probrum crescens insania fratris
Si laciat contra fratrem, mittetur in ignem.

Ergo tuum sacra si munus ponitur ara,
Iamque deo tendens palmas, offerre pararis:
Et subit interea mentem iustissima causa,
Quam tuus adversus te frater sustinet, illum
Concilia primum: placato fratre, revere.

Carcere si iusto te frater claudere tentat,
Tollito mature lites: ac inter eundum
Quas tuus obiciet frater sedato querelas:
Iudice sub iusto ne causam dicere cogat:
Isque tuis meritis succensens ire ministrum
Imperet, ac duris te devincire catenis.

Crimen enim si iusta tuum sententia damnet
Iudicis, ex illo te carcere nemo movebit,
Omnia quae debes donec sunt rite soluta.

Punit adulterii pollutum crimen corpus
Formula priscarum legum: sed sanctio nostra
Aspectum facit esse reum, quem caeca libido
Concitat, et mentes aliena in coniuge figit.

72. obiiciet] obiicet B.
Ergo tibi quaecunque tui pars corporis obstat,
Sive oculus sit, sive manus, praecidere cures, 35
Putria syncero removens a corpore membra.
Mancus enim melius coelestia regna subibis,
Integer aeternum quam detruderis ad ignem.

Legibus antiquis satis est, si quando maritis
Coniugii sanctum foedus placet esse solutum, 90
Mittere coniugibus scriptis divorcia libris.
Sed mihi non satis est, qui sic edico maritis,
Ut nisi sit stupri rea, sponsam nemo relinquat.
Namque relictam novum thalamum quaecunque sequetur,
Est in adulterio, par est et culpa mariti. 95

Legibus antiquis periuria sola vetantur,
Sufficit atque deo iuratum reddere votum.
Lege mea, nulli prorsus iurare licebit.
Si iuras coelum, iuras coelestia regna:
Si iuras terram, iuras subsellia patris. 100
Hierusalem iurare nefas, quia regia summi
Principis est, cuius revereri limina debes.
Atque caput proprium, quia non formare licebat,
Nec iurare licet: domino sua facta relinquae.
Est: non est: vestrae sit simplex regula linguae.
Quicquid erit maius, vitio confine videtur.

Lex vetus est oculos oculis, et dentibus esse
Pensandos dentes: sic par erat ultio culpae.
Sed mea vindictam patitur clementia nullam.
Iniciat si forte manus tibi frater iniquas:
Vis quantum crescit, tantum patientia crescat.
Pro tunica frater si causam dicere cogat,
Sponte tua chlamydem facilis sine lite remitte.
Hospes in ignotis si quis regionibus erret,
Teque ducem, comitemve viae desyderet esse:
Plenius officium praesta, quam postulat hospes.
Ex opibus quicquam si frater poscat egenus,
Fac tribuas: si quaerit mutua, mutua sumat.

Lex antiqua iubet, magni faciamus amicos,
Ac odiis iustis inimicos ultio figat.
Vos tamen et vestros inimicos semper ametis,
Et probra cum iactant, illis optate salutem,
Quando ruent odiis, studio pensate benigno,
Laedere quando parant, illos orando iuvare
Pergite: sic patrem proles bonitate sequetur:
Qui tempestivos dimittit nubibus imbres,
Atque salutarem diffundit sole calorem:
De quibus humani generis promiscua turba,
Maxima praesentis conquirit commoda vitae.
Nam studium studio si pensat amicus amico,
Gratia tam paribus meritis est nulla relictà.
Si colitis solos fratres, exilis amoris
Fructus erit: vulgus sua sic commertia tractat.
Gratuitus sit vester amor, dimanet ad omnes,
Non meritis emptus, non utilitate revinctus.
Denique sit vitae talis perfectio vestrae,
In patre coelesti qualem reperitis inesse.
MATTHAEUS VI

Cum miseros fratres largitio vestra levabit,
Non oculos vulgi, nec piausus quaerere debet:
Non medio tuba rauca foro tua dona sonabit.
Sic simulatores faciunt, quos gratia vulgi
Commovet, ac fragilis popularis gloria laudis. 5
Hoc genus, humanae quia captat praemia linguae,
Fraemia de coelo venientia, nulla reportat.
Sed tua cum pietas fratri succurret egeno,
Ibit ab humanis oculis, et teste carebit:
Ut pater in coelis, qui secretissima cernit, 10
Munera muneribus manifestis abdita pensus.

Nec simulatorium debetis more precari:
Quos licet in plateis stantes, caetuque videre,
Vota deo coram, magno dum murmure fundunt.
Hos deus ut servos hominum, dimittit inanes. 15
Supplice tu dominum quoties vis ore precari:
In conclave tuum secedens ostia claudae:
Solus ibi dominum secretum flecte precando,
Solus ut e coelo tibi munera fundat aperta.
Garrula quae currit multis oratio verbis, 20
Aethnica, se longo credit sermone probari.
Non opus est multis verbis extendere vota:
Scit pater in coelo, quid vestrum quisque requirat.
Quando meos servos orandi cura subibit,
Omnibus ista piae ponetur formula vocis. 25
O pater, o noster, qui supra sydera regnas,
Semper in eximio sanctum sit nomen honore.
Magna tui veniat mature gloria regni.
Quomodo stat coelo terra stet f&rsquo;ma voluntas.
Continuis epulis animos, et corpora nutri. 30
Ut condonamus, condona crimina nobis.
Sustenta miseros vitiorum mole ruentes:
Et praesta salvos in tempestate malorum.

Cuius habet nullas ditio latissima metas,

Cuius habet nullum divina potentia finem.

O pater in coelis, natorum suscipe vota.

Quam petitis culpae veniam, concedite vestris
Fratribus, atque pater vobis peccata remittet.
Pectore qui duro nolunt ignoscere fratri,
Pectore pro duro plectentur iudice patre.

Turpis hypocriseos fucus ieunia vestra
Non linat, et vultus atros fuligine reddat,
Ut facies cernens vulgus ieunia laudet.

Corpora quando deo vultis subiecta domare,
Emineat laeto vultus placidissimus ore:
Sic caput et facies niteant, ieunia solus
Ut pater in coelis vester secreta videre
Possit, et is vobis mercedem reddet apertam.

Devia fortunas non condat terra sepultas:
Aut rapient fures, tineae vel ab ore terentur.
Astra facultates scandant, coeloque locentur:
Quo neque fur penetrat, tineae neque morsus edacis:
Nam thesaurus ubi situs est, ibi pectora sidunt.

Est oculi duplex lumen sub fronte locatum,
Corpore quod toto lucem diffundere debet.

Hanc igitur lucem purgari foece malorum
Convenit, ut puro perspergat lumine vitam.
Nam vitii nubes, oculorum lumine merso,
Corporibus tenebras inducit nigra profundas.

Nemo potest dominis plene servire duobus.

Serviet alterutri, famulum desyderat alter.
Sic ego vos solus, solus vel Mammon habebit.

Sollicitudo cibi, potus, et vestis, ab aegris
Pectoribus cedat: patri committite curas,
Corpora qui pascit, qui collocat ordine vitam.
Corpora quis volucrum toto labentia coelo
Libera sustentat, nullo vexata labore?
Si volucrum viles animas clementia patris
Servat, an in vestra poterit cessare salute?
Quantalibet te cura premat, tibi crescere cura
Non poterit corpus, nova nec procedere membra:
Sed pater in coelis qui iunxit corporis artus,
Ille creaturas omnes et pascit, et ornat.
Lilia procero quae candida vertice surgunt,
Ipsa sibi nullas, possunt contexere vestes:
Et tamen illorum foliis florentibus alta
Gloria se tollit, sursumque cacumina iactat.
Non Salomon tam cultus erat, cum regia pompa
Ornamenta sui collegerat omnia regni.
Gramina camporum, quae post mittentur in ignem, 80
Si deus exornat, vos non sine veste relinquet.
O homines fractis animis, cur cura fatigat
Pectora, vestigans timide vestemque cibumque?
Aethnica turba, deum quae non habet, ista sequatur.
Vos pater indulgens curat: quantumque cuique 85
Conveniat, novit, tantumque cuique reponit.
Mente deum, regnumque dei fac supplice quaeras:
Caetera divino tibi fundet copia cornu.
Pectora venturi non tangat cura diei:
Namque satis praesens secum feret ipse doloris. 90

79. collegerat] colligerat B.
Iudiciis duris fratres iugulare cavete:
Iudicium durum sequitur sententia dura.
Pondere quo fratrum vestrorum, facta libratis,
Pondera vestra, pater coelestis, librata eodem.
Parva vides fratris, propriae te crimina vitae
Magna latent: alios semper purgare laboras
In minimis, tua sit vitialis cum vita referata. Cur ita dissimulas? primum peccata tuorum Grandia deleto morum, tunc corrige fratrem.

Eximias fidei canibus desistite gemmas Promere, vel porcis: illis odiosa tyrannis Efferat, hos carnis demergit foeda libido: Ergo prophanabit fidei mysteria vestrae, Vel ruet in vestras teterrima natio clades.

Si petitis, dabitur: si quaeritis, invenietis: Janua, pulsanti, fuerat quae clausa, patebit. Vos homines quos sola facit natura parentes, Filius a vobis si panem forte rogarit, An dabitis lapidem? Si piscis ille requirat, An dabitis saevi serpentis dira venena? Vos igitur, quos culpa malos innata reliquit, Si bona, quando petunt, gnatis conferre potestis Munera, coelestis pater optima quando rogatur, Munera perpetuae donabit maxima vitae.

Quomodo tractari vultis, tractate vicissim Vos alios: in eo constant lex, atque Prophetae. Sunt geminae portae, quarum latissima multos Altera descensu facili sub Tartara mittit:

11. illis[ ] illos B.
22. gnatis[ ] natis B.
Altera quae sursum sublimia tendit ad astra,
Difficiles habet introitus, et limina parva. 30
Porta capit paucos, sed quos angusta recepit,
Collocat in caelis arctissima semita tutos.
Effundet falsos aetas ventura Prophetas,
Quos simulatorum mansueta modestia morum
Occulet, illorum vos declinate furem. 35
Simplicitas ostendit ovae externa, sed intus
Pectora saevorum flagrant feritate luporum.
Si pietas animos vestros fucata movebit,
Cernite quos fructus illorum vita profundat.
Nec tribulus ficos unquam, nec spina dat uvas. 40
Qualis enim fuerit fructus, quae procreat arbor,
Talis erit semper, quem sumis ab arbore fructus.
Putrida corruptos fructus, quae fuderit arbor,
Caeditur, ardentes et inutilis ibit in ignes.
Ergo sit in vobis morum perfectio summa. 45
Nam dominum frustra, quantumvis saepe vocabit,
Cuius erit domini praeceptis vita repugnans.

Tempora iudicii cum vos postrema suprerni,
Ante meum trepidos cogent astare tribunal,
Impia sic sese iactabit lingua malorum: 50

47. praeceptis misspelled paeceptis in A.
O deus, o venerande deus, nos esse Prophetas
Nominis in virtute tui scis, atque ligatas
A Satana miserar animas exolvere posse.
Nominis atque tui cognoscis numine sacro,
Caetera virtutis quot sint miracula nostrae. 55
Sit licet illorum tam stulta superbia linguae,
Non tamen agnoscam, miseros migrare lubebo,
Ignosque mihi, vitam qui crimine mergunt.

Dogmata divinae quisquis praesentia vocis
Audit, et in sanctos mores transmittere curat, 60
Aedificatori par est, qui prima domorum
Firma super petram vult fundamenta locare.
Namque procellosis cum stillant nubibus imbres:
Quando ruict Boreas, et saevo tecta tumultu
Concutit, has aedes tempestas nulla movebit: 65
Fundamenta petrae quia sunt stabilissima durae.

Sed mea, quae posui vobis, mandata tenenda,
Discere qui velit, et vita discedit ab illis,
Est homini fatuo similis, qui ponit arena
Fundamenta domus, quam turbine concitus imber 70
Quando quatit, molles magna vi solvit arenas,
Et domus ingenti, procumbit tota, ruina.
Sic fatur Christus. Magno defixa stupore,
Turba silet, sacrae mirans oracula linguae.
Grandia divinus quia traxit pondera sermo,
Nec sine momento, scribarum more, strepebat.
Servus ego, patrisque dei, Christique, Iacobus,
Communem sparsis Iudaesis mitto salutem.
Quando ferit miseros tempestas saeva malorum,
Anxia diversas cum vexant pectora curae:
Gaudia tunc animis, fratres, surgentia laetis,
Aspera vestrorum pellant tormenta dolorum.
Crescit enim certando fides, et saepe ferendo
Difficiles vitae discit tolerare labores.
Colligat aeternum patientia firma vigorem,
Et stabilis virtus in nulla parte vacillet.
Quando deest vobis sapientia, quaerite sursum,
Unde deus pleno cumulo dispertit acumen
Omnibus, atque datum munus non exprobrat ulli.
Qui petit, accipiet, si spes sit firma petentis.
Nam titubans animus, dubitans quem distrahit error,
Fluctibus hybernis par est, quos aequora iactant,
Concitus et ventus rapido cum turbine volvit.

A (Cl^r-D4^v); B (D5^r-E4^r)
Caput I, subtitle, missing in A.
Talis erit voti nunquam dubitatio compos.

Simplicitas placeat, duplex astutia mentes
Dissipat, atque vias incertas lubrica versat. 20

Conditio tenuis magna mercede futura
Crescat, et e coelo thesauros sumere speret.
Cuius erit contra nummorum plenus acervus,
Contrahat is animum: quoniam sic vita caduca
Praeterit, ut siccis flos defluit aridus herbis. 25
Quando suos Phoebus radios diffundit in orbem,
Decoquit herbarum succos, morientibus illis,
Vertice stat nudo gramen sine flore relictum.
Sic tibi divitias paulatim vita recedens
Deterit, atque iaces putris sine nomine truncus. 30
Pectore qui firmo vitiorum tela refutat,
Ille erit, ille sua tandem virtute beatus.
Induet aeternam victoria laeta coronam,
Crimine cum pulso morum praestantia lucet.
Nam deus, ista piis promittit munera servis, 35
Quando suum numen iusto venerantur amore.

Mens tua si vitii scintillas coepit habere,
Non deus has affert, affert tibi prava libido.
Criminis haec labem cum pectore concipit intus,

37. coepit\[ caepit E.
Parturit, et foedum peccati dedecus edit. 50
Filia peccati mors est horrenda nefandi.

Devius, o fratres, animos non auferat error.
Quicquid enim recti, quicquid virtutis habetur,
Muneris et quicquid perfecti vita requirit,
Maxima coelestis donat clementia patris,

Pectora divino qui solus lumine complet,
Cuius habet nulloa constans perfectio motus,
Cuius habet nullas lux immutabilis umbras.
Patris enim nostri, nos, definita voluntas,
Pondere divinae vocis, quasi semina prima
Constituit rerum, quas post effudit in orbem.

Saepe tuas aures discendi magna cupidio
Arrigat, at linguam ratio non saepe relaxet.
Consilii pestis, mentem non obruat ira,
Namque dei iustis praeceptis caeca repugnat. 65

Ex animis culpae sordes, et spissa malorum
Agmina trudantur, subeat pia corda beatus
Sermo dei, certam sermo dabit ille salutem.
Transeas in vitam virtus, quae fluxit ad aures.
Quisquis enim praecepta dei veneranda tremendi

Audiet, et vitam non conformavit in illis,
Errat, ut ad vitrum qui vultus quando locavit,
Exiit, et propria dimisit mente figuram.
Ergo tibi legis perfectio mente notanda
Semper erit, semper morum sit norma tuorum.  
Nam pia perpetuo quisquis vestigia legis
Servat, eum reddet constantia firma beatum.

Currere qui patitur stolidam sine pectore linguam,
Qui sinit ad vitii latebras diverte re mentem,
Religiois habet falsum sine pondere nomen. 
Religio syncera, deo quae sola placebit,
Haec erit, afflictis quae vult succurrere membris,
Quae, sine patronis ullis fortuna reliquit,
Quae vitii faeces syncero corde repellit,
Nec sinit in mundi coeno scordesere mentem.
Caput II

Vestra fides paribus, fratres, se subuehat alis,
Nec sibi sit dispar, in fratrum dispare sorte.
Nobilis ingreditur gemmis ornatus, et auro:
Pauper adest, laceris male tectus corpora pannis.
Divite si sumpto, fratrem secludis egenum. 5
Non tua, quo debet, proficiscitur ordine, virtus.
Nam deus elegit, quos vos calcatis, egenos.
Atque licet mundus sordes contemnat eorum,
Grata deo pietas nudus de corpore manat.
Civis erit coeli, quantumvis pauper obserret, 10
Pectora sancta, deis quisquis complebit amore.
Quos deus assumit, vos fastidire cavete.
Divitias sequitur magnas furiosa tyrannis,
Et trahit insantes ad saevum dira tribunal.
Divitias sequitur blasphemia, dente cruento 15
Dilacerans domini sanctissima nomina summi.

Regia divino lex promanavit ab ore,
Fratribus ut talem nos exhibeamus amorem,
Qualis amor nostri nobis sentitur inesse.
Vos ita si facitis, laus est virtutis in illo. 20
Vestra sed in causis fratrum si regula dispar
Claudicat, admittens illum, qui fulget in auro,
Paupere summoto, qui nudus corpore friget,
Ista trahit secom tam magna superbia culpam,
Atque reos spretae legis, vos arguit esse.  
Sancta deinde dei sic omnia iussa cohaerent,  
Legis ut unus violatio distrahat omnes.  
Author enim nobis legum deus unus, et idem,  
Exstitit, a quarum minima qui parte recessit,  
Obligat hunc iuria totius culpa soluti.  

Tanta sit in vobis moderatio cordis, et oris,  
Ut libertatis vos lex absolvere possit.  
Quisquis enim summo contendit iure severus,  
Sentiet is summi durissima vincula iuris.  
Judicii nervos frangit miseratio clemens,  
Et debellato valde laetatur in hoste.  

Sola fides, operum si sit sine laude picrum,  
Interit, atque potest nihil utilitatis habere.  
Nudus enim frater, soror et cum nuda sedebit,  
Si iubeas miseros, ut sunt, sine vestibus ire,  
Atque parare sibi quo vivere corpora possint,  
Ecquid eos ista pereunteas voce levabis?  
Sic sterilis benefacta fides si nulla ministrat,  
Occidit, et succo, moritur, virtutis adempto.  
Nec bene distinguat pariter nascentia membra,  
Qui secat, alterutrum sumens, sociumque relinquens.  
Esse deum credis, qui mundo solus, et unus  

37. fides misspelled sides in A.
Imperat? hoc recte credis, sed spiritus illud
Impius agnoscit tecum, trepidatque fatendo.
Qui levis, ad fidei vocem subsistet inanem,
Credit et expertem factorum, posse valere:
Ad generis nostri patrem respectet Abramum.
Filius, hunc iustum reddebat, victima factus.
Certa fides eius sanctissima pectora movit,
Et fidei motum succedens actio complet.
Propterea iustum scriptura vocavit Abramum,
Est et in hoc facto domini numeratus amicus.
Iustitiae laudem, súncerué gloria vitae
Colligit, atque fides ex se non sufficit ipsa.
Namque Raab meretrix, quando collegit in aedes,
Quos populus sanctus furtrim dimisit ad urbem,
Rursus et in montes diverso tramite misit:
Non credendo fuit, sed erat faciendo beata.
Spiritus aegroto cum frigidus exit ab ore,
Defluet ad terram corpus, vitaque carebit.
Sic benefacta, fidem cum solam fessa relinquunt,
Interit, atque iacet nulla cum laude sepulta.
Caput III

Magna magistrorum non debet crescere turba,
Grandius est crimen, cum summa scientia peccat,
Labitur in multis errans inscitia rebus.
Qui celeres linguae motus ratione gubernat,
Illius ad summum sapientia maxima venit,
Et facili reliquum disponit in ordine corpus.
Fraena caballorum flectunt durissima colla,
Clavus et exilis naves, quas dissipat Auster,
Dirigit, accedens quo ducit cura magistri.
Maxima sic parvae fervent convitia linguae:
Concitat ingentes flammam scintilla minuta.
Lingua suas flammam verborum turbine vibrat.
Lingua vomit, rerum quicquid sentina malarum
Hausit, et in nostro sibi certam corpore sedem
Praeparat, ut tetro suffundat membra veneno.
Quicquid habet volucrum, quicquid natura ferarum,
Et mare quos pisces, quos tellus procreat angues,
Ingenii praestans sibi sublicit omnia virtus.
Lingua tamen nunquam regitur moderamine certo.
Volvitur haec pestis, rationis vincula frangens,
Et, quod habet virus capitale, per omnia spargit.
Lingua deo patri persolvit debita vota:
Cum venit ad fratres, quos patris vestit Imago,
Perfurit, ac illos maledictis figit acerbis.
Sic fluit ex uno sermo contrarius ore.
Haec ita non debent vobis contingere, fratres.
Si puteus de fonte fluens, tibi dulcia praebet Flumina, non undas idem tibi fundit amaras.
Non eadem fructus diversos procreat arbor,
Gurgite nec salso, fons si decurrere coepit,
Ille potest rivis manare recentibus idem.
Eius habet veras sapientia sobria laudes,
Cuius habet mores sanctissima vita probatos.

Invidiae stimuli cum torquent pectora saevi,
Cum lacerat vestras acriis contentio mentes:
Crimina cur falsum virtutis nomen habebunt?
Non etenim rixosa venit sapientia coelo,
Faecibus exhalat terrae, quam spiritus affert
Impius, et pravum dictat rationis acumen.
Aemula mens, pugnae studio quae fervida fertur,
Ipsa sibi dispar, oneratur mole malorum.
Quae venit e summo divina scientia coelo,
Integra, perpetuo flagrabit pacis amore.
Iudicio dubias causas determinat aequo,
Iure suo cedens, gaudet componere litem,
Fratribus offensas omnes mansueta remittit,
Denique factorum cumulatur laude piorum,

30. coepit] capit B.
Invida non fratrum condemnat facta suorum,
Non simulat quicquam, sed aperto pectore vivit.*
Qui pia tranquille transmittit tempora vitae,  50
Facis erit tandem magna mercede beatus.
Caput IV

Quis furor horribiles pugnas, bellique tumultus
Concitat? Et turpi lacerat certamine fratres?
Occupat insanas mentes impura voluptas,
Corporis et foedi corrumpit putrida membra.
Cur hiat, et nunquam satiatur vestra cupidc? 5
Cur habet optatum nunquam mens aemula votum?
Excitat atroces lites contentio vestra,
Nec tamen attingit, quam vellet figere, metam,
Et merito, coram domino quia turba asclesta
Fundere vota negat, vel sunt, quae fundit, iniqua.
Quaerit enim luxus, quod postea perdere possit,
Et sequitur praedam sceleris furiosa libido.

Progenies Satanae, stupris demersa nefandis,
Impia pollutae non sentis gaudia vitae,
Quomodo cum iussis domini contraria pugnet? 15
Delitias mundi fragiles qui mente sequetur,
Perdidit aeterni certissima praelia coeli.

Terribilis domini non frustra sermo tonabat,
In vitium prono semper nos pectore ferri.

Sed corrupta suae qui purgat semina mentis,
Crescit in illius iustissima gloria laude.

Ergo deo patri mentes summittite vestras,
Et Satan ex animis migret, cum faece malorum.

Iungite vos patri, pater ut se iungere vobis
Possit, et in stabili mentes componere pace.

Diluat integritas pravorum crimina morum,
Simplicitas duplices depellat pectoris astus.

Impia suppliciis divellite corpora iustis,
Concipiant vultus lachrymas, et corda dolorem.

Gaudia laetitiae, praesens quae vita ferebat,
Auferat in regno coelesti cura locata.

Mens resupina dei se coram numine sternat,
Eriget abieictam rursus divina potestas.

Non premat insontem mentita calumnia fratrem.

Fratris enim falso violat qui criminam famam,
Is violat-legem, iuris qui vincula frangit,
Ille potest dominus iuris, non servus haberii.

Tu deus in coelis, legum venerabilis author,
Solus es, et solus dominus, vitaeque, necisque.
Nemo potestatem divini sumat honoris,
Nec domini famulum tua vox temeraria damnet.
Crimen habet magnum mentis stupidissimus error,
Cum sibi promittit longaevae tempora vitae,
Per varias urbes quando se iactat iturum,
Atque reversurum lucri cum foenore certo.
Quin minuis fastum miser, et te respicis ipse?
Namque diem certum, nec habet tua vita, nec horam.
Est etenim fumo similis, qui tempore parvo
Cernitur, atque statim tenues discedit in auras.
Ergo deo patri vitam committite vestram,
Et quae vita solet secum commertia ferre.
Namque potestatem domini, cum sermo superbus
Transmovet in proprias vires audacia fastum
Talis habet, vestro qui pectore debet abesse.
Nam tua cum ratio, culpae discrimina cernit,
Postea peccantem sequitur iustissima poena.
Caput V

Magnus opum quibus est arcis differtus acervus,
Argenti cumulos qui congrassistis, et auri,
Plangite vos miseri, lachrymarum fundite rivos,
Corda futurorum configat cura dolorum.
Tempore thesaurus, tinae consumitur ore
Vestis, et abrosi pereunt aerugine nummi.
Testis avaritiae turpis rubigo citatur,
Et tacite vestras depascit saeva medullas.
Tempore postremo, cum mors meditanda fuisset:
Extruis immenso thesauros pondere grandes,
Pauper et interea frater, qui meesuit agros,
Praemia iusta sui sudoris saepse requirit,
Sed tua, quam debet mercedem, dextra differt.
At deus e coelo clamores pauperis audit,
Atque tibi duras feret haec iniuria poenas.
Mollia delitiis implevit corda voluptas,
Ebria corruptas solvit lascivia mentes,
Festa dies tanquam convivia laeta frequentet.

Iudicio fratres condemnavistis iniquo,
Vadet et ad mortem tacitus sine crinime frater.
Firma sit, o fratres, animi patientia vestri,
Dum redit e coelo Christus, terrasque revisit.
Agricolas, fruges telluris, mente quieta,
Quamlibet has optent, tamen expectare videmus,
Donec oportunus de coelo defluat imber,
Atque salubris eas, solis concoxerit aestus.
Sic stabilis vestras vallet patientia mentes,
Christus adest, Christus iam iam descendit ab astris.
Aspera concordem non frangant murmura pacem,
Iudicio ne vostra cadat discordia iusto,
Prospectit e coelo iudex, sedemque capescit.

Cernite, quam fuerit patientia magna Prophetis,
Numine divino qui praedixere futura.
Sic erit illorum tandem fortuna beata,
Qui subeunt durae discrimina maxima vitae.
Fulminat, et Iobum prosternit mole malorum
Spiritus impurus, sed rursus sublevat aegrum,
Omnia restituens cum foenore, dextera patris,
Cuius habet nullum clemens miseratio finem.
Praecipue vobis sunt iuramenta cavenda,
Nec licet haec ulla sermonis parte locari.
Te deus in coelo sursum, terraque deorsum
Audiet, et poenas scelerato sumet ab ore.
Non igitur terram iures, nec sydera coeli,
Nec deus immensum quicquid produxit in orbem.
Est, non est, semper linguae sint fraena modestae,
Sic cadet in vestros nunquam simulatio mores.

Quando deus meritis affligit corpora poenis,
Supplice voce deum veniam deposce malorum.
Prosperitas rerum quoties est laeta tuarum, 50
Pectora divinas decantent grata camoenas.
Corpora quando gravi decumbunt languida morbo,
Presbyteros sanctos, sibi quos ecclesia legit,
Congreget aegrotus, lapsam revocare salutem
Qui precibus possint, oleumque infundere membris.
Nomina sacra dei concors oratio summi
Invocet, ac firmis adsit fiducia votis.
Sic deus illorum precibus flectetur, et aegro
Restituet vires, et crimina cuncta remittet.
Mutua communes promat confessio culpas,
Criminis et veniam communia vota requirant,
Vos deus ut salvos possit, sanosque tueri.

Pondera magna preces iustorum semper habebunt.
Vir fuit Hellas communi sorte creatus:
Et tamen illius potuit suspendere coelo,
Et potuit pluvias oratio reddere terris.

Qui poterit caeco fratres errore ruentes
Ad rectam revocare viam, qui crimina fratum
Corrigit, ac illos in veri tramite ponit:
Vulnera curando fratum, sua vulnera curat.
Nam tibi vita licet vitii impura redundet,
Eluet ex vita maculas dilectio fratris.
4

Præcatio Manassis Regis

Israelitarum, Captivi

O Deus, o patrum nostrorum gloria sola,
Seminis o iusti, summe patrone deus,
Numine qui magno coelum, terramque creasti,
Et quod habet tellus, et quod olympus habet,
Alme deus, clemens, et iustam tardus ad iram,
Ad veniam facilis, crimina nostra dolens,
Ecce miser merui vindictae fulmina saevae,
Criminis et faciem sum reus ante tuam.
Grandia deliqui, deliqui multa, diuque,
Crevit et ex veteri crimine, culpa recens.
Poenitet heu scelerum, flexis tibi supplicio cordis
Poplitibus, veniae quaeo memento deus.
Peccavi fateor, peccavi, crimina damno,
Execror et sceleris probara nefanda mei.
Me mea culpa reum, faciat tua gratia salvum,
Tendo manus, supplex obsecro, parce deus.
Parce deus, noli vitiorum mole gravatum
    Perdere, peccati nec memor esse velis.
Et licet indignus venia miser ipse videbor,
    Gratia pro merito sit tua quae sc meo.
Sic mea vita tibi laudes servata rependet,
    Atque tuum iusto nomen honore colam.
Psalmus Davidis XXIII

Tempus in omne dei laudes mea lingua sonabit,
   Semper ego dominum commemorabo meum.
Spiritus ad dominum referet praesconia iusta,
   Vir pius audito gaudet honore dei.
Coelica communi celebremus numina voce,
   Summus honos domini nomen ad astra ferat.
Inveni tandem dominum, qui multa querentem
   Audiit, et clemens abstulit omne malum.
Quaerite divini radiantia lumina vultus,
   Semper et ex illo lumine, lumen erit.
Undique depressus pauper sua vota profudit,
   Venit, et erectum iussit abire deus.
Angelus e coelo, domini praecepta timentes,
   Servat, et in medio stans, mala quaeque fugat.

A(E1r-E2r); B(A5r-A6r)
Delitias domini dulces, gustando probate,

Qui domino fidunt, omnia tuta tenent.

Sit timor in sanctis, reverentia numinis adsit,

Sic tibi quo vivas sufficienter erit.

Divitiae magnae pereunt in tempore parvo,

A domini servis non removentur opes.

Huc ades o fili, propius mea percipe verba,

Ut timeas dominum, disce, docebo viam.

Qui cupit expertem curarum ducere vitam,

Cogit at et laeta prosperitate frui,

Sermones vitet pravos, linguamque refracet,

Ne struat occultos, insidiosa, dolos.

Defugiat vitium, recti vestigia servet,

Gaudia tranquillae pacis amoena colat.

Nam deus ad iustos clementia lumina flectit,

Atque pias facili percipit aure preces.

Lumine sed torvo sceleratos aspicit omnes,

Agmen ut infoelix tempus in omne ruat.

Vox pia iustorum divinas excitat aures,

Omnibus atque malis liberat ille bonos.

21. proprius] propius B.

25. vitet] vitat B.
Afflictis dominus servis solet esse propinquus, Ac animas humiles anxietate levat.
Magna licet iustos incurrat turba malorum,
Efficit ut non sint haec nocitura deus.
Omnia servorum numeravit membra suorum,
Nec deus ex illis ulla perire sinit.
Exitus infoelix vitiosis omnibus instat,
Qui male vult iustis, in sua damna ruit.
Quotquot habet servos, dominus redimendo relaxat,
Qui domino fidel, crimine liber erit.

36. animas misspelled anemas in B.
42. male] mala B.
Psalmus Davidis CIII

Magnificas domini laudes mens grata revolvat,
Intima corda dei nomen honore colant.
Spiritus o noster, dominum celebrare memento,
Cuius habes summo munere, quicquid habes.
Qui tibi condonat sceleratae crimina vitae,
Corpore morborum qui genus omne fugat.
Cuius ab interitu vitam clementia servat,
Cuius abundantes dextera fundit opes.
Tempora florentis qui reddit laeta juventae,
Corpora qui senio cana virere facit.
Omnibus oppressis domini sententia iusta
Subvenit, ac illo iudice vera valent.

\[ A(E^2 - E^3); B(A^6 - A^7)\]
Ille salutari duxit tramite Mosen,
Ille dedit populo iura beata suo.
Parcere proclivis dominus, concedere promptus,
Multa diu patitur, fertque benignus opem.
Non inimicitias seros transmittit in annos,
Criminis et nostri non solet esse memor.
Poena minor culpam sequitur, quam culpa meretur,
Improbitas iusto fulmine nostra caret.
Ut cava sub vastum tellus subsidit Olympum,
Ut minor est magna terra minuta polo:
Sic domini nostram vincit clementia culpam,
Pectora quando, dei plena timore, tremunt.
Tempora temporibus, quam distant prima supremis,
Quando diem Phoebus fert, tenebrasque refert,
Tam deus a nobis longe delicta removit,
Et vitis iram fecit abesse suam.
Ac pater ut gnato summisso parcere gaudet:
Sic dominus nuncquam pectora fracta ferit.
Novit enim nostros ortus, quod pulvere nati
Repimus in terris, et sepelimus humo.
Tempora demesso sunt nostra simillima foeno,
Praetereunt anni, flos ut agrestis abit.
Qui cadit ad terram lactatus turbine venti,

Nec locus apparent, quo prius herba fuit.  
Sed domini vivax semper clementia durat,

Si metuas semper corde tremente deum.

Et dominus iustus defendet teque tuosque,

Vivere si domini legibus ipse velis.  

Conditit in coelo sedem divina potestas,

Omnia sunt regno, subdita regna, dei.

Angelus in coelo divinum nomen honoret,

Qui domini foelix iussa minister obit.

Concinat eximios domini gens sancta triumphos,

Quae solet ad nutus esse parata dei.

Tota suum dominum collaudet machina mundi,

Tuque deum celebres, o mea vita, tuum.
Prece ex Psalmo XXXI

O Deus, o nostrae spes indubitata salutis,
Iustus es, haud servum praecipitare sines.
O deus ad nostras, aures demitte, querelas,
Et mihi maturam ferto benignus opem.
Protege me trepidum, quem multa pericula cingunt,
Arx mea sis, quando vis inimica premit.
Perfugium solum, tu tota potestia nostra es,
Dirigat errantem nominis aura tui.
Eripe me laqueis, quos callidus abdidit hostis,
Nam mihi patronus, tu deus, unus ades.
In manibus mea vita tuis, meus ecce redemptor
Ponitur, o verax, et venerande deus.

\[ A(E_3^r-E_3^v); B(A_7^r-A_7^v) \]
Ex Propheta Job

Faemineo mortalis homo de ventre profectus,
Aspicit hanc lucem, progrediturque foras,
Et licet exiguo dimittat tempore vitam,
Est tamen immensis vita referta malis.
Funditur in terras, ut flos in tempore verno,
Illico languescit, conteriturque brevi.
Lubrica perpetuis iactatur motibus aetas,
Atque statum varie mutat, ut umbra locum.
Tu deus ad fragilem massam tua lumina flectes?
Ac hominis iudex tu deus esse paras?
Ecquis homo purus non puro semine factus
Esse potest? Ecquis talis in orbe fuit?
O deus, humanae si vitae tempora certa.
Digeris, et menses annumerare placet,
Si tuus ordo manet stabilis, si fixa voluntas,
Si quest ad positos addere nemo dies:
Attamen indulge spatium, quo spiritus aeger
Vivere dediscat, discat et inde mori.
Sic homo promptus erit venienti cedere fato,
Cum memor ante suae conditionis erit.
Nam quasi mercedem, sic vitam sumimus omnes,
Semper ut arbitrio stetque, cadatque dei.

\[ A(E^3 - E^4); B(A^4 - A^5) \]
Disciplina Christianorum

Morum

Tobiae IV

Percipe, mi fili, vocis praecepta paternae,
Sermo meus, vitae sit tibi norma tuae.

Me cum fata vocant, corpus compone sepulchro,
Non tibi sit vilis, sed veneranda parens.

Semper honorato matrem, sic dirige vitam,
Ut facias, mater quae tua facta velit.

Fac animo repetas, cum te gestavit in alvo,
Temporis illius quanta procella fuit.

Quando deus statuit vita discedere matrem,
Corpora cum nostro corpore iuncta cubent.

In domino maneat semper tibi fixa voluntas,
Et tua peccati crimine vita vacet.

\[ A(E_4^\text{r}-F_l^\text{v}); B(A_7^\text{v}-B_1^\text{r}) \]
Quae dominus praecepta dedit, contemnere noli,
   Iustitiae placeat cultus, iniqua fuge.
Donec enim purus vives sine labe malorum,
  Omnia divino numine laeta fluent.
Iustitia quisquis vitam traducit honestam,
  Eius erunt summa prosperitate dies.
Sparge facultates, ut fratrum postulat usus,
   Quamque feres inopi, fert libenter opem.
Pauperibus noli duros avertere vultus,
  Ne deus avertat lumina sancta tibi.
Ut pauciuntur opes, fratri largire petenti,
  Tempore pro duro, sic tibi condis opes.
Liberat interitu clemens largitio vitam,
  Nec tenebris mergi te tua dona sinent.
Munera largiri domino gratissima res est,
  Semper et authores praemia certa ferunt.
Moribus a sanctis absit scortatio foeda,
   Sola tuo coniunx sit tibi iuncta thoro.
Uxor ab antiquis veniat maioribus orta,
   Advena, coniugio non erit apta tuo.
Stirps etenim sanctis descendit nostra Prophetis,
   Nous erat noster, noster Abramus erat.
Noster Isacus erat, nostris adiungete Iacobum,
Haec vetus est nobis annumerata tribus.
Omnibus uxores propria de stirpe fuerunt,
Prole fuit foelix turba favente deo.
Dilige cognatos, et cum vis esse maritus,
Ex propria sponsam fac tibi gente legas.
Pectore pellatur fastus, pellatur ab ore,
Fastus ad interitum praecipitare solet.
Fastus habet lites, offensis fastus abundat,
Atque ferox tandem fastus egere facit.
Namque nimis tumidum quem res fecere secundae,
Hunc sequitur duro tempore nuda fames.
Solve re mercedem nunquam differto merenti,
Sic deus ipse tibi, quando merere, dabit.
Omnibus in factis omnes circumspice partes,
Consilio, vitae fac modereris iter.
Quod tibi tu velles nunquam contingere posse,
Hoc fratri nunquam feceris ipse tuo.
Vina nec ad luxum sumas, sumantur ad usum,
Ebrietias nunquam sit tibi iuncta comes.
Quando fames urget fratres, apponito mensam,
Corpora quando rigent frigore, nuda tege.
Ex opibus quicquid superest, tribuatur egenti,
Laeta sit in donis dextera larga suis.
Maxima iustorum maneat tibi cura virorum,
Non tamen assuescat pascere mensa malos.
Consilio sapiens semper tua facta gubernet,
Quae sapiens fieri praecipit, illa tene.
Supplice mente tuum dominum fac semper adores,
Et pete, te recta ducat ut ille via.
Dirigat ut recto cursu vestigia caeca,
Tempora consiliis donet ut apta tuis.
Consilio gens nulla valet, deus omnia solus
Suggerit, ex solo sunt bona quaeque deo.
Deicit et dominus, cum fert sua sancta voluntas,
Quoslibet, et qua vult nos ratione premit.
Haec igitur, fili, mea pectore verba reconde,
Haec tibi non animo deletat ulla dies.
10

Oratio Dominica

O Pater noster, pater o verende,
Qui tenes coelum, dominans in astris,
Sit tuum nomen veneratione

Supplice plenum.

Qui regis reges, subigisque regna,
Cuius in toto volat orbe virtus,
Praesto sit regnum, tua sit propinqua

Summa potestas.

Quo modo coelum tibi servit omne:
Terra sic sese tibi dedat omnis,
Et suo semper tua stet voluntas

Firma vigore.
Da tuis natis, pater o benigne,
Indies quicquid ratio requirit
Debilis vitae, tua nos perennis

Copia pascat.

Crimen et clemens miseris remitte,
Quo modo nos cum violamur, illis
Parcimus, quorum meruere iustam

Crimina poenam.

Nec sinas, quos ex nihilo creasti,
Nos, tuam prolem, pretio redemptam
Sanguinis Christi, vitii nefandas

Dedere mentes.

Sed tuos servos dominus tuere,
Et pater gnatos revoca ruentes,
Culpa ne mentem, simul atque corpus

Turpis obumbret.

13. natis natis B.
26. natos natos B.
Precatio ex Augustino

Omnipotens, clemensque deus, miserere querentis,
Ad gemitus oculos quaeso reflecte meos.
Sum miser, et reus, et quoniam peccata placebant,
Conveniens vitiiis haec mihi poena venit.
Quaeque dies aliqua culpa facit esse nocentem,
Debita peccatis dat mala quaeque dies.
Quando ego, quae feci, mecum peccata revolvo,
Criminibus minor est, quam fero, poena meis.
Vita mihi vitiiis est omni parte referata,
Supplicium meritis mitius esse scio.
Iustus es o deus, et non est vindicta severa,
Tardior est nostris ultio lenta malis.
O pater omnipotens, homo cum nihil esset in orbe,
Voce tua est tellus facta repente caro.
Quae caro, peccatis cum perdita tota fuissest,
Est mirabiliter carne redempta dei.
Non temere ferimur, nec nos fortuna gubernat,
Tu deus es vitae, dux es et ipse viae.

A (F2V - F3R); B (E4V - E5R)
Ergo creaturas clemens nos respicis omnes,
    Praecipue servos speque, fideque, tuos. 20
O deus exaudi, supplex tua numina posco,
    Ne sint peccatis aequa flagella meis.
Subveniat potius misero clementia summa,
    Namque malis haec est omnibus una salus.
Et quoties iustis plectis mea crimina poenis,
    Me toties firme pectore redde deus.
Semper ut afflictam vincat patientia cladem,
    Et dolor ut laudes possit habere tuas:
O miserere deus, miseri miserere potentis,
    Sive deest anima, corpore sive deest. 30
Omnia tu supple. Nam solus et omnia nosti,
    Solus et ea, nobis qui dare cuncta potes.
Alia precatio ex eodem

Ne venias iustus iudex, o dulcis Iesu,
Nam mea me faciunt crimina multa reum.
Propitius venias nobis mansuete redemptor,
Atque creaturae tu miserere tuae.
Ira reo parcat, miserum clementia servet,
Nec memor offensae, sed memor esto precum.
Deprecor ecce tuas iras, o mitigis Iesu,
Nomine, servator, re, manifesta salus.
Nominis ergo tui memor, et virtutis Iesu,
Anchora sis animae non removenda meae.
In bonitate tua residet fiducia nostra,
Nam mihi sperandi tu deus author eras.
Quaerere nos servos, pulsare, rogare iubebas,
Quaeque petissemus te bona velle dare.
Obsequor, et pulso iussus, quaeroque, petoque,

\[ \Delta(F_3^r - F_4^r) ; B(E_5^v - E_6^r) \]
Tu deus haec servi fac rata vota tui.
Me deus infirmum recrea, fulcique ruentem,
Restitui vitae mortua membra iube.
Instrue tu sensus, ac omnia dirige facta,
Vita voluntatis sit mea serva tuae.
Hoc satis agnosco, quod me tua dextra creavit,
Mancipiumque tuum, me deus esse scio.
Compeditibus satanae strictus, cum iure trahebar,
Tu mea solvisti vincula, factus homo.
Sic ego me certe tibi plus quam debeo totum,
Sed mihi, qua possem reddere, nulla via est.
Sum tuus, atque tamen tibi consecrare meipsum
Non queo, ni tua sit gratia praesto mihi.
Suscipe me deus, et quando vis uilla resistit,
Mancipio sanctas iniice quaeso manus.
Sic in amore tuus fuero, studioque placendi,
Ortu sicut ego sum tuus, atque statu.

23. satanae] Satanae B.
Alia ex eodem

Ecce meus plastes, video me multa rogasse,
    Pauce sed ex multis non meruisse scio.
Heu fateor, meritis non sunt bona debita nostris,
    Est potius sceleri, debita poena meo.
Omnibus ex donis, tamen est clementia summa,
    Praecipueque tibi gratia sola placet.
Non etenim spernis quenquam, non abiicis ullam,
    Sed resipiscenti porrigis ultro manus.
Ergo deus, cornuque meae, portusque salutis,
    Perditus ante tuos, ecce, procumbo pedes.
Crimina detestor, quibus es mihi redditus hostis,
    Ila mihi dominum surripuere meum.
Sed tamen hoc novi, quod si resipiscere possum,
    Tu deus ad veniam aponte paratus eris.
Ad te si redeo, redeunte sumis in ulnas,
    Si moror, expectas quando venire velim.
Corrigis errantem, detrectantemque propellis,
    Extimulas tardum, nescia corda doces.
Suscipis afflictum, sustentas atque ruentem,
    Et tua prostratum gratia tollit humo.
Quod petimus, dabitur, quod quaerimus, invenietur,
    Et cum pulsamus, ianua laxa patet.
Tu mihi monstrasti rectae vestigia vitae,
Ne loca deflectens per tenebrosa vager.
Si bene serviero, Paradysi gaudia spondes,
Si male, me Satanae flammea regna manent.
O deus indulgens, nostrae patrone salutis,
Concute quaeso tuo pectora nostra metu:
Providus horribiles ut poenas ante repellam,
Quas tua peccatis ultio iusta feret.
Gratia divinis accendat pectora flammis,
Gaudia quae spondes, ut mihi donet amor.
Instrue corda deus, linguae sua suggere verba,
Facta, tibi quae sint complacitura, doce.
Nunc etiam novi, te mens summissa iuvabit,
Ac anima est humilis, res pretiosa deo.
Haec igitur concede mihi tibi munera grata,
Firmus et in nostro pectore duret amor.
Tempora si fuerint belli, defende timentem,
Spes mea sis, quando saeava procella venit.
Denique quando premit subversum turba malorum,
Tu mihi sis illo tempore certa salus.
Ecce deus, mea vota tibi, mea vulnera pandi,
Me deus ad coeli regna beata vehe.
Alla ex eodem

O Deus emolli cor, ut resipiscere possit,
Spiritus afflictus sit, fugiensque mali.
Exhibeant oculi verum lachrymando dolorem,
Ac animi testis sit mea dando manus.
O deus accensus carnis restinguito flammus,
Et tuus in nostro pectore flagret amor.
Gratia debellet fastum, mansuete redemptor,
Mens summissa mihi sit, metuensque tui.
Irarum tollas aestus, servator Iesu,
Quicquid erit duri, mens patiendo ferat.
Non odium nostro considat pectore fixum,
Tota mihi mens sit candida, felle carens.
Da mihi, summe pater, fidei impenetrabile scutum,
Spes animo maneat constabilita meo.
Semper amor fratrum tansus mea corda pererret,
Illis ut prosim, non secus atque mihi.
Non ego sim vanus, nec mens incerta vacillet,
Nec peregrinetur cor levitate vagum.
Sermo verecundus fugiat scurrilia verba,
Fraeterea fastu lumina nostra vacent.
Ingluvies ventris, spargendi falsa libido,
Moribus omnino sint aliena meis.
Non ego detractor, nec opum sim magnus amator,
  Nec quid agant aliis, sit mihi scire labor.
Gloria nec fuco mentem titillett inani,
  Dissimulatoiris fraude carere velim.
Cura mihi maneat, quae debet fratris egeni,
  Et manus infirmos subveniendo levet.
Denique non miseram claudat blasphemia vitam,
  Hoc scelus horrendum, spe veniaque caret.
Ne temere per iniqua ruam, me, summe creator,
  Dirige, sit menti pax requiesque meae.
Excute torporem, destilla mentis acumen,
  Flexilibs ac animus provida verba notet.
O pater, obstesor te, natum propter Iesum,
  Effoce clementem me, rogo, redde pium,
Sic et amabo tuum nomen, numenque timebo,
  Sic etiam laesus fratribus ipse querar.
Fastus et absistat fratres contemptere promptus,
  Aggreger ad iustos, auferar atque malis.
Fac, ut in adversis rebus patientia constet,
  Rebus et in laetis, mens moderata detur.
Lingua malo careat, quo contra numina peccem,
  Vel contra fratres, quo reus esse queam.
Gratia coelestis minuat mihi gaudia mundi
  Lubrica, quae parvi temporis aura tenet.
Gratia coelestis Christi me quaerere regnum
  Permoeat solum, quod sine fine manet.
Quibus rebus consistat

**vera** precatio

Ut pia divinas oratio manet ad aures,

Sex ea praecipuas debet habere notas.

1. Sit stabilita fide, nec in ulla parte vacillet,
2. Sit brevis, et fugiat taedia longa morae.
3. Et vehemens animi magno fervore feratur,
4. Ac repetat varias multiplicata vices.
5. Nomina per Christi, placemus numina patris,
6. Plena sit officio vita, maloque vacet.

\[ \mathbf{A}(G^r_2); \mathbf{B}(E^r_8) \]
De ratione recte con stipuendae vitae

Ut tibi praeeptis mens confirmetur honestis,
Sex animo semper sunt repetenda tuo.
1 Principio deus est noster servator, et author,
2 Hostis in opposita stat regione, Sathan.
3 Tertia res praesens est vita, simillima ventis,
4 Mors sequitur, nobis quae prope semper adest.
5 Ordine sunt quinto, coeli palatia summi,
6 Tartara sunt sexto constituenda loco.
Haec animo tacite secum qui saepe revolvit,
Mior in hoc, vitii si quid inesse potest.
De vindicta divina

Ultio peccatum sequitur, delinquere noli,
   Nam scelus admissum poena severa premit.
Quid si forte dei clementia differat iram,
   Sera licet veniat, certa venire solet.
O nimium foelix, haece quisquis vera putabit,
   Et timet irati fulmina iusta dei.

\[ A(G_3^V); B(E_8^V) \]
Contra evangelicorum hostes, precatio

Surge deus, dextra servos attolle cadentes,
Impius irato fulminat ore Satan.
Tempora terribili iactantur dira tumultu,
Vi trahit virtus, induit arma furor,
Lex oppressa silet, regnat pro iure libido,
Fastus et insanis territat astra minis.
Nos, tua progenies, Christi quos gloria tangit,
Qui colimus vero nomen honore tuum,
Caedimur, et trahimus per mille pericula vitam,
Undique nos agitat sanguinolenta manus.
Strangulat hos laqueus, rota ferrea distrahit illos,
Pars perit in flammis, obruta pars in aquis.
Hic gladios, illic vibrat tormenta tyrannis,
Et varia tepidam strage cruentat humum.
Quis furor, o fratres, tantas exuscitat iras?
Unde venit nostri sanguinis ista sitis?
Est pater in coelis unus, servator et unus,
Una caro est, unum nomen, et una fides.
Vincula sed pacis, matrum discordia rumpit,
Proh dolor, ex isto tot mala fonte fluunt.
Nos colimus matrem coelestis patre creatam,

\[ A(G_2^V - G_4^V); B(E_8^V - F_2^r) \]

21. Primitiva Ecclesia in right margin of A and B.
Quam sibi pro chara coniuge, Christus habet.
Cuius ab uberibus suxerunt verba Prophetae,
Cuius erat soboles, turba vetusta patrum.
Christus eam veniens tenero nutrivit amore,
Discipulis eius cura relictæ fuit.
Huius erant matris testes, et Apostolus omnis,
Et veteri quiasquis tempore Martyr erat.
Huius adhuc durant custodes Biblia sacra,
Quae stabilem faciunt inviolata fidem.
Moribus ista piis incorruptissima mater
Floruit, ad sponsum respiciendo suum.
Sancta, benigna fuit, clemens, et plena pudoris,
Officii retinens, integritatis amans,
Omnia distribuens, condonans omnia, verax,
Immemor offensae, sed benefacta notans,
Denique virtutis mater fuit ista repertrix,
Atque manet vitae fixa columna piae.
Altera nomen habet matris, Romana noverca,
Sol nihil hoc monstro tetrius esse videt.
Fastus inest, luxuque fluit, sectatur honores,
Cura boni non est ualla, nec ualla dei.
Verborum fumos, et rerum venditat umbras,
Atque nisi fucum nil pietatis habet.
Ipsa sibi leges ponit, positasque rexit,
Helluo nummorum, munera magna vorat.

39. *Ecclesia Romana* in left margin of A and B.
Se iubet orari, coram se prona iacere

Omnia, quantumvis aurea sceptrum gerant.

Degener hoc animal sanctorum sanguine gaudens,
Membra venenato sauciat ore dei.

Pelle lupam, reverendae patris, quae dente cruento,
Dilacerat sparsos, non saturata, greges.
Te sequimur, sponsamque tuam, tua iussa tenemus,
Integra de coelo, spesque, salusque venit.

Summe deus, tua nos miseris clementia servat,
Unicus es pastor, nos et ovile sumus.

Prosperce de coelo, tumidos disperde gygantes,
Sacrilega cupiunt vi tua templa rapi.
Nos licet indigni, Christum tamen aspicie dignum,
Sanguine qui lavit vulnera nostra suo.

Dira noverca fremit, vitiorum septa cohorte,
Nosque tuas, nullo vindice, mactat oves.
O deus, huc oculos ad servos flecte ruentes,
Occidat in mediis impia turba minis.

Vel tua praeteritam condonet gratia culpam,
Una sit et nobis, ut fuit ante, parens.
Sic erit ex Saulo Paulus, sic bella sequetur
Tristia, iucundae pacis amanda quies.

O utinam dignos tali nos foedere ducas,
O pater, o noster ter venerande deus.

56. unicus

unicus B.
Scotia Debellata

Anglia cantet Io, claris evecta triumphis,
Cantet Io, Scotia subversis Anglia rebus.
Euge Scotus cecidit, vi debellatus, et armis,
Nunc cecidit, rapitur, trahitur, nunc Anglia vincit,
Anglia praestanti nunc praestantissima rege,
Anglia regina florens, et milite summo,
Anglia quae ducibus magnis, et milite forti
Affluit, et partas post se trahit inclyta terras.
Nobilis ingenio gens, Anglia, nobilis armis,
Anglia nunc laetis effundat gaudia rebus.
Saepe Scotos fregit, fractos et saepe fugavit,
Anglia nunc fractos stravit, stratosque peremit.

A(G₄Ⅴ-H₁Ⅴ); E(F⁵Ⅴ-F⁵Ⅴ)
Saepe resurrexit clades oblita priores,
Saepe relicta Scotus victus remeavit ad arma.
Nunc iacet, et nostro semper sub rege iacebit.  
15
0 homines, o gens semper durissima flecti,
Heu quoties vobis rex clementissimus unus
Parcit, et inducto sanctivit foedere pacem.
Heu quoties miser, perrupta pace, fideque,
Arma resumpsistis, vobis funesta futura,
20
Et patriae, vestro vitio, culpaque, ruenti.
Discite nunc tandem regi servire Britanno,
Anglia quo felix foelici rege triumphos
Saepe tuit claros, et nunc fert, saepe feretque.
Vivat rex, regum lumen, reginaque vivat,
25
Vivat et eximius princeps, vivatque Senatus.
Anglia postremo concisis inclyta Francis,
Ulta Scotos, Francosque domans, invicta sit armis.
De Eudovardo

Principe

E xigit eximios, princeps clarissime, versus,
D ebita virtutum meritis laus summa tuarum.
O puer excellens, patriae flos, gloria patris,
V iribus ipse tuis, o princeps maior, et annis:
A lta deus regni providit sceptrum futuri,
R egis honorandi princeps ut nobilis esseas.
D otibus egregiis tibi mens conferta relucet,
U t generi summo par sit natura beata.
S ic stirpem virtus, virtutem stirpisque sequetur.

P erge puer, patris divini gemmea proles,
R umpe moras, extolle tuos, puer auree, vultus.
I to per insignes, insignior ipse, triumphos.
N aturam patris, fortunam, pectus, et annos,
C lara dehinc tibi regna patris, sed sera, precamur.
E et pater, est regnum, par est insigne sororum.
P er multos annos, momentaque maxima rerum,
S it tua, sit generisque tui fortuna beata.

\[ \Delta(H_1^F - H_1^V) \]; \[ \Phi(F_5^V - F_6^F) \]
De triumpho propter pacem suscepio

Tempora temporibus succedunt prospera duris,

In medias lachrymas gaudia magna cadunt.

Horrida praeteriti sanantur vulnera bellii,

Occupat et veterem pax revocata locum.

Impia serrati consedit militis ira,

Nec tuba dat vasto murmura rauca sono.

Non quiatunt muros bombardae fulmina dirae,

Barbarus in cultos non ruit hostis agros.

Tristia non metuunt gnatorum fata parentes,

Non metuit formae damna puella suae.

Horrea securus distendit plena colonus,

Adnatat ex omni merx sine clade loco.

Non hominum iugulos gladiator percutit audax,

Imbuit armatas nulla rapina manus.

Ferrea sanguinei ceciderunt praelia Martis,

Obruta bellorum fax, sine luce, iacet.
Aurea se paribus librans concordia pennis,
  Colligat in studium pectora nostra plium.
Intrat in eximias urbes, et rura peragratur,
  Nobilis a coeli pax revoluta polo.
Festa volat studiis pax optatissima nostris,
  Quaquae venit plausus, laetitiamque vehit.
Sceptra tenens solio se pax imponit avito,
  Et fora perfundens corda quieta rigat.
Omnia florescunt, tellus, et pontus, et aer,
  Commoda tranquillae maxima pacis habent.
Classica qui tenuit claro resonantia ferro,
  Ponitur ad cultae dulcia plectra lyrae.
Pervigil in castris tota qui nocte cubabat,
  In propria lectum nunc habet ille domo.
Qui metuens alios, author fuit ipse timoris,
  Vulnera nulla capit, vulnera nulla facit.
Sanguine mercedem qui collegere cruentam,
  Ex opibus vivit turba quieta suis.
Alea quos pavit, quos nutrit impia caedes,
  Nunc facit hos proprius vivere posse labor.
Mutua funestis sternentes corpora campis,
  Mutua concordi commoda mente parant.
Humida, quae fuerat multorum caede virorum,  
Incipit in segetes terra redire novas.  
Atque cadaveribus proiectis, nubilus aer  
Sese aperit, cupiens quo fuit esse statu.  
Pontus erat totus telis constratus, et armis,  
Nunc mare propitio flumine vectat opes.  
Omnis erat classis periuo milite plena,  
Nunc socios iungit classis amica viros.  
Denique Saturni perierunt tempora dira,  
Et viget haec aetas principe digna iove.  
O deus, o vero qui nomine Iupiter esse  
Diceris, in celsa qui praeis arce poli,  
Summe deus, venerande deus, spes unica vitae,  
Cuius ab aeterno numine cuncta fluunt:  
Quod tua sustulerit nostros clementia luctus,  
Horrida quod pacis praelia vincit amor,  
Marte quod extincto, nos mutua foedera iungunt,  
Quod peregrina venit pax renovata domum:  
Supplice quanta potest tibi gloria voce rependi,  
Tanta tibi nostro manat ab ore deus.  
Summe deus, pacem, nostros miserate labores,  
Qui facias, hanc facias posse manere diu.

