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Originaltryck till en skrift av Lucidor.

Lucidors hyllningsskrift till Charles Howard 1669 på engelsk, latinsk, holländsk, svensk, italiensk, fransk och tysk vers har i Sandwalls upplaga i Svenska Vitterhetssamfundets serie avtryckts efter Helicons Blomster (se Sandwall I: 115 ff., II: 131 ff.). Emellertid finns originaltryck bevarat i Uppsala universitetsbibliotek, Palmsköld 397, 8 s., 4°.

Vid en jämförelse visar det sig att texten i Hel. Bl. måste vara reviderad av en person som känt rätt väl till engelska. Icke blott ett tryckfel i originalet som *skal* v. 1 har rättats till *shal*, utan även t. ex. *Goast* v. 45 till *Ghost*, *lite* v. 50 till *litle*, *thausend* v. 49 till *thousand*, *nevermore* v. 67 till *nevermore*, *plasant* v. 68 till *pleasant*, *soveraing* v. 104 till *Soveraign*, *non* v. 138 till *none*. Däremot är det sällsynt, att originaltrycket bjuder den bättre texten, som t. ex. v. 80 *alas*, Hel. Bl. *all as*, vilken ändring emellertid också förutsätter kännedom om engelska.

Då en uppräknig av alla avvikelserna från texten i Hel. Bl. skulle ta rätt stor plats, föredrar jag att här nedan meddela originalet in extenso:

To | *His most Illustrious Excellency* | My Lord | CHARLES | HOWARD | Earle of Carlisle &c. | *Ambassador Extraordinary* | from | His Maiefty of Great Brittain | To | The Crovvn of Svveden | upon | *His departure from Stokholm* | Wifhing a prosperous jounie | vwritten | by | Lars Johann Son S. H. a s. v. | *In the Year 1669. the 29. Day | of September.*

GREAT HOWARD how skal i fulfill my will?
 Indeed it doth furpas may skal and quill
 Yet humble duety command's me to write
 Thy praife, but unability maketh me quit.
 That divine Maro if he had to Choofe
 Would sing Your Eulogie with higher Voice
 Then he did sing of Great Anchifes Son,
 Minerv' and all the Mufes skal is gone:
 And faith! Apollo with all Eloquence
 Can scarce describe your glorious Excellence:
 It most needs be no Man but *Angels* tongve
 That would in words fet forth a worthy fong
 Of gou *Great Hero* Croun' of Englifch *Lords*
 Whofe marvelous Vertues farr Surpaffe the words,
 Of man vvho Could Set doun Your Nobleft Race
 Would to *Pofterity* be a Looking-glasse
 Andvvho Can duely write that high renovvn
 You' have defervd restoring th' Englifch Krown?
 What labours more then *Hercles* you have done
 What Victories more then *Cæfar* you have won

Momus himself although he's ever wrong
 Will yet admire th' Eloquence of your tongue
 Your foes and Friends both abroad and at home
 Wit force and wisdom You' know t' ower come
 The Friend by force of wit and pleasant words
 Your arm wil break the proudest Ennemies Swords
Mars and *Apollo* are in striving mad
 Whose glorious Lawrels first shal crowne your head
 But (pray t' excuse me) I Swear by my Oath
 Sir You are twice more worthy then them both.
 Stood not *Mars* self astonishd vven he Savv
 How Your sword Could abolish wrongful Law?
 And how you' Could restore the Kingdoms Peace
 Troubled by man of Cadmus Dragon race.
 Must not *Apollo* marvel and self cry
Carlisle th' Ambasdor is more fit then I?
 Did not the barbarous *Russes* and their *Czar*
 Amazed stand when first Your brightful Star
 More clear then Phœbus on their Hemisphere
 And lik' *Mars* fiery Planet did appeare?
 The *Cimbers* toe were rawilht all no less
 Which with a trampling language did confesse,
 This is *Carlisle* Broer lille so high befam'd
 Whose name but spoken al Virtues are nam'd.
 Sweden admireth thy very Divine Goast
 And Vertuou's proud doeth of har fortune boast
 To have twice had (my Lord when the had you')
 That English *Mars* and English *Venus* toe
 Whose Charming Beauty eclipsfeth thousand funs
 VVith lite Cupide which doth fire the Guns
 Disspifing darts; This Babe of Loue let's see
 Beeing a Child a wonderous Man to be:
 Jupiter hearing this went to be hid
 He feard of Him what he to Saturn did.
 J am no *Prophet*, but I telle t'is true
 Aftter tuelue years the world shal see and you
 Hovv His rare Virtues th' hole world vvil move
 All man vvil feare al Damfels vvil Him love,
 Such great a Treasure hath Sveden stil possfessd
 Having *Carlisle*: alas h'is buta Guest!
 VVhen He first came O more then happy day
 But more unhappy novv he goes avvay!
 England is glad, Sveden begins to mourn
 For his departure, they for his return.
 Th' inconstant' fortune and all seasons vvere
 Become more constant since *Carlisle* Came here

