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SUMMARY: At the date of the composition of the *Gratulationes Valdinenses* in 1578, Gabriel Harvey had just embarked on his short term of service to the Earl of Leicester, a fact which is reflected throughout the work. The *Gratulationes Valdinenses* was twice presented to the Queen, first in manuscript at Audley End in Essex on 30 July (by Leicester on Harvey's behalf, as Harvey says in his epilogue to Book I), and again in print (perhaps this time by Harvey himself) on 15 September at Hadham Hall, the seat of Arthur Capel in Hertfordshire. Since the publication of Nichols' *Progresses*, there has been a persistent tradition that Harvey's *Gratulationes Valdinenses* was part of the entertainment presented by the University of Cambridge at Audley End. However, this error has recently been corrected by both Jameson, and by Virginia Stern ('Harvey presented as gifts of his own four manuscripts of Latin verse'). The work consists of four books, the first three dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, and Lord Burghley respectively, and a fourth dedicated to Oxford, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Philip Sidney. Strictly speaking, the overall title of the work is not *Gratulationes Valdinenses*. It is *Gabrielis Harueij Gratulationum Valdinensium Libri Quatuor Ad Illustrissimam Augustissimamque Principem, Elizabetam, Angliae, Franciae, Hiberniaeque Reginam longe, serenissimam, atque optatissimam*. There is a natural tendency to shorten this. Nashe called the printed version *Aedes Valdinenses* in both *Strange News* (1592) and *Have With You To Saffron Walden* (1596). Modern commentators refer to it as the *Gratulationes Valdinenses*. Oxford is mentioned briefly in the opening lines of Book I, and lengthy verses on his motto, literary pursuits, and military ambitions are included in Book IV. Particular attention is drawn to Oxford's composition of songs, to his Latin epistle to Bartholomew Clerke's translation of Castiglione's *The Courtier*, to his many other works in both Latin and English, to his knowledge of the arts and laws of European countries and to his friendships with cultivated Europeans, including the German scholar Sturmius. It seems unlikely that the manuscript version was presented to Oxford personally by Harvey. As mentioned earlier, it would appear that all four books of the original manuscript version were presented to the Queen by Leicester on Harvey's behalf. Oxford's immediate reaction to the work is not known. He had bestowed 'angels' on Harvey when the latter was a student at Cambridge, and the two men had a strong connection in Sir Thomas Smith, who had been both Oxford's tutor and Harvey's mentor. For these reasons it would not have been unexpected had Harvey praised Oxford fulsomely, but instead his encomium has an unsettling edge to it. Harvey descants on Oxford's motto to the point of rendering the motto ridiculous, and urges Oxford to abandon the literary and musical pursuits at which Oxford excelled, and to take up a military command which Oxford fervently desired and which the Queen had consistently denied him. Given that Harvey was in Leicester's service at the time of composition, it seems not unreasonable to suspect that Harvey's intention was to belittle Oxford under the guise of praising him. At the same time, both Harvey's personality and writing style are so genuinely idiosyncratic that the reader cannot be entirely certain of Harvey's malice. It may be that his insulting comments were really not meant to be insulting. It is not known how the work was received by the other addressees either, each of whom might have found something in Harvey's praise to complain about. Nashe, writing almost two decades later, says that Harvey made a complete fool of himself at Audley End, not only by his *Aedes Valdinenses*, but by his

behaviour ('I have a tale at my tongue's end, if I can happen upon it, of his hobby-horse revelling & domineering at Audley End when the Queen was there'). Jameson has established that Nashe did not have a copy of the *Gratulationes Valdinenses* in front of him when he composed either *Strange News* or *Have With You To Saffron Walden*, which raises the very pertinent question of Nashe's source, not only for the contents of the *Gratulationes Valdinenses*, but also the many other details of Harvey's sojourn at Audley End which Nashe could not have found in *Gratulationes Valdinenses* even had he had a copy of the book in front of him as he wrote. Both Jameson and McKerrow also draw attention to Nashe's comment indicating that he had seen certain verses to Sidney in the *Gratulationes Valdinenses* in manuscript. Only a single manuscript copy of those verses is known to have existed, that prepared by Harvey himself and presented to the Queen on his behalf by Leicester at Audley End. The verses on Sidney appear in Book IV, the same book which contains Harvey's verses on Oxford. How did Nashe come to see this manuscript, and use it as a source? The transcript and translation below are from Jameson, Thomas Hugh, *The Gratulariones Valdinensis of Gabriel Harvey*, unpublished Yale University dissertation (1938).

