

Henry Parker, Lord Morley

The first printed edition (1555) of Henry Parker's translation of the *Triumph* 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 excellent 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 5
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 10

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 15
 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 20
 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 25
 In a greene felde a whyte armyne is
 With a chayne of golde about his necke
 A fayre Topazion therto dyd it decke
 Nothyng after mortall mens rate
 Was nether theyr speche nor yet theyr gate 30
 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 35
 Hauynge on theyr fayre heades on hyght

Rose garlandes and vyolets fresh and gay
 And as a louynge gentle hart alwaye
 Getteth honour for his vertuouse lyfe
 So past this company without debate or stryfe 40
 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 45
 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 50
 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 55
 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 60
 The Romaynes glory wyth this blade kene
 That prycketh and cutteth all away cleane

And infinite of other barbarouse 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 thyng in soden haste
 And whene the dede is so done and paste 90
 Doth blame hym selfe of that that he hath done
 Euen so dyd this terrible monster soone
 And when he had hym selfe paused a whyle²
 With a more softe speache, and gentle style
 Thou (sayes he)³ that present here doest guyde 95
 This fayre chast bande on euery syde
 That hast⁴ not yet my fearefull stroke assayde
 By my counsell be not so sore afrayde
 For that I wyll nowe do is for the best
 To make the fle (O mayde) from age opprest 100
 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 105
 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 aunswerd 110
 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 euen there present all sodenly 115
 Full of dead bodyes that great place dyd lye
 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 120
 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 preciouise stones 125
 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 130
 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 135
 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 140
 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 145
 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 150
 And lo as they her great beautie dyd beholde
 Death dissolued the fayre here of golde
 And so the fayrest flower that euer was
 He⁷ dyd roote up Alas I say Alas
 Not for no hate that he⁸ to her then hadde 155
 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, that⁹ fayr bryght eyes celestiall 160

⁷ *TFP*: 'She'.

⁸ *TFP*: 'she'.

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 myghtes¹⁰ 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 ioeye 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 185
 That I am afrayde I saye, as for my parte
 To telll 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 190
 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 195
 This aboue all other was the choyce
 And the spyryt when it shulde depart
 As they myght se and perfytylly aduerte
 With all other vertues gathered in one
 Where as it went the ayre moost bryghtly shone 200
 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 205
 And by disperation they sure at the last
 Eche one dyd beholde that moost swete face
 How preciouise it was, how full of grace
 Not dyssolued with no vyolent payne
 But passynge awaye with an easy vayne 210

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 215
 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 220
 Dreadful death that fooles haue in disgrace
 Fayre and beutifull in that swetest face.

The seconde Chapter of the Tryumphe of death.

The nyghte folowyng y^t this horrible chaunce
 Fell, to my hartes joye & pleasaunce
 That made in maner the sone lese his lyght
 And from y^e erth toke also all delyght
 And the fayre flowre in heauen on hygh set 5
 My guyde gone and I with sorowe fret
 And blynde left from al ioye and pleasure
 The swete soft season pleasaunt be ye sure
 With the colde that spredde was in the ayre
 Afore Aurora most delicate and fayre 10

Taketh away with his¹¹ 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 15
 And for to encrease the more my delyght
 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 20
 Of whome thy harte was all set on fyre
 And made the forsake all foule and vyle desyre
 Thus sayinge with a sadde sobre countenance
 She sat her downe my joye and my pleasaunce
 And made me syt by hyr euen there 25
 Apon a bancke me thought we twayne were
 Whiche was shadowed with the Lawrell tree
 A greate beche therby well myght I see
 And I so set mucche lyke in suche a case
 As he that speaketh and wepeth a great pace 30
 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 euer my hart on the was set

¹¹ *TFP*: 'her'.

Arte thou alyue or deade I longe to knowe 35
 I am alyue sayes she thou mayst me trowe
 And thou arte deade and soo styll shalbe
 Tyll that the last houre that taketh the
 From the earth, now marke wel what I saye
 The tyme is shorte, and oure wyll always 40
 Is longe, and therefore I the rede
 What thou wylt saye that is be sayde with spede
 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 45
 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 50
 But for to tell the what it is in deade
 Death is dissoluyng 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 55
 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 60

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 that¹² rodye lypes more swete then rose 65
 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 70
 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 75
 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
 And with his harte doth dread his rodde 80
 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

¹² *TFP*: 'that'.

The body was sycke, but the soule was well 85
 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 90
 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 95
 Howe that he may in euery tyme and whyle
 On her to thynke on her with penne to wryte
 On her to speake on hye¹³ for to endyte
 This heryng casting myne eyes asyde
 Hyr among the other there I espyde 100
 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 105
 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 110
 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 115
 So that when my lyfe awaye dyd fare
 Euen at that poynt 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 120
 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 seyng that gloryous syght 125
 Aboue our knowledge the eternall light
 Had you euer 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 130
 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 135
 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 countenance
 That somtyme was my ioye and plesaunce 140
 My comforte, 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 145
 I tempered thy loue y^t well neer thou had marde
 Because there was as than none other way
 Oure feruent loue with honest¹⁴ for to stay
 Therefore in lyke case as thou sest a mother
 Correcte her deare chylde for no nother 150
 But all to brynge her¹⁵ 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 155
 In this hard daungerouse case on euery syde
 And surely full euyll prouydeth he
 That loketh outwarde and doth not se

¹⁴ *TFP*: 'honesty'.

¹⁵ *TFP*: 'it'.

What is inwarde in such a peryllous case
 This in my pitefull harte toke then place 160
 And thys to the as a brydell was than
 As thou seest by¹⁶ a horse reuled by a man
 Wherefore sometime I shewed me wonders glade
 Somtyme agayne to be as sober and sadde
 And yet I loued as hoote and true as you 165
 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 170
 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 droppynge auayle 175
 Downe thy pale chekes 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 180
 Anone unto my selfe euen thus sayde I
 Here of necessitie must be had a remedye

¹⁶ *TFP* omits 'by'.

A harde and strayt byt I muste nowe put to
 This with dyuers colours many mo
 Wyth hoothe with grene with golde with white 185
 I kepte the alwayes styll 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 190
 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 195
 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 lyuing to my sight
 I toke in the iuste¹⁷ pleasure and delight 200
 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 205
 But nowe one thyng I wyll demaunde of the

¹⁷ *TFP*: 'juste'.

When that thy swete balettes I dyd synge
 Dyddest thou then doubte of me in any thyng?
 I thynke playnly nay and therefore thus
 Though for a tyme I was contrarius 210
 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 215
 I wyl tell the that thyng that shal the please
 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 220
 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 225
 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 230
 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 235
 Doth recompence my loue and makes¹⁸ all mete
 But from you thus for to be seperate playne
 Is unto me a deadly mortall payne
 But one thyng nowe to me you must declare
 Or that ye from my wofull presence fare 240
 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.

¹⁸ *TFP*: 'make'.