William Scott’s Translation from Du Bartas’ Sepmaine [with text]

Abstract: William Scott’s poetic treatise The Model of Poesy (c. 1599, now edited by Gavin Alexander and published in 2013 by Cambridge University Press) is followed in British Library MS Add. 81083 by the same author’s translation from the first two days of Guillaume de Saluste Du Bartas’ La Sepmaine (1578). The translation illustrates many of the principles discussed in the Model, and was evidently at the front of Scott’s mind as he wrote the treatise. In addition, it is a valuable new resource for students of Renaissance translation, divine poetry and Anglo-French literary relations. This article offers a critical edition of Scott’s translation with an introduction that examines why Scott chose to translate Du Bartas, assesses the translation’s relation to the Model, and analyzes Scott’s translation practice (especially his use of Simon Goulart’s commentary and marginalia).

William Scott’s Model of Poesy (c. 1599) is a major new source for understanding Elizabethan attitudes to poetry. The Model is a systematic description of poetry consciously written within a tradition that includes Aristotle’s and Horace’s poetic treatises as well as near-contemporary works like Julius Caesar Scaliger’s Poetices libri septem (1561) and Philip Sidney’s Defence of Poesy (1595). The treatise begins by defining poetry as an art of imitation, then provides an enumeration of its different kinds (heroic, pastoral, tragedy, comedy, satire and lyric), and a discussion of the four qualities of good verse (proportion, variety, sweetness and energeia or ‘forcibleness’).1 Gavin Alexander’s recent edition (Cambridge, 2013) highlights the value of Scott’s analysis of all the elements of poetry ‘from the nature of representation to the rules of versification’, his ‘commitment to relating theory to contemporary practice’, and his ability to make sense ‘of what English writers are doing now: Scott is at the same time the most scholarly and the most relevant of English Renaissance critics’.2 For all of these aspects of Scott’s critical significance --- his thoughts on how poetry represents the world, his views on English
versification, his desire to relate theory to practice, his vision of how form and subject-matter cohere and, above all, his contemporaneity --- the treatise’s essential counterpart is Scott’s English translation of ‘Le Premier Jour’ and ‘Le Second Jour’ from Guillaume de Saluste Du Bartas’ *La Sepmaine* (1578), which are found immediately after the *Model* in the sole manuscript witness, British Library MS Add. 81083. Folios 1r-49v contain the *Model*, followed by the translation from folios 51r to the final surviving leaf, folio 76v. This edition of the translation allows readers to see how Scott’s work with Du Bartas illuminates and is illuminated by the *Model*, as well as being a valuable addition to the corpus of early responses to the most celebrated French poet in early modern England and Scotland.

The treatise and translation are of a piece. The dedication to Scott’s uncle George Wyatt before the translation tells us that both works were written during the same summer vacation: Alexander (on whose research this article relies heavily throughout) argues that both treatise and translation were substantially written and/or completed between 28 June and 8 October 1599 (pp. xxx, xxxvii and 248). The *Model* refers to Du Bartas or his English translator Josuah Sylvester twelve times in total. Scott knows Du Bartas’ early poems *L’Uranie*, which reports the poet’s encounter with the Christian Muse, and the six-book epic *Judit* (both first printed in *La Muse Chrestienne* (1574)). He has also read *La Sepmaine* (1578) and Sylvester’s translation of the first six sections of *La Seconde Semaine*, printed as *The Seconde Weeke* (1598). His translation from *La Sepmaine*, a poem that re-tells the creation of the world using the first chapter of Genesis as its framework, examines how poetry can synthesize natural philosophy and divinity, a technique that Scott identifies as Du Bartas’ key literary innovation:

this heroical kind [of poetry] handles sometimes natural knowledge and philosophy by way of discourse or narration […] In this kind last in time but first in worthiness is our incomparable Bartas, who hath opened as much natural science in one week, containing the story of the creation, as all the rabble of schoolmen and philosophers have done since
Plato and Aristotle. Indeed methinks what [the Italian Protestant theologian] Jerome Zanchius, that sound deep divine and refiner of true natural knowledge (drawing all to the touchstone of truth), in his most divinely philosophical writings hath discussed and concluded Bartas hath minced and sugared for the weakest and tenderest stomach, yet throughly to satisfice the strongest judgements. (20.9-10, 12-21)

Scott’s response belongs alongside those of other well-educated contemporary readers of French such as Edmund Spenser, Gabriel Harvey, George Peele and the Anglo-Saxon scholar William Lisle. In common with them all, Scott reads Du Bartas as a divine poet who opened up new possibilities for Protestant poetry.

In this and other regards Scott’s translation is a practical demonstration of the principles outlined in the Model. The decision to translate in rhymed hexameter couplets with medial caesurae that mirror Du Bartas’ alexandrines corresponds to Scott’s comments on heroical or epic verse:

for the clothing of this heroical invention: for your style, it must be rich and high, and then your verse must be hexameter (called heroical as most proper to this kind) because by the length thereof and kind of measure or feet the dignity and majesty is maintained (according to Aristotle), and when you come to more busy and troubled matter this verse is more capable of forcibleness and vehemency. And this stateliness and gravity is as well seen in our vulgar kind of hexameter as in the ancient (75.17-24; see also 61.29 and p. 206)

In the previous paragraph Scott refers to the formal division of texts into books and chapters, using Virgil, Du Bartas’ Judit, Spenser’s Faerie Queene and Sidney’s Arcadia as examples of texts ‘very conveniently parted and cut into members, having a kind of completeness every part in itself’ (75.13-15). This sensitivity to poetic macrostructure shows up in the Du Bartas translation through Scott’s use of marginalia to demarcate individual topics within each Day that identify the poem’s larger structure, and fulfils La Sepmaine’s potential as a commonplace book in verse.
allusion to Du Bartas comes shortly after Scott criticizes Sylvester’s translation of *La Seconde Semaine* for the translator’s forty-line invocation at the beginning of ‘Eden’ (72.34-73.3; see *Seconde Weeke* A6v-7r): by contrast, Scott, aware of how authors ‘join the proposition and invocation together, as Homer and Bartas’ (73.3-4), supplies interpolations of four lines only at the start of each Day that are blended into his translation (see i.13-16, ii.31-34 and 45-48). Just before this reference Scott quotes from his translation of the Proem to ‘Le Second Jour’:

> And as Bartas saith: waste not your precious time and gifts in wanton argument [...]
> Let everyone resolve as divine Bartas doth, after a worthy reproof of heathenish-conceited and loose poets:

> Or tout tel que je suis, j’ai de tout destiné
> Ce peu d’art et d’esprit que le ciel m’a donné
> À l’honneur du grand dieu, pour nuit et jour écrire
> Des vers que sans rougir la vierge puisse lire.

> For me (all as I am) I constantly decree
> The small skill and small gifts that heaven affordeth me
> To turn to God’s high honour, always to indite
> In such phrase as chaste virgins shall therein delight.

> Truly a resolution becoming a modest, virtuous mind.

(71.36-37, 71.41-72.11; cf. ii.27-30 below)

The cluster of references in this section indicates that Scott had his translation, specifically the beginning of his ‘Second Day’, at the front of his mind while composing this passage, plausibly because he was writing it concurrently. As well as reading the principles that inform his translation, we can also see how his work as translator informs the treatise.

Choosing to translate Du Bartas created the ideal conditions for such a literary symbiosis. It also extended Scott’s close adherence to Philip Sidney’s example. Scott would have seen the
reference that Du Bartas makes in ‘Babilon’ (1584) to ‘world-mourned Sydney, warbling to the Thames’ | His swan-like tunes’ (Sylvestre (1598), F6v (second register)), and probably knew of, even if he had not read, Sidney’s own, now-lost translation, which was most likely from La Sepmaine. The pairing of Sidney and Du Bartas is found elsewhere, such as in Sir Thomas Smithes’s *Voiage and Entertainment in Rusbia* (1605), a work describing an embassy to Russia in which Scott participated (Alexander, pp. xxiii–iv). It must have been apparent by 1599 that Sidney’s translation, which had been entered in the Stationers’ Register back in August 1588, was not about to be printed as translations by five other writers were entered between 1591 and 1602. Scott’s translation is a sustained attempt to realize Du Bartas in English following Sidneian principles that reinforced the high value placed on divine poetry within a Horatian understanding of poetry’s need to teach, move and delight. Just as the *Model* is ‘in many ways a commentary on The defence of poesy, adopting its basic theory, filling in its gaps, interrogating and weighing its sources, glossing and elaborating its difficulties’ (Alexander, p. liii), so the translation explores and fulfils the possibilities of following Sidney’s example in translating divine poetry.

Another reason for believing that Scott conceived of the treatise and translation as parts of the same project is that the translation helped Scott to present himself to the *Model*’s dedicatee Sir Henry Lee as a capable student who was suitable for professional employment. ‘It is important that the manuscript given to Lee contains both the *Model* and the Du Bartas, since they combine to demonstrate Scott’s linguistic abilities (French, Latin, Italian, some Greek) as well as his intellectual power and Protestant commitment’ (Alexander, p. xxi). When Scott came to the Inner Temple after spending time at university, probably Oxford (pp. xx, xxx), he entered the literary milieu where Du Bartas was most widely read, translated and imitated in the 1590s before Sylvester’s 1605 translation greatly expanded Du Bartas’ English readership. Though there are no traces of intertextuality between Scott’s translation and any other English version, Scott could have read the anonymous 1595 translation in rhyme royal of *The First Daye of the Worldes Creation*, a text reminiscent of other literary productions at the Inns of Court, like John
Davies’ *Orchestra* (1596), but antithetical to Scott’s translation in its light, almost playful, tone. John Hoskins, whose *Directions for Speech and Style* Scott knew, is a candidate for the authorship of a prefatory poem by ‘I. H.’ to that translation. Back in 1589 another lawyer, Robert Ashley, had produced a Latin translation of Du Bartas’ *L’Uranie*. Certainly the literary circle in which Scott moved would have nurtured his interest in Du Bartas’ poetry, both as a theoretical example and as a text deserving a fresh English translation, and such readers could have recognized that the treatise and translation were valuable contributions to contemporary poetry.

**The Translation**

Scott’s translation helps us to appreciate the enthusiasm for Du Bartas in Elizabethan England. 1599 falls within a transitional period in Du Bartas’ popularity. His works were well-known among those who could read French poetry in places like Edinburgh, London and Kent, but it would be another six years until Sylvester’s translation made the whole poem available in English. The *Model* describes Du Bartas’ appeal in unparalleled detail as an author of divine humanist epic poetry that drew together different fields of learning into a single poem, and the translation is a wholly original attempt to replicate the poem’s grandeur in English whilst retaining every detail of its factual content. Scott translated the 766 lines of ‘Le Premier Jour’ of *La Sepmaine* and at least the first 656 lines of the 1160-line ‘Second Jour’. While we cannot know how much more Scott translated, there was certainly more than has survived (Scott quotes from translated lines just five lines after the end of the surviving text, lines ii.661-62 in the French, at 67.10-11 in the *Model*) and a putative five hundred lines to finish his ‘Second Day’ would have completed a work that is in good proportion to the *Model*.

*La Sepmaine* narrates the creation of the world according to Genesis 1, updating the scriptural account in light of sixteenth-century natural philosophy. The ‘First Day’ begins with an invocation to God for the success of the poem and translation (ll. 1-16 in Scott’s translation) then establishes the principle of creation *ex nihilo* (‘this ALL was once vnbuilte, and was once
builte’ (20)) by an eternal God’s design (17-35) along with refutation of atheist denials of God’s agency (36-69). After a description of the Trinity and God’s creative agency (70-123), Du Bartas offers a series of metaphors of the world created by God (124-83). The image of God as architect leads into a description of the world’s creation, beginning with matter being formed from chaos (184-293). We learn that God created a single (294-339), finite (340-57) world which will be destroyed on the Day of Judgement (358-411), and that the world was created in stages (412-43) beginning with light (444-95) which also brought night (496-541). The poet then turns to describe the creation of angels and their rebellion (542-615) which leads into a meditation on Satan’s power (616-71) and benevolent angels (672-759), whom the poet addresses in a brief conclusion (760-71).

The ‘Second Day’ begins by criticizing vain, heathen writers and invoking God again (1-48) and then describing the formation of elements from the chaos and their interaction (49-120). The four elements are introduced in turn (121-52), and the poet considers their natures, such as how they cause change (153-233). The poet describes how each sits above or below the others in more detail (234-375) then turns to the different regions of air and their meteorological effects (376-424), including antiperistasis (the clashing of different regions, 425-69), vapours (470-81), mist and rain (482-531), snow and hail (532-545) and the winds (546-609), and then fiery phenomena (610-59), including thunder. In the remaining section of ‘Le Second Jour’ for which Scott’s translation does not survive, the poet describes other weather effects, including lightning and rainbows, before launching into a digression criticizing France for not recognizing such occurrences as omens for the depraved state of the nation. After a brief description of fire, the section concludes with a long meditation on the constitution of the heavens.

The poem’s structure is simple to follow because, like other early translators of Du Bartas, Scott provides marginalia that pick out the different topics covered. This choice is consistent with Scott’s emphasis on logic and natural knowledge in the treatise. It also shows one
way that the French edition that Scott used shaped his translation practice. That edition, as Alexander explains (p. lxxxii), appears to be a 1588 edition of *La Sepmaine*: Scott quotes a line (‘La nuit peut tempérer du jour la sécheresse’, 55.37) only found in Chouët editions (i.499; Holmes *et al.*, II, 212) of 1588 and later. The insertion of ‘I’ay’ in the line ‘Or tout tel que ie suis, I’ay du tout destiné’ (fol. 42r, l. 24; French edition ii.27) may indicate that he worked from the 1588 edition, in which this line has no ‘J’ay’, but later saw a 1582 or 1593 edition which does; alternatively, Scott could have added the word himself, having noted that the line was hypometrical.9 Either way, Scott must have used a Chouët edition, which means that he would have read Simon Goulart’s marginalia and commentary.

Goulart was a Protestant minister and theologian who knew Du Bartas personally and produced a commentary, found in most French editions, that unpacks the non-fictional information in the poem: he praises Du Bartas ‘fitting and unaffected stile’ in his ‘infinite and excellent tracts of all the parts of Philosophy, either rational, natural, or supernatural, Physique, Law, Politique, Military and Economic Science, as well in Cities as in Fields’.10 Scott uses Goulart as an authority on the poem’s argument, often following his summary word for word, and applies his marginalia to his translation concisely, closely and independently. Scott may even have written the annotations into the scribal manuscript himself (see below for discussion). Scott’s strategy from the very start is to provide shortened versions of Goulart’s marginalia, which usually summarize whole verse paragraphs. However, he splits them up into separate notes and provides new ones to show the logical development within and between paragraphs. The first notes establish a method: ‘Le poëte invoq Dieu’ (1588, A2r) becomes ‘Invocation’ (i.1), and ‘Le monde n’est pas eternel, & n’a pas esté fait à l’aduaerture, ny pour estre eternel ains a esté creé auce le temps par la puissante sagesse de Dieu’ (A2v-3r) becomes three consecutive notes in Scott: ‘The wordle not eternall’ (i.17-18), ‘Not bye chance’ (i.21) and ‘But by Gods worde together with tyme’ (i.25-26). Scott then takes the phrase ‘objection des Atheistes’ (A4r-v) from
Goulart’s longer note (i.36-37), and expands his note by providing his own annotations that explain that the lines that follow (42-70) provide eight answers to their objections.

