Henry Parker, Lord Morley

The first printed edition (1555) of Henry Parker’s translation of the *Triumphi* is extant in five copies, now held in libraries in England or the United States.¹ No manuscript survives. I have used the British Library copy of the 1555 edition (shelf mark C.13.a.7[1-2]), a volume bound together with Thomas Twynne’s *Phisicke against Fortune, aswell prosperous, as aduerse* (London: Richard Watkins, 1579), a translation of *De remediis utriusque fortunae*. The frontispiece has no indication of place and year, and simply ‘I. C.’ for the printer. The Carnicelli edition (here indicated with the acronym *TFP*) almost always maintains the original spelling, but adds punctuation, that seems to be almost completely absent in the 1555 edition.

The Tryumphe of the excellente Poete Fraunces Petrarcha, of fearful death mooste elegantlye wrytten, ye that reade it, remember it.

This most noble and most gloryouse Ladye
That nowe is a spirite & in the earth doth lye
And somtyme was the hygh pyller of valour
Turned from hyr warre with laude and honour
Gladde to have ouercomen an enemy so great
That with his wyt turneth all men under feet
With none other armour she dyd this deade
But with a chast hart at the tyme of nede
With a swete face and with a clene thoughte
And with an honest speche this hath she wrought

¹ *TFP*, p. vii.
It was a newe wondre for to beholde and se
Love to be ouercome in such wyse and degre
His bowe broken his arrowes cast asyde
That slayne had so many men of pryde
And taken prysoners infinite of men

This noble Lady with hyr company then
Turned (as sayde is) from that hygh victory
All together going under a fayre canapye
There was but fewe no mervayl at all
Vertuous glory is rath and euer shall

But those that were present in that place
Eche one by themselues it is a playne case
Semed well worthy of laude to reherse
Of Poete or Oratour in prose or verse,

Hyr vyctoriouse standerde was this
In a greene felde a whyte armyne is
With a chayne of golde about his necke
A fayre Topazion therto dyd it decke
Nothynge after mortall mens rate
Was nether theyr speche nor yet theyr gate
But all devyne for to beholde and se
Happy are those that haue such destanye
They semed all fayre bryght starres
The Sonne in the myddes that not debarres
The lyght away, but geueth them lyght
Hauynge on theyr fayre heads on hyght
Rose garlandes and vyolets fresh and gay
And as a louyng gentle hart alwaye
Getteth honour for his vertuouse lyfe
So past this company without debate or stryfe
When that all sodenly there dyd appeare
A sadde blacke baner that approched nere
And a woman wrapped all in blacke
With suche a fury and with suche a wracke
That unneth I cannot the truth tell
In the tyme of the great myghty gyauntes fell
Were any so lothesome for to beholde and see
Unto this Lady so gastly moued she
And sayde O swete and excellent mayde
That goest here moost perfytely arayde
With youth and beautye and doste not se
The terme that I shall present arrest the
I am the same importune cruell best
Callyd Death fearefull that doth arrest
All creatures wyth my greate force and myght
Or the daye ende makyng it the nyght
It is I that hath quite and cleane wastyd
The great grekes nation and also hastyd
The noble Troyans unto theyr declyne
And last of all hath made to ende and fyne
The Romaynes glory wyth this blade kene
That prycketh and cutteth all away cleane
And infinite of other barbarous nations
Using euermore these wayes and facions
When that they loke not for me at all 65
Wyth sodeyn stroke I make them downe to fall
A thousand thoughtes of men frayle and vayne
I have broken this is true and certayne
And nowe to you when lyfe semeth best
Here am I comen your body to arrest 70
Or any harde fortune to you chaunce to fall
I wyll you take and ende not one but all
This excellent Lady hauing no peare
In al the worlde wyth sad and wise chere
Aunswered unto death there present agayne 75
In these chast companyes this is true & playne
Thou hast no reason nor yet noo power
And lesse of all other in me at this houre
Onely the spoyle that thou shalt haue
It is my chast body unto the graue 80
That well knoweth one as well as I
That taketh well my death most heauely
Hys lyfe on my health all doth depende
But unto the this is thy small ende
It shalbe to me no displeasure at all 85
To departe the frayle worlde lo this is all
This cruell beast with hyr wyse reason
Was no lesse marueld at that tyme and season
Than one that doth a thynge in soden haste
And whene the dede is so done and paste
Doth blame hym selve of that that he hath done
Euen so dyd this terrible monster soone
And when he had hym selve paused a whyle
With a more softe speache, and gentle style
Thou (sayes he) that present here doest guyde
This fayre chast bande on euery syde
That hast not yet my fearefull stroke assayde
By my councell be not so sore afrayde
For that I wyll nowe do is for the best
To make the fle (O mayde) from age opprest
Whiche hath alwayes longynge therunto
Muche grief and dolour with payne & longe wo
And to this nowe present, disposed I am
Thou fayre creature and swete woman
To do the suche honor present in this place
That thy spirite shall from the body passe
Without feare, dolour, or grief at all
Be of good comfort O mayde, I haue sayde all
This Angelyke creature when she had harde
What Death had sayde, agayne aanswerd
As it pleaseth Christ our Lorde almyghtye
That ruleth and tempereth all thynges eternally

