

Barnabe Googe, *The firste syxe bokes of the mooste christian poet Marcellus Palingenius, called the zodiake of life. Newly translated out of Latin into English by Barnabe Googe*

Transcription of copy from Centre for Reformation and Renaissance Studies Rare Book Library, item PA8555.P326 1565. Transcription posted with the permission of the CRRS Rare Book Library. Please consult the Library prior to reproducing this text.

Spelling and punctuation have been, in places, modernized and edited (particularly capitalization). Italicization in the original has not been retained in this transcription. For original punctuation, italicization, and spelling please consult the original source.

The Seconde booke, entituled, Taurus.

Long time thou hast thee rested well,
my boate in pleasant ba the,
Now time vs biddes to hoise vp sailes
and ancour vp to way.
The washing wynter now is fledde,
the hoary snowes be gon,
From downe the hylles they fast distill,
that once they fell vpon.
The earth againe doth florishe greene,
the trees repaire their spring,
With pleasaunt notes the nitingale,
beginneth new to sing.
With flowers fresh their heads be deckt
the fairies daunce in fieldes,
And wanton songes in moss the dennes,
the drids and satirs thelde.
The wynged Cupide fast doth cast,
his dartes of golde yframed,
And lusty youth with pleasaunt heate,
hath feruently inflamed.
Now may we safely wander out,
amid the waters plaine,
The floudes be calme the westerne wynde
is present here againe.
O foole why art thou now afraide,
the ayre is fayre and bright,
And Atlas daughters risyng vp,
perswade thy course of right.

For ydlenesse what kynde of praise
can happen vnto thee,
To stouthfulnesse no good rewarde,
may well ascribed bee.
Lyft vp thy heart and corage eke,
be bolde and of good chere,
For fortune most doth fauour those,
that all things least doe feare.
To fearefull folkes at any time,
shee triumphe hath denaide,
But as I gesse the monsters teeth,
doth make thee sore afraide.
Great shame it is that vertue shoulde,
for monsters hyde their face,
Go to therefore leaue of thy lettes,
and walke the depth apace.
The kyng and Lord and mighty power,
that rules the worlde so fast,
Who wthath a beck the golden starres,
shall gouerne whilst they last.
Who made the earth inhabited
wthath beastes of sundry sight,
And diuers fishe within the sea,
to draw their vitall sprite.
Least destitute of dwellers be,
those elements they shoulde,
And onely man among the rest,
discerne he reason woulde.
And vnto him he graunted speache,
where beastes be dumme of sounde,
Declining downe their bodies great,
doe lycke the masse grounde.
With reason he hath vnder brought,
the strongest beastes of might,
The Lion fierce, the Tygre swift,
alone hath put to flight.
The serpents though their bodies foule
wthath poyson doe abounde,
Doe stande in awe and feare him to,
when that they heare hys sounde.
The monstruous mole the thurpole great,

of mighty forme and strength,
In ocean sea doth giue him place,
when he doth walke at length.
Take him away what were the earth?
a place wthath br thers growne,
And would bring forth no kinde of corne
vntilde or els vnsowne.
Hee cities built and ordned lawes.
wherby they ruled bee,
Whath temples trymmed for their state,
the Gods adourned hee.
Full many artes he searched forth,
and instruments he founde,
Which like the lightning flashe and flame,
and lyke the thunders sounde.
Wherein the fier fast inclosde,
inforceth all hee may,
Out of hys mouth to rumble oute,
the pellet farre away.
Whereby the towers h the be bette,
and walles of euery towne,
Hys strength not able to abide
come topsy turuey downe.
And he that heareth farre away,
the bouncing of these blowes,
With dreadfull noyse the thunder thumpes
as present there he trowes.
Unhappy had you bene O Gods,
if in Phlegreus grounde,
Wheras with gigantes huge you fought
such weapons had bene founde.
He founde out shippes whereby a man,
to passe the seas may knowe,
And wander farre whereas he list,
if wynde at wyll doe blowe.
In places farre abrode and nie,
to Tytan in the East,
And where the Sunne doth slip sometime
and fall vnder the west.
And in the North whereas the beare,
her colour cleare doth giue,