Notes that summarize the top level of the argument are typically from Goulart (e.g. ‘But one wordle’ (i.310), from ‘Il n’y a que vn monde’ (B4r)) whereas small notes that follow pointing out individual reasons (i.320 and 324, responding to ‘deux raisons’ (B5v)) are Scott’s. Likewise topic words like ‘Resurrection’ and ‘Judgement’ (i.396 and 402, condensed from a single Goulart note (B7v)) or ‘Snowe’ (ii.532) and ‘Thunder’ (ii.644, E11v and F8v) are Goulart’s, but incidental notes highlighting similes (e.g. ‘A stage’ (i.152), ‘A booke’ (i.156)) are original to Scott. To take another example: ‘Diuerses opinions touchaunt le temps de leur [i.e. des Anges] creation’ (C2v) becomes a short note ‘Angells when created’ (i.548) followed by three numbered opinions and ‘The poets resolution’ (l. 554, a phrase original to Scott that he uses elsewhere, e.g. i.484). The combination of key points taken from Goulart plus Scott’s indication of reasons is found throughout the Second Day too, e.g.: ‘tout ce qui se fait se prent de la matiere premiere’ (D7r) becomes ‘All made of sometthinge’ (ii.153) with the ‘Reason’ (164) in the next paragraph. Scott’s annotations are wholly consistent with Goulart’s but also represent an independent application of logical reasoning to the text in order to reveal the structure of Du Bartas’ paragraphs.11

Goulart’s work has a direct impact on Scott’s vocabulary. The dictionary that Scott is most likely to have used is Claudius Hollyband’s Dictionarie of French and English (1593), since Scott correctly translates numerous words which he could not have found in Huloets Dictionarie (1572) or Baret’s Alvearie (1573) but which do appear in Hollyband, often using the same word that Scott does; these include ‘pipeurs’ (ii.13 in the French, ‘guilefull’), ‘defriche’ (ii.37, ‘ridde’), ‘bluettes’ (ii.279, ‘flakes’), ‘lingot’ (ii.265, ‘vre’) and ‘gonfanons’ (ii.431, ‘flags’).12 Goulart’s commentary, however, is a greater influence on Scott’s vocabulary, for Scott exploits it to enhance an English reader’s awareness of the natural science in La Sepmaine. The commentary is printed between sections of the poem, such that the poem and its notes are often on the same or
following page. Scott regularly uses, or at least provides readings consistent with, Goulart’s notes (especially sentences beginning with the phrase ‘Le poete veut dire’, ‘the poet wants to say’) to de-code classical references. Within a translation that usually sticks closely to each half-line of the French, Scott only has to substitute individual words to highlight the real-world significance of particular phrases and classical allusions. Commenting on the second line of ‘Le Premier Jour’, for instance, Goulart observes that the word ‘Neptune’ often represents the sea (‘Ci apres en diuers endroits le mot de Neptune se rencontre & se doit prendre pour la mer’ A2v), and Scott accordingly translates ‘Neptune’ as ‘Seas sou’reigne’. Similarly, ‘Latone’ (A10v, Goulart ‘la terre’) becomes ‘this earth’ (i.149); ‘Mars’ (D7v, ‘la guerre’) becomes ‘battell’ (ii.180); and ‘Phœbus’ (D1r, ‘la vigueur d’esprit, dont les poetes sont espirs’) becomes ‘muses’ (ii.23).

Scott offers a consciously Goulartian reading of *La Sepmaine* without necessarily borrowing directly from the commentary. Other readings like these may show Scott taking inspiration from Goulart’s notes, especially when he makes distinctive word choices, such as translating ‘notes’ as ‘Abbreuiats’ (i.171, Goulart has ‘abreuiatures’ (A12r)) and ‘ambroisie’ as ‘meate immortal’ (i.681, ‘viandes’ (C7v-8r)). These and many other examples show Scott and Goulart drawing on a common fund of knowledge: that Memphis is in Egypt (‘de Memphe’ (i.165) translated as ‘Egiptians’ (i.170); cf. ‘d’Egypte’ (A12r)), that Leucippus was an Epicurean (‘Leucippe’ (i.314) ‘LEVSIP, the Epicure’ (i.319), ‘Epicure’ (B5v)), that the Cumaean virgin is a sybil (‘vierge de Cume’ (i.616), ‘SIBILS brest’ (i.621) ‘Sibylles’ (C4v)), that Laïs was the name of a courtesan (ii.215, ‘brothell filth (ii.222) ‘putain’ (D10r)), that Scopas sculpted the Mausoleum (‘le Mausole’ (i.448, cf. i.450), ‘SCOPAS MAVSOLVS tombe’ (i.453) and Scopas (B10r), cf. *Model* 34.13-15), and that ‘breuvage achelois’ (ii.56) is ‘water’ (ii.64, ‘de l’eau’ (D3r)). Scott also offers independent readings that depart from the French to anglicize French-specific references: ‘MEDWAYE’ and ‘THAMES’ replace references to the rivers Rhone and Ticino (ii.190, cf. French ii.183), a Frenchman becomes a ‘fickly trauiler’ (ii.218, cf. French ii.211), and the alphabet gains
two letters in Scott’s translation to recognize the use of \( k \) and \( w \) in English only (‘vingt et deux’ (ii.255), ‘twyse-twelue’ (ii.262)).

The Model is the other indispensable text for recovering Scott’s principles for translation. In the passages already quoted and elsewhere in the treatise, Scott’s critical prose provides a sharp lens for reading his translation: for example, when Scott quotes a couplet from the end of his translation of the First Day (i.766-67, 63.28-29) within a discussion of caesuras he primes readers to judge how successfully he follows his own principles:

At the least it would be most upon the last syllable of a word, yet sometimes for variety (which is ever to be attended of the poet) it is graceful to place it in the former of a many-syllabled word, as to my ear the last of these two verses sounds best:

I fear to tire myself || if at first I proceed

With too great journeys’ has- || ty unadvised speed. (63.23-29)

The translation was not necessarily transcribed second, even though it appears after the Model in the manuscript. Alexander (p. lxxiii) points to the ruled vertical margins which cease towards the end of the Model and are found in the translation as evidence that the translation was written out second; however, the translation was written using a different, thicker paper stock from the translation and the presence of small capitals throughout the surviving section of the translation may indicate that slightly more care was being taken there than in the treatise (pp. lxxiii and lxxv). That either text could have been transcribed first at least implies that both were written at a very similar time.

Also informative about the translation’s origins is the preface to George Wyatt, printed in the Cambridge edition (pp. 247-48) and so not included here, which speaks of the poet as an ‘vnequall Interpreter’, and that ‘yf you shall finde in anythinge this version faithfull and worthe acceptance, you would take it in that parte to be Bartas, the Prince of Poets his owne message’. Scott’s self-criticism of his translation as being tainted by haste, carelessness and ignorance is a
conventional profession of humility, and such modesty from a nephew to his uncle suits the domestic setting within which the translation was probably produced. Especially when compared to the contemporary printed translations of William Lisle and Josuah Sylvester, Scott’s translation has the air of being a more meditative and private reading of Du Bartas’ epic. Since translations by Sylvester and others were in print and in progress, Scott’s translation may have been written and revised with manuscript circulation only in mind. By making a text of the translation more widely available now, this edition is particularly intended for use by readers of the Model whilst also presenting a new resource for studying Anglo-French literary relations, and for understanding the interrelation between poetic theory and translation practice in the English Renaissance.

Editorial Principles

William Scott’s translation of ‘Le Premier Jour’ and ‘Le Second Jour’ from Guillaume Du Bartas’ La Sepmaine (1578) is found in British Library Add. MS 81083, folios 51 to 76. For a detailed description of the manuscript, see Alexander’s textual introduction (pp. lxxii-lxxxii). The text offered here is a semi-diplomatic transcription that tries to represent the appearance of the manuscript, and therefore retains lineation and indentation, with all marginalia presented on the right-hand margin (these notes are formatted so that each line of a note is aligned to one line of text; cases where this presentation is misleading are noted). Catchwords are omitted, but are recorded in annotations where they differ from the body text. Double hyphens (’=’) are silently replaced by single hyphens, ampersand by ‘and’, and fossil thorns are transcribed as ‘th’. Italics are used for letters supplied within words when superscript letters are lowered and contractions expanded (w, th). Punctuation follows the manuscript; in various places in ‘The First Day’ (e.g. i.12, 143, 357) I have retained full points which are struck-through with two diagonal lines, possibly to indicate deletion. On a few occasions I have amended the manuscript text for sense and noted the original reading in an annotation.
I offer editorial insertions in brackets at all places where text has been lost due to water damage, particularly from folio 72 to the final surviving leaf. In the places where Scott’s reading cannot be reconstructed, I provide editorial assistance for following the surviving text by offering my own metrical translation of the French, attentive to any manuscript markings that do remain. These editorial translations, which are clearly marked as insertions, follow Scott’s vocabulary and style as closely as possible, and also draw on Goulart’s commentary and Sylvester’s and Thomas Winter’s English translations for plausible readings. Conventions for dealing with missing text are:

[text] editorial insertion where illegible or lost characters can be identified from context

[text] editorial insertion offering a new translation of the French where manuscript text has been lost

[…] missing characters that cannot be identified from context (one dot per character)

Like Alexander’s notes in the original spelling edition of the Model, the critical apparatus distinguishes between ‘scribal’ and ‘authorial’ corrections; that is, between changes made during the process of transcription, and later, authorized corrections. The argument for describing later corrections in the translation as ‘authorial’ is not quite as substantial as it is for the Model because the insertions are fewer, smaller and mostly supply missing words or amend orthography and punctuation (there may be more insertions of this last kind than the annotations record). However, there are enough later corrections following the practice found in the treatise to support applying Alexander’s principles for the treatise to the translation. Examples of authorial revision include: ‘fume’ replacing ‘vapour’ (ii.649) to avoid repeating a word used in the next line (see Alexander p. lxxxi for a similar change of ‘forme’ to ‘nature’), addition of parentheses (e.g. i.13, 60 and 641; cf. Model 7r, l. 19 and 12r, l. 15), and some evidence of revision to improve the
accuracy of the translation (e.g. ‘a’ to ‘the’ (ii.430)). Two other characteristic interventions suggesting authorial involvement are amendments to the spelling of the final word in a line to ensure that ear rhymes are also eye rhymes (e.g. i.272, 748-49 and ii.325), and apparent corrections of the tendency in the scribal transcription to write ‘too’ as ‘to’ (see note to i.271). These authorial corrections could either be in Scott’s hand or that of a second scribe (a left-tilted ampersand (i.633, cf. p. lxxix) is particularly suggestive that the authorial hand in Model is also found in the translation). In either case, these changes deserve to be treated as authoritative, as do the titles and marginalia added later. The marginalia look to be in Scott’s hand: the notes appear to be written in the same compact hand as the extra lines inserted in the Model (especially 20r, and also 34r; cf. ‘vncerteine’ (34r) and ‘vncerteyne’ in the marginal note on 59r (i.376)), and one note gives the word antiperistasis written in Greek, a language which Scott’s scribe could neither read nor write (Alexander, pp. lxxix-lxxx). These similarities strengthen the case for believing that the process of transcription and revision of both parts of the treatise happened together. Such evidence of authorial revision confirms that, although the translation as we have it is incomplete, the manuscript does, nonetheless, contain a finished work.

QUEEN MARY UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
The First DAYE of the first WEEKE of WILLIAM

SALUST LORDE DU BARTAS

O Thou that guid’st the course of the flame-bearinge sphæres;
The waters fomye bitt, Seas sou’reigne, thou that beares;
That mak’st the Earth to tremble; whose worde onely byndes,
And slackes th’vnruully raynes, to thy swiffe postes the wyndes;
Heau vp my soule to thee, my spiritts dull refyne,
And, with a curious skill, enrich this worke of myne;
O father graunte to me, that in a gratious phrase,
To all posteritye, the wordles Berth I maye blaze;
Graunte me, thou mightye God, that in my verse I maye,
The diuerse, and choyce wares of this wordles shopp display;
Graunt in his foreheade I, thy Puissance may reade;
That leadinge others right, my selfe maye rightlye treade.

10
And graunte this forraine Prize, (High God) I, weakling, maye
Vnito our coastes transporte, the readye, though rough waye;
Yf fraught to heauie bee, errors pathes diuerse wyde,
Thy spiritt Gale, and Pilot, my barke dryue and guyde.
Always the Ayre was not environd bye the Fyre;
Nor were, eternallye the floodes guirte by the Ayre;
Nor from all tymes, the waters were the Earthes wett Quilte;
But all this ALL was once vnbuilte, and was once builte;
Not that blynd chance could make the moates, that partlesse freye,
From so harsh discord Notes, yeeld soe sweete harmonye;
(As rauinge DEMOCRIT, did, dreamingly, defyne)
But that firme-fast decree, from out the mouth deuyne,
That once will worke wordles fall, did once giue wordle his pryme;
Not after or before tyme, but att once with tyme,
I meane tyme vndistinct; for courses of the dayes,
Monthes, seasons, ages, yeares, at first were, are always
Measured bye starrs daunce, and stopp when their dauncing stayes.

20
Nowe then before all Tyme, Matter, Forme, Place had being,
God althing was in all, and all in himselfe seinge,
All spiritt, without lists, and limits, passion-free,
All light, invisible, chaungelesse, immortall hee
Pure wyse and just and good, sole God now reigned in rest,
Sole God, vnto himselfe, himselfe the Inne and Guest.

30
Why askes the Atheist then, what great affayres effect
This lone gods hand and harte, when wants their workes object;
How he could spend his tyme, and how his care employe,
Duringe (which all exceeds) that first Eternitye;
Since to so deepe a wysedome, soe great powerfulnesses,
Then laye vnemployde to sitt, nought suteth lesse

35
Know then (blasphemous wretch) before this WHOLE was pight,

[53v] God eternall and
discrib’d.

Objection of Atheis

Answere. 1.
God made an hell, to plague the peeuish peruerse wight,
Whose malapart blynde sence vnto account would call,

To judge his most just workes, the WISDOME ETERNAL.

What shall the Carpenter without his timber staye?
The weauer without webbe? The Potter without claye?
And must selfe-workmans, maker, Almightye, All-wyse,
Without this fraylest stuffe, his verye being leese?