---

2 *TFP*: ‘And when she had her selfe paused a whyle’.
3 *TFP*: ‘sayes she’.
4 *TFP*: nasti.
Do thou unto her⁵ as thou doest to all men

Thus this fayre Lady aunswered there and then

And lo eu'en there present all sodenly

Full of dead bodyes that great place dyd lýe

In such a number that them for to rehearse

It cannot be countyd in prose nor yet in verse

Of Cateya of Marow of Spayne and Inde

Innumerable deade of all mankynde

There were those that men happy dyd call

Kynges Emperours and Byshoppes all

Now be they poore⁶ as poore as beggers be

Where is there ryches & honour trowe ye

Theyr scepters theyr crownes with theyr preciouse stones

Theyr myters of purple dected for the noones

Gone is all theyr glory and theyr freshe luste

A foole is he that to such thinges doth truste

But those that wyll nedes hope therunto

At length shall se the matter to be so

Them selues utterly scornyd and beguyled

When all theyr fancys shalbe quyte exiled

O blynde fooles euen worse then madde

For all the pleasures and joyse ye haue hadde

To your olde mother ye must nedes passe

And your names forgotten and turned to was

---

⁵ *TFP*: ‘unto me’.
⁶ *TFP*: ‘Now they be poore’.
What profyte hath it then bene unto you
Wyth swerde and blode strong nacions to subdue
To mucke up treasure and your soules to defyle
It had bene better to haue lyued a whyle
Porely in thys world with browen bread & water
But nowe wyll I returne agayne to my matter
I say than whan the extreme houre was come
Of thys fayre Lady this is all and some
And that she must the doubtfull passe assay
That puttes all the worlde in dreade and fraye
There came to se her of women many one
To knowe and se or that the lyfe were gone
What payne the fayre Creature dyd abyde
Both fryndes and Neybors diuers on eche side
And lo as they her great beautie dyd beholde
Death dissolued the fayre here of golde
And so the fayrest flower that euuer was
He\textsuperscript{7} dyd roote up Alas I say Alas
Not for no hate that he\textsuperscript{8} to her then hadde
But in heauen for to make her spirite gladde
O howe many complayntes and bewaylinges
Syghes and teares and other lamentinges
Were there than among the women all
When that, that\textsuperscript{9} fayr bryght eyes celestiall

\textsuperscript{7} TFP: ‘She’.
\textsuperscript{8} TFP: ‘she’.
\textsuperscript{9} TFP: ‘those’.
For which many a swete songe I made
Many a sonete many a freshe balade
Were closed and shot up Alas O wo is me
This fayre Creature what trowe ye then did she
Syt styll and glade in quiete and pease 165
And gether the fructe of her vertuousnesse
Go thy wayes O deare godes well content
In peace and quiet with all thy vertues excellent
But litle it auayled agaynst deathes myght
Then if she haue agaynst such a one ryght 170
What shall it be trowe ye of the reste
O humayne hope with al mysery opprest
In a fewe myghtes\(^\text{10}\) so swete a mayde
Goone and past in so short a brayde
So many teares for her death sprede 175
Thou that seste it or heryst it redde
Thinke what it is the worlde for to truste
When such a creature is turned unto dust
It was for truth the sixe day of Apryll
That loue to loue hyr dyd me compell 180
And euen that same selfe houre and daye
Death dyd take my loue and ioye awaye
And nowe as fortune is wont for to chaunge
Hath broken the knot and eke the raunge