And in the other part againe,
where men there be that liue.
Whose feete contrary quite to ours,
doe alwa thes vse to treade,
And lyke to fall their heeles aloft,
doe downwarde hang their head,
And though he doe excell in witte,
and vigour of the minde,
So much that well he may be thought
to come of God hys kinde.
thet knowethhe not nor seekes to know,
a thyng to badde to tell,
How for to liue, what wa thes to fl the,
or what to follow well.
O mortall brestes where darknes blinde
doth euermore abounde,
And eke o mindes where foolishnesse,
may alwa thes well be founde,
By wicked wa thes they runne astray,
and fewe alas doe knowe,
Which way their iourney well to take
or where in safe to rowe.
Whereby the chiefe and happiest lyfe,
in time they may obtaine,
The knotty science of tho lawes,
will neuer shewe it plaine.
Nor he that can in medicine skyll,
in eloquence or grammer,
But onely wysedome must the wa the
detect, the chiefe defender.
Of man and ruler of hys life,
which if the Lorde me giue,
And if the systers three me let,
vntill my time to liue.
What kinde of thing is blessed lyfe,
I wyll my selfe entreate,
And how it may be got although,
it be a labour great.
The greatest part of men doe thinke,
felicitie to stande,
In purses puffed vp with pens,

and so much golde in hande.
To haue as in the Lidius streames,
among the sande doth growe,
Or else as much as Tagus vp,
continually doth throwe.
To haue so many acres of
good grounde and pastors plaine,
As he hath haire vnto hys head,
of men a bushing traine.
Of beastes so huge a droue to haue,
as Polyphemus not,
At any time did foster vp,
amid the pleasaunt plot.
Of Sycily as neuer had
the shepeheard Aristeus,
As neuer toke away by force,
the man that hyght Tyrinthus.
Wyth orchardes fayre as euer had,
Alcinous the King,
And as the systers fayre did holde,
by force of cruell sting.
Of dragon vgly to beholde,
for to possesse alone,
Wyth houses h the adourned faire,
wthath crust of Marble stone.
These are the things that euery man,
doth now a da thes desire,
Which nature carefull for her sonne,
doth instantly require.
With earnest pra ther to the Gods,
these things who doth possesse,
The common sort beleues he liues,
in perfect blessednesse.
What Hiders great in flowers lurke,
the blockheads doe not knowe,
Ne thet how many pricking thornes
among the Roses growe.
For needes he must no remedy,
that riches wyll obtaine,
Both night and day be vered sore,
wthath cares and cruell paine.

His lucke vncertaine euery houre,
now thys, now that he wa theth,
No sooner sittes he downe to meate,
but auarice hym fra theth.
No meates almost doe please his mouth
he hasteth to forsake,
The table thet vnsatisfyde,
for filthy lucre sake.
And little rest the wretched soule,
doth take at any night,
Sometimes on side, sometimes on face,
sometimes he turnes vpright.
He tosseth rounde about the bed,
like as the waighty stone,
That Sysyphus continually,
doth tosse and turne alone.
What he hath done the day before,
he muttereth in hys minde,
And what the next day he may doe,
he museth for to finde.
Beholde (sayeth he) my cattaile dyes,
to morowe if I may,
Some fother I shall seeke to get,
O cursed wynters day.
How much this cold hath hurt mi beasts
full sore am I deluded,
My bayly and my shepeherd eke,
haue both me foule misused.
My folde the wolues, O wofull chaunce,
alas haue broken in,
And now my cattell to destroy,
the sould ther doth begin.
He hath destroide my tenements,
by flame consumed quite,
My corne and now my vineyarde to,
he scorcheth downe a right.
My detter fledde from hence away,
my money with him gone,
No fayth there is that feareth God,
I thinke there be not one.
The worlde is naught but great disceit