Shall hawt ye SCIPIO vouch, as profe taught verity,
That least of all he is alone, when none is bye?
And shall not god selfe good, (O heauens mans madnesse see?)
Looke from sad troubled thoughts, liuinge from companee?

Why? shall PRIENNAES glorye, Græcian wyzarde saye;

That all his goodes flye with him, as he flyes awaye?
And shall that God, in whome vnualued treasures lye,
Without wordles pelfe, be pinch’d with hard necessiyte?
God neede not quitte himselfe, to take delight elswhere,
Nor neede of others begge, whoe in himselfe doth beare

Tydes of sweete riches, whence he, (Ocean like) castes out,
A thousand seas (in bountye) all the wordle about

Before the wynde did breath or fish in water breede,
The wandringe Moone had hornes, or earth retourn’d her seede,
Our God, our Souereigne Kinge, lact not his firme delight;

His glorye he admir’d, his Iustice, and his Might;
His prouidence, his goodnes were the Objects brought,
Euermore to employe his highe and holy thought.

Or farther, soe maye be, contemplatinge, he vewed

The great Idea, Type, and Moulde of this Rounde Rude

Nor was he solitayre, who did still abyde,
With Sonne and holye Ghost, wholy accompany’d;
For from before all tymes, without Mother or seede,
The father of this Whole, he did begett and breede,
I meane that Sonne, Worde, Wisedome that, Eternallye,

Hath as his Fathers Essence, Essence full as hye;
From these two doth proceede their common Grace and Might,
The holye Ghost, their Loue; In essence one aright;
In person yet distinct; of whome the Dietye,
Doth happilye subsiste from all Eternitye,

And makes of three vnite, one Essence threefold-one.

Soffe, softe my modest pen, and let this taske alone,
To sounde soe soundlesse seas; beware, wade not too farr;
Flye this CHARIBDIS gulph, and that huge Rock CAPHAR;
Where manye shippes, that toke Reason for their star-guide,

Haue shipwrack made, ere they haue rune out halfe their Tyde;
But whoe assuredlye, this gulph will passe beside,
Wyse, take thou head, and doe not in the rough sea ryde
But beare vp with the shore, and faith for mayne-sheat take,
Thy Pilot be Gods spirit, thy Pole the Bible make,
How oft the sharpest witts this seelye wordle abuse,
And make men this safe sprite, for Patron theirs refuse,
Whil’st of a pure chast verigin they forsake the threade
Blynde guides, themselues with others theye in Mazes leade.

Within the sacred leaues of eyther Testament,
A man can hardlye fynde an other Argument,
Whereof the search soe paynefull, sence soe deepe and hye,
The face of this bright sonne my feeble eyesight banisheth;
And in this deepe discourse my sence dispersed vanisheth,
Of my too blunt conceipte the tender adge abated is;
Now this high Trinitye, (which rather I adore,
Then prye too farr into, and hurt my selfe the more)
In th’Infinitenes of a Nothing, fram’d this ROVNDE,
That fayre, and great, and rich, and full of Craft profounde,
Doth beare imprinted in the whole and euerye parte
His Makers bewtye, Bountye, Greatnesse, and his Arte;
His bewty, bountye, greatnes, arte, that sett a barre
To Godlesse, doggish mouthes, least thei blaspheme too farre.

Clyme, whoe so list, the scaffolde of the vpmost skye;
Ouer the wordles walls, he that list, Ambitiouslye,
Lett leape; and lett him, that in arrogance doth trace,
Behold of great Iehoue the glorye face to face;
And contrare, he that will, his noblest cogitations
Lett snail-like, creepe on mudde, and earths base habitations,
Contemplating obscurelye, this the lower frame,
That therein quite he burye the Creators name.
For me I will my verse, mou’d with a stay’d regarde,
Diuinely-humane slyde a longe the midmost warde,
As one that justly feares least heavenly lampes hot raye
My waxen winges, præsumptuous, bringe to just decaye,
Or sinckinge in seas sands, or wallowinge in earthes myre,
I, base should leaue to assaye those aweful Circles hyer,
Well pleaseth me to take this rounde and fayre Engyne,
As mirroure of the glorye of the face deuyne;
Well pleaseth me greate God, appareld, to beholde
In this wordles suite, the signe of vertue manifolde;
For if the piercinge beames, that from the sunne doe passe,
Dazell and dimme those eyes, that dare his brightnes glasse;
Whoe can the flashinge cleare, and glorye of Gods face,
Amidst the cristall heauens, in his weake sence embrace?
Who dares presume to seeke the Maker other where
Then in his worke, that doth his lyuely Image beare?
For he, whom grosser sence of man cannot conteyne,
Doth in his worke, himselfe, as visible make playne;
His vertues touch our handes, are of our pallats tasted,
Are with a sacred breath into our nostrills blasted;
He howerlye talkes with vs, hauinge Interpreters
The stinted motions of the star-bespangled spheres;
Rightlye this Whole is called a schoole, where God doth make
Dumme lectures of his glorye, for the simples sake,
It is a Crane, wheroen we by degrees maye ryse,
Euen to the sacred chambers of Brond-bearinge skyes.
This wordle Gods gorgeous Burse, displayed and set to sale,
Where publick he setts forth his rich wares to vs all,
It is a bridge, where ouer wyde, and soundelesse seas,
We dauntelesse maye transporte to vnkende mysteryes;
This wordle is a clowde, through which his beames doth beare,
Not theyme poynetinge spowse of this Earth sweetly fayre
But that light of our lyfe, whose All-out-facinge face
Doth through the blackest nights darck thickness shining trace
This wordle is Gods fayre stage, whereon his glorious Might,
His Prudence Justice, Loue, and his deepe skills insight
As Actours playe their parts, and euer more and more
This wordle is Gods great booke, wherein he doth impartee,
In capitoll greare letters, his admired Arte;
Where each worke is a page, and each effect of his
Is as one Character, whose fayre draught perfect is;
But we like trewand boyes, within the schoole, in stead
Of studye of the Artes, doe vayner studyes reade;
Our childes eyes the velom wondringly beholde
Florish’d with flowredeluce, and leaues gaye trim’d wth golde;
Soe noe whit whith vs to looke in, and discerne
The excellent contents, where lernde Nature doth lerne
The dullest grosse conceipts, that some God must appeare,
To stablish his firme lawes to our Rounde citye here;
Nor is this difficulte, nor neede we seeke to growe,
Of studye of the Artes, doe vayner studyes reade;
Our childes eyes the velom wondringly beholde
Florish’d with flowredeluce, and leaues gave trim’d wth golde;
Soe noe whit whith vs to looke in, and discerne
The Turck-characterye, the Egiptians straunge portraiture,
The Hebrewe-Puncts, the Greekes confus’d Abbreuiats;
The soungre southern folke, the Tartar still remouinge,
The scithian barbarous, th’Arabian most vnlouinge,
The skillesse Infant, and the old man darck of sight,
Maye here in good sorte read though rude vnletterd quight;
But who takes fayth, for spectacles to his dimme eyes
Passeth from hight to hight the limitts of the skyes;
And doth first mouer of these motions apprehende,
Most plausibly he reads things that his knowledge mende.

All thus, by fayth inlightned, ferauntlye, I earne
Of this wordles ample booke, the sacred text to lerne;
That next his infancye, his other ages shewinge,
Playner I maye vewe God, by this ALLS playner vewinge.

This admirable worke-man did not tye his thought
To some Imaginare plott of worke forethought,
Founde out with much a doe, nor farther did he chuse
Anye more auncient wordle, which he had neede to vse,
To modell out this one, as does the maister wrighte
Of some great buildinge, who before his hand be pight

Vnto his charge, makes choyse of some greate frame and fayre,
Whose costlye matter, cuninge worke ar equall rare;
And if one onelye buildinge he shall misse to fynde
Whole, vniforme, and fayre; he patterns, in his mynde,
Of one the front, another pillars he compares,
In the third he markes the wyndinge stately stayres;
Thus ouer all he goes, chusinge each seemeliest thinge
And after twentye patterns makes his one buildinge;

But hauing naught, sauinge a NAUGHT whereby to frame
This WHOLE; the cheif of this fayre worke, th’ETERNAL NAME,
Without Labour.

Creats the ayre, heauen, earth, and this lowe flowinge playne,
All as the quickninge sunne, without leauinge his spheare,
Adorns with bewteous wreath’s the springe tyme of the yeare,
And without trauell, getts with child our common dame,
And from a farr reueth the face of this fayre frame.

The power and the will, the desire and effect,
The worke and the designe of soe great Architect,
All March one selfe same pace; All vnder his lists raunge
Steadfast in his decrees, his counsells neuer chaunge.

Howbe’t in this then Nought, did not both at one tyme,
The matter and rich formes perfecti
But as the Pirat, who his shippinge doth prepare
To take on salter regions, (as cheif lord) his fare;
For thinkinge on his worke, provides great heapes of trees,

Corde, canvas tuns of Iron, barrels of pitch puruayes,
And after all assembled, tree to tree is ioynde,
Of these boords makes the prore, of those the poope behynde;
The rest for hatches hewes, as industrye, and arte,
Direct and guide his eye, his toole, his hande, his harte;
Euen thus the Almightye wyse, before he went about
To bewtifie this wordle, did from his mouth cast out
I wote not what sweete worde, th obeaped in one masse,
All what the heauen doth nowe in his wyde armes embrace,
Onely the difference this, ship-wrights fynde readye wrought
The matter of their worke; but God made all of Nought,
Then fittes and finish’d it, thus for a worke soe hye
He needed neyther subject, helpe nor industrye

This former wordle was then, a bottomles wyde deepe,
An hodge-podge not distinct, an indigested heape,
A forme that had noe shape, a bodye ill compact,
A chaos all confus’d; a stack that was ill stact;
Where all the Elements pell-mell together lye,
The moyst complaynynge, how it lodgeth with the drye,
The rounde with that is sharpe, the hote with that is cold
Harde with the softe, high with the lowe in one heape rold,
The bitter with the sweete; breife while this warr did last
The heauen was in earth, the earth in heauen plast,
The earth, ayer, fyre were all mix’d in the water colde,
The water, fyre, and earth, the ayre in one did holde,
The ayre, fire, water, with the earth; the earth it mett
With water, fire, ayre, for the Thunder thrower yett,
Great MARSHALL of this hoste, did not ordring direct
To euerye one his quarter; Nor the heauen was dect
As yett with flaminge bronds; the sweete enameld playnes
As yet shed not their odours; nor the skaled traynes
Had cutt the liquid floodes; nor had the featherd flightes
Breath’d forth into the ayre, their shrill complaynts and sighes.
All wantinge bewtye was, without order or light
And all mishapen was, without motion or spright;
The water was not water, nor the fire yett fire,
The earth was not the earth, nor was the ayre the ayre;
Or if one, happily, in such a worlde could see
The substance of the earth, ayre, fire or of the sea,
The ayre was without light, the fire was without heate;
The water was not cold, nor earth had his firme seate;
Imagine shortlye such an earth, as fruitelesse vayne,
Is without herbe, or tree, or hill, or dale, or playne;
A heauen not azure dyed, nor bright transparent see,
Not boss’d with flames as yet, had vaulted, wandring beeene;
Then fullye thou conceyu’st, what manner earth this was,
And what a heauen, whiles yett, twixt them such warr did passe;
The earth and heauen which (as I maye) I meanely singe,
Not what they were, but what they were not reckoninge.

This was not then the worlde, but that first matter mett,
265
As twer the orchard-nurserye, confus’dly sett
With plants of this fayre ALL; an Embrion that should
In sixe dayes formed bee, and brought to perfect mould;
I saye this sottish lumpe, disordrously confus’d,
Was like the flesh, within the mothers wombe infus’d

270
All without forme, till in tyme, by degrees it growes
Proportioned to fingers, forehead, eyes, mouth, nose,
Here waxeth longe, here rounde, and here doth largely spredd;
By litle thus and little man is fashioned;
But this by setled course of Nature selfe doth make,
Things loathsome, dead, vnmade, lyfe, forme, perfection take,
When that worlde neuer had his first hard fauour lost,
If great Gods powerfull Worde from his mouth had not past,
And spowted as it were, into his members dead,
I wote not what lyue Soule, that quickt his corps of leade.

275

The palpable black darcknes of th’Egyptian night
The sad Cimmerian shades, eclipsinge cheerfull light
The grosse dark vapour of the dread Infernall pitt,
Or if ought thou imagine darker, blacker yett;
That was the sable vayle, of this deepe sullen face,
Whil’st euerye where confusion in this heape did trace;
All things maynteyned broyles; and this rebellious stack,
It selfe, seditious, had brought it selfe to wrack,
Assone as it was made; if Gods vertue profound,
(Shed in the body of this ENGINE goodlye rounde)

280
Had not like Masticke soulderd, fast and sweetelye knitt
The wyde wast Ocean floodes, th’heauen, earth, and ayre flitt,
That heer ranne tumblinge, as disordred Chance did swaye,

Looke howe the sage sound Sprite, in his mynde hammeringe,
On some rare lern’d deuise, that may immortall springe,
Mid’st troopes, att boord, in bed; all daye in euerye place,
Discourseringe his discourse, he makes his worke his chase,
Euen thus the Spiritt of God seemes for a recreation
Vpon this flootinge lumpe to make his Nauigation;

285

Nor did their other care within his brest abyde;
On some rare lern’d deuise, that may immortall springe,
Mid’st troopes, att boord, in bed; all daye in euerye place,
Discourseringe his discourse, he makes his worke his chase,
Euen thus the Spiritt of God seemes for a recreation
Vpon this flootinge lumpe to make his Nauigation;

290

300

305

Nor did their other care within his brest abyde;
(Yf to the Diuine Essence care maye be apply’d;)
Or as the charye foule, that stryues to hatch and breede,
As well her Naturall, as her adopted seede,
Closely broodes on her eggs, and by a lyuely heate,
Her tender chiken from that yellowe-white doth gett;
All in such Guise Eternall Gods All-makinge Sprite,
Seemes couch vpon this deepe, and by a parents might
To every part a secreete vertue to inspire
Of one vntidy heape, to make one FAIRE ENTYRE

For there is but one All, that clasps all in his rounde,
Whose superficies hath, noe midle, end, nor bounde;
Nor is more worldes then this, whose vtmost arched sphare
Lets nothinge it beyonde, saue NOUGHT it selfe appeare;
Since if that Hebrewes Chief (who blessedly expounded
 Gods sacred lawes in schole, on mountayne OREB founded)
Had not assur'd that God, by his all able might,
Finish’t, with in sixe dayes, all dyinge substance quight,
Reasons selfe would beate downe, those strange worlds innovacions, Whereof LEVSIP, the Epicure, laide sand foundations;

Sith if Nature conteyne more, other worldes then this,
The water and the earth of that which hyer is;
Downe to the lower worlde would drawe, and sinck straight waye;
And to the former CHAOS all agayne would swaye;
On thother syde thou must betwixt these worlde surmyse,
Some voyde and vacant place, where their round Engines ryse,
And fall, and turne about, yet in their neighbour race,
The one nor letts the other, nor jogs from his place
But loe all bodyes are soo strait linckt one to one
That noe voydnes can be, and for this cause alone

The beare from pierced vessell can by noe meanes flye,
Vnlesse a vent be made, that ayre may straight supplye;
For this the bellowes eke, whose breathinge place is shutt,
Cannot be stretched out; for this the water putt
Within the close stop’d viall, freeseth not with colde;
Nor will the gardiners pott, if ayre may take no holde
His water streames disperse; for this the siluer sourse,
Within the holowe pipe, that makes his slauish course,
To Nature violent, vp to the clowdes doth runne,

Nowe as God made one worlde, Natures most perfect frame;
Soe bonds and bounds of tyme, and place he gaue the same;
As willing his diuinitye should onely bee
All infinite in tyme, boundlesse in quantitee;
And sure heauen cannot bee vnmeasurably greate,
Sith as it measures tymes, it selfe it selfe doth meate;
Nor is the worlde immortall, sith in euerye parte,
By diuerse stronge assaults, it feeleth deaths direfull darte;
Sith its beginninge of its ende doth certifie
And sith all things belowe, change perish instantlye.
Goe GREECIAN wizarde then, affirme the heauen to bee
That in their all round bodyes, man can nether see
Beginninge, nor yett ende; that death, goe argue yee,
Doo, and doth onelye, loe his Tyrannye subdue

That with the siluer starre doth monthlye over-vewe;
Nor shall such feeble proofe of paradoxe soe vayne,
From fatall finall ruine this worlde ought restrayne.

