

Anna Hume

Anna Hume's translation of the first three *Triumphs* survives in the first (and only) printed edition, published in Edinburgh in 1644 by Evan Tyler; in 2006, the publisher Ashgate printed a facsimile of this edition for its 'The Early Modern Englishwoman' series, with an introduction by Thomas P. Roche. Roche used the copy now held at the Houghton Library at Harvard, but he also checked ten other surviving copies in British and American libraries, and concluded that all the examined copies were similar. The present edition is based on the British Library copy, which is also the one available in EEBO. It is a very small octavo, but a very clear copy (clearer than the Ashgate facsimile). I have also transcribed Hume's Argument and notes appended at the end of each chapter.

The Triumph of Death. Chap. I.

The Argument.

Lauretta meeting cruell Death,

Mildely resignes her noble Breath.

The glorious Maid, whose soule to Heaven is gone

And left the rest cold earth, she who was growne

A pillar of true vallour, and had gain'd

Much honour by her victory, and chain'd

That God which doth the world with terrour binde,

5

Using no armour but her owne chaste minde;

A faire aspect, coy thoughts, and words well weigh'd,

Sweet modestie to these gave friendly aid.

It was a miracle on earth to see

The bow and arrowes of the Deities, 10
 And all his armour broke, who erst had slain
 Such numbers, and so many captive tain:
 The faire Dame from the noble fight withdrew
 With her choise company, they were but few,
 and made a little troupe, true vertu's rare, 15
 Yet each of them did by her selfe appeare
 A theame for Poems, and might well incite
 The best Historian: they bore a white
 Unspotted Ermine, in a field of green,
 About whose neck a Topas chain was seen 20
 Set in pure gold; their heavenly words and gate
 Exprest them blest were borne of such a fate.
 Bright stars they seem'd, she did a Sun appeare,
 Who darkned not the rest, but made more cleare
 Their splendour; honour in brave minds is found: 25
 This troupe with Violets and Roses crown'd,
 Chearfully marcht, when lo, I might espie
 Another ensigne dreadfull to mine eye,
 A Ladie cloth'd in blacke, whose sterne looks were
 With horrour fill'd, and did like hell appeare, 30
 Advanc't, and said, You who are proud to be
 So fair and young, yet have no eyes to see
 How neare you are your end, behold, I am
 She, whom they, fierce, and blinde, and cruell name,
 Who meet untimely deaths; 'twas I did make 35

Greece subject, and the Romane Empire shake;
 My piercing sword sack't Troy, how many rude
 and barbarous people are by me subdu'd?
 Many ambitious, vaine, and amarous thought
 My unwisht presence hath to nothing brought: 40
 Now am I come to you, whiles yet your state
 Is happy, ere you feel a harder fate.
 On these you have no power, she then replide,
 Who had more worth than all the world beside,
 And little over me; but there is one 45
 Who will be deeply griev'd when I am gone,
 His happinesse doth on my life depend,
 I shall finde freedom in a peacefull end.
 As one who glancing with a sudden eye
 Some unexpected object doth espie; 50
 Then lookes again, and doth his owne haste blame:
 So in a doubting pause, this cruell dame
 A little staid, and said, The rest I call
 To minde, and how I have o'recome them all:
 Then with lesse fierce aspect, she said, Thou guide 55
 Of this faire crew, hast not my strength assaid,
 Let her advise, who may command, prevent
 Decrepit age, 'tis but a punishment;
 From me this honour thou alone shalt have,
 Without or feare or paine, to finde thy grave, 60
 As he shall please, who dwelleth in the Heaven