O Lorde he was estemde,
An honest faithfull man and true
but all is not as it semde.
That rule is not to be obserude,
to trust a man by face,
But wherefore shoulde I nowe lament,
my shippe returnes a pace.
And home she bringes I leape for ioy,
such wares as wyll awa the,
Both pepper spice and franckincense,
wthath sylke and amber a the.
With clothes that Sydon sendeth for the
and wares of diuers kinde,
Which thorow the waues of surging seas
she bringeth forth of Inde.
Whom if the great Symplegades,
had chaunste to burst a sunder,
Or Scilla with the Caphare rocke,
the seas had suncke her vnder.
Then should I fyll my house alas
wthath great complaynt and cr thes,
The teares would ouerflow my breast,
that issued from my e thes.
I wyll no money lack I trowe,
tyll lyfe beginne to starte,
Corne beares to lowe a price what then
of oyles I make my marte.
I must go delue I must go sowe,
and harrow well my corne,
I must go builde and see my vines,
well trimmed cut and shorne.
This wyll I be, the this will I sell,
I wyll receiue and paye,
My dettes no otherwise thys wretche,
is tost then ball in playe.
The multitude beholding h the,
is vsed to be cast,
Now here now there among the croude
is driuen very fast.
Some one doth strike it wyth his handes,
some other wthath hys feete,

In io the in griefe in feare and hope
so doth he alwayes fleete.
As seas be wont when windes do blowe
an Irion is he iust,
Who wyth a cloud as hath bene tolde,
perfourming filthy lust.
Begot a sonne of double fourme
wherfore he then was iudged,
Of gods vpon a snaky wheele,
for euer to be tournd.
For what is riches but a thing,
which aptest we may like,
Unto a cloude which bore as if
descending happe to strike.
Thou shalt beholde wherof it came,
to smoke resolued than,
Of riches monsters he begot,
that haue the face of man.
Then outward face of welthy man,
what thing doth more excell?
But when the course of all his life,
we once haue marked well.
We shall beholde the hinder partes,
to differ farre away,
From those that we did first discerne,
whome fortune wthathout stay,
Doth tourne about vpon hir wheele,
the carkes and cares be snakes,
Which alwayes gripe and gnaw his heart
wyth sorrowes that he takes.
The riche man either knowes or not,
what goodes he doth possesse,
If not what helpe they then thereby
no good ne thet distresse.
He doth receiue but as a man,
that riches is without,
If he doe knowe he either loues,
or loues them not no doubt.
If he them hate, why keepes he them,
what ioy takes he thereby,
Such as who drinks the iuice of grapes

and wyne doth cleane def the.
If he them loue he them regardes,
and seketh to defende,
Them, and to kepe the sorrowes much,
and labours till his ende.
It doth him much vnquiet when,
He thinketh for to see,
Some harme approching to hys welth,
and vexed most is he.
When any part therof by losse
doth scape out of hys hande,
As many times for to be fall,
by needefull rule doth stande.
When nothing long in state abides,
thou shalt beholde and see,
So many harmes as euer seene,
in hast at hand to be.
When all is done how much the more
of goodes he doth possesse,
So much the more of carke and care,
shall euer him oppresse.
What shall I here declare or shewe,
the daungers incident,
That he doth passe by seas and land,
his liuing to augment.
From theues by land from Theues by seas
full oft he flyeth fast,
And thet for all the wyles he hath,
he taken is at last.
And oft his bowels doe become,
a pray vnto the wolfe,
Or fishes fowle do him deuoure,
vp swallowed in the golfe.
And often he whom worldly wealth,
had moued to be bolde,
Is forced vnder his maysters yoke,
his captiues neck to holde.
At home at boorde ne thet in bed,
he cannot safely be,
But poyson strong they wil him giue,
whome least mistrusteth he.

