



Bonfoy Trimnell (d. 1691)

July 8, W., Trimnell, fellow of New Coll., died of the purples, in the evening about 7 or 8. Buried late that night. His funerall on Sunday night following (July 12); buried in the corner of the north-east cloyster.<sup>2</sup>

Charles died in that year and after an elaborate funeral overseen by his brother he was interred in his cathedral near to Wykeham himself, and a scholar from the nearby college was supplied by the headmaster to deliver a suitable oration. Charles, in fact, is encountered as a young man in our library too, as two pages after the donations of Bonfoy, we find those of his elder brother, also under 1688, comprising thirteen volumes, to his brother's two.<sup>8</sup>

Bonfoy would remain a blank for us were it not for the stray survival of one Latin poem of his composition. It is headed '5<sup>o</sup> Maij 1689 Ad Eximium Juvenem & Rei Musicæ Callentissimum D<sup>nm</sup> Jacobum Worsley' ('5 May 1689, To the excellent young man, and one most practised in music, Master James Worsley'). This survives as a single sheet in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC. It bears text on one side only, and its three horizontal folds and remains of a seal on the reverse suggest strongly that this is the original gift as passed by Bonfoy to his friend Worsley. It is a birthday present, and comprises eight stanzas in Sapphic metre (the best-known classical example is Catullus 51, 'Ille mi par esse deo videtur'). Now the birthday boy was one of the gilded youth, son of Sir James Worsley of Pylewell Park, Hampshire. In adult life Worsley would assume the baronetcy from his cousin, and sit in ten parliaments stretching over four decades. Young James took no degree, gave no books, and departed for the Middle Temple in 1691.<sup>9</sup>

Carmen Genathliacum

A Birthday Poem

5<sup>o</sup> Maij 1689

Ad Eximium Juvenem &  
Rei Musicæ Callentissimum  
D<sup>nm</sup> Jacobum Worsley

5 May 1689

To the excellent youth,  
and one most skilled in music,  
Master James Worsley

Te canit vates Lyricen sonori  
Artifex nervi, citharæque vindex,  
Percutis molles bene qui perito  
Pectine chordas.

Of you, lyrist, the poet sings, artificer  
Of the sounding string, champion of the lute,  
You who strike well the soft chords  
With skilful plectrum.

Cùm modis vestros modularis aptis  
Nobiles versus, numerosque dulces;  
Quam susurratur Lyricum subactas  
Murmur in Aures!

When in fit measures you play  
Your noble verses and your sweet rhythms,  
How the lyric murmur is whispered  
In subdued ears!

Te sequor raptus, placidosque cantus,  
Quis movet nostrum Lyra blanda molem;  
Horrido passu velut insecutus  
Orphea truncus.

Rapt I follow you and your gentle music,  
By which the seductive lyre moves our bulk;  
Just like tree-trunk following Orpheus  
With bristling step.

Te sequor Conjux, ut Apollo Daphnen,  
Pulcra tu vati Catherina Virgo  
Nulla formosum superat Jacobum  
Fronte decorâ.

As a spouse I follow you, as Apollo does Daphne  
To the poet you are beautiful, maid Catherine,  
But no maid surpasses handsome James  
With shining brow.

Huc scyphos ferte & genijs jocosis  
Vina fundantur celeres ministri,  
Vos odoratos properate circum

Hither bear the goblets, and with jocund spirits  
Let wines be poured, nimble waiters;  
Haste ye to scatter all round