VVho Knowvs our Harveft? vve Knevv nevvvermore
 Such plafant vveather any year before
 The fields, feas, vvoods, and all the beaft vvere glad
 Novv mourn they all the very RokS are fad:
 The Trees have (fince *Carlisle* for England goes
 Leaving the green, put on their mourning Cloths
 The Heaven felf in this our northren Spheares
 For your departure vvil raine floods of teares
 But all the Gods Great Lord vvil frame Your vvil
 Mercury tould me this on Helicons Hil,
 VVhen Heavens Parliament vvvas in good accords
 Then to all Gods did Jupiter fpeake thofe vvords.

JUPITER.

*QVid multo rapidi mifcentur murmure fluctus?
 Impete quid Cæco flamina feva ruunt?
 Heus Neptune tuo fluctus compefce Tridente
 Æole præcipites carcere claude Nothos
 Non vagus eft Vobis nunc deducendus Ulyffes
 Non pius Æneas Numina veftva rogat
 En Cytherea Venus, Mavors, & Cyprius Infans
 Creduntur Veftvæ Numina chara fidei
 At vos, Vos reliqui Cœleftia Numina Divi
 In columes focios concomitate Deos
 Illos ut par eft omnes deducite falvos,
 Illos Angliacis reddite litoribus.*

NEPTUNUS.

GREAT Jupiter j fhal in nothing faile
 As foone my Lord CARLISLE put's up his fail
 Then I wil goe my felf to cut the fiods
 Before his fkip with al my water Gods
 Caftor and Pollux fhal fit on the maft
 Til he al dangerous feas and weaves is paf
 And round about fhal blowing Tritons rife
 Their trompets and Sirenes to fing his praife
 Not to bewich him like the did Ulys
 We know all that CARLISLE farr wifer is.
 Thus Your command GREAT Jupiter we wil doe
 We have no foveraig but Britans King next You.

ÆOLUS.

Ik heb wat u belieft al tyd to doē bemint
 Sou ik'er tegen ftaen? ik ben maer bloot een *Wind*.

MARS.

EY höfws wår fåfeng Hielp om It'wil rätt befinna /
 Här är ju Oden fielf hwem håller honom foot
 Ock Frigga fåg hwem tors full' giöra them emoot?
 Them Oden intet ftår kan Fröya öfwerwinna.

APOLLO.

VOrrei & voglio ben far comme bifognia
 Mandando fuora la mia grandiffima ciarezza
 Et vera mente non farebbe vergognia
 D'arroffire vedendo la triplice belleza,
 De qvelli SOLI terrestri: Ma ne sono ficuro
 Ch'il loro maggior lume fara il mio minore ofcuro.

PHOEBUS.

Vous estes bien heureux de porter fur vos ondes
 (Neptun mon cher Amy Vous estes bien heureux)
 La Vaillance & fageffe & la beauté dú Monde
 Croyez moy qv'en ces trois, Voús portez tous les Dieux.

MERCURIUS.

Ihr Götter ich fliege
 Die tapferen Siege
 Durch klugfinnig rathen
 Vnd tapferen Thaten
 Von Howard erworben
 Bey tapferen Helden
 Ich wil Sie befangen
 Daß Echo foll klingen
 Der Nachwelt zu melden
 Auch wenn Er gestorben.

THis Spoken they did all together Schout
 And with one Voice gladly cryd aloud,
 We wil conducte them, non of us fhall faile
 Th' earth anfwears, long long live my Lord Carlisle.

E. Noreen.