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## Early-Stuart Funeral Elegies from Manuscript

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## **Early-Stuart Funeral Elegies from Manuscript**

For a wide-ranging exploration of the early Stuart funeral elegy, I gathered copies of those that survived in manuscript but had not been published, either in their own time or more recently. This corpus (covering years 1603 to 1640) served as the basis for my book, *The Daring Muse of the Early Stuart Funeral Elegy* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2021). Transcription of poems that were directly discussed at any length in that book were made available in an online appendix at [www.manchesterhive.com/funeral-elegies](http://www.manchesterhive.com/funeral-elegies). The present document offers transcriptions from all others that were gathered in the course of the project. Both this collection and the book were made possible by a generous Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council grant. I am also deeply indebted to the library staffs of D.B. Weldon Library (University of Western Ontario), the Beryl Ivey Library (Brescia University College), and all libraries and record offices holding the manuscripts in which the poems were found.

My student research assistants also deserve much credit for the material presented here: Christina Wiendels assisted in transcribing some of the elegies and composed the first drafts of many of the short biographical introductions to subjects and poets found below. Near the end of the project, Melissa Jacobs provided a thorough proof-reading of the whole collection.

### **A Note on the Texts**

Poems are organized by the date of the subject's death. Multiple poems on the same subject are organized alphabetically by first-line opening. The only exception are closely linked poems (usually by the same author), for example, a verse epistle followed by funeral elegy proper. These poems appear in the order found in the manuscript.

Many funeral elegies survive in more than one manuscript, but in most cases I have drawn from a single witness, one that seemed by limited comparison (far short of full collation) to be relatively authoritative. In a few cases, especially where there were major variations, I have included variants from other manuscripts. This resource is not meant to provide authoritative texts, but serve as an open-access resource for other scholars to use as they pursue further research.

In the transcriptions, original punctuation and spelling have been preserved, except for “u/v” and “i/j,” which have been regularized. Expansion of some abbreviations has been indicated by italic font.

### **The Funeral Elegies**

30 April 1603  
Oxburg, Howard

**The Subject:** Howard Oxburg was likely the sixteen-year old son of Thomas Oxborough (d. 1624), gentleman of Emneth, Norfolk; Howard entered Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, as a pensioner on April 15, 1602. He died there, and was buried in St. Michael's Church, 30 April 1605.<sup>1</sup> His mother was likely Thomasine, daughter of Thomas Hewar, through whom the property of Emneth came into the Oxburg family. Another Howard Oxburg, son of Thomas Oxburghe (gentleman of Emneth, Norfolk [near Cambridgeshire border]), went up to Gonville and Caius in 1624, as did a brother Lawrence. It would be highly likely that this Thomas was the brother of the Howard Oxburg that died in 1603.<sup>2</sup>

**The Author:** This poem and the elegies on Edward Eldrington are in hand distinct from that of the surrounding material in the manuscript, and no evidence of authorship or provenance can be established. It seems most likely to be the production of a fellow student of Oxburg and Eldrington at Gonville and Caius. The second stanza presents the poet as a friend to Oxburg, and the third as one calling upon his readers as fellow friends to mourn with him. (The final stanza also emphasizes that this is a voice representing a community of mourners.) There are other Gonville and Caius connections in the first part of the manuscript: page 33 has verses written by "Mr Smith in the behalfe of his scholler Nicholas English and sent to Mr Mersons scholar Francis Beddingfield". Nicholas English was admitted to Gonville and Caius in June 1609; he had been a student at Monk Soham, Suffolk, under "Mr. William Smith" (a son of his of the same name actually came up to Gonville and Caius in the same year). No Francis Beddingfield is listed in Venn's *Biographical History*, but many others with this last name appear in these years.

**The Poem:** This poem and the elegies on Edward Eldrington in the same manuscript stand apart from the elegy tradition in being written in six-line stanzas (rather than the usual couplets). The poems are marked by moments of grammatical awkwardness. The fourth stanza focuses upon the springtime death of both Oxburg and others; this and the following stanza emphasize the paradox of death in springtime, which ought to be the brightest of times and one of new life, and corresponding lessons about life are drawn. If death comes in such a time and amidst friendship, what hope is left upon this earth?

**First Line:** "ffrom deepest anguish of a troubled heart"

**Manuscript Copies:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 21

**Copy Text:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 21

**Title:** "An elegie on the death of the vertuous youth Howard Oxburge, 30 Apr 1603"

1

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<sup>1</sup> John Venn, *The biographical history of Gonville and Caius College: 1349-1895* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1897-1901), vol. 1, p. 178.

<sup>2</sup> John Venn, *The biographical history of Gonville and Caius College: 1349-1895*, vol. 1, p. 178. This Howard Oxborough does not appear in either of the family trees printed in *The Publications of the Harleian Society*, vol. 32, p. 211, vol. 86, p. 152. The younger "Howard" shows up as Hewar (which recurs as a family forename), after Thomasine's maiden name.

ffrom deepest anguish of a troubled heart  
And from a dumpish<sup>3</sup> passion that doe sound  
deepe dyapason<sup>4</sup> to a mourning part  
And sobbe out descant to a heavy ground  
Come these sad lines with disagreeing sense  
To plead themselves loves perfect evidence

2

Who is a freind and knows true freindshipps price  
he cannot by the law of love doe lesse  
Then with a just proportion sympathize  
The greife that can such fatall losse expresse  
Not sence but sighes ar fittest for his clause  
And labourings sobbs, supply his resting pause

3

Then let me in a humble stile implore  
Your fellowe passions in this tyme of woe  
My freind was your [sic], he had of kindnes store  
He was not freind to one; but no mans foe  
By vertues square he measured love to all  
So let us measure grefe to square his fall

[p. 22]

4

The springe that wonts mens age with health renew  
hath turn'd the byas of his elder course  
And turn'd them to decay with pocky dewe<sup>5</sup>  
So changes doe succeed the tyme with worse  
And springtyde tyde confusion to their heads  
Then blindfold led them to their lateste [?]<sup>6</sup> beds

5

When the best tymes yeld but a cause of greife  
& how troublous is this worlds pilgrimage

---

<sup>3</sup> dumpish] low-spirited, melancholy.

<sup>4</sup> diapason] in this context, the bass note that sustains the melody above it.

<sup>5</sup> In left margin: “ffor healthfull ayre he sends the hurtfull dewe”. The “hurtful dew” would be the evening damp, believed to cause illness.

<sup>6</sup> This replaces another word that has been scratched out; the first two letters look more like “lu”, and given the context this might be something like “lutiest”, that is, muddiest. “Luteous” is recorded for the period, but this is definitely “est” at the end.

When dolor is our wearied sprights releife  
What a teadious lyne tyes us to this hard age  
Misery is the ayre wherin we breath  
Sorrow is our joy and our comfort death

6

When our knowledge touch but the depth of this  
and viewes our state with theare judicious eye  
doe not our hearts cold icye passion kisse  
and ad more anguish to our miseryes  
    O how hideous is our lives black mappe  
    Wherin each path is set a balefull trappe

7

We can no sooner heare of sweet content  
That lulls our wearied eares with tunes of blesse [sic]  
But some false stroke disturbs the true consent  
And makes our quiet tunes harsh discord kysse  
    some sad lament from out an injur'd heart  
    Makes Jarrs to drowne the best concording part

[p. 23]

8

ffrom freindships flower by whose contenting smell  
Contending odours of a foemans will  
lyes weakened in the depth of hatreds cell  
And feeds uppon the festred gall of malice still  
    We cannot draw the vertue [?] of our breath<sup>7</sup>  
    unlesse the next be from the stench of death

9

We cannot surfeit on the toothsome sweet  
That freindships soule=deliting junkets<sup>8</sup> give  
death doth account their worth or tast unmeet  
And will our worth by their worthines to live  
    Thus death strives to worke or end by wonder  
    And bringe the forces of our glory under

10

---

<sup>7</sup> This line has been written in between the lines to replace a line: "Some sad lament from out an unuted[?] hearte".

<sup>8</sup> junkets] sweets.

When all the pleasure of our forces all  
Is blasted with th'infecting breath of woe  
When as our weale lyes steep in venom'd gall  
of misery, and joyes with sorrow growe  
    Whoe ist can looke but with a watry eye  
    That's borne to such untoward destiny

11

O could I tunne my passion to a straine  
That might the hardest stone dissolve to teares  
Since th'unrespective stroke of death hath slaine  
The youngling pleasure of our elder yeares  
    Ay me for such losse who can too much greive  
    When such againe t'our lives did comfor<sup>9</sup> give

[p. 25 – sic]

12

Then in a troubled sad lamenting quire  
Now singe we all a heavie dirge of mourne  
And for the last farwell to our freind so deare  
Let all our passions into sorrow turne  
    Let sobs play descant on a sighing ground  
    And grones the tenour of our fortunes sound<sup>10</sup>

[following the poem is a crudely drawn death's head with the words "hinc/illic/lachrimae" beside it]

[an extra stanza in the left margin also appears here:]

when all the motions that our *power* can give  
devide us from the quiet port of blisse  
A boundlesse gulfe brosinisery [misery?] to live  
Where no meanes may deaths fearfull charib'd [?] misse  
    we cannot choose but breath w<sup>th</sup> discontent  
    and mix sad greife w<sup>th</sup> sprightfull merriment

---

<sup>9</sup> Possibly a scribal error for "comfort".

<sup>10</sup>As in the first stanza these lines are based upon a musical analogy: the sighs are the bass notes ("ground"), groans the tenor line (which generally had the melody in the period's music), and over them sobs provide a descant or counter-melody.

5 May 1603  
Eldrington, Edward

**The Subject:** Edward Eldrington (born 1582) was a son of Edward Eldrington of Withersfield, Sussex; he and his brother Thomas went up to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, in November of 1600. He had attended a school run by a Mr Bedwell in Bishop Stortford, Hertfordshire. He died while in Cambridge and was buried in St. Michael's Church.<sup>11</sup>

**The Author:** These poems and the elegy on Howard Oxburg are in hand distinct from that of the surrounding material in the manuscript, and no evidence of authorship or provenance can be established from that. It seems most likely the production of a fellow student of Oxburg and Eldrington at Gonville and Caius. [See fuller discussion in "Oxburg".]

**The Poems:** The stanzaic structure allows for a formal balance not often seen in the elegies of the period. The first four stanzas and the last four focus on the speaker's struggle with grief and his desire for an appropriate poetic response; these frame a middle four stanzas devoted to conventional praise of the deceased. The first poem opens in a somewhat Senecan spirit, with the dark imagery more commonly found in the revenge tragedies of the period. The speaker calls upon the realm of Pluto to bring forth in him the horror of grief. Much of this tortured sorrow reappears in the closing stanzas, with a call upon the broader community to mourn only appearing in the final lines.

**First Line:** "Agree debating thoughts, you doe me wronge"

**Manuscript Copies:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 25

**Copy Text:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 25

**Title:** "An elegie uppon the death of his dear freind Mr Edward Eldrington, the 5 May 1603"

1

Agree debating thoughts, you doe me wronge  
To cloke the purpose of my heavy spright  
Let mild concordance make my sorrowes stronge  
And helpe to kindle some divine conceipt  
    That I may write with Crimson teares of blood  
    death spoiles perfection in the youngest blood

2

And poore distressed soule that art afflictions slave  
And underneath a teadious load dost grone

---

<sup>11</sup> John Venn, *Biographical history of Gonville and Caius College: 1349-1895*, (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1897-1901) vol. 1, p. 174.

Conjure some pained hagge<sup>12</sup> from plutoes grave  
That may be tutor to thy piteous moane  
    ffrom his shrill screeches prick thou out a songe  
    Whose accents may reporte thy open wronge

[p. 26]

3

Summon the stuvies [?]<sup>13</sup> from the lowest parts  
To mount uppon this earthe's unhappy stage  
And teach an halfe dissolved eye to weepe  
To second them I will my sight engage  
    Such is th'abundance of my hearts lament  
    That I can weepe untill myne eyes be spent

4

Such a strange dolor doth afflict my soule  
That were mine eyes to brinish teares distild  
With such a sorrow doth my heart condole  
Those empty conduits should w<sup>t</sup> blood be fild  
    Yea; but could all this counterpoyze my losse?  
    Noe; a freinds want is such a rugged crosse

5

O he was such a freind as might perswade  
A brazen heart w<sup>t</sup> true affection bleed  
Who is the bankerout of such treasure made  
And left to seeke an unborne freind at need  
    Then needs all fleshly heart w<sup>t</sup> woe must breake  
    That truly can such dismall damage speake

6

He was a youth that had an open heart  
His thoughts were all unbowed to his freind  
He knew no gesture in a gailing<sup>14</sup> part  
His actions smooth did vertues stepp attend  
    You might by faire characters on his browe  
    The fayreness of his soules Idea know

---

<sup>12</sup> hagge] infernal being or ghost (*OED* 1); the masculine pronoun two lines further down suggests he is not considering the second sense of "witch".

<sup>13</sup> Clearly the sense is something like "hag" from the previous stanza.

<sup>14</sup> *OED* has verb "gale", to sing or exclaim, but has 1560 as last recorded use. No other sense would work here.

[p. 27]

7

his outward beauty was unblemisht such  
As might drawe likinge from the coyest eye  
Cynthia herselfe would stoope his faire<sup>15</sup> to touch  
And at his feet would Venus craving lye  
    That he contented would agree to this  
    his lypes her lippes might sweten w<sup>t</sup> a kisse

8

O were but his soules faire by sacred quill  
Well drawne with truth unfolding lines  
T'would each beholding eye with rapture fill  
Such vertue from his glorious beauty shines  
    But my quills practise man [sic]<sup>16</sup> yeares too young  
    dares not set out his praises in a songe

9

Ile rather turne deepe singulfes<sup>17</sup> to a songe  
May peirce a freindly eare like the thunder  
With strange distracting sighes breath out my wronge  
And make the world my piteous straine to wunder  
    The note that would expresse such losse as mine  
    Might force the proudest thoughts w<sup>t</sup> grieffe decline

10

Mine eyes like Neptune through a troubled wave  
shall peep through teares as throug [sic] a labouring billow  
My thoughts w<sup>t</sup> counterballanc'd woe shall rave  
My head shall rest uppon a thorny pillow  
    when Vengeance stoopes to strike my blisses dead  
    needs must I stoop to ly in sorrows bed

11

---

<sup>15</sup> The now obsolete noun form of the word, found a number of times in Shakespeare.

<sup>16</sup> This would seem to be a scribal error for "many": the line as it stands is short one syllable.

<sup>17</sup> This is likely an error for "singult" (sob), but one based upon the misprinting of the word as "singulf" in early editions of Spenser. It suggests at least that the scribe, and possibly the poet, knew Spenser better than Latin.

The deepest sorrow that a thought can reach  
Is to shallow our misery to drench  
Some hell tormented soule must teach  
Our kindled sighes of greife, salte teares to quench  
    And sobs blow greife into a boundles shame  
    When eyes shall want moist teares to quench the same

[p. 28]

12

Let him that truly can behold my state  
doe lesse then with a fellow greiving heart  
Second the dolor that my penn relate  
And helpe in mesery to beare a part  
    hast thou a brazen eye thats fiery drye  
    Yet prithe wepe out tears for charitye

[finis]

**First Line:** "I that of late could hugge within mine armes"

**Manuscript Copies:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 28

**Copy Text:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 28

**Title:** "On the death of M<sup>f</sup> Edward Eldrington: 5 Maii"

1

I that of late could hugge within mine armes  
And graspe the very midle of content  
Now in some desert may complaine my harmes  
Whose greatnes may enforce the trees lament  
    Thus pleasure is unconstant twill not stay  
    her sweets too sweet to last above a day

2

The bloody hand of death by fatall stroke  
has cropt the glory of an hopefull budd  
Whose springtyme pleas'd whose too soone autumn broke  
The faire persuasions of a future good  
    when spring is autumnne tyme no harvest yeild  
    What spectacles doe then corrupt our feild

3

Then these no worser objects may arrest our eye  
Unles we could behold the deepest hell  
Where freinds lye bound in chaines of misery  
And idle tales from troubled fancyes tell  
    The object that *presage* aproaching woe  
    May strike our heart w<sup>t</sup> horror by his show [?]<sup>18</sup>

[p. 29]

4

O tymes of desolation that doe steep  
Our sweet in bitter gall of poisoning injury  
That in the midst of mirth dost make us weep  
for some crosse unexpected misery  
    Barr'd [?] be the turning of thy endlesse course  
    That thus turnes backe our state from worse to worse

5

As tis a sildome knowne affliction  
That now presents it selfe unto our veiwe  
Yea tis the worst of all infection  
That tymes of mourning doe with woe renew  
    One mourning songe can be no sooner done  
    But sorrow bids another be begunn

6

But what may those unwonted crosses meane  
Is the worlds revolution almost doone  
Must now our last act have his latest scaene  
Is the worlds great glasse almost empty runne  
    Then let us seek to find the narrow way  
    may lead us to behold a happier day

---

<sup>18</sup> The ink of the last two letters is blotted, but given the rhyme this reading seems fairly certain.

21 January 1605/6  
Rutland, Dowager Countess Isabel

**The Subject:** Isabel, the dowager Countess of Rutland, was born Isabel Holcroft (1555), the daughter of Sir Thomas Holcroft of Vale Royal Abbey, Cheshire,<sup>19</sup> and his wife Juliana, daughter of Nicholas Jennings of Preston, Lancashire, and London.<sup>20</sup> Before her marriage Isabel served as a Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth.<sup>21</sup> She married Edward Manners, 3<sup>rd</sup> earl of Rutland, in mid-1573 (*Oxford DNB*), a love-based connection that Lawrence Stone described as likely perceived as ‘a *mésalliance* for one of the greatest Earls in England’.<sup>22</sup> The earl died in 1587 and was buried in the family tomb in Bottesford, Leicestershire. From that point Isabel apparently made her home at Winkeburne Hall, near Southwell, Nottinghamshire.<sup>23</sup> However, Alison Plowden may be mistaken in this claim, as it is the other dowager countess, Elizabeth of the fourth earl, to whom letters are addressed there in *HMC Rutland* in 1590-1. The poem seems to suggest that Isabel was buried in St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch; however, there is no indication that any monument was erected for her there. While the *peerage.com* gives her death as January 16, 1605, an item in *HMC Rutland* makes clear that she had died before the 14<sup>th</sup>.<sup>24</sup> *Tudor Women* gives the date as Jan. 16, 1606. Bottesford church has a funeral monument to the third earl and countess of Rutland, which includes an effigy of her.<sup>25</sup> Among the many earls and countesses of Rutland buried in Bottesford church (according to the Register), John Nichols does not include Isabel, third countess.<sup>26</sup> The fullest account of the third earl and countess of Rutland is found in Lawrence Stone, *Family and Fortune*, pp. 171-6.<sup>27</sup>

**The Author:** Despite the catalogue notes, the elegy is clearly *not* by Josuah Sylvester, as early in the poem it includes him among poets who would be worthier than the present poet to commemorate her.

**The Poem:** The elegy is an early and unusual example of an extended commemoration for a non-royal female; unlike many of that category from 1610 on that focus on the virtues of the female deceased, this poem participates in the tradition of a biographical commemoration. It is similar in this to Robert Marston’s elegy on Lord Grey (1614). However, its focus is less on the countess herself than on the family history of her husband.<sup>28</sup> The poem presents her twenty years of widowed mourning as her most significant achievement. The elegy reflects a strong consciousness of the literary tradition, invoking Virgil and Ovid as models, and larding its praise

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<sup>19</sup> *thepeerage.com*.

<sup>20</sup> *The History of Parliament: the House of Commons 1558-1603*, ed. P.W. Hasler, 198.

<sup>21</sup> Emerson, p. 110.

<sup>22</sup> *Family and Fortune*, p. 173.

<sup>23</sup> *Tudor Women*.

<sup>24</sup> vol. 4, p. 459.

<sup>25</sup> *The History and Antiquities of the County of Leicester*, (1795-1815), vol. 2, p. 101. Reproduced here is the inscription upon the monument, which says much about the earl’s accomplishments, but little about her. (It does not even give her date of death.)

<sup>26</sup> *The History and Antiquities of the County of Leicester*, (1795-1815), vol. 2, p. 100.

<sup>27</sup> Thanks are due to Neil Fortey of St. Mary’s, Bottesford, for information on the effigies of the earl and countess in St. Mary’s, Bottesford, and the history of the family.

<sup>28</sup> Daniel Woolf. *The Social Circulation of the Past: English Historical Culture 1500-1730* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2003), p. 75 notes that from about 1600 it was increasingly common for tomb inscriptions to include genealogy and a “sort of eulogizing microbiography already contained in funeral sermons”.

with heavy classical allusion. It is noteworthy for its references to the contemporary poets Spenser, Drayton, Daniel and Charles Fitzgeffrey. Lines 20 to 30 connect the lack of proper elegiac response with the similar failure to mark poetically Queen Elizabeth's death a few years earlier.

The representation of her marriage to Manners as being like the sacrifice of Deiopea to Aeolus is decidedly odd, and this is presented as a response to those who have maligned the marriage or Elizabeth's action in bringing it about. There may also be some attempt here to reverse the charges murmured at the time of the marriage that the earl had married beneath him (Isabel's maternal grandfather had been a London alderman.)<sup>29</sup>

This sole surviving copy of the poem is written in a neat italic hand, but is not a presentation copy, as in the latter pages there are many corrections to the text.

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**First Line:** "O mournfull Muse assist my doleful penn"

**Manuscript Copies:** Camb. Dd.V.77

**Copy Text:** Camb. Dd.V.77

[The "manuscript" is actually a bundling of roughly similarly sized separate documents; there's no continuous numbering of the leaves; this poem is towards the end, following what I believe is a Latin elegy on Q. Elizabeth. I have used the page numbering that is restricted to this document itself. The MNENOSYNON elegy *is* on the same paper and has the same page numbering, but there are quite a number of blank (though numbered) pages between]

**Title:** "Threnos: A funerall song or Elegie of y<sup>e</sup> right honorable Ladie, y<sup>e</sup> Ladie Isabel late countess dowager of Rutland, late wife to y<sup>e</sup> thrise noble Lord Edward Mannors"

Threnos: A funerall song or Elegie of y<sup>e</sup> right honorable Ladie, y<sup>e</sup> Ladie Isabel late countess dowager of Rutland, late wife to y<sup>e</sup> thrise noble Lord Edward Mannors, some tyme Earle of Rutlande Lord Ross of Hamlake<sup>30</sup> Belvoire<sup>31</sup> and Trusbut,<sup>32</sup> knight of y<sup>e</sup> most ho<sup>ble</sup> order of y<sup>e</sup> gartere

which Countess

deceased Stepney in Middlesex on Tuesday y<sup>e</sup> 21<sup>th</sup> daye of Januarie Anno Domini 1605: And lieth interred in the Church of St. Leonards in Shoreditch where sundrie other her right honorable Predecesso<sup>rs</sup> Countesses of Rutland and Westmerland and other right Noble persons lye also intoumbed.<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>29</sup> Stone, p. 173.

<sup>30</sup> Hamlake is an earlier variant of "Helmsley"; thepeerage.com gives his second title as "14<sup>th</sup> Lord de Ros of Helmsley". Helmsley Castle was the North Yorkshire home of the Manners.

<sup>31</sup> A hereditary barony of the Manners family; Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, was (and is) the main seat of the family.

<sup>32</sup> Trusbut] another hereditary barony of the family.

<sup>33</sup> An online copy of the St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, burial register does not include her. The current building is eighteenth-century. *The history and antiquities of the parish of St. Leonard Shoreditch, and liberty of Norton*

O Mournefull Muse assist my dolefull Penn  
to Celebrate in minds of mortall men  
A Ladie faire an honorable Countess  
Whose worth to praise it farr my skill surmounteth  
Which taske who takes: neede climbe Parnassus hill:  
Or Sacred Helicon or drinke his fill:  
Of Aganipps fount or Permessus<sup>34</sup> River  
Or him appease who of all good's y<sup>e</sup> giver.

He can inspire my spirrit my Penne infuse  
More then Mnemosyne<sup>35</sup> or any Muse. 10  
If he vouchsafe whome vouchsafe I beseech  
To guide my Penn, and to direct my speech  
I may in tyme soe well expres her storie  
As may redound to her Praise, and his glorie  
[page 2]  
O! that I could as I would aeternize her  
It rather fitts y<sup>e</sup> Faery Queenes deviser  
Or him who made his Delia of such fame<sup>36</sup>  
Or English Bartas Silvester by name<sup>37</sup>  
Or have fitz:Gefferie worthy Drakes Learnd Honor<sup>38</sup>  
Or if Mellifluous Drayton would bemone her 20  
your Silver Penns can best depaint her honer  
yee Phoenix<sup>39</sup>-feathered Muses of our Time  
Eternise her with your eternall Rime  
O shame, o griefe vertue in oblivion lyes:  
Els had Eliza had her due Elegies  
True Elegies wch: should y<sup>e</sup> skies have peirst  
Had DANIEL Drayton, Silvester them verst  
Or els Fitz: Gefferie whose muse coelestially  
Would penetrate Heaven, Hell, sea, earth, & all  
Sing yee, and all, and all to ferve[?] <sup>40</sup> to singe 30  
Her Name and fame w<sup>ch</sup> through y<sup>e</sup> wo<sup>rl</sup>d doth ringe

---

*Folgate, in the suburbs of London* by Henry Ellis, (1798), p. 51, has an account of earlier tombs and mentions many countesses of Rutland, but not this one in particular. Stow's *The survey of London* likewise notes many members of family buried here, but not Isabel. Weever does not mention any Rutlands buried in St. Leonard's, but notes a number of late medieval ones in nearby Holywell Priory.

<sup>34</sup> Permessus] a river of Mount Helicon, associated with Apollo. Hesiod's *Theogony* equates it with Hippocrene, the fount of inspiration.

<sup>35</sup> Mnemosyne] the Greek mythological figure of Memory, mother of the Muses.

<sup>36</sup> Samuel Daniel.

<sup>37</sup> In the left margin in a different hand: "Josuah Silvester:"

<sup>38</sup> Charles Fitzgeffry, minor poet and churchman, had published his celebratory poem *Sir Francis Drake* in 1596.

<sup>39</sup> The letter after the "h" is neither clearly an "o" or an "a". I suspect it is an abbreviation of "oe".

<sup>40</sup> This is not in the *OED*, but slightly plausible as a verb derived from the Latin "fervere" "to boil". Or it may be a transcription error for "serve".

Were I like him whom Citties seaven contend for<sup>41</sup>  
Then would I enterprise still to commend her  
Or like Magniloquent Poet Mantuan Maro<sup>42</sup>  
Her fame should flie beyond Egiptian Pharo  
Or could I sing like y<sup>c</sup> Pelignian poett<sup>43</sup>  
Not only Egipt but all y<sup>e</sup> World should knowe it  
But sith No Homers, Virgills, Ovids vaine  
As I desir doth now w<sup>th</sup> me remaine  
And y<sup>t</sup> this charge fitts rather Atlas shoulders 40  
[page 3]

I rest content with wishers and with woulders<sup>44</sup>  
I invite invoke intreat still, call & crie on:  
Our English Orpheus, Linus and Arion,  
And all y<sup>e</sup> sacred Brood of Britaine Muses:  
To take y<sup>t</sup> taske in hand sands vaine excuses:<sup>45</sup>  
An haughtier<sup>46</sup> Theame can hardly be aspired,  
Once writt, oft reade, in reading oft admired;  
With Eagles firred<sup>47</sup>, and Full-summered wings  
Towre you a Loft, (I plumeles harke who sings)  
Larke-like mount high, there sing yee Lowd and shrill 50  
Cleare Aire, round Earth, with admiration fill<sup>48</sup>

Whilst yee sound great=Elizas loftie Praise  
Ile Proine<sup>49</sup> my Plumes, a Countess fame to raise  
for skill [?] He will Creepe although I cannot goe  
I may Complore,<sup>50</sup> not releuate<sup>51</sup> my woe  
The course of starrs at her birth did Presage  
Shee should be honored even in youthfull age  
At birth and baptisme did her name import<sup>52</sup>  
Her gentle, beutious, Courteous, fitt for Court  
A noble birth is held in high esteeme 60  
And men of honor Demy gods some deeme  
[page 4]

Her Parents were right honorably alyed:

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<sup>41</sup> Presumably, Homer.

<sup>42</sup> Virgil.

<sup>43</sup> Pelignian poett] Ovid. Described in Martial's *Epigrams*, 2.41, as "Paelignus poeta". The Paeligni were the tribe that lived in the area of Sulmo, Ovid's birthplace.

<sup>44</sup> I.e. one who "would"; according to the *OED*, there is a proverbial phrase regarding "wishers and woulders".

<sup>45</sup> Marginal note: sans.

<sup>46</sup> This reflects earlier non-pejorative usage of "haughty".

<sup>47</sup> fire-red [?]. Philemon Holland, in his 1601 translation of Pliny, refers to "People borne with eies like owles, whereof the sight is fire red" (I.154).

<sup>48</sup> Marginal note: "Haec ego grandisonis linguam celebranda poetis". (I have not been able to identify this as a quotation. The grammar does not seem to be complete.)

<sup>49</sup> proine] archaic variant of "prime".

<sup>50</sup> Complore] weep together.

<sup>51</sup> releuate] relieve.

<sup>52</sup> import] signify, imply. Marginal note: "Isabella".

With vertues rare, adorn'd, and beutified  
 Her father was a valiant, worthy Knight<sup>53</sup>  
 Of great regard, S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Holcroft knight  
 In Cheshire dwelt, at farr renowned vale-royall  
 Who for he was both valerous, ventrous Loiall  
 Was dylie ordained of y<sup>e</sup> verge Knight-Marshall  
 Of's Knightly Acts y<sup>e</sup> histories make rehearsall:  
 Her mother was rich Jenings\*<sup>54</sup> only heire 70  
 In youth faire, wise, rich, vertuous, debonaire.  
 Was well esteem'd in great Eliza's court  
 Of whome Knights: Ladies, many make report  
 Their ISABEL fair Ladie of great honor:  
 In tender years, Elisa: had tending on her:  
 Her vertues were divine, Celestiall:  
 Her bewtie admirable, Angellicall,  
 Which to express requires a penne Sydneyan  
 She rightly might be called Nymph Deiopeian<sup>55</sup>  
 Leanders Love<sup>56</sup> might not w<sup>th</sup> her compare 80  
 For sweetest feature and surpassing faire  
 Nor shee for whome the strong Achilles strove  
 With Agamemnon for Bryseis his deerest Love<sup>57</sup>  
 More like Pantheia of whome it is recorded  
 All Asia her like for faire then not affoorded<sup>58</sup>  
 [page 5]  
 full well shee serv'd and Pleasd our soveraigne queene  
 Whose Like on Earth hath seld or Never beene  
 Egypts Cleopatra faire Semiramis  
 The Babilonian, Scythian Thomeris,<sup>59</sup>  
 The great Palemerian Queene Zenobia<sup>60</sup> 90  
 The famous Carian Artimesia<sup>61</sup>

<sup>53</sup> Marginal note: "S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Holcroft y<sup>e</sup> elder of y<sup>e</sup> vale=Royall, in Cheshire".

<sup>54</sup> Marginal note: "\*Nicolas Jenings of London Aectinna [?] a<sup>o</sup> 1523."

<sup>55</sup> Deiopeian] Deiopea was a nymph dedicated to Juno.

<sup>56</sup> Leanders Love] Hero, for whom Leander tragically attempted to swim the Hellespont.

<sup>57</sup> Partially damaged marginal note about Briseis: "amissa...at Briseide .. agnus Achilles: ... languet Argolicis....are recusat opem: Mant:" It comes from Mantuan's "Elegia Contra Amorem" and reads in full, "Aestuat amissa Bryseide magnus Achilles,/ Languet et Argolicis ferre recusat opem."(109-110) [Great Achilles burned for his lost Briseis/He languished and refused to forward the work of the Argives.] The reference is to the Trojan figure Briseis, over whom Achilles and Agamemnon fought in the *Iliad*. Mantuan's "Elegia contra Amorem" was often printed at the end of his famous collection of eclogues, the *Adulescentia*, and is described by Lee Piepho as "immensely popular" ("Mantuan Revised: His *Adulescentia* in early Sixteenth-Century Germany", *Canadian Review of Comparative Literature*, March-June, 2006, p. 6).

<sup>58</sup> Xenophon's *Cyropaedia* records how the King of Susa, Abradatas's, beautiful wife Pantheia was taken by the victorious Cyrus the Great. She committed suicide in response.

<sup>59</sup> There was a queen of Scythia named "Thomyris"; she appears in Jonson's 1608 *Masque of Queenes*, where she is described as "a heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude", who achieved revenge on King Cyrus of Persia (*The Cambridge edition of the works of Ben Jonson*, vol. 3, p. 323.)

<sup>60</sup> Zenobia, queen of Palmyra.

And many other shee exceeded farr  
 As sonne y<sup>e</sup> Moone as Moone most glorious starr  
 Then who so serv'd or radiant Cynthia attended  
 Had neede by Nymphs w<sup>ch</sup> could not be amended  
 As sheere Latonia Phoebe<sup>62</sup> in frostie night<sup>63</sup>  
 Circled w<sup>th</sup> stars high heavenly wonders bright.  
 So was our English Cynthia invironed  
 W<sup>th</sup> Ladies faire who lives like angles ledd  
 Whose glistring Beames bredd Excellent admiracons 100  
 Glorie to ours, wonder to other Nations  
 Diana like Englands rare soveraigne  
 Had Nymphes: great Ladies in her royall traine  
 Who both for beautie and vertue did excell  
 But few or none like Holcrofts Isabel  
     Envie Maligne not this our Ladies praise,  
     knowe there were bright glories in those daies:  
 W<sup>ch</sup> were admirde of many a Curious eye,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> Astrophells deepe skill did stellifie.<sup>64</sup>

[p. 6]

And many more of vertue, beautie, honor; 110  
 W<sup>ch</sup> great Eliza had attending on her.  
 Though here un*n*amed twere Pittie in oblivion  
 There Names should die w<sup>ch</sup> lie in Queenes Pavilion  
 For feare of envie w<sup>ch</sup> is feirce and Cruell.)  
 Like Diamonds sett in gold or Precious Jewells.  
 Many there were w<sup>ch</sup> Likd were wondrous well  
 Amongst y<sup>e</sup> best was beautious *ISABEL*.

Tis no dispraise to others y<sup>t</sup> I praise her  
 More then shee meritted I doe not raise her  
 Then hatefull envie hideous horrible elf 120  
 Cease enving other least thou vex thy selfe  
 for if shee trulie meritted so much  
 Why dost thou undulie thereat greive or grudge  
 But if she had not well deservd the same  
 I had ne're attempted to extoll her fame  
 But shee whose Soveraighnetie [sic] judgment, wisdom, skill:  
 Whose name and fame y<sup>e</sup> Orbe of Earth did fill.  
 [In margin: "Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore Nymphae quarum quae forma pulcherima,  
 Deiopeiam connubio iungam stabili, [p]ropriamque dicabo. <sup>65</sup>]

<sup>61</sup> Artemisia was the queen of Caria in western Asia Minor; she is best known for her building of the Mausoleum in memory of her husband Mausolus.

<sup>62</sup> Same abbreviation for "oe" as above.

<sup>63</sup> Marginal note: "Simile;"

<sup>64</sup> stellifie] transform into a star. The allusion is to Sir Philip Sidney's celebration of Stella (Penelope Rich) under the name of "Astrophil".

<sup>65</sup> The passage is from *The Aeneid*, Book 1, lines 71 to 73, where Juno offers Deiopea to Aeolus to bring about a

Who, as great Juno did to Aeolus offer:  
Of twise seven Nymphes y<sup>e</sup> fairest & most proper.<sup>66</sup>  
Knew t'was her due to whome to add more honors 130  
Shee knight the knott, twixt her and Edward Manners:  
Rutlands great Earle and Englands Noble Peere  
In sighte shee Lov'de both Lord and Ladie deere  
Peace then base elfs w<sup>ch</sup> never yett said well  
Sith Queene, Lords, Ladies, Lov'd beautious *ISABEL*  
[page 7]

Had shee not beene faire Vertuous excellent  
And in queens Court a Precious ornament  
~~Ne're had~~ Diana never had this Nymph conjoynd  
In Hymens knott w<sup>ch</sup> none but death untwind 140  
W<sup>th</sup> this great Earle a great Earles sonne and heire  
faire Hymen Hymenaus o Hymen faire  
Gentle Hymen delectable Pleasant sweet  
Rejoycd when theis true turtle Doves did meete  
No hart can thinke, penn write, no tongue can tell.  
~~Jois of Lord~~ Lorde Edwards joyes withs bewtious Isabell

If auncient Nobles be most noble deem'd  
Then Justly is this Earle right Noble esteem'd  
Rightly descended from a Roiall Line<sup>67</sup>  
Noble descents make vertue more Divine  
for Robert Ross: Lord Ross of Hamelakemarke 150  
As it is writt by sundry'a learned clearke  
Married *ISABEL* daughter of William Scotlands king<sup>68</sup>  
surnam'd y<sup>e</sup> Lion sister: fair bening:<sup>69</sup>  
Of Alexander second of y<sup>t</sup> name  
Whom Scotland Rul'd yeares Thirtie five with fame<sup>70</sup>  
W<sup>ch</sup> Baron of Hamelake by:<sup>s</sup> Royall *ISABell*  
Had Robert Robert William Who some tell  
Three Hundred years past this Earles: Ancestor:  
for Scotlands Kingdom was Competitor<sup>71</sup>

---

windy destruction. The Loeb Library text (trans. H.P. Fairclough) renders it, "sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore Nymphae:/quarum quae forma pulcherrima, Deiopea,/conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo," ["Twice seven nymphs have I of wondrous beauty, of whom Deiopea, fairest of form, I will link to thee in sure wedlock,"].

<sup>66</sup> This couplet has been inserted by another hand in a darker ink after the line "Whose name...". It is a rough translation of the passage from *The Aeneid* in the margin.

<sup>67</sup> Through his father's line, Rutland's great-grandmother was Anne, the sister of Edward IV.

<sup>68</sup> Robert de Ros (d. 1226/7) had married Isabel, the illegitimate daughter of William I (the Lion) of Scotland (d. 1214). William had two daughters named "Isabel", one legitimate, the other not. This is the latter Isabel, whose mother was a daughter of the lord of Eskdale; she married (1191) Robert de Ros, lord of Wark (D.D.R. Owen, *William the Lion: Kingship and Culture, 1143-1214* (East Linton: Tuckwell, 1997), p. 67). She was the sister of Alexander II.

<sup>69</sup> bening] variant of "benign". The passage might make more sense without the colon at the end of this line.

<sup>70</sup> Alexander II ruled from 1214 to 1249.

[p. 8]

Englands first Edward histories inroll 160

Adjudgd it after to John Baillioll<sup>72</sup>

From w<sup>ch</sup> great William Noble familie

Is Is'ued a right worthy Progenie.

Earles Countesses Knightes: Ladees of great worth

Disperst Through brittaine East west South and North

Robert Lord Ross of Kendall Williams brother:

From him descended greater then the other:

Northamptons Marquess:<sup>73</sup> whose sisters Ann hath been

Great Pembrooks Countess: Katherine - Last Queene

Of Henry th'eight Englands mightie King 170

Such Noble Issues: from Lord Rosses spring<sup>74</sup>

And I could tell of more without rebukes

Descended how Allied to ~~Rulers~~ Earles or dukes.

But I leave that for me to great a part

To learned Heralds Honorable Art

from whom thus much more of this great Earles worth

Descends from sister of King Edward y<sup>e</sup> fourth:<sup>75</sup>

Thus as his birth did many mens excell

So his Love to his Ladie Countess *ISABEL*

And shee to him Alceste<sup>76</sup> like was Loving 180

Chast like Ulisses Queene<sup>77</sup> as was behovinge

By her hee hadd a lovely daughter faire

His joy his Jewell and his only heire

[p. 9]

Whom in fitt tyme after her happie birth,

Englands Titania glorie of y<sup>e</sup> Earth:

Who farr and neere hath fild y<sup>e</sup> world with fame,

Gave this younge Baroness her own glorious Name.<sup>78</sup>

So Lauded, Loved: Liked, in life since death

What name more gracious then *ELIZABETH*

*ELIZABETH* Gods fulnes signifies

W<sup>ch</sup> with Dictinna<sup>79</sup> this Ladie dignifies, 190

---

<sup>71</sup> William de Ros (first Lord Ros (d. 1316)) claimed the Scottish throne through his descent from Isabella.

<sup>72</sup> John de Balliol, descended from a brother of William the Lion through a female line, was placed upon the Scottish throne in 1292 by Edward I of England.

<sup>73</sup> William Parr of Kendal, Marquess of Northampton. His sister Anne (ca. 1514-52) was the wife of William Herbert, first earl of Pembroke.

<sup>74</sup> Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's sixth wife.

<sup>75</sup> The earls of Rutland were descended from Anne, the eldest sister of Edward IV, by her second marriage to Sir Thomas St. Leger. Their daughter Anne married George Manners, 11<sup>th</sup> Baron de Ros.

<sup>76</sup> In classical myth, Alcestis dies for her husband Admetus, but she is then restored to him by the heroic action of Heracles.

<sup>77</sup> Penelope] the faithful wife of Odysseus/Ulysses.

<sup>78</sup> Elizabeth (b. ca. 1576), Edward and Isabel's only child, married Sir William Cecil and died in 1591.

<sup>79</sup> Dictinna is an appellation of Diana. [Note that the name is sometimes rendered "Dictima", and in this manuscript

W<sup>ch</sup> made y<sup>e</sup> Parents joy inexplicable  
That such a Queene so rare fair Admirable,  
vouchsaft such grace for shee Lov'd both them well:  
Rutland & Countess bewtious ISABEL

This No<sup>ble</sup> and right honorable Lord,  
As Cronicles and writers doe record:  
What tyme y<sup>e</sup> Civil trobles were in y<sup>e</sup> North  
He was esteem'd then of soe great a worth  
That hee was made Lieutennant for them all, 200  
To Sussex Earle Lieutennant Generall:<sup>80</sup>  
And of y<sup>e</sup> footmen he was Colonell,  
And in y<sup>t</sup> service was of secret Councell  
Being 20 years of age not fearing death;  
And Warder was to Queene Elizabeth  
He travel'd into fraunce in Anno 70,<sup>81</sup>  
was made Lieutennant of Rich Lincolns County.<sup>82</sup>  
Where honorablie he behav'd him; after  
was made Knights of the Noble order Garter:<sup>83</sup>  
As Cheife Commissioner for her Ma<sup>tie</sup>, 210  
Concluded a firme League of Amitie.

[p. 10]  
Between y<sup>e</sup> English and y<sup>e</sup> Scottish Reames  
With y<sup>e</sup> Commissioners of our now soveraigne James  
Whose meeting was at Barwick upon Tweed<sup>84</sup>  
A Noble Act an honorable Deede:  
All Articles of<sup>s85</sup> Commission were confirmd,  
And he with honor to y<sup>e</sup> Court return'd,  
Where w<sup>th</sup> her Ma<sup>tie</sup> was Pleased well  
W<sup>ch</sup> also joy'd his beutious ISABEL.

When this great Edward Rutlands Lord Ross 220  
Of Hamelake Trusbutt Belvoir fame engrost;  
Throughout this other world and forreine Nations,  
And of his Acts Heroick made relations:  
For his skill in Lawe and Learning exquisite  
(As King of Armes: Learned Camden doth recite)<sup>86</sup>

---

that looks slightly more likely to be the reading.]

<sup>80</sup> In margin: "Earles worth". In 1569, Rutland served as a lieutenant-general under the earl of Sussex against the northern rising.

<sup>81</sup> *The Oxford DNB* suggests that his trip to France was in 1571.

<sup>82</sup> *The Oxford DNB* states that Rutland was named Lord-Lieutenant of Lincolnshire "by 1581."

<sup>83</sup> This honour was bestowed on 23 April 1584.

<sup>84</sup> Rutland played a significant role in the English-Scottish treaty, signed at Berwick in 1586.

<sup>85</sup> This is one of the scribe/poet's atypical abbreviations: "of his".

<sup>86</sup> William Camden's *Annals* (1625) describes Rutland as a "man, most learned and skilfull in the Law, and humane Arts" (p. 230).

He was ordaind by our Late sacred Queene  
 Next after Bromley Chauncellor to have beene:  
 In whose high office, he should soone succede,  
 But after Bromely hee soone died with speede:  
 S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Bromeley worthy Chancellor, 230  
 First died and buried was at Westminster:<sup>87</sup>  
 In y<sup>e</sup> same weeke indued with divers honors,  
 Dyed Rutlands Noble Earle Lord Edward Manno<sup>rs</sup>,  
 But what Great Griefe oppressd then the harts,  
 Of Queene and of y<sup>e</sup> Realme in many parts:  
 Its past my penn to paint my tongue to tell  
 [p. 11]  
 Cheifly the griefe ofs [sic] dolefull Isabell:! [sic]  
 She gre'vs, grones, sighes, sounds, Mournes, Laments, implores him,  
 was neere dead with him if not dead<sup>88</sup> before him:  
 Had not y<sup>e</sup> Ladies and great friends about her, 240  
 Kept Life w<sup>th</sup>in her then almost without her:  
 The impious Parcae<sup>89</sup> swift inexorable,  
 And then and ther Clipt vitall thread in Twaine,  
 Ne'r had wee seene fair Isabell againe:  
 Thus long it was err shee could well recover,  
 Her dire Laments for her deare Lord and Lover:  
 Like Niobe was well nigh turnd to stone,  
 for having lost her lord being left alone:  
 Like truest loving Constant Turtle Dove,  
 Shee pind with paine y<sup>t</sup> never could be moved: 250  
 Nor ever after could be wo'ed to wedde,  
~~Were ne'r so Noble, held Never so high his head~~  
 Shunnd Bigamie, a widowes life she led.<sup>90</sup>  
 But with Alcestes would herselfe have died,<sup>91</sup>  
 her Noble Earle of Rutland to have revivd:  
~~and~~ But<sup>92</sup> Jove was pleased to prolong her life,  
 And shee though Dolefull yet Like Loveinge wife,  
 With Artimesia did Nobly him interr:  
 Built no Mausoleum yet sumptuous Sepulcher:<sup>93</sup>  
 At London Dyed is honorably conveid, 260  
 [p. 12]  
 At Bosworth<sup>94</sup> buried, by<sup>s</sup>: Ancestors they Laid

<sup>87</sup> Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord Chancellor, died 12 April 1587, two days before Rutland.

<sup>88</sup> "Dead" added by other hand.

<sup>89</sup> Parcae] the Fates.

<sup>90</sup> This line replacing that which was scratched out is by a different hand. Bigamy here, as often in the period, refers not to having two spouses at once, but remarrying after the death of a spouse.

<sup>91</sup> See note above.

<sup>92</sup> Again, the replacing word is by a different hand.

<sup>93</sup> Artemesia was famed for building the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus to mark the tomb of her brother and husband Mausolus.

With honour great: more then I heere can tell  
By<sup>s</sup>:<sup>95</sup> mournfull Countess, beautious Isabell:  
His rights being thus performed, Like Loving wife  
With sorro'w, and Care, Consumes rest of her life.<sup>96</sup>  
Her Ladie mother; and her right Noble Daughter  
Move her to Mirth but could not cause a Laughter:  
Kindred, friends, Neighbors comfort her affoord  
but still shee mornes for loss of her great Lord  
At Lengthe to Mitigate y<sup>e</sup> mothers Cross, 270  
her Noble Daughter: yong beautious Baroness Ross:  
Is mov'd to Marrie (whome shee held full deere,<sup>97</sup>  
A Gallant squire Nephew of a mightie Peere.<sup>98</sup>

And on whose mightie shoulders most did rest,<sup>99</sup>  
The burthen of this Kingdomes goverment [sic].  
As y<sup>e</sup> wide compass of y<sup>e</sup> firmament  
On Atlas mightie shoulders is upstaid:

Englands wise Nestor Lord high Tresurer  
By's: Eldest sonne ~~now~~ late Earle of Excester.<sup>100</sup>

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<sup>94</sup> Seemingly an error for Bottesford, much further north in Leicestershire, where the earl was buried. His tomb and coat of arms survive there (see "Bottesford Living History": [http://www.bottesfordhistory.org.uk/content/catalogue\\_item/bottesford-local-history-archive/heraldry-st-mary-virgin-bottesford/edward-manners-3rd-earl-rutland](http://www.bottesfordhistory.org.uk/content/catalogue_item/bottesford-local-history-archive/heraldry-st-mary-virgin-bottesford/edward-manners-3rd-earl-rutland)).

<sup>95</sup> As with two lines above, this seems to be an abbreviated form of "by his".

<sup>96</sup> The apostrophe in "sorrow" indicates an attempt to collapse the word to correct the rhythm, but even so it is very awkward.

<sup>97</sup> The manuscript provides no closing bracket.

<sup>98</sup> Isabel's daughter, Elizabeth Manners, married William Cecil, 2<sup>nd</sup> earl of Exeter (1566-1640), in January 1589. He was the nephew of Robert Cecil, earl of Salisbury, and grandson of William, Lord Burleigh. She died in 1591.

<sup>99</sup> In left hand margin: "Ed: Spencer". The quotation is lines 4-7 of Spenser's dedicatory sonnet to Lord Burleigh, which first appeared in the 1596 edition of *The Faerie Queene*.

<sup>100</sup> Thomas, William the 2<sup>nd</sup> earl's father, had been named 1<sup>st</sup> earl of Exeter in the spring of 1605 and died in 1623; hence the correcting hand that changed "now" to "late" clearly is from after 1623.

14 May 1610  
Henry IV (of France)

**The Subject:** Born on the 13<sup>th</sup> of December in 1553, Henry was king of Navarre from 1572-89 and, subsequently, the first Bourbon king of France from 1589-1610. Famously, he converted to Roman Catholicism at the end of the Wars of Religion (1593) to win Paris and reunite France. He was assassinated in Paris by François Ravaillac on 14 May 1610.

**The Author/Translator:** Fairfax, Thomas, baron (1612-71). A detailed entry on the subject is found in the *DNB*.

**The Original French Poet:** Fairfax's poem is a close translation of *Stances sur la mort de Henri IV* (1616) by Anne de Rohan (1584-1646), who was the daughter of Catherine de Parthenay-Soubise (1554-1631) and René II, Vicomte de Rohan and Prince de Léon (1550-86). Of a leading Huguenot family, Anne was a major published poet, known in particular for her elegies on family members and Henry IV. Further information about her may be found in Anne R. Larsen, *Anna Maria van Schurman, 'The Star of Utrecht': The Educational Vision and Reception of a Savante*, (2016), pp. 206-14.

**First Line:** Ah is itt then Great Henry so fam'd

**Second Line:** For taming men himselfe by death is tam'd

**Last Line:** To crowne his Tombe or else him homage doe

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Fairfax 40, p. 641

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Fairfax 40, p. 641

**Title:** 'The teares of France for the deplorable death of Henry 4 Surnamed the Great' [from Anne de Rohan's Elegy,]

[p. 641]

The teares of France for the  
deplorable death of Henry 4  
Surnamed the Great

Ah is itt then Great Henry soe fam'd  
For taming men himselfe by death is tam'd  
Whatt eye his glory saw now his sad doome  
But must desolve in Teares sigh out his soule  
Soe smal a shred of Earth should him intombe  
Whos acts deserv'd pocession [sic] of the whole.

O 'tis but fitt for joyes we henceforth mourne  
Our Songes & Mirth into sad plaints we turne  
Instead of this great King greefe may raigne here  
So thatt in sorrow plung'd our fainting breath  
May send our endless sighes to th'highest sphere  
Whilst hopless teares distill upon the earth

[p. 642]

Yis itt is fitt what else can we returne  
Butt teares as offrings to his sacred urne  
W<sup>th</sup> them his Sable Marble tombe bedew  
No no such armes too weake sence itt apeares  
For us he of his blood too careless grew  
Have we naught-else for him butt a few teares

O could our eyes to fountains we distill  
T'would nott abaite the least part of our ill  
We oft shed teares \for/ simple wrongs oft weepe  
Too common oft for things of lesser prise  
Then lett us die att this great Monarchs feet  
His Tombe th'Alter, our selves, the Sacrifice

But who can die if Sisters Fate denies  
A closure to our half-dead trickling eyes  
Having shut up those of this warr like Prince  
Atropos so proud's of her royal pray  
Her Cypriss into Laurels will turne, sence  
Of this great victor she hath gott the day

[p. 643]

But sence we are ordain'd to sigh & live  
And after this ther faitall stroke then give  
Live then complaining this sad shock of Fate  
Wher happy dayes are gone, no joy appeares  
Then mourne & sigh till death our greefe abate  
And shew whilst living, life shal wast in teares

Bewaile bewaile this our great Monarchs fall  
of judgment perfait humour pleasing all  
His equal none a Hart w<sup>th</sup>out all feare  
Perfection such t'would but fall short in prayse  
Enough to've served a world to've admir'd here  
Had nott his equal justice bound his wayes

Lament lament this sage & Prudent King  
thatt hight of Bonty, vigelence in him  
Thatt hart w<sup>ch</sup> could be mov'd not overcome  
Virtues here rarely found though we inquire  
Parts I could sooner much admire then summe  
Sence this Achilis a Homer would require

[p. 644]

We cannot count the splendours of his glorys  
Nor number yett his signal victorys 50  
O no for such a subject were too great  
We aught to prayse what yett we cannot write  
And hold our peace or to good purpose speake  
He nothing saith doth not to th'full recite

His famous acts once raisd our drouping heads  
His Laurels from the Temples was our shades  
End of his Combats ended feares wee're in  
Him only pris'd \dispis'd/ all other Powers  
More gloring to be subject to this King  
Then if we'ad had some other Kings for ours 60

But now this Glory's clouded w<sup>th</sup> a staine  
And now our joy & Mirth ther leave hath taine  
The Lillys faide as we att this sad Fate  
Downe to the growne<sup>101</sup> ther drouping heads doe bowe  
Seeming as humble as Compassionate  
To crowne his Tombe or else him homage doe

---

<sup>101</sup> Sic, presumably for "grownde".

1611

Butterfield, Swithune

**The Subject:** Swithune Butterfield (1547-1611) was a lay theologian who published a range of scholarly religious works; a detailed entry on him is found in the *Oxford DNB*. He left some of his scholarly manuscripts to Pembroke College, Cambridge, with which his elegist, Alexander Bolde (see below), was also connected.

**The Author:** The most likely author is Alexander Bolde, since the manuscript (MS S.34) was his.<sup>102</sup> Bolde matriculated from Pembroke College, Cambridge, during Easter, 1603. He took his B.A. from 1606-7 and earned his M.A. in 1610. He later took his B.D. in 1618 and was a Fellow in 1610. He was ordained as Deacon in 1612, serving as curate of St. Benedict's, Cambridge, from 1616 to 1619, and vicar of Swaffham Prior St. Mary, Cambridgeshire, from 1620-1625. Bolde died in 1625 and his will was proved in the same year.

**The Poem:** This is a rare example of a funeral elegy from the period in iambic hexameter.

**First Line:** "To loose a Field if rich I were, I would not grutch:"

**Manuscript Copies:** St. John's College, Camb., MS S.34, fol. 17v

**Copy Text:** St. John's College, Camb., MS S.34, fol. 17v

**Title:** "The sighes of a sorrowfull Muse for the death of honest & religious M<sup>r</sup> Swithyn Butterfeild"

To loose a Field if rich I were, I would not grutch:<sup>103</sup>

To loose a Butterfield beinge poore it greeves me much:

But o sweete soule, w<sup>ch</sup> dearly lov'dst thy neighbor muses,

Whils't thy successefull change my serious thought *peruses*,

I cannot halfe so much of private losse complaine,

As heartily rejoyce for thy immortall gaine.

Indeed whilst heere thou liv'dst, thou liv'dst in such a field

As doth moste pleasant fruites of *Christian* knowledge yeeld.

But now thy soule to Canaan<sup>104</sup> fieldes transported is,

Where butter milke & hony are types of endles blisse.

10

Who though thou dost w<sup>th</sup> S<sup>ts</sup><sup>105</sup> an Hallelujah singe

Before the universall great commandinge kinge,

Disdaine thou not that this Encomiasticke<sup>106</sup> verse

Should chaunt thy worthy praise upon thy sable<sup>107</sup> hearse:

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<sup>102</sup> Raphael Lyne, in his introduction to the manuscript on *Scriptorium*, treats the elegy as Bolde's own work.

<sup>103</sup> grutch] grudge.

<sup>104</sup> Canaan] name of a large and flourishing country.

<sup>105</sup> S<sup>ts</sup>] Saints.

<sup>106</sup> Encomiasticke] encomiastic, or full of praise.

<sup>107</sup> sable] associated with the colour black and mourning.

Thy nature softe, thy disposition calme & kinde  
Proov'd halfe thy name to be an image of thy minde.  
As for this other parte of thy deserved name,  
Thy plenteous fruites of charity did proove y<sup>e</sup> same.  
O Butterfield, thou arte become a Field w<sup>ch</sup> god hath bleste  
Makinge theron the showers of his glory reste.  
Aduē therefore, adue for ay our frende so deare  
Thy paines are paste; thy joyes do nowe appeare.

20

Swythnus quasi  
Sui I'THUNE<sup>108</sup>

Quam bene praeclari meruit praenominis usum,  
Qui novit vitam dirigere ipse suam.<sup>109</sup>

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<sup>108</sup> Second half of word consists of Greek characters.

<sup>109</sup> "How well he deserves the use of a distinguished name, who knows how to direct his own life." I have not been able to trace this Latin couplet; it may be original to Bolde.

1611

Poole, Lady of Saperton

**The Subject:** This is nearly certainly Lady Anne Poole, wife of Sir Henry Poole of Sapperton (ca. 1541-1616), Gloucester (Sapperton lies half-way between Stroud and Cirencester). Anne was the daughter of Sir William Wroughton of Broad Hinton, Wiltshire.<sup>110</sup> A monument to Sir Henry and Lady Anne survives in St. Kenelm's Church, Sapperton, which lists their sons as Deverux, Gyles and Henry, of which only Henry survived, and their daughters as Elinor (m. Sir Richard Fettiplace of Bezleigh, Berks.), Francis (m. Sir Nevell Poole of Oaksey, Wilts.), Dorothy (m. Sir John Savedg of Elmley, Worcs.) and Anne (m. Sir Theobald Gorges of Ashley, Wilts.).<sup>111</sup> Lady Anne Poole is not to be confused with "Lady Beata Poole," a descendant: born "Beatrice Byrdges"<sup>112</sup>, Lady Beata Poole was the wife of the son of Lady Anne, the younger Henry Poole (1590-1645).

**The Author:** While no name is offered, the poem's opening presents a young poet at Oxford as the author, and suggests that the poem was written in the summer following Lady Poole's death. As the son, Henry Poole, was at Merton College, Oxford, from 1607 to 1610,<sup>113</sup> it seems plausible that the poet was a friend of his there. Richard Corbett's friend Thomas Aylesbury was related to the Pooles of Saperton (his mother, Anne (d. 1596) was the daughter of John Poole. The poem is in the secretary hand that is dominant throughout the manuscript. It was likely transcribed in the mid-1620s.

**The Poem:** Like a number of other elegies from the first decade of the seventeenth century, this poem is in six-line (ababcc) stanzas rather than the pentameter couplets that became standard in subsequent decades. The poem is a variant of the pastoral elegy, presenting a dialogue between the rivers Isis and Cherwell on the effects of Poole's death. Her name and the circumstances of the poet prompt this particular water-based conceit, but the more general idea, that if human mourners are silent the natural world will express grief, is a longstanding one.

**First Line:** "An humble lad, whose yong & simple thought"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Malone 19, p. 69

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Malone 19, p. 69

**Title:** 'On the death of the Lady Poole of Saperton, 1611' [Gloucester]

An humble lad, whose yong & simple thought  
Was never bathed in the Muses' well;  
Whose greatest small ambition onely thought  
In unobstrued<sup>114</sup> silence vale to dwell.

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<sup>110</sup> P.W. Hasler, ed., *The House of Commons, 1558-1603* (London: The Stationery Office, 1981).

<sup>111</sup> <http://www.geograph.org.uk/photo/2273883>.

<sup>112</sup> Ronald Huebert, *Privacy in the Age of Shakespeare* (Toronto; Buffalo; London: U of Toronto P, 2016), 324.

<sup>113</sup> Andrew Thrush and John P. Ferris, eds., *The House of Commons, 1604-1629* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2010).

<sup>114</sup> unobstrued] unobstructed (the word is not recorded in the *OED*, but is easily derived from the Latin).

In secrett shade of late did first begin  
 To know, that silence sometymes prov'd a sinne.  
 Sittinge wheare Isis<sup>115</sup> doth neere Oxford meet  
 The river Charwell, undecern'd hee heares  
 The parling<sup>116</sup> rivers how they friendly greet  
 And drinke the flowing speech with thirstie eares 10  
     Which if his infant brest should close containe  
     The mute borne fishes would a fresh complaine.  
 Speake Isis, quoth faire Charwell, w<sup>t</sup> new streames  
 Have yow obtained from the heavenly powers?  
 My springes this Summer dried by Titans beames  
 Are scarce recovered yet by Cynthias showres.  
     Nor doth my sometymes equall Corrent dare  
     With your abundant spreading flood compare.  
 Alas, quoth Isis my distented<sup>117</sup> traine  
 May cause your pittye, sooner then my pride. 20  
 [p. 70] As I came creeping ore old Graeclade<sup>118</sup> plaine  
 These troupes adhaering to my slender sides  
     Which first the neighbouring vales did all ore swell  
     ~~The mute borne fishes would a fresh complaine~~  
     downe one of my meddowes unresisted fell.  
 Say, Charwell said, w<sup>t</sup> pond hath brake her bay  
 Or hath great Siverne clim'd the loftye Hilles?<sup>119</sup>  
 Noe, Isis answered, but the worthy stay,  
 Of that great Poole, whose fame the country filles  
     dissolved lately with sad teares of woe, 30  
     Hath made the mourning valleyes all ore flow.  
 Not that cleare spring, whose droppes distilling fall  
 ffrom ancient Manburnes<sup>120</sup> late admired cleife  
 To poore, to weake, to yonge, to old, to all  
 did with more faire accesse impart releife  
     Then this Bethesda<sup>121</sup>, this sore=escaping poole  
     As hott in Zeale, as that in vertue coole.  
 This said, amazd he sigh'd, shee seem'd to weepe  
 Both silent, forward hand in hand do hie  
 The heaven much affected, striv'd to keepe 40

---

“obstruo/obstruere”, to block).

<sup>115</sup> Isis] the river Thames as it flows through Oxford, where it meets the Cherwell.

<sup>116</sup> parling] engaging in conversation.

<sup>117</sup> distented] stretched out (a few instances of this spelling occur in the period).

<sup>118</sup> Cricklade, Oxfordshire, just north of Swindon, by which the Thames/Isis passes with a large flood plain.

<sup>119</sup> The Cotswold Hills divide the valley of the Thames/Isis from that of the river Severn, which flows into the Bristol Channel. Ironically, the Sapperton Canal Tunnel, built in the late eighteenth century, connected the two waterways.

<sup>120</sup> Manburnes] presumably Malmesbury, Wiltshire, of which the variant ‘Mamsbury’ is found in the seventeenth century. The town is set upon a high cliff where two branches of the Bristol Avon meet.

<sup>121</sup> Bethesda] the pool of healing in ancient Jerusalem (John 5:2).

The winged wordes which with them faine would flye.  
And lightly ventring one the airie deepe  
His feathered pen, hee following gan to trye  
That thought the Poole wear to y<sup>e</sup> dead sea bound  
It might not bee in lake of Lethe drownd.//<sup>122</sup>

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<sup>122</sup> Lethe] the river of forgetfulness in the classical underworld; the general conceit seems to be that the poet, by capturing the lament of the rivers, prevents Poole from being forgotten.

2 May 1612  
Clayton, Dr. Richard

**The Subject:** Richard Clayton, of Leyland, Lancashire, admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge on 2 October 1572, eventually became master of the same college, and served as vice-chancellor of the university in 1605-6. He also served as Dean of Peterborough Cathedral from 1607. He died on 2 May 1612 of a sudden apoplexy (likely at St. John's) and was buried nine days later in the chapel. A detailed entry on him is found in the *ODNB*.

**The Author:** The poem is signed "Guil. Taylor A.B. Joannensis"; however, none of the dates for men named "William Taylor" in John Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigienses* fit the composition date. Little is known about him: he might be the physician whom one of Bartholomew Warner's daughters married,<sup>123</sup> or he might be related to Dr. John Taylor (*d.* 1554), who became Master of St. John's College on 4 July 1538 (and later bishop of Lincoln).<sup>124</sup>

**First Line:** Reader tho<sup>u</sup> art not well when Clayton dyes

**Manuscript Copies:** Rosenbach Museum & Library. MS 232/14, p. 40

**Copy Text:** Rosenbach Museum & Library. MS 232/14, p. 40

**Title:** In obitum D<sup>ris</sup> Clayton

Reader tho<sup>u</sup> art not well when Clayton dyes  
Wee write not his but our own Elegyes  
Hee is no single fate nor doe we morne  
Ore common dust or for a single one  
'Tis as with things when they survive or fall  
The cure or y<sup>e</sup> disease is Epidemicall  
Theres none can say that he is truly well  
ffor kno<sup>w</sup><sup>125</sup> that the World sickned when he fell  
Let him that thirsts for universal blood  
Kill but a Clayton, & his wish is good 10  
Caligula's whose thirst was such to kill  
Mankind at once might here have had his will<sup>126</sup>

Guil. Taylor A.B. Joannensis

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<sup>123</sup> Andrew Hegarty, ed. *A Biographical Register of St. John's College, Oxford, 1555-1660*, (2011), p. 472.

<sup>124</sup> Peter Linehan, ed. *St. John's College, Cambridge: A History*, (2011), pp. 36-7.

<sup>125</sup> This does seem to be the transcription, though the "w" is raised for no apparent reason or custom.

<sup>126</sup> [?] The text is partly buried in the binding.

6 November 1612  
Henry, Prince of Wales

**The Subject:** Heir to the throne, Prince Henry died at the age of eighteen after a brief illness. See *Oxford DNB*.

**The Poet:** Sir Arthur Mainwaring (ca. 1580-1640) was the son of Sir George Mainwaring of Ightfield, Shropshire and Anne More of Loseley, Surrey. After studies (including an M.A.) at Brasenose College, Oxford, served as steward to Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor, beginning in 1602. He also held a number of court positions, most significantly carver in the household of Prince Henry. He was knighted at the accession of King James in 1603. The addressee is likely Sir Edmund Verney (of the Verneys of Hertsfordshire, who served as sewer (1610-12) in Prince Henry's court. (Fuller accounts of both men can be found in *The History of Parliament: the House of Commons 1604-1629*, ed. Andrew Thrush and John P. Ferris, (2010).

**First Line:** "To thee as knowinge best my hart"<sup>127</sup>

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Stowe 962, fols. 151v-55

**Copy Text:** BL Stowe 962, fols. 151v-55

**Title:** "Verses made uppon the death of Henry Prince of Wales &c per Ar: Manneringe kt: & sent to his deare freinde E: V: kt:"

[In left margin: "Prologue"]

To thee as knowinge best my hart  
Of him, in whome we mett, now part,  
I send this *our* loves disaster,  
In a picture of *our* master  
Exprest, drawen in black & white, why?  
As coullers of eternitie.  
His greate worth deserves to live still  
Though by a worthier pensill,  
ffor mine, impute it to bold zeale  
Earnest & happie to reveale  
It selfe, but to a second selfe  
It durst noe more, what greater wealth?  
Then to be able to commende  
(In spight of censure) to a freinde  
A worke of imperfectione,  
As his, I'le weare it in my hart  
Soe doe thou, till he meete, we part./

[In left margin: "Elligie"]

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<sup>127</sup> This is the first line of the prologue: the poem proper begins "He that was made deny his Saviour".

He that was made deny his Saviour  
 Then stabd to death, to make the Act savour  
 Of endlesse revenge;<sup>128</sup> mett w<sup>th</sup> noe more hate  
 Then we have receiv'd from damned fate.  
 [152r] To cause this spectacle, a woundrous curse  
 To make this object *ours*, was tenn times worse  
 ffate, was thy mallice such, to make him die  
 And lett us still survive thy tyranny?  
 In him thou sufferst too, for by dispayre  
 Wee are growne sencelesse of thy name & feare  
 A prince his line is cutt, a prince of fame  
 To us the greife, to hee belongs the shame.  
 To know him liveinge, & now see him deade  
 Would turne mans hart to gall, his seed to redd  
 And fatall bloode; O may it not soe prove  
 In th'unbegotten fruits of *our* sadd love  
 I meane the aage [sic] to come *our* posteritie  
 Gott in fathers teares, to live in bloody [sic]  
 Times by his losse, w<sup>th</sup> teares each fathers hart  
 That they out live the joyes, not theires their smart.  
 While breath possest his nostrills, noe daungers  
 Were of Civill broyles, & lesse of strayngers:  
 His sword a sword of peace just as daringe  
 Left all the world amaz'd, left it stareinge  
 At what he would for could he what he list,  
 Where spiritt, judgment meete, there's noe resist<sup>129</sup>  
 Of these he was thus equally compeld  
 His brayne they chose their seate, & there repeld  
 As in a fortresse of protectione  
 ffor soe was he to Honours Actione  
 [152v] O god o god how just wert thou w<sup>th</sup> man  
 To make this man soe just, from whom there cann  
 As many vertues springe, as fed his Court  
 His Court the world, for theither [sic]<sup>130</sup> did resort  
 Home=bread & forraygne pipes as to a springe  
 ffittest to feed a Court, each Countries kinge  
 ffrom his English dayes my place did *favour*  
 Me soe much, I might remarke his *favour*<sup>131</sup>  
 His complectione his lovely featuer [sic]  
 Nature made her master=peece that Creatuer  
 Had I writt as oft as his paynter<sup>132</sup> drew him

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<sup>128</sup> St. Peter.

<sup>129</sup> Sic, though grammar weak.

<sup>130</sup> In the same manuscript, the elegy on Sir John Pulteney renders "hitherto" this way: "heitherto" (fol. 35v).

<sup>131</sup> It does seem to be "favour" in both instances.

The world should confesse by me it knew him  
 The fault, if to the life I have not witt  
 Is his, y<sup>e</sup> sweetest face is worst to hitt  
 Then first observe, his brayne a capp of state  
 ffit for a prince his wearinge, or his mate  
 As rich in substance as fayre in couller  
 Inlayed w<sup>th</sup> Crownes, of browne beautie fuller  
 ffower Crownes it cutt[?] those he was t'inheritt  
 As many left for his active spirit  
 W<sup>ch</sup> now Cutt off, proude is that Ladies eare  
 That getts at second hand a sprigg to weare  
 It grew uppon a godly Caske of prooffe  
 Quilted w<sup>th</sup>in w<sup>th</sup> aged thoughts, not youth  
 How ffate, though not in trueth yet just appeares  
 W<sup>ch</sup> measured him by ripenesse not by yeares  
 T'was muskett prooffe at least, it held out shotte  
 Made at him still by English ffrench & Scotte  
 Of whom the best, (w<sup>th</sup>out Comparisone)  
 And reddiest shotts serv'd in his garrison  
 To give it greater strenght [sic] t'was lin'd w<sup>th</sup>in  
 W<sup>th</sup> yealdinge spungie stuffe wrapt in a skinne  
 Like theextracted quintessence of gellie  
 ffull of stronge judgment, witt & memorie  
 His browe was fayre & high, sterne to his foes  
 Sadd when twas time, as gracious to those  
 Of meritt: wept his gray'sh [sic] eye made *dimme*  
 To see as farr as vertue, not as sinne  
 Noe one *part* the whole did more resemble  
 If others would, that could not dissemble  
 His Roman nose, that *promised* victorie  
 Of some other vertues noe lesse guiltie  
 Well suted w<sup>th</sup> his longe & meagre face  
 Soe made by cares in *part* in *part* by race  
 Next grew his rosie lipps, soft & loyall  
 Beholdinge more to his fathers Royall  
 Hands then nature, they gave them leave to kisse  
 Nature had made noe Creatuer worthy his  
 His teeth (though his) I may not much *Commend*  
 They were uncast, they *prophyside* his end<sup>133</sup>  
 Blame them not, hungrie Courtiers will not give  
 Themselves to death, to make their master live.  
 [153v]  
 His all trueth tellinge tongues deliverie

---

<sup>132</sup> These two words inserted in left margin.

<sup>133</sup> No sense of "uncast" in *OED* clearly fits here; might it mean that his "baby teeth" never came out? Clearly, the line suggests that he had bad teeth.

Was slow to temper, his capacitie  
 As quicke as fire, that like himselfe his word  
 His hand [?] might make good & that his sword  
 These parts were vernisht[?] <sup>134</sup> w<sup>th</sup> a constant browne  
 His cheeke, his chinn now growinge soft w<sup>th</sup> downe  
 W<sup>ch</sup> well composd had for stronge upholders  
 Advanc'd on a necke as stiffe his shoulders  
 Broade & square propps for a kingdoms honour  
 To w<sup>ch</sup> he trayned them w<sup>th</sup> roabes[?] & armour  
 Here let mee not forgett his sacred breast  
 Double chested, it was a double Chest  
 Soe made for pure neede & not for pleasuer  
 Where lay reserv'd his Iles hopeful treasuer  
 Oh might I say Conserv'd, soe 'twere the last  
 My tongue should speake. alas noe more tis past  
 It was a hart that did assimilate  
 All active harts that did but contemplate  
 His worth. of thee deare hart this & noe more  
 Witts may out spend themselves but n'ere thy store  
 And cursd be those base harts he liveinge fedd  
 That doe not honour his now layd in leade  
 This hart was guarded by his martiall armes  
 That swelld w<sup>th</sup> strenght & pride when once alarmes  
 Were given though in jest; twas pittie *our* aage [sic]  
 was not in earnest, to have grac'd the stage  
 Of after times w<sup>th</sup> his renowned deeds  
 Those armes had done. now blasted in their seeds  
 [154r] Those allablaster [sic] hands, w<sup>th</sup> marble  
 Veines grac'd, white as lillies soft as sabe [?] <sup>135</sup>  
 Longe but fayre. sweeter then *your* Ladies lipps  
 ffor when they mett they gave the sweeter kisse  
 This perfect frame of nature carved was  
 Uppon more strength & pithe two thyes of brasse  
 Then she hath left us for Energie  
 But stay, hee's gone expect the *progenie*  
 What sayd I gone? or goinge, heavens 'tis true  
 And yet here comes his leggs & semes in veiwe <sup>136</sup>  
 Marchinge his wonted pace, & full & rounde  
 As when his round pace measured the grounde  
 Then last here joyn'd his feete, of such a last  
 As ofte we see insuger'd marcepane cast  
 A little short but slender rounde at toe,

---

<sup>134</sup> vernisht?

<sup>135</sup> The word here does not seem to offer a two-syllable rhyme with "marble". Possibly, a scribal slip for "sable", which would be consistent with some of the other less than pure rhymes in the poem.

<sup>136</sup> This and the lines following may be a description of his funeral effigy.

Where e're you saw stamp'd in sand or snow  
 Needs you must have trac'd them to a pallace  
 Or some other place of greater sollace  
 If any other *part* be undescri'd  
 Say twas too chast to tounge, & soe it died  
 Soe it died, least his *propogatione*  
 Twixt the two worlds might make relatione  
 Let this boddie, natures wounder, first sicke  
 Became a Corps layd in a vault of bricke  
 More happie then the world, that soule enjoys  
 The object of the worlds, of all *our* joyes  
 As soone as it *conceiv'd* this Embrio  
 It was possest w<sup>th</sup> quames & groanes, nay soe  
 [154v] As if it long'd for a deliverie  
 W<sup>ch</sup> was *prevented* by a timpanie  
 And we like midwives standinge all amazd  
 to see his earthly wombe soe swelld & raysd  
 And nothinge stirr; w<sup>th</sup> groanes we quitt the sight  
 The mother dead the child could ne're see light  
 A foole may well be term'd a naturall  
 Nature herselfe appeares most foole of all  
 She she [sic] studied out an aage [sic] (here she shewes it)  
 In makinge this moddle, made, destroyes it  
*Your* Cunning'st workmen, first doe cast in Clay  
 By w<sup>ch</sup> they shape theire richer stattua  
 But she hers first in *precious* flesh & bloode  
 And then in clay; the first she thought too good  
 She shewd more speene<sup>137</sup> then skill, for what she ment  
 Nor lead, nor spice, nor balmes, could her *prevent*  
 His nature suer was English (the greater  
 Greefe hee's gonn) for she to make it better  
 Mard it quite, and from a thinge of moment  
 Turn'd it into a marble monument.  
 Tis we sustayne this losse, not Court, or state  
 The prince ne're dies, although *ours* died of late  
 Then is't *our parts* to celebrate his name  
 And lett *our* mouthes attend on winged fame  
 As trumpetts made to sound his life & death  
 And to his *honor* dedicate our breath.  
 O let these eyes of *ours* ne're made for sleepe  
 Enclose themselves, to heaven return'd and weepe  
 [155r] As if his death were fresh, whose memorie  
 Lives as new borne, growes w<sup>th</sup> *our* miserie  
 Wee servd him as his fathers eldest sonn  
 But shind by him as heavens brightest sonn

---

<sup>137</sup> Sic; for "spleene"?

Strangely Eclipsd from us, not by the moone  
But by the earthes inpositione  
By his Eclipse we lost *our* warmthe & light  
And made as cold & blacke as winters night  
A couller sutinge best w<sup>th</sup> *our* sadd minds  
Our pittied fortunes *our* deplored times.  
Blacke be *our* weeds, those donn, let non be seene  
W<sup>th</sup>out a hart [?] three featherd<sup>138</sup> & ICH=DIEN  
Let others what they list, my soule have *part*  
As here on earth, soe now where ere thou art  
Reserve my place where now thou sittst in state  
Then am I sure in heaven at last to wayght [sic]  
    Till then farewell, & rest as full of glorie  
    As here th'ast left a world and kingdome sorrie./

---

<sup>138</sup> In reference to his emblem.

26 January 1614 [possibly 1614/15]  
Salusbury, Hester

**The Subject:** Hester Myddelton who married Henry Salusbury, 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet (1589-1632) of Lleweni, Denbighshire. She was the daughter of Sir Tho. Myddelton, who while born in Denbighshire, became a prominent London merchant, alderman, and mayor.

**The Author:** Conflicting evidence leaves authorship in doubt. The poem itself, with its reference to the “hartes & handes of us 2 loves [being] bownde” strongly suggests that the author was her husband, Henry. However, the title’s (likely) reference to “sister” and the partially scratched out attribution to “Jn. Salusbury” (brother of Henry) at the end of the poem, leave the authorship somewhat in doubt. That the title refers to her burial place suggests that it was added a considerable time after the death and is thus more likely an error.

**Manuscript copy:** NLW 5390D, p. 506

**Copy text:** NLW 5390D, p. 506

**Title:** “An Ellegye upon the Death of my [sister? - damaged] Hester Salusburye whoe died in London 26<sup>th</sup> of January & lyeth buried at Stansted Mountfitched<sup>139</sup> in Essex 1614”

[note: lines are numbered in ms, but such have been omitted here]

If sighes or teares coulde mittigate my smarte  
And ease the languor of my bleeding harte  
or time repayre my los & yealde releeffe  
hoape then shioulde stande betweene me & my greeffe8  
But my greate los doeth like a streame *persever*  
Though it bee paste yet doeth it last for ever  
streame followes streame & makes [?] it still the same  
soe doeth my greefe till time both [?] lislys [?] name  
whitch makes mee wish my Joyes had neare bin Tasted  
in beeing pure [?] they longer might have lasted

---

<sup>139</sup> Stansted Mountfitchet in Essex, near the border with Hertfordshire. According to *Oxford DNB*, Sir Thomas Myddelton “In 1615 .. bought an estate at Stansted Mountfitchet in Essex. After his death, on 12 August 1631 (at which time he was said to be eighty-one), it was at the church there, in the south side of the chancel, that he was buried on 8 September.” Hester Salusbury is buried in the chancel as well: “On the north side [of] the chancel is an altar monument with the effigy of a woman thereon as large as life, and dressed in the attire of the days she lived in; at the west end of the monument is this inscription;

Here lyeth the body of Hester Salusburye, late wyfe to Henrye Salisbury, of Llewenny, in the countye of Denbye, esq. eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, knt. alderman of the city of London, and lord of this manor. She died 26 Jan. 1604.

At the foot of the monument is her arms in basso relievo, and on each side is a cupid weeping, of exquisite workmanship.” (*A new and complete history of Essex* (1769-72), vol. 3, p. 32). The year of death (1604) offered here must be an error, either in the original epitaph or in the transcription. As the poem refers to her as 23 years old at death, such a date would have her born while Sir Thomas was still apprenticing in London.

for shure tis true most wretched is his state  
 That lives to saye I once was fortunate  
 but what doe I exclayme agaynst my los  
 my frowarde fortune & my cruell cros  
 y<sup>t</sup> hath soe soone beereft mee of my leasure [?]  
 my hartes sole sollas all my mundane pleasure  
 since my greate los is turnde unto her payne  
 of Hevenly Joyes whitch ever shiall remaygne  
 beonde<sup>140</sup> the cowrse of time and cylling [?] death  
 a duringe life whitch never[?] vanisheth  
 T<sup>n</sup> [ten?] times the sun hadd gon his glorious rownde  
 synce hartes & handes of us 2 loves weare bownde  
 in Hivens Cuorts [?] when natures cheefest foe  
 Came for to call thee from this earth belowe  
 to a d[?]eare Happy dwelling, wheare sayall [?] sings [?]  
 continuall Anthems to *our* Hevenly kinge  
 When skarse thy soule had bin the bodyes gest  
 23 yeares then it went to rest  
 & lest her mantion thogh the worlde I saye  
 doeth yealde fewe [?] better in a howse of Claye  
 but thogh the bodye now bee turnde to earth  
 yet doeth the sowle lyve in *perpetuall* mearth  
 & shiall at {? – blotted} last reunited bee  
 & boath together lyve *immortally*  
 whitch Christian hoape doeth overcom my greeffe  
 & in the myddest of sorrow yealdes releeffe  
 [p. 505]  
 [..... ..] a [.....] prede purer[?] feare[?] his race  
 layes by his clothes lest they shiould dull his pace  
 but when w<sup>th</sup> Joye the prize optayne  
 hee doeth returne & putt *them* on agayne  
 soe hath shee left of in *our* sadd sighte  
 y<sup>t</sup> Roabe of flesh y<sup>t</sup> soghte to curbe her flighte  
 but now her earthly race soe well is run  
 whearbye a crowne of glorye she hath won  
 shee will returne & weare thoase roabes w<sup>th</sup> honor  
 & reassume them in moare glorious manner.

Jh: ~~Salisbury~~ 1614

3 December 1614

Sheffield, John, Edward, and Philip

**The Subjects:** Sir John Sheffield, Sir Edward Sheffield, and Mr. Phillip Sheffield were all sons of Edmund Sheffield (1564-1646), later 1<sup>st</sup> earl of Mulgrave, and his first wife, Ursula Tyrwhitt (daughter of Sir Robert Tyrwhitt). Edmund Sheffield served as lord president and vice-admiral of

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<sup>140</sup> As in “beyond”?

Yorkshire. John had married Grizel Anderson (daughter of Sir Edmund Anderson, Chief Justice of the common pleas) before 1611, with whom he produced an heir: Edmund Sheffield, later 2<sup>nd</sup> earl of Mulgrave. He served as MP for Lincolnshire in the 1601 and 1604 Parliaments, and was knighted in March 1605. Information about the two younger brothers is sparse: the first is likely the Edward Sheffield of York knighted in July 1603; he was made a Knight of the Bath in June 1610. A Philip Sheffield entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge in 1611.

