

A LAMPORT GARLAND.



# LAMPORT GARLAND

FROM THE LIBRARY

OF

### SIR CHARLES EDMUND ISHAM, BART.

COMPRISING

### FOUR UNIQUE WORKS

HITHERTO UNKNOWN.

PRINTED FOR THE

# Korburghe Club.

LONDON : J. B. NICHOLS AND SONS, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

MDCCCLXXXI.

PR 1207 L36 1881

REF. & REN. R. 16, 024 STURAL STURAL OF THE

delte a Mandagers

1

# A LAMPORT GARLAND.



# Korburghe Club.



#### The Koxburghe Club.

MDCCCLXXXII.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, K.G.

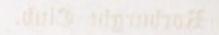
PRESIDENT.

MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN. MARQUIS OF BATH. EARL OF CRAWFORD. EARL OF CARNARVON. EARL OF POWIS, V.P. EARL BEAUCHAMP. EARL OF CAWDOR. LORD ZOUCHE. LORD HOUGHTON. LORD COLERIDGE. BARON HEATH.

RIGHT HON. ALEX. JAMES BERESFORD HOPE. SIR WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, BART. SIR EDWARD HULSE, BART.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, ESQ HENRY BRADSHAW, ESQ. HENRY ARTHUR BRIGHT, ESQ. REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BUCKLEY.

FRANCIS HENRY DICKINSON, ESQ. GEORGE BRISCOE EYRE, ESQ. THOMAS GAISFORD, ESQ. HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, ESQ. Treasurer. ALBAN GEORGE HENRY GIBBS, ESQ. RALPH NEVILLE GRENVILLE, ESQ. ROBERT STAYNER HOLFORD, ESQ. JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ. JOHN COLE NICHOLL, ESQ. EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ. EDWARD JAMES STANLEY, ESQ. SIMON WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. REV. WILLIAM HEPWORTH THOMPSON, D.D. GEORGE TOMLINE, ESQ. REV. EDWARD TINDAL TURNER. VICTOR WILLIAM BATES VAN DE WEYER, ESQ. W. ALDIS WRIGHT, ESQ.



ł



#### 1812. PRESIDENT.

1. GEORGE JOHN, EARL SPENCER.

1812.	3.	WILLIAM SPENCER, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
1812.	3	GEORGE SPENCER CHURCHILL, MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.
		1817. DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.
1812.	4.	GEORGE GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER, EARL GOWER.
		1833. MARQUIS OF STAFFORD.
		1833. DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.
1812.	5.	GEORGE HOWARD, VISCOUNT MORPETH.
		1825. EARL OF CARLISLE.
1812.	6.	JOHN CHARLES SPENCER, VISCOUNT ALTHORP.
		1834. EARL SPENCER.
1812.	7.	SIR MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, BART.
1812.	8.	SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.
1812.	9.	WILLIAM BENTHAM, ESQ.
1812.	10.	WILLIAM BOLLAND, ESQ.
		1829. SIR WILLIAM BOLLAND. KNT.
1812.	11.	JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.
1812.	12.	REV. WILLIAM HOLWELL CARR.
1812.	13.	JOHN DENT. ESQ.
1812.	14.	REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN.
1812.	15.	REV. HENRY DRURY.

1812.	16.	FRANCIS FREELING, ESQ.
		1828. SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART.
1812.	17.	GEORGE HENRY FREELING, ESQ.
		1836. SIR GEORGE HENRY FREELING, BART.
1812.	18.	JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, ESQ.
1812.	19.	RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.
1812.	20.	REV. THOMAS CUTHBERT HEBER.
1812.	21.	GEORGE ISTED, ESQ.
1812.	22.	ROBERT LANG, ESQ.
1812.	23.	JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, ESQ.
		1824. SIR JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, KNT.
1812.	24.	JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, ESQ.
1812.	25.	JOHN DELAFIELD PHELPS, ESQ.
1812.	26.	THOMAS PONTON, ESQ.
1812.	27.	PEREGRINE TOWNELEY, ESQ.
1812.	28.	EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, ESQ.
1812.	29.	ROGER WILBRAHAM, ESQ.
1812.	30.	REV. JAMES WILLIAM DODD.
1812.	31,	EDWARD LITTLEDALE, ESQ.

32. GEORGE HIBBERT, ESQ. 1816. 33. SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART. 1819. 34. GEORGE WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. 1822. 35. JOHN ARTHUR LLOYD, ESQ. 1822. 36. VENERABLE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM. 1822. 37. THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY. 1823. 1827. SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. 38. HON. AND REV. GEORGE NEVILLE GRENVILLE. 1827. 1846. DEAN OF WINDSOR. 1828. 39. EDWARD HERBERT, VISCOUNT CLIVE. 1839. EARL OF POWIS. 40. JOHN FREDERICK, EARL OF CAWDOR. 1830. 41. REV. EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY, D.D. 1831. 42. SIR STEPHEN RICHARD GLYNNE, BART. 1834. 1834. 43. BENJAMIN BARNARD, ESQ. 1834. 44. VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BUTLER, D.D. 1836. SAMUEL, LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

#### 1835. PRESIDENT. EDWARD HERBERT, VISCOUNT CLIVE. 1839. EARL OF POWIS.

1835.	45.	WALTER FRANCIS, DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY.
1836.	46.	RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.
		1846. EARL OF ELLESMERE.
1836.	47.	ARCHIBALD ACHESON, VISCOUNT ACHESON.
		1849. EARL OF GOSFORD.
1836.	48.	BERIAH BOTFIELD, ESQ.
1836.	49.	HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.
1837.	50.	PHILIP HENRY STANHOPE, VISCOUNT MAHON.
		1855. EARL STANHOPE.
1838.	51.	GEORGE JOHN, LORD VERNON.
1838.	52.	REV. PHILIP BLISS, D.C.L.
1839.	53.	RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JAMES PARKE, KNT.
		1856. LORD WENSLEYDALE.
1839.	54.	REV. BULKELEY BANDINEL, D.D.
1839.	55.	WILLIAM HENRY MILLER, ESQ.
1839.	56.	EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ.
1840.	57.	EDWARD JAMES HERBERT, VISCOUNT CLIVE.
		1848. EARL OF POWIS.
1841.	58.	DAVID DUNDAS, ESQ.
		1847. SIR DAVID DUNDAS, KNT.
1842.	59.	JOHN EARL BROWNLOW.
1842.	60,	HONOURABLE HUGH CHOLMONDELEY.
		1855. LORD DELAMERE.
1844.	61.	SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, BART.
1844.	62.	ALEXANDER JAMES BERESFORD HOPE, ESQ.
1844.	63.	REV. HENRY WELLESLEY.
1845,	64.	ANDREW RUTHERFURD, ESQ.
		1851. LORD RUTHERFURD.
1846.	65.	HON. ROBERT CURZON, JUN.
1846.	66.	GEORGE TOMLINE, ESQ.
1846.	67.	WILLIAM STIRLING, ESQ.
		1866. SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL, BART.
1847.	68.	FRANCIS HENRY DICKINSON, ESQ.

#### 1848 PRESIDENT.

WALTER FRANCIS, DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, K.G.

- 1848. 69. NATHANIEL BLAND, ESQ.
- 1848. 70. REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BUCKLEY.
- 1849 71. REV. JOHN STUART HIPPISLEY HORNER.
- 1849. 72. HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIEUR VAN DE WEYER.
- 1849. 73. MELVILLE PORTAL, ESQ.
- 1851. 74. ROBERT STAYNER HOLFORD, ESQ.
  - 75. PAUL BUTLER, ESQ.
  - 76. EDWARD HULSE, ESQ.
    - 1855. SIR EDWARD HULSE, BART.
- 1853. 77. CHARLES TOWNELEY, ESQ.
- 1854. 78. WILLIAM ALEX. ANTH. ARCH. DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.
  - 79. HENRY HOWARD MOLYNEUX, EARL OF CARNARVON.
- 1855. 80. SIR JOHN BENN WALSH, BART.
  - 1868. LORD ORMATHWAITE.
  - 81. ADRIAN JOHN HOPE, ESQ.
  - 82. RALPH NEVILLE GRENVILLE, ESQ.
- 1856. 83. SIR JOHN SIMEON, BART.
- 84. SIR JAMES SHAW WILLES, KNT.
- 1857. 85. GEORGE GRANVILLE FRANCIS, EARL OF ELLESMERE.
  - 86. WILLIAM SCHOMBERG ROBERT, MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN.
  - 87. FREDERICK TEMPLE, LORD DUFFERIN.
    - 1872. EARL OF DUFFERIN.
- 1858. 88. SIMON WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ.
  - 89. THOMAS GAISFORD, ESQ.
- 1861. 90. JOHN FREDERICK VAUGHAN, EARL CAWDOR.
- 1863. 91. GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER, ESQ.
- 92. HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, ESQ.
- 1864. 93. RICHARD MONCKTON, LORD HOUGHTON.
  - 94. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, ESQ.
  - 95. REV. HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE.
  - 96. REV. WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK.
  - 97. REV. CHARLES HENRY HARTSHORNE.
  - 98. JOHN COLE NICHOLL, ESQ.
  - 99. GEORGE BRISCOE EYRE, ESQ.
  - 100. JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, ESQ.
- 1866. 101. HENRY HUTH, ES.
- 102. HENRY BRADSHAW, ESQ.
- 1867. 103. FREDERICK, EARL BEAUCHAMP.
  - 104 KIRKMAN DANIEL HODGSON, ESQ.
- 1868. 105. CHARLES WYNNE FINCH, ESQ.

- 1870. 106. HENRY SALUSBURY MILMAN, ESQ.
  - 107. EDWARD JAMES STANLEY, ESQ
- 1871. 108. REV. EDWARD TINDAL TURNER.
- 1872. 109. SCHOMBERG HENRY, MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN.
- 1875. 110. JOHN ALEXANDER, MARQUIS OF BATH.
  - 111. JOHN DUKE, LORD COLERIDGE.
    - 112. VICTOR WILLIAM BATES VAN DE WEYER, ESQ.
    - 113. HENRY ARTHUR BRIGHT, ESQ.
  - 114. ALBAN GEORGE HENRY GIBBS, ESQ.
- 1876. 115. REV. WILLIAM HEPWORTH THOMPSON, D.D.
- 1877. 116. JOHN LUDOVIC LINDSAY, LORD LINDSAY. 1880. EARL OF CRAWFORD.
- 1879. 117. ROBERT NATHANIEL CECIL GEORGE, LORD ZOUCHE
  - 118. ROBERT AMADEUS HEATH, BARON HEATH.
    - 119. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, ESQ.
    - 120. JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.
    - 121. WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, ESQ.
  - 122. SIR WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, BART.
- 1880. 123. FREDERIC OUVRY, ESQ.

## Korburghe Club.

AT VEOREE OF THE BOOKS

#### A LLA MALL CA DELTSTIC CALLS

,

#### 1 CONTRACTOR

.

# Korburghe Club.

<

# CATALOGUE OF THE BOOKS

PRESENTED TO

AND PRINTED BY THE CLUB.

LONDON:

MDCCCLXXXII.

### TTTTTO TATAO

Renthurghe Elub.

CATALOGUE OF THE BOOKS

DI UNTXILIN

AND PRINTED BY THE CEUS.

: KOU ZOA

MDCCID22811.

### CATALOGUE.

Certaine Bokes of VIRGILES Aenaeis, turned into English Meter. By the Right Honorable Lorde, HENRY EARLE OF SURREY.

WILLIAM BOLLAND, Esq. 1814.

Caltha Poetarum; or, The Bumble Bee. By T. CUTWODE, Esq. RICHARD HEBER, Esq. 1815.

The Three First Books of OVID de Tristibus, Translated into English. By THOMAS CHURCHYARDE.

EARL SPENCER, PRESIDENT. 1816. Poems. By Richard Barnfield.

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. 1816. DOLARNEY'S Primerose or the First part of the Passionate Hermit. SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART. 1816.

La Contenance de la Table.

GEORGE HENRY FREELING, Esq. 1816. Newes from Scotland, declaring the Damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer, who was burned at Edenbrough in Ianuarie last 1591.

GEORGE HENRY FREELING, Esq. 1816. A proper new Interlude of the World and the Child, otherwise called Mundus et Infans.

VISCOUNT ALTHORP. 1817.

HAGTHORPE Revived; or Select Specimens of a Forgotten Poet. SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. 1817. Istoria novellamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, &c. da LUIGI PORTO.

REV. WILLIAM HOLWELL CARR. 1817. The Funeralles of King Edward the Sixt. REV. JAMES WILLIAM DODD. 1817.

A Roxburghe Garland, 12mo.

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. 1817.

Cock Lorell's Boat, a Fragment from the original in the British Museum.

REV. HENRY DRURY. 1817.

Le Livre du Faucon.

ROBERT LANG, ESQ. 1817.

1817.

The Glutton's Feaver. By THOMAS BANCROFT. JOHN DELAFIELD PHELPS, ESQ.

The Chorle and the Birde.

SIR MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, BART. 1818.

Daiphantus, or the Passions of Love. By ANTONY SCOLOKER.

ROGER WILBRAHAM, Esq. 1818.

The Complaint of a Lover's Life.

Controversy between a Lover and a Jay.

REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, VICE PRESIDENT. 1818.

Balades and other Poems. By JOHN GOWER. Printed from the original Manuscript in the Library of the Marquis of Stafford, at Trentham.

EARL GOWER. 1818.

Diana; or the excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C., supposed to have been printed either in 1592 or 1594.

EDWARD LITTLEDALE, Esq. 1818.

Chester Mysteries. De Deluvio Noe. De Occisione Innocentium. JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, Esq. 1818. Ceremonial at the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scotts with the Dauphin of France.

WILLIAM BENTHAM, ESQ. 1818.

The Solempnities and Triumphes doon and made at the Spousells and Marriage of the King's Daughter the Ladye Marye to the Prynce of Castile, Archduke of Austrige.

JOHN DENT, ESQ. 1818.

The Life of St. Ursula. Guiscard and Sigismund.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. 1818.

Le Morte Arthur. The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Du Lake. THOMAS PONTON, Esq. 1819.

Six Bookes of Metamorphoseos in whyche ben conteyned the Fables of OVYDE. Translated out of Frensshe into Englysshe by WILLIAM CAXTON. Printed from a Manuscript in the Library of Mr. Secretary Pepys, in the College of St. Mary Magdalen, in the University of Cambridge.

GEORGE HIBBERT, Esq. 1819.

Cheuelere Assigne.

EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, Esq. 1820.

Two Interludes : Jack Jugler and Thersytes.

JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, Esq. 1820.

The New Notborune Mayd. The Boke of Mayd Emlyn.

GEORGE ISTED, ESQ. 1820.

The Book of Life; a Bibliographical Melody.

Dedicated to the Roxburghe Club by RICHARD THOMSON.

8vo. 1820.

Magnyfycence: an Interlude. By JOHN SKELTON, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII.

JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, ESQ. 1821.

Judicium, a Pageant. Extracted from the Towneley Manuscript of Ancient Mysteries.

PEREGRINE EDWARD TOWNELEY, Esq. 1822. An Elegiacal Poem, on the Death of Thomas Lord Grey, of Wilton. By ROBERT MARSTON. From a Manuscript in the Library of The Right Honourable Thomas Grenville.

VISCOUNT MORPETH. 1822.

Selections from the Works of THOMAS RAVENSCROFT; a Musical Composer of the time of King James the First.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. 1822.

LÆLII PEREGRINI Oratio in Obitum Torquati Tassi. Editio secunda.

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. 1822. The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos.

SIR MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, BART. 1822. The Metrical Life of Saint Robert of Knaresborough.

REV. HENRY DRURY. 1824.

Informacon for Pylgrymes unto the Holy Londe. From a rare Tract in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.

GEORGE HENRY FREELING, Esq. 1824.

The Cuck-Queanes and Cuckolds Errants or the Bearing Down the Inne, a Comædie. The Faery Pastorall or Forrest of Elues. By W------, Esq.

JOHN ARTHUR LLOYD, Esq. 1824.

The Garden Plot, an Allegorical Poem, inscribed to Queen Elizabeth. By HENRY GOLDINGHAM. From an unpublished Manuscript of the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. To which are added some account of the Author; also a reprint of his Masques performed before the Queen at Norwich on Thursday, August 21, 1578.

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM. 1825.

La Rotta de Francciosi a Terroana novamente facta. La Rotta de Scocesi.

EARL SPENCER, PRESIDENT. 1825.

Nouvelle Edition d'un Poeme sur la Journée de Guinegate. Presented by the MARQUIS DE FORTIA. 1825.

Zuléima, par C. PICHLER. 12mo.

Presented by H. DE CHATEAUGIRON. 1825.

Poems, written in English, by CHARLES DUKE OF ORLEANS, during his Captivity in England after the Battle of Azincourt.

GEORGE WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. 1827.

Proceedings in the Court Martial held upon John, Master of Sinclair, Captain-Lieutenant in Preston's Regiment, for the Murder of Ensign Schaw of the same Regiment, and Captain Schaw, of the Royals, 17 October, 1708; with Correspondence respecting that Transaction.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. 1828.

The Ancient English Romance of Havelok the Dane; accompanied by the French Text: with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary. By FREDERIC MADDEN, Esq.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1828.

GAUFRIDI ARTHURII MONEMUTHENSIS Archidiaconi, postea vero Episcopi Asaphensis, de Vita et Vaticiniis Merlini Calidonii, Carmen Heroicum.

HON. and REV. G. NEVILLE GRENVILLE. 1830.

The Ancient English Romance of William and the Werwolf; edited from an unique copy in King's College Library, Cambridge; with an Introduction and Glossary. By FREDERIC MADDEN Esq.

EARL CAWDOR. 1832.

The Private Diary of WILLIAM, first EARL COWPER, Lord Chancellor of England.

REV. EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY. 1833.

The Lyvys of Seyntes; translated into Englys be a Doctour of Dyuynite clepyd OSBERN BOKENAM, frer Austyn of the Convent of Stocklare.

VISCOUNT CLIVE, PRESIDENT. 1835.

A Little Boke of Ballads.

Dedicated to the Club by E. V. UTTERSON, Esq. 1836.

The Love of Wales to their Soueraigne Prince, expressed in a true Relation of the Solemnity held at Ludlow, in the Countie of Salop, upon the fourth of November last past, Anno Domini 1616, being the day of the Creation of the high and mighty Charles, Prince of Wales, and Earle of Chester, in his Maiesties Palace of White-Hall.

Presented by the HONOURABLE R. H. CLIVE. 1837.

Sidneiana, being a collection of Fragments relative to Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, and his immediate Connexions.

BISHOP OF LICHFIELD. 1837.

The Owl and the Nightingale, a Poem of the Twelfth Century. Now first printed from Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library, and at Jesus' College, Oxford; with an Introduction and Glossary. Edited by JOSEPHUS STEVENSON, Esq.

SIR STEPHEN RICHARD GLYNNE, BART. 1838.

The Old English Version of the Gesta Romanorum : edited for the first time from Manuscripts in the British Museum and University Library, Cambridge, with an Introduction and Notes, by SIR FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1838.

Illustrations of Ancient State and Chivalry, from MSS. preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, with an Appendix.

BENJAMIN BARNARD, ESQ. 1840.

Manners and Household Expenses of England in the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, illustrated by original Records. I. Household Roll of Eleanor Countess of Leicester, A.D. 1265.
II. Accounts of the Executors of Eleanor Queen Consort of Edward I. A.D. 1291. III. Accounts and Memoranda of Sir John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, A.D. 1462 to A.D. 1471. BERIAH BOTFIELD, Esq. 1841.

The Black Prince, an Historical Poem, written in French, by CHANDOS HERALD; with a Translation and Notes by the Rev. HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, M.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1842.

The Decline of the last Stuarts. Extracts from the Despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1843.

Vox Populi Vox Dei, a Complaynt of the Comons against Taxes. Presented according to the Direction of the late

RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, KNT. 1843.

Household Books of John Duke of Norfolk and Thomas Earl of Surrey; temp. 1481—1490. From the original Manuscripts in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. Edited by J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1844.

Three Collections of English Poetry of the latter part of the Sixteenth Century.

Presented by the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G. 1845.

Historical Papers, Part I. Castra Regia, a Treatise on the Succession to the Crown of England, addressed to Queen Elizabeth by Roger EDWARDS, ESQ., in 1568. Novissima Straffordii, Some account of the Proceedings against, and Demeanor of, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, both before and during his Trial, as well as at his Execution; written in Latin by ABRAHAM WRIGHT, Vicar of Okeham, in Rutlandshire. The same (endeauord) in English by JAMES WRIGHT, Barrister at Law.

REV. PHILIP BLISS, D.C.L., and REV. BULKELEY BANDINEL. 1846.

- Correspondence of SIR HENRY UNTON, KNT., Ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV. King of France, in the years MDXCI. and MDXCII. From the originals and authentic copies in the State Paper Office, the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library. Edited by the REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, M.A. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1847.
- La Vraie Cronicque d'Escoce. Pretensions des Anglois à la Couronne de France. Diplome de Jacques VI. Roi de la Grande Bretagne. Drawn from the Burgundian Library by Major Robert Anstruther.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1847.

- The Sherley Brothers, an Historical Memoir of the Lives of Sir Thomas Sherley, Sir Anthony Sherley, and Sir Robert Sherley, Knights, by one of the same House. Edited and Presented by EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, Esq. 1848.
- The Alliterative Romance of Alexander. From the unique Manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum. Edited by the REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, M.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1849.

Letters and Dispatches from SIR HENRY WOTTON to James the First and his Ministers, in the years MDCXVII—XX. Printed from the originals in the Library of Eton College.

GEORGE TOMLINE, ESQ. 1850.

- Poema quod dicitur Vox Clamantis, necnon Chronica Tripartita, auctore JOHANNE GOWER, nunc primum edidit H. O. COXE, M.A. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1850.
- Five Old Plays. Edited from Copies, either unique or of great rarity, by J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1851.

The Romaunce of the Sowdone of Babylone and of Ferumbras his Sone who conquerede Rome.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, PRESIDENT. 1854.

The Ayenbite of Inwyt. From the Autograph MS. in the British Museum. Edited by the REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, M.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1855.

John de Garlande, de Triumphis Ecclesiæ Libri Octo. A Latin Poem of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, from the unique Manuscript in the British Museum, by THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.S.L., &c. &c.

EARL OF POWIS. 1856.

- Poems by MICHAEL DRAYTON. From the earliest and rarest Editions, or from Copies entirely unique. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, and a new Memoir of the Author, by J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1856.
- Literary Remains of KING EDWARD THE SIXTH. In Two Volumes. Edited from his Autograph Manuscripts, with Historical Notes and a Biographical Memoir, by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1857.

The Boke of Noblesse; Addressed to King Edward the Fourth on his Invasion of France in 1475. With an Introduction by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A.

LORD DELAMERE. 1860.

- Songs and Ballads, with other Short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary. Edited, from a Manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, by THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., F.S A., &c. &c. ROBERT S. HOLFORD, ESQ. 1860.
- De Regimine Principum, a Poem by THOMAS OCCLEVE, written in the Reign of Henry IV. Edited for the first time by THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1860.

The History of the Holy Graal; partly in English Verse by Henry Lonelich, Skynner, and wholly in French Prose by Sires Robiers de Borron. In two volumes. Edited, from MSS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the British Museum, by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1861 AND 1863.

Roberd of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, written A.D. 1203; with the French Treatise on which it is founded, Le Manuel des Pechiez by William of Waddington. From MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1862.

- The Old English Version of Partonope of Blois. Edited for the first time from MSS. in University College Library and the Bodleian at Oxford, by the REV. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., Rector of Middleton Cheney, and formerly Fellow of Brasenose College. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1862.
- Philosophaster, Comœdia; Poemata, auctore Roberto Burtono,S. Th. B., Democrito Juniore, Ex Æde Christi Oxon.

REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BUCKLEY. 1862.

La Queste del Saint Graal. In the French Prose of Maistres Gautiers Map, or Walter Map. Edited by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1864.

A Royal Historie of the excellent Knight Generides.

HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, Esq. 1865.

The Copy-Book of Sir Amias Poulet's Letters, written during his Embassy in France, A.D. 1577.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1866.

The Bokes of Nurture and Kervynge.

HON. ROBERT CURZON. 1867.

A Map of the Holy Land, illustrating Wey's Itineraries.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1867.

Historia Quatuor Regum Angliæ, authore Johanne Herdo.

SIMON WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. 1868.

Letters of Patrick Ruthven, Earl of Forth and Brentford, 1615-1662. DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, PRESIDENT. 1868.

The Pilgrimage of the Lyf of the Manhode, from the French of Guillaume de Deguileville. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1869.

Correspondence of Colonel N. Hooke, 1703-1707. Vol. I.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1870-1.

Liber Regalis; seu ordo Consecrandi Regem et Reginam. EARL BEAUCHAMP. 1870.

Le Mystère de Saint Louis, Roi de France. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1871.

Correspondence of Colonel N. Hooke, 1703-1707. Vol. II. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1871.

The History of the Most Noble Knight Plasidas, and other Pieces;
from the Pepysian Library. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1873.
Florian and Florete, a Metrical Romance.

MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN. 1873. A Fragment of Partonope of Blois, from a Manuscript at Vale Royal. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1873. The Legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

PAUL BUTLER, Esq. 1874.

Correspondence of the First Earl of Ancram and the Third Earl of Lothian. 1616-1687. 2 Vols.

MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN. 1875.

The History of Grisild the Second.

JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq. 1875. The Complete Poems of Richard Barnfield.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1876.

The Apocalypse of St. John, from an Anglo-Saxon Manuscript.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1876. Poems from Sir Kenelm Digby's Papers.