58. Tanta] Sancta B.
Proximus es Christo, rex praestantissime regum,
Nominis octavum qui diadema geris.
Sit tua majestas, rex invictissime, salva,
Cuius inest omnis nostra salute salus.
Gallia te, nostra causa, conspexit in armis,
Anglia te laetum, est laeta sequita ducem.
Nunc populi verus pastor, post bella remota,
Das iterum pacis iura quieta sacrae.
O deus armorum, claris Henrice triumphis,
O etiam purae gloria prima togae:
Vive diu foelix foelices vivere servos
Qui facis, o regni dux patriaeque pater.
Sis etiam foelix Norvicus turba beata,
Commoda quae regni pacis alumna foves.
Quas ego te vidi laetam lactare corollas?
Gaudia quae vidi? quanta trophaea tua?
Templa, domus, vici, pretioso splendida cultu,
Musica praecelaros sparsa sonora foro.
Canitie veneranda cohors, floreasque iuventus,
Signa dabant animi commemoranda piii.
Digna tuis certe pax est praecelara triumphis,
Atque tuus dignus pace triumphus erat.
Nos deus, et regnum, regemque in pace gubernat,
Et Norvice tibi commoda multa ferat.
De pace Britannica anno
primo Edovardi Sexti

Tende deo laetas, o foelix Anglia, palmas,
< Anglia concordi gens foelicissima pace.
Gallia bellorum saevis concussa procellis,
Horrída sanguinei deponit fulmina Martis.
Et tandem sapiens, Scotiae vicinia facta,
Optatae caepit paci summittere fasces,
Aurea supremo veniens concordia coelo.
Salve dux nostris o praestantissima rebus,
O salve niveis pax formosissima pennis,
Grata deo, iucunda viris, terraeque marisque
Tempestiva, tuos quae fundis ad omnia fructus.
Obsita funestis bellorum nubibus omnis
Anglia, perplexis fuerat depressa tenebris.
Hinc Scotus insiluit, iacit illinc fulmina Gallus,
Maenia bombardis quatiens amissa cruentis. 15
Sed tamen et bello foelix, et pace beata,
Viribus usa suis, se nobilis Anglia texit.
Gallia pone minas, communia foedera iunxe,
Vicinusque Scotas, vicinos diligat Anglos.
Pande sinus, reseraque tuos, pax gemmea, vultus, 20
Virtutis custos, et religionis alumna.
O deus, o verae pacis venerabilis author,
Cuius ab aeterno concordia numine fluxit,
Fac maneat stabilis, fac robur tempore sumat,
Quae venit ad nostram pax divinissima gentem. 25
O deus, asserva regem, regisque senatum,
Et fac perpetuos conclusae pacis alumnos.
Perpetua est mutatio tum animi tum corporis

Lubricus incertis iactatur motibus orbis,
Posteriora novos apportant tempora casus.
Ipse homo, divinum, solera, ratione refertum
Est animal, partes et circumspectat in omnes.
Sydereis mens lapsa polis, est numine plena.
Iungitur humorum concordi semine corpus,
Ordine membrorum praestans, formaeque decore.
Tempora sed tacitis praeter labientia pennis.
Forma ruat, vires languent, artusque fatiscent.
Sanguine miscetur bilis, bilisque cruore.
Frigida viscosam fundit pittuta salivam.
Livida tum febris, gregibus comitata dolorum,
Aestibus interdum flagrans, modo frigore torpens,
Agmina succedunt morborum multa novorum,

\[ A(G_4^P-I_1^P); B(H_8^V-G_1^P) \]
Haec caput infestant, et tentant saeva cerebrum, 15
In manibus quaedam volitant, in poplite quaedam
Considunt, omnes in partes corpora versant.
Haec iugulis haerent, haec usque ad pectora manant.
Dura fames ventrem premit, et sitis arida guttur
Urit, et in tacitos labuntur lumina somnos. 20
Succedunt, operae somno, curaeque quieti,
Tristia iucundis miscentur, prospera duris,
Atque adeo toto nihil est in corpore firmum.
Mens magis ipsa sibi dissentit, concipit audax
Vota, per ancipites fertur non territa casus. 25
Cum timet, exiguos pavet exanimata susurros.
Nunc amat, ac orbem totum postponit amori,
Orat, et oratur rursus, terretque, timetque,
Cogitat, et meminit, quae sunt praesentia curat,
Praeteritos voluit casus, voluitque futuros. 30
Ergo deus mentes nobis, et corpora luxnit,
Per quae continui fluxus, motusque peragrunt.
Quae fieri non possunt,
ne concupiscas

Qui vult esse miser suapte sponte,
Hunc vere miserum licet vocare,
Ergo qui sibi multa concupiscunt,
Quae nulla ratione comparari
Possunt, hos miseros licet vocare.
Nam sunt hi miseri suapte sponte.

$\alpha(I^1_r); B(G^1_r)$

Title: concupiscas misspelled coucupiscas in title in $\alpha$. 
Teipsam ne negligas

Multa quidem multis tribuamus, at omnia nobis,
Ille sapit vere, qui sapit ipse sibi.
Propria natura quae sunt, sint propria fructu,
Sitque tibi semper maxima cura tui.

\[ A(II^R); B(GI^V) \]
Talis fit quique, quales
ii sunt, quibuscum vivit

Si cum bonis vivunt viri,
Qui nec boni sunt, nec mali,
II sunt cito boni viri.
Si cum malis vivunt viri,
Qui nec boni sunt, nec mali,
II sunt cito mali viri.
Si cum bonis vivunt boni
Utrique fiunt optimi.
Si cum malis vivunt mali,
Utrique fiunt pessimi.
Sic et boni faciunt bonos,
Sic et mali faciunt malos.
Ergo bonus si vis fieri,
Cum his vivito, qui sunt boni.
Rursus malus si vis fieri,
Cum his vivito, qui sunt mali.
Cogimur ad suscipientium
publica munera

Est homini cognatus homo, mens omnibus una,
Dispar doctrinis, discendi munere par est.
Corpora corporibus respondent, sensus eadem
Itque reditque via, simili sunt ordine membra.
Nec magis ipsa sibi similis res ulla videtur,
Quam similes natura viros, facit omnibus omnes.
Quos igitur iunxit, naturae provida cura,
Foedere perpetuo iungat sententia concors.
Nemo suum quaerat, nec enim sibi nascitur ullus,
Commoda communi tractemus publica mente.
Ponderibus librata suis, et robore florens,
Privatis certos fundit respublica fructus.
Saucia cum fractas perdit respublica vires,
Singula cum toto labuntur corpore membra.
Providet, has vitas plagas, sapientia iuris,
Ut qua quisque potest communia munera parte
Suscipiat, nec ab his ulla se segreget arte.
Praetor enim iussus, vel consul Titius esse,
Vel iudex, frustra de se depellit honorem.

$A(I1^V-I2^V); B(GZ^F)$
Ad Elisabetham Principem

Fœlix rege parente virgo, fœlix,
Fœlix principe fratre virgo, fœlix,
Fœlix et Maria tua sorore,
Fœlix religione puriore.
Fœlix moribus, innocentiaque,
Fœlix corpore, mente virgo fœlix.
Fœlix Elisabetha quae fuisti,
Fœlix sis sene patre rege posthac,
Fœlix principe fratre grandiore,
Fœlix contuge sis tuo futuro,
Fœlix prole, scientiaque fœlix,
Fœlix corpore cresce, mente cresce,
Fœlix Elisabetha sic maneto.

\[ A(I_{2}^{r} - I_{2}^{v}); B(G_{2}^{r} - G_{2}^{v}) \]
Ad Suffolciensem Ducem

Corpore non possum, sed possum mente venire,
Qua licet, hac venio, dux venerande, via.
Omnibus in rebus me pressit morbus acerbe,
Sed tamen in vobis durior ille fuit.
Nam neque, cum vellem, poterat me frater habere
Carolus, ingenio clarus, et arte, puer,
Nec te nunc praeens praeentem cernere possum,
Cuius inest formae, forma decora patris.

Exulat ex oculis etiam, lectissima mater,
Foemina doctrinae vera figura piae.

Ferreus o morbus, qui tot mihi commoda tollit,
Omnibus officiis qui mihi claudit iter.

Opto tamen vobis, et matri cuncta secunda,
Et maneat vestrum, me pereunte, decus.

I modo charta, meae fidissima nuncia mentis,
Corporis et causam fac sapienter agas.
O Decus, o splendens Romanae gloria gentis,
Virtutis specimen, vitae praeeptor honestae.
O Cicero doctos inter doctissimus omnes,
Cur tua, temporibus nostris, non iuncta fuerunt?
Cur tua non licuit praesentes ora videre
Præsentis? cur non tecum nos viximus una?
Cur tua verba deus sacrum non vertit ad usum?
Cur tua non venit servator Christus in ora?
O quantum nostram iuvisses religionem?
Gloria quanta deo, per te, quaesita fuisset?
Vivere dignus eras, nostris, o Marce, diebus,
Digna fuit rebus summis facundia summa.
Sed quoniam deus, hoc nunc sic effecit ut esset,
Quod domino placuit, nobis placet, ergo valeto.
31

In eundem

Vis eloquentiam tibi?
An vis sapientiam dari?
Utramque Tullius tibi,
Solus dabit facillime.

A(I₃ⁿ); B(G₃ⁿ-G₃⁵)
In eundem

Qui simul prudens velit, et disertus
Esse, praesentem peragret libellos.
Sic enim prudens, simul et disertus,
Efficiatur.

A(I₃ᵥ); B(G₃ᵥ)
Ad nobilem quendam puerum

Accepi parvum, tibi parvum mitto libellum,
Utque tuus novus est, sic tibi mitto novum.
Das mihi Germanum, Germanum reddo vicissim,
Ut tuus est varius, sic etiam meus est.
Non dubito magnum studium quin parvus haberet
Hessus, item Charion plenus amore venit.
Foelicem foelix annum iubet esse poeta,
Historiae Charion imperat author idem.
Ergo liber libro respondet, votaque votis
Conveniunt, annus par sit utrique novus.
Sic ego praecipius prodibo repente poeta,
Sic et in historia, te licet esse ducem.
Cresce puer, versaque manu virtutis avitae
Maxima, quae praesens dat, monumenta, liber.
Nam Charion patrios representaque labores,
Maioresque tuo te docet esse patre.
De musica

Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices usum retinet voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
Musices auxit studium voluptas,
UXOR NON EST DUCENDA

Omnis aetatis comitem protervam,
Omnium morum sociam dolosam,
Omnium rerum dominam superbam

Suumere durum est.

Quae tuum secum cupiat dolorem,
Quae tuas risu lachrymas augilet,
Quae minas, fletus, et acerba tecum

Iurgia tractet.

Quae tuam poenam redimat salutis
Propriae lucro, pariatque prolem,
Quae patris falsa titulum sonabit

Ore, molestum.

Quae tuas iras, strepitus inanes,
Quae tuas voces, sine mente verba,
Quae tuos lusus, aconita dira

Credere possit.

\[ A(I^4, K^1); B(G^4, G^5) \]

This poem and the one following are companion poems, and the printer has them running parallel to one another.
Quae tuas muris putet esse vires,
Quae tuos corvi putet esse cantus,
Quae tuas musas putet esse agrestis

Carmina Fauni.

Quae tuam linguam putet esse ranae,
Quae tuas ursi putet esse carnes,
Quae tuum scrophae timidae pedorem

Iudicet esse.

Quae tibi charos Stygia palude,
Quae tuos fructus Acheronte nigro,
Quae tuam vitam magis expavescat

Manibus ipsis.

Uxor temporibus, moribus, et locis,
Naturam varie distribuit suam,

Nunquam prospiciens coniugis usibus.

Ergo si tibi vis omnia progredi,
Vitae perpetuo fac cares malo.
Uxor est ducenda

Omnis aetatis comitem perennem,
Omnium morum similem sodalem,
Omnium rerum dominam fidelem

Sumere suave est.

Quae tuum tecum doleat dolorem,
Quae suas tecum lachrymas profundat,
Quae locos, risus, et amoena tecum

Gaudia tractet.

Quae tuum vultum redimat salutis
Propriae damno, parietque prolem,
Quae patris nomen tenero sonabit

Ore, iucundum.

Quae tuas iras, Iovis esse fulmen,
Quae tuas voces, Iovis esse nutus,
Quae tuos lusus, Iovis esse nectar

Credere possit.

A(K1r, K2r); B(G5r, G6r)

10. parietque [ ] pariatque B.
Quae tuas Martis putet esse vires,
Quae tuos Phoebi putet esse cantus,
Quae tuas musas putet esse sacras
Palladis artes. 20
Quae tuam linguam putet Hermis ora,
Quae tuam formam Veneris figuram,
Quae tuum sacrae Triviae pudorem
Iudicet esse.
Quae tuos hostes Stygia palude,
Quae tuas clades Acheronte nigro,
Quae tuum funus magis expavescat
Manibus ipsis.
Uxor temporibus, moribus, et locis,
Naturam varie distribuit suam,
Semper prospiciens coniugis usibus.
Ergo si tibi vis omnia progredi,
Vitae perpetuo ne careas bono.
Praecepta coniugii
mariti postulata

Uxor, si cupias mihi placere,
Semper prima dei, secunda nostri,
Tum sit tertia cura liberorum.
Aedes fac sine sordibus nitere.
Mensae prospice, provide puellis. 5
Vultu sis hilari, tamen modesto.
Mores sint faciles, tamen pudici.
Vestis sobria sit, vacetque labe.
Cum laetus fuero, dolore noli,
Nec cum tristis ero, decet locari. 10

This poem and the one following are arranged in parallel columns as companion poems.
Et quemunque vides mihi placere,
Fac hunc esse tibi putes amicum.
Quicquid dixero, ne palam refelle.
Clam, quod displicet, admonere debes.
Arcanum tibi si revelo, caela.
Nec te suspicio sinistra vexet.
Si te laesero, vulnus indicabis.
Me si commoveas, fatere crimen.
In lectum veniat nihil querelae.
Somnus sit modicus. Precare mane.
Cum surrexeris, occupata vive.
Non credes nimium, parum loquere.
Nec coram tibi disputare fas est.
Responsare cave, caveque murmur.
Te coniuge bonis, malos relinque.
Sit vitae probitas, fidesque linguae.
Morum denique sit pudor magister.
Haec si feceris, in sinu iacebis.
Praecepta coniugii

uxoris response

Mi vir, si mihi charus esse curas:
Me solum colito quasi teipsum.
Sic tu proximus es deo futurus,
Sic nostros ego liberos fovebo.
Fac ut tuta domus sit, et salubris.
Nec desint ea, quae requirit usus.
Exercere tuos stude ministros.
Sit comis tibi vox, sit os serenum.
Si vis temporibus tuis ut utar:
Et tu tempora nostra scire debes.

\[ A(K_2^r, K_3^r); B(G_6^r, G_7^r) \]
Quantum vis tribui tuis amicis,
Tantum fac tribuas meis amicis.
Servis iurgia dura fac reserves:
Et me leniter admoneto solam.
Mecum liberius licet iocari,
Nec me reiicies nimis severe,
Tecum laetior esse, si requiram.
Et me non satis est tibi placere,
Sed sciri volo te bonum maritum.
Me si non sinis esse suspicacem:
Causam suspicionis amoveto.
Quantumunque dies tulit laborum,
Nox secum placidam ferat quietem.
Non absis temere domo, diuue.
Quicquid pollicitus procus fuiisti,
Nunc praestare maritus id memento.
Si me Penelopen habere speras,
Fac ut te mihi praebas Ulyssen.
Ex Anglico in Latinum

Sobria virgo, sibi quae vultu menteque constat,
Et Iuvenis frugi, veneris naufragia vitans,
Fidus, et advertens coniunx, non pessima credens,
Et mulier prudens, tractabilis, atque pudica:
Quatuor haec quærunt omnes, vix reperit ullus.
Maxima sic nostrae bona sunt rarissima vitae.

\( \text{A}(X^3) ; \text{B}(G^7) \)

5. reperit misspelled reperit in A. The mistake is noted in the Errata at the end of A.
In rebelles Norfolcienses

Occasura tuo, Norfolcia caeca, furore,
Quae rabies humeris induit arma tuis?
Impetus a solita quis torsit corda quiete?
Quis gravis astrinxit pectora dura stupor?
An quia vicinos fregit vis vestra colonos,
Sparsaque sunt subitis oppida pauca minis?
Angulus an unus quia tecum foedera iunxit,
Venit et ad praedas nuda caterva novas?
Propterea late regni volitare per oras,
Ausa es, et in summo celsa sedere loco?
An, quia digna tuo tardabat crimine poena,
Distulit et clemens iusta flagella deus?
Idcirco dormire deum, regemque putabas?
Et quia sera forent verbera, nulla fore?
Desine vana tuis promittere gaudia rebus,
Numinis irati fulmina celsa time.
Horrisono venit tempestas magna tumultu,
Incitit in vestrum plaga cruenta solum.
Fervidus irarum tristes effudit habenas,
Quaque venit, late funera moesta facit,
Ille Comes, ille, ille Comes Dudleius heros,
Et Varvicensis gloria summa soli.
Hunc praecipitara cohors animis insignis, et armis
Insequitur, ducibus subdita quaeque suis.
Quid faciat miserum vulgus? quo terga reflectat? 25
Nunc via prostratis nulla salutis erit.
Latebra non abdet montis, non sylva recondet,
Undique te vindex implicat ira dei.
Pone animos vulgus miserandum, tendito palmas,
Saepe truces frangunt lenia verba minas. 30
Frolice ferratos fustes, adrepito supplex,
Vis eat, et virtus barbara corda domet.
Sit licet horribilis vestri violentia motus,
Forte ducis nostri gratia maior erit.
Gratia fortassis, quantumvis maxima, vincet 35
Crimina, si veniam, quo decet ore, petas.
Spiritus ille ferox, et ad omnia iura rebellis,
Vultibus ex vestris pectoribusque migret.
Discite tranquillam pacem, dediscite bellum,
Discite plebs, plebem quo decet esse loco. 40
Tu vero regni, rex invictissime, nostri,
Tuque simul summi, turba beata, ducis:
Patria laeta sinus pandens vos excipit omnes,
A quibus est patriae publica parte quies.

25. reflectat? reflectas D.
30. saepe sepe D.
Lines 39 to 44 missing in D.
Ad Purium

Carmen tibi foelix fluit,
Annus tibi foelix fluat.
Annus novus si sit tibi
Faelix, mihi foelix erit.
Artes putas veras opes,
Ego dabo veras opes.
Artes enim dabo tibi.
Purum tibi puro, Puri,
Librum dabo multiplici
Scientia praestabilem.
Tantum stude quantum potes,
Tantum potes quantum velis.
Sic, mi Puri, foelix eris,
Et sic ego foelix ero.
Quia tuos fructus meos
Puto futuros, mi Puri.

\( A(K^4V-L^1_r); B(G^8_8^V) \)

4. faelix \( \rightarrow \) foelix \( B \).
Munera si faustos annos transmittere possunt,

Et venit ex parvo gratia tanta loco:

Munera numeribus coniungat amicus amicis,

Sic ibit foelix annus utrique novus.

\[ A(Li^r); B(H1^r) \]
Auspiciam foelix, venturi mittimus anni,
Auspiciam, solo quod valet auspicio.
Exiguum pretio, sed votis dives habebis
Auspiciam, solo quod valet auspicio.

$A(Ll^r)$; $B(Hl^r)$
Ad Brudnellum

Fertilibus foelix agris, opibusque beatus,
Foelici foelix coniuge, prole, domo,
Et studiis foelix, quae dat tibi musa prophana,
Et studiis, affert quae sacra musa tibi,
Praeteritis foelix annis, Brudnelle, recente
Sis foelix anno, quem vehit ista dies.

A(Ll¹); B(Hl¹)
Ad Doctorem Coxum

Vix caput attollens e lecto scribere carmen
Qui velit, is voluit scribere plura, vale.

Responsio Doctoris Coxil ad Haddonum

Te magis optarem salvum, sine carmine fili,
Quam sine te salvo, carmina multa, vale.

\[ A(L\mathbf{L}^V); B(H\mathbf{I}^F-H\mathbf{I}^V) \]
In Anglicam dialecticam

Thomae Wilsoni

Grammatice lingua nos est affata Britanna,

Curreret ut latiis lingua Britanna rotis.

Nunc Logice venit, et nostris se vocibus affert,

Ut ratio nostros possess habere sonos.

Ante peregrinis linguis instructa fuisti

Anglia, nunc propria discere voce potes.

Grammaticen laudant omnes, quia verba polivit:

Qualis erit Logice nos ratione regens?

Attulit hanc nostras Thomas Wilsonus ad aures,

Utilis et patriae sic fuit ille suae.

A(11^V); B(H1^V)

I have seen, on film, from the Huntington Library, this poem in the 1552 [A^T^V], 1563 [A^4^T], and 1567 [A^4^T] editions of The Rule of Reason, and there are no variants except logice, in lines 3 and 8, is written in Greek characters, and affert, line 3, is misspelled effert in the 1552 edition.
In Anglicam rhetoricam
eiusdem Thomas Wilsoni

Rhetoricen, Logice soror est affata sororem,

Quem didicit nuper, sermo Britannus erat.

Rhetoricen tacuit, magna perculsa dolore:

Nam non dum nostro noverat ore loqui.

Audiit haec, Logices Wilsonus forte magister

Qui fuerat, nostros addideratque sonos.

Rhetoricen mutam, verbis solatus amicis,

Sevocat, et rogitat num esse Britannia velit?

Deiiciens oculos respondit velle libenter:

Sed se, qua possit, non reperire, via.

Ipse vias, inquit, tradam, legesque loquendi,

Quomodo perfecte verba Britannia loces.

Liberat ille fidem, nostro sermone politur

Rhetoricen, nostra est utraque facta soror.

Anglia, nobilium si charus sermo sororum

Est tibi, sermonis charus et author erit.

I have seen on film, from the Huntington Library, the 1553 [A4*], 1560 [A8*], 1562 [A8*], and 1584 [A3*] editions of The Art of Rhetorique, and there are the following variations:

2. Britannus  
3. magna  
11. inquit  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notation</th>
<th>1553</th>
<th>1560</th>
<th>1562</th>
<th>1584</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Britannus</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>magna</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>inquit</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Britannos 1584.

magnos 1553, 1560, 1562, 1584.

(inquit) 1562, 1584.
In librum partitionum
sagittariarum Rogeri Aschami

Mittere qui celeres summa velit arte sagittas,
Ars erit ex isto summa profecta libro.
Quicquid habent arcus rigidi, nervique rotundi,
Sumere si libet, hoc sumere fonte licet.
Aschamus est author, magnum quem fecit Apollo
Arte sua, magnum Pallas et arte sua.
Docta manus dedit hunc, dedit hunc mens docta libellum:
Quae videt ars, usus visa parata facit.
Optimus haec author quia tradidit optima scripta,
Convenit haec nobis optima velle sequi.

\[ \mathcal{A}(L^2_1-L^2_2); \mathcal{B}(H^2_1) \]

I have seen this poem, on film, in the 1545 [\(\text{Al}^\text{v}\)] edition of Toxophilus, from the British Museum; the 1571 [\(\text{Hi}^\text{v}\)] from the Harvard College Library; and the 1589 [\(\text{qqqii}^\text{v}\)] edition from the Huntington Library, and there are no variants.
In librum alchymiae Thomae

Nortoni Bristoliensis

Maximus ingenio, scribendi maximus arte
Thomas Nortonus, primarum semina rerum,
Atque metallorum venas tellure sepultas
Eruit, ac imae subit intima viscera terrae.
Mellea secretos promit facundia sensus,
Atque vias omnes cudendi colligit auri.
Ars licet haec, auri fontes opulenta recludat,
Attamen est auro longe pretiosior author.

\[ A(L^2); B(H^2); F; G; H; L \]
In nuptias Rodolphi Rouleti
et Thomae Hobel, qui duas Domini
Antonii Goci filias, duxere uxorcs eodem die
Margaritam Routlete tuam fac mente recondas,
Gemma sit ut tuto tam pretiosa loco.
Sit frater fratri similis, sit filia patri,
Sic vir erit dignus coniuge, sponsa viro.

\( A(L^2) ; B(H^2) \)
51

Virtute Non vi

Vis trahit invitós, virtus facit esse volentes,
Vis furit, at virtus cum ratione movet.
Corpore vis regnat, virtus in mente triumphat,
Vis pecudes, virtus nos facit esse viros.
Vis igitur valeat, virtus super omnia vincat,
Aut vis virtutem, serva sequatur heram.

\[ A(L3^r); B(H2^y-H3^r) \]
Hominum Aetates

In cunis infans sine sensu, et mente recumbit,
Inde puer levitate sua bona tempora perdens,
Post adolescentis temeraria cernitur aetas,
Et ruit in luxum iuvenis, vir captat honores,
Quaerit opes senior, magnos et cogit acervos.
Vulnera naturae sunt haec inimica novercae.

A(L3\textsuperscript{r}); B(H3\textsuperscript{r})
Precatio ad tempora

**illustriissimae Reginae Mariae accommodata**

Anglia, saepe tuis divina potentia rebus
Adfuit, et saevis te tempestatibus actam,
Impulit in portum salvam, terraque locavit.
Ista tamen postrema dei clementia, miris
Luminibus fulsit, radiisque illustribus arsit. 5
Ambitione volans, caecaque cupidine regni,
Exacuit ferrum nimis immoderata potestas.
In tenebris miseri iacuerunt obruta regni
Sceptra, ruit vario discordia mista tumultu.
Ipse sibi dispers secum pugnare senatus,
Frendere nobilitas, incerto murmure ferri
Vulgus, et aegritates turbarum volvere fluctus.
Cum ratione furor pugnat, cum iure libido,
Vis trahit invitos, armis terretur honestas,
Officium pavor, et verum violentia frangit. 15

\[A(L3^{r}-L4^{v}) : B(H3^{r}-H4^{v})\]
O tenebras regni spissas, o tempora dura,
Turbine quis tanto raptatos colliget artus
Anglia? quis laceris corpus componere membris,
Quis solitum poterit repraesentare decorem?
Tu deus, aeterno qui dirigis omnia cursu,
Cuius inexhaustis manat clementia rivis.
Tu deus e coelo spectans, nostrique misertus,
Aspera magnorum tollis tormenta malorum.
Classica civilis belli tu concita frangis,
Tu revocas laetam pacem, tu pectora sedas
Turbida, disordes animos tu foedere iungis.
Foemina virgo venit, descendens stemmate regum,
Foemina virgo venit, Mariae praenomine digna.
Salve flos regni, salve lectissima gemma,
Salve de coelo lapsum venerabile sydus.
Optima sis nobis, et foelicissima princeps,
Auxilium fractis fer mansuetissima rebus.
Fratris ut es regni, sic sis pietatis et haeres.
Iustitiam serva, demissis parce, superbos
Contere, virtuti sit honos, doctrina colatur.

27. descendens misspelled descendeus in A.
Fac tueare bonos, nec falsa calumnia quenquam
Opprimat, ipsa tuos et ames, et ameris ab illis.
Rex tibi frater erat, mors illum funere mersit,
Morte cadis regina soror, mortalit durant
Nulla diu, proprio se carpit tempore vita.
Hanc supreme deus, regno qui ponis avito,
Anglia cui fasces summittit lasta supremos,
Imbue divino sanctissima pectora suoc,
Semper ut ad coelos sursum sua lumina tollat.
Vinciat et pietas, communis et alliget ardor
Mutuus in Christo, studio consentiat omnis
Nobilitas rectis, populus tractabilis artes
Suscipiat pacis, regnique statuta sequatur.
Aurea perpetuis omnes concordia vincis
Nectat, ut ad patrem communem supplice voce,
Nunctorum fratrum communia vota ferantur.

39. cadis misspelled cades in A. Mistake noted in Errata at end of A.
47. tractabilis misspelled tractabilis in A.
Carmen consolatorium in rebus afflictis serenissimae Principis Elisabethae

Est deus, estque deo certissima cura suorum,
Semper habent iustae pondera magna preces.
Saepe suum differt divina potentia numen,
Crescat ut in tardo tempore prompta fides.
Saepe deus cessat, sed tandem surgit, et audit,
Corporis et curat saucia membra sui.
Obsidio miseros Iudaeos dura premebat,
Atque suo carvit iusta querela deo.
Ingreditur tandem votis, et vindice dextra
Iudith, Olopherni demit, et ense, caput.
Saepe Susanna manus supplex tendebat ad astra,
Sed medicina tamen nulla doloris erat.
Truditur ad mortem stupri damnata cruentam,
In media Daniel morte patronus ades.
Elisabetha parens Baptistae, mater ut esset,
Saepe precata fuit, saepe repulsa fuit.
Distulit in longum tempus divina potestas
Vota, sed est tandem, reddita mater, anus.

\( A(L^4V-M^1F); B(H^4V-H^5F) \)
Elisabetha diu multorum mole malorum

Obruta, saepe pio volvis in ore preces. 20

Saepe deo tristes casus, et acerba dolorum

Vulnera proponis, saepe requiris opem.

Non venit ad votum subito: tibi crescat ut ardor

Mentis, et in coelo discat habere locum.

Distulit auxilium, sed tandem numine pleno 25

Spiritus adveniens, pectora moesta levat.

Spiritus ille levat, qui Christi membra beati,

Multa premi patitur, nulla perire sinit.

Fide deo, succurre bonis, reverere sororem:

Sic tibi perpetuus cursus honoris erit. 30

Elisabetha vale, Christo gratissima virgo,

Chara piis princeps, Elisabetha vale.
In quandam nobilem foeminar

Est Venus in vultu, docto tibi Pallas in ore
Praesidet, ad digitos clarus Apollo venit,
Mercurius linguam moderatur, Cynthia mores,
O dea digna deo, dignaque Iuno Iove.

\( A(M^1) \); \( B(H^5) \)
In eandem

Si maneas virgo, liber est te virgine dignus,
   Si fueris coniux, coniuge dignus erit.
Si tua te viduam sors tristis fecerit esse,
   Aptus erit viduae tum liber iste tibi.
Sic quaecunque tibi fuerit fortuna parata,
   Conveniens omni parte libellus erit.

A(M1 spp-M1 spp); B(H5 spp-H5 spp)
In mortem Thomae

Withedi Stochiensis

In cineres tandem Thomas Withedus abivit,
Finit et vitae tempora longa suae.
Vixerat ille diu, sed semper vivere dignus,
Si quisquam semper vivere dignus erat.
Sed quia non potuit, mortali mole gravatus,
Corpore deposito, vivere mente parat.
Vita diu praesens fecit te vivere Thoma,
Mors veniens semper vivere posse facit.

\[ A(Ml^v); B(I3^v) \]
In obitum Doctoris Martini Buceri

Germanis o flende tuis, o flende Britannis,
Omnibus o terris flende Bucere iaces.
Te schola nostra suum desyderat orba magistrum,
O schola sublato debilitata duce.
Membra quidem Christi sunt nobis multa relictæ,
Sed caput his membris quod fuit, illud abest.
Et caput excellens, quo toto docitius orbe
Non fuit, et non est, nec fore, credo, potest.
Vita fuit similis doctrinæ, sanctæ probatæ,
Utraque laus illi propria semper erat.
Summe deus, lucem nostris infunde tenebris,
Pectora scripturis, imbue caeca sacris.
Qui fuit et tuus, et noster, nunc desit esse
Noster, et in coeli parte Bucerus inest.
O Martine vale, Christi praecellare minister,
O Cantabrigiae gemma, Bucere, vale.

A(M1V-M2r); B(I3V-I4r); E
3. desyderat desiderat E.
Est tua conditio foelix, qui faecibus aegri
Corporis abiectis, gaudia mentis habes.
Nos miseri, nostro qui te pastore remoto,
Ibimus incertis inscia turba viis.
Tu deus, o nostri communis pastor ovilis,
Martino similem praefice, quaeo, virum.
Sic simul in coelo civis potes esse Bucere,
Et simul in terris esse Bucere potes.

17. faecibus] fecibus E.
22. quaeo] (quaeo) E.

I have seen, on film, a copy from the Bodleian
Library of Cheke's De obitu doctissimi et sanct-
issimi theologi Doctoris Martini Buceri, pub-
lished at London in 1551. Haddon's poem is given
on [I3r], with the following variations:

3. desiderat] desiderat
17. foelix] felix
17. foecibus] fecibus
In obitum Suffolciensisum
Fratrum, Ducum Iillustrissimorum
Nobile par fratrum, matris dulcissima cura,
Hinc ruist Henricus, Carolus inde ruist.
Quid faciat mater, si non deus esset in illa?
Clamet, et abliciat se, cupiatque mori.
Quid facit, ut nunc est? Christum patienter adorat,
Et bene cum Christo pignora iuncta putat.
Vive diu foelix, longa dignissima vita,
Cuius in auditum gratia robur habet.
Antea lure tuis gnatis, es dicta beata,
Maius in illorum funere nomen erit.
Gloria vivorum, praesentis gloria mundi
Et fuit, et mundi casibus apta fuit.
Sed quod in illorum veneraris funere Christum,
Haec tibi de coelo gloria missa venit.
Vos etiam dulces pueri, dum mundus habebat,
Arbitrio mundus voluerat ipse suo.
Nunc simul in gremio patris recubatis Abrami,
Qui locus aeterna vos requiete beat.
Ergo vale vita foelix, et funere foelix,
Atque pia proles matre beata, vale.

A(M2v-M2v); B(I4v-I4v)

I have seen, on film, from the Bodleian Library
Haddon’s Vita Et Obitus Duorum Suffolciensisum,
Henrici et Caroli Brandoni, published at London
in 1551. This poem appears in this anthology
[A1v], with no variants.
In eosdem

Et vivos colui meos alumnos,
   Et nunc praedico mortuos alumnos.
Vos dulces pueri, valere vester
Haddonus iubet, ut potest iubere.
Feci, quae potui, licere plura
Vellem, plura libenter exhiberem.
En, charis mihi charior puellis
Excellens Catarina, vive foelix,
Et quos non poterant habere gnatī,
Hos annos tribuat deus parenti.
Hoc debet pietas tibi precari,
Doctrinam decet hoc et apprecari.
Nam communis es utriusque mater.

\(A(M2^V-M3^R)\); \(B(I4^V-I5^R)\)

This poem appears in Haddon's *Vita et Obitus Duorum Suffolciensium, Henrici et Caroli Brandoni, [A3^R]*, the only variant being that the three last words of line four are enclosed in parenthesis.

9. *gnati* \(\text{nati} \ B.\)
Ad Anglos ut resipiscant

Anglia, cur saccos differs, cineresque recusaa?
   Anglia, terribili fulmine tacta dei.
Forsitan expectas Ionam, iam venit, et aures
   Verberat, et sacro detonat ore minas.
Sed tibi non prosunt oracula sancta prophetae,
   Ludis, et in luxu tempus abire sinis.
Insequitur Ionam iusto deus ipse furore,
   Spargit et horribili tela cruenta manu.
Tu tamen in crapula stertis, scelerumque sepulchro,
   Et nimis inflelix evigilare nequis.

A(M3r-M4v); B(I5r-I6v)

This poem appears in Haddon's *Vita Et Obitus* [Al - A3], *Suffolciensium, Henrici et Caroli Brandoni*, [Alr - A3], with the following variants:

30. lethali] loetali
32. damna] damma
Cum populi rabies fodit tua fiscera ferro,
Principis et fregit iussa verenda sui,
Cum tibi de toto manavit corpore sanguis,
Et propriis fluxit viribus ille cruor:
An tibi de coelo non visa est virga venire
Ferrea, supplicio quae fera corda domet?
Sed tibi dura manent, et pectora plena malorum,
Oblinis et vitiis te scelerata novis.
Inde venit miseranda fames, et turpis egestas,
Altera contempti virga tremenda dei.
Negligis, et rides, totoque ex orbe rapinas
Colligis, et partas ebria fundis opes.
Colligis, et quaeris, quae post male perdere possis,
Luxus avaritiae est duxque, comesque, tuae.
Quo ruis oh demens, mundi ludibria captans?
Cur fugienda petis? cur cupienda fugis?
Imminet iratus duris cervicibus ultor,
Librat et in cladem spicula prompta tuam.
Pestifer obvolitat sudor, subitoque peragrat
Corpora, lethali pectora tabe terens.
Et prius obrepit, quam praesentiscere possis,
Et prius extinguit, quam tua damna vides.
Sed tamen est summi clementia maxima patris,
Fumigat, at flammae non sinit ire faces.
Anglia tolle caput, funestas cerne ruinas,
Ad dominum tandem respice caeca tuum.

Est pater, est dominus, pater est, si diligis illum,
Neglige, tum domini te gravis ira premet.
Ter deus e coelo tonuit, ter fulmina torsit,
Ne sine supplicio, te sinat esse malam.

Ter deus intentos posuit lenissimus arcus,
Ut, monitam poena, te sinat esse bonam.
Anglia fac vigiles, haec ultima tempora vitae
Sunt data, vel melior, vel fore nulla potes.

Si melior fueris, decedent undique nubes,
Atque dabit lucem lux tibi vera novam.

Sed tua peccatis si pectora stricta tenentur,
Miles eris Sathanae, mors tibi finis erit.
Mors animae sequitur, peccati debita merces,
Exitus unde tibi nullus adesse potest.

O deus, humani generis, mundique, monarcha,
Cuius in imperio condita regna latent,
Parce tuo regno, quod si non ipse gubernes,
Dextera dejectum nulla levare potest.
Tu deus es noster, vitae morumque magister,

Tu pia virtutis semina solus habes.

Tu nisi custodis urbes, nisi moenia servas,

Utilitas nostri nulla laboris erit.

Anglia de sacris scripturae fontibus hausit,

Integra sermoni vita sit apta sacro.

Abfuit haec, et abest, haec te revocante redibit,

Hanc nisi tu dederis, reddere nemo potest.

Sed dabis hanc nobis, et tum revirescere nostra,

Instaurata tua, corda videbis ope.

Anglia tunc hymnos supplex, et carmina fundet,

Atque tuum vero nomen honore colet.

Anglia regnorum princeps, reginaque mundi

Tunc erit, et domino grata ministra suo.
In Dominum Iohannem

Clerum, Equitem

Clarus Ioannes, gentili nomine Clerus,

Ex varia belli laude citatus eques,

Ad mare descendit praefectus classis, et hostes

Persequitur Gallos, urit, et igne rates.

Inde alios vicit ponto congressus aperto,

Atque freto tutam fecerat esse viam.

\[ A(M^4\text{V}-N^1\text{V}); B(I^6\text{V}-I^7\text{V}) \]
Sed nimis infelix animo maiora volutans,
In Scotiae portu seque, ratesque, locat.
Kirkina iuncta fuit, quo mercatura Scotorum
Undique convehitur, turris et intus erat.

Irruit hic audax Clerus, biduumque remansit,
Interea nostris Kirkina praeda fuit.

Clere quid expectas, victor, terraque marique:
Cur teris hostili tempora longa solo?
Non semper fortuna favet, quos saepe levavit,
Obruit, et tandem saeva perire sinit.

Cur nimium speras? non semper dormiet hostis,
Verus honor, iustum debet habere modum.

Venit acerba dies, fatalis et imminet hora,
Iam Scotus armatus rure profectus adest.

Diffugiunt nostri, desertis undique signis,
Clerus et in vacua stat prope solus humo.
Obsecrat, hortatur, clamat, quo perfide miles,
Quo ruis? hic Scotus est, huc tua tela volent.
Patria te revocat, dux te tuus invoco miles,

Et tua te prohibet prodere signa fides.
Dum queritur, frustra vires clamando profundens,
Et Scotus adventat tristia fata minans:
Advolut ex servis unus, prenditque lacertum,
Immemoremque sui littus adire monet.
Rettulit ille nihil, sed pectora vertere turmas
Imperat, hanc unam rem repetendo petit.
Ut vidit certamque fugam, turbasque Scotorum,
Quo sua sit, quaerit, cymba relicta loco.
Subsidium vitae solum, fortuna remorat,
Cymba petita fuit, nulla reperta fuit.
Tunc animo magno curis oppressus, et armis,
Ingreditur pontum solus, et aequor arat.
Volvitur ad cymbam, poteras hic vivere salvus,
Sed tibi successus sors inimica negat.
Graius enim mersos humeros ex aequore tollit,
Pondere sed rursus decidit ipse suo.
Caerula demersum tenuerunt aequora Clerum,
Neo potuit vitae post reperi re viam.
Sed dedit egregium Clero fortuna sepulchrum,
Et pia iactari fluctibus ossa vetat.
Praesul enim mortis sortem miseratus acerbam,
Condidit in sacra nobile corpus humo.
Et quoniam corpus patriae servivit honori,
Spiritus in coelo stet tuus ante deum.
In mortem Comitis Varvicensis

Clarus Ioannes, Dudleiae gloria gentis,
Quem natura bonum fecit, fortuna beatum,
Exiit e vita, primis ereptus in annis.
Gratia, nobilitas, vires, prudentia, virtus,
Et pudor ingenuus, custosque modestia morum,
Omnibus et comis sese clementia praebens,
Lumina viventis comitis praeclera fuerunt.
Ergo vale propria foelix virtute, paterna
Infoelix culpa, crudelibus obrute fatis,
O iuvenis miserande vale, quem vivere iussit
Principis excellens clementia, saeva sed atras
Iniecit mors atra manus, et funere mersit.

$\mathcal{A}(N^2) ; \mathcal{B}(I^7)$
Nobilis Henricus qui Matraversius heros,
Stirpis Arundeliae maiorum nomine prisco,
Dictus erat, genus atque suum de gente trahebat
Fitzallenorum, comitum virtute potentum,
Quem pater excellens florentem viderat armis,
Artibus, ingenio, dulci sermone fluentem,
Consilio plenum, cuius transcenderat annos
Ante diem virtus veniens, gravitasque virilis,
Clade ruit subita, generosam gloria mentem
Dum subit, et nimium iuvenili pectore fervet.
Caesaris ad fratrem, Maria hunc reginam Britonum,
Legavit, iuvenem clarum, lectissima princeps.
Fertur equis, volitansque via pervenit ad aulam
Caesaris, et summa commissum laude peregit
Munus, et ad magnum profluxit gloria famam.
Sed venit in medios febris funesta triumphos,
Tabificaque lue teneros depascitur artus.
O miserande puer, nimiumque oblite salutis
Ipse tuae, nimium patriae memor, atque parentis,
Cur ita festinas? magnum est, moderare laborem.
Sic patriae servire decet, servire frequenter
Ut liceat, seroque tuo succrescere patri.
Sed tibi forte placet vitam pro laude pacisci,
Nec metuis mortem, tanto quae splendet honore.
Gloria non poterat certe contingere maior,
Si tibi sexcentos donasset Iupiter annos.
Primae causa viae fuit, et tibi causa laboris,
Funeris atque comes processit Caesaris aula.
Sic, o sic superi, iuvenis dignissimus astris,
Foelicem vitam conclusit morte beata.
Cum Mariae regnum quarto processerat anno,
Iulius extremam lucem quam mensis habebat,
Illa eadem, claro iuveni, lux ultima fulsit.
Quattuor a lustris unum si dempseris annum,
Haec Matraversi morientis habeitur aetas.
Sic Titus est Caesar primis ereptus in annis,
Sic puer est, princeps Edvardus, morte revulsus.
Parce pater lachrymis: o Anglia siste dolorem.
Fata favent nulli, mors imminet omnibus hostis.
Quod licet, hoc unum Shelleius ore diserto
Praestitit, ut grato nomen sermone celebret:
Et tuus Haddonus, magnus viventis amator,
Ista tibi ponit studii monumenta prioris.
Iamque vale, pubis nostrae lectissima gemma,
Quo post Edvardum maius nil Anglia vidit.
In obitum Domini Ioannis
Checi, Equitis

Doctrinae lumen Checus, morumque magister,
Aurea naturae fabrica, morte iacet.
Non erat e multis unus, sed is omnibus unus
Praestitit et patriae lux erat ille suae.
Gemma Britanna fuit, tam magnum nulla tulerunt
Tempora thesaurum, tempora nulla ferent.

\[ \text{A(N3}^* - \text{N3}^V; \text{B(K1}^*) \]

3. \text{is\} et B.}

4. \text{praestitit misspelled profuit in A, but corrected in the Errata which appears at end of A.}
Epitaphium Mariae Baconae

Primitias ventris Mariam dedit Anna Baconam,
Sed venit in Mariae parva Susanna locum.
Huc deus adde novem, decimum tibi sumito partum,
Sic decimas mater, primitiasque dabit.

\[ \text{A(N3)}; \text{B(K1)} \]
In obitum Iacobi Haddoni,
fratris sui

Omnibus in rebus mihi coniunctissime frater,
Cuius erat vitae vita medulla meae,
Quomodo, quos similis mundi fortuna premebat,
Nos tua diversis mors facit ire viis?

Terrea me religant constrictum vincula carnis.
Spiritus et tuus est liber in arce poli.
Anxia durarum me rerum cura fatigat,
Navigat in portu mens tua, iuncta deo.

Me status exoruciat praesens, metus atque futuri,
Sed tibi parta manet tempus in omne quies.

O tempestiva foelicem morte Iacobum,
O utinam fratri iungar et ipse meo.

A(N3V); B(K1^F-K1^V)
In exhumationem, et restitutionem Doctoris Martini Buceri

Ergo tuos cineres effodit dira tyrannis?
Credidit et nullos esse Bucere deos?
Non ita, sed deus est summus virtutis amator,
Et gravis admissi criminis ultor erit.
Frende Satan, iaculare minas, et concute dentes,
Nulla dies Christi laedere membra potest.
Tristia praecellare flagrabant busta Buceri,
Cum Satan ignivomo sparserat ore faces.
Sed domini clemens extinxit dextera flammam,
Atque novo cineres fecit honore colli.
Sic pietas tandem victrix super aethera scandit,
Subiicit et Christo colla superba Satan.

\( \Delta(N^4F); \mathbb{R}(X^1Y) \)
Epitaphium Lodovici

Vivis Valentini

Vivit adhuc Vives, aeternum vivere dignus,
   Nec poterit virtus tam memoranda mori.
Foelices Brugae, talis quas hospes amavit,
   Atque solum foelix, quo pia membra cubant.
Foelices illum qui progenuere parentes,
   Foelices tantum qui coluere virum.
Notior hoc uno est praecclara Valentia cive,
   Corduba quam Senecis nota duobus erat.
Stoica iactabant Senecae ludibria caeci,
   Omnia sunt Vivis dogmata, plena deo.
Doctior aut melior fuerit dubitatur, at illo
   Doctior aut melior, nemo profecto fuit.
Mors saturam studiis vitam matura peremit,
   Sic mihi, sic claudant fata suprema dies.

\( A(N_4^r-N_4^v); B(K_1^r-K_2^r) \)
Thomae Masono dederat natura, decoris
Quicquid habet, dederat gratia, quicquid habet.
Provida cura patris claras adiunxerat artes,
Atque peregrino fecerat ore loqui.
Flos erat aetatis per tertia lustra pererrans,
Cum venlt in thalamos, sponsa decora, pares.
Undique vita fuit rebus cumulata beatis,
Abfuit a summa prosperitate nihil.
Invida mors plenas lethali frigore palmas
Iniiciit, et cinis est, qui puer ante fuit.

\[ A(N_4^r - O_1^r); B(K_2^r - K_2^v) \]
Et puer eximius, multis dignissimus annis,
Aspera si meritis cedere fata velint.
Sed via fatorum cursu procedit eodem,
Et sua quomque dies non revocanda trahit.
Concidit heu teneris princeps Edvardus in annis, 15
Nullus erat toto talis in orbe puer.
Nobile par fratrum cecidit, Suffolcia proles,
Atque dies binos sustulit una duces.
Obruit et tristi Matraversum funere casus,
Clarius hoc puero vix tulit ulla dies. 20
Tu Masone pater, doctrina fretus, et usu,
Desine moesta tuae vulnera flere domus.
Mortuus est Thomas, iuvenili laude refertus,
Tollere plus potuit, quam dare longa dies.
Nascendi lex est communis, et est moriendi
Lex eadem, tempus ponit utrumque deus.

13. procedit misspelled pocedit in A.
In obitum Dominae

Ianae Somersetensis

Ingenio praestane, et vultu Iana decoro,
Nobilis arte fuit vocis, et arte manus.

Hinc Venus, et Pallas certant utra debet habere,
Vult Venus esse suam, Pallas et esse suam.

Mors fera virgineo figens in pectore telum,
Neutrius (inquit) erit, sed mihi praeda iacet.
Corpore Iana iacet, tellurem terra subibit,
Sed pius in coeli spiritus arce sedet.

\[ A(01^r \cdot 01^v); B(02^v \cdot 03^r) \]
In obitum Nicholai Pointzi Equitis,
ex Anglico clarissimi viri Thomae Henneagii

Per medios mundi strepitus, caecosque tumultus,
Turbida transegì tempora, Pointzus eques.
Nullus erat terror, qui pectora frangere posset,
Mens mea perpetuo quod quereretur, erat.
Nunc teneò portum, valeant ludibria mundi,
Vita perennis ave, vita caduca vale.

A(O1V); B(K3R)
In obitum Dominae Elisabethae
Marchionissae Northamtoniensis

Elisabetha fuit naturae iure Cobama,
Coniugis et proprio nomine Parra fuit.
Forma, pudor, pietas, facundae gratia linguae,
Ingenium, virtus, inviolata fides,
Cum gravitate lepos, cum simplicitate venustas,
Larga manus, pectus nobile, firmus amor,
Denique quicquid habet natura quod addere possit,
Addere quod possit, gratia quicquid habet,
Omnia viventem Parram comitata fuerunt,
Omnia mors atrox obruit ista simul.
Obruat ista licet tristi mors saeva sepulchro:
Attamen illorum fama superstes erit.

\( A(01^V-02^R); B(3^F-3^V) \)

2. \textit{fuit} misspelled \textit{suit} in A.
Ipsae de se

Non mihi corpus erat, vivum fuit ante cadaver,
Mors veniens, morbi sustulit omne genus.
Terra tegit terram, mens summis mentibus haeret,
Optima mors, salve, pessima vita, vale.

\( A(0^{2r}) \); \( B(2^{2r}) \)
Angliae prosopopoeia

Anglia littoribus quamvis inclusa marinis,
Non habeo magnos insula parva sinus:
Me tamen illustrem maiorum fama meorum
Fecit, et ut celebri nomine digna forem.
Non ego me iacto, proprias non effero laudes,
Sed mea, quam refero, gloria, numen habet.
Terra mihi segetes effundit divite vena,
Pascua praepingui fertilitate tument.
In gremio fluviis rivi miscentur amaenis,
Gurgitibus rapidis et vada pura meant.
Nobilis antico nutat cum robore quercus,
Et nemorum grato spirat odore vior.
Visceribus mediis errant pretiosa metall,
Divitiae crescent intus, opesque foris.
Maxima divini sunt haec monumenta favoris,

\[ \Delta(0^2F-0^3F); \beta(H5^V-H6^V) \]
Sed bona sunt aliiis ista minora bonis.

Me deus eripuit terris, coeloque locavit,
   Discipulum Christi fecit et esse sui.
Depulit errores, quos tempora caeca vehebant,
   Prisca fides, veteri cum pietate, redit.
O venerande pater, parvi miseratus ovilis,
   Tendo tibi laetas, supplice voce, manus.
Sit mihi, quae nunc est, scripturae regula sacrae,
   Atque meo maneat nomen in ore tuum.
Excitet ardentes virtus in pectore flammias,
   Aemula doctrinae sit pia vita piae.
Floreat Elisabeth exoptatissima princeps,
   Praesit et in membris hoc sine labe caput.
Hoc caput excellens tua praestet gratia salvum,
   Sic erit in toto corpore tuta quies.
Nobilitas concors vivat, concorsque senatus,
   Iura locum teneant, artibus et sit honos.
Moribus emineant puris, qui sacra gubernant,
Sermo pius dux sit, sit proba vita comes.
Factio non laceret plebem, nec bella fatigent,
Pax maneat, nostri dulcis amica soli.
Non ego plura rogo, quanquam sunt plura roganda,
Tu deus ancillae quaeo memento tuae.
Christe deus, filique dei, mea dirige vota,
Qui patris ad dextram plenus honore sedes.
Spiritus e coelis quassatos erigat artus,
Pectora sic vires sunt habitura novas.
Multa licet peccem, nec adhuc sine crimine vivam,
Leniat offensas moesta querela graves.
O deus exaudi, supplex te serva precatur
Anglia, praesentem flendo requirit opem.
Non ego sum, fateor, tam magno digna favore,
Filius est dignus, victima nostra, tuus.
Sic ego grata tuum reverenter nomen habebo,
Sic erit et gentis gloria summa meae.
In auspiciassimum serenissimae Reginae

Elisabethae regimen

Anglia, tolle caput, saevis iactata procellis,
   Exagitata malis Anglia tolle caput.
Aurea virgo venit, roseo venerabilis ore,
   Plena deo, princeps Elisabetha venit.
Quaque venit, festos circumfert undique ludos,
   Undique, qua graditur, gaudia laeta ciet,
Stella salutaris salve, praesentia serva,
   Splendeat ex radiis terra Britanna tuis.
Formosum sydus, patriam caligine mersam,
   Admota propius luce levato nova.

\[ \Delta(0^{3}\nu-0^{4}\nu); \beta(H6\nu-H7\nu) \]
Frigidus horribili Boreas terrore strepebat,
Atque diu terras aspera laesit hyems.
Nunc Zephyrus mollis iucundas commovet auras,
Anglia vere novo nunc recreata viret.
Tu deus ista facis, tu summi rector Olympi,
Prospiciens coelo vulnera nostra vides.
Tu deus es solus, nostri medicina doloris,
Atque tuis servis tempore semper aedes.
Tu deus in solio gemmam componis avito,
Quae patriae lucem sola referre potest.
Rettulit, atque refert, poteritque deinde referre,
Lumine si posthac luceat illa tuo.
Anglia tende deo palmas, et supplice voce
Spiritus ad dominum saepe precando meet:
Elisabetha tuis servis praeffecta magistra,
Ut domino maneat fida ministra deo.
Sit pia, sit clemens, et sit virtutis amatrix,
Semina doctrinae non peritura serat.
Iustitiam colat, et disponat in ordine certo
Res, homines, terras, Anglia quicquid habet.
Consiliiis rectis attentam praebet aurem,
Et ferat oppressis, quando rogatur, opem.
Fulminet in vitiiis, et corda rebellia frangat,
Supplicibus parcat, quos meliora movent.
In domini iusto maneat cultuque, metuque,

Sit similis princeps Elisabetha sui.

Et similis mater prolem moritura relinquat,

Vivere sic patriae post sua fata potest.

Nos miseris, ferro, flamma, morboque, fameque,

Quos merito tristis puniit ira dei.

Nos miseris, clemens domini quos dextra levavit,

Et quibus ad coelum est rursus aperta via.

Pectore sincero domini mandata tenere

Convenit, et vera religione frui.

Exeat ex regno libertas impia carnis,

Spiritus est liber, res placitura deo.

Mutua nos firme concordia pectore iungat,

Sic soboles patri gratia futura sumus.

Invide livor abi, mendax infamia musset,

Turpis avaritiae sordida lucra migrant.

Seditio sileat, tollatur iniqua rapina,

Sanguinis et sitiens, dira tyrannis est.

Mentibus in nostris reverentia principis insit,

Et populo faveas Elisabetha tuo.

Sic Deus in regno tibi prospera tempora mittet,

Patria sic tecum vivere laeta potest.
Domino Nicolae Bacono Magni

Sigilli Angiae Custodi, amico honoratissimo

Ut valeas, primum capitis sit cura tegendi,
    A stomacho crudos et removeto cibos.
Sume bono succo vinum, panemque salubrem,
    Ne sedeas, donec sis comedendo satur.
Nec Venus exhaustos absumat corporis artus,
    Bacchus et a lecto debet abesse tuo.
Sit modus in victu, tibi sit modus atque laboris,
    Non animum vexet moesta querela tuum.
Vulnera fortunae constans patientia frangat,
    Tempora cum fuerint tristia, laetus eris.

\[ A(O_4^V-P_2^r); B(H_7^V-I_1^r) \]
Quam deus assignat, contentus vivito sorte,
   In tenui censu, corda quieta tene.
Credula non omnes admittant pectora voce,
   Pauperibus non est iniicienda manus.
Sermo sit in mensa comis, moderare palatum,
   Nec varios avida fauce vorato cibos.
Verba tibi non multa fluant, sed verba sequatur
   Prompta fides, nulli sit tua lingua malo.
Ora, sibi quae sunt contraria, semper abhorre,
   Flena sit innocuo mensa faceta sale.
Nec domus in varias sectas divisa trahatur,
   Quos tibi vicinos sors tua fecit, ama.
Talis erit vestis, qualem fortuna requirit,
   Crassa licet, membris sit tamen apta tuis.
Lis tibi semper obest, opibus te ditior urget?
   Cuius eras socius, turpiter hostis eris.
Si cadat inferior, nullam victoria laudem
   Obtinet, officiis est retinendus amor.
Mane profecturum, Vulcanus nocte cubantem
   Visitet, is coeli dira venena fugat.
Dum vigilas, domino supplex tua vota profunde,
   Sic tibi res salvas efficit esse deus.
Fauperibus tua sit pietas, succurrere prompta,
Quosque vides miseros esse, levare para.
Sic tibi divitias dominus cumulabit in arcis,
Et nova, cum magno foenore, lucra dabit.
Crapula nocturno quae diffuit ebria luxu,
Protinus est lectis efficienda tuis.
Somnia servorum caveas, et lumina sera,
Concitat ingentes flamma minuta faces.
Otia te lecti non matutina morentur,
Erige mature corpus, et ito foras.
Aedibus emigrent, os mendax, tetra libido,
Lubrica nec partas alea iactet opes.
Laetitiam mensae comitem servare memento,
Fercula non debent somnia longa sequi.
Planta, caput, stomachus, sint contra frigus operta,
Nulla tuo sedeat pectore cura diu.
Ut tua res patitur, sumptus ratione gubernes,
In vitio semper plus erit, atque minus.
Tempora quando negant, debes seponere causam,
Tempora quando ferant, indubitanter agas.
Fallere iurando quenquam acelus esse putabis,
Sis alacris, faciet cura repente senem.
Pocula mane cave, ni te sitis usserit ingens,
   Aura salutaris sit, facilisque labor.
Tempora mensarum potus legittima servet,
   In reliquis cesset, sit nisi magna sitis.
Sal nimius succos solet exhaure salubres,
   Ergo tuos modice condiat ille cibos.
Denique quicquid erit tua quod natura repellit,
   Vel licet inde nihil, vel licet inde parum.
Ista meae musae si vis praecepta tenere,
   Mens erit in sano corpore sana. Vale.
In Collegium Westmonasteriense

restauratum nuper ab

Elisabetha Regina

Nobilis haec domus antiquo memorabilis ortu,

Temporis ad varias est revoluta vices.

Elisabeth tandem coelo regina profecta,

Fecit ut aeternum possit habere statum.

\[ \Phi(2^r); \mathcal{E}(11^r) \]
79

In serenissimae Reginae Elisabethae

effigiem

Hei mihi, quod tanto virtus perfusa decore,

Non habet aeternos inviolata dies.

$\Delta(P^2_r); \mathbb{R}(II^r)$
80

In effigiem Thomae Cranmeri
ARCHIEPISCOPI CANTUARIENSIS

Et pius, et doctus, Thoma Cranmere fuisti:
Tempora laeta deus, tempora dura dedit.

\[ A(P2^V); B(II^V) \]
81

In effigiem suam

Quid facis o demens, cur ora fugacia pingis?
Aut novus, aut nullus cras mihi vultus erit.

A(P2V); B(I1V)
82

In eandem

Non ego sum tanti, sed mos est gestus amicis,
Cum tabula formam tollit avara dies.

A(P2V); B(IIv)
In effigiem spectatissimae
feminae Annae Henneagiae

Ingenio praestans, muliebri plena decore,
Ac, nisi quod laudes, haec habet Anna nihil.

\((P^{2V}); E^{(IV)})\)
In effigiem Edmundi

Halli Gretfordiensis

Corporis effigies pictoris cernitur arte,

Mens latitat soli conspicienda deo.

\[ A(P_2^V); B(II^V) \]
Obvia te laeto comitem Leicestria vultu

Suscipit, et potius vellet habere ducem.

Sed tamen, ut verum fatear, praecclare Roberto,

Est via, qua comes, et dux simul esse potes.

Te comitem fortuna comes prosperrima fecit,

Et tibi dux virtus, te facit esse ducem.

Dux maneat virtus, comes et fortuna sequatur,

Sic patriae fies gloria summa tuae.
Eidem

Tende deo palmas supplex, et vota profunde,
Sive vigil surgis, vespere sive cubas.

Et quoniam patriae caput est, sit cura secunda
Principis, hanc vero pectore fidus ama.

Patria succedat, communia commoda quaere,
Patria patronym te sciat esse suum.

Proxima sit tibi cura tui, propriaeque salutis,
Invidia nunquam gratia magna caret.

Vivito syncere, veris sis fidus amicus,
Nil temere credas, quae facis, ante vide.

Suspicio vanis fallax rumoribus absit,
Amolire malos, auxiliare bonis.

Hostibus ignosces, illis sed fidito solis,
Quos tibi vel sanguis, vel sociavit amor.

Sis animo magno, vultu sis semper eodem,
Dissimilem nemo te probet esse tui.

Denique te qualem vulgo vis esse videri,
Perfice re vera, talis ut esse queas.

Vive, vale, multis numeris foeliciter annos,
Vita tamen vitae sit memor ista novae.
In nuptiae generosisimis

Thomae Cecilii

Ceciliana suos arbor diffundere ramos

Incipit, et claro fructificare solo.

Sic, o sic superi, magno de nomine nomen

Crescat, et in multis perpetuetur avis.

Omnia praecellarum memorabunt saecula patrem,

Gloria de tanto fonte perennis est.

Quam patriae foelix pater est, tam prospera patri

Sit soboles, voti summa sit ista mei.

\( A(P3^V); B(12^V) \)
Ad lectum

Lectule curarum requies, et meta laborum,

Otia qui tecum dulcia nocte vehis,
Da faciles somnos, insomnia vana repelle,
Fac gravis ex tristi corde querela migret.

Omnia deleto miseri ludibria mundi,
Hospitio gratus sic potes esse tuo.

\[ A(F_3^V - F_4^R); B(I_2^V) \]
Ut sim curarum requies, et meta laborum,

Sit vacuum pectus quando cubile petis.

