

'The Origins and Life of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester'

from the Latin elegiac verses of Christopher Johnson (c. 1536-1597);

translated by Christopher Jotischky, Flavia Edelsten, Ed Grigg,
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⊕\Y C f[[]bgLbX @]Z' cZK]~]la cZK m_Y\la Ñ

GooX K]`]La Ñ XYg]fYg X]X bchUate.
For once his Oxford college was complete,
He sought only his kindness to repeat,
Which took root in his own dear bishopric;
A school he there constructed, brick by brick.
No fewer students there did he desire,
And masters too, their young minds to inspire.
H\Yb, k \Yb X]g]W]h]c]b]n]U]f]g]k]Y]f]Y]V]f]U]Y]m]g]a]i]n]e]d],
H\Y A i g]Y]g]U]f]g]L]b]X]g]d]Y]U]_]Y]f]g]U]f]W]g]Y]l]d]`]U]l]b]Y]X],
The choicest youths did Wykeham now select
To come to Oxford, for their intellect.
Thus, holy Mary, was there now a pair
Of colleges which did your chaste name bear.

80

Throughout his diocese churches were endowed,
And much to kinsmen and the poor allowed. 130
Much to his servants and the king he brought,
But of his colleges he mostly thought.
These are an everlasting monument
To one whose life was such a testament.
The man who lived and died, showing such love,
Must be an honoured soul in heaven above.
=Z\c`mDYhffig_Yng`h fbYX bchh\Y [UhY
For him, all other saints must come too late.
No more, I find my verses are inept;
But, Wykeham, these I beg you to accept. 140