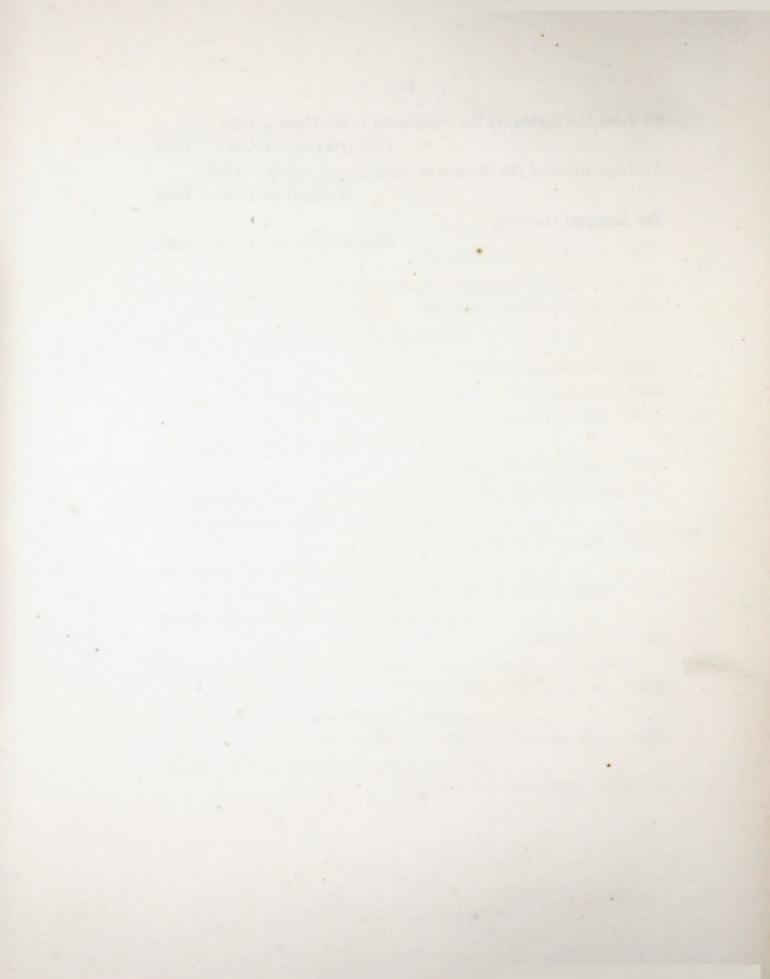
HENRY ARTHUR BRIGHT, ESQ. 1877. Cephalus and Procris, by THOMAS EDWARDS.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1880-2.

Sir John Harington on the Succession to the Crown, 1602. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1880. An Inquisition of the Manors of Glastonbury Abbey. 1589. MARQUIS OF BATH. 1882.

The Lamport Garland.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1882.



### TO THE READER.

The four Poetical Pieces, each unique, which conftitute the prefent volume, were placed by Sir Charles Edmund Ifham, Baronet, of Lamport Hall, Northamptonfhire, at the difpofal of the Roxburghe Club for republication under the Editorial care of Mr. Charles Edmonds, by whom their exiftence was first made known.

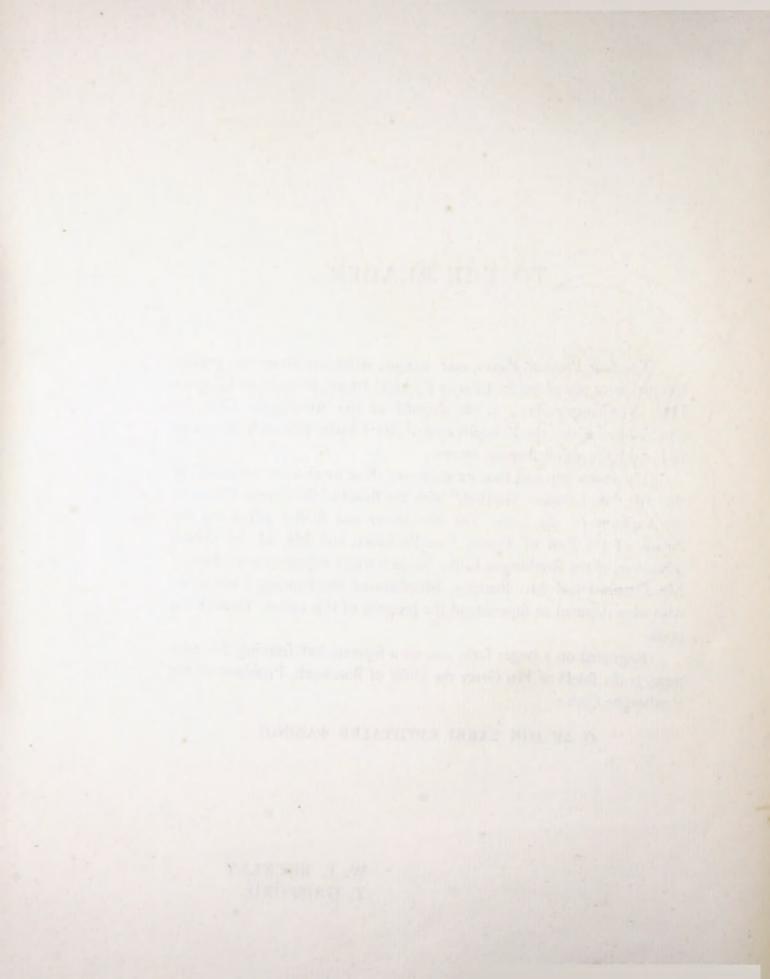
The ownership and local habitation of these treasures is intimated by the title "A Lamport Garland," with the shield of Sir Charles Isham on the keystone of the arch. On the dexter and sinister pillars are the shields of the Earl of Powis, Vice-President, and Mr. H. H. Gibbs, Treasurer, of the Roxburghe Club; beneath which respectively are those of Mr. Gaisford and Mr. Buckley, Members of the Printing Committee, who were deputed to superintend the progress of this volume through the press.

Engraved on a larger scale, and on a separate leaf fronting the titlepage, is the shield of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, President of the Roxburghe Club :

Ο ΔΕ ΜΙΝ ΣΑΚΕΙ ΚΡΥΠΤΑΣΚΕ ΦΑΕΙΝΩΙ.

E

W. E. BUCKLEY. T. GAISFORD.



## EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Editor thinks it neceffary to ftate that had he been preparing the prefent volume according to his original intention for a wider circle of readers he should have deemed the addition of a large body of explanatory notes absolutely indispensable.

Owing, however, to the reprint having been undertaken by the Roxburghe Club, he has confined his remarks within as narrow limits as poffible.

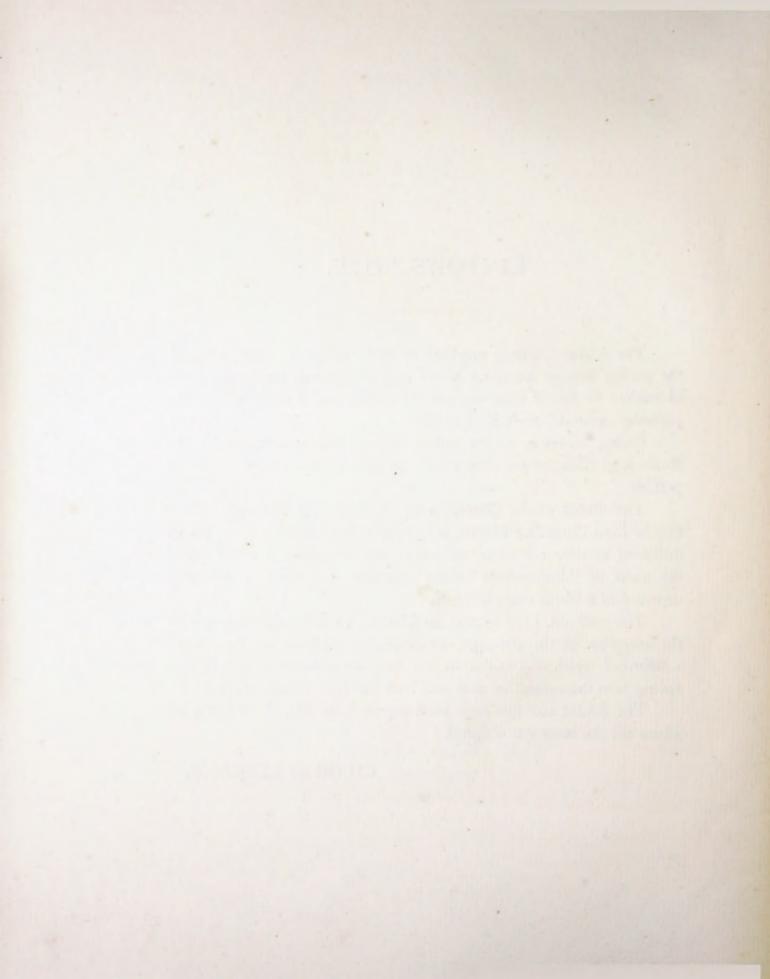
The fhields of the Counteffes of Hertford and Nottingham, and that of Lord Chancellor Hatton, are placed before the titles of the poems dedicated to their refpective memories; but the perfon intended under the name of "Emaricdulfe" being unknown, that work is neceffarily deprived of a fimilar embellifhment.

The tract on Lord Chancellor Hatton, it will be observed, is, with the exception of the title-page, not executed in facfimile like the others; a difference which was caused by the adoption of facfimile reproduction having been determined on after that tract had been already printed.

The fhields and title-page were engraved by Mr. J. A. Burt; by whom also the latter was defigned.

CHARLES EDMONDS.

2







# A LAMPORT GARLAND

COMPRISING

1 13 11 13

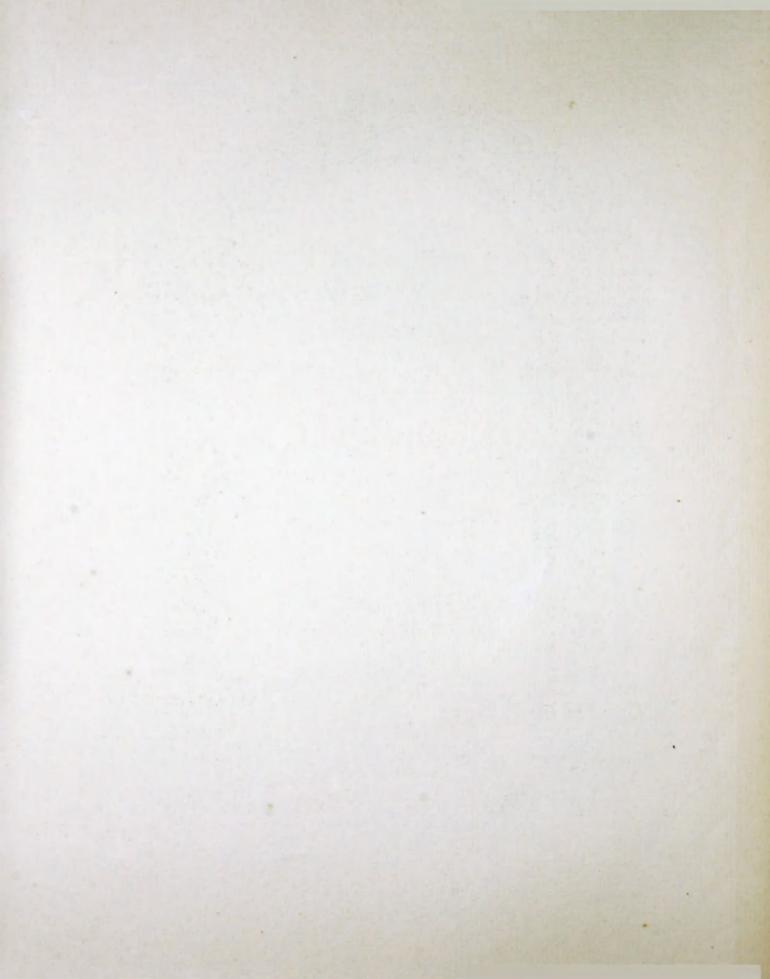
EMARICDULFE By E.C.Efquier. London,1595.

CELESTIALL ELEGIES By Thomas Rogers Efquire. London, 1598.

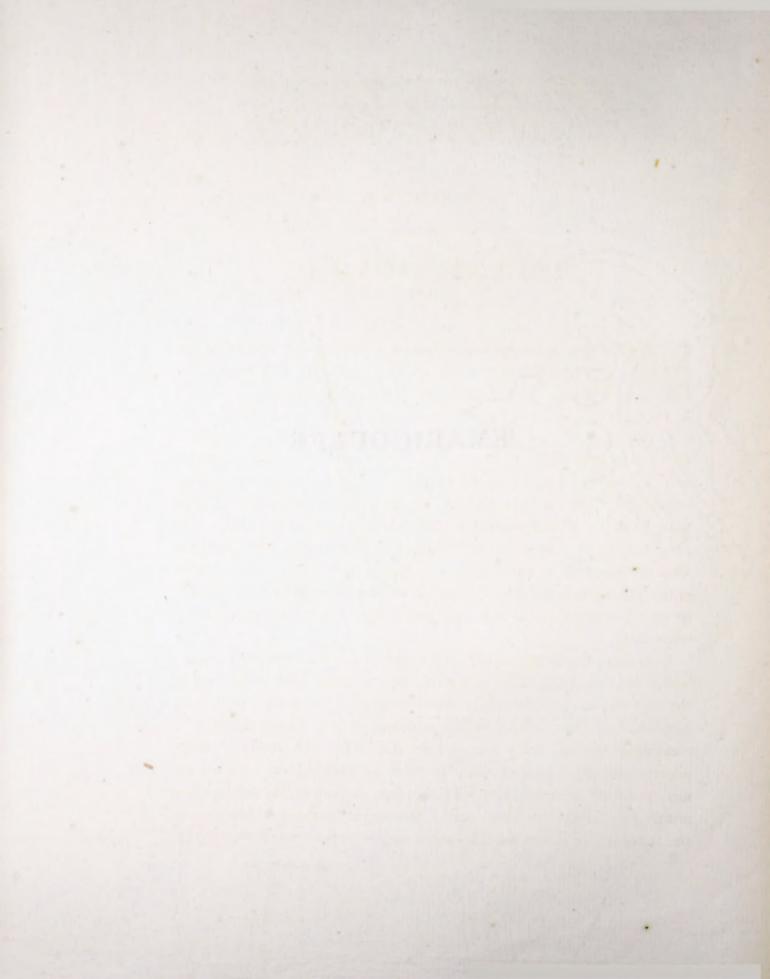
> VERTUES DUE By T. P. Gentleman. London, 1603.

A COMMEMORATION on Sir Chriftopher Hatton. By John Phillips. London,1591.

> PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE CLUB. MDCCCLXXXI.



# EMARICDULFE.





### INTRODUCTION.

#### то

# EMARICDULFE.

HE prefent collection of Sonnets is printed from an unique and hitherto unknown work, which is bound up with three other Poetical Tracts of great rarity and value, namely, Barnfielde's Cynthia, 1595; Griffin's Fidefsa, 1596; and Tofte's Laura, 1597.

Its claims to the honour of a reprint are not merely on account of its rarity. In fome parts the Sonnets flow great excellence, both in thought and expreffion; but in mufical rhythm they are perhaps—with fome exceptions where the lines, though they each scan, read more like profe than poetry—of better quality than they are in fonnet-fenfe. One peculiarity is, as compared with Shakespeare's poetry of the fame date, the frequent use of an extra syllable, as is apparent in Sonnet VII. This is noticeable, because it shows that the use of this extra fyllable, and Shakespeare's increased use of it as his years went on, was not even a femioriginality.

Another fource of intereft is the obscurity which involves both the writer and the object of his adoration, for the whole work is devoted to the expression of love for a lady who is concealed under the remarkable pseudonym of *Emaricdulfe*, by her admirer, who is equally successful in concealing himself under the initials *E.C.* Yet this obscurity arises perhaps only from lapse of time, for when a discarded lover commits his forrows to the press, and this with the tacit confent of the lady—when initials (no doubt true ones) and a pseudonym (perhaps in deference to the fame) are affixed to the title-page—and when friends with well-known

### Introduction to Emaricdulfe.

names are appealed to—it is hardly conceivable that the names of the lovers and the circumftances of their connexion could long efcape the knowledge of their contemporaries; efpecially as both belonged—as is demonstrable from the tone of the dedication and the names mentioned therein—to the upper claffes of fociety.

Much refearch has been made by the Editor and others to folve the mystery of these faid initials of 'E. C.' and of the evidently composite name of Emaricdulfe-or, as it is ofteneft fpelt, Emaricdulf-but without fuccefs. As to the initials; it is to be observed that a writer using the fame has verfes "In prayle of Gascoignes Poss," before the latter's poems; but it must be confessed that they more probably belong to an older man than the E. C. now in question. Yet it is quite possible that other explorers into literary mysteries may be more fortunate, and that the identity of the parties may at a future time be established when least expected. With this object in view, therefore, the Editor ventures to print, in extenso, the following verses (on the reverse of the leaf containing which are the names of the fpeakers in the play), which are fubfcribed with the fame initials 'E. C.', as it is not abfolutely impoffible that they emanated from the author of our tract. They were previoufly communicated to Notes and Queries, Ser. 111. vol. 8. (9 Sept. 1865) by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who introduces them thus:---

"In examining fome old books and MSS. for a different purpofe, I came acrofs a copy of 'The Tragedy of Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry,' 1613, by Lady E. Carew, with a Dedication, which I never met with before in copies of this drama, as follows :--

TO DIANAES EARTHLIE DEPVTESSE, and my worthy Sister, Mistris ELIZABETH CARYE.

When cheerfull *Phæbus* his full courfe hath run, His fifters fainter beams our harts doth cheere: So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne, And you his Sifter as my Moone appeere.

### Introduction to Emaricdulfe.

You are my next belou'd, my fecond Friend, For when my *Phæbus* abfence makes it Night, Whilft to th' *Antipodes* his beames do bend, From you, my *Phæbe*, fhines my fecond Light.

Hee like to SOL, cleare-fighted, conftant, free, You, LUNA-like, vnfpotted, chaft, diuine: Hee fhone on Sicily, you deftin'd bee, T'illumine the now obfcurde Palestine. My first was confecrated to Apollo, My fecond to DIANA now fhall follow.

#### E. C.

The allufions in the above verfes to "hee fhone on Sicily" may be either to fome Works or fome Travels of her brother, in the fame fenfe as the reference to the "now obscurde Palestine" indicates her own tragedy of "Mariam." In the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (No. 6917) is mention of "Sir George Carew's Poems"; but this is an error, for they prove to be not by him but transcripts of those by Thomas Carew. There being feveral families bearing the names Carew and Carey (which were used indifcriminately by all of them), it is not impossible that the Beddington Carews may have furnished the authores of "Mariam." Sir Francis Carew fucceeded his father Sir Nicholas in 1539, and died in extreme old age (81) in May 1611, having had no iffue. (See Nichols's Progresses of James I. vol. 1. p. 164). His heir was his fifter's fon, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who then affumed the furname of Carew. This Sir Nicholas (who was brother-in-law to Sir Walter Ralegh) had a daughter, Elizabeth, who might have been the authorefs of "Mariam"; and the had likewife brothers, namely Francis (who died in 1649, and whofe fon, Sir Nicholas, married Sufan, daughter to Sir Juftinian Ifham, Bart.), Nicholas, George, and Edmund. This latter may have been the writer of the "Dedication."

After this digreffion, we will return to the Sonnets — which, according to the author's Dedication, were "begun, at the command and fervice

## Introduction to Emaricdulfe.

of a faire Dame," and which refer to one fubject-the glorification of his lady-love. That his addreffes were at one time favourably received may be gathered from feveral of the Sonnets, and that the couple flood on intimate terms towards each other may be inferred from Sonnet VII., in which he is compelled to express contrition for his overbold prefumption on one occasion by which he incurred her displeasure. That he had, moreover, some grounds for anticipating a favourable issue for his fuit is hinted at in Sonnet XIII., in which he expatiates on their mutual love, of which her presents to him were an evidence. And this state of things is reiterated in Sonnet XXVII. But afterwards he feems to have abandoned all hope of obtaining her, and the remaining Sonnets flow that he was certain of ultimate rejection. Yet, notwithstanding this downfall of his hopes, it is fufficiently clear from paffages in the later Sonnets, and in the Dedication-which was naturally the last portion writtenthat the couple retained kindly feelings for each other; ftrengthened perhaps by the fact that her choice of a hufband was not a happy one. But, be the latter conjecture true or not, it is certain that the Dedication points to fome domeftic embroilment or fcandal which has advifedly been left unintelligible except to the parties concerned.

At the close of the laft Sonnet are clear allufions to the poets Daniel and Spenfer, and to Queen Elizabeth. These, however, throw no light on the date of the composition of the body of Sonnets, which were published in 1595. The former's collection of Sonnets, entitled "Delia," first appeared in print in 1592; and the first part of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which is no doubt the work alluded to, in 1590.

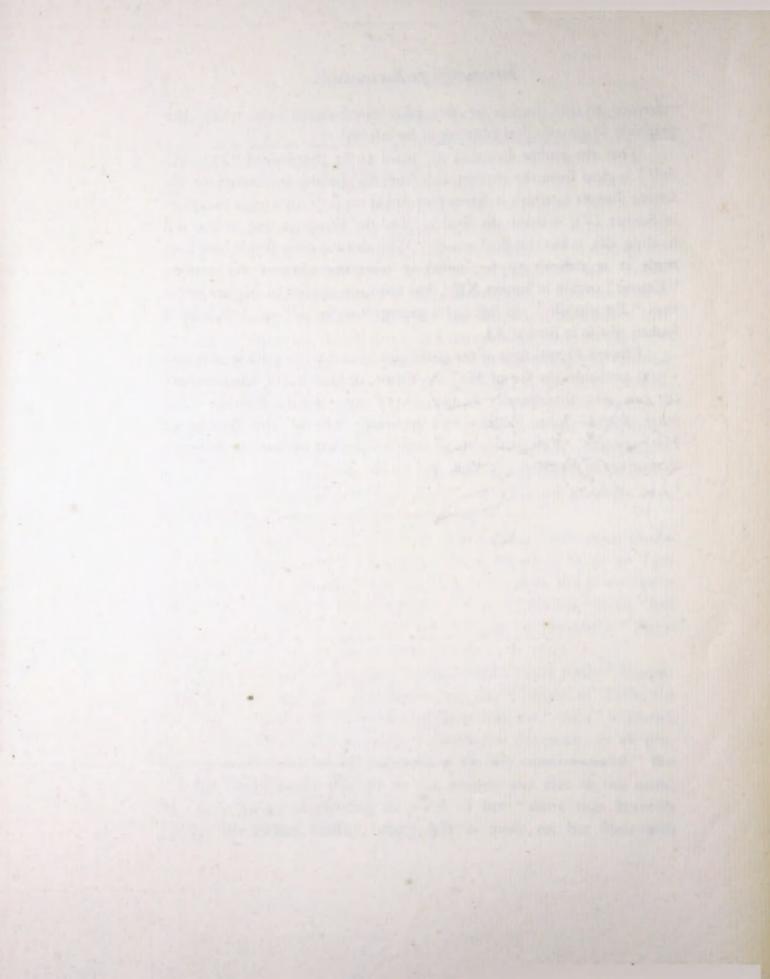
As to the choice of the name "Emaricdulf" (more rarely "Emaricdulfe"); it is doubtlefs a pfeudonym, like the "Laura" of Tofte, the "Fideffa" of Griffin, the "Cynthia" of Barnfielde, the "Delia" of Daniel, etc. Unlike them, however, it is a pfeudonym compofed, in all probability, of the letters of the real name of the lady commemorated. But it feems impoffible to difcover in the Sonnets any clue to this name. They are full to overflowing of praife of her "more than heavenly parts"; her wifdom, chaftity, beauty, fkill in mufic, etc. but filent with

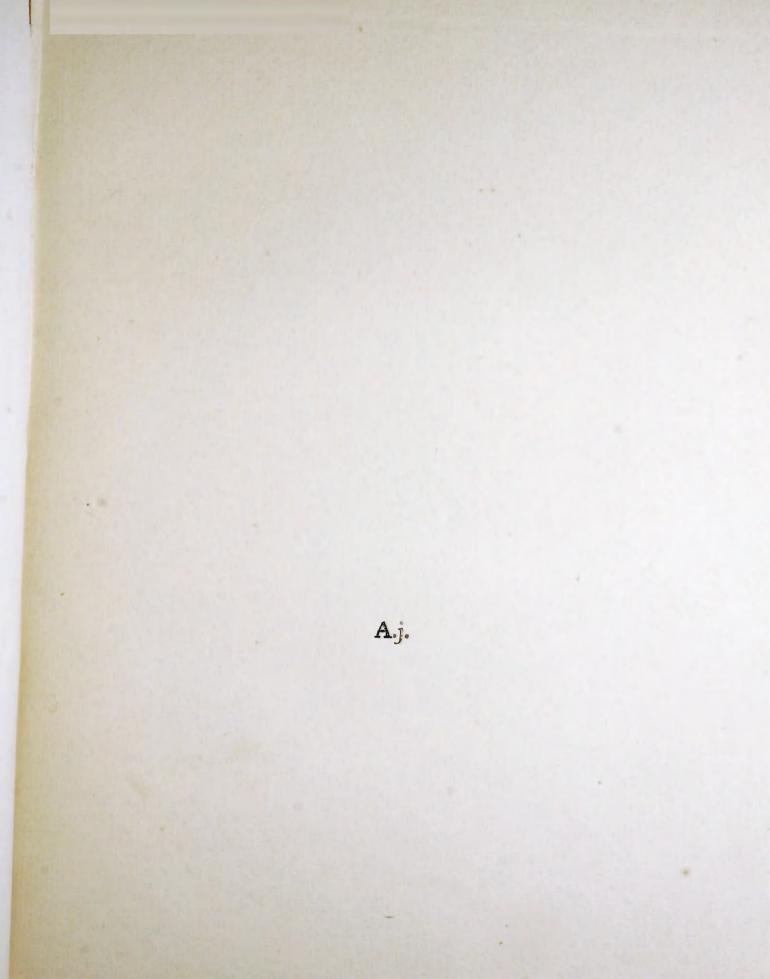
iv

reference to her lineage or any other circumstance from which biographical or genealogical facts might be inferred.

That the author intended the word to be pronounced "E-marricdulf" is clear from the rhythm, and from his fpelling it, throughout the fixteen fonnets in which it forms part of the verfe (with a fingle exception in Sonnet IV), without the final e. On the title-page, and in the first heading alfo, it has this final vowel. Why this variation should have been made it is difficult to fee, unlefs it were the whim of the printer. "Emaric" occurs in Sonnet XII.; but this name applies to another perfon than "Emaricdulf"—in fact to "a young Emaricdulf"—a boy, who is sonnet XI.