Ut faciles habeas somnos, insomnia nulla,

Sit modus in victu, sit sine nube caput.

Denique fac lectum tibi credas esse sepulchrum,

Sic licet hospitio te recreare meo.

$\Delta(I^4_0^2)$; $E(I^3_0^2)$
In Wolfgangi Musculi Locos

Communes Anglice versos, et insignia

Reverendissimi Domini Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi

Integra diffusi solvetur machina mundi,
Tollitur et toto quicquid in orbe placet.
Vivit in aeternum dominus, quem nosse labora,
Musculus, ut possis nosse, magister erit.
Hunc tibi commendat commendatissimus ipse

Officio primas, primus et ingenio.
Natura claves habuit Parkerus avitas,
Praesul adoptivas religionis habet.
Addidit huc princeps stellas sine nube serenas,
Luceat ut morum lumine sancta fides.

\[ \mathbf{A}(P^4) ; \mathbf{B}(I_3^F) ; \mathbf{M} \]

9. sine misspelled sive in \( \mathbf{A} \).
In obitum Domini Gulielmi Pagetii

Nobilis ingenua descendens stirpe Pagetus,
Aulicus in magno vixit honore diu.
Quis melior? veteri patris qui laude triumphat,
Colligit an factis, qui decus omne suis?

A(F4V); E(K3V)
Epitaphium Thomae

Chalineri Equitis

Natura Thomas Chalinerus, et arte valebat,
    Utilis et patriae vir fuit ille suae.
Publica cum magna suscepit munera laude,
    Laude par i libros scrips erat ille domi.
Sic patriae vixit magno, dum vixit, honore,
    Sic patriae magno concidit ille malo.

\( A(p_4^V) ; B(k_3^V) \)
In Dominum Thomam Hobaeum Equitem

Parisiis dum legatione fungeretur, extinctum

Mors licet in Thoma multum properarit Hobaeo,

Non tamen ante suum concidit ille diem.

Ingenio praestans, doctrina cultus, et annis

Integer, ingenuis moribus usus erat.

Dives, et instructus, praecclara coniuge foelix,

Quam faciat Phoebus, si queat, esse suam.

Egregiam prolem sexus utriusque reliquit,

Gratia tam magnas magna tegebat opes.

Addiderat princeps equitis memorabile nomen,

Ut meritis iustum possit adesse decus.

Gallia legatum laetis susceperat ulnis,

Atque suum coniunx est comitata virum.

Sic Mithridataeis coniunx errabat in armis,

Uxor Pompeio sic sociata fuit.

Dissipare sed fato. Vis hos inimica premebat,

Mortuus est Thomas, hoste, minisque carens.

Dum patriae servit, sors dum prosperrima fulget,

Ad gremium positus coniugis, aeger obit.

Et placidam mors est vitam tranquilla sequuta,

Sic ego, sic vellem vivere, sicque mori.

A(P₄⁴V-Q₄P⁴); B(K₃⁴V-K₄P⁴)

Flosculi ex Iesu

Sirach decerpti

Qui sapit, assidue divina volumina versat,
Audit et attente dogmata sancta dei.
Qui domini voces iusto veneratur honore,
Ille deo servit gratus et ille deo.
Est domini verus res augustissima cultus,
Excitat is mentes, pectora laeta facit.
Qui domino servire studes, sis iustus, et ante
Horrida fortunae fulmina disce pati.
Sobria tranquillae praesit moderatio vitae,
Sic bonus ipse bonis charior esse potes.

\( A(Q1^r-Q1^v); B(B1^r-C6^r) \)

5. *augustissimus* \[ angustissimus \] (Chapter I, line 21).
Quae ratio penetrare nequit, perquirere noli,
Quod superat vires non subeatur onus.

Aspice mansuetus fractorum vulnera fratrum,
Pauperibus promptam ferto rogatus opem.

Sis animo constans, nec te circumferat aura
Quaelibet, et variis ire caveto viis.

Ne doceas alios quod non perceperis ante,
Lingua potest decori, dedecorique fore.

Vana leves nunquam sectetur lingua susurros,
Falsa nec in quoquam crimina sermo notet.

Allicit humanos animos oratio blanda,
Comis amicitias undique sermo legit.

Sit tibi quae faveat quamvis numerosa caterva,
Sed tamen ex illis unus amicus erit.

Qui sapit, illius te consuetudo iuvabit,
Eius et haud pigeat saepe subire domum.

Pectora non inflet fastu pretiosus amictus;
Nec tibi, cum flores prosperitate, place.
In obitum Mariae, primae coniugis

Thomae illustrissimi Ducis Norfolciensis

Me Mariam Thomas, adolescens ipse, puellam,
Participem clari fecerat esse tori.
Nobilitas utrinque fuit, fuit ardor utrinque
Mutuus, annorum cursus et aequus erat.
Quicquid habet, nobis dederat natura benigna,
Contulit et virtus aurea, quicquid habet.
Invicta mors, rebus nunquam contenta secundis,
Me tibi, teque mihi, chare marite, rapit.
Vive memor nostri Thoma, Surreria proles
Magna mei pars est, pars quoque magna tui est.
Cresce puer, patrisque seni succedito foelix,
Sic mihi post mortem vita redire potest.
Tuque vale Thoma, fies qui saepe maritus,
Prima tibi, sed non ultima cura fui.
In obitum Margaritae, secundae
coniugis Thomae Ducis Norfolciensis

Margaritam natura bonam, fortuna beatam
Fecit, erat partu nobilis, atque toro.
Nupta duci Thomae summos conscendit honores,
Addidit et claro pignora chara patri.
Sed nimium foelix optat dum mater haberet,
Desinit et coniunx, mater et esse simul.
Pallida mors, laetis semper contraria rebus,
Involat in partus invidiosa novos.
Et puer salvo, matrem crudeliter auferit,
Ah maneat potius mater, eatque puer.
Fata vetant, sua quenque dies ad funera raptat,
Nobilis o Thoma, te quoque fata trahent.

$\mathfrak{A}(Q^2_F - Q^2_V); \mathfrak{B}(X^4_V)$
In Elisabetham tertiam

coniugem

Cumbria me sponsam, sponsam Norfolcia vidit,
   Illic eram comitis, hic ego sponsa ducis.
O me foelicem, mea dum fortuna manebat,
   Sed fortuna diu nulla manere potest.
Sis animo magno mi Thoma, praeterit aetas,
   Lubricus annorum cursus, ut umbra, volat.
Est sua cuique dies, quae vitae tempora claudit,
   Me tuit illa dies, te feret illa dies.
Interea servi patriae, nostrique memento,
   Quae tibi non longo tempore iuncta fui.
Gaudia ooepta deua lugubri funere mersit,
   Sed tua restituent te mihi fata, Vale.

\(\Delta(Q_2^V); \mathbb{P}(K_4^V-K_5^P)\)
Thomas Dux Norfolcius de

tribus uxoribus uno sepulchro conditiae

Coniugibus tribus hoc posui commune sepulchrum,
Quas mihi viventes iunxerat unus amor.
Nescio quae melior mihi, vel iucundior esset,
Optima quaeque fuit, intima quaeque fuit.

Coniugio triplici foelix, ter coniugis expers,
Heu nimium varias conqueror esse vices.

Parce deus, satis est, ter funera tristia vidi,
Funus ego quartum, si licet, esse velim.
In nobilem puellam ex
Suetia adventam in Angliam

Virgo per incertos casus, terraque, marique
 Vetera diu, tandem facta Britanna fui.
Anglia promisit fessae solatia vitae,
 Sed tamen iis uti fata sinistra vetant.

$A(Q^3); B(K^5)$
Aves inclusae in caveam

Aurea libertas toto pretiosior orbe

Fugit ab inclusis, serva caterva sumus.
Sed tamen hoc tutas septum nos undique servat,
Omnis abest isto vis inimica loco.
Scilicet interdum caveae custodia prodest,
Et melius votis est caruisse tuis.
Ergo voluntatis motus ratione gubernat,
Sic tibi conditio nulla nocere potest.

\[ A(Q_3^R - Q_3^V); B(K5^V) \]
Ipse de se

Nona mihi vitae coeperunt currere lustra,
Cum patriae feci commoda nota meae.
Tempora doctrinae studiis iucunda peregi,
Sed fortuna tamen saepe noverca fuit.
Semper eram magnus clari Ciceronis amator,
Otia dilexi, quae sine lite forent.
Simplice natura vixi, neglector honorum,
Lingua silens, animus res agitando frequens.
Sum quatuor rebus foelix, in principe, matre,
Coniuge, synceram praestat amicus opem.
Me duo perturbant hostes, calumnia, morbus,
Tertia crux, nomen non habitura, necat.

$A(Q^3 - Q^4); B(A^3 - A^3)$
Forte meos quisquam si vult cognoscere cursus,
   Ultima cum primis iungere fata placet.
Est Cantabrigiae studiorum regia sedes,
   Nomine digna suo, digna parente suo.
Fontibus ex illis manarunt flumina nostra,
   Quicquid et in nobis exstitit, inde fuit.
Servus ad extremum regali versor in aula,
   Quae sit fortunae meta suprema meae.
Salva sit Elisabeth, multos longe eva per annos,
   Anglia divina tuta fruatur ope.
Spiritus Haddoni fessos cum deseret artus,
   Corpore depoito, regna suprema petat.

20. Quae sit] Haec est B.
23–24. Missing in B.
Quem tibi dant cursum fortunae vela secundae,
Hic tibi, dum venti flant, capiendus erit.
Nam bene nunc spirans, si post fortuna reflarit,
Omnis erit votis ianua clausa tuis.
Saepe dies dabit una tibi, quod sumere velles,
Quod nisi tunc sumas non dabit ulla dies.
Tempus abit, tua vota manent, quod habere licebat,
Dum potes, haud cupis, at cum cupis, illud abest.
Evolat incertas quatiens occasio pennas,
Quaque iit, hac rursus non solet ire via.
Tempora cum nostris rebus sunt apta gerendis,
Omnia sublato sunt facienda metu.
Qui cupit e portu solvens conscendere navem,
Quo revocat ventus, flectere vela solet.
Qui sua mercator vult multitum crescere lucra,
Tempora vendendis mercibus apta notat.
Miles in adversos qui telum dirigit hostes,
Ante videt tempus vulneris, atque locum.

\( A(Q^4_{R^3}) ; B(F^2_{V^5}) \)
Temporibus certis medicus sua pharmaca miscet,
Tempora dicendi propria rhetor habet. 20
Tempora piscator, sua tempora novit et auceps,
Tempora scindendi novit arator humum.
Solus ego nauta sum, mercatoreque solus,
Milite sum solus stultior, et medico.
Rusticus, et rhetor, vanus piscator, et auceps, 25
Ingenium vincunt, sordida turba, meum.
Tempus erat quando poteram placuisse puellae,
Hei mihi quod non est, et quia tempus erat.
Tempus erat quando dominae mihi iuncta voluntas,
Omnia quae vellem, vellet et ipsa sequi. 30
Tempus erat quando solus, totusque placebam,
Quando fui dominae, spesque, decusque, meae.
Tempus erat quando dulcissima murmura fundens,
Conservit labris labra puella meis.
Tempus erat, quando mea me si forte puella 35
Aspiceret, toto corpore mota foret.
Tempus erat, quando si solum nacta fuisset,
Venit in amplexus laeta, lubensque meos.
O me foelicem nimium, bona si mea nossem,
Tempore si scissem se mihi dante frui. 40

40. frui misspelled erui in A.
Multa quidem volui, sed cur non omnia feci,
Quo mea mens cupiit, cur vetat ire pudor?
O pudor infoelix, cur nos disiungis amantes?
Cur facis ex uno pectore corda duo?
Sed neque solus erat pudor, advolat altera pestis,
Quae mihi te tollit, meque puella tibi.
Dum ruit in collum virgo cultissima nostrum,
Oscula dum sua dat multa, capitque mea,
Dum studiis ferimur Veneris, dum ludimus una,
Dum venit ad nullum caeca Cupido modum:
Deficit is ardor sensim, seseque retexit,
Flammaque quod fuerat, nunc prope fumus erat.
Subtraho paulatim me, suffurorque puellae,
Oscula quae fuerant, nunc ea verba volant.
Senserat, atque caput virgo demittere coepit,
Pallet, et aspectu proditur ipsa suo.
Advoco, discedit, revoco, se proripit intus,
Oscula vel non dat, vel quasi nulla daret.
O mea non ullas in partes pectora firma,
Cur mea mens nunquam se capere ipsa potest.
Ante quasi crapula, Veneris fastidia sensi,
Nunc quasi ieiunus sum, cupioque cibum.
Sensit et hoc, moremque mihi pulcherrima gessit,
   Et redit ad nostrum, nostra puella sinum.
Sed tamen et dubitans venit, et quasi nollet adesse,
   O nimis ad luctus ingeniosa meos.
Saepe quasi cupiat discedere, plurima dicit,
   Saepe meis manibus prensa, repente fugit.
Haec mihi calliditas, ardentes excitat aestus,
   Quo magis haec non vult, hoc magis ipse volo.
Haec ego dum meditor, dum tota mente peragro,
   Ut dominae menti, mens sit amica meae:
Exoritur subito matris non dura severae,
   Dura tamen nobis visa querela fuit.
Sevocat, et rogat, an liceat sibi quaerere paucą,
   O mihi quam libuit dicere, quaeso, tace.
Sed quia me captum vidi, cervice reflexa,
   Atque rubens dixi, hoc sit modo ut ipsa voles.
Incipit, ut facile matronam agnoscere possis,
   Sermo fuit, qualis matribus esse solet.
O utinam sapiens minus, aut gravis illa fuisset,
   Aut utinam sapiens, et gravis ipse forem.
Mater ait, gnatae rationem cogor habere,
   Cuius ego fructus, commoda credo mea.
Dicitur haec uxor tua vulgi voce futura,
Inque manum dicunt, hanc coiisse tibi.
Multa quidem multi narrant, mihi mira videntur,
An mea iam gnata, est uxor amabo tua?
Hic ego deiiciens vultumque, caputque pudore,
Vix potui, non est, dicere, dico tamen.
Illa statim recitat multorum facta dierum,
Foemina tam meminit, quae meminisse velit.
Tempora percenset ludorum, colloquiorum,
Et quoties solos viderit esse simul.
Quomodo non unquam nostrum turbaverit usum,
Libera concedens gaudia, verba, iocos.
Tempus ait, nunc est tacitos expromere sensus,
Iam satis est ludo, delitiiisque datum.
Seria tractemus, vero mihi dico tultu,
Qua raticne tibi filia nostra placet.
Perplacet haec, inquam, sed nulla in foedera veni,
Non ea congressus causa frequentis erat.
Nescio quid titubans addit perplexa dolore
Lingua, nimis luctus causa parata mei.
Summa fuit, sponsam non esse, nec esse futuram

88. gnata} nata B.
92. meminisse misspelled mininisse in A.
Hei mihi, quas turbas ista futura dedit.
Impia vox, scelerata, nequam, stupidissima, bruta,
Grammaticen unquam me didicisse piget.
Vae mihi, vae libro, vae praeeptoribus illis,
A quibus erudior posse futura loqui.
Intumuit mater, stimulisque elata doloris,
Iurgia iam parat, et spargit acerba minas.
Ergo tibi quoniam non est mea nata futura
Uxor in his posthaec aedibus, hospes eris.
Obterit is rumor famam nataeque tuamque,
Non decet ut frustra talia verba volent.
Filia multorum votis optata procorum,
Quem vult ex multis eliget. Ergo vale.
Haec ubi, me torue spectans, effata fuisset,
Auribus aut quae sunt talia visa meis,
Illico discedit mihi mens, et lingua stupebat,
Et, quasi me somnus deliget, asto tacens.
Exilui, multum tristia fata querens.

113. nata] nata B.
115. nataeque] nataeque B.
Confessio peccatoris

incerto authore

Et merui, et fateor, vel si tua saevior ira,
Putria sulphureo fulmine membra cremet.
Omnia peccavi, coelum mea crimina vidit,
Dedecoris nostri conscia terra fuit.
Prodigus ille ego sum, probri sum filius ille,
Qui patrias luxu proeliebat opes.
Corpus erat iuveni firmum, nec gratia formae
Defuit, ingenii vis mediocris erat.
Cultus et accessit doctrinae, regula vitae,
Provida si normam vita tenere velit.
Sed mea ferventem cum tertia lustra iuventam
Proveherent, rapidis in vada caeca rotis:
Crapula frangebat corpus, formaeque decorem,
Crebra valetudo depopulata fuit.
Corporis has labes, mentis comitata ruina,
Dissimilem fecit me nimis esse mei.
Singula quid memorem? Nosti deus omnia, nosti,
Omnia sunt oculis obvia facta tuis.

\[ \text{A}^{(R3^r-S3^r)}; \text{B}^{(K5^v-L2^r)} \]

11. inventam \( \text{B} \).
Plus ego deliqui primis peccator in annis,
  Tempora quam prope sunt talia visa pati.
Longa dies misero luxu, ludoque peribat,
  Nequitia nox est accumulata novis.
Otia, fastus, amor, gula, corruptela placebant,
  Mollities, plusquam foemina, nostra fuit.
Iamque ita regnabat victrix in carne voluptas,
  Ut nisi peccatum, nil mea vita foret.
Sed pater indulgens, coelo miseratus ab alto,
  Tabifica fixit membra soluta lue.
Ilia perpetuo binos fluxere per annos.
  Omnia manabant, spiritus, esca, cruor.
Exuvias spectans tenues, matieque peresas,
  O ego quam vellem tunc potuisse mori.
Sed deus avertit cladem, morboque fugato,
  Perfudit succis languida membra novis.
Et mihi restituit plenas in corpore vires,
  Adfuit ex omni reddita parte salus.
Sic ope divina media de morte revixi,
  Sic, fugiens longo tempore, vita redit.
Addidit uxorem domini clementia talem,
  Qualis erat summo foemina digna toro.

24. foemina ÿ lubrica B.
31. matieque ÿ macieque B.
Nil melius toto, toto moratius orbe
   Nil erat, o sexus gloria magna tui.
Te nimium foelix vivebam coniuge coniunx,
   Nunc nimium sine te coniuge, vivo miser.
Magna mihi fulsit coelestis gratia patris,
   Nam sat opum fuit, et sat bene culta domus.
Principis et servus mediocri nomine vixi,
   Et reliqua foelix conditione fuit.
Sed deus immemori rursus mihi pectore fluxit,
   In veteri coeno mens revoluta iacet.
Otia sectabar molli plenissima luxu,
   Clamat Io Bacchus, clamat Ioque Venus.
Tu deus e coelo prospectans, omnia cernis,
   Supplicium diffors, ad meliora vocas.
Cumque diu veniam sprevisset culpa rebellis,
   Nec levitas ullum nosset habere modum:
Pallida mors subito tenerae per coniugis artus
   Permeat, et telo guttura rauca fodit.
Exclamo, iactoque manus, et numina testor,
   Numina peccatis aspera facta meis.
En ego peccavi, tua mors huc spicula transfer,
   Ille ego sum dextrae victima iusta tuae.
Nil ea commeruit, proh dilectissima coniunx,
Vulnere cur tanto crimina nostra luís?
Posco deum supplex veniam, peccataque damnans,
Ingemo, suspiro, deprecor, atque fleo.
Sera venit miserae nostri medicina doloris,
Instat anhelanti mors, animamque rapit.
Et mihi praeteriens, uxoris fata querenti,
Protulit horribili verba timenda sono.
Stulte, quid uxorem tibi lamentaris ademptam?
Vivit, et est eius mens sociata deo.
Foemina casta fuit, melioreque digna marito,
Civis habet coeli praemia, poena tua est.
Tu tibi flendus eris, peregrinas missus in oras,
Accipies vitae praemia iusta tuae.
Saepe mori cupies, me nomine saepe vocabís,
Non veniam, pestis lurida membra teret.
Principia ista mali, dixit, torveque reflectens
Lumina, dissipavit, mi pavor ora premit.
Ut me collegi tandem, et lux reddit a menti est,
Sic coepit timidis hiscere lingua sonis.
Ergo meae coniunx pars optatissima vitae
Solveris in cineres, nec reditura fugís?

70. Protulit misspelled Frotulit in A.
Non licet amplecti, non ultima perdere verba?

Inque sinus lachrymas non licet ire tuos?
Sed lachrymae valeant, sero quas fundere coepi,
Vindicis ira dei cum manifesta fuit.
Tuque simul coniunx aeternum chara valeto,
Quam tua, quam vellem funera posse sequi.

Sed mihi plura deus culpae tormenta paravit,
Mors abiens diras est minitata cruces.
Ut potero patiar, fiat divina voluntas,
Ecce creaturam, me deus alme, tuam.

Sic fatus, proprias aedes, et cuncta relinquo,
Coniugii nimium tristia signa mei.

Judicium domini iustum, quia rebus abusus
Ante meis fueram, nunc aliena sequor.
Avehor huc, illuc, obeo modo rusticus agros,
Urbe in rure iuvat, sors mihi neutra placet.

Solus in abstrusam correpo saepe latebram,
Expleor et moerens, et gemitu, et lachrymis.
Cum mihi sic unus transisset mensis, et alter,
Visaque sunt vitae taedia longa meae:
Principis externas iussu delegor in oras,
Qua melior non est ulla, nec esse potest.
Navigo spumosi contemnens murmura ponti,
Naufragus in terris aequora tutus aro.
Ut tetigi terram, meque intra tecta recepi,
Abiiicicns viduo languida membra toro:
Tum niiimum longo notus mihi tempore coepit
Humor, in assuetis luxuriare locis.
Ut licet occurro, diversa remedia tentans,
Et res successus coepit habere bonos.
Publica conclusum commissa negotia finem,
Omnia post longas cum reperere moras,
Cumque sua iam quisque via procedere coepit,
Et mihi migrandi maxima cura foret:
Ecce novis subito flammis succensa fuerunt
Membra, furens urit corpora sicca calor.
Decolor est facies bilis suffusa veneno,
Spargit et invisas morbus ubique notas.
Occupat inde manus, et ibi sua vulnera pingit,
Et propriam ponunt brachia tincta cutem.
Corpus et oblinitur totum fuligine nigra,
Nil ut erat superest, omnia bilis habet.
Delicio vultum, lachrymas et sponte cadentes
Fundo, deum tacitus supplice voce precor.
O pater in coelis, qui solus numine servas,
   Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et aer habet:
Parce pater, miserors non audeo tollere vultus,
   Occupat infectas poena severa manus.
Lingua mihi prope sola vacat, sunt caetera iusto
   Fulmine vindictae saucia facta tuae.
Lingua quoque ex merito debebat muta manere,
   Nequitiae nimium prompta ministra meae.
Sed deus hanc voluit testem superesse malorum,
   Ut propria fierem voce fatente reus.
Sum reus, o fateor, veniam pater omnia fasso
   Da, superet nostrum gratia magna scelus.
Est scelus immensum, tamen est tua gratia maior,
   Gratia peccatis sit medicina meis.
Nil medici prosunt artes, nil pharmaca praestant,
   Nec nisi placato spes erit ulla deo.
Non ego te possum, Christi te victima placet,
   Victimae pro nostris est ea sola malis.
Christe deus, filique dei, tua numina posco,
   Effice propitium tu mihi, quaeso, patrem.
Ignoscat plane fasso, vereque dolenti,
   Poenitet, haec misero vox mihi sola manet.
Scilicet hoc nihil est, nisi quod clementia patris,
Hoc bonitate sua sanciat esse satis.
Omnibus hoc satis est, qui te servator Iesu,
Supplice mente colunt, intrepidaque fide.
Talia cum lachrymis fata, me dedo dolori,
Moeestus et in lectum me revolutum meum,
Multa querens, mortemque petens, vitamque perosus,
Conditus in tenebris, moestitiaeque fruens.
Gratia sed domini non desertura fideles,
Gratia, foelices quae sine fine facit,
Astitit afflicto, sensi nova gaudia mentis
Attonitus, tandem vox ita visa loqui.
Te deus, aerumnasque tuas, verosque dolores
Respicit, et culpam displicuisse videt.
Scilicet hoc voluit patris clementia summa,
Cum quateret saevas bilis adusta faces:
Ut vitii sordes, flammis exureret ignis,
Pelleret ut turpi crimina corde dolor.
Multa deus dederat magni monumenta favoris,
Et nisi quod nolles esse, beatus eras.
Et deus erranti multitumque, diuque pepercit,
Iustitiae cupiens immemor esse suae,
Tempore si veniam voluisses poscere culpae,
Tempore si posses displicuisse tibi.
Sed quia nolueras, loris vindicta flagellat
Tristitus, et poenas accumulando fuit.
Sed tu fide deo, nec cura corporis aestus.
Corpus enim cinis est, in cineresque redit.
Spiritus ascendet coelestes liber ad oras,
Inter et aeternos distribuere choros.
Sit tua mens sursum, terrestres abiice curas,
Crux facit haec, dignum te magis esse deo.
Filius est verus domini, quem virga coercet,
Spurius est, poenis si malefacta carent.
Sis animo magno, vincat patientia morbum,
Afferat aeternos vita futura dies.
Dixit, et internos sensi recalescere sensus,
Et redit in proprium mens recreata locum.
Spiritus est hylaris, revirescit pectoris ardor,
Reddor et ex omni parte renatus homo.
Omnia praesentis sperno ludibria vitae,
Vita nec ista iuvat, sed magis opto mori.
Nec velut ante, dolent morbo deformia membra,
Nescio quo morbus iam placet ipse modo.
Si valeam rursus, rursus languere necesse est,

Mors hodie parcens, cras reditura necat.

Non ego vel menses posthac numerabo, vel annos,

Hora sit interitus illa, vel illa mei.

Corpora debentur morti, mens quaerat olympum,

Semper et authorem cogitet illa suum.

Qui legis hos versus nostras adverte ruinas,

Disce carere malo, disce timere deum.

Sera licet veniat, veniet (mihi crede) cruentis

Passibus, et poenas ultio iusta feret.
104

Sapientiae Iesu filii Sirach

Vulgo Ecclesiastici

Caput I

Omnis ab astrifero sapientia manat Olympos,
Semper enim comes est, et fuit illa Dei.
Quis pluvias guttas, quis arenam littore sparsam,
Atque dies aevi quis numerare potest?
Quis valet excelsi conscendere climata coeli?
Et cava terrarum quis latebrosa subit.
Sic neque coelestis plene sapientia scitur,
Quae fuit a summo prima profecta deo.
Prima caput terris domini sapientia prompsit,
Atque creaturis omnibus una praestat.
Fonte fluit sermone dei, sapientia vera,
Qui domini servat iussa verenda, sapit.

\( B(B1^P \cdot C6^P) \). See also poem 94.
Mentis et eximiae radices nemo latentas
Perspiciue cernit, multiplicesque vias.
Unus enim Deus est, coli, terraeque creator
Omnipotens, unus, terribilisque Deus.
Ingenii Deus est solus moderator et author,
Hoc operi reliquo lumen adesse iubet.
Et ratio dux est animantibus apta regendis,
Erudit et solos ista magistra pios.
Est domini verus res angustissima cultus,
Excitat is mentes, pectora laeta facit.
Relligio domini longevae semina vitae
Conferit, et dominum qui colit, ille valet.
Et valet, et viget, et placidae post tempora vitae,
Mors quoque cum veniet sera, suavis erit.
Numinis affulgens animis veneratio iusta,
Undique perfectum mentis acumen habet.
Namque dei quorum tetigit sapientia sensus,
In domini magno semper amore manent.
Relligio domini rationis fundat acumen,
Atque piis custos est sine fine data.
Numinis est cultus verus sapientia sancta,
Sanctaque syncerum vita cor esse facit.
Mentibus humanis ratio coelestis inhaeret.
Hospes et in iusto pectore semper erit.

15. coli misspelled col.i.
In reverendo deum pleno sapientia vivo
    Currit, et authorem prosperitate beat.
Religio domini, vitam sine labe tuetur,
    Nec sinit irarum surgere mente faces.
Gaius enim pectus flammis exaestuat irae,
    Ad mala praeipiti truditur ille gradu.
Pectore tranquillo vindictae tempora differ,
    Exitus atque morae post tibi laetus erit.
Et tua verba tene donec sit causa loquendi,
    Laus ita multorum crescit in ore frequens.
Si tibi coelestis fuerit sapientia cordi,
    Iussa Dei serva: sic cumulata venit.
Namque Dei vero cultu sapientia constat,
    Grata Deo mitis spiritus, atque fides.
Religio fortis parvae sit sobria custos,
    Atque Dei verus fac tibi ducet amor.
Ad populi voces noli componere vitam,
    Fidito sermoni non nimis ipse tuo.
Turbida ventosam non inflet gloria mentem,
    Postea ne titubes, atque repente ruas.
In medio populi caetu peccata patebunt.
Religio fuerit si simulata Dei.
Caput II

Qui domino servire atudes, sis iustus, et ante
Horrída fortunae fulmina disce pati.

Consiliis sanis animum munire memento,
Ne quatiant dubiam tempora dura fidem.

Iunge Deo mentem, nec ab illo lumina flecte,
Sic eris extremo tempore dives opum.

Quam Deus obtulerit placate sumito sortem,
Ad varias rerum ne trepidato vices.

Sicut enim flammis precium dinoctitur auri,
Sic hominis vires tempora dura probant.

Fide Deo, Deus atque tibi succurret agenti,
Numinis ad canos te comitetur amor.

Si dominum reverere, Dei te dextra servat,
A domino postquam digrediere, rues.

Tempora maiorum percurre vetusta tuorum,
Te prior exemplis vita docere potest.

Quem domini servum probri calumnia pressit?
Servus et illius nemo carebat ope.

Atque pio quisquis divinum pectore numen
Invocab, hunc apretum non sinit ire Deus.

Nam dominus clemens nobis peccata remittit,
Rebus in affectis Numen adesse solet.
Ocia damnantur, damnatur sermo nefandus,
Et duplici, pereat, qui velit ire via.
Mens sine aper maerens propugnatores carebit,
Ad mala degenerans vir cadit ante diem.
Quid miser invenies, quo te defendere possis,
Cum ratio vitae sit tibi danda tuae?
Quos igitur domini reverentia iusta movebit,
Sancta Dei summo iussa timore colent.
Et licet interdum dominus cessare videtur,
Attamen expectant donec adesse velit.
Namque pius domino vitam committere praestat,
Quam mala mortalis iura subire fori.
Sicut enim domini maieitas summa videtur,
Sic etiam bonitas est sine fine Dei.
Iustitiam mater dignit sapientia problem:

Nascitur ex illis obsequiosus amor.

Filius ad patris voces accommodet aurem,

Ibit inoffensis sic pia vita viis.

Ex domini iussu sequitur veneratio patrem,

Collocat et matris pondus in ore Deus.

Si venerere patrem, peccati labes carebis:

Matris honor magnas accumulabit opes.

Quem dabis ipse patri, reddet tibi natus honorem,

Compos eris voti quando precare deum.

Si reverere patrem veniet tibi cana senectus,

Qui metuit dominum matris amator erit.

Et faciendo tuos, et honora fando parentes,

Fer patienter eos, sic bene vota cadent.

Fundamenta domus sunt vota sequenda parentum:

Tristia sunt matris vota, ruina domus.

In patre forte tuo si labes ulla residat,

In patrio proprium vulner vulnus erit.

Quando patri canos inspersit senior aetas,

Prompta sit obsequii officiosa manus.

Si pater ex morbo tristi sit sensibus orbus,

Ne minus hoc casu tu plus esse velis.

Quisquid enim misero tribuet tua cura parenti,

Post memor officii reddet id omne Deus.
Redditur infamis, si patri filius absit,
   Matris et osorem devovet ore Deus.
Sobria tranquillae praesit moderatio vitae,
   Sic bonus ipse bonis charior esse potes.
Gloria quo crescit magis, hoc submissione esto:
   Sic erit a summo gratia magna Deo.
Est honor in multis, solus mysteria sacra
   Scire potest, miti pectore quisquis erit.
Est etenim domini coelestis magna potestas,
   Supplicibus servis et petit ille coli.
Quae ratio penetrare nequit perquirere noli,
   Quod superat vires non subestur onus:
Sancta Dei praecepta pia fac mente revolvas,
   Caetera, quae fecit dicta latere sine.
Omnia non opus est domini secreta videre,
   Officium facito, quaerere plura cave.
Fastus obest, multis audax fiducia perdit.
   Ingenii, quo non debuit ire, ruens.
Quisquis enim nimis est ad multa pericula promptus
   In foveam tandem praecipitatus erit.
Semper habet damnum mentis temerarius ardur,
   Et solet ex fastu nil nisi triste sequi.
Caput IV

Qui sapit, assidue divina volumina versat,
Audit et attente dogmata sancta Dei.
Flumina succensas extinguunt frigida flammae,
Eluit et labem dextera larga mali.
Te Deus afflictum, te sustentabit egentem,
Si miserors opibus vis recreare tuis.
Aspice mansuetus fractorum vulnera fratrum,
Pauperibus promptam ferto rogatus opem.
Pauperibus duros oculos avertere noli,
Ne faciat fratris iusta querela reum.
Filius est patris coelestis frater egenus,
Et sonat illius clamor in aure Dei.
Iudicio certans nimium contendere noli,
Iudicis et nomen tu reverenter habe.
Pauperibus faciles praebeto querentibus aures,
Et placidis verbis tristia corda leves.
Erige dejectos, oppressis porrigis dextram,
Iudicum iustum redde, timendo nihil.
Orphanus auxilio te patrem sentiat esse,
Et viduae debeas coniugis esse loco.
Sic eris ipse Dei fortunatissima proles,
Matre tua multo qui meliora dabit.
Discipulis claros sapientia donat honores,
Et cupidis ultro pandit amica sinus.
Qui colit hanc dominam vitae bene tempora ponet. Hac duce, tranquillos et facit ire dies.

Quos sibi constantes sapientia iunxit alumnos, His domini nutu prospera quaeque cadunt.

Qui domini voces iusto veneratur honore, Ille Deo servit, gratus et ille Deo.

Qui sapit, ille potest alios sapuisse docere, Consiliis eius vivito, tutus eris.

Cuius eunt puri foedo sine crimine mores, Et sapit, et foelix semen habere solet.

Forsitan adversis iactabitur ille procellis, Et dabit infoelix multa dolenda dies.

Principis forsan sapientia tristibus utens, Scire velit quantum mente vigoris habet.

Postea discipulum sapientia sumit in ulnas, Et mala quae fuerant, tempora laeta facit.

Dissimulatores vitat prudentia vafros, Cladibus oppressos atque perire sinit.

Tempora quid poscant praeuentia, mente notato, A vitiiis puras et revocato manus.

Et licet immineant tibi mille pericula fasso, Quicquid erit verum, confiteare tamen.
Nam pudor esse potest vitiiis aliquando minister,
   Atque pudor nomen laudis habere potest.
Firmus eris cum recta facis, nec terreat ullus,
   Et bene currentis nemo moretur iter. 50
Intrepidus venias testis si causa requirit
   Fratris, ut oppresso vox tua praestet opem.
Si reus es, verbis noli defendere crimen,
   Quae male fecisti, facta negare cave.
Si tibi forte via recta contingat abire,
   Causa patrocinio ne stet iniqua tuo.
Non aderis stulto, fastum contemne potentum,
   Vera tuere, Dei sic ope salvus eris.
Quod dare non poteris noli promittere quicquam,
   Dedecus est rebus cum tua verba carent.
Aedibus in propriis noli nimis asper haberi,
   Nec famulos vultu terreat ira truci.
Nec tibi prompta manus nimium sit dona ferenti,
   Sed potius miseris porrige dando manus.
Caput V

Utere divitiis, opibus sed fidere noli,
Nec vitae credas te cumulasse satis.
Nam tibi quantumvis immensus crescat acervus,
Omnia, cum venient tempora dura, ruent.
Quae libet, haud facias, quamvis fecisse licebit, 5
Nec tibi quam satis est, plus tribuisses velis.
Nam tua cessabit, quantumvis magna, potestas,
Cum Deus ultrices vibrat in ora facies.
Nec quia saepe tibi peccanti virga pepercit,
Esse putes iusti nulla flagella Dei. 10

Est equidem fateor, domini clementia magna,
Sed tamen admisis fulminat ille malis.
Nulla licet crimen nonnuncquam poena sequatur,
Ne tibi peccandi sit minor inde metus.
Sæpe Deus differt in tempora longa furorem,
Sera licet, tamen est ira tremenda Dei.
Ut dominus clemens ita iustus debet haberī,
Praemia datque bonis, verbera datque malis.
Cum bonus esse studēs, noli producere tempus,
Parva licet mora sit, maxīa damna trahent.
Passibus interea properans vindicta cruentīs
Obruit incautum non removenda caput.
Te male partarum non inflet copia rerum,
Aspera cum venient tempora, nudus eris.
Sis animo constans, nec te circumferat aura
Quaelibet, et variis ire caveto viis.
Sermo sit et semper iustus, sit semper et idem,
Sis pius, et domini sancta statuta tene.
Res attende bonas, et respondeto benignē,
Perpetuus vitæ sit sine labe tenor.
Ne doceas alios quod non perceperis ante,
Lingua potest decori, dedecorique fore.
Vana leves nunquam sectetur lingua susurros,
Falsa nec in quoquam crimina sermo notet.
Fur nocet, at peior tamen obtrectator habetur,
Nam loculis alter, moribus alter obest.
Ne facias aliquid quamvis exile videtur,
Actio matura si ratione caret.
Caput VI

Cuius amicus eras, non debes hostis haberi,
Nomen enim lenitas afficit ista probro.
Ne tumeat vano praecordia turgida fastu,
Nec fera mens alte cornua celsa ferat.
Deprimet erectas cervices vasta ruina,
Nudus et afflicto corde, iacebìs humi.
Cuius enim pectus vitiorum mole gravatur,
Ad barathrum prona labitur ille via.
Impia si mens est, inimicis gaudia praebes,
Et malus ipse malis annumeratus eris.
Allicit humanos animos oratio blanda,
Comis amicitias undique sermo legit.
Sit tibi quae faveat quamvis numerosa caterva,
Sed tamen ex illis unus amicus erit.
Sumere non debes, nisi sis expertus amicum,
Nec dabis ignoto, ne capiare, fidem.
Auferat ut praedam magnum simulabit amorem,
Callidus et praedam quando prehendit, abit.
Deterius genus est, quod amicum ponit, et hostem
Induit, et verso gutture probrar iacit.
Sunt etiam muscae, patinas quae lingere norunt,
Secta nisi solos non amat ista cibos.
Pascere dum licet, his circumfunder ministris,

   Si tua deficiet mensa, relictus eris.
Quem prius esse scies hostem vitare memento,

   Et vigila, noceat ne tibi fictus amor.
Tutus eris fido si coniungeris amico,

Fraesidii satis est, est opis inde satis.
Maius habet precium constans qui durat amicus,

Quam domus, aut ingens structus acervus opum.
Fidus amicus habet miserae solatia vitae,

Vel Deus hunc solus, vel dare nemo potest.
Conferat in teneris annis sapientia semen,

   Inde viro magnus postea fructus erit.
Atque licet iuvenis duros patiere labores,

   Quando senex fueris commoda multa metes.
Turgida si vano tumeant praecordia fastu,

   Mens et inassuetis horreat ire viis.
In dubio nunquam sapientia pectore sidet,

   Nam nisi constantes non amat illa viros.
Saepe leves sese sapientum nomine lactant,

   Cum stupidio non sit pectore mica salis.
Ergo salutares si vis admittere voces,

   Et iuvat ad verum, qua patet, ire via:
Lubrica labentis sapientia tempora vitae

   Dirigat, et quicquid iusserit, illud age.
Intima corda suis monitis sapientia flectat,
Atque regat sensus ista magistra tuos.
Hanc labor assiduus dominam si quaerit, habebit,
Sed tibi ne parcat tam bona praedia cave.
Principiis forsan leviter te punget acerbis,
Spes tamen in firme sit tua fixa loco.
Nam dolor exiguus tibi gaudia longa pacabit,
Exitus et plenus prosperitatis erit.
Nobilis egregio victor tollere triumpho,
Magnus et ex omni parte sequetur honor.
Cum senibus vivas, rerum quos erudit usus,
Qui sapis, hunc quando ceperis, usque tene.
Mens sitiens avido scripturas pectore sacras
Hauriat, et domini mystica verba Dei.
Qui sapit, illius te consuetudo iuvabit,
Eius et haud pugnet saepe subire domum.
Ad domini leges semper mens sancta feratur,
Verba Dei verses, et relegendo legas.
Pectora sic dominus tibi purgatissima reddet,
Sic erit ingenii, quem cupis esse, vigor.
Caput VII

Si noceas aliis, et tu laedere vicissim,
   Si dederis damnum, te mala multa prement.
Quae facias iniuste poena graviore luentur,
   Atque comes vitiiis ultio dira datur.
Pectore sis humili, nec publica munera captes,
   Aut ut apud regem sis propiore loco.
Ne tibi sic placeas, ut regi posse probari
   Vel tua facta putes, vel tua facta Deo.
Esse magistratus non debes velle videri,
   Ne tibi sit probro non bene gestus honos.
Forte tibi vires, aberit tibi forte voluntas,
   Supplicio debes plectere quam no malos.
Saepe tuos sensus corrumpet oura potentum,
   Ut facias, fieri quae tua iura vetant.
Sis requietis amans, nolito ciere tumultus,
   Mite cor horribili seditione vacet.
Crimina ne credas tam grandia posse remitti,
   Qualiaunque dabis thura cremanda Deo.
Sedula supremos penetrans oratio coelos,
   In domino certam debet habere fidem.
Fratribus afflictitis prompte succurrere debes,
   Et tua sit miseris officiosa manus.
Tristia delecti ne ludas vulnera fratri
Quisquis es, arbitrio stasque cadisque Dei.
Nulla tibi charos laedant mendacia fratres,
Non habeat sermo falsus in ore locum.
Cum senibus vivens, ne multis utere verbis,
Et precibus longis non opius esse puta.
Sint licet in vita curanda mille labores,
Perfer, eos coeli mittit ab arce Deus.
Causa tibi non sit peccandi, turba malorum,
Sed metuas poenam, quae prope semper adest.
Ibis in aeternum, nisi te correxeris, ignem,
Vermis et, incensum, non moriturus, edet.
Abiciantur opes potius quam migret amicus,
Charior est auro non simulata fides.
Si tua sit coniunx prudent, et foemina casta,
Plus precii gemmis omnibus illa feret.
Officio functos noli vexare ministros,
Et bene servierit qui tibi, liber eat.
Si pecus est, cures ut possit ferre laborem,
Utile si fuerit, iure fovere potes.
Instrue prudenter sobolem, fraenaque rebellem,
Filia sit castae virginitatis amans.
Filia prudenti iungatur adulta marito,
Nam patris officio sic bene functus eris.
Chara tibi cum sit coniunx, hanc tempore nullo
    Dimoveat thalamis falsa querela tuis.
Et colito patrem, matrisque memento dolorum,
    Et bene te nunquam crede merendo pacem. 50
Pectore syncero domini reverebere numen,
    Atque sacerdotes, qui pia sacra colunt.
Fac dominum metuas, cuius te dextra creavit,
    Atque sacerdoti portio iusta detur.
Erige delectos, ut possis esse beatus,
    Omnibus officiis auxiliare piis.
Tristia merentis recreato pectora fratriis,
    Cum lachrymis lachrymas consociato tuas.
Fac aedas fratres, si morbo forte laborant:
    Talis enim pietas est placitura Deo. 60
Quicquid agis, facti primum circumpice finem,
    Sic mala nulla tibi suscipienda scies.
Obruet in iustis te magna potentia causis,
Hostis erit nullus, vel tibi sume parem.
Ditior et tecum litem si suscipit ullam,
Iudicium multas saepe sequetur opes.
Nam bona pars hominum grandi mercede movetur,
Nummus et oblatus Regia corda movet.
Iurgia si quis amat, verbis contendere noli,
Materiam morbo multa loquendo dabis
Aspera festino ne tentes pectora ludo,
Concita ne bilis seria damna ferat.
Si malus a vitiiis resipiscens, vivat honeste,
Quod male fecit, eat, quod bene fecit, ama.
Caesaries tibi cana senum sit honore colenda,
Vult fieri longo tempore quisque senex.
Laetitiae causam non affert mortuus hostis,
Fata trahunt illum, te quoque fata trahent.
Quae sapiens dederit tibi sunt praecepta sequenda,
Principibus disces inde placere viris.
Qui prior est annis, illum plus scire putabis,
Hunc etenim grandes erudiere patres.
Ne rapidos saevis apponas ignibus ignes,
Omnia lingua dicax deteriora facit.
Reddere magnates nolunt, quae mutua sumunt,
Mutua quae trades interiisse scias.
Esse fide iussor noli, nisi solvere possis,
Tempora cum venient, exoutiendus eris.
Parce magistratum contra contendere iure,
Qualibet is leges efficit ire via.
Quos lenitas audax agitat, vitare memento,
Ne simul in foveam praecipitatus eas.
Namque ruunt temere quo fert insana libido,
Tu miser inter eos, si capiare cades.
Qui sapit iratum non altercando movebit,
Nec comes it solus. Nam furor arma ciet.
Consilium stultis non impartire decebit,
Aptior est cerebro seria causa gravi.
Omnibus haud debent quae sentis omnia dici,
Ne tibi forte malum garrula lingua ferat.
Caput IX

Coniugis in castae mores inquirere noli,

Suspicio fallax credulitate nocet.

Moribus, ut par est, summissis pareat uxor,

Si nimium laxes fraena, rebellis erit.

Scorta cave subeas, ne captus retia caecae,

Psaltria blanditiis pectora nota movet.

Lumina formosis avertas casta puellas,

Ne feriens oculos corda subintret amor.

Scorta facultates absumunt impia partas,

Effuge, vicorum nec tere saepe vias.

Si prope spectetur muliebris gratia formae,

Concitat in molli pectore forma faces.

Ex quibus insurgunt flammis incendia saeva,

Exul et emigrat pectore pulsa quies.

Alterius sponsam non complectendo fovebis,

Nec nimium noris, ne malus urat amor.

Si novus antiquum tibi pellit amicus amicum,

Qui novus est, veteri, forte minoris erit.
Cautus amicitias spatio quasi vina probabias,
Optimus est, annos qui bene ferre potest.
Impius ad summos quamvis ascendat honores,
Aspice quas clades tempora sera vehent.
Ne facias magni regalia sceptrum malorum,
Quos resipiscentes non videt ulla dies.
Utetur principibus modice, nimis esse propinquus
Si cupias, in vitae multa pericla rues.
Si tua te fortuna facit servire potenti,
Dispice ne titubes, atque repente cadas.
Sollicite vigiles, laquei sunt undique fusi,
Turribus in summis es situs, ergo cave.
Quos habeat mores vicinus nosse labora,
Qui sapient, causis hunc adhibito tuis.
Congrediare bonis, illos et suscipe laetus,
Sed timor assidue debet adesse Dei.
Caput X

Artificem declarat opus, sapientia regis
A gestis famam rebus habere solet.
Garrula conventus offendit lingua celebres,
Ne vitio praecps sermo carere potest.
Quando iuvat proceres, iuvat et sapientia regem,
Ordine sunt propriis omnia fixa locis.
Qualis erit princeps, talis praefectus habetur,
Nobilitas qualis, plebs quoque talis erit.
Publica commotus subvertit commoda princeps,
Cum proceres sapiunt, urbs opulenta viget.
Auxilio domini solo Respublica floret,
Atque magistratus praeficit ille bonos.
Ille magistratus foelices efficit esse,
A domino dignus laude senatus adest.
Sobria commissum plectat clementia crimen,
Parva negat poenam culpa subire gravem.
Iudicis officium syncere debet obire,
Prorsus et affectu corda quieta vacent.
Dii superi fastum, fastum mortalis abhorret,
Haec homini levitas displicet, atque Deo.
Fit populi vitii Deus ut peccata perosus,
Transferat in varios regna subinde locos.
Cur genus humanum nulla ratione superbis?
Cur ita te iactas? pulvis es, atque cinis.
Donec enim spiras, nihil es nisi corpore caenum, 25
Mors medicis spretis iniicit atra manus.
Sic modo qui fuerat regali clarus honore,
Nunc superiniecto pulvere busta subit.
Rex hodie regnas, et cras es turpe cadaver,
Mortuus et villis vermibus esca iaces. 30
Mens dominum quando fugiens errore vagatur,
Atque creatoris desinit esse memor:
Pectora quando deum varie peccando relinquent,
Tuno sequitur fastus, cordaque prava subit.
Quisquis in hoc coeno deformia membra volutat,
Assidue sceleris perpetrat omne genus.
Horribili dominus subvertit caede superbos,
Mitibus ingeniis mitia regna dedit.
Regna Deus, terras, et gentes clade peremit,
Qui nimio fastu non meminere sui. 40
Nos satan et saevos facit, et facit esse superbos,
Sed domini salvos nos facit esse timor.
Qui dominum metuit, regem venerabitur idem,
Hunc deus egregia prosperitate beat.
Neo tua conditio debet tibi laeta videri,
Dat domini solus gaudia vera timor.
Si pius est pauper, si prudens, suscipe fratrem:

Qua malus est, illum ne cole propter opes.

Inclyta magnorum quamvis sit fama virorum,

Attamen es maior, si reverere deum.

Consilium famuli dominus quandoque, sequetur,

Nec queritur servus quo meliora videt.

Quando magistratus fueris, ne propria laudes,

Nec quia te multis est opus, inde tume.

Est melius sortem recte vivendo tueri,

Quam variis fessum rebus habere nihil.

Undique terrores licet impendere videntur,

Sis animo forti, propositumque tene.

Quam dederit dominus sorte si sponte relinques,

Nullus erit, tua qui damna dolere velit.

Ingenii prompto censetur acumine pauper,

Ex opibus precium dives habere solet.

Si tenuem reddit dignum sapientia laude:

Si saperet dives, gloria quanta foret?

Deterior contra dives si crimen fiat,

Pauperibus res est dedecorosa, malum.
Caput XI

Conditio tenuis si sit sapientia iuncta,
Principis ad solum saepe vocata meat.
Ne ferat ingentem species externa favorem,
Et licet haec absit gratia, vise bonos.
Corpus apis parvum merito quod spermere possis,
Illa tamen dulces conficit arte favos.
Pectora non inflet fastu pretiosus amictus,
Nec tibi, cum flores prosperitate place.
Nam nova multa deus rerum miracula promit,
Quid dominus statuat scire, nec ante licet.
Abiicit ad terram dominus persaepe tyrannos,
Et nec opinantes regius ornat honos.
Egregii proceres subitis sunt cladibus icti,
Saepeprehensus adit magna periola potens.
Lite nisi nota quenquam damnare caveto,
Re poterit dicta, poena deinde sequi.

Subtitle, Caput XI, missing, and supplied here by
the present editor.
Rebus in alterius minime contendere debes,
   Et sine te iudex, si sit iniquus, eat.
Sordida diversas non tractent pectora causas,
   Se varie lactans est sine fruge labor.
Quaerere multa potest forsan industria magna,
   Attamen in multis multa perire solent.
Corpora distracto qui vexant dura labore,
   Saepe tibi nimia sedulitate nocent.
Dives, inops, foelis, insolcis, vitaque, morsque, 25
   Caetera sunt iussu quaeque statuta dei.
Dona bonis dominus quae dat foelicia reddit,
   Et facit ut nulla sint peritura die.
Omnia comportans misere qui vixit avarus,
   Tempora cum veniunt mortis, abibit inops.
Verba Dei teneas, pietatis munera praestas,
   Officium facias, sat tibi crescit opum.
Nam deus amplificat servorum lucra suorum,
Rebus et illorum tempora laeta parat.
Nuda licet pietas omni mercede carebit,
Poeniteat nunquam te tamen esse bonum.
Undique congestis opibus si dives abundas,
Attamen hac tutus non potes esse via.
Tempora cum bona sunt, mala tempora disce timere,
Cum mala sunt, rursus crede futura bona.
Quando manus nobis saevas mors inictit atra,
Pro merito dominus dona cuique dabat.
Sit licet exiguum tempus tibi forte dolendi,
Caetera quae fuerant tempora laeta, delet.
Pectora terribili cum mors ferit horrida telo,
Quomodo vita tibi sit prius acta scies.
Qualis erit quisque vivus decernere noli,
Judicium certum funera sola ferunt.
Caput XII

Omnibus ignotis aedibus aperire recusa,
Hostis erit forsas qui tuus hospes erat,
Callidus est ut avis, reliquas qua decipit auceptis,
Insidias rebus collocat ille suis.
Quae bona sunt, lingua depravatrice refellit,
Et bene quae fiunt, fingit habere malum.
Excitat ingentes ignes accensa favilla,
Impius interitus, exitiumque sitit.
Ergo malos vita, nihil est probitatis in illis,
Perpetua quae sunt labe notare domum.
Advena te vexat curis admissus in aedes,
Et propriis tectis pellere saepe solet.
Munera si dones, personas eligere gratias,
Sic erit officio gratia iuncta tuo.
Auxiliare piis, ita res cum foenore cresceat,
Nam deus illorum nomine reddet opes.
Ex animo benefacta tuo dimittere noli,
Nam solet ingratos ultio dira sequi.
Qui dominum metuunt, illis prodesse studeto,

Si malus est pauper, praemia nulla ferat.

Impius adiutus tristissima damna rependet,

Et deus in pravos fulmina saeva iacit.

Donec eris felix, vix scire licebit amicum,

Illico si miser es, proximus hostis erit.

Nam tua prosperitas si floreat, invidet hostis,

Cum fuerit durum tempus, amicus abit.

Qui semel est hostis, quamquam se fingat amicum,

Attamen est illi non adhibenda fides.

Sicut enim ferrum splendens rubiginis squallet,

Aspera sic hostis pectora semper habet.

Obsequium licet omne tibi praestare studebit,

Exuit ingenium non tamen ille suum.

Omnia si facias, illum quae flectere possunt,

Cor tamen illius conciliare nequis.

Ergo migrare iube, nec in aedibus ille moretur,

Ne propria pulsum cogat abire domo.
Sic tibi deluso veniet sapientia sera,
Vulnera cum ferri non patiuntur opem.
Incantatorem serpentum morsibus ictum
Nemo dolet, quoniam sponte pericla subit.
Bellua saeva suum lacerat si forte magistrum,
Interitus causam praebuit ipse sui.
Sic tibi si socius coniungitur impius hostis,
Postea quando rues, author es ipse mali.
Mollibus appellat verbis te callidus hostis,
Et simulat luctus, et lachrymando gemit.
Sed tacite secum cladem tibi corde minatur,
Mens fera visceribus vult satur esse tuis.
Dissimulat stomachum veris permistus amicis,
Et quasi te salvum vellet habere, venit.
Interitum tamen ille tuum clam mente volutat,
Et tibi, qua poterit parte nocere, nocet.

Reliqua morte immatura praereptus
non vertit.
In aedea Apthorpianae
Domini Gualteri Mildmaji

Duratura domus iusti sit fida ministra,
Et statuat certum sumptibus illa modum.
Vicinis faveat, causas defendat honestas,
Pellat avaritiae sordida lucra procul.
Sublevet oppressos, tenues, et pascat egenos,
Et prope sit virtus, vis inimica migret.
De insignibus eiusdem Mathaei

Sunt antiquorum claves monumenta parentum,
Venit ab augusto principe stella triplex.
Sic bene conspirant virtus, doctrina, potestas,
Et placidae pacis semina laeta serunt.
Sed tamen ad finem decurrunt gaudia vitae,
Ac homo pulvis erit, pulvis ut ante fuit.

R(13v); M

4. placidae] placide M.
In obitum Reverendissimi Domini
Mathaei Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi

Sobrius, et prudens, studiis excul tus et usu,
Integer, et veræ religionis amans:
Matthaeus vixit Parkerus, foverat illum
Aula virum iu venem, fovit et Aula senem.
Ordine res gessit, recti defensor, et aequi,
Vixerat ille deo, mortuus ille deo est.

\( E(K_5^F-K_5^V) \)
THE POETRY OF WALTER HADDON,
EDITED AND TRANSLATED
VOLUME II

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of the Ohio State University

By

Charles J. Lees, B.A., M.A.

*****

The Ohio State University
1961

Approved by

[Signature]

ADVISER

Department of English
CONTENTS

English Translation of Walter Haddon's Poems......351
Notes on Haddon's Poems..............................602

Appendix I

Poems on Haddon in Lucubrationes of 1567........679
English Translation...............................682

Appendix II

Poems on Walter and Clere Haddon in Poemata of 1576.....687
English Translation...............................711

Bibliographical Description of Editions of
1567 and 1576.................................745

Published Works of Walter Haddon.................757
Bibliography.......................................758
Autobiography.....................................782
ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF HADDON'S POEMS

1

Walter Haddon to the pious reader

Whoever you are who labor to understand these laws of the Master,

learn to die to the world, learn to live to God.

For, although my muse made Christ a poet,

he is, nevertheless, the same God who was before.

You ought not to run through these verses for the sake of understanding;

the fixed rule of your life has its beginnings in them.

That rule which, moving easily in meter for easier comprehension,

has been the sole cause of my song.

The teaching of James is modeled on the voice of the Lord;

this disciple agrees with his Master.

Carry the precepts which you read over into a life made blessed,

so that the course of your heart and lips may always be the same.

Thus unfailing profit from your labor will abide with you;

and, for myself, there shall be sure profit from my own work.

The fashion of the world passes.
The sermon of Jesus Christ, wherein, after he had climbed the mountain, he addressed the people, put to verse by the author,

Dr. Walter Haddon

Matthew V

And seeing the people flocking together, Christ paused;

and, with his disciples around him, he sat down on a small mound.

Opening his mouth, he gave the following precepts.

They who are humble in heart and chaste in spirit, shall go, happy, to the shores of the heavenly country.

Happy are they who mourn because of the defects of life, for joyful solace follows upon holy sorrow.

The most holy earth will receive on her blessed lap those who peacefully endure life's lowly time.

A happy plenty will satisfy the craving of those whom thirst for justice and sacred hunger shall possess.

A like mercy shall return to those happy ones who are of gentle spirit themselves and can feel compassion.

And they will see the Lord who have a pure mind and a heart without stain of evil, and they will be blessed in seeing him.
He who calms bitterness with concord, war with peace, shall flourish, happy in the name of child of God. They shall attain the kingdom of heaven, who, for justice's sake, undergo, undaunted, the agonies of sorrow.

As often as a wicked people vomits forth, in plague-ridden language, impious reviling and seeks out your bodies for torture; as often as false infamy spits upon your pure character because you worship me with signal honor; just so often you, 0 you, consider yourselves truly blessed.

These are times, most full of your joy, which will bring the greatest rewards in heaven on high.

For what was once the fortune of the prophets ought to fall to your lot today. It behooves you to season unseasoned hearts with the healthful sap of doctrine, to clear away the ugly blemishes of a corrupt life: because you are sprinkled as heavenly salt throughout the whole earth; and the salt has been ruined if it begins to be tasteless, and the multitude treads on it as it lies out of doors.
You are the light shining in the whole world. Therefore your light should not be buried, sunk in blind caverns. But, as cities seated on a mountain show afar their walls and the roofs of their dwellings, and as a burning lamp shall diffuse light when, glittering on high, it fills the room with brightness, so let the bright flame of your good deeds strike the senses with a holy flame and set hearts aflame.

that by your examples virtues may live again. Thus the greatest glory accrues to the heavenly Father.

I do not wish to take away but to make firm the Old Law.

I am resolved not to remove the prophets but to recall them. Concerning them I affirm that, while the structure of the world lasts, not a syllable shall fall but will have its rightful authority.

He who takes it upon himself to destroy these least things, or is the rash cause of scandal to others, shall not be able to be considered a citizen of the kingdom of heaven. He who keeps the commandments and persuades others to keep them
shall happily enjoy a great reward in heaven.
For, unless your holiness can produce greater fruits of justice than can the Scribe's rule, or the solemn formula of the law of the Pharisees, it will not be granted you to fix your abode in the kingdom of heaven.

It was the Old Law which commanded not to kill, and which punished by a just judge those guilty of murder.

But my law condemns anger when it is rash, and marks for judgment the contentions of an angry brother.

If anger of the tongue is stirred up, spewing forth insults, the one who is guilty of the offense will be subject to the council.

If mounting wrath in a brother hurls the insult against his brother that he is a fool, he shall be cast into fire.

Therefore, if your gift is already placed on the sacred altar, and you, extending your hands to God, are then prepared to offer it, and a cause, exceeding just, which your brother has against you,
enters into your mind, first conciliate him; return once your brother is placated.

If, for a just reason, a brother seeks to confine you in prison, deal with his contentions in good time; and while you are on the way settle the dispute which your brother has bared, lest he force the case to be tried by a just judge, and he, angered at your guilt, orders his servant to go and bind you in strong chains.

If the just sentence of the judge condemns your crime, no one shall release you from that prison until all that you owe is duly paid.