Or else the wicked handes of some,
vnthrifty seruaunt wyll,
In bed a stepe and snorting fast,
hym quickly sley and kyll.
As fattest beastes in sacrifice,
be soonest euer slayne,
And as the worthiest tree is first,
depriued of his grayne.
And as the grape is first destroyde,
that sweetest is of wast,
With flyes and bees and other wormes
that always them do wast.
So he whome nature most hath lent,
is alwa thes most intrapt,
And euermore in daungers great,
is readiest to be clapt.
Note well the crafty wit and head,
of Dionise the king,
Behold good man and art thou blessed,
what else thou lackit nothing.
Thou lackst no meat thou lackst no drinke,
thou lackst no pleasaunt bo thes,
Thou lackst no scepter nor no crowne,
thou wantest no wished bo thes.
With glistering gold and precious stones,
beholde thou doest aboude,
A sword but loe hangs ouer thy head,
that will the wretch confound.
With enuy richesse eft be vext,
all things of good estate,
Doth malice harme and happ the things
it euermore doth hate.
So deare (O misers) do you seeke,
of golde the wicked mine,
Wherby your harts may alwaies prick
the sisters Palestine.
And soner downe descend the pit,
of ghastly Plutoes raigne,
Was not the giftes that Bacchus gaue,
of golde to Mydas gaine.
Of all men laught to scorne by right,

to whom thou Phebus much,
An angred gauest an Asses cares,
all things quoth Myde I tutch.
Be golde I wyshe and by and by,
he asked his fatall ende,
For downe his gredy griping guttes,
no meate coulde then discende.
Such fortune hast thou sparing wretch
the more thou hast of goodes,
The more thou lackste as Tantalus,
doth thirst among the floudes,
If thou mightst all things free obtaine
thou wouldst thy selfe require,
Wouldst thou but take that should suffyce
excesse or else desire.

This one doth hurte the other meane,
all men may soone obtaine,
For nature with a little thing,
contented doth remaine,
Except that headlong faine to vice,
it doth repugne againe.
The chiefest fruites of seas and woode,
to riche mens boardes be brought,
There lacks no hare no goat nor hart
no kid no Bore nor ought.
Amongst the flocke of flittering foules,
the throstell fatte and rounde,
The partrige, colmouse, nor the birdes,
that bredes in colchis grounde.
With capons great and mighty doues,
and turbots in be brought,
The lobster, lamprey and the shrimpe,
and mugil fat is caught.
The fishe that toke his name of golde,
the chopping dyster newe,
Which cizicus doth foster vp,
amid his seas so blewe.
Wthath many moe that semeth harde,
in verse for to declare,
And wines that may wyth falerne fieldes,
and Nectare sweete compare.

But now I aske and will this wretche,
all this himselfe deuoure,
I thinke not so for if he woulde,
it semes not in his power.
And if he might his belly sure
would burst a sonder thoe,
And swolne to tombe with roring route
him following should he goe.
For he that doth his stomacke charge,
with more than will suffise,
Is hurt and then phisicions helpe,
with groning voice he cr thes.
Then vp he throwes and all his house,
doth filthy stincke possesse,
Whereby him feruent feuers vexe,
and humours sharpe oppresse.
What sicknes great excesse doth brede,
no man there is but knowes,
What hurts by to much drink let down
within the body growes.
Wherefore he must be modest nedes,
of much and little take,
Who that before thapointed tyme,
sweete lyfe will not forsake,
Nor more than doth that pore he must,
his hungred body wake.
With purple faire and clothe of golde,
the riche man is ara thed,
His gorgeous shirt doth cast a shew,
with sylke and ouerlayde.
About his head he weareth a the,
the fleece of Scithian bow,
And Jewels fayre about his neck,
of price he weares but now.
Are these of greater force for to
expell the bitter colde,
Than if in garments made of wolle,
thy body were infolde.
Or doth the wouen webbe of flare,
not so repulse the heate,
When as the Sunne doth feruent flame

