A Conference at the Castle of Count Angelo (1619?)

John Taylor, 'The Water Poet'[?]

Transcript

British Library, Harley MS 390, ff. 84r–85r

84r

A Conference at the Castle of S[ai]nt Angello betweene the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kinge of Spayne

[*Left margin:*Pope]
Wellcome Deare sonns vnto o[u]r Cort of Roome,
Blessing Apostolicke, & an holy doome
Sheild the howse of Austria from mischance,
And both his fortunes, ~~&~~ & his Crowne advance.

[*Left margin:*Emperor
]
Thy feete most holy Father doe I Kisse,
Off Churches Benediction doe I misse,
The Imperiall Crowne from Austria will bee gon,
W[hi]ch Heaveans forbid for then w'are all vndone,
Bohemians Rebells w[i]th Hungaria ioyne,
The Heretiques from Danuby to Reine,
Theire heads, theire Armes, theire sowrts doe combine
Against Rome, and Austria; Oh the Palatine,
That cursed Calvinist, w[i]th his partakers!
Those damned schismaticks, & church forsakers,
Vppon o[u]r Ruines seeke to raise theire fortune
W[hi]ch makes mee thus yo[u]r Holinesse importune.

[*Left margin:*Pope]
The keyes of ~~P~~ Peter, & the sword of Paull
Shall shutt, and open; cutt in peices all
The gates of Heaven, Nations Laws, & rights,
And turne cleare day into the darkest nights,
Ere one of Calvines, or of Luthers secte
W[i]th Roman Bayes, or Eagle shal bee dect.

[*Left margin:*Emperor
]
The threats & Curses of the Catholiques
Are now despis'd by those vile Heretiques
Helpe vs by Counsell theirefore Holy Sir
And shew vs meanes to quiett all this stirre.

[*Left margin:*Pope]
Thou maist by reasons, & Ambassages,
By questions, Answers, & like passages,
Winne tyme a while, but now th'are out of Date
Now swords, not words doe Kingdomes Arbitrate.
To Neighbors, freinds, & subiects quickly send
That from surprise thou maist thy self defend.
My Natives, & my Legates I'le dispatch
More fvries 'mongst the Catholiques to hatch
Ments, Colon, Triers, Catholique Babeere
Hast thou in Germanie, with others the[a]re.
Thy vncle Albert, & a Polish Kinge
Vnto thee quickly may theire sowrds bringe
Although my selfe w[i]th Florence may not send
Our armes soe soone, yett mony will wee lend.
The Canton of the Switzers shall bee waged,
That to o[u]r Seas doe hold themselves ingaged;
Soe is the Saxon Duke w[i]th his estate
To thee in Dresden, and the Electorate
Whose elder Cosens hopes will make him feare,
And to thy fortunes, & thy howse adheare.
I'le allso send to Savoy, and to Venice,
To Fraunce, o[u]r eldest sonne, & to St Dennis,
But I'le those Drunken, & base Germans quell
Or make them stoope, or damne to pitt of Hell;
Besides thy Spanish Cosen pr[e]sent heere,
Whom Europe, and the new found world doe feare
The Churches Atlas, and teh Empires proppe
By strength by freinds, by witt, or gold will stoppe
Those proud attempts, and darings of the Dutch,
And breake theire forces, cost it he're so much.

[*Left margin:*Kings of Spaine]
Iff Cæsar & yo[u]r Holinesse have done,
Observe the Answer of yo[u]r Spanish sonne.
Nott Germane Prelattes, or Bavarians can,
Nor Kinge of Pole himselfe, nor any man,
Nor Tuscaine Duke, nor Allbert my poore Brother
The Canton Catholiques, nor any other
Bringe timely succour against the Coniuration,
Those Allmaine Graves have made in every nation.
Expect not helpe from Savoy or Venetia,
Who deadly feare, & hate the house of Austria
I looke for nothing from o[u]r sonne of Fraunce
For if hee saw vs downe, hee'de sing & daunce.

And why should you from Saxon looke for more
Then Charles my Grandsire reapt from him before,
Who gave all, & more then you doe mention,
Yett shortly after, in the great Contention
Twixt him & German Rebells, hee forsooke
~~He~~ His Benefactors, & against him tooke.
And Cesar if at houre thou looke for ayde
Thy Kingdomes ~~selfe~~ both ~~decay'd~~ are lost thy selfe decaydes
Thyne Austrian subiects allso are infected
W[i]th Luthers heresie, & have reiected
The Papall dignitie, & may doe thine,
And w[i]th theire fellow Lutherans combine
And if for succour thou doe send to Thracia
The faythlesse Turke, (thou knowst) will come from Asia
Spaine then must helpe or w[ha]t will Cæsar doe?
And how shall Spayne helpe Rome, & Cæsar too?
Shall Indian Armies been recalled from thence?
Italian forces march away from hence?
Leave Millaine, Naples, & o[u]r silver fountaines
Vnguarded, naked? to march over mountaines?
Through Grizons countrye lead the strength of Spayne?
Or venture o[u]r Armado once againe
To narrow seas, and soe at once loose more
Then wee have gott in sixscore yeares ~~ago~~e before.