The code of the Old Law punishes the body polluted by the crime of adultery; but our Law makes guilty the look which blind desire stirs and causes the mind to become fixed on another's wife.

Therefore, whatever part of your body disturbs you, whether it be the eye, or the hand, take care to cut it off, removing decaying members from the healthy body. It is better that you enter the heavenly kingdom crippled than that you be thrust whole into eternal fire.
By the Old Law, when you marry, if it pleases you to dissolve the holy contract of matrimony, it is enough to send your spouse a divorce by written letter.

But to me it is not enough. I declare to you who are married that no one may leave his wife unless she be guilty of adultery.

For the abandoned woman who enters a new marriage bed is in adultery, and the guilt of her husband is the same as hers.

By the Old Law, perjury alone is forbidden; and it is enough to perform the oath sworn to God.

By my Law, it shall be permitted to absolutely no one to swear.

If you swear by the heavens, you swear by the heavenly kingdom;
if you swear by the earth, you swear by the footstool of the Father.
It is sinful to swear by Jerusalem, because it is the royal dwelling of the most high Prince, whose portals you should revere.

And it is not permitted to swear by your own head,
because it was not given you to shape it. Leave


to God the things he has made.

It is; it is not—let this be the simple rule of

your speech.

Whatever shall be more is seen to be near to vice.

The Old Law is that an eye must be given for an eye,
and a tooth for a tooth; thus vengeance was akin to

the injury.

But my mercy permits nothing vindictive.

If, perchance, a brother raises a wicked hand

against you,

in proportion as his violence increases, just so much

let your patience increase.

If a brother forces you to go to law for your tunic,
without contention cheerfully give him your cloak

of your own free will.

If any stranger wanders into an unfamiliar clime,
and desires you to be his guide or companion on

the way,

perform the service more fully than the stranger

asks.

If a brother in need requests something from your
stores,

deign to allot him a share; if he desires a loan,

let him receive a loan.
The Old Law commands that we esteem our friends highly,
and let vengeance with just hatred smite our enemies.
Nevertheless, always love your enemies,
and, when they hurl insults, wish them health.
When they rush at you with hate, repay them with gentle kindness;
when they make ready to injure you, proceed to help them with prayer.
In this way the son will imitate the Father in goodness who sends seasonable rains from the clouds, and diffuses healthful warmth from the sun, from which the common mass of the human race acquires the greatest benefits from this present life.
For if a friend repays a friend good will for good will,
there is no room left for services in merits so equal.
If you cultivate only your brethren, the fruit of love will be meagre: the multitude thus conducts its affairs Let your love be free, let it be extended to all, not bought by merit, not allied to advantage.
Let the perfection of your life, then, be such as you find it to be in your heavenly Father.
Matthew VI

When your largesse shall raise up your indigent brethren, it should not seek the eyes or the applause of the crowd. A loud trumpet shall not sound your gift in the midst of the market.

In this manner the hypocrites act, whom the approval of the crowd and the fragile glory of popular praise moves. This kind, because they capture the rewards of human praise, will carry back none of the future rewards of heaven. But, when your piety succors a needy brother, it shall secede from human eyes and lack a witness, that the Father in heaven, who sees the most secret things, will reward hidden gifts with visible gifts.

You ought not to pray in the manner of the hypocrites, whom one may see standing in the streets and in the assembly, as, with loud voice, they pour forth their vows before God.

God sends them away empty as servants of men.

When you wish, with humble voice, to pray to the Lord, withdrawing to your bedroom, close the doors.
Alone there kneel in prayer to your secret Lord, that he alone may pour on you manifest gifts from heaven.

The long-winded prayer of the heathens, which runs along with many words, is taken to be approved because of its lengthy speech. There is no need to express prayers with many words; the Father in heaven knows what each of you needs. When care concerning prayer troubles my servants, let this formula of pious invocation be laid down to all:

O Father, O our very own, who reign above the stars, may your holy name be always held in sublime honor. May the great glory of your kingdom soon come. May your will be firmly established on earth as it is established in heaven.

Nourish with unfailing food our souls and bodies. Forgive us our sins as we forgive. Sustain the wretched who sink under the weight of evil. And, in the tempest of wickedness, make them safe, you, whose almighty strength has no limits, whose divine power has no end.

O Father in heaven, receive the prayers of your children.

As you ask forgiveness for sin, grant the same to your brethren, and the Father will forgive your sins.
They who, with hard heart, refuse forgiveness to a brother,
will be punished for their unfeeling heart by the judge, their Father.

In your fasting let not disfiguring ointment, after the manner of hypocrites, besmear your faces and make them pale with powder, that the crowd, perceiving your faces, may praise your fastings.

When you wish to make your bodies subject to God, let your countenance, most peaceful, radiate a joyful expression.

Let your head and countenance so shine that your Father in heaven alone can see your secret fastings, and he shall give you a manifest reward.
Let not a secluded spot of earth hide your buried wealth; either robbers will steal it, or it will be consumed by the mouth of the moth. Let your treasure surmount the stars, let it be found in heaven, where neither the thief nor the bite of the greedy moth penetrates. For where your treasure is buried, there your heart abides.

The light of the eye, located under the forehead, is double, because it diffuses light to the whole body. Therefore, it is fitting that this light be purified from the dregs of evil, that it may bathe life in a pure light. When the light of the eyes is hidden, the black cloud of vice brings deep night to the body.

No one can adequately serve two masters: he will serve the one; the other will long for his servant. Thus I alone or Mammon alone will possess you. Solicitude for bread, drink, and clothing falls to the lot of sick souls: commit your cares to the Father,
who nourishes bodies, who arranges life in due order. Who feeds the alighting bodies of birds after roaming in all of heaven, who are vexed by no labor? If the mercy of the Father protects the lives of lowly birds, can it be negligent of your safety? However great the care which surrounds you, no amount of care can make your body grow or cause new members to form. But the Father in heaven who joined the limbs of your body, he both sustains and provides for all creatures. White-clad lilies which rise to impressive height, they can weave no garments for themselves. And nevertheless a majestic glory rears itself from their flowering leaves, and at the very summit brings forth perfection. Not even Solomon was so grand, when he called together all the regally arrayed processions of his realm. If God adorns the grass of the fields, which afterwards is cast into fire, he will not leave you without clothing. O men of faint heart, why does care, nervously concerned with food and clothing, trouble your soul? The heathen rabble, which has no god, seeks those things.
An indulgent Father has care of you; and he knows how much is necessary for each one, and that much he provides for each.

In your mind see that you humbly seek God and the kingdom of God;

all the abundance from the divine horn shall pour out on you.

Let not anxiety for a day to come affect your heart; for the present itself carries with it enough sorrow.
Matthew VII

Beware of destroying your brethren by harsh judgments: a cruel sentence follows upon a harsh judgment.

In the measure in which you weigh the deeds of your brethren,
in the same manner the heavenly Father will weigh your measure.

You see the trivia of your brother; the great defects of your own life lie hidden from you. You always work to purify others in the least things, when your own life is surfeited with vice.

Why dissimulate thus? First efface the great sins of your own moral life; then correct a brother.

Cease bestowing on dogs or swine the precious stones of faith: the wicked tyrant makes them savage; foul lust of the flesh engulfs them. Therefore, a wicked people will profane the mysteries of your faith, or rush you into destruction.

If you ask, it shall be given; if you seek, you shall find.

The door, which has been closed, will open to one's knocking.

You men, whom nature alone makes parents,
if, perchance, a son should ask bread of you, will you give him a stone? If he requests fish, will you give him horrible poison from a cruel serpent?  
If you, therefore, whom the inborn fault has left evil, can confer good gifts on your children when they ask, the heavenly Father, when he is asked, will give the best, the greatest gifts of eternal life.

As you wish to be treated, you, in turn, treat others: in this consists the Law and the prophets.

There are twin gates, the first of which, being very wide, by its easy descent dispatches many into hell; the other, which leads to the lofty stars above, has difficult passages and narrow portals. The narrow gate admits few, but the very tortuous path leads those whom it receives safe to heaven. The age to come will spawn false prophets, whom the fawning meekness of hypocritical morals will disguise. Turn yourselves away from their aberrations.

Outward simplicity shows them sheep, but inwardly their hearts burn with the ferocity of ravening wolves. If their painted piety shall move your souls,
recognize what fruits their lives produce.
A thistle never gives figs, nor a thorn grapes.  
Whatever kind of fruit it shall have been which a 
certain tree brings forth, 
it will always be such a fruit which you take from 
the tree.
A bad tree, which shall have brought forth rotten fruit, 
is cut down; and, unprofitable, it shall go into the 
burning fire.
Therefore, let there be in you the greatest perfection 
of morals.
No matter how often he, whose life shall be opposed to 
the 
commandments of the Lord, shall call upon the Lord in 
vain.
When the final day of the supreme judgment forces you, 
trembling, to stand before my tribunal, 
the impious tongue of the wicked will thus express 
itself:
O God, O venerable deity, you know in virtue of your 
name
that we are prophets, and that we are able 
to loose miserable souls bound by Satan.
And you know by the sacred might of your name 
how many are all the miracles from our power.
No matter how foolish the pride of their tongue may be, I will not know them; without recognizing the miscreants, I will order them, who immerse their lives in sin, to depart.

Whoever hears the present doctrines of the divine voice, and takes care to transform them into holy habits, is like to a builder who wishes to put the first foundations of his buildings firmly upon rock. For, when rain drops from the stormy clouds, when Boreas rushes forth and shakes the roofs with raging fury, no tempest shall move these buildings.

The foundations are most stable because of solid rock.

But he who wishes to learn to keep my commandments, which I have given to you, and his life departs from them, is like to a foolish man who builds the foundations of a house on sand, which, when a fierce storm shakes it with wind, with great force it loosens the yielding sand, and the whole house falls in a vast ruin.
Thus speaks Christ. Rooted in profound astonishment, the crowd is silent, marveling at the speech from the sacred tongue.

Because the divine Word treated matters of great moment,
he did not make much noise, in the manner of the Scribes, without authority.
Epistle of St. James

Chapter I

I, James, servant of God the Father, and of Christ, send universal greetings to the dispersed Jews. When the violent storm of iniquity attacks the unhappy, when diverse cares trouble anxious hearts, when the sharp onslaughts of your sorrow strike, then, brethren, surging joys to happy spirits. Faith grows by struggling, and it often learns to endure by bearing the difficult labors of life. Let firm patience unite with ceaseless determination, and, by no means, let unruffled virtue waver. When wisdom is lacking in you, seek it from above, whence God, with full measure, dispenses understanding to all, and does not lay a given favor to the charge of anyone. He who asks will receive, if the hope of the one asking is firm. For the doubtful, hesitating soul, whom error tears asunder, is like to the winter waves which the oceans stir up, and the fierce wind tosses it about in the savage gale.
Such doubt will never make for one whose prayer is fulfilled.

Let simplicity be pleasing; two-faced cunning upsets minds, and, being slippery, turns them hither and thither in uncertain paths.

Let your weak condition be strengthened by the great reward to come, and let it hope to receive treasures in heaven. On the other hand, he, whose store shall be full of money,

shortens his life: because perishable life thus passes away, as the dry flower wilts in the parched grass.

When Phoebus diffuses his rays over the earth, he boils the moisture of the grass so that the grass, when it dies, stands abandoned, without a bloom on its naked head. Thus, little by little, ebbing life wears away your riches; and, like the decayed trunk of a tree, you lie without a name.

He who resists the darts of sin with steadfast heart shall finally be blest by reason of his virtue. A joyous victory shall wear an eternal crown; with evil being overcome, excellence of conduct shall shine.
For God promises those gifts to his devoted servants, when, with righteous love, they venerate his will.

If your mind begins to have sparks of vice, God does not enkindle them; your depraved lust brings them.

When it conceives sin's foulness within the breast, it brings it to parturition, and brings forth iniquity's unwholesome shame.

The unlovely daughter of heinous sin is death. Let not crooked error, 0 brethren, make off with your souls.

Whatever righteousness, whatever virtue is had, and whatever perfect gift life requires, the great mercy of the heavenly Father gives it, he who alone fills breasts with divine light, whose constant perfection undergoes no change, whose immutable light has no shadows.

The distinct will of our Father, with the authority of the divine voice, constituted us as the first seeds of the things which he afterwards brought forth on earth.

Let the great desire to learn often animate your ears; and let reason not often loosen the tongue. Let not anger, a pest in deliberation, obscure the mind;
for, being blind, it struggles against the just precepts of God.

Let the filth of sin and evil's dense mass be pushed away from souls; let the blessed word of God enter into pious hearts. The word itself will give certain salvation.

Let the virtue, which flows into your ears, pass over into your life.

Whoever has heard the venerable commands of the awful God, and does not conform his life to them, does wrong, as one who, when he has viewed his face in a mirror, goes out and puts out of his mind his own image.

Consequently, the perfection of the law must always be impressed on your mind. Let it always be the norm of your acts.

For whoever continually follows in the holy footsteps of the law, his unyielding perseverance will make him blessed.

He who, without thought, permits his foolish tongue to run on, who suffers his mind to frequent the dens of vice, has, without justification, the false name of religion.

Sincere religion, which alone shall be pleasing to God, shall be this: it wishes to succor afflicted members,
whom fortune has left without any patrons;
it resists with sincere heart the filth of sin;
and it does not let the mind become sullied in its intercourse with the world.

Chapter II

Let your faith, brethren, carry itself on equal shoulders;
let it not be partial to itself, according to the unequal fortune of the brethren.
The noble man enters bedecked with precious stones and gold;
the poor man is present, having poorly covered his body with shabby clothes.
If, after the rich man is received, you shut out the needy brother,
your virtue does not conduct itself in the order in which it should.
For God has chosen the needy whom you tread upon.
And, although the world despises their manners,
their pleasing piety flows from their naked body to God.
No matter how much he roams, the poor man who fills his holy heart with love of God shall be a citizen of heaven.
Beware lest you despise those whom God takes to himself.
Unhappy tyranny follows great riches,
and cruelly drags the innocent before an unfeeling tribunal.
Blasphemy follows riches, tearing into pieces with bloody tooth the most holy name of the most high Lord.

The kingly command proceeded from the divine lips: that we show forth such love for the brethren as we feel our love for ourselves to be. If you behave thus, the praise of virtue is in it. But if your conduct limps with partiality in the cases of your brethren, admitting him who shines with gold, after driving away a poor man who is cold because of his naked body, that great pride draws sin with it, and shows clearly that you are guilty of despising the law.

All the holy commands of God, then, so hang together, that the violation of one law tears all of them asunder. The author of laws, one and the same God, has shown to us that sin makes him, who departs from the least part of them, guilty of breaking the whole law. May there be such moderation of heart and speech in us, that the law of liberty can make us free. Any mean-hearted man who contends against the great law, he shall feel the steadfast chains of the great law. Merciful indulgence breaks the bonds of judgment,
and rejoices exceedingly when the enemy is overcome.

Faith alone, if it exists without the commendation
of pious works,
is dead, and can have nothing of value.

When a brother and a sister shall sit naked,
if you consider them unfortunate, as they are, to

go without clothes,
and how to provide for their bodies that they might
live,
shall you, by your very voice, save them from perishing?
Thus sterile faith, if it performs no good works,
perishes and dies, the sap of virtue having been taken
away.

He does not distinguish well who divides members
equally born,
taking one and leaving his brother.

Do you believe that God is he who, one and alone, rules
the world? You rightly believe this, but the evil spirit
with you perceives this, and fears to confess it.

He who shall lightly hold to the empty voice of faith,
and believes that it can be efficacious, though not
joined to works,

let him look to Abraham, father of our race.
His son, made a victim, rendered him just;
his strong faith aroused most holy desires;
and consequent action completed the motion of faith.

Wherefore, scripture called Abraham a just man;
and, by this deed, he was counted a friend of the Lord.
The glory of a sincere life includes the praise
of justice, and very faith of itself does not suffice.
For, when Raab, the harlot, gathered in her house
those whom the holy people sent secretly into the city,
and she sent them back into the mountains by another
way,
it was not for believing but for doing she was blessed.

When the cold spirit has left the sick lips,
the body will be without life and will disappear in

the earth.

Thus, when good deeds leave faith to languish by itself,
it dies and lies buried with no praise.

Chapter III
There should not grow a great aggregation of teachers.
His is the graver sin who sins with full knowledge;
mistaken ignorance fails in many things.
The greatest wisdom comes to the mind of him
who governs with reason the hasty movements of his
tongue
and rules the rest of the body in tranquil order.
The horse's bridle turns the stiffest neck;
and the slender rudder, assenting to the direction
the pilot's guidance takes,
directs the ships which the south wind scatters.
Thus small tongues burn with the greatest revilings; 10
a tiny spark enkindles gigantic flames.
The tongue brandishes its flames in a whirlwind of
words;
the tongue vomits forth whatever evil things the bilge
water yields,
and prepares for itself a sure stronghold in our body
that it may suffuse the members with a hideous poison.
No matter what birds nature brings forth, no matter
what wild animals,
no matter what fishes the sea begets, no matter what
snakes the earth,
conspicuous virtue subjects everything to its power.
The tongue, nevertheless, is never ruled with sure
government.
This pest is twisted round, breaking the chains of 20
reason,
and sprinkles through everything a deadly poison which
it has.
The tongue breaks the vows owed to God the Father.
When it comes to the brethren, whom the image of the
Father clothes,
it rages furiously, and hurls bitter curses at them. 25
Thus from one mouth flows contradictory speech.
Brethren, these things should not thus befall you.
If a spring, flowing from a fountain, offers you sweet streams, it does not pour bitter water for you. The same tree does not bring forth different fruit. If a fountain begins to flow from a source that is not salty, it can likewise flow in fresh channels.

Prudent wisdom has true praise for him whose holy life has worthy deeds. When the malicious stings of envy torment your hearts, when bitter contention wounds your minds, why shall sins have the false name of virtue? Contentious learning, which a proud spirit bears, does not come from heaven; it takes breath from the earth's scum, and bespeaks small acuteness of mind.

The emulous mind, which, in its desire for controversy, is passionately borne, is itself burdened by a weight of evils different from itself.

Divine wisdom, which comes from the highest heaven, being pure, shall burn with a perpetual love of peace. With tranquil judgment, it determines doubtful cases; proceeding from its own law, it rejoices in settling controversy; being merciful, it forgives all the brethren's offenses; finally, it is loaded with the fame of its good works.
It does not condemn with envy the works of its brothers; it does not feign anything, but with an open heart lives. He who tranquilly passes the holy time of life shall, at last, be blessed with the great reward of peace.

Chapter IV

What fury and tumult of war excites horrible contentions? and wounds the brethren by ugly envy? Impure pleasure takes possession of unhealthy minds and destroys the decaying members of the foul body. Why does your desire yearn and it is never satisfied? Why does the emulous mind never possess its longed for desire? Your contention incites cruel quarrels, and, for all that, it does not attain the goal which it wishes to acquire; and, deservedly, because in the presence of the Lord the wicked rabble refuses to pour out its prayers, or those which it pours out are evil. It seeks debauchery, because it can afterwards ravage; and mad lust follows the spoils of wickedness. Progeny of Satan, immersed in execrable debauchery, defiled by the unholy delights of life, do you not perceive how these contrarieties wrestle with the commandments of the Lord?
He who follows in his mind the fragile delights of the world has lost the eternal heaven's most certain battle. The terrible word of the Lord did not sound in vain that we are always carried into vice by our prone heart.

But he who purges the corrupt seeds of his mind, his fame increases in most just honor. Therefore, submit your mind to God the Father; and Satan, with the refuse of evil, will leave your souls.

Unite yourselves to the Father, so that the Father can unite himself with you and can compose your minds in tranquil peace. Let integrity wash away the crimes of wicked deeds; let simplicity expel the duplicit cunning of the heart. Tear asunder, with just chastisements, an unholy body; let your countenance bring forth tears, and your heart sorrow.

Let your concern, rooted in the kingdom of heaven, remove hence the delights of joy which the present life brings. Let the mind lay itself prostrate in the presence of God's majesty; the divine power will again raise the abject.

Let not lying calumny pursue an innocent brother.
For he who violates the good name of a brother with a false crime violates the law; he who breaks the chains of the law can be called the lord, not the servant, of the law. You, God in heaven, are the venerable author of laws, and alone Lord of both life and death.

Let no one assume the power of the divine honor, nor let your voice rashly condemn the servant of the Lord.

Great sin is a most stupid error of the mind, since one promises himself tenure of long life, when he proposes to travel through various cities and to return again with sure interest in money. In your misery why not lessen your pride and examine yourself?

For your life has no sure day nor hour. It is like smoke, which is perceived for a short time, and immediately disappears into small wisps of air. Therefore, entrust to God the Father your life and the details with which life is wont to surround itself.

For, when proud prattle transfers the power of the Lord into strength of its own, such pride involves arrogance, which should be lacking in your heart.

For when your reason perceives the hazards of sin, the most just chastisement afterwards follows the sinner.
Chapter V

A great hoard is crammed with the power of a citadel.
for those who collect a mass of silver and gold.
Bewail loudly, you unfortunates; pour forth streams
of tears.
Let worry for sorrows to come pierce your hearts.
In time, clothing is consumed by the mouth of the
moth;
and treasure and money, having been gnawed away, perish.
Foul rust is called the witness of avarice;
and, being savage, quietly feeds on the marrow of your
bones.
In your last days, when death should be meditated upon,
you heap, in an immense mass, grand treasures;
and, meanwhile, your poor brother, who harvests the
fields,
often lacks the just rewards of his sweat.
But your right hand takes away that reward which is
proper.
But God hears from heaven the cries of the poor;
and this wrongdoing shall bring you severe penalties.
Pleasure has filled soft hearts with delights;
wanton drunkenness has loosened corrupt minds;
festive days, as if joyous banquets, abound.
You have condemned your brethren with unjust judgment;
and your brother, without guilt, will go silently to 20
death.
Let the patience of your soul be steadfast, O brethren, until Christ returns from heaven and revisits the earth. However much they desire these fruits of earth, we see the farmers, nevertheless, waiting with quiet mind until the timely rain falls from heaven and the healthful heat of the sun shall have matured the fruits.

Let constant patience thus strengthen your souls. Christ is nigh; Christ even now leaves the heavens. Let not harsh dissonance break the tranquil peace, lest, by just judgment, your discord comes to an end. The judge looks from heaven, and takes possession of his throne.

Consider how great was the patience of the prophets, who, by divine power, foretold the future. A blessed fortune shall, thus, at last be theirs who submit to the bitter hardships of a trying life. It thunders, and an impure spirit casts Job on a heap of evils; but the right hand of the Father, whose indulgent mercy has no limits, again raises the afflicted man, restoring everything with interest.

Oaths must especially be avoided by you, nor let them be found in the least part of your discourse.
God in heaven above and on the earth below shall hear you;
and he shall lay hold of the wicked mouth's imprecations.
You may not therefore swear by the earth nor by the stars of heaven,
nor by anything God has created on the vast earth. 45
Let "It is" and "It is not" always be the reins of a disciplined tongue;
thus lying shall never be found in your actions.
When God afflicts your body with deserved chastisements,
beg God, with humble voice, for forgiveness of evil.
As long as there is joyful prosperity in your affairs,
let your grateful heart sing the divine praises.
When one's weak body is laid low with serious illness,
let the sick person call in the holy elders whom the church has chosen for her own, who can, with prayer,
pour oil on the members and recall lost health. 55
Let peaceful prayer invoke the holy name of the most high God;
and let there be confidence in his enduring promises.
Thus God will be swayed by their prayers, and will restore health to the sick man, and will forgive all his sins.
Let mutual confession declare public sins,
and let public prayers seek forgiveness, that God may keep you safe and healthy.

The prayers of the just will always have great weight. Elias was a man created from the common mold, but his prayer, nevertheless, was able to check the heavens, and could restore rain to the earth.

He who shall be able to call back to the right path his brethren hastening away in blind error, who corrects the faults of his brethren, and puts them back on the path of truth, in curing the wounds of his brethren cures his own wounds. For though your impure life abound with vice, love for a brother will wash away the stains from that life.
Prayer of Manasseh, King
of the Israelites, while in captivity

O God, O sole glory of our fathers,
O God, most high defender of your just seed,
who with mighty power has created heaven and earth,
and what the earth contains, and what heaven contains,
nourishing God, merciful and slow to just anger, quick to forgive, lamenting our sins,
behold, in my misery I have merited the thunder of your awful vengeance,
and, before your face, I am guilty of sin.
I have offended in great things; I have offended in many things, and for a long time;
and, from old sin, new guilt has risen.
Alas! my heart regrets my sins; I beseech you on bended knee; I beg, God, remember forgiveness.
I have sinned; I confess I have sinned; I condemn my crimes;
and I curse the abominable disgrace of my sin.
Though I am guilty of my fault, let your grace make me safe.
I stretch forth my hands; suppliant, I implore;
God, forgive.
Pardon, God. Do not let me, who am weighed down by a
mountain
of iniquities, perish. Do not be mindful of my sin.
And, although in my misery I myself shall seem unworthy
of forgiveness,
I pray that your grace may be my merit.

Having thus been delivered, my life shall repay you
with praises;
and, with meet honor, I shall reverence your name.
Psalm of David, 34

At all times my tongue shall sing the praises of God;
I shall always remember my Lord.
My spirit shall echo just praises to the Lord;
hearing the praise of God, the pious man shall rejoice.
Let us with one voice celebrate the heavenly majesty; let mighty acclaim carry the name of the Lord to the stars.
At last I have found the Lord, who hears him who asks many things;
and he has, in his mercy, removed every evil.
Seek the luminous rays of the divine countenance, and from that light shall light ever be.
From every side the poor outcast has poured forth his prayers, and God has come and commanded him to depart with head high.
An angel from heaven watches over them who fear the precepts of the Lord; and standing in their midst, he puts to flight every evil.
Prove by tasting that the delights of the Lord are sweet.

They who trust in the Lord hold all things in safety.

Let there be fear among the holy; let there be reverence for his majesty;

you shall thus have adequate means by which you may live.

Great riches perish in a short time;

support is not taken away from the servants of the Lord.

Come hither, my son; take close hold of my words.

Learn to fear the Lord; I shall teach the way.

He who desires to lead a life free from cares, and thinks to enjoy a happy prosperity,

let him avoid evil words and restrain his tongue;

let him not devise secret frauds and treachery.

Let him flee vice; let him keep to the path of righteousness;

let him cultivate the delightful joys of tranquil peace.

For God turns his merciful eyes on the just, and receives pious prayers with a ready ear.

He regards all evil doers with a grim eye, as he casts down the unhappy throng in every age.

The pious voice of the just awakens the divine ears, and he frees the good from every ill.

The Lord is wont to be close to his servants in affliction, and he carefully raises humble souls.
Though a great swarm of evils should assail the just,
    God effects that it shall not harm them.
He has numbered all the members of his servants;
    God does not permit that any of them shall suffer hurt.
An unhappy end threatens all the wicked;
    he who wills evil to the just hastens to his own undoing.
The Lord delights in redeeming, however many servants he has.
He who trusts in the Lord shall be free from sin.
Psalm of David, 103

Let the grateful heart tell again the glorious praises of the Lord:
let hearts from their very depth celebrate with praise the name of God.
O my spirit, remember to glorify the Lord,
from whose vast largesse you have whatever you have.
Who pardons the crimes of your sinful life,
who puts to flight every manner of bodily ill,
whose mercy protects your life from death,
whose right arm pours forth abundant benefits,
who gives the joyful time of budding youth,
who makes healthy the body weakened by age.
The just judgment of the Lord succors all the oppressed,
and by that judge truth prevails.
He conducted Moses on a secure path;
he gave to his people the blessed law.
The Lord is inclined to spare, prompt to pardon;
for a long time he permits many things; then he brings relief.
He does not harbor enmities through length of years;
and he is not wont to be mindful of our transgression.
Punishment, less than the fault merits, follows the fault;
our depravity lacks just retribution.
As the concave earth dwells under vast Olympus,
as the great earth, less than the heavens, is dwarfed,
so does the mercy of the Lord surpass our fault,
when our hearts, full of the fear of God, tremble.
As the early hours are separate from the late hours, 25
when Phoebus brings the day and brings back the night,
so God removes sin far from us,
and makes his anger depart from our iniquities.
And, as a father rejoices in pardoning his penitent son,
so the Lord never smites bruised hearts. 30
He knows our origin: that, being born of dust,
we cling to the earth and are buried in the sod.
Our days are most like mown hay;
the years pass as vanishes a flower in the field,
which, tossed by the gusty storm, falls to the ground,
and the place does not appear where formerly the plant was.
But the undying mercy of the Lord always endures,
if you always fear God with trembling heart.
And the just Lord will defend both you and yours,
if you yourself choose to live by the laws of the 40
Lord.
The divine power has established its seat in heaven;
all kingdoms are subject to the kingdom of God.
Let the angel, happy minister who executes
the commands of the Lord, honor the divine name in heaven.
Let the holy nation, which is wont to be prepared for
the commands of God,
sing the extraordinary victories of the Lord.
The whole complexity of the world joins in praising
its Lord;
and you, O my life, make known your God.
7

Prayer from Psalm 31

O God, O certain hope of our salvation,
you are just, and will by no means let your servant fail.

O God, incline your ears to our complaints,
and graciously bring me seasonable help.

Protect me who am fearful, and whom many dangers surround;
and, when the might of the enemy presses, be my stronghold.

You are all our might, our solitary refuge.

Let the light of your name direct the wanderer.

Deliver me from the snares which the wily enemy has hidden;

for you, O God, are here as my only protector.

Behold, my life lies in your hands,
my redeemer, O true and venerable God.
Having set out from a woman’s womb, mortal man
beholds this light and comes forth.
And, although he shall leave life in a short while,
his life is nevertheless attended with countless troubles.
He dwells in the earth like a flower in the spring;
at once he begins to languish, and in a short while he wilts away.
Fleeting age is tossed about by ceaseless buffeting,
and changes its condition in various ways as a shadow its place.
Shall you, O God, turn your eye on this weak clod?
And, O God, are you ready to be the judge of man?
Can any pure man be made from a seed not pure?
Has any such ever been on earth?
O God, if you set the certain span of human life,
and it please you to reckon the months,
if your order remains unchanged, if your will fixed, 15
if no one can add days to those meted out,
grant, nevertheless, time in which the ailing soul
may unlearn living and thereby learn to die.
Man will thus be prompt to submit to death when it
comes,
since he shall previously be mindful of his lot. 20
For all of us thus receive life as a prize,
that it may always stand or fall by the judgment of
God.
Teaching of Christian habits

Tobias IV

Learn, my son, the commands of the paternal voice;
   let my word be for you the norm of your life.
When fate calls me, lower my body into the tomb;
   may it not be vile to you, but a venerable parent.
Always honor your mother; so order your life
   that you may do the deeds which your mother wishes.
See that you recall to mind how great was her suffering
   at that time when she conceived you in her womb.
When God has ordained that your mother leave this life,
   let her body lie joined with my body.
Let your will remain always fixed in the Lord,
   and let your life be free from the guilt of sin.
Do not despise the precepts which the Lord has given.
   Let the cultivation of justice please you. Flee wickedness.
When you live purely without stain of sin,
   all joys shall flow from the divine will.
Whoever in justice spends an honorable life,
   his days shall be attended by the greatest happiness.
Dispense your sustenance as the need of the brethren demands;
   whatever help you shall give to the poor, give freely.
Do not turn a harsh countenance upon the needy,
lest God turn his holy eyes away from you.
Give to your begging brother as much as your means permit;
you shall thus reserve help for yourself in hard times.
At death, a merciful generosity sets life free;
your benefactions will not allow you to be buried in darkness.
To give alms is most pleasing to the Lord,
and the donors always obtain sure recompense.
Foul fornication is not found in holy lives.
Let your wife alone be joined to you in bed.
Let your wife spring from an ancient family;
a foreigner is not suitable for your wedlock.
Our root descends from holy prophets.
Noe was ours; Abraham was ours.
Isaias was ours; add Jacob to our progenitors;
this ancient family was counted among us.
Everyone's wife was from his own tribe;
it was a happy nation from seed favored by God.
Love your relatives; and, when you wish to marry,
see that you choose your bride from your own people.
Let pride be banished from your heart; let it be banished from your mouth.
Pride is wont to cast you headlong to death.
Pride begets contention; pride abounds in offenses; and unbridled pride finally brings on destitution. For, in hard times, stark hunger follows him whom successful things have made unduly vain. Never tarry in paying the wage of the one earning it; God himself will deal thus with you when you merit pay. Examine with counsel all the aspects of every matter. See that you practice moderation in your journey through life.

Never do for your brother that which you wish never to be able to attain for yourself. Do not take wines for debauchery; let them be taken for a useful purpose. Let drunkenness never be joined to you in companionship.

When hunger oppresses the brethren, make available your table; clothe their naked bodies when they are stiff from cold. Whatever from your stores is superfluous, let it be given to the needy; let your liberal right hand be joyous in its giving. Let your greatest concern be for just men; let not your table, however, be accustomed to feed the wicked.
Let the wise man by his counsel always govern your actions;
whatever the wise man insists should be done, hold to that advice.
See that you always adore your Lord with a humble heart,
and ask that he lead you on the right way,
that he direct your blind footsteps on the right course,
that he give suitable time for your deliberations.
No nation avails in counsel; God alone suggests all things;
from God alone is every good.
And the Lord casts down when his holy will is thwarted;
he strikes to the ground any of us and for any reason he wills.
Therefore, son, keep these, my words, in your heart;
may no day banish them from your soul.
The Lord's Prayer

O Father ours, O venerable Father,
reigning among the stars, who rule heaven,
may your name be enriched
with humble praise.

You who rule kings and subdue kingdoms,
whose power pervades the whole world,
let your kingdom appear; let your great power
be at hand.

Just as the whole heaven serves you,
so may the whole earth surrender itself to you,
and may your will always stand firm
in its strength.
Give to your people, O benign Father, whatever support for weak life reason demands; let your enduring abundance feed us.

And mercifully forgive the wretched their offenses, as we, when we are injured, spare those whose offenses have merited just punishment.

Do not let us, your people, redeemed by the price of Christ's blood, whom you created from nothing, surrender sinful minds to evil.

But, O Lord, protect your servants,

And, Father, call back your fallen people, lest heinous sin overshadows their mind at the same time as their body.
Almighty and merciful God, have mercy on me who seek you;

  turn your eyes, I beseech you, on my groans.
I am sinful and guilty; and because sin delighted me,
  this punishment suitable for my crimes comes upon me.
Every day another fault makes me guilty;
  every day I contract evil debts by my sins.
When I ponder within myself the sins which I have committed,

  the punishment which I bear is less than my crimes.
My life in every aspect is full of vices;
  I know the punishment is less harsh than my deserts.
You are just, O God, and your vengeance is not severe;
  your reluctant revenge is slower than our sins.
O omnipotent Father, when man was nothing on earth,
  at your word dust was suddenly made flesh.
When that flesh had been wholly corrupted by sin,
  it was marvelously redeemed by the flesh of God.
We are not brought forth by chance, nor does fortune govern us;
  you are the God of life; you yourself are the leader of the way.
You, therefore, regard all us creatures with kindness, especially your servants in hope and faith. 20

O God, graciously hear me; I humbly implore your majesty,

lest your scourges be equal to my sins.

Rather let your great mercy succor the wretched, for it is the only salvation from all my sins.

And, as often as you punish my sins with just penalties, 25 just as often, O God, restore me with a stout heart, that patience may always rise above the chastisement inflicted,

and that sorrow may be able to utter your praise.

O God, have mercy; have mercy on the wretch who asks it, whether it is a need of the soul or of the body. 30

You fill up all things, for you alone know all things; and it is you alone who can give everything to us.
Another prayer from the same

Do not come as a just judge, O sweet Jesus,
for my many sins render me guilty.
In your kindness, come gently as our redeemer;
and have mercy on your creature.
Let mercy spare the guilty from your anger and
protect the wretched;
do not be mindful of our offense, but remember our
prayers.
I beg surcease from your anger, O gentle Jesus,
in name savior, in reality actual salvation.
Therefore, Jesus, be mindful of your name and power;
be to my soul an immovable anchor.
In your goodness resides our trust;
for you, God, were the beginning of my hope.
You commanded us servants to seek, to knock, to ask;
and you desire to give whatever good things we ask
for.
At your command, I obey, I knock, I seek, I ask;
you O God, make valid these prayers of your servant.  
God, revive me who am sick, and support me who am falling;  
deign that my dead members be restored to life.  
Teach, you, my senses, and direct all my actions;  
let my life be the servant of your will.  
I acknowledge that it is enough that your right arm has created me;  
and I know, God, that I am your property.  
Bound in Satan's fetters, I was dragged along by the law;  
having become man, you freed my shackles.  
Thus I assuredly owe my whole self to you more than to myself,  
but there is no way which I can repay you.  
I am yours, and yet, unless your grace is available to me,  
I cannot dedicate myself to you.  
Receive me, God, and when any violence oppresses me,  
lay your holy hands, I pray, on your property.  
As I am yours in my birth and in my life,  
so I shall be yours in love and in the desire to please you.
Another from the same

Behold my maker, I know I have asked for many things,
but I know that I have not merited even a few of the
many things.

Alas, I confess that there is nothing good which is
owed to our merits;
rather there is punishment due to my wickedness.

Nevertheless, of all your gifts the greatest is mercy;
and grace alone is especially pleasing to you.

For you do not despise anyone; you do not cast aside
anyone;
but you spontaneously stretch out your hand to one
who faints.

Therefore, God, the horn and the haven of my salvation,
behold me, lost, prostrate at your feet.

I detest my sins, by which you have become my enemy;
they have stolen my Lord from me.

But I, nevertheless, know this, that if I can recover
my senses,
you, God, will be ready at once to forgive.

And if I return to you, you will take me, as I return,
into your arms;
if I tarry, you will wait until I desire to come.
You set straight him who errs, and drive forward the
reluctant;
you excite the tardy and teach unknowing hearts.
You receive the afflicted, and sustain him who falls;
and your grace raises him who is prostrate on the ground.
What we ask shall be given; what we seek shall be found;
and, when we knock, the door will open wide.
You have shown me the footsteps of a virtuous life,
lest, straying, I wander through dark places.
If I shall have served you well, you promise the joys of paradise;
if ill, the fiery kingdom of Satan awaits me.
O merciful God, protector of our salvation,
excite, I pray, our hearts with your fear
that, foreseeing the dire punishment which your just judgment
has in store for our sins, I may repel them beforehand.
Let grace enkindle my heart with divine flames,
that your love may give to me the joys which you promise.
Teach my heart, God, to restrain its boasting;
teach actions which will be pleasing to you.
For I know now that a docile mind will delight you,
and that a humble heart is a precious thing to God.
Therefore grant me these gifts which are pleasing to you
and let a constant love endure in our breasts.
If there shall be a time of war, defend the fearful;
be my hope when the raging tempest comes.

Finally, when a multitude of evils drives me to ruin,
be to me at that time a sure defense.

Behold, God, my prayers to you. I have laid open my wounds.

Bring me, God, to the blessed kingdom of heaven.
Another prayer from the same

O God, soften my heart that it can regain its reason,
and that the spirit of evil, fleeing, may be dashed
to the ground.

Let my eyes with tears manifest true sorrow
and let my hand by almsgiving be a witness of my soul.

O God, extinguish the burning flames of the flesh;
and let your love burn in our heart.

Meek redeemer, let grace overcome pride;
and let my mind, fearing you, be obedient.

Take away the heat of your anger, Jesus, savior;
let my soul patiently bear whatever hardship shall come.

Let no enduring hate dwell in our hearts;
let my whole mind, free from bitterness, be unspotted.

Give me, most mighty Father, the impenetrable shield of faith;
let unfailing hope dwell in my soul.

Let such great love of the brethren always penetrate my heart,
that I may be as concerned with them as with myself.

Let me not be vain. Let my mind neither vacillate in uncertainty,
nor my unsettled heart, through fickleness, wander afar.

Let my modest speech put to flight shameless talk;
let my looks henceforth be free of haughtiness.

Let gluttony of the body and the false pleasure of
debauchery

be altogether alien to my way of life.

Let me not be a liar, nor a great lover of wealth;
neither let it be my labor to know what others are
doing.

Let not fame, with empty pretence, tickle my mind;
let me desire to be lacking a liar’s deceit.

Let anxiety, which should be had for a needy brother,
abide with me;

and let my hand be lifted to help the infirm.

At the end, let not blasphemy be the conclusion to a
life of misery;

this heinous sin lacks hope and forgiveness.

Direct me, almighty creator, lest I rashly hasten
towards wickedness;

let peace and rest come to my mind.

Drive out sloth; distil sharpness of understanding;

and let my pliant soul know prudent discourse.

O Father, I beseech you, through Jesus, your Son,
make me merciful; make me holy, I implore.

And I shall thus love your name and fear your power;
thus I myself shall bewail when my brethren are
harmed.
Let pride, prompt to despise my brethren, disappear; let me be united to the just and separated from the wicked.

Grant that my patience may endure in trying circumstances;
and let the spirit of moderation be given me in events of joy.

Let my tongue lack any evil by which I might offend your majesty,
or by which I might be guilty of offending the brethren.

Let heavenly grace lessen for me the fleeting joys of the world,
which the glitter of a brief moment holds.

Let heavenly grace move me to seek only the kingdom of Christ, which endures without end.
In which things true prayer consists

That pious prayer might hasten to the divine ears,
it ought to have six principal marks.

1 Let it be constant in faith; let it not waver in any part.

2 Let it be brief and let it flee the lengthy tedium of pauses.

3 And, vigorous, let it be offered with great fervor of heart.

4 And, multiplied, let it be repeated in various guises.

5 Let us please the majesty of the Father through the name of Christ.

6 Let our life be filled with a sense of duty and be free from evil.
Concerning the method of rightly ordering one's life

That your soul might be established in virtuous precepts,
six principles must always be repeated in your heart.

1 To begin with, God is our creator and preserver.
2 Satan, our enemy, dwells in the opposite clime.
3 The third principle is that this present life is like to the wind.
4 Death follows, which fact is always present to us.
5 In the fifth place are the mansions of the lofty heavens.
6 In the sixth place, hell is established.

He who often silently ponders these things within his own heart,
I wonder if any taint of sin could be in him.
Concerning divine vengeance

Punishment follows sin. Do not sin,
   for severe chastisement presses upon the sin con-
   sented to.

Even, if, perchance, the mercy of God retards his anger,
   though punishment come late, it must surely come.

O how exceeding happy is he who shall hold these truths
   and fears the just wrath of an angry God.
Prayer against the enemies of the Evangelists

Arise, God, stretch forth your right hand to your faltering servants;
in an angry voice, wicked Satan thunders.
Cataclysmic times beset us with fearful chaos;
virtue is manhandled by force; madness has taken up arms.
Law, suppressed, is silent; pleasure rules in place of law;
arrogance with frenzied threats defies the heavens.
We, your people, whom the glory of Christ touches,
who venerate with true honor your name,
we are hewn in pieces and drag our life through a thousand perils;
from every side a bloody hand harasses us.
The snare chokes us; the iron wheel tears us asunder.
Some perish in the flames; others are overwhelmed in the waves.
Here tyranny brandishes the sword; there it threatens with the rack;
and it makes the cool earth bloody with manifold carnage.
What madness, O brethren, incites such great wrath?
Whence comes this thirst for our blood?
There is one Father in heaven, and one creator;
there is one flesh, one name, one faith.

But the discord of mothers tears asunder the bonds of peace.

Ah, the sorrow of it all! From this fount flows so many ills.

We honor the mother created by the heavenly Father, whom Christ takes as his dear spouse, from whose breasts the prophets have sucked their words, whose progeny was the ancient tribe of the fathers.

Christ came and nourished her with tender love, and she was left in the care of his disciples.

Each apostle and whoever was a martyr in the early days were witnesses to this mother.

The Holy Bible, which, untampered with, keeps the faith intact, continues until the present time as her guardian.

This mother, incorruptible in her holy customs, by looking back to her spouse, has flourished. She has been holy, kind, merciful, and full of modesty, holding fast to duty, loving uprightness, distributing everything, forgiving everything, faithful, unmindful of offense but appreciating benefactions.

This mother, in conclusion, was the discoverer of virtue;
and she remains as the unshakeable pillar of a holy life.

Another woman, the step-mother of Rome, has the name of mother;

the sun sees nothing more foul than this monster. 40

Pride is in her, she revels in debauchery, she strives after honors.

She has no concern for what is good, no concern for God.

She tries to sell the smoke of words and shadows of things,

and she has nothing of piety, only fraud.

She herself makes laws for herself, and annuls them once they are made;

a glutton for money, she feeds on great wealth.

She commands that she be prayed to, that everyone, even though he wields a golden sceptre, lie prostrate before her.

This degenerate animal, rejoicing in the blood of holy men,

wounds the members of God with her venomous speech. 50

Drive out the wolf, venerable Father, which is never satiated,

and which, with bloody tooth, tears to pieces the scattered flock.

We follow you and your bride; we hold to your laws.
both our hope and our salvation come wholly from heaven.

Most high God, let your mercy save us from our misery; you alone are our shepherd, and we are your sheep. Look down from heaven, disperse the puffed-up giants who would plunder your temple with sacrilegious brutality.

While we are unworthy, regard rather the worthy Christ, who washed our wounds in his blood.

A cruel step-mother rants and afflicts us, your sheep, in enclosures of vice, with no one to save us. O God, turn your eyes here on your servants, faltering in the midst of torments, whom an impious rabble harasses.

Let your grace also forgive past guilt, and let there be one mother for us, as there formerly was.

As a Paul shall come from Saul, so shall the delightful rest of a joyous peace follow upon tragic wars.

Oh, that you might make us worthy of such a covenant, O Father, O our thrice adorable God.
The defeat of Scotland

Oh, let England sing, elevated by shining victories,
Oh, let England sing, in the wake of the Scottish defeat.

Well it is that Scotland has fallen, overcome by power and arms.

Now she is destroyed, plundered, enchained; now England rules.

Now England most glorious with her illustrious sovereign, England, a flowering queen, with a mighty army; England, who with great leaders and strong soldiery holds away; and, unchallenged, leads conquered lands behind her.

England, a nation noble in character, noble in arms; now, through happy circumstances, England spreads her joy abroad.

She has often scattered the Scots, and, once scattered, often put them to flight.

Now England, after dispersing them, has thrown them to the ground, and crushed them as they lay.
Forgetful of former defeats, Scotland has often risen again;

after being defeated, she has often again taken up arms once abandoned.

Now she is prostrate, and she shall always be subject to our sovereign.

0 men, 0 race, so difficult to subdue, how often has most merciful sovereign alone pardoned you and imposed peace by drawing up a treaty?

Wretches, so often in violation of peace and good faith, you again took up arms, to your own future disaster and that of your country, ruined by your wickedness and crime.

Now learn at last to serve your Briton king, by which happy king happy England has often achieved, and now achieves, and will often achieve shining victories.

Long live the king, the light of kings; and long live the queen;

and long live our illustrious prince; and long live the Parliament.

May glorious England, after punishing the Scots, after dividing and subduing the French, be at last invincible in arms.
On Prince Edward

Illustrious Prince, the great honor due the merits of your virtue demands distinguished verse.
O excellent youth, flower of your country, glory of your father;
O Prince, superior to your physical strength and years, God has provided the majestic sceptre of your future kingship,
that you might be the noble prince of an honored king.
Your mind, replete with exceptional gifts, sparkles, so that your happy nature is equal to the loftiness of your birth.
Thus virtue shall follow the son, and the son virtue. Prosper, bejeweled offspring of a divine father.
Brook no delays, golden boy, lift your head. Go on to illustrious victories, yourself more illustrious.
We pray that the nature, fortune, heart, and years of your father may be yours,
and hereafter the illustrious realms of your father but may they come to you late.
You have a distinguished father, a distinguished kingdom, a distinguished pair of sisters.
May your fortune, happy because of your birth, be happy also,
through many years and matters of greatest moment.
Concerning victory achieved
for the sake of peace

Prosperous times follow upon hard times;
great joys fall in the midst of tears.
The grievous wounds of the war past are mended;
and peace, reinstated, takes its old place.
The unholy anger of the rough soldier subsides;
the trumpet with rude tone no longer sends forth
loud blasts.
The thunder of savage bombardment does not shake
the walls;
the barbarous enemy does not devastate the cultivated fields.

Parents do not fear the sad fates of sons;
a maid has no fear of bodily harm.
The secure farmer expands his filled barns;
from every quarter merchandise is shipped without mishap.
The bold swordsman does not cut men's throats;
no plunder fills the warrior's hands.
The steel battles of bloody Mars have subsided;
the torch of war, snuffed out, lies flameless on
the ground.
Golden harmony, balancing itself by a pair of feathers, unites our hearts in holy meditation.

Honored peace, descending from the vault of heaven, enters into famous cities and travels into country districts.

Festive peace, so long desired, takes wing from our eagerness; wherever it comes, it brings acclaim and joy.

Peace, bearing her sceptre, ensconces herself on her ancestral throne, and, saturating hearts, quietly bedews the marketplace.

Everything comes to flower—the earth, the sea, the heavens; they possess the inestimable pleasures of tranquil peace.

The trumpet's blast, which, with shining sword, held sway, is put aside for the sweet strings of the artistic lyre.

He, on watch the whole night, who made his bed in camp, now has a bed in his own house.

He who, fearing others, was himself the cause of fear, suffers no wounds, inflicts no wounds.

The multitude who, in blood, collected bloody booty, quietly lives from its own resources.

Their own labor now makes it possible for them to live
whom insecurity held in fear, whom wicked murder kept alive.

They on each side who struck down bodies on the bloody
plain
now enjoy reciprocal pleasures with a tranquil mind.
The earth, which was damp with the slaughter of many men, begins to turn into newly planted fields. 40
And after corpses have strewn the ground, the cloudy heaven
shows itself, eager for the state which was to come.
The whole sea was strewn with spears and arms;
now, in peaceful traffic, the water carries merchandise.
Every ship was full of foresworn soldiery; 45
now the amicable ship joins friendly men.
The hard times of Saturn have finally perished;
and this age, worthy of its leader Jove, thrives.
0 God, 0 you who by your true name are said to be Jupiter,
you who reign in the highest place in heaven, mighty God, venerable God, life's only hope,
from whose eternal power all things flow;
because your mercy has alleviated our mourning,
because your love of peace has quelled fearful strife,
because, after the downfall of Mars, mutual agreement unites us,
because the pilgrim, peace, has come home renewed;
so much praise flows from our lips to you, O God,
as can be rendered to you by a lowly voice.
Mighty God, you who make peace, pity our labors,
grant that this can remain a long time.
Most excellent king of kings, you who are close to
Christ,
you who bear your name's eighth crown,
most invincible king, may your majesty be safe,
whose every safety is bound up with our safety.
France beheld you in arms for our cause;
happy England has followed you, her happy prince.
Now true shepherd of the people, after war is removed,
dispense again the tranquil laws of hallowed peace.
O Henry, adorned by shining victory in arms,
O foremost glory of the plain toga,
you who make your subjects live happily, happily
live a long time,
O prince of the realm and father of the fatherland.
May you be happy, blessed company of Norwich,
offspring of peace, you who foster things advantag-eous to the realm.
What garlands have I seen you joyfully scatter?
What joys have I seen? What great trophy is yours?
Temples, homes, streets, bright with precious decoration,
sounds of music broadcast in the famous town.
Venerable grey-haired attendants, blossoming youth,
gave tokens indicative of a good heart.
By your triumphs worthy peace is assuredly bright;
and your triumph was worthy of peace.
May God rule us, and the kingdom and the king in peace,
and to you, Norwich, he will bring many rewards.
Concerning the peace of Britain
in the first year of Edward VI

Offer to God, O happy England, joyful psalms,
England, a most happy people in tranquil peace.
France, after being battered by the onslaught of cruel wars,
has put off the mad thunder of bloody Mars.
And having become wise, at last, the country of Scotland
has commenced to submit to long-desired peace,
golden concord coming from high heaven.
Hail! illustrious leader over our affairs.
Hail! O peace most beautiful with its snow-white plumes,
pleasing to God, a joy to men and to the earth and to the sea,
opportune for all things on which you pour down your blessings.
Shrouded by the mournful cloud of war, all England had been weighed down by bewildering night.
Here Scotland leaped in; there France hurled thunder.
Shaken fortifications were lost through bloody bombardments.
But, for all that, noble England, happy in war, blessed in peace,
rebuilds itself, relying on its own strength.
France, renounce threats, join in a mutual covenant;
and let neighboring Scotland love its English neighbors.
Open your heart, bejewelled peace, and show your face,
guardian of virtue and child of religion.
O God, 0 venerable source of true peace,
whose harmony flowed from his eternal power,
grant that divine peace, which has come to our people,
may remain constant; grant that in time it may assume strength.
O God, preserve the king and the Parliament of the king;
and make enduring the offspring of the peace concluded.
Change is continuous
both in the soul and in the body

The unstable earth is tossed about by unpredictable motions;
times past bring on new disasters.
Man himself is a divine, intelligent animal,
full of reason, and he considers matters in every part.
The mind, fallen from the starry heavens, is full of power.
The body, excellent in the order of its members and beauty of form,
is united by an harmonious seed of humors.
But on silent feathers, time glides by;
beauty hastens away, strength languishes, and the joints crack.
Bile is mixed with blood in the veins and in bleeding;
cold phlegm pours forth viscous saliva.
Now a black fever, companion to a flock of ills,
sometimes burning with summer heat; then stiffening with cold.
A long train of new diseases follow.
Those infect the head, and violently attack the brain. Some penetrate the hands; some settle in the knees; they torment the body in every part. They cleave to the throat; they spread even to the heart.

Intense hunger attacks the stomach, and an unquenchable thirst burns the throat, and the eyes pass into silent sleep.

Activity follows sleep, and anxiety repose.
Sadness is mixed with joy; prosperity with hard times.
And, what is more, there is nothing constant in the whole body.
Even the very mind is opposed to itself. It boldly undertakes its desires; unafraid, it is borne through uncertain events.

When it fears, it quakes, breathless, at slight whispers. Now it loves, and gives up the whole world for love.
It entreats and, on the other hand, is entreated. And it frightens and is afraid.
It thinks, and it remembers, and it tends to those things which are at hand.
It willed events past, and it willed those to come.

God, then, has united our souls and bodies, through which unceasing flow and motion pass.
24

Do not desire those things which cannot happen.

He who, by his own free will, desires to be unhappy may, indeed, be said to be truly unhappy.

Therefore, they who desire many things for themselves, which, by no stretch of reason, can be attained, they may be said to be unhappy.

For they are unhappy by their own free will.
Do not neglect yourself

Let us, indeed, defer to many in many things, but to ourselves in all.
He is truly wise who is wise in his own regard.
Let things which are yours by nature be yours to some effect.
And let your greatest care always be of yourself.
Each one becomes such as they are
with whom he lives

If men, who are neither good nor bad,
live with good men,
they are soon good men.
If men, who are neither good nor bad,
live with bad men,
they are soon bad men.
If good men live with good men,
they both become better.
If bad men live with bad men,
they both become worse.
Thus good men make good men;
thus bad men make bad men.
Therefore, if you wish to become good,
live with them who are good.
On the other hand, if you wish to become bad,
live with them who are bad.
We are forced to accept public offices

Man is related to man, one mind towards all.
Unequal in knowledge, he is equal in the duty of learning.
Body corresponds to body; each sense comes and goes
the same way; members are of the same order.
It seems that there is nothing more like to itself
than that nature makes all men like to all.
Therefore, let an harmonious purpose join in perpetual covenant
those whom the provident care of nature has joined.
Let no one seek himself, for no one is born for himself.
Let us, with common purpose, busy ourselves with the 10
public weal.
Freed from its burdens and flourishing with strength,
the commonwealth pours sure prosperity into private affairs.
When the wounded commonwealth loses its strength, which
has been shattered,
the single members are destroyed with the whole body.
The wisdom of the law, to avoid these disasters, pro-
vides
that whoever in some degree can should accept public offices
and should not by any cunning free himself from them.
Commanded to be praetor, or consul, or judge,
Titius tries in vain to cast the honor from himself.
To Princess Elizabeth

Happy virgin, happy with a king as father;
happy virgin, happy with a prince as brother;
and happy with Mary as your sister;
happy in a purer religion;
happy in character and innocence;
happy virgin, happy in body and mind;
Elizabeth, you who have been happy,
may you be happy hereafter when the king, your father,
is old.

Happy in the prince, your brother, grown in majesty.
May you be happy with your future husband,
happy in offspring, and happy in learning.
Grow happily in body and in mind.
Thus, Elizabeth, abide in happiness.
To the Duke of Suffolk

I cannot come in the body but I can come in the mind;
   I come, venerable duke, by that way which is possible.
Sickness sorely afflicts me in every manner;
   but it has dealt, nevertheless, more severely with you.
For, when I desired it, your brother, Charles,
   a bright youth of character and intelligence, was not able to have me.
Now when you are not at hand I presently can tell
   in whose character is the beautiful nature of your father.
Your learned mother, truly a womanly figure of pious doctrine,
   is banished from my eyes.
O stern disease, which has brought me so many inconveniences,
   which has closed the way to all my duties.
Nevertheless, I wish you and your mother every prosperity;
   and, even though I waste away, may your beauty remain.
Now, letter, go, most faithful messenger of my mind and body; and see that you perform your mission wisely.
On Marcus Tullius Cicero

O resplendent beauty, O glory of the Roman people,
model of virtue, teacher of an honorable life.
O Cicero, most learned among all the learned,
why has your age not been joined to ours?
Do you understand why it has not been possible for
the present
to perceive your words? Why have we not lived in
union with you?
Why has God not turned your words to sacred use?
Why did Christ the savior not come in your milieu?
O how much you would have helped religion!
Through you, how much God's glory would have been
served!
You were worthy, O Marcus, to live in our time;
the greatest eloquence was worthy of the greatest
events.
But, since God has thus ordained it as it now is,
it pleases us because it pleased the Lord. Therefore,
farewell.
On the same

Do you desire eloquence for yourself?
Or do you desire to be given wisdom?
Tully alone shall easily
impart both to you.
He who would be wise and, at the same time, eloquent, let him travel through these little books. He will thereby be made both wise and eloquent.
To a certain noble youth

I received a small book; I am sending a small book to you.

As yours is new, so I am sending you a new one. You give a German one to me; I, in turn, give a German one.

As yours is varied, so is mine.

I do not doubt the great fondness that the small Hess had;

Carion comes in the same manner, full of love, the happy poet commands the year to be happy;

Carion, the author of the story, demands the same. Therefore, book responds to book, wish agrees with wish; may the new year be alike for both.

Thus, a poet, I shall quickly become famous; and, as in the story, you may be the leader.

Develop, young man, and meditate upon the excellent memorials of upright virtue which the present book gives.

For Carion both depicts patriotic undertakings and teaches you to be greater than your father.
Concerning music

Pleasure first taught music;
pleasure increased fondness for music;
pouring forth joy, pleasure retains
the use of music.

Gentle Cupid played music;
tender Venus played music;
bright Apollo sweetly played music
on the cithara.

Music captured the minds of men;
music tamed the senses of wild beasts;
music moved mountains, and waters, and trees
from their foundations.

Music rules the loftiest stars;
music rules the lowest regions of the earth;
permeating everything, music rules
the depths of the sea.

Music is medicine to the melancholic mind;
music considerably lessens affliction;
music provides great things for the old, the middle-aged
and the young.
A wife should not be taken

It is a difficult thing to take a pert companion,
a wily associate in all one's activities,
a haughty lady over all one's property
for a whole lifetime.
One who desires that your grief be on her account,
who insults your tears with laughter,
who behaves towards you with threats, weeping,
and bitter quarrels.
Who buys your punishment with money
from your own fortune, and bears a child
who will shout with lying tongue the irksome
title of father.
Who can believe your wrath to be meaningless clatter,
your pronouncements words without thought,
your amusements
sinister poisons.
Who thinks your strength is in walls,
Your singing that of a raven,
Your muse the poems
of a country faun.
Who thinks your speech is that of a frog,
your body that of a bear;
who judges that your breaking wind is that
of a timid sow.
Who dreads your dear ones more than the Stygian swamp,
your enjoyments more than the black Acheron,
your life more than the very spirits
of the dead.
A wife variously distributes her nature
in time, conduct, and place,
ever considering the needs of her husband.
Therefore, if you wish all your affairs to prosper,
see that you abstain from life's endless evil.
A wife should be taken

It is sweet to take a perennial companion,
a sympathetic associate in all one's activities,
a trusted mistress over all one's property,
for a whole lifetime.
One who shares your grief with you,
who mixes her tears with your own,
who behaves towards you with cheer, laughter,
and delightful joy.
Who buys your approval to the detriment
of her own fortune, and bears a child
who will shout with tender lips the joyful
name of father.
Who can believe your wrath to be the thunder of Jove,
your pronouncements Jove's commands,
your amusements
nectar from Jove.
Who thinks your strength is that of Mars,
your singing that of Phoebus,
your muse the sacred
art of Pallas.
Who thinks your speech is the voice of Hermes, 
your body the figure of Venus; 
who judges that your modesty is that 
of the sacred Trivia.