The drowning took place while crossing the River Ouse at Whitgift Ferry; by some accounts the problem was due to the drunkenness of the ferrymen, by another an unruly horse. The *ODNB* reports that “Catholics denounced him [Edmund] for his harshness and claimed that the untimely deaths of all six of his sons with Ursula was a divine judgment.”

The death of these three sons was also marked by printed poems: Michael Drayton’s, which first appeared in Henry Fitzgeffrey’s *Certain Elegies* (1618), sig. A7v., and John Hagthorpe, *Divine meditations, and elegies* (1622), p. 94.

Fuller information on Sir John can be found in *The History of Parliament: the House of Commons 1604-1629*, ed. Andrew Thrush and John P. Ferris, (2010).

**The Author:** The poem bears the attribution “Mr Johnson de Yorke”; however, no further information is evident, and the name is too common to establish more specific identity.

**Manuscript copies:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 39

**Copy text:** Chetham MS A.4.16, p. 39

**Title:** “An elegy upon the untimely deathes of the three nobles S<sup>r</sup> John Sheffield, S<sup>r</sup> Edward and M<sup>r</sup> Phillillpe [?], 1614.”

Ah where was I: I thought I earst had dyed  
I was so frozen up and stupified  
with Artick darkeness and condorion[?]<sup>141</sup> cold  
which these late monthes lifes facultyes did hold  
Imprisoned in the Center of my hart  
Sure I was slayne for why I felt no smart  
All the chill newes of slumbers fatall deed  
my tounge to speake my heart forgott to bleed  
ffor water cannot expiate what water did  
when Vertues children lye unburied  
Shall I be then lesse sensible lesse kinde  
These Mechats<sup>142</sup> Idieots themselves who blinde  
And rather doe for custome sacrifice  
To painted Idolls then for love, their eyes  
No, I will weepe and weepe, and weepe againe

---

<sup>141</sup> The syntax suggests that this is a place reference; “Condor” comes up a number of times in an EEBO search, but these are references to “Pulo Condor”, which seems to have been close to the equator. Perhaps the poet knew the geographical term but was confused about its location.

<sup>142</sup> *OED* has “mechation” meaning “adultery” in a single use from 1656; certainly, this instance would seem to be based on Latin “moecha/moechus”, adulterer, fornicator as well.

Till in my conduits humors none remayne  
To give these fountaines liquid supplement  
And when those pipes and hollow caves are spent  
My eyne in them condensate then shall bee  
And Transmigrate to moysture presently  
ffrom whence I may derive a fresh supply  
Even living still to weepe and weeping dye  
ffor them whose worthes and fatall deed excell  
The power of tyme in both to parralell

By M<sup>r</sup> Johnson  
de Yorke

A morening  
morning minutes  
meditation./

16 January 1615/6

Fenton, Roger

**The Author:** See *Oxford DNB* for a full biography. Tom Lockwood presents Lewis' occasional poetry as part of his drive for preferment in church and court. He suggests that it was through the Gray's Inn connection that Lewis came to right this elegy, and that it played a role in Francis Bacon's promotion of Lewis, which led to his election as dean and provost at Oriel College, Oxford.<sup>143</sup> Bacon served as treasurer of Gray's Inn at this time.

**The Subject:** Roger Fenton (1565-1616), born in Lancashire, educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, was largely active in London during his church career. He published widely and was associated with Gray's Inn from at least 1598. See *Oxford DNB* for a full biography.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Corpus Christi 327, fol. 13v; Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, , p. 79; Bodl. Rawl. poet, 117, fol. 198v; Bodl. Rawl. poet. 209, fol. 6v, BL Add. Add. 30982, fol. 34; BL Stowe 962, fol. 426; Yale Osborn b.200, p. 221; Yale Osborn b.356, p. 36;

**Copy text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 209, fol. 6v

Limited collation with Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 (which lacks some major sections, or collapses text, and yet has some preferable readings); BL Add. 30982 (Leare MS), which has many of the couplets lacking in Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 but is still missing a few; and Yale Osborn b.200, which overall agrees most with Add. 30982. It has many couplets not in Add. 30982 and Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, but is still missing two that are in Rawl. poet. 209.

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<sup>143</sup> Tom Lockwood, "Poetry, Patronage and Cultural Agency: the career of William Lewis", in *Chaplains in Early Modern England: Patronage, Literature and Religion*, ed. Hugh Adlington, Tom Lockwood and Gillian Wright. (Manchester: Manchester UP, 2013), pp. 107-8. He offers a reading of this poem, pp. 105-108.

**Title:** “An Elegie on y<sup>e</sup> most worthy and learned D<sup>r</sup> Fenton late Lecturer of Grayes Inne”

But am I sure hee's dead? whom yet I see  
So living<sup>144</sup> stil in every<sup>145</sup> memory  
So unforgotten y<sup>t</sup> I must beleeve  
Hee's more unburied yet then wee<sup>146</sup> y<sup>t</sup> live  
of all y<sup>t</sup> brag'd they knew him I Could say<sup>147</sup>  
None but Confest they weere more dead then hee  
so much afraid they weere they should belie<sup>148</sup>  
eternal<sup>149</sup> Fenton with mortalitie  
nor Could then (I confes)<sup>150</sup> an envious eye  
discover much about him y<sup>t</sup> should see [?]<sup>151</sup>  
That-little flesh he wore he did controle  
So, as<sup>152</sup> he Changd his body to a soule  
so did y<sup>t</sup><sup>153</sup> soule w<sup>th</sup> learning overflow  
that it had taught his body how<sup>154</sup> to know  
Who had more learning in his face & lookes  
then many in their minds and<sup>155</sup> bookes  
such at his mortal part<sup>156</sup> he seemd to have  
That<sup>157</sup> there was nothing lefte could be[?]<sup>158</sup> grave  
No disease<sup>159</sup> durst<sup>160</sup> trouble & shal I  
so<sup>161</sup> bury him alive In poetrie  
W<sup>th</sup> a false elegie? shal it be said<sup>162</sup>  
that I first told y<sup>e</sup> world Fenton is<sup>163</sup> dead?<sup>164</sup>  
And thus<sup>165</sup> goe murther w<sup>th</sup> a guilty verse?  
one whom y<sup>e</sup> world [?]<sup>166</sup> beleevd could Know<sup>167</sup> noe herse.

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<sup>144</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] Surviving

<sup>145</sup> BL Add. 30982] each mans

<sup>146</sup> BL Add. 30982] those

<sup>147</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] see

<sup>148</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] Soe much they feard, least they should bely

<sup>149</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] Immortall

<sup>150</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] I heere confesse

<sup>151</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] could dy] Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982 lack this couplet.

<sup>152</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] y<sup>t</sup>

<sup>153</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] his

<sup>154</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] for

<sup>155</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] or in their. This would correct the metrically short line in Rawl. poet. 209.

<sup>156</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] Sure all Immortall partes Yale Osborn b356] sure all

<sup>157</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] And

<sup>158</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97] to fill a] BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] would fill a

<sup>159</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] Nothing his Ease; Yale Osborn b.200] Noething, disease

<sup>160</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] could

<sup>161</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, Yale Osborn b.200] Goe

<sup>162</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] I be sad [Yale Osborn b356] I be said

<sup>163</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] this ffenton's dead

<sup>164</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97] W<sup>n</sup> I have said hee died,/Who ever heard him preach will say I lyed.

<sup>165</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] so

<sup>166</sup> BL Add. 30982] world

And when they heare y<sup>t</sup> I have said he died  
 if eare they<sup>168</sup> heard him preach would swear<sup>169</sup> I lied  
 In such a dreame as this I Could bewray  
 as much of unbeliefe & love<sup>170</sup> as they<sup>171</sup>  
 Who most adore him! & would thinke y<sup>t</sup> lie  
 Pious, y<sup>t</sup><sup>172</sup> told mee: this man Could not<sup>173</sup> die  
 But when I Come<sup>174</sup> unto y<sup>e</sup><sup>175</sup> sacred place  
 where hee was wont to showre downe so much grace<sup>176</sup>  
 on his throngd hearers: & dieingly<sup>177</sup> steale  
 away admyring hearts inflam'd w<sup>th</sup> zeale,  
 [7r] And find a zealous [?] Meteor, like to snowe<sup>178</sup>  
 downe on their heads: Beloved it is soe?<sup>179</sup>  
 or perhaps on them more inclind to raile<sup>180</sup>  
 some Sharper uses in a shower of haile<sup>181</sup>  
 Then doth y<sup>e</sup> lamentable truth<sup>182</sup> I finde  
 Conferme unwelcome truth in a weake<sup>183</sup> minde  
 when he did preach y<sup>e</sup> lengthned howre<sup>184</sup> would stay  
 his hasty minutes & beguile y<sup>e</sup> day  
 And yet y<sup>e</sup> greedy hearers Chid y<sup>e</sup> hast  
 of a false howre y<sup>t</sup> ran away so<sup>185</sup> fast  
 But now from torm<sup>t</sup><sup>186</sup> it is hard to saie  
 whether y<sup>e</sup> time<sup>187</sup> or they runne<sup>188</sup> first away  
 If patience chance to stay him<sup>189</sup> while he heares  
 He [?] [...] y<sup>e</sup> sermon notes<sup>190</sup>, w<sup>th</sup> angry teares.

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<sup>167</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] have

<sup>168</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] who ever

<sup>169</sup> BL Add. 30982] will say

<sup>170</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] love or unbelief

<sup>171</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97] lacks this couplet

<sup>172</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] w<sup>ch</sup>

<sup>173</sup> BL Add. 30982] cannot

<sup>174</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] came

<sup>175</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] into that

<sup>176</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 lacks this couplet

<sup>177</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] divinely

<sup>178</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.9, BL Add. 30982] And like a fruitfull meteor showre like snow] Yale Osborn b.200] And like a pleasant calme dewe, shewre like snow

<sup>179</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] :

<sup>180</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] Or *perhaps* more inclin'd on them to rayle

<sup>181</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 lacks this couplet.

<sup>182</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] stuff] Yale Osborn b.200] want

<sup>183</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] in my greiv'd] Yale Osborn b.200] in a greiv'd]

<sup>184</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] howers

<sup>185</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] too

<sup>186</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] (o torment) [Yale Osborn b356 did not know what to do with this and left a blank]

<sup>187</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] howres

<sup>188</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] ran

<sup>189</sup> BL Add. 30982] say me [?] Yale Osborn b.200] one

<sup>190</sup> BL Add. 30982] And notes y<sup>e</sup> sermon writes] Yale Osborn b.200] And thinkes to gather notes: w<sup>th</sup> angry teares,

And w<sup>th</sup> a willingly<sup>191</sup> forgetful penne  
 leaving his notes, write o wheres Fenton then?  
 At last he lookes & suddainly espies<sup>192</sup>  
 In stead of notes he hath writ elegies<sup>193</sup>  
 Nor can I blame his loud<sup>194</sup> Auditory  
 to loose themselves in their owne misery  
 for doe but talke w<sup>t</sup> truth<sup>195</sup> & you shal see  
 Tis<sup>196</sup> they y<sup>t</sup> need elegie<sup>197</sup>, not hee  
 They were y<sup>e</sup> mortal parts he<sup>198</sup> y<sup>e</sup> tree<sup>199</sup>  
 life giving soule of<sup>200</sup> y<sup>t</sup> society  
 they, y<sup>e</sup> wel governd body, he<sup>201</sup> y<sup>e</sup> best  
 And y<sup>e</sup> diviner parte inform'd y<sup>e</sup> rest<sup>202</sup>  
 Say (if thou heerst poore<sup>203</sup> Soule O but<sup>204</sup> was this sinne<sup>205</sup>  
 that made thee in thy hast<sup>206</sup> turne Cherubin  
 or what distemper of y<sup>e</sup> body was't  
 that by expelling thee itselke defac't?  
 Perhaps y<sup>e</sup><sup>207</sup> Ears, too open weere to heare  
 The Cause of strong injustice as they were  
 too deafe to poverty or y<sup>e</sup> old<sup>208</sup> tongue  
 was too too eloquent in guilding wronge.  
 [7v] And<sup>209</sup> too much awde<sup>210</sup> from truth by servile feare<sup>211</sup>  
 or were y<sup>e</sup><sup>212</sup> much receiving hands too deare  
 which unsaluted, even by truth among [?]  
 silencing quickly[?] did affect y<sup>e</sup> tongue?<sup>213</sup>  
 If thus the y<sup>e</sup><sup>214</sup> parting body speechles lie

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<sup>191</sup> BL Add. 30982] willing

<sup>192</sup> BL Add. 30982] he spies

<sup>193</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97] missing six line from "If patience... elegies".

<sup>194</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] loving. Rawl. poet. 209, may intend "lov'd"] Yale Osborn b.200] poore

<sup>195</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] them

<sup>196</sup> BL Add. 30982] Itts

<sup>197</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] an elegie] Yale Osborn b.200] want an elegy

<sup>198</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] and he

<sup>199</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] free

<sup>200</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97, BL Add. 30982] to

<sup>201</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] at

<sup>202</sup> BL Add. 30982 lacks this couplet] Yale Osborn b.200] He y<sup>e</sup> diviner soule to informe y<sup>e</sup> rest.

<sup>203</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] pure

<sup>204</sup> BL Add. 30982] what

<sup>205</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] W<sup>t</sup> was there seene

<sup>206</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] That in such hast made thee

<sup>207</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] thy

<sup>208</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] thy oyld

<sup>209</sup> BL Add. 30982] Or

<sup>210</sup> BL Add. 30982] wide [?]

<sup>211</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] Or too much coulde to trueth by servile feare

<sup>212</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] thy

<sup>213</sup> BL Add. 30982 and Yale Osborn b.200 lack this couplet.

<sup>214</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] thy

Tis<sup>215</sup> time for y<sup>e</sup> tormented<sup>216</sup> soule to flie.  
 Or weere y<sup>e</sup> youthful eyes too wantonly<sup>217</sup>  
 Enclinde to gaze on faire Impiety<sup>218</sup>.  
 And by a lustful feaver did inflame  
 Th'unruly<sup>219</sup> blood, which uniegly [?]<sup>220</sup> overcame.  
 Why then for want of lett<sup>221</sup> blood I see  
 hee dide of a Confused plurisie.  
 How I mistake him<sup>222</sup> as if a soule  
 were subject to y<sup>e</sup> Check of death,<sup>223</sup>  
 or weer too<sup>224</sup> Curious pallate given to feed<sup>225</sup>  
 It selfe too much, & leave y<sup>e</sup> soule as need<sup>226</sup>  
 And while it surfetted on five pound<sup>227</sup> bitts  
 Not Caring<sup>228</sup> what a welfed<sup>229</sup> soule befitts  
 More stomack angells in one morsel lost  
 then ten good honest sermons would have cost<sup>230</sup>  
 or lastly, did this<sup>231</sup> body strive to bee  
 More Careful to enrich it selfe then thee?<sup>232</sup>  
 Did they neglect thy worth? & bury thee  
 In a poore Competent<sup>233</sup> obscuritie?  
 Thinke thee preferd enough & not to seeke  
 If they did heare, & praise thee [...] weake[?]<sup>234</sup>  
 but found it y<sup>e</sup><sup>235</sup> unprofitable breath  
 w<sup>th</sup> out reward wil<sup>236</sup> praise a man to death  
 O you y<sup>t</sup> are so ful<sup>237</sup> unto y<sup>e</sup> brimm  
 y<sup>t</sup> should have starv'd your selfe<sup>238</sup> to have raisd<sup>239</sup> him

<sup>215</sup> BL Add. 30982] This

<sup>216</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] impris'ned

<sup>217</sup> BL Add. 30982] Or were thy wanton eies to youthfully

<sup>218</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] iniquity

<sup>219</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] wanton

<sup>220</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] quickly

<sup>221</sup> BL Add. 30982] letting [which is metrically correct]

<sup>222</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] him still: [which is metrically correct]

<sup>223</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] deaths controule.

<sup>224</sup> BL Add. 30982] was y<sup>e</sup> ] Yale Osborn b.200] was thy

<sup>225</sup> BL Add. 30982] fled [?]

<sup>226</sup> BL Add. 30982] It selfe too m<sup>ch</sup> & so fall into redd] Yale Osborn b.200] soule in neede

<sup>227</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] fine proude

<sup>228</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] It cared not

<sup>229</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] wel=far'd

<sup>230</sup> BL Add. 30982 and Yale Osborn b.200 lack this couplet

<sup>231</sup> BL Add. 30982] y<sup>e</sup>

<sup>232</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 lacks 32 lines ending here (beg. "they the well governed body") There is some indictment of the Inn in this passage.

<sup>233</sup> *OED*: appropriate, suitable. Yale Osborn b.200] complement

<sup>234</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97] fore more, but heare & praise thee sure a weeke; BL Add. 30982] for more but heare & praise thee twice a weeke] Yale Osborn b.200] Noe more, but heare, & prayse thee twice a weeke?

<sup>235</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] fame is such] Yale Osborn b.200] But fonde is y<sup>t</sup>

<sup>236</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] to

<sup>237</sup> BL Add. 30982] full up

If you thinke<sup>240</sup> a short allowance could  
Reward y<sup>e241</sup> service y<sup>t 242</sup> Cannot be sould  
Know this y<sup>t</sup> every spirit y<sup>t</sup> he spent  
was worth a thousand<sup>243</sup> yeare<sup>244</sup> of such a Vent [?]<sup>245</sup>  
but since he spent his life in your defence  
tis more then al your minds<sup>246</sup> Can recompence  
Build him a thankful tombe then<sup>247</sup> & therein  
write<sup>248</sup> this Epitaph<sup>249</sup> here lies Graies Inne

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<sup>238</sup> BL Add. 30982] selves ] Yale Osborn b.200] soules

<sup>239</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] fed

<sup>240</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] If y<sup>u</sup> do thinke

<sup>241</sup> BL Add. 30982, Yale Osborn b.200] that

<sup>242</sup> BL Add. 30982] which

<sup>243</sup> BL Add. 30982] 100

<sup>244</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982 and Yale Osborn b.200] yeares

<sup>245</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982 and Yale Osborn b.200] rent. Rawl. poet. 209 certainly does seem to read "Vent"; the noun sense of a thing for sale is slightly plausible, but it would seem more likely a misreading of "Rent".

<sup>246</sup> Yale Osborn b.200] mines

<sup>247</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] A thankfull Tomb then build him, & therin] Yale Osborn b.200] A gratefull Tombe then build him, whereupon

<sup>248</sup> Bodl. eng. poet. e.97 and BL Add. 30982] Engrave ] Yale Osborn b.200] Write this: Grayes Inns interd beneath this Stone.

<sup>249</sup> Yale Osborn b.356] this his epitaph

6 March 1616  
Beaumont, Francis

**The Subject:** Francis Beaumont, most often writing with John Fletcher, was a successful dramatist of the first part of the seventeenth century, famous for such plays as *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (alone), *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy* (with Fletcher). (See *Oxford DNB* for full details.) He is the first English figure who was chiefly a dramatist for whom we have surviving elegies; beside the present examples are ones by Richard Corbett and Thomas Pestell. Along with Donne, he was himself the best-known of elegists writing in the first fifteen years of the century, writing frank and at times scandalous elegies on the Lady Bridget Markham, the Countess of Rutland, and Lady Penelope Clifton. His death came three years after he suffered a serious stroke in 1613. While some have argued that Beaumont's marriage to Ursula (the daughter of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent) in 1613 "freed him from the need to make a living," and thus put an end to his literary pursuits, Pestell's elegy suggests otherwise: according to the poem, Beaumont suffered from a terribly debilitating stroke *during the same year* of his marriage.<sup>250</sup> We know that the stroke occurred precisely in 1613 because, in his elegy, Thomas Pestell's elegy states that Beaumont's last poem (on Lady Penelope Clifton, *d.* 1613) was written after his stroke.<sup>251</sup> Pestell's poem indicates that "Beaumont's melancholy [lasting 'about three years'] was the result of the apoplexe."<sup>252</sup> During his final three years, the dramatist frequently wished for death.<sup>253</sup>

**The Author:** This is likely the George Lucy, son of Sir Thomas Lucy (of Charlecote, Warwickshire), who matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1607 and entered Gray's Inn two years later. He wrote a commendatory poem to Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* (1610). If the identification of him as the son of Sir Thomas Lucy (d. 1605) is correct, he was the brother of the younger Sir Thomas Lucy (1583-1640), who was a well-known associate of Donne, Jonson, Edward Herbert, and Henry Goodere.

**First Line:** I doe not wonder Beaumont thou art dead

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 25707, fol. 43v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 25707, fol. 43v

**Title:** [none]

I doe not wonder Beaumont thou art dead  
A moneth, and noe Elegyes are read

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<sup>250</sup> *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.

<sup>251</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>252</sup> Philip J., Finkelpearl, ed. *Court and Country Politics in the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, (1990), p. 258.

<sup>253</sup> In his poem on Beaumont, titled "An Elegie I made on Mr. Francis Beaumont, dying 1615-16 at Westminster," Pestell writes of "[h]is [Beaumont's] frequent wishes for thy [Death's] company" (l. 56) during the last three years of his life (see Finkelpearl, p. 256).

To tell *men* who you were, and how you dyde,  
 Noe more then shold I, if the sea were dryde,  
 And men shold Ask mee why the tyde stood still,  
 And why the brookes did not theyr channells fill.  
 Thou wert the sea of witt, all from thee  
 Deriv'd theyr riveretts of poetry.  
 Indeede whilst thou wert living some did write,  
 some things worth reading; for thy sprite 10  
 whilst it was w<sup>th</sup> us, did inspire some skill,  
 By starlike influenc into every quill.  
 But as the sonne, who w<sup>th</sup> his glorious face,  
 Lightens each lucid body in each place,  
 when th'interposed earth absents his ray  
 Leaves noe glimring of the former day,  
 soe thou beeing dead, w<sup>ch</sup> didst fill upp each mynd  
 w<sup>th</sup> understanding, hast now left beehind  
 An everlasting night of ignoranc;  
 Else 'twere unpossible that any chanc 20  
 Cold make *men* dumb soe long, sinc it is knowne  
 Beaumont is dead, a Theame where *every* one  
 That in his prayse wold bee a poet, cann,  
 At best but prove a true historian.  
 Heere *every*ons imagination  
 may make it selfe a *mann* to write uppon,  
 And having given him *every* gyft of mynd  
 that hee cold wish in *mann*, but cannot find,  
 If, hee doe well expresse his fantasie,  
 Then hee hath writ Franc: Beaumonts Elegy. 30  
 Hee that dare undertake to teach all *men*  
 All that they ought to dooe, may w<sup>th</sup> his *penn*  
 Anatomize him, 'Tis a worke to greate  
 For mee to undertake, but to repeate  
 How many losses his losse was in one  
 Who was alone all *manns* perfection;  
 And I am overwhelmed and needes must end,  
 Bycause I cannot well ynuff commend./

G: Lucy

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**First Line:** “Soe well thou didst deserve, that to bring forth”

**The Author:** The author has not been identified. At line 20 he acknowledges that he did not know Beaumont well.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Egerton 2725, fol. 57r

**Copy Text:** BL Egerton 2725, fol. 57r

**Title:** An Elegy upon Francis Beaumont

Soe well thou didst deserve, that to bring forth  
One verse soe good, as, not to wrong thy worth  
In seeking to advance it would require  
A soule like thine, full of that happy fire  
Which flam'd in Orpheus, and like his didst tye  
All eyes and eares to thy sweet Poetry;  
'Tis therefore to be wisht before thy death,  
(Swan=like) thou hadst sung thine one Epitaph;  
That but once heard, upon her wings glad Fame  
Had tooke it up, and with it borne thy name 10  
To be read and admir'd in lands unknowne;  
As't is nothing of thine but what's his owne  
Shall Death make seisure of; the rest shall live  
While to desert, the Muse hath power to give;  
Those everlasting monuments which yet stand,  
When ruin'd by times all oreturning hand;  
The Tombe of Mausolus<sup>254</sup> doth not appeare,  
Nor any signe of Pompey's theater.<sup>255</sup>  
What thou wert then, o give me leave to say;  
though not best knowne to mee, and yet I may 20  
Truely professe, soe much I knew of thee;  
I cannot be accus'd of flatterie;  
Though I should strive to offer at thy hearse,  
The best that ever in a thankfull verse  
I could set downe of man; and reason why,  
When I would praise, my praise will appeare envy;  
It being confess'd that in thee there was all  
Deserv'd applause, and in mee meanes too small  
To give it lustre; yet I will goe on,

---

<sup>254</sup> The manuscript has “Mansolus”, which is clearly a scribal error; Mausolus was the ancient Persian King upon whose death his widow built the world-famous tomb in Halicarnassus, which came to be known as the “Mausoleum”.

<sup>255</sup> This theatre was built in 55 B.C.; it continued in use until the sixth century, after which it fell into ruin.

Since this confirms my resolution; 30  
 Though nere soe poore in Natures guifts or skill  
 Who writes of soe much good, can nere write ill./  
 [57v] The best of the Philosophors design'd  
 A good shape, wealth, and beauty of the mind  
 Unto the makeing up a compleat man;  
 All which to have beene once thine owne, who can  
 Or dares deny? since for thy meanes and state,  
 Thou hadst enough in spight of envious Fate  
 To keepe sad want farre of, and as borne free,  
 Thou didst not serve what was a slave to thee; 40  
 I meane thy worldly pelfe, and soe hadst more  
 Then they that want, yet surfeit in their store.<sup>256</sup>  
 When praise on Hector Homer would bestow  
 He said he seem'd a mooving mount of snow<sup>257</sup>  
 And in thy life's theare actions thou wert still  
 As thy name spake when English'd a faire hill  
 When thou wert pleas'd for some howers to lay by  
 The study of thy deepe Philosophy  
 And contemplation of things divine  
 With what attractive sweetnesse did that shine 50  
 Which without labour came from thee the age  
 Owing as much unto thee as the stage  
 ffrom which and despis'd Poetry thy Fame  
 With honour tooke of the disgrace and shame  
 Preciser<sup>258</sup> ignorants on them had throwne  
 ffor when they both were hated or not knowne  
 But to some few thy Muse brought that to light  
 Which forc't Detraction even in despight  
 Of her vowed malice almost to adore  
 The place and heavenly gift she scorn'd before 60  
 Thy graver matter cloth'd in sweeter Phrase  
 Held all that heard it in such loud amaze  
 That Cato who stepmother hate did beare  
 To those delights had gladly lent his eare  
 To thy soule ravishing Numbers I set downe  
 But what I know for rumor'd in the Towne  
 Thy Muse unto the peoples generall mirth  
 Had beene deliver'd of some prosperous birth  
 'Twas with such expectation receiv'd  
 As that Arachne a new web had weav'd 70

<sup>256</sup> Beaumont's marriage to Ursula Isley in 1613 brought him a substantial income.

<sup>257</sup> In the *Iliad* 13:946-8, Homer writes, "This said, the towering chief [Hector] prepares to go, / Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow, / And seems a moving mountain topped with snow." (Trans. Alexander Pope. London Cassell, 1909).

<sup>258</sup> [preciser] those of Puritan inclination.

To exceed Pallas<sup>259</sup> to see which there came  
 With greedy hast not the nice Citty Dame  
 [58r] Or Puny Innes of Court=man for their free  
 Allowance of thy worth was nought to thee  
 Thou being above it but thy Muse did get  
 As preyes glad to be taken in her net  
 The Gentry and Nobility of the land  
 Nay such whose counsells make the Kingdome stand  
 And without blushing to it did resort  
 The starres and gloryes of the English Court 80  
 I meane the best of Ladyes nay what's more  
 I have observ'd oft at the Play=house dore  
 The Lawyer and deepe though disguis'd divine  
 Steale in to offer at thy Muses shrine  
 As they confess'd Law and Divinity  
 Scorn'd not to learne from thy best Poesye  
 But I am lost soe long on that to dwell  
 Which in an other had beene more then well  
 But was the worst of thee; That thou didst know  
 (Loving vertue really and not for show) 90  
 How to be good and were't soe how to use  
 the Favours of great men without th'abuse  
 When to be forwardest when to forbear  
 To draw a sword, for what to shed a teare  
 And when to bee unvow'd<sup>260</sup> with all the rest  
 Of Graces that proclaime a man the best  
 I leave their prayse to others who have might  
 To doe such parts and masculine vertues right  
 What I could I have done and onely borrow  
 A truce<sup>261</sup> to wish since thou art gone of sorrow; 100  
 That thy blest Spirit find a bless'd abode  
 And to thy ashes be thy tombe noe loade./

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<sup>259</sup> Famously, Arachne engaged in a weaving contest with Pallas Athena; her depiction of the scandalous love-making of the gods provoked Athena's anger, who turned her into a spider.

<sup>260</sup> sic, although the sense would seem to call for "unmoved".

<sup>261</sup> This seems to be the word, although it does not fit exactly with any meaning in the *OED*; the closest would be "respite".

**First Line:** “Why should I spend a teare? thou art not dead.”

**The Author:** The poem is signed “T: G:”. It is a likely possibility that Thomas Goffe is the author. (See the *Oxford DNB* for a full biography.) The poem suggests that the poet had some personal contact with Beaumont: line eleven<sup>262</sup> and lines thirteen through fourteen<sup>263</sup> imply that the poet and Beaumont might have been friends. Goffe and Beaumont might have met, specifically, through their individual connections with Ben Jonson. We know that Jonson mentored Beaumont<sup>264</sup> and that Beaumont was “an intimate of Jonson and his circle at the Mermaid [tavern]”.<sup>265</sup> In honour of his “dear friend,” Beaumont prefixed some verses to Jonson’s *Volpone* (1607)<sup>266</sup>. In several seventeenth-century catalogues of eminent dramatists, Goffe was noted alongside Jonson<sup>267</sup>. Further, there exists a record (made by Bishop Plume) of Jonson remarking, “So Tom Goff brings in Etioeles & Polynices disc<sup>ing</sup> of K. Ric. 2<sup>d</sup>,”<sup>268</sup>. Since Beaumont and Goffe were both poets and playwrights, however, they might have simply met through their shared interests. It is likely that Goffe respected and admired Beaumont, the poet and playwright who was about six years his senior.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 25707, fol. 45v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 25707, fol. 45v

**Title:** [none]

[45v]

Why should I spend a teare? thou art not dead  
though thou art gon; for frendly in thy stead  
Th’ast lefte such lyvely shapes, & formes of thee  
As in them howerly I thy Image see:  
Lett those eyes weepe, that never sawe thy face,  
they have sad cause, they weere deni’d the grace,  
To see those severall powers that can give  
Abillities to make a wise senate; lyve  
united & workinge in thee alone  
Such maye lament; to them tha’rt ever gon:  
But I that knew the braveries of thy minde  
Nee’re meete w<sup>th</sup> good, or Honor but I finde  
Franc: Beaumont there, when in my thoughts I frame  
A brave true frend, mee thincks I heare thy name  
A name, whose influence like a Joyfull springe

10

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<sup>262</sup> “But I that knew the braveries of thy minde”.

<sup>263</sup> “Franc: Beaumont there, when in my thoughts I frame/A brave true frend, mee thincks I heare thy name”.

<sup>264</sup> *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography (DNB)*.

<sup>265</sup> From <http://www.theatrehistory.com/british/beaumont001.html>.

<sup>266</sup> *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

<sup>267</sup> *DNB*.

<sup>268</sup> Found on p. 163 of R. H. Bowers, “A Middle-English Diatribe Against Backbiting,” *Modern Language Notes*, vol. 69, no. 3 (March 1954), pp. 160-3.

Wheresoe're it came did quicken every thinge.  
The wise the merrie man, all did agree,  
The gravest too held, held thee best companie  
Peeces of thee lyve in each worthy man  
And one of thy all, soe enstile him can:  
When I beholde the Poetts of our tyme  
I finde thee lyvinge in a gentler ryme,  
And when by chance I reade the Elder men  
And finde sweete sharpnes, me thinks thou writtst then  
But let mee heare thy Muse singe her owne Layes  
And sweeter thou appear'st encrown'd w<sup>th</sup> Bayes:  
All these are thee these speake thy loveinge name  
W<sup>ch</sup> cannot dye whils't there is tounge, or Fame./

20

T: G: /

ca. 1617  
King, John

**The Subject:** This poem concerns the child of Henry King, later bishop of Chichester (12 October 1641). A detailed entry on Henry King is found in the *ODNB*. The eldest of the five sons and four daughters of Bishop John King (*d.* 1621) and Joan Freeman, Henry King (1592-1669) was baptized near Oxford (Worminghall) on 16 January 1592. On 10 July 1616 King left Oxford, most likely because he married Anne Berkeley (*c.* 1600-1624): King is remembered most for his poignant “Exequy” on his wife’s death in her twenty-fourth year. They had seven children together, but only John and Henry survived infancy.

**The Author:** The author John King (1595-1639) was the uncle of subject. He was the second son of Bishop John King (*d.* 1621), and like his father and brother a priest in the Church of England. He was closely associated with Christ Church, Oxford (matr. Jan. 1609; BA June 1611; MA July 1614), becoming a canon there in 1624. In 1625 he was named Doctor of Divinity and appointed canon at Windsor. A small body of mostly occasional poetry survives. King died on 3 January 1639 and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral. A short summary of his life can be found in the *ODNB* entry on his father.

**First Line:** “Blessed Spirit, thy Infant breath”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. D. 317, fol. 175

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. D. 317, fol. 175

**Title:** Upon the untimely death of J.K. first borne of H.K.

Blessed Spirit, thy Infant breath  
Fitter for the Quire of Saints  
Then to Mortalls here beneath,  
Warbles Joyes; but mine Complaints:  
Plaints that spring from that great Losse  
Of thy Litle self, sad crosse.  
Yet doe I still repair there by desire  
W<sup>ch</sup> warmes my benummd sense, but like false fire.  
But w<sup>th</sup> such delusive shapes  
Still my pensive thoughts are eas’d.  
As Birds bating att mocke-grapes  
Are w<sup>th</sup> empty errorr pleas’d.  
Yet I erre not: for decay  
Hath but seis’d thy House of clay  
For loe the lively Image of each part  
Makes deep impression on my waxy heart.

Thus learn I to possesse the thing I want;  
Having great store of thee & yet great scant.

O, lett mee thus recall thee, nor repine,  
Since what is thy Fate now, must once be mine.

29 January 1618  
Butler, Dr. [William]

**The Subject:** William Butler (1535-1618) was born in Ipswich, Suffolk, in 1535. He earned his BA in 1561 and his MA in 1564 (Cambridge and probably Oxford, respectively), and the University of Cambridge gave him a licence to practise medicine. He was largely based in Cambridge, but served the royal family to a degree in the 1610s. The Rosenbach 239/27 copy of the elegy identifies him as “the queen’s physician”. A detailed entry on the subject is found in the *ODNB*.

**The Author:** The poet has not been identified; a Cambridge connection seems likely.

**First Line:** Thou Coward Death, who vantage hath by stelthe

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 175; Rosenbach 239/27, p. 332

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 175

**Title:** Uppon Doctor Butler the great Phisition

Thou Coward Death, who vantage hath by stelthe  
Murdred our Butler, Buckler of our health  
for he untrust unbuttonde, Careless went  
Of thee, as fearles of thy Instrument  
T’have tane hime ready yf deferd you should  
(who never Readye was nor never would)  
wee should not then (whome now wee doe) deplore  
Nor had hee died, that now shall neare dye more  
but finding him unready, w<sup>th</sup> thy Dart  
(Death daring Dastard) thou dist [sic] broach his hart 10  
Or yff not soe, twas In the Monthely May  
When hee would seller [sic]<sup>269</sup>, vomitte force [?] assay  
Then thou unlookt for, pullest the spickett<sup>270</sup> out  
Which lett the A Qua [sic] vitae flie about  
Water of life, fie fie I wronge his death  
Sacke was his life and sugar was his Breath  
Sweet meat, hath sower sauce, and lesse I ere [?]  
Such is dead Sacke, that Turnes to vinegar  
Dust, earth, and Ashes, Clay, and Durty Dunge  
Suche is the Buttler, such the Barrells bunge 20  
yett doe his worth this right, more worthy none  
Hath left some fooles, neare a Phisition

finis

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<sup>269</sup> seller] no verb form of this word is found in the *OED*. It may be a medical term.

<sup>270</sup> spickett] var. of “spigot”.



when they enjoyed y<sup>t</sup> worthy light  
     which now is cleane worne out.  
 Noe greater prooffe of love to god  
     Doth Christ himselfe require 30  
 Then was performed of this man  
     w<sup>th</sup> all his hartes desire.  
 w<sup>th</sup> wisdome and discretion both  
     He fedd Christs lambs indeede  
 Devydeinge out them portions all  
     According to their neede.  
 To stronge ones he gave stronger meat  
     who better could apply y<sup>t</sup>  
 And to the weaker sort also  
     As best might fitt their dyett. 40  
 The sicke and feeble ones alsoe  
     He nourished paynefully  
 And evermore his harte did yerne  
     To heare y<sup>e</sup> poore mans crie.  
 He bound up broken hearted ones  
     He did y<sup>e</sup> hungrie feed  
 He brought the wandringe home againe  
     And did supplie their neede.  
 He sought their peace continually  
     He ended all their striefe. 50  
 Rejoyceing never more then when  
     They ledd a Christian lyfe./  
 [10v]  
 He spared noe labour of the mynde.  
     Noe bodily grieffe nor payne.  
 That tended to his peoples good.  
     And to his masters gayne.  
 when strength of leggs and feete did fayle  
     On horseback he did ryde.  
 And whersoever he became  
     His tallent well imploid. 60  
 Soe deerely did he love gods house  
     when Arons bell did call.  
 Noe winde or weather might him lett  
     He ventred lyfe and all.  
 Thus did he leade them forth w<sup>th</sup> joy  
     To pastures fresh and greene.  
 And to the lyvely water pooles  
     As cleere as hath beene seene.  
 Rare was his order to catechise  
     His doctrine sound & playne 70  
 And by this holy ordynance

He many soules did gayne.  
Thus hath he spent his vitall breath  
In honour and renowne  
His hower is past, his glasse is runne  
And he hath gott the crowne.  
And now behold ye shepehards all  
whom god hath given this station  
See here a patterne to behoulde  
ffitt for your imitation./

80

[11r]

The better sort, neede yet to learne  
This patterne to behould  
As for the rest, learne you were best  
Looke better to your foulde.  
And now oh woefull weathersfield  
whose fame soe farr hath sounded  
Looke how thou hast received & heard  
And how thy faith is grounded.

And to thy faith and godly life  
As thou before hast learned  
w<sup>th</sup>out the w<sup>ch</sup> thy faith is deade.  
And cannot be discerned.

90

ffor now the Lord doth call for fruite  
To answeare all his payne  
And wher he hath bestowed much  
He lookes for much agayne.  
Love thou therefore gods ordynance  
Sell all, that to obteyne  
And buy the fielde where treasure is  
That ever shall remayne.

100

Then thou w<sup>th</sup> him thats gone before  
Shalt *Halleluiah* singe.  
And Reigne in heaven for evermore  
w<sup>th</sup> Christ our Lord and kinge.

finis./

29 September 1618  
Benn, Sir Anthony

**The Subject:** Sir Anthony Benn (*b.* 1569/70), lawyer and judge, was knighted and named Recorder of London in 1617. A client of Buckingham and staunch defender of the royal prerogative, his essays on legal, political, and other matters survive in manuscript. A detailed entry on the subject is found in the *ODNB*.

**The Author:** The poet has not been identified.

**First Line:** “In Hell of late there fell a great disorder”

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 10309, fol. 110v; BL Add. 25303, fol. 120r

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 25303, fol. 120r

**Title:** “Sr Antony Benn recordor of London”

In Hell of late did growe soe<sup>271</sup> greate disorder,  
and to make peace they sent for y<sup>e</sup> Recorder  
whoe striving there<sup>272</sup> to keepe the Divell<sup>273</sup>s in awe  
began to use the riggor of the Lawe  
Blacke<sup>274</sup> Pluto findinge<sup>275</sup> that he was so cruell  
streite entertaines<sup>276</sup> him as his cheifeste Jewell  
Grim Pluto knowinge his deedes on earth so well<sup>277</sup>  
hee consecrates him cheefe Judge<sup>278</sup> in Hell  
where he comands the spyrits in the darke  
but is greveth him yt he doth want his Clarke<sup>279</sup>  
many did wish, greate Pluto & did woe him<sup>280</sup>  
yt heede be pleasd to fetch<sup>281</sup> his Clarke unto him.

10

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<sup>271</sup> did growe soe] there fell a (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>272</sup> striving there] thinking for (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>273</sup> Divells] Divell (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>274</sup> Black] Grim (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>275</sup> findeing] seeing (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>276</sup> streite entertaines] Did enttaine (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>277</sup> His cruelty on earth was knowne soe well (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>278</sup> cheefe Judge] to be Judge (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>279</sup> But heere's the mischeife now he wants his Clarke. (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>280</sup> Then many wish't Great Pluto for to woo him (BL Add. 10309)

<sup>281</sup> yt heede be pleasd to fetch] If Hell were pleas'd to bring (BL Add. 10309)

29 October 1618  
Raleigh, Sir Walter

**The Subject:** Sir Walter Raleigh (1554-1618), courtier, poet, explorer, military leader, and historian; his public execution for his attack upon Spanish holdings in South America was marked by a large number of commemorative poems. See *ODNB* for an account of his life and Doelman, *The Daring Muse*, pp. 80-8, on the elegiac response.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** “But softe, whose this whom Armed troopes attende”

**Manuscript Copies:** Edinburgh UL Laing III. 493, fol. 34r

**Copy Text:** Edinburgh UL Laing III. 493, fol. 34r

**Title:** [none]

But softe, whose this whom Armed troopes attende  
Silent conductors to his fatall ende;  
Oh veiwe his face there sittes sad majestie,  
Awefull experience Care triumphantlie;  
His aged browe reades lectures to his minde,  
Of every gazer on, he sayes they are blinde;  
Who place affection upon earthly joyes,  
See he hath tried them, and he calls them toyes;  
Vaine mockeryes to poore traduced men,  
Muche like a rotten staffe that failes e'ene when  
One trusteth all his weighte to bee uphelde,  
Downe falls the burden like a tree thats felde;  
Looke on those settled eies in manlie face  
They speake his sorrowes with a dying grace;  
They have no teares, for they were longe since spent,  
Yet lively they expresse the harts intent;  
Thou arte sure a man mar'd to fortunes spighte,  
No stroake of sorrowe, can thy soule affrighte;  
Thou haste longe grapled with adversitie,  
Yet pacience conquers all calamitie;  
And muste thou yet to farther tryall come  
It's well that nowe thou shalte make up the somme;  
But staie t'is Rauleighe whome my soule laments.  
How well my Eyes coulde reade those sad events,  
Which Characterde I founde upon this browe,  
And from those eyes which as a mirrour showe;  
Disfigured thy anciente miseryes,  
Which ofte did wounde yet woulde not let thee die;

T'is true thou hast beene fortunate (but Oh)  
To have beene greate and not continue soe;  
Makes miserie to be a greate deale worse,  
Envie it selfe can wishe no fowler curse;  
The poore man dwellinge in the vale belowe,  
And doth no higher straine of fortune knowe;  
Is happie in this one respecte bove all:  
To be so lowe he knowes not where to fall:  
But he that's hoyste to the top of fortunes hill  
And of all earthly joyes, hathe druncke his fill;  
And thence thruste downe by the blasts of fortunes stormes,  
He meets with ruine in a thousande formes;  
If Princes favour, Honour wealth or witt  
Coulde make man happie by enjoyeinge it;  
Then hadst thou stode as stedfaste as a Tower,  
But this deare triall tells, they have no suche power;  
Nature and fortune bothe nere on thie side,  
While thou did'st revell in thie youthefull pride;  
But wrongely didst thou use those rarer gifts  
They were employed unto sinister drifts.  
Yet for those practises the man thou wert,  
Is much to blame, but not the man thou art;  
Youthe is a headstronge tyme a franticke age,  
Full of ambition envie passion rage;  
Though beetle blynde he thinckes h'as Eagles Eyes,  
A verie foole yet thinckes hees onely wise;  
He loves himselfe yet hath no greater foe  
Then is himselfe, oute of this ill doth growe;  
Revenge riott, Luste, everie other Ill  
Which maye his sensuall appetтите fullfill;

[34v]

And laste yf Heavens prevention be awaie,  
T'is one strength that proves his one decaie;  
Longe didst thou hurry in a full Careere,  
To all thy earthlie endes; the overseere  
Of all mens actions strongely stayed the course,  
Bad thee to better ends diverte thie force;  
To knowe thy selfe to wonder at the God,  
Who while he might his sworde, did use his rod,  
Afflictions preste thee downe and then began,  
Thy happye growth unto a perfecte man:  
And when all thought, thou hadst lost thy lybertie,  
Then came thy Ransome oute of slaverie;  
And now when lawes do deathe for Judgement give,  
Now not before, thou doest begin to live;  
And heere thou camst to die, Canst thou saye more,

Then what thy lookes have utter'd heeretofore;  
Speake one brave tongue, what bleedinge Penitence,  
And lively faythe, (O rocke, O sure defence;  
Gainste all assaulte of death or plotte of Divell<sup>282</sup>  
Oh blessed state thats freed from everie evill;  
What peace with heaven, and love of men belowe,  
Headsman be quicke, and thou arte a freindely foe;  
If thou deferre thou doste him Injurie,  
Give leave unto his soule to mounte one hye;  
That is his seate, place thinges in order then,  
For Raulieghe is not like to other men;  
Staie, arte thou gone, brighte soule my Praiers attend thee,  
I hope the Lorde that made thee, will defende thee:

(Τελος finis)

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**First Line:** "Sayle forth my pensive Muse"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**The Poem:** The acrostic structure identifies the subject of the poem.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 36, 37, fol. 33

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 36, 37, fol. 33

**Title:** "An elegy on some very learned and brave person"

Sayle forth my pensive Muse, whose slender Arke  
Is raysd with deluge of distillinge teares  
Reare up thy Maste, let Canyne Scylla barke  
Woes are thy oares, thy gales are sighes and feares  
Adresse thy strayne to Elegiacke verse  
Lamentinge Threnods must adorne this herse.  
The Muses pride (whose steps few mortalls followe)  
Envies dire subject, maligne Negroes terror  
Reasons rare Minion, sole heire to Appollo  
Royall redresser of the Marine error  
Arts beauteous shrine, learned Cyclopedia  
Valors true Portraite, bravest Martialist.  
Light Phosphorus of joy, bright sunne of pleasures;  
Eden of farest rarest choicest arts.  
Image of vertues cheifest richest treasures

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<sup>282</sup> A line has been scratched out between this and the following, but parts of it can still be discerned: "... all the plottes that's freed from everie..."

Greatnes great Atlas, hope of Britans harts!  
Here lies entomb'd, whose spheare aspiringe name  
Ever shall live by never dyinge fame

finis Civis [?].

17 December 1618  
Puleston, Sir Roger

**The Subject:** Sir Roger Puleston (*b.* 9 Jan. 1566), of Emral, Worthenbury, Flint, was the first son of Roger Puleston of Emral and Magdalen Hanmer (daughter of Sir Thomas Hanmer of Hanmer, Flint). He entered Brasenose College, Oxford in 1582 and the Inner Temple in 1586. In 1582 he married Susanna, who was the daughter of Sir George Bromley of Hallon, Worfield, Shropshire. (The Puleston family's roots were also in Shropshire.) He was knighted not long before his death, in August 1617. He served as deputy lieutenant of Flint from 1595 until at least 1608, and sheriff of Flint from 1597-8; he was knighted in August 1617. The family name (i.e. Puleston) was taken from the Shropshire manor upon which they lived during the thirteenth century. He served as M.P. for Flintshire (1589 and 1604) and Denbighshire (1593). For his role in Parliament, see *History of Parliament Online*.

**The Author:** "Peter Leigh" could be any one of a number of men of that name:

1. Sir Peter Leighe (1563-1636) of Lyme, in the County of Chester.<sup>283</sup> He married twice: first, to Margret, the daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerhard, and later, to Ann, the daughter of Henry Birkenhead of Backford, Chester.<sup>284</sup> He was buried in Winwick Church, Lancaster.<sup>285</sup> Geographically he is of the same general area as Puleston, but it seems somewhat unlikely that one of his age and status would be the author.

2. The Peter Leigh ("eq. aur. fil."), who matriculated in 1614 at Brasenose College, Oxford, (which had been Puleston's college) and graduated, B.A., on 4 Dec., 1617. He became rector of Boultham, Lincolnshire in 1618. There is insufficient information to ascertain if he was of the Leighs of Lyme, Cheshire.

This Peter Leigh would be likely be the same who wrote on the death of Thomas Yale in August 1619 (see below).

**The Poem:** Pentameter sixains had been occasionally used for funeral elegies in the 1590s and the first decade of the 1600s; however, by 1620 they were becoming rare.

**First Line:** "Put on your mourning weeds ye sisters nine"

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 26737, fol. 43; Bodl. Dodsworth MS 61, fol. 66v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Dodsworth MS 61, fol. 66v

**Title:** 'A mournful elegy upon the untimely death of that thrice worthy and most learned knight Sir Roger Pulston of Emrall'

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<sup>283</sup> John Paul Rylands, *Cheshire and Lancashire Funeral Certificates; A. D. 1600 to 1678* (Volume VI), (1882), p. 123.

<sup>284</sup> Ibid.

<sup>285</sup> Ibid.

Put on yo<sup>r</sup> mourninge weeds yee sisters nine,  
 Change your sweete notes into some dolefull toane,  
 Like Niobe in wofull sorrowe pine,  
 gone is your joy how cann ye then but moane?  
     droope, droope Apollo, throwe thy harpe aside,  
     gone is thy honour, gone is Cambrias pride.  
 droppe teares Parnassus for thy greivous losse  
 yee Graces wringe your handes for what hath fell,  
 lament yee Cambrians this your cursed crosse,  
 w<sup>th</sup> sighs and sobbes bid Pulstone nowe farewell. 10  
     yee were his cheife care, while life lent him breath  
     why should yee not o then bewaile his death?  
 he that w<sup>th</sup> Pallas pappe was whilome fedde  
 Loe now himselfe the vermine vile doth feede  
 whoe Impes of Jove w<sup>th</sup> Nectar nourished  
 nourisheth now the wormes, the earths base seede.  
     he whome both Pallas and the Muses grac't  
     Loe death in this sad monument hath plac't.  
 And art thou gone? cold Pallas not prevent  
 the fatall stroake w<sup>ch</sup> ugly death gave thee? 20  
 Cold not the Muses crosse his curst intent  
 cold not nine sisters overcome but three?  
     Cold not thy vertue breake their hellish lawes  
     and save thee from death [sic] evergapinge jawes?  
 Nay then I see that learnings all but a toy  
 vertue an idle dreame, arts all but vaine,  
 else sure we shold not now have lost our joy,  
 Pulstone wold not have from's so soone beene taine:  
     ffor they his breast did make their temple all  
     if they cold chuse they wold not let him fall. 30  
 dive downe my thoughts unto Eternall night  
 and from thence tuggge those hellish sisters out,  
 drag cursed Clotho from her fatall right  
 againe nere let her turne her wheele about  
     ffor good w<sup>th</sup> bad, the noble w<sup>th</sup> the base  
     they all together do unjustly place.  
 But stay my greife, teares stoppe yo<sup>r</sup> course a while,  
 lest yee the banks of reasone overflowe  
 let me not vainly thus my thoughts beguile,  
 Pulstone is gone, and all must after goe 40  
     ffrom whence wee came, againe we thither must  
     of dust wee are, and must againe to dust.  
 [44r] My teares, alas none ease at all can yeild  
 Pulston is dead, his eares are stopt w<sup>th</sup> clay  
 His ghost is fled to faire Elizium feild  
 and he at all hears nothinge that I say.

Both sighes and sobbes are all alas in vaine  
 nor sighes nor sobbes can call him backe againe.  
 His dearest freindes may weepe, lament and waile  
 his wife make sorrow, brethren cry and call 50  
 yet all their greife can nought alas prevaile  
 nor sorrowes doe hym any good at all.  
 Well may they burst there harts dry up their eys  
 yet nothinge moves the cruell destanyes.  
 But yet though reasone bidde us teares restraine  
 and cast of sorrowes of a greivinge mynde  
 yet Nature doth enforce us to complaine  
 and freindshippe to this duty doth us bynde  
 Thy life was good, our losse was then the more  
 thy presence joy'd us, absence greives us sore. 60  
 But death me thinks derides mine idle words  
 saying: thou foolishe wight, I did but right  
 nor love nor freindshipp any help affords  
 or ought prevailes against my powerfull might  
 I in his cradle might my debt have claimde  
 but that great Jove my fatall hand restrainde  
 His mortall corps are cladde w<sup>th</sup> cloddes of clay,  
 his heavenly soule soares in the lofty sky,  
 wherefore his merits he receaves a pay  
 of Jove, whose faithfull servant hee did dy 70  
 And thou his spouse, his freinds, and bretheren shall  
 once see him, whose lacke now so greives you all.  
 But never shall he turne to you againe  
 he dwells in heavenly blisse, ye worldly woe  
 he dwells in pleasure, ye in wretched paine  
 he dwells in plenty, ye in penury flowe  
 He injoyes the beames of ever=lastinge light  
 ye are opprest in errors darksome night.  
 Cease then yo<sup>r</sup> sobbes, dry up your liquid teares,  
 and if ye lov'd him turne your moane to mirth, 80  
 ffor why he is releasd from worldly feares  
 and hath receaved heaven instead of earth.  
 Wish him not backe o then you doe him wronge  
 but wish that you to hym may goe ere longe./

Peter Leigh

January 1618/19  
Warner, Dr. Bartholomew

**The Subject:** Born in Kent about 1556, Bartholomew Warner entered Lincoln College, Oxford in 1675, graduating B.A. (1576) and M.A. (1579) from St. John's College. In 1583, Warner married Elizabeth Dobson, who was the stepdaughter of the Oxford scholar John Case. From the 1580s Warner's studies took a medical turn, and he graduated B. Med. in 1586 and D. Med. in 1594. Three years later he was appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, position that he held until 1612. Warner was buried at St Mary Magdalen Church, Oxford on January 26<sup>th</sup>, 1618/19.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** Enraged death! why dost thou strike y<sup>e</sup> best?

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.345, p. 125; Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.345, p. 125

**Title:** "In obitum D<sup>nis</sup> Warner"

Enraged death! why dost thou strike y<sup>e</sup> best?  
Is no man priviledgd from thy arest!  
T'was less to have tane y<sup>e</sup> life of any man  
Then lifes *preserver* y<sup>e</sup> Phisitian.  
In *common* fates thou fright'st us, in this one  
we feare ensuing desolation.<sup>286/</sup>  
Thou shouldst have been as just as thou art strong  
And cast thy killing Ebon darts among  
The usurpers of thy power. those empericks  
whose Pills are deaths edicts, whose studied tricks  
for poisons and abortions, and loves charmes  
End not as they begin in private harmes./  
But tis thy fault<sup>287</sup> to spark<sup>288</sup> thy factors breath  
whose last ambition is to pleasure death  
Thou in their life grow'st higher, for thy throne  
Stands by their guide<sup>289</sup>, and our destruction,  
would<sup>290</sup> this man have been such he mighte have bought  
A longer lease of yeares, his goodnes wrought  
His end, in leiu where of hee hath by death  
Purchasd fore=hold<sup>291</sup> of life, by<sup>292</sup> lease of breath.

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<sup>286</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] dissolution

<sup>287</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] craft

<sup>288</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] spare

<sup>289</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] guilt

<sup>290</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] could

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**First Line:** “Is Doctor Warner dead? For him that bell?”

**The Author:** The poem itself offers some potential information about the author, suggesting that the same poet has recently written on the death of a daughter, presumably a daughter of Warner. By asking whether “is my hand/Lam’d like my Legg?”, he suggests that he has some permanent leg injury or lameness. He also seems to have heard the lectures of Dr. Warner and last seen him on All Souls Day (approximately three months before his death).

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460. End of volume.

**Copy Text:** Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460. End of volume.

Is *DOCTOR WARNER* dead? for him that bell?  
whome late I mett soe merrie and soe well  
Grow stiff my understandinge: freeze my soule  
Bee stupified my sense: since deaths controwle  
Containes our joye since in a 3 daies change  
A feirce Angina yeilds a worke soe strange  
Have I for a dead daughter dryed my braine  
To such a pluming height that it can straine  
Noe teare for a dead father? is my hand  
Lam’d like my Legg? that it should stupid stand  
And write noe Elegie to lett men knowe  
that greife doeth never want a foote to goe  
Can I remember in my yonger Time  
The phissicke change o’re joyde, when hee did clime  
The seate and from the learned Oracle  
when wordes like Aphorismes deepe soundinge fell  
Can I remember him aunsweare oppose  
Moderate and cite authors as if those  
Greate lightes of phissicke had lodgd in his head  
And at his fauncie sentances had bredd  
And (since I first could spell or recipe)  
Call I to mynde his still facillitie?  
Brightnes of mind? strange pittie to y<sup>e</sup> poore  
Respect to great ones? what can I saie more  
This love to all men and his Dove-like brest  
Where wrath envie or malice ne’re had nest  
Can I but thinke of theise and not mislike  
death? that will not enquire beefore hee strike  
Were there not *persons* store w<sup>ch</sup> doe professe

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<sup>291</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] freehold

<sup>292</sup> Bodl. pr. bk. Wood 460] for

Bible and Galen (but the bible less)  
 Whoe practise all the weeke y<sup>t</sup> soe they maie  
 On Sundaie not have leave to preach but plaie  
 Were there not Laick Empiricks that have  
 Lesse skill then priviledge? y<sup>t</sup> think men rave  
 That talke of licence, for they have y<sup>e</sup> skill  
 To cosen and the priviledg to kill  
 Were there not weomen whoe *perswade* y<sup>er</sup> frinds  
 They can spinn phissick forth y<sup>r</sup> fingers ends?  
 Are these deathes Benefactors? y<sup>t</sup> their lives  
 Werst thus be spar'de, by this the Churchyard [?] thrives  
 And Warner die? whoe had the skill to call  
 men from their pitt into w<sup>ch</sup> they else woud fall  
 Was't not ynough (fell Death) that he escaped  
 A lingring Dropsie which thie cunninge shaped  
 To bee his end? or could it not suffice  
 from a dull scaobute<sup>293</sup> that hee knew to rise  
 And thwarte thie deepe designs? but that y<sup>ou</sup> mus[t? – cropped]  
 W<sup>th</sup> sharpe sharpe-sharpest disease turne him to [dust? – cropped]  
 Must an Angina choake? and stopp his throate  
 least hee should dictate out a phissick note  
 To save his life or hast thou an intent  
 that the next spring some *precious* life bee spent  
 Which Warner might have sav'd? I bee more kind  
 And taking helpe awaie leave helpe beehind

Grave father to thy much lamented Herse  
 permitt mee send this sorrow groning verse  
 wee parted last at All soules, *where wee* meete  
 next? tis my hope at all saintes wee shall greete

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<sup>293</sup> scorbute] scurvy

2 March 1619  
Queen Anne

**The Subject:** Anne (b. 1574), daughter of King Frederick II of Denmark and Queen Consort of King James VI and I. See *ODNB* and J. Leeds Barroll, *Anna of Denmark, Queen of England: A Cultural Biography* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001).

**The Author:** The poem bears the initials “w A”; possibilities would include William Alabaster, William Austin, and William Alexander. In 1619 Alabaster was at Gray's Inn and referred to as a "royal chaplain". However, Hilton Kelliher attributes the poems by "W.A." in this manuscript to William Austin.<sup>294</sup> Alexander is the most plausible candidate: active as a poet in these years, he moved in court circles and directed the bulk of his writing toward the royal family. Line 13 suggests the personal acquaintance that Alexander enjoyed. In support of an attribution to Alabaster is the presence of one of his Latin poems later in the same manuscript.

**First Line:** “No further shalt thou choak mee grief ympersoned”

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harley 3910, fol. 42v

**Copy Text:** BL Harley 3910, fol. 42v

**Title:** [none]

No further shalt thou choak mee grief ympersoned<sup>295</sup>  
I'll stand no longer stuned Ile stretch my wesond<sup>296</sup>  
Though my voice crack my lungs y<sup>e</sup> earth & skies  
struck w<sup>th</sup> fresh playnts, shall witnes my dround eyes  
w<sup>t</sup> Iron man is hee or savage fierce  
contaynes him at thy death, & melts not verse  
worthie Tibullus<sup>297</sup> groaning? who not teares  
from the hard rootes, & strowes those griefrent heares  
On thy Sepulchre, bald heads on such bodies  
who ist becomes not? when Englands Demy Godesse  
her Queene gives place to Fate, & falls away  
by those fell starres, shee should rule not obey.<sup>298</sup>  
when she's extinct, whom when I oft beheld  
shyning in *Gemms* (her minde all Gems exceld)  
The Sunne, or rather in slow majestie  
On Earth the Conglob'd<sup>299</sup> starry company

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<sup>294</sup> *English Manuscript Studies, 1100-1700, Volume 4*, p. 161.

<sup>295</sup> This is the most likely reading; however, it is also possible that the abbreviated form was meant to represent 'imprisoned'.

<sup>296</sup> wesond] throat (normally “weasand”)

<sup>297</sup> Roman poet of love elegies (ca. 55-19 B.C.)

<sup>298</sup> This refers to the comet that appeared in late 1618, taken by some to be an omen of the queen's death.

And all Heaven mov'd methought, who not despares  
to see Day more? or who not justly feares  
Earths joynt dissolv'd, least all heaven reele a mayn  
& tomble to ould Chaos once agayne.  
will y<sup>e</sup> Sunne still be rising, & still sett?  
Will day still follow night? Will Phoebe gett<sup>300</sup>  
repaire her lost Hornes, & recall anew  
her former Raies, & Anne not hers renew?  
But shee desyring rather for to smyte  
all Heaven w<sup>l</sup> blushes, darks y<sup>e</sup> Sunnbeam quite  
w<sup>th</sup> brighter Rayes, & giv's y<sup>e</sup> world, now blynde  
no more, another eye; whether shee mynde  
[43r]  
to shyne mongst starres, or els in some new sphere  
becom fresh labor for th'Astronomere.  
So blessed thou while w<sup>th</sup> Hartbreaking sobbes  
& wringing hands, for y<sup>ec</sup> whom blynd death robbs  
wee madly crye, thou treadest y<sup>e</sup> mylkwhite Skyes  
& freely laughs at thy Trunks Exequies

WA

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**First Line:** "Pay tribute eyes, she's gone, on her attend"

**Author:** Sir Sampson Darell (1594-1635) was the son of Sir Marmaduke Darell of Fulmer, Buckinghamshire, and Anne Lennard of Knole, Kent. He attended Gray's Inn in 1610. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Hampden of Wendover, Buckinghamshire in 1614. He attained a number of government offices, of which the most significant was Surveyor of Marine Victuals from 1623 on (an office earlier held by his father). He served as M.P. for Wendover in 1626. He died in his London home in East Smithfield and was buried at Fulmer. No direct connection to Queen Anne is known, but he was knighted on 13 June 1619, shortly after her death. A number of his poems survive in Bodl. Rawl. Poet. 210. For a fuller biography, see *History of Parliament Online*.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 11811, fol. 3v; Bodl. Rawl. Poet. 210, fol. 56v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 11811, fol. 3v

**Title:** "An Elegie on y<sup>e</sup> death of Queene Anne"

Pay tribute eyes, she's gone, one her attend  
Vertues best meritt, and our joyes, whose end  
Began with her disease, you y<sup>l</sup> are good

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<sup>299</sup> Conglob'd] ball-shaped

<sup>300</sup> scribal error for 'yett'.

And wisely feele her losse, knowing she stood  
The bright protectresse of disgrac't desart:  
Mourne and grow stupid, weepe not eyes but heart,  
Such greifes as these are truelier felt then uttred.  
So swan-like farewells, are not spoke but muttred.

Death thou to Nero-like dost deale thy darts,  
For with this stroake th'hast peirc't a thousand hearts:  
Her losse, wanne tyrant, with her matchlesse sonne<sup>301</sup>  
Have stil'd thee conquerour of Albion  
None now resist thy power, nor gainst thee strive,  
For who (they dying) would not scorne to live?  
This is greifes essence, he had never worth,  
That now can stop his sighs from renting<sup>302</sup> forth,  
See how the clouds weepe still, and shall not I  
Who onely live t'adore her memory?

Vertue impersonated need's must raise,  
[fol. 4r] Say ould phylosopher's y<sup>e</sup> love, and praise,  
Of each admiring veiwer, must not then  
Her separation worke most greife in men?  
O and in Angell's to, save that they gaine  
By her accesse, perfection to their traine.  
Pardon (sweet Angell) that wee thy losse,  
Though thy advancement, twas our sinnes just crosse,  
But since Astraeas fled, and vertue's gone,  
Why should she<sup>303</sup> best and greatest stay alone.

S<sup>r</sup> Sampson: Darell.

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**First Line:** 'Tis not yet May, nor yet are Aprill showers,

**The Author:** Richard Cole, a native of London, attended Eton College before matriculating at King's College, Cambridge in 1616. He graduated B.A. in 1619; M.A. in 1623, and was a Fellow from 1619 to 1625. He served as a Chaplain to John Villiers, Viscount Purbeck, Buckingham's elder brother. This may be the same Richard Cole who was appointed Rector of Michelmersh, Hampshire, a living in the gift of the King. He married a daughter of a Mr. Bacchus of Trumpington (near Cambridge), and died in 1658.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 14, fol. 100; Folger V.a.103, fol. 2v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 14

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<sup>301</sup> Prince Henry (d. 1612)

<sup>302</sup> venting?

<sup>303</sup> Bodl. Rawl. 210] the; "she" in BL Add. 11811 does make sense if we imagine commas before and after "best and greatest".

**Title:** “On the death of Queen Anne”

'Tis not yet May, nor yet are Aprill showers,  
And wee admire y<sup>e</sup> springs so early Prime:  
And cause wee see in fields y<sup>e</sup> smiling flowers,  
Write month of May 2 months before y<sup>e</sup> time  
But windy March still rounds it in o<sup>r</sup> eares  
That earth is sure mistaken in o<sup>r</sup> teares  
Yea rather proud of o<sup>r</sup> Illustrious Queene  
Whom wee, alas, no longer time can keepe.  
And cause wee mourne in Black will masque in greene  
And smile y<sup>e</sup> while shee sees us throb & weepe  
Or if not so, nor Teares are tooke<sup>304</sup> for showers  
The floure of Queenes is then y<sup>e</sup> Queene of Flowers.  
ffaire Queene of Flowers to thee y<sup>e</sup> birds do sing  
But did they know o<sup>r</sup> greifes would weeping say  
[101r] Thy too soone ashes make too soone a Spring  
Before y<sup>e</sup> Month of April & of May  
for ere May come o<sup>r</sup> Cryes, teares April showers  
Will marre their tunes & drowne y<sup>e</sup> smiling flowers

10

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<sup>304</sup> Folger V.a.103] looke.

26 August 1619<sup>305</sup>  
Yale, Thomas

**The Subject:** Thomas Yale was a son of Frances Lloyd (daughter of Dr. John Lloyd of the Consistory Court of Canterbury) and David Yale (*aka* David Lloyd) (d. 1626), a churchman who held various livings in the West Midlands and Wales and served as Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester from 1587 to 1608.<sup>306</sup> The family seat was at Plas Grono, southwest of Wrexham, Denbighshire. While Thomas is not found in Foster's *Alumni Oxoniensis*, his brother Hugh matriculated at Brasenose College in 1612, and it seems likely that Thomas had entered that college (and is in this way linked to the most likely author, Peter Leigh, who was a student there from 1614 on). He married Anne, the daughter of Bishop George Lloyd of Chester, with whom he had three children.<sup>307</sup> Through the eldest of these children, David, Thomas Yale was the grandfather of Elihu Yale, after whom Yale University was named.

**The Author:** Peter Leigh. See the discussion on the funeral elegy on Roger Puleston (d. 17 Dec. 1618). It seems likely the poet was of the Leighs of Lime in the County of Chester, a situation that would have established links with David Yale.

**The Poem:** Like Peter Leigh's elegy on Roger Puleston, this poem is written in pentameter sixains, rare for funeral elegies by this point in time.

**First Line:** "Alas poor muse, what wast thou only born"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Dodsworth 61, fol. 74v; BL Add. 26737, fol. 43

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Dodsworth 61, fol. 74v

**Title:** "An elegy on the Death of Mr. Thomas Yale son to Dr. Yale Chancellor [1587-1608] to the bp. of Chester"

Alas poore Muse, what wast thou only borne  
to beare sad sorrow always company?  
will fates nere give thee leave to leave to mourne?  
will death still strive to worke thy misery?  
    What will *our* latter times (alas) be, when  
    such store of teares flow from *our* youthfull pen?  
Scarce had the salt teares left my gauled eyes  
and I in dolefull tones ceast to lament  
a deare=deceased freindes sad obsequies.<sup>308</sup>  
but death another greife doth streight present.

10

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<sup>305</sup> Date based on [http://billives.typepad.com/ives\\_family\\_history\\_blog/yale\\_bios/](http://billives.typepad.com/ives_family_history_blog/yale_bios/).

<sup>306</sup> Rodney H. Yale, *Yale Genealogy and History of Wales* (Beatrice, Nebraska: Milburn and Scott, 1908), p. 87 (but see pp. 87-92).

<sup>307</sup> Hiram Bingham, *Elihu Yale* ([N.P.]: Archon, 1968), p. 2. *Dictionary of Welsh Biography*, <http://yba.llgc.org.uk/en/s-EDIS-BED-1544.html>.

<sup>308</sup> Presumably Sir Roger Puleston (d. 17 Dec. 1618); Leigh's elegy on him appears earlier in both manuscripts.

My mournfull quill I scarcely downe had laine  
 but I am forct to take it up againe.  
 No sooner had I bidden Greife farwell  
 and hands w<sup>th</sup> sorrow shakt, but by & by  
 ffame of anothers death doth sadly tell.  
 I scarce beleevinge, oft gave fame the ly.  
 At lenght she bade me better ope mine eys  
 and see preparinge for his obsequies  
 I saw, but seeinge scarce mine eys might trust  
 I sayd they lyd (o that they had done soe  
 then had he not laine in the lowly dust  
 w<sup>ch</sup> is the cause of our too timely woe.) 20  
 Thousands (quoth I) there in the wide world be  
 w<sup>ch</sup> death wold better satisfy then he  
 I better look'd about me, and me thought  
 the house lookd sad, wherein he lost his breath  
 but not content w<sup>th</sup> this I further sought  
 and then I saw plaine toakens of his death.  
 his ffather, Mother, Brethren, Sisters, all  
 w<sup>th</sup> wife, & children, mourning for his fall 30  
 W<sup>th</sup> tongue, in venome stept, cold I have raild  
 gainst pale fact<sup>309</sup> death, and cruell destinye.  
 but stopt w<sup>th</sup> greife my feeble tongue streight faild  
 I had no power to chide their crueltye.  
 Or had I, threats & teares were all in vaine  
 nor threats, nor teares can call him back againe.<sup>310</sup>  
 [fol. 75r]  
 how many are there whome the waight of age  
 doth force to stoope as low as to the grave?  
 w<sup>ch</sup> curse the fates, & gainst grim death doe rage.  
 that he so longe their hatefull life doth save? 40  
 Cold none of theise suffice to loose their breath  
 but one not fit for'th grave, not ripe for death.  
 Seinge *perhappes* his Vertues shine so bright  
 death envyed him, as the malitious showers  
 springe base weedes, oft show their utmost spight  
 unto the wholesom'st hearbes & sweetest flowers.  
 Or in this life lest he shold too much trust  
 she meant to make him know he was but dust.  
 Or (w<sup>ch</sup> indeede is likliest of any  
 she was w<sup>th</sup> numbers of his day deceived 50  
 reckoninge his deeds she thought his yeares were many  
 & therefore him of life so soone bereved.  
 Then vertues to be blamed, for she I say

<sup>309</sup> i.e. "pale-faced"

<sup>310</sup> Despite this virgule, the poem does seem to continue on the next page.

was the cheife cause that he is tane away.  
But why (curst destinye) did you consent  
unto his death, making his thred so short,  
tis longe of you that we do this lament,  
and yet you are not to be blamed fort.

Striving to make his thred more fine & slender  
against your will you broke it quite a sunder  
What shall we doe then, shall we weepe? oh no  
so shall we do him and our selves both wronge  
he's gone before, & all must after goe  
Man's life's but brittle, & it lastes not longe.

Then change thy voyce my Muse, rejoyce that he  
hath changd this fraile life for eternity./

60

Peeter Leigh

23 November 1619  
Frevile, Sir George

**The Subject:** Sir George Frevile (b. 1536) was the son of Nicholas Frevile and Elizabeth Jenison. He served as MP for Appleby in the 1572 Parliament and was knighted in 1603. He died at Walworth, co. Durham, on 23 Nov. 1619 and was buried in Sedgfield. He was the brother of Gilbert Frevile of Bishop Middleham, Durham, to whom the manuscript belonged. (See *History of Parliament* for a fuller biography).

**The Author:** Thomas Frevile was the son of Sir George's deceased brother Richard Frevile of Raby, Durham, and his wife Margaret. A legal document of 1607 identifies him as guardian to his brother's children.<sup>311</sup> A legal document of 1622 (Northumberland Archives ZSW/171/2) lists a Thomas Frevile of Auckland Park, Durham. He seems to have died by February 1625.<sup>312</sup>

**Manuscript Copy:** BL Egerton 2877, fol. 105v

**Copy Text:** BL Egerton 2877, fol. 105v

**First Line:** "Since swift foote tyme hath finished thie race,"

**Title:** "Verses in memory of S<sup>r</sup> George frevile k<sup>t</sup>, made by his Nephew Tho: frevile, upon y<sup>e</sup> Alphabet of his name."

S     ince swiftfoote tyme hath finished this race,  
I     n glories lapp yet rests this liveing name  
R     elentlesse fates can not this life deface  
G     rave, earth, nor Tombe, shall ere obscure this fame:  
E     nvey & malice now will cease to blame thee  
O     ft have they wrongd, but yet could never shame thee.  
R     eligion alwaies was thie cheifest ayme  
G     reat was the care that thou of Justice had  
E     nvy her selfe can not denie the same  
ff    avor thou didst the good & hate the bad  
R     especting alwaies simple men & poore  
E     ver adding unto their wantes thie store  
V     ertue thou lovedst & the same didst nourish  
I     n honours Court therfore thy name's inroll'd:  
L     ive still though dead, in death thie life shall florish  
E     ver a mirroure for all to behold.  
K     nowledge thie actions so did rule & guide  
N     ot knowne by anie from the truth to slyde  
I     mmortall praises, thou deserv'st to have,

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<sup>311</sup> Durham Probate Records, DPRI/1/1607/F4 ([http://reed.dur.ac.uk/xtf/view?docId=ark/32150\\_s1p2676v528.xml](http://reed.dur.ac.uk/xtf/view?docId=ark/32150_s1p2676v528.xml))

<sup>312</sup> Durham Probate Records, DPRI/1/1625/F5 26  
([http://reed.dur.ac.uk/xtf/view?docId=ark/32150\\_s1p2676v528.xml](http://reed.dur.ac.uk/xtf/view?docId=ark/32150_s1p2676v528.xml))

Glorious Trophees unto thee are due  
Honor'd in life, & honor'd in thie grave  
Tyme all-revealing will thie fame renew  
Rest then in peace in this same howse of Claie  
till thie Redeemer keepe his s[?]essions daie.

---

**First Line:** “Dead & Confyn’d to dust, oh wofull I”

**The Author:** Richard Frevile was the son of Sir George’s deceased brother Richard Frevile of Raby, Durham and his wife Margaret. A legal document of 1607 identifies Sir George as guardian to his brother’s children.<sup>313</sup> According to the will of his aunt Elizabeth Frevile (ne Jenison) she supported financially his studies at Cambridge. However, he does not appear in Venn’s index of Cambridge students.

**Manuscript Copy:** BL Egerton 2877, fol. 105v

**Copy Text:** BL Egerton 2877, fol. 105v

**Title:** “Other verses upon the same subject [the death of Sir George Frevile] by his nephew Richard Freuile,”

Dead & Confyn'd to dust, oh wofull I,  
who to the world must ryng a peale of misery  
There was alas! but (worthie!) he is gone,  
Disaster word! there was a worthie one.  
Oh cruell fates, not one that yo<sup>u</sup> could spare,  
to keepe *your* custome! yo<sup>u</sup> too cruell are.  
Nor piety nor zeale could yo<sup>u</sup> respect?  
religion, vertue, sure it was neglect,  
whome men & muses did alone consent,  
to praise as man, as natures wonderment,  
him must we loose? our love hath most desir'd  
nature & art in him alone conspir'd;  
Nature & art, to yo<sup>u</sup> no more Ile trust  
mine to *preserve*; for yo<sup>u</sup> are too unjust  
Cease, Cease, sad muse, this musick harsh surcease  
I heare a voyce, of [sic] happie voyce of peace;  
fates are not cruell, no, they are not rough,  
carefull enough they are, yea kynd enough,  
for they most freindly finish'd have his race  
that better *parte* might live in better place,  
Then weepe we, Joy we, both these together  
weepe we, joy we more, we wott not whether,  
We joy cause he from earth to heaven is gone

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<sup>313</sup> Durham Probate Records, DPRI/1/1607/F4 ([http://reed.dur.ac.uk/xtf/view?docId=ark/32150\\_s1p2676v528.xml](http://reed.dur.ac.uk/xtf/view?docId=ark/32150_s1p2676v528.xml))

we weepe cause mongst such men not suche a one  
he liv'd as Frevile free, as frevile ere, from blame,  
living, or dead, still credit to thie name  
heaven hath his soule, lett it still have so  
earth shall intombe his Corpse our brest y<sup>e</sup> woe  
yet, let's cry I'o, in our earthlie straine,  
he'ele eccho I'o in a heavenly vaine./

In margin are "verses engraven on y<sup>e</sup> tombe of y<sup>e</sup> said knight, & the Lady his wife. 1631.

Quos thalamus, quos una fides, sors iunxerat una:  
Nunc tumulus, nunc una sedes, mors iungit et una.

Whome in mariage bed, one faith, one fate conjoyned first together:  
Now this one Tombe, one heaven, one death rejoyneeth each to either./."

December 1619  
Storye, John

**The Subject:** Nothing is known of Storye beyond the information supplied in the extended title.

**The Author:** J[ohn] E[vans]?

**First Line:** “Heere in deaths library the future ages”

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 187

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 187

**Title:** “Upon the death of Jo: Storye an Antient Souldier living to the old [?] age of a hundred yeares continued a souldier unto the laste weeke of his life beeing then one of the Troope of horse To the night [?] w<sup>ch</sup> Arthur lord Chichester of Belfast governor of Ulster & lord Tresurer of Irelande this storye was buried at y<sup>e</sup> Church at Carregfergus A<sup>o</sup> domini: 1619 december ----  
Epit:”

Heere in deaths library the future ages  
may finde a story of a 100 pages  
& though the *letters* Cannott then bee redd  
for death & tyme hath them disfigured  
yet if yo<sup>r</sup> patiens gaeve [?] yo<sup>u</sup> leave to heede it  
looke on this manuscript if yo<sup>u</sup> cann reede[?] it  
& yo<sup>u</sup> shiall finde it if yo<sup>u</sup> bee nott sullen [?]  
how much king Henry Conquerd & gott Bullen<sup>314</sup>  
Ketts fowle rebellion w<sup>th</sup> his norfolke ladds<sup>315</sup>  
The Taking [?] hanging of thoase Rogish swaddes<sup>316</sup>  
then yo<sup>u</sup> maye vewe if for noble tyme yule borrow  
This winning of Brave lyth & Edenborough<sup>317</sup>  
when this is donn to the second *parte* then turn thee [?]  
& see as lardge described St. Quinteul Jorney [Turney?]<sup>318</sup>  
The los of Callys to the insulting frensh<sup>319</sup>  
The newe haven killing pestilentiall stensh  
The 3<sup>d</sup> *parte* doeth Contaygne the wished life

---

<sup>314</sup> A reference to the siege of Boulogne (1544-6), which ended with Henry VIII's taking of the city. There might be a pun on "Anne Boleyn" as well.

<sup>315</sup> A 1549 peasant uprising led by Robert Kett of Norfolk; after a number of battles it ended with the execution of Kett in December 1549.

<sup>316</sup> swaddes] bumpkins

<sup>317</sup> A reference to the Siege of Leith (1560), which ended the negotiated surrender of the French forces and the passing of Edinburgh into the hands of the Scottish Lords of the Congregation.

<sup>318</sup> unidentified

<sup>319</sup> Long held by England, Calais fell to the French in 1558.

of Shiane [?] Oneale<sup>320</sup> y<sup>t</sup> even lyved in strife  
his foule rebellions acktions full of shiame  
& how his head payed ransomm for the same.  
lastly shiall bee presented to your vewe  
Tyronnes Rebellion w<sup>th</sup> his Roring creue  
All thease this storye in his life Could shiowe  
Better then Hollinshead blinde Horse or Stowe<sup>321</sup>  
Butt hee as ey wyttnes to the same  
might all averr y<sup>is</sup> writt or sett beefore yee  
beeing but an Index to this Antient Storye

J E ?

---

<sup>320</sup> Presumably Shane O'Neill (1530-67), chief of the Ulster O'Neills. He died in battle against the MacDonnells.

<sup>321</sup> Raphael Holinshed, author of *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, and John Stow, author of a range of historical works, including *Annals of England* and *Survey of London*. "Horse" at this point remains unidentified.

1619

Mills, Francis

**The Subject:** Francis Mills. The poem itself suggests that he was 81 years old at death, which provides an approximate birth year of 1538. A Francis Mills born about that time graduated B.A. at All Souls, Oxford in 1559, and M.A. in 1562; he then served as Fellow and Sub-warden for some time. In 1603 he was serving as a Clerk of the Privy Seal and seeking to lease property of All Souls at Weedon Weston, Northamptonshire.<sup>322</sup> He edited the works of the Puritan minister Andrew Kingmill (1538-69).

**The Author:** Richard Mills. Identity uncertain, but given date, the most likely university-based poet is the Richard Mills of Southampton who matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford in 1618 at the age of 19. He graduated B.A. (1620) and M.A. (1623).

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Don.c.54, fol. 2r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Don.c.54, fol. 2r

**First Line:** “My troubled thoughts have waked my muse from sleep”

**Title:** “In obitum clarissimi et doctissimi viri Francisi Milles. Qui obiit 1619”

My troubled thoughtes have wakt my Muse from sleepe  
In steed of pen and incke greef bidde me weepe  
And write with teares: O that I could declare  
His aged life, a subject lardge and rare?  
When 9 times 9 and more in hope he spent  
of that aeternall joye, Death then had bent  
His bowe, and chardg'd him streighte unto the field  
Who had before put on the faithfull sheilde  
Of Jesus Christe. Thus arm'd he did defie  
Deathes darte, because (quoth he) I do relie  
On him that can my Dyinge joye revive  
(When death hath done her worst) and make me live.  
Thus said: he laid all worldly cares aside,  
And settled all his thoughte on Christ his guide.  
Death as the path to blisse he did account  
W<sup>ch</sup> once trode right, he did not doubt to mount  
The starrye Pole, and raigne with god above  
Whom still before he did embrace and love  
Thus arm'd he was prepar'd before that death  
Was ready for to take away his breath  
At lenght Death shott, he stood Death hit hi{s[?]} brest  
for as it fell the angells stol't away  
And were it not that Nature bad Death {kill[?]}

---

<sup>322</sup> CSPD Addenda, James I - Volume 35: September 1603.

He had as yet remayned with us still.

Richard Mills

Lieutenant W<sup>m</sup> Mills died present {.....}<sup>323</sup> Easter. 1621

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<sup>323</sup> Text badly faded.

