

## ‘E. D.’

This translation of *Triumphus Mortis*, l. 79–100, is included in *The prayse of Nothing. By E. D.* (London: H. Iackson, 1585), sigg. F.iiv-G.ir. Approximately twenty-five copies of this book survive; the present transcription is based on Oxford, Bodleian Library, Douce D.199. The text was reprinted in *Writings in Verse and Prose of Sir Edward Dyer*, edited by Alexander B. Grosart (Blackburn: printed for private circulation, 1872), pp. 106–07. Grosart’s transcription is extremely faithful.

But to returne where I left, touching the contempt and abiect use of worldly things, Petrarck in his tryumphe of death, newly speaking in our tongue, by an unlearned translator, mainteyneth the same argument.

The Popes (saith he) the Kings, & who commanded haue the worlde,

Are naked now, misers, and needy persons all,

Now treasures where? now honors where? and precious stones?

And Scepters where? & Crownes, Myters, & purple shewes?

He wretched is that layes his hope in mortall things.

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But who doth not? and if he finde himselfe at length

Deceiued, tis reason great, and answeareth well his act.

O senceles man, so much to traueile what auailles?

To the auncient Mother great all shall returne at last,

And hardly shall the mention of your names be found,

10

Of a thousand labors not one a profite yeeldes,

But each of them apparant vanities are knowne.

Your studies who doth vnderstand can tell me this.

With minds inflamde, alwayes to damage of your selues,  
What profite ist? so many countryes to subdue, 15  
And nations diuers tributaries make vnknown,  
And after enterprices perillous and vaine,  
With blood to conquer walled Townes, and treasure get?  
A way more sweete is found with water, and with bread.  
With glasse & wood, then with ritch orient stone & gold. 20