

**ENGLISH REPRINTS.
EGLOGS, EPYTAPHES,
AND SONETTES, 1563**

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English Reprints. Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes, 1563 by Barnabe Googe

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AND SONETTES, 1563**

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**Eglogs, Epytaphes, and
Sonettes**

1563

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By Barnabe Googe.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His furname is also variously spelt *Goche, Goghe, Gouche, &c.*

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus* [? 1535—1539] *Vita pulcherrimo opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poeta ad Illustrissimum Ferraria Ducem Hercules secundum feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534—3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scaramus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzoli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Googe's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated invective have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Googe may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1558. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [b. 1511—d. 29 Dec. 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., and the imprint June 1553.

JUNE. 1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle.
NOV. 24. The date of Gasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing; and also as virtually announcing Googe's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

*A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe crave
And who shall trauaile in thy booke, more iudgement ought to haue
Then I: whose greener yeares therby no thanks may hope to wyne
Thou sweet dame Nature yet hath sette no heares vpon my chynne
Crave this therefore of graver age, and men of greater skill
Full many be that better can, and some perhaps that will
But if thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to proue,
And thinkest that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,
In woorks of waight to spende theyr tyme, goe where Minervaes men,
And finest witts doe swarme: whome she hath taught to passe with pen,
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
Thou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,
That Melpomen thou wouldest well weene had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorks with stately style, and goodly grace t'endite,
There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woorks his wittle displayes,
And Dyaill dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.
There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely swate, and featly fyned bee,
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yelvertons doo flee
Well peward with pen: suche yong men thee, as weene thou mightest agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brayne.
Then heave thou shalt a great reporte of Baluyns worthie name
Whose Myrrow doth of Magistrates, proclayme sternall fame,
And there the gentle Blundville is by name and she by kynde,*

*Of whom we learne by Plutarques lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,
These Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe geues, to woorthy authors name,
These Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gottē, reports that runneth ryfe
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyfe.
And yet great nombz more, whose names yf I shoulde now reight,
A ten tymes greater woorkē then thine, I should be forste to wright.*

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* li. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

1659. The first of the translations of Seneca: *Truas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1680, APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers "Recevyd of Raufe newbery, for his lycense for printing of a boke called pallengenius, and he geveth to the howse . . . iij^d" J. P. Collier. *Extracts, &c.* i. 25. *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First three Bokes of the most Christian port Marcellus Palingenius called THE ZODIACK OR LYFE Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh*. This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." *ii.* 88. *Ed.* 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honeywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study' p. 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

The Preface.

*When as yyr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought:
Amid the entraince of the grades of Capricorne he stode,
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,
He lackt the aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt lobe
with beames he could not broile from his for heat his Globe forsoke.
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty riuclēd face:
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,
And towards the Bull he gan so driue intending there to rest,
His crooked crabbed cankerd limmes in louely Venus nest.
With frozen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,
And downe the boysterous Boras tent in euery caste that blew,
Who spoylde the pleasaunt trees of lease, byrest the ground of grene,
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be seue:
The lively sappe forsokē the bough and depē the rote it held
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dowed.
When down amongst my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,
Fayre Ladies nyme with stately steps aloft I might behold,
In mauteils gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,
With Lawrell leafe theyr heades were crownēd, a sight to me but rare.
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moued to meete
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.
With rosey lippes hnd shining face and Melipomen her name,
This lady fyrst begon to speake, and thus her wordes to frame,
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines land.*

Reduce to English sense she said, the lofty Lucanes verse
 The cruel chance and dofull end of Cæsars state rehearse.
 Muddam (quoth Vrony) with that, in this you do me wrong
 To moue my man to serue your turne that hath profest of long,
 And vowed his yeares with me to serue in secret motions his,
 To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky,
 Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she takes)
 With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy booke.
 Describe the whirling sphaeres about and mouinges euery one,
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone:
 Aratus verse wil shew the plain how Circles al they run
 How glides ye course thorow croked line of Phebe the shining sun.
 Whereas the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,
 In heauen his among the North where beares theyr course do kepe
 By this (quoth she) thou shalt receiue immortal fame at last,
 Much more then if thou shouldst declare those bloody bankets past.
 These wordes declar'd wyth pleasaunt voyce, this Lady held her pence,
 And forth before them all I saw the loveliest Lady prease:
 Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue
 And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,
 Sisters quod she and Ladies all of loue his mighty line,
 To whom no art doth lie vnkowne that heare we may define:
 Chiefe patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,
 Without whose help their simple hedz would nothyng well rehearse,
 I am become a suter here to you my Ladies all,
 For him that heare before you standes as unto learning thrall,
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,
 Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.
 In Romish lande he liued long, and Palingen his name
 It was. Whereby he got himselfe an euerlasting fame
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and vnder sorte
 He liues vnkowne and lockes thereby his taste and right reporte.
 Wherefore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,
 That standeth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,
 To Vulgar speche in natiue tounge: that all may vnderstande.
 To this they all agreed and sayd, take thou that worcke in hande.
 Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)
 Whose Clientes came, for euer flies and name can neuer dye
 Returne your sentence late pronounc'd call back your wordes agayne,
 And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.
 In Englawte here a hundreth heddles more able nowe therib,
 Thyo some to doe: then chose the beste and let the worste go free.
 But you doe so then that my verse receiue immortal shame,
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.
 With this they all began to froune and wholly with on(e) voice.
 Take thou this same in hande theri criz, thou hast none other choise.
 And fast away from me thei sling, as halfe in angry moode
 Thei lefte me thus in woofull case: whereas a while I stode,
 And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke
 Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.
 Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre:
 With your dispnize or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre:
 But geue me rather cause to ende, this worke so late begonne,
 So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.

¶ The booke to the reader.

Who sekes to shun ye shattring sails of mighty Momus mast,
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses anchor cast.
 For Momus there doth ryde at flote, with scornefull tonges yftraight:
 With cancred cracks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage straight.
 That none without disdain may passe where muses nauie lies.
 But straight on them with ireful mode the scornful God he flies.