Edward Fitton—one of the gentlemen to whom the work is dedicated —was probably the fon of Sir John Fitton, of Gawfworth, Chefhire, and the one who fubfequently (2 Oct. 1617) was created a Baronet. The other friend—John Zouch—was apparently one of the Zouches of Haryngworth. Full particulars of thefe families will be found in Betham's Baronetage of England. 5 Vols. 4to. 1801-5.







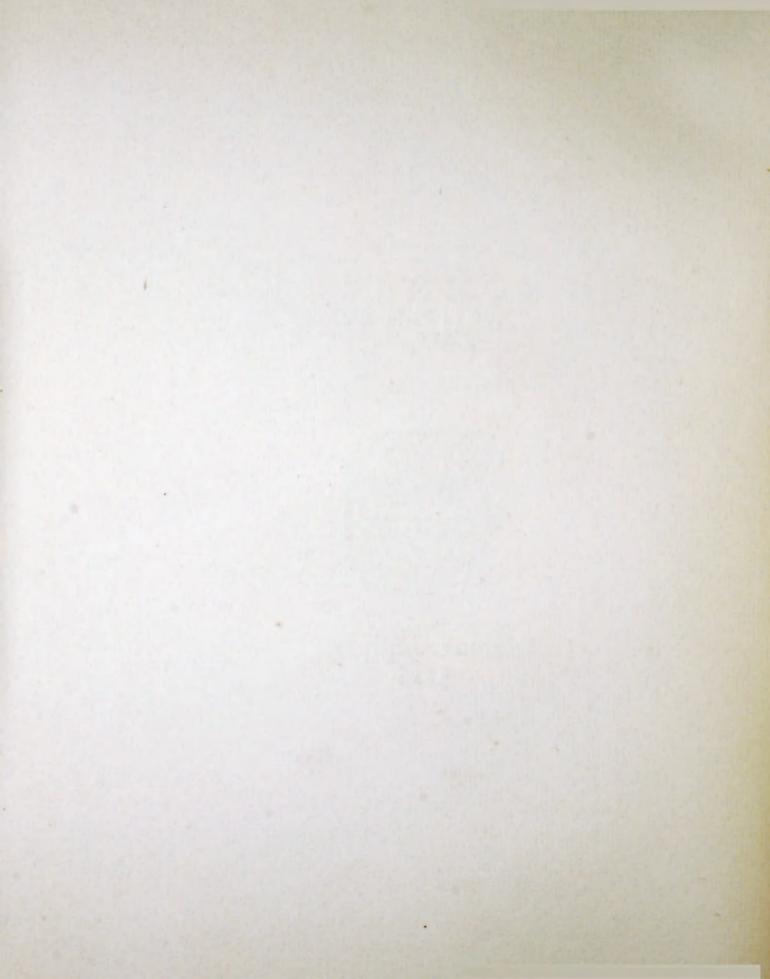
Emaricdulfe.

# SONNETS WRITTEN BY E.C.Esquier.

Non fune ve quondam, plena fauoris erant.



AT LONDON, Printed for Matthew Law. I 595.



## TO MY VERY GOOD friends, Iohn Zouch, and Edward Fittom, Efgmiers.

Oth loning friends, for a fmuch as by reafon of an ague, I was inforced to keepe my chamber, and to abandon idlenes, I tooke in bande my pen to finifh an idle worke I had begun, at the command and fernice of a faire Dame, being most exquifitly well featured, and of as excellent good carriage, adorned with versue: and understanding the storie, and knowing you both to be of sufficient valour, wit, and bonestie, presumed to dedicate the same to you, not doubting but that you will vouch fafe for my sake, to maintaine the bonour of so sweet a Saint. Thus crauing you my deare friends to be patrones of the se fewe Sonmets: being well perswaded you will excuse my A 3 unlearned



## THE EPISTLE.

THE EPISTLE. mlearned writing, in regard you may be affured I am no scholler, as dooth appeare by this my worthles verse: hoping you will receive my good-will with content, as I my selfe shall be then best fatisfied. And so wishing you both as much comfortable happines, as to my soule: I bid you heartily farewell.

Tours in all true friend. hip. E.C.





#### EMARICDVLFE.

### SONNET. I.

When first the rage of love affail'd my han; And towards my thoughts his fiery forces benz: Effoones to fhield me from his wounding dart, Arm'd with difdaine, I held him in contempt; Curld headed love when from mount Erecine

He faw this geere, fo ill thereof he brookes, That thence he fpeedes vawilling to be feene,

Till he had rane his frand in thy faire lookes.

There all inrag'd his golden bow he benr, And nockt his arrow like a pretie elfe: Which when I faw, I humbly to him wenr,

And cri'd hold, hold, and I will yeeld my felfe. Thus Cupid conquer'd me, and made me fweare Homage to him, and dutie to my deare.

A4

Homage



# BUC BUC BE

### SONNET. II.

HOmage to loue, ducie to thee my deare, Deare militis of my thoughts, Queene of my ioye Then my lifes gratious planet bright appeare, My hearts deepe griefe and forrow to deflroy, Be not(I thee beleech) my cares maintainer: For in thy power it lyes to faue or finke, To kill the griefe, or els the griefes retainer, With loue or hate the infant of diflike. O if that cruell loue did not command To flay my heart without remorfe or pities Or if he did that fad doome countermand,

And be a gratious Queene of gende mercies Sweet thew thy felfe divine in being pitifull, For nature of the gods is to be mercifull.

Why



### SONNET. III.

Why doe I pleade for mercie who thee, When from offence my life & foule are cleere? For in my heart I neere offended thee,

Valeffe the bie pitch of his flight it were, I, that is it, I to too well confider,

Thy fparkling beaurie is the funne that melted: My thoughts the waxe that ioyn'd his wings together, And till my very fall I neuer felt it:

Despaire the Ocean is that swallowed me, Where I like Icarus continue drowned,

Till with thy beautie I reviued be, And with loues immortalitie be crowned.

True loue immortall is, then loue me truly: Sweet doe, and then thy name lle honor duly.

My





#### SONNET. IIII.

MY forlorne mule that neuer trode the path That leades to top of hie Pierion mount, Nor neuer walht within the liuefome bath Of learnings fpring, bright Aganippe fount: Mine artles pen that neuer yet was dipt In facred nectar of fweet Caftalie, My loueficke heart that euer hath I clipt, *Emaricdulfe* the Queene of chaftinie: Shall now learne skill my Ladies fame to raife, Shall now take paines her vertues to record, And honor her with more immortall praife, Then euer heretofore they could affoord: Both heart, and pen, and mufe fhall thinke it durie, With fighefwolne words to blaze her heaufly beutie.

Nature



# CSCS CC CSCC

### SONNET. V.

N Ature (Emaricdulf) did greatly fauour, When firfther pourtrait the began to pencill, And rob'd the heauens of her chiefeft honour: There facred beautie all her parts dorh tincill.

Heauens Hyrarkie is in her bright eyes spheered: The Graces sport in her cheekes dimpled pitss

Trophies of matefile in her face be reared, And in her lookes stately Saturnia fits.

Modeft Diana in her thoughts doth glorie, Loue-lacking Vefta in her heart inthroned:

The quired Mules on her lips doe storie

Their heaven sweet notes, as if that place they ow-But aye is me, *Cupid* and *Venus* faire (ned. Haue no degree, saue in her golden haire.

Within



# Sile Succes

#### SONNET. VI.

Within her haire Venus and Cupid foort them: Sometime they twift it Amberlike in gold, To which the whiftling windes doe oftrefort them, As if they frome to have the knots varold: Sometime they let their golden treffes dangle, And therewith nets and amorous gins they make, Wherewith the hearts of louers to intangle: Which once inthral'd, no ranfome they will take. But as to tyrants fitting in their thrones, Looke on their flaues with tyrannizing eyes: So they no whit regarding louers mones, Doome worlds of hearts to endles flaueries,

Valeffe they fubic & like fweare to adore, And ferue Emarical for euermore.



I

### SONNET. VII.

I Will perfeuer ever for to love thee, O cease divinest fweemes to difdaine mee: Albeir my loues true types can neuer moue thee, Yet from affection let not pride detaine thee.

Although my heart once purchaft thy difpleafure With ouerbold prefumption on thy fanour:

Yet now Ile facrifice my richeft treafure Ynro thy name and much admired honour:

Teares are the treasure of my griefe-gal'd harr,

Which on (thy loue) my altar I have dropped To thee, that my thoughts temples goddeffe art, Hoping thy anger would thereby be ftopped. If these to get thy grace may not suffice, My heart is flaine, accept that factifice:

Ema



# COS COSCE

### SONNET. VIII.

E Maricdulf, thou grace to euery grace, Thou perfect life of my superfect living:
My thoughts fole heave, my harts facet refing place. Caufe of my woe and comfort of my grieuing.
O give me leave and I will tell thee how The haples place and the superfect lime,
Wherein and when my felfe l did auow To honour thee, and give my heart to thine.
Wearie with labour, labour that did like me, I gave my bodie to a fweet repofe:
A golden flumber fuddenly did firike me, That in deaths cabbin every fenfe did clofe:
And either in a heavenly trance or vision, I then beheld this pleafing apparition.

A



#### SONNET. IX.

A Wight was clad most Foster-like in greene; With loyal home and hunting pole in hand: Whose chanting holids were heard in woods & seene

The deere amalde before the rider fland: The keeper bids goe choose the best in heard:

The huntiman fayd, my choife is not to change: And drawing neere the deere was fore affcard,

Into the woods the rider fourd to range: There did he view a faire young barren doe

Within the hey fast by the purley fide, And woodman-like did take the winde then foe,

Whereby the deere might better him abide. At length he fhor, and hit the very fame Where he beft likte and lou'd of all the game,

But



# SCOSE BEE

### SONNET. X.

B Vt flay conceit where he beft likt to loue, Yea better he if better beft might bee: The Rider thought the beft of better proue, Till fortune fign'd his fortune for to fee. Now wearie he betooke himfelfe to reft, Deuifed where he might good harbour finde: Emaricdulf (quoth he) 1 am her gueft, And thither went: fhe greeted him moft kinde: Welcome fayd fhe, three welcomes more the gaue: His hand the tooke, and talking with him then, What wine or beere to drinke wilt pleafe you haue, Sixe welcomes more, and fo the made them ten. He dranke his fill, and fed to his defire, Refresht himfelfe, and then did home retire.



# <u>Bud Bud B</u>

### SONNET. XI.

FOrthwith I faw, and with the fight was bleft, A beautious iffue of a beautious mother, A young Emarical of a beautious mother, Millions of ioyes each one exceeding other: Faire foringing branch forong of a hopefull flocke, On thee more beauties nature had beftowde, Then in her heauenly florehouse the doth locke, Or may be scene difperft on earth abrode. Thrise had the Sunne the world encompassed, Before this bloffome with deaths winter nipt: O cruell death that thus haft withered So faire a branch before it halfe was ripte ! Halfe glad with ioyes, and halfe appal'd with feares, I wak't, and found my checkes bedew'd with teares.

B

My





### SONNET. XII.

M<sup>Y</sup> cheeksbedew d, my eies eué drown'd with teares O fearfull florme that caufde fo great a flowte Griefe ty'd my tongue, forrow did ftop my eares, Becaufe earth loft her fweeteft paramoure. O cruell heauens and regardleffe fates ! If the worlds beautic had compafision'd you, You might by powre haue flut deaths ebongates, And been remorfefull at her heauenly view. O foolith natute why didft thou create A thing to faire, if fairenes be neglected? But faireft things be fubiect wrto fate, And in the end are by the fates teicefted.

Yong Emaric yet thou croft the deftinie, For thou furuiu ftin fame, that nere shall die.



### SONNET. XIII.

That I did loue and once was lou'd of thee, Witneffe the fauours that I have received: That golden ring, pledge of thy constancie: That bracelet, that my libertie bereaued:

Those gloves, that once adorn'd thy blie hands: That handkercher, whole maze inthral'd me for

Those thousand gifts, that like a thousand bands Bound both my heart and soule to weale and woe.

All which I weare, and wearing them figh forth You inflancies of her true loyaltie :

I doe not keepe you for your foueraigne worth, But for her fake that fent you vnto me :

Tis (he, not you, that doth compell my eyes, My lifes fole light, my heatts fole paradice, B 2

Oze



# AS ZASSZABS

#### SONNET. XIIII.

One day, ô ten times happie was that day, *Emarudulf* was in her garden walking, Where *Floras* imps ioy'd with her feete to play, And I to fee them thitherward ran ftalking, Behind the hedge (not daring to be feene) I faw the fweet fent Rofes blufh for fhame, The Violets ftain'd, and pale the Lillies beene: Whereat to finile my Ladie had good game. Sometimes fhe pleafde to fport vpon the graffe, That chang'd his hew to fee her heauenly prefence: But when fhe was imasked, then (alas)

They as my felfe wail'd for her beauties abfencer They mourn'd for that their miftris went away, And I for end of fiich a bleffed day.

What



### SONNET. XV.

WHat meane our Merchants fo with eger minds To plough the feas to finde rich iuels forth? Sich in Emaricdulf a thouland kinds

Are heap'd, exceeding wealthie Indias worth: Then India doth her haire affoord more gold,

And thoulands filuer mines her forhead fhowes, More Diamonds then th'Egyptian furges folde,

Within her eyes rich treasurie nature stowes: Her hony breath, but more then hony fweete, Exceeds the odours of Arabia:

Those pretious rankes continually that meete, Are pearles more worth then all America.

Her other parts (proud Cupids countermare) Exceed the world for worth, the heauens for state. B 3 Looke



# TS SECTOR

#### SONNET. XVI.

L Ooke when dame Tellus clad in Floraspride, Her fimmer vaile wich faire imbroderie, And fragrant hearbs fweet bloffom'd having dide, And fpred abrode her fpangled tapiftrie: Then fhalt thou fee a thousand of her flowers (For their faire hew and life delighting famours)

Gathered to deck and beautifie the bowers Of Ladies faire, grac'd with their louers fauours.

But when rough winter nips them with his rage, They are difdain'd and not at all respected : Then loue (*Emoricdult*) in thy yong age,

Left being old, like flowers thou be reiected : Nature made nothing that doth euer flourish, And euen as beautie fades, fo loue doth perifh.



I

#### SONNET. XVII.

I Am inchanted with thy fnow-white hands, That male me with their quaint dexteritie, And with their touch, tye in a thouland bands My veelding heart euer to honour thee:

Thought of thy daintie fingers long and fmall, For pretie action that exceed compate,

Sufficient is to bleffe me, and withall

To free my chained thoughts from forrowes fnare. But that which crownes my foule with heauenly blis,

And gives my heart fruition of all ioyes, Their daintie concord and fweet mulick 1s,

That poylons griefe and cureth all annoyes, Those eyes that see, those eares are bleft that heare These heavenly gifts of nature in my deare. B 4

Emd-



## Star Side

### SONNET. XVIII.

E Maricdulf, if thou this riddle reade, This darke *AEnigma* that I will demand thee, Then for thy wiledomes well deferuing meede, In loues pure durie thou thalt ay command mee. A Turtle that had chofe his louing mate, Sate feemly percht vpon a red rofe breere: Yet faw a bird (ayres paragon for flate) That farre furpaft his late efpouled deere: He chang'd himfelfe into that luftfull bird That *Jumo* loues, and to his loue reforted: And thought with amorous fpeeches to have firde Her conftant heart; but her in vaine he courted.

When bootles he had woo d her to his paine, He tooke his leaue and turn'd his shape againe.





## CEELE CONSERVE

#### SONNET. XIX,

The Heauens and Nature whé my Loue was borne, Stroue which of both shuld most adorne & grace The facred heauens in wealthie natures forme (her:

With wifedomes pure infulion did imbrace her: Nature lent wings to wifedome for her flight,

And deckt my Ladie with fuch heavenly features, As nere before appear'd in humane light,

Ne euer fichence in terrestriall creatures. (Quoth Wifedome) I will guide her constant hare

At all affaies with policic to relieve her: (Quoth Nature)I will cast those gifts apart,

With outward graces that I meane to give her. Yet were they reconcil'd, and fwore withall To make her more then halfe celeftiall.

That



## BUCKBUCKB

#### SONNET. XX.

That thou art faire exceeding all compare, Witnes thy eyes that gaze vpon thy beautie, Witnes the hearts thou daily doft infnare, And draw to honour thee with louers duties That thou art wife witnes the worlds report, Witnes the thoughts that do fo much admire thee, Witnes the heauen-borne Mufes that refort, And for their militus heekly do defire thee : That thou art both exceeding faire and wife, Witnes the anguith of my fillie hart: Thy heauenly fhape hath caught me by my eyes, Thy fecret wifedome that gives art to art, So circumuents me and procures my paine, That I muft dye, vales thou true semaine.

### SONNET. XXI.

A L those that wrice of heauen and heauenly ioyes, Describe the way with narrow crooked bedings, Belet with griefe, paine, horror and annoyes,

That till all end have neuer perfect endings. The heaven wherein my thoughts are refidence,

The paradice wherein my heart is fainted, Through figeet-like firaight hie-waies I did arrempt,

Nor with rough care nor rigorous croffe attained. I must confelle faith was the only meane,

For that with fome for want thereof did mille, Only thereby at length I did obtaine,

And by that faith am now inftal'd in bliffe: There freepe my thoughts, my heart there for thy reft, Both heart & thoughts thinke that her beauen is beft. Ye.



## <u>2015:215:20</u>

#### SONNET. XXII.

YE fubieds ofher partiall painted praife, Pen, paper, inke, you feeble inftruments : Vnto a higher ftraine I now must raife Your miftris beautious faire abiliments. Thou author of our hie Mconian verfe, That checks the proud Castalians eloquence: With humble spirit if I now reherse Her seuerall graces natures excellence: Smile on these rough-hewd lines, these ragged words That neuer still'd from the Castalian spring: Nor that one true Apologie affoords, Nor neuer learn'd with pleasant tune to sing : So so so that they liue, and liuing still perfeuer To deise her facred name for euer.

Ye



## <u> CASSERSE</u>

#### SONNET. XXIII.

YE moderne Laureats of this later age, That live the worlds admirement for your writ; And feeme infufed with a divine rage, To thew the heavenly quinteffence of wit:

You on whole weltun'd verse fits princely beautie, Deckt and adorn'd with heauens eternitie,

See I prefume to cote (and all is duetic) Her graces with my learnings fearfitie.

But if my pen ( Marcias harsh-writing quill) Could feede the feeling of my thoughts defire,

And thew my wit coequall with my will,

Then with you men diuine I would confpire, In learned poems and fweet poefie, To fend to heauen my Ladies dignirie.

Oft



### COBUCO SUC

#### SONNET. XXIIII.

Of thaue I heard hony-tong'd Ladies Speake, Striuing their amerous courtiers to inchant, And from their nectar lips such sweer words breake, As neither art nor heauenly skill did want. But when Emarical fgins to difcourfe, Het words are more then wel-tun'd harmonie, And euery femence of a greater forco Then Mermaids song, or Syrens forcetiet. And if to heare her speake, Latertos heire The wife Vlißes liu'd vs now among, From her sweet words he could not stop his eare, As from the Syrens and the Mermaids song: And had the in the Syrens place but flood, Her heauenly voyce had drown'd him in the slood. Let



#### SONNET. XXV.

L Et gorgeous Tyran blush for ofher haire Each trannel checks his brightest summers shine The cleerest Comets drop within the aire

To see them dim'd with those her glorious eine: June for state the matchles dorh difgrace,

Surpassing eke for stature Dyantall, Venns for faire faire Venus for her face,

In whole fwert lookes are heap't the graces all: For wifedome may the make comparison

With Pallas, yet I wrong her ouer-mucht For who fo founds her policies each one,

Will fweare 7 yronna wit was never fuch: Her the exceeds, though the exceed all other, Being Iones great daughter borne without a mother.



## JAN SEARSEA

### SONNET. XXVI.

E Mariedulf reade here, but reading marke As in a mirror my true conftancie: The golden Sunne shall first be turn'd to darke, And darknes claime the Sunnes bright dignitie:

The ftarres that spangle heauen with gliftring light, In number more then ten times numberleste,

Shall fooner leaue to beautific the night, And thereby make the world iceme comfortleffer

First shall the Sea become the continent, And red gild Dolphins dance vpon the shore: First wearie Alles from his paine exempt,

Shall leaue the heauens to tremble euermore, Before I change my thoughts and leaue to loue thee, And plead with words and direful fighs to moue thee. Sweet



## E SEASE

#### SONNET. XXVII.

SWeet are the thoughts of pleafures we have vide, Sweete are the thoughts that thinke of that fame Whole fweetnes is too fweet to be refulde, (fweet,

That vertuous loue-taft for my faith was meet The tafte whereof is sweeter vnto me,

Then Iweetelt fweet that ever nature made-No odours Iweetnes may compared be

To this true incettes that will neuer fade. This Sonnet fweet with cheerefull voyces fing, And tune the fame, fo pleafing to mine eare,

That Emaricdulf thy praises fo may ring,

As all the world thy honors fame may heare. Once didft thou vow that vow to me observe, Whose faith and truth from thee shall never swerve. C





### SONNET. XXVIII.

TF ever tongue with heaven inticing cries, If ever words blowne from a rented harr, If ever teares thed from a Lovers eyes, If ever fighes iffue of griefe and fmart, If ever trembling pen with more then skill,

If ever inke, cheefe harbenger of will,

It euer inke, cheete harbenger of will, If euer lentence made with art to move,

If all of these combinde by Cupids power, My long borne liking to anatomise:

Had but the art, with art for to discouer What loue in me doth By his art comprise.

Then might the heauens, the earth, water and ayre, Be withes that I thinke thee onely fayre.

My



#### SONNET. XXIX.

MY hart is like a thip on Neptunes backe, Thy beautic is the fea where my fhip fayleth, Thy frownes the furges are that threat my wracke

Thy fmiles the windes that on my failes foft gaileth Long toft betwixt faire hope and foule despaire,

My feafick hart, arrived on thy fhore:

Thy loue I meane, begges that he may repaire His broken veffell with thy bounteous flore, Dido relicu'd AEnearin diffreffe,

And lent him loue, and gaue to him her heard If halfe such bountie thou to me expresse,

From thy faire fhore I neuer will depart: But thanke kinde fortune that my courfe did forte, To fuffer shipwrack on fo sweete a porte.

C 2

Qn



## 203:215:55

### SONNET. XXX.

ON Tellus bolome foring two fragrant flowers, The milkwhite Lilly, and the blufhing Role, Which daintie Flora for to decke her bowers Aboue all other colours chiefly chole. Thefe in my miftris cheekes both empire holding In emulation of each others hew, Continually may be differend folding Beautie in lookes, and maieftie in view. Sometime they meet, and in a skatlet field Warre with rebellious hearts neglecting dutie, And neuer ceafe, wnill they force to yeeld

And neuer ceafe, vntill they force to yeeld Them coward captives conquered by beautie. Emericant f thus didft thou play the foe, And I the rebell, and was conquer'd fo.

In



### SONNET. XXXI.

IN tedious volumes I doe nor intend To write my woes, my woes by loue procured, Nor by my infant mule implore the end Of loues true life, this (loue) I have abiured: Only my face (faire deare) shall be the booke

Wherein my daily care shall be rehearsed: Whereby thou shall perceive when thou dock looke,

How by thy beauties darts my heart was pierfed.

My eyes thall wirnes with diftilling reares, And heart with deepe fetche lighes thall manifeft My painfull corments caulde by griefes and feares,

And hourely labours mixt with deepe vnreft Both heart, and eyes, and face thall all express, That only thou art caule of my diffress. C 3

Thy



#### SONNET. XXXII.

Thy image is plaine porturde in my thought, Thy conftant minde is written in my heart, Thy feemely grace and pleafing fpeech have wrought To vow me thine, till death a funder part: Thy fauours forft me fubiect vnto thee, Thy onely care extended to my good, Ty louely lookes, commaunded all in me For thy deare fake to fpend my deareft blood: My ioy confifts in keeping of thy loue, My bale doth breede if I inioy it not : My feruice true, from the enone can remoue, Vnleffe both life and loue I thall forgot. Though life and loue in time muft have an end, Yet ether I have vowde to be thy frend,

Emd-



### SONNET. XXXIII.

E Mariedulf my Orphan mules mother, Pure map of vertue, Honors onely daughter: Bright gemme of bewtie, fayre aboue all other, True badge of faith, foule ignominies flaughter,

Enfigne of loue, foure enemie to luft,

The graces grace, faire Eretines dilgrace: Wrongs cheefe reprouer, caule of what is juft, Aduices patron, councels refing place: Wildomes chiefe for, wits onely pure refiner, Graue of deceite, the life of policie,

Fates best beloued, natures true diuiner, Nurce of inuention, hould of constancie,

Poylon of paine, Philition of anoyes, Elsziums pride, and paradice of ioyes. C4

Emaric-



## 203 CASE

### SONNET. XXXIIII,

E Maricdul/, loue is a holy fire : That burnes vnleene, and yet not burning leene: Free of himfelfe, yet chain'd with firong defire : Conquerd by thee, yet triumphs in thy eine: An eye-bewitching vision thee in leening, That fhadow-like flyes from a louers eyes : An heauen afpiring fpirit voyd of feeing : A gentle god, yet loues to tyrannize : Bond-flane to honour, burthen of conceit, The only god of thine eyes Hyrarkie, Decay of friendfhip, grandbre of deceit, More them agod, yet wants a monarkie: Baftard of nature that to heauen did clime, To feeme the misbegotten heire of time;

0





SONNET. XXXV.

O Faithschou facred Phoenix of this age, , Into another world from hence exiled Diuorc'd from honor by vnheedfull rage,

Pure vertues neft by harefull vice defiled: Thou faith that cal'ft thy firmame Constancic,

Christned aboue the nine-fold glorious sphere, And from the heauens derives thy pedegree, Planting the roote of thy faire linage there:

Let this thy glorie be about the reft,

That banishr earth where thou didst once remaine, Thou yes mailt harbour in my mistris breft,

So a pure cheft pure treasure may containe,. And in her living beautie neuer old, Seem like a premous Diamond fer in gold.