31 March 1620  
Talbot, Margaret

**The Subject:** Margaret was the daughter of Edward, 3<sup>rd</sup> Baron Windsor, and Katherine Vere (daughter of John, 16<sup>th</sup> earl of Oxford). She was the second wife of Sir John Talbot (d. 1611) of Grafton, Worcester,<sup>324</sup> a grandson of the 5<sup>th</sup> earl of Shrewsbury.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Egerton 1160, fol. 13v

**Copy Text:** BL Egerton 1160, fol. 13v

This manuscript is a collection of inscribed epitaphs, the first part all drawn from London churches. This poem is from among those at St. Dunstan's, Stepney. A parish register including burials from this period does not seem to survive.

**First Line:** "By this small statue reader is but shown"

**Title:** "In Memory of y<sup>e</sup> Honourable and virtuous Margerate Talbot, Widow who died 31th [sic] of March. 1620"

By this small statue Reader is but shewn,  
That she was buried here, but had'st thou known  
The Piety, and Virtues of her Mind.  
Thou, would'st have said, Why was she not Enshrin'd.  
But Vere's, & Windsor's best Blood fill'd her veins,  
She match'd w<sup>th</sup> Talbot, yet their Noble strains  
Were far below her vertue in whose Breast  
God had infus'd his Grace above the Rest  
Of all her sex, whose sacred course of Life  
Both in the state of Widow, Maid and Wife:  
(ffor each she had been in her latter days  
Chast widowhood crown'd to her immortal Praise)  
Was so Immaculate, she deserves to be  
The crystal Mirroir [sic] to Posterity;  
More honour hast thou by her Burial here  
Dunstan, than to thee chan'd<sup>325</sup> this many a year  
Earth from her Coffin heave thy pondrous stones,  
And for thy sacred'st Relickes keep her Bones.  
Since spight of Envie, t'cannot be deny'd,  
Saint like she liv'd, & like a Saint she dy'd.

---

<sup>324</sup> *Collectanea Topographica Et Genealogica*, ed. Frederic Madden et al., (London, 1837), vol. 4, p. 113.

<sup>325</sup> Sic; for "chanc'd"?

11 June 1620  
Goodwin, William

**The Subject:** A student at Christ Church, Oxford, from 1577, after various other church positions, William Goodwin (b. 1555/6) returned there in 1611 to become Dean. He also served as Vice-Chancellor of the University for a number of years in the mid-1610s, and he achieved prominence for his preaching as a royal chaplain. See the *Oxford DNB* for fuller information.

**The Author:** Unidentified, but a student of Christ Church seems likely.

**Note:** Unusually for the time, this elegy is written in blank verse.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harl. 6931, fol. 1v

**Copy Text:** BL Harl. 6931, fol. 1v

**First Line:** “Was it for this the selfe-wide-stretching earth”

**Title:** “On y<sup>e</sup> death of D<sup>r</sup> Goodwin Deane of Ch: Church”

Was it for this y<sup>e</sup> selfe=wide=stretching earth<sup>326</sup>  
Open'd such gaping drought *preceeding*<sup>327</sup> charms  
As thogh shee would by a Chyrurgians art  
Anatomize her selfe to let in thee?  
did shee being dry so thirst for thee entombe  
with in her bowells? why wisht shee not thy life  
So might sh'have bragg'd y<sup>t</sup> such a one as thou  
Wert extant, moulder of her baser dust  
Let's steepe y<sup>e</sup> earth in true not lying tears  
fforst by a jugling art from laughing eyes  
And pay w<sup>th</sup> use y<sup>e</sup> drought of angry Sol  
W<sup>th</sup> a second petty ey=distilling flood  
Let's hugge y<sup>e</sup> day and spend it all in Cares  
By theise<sup>328</sup> know w<sup>ts</sup> a clocke how run y<sup>e</sup> howrs  
Charon alasse complaines his river's dry  
That t'will not beare y<sup>e</sup> lash of his light ore  
And y<sup>t</sup> it boldly stops his grounded boate  
Asking as t'were some rent for carriags  
Let's helpe his counts<sup>329</sup> w<sup>th</sup> greife dissolved eyes

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<sup>326</sup> Marginal note: “There was a great drought before his death”.

<sup>327</sup> probably “drought *proceeding*” would make more sense here; i.e. emerging from the drought.

<sup>328</sup> antecedent not clear.

<sup>329</sup> counts] reckonings.

salt water tears his boate will proudly beare  
Here ly's a man (and something more then ma[n]  
[fol. 2r]

Worthy t'have lived beyond eternity  
Ile not here load a page, lines out of breath  
To Heraldize his titles dignity's  
His Titles are himselfe, himselfe, himselfe  
And all all this bould death hath nipt away;  
But y<sup>et</sup> [sic] so freindly w<sup>th</sup> such reverence  
As yf his splendor had created eyes  
In death, and made her seing him admire  
And now halfe dead how lively did hee preach  
A sermon studied for his threescoreth yeare.  
His Pulpit was his bed, where every word  
A *perfect* systeme was of piety  
And w<sup>th</sup> his text himselfe at last divides  
His sermon life did teach Division death.

18 July 1620  
Morton, William

**The Subject:** William Morton, who was likely a son of a William Morton of Leicester, matriculated at Christ's College, Cambridge in 1575, graduating B.A. from Corpus Christi (1579), and M.A. from Christ's (1582). He served as vicar of Long Newton, Durham (1588-1616) and vicar of St. Nicholas, Newcastle (1596-1620). He served as Archdeacon of Northumberland (1599-1603) and then Durham (1603-20). He married a woman by the last name Pusey from Leicester, and he had a daughter named Alice Morton.<sup>330</sup> He was buried at St. Nicholas on July 26, 1620. His will lists a fair number of paintings that he is bequeathing.<sup>331</sup> His funeral sermon was preached by Robert Jenison,<sup>332</sup> who at the time was Master of St. Mary Magdalene's Hospital in Newcastle, and in 1622 was appointed Lecturer at All Saints, Newcastle, a position from which he was later removed for non-conformity.<sup>333</sup> Jenison also published a number works of a Puritan flavour in the 1620s.

**The Author:** unknown.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 15227, fol. 85v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 15227, fol. 85v

**First Line:** "The sea some terme, y<sup>e</sup> termes of time so mourne"

**Title:** "In mortem M<sup>ri</sup> Morton. Art: M<sup>ri</sup> et Pastoris apud novum Castellum super fluvium Tini"

The sea some terme, y<sup>e</sup> termes of time so mourne  
That one times teares, into a sea may turne.  
Let in our lines sighs be for periods sette.  
Meane time let sighes & teares noe period gette.  
Who to Elysium saile, they first must come  
In Charons boate through Mare mortuum.  
Bonum & Finis are converted so  
That each good thing unto an end must goe.  
So heere he lies whom who laments not  
Will grant to have y<sup>e</sup> stoicks apathy.  
Let England bee as w<sup>th</sup> an Ocean deepe  
Bound compassed w<sup>th</sup> teares of those that weepe,  
Greive heart, weepe eye, speake tongue, if he bee dead.  
Heart, eyes, tongue, nought can doe w<sup>th</sup>out their head.  
With Elegies and Elegies adorne his tombe,  
Who was y<sup>e</sup> whip of errours rod of Rome.  
Light of y<sup>e</sup> Church, Johns Angel, Aarons bell

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<sup>330</sup> His will, printed in *Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Ambrose Barnes*, ed. William Hylton Dyer Longstaffe, p. 307.

<sup>331</sup> *Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Ambrose Barnes*, p. 307.

<sup>332</sup> *Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Ambrose Barnes*, p. 307, citing "Sharp".

<sup>333</sup> Venn.

Gods messenger, New castles oracle.  
And in afflictions fire hee prooved true.  
And by diseases lopt, more fruitfull grew.  
This wildernes, & red sea passed hee,  
And Canaan is at length enjoyed; hee,  
Justice of peace, did peace with justice guard,  
Now Justice gave him peace, peace just reward.

November 1620  
Capt. John Salusbury

**The Subject:** Capt. John Salusbury was the son of Sir John Salusbury of Lleweni, Denbighshire, and Ursula Stanley. The fullest information about him is provided in the title of an epitaph (by his brother Henry Salusbury) that precedes this elegy in the manuscript: “An Epitaph vpon the death of [my] worthie & valiant Brother John Salusbury Esquire kapten o[f] a Troope of Horse in the servys of frederick Cownte pallatyn of the Ryne & then king of Bo:hem: who died at Prague the day beefore the yeilding upp of the Towne to the Imperieell beeing ( ) of novembre 1620”,

**The Author:** Little is known about Augustine Taylor. According to the title page of his *Divine Epistles* (1623), Taylor was “preacher, minister, at Hawarden, in Flint-Shire.” (John Philips, Bishop of Sodor and Man, was the rector of the parish.) The preface to his epithalamium on the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and Elector Frederick suggests that he may have been in service to the Gerrard family of Bryn, Lancashire. He also published *Encomiasticke Elegies* (1614), poems of praise on the living.

**First Line:** “God can doe what he will, man what he may”

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 155

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 155

**Title:** “Upon the death of Captaine John Salusbury of lleweny weh died in Prague in Germany 1620”

God can doe what he will, man what he may  
by god's decree a man is fetcht away,  
against mens wills; against kings wills this slaughter  
But god must first be serv'd & princes after  
Bringe Salusbry's Enemyes, Gainsay't yf they can  
faire Europe never bredd a braver man  
lleweny mourne for thou first sawe his breath  
& Prage maye mourne for thou last saw his death  
yet mourne not (neither) nothing's dead but's name  
his worth survyves and's in the lipps of fame  
And shall be caryed foorth on Eagles winges  
to th'gaine of our's, to th'losse of other kings  
O fredericke weepe he that in single fight  
before both Armies did defend thy Right  
And nobly bought the honor of the daye  
with two brave Combates, now is taken away  
Death has done many evils in this one  
Bohemias kinge's rob'd of his Champion  
A barronet of a brother, & of a sonne  
A mother is depriv'd; a Campe undone;

A kingdome sorrowfull & a Country weep's  
thy honor lives (John) though thy body sleep's  
what post is't that Equall tydings brings  
father and sonne two Champions to two kings:  
that we should live the tymelesse death to see  
of honor'd lov'd Admyred Sal'sburye  
(III)<sup>334</sup> we have lost him, now let slaunders tounge  
yt's bigger then her mouth, doe all the wronge  
shee can to this brave Captaine (<sup>335</sup>king's preferr's  
his valour lives in spight of her & hers  
& all those Cycophants that wayte upon her  
This Champion lies upon the bedd of honor  
let's make this use of wearinge mourninge weeds  
lament his death & Imytate his deeds  
I'le pray, llewenny still may have a John  
to be great Britains Sovereigne's Champion./

Augustine Tayler

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<sup>334</sup> This does not make much, but it seems to be correct.

<sup>335</sup> There is no closing bracket to accompany this.

24 December 1620  
William Gurdon

BL Harley 1598, fols. 1-9, is an unusual collection of funeral elegies prefaced by an account of the subject's death. Divisions between the individual poems are not always clear, and for this reason the biographical information about the individual poets has been placed in footnotes where their names first appear.

**The Subject:** William Gurdon was the son of Brampton Gurdon of Assington, Suffolk. It is uncertain whether William was the son of Elizabeth Barrett (Brampton's first wife) or Muriel Sedley (his second). He was admitted pensioner at Emmanuel College, Cambridge in April 1619. He died on Christmas Eve, 1624, and was buried the next day in St. Andrew the Great Church, Cambridge. His eldest brother, John Gurdon (1595-1679) played a prominent role on the Parliamentary side in the Civil Wars. Through Amy Brampton, the grandmother of William and John, the family also held significant lands at Letton, Norfolk.

**The Poets:** Those poets who can be identified are all associated with Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and are of the same age cohort as Gurdon. Emmanuel had a reputation for Puritanism and such is certainly reflected in the emphasized piety of the prefatory description of Gurdon on his death-bed.

**Manuscript copies:** BL Harley 1598, fols. 1-9

**Copy text:** BL Harley 1598, fols. 1-9

[fol. 1r]

A briefe narration of the manner  
of y<sup>e</sup> death of y<sup>t</sup> most hopefull young *gentleman*  
M<sup>r</sup> W:<sup>m</sup> Gurdon, who departed this life the  
24<sup>th</sup> of December 1620.

His sicknesse contynued for y<sup>e</sup> space of eight dayes, all w<sup>ch</sup> tyme he was very patient, w<sup>th</sup> a devout Intention to godlynesse & holy death. Some foure dayes before his death, the tempter (as it seemed fyndeinge nature fraylt<sup>336</sup>) began to chalenge him of longe hippocrisie, & of many misdoeings and great miscarriage in his profession, many *particulars* wherof he freelye acknowledged and much bewayled to a Christian friend of his, to whom he privately disclosed his sorrowes: After w<sup>ch</sup> useinge great fervencie in prayer, he found a most comfortable assurance of godes favoure in the *pardoning*

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<sup>336</sup> sic; presumably "y" inadvertently omitted.

of his synnes./ The more his sicknesse increased upon him; the more earnestly did he seeke to y<sup>e</sup> Lord for comfortt, & he was found of him; fortw<sup>th</sup> all patience & hope did he possesse his soule, tyll it was possest of heaven.

The night before his death, he toulde y<sup>e</sup> standers by of his approachinge end, & much about y<sup>e</sup> tyme of yt; at w<sup>ch</sup> tyme fynding himselfe verie sycke, he intreated his Tutor (as he had often done before) to pray w<sup>th</sup> him, telling him, they should never pray together more. He himself also (as he had formerly [fol. 1v] done) prayed, after such a compact manner, & earnestly and fully powred out his soule, both in bewayleinge his synnes, and prayseing of God for the assurance of the pardon of them in Christ, wherew<sup>th</sup> he much moved those y<sup>t</sup> heard him not only to weepe for him, but also for themselves.

After w<sup>ch</sup> tyme, haveinge gotten some seemeing repose by often slumberinge; at his Tutors comeing to him agayne, about one houre before his speech and senses fayled him, recollectinge himself he prayed agayne more earnestly especially tendinge toward thankesgiveinge and craveinge godes assistance in those his extremities, as often tymes before he had this care in his mynde, desirous to be put in mynde of good things, least (sayed he) I forget my God when the panges of death assaile me.

After his prayers he tould his Tutor, y<sup>t</sup> he was hartely glad, y<sup>t</sup> he w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> \rest/ were present to heare this his last wytnesse of the trueth, telling them y<sup>t</sup> not w<sup>th</sup> standinge his weakenesse, it pleased God to put such wordes in his mouth, w<sup>ch</sup> he would speake to them: and such wordes they were & soe delyvered, y<sup>t</sup> it would have even astonished any reasonable man: some passages wherof, as coulde be remembred from him[?] word by worde, I shall briefly/ recite: thus he spake./

Some y<sup>t</sup> now stand looking one me, a poore and frayle peece of earth, you are are but clay like me, any one of you y<sup>t</sup> thinketh himselfe y<sup>e</sup> strongest let him stand forth, and tell me whether he shall

[fol. 2r]

survive y<sup>e</sup> other, or how soone he shall die. I once thought y<sup>e</sup> pompe & fashions of the worlde were to be followed, & thought many vanities to be noe synnes, but synce they have appeared as they were, & now alas what avayle they? goe on therefore: Christ will teare his enemyes in sunder./ your death may come suddainely as myne, therefore deferr not repentance, pray often, watch contynually, stand upon guard, your master is comeinge, looke for him contynually, & be in readynesse, for shall you be lyke y<sup>e</sup> wise virgins w<sup>th</sup> oyle in their lamps ready to enter y<sup>e</sup> marriage Chamber, when the commen route of the worlde shalbe shutt out: And I pray god graunt y<sup>t</sup> unto you for Christ his sake, addinge moreover diverse wordes of fervor of Christ unto his enemyes./

After w<sup>ch</sup> he brake forth into very emphaticall *δοxολιε*<sup>337</sup> or prayseing god concerninge his departure on the saboath day, useing these very wordes besydes others to this purpose: *Oh happie, happie am I, y<sup>t</sup> ever I was borne, O terque quaterque beatus*<sup>338</sup>, that I this blessed day should goe to rest w<sup>th</sup> my Saviour; and presently upon this; another occasyon being offered, he uttered many sweete and comfortable speeches concerninge the suddaine insueinge unyon and everlasting marriage of his soule unto his saviour./

Some lyttle tyme after he had uttered these former speeches, the lord graunt it to you for Christt Jesus sake, Amen: Amen: Amen: for soe he concluded his speeches: He then begann to name and to pray for some of his friends w<sup>th</sup> great fervencie.

[fol. 2v]

saying these words: Tutor, pray not for me, I shalbe suddainely well; you have done the parte of a good Tutor, I shall never requite you, but y<sup>e</sup> Lord will rewarde y<sup>t</sup> in heaven, even for Christ his sake.

Oh my grandfather,<sup>339</sup> who have beene to me As a father & loved me deerely & provided

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<sup>337</sup> doxologie.

<sup>338</sup> A quotation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, 1:94.

<sup>339</sup> Presumably John Gurdon (d. 1623).

for me: And oh my good father to whom  
I was deare; the Lord graunt both his  
mercy peace and truth to be w<sup>th</sup> you, & as  
you be father and sonne, soe you may lyve in  
peace lyke father & sonne in all godlynesse  
and love & y<sup>t</sup> for Christ his sake. Amen.  
Oh my brother Robert, I would I had thee  
by thy hand to see thee, & speake to thee.  
Oh my sister Judyth, well art thou.  
Oh my deare Henry Sherbourne,<sup>340</sup> thou dyedst  
in this Chamber, wherein I now shall: I loved  
thee deerely, and shall anon meete thee in heaven.  
After w<sup>ch</sup> his Tutor wishing him to remember  
that sayeing of Steven: Into thy handes I  
commytt my soule./ Oh Tutor, sayed he, you  
art lyke an embassadour to me, yes (said he  
his Tutor) to treat of marriage; oh, yes  
said he agayne w<sup>th</sup> aboundance of joy, of the  
marriage betweene Christ & my soule w<sup>ch</sup>  
shalbe presently, and soe after some sweete  
rejoyceing wordes uttered of the same immedi=  
ately before his senses & speech fayled & death  
seised upon his body./

[fol. 3r]

But this his witnessinge of soe good a confession,  
may easely *perswade* us, y<sup>t</sup> as he slept upon the  
saboath, soe his soule resting from all, it labours  
keeps an eternall saboath in heaven.

A dolefull Caroll for a Christmasse tyde  
Melpomine presents: but loe besides  
Its joyfull in y<sup>e</sup> end; But funeralls  
we celebrate w<sup>th</sup> drierie Madrigalls.  
But Christmas bydds her Caroll. Thus in verse  
Sorrow meets joy, cause tis a Christmas hearse./

Oh heavens what did you take? your owne or oures.  
Ours such he was: how is he then made yours.  
But shall earth strive w<sup>th</sup> heaven? just it was  
That his good soule should from his body passe  
Unworthy earth; thou takest all y<sup>e</sup> drosse.

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<sup>340</sup> While likely a fellow student, no record of a Henry Sherbourne (however spelled) is found in Venn.

Heaven hath the gould, but this to thee is noe losse.  
Thou hast thy due, his corps, heaven hath his right.  
His blessed soule, w<sup>ch</sup> makes a happie weight  
Therefore let mourneing end in holy myrth  
Synce heaven retournes to heaven & earth to earthe.

[fol. 3v]

To temper Christmas joyes, loe heres a hearse  
Covered w<sup>th</sup> mourneinge cloth & mournfull verse:  
Tis in a tyme of publique mirth, even soe  
Sorrow in feasting comes; in laughter woe:  
But happie he, y<sup>t</sup> left this bailefull bowre  
And now keeps Christmas w<sup>th</sup> his Saviour.  
Our sportes, madd Anticks are, or tragique brau\les/  
His are Angellike, heavenly Madrigalls.  
Ours are but twelve dayes, his for evermore.  
Oh joy that feeles noe grieffe, oh blissfull shore  
That feares noe sea of troubles: This bay  
Thou gotts ~~thy~~ by landing on a Saboath day  
wherin thou hast *perpetuall* Saboath joyes.  
This is a happie change for Christmas toyes./

Cole<sup>341</sup>

I would y<sup>e</sup> teares, y<sup>t</sup> from myne eyes doe fall  
The vertue had thy life for to recall  
Or if y<sup>t</sup> feares could call thee back agayne  
Mine eyes should strive, to dropp teares w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> rayne.  
Nor should myne eyes alone, but even when  
They weare & wearie, this ill tutored penn  
Should beare a *parte*, & soe should helpe mine eye  
To dropp a teare, lest grieffe should draw it dry  
Thus earth, eyes, penn, all joyntly grieve in one  
Cause earth hath lost it, but *perfection*./  
And I my selfe vow yearly for thy sake  
To by thy truest mourner: willyam wake.

[fol. 4r]

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<sup>341</sup> This is most likely either:

Richard Cole, who matriculated at King's College, Cambridge in 1615 and wrote an elegy on the death of Queen Anne in March 1619

or

Richard Cole, who matriculated at Emmanuel College in April 1617, and graduated B.A. (1621) and M.A. (1624).

or

Robert Cole, son of Humphrey Cole, who matriculated at Emmanuel College in Oct. 1620, just two months before the death of Gurdon. He graduated B.A. in 1624, M.A. in 1627, and later became Rector of Great Oakley, Essex.

Upon the death of thrice  
hopefull: Willyam: Gurdon:

Complaine poore soule, lament & mourne w<sup>th</sup> teares  
That this sweete blossome, cruell death should take  
Whom nature might have lent out Nestors yeares  
And him whom vertue did her pallace make  
But fairest blossome dies, by winters colde  
And cruell death, wher vertue is most l\|a/yeth holde

As from a sea, teares flowing from myne eyes  
Cannot my g\|r/iefe sufficiently expresse  
That friendshipps mirror now interred lyes  
In earth, whose nature kinde all must confesse  
As turtles true, now sigheinge for his death  
Or[?] loves loadstone, before his ended breath.

Hence heavenly soule, from earth, then take thy \rest/  
ffarewell sweete soule lyve in thrice happie joy  
In heaven w<sup>th</sup> saints, also w<sup>th</sup> Angells blest  
Where is eternall peace w<sup>th</sup>out annoy  
In glorie triumphe thou a crowned kinge  
While we thy never-dyeinge praises, singe./

Lansdell./<sup>342</sup>

Anagram  
Willyam: Gurdon:  
I am growen dull/.

How cruelle was thy fate! how mercillesse  
Eke were the Sisters! yea full worthy blame  
That now instead of future happinesse  
On earth did seeke to villifie thy name  
    Oh blacke & speedie death, sole enemye  
    Of man and eke of mans posteritye.  
But yet fowle Tyrant twill noe honour doe thee  
Though thou hast conquered him, for what of this  
we for his lyfe, will give no ransome to thee  
Since hes we knowe heire of eternall blisse.  
    A blessed and thrice happie life thou hast  
    That art soe much transformd into what y<sup>u</sup> wast  
Then doubtlesse mourne not, whosoere thou be.

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<sup>342</sup> A possible candidate is Christopher Lonsdall, who was admitted to Emmanuel in May 1618, and graduated B.A. (1622) and M.A. (1625). He later served as priest at Hooton Pagnell, Yorkshire.

ffor him that's there now, when he cannot grieve  
Hes subget to noe humane passion he  
But all eternall joyes he doth receive  
    Soe then (beloved) fare well say I  
    Thou happie arte even to eternitie./

[fol. 5r]

On the much deplored death of  
his immature departed friend  
William: Gurdon: /

Come sighes, the sadd companions of my grieffe  
Both sighes, and teares, come helpe me to lament:  
Salt teares, w<sup>th</sup> deepest groanes, my copes[?] mates chiefe  
Deepe groanes, w<sup>th</sup> sobbs, I sigh, weepe, groane, relent,  
    Sobbs, groanes, teares, sighes, come all & joyne in one.  
    To mourne the ruine of *perfection*.

To mourne the ruine of perfection?  
Alas perfection cannot ruine knowe,  
ffor twas decreed by heavens election  
It like a Laurell should for ever grow  
    And whileste y<sup>t</sup> other trees, sharpe minds doe \blast/  
    This only hould increase, spring, flourish, last.

This is the branch, heavens hand it selfe hath sett,  
ffrom w<sup>ch</sup> branch springs y<sup>e</sup> budd of happinesse:  
w<sup>ch</sup> budd y<sup>e</sup> blossome beares, w<sup>ch</sup> heavens dew wett  
which blossome, brings y<sup>e</sup> fruite of joyfullnesse.  
    How then could this fruite, blossome, bud, branch, die?  
    Itt were ordeyned for eternitye.

[fol. 5v]

How coulede y<sup>t</sup> die? alas it is not deade,  
But in a fayrer ortchyard now doth springe  
Where more at large her branches she may spred  
And fruite of *perfecter perfection* bringe,  
    By whose removeinge earth hath lost a \plant/  
    w<sup>ch</sup> all this earthlie orchyards trees doe want.

Then let us love y<sup>t</sup> place, y<sup>t</sup> earth, that molde,  
y<sup>t</sup> kept y<sup>e</sup> tree, soe good a ~~tree~~\fruite/ did houlde /

W<sup>m</sup>/ Wake./<sup>343</sup>

In obitum summae spei Juvenis  
Gulielm Gurdon: Collegii  
Emmanuelis: alumni.//

Two loveinge turtles lyveinge either thrive.  
Two faithfull friends rejoyce, while both alive,<sup>344</sup>  
Two such there were, though now not two such moe,  
Two turtle friends, one never thothers foe:  
They lyved, they loved alike, like was their end  
Though one first died, and left behind his friend  
yet friendly turtle like, this pind made mone,  
Because his mate away, from him was flowen,  
Longe soe he lyved not, but paid natures due  
And hence from earth up to his mate he flew,  
where both shall love & live, & never die  
Nestlinge themselves in rest, above y<sup>e</sup> skie:/

W.<sup>m</sup> Walter./<sup>345</sup>

[fol. 6r]

Mortuus amicos sic alloquitur:/

True *perfect* mirth on earth you cannot fynde  
Nor joy secure, w<sup>ch</sup> doth content the mynde  
Your gladnesse alwaies sadnesse black attends,  
And what in joy beginnes, in sorrow ends:  
This knew I, knoweing, did true mirth desire,  
Desireinge, found it in y<sup>e</sup> heavenly Quyre,  
when I rejoyce, why should you sorry bee  
when all rejoyce, why should you grieve for me  
Griefe *pro*fytt not me, nor you, then be content  
Rejoyce w<sup>th</sup> me, turne griefe to meriment./

Will.<sup>m</sup> Walter./

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<sup>343</sup> William Wake (d. 1661) was admitted to Emmanuel in Dec. 1617, graduated B.A. (1622), and M.A. (from Trinity Hall, 1625). He served for many years as rector of Holy Trinity, Wareham, Dorset.

<sup>344</sup> The friend is not named, but given the reference in the prose preface, it may be Henry Sherbourne.

<sup>345</sup> This William Walter has not been identified.

Thy sable field shewes thy sad discontent  
How for thy friend \synnes/ erepast, thou doest relent  
Nor did synne soe oppresse thee, though twere foule  
But y<sup>t</sup> hope joined w<sup>th</sup> faith, held up thy soule  
And for thy comforte, doe this Anthime singe  
Those Lyons heads from Judahs tribe did springe  
And those sweete flowers, w<sup>ch</sup> from their heads appeare  
Shew thou a sweete smell in Gods nostrells were  
And that he did thy name w<sup>th</sup> saynts enroule  
Cause thy fowle bodie, held a spottlesse soule:  
we mourne for thee, thou for thy friend didst weepe  
And hope doth tell us: heaven thy soule doth keepe.

[fol. 6v]

Since death denies me passage to y<sup>e</sup> shore  
where now thou art, & never shalt see me more:  
Since y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> fatall ferriman denyes  
wastage to all unlesse to him y<sup>t</sup> dyes.

with grieffe, I dyeinge lyve, & loveinge die  
I weepeinge, joy w<sup>th</sup> teares, & joyeinge cry:  
I dye and lyve, & weepe, & joy, & make  
Life, death, joy, teares, all changing for thy sake.

W:<sup>m</sup> wake/

*Cura curam trahit.*

Sleepe sweet soule, sleepe in peace  
why soe soone didst thou decease  
Every stranger spends his teares  
That of thy departeing heares  
for thy vertues were soe many  
Thou wert not exceld by any.  
And I both joy & crie, each morne & even  
Cause thou wert once, on earth, & now in heaven.

[fol. 7r]

Pale death, what is the reason why  
Thou strikest all, and feareth none?  
Because I true would be in equitie  
And soe this tytle to me ascribe alone.  
I am the end of woes, my stroke is fyerce

But kynd to those y<sup>e</sup> are prepared to dye  
 Example we may see in this same hearse  
 Wher ended is this young mans miserie.  
 I have him lead unto the Elisian joyes  
 The joyes above w<sup>th</sup> heavenly melodie  
 I have him brought unto y<sup>e</sup> soundeinge noyse  
 Of Angells and of Saints sweete harmonie.  
 Is not his deed? What ever thinge is done  
 In heaven and earth? did not he all create  
 To die agayne? All ends y<sup>t</sup> was begunne  
 Their tymes in his eternall booke of fate<sup>346</sup>  
 Are written sure and have their certayne date  
 who then can stand w<sup>th</sup> stronge necessitie  
 That holds y<sup>e</sup> world in its still changing state?  
 Or shunn y<sup>e</sup> death ordaind by destinie?  
 When hower of death is come, let none aske wher or \why/  
 Alas poore men, why doe we then shead teares?  
 ffrom mournfull eyne? he left Immanuell  
 [..]nd gone to Trinitie: doe not then besmeare  
 your weepeinge faces, as if y<sup>t</sup> death thats fell  
 were not a porter unto the heavenly gate  
 wher he might lyve in gloriouse Angells state.

Jocelin<sup>347</sup>

[fol. 7v]

Nor can nor will I perswade not to mourne  
 ffather, friends, brothers for great a crosse  
 As is of sonne, friend, brother y<sup>e</sup> sadd losse  
 Come therefore all, & overweepe his urne  
     yet will & may I you perswade to this  
     y<sup>t</sup> hopelesse mourneinge wilbe much amisse.

ffor milllions have before him gone  
 And after him must follow millyons many  
 None can keepe backe of the now lyveing[?] any  
 ffrom deathes high way. Tis not his walke alone  
     And this brings comfort to y<sup>e</sup> saddest harte  
     To have in sorrowes many beare a parte

But sonne he was, & in y<sup>e</sup> flower of age  
 And brother was he to his brethren deare

<sup>346</sup> In the margin next to this line, in a different hand, appears the word "my".

<sup>347</sup> Thomas Joscelin was admitted as a pensioner to Emmanuel College, Cambridge in April 1619. He graduated B.A. in 1623 and M.A. in 1626.

He was most fryndly to his friends while here.  
Threefolde united griefe who can assuage?  
    This he was mortall & all men as he  
    Sooner or later must pay death His[?] ffee.

And though to die a youth doth griefe increase  
Goodnesse in youth, & vertue maketh blest  
Not yeares, but godlynesse doth bring y<sup>e</sup> rest  
w<sup>ch</sup> lesseneth sorrow, & makes griefe to cease  
    when he had those: though dayes & yeares he misse  
    Rather rejoyce then mourne, he is in blisse.

N. Delbrige.<sup>348</sup>

[These English funeral elegies are followed by one in Latin attributed to “Dreid”.]

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<sup>348</sup> Nathaniel Delbridge was admitted pensioner to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in August; he graduated B.A. (1611-12), M.A. (1615), and B.D. (1622). He served as vicar of Cuby with Tregony, Cornwall, from 1624.

10 May 1621  
Blagrove, William.

**The Subject:** William Blagrove; the copy in Bodl. Eng. Poet.e.14 identifies him as a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. However, it is unclear whether he is the same William Blagrove (of Berkshire, age 14) who matriculated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford in 1600.

**The Author:** J. Marsham (so identified in Bodl. Eng. Poet.e.14). No figure of this name is recorded in Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*.

**Manuscript Copies:** Portland Pw V 37, p. 9; BL Add. 30982, fol. 72v, Folger V.a.103.1, fol. 5v; Bodl. Eng. Poet.e.14, fol. 96v

**Copy Text:** Portland Pw V 37, p. 9

**First Line:** "Greece likeneth man to an inverted tree,"

**Title:** "On the death of M<sup>f</sup> W. Blagrove. May 10. 1621."

Greece likeneth man to an inverted tree,  
Whose boughs the rootes, whose rootes the boughs should bee.  
Greece dotes in this, for trees their fruites do bring  
In Autumne, here's a tree brings his in Spring  
A golden fruit; w<sup>ch</sup> when Proserpine spies,  
The Hesperian apples match not in her eies:  
Thus jealous of the fruites, even both together,  
Takes fruites and tree, least pluck't it chance to wither.  
    And now the tree which once this fruites did yeild,  
    Doth Spring afresh in the Elyzian field.

November 1621  
Johnson, Dr. Thomas

**The Subject:** Thomas Johnson (b. ca. 1578), of Bedfordshire, matriculated at St. Alban Hall in 1594, graduating from Oriel College, B.A. (1596) and M.A. (1601). He sought a license to practice medicine in 1608, and granted a D. Med. in 1609. Upon his death he was buried in St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

**First Line:** "Deaths only terrible in the very name"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Title:** "On D<sup>r</sup> Johnson a Physitian. November 1621"

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 9v

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 9v

Deaths only terrible in the very name  
And some few circumstances, else 'twere the same  
To go to bed and dy, for do Death right  
'Tis a sound sleepe, a little longer night:  
Yea of some living deade men I have reade  
Who each night died, and made their grave their Bedd.  
Yet I must question Death, how hee now can  
Kill his Grand Agent, A Physitian;  
For Physick's a disease spoiles more by farr,  
Then either Cooke, a Pestilence or Warr:  
There are such skilfull Docters in't they say,  
That they can kill their score a weak, and Play.

But Johnsons art was nobler, and savd more  
Then twenty of deaths Instruments slew before;  
Wherefore enrag'd to see men crosse his lawes,  
To stopp th'effect hee takes away the cause,  
And slayes Him first: and in him many one,  
Who pine to see their health before them gone.  
Now hee is gone where shall a Patient finde  
On that will cure his body and his Minde;  
One both whose arte and Toungue w<sup>th</sup> a sweete jarr  
Strove in each cure to out slipp the other farr:  
Whose good to others hurt himselfe, and which  
Did live too honest to dy over rich.

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**First Line:** “Peace to thy soule, whylst wee heere mone”

**The Author:** Mr. W.J.; not further identified.

**Title:** “On the same [D<sup>r</sup> Johnson a Physitian. November 1621]”

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 9v

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 9v

Peace to thy soule, whylst wee heere mone  
With a just teare that Johnson’s gone,  
Johnson a truly honest man:  
A Good and Learned Physitian.  
How many yet survives scarce Knowes  
Weether Gallen writt in verse or prose!  
And yett these men still live; and can  
Maintaine their Footcloths, and their man;  
They Physicke bodies, but in vaine  
They live to lust, and sinne to gaine:  
The[y] looke like Saintes, and yett are looth  
To keepe Hypocrates’ his oath.  
O Fortune that itt should bee said,  
That these men live, now Johnson’s deade!  
    But Practise doth this lesson give  
    The Best first dy, the Worst still live.

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**First Line:** “Were’t but a single Death, or but one Coarce”

**The Author:** Either Edward Radcliffe (BL Add. 10309; BL Add. 30982) or W. Bourne (Nottingham Pw V 37/59). Edward Radcliffe (b. ca. 1602) was of Todmorden, Lancashire, and matriculated at University College, Oxford, in June 1621. He graduated B.A. from Exeter College (1622) and M.A. from University College (1624).

A William Bourne (b. ca. 1602), the son of Richard Bourne of London, matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford in Dec. 1621; he graduate B.A. (Feb. 1622). In 1621 he also entered Lincoln's Inn.

**Title:** "On y<sup>e</sup> Death of D<sup>r</sup> Johnson" (Nottingham Pw V 37/59)<sup>349</sup>

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<sup>349</sup> BL Add. 10309 has the title, "Upon a skillful physician lately deceased".

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 10309, fol. 51v; BL Add. 30982, fol. 47; Bodl. Don.d.58, fol. 3v; Folger V.a.96, fol. 61; Folger V.a. 345, p. 78; Hunt. HM 116, p. 113; Nottingham Pw V 37/59, pp. 31-2; Rosenbach 1083/17.

**Copy Text:** Nottingham Pw V 37/59, pp. 31-2

Wer't but a single Death, or but one Coarce  
Borne to ye Grave, itt had \not/ beene of force  
T'have caus'd a Generall Mourning; Wee might then  
Have well compounded w<sup>th</sup> *our* Griefe, and beene  
Lesse prodigall upon one Toombe: And kept  
Some Tears in store some Funerals to have wept.  
But when Physitians feele y<sup>e</sup> envious Knife,  
'Tis not one lives losse, but a Losse of Life;  
And when wee mourne for them, wee mourne withall  
*Our* owne Health's ruine, y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> them doth fall. 10  
[32] Then Hee's a Churle of's Teares, y<sup>t</sup> now denies  
The just exhausture of his drywept eies  
Att this sadd worke of Fate, y<sup>t</sup> murthring Thee  
Hath caus'd no Death but a Mortality.  
Now w<sup>th</sup> more freedome may shee use her power  
Upon poore helpes Bodies, whose last houre  
So often was prevented w<sup>th</sup> thy Skill,  
Whereby Death's bounded rage did slowlier kill.  
Thou wast none of y<sup>t</sup> Patient=torturing Brood,  
Whose Art is best in letting vitall bloud; 20  
Whose gryping hand y<sup>e</sup> Proverbe loaths as much  
As Lawyers, or y<sup>e</sup> Hangmans stretching touch;  
That are so farre from yielding any ease,  
As their Extortion doubles y<sup>e</sup> Disease,  
By their unsavoury Druggs excessive rate,  
Bringing a worse Consumption on th'estate;  
That can prolong a sicknes, till they have  
Left y<sup>e</sup> poore man quite Nak'd, and fitt for's Grave;  
Then w<sup>th</sup> a demure countenance att last  
Can say, *Hee's no man of this World, Hee's past* 30  
*Hope of Recovery*, when indeed 'tis they  
Have suckt his Substance past recovery:  
And then they thinke y<sup>t</sup> they may well deserve  
In killing him, y<sup>t</sup> should but live to sterue.  
I do but speake of those to sett out Thee,  
Whose honest hand ne're toucht a thankles Fee;  
That wert a true Physitian, and couldst repaire  
Even w<sup>th</sup> a speech a heart halfe broke w<sup>th</sup> care.  
Apollo's both skills were well learnd of Thee,  
That w<sup>th</sup> his Druggs embrac't his Poetry; 40

Seasoning thy Medicines w<sup>th</sup> a Sweeter Pill,  
W<sup>ch</sup> made all relish them against their will:  
Onely in thy selfe thy Physick lost her part,  
Because thy Nature was above thy Art. /

January 1621/22<sup>350</sup>  
Hare, Nicholas

**The Subject:** Nicholas Hare was the son of John Hare of Totteridge, Hertfordshire, and St. Dunstan's, London, and Luce Barlee of Bibbesworth Hall, Kempton, Hertfordshire. He was admitted to the Inner Temple in June 1596, and matriculated at Christ's College, Cambridge in 1598-9.

The Chamberlain-Carleton letters show "one Captain Harvey, executor to the estate of Nicholas Hare, has requested 'a copie of the picture [Carleton possesses] of Master Hare, and that yt may be drawne by Michael Janson or some other goode hand, for that he meanes to make some monument, wherein he shall have use of yt.' Harvey was apparently paid some 'three or foure thousand pound' for his efforts under the terms of the will and such arrangements may well have been commonplace."<sup>351</sup> His will makes no reference to wife or children, and his (substantial) wealth is left to a range of cousins, godchildren, and friends. The bulk is given to "John Harvie brother of Symon Harvie", who also serves as executor; his cousin Henry Reynolds (the poet of the elegy) is the next most richly rewarded. Nicholas Hare was buried at St. Dunstan's in the West.

**The Author:** The will of Nicholas Hare establishes that Henry Reynolds was his cousin (and major beneficiary), but beyond that his identity is uncertain. He may have been the poet active in the early 1630s and acquainted with Michael Drayton and Henry King (see *Oxford DNB*). However, Mary Hobbs, "Drayton's 'Most Dearely-Loved Friend Henery Reynolds Esq.'" *The Review of English Studies*, New Series, 24:96 (Nov. 1973), pp. 414-428, argues against the identity of the two men, and argues that the elegist was from Belstead and attended the Inner Temple with Hare.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 21433, fol. 171; BL Harl. 3910, fol. 48

**Copy Text:** BL Harl. 3910, fol. 48r (collated with BL Add. 21433)

**First Line:** "Let bloode, co-education, love, consent"

**Title:** 'An elegie on the death of m<sup>r</sup> Nicolas Hare Esq.'

Let bloode, co-education, love, consent  
Of minds (dear Hare) at this dire accident  
Stand as unintresd spectators by,  
Nor lend one tear to thy sad obsoquy:  
They cannot, for being soe mutch thy owne  
In me, they ar licke thee sencles growne.  
Deep greifs run smoth and mack no noise at all,  
Whear shallower tears still murmur as they fall.

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<sup>350</sup> His will was written 18 December 1621 and proved 7 Jan. 1622 (NA PROB 11/139/11).

<sup>351</sup> Llewellyn, *Funeral Monuments*, p. 272, cites Chamberlain, vol. 2, p. 422 and Carleton (1972), p. 289.

Yet sinc pertaikings use to allaye distres,  
 And generall woe macks the peculiar les:  
 I maye of my impatient greif obtaine  
 Some treuce perhaps the *common* los to plaine;  
 In only opening but so mutch of thee  
 As wherein all good sperits share w<sup>th</sup> mee.  
 Veiw thay then some of that<sup>352</sup> vast wealth of thine.  
 Wherein the smalest part alas was mine:  
 Parts that distributed might have formd ten  
 (For them alone so stild)<sup>353</sup> accomlisht men.  
 Laborious judgement, faithfull memory,  
 In all best tongs their all variety:  
 Fancye, and imāgination raisd soe highe  
 And of extensure<sup>354</sup> sutch as the broad skye,  
 Large earth, wilde deeps, and wide aire unconfined  
 Soe great thou hadst, but yet so good a minde:  
 As though thy verteus did admit noe wante,  
 Yet was thy modesty predominant.

[48v]

Or rather judgment raisd to sutch a height  
 As did decline for to support the weight  
 Licke full grown corne w<sup>ch</sup> once maturely eard  
 Hangs down the head, that late aloft it reard:  
 Or purpell issue of the fruitfull vine,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> ripened onc by Phoebus fervent shine,  
 Stretches his greens about him, and w<sup>th</sup>in  
 Enshades himself, not caring to be seen.  
 But as the more in thy retirednes  
 Thou didst injoye thy selfe, and we the les  
 Could enjoy of thee; hadst thou yet but left us  
 Some shaddows of what thy sollitude bereft us,  
 How happy wear we or but even to see  
 Thy elegye trew writ, and writ by thee.  
 But sinc that good is by thy fate prevented  
 We must w<sup>th</sup> theas false mirrhors rest contented  
 And we in whose arms thou didst choose to dye  
 Will altogeathar by thy elegye.  
 So sleep in peace rockd in thy latest rest.  
 Heer but interd; intombde in many a brest.

Hen: Reynolds.

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<sup>352</sup> BL Add. 21433] y<sup>e</sup>

<sup>353</sup> BL Add. 21433 has parentheses around "soe styld"

<sup>354</sup> Among the few users of this rare word is Michael Drayton.

February 1622  
Dacre, Lady Elizabeth

**The Subject:** Elizabeth Throckmorton (1596-1622), daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton of Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, married Richard Lennard, 13<sup>th</sup> Lord Dacre, of Herstmonceaux, Sussex.

**The Author:** Sir Thomas Wotton, 2<sup>nd</sup> baron Wotton of Marley [Malherbe], Kent, b. 1587, d. 2 April 1630 was the son of Edward Wotton, 1st Baron. He married Mary Throckmorton, another daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton of Paulerspury, Northamptonshire. She was the sister of Lady Dacre. Wotton was knighted in May of 1608.

**Manuscript Copy:** Yale Osborn Poetry Box VI/81

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn Poetry Box VI/81

**First Line:** "Leave, leave all you adulterers of verse"

**Title:** "The right honorable S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Wotton on y<sup>e</sup> death of y<sup>e</sup> Lady Dacres."

Leave, leave all you adulterers of verse.  
with idle prayse her vertues to rehearse  
She is a subject s̄ beyond all our toyes  
As farre as she is now 'bove earthly joyes  
If she had beene matcht t̄ with Job and beene his wife  
to tempt her sure had beene y<sup>e</sup> devills strife  
yett as vainly too as he did y<sup>e</sup> other  
Patience made her sister him brother.  
Had our mother Ever borne but such a minde  
wee all had Happy beene and Eve still blind.  
she y<sup>t</sup> to her shall be compared next  
will seeme Apochrypha to scriptures text

13 March 1623  
Salisbury, Ferdinando

**The Subject:** Ferdinando Salisbury (b. 1599) was the fourth son of Sir John Salisbury (1566/7 - 1612) of Lleweni, the dedicatee of *Loves Martyr* (which includes Shakespeare's "The Phoenix and the Turtle"). Ursula Stanley was the illegitimate but acknowledged daughter of Henry Stanley, 4th earl of Derby). Ferdinando died at the family seat, Lleweni Hall, Denbighshire, on March 13, 1623.

**The Author:** The eldest brother of the subject, Sir Henry Salisbury, first baronet (1589-1632), entered the Middle Temple in Nov. 1607; he married Hester, daughter of the wealthy Londoner Sir Thomas Myddelton. In return for the settlement of both his and his father's debts, Henry made over much of his estate to Myddelton. Indeed, Myddelton had previously lent Henry £1000 for these debts and the marriage itself might have been part of the contract as well. A number of references in NLW 5390D suggest that he may have been in Carrickfergus (possibly serving with Arthur Chichester) during some of the 1610s. In 1619 he received a baronetcy. His eldest son and heir, Sir Thomas, was another poet in the family, publishing *The History of Joseph* in 1636.<sup>355</sup>

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 157

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 157

**First Line:** fflye fly a waye thow nue Inlardged spyrrytt

**Title:** "An epitaph or Ellegy upon the death of my most affeckted [?] brother ffardinando Salisburye whoe died of a Consumption the 13<sup>th</sup> of martch abowte 3 a clock in the morning beeing ffridaye at Oxenford Chamber in Lleweny A° Dom: 1622"

fflye fly a waye thow nue<sup>356</sup> Inlardged spyrrytt  
ffromm Earths base dros Heavens blessings to Inheritt  
nought have wee fromm thee left for to beehowlde  
But thoase vast lodgings whitch thy sowle did howlde  
Whitch to o<sup>r</sup> sight doeth Rutthfully present  
y<sup>c</sup> king of somm place magnificent  
y<sup>t</sup> had bin rearde a pallas for som Prynncce  
whitch by Contagiows Ayrs was Drivenn thens  
or by an over potent Enemy  
fromm his weacke mantionn was enforste to flye  
Immagen yo<sup>u</sup> that have butt felt thease Crosses  
and sadd beehowlders of the licke sadd losses  
as stragngers [?] passing by whear yo<sup>u</sup> have binne  
Blithesomm & merry & moaste Ioviall Inn  
Cann y<sup>ou</sup> refryene fromm teares & to beemoane

<sup>355</sup> See the *Oxford DNB* entry on the Salisbury [Salesbury] family (per. c.1454-c.1684).

<sup>356</sup> This is confirmed by the *OED* as a variant spelling of 'new'.

y<sup>t</sup> goodly place that is to Ruinn proane  
Oh: noe yo<sup>w</sup> Cannott, nor noe moare Cann thaye  
Truthe humblenes of mynde vallor good fame  
All thease did Lodge in this devastated frame.  
& theare great M<sup>ts</sup> Vertue whitch Ruled all  
fromm his first buylding to his ffunerall  
Butt Tyraunt death having hym hence bereven  
w<sup>th</sup> his bright soale they are mounnted upp to heaven

finis H S

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**First Line:** " Some saye that death & nature are not freinds"

**The Author:** Unidentified. However, as it stands between two poems by Henry Salusbury, it is most likely by him as well.

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 159

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 159

**Title:** "Upon the death of M<sup>f</sup> ffardinando Salusburie 1622"

Some saye that death & nature are not freinds  
& I beleve it, for I see one spends  
Anothers store & ill inoughe Contryves  
Eatch others shame, by strange *provocatyves*  
Even as the daye, being made w<sup>th</sup> beautye prowd  
doth plead a free state, & that no Clowd  
hath power, to Change y<sup>t</sup> glorie, yet wee see  
Sol's meridian seat being lost, his Royaltie  
deceaseth & deceaseth, then nights wings  
& Clouds & Curtiens nought but blacknes brings  
Then it is possible yonge & lustie Age  
maye loose his daye & nature by the Rage  
of night & death & soe it's Come to passe  
things are that weere not & are not y<sup>t</sup> was;  
I study'd out & it appeares to mee  
god loves y<sup>e</sup> branches of great Salusburie  
Above y<sup>e</sup> nebouring plants & in his grace  
thus plucks them up to plant them in his place  
of glorie, I have heard good husbands saye  
plants wille not thrive be well nor looke so gaye  
In there first soyle, as wher they are new sett  
then tru inough this goodlie branch being fett  
t'ingraffe in better root doth florish there

but why should wee be wrongd & loose him here  
y<sup>t</sup> good trees needs must fall (a wretched thing<sup>357</sup>  
but better ‘tweere in winter then the spring  
yf freinds must part they Choose I heare thee say  
not when their heads are Amber, when they be gray  
but he y<sup>t</sup>s lord of youth & age & tyme  
Sayes th’youngest may & th’ouldest must declyne,  
Then noble kindred [?] breake not deathes sterne lawes  
yf either theagles wings or lions pawes  
Could have *prevaild*, this Treasure had not suncke  
but if the thirstie grave until sh’ave [...] druncke  
the blood of all, will still be hott & dry  
why showld some *parts* mourne sinc y<sup>e</sup> whol must dy  
decrees of god must stand & wee must hence  
Soe honest adam paies for Eves offence

finis

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**First Line:** "Here lieth one oh y<sup>t</sup> my pen did soe"

**The Author:** Henry Salisbury; see above.

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 160

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 160

**Title above poem:** "Upon fferd: Salu:"

**Title in margin:** "Upo<sup>n</sup> ferd: Salusbury Eppit: *per* HS"

Here lieth one oh y<sup>t</sup> my pen did soe  
y<sup>t</sup> heer was deadly layed by natures foe  
whoe licke an envious chymmick seeing one  
Ritch *pretious* voyall<sup>358</sup> of extraxion  
sutch as mans Arte did never yett Invent  
to Cure each greeffe & noysom languishment  
lest others shiould assume his nue gott skill  
hee breakes the *voyall* doeth the lickuor spill  
but then detesting his Rash Idle tricke  
hee fromm the grownde the same woulde gladly licke  
Butt all is but lost toyle labor in vayne  
What is once don is not undon agayne  
& soe woulde death eaven doe the licke w<sup>th</sup> thee  
had hee butt eares to hear or eyes to see

---

<sup>357</sup> no indication of closing parenthesis.

<sup>358</sup> *OED* confirms as variant spelling of "vial".

But thou hast don w<sup>th</sup> hymm thou hast playd thy prize  
his soules w<sup>th</sup> god & his Corpes shiall Rise  
& boath together shiall united bee  
when thou arte Conquerd by Eternitye  
sease then my muse & geeve thy mowring oare  
for hee shall live when death shiall bee noe moare

HS

-----  
**First Line:** Sorrowe why sleepest thou in Chymaerian Cell?

**The Author:** William Salusbury. Captain Although there is no indication in the title or text of this poem that the author is a brother to the deceased, the poet is most likely William Salusbury, 3rd son of Sir John Salusbury (1566/7 - 1612) of Lleweni. There is a suggestion in a June 1620 letter of Roger Myddelton to their brother Sir Henry that William may be joining their brother, Captain John Salusbury, in Bohemia.<sup>359</sup>

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 171

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 171

**Title:** “An Epitaph upon y<sup>e</sup> death of y<sup>e</sup> wo<sup>ll</sup> ffardinand Salusbury 4<sup>th</sup> sonne unto y<sup>e</sup> Right wo<sup>rthy</sup> & Alworthy S<sup>r</sup> Jo:<sup>n</sup> Salusbury of Lleweneŷ Kn<sup>ty</sup>”

Sorrowe why sleepest thou in Chymaerian<sup>360</sup> Cell?  
or Bed of Downe in Morpheus armes Inclosed  
Mortality rings out thy fatall knell  
to aggravate thy greiefes & cares disposed  
    Bereaving thee of comforts sweetest pleasure  
    (Lo) Tyrant death despite exceedeth measure

Natures assistance thou art sure to have  
to persecute this suit in heavens Starre Chamber  
to penn the outrageous Butcher in a Cave  
that cropt perfeccons *Adons-Lockes* of Amber<sup>361</sup>  
    defrauding time & Nature of her right  
    unkindly playing the Antropophagite<sup>362</sup>

Profest *Antagonist*, to youthfull prime

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<sup>359</sup> *Calendar of Salusbury Correspondence*. Ed. W.J. Smith. 1954, p. 60.

<sup>360</sup> Chymaerian] associated with the hybrid monster, Chimaera.

<sup>361</sup> “Adons” was sometimes used for “Adonis” in the period, but I have hitherto found no association of him with amber or reference to the cutting of his hair. Or is the reference simply to Ferdinand’s hair, with a general comparison of him to Adonis?

<sup>362</sup> Antropophagite] for “anthropophagite”, cannibal.

stopping the passage of vitall breath  
never to be conquerd but by tyme  
Beautyes like battring bullet darting death  
    for time will come when raysed soules shall sing  
    (oh) hell where is thy conquest death thy sting

[p. 172]

Among'st w<sup>ch</sup> Troop's of Angells glorified  
those Corp's shall Triumph in eternall ease  
this Re-inspired Body deified  
for kinges are counted god's Epitomes  
    & each despised soule on earth shalbe  
    pertakers there, of heavenly soveraignty

Wee fall as men, we rise as gods in glory  
victorious, beautifull, immaculate  
deriding all \past/ pleasures transitory  
fearing noe change annoyances or fate  
    (Lo) thus; the branches flourish w<sup>th</sup> there st{em}  
    like peacefull Olives in *Jerusalem*.

fleash Eating, puritannicall disease  
soe to abuse soe holy a fast ordayned  
the hottspurre Cocksparrows fleash soe to appease  
from insurreccion when bounds restrayned  
    soe when the exterior man is most unable  
    the purer *parte* feed's best at angells

Not all the various creatures sea afford's  
Inough for the insatiable appetite  
in woodes, feilds, floodes, of fishes, bests, or byrds  
but need's most workman lore of theise despite  
    & in soe holy a tyme of solemne fast  
    feed's on his Corpes ere hardly heat[?] wast[?]

Thou Epicurian, Antipope profane  
to feed on man, & such a man of men  
to bring the soule, right sommer starre to wa{ne}  
the muses could not see, to hould their penne  
    till vertues commett (fame) her luster s[hined?]<sup>363</sup>  
    out of her Orbe, in Loves fayre fire [find?]<sup>364</sup>

[p. 173]

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<sup>363</sup> buried in margin.

<sup>364</sup> buried in margin.

Then tooke I penne in hand to anger fate  
that fayne would Appoplex<sup>365</sup> fame's fluent tongue{s?}  
vertues eternall date to consumate  
least shee should re-inspire by Laureat songs  
    his purer *parte* (*Idaea*) have I drawen  
    though covered w<sup>th</sup> a vayle of milkwhite Lawn

To speake of his descent & parentage  
since vertue more then byrth do<sup>th</sup> vertue illuster  
Were but to Rave [?] in verbal surplusage  
Yet will plucke a grape of Gentries cluster  
    Gentrie indeed, like Skarlett pure in grayne  
    that nere yet indignity could stayne

Loe heare his Scutcheons blazond in yo<sup>r</sup> sight  
w<sup>thout</sup> defect, or barre, strong argument  
to prove the penne or pensill *parisite*  
that thus Emblematized his true descent  
    Thus much in vertues right I dare averre  
    his stocke by vertue is Hono<sup>rs</sup> Careckter

ffor his Encomions abstracte, Epithets  
his corpes *perfecons* precious Cabbinett  
beauty, Civillity, to him are debts  
grace & religion in his genius sett  
    In manners modesty & witt in words  
    In accion valour him due prayse affords

[p. 174] Loe in a word to Epitomize his story  
Beauties Adonis, resolucions glory  
Well may succeeding tymes bemoan his death  
    Whose soule is perfumed w<sup>th</sup> Angelike breath

William Salusbury

---

<sup>365</sup> *OED* records a few seventeenth-century instances where this is used as a verb.

March 1622  
Hanham, Penelope

**The Subject:** According to “thepeerage.com” whence I have death date, Penelope Hanham was the daughter of Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice, and Amy Adams of Glamorgan.<sup>366</sup> She married Thomas Hanham of Wimborne Minster, Dorset, by 1574. He represented Weymouth in the Parliament of 1572 and seems to have been a client of the 2<sup>nd</sup> earl of Pembroke. They had at least six children, among whom was Sir John Hanham, who served as an M.P. in 1601 and 1604.<sup>367</sup> She was buried in St. Cuthberga's, Wimborne Minster.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "There is a virgin dead, but be it known"

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborne b.200, p. 225

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborne b.200, p. 225

**Title:** "On the death of Mrs Penelope Hanham"

There is a Virgin dead, but be it knowne,  
Shee's dead for Adams sinne, not for her owne  
ffor scarce her eyes beheld y<sup>e</sup> Universe  
Ere churlish ffate created Her an Hearse  
Nature dealt like y<sup>e</sup> Paynter, w<sup>ch</sup> did draw  
A curteine o're a Picture, 'cause he saw  
That dust, or smoake, or some unlucky ayre  
Might turne y<sup>t</sup> into foulenes, w<sup>ch</sup> was fayre,  
Or like a Jeweller, w<sup>ch</sup> onely shewes us  
Some rich, rare Gem, & strayght y<sup>e</sup> Casket closes.  
O! when as day by day & howrely meete  
Whole troupes of People flocking in y<sup>e</sup> Streete:  
Some men, whose dim swolne dyes pry after death  
And cannot finde it, some, whose putrid breath  
Shewes living rottennes, & yet doe live,  
That shee's untimely dead then I must greive  
Wert not too horrid an impiety,  
I could curse Nature, death, & destiny.  
Had shee but live'd, y<sup>e</sup> Greekes Penelope  
Sh'ad made a sable to Posterity:  
ffor w<sup>t</sup> a Poet in Hyperbole  
Could make y<sup>e</sup> other seeme, sh'ad beene really.  
But dy all greife, for Heaven did foresee

---

<sup>366</sup> thepeerage.com

<sup>367</sup> *History of Parliament Online.*

She was created for a deity.  
Her deare hath call'd Her, she is humbly  
To be espoused to Jehovahs Sonne.  
Miriads of prayses more might heere be given,  
But 'tis enough y<sup>t</sup> She is gone to Heaven



Th'office no Councils held ye as before,  
To beard the Academy as earst ye durst,  
Nor sought whether *Ned the Fourth or Third raignd first-*  
[41]

To find the oldest Priviledge; neither bore  
Your Maiors such Envy to make Magdalens poore.  
Oh 'twere unthankfull rashly to putt downe  
And beggar Colledges that inrich the Towne! 30

Now your deliverer that set you free  
From Bobs and Pasquiles (o hard destiny  
To you not Him!) by death is freed from paine,  
And you lie o'pe to Schollers wits againe  
Now I would wish you howle, else wee shall deeme  
Your grossenes held not Davenant in esteeme  
Worth Him, and \there begins a quarrell just  
To raile,/ and therefore howle; indeed you must,  
Your judgments wilbee question'd else, and you thought  
To feele no more then what goes downe your throate. 40

I'de say more to you but that my grieffe would show 40  
Antick mock grieffe, and ill apparelld woe.  
If yee suppose Davenant's a common Beere,  
Or grieve in fashion, and no bloody teare  
Reserv'd only for Him bee shedd, for Him  
Onely, whose compleat worth did others dimme;  
If yee cannot pluck upp one grone, or sigh  
That grows neere to the heart, and to a height  
Screw upp your sorrow dy yee; and for your sakes  
Your dull Succession shall spend Wine and Cakes,  
And mourne as you for Him: whilst worthy Hee 50  
To bee bemoan'd of better spirits, shalbee  
Schollerlike griev'd for, and their watry eies  
Shall wash their stubborne sinne. Do not despise  
This seasonable motion worthy yee  
That weare Minerva's livery; only Hee  
Was capable to bee bemoan'd by you,  
And thus distinguisht from the common crew  
Of Dying Townsmen: For His worthy parts  
Spoke Him part Scholler, and neere to the Arts.  
Nor shall this Act breed Custome; None beside 60  
Shall flow your teares unto so high a Tide.

-----  
**First Line:** "Well sceince th'art deade, if thou canst mortalls heare,"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 9r; Nottingham Portland Pw V 37/37, p. 13; West Yorkshire Archives, 32D86/17, fol. 102r

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 9r

**Title:** "On M<sup>r</sup> Davenantt who died att Oxford in his Maioralty, A fortnight after his Wife."

Well sceince<sup>368</sup> th'art deade, if thou canst mortalls heare,  
Take this just Tribute of a Funerall teare,  
Each day I see a Corse, and now no Knell  
Is more Familiaire then a Passing=Bell;  
All die, no fixe'd inheritance men have,  
Save that they are freeholders to the grave.  
Only I<sup>369</sup> greive, when vertues brood  
Become Wormes meate, and is the Cankers foode.  
Alas that unrelenting death should bee  
At odds w<sup>th</sup> Goodnesse! Fairest budds wee see  
Are soonest cropp't; Who know the fewest crimes,  
Tis their prerogative [sic] to die bee=times  
Enlarged from this Worlds misery: And thus hee  
Whom wee now wailed made hast to bee made free.  
There needes no loud Hyperbole sett him foorth,  
Nor sawcy Elegy to bely his worth;  
His life was an *Encomium* large enough:  
True Gold doth neede no foyles to sett itt off

Hee had choyce giftes of nature and of arte;  
Neither was Fortune wanting on her parte  
To him in Honours Wealth, or Progeny:  
Hee was on all side's blest. Why should hee dye?  
And yett why should he live his mate being gone,  
And Turtle like sigh out and endless moane?  
No, no; hee loved her better, and would not  
So easely lose what hee so hardly gott.  
Hee liv'd to pay the last Rites to his Bride,  
That done, hee pin'd out fourteene dayes, and died.

Thrice happy paire! Oh could my simple Verse  
Reare you a lasting Trophee o're *your* Hearse,  
You should vie yeares w<sup>th</sup> Time; Had you *your* due,  
Eternety were as short liv'd as you.

Farewell, and in one Grave now you are deade  
Sleepe undisturb'd, as in *your* marriage beed.

---

<sup>368</sup> Nottingham; West Yorkshire] since

<sup>369</sup> Nottingham; West Yorkshire] Only I truly

21 October 1622

Searchfield, Rowland, Bishop of Bristol

**The Subject:** Rowland Searchfield (1565-1622) attended St. John's College, Oxford (B.A. 1586; M.A. 1590); he later received his B.D. (1596) and D.D. (1608). He served as a Fellow until 1606, but also enjoyed a number of church livings in Gloucestershire and Northamptonshire. He was named Bishop of Bristol in 1619. He married Anne Hutchinson of Oxfordshire and with her had a son, also named Rowland. The latter half of the poem alludes to his struggles with the more Puritanically inclined citizens of Bristol. For a fuller biography, see *Oxford DNB*.

The Author: Unidentified.

Manuscript Copies: Folger V.a.103, fol. 7; Nottingham Pw V 37/41, pp. 15-16

Copy Text: Folger V.a.103

**First Line:** "Twas not my fate to see thee (Noble Lorde)"

**Title:** "On Dr. Searchfield bp. of Bristol Oct. 21, 1622"

Twas not my fate to see thee (Noble Lorde)  
Nor did I to thy funeralls afforde  
A personall observance; No; I spedd  
For all my hast but thus to finde thee deade  
Taken<sup>370</sup> then this Posthumus dutye, though thy herse  
Can reape no honour from my<sup>371</sup> simple Verse;  
Nor did from the drie Sermon: yet I crave,<sup>372</sup>  
This leave, to sobb a sadd Dirge 'ore thy grave.  
    Did I for this so long too see thy Towers  
Farr famed Bristoll? Did I chidd the howers,  
That barrd mee from thy wished sight, for this  
This mournfull welcome? Hence forth shalt thou misse  
Thy visitants, if the first night thou use  
To entertaine thy guests w<sup>th</sup> such badd news.  
And yett I blame thee not; thy sadd array  
Became thy state, for night had seiz'd the<sup>373</sup> day:  
Thy glorious Sunne wente downe in his high noone.  
Why did hee mount so high to sett so soone.  
So soone, as though hee only strove to gett  
Unto those Westerne parts that hee might sett.  
And yett though sett he shines, and shines most bright  
(W<sup>ch</sup> is most strange) now Hee's deprived of light;

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<sup>370</sup> Nottingham] Take

<sup>371</sup> Nottingham] thys

<sup>372</sup> Marginal note] "D<sup>r</sup> Chattwin a Deane of Bristoll"; Nottingham adds to this marginal note, "a Puritan"

<sup>373</sup> Nottingham] thy

His soule having scap't her prison, now displaies  
Her brightest lustre; and resplendant raies:  
Leaving us heere to see itt<sup>374</sup> worth and moone,  
Being (like greate Goods) now Hee's lost best knowne.

But I must sett my notes to a new Song,  
And wonder how hee could live heere so long,  
Mongst such scumme<sup>375</sup> of people, a base crue,  
Unworthy of his worth give them theire due,  
Most naturall Citizens, who could bee content  
To have the meanes, where ere the B<sup>pp</sup> went:  
And this Bristol<sup>376</sup> pure in all save<sup>377</sup> sinne  
A priviledg [sic] place to kill a Bishopp in.  
I only wish (pleas'd itt the King and state)  
They<sup>378</sup> bought theire<sup>379</sup> Prelatts att a higher rate;  
For they intend to kill upp more I feare,  
Then that will buy three hundred pounds so deere.<sup>380</sup>  
[fol. 7v] Tis meanes enough to starve an honest<sup>381</sup> men [sic];  
Yett they have surer waies wherby the [sic] can  
Kill safer then Phisitions; A new art  
By senseles broyles to breake a Bishopps heart.  
They have a goodly cleargy to, weare all knowne,  
Except some few whome they dare<sup>382</sup> scarsly owne,  
Who still when new teachers to them are putt,  
Trimme 'em att Cytty charge o'th Puritann cutt;  
And who ere meanes his freind heere to preferre,  
Hee must bee a thus qualified minister.

Can hee att a bordes end screw upp his face  
And cole the brooth w<sup>th</sup> a longwinded grace.  
Is hee an obstinate asse? and will<sup>383</sup> hee snapp  
A Bishopps Rockett, or his corner'd capp?  
Will not his conscience w<sup>th</sup> Church=Rites dispence?  
And doth hee zelously snuffell upp<sup>384</sup> non=sence?  
Can hee w<sup>th</sup> skill knocke sound wordes out of joynt?  
Draw fifteene uses from the fourtenth poynt?  
Eats hee large meales can he new doctrines hatch,  
And teach the King to weild the Spanish match?

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<sup>374</sup> Nottingham] His

<sup>375</sup> Nottingham] such a scumme

<sup>376</sup> Nottingham] this is *Bristol*

<sup>377</sup> Nottingham] but

<sup>378</sup> Nottingham] Shee

<sup>379</sup> Nottingham] her

<sup>380</sup> Marginal note: "The valew of that Bishopprick 3 or 4 hundred poundes".

<sup>381</sup> Nottingham] worthy (in brackets as alternative to "honest")

<sup>382</sup> Nottingham] will

<sup>383</sup> Nottingham] can

<sup>384</sup> Nottingham] out

Hates hee all Gentlemen? And the Latine Tounge  
Cause tis the Romane Language? will hee wronge  
Any for his owne endes? And lastly dare  
Traduce all Governours but m<sup>r</sup> Mayor?  
Bee wise send him to Bristoll when hee's heare;  
Hee's in Election for tenn poundes a yeare,  
And tis faier<sup>385</sup> too: Make much on't when tis suer [sic],  
Heele scarce deserve a twenty Nobles cure.

Oh who would live so subject to the hate  
Of such base vermins; where itt not the fate  
Of greatnesse, to bee still by envy knowne  
And when tis trodden most to rise best growne.  
So was this Noble Prelatt still w<sup>th</sup>stood,  
Yett sacrefised him selfe to'th Churches good:  
Only the wise and Gentry found his worth,  
And finding lov'd itt this sett<sup>386</sup> him foorth  
In his true coulours,<sup>387</sup> that hee was belov'd,  
Of such whose wisdom<sup>388</sup> knew why they approv'd:  
For their discerning eies w<sup>th</sup>out the booke,  
Might<sup>389</sup> reade a Noblenesse in his verie looke,  
Hee was of grave aspecte, of a severe  
Yett Gentle carriadge, gesture debonaire,  
A winning conversation to the end,  
Hated all ill and truly lov'd his freind  
[fol. 8r] How carefull of his charge, his living heere  
(Though w<sup>th</sup> his losse) can wittnesse! Three full yeare  
Hee spent him selfe to mende the Churches state,  
And for his pains his best reward was hate.  
So that impatient of not doing good  
As being ill Conster'd<sup>390</sup> or not<sup>391</sup> understood  
Hee flew to Heaven as voyde of guilt or feare  
To make the auditt of his actions there.

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<sup>385</sup> Nottingham] faire

<sup>386</sup> Nottingham] This then sett

<sup>387</sup> Nottingham] lustre

<sup>388</sup> Nottingham] judgments

<sup>389</sup> Nottingham] Did

<sup>390</sup> Nottingham] mistooke

<sup>391</sup> Nottingham] or else not

21 December 1622  
Nichols, John

**The Subject:** He was ordained priest in 1607 and appointed rector of Long Ashton, Somerset, in 1618. A number of men named John Nichols are found at Oxford in years that would fit, but none can be definitively identified with the subject.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "'Tis no addition to Hys glorious Herse,"

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.103, fol. 10; Univ. of Nottingham Portland Pw V 37/44, p. 18

**Copy Text:** Univ. of Nottingham Portland Pw V 37/44, p. 18

**Title:** "On M<sup>r</sup> John Nichols, Vicar of Long=Ashton, who died on a Saterdag. Decemb: 21. 1622."

'Tis no addition to Hys glorious Herse,  
To sing His praise, or ballade out a Verse;  
No, His pure Soule (now with the Saints at praier)  
Lifts Him above the Region of such Aires:  
Yet give us leave *our* great losse to lament,  
Sorrow would burste us, if itt had no vent.  
Wee know Hee's dead; herein being blest, though curst,  
Since 'tis some happines to know the worst:  
For Hopes and Feares onely make tortures thrive,  
And with strange art do murther men alive. 10  
All the Content now left us is to tell,  
How gladd wee are Hee liv'd and died so well.  
To write his life even in the plainest hew,  
Would seeme *Hyperboles*, although most true;  
His very life was Sermons, and did preach  
As wholesome Doctrines, as his Tongue could teach.  
And for his death, it was (my duller braine  
Wants a due attribute) as full of paine  
As rich in comfort; Comfort did abound,  
The helpeles sick gave cordials to the sound, 20  
The Patient was Physitian: Who stood by,  
By Him who taught to live were learnd to dy.  
Happy in Life and Death, in End and Birth!  
He was in heaven, and yett in hell on earth;  
For to the Heavens comfort hee foorth straines  
Most heavenly captures in most hellish paines.  
Hee had his fiery triall; w<sup>ch</sup> being past,  
The oft wish'd houre of Death did come at last:

For having worne out the Weeke, Hee went i'th' Eeven,  
To keep His Sabbaoth with the Saints in Heaven.

15 February 1623 or 1624  
Mivott, Henry

**The Subject:** In a law case of January 1612, a "Henry Mivott, of Lleweny, co. Denbigh, gent." is listed along with Thomas Salusbury.<sup>392</sup> No further information has been found.

**The Author:** Given the manuscript in which it appears (and the subject) the author is likely of or connected to the Salusbury of Lleweni, Denbighshire.

**First Line:** "To thee I fownde my freande while thou hadest Breath"

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 143

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 143

**Title:** "In obituæ<sup>393</sup> Henrici Mivott 15<sup>o</sup> february 1623"

To thee I fownde my freande while thou hadest Breath  
Lett mee Confes my Thanks evene now that death  
hath donn his woorste & overthrowen the frame  
that kepte thy sowle Twear pittie thy good name  
showld bee abbolisht in oblivion hydd  
w<sup>th</sup> sutch y<sup>l</sup> never honest action didd  
for suttch I ever leave them to theare ill  
As unfytt subjectts for my modest quill  
Onely to thy sadd freandes (amonge the Rest<sup>394</sup>  
Unto my self & thoase that loved thee best  
In the memoriall of thy honest woarth  
Thus farr my muse unfayned love breakes foorth

18 July 1623  
Stanhope, John

**The Subject:** John Stanhope was the eldest son of Philip, Lord Stanhope, later (1628) first earl of Chesterfield and Catherine, daughter of Francis Hastings. The family was prominent in Nottinghamshire, with its seat at Shelford Manor. John matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, on Nov. 11, 1622. His funeral sermon was preached by John Wall, D.D, student of Christ Church on July 27 at Shelford, where he was buried.<sup>395</sup>

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<sup>392</sup> [https://archiveshub.jisc.ac.uk/files/denbighshire/DD-GA\\_GalltfaenanMSS.xml](https://archiveshub.jisc.ac.uk/files/denbighshire/DD-GA_GalltfaenanMSS.xml)

<sup>393</sup> There's a line over "uae" indicating abbreviation.

<sup>394</sup> No closing parenthesis evident.

<sup>395</sup> The sermon was printed as *A sermon preached at Shelford, in Nottinghamshire on the death of that noble, and thrice-worthy gentleman, M. Iohn Stanhope* (1623). There is an *Oxford DNB* entry on Wall, according to which he

**The Author:** See under "Nov. 1621; Johnson, Dr. Thomas" above. Radcliffe was distantly related to the subject through the marriage of Mary Radcliffe (daughter of Sir John Radcliffe of Ordsall, Lancashire) to Sir John Stanhope (ca. 1591-1638) of Elvaston, Derbyshire, the half-brother of Philip Stanhope, 1st earl of Chesterfield.

**First Line:** And hast thou left us then (deare soule) must wee

**Manuscript Copies:** Bangor Archives GB 222 BMSS WEPC; Bodl. Don. d. 58, fol. 7r; Folger V.a.345, p. 150, and many others (See *Union First Line Index* for a complete list). The poem is published in *Funerall elegies, vpon the most vntimely death of... Mr Iohn Stanhope*, 1624 (STC 23225), sig. A1v with just initials. Oddly it appears among the preliminaries, while the other English poems begin on page 1. It also has different printer's border at the top. The copy in *EEBO* is badly faded towards the left margin.

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Don. d. 58, fol. 7r

**Title:** "Upon the death of M<sup>r</sup> John Stanhope"

And hast thou left us then (deare soule) must wee  
comfort our eyes noe more beholding the?  
woldst thou be soe much a proficient here  
to learne to dye soe soone in thy first yeare?  
woldst thou be thus a graduate to shine  
in heaven already & there turne divine?  
Such a degree whose luster quite defaces  
all our silke hoods, and Academicke graces  
Sure death mistooke thee, measuring the a man  
by thy soules ell, not by thy bodies spann: 10  
hadst thou bene duller thou perchance mightst have  
gone but a slowe & foote pace to the grave  
The itche of fate had not bene stird & the skies  
wold not soe greed'ly snatch soe meane a prize  
Thy quicknes kild thee: ripenes was thy death  
running to goodnes thou runne out of breath  
how didst thou pitche beyond thy yeares! how sage!  
how wise! how staid! how elder then thy age!  
what manly gravitie was knowne to house  
more in thy smooth then others wrinkled browes, 20  
ffarr different from the common nobler sort  
that here for fashion, onely come & sport  
To weare a gaudye gowne: and then w<sup>th</sup> ease  
peruse the streets and learne the colledges:  
Scrape some few ends of jeasts wherewith hereafter  
to branch discourse & entertayne a laughter

---

served as chaplain to Philip Stanhope.

That nere reacht further then the misticall,  
science of Tennis (and their spheare) a ball.  
Or els to weild some fencers wooden tools  
or sweate a nightcapp in the danceing schoole 30  
To cracke a lute stringe, & such worthy arts,  
in others complements, in great menn parts  
Thy studies were more serious as thy lookes  
whilst others bandied thou was tossing bookes,  
Busied in papers & collecting there  
gemms to sticke in thy mind not in thy eare  
Me thincks I see the yet close by thy selfe  
reaching some choice booke, from thy furnisht shelve  
[7v] loose the silke strings: and w<sup>th</sup> a willing paine  
to read, & thinke, and write, & read againe 40  
Thus didst thou spend thy lives short day till night  
deaths right o'retooke the & putt out thy light  
This sable curtaine was too soone o'respread  
thy day taske done to bringe the to thy bedd:  
Rest, happy soule whose first night did beginne  
in death: undarkned w<sup>th</sup> the night of Sinne.

E. Radclyffe

26 October 1623

Roman Catholic worshipers at Blackfriars

**The Subject:** This poem is exceptional in this collection in being on a large number of unnamed individuals. The house of the French Ambassador at Blackfriar's, London, was being used for Roman Catholic service of worship. An upper-floor gave way, leading to the death of nearly a hundred worshippers and two of the Jesuits who were leading the service. The event came to be referred to as "The Fatal Vespers" and was marked by a number of publications.

**The Author:** Unidentified. The Union first Line Index mistakenly attributes it to John Taylor, but it has taken "A Mournfull Elegie Bewailing" to continue on the verso of the page, but that is actually a separate poem by John Taylor, beg. "Old Eli broke his necke".

**First Line:** "Thou that my mournfull verse, dost heare or see,"

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harl. 7332, fol. 259r

**Copy Text:** BL Harl. 7332, fol. 259r

**Title:** "A Mournfull Elegie Bewailing the sodaine Deaths of many persons on Sunday last being the 26 of October 1623"

Thou that my mournfull verse, dost heare or see,  
Judge not, for feare thou one day judged bee:  
The towre of Siloæs fall, kild eighteene men,<sup>396</sup>  
And many greater sinners scaped then.  
When Pilate mix'd (with Heathen cruelties)  
The Sacrificers with their sacrifice:  
All though their bloods imbrew'd with beasts was blended,  
Yet thousands scap'd that had as much offended.<sup>397</sup>  
Ev'n so these people, did to church repaire  
To offer sacrifice of praise and praier:  
Whereas to finish their mortalities,  
Their bloods were mingled with their sacrifice.  
And were their zeales directed right or wrong,  
The losse doth wholly unto us belong:  
for were they in the right, the mor's our woe,  
That thus untimely we should lose them so,  
Or were they in the wrong, the mor's our care,  
That thus (mislead) they should die unaware.  
But this construction, charity must beare,  
Gods mercy's o're his workes, his workes they were.

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<sup>396</sup> Luke 13: 4-5; Jesus suggested that the death of eighteen people when the Tower of Siloam fell was not due to greater sin on their part.

<sup>397</sup> Luke 13:1-3; like the Tower of Siloam this instance is used by Jesus to suggest that these Galileans were no more guilty than others.

Let no man therefore censure or condemne,  
For God alone will judge both us and them./

Buried 24 January 1624  
King, Anne

**The Subject:** Anne King (b. ca. 1600) was the eldest daughter and heir of Sir Robert Berkeley of Boycourt (or Boycot) Manor in Pattenden, Kent, (*d.* 1614).<sup>398</sup> She married, likely in 1616, Henry King, the well-known poet and later Bishop of Chichester (see *Oxford DNB*). Her family clearly fought for a better marriage, since Anne then lived in Oxford with the widow of the second principal of Jesus College, her great-aunt Lloyd. The Kings leased part of Vicaridge House (located at the west end of St Paul's, London) in 1619. Together they had seven children; however, only John and Henry survived infancy. At the age of twenty-four, Anne herself died and was buried on 24 January 1624 in Bishop John King's tomb.

**First Line:** "Close not the grave as yet, rude hands; forbear,"

**The Author:** Bodl. Rawl. D. 398 attributes the poem to John King. Born in York in 1595, three years after Henry, he was the second son of bishop John King (*d.* 1621) and a Church of England clergyman. From about 1600 John and Henry followed the same educational path: From Westminster School, in 1609 they went on to Christ Church, Oxford, where their father had become dean in 1605. Samuel Fell tutored both boys;<sup>399</sup> they earned their B.A.s in June 1611 and M.A.s on 7 July 1614. Like his father and elder brother, he entered the church, but never attained their high positions. He was rector of Remenham (Berkshire) and public orator to Oxford University for three years (beginning in 1622). In 1624 he became a canon of Christ Church, and was admitted BD and DD on 19 May 1625. On 10 July 1625, he and his brother preached at St Mary's –and their sermons printed together. He died on 3 January 1639 and was buried in Christ Church, Oxford.

The Stoughton manuscript ascribes the poem to Thomas Spenser, who is identified in Hobbs' notes as born circa 1602, "son of John Spenser (President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, friend of Bishop John King); *educ.* Westminster School; Christ Church, Oxford, 1615 (*matric.* 1618, b.A. 1619, M.A. 1622); possibly vicar of Budbrooke, Warwickshire, 1635". John Spenser was an editor of Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*; he died in 1614. (See *Oxford DNB*)

That the poem includes the intimate address "my dearest friend" suggests John King is the more likely author.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. D. 398, fol. 172; the Stoughton manuscript

(*The Stoughton manuscript: a manuscript miscellany of poems by Henry King and his circle, circa 1636*, ed. Mary Hobbs. Aldershot, Hants, England: Scolar Press, 1990).

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. D. 398, fol. 172

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<sup>398</sup> See *History of Parliament* entry on him: <https://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1558-1603/member/berkeley-robert-1566-1614>

<sup>399</sup> *Ibid.*

**Title:** "An elegy upon the death of Mistress Anne Berkley, wife to Mr. Henry King"

Close not y<sup>e</sup> grave as yet, rude hands; forbear,  
Untill each stone have had his sigh, his tear.  
Soft'ned w<sup>th</sup> sorrow they shall kisse, not wound  
This sacred coffin; & y<sup>e</sup> weeping ground  
Shall learne t'embrace, but ne'r to load this clay,  
Which thus, not prison'd here, but shrin'd wee lay.

Here wee y<sup>e</sup> ruines of a wife behold,  
Whose life soe far outstript y<sup>e</sup> dull, & cold  
Rules of Moraltie; nay y<sup>e</sup> rigorous theames  
Of harsh Philosophers, & y<sup>e</sup> skillfull dreames  
Of Overburies wishes;<sup>400</sup> y<sup>t</sup> what there  
But written was lay deep engrav'd in hir.  
Shee did translate their lines to deedes; & taught  
Hir actions, to interpret what they thought.  
Hir Genial bed, enrich't w<sup>th</sup> chastitie,  
Was crown'd w<sup>th</sup> triumphes of fertilitie.  
Children were sure, & frequent: every year  
By a new darling was seal'd currant here.  
Hir Births were Almanakes; & shee y<sup>e</sup> Root,  
Prognosticated seasons by hir Fruit.  
Thrice happy mother! who, w<sup>th</sup>out y<sup>e</sup> sun  
Numbring hir blessings, knew y<sup>e</sup> year was done.  
But now, these Mathematikes being lost,  
Our seasons fail, our reckonings still are crost:  
Now, since additions of new yeares wee lack,  
Wee must bid our Astronomie looke back:  
Where yet, three Stars appear, three lovely Boyes;  
Heav'n night have stil'd them still, their Mothers joyes;)   
Two ran before to God, but pure & young;  
Heav'ns mercy striving to prevent their tongue:  
They, they are gone; & now triumphant sing  
Seraphike Carols to their heavenly glorious King.  
But these poore litle ones, must mourne in blackes,  
And wear unknowne, bought sorrowes, on their backes;  
Till they grow up to greifes; & hand in hand  
Att once learne, how to weepe, & understand:  
Till they may say, 'Tis time: wee are of yeares,  
Lend to those Orphanes, or lay out an Ey,  
Some tender soul, till they can pay, & cry.

