

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

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

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# English Reprints.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogs, Epitaphes, & Sonettes.

1562.

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CAREFULLY EDITED BY  
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*Ent. Stat. Hall.]*

1 December 1871.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His surname 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* [1536—1539] *Vita pulcherrimum opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetae ad illustrissimum Ferrariae 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 Scavaranus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzulli, 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.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naageorgus (b. 1511 d. 29 Dec. 1563) was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papisticæ*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., and the imprint June 1553.

JUNE. 1556. Nov. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papisticæ* 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 ripper age doothe crave  
And who shall trawaille in thy booke, more iudgement ought to have  
Then I: whose greener yeares thereby no thanks may hope to wyne,  
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette us heaves upon my chynne  
Crosse this therefore of graver eye, 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 think that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,  
In woorks of waight to sprinde their tyme, goe where Mistrust men  
And finest witts doe sworme: whom she hath taught to passe with pen,  
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,  
I hou shalt them fynde whose painfull pen thy verse shall flourish 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 seife same Northe, whose woorks his witt displays,  
And Dwall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.  
There Sacknydes Sonetts sweetly wuste, and feutly fyned bee,  
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yelwertons doo flee  
Well paurde with pen: suche yong men thou, as weene thou mightest agayne,  
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brayne.  
Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Baldwyns worthis name  
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayme eternall fame.  
And there the gentle Blundville is by name and che by kynde,*

*Of whom we learne by Plutarques lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,  
There Baswade bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,  
And greater grace in Englyshe geues, to woorthy authors name,  
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gotte, reports that runneth ryfe  
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiaks of lyfe.  
And yet great nombre more, whose names yf I should now resight,  
A ten tymes greater worke 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.* ii. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

1559. The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1560. APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers  
"Recevyd of Raufe newbery, for his lycense for printing of a booke called pallengenius, and he geveth to the howse . . . liijd"  
J. P. Collier, *Extracts*, &c. i. 26 *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First three Bookes of the most Christian port Marcellus Palingenius called THE ZODIACK OR I. XXX Newly translated out of Latin into English*. 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.* 38. *Ed.* 1864. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honeywood and Ralph Heymunt 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.

**W**hen as sye Phebe with backward course, the horned gose 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 ioyous of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt loke  
with beames he could not brosse from his for heat his Globe forsake.  
Old Saturne then aloft did sit, with lury riueld face:  
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,  
And towards the Bull he gan to driue intending there to rest,  
His crooked crabbed cankerd limmes in towely Venus nest,  
With frozen face about he lobed and vile deformed hewe,  
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent in euery cote that blowe,  
Who spoyde the pleasant trees of lease, vntill the ground of grene,  
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:  
The finely sappe forsake the tough and depe the rote it held  
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.  
When down amongst my bokes I saile and close I crouched for cold,  
Fayre Ladies myne with stately steps aloft I might behold,  
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,  
With Lawrell leafe theyr heades were crown'd, a sight to me but rare,  
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewy moued to mee  
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feste,  
With rosey lipps and shining face and Melpomen her name,  
This lady fyrst began 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 Cesars state rehearse,  
 Maddam (quoth Vrauy) with that, in this you do me wrong  
 To moue my man to serue your turns that hath profess of long,  
 And vow'd his yeeres with me to serue in secret motions hie,  
 To beat his brin in searching forth the ramblings 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 speares above and mouinges euey one,  
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they goe:  
 Aratus verse will shew the plain how Circles at they run  
 How glides ye course thorow crooked line of Phebe the shining sun.  
 Whereas the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,  
 In heauens hie among the North where beuies 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 pleasant voyce, this Lady hold her peace,  
 And forth before them all I saw the loveliest Lady praise:  
 Of stature tall, and Venus face, she seem'd us thought to haue  
 And Calliope she call'd was with verse that wrytes so graine,  
 Sisters quod she and Ludist all of Ioue his mighty line,  
 To whom no art doth lie unknowne that heere we may define:  
 Chiefe patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,  
 Without whose help their simple heads would nothing well rehearse,  
 I am become a sutor keye to you my Ladies all,  
 For him that heere before you standes as vnto learning thrall,  
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbd wayes,  
 Of veruous life, declaring how that man should spend theyr daies.  
 In Romish lande he liued longe, and Prudynge his name  
 It was. Wiserly he got himselfe an euerlasting fame  
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte  
 He liues unknowne and lackes theroy his iuste and right reporte.  
 Wherefore my sule is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,  
 That standeth heere that he may turne my Portes stately style,  
 To Vulgar speche in natius tongue: that all may vnderstande.  
 To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worke in hande,  
 Amazed then I answer'd thus good ladies all (quoth I)  
 Whose Clienter same, 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 Englande here a hundred heddes more able noice therobe,  
 Thyss same to doe: then chouse the beste and let the worste go free.  
 Best you doe so then that my verse receiue immortall shame,  
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hazarde of my name.  
 With this they all began to frowne and wholly with on(e) voyce.  
 Take thou this same in hande thei cris, thou hast now other chouse.  
 And fast away from me thei fling, as halfe in angry moode  
 Thei lefte me thus in wofull cove: whereas a while I stooode,  
 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 begonne, you (learned) I requyre:  
 With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kymldd 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.

**W**Ho sekes to shew ye shaltring tails of mighty Momus mast,  
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses anouer cast.  
 For Momus there doth ryde at stote, with scornefull tonges yfright:  
 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 moue the scorneful God he flies.