[From Book I]

Librorum numerus creuit: quartusque salutat  
 Oxonium, Hattonum, Sidneiumque liber.  
 Magna est Oxonij virtus: viget alter, et alter;  
 Hattonusque tuus; Sidneiusque tuus.

The books increased in number; Four's designed  
 For Oxford, Hatton, Sidney, each in kind.  
 Though Oxford's merit's great, yet even so  
 Does yours, O Hatton, yours, O Sidney, grow

[From Book IV]

A dialogue on the picture of the most noble Earl of Oxford and on his most elegant  
 motto:  
 Naught verier than Vere

Spectator. Painter.

Sp. Is it a picture of Vere? P. Verily. S. Nothing is verier. Pa. Nothing's verier than this. S. That's its merit and yours. Sp. Whence his name? P. Because he embraces verity and hates what's false, verily loving his king and his God. Sp. Very is the love of a Vere, who holds in esteem Verity, king, God, country, and the very honor of his country. Pa. Go now, tell the Earl Vere that nothing's verier than he, not the goddess

who is held the child of father Time! Blue, says the herald, is the veriest color of them all; how well does he now agree with his boar! Let others have their eagles, their bears, and their lions; what will best suit Vere is the figure of a blue boar!

Another dialogue on the much desired coming of the same

Guest. Courtier.

Gu. Is it verity that Vere has come here with the sovereign?

Co. Verily; there's nothing verier than that same verity.

Gu. But that can't be; it can't be verier than Vere himself; this same Vere is more verily very than your Verity is.

Co. That is his name and always has been, just as if it were his essence; thus Vere was a veracious conqueror.

Gu. This was a very subject, that was verily a conqueror, yet each was equally a very cultivator of his country.

Co. Who is not pleased with this omen, may he be not pleased either with the name or the veracious glory of his land!

Gu. Long live, noble Earl Vere, may Verity herself favor you, and the daughter of Verity, a veracious goddess! May she often, may she often offer you her honeyed lips; O how precious, how great a goddess is Veraciousness! Her alone revere, her, most veracious Vere, carry ever in your mind, in your eyes, your heart and your mouth! To her not Juno, not Pallas, not any single Grace, nor mother Venus is equal; Themis is not to be so venerated. What wonder, if so great a Hero should serve so great a Heroide? what wonder if you, too, a goddess cherishes? Go in that strength, Earl; plant everywhere the tracks of Veracious deeds; nothing is more very, nor will it be! Now hail, and if there is naught verier than the Veres, surpass them and you will surpass others of equal rank.

Gabriel Harvey's apostrophe to the same

This is my "Hail"; thus, thus it pleased me to say Welcome to you and the other nobles, though your splendid fame asks, great Earl, a more grandiloquent poet than I. Your virtue does not creep the earth, nor is it confined to a song; it wondrously penetrates the aetherial orbs! Up and away! with that mind and that fire, noble heart, you will surpass yourself, surpass others; your great glory will everywhere spread beyond the frozen ocean! England will discover in you its hereditary Achilles. Go, Mars will see you in safety and Hermes attend you; aegis-sounding Pallas will be by and will instruct your heart and spirit, while long since did Phoebus Apollo cultivate your mind with the arts. Your British numbers have been widely sung, while your Epistle testifies how much you excel in letters, being more courtly than Castiglione himself, more polished. I have seen your many Latin things, and more English are extant; of French and Italian muses, the manners of many peoples, their arts and laws you have drunk deeply. Not in vain was

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Sturmius himself known to you, nor so many Frenchmen and polished Italians, nor Germans.

But, O celebrated one, put away your feeble pen, your bloodless books, your impractical writings! Now is need of swords! Steel must be sharpened! Everywhere men talk of camps, everywhere of dire arms! You must even deal in missiles! Now war is everywhere, everywhere are the Furies, and everywhere reigns Enyo. Take no thought of Peace; all the equipage of Mars comes at your bidding. Suppose Hannibal to be standing at the British gates; suppose even now, now, Don John of Austria is about to come over, guarded by a huge phalanx! Fated events are not known to man, for the Thunderer's counsels are not plain; what if suddenly a powerful enemy should invade our borders? if the Turk should arm his immense cohorts against us? What if the terrible trumpet should now resound the "Tarantara"? You are being observed as to whether you would care to fight boldly. I feel it; our whole country believes it; your blood boils in your breast, virtue dwells in your brow, Mars keeps your mouth, Minerva is in your right hand, Bellona reigns in your body, and Martial ardor, your eyes flash, your glance shoots arrows: who wouldn't swear you Achilles reborn?