One daye the cliffs shall, tumblinge, to an heape revolue,
And hawtiest hils, (for feare) shall once melt and dissolue;
The heauens them selues shall ryue, and most subjected vales
Shall prowlye swellinge ryse, and make the hills their dales;
The waters shall drye vp, and if, in any floode
Some moyst chance to appeare, it nought shalbe but bloode;
The sea shalbe a flame; the whales, (for drought) shall stande,
And bray, with horred noyse, vpon the broylinge sande;
The clearest of noonedaye shalbe as pitchie night;
A rusty vizarde shall ore-maske the heauens face quight;
Vpon the brightest stars, the seas dull selfe shall trace;
The sunne shalbe content to sitt in Moones blacke place;
Those lampes them selues shall fall; breifly confusion, night,
Tempest, and crashinge noyse, death and astounding fright;
Shall fill and spill all things, and the revengefull Ire
Of the accusinge judge, shall make all death desire,
And all this ALL nought but a pile of flame shalbe,
As whilom it appearde wholly a flootinge sea.

But out alas on yow shamelesse, incredulous,
Whoe in your daye-bookes dare, discouer, and discus
The yeare, the month, the daye, which shall eternallye,
Of yeares, of monthes, of dayes shutt vp th e gate on hye;

Of which euen but the memorye setts me in swowne,
Depruies my corps of strength, my reason doth confounde;
Your bold and linge hands the counters doe mislaye,
And reckon cleane awrye; blynde gropinge yow assaye,
Amid’st night-coseninge dreames, the secreete things to fynde,
Close shutt vp in the cofer of the ETERNALL MYNDE,
Whose onely hand doth hold the hammer, and the weight;
Who keeps the Calender, where in red letters pight
The month and daye are seene; who will soe swiftlye flye,
That he’el be sooner seene, then foresene of mans eye

Then, LORD, then shall it bee, when thy sonne, onely deare,
(That seemes in frayler flesh apparel’d to appeare)
Shall glorious descend from starrye vaulted skye,
With thousande winged bandes of souldiers him fast bye,
In his triumphall Carr, with lightnings hemmed rounde,
By mercye and by justice drawen euene to the grounde.

Then shall the bodyes, whome the swallowinge floodes haue heald,
Whome vnder marble prowde, the earth hath longe conceald,
Those whome the fire to ayre hath spersed; and those whose tombe
Are nought but rauening birds, and beasts deuowringe wombes,

Then shall these all aryse, and at their call each one,
Shall take his proper corps, and shall before Gods throne,
(Who absolute sits judge at this greate last assyse)
Heare finall doome of death or lyfe to them aryse;
Th’one fyndes him gratious myld; the other arm’d with Ire

That bles’d, this curs’d; in heauen that, this lyues in Hell fire.

O gratious thou on earth, that for our sakes did’st come
And bar’st of ROMAN IVDGE the balefull bloodye doome,
O be thou, when thy Angels their last trumpets sounde
From East to West, from North to South and all arounde,

Shall summon this greate WHOLE soe neare its fatall ende,
Both Iudge and Aduocate, my Plea, and doome to mende.

The neuer dryed springe of Gods great skill and might,
Seemes like the mother BEARE, to deale and worke aright,
Which after thirteine dayes, with in some dread darke place,

Brings forth a loathsome lumpe, without lyfe forme or face,
And after liketh it, till she haue fashioned;
His feete, his rendinge pawes his neck, his ougly heade
Thus of a formelesse monster of a lumpe soe loath’d
Her trauaile makes this creature in good forme be cloth’d;

For by his breath God makinge, within this voyd wast,
An heape confusedly hote, cold, drye, and wett in hast,
At leysure he this lowe worlde, seuerd from the hye,
And by degrees, apart drewe hote with hote to lye;
The solid firme with firme he made togither holde;

The moyst ranne to the moyst, the colde vnto the colde;
Within sise dayes thus God, the cunninge workeman made
Heauen earth, and all what soe heauen earth within them had;
Not that he could not perfect, without pawse or staye,
What was begonne, mans mansion, and in one self daye,
People the ayre with foule, the heauens with flames besparke,
The sea with fish replenish, with beasts this wilde parke;
But bye impoyinge soe much tyme, arte, industrye,
To build this pallace fayre for mans posteritye,
Whiles yet man was not made, God shewes how much he doth,
In care, regarde his happinesse, and his good both;
When nowe he hath him made, and by his promise fast,
A thousand thousand tymes his riches he hath past;
This learnes man, in his worke, to imitate him, wyse,
And not of hote desire, to stroye good enterprise,
In rash and headlonge sorte; but with a patient mynde;
To walke with sober heede, and still to looke behynde,
To worke and still respect, with softe and surest care;
For things once finish’d well, soone enough finish’d are.

O father of all wysedome, sett with light aboute,
What should from this confusion forrest single out,
Yf not the simple essence of the cheerefull light,
Without which bewtyes selfe seemes loose her bewtye quight?
For TIMANTH shoulde in vayne his dread CYCLOPS haue made,
ZEVX his PENELOPE, PARRASE his curtayne drawde
Had not shone, that their rarenesse we might see theirbye
In vayne the EPHESIAN Temple CTESIPHON had fram’d,
SCOPAS MAVSOLVS tombe, GNIDOS the phare soe fam’d,
In vayne, in vayne they had employ’d their arte soe rare,
And spent their industrie in buildinge workes soe fayre,
Yf the obliuious vayle of that Eternall night,
Had still remaynde to smother soe fayre woonders sight.

The wright that undertakes a royall buildings frame,
What doth he sooner thinck, then how to make the same
Commodious lightes and wyndowes, that the sunne each daye,
Wheelinge about the earth darte in his lightsome raye,
And make the fyne conveyance, and ambitious arte
Openly to appeare in all and euerye parte;
Now be it that Gods spiritt mou’d and stird a space,
Vpon the boylinge Seas all-heelinge vter-face,
Till fire did issue thence (as when with hostile greete
Two clowndes by contrare wyndes, togethre fore’d doe meeete,
Vnder the broylinge Crab, and by their furiose shocke
The ayre incens’d at midnight makes light flames thence flocke,)
Or be it when God by pece-meale did resolue this heape,
From forth the fire he made the subtil light to creepe;
Or that he did a rounde-aboute bright clownde create;
For one whole daye, this darke masse to illuminate;
And after sabled it to wrappe with black the cleere,
(In setled course) of this th’other hemisphee;
Be it that flaminge bronde, though not such as is nowe,
Which nowe doth guild earths face, did then his brightnes shoe
Or that he did make shine some other lampe or light,
On this earths skewlinge browe, with water masked quight,
That rowllinge still aboute by course did cause the daye,
On vndistinguis’d climates of this gulph to staye;
As nowe our brightest torch amid the heauen doth beare
In glorious burninge throne, his all-enlightninge cleare;
How euer; he noe sooner sayd, The light be Made,

But all this tasse was streight vnto perfection draw’de,
And, lightned with the beames of this soe bright a flame,
His dull apparell lefte, and this more fayre did claime.

Bright brond, thou sacred torch, be to thy maker deare,
That banishest anoyance, greife, and night, and feare,
Thou lampe of this great ALL, all truth and light vnfoldinge,
The just affright of theeues, Mirrour all bewtye holdinge,
The great syres eldest childe, all good and goodly fayre;
Sith Gods cleere-sighted eye hath judged the soe rare;
Sith he thy proper maker, in his sacred lyne,

Will not, (soe modest is he) thy whole praise defyne.
But sith that pleasure neuer doth soe kyndly please,
When, without discontinuance, we plunge all in ease;
Sith thence that lande feeles onely, true and happie peace,
That longe hath borne wars fire-bronde, and feales nowe release;
And sith the LYDIAN swans whitenes seemes farr more fayre,
When neighborde to black crowes, by them they foyled are;
The great wright of this wordle ordeyned,
In due torne,
The night should daye succeede, succeded by the morne,
The night should moderate the drought and heate of daye,

And softly doth infuse a calme and sweete repose,
Into the tyred limm’s of what soe lyfe enioyes;
Sweete night; without thy sweete refreshment, mans fraile lyfe
Were but an earthly hell, where carke, and care, and stryfe,
Where toyle, and couetize, and euen a thousand kyndes

Of deaths, would dayly racke our bodyes and our myndes;
The night bereaues vs of that maske and feyned cheere,
Wherein by daye disguis’d, on worldes stage we appeare,
And shewes us as we bee; fayre night, its thou dost bringe
That sheapheard swaynes are equall happie with the kinge,

Poore man like rich, the straunger like inhabitant
The judge like him arrain’d, the learned like ignorant,
The Lord like to his slaue, the foulest like the fayre;
For in nights pitchie vaile, all things like suted are;
The vicious wretch condem’d vnto eternall taske,
To digge and delue for that, for which still misers aske,
And who in fire and smoake be foyled, doth dispose
The sulphur of our hartes, the night giues them repose;
He that in tedious toyle, doth lugg by riuers syde,
And striues his fraughted bark to drawe agaynst the tyde;
That wadinge all in wett makes banckes resound with noyse;
Vpon his harder couch the night giues him repose;
He that his sythes sharpe teeth, with honye beawtyes feades
And poll’s the fayre pied tresses of the flowrie meades,
The night giues him sweete rest, in wyues deare bosome setts,
Where he (noe present Payne feelinge) past toyle forgetts;
Onely those nurselings deare of Poets sweeteste arte,
Whiles yett the nights dull winge colde moistnes doth imparte
To all this lower worlde, with pleasinge industrye
Are always workeinge vp into the azure skye
And on their verses wings conductinge, high make sore,
Those gentle hartes, that deine to reade their verses ore.
Euen nowe I was attendant, when the clocke should smight
The last hower of the daye, and formost of the night,
To giue my trauailes ende; But on my Horryzon
The morne is skantlye vp, the day skantlye begon,
My labour eaketh still, for loe before myne eyes,
I see in squadrons march the armyes of the skyes;
Yowe Angells, whome yf God, in that first confus’d night,
Made vnder name of heauen, or of that eldest light;
Or if yow tooke beginninge, with that flame that deckes
The earth with face of gold, and heauen with stars bespeckes;
Or whether yow proceded in your happie birth;
Longe tyme, the first creatinge of the heauen or earth;
How euer lists me not too obstinately stryue,
The Poets resolution
For skill, that can to vs soe litle good deryue;
Whose subtill deepoe skanninge can litle vs aduance,
Is lesse sure, and secure then modest ignorance;
Onely this firme I holde, that the Almightye arme
Once made yowe, and made yow immortall, without harme
Faire, good, and free, and subtill; breife your essence such,
That from the fathers essence yow not differ much.
But as those gracelesse wights, whoe by their liefes high grace,
Are sett aloft, and honored with highest place,
As those, all causelesse oft, into rebellion fall,
With drawe allegiance, sowe sedition over all,
Till finallye themselues, with fearefull headelonge race,
Are tumbled to the lowest, aspiringe highest place;
All thus the rebell Angels, in fonde envye straue,
Agaynst the ETERNAL REST, that them their beinge gaue
Against his justest rule themselves (in vain) they band,
To reave of crowne and scepter his high head, stronge hande;
But he that never is disarm’d of thunderboltes,
For such incendiaries of prophane revoltes,
Thunders them to the ayre, or to some lower room;

For Hell is ever there where God doth never come;
These people thus bewitcht with spite and insolence,
Haue gott the start of vs; for by experience,
They knowe howe farre heauen is from the infernal place;
Since bye ambitious fall they measur’d haue this space

And soe farr of it is, that Satans stubborne will,
With this hard brunte is bownde, that he grows bolder still;
And still his curse grows worse; the lisard he is like,
That though thou breake him, and in sundery pieces strike,
His wounder still he threats, his rage doth more incite

Soe though he dyinge fall yett riseth his fell spite;
For since this fowle revolt, the blacke prince of the ayre
With God Almightye kinge, nor truce nor peace will beare;
But seekes his glorious acts to smother from the light,
To vndermyne his Church, and race his glorye quight,

Plottinge this bodye fayre, without an heade to see,
And Pilottlesse this shippe, this goodly towne kinge free.

