

Consolatio 1m1, translated by George Colvile (1556)

[sig. B1^r]

I That in tyme of prosperite, & floryshing studye, made pleasaunte and delectable dities, or verses: alas now beyng heauy and sad ouerthrwen in aduersitie, am compelled to fele and tast heuines and greif. Beholde the muses Poecicall, that is to saye: the pleasure that is in poetes verses, do appoynt me, and compel me to writ these verses in meter, and y^e sorowfull verses do wet my wretched face with very waterye teares, yssuinge out of my eyes for sorowe. Whiche muses no feare without dout coulde ouercome, but that they wold folow me in my iourney of exile or banishment. Sometyme the ioye of happy and lusty delectable youth dyd comfort me, and now the course of sorrowfull olde age causeth me to reioyse. For hasty old age vnloked for is come vpon me with al her incommodities and euyls, and sorow hath commaunded and broughte me into the same old age, that is to say: that sorowe causeth me to be olde, before my time come of olde age. The hoer heares do growe vntimely vpon my heade, and my reuiled skynne trembleth my flesh, cleane consumed and wasted with sorowe. Mannes death is happy, that cometh not in youth, when a man is lustye, & in pleasure or welth: but in time of aduersitie, [sig. B1^v] when it is often desyred. Alas Alas howe dull and deffe be the eares of cruel death vnto men in misery that would fayne dye: and yet refusythe to come and shutte up theyr carefull wepyng eyes. Whiles that false fortune fauoryd me with her transitorye goods, then the howre of death had almost ouercom me. That is to say deathe was redy to oppresse me when I was in prosperitie. Nowe for by cause that fortune beyng turned, from prosperitie into aduersitie (as the clere day is darkyd with cloudes) and hath chaungyd her deceyuable countenance: my wretched life is yet prolonged and doth continue in dolour. O my frendes why haue you so often bosted me, sayinge that I was happy when I had honor possessions riches, & authoritie whych be transitory thynges. He that hath fallen was in no stedefast degre.

[marginal glossm, sig. B1^r] The poetes do faine that ther be .ix. Muses, that do geue y^e Poetes science to make versis in meter, and y^e same muses be called camene, that is to saye, synging swetlye, for that y^t they do muche delyte men by reason of suche meter, & they cause men to delyte in y^e vayne hyecions of poetes, and in the vayn plesures of the worlde.

Consolatio 1m1, translated by I.T. (1609)

I That with youthfull heate did verses write,
Must now my woes in dolefull tunes endite,
My worke is fram'd by Muses torne and rude,
And my sad cheeks are with true teares bedew'd,
For these alone no terrour could affray, [5]
From being partners of my weary way,
My happy and delightfull ages glory,
Is my sole comfort, being old and sory,
Old age through griefe makes vnexpected hast,
And sorrow in my yeares her signes hath plac't, [10]
Untimely hoary haire couer my head,
And my loose skin quakes on my flesh halfe dead,
O happy death, that spareth sweetest yeares,
And comes in sorrow often call'd with teares.
Alas how deafe is he to wretches cries; [15]
And loth he is to close vp weeping eyes;
While trustles chance me with vain fauour crowned,
That saddest houre my life had almost drowned:
Now she hath clouded her deceitfull face,
My spitefull dayes prolong their weary race, [20]
My friends, why did you count me fortunate?
He that is fall'n, ne're stood in setled state.