When





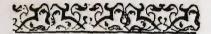
#### SONNET. XXXVI.

WHen I behould heauens all behoulding flarres, I doe compare them to my woes and finarr, Caufde by the many wounds and mightie fearres That loue hath trenched in my bleeding hart i And when I thinke vpon the Ocean fands, Me thinkes they number but my ladies bewties, And reprefent the infinites of bandes Wherein my heart is bound to endles duties: And when I fee natures faire children thritte, Nurft in the bofome of the fruitefull earth, From my chaft vowes they their increafe deriue; And as they fpring fo hade my vowes their birth:

And as the starres and fands have endles date, So is my loue subject to naught but fate.



0



SONNET. XXXVII,

O Luft of facred loue the foule corrupter, Vlurper of her heauenly dignitic, Follies first childe, good councels interrupter Fostered by floth, first step to infamie,

Thou hel-borne monster that affrights the wife, Loue-choking luft, vertues difdamefull foe :

Wildomes contemner spurner of adule, Swiftto forlweare, to faithfull promise flow,

Be thou as far from her chast-thoughted breast, Her true loue kindled heart, her vertuous minde,

As is al-feeing Tyran from the weft,

When from derroy as armes he doth vntwinde. Nature did make her of a heauenly mould, Onely true heauenly vertues to infould.

My





### SONNET. XXXVIII.

MY thoughts alcending the hie houle of fame, Found in records of vertuous monuments A map of honours in a noble frame,

Shining in spight of deaths oft banishments: A thousand colours Loue fate suted in,

Guarded with honour and immortall time, Luft led with enuie, feare, and deadly fin,

Opposde against faire Loues out-living line. True Constancie kneeld at the feet of Loue,

And begg'd for feruice, but could not procure it: Which feene, my heart flept forth & thought to moue

Kind Loue for fauour, but did not allure it: Yet when my heart fwore Constancie was true, Lone welcond it, and gaue them both their due.

Image



### SONNET. XXXIX.

Mage of honour, Vertues first borne childe, Natures faire painted stage, Fames brightest face, Syren that neuer with thy tongue beguild, Sibill more wife then Cumas Sibill was, When learnings fun with more resplendent gleames, Shall with immortall flowres of poesie, Bred by the vertue of Bram bigning beames Deck my invention for thy dignities With heavenly hymnes thy more the heavenly parts

Ile deifie, thy name commands fuch dutie, Though many heads of poilelt poets arts Are infufficient to expresse thy beautie, Thy name, thy honour, and loues puritie, With Stanzas, Layes and Hymnes Ile stelline.

Some



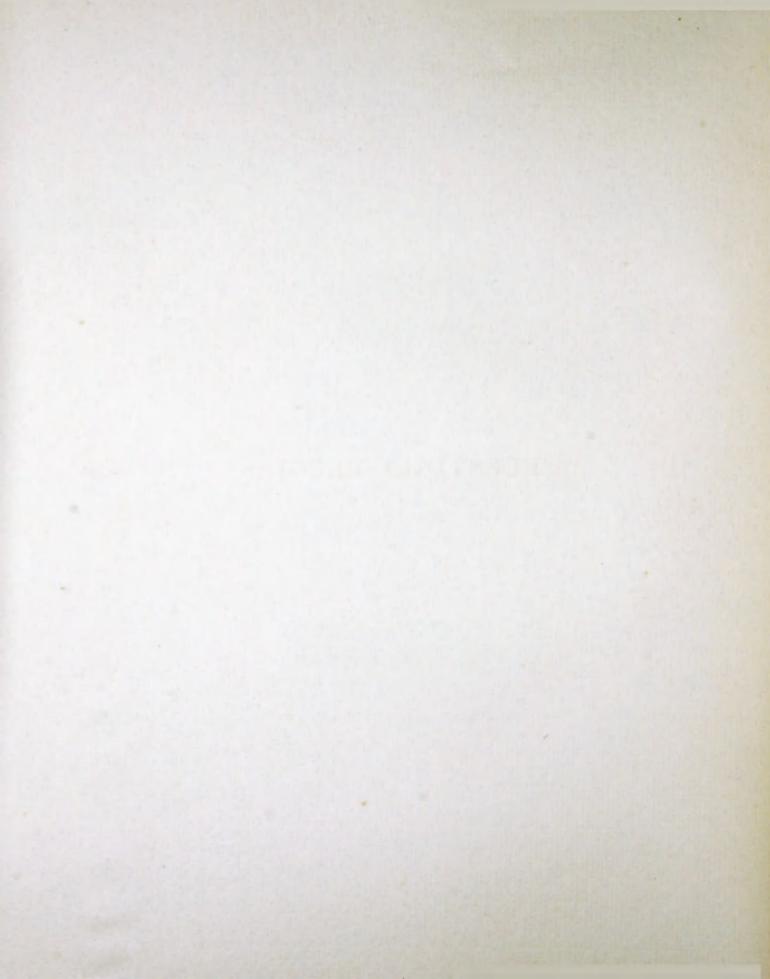
#### SONNET. XXXX.

Some bewties make a god of flatterie, And frome Eliziums eternall types, Nathes, I abhorre fuch faithles prophetie, Leaft I be beaten with thy vertues fittipes, Wilt thou furule another world to fees Delias fweete Prophet thall the praifes finge Of bewties worth exemplified in thee, And thy names honour in his fweete tunes ring: Thy vertues Collim thall immortalize, Collin chaft vertues organ fweett efteem'd, When for Elizas name he did comprife Such matter as inventions wonder feem'd. Thy vertues hee, thy bewties fhall the other, Chriften a new, whiles I fit by and wonder,

> Meaforiuna tua Vi bodie fic cras, & femper. BIN 18, gd. E.C.







# CELESTIALL ELEGIES.





INTRODUCTION

## ROGERS'S CELESTIALL ELEGIES.

TO

HIS poetical Tract, like the others in the volume, is printed from an unique exemplar. Not only is no other copy known, but apparently no mention has been made of it by any Bibliographer or Biographer. It is marked by more ability and interest than the one which follows.

The author was poffibly the fame Thomas Rogers, a native of Gloucefterfhire (being born in or near to Tewkefbury), who lived moftly, in his latter days, in the parifh of St. Giles in the Fields, London, and who publifhed, in 1612, a funeral tribute to the memory of Prince Henry under the quaint (perhaps intended as a punning) title of "Gloucefters Myte." Dr. Blifs, who, in his edition of Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienfes," gives the concluding ftanza of it, mentions a copy as being in the Bodleian Library, but it is not known to exift elfewhere.

Some interesting allusions will be found scattered through the work. Among them may be noticed the following:—In Quatorzain 8, Bajazeth and Tamberlaine. [Marlowe's play on this subject was printed in 1590.] In Quatorzain 12, "Seas of troubles;" and "acting a part upon this worldly stage". [The first allusion here is curious, for Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet", in which it occurs, is fuppofed not to have been written before 1602-3]. In Quatorzain 13, a poor attempt at a pun. In Quatorzain 14, fome far-fetched Similes. In Quatorzain 14, allufions to "Thetis ftreames", and "the rockes by Netleys fhores", etc.

The "Ladie Fraunces, Counteffe of Hertford," here commemorated, was the third daughter of Lord William Howard, firft Lord Howard of Effingham (created Lord Admiral by Queen Mary), by his fecond wife, Margaret, fecond daughter of Sir Thomas Gamage, and fifter of Charles, fecond Lord Howard of Effingham, who was created Earl of Nottingham in 1596. The latter was the chivalrous Lord High Admiral of England who did fuch good fervice against the Spanish Armada in 1588, as well as on other occasions. His first wife was the Lady Katharine Cary, daughter of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, and the fubject of the following poetical tribute by Thomas Powell: confequently the two ladies were fisters-in-law.

The Counters of Hertford died without iffue 14 May, 1598, aged 44, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Benedict, Weftminster Abbey; against the east wall of which Chapel is a magnificent monument, twentyeight feet high, with a fuitable infeription to her memory.

"This monument occupies the place of the original altar, and was probably erected within two years after the Counteff's demife, when the two fteps to the altar were made to ferve as basements to it. This ftately tomb is enriched with columns and pyramids of various kinds of marble, decorated with the enfigns and devices of the noble families of Somerfet and Effingham. The Countefs is reprefented in her robes, in a recumbent pofture, with her head refting on an embroidered cufhion, and her feet on a lion's back." Abridged from *Ackermann's History of Westminster Abbey*, vol. 2. p. 109.

Traces of the gold on the embroidery of the cushion and of the crimfon colour on the robes may still be observed.

This lady's eldeft fifter was named Douglas, and her career was an extraordinary one. She was married, firft, to John Lord Sheffield; fecondly to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicefter; and thirdly, to Sir Edward Stafford. An account of her intrigues with Leicefter (during her first husband's life), will be found in Gervase Holles's curious Memoirs of the Holles family. Her marriage with Lord Leicester, however, was denied by him; and in confequence, her fon, the celebrated Sir Robert Dudley, was declared illegitimate.

The principal events in the life of the Earl of Hertford are too eafily acceffible to require a lengthened notice here. Suffice it to fay, that, though the malice of the enemies of his father, the Protector Somerfet, deprived him, after the fall of that great nobleman, of his hereditary dignities and eftates, the favour of Queen Elizabeth, immediately on her acceffion, in November, 1558, reftored them to him. But his first marriage, very early in life, with Lady Catherine Grey (the fifter of Lady Jane Grey), who had certain claims to the Succeffion, provoked the ire of his fovereign to fuch an extent, that he was not only fined by the Star Chamber in the fum of £15,000, but was, with his unfortunate wife, committed to the Tower. After a captivity of four years she was released, but never faw her husband again. She died 26 January, 1567-8. The Earl was not released till he had fuffered nine years' imprisonment. The fate of their grandson, Sir William Seymour, was fomewhat fimilar, for having married the Lady Arabella Stuart, her nearnefs to the throne excited the jealoufy and apprehenfions of the reigning fovereign, and led to her imprifonment, lunacy, and early death.

The Earl's fecond wife was the Lady Frances Howard—the fubject of the following poetical tribute—who died in 1598, and by whom he had no iffue.

His third wife, whom he married when he was upwards of fixty years old, was also of noble defcent, and her character may be given in the words of Granger (*Biographical History of England*). "She was Frances, daughter to Thomas, Lord Howard of Bindon, fon to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. She was first married to one Prannel, a vintner's fon

in London, who was poffeffed of a good eftate. This match feems to have been the effect of youthful paffion. Upon the decease of Prannel, who lived but a fhort time after his marriage [he died in December, 1599], fhe was courted by Sir George Rodney, a west-country gentleman, to whofe addreffes the feemed to liften; but foon deferted him, and was married to Edward, Earl of Hertford [about 27 May, 1601]. Upon his marriage, Sir George wrote her a tender copy of verfes in his own blood, and prefently after ran himfelf upon his fword. Her third hufband was Lodowick, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, who left her [in February 1623-4], a very amiable widow. The aims of great beauties, like those of conquerors, are boundless. Upon the death of the Duke, she aspired to the King, but died in her state of widowhood [8th October, 1639, aged 63; leaving no children.]" "Her will, dated 28th July, and proved 31st October, 1639, is" (says Col. Chefter in his valuable 'Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Registers of Westminster Abbey 1875') "very long and of marvellous historical and genealogical interest, and contains one eccentric direction (for a lady of her years), viz: that her body shall not be opened, but packed in bran before it is cold, and buried wrapt in those sheets wherein my lord and I first slept that night when we were married."

She lies buried in Weftminfter Abbey, in the fame grave with her third hufband—who, like herfelf and her fecond hufband, had been three times married. The fplendid monument which covers their remains, and which was erected by her, is thus defcribed in Ackermann's work on that edifice.

"This tomb, which is of brafs, almost fills the chapel to the north of Henry the Seventh's monument. The figures of the Duke and Duchess are finely caft; but the caryatides, which support a canopy of various ornamental pierced scroll-work, in the characters of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Prudence, possible fuperior excellence. The figure of Fame, on the top, is represented in the act of taking her flight; and the urns are copied after antique forms."

### Introduction to Rogers's Celestiall Elegies.

A curious account of this beautiful, attractive, and eccentric lady will be found in Arthur Wilfon's Life and Reign of K. James I. published in 1653, folio. Lodge, however, in his "Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain," has inferted a less prejudiced life of the Duches, to accompany her portrait, which is there engraved after a full-length picture by Vandyck, dated 1633, in the possession of the Marquis of Bath. Another engraved portrait of her by William Pas, dated 1623, after a painting by Van Somer, formerly possess of Captain John Smith's History of Virginia, folio, 1624, a work dedicated to the Duches.

A full length portrait of the Duke of Richmond, painted by Van Somer, dated 1623, aged 59, is in the posseficition of Her Majesty at Hampton Court.

The Earl of Hertford makes no figure in the politics of his time, but towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth he must have regained fome portion of her favour, as we find that in September 1591 fhe vifited him at his feat of Elvetham in Hampshire, where very elaborate entertainments, which occupied four days in representation and elicited her warm approval, were given in her honour. The account of these feftivities is reprinted in Nichols's Progreffes of Q. Elizabeth vol. iii. He was also one of the patrons of the Stage, for in 1592, according to the Privy Council Registers, he had among his fervants a body of players; who have, however, left few materials for the historian of the drama; differing, in this refpect, from the comedians under the protection of his brother-in-law, the Lord Admiral, who had connected with them in their management and concerns Philip Henflowe and Edward Alleyn. By James I. he was felected (in 1605) as one of the Ambaffadors to the Archduke, an office which he accepted after much importunity, but which, in splendour at least, did not suffer at his hands, for Sir Dudley Carleton, writing to Mr. Winwood, fays, "Our great Ambaffadors draw near their

V

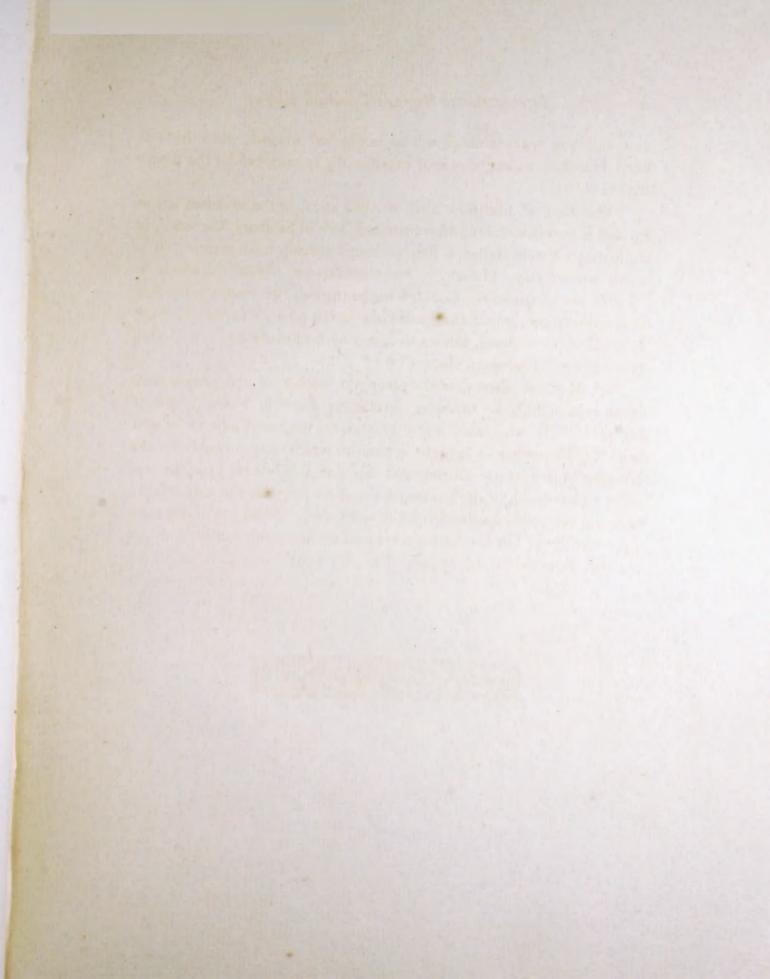
time, and you may think all will be in the best manner, when the little Lord Hartford makes a rate of expence of £10,000, besides the King's allowance."

The Earl of Hertford died in April 1621, at the advanced age of 83, and is buried with his unfortunate first wife in Salisbury Cathedral, in the fouth choir-aisle, under a stately though tasteless monument. "It is worth while" (fays Hallam, in his *Constitutional History*, in which he discusses the claims of the Counters to the throne) "to read the epitaph on his monument; an affecting testimony to the purity and faithfulness of an attachment rendered still more facred by misfortune and time. Quo desiderio veteres revocavit amores."

Of Matthew Ewens, with whom the author of the prefent tract claims relationship, the following account is given in Foss's *Judges of England.* "He was called upon to take the degree of serjeant by writ dated 29 November, 1593, the return of which was probably in the following Hilary term. During that term, on 1 February, 1594, he was raised to the bench of the Exchequer; and his judgments in that and the following years are reported by Savile and Coke. Beyond this no account appears of him; but his death or refignation foon after occurred, as his fucceffor, John Savile, was appointed in July 1598."



vi







### CELESTIALL ELEGIE. of the Goddess and the Muses, dedeploring the death of the right honourable and veri nous Ladie the Ladie FRAVNESS Countelle of Hertford, late wife vnto the right honorable ED VVABD SEYMON Vicount Beanchamp and Earle of Hertford.

WHEREVNTOARE A'NNEXED fome funerall veries touching the death of MATHEVV EVVENS Equire, late one of the Barons of her Maierties Court of Eichequer, who who has the author here of was allyed.

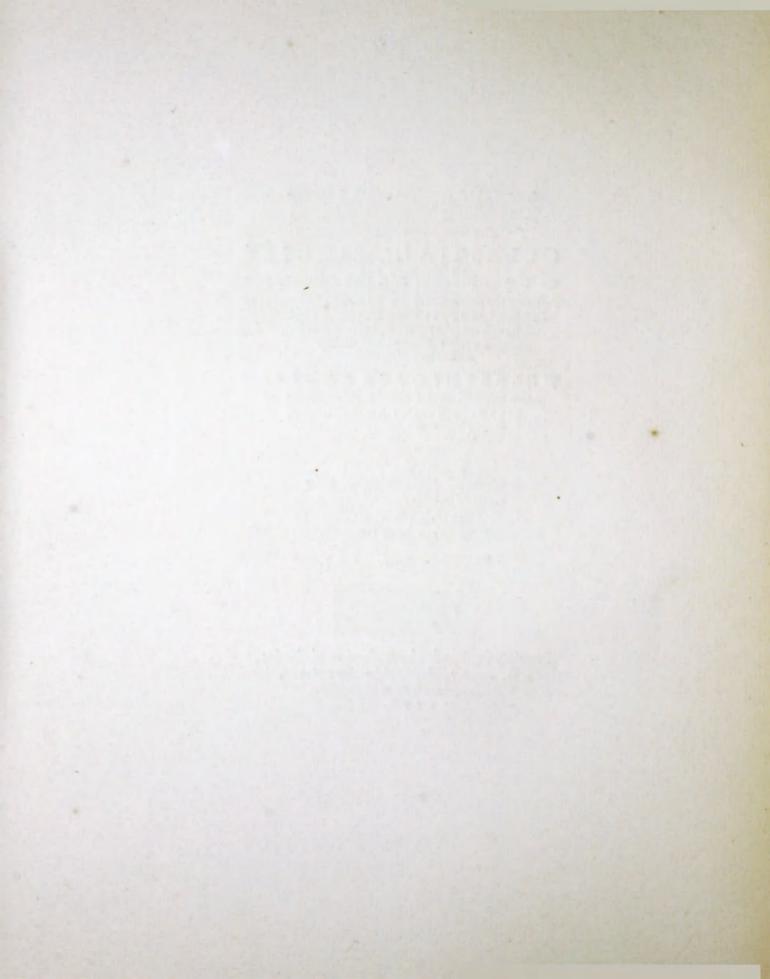
> Propertius Eleg. 1. Lib. 3. Haud villaj portabis opes Acheroneus ad undae Nudus ad infernas finite vehere rates.

> > Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. od Quint. Mors vitima linea rerum eft.

By Thomas Rogers Elqui.c.



Imprinted at London by Riobard Bradocke, for I. B. and are to be fold at her (hop in Paeles Church-yard at the figne of the Bible. 1 5 2 8.





## as To the Right

Honourable his finguler good Lord; the Lord Edward Seymor vicount Beauchampe Earle of Hertford.



Ehold (Right Honourable) in B this Theater of mortalitie a Tragedie, with a solemne funerall, at which the Goddesses are chiefe mourners, and the Muses attendants, wherein death places the Tyrannicall King or the kinglie Tyrant, your deare Ladie and wife the fubiest of his furie, which in a dumbe showe is heere presented by me: whereof I desire your

A2

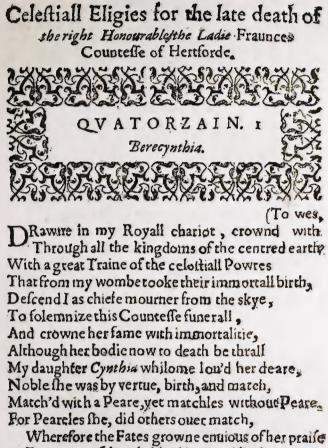
Lord

Lordshippe to be a Spectator and a Judge If I have wittilie plaide the fooles part in contriving the matter (I thinke I have plaud the wisest part :) And then I hope I shall have your Lordships applause. And that is all I expect.

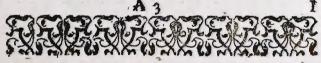
> Your Lordships euer at commaund.

> > T. R.





For vertues fake, ab idg'd her earthlie daies,





I that amboth *Ioues* fifter and his wife, The Queene of frequen, whom Gods & men adore Hearing the fame of this braue Ladies life, In movinfull habit now her death deplores She hath putt of all earthly ornaments And cloth'd her foule in glories fpotleffe robe, She hath exchang'd thefe mixed Elements, For that pute Quinteffence, the heauenlie globe Loe how her foright infranchifed from thrall, Of finfull flefh, alcends the Chriftall skye, Scorning to dwell long in this earthly vale, Where all men rife to fall, and line to die:

> Therefore the foard aboue a humane pitch. And with her vertues doth my Realme inrich.





The pompe of this vaine world the did defpife. Weighing the flipperie flate of earthly things, Therefore about the Spheares of heauen the flies, To fing and toy before the King of Kings: Her vertues that did militate on earth, Against the flesh, the deuill, finne and hell, Now triumphe in the heauens, and conquer death And in *lowes* holy monarchie doe dwell. I rue the loss of true Nobilitie Whilome inuested in her noble breast, Wiledome with honour link't in amitie, VVere both in her, and thein death suppress How can I chuse but waile for her decease,

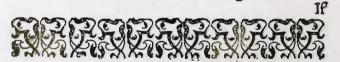
Sich by her death iny kingdom doth decreale. A 4 Ay

### Celestiatt Elegies



AY me; my veltall flame is now exrinct, My flowre of *Chafiitie* doth fade away In *Lethes* Houds true noblenes doth finke, My Empyrerunnes to ruinous decay; Pittie, Almes-deeds and charitie is fled, *Fidehtre* beyond the leas is gone, True friendship now and faithfull loue is dead, And *Priapus* vsurpeth *Cupids* throne: She that did leeke my kingdonie to maintaine, By fanctitie, religion, faith, and zeale, Through enuie of the Destenies is flaine, Death robs th'Efchequer of my common weale,

For all those rites which I was wont to have. Are fled to heaven or buried in her grave.



Of the Goddelles. QVATORZAIN. 50 Veras.

I F that I am a flarre, lle loofe my light, And fall from Heauen, vpon the earth to morne, Because her lifes faire day is turnde to night, My ioye to griefe, my loue to hate shall turne. If that I am a Goddesse as mensay, Whom louers tearme Celessiall and deuine, With humaine teares I le wash my ioyes away, And on the earth no more by day-time shine: If I be beauties Soueraigne, and loues Queene, I le put a marke of clouds before my face, Hating to loue, louing to liue vnseene, I will obscure my felse in some darke place:

And if I be a Planet, while I raigne,

Ile frown on th'earth where my delight is flaine, From



### Colostial Elegies



Rom th'vnknowne kingdome of th' Antipodes, And from the fartheft bonds of th'Ocean maine, Attended with troopes of Nereides, And charming Syrens, that supporte mytraine: Mou'd with the gentle murmure of the streames, That scement humane miscries to weepe, I that doe kille the Sunnes transplendent beames, When he in Neptanes bosome falls a sleepe; Come to this famous land in ways of woe, Like to a Queene in mourning weedes araide, Crowned with cares, because mans mortall foe, The Tyrant death, histragick part hath plaide;

Seamo re lamentes than all the worlde befide,

"His true loues losse that late in England dyde.





MY wealth decaies for want of Somers heat, Somers heat fades becaule the Sunne is fled, The Sunne is fled, becaufe his griefe is great, His griefe is great, becaufe his ioye is dead , Hisioye is dead, fince his deare ladie dyde, And fince his lady dide he tuer mournde, He ever mournde, for loffe of Natures pride, For Natures pride, is now to a fhest turnde, To afhes turnde that was a *Phamix* rare, A *Phamix* rare, of whom no other bred, No other bred, that breedes the more my care, The more my care, fith all in heris dead:

O Heaues, why do you bring this land fuch dearth. As for to take a Phanix from the earth.



### Celestial Elegies



I that do turne the rowling wheele of chaunce. The blindelight Goddefle of vnconftancie, That fometime did the Romaine Peers aduance, To fway the worlds imperiall Monatchie: I that doe kings enthrone, annoynt, and crowne, And ofte depose them from the Royall feate, I that on mightie Baiazeth did frowne, And made the bafeborne Tamberlaine to great: Lament that death hath got the victorie, While I am faine to flie away for feare, For where death raines, there ends my foueraintie, He cafts downe Trophees which I did vpreare, This Lational and Logichean Logichea

This Ladie whome I railde to high degree, Dyde not by chaunce but fatall deftenie,



Red

Of the Goddeffes. QVATORZAIN. 9. Nemefis.