85r

Soe th~~en~~ou in Haspurgh, I in Arragon
May showe o[u]r Crownes, turne Monkes, and live alone.

You count yo[u]r freinds, but count ~~yo[u]r~~not all yo[u]r foes,
Whose strength, and number you cannot oppose,
The Northerne trackt of Europe from Brittania
Tending to East, as far as Transilvania,
Save Poland, and some Trifles are theire owne
Ah mee in forescore yeares, how are they growne?
Three Kingdomes England, Scotland, and Ireland bee
W[i]th Demnarke, Norway, Sweden, six you see

Besides those two w[hi]ch ~~you~~they have gott from thee
Being eight in all, & o[u]r Kings are but three
The number of theire princes, Dukes, & Counts

[*Left margin:*theire]
W[i]th ~~yo[u]r~~
free states, and Lords ours far surmounts
Besides theire many Palsgraves, & Burgraves
W[i]th all theire Lantsgraves, & Margraves.
And as theire numbers, soe theire spiritts are

made great w[i]th hopes of the p[ro]digious starre
W[hi]ch blazd ore Allmaine, last December
As all the world doth well remeber.
Theire expositions, and theire Calculations
of times and scepters, and of Scytuations.
Of Tome, & Babell, and of Hills, & Dales
of Beasts & Draggons, and of fearefull tailes
Wheare w[i]th they cheare themselves, & theire new Kinge
As if they Victors weare, & Bells did ringe
Alas, for Rome, alas for Ferdinand
Alas for Phillip must hee needs w[i]thstand
His owne, the Popes, & Empires foes?
And goe himselfe, the Church, & Empire lose.
Have all my Ancestors to five descents
Tyed Earledomes, Dukedomes, Church & Empire fast?
And is the period of o[u]r greatnes past?
And o[u]r declining now begin to haste?
Hoping for Westerne Monarchie at last
Ah Nassau, Nassau, hatefull sonne, & Father
Curst bee yo[u]r name & house, you did gather
Those fearefull Rebells into warlike bands.
W[hi]ch now doe state it in the Netherlands.

[*Left margin:*Emperor
]

Thus are o[u]r Dangers, thus o[u]r feares related
Thus bee o[u]r minds perplext, o[u]r hearts amated
If Rome have any secret wisdome hidde,
layed for evill times, or ever did
Make wicked Heretiques feele Churches power.
Then Father, now's the tume & this the hower.
Remember 'twas Frederick here to fore
Frighted thy p[re]decessors; this may more
hazard thy fortune vtterly oppresse
The roman Church, thy selfe, & vs, vnlesse
By some privy Stratagem, fetcht from the deepe
Thou doest thy selfe and vs from daunger keepe.

[*Left margin:*Pope]
And are o[u]r freinds soe few? & soe vntrusty?
And bee o[u]r ~~freinds~~ foes soe many? & soe lusty?
One Innocent in Rome in former ages
Had vsed three ings for laqueis & for Pages
And doe they now against o[u]r liking make
Both Kings & Cæsar, then the furyes wake,

Helpe mee to store of Pistolls, poysons, knives
To fier, & power, Manacles, & ~~knives~~ gives
Bid Ravilliack, & Clement hie them hether
Lett Gerrard Fawkes, & Garnett come together,
Come yee Ignatians, bringe Assassinates
Left handed Ehuds that doe rule the fates
And cut the threids of Princes lifes asunder
Those Roman Scevolas shall grave men wonder,
To see those vpstart Kings w[i]th theire partakers
In every Kingdome slaughterd by Massacres

I'le rayse vp Parsons, S^{c}uarez, and Bellarmine,
Loyola himselfe theire Father, and refine
All human witt to one poore quintessence,
Against whose vertue shall bee noe defence.
Theirefor (Deare Sonnes) at nothing bee dismaid
Remember w[ha]t yo[u]r Father now hath said.
You to Vienna; you to Civill goe,
Helpe as you may, to give the fatall blow.

[*Left margin:*King of spayne]
Come Lerma looke not sadly on thy freind,
But lett's w[i]th Spanish patience wayt the end.

Finis

Other manuscript witnesses

- British Library, Additional MS 24863, ff. 84r–85v
- British Library, Additional MS 72479, ff. 2r–3v
- Beinecke Library, Osborn b197, ff. 214–217
- Bodleian Library, MS Rawlinson D 398, ff. 198r–199v
- Bodleian Library, MS Rawlinson poetry 26, ff. 65r–66v
- Bodleian Library, MS Tanner 205, reversing volume, 87v–85v
- Bodleian Library, MS Tanner 306, ff. 225r–231r
- Cambridge University Library, MS Ff.5.23, ff. 1r–3v
- Huntington Library, HM 122, ff. 1r–30r
- Somerset Archives, DD\WO/56/9/14.II, ff. 1r–4v

Seventeenth-century print exemplars

- *Prosopopoeia. Or, A conference held at Angelo Castle, between the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spaine.* (London, 1619?) [STC2nded 20443]

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