But soe securely lieth the majesty divine,
Intrench’t within stronge hold, that neyther Ramme nor mine,
Nor skalinge engynes, nor the bullet forc’d with fire,
Nor ought can hurt his hye impregnable rampire;

Yett when the Heade he cannot, he the limms turmoyles,
The bodye when he spares the braunches he assailes;
The fouler for the birdes setts not soe many ginnes,
The fisher, for the fishe baytes not soe manye pinnes,

Nor hunter, for the wyld beasts layes soe manye snares,
To catch them in the deserts, walkinge vnawares,
As this malitious fiend hath plots for to abyse,
And trappe those simple sowles, that still themselves seduce;

To catch Yonge boylinge bloodes, with siluer he betrayes
The wretched vsurer, and with one gratious looke
Of Princes fauour, makes the ambitious walke a crooke;
Those that this worlde and this worldes vaine pompes dispise,
He oft can doe to death with baytes of heresyes;

Yea euen the faith it selfe sometyme wrests as his grin,
The most deuoted sowles, to catch and kill therein;
The Impostars rage resembles caterpillers right,
That springe tymes fragrant bewtyes gnaws and eats vp quight,
Our fruitefull orchards spoyles, of their faire fruits increase,
And all this sweete doth turne to poysons bitternes.
Who can discerne the wyles, that Sathan weaues and hydes,
The Prince that reignes in darke, who when he lusteth slydes,
Into those Idols, form’d of mettle, woode, and stone;
And their doth often truth, with lyinge mouth propone;

That DELPHOS Oracle, as Prophete can inspire
And fills the SIBILS brest with sacred and straunge fire;
That Israels last judge calls from forth his fatall place,
To prophesy Gods judgement, to their kings disgrace
That with a prophane furye can inspire his brest;

That is to LIBIAN Idol Preist prophane invest;
Soe as he wondrously, oft shewes what shall succeede,
And thus poore sowles inveagle doth in blyndnes leade;
Who can discerne his wyles, that makes a wande appeare,
A wriglinge serpent, and makes æGIPTS NILVS cleare
Be turn’d to red thick bloode; makes frogs and toades to creepe
By multituds to places whereas kings vse sleepe;
As he a spiritt is he sees and is vnseeene
The plotts of greatest men and feeles though past sense cleene;
Their cheife desires, and from causes alike, doth frame
His judgement of th’effects, to bee one and the same,
Yee oft good honest sowles to make beleuie his slight,
The ablest sence and reason to extinguish quight,
And make the most discerninge in his snares to goe,
He blynds them by foretellinge what himselfe will doe;
For if wysemen, (though yett short dayes them prejudice
Sith all in one course springe and fade, (euen in a tryce)
And though mans leaden corps be greate impediment
To put that in effect, which his hart can invent
Yf man by mineralls, and by plants hidden force
A thousand thousand worthy and straunge workes enforce
Be-seeminge Gods owne hande, who doubts but Sathan maye
Worke such conclusions oft, as make men mazed staye?
Sith his longe lastinge dayes, by longe experience
Of everye simples vertue hath intelligence,
And sith his nimble spiritt hath noe clogg of claye
His greatest enterprises soone dispatcht to staye.
Not that they have the reignes, to runne and rage at will
To wander here and there, as lust shall guyde them still
The worlde for to seduce, and as prowde conquerers
To tyrannise this bodye and this sowle of ours
For God restreyn’s them cheyn’d in Irons of his just might,
Soe that he cannot stirr, one moment out of sight
To raunge abroad the feildes; by Gods pasport the Deuill, 
With his false tongue seduc’d ACHAB (fonde kinge) to euill.

To pitch the feild, joine battell with that armye stoute,  
That should from body fowle, his fowle sowle banish out;  
By Gods free leaue and lycence Sathans power grewe,  
When humble IOB he tempted, and his seruants slewe,  
Joyninge to losse of Goodes losse of posteritye,

And powred on his heade by heapes calamitye;  
For the Eternall God sometymes to prooue and trye  
The faith of his elect, their sufferinge con[s]tancye,  
Sometymes to plunge more deepe those that in error joye,  
The fiends disordred rowte setts free them to annoye,

To beate the anvill, and to prosequute, incensed  
Those damnable attempts, in ADAM once commenced,

But as the back-slide troup’s, in vnsound conscience,  
League with Tyrants fell, to worke the Saynts offence,  
Contrare the harmelesse bands, that neyther doe aspire,  
In pride to lofrely, nor stoope to base desire,  
With cheerfull readeye mynde, continually obeye,  
What soe diuine instinct moue, leade them to assaye;  
Whose sacred high endeauours haue noe scope, nor ende,  
But to defende Gods name, and his saints to defende,

In their firme fancye noe prepostrous thought takes place,  
Their meate immortall is beholdinge of Gods face,  
Their drinck the drops, distillinge from relentinge eye,  
Of the meeke patient lambe, lost, found, and sett on hye,  
And whereas man ambitious alwaye doth desire,  
To adde scepter to scepter, Empire to Empire,  
These contrar, modest to noe greaternesse aspire,  
Their trauail e is there ease, their seruice is their hire;  
For God noe sooner doth speake his will, his designe,  
Noe sooner nods his heade, nay scarce doth call to mynde

Some enterprize of worth, whose through dispatch shall neede  
The Angels to assist, by their greate power and speede,  
But that these swyfte-sure Courseres enter their carreire,  
Gods purpose to dispose; thus one from cristall sphiere,  
Darts through the ayre, swiffe-flyes, swiffe-flying, AGAR meets

And with a sugred speach, her banishment he sweetes;  
An other hath the conduct of greate ISAACKS bande;  
One IACOB dot[h] direct to IDVMEA lande;  
An other, cunninge leech, makes TOBITHS feeble eyes,  
To loose their thick darck scales, and vewe th the azure skyes;

One rauisht swifteleye flyes, in Nazareth doth noyse,  
 Howe by one mayde and mother both all mankynde joyes;
That this same mother-mayde, for mans salvation deare,  
Her father, husband, brother, and her sonne shall beare;  
That her blest fruitfulle wombe shall that Bles’d one conteyne,  

Who doth the worldes greate globe within his armes restreyne  
An other in his zeale, industriouslye doth wayte,  
To succour him in deserts, darke and desolate;  
One hartens and exhorte his, in the bitter cuppe,  
(Brew’d by his fathers wroth) mans trespasse to drink vp;  

An other tells the damsells, that, amazed, weende  
Their Lords deare loued corps, cold in the tombe to fynde  
That he lyues and is risen, one boldly doth informe,  

Beyonde all hope, that JOHNF ore-runner should be borne  
An other trewe reporter of greate Gods decree,  

Tells ISRAEL’S sheepehearde, howe his feildes enlarged bee,  
One in one minutes shorte, huge massacres doth shoue,  
On all the first borne sonnes, where MEMPHIS waters flowe  
And ouer skips each howse, whose doores were sprinkled red,  
And with Lambe bloode (the pledge of safety) ouerspred;  

An other all at once, doth sickle downe and shocke  
SANACHERIBS proud hoste, that does aboute SALEM flock  
Whose rage and insolence ascended to the skye,  
Matchinge their Idolls with IEHOVE, blasphemouslye.  

Whose souldiers, newe made lords of all the Easterne powers,  

Besege soe streyt that towne, which onely trewe adores  
Th’Incompatible God, that scarce a sparrowe maye,  
Without their licence to the sacred [w]alls make waye,  
And EZEKIAS nowe, a wyse respectfull Prince,  
Foreseeinge his soe rich, soe fertill, faire Province,  

Laide waste and desolate, his subjects prisoners made  
His deare sonnes murdered, his daughters chast betrayde,  
And miserably lefte vnder lew’d Tyrants force,  
Yea euen a thousand blades to mangle his owne corse,  
The alter without offringe, Temple ruined,  

The censures without odors, God vnworshipped,  
With ashes on his heade, with sack-cloth on his brest,  
He sues to mighty God, him gratious to assist,  
Who graunts his just sute, and his darts doth thundring throwe,  
Vpon the furious squadrons of the heathen foe;  

For while deepe sleepe possest their drowsy secure guarde  
Hem’d round aboute with fire, greate God that does regarde,  
The army with a cruel, towne with clement eye,  
Sends forth a Florisher gaynst ASSVRS compayne,  
Whose two-hande, two-edg’d sworde doth Hewe and cutt in sunder,  

Att one sole blawe, whole troopes, and heape-meale brings them vnder;
And bloody brandishinge, before nowe, nowe behynde,
Doth passe a thwarte the armye swiftlye as the wynde;
Nowe hands resigne to feete, but loe their flight too slacke,
T'avoyde the strookes that fyle vpon their fyleng backe;

750 There might yowe see, (and yett not see the murtheringe arme)
Greate shoales of murdred bodyes to their last home swarme,
As when the wynd[e]mill gryndes, yow see sailes turne aboute,
But see not where the wynde flyes in the sayles or out;

755 Browne night from LIBAN toppe, and gau her place to daye,
When loe the watchfull Iewes, from Cytadell, espie
Nynescore fyue thousand sowles of Ethnickes slauhtred lye
All in one heape, and all in an amazement stande,
To see a murthered crewe and not a murtheringe hande.

760 O tutors of the saynts, stronge guarde of mans weake harte,
His counsellers, his posts, his Heraulde that doth darte
His wreckefull stormes and tempests on the insultinge rockes,
Yow that heauens will to earth, earths worooke to heauen vnlock
Too far I prosequute your nimble-winged flight,

765 And hauinge vndertaine a voyaige of greate weight,
I feare to tyre my selfe, if att first I proceede,
With toose meanings hastye vndauised speede,
Sith he the Travayler, that earnes for good intent,
To see the Lands and lawes of all the continent;

770 Thincketh the first dayes journey he hath finish’d well,
If he haue past the limitts of his natyue cell.
The Seconde DAYE

I.  

Let best accomplisht witts in flattringe rymes declare  
FAVSTINA as LVCRECE, chast, HECVBE, as HELEN, faire;  
Let them their Godlinge Loue, Bastard, borne without eyes,  
In heathen phraze, prefer toigest deytrys;  
Let them in vnkynd furrowes of the fattest soyle,  
All vnaduised vayne, their seede and trauaile spoyle;  
Let them (fyne-fingred spiders) vaynely twist and spin,  
With curious arte, a net, nothinge to catch therein;  
And weaue with toyle a webbe, to gayne the slydinge wynde,  
Of wote not what fonde prayse, that leaues them still behynde;  
Litle would I bewayle the tyme, they recklesse teare  
(Though yett as golden tyme, nought be to vs soe deare)  
If by their guilefull lines too eloquently made,  
They to their owne destruction, had not others draw’de;  
But in the hon-baytes of their best furnisht writts,  
They hyde a murdringe payson, which yonge hungry witts  
Doe greedily suck in, till dronck with loues sweete cuppe,  
Their filthie stomackes growe all filth to swallowe vppe;  
Thus with an headlonge fall, those Rymes inchaunting power,  
Throwe downe the novice readers, euen to Sathans bower,  
Whoe in their follye stryue, and in vayne emulation  
On this worldes slippery hill, to place their prides foundation;  
O fooles! the Rymes which your muses, invoc’d, inspire,  
Are bellowes fill’d wynde, to stirr and sett on fire,  
That leu’d and lustfull heate, which in the tender brest  
In honest shame conceald, would lye and dye supprest;  
For me all as I am, I constantly decree  
The small skill and small gifts, that heauen affordeth me  
To turne to Gods high honour, alwayes to endite  
In such phraze as chast vergins maye therein delighte.  
And I (meane that I am) will still imployle myne ore  
On greate Gods gloryes sea, that wants ende, ground and shore  
To best and sobrest subject sutinge modest phraze  
That shall the best affections to best ende still rayse  
Cleere founteyne of all knowledge lyfe of this greate ALL.  
Since liketh the me, humble to awake and call,  
To singe thy workes faire fame, make in my pen to flowe  
An heauenly sacred licoure; and poore downe alowe  
A neuer dryinge springe, that I in some good sorte,  
Maye of thy graue greate workes with grauity report,  
Ridde thou my rugged Lande, with bryars all bedight,  
Shrubbe vp these per’lous balkes, that marre my tillage quight

Preamble agaynst prophane and heath-nish Poesye.
Thy holy Phare direct me, in my voyage right,
That I may reach my Inne before my day loose light
And as my slender barck is forced in the mayne,
From harbour quiet safe, the heauens grace me susteyne
As thou hast steerd the travailes of the former daye
Thy spiritt be the Pilott, still to guide my waye;
This wyde extended rounde, this high vaulite, this deepe pitte
Thy holy Phare direct me, in my voya
g e right,
That I may reach my Inne before my day loose light
And as my slender barck is forced in the mayne,
From harbour quiet safe, the heauens grace me susteyne
As thou hast steerd the travailes of the former daye
Thy spiritt be the Pilott, still to guide my waye;
This wyde extended rounde, this high vaulite, this deepe pitte

This bounded infinite, this huge worlde, noe worlde yet
This (may I saye) lew’d heape, that with it selfe doth fight,
At once with in a nought, of nought was made and pight
The fertill grounde and matter, whence the heauens pure
And all fower Elements shoulde take their first Nature;
Nowe these fower Elements, these fower faire brethren twyns
The Water, Earthe, and Ayer and that where heate begins
Are simple and vnmixt, though from their mixture growes
All substance, that or Beinge; Lyfe or sence injoyes;
Or that their naked qualtyes their vigour shedde
And in each parte of each compouded bodye spredde;
Or that their verye substance they each where confounde,
And of two twyse told Essences one corps compounde;
Yow make wyne, brew’d with water, in one licoure passe;
Or as our meate and drincke doe (both our bodyes foode)
Within vs waxe one substance, whyte chyle, soe waxe bloode;
This may the eye behold, beholdinge burninge woode,
The fire mounts vp to heauen, to his natyue abode,
The Earth to ashes falls, the Ayre in smoake doth flye,
The water in his knotts boyles out, Thus warringlye
Our bodyes rest in peace, the flesh the Earth reteynes,
And in our vitall spiritts fire and ayre remaynes,
Our humours hold the water; yett noe parte there is
Where euerye one t	oo other hath not mixed his
Soe puissant vertue, though some one, prædominant
Aboue the rest, a certeyne Prelacye doth plant;
For loe within the bloode, that residence and leas
That diueth to the grounde, the melancholye is,
Of Earths N
ature; the next, whic
h in the midle peizeth,
The bloode the Ayre doth rule; and that whic
h higher riseth,
Is colder watrish fleume; the rest light froth and scomme
That yesteth to the toppe, to cholers fire doth come,
Not that one Element, all tymes, all rules susteynes,
Within one bodye; but each in his due course reignes,
Now he that seruant was, aboue his master rangeth
And as these Rulers alter, body Nature changeth,
As where nor high birth, nor greate wealth, partiall, regarded is,
Each honest subject with highest digniteye rewarded is,
In the free Cytie, and oft in a little space,
As magistrates doe change, people change forme and face
For subjects variable and vnconstante hewe,
Recyeues (Camelion like) withs Kings still manners newe;
All thus the wyne the diuers qualityes reteynes,
Hote, colde, drye moyst, like th’Element that in it reignes,
Doth by their equall or vnequall mixture cast,
A diuerse workinge, diuerse coulour, diuerse tast;
Thus as the tyme doth waxe, the humour alters soe
That must, wyne, vineger, all from one ioyce doe flowe.