\(^{10}\) TFP: ‘nyghtes’.
With such sorowe unto my wofull harte
That I am afrayde I saye, as for my parte
To tellt it ether in verse or in ryme
It was to me so sorowfull a tyme
Vertue sayde they that were present there
Excellent beutye and moost womanly chere
Nowe is deade and gone what shall we be
When she is past the death as we do se
When shall hyr peere or lyke be seene agayne
So great perfection in one for to remayne
So swete a speache so Angelyke a voyce
This aboue all other was the choyce
And the spyryt when it shulde depart
As they myght se and perftyly aduerte
With all other vertues gathered in one
Where as it went the ayre moost bryghtly shone
None euyll aduersary was so hardy there
Afore hyr presence to stande or appeare
With foule semblaunt to put hyr in dread
Tyll death his assaute had done in dede
But after that when all the feare was past
And by disperation they sure at the last
Eche one dyd beholde that moost swete face
How preciouse it was, how full of grace
Not dyssolued with no vyolent payne
But passynge awaye with an easy vayne
Even as a swete lyght that commeth to decay
Lytle and lytle consumynge awaye
When that the byrth lycoure is past and gone
The flame extincte then lyght is there none
Not pale she laye but whyter then the snow
That the wynde agaynst the hyl doth blowe
As he that wery is, and woulde haue rest
So she laye when death had hyr oppreste
And as one that slepeth softe and quietlye
So myght they all then and there espye
Dreadful death that fooles haue in disgrace
Fayre and beutifull in that swetest face.

The seconde Chapter of the Tryumpe of death.

The nyghte folowyng ye this horrible chaunce
Fell, to my hартes joye & pleasaunce
That made in maner the sone lese his lyght
And from ye erth toke also all delyght
And the fayre flowre in heauen on hygh set
My guyde gone and I with sorowe fret
And blynde lefte from al ioye and pleasure
The swete softe season pleasaunt be ye sure
With the colde that spredde was in the ayre
Afore Aurora most delicate and fayre
Taketh awaye with his\textsuperscript{11} holsome streames
All untrue and fayned false dreames
Euen at that tyme to me dyd appeare
Semblaunt to that season a mayde fayre & cleare
Crowned with ryche orient pearles whyte
And for to encrease the more my delayght
Hyr fayre hande stretche forth then dyd she
And softly syghyng gently spake to me
Doest thou not knowe me sayth she me tell
Hyr that sometyme thou dyddest loue so well
Of whome thy harte was all set on fyre
And made the forsake all foule and vyle desire
Thus sayinge with a sadde sobre countenance
She sat her downe my joye and my pleasance
And made me syt by hyr euene there
Apon a bancke me thought we twayne were
Whiche was shadowed with the Lawrell tree
A great beche therby well myght I see
And I so set muche lyke in suche a case
As he that speaketh and wepeth a great pace
Soo dyd I aunswer unto this Lady deare
O thou fayre creature without to haue a peare
Howe should it be that I the should forgette
Sythyns that euery my hart on the was set

\textsuperscript{11} TFP: ‘her’. 
Arte thou alyue or deade I longe to knowe
I am alyue sayes she thou mayst me trowe
And thou arte deade and soo styl shalbe
Tyll that the last houre that taketh the
From the earth, now marke wel what I saye
The tyme is shorte, and our wyll alwaye
Is longe, and therefore I the rede
What thou wylt saye that is be sayde with sped
e
Lest that the daye that commeth at the hande
Make thou shalt not here no longer stande
Then sayde I O Lady swete and pereles
That hast proued I se it doubtles
That lyfe and death are both certayne
Tel me yf death be so great a payne
She aunswered forthwith and to me sayde
Mens blynde opinion makes it to be frayde
But for to tell the what it is in deade
Death is dissoluynge of all doubte and dread
And cleane delyuers us from a pryson darke
Specially to hym that gently doth warke
But unto hym that hath done amys
And all on couetousnesse his harte set is
It is a payne and doloure infinite
But I that from that am free and quyte
For this death whiche I dyd assaye
For whiche thou hast mourned to this daye
Woulde make the mery and all thy soores heale
If halfe the ioye thou haddest that I do feale
Thus spake she, and hyr celestyall eyes
Deuoutly she lyfte up unto the skyes