Who dreads your enemies more than the Stygian swamp, 
injuries to you more than the black Acheron, 
your death more than the very spirits 
of the dead.

A wife variously distributes her nature 
in time, conduct and place, 
always considering the needs of her husband. 
Therefore, if you wish all your affairs to prosper, 
do not miss life's endless good.
Precepts for marriage
laid down by the husband

My wife, if you desire to please me,
always let your first concern be of God, the second
of us,
and then, thirdly, of our children.
See that the house shines without dirt.
Look after the table, provide for your servants.
Be of cheerful but modest mien.
Let your conduct be unaffected but demure.
Let your dress be conservative and not lacking in
  cleanliness.
When I shall be happy, do not you be sad;
when I shall be sad, it is not proper for you to
  be gay.
And whomever you see pleasing me,
see that you regard him as your friend.
Do not openly contradict anything I shall have said.
If aught offends you, you should remonstrate in private.
If I confide a secret to you, keep it.
Let not evil suspicion trouble you.
If I shall have offended you, you shall make known
the injury.
If you should upset me, admit your culpability.
Let no quarrel go with us to bed.
Let sleep be moderate. Pray in the morning.
When you shall have arisen, spend your time gainfully.
You shall not be too credulous; speak little.
Contention in your presence is not proper.
Be guarded in your answers, and beware of murmuring.
Ally yourself with the good, and disassociate your-
self from the bad.
Let your life be innocent, and your speech truthful.
Finally, let modesty of conduct be your master.
If you shall have done these things, you shall lie
in my bosom.
A wife's response
to precepts for marriage

My husband, if you care to be my beloved,
esteem only me as yourself.
Thus you will be very close to God;
thus I will cherish our children.
See that our home is safe and healthful.
Let those things not be lacking which comfort requires.
Study how properly to employ your servants.
Let your voice be kind; let your speech be gentle.
If you want me to be sympathetic with your moods,
then you ought to be understanding of our moods.
In proportion as you wish your friends to be catered to, see that you grant as much to my friends.

See that you refrain from harsh bickering with the servants,

and quietly admonish me when we are alone.

It is allowable to banter quite freely with me; do not scorn me with undue severity

if I seek to be somewhat frolicsome with you. And it is not enough that I please you, but I want you to be known as a good husband.

If you will not have me be suspicious, remove the cause of suspicion.

No matter how much labor the day has borne, let the night bring with it quiet repose.

Do not rashly absent yourself for a long time from home.

Whatever you promised me as a suitor, remember now, as a husband, to fulfill it.

If you hope to have a Penelope in me, see that you prove yourself my Ulysses.
A serious virgin who remains constant in her looks and heart;
and a temperate young man who avoids the shipwreck of carnal love;
and a faithful and attentive husband who does not believe evil;
and a woman, prudent, tractable, and modest:
everyone seeks these four persons; hardly anyone finds them.

Thus they are life’s greatest and rarest goods.
On the rebels in Norfolk

Blind Norfolk, who shall be utterly destroyed by your insanity,

what madness has put weapons on your shoulders?
What violence has turned your heart from its wonted tranquillity?
What extraordinary stupidity has fettered your hard heart?
And why has your violence ravaged neighboring farmers, and the few towns been assaulted with sudden threats?
And why has a whole district joined forces with you, and come to plunder anew the unprotected populace?
Wherefore have you dared to fly far and wide along the border of the realm, and proudly to sit in the highest place?
And why has suitable punishment for your crime been delayed,
and a merciful God put off just chastisement?
For this reason do you reckon that God and the king sleep?
And because retribution comes late that none will come?
Cease promising vain joys to your undertaking; fear the divine thunder of the outraged deity.
A great storm with noisome upheaval comes; on you alone falls bloody affliction.
Seething with rage, it strikes with painful scourge; wherever it comes, it spreads and death abroad.
Behold the Earl, behold Earl Dudley, behold the hero, and the brightest glory of Warwick, his native soil.
A shining troop follows him with arms and unparalleled courage,
each one subject to his leaders.
What can the unhappy mass of people do? Whither may they flee?
Now there shall be no avenue of safety for the hard-pressed.
A secret retreat in the mountain will not hide you, the forest will not conceal you;
everywhere the avenging wrath of God entangles you.
Unhappy people, humble your hearts, extend your arms; soft words often avert fierce chastisement.
Throw down your iron cudgels, humbly prostrate yourselves;
let force depart, and honor rule your barbarous hearts.
Although the violence of your uprising is horrible,
perchance the grace of our prince will be greater.
Grace will overcome crime, no matter how great, if you seek forgiveness with a worthy prayer.
Let that unbridled spirit, rebellious against all law, depart from your looks and your heart.
Learn harmonious peace; unlearn war.
Subjects, learn the place in which subjects should be.
Most invincible king, you are indeed ruler of our realm;
and, at the same time, blessed nation, you are subjects of this mighty ruler.
Opening its heart, this happy country receives all of you,
by whom the public peace of the realm has been engendered.
To Fury

This happy poem goes to you;  
may a happy year come to you.  
If your new year is happy,  
mine will be happy.  
You consider learning true riches.  
I shall give true riches,  
for I shall give you learning.  
I shall give you this pure book,  
pure Fury, a book excellent  
in many fields of learning.  
Study so great a book as much as you can;  
You can study so great a book as much as you  
wish.  
Thus, my Fury, you will be happy;  
and, thus, I shall be happy.  
Because I regard your profit,  
my Fury, as my own.
To N.I.

If gifts can bring happy years,
    and so great a grace come from a small place:
let a friend join his gifts to the gifts of his friend;
    thus the new year will be happy for both.
To I. N.

We send a happy sign of the coming year,  
a sign which avails by the sign alone.  
You shall have a sign, small in value but rich  
in wishes, which avails by the sign alone.
To Brudenell

Happy with fertile lands, and blessed with wealth,
   happy with a happy wife, offspring, home,
and happy in the learning which the profane muse gives you,
   and the learning which the sacred muse brings you,
Brudenell, happy in years past, may you be happy
   in the new year which this day ushers in.
To Dr. Cox

He who, hardly able to lift his head from his pillow, wished to write a poem, wished to write much more.

Farewell.

Response of Dr. Cox to Haddon

Son, I would rather have you well without a poem, than many poems without your being well.

Farewell.
On the Dialectic in English

of Thomas Wilson

Grammar addresses us of the British tongue as if the British language would run on Latin wheels. Now Logic comes and carries itself in our language, so that reason can possess our speech. England, you were formerly taught in foreign tongues; now you can learn in your own language. Everyone praises grammar, because it has adorned speech; of what worth is logic, ruling us by reason? Thomas Wilson has brought it to our ears, and has thus been of service to his country.
Sister Logic told her Sister Rhetoric that there was a British language which she learned recently.

Rhetoric was silent, overwhelmed by great sorrow; for she did not yet know how to speak in our tongue.

Wilson, who by fortune had been a teacher of Logic and had contributed to our language, overheard these things. He called silent Rhetoric aside, comforting her with friendly words, and inquired whether she wished to be anglicized. Casting down her eyes, she replied that she wished it with all her heart; but that she did not know by what means it were possible.

He replied, "I will give you the means and the rules for speaking, in what manner you may perfectly produce English words."

He gives his pledge that Rhetoric will be ornamented by our tongue. Both have become our sisters. England, if the converse of noble sisters is dear to you, the author of this converse shall also be dear.
On Roger Ascham's book concerning the divisions of archery

If anyone wishes to shoot swift arrows with the greatest skill, the greatest skill will begin with this book. If it pleases anyone to discover what characteristics rigid bows and circular bow strings have, they may be found in this source. Ascham is the author, whom both Apollo and Pallas made outstanding in their respective skills. His experienced hand, his well-informed mind gave this littlebook. Skill sees those things which, once being seen, practice makes ready. He is a highly gifted author because he has given us this highly gifted piece of writing. It behooves us to wish to follow the most competent.
On the book of alchemy
by Thomas Norton of Bristol

Extraordinary in intelligence, extraordinary in the art of writing, Thomas Norton has searched out the seeds of the first things, and the veins of metals buried in the earth; and he has penetrated the most secret bowels of the nether world.

With honied eloquence he brings forth secret meanings, and tabulates all the ways of beating out gold. While this rich learning discloses the sources of gold, the author, nevertheless, is far more precious than gold.
On the nuptials of Ralph Rowlett
and Thomas Hobbey, who took as wives
the two daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke
on the same day

Rowlett, take care that you keep your pearl in mind,
so that the gem, so precious, may be in a safe place.
May brother be like to brother, and daughter to her father;
the husband will thus be worthy of his wife, the bride of her husband.
By virtue, not by force

Force drags the unwilling; virtue makes them willing.

Force threatens, but virtue sways by reason.

Force rules over the body; virtue is victorious in the mind.

Force makes us cattle, virtue men.

Therefore, away with force; let virtue hold sway over all things.

Let force follow virtue as the subject her queen.
Ages of men

The infant slumbers in the cradle, without sense or thought;
after which he is a boy, wasting valuable time by his frivolity.
Then the rash age of the adolescent manifests itself.
And the young man hastens to revelry; the man strives after honors.
The older man seeks wealth and amasses a great hoard.
These harmful wounds of nature are our stepmothers.
Prayer suitable for the times
of the most illustrious Queen Mary

England, often the divine power has been present in your affairs, and guided you, when you were driven by savage storms, into a haven of safety, and set you on land. Nevertheless, the mercy of God has engulfed in marvelous light and warmed with bright rays this present time. Soaring with ambition and blind with lust to rule, unbridled ambition made the sword exceeding sharp. In the darkness, the scepters of wicked ambition, overwhelmed, were cast down, and confused discord sank in manifold chaos. Of itself the very Parliament was unequal to grapple with it; the nobility to crush it; the people with untrained brandishing of sword, and the confused waves of the rabble to reverse it. Madness fights with reason, lust with law; force drags the unwilling; honor is terrorized by arms; fear routs duty, and violence truth.
O thick night for the realm! O cruel time!
England, who will bind the limbs torn by so great a
disaster?
who will doctor the body with its wounded members?
who shall be able to restore its wonted beauty?
You, God, who direct all things in their eternal
whose mercy flows in unending streams;
you, God, who look down from heaven with mercy towards
us
take away the bitter torment of these great evils.
You break into pieces the tumultuous trumpets of
civil war,
you call back the happy peace, you calm troubled
hearts,
you unite in amity discordant spirits.
A virginal woman has come, descending from a line of
kings,
A virginal woman has come, worthy of the name of Mary.
Hail, flower of the kingdom! Hail, jewel most rare!
Hail, worthy star come down from heaven!
Be our most virtuous and happy ruler;
with great gentleness bring help in time of stress.
Be your brother's heir in piety, as you are of
sovereignty.
Serve justice, pardon the contrite, stay
the ambitious. Let there be honor in virtue; let learning be cultivated.

Take care to protect the good; let false calumny not crush anyone. You yourself love your own and be loved by them.

Your brother was king; death has lowered him into a tomb.

You, the queen, his sister, will succumb to death; nothing mortal endures for long. In due time life exhausts itself. 40

Almighty God, who has placed her on the ancestral throne,
to whom happy England surrenders its highest office,
imbue her holy heart with divine vigor,
that she may always lift her eyes above to heaven.
Let piety strengthen; and universal ardor, fastened 45 in Christ,
bind together; let all the nobility assent to right desires; let the people in obedience receive the rules of peace and follow the statutes of the realm.

May golden harmony, with enduring bonds, unite everyone that the common prayers of all the brethren united 50 may be borne,

with humble voice, to their common father.
Poem of consolation to the serene
Princess Elizabeth in time of affliction

There is a God, and God has the most sure care of his own;
just prayers always have great weight.
Often the divine power delays its might,
so that faith may grow resolute in time of delay.
Often God loiters, but he finally rises and listens, and heals the wounded members of his body.
A cruel siege surrounded the unhappy Jews, and just complaint lacked its God.
Finally, he entered into their prayers; and Judith, with sword and avenging arm, cut off the head of Holofernes.
Susanna often stretched forth her hands to heaven in supplication;
but, nevertheless, there was no remedy for her sorrow.
Having been condemned through stupidity, she was dragged forth to a bloody death;
in the midst of death, Daniel, you appeared as her advocate.
Elizabeth, mother of the Baptist, often prayed that she might be a mother; but she was often spurned.
For a long time the divine power delayed her petition,
but, at long last, the old woman was made a mother. Elizabeth, for a long time overwhelmed under a mountain of numerous ills, you often move your pious lips in prayer. Often you lay before God your sad condition and the sharp anguish of your sorrow; often you plead for help. He does not come at once to your aid, so that the fervor of your soul might increase and learn to dwell in heaven. He has delayed help; but at last the Spirit will come with full power, and lift your downcast heart. That Spirit, which permits many members of the blessed Christ to be oppressed but lets none be lost, will raise you up. Trust in God, assist the good, revere your sister; thus yours will be a continuous course of honor. Farewell, Elizabeth, virgin most pleasing to Christ, princess loved by the pious. Elizabeth, farewell.
On a certain noble woman

Venus is in your face, Pallas hovers over your discreet lips, bright Apollo dwells in your fingers. Mercury regulates your tongue, Cynthia your conduct.

O goddess worthy of a god, and Juno worthy of Jove.
On the same

If you remain a virgin, this book is worthy of you as a virgin;

if you shall be a wife, it shall be worthy of a wife.

If your sad lot makes you a widow,

then this book will be suitable for you, a widow.

Thus, whatever fortune shall have prepared for you,

this little book will be appropriate in every way.
On the death of

Thomas Whitehead of Stoke

Thomas Whitehead has finally returned to dust,
and the long span of his life has ended.
He lived a long time, but he was worthy to live forever,
if anyone were worthy to live forever.
But, since this was not possible, weighed down by this mortal burden,
he put aside his body and is ready to live in his soul.
Thomas, this present life made you live a long while;
the coming of death makes it possible to live forever.
On the death of Dr. Martin Bucer

O bewailed by your fellow Germans, O bewailed by
Englishmen,
O mourned by the whole earth, Bucer, you lie dead.
Our school, an orphan, longs for you, its master.
O school, crippled by its leader's demise.
Many members of Christ are, indeed, left to us; 5
but the head which belonged to these members, it
has gone.
And that head was so excelling, that I believe none
in the whole world was, is, or will be more learned
than it.
His holy life was conformable to his excellent teaching;
in both cases he always merited suitable praise. 10
Almighty God, pour down light upon our darkness;
penetrate our blind hearts with holy writ.
He who was both yours and ours now ceases to be
ours, and Bucer is in the heavenly country.
O Martin, farewell, shining minister of Christ, 15
O Bucer, jewel of Cambridge, farewell.
Your state is a happy one, you who, after casting off the dregs of a sick body, have joys of the mind. We are disconsolate, an unknowing rabble who, with you our shepherd taken away, shall travel uncertain paths.

You, O God, shepherd of our commonfold,
set over us, I pray, a man like to Martin.
Thus, Bucer, you can be a citizen not only of heaven, but, Bucer, you can also be a citizen of earth.
On the death of the renowned brothers,  
the Dukes of Suffolk

Noble pair of brothers, a mother's sweetest care;  
here Henry fell, there fell Charles.

What would their mother do if God were not in her?  
She would scream, throw herself on the ground, and  
wish to die.

What, as a matter of fact, does she do? She patiently  
adores Christ,

and thinks well of the security of being united  
with Christ.

Live happily a long while a life full of worth and  
years,

in the hearing of him whose grace has strength.

Formerly you were said to be blessed by reason of  
your sons;

your honor will be greater in their death.

The glory of their lives was the glory of this  
present world,

and it was suited to this world's concerns.

But because you venerated Christ in these men's deaths,  
this glory, sent from heaven, comes to you.

While the world had you, sweet sons,
the world itself wanted you for its master.
Now you rest in the bosom of Father Abraham,
in which place you are blessed with eternal rest.
Therefore, farewell, happy in life and happy in
death.
Farewell, sons blessed with a holy mother.
On the same

I have honored my sons living,
and now I praise my sons dead.
Dear boys, your Haddon, inasmuch as he
is able, bids you farewell.
I have done what I could. I would more were 5
allowable; I would set down more with pleasure.
0 excellent Eatherine, dearer to me
than dear daughters, a long life of happiness.
And may God give to the mother those years
which the sons could not have. 10
Piety should ask this for you;
and it is fitting for learning to pray for it.
For you are the common mother of both.
To Englishmen that they might return to their senses

England, why do you doff your sackcloth and refuse ashes?

England, touched by the terrible wrath of God. Perhaps you wait for Jonas; he has already come and beats upon your ears, and with inspired voice thunders forth threats.

But the sacred declarations of the prophet are of no value to you; for you frolic and suffer your time to be frittered away.

With righteous wrath, God himself comes after Jonas; and with fearful aim he hurls bloody spears. But you snore in drunkenness and in the sepulchre of sin, and, most unhappy, refuse to watch.

When the rage of the populace disembowelled you with a sword, and dashed to pieces the holy commands of their prince; when blood dripped from your whole body, and that blood flowed with your own strength;
was not a steel sceptre seen coming to you from heaven, which would tame wild hearts with chastisement?
But your hearts remain hard and full of wickedness; and, already polluted, you defile yourself with new vices.

Wherefore, abject hunger and base want have come, another dreaded scourge for despising God.
You are negligent, you scoff, you reap plunder from the whole earth, and you drunkenly waste your property and resources.
You collect and desire that which you can subsequently squander in wickedness.
Lust is both the leader and the companion of your avarice.

Whither do you hasten, O madman, seeking the derision of the world?
Why seek that you should flee? Why flee that you should seek?
In wrath, the avenger threatens your stiff neck, and he poises ready spears for your destruction.
A fatal feeling of fatigue hovers around the body, and soon infiltrates it, weighing down the breast with deadly plague.
And before you can perceive it, it steals in,
and before you are aware of your destruction, it is fatal.

But, nevertheless, the mercy of our almighty Father is limitless; he lets the flaming torches smoke but does not let them go out.

England, lift your head, survey the ghastly ruins; having been blind, at last look to your Lord. He is our Father; he is our Lord. If you love him, he is a Father; neglect him, then the stern wrath of the Lord will turn on you.

Thrice God has thundered from heaven; thrice the thunder has rolled.

Not without punishment does he tolerate your wickedness.

Thrice the Lord most benign has sent warning arrows that he would have you, admonished by punishment, be righteous.

England, be watchful; these final days of life are given that you might either be better or be nothing at all.

If you will be better, the clouds will everywhere recede,

and the true light will give new life to you.

But if your obdurate heart is in the grip of sin,
you will be a soldier of Satan; death will be your end.
The death of the soul follows, the wages paid for sin, from which there is no escape possible for you. 50
O God of humankind and monarch of the world, under whose dominion lies the establishment of kingdoms, spare your realm, because if you yourself do not rule it,
no arm can lift the downtrodden.
You are our God, the master of our life and conduct; you alone possess the holy seeds of virtue. Unless you guard the city, unless you defend the ramparts, there will be no purpose in our labor. England has drunk from the fountains of Holy Writ; 60 may her blameless life befit the sacred word. This has been and still is wanting; if you recall it, it shall return.
Unless you shall give it, no one can bring it back. But you shall give it to us, and then you shall see our hearts, renewed by your help, again grow strong. Then England will humbly pour forth hymns and songs, and worship your name with true honor. Then England will be prince of kingdoms, queen of the world, and a minister pleasing to her Lord.
On Sir John Clere, Knight

Bright John, by family name Clere;

knights, cited for distinguished prowess in battle;
commander of the fleet who went to sea, and pursued
the Gallic host, and destroyed their ships by fire.
Thereafter he vanquished other fleets on the high seas,
and made travel safe from marauders.
But far from satisfied, he turns his mind to greater things;
he anchors his ship and fleet in a harbor of Scotland.
Kirkwall was a center whither Scottish commerce
was brought together from all points, and within it was a tower.
Courageous Clere forced his way in and remained for two days;
Kirkwall, meanwhile, was our booty.
Clere, champion on land and sea, what are you waiting for?
Why spend a long time alone with your enemy?
Fortune not always favors those whom it frequently elevates;
it diminishes and at last cruelly permits them to perish.
Why have such excessive hope? Your enemy will not sleep forever.
True honor should have just bounds.
The day of reckoning comes; the fatal hour draws nigh.
Already the armed Scot, after traveling from the
hinterland, is here.

Our men disperse; on all sides our colors are deserted;
and nearly alone, Clere stands on the vacant field.

He entreats, he exhorts, he cries. Whither, treacherous soldier,

whither do you run? Here is the Scot; let your
arrows fly at him.

Your country summons you, soldier; your commander calls you;

and your honor forbids you to betray your colors.

While he bewails and vainly expends his strength in shouting,

the Scot advances, threatening dire calamity.

One of his attendants flew to his aid, grasped his arm,

and warned him, so forgetful of himself, to go to the beach.

He refused to yield, and commands the troops to waken their courage. Repeatedly he pleads for this one thing.

When he sees the hordes of Scotsmen and that rout is certain,

he abandons his ground and searches where his boat may be.
Fate blocks his only hope of survival;  
the boat was sought but it was not found.
Then, overcome by a great soul's anxieties and the force of arms,
he goes into the sea alone and ploughs through the water.
He is carried by the current to the boat. Saved at this point, you could have survived.
but unfriendly fate refuses your deliverance.  
The Greek lifts his immersed shoulders from the sea, but he falls back again by his own weight.
The black sea held Clere under, and he could not thereafter find a way back to life.
But fortune gives Clere a distinguished tomb,  
and forbids his sacred remains to be disturbed by the waves.
Pitying his sad lot, the dancer, death, buried his noble body in holy ground.
And because your body served your country with honor, may your spirit stand in heaven before God.
On the death of the Earl of Warwick

Shining John, glory of the Dudley clan, whom nature made good, fortune blessed, has departed this life, snatched away in his early years.

Grace, nobility, strength, prudence, virtue, delicate chastity, modesty as the safeguard of conduct,
gentle mercy extending itself to everyone, were the shining lights of the Earl while alive.
Happy, therefore, in your own virtue, unhappy in your father's sin, buried by cruel fate, farewell!
Farewell, unfortunate youth, whom the excelling mercy of your prince commanded to live. But black death cruelly stretched forth its black hands and overwhelmed you with disaster.
On the death of Lord Maltravers, Earl

Noble Henry, scion of ancestors with the ancient name of Arundel, who was called the hero of Maltravers; who traces his line from the Fitzalan family, earls powerful in their strength; whom an excellent father had seen skilled in arms, learning and mental power, fluent in sweet conversation, full of counsel, whose manly gravity and virtue, arriving before its time, transcended his years, with disastrous suddenness he has sunk to earth, while honor attends the generous mind and glows fervently in the youthful breast.

Mary, Queen of Britain and monarch most learned, sent the brilliant youth as ambassador to the brother of Caesar. Hastening on the journey, he is transported by horses and arrives at the court of Caesar; and with the greatest praise accomplished the mission entrusted to him; and glory rushed forth to his great credit.

But a fatal fever comes in the midst of his triumphs; and having laid waste his tender limbs, the plague devours him.
Oh, unfortunate boy, too forgetful of your own safety, too mindful of country and parent, why hasten so? It is a great thing to labor within 20 bounds.

You should so serve your country that you might be able to serve it frequently and to succeed to your aged father.

But you are pleased rather to bargain life for fame; you do not fear death which glows with so much honor. Greater glory certainly could not befall you, even if Jupiter had given you six hundred years.

It was the motive of your early life and the cause of your labor, and, as the attendant of your death, preceded you to the court of Caesar.

Thus, the most worthy youth, O thus high among the stars, concluded his happy life with a blessed death.

When the reign of Mary had entered its fourth year on the last day had by the month of July, that same day was the last to shine on the bright youth.

If you subtract one year from his fourth lustre, this was the time of Maltravers' death.

As Titus Caesar was snatched away in his early years; as the boy, Prince Edward, was plucked by death.
Save your tears, father. O England, check your sorrow.
The fates favor no one; our enemy death comes to all.
The one thing which is permitted, Shelley with eloquent
lips has performed, that of celebrating the name with
graceful speech.
And your Haddon, a great lover of the boy when alive,
extends to you these monuments of his earlier learning.
And now, farewell, most learned jewel of our youth.
After Edward, England has seen no one greater than he.
On the death of Sir John Cheke, Knight

Cheke, light of doctrine and teacher of conduct,
nature's golden frame, lies in death.
He was not one of many, but he was one excelling
all, and he was the light of his country.
He was the jewel of Britain. Time never produced
so great a treasure; time never will.
Epitaph of Mary Bacon

Anna gave Mary Bacon, the first fruit of her womb;
but little Susannah came in Mary's place.
God, hereafter add nine; take for yourself the tenth
birth.
Thus the mother shall give the tenth and the first
fruits.
On the death of James Haddon,
his brother

Brother, closely allied to me in everything,
whose life was the very breath of my life,
how does your death make us go in different ways,
whom like fortune in the world pursued.
Earthly chains of flesh bind me tight,
while your free spirit is in heaven.
Anxious concern for troublesome affairs wearies me;
united with God, your soul has sailed into port.
My present state and fear for the future torment me;
but your rest is attained and abides for all time.
O James, happy in timely death!
O would that I myself were joined to my brother!
On the exhumation and restoration
of Dr. Martin Bucer

Why did cruel tyranny exhume your ashes?
And did it believe that there are no gods?
Not so, but God is the greatest lover of virtue,
and he will be the grave avenger of crime committed.

Gnash and grind your teeth, Satan; hurl your threats;
no season can harm the members of Christ.
The somber tomb of the brilliant Bucer caught fire
when Satan cast flames of fiery vomit from his mouth.

But the merciful arm of the Lord put out the flames,
and caused the ashes to be venerated with fresh honor.

Thus piety, victorious in the long run, rises above the stars
and bends Satan's proud neck to Christ.
Epitaph of Louis Valentine Vives

Vives still lives and is worthy to live forever;
nor shall virtue so memorable be able to die.
Happy friends at Bruges whom such a one loved,
and happy ground where his pious remains lie.
Happy the parents who begot him;
happy they who reared such a man.
Renowned Valencia is more known by reason of this
one citizen
than Cordova was known because of the two Senecas.
The blind Senecas diffused Stoic frivolities;
all Vives' teaching is full of God.
It is doubtful whether anyone in the future will be
more learned or more virtuous;
but, for certain, no one in the past was more
learned or more virtuous.
Timely death closed in on a life brimful of learning;
may fate thus terminate my last days.
Epitaph of Thomas Mason

Nature gave to Thomas Mason whatever elegance it had;
whatever grace had, it gave.
The solicitous care of his father was joined to
brilliant talent,
and made him speak in a wondrous tongue.
This flower had endured three lustres of age
before his beautiful bride came in a marriage
well-matched.
Life thereafter was replete with joyous things;
nothing was lacking to the greatest bliss.
Envious death stretched forth its hands, full of
lethal chill;
and he who was once a youth is dust.
The extraordinary boy would have been a most worthy man of many years if cruel fate had deigned to yield to merit. But the way of fate proceeds on its unvarying course, and its irrevocable day makes off with everyone. Alas! Prince Edward wasted away in his tender years; there was no such boy in the whole world. The Suffolk brothers, sons equally noble, perished; and one day snatched two dukes. And disaster overwhelmed with sad obsequies Maltravers; scarcely any day ever took a brighter boy than he. You, Father Mason, strengthened by learning and experience, cease weeping over the sorrowful hurt to your house. Thomas is dead, filled with youthful honor; length of days was able to take more than it could give. The law of birth is universal, and so is the law of dying; God determines the time for both.
On the death of Lady Jane Somerset

Jane, gentle in birth and beautiful in face,
   was noble in the art of speech and in dexterity
   with her hands.
Thereupon, Venus and Pallas dispute who ought to have
   her.
   Venus wants her for herself, and Pallas wants her too.
Savage death, fixing his spear in the virgin breast,
   replied, "Neither of you shall have her, for the prize is mine."
In her body, Jane lies dead; earth will mingle with earth.
   But her holy soul resides in heaven.
On the death of Nicholas Poyntz, Knight,
from the English of the most illustrious
gentleman, Thomas Keneage

In the midst of the world's rumbling and unintelligible uproar
and confused times, I, Poyntz, knight, continued on my way.
There was no fear which could shake my breast;
my mind was continually on what it sought.
Now, I have reached port; farewell to the world's frivolities.
Hail, life eternal! Perishable life, farewell!
On the death of Lady Elizabeth,
Marchioness of Northampton

By right of nature Elizabeth was Cobania,
and by the rightful name of wife she was Parra.
Form, modesty, piety, grace of fluent speech,
learning, virtue, inviolate fidelity,
humor with gravity, charm with simplicity,
munificent hands, noble heart, unswerving love.
Finally, whatever nature has which it could add;
whatever grace has which it could add.
All were in the train of Parra living.

Horrible death buried all them at the same time.
Although cruel death has buried them in a somber tomb,
their fame, nevertheless, shall be enduring.
He concerning himself

I had no body; it was once a living cadaver.

Encroaching death contracted every kind of disease.

Earth covers earth; the soul clings to the greatest souls.

Hail, happy death! Miserable life, farewell!
I, England, a small island completely circumscribed by the ocean's shores, have no great mass of land. Nevertheless, the fame of my men of old has made me illustrious, so that I derive my worth from a celebrated name.

I do not boast! I do not publish my own praises. But the glory which I bear has divine sanction. My earth pours forth fruits from a rich vein; my pastures swell with luxurious fertility.

Amid all this, streams mingle delightfully with brooks, and on swift current proceed clear waters.

The noble oak nods with timeless strength; and the green fields breathe forth a pleasant smell. Precious metals wander through my bowels; riches accumulate within, and power without.
These are great signs of divine favor; but they are less good than some other goods. God delivered me from earth and placed me in heaven; and he made me to be a disciple of his Christ. He banished the errors which unseeing times accumulated; with its primitive sanctity the ancient faith returned.

O venerable father, kind to your little flock, with humble prayer I extend joyful hands to you. May the rule of sacred scripture, as it is now, be mine; and may your name remain on my lips. Let virtue arouse ardent flames in my heart; let my holy life be zealous for holy doctrine. Let Elizabeth, my much desired sovereign, prosper; and let this head preside without fault over the members. May your grace keep this excellent head safe; thus there shall be salutary peace in the whole body. Let the nobility live in harmony, and in harmony the Parliament; let law hold its place, and let there be honor in learning. Let those who preside over sacred things be conspicuous by their virtue.
Let the sacred word be our leader, and our companion a virtuous life.

Let not disunity harm the people, nor wars exhaust them; let peace, the sweet friend of our land, abide.

I do not ask many things, although many things should be asked.

I pray you, God, remember your handmaid.

Christ God and Son of God, direct my prayers, who sits, full of honor, at the right hand of the Father.

May the Spirit from heaven raise up the learning which has been shattered; our hearts shall thus have new strength.

Although I fail in many things, nor even now live without sin, let my plaintive cry mitigate the gravity of my misdeeds.

O God, hear me. England, your humble servant, entreats you.

With tears she implores assistance at once.

I confess that I am not worthy of so great a favor. Your Son, our victim, is worthy.

I shall thus gratefully hold your name in honor; and, thus, to my people there shall come the greatest glory.
On the most auspicious reign
of the Most Serene Queen Elizabeth

England, battered by savage waves, lift your head;
England, agitated by misfortune, lift your head.
A golden virgin has come, venerable with rose-like
mouth;
Princess Elizabeth, full of God, has come.
Wherever she goes, she is everywhere surrounded by 5
festive celebrations.
Wherever she walks, she arouses jubilant happiness
on all sides.
Star of salvation, hail! Rescue our present affairs.
Let the land of Britain be illumined by your beams.
Beautiful star, now that your fresh light has been
brought closer,
illumine our country, bathed in fog.
Cold Boreas has been sounding with frightening terror;
and bitter winter has ravaged the earth for a long
time.
Gentle Zephyrus now yields pleasant breezes;
newly reawakened, England is now truly green.
You, God, have done these things, you the ruler of 15
lofty Olympus;
looking down from heaven, you saw our wounds.
You alone are God, the medicine for our woe;  
in time of calamity you are always with your servants.

You, God, have placed a jewel on her ancestral throne,  
who alone is able to restore light to the country.  
She has restored it, restores it, and if she shines hereafter  
with your light, she can restore it in the future.

England, extend your hands to God, and let your spirit, with  
humble voice, often rise to the Lord in prayer.

Elizabeth has been set as teacher over your servants  
that she may remain the faithful minister to the Lord God.

Let her be pious; let her be merciful; and let her be a lover of virtue.

Do not let perish the seeds of doctrine she has planted.

Let her cultivate justice and dispose in their proper order  
affairs, men, lands and whatever England possesses.

Let her lend an attentive ear to right counsel,  
and to the oppressed render help when it is required.

Let her thunder against wickedness and shatter rebellious hearts;  
let her pardon the contrite who are intent on betterment.
Let her abide in just adoration and fear of the Lord; let Elizabeth as sovereign be like to herself. And when she dies, let her leave offspring like to its mother; after her death, it can thus live for the kingdom.

We are cursed with sword, fire, sickness and famine, we whom the sorrowful wrath of God is deservedly chastising. We are the miserable ones whom the merciful arm of Lord has lifted, and to whom the road to heaven is again opened.

It is to our advantage to keep with sincere heart the commandments of the Lord and to enjoy the true faith.

Let the unholy license of the flesh depart from the kingdom; the spirit is free, a thing pleasing to God. Let reciprocal concord join us in unwavering love; we will thus be children grateful to their father. Depart, envious spite, let the liar buzz in disgrace; let sordid gains from depraved avarice depart. Let sedition hold its tongue; let evil plunder be banished; and let cruel tyranny, thirsting for blood, quit the realm.
Let reverence for our ruler lodge in our minds;
and, Elizabeth, be kindly to your people.
God will thus send prosperous times during your reign;
the kingdom can thereby live happily with you.
To a most honored friend,

Nicholas Lord Bacon,

Keeper of the Great Seal of England

That you may be in good health, first let care be taken to keep your head covered;

and keep ill-cooked food from your stomach.

Take wine that has a pleasant taste and bread well-baked;

do not sit at table until you are sated with eating.

Let Venus not exhaust the weakened limbs of the body; and Bacchus should be absent from your bed.

Let there be moderation in eating and moderation in your work;

let not vexatious wrangling disturb your soul.

Let ceaseless patience overcome the throes of fortune; you shall be happy even when times are sad.

No matter what God permits, live content with your lot; in unhappy circumstances, keep your heart at peace.

Let your credulous mind not accept every voice;
your hand must not be lifted against the poor.

At table let friendly conversation moderate the appetite; do not with greedy bites devour much food.

Let not your words flow profusely; but let resolute fidelity follow your words;
lend not your tongue to anything evil.
Ever abhor lips which are at variance with themselves; let your table, well-set, scintillate with harmless wit.

Let your house not be drawn and divided into various factions; love those whom your fate has made your neighbors.

Your dress shall be such as your station demands, although, for all that, coarse material is suitable for your members.

Contention is always prejudicial to you. Does growing richer urge you to acquisitiveness?

You will treacherously be an enemy to him whose friend you were.

If your inferior is defeated, your victory merits no praise; love for duty must be maintained.

If you plan a trip in the morning, let Vulcan visit you in bed at night; he puts to flight heaven's dire poison. When you wake, pour forth in humility your prayers to the Lord; God will thus see that your affairs are safe.

Let your compassion be prompt in relieving the poor; and be ready to assist those whom you see are in misery.

The Lord will thereby heap up riches for you in heaven, and he will give new wealth with generous interest.
Drunken revelry, which nightly dissipates in debauchery, must be banished at once from your bed.

Beware of sleeping servants and night lamps; a small flame ignited fiery torches.

In the morning let laziness not detain you in bed; arouse your frame early and go out of doors.
Let a lying tongue and shameful desire leave the house;
let not property worked for be dissipated in a game of chance.

Remember to keep gaiety your companion at table; a prolonged siesta should not follow meals.
Let the feet, head, and stomach be covered against the cold;
let no worry lodge in your breast for any length of time.

That your property might last, control your expenses with reason.

there will always be too much and too little in vice.

When the time is not propitious, you should postpone a decision;
when the time is ripe, you should proceed with dispatch.

You shall dub it a crime for anyone to swear falsely.
Be cheerful; anxiety shall quickly make a man old.
Refrain from drinking in the morning, unless you are parched with unusual thirst; 55
let money be serviceable for you and your work enjoyable.
At table let drink be served at the proper time;
for the rest, let it be unavailable, except in case of great thirst.
Salt too generously used generally weakens healthful taste;
therefore, let it season your food in moderation. 60
Finally, whatever it is which your nature dislikes,
do not partake of it or only very little.
If you wish to adhere to these precepts from my muse,
you will have a healthy mind in a healthy body.
Farewell.
On the College of Westminster
recently restored by Queen Elizabeth

This noble hall, memorable for its ancient origin, succumbed to the various vices of the time. At last, Elizabeth, a queen, came from heaven, and effected that it can have existence in perpetuity.
On the portrait of the most serene

Queen Elizabeth

Woe is me, that virtue, replete with so much beauty,

does not possess the possibility of eternal duration.
On the portrait of Thomas Cranmer,

Archbishop of Canterbury

Thomas Cranmer, you were at once learned and pious;
joyous times God gave to you, and difficult times.
On his own portrait

What are you doing, O foolish man, why are you painting a fleeting mask?

Tomorrow my countenance will be either different or non-existent.
On the same

I am not of so much importance; but this delineation
is the wish of friends
against the greedy time when the form shall be re-
moved from the tablet.
83

On the portrait

of the most beautiful lady, Ann Heneage

Excelling in talent, full of womanly beauty,

and, except for these praiseworthy qualities,

Anna has nothing.
On the portrait

of Edmund Hall of Gretford

The likeness of the body is known through the skill

of the painter;

the mind lies hidden, known only to God.
To Robert Lord Dudley,

most illustrious Earl of Leicester

Courteous Leicester welcomes with joyous countenance

an earl,

but wished rather to have a duke.

But, nevertheless, worthy Robert, if I may confess

the truth,

there is a way in which an earl can, at the same

time, be a duke.

Fortune most prosperous, an earl, made you an earl;

and your virtue, a duke, makes you to be a duke.

Let the duke, virtue, remain; and let the earl, fortune,

follow.

You will thus become the greatest glory to your

country.
To the same

Extend your hands in supplication to God, pour forth your prayers, whether you stand watch or are bedded for the night. And because she is the head of the kingdom, let your concern be for the prosperity of the queen; love her faithfully with a true heart.

That the country may prosper, seek the common good; let the country know that you are its champion. Let your most immediate concern be for yourself and your own safety; great benevolence never wants for envy.

Live sincerely; be faithful to your true friends; believe nothing rashly; consider beforehand what you do.

Let false suspicion with its unfounded rumors be removed. Disassociate yourself from evil men; help the virtuous. Pardon your enemies, but trust only those whom either blood or love has joined to you.

Have a magnanimous heart; be always of the same countenance. Let no one find you to be unlike yourself.

Finally, howsoever you wish that you appear to be to the public, act so that you may in truth be such.
Farewell! May you live long and happily count many years!

Let this life, however, be mindful of your new life.
On the wedding of the most noble Thomas Cecil

The Cecilian tree begins to spread its branches,
and from its noble root to bear fruit.
Thus, 0 gods, thus a name may grow from a great
name, and be perpetuated for many years.
All ages will remember the excellent father;
may undying fame proceed from so great a source.
As he is the happy father of the fatherland, so let
the father's
progeny prosper: let this be my most important
prayer.
To my bed

My bed, rest from weariness, and surcease from labor,
   you who bring with you sweet repose at night,
give ready sleep, ward off useless wakefulness,
   grant that serious contention may leave the forlorn heart.

Blot out all the miserable world's scorn;
   you can thus be generous with your hospitality.
A response

That I may be your rest from weariness and surcease from labor,
let your heart be unburdened when you seek your pillow.
That you may have ready sleep and no wakefulness,
let there be moderation in your life and let your mind be unclouded.
Finally, act as if you believed your bed were your tomb;
it will thus be granted you to relax in my hospitality.
On the Commonplaces of Wolfgang Musculus
translated into English, and the insignia
of the Most Reverend Lord Archbishop of Canterbury

The integral machine of the farflung world will be broken,
and every pleasing thing in the whole world will be removed.
The Lord lives eternally; strive to know him.
That you might know him, Musculus shall be your teacher.

One, himself most commendable, foremost in character and in office commends him to you.
By birth, Parker had the ancestral keys;
a dancer connotes the rites of religion.
Our sovereign added thereto serene stars, without a cloud,
that the holy faith might shine by the light of his conduct.
Noble Paget descended from an honorable line; attached to the court, he lived a long time in great honor.

Who is his better? Who surpasses him in his father's ancient honor,
or who else, by his own deeds, has covered himself with every glory?
Epitaph of Thomas Chaloner, Knight

Thomas Chaloner excelled in nature and in learning,
and he was a man who rendered service to his country.
He undertook public office with great distinction;
at home, with equal merit, he authored books.
Thus, while he lived, he lived to the great honor of
his country;
to the great detriment of his country thus he died.
On Sir Thomas Hobbes, Knight, who died while he served in the legation at Paris

Although death came very quickly to Thomas Hobbes, he did not die, nevertheless, before his time. Excelling in character, cultivated in learning, in the prime of life, he had used his extraordinary abilities. He was wealthy and educated, happy in a virtuous wife; whatever Phoebus was able to give, he made his. He left outstanding progeny of both sexes; exceedingly great charm concealed great power. Our prince added to him the significant name of knight, so that just ornament might be present to his merits. France received him as legate with open arms; and his wife went with her husband, as the wife of Mithridates journeyed with him into battle, and as Pompey's wife was his companion. But the fate of Thomas was different. An enemy host oppressed them, but Thomas died without enemy or threats. While serving his country and with prosperous fate smiling on him, he takes sick and dies, enfolded in the arms of his wife.
Following upon a peaceful life, death is tranquil;

I should wish thus to live and thus to die.
Little flowers taken from Jesus Sirach

He who is wise assiduously studies the divine books, and attentively listens to the holy teachings of God. He who venerates with just honor the voice of the Lord, he serves God, and he is pleasing to God.
The most honorable enterprise is the true worship of the Lord; it stimulates the mind; it makes happy the heart.
Let you who desire to serve the Lord be just, and learn to suffer in the presence of fortune's dire violence.
Let the sober moderation of a peaceful life rule you; being good yourself, you can thus be more esteemed by the good.
Do not unduly search whatever reason cannot fathom; let no difficulty be undertaken which is superior to your strength.
Kindly regard the wounds of your divided brethren; once asked, bring prompt relief to the poor.
Be constant in spirit; let not every wind toss you about.
Avoid setting out in many directions.
Do not teach others what you do not understand beforehand;
the tongue can be used for virtue and for vice.

Never let your idle tongue be a party to trifling gossip;
nor let your conversation falsely attribute faults to anyone.

Pleasant speech entices human hearts;
a friendly word cements friendships everywhere.
There may be a numerous host which is ever so genial towards you,
but out of them all there will be only one friend.

Intimacy with him who is discreet will help you,
and there is no harm in often visiting his home.

Let not expensive attire inflate your heart with pride;
do not preen yourself when you thrive in prosperity.
On the death of Mary, first wife of Thomas, most illustrious Duke of Norfolk

Thomas, himself a young man, made me, the maiden Mary, to be the partner of his undefiled marriage bed.
There was nobility on both sides; there was ardor on both sides.
The span of years on both sides was the same.
Whatever it has, benign nature gave to us; and whatever it has, golden virtue gave.
Envious death, never content with inferior things, snatched me from you, my dear husband, and you from me.
Live mindful of us, Thomas. The seed of Surrey is a great part of me, as well as a great part of you. Grow, happy youth, go on to fatherhood and old age; life can thus return after my death.
Farewell, Thomas! You who may become a husband again and again.
I was your first but not your last solicitude.
On the death of Margaret, the second wife of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk

Nature made Margaret good, fortune happy; she was noble by birth and by marriage. As wife of Duke Thomas, she mounted to the greatest honors; he increased her illustrious father's pledges of love. But while she has great hopes of becoming a happy mother, at one and the same time she ceases to be wife and mother. Sombre death, ever contrary to joyful events, hatefully attacks the young mother at time of delivery. And while the child is saved, it cruelly carries off its mother. Ah, rather the mother remain, and the child go! Fate says "no"; its day makes off with everyone. O noble Thomas, fate also drags you in its train.
On Elizabeth, his third wife

Norfolk saw me his bride, his bride at Cumberland;
there I was a countess; here the wife of a duke.

O happy me, while my fortune remained.

But fortune cannot stay for long.

Be of good heart, my Thomas, time passes;
the fleeting course of years, like a shadow,
flies away.

Each one has his day which concludes his span of life.
that day took me; that day will take you.

Meanwhile, serve your country. Remember me
who was joined to you, albeit for a short time.

God has hidden new joys in a sad funeral;
but your fate will restore you to me. Farewell.
Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, concerning his three wives buried in one sepulchre

I built this common sepulchre for my three wives, whom, when living, one love had joined to me. I do not know who was the kindest or most delightful to me; each was best; each was closest to me. Happy three times in marriage; bereaved three times of my wife; alas, I bitterly complain that my manifold sufferings are excessive. Spare me, God. It is enough. Tragic deaths I have seen thrice. If possible, I wish the fourth death to be my own.
On a noble young girl brought
to England from Sweden

A virgin travelling a long time an uncertain course
on land and sea, I have become a Britain at last.
England promised comfort to a weary life;
but sinister fate forbids me to take advantage of
it.
Birds imprisoned in an enclosure

Golden liberty, more priceless than the whole world, flees from enclosure, but we are a servile lot. This enclosure, nevertheless, keeps us safe in every respect; every unfriendly force is absent from this place. The safety of the enclosure is on occasions actually advantageous, and it is better that your desires are unfulfilled. Therefore, control the motions of the will by reason; thus no condition is able to hurt you.
He on himself

The ninth lustre of my life began to run
    when I performed conspicuous service to my country.
I completed the happy time in pursuit of learning,
    but fortune, nevertheless, was frequently a step-mother.
I was always a great lover of the renowned Cicero;
    I loved leisure which is free of disturbance.
I lived simply by nature; despising honors,
    silent of tongue, a mind constant in pondering matters.
I am happy in four things; in my sovereign, in my mother,
    in my wife, in a friend who gives sincere support.
Two enemies disturb me: calumny and sickness.
    a third cross, bearing no name, slays me.
If, perchance, anyone wishes to know my course,
    it is my pleasure to join my final fate with my first.
It is the royal chair of study at Cambridge,
    worthy of its name, worthy of its parent.
From these fountains our rivers flow,
    and whatever there is within us comes from thence.
I remain a servant in the royal court to the end;
    let this endeavor be the supreme goal of my fortune.
May Elizabeth remain in health, long-lived through
    many years.
May England in safety enjoy divine help.
When Haddon's spirit lays down his weary limbs,
    when his body is in the grave, may he seek the
highest kingship.
The course which the sails of favorable fortune give you here must be seized by you while the winds blow. Though fortune blow favorably now, if it afterwards blows contrary, every port will be closed to your prayers. One day will often give you that which you wish to possess, which, unless you take it then, no other day will give it. Time moves on; your desires remain. That which was permitted you to have while you could, you scarcely desire; and when you desire it, it is gone. Opportunity often mounts on uncertain wings; whithersoever it goes, it is not wont to come this way again. When the time is apt to conduct our affairs, everything must be expedited once fear is put aside. He who boards a ship and desires to sail from port must turn the sails where the wind beckons. The merchant who eagerly longs to augment his profits marks the proper time to sell his goods.
The soldier who shoots his arrow against an enemy host envisions beforehand the time and place of the wound. The physician concocts his medicines at definite times; the rhetorician has special times for discourse. 20 The fisherman knows his time, and the fowler his; the husbandman knows the time for ploughing the ground.

I alone am less sensible than the sailor, and the merchant, than the soldier and the physician. The rustic and the rhetorician, the unlearned fisherman and the fowler, the base rabble surpass me in intelligence.

There was a time when I was able to please a girl; woe is me that it is no longer so because the time is past.

There was a time when my lady's pleasure coincided with mine; everything which I wished, she likewise wished to do.

There was a time when I alone wholly pleased her, when I was both the hope and the ornament of my lady. There was a time when my lady poured forth whispers most sweet and saved her lips for my lips.

There was a time when if, perchance, my lady saw me 35 she trembled in her whole being.
There was a time when, if she found me alone,
she came happily and eagerly into my arms.
How very happy for me had I known my own good,
had I understood to enjoy what time gave me.
I surely wanted many things, but why did I not do
them all?
Why does shame keep me from going where my desire
leads?
O unhappy shame, why separate us lovers?
why make two hearts of one breast?
But it was not shame alone. Another obstacle hastened
forward,
my lady, which parted me from you, and you from me.
While this virgin most desirable clings to my neck,
while she bestows her many kisses and receives mine,
while we are borne by the desire of Venus, while we
play together,
while blind Cupid comes on without measure,
that ardor of mine slowly wanes and diminishes,
and that which had been fire now is almost smoke.
I withdraw myself a little; I steal away from my
lady.
What had been kisses now are words that fly.
The virgin observed and she begins to hang her head;
she becomes pale, and she is betrayed by her very
appearance.
I call her; she withdraws. I call again; she hurry inside.

She either refuses her kisses, or gives them as if she would rather not.

O my heart, unstable in every part,
why can my resolution never take hold of itself? 60

Formerly, as if in drunkenness, I felt the satiety of Venus;
now I am as one fasting and desirous of food.
The most beautiful lady sensed this and complied with my wishes;
and my lady returned to my bosom.
But, nevertheless, she came hesitantly, and as one unwilling to be there.

0 how suitable for my laments!
As if she desires to leave, she often talks incessantly;
when I hold her in my arms, she often flees.

This wariness excites in me a burning fever.
The more she wills it not, so much the more I want it.
While I consider these things, while I go over all of them in my mind,
so that the mind of my lady might be kind to my mind,
a complaint from her strict mother suddenly arises.
It was not harsh; nevertheless it seemed harsh to me.
She calls me aside and inquires whether she may ask a few things.

0 how agreeable it would be for me to say: pray, be quiet.
But because I saw myself held captive, with neck bent,
I replied blushingly: may it be just as you wish.
As she begins, you can easily recognize the matron;
hers conversation was such as is customary among mothers.

O would that either she were less wise and serious,
or that I myself were at least wise and serious.

Mother says: I am forced to have a reckoning about my daughter,
whose welfare is, I believe, my duty.

It is said by popular report that she is to be your wife,
and they say she is betrothed to you.

Many, indeed, tell many things which seem strange to me,
whether my daughter is already your wife.

Here lowering my eyes and head for shame,
I could hardly speak, but I answer that she is not.

She at once reviews the happenings of many days;
to such a degree a woman remembers what she wishes to remember.

She enumerates the times of play, of conversation,
and how often she saw us alone together.

How she never disturbed our enjoyment,
permitting, unchaperoned, good times, conversation, sport.
Now is the time, she emphasizes, to express unspoken feelings;

enough time has already been given to play and pleasure.

Let us consider the seriousness of it; tell me with straight face

for what purpose my daughter charms you. 100

I reply that I am quite fond of her but had arrived at no understanding with her;

that was not the cause of our frequent meetings. I do not know what my hesitant, confused tongue adds by way of regret,

thus preparing the way for my future lamentations. The most serious was that she was not to be my bride now or in the future; 105

woe is me, what disturbances that future gives!

Wicked, depraved, base, stupid, brutal answer!

I am disgusted for ever having learned grammar!

A curse on me, a curse on the book, a curse on the teachers by whom I was taught to be able to use the 110 future tense.

Aroused by the force of anger, her mother swells; now she draws the battle line and bitterly hurlstrails.

Because my daughter is not to be your future wife,
you shall therefore be a stranger in this house hereafter.

This gossip besmirches your good name and my daughter's; it is not proper that such rumors be abroad without foundation.

My daughter has been desired by the prayer of many suitors;

she shall choose from the many whom she wishes.

Therefore, goodbye.

When she had expressed these sentiments, or ones which seemed such in my ears, she grimly surveyed me. My mind left me on the spot; and my tongue froze. And, as if sleep binds me, I silently stand up. When I gathered myself together, I straightway left the place.

I flounced out, bitterly bewailing my sad lot.
Confession of a sinner, author unknown

I deserve and confess that your wrath, more devastating
than sulphurous lightning, burns my stricken members.
I have sinned. Heaven sees all my crimes;
the earth has been observant of my heinousness.
I am that prodigal, I am that son of shame,
who squandered his father's fortune in riotous living.
In youth my body was strong. It did not lack grace
of form.
My strength of character was average.
The cultivation of learning and regularity of life
fell to my lot,
if subsequent life wished to keep the norm.
But when my three lustres, proceeding blindly on
swift wheels,
ushered in youthful impetuosity,
drunkenness hurt the body and beauty of form;
abounding health was laid waste.
The decay of the mind, following upon this ruin to
the body,
made me exceedingly unlike myself.
Why should I recount each detail? I know, God, I
know that all things, all events, are visible to
your eyes.
As a sinner, I have transgressed in many things from my earliest years;
how near seems the time to suffer for such transgressions.
The long day passed in shameful rioting and play;
the night was weighted with fresh iniquities.
Idleness, pride, love, gluttony, seduction were pleasurable;
our effeminacy was greater than a woman's.
The pleasure of the flesh thus already reigned victorious,
so that my life was nothing except sinning.
But an indulgent father, moved by mercy from high heaven,
healed the dissipated members consumed by disease.
For two years the body constantly weakened;
everything flowed away, spirit, nourishment, blood.
Looking on my wasted body, emaciated and thin,
O how I wished that I could have died then!
But, God, after putting my illness to flight, averted disaster;
he imbued my languid members with fresh vigor.
He restored full strength to my body,
and renewed health penetrated every part.
By divine help I was thus stayed from the midst of death;
after fleeing from me a long while, life returns.

The mercy of the Lord also presented me with a wife,
such a woman as was worthy of the most advantageous marriage.

There was no one better, no one more virtuous in the whole wide world, O great glory of your sex.

I lived as a very happy husband with you as my wife;
now, without you as wife, I live in great sadness.

The marvelous grace of the heavenly Father upheld me for it was help enough, and my house was duly respected.

As servant of my prince, I lived with a fair name,
and I was happy with everything besides.

But as God again pervaded my forgetful heart,
my mind turns away from him and lies in its old filth.

In weak sensuality I eagerly pursued limitless debauchery.

Bacchus cries "Well done!" Venus cries "Well done!"

Looking down from heaven, God, you see everything.

You delay punishment; you call to better things.

After rebellious sin has spurned forgiveness for a long time,
and inconstancy has refused to have any limits,
sombre death suddenly penetrates the limbs of my tender wife,
and with a knife pierces her constricted throat. I cry out, I throw up my hands, and call on God to witness;

the divine command was severe because of my sins. 60 Behold, I have sinned! Death, bring hither your sting. I myself am the just victim of your right arm.

Ah, she, my beloved wife, was guilty of nothing; why, with such great punishment, do you atone for my sins?

Cursing my sins, I humbly ask pardon of God. 65
I groan, I sigh, I implore, I weep.

Medicine for my dire sorrow comes late.

While she breathes with difficulty, death draws near and snatches her life.

When he passes me, I seek from him the fate of my wife, and he cites frightening words of awesome import: 70 Fool, why do you mourn for your departed wife?
She lives, and her soul is in God's company.

She was a chaste woman and deserving of a better husband.

As a citizen of heaven, she has its rewards; punishment is yours.

You should weep for yourself; when you are dispatched to an alien land, 75 you will receive your life's just reward.
You will often desire to die; you will often call on my name.

I shall not come; indescribable affliction will visit you.

He told me of this beginning of doom; and turning away his eyes, he departed. Fear froze my lips.

When I at last collected myself, and light was restored to my mind, my tongue commenced to demur thus with hesitant voice:

My wife, most treasured part of my life, wherefore are you turned to dust? Why do you flee, not to return? Why can I not embrace you, not squander some last words?

Why can my tears not fall on your bosom? But may my tears, which I began of late to shed, have some worth when the wrath of an avenging God has been manifest.

Farewell, at once and forever, dear wife. How very much I would like to be able to follow you in death.

But God has prepared many torments for my sins; your passing in death has warned me of heavy crosses.
I shall suffer as much as I can. May the divine will be done.

Behold me, your creature, my loving God.

Thus forespent, I forsake my home and everything, bitter reminders of my marriage.

The judgment of the Lord is just, because I formerly abused him by my ways. Now I yield to unfavorable consequences.

I am carried to this place and that; as a rustic, alone, I walk the countryside.

In the country, the city delights me; neither lot gives me pleasure.

I often slink alone into a secret hiding place; and, grieving, I am surfeited with sighs and tears.

Thus, when one month passes me by, and a second, my loathing for life seems endless.

I am assigned, by order of the sovereign, to foreign shores; none is better, nor can there be a better, than she.

I sail, despising the roar of the foamy waves; shipwrecked on land, I safely plough the sea.

When I have reached land and retired to my quarters, I cast my languid limbs on a lonely bed.

Then my humor for a long while begins to be very well known in the customary haunts of vice.
Inasmuch as I can, I react, trying different remedies, and the attempt begins to have laudable success.

After long delays, when all the public business 115 confided to me found its purpose concluded, and when everyone now began to go his own way, and my greatest concern was to leave, behold, my members were suddenly enkindled by new flames. A violent heat burns my parched body. 120 My discolored face is suffused with poisonous bile; and disease scatters everywhere its well known signs. It thereafter affects my hands and paints there its wounds; and my discolored arms stretch their skin. And my whole body is besmeared by a black powder. 125 Nothing remains as it was; bile affects everything. I hang my head; I spontaneously let my tears fall. With humble voice I quietly pray to God:

O Father in heaven, who alone preserves by his powers whatever the earth holds and whatever the skies 130 contain, spare me, Father. I do not dare lift my miserable head. Severe chastisement affects these infected hands. My tongue, close to the earth, is speechless. All the penalties of your vengeance were inflicted with just anger.
It was also proper that my tongue should deservedly remain silent, the most prompt minister to my wickedness. But God willed this witness of my evil to survive, that I should be declared guilty by the accusation of my own voice. O Father, I confess, I am guilty. Give forgiveness to one who admits everything. Let your great grace overcome my guilt. My guilt is enormous; your grace, nevertheless, is greater. Let your grace be a medicine for my sins. No doctor's art is helpful; no medicine useful. There shall be no hope unless God is appeased. I cannot please you; Christ, the victim, pleases you; he alone is the victim for our sins. Christ God, Son of God, I beseech your majesty, I implore, that you cause your Father to be propitious to me. May he pardon me, openly confessing and truly sorry. I am contrite. This voice alone remains for me in my misery. This actually is worthless, unless the mercy of the Father, by his goodness, deems it to be sufficient. Sufficient it is for all who worship you, Jesus Savior, with a humble mind and an indomitable faith.
Weakened thus with tears, I surrender myself to sorrow, and, dejected, sink into my bed, lamenting bitterly, asking for death and hating life, hiding in darkness, and delighting in sorrow. But the grace of the Lord will not forsake the faithful, grace which makes them happy without end. It is with me in my affliction. Stunned, I feel new joy of spirit. Finally a voice seems to speak thus: God looks on you, and on your toils and true sorrow, and sees that your guilt has made you unhappy. The great mercy of the Father has accordingly willed this: when burning bile afflicted you with violent fever, that the fire with its flames should consume the filth of vice, that sorrow should expel sin from your soiled heart.

God has given many manifestations of his great favor; and, unless you will it not, you will be happy. And God, desiring to be unmindful of his justice, spared you, even though you did great wrong for a long time. If only you had willed to seek forgiveness from sin; if only you were able to be discontented with yourself!

But because you did not wish it, his vengeance whips
you with the scourge of sorrow, and in anger over­whelms you with chastisements.

But trust you in God. Do not worry about the body's fever,

for your body is ashes and returns to ashes.

Your freed spirit will ascend to the heavenly country
to dwell among the eternal choirs.

Let your heart be lifted up. Cast off earthly concerns.

This cross of yours makes you more worthy of God.

He whom the rod disciplines is the true son of the Lord;

he is no true son if his wicked deeds go without punishment.

Be magnanimous in spirit. Let patience rule disease.

Let the life to come usher in eternal day.

The voice finished speaking; and I felt my senses become inwardly warm,

and my reanimated soul return to its own place.

My spirit is blithe. The ardor of my heart is pulsing again.

I am restored, a man reborn in every part.

I despise all the frivolities of this present life.

This life delights me not, but I wish rather to die.

My misshapen members suffer from disease but not as formerly.

That disease itself, I know not how, pleases me now.
If I am to be healthy again, it is necessary again to languish. 195

Death, which spares me today, will return to slay me tomorrow.