Yet stay. This shrine doth all those eyes disdain,  
That cheat all funeralls, w<sup>th</sup> a forced raine  
[172v] Eyes ready, that (like water mills for graines)

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<sup>400</sup> Gomersall on Anne King "I dare not say that death" makes a similar reference to Overbury's ideal of a wife. (p. 2)

Can ebb, & flow, according to their gaines.  
 That rent out moysture, to each wealthy grave,  
 Where heires their pounds, freinds may their scruples have.  
 Vanish such easy shewres, w<sup>ch</sup> some full feast  
 Engendring, are lay'd up, till they are prest  
 To serve att Funeralls: such greifes weep rheumes,  
 And for true sighs, vent onely stomach fumes.  
 Spirit of teares this Grave doth claim, whose veiw  
 Ages of sleeping sorrowes doth renew.  
 For here a Barkley lyes; a glorious Name,  
 Read in all honour'd Epitaphes, w<sup>th</sup> fame  
 Surviving all. All Palaces are crown'd  
 W<sup>th</sup> Barklyes Trophies: Temples are renown'd  
 W<sup>th</sup> Barkleys well won Reliques. Witnes now  
 Great Sion; Did not y<sup>e</sup> feirce Hagarens<sup>401</sup> brow  
 Wear pale affrightm<sup>t</sup>, when a zealous drum  
 Proclaim'd to y<sup>e</sup> Usurp<sup>rs</sup>; Barklye's come?<sup>402</sup>  
 I see one yonder, w<sup>th</sup> religious hands  
 Grasping y<sup>e</sup> giddy bulwarkes, where hee stands  
 Guiding y<sup>e</sup> ruines; & by trampling downe  
 Earthly Jerusalem, hee builds his owne.  
 Another all bedeaw'd w<sup>th</sup> Heathen gore,  
 (Prowd of y<sup>e</sup> purple die, his Valour wore)  
 Strives thus to make himselfe a sacrifice,  
 And though a Conquer<sup>r</sup>, a Martyr is;  
 Since faith may stile this slaughter innocence,  
 And Christ would name such hazards, patience.  
 A third lyes bating in a glorious floud  
 Distilling from himself; glad that his bloud,  
 Was spent so wisely: for y<sup>e</sup> swelling store,  
 And headlong rivers of y<sup>e</sup> floating goare  
 Are Pisons, & are Hiddikels to him,<sup>403</sup>  
 In which hee freely may to Eden swim:  
 Mount, mount great soules. The Crosse for w<sup>ch</sup> yee dyed,  
 Shall safe-conduct you to y<sup>e</sup> Crucify'd.  
 Yf homeward wee retire; wee there shall see,  
 Of zealous Barklyes a new Progenie,  
 Religiously striving to confine  
 In Marble walls y<sup>e</sup> Majestie divine;  
 Where humbly *prostrate*, w<sup>th</sup> a bended legg  
 Of the true Corner-stone they humble begg  
 [173r] To crowne their Temples, w<sup>th</sup> his Praesidence,<sup>404</sup>

<sup>401</sup> Hagarens] descendants of the biblical Hagar, wife of Abraham; they were more often referred to as Ishmaelites.

<sup>402</sup> Clearly this refers to an episode in the Crusades in which a Berkeley displaced a "King of Jerusalem"; hitherto, he has not been identified.

<sup>403</sup> Pison and Hiddikel were two of the four named rivers of the Garden of Eden (Genesis 2:11-14).

And consecrate them with his residence.  
 Thus England, Sion is Their devout hands  
 Not winning, but creating holy Lands  
     Such glori<sup>s</sup> Ancest<sup>rs</sup> this wither'd Clay  
 Did once acknowledge: nor did shee betray  
 These names to infamie; but hir pure spirit  
 By faith, did make hir noble birth, hir merit.  
 Hir actions were hir Heralds; & wee note,  
 That hir good life still blazon'd hir owne Coate.  
 For to her Sion, w<sup>th</sup> a nimble wing  
 Of Pray<sup>r</sup>, shee dayly travailld; & did bring  
 Heaven captive home, and fetter'd to hir tongue.  
 Till a full mercy clos'd hir earnest song.  
 Good God! how dayly did hir private zeal  
 Enjoy sweet Soliloquies, & so steal  
 Into y<sup>e</sup> circles of hir Savi<sup>rs</sup> eare,  
 Who still with bloud requites a faithfull tear?  
     'Twere endles to recount y<sup>e</sup> Somerayes  
 The Zouches, Botatores, & Hardings praise:<sup>405</sup>  
 Thy Grandsire Harding sprung from Danish Kings,  
 From whom thou doest derive untainted springs  
 Of Royall bloud. These names by thee have liv'd;  
 These names from nere oblivion are repriev'd  
 By thee. Their Epitaphes must then bee thine,  
 Their Flags thy Cereclothes: For thy better shrine,  
 Their ragged flints shall polish't Marble bee,  
 And Ruines shall turne Monim<sup>ts</sup> for thee.  
     Pardon deer Saint, yf my *perplexed* song,  
 Have vent the patience of thy grave too long.  
 Ile onely now praesume humbly to spread  
 A marble canopie ore thy sable bed.  
 Farewell kind Marble; & from mee commend  
 (As my last homage to my deerest freind)  
 This teare, this parting teare: But stay! What show  
 Of Mystike Characters appeares! I know  
 The Mottoe; 'tis Resurgam,<sup>406</sup> and does cover  
 A glorious shade; o're w<sup>ch</sup> there howerly hover  
 Full legeons of wing'd Cherubims. Vouchsafe  
 Great Patriarch, t'adopt into this half  
 Of thy Prophetike Sepulcre, a Guest,<sup>407</sup>

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<sup>404</sup> Referring to Berkeleys who became churchmen?

<sup>405</sup> The Berkeleys claimed descent from a Harding (ca. 1100) who was either a Danish prince or thane. There were Hardings as part of the Berkeley family tree; presumably the same is true of the other names mentioned.

<sup>406</sup> "Resurgam" was also the one-word epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Anne King's father-in-law, Bishop John King (d. 1621), in St. Paul's Cathedral.

<sup>407</sup> This seems to be describing either Bishop John King's tomb or another family tomb.

Who once too nere thy soul could new rest;  
But now shall scarce find welcome: yet her aime  
Being onely Resurrection, shee doth claime  
[fol. 173v] A share in thy good Epitaph. Farewell  
Triumphant S<sup>ts</sup>. May peace for ever dwell  
W<sup>th</sup>in y<sup>r</sup> tents; till Angels shall awake  
y<sup>r</sup> drowsie senses; & securely bring  
y<sup>r</sup> soules before y<sup>c</sup> Lamb: Where you must sing  
Lowd Alleluiahs, for y<sup>r</sup> Jubilie:  
And still Hosannah, shall y<sup>r</sup> burden bee.  
Then y<sup>r</sup> Resurgam, you fullfill'd shall see,  
Then Faiths y<sup>r</sup> Epitaph, y<sup>r</sup> crowne will bee.  
Meanwhile rest happy in this heavenly roome  
Where Faith is your Supporter, & y<sup>r</sup> Toombe./

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**First Line:** "Read: Twas a Berkly. Birth and Bloud are knowne"

**The Author:** BL Add. 25303 ascribes the poem to "J.K.", almost certainly John King, the subject's brother-in-law. See above.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 25303, fol. 147v; BL Add. 58215, fol. 13r; BL Harl. 6917, fol. 91v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 58215, fol. 13r

**Title:** "Epitaph"

Read: Twas a Berkly. Birth and Bloud are knowne  
From Ancestors: The rest were all hir owne  
Rich, Fair, and young! rare Lines of Grace to fall  
Upon one Center, that unites them all.  
All goods of Body, Fortune, and behinde  
The cheif Endowments of a Heav'nly Mind.  
These glorious Stiles shee made should bee his glorie  
From whom they came; and all hir Life a Storie  
Hir Trewant Sexe might read, and imitate,  
Whom shee outstript in Goodnes, as in Fate.  
Each course shee ran through, was a Patterne sett  
Some Copy'd virtue from hir to begett.  
Child, Mother, Freind, & Wife; these States shee past,  
Prov'd hir Obedient, Tender, Sweet, and Chast.  
Hir Consort was, as was hir soule, Divine;  
What greater Titles woo'd hir, might repine  
Shee would devote himself to bee his Bride,

Whose Calling wean'd hir from all Pompe and Pride.  
But shee first wean'd herself, then chose that State:  
A Marry'd Monial<sup>408</sup>, order'd by hir Mate.  
Shee thought, that thus much neerer heaven shee gott  
By singling out a Guide from Levies Lott.  
There shee a better Trinitie enjoyes:  
Leaves him for's paines, a Triade of hir Boyes.  
Goe now, Fond Dames, and say, Here lyes interr'd  
One that hir Soule 'fore all the world praeferrd.//

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**First Line:** “When other poets veines are done”

**The Author:** Dr. John King (so identified in BL Harl. 6917). See biography above.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harl. 6917, fol. 89v; BL Add. 58215, fol. 10

**Copy Text:** BL Harl. 6917, fol. 89v

**Title:** “A Letter to his most loving Brother H: K: upon the death of his Late wife”

When other poets veines are done  
S<sup>nt</sup> Giles my muse bids me halt on,  
and if my verses have some hobs,  
thinke I have used not feete, but sobs,  
my rougher rimes may sute grieffe best  
let theirs runne smooth that mourne in Jeast;  
yet much adoe I had, God knowes,  
to speake my sorrowes but in prose;  
that measure onely can me bound  
which may the poet Christian sound;  
and would we both therein might meete  
as both have given our sorrowes feete;  
you doe adde swiftnes to their path,<sup>409</sup>  
but I with Comfort here Embrace  
those sacred reliques, which that Saint  
left for my Record, not complaint;<sup>410</sup>  
Could you but weane your Suckling moanes  
from that which feedes them, teares and groanes,  
[fol. 90r] Lay her as neere then to your thought,  
as if your fancy were that vault  
which lockes her up; but like the grave  
bury her mortall part, you have;

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<sup>408</sup> monial] nun.

<sup>409</sup> This line would seem to be responding to the conclusion of Henry King's “Exequy”.

<sup>410</sup> Responding to opening lines of “The Exequy”.

and hold the noblest of her still,  
and suffer noe divorce in will;  
for, your affections reach her height  
though she be soared farre out of sight;  
but<sup>411</sup> case there<sup>412</sup> is an absent friend  
you nere shall meete; you often send,  
yet she returnes noe pledge of love  
thinke her employment's more above;  
yet let this halfe league still endure,  
which is lesse perfect, more secure;  
Since you of this can feare noe losse  
till you shall feele nor Joy nor Crosse  
Then grave this preface on your brest  
Memoriae Sacrum, and there rest.

dr John King

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<sup>411</sup> BL Add. 58215] put

<sup>412</sup> BL Add. 58215] shee

16 February 1624

Stuart, Ludovick, Duke of Richmond and Lenox

**The Subject:** Ludovick Stuart (b. 1574) had a long-standing, close relationship with King James. His father was a first-cousin of the King's father, Lord Darnley, and Lennox himself served as first gentleman of the bedchamber in the 1590s and fulfilled a wide variety of official and unofficial roles during James' Scottish years. With the King's accession to the English throne in 1603, Lennox came down with James to London and largely remained for the rest of his life, generally serving in less high-profile roles than formerly. His creation as Duke of Richmond in August 1623 made him one of only two non-royal English dukes (the other, of course, being Buckingham). Lennox married the wealthy and well-connected Frances Howard (daughter of Thomas, Viscount Howard of Bindon) in 1621. A letter of Lucy, countess of Bedford, describes the marriage and his death: he was "a noble husband, that was the love of her heart, and doted on her with the same passion to the last hour of his life that he did the first month of his being in love with her. Out of those loving arms she rose not two hours before he died, and left him, as she thought, well, only troubled with a little pain in his head, when made him desirous to sleep a little longer: which and his death was so quiet, as his man sitting close to his bedside knew not when he departed, but fearing, because it was the day appointed for the Parliament, that he might wake too late, called in a gentleman of his chamber that used to wake him, who drawing the curtain found him stark dead."<sup>413</sup>

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "Can thy great worth thy love to vertuous deeds"

**Manuscript Copies:** West Yorkshire Archives, 32D86/17, fol. 95r

**Copy Text:** West Yorkshire Archives, 32D86/17, fol. 95r

**Title:** "An Elegie on the Duke of Richmond"

Can thy great worth thy love to vertuous deeds  
be silent in thy death? though Richmond needs  
noe such Elogium, wherein menn may see  
his vertues marshal'd with nobilitye,  
yett when that teares sufficient not affoards  
wee must supply the sadd defect w<sup>th</sup> words,  
where noble vertues ruind in the cheife  
teares are but shallowe pleaders of our greife:  
from small beginings makes an overflowe  
doe propagate our sorrowes, & renew

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<sup>413</sup> 28 Feb. 1624, in Jane Lady Cornwallis Bacon, *Private Correspondence of Jane Lady Cornwallis Bacon, 1633-1644*. ed. Joanna Moody, (London: Associated UP, 2003), p. 109.

teares w<sup>ch</sup> wold cease to soone, or be to few  
 Unhappy man, who if good fortune fall  
 cannot an houre add, or an houre recall  
 But come bad chance, & we adjoyne our strength  
 to asking itt both the odds of greife & length  
 to gaine upon our selves; though for thy death  
 o're=value thy dead care, whose wiser paines  
 (as fretfull salt is by th'earth's inward sands  
 purg'd from sea waters,<sup>414</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> becomeing soe  
 Sweet fountaines, are still purer as they goe)  
 Turnd harshest screeking<sup>415</sup> unto pleaseing notes  
 and made strong poysons healthfull antidotes  
 yett as the earth by the sunnes influence  
 conceiveing, yeilds to the still varying sense  
 a faire varietye, yett never knowes  
 what waye the planett shines, what way itt goes  
 Soe though we cold not dive into thy mind  
 wee sawe the effects, sweet Councells left behind  
 which all wold sweare (soe happye did they prove)  
 the basis of them was thy Countryes love  
 The tallest Cedars feels the force of winds  
 & greatest height the hardest censure findes  
 yett none cold saye of Richmond this was he  
 that gott by begging a Monopolye;  
 That sold a seizure,<sup>416</sup> wayteing whilst his grace  
 receiv'd base fees for smoake,<sup>417</sup> base spiritts trace  
 these earthly wayes: Great Richmond noe path knew  
 but twas to honor & religion due  
 As therefore skilfull seamenn their course fitt  
 [95v] not to the Poole<sup>418</sup> but to the next starr to't  
 Soe who wold touch a Sacred Majestye  
 made him the starr to sett their compasse by  
 Nor never was a vertuous suite[?] withstood  
 he thought his greatnes was but to doe good:  
 In which one Orbe he like a starr scarce mov'd  
 when others but exhaled meteors prov'd  
 Shold thy true vertues not be thought upon  
 but buried (Richmond) in oblivion,  
 Great menn might boast their priviledge of blood  
 but want the patterne to be great & good

---

<sup>414</sup> These lines are directly echoing John Donne's "The Triple Fool": "as th'earth's inward narrow crooked lanes/Do purge sea waters fretful salt away,"

<sup>415</sup> screeking] harsh grating sounds.

<sup>416</sup> seizure] a legal forced taking of land or goods.

<sup>417</sup> "to smell smoke" was a well-known adage referring to the duplicitous selling of that which is worthless or beyond ownership. See William Barker, *Adages of Erasmus*, pp. 66-9.

<sup>418</sup> Poole] the Pole Star, the dominant star in the constellation Ursa Minor.

where they might read how good in recompence  
of finding refuse, returnes eminence,<sup>419</sup>  
And both conjoyne like new plac'd starres by night  
wold brighter shine by intermutuall light:  
Nor were the vertues which we proper call  
to severall ages, to his severall  
his youth forstalled manhood, & old age,  
and was at one tyme, liberall, valiant, sage  
Manhood with ages cold slake youths hott fire  
and vigorous age kept the whole stocke intire  
All which united with religion  
begott both love & admiracon,  
As if he were some stately magazine  
wherein alone all worth had stored beene  
he beares these honors with him to his grave  
nor needes he other monument to have  
reporter of his actions, then the state  
to whose good his thoughts were subordinate  
Or if a speciall testimoniall  
must needes be due to his great valour<sup>420</sup>  
shall in their hearts his memory interr  
and what his seate was make his sepulcher  
where for his Epitaph engrav'd shalbe  
Never decayes a good mans memorye./

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<sup>419</sup> There seems to be a problem in this line of the text; the scribe had originally written "recompence" (presumably recalling it from the previous line), but then replaced it with "refuse". However, the resulting line lacks grammatical sense.

<sup>420</sup> While an unlikely pair of unrhymed lines, the text does make grammatical sense, and hence it does not seem that there is necessarily lines missing.

3 June 1624

Bamburgh, Sir Thomas.

**The Subject:** Thomas Bamburgh (b. 1607) was the eldest son of William, first Baronet Bamburgh of Howsham, Yorkshire, and Mary Ford (daughter of Robert Ford of Butley, Suffolk). He succeeded as second Baronet upon his father's death in July 1623 (which the elegy also recalls). He prepared his will on May 13, 1624.

**The Author:** Edward Radcliffe. See biography under November 1620, Dr. Thomas Johnson, above.

**First Line:** "Adeiuē blest soule yett take my teares wth thee"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Don.d.58, fol. 7v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Don.d.58, fol. 7v.

**Title:** Upon the death of Sr Thomas Bamburghe Barron<sup>th</sup>

Adeiuē blest soule yett take my teares with thee  
take my last sighes to beare thee companie  
Not to thy grace, but heaven, my grieffe shall live  
*immortal* as thy soule: what this can give  
What my distracted spiritt may now breath forth  
to the deare memorie of thy deceased worth  
I give & wold my soule, wold heaven soe please  
Life is not life, when such are carkasses  
Behold our teares for our owne ruines shedd:  
ours is the funerall, wee the mourners dead  
we are enterrd! and all this spacious roome  
of earth, w<sup>th</sup>out thee, seemes a ghostlye tombe  
Thy tombe the world! since itt may iustlye vaunt  
itt holds the world richest inhabitant  
A worse beyond some spiritts! happy those  
honored to bee, these reliques mansion  
whom that soule shall revisite whenn itt must  
resume these bones & reinspire that dust  
Meane tyme our eyes have lost thee & looke on  
thy marble, & thy poore inscription  
That speakes our miserie, and onely showes  
how just our greife is, how deserv'd our woes  
When we read here soe gracious & soe good  
was vanisht ere he well was understood:  
Scarce had he gone the twenty yeare his staye  
was envy'd as to longe, he must awaye!  
his vertue was his ruine, itt was confest

he had deserv'd death, by deserveing best  
Why shold he live to outshame the world? why shold  
goodnes, keepe house here & live uncontrol'd:

[fol. 8r]

As w<sup>th</sup> thy father whose heroicke minde  
did hold up worth yett, though itt were declin'd  
Amongst whose best Arts I doe number this  
that to have begott thee for a future blisse:  
To seed the world w<sup>th</sup> a greene pietie,  
when himselfe withered, who seem'd to dye  
Or leave his losse behind him leaveing thee  
his vertues heire, his soules posteritie  
T'had beene the course of nature t'had bene right  
t'have followed after in a tardier flight  
And staid some yeares behind, nor seated there  
ev'en jumpe<sup>421</sup> w<sup>th</sup> him & strive to be ioynt heire,  
Or if thou hadst condemn'd the world as vile  
thou might'st have liv'd for pittye yett a while  
ffor thy freindes sake? whose eyes but late suckt drye  
in thy deare fathers mourned obsequie  
Requird some respite for a fresh lament  
our eyes are taskt now when their moystures spent:  
Our sorrowes too much racke us & perforce  
(th'old debt unpaid) teares for a second course,  
Take grones take sobs, take sighes sad funerall  
if these can murther take our lives & all:  
ffor cold we into this losse but throughlye drive  
wee'd thincke a man hard hearted to survive  
And not embrace thy companie in death  
deare share of goodnes, thou whose yeilded breath  
was the last gaspe of vertue! that did even  
expire w<sup>th</sup> thee & w<sup>th</sup> thee make for heaven:  
whose life was our lifes miracle & the best  
patterne & cannon to direct the rest  
To square out theirs: who when they all have done  
may well come nere indeed, but like the none  
Thy death shall teach to die; & even this storye  
shall more availe then the gravest oratorye  
Of an assistant doctor soe wast thou  
to thy devines a doctor: taught them how  
They might dye well! soe did thy soule drawe on  
thy heart died last, w<sup>th</sup> itt religion

Againe (deare soule) lett me my farewell give  
left here to waile, & w'ch is worse to live.

E. Radclyffe

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<sup>421</sup> jumpe] adj. "coinciding".



Between November 24 and 27, 1624  
Birkhead, Daniel

**The Subject:** Daniel Birkhead (b. ca. 1577) was admitted to Emmanuel College, Cambridge in 1596, graduating B.A. (1599-1600), M.A. (Trinity Coll., 1603), B.D. (1610), and D.D. (1618). From 1602 he served as Fellow of Trinity. He served as rector of Langton, Yorkshire, and Eggescliffe and Winston, Durham. He was named a prebendary of Durham Cathedral in 1619. In 1613 he married Alice Place of Dinsdale, Durham. His will (Durham Probate Records, DPRI/1/1624/B4) was written Nov. 24, 1624 and he was buried in Durham Cathedral on Nov. 27, 1624.<sup>422</sup>

**The Author:** Possibly Sir Henry Cholmley (1609-66) of Yorkshire, son of Sir Richard Cholmley (d. 1631) of Whitby (although such an attribution would mean he composed the poem at the age of 15.) He entered the Inner Temple in 1628, and served as M.P. for Malton, Yorkshire from 1641, and then Appleby in 1660. For further details, see *History of Parliament Online*. BL Add. 15226 contains a number of poems signed “Henry Cholmley”.

**First Line:** “Oh what a vaile of Sorr {....} of late”

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 15226, fol. 24v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 15226, fol. 24v

**Title:** “Uppon y<sup>e</sup> Deathe of y<sup>e</sup> Reverend Prebend of Durham Danyell Birkehead, Dr of Divinitye in Anno: 1624: w<sup>ch</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> yeare of y<sup>e</sup> great hotte ffeaver w<sup>ch</sup> was soe generall, in w<sup>ch</sup> yeare y<sup>e</sup> Duke of Lenoxe dyed”  
Prebendary of Durham”

Oh what a vaile of Sorr {.....}<sup>423</sup> of late,  
shadowed the face of th {.....} he state,  
nowe[?] but a familie in all the {...} {land?}  
that hathe not grond under the strikinge hand  
of sterne fact<sup>424</sup> deathe, I for my poore parte  
have lost y<sup>e</sup> dearest blood by w<sup>ch</sup> my harte  
had its stronge pulsive mocion, nay I am sure  
Ther's not a vaine by w<sup>ch</sup> Phisitians Cure  
diseases, but hathe beene opened wide  
[25r]  
blood from vaines [?], teares from my eies might glide,  
Death is a Tirant not to bee w<sup>th</sup>stood  
hee hathe not spard noe not *our* Caesars blood  
Callinge awaye a Duke a peere othe state<sup>425</sup>

---

<sup>422</sup> Venn.

<sup>423</sup> As with a number of lines following, blotting has obscured the text.

<sup>424</sup> i.e. stern-faced.

as if [?] hadd ment, to have given y<sup>e</sup> kinge y<sup>e</sup> mate<sup>426</sup>  
the *Court* the Cuntry all have felt his power  
the Church is not exempted but a flower  
is snatcht from it soe eminent soe faire  
that all the reverend Prebends doe dispaire  
to plant his equall, oh hadd *thou* seene the night  
wherein that blessed soule did take his flight  
*thou* would have sworne soe generall was y<sup>e</sup> mone  
it might by water into heaven have gone.  
some cryed a Pillar of the Churche is gone.  
others the Pullpitt some the Altar stone  
the great lights out now doth y<sup>e</sup> Chapter breake  
the Organs falne by w<sup>ch</sup> the Churche did speake  
    These [?] were y<sup>e</sup> Censures at his mournfull hearse  
    I did but steale & putt them into verse.

Hen: Cholmley

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<sup>425</sup> The death of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox noted in the title.

<sup>426</sup> An ominous “imagining” of the King’s death, which did follow the next March.

1624

Prothero, John

**The Subject:** John Prothero (also Protheroe, Prytherch, Pretherch, Prydderch, Rytherch, Rhydderch, or Rydderch) (b. ca. 1582) was the son of James Rytherch of Hawksbrook (Nantyrhebog), Carmarthenshire. He is likely the John Pretherch who matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1597. He married Elinor Vaughan, daughter of Walter Vaughan of Golden Grove, Llandeilo, and through his daughter Elizabeth he was the grandfather of Lucy Walter, the mistress of Charles II, and hence great-grandfather of the Duke of Monmouth. Most significantly, he assisted William Lower in the first use of a telescope in Wales.<sup>427</sup>

**The Author:** James Hayward (unidentified). A James Hayward provided a commendatory poem to William Barriffe, *Military Discipline* (1635).

**First Line:** “All the prime artes & choices & vertues strave”

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p.181

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p.181

**Title:** [none]<sup>428</sup>

All the prime artes & choices & vertues strave<sup>429</sup>  
W<sup>ch</sup> of them all the Sovereigne rule should have  
Of this clay'd corps, (while earst Great heavens maker  
Lent it a soule to be this worlds partaker)  
But (O the greife) amidst this strife, comes death  
And parts this body from the liveinge breath.  
Who well assur'd that he another day  
Should rise with Christ, with death heere downe he lay:  
Thus Merlyns countrymen (Alas the woe)  
Have ever lost their peerelesse Protheroe:  
His worth still lives, his fame shall never dye.  
Death layd him lowe, But why? To raise him high:  
For though his bodye heere interred lyes,  
His soule with angells ayde hath clymb'd the skyes:  
Where with Jehovahs glorious hoaste he sings  
Still Allelujia to the kinge of kings,  
In fine, the art, the heavens, & the grave

---

<sup>427</sup> Bryn Jones, "Despite the Clouds: A History of Wales and Astronomy", *Antiquarian Astronomer*, 8 (2014) pp. 66-96.

<sup>428</sup> The subject is established by the preceding poems on the page.

<sup>429</sup> strave] variant past tense of “strive”.

His endles fame, his soule, his body have./

James Hayward



to steale away their life, as in their wines, 20  
when they are drunke, unable to w<sup>th</sup>stand,  
to Creepe into his Cup, or y<sup>e</sup> Cookes hand  
Bribe<sup>436</sup> to betray his Master by some one  
that makes thee slave to his Ambition.

hadst thou bene mercifull, thou wouldst have sought  
some of this sort of people to have wrought  
this<sup>437</sup> mischiefe on, w<sup>th</sup> their forlorne estate  
had made a Curtesy; now it<sup>438</sup> was thy hate  
and our misfortune; They shall live, to whom  
death is a wished for favo<sup>r</sup>, not a doome, 30

[39r]  
And onely he must dye, upon whose health  
hung all our safetyes, & y<sup>e</sup> kingdomes wealth.  
dost thou not yet relent? why then<sup>439</sup> I see  
hell may be sooner satisfied, then thee.  
for if perchance One heavyer then y<sup>e</sup> rest  
(in his Offences) sinks into its Breast,<sup>440</sup>  
It<sup>441</sup> spues him<sup>442</sup> up againe: have we not seene  
Usurers walke after their deaths, & bene  
affrighted by<sup>443</sup> their Ghoste? as if that hell  
could not afford a place for such to dwell. 40

Shall Basenesse clayme that Priviledge, & be<sup>444</sup>  
deprivid of life & of that Liberty  
w<sup>ch</sup><sup>445</sup> you affoord to vice? he hath no gold  
hid in y<sup>e</sup> earth, w<sup>ch</sup> he longs to behold;  
he was too free to hide it, yet there are  
some, that could wish his *presence*, howsoere  
he come, though like a Ghost; nor can he be  
fearefull to any, but an Enemy;  
for while<sup>446</sup> he liv'd he was not; If our feare  
made<sup>447</sup> him not angry, for a Soldyer 50  
hates a faynt heart: Then, if thou be'st not cleane  
bereft of pittie, lett us once agen  
see how he lookes, though in his hardest face,

---

<sup>436</sup> Ashmole 47] Brib'd

<sup>437</sup> Ashmole 47] Thy

<sup>438</sup> Ashmole 47] w<sup>t</sup> in place of "now it"

<sup>439</sup> Ashmole 47] now

<sup>440</sup> In place of this line, Ashmole 47 has "ffouler w<sup>th</sup> sinne proove harder to digest"

<sup>441</sup> Ashmole 47] Hee

<sup>442</sup> Ashmole 47] them

<sup>443</sup> Ashmole 47] w<sup>th</sup>

<sup>444</sup> Ashmole 47] hee

<sup>445</sup> Ashmole 47] W<sup>th</sup>

<sup>446</sup> Ashmole 47] wh'ilst here

<sup>447</sup> Ashmole 47] make

as when he had y<sup>e</sup> Irishmen in Chace,  
when, like a flash of Lightning, he would sticke<sup>448</sup>  
the proudest of his foes, and from y<sup>e</sup> thicke  
of all his Enemyes draw Captive forth  
Conquest, & Admiration of his worth.  
Poore gentle Ghost, we should not feare to see  
but sorrow so to see thee, for in thee  
was nothing to affright, but to amaze,  
vertues beyond y<sup>e</sup> number of thy dayes,  
a Soule as meeke as valiant, noying<sup>449</sup> none,  
onely ambitious not to be outgone  
[39v]

In Curtesy; I could have added more,  
if I would rather give thee then restore  
what was thy owne; farewell, henceforth Ile ceasse  
by<sup>450</sup> raying thee, to trouble thy firme peace,  
or<sup>451</sup> my owne Thoughts, for when I thinke of thee  
straight I dissolve into an Elegy;  
And, could it give thee Life aswell as prayse,  
thou hadst prolong'd thy few, but glorious, dayes.

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**First Line:** “If that desire or Chance thee hither lead,”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 33998, fol. 39v

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 33998, fol. 39v

**Title:** “his Epitaph at Knockvergus<sup>452</sup>,”

If that desire or Chance thee hither lead,  
upon this Marble Monument to tread,  
Lett Admiration thy sad thoughts still feed  
while, weeping, thou this Epitaph dost read;  
and Lett distilling teares thy Commas be  
as Tribute due unto this Elegy.  
W<sup>th</sup>in this Bed of death a Viceroy lyes  
whose fame shall ever live, vertue now dyes.  
for he did Goodnesse & Religion nourish,

---

<sup>448</sup> Ashmole 47] strike

<sup>449</sup> Ashmole 47] anoying

<sup>450</sup> Ashmole 47] In

<sup>451</sup> Ashmole 47] To

<sup>452</sup> “Knockfergus” is an alternative name for Carrickfergus, frequently recorded in the early 1600s.

and made this Land, late rude, w<sup>th</sup> peace to flourish.  
The wildest Irish he by power did tame,  
and by true Justice gayned an honour'd name.  
Then now, though he in heaven w<sup>th</sup> Angells be,  
lett us on earth still love his memory.  
By him Interrd his noble Lady is,<sup>453</sup>  
who doth partake w<sup>th</sup> him in heavenly Blisse.  
And while y<sup>e</sup> earth unto them was a seate,  
blessed they were, being both good & great.  
W<sup>th</sup> them doth rest their one & onely Son,<sup>454</sup>  
whose life was short, & so his Glasse soon run,  
The heaven [sic], not earth, was his allotted right,  
for w<sup>ch</sup> he bade y<sup>e</sup> world so soone goodnight.  
By them Interrd, here also doth remayne  
[40r]  
his worthy Brother, by base Rebels slayne,<sup>455</sup>  
as he in martiale & brave warlike fight  
opposd Incursions in his Countrey's right,  
And in memoriale of their endlesse prayse  
this Monument is left to after dayes.

---

**First Line:** "W<sup>ts</sup> the offence oh death y<sup>t</sup> wretched wee"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 79v; Arents S288, pp. 124-6

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 79v

**Title:** "An Elegye uppon y<sup>e</sup> L<sup>d</sup> Chichester"

W<sup>ts</sup> the offence oh death y<sup>t</sup> wretched wee  
Are made y<sup>e</sup> subjects of thy tyrannye  
W<sup>t</sup> ffault could bee soe great to make thee seaze  
on our earths joy could none else as please  
thy ffury; but hee, in this thou prooved cruell  
To robe us of soe rich and rare a jewell  
Both King and Peers England and Ireland both  
Accuse thee ffor thy cruelty and wrath

---

<sup>453</sup> In 1605 Chichester married Letitia, daughter of Sir John Perrot, the former lord deputy of Ireland, and widow of Walter Vaughan and John Langhorne. She died in Nov. 1620.

<sup>454</sup> His son, also named Arthur, born in 1606, only survived one month. A frequently copied epitaph on him, beginning, "As careful mothers do to sleeping lay" is sometimes ascribed to Sir John Davies ("On the Deputy of Ireland his child Sir John Davis", *Poems of Sir John Davies*, ed. Krueger, p. 303.)

<sup>455</sup> Sir John Chichester, governor of Carrickfergus, was killed in a battle against the rebels in Country Antrim in 1597.

Since by this deed by thee untimely done  
 Thou hast a million of men undone  
 ffor such rare vertues did within him dwell  
 That hee y<sup>e</sup> most of men, did much excell  
 Religious zeale was evermore his guide  
 Witnessse his actions w<sup>ch</sup> shall still abide  
 To tell y<sup>e</sup> world though Chichester bee dead  
 W<sup>ch</sup> Churches w<sup>ch</sup> hee buillt there may bee real  
 The care hee had religion for to nourish  
 [80r] And in y<sup>t</sup> Barbarous Ile to make it flourish  
 In every church hee labour'd ffor to place  
 Gods ffaythffull teachers whom his love did grace  
 And Bounty ffed for to encourage then  
 To worke conversion in y<sup>e</sup> Irish men  
 who train'd in Ignorance ffrom their youth  
 were kept by their ffalse ~~by~~ffrom knowing truth  
 And many Irish by himselfe were brought  
 ffrom Romish errors and the truth were taught<sup>456</sup>  
 But why doth my weake muse speake of his worth  
 Since y<sup>e</sup> best writers have to th'life set forth  
 His worthy actions and his vallour great  
 And shew'd him as hee was a man compleate  
 Their lives doe tell how Belgia, Ireland, ffrance,  
 Though hee bee dead his statue will advance  
 w<sup>th</sup> sea and land such service he hath done  
 That he hath hart of prince and people wonne  
 The King off ffrance in the whole armyes sight  
 At seedge of Amience made him marse Knight<sup>457</sup>  
 And y<sup>t</sup> hee might him unto honour rayse  
 To England<sup>458</sup> Queene he writte in his high prayse  
 That shee to Ireland sent him ffor to tame  
 The northerne rebells w<sup>ch</sup> hee well performd,  
 Each action was w<sup>th</sup> reature<sup>459</sup> soe adorn'd  
 [80v] That in y<sup>t</sup> Country hee such honour gaind  
 That though the queene did dye hee there remaind  
 In such great ffavour w<sup>th</sup> our Royall King  
 who blessed peace to these Kingdomes did bring  
 That hee y<sup>e</sup> Cheifest place did soone obtaine  
 ffor hee of Ireland twelve yeares did remain  
 L<sup>d</sup> deputy and governed soe well

---

<sup>456</sup> From early in his service as Lord Deputy, Chichester pursued a policy of attempted conversion through both persuasion and persecution.

<sup>457</sup> During the siege of Amiens in 1597, Chichester was knighted by Henry IV.

<sup>458</sup> Arents S288] Englands

<sup>459</sup> Arents S288 also has "reature". Though not in the *OED* "reature" is a possibility; as it also appears use in *Proverbs of Lydgate*. 1510. However, it is also possible that a scribe simply misread "vertue" in these closely related manuscripts.

That the rud Countrye w<sup>ch</sup> did oft rebell  
 hee Civilliz'd then best y<sup>e</sup> sword, and went<sup>460</sup>  
 Into y<sup>e</sup> North and had y<sup>e</sup> governement  
 Of most of Ulster where hee got such love  
 And Knockevergus<sup>461</sup> did soe loving proove  
 (ffor there hee liv'd and there hee did intend  
 The rest of remaying dayes to spend)  
 But ffate by heavens will did crosse y<sup>e</sup> same  
 Onely to add more honnours to his name  
 ffor by our Leader hee was sent in state  
 Embassodor to Germanye<sup>462</sup> in w<sup>ch</sup> Gate[?]<sup>463</sup>  
 By his great wisdome hee such honnour won  
 That when to England hee againe did come  
 The King his service<sup>464</sup> to congratulate  
 One of his Privy counsell did him make  
 And of his warrelike counsell allso hee  
 was chosen one and held the best to bee  
 And both those places hee so well performd  
 That many vices were by him reform'd  
 [81r]And for to treat of warre was soe able  
 As honnour'd Bedfast[?]<sup>465</sup> in y<sup>e</sup> manselike table  
 And such good lawes were by his wit ordaind  
 And though for's absence Ireland oft complaind  
 Hee could not license gayne to them to goe  
 Till death to us a most injurious ffoe  
 Ended his dayes and did him breathelesse bring  
 To Carrick fferrins<sup>466</sup> where sad greife doth sing  
 Such tunes of sorrowe that his corps will have  
 A sea of teares to wash him to his grave<sup>467</sup>  
 Where I will leave his body ffor to rest  
 while wee whose sorrows cannot bee exprest  
 will dayly ore his Tombe lament and weepe  
 Till wee in death him company doe Keepe

---

<sup>460</sup>This line is transcribed correctly, although the grammar seems amiss.

<sup>461</sup> "Knockfergus" seems to be a part of Carrickfergus.

<sup>462</sup> In May 1622 Chichester was sent on a diplomatic mission to the Palatine.

<sup>463</sup> It looks like the scribe wrote "state" first (from the previous line), and then overwrote it. The initial letter formed is like nothing else in the surrounding pages and may be a correction by another hand; a similar correction is found in Arents S288.

<sup>464</sup> Blotted in Ashmole 47; supplied from Arents S288.

<sup>465</sup> Seemingly a scribal error for "Belfast"; Arents S288 also has "Bedfast".

<sup>466</sup> Arents S288 has the same; I have not found this variant of the place-name elsewhere and a scribal error seems likely.

<sup>467</sup> Chichester died in London; it took seven months before his body arrived in Belfast.

15 August 1625

Cholmondeley [Cholmeley], Mary<sup>468</sup>

**The Subject:** Lady Mary Cholmondely (b. 1563) was the daughter of Christopher Holford and Elizabeth Manwaring, of Holford, Cheshire. She married Sir Hugh Cholmondeley (1551-1601) in 1575 and became a powerful local figure. That the *Oxford DNB* describes her primarily as a “litigant” points to the notorious and extended legal battle with her uncle George Holford over her father’s estate. Her children included Mary, Robert (the heir), Lettice, Hatton, Hugh, Thomas, Francis (died as infant), and Frances. The poem indicates that Lady Mary suffered a broken leg in 1617, which ultimately contributed to her death seven pain-filled years later.<sup>469</sup> She was buried in St. Oswald’s, Malpas, Cheshire, alongside her husband. Their grave is marked by a reclining funerary monument.

**The Author:** Most information about Thomas Lytler (Lytler, Lyttler) is derived from the poem itself and the wills of Mary Cholmondeley and himself. He acknowledges that he was raised by Lady Cholmondeley (and hence presumably born somewhere in the locale), and that he served from 1591 as tutor to the children of Sir Hugh and Mary (p. 23). He graduated B.A. from Queen’s College, Oxford, in July 1604. At least two of Lady Mary’s sons (Robert and Hatton) attended the College in the early years of the century and it seems likely that Lytler had gone up to Oxford with the two eldest in something of a continuation of his role as tutor/guardian. In 1605 Lytler was still at Oxford (which he calls Parnassus), whence he was back to Cheshire because of the suit between Lady Cholmondeley and her son Hatton. The poem suggests that Lady Cholmondeley relied on him heavily from this point, but he regrets the opportunities lost by his return to her service. He was about to graduate M.A. and among possible positions was a chaplaincy to Queen’s College and a position as tutor to the young Henry de Vere, 18<sup>th</sup> earl of Oxford, who at that time was growing up in the court of Prince Henry. Lytler seems to have remained with the Cholmondeley family serving as a solicitor (possibly among other roles),<sup>470</sup> and the poem records that he prayed with Lady Mary at her death-bed (p. 50). She remembers him in her will as “my auncient servant” and bequeaths 50 pounds to his daughter Marie to whom she had stood as godmother and raised in her own house.<sup>471</sup>

After Lady Mary’s death Lytler seems to have continued his connection with Sir Richard Grosvenor, first baronet (1585–1645), her son-in-law through marriage to her second daughter Lettice Cholmondeley (d. 1612).<sup>472</sup> Like Lytler, he was at Queen’s College in the early 1600s. For the three decades after his wife’s death, he remained a close associate of the Cholmondeleys, frequently corresponding with Lady Mary and ultimately serving as one of the overseers of her will.<sup>473</sup> Knighted at Vale Royal (the Cholmondeley home) in 1617, he became a leading Puritan figure of the county. His second marriage, to Elizabeth Wilbraham, linked him with another leading Cheshire family. The elegy is dedicated to him, and the manuscript seems to have come

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<sup>468</sup> The *Oxford DNB* presents the name as “Cholmondeley”, and this spelling has been the standard for later generations of the family. However, both this poem and Lady Mary’s will use the spelling “Cholmeley”.

<sup>469</sup> In addition to the *Oxford DNB* entry, see John Hopkins, “The Bold Lady Revisited: Lady Mary Cholmondeley and her Impact on Jacobean Cheshire”, *Cheshire History* 48 (2008-9), pp. 13-37.

<sup>470</sup> *The Papers of Sir Richard Grosvenor*, p. xxviiiin.

<sup>471</sup> Ches. & Chester ALSS, WS 1626

<sup>472</sup> *Oxford DNB*, “Sir Richard Grosvenor”.

<sup>473</sup> *The Papers of Sir Richard Grosvenor*, Record Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, 1996, vol. 134, p. xiii.

down through the Grosvenor family. The poem itself indicates that it was “compiled” (interesting word!) in 1628 at the desire of Lady Mary’s beloved servant Sara. (John Hopkins plausibly suggests that this Sara was Thomas Litler's wife.)<sup>474</sup> This copy’s marginal annotations would seem to date from after 1634, given the reference in them to the *late* Sir Edward Coke (d. 1634).

The poem also suggests that he had earlier written on the Grosvenor family (p. 24); Lytler also honoured Lady Cholmondeley by writing a prose life of her shortly after her death. He died at Lostock Gralam, Cheshire in 1638. His wife, Sara (possibly née Hurdman) is described as a servant of Lady Mary in her will; she survived him as did his children Marie, Sara, Frances, and Richard. However, it is clear from his will that Thomas had become estranged from his son, “in regard of his great abuses offered dyvers & sondry tymes both to me his mother his sister & neighbours and also to my servantes.”<sup>475</sup>

**First Line:** “Ingrateful muse awake, and silence break”

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.203, pp. 15ff

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.203, pp. 15ff

**Manuscript Notes:**

The elegy proper is preceded by a number of dedicatory poems, in Latin and English, not reproduced here. The text is heavily annotated with further information: this has been reproduced in the footnotes; unless otherwise indicated the marginalia are in the left-hand margin. The scribe frequently offers “nn” where we would expect “un”: for example, “yonnger” for “younger”. Although in other cases this might be thought to be a series of minims representing “un”, this hand consistently presents “u” in a distinctly different way. Hence, the transcription has maintained “nn”.

The poem is preceded by a prose dedication to “Tho. Cholmeley Esquyer” (the son of the deceased) and various Latin and English dedicatory and prefatory poems.

The poem features extensive marginal glosses offering further family history; these have been reproduced in the footnotes of this transcription. Thus, any editorial footnotes are distinguished by being placed in square brackets.

**Title:** “Elegie panegiricall & votive upon the Lyfe & death of his late most honored Lady & Mistris, the Lady Mary Cholmeley... August 15 1625.”

Lachrimae et vota,  
Teares and }  
                  } of an humble Servant,  
Desires       }

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<sup>474</sup> p. 33

<sup>475</sup> Cheshire Archives WS 1638.

Expressed in an Elegie, panegiricall & votive, upon the lyfe & death of his late most honored Lady & Mistris, the Lady Mary Cholmeley, late wyfe of Sir Hugh Cholmeley of Cholmeley the younger knight, deceased, Sole Daughter & heire of Christopher Holford of Holford in the County of Chester Esquier, By Elizabeth one of the daughters \& coheyres/ of S<sup>r</sup> Randall Maynwaringe of Peever & Baddyley knight. w<sup>ch</sup> Lady departed this lyfe at her howse of Valle Royall August. 15. 1626./

Ingratefull Muse awake, & sylence break  
too longe contynued! O blush for shame,  
that long ere now thou didst not largely speak  
Deserved praises to advance her ame,  
That once thee made fayre \a/ Helycon to see,  
where all the Muses w<sup>th</sup> their glories bee./

perhaps contempt & meanness keepe thee back,  
Thou art not now esteemd as once thou was:  
O let not that thy duty cause to slack  
Nor make thee let this sadde occasion pass,  
To tell the world her well deserved praise  
And blaze her worth to all succeedinge dayes/

I knowe thou wilt excuse thy self by this,  
Thou wayted first to give thy betters place:  
Therein thou didst not wholly doe amisse,  
But yet a fault in givinge so much space:  
For<sup>476</sup> thryce complete the Sun his course hath made  
Synce thou this cause to speak or wryte hast had.

If that thou fear'st by wordes for to relate,  
yet faynte not w<sup>th</sup> thy tremblinge pen to wryte:  
what all the world shall true to thee dictate,  
(ofte in her service coldst thou well indite:)  
why shouldst thou then this last of office feare,  
when to thy tale the world doth witness beare./

[p. 17]

What though the dark & sylent night concealde  
Some part of her deserved Funeralls:  
(O check the tymes now much to be bewaylde,  
That solempne<sup>477</sup> Rytes cutts off at Burialls:)  
Her worth deserv'd some grave & learned tongue  
Shold then her lyfe & death in Pulpit Songe./

---

<sup>476</sup> obiit. Aug: 15. 1625

<sup>477</sup> Ab initio non fuit sic.

Such Irksome darkness had much more become,  
Those that in darkness all their dayes had spent,  
Ingag'te by Debts, or els beitcht from rome,  
Her lyfe & light together alwayes wente;  
No torch but Sunne, no night but brightest day,  
Had fitted her when she was took away./

Passe over this: Thy duty is no less  
Nay more by this is ayd unto thy charge:  
w<sup>th</sup> greater force thy selfe thou must adresse  
from pointe to poynte to sett yt forth at large:  
Spare neyther ~~wordes~~ methode/, Arts, nor words nor Tyme  
w<sup>ch</sup> may adorne the Subject of thy Ryme./

[p. 18]

And first forgett not report her Lyne,  
From<sup>478</sup> Lostock<sup>479</sup>, Toft, then those<sup>480</sup> Holfordian knights,  
w<sup>ch</sup> in the warres did ofte in Armoure shyne,  
What tyme the french impeacht great Henryes rights.  
‘Mongst whom S<sup>r</sup> Georg & John his sonne adornd,  
w<sup>th</sup> knighthood both brave service there performd

At Bolleigne gates w<sup>th</sup>in kinge Henryes viewe  
This younger<sup>481</sup> Holford great atcheevem<sup>ts</sup> wrought:  
(A man of stature stronge) his sword he drewe,  
and entrie made, his men there up he brought,  
The French fled back, he seconded proceedes,  
And knight was made for theis his valiant deeds./

Nor valour only did that race enhance,  
And Holford howse unto that great degree:  
For wisdom joyn'd w<sup>th</sup> corage did advance,  
The elder knight a<sup>482</sup> a Connselor to bee,  
To might Stanley Derbyes Erle & peere,  
To rule & sway what he commanded here.

[p. 19]

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<sup>478</sup> Gralam [...] de Lostock first Ancestor of this great famylye after the conquest.

<sup>479</sup> After yt contynued some descents in y<sup>e</sup> name of Tofte.

<sup>480</sup> In left margin: vixerunt temporibus E.4. R.3. H.7.H.8.E.6. Although yt had florished in y<sup>e</sup> name of Holford longe before./

<sup>481</sup> Ex fida relacöne Thomae Holcrofti mil: cuius pater postea eques mariscallus, et e nobilibus servis eiusdem H.8. eidem bello interfuit./

<sup>482</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Geo: Holford an inward freind, kinnesman & Connselor to the Erle of Derby, that maryed the Conntess of Richmond, mother to kinge H.7./

This yonger knight by prowes in that warre  
So worthy Brereton<sup>483</sup> heart at Bolleigne wonne:  
(Brother to'th'Chamberleyne renowned farre)  
That he wold have him for to be his Sonne,  
And gave him both his daughter & his lands,  
That ancyeut howse Isequoyd, where now yt stands.

Nor had those warres, theis knights unthriftie made,  
Nor spent their meanes as in theis tymes we see:  
For much about this tyme they Peever had  
By purchase unto them & theires in Fee;  
From S<sup>r</sup><sup>484</sup> John Poole of Hartington by name,  
In Derbishire a knight of Ancyeut fame./

And as descent so ~~many~~ \worthy/ howses more  
Advanc't the same by matches every way:  
Some honoure bought, some welth & land great store,  
which kept that howse in greatness from decay.  
Bulkeigh<sup>485</sup>, Leigh<sup>486</sup>, Brereton<sup>487</sup>, Butler<sup>488</sup>, Maynwaringe,<sup>489</sup>  
Besydes all those, that from all theis do springe.

[p. 20]

On fathers syde we many matches fynde  
Even nere unto y<sup>e</sup> great Conquestors dayes:  
which to that howse much honor had conjoynde;  
So mothers stock, (as Sun doth spread his rayes)  
whose sisters fyve<sup>490</sup> all matcht in howses great  
w<sup>th</sup> their offspringe, were longe for to repeate.

And should y<sup>e</sup> lynes collaterall be writte  
That from both sydes, lyke boughes of some great tree,  
Doe Springe & branch, (A thinge beyond thy witte,)

---

<sup>483</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Ran: Brereton k<sup>t</sup> Banneret, Cheef Chamberleyne of the Connty Palatyne of Chester; S<sup>r</sup> Jo: Holford K<sup>t</sup>. married Margery sole daughter & heyre to Raufe Brereton of Isquoyd in y<sup>e</sup> Connty of Flint *Esquire* brother to the great Chamberleyne before named./ [the place is Iscoit in Flintshire]

<sup>484</sup> The Manor of Nether Peever bou<sup>t</sup>[?] of S<sup>r</sup> Jo. Poole of Hartington.

<sup>485</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Geo: Holford maryed Mawd Bulkeigh. But y<sup>e</sup> manor of Bulkeley came to Holford by a mach before./

<sup>486</sup> A mach w<sup>th</sup> Leigh of Adlington.

<sup>487</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Jo: Holford maryed Margery Brereton et supra.

<sup>488</sup> Tho: Holford, son of S<sup>r</sup> John, maryed Margaret daughter to S<sup>r</sup> Tho: Butler of Beau-sey & by her had Christopher my deceased Ladies father. In whose right (had yt not ben otherwyse conveyed w<sup>th</sup> in few yeres) all that land had now descended to y<sup>e</sup> Lo: Viscount Chol: The same Tho: Holford after marryed Jane daughter to S<sup>r</sup> Wm. Booth widow of [space left] Dutton *Esquire* & had by her Georg Holford *Esquire* yet lyving, John, & 3 daughters all deceased, one daughter maryed [space left] Bruen[?] of Stableford *Esquire*, another to Carington of Carington: the third to ward of Capexton[?]./

<sup>489</sup> Christopher Halford *Esquire* maryed Eliz: one of y<sup>e</sup> daughters \& coheyres/ of S. Ran: On fathers syde we[?] Maynwarig of Peever & Badiley knight, & by her had my lady./

<sup>490</sup> In left margin: Ightfield, Alderley Carincham [Carnicham?] Henbury Prestland.

A Herald, not a Poet, he should be,  
That should that talk w<sup>th</sup> due respect declare  
Cease then, & do to other things prepare./

Her lyne then thus: her lyfe comes next to hand,  
w<sup>ch</sup> lyke the Ocean spreads yt self so wyde,  
That hardly thou maist fynde y<sup>e</sup> stable lande,  
Where thy poore bark at Achore ‘gaine may ryde:  
Those noble thinges her Ancestors have showne,  
Then leave: And<sup>491</sup> And speak what clerely was her owne./

[p.21]

In three<sup>492</sup> estates on earth, she spent her dayes,  
And each estate adorned w<sup>th</sup> vertues store:  
Of Maydes, of Wyves, of Wydowes, worthy praise,  
In all her tyme not one deserved more:  
Eich of theis states she acted w<sup>th</sup> such grace,  
That, Roscius lyke, to her all gave y<sup>e</sup> place..

Her tenderest yeres, her fathers deerest love  
So wonne, retayn’d, w<sup>th</sup> pleasinge & content  
That havinge none besydes her sent from Jove,  
To make her great, his mynde was wholly bent  
That beinge made by God his only heyre,  
To mach her well, might be his cheefest care./

Yet greev’d he was, that Howse shold loose the<sup>493</sup> Name:  
Affections here against Affections stryve:  
But Love to her w<sup>ch</sup> from his body came,  
The Garland fayre to her part doth dryve:  
Two Ryvers great, though both of noble fame,  
When once they meet, the one must loose y<sup>e</sup> name./

[p. 22]

The worthy heyre of that renowned<sup>494</sup> knight,  
of Cholmeley then, did want a fittinge wyfe:  
A<sup>495</sup> mocion’s made, & condescended right,  
they love, they match, together lead theire lyfe.  
And yssue had, fyve<sup>496</sup> sonnes &<sup>497</sup> daughters three,

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<sup>491</sup> In left margin: Genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco. Ovid. Met.1.13

<sup>492</sup> Nata.Jan.18.1562. Nupta.Oct.4.1575. viro orbata, July 23.1601./

<sup>493</sup> In left margin: Holford of Holforde.

<sup>494</sup> In left margin: S<sup>r</sup> Hugh Cholmeley thelder, k<sup>t</sup>./

<sup>495</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Hugh Cholmely y<sup>e</sup> younger knight, natus, May.4.1551.

T'inlarge that name & noble Pedegree:

Not fyve above y<sup>e</sup> space of twenty yeeres,  
In marryed lyfe, they sweetlie spent theire dayes:  
yet some of them she past in many feares,  
whylst husband lyv'd in warres beyond the seas:  
w<sup>th</sup> Leycester<sup>498</sup> great, in Service of y<sup>e</sup> Queene,  
where vertues praise & worth in him were seene./

His Excellence, (so that great Lord was stylde,)  
Him chose his cheefest<sup>499</sup> to be:  
where he his duty faithfully fulfilde,  
And knighthood gaine his well deserved fee.  
Thence being returnd his fathers<sup>500</sup> place to holde  
w<sup>th</sup> in few yeres, his<sup>501</sup> lyfe y<sup>e</sup> Fates controlde./

[p. 23]

And whylst he liv'd her cares he did susteyne  
And charge & trobles of those sutes did beare,  
w<sup>ch</sup> after time encreased much her payne,  
And tyme & money much away did weare:  
And in his tyme, that stately buyldinge<sup>502</sup>  
for w<sup>ch</sup> his howse so farre & wyde is praisd./

Yet ere he dy'de possest his fathers state,  
His honor, wealth, & offices eich [sic] one:  
In Love of all more great & fortunate  
More bonntifull, more prudent then was none:  
Howsekeeper<sup>503</sup> great, & good unto y<sup>e</sup> poore,  
whereof whole troopes resorted to his dore.

Here might'st thou walk into a larger feilde,  
And speak the praises of that worthy knight:  
Who unto thee Mecaenas-lyke did yeild

---

<sup>496</sup> Lo. Viscount Chol: nate. June 16. 1584./Hatton Cholmley esquier mort. Hu: Chol. ar. Tho: Chol. ar. Francis Chol: puer, moritur infans.

<sup>497</sup> Mary Wyfe to Geo: Calveley Esquire postea, miles. Leticie Wyfe to Rich: Grosvenor Esquier, postea miles et Baronette. Frances, youngest daughter, now wife of Peter Venables Esquire Baron of Kinderton.

<sup>498</sup> Rob: erle of Leycester, an only Favorite to Q<sup>ne</sup> Elizabeth, was named[?] Leiftenant for hir Ma<sup>ty</sup> for defence of y<sup>e</sup> Lowe Contries, against the Prince of Parma a<sup>o</sup>. 1588 et ante./

<sup>499</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Hu: Chol: y<sup>e</sup> younger in great esteeme w<sup>th</sup> this great Erle, & of cheef employm<sup>t</sup> under him together w<sup>th</sup> Sir Arth: Atye his secretarye./

<sup>500</sup> Old S<sup>r</sup> Hu: Chol: dyed, Jan. 6, 1596.

<sup>501</sup> young S<sup>r</sup> Hu: Chol. dyed July.23.1601.

<sup>502</sup> The great new buildinge at Chol: reared. a<sup>o</sup>. 1598./

<sup>503</sup> kild an hundred Beeves a yere in his hows{e} w<sup>th</sup> all other provision proporcionable./

Good<sup>504</sup> meanes & place w<sup>th</sup> in his gracious sight;  
To spend thy tyme thy fortunes for to raise,  
So hadst thou done if longe had ben his dayes./

[p. 24]

His second daughter then w<sup>th</sup> Grosv'nor greate,  
he tymely<sup>505</sup> matcht: But lyv'd not for to see,  
The fruits she bare: (It grieves me to repeate  
He lyved not:) Ô happie may they bee,  
And longe contynue out that Pedigree  
In severall lynes, those vertuouse branches<sup>506</sup> three.

Of whom since other where thou hast set forth,  
Some short remembrance of her lastinge praise,  
what tyme she dye'd: though nothing to her worth  
in eich [sic] respect thou coldst her stature raise:  
Leave off to speak, & loose no further tyme,  
to touch againe the Subject of thy Ryme./

But here for this Digression thou must pray,  
Thy Readers favour & his pacyence:  
And turne thy pen againe into the way,  
w<sup>th</sup> some amends by better diligence.  
And tell what did befall her at his death,  
What woe, what losse, when he did loose his brea{th}

[p. 25]

Besides y<sup>e</sup> losse of her endeared Spowse,  
(which vertuouse Ladies connte above esteeme:)  
Her noble<sup>507</sup> Sonne, the heire of that great howse  
By tenure old fell warde unto the Queene:  
For foure yeres space his Nonage did endure  
w<sup>ch</sup> cost her deare that wardship to procure./

That beinge done, her charge did still encrease,  
And greef & feare present them selves in veiwe:  
For beinge w<sup>th</sup> child at her sweet knights decease.  
w<sup>th</sup> in two moneths to her full tyme she drewe.  
And then was borne that vertuous Lady-Peere;

---

<sup>504</sup> The Author hereof called to teach the children of younge S<sup>r</sup>. Hu: Chol: a<sup>o</sup>. 1591./

<sup>505</sup> Letice, second daugh: of young S<sup>r</sup>. Hugh Chol: nata: July. 15. 1585. Nupta 31. August. 1600./

<sup>506</sup> Rich. Grosv: Esquire fil: et heres apparent praedict: Ric: Grosv: mil: et Baron./ Christian, married to Francis Gamull [?] Esquier. Octob 2. 1621. Mary Grosvenor, adhuc innupta./

<sup>507</sup> Robert, nowe Lo: Visconnt Chol: warde to Q<sup>ne</sup> Eliz.

Frances<sup>508</sup> belov'd, her yonngest Daughter deere./

Here joy againe sprange forth by that sweet chylde,  
Her fathers last remembrance of his love:  
Who sweetlie playinge oft that greef beguyld,  
W<sup>ch</sup> mothers hart to pearce wold often prove:  
Who lyves & prospers: Ô longe may she bee,  
Her mothers daughter lyke in eich degree./

[p. 26]

Now full fyve<sup>509</sup> yeres, that stately port, & charge,  
Attendants plenty & housekeepinge greate:  
She did maynteyne, w<sup>th</sup> all resort at large,  
Of freinds, & neighbors to that noble seate:  
The<sup>510</sup> works begonne went forward by her care,  
That howse to grace, no cost she lov'd to spare./

Then tyme recald her back unto her Forte,  
fayre Holford howse, (a widowe for a space:)  
Whylst she elsewhere maytayned a better porte,  
That howse did longe againe to see her face:  
But Chester<sup>511</sup> fayre upon her daylye cryde,  
That first two yeres w<sup>th</sup> her she wolde abyde:

Where for no secret ends, gainst Comon good,  
She lyv'de: or closelie sought her private gaine:  
But cheeflie to confirme by that abode,  
theire ancyeut love, farre off beinge to remayne.  
Where whyle she stayd, her howse much lyke a Court  
was joyd to see such freindlie great resort./

[p. 27]

Now might you see Contention great arise,  
Of Love, not hate:<sup>512</sup> Her welcome ofte to make  
The Citie strove: And she theire loves did prize,  
Re-feasting them their kyndness sweetlie take,  
Her Citie did w<sup>th</sup> voyce of praise adorne,  
As if a man, cheef office to have borne./

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<sup>508</sup> Frances yongest daughter to S<sup>r</sup> H: Chol: & my Lady, borne, Sept. 15.1601./

<sup>509</sup> After the death of yonng S<sup>r</sup> Hu: Chol: my Lady kept all the howshold as he left yt, fyve yeres space.

<sup>510</sup> She went forward w<sup>th</sup> the great new buyldinge & erected the fayre new stable./

<sup>511</sup> From Cholmeley, she removed to Chester: and there lyved at S<sup>t</sup> Johns her howse 2. yeres, viz. a<sup>o</sup> 1606. and a<sup>o</sup>. 1607.

<sup>512</sup> The severall Magistrates & Citizens did often both feast her, & were feasted w<sup>th</sup> her./

Amidst theis tymes, her eldest daughter fayre,  
vertuose, modest, huswyfe full compleat,  
She<sup>513</sup> matched then, w<sup>th</sup> Ancient Calveleys heyre,  
And w<sup>th</sup> her gave a porcion, ready,<sup>514</sup> great:  
    So Daughters both for mariage that were fitt  
    In Ladies<sup>515</sup> seats, as Neighbors neere do sitt./

Here much she joyd, as well she might, to see,  
her daughters plac'd in worthy houses: blest  
w<sup>th</sup> husbands wife, of worth, & great degree,  
w<sup>th</sup> Issue, wealth, & blessings of the best:  
    But earthly joyes are never<sup>516</sup> constant longe;  
    For alwayes crosses come therew<sup>th</sup> amonge./

[p. 28]

Her second<sup>517</sup> sonne for yeres a childe, a man  
for witte & worth; tall, curteous, proper, stronge;  
In learninge graded at fayre Halycon  
w<sup>th</sup><sup>518</sup> you & your deere sisters all amonge,  
    Of lyfe (when he the lawe did first beginne)  
    By death was reav'd, in thee fayre Lyncolns Inne.

To w<sup>ch</sup> was added yet another crosse,  
Unkindness,<sup>519</sup> sutes, unnaturall begonne  
W<sup>ch</sup> unto thee (poore Muse) procurde so ~~great~~ such<sup>520</sup> losse,  
Ô thou by them was even quyte undone:  
    Thy studyes then broke off: against thy will  
    Parnassus left: Ô that thy lyfe did kill.

By this tyme thou wast in a way to thryve,  
As Schollers<sup>521</sup> doe; And places hadst in choyce,  
In humane<sup>522</sup> Arts, or as<sup>523</sup> Devyne to lyve,

---

<sup>513</sup> Mary, eldest daughter to S<sup>r</sup> Hu: Chol: & my Lady, maryed to Geo: Calveley Esquire August 21. 1604.

<sup>514</sup> 1600<sup>h</sup> besydes apparell, Jewels, & kept him & her w<sup>th</sup> their yssue & followers until the death of old M<sup>r</sup> Calveley./

<sup>515</sup> Eaton and Lea, two ancyent knights seates, distant one myle asunder./

<sup>516</sup> Gaudia principium nostri sunt saepe doloris./

<sup>517</sup> Hatton Cholmeley Esquire Bachler of Arts of Q<sup>nes</sup> Coll: in Oxf: & after student in Lincolnes Inne aged 18 yeres, dyed of y<sup>e</sup> small pocks, the sonday before Barthalmew day, a. 1605. & was buried in S<sup>t</sup> Andrews Church in y<sup>e</sup> chancell nere y<sup>e</sup> communion table/

<sup>518</sup> In right margin: Author alloquitur Musam

<sup>519</sup> Sutes in lawe betwixt mother & sonne for thirds of Chol: lands.

<sup>520</sup> The Author of this Elegie called home from Oxf: by reason of theis sutes.a<sup>o</sup>. 1605.

<sup>521</sup> Beinge bachler of Arts & ready to be maister./

<sup>522</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Arth: Mainwaring K<sup>t</sup> offred to place this Author as Tutor to the late Erle of Oxford, who was slaine in y<sup>e</sup> lowe contries, whyle the said Erle lyved in Prince Henryes Court./ [Mary Cholmondeley was a cousin of the

Thou neededst not to learne y<sup>e</sup> Plowmans voyce:  
She crav'd thy help: thou didst it not gainsay:  
She brought thee up: thou needs must her obey./

[p. 29]

In w<sup>ch</sup> sad tymes<sup>524</sup> a prenticeship was spent,  
Before eich thinge cold reconcyled bee:  
Some labors there thy self oft underwent,  
Desyrous still a blessed peace to see:  
wherein thou didst (thouge [sic] Envye Judge shold sitt,  
No more then for an honest servant fitt./

Charge not the fault on either parties score;  
But leave the same to him that judgeth right.  
Ô let yt never be remembred more  
But lodge in dark & every sylent night.  
And let the fish that Muddye Waters love,  
fynde other Torrents wherein they may move./

This cause that Hopefull<sup>525</sup> Prince of Royall stemme,  
Henry the Great, & by his Conncels<sup>526</sup> meanes:  
Henry that of that stock was glorious gemme  
This cause to hearinge at his board retaynes:  
And makes an end, wehnce blessed peace doth growe,  
When eich their owne in freindly sort do knowe./

[p. 30]

Theis things compos'd, whyle joy her heart doth fill,  
And comfort flowes to her late pensive mynde:  
Behold a fresh Death seekes her joy to spill,  
By takinge hence her second<sup>527</sup> daughter kynde.  
This third assault, her pacience made to shyne,  
Although thereat (ô Deatn) thou didst repyne./

For scarce fyve yeres since then are fully spent,

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Mainwarings of Whitmore, Staffordshire (Ches. & Chester ALSS, WS 1626)]

<sup>523</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Ayray offred the Author a Chapleyns place in Queenes Colledge, & kept yt for him 2. yeres sollicitinge him to retorne.

<sup>524</sup> longe before those sutes took end./

<sup>525</sup> Prince Henry upon peticion from y<sup>e</sup> decessed Lady, took this cause out of y<sup>e</sup> Exchequer at Chester, to be heard at the table before his highnes conncell of revenue.

<sup>526</sup> Conncell of revenue to the Prince then were. viz. S. Edw. Phillips, sergeant at lawe, M<sup>r</sup>. of y<sup>e</sup> Rolles his Chancelor. S<sup>r</sup> Geo: Moore S<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup>: Fleetwood. S<sup>r</sup> Adam Newton Secretary. M<sup>r</sup> Tho: Stephens, Esquire learned in y<sup>e</sup> lawe, Attorney. Mr Connough Sollicitor./

<sup>527</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Letice Grosvenor dyed, feb. 13. 1611./

And tyme her sorrowes now ‘gan to allay:  
But thou againe thy bloody knyfe hast lent.  
Her eldest<sup>528</sup> daughter for to take away./  
    Who left behynde, a joy to freinds to see,  
    Two hopefull<sup>529</sup> sonnes, & vertuose<sup>530</sup> daughters three./

But here comes in, It may not be ~~got~~ forgotte,  
The care she had for those that were alyve:  
Nor greefe, nor joy, nor honoure cold besotte,  
Her carefull mynde, but still she sought to thryve:  
    Though tempted w<sup>th</sup> great matches, she forbore,  
    hopinge t’advance her children more & more./

[p. 31]

Greate wealth she had; w<sup>ch</sup> in three parts was shar’d,  
Howskeepinge first she constantly mayntaynde:  
And rich & poore w<sup>th</sup> her well ever far’d,  
In w<sup>ch</sup> respect a worthy name she gaynd:  
    As now appeares:<sup>531</sup> for good things beinge gone,  
    More than enjoyd, their worth is truly knowne./

A second part on<sup>532</sup> lands she did bestowe,  
W<sup>ch</sup> twixt two sonnes she wholly did devyde:  
That w<sup>th</sup> their Equals in their place they goe,  
though Fathers hand did not for them provyde:  
    Ô happy they such Mother once to see,  
    Jehôvah, grantt their harts may thankfull bee./

A third on<sup>533</sup> buyldings & great workes was spent,  
and such lyke charge as her fayre state requyrd:  
Where much she gave, & much lykewise she lent,  
To hoard yt up, she never once desyrde:  
    Usurious Contracts ever she abhorde,

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<sup>528</sup> M<sup>ris</sup> Calveley dyed a<sup>o</sup> [sic – no year provided]

<sup>529</sup> Hugh Calveley Esquier, nowe ward to S<sup>r</sup> Rich: Calveley K<sup>t</sup> his uncle./

<sup>530</sup> Mary Calveley mort. Elizabeth & Letice Calveley both lyvinge./ [All three are mentioned in Lady Mary’s will (written Jan. 1623).]

<sup>531</sup> Carendo \potius/ quam fruendo bona cognoscantur./ [This seems to have been a common phrase; I cannot find a classical source for it.

<sup>532</sup> she bought Calcot, of Rauf Yerdley. gen: knights Grange of Hugh Starky Esquire lands in Bexton of M<sup>r</sup> Croxton: And this she gave to M<sup>r</sup> Hu: Cholm: The Hall of Leighton & demesnes of Tho: Brook gent: and Valle-Royall of S<sup>r</sup> Tho: Holcroft, this she gave to M<sup>r</sup> Tho: Chol: Hortons howse & lands in Lostock gralam, w<sup>ch</sup> she gave to her duaghter M<sup>rs</sup> Frances./

<sup>533</sup> She built moste part of Holford Howse: The new gate hows & new stone bridge. The great MOte, a work of 2 yeres labor w<sup>th</sup> all the powr of freinds & tenants. A fayre dayriehowse & landry Howse, w<sup>th</sup> large stone chambers over./ A fayre bruehowse, w<sup>th</sup> all large vessels for the same: A large kylne w<sup>th</sup> garners for Malt. Pigeon howse; Banquetting=howse; Divers other out-howses; Mary breek walles: and 7. or 7. newe milnes./

Hatinge the gaine those courses did aforde./

[p. 32]

Thus settled nowe, w<sup>th</sup> plenty, hearts content,  
W<sup>th</sup> honoure & y<sup>e</sup> contries great applause:  
The Lord who all theis former blessings sent,  
Sends now againe of joy ~~an only~~ \a further/ cause:  
Her Deere sonne, for w<sup>ch</sup> to god she cryde,  
Was nobly matcht unto a vertuose<sup>534</sup> Bryde:

Whose honourd father, sometye favorite,  
Unto that great & most renowned Queene:  
whom then Lo: Stanhope all men duly greet  
By grace from her being brought to great esteeme,  
was then advanc'd a<sup>535</sup> Connsele of state,  
The great affayres of kingdome to debate./

Hence came that Lady, branch of that fayre tree;  
Whose vertue, Honoure, goodness, worth do shyne,  
And needs no pen to praise her Dignitie;  
though better learnd then that poore Quill of thyne;  
Thy vowes for<sup>536</sup> her let only tend to this,  
That her last end may crowned be w<sup>th</sup> blisse./

[p. 33]

To leave this Sea of glorye; Then retorne  
To express what joy from hence to springe we see.  
That stately<sup>537</sup> howse now ceasinge for to mourne,  
Yelds more then wonted hospitalitie:  
w<sup>th</sup> plenty fild, & w<sup>th</sup> so great a trayne,  
As if Tyme brought the golden world againe.

And as she joyd to see her best first borne,  
thus settled w<sup>th</sup> so great felicitie:  
So did her yonnger both her state adorne,  
much addinge joy to her prosperitie.  
One<sup>538</sup> at y<sup>e</sup> Court did choose his tyme to spende,  
while<sup>539</sup> yongst at home on Mother doth attend.

---

<sup>534</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Rob: Chol: Baronet, maryed Katheren the daughter of John Lo: Stanhope. Aug: 8. 1617.

<sup>535</sup> Lo: Stanhope a privie Connsaylor to Q: E: & K. J./

<sup>536</sup> The now r. Ho<sup>ble</sup> Ladye Kath: Visconntess Cholmondley./

<sup>537</sup> Cholmeley howse now famous againe for Hospitalitie./

<sup>538</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Hugh Chol: served, the most noble & learned Hen: Howard E. of Northampto<sup>n</sup> Lo: privie Seale to K.J., and in great favor w<sup>th</sup> him, who left him by his last will (as he did to some other speciall[?] gentlemen) the some of 100<sup>li</sup>./

<sup>539</sup> M<sup>r</sup>. Tho: Chol: lyved w<sup>th</sup> his mother, a good assistant unto her in all her great afayres./

Both in their place w<sup>th</sup> sweet deportm<sup>t</sup> such,  
them selves behav'd where ever they remain'd:  
In those bad tymes, wherein was danger much,  
They honour in abundant measure gainde,  
And<sup>540</sup> gave the world such proof of what they bee,  
As after-age scarce paraleld shall see.

[p. 34]

The yongst preferd w<sup>th</sup> hopefull match she sawe,  
In stock<sup>541</sup> of Gentry great by his owne choyce:  
A fayre estate unto his owne to drawe,  
In gods due tyme, whereof she did rejoyce:  
But th'other single for a while doth stay.  
Great<sup>542</sup> Hymen grannt to him a happie day./

And yonngest daughter, Mothers deerest freind,  
Her great support, & comfort in her age:  
Who in her lyfe not once did her offende,  
alwayes at hand her greefes for to asswage,  
May<sup>543</sup> blessinge of that fite Commandm<sup>t</sup> have,  
who honoure due so to her mother gave./

Thus havinge shewd (though nothinge as were fitt)  
Her byrth, her match, her yssue, her estate:  
W<sup>th</sup> joy & greefe reciprocall to yt,  
Crave leave againe some passages t'relate,  
Of that longe<sup>544</sup> sute, w<sup>ch</sup> truly shewd her worth,  
that lone lyv'd suite, if thou coldst set yt forth./

[p. 35]

When Seas are calme, 'tis easie then to sayle,  
and Neptune needes not to be calde upon:  
But stormes & tempests when they do prevayle,  
Then streight is seene if skill be there or none:  
Affliction shewes, what strength is in the haert,  
Then vertue<sup>545</sup> stryves y<sup>e</sup> more to play her part./

---

<sup>540</sup> Protinus apparet quae planta frugifera sit./ (Erasmus, *Adages*)

<sup>541</sup> Tho: Chol: *Esquire* maryed Eliz: only chyld & heyre of John Minshull of Minshull *Esquire* by Frances y<sup>e</sup> daughter of S<sup>r</sup> Jo. Egerton of Egerton Kt./

<sup>542</sup> Ô tibi faelicem det Deus ipse diem./

<sup>543</sup> Pauperis haec servi, suscipe vota tui./

<sup>544</sup> The longe sute betwixt her & her uncle Geo: Holforde *Esquier*, for all Holford Landes./

<sup>545</sup> virescit vulnere virtus./

Neere<sup>546</sup> fiftie yeres, ‘twixt uncle & her selfe,  
Her fathers brother did that sute depend:  
(Ô Sute too longe! Ô fye on worldly pelfe!)  
Whyle eyther dothe their tittle well defend.  
Some tyme the one ‘gainst thother did prevayle,  
and then afresh, the other wold assayle:

The Garland fayre for w<sup>ch</sup> they both did stryve,  
doth give an edge unto their sharpe desyre:  
And eyther cold a tittle fayre deryve,  
whereby unto their hopes they may aspire:  
And prooffe declares no battels feircer bee,  
Then when<sup>547</sup> self-blood contends for victorye.

[p. 36]

Undaunted hearts (give both y<sup>e</sup> parties due)  
they bore: He lyke a wise & valiant man  
pursues his clayme: And speak of her that’s true,  
Virago lyke, she quyts yt what she can.  
So whylst that neyther party grannts to yeild  
‘Mongst lawyers pykes they pitch a deadly field./

Here then was seene this famous<sup>548</sup> Palatyne,  
Of noble Gentry cheefest head & springe;  
It selfe devyde, & in two parts combyne,  
Heyre-Male to have, or female heyre to bringe.  
One<sup>549</sup> Trybe wold lack, if Holford name were gone,  
Some said: And some, the Daughter’s heyre or none/

This made Devynes<sup>550</sup> Zelophehads case to scan,  
This made y<sup>e</sup> Lawyers all the bookes to trye:  
To fynde by truth of Lawes of God & Man,  
In whom the right to this fayre lands did lye:  
Mannes lawe was dark, but since that tyme made plaine,  
And printed too, by Learned<sup>551</sup> Cookes great payne./

---

<sup>546</sup> Christofer Holford Esquire my Ladies father, dyed about the 19<sup>th</sup> of Q<sup>ne</sup> Eliz: Reigne:, but in the 12 of Eliz: at y<sup>e</sup> death of my La: grandfather some stirring began: by reason of a deed made in 7<sup>o</sup> Eliz: upon w<sup>ch</sup> deed the whole sute depended./

<sup>547</sup> witnessse Romulus & Remus./

<sup>548</sup> The whole gentry of Cheshire were then devyded, & some took part w<sup>th</sup> the heyre masle & some w<sup>th</sup> the heire generall.

<sup>549</sup> Judg.21. 3./

<sup>550</sup> Numb. 27. 1. 2. 3. 4. &c.

<sup>551</sup> See the Case in the reportes of the late right ho<sup>ble</sup> & worthy wLord Cheef Justice S<sup>t</sup> Edw: Cook knight yet lyvinge, anno *domino* 1628./

[p. 37]

The howse & landes her father did possesse,  
Were clerely judgt to her for to belonge:  
But lands in Joynture, or for Lyfe in Lease,  
Brought forth againe, a Question verye stronge.  
Here once againe all Courts begin to ringe,  
Before to light, the truth, they forth can bringe.

Recovery'es vayne, that Learned<sup>552</sup> Dampport said,  
Whereine her father had not then free-holde:  
Contingent use the other syde doth pleade,  
And grosse defects th'entayle had quite controid,  
Grave<sup>553</sup> Ireland skewd, w<sup>th</sup> smoothe & learned style,  
So in suspence the cause did hange a whyle:

At last, a verdict's had, gainst heyre at lawe,  
How well, how ill, Ô meddle not, nor speake:  
Rubbe not that sore againe to make yt rawe,  
Nor do the rest of sleepinge Conscience breake:  
What though they fonnd her guyltie that was free,  
By<sup>554</sup> After-witte, from tainte they saved bee./

[p. 38]

Things standinge thus, an<sup>555</sup> accident falles out,  
W<sup>ch</sup> unto Suites did give a finall end:  
Although yt selfe in nature of a Rowte,  
and lyke to cause thim money much to spend:  
Yet God w<sup>ch</sup> light did out of darkness bringe,  
Did out of fight cause Peace againe to springe.

As in a Combate when two Champions stronge,  
Have brusde & wonnded eich y<sup>e</sup> other sore,  
Theire Seconds then do thruste theimselves amonge,  
To cease y<sup>e</sup> rage that did prevayle before:  
So here some<sup>556</sup> freinds, a mocion make for Peace,

---

<sup>552</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Humfrey Davenporte K<sup>t</sup>. nowe Serjeant at Lawe to y<sup>e</sup> Kings Ma<sup>ty</sup>./

<sup>553</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Ireland K<sup>t</sup>, learned in y<sup>e</sup> lawes, vice=Chamberleyne of y<sup>e</sup> Conntye Palatyne of Chester./

<sup>554</sup> The ejectione-firme, being bro<sup>t</sup>: against my Lady & her tenante, the ejectm<sup>t</sup> was proved only against her tenant. And y<sup>e</sup> Judge S<sup>r</sup> Richard Lewknor directed y<sup>e</sup> Jurye, that howsoever they fonnd, they ought not to fynde my Lady guyltie Never-the less, ~~that~~ they did fynde against her, aswell as y<sup>e</sup> tenante, and for that in lawe, (by good opinions) were subject to attainte. But one of Connsaile for M<sup>r</sup> Holford releasinge costs & damages against my Lady at y<sup>e</sup> instant of givinge up the verdict, took away from my Lady the benefyte of the attaynt./

<sup>555</sup> A Ryott committed on Holford Mosse by s. of M<sup>r</sup> Holfords people, upon 2. of my Ladies servants; whereof my Lady tooke advantage, had a pryvie Sessions, the Ryott fonnd, & so mocions of peace began./

<sup>556</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Geo: Bothe K<sup>t</sup> & Barronet. S<sup>r</sup> Rich: Grosvenor K<sup>t</sup> & Baronet. S<sup>r</sup> Rich. Brook. K<sup>t</sup>. W<sup>m</sup> Brereton of Ashley

By w<sup>ch</sup> at length the Sutes do wholye cease.

Blest was their labor, happie in event,  
And blest be they & theirs for that good deed;  
Let this for ever be a presidente,  
For freindes to make agreem<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> all speed;  
And spend not wealth, & waste them selves w<sup>th</sup> care,  
When all is done,<sup>557</sup> The<sup>558</sup> Freinds best Judges are./

[p. 39]

In this was seene y<sup>e</sup> spyte of Sathan old,  
what lets, what rubbes he cast into y<sup>e</sup> way:  
How loth he was to leave his wonted holde,  
and that the course of trobled sutes should stay.  
Malignant persons, angrie byte their tongue,  
Whylst all the good, for joy to singe a songe.

But let not this w<sup>th</sup>hold from freindlie peace,  
Such as in sutes, (as snares) infolded bee:  
Nor let at greeve some part of Right t<sup>r</sup> release,  
So that yt may thy troubled cause agree:  
<sup>559</sup>Peace-makers are (saith Christ) in blessed case,  
And so are they that blessed peace embrace.

That mighty<sup>560</sup> Monarch, late our Sovereigne Lorde,  
Whose Armes inricht w<sup>th</sup> Motto<sup>561</sup> [Makinge Peace]  
In this advis'd the Parties should accorde,  
And much desyr'd that all the suites might cease:  
When foure nights space, he w<sup>th</sup> his princely trayne,  
At fayre<sup>562</sup> Vale-Royall pleased to remayne.

[p. 40]

In progress when from Scotland he did come,  
And pastyme tooke w<sup>th</sup>in fayre Dalamere:  
And Chester saw; Rocksavage, Utkinton,  
W<sup>th</sup> Ancyent Lea, & Namptw<sup>ch</sup> towne most fayre.  
When all the gentrie of this shyre he grac'd,

---

Esquire Tho: Marburye ar. Pet: Danyel ar. W<sup>m</sup>. Leversage ar.

<sup>557</sup> Epiphonema.

<sup>558</sup> Arbitrators for my Lady, were W<sup>m</sup> Brereton of Ashley & Peter Danyel Esquiere./ For M<sup>r</sup>. Holford, S<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup>.  
Brereton K<sup>t</sup>, now Lord Brereton, and Tho: Marburye Esquier./

<sup>559</sup> Matth. 5.9.