amid the lion great?
Or when the raging dog the fieldes,
of greene doth quite defeate.
As if the fine and tender sylke,
enclosde thee rounde about,
But thou wilt say he is estemde,
whom gorgeous geare settes out.
Unto hym passing by the way,
the people ducke and ryse,
And onely he is counted then,
both noble good and wyse.
And worthy worship to receiue,
and frendship for to haue,
No heede at all they take of hym,
whose garments be not braue.
The common people laugh to see,
his cote then worne to nought,
Though thou shouldst Tully represent,
whose eloquence was thought.
For to excell all Ital the,
or else Demosthenes,
Whose famous voice the Athens men,
dyd wonder at in plees.
Or if thou hadst as great a gift,
as Maro had in verse,
Or couldst the auncient Homers tunes
celestiall well rehearse.
For all this same thet shouldst not thou
the price of praise obtaine,
But as reiect of euery man,
thou shalt receiue disdaine.
In vaine thou shalt beholde the hewe,
of Ganymedes face,
In vaine and oft thou shalt desyre,
thy damosell to embrace,
If that with vile apparell thou
doest runne the poore mans race.
I not denie that clothing faire,
estemed ought to be,
But if the minde doth vertues lacke,
with vices eke agree.

Thy beauty all biddes then adewe
and glory leaues thee quite,
And euery man that knowes thee well,
will haue thee in dyspite.
They will thee floute behinde thy back,
and greuous mocks thee giue,
Thy seruant to that of thy foode,
hath alwa thes vsed to liue,
If that he know thee for to be,
a gredy Churle or such,
As cruell is of hauty minde,
or vseth wine to much.
Or one that lacketh wit he will,
regarde thee then but lyght,
And grudging efte these wordes will he
vnto himselfe resight.
O such a maister fortune false,
why diddest thou me giue?
Me vnder such a maister long,
shall fates enforce to liue?
Can other men commende him then,
whose seruants so despise,
But if thou valiant be and iust,
both sober sadde and wise.
If so be that, that learning great,
doth cause thee to excell,
Then to thy worship doth agree,
all kynde of garments well.
And no man will thee then despise,
except that he be mad,
And first whatsoeuer that thou art,
desirous to be had.
In honour to be praised much,
and much to be beloued,
Imbracing thou vertue fl the thou vice,
and that of right reproued.
May bring the aucthour to a shame,
beware thou not commit,
For oft the common people sude,
doe vse as voide of wthat.
The noble vertue to despise,

if so be that they see,
With little spot of any vice,
defyled hir to bee.
But what is hee vpon the earth,
that liueth voide of crime,
And from the true and beaten way
departeth not sometime?
Or doth not swarue or runne astra the,
from out the ruled lyne?
But he that least and seldome synnes,
hym best we may defyne.
But greatest grace hath such a one,
that learnedly and wyse,
All things he speakes with order iuste,
can well himselfe deuise.
To wyse and filed speache may be,
great force and strength assynde,
Tt diuers passions doth prouoke,
and gouernes well thy minde.
Much more will this than costly clothe,
set forth thy worthy name,
Use not the loue of bo thes take heede,
such loue is synfull shame.
For children haue no loue ne wit,
no reason faith nor trust,
A vengeance light on hym I wishe,
that ioyes in such a lust.
If that the pleasaunt portrature
of maydes doe thee delyght,
Go take a wife thou nedest not lack,
a dormouse for the night.
What hadst thou rather foole to wyshe,
and hope for things denayde,
When as with easier medicine thou
mayst haue thy griefe alayde?
Perchaunce for thys thet riches are,
to be desyred plaine,
Whereby a man may sooner so,
to vertue h the attaine.
If voide of money cleane thou arte,
no man will take the paines,