Up, great Earl, you must feed that hope of courage. It befits a man to keep the horrid arms of Mars busy even in peace; " 'Tis wise to accustom oneself", and "Use is worth everything". You, O you can be most mighty! Though there be no war, still warlike praise is a thing of great nobility; the name of Leader suits the great. It is wise to watch for effects and to see what threatens beforehand, like the prince who in time of peace strolling the fields with his family: "Tell me (he said), if the enemy were to hold this hill or maybe that hump, what would you do? Which of you'd be better protected? Which side would have the honor to win on its right? In what manner would you attack? With what strategies would you advance? Which is our safest position? Which is unsafe for them? If retreat's the thing, if delay, if force or impetuosity, whence would show our best escape or entry? Suppose these humps here or these streams were in the way; here hostile cities and troops of the enemy opposed you: many are the chances, the uncertain dangers of wars! Battles are doubtful; everything has to be anticipated in the mind first; neither our advantages nor disadvantages should seem to have been poorly explored. Tell me, what would you do? what occurs to you, my good Pyrrhus? What to you, veteran? You speak sagely, but the thing is difficult. But pluck up, Fortune favors the brave. The only fear is lest the enemy should judge by those documents of your leisure; we should do cunningly whatever we approach. May God favor so great daring, but let us imitate that god who looks in both directions."

These things and more this leader used to inculcate in his friends' minds with frequent discourses, and thus to inflame their brave minds and kindle Mars within them. It was no time of war; he had not anticipated an enemy; among pleasant scenes and through delightful meadows he held imitation battles and pondered a bitter business. And often, indeed, he (but perhaps it was another; it matters little) read the illustrious testimonials of great deeds, and putting before his eyes every act of some pre-eminent chief, he would keep it there for imitation. This (he would say) plumed Achilles used to do, and this, too, Ajax did, the mighty lord of the seven-fold shield. These were the wiles of Diomedes,

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thus stern Ulysses raged at the Greeks; but those were the counsels of Palamedes, and that was the opinion of savage Stheneleus. Peledean Neoptolemus, and even Menelaus himself pronounced thus and so. Not Jupiter could repress this one's daring, nor the Mavortian repress that one's spirits; nor Fortune overrule this other. Than he there was no one more cautious, than he no one more prudent in council-place; how mighty this, how brave of heart and hand! how resourceful this one! how unterrified stood that in any discomfiture! how this old soldier gained none of his hoped-for goals! what towns taken, what disaster dealt! O celestial power of the everlasting ones, with what terror shook he in his fury the dejected enemy! Do you see how he unleashes all the reins of his ire? how the other rules his indomitable spirit? how with strength and cunning he reduces obstacles and saves land and walls by undying effort, eludes the snares and pitfalls of the enemy, and keeps all from invincible Mars. May God favor me; it is settled that I imitate the deeds of this man; but I shall follow others, too, and outdo the beginnings of other leaders. I shall make my deeds be everywhere sung; I shall seize all chances to win, following all arts of the war-like, observing causes and effects in old happenings, watching the time, the hour, and the place, and meditating single examples: hardly shall I fear to accumulate greater trophies myself. This will be the use, that the fruit of my study. O sagacious man! who from such a king would withhold any praise? who would not deem him worthy of honor from the gods? What soldier would not serve him? what general? "A provident man is hardly ever wretched." In peace it behooves us to endure toil and thirst and hunger and cold and irksome heat and watches, both day and night; to brandish menacing weapons with a terrible right hand. Let your enemies trifle, the opponent enjoy his rest; let the sluggish indulge in the allurements of the moment and in the blandishments of sportive peace. To me there is the noble oracle of a great Prince: "One is happy (so all persuade who are guided by Minerva) by as much as he has been careful." O voice worthy the Thunderer! The Prince of Physicians, too, warns that when well and free from taint of disease, I should fortify my body against the same and assiduously practise all the precepts of health, thus repressing each evil apparition. So persuaded that old poet that it was a great disgrace: "Truly, ye youths, ye have the spirits of women!" I delight too, have always delighted, and will always, in, "Whether Hera wants you or me to rule, whatever Fate intends, let us prove it with courage" -- the resolve of Pyrrhus, resolve worthy the great-souled Aecus's fury.