And rules on earth, such portion must be given
 To me, as others from thy hand receive:
 She answered then; a farre we might perceave
 Millions of dead heapt on th' adjacent plain, 65
 No verse nor prose may comprehend the slain
 Did on deaths Triumph wait, from India,
 From Spain, and from Morocco, from Cathai,
 And all the skirts of th' earth they gathred were,
 Who had most happy liv'd, attended there; 70
 Popes, Emperours, nor Kings, no ensignes wore
 Of their past height, but naked shew'd and poore.
 Where be their riches, where their precious jems,
 Their Miters, Scepters, Roabs and Diadems?
 O miserable men, whose hopes arise 75
 From worldly joyes, yet be there few so wise
 As in those trifling follies not to trust;
 And if they be deceiv'd in end 'tis just:
 Ah, more then blinde, what gain you by your toyle
 You must returne once to your mothers soyle, 80
 And after times your names shall hardly know,
 Nor any profit from your labour grow;
 All those strange countreyes by your warlick stroke
 Submitted to a tributary yoke;
 The fuell erst of your ambitious fire, 85
 What helpe they now? the vast and bad desire
 Of wealth and power at a bloody rate

Is wicked, better bread and water eat
 With peace; a wooden dish doth seldome hold
 A poysoned draught, glasse is more safe then gold; 90
 But for this Theame a larger time will aske,
 I must betake me to my former taske.
 The fatall houre of her short life drew neare,
 That doubtfull passage which the world doth feare;
 Another company, who had not beene 95
 Freed from their earthy burden there were seene,
 To try if prayers could appease the wrath,
 Or stay th' inexorable hand of death.
 That beauteous croude conveen'd to see the end
 Which all must taste; each neighbour, every friend 100
 Stood by, when grim death with her hand tooke hold,
 And pull'd away one only haire of gold.
 Thus from the world this fairest flower is tane
 To make her shine more bright, not out of spleen:
 How many moaning plaints, what store of cries 105
 Were uttered there, when fate shut those faire eyes
 For which so oft I sung; whose beautie burn'd
 My tortur'd heart so long; whiles others mourn'd
 She pleas'd, and quiet did the fruit enjoy
 Of her blest life; farewell, without annoy, 110
 True Saint on earth, said they; so might she be
 Esteem'd, but nothing bates death's crueltie.
 What shall become of others, since so pure

A body did such heats and colds endure,
 And chang'd so often in so little space? 115
 Ah worldly hopes, how blinde you be, how base?
 If since I bathe the ground with flowing teares
 For that milde soule, who sees it witnessse bears;
 And thou who read'st maist judge she fetter'd me,
 The sixt of April, and did set me free 120
 On the same day and moneth: O! how the way
 Of fortune is unsure, none hates the day
 Of slavery, or of death, so much as I
 Abhorre the time which wrought my liberty,
 And my too-lasting life; it had been just 125
 My greater age had first been turn'd to dust,
 And paid to time, and to the world the debt
 I ow'd, then earth had kept her glorious state:
 Now at what rate I should the sorrow prise
 I know not, nor have Art that can suffise 130
 The sad affliction, to relate in verse
 Of these faire Dames, that wept about her herse;
 Courtesie, Vertue, Beautie, all are lost,
 What shall become of us? none else can boast
 Such high perfection, no more we shall 135
 Heare her wise words, nor the Angelicall
 Sweet musick of her voyce; whiles thus they cride
 The parting spirit doth it selfe divide
 With every vertue from the noble brest,

As some grave Hermite, seeks a lonely rest: 140
 The Heav'ns were cleare, and all the ambient Aire
 Without a threatning Cloud, no adversaire
 Durst once appeare, or her calme minde affright;
 Death singly did her selfe conclude the sight;
 After, when feare, and the extreamest plaint 145
 Were ceast, th'attentive eyes of all were bent
 On that fair face, and by despaire became
 Secure; she who was spent, not like a flame
 By force extinguisht, but as lights decay,
 And undiscerned waste themselves away: 150
 Thus went the soule in peace, so lamps are spent
 As the oyle fails which gave them nourishment;
 In summe, her countenance you still might know
 The same it was, not pale, but white as snow,
 Which on the tops of hills in gentle fleakes 155
 Fals in a calme, or as a man that takes
 Desired rest, as if her lovely sight
 Were clos'd with sweetest sleep, after the spright
 Was gone. If this be that fooles call to die,
 Death seem's in her exceeding faire to be. 160

The end of the first Chapter

ANNOTATIONS UPON THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

Noble fight, line, 13.] Her fight with Cupid: See above in the Triumph of Chastitie.