And that\textsuperscript{12} rodye lyppes more swete then rose
She helde hem styll tyll I dyd purpose
Silla, Nero, Cayus, and Maryus
With these tyrauntes put Maxentius
Sickenes in the brest and in the flanckes
Payne of burnyng, feuers and cranckes
Makes the death more bytter then gall
She aunswered me then forthwith all
I cannot (sayes she) for truth denye
But that the payne moost certaynlye
That goeth afore that the death doth come
Is wonder greuouse this is all and some
But that which greuith most of all
Is the feare of losse of the lyfe eternall
But the spirite that comfortes hym in good

\textsuperscript{12}TFP: ‘that’.

And with his harte doth dread his rodde
Unto hym I say what is the death
But euen a syght and a short stopping breath
This by my selfe dyd I well knowe and se
At the laste houre when death dyd take me
The body was sycke, but the soule was well
When that I harde one by me there tell
O howe wretched and miserable is he
That compteth the dayes of the infenyte
That Laura is in and thinketh euery day
A thousand dayes I dare ryght wel say
Her excelente person to se and to beholde
And neuer after se, his comfort should
Sekes for her the water and the lande
And never for her in quyete doth stande
But alwayes folowinge one maner of style
Howe that he may in euery tyme and whyle
On her to thynke on her with penne to wryte
On her to speake on hye for to endyte
This heryng casting myne eyes asyde
Hyr among the other there I espyde
That often moued me, the for to loue
And kyndled in thy hart farre aboue
The loue I bare alwayes unto the
I knowe her well that it was very she
That much comfortyd me or I dyed
With her wyse wordes on euery syde
And playnely to the when that I was
In my best tyme, and in that honest case

13 TFP: ‘her’.
In youth but tendre, and unto the moost dere
Whiche made many and dyuers here and there
To speake both and ofte of the and me
The lyfe wherein thou sawest me for to be
Was but bytter I sweare nowe on my fayth
To the respecte of my most pleasaunt death
Whiche to men mortall is very rare
So that when my lyfe awaye dyd fare
Euen at that poynyt I was moost mery and glad
Sauynge that of the great pytie I hadde
To departe this worlde trust thou me
As one in exyle his owne countre to se
Then sayde I to hyr euen there agayne
On the fayth Madame whiche you are certayne
That I ought you without for to chaunge
Tell me nowe and be not to me straunge
For you knowe all seynge that gloryous syght
Above our knowledge the eternall light
Had you euuer pitie in your harte
Of my greate sorowes, and paynes smarte
Not leauynge aparte your hygh chast wayes
Whiche that you used with me alwayes
Nowe shewynge to me a swete dysdayne
Nowe a swete angre to double my payne
Nowe shewynge a peax wrytten in your eyes
That hylde me to tyed and in such wyse
That doubtfull I was in what case I stoode
Many yeares thus I in loue abode
Scant had I these wordes to hyr sayde
When that I sawe euen at a brayde
That swete smylyng and Fayre countenaunce
That somtyme was my ioye and plesaunce
My conforte, my lust, and my reioysinge
In this wise to me moste graciouse speking
From the my hart was neuer deuyded
Nor neuer shall but that I prouided
Dyuers tymes with my wyse regard
I tempered thy loue y' well neer thou had marde
Because there was as than none other way
Oure feruent loue with honest\textsuperscript{14} for to stay
Therefore in lyke case as thou sest a mother
Correcte her deare chylde for no nother
But all to brynge her\textsuperscript{15} to good frame
Euen so dyd I then use the same
And sayde to my selfe full many a season
This man not louys but burnes out of reason
Wherefore it behoueth me for to prouyde
In this hard daungerouse case on euery syde
And surely full euyll prouydeth he
That loketh outwarde and doth not se