O Earl, O Hero, more courageous than Pyrrhus himself, you too meditate such thoughts. Better things can befall and will befall you. The greatest pleasure in peace is to occupy your mind with camps, skirmishes, and warlike shields, to deal in destructive balls and dire missiles. And I warn you to be awake; you, with Mars and Mercury propitious, may combine the merits of the camp and city. Where your great courage calls you, go, with lucky foot! Be indulgent, I pray: whosoever asks to surpass what you now do, by inciting you to acts foretells and approves them. It was that I might not seem to have talked and said nothing, and that my "Hail" might be somewhat more congenial to you, that I chose material to suit such ardor as yours. Would that the land would salute you in the same tones; how, great-hearted Hero, you ought to save yourself for war and return safe to mother Peace! That is the care of men in command; that agrees with Nobility. The stars hate the inactive; they station the brave on the throne of glory and crown them with honor. Proceed, proceed with sense alert, noble heart; Heaven itself will attend your

ventures, and Aether will smile and applaud them; great Jupiter will give you all happiness! O, think before dismissing lightly such praise. And now once more, noble one, Farewell; none more loved, none dearer is present. Each and all say you joy.

Dialogvs in Effigiem Nobilissimi Comitis Oxoniensis; illiusque; elegantissimum Symbolum:

Vero nil verius.

SPECTATOR. PICTOR.

Sp. Verine Effigies? P. Veri est. S. Nil verius illo:  
 Pic. Verius hac nihil est. S. Laus sua, lausque tua est.  
 Sp. Vnde illi nomen? P. Quia verum amplectitur, odit  
     Quod falsum est: Regem vere amat atque Deum.  
 Sp. Verus amor Veri est, cui Verum, Rexque, Deusque,  
     Et patria, & patriae verum in amore decus.  
 Pic. I modo: dic Vero Comiti; Nil verius illo:  
     Non Dea, quae fertur Tempore nata Deo.  
 Caeruleus, color est verissimus, inquit Heraldus:  
     Quam bene nunc Apro conuenit ille suo?  
 Sint alijs Aquilae; sint vrsi; sintque Leones:  
     Caerulei Vero forma placebit Apri.

Alter Dialogus in eiusdem aduentum optatissimum.

HOSPES. AVLICVS.

Ho. An verum est, venisse vna cum Principe Verum?  
 Au. Verum est: & vero verius hoc nihil est.  
 Hos. Sed nec erit quicquam, nec Vero est verius ipso;  
     Vero etiam Verus verior ipse tuo est.  
 Aul. Nomen habet, semperque habuit quasi numen in illo:  
     Sic Verus verax Induperator erat.  
 Hos. Subditus hic verus; verus fuit ille Monarcha,  
     Verus item patriae cultor vterque suae.  
 Aul. Cui minus hoc omen placeat, nec nomen eidem,  
     Nec patriae placeat gloria Vera suae.  
 Hos. Viue, comes Generose, diu, te, Vere, secundet  
     Verum ipsum: & Veri filia, vere Dea.  
 Illa tibi, saepe illa tibi mellita labella  
     Porrigat; o quanti quanta Alethia Dea est?  
 Illam vnam venerare, illam, verissime Vere,

Inque animo, inque oculis, cordeque, et ore gere.  
 Non illi Iuno, non Pallas, non Charis vlla,  
     Non par alma Venus, non veneranda Themis.  
 Quid mirum, tantus si diligat Heroinam  
     Tantam Heros? quid si te quoque Diua colat?  
 Macte ista virtute Comes, vestigia fige  
     Verorum: verum nil magis est, nec erit.  
 Iamque Vale; & Veris si nil est verius, ipsos  
     Vince, alios vinces nobilitate pares.