Choice Company, 14. *line.*] The Ladies that had been vertuous before her time, and now waited on her Triumph, *Lucrece, Penelope, &c.*

They bore a white, 18. *line.*] Their ensigne, a white Ermine in a greene field, with a chaine of Topasses set in pure gold: the white Ermine was an Embleme of innocencie: The Topasses of Chastity: and the pure gold of tride Vertue.

On these 43. *line.*] Meaning the other Ladies that waited on her, because they were all dead long before.

There is one, 45. *line.*] *Petrarch*, whom she thought would be more hurt by her death then her selfe, in regard of his extreme affection,

Another Company, 95. *line.*] The former Company who were dead, could not bee sory for her death, because she would be nearer them, but another company of Ladies, her friends and neighbours, came to pray that death would let her stay longer amongst them.

One onely haire, 102. *line.*] Alluding to the purple haire on the head of *Nisus*, which his daughter stole, because he could not dies whiles he wore it, as if *Lauretta* had had such another: or as if every body had one. See above in the *Triumph of Love*, 2. Chap. 155. *line.*

No adversary, 142. *line.*] No wicked spirit, meaning, that she was troubled with no apparitions at her death.

Chap. II.

The Argument.

The happy spirit doth descend

To comfort her afflicted friend.

That night which followed the too-sad decay

Of my best Sunne, whiles it was yet full day:

(Whence I remain as blinde) the Summer dew

Slides through the Aire, and faire *Titonia* now
 Bestowes true dreames, (when like the growing yeare) 5
 A Ladie (crown'd with orient jennes) drew nere:
 (With whom a thousand other Crownes did move)
 And stretching forth that object of my love,
 Her hand; she spoke, from whose sweet words did flow
 Joy to my soule, and said, Doe you not know 10
 Her, who hath rais'd your thoughts above the strain
 Of the low vulgar, as her love did gain
 Place in your heart, then with a sober looke
 She set her selfe and me, close by a brooke
 O're shadowed with a lawrell and a beach: 15
 Like one whose weeping interrupts his speech:
 Must I not know the soul maintains my breath;
 But doe you live, or are tane hence by death?
 I answer'd, Pray instruct; I live said she,
 And you are dead, till you be joyn'd with me: 20
 But time is short, though we desire it long,
 Take my advice, and curb your flowing tongue:
 The day approacheth fast, my sad reply
 Was this: Ah say, is it much pain to die?
 You lately tri'd and knew, you'l ne'r obtain 25
 True happinesse, she said, if you remaine
 In this so blinde and common error; know,
 Death is the end of prison and darke woe
 To well-bred soules, doth onely terrour prove

To those that place on earthy drosse their love; 30
 And even my death which doth my soul annoy,
 Could you conceive the least part of my joy,
 Would make you happy (having fixt her eye,
 Whiles thus she spake, devoutly on the skie)
 Then clos'd her rosie lips, and silent staid: 35
 Sicknesse and Tyrants cruelties have made
 Death bitter, I reply'd: 'Tis true, said she,
 The pains we feel before the death bitter be,
 And hellish torments worse; but he whose minde
 Is staid by heavenly hopes, shall truely finde, 40
 Though weake and wearied, this last step a short
 Sigh, and no more; as I drew neare the Port,
 My body weake, my soul did much rejoyce;
 Yet heard the whispering of mourning voyce;
 Alas, for him who reckons every day 45
 A thousand yeares, and stil in vain doth stay
 On earth, and never more must see her face
 On Sea or Land, and filleth every place
 With that one Theame, and findeth no delight
 Of ought but her, to thinke, or speake, or write. 50
 My sight I that way turn'd, from whence mine eare
 Receiv'd the sound, and saw 'twas the whole care
 Us'd to incite my Love, and temper thine:
 Her face and speech I knew, oft her divine
 Wise counsels, healing cordials were to me, 55