R Edhote with rage whole heart with griefe doth 1 come from *Ioue* fell Atropos to chide, (bleede, That cut too foone this Counteffe vitall threede, Wherewith her foule and bodie were fast tide: While wicked men long line in Ioy and pleasure, She liu'd long time in fickneffe and in paine, Who still accounted vertue her chiefe treasure, And losse of worldly weakth heauens richest gaine: Wherefore she fled to heauen, from whence I came; And with reuenge to scourge mens infolence, And those same ruthlesse death *Iouer* wrath incence,

Wholet the wicked long time live in pride, While the that belt deferued, fooneft dide.



### Celestal Elegies



Though I am fearefull Goddeffeof dread warre, That hate to live I dy at home in peace, With humane cries allured I come from farre, In ftreames of bloude to rue this datties decease, This Lady was a Howard and did pringe, Out of the antient Duke of Norfolkes race, Whose of spring did fubdue the Scots flout king, And from the field rebellious foes did chase, Her brother still restes loyal to the Crowney And Scepter which faire Cymbia now doth wield, By Seas he hath obtain'd his high renowne, The other by his conquest in the field,

Wherefore I vow by land and Sea to raile, Eternall triumphes to the Howards praise.

Crowned

QVATORZAIN. 11 Flora.

Of the Goddesfes.

CRowned with wreathes of Odoriferous flowrs, Whole fent perfumes the Empire of the Ayre, Among the relt of the immortall powers, Voto the land of Albion I repaire. Where I with garlands will her Toombe adorne, And make death proud with ccremonious rites, That for this Ladies fake I doe not fcorne, (delights; To decke her Graue, with th' earthsfaire flowers For fith the world was fweetned by her breath, That breath'd rare vertues forth, as then aline, Ile beautifie her Sepulcher, fince death Of her fweete fowle her body did deprine, For this braue dame was a fweet fpringing flower, Bedewde with heauenly grace till her laft howre. From



### Celestial Elegies



Rom the black kingdome of infernall Dis, All circumferib'd with Characters of woe, And from the dungen of the darke abyffe, Wherein the Ocean Seas of troubles flowe, I doe afcend vpon this worldly flage, In this fad Tragedie to act a part, Sith fhe that was a light to that laft age, Is now confounded by deaths fatall darte; The cruell deftinies were much to blame, To cut her threede of life ere throughly fpunne, Her life burnd out like to a Tapers flame, And thus the howrglaffe of my ioyes is runne :

Wherefore the Farall fifters shall repent Her bodies death, and faire soules banishment.



Of the Goddelles. QVATORZAIN. 12-Aurors. XXU XX

I now thall bluth to kiffe the Sunnsfaire face, Or bid han Iour vnto this bernytpheare, I rather will lament in dolefull cafe, The loffe of her whom I did loue fo deare, I am the Mufes euer constant friend And fith the was their Matrone while the lin'd I will bewaile for her vnimely ende, By whom the facred Sisters were releated: I muse what Muse there is that will not weepe When I shall tell this lamentable story, That the is dead and now in dust doth sleepe, Although her foule is crown'd with lasting glory: I thinke the world wilbe diffolued to reares,

When this faid tale shall penetrate menséares,

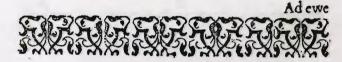


### Celestiall Elegies



A tryrde in black spangled with flames of fier, Imbroidered with flatres in filent night, While Phabus doth the lower world inspire, with his bright beames & cofort breathing spright, I come in clowds of griefe with penfuesoule, Sending forth vapours of blacke discontent, To fill the concaue Circle of the Pole, And with my teares bedeawe each continent: Because that the that made my night seeme daye, By her pure vertues euer thining lamps; Now makes my night more blacke by her decay, Wandting with Gholds in the Elistan Camps:

Wherefore I still will were a mourning vaile. For she is dead and humane flesh is fraile.





A Dewe faire Venus Ladie of delight, Welcome pale horror griefe and difcontent, Come let vs wander to the vaile of night, And for this Ladies death fighe and lament, Our hopes late deade ingender living feares, Our griefes awake doe bringe our ioyes afleepe, Now we from Theris ftreames will borow teares, And teach the rockes by Nerleys flores to weepe, Our faire complexion is with forrow chang'd, We have bin fellowe Mates with beauties Queenes But from our felues we now are fo effrang'd, We are but fhadowes of what we have beene, And thos in vaine we daily doe deplore,

For losse of life which we cannot reftore,





WE that are calde Tymes golde winged Howres: And are the Porters of Heauens Christall gates Come from the Pallace of Celestiall powers, This Counteffe death with pompe to celebrate; By fhurting vp Heauens gate we fend downe raynes Darking the triple region of the Aire, And when we list opening the doore againe, Dry the moyst clowdes &t make the weather faires Weepe now O clowdes &t make the weather faires With often drops fret through the hardest flomes, While we inforrowe for this Ladies death, Flie back againe to the Celestial thrones:

And locking fast the great Porte of the Skie, Senddowne more showres for her mortalitie.



Of the Goddeffes. QVATORZAIN, 18. Pandora.

I bring a box wherein all woes are cloide, Mingled with teares diffild from facred eyes, And not fo much as hope for me repolde Is left behinde but quite away it flies. The graces where with all the Gods indue me, Are gone from me and to Ioues throne refort, The bleffings which vntill this day purfude me, Forfake me now and I fland all'amort. Like Numbe that ever till death ftill mourn'de, For her deare childrens loffe whom Phaebus flue, And to a fenceleffe flone at laft was turnde, That in her life did moft extre amely rue:

And thus transform de I will become a Toombe. Tenclofe hervertues in my dying woombe.



# Celestiall Elegies QVATORZAIN 18. Pales Dea pastorum.

IF kingdomes waile fball not the Cottage weepe? If the Court greene fhall not the Country grone? If they doe morne that doe ftrong Lions keepe? Shall not I, that keepe tender sheepe, bemone? If faire Elisa monarch of this Ile, This Ladies loss doth gratiously lament, It ill becomes a country swayne to smyle, Or me that an the Shepheards presidente: O thou rare Queene that makess the femal gender, By much, more worthie then the Masculine, To thee all praise and glorie I furrender, Whom I effected as facred and deune;

Had not thy life ginen shepheards sweet releese, Ishould haue well nigh perished with greeso.





E Ven in this fad and melancholy moode, With Siluan Nimphes which on me daily tende Mated with forrowe come I from the woode, And to faire Cynthias kingdome now I wende, Where the immortall Goddeffes arris'd, At Troynosant, by which Thames was do glide, Where late a Ladie of great honour lis'd, But greater vertue, that vntimely dyde: Thither goe I among the reft to mourne, And offer vp my teares vpon her firine, My loftic trees I will cut downe and burne, In witneffe of her death for which I pyne: And as my trees confume away with flame So doth my heart with griefe, and ioy with flame.





N dreary accents of a dolefull verfe, Ille fpeake her praife though I haue longbin dube, In fable weedes ile decke her difinall hearfe, And factifice my tears vpp ou her toombe; With golden Statues shall her toombe be gilte, Like King Manfolus stately monument, Which his deare wife the Queene of Caria built To be the worldes eternall wonderment, Or else I will her fencelesse corps interre, In some faire graue like the Pyramides, And will enbalme her bodie with sweete Mirrh With Cassia, Ambergreece and Aloes (smell, That th'Ayre perfum'd therewith shall sweetly While heavenly powers thal ring her wofull knel.



۰.

### Annotations vpon the Celestiall Elegies of the Goddeffes



Erecinthia alias Rhea Cybele Opt Vefin, Tellius, Grc. as Hefiodusfault avas the daughter of Calum and Torra the wife of Saturne commonly called the mother of the gods & goddeffes of the

earth ; whome Poets faine to be drawne by foure Lionsin a chariot with a crowne of Towres on het head and aroy all feepter in her hand, the is allo reputed the founder of Cittes and Towres for defence.

Inno called Promuba and of fome Lucina the daughter of Saturne and Ops, wife and filter of Impiter, Queene of heaven, and goddefile of fiches, impalled with the celectiall diademe, drawno in het chariot by Peacockes, flat is accounted to predominate matiages, and the birth of children.

Pallas otherwise called Minerna as Hesiodus affirmethis the daughter of Neprane and Triton, poetically

#### Annotations upon



tically also fayned to be engendred of the braine of Jupiter: She is the Goddelle of witedome, learning, and the liberall fciences, She is the fifter of Mars and is faid to be the Goddelle of warres and martiall Itratagems, and for that is often called Bellona.

Cynthia called also Diana and Phæbe the daughter of lupiter and Latona the lifter of Phæbus fhe is the Goddelle of hunting and filhing, who addicting her felfe wholy to virginitic obtained of lupiter therefore to line in the woods. Virgil, Lib. 11. Alme tibi bac memorum cultrix Latonia virgo.

Venus termed also Cytherea poetically fained to be bred of the froth of the Sea, excelled all other Goddessin beautie, sheisthe Goddesse of loue, pleasures and lascinious delightes, sherideth in a chariot drawne by doues, she is the mother of Cupid and is accounted one of the seuen planets

Theres



### · the Goddeffes.

### <u>ABEREEREEREE</u>

There is called also Amphirite the wife of Peleus King of Thessalie, daughter of Nereus and mother of Aebilles was effected Goddesse of the Sea: of Nereus all the Nymphes were called Nereules.

Ceresche daughter of Saturne and Ops fifter of Inpiter & Pluto, is the Goddeffe of Corne drawen in her chariot by dragons, crownde with sheaues of wheat she wandred about the world to finde her daughter Proferpina whom Pluto stole a way, she first taught the vie of the plough and to till the land.

Aurora the morning, the daughter of Hyperion and Thra in the judgement of Hesiodus, or as others lay of Tiran and Terra whom for herfaire vermilion colour Homer faineth to have fingers of damaske roles, and to be drawne by bright bay horses in a golden charriot, the is faid by Orpheus not only to be a most comforrable Ladie to men, but allo to be afts and plants and is a great friend to the Muses.

Nuz

#### Annetations uppon

### MAY MAY MAY MAY

Nor the night, bred of Chaos as Poets faine whom they cal the most auntient mother of all creatures, because there was no light but darkenes before the Sunne and the heauens were made. And the possess of the Sunne and the heauens were made. And the possess of the Sunne and the heauens were made. And the possess of the Sunne and the heauens were made. And the possess of the Sunne and the heauens were made. And the possess of the Sunne and the sunne superben chariot, the came from *Erebus* and the infernals obscuring this Hemysphere when the Sunne supergone to the Antipodes.

Flora called alfo Chloris the wife of Zephirus is deemed the goddeffe of Flowres:

Bellona the goddeffe of warre called also Pallas, which to expresse both the valour and the wisedome of the honorable race of the Howardes I have twife expressed m several sonnets, whom Virgil nameth the president of warre.



### of the Goddesses.

### ETTER ETTER

### Armipotens belli preses Tritonia Pallas

Fortuna as some suppose was the daughter of Oceanus, albeit Hestodus writing of the original burch of the Gods, makes no mention of her, yeushe is vainely reckoned among the number of the Gods as Iunenal witneffeth.

### Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia, sed te Nos facimus Fortana deam Celog, locamus,

She is the Goddesse of chance and inconflancie the is faide to be blinde and to be rouled about vpon a wheale as Tibuslus in 1. Elegiarum. Versatur celeri. Fors leuis orbe rora.

Proferpina called also Perfephone and of fome Ho. cate is the daughter of Inpirer and Geressthe wife of Plato Queene of Hell, the bath four range power of dead bodies.



### Annotations uppon

Nemelis the daughter of Oceanies and Nax may be called the Goddeffe of tenenge, who was fent from Impiter to Suppreffective pride and infolence of fuch is are to much puft vp with arrogancie for the fruitio of worldly felicities and therfore Ariftotle Lide munido, affirmeth Nemefis to be the deulne power and inffice of God to punifis malefactors for their haynous etimes, and to diffribute to every one accord ding to his demerits.

Libitina is the Goddeffeof Funeralls.

The Graces called Gratie or Charites the Graces daughters of Inpiter and Eurynome whose names are Agiaia, Eupbrosine and Thalia, they were beautifull and the companions of Venus.

Hore the howres, daughters of Inpiter and Themis, are by Homer and other Poets faide to keepe the gates of heaven, and by opening of them to make faire weather, and by flutting them to make foule



### the Goddesses.

### AABABEBEBE

weather, they fauour learning and affociate Veuus and the Graces: They are imagined to have foir feet and to be most flow of all the Goddesses, and thill to worke forme new matter, they moderate and deurde the function of times, '

Pandori', a Ladie imbeilissied with all fayte ornaments of bodie and rainde on whome every one of the Gods bestowed a severall gift of grace, was sent by source Prometheus with all cuils inclosed, fast in a box or little cofer, which gift being refused by Prometheus was by her brought to Epimetheus, who opening the couer of the box, perceiving all those cuils to flie out studdenly shut the same, referring only hope in the bottome thereof reposed which he kept with the hope you must imagine now that Pandora bath loss in the cariage by reason of this most noble Countesse death.

Niobe

#### Annotations upon

## AND THE AND AND

Niebe the daughter of Tantalus waxing infolent beyond measure for the beautie and goodly proport tion of her children, infomuch that the compared or rather preferred her felfe in opinion of glory before Latona and her facred of spring was therefore by the decree of the Gods metamorphosed into a flone, and fo became her owne bodies tepulcher; and her children were flaine by Phæbus and Diana with artowes as Poets fayne.

Pales is the Goddesse of Shepheards in honour of whose diety Shepheards did celebrate certain games called Palilia.

, Feronia the Goddeffe of woods or groues whole temple (as Strabo writeth) was famous in the Citie Soractes, and the with great deuotion was there word thipped, of whome there is no mention made touching her birth or education, notwith flatting the is rec koned fouer aigne of the woods as Virgil writeth.

Et viridi gaudens Feronia luco. Great

### Celestial Elegies of the Muses.



GReat princes actes I vse to royalize, And from the Srigian flouds their fame to faue, And in the Criftall mirror of the skies, With wits faire Diamond I their praile ingraue. By me Alemenas fonne is made deuine, And faire Califto turned to a Beare Now in the Starrie firmament doth Ihine, And with her light adornes this Heinyfphere, And-I will raife to heaten this hoble dame, About the pureft Element of fire, And Ioin Starres characterize hirfame; That time fhall nother glories date expire,

And yet my heart in pittie takes remorfe, For her deare foule and bodies late diuorfe.

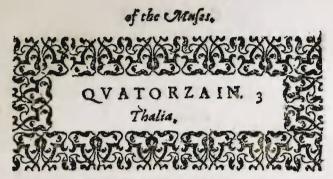




K Nowing her life what fhall I foundher praifes Or muting of her death fall in a foundes Shall I recorde her fame in my fweete laies? Or by my forrow make her death renowndes I know not what to doe, I am amazde, I wander in a Laborinth of woes, Her praife alreadie through the world is blazd, And now her death with greefe I muft difclofe; Wherefore I regifter her death with teares, Which doe uurne blacke with forrowe in the fall, Wringing my handes renting my golden heares, And with thefe reliques grace her fimerall,

Exclaming thus with euclasting cries, Vertuegrows licke, shame lives, true honor dies.





J That in Princes Pallaces was bred, And did delight in euerie comicke sport, Whose daintie section carpets vsde to treade; And dance the measures starly in the court, Will turne my muthfull songs to dolefull cries; And fill with teares the *Heliconian* brooke, My louely checkes besimeard withweeping eyes; Like fieshkesse deathes Anatomie 1 looke, For she that brought new reuels out of Frames, When she returned to hernative sould be figure, Who sought my glory chiefly to advance, Hath now by death received a starl foile,

> Thus by her loss I am compeld to rue That she to soone hath bid the world adewe?



### Celsstial Elegies



Ome fifters letvs fing fad roundelaies, And firew green Cypres boughs vp6 hir Tombe Crowning her image with immortall bayes, Oh facred ofspring of Latonas wombe, Play on thy feauen-firunge harpe and fadly warble, The waitefull murmur of celeftiall fpheares, And while thou doeft engraue herfame in marble, Ile digge her graue with fhowres of facred reares; My pipe fhall make the ftones to weepe for pitte, As great Amphions Lyre did make them dance; To build againe the ruynes of that Cities Which did maintaine the Grecian puifance,

And yet not Thebes but Troynoment shall mourne For her whole shell to Elements did turne.





What mournfull Diapafon thall I make, What mournfull fongs of forrow thall I fing What comfort in fwerte Muticke can I take, Sith death hath broke this Ladies vitall (tring: My facred Lyre that did refound of yore; Celeftiall harmony, like Phæbus Lute, Such ioyfull accents now thall found no more; For inward forrow makes our confort mute; Sith death hath broke that (tring that did vnite In mutuall love her bodie and her foule, My dulcimers thall make no more delight And I will live in cuerlafting dole

For how can Musicke solace humaine cares, Whe strings are broke & harts are drownd in tears



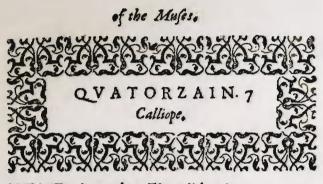
#### Celestiall Elegiss



YE that like Inline Cefar feeke to measure, The spacious clymates of the centred round, To fish for kingdomes and to purchase treasure, Oppole your lives to everie fatall wound : Behold even in the map of my fad face, A true Cosmographie of humane woes, For spice foule death his Tropheesheare did place, In quiet reft I neucs could repose, Vnto th'Antarticke Pole what need ye faile, At home in fastetie better may yee fleepe, Consider by her death your fless fraile, Sit downe by me vppon these rockes and weepe,

Fot Albien now more forrowes doth containe, Then there is wealth in all the Qcean mayne.





W Ere it nor that Eliza did reuiue, My drooping spirits that are like to perish, If that worldsmyrrour onely the alue, Did not with bountie still my Poems cherish, I should goe languish in some obscure caue, Or with rude Satyres, & wood-nymphs should dwel Learning should lie in bale Oblimions graue, And flow no more from Aganippe well: But since this Ladies. soule is vanished, Our of this world (her corps to death enthrald) She to a starre is metamorphosed And with the golden Twinns in heauen enstald Or like the Pleiades enthron'd on high She may be term'd a Phamic in the skie,





I Sawe no fearefull comet in the Skye, Nor firie Meteors lately did I viewe, Whole dread alpect threatens mortalitie, And loffe of fome great Princes to inlue: Nor by Aftrologie did I deune, That death fo foone this Paragon fhould flay, That fhe who did in grace and vertue finine, Aboue her Peeres before them fhould decay, I thinke while all the Gods in counfell fate, To canonize fome Saint, that late did die, Not being mindfull of this Ladies flate, Whole fatall how te did then approach fo nigh,

Death stole vppon her with his Eben darte And vnwares did Brikeher to the heart.



of the Mafes. Q VATOR ZAIN.9. Polybymnia. 25 2 2 2 2 2 5

S Ith I am tearm'd the Mufes Oratrix, My pen fhall wright the Iliades of my greefe, My tearefull eyes vppon her beare ile fixe, My tongue fhall tell a wofull tale in breefe: My hands fhall act the paffions of my minde, My ruthfull lookes bewray my penfiue thought, I will complaine the Fates are too vnkinde, Fró bad to worfe the world thill growes to nought: Wherefore I thinke that *Plato's* wondrous yeare, (When as the Orbs of Heauen shalbe reuolu'd, To their first courfe) approcheth very neare The bands of th' Elements shalbe disfolu'd:

And till those daies of confummation come, Cares make me passionate & forrowes dombe,



The Authors Conclusion.



Now Goddeffes and Mufes giue meleaue, In this fad Tragedie to acte a part, I haue more caufe for her deceafe to greeue, Though you more witto fhew your forrows finart: Yee for affection doe extoll her praife, And for mere pittie doe her death lament, I both for loue and duetie firiue to raife Her fame about the flarrie firmament: And death for enuie did abridge her daies T'enritch his kingdome with this vertuous dame But I for griefe that death the Tyrant plaies, Impouer if the august of the flare for there fame

While I performe these rites which are most fit, Death waxeth rich in spoyle, I spoild of witte.

Ac



#### Annotations vpon the Celestiall Elegies of the Muses.

## ABALBABBBBBB

THE nine Muses which are the presidents of Poets and first authors of Poetry Musicke & other sciences, are the daughters of Iupiter & mnemosyne alias memoria whose names are Clio, Melpomine, Thalis, Eutepre, Terpsichore, Erato, Calliope, Vrania & Polihimnia. Cho exercise therwitts tikil chiefely in Histories and recording the actes & monuméts of worthic persons, Melpomine in Tragedies, and lamentable Elegies, Thalia in Comedies, comely gestures, and sweete speeches. Euterpe in the pipe & such like instruments, Terpsichore in the Citterne or Lute, Erato in Geometric, or Chosmographie, Calliope in heroicke verses, Vranta in Astrologie and contemplation of the starres, and Polihimnia in Rhetorick and Eloquence,

De-



## ZBZBZBZBB

Deuine sonners dedicated to the said Lardy not long before her decease by the said Author.

#### Of Gods holy name, lobouch, or Tetragrammaton,

That name which Moses on his forehead bare, I in my heart doe worship and adore, That name which Iewes to name did seldome dare, May I prefume for mercie to implore? That name which Salomon vppon his breast, In his divine Pentaculum did weare, With great Iehonah Characters impress, That name I love I reverence and feare: That name which Aron wore vpon his head, Grau'd in his holy Miser made of Golde, That name which Angels laude and furies dreade, Whose praise no tongue can worthily vnfolde,

That name which flesh is to impure to name, My infull soule with facred zeale inflame,



Of

# REZERACE ENDER

Deuine Sonets.

Of the Starre which the Magi did worthip at Christes Natinitie, and of his death.

I blaze that ftarre, which was no blazing ftarre, But the true figure of eternall life, The prince of peace was borne then ceafed warre, His birthes beginning ended mortall ftrife, This glorious ftarre did lead the aged wife To worfhip th'Infants Godhead in the Eaft, Which came with gladfome heart & ioyfall eyes, To fee that Babe that made all Ifraell bleft: O light of Heauer thou waft extinct on earth, Yet to our foules Celeftiall life doth giue Thy death our life, thy rifing our new birth Thou three daies dead didft make vs euer liue,

Yet at thy death obscur'd was th' earth and skie, Because he that was God, as man did die.

Foun-



#### Denine Sonetsi



FOuntaine of grace from whom doth only runne, Water of life to faue our foules from death, O fauiour of the world, pure virgins fonne, That in red earth inful d first vitall breach. Oh thou whofe name was calde Emmanuel, Ioyning thy Godhead with humanitie, Thou that for our fakes didft defcend to hell, And ouer death did'st get the victorie: Oh womans feede that didft from God proceede, By Prophets faid to breake the Serpentshead, Thou that in grace and vertue doeft exceede, Content to die that thou mighteft quicken deade, Thou that didft rayfe the dead men fro the tombe.

Earthskingdoms passe, oh let thykingdome come. Antient





Denin: Sonets.

