

To the right hono  
rable *Edward Deuiere*, lord

Boulbecke, Erle of Oxford, Lord

great Chamberlaine of England,

Edmund Eluiden witheth long

life with increafe of

honoure,



*I* was not with

oute wise forecaste  
right honorable (that  
the polytike Poets &  
wise Phylosophers,  
haue many times vt-

tered in pleasant Metaphors, hidden  
secrets and sundry notable instructi-  
ons, considering that as the minde is  
satisfied with profound misteries, so  
likewise the weaknes of nature is made  
wel disposed by pleasant conuei-  
ance: for as the one informing wisdom,  
burdeneth the wittes, so likewise the  
other refresheth the senses, reneweth  
the memory, and preserueth the ten-  
der appetite from tediousnesse: which  
requisite recreation of me presumptu-  
ously thought vppon, I haue boldlye

A.ij.

or

## *The Epistle.*

or rather impudently offered to you  
honoure this present rude and gross  
conceite, wherein I haue to my stonde  
abilitie bestowed the fruits of my wil-  
ling labour, for your honors recrea-  
tion and auoyding of tedious time  
after your wayghtie affayrs finished  
not altogether voyde of secrete mea-  
ning, but well perused of your Lord-  
shippe, sufficientlie intending to sa-  
tisfie the humor of your wise disposi-  
tion. And thus crauing your curtesie  
to respect of my good wil, as chieffi-  
bent for your especial pleasure,  
rather than of my simple tra-  
uell, I briefly leaue to  
trouble your ho-  
nour with te-  
dious cir-  
cūstance.

*Your honors humble*

at commaundement,  
*Edmund Eluden.*