G. Harueij Apostrophe ad eundem.

Hoc nostrum Xaipe est; sic, sic tibi dicere Salue,  
 Nobilibusque alijs placuit: tua splendida fama,  
 Grandiloquum magis exposcit, Comes alte, Poetam.  
 Non tua serpit humi Virtus, non carminis orbe  
 Clauditur, aethereos penetrat mirabilis orbes.  
 Macte animo, flammaque ista, Praenobile pectus,  
 Te vinces, vinces alios; tua gloria passim  
 Oceanum glaciale vltra, spatiabitur ingens;  
 Anglia te Patrium iamque experietur Achillem.  
 Perge modo, actutum tibi Mars, tibi seruiet Hermes,  
 Aegisonansque aderit Pallas, pectusque, animumque  
 Instruet ipsa tuum: iam pridem Phoebus Apollo  
 Artibus excoluit mentem: Britannica metra  
 Sunt cantata satis: testatur Epistola, quantum  
 Excellas literis, ipso mage Castilione  
 Aulica, compta magis: vidi tua plura Latina:  
 Anglica plura exstant: Francasque, Italiasque Camaenas,  
 Et mores hominum multorum, artesque forenses  
 Plenius hausisti: non frustra Sturmius ipse  
 Cognitus est: non tot Francique, Italique politi,  
 Non Germaniades; calamum, Memorande pusillum,  
 Exanguesque libros, vsuque carentia scripta  
 Abijce: nunc gladijs opus est: acuendus & ensis:  
 Vndique castra homines, arma vndique saeua loquuntur;  
 Et tormenta agitanda tibi: nunc vndique bella,  
 Vndique nunc Furiae, nunc vndique regnat Enyo.  
 Ne cures Pacem: tibi Martia cuncta volenti  
 Succurrant: fac ad portas adstare Britannas  
 Hannibalem; fac venturum iam iamque Ioannem  
 Austriacum, ingenti munitum hinc, inde phalange.  
 Fata ignota homini; neque enim perspecta Tonantis  
 Consilia: & quid si subito validissimus hostis  
 Irruat in nostros fines? si Turca cohortes

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Immanes in nos armet? Tarantara quid si  
Terribilis tuba nunc resonet? tu videris, an iam  
Iamque velis pugnare ferox: ego sentio: tota  
Patria nostra putat: feruescit pectore sanguis;  
Virtus fronte habitat: Mars occupat ora; Minerua  
In dextra latitat: Bellona in corpore regnat:  
Martius ardor inest; scintillant lumina: vultus  
Tela vibrat: quis non rediuiuum iuret Achillem?  
O age, magne Comes, spes est virtutis alenda  
Ista tibi; prodest in pace horrentia Martis  
Arma agitare virum: Multum est assuescere, & Vsus  
Cuncta valet: potes o, potes o fortissimus esse.  
Vt bellum non sit, tamen est praenobile quiddam  
Bellica laus: nomenque Ducis Magnatibus aptum.  
Quod sequitur, spectare decet: quodque imminet; ante  
Prospicere: vt Princeps, qui pacis tempore campos  
Cum famulis peragrans; Quaeso, inquit, si modo collem  
Hunc hostes, si montem illum iam forte tenerent,  
Quid faceretis? vter nostrum munitior esset?  
Pars vtra victricis ferret praeconia dextrae?  
Quo pacto peteremus eos? quibus aggredere mur  
Insidijs? quae pars nobis tutissima? quae non  
Tuta illis? fuga si conducat, si mora si vis,  
Si furor, vnde abitus nobis, aditusque pateret  
Optimus? hinc montes, hinc flumina forsitan obstant,  
Hinc aduersae vrbes, inimicorumque cohortes  
Obsistant: multi casus, incerta pericla  
Bellorum: pugnae ancipites: sunt omnia mente  
Anticipanda prius: nec nostra incommoda nobis,  
Commoda nec debent minus explorata videri.  
Tu dic; quid faceres? tibi quid, bone Pyrrhe, videtur?  
Quid veterane tibi? dicis prudenter: at istud  
Difficile est: sed macte animis: Fortuna secundat  
Audaces: tantum metus est, ne sentiat hostis  
Illa scholae documenta tuae: solerter agenda,  
Quaecunque aggredimur; tantis Deus annuat ausis:  
Diuum imitemur eum, qui partem spectat vtramque  
Haec, et plura suis Dux ille solebat amicis  
Inculcare crebris sermonibus, atque feroces  
Inflammare animos, Martemque accendere in illis.  
Tempora non belli, non expectauerat hostem:  
Delicias inter, peramaenaque prata, duelli  
Tractauit fabricas, artesque euoluit acerbas.  
Saepius idem etiam, (fuerit sed forsitan alter,  
Id minime refert) monumenta illustria rerum  
Magnarum legit; sibi praestantissima(?) quaeque