Thee to enstruct for teachers sure,
require no little gaires.
Nor little price will thee suffice,
thy selfe with bookes to store,
Whereby thou maist apply thy selfe,
to Lady learnings lore.
Lest pouertie with other cares,
doth occupy thy head,
And so from learning draw thy minde,
with other busines lead,
O lorde howe harde a thing it is,
how fewe doth God permit,
To fl the from base and poore estate,
in honours hye to sit.
How seldome doth the sely soule,
ascende to honours h the,
And more besydes what is his lyfe,
to death and eke how n the.
How much to be despysed tho,
when pleasure none his minde,
Doth ease, amongst his trauailes great
when he no io thes can finde.
When neuer cares absentes themselves
with griefes when all habounde,
thet better passe the Stigian lake,
and feede the gredy hounde.
And mixed be wyth shrtkyng soules,
then neuer ioy to finde,
On happye things when neuer mirthe,
shall glad thy wretched minde.
For to this wretche what ioy at all,
or pleasure can remaine,
That lackes both meate and drink full off,
sometime his bedde againe.
Sometime he lacketh cote and cloke,
and oft his toes be spyde,
From out his clouted shoes to pepe,
where seames sitte gaping wyde.
With paine drawes on hys drudging lyfe,
much lesse he able is,
Those things to haunt that here doe bring

a mortall man to blisse.
But he that hath the golden mines,
in hym these things doe showe,
And euery thing he straight obtaines,
wherat he bendes hys howe.
Such rule and swa the hath money nowe
such force in euery place,
That nothing long she wyll permit,
for to resist her grace.
From hie she raceth hilles adowne,
and valleys vp doth hoise,
If that therefore with swifty course,
of dogges he doth reioyse
To take the Harte the Goate or Wolfe
the flighty flying Hares,
If birdes to take or fish deceaue,
wthath hookes and nettes or snares.
If for to serue in Uenus court,
if meate or drinke delight,
If quiet rest, if Lute or Harpe,
him please or songes to shrighr,
All these the rich man doth possesse,
through mighty mone thes might.

(...)

Farre better wretch it is to begge,
when learning shall thee make.
Like to the heauen saintes aboue,
than if thou shouldst possesse,
The Persians herds and droues of beasts
with all their welthinesse.
Beleue not thou the iudgement blinde,
of rude and common sorte,
No more who can than beasts discern,
the truth or it reporte.
If thou be wise, mark what I saye,
in mind and print it sure,
Excepting vettue nothing is,
that here may long endure.
For riches fade and forme and strength
and honour eke doth fall,
And vertue onely doth remayne,

in strength and euer shall.
Which neuer fortune may suppress,
nor age can take away,
I neuer saw it thet nor thoe,
beleue it well I may.
(...)
Though fortune sometyme doth assay,
him for to ouertread.
 thet veertue hasteth fast anone,
and learning doth defende,
His clients nor doth suffer them,
 their theares in care to spende.
But offers them a boorde to help,
when sayle and shippe is loste,
Whereby they may the shore attayne,
from waues of seas thatost.
Who followeth vertue may go see,
tharabian desertes fell,
The Ethiops black the rugged getes,
the Indes in health and well.
For only vertue of her force,
wyll fortune false wthathstand,
And oft with hir in doubtfull matche,
doth striue with fighting hand.
For costes thou oughtest not to spare,
nor doubt the landes to sell,
Wherby thou vertue mayst obtayne,
yf fortune be so fell.
That nought to sell at all thou haste,
let goodnesse then remayne,
In thee, if learnde thou canst not be,
wthath learnde thy selfe retayne.
With eares attentiuie mark their words,
sometyme and question finde,
The rest to God do thou commit,
and wthath a lowly minde.
Receaueth appointed fates from hie,
if ioyes thou doest frequente,
 And hurtfull pleasure thee entrap,
and in hir ginnes thee hent.
And couet so thy youthfull dayes,

