

## 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Winne tyme a while, but now th'are out of Date  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'll dispatch  
More furies 'mongst the Catholiques to hatch  
Ments, Colon, Triers, Catholique Babeere  
Hast thou in Germanie, with others the<sup>a</sup>re.  
Thy vncle Albert, & a Polish Kinge  
Vnto thee quickly may their soulds 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'll also send to Savoy, and to Venice,  
To Fraunce, o[u]r eldest sonne, & to St Dennis,  
But I'll 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 the Empires proppe  
By strength by freinds, by witt, or gold will stoppe  
Those proud attempts, and darings of the Dutch,  
And breake their 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  
Bring 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 Rebels, hee forsooke  
 He His Benefactors, & against him tooke.  
 And Cesar if at houre thou looke for ayde  
 Thy Kingdomes selfe both deeay'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 their 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 cuntrye 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 agoe before.

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Soe then<sup>ou</sup> 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<sup>not</sup> all yo[u]r foes,  
 Whose strength, and number you cannot oppose,  
 The Northerne tract of Europe from Brittainia  
 Tending to East, as far as Transilvania,  
 Save Poland, and some Trifles are their 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<sup>they</sup> have gott from thee  
 Being eight in all, & o[u]r Kings are but three  
 The number of their princes, Dukes, & Counts

[*Left margin:* their]

W[i]th yo[u]r  
 free states, and Lords ours far surmounts  
 Besides their many Palsgraves, & Burgraves  
 W[i]th all their Lantsgraves, & Margraves.  
 And as their numbers, soe their 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 Rebels 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 wisdom hidde,  
layed for evill times, or ever did  
Make wicked Heretiques feeble 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<sup>foes</sup> 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 furies 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 Assassimates  
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 their partakers  
In every Kingdome slaughterd by Massacres  
I'll rayse vp Parsons, S<sup>c</sup>uarez, and Bellarmine,  
Loyola himselfe their 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]