Ante oculos ponens, statuensque imitarier illa.  
Hoc faciebat, ait, quondam cristatus Achilles;  
Fecerat hoc clypei Dominus septemplicis Ajax:  
Hae Diomedis erant artes: sic(?) dirus Vlysses  
Saeuijt in Danaos: Palamedis et illa fuere  
Consilia: et illa fuit Stheneli sententia saeui,  
Pelidesque Neoptolemus, Menelaus & ipse  
Hoc patrabat, & hoc: non Iuppiter illius ausa,  
Non animos potuit compescere Martius Heros.  
Non Fortuna domare istum; non cautior illo  
Quisquam erat: aut hominum & coetu prudentior illo.  
Quam fuit hic validus? quam forti pectore, & armis?  
Quam presenti animo? quam non interritus vllis  
Cladibus astiterat? quam non sperata patrauit  
Facta vetus miles? quae caeperat oppida? strages  
Quas dedit? o superum caelestia numina, quanto  
Terrore abiectos quatiebat feruidus hostes?  
Cernis, vt irarum cunctas effundat habenas?  
Vt domet indomitos animos? vt vique, doloque  
Obuia prosternat, patriamque, ac moenia seruet,  
Non peritura manu; technasque, eludat inanes  
Hostium, & inuicto bona protegat omnia Marte?  
Omnipotens faueat, certum est imitarier huius  
Facta viri: sequar ipse alios, vineamque aliorum  
Caepa Ducum: faciam mea passim gesta canantur:  
Arripiam vincendi ansas, omnesque secutus  
Bellatorum artes, causasque, effectaque rerum  
Priscarum obseruans, hominesque, & tempora, & horas,  
Et loca respiciens, & singula puncta volutans,  
Haud verear maiora mihi cumulare trophaea.  
Hic studiorum vsus, fructusque erit iste meorum.  
O cordatum hominem: quis tanto encomia Regi  
Vlla neget? quis non superum dignetur honore?  
Quis non huic miles; non militet Induperator?  
Prouidus haud vnquam miser est: in pace labores,  
Atque sitim, atque famem, frigusque, aestumque molestum;  
Et vigiles tolerare decet, noctesque, diesque,  
Armaque terribili vibrare minacia(?) dextra.  
Desipiant inimici: hostes requiete fruantur:  
Temporis & Lenocinio, pacisque iocosae  
Blanditijs vtatur iners: mihi nobile magni  
Principis Oraclum, tanto magis esse beatum,  
Persuasit, quanto fuerit, duce quisque Minerua,  
Sollicitus magis: o summo vox digna Tonante.  
Persuasit Princeps Medicorum, vt sanus, & omni  
Liber ab illuie morborum, aduersus eosdem

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Muniam ego corpus, praeceptaque cuncta salutis  
Assidue versem, reprimamque obstantia quaeque.  
Persuasit probrum esse ingens, vetus ille poeta:  
Vos etenim Iuuenes, animos geritis muliebres.  
Et placet, & semper placuit, semperque placebit,  
Vosne velit, an me regnare Hera, quidue ferat sors,  
Virtute experiamur, erat sententia Pyrrhi,  
Magnanimi Aeacidae sententia digna furore.  
O Comes, o Heros, Pyrrho generosior ipso,  
Talia volue animo: meliora occurrere possunt,  
Occurrentque tibi: summa est in pace voluptas,  
Castra, aciesque animo, clypeosque agitare feroces,  
Fulmineosque globos, tormentaue dira librare.  
Ast memorem moneo: tu Marteque, Mercurioque  
Propitio, vrbanae socias castrensia laudi;(?)  
Quoque ingens tua te Virtus vocat, is pede fausto.  
Parce precor: quicumque rogat praestare, quod ipse  
Iam facis, hortando tua praedicat acta, probatque.  
Certe ego, ne dixisse nihil dicendo viderer,  
Vtque meum tibi Xaipe, aliquanto gratius esset;  
Materiem elegi, tantis ardoribus aptam.  
Forte salutaret simili te Patria voce,  
Quam vos, Magnanimi Heroes, seruare duello,  
Incolumemque alma debetis reddere Paci.  
Principibus haec cura viris: haec Nobilitati  
Conuenit: oderunt ignauos sydera: fortes  
In solio decoris statuunt: & honore coronant.  
Tu, tu perge alacri, Pectus praenobile, sensu:  
Ipse Polus caeptis aderit, redebit & Aether,  
Applaudetque tuis: dabit omnia fausta supremus  
Iuppiter, o tantas noli contemnere laudes.  
Iamque iterum, Generose, vale: non gratior vllus,  
Non mage charus adest: tibi Dicit quisque salutem.