to passe in pleasaunt sport,
And therefore doest desire to beare,
a rich and wealthy port.
These things that reason doth thee tell,
peruse thou well in minde,
A greater yll and hurtfull more,
than pleasure none can finde.
It taketh counsell quite from vs,
and doth the minde oppresse,
Resisting vertues euermore,
encreaseth wickednesse.
It is the chiefest nource to vice,
enfebleth a the the strength,
With bitter ende and many hurtes,
procureth man at length.
But playnlier of this same anone,
we wil entreate and tell,
The poore man hath his io thes also,
yf that thou markest well.
Not much perchaunce inferiour to,
for pleasauntest be such,
Obtayned io thes that seldome happes,
and ioyfuller he much.
The pleasure is beleue me now,
that long hath bene absented,
And more desirde so meate is swete,
to him that is an hungred.
(...)
And iudgement of the minde doth cause,
a man to be content,
And worthy is to be imbrasde,
that pleaseth his intent.
What profits it vnto the sicke,
to offer deyn ty meate,
Whose tast away doth quite bereft,
the feruent feuers heate.
Or what auayles it vnto him,
the pleasaunt wines to bring,
Who euermore refrayning wine,
doth ioy in cleared spring?
Some one with kid some other thoe,

wthath porke refresht to be,
Desireth more some songs delight,
some other playes to see.
So loue to all men is not like,
some man a boy desires,
And some a mayd and some a gyll,
and some a wyfe requires.
The minde and not the thing therefore,
doth cause a quietnesse,
Wherby the poore no lesse their io thes,
then riche men doth possesse.
Excesse the riche man doth desyre,
fewe things the poore suffise,
To him doth greater charge of house,
but lesser ioyes arise.
The shipman or the labouring wight
much pleasure more doe take,
With egges and leekes and homely foode,
his hungred mawe to slake.
Than kyngs and queenes with deinty dishe
of seas and lande to dine,
The worthier pleasure then I thinke,
of right we may define.
That vsed neither causeth harme,
nor honesty resystes,
For best it is to couet least,
and liue within the lystes.
Of counsaile good nor vexed be
with vaine and fonde desyre,
For who the things he cannot haue,
doth earnestly require.
With frustrate hope is tormented,
and loseth time in vaine,
Wherfore desyre thou nothing els,
but that thou mayst obtaine.
And rule thy minde with bridlyng bitt,
but he that doth habounde,
With riches, alwa thes couets more.
then lawfull may be founde.
With little and content to liue,
he knowes not thet there fore,

Whom least of all doe full suffice,
hym happier iudge I more.
For lofty landes doe cause a man,
for to excell in pride,
Thimmortall gods for to despise,
and men for to deride.
Without all rule, a carpet knight
and vertues mortall foe,
For who doth vertue ought regarde,
when riches swelleth so?
O famous worthy pouertie,
O giftes of God vnkende,
Of vertues a the the safe defence,
to shamefastnes a frende.
The brydle tryde of wantones,
and patron of the lyfe,
Thou onely canst and well despise,
the shamelesse fortunde ryfe.
The raging of the seas and wyndes,
whilste in thy little bote,
Thou kepest the safe assured foordes,
and rydste by shore a flote.
The loft the hylles on h the full oft
the flashing lightnings smite,
And spiring ashes long be bette,
by northern boreas might.
Low things do lie vnknownen to harmes
the tempestes neuer greues,
(...)
And why? but that they thought they were
not vertues good nor trew,
Which let the minde with diuers cares,
and hedlong downe eke threw,
Full many men in diuers vice,
but alwa thes marke thou well,
What Fabrice Calo and Curius to,
these holy men thee tell.
Regarde not what the common sort,
and foolishe route doe say,
Ther ample of the good alwayes,
before thy eyes but lay.

(...)