A Ntient of daies, and yet flill young in yeares, Oh God on earthe, Oh man yet most deuine, Poore in this world, yet chiefe of heauenly Peeres, Whose glorie in th'infernall pit did shine, Borne since old Abrahams daies yet long before, (For Abraham reioyc'd to see thy daies) He saw by faith, whom now all powers adore, The Cerubins doe daily sing thy praise, O God of tymes, and yet in time a man, Before all times thy time of being was, And yet in time thy humaine birth beganne, Least we should fade writimely like the grasse, O thou that doest all times beginne and ende,

Graunt all our workes may to thy glory tende, Of



#### Of the inflabilitie of Fortune and worldlie prosperitie.



WVHere lives the man that never felt a croffe? Who Fortunes wheel did neuer tumble down Where lives the man that never fuffred loffe ? On whome the startes of heanen did neuer frowne? Where lives the man that is in all pointes blef? Wife valiant, mightie, wealthy, fayre and frong. If such a one vpon the earth doth reft His date of life Heauen doth abridgeere long Such was King Edward in his youthfull prime Who might by Phaebus Oracle be deemd One of the wifest Princes of his time For wit and learning excellent effeemde But cruell death maligning his great praife That infewe yeares fo highly did afpyre With yron dartinfring'a his golden daies Whom nations farre away did then admyre Weedslong time growe, the fayreft flowres do fade The ripeft wits grow rotten at the laft All these faire things which God and Nature made In



### Of the Instabilitie of Fortune



Inchis buge Chaos, Ihall at length lye wafte Where is king Salomon the wifeft wight Of mortall men that hard vpon the grounde Doth he not wander in the Thades of night, Whole wildome through the world was forenound? What difference betwist the rich and poore Irus with Crefus boldly may compare Both equal are when death flandes at the doore That maketh proudeft kings like beggars bare, Then let the wealthy men respect their end Not couming themselves happy vnryll death, Sich heaven to them this woalth doth only lende, Which they mult pay with loffe of vitall breath This made that king of Lidia to crye When he was by king Cyrm ouercome: O Solon now thy faying true I trie No man is happie till his day of dome. That Monarch now is dead that did posselfer, The golden fands of bright Pactolus waves, And Tampertaine whom Fortune to did bleffe,



#### Of the instabilitie of Forenne.



Thathe a Shepheard made great kings his flaues, Deadis that mightie king of Macedon, That wept whe of more worldshe hard force talke, Sich his victorious fword as then had wonne, Scarce this one world, where we like pilgrims walk Who being wounded fell vpon one knee, Fighting against an hoast of barbarous focs, Said Lam mortall by these wounds I fee, For no fuch bloode from powers Celeftiall flowes.» In beautie Absalon did fatre excell, Most part of menthar sprung of humaine seede, But when against his Sire he did rebell, ( head: Then heaven did power downe vengeance on his The facred scripture trucky doth expresses, That Sampfon did furpaffe all men in firength, But he that did thowfands in fight diffresse, Was by a womans wiles fubdu'd at length, Beautieislike a faire but fading flower, Riches are like a bubble in a streame. Great Arength is like a fortefied Towre,

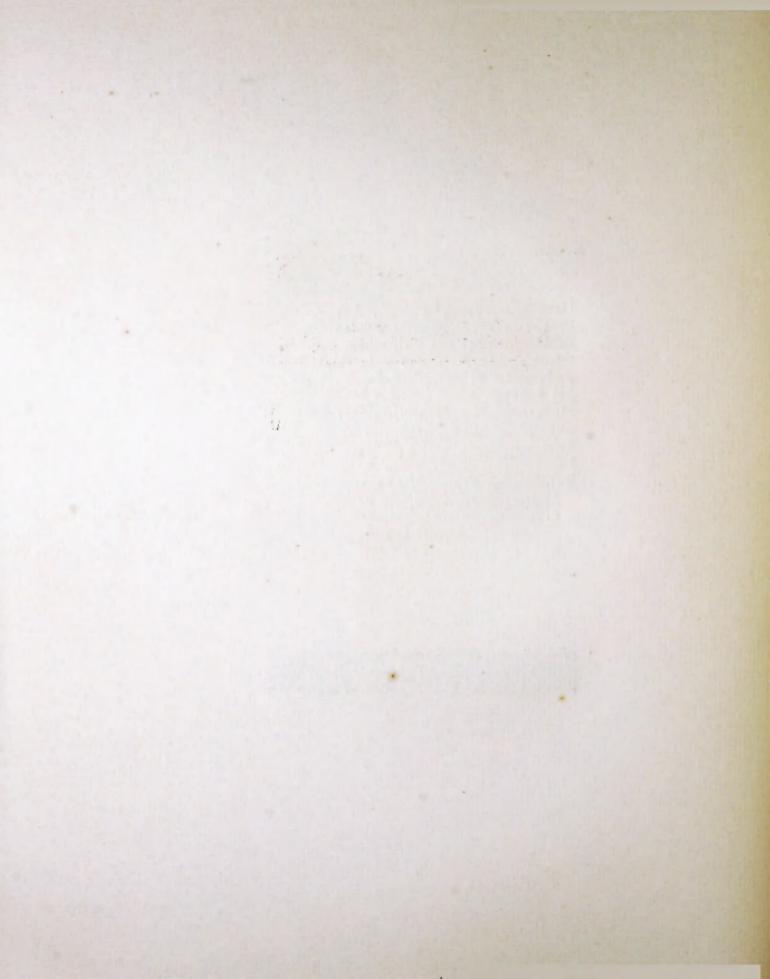


#### Of she mstabilitie of Fortune.



Houour isli ke a vaine but pleafing dreame, Wee fee the fayreft flowers foone fade away, Bubbles doe quickly vanish like the winde, Strong Towers are rent, and doe in tyme decay; And dreames are but illustions of the minde, Let none pust vp with infolence deride; My Fortunes Autumne intuy prime of yeares; Sich many dismall chances do betide, To royall princes and State-ruling peeres, I am content with my disafter chance, To follow fate fith princes lead the daunce; Luditen Humanis divina pote min rebus. Et certam profens vix habet hora fidem. Dig



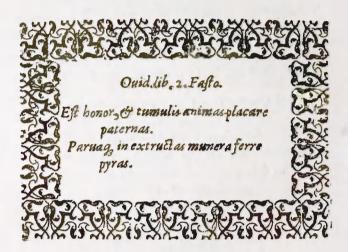




## FVNERALL LAMENTACIONS VPONTHE DEATHOF hismoft worthy and reuerend vnckle Mailler MATHEW EWENS Efquire one of her Maieflies Barons of her Highnes Lourt of Efchequer. \*\*\*



LONDON, Printedby RICHARD BRADOCKR for I B. 1598.



Funerall lamentations vpon the death M. MATHEVV EVVENS Esquire. &c.

Licurgus end let famous Sparta waile, Licurgus end let famous Sparta waile, Let Athens weepe on Ariffides toombe, For there religion la wes and luffice faile, But let faire (inthias Tropnonans lament; This Barons death whole fleft returnes to duft, Whole foule is fled aboue the firmament, Who hu'd on earth religious, true, and iuft. Nowioye O heauen t'enfoy th' earths ornament, Whofe heauenly part to the third heauen is fled His earthly part to earth doth now relent Both heauen and earth loue him aliue and dead, His fleft to Elements refolu'd doth dye, His foule aboue the Element doth flye,

t



D4

Funerall Lamentations.



Know not whether I fhould icy or weepe Hislouing foule doth triumph in the fkie, But his dead corps in duft a while doth fleepe, Till beauen fhall reyfe it from inortalitie, Heloft his olde life and hath gaind a newe Loofing nis care he gainde a glorious crowne, The world loft him, therefore the world doth rue. He loft the world yet wins for aye renowne, 11oft a friende and cherefore I lament, My frieud loft me and I haue loft my felfe Sith I for hisloffe liue in different He loues heauensioyes and leaues all worldly pelfe,

O England now bewaile thisfatall croffe, He loft this world, we gainde a world of loffe.



QVATORZAIN. 3

Funerall, lamentations,

HE that did seeke the poore mens wrongsto right He that maintain'd his native countries lawes, He that in trueth and inflice did delight Is now confum'd by deaths deuouring lawes, Was it by heavens high court of Parhament, Decreed that his lifes date so foone should ende, Oh then let vs vpon the earth lament That we have lost in him a publique triend The ioy of many in his grave now lieth, And he in heaven emoyes immortall blisse, His care is vanisht and in him now dieth, And lives in others that his life doe misse

Thus death ftrooke many with this fatall ftroke And keeping natures lawes, our lawes he broke.



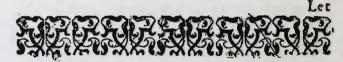
Euneral's lamentations .



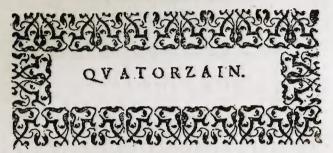
Let not the world thinke I doe partialize, In that I doe extoll my vncles fame, And finue his glone to immortalize By thele fad accents which my mufe doth frame, But let men know that he defenues more praife, Then my poore mufe is able so beflow, Though the doth crown his death with glorious baies And through the world the breath of fame doth blow Which breath by multiplying the fweete ayre May maint the facred Throne of heauenly powers, And caufe the winged Cherubins repayre, To mournehis death from their celeftiall bowres,

His vertues merit Homers golden pen

Toprine his praise with reares of Gods and men.



Functall lamentations,



L Et all men judge how just a ludge he was, That late was judged by heaven facted doome, To fuffer death, that when this life should passe He might obtaine in heaven a glorious roome, For he among the bleffed faints must dwell Where Patriarches and the Apostless fit, Which shall judge the twelve Tribes of Israel According as to their deferts is fit Ashere on earth this ludge was magnifide About the vulgar fort in high degree, In heaven he shalbe much more glorifide, And shall enjoy the full felicitie,

And all fuch ludges as here iudge aright, Shall have their place in heave with Angels bright. The

#### Funerall lamentations,



The facred word doth fay thou thait not kill Yet Death thou here doeth kill a magistrate; Dost thou not then infringe Gods holy will Nor yet the lawes of Moles violate? And wheras mightle kings establish lawes Thou by thine owne lawe mightly Kings doest flay, And taking thus away the fficient caule, Theffect, which is the Lawe must needs decay, Thus no w thou takes away a publique guide, That did maint time all equitie and right. Wherefore heaven shall correct thee for thy pride And shall subdue thy all-flefn-killing might, And show that dost all creatures our comes, Shalthe at last destroyed by heavens in the doorse

Shalt be at last destroyed by heauens inst doome.





JF that the foule ( asforme fuppofed ) might goe, Out of one bodiero an others breft, Would that meeke fpirit which from him did flow, In every Lawyersheart were now impreft His lifes integritie and zrale was fuch He more effected of hone flie than gold. Which n any now a dates doe four too much For love is off with money bought and fold, This rightly may be term de a golden age, With gold, is fame and reputation bought Y ce Salumon that was most wife and fage, For wifedome praide, efferming gold-as nonght. Gold vnto droffe and fleft to duft mult turre,

For this mansholfe let the Eiche quer mourile,

Baxeamure vere funt fecula d'urimus ansor-Venit hopos, anroconcultatur amor.



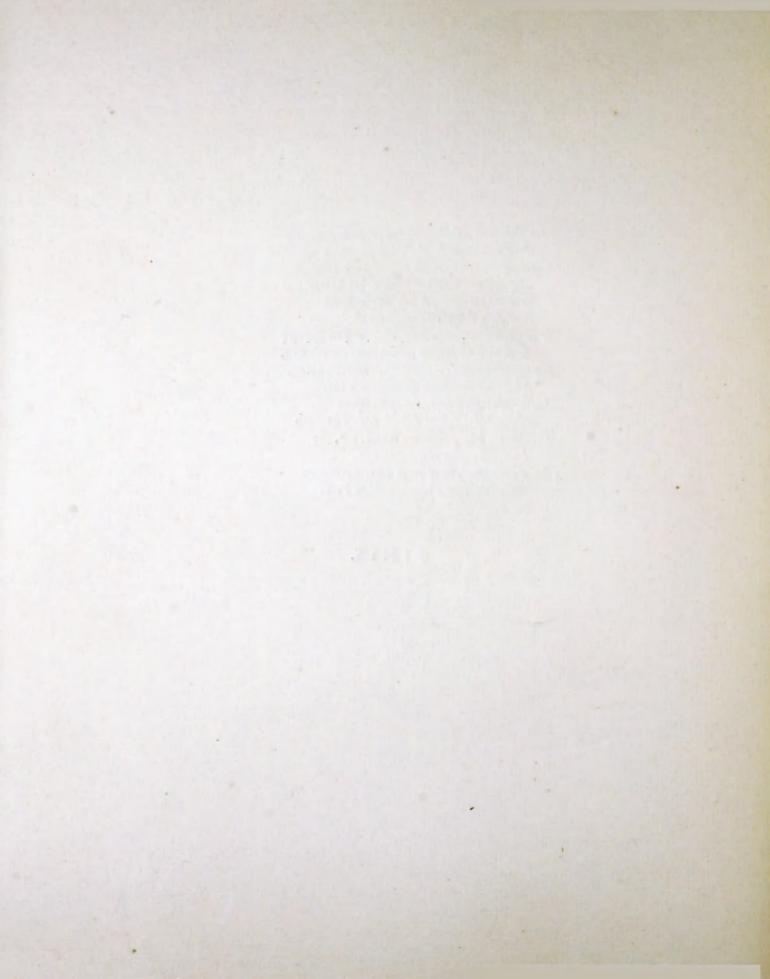
## In obitum Patrui sui colendissimi Mathei Eueni illustrissimi Baronis Scaccarij T. R. nepotis Næula, sine carmen sunchie,

Riftia Melpomine lachrymarum fumina funde, Sie cum personautium Sie cum perpetuo iun amore dolors Ille pater patrie polleus pietate, Patronus Pauperis, & Flebis, per mala fara perit, Spiritus asc mais plendentis culmen Olympi, Dinitias cieli, quas cupicbat, habet. Nonrapuit fiscus, quod non vult Christus habere. Non plus quam licust conciliant opes. Ille mihi Patruus charus, patriag, patria, Ergo juus deflet funera mesta nepos. Doltus erat, facilis natura, mente benignus, Morobiu humanus, denig, morte pins: Lege Solon, grauitate Cato; fed Tullius ore, Neftor confilys, & pretate Plato. Membra legietumulus, viuit post funera falix, Fama viget murdo, paris us aftra colit. Purpureos (para amfines, opobalfama fundam, Et glenis manthus Ilia pulebra dabo. Hisfaltemexequiys & munere fungar inani, Hie animam denis accumulare velim.

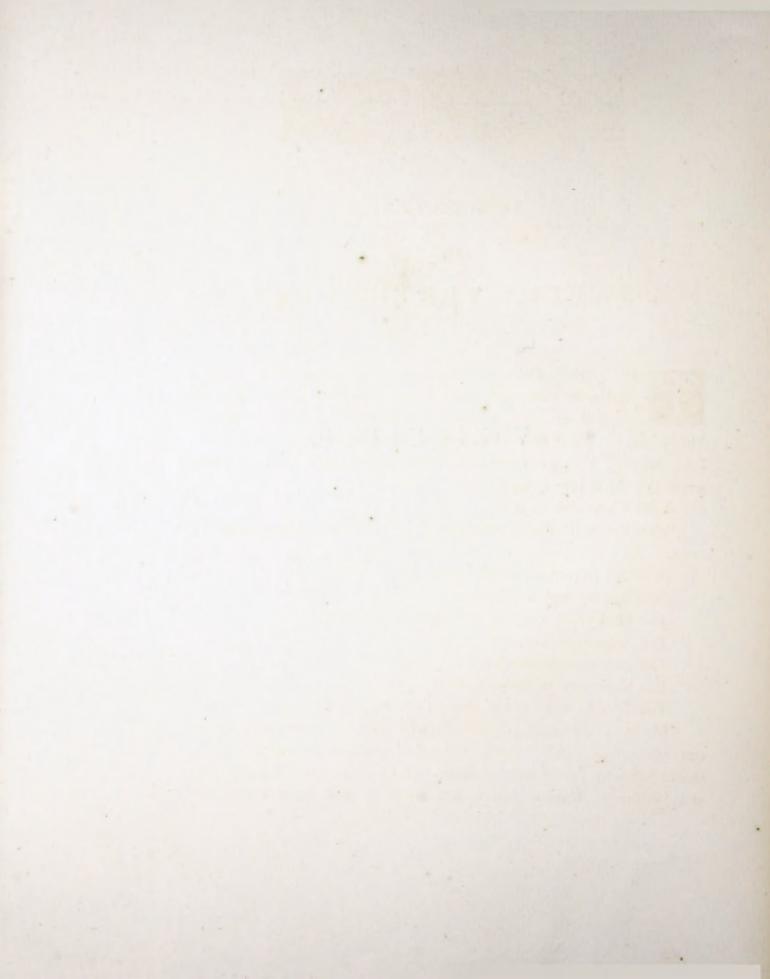
Non

Non grates expetto tamen, nec proemia curo. Non hominum laudes : hoc pictatis opus. Cogit amor passue patria lugere parentem Defunctum, tanio debitus vrget bonos. O decus, O patria nuper lux, at q columna Natali(a, foligloria magnavale. O longum venerande vale, vale, inquis Eucne Qui cuus est semper fidus amansque Nepos, Sie viuam er moi iar femper tibi certus amicus, Musaque cum fatis est moritura tuis Iuriscon fultus, nature inre peremptus Nune flabre aterni ludicis ante Thronum Qui vusos bomines diusno indices ore, ludex istus ludicis almus erit. Sic pià vita fuer, nune terg; guaterg; beata, Invusilo vitis, nabilis umbra Polo.

## FINES.



# VERTUES DUE.





#### INTRODUCTION

#### TO

## POWELL'S VERTUES DUE.

HE prefent Tract is printed from an unique and hitherto unknown one. The author was probably the fame Thomas Powell who has verfes before Foorde's (or Ford's) "Fame's Memoriall, or the Earl of Devonshire deceased; with his honourable Life, peacefull End, and solemne Funerall." 4to. Lond. 1606; and who wrote also the following works :---

Love's Leprofie, 1598.

The Paffionate Poet: with a Description of the Thracian Ismarus, 1601.

A Welch Bayte to spare Provender, 1603.

Direction for Search of Records, 1622.

The Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing, 1623.

The Attourneys Academy, 1623.

The Attornies Almanacke, 1627.

The Repertorie of Records, 1631.

Tom of all Trades, or the Plaine Path-Way to Preferment, 1631.

Mr. F. J. Furnivall, in reprinting the last tract among the *Publica*tions of the New Shak/pere Society, 1876, thus speaks of the author. "Our third tract is by a reverencer of Bacon in his distress, a rollicking attorney and Welshman, Thomas Powell, who seems to have begun writing very bad ferious poetry in 1598 and 1601, and then turnd to chaffing profe, ftill interfperft with fcraps of bad verfe,—and divers profeffional handbooks, till he ended his career of authorship in 1631 with his *Tom of all Trades*, here reprinted. There *may* have been two Thomas Powells. But as the one of 1603—1631 had both a ferious and humorous style in his profe, and in his verfe in his profe-books, I fee no sufficient reason for supposing that he is not the ferious-style verfe-writer of 1598—1601."

Our tract, *Vertues Due*, fully bears out the above character given of fome of his other works by Mr. Furnivall; for, like his first productions which appeared in 1598 and 1601, this is not only "very bad ferious poetry", but it has a greater fault, that of being in fome places unintelligible. Attempting to foar, obfcurity immediately envelopes him, and to make matters worfe, not content with using the hardest words for the fimplest fubjects, he preffes into his fervice other words and expressions not elfewhere to be met with in any work, ancient or modern.

His peculiar temperament feems to render him incapable of telling a plain ftory in a natural manner; and, while ftriving to elevate the verieft common-places into poetical dignity, he makes doubtful what he fhould explain, and by his awkward verbiage and circumlocution fucceeds, not in impreffing his readers with a refpect for his poetical powers, but, with the grave complacency of a Malvolio, in making himfelf a laughing-flock by his affectations and abfurdities.

Yet fufficient reafons we think may be fhown for the prefent reprint, independent of its rarity; inafmuch as it not only deals with a courtly perfonage, whofe memory has for nearly three centuries been furrounded by a fort of fentimental halo, but as it is the hitherto unknown production of a man whofe other labours with the pen have earned for him a certain degree of notoriety—while, more than all, its remarkable phrafeology entitles it to rank among the minor "Curiofities of Literature."

The Lady herein commemorated was the daughter of Henry Cary, Lord Hunfdon, and first wife of Charles fecond Baron Howard of Effingham, created Earl of Nottingham, 22 Oct. 1596. He was the

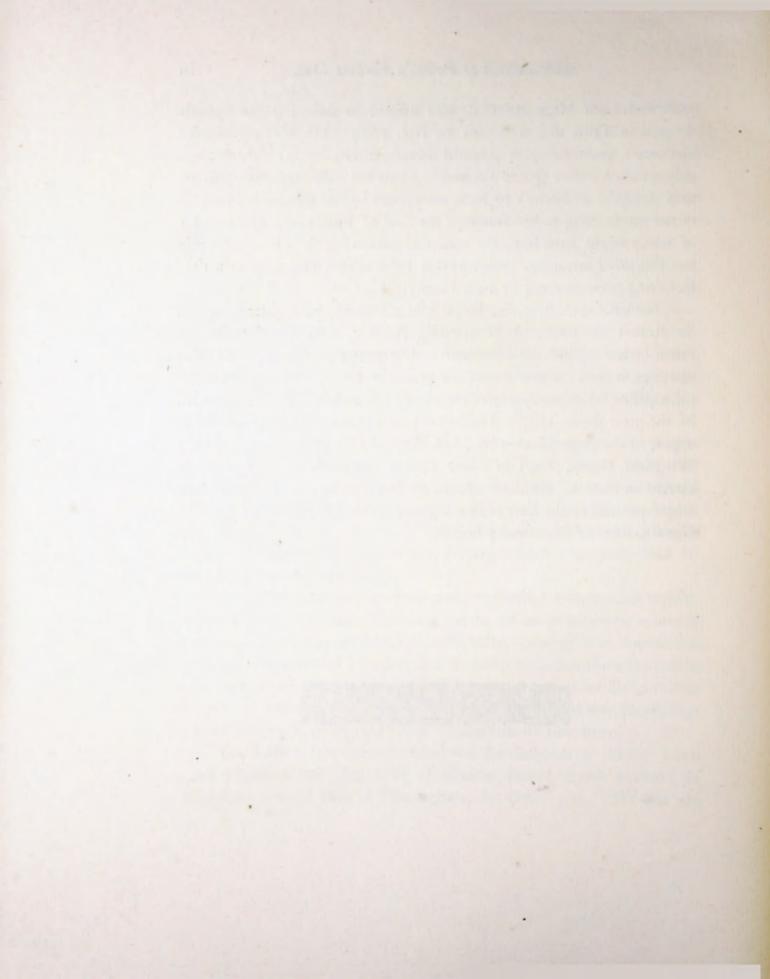
ii

### Introduction to Powell's Vertues Due.

celebrated Lord High Admiral, who affifted in defeating the Spanish Armada in 1588, and who died 14 Dec. 1624 His wife predeceased him many years, dying at Arundel House, in London, 25 Feb. 1602-3, only a month before Queen Elizabeth, whose last days she is faid (but on very doubtful authority) to have embittered by her treacherous conduct in not transmitting to her sovereign the Earl of Essex's ring, the delivery of which might have been the means of preferving the life of that rash but still-loved favourite. She furvived Essex exactly two years to a day, he having been executed 25 Feb. 1600-1.

She left five children, the third of whom—the eldeft daughter—married Sir Robert Southwell, of Woodrifing, Norfolk, who ferved under his father-in-law against the Spaniards. The portraits of both these naval worthies, it may be mentioned, are given in Pine's engravings from the old tapestry which was preferved in the House of Lords till its destruction by the great fire in 1835. Her own portrait and that of her husband appear in the large painting by Mark Garrard (the property of G. Digby Wingfield Digby, Esq.) in which Queen Elizabeth is represented as carried in state to Hunsdon House, 18 Sept. 1571. And another fulllength portrait of the Earl of Nottingham, painted by Zucchero, is in the Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.













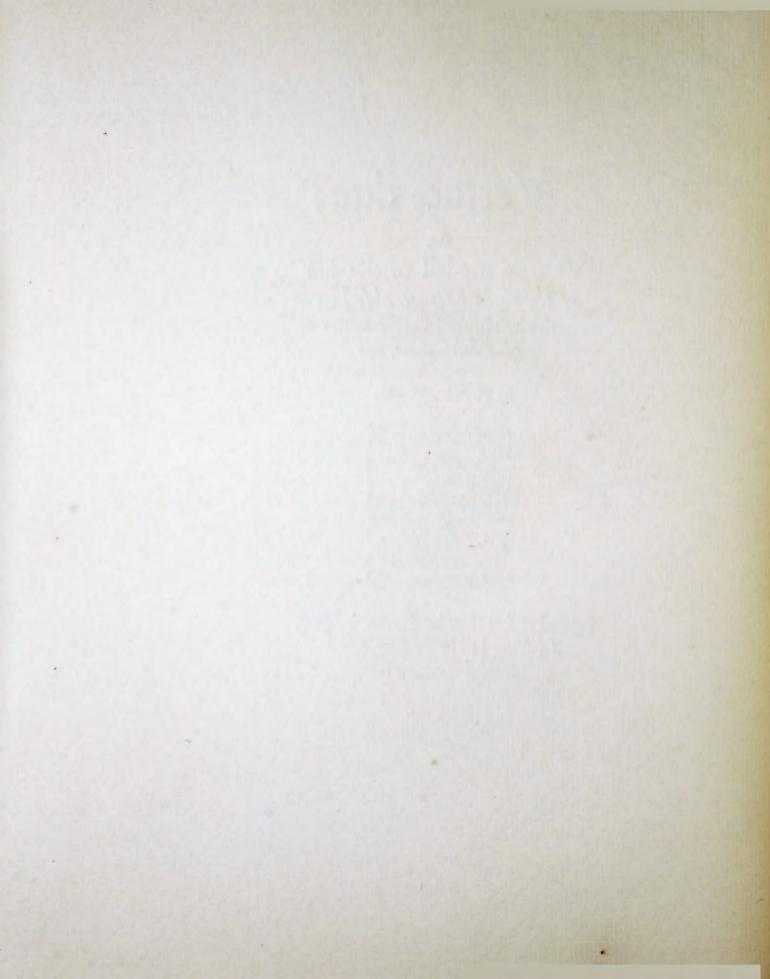
Or,

A true modell of the life of the right Honourable Katharine Howard, late Countesse of Nottingham, deceased.

By T. P. Gentleman,



Printed at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in Hosier lane, neere smith-field. 1603.





#### 5. To the right Honorable, Charles Howard, Earle of Nottingham, Baron of Effingham, Lord high Admirall of England, of ber Maieffses molt Honorable prime Counfayle, and of the Noble Order of the Garter, Gec.



Ight Noble Lord, my refolue was aduifed, to make immoration upon R the nicest circumstances of your pre-

Core (ent hausour in plentifull and honorable forrow, whose animal motion might bee admou'd to the violence hereof : This gaue leave to the greater observance which wee o we to the deceased, (that is) in protection and contestation : Besides that warrant of the antentique & Cenforiall rites, whofe example I have here quoted for most Honorable Heraldrie, in disposing ber funerall torch by due reference, into your furnishing hand; neither infeebling the courtefie A 3

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the lining, nor promising mine owne aduantage upon your Noble and innated goodness, neither to actuate, 82 refricare molestias, but in mine owne affectation so be conformed with that Romane sciemnity of dedication, And as she was, I write for president, More of succession, than griefs argument.

Your Honours,

in all the nerues of my ability,

Thomas Powell.

## To the Reader.



O prepare ye to what is write I know, my imootheft compofure would be too boyflercus, vpon the rigall nakedneffe of your impatience. A long preface were a ficke fether vpon your winged Mercury. And

yet, to expole me to vainftruft od cenfure, whofe proofe is too much in fenerity, I should release the bond of our recoclination, & seeme to support approbation, to be more of fortunes almes, than our owne descruing. I imply to your freer spirits, all customary requisites, and to my felfe referues this onely object of opinion: That I write more of duty to the dead, than reputation of living Poesie. In both which, I am wilfully confident, to be confidently willing.

T. P.

AR

Refinoptio,

# Resumptio.

– Cumtonat Ocyus Ilex, Sulpbure discutitur sacro quam tuque domusé;

T. P.





He Sunne but now began to gather fire, And lay a tharper edge vpon his beames, Abated to the fulneffe of the yeere, As fretted with the falt

of Neptunes steames, When blacke solemnity enuide anew, And soyld his face with a more precious dewe:

Dew'd with the most religion of affection, Made fost in nature, and in Heraldry : The one accusing fate for his election : The other, weeping his feuerity Both from their Cyprus altars offring teares,

Ynowe to make him aged in yong yeares.

B

Ic





It was not for the gods Arcadian theft, When he drew dry their vdders milch-excelle, Nor for his mother Pthias, when the wept His rage, that earth malign'd his murrineffe. But, loe, affections law of like for like : It is our natures freedome to requite.

