

### The translation attributed to Elizabeth I

The text is extant in one manuscript, now Arundel (West Sussex), Arundel Castle, Arundel Harington MS, fols 219v-20v. The manuscript is currently preserved in an early nineteenth-century binding, in bad repair, with gold tooling on back and sides. It includes a number of blank pages at the beginning and at irregular intervals throughout. It is on sturdy paper, ruled in red (there are normally thirty-eight lines to a page), with the poems clearly written and divided one from the other; most of them have the word *Finis* at the end, followed by blank lines. The Petrarch translation is towards the end of the codex: ‘Triumphe Petrarcke’ is written at the very top of the page, in the same hand and ink as the rest. After this translation the manuscript has six blank pages.

The first modern editor is Ruth Hughey, who first rediscovered and studied the manuscript in 1934, then publishing a complete description and annotated edition of the codex in 1960.<sup>1</sup> She offers a faithful and accurate transcription, preserving the original punctuation, which is surprisingly modern and thorough. The text was edited by Leicester Bradner, and more recently by Janel Mueller and Joshua Scodel for the complete edition of Elizabeth’s works:<sup>2</sup> the editors slightly modernised punctuation and spelling, and introduced some capitalization. The present edition is based on the manuscript, noting editorial variants in the footnotes.

#### fol. 219v

Triumphe Petrarcke./

Amazed to see, nought vnder heavens cope

steddie and fast, thus to my self I spake

Advise the well: on whome doth hang thie hope,

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<sup>1</sup> *The Arundel Harington Manuscript of Tudor Poetry*, ed. by Ruth Hughey (Columbus: The Ohio State University Press, 1960), henceforth *AHM*.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth I, *The Poems*, ed. by Leicester Bradner (Providence: Brown University Press, 1964), henceforth Bradner. *Elizabeth I. Translations 1544-1589*, ed. by Janel Mueller and Joshua Scodel (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2009), pp. 469-74, henceforth Mueller-Scodel.

On god (said I) that promyse never brake  
 With those that trust in hym. But now I know 5  
 how earst the fickle world abvsed me  
 eke what I am and was, and now to goe  
 or rather flye the nimble tyme I see  
 Blame wold I, wist I whome: for all the cryme  
 is myne that sholde (not slacking till the last) 10  
 haue earst vnclosed myne eyes before this tyme.  
 for trouthe to say, olde waxe I all to fast  
 But overlate godes grace came never yet  
 in me also I trust there shall be wrought  
 works wonderfull and strange by meanes of it. 15  
 These sayed and answeare made thus more I thought  
 If none of all these thinges do stand in staye  
 that heaven turnes and guydes, what end at last  
 shall follow of their everturning swaye?  
 Whyle deeper yet my searching mynd I cast 20  
 a world all new even then it seemed me  
 in never chaunging and ever lyving age  
 the sonne, the skye with all her sterres to see  
 dissolved quite with earth and seas that rage  
 one made more faire and pleasant in his place 25  
 when hym that never stayed but earst to chaunge  
 eache thing was wont wandring in divers race  
 stand on one foote I saw: how seemed it straunge  
 all his three partes, brought into onlye one

and that one fast so that as wont it was 30  
 no more so swifte it hasted to be gone  
 but had one shew as earth dispoiled of grasse  
 there were not shall be, hath bene, after earst  
 to irkesome weake and divers state that brought  
 our life./ as Sonne dothe pearce the glasse so pearste 35  
 my thought, yea more, for nothing stoppith thought  
 What grace fynd I, to see if I attaine  
 even face to face the greattest god<sup>3</sup> of all  
 (no ill whiche onlye tyme gieves and againe  
 as first it came with tyme eke parte it shall 40  
 the Bull or fishe lodge shall no more the Sonne  
 whose chaunge dothe make a toyle now dye now springe

**fol 220r**

now waste now growe. Oh happie spirites that wonne  
 or shall hereafter stand in the chief ring  
 Wose names aye memorie writes in her booke 45  
 Oh happie hee to fynde, whose happ shalbe  
 the deepe Chanell of this swift ronning brooke  
 whose name is life that manie wishe to see,  
 wretched and blynd the common sort that stay  
 their hope on things w<sup>ch</sup> tyme reaves in a trice 50  
 all deaff, naked and subiect to decaye  
 quite void of reason and of good advice  
 and wretchid mortall men throughout diseas'd)

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<sup>3</sup> Bradner and Mueller-Scodel: 'good'.

whose beck doth guide the world by whome at iarre  
 are sett the elements and eake appeased 55  
 whose skill doth stretche beyond my reache so farr  
 that even the Angells are content and ioye  
 of thowsand partes but one to see, and bend  
 their witts to this; and this wishe to enioye  
 Oh happie wandring mynde; ay hungryng to the end 60  
 What meane so manie thoughts? one howre dothe reave  
 that many yeares gathered with moche adoe<sup>4</sup>  
 To morrow, yesterdaye, morning and eve,  
 that presse our sowle and it encombre soe  
 before hym passe shade like at ones awaye 65  
 for was or shalbe no place shall be fownde  
 but for the tyme of is, now, and todaye  
 onlye eternitie knitt fast and sownde  
 Huge hills shalbe made plaine, that stopped cleane  
 our sight, ne shall there any thing remayne 70  
 where on may hope or our remembrance leane  
 whose chaunge make other doe that is but vaine  
 and lif to seeme a sporte. Even with this thought  
 what shall I be, what was I hearetofore  
 all shall be one, ne peecemeale<sup>5</sup> parted ought 75  
 Sommer shalbe, ne<sup>6</sup> winter any more  
 but tyme shall dye, and place be chang'd with all

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<sup>4</sup> *AHM*: 'a doe'.

<sup>5</sup> *AHM*: 'peese meale'.

<sup>6</sup> Bradner and Mueller-Scodel: 'nor'.

and yeares shall beare no rule on mortall fame  
 but his renome for ever florishe shall  
 that once atchiev'd to be of flowring name 80

Oh happie soules that now the path dothe treade  
 or henceforth shall when it so happs to be  
 whiche, to the end whearof I speake doth leade  
 of faire and wandring sprights yet happiest shee

**fol. 220v**

Whome deathe hath slayne farr shortt of natures bounde 85  
 the heavenlye talke good words and thoughts so chaste  
 Open shall lye vnfolded in that stounde E. R.<sup>7</sup>  
 Which kinde within a youthfull hart hath plaste:<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> 'E.R.' is on the margin of the last three lines. Beneath these initials is a contraction which might be *scr* (scripsit) or *sec* (secundus): 'the latter reading might refer to the second year of the Queen's reign, but this is not certain' (Bradner, p. 79). The verso of the folio, and fols 221, 222, and 223r are blank, but ruled.

<sup>8</sup> Bradner and Mueller-Scodel: 'placed'.