Hereafter, I shall not number either the months or the years;
this or that may be the hour of my death.
The body is pledged to death. Let the soul seek Olympus and always be mindful of its maker. 200

You who read these verses, remember my tragedy.
Learn to avoid evil; learn to fear God.
Although just punishment may come late, it will come (believe me),
in a path of blood, and it will bring vengeance.
Rules of Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach,
from the Vulgate of Ecclesiasticus

Chapter I

All wisdom flows from star-studded Olympus;
for it is and always was the companion of God.
Who can count the drops of rain, who the sand scattered
on the shore, and who the days of eternity?
Who can measure the heights of the highest heaven,
and who penetrates the secret caves of earth?
Heavenly wisdom, which was first brought forth
by almighty God, is thus not fully understood.
The Lord's wisdom first conceived the beginning of
earth,
and he alone presides over all creatures.

True wisdom flows from the fount of God's word.
He is wise who serves the holy commands of the Lord.
And no one clearly perceives the hidden roots
of his unfathomable mind and his labyrinthine ways.
There is one God, the omnipotent Creator of heaven
and earth, God one and terrible.
God alone is the author and ruler of knowledge;
he orders this light to wait upon the rest of his
work.
As ruler, he is the proper cause governing living
things;
and that teacher instructs only the holy.
True worship of the Lord is a thing most rare;
it enkindles the mind and makes the heart joyful.
The religion of the Lord confers the seeds of long life;
he prevails who worships the Lord.
He both endures and prospers; and, after his peaceful life in time,
death will also be sweet when it finally comes.
Just veneration of God, which enlightens souls,
gives everywhere perfect understanding to the mind.
For they whose senses the wisdom of God has touched always abide in great love of the Lord.
The religion of the Lord gives to the reason understanding,
and it is given as a perpetual guard to the upright.
Holy wisdom is true fear of the divine majesty,
and a holy life makes a sincere heart.
Heavenly reason permeates human minds,
and it will always be a guest in an upright heart.
Wisdom hastens to give complete and living reverence to God
and, in prosperity, blesses its creator.
The religion of the Lord keeps life unspotted,
and does not permit the flame of anger to rise in the mind.
He whose breast is excited with flames of anger is led by a blind path to evil.
With a peaceful heart, put off the time of vengeance;
and the result of your delay shall afterwards be joyful.
Hold back your words until there is a reason for speaking;
frequent praise for you shall thus grow in the mouths of many.
If heavenly wisdom is in your heart,
keep God's commands; it will thus increase.
For wisdom consists in true worship of God;
and the faith of a humble soul pleases God.
Let constant faith be a strong defense for the weak;
and act so that true love of God shall lead you.
Do not order your life to garner the people's acclaim,
and for yourself do not trust too much in your own words.
Do not let disordered glory swell your inconstant mind,
lest you afterwards totter and fall unexpectedly.
Your sins will be bared in the midst of the assembly of the people,
if God's religion shall have been feigned.
Chapter II

Let him be just who desires to serve the Lord,
and learn to suffer before the dire calamities
of fortune.

Be mindful to gird the soul with sane counsel;
let not hard times shake your inconstant faith.

Unite your mind to God; do not turn your eyes from
him.

In your final days you will thus be rich in pos-
sessions.

Be pleased to accept whatever lot God shall offer;
do not be alarmed at the manifold vicissitudes
of events.

As the value of gold is tested by fire,
so do trying times prove the courage of a man.

Trust in God, and God will help you in need.

Let the love of God be your companion to old age.

If you fear the Lord, the arm of God will defend you;
after you forsake the Lord, you will succumb.

Regard the olden times of your ancestors;
their former life can teach you by example.

Has shameful calumny weighed down any servant of the
Lord?

No servant of his has lacked assistance.

And whoever with pious heart invokes the divine power,
God does not let him depart in disgrace.
For the merciful Lord forgives our sins;
God is wont to be present in our time of affliction.
Idleness is blameworthy; blameworthy is wicked conversation.
Let him perish who desires to travel a deceitful way.
The mind that grieves without hope lacks a defense; 25
the man who falls into evil habits succumbs before his time.
In your misery, what will you find with which you can defend yourself
when your span of life has been meted out to you?
Let them, therefore, whom just reverence for the Lord shall move,
honor with great fear the holy commands of God. 30
And although the Lord sometimes seems to delay,
they nevertheless wait until he chooses to come.
For it is better for the pious to commit their life to the Lord
than to submit to the evil laws of a mortal council.
As the majesty of the Lord is seen to be most lofty, 35
so God's goodness is without end.
Wisdom begets justice as a mother her child;  
submissive love is born of them.

Let the son's voice be agreeable to his father's ear;  
a pious life shall thus proceed without hindrance  
on its way.

By the Lord's command veneration follows upon one's father;  
God places authority in the mouth of one's mother.

If you venerate your father, you shall lack the taint of sin;  
honoring your mother, you will accumulate great riches.

For the heavenly power of the Lord is great;  
and he asks worship from his humble servants.

Do not inquire into what reason cannot fathom;  
let no burden be undertaken which surpasses your strength.

Work to discover with pious mind the holy precepts of God;  
let all the words he has made lie hidden.

It is not your office to see all the secrets of the Lord.

Do your duty; be wary of investigating many things.  
Pride is a hindrance; foolhardy reliance on one's own cleverness,
rushing in where it was not proper to go, destroys many.

Whoever is excessively eager for many dangers shall finally be precipitated into a pit. The mind's indiscreet ardor always incurs defeat; 45 nothing except regret is wont to come from pride.
Chapter IV

Whoever is wise assiduously pores over the divine books, and he listens attentively to the holy teachings of God.

Cold water extinguishes burning fire; and a generous hand cleanses from the taint of evil.

God will sustain you in your affliction and need, if, with your resources, you desire to relieve the suffering.

Humbly regard the sufferings of your weak brethren; when you are asked, bring speedy help to the poor.

Whatever honor you give to your father, your son shall return to you.

You shall be one whose wish is fulfilled when you pray to God.

If you reverence your father, you will reach grey-haired age;

he who fears the Lord shall love his own mother.

Honor your parents in word and deed; bear patiently with them. Efficacious prayers will thus fall from your lips.

Obedience to parents' wishes is the foundation of a home;

a mother's sad prayer is the ruin of a home.

If, perchance, any fault should be found in your father, your own misfortune shall be in the misfortune of your father.
When old age besprinkles your father's grey hair,
   let your willing hand be respectful in obeying.  20
If your father is bereft of his wits through a troublesome distemper,
   do not let yourself be less filial on this account.
Whatever you render through concern for a destitute parent,
   God, mindful of your duty, shall return it all hereafter.
If an unfilial child deserts his father, the like shall be returned to him;
   and with his mouth God curses him who hates his mother.
Let the sober moderation of a peaceful life govern you;
   being good, you can thus be dearer than goods.
The more your glory grows, so much the more be humble;
   great favor will thus come to you from almighty God.
There is honor in many men, but he alone who is humble in heart can know the sacred mysteries.
Do not turn pitiless eyes from the poor;
   let not your brother's just accusation make you guilty.
Your brother in need is a son of the heavenly Father;
   and his cry sounds in the ear of God.
In disputing a judgment do not be overbearing;
   and hold the name of the judge in reverence.
Offer a ready ear to the pleas of the poor; and lift sad hearts with words of comfort. 

Raise the downcast; stretch out your arm to the oppressed; without fear, render just judgment. By your help, let the orphan know that you are his father; and to the widow you should stand in the place of a husband. You yourself will thus be the most fortunate child of God, who, more than your mother, will give you good things. Wisdom gives shining honors to its disciples; and, as a friend, readily gives its love to those deserving it. He who honors this lady shall spend well his span of life; under her leadership, he makes his days pass in tranquillity. Whomever as loyal children wisdom unites to herself, by the Lord's will prosperous things befall them. He who venerates with just honor the voice of the Lord, he serves God and he is pleasing to God. He who is wise can teach others to be wise; live by his counsels and you will be safe. He whose conduct is without sinful defilement is wise and is wont to have fruitful seed.
Mayhap he shall be buffeted by adverse waves
and spend many sorrowful days in unhappiness;
Mayhap wisdom, employing severity in the beginning,
wishes to know how much strength of mind he possesses.
Wisdom afterwards takes her disciple in her arms,
and makes a time of joy from whatever was evil.
Prudence avoids crafty liars,
and lets them perish, overwhelmed with disaster.
Note in your mind what the present time demands,
and turn away your hand pure from wickedness.
And, although a thousand dangers threaten you when
you confess,
admit, nevertheless, to whatever shall be true.
For shame can sometimes be a minister to vice,
and shame can have the guise of honor.
Be firm when you do right; let no one intimidate you.
Let no one impede your course when you are running well.
Come as an unshakeable witness, if your brother's welfare requires it,
that your testimony might give help to the down-trodden.
If you are guilty, do not defend by words your transgression;
do not deny the acts which you have wickedly done.
If, perchance, it befalls you to stray from the right path,
let not a dishonest case be made for your defense. Do not keep company with a fool; despise the pride of the mighty.
Defend the truth; you will thus be saved by God's help.
Do not promise anything which you cannot fulfill; it is a disgrace when your words lack reality.
In your own dwelling do not be excessively harsh, nor, with a fierce countenance, let your anger terrify the servants.
Let not your hand be too ready for the one who brings gifts;
but rather extend your hand in giving to the stricken.
Chapter V

Use wealth, but do not trust in riches; nor believe that you have gathered enough for life. For, no matter how immense your accumulation may grow, all will hasten away when hard times come. By no means do what pleases you, although to do so is permitted.

You never have enough; you will wish to have shared more.

For your power, however great, will end when God brandishes his fiery torches in the heaven. Because the rod has often spared you when you sinned, do not think there are no just punishments from the just God.

I do indeed confess that the Lord's mercy is great, but, nevertheless, he is very angry when sin is committed.

Though no punishment should ever follow sin, let not your fear of sinning on that account be less. God often delays his anger for a long time; nevertheless, though it comes late, God's wrath is a fearful thing.

As the Lord is merciful, so is it proper that he be just,

and give rewards to the good and give lashes to the wicked.
When you desire to be good, do not procrastinate;
although the delay be brief, the greatest harm ensues.

Meanwhile, swift vengeance, not to be denied,
with bloody steps overtakes a heedless life.
Let not the wealth of ill-gotten goods puff you up;
when hard times come, you will be naked.
Be constant in spirit; let not the least wind move you.

Guard against following devious paths.
Let your word always be just, and let it be consistent.
Be upright and cling to the sacred commands of the Lord.
Attend to good things, and respond with kindness;
may your life's course ever be spotless.

Do not teach others what you have not previously understood.

Your tongue can be beautiful and ugly.
Never let your tongue vainly run after unfounded rumors,
or let your conversation falsely attribute sin to anyone.
A thief is injurious, but a detractor, nevertheless, is worse;
for one injures but slightly, while the other injures the character.
Do not do anything, however unimportant it seems, if the action lacks mature judgment.
You should not be the enemy of him whose friend you were,
for through shame, mildness weakens his name.
Let not your swollen heart be puffed up with vain pride,
nor a cruel mind bear aloft a proud horn.
Widespread destruction bends proud necks;
and, with a bruised heart, you shall lie naked on the ground.
For he whose breast is weighed down by the burden of sin
slides down on a swift road to the abyss.
If your mind is unholy, you will afford joy to your enemies;
and, being wicked yourself, you will be numbered among the wicked.
Flattering speech ensnares human souls;
a friendly word collects friends everywhere.
Although the crowd is numerous which favors you,
evertheless among them shall be only one friend.
You should not take one for a friend unless you have tried him;
you shall not give your confidence to an unknown person, or accept his.
He will counterfeit love so that he may carry away great booty,
and, when he obtains the prize, he stealthily withdraws.

Still worse is he who casts a friend aside and receives an enemy, and utters shameful things with his dishonest tongue.

There are flies that hover around to lick the dishes; that breed loves nothing except bread alone. As long as these ministers are allowed to eat, they flock around; if your board is bare, you will be abandoned.

Remember to avoid him whom you previously know is your enemy, and be on guard lest feigned love harm you.

You will be safe if you are allied to a true friend; from him is adequate help, adequate defense. A faithful friend who endures has greater worth than house or vast accumulated heaps of wealth.

A constant friend provides solace in life's miseries; either God alone can give him or else no one can. Let wisdom direct a child in his tender years; afterwards from it there will be great benefit to the man.

And, although you undergo hard labors as a youth, when you are old, you will measure many advantages.

If your swollen chest is puffed up with empty pride, let your mind fear to walk in strange ways.
Wisdom never resides in a hesitant heart,
   for it does not love men unless they are constant. 40
Foolish men often parade themselves in the guise of wise men,
   when there is not a grain of wit in their stupid minds.
Therefore, if you wish to receive helpful counsel,
   it is needful to arrive at the truth by the way which lies open.
Let wisdom direct you in the perilous times of an uncertain life,
   and, whatever it shall command, that do.
Let wisdom bend your innermost heart to its counsels,
   and let this teacher rule your senses.
If diligent effort seeks this lady, it shall possess her;
   but beware lest gain deter you from such a good. 50
Perchance it will lightly sting you with its sharp beginning;
   let your hope, nevertheless, be fixed in a firm place.
For a little pain will make peaceful your long-lived joys,
   and your end will be full of prosperity.
As a noble victor you will be lifted up by signal triumph;
great honor will redound on you from every quarter.

Consort with the elderly whom experience makes wise;
when you have accepted him who is wise, hold on
to him forever.

Let your thirsty mind drink with fervent spirit from
the sacred

Scriptures and the mystic words of the Lord God. 60

The companionship of him who is wise will help you;
let it not cause you shame to enter often under
his roof.

Let a holy mind always be brought to the laws of the

Lord;
meditate upon the words of God; read and reread them.

The Lord will thus restore your heart quite purified;
you will thus have that strength of character you
desire to have.
Chapter VII

If you injure others, and you in turn are injured,
    if you give back the mischief, many evils will press
upon you.
Whatever you do unjustly will be visited with a
    graver penalty,
and dire chastisement will be given as a companion
to your wickedness.
Be humble of heart; do not seek public honors
    or that you may be in the king's special regard.
Do not be so pleased with yourself that you think
    your deeds
can be esteemed either by the king or by God.
You should not seem to wish to be a person of authority;
    nor let honor, not carried well, contribute to your
    shame.
Perhaps your courage, perhaps your will power shall
    be wanting
when you should inflict punishment upon the wicked.
Concern for the powerful will often corrode your senses,
    so that you do what your laws forbid to be done.
Be a lover of quiet; do not excite tumult.
    A humble heart will be free of treacherous sedition.
Do not believe that crimes so grievous can be undone;
    whatever incense you give to God must be burned.
Conscientious prayer, which penetrates to the highest
heavens,
ought to have firm faith in the Lord.

You should go at once to the help of your afflicted brethren;

and let your hand be kindly to the indigent.

Do not make sport of the unfortunate sufferings of a dispirited brother;

whoever you are, you stand or fall by the judgment of God.

Let no falsehood injure your dear brethren;

let no false word have a place in your mouth.

While consorting with the elderly, do not employ many words;

and do not think there is a need for long prayers.

Although there may be a thousand labors in this weary life,

endure. God sends them from his throne in heaven.

Let not a multitude of misfortunes be a cause of sin for you;

but fear the punishment which is always at hand.

Unless you shall have corrected yourself, you will enter into eternal fire;

and the worm which will not die breathes forth fire.

Rather let your wealth be thrown away than let a friend depart;

fidelity without dissimulation is dearer than gold.

If your wife is a prudent and chaste woman,
she is of more worth than all gems.

Do not harass ministers in the performance of their duty;

and let him who has served you well freely depart. 40

If you have cattle, take care that they can endure labor;

if they are useful, you can enjoy privilege.

Prudently instruct your offspring; restrain the rebellious;

let your daughter be a lover of chaste virginity.

Let your daughter upon becoming of age marry a prudent husband,

for you will thus fulfill well the duty of a father.

Since your wife is dear to you, at no time let an imaginary quarrel separate her from your marriage bed.

Honor your father, and remember your mother's sufferings; and never think well of yourself for obtaining peace.

With sincere heart reverence the majesty of the Lord and his priests who perform the sacred rites.

Take care to fear the Lord whose hand created you, and let just portion be given to his priest.

Raise the downtrodden that you can be blessed; give assistance to all pious works.

Comfort the sad heart of a deserving brother; join your tears to his tears.
See that you assist your brethren if, perchance, they suffer from illness; for such piety will be pleasing to God. Whatever you do, first look to the end of the deed; you will thus know you should not undertake any evil.
Chapter VIII

Great power will overshadow you in just causes;
    you shall have no enemy, nor have an equal to you.
If a richer man undertakes any litigation against you,
    judgment will often favor much wealth.
For a considerable portion of mankind is swayed by
    great wealth;
    a gift of money moves royal hearts.
If one loves contention, do not contend with him in
    words;
    by much speaking you will furnish substance to his
    malady.
Do not alienate an embittered heart for a passing trifle;
    let not excitable bile precipitate serious trouble.
If an evil man turns away from his vice, let him live
    in righteousness;
    let whatever evil he has done be forgotten; love
    whatever he has done well.
Let an old man's grey beard be high in your esteem;
    everyone in the long run wishes to become old.
A dead enemy affords no cause for celebration;
    fate took him, and fate will also take you.
Whatever precepts a wise man shall give to you should
    be followed;
    you will thereby learn to please men in authority.
You will think that he who is more advanced in years
    knows more;
for the fathers of old taught him.

Do not put hot coals on a violent fire;
sarcasm makes all conversation unhappy.
The rich are reluctant to give back what they took
as a loan;
know that what you shall give as a loan is lost.
Do not be bondsman, unless you can pay;
when the time comes you will be driven out.
Refrain from contending in law against a magistrate;
he makes the laws to go any way.
Remember to avoid those whom soft-spoken courage vexes,
lest, at the same time, you go headlong into a pit.
For you will be miserable if you fall captive among those
who rush imprudently wherever unreasonable desire carries them.
He who is wise will not sway an angry man by argumentation,
nor go alone as his companion. For anger excites conflict.
It will not be seemly to impart advice to fools;
serious discussion is more suited to a sensible mind.
All that you know should hardly be told to everyone,
lest, perchance, a garrulous tongue bring misfortune to you.
Chapter IX

Do not inquire after the conduct of a chaste spouse; unfounded suspicion harms trust.

Let a wife obey with humble mien, as is proper; if you loosen the reins too much, she will become rebellious.

Beware of prostitutes, lest, overcome by blindness, you walk into their snares; their singing, known for its blandishments, moves the heart.

Shameless harlots destroy the power of accomplishment; flee them, and do not often use your neighbors' paths. If the beauty of a female form is seen close at hand, the form excites the flames in an impressionable heart.

From such flames are enkindled fierce fires; and peace, like an outcast, leaves the stricken breast.

You shall not keep warm by embracing another's wife; nor become too familiar, lest unchaste love burn you. If a new friend drives away your old friend, he who is new, perchance, will be less than the old.

You shall prudently test your friendships, like wine, with time; he is the best who can wear well over the years.
Although the wicked man rises to the highest honors, 
look to the disaster which time, albeit late, 20 
brings.

Do not esteem great the royal sceptres of evil men, 
whom no day ever finds rational.

Use princes discreetly; if you desire to be too close, 
you will rush into many perils to your life.

If your station makes you a servant of the powerful, 25 
be wary lest you totter and unexpectedly fall.

Carefully watch; traps are laid everywhere.

You sit in a high tower; therefore, beware.
Strive to know what disposition your neighbor has; 
in your undertakings cleave to him who will be wise.

Mingle with the virtuous and gladly receive them; 30 
but the fear of God should constantly be present.
Chapter X

His work bespeaks the artisan; the wisdom of a king is wont to have glory from deeds performed.

A garrulous tongue displeases many an assembly; a hasty word can scarcely lack offense.

When wisdom serves the nobility and assists the king, everything is established in the order of its own place.

As the ruler is, so will his government be; as the nobility is, so also will be the people.

An unsteady ruler subverts the common good; when the nobility is wise, the mighty city will thrive.

The commonwealth flourishes only by the power of the lord; and he appoints virtuous magistrates.

He causes magistrates to be worthy; by the lord the senate becomes worthy of praise.

Let manly mercy deal with a crime committed; a slight fault refuses to undergo grave punishment.

It should be the duty of a judge sincerely to execute judgment; let the peaceful heart be totally free from passion.

The gods above and mortal man abhor pride; this shallowness displeases God and man.
When God is disgusted with sin because of the people's wickedness,
he often transfers the seat of government to different places.

Human kind, why are you proud without reason?
Why do you thus boast of yourself? You are dust and ashes.

As long as you breathe, in your body you are nothing except clay.

Despising physicians, black death stretches forth its hand.

Thus he who was distinguished with the honor of kingship, now becomes a corpse with dirt heaped upon him.

Reign today as king, and tomorrow you will be a hateful cadaver; dead, you will lie as the vile food for worms.

When the mind flees from the Lord, it wanders about in error,
and ceases to be mindful of the creator.

When the heart, through various sins, abandons God, then it follows pride and submits to depraved feelings.

Whoever casts his shameful members into this mire, continually commits every kind of sin.

The Lord destroys the proud with horrible slaughter; he metes out gentle rule to humble natures.
God has driven to destruction kingdoms, countries, and peoples,
who, from overwhelming pride, were unmindful of him.
Satan makes us cruel and he makes us proud;
but fear of the Lord makes us safe.
He who fears the Lord also reveres the king;
God blesses him with extraordinary prosperity.
Your station should not seem a happy thing to you;
only fear of the Lord gives true joy.
If a poor man is virtuous, if discreet, receive him as a brother;
do not, because of his wealth, cultivate a man who is wicked.

Even though the name of mighty men may be renowned,
you, nevertheless, are greater if you revere God.
When a master shall follow the advice of his servant,
he does not complain if the servant has better vision than he.

When you shall be a magistrate, do not praise yourself;
because many have need of you, do not thereby be puffed up.

It is better to insure one's fate by living correctly,
than, weakened from various causes, to have nothing.
Although misfortunes seem to threaten everywhere,
be stout of heart and hold fast to your purpose.
If you, of your own accord, shall desert the fate which
the Lord shall have given,
there will be no one who wants to grieve over your punishment.

A poor man of intelligence is appraised with ready cunning;
a rich man is accustomed to have worth from his riches.
If wisdom requites with praise the worthy poor man,
how much honor will there be if a rich man is wise?
If one becomes meaner by a crime against a wealthy person,
et evil towards the poor is most shameful.
Chapter XI

If a poor station is united with wisdom,
it is often summoned to go to the estate of the prince.

Let not external beauty bear considerable influence;
and, though this grace is absent, see after the good.

Though you can with some justice despise the small body of a bee,
it, nevertheless, skillfully procures sweet honey.

Let not expensive apparel puff up your heart with pride,
nor be pleased with yourself when you flourish in prosperity.

For God produces many new wonders from things;
it is not permitted to know beforehand what the Lord decides.

The Lord very often casts tyrants to the ground;
and kingly honor does not adorn those who think they are kings.

Famous princes have been struck by sudden destruction;
a powerful person who walks into grave danger is often treated with violence.

Beware of condemning anyone except by approved legal procedure;
once the issue is settled, punishment can then follow.
You should least of all contend in the affairs of another;
and if he is malicious, let the judge proceed without you.

Let not wicked characters handle the opposing cases;
when labor diffuses itself in all directions, it is without benefit.

Perhaps great industry can look after many things;
evertheless, many things are wont to perish in many things.

They who overtax their strong bodies by divided labor often hurt you by their excessive zeal.

Wealth, poverty, happiness, unhappiness, both life and death,
each and everything is determined by the command of God.

The Lord returns to the generous the gifts which happiness gives,
and sees that they are at no time destroyed.

When the time of death comes, the greedy man who has hoarded everything and has lived in squalor departs in poverty.

Hold fast to the word of God; perform works of piety.

Do your duty; enough help will spring up for you.

For God increases the gains of his servants,
and prepares joyful times for their affairs.
Even though plain piety shall lack every reward, 

nevertheless, at no time regret that you are virtuous. 

Even if you are wealthy and abound in riches which 

are heaped up everywhere, 

you cannot, nevertheless, be secure in this way. 

When times are good, learn to be apprehensive about 

bad times; 

when they are bad, believe that they will once 

again be good. 

When sombre death stretches forth its dire hand to­

wards us, 

the Lord will give his rewards according to each 

one's merit. 

Although there may be, perchance, a short time of 

sorrow for you, 

it destroys all the times which were happy. 

When death with a cruel spear attacks your fearful 

heart, 

you will know how your life has formerly been lived. 

Do not judge what the condition of any living person 

will be; 

depth alone brings certain judgment.
Chapter XII

Decline to open your house to all strangers; perchance, one who was your guest will be your enemy.

He is as the bird with which the crafty fowler deceives other birds; he lays snares for your undertakings.

His tongue perversely refutes those things which are good; and things which are well done he feigns to be ill.

Glowing embers ignite enormous conflagrations; the wicked man desires ruin and destruction.

Therefore, shun the wicked; there is in them nothing trustworthy; they seek to stigmatize your home with perpetual infamy.

The stranger admitted into your home disquiets you with worry; and it often happens that he banishes you from your own roof.

When you give gifts, select grateful persons; pleasure will thus be joined to your duty.

Help the virtuous; your property will thereby be increased with interest.

For God, in their name, will repay such help.
Do not drive good deeds from your heart;
for severe chastisement ordinarily follows the
ungrateful.
Desire to be of assistance to them who fear the Lord;
if a poor man is wicked, let him receive no bounty.20
A wicked man requites help with very grievous injuries;
and God displays terrible anger against sinners.
As long as you are happy, it is hardly possible to
recognize a friend;
when you are in distress, your neighbor will at
once become your enemy.
For when your good fortune flourishes, your enemy 25
is envious;
when there are hard times, your friend forsakes you.
Although he poses as your friend, nevertheless trust
should not be
placed in him who was once your enemy.
As a shining sword becomes rough from rust,
so an enemy always has a bitter heart. 30
Even though he desires to perform every service for
you,
nevertheless he cannot lay aside his nature.
If you do everything which can unbend him,
you cannot, nevertheless, placate his heart.
Therefore, command him to move on; let him not tarry 35
in your house,
lest he pummel you and force you to forsake your own home.

Thus wisdom, too late, will come when you are disillusioned,
when your misfortune does not permit the help of a sword.

No one grieves when a magician is struck by serpent's bites,
for he freely undertook the danger.

If, perchance, a savage beast mangles his tamer,
the latter proves the cause of his own death.

Similarly, if a wicked enemy is united to you as a friend,
when you subsequently regret it, you yourself are the author of the tragedy.

A cunning enemy addresses you with ingratiating words:
he counterfeits grief and he sighs with tears.

But silently, within his own heart, he threatens you with ruin;
his cruel imagination wishes to be satisfied with your heart's blood.

In the company of your real friends, he feigns good humor,
and he comes as if he has desires for your safety.

Nevertheless, in his mind, he secretly plots your destruction,
and he hurts you in any way he can hurt you.

Snatched by an untimely death, he did not translate the rest.
Let an enduring house be the faithful servant of a just man,

and let it set definite limits to his expenses.

Let it welcome one's neighbors; let it uphold honorable causes;

let it drive away the filthy lucre of avarice.

Let it lift up the downtrodden and nourish the weak and poor.

Let virtue be close to it and the power of the enemy far away.
Concerning the coat of arms of the same Matthew [Parker]

The keys are monuments to his ancient parents;
the threefold star comes from his august prince.

Thus virtue, learning, and power cooperate harmoniously
and sow joyful seeds of tranquil peace.

But the joys of life, nevertheless, hasten to their dissolution;
and man shall be dust, as formerly dust he was.
On the death of the Most Reverend Lord Matthew

Archbishop of Canterbury

Sober and prudent, learned through study and experience,
a man of integrity, and a lover of true religion,
Matthew Parker lived. Princely power had favored him
as a young man, and princely power favored him when
he was old.

A defender of right and justice, he conducted his
affairs in proper order.

He had lived for God; he died for God.
NOTES ON HADDON'S POEMS

1

The fashion of the world passes (1 Corinthians 7, 31).

2

Haddon's numbering of the charters in this poem corresponds to that of the Vulgate. I commence numbering the lines with each chapter. Haddon's poem is, properly speaking, a poetic paraphrase of the Scripture. In the Vulgate, chapter five contains forty-eight verses, chapter six thirty-four, and chapter seven twenty-nine; and a comparative study reveals that Haddon's paraphrase proceeds from one verse to another in the same order as the scriptural original, with only an occasional exception. His paraphrase, however, is by no means slavish; he emphasizes what he will. Whereas the Vulgate (Matthew 5, 9) merely states that "Blessed are the peacemakers; they shall be called the children of God" (translation of the Vulgate by Ronald Knox, New York, Sheed and Ward, 1956), Haddon's rendering of the verse (Chapter V, lines 16-17) is more diffuse. Similarly, Haddon's translation of the Our Father (Matthew VI, lines 26-36) lacks the brevity and simplicity of the scriptural version, but the result is not unpleasing. He invests the prayer with a grandeur that has a beauty of its own.
Haddon here translates the complete Epistle of St. James, and his numbering of the chapters corresponds to that of the Vulgate. I have commenced numbering the lines with each chapter. By and large, Haddon proceeds from verse to verse in the same order as the scriptural original. As in the preceding poem, however, his rendition is delightfully fresh. When, for example, St. James speaks of the sun's rising (1, 12), Haddon's affection for the classics prompts him to write of Phoebus' diffusing his rays over the earth.

Scripture (2 Chronicles, 33, 1-20) speaks of the divine punishment visited upon Manasses for his sins of idolatry. When the Assyrian army took him in fetters to Babylon, Manasses turned back to God "with earnest prayer." Scripture contains the fact but not the content of his oration. Haddon's poem is the poet's concept of Manasses' prayer.

The numbering of this Psalm is that of the Hebrew text. In the Vulgate this is Psalm 33. Haddon's development follows closely the original twenty-three verses, but his imitation is far from slavish.
As in the preceding poem, Haddon's numbering of the Psalm here corresponds to that of the Hebrew text. The Psalm is numbered 102 in the Vulgate. The development of the poem follows the order of the twenty-two verses of the scriptural original.

7
This poem is based on Psalm 31 of the Hebrew text, and on 30 of the Vulgate. Haddon develops only the first six verses of the Psalm which numbers twenty-five verses.

8
Job 14, 1-5 in the Vulgate. The last six lines of the poem seem to be a personal prayer of Haddon's.

9
Tobias 4, 2-20, 23 of the Vulgate. There is a certain anachronism in the title, since Tobias' instruction to his son antedated the coming of Christ by about seven centuries. Haddon follows the scriptural original in his development, but he digresses in lines 32-40, and in 50-55. Tobias in Scripture has nothing to say about moderation; Haddon's admonition in line 50 gives a Renaissance flavor to Tobias' counsel.

Haddon's poem departs so much from the scriptural original that it is difficult to recognize his lines as the Lord's Prayer.

11, 12, 13, 14

The sentiments expressed in these four poems are commonplace in the writings of St. Augustine, but I have not been able to determine whether the poems themselves are elaborations or paraphrases of specific sections from the saint's works. Monsignor Leo F. Miller, a patristic scholar at the Pontifical College Josephinum, Worthington, Ohio, comments that the poems could be based on Augustine's Confessiones or Sermones, but he is unable to be more precise. Monsignor Miller likewise suggests that the poems could come from either the genuine Soliloquia and Meditationes of Augustine (Paul Jacque Migne, Patrologia Latina, XXXII, Paris, 1879, 869-904) or the spurious Soliloquia and Meditationes (Migne, XL, 863-942), which Bardenhewer (Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur, IV, 454) ascribes to the thirteenth century.

16

This poem was translated by Timothy Kendall in his Flowers of Epigrammes (Reprinted from the original edition of 1577 [Mii–Mii]) for the Spenser Society,
No. 15, 1874, pp. 195-196). It is the first in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall entitles "OVT OF THE POEMES OF M. GWALTER HADDON" pp. 195-202. His translation follows:

The way to liue well

If thou wilt leade a godly life, and not from vertue swerue:
Be wary wise, and alwaies these five thinges in minde observe.

Remember first the Lorde thy God, whiche thee of nought did make:
Next mind thou Sathan serpent slye, that seekes thy soule to take.
Next mind the shortnees of this life, that fadeth like a flower:
Next mynd thy graue, continually which galpes thee to devour.
Next mind thou gladsome Joyes of heaven: next lastyng plagues of hell:
And so an ende: minde these, and thou canst never liue but well.

18

Haddon speaks here as a virulent reformer, chagrined that the four Evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—have been misinterpreted and neglected by the Roman Catholic Church. In scope the poem goes beyond the Gospel as rendered by the four Evangelists and extends to the whole of Scripture.

19-38. Haddon speaks of the Anglican and Roman churches as mothers. The former, the genuine mother, was established by God Himself, and she is the bride of Christ. The latter, a disreputable step-mother, by her pride,
fraud, debauchery, and avarice seriously wounds the body of the faithful.

19

Thinking to establish peace with Scotland, Henry VII had arranged for the marriage of his daughter Margaret to James IV of Scotland. Despite the marriage alliance, Henry VIII's reign was marked with intermittent wars between the English and the Scots. In 1513, when Henry was in France as an ally of Spain against the French, King James IV made war on England. James was killed at Flodden Field, and, until the accession of James V in 1528, Scotland was ruled by a regency. James V contracted a French marriage and allied himself with France in her war against Spain. Henry VIII allied himself with Spain. In the Battle of Solway Moss in 1542, the Scots were again defeated. James V died shortly afterward. At Ancram Moor, in 1545, the Scots won a temporary victory, but the English sacked Edinburgh; and the Scottish leader, Cardinal Beton, was assassinated. Henry VIII's troubles with France paralleled those with Scotland. After marrying Catherine of Aragon in 1509, Henry was persuaded by his father-in-law, Ferdinand, to go to war with Spain against France in 1512. After peace was established in 1514, Louis XII married Henry's sister Mary. In
1515 Francis I succeeded to the French crown, and, on the death of the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian in 1519, France and Spain went to war to determine Maximilian's successor. Henry VIII allied himself with Charles V. Charles V deserted the alliance in 1544, and Henry came to terms with France in 1546. Henry was left with control of Boulogne and won some financial claims against France ("Henry VIII," Encyclopedia Britannica, XI, Chicago, 1960, 438-440).

15. The sovereign referred to is Henry VIII.

25. The Queen in 1546 was Catherine Parr, Henry's sixth wife.

26. Prince Edward, later King Edward VI.

20

This poem is an acrostic, the initial letter of each line, taken together, spelling EDWARDUS PRINCEPS. The poem was obviously written before the death of Henry VIII in 1547.

21

This poem was evidently written in 1546, toward the end of the reign of Henry VIII, after peace had been made with Scotland and France.

61-69. The king referred to is Henry VIII.

70. The plain toga in Rome was worn in time of peace.

73-84. In 1546, Henry VIII granted permission to Nor-
wich to have an annual fair which would last from the rising of the sun on the Saturday before Pentecost until the setting of the sun on the Monday after Trinity Sunday, i.e., ten days in all. During this fair the merchants of Norwich were to be freed from paying taxes (Blomefield, History of Norfolk, III, 217). From his description, Haddon must have seen the fair, and, perhaps, the poem was inspired by the prosperity and happiness of the crowds attending the event. It is interesting to speculate why Haddon should single out Norwich as the object of his muse. Perhaps it is a tribute to Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, in which county Norwich is located. Thomas Howard was high steward of Cambridge University (1530-1547). He took part in the war against Scotland in 1542 and was lieutenant-general of the army in France in 1544 (Venn, Alumni Cantabrigienses, I, ii, 416).

Haddon evidently wrote this poem during the first year of the reign of Edward VI, and it must have been disillusioning to him when, in 1549, England was again at war with both Scotland and France. The Scots arranged a marriage between their infant Queen, Mary Stuart, and Francis, heir to the throne of France. Mary was sent to France. France declared war on England because of the friction over Boulogne; and

6. summitture fasces—fasces were bundles of sticks, with an axe projecting, carried by lictors before the chief Roman magistrates. To lower the fasces was a sign of respect (Cassell’s Latin Dictionary, revised by J. R. V. Marchant and Joseph F. Charles, New York, n.d., p. 218).

23

3. The Scholastic definition of man is rationale animal. Man is divine both because he was created in the image of God and because grace has elevated him to share in the supernatural life of God. Haddon’s appreciation of the body’s beauty would seem to be derived from the Greeks.

24

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his Flowers of Epigrammes [Mill], p. 199. It is the fourth in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translated, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall’s translation follows:

Desire not to obtaine, that whiche thou canst not gaine.

He that will choose a wretch to be
A very wretche indeed is he:
Then he that goods desires to gaine
Which by no meanes he may obtaine
A very wretch indeede is he:
For he doth choose a wretch to be.

The prudent care of self, not to be confused with selfishness, is a traditional tenet of Christian asceticism. Thomas a Kempis (1381-1471) in his Imitatio Christi (The Ave Maria Press, New York, 1934, p. 114) wrote:

The interior man regardeth the care of himself before all other cares; and he that looketh diligently to himself findeth it not difficult to be silent about others. Thou wilt never be interior and devout unless thou pass over in silence other men's affairs, and look especially to thyself. If thou attend wholly to thyself and to God, what thou seest abroad will affect thee but little. Where art thou when thou art absent from thyself? And when thou hast run over all things, what hast it profited thee if thou hast neglected thyself? If thou wouldst have true peace and perfect union, thou must cast all things else aside, and keep thine eyes upon thyself alone.

In his De Officiis (trans. Cyrus R. Edmonds, New York, 1892, Book I, Chapter 9, pp. 161) Cicero regards the causes which prompt men to neglect public duties: unwillingness to encounter enmity, toil or expense; negligence, listlessness, or laziness; embarrassment in certain studies and pursuits. Cicero remarks of such people that they do not fail against justice by
inflicting any injury, but they fail through neglect. It is illusory for such persons to pretend that they, minding their own affairs, do no wrong to others. They violate justice by abandoning the fellowship of life, giving it none of their zeal, labor, or ability. If it is to have the name of virtue, however, public service must be voluntary. When one is forced to perform an act, the act ceases to be a virtue.

19. Titius—it was customary among the Romans, especially with lawyers, to use the name Titius simply for the sake of example, without respect to any individual ("Titius," I. J. G. Scheller, Lexicon Totius Latinitatis, revised and translated by J. E. Riddle, Oxford, 1835, II, pages unnumbered).

28 Since Haddon's poem is addressed to Elizabeth during the lifetime of her father, it must have been written before 1547. The Latin poem is a good illustration of anaphora.

29 Henry Brandon (1535-1551) and Charles (1537-1551), Dukes of Suffolk, were the sons of Charles, Duke of Suffolk, by his wife, Katherine Willoughby. Henry succeeded to the dukedom in 1545 on the death of his father. Their mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, was
very solicitous concerning the education of her sons; and, in 1550, both brothers were pursuing their studies at St. John's, Cambridge. This poem seems to have been written in the summer of 1551, when the sweating sickness broke out. Haddon, although ill, addressed the poem to Henry, who, with Charles, had gone to the Bishop of Lincoln's palace at Buckden, Huntingdonshire, to escape the epidemic. Both brothers, however, caught the infection and died on July 16. Charles survived his brother for about half an hour, and so is also considered a Duke of Suffolk (James Gairdner, "Henry and Charles Brandon," DNB, VI, 222). See the Introduction, pp. 46-50.

8. Charles Brandon, father of Henry and Charles, was made Duke of Suffolk in 1514. After previous marriages with Margaret Mortymer, Ann Brown, and Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII and widow of Louis XII of France, he married Katherine Willoughby, the daughter of William Willoughby, ninth Baron of Willoughby de Eresby. Charles was ambassador to France, and in 1523 and again in 1544 was commander of the English army in France. He allied himself with the king against Wolsey and the Pope, receiving for his loyalty to the king a large share of abbey lands (James Gairdner, "Charles Brandon," DNB, VI, 216-222). After the death of her sons, Katherine Willoughby married Richard Bertie,
giving him a son, Peregrine Bertie, eleventh Baron Willoughby de Eresby (Thompson Cooper, "Catherine Bertie," *DNB*, XI, 403).

30

See Introduction, pp. 52-60.

33

Perhaps the noble youth referred to here was Lord Maltravers. While still in his late teens, he was dispatched on an ambassadorial mission to Bohemia. The fact that he was on the continent could explain why he should send a German book to Haddon as a New Year's gift. See Haddon's poem on the death of Lord Maltravers, poem 64.

5. Hess, the author of the book, evidently a slender volume. The fondness, of course, is the donor's towards Haddon. Johann Hess, a German reformer, was born at Nuremberg in 1490, and died at Breslau in 1547. He studied at Wittenberg, where he became acquainted with Luther and Melanchton. He became secretary to Johann Turzo, Bishop of Breslau, who was sympathetic to the humanistic movement and was an admirer of Erasmus. For a while Hess was tutor to the son of Duke Charles of Muensterberg-Oelo. He was ordained to the priesthood, but, on the death of Turzo, he openly subscribed to the new religion. His only publication was a reprint of the chapter "De vitanda ebrietate" from

6. Carion, the author of the German book Haddon sent in return for the one by Hess. Johann Carion also belonged to the reform movement in Germany. He was born at Neckar in 1499, and died in 1537. He was court astrologer for Joachim I of Brandenburg. He was especially known as a writer of chronicles. His Chronicles of the World enjoyed a certain popularity, being translated into Latin, English, French, and Dutch. German editions were frequent: 1532, 1538, 1566 and 1586 (Der Grosse Brockhaus, ed. Eberhard Brockhaus, II, Wiesbaden, 1953, 529).

15. If the noble youth was really Lord Maltravers, his father was Henry Lord Maltravers, twelfth Earl of Arundel.

The Autobiography of Thomas Whythorne, not to be dated exactly but which speaks of "Doktor Haddon, latly deceased" (Ed. James M. Osborn, Oxford, 1961, p. 184), contains a copy of this poem (p. 181), the only variant being line 14, terre for terrae. In his Autobiography, Whythorne (1528-1596) calls Haddon "the wurthi gentelman....whoz learned miuz for miusiks sak thez verses
thus did fram," after which follows Haddon's panegyric
came to light only in 1955. Thomas Whythorne (1528-1596)
was the author of Songes for three, fower, and five
voices, printed by John Daye at London in 1571. This
book of songs is the earliest example we possess intact
Wynkyn de Worde had printed a book of secular songs
in 1530, but the bass-part book alone has survived.
In 1590, Whythorne published a second volume entitled
Duos, or Songs for two voices, printed at London by
Thomas Este (Peter Warlock, Thomas Whythorne, London,
1925, pp. 4-11).

35 and 36

Whether or not a man should take a wife was one of the
subjects for oratorical disputation in the grammar
schools of the time. Foster Watson gives the follow­
ing question as one of the Quaestiones aliquot declam­
atoriae: an qui ducit uxorem, libertati valedicit?
(The English Grammar Schools to 1660, Cambridge, 1908,
p. 30f). Haddon's poems reveal a sense of humor, and
they are doubly delightful when one reflects that Haddon
took two wives.

37

According to Ruth Hughey, (Arundel Harlington Manuscript,
II, Columbus, 1960, 30), there was almost certainly a
copy of this poem in the Arundel Manuscript, folio 25, now missing but at one time opposite Harington's translation of Haddon's poem, "Præcepta Coniugii Uxoris Responsa." This missing version no doubt provided the copy used in Nugæ Antiquæ, first printed in 1775. The following version is from Thomas Park's edition (1804) of Nugæ Antiquæ (London, 395f):

John Harington to his Wyfe, 1564

Yf dutye, wyfe, lead thee to deeme
That trade moste fytt I hold most deere:--
Fyrst, God regard; next, me esteeme;
Our chyldren then respect thow neare.

Our house bothe sweete and cleanly see;
Ordre our fare; thy maydes kepe short;
Thy mirth with mean well myxed be;
Thy courtesse partes in chaste wyse sorte.

In sober weede thee cleanly dresse;
When joyes me rayse, thy cares downe cast;
When greifes me greive, thy solace cease;
Who so me frynys, frynys them as fast.

In peace geve place, what so I saye;
A parte complayne, yf caurse thou fynde;
Let lybrall lypps no trust bewray,
Nor jelous humour Payne thye mynd.

If I thee wronge, thie greifes unfolde;
Yf thou me vex, thine erroour grawnt;
To seeke straunge toyles be not too bold;
The stryfelesse bedd no jarres may haunt.

Small sleape and early prayer intend;
The idle lyfe, as poyson, hate;
No credyte lyght nor moche speache spend;
In open place no caurse debate.

No thwarts, no frownes, no grudge, no stryfe;
Eschew the badd, embrace the best;
To trothe of worde joyne honest lyfe,
And in my bosome buyld thye nest.
Miss Hughey also gives Harington's copy of the poem as it appears in British Museum MS. Add. 36529, fol. 69r, a text superior to the one in *Nugae Antiquae*. Miss Hughey speculates on the relationship of Harington's version of the poem and its companion poem which follows to the Latin versions of Haddon. The Harington version is dated three years prior to the first edition of Haddon's poems. Harington could have become acquainted with Haddon through their mutual friend, Katherine, Duchess of Suffolk; or, perhaps, the two men met at court. It is possible that Harington made his translation from Haddon's manuscript copies. A comparison of the English with the Latin makes it unlikely that Haddon turned English originals into Latin. Such a comparison indicates rather that the reverse method was followed. In the wife's address to her husband, the English closely parallels the Latin except in lines 17-20 where line 19 has no Latin parallel, and that line 20 falls at line 24 in the Latin version. Line 17 in the Latin is not found in the English version. The Latin-English relationship in the husband's address to the wife is not quite so close (*Arundel Harington Manuscript*, II, 31-32).

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his *Flowers of Epigrammes* [MiiV-MiiiI릉], 196-197. It is second in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translates and
attributes the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's translation follows:

**Precepts of wedlocke**  
The husbands requests.

My wife, if thou regard mine ease:  
Praye to the Lord: hym praise and please.  
Displease not mee (for any thyng)  
Care how thy children up to bring:  
Let still thyne house be neat and fine:  
Alwaies prouide for children thine:  
Be merry, but with modestie,  
Lest some men blame thine honestie:  
Let manners thine be pleasant still:  
With Iackes yet doe not play the gyll.  
Go in thy garments soberly,  
Let no spot be thereon to spie.  
Be merry when that I am merry:  
When I lowre, sing not thou Hey derry.  
The man that lyked is of mee,  
Let hym likewise be likt of thee.  
That which I say in company,  
See thou retell not openly.  
If ought I speake that likes not thee,  
Thereof in secret monish mee.  
What so in secret I thee tell  
Reveale not, but conceale it well.

Thinke not straunge Wines doe make mee warme  
When I thee hurt, shew mee thy harme.  
Confesse when so thou dost offend:  
Chide not to bedward when we wend.  
Sleep slightly: rise betyme, and praye:  
When thou art drest, to woorke away.  
Beleue not all thing that is saide:  
Speake little (as beseemes a mayde)  
In presence mine dispute thou not:  
Reply not: that must be forgot.  
The honest do associate still:  
Loth liuyng with the lewd and ill.  
Let lewdnes none thy life affoord:  
Be alwaies true of tongue and woord:  
Let shamefastnes thy mistres bee:  
Do these, and wife come cull with mee.
There is an English translation of this poem in the Arundel Manuscript, folio 21 (Hughey, \textit{Arundel Harlington Manuscript}, I, 95f). See the note to the preceding poem.

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his \textit{Flowers of Epigrammes}, 197-199. This poem is third in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translates, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's translation follows:

\textbf{The wivea aunswere}

\begin{quote}
Husband, if thou wilt pure appeare,
(Even as thy self) then holde mee dear.
So shalt thou please Iehoue deuine,
So shalt thou make mee norrishe mine.
See that our house wherein we dwell
Be hansome, holsome, walled well.
And let vs haue what vse requires:
Make servantes sweat at woorke, not fires.
See that thy speech be mild and meeke.
Of froward frumps be still to seeke.
If thou wilt haue mee do for thee,
Then see thou likewise do for mee.
If thou on thy frends do bestowe,
Be liberall to my frends also.
For servants thine keepe tauntyngs tart,
Admonishe gently mee aparte.
And when in sport some tyme I spend,
Do thou not sharply reprehend.
And when I joy with thee to jest,
In angrie moode, do not molest.
Tis not enuffe, that I loue thee:
But sometime thou must make of mee.
If I shall not of thee be ielowes,
See thou cleaue not to many fellowes.
Though thou hast toyled out the daye
At night be merry yet alwaye.
Use neuer muche abroad to rome:
But still keepe close with mee at home.
\end{quote}
Thou saidst muche, when you wast an woer,  
Now (we are coupled) be a doer. 
Penelope if I shalbe,  
Then be Vlisses vnto me.

39

I have not been able to find the original English version from which this Latin poem comes. Perhaps Haddon was also the author of the English poem.

40

The Norfolk rebellion, which prompted Sir John Cheke to write his *Hurt of Sedition*, began like the first act of a comic opera, the chief roles being played by Robert Kett and his brother, William, men of some position in their community. Robert held the manor of Wymondham, Norfolk, from John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, together with other lands. A local feud developed, trivial to the point of absurdity; but, as the plot develops and the opera takes on a tragic character, the spectator becomes aware that the trivia of the first act were only the immediate occasion which unleashed the pentup bitterness of a whole segment of society against social inequities. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the men of Wymondham, in 1539, had bought from the Crown the choir of the priory church and other parts of the monastic buildings. In spite of this purchase, the tenant of the royal grantee,
Sergeant Flowerden, stripped the lead from the roofs and carried away the bells. The community, under the leadership of the Ketts, already resentful over the hardships arising from the enclosure of the common lands by the new landlords, rioted on June 20, 1549, at Attleborough and tore down the fences. Again, on July 7, at an annual festival at Wymondham, more fences were destroyed, some of them erected by Flowerden at Hathersett. The latter, in retaliation against the Ketts, paid the rioters to pull down Kett's fences. Kett himself helped the rioters, and then led the rabble against the rest of Flowerden's fences. After a clean sweep of Flowerden's fences, Robert Kett, continuing his messianic mission of social reform, led the rioters to Bowthorpe. The Sheriff, Sir Edmund Windham, fled to Norwich, with the rioters in pursuit and pulling down fences along the way. By this time Kett's followers numbered 16,000 men, who ravaged the countryside for provisions and blockaded Norwich. A petition of grievances was drawn up, demanding that the rights of the landlords be lessened and advocating "that all bondsmen be made free; for God made all free with his precious bloodshedding." Kett then attacked Norwich, killed Lord Sheffield, and drove the royal troops from the city. John Dudley, subsequently Duke of Northumberland, was given command of the royal
forces and met the insurgents at Dussindale. Instructing his officers to conquer or die, he himself, after the battle favored the royal troops, stopped further bloodshed by riding alone into the enemies' ranks and pledging his word for their lives. Thirty-five thousand men lost their lives in the battle. Robert and William Kett were apprehended and executed, the former on December 7, 1549, at Norwich, and the latter at Wymondham. The hero of Dussindale, the Duke of Northumberland, was himself sent to the Tower by Queen Mary and executed on August 22, 1553, for the part he played in having his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, proclaimed queen after the death of King Edward VI (Mandell Creighton, "Robert Kett," DNB, XI, 76f; Richard Watson Dixon, "John Dudley," DNB, VI, 109ff).

Perhaps this Purius is William Pury of Windsor, a scholar from Eton, who was admitted, at the age of seventeen, to King's, Cambridge, on August 6, 1540, taking his B.A. in 1541-2, and his M.A. from Oxford, 1545-6. He subsequently became vicar of Stratfield Mortimer in Berkshire, 1547-9; prebend of Carlisle, 1547-52; vicar of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1549-52 (Alumni Cantabrigienses, I, 111, 409).
I have been unable to find a clue to the identity of N.I., and of I.N. in the following poem. Perhaps the initials stand for Nomen Ignotum, which could also read Ignotum Nomen.

Concerning I.N., see my remark in poem 42.

2. A playful use of the definition of a sacrament: a sign which signifies grace by the sign alone.

The title of the poem in B is "Ad D. Edmundum Brudnellum." Edmund Brudnell was the son of Sir Robert Brudnell (1461-1531), chief justice of the common pleas, who maintained a close connection with Cambridge. Edmund Brudnell matriculated sizar from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, at Michaelmas in 1544 (Cooper, Athenae Cantabrigienses, p. 528; Alumni Cantabrigienses, I, i, 242).

In March, 1552, Haddon was so seriously ill that Cheke sent him a consolatory letter encouraging him to accept death in a spirit of faith (The Literary Remains of Edward VI, I, clxi). Richard Cox, Haddon's old schoolmaster at Eton, was chancellor of Oxford from 1547 to
1552. Upon the advent of Queen Mary to the throne, he had to flee to the continent for being implicated in Northumberland's plot to make Lady Jane Grey queen of England. He returned to England when Elizabeth came to power, and in 1559 was made bishop of Ely, where he remained for twenty-one years (Richard Watson Dixon, "Richard Cox," DNB, IV, 1337-9).

The Rule of Reason by Thomas Wilson is a manual of logic. Its popularity is attested by the fact that it went through seven editions between 1551 (STC 25809) and 1593 (STC 25815). I have not seen the edition of 1551, but it is my supposition that Haddon's poem appeared in this edition; for the poem recognizes so vividly the monumental step which Wilson took when he used the vernacular for his text of logic. When Wilson repeated his performance in rhetoric (1553), Haddon prefaced the text with a poem in which he compares the two feats. The Rule of Reason awaits a modern edition.

Ascham, one which disapproved of false learning, ink-horn terms and redundancy, also characterized Thomas Wilson (c. 1525-1581). Barnabee Barnes said of Wilson that his "discretion did redress our English barbarism" (prefatory sonnet to Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, Alexander Grosart, *Works of Gabriel Harvey*, London, 1884-1885, II, 24). The *Art of Rhetorique* had eight editions between 1553 (STC 25799) and 1585 (STC 25806). A reprint of the edition of 1585 appeared in 1909 (ed. G. H. Mair, Oxford, Clarendon Press). According to Wilson, rhetoric is the art of the orator, and he relies much on the authority of Cicero and Quintilian. His principles are elaborated with anecdotes and samples.

Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge conteyned in Two Bookes*, first appeared in 1545. It comprises two Platonic dialogues concerning the use of the long bow, emphasizing the necessity of bodily, as well as intellectual, exercise in education. Successive editions appeared in 1571 and 1589. In 1788 and 1868 editions appeared, edited by J. Walters and E. Arber respectively. The best modern edition is that by Aldis Wright in the *Cambridge Classics*, 1904.
Thomas Norton, a native of Bristol, was a member of the Privy Council of Edward IV, and was employed by the king on several embassies, sharing the king's troubles when the king had to flee to Burgundy. Norton probably studied alchemy under George Ripley of the abbey of St. Augustine in Bridlington, and he declared that he succeeded twice in making the elixir of life, only to have the discovery stolen from him. In 1477 appeared his Ordinal of Alchemy, a chemical tract in rhymed English verse, which tells something of the thought and feelings of the writer, and describes in some detail the equipment, organization, and practice of his laboratory (John Read, The Alchemist in Life, Literature, and Art, London, 1947, 25). Norton's work was published anonymously but reveals its authorship quite ingeniously. The initial word of the poem, the first syllables of the first six chapters, and the last line of chapter seven, put together, read: "Thomas Norton of Brísteto, A parfet master ye may him trowe." The Ordinal was published in Latin in Michael Maiers' Tripus Aureus at Frankfort in 1618, in Museum Hermeticum at Frankfort in 1678 and 1749, and in J. J. Manget's Bibliotheca Chemica Curiosa at Geneva in 1702. The Latin was translated into German by David Maisner in Chymischer

Norton, $[\text{C}_4\text{P}]$, attests to the prevalent interest in alchemy:

......common workemen will not be out-laste.
For as well as Lords they love this noble Crafte;
As Gouldsmithes whom we shulde left repreve
For sights in their Craft moveth them to beleue;
But wonder it is that Wevers deale with such warks,
Free Masons and Tanners with poore Parish Clerks;
Tailors and Glasiers will not thereof cease,
And eke sely Tinkers will put them in the prease
With greate presumption.

50

Sir Anthony Cooke (1504-1576) was tutor to Edward VI. Although privately educated, he was quite learned in Latin, Greek, poetry, history and mathematics, and directed his energies to the education of his children. His daughters, Mildred, subsequently the wife of Lord Burghley, and Ann, the wife of Sir Thomas Bacon, under their father's tutelage, were among the most learned women in England. He had four sons—Anthony, Richard, Edward, and William—and five daughters—Mildred, Ann, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Katherine. The latter daughter married Sir Henry Killigrew. The daughters referred
to in Haddon's poem are Margaret and Elizabeth. Margaret was the youngest daughter and became the wife of Ralph Rowlett, knight, sheriff of Effingham, Hertfordshire. She died on August 3, 1558, and was buried at St. Mary Staining, London. Elizabeth married Sir Thomas Hoby (1530-1566) on June 27, 1558, by whom she had two sons, Edward and Thomas, the latter being posthumous, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Ann, who died within a few days of each other in February, 1570-1. Their death was commemorated by their mother in Latin verse on the family tomb. Thomas Hoby died in Paris while ambassador to France on July 13, 1566, at the age of thirty-six. Elizabeth brought his remains back to England and, having erected a chapel on the south side of the chancel of the church at Bisham in Berkshire, buried him with his brother, Philip, in one tomb, which she adorned with Latin and English inscriptions of her own making. Elizabeth, usually referred to as Lady Elizabeth Russell, remarried on December 23, 1574, John Lord Russell, who died in 1584 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Elizabeth lived until 1609. She translated from the French A Way of Reconciliation touching the true Nature and Substance of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament, which was printed in 1605 (George Ballard, Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain, Oxford,
Rowlet in purest heart thy Marg'ret wear,  
A casket proper for a gem so rare!  
The brother's merit let the brother claim,  
The daughter emulate the Father's fame:  
So shall the bridegroom to his like be join'd,  
The bride her virtues in his comfort find.

Cicero states in his *Paradoxes* (*Paradox II*, trans. by Cyrus R. Edmonds, New York, 1892, 270f):  

No man who is wholly consistent within himself, and who reposes all his interests in himself alone, can be otherwise than completely happy. But the man whose every hope, and scheme, and design depends upon fortune, such a man can have no certainty; can possess nothing assured to him as destined to continue for a single day. If you have any such man in your power, you may terrify him by threats of death or exile; but whatever can happen to me in so ungrateful a country, will find me not only not opposing, but even not refusing it. To what purpose have I toiled? to what purpose have I acted? or on what have my cares and meditations been watchfully employed, if I have produced and arrived at no such results, as that neither the outrages of fortune nor the injuries of enemies can shatter me.

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his *Flowers of Epigrams* [MillV], p. 199. It is the fifth in a series of thirteen poems which he translated, attrib-
UTING THE LATIN ORIGINAL TO HADDON. KENDALL'S TRANSLATION FOLLOWS:

BY VERTUE NOT VIGOVR

Winne euuen the wayward Vertue will,
and Vertue maketh willyng still.
Force furious fomyng fighteth feare:
But Vertue doth with reason pearce.
In body Force his feare doth finde,
Vertue triumpheth still in minde.
Force maketh men like beasts to be,
But Vertue maketh men we see.
Wherefore rude boysterous Force fare well,
For Vertue braue shall beare the bell.
Let Force to Vertue bow and bend:
Or Mistres on the Mayde attende.

TIMOTHY KENDALL TRANSLATED THIS POEM IN HIS FLOWERS OF EPIGRAMMES [MIII^F] PP. 199-200. THIS POEM IS SIXTH IN A SERIES OF THIRTEEN POEMS WHICH KENDALL TRANSLATES, ATTRIBUTING THE ORIGINAL TO HADDON. KENDALL'S TRANSLATION FOLLOWS:

HOW EVERY AGE IS ENCLINED

The Babe (devoyde of wit and sence)
In Cradle still doth crie:
The Lad by lightnes lewd doth loose
his tyme, and runnes awrye.
From 12. to 21. Youth
runnes rashly on his race:
The Lustie Youth to lawles luste
and riot runnes apace.
The Man still hunts for honours hie:
the Senior serious seekes
For wealth and coyne: glad when into
his pragged purse he seeks.

SEE INTRODUCTION, PP. 24-31. THE FIRST TWENTY-SIX LINES OF THE POEM REFER TO THE ABDIVITE ATTEMPT OF THE DUKE.
of Northumberland's party to put Lady Jane Grey on the English throne.