The whil’st a vertuous Prince agaynst his passions stryues
And ynder his lawes yoke, his owne greatenes captyues,
Without feare he commaunds, without grutch is obeyed,
The publick weale eke, happily; is in peace sway’d,
But if from Kinge to Tyrant he degenerate,
With subjects murdered bloode be never satiate,
If his vnsheathed sworde his Leages lyues still craue,
Loe streight his land growes desert, and himselfe a slawe;
Thus sayres it in the bodye, whil’st one of the fower
Aboue his mates beares modest, his prevaylinge power,
And though vnequally, in due Proportion yett,
The rulinge humours doe with the obeyinge knitt;
Soe longe the bodye thriueth, and in face doth beare,
Of his lyues luelye hoode the liuely Charactere;
But (as CALIGVLA that monster did desyre
The body of the subjects of his wyde Empyre,
To haue but one sole neck, that he at one blowe might
Deprive of lyfe and beinge all his people quight)
If one of all his fellowes should the power supprize,
The mansion where he (barbarous) should tyrannize,
Would quickly ruinate, or woulde bee altered soe
That from that which it was it would an other showe
Thus too much watrishnesse, that from the liuer growes,
Colde vnapt for concoction, quickly ouer fllowes,
And drownes the flesh, puffs vp the corps, and suffocats
With vicious humours, the lyfes Organes, shutts the gates
To mens faynte hazinge breth, soe vexinge lingringlye
In midst of water; makes them euer thirstye drye,
deprives them of all ease, till in the silent graue,
Their starke-colde limmes their last repose, and longest haue.

Thus drynesse in excesse, doth breede the feuer slowe,
That to the close tormentinge Hectique soone doth growe,
Which gnawinge frets the hart, makes visage pensyue pale,
The synews weakens, soakes vp moysture radicall,
(All as the tapers light his owne light vndermynes
His feedinge him consumes, his lyfe his lyfe ruines)
And easeth men of ease, till in the silent graue
Their starck-colde lymmes their last repose, and longest haue.

Thus chollers heate too high the burninge feauers growes,
That hast the pulse, layes minutus, whil'st the tongue it slowes,
With grosse and weightye humors, and the idle braine
With thousand giddy fantasies doth interteyne,
Feyninge as many shapes as euer Nature made,
Or as blynde chance and arte, from Nature euer draw'de;
Nor suffers man take rest, till in the silent graue
His starke-colde lymmes, their last repose and longest haue

Thus too much Ayre and colde doth cloth th'aged heade
With hoarye fleece, his flesh makes thin, tough, withered
Tills furrowes in his face, his eyes makes inwarde runne
As though the light and night they equally would shunne,
The marrowe close supplants and peirceinge doth defeete
By his colde nippinge frosts the naturall kynde heate.

Nor suffers man take rest till in the silent graue
His starke colde lymmes their last repose and longest haue
Yett thinck not this vnlimitted excesse can carrie
Bodyes from Nought to Nought, it sole hath power to varye
The shape an hundreth wayes; els this woulde be the ende
That bodyes nought of bodyes borrowe would or lende;
For all what soe is made was of that matter wrought
And all that is resolu'd agayne to it is brought;
Nowe since th'Eternall of first Nothinge all thinge wrought,
All is of somewhat made, Nought to Nought is vndone
But what is borne or dyes, from forme to forme doth runne
One bodye nowe extends, doth nowe more short appeare,
Now spreadeth largely out, nowe gathers in more neare.

For surely if of Nought bodyes should growe and breede,
The Earth would bringe forth corne, without tillage or seede,
Children soe much desir'd, vergins vntoucht would beare,
All things would alwhere bee; with in the water cleere
Stags would be borne; and on drye lande the whale would prease
Amidst the yeeldinge Ayre the sheepe would carye fleace,
Cedars and Pines would take roote in the soundlesse Sea,
Walnuts on Oakes would growe, and mast on walnutt tree;
Vnnaturallye Eagles would the Pigeon breede,
And Pigeons meeke would straungelye, Eaglets hatch and feede
If bodyes growe without, from without nourishment,
Where nowe by slowe steps, suddeyne then, incontinent
Man would waxe man at once, then braunches would springe out
From forth the tymber logge that wanteth sappe or roote
Vpon the backes of Elephants, not weyned yett
A garrison of men would in their bulworkes sitt
The newe-cast colte would streight to battell fiercely neigh,
And like BVEPHALVS would [e]arne for trumpets braye;
If on the other syde all things to Nought repeale,
If all what soe we see, and all what soe we feele
In matter euerye hower, doe perish and decaye,
This all would streight be nought, yf Death all doth slaye
Could all thinges that he slayes, into a Nothinge fraught;
Then all things as they dye should vanish soone to Nought;
But if the swellinge hills doe fall and pyne awaye,
The valleys are fild vp by those proude hills decaye;
If MEDWAYE faire or faire THAMES shall their floodes constreyne,
The neighbour medowes by their losse, do make their gayne,
The heauen flaminge in loue doth many sparkes lett flye,
Into the fruitefull wombe of his spouse louingely,
Which she receyues, and quickly, mixt with her moystnes
Sends forth to plants, hearbs, flowers by pores close passages.
Whoe sees one ball of waxe, that changeth forme and face
A thowsand tymes; still one succedinge others place;
Without waxinge or wayninge, he descernes the fashion,
Of lowe worldes diuerse change and daylye alteration;
The waxe that Matter of this worlde, without forme quight,
Oft changinge, neeuer loosinge forme, bye wondrous slight;
The greate seale is the forme, and the Eternall mynde,
Is the high Chaunceler, which doth continually signe
With greate and litle stamps this bodye variable,
And makes one selfe same lumpe, nowe vile nowe honorable;
Nothinge is constant here, for lyfe and death alwaye,
Within each quarter of each Regiment beares swaye;
Still from ones death, an others birth and lyfe doth ryse,
And sole the Matter rests, Immortall neuer dyes,
The Matter this WHOLES tablet, where in Gods owne hande
Draw’s diuerse pur[t]rayts; common Inne where all ghests stande
Onely whole like it selfe, onely it selfe conteyninge,
For all tymes injurye, yett constant still remaynynghe
Whose harte and essence one, but face of diuerse hewe,
That (PROTEVS-like) turn’s semblance everie hower anewe;
Like to those sly false birds, that by the Riuere runne;
Altringe their shewe and forme till they their pray haue wonne,
Like fickly trouiler whoe Apishly doth shape,
Fantastical himselfe to each newe fangled shape

Till vayne he change his habitt, his phraze, and his lookes,
As many sundry wayes as his journeye hath crookes;
Like to the brothell filth, whoe in her flittinge loue,
A thousand tymes a daye, affection can remove,
Whoe while to one her loue, with her clothes she vnlaceth,

In her unsatiable lew’dnes, she embraceth,
An others lew’d embraces, thus her newe delight,
Her fancye to a newer pleasure doth incite;
Thus doth that Matter prostitute, in common guise,
It selfe to everie forme, and though there cannot ryse,
Moe shapes then onely one, with in one selfe same place,
And at one selfe same tyme, yet in processe of space,
It diuere fashions doth, and diuere figures take,
And as one is vnmade, an other still doth make.

Noe other reason is there of these strange events;
The Elements causes

Then the fell combattinge of our fower Elements,
Whoe with a jarringe concorde still togethger range,
Like snowe and water, one in other alwayes change,
Begotten each begetts. Knowe then each one reteynes
And holds two qualityes, of which one ever reignes

Sole Monarch of his mate, the other doth submitt,
Nowe those whose rulinge vertues are opposed sett,
That in doubtfull combatt mutually imploye,
Their tyme and strength each other to dryue and destroye;
They hardly mutuall change; as water colde and wett,

With hote dry fire, and dry colde Earth doth hardly knitt,
With Ayre hote and moyst, for that, all cruell feirce
In battell each the other striueth to dispearce;
But Ayre and Earth doe alter soone and safely
To water or to fire, for in one qualitie

They willingly accorde; we fynde, with lesse a doo,
One Enimye is overthrown, and slayne then twoo.

Sith then the happye knott, (in mariage that knitts
And wedds these Elements) from tyme to tyme begetts
This worlde faire ofspringe; and sith there vnkynde diuorce,

Doth all that dyes unto its death and ruine force.
Or rather onely, changinge their degree and place,
Brings forth the diuere formes by which the utter face
Of this Entyre is dect, (as fyue bells in a chime,
By enterchanginge roome, their tune change many a tyme,

And with the charminge musick, of their tingelinge sounde,
Doe steale in at the Eare, thy rapt sowle to confounde
Or as the twyse-twelve letters, bye misprision cause,
The diuerse dictions, that are in a page or clause;
Or as the woordes that, in this volume scatter’d lye,
By sacred sodeyne moode, enspr’id celestiallye,
With changinge onelye order, make these verses flowe
And from subject to subject infinitely growe
It is not without reason that soe carefullye
Th’Eternall poyns the limitts of their Monarchye

Assigninge everye one his proper seate and bounde,
Fittinge there greatenesse, and their quality profonde;
Whoe sees the nigarde vṛ[e] in fyër purified;
All vanquisht by the heate, his riches to deuide.
Howe with softe stealinge pace, the gold with gold doth joyne,
Howe siluer doth with siluer, steele with steele comebyne,
Still as they differinge bee in kynde, some more, some lesse
Soe they runne redd, pale, whyte, by sundry passages;
That man easye conceyues, howe when Gods makinge worde,
Proceeded to each thinge his proper place t’afforde,

The water ranne to water, fire flewe to the fire
The Earth fell to the earth and Ayre blewe to the ayre.

Then did the drosse and grosse of this vntowarde heape
As Nature ledd it, sinck and lower most downe creepe
Then did the fire, contrayre, light and purer more,
A thwart the ryuen brest of this black Chaos sore,
And mount in burninge flakes, noe whitt lesse swyfte then hote
From this base heauy Center to the highest plott;
In like sorte as yow see, when py’d morne doth bedeck
The Easterne lofts with gold, and diuersly bespeck,

The blackest fens to fume, and crosse the Ayre to ryse,
From forth the Earth’s close pores, thick vapours to the skyes.

Nowe least the fire, which all his brethren compasseth
Should turne the earth to cynders, beinge sett beneath,
God did name and depute, as equall vmperees two,
The Ayre and sea to stoppe their rage betweenee should goe,
For one to litte was to stickle this feirce fight,
Sith Water for his parent Earth setts his whole might
And sith the Ayre takes part with cousin his the fire
But both, by stoppinge boths soe partiall desyre,

Doe easely determine this grutch and debate
Which els this infant worlde would soone haue ruinate.

The Ayre lodginge alofte the sea doth vnderbringe;
Not that chance made it soe, but by his orderinge
Whoe to make Nature byde in Natures []|vinge staye,
Precizely all his workes doth measure, number, weye;
For if the water shoulde next to fire harbo[u]rd lye,
The fire would soone complayne and not without cause crye,
The sea of Arbiter is growne an Enimye;
But Gods Almightye arme this WHOLEs chayne soe doth tye
Linckt by his firme decree, that when he workeman wills;
And onelye when he wills it separatys and spills;
The Sea whole qualifyed, with moystnes and with colde,
The colde and hardest Earth doth with the right hande holde,
And with the lefte the Ayre; The Ayre as moyst and hote,
By his heate ioynes with him that holds the highest plott,
And by his wett with water; As the jocant Ringe
Of milk-maydes, trampelinghe on the carpets of the springe,
Marryinge their measur’d trippings with the Tabers stroake,
Dauncinge all in a round, vnder an Elme or Oake
Doe couple hande in hande, soe as the first is fast
By them that come betwene, lincked vnto the last.
Nowe sith the Earth the hardest and dryest Element
Gives not to his owne creatures, onely nourishment,
But with the milke of his euer distillinge teate,
The Ayres swythe-travelinge inhabitants doth meate,
And fills the glutton bellyes of the skaled crewe,
Which furrowe thwart the regions of the water blewe;
Soe that the Earth is mother, or els nurse that feedes
What soe or runnes or flyes or swimms or creepinge slydes;
It’s meete the Earthes owne selfe the Earth shoulde conterpeise,
And by himselfe withstande firmely the feirce assayes,
Of the all swallowinge seas, and the outragious breath,
That forth the frozen North and Souths throte vomiteth,
It’s meete that his grosse, his vnwyldye bodye lye,
Of all the [E]lements the farthest from the skye,
Least by hi[s] rauisht course the heauens swifte-slydinge spheare
With strange confusion, should the dull Earth whirlinge beare,
Least without[e]nde or ease, with them all rudely hent,
They dayly wheele about the neighbour Element,
And sith agayne, from that melodious measur’d course,
Of heauens light bronds, proceeds the neuer-ceasinge swourse,
That giues Earthes creatures lyfe; sith all change here belowe
As from some causes doth by their swifte motion growe,
The Eternall could not place els where our mother Grounde,
Then in the Center of this glorious goodlye Rounde,
For though the quickninge beames of the faire flaminge Eyes
Doe scatterdly begin amidst the wartrye skyes,
Amidst the burninge vauts, amid the residence,
Of people liuerlesse, their mighty influence,
Yett finally their vertues all indueour meete,
And in the Center of this lowest globe vnite,
For as yow see the Naue of coach or wagon wheele,  
(Which travelinge longe wayes doth in the deepe trades reale)
The spokes farre seperate within himselfe doth jointe
And maketh all their poynts assemble in a poynte,  
All thus the Cristall balls from heauen make to passe,
Their burninge streames and influence (as thwart a glasse)
Though the transparent bodye of that Element, 
That lodgeth highest, is moste hote and least corpolent
Through the tralucent ayre, [and] through the liquid sea, 
But at the Earth’s firme lodginge make their staye to bee; 
For thye, the concubynes of heauen we fittly call,
The water and the fire, and ayre that filleth all 
For that his sonne, his Moone and his w[et] Pleyades,
The ordynarye loue onely enjoye of these, 
When with an intermitted stronge aff[ection], 
The skye seemes to possesse as spouse, the Earth alone, 
And with those fertill rayes, that giue all thongs warme lyfe, 
Seemes daylie gett with childe hi[s] dea[p]e, loued wyfe, 
Whoe in her blessed wombe conceyues [in] diuerse store, 
Of faire and vertuous breede, that make this FAIRE faire more. 

Nowe as the sea is leighter then our dumpish mother, 
And heauyer then the Ayre, she lyes twixt one and other, 
Soe doth she mitigate with her colde and her wett, 
The drynesse of the Earth, and the Ayres lower heate, 
But whether tends my verse? reigne in thy heady course, 
And sewe not at one draught thy heauen-inspired swourse; 
Surcease while this light lasts, with Earth or sea to mell, 
Their greatenesse or their seate, their power, or prayse to tell; 
And let vs not peruert Natures well-ordred drifte, 
But to an other daye this Enterprize letts shifte; 
Nought of the juttinge rockes, with Water married speake, 
To morowe is the daye, when God shall cutt and breake 
These shuffled Elements, and shall the Earth adorne 
With his fresh tresses, and the forest with his thorne, 
Nowe ist’ high tyme Eternall Loue, and my deare dreade 
To leaue this Earth’s base couch, and to advance my heade 
Nowe nowe the tyme to peirce the soaringe clowds on high 
And with thy spiritts wynges to beate the azure skye; 
This is the happie howe, nowe lend thy helpinge hande, 
That of my nation I, in [f]ormest rancke may stande, 
And reach the lawrell wreath the which the jealous skyes, 

Water next the Earth. 
Reason. 
A transition to the Ayre. 
Invocation.
Have hitherto held hidd from my afflicting eyes.