\textsuperscript{14} TFP: ‘honesty’.
\textsuperscript{15} TFP: ‘it’.
What is inwarde in such a peryllous case
This in my pitfulfull harte toke then place
And thys to the as a brydell was than
As thou seest by\textsuperscript{16} a horse reuled by a man
Wherefore somtyme I shewed me wonders glade
Somtyme agayne to be as sober and sadde
And yet I loued as hoote and true as you
Allwayes sauing the chosen honest dowe
Which soo my will than and euer opprest
That reason reulde my desyre at the lest
And when that agayne I dyd beholde and se
Thy sorowe so greuouse and paynefull for to be
Swetely and gently on the myne eyes I sett
Thy helth and welfayre agayne for to gett
Thys was euer my wise honest wayes
That I honestly used with the in those dayes
And when I sawe the teres droppyng auayle
Downe thy pale chokes lyke unto the hayle
Then I dyd pray and softly then I sayde
Here it is necessarye I geue anone an ayde
And when that thou were forthwith agayne
Into to much hope my loue for to attayne
Anone unto my selfe euen thus sayde I
Here of necessitie must be had a remedye

\textsuperscript{16} TFP omits ‘by’.
A harde and strayt byt I muste nowe put to
This with dyuers colo\’urs many mo
Wyth hoote with grene with golde with white
I kepte the alwayes stil\’ in honest plyte
Thou knowest this well and hast it tolde
And in many a swete sonet it enrolde
When she had sayde these wordes to me playne
With tremblyng voyce I sayd to her agayne
Your wordes to me should be passyng swete
For the greate loue and most feruant hete
That I haue euer borne my ioy to you
If I beleuyde them faythfully to be true
O unfaythfull man then answered she
Why shoulde I say these wordes unto the
If that my wordes were not true and juste
Nowe then I tell the disclose my hart I muste
If in this world lyu\’ing to my sight
I toke in the iuste\textsuperscript{17} pleasure and delight
I kept it secret where thou I say agayne
Thy loue to all men dydest make it playne
There was no dyfference in our loue at all
But that my true loue was ioyned all
In moost honest wyse so for to be
But nowe one thynge I wyll demaunde of the

\textsuperscript{17} TFP: ‘juste’.
When that thy swete balettes I dyd synge
Dyddest thou then doubte of me in any thynge?
I thynde playnly nay and therfore thus
Though for a tyme I was contrarius

By louynge straunge and semyng so to be
A thousande tymes thou mayst trust me
With my thoughte alwayes so I farde
Thou haddest of me an inwarde swete regarde
And more thy mynde at that tyme to appease

It greueth me sore that I was not borne
By thy fayre citie I saye to the therforne
Althoughe my countre full pleasaunt be
I woulde my nest had ben nere to the
Lest that percase thy mynde shulde chaunge
And loue some other amonge so great a raunge
To these wordes no worde then I sayd
The thyrde celestial speare had so arrayde
And lyfte in loue so sore my louynge thought
That aunswer hyr at that tyme coulde I nought
Then she to me with a benigne loue and chere
I haue in this world by the great honour here
And shal haue alwaye marke wel what I shal say
The nyght is past now commeth the bryght daye
Yf that to me thou wylt more saye swete hart
Be short I bid the for I must hence departe
O sayde I, myne owne swete Lady dere

For al the sorowe and payne I haue had here

In louinge you these wordes so fayre and swete

Doth recompence my loue and makes\textsuperscript{18} all mete

But from you thus for to be seperate playne

Is unto me a deadly mortall payne

But one thynge nowe to me you must declare

Or that ye from my wofull presence fare

Shall I lyue longe tell me after you

Or shortly as I woulde O Lady you ensue

She aunswered gently as farre as she coulde tell

Longe after hyr on earth here should I dwell

The ende of the Tryumphe of Death.

\textsuperscript{18} TFP: ‘make’.