

From: Clay Holden (<i>cholden@netcom.com</i>)
To: enochian-1@hollyfeld.org
Subject: "I am the dowghter of fortitude"
Date: Sun, 1 Dec 1996 19:45:13 -0800

To all:

Here, as promised, is my transcription of the "Daughter of Fortitude" speech from the Cotton Appendix. There is at least one significant difference here from Casaubon's transcription. I cannot guarantee that I have made no transcription errors, but in the case of replacing the word "stone" with "sonne", I am in no doubt.

I have not included Dee's marginal notes here, as they are essentially the same as appears in Casaubon, and are not essential to the text in this instance.

Hoping that this is of some interest to you.

Clay

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[BOF]

Transcribed from Cotton Appendix XLVI, Division XII,
"Actio Tertio Trebonae Generalis", ff. 218-220

I am the dowghter of fortitude, & ravyshe every howr, from
my youth, for behold, I am understanding, &
science dwelleth in me : & the hevens oppress me,
They covet and desyre me with infinite appetite
few or none that are erthly have embraced me
for I am shadowed with the circle of the sonne : and covered with
the morning clouds: My feet are swifter than the wynds,
& my hands are sweter than the morning dew. My garments
are from the beginning: & my dwelling place is in my
self. The lyon knoweth not where I walk : neyther
do the bestes of the field understand me. I am deflowered &
yet a virgin. I sanctifie & am not sanctified
happy is he that embraceth me. for in the night season
I am sweete, in the day full of pleasure
[end folio 218 / begin folio 219]
my company is a harmony of many Cymballs
And my lips sweeter than helth it self. I am a harlot
for such as ravish me : and a virgin with such as know
me not : for lo I am loved of many : & I am a

lover to many: and as many as come unto me as they should
do, have theyr enterteynment. Purge your streets o
you sons of men, & wash your howses clean
Make your selves holy, & put on righteousness
Cast out your old strumpets, & burn theyr cloathes
Absteyn from the company of other women that are
defyled, that are sluttish, & not so handsome, &
bewtiful as I. And then will I come & dwell
amongst you. And behold I will bring furth
Children unto you: & they shall be the sons of comfort
I will open my garments, & stand naked before you
that your love may be more enflamed toward me.
As yet, I walk in the clowdes, As yet, I am carryed with
the wyndes : And can not descend unto you for the multitude
of your abominations, & the filthy lothesomnes of your dwelling
places. Behold these fowre, who is he, that

shall say, they have synned : or unto whom shall

they make accownt? Not unto you, =F4 you sons

of men, nor unto your children : for unto the lord

belongeth the Judgment of his servants

Now therfor, let the erth give furth her fruits unto
you : And let the mowntayns forsake theyr barrenness
wher your fotestepps shall remayne. happy is he that
saluteth you : & cursed is he that holdeth up his
hands against you. & power shall be given unto

you from hence furth to resyst your enemies : & the
lord shall allways here you in the tymes of your
trubbles. And I am sent unto you to play

the harlot with you : And am to enrich you with the
spoyles of other men : prepare for me, for I comme
shortly. Provyde your Chambers for me that they
may be swete & clenly : for I will make a
dwelling place amongst you : and I will be
common with the father & the sonne, yea and with
all them that truely favoereth you

[end folio 219 / begin folio 220]

for my youth, is in her flowre and my strength is not
to be extinguished with man. Strong am I above &
below. Therefor, provyde for me. for behold I now
salute you. And let peace be amongst you : for I
am the Dowghter of Cumfort. Disclose not

my secrets unto women : nether let them understand

how swete I am. for all things belongeth not unto
every one
I comme unto you again.

[EOF]

Clay Holden
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"Super caelestes roretis aquae: _____:
Et terra fructum dabit suum." |
-John Dee / ^ | ^ \