To the right honorable Edward Deniere, lord
Boulbecke, Erle of Oxford, Lord
great Chamberlaine of England,
Edmund Eluiden with the long life with increas of honour.

I was not with our wise forecaste the polytike Poets & wise Phylosophers, haue many times verted in pleasant Metaphors, hidden secrets and sundry notable instructions, considering that as the minde is satisfied with profound misteries, so likewise the weakness of nature is made well disposed by pleasant conuience: for as the one informing wisdome, burdeneth the wittes, so likewise the other refresheth the senses, reneweth the memory, and preserveth the tender appetite from tediousnesse: which requisite recreation of me presumptuously thought vppon, I haue boldlye
A.ii.
The Epistle.

or rather impudently offered to you
honoure this present rude and gross
conceite, wherein I have to my slende
abilitie bestowed the fruits of my wil-
ing labour, for your honors recrea-
tion and auoyding of tedious time
after your wayghtie affayrs finished
not altogether voyde of secreete mea-
nine, but well persved of your
Lord
shippe, sufficientlie intending to sa-
tisfe the humor of your wise disposi-
tion. And thus craving your curtesi
to respect of my good wil, as chiefi-
bent for your especial pleasure,
rather than of my simple tra-
uell, I briefly leave to
touble your ho-
nour with te-
dious cir-
custance.

Your honors humble
at commandement,

Edmund Eldiden.