54

Princess Elizabeth was taken to the Tower on March 18, 1554, on suspicion of being involved in Sir Thomas Wyatt's intended uprising. Despite the fact that there was no evidence inculpating her, she was kept in the Tower until May 19, after which she was removed to Woodstock and kept under custody. After six months she was summoned to Queen Mary's presence, and at the Christmas feast was given a seat at the royal table (Augustus Jessup, "Elizabeth," DNB, VI, 625).


55

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his Flowers of Epigrammes [MiiiiV], p. 200. It is the seventh in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translates, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's translation follows:

A noble dame: I hide her name

For visage thou art Venus right:
Pallas for flowing braine:
To finger fine the Harp or Lute
Apollo thou dost staine.
Mercurius rules thy filed speache,
thy manners Cynthia chast:
Alumni Cantabrigienses (Venn, I, iv, 392) contributes the following information concerning Thomas Whitehead: "Whytehed, T., Canon of Stoke College, Suffolk; age 60 in 1534. Perhaps Principal of Borden Hostel."

Whitehead's sojourn at Stoke, albeit long, was not without incident. In June, 1514, when Bishop Nykke, on a visitation, summoned all the members of the college in the Lady Chapel, Whitehead, prebendary of the second stall on the south side, and Thomas Wardell, prebendary of the second stall on the north side, stated that the book of statutes had been erased and interlined, especially in the section relating to the residence requirements of the canons and vicars. A third prebendary, William Wiott, evidently an antagonist of Whitehead, declared that the dean (Bishop Edenham) had been felling timber for the repair of a mill, whereas the timber was to be used only to repair the college; and that Whitehead used some of the timber to repair his benefice at Birdbrook, and that Whitehead's life at Birdbrook was scandalous. In another visitation, in June, 1520, the matter of tampering with the statutes was again brought up. On July 12, 1526, when Whitehead was senior canon, having held a prebend at Stoke for
twenty-nine years, the bishop of Norwich visited the college. On this occasion Whitehead complained that Richard Griffith, receiver general and secretary to Queen Catherine, had, at her command, forcibly removed the book of statutes, the bull of Pope John XXII, the confirmation of Henry V, the charter of Edmund, Earl of March, the charter of Richard, Duke of York, together with other monuments and evidences and the common seal and three other seals. Another visitation in July, 1532, indicates that Whitehead seemed to have taken matters into his own hands, for he was ordered, under pain of excommunication, to restore before Michaelmas, the book of statutes which he had sent on to London (The Victoria History of the County of Suffolk, ed. William Page, II, London, 1907, 147-150). The date of Whitehead's death is not known.

58

Bucer died at Cambridge on February 26, 1552 (Literary Remains of King Edward VI, II, 304-6). See the Introduction of this dissertation, pp. 19-21.

59

During the summer of 1551, the plague of sweat was quite severe, carrying away multitudes of people, rich and poor, especially in London, where in one day, on
July 10, a hundred people died, and the day following one-hundred-twenty. It was during this plague that Henry Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Charles, his brother, lost their lives on the same day, July 16. Both were students of Haddon at Cambridge. At the time of their death, they were at Buckden, the home of the Bishop of Lincoln, whither they had retired to avoid the sickness. They were the only male issue of Charles, Duke of Suffolk, and his second wife, Katherine (John Strype, Ecclesiastical Memorials, II, 1, Oxford, 1822, 491f). See the Introduction, pp. 46-50.

60

This poem and the one preceding might more properly be entitled "The Duchess of Suffolk," concerned as they are with her dispositions after the demise of her sons. See Introduction, pp. 46-50.

61

The fact that Haddon included this poem in his Vita Et Obitus Duorum Suffolciensium, Henrici et Caroli Brandoni, published at London in 1551, would seem to indicate that the poem was suggested by the plague of 1551. Haddon also refers to the social ills that stalked the land—Kett's rebellion had been put down only two years before, after a thousand of his followers
lost their lives--but he attributes these evils to the sins of the people. Rebellion, hunger, want, plague, according to Haddon, were the instruments God was using to bring England to its knees. Without disavowing the divine plan, a student of history cannot help commenting that even if the people had not been guilty of lust, debauchery, pride, and the various other vices the poet so graphically describes, they would have been just as hungry, just as poor, just as landless, the only difference being, perhaps, that they would have starved quietly.

62

John Clere was father of Haddon's first wife. In 1557 he was appointed vice-admiral of the fleet, and went to quell a Scottish uprising. Landing at Kirkwall on the northern coast of Scotland, he was at first successful; but the Scots, with reinforcements, surprised the English. Clere, with eighty of his men, lost his life while attempting to retreat.

41. Graius, meaning the Greek. Perhaps Poseidon, the Greek god of the sea, is referred to here.

63

John was the eldest son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Warwick. Northumberland was sent to the Tower and executed on August 22, 1553, for
the part he played in the abortive attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne of England. Northumberland's son was called in his father's lifetime Lord Lisle and Earl of Warwick. On June 3, 1550, he married Anne Seymour, daughter of the Duke of Somerset; and Edward VI attended the nuptials. In the following year, young Warwick was given permission to have a train of fifty horsemen. On April 28, 1552, he was created Master of the Horse. In the same year Sir Thomas Wilson dedicated to him his Arte of Rhetorique. With his other brothers, he was implicated in his father's plot and was condemned to death in 1553. The sentence, however, was not carried out. After a term in the Tower, he was released in 1554, but died ten days afterwards. Northumberland had been chancellor of the University of Cambridge (Richard Watson, "John Dudley," DNB, VI, 109-111), and Walter Haddon thought so highly of young Warwick's scholastic accomplishments that he held him up as an example to all the students of Cambridge ("G.Haddoni Cantabrigiensis, sive exhortatio ad literas," Lucubrationes, p. 122f).

8-9. The father's sin refers to Northumberland's execution for treason, as noted above.

Henry Fitzalan was the only son of Henry, Lord Maltravers,
twelfth Earl of Arundel, by his first wife, Catherine, the daughter of Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset. He was born about 1537, and was commonly called Lord Maltravers from the time his father succeeded to the earldom. He was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Edward in February, 1546-7. In May, 1549, he was matriculated as a nobleman of Queen's College, Cambridge, but was not sworn because of his immature age. In April, 1555, he married Anne Wentworth of Gosfield Essex, the widow of Sir Hugh Rich. Despite his youth, he was dispatched on an embassy to Ferdinand I, King of Bohemia, the brother of Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. A fever carried him off on July 31, 1556, and he was buried in the north aisle of the cathedral in Brussels. Maltravers left no children, and eventually the estates to which he had been heir went to the family of his elder sister, Mary, wife of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (Charles Henry Cooper and Thomas Cooper, Athenae Cantabrigienses, I, Cambridge, 1858, 548). H. E. Rollins (Tottel's Miscellany, II, Cambridge, Mass., 1928-9, 245) points out that Henry Parker, Baron Morley, dedicated his translation of Petrarch's Triumphs (1554) to "the mooste towardre yonge gentle Lorde Matrauers, sonne and heyre apparaunt to the worthy and noble Earle of Arundel." Roger Ascham in The Schoolmaster (Whole Works, ed.
Giles, III, 142) calls the young Duke of Norfolk and the Lord Maltravers "two noble primroses of nobility," and "two such examples to the court for learning, as our time may rather wish than look for again." Haddon regarded Maltravers as one of the most promising students ever to have gone through Cambridge ("G. Haddoni Cantabrigiensis, sive exhortatio ad literas," Lucubrationes, p. 122f).

36. Titus Caesar died in 81 A.D., after a reign of only two years.

37. princeps Edvardus, i.e., Prince Edward VI.

40. H. E. Rollins (Tottel's Miscellany, II, 247) contributes the following speculation concerning the identity of Shelleius:

This production is apparently unknown. Merrill's suggestion that it may have been written by Sir Richard Shelley (1513?-1589?), diplomat and grand prior of the Knights of St. John, is highly unlikely. Much more plausible candidates for its authorship would seem to be the T. Shelley whom in 1545 the poet Surrey described as "sometime my servant, and now a captain within this town" of Boulogne, France (Nott's Surrey, p. 180; Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic; of the Reign of Henry VIII, xx, part ii, p. 399); or the Edward Shelley (possibly the same person as the foregoing "T." Shelley), an attendant of Surrey's, whose bravery in fighting against the French was celebrated in a Latin poem by Chaloner (Nott, p. 180 n; cf. Letters and Papers, xxii, part i, pp. 16, 336-337); or the Richard Shelley, servant to the deputy of Calais in 1541 (Nicolas, Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, vii, III). A brave soldier named Shelley who was slain at Musselburgh, Scotland, is the subject of an elegy in Barnabe
Googe's *Eclips*, etc., 1563 (ed. Arber, pp. 70-71). The name Shelley seems in the first half of the sixteenth century to have been almost synonymous with fighting.

A translation of this poem by Nicholas Grimald, appears in *Tottel's Miscellany* (ed. Rollins, I, poem 163, 113f). Grimald's version follows:

*Vpon the death of the lord Mautrauers, out of doctor Haddons* latine.

The noble Henry, he, that was the Lord Mautrauers named: Heyr to the house of thArundels, so long a time now famed:

Who from Fitzalens doth recount descent of worthy race, Fitzalens, earls of hye estate, men of a goodly grace:

Whom his renowned father had seen flourish and excell,

In arms, in arts, in witt, in skill, in speaking wonders well:

Whose yeres, to timely vertue had, and manly grauenesse caught:

With soden ruine is downfalln, and into ashes braught:

While glory his coragious hert enflames to travaail great:

And, in his youthly brest ther raigns an ouerferuent heat.

The perelesse princesse, Mary quene, her message to present,

This Britan lord, as one moste meet, to Cesars broother sent.

On coursing steeds hee rides the waye: in ship hee fleeteth fast:

To royall Cesars court he comes, the payns, and perils past:

His charge enjoynd perfourmeth hee, attaind exceeding praise:

His name, and fame so fully spred, it dures for after-dayes.

But lo, a feruent feeuer doth, amid his triumphs, fall:

And, with hertgripyng greef, consumes his tender lyms and all.

0 rufull youth, thy helth too far forgot, and too much heed

To countrie, and too parent yeuen: why makest thou such speed?

0, staye your self: your country so to serue dothe right require,
That often serue you may: and then, at length, succeed your sire.
But thee perchance it likes, thy life the price of praise to paye:
Nor deth doest dreed, where honor shines, as bright, as sonny day.
Certesse no greater glory could, than this, to thee betide:
Though Ioue, six hundred yeres, had made thy fatall thread abide
Of journeys, and of travailes huge the cause thy country was:
Thy funerall to honour, forth great Cesars court gan passe.
And thus, O thus (good lord) this ymp, of heue most worthy wight
His happy life with blissfull death concluded hath aright:
When, in frount yere quene Maries raign proceeded: & what day,
Was last of Iulie moneth, the same his last took him awaye.
From yeres twice ten if you in count wil out one yere abate:
The very age then shall you finde of lord Mautrauers fate.
Likewise, was Titus Cesar hence withdrawn, in his prime yeres:
Likewise, the yong prince Edward went: and diuers other peres.
Father, forbear thy wofull tears, cease, England, too lament:
Fates fauour none, the enmie death to all alike is bent. The onely mean, that now remains, with eloquence full fine,
Hath Shelley used, in setting forth this barons name divine.
Your Hadon eke, who erst in your life time, bore you good hart,
Presernteth you this monument, of woonted zeal some part. And now farewell: of English youth most chosen gem, farewell:
A worthyer wight, saue Edward, did in England neuer dwell.

John Strype writes of the death and burial of Sir John Cheke:
pining away with the shame and regret of what he had done, he died Sept. 13, 1557, aged 43, at his friend Mr. Peter Casburn's house, in Wood-street, London; and was buried in St. Alban's church there, in the north chapel of the quire, Sept. 16. On whose grave were engraved these verses, made by his learned acquaintance, Dr. Walter Haddon; which I shall here set down, as I have them transcribed from the monumental stone, taken by Charles Lancaster, herald, anno 1611, rather than as they are varied in Cheke's life, composed by H. Holland, and from him by Dr. Gerard Langbain. On the stone, on the right side of the inscription, is engraved the coat of arms of him and his wife; being three crescents, and a crescent in the midst for distinction. The woman's coat, a salteir vaire, with a martlet in the nombril point, between five martlets. The epitaph as follows:

Doctrinae lumen Checus vitaeque magister,  
Aurea naturae fabrica, morte jacet.  
Non erat e multis unus, sed praestitit unus  
Omnibus et patriae flos erat ille suae.  
Gemma Britanna fuit, tam magnum nulla tulerunt  
Tempora thesaurum, tempora nulla ferent.

Where one may observe, that neither his religion, his fall, nor his repentance, are in the least touched, those times not suffering it. (Sir John Cheke, Oxford, 1821, p. 131).

This rendition of Cheke's epitaph, varying considerably from the version given in both editions of Haddon's poems, is the same as that given in The Literary Remains of King Edward VI, I, clxi.

In his Flowers of Epigrammes [Mv], p. 202, Timothy Kendall used as the text for his translation of the poem that version which appears in the 1567 and 1576 editions of Haddon's poetry. Strype's version of the poem (line 4) speaks of Cheke as the flower of his
country, whereas Haddon in the two editions of his poems refers to Cheke as the light of his country. Kendall translates the latter version. The poem comes last in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translates, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. His translation follows:

An Epitapthe vpon the death of Sir Ihon Cheke

The maister of good maners milde,
the glitteryng lampe of skill:
Dame Natures golden workehouse rare,
now death hath rid from ill
Ah noble Sir Ihon Cheke is dedde,
whiche stedfast still did stande
Not one to many, but to all:
the lanterne of this lande.
The gem of this our Englishe soile:
fell death that riddeth all
So riche a iewell never tooke,
nor take hereafter shall.

Both Sir Nicholas Bacon (1509-1579), the lord keeper, and his second son, Nathaniel (1547-1622), had wives named Anne, and daughters named Anne, which could be the diminutive of Susanna. The girl, Mary, referred to in the poem, however, would seem to be the daughter of Nathaniel. Nicholas' daughter, Anne, was from his first wife, Jane, the daughter of William Fernley of West Creting, Suffolk. His second wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, gave him two sons, Anthony and the illustrious Francis. Nathaniel was likewise married
twice, his first wife being Anne, daughter of Thomas Gresham, by whom he had three daughters: Anne married to John Townsend of Rainham, Elizabeth to Thomas Knivett of Ashwell-Thorpe, and Winefred to Robert Gaudy of Claxton (Norfolk Archaeology, published by the Norfolk & Norwich Archaeological Society, VIII, Norwich, 1879, 153). Nathaniel left no male issue. (Sidney Lee, "Sir Nicholas Bacon," DNB, I, 836-843; Alexander Balloch Groshart, "Lady Ann Bacon," DNB, I, 795f). Mary evidently died in infancy which would explain, perhaps, why there is no record of her. If she were the daughter of Nathaniel Bacon and Anne Gresham, Haddon's poetic prayer was not realized, for the couple had only three other children.

James Haddon, younger brother of Walter, died in Strasburg circa 1556. He was a religious zealot who figured in the disputation on the real presence in 1553, and, perhaps for that reason, was deprived of his preferments under Queen Mary and went into exile in 1554. James had taken his B.A. at King's in 1541 and his M.A. in 1544. He was one of the original fellows of Trinity in 1546, afterwards becoming tutor to Lady Jane Grey and chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk. In 1552 he was appointed to the prebend of Westminster, and, the year following, was made dean of Exeter (Alumni
Cantabrigienses, I, ii, 280). In 1552 as Lenten preacher at Court, he attributed the "byepassed plagues" to the depravity of the realm and assured his audience that "worse was to come, if repentance shortly was not founde" (The Literary Remains of King Edward VI, I, clxxx).

68

On February 6, 1557, Queen Mary had the bodies of Bucer and Fagius exhumed, and, after a mock trial, they were burned on Market Hill, Cambridge. In July, 1560, the university was ordered to make amends and restore honor to the two men. Queen Elizabeth renewed the letters patent, granted by Edward VI, giving to any descendant of Bucer the privilege of settling in England and enjoying all the rights of an English subject. In 1593, a grandson of Bucer was maintained at Trinity College, Cambridge (Adolphus William Ward, "Martin Bucer," DNB, III, 177).

69

Johannes Ludovicus Vives (1492-1540) was born at Valencia of the union of Ludovicus Vives and his wife, Blanche Marcha. His family traced its descent from Vives del Vergel, an illustrious inhabitant of the ancient city of Denia in Valencia. In 1509, Vives went to Paris to study, and from there, in 1512, to
Bruges. Through Thomas More, who pointed out to Eras­mus the merit of Vives' writings, Vives and Erasmus became acquainted. In 1520 Vives lectured at Louvain on Cicero, Pliny and Virgil. At Erasmus' request he wrote a commentary on Augustine's De Civitate Dei. Henry VIII and Queen Catherine, with More in their entourage, visited Vives in Bruges in July, 1521, and in 1523 Vives was welcomed to England by the king. He lodged first at Oxford, and then came to Corpus Christi, Cambridge, to lecture. In 1524 he left England for awhile to marry Margaret Valdaura, the daughter of a Spanish merchant of Bruges. He was back in England in 1527, but, falling into disfavor when he sympathized with Queen Catherine, he was imprisoned for six weeks. When he declined to act as one of her defenders in the Roman Court, he lost his pension from the queen, whereupon he returned to Bruges where he continued to study and write. He died at Bruges on May 6, 1540. He was the author of numerous works of devotion, theology, philosophy, law, history, politics, grammar, theology, philology, and rhetoric. Some of his best known works are on education. His treatise on the education of a Christian woman was translated by R. Hyrd and published in London in 1540, his Linguae Latinae Exercitatio having appeared the previous year (James Bass Mullinger, "Johannes Ludovicus

8. Cordova, a city in southern Spain, the birthplace of the elder and the younger Seneca.

A. F. Pollard ("John Mason," DNB, XII, 1310-1313) points out that Sir John Mason married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Thomas Isley of Sundridge, Kent. Lady Mason was the widow of Richard Hill, sergeant of the wine-cellar to Henry VIII, and had had several children by him, including Margaret, who married Sir John Cheke. Mason, apparently, had no children, his principal heir being Anthony Wyckes, a grandson of Mason's mother, who assumed his name and, in 1574, was admitted to the post of clerk of Parliament, a position which Sir John had previously held. Pollard, however, notes that Thomas Corser (Collectanea Anglo-Poetica, CII, viii, printed for the Chetham Society, 1878, 213, 219) conjectures that Jasper Heywood refers to a deceased son in some lines of the preface to his translation of Seneca's Thyestes (The Second Tragedie of Seneca entitled Thyestes faithfully Englished by Jasper Heywood, fellowe of Alsolne College in Oxforede. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete in the house late Thomas Berthelettes. Anno 1560, 26 die Martii), a play dedicated to "the right honorable Syr John Mason knight, one of the Queenes Majesties privie counsaile." Following are
the lines to which Corser refers (Jasper Heywood, *Troas*, *Thyestes*, and *Hercules Furens*, ed. H. DeVacht, Louvain, 1913, 106-108):

now him I thinke vppone,
That here but late to litle liude,
and now from hens is gone.
Whose vertues rare in age so greene
bewrayde a worthy wight,
And towardnesse tryde of tender tyme,
how louely lampe of light
He woulde haue byn, if God had spaerde
his dayes, tyll suche tyme, whan
That elder age had abled him,
by grouthe to grauer man.
How thankfull thyng thinkst thou (quoth he)
woulde this to him haue beene,
If geuen to his name he might
a woorke of thine haue seene,
Whome duryng life he fauourde so?
but that may neuer be:
For gone he is, (alas the while)
thou shalt him neuer see,
Where breathyng bodyes dwell agayne:
nor neuer shalt thou more,
Eftsones with him of learyng talke,
as thou werte woont before.
Yet wayle no more for him (he sayde)
for he farre better is.
His seate he hath obtayned nowe,
among the starres in blis.
And castyng brighter beames about,
then Phoebus golden glede,
Aboue the skies he lyues with Joue,
an other Ganymede:
In better place then Aquarie.
suche grace did God him gyue.
But though the sonne be gone, yet here
dothe yet the father lyue.
And long might he this lyfe enioye
in helthe, and great encrease
Of honour and of vertue bothe,
Tyll God his soule release
From corps to skyes: with right rewarde
to recompense him there,
For truth and trusty service doon,
to prince and contrey here.
In the light of Heywood's lines, the reader of Haddon's poem seems justified in identifying Thomas Mason as the son of Sir John Mason.

Lady Jane Somerset, more properly called Lady Jane Seymour, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, was the daughter of Edward Seymour, first Earl of Hertford and Duke of Somerset. He was twice married, his wives being Catherine, who died in 1540, daughter of Sir William Fillol, and Ann, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope of Sudbury, Suffolk. By her Edward had four sons, three being named Edward and the fourth, Henry, and six daughters, Margaret, Jane, Ann, Mary, Catherine and Elizabeth. The first three won some literary renown by their composition on the death of Margaret of Valois: *Annae, Margaritae, Janae, Sororum Virginum heroidum Anglarum in mortem Margarltae Valesiae Navarrorum Regiae Hecadisticon*, Paris, 1550, which was translated into French the following year.

Lady Jane's father was the Protector during the reign of Edward VI, but, after losing a contest of power with John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was sent to the scaffold on January 22, 1551/2, the charge being that he had plotted to marry his daughter Jane to the young king (A. F. Pollard, "Edward Seymour," *DNB,*
Lady Jane died on March 19, 1560, in her twentieth year. She was buried in the chapel of St. Edmund in Westminster Abbey. Her body was carried from the Queen's Armory to the Abbey Church, with all the quire of the abbey, two hundred of the court, and fifty mourners, consisting of lords, ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, all in black, besides other mourners from the queen's Privy Chamber. The bishop of Peterborough preached the sermon. Her monument was of black marble and alabaster, decorated with small Corinthian pillars, embellished with gold and adorned with the family coat of arms. The following inscription was placed thereon:

The Noble Lady Jane Seymour, Daughter to the renowned Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset, Earl of Hertford, Viscount Beauchamp, Baron Seymour, and to the Right Noble Lady Ann Duchess of Somerset, his wife, departed this life in her Virginity at the age of nineteen years, the nineteenth of March, Anno 1560, in the second year of the most happy reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was honourably buried in the floor of this Chappel: to whose Memory, Edward Earl of Hertford and Baron Beauchamp, her dear Brother, hath caused this Monument to be made.

(George Ballard, Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain, Oxford, 1752, p. 141). George Ballard (p. 141) reproduces the following translation of Haddon's poem:

For genius fam'd, for beauty lov'd:  
Jane bade the world admire:  
Her voice harmonious notes improv'd,  
Her hand the tunefull Lyre.
Venus and Pallas claim'd this Maid,
Each as her right alone,
But Death superior pow'r display'd
And seiz'd her as his own.
Her Virgin dust this mournfull Tomb,
In kindred Earth contains,
Her Soul which Fate can ne'er consume
In endless Glory reigns.

Nicholas Poyntz (1510-1557) of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, was a prominent courtier in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. He was the eldest son of Sir Anthony Poyntz (1480-1553) and a nephew of Sir Francis Poyntz who was chancellor of England. The Poyntz family had been prominent in the time of Edward I in the wars against the Welsh and the Scots. A portrait of Nicholas, by Holbein, is in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol (A. F. Pollard, "Sir Francis Poyntz," DNB, XVI, 277f). Nicholas' daughter, Anne, was the wife of Sir Thomas Heneage (Hughey, The Arundel Harington Manuscript, II, 21), the author of the original English poem, which I have not discovered.

Elizabeth Brook, daughter of Lord Cobham, was the second wife of William Parr (1513-1571), Marquis of Northampton and Earl of Essex. He was the brother of Catherine Parr, and was privy councillor under Henry VIII.
and again under Elizabeth I. His matrimonial history appears to have been quite eventful. His first wife, whom he married in 1541, was Anne, daughter of Henry Bouchier, second Earl of Essex. In 1547, he divorced her, and, while the divorce proceedings were still under way, he married Elizabeth. He was forced to separate from Elizabeth for a time in 1546 so that Parliament would pass an act to make any children of his first wife illegitimate. In 1552 Parliament passed an act to secure the validity of his second marriage; but one of the earliest acts of Parliament under Queen Mary was to repeal the act of 1552. The position of the second marchioness, therefore, was clouded in uncertainty. She died in 1565. William then married Helena, daughter of Wolfgang Suavenberg, a German or a Swede. Parr's property was inherited by a nephew, Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, the son of Parr's sister, Ann (W. J. Archbold, "William Parr," DNE, XV, 367-368).

Haddon's poem must have been written after Elizabeth's death in 1565 and before the publication of the 1567 edition of Haddon's poetry. It represents, therefore, a comparatively late composition of Haddon. Due to its brevity and stereotyped quality, it gives us little basis to compare the earlier and the later poetic efforts of Haddon.
Prosopopoeia is a figure of speech in which an absent, dead, or imaginary person is represented as speaking. Here England is personified and does the speaking.

4. The "celebrated name" is Brutus, first king of the Britains. A great-grandson of Aeneas, he led a Trojan colony to Britain and founded New Troy, i.e., London. Such is the story as it comes from the Latin of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Historia Regum Britanniae. The legend was taken up by Wace in the French work Brut, whence it came into English in Layamon's Brut.

20. It was the contention of the reformers that the Church of Rome had corrupted the Christian faith, and they professed that it was their aim to restore the primitive faith of the Apostles and Fathers of the Church.

41. With the suppression of the monasteries in England by Henry VIII, the schools adjoining either ceased to exist, or their smooth functioning was interrupted. Haddon has a poem on one of these schools, the College of Westminster (Poem 78).

76

This poem was presumably written about the time of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth on January 15, 1559.

11-12. Stow informs us that about noon on September 5,
1559, a great tempest of lightning, with a terrible clap of thunder, fell on the city of London. Perhaps Haddon alludes to this incident (*A Survey of London*, I, 1908, 346).

Nicholas Bacon (1509-1579) received his B.A. from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1527. While at the university he was a close friend of William Cecil and Matthew Parker. Bacon studied law at Gray’s Inn, and was admitted to the bar in 1533. On December 22, 1558, Elizabeth I made him lord keeper of the great seal. He also became a member of the Privy Council and was knighted. Parker became archbishop of Canterbury chiefly through his recommendation. Bacon and Cecil, for the most part, took care of church matters. On April 14, 1559, he was authorized to hear cases in chancery and to exercise the full jurisdiction of chancellor. In 1566 he headed the committee from Parliament whose duty it was to urge the queen either to marry or to make arrangements for her successor. Haddon was a member of that committee. Bacon, a strong supporter of the new religion, was an antagonist to Mary Stuart. Bacon died in London at York House by Charing Cross on February 20, 1579. According to an old story, related by Dr. Rawling, Francis Bacon's
biographer, Nicholas' death was brought on by his barber who allowed him to go to sleep with a draft of air blowing upon him. Bacon was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on March 9. In his *Arte of English Poesie* (ed. Gladys Doidge Willcock and Alice Walker, Cambridge, 1936, p. 40), Puttenham praises Bacon's "grave naturall eloquence," and Nash, in *Pierce Penniless* (ed. J. P. Collier, p. 46), asks, "What age will not praye immortal Sir Philip Sidney---together with Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper, and merry Sir Thomas More, for the chiefe pillers of our English speeche?" His educational ideas were in advance of his own age, and he founded a free grammar school at Redgrave, providing in his will six scholarships to Cambridge for poor scholars at Redgrave. He made frequent contributions of books to the university library. According to Camden, Bacon was "exceeding gross-bodied," but Elizabeth declared "his soul lodged well." His first wife was Jane, daughter of William Fernley of West Creting, Suffolk, by whom he had three sons--Nicholas, Nathaniel, and Edward--and three daughters--Anne, Jane, and Elizabeth. His second wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, gave him two sons, Anthony and Francis (Sidney Lee, "Sir Nicholas Bacon," *DNB*, I, 838-843).
The origin of Westminster is "lost in the obscurity of the Middle Ages." Its present life began in 1560, under Queen Elizabeth. Originally connected with the monastery of St. Peter, the school, together with the abbey, was surrendered to the king in January, 1540, by Abbot Benson and his twenty-four monks. The king made of it a college of secular canons, with Benson its dean. In this form the school lasted less than a year, for, in the following December, it was made a cathedral. The school was not suppressed, continuing under the headship of John Adams, who was succeeded by Alexander Nowell, the author of the catechism and the inventor of bottled beer. When the bishopric was abolished in 1550, the dean, at the time Richard Cox, resumed his full authority. Hugh Weston, in 1553, succeeded Cox, and, during his deanship, Nicholas Udal became headmaster. The monastery was restored in 1556, only to be dissolved again under Queen Elizabeth in 1559. In 1560, Elizabeth reestablished the College of St. Peter's, which was to consist of a dean, twelve secular canons, two schoolmasters, and forty scholars. Assigned to the college were large estates, the abbey church, and the monastic buildings still standing. William Bill, provost of Eton and master of Trinity, was made the
first dean and served for one year, during which time he wrote the statutes for the school. Gabriel Goodman, a protege of Cecil, succeeded Cox and his tenure lasted forty years. Cecil was a patron and benefactor of the school (John Sargeaunt, Annals of Westminster School, London, 1898, 1-11). Haddon's poem, then, was written in 1560 or soon after.

79

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his Flowers of Epigrammes, p. 200. It comes eighth in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translates, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's translation follows:

**Of the Queenes Picture**

O Pitty great alas to see,  
that Vertue shynge so  
With Bewtie brave, must forced be  
at last away to go.

Haddon gives no indication of the particular portrait that induced him to write the poem.

80

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his Flowers of Epigrammes, pp. 200-201. The poem comes ninth in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translated, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's
translation follows:

Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer
somtyme Archbishop of Canterbury.

Well learned, and well liued too,
good Cranmer wast thou sure;
Faire lucky times and lowryng both,
God made thee to endure.

81

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his Flowers of
Epigrammes \( \text{[MvF]} \), p. 201. It comes tenth in a series
of thirteen poems which Kendall translated, attributing
the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's version fol-
dws:

Of his owne picture.

(Foole as thou art) what dost thou mean,
Thy fadyng forme to drawe?
A newe face, or els no face, thou
shalt have to morrow, daw.

I have not come across a portrait of Haddon and know
of none that exists.

83

Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Poyntz of Iron Acton,
Gloucestershire, was the first wife of Sir Thomas
Heneage (d. 1595), privy councillor and vice-chamber-
lain of the royal household under Queen Elizabeth. By
Anne he had a daughter, Elizabeth, born on July 9, 1556.
Anne died on November 19, 1593, at Modesy, Surrey; and
in the following year her husband married Mary, eldest
daughter of Anthony Browne, first Viscount of Montagu. Mary was the widow of Henry Wriothesley, second Earl of Southampton. Thomas survived his first wife by only two years, and both of them were buried in the Chapel of the Virgin behind the choir in St. Paul's Cathedral. An elaborate monument, with reclining figures of Thomas and Anne, was placed above their grave (Sidney Lee, "Sir Thomas Heneage," DNB, IX, 417-9). In his correspondence with Heneage, Haddon always inquired after Anne and extended his best wishes to her "G. Haddonus Ornatiissimo Viro Thomae Henneagio," Lucubrations, pp. 321-344). Haddon has a poem on Anne's father, Sir Nicholas Poyntz (Poem 72).

Timothy Kendall translated this poem in his Flowers of Epigrammes, p. 201. This poem comes eleventh in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translates, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. His translation follows:

Of the picture of the most excellent Dame A. H.

For prudencie, a precious pearle:
For face, a famous dame:
In fine this piece in every pointe,
deserveth laude and fame.

Gretford was a small village in the diocese of Lincoln. Numbering a population of only two hundred, it still had
a church (The Victoria History of the County of Lincoln, ed. William Page, II, London, 1906, 364). Perhaps the Edmund Hall here referred to was the "Edm. Hall" listed in the Calendar of Lincoln Wills (ed. Sidney J. Madge, published by the British Record Society, XXVIII, London, 1902, 169) who died at the age of seventy-four, and whose will was probated some time during 1535-7. Edmund Hall may have been vicar at the church. In a letter to William Cecil, the Duchess of Suffolk refers to Edward Hall of Gretford, a cousin of the Duchess, who seems to have taken care of business matters for her and Cecil. (Goff, A Woman of the Tudor Age, p. 184). Edmund and Edward are possibly the same person, or, at least, members of the same family.

Robert Dudley (1532-1588) was the fifth son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Knighted by Edward VI, he aided his father after the king's death in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne. He was confined to the Tower by Queen Mary, but he was released in October, 1554. Elizabeth in 1559 made him knight of the garter and a member of the Privy Council. He was appointed high steward of Cambridge University in 1562, and two years after chancellor of Oxford. He was made Earl of Denbigh on September 28, 1564, and
the day following Earl of Leicester. His aspirations to marry the queen were opposed by Cecil and the nobility, and in 1569 he secretly abetted the rebellion of the northern earls and entered marriage clandestinely with Lady Sheffield. Despite the peril of the times and his own impulsive nature, he continued as a favorite of the queen (Sidney Lee, "Robert Dudley," DNB, VI, 112-122).

1-2. These lines seem to indicate that Dudley's elevation was not an unalloyed pleasure, but that some frustration attended his appointment to the earldom. In her fashion, Elizabeth dangled a title before him as early as November 30, 1560 (Sidney Lee, op. cit. 114), when she promised to raise him to the peerage but suddenly tore up the patent. Since he was such a favorite of the queen, with ambitions to marry her, it was not unlikely that he expected more than earldom.

See the note to the previous poem.

20. The "new life" referred to here would seem to refer to the life to come. In Scripture and in spiritual works, the life of grace is often spoken of as the new life, and the spiritual person as a new man who has put off the old man. In heaven where one lives a life confirmed in grace, he can be said to have new life.
Thomas Cecil (1542-1623), first Earl of Exeter, second Baron Burghley, was the eldest son of William Cecil by Mary Cheke. In 1564 he married Dorothy, the second daughter of John Lord Latimer. In 1599 Thomas was made president of the Council of the North, with the responsibility of obtaining the obedience of the recusant gentry and of hunting down papists and priests. In 1609, Dorothy died, after leaving her husband five sons and eight daughters. Thomas then married the daughter of William, fourth Lord Chandos. She was the widow of Sir Thomas Smith and Cecil's junior by thirty-eight years. He had a daughter by her who died in infancy (Augustus Jessop, "Thomas Cecil," DNB, III, 1313f). Haddon's poem, of course, refers to Thomas' first marriage.

88 and 89

These companion poems are faintly reminiscent of Sir Thomas Wyatt's poem to his bed (The Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, ed. A. K. Foxwell, I, 1913, 65). In eight lines, Wyatt presents eight contrasting ideas concerning his bed. Haddon likewise deals in contrasts, and indicates that one's bed can be either a curse or a blessing.

Haddon's two poems are translated by Timothy Kendall in his Flowers of Epigrammes, pp. 201-202.
They are eleventh and twelfth in a series of thirteen poems which Kendall translated, attributing the Latin original to Haddon. Kendall's version of the poems follows:

**To his Bed.**

My bed, the rest of all my cares,  
the ende of toillyng paine:  
Whiche bryngest ease and sollace sweete,  
while darknesse doeth remaine.  
My bedde, yelde to me slumber swete,  
and triflyng dreames repell:  
Cause carkyng care from sobbyng breast  
to part, where it doeth dwell.  
All mockeries of this wretched worlde,  
put cleane from out my mynde:  
Doe these my bedde: and then by thee,  
muche comfort shall I finde.

**An Answer.**

That I maie be a rest of cares,  
an ende of toylyng paine:  
See stomacke thyne be not surchargde,  
when slepe thou wouldest gaine.  
If sugred slepe (devoide of dreames)  
thou likest to enioye:  
Then liue with little: and beware,  
no cares thy hedde anoye.  
And lastly deme thy fethered bedde,  
always thy graspyng grave:  
So rest by me thou shalt obtaine,  
and eke muche comfort haue.

John Strype remarks of Musculus' work that another book of good use that came forth this year [1563], printed by Reginald Wolfe, viz., Wolfgang Musculus his Common Places, translated out of Latin into English by John Man, provost of Merton college, Oxon, with an epistle dedicatory to the archbishop of Canterbury Matthew Parker, who had lately placed him, in spite of popish opposition,
in that college. It is a large folio, containing a good body of practical divinity, profitably and plainly handled, for the use and help of the unlearned, not only laymen, but clergy, (of which sort there were many in these times) as there were many translations of learned protestant foreigners' writings now printed and published in England, very seasonable and useful: this book, among the rest, being judged by the learned to be of good service, for them that needed by orderly instruction to be taught the principal articles and rules of Christian religion, as they might easily conceive them, and faithfully keep them. It was the work of ten years, written with good advisement, tempered for their measure for whom it was prepared, as the preface shewed. As for Musculus himself, he was public reader of divinity at Berne in Switzerland; a man of most godly life; trained up in learning by the space of near sixty years; occupied in continual reading and expounding of scripture; having achieved thereby to such an excellency, as, the translator he might be numbered amongst the most profoundly learned doctors that have written in the church of God. (Annals of the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth, I, ii, 87f).

William Paget (1505-1563) was the son of William Paget, a sergeant-at-mace of the city of London. His father sprang from an ancient family in Staffordshire; but this seems to have been discovered only after 1563, for Paget's low birth was often objected to by the courtiers. Haddon, however, makes a point of Paget's honorable birth in the very first line of the poem. After being sent on missions to France, Germany, and the Emperor, Paget was knighted in 1537. In 1539 he was secretary to Ann of Cleves, and in the following year
clerk to the Privy Council. In 1543 he was privy councillor, secretary of state, and clerk of Parliament. Henry VIII consulted him concerning the royal will and made him one of the governors of Prince Edward. He was created knight of the garter and comptroller of the king's household, and, in 1549, Baron Paget of Beaudesert, Staffordshire. After Henry VIII's death, Paget was of the party of Somerset, incurring the hatred of Warwick who plotted the downfall of both Paget and Somerset. In 1552 Paget was degraded from the order of the garter because of insufficient birth. He was fined six thousand pounds, and all his lands and goods were placed at the king's disposal, the charge being that he had mismanaged the accounts of the Duchy of Lancaster. The following year the fine was partially rescinded, and he was received back into favor. He was on the Privy Council of Queen Mary, who restored him to the garter and made him lord privy seal. Under Queen Elizabeth he was succeeded in the latter office by Sir Nicholas Bacon. Paget died on June 9, 1563, at West Drayton House, Middlesex, and was buried at West Drayton. A monument to his memory was erected in Lichfield Cathedral (William Jobson Archbold, "William Paget," DNB, XV, 60-63).
Sir Thomas Chaloner, the elder (1521-1565), was the oldest son of Roger Chaloner, a citizen and mercer of London. It is probable that he studied for a time at St. John's, Cambridge, and then at Oxford. He was sent on missions to France, Scotland, and to Charles V. He was clerk of the Privy Council and member of Parliament. He was a favorite of the Duke of Somerset and accompanied the latter to Scotland in 1547, fighting at the battle of Pinkie and being knighted on the battlefield. In 1551 and the year following, he helped negotiate treaties with Scotland. He was also sent on a mission to Scotland by Queen Mary, despite the fact that he was a Protestant. Under Elizabeth he was dispatched on embassies to Emperor Ferdinand, Philip II, and was appointed ambassador to Spain in 1561. Chaloner died in Clerkenwell of a violent fever on October 14, 1565, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on October 20. Sir William Cecil was chief mourner at the funeral. Puttenham commends Chaloner for his "Eleglogue and pastorall Poesie" (The Arte of English Poesie, ed. Willock and Walker, p. 63). Chaloner translated Cheke's *An Homilie of Saint John Chrysostome* into English in 1544, and, in 1549, Erasmus' *The praise of Folie*. He was the author of *De Rep. Anglorum instauranda decem libri* (1579), containing a Latin
panegyric to Henry VIII, and epigrams and epitaphs on other noted personages. Park's *Nugae Antiquae* contains a translation by him of Ovid's "Epistle Heroidum" (Sidney Lee, "Sir Thomas Chaloner," *DNB*, III, 1366f).

93

See the note to Poem 50. It is interesting that Haddon does not refer to that fact for which Thomas Hoby is most famous, that of translating Castiglione's *Courtier* (1561).

13-14. In 67 B.C. Pompey (106 B.C.-48 B.C.) was invested with absolute power in the East to cope with Mithridates VI (134 B.C.-63 B.C.), king of Pontus, who, with some success, was endeavoring to expel the Romans from Asia. Pompey routed the army of Mithridates in 66 B.C. near the Euphrates. Mithridates killed himself ("Mithridates," *Encyclopedia Americana*, executive editor Lavinia P. Dudley, XIX, New York, 1959, 271). If Haddon's allusion here was culled from Plutarch's life of Pompey (*Plutarch's Lives*, corrected from the Greek and revised by A. H. Clough, IV, Boston, 1865, 50-151), he has done some violence to the facts. It was Hypsicratia, his concubine, who went into battle with Mithridates (*Plutarch's Lives*, IV, 91). Cornelia, Pompey's fifth wife, did not go into battle with him, but she was with him when, in 48 B.C., he was fleeing
to Egypt, hoping to find there protection from Caesar. When Pompey went ashore in Egypt, Cornelia remained on board ship. From the ship she saw her husband murdered by his old centurion, Septimus (Plutarch's Lives, IV, 150f). Pompey's head was carried to Caesar (Pompey, Encyclopedia Americana, XXII, 344f; Encyclopedia Britannica, ed. Walter Yust, XVIII, Chicago, 1960, 206).

This poem as it appears in B is much expanded, comprising the first twelve chapters of Ecclesiasticus. The B version is numbered 104 in my edition. The following table shows the location of the lines of A as they appear in B.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-2</td>
<td>Chapter 4, 1-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-4</td>
<td>Chapter 4, 29-30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5-6</td>
<td>Chapter 1, 21-22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7-8</td>
<td>Chapter 2, 1-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9-10</td>
<td>Chapter 3, 25-26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11-12</td>
<td>Chapter 3, 35-36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13-14</td>
<td>Chapter 4, 7-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15-16</td>
<td>Chapter 5, 25-26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17-18</td>
<td>Chapter 5, 31-32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-20</td>
<td>Chapter 5, 33-34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21-22</td>
<td>Chapter 6, 11-12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Thomas Howard III (1536-1572), fourth Duke of Norfolk of the Howard House and son of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, married Lady Mary Fitzalan, the daughter of Henry Fitzalan, the twelfth Earl of Arundel. Mary died in childbirth on August 25, 1557, at the age of sixteen, leaving a son Philip, who succeeded in right of his mother as Earl of Arundel (Mandell Creighton, "Thomas Howard III," DNB, X, 67-71).

9-10. Richard Fitzalan (1307?–1376), Earl of Arundel, was the son of Edmund Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, by his wife Alice Warenne. Richard became Earl of Surrey by right of his mother, who was the sister and heiress of John, Earl of Surrey (Thomas Frederick Tout, "Edmund Fitzalan," DNB, VII, 87f; "Richard Fitzalan," DNB, VII, 96-100).

13-14. Thomas Howard married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Lord Audley of Waldon, the year following Lady Mary's death. See poems 96, 97, and 98.
The year following the death of his first wife, Lady Mary Fitzalan, Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Lord Audley of Waldon. Margaret gave him two sons and three daughters, a child for each year of their marriage. She died in 1563 (Mandell Creighton, "Thomas Howard III," *DNB*, X, 67-71).

In 1567 Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, married for the third time, taking to wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leybourne, of Gunswick Hall, Cumberland, and widow of Thomas Lord Dacre of Gilsland. Elizabeth died in 1569, leaving a son and three daughters by her first husband (Mandell Creighton, "Thomas Howard III," *DNB*, X, 67-71).

9. By an exquisite irony of history of which Elizabeth and Haddon were unaware, Thomas was beheaded for treason for planning marital solicitude with Mary Stuart. See Poem 98.

Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, was a member of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. Ironically, after losing three wives, he was sentenced to the Tower on October 8, 1569, for trying to marry a fourth one, Mary Queen of Scots. He was released on August 3,
1570, after renouncing any purpose of marrying Mary; but he continued to plot for the arrangement which would have made Mary Stuart queen and himself king. He was again committed to the Tower on June 2, 1572, for conspiring with Ridolfi for the Spanish invasion of England, a scheme to realize his marital ambitions. Again ironically, between the first and second editions of Haddon's poems, Norfolk had his wish to die fulfilled (Mandell Creighton, "Thomas Howard III," DNB, X, 67-71.) Norfolk's three wives were buried in the church at Kenninghall, Norfolk (Norfolk Archaeology, ed. C. R. Manning, VII, Norwich, 1872, 299).

The identity of the girl mentioned in the poem is not known, nor what sinister fate awaits her. Perhaps she was in England for a short time, knowing that she had to return to Sweden, where some unpleasantness was in store. Perhaps a distasteful marriage was in the offing, or a loss of fortune. It could be that she came to England for comfort, but serious illness afflicted her.

This poem was, perhaps, suggested by Haddon's oratorical apprenticeship. Foster Watson lists among the Quaestionae aliquot declamatoriae in the grammar schools
of the time the following question: an aurea libertas auro pretiosior omni? (The English Grammar Schools to 1660, Cambridge, 1908, p. 30f). Haddon's answer is that of the man of the Renaissance. He is not unaware of the pricelessness of liberty, but he is profoundly conscious of the necessity of order and restraint. Living in troubled times, politically and religiously, he sees the necessity of curbing the human craving for liberty in order to realize the survival of the state and the individual. The alternative to restraint, according to Haddon, is chaos, typified, for example, by Kett's rebellion in the north.

101

1. Haddon refers here to his service at court, which began under Queen Elizabeth in 1558. A lustre, or lustrum, is a five-year period, and it originally referred to an ancient Roman custom of purifying the people by means of certain rites performed every five years. When Haddon went to court, he was two years short of his ninth lustre.

10. The wife spoken of here is probably Margaret, Haddon's first wife, who died in 1566. Haddon took out a license to marry his second wife, Anne Sutton, only on December 17, 1567, the year of the first edition of his poems.
Perhaps Haddon does not refer to an exclusive friend here, but to the fact that he had at least one friend in whom he could confide. His correspondence indicates that he was on terms of intimate friendship with Thomas Heneage, Thomas Wilson, and Thomas Smith.

12. It is interesting to contemplate wherein Haddon's third cross consisted. He excludes calumny and sickness. Could it be the duplicity of the court, the arbitrariness of the royal favor, the self-seeking of many people by whom he is surrounded? Does Haddon feel that his own efforts lack recognition, since no title was ever bestowed upon him? Is there some national policy, religious or political, in which he does not concur? Is his third cross, perhaps, a domestic one? Haddon's silence of tongue, which he mentions four lines previously, makes it impossible for us to give a definitive answer.

15-16. Haddon speaks of the regius professorship of civil law at Cambridge to which he was appointed on March 21, 1552. See Introduction, pp. 16-17.

102

This poem in A has the title "Amatorium, Incerto Authore," while in B the title is "Amatorium sive Carmen Iuvenile." The variation in B, which attributes authorship to Haddon, from A where the author is said
to be unknown raises a problem which cannot be definitively settled with the information presently at hand. Leicester Bradner (Musae Anglicanae, p. 23) hesitates to attribute authorship to Haddon, objecting that this poem, as well as the one following, "Confessio Amantis," is so unlike Haddon's other poems. Unlike they are, but might the unlikeness be explained by the variation in titles in the two editions? Edition B notes that the poem is a juvenile effort, one which Haddon, living, would hesitate to claim as his own. With Haddon dead by the time the second edition of his poems appeared, the editor, Thomas Hatcher, had no fear of giving offense to the famous man of letters by assigning rightful authorship to him but explaining that it was a work of his youth. This poem, with its wry humor, is unusual for the sixteenth century.

One figure in the poem, conspicuous by his absence, is the girl's father. One cannot help being reminded of Stefano Guazzo's Civile Conversation, Book III (translated by George Pettie, 1581), wherein Guazzo says that if the girl has a vocation to be a nun, the mother should have charge of her. Such girls' mothers "must seeke to wayne them from all worldly vanities, & to inure them to such sinceritie of thoughts, and purity of life" [fol. Ee6r] that they might not bring
dishonor on their holy calling. For a girl planning to marry, however, it is the father who takes charge. Guazzo declares:

I thinke that the father being in no certaynetye for the marriage, ought in this doubt to carry a heauy hand, rather than a light, on the bridle: For it is much more easy to let loose the raines afterwards, than to take them up, once fallen on the necke [fol. E6v].

Such an opinion would not have tolerated the levity of the relationship between the youth and the girl. The initiative manifested by the girl's mother, after having permitted a great deal of freedom, leads us to suspect that she must have been a widow.

In A this poem is entitled "Confessio Peccatoris incerto authore," while in B it is entitled simply "Confessio Peccatoris." It seems to me that the problem of authorship here is the same as that of the previous poem, and that our conjecture there is applicable here. The poem is, indeed, unlike Haddon's other poems. Perhaps Haddon, living, did not wish to claim authorship, either because of the subject matter or because he considered the poem technically inferior to his other works. It well might have been a youthful effort of which the mature litterateur was not proud. Thomas Hatcher, in deference to the wish of the author, would then understandably note that the poet was unknown.
Once the author was dead, however, and his sensibilities could not be offended, Hatcher had no need to conceal the poet's identity. It is really extraordinary to have such a personal account in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the use of Latin made it permissible.

See poem 94.

Sir Walter Mildmay (1520?-1588) fixed his country residence at Apethorpe, Northamptonshire, which was given him in 1552 and confirmed to him in 1556. In 1540 he had been granted the manor of Moulsham, near Chelsford. Mildmay's father had been commissioner to receive the surrender of the monasteries and made a large fortune from the appointment. Walter was made chancellor of the exchequer in 1566, and in 1583 received a license to found Emmanuel College, although the school was not opened until 1588. Sir John Harington in his Orlando Furioso (1591, Book XXII, p. 175) gives a Latin stanza, together with a translation, of one of Mildmay's Latin poems, which is otherwise not known (Sidney Lee, "Sir Walter Mildmay," DNB, XIII, 374-376). Miss Ruth Hughey (The Arundel Harington Manuscript, II, 122) reproduces the Latin and English of Mildmay's poem, together with Harington's note on
John Strype (The Life of Matthew Parker, I, 98-100) supplies the following information concerning the coat of arms of Matthew Parker:

The time of the Archbishop elect's consecration drawing near, as a mark of greater honour, and that his seal for his offices and courts might be ready, Sir Gilbert Dethick, Principal King of Arms, called Garter, added to his paternal coat on chevron argent, the three estoils, gules. Confirmed by Garter's patents, an authentic copy still remaining in the Heralds' office, bearing date November 28, 1559. Therein he gave the Archbishop his testimony, "to be a gentleman of a good family, bearing arms; and that he was a person that merited in all places to be admitted and received into the number and society of illustrious persons. And that for his laudable merits, excellent endowments of mind, and great dexterity in managing affairs, he (the said Garter) had given him that addition to his arms. "...And here I may subjoin an ingenious copy of verses made in those times; being a poetical, but apt significatation of the keys and the stars in our Archbishop's coat of arms aforesaid, with the motto.

So God it would, that he in shield should bear
The keys, his sign of ancient gentle race,
By God's decree, by whom appointed were The heavenly keys of skill, and eke of grace.
Thereby to shew, O England, plain to thee,
The treasures great which thou art blest to see.

So God it would, that he whose prudent sight
Disclosed is, by using well the keys,
Should jointly bear the stars of heavenly light,
In word to teach, in life to shine always.
For stars give light, and beautify the sky;
So learning shines with life accordingly.
So God it would, that men of worthy fame,
By noble acts, by wit and learning tried,
Should honour have, deserving so the same;
That in their arms, their name should still abide.
Yet they, the world, both reason, will and lust,
With man himself, at length must turn to dust.

M provides the following translation of Haddon's poem:

The keyes declare his parents gentle wure
The triple staree in armes the prince did place
So Rule and skyll set right in light of life
Maye peace produce and keepe the worlde from strife
This worlde yet passeth to ende all ioye and luste
As man hymself shall reale at length to duste

107

Matthew Parker died on May 17, 1575. If Haddon composed the poem, he must have done so while Parker was still living. Such a conjecture is not improbable, for it is a matter of record that he wrote an epitaph for Sir John Cheke while the latter was still very much alive. See Introduction, pp. and Poem 65. Haddon's poem on Parker was translated by Holinshed (Chronicles of England, ed. Sir Henry Ellis, IV, London, 1807-1808, 327f). His translation follows:

Matthew Parker lived soberlie and wise
Learned by study and continuall practice
Loving, true of life uncontrollled
The Court did foster him both young and old.
Orderlie he dealt, the right he did defend
He lived with God, to God he made his end.
APPENDIX I

POEMS ON HADDON IN LUCUBRATIONES OF 1567

Thomas Hatcherus

Ad lectorem

Ne quaeras lector, cur quae iuveniliter olim
Scripserat Haddonus, publica facta legas.
Omnia coniunxi, quia mel, quia succus in illis,
Et condita suo quaeque lepore iuvant.

\( \text{\textcopyright}\)
IN POEMATA DOCTORIS GUALTERI
Haddoni, per Thomam Hatcherum collecta
Ioannis Freri Medicinae Doctoris
epigramma

Eloquium quis non Ciceronis laudet, et arte,
Quis non Nasonis nobile carmen amat?
Cui non Sedulius, Prudentius atque Iuvenus
In pretio? Quis non scripta vetusta probet?
Quemlibet istorum quis non miretur? Et unum
Haddonum cunctis quis neget esse parem?
Atqui si nimium cuiquam dixisse videbor,
Haec legat, et dictum dixerit esse parum.
Hisque ita quod fruimur, magni est, Hatcher, laboris
Omne tui, et laudes, quas decet, inde feres.
Nam quantum Hipparcho debet, studiosus Homeri,
Tantum doctorum turba Latina tibi.

$A(q^{1^V}); B(A^{2^T})$
In easdem, Abrahamus Hartwellus

Iudicio variant docti, indoctique ferendo:

Indocto citius fulmen ab ore venit.

Forsan erit qui te lascivo iudicet ore,

Haddone, eloquii pietidumque decus:

Forsan is eloquio, si sit certare necesse,

Non asinos possit, non superare boves.

\[ A(q^1) \]
ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF APPENDIX I

Thomas Hatcher

To the reader

Reader, do not inquire why Haddon as a youth once wrote these things; read his public deeds. I gathered all these because of the honey, because of the relish in them; and the savor of each helped me by its own seasoning.
Epigram of John Fryer, Doctor of Medicine, 
on the poems of Walter Haddon, 
collected by Thomas Hatcher

Who does not praise the eloquence and art of Cieero? 
Who does not love the smooth poetry of Naso? 
By whom are Sedulius, Prudentius, and Juvenecus 
not held in esteem? Who does not value the ancient writings? 
Who does not wonder at every one of them? And who 5 
denies that one Haddon is equal to all of them? 
And if, to anyone, I shall seem to have exaggerated, 
let him 
read these, and he shall declare my judgment a modest one. 
That we thus enjoy them, Hatcher, is all due to your great labor, and you shall carry off the praise which 10 
they merit. 
For just as much as the devotee of Homer is indebted 
to Hipparcush, 
so much is the family of Latin scholars indebted to you.
Abraham Hartwell on the same

The learned vary in judgment, and the unlearned in speech;
much noise comes rather from an ignorant voice.

Haddon, ornament of eloquence and of the muses,
perhaps the one judging you may have a vulgar tongue.
If it is necessary to dispute with eloquence, perhaps
he is not able to overcome asses or cows.
APPENDIX II

Vita Doctoris Gualteri Haddoni

in Poemata of 1576

Gualterus Haddonus, patria Cantianus, studio
Cantabrigiensi in Collegio Regio, supra familiae
claritatem raris animi corporisque dotibus splendescere-
bat. Miro enim ingenii acume, gestu oris excellenti,
moribus expolitis, atque admirabili sine diceret, sine
scriberet, eloquentia non tantum Cantabrigienses qui-
buscum habitu scholastico coniuxit, sed omnes, qui
illum audierunt, in sui amorem facile pelleexit. Tantis
autem virtutibus gratulata Academia, et summis praes-
entesem alumnunm dignitatis cohonestavit, et maioribus
in Republica splendidioribusque honorum fastigiiis pre-
paravit. Et enim Iurisconsultorum eloquentissimus,
et eloquentium iurisconsultissimus honestissima con-
ditione Civile ius publicis in scholis explicabat,
Pro cancellariiique officio perfunctus est: et ab
Edouardo sexto huiusmodi eruditionis fama commotus
Oxoniam vocatus, Magdalenensi illic Collegio praefi-
citur. Erat tum Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus Thomas
Cranmerus, homo ut vita, sic omni scientiarum gener
excultissimus, qui tantum Haddono tribuit, ut eius
doctrina ac iudicio, ad prae Scribendas Ecclesiae
Anglicaneae leges (quae nunc impressae extant) uteretur.
Serenissima postremo Elisabetha Regina, artes magnificiendas, artium cultores, Reipublicae causa, cui mirifice prosunt, omni honore prosequendos sentiens, Haddonum sibi a Supplicum libellis esse voluit. Omnia fere illius omnis generis scripta, Thomas Hatcherus sparsim dissipata collegit, collecta typis Seresianis Londini uno volumine excludi curavit. Complectitur autem illud volumen, Orationes, Epistolas, et Poemata, que Typographi rogatu, ad scholarum usum meliori nunc ordine, et auctiora, ab eodem in lucem emittuntur. Extant praeterea eiusdem.

De legibus Ecclesiasticis, liber. 1.

Dialogus de Papistarum tyrannide, liber 1.

In Osorium de Religione imperfecti, libri 2.

Obiit Londini, Evangelicorum incredibili luctu, Religionis, Ecclesiae, et regni Anglicani acerrimus defensor, anno salutis per Christum partae. 1571.

Calendas Februarii 12. in ecclesia Christi sub marmore cum prima uxore Margareta Clera sepultus, hacque inscriptione:

Sic, o sic iuncti tumulo maneamus in uno,
Quos semper vivos iunxerat unus amor.
De obitu clarissimi viri
Doctoris Walteri Haddoni,
elegia per
Aegidium Fletcherum

Ite procul musae, sterilesque facesite curae,
Scriptaque cum Latiis. Graia valete modis.
Quid iuvat ingenuas aevum duxisse per artes,
Vestraque sollicito castra labore sequi.
Non ego qui semper messem desperet, arator,
Quique sciat nunquam vincere, miles ero.
Ibimus atque uno sub sole iacebimus omnes,
Musaeque venturas non dabit ulla moras.
Nec quia nescimus, mora vulnere serius instat,
Nec quia plus sapimus, tardior hora venit.
Forsan et ingenio nimium valuisse nocebit:
Saepe nocet domino copia magna suo.
Acrius insignem tendit bellator in hostem,
Pauperies quod nil possidet, hoste caret.
Adde quod exiguum superat patientia damnum,
Proditur in magnis, arguiturque dolor.
Naufragus exiguas contemnit in aequore merces,
Tristior ingentes littore deflet opes.
Sic quia plus perdit, plus laeditur inclyta virtus,
Ipsaque damnosas copia reddit opes.
Ite leves igitur, atultissimae cura, libelli,
  Pennaque cumque meis scripta valete notis.
Tuque vale, quondam studii pars maxima nostri,
  Aurea Romuleae gloria, Marce, togae.
Marce vale, quid verba valent? tuque altera linguae
  Gloria, Cecropii quam stupuere patres.
Non mihi iam vestri facundia proderit oris
  Illaque nervoso verba locata foro.
Tuque vale, cuius musarum sacra volumen
  Nomina, per totidem continet acta libros.
Et Capitolinae scriptor celeberrime laudis,
  Quem tulit Euganeis urbs Patavina iugia.
Tuno mihi mens esset belli numerare triumphos,
  Siqua triumphhata praelia morte forent.
At nihil authori quae scribere profuit ipsi,
  Haec eadem reliquis quid didicisse iuvat?
Magne vale, Stagrita, vale cui mellea labris
  Fatidicae dederant omnia vocis apes.
Vos quoque postremum dulces salvete poeta,
  Iliadum vates, Aeneadumque vale.
Tuque, sed infoelix teneri praeceptor Amoris,
  Alme valedictam porrige (Naso) manum.
Quid frustra lachrymas, inscriptaque Tristibus ora
  Ostendis? lachrymis non caret iste dolor.
Non ego te (Celadon) ultra sub tegmine fagi,

Teve canam placidas (Myrtle) propter aquas.

Nec mihi iam quisquam praecingere tempora lauro

Suadeat, aut vinotis nectere serta comis.

Nunc ego sim fossor, sim durae vocis arator,

Nunc sedeam stolidas Tityrus inter oves.

Et mihi pro lauro circundet tempora myrtus,

Perque meas abeant rustica serta comas.

Quid iuvat aut reliquas coluisse laboribus artes?

Iurave vesani litigiosa fori?

Armaque Barbariern contra, Satyrosque rebelles

Ferre, nec e vulgi pars rudis esse choro?