The [Ayre] the bed of foggs, stage where sterne tempest acte,

Ware-howse, where postinge wyndes are in full vessals pact,

Whose [r]afick giueth motion to each liueninge thinge,

Th'vnesetled mansion of the cloudes still travelinge,

The Ayre [is not] alwhere all one; for thy the learn'de

Three k[inds] w[i]th seuerall habitations haue descern'de,

Of which [the] yppermoste, (for that the labouringe skye,

With the first mouver, workes it rounde continuallye,

From East to fruitefull West, and thence back to the place,

Where cradled Morne lyes worship'd with a blushing face,

And for neighbour'hoode to th'Element that hath highest plott,

Is of the skifull thought to be moste firie hote;

The lowest, which we touch, vnconstantly doth holde

Nowe ardente heate, nowe luke-warm'th, nowe extremest colde

Thus his vnstable breth is, in the fresh faire pryme,

Most temperately warme; variant in heruest tyme,

In wynter colde, scaldinge in sommer, when dry sande

The rightly leaueld shafts doth strongely contermaunde,

Shott from the burninge globes, vnto whose ayme is pight

The flanck of our rounde Mansion for the but and whyte.

But that the midle Ayre for beinge farr beneath,

The Fyres high glowinge rooфе, that this Earth compasseth

And beinge farr too high, to feele the rysinge heate,

The which the hard dry Element doth backwarde beate,

He in his Region frezeth with Eternall Ice,

Els howe could rayne turne haile, euen fallinge in trice,

Then when the furious Son[n]e does burn the wheates plaike heade,

If those midde roomes be not sown with an icie s[eede];

This causeth when sta[r]tes [K]inge [bright starres with ar]lte doth moue,

From twixt the louinge twyns, in progresse [m]ore aboue,

Vnto the Crab and Lion, pantinge in their [h]eate,

This middle roome to haue the mustard colde more greate,

For as he is beseig'd by two hote armyes [might,

He more then euer doth his colde strongel[y] incite

And rampyre gaynst their force that mo[re and] more assailes,

Like as the Christian armye, farr [from heathen]ish coasts

With-drawne, secure from furye of their swarminge hosts,

Or in disorder troope, or wandringe scattered lye

Each single priuate souldier makes one companye,

Soe that the peasant oft, and clowne doth mutyn' rayse,

And arm'd with bowe, and batt them beats, and dryues and slayes;

But if the Moonye flaggs of OTMANS race they spie
Nearer approach, and their low’d Canons drawe more nie,
That thunder forth their peter, as floode through a sluce,
RHODES and BELGRADS proude walls to powder that reduce,
Then suddeynlye they ioyne, and in a narrower place,
They trayne their armye rounde; courage shynes in their face
Their bold blood boyles impatient. Thus the heathen foe
By drawinge neare the Christians, makes their knitt strength growe.

Nower this ANTPERISTASIS (noe faute lett bee) 

To Denyze thus a stranger in our Citye free,
Namely here where our late-borne Naturall owne tongue
Hath noe worde soe significant, her words amonge)
I say this rounde-gaunstandinge makes the imprisond heate
More scorchinglye, in deepest wynter, from fyre beate,
Then ofte[n kissed by winds vpon its Norther]en sands,
To haue [th[e] poore young babes with eager stomakes eate,
(Nought skills if sommer or if wynter bee) more meate
Then those [drye] meag[re] solwes, the which the heauens torch

Then when the heauen[ns CHEIFE his siluer tent doth moue
From ÆTHIOPIA lowe to SCITHIA more aboue.

Farther th’Almightye arme this faire distinction made
That from this midmost, lowe and high Ayre might be draw’d
to distinguish the
Those smoldringe mists and fogg’s, those exhald Comets bright,
Meteores
Those storm’s, dew’s, swewers, frosts which all of them are pight
Or our once cursed lands, to make more fertile growe,
Or our still cursed sowles to plague to make vs knowe,
The skies greate gouernour, to strike religious awe
Into our flinty heartes, that still neglect his lawe
All as in cuppinge glasse on thy lannc’t shoulder sett,
The kindled taper doth superfluous humors fett,
Draw’s out those sattle fumes, that brayne and sense annoy’d,
Or by his proper vertue or voy’dnes t’avoyn’d.
Soo this bright-shininge courser, that with flaxen hayre
Stroweth, each daye, the high and lower Hemispheare;
Two kynds of vapours doth still drawe and vpwarde streyne,
Exhalation
One from the watrye th’other from the flowry playne,
That thin, and all dispursed, drye, quick, pure, burninge light;
And this as some deale hote, soo wet and more of weight;
Both in the [Annual course, roaming throughout the sky]e
Make diverse alt\[ring\]s appear before the eye.

Thus when the strong Maker the faint vapours vp brings,
That cannot soare alo\[ft\], conduct\[ed by their\] wings,
Intangle in the colde t\[hen hou\ing vp\ou\]n
Mists in the lower Region

485
The flower-strew\[d\] mantl\[e\] ou\[r\] feete still tramp\[il\]le on,
Obscuringe this lowe Ayre, [a]nd with a lead\[en\] pace,
They lasye worke noe higher \[t\]hen the lo\[wes\]t place.

And if this weake vapour shall vpward\[gly\] be hent,
(Though not to midle roome of midle E\[lement\]

490
Yett) higher then the mists it soone w[ill] Element \[ru]rne,
With Taurus soone to dewe, to frost with Capricorne.

But if more nimbly stronge it frisk and higher ryse,
Vp to the frozen lodge, where lastinge wynters lyes,
These slight dispersed waters drawne togethuer shrowde,

495
Forc\'d by the stifeninge colde, into a solid clowde,
There slydinge in the ayre vpon the wyng\'ed wynde,
Till drozinge downe by dropps they, kyndely, sinck to fynde
The Earth their parent; Or bycause the wyndes doe knock
One clowde agaynst an other, with a furious shock,

500
And clouen powr\[eth our\] wett in streaminge springs;
As when the carelessse page some wyne his master brings,
And boystrouslye two bottels one agaynst an other dashes,
All sodeynly the licour poore\[s\] from broken glasses,
Or that a calmer breth, which thwart the heauen doth playe,

505
Makes the clow\[ds\] groninge brest to weepe their loade awaye,
As after rayne yow see from of the tremblinge bowes
Within the tender cop\'s a second shower flowes,
The whil\[s\]t a murmuringe breth amidst the braunches greene
Wyndinge, joyes their tos\[d\] tresses to be friskinge seene;

510
Or [that with its moisture the high clowd\[e\] tread\[s\] vpon
His vn\[der clowd\]e soe that it must then streigt waye runne,
Prest by an\[other weight, as when\] the more yow packe
Of bigg swoln \[grapes vpon the grid\] or longe-ribde racke,
Soe more the [perforate front will runne] abundantlye,

515
On everye syde, the juice [that may] still hurt the eye.

Then th\[ou\]sand heauenlye streames in Earth are swallowed,
Then nough\[t\] har[te] ar\[c]e scene, the skyes then, sably cledde
Doe melt [away] by drops; then doth the loathd\’d Earth ly\[e\]
Oft heall\[ing noiso]me froggs, that rayne downe from the skye

520
Or for bl\[y\] th\[o\]se fumes \[v\]apour which aloft doth gett,
Embraceth a[ll] the qualityes, drye, colde, moyste, heate,
That quicken euerye creature; Or bycause the wynde
Whirlinge about the playne, some dust doth upward weyn\’de,
Of fruitefull qualitye and spreeds it like to seede,
Whence these contagious Creatures doe diffus’dly breede;  
As ’bout the edge or border of a Fennish playne,  
The spungye froth that doth, from neighbour hill downe trayne,  
Oft tymes receyues a warmth that giues it vegetation,  
And turn’d to grassie froggs, hath lyfe and lyuely motion;  

Halfe perfect shap’d, halfe formelees in the pudle lyes  
Part liuinge, and part dead, part flesh, part pudle is  

Sometyme these vapours growe, by absence of all heate  
Into an hoarye clow’d, with eager colde concrete,  
Which slighter flakes, and white, like downe, resolved yeelde,  
That make trees without leaues, and without grasse the feild  
Make Earth all of one hewe, and in this siluer heape,  
The hart dislodg’d in chase may vnespyed leape.  

Sometyme it falleth out all as the clow’d doth break,  
And by some secreete vent his drops doth downewarde leake,  
The mid ayre interce[r]ing in [th]excessive col[de]  
Congealinge them [by] frosts to halls that downwar[d] rolde,  
Oft tymes (O pittye!) wil l[ill] devour all thy wheate,  
Without knyues pr[rune the vines, and fru]tt tree buds albeate  
The busie birds dish[es], dishonour all thy t[rees],  
Bruse thy howse roof[es timber, thy] [castle and] thy bees.  
By their attractinge beames make vapou[r]s heav’nwa[rd flye,  
(Which are more drye and hote with [fire swyt]e and light  
To reach the azure lodgings take th[e] up[ward flight)]  
Till as their high aspiringe wings [begin ar]singe,  
They dryue upon their aduersaryes realme still frezinge,  
And straignt feelinge the force of their proude Enimye,  
And what a great preheminence he beares in skye,  
They quickly shewe thyr backes, and seek their damme agayne,  
Help’d by the burthen they of colde ayre doe susteyne;  
But see a newe supplye, in Ayrie feild appears,  
More hote troupes second them and banish all their feares;  
Helpe and exhort them forewarde, till in tremblinge hande,  
They take their forlorne weapons, and with frezinge bande  

They enter fight agayne, with more force, and more hart,  
And nowe prevayles this syde, and nowe preuailes that part;  
Still they turmoyle the Ayre with weake or stronger hande,  
As Matter doth more sleight, or more substantiall bande,  
Yett stryue they but a while; for as both dot[h] assaile,  

Both fynde both to be matcht, and each to each equall,  
In valour and succe, they cease tumultuous jarre  
And as one leaues to ryse, the other fals not farre;  
But for this vapour scornes to lyue at rest or ease,
He runnes a rounde, chasinge still himselfe in hostile wyse
From [INDIA to SPAIN, from SPAIN to] INDIA shore.
An[d when blus[tri]ng] spiritts are quickned and are borne
With onely [thei]r vapour, spiritt in selfe same forme,
Yet gott in [the same wind and made y]nequallye,
From [INDIA to SPAIN, from SPAIN to] INDIA shore.

570

| 575v |
|---|---|
| [75v] | [75v] |
| From pole to pole flying, making an hideous roare, | Their kyndes. |
| An[d when blus[tri]ng] spiritts are quickned and are borne |  |
| With onely [thei]r vapour, spiritt in selfe same forme, |  |
| Yet gott in [the same wind and made y]nequallye, |  |
| From [INDIA to SPAIN, from SPAIN to] INDIA shore. |  |

575

They ha[ve a diffe]rent name, [and diff]ir[ing]e qualitye,
For this cause when feel[ing]e, their [d]i[ur]ese course and bounde,
Which [flowe[r in] again’d corners poynte out in this Rounde,
I fynde [fower seasons, ages,] humours, Elements,
To these[the slyd]inge wynds haue speciall reference;

580

| 585 |
|---|---|
| He which the East[e begetts doth jumpe in qualitye, | East. |
| With Choller, Fire, with Sommer, and with Infancye; | South. |
| That which ingendred flies from parch’d wast Africk strande, |  |
| With Manhoode, Ayre and blood, and Springe doe fitlyest stande, |  |
| He which ascends from moysture, and from fruitefull West, |  |
| With weyninge, Age, Fleume, Water, Wynner fitte[th best]; |  |
| And he that rowleth thence, where dwells Eternall colde; |  |
| With Melancholye Earth, Heruest old Age doth holde | North. |
| Not that we haue not yett obseru’d more then these fower, |  |
| East, West, North, South on this lowe region to haue power; |  |
| For whoe on faithlesse Seas from pole to pole is ledde, |  |
| Sees sixteene wyndes twyse tolde on Carde distinguished, |  |
| Yett more are numbred infinite as as the poores |  |
| That yeeld that slight exhalement which th[wa]rt heauen still sores |  |
| But all as they are brotched neare one of these fower, |  |
| Doe take from these as lords commission and power. |  |

590

The wynde sometymes, that travayles with a muttringe pace,
Chaseth the sable clow’ds that maske the Heauens face;
Some while with warmer breath he cheares and dryes the lande,
That steep’t in clowds cold teares doth untild, fruitelesse stande

600

| 76r |
|---|---|
| [He moderats some whiles when the bright dog-star rules], | The Effects of wynde |
| The Ayre [that seethes from heat a cold winde blowinge cooles]; |  |
| Some whiles [he ripens pears growing beside the gl]ade, |  |
| The pulse w[thin the husk, the wheat upon the blade]; |  |
| Some while he [lids the ship flying at a swyfte place, |  |
| From South to Ice[-filled North across the earths fayre face; |  |
| Some whyles he [swiftely turns not fast but hurryinge still, |  |
| The round flatt [runner of the huge grain breakinge mill, |  |
| And makes the [wheat transform into great heape]s of Moates, |  |
| And white be pon[drous wheat when pressed out from its] coates. |  |

605

| 6 |
|---|---|
| But if these vapours [be glue-like and fyr]y fast, |  |
| (Though not soe firme in subst[a]nce as ice] Cristalls plast |  |
| Eternally to deck the glorious f[irma]nt) |  |
They grow combustible and with [fyr]e circling hent,
They light on fyre, and to the Earth they [h]eadlonge fall

And if this lumpish vapour, hoter exhalation
Into aboue colde region make insinuation;
He streight waye setts on fire, transformes to a newe starre
Sadly portendinge some disaster is not farre;

And for more matter he, and fuell more conteynes,
Much longer then the other, he in flame remaynes,
Or that such exhalation, endless whelinge rounde,
By gratinge of the skyes, turned to a glowinge bronde,
Enkindles as the palish embers cast a sleepe

That vnnder wipple of strawe, as quite extinguisht keepe,
Till loe the crafte-mans stirringe them, they catch a light
Whereby he sees to worke, (good husband) in the night
Or that it taketh fire, by the Element most high,
As quick bronds fire the deade that neare vnto them lye

[According as vapours are sparse or tightly packt,]
Globe, cube, or long, or large, the essence or] extract,
[Such formes as amaze men and make them won]dringe tremble,
[Here does a tall steeple burning appear] to bee;

Here might[y] torches burn, and there do a[rrowes flye;
Darts, la[nunces, javelins] that awhe[re] threateninge lye,
Scatter[ing into the ayre, this spar]k's the shag'heyr'd goate
Disgor[ging crosse the heavens its tufts of]yre hote,
Here [frightening the starres] with bloody bristled heyre,
Drouers of clashing haile, sheepheards of pillage harme,
The Citizen [of gar]boils, Seaman of neare storme;

But wh[at] dreade clyme is this? it seemes the arched wall,
Of this great [ROVNDE is splitt into, and downe doth fall
Seemes [at t]his horred crash the greisly ghosts of Hell
Have left the infernall pitte and in the Tost Ayre dwell;
This (men saye) cometh, when some exhalation
Compounded of some fresh and salt fumes all in one

Doth with the scorching vapour vp togerther sty
Vnto the midle Region of the Ayre more hye,
And when the hote perceyues himselfe invirond in
By clowds colde and moyst mantle, then doth he begin
To muster all his powers his vigour to redouble,

And charginge his naere foe doth him much vexe and trouble.