With honest mirth and chearful gravitie:
 When I with most felicitie was blest
 In my first prime, and when thou lov'dst me best;
 When thy praise fam's me most, even then my life
 Was little better than a bitter strife, 60
 Compar'd with that sweet death, which few obtain;
 No banisht man call's to his home again
 Is more joy'd, then this passage pleased me:
 But for the pittie that I had of thee
 I do adjure thee, by that faithfull Love 65
 Thou knewst on earth, but better know'st above;
 Did ever Love, said I, beget in thee
 One thought to pittie my long misery,
 Not wronging thy great minde; the sweet disdain,
 Sweet mildnesse of your looks in doubtfull pain, 70
 Hath held my withes long; ere I had said
 The words, a lightning smile, such as oft paid
 And eas'd the sadnesse of my wounded heart
 I saw: Then she replide; Nothing could part
 My soule from thine, nor shal; but 'tdid behove 75
 with outward coldnesse to restrain thy love,
 No other way would have preserv'd our fame;
 A rod destroyes not a kinde mothers name;
 I studied to conceale my Love, such care
 And providence dwell not with hope and feare; 80
 My countenance you saw, but not my heart,

I turn's and staid thy course with heedfull Art;
 As one would tame a horse: my cheeks have been
 Oft dy's with fain'd wrath, when my heart within
 Was a whole fire of Love; yet reason still 85
 Kept her owne place, and did command my will:
 But when I found thee overcharg'd with woe,
 I us'd my milder lookes, preventing so
 Thy death, and my reproach; when I observ'd
 Thy passion grow too strong, I then reserve'd 90
 My selfe, as if with grieffe or feare opprest:
 These were my ensignes, and I found it best
 To mixe disdain with favours, this your songs
 Have made already passe through many tongues;
 When I beheld the teares swimme in thine eye, 95
 I said Without my help, I feare he'll dye:
 Then gave some modest aid; when you were bold,
 I said, he must be curb'd: now pale and cold,
 Now warme and fresh, now sad, now full of joy,
 I kept thee safe, not without much annoy; 100
 Glad t' have thus finisht, 'twere enough reward
 Could I believ't; thus trembling, as affeard,
 Not with dry eyes, I said, she made reply,
 Doe you distrust, for what end should I ly;
 A little blushing, then went on, If to 105
 My partiall eye, the world esteemed you:
 I held me quiet, being thoroughly blest

In that true-love knot lockt within my brest:
 The faire report (if it be truth) I heare
 The praises have acquir'd me farre and neare, 110
 I much esteem, and never more did crave
 But moderation in thy love to have;
 That onely wanted; whiles with signes of woe
 You would perswade what I did throughly know,
 To open view you did your heart expose: 115
 My coldnesse hence, hence your distemper rose:
 In other things we did like friends agree,
 Joyn's by a Love, from all base passions free;
 My heart was burnt with almost equal fire,
 At least, when once I knew thy strong desire; 120
 But mine I hid, whiles yours was open laid:
 When you were hoarce, with having often praid,
 For pittie, I was silent, shame and feare
 Were cause my great Love did but smal appeare:
 Griefe is of no lesse weight, because conceal'd, 125
 Nor more when by impatience 'tis reveal'd;
 Deceit doth not increase, nor yet impaire
 A truth; But say, Was not my Love then cleare
 When I receiv'd the lines you sent before
 Your face and song? *My Love dares say no more.* 130
 My heart was stil with thee, though I restrain'd
 My lookes; and you, as having wrong, complain'd,
 Because I gave the most part, and withdrew