<sup>560</sup> Jacobus rex pacificus.

<sup>561</sup> Beati pacifici./ Matth. 5. 9

<sup>562</sup> K. James stayd 4. nights at Valle-Royall w<sup>th</sup> all his princely trayne, August. 21. a<sup>o</sup>. 1617.

And<sup>563</sup> eight were then in knighthood highlie plac'd.

And goinge hence direccions he did give,  
Unto his Judges, shortlie to be here:  
That thus in sute the parties might not live;  
In blood & kinred [sic] beinge so verye nere:  
W<sup>th</sup> strict commande, he charg'd them to have ca{re}  
They<sup>564</sup> w<sup>th</sup> respect theire labors did not spare.

The learned<sup>565</sup> Lawyers also earnest were,  
This cause by freinds, might duly take an end:  
And<sup>566</sup> two of them to make agreem<sup>t</sup> clere,  
Much tyme together thereabout do spend.  
At Maxfield towne,<sup>567</sup> Good-fryday was the d{ay}  
When Bookes were pend, that all y<sup>c</sup> sutes did st{ay}

[p. 41]

Be thou a Beades-man to those worthy men,  
Ô Muse, that thus, this blessed Peace did frame:  
And as thou wast a<sup>568</sup> Servant to theim then,  
Stryve if thou canst, to eternize theire name:  
That lytle stay<sup>569</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> thou & thyne do holde,  
By them that day, from Question was controlld.

Assurance past at the then next<sup>570</sup> Assize,  
Beholde y<sup>c</sup> Dove w<sup>th</sup> Olive branch appeares:  
And joy a fresh, doth all the shyre surprize,  
and freinds disjoynde, this blessed peace endeares.  
The partis shew w<sup>th</sup> passions counterchange,  
what greef they had so longe to be so strange.

Since then what entercourse of love hath past!

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<sup>563</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Geo. Calveley knighted [sic] Aug. 23. 1617. S<sup>r</sup> Ric: Grosvenor knighted at Valle-Royall. Aug. 25. S<sup>r</sup> Jo: Done, at Utkinton Aug. 25. after S<sup>r</sup> Rich: Grosvenor. S<sup>r</sup>. Tho: Ireland knighted at Beausey. 23. Aug: S<sup>r</sup> Jo: Davenport then high shiriff of Cheshyre knighted in y<sup>c</sup> Confines nere Oare Aug. 26. 1617. S<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup>. Massy, S<sup>r</sup> Gilbert Ireland & S<sup>r</sup> Edw: Fitton also knighted in this progresse.

<sup>564</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Tho: Chamberlen S<sup>r</sup> Hen: Townshend. & after them. S<sup>r</sup> Ja: Whitlock S<sup>r</sup> Marmad: Lloyd.

<sup>565</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Th. Ireland vice chamberlen. S<sup>r</sup> Tho: Crewe: S<sup>r</sup> Geo: Vernun, now baron of y<sup>c</sup> exchequer at Westm<sup>r</sup>. Edw. Whitbie Esquier, Recorder of Chester. Hugh Bromley Esquire et alii for my Lady: S<sup>r</sup> Humf Dampport. K<sup>t</sup> & Serjeant at Lawe, Jo: Geffreys, Roger Downes Esquiers & others of connsaile for M<sup>r</sup> Stalford [?]./

<sup>566</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Humf. Dampport. K<sup>t</sup> H. Bromley Esquier } quos toties honoris causa no{..}

<sup>567</sup> a<sup>o</sup>. D. 162 [sic]

<sup>568</sup> The Author & his brother Rob: Lytler attended the Lawyers at Maxfield for my Lady./ And M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Halford attended for his father./

<sup>569</sup> Being of the lands in jointure to M<sup>ris</sup> Jane Holford mother unto Geo. Holford Esquire at the tyme when M<sup>r</sup> Christofer Holford suffred y<sup>e</sup> recovery for cuttinge of the entayle./

<sup>570</sup> fynes were levyied for fynall endinge of all sutes betwixt my Lady & her unckle./

Twixt them & theirs! what visitinge! what joy!  
Ô longe & longe, ô ever may yt laste,  
That tyme nor age may that sweet<sup>571</sup> peace destroy:  
    But yt perpetuate, ever to remayne,  
    Twixt them & theirs, til Christ do come againe./

[p. 42]

Here's joy & comfort by this peace brought on;  
Yet towards the end, when joy began to bloome,  
A grevous crosse herself then fellupon,  
And sorrowe now takes up the cheefest roome.  
    In all this story, verefyde we see,  
    No<sup>572</sup> joy sincere, but greef will mingled bee.

For havinge purchas'd<sup>573</sup> latelie that fayre seate,  
Valle-Royall, w<sup>th</sup> that ancyent good Demesne,  
(A place remarked first for<sup>574</sup> fonnder great  
Kinge Edward first, who there did Monks maynteyn,  
    And secondlye for<sup>575</sup> Holcroft Marshall Knight  
    Who thence those Drones, in tyme did put to flight.)

This purchase made & howshold placed here,  
Whyle here she stayd, (yt greeveth me to speak)  
And here di live w<sup>th</sup> plenty & good cheere,  
She chanced'd her legge by suddeine slip to<sup>576</sup> breake.  
    Ô sad mishap! w<sup>ch</sup> hastned much her end;  
    Whyle Surgeants skill could not the same amend,

[p. 43]

Yet lingringe hope of better state she had,  
And better was as tyme still growe on:  
But Tyme had not in seaven yeres perfect made,  
the greef she had, in breakinge of that bone.  
    Yet Pacience cur'd what Tyme could not effect,  
    Or Surgeants skill that greef for to correct./

Here stay thy selfe, (unworthy Muse) a whyle,  
And recollect thy spirits almost lost:

---

<sup>571</sup> Dulce nomen pacis, res vero ipsa cum jucunda tam salutaris. (u.) Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras. Ovid.

<sup>572</sup> Extrema gaudii luctus occupat./

<sup>573</sup> A°. *Domini*. 1615.

<sup>574</sup> K. Edw. I. was founder of y<sup>e</sup> Abbey of Valle-Royall; the Monks there were of the order of the Cistertians./

<sup>575</sup> At the suppression of Abbeyes, S<sup>r</sup>. Tho: Holcroft, beinge K<sup>t</sup> Marshall & in favoure w<sup>th</sup> K. Hen: 8. got the Abbey of Valle Royall, and Whalley abbey in Lancheshire.

<sup>576</sup> A°. 1617.

To re-enforce thy methode & thy style,  
To set out that w<sup>ch</sup> is esteemed most.  
    Apelles cold but paint the outward skin,  
    No paynter can expresse the sould w<sup>th</sup>in./

No more can'st thou the Vertues of her mynde,  
All w<sup>ch</sup> in her were eminently greate:  
As in eich passage of her lyfe wee fynde,  
and now againe as needless to repeate:  
    Yet lest herein thou shouldst be thought too short,  
    What truth observd be bold for to reporte./

[p. 44]

For Morall vertues, who cold more requyre,  
If all the Ethicks he shold fully read?  
And if the Oeconomicks you desyre,  
for houshold care her fame abroad doth spread.  
    At home, abroad, in her was ever seene,  
    Majestick grace w<sup>ch</sup> might beseeme a Queene./

Let them declare w<sup>ch</sup> knew her presence well,  
How comly, grave, w<sup>th</sup>out disdayne or pryde,  
She shewd her self. And did she not excell,  
When for her freinds she welcome wolde provyde?  
    Her bounty flow'd, & plenty did attend,  
    Upon her board she spared not to spend.

What worke so curious wherein she was strange?  
What thinge to do, but she cold act her part?  
What thinges to buy, or any wayes exchange?  
What trade, or science, mistery, or Arte?  
    What can be nam'de, was fitt for one to knowe  
    But more or less she cold yt undergoe?

[p. 45]

In phisick & in Surgery she spent  
Much labor, tyme, & cost to help the poore:  
To sick or sore her freindlie ayde was lent,  
When daylie such, her help came to implore:  
    And for some<sup>577</sup> things, such *sovereigne* helps she made,

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<sup>577</sup> Amongst many other diseases, she cured divers of the fallinge Sickness. And was extraordinarylie helpfull to women in danger upon chyld-bearinge having most ordynary & many rare receipts for any disease, furnished w<sup>th</sup> variety of distilled waters, & simples in her owne power, eyther gathered by her selfe, or bought at London: having always ready good store of Bezar stone of both colours, unicornes horne, Amber, Corall, & the lyke precious thinges

As scarcely now, can any where be had.

In w<sup>ch</sup> respect how affable she ws,  
The poorest sorte that daylie came to her:  
can tell how easie there they fonnde accesse,  
there humble sutes, to her for to preferre.  
To none her cariage ever seemed sterne,  
But to y<sup>e</sup> vyle that goodness wold not learne./

How did she joy to see a man dispos'd,  
to godly lyfe & thryve in honest trade?  
How did she love to have those drones disclos'de,  
And punisht too, that others hyves invade?  
She Truth & Justice, ever favourd much,  
Who them dispis'de, severe she was to such./

[p. 46]

Yet Mercye ever lodged in her brest,  
When wronges were done & Justice must proceede,  
She greev'd to crave what Law did then protest,  
In case of lyfe for any wicked deede.  
And this thy self can witness to be true,  
Many she sav'de, & Deaths-man held from due./

Poore men on work she many daylie sett,  
A readye place for them releefe to fynde:  
Where yere by yere, good wages they did gett,  
W<sup>ch</sup> once beinge earnd, yt never was behynde.  
What sort of workmen (almost) in y<sup>e</sup> land,  
W<sup>ch</sup> had not some tymes bonnties from her hand?

Ah freinds & kinsfolkes, what a greevous losse,  
Hath death procur'd to every one of you!  
Had he ought els, that greater might you crosse,  
Then take her hence your faithfull freind & true.  
Ô cruell fates, that wold no longer spinne,  
the threed of lyfe, to'th' glory of your kinne.

[p. 47]

Poore servants weepe, your losse remedillesse:  
You that longe yeres have spent w<sup>th</sup> in her trayne,  
Whose lyfe & presence yo<sup>w</sup> may well confesse,  
you did esteeme above all eartly [sic] gayne:

And could have wisht your lyves & world an end,  
That in her trayne to heaven yo<sup>w</sup> might ascend.

And you poore soules, that to her howses came,  
for daylie foode, w<sup>ch</sup> there you ready fonnde:  
Bewayle yo<sup>r</sup> losse & spread abroade her fame,  
that w<sup>th</sup> her praise eich conntrey may resonnde.  
Pray for these good howse-keepers that remayne,  
Who Christ his poore to feed do not disdayne./

Thus havinge shew'd what blessings god ~~right~~ \lefte/ hand  
on her bestowed in great abundant sorte:  
It yet remaynes & the world should understand,  
his right-hand-guifts, if thou coldst them report.  
What true religion, & what grace divyne,  
In her most sacred Soule did ever shyne.

[p. 48]

Here hadst thou noble Bartas learned style,  
Or pen lyke Sylvesters for to endyte,  
Or couldst thou borrowe Draytons sharpest fyle,  
Yet shouldst thou not her praises fully wryte.  
When thou hast said thereof what ere thou can,  
thou must yt leave to some more learned man./

Gods<sup>578</sup> worde her guyde, she duly made, & helde,  
Her whole devotions thereupon she buylte.  
And Faith in Christ was unto her a<sup>579</sup> sheilde,  
Her soule to keepe from spotts of Sinfull guylt:  
She prayd, she read, she meekly heard gods word,  
And dayly payd her<sup>580</sup> vowes unto y<sup>e</sup> Lord./

Hir Children & her howshold duely<sup>581</sup> taught,  
Were trayned up in pietie to lyve:  
No Romish wolfe a lambe of hers once caught,  
To popish lore, an eare they did not give:  
Those learned men that did to her resorte,  
can of this truth, undoubted make report.

[p. 49]

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<sup>578</sup> Deut.5.32.33. Psal. 119.105.

<sup>579</sup> Eph. 6.16.

<sup>580</sup> Psal. 61. last.

<sup>581</sup> Deut. 6. 7.

When sickness or Infirmity kept thence  
her person from th' Assemblies publique view,  
She strove to make for that a recompence,  
By pryvate Sermons to her self & crue:  
    Belov'de of those that godly preachers were,  
    Scarce any week, but some to preach were there./

Nor did she rest in hearinge as some doe,  
But practize added, as th' Apostle<sup>582</sup> biddes:  
And Charitie was ever joynd thereto,  
Twixt Fayth & knowledge,<sup>583</sup> works were in y<sup>e</sup> midst.  
    <sup>584</sup>Almes-deedes & Mercy she did ever say,  
    To happye blisse, were still the ready way./

This constant course she practiz'd all her dayes,  
Not chang't by Tyme, adversitie or joy:  
And at last howre was fonnde w<sup>th</sup> in theis wayes.  
Nought could that well resolved course destroy.  
    For as she<sup>585</sup> lyv'd, so well lykewise she dy'de  
    When w<sup>th</sup> last breath to god alone she cryde./

[p. 50]

Thyself a witness thereunto may bee,  
(though not so worthy as were many more)  
Synce that in prayer she pleasd to joyne w<sup>th</sup> thee,  
W<sup>th</sup> earnest zeale gods mercy to implore,  
    In perfect Sence & speach to her last breath,  
    Witness thou art unto her blessed death./

Her deerest Children w<sup>th</sup> last words she blest,  
that mournfull stood mistrusting then her end:  
Her weeping servants (thou among the rest)  
to help her then about her do attende.  
    All wordly [sic] things in<sup>586</sup> order set before,  
    prepar'd to Dye & here to lyve no more:

Come Lord (she said), to thee my soule I give:  
Thou didst redeeme yt once from deadly thrall:  
Ô let me ever in thy presence lyve;  
Thus havinge said, she breath-les gan to fall,

---

<sup>582</sup> Jam. 1. 22.

<sup>583</sup> Jam. 2. 17.

<sup>584</sup> Dan. 4. 24.

<sup>585</sup> Qualis vita }  
    finis ita. }

<sup>586</sup> Her purchasd lands were conveyed to hir children, some yeres before hir death: as also y<sup>e</sup> rest of her estate by will in wryting 2 yeres before hir death./

From Servant<sup>587</sup> Saraes brest, where lean'd her head,  
to Abrams rest, her Soule then swiftly fledd./

[p. 51]

Ô Mal-passe town (so honored is thy name,  
Since<sup>588</sup> Norman first a foote sett on thy ground:)  
Thou once didst bragge of<sup>589</sup> Barons worthy fame,  
Now Ladies praise thou must begin to sonnde:  
    This Ladies<sup>590</sup> shryne, erected by her charge,  
    in thy fayre church, thy beauty doth enlarge./

Those noble<sup>591</sup> knights that there entombed lye,<sup>592</sup>  
Whose Acts abroad, & vertues great at home,  
Whose fame & glorye peirced once y<sup>e</sup> skye,  
In honoure seeme nowe fresh againe to bloome:  
    whyle she for them, that costly work there reares,  
    A lastinge Tombe for her & for her heires./

And Chomley howse, take Holford by the hand,  
And say, fayre Sister, welcome thou to me:  
To me thou brings a goodlie share of lande,  
W<sup>th</sup> worship great & splendent dignitie.  
    My pott the better through thy help shall boyle,  
    By profits great, that came from thy good soyle.

[p. 52]

Henceforth all favors equally shall goe,  
Twixt myne & thyne, since union God hath knitte:  
No difference men hereafter ever knowe,  
Peace-lovers all, say you, Amen, to yt.  
    Ile feast w<sup>th</sup> thee, & thou w<sup>th</sup> me againe,  
    In favoure great, thoust ever more remayne./

And you that are y<sup>e</sup> livinge branches greene<sup>593</sup>

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<sup>587</sup> Her La<sup>ps</sup> most deere & beloved Servant: At whose earnest importunitie out of zeale of Duty, this Author adventured to compile this Elegie.

<sup>588</sup> The Normans havinge there a sore bataille geven them by the force of Cheshire & Walles, styled that Towne, Mal-passe, alludinge to their ill passage that way./

<sup>589</sup> Malpass an ancient Baronie, to witt, of one of y<sup>e</sup> Erle of Chesters Barons./

<sup>590</sup> A fayre Monum<sup>t</sup> of Alabaster, w<sup>th</sup> her owne & her late Husbonds S<sup>r</sup> Hu: Chomley the yonggers personages carved in full length & proporcion, environed w<sup>th</sup> Irone Worke, & a large vault under yt, a stately requietorium, for y<sup>e</sup> worthies of that noble familie./

<sup>591</sup> Old S<sup>r</sup> Hugh Chomley & yongge S<sup>r</sup> Hugh his sonne./

<sup>592</sup> [For an extended description of this surviving tomb, see Hopkins, pp. 16-7.]

<sup>593</sup> The Authors humble petition, to all hir livinge & lovinge children./

Of that fayre tree, thus late by Death cut downe:  
In you let Goodness more & more be seene,  
And adde increase to mothers great renowne:  
    Tread you her steppes wherein she walked well;  
    In<sup>594</sup> Goodness stryve, not Greatness to excell./

Hold<sup>595</sup> peace & love, of freinds the greatest strength,  
A fort to keep your foes from doinge wronge:  
No greater Comfort will be at y<sup>e</sup> length:  
No greater meanes your Comfort to prolonge:  
    Make freinds rejoyce, & foes their hearts to pyne,  
    Whil'est Peace, lyke Sun, w<sup>th</sup> in your Orbes doth shyne.

[p. 53]

Ô let yt not be said now she is gone,  
The goods she gott, are wasted nowe in sute:  
Take from the dogges, that fayne wold barke, that bone,  
And cause their mouthes for ever to be mute.  
    Examples are not farre to move you much;  
    All will be well, if all your myndes, be such.

But soft (ô Muse) thyself correct againe;  
from praises doe not unto precepts fall.  
Let that for greater men a charge remayne:  
Thou knowest herein thy gifts are very small.  
    Incurr not further censure, but take heed,  
    in this bad tymes lest thou offence do breed.

Theis things thus done, then mayst thou make an end.  
W<sup>th</sup> pardon crav'd for this thy Poeme rude:  
And praying some more gifted may yt mende,  
Thyne Elege, w<sup>th</sup> Apostrophe conclude:  
    Ô Lady, longe may thy fayre lyne descende,<sup>596</sup>  
    In Chomleys name untill the world do end./

Pietatis, officii, et gratitudinis ergô  
posuit, Humilimus servus.../

Soli Deo gloria./

Tho: Lytler./

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<sup>594</sup> pro: 19. 22.

<sup>595</sup> Concordiâ res parvae crescunt: Discordia magna dilabuntur./

<sup>596</sup> Votum Authoris.



22 September 1625<sup>597</sup>  
Rudier, Lady Elizabeth

**The Subject:** Lady Elizabeth was nearly certainly Elizabeth Harington, daughter of Sir Henry Harington of Bagworth, Leicestershire, and Sarah Agar. She married the courtier Sir Benjamin Rudyerd (1572-1658) in May 1621.<sup>598</sup> Their one surviving son was William Rudyerd (b. 1624). (Her uncle was John, Lord Harington of Exton). It is hard to determine whether she died in childbirth or as a result of plague.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "I doe not wonder that the plague growes milde"

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.345, p. 274

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.345, p. 274

**Title:** "On the Lady Elizabeth Rudier who dyed in childbed at the ceasing of the plague"

I doe not wonder that the plague growes milde  
This sacrifice the gods hath reconcilde  
To men, a truce twixt nature's drawn, & death  
which thou hast purchast with thy dearest breath  
[p. 275] This sure was al at which the gods did ayme  
And made the plague a Commet to the same  
Phoebus doth now his feiry darts suppressse  
And every day our funeral piles grow lesse  
As if thy sacred presence Jove had wonne  
To place in our Horizon a new sun  
Which mighte mens bodyes, and infected ayre  
With a new breath, & his pure beame repayre  
Twas thy prophetic spirit else did see  
How death would triumph o're mortality  
Therefore to pay the ransom of thy freinds  
Up straight to Jove thy sacred soul ascends  
Nor could he but accept his glorious prize  
Scarce to be equal'd 'mongst the Dieties  
So we had al been swallowed in the grave  
And thou hadst liv'd hadst thou not dyed to save  
yet least so pure a breath should w<sup>th</sup> her dy  
Thus she bequeath's it to posterity  
And breath's it in her fayre and lovely boy  
which mighte from greife redeeme his fathers joy

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<sup>597</sup> *The History of Parliament Online* provides this date for the death of Elizabeth, wife of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd.

<sup>598</sup> *ODNB* gives her name as *Mary Harrington*.

Thus our fayre Semele great Jove struck dead  
yet spar'd the hopeful fruite of nuptial bed  
And Phoenix like in birth she did expire  
And at her death she proves a living fire

Lent 1626  
Vaux, Dr. James

**The Subject:** James Vaux (or Vaulx) was born in 1570 to John de Vaulx and Edith Gynnor (or Jenner) of Marston Meysey, Wiltshire. A son, Francis (b. 1601) matriculated at Broadgates Hall, Oxford in 1623 and received a B.M. William Browne offers an epitaph on him as well “On Mr. Vaux the Physician”, which is published in that author’s works. A number of the poems point to Vaux’s self-taught mastery of medicine. That his name does not appear in any of the registers of seventeenth-century physicians suggests that he worked outside the usual structures. One poem, “Vaux dead tis strange,” suggests that he was more apothecary than physician and provoked the antagonism of physicians.

**First Line:** “Farewell thou Man of Men, our fruitless Teares”

**The Author:** N.D.; not further identified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26, p. 17

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26, p. 17

**Title:** “Upon the death of that Noble Phisition, & his ever honourde freind Mr James Vaulxe”

Farewell thou Man of Men, our fruitless Teares  
Are too too weake to call againe those yeares  
Of Health w<sup>ch</sup> from the greevinge worlde of late  
Were ravishte by y<sup>e</sup> strict decree of Fate  
I now confess death [sic] power, and needes must Yeeld  
Hee has the better of y<sup>e</sup> day and Feild,  
Could I forgett those gastly woundes y<sup>l</sup> stand  
Like bloody Lines on oure unpeopl’d Land,  
When worldes of great and small were hurried hence  
By stroke of undiscerninge Pestilence  
Did I not heare of Massacres, and Warres  
Of Myriads’ consum’d in needless jarres  
Did not diseased, and sad casualties  
Each day, and hour’ acquaint our eyes<sup>599</sup>  
With balefull Trophies were each Argument  
Of Deaths consuming hand remov’d and spent  
I must beeleeve them all renew’d, when I  
See thee subdu’d by strict Mortallity  
Thy single death (Deare Vaulx) thy single one  
Bids’ feare the ruine of a Nation.  
Such was the cruell pollecy of Death  
It aymd’ not now at ordinary Breath

---

<sup>599</sup> This line is missing one foot; the apostrophes are strangely placed between “hour’acquaint’our”, but the line does make grammatical sense.

Twas not a common prize, nor private Tombe  
 Could satisfy the Graves insatiate Wombe  
 The Ambition of sad fate flew higher farr  
 And Scorning meaner funerals mad [sic] warr  
 Against the Bulwork of strong health, whose might  
 Had oft deafeted [sic] hast Death of s'right  
 Malitiouse fate had learnt such dangerouse witt,  
 This fallinge Thousands more must fall w<sup>th</sup> it  
 And therefore took a more compendious way  
 To people greedy graves, then if that they  
 [p. 18] That murder men for hier had been employde  
 Or then Earths willinge stomack had been cloyd  
 With some Contagious plauge for such alone,  
 Such losses stand inballancd with this one,  
 The paths of Death (w<sup>ch</sup> thy transendent Art  
 Made hard and rugged) now one every part  
 Are smoth and passable. Each gentle blow  
 That usd' to waken Man, and make him knowe  
 Hee was but dust, I looke should wound as deepe  
 As those feirce strokes y<sup>t</sup> foerce us into th'sleepe  
 Of endles Night, I looke each petty Ill  
 That went to fright should now confound, & kill  
 That every pelting<sup>600</sup> Ague, Head=atche, stitche  
 The pulinge Jaundize, or y<sup>e</sup> Childishe Itche  
 Should proove as violent, and Masterfull  
 As scaldinge Feavers, or such greifes as putt,  
 The Strongest to their Graves. At least I looke  
 Some Galenist (whose Physick smell [sic] o'the booke)<sup>601</sup>  
 Should more perplex themselves to conquer thes  
 Then thou didst once to kill the foulst' disease  
     But when some lingringe slow consumption  
 Hath leaft not soe much Man as Scelleton  
 When hollow Coughes shall macerate, and teare  
 Those Instruments by which wee drawe in Ayere  
 When Natures shop of Bloud the Livers' spent  
 Growne chill, and could, and sends noe nourishment,  
 But Deathfull waters to y<sup>e</sup> hungry veynes  
 When hardned slime in Bladder or in Reynes  
 Shall exquisitely rack both sense and minde  
 With truer Hell then Tyrants we could finde  
 When fierie Feavers burne y<sup>e</sup> bloud and hart  
 Instead of warmth, sends flame to every part  
 When mans owne selfe unto himselfe shal bee  
 An Ovne, In such or like extremety.

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<sup>600</sup> This works metrically, but it does look like the "p" is crossed to indicate abbreviation.

<sup>601</sup> The end of the line is buried in the margin, so the closing bracket is assumed.

[p. 19] Wee shall wishe for or (what wee cannot have)  
 An healthfull Vault, or (what wee may) a Grave,  
 Such were the Monsters w<sup>ch</sup> thy happy hande  
 And honourd Skill soe stoutely did withstand,  
 When some Elisha=like shall bee renew'd  
 With thine or double power from heaven; till then  
 I feare those Enemies to Health and Men.  
 Will range withoute controel, for lesser Ills,  
 That not exceede the bounds of Surgeon Skills  
 Insteed of Leggs, and Armes sett one againe,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> one thinn Mussell hardly did maintaine  
 To the rest o'th partes, I looke y<sup>t</sup> some should prate  
 Of mighty cures when they're soe fortunate  
 To heale Cut=fingers, or a broken Skinn<sup>602</sup>  
 Or Scratch i'tch head scarce deeper y<sup>n</sup> the Skin.  
 Each Artless Mountebanke (as in y<sup>e</sup> Night  
 The sunn once downe y<sup>e</sup> dimmest Starr claymes light)  
 Will now conceive some hope his Name  
 May'b'his Ampostures fill y<sup>e</sup> cheek of Fame,  
 As full as those thy Cures, y<sup>t</sup> sett at Gaze,  
 The Worlde, and next to Miracles amaze

And surely Miracles they had binn thought  
 Hadst thou binn coyer of thy scill, & taught  
 Thy open Art, an Art how it might bee  
 Object of Wonder more than Charety.  
 Had not each day made common w<sup>t</sup> was rare  
 Some deede of thine, once in an age might beare  
 The style of Miracle w<sup>ch</sup> now wee call  
 Beecause oft seene though strange, yet Naturall

Yet hadst thou thus reserved thy selfe, & sold  
 Thy Miracles to none but those whose Gold  
 Might well have utterd reall thanks, to whome  
 [20] Should sickly poore unmoneyed<sup>603</sup> men have come  
 For Cure, whose narrowe meanes and want of wealth  
 Bidd them, or Begg, or els despair of Healthe  
 As they might well afford. Thanks Caps, & Knees,  
 I equally admire thy peerless Art  
 And Charety w<sup>ch</sup> nere refusd' to impart  
 It selfe to neede and Want. I dare bee bold  
 thy bountie gave more health y<sup>n</sup> others solde  
 Sleepe soefly<sup>604</sup> in y<sup>t</sup> honourd' bedd of Fame  
 W<sup>ch</sup> thou hast gaind, and still enjoy y<sup>e</sup> Name

<sup>602</sup> Sic. It seems unlikely that he simply meant to repeat "skinn" in this couplet. Likely the first ought to read "Shinn".

<sup>603</sup> Sic; however, "unmoneyed" likely intended.

<sup>604</sup> Sic; however, "softly" likely intended.

That thou hast giv'n thy selfe, which whoe so dare  
To soyle with fouler Breath. I wishe ther Ayere  
May bee ther poyson, y<sup>t</sup> some Leprosie  
May cleave to them, and ther posterrety  
Or some contagiouse foule disease may shutt  
The Mouth of him whose ill taught tonge shall cutt  
Or mangle thy fayre fame, whilst spight of Death  
Thou still shalst live by truer stronger Breath  
Than y<sup>t</sup> thin Puff w<sup>ch</sup> Natures rigged Law.  
Or each dissease has power to withdrawe  
    Once more farwell yet give mee leave to speake  
My thoughts (o pardon if they bee but weake)  
A feare when so much worth lyes buried  
Not single Vaulx but Physickes selfe is deade

N.D.

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**First Line:** "Great AEsculape not studied in the art"

**The Author:** Peter Heylyn (1599-1662) was born in Burford, Oxfordshire. From 1614 his life was centred at Oxford, primarily Magdalen College. He achieved early renown as a writer for his *Microcosmos: a Little Description of the Great World* (1621) and later became a noted follower, and then biographer, of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. The poem indicates that he was a patient of Dr. Vaux. For a fuller biography, see *ODNB*.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 46885 , fol. 26v [reel 58 or 59?]; Folger V.a.345 , p. 303

**Copy text:** Folger V.a.345, p. 303

**Title:** "Memoriae Sacrum[:] To y<sup>e</sup> memory of y<sup>e</sup> most worthy and happy profesor of Physick, M<sup>r</sup> James Vaux of Marston. A Comparison between him & AEsculapius"

Great AEsculape not studied in y<sup>e</sup> Art  
To a dead man did new life impart  
An art so like y<sup>e</sup> gods that fearful Jove  
Not knowing how the powers that were above  
Mighte be neglected, should he thus proceed  
Soone struck him dead, yet lov'd him and instead  
of a fraile life gave him eternity  
And made him patron of his faculty  
There he received their vowes, who heer below  
Did to his guidance their amendment ow  
Men sacrificing for their faire escape  
Each yeare a Cock to the great AEsculape.  
So was't with thee, O blest soul, thy abler hand  
Only by use taught how to understand  
Did health and life on them bestow, whom all  
But thee had yeilded to their funeral

So many didst thou of long dayes assure  
 Whom nought but miracle or Vaulx could cure  
 How long hath Charon waited al in vaine  
 To load his boat with ghoasts? w<sup>th</sup> how long pains  
 Have they expected on the farther shore  
 To entertaine those soules, that should come ore  
 [p. 304]  
 yet al by thee deceiv'd, and truth to tel  
 Hadst thou but lived they had been cousend stil  
 The ferriman mighte his old trade forsake  
 And spend his time in fishing on y<sup>e</sup> lake  
 The sextons of y<sup>e</sup> neighbouring shires mighte have  
 Ere long forgotten how to make a grave.  
 And but for war about y<sup>e</sup> Rhenish river  
 Death mighte have layd aside his shafts and quiverr.  
 This made thee more then man this made thee bee  
 Somewhat of kind to imortality  
 whilst thou we'r mortal, Hence heaven thought it meet  
 ffor them and thee that thou shouldst change thy seate.  
 That without envy then thou mightst be sure  
 To enjoy y<sup>e</sup> sweet remembrance of thy cure  
 Done on thy frequent freinds, whom thou beneath  
 Didst ransom from y<sup>e</sup> hopeles hand of death  
 And to their vowes, mightst faire admission give  
 Who to thee dead, ow this that they doe live.  
 Of w<sup>ch</sup> If I amongst the rest do presse  
 Before thy shrine to offer, & then confesse  
 How much I ow thy skil, Let not disdain  
 Sit on thy glorious forehead. Entertaine  
 Kindely this gift of his w<sup>ch</sup> dares salute  
 Thee in rude lines, but never dares be mute  
 And this the Cock, the Cock, w<sup>ch</sup> not to thee  
 I sacrifice but to thy memory.

Moerens posuit P. H. neg{...}

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**First Line:** “Vaux dead tis strange, sure hee new cast our Bell”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.345, p. 291

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.345, p. 291

**Title:** “On M<sup>r</sup> Vaux, who dyed y<sup>e</sup> last lent 1626”

Vaux dead tis strange, sure hee new cast our Bell  
But for to ring his doleful passing knel  
This is the instrument, on w<sup>ch</sup> beleife  
Makes the same tune to sound our joy or greife.  
I thought death durst not at thy house arrive  
ffor feare least ~~death~~ thou shouldst send him thence alive  
Living anatomyes and walking bones.  
[p. 292] There mighte you see, there making of their moanes  
To our great Chymick, who soone by his art  
would cloath with flesh and blood each several part  
No marvel if Physitians did thee hate  
Whilst they but cure, thou dost new create  
ffor by his powders, he made mortal clay  
ffor to survive, ful many a joyful day  
As if al other potions were but vaine  
He us'd but dust to rayse up dust againe,  
And yet hee's dead himselfe, since al was spent  
And then from's body straite his soul was rent  
If powders faild hee needs must dy, alas  
That was the sand of his lives houreglasse  
Thus in y<sup>e</sup> lent fate took away his breath  
Who al the yeare made fasting dayes for death  
Now maist thou wel keep holy day, and feast  
His life the Eve is done, thy fast is ceas't  
Let not this Chymicks body earth entombe  
His art deserv'd to have a Phoenix doome  
And peradventure this his funeral flame  
May prove a father to beget the same  
Or Els for ashes, let his ashes bee  
'Gainst al diseases the sole remedy.

---

**First Line:** "When first I heard thy fame then I began"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.345, p. 314

**Copy text:** Folger V.a.345, p. 314

**Title:** `In obitum Jacobi Vaux medici'

When first I heard thy fame then I began  
To deem thee Vaulx an ArchPhysitian  
But for those wondrous Cures, how they were don

Could it be thought but by infusion.

[p. 315]

Or from some rare receipt, dropt downe from high  
To thee wel knowne, to most a mystery.  
What paine what greife, what malady what not  
But that for it thou hadst some Antidote:  
Men to their bones consum'd & past releife  
Tasting thy medicine it consumd their greife  
And made them perfect, Those that were once gon  
Thou madst them know a restauration.  
Those w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>e</sup> stupid vulgar swore were dead  
Rubd with thy balsome straight, did rowse their head  
And live a fresh, with gladness, saying they  
(had it not been for thee) had dropt away  
Rare were thy cordials, to many breath  
They dayly gave, now to their master death  
which makes y<sup>e</sup> proverb true some arts alone  
bring good to al men to their owners none./

22 August 1626  
Radcliffe, Jonas

**The Subject:** Jonas Radcliffe was born about 1570 to Henry Radcliffe of Todmorden, Lancashire. He matriculated at University College, Oxford, in Nov. 1592 and graduated B.A. (1595) and M.A. (1598), at which point he became a Fellow. He was buried in the College Chapel, with a Latin prose epitaph that survives. References near the end of the poem suggest that Radcliffe was lame, which prevented him from leaving the college in his last years.

**The Author:** Edward Radcliffe. See biographical summary under “November 1621, Dr. Thomas Johnson”, above. The attribution shows that he was kin to Jonas Radcliffe, the subject, but the exact connection has not been established. He writes as both a kinsman and a member of University College.

**First Line:** “yett do'st thou ever live to me; nor must”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Don. d. 58, fol. 3r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Don. d. 58, fol. 3r

**Title:** "Upon the death of M<sup>r</sup> Jonas Radclyffe of Oxford"

yett do'st thou ever live to me; nor must  
thy name soe soone be scattered w<sup>th</sup> thy dust,  
Thoughe hid, though vaulted: though my eye [sic] have quite  
lost thee, my teares shalle keepe thee still in sight  
death well might plucke thee hence, but though thou dye  
itt cannot roote thee from our memorye:  
Oh lett itt not unto our shame be said  
that Radclyffe was soe soone forgott as deade  
They that soe soone can loose thee, let them bee  
loosers of all good that they gett by thee  
When if wee justlye weighe our cause to greive  
our teares wold longer last then thou didst live  
O coldst thou dye? and are not wee withall  
the sadd partakers in this funerall?  
Is not our Colledge wounded? dos't not find  
itt selfe (not meanelly) in thy fate declind?  
Thou that upheldst it w<sup>th</sup> a surer hand  
and (though thy selfe unable) madst itt stand,  
Such was thy strickter course, such thy grave care  
thy Judgement of thy knowledge alike rare  
What one amongst us not to thee in debt?  
how many owe thee all their goodnes yett  
That can noe reason of their vertue give

but their blest fortune under thee to live  
Of whom even Tutors selves might learne to knowe  
what heedy<sup>605</sup> care unto their chardge they owe  
And not indulged to the nobler breed  
cherish their vice, by killing not the seed  
Thou wast alike to all: or if there were  
any that felt thy temper lesse severe  
Itt was their industrie their favour wanne  
not to the gentler, but the better mann

Thus all encourag'd were: since they cold tell  
the way to merritt thee, to meritt well.  
Thus fortune in thy hurt to us was kind,  
that she soe longe w<sup>th</sup>in our walls confind  
Itt was a providence that here she staid  
lest if thou further, we had alsoe stray'd  
[3v] Thy weaknes was our prop, and who could tell  
but that thy staffe held up the howse as well  
as thee; w'ch els *perchance* had sunke downe quite  
had not thy lamenes made itt stand upright,  
Noe more reproach to thee then Jacobs hault  
w'ch was to him a blessing not a fault:  
Gods voice itt was that warnd thee goe not hence  
that we might all reape by thy impotence  
Till he sent for thee to a place indeed  
worth a remove: for w<sup>ch</sup> thou didst not need  
A legg to carrye thee: since he cold spare  
an Angell for thee, or Eliahs chaire.

Hec [sic] moerens posuit. cognatus observantissimus:<sup>606</sup> E. Radclyffe

---

<sup>605</sup> heedye] careful.

<sup>606</sup> "Mourning he places this. Most attentive kinsman". The first part of this seems to have been formulaic.

7 November 1626  
Pile, Sir Gabriel

**The Subject:** Sir Gabriel Pile was of Collingbourne Kingston, Wiltshire; he married Anne Porter, daughter of Sir Thomas Porter of Newark, Gloucestershire. He was knighted in Aug. 1607. His will (written in April 1623 and proved 21 Feb. 1626-7) records sons named Francis, Thomas, William, and Gabriel.<sup>607</sup> His son Gabriel's will (1652; proved Jan. 1654) show that Sir Gabriel also had daughters named Ann and Rebecca. A recumbent effigy funerary monument for Sir Gabriel and Lady Anne survives in the Collingbourne Kingston church.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "Although thy blessed soul from hence be fled"

**Manuscript Copies:** Newcastle Bell White MS 25, fol. 25r

**Copy Text:** Newcastle Bell White MS 25, fol. 25r

**Title:** "On the Death of Sir Gabriell Pile"

Although thy blessed soul from hence be fled  
to Abrahams bosome, and thy body dead.  
Tho tymes, y<sup>e</sup> grave, & rottennesse do strive  
to riott out thy flesh, thy fames alive.  
good workes are spices, charity perfume,  
Vertues are odours, time cannot confound;  
Devotion smells like spikenard, and the breath  
of pious praise's not subject unto death.  
These are fresh oyntments, that shall ever be  
a pretious balm to save thy memory:  
vertue it selfe's a monument, and will bring  
to good mens honours an eternall spring.  
when armes, and brasse, & lead, & marble must  
waft to a chaos of confused dust.

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<sup>607</sup> *Abstracts of Somersetshire Wills Etc.*, (1887-90), vol. 5, p. 48.

14 June 1627

Cicilia Ridgeway, Countess of Londonderry

**The Subject:** Cicilia MacWilliam (b. ca. 1561) was the daughter of Henry MacWilliam (ca. 1532-86) of Stambourne, Essex,<sup>608</sup> keeper of Colchester castle, and Mary Hill, widow of Sir John Cheke and a significant courtier and poet of the Elizabethan court. Cicilia was for a time a maid of honour in the same court. She married Thomas Ridgeway, 1st earl of Londonderry (ca. 1565-1632), in about 1590; their five children are named in stanza fifteen of the poem.<sup>609</sup> Ridgeway enjoyed a number of prominent political and military roles in both England and Ireland. (See “Mary Cheke” and “Thomas Ridgeway” in *Oxford DNB*.)

**The Author:** The title certainly indicates the poet’s closeness to the subject; that, and references within the poem (see ca. line 200) suggest that her husband, Sir Thomas, is the poet. He is not otherwise recorded as a poet, but the quality of verse is not high.

**First Line:** “Heere lyes Cicilia; the Noble Countesse of Londondery”

**Manuscript Copies:** Leicestershire Record Office, Winstanley of Braunstone Papers, DE728/970

**Copy Text:** Leicestershire Record Office, Winstanley of Braunstone Papers, DE728/970

**Title:** A ffunerall Eligy, upon y<sup>e</sup> late Sad Departure or Sweete & Silent Slumber, of the most Truely Hon<sup>ble</sup> and unfeynedly vertuous elect Lady Cicilia Countesse of Londondery, written by no Poet (as may well appear) nor for Publique view, but for the better venting of some little Part of the writers great Greife & love, who knew Her best & longest, & loved Her Best and Longest (1628)<sup>610</sup>

1 Heere lyes Cicilia; the Noble Countesse of Londondery  
Who of well saying, well praying, & well doing, was never weary,  
And though shee weere Borne in Citty, and Bred in Court  
yet Cuntry=Cares & houshold Paynes, were her Best Spourt  
Most like y<sup>e</sup> wise & workeing wife by Salamon Decyphred  
In his last of the Proverbs, w<sup>ch</sup> cannot well be bettered.

2 Madam Cicila [sic] (Sweaden Prynness) in Chronycle Remembred.

---

<sup>608</sup> Though Cicilia is not mentioned in the entry for Henry MacWilliam in the *History of Parliament*, the details are an exact fit with stanza 17 in the poem.

<sup>609</sup> *Oxford DNB*.

<sup>610</sup> In the right margin, the following is written vertically:

Or A Playne

True & sumary Description of Her Life & death without Welt, Gard, or Embrodery, I meane  
without any Poeticall fiction & addition; or so much as Rhetoricall Illustration

welt] ornament

with Warwycks Right=wise Countesse, & courtly Leycester the great<sup>611</sup>  
gave her the Christian Name (for sixty & six yeares unblotted)  
More trewly Ritch, then the Iland of that Name, & far more neat 10  
From neere w<sup>ch</sup> tyme off Birth, to her Sad Day of Death,  
Shee never fayld (at least) both morne and evening.  
To offer up to God with Her best Hart & Breath  
for Three Howers Space, with Zeal & Grace, the Incence of thanks=giving,

3 Her Breeding was most Librall, In all Perfections of the Best  
That love or Parents Bounty, by Teachers of most Skill.  
(which they owne House, the Citty, Countrie, or the Court Possest)  
and well bestowed it was, the Teachers weere most Skilfull  
the Learner Proved, neyther Dull, undocible, or wilfull,

4 Unto the Great Eliza Queene, a servant sworne (voyd of Distress) 20  
yet Graciously unto Her Highnes Dyeng [sic] day, Intituled Her Mistres.  
for Teaching Her (though yonge) on the Bandora and the Lute.  
Some chosen Lessons, at the which the standers by stood mute.  
Nay more, the same good Queene, was (Motherlike) most carefull of Her Caryadge  
and Grac't with Guyfts, & Noble Guests, Her very day of Mariadge.

[p. 2]

5 A wyfe more faithfull, frend more constant, & tender harted Mother,  
there never was, is or will be, In this age or an other:  
And though from London, Devon, Litchfeild, Ireland, Her Residence hath oft \altred/ bin.  
and that Her Natr'all mynd was most adverse, to any chainge, though for the seeming \better/  
yet of those various seasons, Places, fortunes, she never made ill matter, 30  
But, where Her Mate and Children weere, she seldom wisht it bettred,

6 And as of Places, so of Persons, & every other thing,  
She never loved for to change, an old frend for a new  
Nor servants old; for new, Nay; not the losse of slightest Ring,  
Bodkin, Parrot, Civett-Catt, or like old Trifeles of that Crew.  
But she tooke moore offensyve, & deem'd Mischance more omynous.  
Then of the Losse, of Diamonds new, or Jewells far more Pretious,

7 Never an Ipocrite to Godward, nor to the world a Dissembler  
but what she sayd, she thought, & what she did, she cared not who knew hit  
A Liberall hand she had, where cause of love or Pitty moved 40  
But without cause (beyond her meanes) to be Profuse, she never loved,  
Her Children Servants, Neighbours, Tenants freinds, had neede of Physicke \litle more/  
Then Her good care, Attendance & what she kept still in store

---

<sup>611</sup> Princess Cecilia, daughter of King Gustav I of Sweden. She visited England in 1565-6. The lines suggest that Cecilia MacWilliam was so named through the influence of her godparents, Elizabeth Dudley, (nee Tailboys), countess of Warwick, and her brother-in-law, Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester.

[As Corall, Seed-Perle, Bezar,<sup>612</sup> Musk, Civett, Amber Greece, & Irish Slate  
Harts Horne & Unycorne, Crabs Clawes, Crampe curing Hares Bones, & Methridate  
w<sup>ch</sup> being well aply'd, Seldome or never came to Late  
besyds Hadocks Head Bones, Stags Marrow, Lemons, Pomerytorons<sup>613</sup>, & Pomegranetts  
hardly to be had in any Marchants Shops, much less Contry Marketts  
likewise Sweete Oyle, & other Oyles, Whyte Wyne Vinegar, and Hony  
Conserves, Presarves, Distilled watters not to [sic] bought for mony]<sup>614</sup>

8 She nere was Botefen,<sup>615</sup> nor Busy body, or Whisperer, against her freinds  
Nor talkeing, Tatler, of any else, to ill mistaken ends,  
And good cause why (besids Her owne good mynd)  
She well knew how, To spend Her tyme, in many a better kinde,  
As Musick, Reading, Writeing, Workeing, moderat Gameing,  
and all things ellse that good weare, & brought withall no shameing,  
She liked not Idlenes, nor vices, eyther in foes of ffrends 50  
Noe more then weedes in Gardens (ordaynd for flowers & Hearbs & no Ilends[?]<sup>616</sup>)

Lent worke, Turkey Worke, Damasking, Sheets, Blanketts, Coverlets,  
Cushions, Coverd Stooles, Chayrs, Festers, Curtens & foote Carpetts.  
Hatbands, Girdles, Purses, Coates[?]-Reynes, Braceletts, Registers, Needle case\ses/  
Stuffs, Canices[?], Pyn=pillyons,<sup>617</sup> Embroddryes, & all sort of Laces,  
Of all these, same & many more such lyke good usefull works of Huswiffry  
She had a Chiefe quick Hand in the Best, & in the Rest, she gave a Speciall  
=Directory

[p. 3]

9 This little labouring Pismyre, brought carefully to her Nest,  
Some Needefull things of all sorts, that likely might Prove Best,  
In Present or in future tymes, for use in case of Neede; 60  
For Her owne family, & such others, as could not elsewhere speede;  
Most provident in Providing, like orderly, \&/ sure, in Laying up,  
As just & wise, in Dewe, Distributing, that each might have a sup<sup>618</sup>

10 In Winter before day, In Sommer as Sone as She could see,  
Shee Prayd to God, Roaze from Her Bed, set each in theyre degree  
To works of all sorts, as well Necessity, as ornament,

---

<sup>612</sup> The stone bezoar, believed to be an antidote.

<sup>613</sup> unidentified

<sup>614</sup> This stanza appears vertically in the left margin with a symbol suggesting that it is to be interpolated in the text here.

<sup>615</sup> This is clearly an accurate reading, but “Botefen” proves in elusive: not in *OED*, *EEBO*. Could it be an Irish expression?

<sup>616</sup> A crux: “Ilends” seems to be the words here, but “Islands” makes little sense in the context.

<sup>617</sup> Presumably either a variant “pin-pillow” (i.e. “pincushion”), or “pillion” (a lady’s seat) with a prefix “pyn”.

<sup>618</sup> In the left margin, the following is written horizontally:

Glorious is the fruyts of good labours, & the Roote of Wisdome shall never fall away

And she Herselfe most Busiest, In what might give grace or Content,  
Which did Produce good deeds, soe choyce, soe curious & uncounterfeyt,  
As that Penelope herselfe (if then alive) the same might Imitate,  
And not in dayly workes alone, & sighing and sad thought, 70  
Till Her Deere Husband Home againe, she lovingly had wrought,

11 Nor in Her Husbands only absence, did *our* Cicilia worke & weave,  
Or in her, onely Seasons, Sad; Herselfe & tyme for to Deceave,  
But Present, absent, or what tymes els, of Pleasures Plentifull –  
Shee tooke most Pleasure (next Her God) Her Mate & Children all,  
By being Busyed in good workes, the Best of every Sort  
And those not fruitles, as the others, which Writers Doe Report,  
She Weave'd by day, Undid by night, & thereby nothing Gaynd,  
But Losse of labour & of tyme to keepe Herselfe unstaynd.

12 Whereas this our Penelope (So knowen=vertuous, & so stayd) 80  
No Tongue or Hand, so Bold or Rude (whether she wrought or Playd)  
As Durst presume so much as with an Idle Phrase,  
Her eares or Presence to surprize, in any undecent case,  
Nor did shee worke or weave, with Her owne hands alone,  
Leaveing Her mynd unbusyed, or Needles making moane,  
But, usd Her Eares all those same howres, in heareing Her Owne Reed  
Some choyce good Bookes (by w<sup>ch</sup> Her Mynd & Body both together,  
Shee Exercisd & edify'd, a Broad in ffayre, within Doores in foule weather)

[p. 4]

Shee was so far, from Humorous affecting, Change of Place or Dwelling –  
As, To Remove from one House of Her owne, to any other one of fflower fower 90  
Though furthest – 16: the Nearer – 6 & the other within kennyng,  
And each well furnished, & fytt) Her setl'd Nature had no Power,  
Nay from one Bed (much less one Lodging) of Her owne selfe same Howse  
To any other (Best or better) Twas even Halfe Hell, Herself or stuff to Towze<sup>619</sup>

Coach & Caroatch, shee allwayes prays'd for clenlynes & safegard of Apparrell  
which (out alas) att last, by ill Mischance, Her Small & Tender, Body Bruised  
yet, Twixt Her Punishing=Tryeng-Gd<sup>620</sup> & Her good Hart, It bredd no mortall Quarrell  
Though forhead wounded, Left Arme stoned, & none of Th'other – 6 in body Harmed

In often crossing of the seas, she still with Dangerous Tempests was Afflicted  
yet seas, were never Halfe so Rough, as she was calme, Devoate in Prayer \ & unaffreighted/  
But if that Husband, Children, friends, were in those stormes Imbarcked,  
Shee Seldome Ceas'd, But Prayd & Car'd for them, & to & fro Enquired, what They Lacked  
So shee, not for Herselfe, but Hers (like Bubbyck<sup>621</sup>=Profitable, Beess, Draught=oxe, & sheepe)

---

<sup>619</sup> Towze] pull about

<sup>620</sup> "Gd" here, as on the final page, is an abbreviated form of "God".

Provided, car'd for, studdyed, Labour'd, Wrought, & offten Broake Her Sleepe,

(though merily)<sup>622</sup>

The Word, obedience, to be Prest, on Wyves, It Pleased Her not mutch,  
But freely of Herselfe (In very Deed) & Prooff, to be so, Ther was None such;  
for, as they were by many Nat'rall Tokens, fore=marked *out* to meet and Marry;  
So, no two Parties, in one selfe, mynd & sympathy, did all consortship Better Carry  
onely, for Building, Clyming, so much Publycke service doing, as might undo the Private,  
She, did oft tymes (besyds advise) with Dovelike=private=murmuring) somewhat vary. 110

In woomen more y<sup>n</sup> Men (on sad foule Weather & Howers of Leasure)  
Befor too inward=Idle=Pryvate Talk, she much Prefer'd, Games of Pleasure;  
The one might Breede Contentyon, by Whispering Ill of any others;  
Or else (twixt like, in yeares & fancyes) unlawfull meaneing to each other  
Whereas, the open, Harmeles, lively, Dancing, Carding, Gamyng, or like Sporting,  
Well exercised, Mynd & Body, without all Guylt or Evill pryvate Ending  
[p. 5]

13 Next Her owne Husbnd [sic], Her owne Sisters, & Her Children Deere;  
All w<sup>ch</sup> tooke evermore most comfort for to see Her,  
She loved Best, & made the most, of old she followers all,  
Who trewly, attended & Tendred Her, & did longe since theyr Lady Mistris call 120  
Makeing those marryed wives & Maydes, Her comfortary Companions  
And Plac't Theyr Daughters, with Her owne, as Handmayds, & as Minyons  
She was most True, in Paying, well Earned Quarters wayges to every man & Mayde,  
Saying y<sup>t</sup> els, to bid them worke, or but to com among y<sup>m</sup>, she should be sham'd \& Half  
~~affragyed~~ affrayd/

14 Unto Her Noble Lady Mother, & to Her ffather Deere;  
She was most loveing=Dutifull, as \it/ did well appeare;  
w<sup>ch</sup> caus'd Her live long dayes on Earth, from Her first tyme of Birth,  
(Most Dilligent, observant & yet most full of Mirth)  
And brought like Blessing & Trew love, from Her owne children ffower,  
Who never weere undutifull, to Her last Breathing Hower. 130

15 Robert, Edward, Cassandra, Mackwilliam,  
(The true & lively Images of theyr so good a Mother)  
on whome & all theyr good Designes, God ever more Distill on,  
All Hevenly Blessings, & the like, on Lettice, Weston, Leycester, (theyre Brother)  
With theyr sweet Little, Pretty Cosen, Leticia Willughby, the younger,  
And all theyr Matches on each side, that are or shall be ever;  
And if it be thy will (O Lord) add to theyr Goodnes, & Theyr Graces;  
Sufficient Wealth & Sutable, unto theyr Severall Places;

16 So shall wee all by (Gods good Help) Joyne in one like Endeavor,

---

<sup>621</sup> i.e. "Public"

<sup>622</sup> This is written above the line, but where it is to be inserted is unclear.

to Run Such Races in the world Dureing our Severall Dayes, 140  
As may att last (by Christ his death) make us with Joy, the redy way to meet Her  
And all & every one of us, to Her sweet selfe, & ffellow saints to Raize;  
Renewing all our Joynt old loves, in far more High Perfection;  
And Praying God, both night & day, for our Blesfull Election;

[p. 6]

17 Henry Her Brother Slayn (the last Heyr Male) of Seaventeene cleere Dissents).<sup>623</sup>  
ffrom Myles Mackwilliam & the rest of the true Noble Auncient Name,  
(Whose Armes, & Ancestors=old Monuments, In Stanborne=Church<sup>624</sup> ar extant)  
She (as Coheyr with Her fower Lady=Sisters, without Blame)  
Margaret, Susanna, Ambrosia, and Cassandra)  
With conter=changed Roses, Red & White; & Blod & land \&/ lively=hood 150  
Her Selfe & Her Posterity for ever hath Enobelled,

18 Longe since Discended from Edward (a yonger Brother of that ffamily)  
The second sonne to Henry, As old Records Do Testifie,

-----  
Like Armes, like Lands by Isabell (Williams Sole Heyr and Daughter)  
were Borne, & Possesst, By Somersets great Duke, & his for ever After;  
Whose Party-Culloured Roses, stand yet High Placed;  
In most old Pallaces of our kings, whereby that Name is Graced;

19 And more allsoe, She liv'd & Dy'd, with other great, & welbegotten Tytles many  
But never sew'd for, wisht=ffor, or was Proud of any,  
Well knowing, y<sup>t</sup> Her vertues, & Her Long Discent, 160  
Were Names enough, To make Her well Content,  
Only She wisht, & wrought, & Twas Her Wise & Noble Care,  
That Names & Meanes, might in some sort, Pertake, an equall share,

20 Lowe Shee was in Stature, High in Guyfts of Grace and Nature;  
Little likewise in Person, Greate in Spirit and Action:  
Never the least Nasty-Sluttysh, but still y<sup>e</sup> neatest sweetest Creature;  
That ever man injoyd, & Blest, with most Quick senses, & comly ffeature  
So Soule & Body (as Rychest Jewell In Comlyest Cabynet)  
Shall one day (both together) to theyr Deere Saviour ~~Aseend~~ \Ascend/ & Sett

21 Witty & most wise allso, Shee Proved; in word and Deede; 170  
wary still in Promising, but (once being made) as Sure Creed;  
And yet no medling, Manly=fforreyne=Practick=undertaker,  
(As many wiffs, not fram'd thereto, by theyr great Maker)  
But, Oh, but would she had; for, none could keepe Goods Better;

---

<sup>623</sup> This Henry died in a duel in 1599.

<sup>624</sup> Stambourne, Essex.

Or spend it where they ought, & not to much to Trust A Debter;

[p. 7]

And though Shee Loant most freely, to serve all Poore friends need;  
And lookt for it \at/ Leasure, when they had gott good Speed;  
yet Death t'was to Her Selfe, to Borrow, & Harsh to be beholding,  
Which showed, shee eyther wanted not, or was She made of such a Moulding;  
Base shifts she likewise Hated (unsutable to Noble Mynds) 180  
As only us'd by Common Sharkers, & such like Groomes or Hynds.)

Her Mynd and maner was to Buy, Ten Handy=Hand=som things for Implements,  
of House and household sev\Tam/ts[?],<sup>625</sup> sooner then two, for \Her/ owne Ornaments;  
And as in Habit, so in Dyet, she ever was most Abstinent, at r<sup>st</sup>[?] & eke att Length  
Not out of feare to Draw Diseases, nor want of Stomack or of Strength,  
But, cause she had no Eve like Apetite, nor wished any thing excessyve,  
keeping the Golden \Meane/ Kalender of vertue (to Purse; & Soule, & Body Least  
Oppresyve

She neevr Griev'd, at Her owne Grieffs, nor Had she any such to Greive att,  
But att Her comforts manyfold mishaps; & theyr Deere Childrens Case,  
w<sup>ch</sup> many Latter yeares Grew worse & worse, Then formerly it was; 190  
(Occatyoned by too much Trust, Extortion and usery)  
(Preserving still, y<sup>e</sup> Publick Service, before his owne Propriety)  
All w<sup>ch</sup> Brought to Him Selfe & His, unmeryted Necessity.

And from High matters of great state (subject to envy & expence)  
Had not they Both, by Country Lyffe (forevermore Devoyd of strife)  
A little Helpt att last, when twas all most too Late,  
By Patience & by Parysmony, He had Enthrald y<sup>e</sup> Rest of his Estate;  
But Riches comes, as well as Goes, in Despight of all foes,  
If that we do Rely on Him, Who y<sup>t</sup> & all Els, doth Dispose;  
Whereof the writter, never yett (through want of ffaith or Hope) misdoubted 200  
Though for some<sup>626</sup> fewe yeares space, It fell out worse, y<sup>n</sup> hee too Honestly account;

For, what seem'd Dew from him, by Death, Default, or Banckrouptnes of Servants,  
They spared not to Lay \on/ over=Load, & Rob him of his meere Natyve Mayntenance  
When (on the other side) of full 7000<sup>li</sup> – aprovedly most Dew to Him,  
Hee yet obtayned not (though with great charges) 700 – to this Tyme.

[p. 8]

22 But to com \neerer/ to Her Present case; Never more Sound a mynd, w<sup>th</sup>in so Sound a Body:  
ffor, in full forty yeares space, and many more before that;

<sup>625</sup> A crux: "Tam" has been inserted above "seuts" or "sevts", but where it is to be added is not clear.

<sup>626</sup> There is a symbol over the "m" in "some."

Not one dayes sicknes, Physicke=Druggs, or Halfe an Howers Misdyet;  
Her mynd or Body did Distemper, or Rob Her of Her Quyet;  
Till now (good Hart) Her Thyn, & Leane; & Spare, & Sweet and Tender Corps 210  
(Oppressed with a Three Moneths Dropsie, at Thend [sic] of Threscore & Twise 3 yeares age)

23 Without much Seeming Paine from first unto the last,  
Or one ill Murmuring word, in that whole Space;  
(Oft and Profetically for=telling, Her then=ensuing ffate)  
Strong and Harty, in Her Prayers to God; Provident for Her Children, & loving to Her Ma{te}  
Shee, on the ffowertenth day of June, Gently Riseing from Her Bed;  
(Helpe Mee good Comfort, Thanke yow Sweet Comfort, She Sed)

24 And, after makeing redy in Her Chayer, & Praying to God Her Maker;  
In the same Chayer, & that Same Sad and ffatall Hower;  
Most Silently & Sweetly Slumbering)<sup>627</sup> To Her same God, she did betake Her; 220  
Discharged of all Carcking cares, Shee had on Earth,  
Her Soule Departed; Christ receiv'd Her Breath;  
Investing Her, where Angells Dayly Sing;  
Liveing in Joy, with Abrahams Blessed king;

25 Hope; was Her Anchor, Her Word, Espoye[?] mee Comfort  
Therefore in Heaven High, she hath Her Sweete Consort;  
And for the Guerdon of Her Mortall Paynes;  
A Prycelesse Crowne with Angells, she Regaines;  
Crown'd not alone, with Roses, Counterchanged Red & Whyte;  
But Deckt and Clad, now with Eternall light; 230

[p. 9]

26 Where Saints & Angells with a Wellcom Greet Her;  
And all the Powers of Heaven rejoyce to meete Her;  
There to be Crown'd, with Glorie, Prayse to Singe;  
To God Her Maker, Saviour, and Her King,  
And sure, If Saints, in Heaven do mynd us here below;  
She still Prayes, most Importunate for those she left so Low

27 So Thus Twise twenty yeares, in Wedlocke Sacred Band;  
Were happyly expird, whylst Hand in Hand;  
This Verteous Lady, With Her Loveing Mate;  
Walkt in His feare, that made them, when Sterne fate 240  
Envyng Theyr Blisse on Earth, sent Her to Heaven;  
And left Her Lord, of Comfort Quite Bereaven;

28 This Death can Do, And Wee can Do no more;  
then to Lament Her Losse, That's gone before;

---

<sup>627</sup> The opening bracket is missing.

unfayned Mourneing, & Bleeding Teares well shed  
Proclaymes our liveing, Sorrow for \the/ Dead;

29 In all those fforty yeares Space, of Sundry various Chances;  
(Though each were Quick by Nature, & Apt to Cast out Glances);  
There was so little, or no cause, of Parting Bed or Bourd;  
As, not least Halfe Hower, of the whole, Anger, or Greif, Seaz'd on, one word; 250  
And least y<sup>e</sup> Slightest, Suddenst, Hasty word, should (Echo like) sound after;  
They both (& who could first) with the same Breath, Turn'd all to love & Laughter;  
Lastly, such A Tender, loving spowse, In whose Trew=Harted Brest  
Her Husband might (as in a Treasury) Lay up his Hart and Rest;<sup>628</sup>

To tell the Best, & leave y<sup>e</sup> worst, in any such sad compleat story;  
Agrees not w<sup>th</sup> the Title; nor Adds to Hitt, or Her y<sup>e</sup> Lesser Glory;  
for though Old Age (En<sup>629</sup> of itselpe) without Desease be Deem'd a full Infer {...}  
& that ther needs no other Help, to bring on Death, w<sup>ch</sup> most count Misery,  
yet, Th'old most Deadly foe, To trew freinds, Myrth, & Mortalls full content,  
To shew his Spyte & Power the more (even cowardly when yeares & cares have flesh & spirit  
spent 260

Ads & brings in, to his blacke ffyeld, some Gryping Painfull sicknes as his Second,  
No less on y<sup>e</sup> sweet corps, then Anasarcal<sup>630</sup> selfe, w<sup>ch</sup> Her Chief vytall veynes did readly wound

[p. 10]

And, w<sup>ch</sup>, whole Colledge of Phisitions, though Tenderly yet to Too trewly, y<sup>f</sup>ore  
was Somtymes, Curable, In y<sup>e</sup> young; But Seld or Never in y<sup>e</sup> Old;  
The Same, through weakenes of y<sup>e</sup> Right=well=working=Sights or Lyver;  
Converting (<sup>631</sup>most unlike y<sup>e</sup> Lord of Lyf (by whome wee shall Live ever)  
Not water into Wyne (for adding of more Honor & Comfort unto Mariadge)  
But Suffering; the weak working store=house, of vitall Blood, To marr oft tymes  
the yong & always those of age  
By Turning Hit to water, & therw<sup>th</sup> fill & fearfully oppress y<sup>e</sup> veynes  
Diverting Hit from the Right vent<sup>632</sup> & stopping wayes; & meanes, 270

<sup>628</sup> From this point the stanzas are unnumbered.

<sup>629</sup> Abbreviation of "even"?

<sup>630</sup> anasarca is a dropsy-like swelling of tissue

<sup>631</sup> The end-bracket is missing.

<sup>632</sup> There is an insert-text arrow here. In the left margin, the following is written vertically:

w<sup>ch</sup> makes me Halfe to wish my frends y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> I never wished Hearetofore  
somwhat, To frame Theyr Mynds & Bodyes even in theyr Healthfull youth  
To some few Phisycall Receipts y<sup>e</sup> Better themselves  
To weaker age which needs ensewes

Unlike the other marginal passages, it is not clear that this poetic text is meant to be inserted here. It may function instead as a marginal gloss.



Her Dignifyed Name, shall yet (Indelible) or'e live for ever;  
Thoug<sup>637</sup> Death hath Done Hyts worst, It shall Eclips it Never;  
Nay Death itselfe hath ever yett; Advantage Bin;  
To all, that Dye to live; and are not Dead in Sin/

[p. 11]

Briefly:

Her Birth Breeding=Mayden=Maryed; Liff; Old Age;  
(Cleere: ffree; Pure; Undefined; Holly)  
Might with The Best; & fformost, in Right Equipage;  
March on, with Modesty; Temperance; Devotion; Piety  
Love unto God, Her Parants; Husband; Children, Tenants; ffrends;  
Kinred<sup>638</sup>, Servants, Neighbours; And such as Those Attends;

More Sort, & Summarily Thus;

Heere Lyes

A – 26 yeares Virgin Pure; full 40 yeares Trew Wedded wiff  
And – 66 yeares, Noble, Vertuous, Good & Godly Liff;

That Never Dyes;

[p. 12]

She knew the misteryes of God;  
Hoped for the wayes of Righteousnes, And;  
Discerned A reward for Blameless Soules,  
For Gd<sup>639</sup> Created Man to be immortall, & made him to be an Image of his owne Eternity  
Nevertheless through envy of the Devill came Death into the world;<sup>640</sup>

But the soules of the Righteous are in the hand of Gd, & Theyr shall no torment \Touch/ y<sup>m</sup>  
In the Sight of the unwise, they seemed to Die, & theyr Departure is taken \for/ mysery  
& theyr going from us, to be utter Destruction, but they are in Peace: 4 \for/ though  
They be punished in the sight of Men, yet is theyr hope, full of mortalitie;  
And haveing biene a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded, for, Gd Prooved  
them, & found them Worthy of himselfe: 6: As Gold in y<sup>e</sup> furnace Hath;  
Hee Tried y<sup>m</sup>, & received y<sup>m</sup> as A Burnt offering; 9; & in y<sup>e</sup> Tyme of;  
Theyr visitation they Shall Shine, & Runne to & fro like Sparks among;  
the Stubble, & They shall Judge the Nations, & have Dominion over;

---

<sup>637</sup> Sic.

<sup>638</sup> Sic.

<sup>639</sup> Sic, for "God".

<sup>640</sup> Wisdom 2:23-4.

the People, & theyr Lord shall Reigne for ever; & they that put;  
Theyr trust in Him, shall understand the Trueth, & such as be;  
faithfull in love, shall abide with him: for Grace & mercy is to;  
To his Saints, and He hath care for His Elect;<sup>641</sup>

Read: Wisedome y<sup>e</sup> Chap 3 the ix-1<sup>st</sup> verses

In Haec verba

and the effect of y<sup>e</sup> – 22-23: & 24 verses of the *Preceding*

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<sup>641</sup> Wisdom 3:1-9

Late October 1627  
Rich, Sir Charles

**The Subject:** Charles Rich was the illegitimate son of Penelope Rich (nee Devereux) and Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy and earl of Devonshire, but raised as if he were the son of Robert Rich, first earl of Warwick. He thus had significant military heroism in his family background: his uncle, Robert Devereux, the second earl of Essex, had numerous victories in Ireland in the 1590s, and after his rebellion and death Mountjoy continued in the same vein. His brother, Henry Rich, first earl of Holland, was the commander of a long-delayed fleet sent (too late) to reinforce Buckingham's forces at the Isle of Rhé in 1627.

Charles was knighted in April 1619 at Theobalds. He fought on the side of the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg in the early 1620s<sup>642</sup>, and then served under Robert Devereux, third earl of Essex (his cousin) in the Low Countries campaign of 1624.<sup>643</sup> He died in the Isle of Rhé expedition of 1627, during a disorderly retreat<sup>of late October when the</sup> rear of the English party was attacked while crossing over the bridge to the Isle of Loiz. Edward Herbert recounts the slaughter: "It is sayd that S<sup>r</sup> Charles Rich and S<sup>r</sup> Alexander Brett, together with many other noble persons, striving to make good this fatall bridge against all fugitives, were in this manner (after some resistance) dround."<sup>644</sup>

**The Author:** BL Add. 33998 (whose ascriptions are consistently solid) ascribes it to Thomas May. May was credited with writing verses on James' visiting the Isle of Rhé fleet in 1627.<sup>645</sup> He also dedicated parts of his well-known translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* to figures connected with Charles Rich: the earl of Essex and the earl of Warwick. For a full biography, see *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "How fayne would wee forget this fatal war,"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160, fol. 53v; BL Add. 33998, fol. 88r; Folger V.a.262, p. 117

**Title:** "A Funerall Elegy upon Sir Charles Rich who was slain at the Isle of Rhe"

How fayne would wee forget this fatal war,  
And blot from out our mourning Kalendar  
A day so black, but that wee dare not take  
Comfort from such ingratittude [check], or make  
Th'oblivion of those worthyes, that then dyd  
Our cure: No, rather let our grieffe abyde  
[p. 118]  
There thou wast slaine, renowned Rich, and wee,  
Rather then loose the memorie of thee,  
Will court our sorrowes; our sad songs shall keep  
That theme, and teach posteritie to weep.

---

<sup>642</sup> Arthur Wilson, *History*, p. 218.

<sup>643</sup> Gervase Markham, *Honour in his Perfection*.

<sup>644</sup> Edward Herbert, *The expedition to the Isle of Rhé* (Philobiblon Society, 1860), p. 246.

<sup>645</sup> *CSPD (1627-8)*, 238.

Bright sonne of Honour, thou, whose youth had rays'd  
 A stock of glorie greate inough to have prays'd  
 The oldest ablest man, and at that age  
 Had'st worth enough t'have crown'd a Pilgrimage  
 Of three score yeares, art now untimely cropt  
 By fortunes envyous had,<sup>646</sup> and ffrance then lopt  
 ffrom Englands bleeding side when thou wast slaine  
 As brave a limb as e're will grow againe  
 A limb so fayre, and active, as (alasse)  
 I need not tell how blest the body was  
 That wore it late; nor need I show how once  
 Alive it florisht in brave actions  
 What field of fame hath Europe lately seene  
 Or where have<sup>647</sup> Mars his horride actions<sup>648</sup> bene,  
 Since thou had'st yeares, brave Rich, thyne armes to beare  
 But that thy name is known, and honourd there;  
 The Netherlands, the sad Palatinate;  
 Which weepes since thou cam'st thence, each wounded state  
 Of th'upper Germanie, whose waste and harmes  
 Ennobled Mansfields,<sup>649</sup> and fierce Brunswicks armes,<sup>650</sup>  
 Those two dead worthies still acknowledg thee  
 In their best actions a larg part to bee.  
 How greate a share of fame (this one for all)  
 Purchased thy valour in Gonsala's fall?<sup>651</sup>  
 [p. 119]

When thou with Brunswick ioyntly through and through  
 Did'st charge, and break the battayle of thy foe.  
 Here would my thoughts faine staye, here would I dwell  
 And nought of thee but happy tydings tell.  
 But fate controlls my wish, grieffe seizes mee;  
 That ever curst, and fatall yle of Ree  
 Againe calls back our grieffe, and turnes againe  
 A song triumphant to a tragick straine.  
 To which of all the ghoastes of conquerd ffrance,  
 Which our third Edward, or fift Henryes lance  
 ffrighted from life, did fates decree that thou,

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<sup>646</sup> BL Add. 33998 and Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160] hand

<sup>647</sup> Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160] hath

<sup>648</sup> Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160] station

<sup>649</sup> Count Ernst von Mansfeld, famed military commander who led the forces on behalf of Frederick, Elector Palatine, in the early 1620s. He was much celebrated in England at that time and visited England to recruit soldiers in 1624. He died of illness in Nov. 1626.

<sup>650</sup> Christian (the younger), Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, another major military leader of the Protestant forces, died in June 1626.

<sup>651</sup> Rawl. poet. 160 and BL Add. 33998] Gonzala's. The reference is to the Battle of Fleurus, Aug. 26. 1622, in which the forces of Brunswick and Mansfeld defeated the Spanish under Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba. (Wedgwood, *Thirty Years War*, p. 157).

Brave Rich, should'st come a Parentation now?<sup>652</sup>  
Alasse; it could not be to mee one noe ghoaste  
Deserv'd so much, nor would that region boaste  
So brave a sowle as thyne. Accept thy due,  
And do not weigh how skillfull, but how true  
This sorrowe is that writes; take this excuse,  
It was thy virtue onely, was the Muse  
Inspired my thoughts this Elegie to sing,  
And Englands teares, the Heliconian Spring.

---

<sup>652</sup> parentation] "The performance of the funeral rites of parents or relatives. Hence, more generally: a memorial service or observance for the dead." (*OED*)

Early August, 1627  
Thornehurst, Sir Thomas

**The Subject:** Sir Thomas Thornehurst (also Thornix and Thornay) was the son of Sir Stephen Thornhurst (d. 1616) of Agney Court, Kent, and Mary Gifford (daughter of John Gifford and widow of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London). He is likely the Thomas Thornax (son of Stephen Thornax) who was baptised in Dec. 1586 in All Hallows, Barking, London. He married Barbara Shirley, daughter of Thomas Shirley, West Grinstead, Sussex.<sup>653</sup> He is likely the “*Thomas Thornix Esquire*” who is recorded of All Hallows, Barking, in April 1613, at which time an infant daughter named Barbara (presumably after his wife) was buried.<sup>654</sup>

Thornehurst had a long military career in both Europe and the New World: his tombstone records that he fought at the Battle of Nieuwpoort (1600) and the famous siege of Ostend (1601-4). He participated in Sir Walter Raleigh’s final, 1617, expedition to Guyana, where he suffered a head-wound that nearly ended his life.<sup>655</sup> In the early 1620s he served under both the Duke of Brunswick and Count Mansfeld, and under Vere in the 1624-5 attempt to raise the siege of Breda.<sup>656</sup> He was knighted in Plymouth at the beginning of the 1625 English military expedition to Cadiz in which he served as a captain.<sup>657</sup> He was killed early in the Rhé campaign when raw English recruits fled under an attack by the French cavalry: he, along with two other commanding officers, Heydon and Yorke, were attempting to land the ships to assist the men, and were “borne into the Sea by those that rann away”.<sup>658</sup>

Sir Thomas and Barbara (d. 1639) are buried with an ornate funerary monument in the Warriors’ Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** “Sleepe gallant Thornehurst, till a purer earth”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 36,37, fol. 31v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 36,37, fol. 31v

**Title:** “An Elegie upon the famous warrior Sr Thomas Thornehurst, Leiuetenaunt [sic] Collonell to Sir Alexander Bret in the expedicion to the isle of Ree.”

Sleepe \gallant/ Thornehurst till a purer earth  
More quintessence then whisned [witnessed?] at the birth  
Pleads thy retinue, this cold trunck interrred  
By ffame and honour onely all besmeard

---

<sup>653</sup> Evelyn Shirley, *Stemmata Shirleiana* (1873), p. 306.

<sup>654</sup> Stow, *Survey*, 1633)

<sup>655</sup> Arthur Wilson’s *history of Great Britain* (1653).

<sup>656</sup> Randulph Mayeres, *Mayeres his travels* (1638).

<sup>657</sup> Tooke. *The History of Cales Passion*, p. 11.

<sup>658</sup> Letter of Edward Barnard, 11 August 1627, National Library of Scotland, Adv. 33.1.6, vol. 20, Item 51, fol. 98. See also Sir Richard Baker, *Chronicle of the Kings of England* (1679), p. 438.

With bloud of groaneinge ffoes is set a part  
 A Statue, to informe us who thou wert  
 ffret not that this (large) corps, (a youth in yeares)  
 By thee was traynd a souldier midst the feares  
 Of more then Comon perrill, midst the ffate  
 (of kinge forlorne) ill=lost Pallatinate 10  
 Brunswickes swifte Marches Mansfeilds haughty { wars }  
 Lesse honord in theire spoyles then in thy scarrs,  
 ffret not thy landeinge, (in the Isle of Ree)  
 The dismall Type of our bruised Ancestry[?]  
 Were twice through shott, Twice with dauntles hand  
 Twoe peeres didst leave unhorst upon the Strand  
 Where tender ffraunce, (blowne backe) did vaunt her { toyle }  
 Or sterne Comanders fall; (now Englands spoyle)  
 [fol. 32r] ffret not that shot (Infranchisement of breath)  
 Outswelling man, Antagonist of death  
 Rather looke up and smile: tis mirth to see  
 The [.....]-borne Cradle-rockt Antipathy  
 Beetweene [sic] thy [.....]ruines/ and that narrow place  
 disdaineinge to bee thronged in such a space  
 div'd the seas depth, the largest monument;  
 But Amphitrite<sup>659</sup>, (blushinge to Consent)  
 That such a worth (so often Crownd with Bayes)  
 Should finde a Comon Roome with [---]Run/awayes<sup>660</sup>  
 Sent it for Rochell, where this Propheseye  
 Till now conceald: ffame's it's eternity  
     Till Thornehursts fflesh beards Corne or hay  
     Let Rochell make it Holly=daye./

---

<sup>659</sup> Amphitrite] classical sea-goddess, wife of Poseidon.

<sup>660</sup> runaways] deserters. The reference is to the English soldiers whose undisciplined retreat led to the death of Thornehurst.

29 March 1628  
Matthew, Abp. Tobie

**The Subject:** Born in Bristol, Tobie Matthew (b. ca. 1544) was the son of John Matthew of Ross-on-Wye and Eleanor Crofton of Ludlow. After education at Christ Church, Oxford, he quickly rose to become president of St. John's College, Oxford, and then Dean of Christ Church (1576). He became Bishop of Durham in 1595 and Archbishop of York in 1606. For a full biography of his rich and varied career, see *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** John Earle (ca. 1600-1665) is best-known for *Microcosmographie* (1628), his book of characters which helped establish the genre in English. His father, Thomas Earle, was the registrar of the court of the Archbishop of York, and thus the poet as a boy would have known Archbishop Matthew. Like his subject, he was a student of Christ Church (matr. 1619), and then Merton College, Oxford, where he became a Fellow. His church career began in the late 1630s, but he spent much of the 1640s and 50s as a Royalist exile. Shortly after the Restoration he became Bishop of Worcester and then Bishop of Salisbury. In addition to this poem, he also wrote funeral elegies on Francis Beaumont, Sir John Burroughs (1627) and William Herbert, earl of Pembroke (1630). For a full biography, see *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "And why should I not share my tears and be"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Corpus Christi 328, fol. 67v; Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 97, p. 50; Rosenbach Museum & Library 239/27; Yale Osborn b 62, p. 81; Yale Osborn b 356, p. 21

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 97, p. 50

**Note on Manuscripts:**

The two Yale mss. and Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 97 represent three distinct streams. However, Osborn b.62 has many more scribal errors that would rule it out as copy text. While Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 97 and Osborn b356 frequently offer distinct and equally plausible readings, there are a few scribal errors in Osborn b 356 ("gore" for "yore" for example and "dorme for stables") that make the Bodl. text slightly preferable. However, Osborn b356 has 4 couplets not in Bodl. that are included in the notes below. My tentative suggestion is that Osborn b356 was based on an earlier draft than Bodl., which represents a polished, edited text. This assessment is only based on collation, not on the provenance of the manuscripts.

**Title:** "On the death of Dr Toby Mathew, Archibishoppe of Yorke."

And why should I not share my tears? and bee  
A partner<sup>661</sup> in the publicke Elegie?  
When<sup>662</sup> all the City weepes<sup>663</sup> and the excesse  
Of mourners vaster then his diocesse<sup>664</sup>

---

<sup>661</sup> Yale Osborn b.62] Copartner

<sup>662</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] which

<sup>663</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] mournes; Yale Osborn b356] sighes

<sup>664</sup> Yale Osborn b356] deceasse

Who weepes not att this<sup>665</sup> newes,<sup>666</sup> My Lord is dead?  
 Old reverend Toby's dead, and widdowed  
 His Anna,<sup>667</sup> & his Church that hard tis nowe  
 To say, which more is widdow<sup>668</sup> of the two.<sup>669</sup>  
 Yet, not on thee deare hearse, or thy fresh dust<sup>670</sup>  
 Powre wee these<sup>671</sup> teares, as if here<sup>672</sup> death unjust  
 Had wrongd thee by<sup>673</sup> exalting thee, & beene  
 Unmercifull, that from these times of sinne  
 Had freed thy longing Soule. Alas wee know  
 Twas time for<sup>674</sup> thee; for heaven long agoe.  
 Twas more then time: & this thy life seems<sup>675</sup> more  
 Tardy to thee, then to thy Successor.<sup>676</sup>  
 Tis for our sakes wee weepe, for whom God stayd,<sup>677</sup>  
 And held thy soule off, & this burthen layd  
 Of a<sup>678</sup> long life upon thee: that so wee  
 Might by this<sup>679</sup> stay<sup>680</sup> bee drawne<sup>681</sup> for<sup>682</sup> company;  
 That now are punisht in thy blisse, & see  
 Gods wrath to us, in being good to thee.  
 To us thou still dyest yong<sup>683</sup>: & this thy flight  
 Seems early taken, tho not tane till<sup>684</sup> night.  
 Alas, whats fourscore<sup>685</sup> yeares to our desires  
 And want of thee? One<sup>686</sup> petty<sup>687</sup> age expires

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<sup>665</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] the

<sup>666</sup> At this point Yale Osborn b356 has two lines not in Osborn b.62 or Bodl. Eng. poet. e.97: "Stale news wee know/And often told, butt never true, till now/And how 'tis too too true,"

<sup>667</sup> This plays on the biblical figures of Tobias and Anna. Tobie Matthew's wife, Frances (daughter of William Barlow, Bishop of Bath and Wells), died in 1629.