For he had lustre on his infant rayes, To bland if hout the glory of his Spring, Reftfrom the falling Load-ftarre of our dayes, Whose motion was the musike which I fing; The measure of consent to all her sphere : Indeed the was the best in Cynthia's quiere.

She



# ZBEBEEEBEB

#### Vertues due.

She was, (and fo are loolers still in leefing, When they recount the worth of what is loss) And is not. Cold remembrance ever steering: When it shall reade the story of what's past. Yet as she was, repeate for president More of succession, then griefs argument.

Was of her trayne. Eternities decteeing Did dedicate her in her parentage, Whole neere alliance askt as neere a beeing; And gently feal'd it on her virgin waxe : And fo, for nature and election, Would Cymma's felt endeere her as her own.

B 2 She





She gaue her ranke, respect, and full accesse, Agnizing her affinity and merit With fauours, graces after graciousnesse; Wherein she seem'd as if she did inherit

The truft and dignities, which long before Her Honourable Ancestors did store.

Her parents honours did she extraduce Into her very disposition; As if the generall Carey were infuse And had no other formes of his diussion. Their ancient vnattainted loyalty Broad blow'ne, and flush vpon her infancy.

Yet





Yet beauty was not onely of her blood: Her birth-day Solftice height vnto perfection. The Cantharis enuies a verdant bud, And birth does only counfaile to protection. So learnd the with the chage of euery fpring, To faue her blood with heedfull dyeting.

Her youth preferu'd it chafte with continence; A virgin diet for the hote intention, Which might vngloffe his colour : adde expece, Both of the length & bredth of their dimetion, But the example of her mariage bed, Were Oratory to perfwade to wed.

B 3 For





For after the had bleft fo many moones, As had Aftrea, when the wastransfixt; With more aufterity, than that which crownes The Romane chafting, did the commixe Her birth, her blood, Nobility and name,

To flowe more lofty in as rich veyne:

In Howards ample veynes; a Family Of eminence, deryu'd without diffent, From the first shield of all their Auncestry, To this of Charles, the latest Eminent: (pure, Whole fayth and fortunes may they ne're ex-But in a melting firmament of fire.

She.





Shewedded, yet shewas a Votary, To minister in confectated flame, And weare Dianaes bow woon her thigh, Till on a day of fanctified name, (bids, To store eche Nymph with shatis, the goddesse To fill her quivers all with Poplartwigs,

That grew vpon a lenin, which the fea Had fealon'd thriftily within the fhores There Neptune fell in lote with Momone, That till this day ne're fawe the Nymph before, Ne're had his breft improou'd or foftened, But like the temper of his Corall bed :

#### B4 From



From which he lately riffe to lay her in, And plac'd his Aggot wreath vpon her browes, Whole potent charmes Diana pardon'd him, And gaue her back the freedome of her vowes; So the might still be of her fayrie trayne, He war with Saturnes fonnes vpon the mayne.

And now, Eliza, with her wedlocke fate, Did wed her to a higher dignity. She kept the chayre that did fuborne her flate, And grac'd it like the blue-eyde Cassope: She ne're furcharg'd ability with grace, But still her owne dimensions fild the place:

Wherein,





Wherein this noble Lady Katherine feemd T'anticipate her Mistris bounteous hand, As if her offices were but redeemd From vnder meriting, and she did stand Alone, and vnencountred in her worth; One whom inheritance had called forth;

Or rather providence: for what the was, She was to others, through her felfe intended : Like to fome intericeted leafe of glaffe, (ded, That breaks, yet heats, when nearer rayes offen-She was all Organs, even to the mind, Whereby God did infinuate with mankind,

Her





Her whole mortality had this extent. She had affections of immortall fenfe: For fhe would pity much, and much relent: But the affect of greatest prefidence

Ouer her nature, held no fiane to this; To leaue apt good vndone, or doo't amife.

The more they mille of her that are imbayd, And fortune fixt for want of fea and leope, Their burden with their fayle being ouerlayd: Voleffe they Anchor all their after-hope, They mille : alas, I write of that too foone,

And lend her living worth for griefe to come:

Yes





Yet liu'd she to outline that old report, Which now againe our new worlds formes ap-That, there is no retirement in the court, (proues Where there is much variety to moue, And steale away. O, there's no life like hers, That liu'd to bury her excenters,

For foftnesse neuer leyz'd her appetite. A bloodlesse lyuor liues not on his heat: Her resolution was Proposticke right, And forward stem'd against the Moones retreat. No change, no liberty, no ful-eyde pleasure Could bring denotions musike out of mez-(fure,

Ic





It was for her, the million of her leke, And calling, doe befide approue their kind; Whole flory often read, as oft begets Opinion, that the lexe is fo inclin'd, And calling, fo difpofed vnto good, As well in Courtfhip, as in woman-hood.

Shewasa woman; yet, not one of thole Whole crogated heate conuerts to hate. It was her honour to forgiue her foes, Euen in their ebbe, and full diftent of flate.

Alas, she would not take aduantage than, Lest she should trip the fraylty of his man.

She





She would not glory his humility, Nor actuate her old aggreenances O're weake diffresse, and present misery : Such conquest 1 O, tis base and honourlesse. For when I doe but second Fortunes fireke, I wound a heart that is already broke.

She was a Courtier too; bubas a Starre Vnfixt, and like Orion in a streame; As free as featherd Faulcons in the ayre, Moon'd on no other line, but Cymbia's beame: Her freer spirit ne're was put in frame, Though the put on her self a Courtiers name,

For





For the did holpitable bounty too, And euerkepther influence at home; Which euery Courtier vies not to doe, Why, the was nothing Courtier, nor her owne: Her light was made a Sea-marke to diffreste, Where Fortunes wracks arryu'd their needines.

In Court, no ftudy that would apprehend, Or alke Religion of her duty more, Than, what *Eliza* gaue, might ftill commend Her most magnificence, and fountayae store: She was not like a Conduit-pipe fast by, To turne the streame, & leaue the channel dry.

How





How many feruants of that Royall trayne Could the freih image of her love excite, To witneffe, fhe preferd Elizaes fame Above her private reputations height ! She hated to be hyr'de to doe them good, Or begd to buy their merits, though fhe courd.

And yet did her contentment fretch it felfe More amply: Greatnelle was aboue her feare; A faith beyond the curfe that followes wealth, Who euermore suspects eruptions neere, Whole chage does chage the state of their sub-And gues this duty to the next clectio. (iectio,

Great





Great & fecure! Me thinks, tiswodrous ftrange: But gracious not enuyde! Impossible: For discontent makes worth his Fret of change, And not feruility it felfe speakes well Of Honourable birth or betterment: Respect, with him is feare; & feare, contempt.

I know not howrespect came ouer all; But the most humble did admire her most: A branch of ranke love turnd to prodigall; Such love is still exhaust, or overflowes. Ile learne ye how she did divert their bate: She made her selfe as humble as their state.

The





The lyft of all her vectues had a name Of greater reuerence, than had the reft. Religion. Tisa fefsions to arraigne, Detect, and bring our actions to the teft. And where that lift was flack, remifie, & loofe, Affure ye is was fraily extraduc'de.

She had no other principles (God wor) Whereby to levell and conforme her life: All was not honeft that was fafely got: She would not by iniuftice compatie rights Nor vide to fay, Tis Cafar answeres all; So thou referue to stand, may kingdomes fall.

C

Her



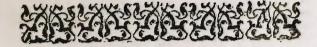


Her life was but a modell imitation, Drawne with the fresheft colours inftance had In holy writ, which gaue it approbation; They were her effence (therfore could not fade) Like colour layd in wine; her Lenten blacke Did fit, like Neffer thirt vpon her backe.

At this perfection and maturity, She flood in natures frayle adoption heere, VVhen heaten would vouchfafe her first to be A mother, and her vertues to appeare In propagated noblesse of a some, That layd his roote as far as she begunne,

That





That first, L. William was of Effingham, A Barony, that field and Knighthood earnd With sweating spurs, when heraldry detaignd His hardiment. O,'twere a sight to learne, And put ambitious fire in any Swayne, To see Nobility so dearely gaynd.

Heauen was delighted in his workmanship, And now became more boûtious of his breach, Which sweld her womb to be more fruitful yer, Deriu'd a second labors where she left,

A fecond blefsing, and a Charter befide; For Honours lotry bed did open wide,

#### C2 Athird





A third. Invention, give me backe, my felfe Devided. All my numbers keepe confent, And with my foule my filles ambition melt. Eche finew of our duty be attent;

Forget the funerall state and maiesty, And profitution wholly summon me.

Call her by any epithite exprest In vertues Inuentory; nay discourse Her mothers life : see with what liuelinesse She does infert it, freely, and vnforc'd. Be she the noble Countesse of Kildare,

Or Cobhams Baroneffe; ihee's wondrous faire,

A





A next. The Lady Southwel: here I shou'd Confound my methode with a plentious vayne Of great deuotion, and of wyddowhood : But my more free proposements are restrayed, To shew the lost, their last similitude,

To which the Lady Lufon much accrade.

Here, happinesse did floate at all the lyne: This day accounted for the greatest debt, That grace and goodest Stars could her assigne: And till this day her circle neuer met;

Now was her happinesse so fatisfide, (fide. She knew not what her wish might adde be-

C 3 Content-





Contentment crownd her streight beyond the And roughest oppositions in her birth; (mayne, The weeping Crocodile, the Syrens strayne, And all the Delinitions that invert

Our, Fye, what ift that we can call our owne? She paft the feas, & fhipwrackt here at home

Within the hauen. Now, it was disposd With heauenly wildome, to the best of vies. So, we are wise, to purchase from our foes, T'enrich the sea with that which land abuses. We doe secure vs in their feebled flore. Secureneffe hurts least, when it is most poore.

The





The goodnesse of the Highest left her not : For Neptune, conquering Argo vnarriu'd, Mult disimbark the golden Fleece she brought, In her owne hauen to be stellifyde,

And seem aboue her weeping Marble sphere, To swimme as free in heaven, as the did heere.

'Twas onely in her wilkes now to dye, When as her fulnelle fear'd to be o're-ioyd; Like those that furfet of faciety, And yet their furquedry is ever voyd: These have their fulnesse fo intemperate, Nothing refreshes, till it suffocate.

She

C4



She would not have her Sumer beames to light Vpon the rancke, and thrifty flyme beneath, Where honours heat begets the parafite, And other monstrous shapes, that wil bequeath Vnto their Cesar, lower owne heritance, And swell his greatness into arrogance.

She fear'd that fuch fhuld know her to be great. She knew her greatneffe was fuperlatiue. Nature, and grace, and ftars their reft had fer, And euery opposition left to ftriue, She wanted nothing of felicity, But free commission to defift and dyc.

She



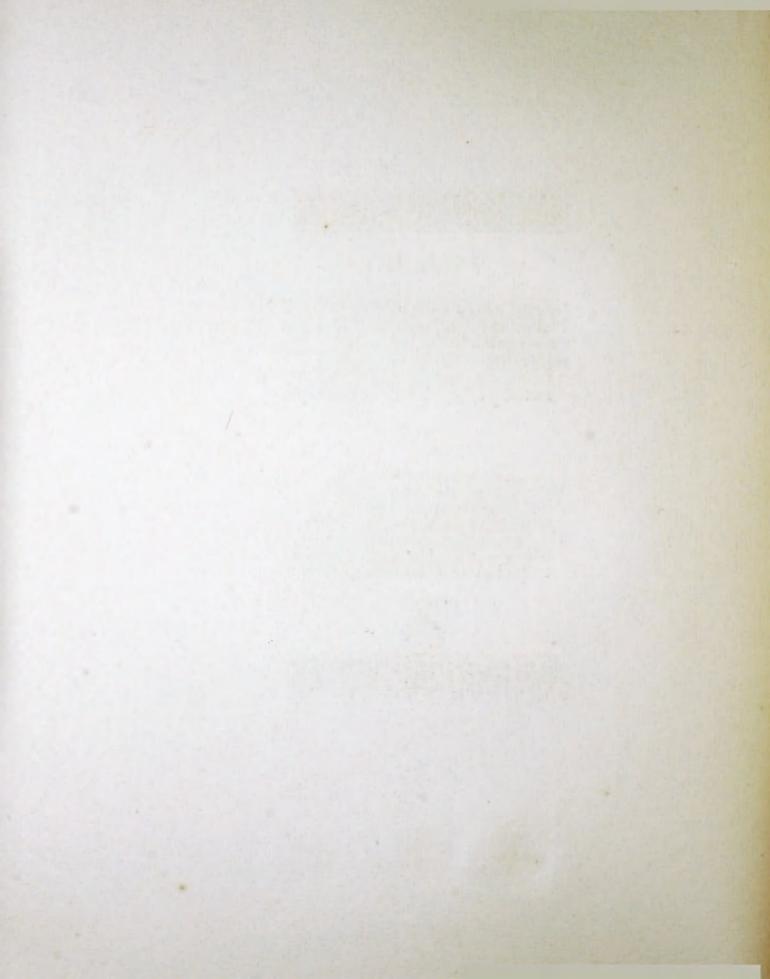


She prayd it, and preuented conftant fate, That would not her delight fhuld fee her fweat Out of converse familiar, and innate. Ioy, longer then tis fresh, is not compleat : But like to Times own tunes, that rauish not, Because they iygd it, when we were begot.

This burthen would be fayne deliuered, When the had reckon'd to maturity, Appealing from the Moone that fellowed, The eyght, which mortals call an enemy Vnto conception. Fate and the complyde, And in a feuen-fold happineffe the dyde.

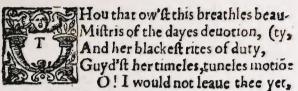








# The Offering.



Till I fee thy Searements fit.

Thou, that art complexion careleile, Let affections armes vnfold, After laft imbracings dureleile, And vpon the hallowedit mold, Left for monumentall vie, By thy just extensure chuice

UZEZEZZZZ

If



If the earth deny thee reft, Like the foule that lyes fo foft In her groning, grieued breft, Shalt thou there be buried oft. Earth affords no freer Toombes, None fo wide as forrowes wombe.

There in flead of balmde confection, Righteous teares, and fealon'd fighing Sprinkle o're thy ceast complexion, Till they feale thy fearements plighting. Gratefull odours be about thee : Truce within, and teares without thee.

Next,





### Vertues duc.

Next, for Scuchions o're thy herfe. I that truly would difplay thee, Offer vp this facred verfe, V Vith the greatest zeale that may be 1 Though thy Herald, length they lacke, Yet our Scuchionstaues are blacke,

Leafe by leafe, be open wide; Speake to all that passe this way, That they part not from thy fide, Till they read, and reading pray. May this flory neuer fade, Till thy fould be quicke conuayd.

Angels





## The offering.

Angels with their mufike charmer All vnknowne malignity; Drowne the midnights hye allarme, When the facring fummons be t Let not her vnhallowed breath Enter in thy house of death.

Spirits fanctifide fecure theer All corruption quite be spent. Let thy natures workes affure thee Consummation imminent. Though thou left'st them all behind thee, Yet their merits there refine thee,

Workes





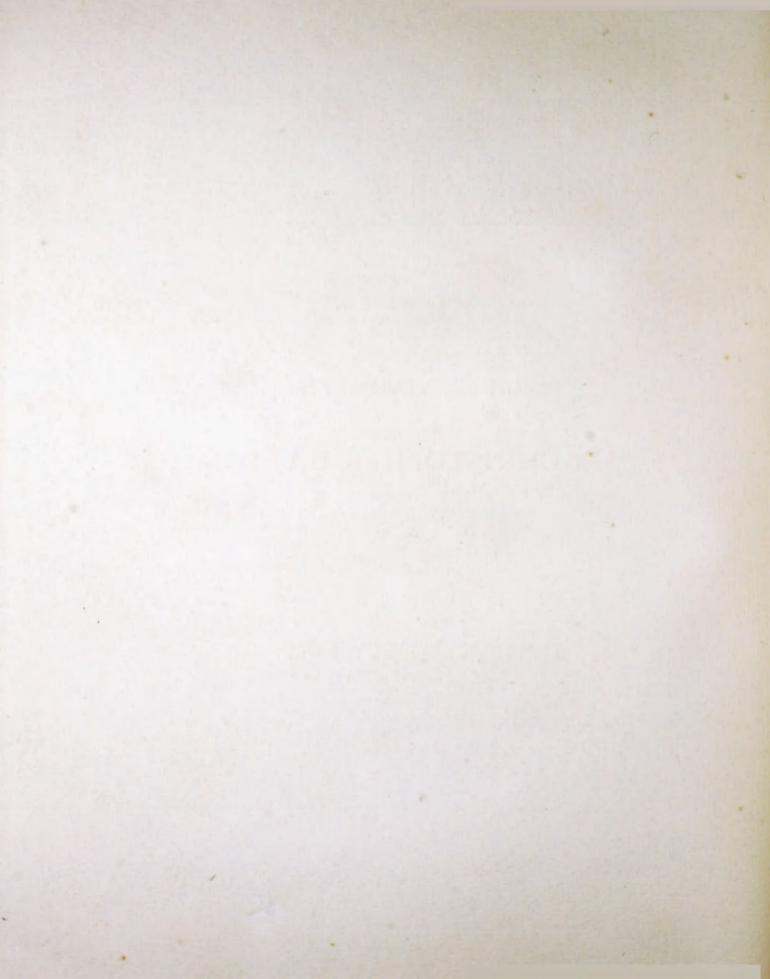
## The offering.

Workes and fayth thy foule conuay, On a heaven-deuiding wing. Let deuotion reade and pray. Saints and ministring Angels fing. All, with natures latest debt, Wype away thy Marbles fweat.

FINIS.



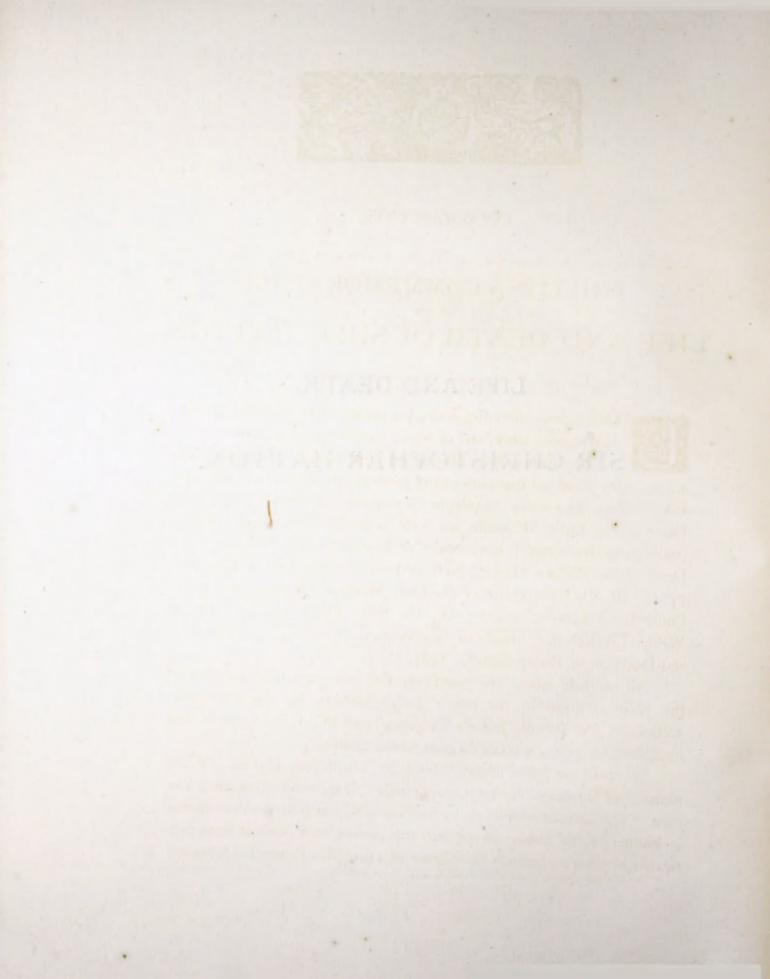




## LIFE AND DEATH

OF

# SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.





### INTRODUCTION.

то

### PHILLIPS'S COMMEMORATION

ON THE

### LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR C. HATTON.

IKE the three preceding tracts, the prefent is areprint of a hitherto unrecorded work, and of which no other copy is known.

The author, from bearing the fame names, and from poffeffing the fame talent for commemorating great people, feems to be the fame John Phillips who wrote "Epitaphs" upon the following. I. On "the Death of the Ladie Maioreffe, late wyfe to the Lorde Alexander Auenet [more properly Avenon], Lord Maior of London," 1570. II. On "the Death of Sir William Garrat, chiefe Alderman of the Citie of London," 1571. III. On "the Death of the Lady Margaret Duglafis good grace, Countiffe of Linnox," 1578. IV. On "the Death of Lord Henry Wrifley [Wriothefley], Earle of Southampton," 1581. V. "The Life and Death of Sir Phillip Sidney," 1587.

All of these works are excessively rare. Trustworthy evidence on this point is given by the late S. Leigh Sotheby, the eminent bookauctioneer, who says, in Jolley's Catalogue, part IV. p. 10, "that he had no knowledge of the works of a poet named Phillips."

So much has been written about Sir Chriftopher Hatton, and the romance of his elevation, that it is unneceffary to fay much concerning him here. The account of his Life by Sir Harris Nicolas collects almost all that is known of his public career, but the prefent tract contains fome particulars which were beneath the dignity of a professed biographer to record, even if he were acquainted with them. The amufing allufions to him and his dancing powers in Gray's "Long Story" and Sheridan's "Critic," will always keep his memory green, when it is forgotten that he was made by his admiring Sovereign, to the aftonishment of the court, a Lord Chancellor without any knowledge of law. But an error as to the date of his death is worth noticing for the purpose of correction. The true date is 20 Nov., 1591. Most biographers print it as 20 Sept., 1591; but among the Burghley "State Papers" is a letter from him to the Earl of Effex, "Lord Generall of her Majefty's Forces in Normandy," dated 5th Oct. in that year. Eulogiums in rhyme—it is impossible to dignify, them by the name of poetry-of course appeared as foon as the needy and expectant verfifiers-by-profession could produce them. The above was, no doubt, the first one published. But another was written by the noted Robert Greene, entitled "A Maidens Dreame. Upon the Death of the right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, late Lord Chancelor of England"; which was entered in the Stationers' Registers, 6th Dec., 1591. Of this tract only two copies are known to exist-one of which is at Lambeth.

Although Hatton owed his rife entirely to the favour of Elizabeth, who fhowed for him an almost romantic affection, which lasted many years, and which he reciprocated, at least in words, for nothing can exceed the ardour of expression in his letters to her (those of the Queen to him, unfortunately, have never been discovered), yet he was, throughout his career, one of the most painstaking of her public fervants. He had natural shrewdness and mother-wit, and confiderable aptitude for business, which stood him in greater stead than book-learning. He was returned to Parliament for Higham-Ferrers, and afterwards having become member for the county of Northampton, he was the organ of Government in the Lower House. His activity was exhibited in passing through it the Bill under which Mary Queen of Scots was to be tried, and he fat on the bench as a Commissioner at the preliminary trials of Babington and the other confpirators. He was, also, one of the Judges for the trial of Mary; and it was by his artful perfuasion that she was induced to withdraw her

ii

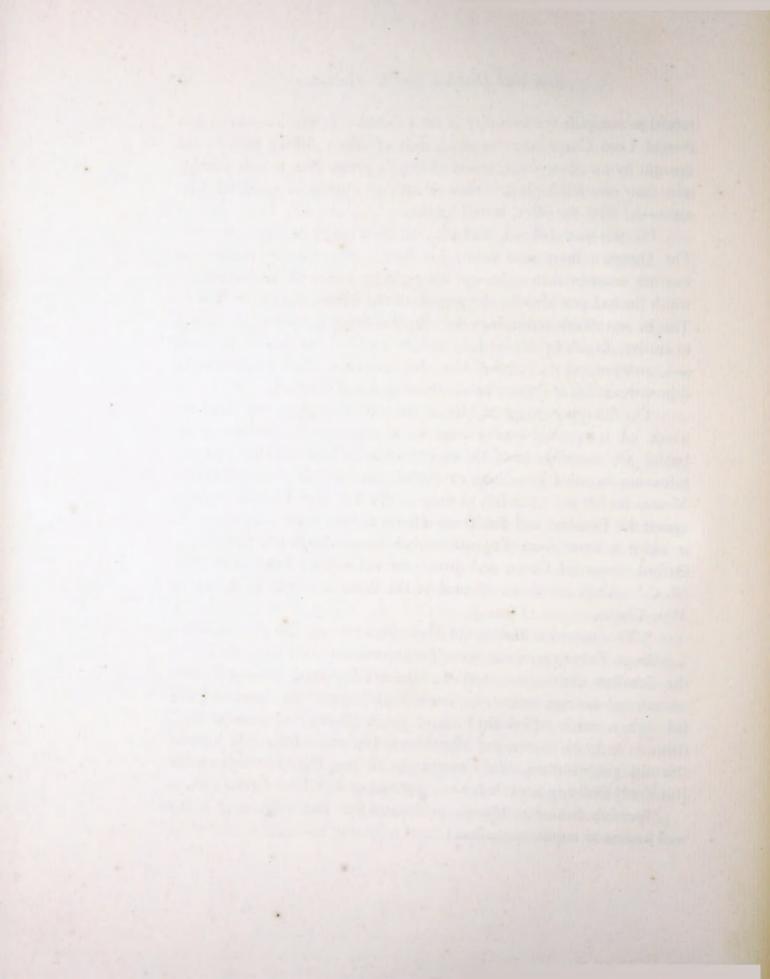
refusal to recognise the authority of the tribunal. It was now that he was created Lord Chancellor; the occupation of which difficult post, it was thought by his assure rivals, would effectually prevent him from interfering with their own selfiss plans. How creditably—owing to good management—he filled the office, is well known.