The least, yet was not that with-held from you;
 A thousand and a thousand times mine eye 135
 Was turn'd with pittie on thy misery;
 And ever had continued stil the same
 But that I fear'd a danger in thy flame:
 And not to leave you in suspense, Ile show
 What I beleeve you wil be glad to know; 140
 In all the rest I found a pleasing fate,
 Onely for one cause I dislik'd my state;
 My place of birth did to my thoughts appeare
 Too meane, and I stil grieve 'twas not more neare
 Thy flowry seat, yet doe I wel approve 145
 Of any Countrey where I had thy Love;
 Besides, the heart in which I place most trust,
 If me thou hadst not known, 'tis like it must
 Have elsewhere lov'd, so had I got lesse fame;
 You do mistake, my Love had been the same 150
 Where ever you had liv'd, my Starres did raise
 Me to so high a flame, I said: much praise
 And honour have attended me, she said,
 How e're it be, but I too long have staid:
 Thy joy makes thee forget the wings of time, 155
 Aurora now brings day, the Sun doth climbe
 Above the Ocean, from her golden bed;
 At last, about to part and leave me sad,
 She said, If you have ought besides make haste

And end your speach before the time be past; 160
 All my past suff' rings your kinde words make light,
 I answered, But I grieve without your sight,
 And wish to know, if I am like to be
 Long here, or if I soon may follow thee:
 She going thus replide; I do beleeve, 165
 That without me on earth you long must live.

The End of the Triumph of Death.

ANNOTATIONS UPON THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

Best sunne, 2. line.] Meaning *Lauretta*, who dyed in the middest of her age, being but 33. yeares old.

Titania, 4. line.] Aurora the morning, called Titania from Titan, the Sunne, who lodgeth with her.

True dreames, 5. line.] The morning dreames are held true, because the fancie is then most free from vapours.

A Ladie, 6. line.] *Lauretta* crowned, because she was now a Saint.

Other crownes did move, 7. line.] Other crowned Saints that came along with her, belike hee thought they must dote on her, as hee did.

Doe you live, &c. 18. line.] The *Italian Commentary* makes a long and needlesse discourse to defend the congruitie of this place, as if all did not know that those who dreame they see a dead person appeare, as if alive, doe ordinarily make such a doubt in their sleepe.

When I receiv'd, 129. line.] Hee had one time, as hee used, sent her some of his verses, and coming himselfe just as they were presented to her, shee received them in his presence, *Italian Commentary*.

My Love dares say no more, 130. line.] Shee sung a song, beginning thus, for an undirect excuse of her reservation.

Flowrie seat, 145. line.] Florence.

Of any countrey, &c. 146. *line.*] The sense here seemed cleare to mee, that *Lauretta* being well descended, but borne in Cabriers, an obscure village, shee was onely displeas'd with that particular; yet the honour of his love was recompence enough for that misfortune, and any place good enough where shee had that honour: and if shee had beene borne neare Florence, where hee had his birth, shee might have beene unknowne to him who had left it, his parents being chased from thence by a contrary faction; and if hee had not seen her, it is like hee might have loved another, so should shee have missed that honour, to which *Petrarch* answers, That where ever she had beene borne, hee must needs have loved her, by the influence of his Starres: but when I looke on the *Italian Commentary*, I finde hee takes the meaning quite other wayes, which I have expressed as near his sence as I can, thus:

Thy flowry seat, for though I well approve

Of that faire countrey where I had thy love:

Yet might that heart, in which I trusted, stray

To other beauties, and be turned away

By this defect, so had I got lesse fame, &c.

As if shee had said her greatest misfortune was feare or jealousie, that hee disliking the place in which shee lived (though she thought it sweete enough) might change his affection, and bee drawne to love some other: Let him that reads or compares, take the sence hee approveth most.