<sup>668</sup> which is more widdowed [Yale Osborn b356]

<sup>669</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62 is one foot short with this line

<sup>670</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] Nor yet on the deere hearse or fresh dust

<sup>671</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Wee powre out teares,

<sup>672</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] that

<sup>673</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] in; Yale Osborn b356] in dissolving

<sup>674</sup> Yale Osborn b356] w<sup>th</sup>

<sup>675</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] sem'd; Yale Osborn b356] seemed

<sup>676</sup> Matthew was succeeded as Archbishop by George Mountain, who died later in the same year. At this point Yale Osborn b356 offers two couplets not in Yale Osborn b.62 or Bodl. Eng. poet. e.97:

To lodge thus fourescore yeares, and yett not bee

Arriv'd there, where soe much posterytye

Had runne beefore; while thy to long reprieve

Kept thees on earth still unpreserv'd, alive

<sup>677</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Thus for our sakes and comfort, God yett stay'd

<sup>678</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] soe

<sup>679</sup> Yale Osborn b356] thy

<sup>680</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] thy staiing

<sup>681</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] brought

<sup>682</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] from

<sup>683</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] didst love

<sup>684</sup> Yale Osborn b356] by

<sup>685</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] 80

Our Churches glory; & leaves only this  
 To boast of in our sad remembrances,  
 Wee had a Bishopp: one whome noe time could<sup>688</sup>  
 Make tedious to us. whom no age make old.  
 Noe Sussessor repaire<sup>689</sup>: but though thy<sup>690</sup> place  
 Live yet in others. & his<sup>691</sup> stile of Grace  
 ffind<sup>692</sup> an heire still<sup>693</sup>, yet wee upon this grave  
 Shall sigh<sup>694</sup> wee had a Bishopp, when<sup>695</sup> wee have.  
 & what a barre, an impost<sup>696</sup>, hast thou raisd  
 Of worth upon thy ffollower?<sup>697</sup> how much praisd  
 [p. 51]

Must be that virtue, that shall make him<sup>698</sup> free  
 ffrom th'exprobation of thy memorie  
 What meritt, learning, wisdom, <sup>699</sup> Eloquence  
 What meeknes temperd with full<sup>700</sup> reverence  
 Religion, beauty<sup>701</sup>; nay what sweetnes too  
 And grace of person<sup>702</sup> will b'exacted<sup>703</sup> now  
 T'approach but in some distance there<sup>704</sup>, &<sup>705</sup> bee  
 Thought worthy only to come after thee?  
 May<sup>706</sup> wee er'e<sup>707</sup> hope againe (Ile not despaire  
 Because I thinke it was thy dying praier  
 That wee should hope againe;<sup>708</sup> although it were  
 Almost a miracle) our eies<sup>709</sup> should er'e<sup>710</sup>  
 ffixe on the like<sup>711</sup>; & say againe wee see

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<sup>686</sup> Yale Osborn b356] And

<sup>687</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] our pretty

<sup>688</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62 is missing "noe"; one syllable short

<sup>689</sup> Yale Osborn b356] redeeme

<sup>690</sup> Yale Osborn b356] his

<sup>691</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] the

<sup>692</sup> Yale Osborn b356] And

<sup>693</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] higher stile

<sup>694</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62 and Yale Osborn b356] say

<sup>695</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] w<sup>ch</sup>

<sup>696</sup> impost] tax, imposition

<sup>697</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] In all thy followers of worth?

<sup>698</sup> Yale Osborn b356] them

<sup>699</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] wisdom, merit, lerning; Yale Osborn b356] mercy, learning, wisdom

<sup>700</sup> Yale Osborn b356] just

<sup>701</sup> Yale Osborn b356] bounty(this is a rare case where Osborn b356 is clearly a superior reading)

<sup>702</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] Of grace & person

<sup>703</sup> Yale Osborn b356] enacted

<sup>704</sup> Yale Osborn b356] here

<sup>705</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] & to

<sup>706</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] Nay

<sup>707</sup> Yale Osborn b356] have

<sup>708</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62 closes the bracket at this point.) And God would not denye thee;

<sup>709</sup> Yale Osborn b356] that wee

<sup>710</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62 is lacking this couplet; the full passage reads there: "that wee should hope againe) o<sup>r</sup> eyes should see/Old Toby in y<sup>e</sup> pulpit

Old Toby in the pulpitt? such was hee  
 When hee pure manna to our souls did breake;  
 Thus did his looke, his gestures,<sup>712</sup> action<sup>713</sup> speake.  
 Thus did hee chaine<sup>714</sup> us to him, souls & eares,  
 Thus drew *our*<sup>715</sup> sighs, Thus did hee straine<sup>716</sup> *our* teares.<sup>717</sup>  
 Whilste hee noe whirlwind spake nor with some rude  
 Amazing Earthquake shooke<sup>718</sup> the multitude:  
 Nor raild in<sup>719</sup> fire: but gently layd *our* sinne  
 In that still<sup>720</sup> voice, that voice that<sup>721</sup> God was in.<sup>722</sup>  
 Nor breath'd yee<sup>723</sup> only in<sup>724</sup> Cathedrall aire:  
 The meanest Scaffold<sup>725</sup> was his seat & Chaire.<sup>726</sup>  
 Noe place escapt him Even those homely Cells  
 And Cottage Churches where Christ poorer<sup>727</sup> dwells  
 Then<sup>728</sup> in the manger. (O thrice impious rage<sup>729</sup>,  
 And meerly tongue-devotion of *our* age!)  
 There<sup>730</sup> would hee enter too, & perchance make  
 Their doome forestald<sup>731</sup> the longer for his sake,  
 That had taught there<sup>732</sup> & did himselfe submit<sup>733</sup>  
 Both to the simple roofe,<sup>734</sup> & simple<sup>735</sup> witt.  
 And<sup>736</sup> made Salvation sleepe with<sup>737</sup> him, & lye  
 Levell unto<sup>738</sup> the low'st capacitty.

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<sup>711</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Beehold thy match

<sup>712</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] gesture

<sup>713</sup> Yale Osborn b356] his gesture, looke, his action

<sup>714</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] charge

<sup>715</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] out

<sup>716</sup> OED. 9.a.

<sup>717</sup> Yale Osborn b356 is missing this line.

<sup>718</sup> Yale Osborn b356] wake

<sup>719</sup> Yale Osborn b356] rain'd downe

<sup>720</sup> Yale Osborn b356] calme

<sup>721</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] w<sup>ch</sup>

<sup>722</sup> The reference is to the "still, small voice" of God that came to Elijah.

<sup>723</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62 and Yale Osborn b356] he

<sup>724</sup> w<sup>th</sup>

<sup>725</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] of *them*

<sup>726</sup> Yale Osborn b356] The meanest seat and pulpit was his chayre

<sup>727</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] power

<sup>728</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] Yea

<sup>729</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] age

<sup>730</sup> [Yale Osborn b356] Then

<sup>731</sup> Yale Osborn b356] (Theyre dorme for stables (Clearly a scribal misreading.)

<sup>732</sup> Yale Osborn b356] there had spoke

<sup>733</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] a while & did submit [Yale Osborn b356 is missing the word submit; either it was never written or was later erased.]

<sup>734</sup> Yale Osborn b356] rout [?]

<sup>735</sup> Yale Osborn b356] simplr

<sup>736</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] He

<sup>737</sup> Yale Osborn b356] stoope to

<sup>738</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] to

Noe threat<sup>739</sup> of sickness, nor sharpe winters<sup>740</sup> rage  
 Excus'd<sup>741</sup> his Care, noe<sup>742</sup> impotence of age  
 Adjourn'd<sup>743</sup> his<sup>744</sup> travell, whilst his labours houre  
 did last, & that too did outlast his powre.  
 himselfe was done before his paines: I feare  
 (And yet twas<sup>745</sup> well) hee caught some weaknes<sup>746</sup> here,  
 And made old age wth<sup>747</sup> rougher fanges<sup>748</sup> t' invade  
 His weaker faculties which else<sup>749</sup> had stayed  
 And pawd<sup>750</sup> more gently with him; but health most  
 Then turnes to our advantage, when thus lost.

[52]

Yet<sup>751</sup> hee though<sup>752</sup> now his power had failed,<sup>753</sup> his will  
 To preach, his actions were good Sermons still  
 And painted forth his<sup>754</sup> goodness to be read  
 ffaire in his life, now in his voices<sup>755</sup> stead  
 his bounty preacht, his hospitality  
 Lectures<sup>756</sup> in this doctrine & Chartie [sic]<sup>757</sup>  
 Taught them the uses<sup>758</sup> of wealth: & how unjust  
 They are affording to their begging lust  
 What they deny their brother & mispend<sup>759</sup>  
 In too much keeping what is lent to lend<sup>760</sup>  
 This learnt they when they saw his house & doore  
 ffurnishet wth noe excesse, so much as poore.<sup>761</sup>  
 his whole estate but one great alms, & all  
 His pallace but a better Hospitall.<sup>762</sup>

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<sup>739</sup> Yale Osborn b356] feare

<sup>740</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] wintry

<sup>741</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Excuse

<sup>742</sup> Yale Osborn b356] none

<sup>743</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] hindered

<sup>744</sup> Yale Osborn b356] to this

<sup>745</sup> Yale Osborn b356] 'tis

<sup>746</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] his sicknese

<sup>747</sup> Yale Osborn b356] ages

<sup>748</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] pangs

<sup>749</sup> His faculties, w<sup>ch</sup> else perchance had stay'd

<sup>750</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] paus'd; Yale Osborn b356] pac'd [The Bodleian reading fits best with the extended trope of attack.]

<sup>751</sup> Yale Osborn b356] But

<sup>752</sup> Yale Osborn b356] through [clearly a scribal error]

<sup>753</sup> Yale Osborn b356] power fail'd

<sup>754</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] y'; Yale Osborn b356] poynted out that

<sup>755</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] actions

<sup>756</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62, Yale Osborn b356] lecturd

<sup>757</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] chairty; Yale Osborn b356] Lectur'd men in this doctrine, charity

<sup>758</sup> Yale Osborn b356] use [a metrically superior reaing]

<sup>759</sup> in vaine

<sup>760</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Hoording that treasure lent to lend again

<sup>761</sup> This couplet missing from Yale Osborn b. 62.

<sup>762</sup> In his later years Matthew primarily lived at the archepiscopal manor, Cawood, south of York.

The poore shall longer weepe<sup>763</sup> then my verse,<sup>764</sup>  
 That now cheife mourners<sup>765</sup> at thy herse.<sup>766</sup>  
 And with their<sup>767</sup> saddest looks behold the fate<sup>768</sup>  
 Of Bishopthorpe & Cawood<sup>769</sup> desolate,  
 Somtimes their houses too. What<sup>770</sup> should I runne  
 Upon his piety,<sup>771</sup> devotion,  
 Zeale in his<sup>772</sup> function,<sup>773</sup> yet well temperd zeale,  
 Care of the publicke in<sup>774</sup> the Clergy's weale,  
 Integrity of hands, a<sup>775</sup> Soule unstained,  
 And with unhallowed<sup>776</sup> offerings unprophan'd,  
 But purely great, & innocently high  
 And a chaste handler<sup>777</sup> of authority.  
 Where love<sup>778</sup> & meeknes swaid as in equall side<sup>779</sup>  
 Without remissnes calme<sup>780</sup>, grave without pride.  
 His life was St. Paulls Chapter, & who here<sup>781</sup>  
 Shall read his duties<sup>782</sup> reads his Character.  
 Thus have we seene<sup>783</sup> *Our* Bishoppe wee yt Saw  
 Even but the setting, & when it did draw  
 Close to 'h Horison; wee that only came  
 To know him Bishoppe & the rest by fame.<sup>784</sup>  
 That fame that<sup>785</sup> lived with him & grew to years<sup>786</sup>  
 Even in his time<sup>787</sup> (not staid<sup>788</sup> his<sup>789</sup> funerall teares)

<sup>763</sup> Yale Osborn b356] weepe this longer

<sup>764</sup> The line is short one syllable; preferable is Yale Osborn b. 62 or Yale Osborn b356] "The poore shall weepe here longer y<sup>n</sup> my verse

<sup>765</sup> Yale Osborn b356] now are chiefest mourners

<sup>766</sup> The line is two syllables short; preferable seems Yale Osborn b. 62 or Osborn b356] y<sup>t</sup> nowe are chiefest mourners at y<sup>v</sup> herse

<sup>767</sup> Yale Osborn b356] the

<sup>768</sup> Yale Osborn b356 lacks "behold", rendering its line metrically incomplete

<sup>769</sup> Bishopthorpe and Cawood were archepiscopal manors; Matthew died at the latter.

<sup>770</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] why

<sup>771</sup> Yale Osborn b356] pretty

<sup>772</sup> Yale Osborn b356] thy

<sup>773</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] actions,

<sup>774</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] &

<sup>775</sup> Yale Osborn b356] and

<sup>776</sup> Yale Osborn b356] unholy

<sup>777</sup> Yale Osborn b356] user

<sup>778</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Whilst awe

<sup>779</sup> The line is hypermetric; preferable seems Yale Osborn b. 62] where love & meeknesse ; shard one equal side [or] Yale Osborn b356] swai'de on either side

<sup>780</sup> Yale Osborn b356] mild

<sup>781</sup> Yale Osborn b356] there

<sup>782</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62, Yale Osborn b356] duty

<sup>783</sup> Yale Osborn b356] wee report

<sup>784</sup> These two couplets are collapsed in Yale Osborn b356] Thus wee report our Bishoppe, wee that came,/At his last dayes, and owe the rest to fame

<sup>785</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62, Yale Osborn b356] w<sup>ch</sup>

<sup>786</sup> Yale Osborn b356] eares

Let that report<sup>790</sup> his younger worth<sup>791</sup> & rise  
 Earlier<sup>792</sup> to meritt then to dignities;  
 Any yet that timely<sup>793</sup> too: the<sup>794</sup> age was then  
 Better instructed<sup>795</sup> to deserve her men:  
 And then could hee<sup>796</sup> bee smotherd then, & live  
 Disguis'd, when Honors were inquisitive<sup>797</sup>  
 ffor worth to back them, & himselfe ith' face  
 And eie of all men more then with<sup>798</sup> his place?<sup>799</sup>  
 [p. 53] When that rich tongue did warble in its<sup>800</sup> pride  
 And flowre, which was such musick when hee dyde  
 And those perfections in their strength, which wee  
 Perfections thought in their infirmity?<sup>801</sup>  
 Even in thy last<sup>802</sup> sepulchrall daies, when now  
 Thy span reacht out more worthy<sup>803</sup> life then thou  
 When like an ancient Hero of th'old<sup>804</sup> store,  
 And relique<sup>805</sup> of that virtue<sup>806</sup> livd<sup>807</sup> before,  
 Thou satest<sup>808</sup> alone & wast even<sup>809</sup> lookt upon  
 In these<sup>810</sup> nice times with some religion  
 By eies not superstitious: when to see  
 This peere of antique worke, his father, hee,<sup>811</sup>  
 And know<sup>812</sup> thy Count'nance was enough t'engage  
 The farthest English to a pilgrimage,<sup>813</sup>  
 And even the busy'st Journies<sup>814</sup> thought t'have beene<sup>815</sup>

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<sup>787</sup> Yale Osborn b356] under him

<sup>788</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] staine

<sup>789</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] with

<sup>790</sup> Yale Osborn b356] declare

<sup>791</sup> Yale Osborn b356] thy younger yeare

<sup>792</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] Easier

<sup>793</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] early

<sup>794</sup> Yale Osborn b356] time to thee

<sup>795</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Instructed better

<sup>796</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] could he y<sup>n</sup>; Yale Osborn b356] who couldst thou

<sup>797</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Shrowded from honour then inquisitive

<sup>798</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] was

<sup>799</sup> Yale Osborn b356] lacks this couplet

<sup>800</sup> Yale Osborn b356] her

<sup>801</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Alas! how much must thy perfection bee/That was soe rare in thyne Infirmity.

<sup>802</sup> Yale Osborn b356] When even in thy

<sup>803</sup> Yale Osborn b356] none worthyer

<sup>804</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] y<sup>e</sup>

<sup>805</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] reliques

<sup>806</sup> Yale Osborn b356] worth that

<sup>807</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] lov'd

<sup>808</sup> Yale Osborn b356] liv'st

<sup>809</sup> Yale Osborn b356] still was

<sup>810</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] those

<sup>811</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] This starre that blaz'd our North, this Father, thee

<sup>812</sup> Yale Osborn b356] knew

<sup>813</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] lacks "English"; hence short one foot.

Mistravell'd hither, &<sup>816</sup> my Lord not seene.<sup>817</sup>  
 And thus hereafter, when these<sup>818</sup> daies are ore,  
 And<sup>819</sup> memories<sup>820</sup>, & calld the daies of yore,<sup>821</sup>  
 How will thy name<sup>822</sup> eternize York, when all  
 Her fame perhaps holds from thy funerall?<sup>823</sup>  
 Grave<sup>824</sup> Hutton<sup>825</sup>, Pierce<sup>826</sup>, & those old<sup>827</sup> Coarses<sup>828</sup> thrust  
 Out of remembrance by thy new warme dust!<sup>829</sup>  
 Whilst each laments his part<sup>830</sup>, & everie one  
 ffinds<sup>831</sup> a distinguist cause of passion.  
 Soe plenteous are our loosings in this<sup>832</sup> fall,  
 Wee must distribute them<sup>833</sup> to weepe them<sup>834</sup> all.  
 & what my part<sup>835</sup> of Sorrow could suggest  
 Have wept, Let those that know<sup>836</sup> more weepe the rest.

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<sup>814</sup> Yale Osborn b356] journey

<sup>815</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] y<sup>e</sup> busiest journey would have thought to've ben

<sup>816</sup> Yale Osborn b356] if

<sup>817</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] my lord not being seene

<sup>818</sup> Yale Osborn b356] his

<sup>819</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] *our*

<sup>820</sup> Yale Osborn b356] memory

<sup>821</sup> Yale Osborn b356] gore (clearly a scribal error)

<sup>822</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] fame ; Yale Osborn b356] tombe

<sup>823</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] Her fame hangs one thy funeral [short one syllable]; Yale Osborn b356 has an extra couplet here: "Whilst now it takes up every thought and eye/And leaves all other stones unwept, and dry"

<sup>824</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Old

<sup>825</sup> Matthew's predecessor as Archbishop of York, Matthew Hutton, who died in 1606.

<sup>826</sup> John Piers, archbishop of York, 1589-84. Yale Osborn b. 62] pietye

<sup>827</sup> Yale Osborn b356] grave

<sup>828</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] herses

<sup>829</sup> Yale Osborn b. 62] quite by thy warme dust ; Yale Osborn b356] by this inmate dust

<sup>830</sup> Yale Osborn b356] taske

<sup>831</sup> Yale Osborn b356] Hath

<sup>832</sup> Yale Osborn b356] his

<sup>833</sup> Yale Osborn b356] it

<sup>834</sup> Yale Osborn b356] it

<sup>835</sup> Yale Osborn b356] tast

<sup>836</sup> Yale Osborn b356] feele

23 August 1628

Villiers, George, 1<sup>st</sup> duke of Buckingham

**The Subject:** George Villiers, 1<sup>st</sup> duke of Buckingham (b. 1592) was the most famous and powerful royal favourite of the early Stuart period. Rising quickly through a number of offices and titles in the mid-1620s through 1620s, he came to exert enormous influence on both King James and King Charles. This was accompanied by increasing public resentment and parliamentary attempts to restrain him. He was assassinated in Portsmouth by John Felton, a low-ranking military officer. See Roger Lockyer, *Buckingham* (1981) and the *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** “Hee that can read a sigh, or spell a teare,”

**The Author:** William Lewis (1591/2-1667) was probably the son of Dr Richard Lewis (of Llanaber, Merioneth). He attended Hart Hall, Oxford, graduating BA (1608) and MA (1612). He was granted a Fellowship at Oriel College in 1609. Later, lucrative church offices came his way, when he became a canon of Winchester Cathedral and Master of the nearby Hospital of St Cross (both 1627). In the 1620s he also served as personal chaplain to Buckingham. See *Oxford DNB*

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. e. 97, p. 60 [this copy only 6 lines]; Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26, fol. 37v; Bodl. Sancroft 53, p. 46; Camb. Add. 42, fol. 20r [includes marg. notes]; Yale Osborn b.53, p. 874

**Copy Text:** Camb. Add. 42, fol. 20r

**Note on publication:** The first six lines also appeared in Sir John Mennes, *Wits recreations* (1640) with the title “On a learned nobleman”. Ironically, they are reapplied to Charles in Richard Head, *The life and death of Mother Shipton* (1677).

**Title:** “To my Lord *the* Duke of Buckingham his memory”

Hee that can read a sigh, or spell a teare,  
Pronounce amazement, & accent wild feare,  
Or get all greife by hart, hee, onely Hee  
Is fit to read, or write thy Elegie.  
Unvalued Lord! who wert so hard a Text;  
Writt in one age, but understood ith' next.  
Write Elegyes for those that dye: My Lord  
(Though halfe the age were Feltons) can affoord  
Vertue enough, for to survive the rage  
Of a tumultuous & selfe-cursing age.  
Nor greives it mee the Citty wives are slack  
To mourne for thee in claret or burnt sack;  
Who for theyr husbands doe not use to weepe,  
Unlesse the wine bee hot, & they drinke deepe.  
Theyr children shall lament thee, when they know

What 'twas to loose such blood, & loose it so.  
 Tis yet too soone for them to know; such things  
 As Buckingham, none can esteeme but Kings.  
 And you (shames of yo<sup>r</sup> nation) whose bold strife  
 Is to pourtraict a Monster back to life:  
 That hee may live within a few yeares pawse  
 The wisse of your curse, that was y<sup>e</sup> cause.<sup>837</sup>  
 You that can prayse, applaud: you that can paint  
 Such a prodigious Villayne to a Saint.<sup>838</sup>  
 And while you thinke't Idolatry, to glance  
 Upon a bleeding Crucifixe by chance.  
 Can yet create an Idoll-Deuill t'adore,  
 And deck your Oratoryes with such store.  
 You that would kill his dust, doe you not see  
 How God derides your wickednes: whil'st Hee  
 Hath given those after life, & made his toombe  
 of posthume issue, such a fruitfull woombe?<sup>839</sup>  
 See you not how the Phoenix is renewd,  
 And to hym from his death more yeares accru'd!  
 You tooke hym hence, when hee had spent for you  
 Thirty five carefull yeares: heaven would renew<sup>840</sup>  
 His lease: and sends hym to a wilfull throng  
 An infant back agayne, t'expound y<sup>e</sup> wrong  
 His innocency felt, when the beleefe  
 of a deceyved world, sign'd their owne greife  
 Should I bewayle thee then? or bid myne eyes  
 write on thy joyfull cradle, Elegyes?  
 when I assured am, this short disguise  
 of Infancy, wherein our teare-drown'd eyes  
 Discover thee, can at y<sup>e</sup> furthest last  
 Not above twenty yeares, & then thy fast  
 Sprouting & growing glory will in strength  
 (though short now) yet bee writt agayne at length.  
 When y<sup>e</sup> uncoozend world shall all confesse  
 Thou wert sent back to earth agayne, to blesse  
 Thyne Enemyes, and to revenge theyr ill,  
 Thy blessing them once more against theyr will.

D<sup>r</sup> Lewis

<sup>837</sup> In left margin of Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26] "He was kill'd August 23. 1628 being Bartholomew Eve at Portsmouth."

<sup>838</sup> In left margin, in a different hand than the poem, the maxim, "ante obitum nemo supremo funere [sic] felix."

<sup>839</sup> In left margin here (I believe in the same hand) is the note: "After my Lords death, his son, my Lord Francis was borne. Apr: 2, 1629." [Bodl. Rawl. poet 26 has the same note.]

<sup>840</sup> In left margin here, "Hee was killd, August: 23. 1628. being Bartholomew eve at Portsmouth.//

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**First Line:** “Heavens is’t trew yat Englands george is gone”

**The Author:** Unidentified, but clearly Scots.

**Manuscript Copies:** NLS Adv. 33.1.7, vol. 20, item 43

**Copy Text:** NLS Adv. 33.1.7, vol. 20, item 43

**Note:** Both the condition of the manuscript and the handwriting raise difficulties. Thus, this transcription is more tentative than most.

**Title:** [untitled]

Heavens is’t trew yat<sup>841</sup> Englands george is gone  
and left our woefull children him to Moane  
Is yat brave Minione yat advanced our plote  
to purgatorie one a suddaine gote  
Is he quho did the Seas with Ships Comand  
and raised bloodie factions in yat land  
for to roote oute these heritiques wch dooe  
Us Not to be ye churches head allow  
and thinkes yat we our kings & princes have  
Not Soverane power from such ther Crownes to wave[?]  
yat does ye torrent of our Bulls withstand  
and Sacred Keyes yat Heavens & Hells command  
We{...} a[..... ..], for soron[?] & dome hour  
your tears one earth into a Saboth shour  
lament him earth with al your flowrie store  
With diamonds quho did your feilds decore [?]  
Boetis<sup>842</sup> and Tagus[?] with Guadiana[?]<sup>843</sup> be  
Grieved, for him: quho made your borders se  
Brut’s eldest sonne. and if yat creuel fate  
Had not rebelled it to advance your state  
He’d traytored him, Yea and yat Nation all  
Quho does a fable purgatorie call.  
And ye small brooks wch doe a babling goe  
Keepe a Sade Conforte unto publicke vowe  
    And tel your father Nepture quhere he {..... ..}<sup>844</sup>  
Hes watrie conche: the admirall is Killed  
[page turn]

---

<sup>841</sup> “at” not superscribed, but seemingly a form of “that”

<sup>842</sup> Boetis] I would suspect that this too is a river of Spain, but I have not yet identified it.

<sup>843</sup> Uncertain: what appears to be an opening “G” has been written over something else. Guadiana is a river on the border of Spain and Portugal.

<sup>844</sup> Final word(s) lost at end of page. Possibly “filled”?

Quho to ye Elizian filds from Thames  
 did first of al save his gratemaster James  
 and fearing lest he should hes lord offend  
 Sent Ducks, and Earls after to attend,  
 With thousands More wch he sent to wait one him  
 Him selne[?] Not haistning for to be hes Minione  
 Bot afterwards hes Jams told him, yat he  
 The litch{..}<sup>845</sup> bancks of Acheron should see  
 and wiset him to {..}yde, such as should beate  
 for him Averus<sup>846</sup> Newer latest gate  
 Quhen wyser then the florentine politick<sup>847</sup>  
 or Macedon ye Estern worlds criticke<sup>848</sup>  
 or yet these sonnes of ours quhosoe \worthy[?/ plote,  
 At Englands publick desolatione shote  
 did him to serve thousands lytes[?] swarms of bees  
 In troupes the<sup>849</sup> send, that for mye Iyle of Rees.

Lamet<sup>850</sup> ye forrests chases parks & roades  
 That Trent devyds[?] both hes swift runing floodes  
 The absence of your Master quho is gone  
 Doune to ye shads of uglie Phlegetone  
 faye [?]<sup>851</sup> one yon Grove yat wold not spare a tiere  
 To him Sr Hon: quheron he hinged might be  
 And Heven let a Villiane with a knyffe  
 destroy the threed of your Priapus' lyffe.

Ye painted laydes of ye Courte bewaill  
 The losse of him quho oftin prickt your taill  
 And Chalamber Maids yat live lyk clostered Nuns  
 Weepe for hes falle yat bickered<sup>852</sup> at your bums.  
 [page turn]

No longer sall our sons ye papists boste  
 Nor Jesuitts, quho hes their brother loste  
 To-advance our houpes by any English factione  
 Since he is gone yat gave them all protectione  
 Quho if he-d lived, did promiss for to bring  
 from Herisie Charles grate Brittans kinge.  
 And Mack him honor<sup>853</sup> yat it hes shroudlie doume

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<sup>845</sup> litcherous?

<sup>846</sup> Presumably an error (or variant) for "Avernus", the crater of southern Italy, believed in classical times to be the mouth of the underworld.

<sup>847</sup> the florentine politick] Machiavelli.

<sup>848</sup> Alexander?

<sup>849</sup> Uncertain: it may be short form of "thee", or "did"

<sup>850</sup> for "lament"?

<sup>851</sup> It's not "Saye"

<sup>852</sup> bickered] assailed.

<sup>853</sup> "hon" is clear, but not whether there is a mark following to indicate an abbreviation. Including it makes the line one syllable too long. However, the verse is not metrically polished.

To Vilipend<sup>854</sup> hes holy Mother Roume.  
Hes death; the projectes of our sonn is made dyie  
And Spaine neids Non affecte no Monarchie  
Since lost he is, quho did her state advance  
In Spight of england, Germanie & france.  
Yen all the creu of Heritiques he gulde  
That wald turne[?] stons from Roman balls done pulde  
And made to us their secrete thoughts be seene  
als will: as in ther closetts we hed beine  
Which by the tricks of our own brave professions  
Ignatius quhellps did learne by Confessione  
By Cauterizing him upon ther forge  
In houpe heirafter to be called St. George.

=====  
**First Line:** “Looke up sweete Ladie, & leave yo<sup>r</sup> drooping eye”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Edinburgh Laing III.493, fol. 83v

**Copy Text:** Edinburgh Laing III.493, fol. 83v

**Title:** “To the truely Noble and most vertuous Princesse the Dutchesse of Buckingham  
Consolation”

Looke up sweete Ladie, & leave yo<sup>r</sup> drooping eye  
yo<sup>r</sup> Lord still lives in blisse eternitie<sup>855</sup>  
freed from those vulturs whilest he had his breath  
bowed to him then, now Eate him after death  
Thrise happy soule, now at his journey<sup>s</sup> end  
whilest we survive that have more faults to mend  
what though yo<sup>r</sup> Phoenix suffered in this flame  
one still remaynes that beares his Royall name  
left as A pledge to ease yo<sup>r</sup> heavy losse  
those that belonge to Christ must beare his Crosse  
to dooble Crowne yo<sup>r</sup> God hath this pretense  
him for his sufferinge, yo<sup>w</sup> for yo<sup>r</sup> patience  
In honno<sup>r</sup> to whose Ashes this lets say  
his Gloomy morne aboads<sup>856</sup> A Glorious day

=====  

---

<sup>854</sup> vilipend] condemn.

<sup>855</sup> Sic, although the grammar is faulty.

<sup>856</sup> aboads] awaits.

**First Line:** “Since Adulation cannot hope for grace,”

**The Author:** The title includes the author initials “A.M.E.”, seemingly representing “Alphonso Mervall”, a pseudonym of the minor playwright James Cobbes (ca. 1600-85), a son of William Cobb of Aldington, Kent. Cobbes entered Gray’s Inn in 1620, but he seems to have lived largely in the Bury St. Edmunds area. The pseudonym “Alphonso Mervall” is used repeatedly in this manuscript. (For further discussion, see Schuler, Robert M. “James Cobbes: Jacobean Dramatist and Translator.” *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 72 (1978): 68-74. Line 3 seems to suggest that the poet was unknown to Buckingham and his family.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. Poet. 166, p. 57

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. Poet. 166, p. 57

**Note on the Manuscript/Handwriting:** The scribe regularly inserts an apostrophe between the root of a word and a concluding 's', both in plural forms and where the verb ending requires an 's'. The poem has been corrected by another hand and corrections offered by the insertion of a superscript 'x' in the line with the correction in the outer margin. This makes it more likely that the main text is not the poet's hand, but that the corrections are.

**Title:** “A memoriall of y<sup>e</sup> Illustrious prince George D: of Buck: by A.M.E.”

Since Adulation<sup>857</sup> cannot hope for grace,  
& vulgar Envy hath in view no place,  
I come unknowne, unsought of thyne & thee,  
Greate peere, to Celebrate thy memory.  
Is it the learned throngue impells to write?  
Or loathing of y<sup>e</sup> popular despight?  
Or doe I serve thy living freinds; my Name  
concealing, & avoyding publique fame?  
Neither: but where ennobled virtue falle’s,  
my love Commande’s t’adorne her funeralls. 10  
thy Intercepted life can bee no lette  
to virtue, rying<sup>x</sup> where shee seeme’s to sette<sup>x</sup> when  
Publique ingratitude enshrined thee:  
true virtue gayne’s not Popularitee.  
where insubstantiall shadowes doe delight  
the vulgar judgement, & rebatted<sup>858</sup> sight.  
O heady Monster, Brayneles Multitude;  
what fury ledest thee still to Intrude  
on princes rights: & by thy brute desires  
prefyne<sup>859</sup> y<sup>e</sup> lations<sup>860</sup> of those heavenly fyres? 20

<sup>857</sup> adulation] exceeding admiration or praise.

<sup>858</sup> rebatted] dulled, diminished.

<sup>859</sup> prefyne] establish or limit beforehand.

<sup>860</sup> lations] motions.

heaven hath instructed<sup>861</sup> them for high designs:  
 experience read their<sup>x</sup> fates abstruser lynes. x fortune's secret  
 Industry, following rules necessityes,  
 a thousand shapes, & sundry wayes supplye's,  
 by w<sup>ch</sup> they steare unto this porte alone  
 y<sup>t</sup> peace, fame, safety may enrich y<sup>e</sup> throane.  
 hence peace, warre, [....]es<sup>862</sup>, leagues, affinityes,  
 Ambassadors, & state's other misteryes.  
 of w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>e</sup> vulgar<sup>x</sup> seldome can judge true; x nsoer [?]<sup>863</sup>  
 because th'euent, not counsell it doth viewe.<sup>864</sup> 30  
 where as y<sup>e</sup> best advised attempts of all  
<sup>x</sup> fate causeth ofte successessely to falle. x heaven  
 what Impius hate then to Impute to thee  
 o<sup>r</sup> publique private crosses, publique miserye?  
 for lette each manne himselfe t'examin bring  
 Hee'l fynd his Crimes exceeds<sup>865</sup> his suffering.  
 laye there y<sup>e</sup> blame, where blame is merited.  
 [58v]  
 lett Innocence bee lefte unblemished.  
 saye y<sup>t</sup> Plagues, famine, warre, and scourges sente  
 from heaven, for heynous sinne's juste punishment. 40  
 for *Achan's* sinne<sup>866</sup> shall faultles *Israël* paye:  
 & wee all *Achans* beare no blame awaye?  
 could wee save leisure to observe thy waye?  
 to Screne[?] thy Accions,<sup>867</sup> & thy thoughts desplaye?  
 & where no signs of faulte suspicion founde  
 thy Inwarde Conscience & thy fayth to sounde?  
 & as I our owne faultes caste by us behynde,  
 y<sup>t</sup> no draught of them resteth in o<sup>r</sup> mynde?  
 what founde those Loylists in thee worthy blame  
 y<sup>t</sup> sought thy life, & to ~~p[...]~~te \attaynte/ thy fame? 50  
 what? y<sup>t</sup> thy ample soule's magnificence  
 they tearmd lavish waste, & vayne expence.  
 thy valiant breathe, y<sup>t</sup> could not learne to feare,  
 they thought fond divinations so did reare.  
 thy grace w<sup>th</sup> princes, dearely merited,  
 they thought by wanton fortune ministred.  
 thy generous mynde for to<sup>x</sup> adorne thy freindes, x advance

<sup>861</sup> instructed] formed, animated (*OED* II.7.a)

<sup>862</sup> The meter seems to require a two-syllable word here.

<sup>863</sup> As it is meant to replace the two-syllable "seldom", it may be that it this word is a very awkward contraction of "ne'ersoe'er"

<sup>864</sup> This would seem to refer to the criticism of the failed attempt to take the Isle of Rhé in 1627.

<sup>865</sup> Sic, despite disagreement of subject and verb.

<sup>866</sup> *Achan's* sinne] In Joshua 7:1-26, Achan commits the sin of covetousness, for which the Israelites (as a whole) are punished by God.

<sup>867</sup> Accions] possibly a variant of "actions," as in a dramatic work.

they thought respected but thy private endes.  
 thy youth, thy fortune, nay thy life in fyne,<sup>868</sup>  
 they did impute unto thee for a crime. 60  
 [...]de happe of menne y<sup>t</sup> are in highest place:  
 luckles y<sup>e</sup> lotte of such as princes grace.  
 when first you are affected by y<sup>e</sup> king;  
 then vulgar envy shewe's her poysonous sting.  
 to whome this cause alone doth ofte suffice.  
 y<sup>t</sup> virtue should above their basenes ryse.  
 Shee never weigh's y<sup>e</sup> loade of youre affayres:  
 nor thinke's how slippery are fortune's stayres.  
 sow necessary all your arts: y<sup>e</sup> fame 70  
 not beeing youre's, but onely for y<sup>e</sup> Name.  
 shee<sup>x</sup> wille you have this rule before your eye<sup>x</sup> bidde  
*No love to princes, but fidelitie.*  
 alas too much thee doth from menne require.  
 & what y<sup>e</sup> wyse would only but desire.  
 shee<sup>869</sup> Censure's ever, but ~~ean~~ \shee/ never mende's  
 [59r]  
 Nor knowes shee what would please; but what offend's.  
 where as y<sup>e</sup> wyse, y<sup>t</sup> purer soules retayne,  
 & knowe what humane Nature may attayne;  
 doe fynde in thee, greate prince, what to Commende,  
 & what thy fame to Ages shall extende. 80  
 thy Errours (such humanity muste use)  
 they knowe thy youth, or fortune may excuse  
~~letts~~ \letts/ leave them then, the wyse their losse to playne  
 y<sup>e</sup> vulgar soone to wishe thee heere agayne.

his Epitaphe.

Of kingly favours, loe, y<sup>e</sup> object I,  
 & vulgar Envy. heere enshrined lye  
 the firsts my life w<sup>th</sup> glorious state did crowne:  
 the laste my death unwilling doth renowne.  
 Thus both in life & death unparalell'd  
 a peereles state aparte greate villers helde.

p<sup>r</sup> A. M. A.

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<sup>868</sup> in fyne] in sum.

<sup>869</sup> shee] envy.

**First Line:** “The famous Duke supposd hee could have tamd”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Claydon House, Buckinghamshire, Verney Papers, M.636/2

**Copy Text:** Claydon House, Buckinghamshire, Verney Papers, M.636/2

**Title:** Untitled

The famous Duke supposd hee could have tamd  
Rebellious harts, and in there stead have framd  
Obedient and though that they were proud,  
By Marshall Lawes there necks he could have bow'd:  
His thoughts deceiv'd him, and they do abuse  
His goodnesse greate, and they do not refuse,  
To lifte there heads on high, and gin to burst,  
With untam'd pride, and many troubles thrust  
Into the Vulgars heads, and oft do say  
Domestick warrs let's have wee'll winn the day.  
Felton which of successe did never doubt  
The Dukes hall entred, and there walk'd about  
Amongst the Nobles, and the Gentry  
Dissembling much, (a snake in grasse may lye)  
(In Mars his sonns wee must no trust repose  
Nor looke for faith amongst such men as those)  
'Tis better now to heares of Synons<sup>870</sup> witt,  
And how he turnes his plotts to make them fit  
Unto his minde, this longe hee had conceived  
In's hart he thought the world to have bereav'd  
Of this Dukes hatefull race: but these intents  
Are all most divilish: his plotts prepar'd hee hence  
To set on foote, there were no such contriv'd  
'Gainst Rome by Cattaline, nor by the man that striv'd<sup>871</sup>  
Against the Jewes, and after that hee came  
Into his Chamber: then Ærinnis<sup>872</sup> ran  
To bloody Felton, and would not forsake  
Him, till this murther hee would undertake  
Famous Subbees[?] and other soldiers stoute,  
Talkinge with him not Treason, but aboute  
[page turn]  
Some lawfull thinge, they joyne there hands togeater,<sup>873</sup>

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<sup>870</sup> Sinon] the Greek who convinced the Trojans to bring the wooden horse into Troy.

<sup>871</sup> In left-hand margin, “Haman”, referring to the Persian vizier who plotted against the Jews in the book of Esther.

<sup>872</sup> The “AE” does not have a line above it, but I couldn't find the plain AE at this moment.

Ærinnis] the Erinyes or Furies.

Ready to depart there hands they sever,  
 Perfidious Felton, at the Dukes back stands  
 Alle perfidious, alas, (both sleight and hands  
 In foes are like) hee from his side doth stepp,  
 And egerly with all his force doth leape  
 Towards him bendinge, ~~and knife his hart~~ \and reching through/ his sides  
 A knife in's hart he thrust which there abides:  
 The bloud of Villars did this Villan drinke.  
 His hollow bowells groan'd, and 'gan to sinke:  
 Crewell treason: rebellion infamous:  
 O wicked slaughter: druggs prodigious:  
 Most vile offence: both heaven, and earth I call  
 To wnesse now, this crime is new to all,  
 This fault was such, that yet t'was never knowne  
 Amongst the rudest people, nor were proane  
 The Turks to this. Villars thrice from his side  
 His sould did lift to do some things he tried  
 But t'was in vaine, then lifting to the skies  
 His noe whitt<sup>874</sup> guilty hands, and eke his eies,  
 Relates such things as these, good Father pittie have  
 On me praiyinge for mercy I do crave  
 Upone a soule that most base things doth beare:  
 And further, of the Ile of Ray yee French most rare  
 Why could yee not have kill'd me in that Ile?  
 Alas, then had I died a death not vile:  
 But honorable for my Country's sake:  
 And soe hee stopp'd, and never after spake  
 Alas poore Duke this end of th'destinies,  
 This death tooke him by lott, it grieves the Gods i'th'skies,  
 It makes the Divell smile, O losse not to  
 Be mended in an age. But Felton who  
 Like Sevola<sup>875</sup> \fear'd naught but/ was bold of hart  
 {...} ~~And~~ he at any thing would never start,  
 [page turn]  
 Wheather it were deceipts for to attempt,  
 Or for to dy a suddaine death in's tent,  
 Undanted stands, mad, himselfe of's owne  
 Accord doth offer to's seekers unknowne  
 Felton thou could'est<sup>876</sup> not hide this divilish crime,  
 Neither could'st thou this fault longe time  
 Keepe to thy selfe: t'is, I t's \I/, saith hee

---

<sup>873</sup> sic, for "together"?

<sup>874</sup> noe whitt] by no means.

<sup>875</sup> Sevola] Mucius Scaevola, hero of early Rome, who demonstrated his fearlessness in the face of death by thrusting his hand into a fire, for which he was released by his captor, Lars Porsena of Clusium.

<sup>876</sup> [sic]

Which this have donn \O/ turne your sourds ‘gainst me  
 Then Villars servants drew him to the kinge  
 With clamor greate, his hands beinge with a stringe  
 Behinde him tied, as soone as hee was tooke  
 The kinge reprov’d him, and with sharpe words shooke  
 Him up. art thou of th’stock of Athamas,<sup>877</sup>  
 Or of Orestes<sup>878</sup> brood, or did Chyas<sup>879</sup>  
 Thee beare, or did the mad Preeists of Sibbill?  
 To shed this Dukes bloud thou hast donne eveill  
 Whome I have honor’d with so many graces;  
 On whome I have bestowed so many places;  
 Who was the flower, and quinticensce of man,  
 The cheifest care, & light of greate Britaine,  
 And of our Father, whome \just/ foure[?] doth love,  
 Whose flaminge vertues to the skies above  
 Do him advance & by his carefull hand  
 The troubles of a large, and three fold Land  
 Were govern’d: and then the kinge doth say  
 There’s neither Sea, nor Land where thou mai’st stay,  
 And to conclude what comfort now remains  
 To thee base soule? whome now the French disdaines,  
 This crewell fault the English did offend,  
 And for thy punishment they aske an end  
 To thy most hated life speake villan how  
 To attempt this heinous crime durst thou?  
 But speake? what was the cause? cease  
 Not to name the author. but hee held his peace.

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**First Line:** “Who ever lov’d man vertuous”

**The Author:** Although the manuscript attributes the poem to Richard Corbett, it has not been included in editions of his work. Bennett and Trevor-Roper list it among spurious works attributed to him. The following page of the manuscript offers “Yet were bidentals sacred” as by Corbett.

**Manuscript Copies:** Trinity College, Dublin MS 877, fol. 250r

**Copy Text:** Trinity College, Dublin MS 877, fol. 250r

**Title:** “On the death of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham”

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<sup>877</sup> Athamas] king of Thebes, father of Phrixus, Helle, Learchos and Melicertes.

<sup>878</sup> Orestes] son of Agamemnon, and central figure of vengeance in Aeschylus' *Oresteia*

<sup>879</sup> Chyas] unidentified.

Who ever lov'd man vertuous  
Stout, liberall, wise industrious  
or to the Arts a matchlesse freind  
Laments thrice honor'd Duke thy end  
And lets him know what ere he be  
Would highly prayse mortalitie  
Must feigne some person in a man  
Just like to that of Buckingham  
To that most sad and mournfull name  
His life hath added such a fame  
That to expresse to future yeares  
His worth, his fate, his masters teares  
He needs noe funerall, nor verse  
But his owne name writt on his Herse

D<sup>r</sup> Rich Corbet  
Bishop of *Oxonfordshire*

30 September 1628  
Greville, Fulke, Lord Brooke.

**The Subject:** Fulke Greville (b. 1554) was best-known as a friend/biographer of Sir Philip Sidney and a courtier/civil servant of both Queen Elizabeth and King James. He wrote a range of poems, closet dramas, and prose works. He died a few weeks after being stabbed by a servant. One contemporary noted about his death, “My Lord Brooke dyed of corrupted fatt thrust into the wound of his belly in place of his kell, which putrifying, ended him, that fewer sorrowes then the D[uke], though not so many rejoyces”<sup>880</sup>. For further information, see R. A. Rebholz, *The life of Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke* (1971), and *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** “Reader I’le be sworne upon a booke”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 65v; Bodl. Rawl. poet. 209, fol. 15v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 209, fol. 15v

**Published version:** A version published in *The Works*, ed. Grosart (1870) (based upon a text in Huth, *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies* [1870]), lacks some of the lines that appear here.

**Title:** “Epitaph on y<sup>e</sup> Lord Brooke”<sup>881</sup>

Reader Ile be sworne upon a booke  
Here lies y<sup>e</sup> right ugly y<sup>e</sup> lord Brooke  
Who, as I have a soule to save  
Did not deserve to have a grave  
for I would I might never goe further  
He was accusd of a horrible murther  
Because it was thought he began  
to kil our<sup>882</sup> Ralphe Howard his man  
which for my part by Gods slid  
I beleeve he never did.  
Il natur'd he was else let me never wag  
For he never was Knowne to lend his friend a nag.  
And would to God<sup>883</sup> I were flead  
If he lockt not in's trunke chipping of bread  
besides would I might never stir more  
but for Spending he would lie w<sup>t</sup> a whore  
and it would make a man very sick  
to thinke how il he rewarded his musick

---

<sup>880</sup> Edward, Lord Montagu to Grace, Lady Manners at Elston, 25 Sept. 1628, *HMC Rutland* vol. 1, p. 487.

<sup>881</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47]] Upon ye death of ye Ld Brooke

<sup>882</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] one

<sup>883</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] heaven

Nay there be a huge Company thinke<sup>884</sup>  
 he wrote downe few legacies for sparing of Inke  
 for I protest & as I hope to live  
 of al things on earth he did not love to give  
 for so Costife he was & wary of thrifte  
 he would not keepe his friend at a dead lift  
 He cald his executor  
 because he was expensive to buy him a Coffin  
 for I pray<sup>885</sup> quoth he, to what intent  
 shoud y<sup>e</sup> wormes be wel housd? they pay noe rent<sup>886</sup>  
 and by this sad light<sup>887</sup> y<sup>t</sup> shines  
 he thought it scruple to pay litle<sup>888</sup> to divines  
 for when he was dying he disputed at large  
 whether his soule might travel to save<sup>889</sup> Charge  
 and just as his soule was about to be gon  
 Cause Corne was deare he ate brown bread at y<sup>e</sup><sup>890</sup> Comming on  
 [16r]  
 Solitary hee was for going alone  
 noe body would goe w<sup>th</sup> him, but y<sup>ts</sup> al one  
 to save faggets<sup>891</sup> in winter, by Dragon & Bel  
 most<sup>892</sup> are of opinion he went to<sup>893</sup> Hel  
 wel would I mght neere goe<sup>894</sup> out of y<sup>e</sup><sup>895</sup> roome  
 He'el be very melancholly at y<sup>e</sup> day of doome.

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<sup>884</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] that thinke

<sup>885</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] for pray

<sup>886</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] y<sup>t</sup> never pay rent

<sup>887</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] That by this blessed light

<sup>888</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] tiths

<sup>889</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] w<sup>th</sup>out

<sup>890</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] this

<sup>891</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] a faggot

<sup>892</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] most men

<sup>893</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] into

<sup>894</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] stirre

<sup>895</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 47] this

7 January or 9 January 1628/9  
Prince Frederick Henry

**The Subject:** Frederick Henry (b. 1 January 1614) was the eldest son and heir of Frederick, Elector Palatine, and Elizabeth Stuart. He drowned crossing the Haarlemmermeer in Holland, where his family had taken refuge after their defeat early in the Thirty Years War. As the eldest son of Princess Elizabeth, he was heir to the English throne in the event of the death of King Charles without issue. James Howell reports of his death, “For passing over Haarlem Mere, a huge inland lough, in company of his father, who had been in Amsterdam to look how his bank of money did thrive, and coming (for more frugality) in the common boat, which was overset with merchandise, and other passengers, in a thick fog the vessel turned over and so many perished. The Prince Palsgrave saved himself by swimming, but the young prince clinging to the mast, and being entangled amongst the tacklings, was half drowned and half frozen to death – a sad destiny”.<sup>896</sup> Sir Thomas Roe, a long-time supporter of Pr. Elizabeth, sent her unidentified verses on the death of Frederick Henry;<sup>897</sup> it is possible that one of the anonymous poems included here is his.

**First Line:** “Be drowned all eyes in tears for drowned he lies”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 84, fol. 74v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 84, fol. 74v

**Title:** “On the death of the Prince Palatine's eldest son”

Be drown'd all Eys in teares for drown'd he lyes  
That was the sweetest object of all eyes  
Vanish to sighs all hearts that are not stone  
The Center of all hearts affections gone  
Arts, Armes, Religion mourned hang downe *your* heades  
your glory in this matchless Prince is deade  
Brittayne and Belgia greive your hopes are crost  
The Joy and darling of the world is lost  
Injurious Nature! why hast wrong'd us thus?  
To make so choyce a peice so lubricous  
Why hast so soon put out that glorious blaze  
Whereat all eys did with amazement gaze  
Why hast thou shaddowd with a perpetuall night  
Our morneing starr and dimmed our early light  
How shall old Time survive this dire mishap

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<sup>896</sup> James Howell, *Epistolae Ho-Eliaanae: The Familiar Letters of James Howell* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1907), p. 303, <https://archive.org/details/epistolhoelianf01reppgoog/page/n347>.

<sup>897</sup> Nadine Akkerman, *Elizabeth Stuart: Queen of Hearts* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2021), p. 253.

Since thou hast plungd our sun In Thetys lap  
Was not the number of the stars compleate  
But must our Prince supply a Vacant seate  
[74r]<sup>898</sup>  
Or have they Earths Perfection drawne from hence  
To add more virtue to their Influence  
Or is he ‘mongst the Blessed Angells gone?  
To make there Impar<sup>899</sup> number more by our  
Hard doome of Heaven that Angells had such store  
Earth to bereave of one that had no more?  
We envy not Blest Prince thy Happy state  
But loath to live to mourne this heavy fate  
Heavens gayne our losse not equaled by thy fall  
To heaven thou addst but good, ffrom earth tak’st all  
Since now no longer worth on Earth remaynes  
Why dwell I longer in these worthlesse streines  
Thou gone, in whome perfection livd, and dy’ d  
Deaths surfeit? no soule cares in flesh t’ abide  
And Davids plaint my sad lament shall be  
Admir’ d Prince would I had dy’ d for thee://<sup>900</sup>

=====  
**First Line:** “He that with frowns is not dejected”

**The Author:** Sir John Dinley served as an assistant to Henry Wotton, 1623-23, a tutor to Pr. Rupert (the younger brother of Frederick Henry) from ca. 1625, and then as a secretary to Princess Elizabeth (the mother of the deceased) from 1623-51.<sup>901</sup> A Sir John Dingley (1589-1670) of Southampton matriculated at Hart Hall, Oxford in 1606; he was knighted in July 1615.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26, fol. 13v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26, fol. 13v

**Note:** The poem was published (but under the title “The Constant Man”) in *Wit Restor’d* (1658), p. 87.

**Title:** “Upon the...death of the Palsgrave's eldest son, who was drowned. Decemb. 1628”<sup>902</sup>

Hee that with frownes is not dejected,  
Nor with soothing smiles erected;

---

<sup>898</sup> Sic; the pages in this part of the manuscript are used upside down.

<sup>899</sup> Impar] unequal.

<sup>900</sup> An echo of David’s lament over his son Absalom’s death (II Samuel 18:33).

<sup>901</sup> Venn.

<sup>902</sup> The dating of Frederick Henry’s death to Jan. 7 or 9, 1629 is *new style*; an English poet (even one on the continent with Queen Bohemia) is likely to render in *old style* (10 days earlier).

Nor at baibes of Pleasure biteth,  
Nor whome any crosse affrighteth:  
But Center to hymselfe, controwleth  
Change & Fortune, when she rowleth.  
Who when the silent night beginnes,  
Makes even reckoning with his sinnes:  
Nor differinge till to morrow,  
To wipe out his skore of sorrow.  
Who setts Hell at sixe & seven,  
And feareth not y<sup>e</sup> fall of Heaven:  
Full resolv'd without denyall,  
To yeeld his life to any tryall;  
Making Death his Meditation,  
And longing for Eternization.  
This is the constant man, who never  
ffrom hymselfe, nor God doth sever:  
Voyd like Heaven, of Mutation;  
Onlye wayting for translation.//

Per amiciss: Johan Dyneley.

=====

**First Line:** “To reckon up what nobles have”

**The Author:** Thomas Mottershed (b. ca. 1602) of London was closely associated with Christ Church, Oxford (matr. 1619; B.A. 1623; M.A. 1626; B.D. 1633).

**Manuscript Copies:** The poem appears in at least twelve manuscripts; see “Union First Line Index”.

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.170, fol. 68v. Limited collation with Bodl. Malone 21, fol. 13, and Yale Osborn b.356, p. 30.

**Title:** “On the death of the Palsgraves sonne.//T: M.//.”

To reckon upp what Nobles have  
Through Shipwracke found the Sea theyr grave,  
Were to make a Nilus flood:  
Waters purple dyed in blood.  
Why doe idle poetts fayne  
A god, and Nymphs within the Mayne?  
Had there bin a watry Mayde,  
Thy beauty had bewicht thy<sup>903</sup> ayde.  
Jonah had the Whales vast wombe

---

<sup>903</sup> Yale Osborn b.356] her

Both for his temple, and his tombe:  
 That the wonder yet might thrive,  
 The coarse<sup>904</sup> and Coffin were alive:  
 Thy destiny hath his surpast:  
 Thou dydst ith Sea, yet on the Mast.<sup>905</sup>  
 [fol. 69r]  
 The Riddle of thy doome was such,  
 As if one death were thought too much:  
 Yet betwixt the Sea and Ayre  
 There did hang two lives despayre.  
 As though it lessend thy Renowne  
 One Element thy death should crowne.  
 The Pine, which Nuptialls usde [sic] to love,  
 Now did funerall Cypresse prove:  
 And the Mast, which towrde so late,  
 Savde thy drowning, not thy Fate.<sup>906</sup>  
 Those whom Syrens sing to death,  
 By cruell sweetnesse of theyr breath,  
 In the ende this Comfort gaine  
 To expire through merry payne.  
 Noe Joy could ere thy Hearse adorne;  
 Except the smiling of the Morne:  
 Yet tis strange, the Sunne should shine,  
 Whilst thy glory did decline.  
 None would thinke thou couldst have dyed  
 So pitillesse, and undescryed:  
 When with ease thou mightst have beene  
 Thorow thine owne brightnesse seene.  
 Thy Fate was free from Joy, or Moane:  
 Noe friend ecchoed thy last groane:  
 Twas thy chance to perish where  
 Was neither obsequy, nor teare:  
 [fol. 69v] Unlesse some relenting cloude  
 Burst it selfe, and washt<sup>907</sup> thy shroude:  
 Or a Wave, rent with the winde,  
 Yet unwillingly proovde kinde:  
 Lest thy Memory should bleede  
 Without some sadde Epicede.  
 A Sonne, an Heyre, a Prince to die,  
 Natures pride, Unnaturally.//

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<sup>904</sup> i.e. corpse

<sup>905</sup> Bodl. Malone 21, Yale Osborn b356] Thou in y<sup>e</sup> Sea yet on the mast

<sup>906</sup> These lines absent from Yale Osborn b356.

<sup>907</sup> Yale Osborn b.356] to wash

18 April 1629

Catherine Cavendish, Baroness Ogle

**The Subject:** Catherine Ogle (b. 1570) was the daughter of Cuthbert, 7<sup>th</sup> Baron Ogle, of Ogle Castle, Northumberland, and Catherine Carnaby. At some point between 1583 and 1592 she married Charles Cavendish (1553-1617). She became 8<sup>th</sup> Baroness Ogle in her own right in 1597. Among her children was William Cavendish, who became the first duke of Newcastle (1593-1676). By the time of her death, William was already a rising political power and literary patron. He was the compiler of the manuscript in which the poem appears.

**The Author:** The manuscript attributes the poem to George Holme, but no further identification has been achieved.

**First Line:** “Let them write Swords, and Satires, against Death,”

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harley 4955, fol. 56

**Note:** Above the poem is a further tribute to Lady Ogle, likely also by Holme, which consists of columns of worthy attributes.

**Title:** ‘An Elegie upon the said Lady Ogles Death.’

Let them write Swords, and Satyres, against Death,  
Who thinke Men’s parts divine consist in breath.  
Wee need not here use learned Balmes to keepe  
A name from rotting whose memoriall’s sweete  
Nor hire a bragging Monument to boast  
Giganticke actions, to belye her ghost  
Shee built a lasting Pyramide in Deeds<sup>908</sup>  
W<sup>ch</sup> prov’d Escurialls,<sup>909</sup> and their State exceeds  
Yea Elegies shall dye, and Statues rott,  
But her acts are a soveraigne Anti-dote 10  
Hee that hereafter shall but tell her name,  
Speakes Hystory enough to silence shame  
[fol. 56v]  
Were all examples lost, this might suffice  
To make succession virtuous and wise.  
It shall be Argument enough to prove  
Such actions christian cause they were her love  
Fond-men this Theame as fabulous pursue,  
But here’s an instance makes the storie true:  
Nobilitie did gallop with a Flood,  
As fluent in her manners as her blood. 20

<sup>908</sup> The trope recalls Milton's epitaph on Shakespeare: “[thou] Hast built thyself a livelong monument”

<sup>909</sup> The use of the Escorial as an archetypal funerary monument became frequent in 1630s elegies: compare William Habington's eighth elegy on the earl of Talbot.

Faith, love w<sup>th</sup> Truth, and Grace were only found  
The Elements that did her soule compound  
Her titles did but give her honour-name,  
Whose meritts added substance to the same.  
This happie name farre better would become  
A Sermon than an Epitaph or Tombe  
Shee was a Text that rather did require  
Coelestiall varnish, than Poetique Mire  
Could I write Gold in verse, my mite should goe,  
And had I talents I would spend them soe,  
To make madd *Timon* doate, I could annexe  
Graces enough to justifie her Sexe.  
Thus will wee honour her relligious mould  
Till Glory come and turne her dross to Gould.

25 August 1629  
Sir Edwin Sandys

**The Subject:** Sir Edwin Sandys (b. 1561) was the son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, (and brother of the poet George Sandys), was a major political and legal figure. He attended Corpus Christi College, Oxford (B.A. 1579; M.A. 1583), and the Middle Temple. He enjoyed a lengthy Parliamentary career, often in resistance to the Crown, and in the 1610s and 20s was heavily involved in the Virginia Company and the East India Company. See *Oxford DNB* and T. K. Rabb, *Jacobean gentleman: Sir Edwin Sandys, 1561–1629* (1998).

**The Author:** Robert Blackston (b. ca. 1611) of Kent, attended Sandys' college, **Corpus Christi of Oxford (matr. and B.A. 1628; M.A. 1631)**. One of this name was a canon of Durham Cathedral, dying in 1634.<sup>910</sup>

**First Line:** "W'ele not bedew thy tombe, or sticke thy hearse"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 147

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 147

**Title:** "On the Death of S<sup>r</sup> Ed: Sands by R: Blackistron of C.C.C."

We'le not bedew thy tombe, or sticke thy hearse  
With some impatient elegizing verse,  
Thou lasting piece of glory: though life's done  
And though death's Omen's out, the sands are run  
Yet hast thou left a story t'us which see  
The datelesse period of eternity  
Sooner then bee forgot, high birth, greate name  
Deepe policy, religion, learning, fame,  
Farre sought perfection from the courted face  
Of the vast globe, renowned Athens grace,  
And our peculiar glorie, these shall reare,  
Though on the sands, a Trophee which shall beare  
Unshak't the last of times, while from thy dust  
And sacred cinders left behinde in trust  
A Phoenix brood revives of living fame  
Which spite of fate perpetuates thy name.

10

---

<sup>910</sup> Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*.

1628/9

Darcy, Rosamund

**The Subject:** There are two possibilities; the date above is based upon the second, more likely, candidate.

**Possibility 1:** Rosamund Darcy (bapt. 5 June 1576) was the daughter of Peter Frescheville of Staveley, Derbyshire, and Margaret Kaye of Woodsome, Yorkshire. She married (as his first wife) John, 4th Baron Darcy, and likely died on 18 April 1607,<sup>911</sup> with burial at Aston, Yorkshire.

**Possibility 2:** Rosamond Darcy, daughter of John, 4<sup>th</sup> Baron Darcy and Rosamond Frescheville (possibility 1 above). She was born at Aston York, 9 Feb. 1604/5 and likely died in 1628/29.<sup>912</sup> This identification would fit more exactly with the reference to her as “neptis” of “P.F.” in the title.

**The Author:** The British Library catalogue’s suggestion that this might be by Payne Fisher would seem to reflect a misreading of the title. There are two viable candidates:

**Possibility 1:** William Sampson produced elegies on Peter Frescheville and John, Lord Darcy in his large collection *Virtus Post Funera* (1636). It is typical of Sampson in its focus on the family connections of the deceased.

**Possibility 2:** A number of elegies in Bodl. Dodsworth 61 following this poem are by a “Peter Leigh”. See the discussion of the two “Peter Leigh’s” in Puleston (d. 1618) above. Neither of those candidates has an established connection to the Frescheville or Darcy families.

**First Line:** “Lo, I whose muse late sang of nuptial”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Dodsworth 61, fol. 71; BL Add. 26737, fol. 43

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Dodsworth 61, fol. 71

**Title:** “Memoriae illustrissimae Rosamundae Darcy, charissimaeque neptis suae P: ff. sic valedixit”<sup>913</sup>

Loe, I whose Muse late sang of Nuptiall  
am now constrayn'd to wayle thy funerall  
Spouse, ffather, uncle joyne yo<sup>r</sup> weeping eyes  
Alas we mourne for daughter, wife and Neice.

---

<sup>911</sup> *Burke's Peerage*.

<sup>912</sup> *International Genealogical Index*.

<sup>913</sup> "To the illustrious memory of Rosamund Darcy, most beloved granddaughter/female offspring of P.F., whom he hails"

But lesser greifes can speake, great are astonisht  
say but by hastie fate our Rose is vanish't  
yet backe to heaven renew'd prepared, blest  
good life *pre*pare, death bringes to happie rest  
All earthly suytors frustrate, worthy Spouse  
for heaven (farewell) lodg'd in celestiall house  
daughter first dead farewell, deare Neice againe  
our house is almost buryed w<sup>th</sup> you twaine



These numbers many ages hence, will say,  
Where is the modest truth by which I give  
This sorrow, or these praises power to live?  
Read on, and with a reverend faith thinke all  
That I shall write, will bee Canonically!

he was a Prince so form'd, that every Eye  
Did judge him made for love or victorie,  
And had a mind created for successe  
Soe large, as it might fill the Universe;  
Soe bold, that all th'incensed Winds with free  
Untroubled soule, he durst have mett at Sea.  
And yet when sought, more mild to each survay  
he seem'd, then Captiv'd Virgins when they pray;  
he lov'd with soe much care, as if he had  
(Like oblig'd Heav'n) lov'd none but whom he made.  
[87r] Sleepe (gentle Lord) untill the Floods noe more  
Assault with their assembled heads, the shore.  
Untill the windes grow dumbe, untill faire light  
Conceale it selfe beneath the wings of Night.  
How greiv'd will then the darkned Planetts be  
That they thy resurrection cannot see./

10 April 1630

Herbert, William, earl of Pembroke

**The Subject:** William Herbert, 3rd earl of Pembroke (1580-1630) was a significant courtier and literary patron of the early Stuart period. While the poem is untitled and traces the series of noble deaths of the 1620s, the final focus is on Pembroke, who is celebrated in his role as Lord Steward to the King (hence a "Stewards steward"). For a biography, see *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Although unidentified in the manuscript, the poem's author, like that of similar date in this part of the manuscript is likely a member of the Salusbury family of Llewini, sons of of Sir John Salusbury (1566/7-1612). Possibilities include Henry Salusbury, 1st Baronet (1589-1632); his brother William Salusbury (for both of whom, see above, 13 March 1623; Salusbury, Ferdinando). A third possibility is Sir Thomas Salusbury (1612-43), 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet, of Llewini, Denbighshire, the first son of Henry, 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet, and Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton (the subject). He was active in both local and national politics (Short Parliament) and published the poem *The History of Joseph* in 1636. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "Envy thou hell hound now ascend the deepe"

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 390D, p. 191

**Copy Text:** NLW 390D, p. 191

**Title:** [none]

Envye thow hell hound now ascend the deepe  
& please thy self to see all others weepe  
A generall sorrow hath posest this Ile  
Come Glutt thy Hellish eyse and smile  
at oure disaster, nowe more playnts wee yealde  
Then Earste was vented in Megiddos feelde<sup>914</sup>  
Oure Iland is a Rama<sup>915</sup> full of mones  
Wheare noughte is seene or heard but teares sighes grones  
Obdurate systers could yo<sup>w</sup> not prolonge  
This fatall day from doing us this wronge  
~~And be appeased w<sup>th</sup> those yo<sup>w</sup> have bereft us~~  
~~Didd yo<sup>w</sup> not lat~~  
Could not yo<sup>r</sup> furious Angers now have left us  
And be appeased with thoase yo<sup>w</sup> have bereft us  
Didd yo<sup>w</sup> not lately to our greeffe Interr  
Englands pryme worthyes Oxford Chyttchester

---

<sup>914</sup> The Battle of Megiddo (609 BC), in which Egypt and Assyria defeated the Kingdom of Judah, and in which King Josiah died.

<sup>915</sup> Ramah (in Benjamin) was associated with the Babylonian exile, because of the lament recorded in Jeremiah 31:15: "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rahel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not."

peerles SouthHampton Lenox Hamyltonn<sup>916</sup>  
But must yo<sup>w</sup> now; to dissolation  
Expose oure primest hopes and take away  
oure morning Starr y<sup>t</sup> ushired in our day.  
Our Stewards Steward<sup>917</sup> Englands noblest propp  
Scotlands freind Wales Cheefest ~~freind~~ Jem y<sup>e</sup> fates did crop  
In his Attumnall pryme grym death didd steale  
Our Albions treasure and our countrys weale  
Pembrok (oh) let a brooke of teares flow from my penn  
whoe living was the Joye. now dole of men./

---

<sup>916</sup> All noblemen who died in the mid-1620s; this cluster of deaths was frequently remarked upon, but Pembroke's is significantly later. See *The Daring Muse*, p. 134.

<sup>917</sup> Pembroke served as lord steward of King Charles' household from 1626 until his death.

18 November 1630

Walter, Sir John

**The Subject:** Sir John Walter (b. 1565) was the son of the lawyer Edmund Ludlow and Mary Hackluit of Ludlow, Shropshire. After attending Brasenose College, Oxford, he entered the Inner Temple and went on to a distinguished legal career. He achieved his highest position, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in 1625. His last years, however, were marked by a resistance to the Forced Loan and his refusal to support the King's actions against John Eliot in 1629. See *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Unidentified. That it appears only in NLW 5390D suggests that the poet was connected with the Salusbury family of Lleweni, Denbighshire.

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 258

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 258

**Title:** "An Eligie upon the late Lord Cheife Baron"

Johannes Walter  
Annagramma:  
An Honest Lawyer

Here lyes a man that makes mee wonder why  
hee ere had life, or having life could dy  
Nature and art long strove to make but one  
honest, and just of his profession  
But all in vaine, where nature did impart  
her truth [sic], and honestie, their wanted art  
when art befreinded one, Nature in hast  
forgets to make him honest, till at last  
they joynd in one, and soe in spight of spight  
they brought this welcom'd miracle to light  
This *Honest Lawier*: yet I wonder why  
hee beinge peereless they would let him dye  
ere they had made another such as hee  
would slight a badd cause w<sup>th</sup> a greater fee  
Hee was a Lawyer, yet none of that tribe  
to whome men cases were, as was their bribe  
or badd, or better never was tongue  
or breath defil'd doeinge the poore wronge  
pleadinge unjustlie on the rich mans side  
such honestie's forgotten since hee dyde  
Ere such another loose his unstaind breath  
eternitie shall throwe a dart at death,

and tyme shall come when raised soules shall singe  
O Hell where is thy conquest, death thy stinge

16 February 1629/1630

Boyle (nee Fenton), Catherine, Countess of Cork

**The Subject:** Catherine Fenton (b. ca. 1588) was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton (ca. 1539-1608) and Alice Weston. Sir Geoffrey was a noted translator of French and Italian literary works in his early years, and then served in major administrative roles in Ireland, most notably as Secretary of State. In 1603 Catherine married Richard Boyle (1566-1643), who became 1<sup>st</sup> earl of Cork in 1620. He played a major political role in Ireland, serving as Lord Treasurer and Lord Justice; at the time of her death he had recently been named Governor of Ireland. Catherine's burial in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was controversial, as the ornate (surviving) family monument was placed at the east end of the church, where the altar had normally stood. Her death was also marked by a Trinity College, Dublin, commemorative volume: *Musarum lachrymae* (1630).<sup>918</sup> She was the mother of seven children, including Richard, 2<sup>nd</sup> earl of Cork, and Roger, 1<sup>st</sup> earl of Orrery. (See "Sir Geoffrey Fenton" and "Richard Boyle" in *Oxford DNB*).

**The Author:** The poem is signed "Hen. G."; the most likely candidate is Henry Glapthorne, who wrote many funeral elegies in the latter 1620s and 30s (including ones on the nobility), most of which were published in his *Poems* (1639). See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "Can virtue die, can fate enshrine"

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 19268, fol. 33

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 19268, fol. 33

**Title:** "Upon the death of the Countesse of Corke"

Can vertue Die; can fate inshrine  
the sylver streames of Hippocrine?  
Can death that knott divine untie  
O'the[?] Muses sacred majestie  
Can none dispence with destiny?  
Impartiall fate? what must all dye  
Must Monarchs out their throne be thrust  
And Princes scepters lye in dust?  
Must greatenes be expos'd to earth  
And muste an urne Crowne noblest birth  
What? earth interre their sacred live[?]?  
Whose name will heaven itself survive  
Tis evident that states must then  
Though here live gods yet dye like men  
And this doome, the Poet once did ken  
All must Baptise in the Stigian fen  
True, silenc{e} best can spelle their storie

---

<sup>918</sup> See M. Pollard, "Musarum Lachrymae and Four More Seventeenth Century Alumni." *Hermathena*, 109 (1969), pp. 51-53.

Whose worth transcends all Oratorie  
 But \how shall/ honore raise delight  
 When day noe sooner springs, but night  
 Immantles it? and fate doth lye  
 thus heavie ore all mortality  
 yet we to write not sawcily[?]  
 Nor here expect eternitie  
 But when man shall noe sooner thrust  
 Into the ayre but turne to dust  
 This is a miserie and this grief  
 transcends the power of stronge belief./  
 Bu{t?} shees not \dead,/ I cannot believe  
 they die, whom vertue makes to live  
 Can Sols bright raise<sup>919</sup> cease to project  
 his beames & yet with pearle soe deckt?  
 [33v] Can Orpheus hands forget itt{s}[?] skill  
 Or be unlearn'd to tune his quill?  
 Can eatinge[?] use eate[?] [...]us out  
 O'th' dungeon of the damned r{.....}  
 Can Sysiphus sigh out his grone  
 Or leave to force the fallinge stone  
 Can Eolaus make Isthamus dread  
 His speare? or at an blow shredd  
 in pieces; or it make to stoupe  
 To him, like that disdaininge troupe  
 of Windes? whose menace[?] once dide shiver  
 Great Jove himself into a feaver  
 Cold Isthamus yeildinge yeare[?]  
 Ere yeild stroke or this one speare  
 Noe more can deathe hir intombe  
 Since vertue is unravisht deathes doome  
 Time can't dead it, noe, not Joves Ire  
 Nor yet loud AEtnaes sulphure=fire  
 It dreads noe sword noe martial route,  
 Noe sease, Oceans can't blott it out  
 thus all that love the Muses, bee  
 unconquered by destinie.  
 hir self was by her workes outgrowen  
 which made her famous where unknowen  
 Shee all affections did indeare  
 hir sound was heard both far & neare  
 the tender youth gave her y<sup>e</sup> bayes  
 the hoarie head did sing her praise  
 Whoe ere Implor'd that was turn'd backe  
 Or Craved her almes and did it lack

---

<sup>919</sup> i.e. "rays"

her open hand did none disdain  
Prophets themselves could not complain  
[34r]

Why do our hearts then sorrow bear  
Or why do they dissolve to tears  
Can they the soul incorporate  
Into the bodies or change her fate?  
I know our best expression lies  
within our tears, but yet despair  
that were her quiet to impair  
Our loss a sea of tears might move  
And to a second flow improve  
did not the earth ambition use  
to entertain so rare a Muse  
No mark: since {.....} was so unblest  
As thought unworthy such a feast  
But while we view her gain all bliss  
To weep were her to prejudice  
And to {disturb?} her peace now blest  
where we leave her for ay to rest.

Hen. G.

1630  
Dr. Sattin

**The Subject:** Beyond the information in the title, unidentified. The poem suggests that he was a medical doctor in Norwich. There was no “Christ Church” in Norwich at the time, so burial in Christ Church, Oxford, is possible.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** Death natures debt=collector sent

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 15227, fol. 70r

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 15227, fol. 70r

**Title:** “On Dr Sattin who dyed at Norwich, & was buried in Christs Church. Anno. 1630.

Death natures debt=collector sent  
Serjeants to gather what shee lent,  
Fevvers the posers of nice Critickes,  
Flux the posteriors Analytickes.  
The Marface poxe, the plague whose lest  
Contagious touch is sure arrest.  
To these & more shreive death gave charge  
To walke as officers at large.  
And serve his executions  
In Norwich without illusions.  
But wondring what made men so slow,  
To pay y<sup>e</sup> debts which all men owe.  
For maugre all his Bayliffes powers,  
There died but 3 in 8 score howres.  
Hee found that Sattin knitte againe,  
Mortalls threds halfe cutt in Twaine.  
Wherefore a Serjeant hee dispatch'd  
With powre his body to attach.  
For reseving Deaths prisoners  
Arrested by his messengers.  
Quickly away y<sup>e</sup> D<sup>r</sup> flies  
From hence to Christs church liberties.  
Where y<sup>e</sup> good soule lives free *from* all feares  
Of death & all deaths officers  
For which a Supersideas blest,  
Hees priviledg'd *from* their arrest.  
    Saturday sunne was drencht ith Westerne deepe  
    When being bed time Sattin fell asleepe,  
    His death, sweet rest voyd of all molestation,

Was but his \endles/ Saboths preparation.

16 March 1631  
Stradling, Edmund

**The Subject:** Edmund Stradling (b. ca. 1607) was the second son of John Stradling, 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet, of St. Donat's, Glamorgan, and Elizabeth Gage. His wealthy father was a noted political writer and poet (See *Oxford DNB*). Edmund matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford in 1624, graduating B.A. (1624) and M.A. (1627).<sup>920</sup>

**The Author:** The manuscript only identifies the poet as "Ed: Heg."; this may be Edward Heigham of Echingham, Susses, who entered Wadham College, Oxford in 1628, graduating B.A. (1632), M.A. (1635), and serving as a Fellow from 1632 to 1642. He played a significant role in the production of *Parentalia* (1635), the printed collection of funeral elegies on Sir Rowland Cotton.

**First Line:** "If sweet behaviour, courtesie to all,"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 218

**Title:** "On the death of M<sup>r</sup> Stradling of Jesus Colledge. March 16. 163. By Ed: Heg.."

If sweet behaviour, courtesie to all,  
A Dove, a serpent without sting, or gall  
Might move impartiall death, hee sure had cast  
His dart away, and onely thee embra'ct;  
Nay I beelieve hee did, his fault was this,  
Hee kindly slew thee with a fatall kisse.  
Goe lion march, thou now hast plaid thy part,  
And slaine a prey whom nature helpt by art  
Did so adorne that even envy must  
His ashes count worth mountaines of thy dust. 10  
Too dainty fates! what could nought else delight  
But such rare food thy ravenous appetite.  
Thou hast broke statute (death) and shalt be shent<sup>921</sup>  
For faring so deliciouslie in Lent.  
Reader wouldst know what sickness hath him slaine,  
The glorie of his end was shar'd of twaine:  
A pale consumption lead him to his grave,  
A feaver cast him in; Nature would have  
Him lingring dy; not steale at once away;  
[p. 219]  
Great buildings are not ruin'd in a day. 20  
Yet spare your teares, there is no need at all.  
For at his death the heavens were prodigall,  
And wept in blubbring show'rs; how ere tis plaine;

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<sup>920</sup> *Alumni Oxoniensis*

<sup>921</sup> shent] disgraced.

They griev'd our losse but joy'd for their owne gaine.

31 March 1631  
Donne, John

**The Subject:** See *Oxford DNB* and R.C. Bald, *John Donne: a life*, ed. W. Milgate (1970).

**The Author:** The poem bears the initials “L. de C.”; these may represent a “Lord of C----”, or a last name beginning “de C—” .

**First Line:** “Now thou art dead I write, when breath is gone”

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160, fol. 43

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160, fol. 43

**Title:** ‘An Elegie upon the death of Dr. Donne’

Now thou art dead I write, when breath is gone  
men may y<sup>e</sup> safelier spend opinion  
Thy story had bin lost had it bin writt  
before, scince [sic], then thou hadst not finisht it.  
And much ill manners surely t’would have bin  
I<sup>922</sup> the same interim to have crowded in  
Since every man maks up his history  
but even then when he doth leave to be  
I must confesse my Genius not soe hye  
as such a worth might ask to be prais’d by  
But be y<sup>t</sup> censur’d rather then my will  
to soe much virtue should be counted ill.  
Ambition burneth not in me, my verse  
w<sup>th</sup> humble wings shall hover bout thy hearse  
& pay y<sup>e</sup> rights of many deaths to shew  
w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>t</sup> a world of greife it thither flew  
where from the Urne though faintly & but weak  
me thinks I see thy mighty fancyes break  
Revelling ‘bout it like the wanton fry  
w<sup>th</sup> nimble wings dispos’d to maystery  
All w<sup>ch</sup> thy spirit w<sup>th</sup> a wondro’s might  
maynteynes in vigor to inform us, write  
As if y<sup>t</sup> destiny had decreed thy Tombe  
more then thy bodyes howse a fruitfull womb  
whence spring the rules & matter y<sup>t</sup> must teach  
the infant worlds to Poetize & Preach  
would I could sing thy merit soe y<sup>t</sup> they

---

<sup>922</sup> Presumably an abbreviated version of "In".

whoe meet but this might melt for thy decay  
or, in as glorious & as high a line  
speak thee, as thou hast others dead in thine.  
But I must rest content, I can but show  
the abler pens w<sup>ch</sup> way they ought to flow  
I doe but towle the bell as to declare  
what want of ringers in y<sup>e</sup> belfries are  
And out of Piety to thee, I Invite  
The knowing to remember y<sup>ec</sup> & write.

ffinis

By L: de: C:

11 April 1631

Mary Scott, countess of Buccleuch

**The Subject:** Mary Hay (b. after 1590) was the daughter of Francis Hay, the 9th Earl of Erroll, and Elizabeth Douglas (daughter of William, sixth earl of Morton). In 1616 she married Walter Scott, who became first earl of Buccleuch in 1619. She was buried in Hawick, Roxburghshire.

**The Author:** George Lauder (b. before 1596; d. 1677) was a son of Alexander Lauder (d. 1622) of Hatton, Edinburghshire, and Mary Maitland (daughter of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington). His writing career began in 1623 with *The Anatomie of the Roman Clergie* and involved both military poems and funeral elegies (including one on William Drummond of Hawthornden (d. 1649)). His military career also began in 1620s; he predominantly fought in British Regiments of the Protestant side in the Thirty Years War and reached the rank of Colonel. In his military capacity he knew the first earl of Buccleuch, the husband of the deceased. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** “Could Vertue make Immortal but in name,”

**Manuscript Copies:** NLS MS. 1806, fol. 35v

**Copy Text:** NLS MS. 1806, fol. 35v

**Title:** “On the Death of that most Excellent Lady Marie Countess of Buccleuche”

Could Vertue make Immortal but in name,  
Or could greate birth of noble blood descended  
From common destiny a freedome clayme,  
No day this Lady's dayes should ere have ended.  
Could Pietie exeeme<sup>923</sup> from Natures lawe  
Or Charitie divert the fatale doome;  
This modest Beauty had kept Death in awe,  
Nor had Her spoiles enrich'd this mourning Tombe.  
Heaven jealous of our blesse enjoying Her,  
Whose Soule in longing sighes theyre Glorie sought,  
Have rob'd us of Her worthe at unaware,  
And all our hopes are now to nothing brought.  
O Woefull worldlings! wee may truely say  
Since Shee is dead and gone, All Fleshe is Hay.

---

<sup>923</sup> exeeme] free

12 August 1631  
Myddelton, Sir Thomas

**The Subject:** Sir Thomas Myddelton (b. ca. 1549-56) was the Richard Myddelton of Denbighshire and Jane Dryhurst. He achieved great success as a merchant and served as a London aldermen and as Lord Mayor in 1613-14 (gestured towards in the final lines of the poem). See *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Probably Sir Thomas Salusbury (1612-43), 2<sup>nd</sup> Baronet, of Llewni, Denbighshire. He was the first son of Henry, 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet, and Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton (the subject). He was active in both local and national politics (Short Parliament) and published the poem *The History of Joseph* in 1636. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "His birth was humble, true, but did not want"

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 257

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 257

**Title:** "An Eligie upon the death of my deare Grandfather S<sup>r</sup> Tho: Middleton Kn<sup>t</sup> and Alderman of the Cittie of London:"

Thomas Middleton

Annagramma:

Most mild on death

His birth was humble, while his Corps had breath  
hee still liv'd meeklie, lookt *Most mild on death*:

His birth was humble, true, but did not want  
That whence some men grow proud, w<sup>ch</sup> makes them vaunt  
theire birth and auncient blood, his life was meeke  
yet needed not those blessings w<sup>ch</sup> some seeke,  
and w<sup>th</sup> theire hopes grow proud, his wellgott wealth  
His hono<sup>r</sup>, love, long life, his bodies health  
the least of w<sup>ch</sup> might in another raise  
Pride past example, yet his greatest praise  
exceedes in this, that hee with's latest breath  
Coppide out meekenes, lookt *Most mild on death*  
Soe well hee might, knowinge his conscience, free  
from the Loth'd crymes of others, Libertie  
for his unspotted Soule by death hee gaind,  
and just reward for all that good obtaind

By w<sup>ch</sup> hee merited the Orphants prayer  
and the poore Widdowes blessinge. Justice chayre  
whilst hee sate in't nere totterd, or if ere  
twas mercie swayde him, and his mildnes there  
If Radamanths sterne nature doom'd him well  
from hence to a Tribunall seate in Hell  
thy mildnes may, thou beinge from hence bereav'n  
procure thee sure a judgment seate in Heaven.  
Nor doe I doubt it, but this earthlie one,  
thou hast exchange'd for a Celestiall throne  
And that thou wer't remov'd from hence by fate  
To heaven to bee a Heavenlie Magistrate

1631

Hobson, Thomas

**The Subject:** Thomas Hobson (b. ca. 1568) was well-known in Cambridge as a long-standing carrier of the post to London. His death was marked by numerous light epitaphs from Cambridge wits. This is one of the longer poems.