Omnibus his olim praestans (Haddon) fuisti,

Non minus in gelida sors tibi cessit humo.

Haec ego dicebam lachrymans, animusque ferebat

Mollia posthabitis quaerere fata libris.

Sed quid ago? poterone meas poterone Camenas

Stultus, et invito linquere castra duce?

Ah piget, et voces damnataque verba retracto,

Rursus et opto lubens esse, quod ante fui.

Non ita succensi defervet pectoris ardor,

Nec cito spermuntur quae placuere diu.

Quid si sit tellus eadem commune sepulchrum,

Aquaque cum Muses tempora Faunus habet?
Ipsa sibi pretium virtus operosa laboris
   Solvit, et in castris militat ipsa suis.
Sed neque quae cineres nomen quoque continet urna
   Ingeniumve putri vile iacebit humo.
Exsudat ad tumulum virtutis gloria, quoque
   Vivere fata vetant, non sinit illa mori.
Canities reliquis fuit, aut connubia divis,
   Quae praerat studiis, innuba Pallas erat.
Nec quia pugnatrix sapientia, praelia fertur,
   Saevaque terribili tela movere manu.
Tela viri, rigidoque gerunt hastilia ferro,
   Longa puellares non decet hasta manus.
Fallimur idcirco, non sunt haec Palladis arma:
   Pro olypeo chartae, cuspide, penna fuit.
Haec melius pugnant, his Mora devincitur armis,
   Haec timet, hastatas non timet ille manus.
Dicite (Pierides) cur vobis cana senectus
   Parcat: et in vestris nulla sit alba comis?
An quia virtutti comitem se gloria semper
   Addat, et ingenium nulla senecta premat.
Fertur et aeternam Phoebus secuisset iuventam,
   Quam colit, ars illum non sinit esse senem.
Ergone nil meritos potero liquisse libellos?
   Contemptorque bona strenuus esse rei?
Non potero: reduces iterum salvete libelli,
Gignit amicitias utilis ira novas.
Marce redi, Patavine redi, tuque Attica linguae
Gloria, Cecropii quem studuere patres.
Tuque redi Stagirita, redi cui mellea labris
Fatidicae dederant omnia vocis apes.
Non ita dividimur (brevis ardet amantibus ira)
Iliadum vates, Aeneadumque redi.
Quamque sub irata dudum mihi fronte negabas,
Iam reduci facilem porrige (Naso) manum.
Tu quoque nigra ferens parcarum vulnera, charta,
Pennaque militiae tela redite meae.
Et vos Pieriae faciles ignoscite divas,
Sufficiens levitas poena sit ipsa sibi.
Iam pudet incepti, iam tota mente quod egi
Poenitent, Argolicae flumina testor aquae
Quod superest, Haddone vale: sic vivere nobis,
Sic tibi, dum licuit, vivere dulce fuit.
Te viridis Chami deflent in gurgite moestae
Naiades, inque suis tale queruntur aquis:
Hic stetit, hic studuit, puer hoc in cespite lusit,
illa salix doctae conscia vocis erat.
Talia dum memorant, dolor ut foecundior imbre
Crescat, inexpletis fletibus ora rigant.
Et tibi vere novo viridi de cespite bustum,
Cumque novis spondent lilia mixta rosis.
Lilia fontanis quae nutrit Hamadryas undis,
Quasque salix virides educat alta rosas.

Hic tibi, solenni stans ad tua funera cantu,
Garmen olor moerens exequiale canet.
Et veluti propriae faceret praesagia mortis,
Mille dabit variis carmina flexa notis.
Teque suae iunget partem, sociumque querelae,
Daulias Ismarium quae gemit ales Itym.
Ac licet illa tuae quondam fuit aemula vocis,
Iam querulo tristes fundet ab ore modos.
Nos quoque (stulta licet pietas sit flere beatos)
Flevimus: at frustra quid lachrymamse iuvat?
Talia plebaeos capiunt solatia inanes,
Flebilibus virtus non caret alta genis.
Idem ad salicem Haddoni

Lenta salix placidas quae das messcribus umbras,
Notaque vicino brachia fundis agro,
Cur ubi vere micans Aries Athamantidos Helles,
Restituit plantis, arboribusque decus:
Ipsa tamen (ceu sola negea formosa videri)
Cum seris reparas vimina rara comis.

\[ B(L5^V-L6^R) \]
Fallor? an Haddon te tristia funera tangunt?
   Et domini cupias tu quoque fata sequi?
Quid faciant homines, pietas cum mutua plantas
   Imbuat, et crescat lata per arva fides.
Despeream nisi te lauris pro munere tali,
Palladis et sacrae frondibus ante feram.
Vive tamen, dominique refer morientis honorem,
   Perpetuumque decus nominis huius habe.
Non vos dura vetant revirescere fata quotannis,
   Nos alia cogunt conditione mori.
Sic tibi, qui calamo salientes provocet agnos
   Pastor, et in ramis garrula cantet avis.
Subque tuis (nam magna nocent armenta) capessant
   Frondibus, innocui frigora longa greges.
Neve tuo messor casu det vulnera trunco,
   Sicubi deposita falce, quiescit humo.
Ipse tibi reducem veris gratabor honorem,
   Lenior ut frondes elicet aura novas.
Inque salutatis statuam redimicula ramis,
   Grataque solenni praemia more feram.
Neve sit armentum damno tibi, sive viator,
   Tale, sed illaesco cortice, carmen erit:
Tityre, pelle boves, haec est Haddonidis arbor:
   Ipsa vices umbrae, nominis ille dedit.
Cleri Hadonl luctus

Eloquar? an sileam? reprimam? dicamve dolorem?
    Neu miser aerumnas eloquar ipse meas.
Infoelix chari funus deploro parentis,
    O mihi funestum funus, et atra dies.
Atra dies fuit haec, atque illaetabilis hora,
    Qua fugis e vita me sine, chara pater.
Sic potes e solo tacitus discedere nato?
    Et sic cum misera linquere cuncta domo?
Sed nimium propere rumpebant filia sorores,
    Et mors fatales iniicit atra manus.
Improba mors nimium, crudeles vos quoque Parcae,
    Quae divae humanum perditis omne genus.
Optima quam primum manibus capiuntur avaris,
    Crescere sed sinitis deteriora diu.
Nonne novem poterant in tres valuisse sorores?
    Nec prece, nec precio, nec valvere minis?
Quid fera mors iustas? iam desine, desine tandem
    Crudelis nostram sic spoliare domum.
Non poteras tanta satiari caede meorum?
    Haec sunt ex nostra funera quinta domo.
Primo mihi binas rapuisti dura sorores,
    Hei mihi matris erant tertia fata meae.

\[ B(L^6 -L^7) \]
Quartus erat frater, iam mors tua tela reconde,
Non est de victo gloria magna sene.
Sed cur me linquis sine fratre, sorore, parente,
Quin potius totum destrue (quaeso) genus.
Ergo erat in duris me solum vivere fatis,
Post totam amissam me superesse domum?
Ad quaenam mala me mors importuna reservas?
Quam vellem patri iam comes esse meo.
Sed quod ego vellem non vult divina voluntas,
Quae vertet spero haec in meliora mihi.
Est deus, estque deo servorum cura suorum,
(Hoc mihi nam memini dicere saepe patrem.)
Hunc deus e terris ad se migrare volebat,
Expectata diu cui fuit illa dies.
Tam pater indulgens (alii nam caetera laudent)
Quam pius optaret filius esse, fuit.
Foelix in vita, magis ipso in funere foelix,
Foelix est duplici post sua fata modo.
Et quo eum cernit, cuius sit sanguine salvus,
(Cui par laetitia est nulla, nec esse potest)
Et suaque virtus tales sibi iunxit amicos,
Qui perstant memores post sua fata sui.
Quique quod est rarum, vteri pro patris amore,
Auxilium nato subsidiumque ferunt.
Quos mihi iam patres, patrio tutetur amore,

Summus eras cuius, semper erisque, deus.

Iamque vale genitor, supremum in funere honorem,

Filius haec scripsit carmina moesta tuus.
In Cleri Haddon de patre censuram,
responso Osimundi Lakesii

Tam pater indulgens, alii nam caetera laudent,
Quam pius optaret filius esse, fuit.

Si pater indulsit iuveni maturior annis,
Tantum, Clerc, tibi, quanta pietate fuisti,
Nempe beatus eras. Quis nam te charior illi,
Si te nemo dei fuit observantior unquam?
Rara quidem pietas solet esse senilibus annis,
Tempora declivis cum iam canentibus aetas
Crinibus investit, pulsatque effaeta sepulchrum.
Rarior in pueris, ubi mollibus omnia dantur
Lusibus atque iocis. Et adhuc iuveniliter instans
Proruit in luxum, et sequitur quaecunque libido
Iussert, impatiensque iugi coelestis, abhorret
Tum qui recta monent, tum qui meliora sequuntur,
Flexihilem impietas animum temeraria foedis
Criminibus laxat, mens ingeniosa novandis
Rebus, et ad turpes volat imperterritus artes.
At tua mens alium suasit tibi, Clerc, tenendum

__(L7v-M1r)___
Aetatis cursum, vicitque intension usus
Discendi, vigilansque sacrae meditatio legis,
Ocia quicquid habent petulantis blanda iuventae.
Edideras, lachrymans dico, praecelara futurae
Signa iuventutis, nisi te lachrymabile fatum
Ante diem, saevo raperet premeretque profundo,
Credideram extinctum reparari in prole parentis
Et genus et nomen: qui non inglorius haeres
Adderet antiquo plus quam cepisset ab ortu.
Secretos etiam tenero inspirasse sorores
Audieram cum dote halitus Libethridras ori,
Dulcior ut flueret redolenti oratio melle.
Id quoque incundo gustu libavimus ex te,
Cum vaga turba tuo pendebat ab ore loquentis.
Tunc multi viridis mirati aetatis acumen,
Viva quidem eloquii agnoscent simulachra paterni,
Ingentisque futura boni solatia captant.
Fars etiam cogitant matura putredine mala
Corrupi citius, quam quae pendentia ramis
Lentius ad cameram veniunt, seroque leguntur.
Nec memorabo alios, quorum mens speque metuque
Plena, manet dubios inter lactata tumultus.
Nunc aem quisque fovet, fore, qui praestantior haeres
Eximias aequet laudes, et facta parentis.
Nobilitata suis studliis melioribus ornet:
Nunc venit in mentem de Parcis multa timere,
(Sunt autem ingeniis durae foelicibus hostes)
Ne iuvenem raperent prius hinc, quam plenior annis
Palladis auspicio Patrios superaret honores.

O utinam falsa tam tristia fata timore
Aut aevum saltem in longum praevisa fuissent.
O utinam tenui tenerum posuisset in amne
Corpus, et exiguo contentus flumine, vastas
Extimuisset aquas, et amico languida fluctu
Membra oblectasset, timidosque novusque Natator.
O utinam exemplo praeentis, et ardua passi
Admonitus nigris prius abstinuisset ab undis,
Quam sero socium medio sub gurgite clamans
Candentem bibula faciem lacerasset arena.
O utinam amissum redivivus in aera, mersus
Emerisset statim potuisset, ut, absque periculo
Quam mala sub liquida geritur res gente, referret.
Tunc, ubi iam queritur non digna morte peremptum,
Susceptum in gremio refovens Academia, natis
Legibus, heu sero instrueret, vetitumque doceret
Flumina corporibus petere interdicta lavandis.
At nunc flende iaces, neque seris legibus esse
Subjectus poteris. O multum flebilis umbra
Vise mihi, cum te recubante in littore vidi
Ex animem, vita cassumque et inutile pondus.
Corporis exuviae clauduntur marmore; mentis
Relliquiae dubio procul ascendere supernas
Aedes, Clere, tuae. Quibus hinc in fine resumptis
Christo coniuncti placidis amplexibus, omnes
Mortifero optatis potiemur ab hoste triumphis.
Responsio ad versus Cleri Haddoni, quos de patris morte paulo ante suam conscripsit aegidii Fletcheri

Haec tibi defuncto mittit, qui mittere vivo Mallet, ad Elysios nunc ubi vivis agros. Ante quidem voluit, sed mittere fata vetabant: Rarus ad Elysium nuntius ire solet. Me vicina tenent invisì flumina Chami,

(Heu nimium vivo flumina nota tibi)
Perlege, non iterum perturbo fletibus umbras, Iamplus lachrymis obliguere genae. Vota nec ut redeas, nil proficiendia mitto, Clauditur ad seras regia vestra precès. 5
Carmina quae nuper de patrio de funere vidi, Manibus haec cogunt scribere verba tuis. Quod tua, quod pia sint, quod docta, quod ultima, constant.

Undique iudicio (Clere) probata meo.

E(M1^r-M2^v)
Quid querar? illa mihi non displicuisse legenti?
At mihi nil poterit displicuisse tui.
An tua quo potius placuerunt carmina, laetar?
Attamen haec eadem quod placuere, nocent.
Non mihi cuiusquam mens carpitur invida rebus:
(Si foret, in vivos invidiosa foret.)
Sed tua scripta legens, te vivum (Clere) recordor,
Rursus et ingenio vulneror ipse tuo.
Iamque mihi mors est, quod quandam viximus una,
Quodque fuit, cessans esse, fuisse dolet.
Quid tua mors faciet, faciat cum vita dolorem?
Quidve dolor coget, flere ubi cogit amor?
Non ego te patrem mior doluisse, dolebat
Qui sibi nec natus, nec tibi frater erat.
Sed potuisse tuum prudenter flere parentem,
Haec cum sit pietas ingeniosa, placet.
Eloquar an sileam? sileas, dicaseve licebit.
Sive tacebis, eris, sive loquare, pius.
Dum (quod agis) doleas, pietas in utroque patebit,
Efficit ut sileas, utque loquare, dolor.
Sed tua quid faciat pietas incerta, probatur
Certior, et maior fit dubitando, fides.
Est virtus siluisse, sed abditur illa silendo,
Qui tacite bonus est, est sine teste bonus.
Ergo patrem melius deflebas (Clere) loquendo,
Cum loquitur pietas, suspicione caret.

Quod tamen ante tuum quia concidit ille sepulchrum
Arquis, instuste te queror esse plum.

Debeeras illi naturae lege superstes
Esse, nec ante tuum filius ire patrem.

Te sine (Clere) tuus potuit pater ire sub umbros, 45
Vivere sed sine te vix potuisse reor.

Non ego quo Haddonum raptum laetetur in hoste
Credideram tantum posse latere nefas.

Quod non credideram quenquam, nunc eloquor ipse.
O bene quod celeri funere raptus erat.

Quid si te medio vidisset gurgite mersum,
Eque necaturis membra tulisset aquis.

O quoties eadem dixisset tristior ille,
Hei mihi funestum funus, et atra dies.

Non igitur si lege nocens mors optima tollat,
Est fera iudicio (Clere) vocanda tuo.

Nec tibi quod patrem matremque quod abstulit ante,
Quod periit frater, quod sine prole soror.

Iam poterat senior materque paterque videri
Nullaque spes fratris, nulla sororis erat.

Tum mors crudelis poterat, tum dura vocari,
Cum rapuit vestrae funera sexta domus.
Cum te spem generis sine fratre, sorore, parente, 
Vestraque funestis nomina mersit aquis.
Forsan at illa tuas audiverat ante querelas,
Cum patris optares funeris esse comes.
Ergo malis potuit temeraria cedere votis,
Nostraque pro tantis spernere vota bonis.
Nec satis illuderat: lethum tibi triste minatur,
Teque tui vatem funeris esse facit.
Ad mala me quaenam mors importuna reservas?
(O nimis augurio vox ea vera suo.)
Sed mala quae dicis, deus in meliora precanti
Vertit, ut in reliquo vox tua vera foret.
Fortiter ergo potest, sapienter laedere nescit,
Haec mala, quae causas non videt esse boni.
Nunc etenim rursus charo super astra parenti
Iungeris, in votis quod fuit ante tibi.
Fortunate puer, genitor quoque morte beate,
Interitu foelix factus uterque suo.
Et quod vos iterum cupiat post funera tellus,
Et quod vos tellus quos cupit, axis habet.
Accipe nunc igitur gratantia verba salutem,
Et quo non poteris (Clere) carere, vale.

72. Parenthesis not closed in B.
'ιουςίεν

Νάμαςιν ἀδόνους δυναὶ δεῖν μοῖρα ἔφησε,
'Ενδόμεν ἀμφότεροιν ἐμορὰ θεία τέλος.
忳δος ἔδωξε λαλεῖν, ἀλλ' οὐ φατὸ ψεῦδος. ἔδωξ
τὸν γὰρ ὑγρὸν κεφαλῆς, τὸν ποταμοῖο ὑδώρ.

\[ z(\mu_4 - \mu_5) \]
Adonis eiusdem Fletcheri

Extinctum Lycidas nuper deflebat Adonim
Venator, gemituque lacus, fluviosque replebat.
Hunc etenim captantem undas, fluvioque lavantem,
(Ah procul a comitum turba catuque suorum)
Crudelis torrens sinuantibus abstulit undis.
Ille super ripam recubans, ubi fle bile corpus
Viderat, et tristi prospectans flumina vultu,
(Flumina vae tenero nimium dilecta sodali)
Implebat clamore locum, celeresque sagittas,
Atque habilem ponens, humeris quem gesserat arcum, 10
Talibus immitem compellat vocibus amnem.

Comprimit e paulum, currentes murmura lymphae,
Dum queror, et quanquam nil proficientia vobis
Verba loquor, frustra maesto tamen alloquor ore.
Vos ego, vos undae testor, vos flumina ripas 15
Quae colitis, gelidique imis convallibus omnes:
Sic puerum informi potuistis perdere letho?
Nec vos noster amor, nec vos spes ulla movebat
Ingenii, generisque decor, nec forma, nec aetas,
Crudeles? nec quod venatu lassus, et aestus,
Saepius hic vestras mecum requievit ad undas?

\( E(M^3, M^4) \)
Sed quid ago? non unda nefas, non talia sentit
Vulnera, nec facti, sceleris neque poenitet illam.
Nec quid sint lachrymae, nec quid sint gaudia curat.
Nos te (chare puer) gelidi per fluminis amnem
Deflemus, lachrymasque tibi, gemitusque ciemus,
Iam piget et nemorum, iam me nec dulcia rivis
Arva iuvant, iaculumve manum, gravidasve pharetras
Ferre, nec assuetos indagine claudere montes.
Aut celeres nutrire canes: quis retia mecum?
Quis iuga? quis tenso cinget nemora avia lino?
Longa vel e tereti stringet venabula quercu?
Non ego te potui saltem (dulcissime rerum)
Affari, lachrymasque supremis addere verbis,
Neo quo laetus abis, nec (Adon) revertere, dixi.
Infoelx, qui me saltus, quaeve arva tenebant
Errantem cum tu Bromium, Lycomaque vocares,
Ultima per notas flectens vestigia ripas.
Dixissem, latlices, et noxia flumina vita.
Terra viris, avidis patet humida piscibus unda.
Hic potius conside (puer) qua florida circum
Fundit opes tellus: hic et Narcissus, et alter
Ille tuo quondam de nomine dictus Adonis,
Triste ferens pretium paribus temerarious ausis.
Et Clytie, et Phoebobo charus puer: aurea quondam
Corpora, nunc humili crescentes cespite flores,
Purpureoque vibrens pingit se gramen acanthe,
Tutior in ripa lusus, male creditur undis:
Saepe super littus puppes, electaque vidi
Funera, caeruleoque natantes gurgite nautas,
Et mox amissam flentes in littore navem,
Sed nec adhuc spirant Zephyri, pluiturave cedunt
Astra, nec aegroti purgantur fecibus amnes.
Necdum laeta micant, sudi praenuncia signa.
Hoc ego dixissem, sed quid iam proderit illud?
Has olim latebras, haec olim pascua mecum.
Vos illud meministis agri, aut meminisse potestis,
Lustrabas, hic arte feras, volucresque solebas
Fallere viminibus: foelix si noxia mecum
Flumina vitasses: sed non amor omnibus idem.
Foelices olim sylvae, quas ille colebat,
Et fortunatae, quibus ille quieverat, umbrae.
Iam puer assuevit venantum ferre labores,
Iam pavidas urgere feras, ubi Lucifer ortus
Extulit: et pedicas aptans, et tortile cornu,
Et picturatum (quem nunc habet Amasus) arcum
Ibat ovans, parvoque vibrans hastile lacerto,
Iam quoque certa dedit fugitivis vulnera cervis.
Quid iuvenis faceret, puer haec cum gesserit arma?
Iamque tua captae forma, specieque decora,
Dulcia sperabant laetae connubia Nymphae.
Nunc spes illa cadit, tecum prior illa voluptas
Interiit, fugiunt moestae connubia Nymphæae.

Huc puer o formose redi, tibi mollius astrum
Fulgebit, neque iam tellus, neque frigida laedent 75
Flumina, maioresque cadent de montibus umbrae,
Et melior tandem reduci gratabitur aura:
Huc, puer o formose, redi, quid talia demens
Eloquar: haec tanquam tibi sint mortalia curae.
(Fortunate puer) tu nunc super alta quiesces 80
Sydera, nec dubios rerum sectabere casus.
Foelix illa dies, quae nos simul aethere iunctos
Accipiet, captosque loco meliore fovebit.
Et veniet: neque enim longe (pater optime) tempus
Agregator esse tuum, iamiam dedit omnia tellus. 85
Interea memori servabimus omnia mente.
Amnis ut hic arescet, et haec ut lympha recurret,
Et refluxo primos inviset gurgite fontes,
Sic etiam nostro de pectore cedet Adonis.
Haec ait, et Pharetram Lycidas arcumque resumens 90
Subligat: ast illum lachrymis, gemituque sequuntur
Elpomenas, Talaphronque canes, fusique per herbam
Blanditu cupiunt domini lenire dolorem,
Sic lachrymans excessit agris, urbemque petebat.
Life of Dr. Walter Haddon

Walter Haddon, of the county of Kent, besides springing from a renowned family, showed forth rare gifts of body and mind in his studies at King’s College, Cambridge. Whether he spoke or wrote, by his marvelous sharpness of wit, his excellent utterance of speech, his refined conduct, and admirable eloquence, he easily won the love not only of the residents of Cambridge, with whom he associated in scholarly pursuits, but of all who heard him. Impressed, therefore, by such outstanding merits, his school honored the alumnus of whom I speak with the greatest dignities, and prepared him for even greater distinctions and marks of honor in public life. This most eloquent of lawyers, and in law most learned among the eloquent, explained civil law in excellent fashion in the public schools, and he performed the office of Vice-chancellor. Prompted by Haddon’s reputation for great learning, Edward the Sixth called him to Oxford and there appointed him head of Magdalen College. Thomas Cranmer was then Archbishop of Canterbury, a man most renowned in every kind of knowledge as well as in his life, who valued Haddon so much that he employed his learning and judgment to set down the laws of the Anglican
Church (which now exist in print). Finally, the most serene Queen Elizabeth, convinced that learning should be esteemed and that those cultivating learning, for the good of the kingdom, to which they are wondrously helpful, should be favored with every honor, willed Haddon to be Master of Requests at Court. Thomas Hatcher collected almost all of his writings, of every kind, scattered far and wide, and he took pains to gather the collection into one volume for Seres' press in London. That volume includes his orations, letters, as well as the poems which, augmented and arranged in better order for the use of scholars, are now, at the request of the printer, brought to light by the same Hatcher. In addition, these works of the same author are extant:

On Ecclesiastical Law, One Book
Dialogue on the Tyranny of the Papists, One Book
Against Osorius on Imperfect Religion, Two Books

To the indescribable sorrow of the ministers of the Gospel, this most skillful defender of religion, the church, and the English nation died at London in the year of salvation achieved by Christ, 1571, twelve days before the calends of February [January 21], and was buried in Christ's Church in a tomb with his first
wife, Margaret Clere, and with this inscription:

Thus, O thus let us remain united in one tomb,
whom one love always joined while we lived.
Elegy on the death of the very famous man
Doctor Walter Haddon
by
Giles Fletcher

Muses, go far away; and, fruitless cares, depart.
And, Greek letters, farewell, together with the Latin kind.
Whatever it pleases the age to have esteemed through native learning,
in distress I bid your camp to follow after.
I shall not be the ploughman who always despairs of the harvest,
and the soldier who knows he shall never conquer.
We shall all go and lie under the one sun,
and no muse shall cause future delays.
Death does not threaten to harm us at a later date because we are ignorant;
nor does the hour come any later because we are more wise.
Perhaps it will harm more the nature which was strong;
great abundance often hurts its owner.
A warrior contends more bitterly against an able enemy;
poverty, which possesses nothing, lacks an enemy.
Patience, moreover, overcomes a small trial.
grief in great events is proclaimed and put in clear light.
One shipwrecked at sea despises precious rewards; he weeps more bitterly for immense riches on shore. Because it stands to lose more, extraordinary power is troubled more; and wealth itself renders riches detrimental. 20

Trifling little book, most foolish care, go. Writings from my pen and in my hand, farewell. And farewell to you, once the greatest portion of our study,

Marcus, golden glory of the Roman toga. Farewell, Marcus. What words avail? You, the second 25 glory of the tongue at which the Cecropian fathers wondered. The eloquence of your life shall not now come forth from mine,

those words addressed to the uneasy forum. Farewell to you whose writing comprehends the sacred names of the muses, treated in just as many books, 30 the most celebrated writer of the praise of the Capitoline,

which the Patavinian city freed from the Euganei's yoke.

My intention, then, should be to enumerate the triumphs of battle,

if, with such a death, battles are triumphant.
But what help is it to others to have learned these same things which it profited the author nothing to write?
Farewell, great Stagirite, farewell, to whose prophetic lips the bees had given all the honey of their mouths.
Finally, salutations also, to you, sweet poets of the past;
farewell, bard of the Iliad and of the Aeneid.
And you, teacher, albeit unhappy, of tender love, loving Naso, stretch forth the hand of farewell.
Why do you vainly exhibit tears and words inscribed to sorrow?
That pain does not want for tears.
I shall sing no more of you, Celadon, under the shade of the beech tree;
nor of you, Myrtilus, near tranquil waters.
Nor let anyone persuade me to bedeck the times with laurel,
or, with leafy binding, to weave a garland of flowers.
Now let me be a delver; let me be a plowman with raucous voice;
now let me sit, like Tityrus, among indolent sheep. 50
And, in place of my laurel, let myrtle drape the times;
and let rustic garlands vanish from about my hair.
What does it help either to cultivate with labor the arts remaining,
or the contentious laws of the insane forum?
And to bear arms against the barbarian and the rebel 55 Satyrs,
not to be a party from the chorus of the uncultivated mob?
Haddon, once you were preeminent in all these things;
your lot has become no less in the cold ground.
I said these things with tears; and my mind considered seeking graceful utterance in books less esteemed. 60
But what shall I do? Shall I be able foolishly to abandon my muses,
or to withdraw from camp against the will of my leader?
Ah, I am sorry, and I retract the thoughts and blame-worthy words,
and I hope again to be agreeable, as I once was.
The fire of my burning heart will thus not diminish
its enthusiasm,
nor will those things which were dear for a long
time be hastily spurned.
What if our common tomb is the same earth,
and Faunus spends time in the water with the muses?
Painstaking virtue itself pays the price of its labor,
and it fights in its own battles.
A vile nature shall lie in stinking ground,
but not indeed in an urn which holds ashes as security.
Fame watches at the tomb of virtue, and she does not let
them die whom the fates forbid to live.
Old age and marriage were for the other gods;
Fallas, who presided over learning was unmarried.
Not because she is a fighter is learning said to arouse with threatening hand wars and fearful weapons. Men bear javelins and spears of rugged steel; a long spear is not becoming to maidenly hands. And so we are deceived; these arms are not Pallas'. Hers was a pen for writing, in place of shield and lance. It is a better fighter; by this weapon Mars is subdued. He fears it, not the hand with the sword. Speak (Muses), why should the gray hair of age spare you? And why should there be no silver in your hair? Is it because honor always gives itself as a companion to virtue, and old age does not press upon genius? Phoebus is said to have pursued eternal youth, which he esteemed. Learning would not let him become old.
Therefore, shall I be unable to understand worthy little books?

and can I persistently despise good things?
I cannot. Hail, books again restored;
profitable wrath begets new friendships.
Marcus, return; Patavinian, return; and you, language's Attic glory,

whom the Cecropian fathers studied.
And you, Stagirite, return; you to whose lips the prophetic bees gave all the honey of their mouths,
return.
Thus we are not separated (lover's wrath burns brief);
return poet of the Iliad and of the Aeneid. And that which, with angry brow, you not long ago denied me,

now, Naso, stretch forth a helping hand to restore.
And you, bearing the sombre wounds of the fates, restore the weapons of my warfare, pen and parchment.
And you, kind Pierian gods, forgive me; let that inconstancy of mine of itself be sufficient punishment.

Now I am ashamed of the undertaking; now I regret with my whole heart what I have done, because I bear witness that he is over and above the rivers of Argolic water.

Farewell, Haddon.

As living is sweet to us, so, while it was granted, was it to you.

The sad nymphs in the sea of green Chamus weep for you, and bewail in their waters as follows:

Here he stood; here he studied; as a boy he played in the grass;

that willow was conscious of his learned discourse.

While they call such things to mind, so that sorrow grows more eloquent than a storm, they wet their faces with inconsolable weeping.

And they truly pledge you a grave of new green grass, and lilies mixed with fresh roses,
lilies which Hamadryas tends on push-ing streams,
and fresh roses which a tall willow nurtures. 120

Watching here at your bier, a dying swan
with solemn chant will sing your funeral poem.
And, as if it would make a presage of its own death,
it will give forth a thousand melancholy airs of
various tunes.

And let winged Daulian, who grieves for the Thracian
Itym, 125
join you as a party and fellow of her lament.
And, although she was once the rival of your voice,
she now pours from her sad lips sorrowful measures.

We also have wept (although it is foolish piety to weep
for the blessed),
and what does it profit to have wept in vain? 130
Such consolation affects the vacant-minded rabble;
lofty virtue lacks not tearful eyes.
The same to Haddon's willow

Immovable willow, you who give peaceful shade to the reapers,
and extend friendly arms to the surrounding earth,
why, indeed, when Ares has restored the beauty of Altramus' Helle to the plants and trees,
do you, nevertheless, (as if you alone were unwilling for your beauty to be seen)
cover your scattered branches with withered leaves?
Am I mistaken? Do the sad obsequies of Haddon affect you?
And may you long also to follow the fate of your master?
What may men do when reciprocal piety saturates the plants,
and fidelity springs up in the broad fields?
I shall despair unless, in consideration of such affection,
I carry before you offerings from the laurel and leaves from sacred Pallas.
Live, then, and bring back the honor of your dead master, and be a perpetual ornament to his name.
Let not the cruel fates forbid you daily to grow green again;
they force us in a different condition to die.
Thus yours are the shepherd who summons the bounding lambs
with his reed, and the garrulous bird who sings in your branches.
And under your boughs let the harmless sheep eagerly partake
of the spacious coolness (for huge oxen are harmful).
May the plowman not accidentally give wounds to your trunk,
if, after being put down, a sickle lies anywhere on the ground.
I myself shall rejoice with you at the restored beauty of spring,
when the gentle wind entices forth new foliage.
And in your welcoming branches I shall place a fillet, and in solemn manner bear gracious gifts.
Let no cattle or ploughman do you harm;
but may your bark remain uninjured. Such will be
my poem.
Tityrus, drive away the cattle; this is Haddon's tree.
It gives a place of shade; he gives a place of fame.30
Lamentation of Clere Haddon

Shall I speak? Or shall I be silent? Shall I hold back? Or shall I express my grief?

Ah, miserable me, I shall speak of my burden. I mourn the unfortunate death of a dear parent.

O calamitous death and dark day for me!

That was a dark day, and the hour bleak, when you fled from life without me, dear father. Can you thus in silence depart from your only son? and, with your home, thus to leave everything in anguish?

But the sisters broke the thread with undue haste, and sombre death stretches forth its fatal hands.

Death, too malevolent, and you, cruel fates, gods who destroy all humankind!

The best are taken, as soon as possible, with greedy hands,

but you permit the worst to grow a long time!

Could nine sisters not prevail over three?

Could they not prevail by entreaty, bribe, or threats?

Cruel death, what justification do you have? Now cease, cease

at last thus mercilessly robbing our home.

Could you not be satisfied with such great slaughter of my family?
This is the fifth funeral from our home.

In the first place, you cruelly snatched my two sisters; my mother's, alas, was the third tragedy for me. A brother was the fourth. Now, death, put away your sword.

Victory over an old man is no great glory.

But why leave me without brother, sister, parent? Why not, I pray, rather destroy the whole family? Why was I alone left to live amid hard misfortunes, to remain after my whole house was lost?

What mischief, importunate death, do you hold in store for me?

How I wish now to be my father's companion!

But the divine will does not will what I will, which shall, I hope, turn this into something better for me.

He is God, and God has concern for his servants; (for I recall my father often told me of this).

God willed to call him from the earth to himself; he awaited that day for a long time.

His son wished to be as holy as his loving father was; (for the rest, let others praise him).

Happy in life; more happy even in death.

He was happy in twofold fashion after his death. Because he recognized him by whose blood he was saved,
(to which no joy is or can be equalled);
and because his virtue united to him those friends

who, after their own deaths, are still mindful of him,

and who--which is rare--on account of their old love of the father, bring help and succor to his son.

For me, whose supreme God you were and always will be,

may he now make safe these fathers with a father's love.

And now, my father, farewell. You son wrote this sad poem

as a final honor at your death.
Response of Osimum Lakes in censure of Clere Haddon

concerning his father

The son wished to be as pious as his loving father; for the rest let others praise him.

If your father, Clere, more mature in years, granted so much to you as a young man, you were indeed blessed with the great piety you had. For who would have been dearer to him than you, if no one was ever more respectful of God than you? Unusual piety, indeed, ought to be in advanced years, when declining age has already invested time with white hair, and in exhaustion knocks at the tomb. It is more rare in youth where everything is taken up with pleasant sport and jesting. And, until now, a young man speedily rushes into debauchery, and follows whatever lust shall direct and, impatient of the yoke from heaven, dislikes not only them who counsel righteousness but also them who follow the good. Rash impiety frees the inconstant soul for sordid crimes. The mind, ingenious at new things, with dispatch flies to dishonorable pastimes. But your intellect persuaded you, Clere, that
the most intense pursuit of learning as well as watchful
meditation
on the holy law, overcomes the other course held by age.
Bland flattery has something of petulant youth about it.
You had given—I say it weeping—shining signs of future youth,
unless, before your time, sorry fate should snatch you and cast you into the savage pit.
I believed that the extinct family and name was to be renewed
in the parent's offspring, who, a not inglorious heir, would add more than he took from his ancient root.
I heard that with their dowry the sisterly muses had inspired his youthful lips with mysterious utterance, so that his speech flowed sweeter than redolent honey. When the fickle rabble hung upon your lips as you spoke, we also received it from you with enthusiastic relish.
Many then, marveling at the brilliance of green youth, perceive indeed the living image of the paternal eloquence and seize upon the future consolation of enormous good. Some know that ripe things are more quickly spoiled by foul putrefaction than those which hang from the branches and come more slowly to maturity and are gathered late. I shall not recall others whose mind, full of hope and fear,
remains tossed in uncertain confusion.

Every heir who now fosters the hope of becoming more outstanding,

let him equal and adorn by his own superior learning the exceptional qualities and noble deeds of his father.

To fear many things from the fates now enters the mind (for they are the stern enemies of happy talent) lest they early snatch the youth hence, rather than, full of years, he surpasses, with Pallas’ help, his father’s fame. 45

O would that such a sad fortune had been foreseen by a false fear or only after length of years!

O would that he had placed his tender frame in a small stream, and the swimmer, both young and timid, had been contented with a shallow creek, had been terrified of deep water, and had delighted his weary limbs with a friendly brook.

O would that he had been warned of the steepness of the step by someone who went before him and that he had kept away earlier from the dark water, rather than, crying afterward to his friend from the middle of a whirlpool, he had destroyed his shining image in the watery struggle.
O would that the one buried, renewed in breath, had been able to rise on the spot and, without danger, return him who was lost, rather than that battle be waged by his offspring under the evil water. Where the Academy now takes and warms him on her lap and bewails that he was destroyed by a death not worthy of him, then—alas late!—she would have made regulations and instructed and taught that it is prohibited to seek forbidden waters to bathe the body. But now, lamented, you lie. You are not able to obey the late rules. O ghost much lamented, consider how empty and worthless my burden in life after I saw you lying lifeless on the beach. The garment of your body is enclosed in marble; your departed soul has ascended, without doubt, to the mansions above, O Clere. There, at the end of time, we shall be taken, and shall be able to be united in the peaceful embrace of Christ and in the longed for victory over our deadly enemy.
Response of Giles Fletcher to the verses of Clere Haddon, which he wrote on the death of his father, shortly before his own

He sends these to you, dead, who would prefer to send them to you living, where you now dwell in Elysian fields.

Indeed, he wanted to send them before this, but the fates forbade it; a messenger is seldom wont to go to Elysium.

The waters close by of the envious Cham detain me; (Oh how well the river was known to you when you were alive!)

Read them through. I shall not again disturb the spirits with weeping.

My cheeks are already frozen from tears.

I do not forward profitless prayers that you might return;

your royal dwelling is closed to prayers arrived late.

The poem from your hands which I recently saw concerning your father's death impels me to pen these words.

It endures because it is yours, because it is pious, because it is learned, because it is your last. It is approved, Clere, by my judgment in every respect.
With what should I find fault? That it did not dis-
please me when I read it? But nothing of yours could have displeased me.
Should I not rather rejoice because your poem seemed
good to me?

Nevertheless the same poem harms because it pleased.
My mind is not torn by envy of anyone's possessions;
(If it were envious, it were envious of the living.)
But reading your writing, Clere, I recall you alive,
and I myself am hurt again by your genius.
Now it is death to me because we once lived together;
and that which was, now that it ceases to be, grieves
me that it ever was.

What shall your death accomplish when your life causes
sorrow?

What shall sorrow force us to do where love impels
us to weep?

I do not wonder that you grieved for your father; he
grieved
who was neither his son nor your brother.

But to have been able prudently to weep for your parent
is good;
when piety is natural, it is good.

Shall I speak or keep silence? It shall be permiss-
ible for you to speak or keep silence.
Whether you speak or remain silent, you will be pious. Provided that you mourn (which you do), piety will be evident in both; sorrow makes you to remain silent and to speak. But whatever your piety, uncertain, does, your constancy is proved more certain and becomes greater in its doubts.

To have kept silence is a virtue, but it is hidden in silence.

He who is silently good is good without a witness. Therefore you mourned your father better (Clere) by speaking;

when piety speaks, it is not subject to suspicion. Nevertheless, I submit that you are unjustly pious when you complain because he died before your death. As a son, you were bound by the law of nature to survive him,

not to go before your father.

Without you (Clere) your father was able to go into the shadow of death;

but I deem that he would scarcely have been able to live without you. For I did not think that to be able to hide so great an evil would give the departed Haddon joy in his enemy.

Because I had not believed anyone, now I speak out.
0 well that he was taken by a quick death!
What if he had seen you drown out in the river, and he had taken your body from the murderous waters?
0, how woefully he would daily have said the same thing: what grief to me that death and that black day!
Therefore, if wicked death by a good law bereaves you, it must not (Gler) in your judgment be called cruel.
Not because it took your father and mother before you, because your brother died, and your sister without issue.
Your mother and your father could already be considered old;
there was no hope for your brother nor for your sister.
Death could be called cruel and merciless at the time it snatched a sixth death from your house, when it drowned your name in the fatal river, you, the hope of your family, without brother, sister or parent.
But, perhaps, it had heard your previous complaints when you desired to be companion in death to your father.
Therefore it could recklessly give in to your unhappy prayer;
and despise our prayers for such great benefits.
It had not mocked enough. Tragic death threatens you and makes you the prophet of your own funeral.
Importunate death, what evil do you have in store for me?

(0 how true that voice in its augury!)

But, for the one praying, God turns the evil which you speak

into good, even if, for the rest, your voice is true.

That which does not see that evil is the cause of good can hurt powerfully but knows not how to hurt wisely.

For now you shall be joined to that dear parent above the stars, which was previously in your prayers.

Fortunate boy and parent blessed in death; each is made happy in his own death.

Both because the earth may seek you after death, and because heaven has you whom the earth seeks.

Now, therefore, receive the joyous words of salvation, and him (Clere) whom you could not live without.

Farewell.
Fate decreed that both Haddons had to die, 
but that they should finally meet in heaven. 
She seemed to have been a false prophet but actually she 
was not; 
for disease claimed one, the other drowned.
Lycidus, the hunter, has lately been weeping for the deceased Adonis, the lakes and streams echoing with his moans. The cruel torrent carried off in engulfing current (Oh, far away from the assembly and multitude of his companions!) him who sought the waters and washed in the stream. Lying upon the bank, where he had seen the pathetic corpse, and looking upon the water with sad mien, (water exceedingly dear, alas, to his tender comrade!) he filled the environs with lamentation; and putting aside the swift arrows and suitable bow which he was carrying on his shoulder, he chides the cruel river in the following words:

Check your murmuring a little, O hastening waters, while I lament; and, while I speak words profiting you nothing, nevertheless, with sad voice, in vain I speak. You I call to witness, you waters, you rivers who obey the shore's boundary, and all you cold currents in deep caverns: Could you thus destroy a lad with shapeless death? Did our love not move your hard heart, nor any hope
of his genius, his beauty of nature, his grace and age?
Nor that he, weary and hot from the chase,
has often rested here with me by your waters?
But why go on? the unfeeling water experiences no such
pain, nor is it repentant for the crime committed.
It does not care what sorrows there are, or joys.
We(dear youth) weep for you in the stream of icy
water, and we give way to tears and groans on your behalf.
Now the woods make me sad; now the sweet countryside
with its streams does not delight me, nor the hand
carrying the javelin,
and well-balanced quivers, nor encompassing with hunting
snares the familiar hills.
Who will prepare the nets with me or tend the fleet
hounds?
Who will enclose the untrodden woods with snare and stretched net?
Who will strip off the long hunting spears from the rounded oak?
I have not even been able to say farewell (most sweet gesture) and to add tears to his last words.
I have not said how you departed happy (Adonis), not to return.
What forest or what field detained me as I wandered,
when you, twisting your last path through familiar waters,
in your plight called out to Bromius and Lycora?
I should have told him: avoid treacherous rivers and
streams.
The earth welcomes men, and the watery wave greedy
fish.
Rather rest here (lad) where the blossoming earth
pours around its riches: this is the Narcissus; and
that other one,
once called by your name, is the Adonis,
thoughtlessly bearing the sad penalty for similar feats
of daring.
And Clytie, and youth beloved by Phoebus: once golden
bodies, now flowers rising from the lowly sward.
The glittering grass paints itself with the purple
acanthus.
Sport is safer on shore, it is believed, than in the
dangerous water.
I have often seen the sterns of vessels on shore, and
stranded
ruins, and sailors floating in the green sea,
and then people on shore weeping for a lost ship.
But zephyrs are now blowing; and the sky foretells
rain; the polluted stream is not clear of impurities;
and signs in the sky do not shine with happy omens.
This I should have said, but what shall it profit now?
Once in these secret retreats and in these pastures
you were with me.
You fields remember it or you could remember. With skill you tracked wild animals here, and were wont to beguile the birds in the trees. Happy if you with me had avoided the perilous waters! But love is not the same for everyone.

The forests he dwelled in were once happy; and the shade blessed in which he rested. Already as a boy he was accustomed to undergo the labors of the chase, to bear down hard upon the startled game when the rising morning star appeared. And, happy with his twisted horn and painted bow (which Amasus now has), he went about adjusting his traps; and, wielding his spear with youthful strength, he inflicted deft wounds upon the fleeing deer. What should he do as a young man when, as a boy, he manipulated these weapons?

And already the happy Nymphs, captivated by your form and graceful beauty, hoped for sweet nuptials. Now that hope fails; that former pleasure has perished with you. The disconsolate Nymphs flee from the nuptials. Return hither, O handsome youth. Your star will shine more softly. Now neither the earth nor the cold waters
will harm you, and the long shadows will fall from the mountains,
and a kinder air will rejoice to be restored at last.
Return hither, O handsome youth. Why let me foolishly say
such things? As if this anxiety for you were a mortal concern.
(Fortunate lad) you shall now take your rest above the lofty stars, nor shall you hasten after the uncertain events of material things.
Happy that day which will have us joined together in heaven, and in a better place will comfort us when we are taken.
And it shall come. I foretell that your time (good father),
is not far off; already the earth has given all. Meanwhile we shall reserve everything with a thoughtful mind.
As this river will become dry and this water shall return from the flowing stream and mingle with its first sources,
so Adonis goes from our heart.
These things Lycidas speaks; and, taking up his quiver and bow,
he puts them on. But his dogs, Elpomenas and Tala- 
phanton,
follow him in sorrow and grief; and, running free 
through 
the grass, desire by cajolery to assuage their master's 
grief.
Weeping, he thus left the field and made for town.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF EDITIONS OF HADDON'S POEMS

Following is a full bibliographical description of the first title-page for that section of the 1567 volume containing Haddon's orations and epistles:

TITLE-PAGE: G. HADDONI LEGVM/ DOCTORIS, S. REGINAE/ Elisabethae a supplicum libellis,/ lucubrationes passim col-/ lectae, & editae./ Studio & labore Thomae/ Hatcheri Cantabrigiensis./ LONDINI,/ Apud Gulielmum Seresium./ 1567./

A four-line poem, the second and fourth lines indented, with the title /Ad lectorem./, is in the middle of the page below /Hatcheri Cantabrigiensis./ and above /LONDINI./.

COLOPHON: None

COLLATION: 4°: q4, A-X4, Aa-Vv4, Xx3. Signed in 3's, except q1, q3; A4, B4, C4, D4 signed.

CONTENTS: [q1r] title page; [q1v] two poems: /IN D.

GVALTERI HADDONI FRAE-/ clarissimas lucubrationes, per Thomam Hatci-e/-rum collectas, epigramma Ioannis/ Freri medicinae doctoris./ and /In easdem, Abrahamus Hartwellus./. The even lines of both poems are indented, the first poem being twelve lines in length, and the second six lines. [q2r] begins dedicatory epistle: /CLARISSIMO VIRO D. GV-/lielmo

745
second letter to Cox, with title /EIDEM./. [As3v]
third letter to Cox, with title /EIDEM./. [Bblr]
first letter to Thomas Wilson, with title /G. HADDONVS THOMAES/ Wilsono S.D.P./. [C03v]
second letter to Wilson with title /EIDEM./. [C04r] begins letter addressed to a certain noble /CVIDAK NOBILI./.
[Ddlv] begins famous letter to Osorio, with title /G. HADDONVS HIERONYMO/ Osorio Lusitano. S.D./

title as first letter. \([Pp^3\text{v}]\) begins third letter of Smith to Haddon, with same title as first letter. \([Qq^2\text{v}]\) begins fifth letter of Haddon to Smith, with same title as first letter. \([Qq^4\text{v}]\) begins Smith's fourth letter to Haddon, with title /THOMAS SMITHVS AMPLIS/- simo Galliae Praetori, S.D.P./. \([Rr^2\text{v}]\) begins Haddon's sixth letter to Smith, with title /GALLIAE PRAETOR, THOMAE/ Smitho. S. Angliae reginae legato /in Gallia. S.D.P./. \([Rr^3\text{r}]\) begins Smith's fifth letter to Haddon, with same title as his previous letter. \([Rr^4\text{r}]\) begins Haddon's seventh letter to Smith, with same title as his first. \([Ss^1\text{r}]\) begins first letter of Haddon to Thomas Heneage, with title /G. HADDONVS ORNATISSIMO/ viro Thomae Henneagio. S.D.P./. \([Ss^2\text{r}]\) begins second letter to Heneage, with title /EIDEM./. \([Ss^3\text{r}]\) begins third letter to Heneage with same title as second. \([Ss^4\text{r}]\) begins third letter to Heneage, with same title. \([Tt^1\text{v}]\) begins fourth letter, with same title. \([Tt^2\text{v}]\) fifth letter, with same title. \([Tt^2\text{t}]\) sixth letter, with same title. \([Tt^3\text{v}]\) begins seventh letter, with same title. \([Tt^3\text{t}]\) begins eighth letter, with same title. \([Tt^4\text{v}]\) begins ninth letter, with same title. \([Tt^4\text{t}]\) begins tenth letter, with same title. \([Vv^1\text{v}]\) begins eleventh letter, with same title. \([Vv^2\text{v}]\) begins

A full page numbers twenty-two lines, with a catchword at the bottom of each page. The pages are numbered, page one corresponding with [Alr] and the last page, 350, with [Xx3v]. Page numbers 78 and 79 are interchanged; 162 and 183 are incorrectly numbered 163 and 184; 275 is incorrectly numbered 273; the middle numeral of pages 291 and 294 is inverted; page numbers 316 and 320 are incorrectly numbered 320 and 319 respectively.


Following are the title page and other bibliographical information concerning that section of the book containing the poetry of Walter Haddon:

TITLE-PAGE: D. GVALTERI HAD-/ DONI, LEGVM DOCTO-/ ris, serenissimae reginae Elisabethae, / a supplicum
libellis, Poemata, studio / & labore Thomae Hatcheri/
Cantabrigiensis sparsim / collecta, & / edita.

[LONDINI, APVD / Gulielmum Seresium. / 1567. /]

[An ornament in the middle of the page, below /edita/
and above /LONDINI, APVD /.]

COLOPHON: None.

COLLATION: 4°, A - S⁴: signed in 3's, except A¹, C³,
D³, G³, H³; A⁴, B⁴, C⁴, E⁴ signed.

CONTENTS: [A¹⁺], title-page; [A¹⁻] poem entitled /Gual-
terus Haddonus/ pio Lectori./ with a scriptural text
at bottom of page. [A²⁺ - F²⁻] scriptural trans­
lations. [F²⁻ - G²⁺] translations of four prayers
from St. Augustine. [G²⁺ - G⁴⁻] four religious and
moralistic poems. [G⁴⁻ - H⁴⁺] four patriotic poems.
[H⁴⁺ - I²⁺] five philosophical and moralistic poems.
[I²⁺ - I³⁻] six poems addressed to individuals.
[I³⁺] poem on music. [I⁴⁻ - K³⁻] five poems on
marriage. [K³⁻ - K⁴⁺] poem on Norfolk rebellion.
[K⁴⁻ - L¹⁺] six poems to individuals, including a
two-line poem from Richard Cox to Haddon. [L¹⁺ -
L²⁻] four poems on various books. [L²⁻] marriage
poem. [L³⁺] two moralistic poems. [L³⁺ - M¹⁺] four
poems to individuals. [M¹⁺ - M³⁺] four poems on
death of certain individuals. [M³⁺ - M⁴⁻] hortatory
poem to Englishmen. [M⁴⁻ - O²⁺] eleven poems on
death of certain individuals. [02\textsuperscript{r}] poem on himself. [02\textsuperscript{r} - 03\textsuperscript{r}] on England. [03\textsuperscript{r} - P2\textsuperscript{r}] two poems to individuals. [P2\textsuperscript{r}] on restoration of Westminster College. [P2\textsuperscript{r} - P2\textsuperscript{v}] six poems on portraits. [P2\textsuperscript{v} - P3\textsuperscript{v}] three poems to individuals. [P3\textsuperscript{v} - P4\textsuperscript{r}] two poems on bed. [P4\textsuperscript{r}] on Commonplaces of Wolfgang Musculus. [P4\textsuperscript{r} - Q1\textsuperscript{r}] three poems on death of certain individuals. [Q1\textsuperscript{r} - Q1\textsuperscript{v}] excerpts from Jesus Sirach. [Q2\textsuperscript{r} - Q3\textsuperscript{r}] four poems on death of certain individuals. [Q3\textsuperscript{r}] to a certain Swedish girl [Q3\textsuperscript{r} - Q3\textsuperscript{v}] philosophical poem. [Q3\textsuperscript{v} - Q4\textsuperscript{r}] on himself. [Q4\textsuperscript{r} - S3\textsuperscript{v}] two long narrative poems. [S4\textsuperscript{r}] ERRATA GRAVIORA IN-\textsuperscript{ter} excudendum commissa./, under which are four columns entitled: /\textit{Folium}. /\textit{Linea}. /\textit{Erratum}. /\textit{Correctio}. with nine errors listed under /\textit{In orationibus}./, four under /\textit{In epistolis}./ and four under /\textit{In Poematibus}./.

There are twenty-two lines to the page, with a catchword at the bottom of each page. The pages are numbered, with page one corresponding with [A2\textsuperscript{r}] and the final page, 140, with [S3\textsuperscript{v}]. Pages 52-53 are incorrectly numbered 100-101. On page 69, the second numeral is inverted. Pages 76-77 are transposed. On page 91, the first numeral is inverted. Page 95 reads page 59. Page 137 is incorrectly numbered 138.
RUNNING TITLE: [A2^v - Q4^r] /G. HADDONI/ on versos;
/POEMATA./ on rectos. [Q4^v - R2^v] /AMATORIUM./
on both rectos and versos. [R3^r, R3^v, S1^r, S1^v,
S2^v, S3^v] /CONFESSION/; [R4^r, R4^v, S2^r, S3^r]
/PECCATORIS/.
Following is a bibliographical description of the 1576 edition:

TITLE PAGE: /POEMATVM/ GVALTERI HADONI, LEGVM/ DOCTORIS, SPAR SIM COLLECTO/ RVM, LIERI/ DVO./ LONDINI, /APVD GVLIELVM/ SERESIUM./ ANNO. 1576./. 

[An ornament in middle of page, below /DVO./ and above /LONDINI./.]

COLOPHON: None.

COLLABTION: B°, A-L°, M, signed in 4's, except A1, A2, M3, M4. [K2 misprinted M4.]

moralistic poems. \([F2^v]\) begins second book of poems with title /\textit{POEMATVM GVAL}/ \textit{TERI ADDON}/, \textit{LIBER SEC\textit{V}}/ \textit{DVS}/. \([F2^v - F5^r]\) Narrative poem. \([F5^r - F8^v]\) four patriotic poems. \([F8^v - G2^r]\) five philosophical and moralistic poems. \([G2^r - G4^r]\) six poems addressed to individuals. \([G4^r]\) poem on music. \([G4^v - G7^v]\) five marriage poems. \([G7^v - G8^v]\) on Norfolk rebellion. \([G8^v - H1^v]\) six poems addressed to individuals, including a two-line poem of Richard Cox to Haddon. \([H1^v - H2^v]\) four poems on different books. \([H2^v]\) a marriage poem. \([H2^v - H3^r]\) two philosophical and moralistic poems. \([H3^r - H5^v]\) five poems addressed to individuals. \([H5^v - H7^v]\) two patriotic poems. \([H7^v - I1^r]\) to Nicholas Bacon. \([I1^r]\) on Westminster College. \([I1^r - I1^v]\) six poems on various portraits. \([I1^v - I2^v]\) three poems to individuals. \([I2^v - I3^r]\) two poems on bed. \([I3^r - I3^v]\) two poems on Wolfgang Musculus' Commonplaces and Matthew Parker's coat of arms. \([I3^v - I4^v]\) four poems on death of various people. \([I5^r - I6^v]\) hortatory poem to Englishmen. \([I6^v - K5^v]\) twenty poems on death of various individuals. \([K5^v]\) one poem to an individual. \([K5^v]\) one philosophical poem. \([K5^v - L2^r]\) long narrative poem. \([L5^r]\) poem on Haddon himself. After final poem, on lower half of page, /\textit{Finis Poematum Gualt.}/ \textit{Haddon}/. \([L2^v]\)
poem by Giles Fletcher on Haddon's death, with title /DE OBITV CLARISSIMI VIRI, D. GVALTERI HADD-/ DONI, ELEGIA PER/ AEGIDIUM FLET-/ CHERVM./.  [L5v - L6r] poem on same subject by same poet with title /Idem ad salicem Haddoni./.

poem by Clere Haddon on his father's death, with title /Cleri Haddoni luctus./.  [L7v - M1r] begins poem by Osmund Lakes on death of Clere Haddon, with title /In Cleri Haddoni de patre censuram, respon-/ sio Osimundi Lakesii./.  [M1r - M2v] begins poem on death of Clere Haddon by Giles Fletcher, with title /Respensisio ad versus Cleri Haddoni, quos de patris/ morte paulo ante suam conscripsit./ Aeg. Fletcheri./.  [M2v - M3r] a four-line poem in Greek by Giles Fletcher with the title /EIVSDEM./.

poem on death of Clere Haddon by Giles Fletcher with title /Adonis eiusdem Fletcheri./.  [M3r - M4v]

Below last line of poem /FINIS./.


Works of Walter Haddon

Epistola de Vita et Obitu Henrici et Caroli Brandoni, Fratrum Suffolciensium. London, 1551.


SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY


Anthony, Katherine S. Queen Elizabeth. New York, 1929.


758


________________. *Scriptores Brytaniæ*. 1557.


________________. "Tudor Humanism and Henry VIII," *Univ. of Toronto Quarterly,* VII (1938), 162-77.

________________. *The Renaissance and English Humanism* Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1939.


gicle. 1625.

________________. *Remains Concerning Britain.* London, 1870.


Casserly, Patrick S. Latin Prosody. New York, 1925.


_________________, and Thomas. Athenae Cantabrigiensia. Cambridge, 1858-1913. 3 vols.


EDWARD VI. *Message sent by the kynges majestie to certain of his people assembled in Devonshire. 1549.*

EDWARD VI. *A proclamacion for the represayng of seditious persons*. May, 1549.


____________. Tudor Ideals. New York, 1921.


____________. The Register of Admissions to Gray's Inn, 1521-1889. London, 1889.


Hallam, Henry. Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. London, 1845. 4 vols.


Hardy, Thomas Duffus. Syllabus (in English) of the Documents Relating to England and Other Kingdoms Contained in the Collection Known as 'Rymer's Foedera.' London, 1869-1885. 3 vols.


Haydn, Joseph T. The book of dignities, containing lists of the official personages of the British empire....from the earliest periods to the present time. London, 1894.


Historical Manuscripts Commission: Reports and Papers. London, 1870-.


House of Commons, Sessional Reports, LXII, Part I, 394-397, 409.


_________________. The Great Lord Burghley. New York, 1898.


*Journals of the House of Lords* 1509-. Index (vols. 1-x), London, 1848.


________. *The Institution of the English Gentleman in English Literature of the Sixteenth Century*. Urbana, 1926.


Lanquet, Thomas. *An Epitome of chronicles now conti­ued to the reigne of Edward the Sixth* by T. Cooper. 1549.

_________. *Coopers chronicle parts 1 & 2 by Lanquet vnto the late death of Queene Marie* by T. Cooper. 1560.


Lawrence, R. T. *General Index to the historical and biographical works of Strype*. Oxford, 1828.

Leach, A. F. *English Schools at the Reformation, 1540-1548*. Westminster, 1898.


———. Principum ac illustrium aliquot & eruditorum in Anglia virorum encomia......1589.


Markham, Clements R. *King Edward VI: An Appreciation.* New York, 1908.


Mulcaster, Richard. *Positioe wherein those circumstances be examined necessary for the training up of children.* 1581.
Mullinger, James Bass. "Johannes Ludovicus Vives."


Norfolk Archaeology. Published by the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society. Norwich, 1847-.. 1-vols.


Pollack, Frederick and Frederick W. Maitland. The History of English Law. Cambridge, 1889.


*The Reformation under Edward VI.* In Cambridge Modern History, II (1904), 474-511.


________________________. *Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth*. New York: Knopf, 1955.


________________. *Historical Collections of the Life and Acts of the Right Reverend Father in God, John Aylmer*. Oxford, 1821.


Venn, John, and J. A. *Alumni Cantabrigienses*. Cambridge, 1922. 4 vols.


________________. English Grammar Schools to 1660. Cambridge, 1908.


________________. Vives: On Education. Cambridge, 1913.


I, Charles J. Lees, was born in South Fork, Pennsylvania, March 26, 1919. After completing my elementary schooling in Akron, Ohio, I attended high school at Mount Saint John, Dayton, in preparation for membership in the religious congregation of the Society of Mary. I took my B.A. at the University of Dayton in 1943, after interrupting my education to teach for two years at St. John's Home, Brooklyn, New York. I taught English at Purcell High School, Cincinnati, 1943-44, and then attended St. Meinrad Major Seminary, St. Meinrad, Indiana. I was ordained priest in 1946, and was chaplain and teacher at North Catholic High School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 1947-52. In 1952, after taking M.A. at the University of Pittsburgh, I was stationed at Mount Saint John, Dayton, as spiritual director and teacher to the religious, doing college work there. Mount Saint John is a normal school affiliated with the University of Dayton. In 1957 I was admitted to the graduate school of the University of Ohio State to study for the doctor's degree in English. In September, 1961, I was appointed Retreat Master at the Marianist Retreat House in Dayton, Ohio.