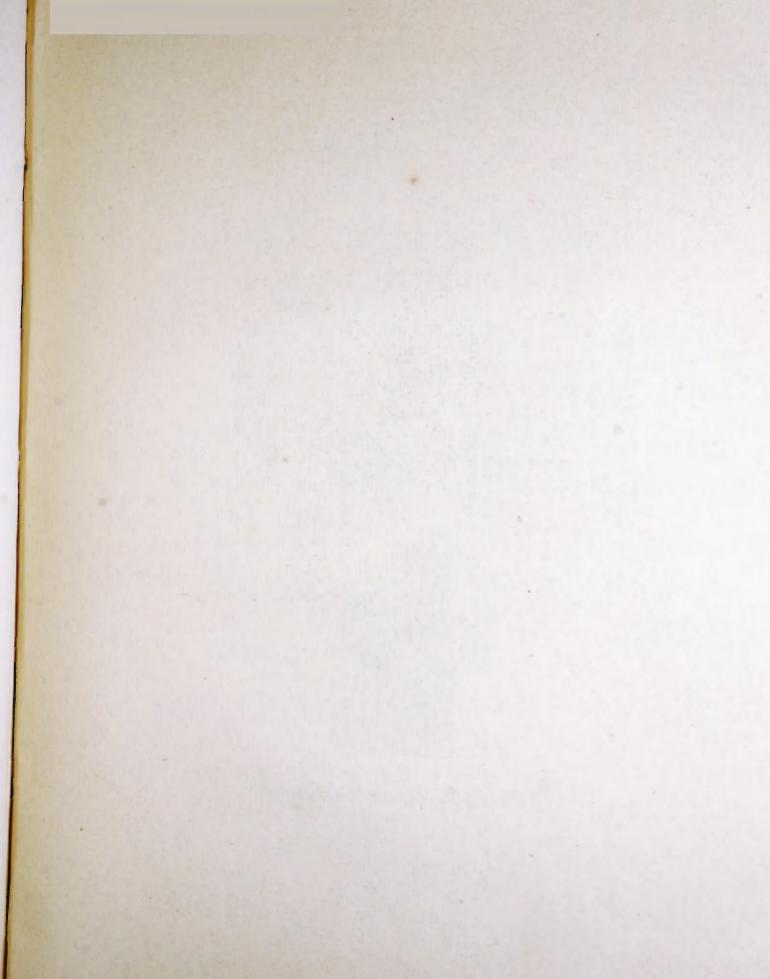
He was not deftined, however, to die a happy or a wealthy man. The Queen, a fhort time before his deceafe, peremptorily infifted—as was her wont in fuch cafes—on his repaying her large fums of money which fhe had provided for the purpofe of his advancement years before. This he was unable fuddenly to do. But her changed conduct, amounting to cruelty, fo affected him that he took to his bed. She then visited him, and endeavoured to comfort him; but his heart was broken, and he departed this life at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

The following eulogy of Hatton may not inappropriately clofe this notice. It is extracted from a fcarce work printed in Cambridge, 1595, (which alfo contains one of the earlieft notices of Shakespeare, as well as references to other contemporary poets), entitled "Polimanteia, or the Meanes lawfull and vnlawfull, to judge of the Fall of a Common-wealth, against the friuolous and foolish coniectures of this Age. Whereunto is is added a letter from England to her three Daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Innes of Court, and to all the rest of her Inhabitants. By W. C." These initials are affigned in the Bodleian Catalogue, 1843, to Wm. Clarke.

"Then name but *Hatton*, the Mufes fauorite: the Churches mufick: Learnings Patron, my once poore Ilands ornament: the Courtiers grace, the Schollars countenance, and the Guardes Captaine. *Thames* I dare auouch wil become teares: the fweetest perfumes of the Court will bee fad fighes: euerie action shall accent griefe; honor and eternitie shall striue to make his tombe, and after curious skill and infinite cost, ingraue this with golden letters, *Minùs merito:* the fainting Hind vntimely chasse [his Creft] shall trip towards heauen, and *tandem fi* shall be vertues mot."

Spenser's Sonnet to Hatton, prefixed to the 'Faerie Queene,' is too well known to require quotation.







## Pr bora, sic fugit vita. A Commemoration

on the life and death of the right Honourable, Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, late Lord Chauncellor of England.

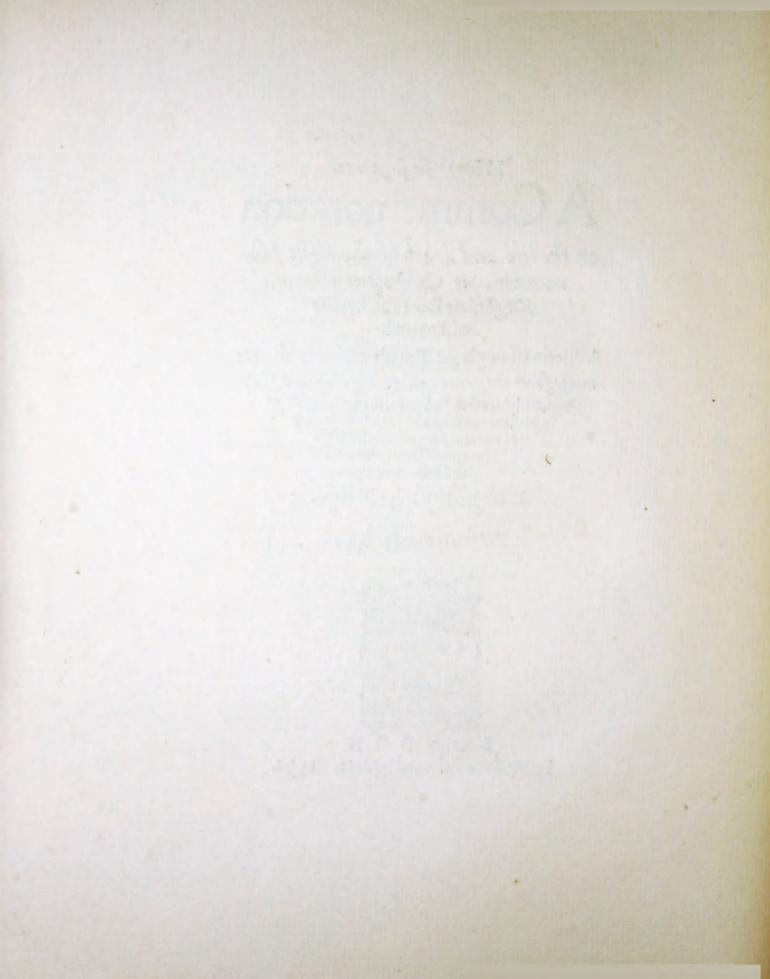
Wherin triumphant Trueth reuiueth his memorie from the graue: exhorting Nobilitie, Gentrie, and ductifull Subjects, to continue their obedience to God and her Maiestie, and to preuent by pollicie the perullous practifes of euery ciul and forrain enemy.

Published by John Phillips.

Fidentisperata cedunt.



LONDON Printed for Edward White. 1592.





### TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVL Sir VVilliam Hatton Knight, Sonne adopted and Heire to the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, late Lord Chaunceller of England, John Phillips witheth the feare of God.cotinuance of helth. with increase of worthip & vertue.



T hath beene in all times (right worshipfull) a princiciple observed, that publick and apparant vertues in perfons deceased, haue neuer been buried in obligion, but haue alwaies been recorded

and left to posterities: the end only this, that they who still live, by apt imitation, might be practifers of like vertues. Which in my felfe confidered, I concluded, that great vnkindnes to God, and iniurie to remayning Subjects should be offered, if the vertuous life and death of this right honorable deceased Lord, should not be emblazoned. To God vnkind, if he, as the author, should not be acknowledged, the caufe efficient of all these rich graces, wherewith he was inuested: & iniurie to furuiuing fubiects, if there should not be commemoration

A2

### The Epistle Dedicatore.

moration of his (more then naturall vertues) as by recordation whereof, they might walke & tread the fame way and path. My felfe I confeffe, am the least of others, and most vnable to perfourme what I wish, yet wil I not be the last that shall vie endeuour to effect what I may. (With hoping that you would accept) I prefumed to thrust forth this finall Pinnace, fraught with fimple marchandize, into the harbor of your worships protection: affuring my felfe, that as the pureft Emerauld shineth brightest when it hath no oile, fo Trueth will delight you, though basely apparrelled. The fhortest and most clowdie day, is a day as well as the longest and brightest, when the sun is in the height of his Horizon. Pardon then I beefeech you, wherein I have prefumed, and accept (I moft humblie craue) what here I haue prefeted: which if your worship vouchsafe, Trueth concludes, her felfe fufficiently graced, and my felfe most happy which have beene her pen-man. Of this refting my felfe affured, I shall continuallie pray for the increase of your worship, that both in this life you may have your harts defire,

and in the end, fruition of those ioyes that are endless.

Your worships most duetifull to cmmaund

I. Phillips.

### A COMMEMORATION OF THE life and death of Sir Christopher Hatton, knight, Lord Chancellor of England.

I

You noble peeres, my natiue Countrimen, I need not fhew to you my bloud nor birth: As duft I was, I turne to duft agen, I go before, but you muft to the earth. Yet when, or how, to you it is vnknowne: For be you fure the earth doth claime her owne.

It is not gold, nor treasures that are vaine,

can you preferue when that the time is come: Your houfes gay wherin you do remaine,

can you not fhield from Gods decreed doome. As I am dead, fo likewife you fhall die: But learn by death with me to liue on hie.

Though gaping graue inclose my Corps in clay, and filent I reft couered close in mould:

Yet from my fhrine Trueth ftriues both night and day,

to you my mind (good Lords) for to vnfould. Whereto if cafe you vouch to yeeld regard: Your felues with right, I truft, wil me reward.

Which of you could with Hatton finde a claufe,

or fay that he vniuft or faithleffe was? Did he not liue according to the lawes?

and on the earth his daies in duetie paffe? Was not his care fet on his God for aye? And did not he his foueraigne Queen obay?

Was not his hart bent for his Countries weale? did he not ftil euen from his tender youth

With rich and poore vpright and iuftly deale, and cloath himfelfe in robes of tried trueth? If this be true, as no man can denie: Fame faith he liues, although our *Hatton* die.

A 3

Where

Where he might help he would be helping ftill,

where he might hurt he neuer would do harme: His chiefest care was to doe good for ill,

thus God with grace did gentle *Hatton* arme. No trecherous thought could harbor in his breft: The fruites of faith in him were aye expreft.

The worlde knowes wel Trueth tels a tale most true, the heauens aboue of this do witnes beare:

Though Momus mates, and Zoilus do purfue

fcandals with fcorne against the iust to reare. But fuch doe weaue themselues a web of woe: For Trueth triumphs, who works their ouerthrow.

In luftie youth he lou'd the barbed fteede,

and *Hestor*-like would breake the manly launce: For martiall acts furnamed *Mars* indeed

was *Hatton* fweete, that manhood did aduaunce. At tilt the prize and praife he duely wan: His might in armes they felt that with him ranne.

At turney he and barriers did excell,

fome peeres in arms haue borne his battring blowes In court and towne he was beloued well,

a fcourge he was vnto his Soueraignes foes. Faith was the fhield that worthy *Hatton* bare: Whofe like fcarce liues, his vertues were fo rare.

Should Trueth then dread to fpread his vertues out, that for his deedes hath wonne deferued praife?

Her cheareful voice, with courage bold and ftout,

throughout the world his lafting laud fhall raife. And moue thereby the minds of noble men To high attempts, to win them honor then.

Where might the fick, the fore, the halt and blind, reape more reliefe then happy *Hatton* gaue?

To fuiters poore he euer was most kind,

he fought difpatch that they with Prince might have Then Then Lordings learn his fteddy fteps to trace: With God and Prince you thus fhal purchase grace.

Thus for his loue, his faith and tried trueth,

he of the Guard, by our most grations Queene Was chieftaine made, who firmly held his oath,

from *Hattons* hart faiths fruites to flow were feene. A chieftaine kind he to the Guard was found: Whofe want, with grief their tender harts doth wound

He fought all meanes to wifh and work their weale, to doe them good he took no fmall delight:

In their caufe he with our good Queen did deale, t'augment their wage he did all that he might. From fixteen pence, to twenty pence a day: Whil'ft world doth laft he did reduce their pay.

And by the day three moneths in the yeare, two fhillings he for them obtaind indeed: Such feruent loue in him did ftill appeare,

that they him found a fort in time of need. Their wrongs he fought by fkil for to redreffe: His loue with teares Trueth fhows they can expresse.

In wifdoms bower he did obtayn his feat, whofe lore to learn he did his time imploy:

And God from heauen with his graces moft great, in mercies milde fought to augment his ioy. For vertues vfe wherein he took delight: Our gratious Queen did dub our *Hatton* knight.

Difcreet he was, and wary in his wayes,

rashly to speak at no time he thought fit: In faith and feare he spent his Pilgrims dayes,

for common weale he did imploy his wit. Where Syno fought his treafons to inure: His cenfures graue conuinced the impure.

And as from Trueth at no time he did erre,

but

but truely fought the Trueth for to vphold: He had a care his feruants to preferre,

the good found grace, the wicked he controld. The poore oppreft he wifely did defend: And on the poore a portion he did fpend.

#### Belou'd of all he was for vertues vie,

the grafts of grace in *Hattons* breft did grow: By wifdoms lore he brideled all abufe,

and did himfelf a loyall Subject show. Thus he with God did grace and fauour find: Whose facred trueth he planted in his mind.

And with our Queen that princely Phenix rare, whose like on earth hath fildome times bin seen,

He was efteemd and fet by for his care,

as noble Peeres that aie haue trufty been. Vizcechamberlain her Highneffe Hatton made: Whofe tried trueth could neuer faile ne fade.

The curfed curres of Catalin vnkind,

that did confpire against her Royall Grace: And to fubuert the State did beare in mind,

with might and maine he fought for to difplace. Those wily Wolues vntrusty to the Crown: By Iustice he threw topsie turuie down.

Our princely Queen whome God from danger faue, of Counfaile hirs, did Hatton fure elect:

Who Solon-like did vie his centures graue,

the good to fhield, the wicked to correct. And as he was adornd with graces great: So fate he fafe in honors blisfull feate.

Lord Chanceler then her Grace did him ordaine,

Which charge with care he wifely did difcharge, For fuccour fweet none came to him in vaine,

good conficience had her fcope to goe at large. The right of might need not to ftand in awe: Ne would he trueth fhould be defaft by lawe. Affection could in *Hatton* beare no fway, No giftes nor gold might once corrupt his minde: Fraude to fubuert, he ftudied night and day, To equitie his heart was aye enclinde.

Where confcience was corrupt and found vncleane, to vanquish he, by wisedome fought the meane.

Oppreffed men from daunger he did fhielde, Their wofull wronges he wifely did redreffe; In deepe difpaire fweete comfort hee did yeelde, To eafe their griefe that languisht in distreffe.

And where as Trueth durft fcarcely fhewe her face, Fraude was fubdude, and foyled with difgrace.

The Lawes he fought, with confcience for to vfe, Triumphant Trueth, he feated in her throne: To heare the poore he neuer did refuse, Right glad he was to helpe them to their owne.

Wrongs went to wracke, Craft could no harbour finde, To maintain trueth our *Hatton* was enclinde.

Thus Lordings all his life you may beholde, That living heare hath wonne deferued fame: And though his corps lye couered clofe in molde, In Court and towne fhall live his fpotleffe name.

Death dies in him, his vertues death hath flaine, And hee by death eternall life dooth gaine.

Yet from his graue, Trueth dooth you all exhort, To lincke your hearts and mindes in loyall loue: Let faith in you builde fuch a famous fort, That nothing may from trueth your mindes remooue.

Though Pope and Spaine, against your peace doe iarre, Withstand their rage, prepare your your selues to warre.

Clap Corflets on, your standerds take in hande, Your barbed steedes bestride with courage stoute: Brandish your swordes, fight for your natiue lande, By Seas and shores beset your foes about.

Nowe is the time where honour may be founde.

B

Thinke

Thinke on the acts, your Aunceftours haue doone.

Hafte to your fhippes, hoyfe failes in name of God, Man you your coaft, march after warlike Drumme: Your Enfignes braue, each where difplay abroade, Downe with your foes, that for your fpoyles doe come.

Take Lyons hearts, feare not your hatefull foes; But let them feele, your manly battering blowes.

They come to facke, your Citties, Fortes, and Towres, Your Wiues and maides they purpose to deflowre: Stande to it then, and cracke those crakers crownes, That thinke to win your wealth, within an howre.

Be bolde in God, and neuer turne your backes, But beard those braues, that mind to worke your wracks.

You are, and haue beene feared ouer all, England's an Ile, of ftoute and hardie men: Be ftronge in faith, your foes downe right fhall fall, For one of you, in armes fhall vanquifh ten.

You fight for God, and God your guide shall be, And from the handes of enemies set you free.

*Richard* the first, of England famous King, Good Lordings vouch, to call vnto your minde: Whose Martiall acts, throughout the World dooth ring. The Heathen rout, of Pagans most vnkinde

His force haue felt; whofe manly conquering hand, No Pagan proud was able to withftand.

And then fhall Spayne, a fincke of deadly finne, Or raging Rome, a cage of Birdes vncleane: Be bane of you and yours, as they beginne? Or from your heads, the creft of glorie gleane.

As yerft of yore, plucke vp those rotten weedes; Let heauen and earth, record those conquering deedes.

Edward the third, your King of rich renowne, Against the French did vse his conquering fworde: Mauger their beardes, he did possesse their Crowne, The The French were faine, to ferue him as their Lord.

Take courage then, maintaine your Countries right, Gainst Rabsica, in Gods name enter fight.

Henry the fift, I wish you not forget,

At Agent Court, thinke what a field he fought: When all the powre of Fraunce him round befet, Ten thousand men, them to subjection brought.

Though night before, they Bonfires great did make, And made their boaftes, what prifoners they would take.

But they that bragge of conqueft and renowne, Before the fielde be fought, or truft their ftrength: We fee the Lord in moment can caft downe, And give the weak'ft the victorie at length.

Though Englands King, and his, they bought and folde, The French were flaine, though they to brag were bold.

Then though to Spaine, the Pope haue given your land, And your good Queene depofed from her Crowne : A conquest win, your weapons take in hand,

The pelting pope, and Spaniards proude beate downe.

As earst to fore, you Conquerers have beene

Through world, now let, your coquering deedes be feene.

What Nation yet, that menac'ft you with warre, But you haue met, and giuen the vtter foile: Snaffle those Coultes, that at your peace doe iarre, And beard those braues that labour for your spoile.

Fight for your felues, your wives and Children now,

To straungers Yoakes, your neckes doe neuer bow.

Thus Trueth her charge, to rich and poore hath tolde, From this good Lord, whofe life to you is knowne: And Trueth to you fuch tydings will vnfolde, As may enforce both yonge and olde to moane.

Marke Hattons ende, whom death from vs hath reft, Yet he good name to conquer death hath left.

Thus as in health, in trueth he God did praife,

B 2

In

In fickenes his, he did extoll his name, His hope was heauen, by faith on Chrift he ftaies, And battaile dooth gainft finne and hell proclaime.

Rebelling flesh he manly did fubdue,

And in fweete Chrift his health he did renue.

Most like a Lambe amidst his greeuous paine, He beares the Crosse that God vpon him laide: With patience hee his anguishes suftaines, In extreamst griefe most faithfully he praide.

Chrift was the rocke, whereon he fought to builde, All other meanes this Chriftian Lord exilde.

Thus in Gods trueth his heart and minde was flaide, He fludied flill to exercife his Lawe : By-pathes to treade he euer was affraide, Of iudgement he did alwaies flande in awe.

His Lord and God, right glad hee was to ferue, He from his heafts, of purpole would not fwerue.

Thus fpent this Lord his time in his diftreffe, On Gods fweete will he alwaies did depende: To handfaft Chrift by faith he foorth did preafe, And he through grace, did fweete releife him fende.

Though bodie his, were feeble, faint, and weake; His foule was ftrong, Chrift kept the fame from wreake.

When phificke fought, his health for to recure, He held Gods word the phificke for the Spirite : From thence he dranke fuch precious water pure, As in the heauens augmented his delight.

Yet phificke fhew'd on him her wonted skill, But all in vaine, for God must haue his will.

Our gratious Queene, of curtefie the flowre, Faire Englands Gem: of lafting bliffe and ioye: Whom God long fhielde with arme of might and powre, From all her foes that would worke her annoye. From *Rich mount* came, this Lord for to releeue; Whofe Princely fight great comfort did him giue.

All

All meanes she sought to worke her *Hattons* ease, Most louing wordes she gaue the sicke and weake: Her Highnes voice his griefes did much appease, His heat reuiu'de to heare her Highnesse speake.

Philitions then, had charge to shewe their skill Vpon this Lord, as they would win good will.

And they with care, (as fubiects to her Grace) Obedient were, to waite vpon their cure: On whom they wrought, God knowes a certaine fpace, Deuifing howe, their health he might procure.

Fiue daies our Queene remain'd with the deftreft, Who thought himfelfe through her for to be bleft.

She tooke her leaue and bad this Lord farewell, And he to heauen with handes outftretched hie: Calles vnto him, that in the heauens dooth dwell, With grace from heauen her Highnes to fupplie.

Long liue faide he, most gratious Queene in peace, God make thee stronge, the rage of foes to cease.

Thus praide our Queene to God to fende him health, And he to heauen for her fafegard dooth call: That long fhe might liue in the common wealth, To fhield the good and bring the bad to thrall.

He tooke his leaue of his most gratious Queene, And praifed God she had his comfort beene.

Phifitions then did on this Lord attend, And graue diuines were euer at his hand: But that which God dooth minde to bring to end, Its vaine for man to gain fay or withftand.

His hope was heauen, his truft was in Gods fonne; Small was the eafe, that he by phificke wonne.

Time paffeth on, and calles this Lord away, The Sexten waights to ring his dolefull Knell: But he prepares himfelfe to watch and pray, He leaues the world, and hopes with Chrift to dwell. And as by Chrift in trueth this Lord was taught, B 3 With

### With th'oyle of faith his Lampe was fully fraught.

Securely he, to fleepe thought it not meete, The fleepe of finne, he did abandon quite: He look't for Chrift, His Lord and Sauiour fweete, His hope and truft in his deere death was pight.

His wedding Roabes with ioy he did prouide, In hope to feaft with Chrift and his fweete Bride.

What were the words he to the world did leaue? He by his will all things in order fet: He fought no man of duetie to deceiue; His hope was Chrift, from him he comfort fet.

And as he had beene euerie poore mans friend, So he in minde the poore had to his end.

The Schooles of fkill, where fcience dooth abound, He thought vppon: and dayly had in minde Poore Captiues that in clogs of care are bound, To eafe their griefe he fome releife affignde.

His feruants all, whofe loue to him was tender, For feruice doone, he duely did remember.

But waxing faint, and drawing to his ende, He leaues his Queene vnto the Lord of might: Defiring him, from griefe her to defende; And all her foes to foile and put to flight,

From treafons vilde, and Traytors, Lord her faue, And let thy Trueth, through world her paffage haue.

Farewell my Peeres, the Lord God be your guide, Her Counfell graunt, with thy grace to direct: That they a falue may day by day prouide, To fhielde the good, and cut off the infect.

Her Highnes weale, God make them still to minde, And to roote vp rebellious plants vnkinde.

You manly Knights and Gentlemen adue, Be ftronge in Trueth, and conftant to your Queene: Farewell to you good Subjects just and true, Nowe Nowe from your hearts let loyaltie be feene. Vpholde the ftate, be Pillers found of truft: Falfe not your fayth, to God and Prince be iuft.

Be not feduc'ft, by any popifh meane; Abhorre and hate their doctrine moft vnpure: Thofe rafkall Priefts, as Traitors holde vncleane, That would you from obeyfance due allure. Cleaue you to Chrift, let Pope and blind guides goe,

They fpeake of peace, but minde your ouerthrowe.

Thus time in Trueth runne ouer fast away, And fickenes sharpe gaue more and more increase: And death dooth waite, to close his corpes in clay, But he for grace, to call dooth neuer cease.

Sweete Chrift I fue, for mercie vnto thee; Bowe downe thine eare, from hell my foule fet free.

His fonne adopt, Sir *William Hatton* Knight, He dooth exhort obediently to liue: In God and Trueth he wils him to delight, And to his Prince her honour due to giue.

Thus shalt thou win deserved praise and fame, And spotlesse keepe for ever *Hattons* name.

And thankes to you my Seruants for your paine, Hencefoorth for mee you may take eafe and reft: I fee with you I fhall not long remaine, For death to facke my life is prefent preft.

But pray my faith in Chrift may neuer faile, Life is no loffe, death workes for mine auaile.

And now fweete death moft welcome vnto mee, Thy ftroakes ne can, ne fhall me once difmay: No griefe but ioy, I fhall obtaine by thee, Although thou come to take my life away.

Yet Chrift to me a Crowne of life will giue, Death dies in his, and his with him shall liue.

I call to thee, O Chrift my Sauiour come,

My filly foule into thy bofome take: And in the great and dreadfull day of doome, A member of thy kingdome Lord me make.

I come to thee; thy Seruaunt Lord receiue,

My corps to clay, my foule to thee I leaue.

O happie Lord that made fo good an end, Thy Queene thy want, with noble Peeres dooth waile: Thy fonne adopt, laments his deereft friend, Drie dumpes of dole, conftraines his ioy to faile.

Poore Suters weepe, thy feruants penfiue are; The needie poore with teares, their woes declare.

Thus Trueth the trueth hath fet before your eyes, His life and death most truely is fet downe: And let the trueth both rich and poore fuffice, Who fpreades his praise, in euery Port and Towne.

A godly life he ledde vpon the earth, And in Gods feare did render vp his breath.

Then Lordings yeelde in weedes of wailefull woe, To bring his corps vnto the gaping graue: Hee's gone before, the way he dooth you fhowe, And you your felues of life no charter haue.

Then thinke on death, which way fo ere you wend, He followes you, your pilgrimage to ende.

Thus though this Lord vnto the world be dead, His faith in Chrift the ioyes of heauen hath wonne : Sinne, Hell, and Death, he vnder feete dooth treade, And liues in bliffe, with Chrift; Gods onely fonne.

Then Lordings chaunge your griefes to ioye againe, For *Hatton* lives and death in him is flaine.

### FINIS.











....