**The Author:** William Hall (1610-62) was the son of William Hall of London. He attended Christ's Hospital and then Christ's College, Cambridge (matr. 1628; B.A. 1632; M.A. 1635; D.D. 1660). He likely served as vicar of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, London (the parish of his birth) and at the Restoration became rector of St. Michael Bassishaw, London, and prebendary of St. Paul's.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a. 96, fol. 79; Folger V.a.322, p. 129

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.322, p. 129 (limited collation with Folger V.a. 96, fol. 79)

**Title:** 'Upon the death of Hobson the carrier of Cambridge'

Death being tyred with the tedious stay  
Of aged Hobson long watcht<sup>924</sup> a day  
To snatch him hence, but still, when death was come  
hee never found his<sup>925</sup> moveing Ghost at home,  
Att last hee caught him, and with letters sends  
him from the townesmen to their late dead freinds.  
his life was not Race as others bee  
'Twas but a trot of threescore yeares and three,  
And yet hee ridd soe fast, that all the while  
death overtooke him not, till by a wyle  
hee made him stand. The universitie  
hath cause to mourne, for this his destine  
ffor shee had lost her learned heads before,  
And now to make her miserie the more,  
One of her leggs is gone, for sure twas hee  
That bore the weight of the universitie  
his waggons grone for greife, and every tree  
Twixt this and London all in mourning bee  
The Bull in sable stands and all the quire  
Of Waggoniers expresse their sadd desire  
By mournfull whistles; I (though not his debtor)  
Give him these lynes, stead of a wonted letter./

Guill: Hall Christ: Coll.

---

<sup>924</sup> Folger V.a.96] long had watcht

<sup>925</sup> Folger V.a.96] this

30 September 1632  
Allen, Thomas

**The Subject:** Thomas Allen (b. ca. 1540-2) was the son of William Allen of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. He attended Trinity College, Oxford (matr. 1561; B.A. 1563; M.A. 1567). From that point Gloucester Hall was his academic home (like many there he was inclined towards Roman Catholicism); he achieved significant renown as a mathematician but there were also rumours about his interests in astrology and necromancy. The first poem playfully alludes to those rumours. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** “We dare not weep nor in a rhyming spite”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Supra Selden 120, fol. 23; Rosenbach 239/27, fol. 63

**Copy Text:** Rosenbach 239/27, fol. 63

**Title:** 'On the death of Mr. Allen of Glocester Hall'

**The Poem:** The opening two lines are an adaption of the opening of the poem on the death of Pr. Charles, “Tis vayne to weepe; or in a riming spite”. However, after the first line and a half there is no immediately evident similarity.

This and the other in Bodl. Selden Supra 120 (beg. “What life so learned”) are likely among those referred to in a letter from Thomas Buckner (chaplain to Abp. Abbot) to John Selden, dated 17 Nov. 1632: “I have accordinge to the request of soe precious as friend, as I must ever accompt *your* good selfe to be, dispatched, and here sent unto *you*: two of those manye leaves, *our* mother [Oxford] was pleased publiquely to dropp on the corse of her aged sonne.”<sup>926</sup>

Wee dare not weepe nor in a riming spight  
Abuse the kind'ness of our stars, y<sup>l</sup> might  
Have furnisht thee with life, & made thee see  
There fatall anger by forbearinge thee.  
Lett itt be sumer still, weele loose noe sigh  
Nor raise an early winter in our eye  
The fowlest world<sup>927</sup> was washt sure then; tis good  
This world of goodnesse paste [?] without a flood.  
Thankes gentle fate tis us thou dost ingage  
By taking him whose goodnesse sham'd our age  
The height of whose perfection rendred us  
(strange property of vertue) vitious

---

<sup>926</sup> *Selden Correspondence*, <http://emlo.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/blog/wp-content/uploads/2015/01/selden-correspondence.pdf>

<sup>927</sup> [?] this has been written over an earlier illegible line.

When goodnesse dyes wee must not thinke to raise  
 Its glory by a weake disgraceinge praise.  
 Wee may securely name them[?] & wee doe  
 Our duty if wee thanke<sup>928</sup> his vices too.  
 First his oppression, for his vertue lent  
 Our weakenesse such a loadinge [?] president  
 As forc't us to be bad; made us to bee  
 (compard to him vitious beyond degree<sup>929</sup>  
 His avarice next. Lord how his greedy braine  
 Engrost all learneinge, throng'd the reverend traine  
 of chained arts; if then his potent head  
 Could muster up all outhours, & the dead  
 Thus raise still wrap't in sheets, y<sup>n</sup> neere deny  
 His Necromantick skill, but boldly cry  
 With[?] us you thinke itt, cause wee know each starr  
 And the whole heaven was his Familiar  
 As if he meant to treasure up i'th sky  
 The milky way for's second Infancy  
 All volumes of the sciences y<sup>n</sup> stood  
 Wrap't in his learned wrinckles w<sup>ch</sup> you woo'd  
 (Had you but knowne his Arts) sweare to have beene  
 soe many Mathematicke lines in's skinne  
 Indeed they made a diall where wee saw  
 How neere the eveninge of his life did draw.  
 [364]

sure he would dye. Tis thought y<sup>t</sup> death did give  
 Him noe such blow as when shee lett him live  
 His skill lackt nothings now but death; hee'd try  
 That last line to compleat's Geometry  
 Hees measuring earth too now, & wee must call  
 His very carcasse Mathematicall  
 Wee doubt not of his sacred skill, nor try  
 The pious depth of his Divinity  
 If's liberall death could preach, sure then his life  
 was but an aged sermon, tis a greife  
 That the rude indevotion of death  
 should spoyle the method & exact his breath,  
 For that from which our sermons are begunne  
 Ended that of his life's Division.  
 Then w<sup>n</sup> perchance he greivd that he must fly  
 Not from the world, but th'University  
 Where he still liv'de as if he would remaine  
 With's mother till he now might suck againe.  
 You [?] that make this chast piece a Concubine

<sup>928</sup> This seems to have been written over "thinke".

<sup>929</sup> There seems to be no closing bracket for that which opens this line; after "him" would seem plausible.

To the luxurious wormes & shall enshrine  
This sacred relike in the faithfull clay  
And with him all the arts; tis wronge to say  
Here lyes a wise, grave, sage; say here doth lye  
An ancient learned University.//

=====

**First Line:** "What life so learned, and so long but thine"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Corpus Christi 328, fol. 69; Bodl. Rawl. poet. 84, fol. 62r.; Bodl. Selden supra 120, fol. 10

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 84, fol. 62r

**Title:** "An Elegye on Mr. Ja:[?] Allen of gloster Hall"

What Life so learned, and so long, but thine  
As to Confute th'assertion of divine  
Hypocrates, was ever spun by fate  
[61v]<sup>930</sup>  
To make the erring word be seen of late  
That all the Arts are short; Mans life is long  
Would therefore (Honourd Allen) be a wrong  
Too great to Destiny if we should Call  
(While we solemnize thy sad funerall)  
There Doome unjust, and sterne, cause y<sup>u</sup> art deade  
Alas the fates spun out thy precious threed  
Unto the utmost bound that nature set  
In which thy Active soule had roome to gett  
By hir industrious flight a conquest O're  
Those highest Arts which we far off Adore  
And which shall lend to thine Eternizd name  
for every yeare thou livdst an age of fame  
And well may hee that thy true honour weighs  
fforget to Wayle thy death, and onely prayse  
Thy life, but where shall he begin Alas?  
That theame so generall; so various was  
Thy learned skill that he must take surveys  
Of natures whole demensions[sic] that would rayse  
A perfect Altar to thy honourd name  
No other bounds can Circumscribe thy fame.  
What region is there in the Earth, Ayre, skie

---

<sup>930</sup> Text is upside in relation to numbering of the manuscript's leaves.

That was a stranger to thy industry  
Twas not this globes exactly measured fate  
Nor all th'Aeriall sublunary space  
ffrom whence the Pearly ffrost, the fleecy snow  
Soft showers doe flow, and angry winds doe blow  
Whence frightfull thunders roare, & lightning fly  
Could bound the prospect of thy searching ey  
Which penetrating higher could survey  
How all the bright AEthere all regions lay  
What ev'ry glorious house conteynded there  
And what their powers, and influences were;  
[61r]

Then in that heavenly booke didst reade, & know  
Causes of what we wonder at below.  
While thy cleare soule by Contemplation  
ffreed from the bodys bonds dwelt fixt upon  
Coelestiall objects, and did seeme (although  
Thy fleshy parts detayned the [sic] here below  
Even when thou livdst endenizd in the sky  
Whose love did make thee Cast a Carelesse ey  
Upon all earthly honours, and ev'n then  
When thou wert Courted by the greatest men  
Before their gorgeous pallaces proferr  
A Learned Cell[?], and sweet retirement, where  
Thou woodst the noblest Arts. ffates gave thee time  
And thyne owne Industry a power to climbe  
Unto their greatest heights, there wert y<sup>u</sup> placd  
As Lover of all Untill thy soule at last  
Glutted with Life, and fame, ffled to the skye  
With which before thou mad'st affinity.

In that high manseion even rest whilst wee  
Preserve what's left us thy Deare Memorye:/.

4 October 1632 [or 1631]  
Bourchier, John, Lord FitzWarin

**The Subject:** John Bourchier, Lord FitzWarin, was the infant son of Edward Bourchier, 4th earl of Bath (1590-1637) and Dorothy St. John (d. 1632). According to the *Complete Peerage*, he was born in January 1630/31 and died in the fall of 1631. Those dates are consistent with the life-span given in the title of the poem, the dates of which seem to be in error. He was buried at St. Peter's, Tawstock, Devon.

**The Author:** Unidentified. The whole manuscript is a description of towns, churches and the monuments in Devon compiled by the antiquary Tristram Risdon (ca. 1580-1640).

**First Line:** "Maddam forbear this to to large expence"

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add 36748, fol. 83v

**Copy Text:** BL Add 36748, fol. 83v

**Title:** "An Elegy uppon John lo: ffitzwaren borne 21 July died 4<sup>th</sup> October next following 1632: having livvd 36 weekes 5 daies & 6 houres"

Maddam forbear this to to large expence  
of Teares & sighes for one that is gon hence  
Gon as the day he died uppon for wee  
may call that back againe soe soone as hee  
No pearly drops can ransom him from Death  
No deepe fecht [sic] sighes can fetch againe his breath  
Could they? such rare rare *affecions* wold be showne  
that to regaine his life wold loose theire owne  
And by an unkind kindness disposess [sic]  
his howse now seated in true happines  
Thrice happy saint whose thread of life was spunn  
drawne out & ended er it was begunn  
Whose race was runn er that his feet could walke  
whose part was acted er his tounge could talke.  
Who in his very morninge bid good night  
unto the Earth & poasted hence to heaven  
This sublimary [sic] world was not an Inne  
To him scarce a baytyng place hath byn  
Likely it is heere nothing did appeare  
that liked him therefore wold not lodge heere  
Or els that God who form'd him did foresee  
this plant in tyme wold prove to rare a tree  
for this wild forrest, therefore in a Trice  
It was transported into Paradiçe:  
[84r] I pittie not but envy do his fate

whose terme of life did beare no longer date  
Who could soe short a cutt to heaven finde  
and leave us sooner setting forth behind:  
to pass a sea, a wilderness of feares  
of hopes of greives, of crosses, & of teares:  
He highly favored was who from the womb  
made but a leape, & stept into his Tomb  
Cease then your sorrowes, save they be for this  
that we weare not so happy as he is  
or Innocent, soe spotless & soe free  
from staines, synnes & Infeccions as was hee  
Whose soule out of our hands in hast god toke  
Least w<sup>th</sup> our handling wee might soile this booke.

6 November 1632

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden

**The Subject:** Gustavus Adolphus (b. 1594), son of King Charles IX of Sweden and Christina of Holstein-Gottorp, became king of Sweden at his father's death in 1611. He rose to international prominence in 1630 when his battlefield success led him to become the *de facto* leader of the Protestant side in the Thirty Years War. His series of victories only ended with his death in the Battle of Lützen. He was among the most widely eulogized figures of the first half of the seventeenth century, and by far the most eulogized foreigner by English poets. Among the many biographers, see Michael Roberts, *Gustavus Adolphus*, 2nd ed., (London: Longman, 1992).

**First Line:** "But thou art happy prince unhappy we"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 9, fol. 85r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 9, fol. 85r

**Title:** "On the death of y<sup>e</sup> kinge of Swede"

But y<sup>u</sup> art happie prince, unhappie wee  
that by thy happiness unhappie bee.  
Pardon our Loves if we doe wish a miss,  
We could have wish'd thee longer from thy blisse  
Bless'd S<sup>t</sup> if we may aske? werte thou so deere  
to heaven, not longer to continue here.  
Or did our sinnes prevent[?]<sup>!</sup> or art thou gone  
to fetch a blessinge on this action.  
[fol. 85v]  
or did we rob our selves ascribe too=much  
make thee a god? why god did make thee such  
A kinge and kings ar gods: but I belie  
thy just mortall worth. thou can'st not die  
It cannot be, there is a life of fame  
Caesar himselfe surviveth in his name  
And that now dead to give thy honour roome  
He is forgott and knowne butt by his toombe  
the greater light putts out the lesser ray  
As constellations ar not seene by day  
The heathens flatter<sup>931</sup>, praises ar but toys  
If match'd w<sup>th</sup> thine, and they themselves but boyes.  
I underprize thee, the actions of their gods  
thou maist compare with all, and give them odds  
Out bid their stories: lett their worke be mute

---

<sup>931</sup> partially blotted.

when th'one is nam'd: and it shalbe their suite  
that they may be forgotten, since they see  
Being remembred they are but foiles to thee  
I cannot say enough, thou shalt be writte  
In every language, and to every witt  
the theme be studied by them and in spight  
their feares shall blott their papers when they wright  
And not of thee: all after age & time  
shall know no other prose no other rime  
But why commend I thee? I do in this  
But aggravate thy loss and by thy miss[?]  
double our greife; we do not know alas  
till we have lost a good how good it was  
with in our thoughts thy memorie shall dwell  
[fol. 86r]

In spight of envious death, and we will spell  
thy name gustavus. till we have forgott  
our mother language, & can speake but that  
Even when I eate or drinke, Ile wish to weepe  
And when I rest Ile dreame teares in my sleepe  
In these Ile celebrate thy memorie  
And when my watry fountaine shall wax drie  
from others eyes as they distill their brine  
Ile drinke their teares & weepe them out at mine.

=====

**First Line:** "I cannot blame the fates thus for to fear"

**The Author:** Unidentified. The poem immediately follows that by John Earle on William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, but it is not consistent with that poet's usual high standard.

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b. 62, p. 59

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b. 62, p. 59

**Title:** 'On the death of the King of Sweden'

I cannot blame the fates thus for to feare  
And raise such doubts in every vulgar eare  
Of Great Gustaves death, for were it sed  
unto the people plainly he were dead  
The Gods might stright [sic] suspect that there [?] would rise  
A second deluge from the poeples [sic] eyes  
What adamantine brest could chuse but weepe  
When such a kinge for evers fallen asleepe

whome all his foes soe feard that t'may be sed  
war was at peace when he the army ledd  
who would resist him? whose victorious steele  
Made 3 great monarchs in the feeld to kneele  
such were his tropheis [sic] still that he alone  
fought combats fit of Poets to be showne  
But lets conclude hees ded & nowe doth sing  
melodious anthems to Eliziums kinge  
Then rest y<sup>u</sup> swedish soule, but why do wee  
thus vent our soule in mornfull Elegye  
Triumphing Swedens dead, then ~~who would have~~<sup>932</sup> let us thinke  
on swift revenge & blood instead of Inke  
And for the pen with which wee should reherse  
his famous deeds in everlasting verse  
Use martiall armes for who would care to have  
his life, since Great Gustavus lies in grave.

=====  
=====

**First Line:** "O let me weep in English who'll deny"

**The Author:** Giles Hayward (b. ca. 1617) was the son of Francis Hayward of London. He matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford in 1635, and graduated B.A. in 1636. A number of his poems appear in Yale Osborn b.62.

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.62, p. 18

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.62, p. 18

**Title:** `G. H. on the death of the King of Sweden'

**Note:** This is largely a reapplication of the first half of the funeral elegy on Christopher Longland, also beginning "Oh let me weep in English who'll deny", with a few minor changes in wording.<sup>933</sup>

O let me weepe in English, whole deny  
My mothers tongue wherin I lern't to cry  
The Graecians Idiom fils not all ther +<sup>934</sup>  
Affords noe ease like this sad ablative  
The Courtinge period of the Spanish breath  
Yeilds noe suasive complement for death  
The french excluds most consonants & I

---

<sup>932</sup> Such looks like a line skip to second-last line

<sup>933</sup> Published in Hoyt H. Hudson, "A Schoolboy Tragedy at Winchester, ca. 1623", *Huntington Library Bulletin* 11 (1937), pp. 153-154.

<sup>934</sup> What appears here seems to be an "x" or "+", possibly to indicate the missing word



In this thy sudden fall, great prince I see  
y<sup>t</sup> kings are subject to mortallity  
The breath of Cannons make y<sup>e</sup> stowtest reele  
(such thunderbolts doe crack an heart of steele)  
And if y<sup>e</sup> Valour-murdering gun doe hit  
y<sup>e</sup> crowned head, noe crownes can ransom it:  
Sleep royall bones in peace! while w<sup>th</sup> them  
sweet-singing swans of Thames beplume thy hearse  
together w<sup>th</sup> thy losse y<sup>e</sup> birds of Rhine  
In oylly passions<sup>938</sup> morne their Pallatine  
    To story them; One quill cannot suffize  
    whoe live in all mens mouthes & most mens eyes/

finis Mr: W<sup>m</sup>: Hodgson

=====  
**First Line:** “Reader weepe, & ponder too”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Don.d.58, fol. 9r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Don. d. 58, fol. 9r

**Title:** “Upon the death of the kinge of Sweden”

**Note:** This is a rare example of a funeral elegy written in trochaic rather than iambic meter.

Reader, weepe & ponder too  
when thou seest what sinne can doe!  
Swedens kinge, the Almightyes thunder  
Almannes patron Europes wonder  
Austria’s scourge Spaines remora<sup>939</sup>  
the terror of Bavaria  
the feare of Ottoman, & shame  
of Tilly Walsteine Papenheime  
    Liberties champion, & warrs schoolmaster  
    the soldiers Saint, and the saints soldier  
he on whom all eyes were bent  
as a Comett that was sent  
To arreast some Tyrant nighe  
by just heaven condemn’d to dye:  
he whose valor great as wonder  
quicke as lightninge, feirce as thunder

---

<sup>938</sup> oylly] smooth, flattering.

<sup>939</sup> remora] a fish noted for its habit of attaching itself through suction to larger sea creatures and even ships; as here, it was often applied figuratively.

Shattered townes, whose very fame  
 blasted armyes where itt came  
 Such, soe matchles was his power  
 he was alwayes conquerour  
 ffor he nere retur'nd from fight  
 but had slaine or putt to flight  
 Or had taken captive those  
 whom injustice made his foes  
     Gustavus we may well victorious call,  
     nought conquered him & yett he conquer'd all.  
 he whose bodye like a rocke  
 cold indure the furious shocke  
 of force & want: and cold out lye  
 a seige of cold & scarcitye  
 Who in his tent cold sitt him downe  
 and both pine & starve a towne  
 winter nere cold make him yeild  
 aft' he drive itt out o t'h feild  
     Others have conquer'd men, I nere did see  
     that any conquered cold & want but hee  
 he whose judgement was noe lesse  
 then his valour, and successe  
 [9v] from his cradle he was bredd.  
 a soldier, & from thence was ledd  
 To studie & to practise warr.  
 danger was his schoolemaister  
 Both the Dane & English fear'd  
 his face uncovered w<sup>th</sup> a beard;  
 Eight & thirtie yeares his age  
 did not reach, & yett his sage  
 deportment, councill, discipline  
 wold *perswade* yo<sup>u</sup> he had beene  
 Train'd under Cesar, and had seene  
 all the warrs that since had bene  
 And we whose comforth<sup>940</sup> in this crosse  
 is the greatnes of our losse.  
     Can truely saye; the world did never see  
     youth, valour, counsell maried but in the  
 he whose justice did more right  
 then our Corts, and at first sight  
 did not make the needye staye  
 (tortur'd w<sup>th</sup> unjust delay)  
 Till their need betrayd their cause  
 to the hucksters of the lawes

---

<sup>940</sup> This is either a scribal error or a very rare variant: "comforth" is recorded in the *OED* no later than the fifteenth century.

he whose campe was better farre  
govern'd then our Clergie are  
Noe stragling Nonconformatists  
wold he have w<sup>th</sup> in his lists  
he had rather number blankes<sup>941</sup>  
then those that wold not keepe their ranks  
    he thought those wold not fight, wold not obey  
    and he wold not hire men to runne away

he whose zeale was as sincere  
and as great as Austria's fears  
T'was his zeale ledd him soe farr  
to be the guide of this just warr  
And he thought that god did call  
him for his Churches generall  
This was itt did make him lead  
his men to fight as being their head  
[10r] And himselfe he did expose  
to the musquetts of his foes  
Sooner then the meanest wight  
that did in the armys fight  
he did pitye those that stood  
ready for to shedd their blood  
Because they were thither brought  
else they knew not why they fought  
As in place the first was hee  
soe in danger he wold bee.  
he well knew itt was unfitt  
they shold fight, & he shold sitt  
Nor was itt the Almightyes mind  
they shold leave their guide behind  
    he thought itt a disgrace, any shold bee  
    in Gods owne quarrell forwarder then he  
he who fought not against Spaine  
for ambition, praise or gaine  
her rich fleets, nor Countries harmes  
were the prowess of his armes  
Thoughe in power she all things might  
yett he wold doe nought but right  
All he did desire to see  
was Christian peace & libertie:  
And wold not by sitting still  
betraye the Church to Satans will  
    he did not fight to ruine but to mend  
    and did noe more but what he did pretend.

---

<sup>941</sup> blanks] names on army lists that corresponded to no real soldiers; they were used to pad the moneys granted to the commanding officer.

he who was the Almightyes hand  
w<sup>ch</sup> noe armye cold withstand  
Nor the rockes, nor the power  
of Spaine, & westerne Emperour  
Nor the farr more dangerous witt  
of the trayterous Jesuite  
he that was all this we see  
greater, better, then can bee  
(By my pen exprest), my eye  
cannott Egle like descrye  
[10v] much lesse paint this Sunnes bright rayes  
nor the glorie of his praise,  
We have murthered we are those,  
(his freinds) w<sup>ch</sup> *proved* his greatest foes  
T'was our sinne did him betraye  
t'was our sinne tooke him awaye.  
Our unthanckfullnes & pride  
were the causes that he dyed  
Else Bavaria, Austria, Spaine  
might have shott at him in vaine  
All their strength & force w<sup>th</sup>out doubt  
had not we his freinds by sinne  
this strong fort betrayed w<sup>th</sup>in  
    Sinns like the plauge, but a more poysonous ill  
    this whom wee touch, that whom we love both kill  
To thy freinds a death more sadd  
never mortall man yett had  
To thy selfe more full of glorie  
is recorded in noe storye  
Many Captaines fame have wonne  
yett before their lives were done  
Buried have their glorious name  
in the Eternall grave of shame  
Caesar, had he wounded dy'd  
by the Gaule, or adverse side  
E're he had betrayd the free  
state of Romane libertie  
Had Hanniball in battaile raye  
dy'd ere he sawe Capua  
None more glorious had beene  
then these two in stories seene.  
had they sooner dy'd their praise  
had eternized their dayes  
Whereas they outliv'd their fame  
(Storied in the bookes of shame)  
In the height & acte of praise

death hath finished thy dayes  
[11r] unsham'd, unparalell'd thy name  
lives to thy eternall fame  
    ffor as thou liv'd, soe glorious thou didst dye  
    fighting for peace, & crownd w<sup>th</sup> victorie  
Not to the thy death was ment  
but to us a punishment  
We whose sinnes did cause this crosse  
of thy glorye made our losse  
how the lyon & the Beare  
may Christs sheepfold w<sup>th</sup>out feare  
Ransacke, and the Aegle may  
seise on weake lambes for a prey  
ffor alas, I feare that none  
will expose now thou art gone  
his life to danger, to release  
poore Christians, and to buy their peace  
Who dare from the lyons pawes  
fetch the prey, or Aegles clawes  
    None, none but thou who gavest thy selfe to be  
    a sacrifice for Christian libertie  
Thus relinquisht doe we lye  
open to our enemye  
cloathd w<sup>th</sup> mourning, drown'd w<sup>th</sup> teares  
vanquisht onely w<sup>th</sup> our feares  
And we had not liv'd to weepe  
(Smother'd in Eternall sleepe)  
had thy death bene sodainelye  
told, as itt was leisurelye  
The first newes like lightninge flame  
wold have blasted where itt came  
And w<sup>th</sup> a feirce dampe of feares  
had even stab'd us at our eares.  
    ffor us soe weake to bear't, t'was some releife  
    that fame by halfes, reported such a greife  
Weepe then all, for all have beene  
accessarye to this sinne  
[fol. 11v] Accessorye to this crosse  
sorrow may repaire our losse  
Sooner then our armes, our teares  
are more dangerous, then our speares  
And our prayers more fearfull are  
to the Spaniards, then our warre  
Moses weake hands did farr more harmes  
to Amaleck then Israells armes  
    And Josuahs prayer did kill more then his fight

this robd his foes of conquest, that of flight.  
T'is not in the strength nor lawes  
of the armye, but the cause  
And religion of those  
for whose sake the Armye goes  
That a battaile doth consist  
he that gives itt as he list  
Nor for strength, nor number cares  
he respects our faith, & prayers.  
Wold we then victorious be?  
lett us live obedientlye  
Lett our lives our prayers commend  
to God, & purchase him our frend  
And he at whose dread call, Moses is dead  
will send his Church a Josuah in his stead./

=====

**First Line:** "Some in their Elogies doe bann and curse"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.245, fol. 31

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.245, fol. 31

**Title:** none

Some in their Elogies doe bann<sup>942</sup> and curse  
death and the fates; some others doe farr worse,  
epostulate<sup>943</sup> with God the reason why  
hee suffer'd this greate King of Swedes to dye.  
[32r] Oh lett mee tell Poetick fury this,  
The great King maker tooke him upp to blisse;  
Legions of Angells now doe guard him there  
Without the noyse of Armies, danger, or feare,  
Who while hee liv'd, 'twas held ympietie,  
To say that Mars had any deity.  
Julius the great, whome the old Romans fam'd,  
With great Gustavus is not to be nam'd;  
heroick Pompey from Pharsalia fledd,  
And in obscurity was buryed,  
Witte [?] Enginer, old haniball is dead,  
And in a cave himselfe hath poisoned:

---

<sup>942</sup> bann] "To curse, anathematize, interdict." (*OED*)

<sup>943</sup> A variant of "expostulate/postulate", unrecorded in *OED*.

But this most glorious & victorious king  
dreadles of danger, solely meriting  
Th'imperiall wreath, hath in a dreadfull fight  
Both lost himselfe, and putt his foes to flight,  
Holding it greater glory there to dye,  
Then like his enemy to live & flye:  
Oh then record it in the booke of fame  
The lipsick<sup>944</sup> battell with Gustavus name/  
=====

**First Line:** "Th'exchange wheare sadd truthes finde less faith then lyes"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Tanner 306, fol. 267

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Tanner 306, fol. 267

**Title:** `On Gustavus Adolphus death'

Th'exchange wheare sadd truthes finde less faith then lyes  
and wheare no freind or Alley ever {dyes}<sup>945</sup>  
Which mightier farr then fate {keepes men} alive  
past there just day, and kills those that survive  
hath yet confest him dead, and in mens cloathes  
wee see enough, to save thexpence of oathes,  
and further prooffe, eache countenance betrayes  
more then the Common Robbers, one highwayes.  
and the whole towne doeth looke farr more undone  
then in a plague, or longe vacation.  
The clergie hathe the very face putt on  
that it did weare, at the great disolution  
of All the Abbyes, and the tradesman lookes  
as if he had lost the debts in his shoppbookes.  
The Puritan that loved no crosse before  
for this crosse sake, doth hate it now much more  
The userer's turnd unthrift, and his greefe  
is such, as if some *Parliament* releefe  
were come agayne for use, no man is free  
lawyers that live by mischeife, mourners bee  
And cannot finde in all there bookes, one case  
so hard as this: A prince slayne in the place  
Where he did stand victorious, in the pride  
of all his glorie, victory like a bride

---

<sup>944</sup> Lipsick] Leipzig.

<sup>945</sup> The manuscript is significantly faded.

that courts her choyce, smilinge upon him still  
waytinge but night to Crowne his wish & will:  
and this too, by a hand unknowne, may bee  
one that had kild, his father, safer hee  
and with a better conscience, might have done  
on him then here the exequntion<sup>946</sup>  
But of what will become of all, hees dead  
and left behinde an army without head.  
a cause a just one too, and heaven does knowe  
whither it shalbe followd soe or noe.  
hees gone, and all the good intents he hadd  
have the same fate, as if they had beene badd.  
here each man meets and greefe begins to rage  
and would it selfe in showers of teares asswage  
Butt lets denie him passage through our eyes  
Lett sorrowe once be passionate and wise.

=====

**First Line:** “There needs no trumpet but his name”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160, fol. 38

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 160, fol. 38

**Title:** “An encomistic epicedium in memory of the...late K: of Swethland”

There needs noe trumpet but his name  
to sound his glory and his fame  
whom all y<sup>c</sup> Christian world well knew  
by scarres & wounds yet bleeding new  
Religions patron, truths protector  
the Citties guide, y<sup>c</sup> feilds director.  
If not y<sup>c</sup> suffering, (by gods lawes)  
doth crowne a martir, but y<sup>c</sup> cause  
A doble crowne to him is due  
first as a king, then Martyr true  
And now in heavens his throne instald  
may be y<sup>c</sup> king of Martyrs cald.  
Old Ilium, Carthage, rome, & Greece  
ne’re could afford soe rare a peice  
the graces, virtues, and rich artes  
w<sup>ch</sup> prince & people share in parts  
In him all sweetly met to bring

---

<sup>946</sup> Sic.

the perfect patterne of a king  
And from such goodnes (lesse by odds)  
the heathen Fram'd y<sup>eir</sup> Idoll gods  
Jove, Mars, Apollo, Mercurye  
none halfe soe wise, or good as he  
But surely god & nature, when  
they made him, made y<sup>e</sup> man of men  
Yet marke & see this world of glory  
concluded in a breife sad story  
All this faire goodnes virtue grace  
death in a moment did deface,  
whoe durst noe single challenge send  
had he not thowsands had to freind,  
but by wars furious engin threw  
the dart w<sup>ch</sup> caus'd this sad adue  
Mars held him up & would not lett  
this glorious sunne in cloudes to sett  
till victory with sad alarmes  
clos'd up his eyes in Mars his armes  
[38v] Thus honor glory, wisdom, powre  
death slily pilfer'd in an howre  
yet envious time can never see  
death in his lasting memory  
But age to age shall boast in pride  
how he victorious liv'd and dy'de

=====

**First Line:** "Th'art dead; O pardon me that thus have made"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.245, fol. 32

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.245, fol. 32

**Title:** "An elegy on the King of Sweden"

Th'art dead: oh pardon mee, that thus have made  
A rough intrusion on thy silent shade,  
And in rash numbers have divulg'd thy death  
E're I prepar'd the world for such a breath:  
Alas, who could suppress it; who wold pause  
On a report urg'd from so great a cause  
[32v]

I must begynn upon thyne hearse, I may  
Not name thy night, least I should wrong thy day,  
ffor as a man to operation bound

With calme and moderate steppes measures the ground,  
 And though his way lye through some glorious field,  
 Hatcht o're<sup>947</sup> with lillies, or with azure seil'd,  
 Passes regardles by, all dull and sadd,  
 Still ruminating on his Period:<sup>948</sup>  
 So should I have suspended that black lyne  
 T'have clos'd thy story with it on thy shrine  
 duller then Saturne must my Muse have past  
 Through all thy glorious actions, and not cast  
 One glance upon them, crest=fallen at thy fate,  
 daunted to thinck what shee had to relate,  
 Nor may I speake, But soft, how dares my quill,  
 Not yet suspired from Pernassus hill,  
 Attempt so high a subject, and make thee  
 A theame, whereon to flesh<sup>949</sup> her infamy?  
 Silence that question; ffor it is thy glorie,  
 That it makes Poetts, but to write thy story,  
 And now my muse mounts on thy glittering carr,  
 Whence shee surveys her course, which points so farr  
 ffrom the Northwestward, that shee faynts to knowe  
 (Though not for what) how farr shee hath to goe:  
 shee hopes, yet doubts her strength, before her eyes  
 Shee setts the fframe of his great enterprize,  
 And then resolves it. Phebus gird the raynes  
 Over the Baltick sea & through the playnes  
 Of Rugen Pomerania,<sup>950</sup> and (those shew'd her)  
 Passe the rich dukedomes bordering on the Oder  
 [33r] Thence to the farrfam'd Lipsick feilde, upon  
 whose browe sitt warr and execution:  
 Now th{...} the slyding Leche<sup>951</sup>, whose silver flood  
 But lately blushing with Bavarian blood,  
 Couch'd underneath her bancke, asham'd to see  
 bold Tilly slayne, and the usurper flee:  
 Then turne upon the Rhyne, and crossing that,  
 drive o're the wast of the Palatinate,  
 ffrom whose two liberall confynes trace the way  
 That leades towarde Noremberg, there breath & stay,  
 That whilest the warlick troopes intrrenched lye,  
 My Muse may frame a warlike diarie:  
 This done, remove and saile along the coast

---

<sup>947</sup> Hatcht o're] overlaid.

<sup>948</sup> Period] lifetime or end.

<sup>949</sup> flesh] initiate into military life or violence.

<sup>950</sup> Rügen is a large island off the Pomeranian coast of Germany. Stralsund on the German mainland across from the island served as a Swedish garrison during the war.

<sup>951</sup> The river Lech in Bavaria.

To this sadd feild, where though wee wonne, wee lost,  
There shall my Muse recount their sacrifice,  
The repeticion of those victories,  
Those high Acheivements, and those deeds at armes,  
Those stratagem, defeats, and feirce alarms,  
That check the Empire, and at her returne  
Empty her travailes on great Swedens urne.  
But ere wee close the Monument, lett's tell  
The cause and Manner how Gustavus fell,  
Mars boastned on his even clouded our Sun,<sup>952</sup>  
ffretted to see himselfe by him outdone,  
hee stirr'd upp Aropes<sup>953</sup>, shee gash'd his thredd,  
Gave him a wound, but could not strike him dead,  
Clotho and Lachesis seeing her faile,  
fforsake the wheele, and with the sheeres assayle  
his Gyant clue; so his triumphant fall  
fforc't with three wounds tooke upp the care of all  
They thought him dangerous; they did foresee  
his date prolong'd, threatned eternitye,  
And I applaud the fates, that have declar'd  
By this joynt art how hee was to be fear'd./

=====

**First Line:** “Whate'er he is that dares to write on thee”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 58215, fol. 174

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 58215, fol. 174

**Title:** “Upon the King of Swethland Gustavus Adolphus”

What ere he is that dares to write on thee  
Must make an error in his Elegie.  
Since none thy famous battles can relate  
Unlesse he know thee in thy former state:  
Yet suffer mee great Soule my pen to use  
And sett at libertie my childish Muse  
Who thus presumes to bring his mournfull verse  
To sticke uppon thy Honourable Hearse.  
ffor who can chuse but write on such an Author.

---

<sup>952</sup> This line represents a significant crux: while I may have erred in reading it as "boastned", even the rest of the line does not make good sense. It helps somewhat if we imagine a comma after "even", turning it into a noun.

<sup>953</sup> Aropes] presumably an error for Atropos, the Fate who cut the thread of life.

Who conquerd by his mercy more then slaughter  
Did not the starrs in Ariadnes Crowne  
Prognosticate unto us thy renowne;  
And will not those bright starrs offended bee,  
Now thou art dead, if we not writ on thee  
O let the world then thy great actions raise,  
And crowne them with an everlasting praise.  
If all bewaile thy death as well as I

=====

**First Line:** “Within this pile of earth Gustavus lies”

**The Author:** The manuscript copy bears the name "Poole"; this would most likely be the minor poet Walton Poole. Of Wiltshire, he entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1580 at the age of 15. He was widely credited with the popular funeral elegy on King James, "Can Christendoms great champion sink away" and the poem "If shadows be a picture's excellence". The elegy on Gustavus is not included in the *CELM* coverage of Poole's work.

**Manuscript Copies:** Rosenbach Museum & Library MS 240/2, p. 7

**Copy Text:** Rosenbach Museum & Library MS 240/2, p. 7

**Title:** “Upon the King of Sweden”

W<sup>th</sup>in this pile of earth Gustavus Lies  
wrap'd in a shrowde of teeres and Elegies:  
his Martiall hand w<sup>ch</sup> once dar'd death to saye  
twas mortall: now lies shrowded in this claye:  
but as the Phoenix chuseth for her rest  
both myrrh and cassia for to builde her nest,  
and when shee fyndes her tyme beginn t'expire  
shee makes her nest her urne and funerall fyre:  
so swedens kinge fyndinge his thred of life  
quite cut in twayne by fates impartiall knife,  
hath heere enshrynde w<sup>th</sup>in earthes keycolde wombe  
his owne sad monum<sup>t</sup>: his urne and tombe:  
sure twas noe mortalls hand I thinke that gave  
Sweden that wounde that mark'd him for y<sup>e</sup> grave:  
I rather doe beleive it were the store  
of Ghosts hee sent unto the grave before  
did all conspire and mutually agree  
w<sup>th</sup> cruell death to worke his tragedie:  
Rest in soft peace<sup>954</sup> (rare Sweden) though grimme death,  
hath thus bereav'd thee of thy \life/ and breath,

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<sup>954</sup> An echo of Ben Jonson, “On my first Son”.

yet spight of Death thy noble acts shall bee  
immortall Tropheis to thy memorye.

ffinis

Poole

7 November 1632

Gottfried Heinrich, Graf zu Pappenheim

**The Subject:** Gottfried Heinrich Graf zu Pappenheim (*b.* 1594), son of Veit Marschall von Pappenheim and Maria Salome von Preysing Kopfsburg, was born in Treuchtlingen, Bavaria. He converted from Lutheranism to Catholicism in 1614.<sup>955</sup> While he served in the Polish, Bavarian and Imperial armies,<sup>956</sup> he was best known for his military leadership in the Catholic League in the late 1620s and early 1630s (headed by the elector Maximilian I of Bavaria and commanded by Johann Tserclaes, Graf von Tilly).<sup>957</sup> His greatest success was at the siege of Magdeburg in 1631. Like the leading Protestant military figure, King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, he died in the Battle of Lützen, on 16 November 1632, where he “was shott in pieces *with a Cannon* shott.”<sup>958</sup> He was buried in Prague.

**The Author:** The poet is not identified; however, surrounding materials in the same hand (largely love poems and epigrams) are attributed to “Alphonso Mervall”, which may be a pseudonym of James Cobbes, the early owner of the manuscript. On Mervall/Cobbes, see his elegy on the Duke of Buckingham (d. 1628) above. While there is no evidence that Cobbes was personally involved in the Thirty Years War, lines 33-34 suggest that the poet may have been present at the siege of Nuremburg at the time of the Battle of Lützen. Nuremburg was held by the Imperial forces but endured a siege beginning in July 1632. Failing to overcome the defences, Gustavus abandoned it in October.

Some of the surrounding poems offer evidence of the circles from which the poem emerged. Immediately preceding it is an elegy and epitaph on the death of the Duke of Buckingham (“Since adulation cannot”), and immediately following it is an epitaph on Sir John Rooper, Lord Tenham, of Kent. He married Mary, daughter of Lord Petre, of the well-known Recusant family.

**First Line:** “If the last scene, and closing up of breath”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 166, p. 59

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 166, p. 59

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<sup>955</sup> Geoffrey Parker, *The Thirty Years' War*, (1997), p. 306.

<sup>956</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>957</sup> From *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

<sup>958</sup> “Letter of John Bradshaw to Sir Peter Legh”, 2 Dec. 1632, in Lawrence M. Clopper, Elizabeth Baldwin, and David Mills, eds., *Cheshire Including Chester* (2007), p. 824.

**Title:** ‘An elegy upon the death of Adam [sic] Earle of Papenheim. Knt of y<sup>e</sup> Golden fleece<sup>959</sup>  
Marshal of y<sup>e</sup> R. Empire, General of y<sup>e</sup> horse to y<sup>e</sup> Emp<sup>r</sup> Ferdinand y<sup>e</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>,<sup>960</sup>’,

If y<sup>e</sup> laste scene, & closing uppe of breathe  
Can seale Manne’s life w<sup>th</sup> happines in death,  
Can it by Envye’s selfe then bee deny’d  
Heroike Papenheim’s beatify’d.  
Y<sup>t</sup> fitts a prince, standing, y<sup>e</sup> Ghoaste to yielde:<sup>961</sup>  
A souldyer arm’d, victorious in y<sup>e</sup> field  
O tell mee; can y<sup>e</sup> Providence divine,  
A fayrer lotte to Mortall manne assigne  
[p. 60] Then for his prince, & Countrye’s cause to dye,  
Arm’d w<sup>th</sup> his sworde, & Crown’d w<sup>th</sup> Victorye? 10  
Ô heaven to much is giv’n to one alone  
for what is lefte, by others, to bee doone?  
Or what of worthe doth Caesars armes w<sup>th</sup> stande,  
now y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> *Goth*<sup>962</sup> is fall’n by this brave hande?  
great freidland<sup>963</sup> Joyes not to brave *Papenheim*,  
I’th’victory thou didd’st bequeathe to him,  
as hee repines<sup>964</sup> y<sup>t</sup> from his conquering head  
the *Gotthick* Laurell’s by thee ravished  
was’t not enough, saye’s hee, from *Lipzig*’s playnes,  
to recollect o<sup>r</sup> Armye’s poore remaynes 20  
&, by thy Matchles courage, Martiall Artes,  
turne into lions fierce those fearefull *Hartes*?<sup>965</sup>  
w<sup>th</sup> them y<sup>e</sup> Mars of warre agayne to trye,  
& Courte in Armes; & bring backe victory?<sup>966</sup>  
was’t not enough? could it not satisfye  
thy endles thirste of Glory: ofte to dye  
the Hessen<sup>967</sup> plagues, w<sup>th</sup> Armyes by thee slayne?

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<sup>959</sup> According to Sir Edward Cust, *Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years’ War: Warriors of the Seventeenth Century* (Volume I), (1865), p. 237, Papenheim would have received the Golden Fleece had he survived.

<sup>960</sup> The second half of the title (beg. “Knt . . .”) is in a different hand.

<sup>961</sup> Marginal note: “Suetonius in vespasiano.” The reference is to Suetonius’ life of the Emperor Vespasian in *Lives of the Caesars*, where he recounts the Emperor’s famous statement in dying, “imperatorem ait stantem mori oportere” [“An emperor ought to die standing,”] (*Lives of the Caesars*, VIII.xxiv (Loeb trans.)).

<sup>962</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Gothe] King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The poem consistently uses “Goth/Gothic” to refer to Gustavus and the Swedish forces.

<sup>963</sup> The Duke of Friedland was Wallenstein, who led the Imperial forces at Lützen (Cust, *Lives of the Warriors*, p. 236).

<sup>964</sup> This would seem to be the now obsolete transitive sense of the verb, taking “Laurells” as its adjective.

<sup>965</sup> Cf. the description of the battlefield success of Arthur Gray in Robert Marston’s elegy on the death of Thomas Gray, Baron of Wilton.

<sup>966</sup> In margin: “Communis Mars belli. Tib. Livy.” The full clause is “arma et communis Mars belli decernet.” [“it will be decided... by the sword, and by the common chance of war”] (Livy, *History of Rome*, VIII.23 (Loeb trans.)). The shortened phrase “communis Mars belli” was a general expression suggesting the inevitable difficulties and setbacks of war.

& sole from *Weiser*<sup>968</sup> unto *Elbe*<sup>969</sup> to raigne?  
 but after *Hesse*, w<sup>th</sup> *Luneburg*,<sup>970</sup> subdu'd;  
 & *Brunswick*<sup>971</sup> sav'd: the *Rhine*<sup>972</sup> could not include 30  
 thy daring Fortes? & y<sup>e</sup> *Meuse*<sup>973</sup> dismay'd;  
 behelde thy *Eagles* on his banckes display'd.  
 whyl'st us, y<sup>e</sup> care of Empire's summe detayn'd  
 aboute great *Noremburg*:<sup>974</sup> where as wee gayn'd,  
 by safe cunctation,<sup>975</sup> what in Armes was loste,  
 A reputation to y<sup>e</sup> German hoaste.  
 when from their Towr's her Citezens behelde  
 their *Idole*\* *Sued*<sup>976</sup> compell'd to quitte y<sup>e</sup> fielde  
 but all for thee wee laboured & for thee  
 prepar'd new trophes for thy victorye. 40  
 Not *Noremburg* but *Naumberg*<sup>977</sup> was assign'd.  
 by y<sup>e</sup>\*<sup>978</sup> *Rhamnusian* virgin;<sup>979</sup> where to ende  
 this difference: & by successe of fight  
 to shewe in whome remayn'd th'undoubted right  
 unto y<sup>e</sup> spurres of honour. On whose Creaste  
*Rome*'s fortune, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> victory, should reste.  
 [p. 61] And whether fame shoulde broader blazon forthe  
 the *Gotthick* fury; Or y<sup>e</sup> *German* worthe.  
 y<sup>e</sup> right prevayl'd; & victory did light  
 where as y<sup>e</sup> cause; where valour shew'd y<sup>e</sup> right 50  
 The *Swedish* king,<sup>980</sup> his fates did thither poaste  
 To paye y<sup>e</sup> debt hee ow'd greate *Tzetzken*'s ghoaste.<sup>981</sup>  
 the slaughter'd *Finne*, & *Lappe*,<sup>982</sup> (heavens doome so stood)<sup>983</sup>

<sup>967</sup> Hessen] Hesse, Germany. The Thirty Years' War struck Hesse hard: many surviving inhabitants died of the plague.

<sup>968</sup> Weiser] the river Weser of north-west Germany, which reaches the North Sea near Bremen.

<sup>969</sup> Elbe] one of the main rivers of Central Europe: it flows from Bohemia through central Germany to reach the North Sea near Hamburg.

<sup>970</sup> Luneburg] Lüneburg is a town located in northern Germany.

<sup>971</sup> Brunswick] also known as Braunschweig, it is a city located in north-central Germany.

<sup>972</sup> Rhine] a European river that begins in the southeastern Swiss Alps and then flows through the German Rhineland and the Netherlands, emptying into the North Sea.

<sup>973</sup> Meuse] the river Meuse that flows from northern France through the Low Countries.

<sup>974</sup> Noremburg] Nuremberg, in northern Bavaria.

<sup>975</sup> cunctation] delay.

<sup>976</sup> In margin: "Inverted Deus, a fonde invention of some". See the long note in the appendix below.

<sup>977</sup> Naumberg] a town in Saxony-Anhalt, 50 miles southwest of Leipzig, where the troops of Gustavus had been camped before moving to the battle at Lützen.

<sup>978</sup> In margin: "fortune".

<sup>979</sup> Rhamnusian virgin] Nemesis, whose cult was based at Rhamnus.

<sup>980</sup> Swedish king] i.e. Gustavus Adolphus.

<sup>981</sup> In margin: "Tilly". "Tzetzken" would seem to be a variant of "Tserclaes", Count Tilly's surname. Tilly had died on the 30<sup>th</sup> of April, in 1632.

<sup>982</sup> Finne, & Lappe] soldiers in Gustavus' army, drawn from the hinterlands of the Swedish empire of the early seventeenth century.

<sup>983</sup> In margin, "Namburg near Lipsig."

embred y<sup>e</sup> grounde yett reaking w<sup>th</sup> o<sup>r</sup> blood.  
 y<sup>e</sup> Godles Gothe, & vagrant vandall fall's  
 a sacrifice to slayne Imperialls  
 But unto thee the honours appertayne:  
 since by thy hande was greate *Gustavus* slayne:  
*Gangrene* of *Europe* breathing blood & fyre,  
 by thee cutte off, Death limitts his desire. 60  
 w<sup>th</sup> admiration wee beholde thee all  
 like light'ning on their squadrons for to falle.  
 & as another *Decius*<sup>984</sup> vow'd to dye  
 A sacrifice, for *Rome*'s prosperity.  
 too prodigall, alas, of y<sup>t</sup> greate Ghoaste  
 then w<sup>ch</sup> a braver *Rome*'s youth cannot boaste.  
 then w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>e</sup> world (& take y<sup>e</sup> whole extente)  
 shall never have a braver Ornament.  
 Bowe downe youre necks, my fellow soldyers, then  
 & on them laye y<sup>e</sup> Ornament of menne. 70  
 who w<sup>th</sup> this favour, thincks himselfe not bleste,  
 to beare so great a *Heroe* to his reste?  
 Or can denye to such a Corps his teares,  
 as even in death, y<sup>e</sup> marques of Conquest beare's?  
 these woundes, so glorious in a soldyers eye,  
 might tempte even *Mars* w<sup>th</sup> a desire to dye  
 to whome if Images wee might erect,  
 they shoulde bee w<sup>th</sup> no Armes, but these, bedec't.  
 lette vaunting *Greece* forbear so high to rayse  
 her greate *Dircean Heroes* famed prayse.<sup>985</sup> 80  
 who, att *Mantineia*,<sup>986</sup> yielding upp his breath  
 victorious; sav'd his shields even in his death.  
 Our *Papenheim*'s as happy in his falle.  
 Arm'd & victorious as y<sup>t</sup> Generall.  
 hee dy'd (lett this bee on his tombe engrav'd)  
*The Roman Empire, and her honour sav'd.*

<sup>984</sup> Decius] Decius Mus, who famously sacrificed himself in the Roman formula of “devotio” in a battle against the Latins in 340 B.C.

<sup>985</sup> Dircean] In margin: “Epimanondas” [sic]. Dirce was a mythological figure, wife to Lycus of Thebes. At her death she was transformed into a stream that flows through Thebes; hence, the development of “Dircean” to mean “Theban”.

<sup>986</sup> Despite gaining the victory, Epaminondas died at the battle of Mantinea (362 B.C.).

27 November 1632  
Sir John Eliot

**The Subject:** Sir John Eliot (b. 1592) was the son of Richard Eliot and his wife Bridget (née Carswell) of Port Eliot, Cornwall. After time at Exeter College, Oxford, Eliot took over the family estates on his father's death. Increasingly political participation, first at the local level and then in Parliament. At first a client of Buckingham, by the late 1620s was an outspoken leader of the country opposition in Parliament. After the 1629 Parliament he was imprisoned in the Tower where he died from illness three years later. See *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** John Polwhele John Polwhele (ca. 1586-1648) was a younger son of Degory Polwhele of Treworgan in St. Erme, Cornwall and Catherine Trencreek. He matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, in October 1600, graduated B.A. in October 1607, M.A. in 1610 and B.D. in 1621. He served as a fellow of Exeter College from 1608 to 1622, and was Vicar of Whitchurch, Devon from 1622 until his death in 1648. In addition to his manuscript poems found in Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 16, he contributed a Latin poem to *Threni Exoniensium in obitum illustrissimi viri D. Iohannis Petrei, Baronis de Writtle* (1613).<sup>987</sup>

**First Line:** "Here a musician lies, whose well-tuned tongue"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 16, fol. 12

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 16, fol. 12

**Title:** "On S<sup>r</sup> Jo: Elliott who died a prisoner in the Tower of London: 1631"

Heer a Musitian lies, whose weltun'd tounge  
was great Apollo's harpe soe sweetlye strunge  
that evrye cadence was an harmonye,  
noe crotchets in his Musicke!<sup>988</sup> onlye hee  
charm'd the attentive Burgesses alonge  
ledde by the eares to listen to his songe.  
this could my Orpheus doe; o that the kinge  
had not by tel-tale ecchoes heard him singe.  
shal not the saints singe Justice att the laste  
when the great trumpe wil startle ghosts aghast.<sup>989</sup>  
he was not al harpe, lute, pipe, Virginall,  
but wel consorted he was each and all.  
how different was his melodie from those,

10

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<sup>987</sup> Victoria Moul, *Jonson, Horace and the Classical Tradition*, pp. 193-202, discusses the poems of John Polwhele in St. John's, Cambridge MS 23, which are largely responses to Jonson and verse translations of Horace; Moul believes this John Polwhele is the son of Thomas (matr. Exeter College, Oxford, 1600) and that there is no record of him at Oxford. At this point whether this is the same John Polwhele as authored the elegy.

<sup>988</sup> crotchets] a play on two meanings: quarter-notes in music (*OED* 7) and "whimsical fancies" (*OED* 9).

<sup>989</sup> This couplet is crossed out, but easily legible.

who stroake their beards w<sup>th</sup> spectacles on the nose,  
and in a reverende Apothegme unfolde  
what wise Demosthenes beinge asked told,  
mincinge in twentie points gaye-branched stuffe,  
affected nonsense stinckinge of the snuffe;  
and yet such blacke obscuritye must weare  
(like negroes) pearle S<sup>t</sup> Martins in the eare<sup>990</sup> 20  
gew-gaws of Rhetoricke from a common place  
borrowed, to realize a special case.

[fol. 12v]

Hist! Hist! whose [sic] this Reade in the commons booke  
of faces wrinckled to a serious looke,  
who would stand fixed listeninge statua's there  
did not such language soule that Hemispheare.  
before the chaire=man a mase-bearer wente,<sup>991</sup>  
but he was speaker of the Parliamente.  
for Innocence, sad widdowes, Orphants teares  
(the dumbe petitioners of unfaighned feares) 30

how smoothlye could thine eloquence alone  
create a helpinge pittie, where was none:  
and soe enforce a virtue wth his tounge,  
where obstinate crueltie ~~entended~~ resolved wronge  
he that descends to th'vulgar could rise high  
enthroned his stile and give it Maiestie,  
Mountinge above ambitious hopes, to make  
sinne-guiltie soules w<sup>th</sup> a thrild chilnesse quake  
(greatnesse a weake protection) even soe  
trembles the Lyon, when the cock doth crowe.<sup>992</sup> 40

In thy just praise, how cann my fancye fainte  
thou joyful penitent, assured sainte  
for orderd passions, and zeale unconfus'd,  
cleare brevitie, manners, not men abus'd,  
merciful Justicer like Justice blinde,  
a noble enimie, familiar freinde,

[fol. 13r]

Thy modest confidence, and thrifte of witte,  
not that you lackd'st to spende, but twas unfitte,  
and soe by hidinge he discover'd more,  
as Covetuousnesse betrayes a hoarded store, 50  
cheerful in sicknesse, stronge in sufferings,  
In Calmes, and stormes the same unmov'd ar things  
to puzzel man: tis dangerous to be good  
When speakinge virtues ar mis-understoode

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<sup>990</sup> St. Martin's was a London parish, specializing in the retail of cheap, imitation jewelry.

<sup>991</sup> The mace lies upon the table while the speaker resides in the chair in the House of Commons.

<sup>992</sup> An allusion to the Aesopian fable, "The Ass, the Cock, and the Lion".

Donne! had this Rival preached in thy quire  
al would not seek heat from thy holie fire.<sup>993</sup>  
barke not att his urne Cynick, if thou doe,  
he that smiles praise, can frowne Iambicks too:  
only the noble spiritts may complaine,  
that they have founde a harder way to fame  
succeedinge Worthies in the age to Come,  
must purchase glorie w<sup>th</sup> a Martirdome.  
to free thy bles'd soule from a double jayle,  
death was the habeas Corpus, heaven y<sup>c</sup> baile.

60

Jo: Polw:

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<sup>993</sup> This seems an allusion to Carew's famous elegy on John Donne, who had died a year and a half earlier.

Autumn 1632  
Barker, Dr. Hugh

**The Subject:** Hugh Barker (b. 1565) was a son of Robert Barker and Mary Danvers of Culworth, Northamptonshire. He entered New College, Oxford in 1586 and went on to pursue an illustrious legal career, serving as President of Doctors' Commons, among other roles. He was buried in New College Chapel with a prominent monument.

**First Line:** "Injurious mischief could conspiring power"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 72478, fol. 79

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 72478, fol. 79

Injurious mischiefe! could conspiring power  
Breed a distraction parallel to ours?  
Wouldst thou fain match Romes firebrands; and blot  
The damned glory of this powder=plot?  
Could y<sup>t</sup> omnipotent blast of Time & fate  
Confound more then a pillar of our state?  
The Basis now alas w<sup>th</sup> treacherous hand  
Is undermin'd. how can y<sup>e</sup> Arches stand?<sup>994</sup>  
Then since we must w<sup>th</sup> this sad earth quake, low  
As Grieve can dam [sic] us: Centers of all woe.  
The burthen of this fall on land scarce beares,  
That hath ingross'd th' monopoly of teares.  
Who can not there intraged horroure tame,  
Become possest w<sup>th</sup> his professed name.  
Which when distracted fury thinks upon  
It presently goes out to put it on;  
And glories in her witty rage now seene  
More then to imitate the Trojan queene.  
But those y<sup>t</sup> love to be beheld of none  
That truly grieve desire to grieve alone.  
His name conjures these too. who w<sup>th</sup> strainge cry  
Silently howle for him an Elegie.  
And these w<sup>th</sup> there new calling are content;  
Which calling makes them nothing but lament.  
Thus is hell brought on earth. y<sup>e</sup> scene you see  
Is hell and ffuries art y<sup>e</sup> tragedye.  
Perhaps those cursed trulls dare not draw neere.  
Scar'd w<sup>th</sup> more dismall screeches then they heere.  
The scourge of Grieve and Anguish makes all roare:

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<sup>994</sup> This playfully points to Barker's role as Dean of Arches.

And those that will not cry are whipt the more.  
 Me thinks ye pow'rs above should dread & feare  
 The envy of this noise: & not forbear  
 Even mortall passion: If it be true  
 Heaven is not free from Griefe; this conquers you.  
 I know it doth. ffor this you know is true,  
 It pierceth all things else. & why not you?  
 Things perfect retrograde. tis true. but why  
 Should great worlds in y<sup>e</sup> lesse so quietly dye?  
 The rude syntaxis of corruption  
 Ought to except, at least, good men alone  
 Though it Rule other things. Must y<sup>u</sup> embrace  
 All us (curst ffate) under one ruinous Case?  
 Thou mightst have spard such wisdome; got y<sup>e</sup> prize  
 By loosing it in seeming very wise.  
 Thou mightst have spared virtue & so stood  
 Enrolld y<sup>e</sup> cheifest patronesse of good.  
 Thou mightst have spared Justice: & so binde  
 Justly unto thee ordered mankinde.  
 Thou mightst have spar'd our Common-weale. o<sup>f</sup> Lawes  
 Might awe or moderate thy ravenous jawes  
 [79v]

Which that they can not cast thee now to dye  
 To live (damd death) shall be thy destiny.  
 thou shalt survive reproacht of none. & stil'd  
 A ffoe to virtue. Rash as any childe.  
 A non-conformist. To Civility  
 Most opposite. Our deadly enemy.  
 And all y<sup>t</sup> injur'd man can throwe upon thee,  
 Shall live w<sup>th</sup> this; & yet not one bemoan thee,  
 Couldst thou not give us Breath, but to fore-see  
 Such a disaster: ere thou setst his free?  
 Unhinged[?] <sup>995</sup> confusion from just vengeance throwne,  
 Could not so speedily have whirled downe,  
 Heapes of oppresion threatning angry heaven;  
 Reard from y<sup>e</sup> downfalls of leane states; made even  
 With there beginning: which had added more  
 Snatcht from y<sup>e</sup> griping bowells of y<sup>e</sup> poore.  
 Can virtues hold so quickly be defeated?  
 And y<sup>t</sup> demolisht where all good is seated?  
 Must lawes themselves now suffer; having lost  
 There tongue, there sense, there body its good ghost?

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<sup>995</sup> I had at first thought this was “whinged” in our contemporary sense of the verb is the only meaning listed in OED, and does go back this far, but hard to see how Confusion can be “whinged”. However, the “W” is not like other initial line-opening “W”, and metrically it is off (unless we pronounce “whinged” as two words. I now think it is “unhinged”; the verb meaning “to unsettle” dates back to at least 1612.

What then shrinks not under this visitation?  
And who y<sup>l</sup> lives Terms life but dead vacation?<sup>996</sup>  
All bands of hope breake up, this can create ‘um  
The thought of his late heavenly sigillatum.<sup>997</sup>

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**First Line:** “True, death no stranger, when I sleep I take”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. e.14, fol. 15v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. e.14, fol. 15v

**Title:** “‘Upon the death of Doctor Barker’

True, death noe stranger, when I sleepe I take  
Accquaintaince with his shadowe, when I wake  
Ther's not an object coms onto the eye  
But on an errand of mortality.  
Since[?] any finger but can shew a tombe  
Epitimizis'd in a ring, whose wombe  
Great with deaths heads, engrav'd upon it hath  
*Memento mori* for an epitaph:  
And then no wonder if the whole man feare  
On part an epitaph alredy were. 10  
Each stone of any latitude, hath been  
A trapdore to a grave, that swallowed in  
Some funerall coarse, and still the side without  
Canst tell y<sup>e</sup> reader, here a man went out  
Yet are but dull emphasises and stricke  
The lazy sense too faintly, never like  
To pompe a serious teare, would you behoald  
death in a larger print, and see enrolld  
his utmost strength; one eye upon this hearse  
Ther'at he true text the comme\n/t's but the verse 20  
The triumph's now compleat, and in this one  
Sad funerall, destiny hath ~~undone~~ outdone  
Mankind of all his hopes, that it might have  
One fort 'gainst fate, some refuge from a grave.

---

<sup>996</sup> Seemingly playing on the formal sense of a court being in term or in vacation.

<sup>997</sup> The Latin term generally means “ornamented”, but the sense here is unclear.

Could fortune have beene hard,<sup>998</sup> this might have spoke  
As big as any or could place provoke  
A favour too[?] ther was provided for't,  
the cheifest state in all the civill court.  
O that twere soe that he who stops soe high  
Had slept beyond that which we call, to dye,  
But from the advantage life to take new flight,  
Hee that is highest is soonest out of sight,  
The streame of honour at fall times growes weake  
And mean[?] bubble must first rise then breake:  
Nor could hee dye till now, while soe much merit  
Stoode empty of the titles 'twas to inheritt  
[16r]

That *vacuum* kept him up, now full to the brinckes  
Of worth and honour, downe the vessill sinkes;  
And in our sight too, cruell fates o why  
did you appoint him to com to dye?  
Twas not to endear him more, alas, wher hee's  
The object, ther love wanteth noe degrees  
To be intense, no tricke can raise the store  
Of our deere sighes, or make us cry the more  
No; to upbraid our care you sent him then  
(as Sybils say) preserve him if you can  
Nor care, nor freinds, nor wealth could doo't  
Nor all the Muses, I should ade[?] untoo't  
Nor his best part his mind, but this I keepe  
ffor other passions here enough to weepe

---

<sup>998</sup> sic] for "heard"?

16 March 1633  
Day, Margaret

**The Subject:** The subject's father was likely Matthew Day (1574-1661), mayor of Windsor and his wife Mary Dowdeswell (originally of Eton). Nothing further of her is known.

**The Author:** The poem in manuscript bears the initials "J.P." as do a number of epitaphs and epigrams in the manuscript.

**First Line:** "Man's life is like a day when first he's born"

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.160, p. 37

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.160, p. 37

**Title:** "Upon Margarett Day daughter to Mr Mathew Day of New Windsor who dyed ye 13<sup>th</sup> of March 1633 about ye 15<sup>th</sup> yeare of her age"

Man's life is like a day, when first hee's borne  
Then y<sup>e</sup> day breakes, his childehood that's y<sup>e</sup> morne,  
His riper dayes y<sup>e</sup> Noonetide, then draw on  
His Westerne dayes, y<sup>e</sup> Evening, thease once gon  
Death comes & thus[?] straight all dye, some soone  
Some late, & some doe {...} about theyr Noone:  
Dayes differ in theyr length too, all at last  
Shall have their nights, heere's one e're Noone orecast  
And for a time shall in [?], t'ill y<sup>e</sup> dead rise  
There is a cloud that hides her from our eyes,  
Which, when y<sup>e</sup> sonne of god appeares, away  
Shall vanish, then shoe [?]<sup>999</sup> the a glorious Day.

---

<sup>999</sup> i.e. "showe"?

26 April 1633  
Greenwell, Anne

**The Subject:** Anne Greenwell (the younger) of Mordon, Surrey. Her mother was Anne Greenwell (likely née Duffield) and her father likely the William Greenwell who married said Anne in 1598 in St. Botolph's Aldgate, London. (Although of Surrey in 1633, the Greenwell family had roots in Durham.). Her will was written on 10 April 1633 and proved on 4 May 1633.<sup>1000</sup> She was survived by both her mother Anne and her brother William.

**The Author:** Richard Bulkeley. This is most likely the Richard Bulkeley (1606-40) of Baron Hill, Llanfaes, Wales, Anglesey who served as an M.P. for Anglesey in the late 1620s. He was the son of Sir Richard Bulkeley (d. 1624) and Anne Wilsford of Ilding, Kent. He married Dorothy Hill of Honiley, Warwickshire in 1622, and he entered Gray's Inn in 1626. A William Greenwell, son and heir of William Greenwell, entered Gray's Inn in 1628, and if this is Anne's brother, such likely explains Bulkeley's connection to the deceased.

**First Line:** "All flesh to grasse our life-tyme draweth on"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 36, 37, fol. 34

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 36, 37, fol. 34

**Title:** "An elegie upon the death of Mrs. Anne Greenwell, whoe dyed the 26 of April 1633"

All flesh is grasse our life tyme draweth on  
Incencibly To dissolution  
The fragrant flower his pride is quickly donne  
And withered oft before the evening Sunne  
Wittnes this earth whiche entombd doth lye  
The onely Embleme of Mortality  
Whoe whilst she lived here was knowne to bee  
ffor meekenes Temperance and true Pietye  
Admir'd of all, for vertues sacred Lore  
Was her deare path untill her latest hower [sic]  
Nor did shee ever from those precepts swerve  
(ffor ought I knowe) nor did her soule once serve  
The bodyes pleasure, In that full degree  
Which Too Too many to our greife wee see  
Then doe not mourne her soule is soarde as high  
With faithfull wings unto eternity:  
To tast those Joyes which whilst shee lived here  
By the eye of faith were onely knowne to her  
But now Enlightened by a power divine  
Cloathed all in white, shee like a starre doth shine

---

<sup>1000</sup> London Metropolitan Archives and Guildhall Library Manuscripts Section, Clerkenwell, London, England;  
Reference Number: DW/PA/5/1633; Will Number: 62.

And Warbles forth some Curious sacred hymne  
Within the heavenly Hierusalem  
ffor by the spotles Lambe shee shalbee led  
Unto the streames of Joy and their bee fed  
And dayly stande thy sacred throne before  
Her Cheerefull eye shall know ateaere [sic] noe more  
But in eternall Blisse shall ay Remayne,  
To this frayle world, neare to bee knowne

Rich: Bulkeley./

1 May 1633  
Lady Venetia Digby

**The Subject:** Venetia Stanley (b. 1600) was the daughter of Sir Edward Stanley of Tong Castle, Shropshire, and Lucy Percy (daughter of Thomas, 7<sup>th</sup> earl of Northumberland). She married Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-65), whom she had known since childhood, in 1624. Renowned as a great beauty, she prompted a rich poetic response, both in life and death, including poems by Ben Jonson. Her husband's extensive writings commemorating and mourning her also survive. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "Fair broken model of perfection rest,"

**The Author:** Lord George Digby (1612–1677), later second earl of Bristol, was the son of diplomat and courtier, John Digby, first earl of Bristol. Born in Spain, he was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford (matr. 1626; M.A. 1636). As a young man, he travelled widely on the continent, and he cultivated rich intellectual and cultural connections at home. See *Oxford DNB*.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 25707, fol. 4; BL Add. 25707, fol. 155v.; BL Add. 30259, fol. 20

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 25707, fol. 4

**Title:** "On S<sup>r</sup> Kenelme Digbyes Lady 1633"<sup>1001</sup>

Fayre broken modell of perfection rest,  
Rest, here inclosed in a marble nest,  
And in thy bewties sweets embalm'd remaine  
Free from Corruption as it was from staine;  
Till that last glorious marriage daie, invitinge  
W<sup>ch</sup> calls blest matters to their formes unitinge  
shall thence to heaven in Angels wings enfolded  
returne thy body, where it sure was moulded,  
And that Metamorphose day to creatures (when  
By nature Coursly kneaded, men  
shall be transform'd to perfect shapes unknowne  
I doubt our soules will scarce our bodies owne)  
Can nothinge adde to thine, it still shall finde,  
The same divines<sup>1002</sup> that it left behinde.  
when in thy sleepe it stole out of thy brest  
To see whether it or paradise were best,  
And still doth doubt heaven scarce a blisse would bee  
were it not sure even<sup>1003</sup> there to dwell in thee.

---

<sup>1001</sup> BL Add. 30259] Verses of...upon the death of his kinswoman the Lady Venetia Digby

<sup>1002</sup> BL Add. 25707, fol. 155] devinenes

<sup>1003</sup> BL Add. 25707, fol. 155] ever

Lord Digby

=====

**First Line:** “If arte weare propper for a mourning dress”

**The Author:** Thomas May (ca. 1596-1650) was born in Mayfield, Sussex, to Sir Thomas May and Barbara Rich. He entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge in 1609 (B.A., 1613) and Gray’s Inn in 1615. He soon became involved in the literary world of London, writing plays, poems, and translations, of which the most significant was his rendering of Lucan's *Pharsalia*. See *Oxford DNB*.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 192; BL Add. 30259, fol. 11; Folger V.a.160, fol. 13r; Folger V.a.322, p. 61

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 192

**Title:** An Elegie uppon the Ladye Digby.

Iff Arte weare proppor [sic] In A Mourning Dress  
Iff Dull Amazinge sorrow coulde express  
Itt’s selfe, in noumbers sweet, in gracefull Ryme,  
Or keepe In sighes, or sobbs, a tunefull tyme  
How could I wishe, faire soule, that I had skill  
To clothe soe true a griffe [sic], that from my quill  
The brightest pearles, that Helicon e’re knewe  
Or men Admir’d might dropp: that I could strew  
The brightest pearles, uppon thy honord grave  
That all the gardens of the Muses have 10  
And that my selfe, knowne in noe verse might bee  
but In the sorrow I express for thee.  
But Griffis A Tirant, as hee doth excite,  
My strongest thoughts, hee Dulls mee, when I wright  
That my Rude Accents, may bee thought to bee  
A Conclamation,<sup>1004</sup> not an Elegy  
Ile onlye say the Noble Digbys dead  
And that the white Angelicke soule is fled  
From her fayre Pallace, whear the Graces Held  
Their state, whear though the workmanshipp excelld 20  
yett woundres Rich weare the Materiall too  
That from her vaynes Imediattly did flowe  
Two subjects bloode, the Greatest of this Land  
The blood of Derbye and Northumberland

---

<sup>1004</sup> conclamation] a joint outcry, especially of sorrow for the dead (May's use of it in his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* (1627) is the first recorded in the *OED*).

That thence this Bewtious fabricke was ~~Compo~~ ~~Compse~~ Composed  
 W<sup>ch</sup> in itselfe A purer mynd enclos'd  
 And tell the world that Jewell now is gone  
 W<sup>ch</sup> Late w<sup>th</sup> such Admired Luster shone  
 Whose pretious Mettall was her noble mynd steem<sup>1005</sup>  
 The fashon [sic], Bewtye, and her soule the theme 30  
 That Jemm as first derived from heaven, againe  
 Is thether gone, for ever to Remayne  
 Ther gentle soule, possess thy latest rest  
 Whilst here on Earth, thy noble Digbyes brest  
 [193]  
 Enteres<sup>1006</sup> the love, And Memorye of shee<sup>1007</sup>  
 W<sup>th</sup>in that Brest, shall thy Deare figure bee  
 preserved still; still to dwell soe neare  
 The Heroicke vertues, that Inhabitt there  
 And to bee Lodg'd In that Majestick Roome  
 The Egiptian Queene had not soe brave A Tombe<sup>1008</sup> 40

finis T: May

---

<sup>1005</sup> steem] valuation.

<sup>1006</sup> Folger V.a.160] Interrs

<sup>1007</sup> Folger V.a.160] thee

<sup>1008</sup> May's play *Cleopatra* was written in 1626.

20 November 1633

Scott, Walter, 1st earl of Buccleuch

**The Subject:** Walter Scott, first earl of Buccleuch was the son and heir of Walter Scott, 1st Lord Scott of Buccleuch (ca. 1565-1611), who was a noted political and cultural force in the Scottish Borders. His mother was Mary Ker, daughter of Sir William Ker of Cessford. His father also served as a military leader of Protestant forces in the Low Countries between 1604 and 1609. Scott married Lady Mary Hay (the daughter of Francis Hay, the 9th Earl of Erroll, and Elizabeth Douglas) in 1616. He became the first earl of Buccleuch in March 1619. Like his father, Buccleuch led Scottish forces fighting on the Protestant side in the Low Countries. He died there, but was buried in Hawick, Roxburghshire in June 1634. See *Oxford DNB* on his father, “Walter Scott, 1st Lord Scott of Buccleuch”.<sup>1009</sup>

**The Author:** See the entry for Mary Scott, countess of Buccleuch (d. 11 April 1631) above. The poem suggests that the poet knew Buccleuch by sight, if not in a greater capacity, and his “souldiers griefe” indicates that his relationship with Buccleuch was primarily a military one.

**Manuscript Copies:** NLS MS. 1806, fol. 31

**Copy Text:** NLS MS. 1806, fol. 31

This manuscript version is a copy of the poem as it was printed in Middelburg, Zeeland. No copy of that printed edition is known. The poem was included in the rare volume, *Various pieces of fugitive Scotch [sic] poetry*, ed. David Laing (1853).

**Title:** "Aretophel, or, A funeral elegy on the death of .... Walter, Earle of Buccleuche"

ARETOPHEL.<sup>1010</sup>

OR

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

on the Death of

The Right Honourable

Walter Earle of Buccleuche, Lorde Scot

of Whitcheater and Eske-dale,<sup>1011</sup> Baron of Branx-

home,<sup>1012</sup> Crighton,<sup>1013</sup> Newarke<sup>1014</sup> and Haylles,<sup>1015</sup> & c.

one of his Majesties most Honourable privy Counsell  
in the Kingdome of Scotlande.

---

<sup>1009</sup> See also W. Fraser, *The Scotts of Buccleuch*, 2 vols. (1878).

<sup>1010</sup> Aretophel] in imitation of Sir Philip Sidney as “Astrophil”, “Aretophel” would roughly translate as “lover of justice”.

<sup>1011</sup> Other titles associated with the Dukedom of Buccleuch.

<sup>1012</sup> Branxhome] Branxholme is a hamlet in the Scottish Borders area of Scotland, three miles southwest of Hawick.

<sup>1013</sup> Crighton] Crichton is a small village and parish in Midlothian (Scotland), just south of Pathhead and east of Gorebridge.

<sup>1014</sup> Newarke] Newark Castle, Selkirkshire, was a seat of the Scotts of Buccleuch.

<sup>1015</sup> Haylles] presumably Hailes Castle, East Lothian.

And  
Colonel of an Scottishe Regiment in the service of  
the Highe and Mighty Lordes the States Generall  
of the united provinces.

BY  
G. Lauder, Captaine in the Same Regement.

AT MIDDELBURGH.  
printed by John vander Hellen, dwelling upon the great Market

[A1v]

To the Right Honourable and  
Hopefull Lorde Francis now Earle  
of Buccleuche.<sup>1016</sup>

If in your mourninge trayne with heavy cheere,  
Great (litle) Lorde, this Soldier Muse appeare,  
Shee comes an interest in your losse to claime,  
And waile with you; doe not her boldnes blame,  
But pardon her kynd duety; for shee would  
Had seas been calme, com'd sooner if shee could,  
Accept her zeale and shee shall humbly pray  
God lead you in your Grandsires glorious wey.

your Lo: most humble and  
heartily devoted servant.

G. LAUDER.

[A1r]

ARETOPHEL.

Fame, pray thee tel mee is it true I heare?  
Which makes my pantinge bosome fainte for feare;  
And even my soule abhorres to thinke upon,  
That my much lov'd Aretophel is gone?  
A secret greeffe distempering late my minde  
Of which no reason I could see nor finde,  
Hath in sad augur's made mee watch to weepe  
Whole nights away nor could my sorrowe sleepe,  
Or if my wearied eyes theyre lidds did close

---

<sup>1016</sup> Francis Scott (1626-51) was the only surviving son of the Walter, first earl; he became the second earl upon his father's death.

In broken slumbers and a false repose,  
 Strange visions then of Death, and ghostlie sights  
 Pale exequies, and uncouth funerall rites,  
 In Nights still horror made my soule opprest,  
 With deep-fetch'd sighes awake from such unrest.  
 When day then cal'd mee up heavens frowning browe  
 Suteing Nights shaddowes did tempestuous showe.  
 The Neighbour element in fearfull roares  
 Rush'd his rude billowes on our Lowe-fenc'd shoares,  
 And angry Neptune swelling mad the while \* Walcher  
 Did with deluges boast to drowne this \*Isle. in Zeelande.<sup>1017</sup>  
 The Gians<sup>1018</sup> and the monsters of the mayne  
 In silent tumbling's seem'd some losse to playne.

[A2v]

Blewe Doris<sup>1019</sup> with her daughters heavenly fayre;  
 Were seene to weepe and teare theyr golden hayre.  
 Our Shepherds heard lowde cries on Walcher's dounes  
 From Albion's clyffes reechöed in sad soundes.  
 All look'd so heavy where I cast mine eyes  
 From Earths cold surface to the stormy skyes,  
 That I resolv'd ere long the sad events  
 Would wound my eares which followed these portents:  
 Which ah too soone! too sure alace! I finde  
 In His greate losse whom I had still in minde.  
 For whilst those feares did fright my soule to death,  
 The babbling Goddess softlie forth did breath  
 This woefull speech; Aretophel is dead  
 Dead, Hee is dead, and now his soule is fled,  
 Unto those blessed bounds from whence it came  
 And hee on Earth is nothing but a name.

Burst forth my soule and mourne his obsequies  
 Sighe heart and breake, melt you in teares myne eyes:  
 And like to Niobe since hee is gone,  
 Greeff's showe your power and turne mee all in stone.  
 Sunne shine to mee no more his losse to light,  
 But darknes shrowd<sup>1020</sup> mee in the shades of Night.  
 And you black birds of night sad schreeking owles,  
 With dreary notes of death, soule-frighting howles  
 The musicke of misfortune come and keepe

<sup>1017</sup> Zeelande] Walcheren, an island in the far west of the Dutch province of Zeeland.

<sup>1018</sup> Sic] presumably for "Giants".

<sup>1019</sup> Doris] in Greek mythology, a sea nymph, whose name symbolized the bounty of the sea. She was also mother to Nerites and the fifty Nereids.

<sup>1020</sup> shrowd] shroud (envelop or obscure).

A Consort in my woe, that whilst I weepe,  
If mortall anguish move the heavenly powers  
To cast a looke on this lowe worlde of ours:  
His happy Ghost may in my sorrowes see  
How loathed now this life is unto mee.

Deare Lord, my fortun's hope, my hearts delight  
Thy Countryes honour art thou reft my sight?

[A2r]

Ay mee! and shall myne eyes no more beholde  
Those lookes which they with wonder star'd of olde?  
That Martiall face, those eyes in which did move  
Greatnes and Goodnes, Majestie and Love?  
Are these (ô greeffe!) the spoiles of Death become;  
And clos'd within a coffin or a Tombe?  
O fraile mortalitie! weake glorys blaize  
Soone gone, what lasts within the liste of Dayes?

Whileas my happe enjoy'd thy presence heere,  
When from the calme of Court thou didst reteere,  
In Mars his campe to court Bellona's love,  
I envy'd not there state whose fortunes prove<sup>1021</sup>  
Great princes favours, nor the pompe of those  
Whose glistering wealth no wishes wanting knows.  
Thy smile to mee and freyndly looke was more,  
Then Paris treasure,<sup>1022</sup> or Pactolus ore;<sup>1023</sup>  
All laugh'd mee thought on Belgia's sea and soile,  
The souldier did not faint with heavie toile,  
Thy brave example which a pairt did beare,  
Made paine seeme pleasing and did banish feare.  
And all the Nurselings of our Tay and Tweed  
Brave Scots; did boast to have Thee for there head,  
Great Henry<sup>1024</sup> gloried midst his warre-like bands  
(Which curbing Ibers<sup>1025</sup> pride his power withstands)  
To see Thee arm'd, lead armed Squadrons on  
Where Honour was with Valour to be wonne;  
And in thy sword did reade the fate of Spayne

\* If e're a feild should trie the Scots again.

Thy Lysis<sup>1026</sup> too, who by thy favour stood

\*As once at  
New-port.<sup>1027</sup>

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<sup>1021</sup> proove] test.

<sup>1022</sup> Paris treasure] Helen of Troy.

<sup>1023</sup> Pactolus] a river of Lydia in Asia Minor, noted for its gold deposits.

<sup>1024</sup> Great Henry] Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange.

<sup>1025</sup> Ibers] referring to the Iberian peninsula, "Hiberes" or "Iberes" was the Greek name for Spaniards.

<sup>1026</sup> Lysis] a Greek name. There was a Lysis who served as tutor of Epaminondas, a famous Greek military leader. This is an indirect way of referring to some (likely Scottish) older military figure, who was something of an instructor of Buccleuch (although Buccleuch probably ended up of higher rank and status).

Oft wish'd to seale thy service with his blood,  
But now since cruel death thy dayes did bound,  
And with cold Cypres hath thy temples croun'd,

[A3v]

The heartles souldier droops, his armes looke blacke,  
To heare that now his leader hee doth lacke.  
The Drumme sounds hoarse, nor will our Enseigns spread,  
And all there golden wreaths look pale as lead.  
To mee the weary day in darknes lowres,  
And drawes his laizie minutes into houres,  
Nights clowdie vaile hangs ore my eyes so dampe  
That it obscur's pale Phoebe's weakned lampe.  
So great Thy losse, so wide Thy want doth wounde  
That evry where thy Name with woe doth sounde.

Why did you heavens so soon the world bereave,  
Of his great worth? and all our hopes deceave?  
Ere hee applauded, charg'd with mightie spoiles  
Of Spayne, had rear'd a Trophee of her foiles?<sup>1028</sup>  
And like his Noble Sire had put to flight  
In some brave feild, remembring Roer's<sup>1029</sup> sharp fight  
There scattred troopes; or did you well forsee,  
That dark oblivion his rewaird should be,  
And that his Name should never more be found  
In Belgia's Annals (where the deeds are dround  
Of worthy Scots) then those Heroës are,  
Whose valour first did teach Her hands to warre  
And made Her see even in her lowest state,  
That Spaynards were but men and could be beate.  
Yet for his Cuntryes good the weell<sup>1031</sup> of State,  
And usefull service unto Charles the greate,  
Hee should have liv'd more long or died more brave,  
And not enrich'd so soone a silent grave.  
All those Heroïcke vertues so desir'd,  
Which in Aretophel the world admir'd,  
Those generous thoughts from vulgar base things free,  
That Spirite which would still in action be:

At Turne-  
hout.<sup>1030</sup>

---

<sup>1027</sup> New-port] the Battle of Nieuwpoort, between a Dutch army (headed by Maurice of Nassau and Francis Vere) and a Spanish army (headed by Albert of Austria) occurred on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of July 1600 near the present-day Belgian city of Nieuwpoort.

<sup>1028</sup> foiles] defeats (*OED* "foil" n.2), or swords (*OED* "foil" n.5).

<sup>1029</sup> Roer] presumably a reference to the River Roer, which flows through present-day Belgium, western Germany and the Netherlands. The precise battle meant has not been established.

<sup>1030</sup> Turne-hout] probably Turnhout, now in northern Belgium, the scene of a Dutch victory over the Spanish in 1597.

<sup>1031</sup> weele] weal, well-being.

[A3r]

That Heart in which true Honour had her seat  
Where lodged no desires but good and great,  
Were these ô Tears! Deaths tributaires, to pay  
A Common debt so long before the day?  
And but a sad remembrance leave behind  
T'upbraid theyre losse which ne'er goes out of mind.

