



DU  
BARTAS

HIS  
Devine Weekees and  
Workes Translated:

And Dedicated to the  
Kings most excellent  
Maiestie  
by Iosuah Sylvester:  
As was lately corrected & augmented

W. H. & S. sculp.

D. TACORIO MAGNA BRITANNIA



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THE  
SIXT DAIE OF  
THE FIRST  
WEEK:

THE ARGUMENT.

Inuiting all, which through this world, aspire  
Vnto the next, Gods glorious Works, admire;  
Heer, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings  
Beasts of the Earth, Cattell, and Creeping things:  
Their hurt and help to vs: The strange euent  
Between Androdus, and the Forrest Prince.  
The little-World (Commander of the greater)  
Why formed last: his admirable Feature:  
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wondrous operation:  
His dearest Rib. All Creatures generation.

An exhortation  
at which through  
the Pilgrimage  
of this life, tend  
toward the eter-  
lasting City, to  
consider will the  
excellent workes  
of God, be re-  
presented by our  
Poet.

YOU Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City) wend  
Toward th' happy City, whear withouten end  
True ioyes abound; to anchor in the Port  
Whear Deaths pale horrors never do resort:  
If you would see the fair Amphitheatres,  
Th' Arks, Arcenalls, Towers, Temples, and Theatres,  
Colosses, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces  
Proudly dispersed in your Pailages;  
Com, com with me: For, ther's not any part  
In this great Frame, where shineth any Arr,  
But I will show't you. Are you weary, since?  
What ty'd'so soon? Why, will you not (my friends)  
Having already ventur'd forth so far  
On Neptun's back (through Windes and Waters war)

Rowe

of the first Weeke.

Rowe yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,  
Whose hoars already my glad eyes discover?

Almighty Father, guide their Guide along,  
And pour vpon my faint vnfluent tongue  
The sweetest hony of th' Hyantian Fount,  
Which freshly perleth from the Muses Mount.  
With the sweet charm of my Victorious Verse,  
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;  
Make all the wilde Beasts, laying fury by,  
To com with Homage to my Harmony.

Inuention.

OF ALL THE Beasts which thou *This-Day* didst build, *The Elephas.*  
To haunt the Hills, the Forest, and the Field,  
I see (as vice-Roy of their brutish Band)  
The *Elephant*, the Vant-gard doth command:  
Worthy that Office; whether we regard  
His Towred back, whear many Souldiers ward;  
Or else his Prudence, whear withall he seems  
Tobscure the wits of human-kind sometimes:  
As studious Scholer, hee self-rumineth  
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoreth,  
Adores the Moon: mooued with strange desire,  
He feels the sweet flames of th' *Idalian* fire,  
And (pierc't with glance of a kinde-cruell ey)  
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dy.

Yea (if the *Grecians* doo not mis-recite)  
With's crooked trumpet he doth sometimes write.  
But, his huge strength, nor subtle wit, can not  
Defend him from the fly *Rhinoceros*:  
Who never, with blinde fury led, doth venter  
Vpon his Fo, but (ycr the Lifts he enter)  
Against a Rock he whetteth round about  
The dangerous pike vpon his armed snout:  
Then buckling close, doth not (at random) hack  
On the hard Cuiras on his Enemies back;  
But vnder's belly (cunning) findes a skin,  
Whear (and but thear) his sharped bladewill in.

His combat with  
the *Rhinoceros*.

The *Caly Dragon*, being else too lowe  
For th' *Elephant*, vp a thicke Tree doth goe;

M

So,

Then, like a shaft, th' *Tebneumon* instantly  
 Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth fly,  
 And feeds vpon that Clutton, for whose Riot  
 All *Niles* far Margents could scarce furnish diet.

God hath brought  
 vs to many great  
 vses of them,

Nay more good Lord! th' hast taught Mankinde a Reason  
 To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyson:  
 So that in equall Ballance ballancing  
 The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring  
 Vnto Mankind, we shall perceiue, the first  
 By many grains to over-waigh the worst.

Fierce and vnto  
 tameable beasts.

From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in safety:  
 Alas I see a Legion herce and lofty  
 Of *Sauvages*, whose fierc and furious pafe,  
 Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face  
 Make my sense sense-less, and my speech restrain,  
 And cast me in my former fears again.

The Wolfe.  
 Beare.  
 Beare.  
 Ounce.  
 Tigre.  
 Leopard.  
 Fiercours.  
 Hyena.  
 Mantichora, a  
 kind of Hyena.  
 Cephus, a kind of  
 Ape or Monkey  
 Chourca.

Already howls the walle-Fold *Wolfe*, the *Boar*  
 Whets foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,  
 The Cat-fac't *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,  
 With grumbling horror threatens my decay;  
 The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,  
 Foaming with fury do besiege me hard;  
 Then th' *Umcorn*, th' *Hyena* tearing-tombs  
 Swift *Mantichor*, and *Nubian* *Cephus* coms:  
 Of which last three, each hath (as heere they stand)  
 Man's voice, Man's visage, and Mans's foot and hand.  
 I fear the Beast, bred in the bloody Coast  
 Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)  
 Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb,  
 She doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.

The Percipiue.

But, O! what Monster 'tis this that bids me battail,  
 On whose rough back an Haast of Pikes doth rattle:  
 Who string-les shoots so many arrows out,  
 Whose thorny sides are hedged round about  
 With stiff steel-pointed quills, and all his parts  
 Bristled with bodkins, armed with Auls and Darts,  
 Which ny fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,  
 And to his ayd still new supplies to bring?

Q

O fortunate Shaft-neuer-wanting Bowe-man I  
 Who, as thou flyt canst hit thy following foe-man,  
 And never missest (or but very narrow)  
 Th' intended mark of thy selfe's kindred Arrows:  
 Who, still self-furnithe needest borrow never  
*Diana's* shafts, nor yet *Apollor* quiver,  
 Nor bowe-strings fetch from *Carian* *Aleband*,  
 Brazell from *Peru*, but halt all at hand  
 Of thine owne growth; for in thy Hide do growe  
 Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Bowe.

But (Courage now) heers coms the valiant Beast,  
 The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;  
 Who brauely-minded, is as milde to those  
 That yeeld to him, as fierc vnto his foes:  
 To humble suiters, neither stern nor statefull,  
 To benefactors never foundt ingratefull.

I call to record that faime *Roman* Thrall,  
 Who (to escape from his mechanical  
 And cruell Master, that (for lucre) vs'd him  
 Not as a Man, but as a Beast; abus'd him)  
 Fled through the desert, and with trauaill'd tir'd,  
 At length into a mossie caue retir'd:  
 But thera, no sooner gan the drowzy wretch  
 On the soft gras his weary limbs to stretch,  
 But coming swift into the caue he seeth  
 A ramping *Lion* gnashing of his teeth.

A thief, to shamefull execution sent  
 By *Iustice*, for his faults iust punishment,  
 Feeling his ey's clout, and his elbows cord,  
 Waiting for nothing but the fatal Sword;  
 Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly  
 Without delay in that drad place to Die:  
 Even so the Slave, seeing no means to thun  
 (By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction  
 (Having no way to fly, nor arms to fight,  
 But sighs and tears, prayers, and wofull plight)  
 Embraceth Death; abiding for a stown,  
 Pale, cold, and sense-less, in a deadly srown.

The Lion King  
 of Beasts.

A memorable  
 Historie of a  
 Lion acknow-  
 ledging the kind-  
 ness he had recei-  
 ued of Andro-  
 dus a Remane  
 Slave.

At