Looke howe the lion from his fathers realmes exil'd,
Husht at of little girles, contemptibly revyl'd
Impounded in a grate, he fills with fearefull roare,
(Impatient of such durance) goes, turnes, runnes all ore

[His vnacquainted]

1 The Model of Poesy, ed. by Gavin Alexander (Cambridge, 2013), p. 43. For a full outline, see pp. lxx-lxxii. Quotations, and page and line references from the Model are taken from this edition, except when I give folio and line references from Alexander’s original-spelling edition (available online at: www.cambridge.org/mx/download_file/216393/; accessed May 2016). I am extremely grateful to Dr Alexander for his remarks on an earlier draft of this edition, which improved it in numerous ways and saved me from many errors.

2 Quotations taken from the dust-jacket of the hardback edition.

3 On La Sepmaine’s dialectical structure, see Jan Miernowski, Dialectique et connaissance dans La Sepmaine de Du Bartas : « discours sur discours infiniment divers » (Geneva, 1992).

4 References to La Sepmaine are in the form Day.Line, and are to Scott’s translation in this edition unless stated. French quotations and line references are from The Works of Guillaume de Saluste Sieur Du Bartas, ed. by Urban Tigner Holmes, Jr et al, 3 vols (Chapel Hill, 1938), II.


9 *La Septaine* (pour Jacques Chouët, 1588), D1v. Future quotations from the 1588 edition are from this edition (copy consulted: British Library 11475.a.45). *La Septaine* (pour Michel Gadouleau, 1582), British Library 240.c.46 and 1568/8115.(2.), and *La Septaine* (pour Jacques Chouët, 1593), Jesus College, Oxford I.7.29, for example, are all copies that all include the ‘j’ay’.

10 *A Learned Summary upon the Famous Poeme (the first and second Weeke) of William of Saluste lord of Bartas*, trans. by Thomas Lodge (1621), A1r.


13 See *Model*, pp. lxxvii-lxxxii and the preface to the original spelling edition, p. iii.

**Textual Notes**

**First Day**

Title] authorial insertion

5 thee] second e scribal [?] insertion

13 (…) I, weakling[,] parentheses and commas authorial insertions

17 Alwayes] A scribal correction of T (probable confusion with line above)

55 him[,] comma authorial insertion

60 (…)] parentheses authorial insertion

67 Euermore] more scribal [?] insertion; highe] e scribal [?] correction of t

82 too farr] to, scribal insertion

90 sharpest] sharpests

91 Patron] ro authorial correction of or
92 vergin] i authorial [?] correction of e; threade] a authorial [?] correction of d
100 too] to; adge] d scribal correction of g
102 which] terminal b authorial insertion
103 too] to
104 Nothing] g scribal correction over ascender [b?]
112 arrogance] e authorial correction of ye
114 contrare.] e, authorial [?] insertion
120 hot] ho scribal correction [of bu?]
123 Cyrles] Cyriles
136 handes] s scribal [?] insertion
144 Burse] Bursse
162 childes] chi[d]is; likely scribal misreading partially corrected by erasing lobe of d to leave l
(‘Nostre œil admire tant ses marges peinturez’, i.157 and cf. ‘[A Father] takes out his hand-
erkercher and wipes the childes eyes himselfe’ (Thomas Playfere, A Most Excellent and Heavenly
Sermon (London, 1595), G5v)
174 skillesse] scribal correction of second short s to long s
216 ioynde] d scribal correction of e
217 prore] ‘The prow of a ship or boat’ (OED prore, n.)
221 his] b scribal correction of f
233 lodgeth] th scribal correction [of d ?]
246-7 flightes … sighes] cf. i.764-65 (flight…weight) for another occasion in which ‘flight’ does
not produce a full rhyme in modern English.
271 too] too; partially erased; other instances of too with touching double os (some with possible
authorial insertions for second o) are at i.109, 748 and 764 and ii.13, 121, 137 and 145, versus
non-cursive, e.g. i.554 and ii.416
272 spread] terminal d authorial correction of e
281 cheerful] r authorial [?] insertion
335 no] authorial insertion
348 its ende] its scribal insertion
354 loe] toe; probable scribal error: the same cheville loe appears on seven other occasions in the translation (e.g. i.328 and 546, ii.626), whereas to is never spelt with an e elsewhere.
368 dull] dulfe; fe incorrect scribal correction of dull (influenced by selfe)? Cf. ‘nights dull winge’ (i.537 – ‘dull’ is spelt with no terminal e on all five occasions it appears (cf. ‘Sur les astres plus clairs courra le bleu neptune’, i.363)
371 Tempest] first e written over ascender (probable scribal confusion with b in line above)
399 rauening] rauenings
416 liketh] additional ascender between k and e; possibly indicating scribal correction of a second k
421 An] mark high above n could possibly be an apostrophe.
445 formest] i.e. foremost (cf. ‘formost’, i.543). formest is probably an authorial spelling, though archaic by this time.
449 PENELOPE] smudge at base of N, probably not a correction
456 that] a scribal correction of e
466 greete] second e scribal correction [?]
467 Two] w scribal correction [of b ?]; contrare] e scribal correction of ye; meete] second e scribal correction [?]
470 pece-meale] peace-meale
477 brightnes] brightnes; showe] e and any punctuation not visible due to binding
481 vndistinguis’d] u scribal correction of long s or f.
485 tasse] i.e. heap (OED tass, n.1). ‘tas’ (i.480) is the French word being translated.
489 night] \( n \) formed from erased first minim of \( m \)

499 fire-bronde] \( o \) scribal correction of \( a \)

504-12] cf. Model 56.8-16

519 sheapeheard] first \( a \) scribal correction of \( e \) [?]

527 giues] quies, cf. i.531 and 534 (‘se repose la nuit’ is repeated in the French at i.522, 526 and 529)

543 formost] \( o \) authorial correction of \( e \)

545 skantlye begon] \( y \) scribal correction of \( e \)

554 obstinately stryue] obstinately \( \rightarrow \) stryue (authorial deletion)

559 made yow] \( m a d e \) authorial [?] insertion

562 liefes] \( i \) scribal correction [of \( a \)] (‘Mais tout ainsi que ceux que la faveur des rois’, i.557)

576 with] authorial insertion

581 bownde] \( o w n \) scribal correction

583 sundery peeces] \( y \) peeces authorial insertion

596 turmoyles] tarmoyles; a possible scribal correction of \( u \), but spelling not recorded in OED nor found in EEBO-TCP database (consulted May 2016).

602 for] authorial insertion

627 inveagled] inveaglead

633 and feeles … cleene] second half of line, beginning at ampersand, may be in authorial hand;

\( e s \) correction over erasure [of \( d \)]

636 beleiue] beleine

640 , ] comma and parenthesis authorial [?] insertion

651 enterprises] enterpisees

658 Deuill] \( e \) scribal correction of \( i \) [?]

661 sowle] \( l \) scribal correction of \( e \) [?]
666 sometymes] y scribal correction

672 back-slidde] scribal black-slidde with authorial erasure of l in black. ‘apostate’ (i.667) is the French word being translated.

682 distillinge] distillinginge

686 these] e authorial [?] correction of o

692 swyfte] t authorial insertion (or correction to e ?)

699 skyes] y scribal correction

716 showe] o authorial correction of e

726 Th’Incompatible God] translating ‘Le Dieu sans compagnon’; the sense is ‘incapable of existing together in the same subject’, ‘opposed in character’ (OED incompatible, adj. 2a).

740 secure] authorial insertion

745 blawe] possible scribal error for ‘blowe’ (cf. ii.115). Though blawe was common in Scots, the spelling was archaic in English by 1600; troopes] second o scribal [?] correction [of u ?]

748 slacke] e authorial insertion

749 backe] e authorial insertion

751 murdred] second r scribal correction of e

762 wreckefull] e scribal correction of e [?]

763 vnlock] any letters or punctuation after k not visible due to binding

Second Day

Title] authorial insertion

2 FAVSTINA as] FAVSTINAS; commas placed above and below the final minim of N indicate word division (‘Change Hecube en Helene et Faustine en Lucresse’ ii.2)

9 webbe] first b scribal insertion

10 leaues] a authorial correction of e [?]
26 conceald] concealed

27-30] cf. Model 72.7-10

30 delighte] authorial correction of delite (cf. delight in Model, 42r, l. 31)

32 shore] e and any punctuation not visible due to binding

38 poore] power poore (authorial correction)

41 Lande] L. authorial correction, possibly of b

49 pitte] any punctuation after e not visible due to binding

55 twyns] any punctuation after s not visible due to binding

56 begins] any punctuation after s not visible due to binding

59 shedde] first d scribal correction of e

65 (…)] parentheses authorial insertion [?]

73 humours] s authorial insertion [?] (‘En ses humeurs son eau’, ii.65)

77 leas] terminal e erased, a authorial correction [?]

87 , partiallj] commas authorial insertion [?]

89 Cytie,] comma authorial insertion

92 Kinges] K scribal correction of P or R (‘Reçoit, cameleon, de ses princes les meurs’ ii.84).

97 humour] terminal s erased (‘Si bien qu’avec le temps le jus vertement aigre | Se fait moust’ ii.89-90)

105 his vnshethed] initial t erased before his; Leages] second e [possibly a?] scribal correction [of l ?] (‘si son glaive afile | Fuit toujours le fourreau, en fin—en fin sa rage | Convertira sa terre en un desert sauvage’, ii.96-98)

112 Charactere] final e authorial insertion

113-6 (…)] parentheses authorial insertion [?]

118 (…)] parentheses authorial insertion

119 , or woulde] comma and woulde authorial insertions
120 showe] α authorial correction of e

121 Thus too] Thus to; catchword ‘Thus too’ (‘Ainsi le trop’ ii.113)

126 euer] authorial insertion

127-8] cf. ii.135-36, 143-44, 151-52; these lines are identical in the French (ii.119-20, 127-28, 135-36, 143-44)

130 Hectique] both α authorial insertions

137 too] second α authorial [?] insertion

145 too] second α authorial insertion [?]

158 resolu’d] s scribal correction of l [?]

159 th’Eternall] apostrophe authorial [?] insertion over erased e

164 should] α authorial [?] correction of g

171 on] α authorial [?] correction of a

173 feede] any punctuation after final e not visible due to binding

176 out] any punctuation after t not visible due to binding

181 [e]arne] ‘desire strongly, long’ (OED, earn v. 2). Cf. i.180 and 768.

185 Deat[h]] authorial insertion

190 floodes] α authorial insertion

191 losse] α authorial correction of e; do] authorial insertion

197 thowsand] w authorial insertion

198 wayninge] vayninge

200 this] this this (authorial deletion; deleted this only spelt with fossil thorn)

206 death] α scribal correction of e

211 ghests] ghests (authorial deletion)

221 journeye] terminal e authorial correction of ’s

226 others] s authorial insertion
234 Noe e overwritten; possible correction to r?

244-7 Wette […] 4.] marginal notes placed to right of lines 244-46 (i.e. not one per line)

248 safely] / scribal correction of e

250 They y authorial correction of ir

258 in a chime] authorial correction of in chayne

260 sounde,] e, authorial correction of s

277 redd] first d authorial correction of e

290 fens] fensee s overwriting c [?] but still visible. ‘mornes lacs’ (ii.283) is the translated phrase (cf. ‘sad floods’ Sylvester (1605), E5r and ‘dead pooles’ Winter (1603), C2r).

300 Doe easily] catchword ‘Doe easelye’

304 [ll]vinge] letters lost to water damage (‘Qui, pour entretenir la nature en nature’, ii.297)

315 highest] second b scribal correction [of a?]

319 Oake] character erased between a and k (possibly c)

325 meate] a authorial correction of e

329 or swimms] authorial insertion

332 breath,] berth breath, (authorial correction)

333 frozen] z scribal correction of c [?]

335 farthest] a authorial correction of ir; t authorial insertion [?]

337 confusion] authorial deletion of terminal s [?]

367 as] s authorial [?] insertion (‘Le ciel, masle, s’accouple au plus sec element’, ii.360)

373 heauyer] a scribal correction of u

393 Have] re authorial correction of th

395 Ware-howse] a scribal [?] correction of h

406 lowest,] t, authorial insertion

430 the] authorial correction of a (‘Ainsi l’ost des Chrestiens’, ii.425)
432 troope] second o scribal [?] correction of u
455 scortch] t scribal correction of e
465 pight] any punctuation after t not visible due to binding
467 make] authorial insertion
473 t'avoy'd] te'avoy'd (authorial [?] deletion and insertion of first apostrophe)
474 hayre] a authorial correction of e
480 Both in the] Both in the th[?] Catchword ‘But in the’ (‘Durant le cours de l’an discourant par les airs | Semblent rendre ce Tout à soy-mesme divers’, ii.475-76); the th] a character resembling a superscript e is illegible after the second th; my translation assumes that the word is dittographic (majuscule A in the following word is just visible).
482-3 Mists [...] Region] In the manuscript this marginal note is aligned with the next line (beginning ‘That cannot’) presumably because the previous line, the first of the paragraph, runs to the margin’s edge.
539 by] authorial insertion
588 not yett] not authorial [?] insertion; obseru’d] r authorial [?] insertion
593 th[?]art] thart; sores] any punctuation after final s not visible due to binding
596 wynde] terminal s erased; travayles] terminal s scribal insertion over erasure [?]
600 He moderats] catchword
623 a] scribal correction of to
625 wipple] scribal error for ‘wimple’?; cf. ‘le sec buchon’, ii.620 (i.e. ‘dry log’)
636 flye] y scribal correction [of e?]
638 shag] shag (scribal [?] deletion)
644 it] its
649 fumes] vapours fumes (authorial correction); all] authorial strike-through (first thought to correct hypermetrical line)
650 styel / authorial correction of /

660 His vnacquainted] catchword