By reason lyke the gods aboue,
you are created loe.
By reasons are the seas and lande,
vnto your power subiect,
Let errours not therfore as now,
but reason you direct.
The certaine ende of euery thing.
peruse you well alwa the,
And let the meate your selues suffise,
that hunger driues away.
And garments eke your skinnes to hide
and cald for to expell,
Let a the the slepe that doth refresh,
your wery limmes be well.
Of these three things aboue the reste,
most nede we haue alway,
Sith these our bodies are compact,
of vile and brittle cla the.
But thet thou oughtst those things to vse
as phisick for to heale,
The diuers sicknesse that to man,
dame nature wontes to deale.
Some one we see in daynty fare,
doth riot most embrace,
Some other in ercesse of clothes,
and some whilst they apace.
From learning flye do vneth knowe,
nor once this life perceauē,
When euermore wthath sluggish slepe,
their eyes togyther cleaue.
But happy is he that is content,
with little to remayne,
Nor puts his trust in things so frayle,
that death will him constrayne.
To leaue behinde as none of his,
and wayeth well in minde,
How short the space is of our life,
how all things vayne we finde.
That here on earth created be,
who alwayes one remaynes,

In prosperouse eke and aduerse chance,
the iudge nor Sttugian paynes.
Regardeth not and nought esteemes,
what euer fortune flyng,
Unhappy is he whom will doth leade,
vnmindfull of the thing
That is to come, but like to beastes,
regardes the thing in syght,
Who knoweth not that by how much,
the minde is more of might.
Than is the corps, so much the more,
in gifts it doth excell,
(...)
And tell mee now I thee require,
what wisdome doth remaine.
Or counsell else to him in whom,
great riches euer knowe?
And by what meanes them for to vse,
the foole doth nothing know.
Hereby doth strength and often hurte,
and beautie eke ano the,
By reason lyke the aucthour oft,
doth eloquence destroy.
And by these meanes are diuers artes,
full hurtfull oft to many,
Let not the snare of auarice,
thee catche but from her flie.
Than thys there is no fury fierce,
assuredly more fell,
Begotten once in Acheron,
amyd the raigne of hell.
She was where flaming f therbrandes,
she dreadfully doth cast,
A hundred thretning heades shee beares
wthath vgly adders brast.
Her gredy iawes with bloud of men,
coulde neuer haue their fill,
With churlish chaps deuouring meat,
that foode require the shee still.
She spareth none nor god hys church,
once feareth to defyle,

This cursed neuer fylled beast,
and wicked monster vile.
Of hir come plagues and slaughters sharp
wthath discorde and distresse,
Wthath treasons brawlings and disceits
and losse of shamefastnesse.
Contempt of God with periuries,
and chydings fell with fight,
With many more which in my verse,
I cannot well resyght.

(..)

So women, aged men and boyes,
doe couet most alwayes,
Because they lack both strength and force,
in minde and haue no sta thes.
An other vice contrary now,
to this doth thet remaine,
This same from the to banishe quite,
thy senses looke thou straine.
If thou dost spende without respect,
in vame thou shalt beholde,
An hungred eft anothers spitte,
with deinties manifolde.

(...)

That not alone to vs and ours,
we should commodious be,
But also if that powre wyll serne,
to all of eche degree.
What thing more famous is than thys,
what more deserues the place,
Of gods aboute then for to helpe,
the poores afflicted case?
So shall the people honor vs,
so get we fame thereby,
And by such actes to gods full oft,
we see doe many fl the.
Nothing doth more a man become,
nothing for him more meete,
As sayeth the olde and auncient schoole,
of Philosophers sweete.
Than man to aide and succour soone,

hys fellowe falne to grounde,
But now alas, O dolefull times.
and fashions nothing sounde.
All godlinesse is clean extinct,
to no man geues doubtlesse,
The welthy wretche although he hath
wherwith to giue excesse.

(...)

When as the banisht cloudes aboue,
shall make the day be fayre,
Then Triton shall vs call from hye,
and we to seas repayre.

(...)

Pages of the original were unnumbered. Please consult the original source.