Thrice happy Ghost, for ever happy rest,  
And now amid the glory of the blest.  
Enjoy thy other halfe which went before,  
Whome thou didst oft and heavily deplore;<sup>1032</sup>  
Taste now those pleasures sense can never prove,  
And live for ever in AEternal Love,  
Not cloy'd with cares, more great then greatest kings,  
With all the joyes the quire of Angels sings;  
Whilst Lysis<sup>1033</sup> heere belowe thy want doth mourne,  
And with his teares doth washe thy sacred urn  
Colde ashes which Earth now in trust doth keepe  
The dust of brave Aretophel asleepe,  
Lie close by those (whose fire but late gone out)  
His pious teares did sprinkle all about.  
Let no rare artiste hand vaine wonders raise  
A wandering eye to stay theron to gaize;  
Sett no Numidian pompe of Paros stone<sup>1034</sup>  
Proude coast<sup>1035</sup> and times short wonder therupon.  
Nor need those live-like stones above you stand,  
Or breathles bulkes of brasse with lampe in hand.  
All those with what proude Aegypt more can doe  
By time to ashes turn'd lie buried to:  
For age doth in his famish'd jawes devoure  
The statly Obelisques, and turneth ore  
Colosses, Columns, Therm's,<sup>1036</sup> and such weake things,  
Which Airt doth reare for monuments of Kings.<sup>1037</sup>

[A4v]

But if Apollo and the sisters nyne  
Whose labours last beyond the vaste<sup>1038</sup> of time:

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<sup>1032</sup> George Lauder also wrote an elegy on Buccleuch's wife, Mary, who had died in April of the same year. See above.

<sup>1033</sup> Lysis] continued use of the name suggests that Lauder has adopted the fictional name for himself.

<sup>1034</sup> The Aegean island of Paros was known from ancient times as a source of fine marble.

<sup>1035</sup> coast] cost?

<sup>1036</sup> Therms] a public bath or bathing establishment (*OED*).

<sup>1037</sup> Buccleuch was presumably buried in the Buccleuch vault of Saint Mary's Kirk in Hawick.

<sup>1038</sup> vaste] large space.

To unborne dayes thy glory can preserve,  
 Though not so gorgeous as Thou didst deserve,  
 Aretophel, thy Lysis heere doth vow  
 Upon thy sacred reliques resting now.  
 His mourning Muse of Sighes and Teares shall frame  
 A Mausolëum to thy noble Name:  
 In which Thy merite and his love shall live  
 With all the skill that cunning grieffe can give.  
 Thy Esks and Solweys<sup>1039</sup> swaines with hand-doune heads,  
 Who now have left to sing and broke there reed's,  
 Shall leave their flockes and from the mountaines come  
 To doe lowe homage at Thy living Tombe.  
 And that Thy memorie may last for aye  
 Shall in their Calendars give Thee a day.  
 On which Thy Name succeeding Times may raise  
 And yearly sing due pæan's to thy praise.  
 Meane while Deare Ghost sleight not these sorrowes teares,  
 In which Thy Lysis fayth and zeall appeares:  
 Though in a world-divided corner here  
 Hee live exil'd, where people more do feare  
 The seas then Spayne, whilst duelling<sup>1040</sup> in the deepe,  
 None doth thy losse with more affliction weepe.  
 And those who by the bankes of Thames did see  
 Thee leave behind the world not worthy Thee:  
 What e're their interest was in Thee, Thy losse  
 (With reverence be it spoken) did not tesse  
 Their soules so much as myn, which at the sound  
 Of these sad newes; receav'd so deepe a wound,  
 That Time can never cure the soare againe  
 But still the smart will make my passion playne.

[A4r]

Farewell Deare Lord, forgive a souldiers grieffe  
 Whose moane lacks measure as his payne reliefe,  
 These Common offrings which his duety brings  
 Accept of them in place of better things  
 And think that now His cheeffest care shall be  
 Unto the world to Time, and unto Thee  
 By some effects his Pietie to proove,  
 Which best may sute Thy Greatnes and his love,  
 And that the more to doe Hee now shall strive,  
 Since it was not perform'd to Thee alive,  
 But ah! What can Hee doe? bring to thy Hearse  
 Teare-blubbered Threnody's Lugubrious verse;  
 Rough lines unpolish'd from a barren veine

---

<sup>1039</sup> The Esk and the Solway are rivers of the Scottish Borders.

<sup>1040</sup> duelling] i.e. dwelling.

And rudely ranged in true sorrowes strayne.  
Yett to supplie the wants and lack of Art,  
Above all those shall lie His bleeding Heart.  
On which if ever Damon<sup>1041</sup> do come neare  
In pittie Hee may chance let fall a Teare.

FINIS.

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<sup>1041</sup> Damon] a traditional pastoral name, here referring to William Drummond (d. 1649). See Lauder's elegy, "Damon, or a Pastoral Elegy on the Death of his honoured Friend, William Drummond of Hawthornden."

10 December 1633  
Weston, Sir James

**The Subject:** Born before 1587, Sir James Weston was the son of James Weston and Margeria Lowe of Lichfield. His father was descended from the family of the Westons of Rugeley, Staffordshire. In 1592 he entered the Inner Temple. His long legal career culminated in his becoming Baron of the Exchequer in 1631, at which time he was also knighted. He married Maria Weston, daughter of William Weston of Kent.<sup>1042</sup> His will, which survives as NA PROB 11/165/217, identifies him as of Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire. He was buried there on Dec. 15, 1633.

**First Lines:** “Tis not too late to offer at thy Tombe”  
“If after death to men whose virtues rare”

**The Author:** Unidentified. An established connection (perhaps a tutor, secretary, or chaplain) to the family of Weston or his son-in-law Nicholas Bacon is possible. Ralph Knevet dedicated his masque, *Rhodon and Iris: A pastorall, as it was presented at the florists feast in Norwich*, to Bacon in 1631. Given that Knevet published elegies on Sir Ralph Sheldon, Sir John Burroughs, and Sir William Heydon (1628), and Lady Katherine Paston (1637), he seems a plausible candidate for this work. However, the Weston elegy in Harl. 1055 is definitely in a different handwriting than Knevet's *Supplement in Camb.* MS Ee.3.53, which is assumed to be an authorial hand.

As a presentation manuscript fully devoted to a single death of an eminent individual, it has affinities with 1630s productions by Robert Codrington (see 1635 “Fitzwilliam, Lady Winifred” below). Its unusual use of “dust” as a count noun (i.e. “dusts”) is found in nearly all of Codrington’s funeral elegies.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harl. 1055, fol. 13

**Copy Text:** BL Harl. 1055, fol. 13

**Manuscript Note:** This whole manuscript concerns the death of James Weston, Baron of the Exchequer and bears the title, “Honour's Monument, or Faire Vertues Record”. The work is dedicated to Nicholas Bacon of Gillingham, Norfolk who married Anne, the daughter of Weston. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon (1st Baronet, d. 1624) and Anne Butts. It is largely in a single neat italic hand, and the dedicatory epistle makes clear that the manuscript was meant to be the basis of a printed volume. Either no such publication occurred, or no copy survives of what was likely a small print run.

The volume includes epitaphs (in both English and Latin), the Weston coat-of-arms (and poetic comment upon), etc., but only the two elegy-like poems are included here.

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<sup>1042</sup> Edward Foss, *Biographia Iuridica*, (Boston, 1870).

**Title:**

To the honor'd name and  
Memory of S<sup>ir</sup> James  
Weston, K.<sup>t</sup> one of the  
Barons of his  
M.<sup>ty</sup> Exchequier &c: /

Tis not too late to offer at thy Tombe  
Nor out of Season can true sorrow come  
We should before have payd the Teares we owe  
Which have beene more in Essence then in showe  
But this our woofull Pen could noe agree  
Just with the Time that Brittain wept for thee  
[fol. 11v]

Let such as only Mourne for fashion Keepe  
Strictly their seasons that are hyr'd to weepe  
At Great mens Funeralls; whose hopes or feares  
Draw from their eyes, not Hearts, officious Teares  
Our sorrow is for vertue which w'ill weare  
As confidently as the Cause is deare  
And thinke our Muse better bestowed on thee  
Then upon Septred vice, For all may see  
[fol. 12r]

That are Cleare sighted thy Illustrious name  
By thy deservings Truely is the same  
And equall as the least if not precede  
The matchlesse Vertues of the Heroes dead  
Joynd in their severall worths and what we finde  
Scattered in others is in thee Combind  
Which in thy story power shall not prevent  
Nor time devoure, But this sadd monument  
[fol. 12v]

That covers Thee, in deare account shall passe  
Mausolean Marble or all during Brasse.

=====

**Title:**

True Worth's Memoriall  
A monument of Remembrance  
Erected,  
To the immortal Memory of the late truely vertuous  
Religious and worthy gentleman, S<sup>r</sup> James  
Weston, K.<sup>t</sup> One of the Barons of the Exchequer,  
Who departed this miserable and transitory life at his chamber

in the Temple the 10 December 1633./.

If after Death to men whose vertues rare  
And worthy actions memorable are

[fol. 13v]

Posterity Immortall honor pure  
Which from the Muses powerfull art doth flowe  
For their rewarde, wherby provok'd a pace  
Others are running in faire vertues race  
For S:<sup>r</sup> James Weston, worthy Barons sake,  
The mourning Muses this oblation make,  
Till now not having to his honor'd Herse,  
Pay'd all that tribute which they ought in verse

[fol. 14r]

Else what avayles \it/ in a goodly strife  
The good t'exceed the wicked in their life  
Upon this face of Earth, here to contend,  
Should both be like obscured in their end  
Untill which end there's none rightly can  
Be termed happy, the happinesse of man  
Depends upon his worth and goodnesse,  
Which afterwards, the Muses will expresse,

[fol. 14v]

And though sterne Death has born away this Prize  
Whose worth the poore world scarce can equalize  
Yet shall He live, although deprivde of Breath  
Saincted in Heaven and renown'de on Earth  
Hee was possest of much, and in full measure  
Did in his Bosome Thousand vertues Treasure!  
O how uncertain are the dayes of man:

Suppose we shunne the Stormy Ocean

[fol. 15r]

And stand agast at Canons fearefull noies  
Yet many daungers undermine our Joyes,  
Admitt man put Achilles armour on  
That never could be pirc't by force of iron,  
Or live enclos'd in Towers of Brasse or stone,  
Such as no power of enemy can environ  
Yet are we not secure from stroke of Death,  
That we least feare deprives us of our Breath

[fol. 15v]

Three score and ten the life and Age of man  
In holy Davids eye was but a span  
And halfe that time is lost and spent in sleepe  
So only thirty five for use we keepe  
Our dayes of youth must be abated all

Childhood and youth wise Salomon doth call  
But vanitie for vanitie he sayes  
Is what befalls us in our Childish dayes.

[fol. 16r]

Our dayes of Age wee take no pleasure in  
And those of sorrow wish had never bin  
So age deducted, youth and sleepe and sorrow  
Only one span is all the life we borrowe.  
For what's on Earth perdurable? If Fame,  
Honor, Reverence, if Charitie, good Name,  
Grace, favour, merit (for in him was lost  
Nothing of which Mortalitie can boast)

[fol. 16v]

If any one of these, or All, could have  
Repriv'd our worthy BARON from the Grave  
Weston who died bewayld alive had stood  
Since all perfections did enrich his blood  
Most sacred by his Memory, outwasting  
All Genealogies: and Ever-lasting  
Whilest there be Elements, Starre, Orbe or Spheare  
Dayes, Sunne, or Nights, Moone, to direct the yeare

[fol. 17r]

Whilest there be seasons n'am'd<sup>1043</sup>, Autumne or Spring  
Ought being, or, what may be calld a thing  
Nor is he dead, let that our comfort be  
Death's like the Basiliske, if he first see  
The object perisheth: but being espide  
Falls: he saw Death first, killd him, so Death Dyde  
And he still lives in Glory, why should then  
Teares, Sighes, or the least Griefe afflict us, when  
All are most confident, He is now possest  
Of what we yet but ayme at, Heavenly rest

[fol. 17v]

Or if you needs will his sad Death deplore  
Know, no laments, can him thats dead restore

Suprime iam Lacrymas non est revocabilis istis  
Quem semel unbrifera<sup>1044</sup>, Navita vintre tulit  
Nam regidium his est, et Inevitabile Mortis.<sup>1045</sup>

Man is no sooner borne, but man decayes  
And as a shaddowe are on Earth his dayes  
Much like the water spilt upon the ground  
Which soakes away and can no more bee found

---

<sup>1043</sup> [Sic]

<sup>1044</sup> Sic, but a suspect error for "unbrifera": shady.

<sup>1045</sup> From Ovid, "Consolatio ad Liviam", ll. 427-9: "Refrain at last thy tears: they will not call him back whom once the ferryman has borne in the ghost-laden skiff." {Loeb}

So soone our life is lost, so soone its light  
Doth fade and vanish shining nere so bright<sup>1046</sup>

[fol. 18r]

Since life then so uncertain is and fraile,  
That like unskillfull Marriners we saile  
Through unknowne Seas: and quicksands everywhere,  
Shallowes and Rockes, and know not how to steare  
A desperate Course ere we in Peeces shake  
Our Crazyed Bottoms, This short Counsell take  
Twixt Hope, Care, Feare and passion w:<sup>ch</sup> thou hast  
Thinke every Howre before thee is thy last  
So by this meanes for all thy after deeds  
Th'art bound unto each Minute that succeeds

[fol. 18v]

All sublinary things, their beings owe  
To future ruine: nothing said to grow  
But being once ripe to fall: when we beginne  
Once to be tainted with Originall Sinne  
The very first howre of our earthly strife  
Doth take an Howre off, from our future life

Laeta sit ista dies nescitur origo secundi

An labor, an requies, sic transit Gloria Mundi:<sup>1047</sup>

And wisdom saith, this worlds felicitie  
Truely examin'd is but vanitie

[fol. 19r]

It is most true, this Age is vaine and strange  
Time comes by turnes with unexpected change:  
Behold Great men of fame and rich renowne  
Death in their highest vigour, Pulls them Downe  
Then what are we but fooles of selfe conceite  
All what we have, stands of a stagg'ring state  
We weeping come into this world of Cares  
Scarse is our prime, when wintring Age declares  
What weightie grieffe our body doth oppresse  
When all our life's but battels of distresse

[fol. 19v]

Bred with sinne, borne with woe, our life is paine  
Which still attends us, to our Grave againe  
Then Earthly slime, wherein consists thy pride  
In that faire bed of wormes where thou must bide  
Oh? know that Glory goes into the ground

---

<sup>1046</sup> "vanish" and "shining" are separated by an odd space, but the line is complete metrically without any further word or syllable.

<sup>1047</sup> These two lines are also quoted in *The anatomie of humors* (1609) by Simion Grahame. See also *Les mémoires d'un curé de Paris (1557-1590): au temps des guerres de religion*. ed. Jehan de La Fosse, p. 174, where they are ascribed to "Quidam rex Scotus, cum <moreteretur> coramneretur haec dixit".

That thy faire face most filthy shall be found  
Our Sunne shine Joyes, Time swiftly sweepes away  
This night we live, and dye before the day  
What's Gentry then? what's noblesse? Greatnesse? what  
The Civill purple, or the Clergy Hatt  
[fol. 20r]

The Coronet, or Miter; Nay the Crowne  
Imperiall? what is Potencie, Renowne,  
Ovations, Triumph, or the Conquering Bayes  
Wisdome or Wealth, Can these add to thy Dayes  
A Minute? No, a suddaine chance will fall  
Which from thy mirth will thee to Mourning call  
Inquire of Roman Brutus surnam'd Just  
Or Salomon the wise, they both are Dust  
Learned Aristotle, Plato the Divine  
From Earth they came, and Earth they now are thine  
[fol. 20v]

Where are the worthies? where the Rich, or Faire  
Where now the poore, or the Deformed are  
Differing in Life, in Death they are the same  
And though unequall Tombes, have equall Fame  
What attributes may we to Homer give,  
And other Poets, by whom all These live  
Who as their Putred flesh is long since rotten  
So in their obscure Graves had lyen forgotten  
Like Common Men: Had not their Muse high flying  
Kept both those worthies, & themselves from dying  
[fol. 21r]

We see the Conquerors with the Captaines spread  
And lodgde in Earth, as in the common bedd  
The All-commanding Generall hath no spanne  
Of Earth allowde, more then the common man  
Folly with wisdome hath an equall share  
The Faire and Fowle, alike Intombed are  
This is of all Mortalitie the end  
Thirsites with Næreus<sup>1048</sup> dares contend  
And with Achilles, he hath equall place  
That living durst not looke him in the face,  
[fol. 21v]

The Servant with his Master, and the Maide  
With her proud Mistresse, both their heads are laide  
Upon an equall Pillow, Subjects keepe  
Like Courts with Kings: I, and as softly sleepe  
Resting their heades upon a Turfe of Grasse  
As they on Marble, or on figured Brasse

---

<sup>1048</sup> Naereus] the sea god? He appears with Thersites in Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*.

Blind Homer in the Grave lyes doubly darke  
Against him now base Zoylus dares not barke  
Be this then no small comfort unto you  
King, Prince, and the Nobilitie that knew  
[fol. 22r]

Our Weston's worth, his wisdom, vertue, Pietie  
Zeale to the sacred Trine, the unite Deitie  
Yet though his body be confinde to dust  
His Soule still lives amongst the blest, The Just  
Before remembred with the valiant, wise,  
And such as strove all goodnesse to comprise  
He was possest of much, and in full measure  
Did in his Bosome Thousand vertues Treasure  
Which on this Earth hee did but put to loane  
Glories for vertues, he hath ten to one  
[fol. 22v]

Being like an Orenge tree, on which was seene  
Still fruit though gather'd, yet from likewise greene  
Nor let such as lament him, blame the Fates  
Be they the Commons Gentry, or the States  
That want his noble wisdom to assist  
In Counsels by which common weales exist  
And have their flourishing being, blaming Time  
That snatcht from Them a Father in his prime  
Rarely compleate: For let all men knowe  
He onely paid a dept<sup>1049</sup> which he did owe  
[fol. 23r]

To God and Nature, nor can frailtie, sinne,  
Transgresse those limits we are bounded In  
He's free from Care with which this Earth is fraught  
And Pale-fac't Death hath life unto him brought  
This sure he knew full well or else more feare  
Would have possest him, when as Death did teare  
His Soule out of his Pious holy breast  
But he did know it was the way to the rest  
Hee did with faithfull Eyes his Name behold  
Which was in the blest booke of life inrold,  
[fol. 23v]

And then his Contemplation higher flying  
He fear'd not Death, nor was afraid of Dying  
No more then is the Prisonner strongly guarded  
That hopes with Freedome to be soone rewarded  
So was it with his Soule, when Death drew neare  
It rather filled was with Joy, then feare  
Death seem'd not gastly to his Ghostly Spright

---

<sup>1049</sup> Sic.

Cause while hee liv'd he did in Death delight  
The stroke and strenght of Death, he often try'd  
For in his holy life hee dayly dyd

[fol. 24r]

He likewise knew that Death was but a droane  
Because he saw the sting of it was gone  
His Faith's eye saw one, hanging on a Tree  
By whose great power Death seemed dead to bee  
He knew Christ so, Death by his Death did mend  
He made it his last foe, and his first friend  
For as Physitians poysonous vipers beat  
Till they their venome voyd, then healthfull meat  
Doe of the flesh compose: so thou oh Lord,  
Dost to thy Sacred Saints, this blisse afford

[fol. 24v]

That grisly Death should not cause sad annoy  
Unto thy Members, but bring heav'nly Joy  
For when his Soule had this Earths lump forsooke  
It, by the swift wing'd Posts of Heav'n, is tooke  
Christs All-delight full presence to behold  
Which ever lives, and yet is never old  
This made him like a patient Lambe to lie  
And breath forth nought but blis, when he did die  
And when from sight of Earth, his Lights shut were  
The blessed Land did to's Soule's eyes appeare

[fol. 25r]

When Death closing his lips forbade to speake  
In silence He his minde to God did breake  
And when Death had extinguisht Natures fire  
His Soule was free, and had her blest desire  
Thus did Brave Weston, who most vertuously  
And mildly liv'd, most sweet, and mildly die  
And for the good of Age to come have I  
Propagated to his noble memory  
This Living Record of the worth hee had  
Something unto thy fortune it doth adde

[fol. 25v]

Above thy wealth for *Weston* heere thou hast  
This monument of thee, which still shall last  
Which doth not to each wealthy men befall  
For behold how many when they die, die all  
Leaving their mundane greatnesse to forget fullnesse<sup>1050</sup>  
For honour never brought unworthinesse  
Further then to the Grave, and there it parts  
Then this oblation argues thy great deserts

---

<sup>1050</sup> Sic, gap in "forget fullness".

For we do see that nettles, Thisles, brakes,  
The proudest frames, that mans invention makes  
[fol. 26r]

To hold his memory when he is gone  
The poorest workes of nature tread upon  
But matchlesse *Weston* hath a more lasting tombe  
Which is erected in a safer Roome  
There is no sumptuous monument can last  
Like those Divine vertue ever in him grac't  
His due deserts, this sentence on him gives  
He died in life yet in his death he lives  
Who herein hath for ever happy prov'd  
In Life he Liv'd, in Death he Died below'd./  
[fol. 26v]

There is no man, though he before were gladd  
But when he thinkes that wee brave *Weston* had  
And now have lost him, though he be Divine  
Made by his Death, yet will his Eyes drop brine  
All them that Knewe Him well do weepe their turne  
And in their hearts though, not in habit mourne  
But for themselves, not him, let them Lament  
Whose happinesse is growne his punishment  
Me thinkes I see all Arts doe hang their head  
Even since the mournfull minute he was dead  
[fol. 27r]

For he himselfe was learnings Lampe, and lent  
Favour to such as were to study bent  
He to Religious Pastors was a Chield  
And unto them encouradgement did yeilde  
He would accept the offering of their quill  
Not with a loathnesse as against his will  
But with much affability, and then  
He was exceeding liberall to those men  
In whom he found true Scholarshipp and witt  
Which fairely testified he valu'd it,  
[fol. 27v]

Milde, affable, and easy of accesse  
He was but with a due reservednesse  
So that the passage to his favour say  
Not common, yet it gave a gentle way  
To such as fitly might, or ought to passe  
And such his coustume and his manner was  
Ambitious thoughts, did never breake his sleepe  
Nor howe to gett unjustly, not to keepe  
Commodities hee tooke not upon day  
Nor made men loose, their gaines by long delay

[fol. 28r]

He entertain'd them not with promises,  
Hee lov'd not poore mens sad attendances,  
He was a man that lov'd not great commerse  
With businesse, fearing that it might disperse  
Him, into other mens uncertainties,  
Whose giddy headed bazings,<sup>1051</sup> he still flies  
And with a quiet calme sincerity  
Effects, his undertakings really  
His tongue and heart, did n'ere turne back but went  
One way, and kept one course with what he ment,

[fol. 28v]

The friendshipps that he vow'd most constant were  
He us'd noe maske at all, but allwayes ware  
His honest inclination open fac'd  
With judgement were his deepe affections plac'd  
He was descended from Religious blood  
And by his nature he was truely good,  
His enemies (if enemies he had)  
Cannot reprove him \of ought/ that was bad  
Rich in vertue, offspring, honour, Grace,  
Yet could not all prolong his vitall race

[fol. 29r]

Mans life's a Goale, one Death th'end of that Race  
But thousand by-paths, lead unto the place  
From th'East, the West, the South, the North, all come  
Some slowe, some swift pac'd to this generall doome  
These by the warres fall, these the Seas devoure  
Certaine is Death, uncertain most the howre  
Some die of Joy, others with Griefe expire  
Beneath cold Artos<sup>1052</sup> some, other by fire  
The Torrid Zone casts, forcing them to indure  
The mad infection, call'd the Callenture

[fol. 29v]

Some the spring challengeth, and some the Fall  
Winter and Summer others: but Death all  
Diseases infinite Haunt man alone  
Cold Aches, Feavers, the Apoplex, the Stone  
The winde, the Gowt, the Crampe, the Dropsie, these  
Palsies and Aches on our bodies ceaze  
But Surfets not, which as Phisitions say  
Have in the world of men been more decay  
Then (if I may take a great Artists word)  
Have died by Plague, by Famine, or the Sword

---

<sup>1051</sup> bazing] not in *OED*; "baze", a verb meaning to startle or frighten may be the root of this coinage.

<sup>1052</sup> Artos] a variant of "Arctus", the northern constellation.

[fol. 30r]

This heaven permits and how may then poore man  
Countest<sup>1053</sup> against it, none so weake but can  
Take from his owne and others sundry wayes  
But yet not adde one Minute to their dayes,  
Theres never any had a heart lesse swerving  
Nor was at more command most truely serving  
Under the regiment of his own care  
And colours, of that honestie he bare  
Then that by his, who never more was knowne  
To use immodest act that might have showne

[fol. 30v]

The touch, but of a word that was obseane  
Or cogitation any way uncleane  
All which, if that they can to glory raise  
And being knit to one can merit praise  
In after times, then justly may we say  
No name is like to live a longer day  
The many houres until the day of doome  
Will not his dateless memory consume  
He leaves a deathlesse memory and fame  
To be an honor to the *Westons* name

[fol. 31r]

And family, from whence he had descent  
Which by his worth he made more eminent  
His Corps return'd to Earth from whence it came  
But from his acts doth rise his worthy fame  
Immortall man whose name shall never die  
but shall survive to \all/ Eternitie.  
How can the memory of such a spirit  
Whose deeds of very Envy got his merit  
Ever forgotten be? whom to just praise  
The worthy actions of his life did raise

[fol. 31v]

All you the worthies of our present dayes  
Whose judgement and experience know the wayes  
Conversed with his actions and intents  
In private and in publike managements  
To your true understandings it is knowne  
That he might claime all honors for his owne  
Unto what key shall I my dull Muse raise  
To commend Him, that fame exceeds all praise  
What I but only strive at, had I done  
I should but light a Taper fore the Sunne

[fol. 32r]

---

<sup>1053</sup> Sic, for "contest".

Burning a Lampe at midday and still owe  
The dead but speaking that which all men know  
For sith this worthy, did deserve to be  
Plac'd in the highest skye from thence to see  
The deeds of wretched mortalls being blest  
And free from miseries which men molest  
I, then to immortalitie, to rest  
To that high place prepared for the blest  
Before the first of Dayes, His glorious Soule  
I will bequeath (there amongst Saints to inrowle)  
[fol. 32v]

His memory in this Regenerate Birth  
And what from Earth first came againe to earth  
No muttering envy, what canst thou produce  
(Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse)  
How canst thou cloud the luster of these parts  
Say, what defects could weigh downe such deserts  
Summon detraction to object the worst  
It cannot finde a blemish to be'nforc'd  
(Though spittefully it utter all it can)  
Against him other then he was a man  
[fol. 33r]

And build<sup>1054</sup> of flesh and blood, and did live here  
Where all perfections never did appeare  
To meet with any one so really  
Within the region of infirmity  
For though his frailtie ever did bewray  
Unto the world that he was set in clay  
Yet his true vertues, and his worthinesse  
Being seene so farre above his weakenesse  
Must ever shine whilst th'other underground  
With his fraile part shall never more be found  
[fol. 33v]

His monument while history doth last  
Shall never be forgotten or defac'd

finis

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<sup>1054</sup> Sic.

1633

Bruch, Atherton

**The Subject:** Atherton Bruch was of a Lancaster family and matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1615 at the age of 16. He proceeded B.A. in 1617 and M.A. in 1621, at which time he became a Fellow of Brasenose. He was appointed a proctor of the same in 1631 (although quickly removed by the king, presumably because of his Puritan tendencies). He received his B.D. in 1633 at which time he was licensed to preach. From “Whilst others write I’le weepe into a stone” it seems that Bruch died while or shortly after preaching. His will was proved on 12 Dec. 1633.<sup>1055</sup>

**First Line:** “Hard heart canst read, hath not a shower of teares”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 105v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 105v

**Title:** “On y<sup>e</sup> death of M<sup>r</sup> Atherton Bruch of Brasenose colledge”

Hard heart canst read, hath not a shower of teares  
dimm’d thy souls casements, w<sup>t</sup> art thou y<sup>t</sup> beares  
A Publique losse soe light wert thou his heyre  
yet weepe for cresses,<sup>1056</sup> wealth can us repayre  
The losse of soe much goodnesse soe much art  
If th’upper springs bee drye then let thy hart  
drop teares of blood the times y<sup>t</sup> are to come  
will not soe well deserve them as this tomb  
Is thy eye ffroze, hast seene Medusa’s head  
weepe though thou turne to flint for Bruch is dead  
Open y<sup>e</sup> ffloodgates of thy drowned eyes  
lift them up quite ffor here interred lyes  
Vertues best patterne whom both life and death  
enobled would you mor; trust not y<sup>e</sup> breath  
of vulgar censures ask y<sup>e</sup> Kinge and Court  
And let his mother Oxon: make report  
w<sup>t</sup> her officious sonne deserv’d then know  
y<sup>t</sup> my Hyperboles doe strike too low,  
[106r] Here in this bed of earth sleeps hee y<sup>t</sup> try’d  
The worst of death and yet lives though dyed

---

<sup>1055</sup> John Griffiths, *An index to wills proved in the Court of the chancellor of the University of Oxford* (Oxford, 1862).

<sup>1056</sup> The sense is uncertain.

T'was onely mortall ~~in~~ hee did cease to bee  
Then streight began his immortallitye  
ffor to bee borne againe hee shewed y<sup>e</sup> way  
his mothers wombe reentered cloth'd in clay

-----  
**First Line:** “Poets aeternally bee dumbe, youre verse”

**The Author:** William Aldersey (b. ca. 1612). Arents S288 provides the full identification: “*Gulielmus Aldersey ex Coll. AEneinasi Socius*”. The son of William Aldersey of Chester, the poet matriculated at Brasenose in 1631, and graduated B.A. (1633) and M.A. (1635). He served as a Fellow at Brasenose from 1634, but shifted to Cambridge in 1639, where he died on May 29, 1642, with burial in the Temple Church of Cambridge.<sup>1057</sup>

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 62v; Arents S288, p. 89

**Copy Text:** Ashmole 47, fol. 62v

**Title:** “In eundem [Atherton Bruch]”<sup>1058</sup>

Poets aeternally bee dumbe, youre verse  
is farre too poore, too base, to decke his hearse:  
ffor ther's noe Lustre y<sup>t</sup> your rimes can give  
more then his name (Learned Bruch) can make him live  
No pen can write thee Bruch unlesse it have  
Its tinctur ffrom thine actions pure and brave  
bee learn'd bee innocent bee vertuous ffree  
ffrom the least staynes of best of men like thee  
Be good above our common lot divine  
As may upbrayd a spotlesse saynt like thine  
[63r] Admired sweetenesse, meeke, and ffacile, cha{st}  
Above a noted vestall, holy, hast  
thou his pietye his zeale, art<sup>1059</sup> he  
whom nature maks her sampler, draws w<sup>n</sup> shee  
strives most to make up man? hast arts?  
hast read<sup>1060</sup> all learning and digested it? hast led  
An Angells life and dyed a S<sup>t</sup>? then come  
And sing his elegye or else bee dumbe

---

<sup>1057</sup> Foster.

<sup>1058</sup> Arents S288] On the death of M<sup>r</sup> Bruch of Brazen-nose Colledge in Oxon.

<sup>1059</sup> Arents S288 supplies a comma here, which clarifies that “art” is the final noun in a list of accomplishments.

<sup>1060</sup> Arents S288 has “hast read” as the concluding two syllables a previous line, a rendering supported by the rhyme and meter.

Gul: Ald:

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**First Line:** “some men desire w<sup>n</sup> their ffrinds bodye must”

**The Author:** Michael Smallwoode of Brasenose.<sup>1061</sup> No *Michael* Smallwoode is listed in Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses* but a Matthew Smallwood listed there seems likely. Born about 1615 to James Smallwoode of Middlewicke, Cheshire, he matriculated at Brasenose in 1632-3, and graduated B.A. (1634); M.A. (1642), and D.D. (1660). Clearly a royalist, he quickly was granted a range of ecclesiastical positions after the Restoration: chaplain to Charles II, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral (1660), and a number of church livings in the northwest. Finally, in 1671 he was named Dean of Lichfield 1671, in which cathedral he was buried following his death in 1683.<sup>1062</sup>

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol 63v; Arents S288, pp. 90-2

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol 63v

**Title:** "In eundem [on Atherton Bruch]"

some men desire w<sup>n</sup> their ffrinds bodye must  
resolved bee to its first matter dust  
To know y<sup>e</sup> cause of w<sup>1063</sup> greife hee did dye  
w<sup>t</sup> were y<sup>e</sup> symptomes of his death and why  
his doctor sav'd him not w<sup>n</sup> hee good man  
can doe noe more then a Phisitian can,  
thus then the cause he yeilded up his life  
was cause all vertues ffor him where<sup>1064</sup> at strife  
[64r] Minerva for his head, Pallas his brest  
one strove ffor this part others ffor y<sup>e</sup> rest,  
All could not have him all, yet they all strove  
to have him all, till his<sup>1065</sup> all ceas'd to moove  
one could not have him all yet all did straine  
To bee y<sup>t</sup> one w<sup>ch</sup> should him all obtaine  
Thus tortur'd they his soule till at y<sup>e</sup> last,  
his life he gladly ventur'd at one cast  
And since w<sup>th</sup> us hee rest could never find,  
hee onely to us leaves his corps behind,  
The speares noe sooner heare this but they cry  
and turn'd<sup>1066</sup> y<sup>r</sup> musicke to an Elegye

---

<sup>1061</sup> Identified in Arents S288.

<sup>1062</sup> Foster, *Alum. Oxon.*

<sup>1063</sup> Arents S288] y<sup>t</sup>

<sup>1064</sup> Arents S288] were

<sup>1065</sup> Arents S288] hees

<sup>1066</sup> Arents S288] tune

Sol masks<sup>1067</sup> his fface and some have heard him say  
 That for this cause he'ele not shine hott till may  
 Phoebe w<sup>th</sup>holds her light and doth mayntayne  
 Because hee dyed shee mourned out of her wayn  
 The clouds dissolve to teares and weeping they  
 Afford us since his death not one fayre day,  
 see how y<sup>e</sup> heavens wept and every starre  
 wore blacke at his sad ffall, how y<sup>e</sup> late war[re]  
 and tumult of the winds grew husht and still  
 as his ffaint Pulse, w<sup>ch</sup> therefore beats not ill  
 cause not at all, ffor then our Bruch began  
 especially to bee when hee left man,  
 soe doth noe good man live<sup>1068</sup> untill his death  
 And then best draweth, w<sup>n</sup> hee looseth breath  
 Then see w<sup>th</sup> how great art and love hee was  
 [64v] molded ffor heaven and joy for to let passe  
 more vulgar praeparations hee was blest  
 w<sup>th</sup> a long happy sicknesse soe found rest  
 In y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> troubles others and like Paul  
 dy'd not soe much as was dissolve'd<sup>1069</sup> ffor all  
 his life was Practise and soe well and fast  
 he dyed to sinns y<sup>ts</sup> bodye fear'd at last  
 To imitate his soule w<sup>ch</sup> that the one  
 might happyer be, sufferd division,  
 Then see how these two parted not as they  
 whose ffearefull guilt wisheth a longer stay  
 hee burn't w<sup>th</sup> noe blacke arts whose secret lash  
 might cause him thinke his ffate too swift or rash  
 But innocent and good just as that while  
 of life hee us'd soe left us in a smile  
 Thus good mens joys begin w<sup>n</sup> they loose life  
 Thence taking comfort whence no cause of grife  
 chyde not the ffates then twas y<sup>t</sup> charitye  
 To helpe him on his way soe fit to dye  
 ffitt did I say when had his yeares beene tould  
 allmost againe he had come short of old  
 yett hee was ffitt men gray and full of days  
 Are not old allwayes therefore such as these  
 may children bee wee must not number age  
 ffrom dayes and yeares but ffrom how good and sage  
 [fol. 65r] Thus thou, grave<sup>1070</sup> soule wh'art ancient past thy yeares  
 And soe op'st wider sluces to our teares,

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<sup>1067</sup> Arents S288] maskt

<sup>1068</sup> Arents S288] land

<sup>1069</sup> An echo of the well-known "cupio dissolvi" passage in Philippians 1:23-24.

<sup>1070</sup> Arents S288] deare

Had thou bene worse then fflatterers or unwise  
some common drops would serve wrung ffrom our eyes  
But to bee such to speake truth and to bee  
w<sup>th</sup> danger honnest asks an Elegye  
fflowing in teares of blood whose every line  
would fforce y<sup>e</sup> reader crye that it was thine  
To this I am not growne but w<sup>ch</sup> is best  
Although I cannot sing I'le weepe y<sup>e</sup> rest  
M: S:

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**First Line:** “Though t'is soe common growne to sygh in verse”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 62r; Huntington HM 116, p. 82; Arents S288, pp. 28-9

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 62r

**The Author:** Raph Byrom (or Byron)<sup>1071</sup> was, like the subject, of Brasenose College. He graduated B.A. in 1633, and M.A. in 1635. He was to receive his B.D. in 1648 but was ejected by the Parliamentary Visitors to Oxford.

**Title:** "In obitum M<sup>r</sup> Athertoni Bruch"<sup>1072</sup>

Though t'is soe common growne to sygh in verse  
to weepe in Epitaphs that to rehearse  
A reall sorrow now would seeme to bee  
The offspring not of greife but poetrye  
Though every mercenary rimer dares  
Lament himselfe to marble melt to teares  
Belye y<sup>e</sup> dead and rayse him to y<sup>e</sup> skye  
who in no judgement, but of Charitye,<sup>1073</sup>  
[62v] was likely to come there that now we must  
Be thought to fayne although wee prayse y<sup>e</sup> Just<sup>1074</sup>  
yet (reader) that wee noe complaints devise  
Thou hast<sup>1075</sup> assurance ffrom y<sup>e</sup> publicke eyes  
view y<sup>e</sup> dejected looks and broken paces  
was<sup>1076</sup> drown'd in teares deepe sighs and blubred<sup>1077</sup> ffaces  
marke how each emulous<sup>1078</sup> teare contends w<sup>th</sup> other

<sup>1071</sup> The poet is identified in Arents S288 and HM 116.

<sup>1072</sup> Arents S288] “On the death of M<sup>r</sup> Bruch fellow of Brasen-nose Coll: Oxon<sup>r</sup>”

<sup>1073</sup> HM 116 has “poetry” scratched out and replaced by “charity”.

<sup>1074</sup> HM 116 unclear: possibly “in just”.

<sup>1075</sup> Arents S288] y<sup>u</sup> maist have

<sup>1076</sup> HM 116] syns; Arents S288] eyes. The last makes most sense.

<sup>1077</sup> Arents S288] bubled

both thronging<sup>1079</sup> to bee ffirst<sup>1080</sup> gush out together  
And sorrows ffearing they should dye unknowne  
discharge themselvs into a powerfull groane  
each scholler droops<sup>1081</sup> as if hee thought he had  
Acquir'd a dignity by being more<sup>1082</sup> sad  
Sure y<sup>t</sup> noe common ffunerall appears  
An Academye celebrates in<sup>1083</sup> teares,  
ffor<sup>1084</sup> t'is a Bruch (reader) wouldst thou have more  
Let others speake his vertues i'le adore

R: B:

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**First Line:** “Whilst others write I'le weepe into a stone”

**The Author:** Edward Gee (1613-60)<sup>1085</sup> was born at Banbury in Oxfordshire. He was the son of Rev. George Gee (d. 1636) of Newton in Manchester and the nephew of the better-known Edward Gee (1566-1618), Fellow of Brasenose and royal chaplain. He was admitted to Brasenose in 1626, graduating B.A. in 1630 and M.A. in 1636. Distinctly Presbyterian in his commitments, he later served as chaplain to Dr. Richard Parr, bishop of Sodor and Man, and rector of Eccleston, Lancashire, 1645,

**Manuscripts Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 63, Arents S288, pp. 89-90

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 47, fol. 63

**Title:** "In eundem [Atherton Bruch]”,<sup>1086</sup>

Whilst others write I'le weepe into a stone  
A Niobe or marble ffront<sup>1087</sup> whereon  
my owne and others teares ingrav'd may bee  
rather then I<sup>1088</sup> attempt thine elegye  
The wrong y<sup>t</sup> ffate hath done us is ffarre lesse  
Then y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> thou thy selfe hast done, th'excesse

---

<sup>1078</sup> “envious” had been written and then scratched out.; HM 116] emulous

<sup>1079</sup> HM 116] Bethronging

<sup>1080</sup> HM 116] first to be; Arents S288] to be, thrust

<sup>1081</sup> HM 116] drowsy

<sup>1082</sup> HM 116; Arents S288] most

<sup>1083</sup> Arents S288] w<sup>th</sup>

<sup>1084</sup> Arents S288] Loe

<sup>1085</sup> Identified in Arents S288.

<sup>1086</sup> Arents S288] In eundem per Ed: Gee. eiusdem coll:

<sup>1087</sup> Arents S288] font

<sup>1088</sup> Arents S288] I'le

Of vertue hath not ffild but silenc'd quite  
 stonnish't invention shee's too dull to write  
 our wit and practise both are taskt thy wor{th}  
 wee can as easily ffollow as set forth  
 All arts conspired to make thee alone  
 As ffarre above our envye as our moane  
 thy ffame as well as persons lost, cause wee  
 Too shallow are to prize or blaze on<sup>1089</sup> thee  
 But sure thou art not dead mee thinke I see  
 vertues y<sup>t</sup> promise immortallitye  
 thy gentle curtesye if lookt uppon  
 [63v] might even tempt death into compassion  
 Could partiall ffates dispence to Is[.]eate,<sup>1090</sup>  
 ould AEsons death and not as well to thee  
 sonne of y<sup>e</sup> god of Medicine and of arts  
 whose onely ffaults wer thy too great deserts  
 envyed by Pluto hee w<sup>th</sup> Proserpine  
 hath stolne ffrom thee those graces thy soule divine  
 death struck thee first ith'Pulpit and thereby  
 At once thou taught us how to live and dye  
~~what were y<sup>e</sup> symptoms of his Death and why~~  
~~His doctor sav'd him not w<sup>th</sup> hee good man~~<sup>1091</sup>  
 Thy looks and speches did perswade us all  
 Thou cam'st to preach but thine owne ffunerall  
 And like y<sup>e</sup> dying swanne before thy death  
 didst sweetely sing y<sup>e</sup> Parting of thy Breath  
 since we have lost his person I could wish  
 A Pythagorean Metempsychosis  
 That all the sacred vertues of his brest  
 may not bee lost but on some other rest,

E: G:

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<sup>1089</sup> Arents S288] gaze on. It is possible that the sense of Ashmole 47 is “blazon” (vb), to praise in heraldic fashion.

<sup>1090</sup> Arents S288 leaves a space (and an x in the margin) here, which suggests that it was derived from Ashmole 47 and that at this point the scribe (Barrow?) could not make out the text.

<sup>1091</sup> It would seem that the scribe edited as he copied from another manuscript, leaving the line “At once...” without a rhyming companion, and then choosing not to copy at all the line that completed the couplet beginning “His doctor...”. Arents S288 does not have these lines.

17 May 1633  
Noel, Penelope

**The Subject:** Penelope Noel (b. April 1610) was the daughter of Sir Edward Noel (see *Oxford DNB*) and Juliana Hicks (eldest daughter of Sir Baptist Hicks, a very successful London merchant). She died at the family home at Brooke, Rutland. She was buried and honoured with a surviving wall-monument (by Francesco Franelli) at St. James Church, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.<sup>1092</sup>

**The Author:** Alexander Gil, the younger (1596/7-1642?), was the son of Alexander Gill, a famous headmaster of St. Paul's School, London (see *Oxford DNB*). After education at St. Paul's, he studied at Trinity College and Wadham College, Oxford, from 1612. Like his father, his initial public renown came as a schoolmaster, first assisting Thomas Farnaby and then at St. Paul's. However, his verse, both in Latin and English, became well-known for its contentious political and literary positions. He was a friend of Penelope's brother, Baptist Noel, later third Viscount Campden. (See *Oxford DNB*)

**First Line:** "How fast my greves come on, how thicke a shoole"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 36, 37, p. 188; Bodl. Ashmole 38, Item 374 (133); Folger V.a.245, fol. 71. BL Eger. 2725, fol. 131r<sup>1093</sup>; NA SP 16/257, fol. 91

**Copy Text:** NA SP 16/257, fol. 91

**Note:** The poem was published in W. D. Hamilton, ed., *Original Papers Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Milton*, (1859), p. 65.

**Title:** "An Elegie dedicated to y<sup>e</sup> eternal memorie of y<sup>e</sup> most beautifull & virtuous Lady, M<sup>ris</sup> Penelope Noël, daughter to y<sup>e</sup> L<sup>d</sup>. Visc. Campden. 1633"<sup>1094</sup>

How fast my griefes come on! how thicke a shole  
Of sorrowes throng about this frighted sowle?  
Was't not enough my deare Amyntas Late  
Was taken from mee by too early fate?<sup>1095</sup>  
Was't not enough y<sup>l</sup> on great Swedens hearse  
My Muse astonisht pinn'd her mournful verse;<sup>1096</sup>

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<sup>1092</sup> A version of this elegy is published *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries*, vol. 4, p. 373.

<sup>1093</sup> A neat, legible hand, from what seems largely a reliable ms. Images in "Scans" folder.

<sup>1094</sup> Bodl. Ashmole 38] "An elogie upon the death of Mrs. Penelope Nowell, daughter to the Lo. Vicount Camden"

<sup>1095</sup> "Amyntas" was a stock pastoral name, here applied to an unidentified friend of Gill, who must have died shortly before Noel's death in 1633.

<sup>1096</sup> Two Latin elegies on King Gustavus Adolphus survive in Bodl. Rawl. poet. 26: one begins, "Ergone iam verus" (fol. 40) and the other, "Iam mihi bis centum" (fol. 41).

But thou, blest Saynt, before with careful heed  
My wounds were heal'd, mak'st them afresh to bleed:  
And in my sorrowes claym'st as large a share,  
As thy rare beauty, & thy vertues were?  
But t'is y<sup>e</sup> hand of heaven, whose doome doth crosse  
My dearest hopes, & triumphes in my losse.  
Henceforth (though with regret of heart) I'le stryve  
Where any lives, whome I would keep alyve,  
To love with less intention, lest I seeme  
To plott with Death agaynst myself, & them.

But, sure, this was not all. not my desyre  
Of thy long lyfe did shoot y<sup>t</sup> raging fyre  
Into thy veynes, that burning agues flame,  
Which did to ashes bring the goodlyest frame  
That ever Nature wrought, & did calcine  
By too strong Chymistrie the richest Mine  
Of Vertues precious Ore. Thyne owne bright sowle  
Inflam'd with love divine did still controll  
All earthly thoughts, so that thy Agues fyre  
Working with that of Zeale did soone conspire  
(To make our sorrowes, & thy wishes even).  
Hence to translate a sowle ally'd to heaven.

And yet, since heaven was sure enough at last,  
What neededst thou t'have made such nimble haste?  
How many noble Branches first deriv'd  
From thy immortal womb might here have thryv'd  
To Cedars! but thy Virgin-sowle was meant  
Home to return as spottlesse, as twas Lent:

[91r]

And thy fayn<sup>1097</sup> corse chose rather to abyde  
By a cold Grandsires, then warm Husbands syde,  
yet canst thou never dye, so long as Fame  
Hath impt her wings with record of thy Name;  
And choyce endowments of thy Mould, & Mynd  
In sad remembrance left with us behynd.  
Such was y<sup>e</sup> lustre of thy Angel-hew,  
Y<sup>t</sup> when thy limbs shall in proportion due  
Meet in a better world thy better part,  
Thou canst not shyne much brighter then thou wert.  
So full of myldnesse were thy words, & lookes,  
They well might serve for Church- and Lay-mens bookes:  
Thy mynd so pure, thy thoughts so chaste were all,  
Thou scarce knew'st Sin, but what's Originall.

Farewell, sweet Saynt; accept this Obsequie  
From one, whose heart so truly honor'd thee,

---

<sup>1097</sup> Sic; BL Eger. 2725] faire

y<sup>t</sup>, if his small experience, or just grieffe  
Wrest not his thoughts to a perverse beliefe,  
Thinks, y<sup>t</sup> with thee more of Perfection dy'd  
Then now doth live in all thy Sex besyde.

Alex. Gil

29 April 1634  
Phelips, Bridget

**The Subject:** Given that the next poem is on the death of the outspoken M.P. Sir Robert Phelips (ca. 1585/6-1638), this is nearly certainly his daughter, who was baptized in St. Catherine's Church, Montacute, Somerset on 12 June 1616. She was buried in the same church in May 1634. He had married Bridget Gorges of Longford Castle, Wiltshire in 1613. He himself died in 1638; see elegy below.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "Burst forth in teares thou heart of Adamant"

**Manuscript Copies:** Osborn b52/2, p. 160

**Copy Text:** Osborn b52/2, p. 160

**Title:** "A ffunerall Elegye upon the most Christian death of M<sup>rs</sup> Bridgett Phelipps, who departed this life Tuesday y<sup>e</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> of Aprill A.D.1634. Aetatis suae 17<sup>o</sup>./"

**B**urst forth in teares thou heart of Adamant  
**R**ing out thy groanes & penetrate the skye  
**I**ust cause thou hast thy losse still to lament  
**D**eath hath bereft thine all felicitye.  
**G**rave thou art proud to swallow such a peice  
**E**arth thou triumph'st (like Jason with y<sup>e</sup> fleece)  
**T**o see that maugre<sup>1098</sup> might & skill thou hast enclos'd  
**T**he Master-peice that Nature ere compos'd.

**P**ause now a while, and let thy passion end  
**H**ere's no such cause, as er'st we did pretend,  
**E**ver they live, who living learne to dye  
**L**ong since shee learn'd that art; now lives on high  
**I**n blisse eternall; w<sup>ch</sup> the God of love,  
**P**repares for his deare Saints in Heav'n above  
**P**resume no further, only blare this truth  
**S**hee lived, shee di'd, the Mirror of the Youth./

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<sup>1098</sup> maugre] despite.

3 September 1634  
Sir Edward Coke

**The Subject:** Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634) was one of the leading legal and judicial figures of late Tudor and early Stuart England, serving among other roles as Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Both in these role and through his published legal texts, he defended the common law tradition. Codrington stresses his role in the rural community surrounding his estate at Holkham Hall, Norfolk. (See *Oxford DNB*).

**The Author:** Robert Codrington (1601/2-65), the son of Robert Codrington of Coddington, Gloucestershire, attended Magdalen College, Oxford (B.A. 1623; M.A. 1626). His manuscript Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, consistently presents him as "C.C.C.", which likely stands for Corpus Christi College (Oxford). He was a prolific translator and poet active from the 1620s on. In the mid to late-1630s he specialized in extended funeral elegies on high-born figures, most of which survive in well-produced manuscript presentation volumes. His publications seem likewise designed to cultivate powerful patrons. For a full biography, see *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "Cease then thy clamours sorrow let thy voice"

**Manuscript Copy:** BL Add. 37484. As this manuscript is fully devoted to memorial verses on Coke, they will be offered in the manuscript's sequence rather than alphabetically by first line.

**Note:** Multiple passages in this elegy are reproduced in Codrington's elegies on the Countess of Bridgewater (11 March 1636) and the earl of Thomond (April 1639). A few of these are noted.

[3v]

An ODE  
To the most exquisitely accomplished  
M<sup>rs</sup> Anne Sadleir.<sup>1099</sup>

Faire eyes, while you doe gently daigne  
To veiwe our flowing teares in verse,  
As you your owne doe duely raigne  
Upon your Fathers honour'd hearse,

O know, you should those Chrystalls keepe  
To lend unto our Greifes their light  
Who can conceave the Sunne to weepe  
That doth not feare a finall night?

For could he downe dissolved flow

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<sup>1099</sup> Anne Sadleir (1585-1672) was the second child of Sir Edward Coke and Bridget Paston; she married Sir Ralph Sadleir (1579-1661) and lived at Standon Lordship, Hertfordshire. Her surviving papers attest to deep interest in poetry and religious devotion. (See *Oxford DNB*).

In liquide flames, and melt away,  
[4r] All lustre then would lodge below,  
And Heav'n would begge to Earth for Day.

We not deny, you have the Power  
To reinspire these Dusts of his,  
But know, it were a timeles shower  
To call a Sainted Soule from Blisse.

[4v]

#### The Achrostick Epitaph

Eyes weepe your last -- but ere the teares you shedde  
Drowne your opprest and darkned sences, Reader  
Whose sacred Dusts these are, even Envy adde  
Admires these mighty Ruines, never had  
Rich Soule a nobler lodging, or exprest  
Distincter worth, never a purer brest

[5r] Learning inspir'd, or to whose happy Store  
Our English Lawes have beene indebted more:  
Raisd high as heav'n they seate him, then let none  
Dare to confine him to this Marble Stone.

[5v] Coelestiall roomes containe his honourd Soule,  
Our Brests his tombe, the Lawes his Fame inroule.  
Know his high worth, whose needles Grave shall round  
Enrichd with laurells, and with Palmes be crownd.

[6r]

#### Teares on the Death of [sic]

Cease then thy clamours Sorrow! let thy voice  
No more be heard so high, the onely choice  
Which an oreburnd Greife affects doth come  
Not, in the noise of lowd complaints, but dumbe;  
[6v] Dares then Oblivion ceaze his sacred tombe?  
Save it, sweet Ayres, from this unrighteous doome!  
Silence were now the lowdest crime, nor can  
The publick merits of this matchles Man  
Sleepe so prophan'd, whom, while we mourne, there's none  
Can say we flatter by too deepe a Groane.  
[7r] And loe where now that Greifes themselves doe leave  
{..}ak'd by his Death their silent cells, and cleave  
The aire with restles murmures, as they come  
{I}n thronging tumults to lament his tombe.

Each Greife flowes high and eloquent, their sound  
 Beates through the Streets, and in that spacious Round  
 [7v] Salutes each Strangers care, nor can so deepe  
 And wide a Ruine circumscribed keepe  
 In one place only, but in every eye  
 It flowes, in each part of the realme doth lye;  
 It drives about, and uncontroled where  
 That fruitfull Norfolk doth a garland weare  
 [8r] With pleasures and with plenty crown'd, whose soile  
 With thankfull use rewards the ploughmans toile  
 Above his greedy hopes, and smiling courts  
 The clowne with gaine, the gentleman with sports,  
 They most lament him, as who first did see,  
 And blest themselves in his nativitee,  
 [8v] She that so richly did extend her plaine  
 And fruitfull Bosome towr'ds the Northern maine,  
 Shakes with continuall sighes, and wanting showres  
 Nodds to the Deepes, and doth invite their powres  
 To lend her moisture, who themselves opprest  
 Send salter [sic] tides in to afflict her brest:  
 [9r] The Aire itselke which while he liv'd to show  
 How much that County to his worth did owe,  
 So subtile was, that as the Hines did draw  
 It in, they could breathe nothing forth but Law,  
 Growes dull and silent, and the ploughs sad taile  
 Admires their owners suddaine Jeoffaile,<sup>1100</sup>  
 [9v] Who mette together while they round ingrosse  
 His matchles merits, and their publick losse,  
 Groane as they part, and with a weeping eye  
 The tardy office of the cloudes supply.  
 The Nymphes that haunt the neighbouring woods, and hilles  
 That guard the valleyes, and that guide the Rilles,  
 [10r] Resound his losse and honourd name, and show  
 The boundles Rage of their impatient woe  
 In so distracting and so sadde a cry,  
 As if with him the Northern World did dye.  
 The sacred law laments this losse, the Barre  
 Is silent growne, and doth his Greifes inferre  
 [10v] So greate, that sooner had his Death bin seene  
 The terme itself had a Vacation beene.  
 The noble Innes of Court from whence we draw  
 Our plants of honour, and the English law  
 Condole him joyntly, nor the Temple heere  
 Alone can have the honour to appeare  
 [11r] A mourner for him, though she best can claime

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<sup>1100</sup> Jeoffaile] error in legal pleading.

As hers the Gloryes of his brightest fame,  
 Though with the greatest right she can advance  
 Both him, and them as her inheritance.  
 These noble parentations are, but if  
 Our Muse should descant on each single Greife,  
 [11v] If she durst choose so large a theame t'inferre,  
 And count each sorrow in particular,  
 Heere might she rove, and in a wandring verse  
 The peoples sorrowes for his Death rehearse,  
 Whose life so to improve them straind, whose zeale  
 Was still at hand to right the common weale,  
 [12r] And shun'd their numbers who are understood  
 To love their owne above the publick Good.  
 For 'twas not sure in outward Blessings, though  
 That Fortune never better did bestow  
 Her well collated favours, whence he drew  
 Or placed his true contentment, for he knew<sup>1101</sup>  
 [12v] Riches are tempting Guifts, and oftentimes  
 Prove not their owners credits but their crimes.  
 Twas not in new inventions of expence  
 To mist more riot with magnificence,  
 Twas not in titles, greatnes, nor in bloud  
 Wherein he plac'd the centre of his Good,  
 [13r] But in the practise of a noble mind  
 To the perfections of all worth inclin'd.  
 Whose vertues did thyhabits manifest  
 So cleere, that never they were seene to rest,  
 Nor any of them was e're seene to lurke,  
 Or mootch<sup>1102</sup> away, whiles that the rest did worke,  
 [13v] But in a course which no disorder feeles,  
 They moovd together, like Ezechiels wheeles.  
 And as in heavn there oftentimes some starre  
 Steales from our sight, nor can we find out where  
 He hides his glorious heade, but to our veiw  
 Doth loose his lustre and his motion too,  
 [14r] Though breaking forth, and kenn'd againe anon,  
 He shews how farre hee in his orbe had gone.  
 So 'mongst those vertues which in his greate soule  
 Wrought cleere and constant, as the Starres that roule  
 Theyr glorious courses in their restles spheares,  
 Though peradventure some one worth appears  
 [14v] Lost for the time, while our intentive sight  
 Dwells on the next that shootes forth all his light,

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<sup>1101</sup> This section, through the top of 15v, also appears in his elegies on Lady Bridgewater (11 March 1636) and the earl of Thomond (April 1639).

<sup>1102</sup> mootch] loaf, loiter.

Yet sleepes it not, and 'twill be found, if sought,  
 It still progressive, though unseene had wrought.  
 Nor any vertue doth his honour crowne  
 More rich, then gently that he would looke downe  
 [15r] On poore mens sorrowes, who with thankfull cryes  
 Now mount his praises to the Ecchoing skyes,  
 For though all vertues in their severall wayes  
 Fetch the discent of their illustrious rayes  
 And pedigrees from heavn, yet none doth fly  
 More high or neere it then doth charity,  
 [15v] Nor any vertue can be understood  
 To bee a nearer Cosin unto God.  
 Nor did he feele his Age a dull disease  
 That barrd him from the due performances  
 Of holy workes, but made with doubled pace  
 The staffe of Age to bee the speed to Grace,  
 [16r] For Age though crooked is of heav'nly kind,  
 And best doth serve to rectify the mind  
 With saving precepts, they most light doe climbe  
 The hill of heav'n, that feele the weight of time.  
 This Heav'n observd and joyd at, therefore bent  
 To crowne such rich and ripe desarts he sent  
 [16v] To call him hence to his eternall home,  
 To lodge in Joyes for ay; in that high roome  
 He feares no change, but takes delight to see  
 Reflective Acts of past Integritee,  
 As first with what sufficiency he put on,  
 And what uprightnes he then wore the gowne,  
 [17r] And honours of the law, with what delight  
 He did distinguish and distribute Right,  
 When him th'exactnes of his worth to those  
 More high imployments of the State had chose;  
 With what a perfect plaudit, and how free,  
 The Lawes cheife seate advanced him, when hee  
 [17v] Check'd the lowd thunder, and by him forth brought  
 Too forward Justice against Greatnes fought,  
 Though he alas came singded<sup>1103</sup> of, made e'ene  
 A wilfull sacrifice; so have I seene  
 In Braden forrest<sup>1104</sup> an Oake spreading faire  
 And high his boughes, that seemd to scowre the aire  
 [18r] With his thick spreading curles, and sweepe away  
 All growing vapours that might cloy the Day,  
 When loe anon, through=out the troubled skyes,

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<sup>1103</sup> sindgded] variant of "singded".

<sup>1104</sup> Possibly Braydon Forest in northern Wiltshire; Codrington's upbringing in southern Gloucestershire would have left him familiar with that large forest in the adjacent county.

Did armed cloudes, and red with choler rise,  
 And bent his greene Ambition to controule,  
 Storm'd as they went, and all along did roule  
 [18v] Their lowd Revenge, and now from AEtna reaven  
 The Bolts were flying, and the Brow of heaven  
 Did ake with thunders; when this feareles oake  
 That stood the fury of each dreadfull stroke,  
 Wrapt in the clowdes, shooke his loose scattrring locks,  
 And hardly wearyed by a thousand shocks  
 [19r] Forgave the Gods his fall, his leaves did rove  
 Ore the sadde circuit of the trembling Grove,  
 And falling whisperd to the trees more nigh,  
 They live unsafe that are exalted high.  
 These thoughts possesse his blessed Soule, while wee  
 Shut from his live in all obscuritee,  
 [19v] And barrd the presence of so greate a Saint  
 Renew our Greife, redouble our complaint.  
 HEE whose pure life and learning might suffice  
 To make us thinke him some new Paradise,  
 For all his Actions spoke themselves to bee  
 Mirroures of knowledge and Integritee;  
 [20r] He whose cleere Soule so swiftly could discern  
 The misteryes of every Art, and learne  
 And wade through all their depths, whose Bodyes sences  
 Wrought purer then most soules Intelligences;  
 Hee whose unclouded and whose quick regards  
 Peirc'd through each brest, could find such fit rewards  
 [20v] And mulcts<sup>1105</sup> for vice and vertue; as if sent  
 Agent from Heav'n, and for that sole intent  
 Is hence ascended from us, and can hee  
 So greate a worthy unlamented bee?  
 Relligion mourns herselfe, then who forbears  
 To Greifes Exchequer to bring in his teares?  
 [21r] Hee that such tributes doth not now returne  
 Knowes neither vertue nor for whom wee mourne.  
 What rich elabourate hand, what Art can raise  
 To him a Monument, who scornes the praise  
 Of tombes and titles, as of things that bee  
 The scorne and mock of Immortalitiee?  
 [21v] Who hates bought fame, that will himself surpass  
 The Parian marble, and Corinthian Brasse;  
 Hee's in himself, than in his tombe more safe,  
 Whose vertues doe outlive his Epitaph.  
 Who shall supply his place now, who shall give  
 Such rare Examples to the world to live?

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<sup>1105</sup> mulcts] fines, punishments.

[22r] Who shall the captive and distressd commaund  
 From Greifes, from thralldomes, from oppressions hand?  
 Who shall afford the Benefit o'th lawes  
 To the poore Widdowes, and the Orphans cause?  
 Who shall protect, and for itselſe ingage  
 The poore mans suite unto his patronage?  
 [22v] These (honourd worthie) were the Acts alone  
 Which raisd you high without a paragon  
 Which when you livd you practisd, and are due  
 You hence departed unto none but you?  
 But to make you their levell, and in all  
 To follow you their blest originall,  
 [23r] To proove your counsailes, and performe your will  
 Your childrens praise tis and it shall be still.  
 And wer't not sin to doe it, and a show  
 Of treason 'gainst the States that rule below,  
 Our vowes would conquer Death, and fate controule  
 To breake your slumers and call back your Soule;  
 [23v] Goodnes may well bee bold, and safe crave  
 Her owne amidst the Powers of the Grave,<sup>1106</sup>  
 Nor did God give such rare perfections breath  
 To bee a vassall and a slave to Death.  
 How came you then to dye? did your greate Soule  
 Too rapt, your orbes slow motions heere controule,  
 [24r] Therefore rejoycing to bee hence bereaven,  
 Tooke so much Death as servd your hast for heaven?  
 So mounts the Eagle with undazledState  
 To reade i'th' Sun he is legitimate,  
 So fly our prayrs with winged zeale, and so  
 The warbling Swanne upon the silver Poe  
 [24v] With cheerfull Accents doth for death prepare  
 Closing his life and song in one sweet aire.  
 Raisd then from Earth to make in heav'n a throne  
 When such a worthy so condol'd is gone,  
 Let none dare blame, or interrupt my sighes,  
 I am in love with sorrow, should my eyes  
 [25r] Not pay their tributes to his sacred sleepes,  
 When Stones feele sorrowes, and each marble weepes,  
 I should bee duller than the hearbes that grow  
 In Lethe shades, and never Sunne doe know,  
 Or then the slowth of the fast Baltick Deepes  
 Lock'd by the winds in Adamantine sleepes.  
 [25v] You his rare daughter whose unmatched Desart

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<sup>1106</sup> The preceding six lines also appear in Codrington's elegy on the earl of Thomond (April 1639).

Was heere the chosen Joy which crownd his heart,  
While now each word you speake his elegy,  
While from that soule of sweetnes your rich eye  
Raines downe perfumed pearles, while every sigh  
Like hallowed Incense mounts your Greifes as high  
[26r] As where your Joyes are lodg'd, he makes it known  
By these memorialls you best raise your owne,  
Which shall live equall with his fame, and keepe  
Your praises waking when yourself shall sleepe.  
And if aright, you of this Losse will deeme,  
He'ele more divided then departed seeme,  
[26v] How manny lodgings doth hee now assume  
Whom every Brest of Honour doth entombe?  
Thus doth hee still survive, and since it is  
In me a Rudenes to discourse of Blisse  
I seeke not to recover, you should have  
My Lord your father sent you from the Grave,  
[27r] Could any Art or Love revive a hearse,  
Or Greife make people as it makes a verse.  
But when at first your fathers losse had shotte  
Greife and Amazement through the world, me thought,  
I saw where Fame awakened by the lowd  
Complaints she heard, and aided by a cloude  
[27v] Of sighes, which mounting with them seemd to blow  
And sound her trompet where she would or noe;  
In true Compassion of our Greifes which were  
For one so perfect, so exactly rare,  
For ay, said she, will I these sighes proclaime  
Due to this Mourning, and to Cokes lovd name.  
[28r] No Age shall loose his worth, no Spite disgrace  
His praise, no rage his Memory deface.  
The deeds on Earth which he hath done, shall safe  
Outlive, and prove his happiest Epitaph.  
No Pride, no Bribe, no orphans plaint shall shake  
His quiet Dusts, or give him cuase to wake.  
[28v] No tenants wrack shall curse his thrift, or blame  
This righteous payment from the Rent of Fame.  
The antient honours he shall new revive,  
And serve the Lawyers as Restorative.  
People to come shall learne his worth, and what  
They cannot practise they shall wonder at.  
[29r] All shall improve themselves by him, and try  
As blest like him to live, as blest to dye.  
Relligion shall rejoyce, and heavn shall smile  
To see their pious troupes increasd, the while  
The gratefull world shall holy trophyes raise

To Cokes high honour, and *immortall* praise.  
With that methought the Resurrection came,  
And tooke this labell from the mouth of Fame.

The end.

15 November 1634  
Knyveton, Sir Gilbert

**The Subject:** The Knyveton family were seated at Bradley near Mercaston, Derbyshire. Sir Gilbert was born in 1582 to William and Matilda (nee Rollesley) Knyveton. He sat for Derby in the 1614 Parliament. An elegiac poem by William Sampson alludes to his early success at both the English and the Danish court;<sup>1107</sup> it seems likely that this was around 1605, when he was knighted and received an M.A. from Oxford when the court travelled there. He married twice: first to Jane Grey of Hinxworth, Herts. (1606), and secondly to Frances Dudley, daughter of Sir Robert Dudley of Kenilworth (1634). The concluding lines of the poem offer caustic comment on the folly of that second marriage. He was connected to literary circles of the Midlands through the marriage of his daughter Mary to Sir Aston Cokayne. Thomas Bancroft acknowledges in an epigram his indebtedness to Sir Gilbert.<sup>1108</sup>

**The Author:** The Nottingham catalogue identifies William Cavendish, 1st Duke of Newcastle (1593-1676) as the likely author. The manuscript in which the poem appears is closely connected with him; the University's catalogue notes that the poems are "copied by himself, his secretary John Rolleston and an unidentified scribe."<sup>1109</sup> Given Knyveton's official roles in Derbyshire and the circles in which he moved, this reputed authorship seems reasonable. Newcastle was not only renowned as a literary patron, but active as a poet and playwright from the 1630s on. (See *Oxford DNB*).

**First Line:** "Knyveton farewell, to Thee, and to thy Worth"

**Manuscript Copies:** Nottingham Pw V 25/33, fol. 36

**Copy Text:** Nottingham Pw V 25/33, fol. 36

**Title:** "An Elegy on \the death of/ S:<sup>r</sup> Gilbert Knyveton kn<sup>t</sup> & Baronett, h[...]-death."

Knyveton farewell, to Thee, and to thy Worth  
More then I knewe e're Derbyshire bring forth;  
So provident a man, yet with such bounty;  
The Honour, Glory, virtue of the County.  
So Courtly minde, so gentile in each part,  
And yet so reall; frendship's Loyall Hart.  
One that lov'd God, more then he fear'd him, than  
Hee was religious, and no Puritan  
Did not dissemble, Truth with him doth cease;  
Yet hee knewe when to speake, and hold his peace;  
Had many tongues, and so discourse could vary;  
Yet was not a meere lyveing Dictionary;

10

<sup>1107</sup> *Virtus post funera vivit*, p. 43.

<sup>1108</sup> *Two books of epigrams and epitaphs*, 1639, 1:147.

<sup>1109</sup> <http://mss-cat.nottingham.ac.uk/CalmView/Record.aspx?src=CalmView.Catalog&id=PwV%2f25>

Learned in all the best arts, w<sup>ch</sup> did meete  
In him; A Scholler, yet he was discreet.  
The Fathers, Schoolemen, knew, with our late writers,  
Yet hated wrangling, Honor'd our Church-miters.  
More Lawe, then Counsellors, did understand;  
Yet would not cavill, for next Neighbours Land:  
By Nature had great sharpenesse too of Witt;  
Did alwaies please, never offend with Itt: 20  
As valiant as his sword, In Courage stronge;  
Yet more afraid to doe, then take a wronge;  
Hee was of ancient, and of gentile Blood;  
Not of more Pedigrees, then he was good.  
His manners of the best; 'twas a Brave thing,  
Hee was good company, from Clowne to King.  
Feild-sports for Neighbourhood, & pleasures sake.  
Hee Lov'd; Professions of them did not make.

[fol. 36v]  
At Cards and Dice could play, but lov'd not Rookes;  
Hee read, & studied Men, as well as Bookes. 30  
His Cloathes beyond the Country Cutt, not trim;  
Hee made his Cloathes, his Cloathes never made him,  
And yet no Taylor; In his best cloathes, Than  
Never so fine, but still hee was a Man.  
For, Riding, Weapons, Dancing, and Musicke,  
In all our parts I never knew the like.  
Hee knewe both Court, and Country, forraine Parts;  
All his freinds Lov'd him, had his Neighbour's harts.  
If I should reckon, what hee did, and wass,  
More worth, and more then e're was writt in Brass. 40

— — — — — — — — —  
— — — — — — — — —  
— — — — — — — — —  
If hee at any time had the least fault;  
Lett that be buried w<sup>th</sup> him in this Vault.  
Leave out your Buts, when virtues thus appeare;  
Most have no virtues, but their Vice shines cleare.  
Detraction's the greatest Vice; Now hee is gone,  
Leave It, on perill of your selves, els none,  
No not one virtue, will you have to save  
Your selves, your vices bury in his Grave.  
His greatest Crime, his second Marridge Bedd,  
For w<sup>ch</sup> he su'd divorce from life, and's dead. 50  
And left his Lady widdowe; did appoint her,  
To mourne for him, but more for her small Joincture.

30 December 1634  
Wymarke, Edward

**The Subject:** Edward Wymarke was the oldest son of Edward Wymarke of North Ruffenham, Rutlandshire and Margaret Dudley of Clopton, Northamptonshire. He served repeatedly as an M.P. from 1597 for a number of different constituencies but was best-known as a money-lender based in Aldersgate, London. (See *History of Parliament*).

**First Line:** Stampe on hym Reader; under this Clode

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. MS Ashmole 38, p. 204; BL Harl. 6917, fol. 82

**Copy Text:** Bodl. MS Ashmole 38, p. 204

**Title:** “On old weymarke the rich & coveteous usurer”

Stampe on hym Reader; under this Colde  
Rich Wymarke lyes, that made his gould his god  
That knewe noe other Angell, good, or badd  
Or Crowne of Glory but the Crownes hee had  
All his religion lyes in bonds subscrib'd  
By two good Squiers a Cittizen besides  
Sealde and delivered to hym as their deed  
This way the scripture to his use hee'd read  
Peyces, his Beads, if prayers hee had any,  
noe pater noster but hee had his pennye  
Fasting hee us'd, his Cloaths & dyet course  
yet not to save soule, but to save his purse  
Paules was his walke, where hee (like Paule) sent round  
ffor the best men, wher hee might bring them bound  
And In this Fayth and hellish puritie  
Hee long tyme liv'd in good securitie  
[205]  
But thincke what lastly now hees like to finde  
That hence is gon and left his god behind.  
    Here the old Fox is catch't, and lett hym lye  
    The Curse and scorne of all that pass hym bye.

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**First Line:** “Forbeare rashe frind, and add not to thyne owne”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. MS Ashmole 38, p. 205

**Title:** “Another on the same man [Weymarke]”

Forbear rashe frind, and add not to thyne owne  
By pressing Weymarks sinns, lett hym alone  
To wormes and Judgement, lett his memorye  
Together w<sup>th</sup> his Bodye buried lye  
And find noe Resurrection, lett his name  
Quite perrish, rather then survive his Shame;  
Or if thou wilt repeate hym lett it bee  
to make his errours thy Philosophie,  
That when thou seest a man soe deeply drownd  
In worldly mucke, that not the Lowdest sownd  
Of shame; nor Counsell, Can awake the sence  
Nor feare of hell nor stinge of Conscience;  
That made God and Religion but a Jest  
And sett up gould as his Eternall rest;  
when thou beethinkst how little he In Joy'd [sic]  
his great possessions: how his soule did voyde  
to fill his Coffers; that hee was the least  
And worst hymselfe of all hee did possess  
How after his longe Martirdome and Cares  
Hee lighted on rich strangers for his heires  
Such as first knewe hym In their Legacye<sup>1110</sup>  
when thou seest this; Condole the Tragedye  
The happye Calmeness, of a meane estate  
And as some Marriners, beehoulding are  
To sea-markes that advise them to beware  
Of Rockes and Quick=sands; soe lett weymarke bee  
In this lifes sea, A way=marke unto thee.

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<sup>1110</sup> This seems to reflect the contentious will that Wymarke left behind (National Archives PROB 11/168/319).

29 March 1635 (Easter)  
Haines, John

**The Subject:** Beyond the information in the titles of the poem, little is known. The second poem may be suggesting that he was the same as Christ (33) at his Resurrection, and hence born ca. 1602.

**First Line:** “Can the fates so cruel be, as for to give”

**The Author:** Giles Hayward (b. ca. 1617). See author entry in “Gustavus Adolphus”, “O let me weep in English who'll deny” above.

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.62, p. 112

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.62, p. 112

**Title:** `On the death of Mr. John Haines of Magd. Hall. Who died on Easter morning early'

Can th'fates soe cruel be, as for to give  
Deaths stroake to him, who scarce was said to live  
He is not dead; why nature doth denye  
That Budds in spring should fal away & dye  
It is not soe; nature doth not forget  
Her course, to make in th'mor'ne y<sup>e</sup> sun to set  
They're fables y<sup>t</sup> I heare, It cannot bee  
y<sup>t</sup> Mars & Pallas should thus disagree  
But howso'er I'me sure this fatal war  
exceeds y<sup>e</sup> gentle fight of th'schooles, by far  
Alas! tis true, our sun is sett, hee's dead  
his body's turnd to clay, his soule is fled  
[p. 113] To th'glorious heavens; & leaft us here behind  
To see his body in y<sup>e</sup> earth enshrind  
swel, swel, my greife! & let your shriller cryes  
Howle forth his dirge w<sup>th</sup> your lamenting eyes.  
& teach them for to speake a funeral song  
or mournful Ep'coede w<sup>th</sup>out helpe of tongue  
In th'fluent [sic] dialect, & eloquence of teares  
That it may roare his fame in al mens eares  
In framing (in Nature & her maid<sup>1111</sup> Art  
Contended w<sup>ch</sup> should have y<sup>e</sup> greater part  
In his perfection; til dire death y<sup>e</sup> strife  
decided, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> bud of his lov'd life  
His soule & bodye were indued w<sup>th</sup> sence  
Reason Mem'ry, fancy, intelligence  
And to ad splendour to his virtues rare

---

<sup>1111</sup> There seems to be no closing bracket.

His limbs were comely, & his body faire  
certaine he lives, who in y<sup>t</sup> hower his breth  
resignd to Christ, in w<sup>ch</sup> he rose from death  
Then cease to greive, since he can never dye  
That still survives in living memorye  
A paterne to youth; for can he be sed  
(y<sup>t</sup> lives for everlasting) he is dead  
Ene [?] such is he, for though hee's gon from earth  
his death to him was but a second birth  
To glory; where enthron'd he daily sings  
Anthems of joy unto y<sup>e</sup> King of Kings

Gil: Hayward.

---

**First Line:** "Could hee dye that day and was he mown"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. MS Ashmole 47, fol. 58r; Arents S288, pp. 86-7

**Copy Text:** Bodl. MS Ashmole 47, fol. 58r

**Title:** "On y<sup>e</sup> death [of] M<sup>r</sup> John Haines whoe dyed on [sic] y<sup>e</sup> consumption and ffe[ver?] on  
Easter morning 1635. Non obiturus obit"

Could hee dye that day and was he mowne  
just in the yeare his saviours and his owne  
Thrice verdant spring and must Christs AEsterday  
Be his good ffriday Could hee not delay  
his journey yet a litle to have mett  
his glorious Jesus who o're death hath sett  
victorious trophyes, and ffrom hell had borne  
himselpe a priviledge to that sacred morne  
Or had hee<sup>1112</sup> dyed then I would have ffound  
In's death those Pious Prodigies that wound  
greived Natures before y<sup>e</sup> passion<sup>1113</sup>  
of that god, as this their separation  
had beene y<sup>e</sup> temples scisme [stronge]<sup>1114</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> rent  
his soule to heavens sanctum sanctorum went  
And t'was a strange eclipse when y<sup>e</sup> new moone  
That vernall crasiall<sup>1115</sup> bodye in his noone

---

<sup>1112</sup> Arents S288] I

<sup>1113</sup> The space in this line is also left blank in Arents S288.

<sup>1114</sup> Blank in Bodl. Ashmole 47; supplied from Arents S288.

<sup>1115</sup> Not recorded in *OED*, but seemingly an adjectival form of "crasis", the mixing of the humours in the body.

wayn'd and consum'd whilst it enjoy'd y<sup>e</sup> way  
 Of that illustrious, that soule whose day  
 in its most bright meridian stoopt beneath  
 The dead of night set in a cloud of death  
 A burning ffever shak't this earth to dust  
 There was the earthquake too but stay I must  
 Not wrong his wise departure, who welle knew  
 Why in y<sup>e</sup> morne soe soone away hee fflew,  
 This day C<sup>t</sup> rose therefore hee ran to meete  
 That lambe triumphant in his silver sheete  
 If both the brothers had as Brothers dyd,  
 I might have sworne y<sup>e</sup> Angells I had spyde  
 sure they were some such souls y<sup>t</sup> veild in whit  
 the love wingd [woman]<sup>1116</sup> at his tombe did ffright  
 perhaps y<sup>e</sup> quire of S<sup>ts</sup> in these white robes  
 Chaunt Hallelujah through the Heavenly globes  
 This morning then hee dy'd or rather rose  
 ffrom this lifs lingring death and aptly chose  
 straight to ascend in this attire, and soe  
 to morning service in his surplesse goe,  
 or else Ch. risen like a gardner clad  
 Pluckt this soe beautilous fflagrant fflower to add  
 to y<sup>e</sup> enriching crowne y<sup>t</sup> girds the throne  
 Of number numberlesse that great zone  
 [59r] And Reingraft it in the Elysian plaine  
 ffree ffrom deathes blast and his deserved trayne  
 Live their divorc'd best soule till earth repay  
 her richest treasure thine immortall clay  
 live and expect thy <sup>1117</sup> perfection  
 A living martyr of C<sup>ts</sup> resurrection,  
 Let not, oh let not his officious ffoes  
 ore presse his bones w<sup>th</sup> marble nor let those  
 That weepe him, mudd his ashes w<sup>th</sup> their teares  
 such speake not his deserts but their owne ffeares  
 him I'le bemone whose best parts ly in grave  
 who lives blacks vices Jaylor dyes his slave  
 let thy ffreinds harts bee fflint y<sup>r</sup> memorys steele  
 Their voyces thunder and love Ixions wheele  
 Their harts thy tombe their memory thy story  
 Their voyces thy Epitaph, their love thy glory  
 soe shall not thy tombe bee rent[?] nor story rac'd  
 nor epitaph fforgot nor glory wast,  
 Till all ffreinds harts, and memoryes voyces lou{..}<sup>1118</sup>

<sup>1116</sup> Supplied from Arents S288, which also hyphenates “love-winged” hence clarifying the sense.

<sup>1117</sup> A space has been left in the line.

<sup>1118</sup> The incomplete rhyme and lack of grammatical sense indicate that a line is missing here.

rest now thrice happy urne enjoy thy pearle  
t'ill his redeemer all y<sup>e</sup> world shall whirle  
to a new nothing, but then give him scope  
to rise the sunne of glory Heliotrope

25 May 1635<sup>1119</sup>  
Darell, Sir Sampson

**The Subject:** Sir Sampson Darell (b. 1594) was the son of Sir Marmaduke Darell of Fulmer, Bucks., and Anne Lennard of Knole, Kent. He entered Gray's Inn in 1610 and went on to attain a number of government offices, of which the most significant was Surveyor of Marine Victuals from 1623 on (an office earlier held by his father). He also served as M.P. for Wendover in 1626. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Hampden of Wendover, Bucks. in 1614; the marriage produced six sons (Marmaduke, Edward, Christopher, William, Sampson, and Charles), and three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Margaret. He died in his London home in East Smithfield but was buried at Fulmer.

**First Line:** "Since our first parents' fall broke up the door."

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 63r

**Copy text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 63r

**Title:** 'To the Lady Darell on the death of her husband'

Since o<sup>r</sup> first parents fall broke up the doore  
And lett out death who was lockt up before  
To mourne is customary w<sup>ch</sup> wee see  
O<sup>r</sup> freinds slaine by y<sup>e</sup> common enemie.  
Nor ist so much their tragicke fate y<sup>t</sup> breeds  
Astonishment in us, as conscious seeds [?]  
Of that prevarication & first crime  
W<sup>ch</sup> wee committed even in Adams time  
W<sup>n</sup> in his loynes wee did to y<sup>t</sup> assent  
For w<sup>ch</sup> we share w<sup>th</sup> him y<sup>e</sup> punishment 10  
    Then madame, who can taxe y<sup>r</sup> constant words<sup>1120</sup>  
If you give way to greife, or vapour forth  
A sigh or two, as incense to consort  
Yo<sup>r</sup> Husbands soule unto *Heavens* [?] blessed Court?  
Or w<sup>t</sup> censorious eye can squint on you  
If some few teares religiously bedew  
His hearse, w<sup>ch</sup> trilling from<sup>1121</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> eyes like calme  
Fresh showres in Aprill may his corps inbalme.  
Only excesse shold be debar'd, & here  
The golden meane observ'd as 'tis elsewhere 20  
For teares w<sup>ch</sup> issue from y<sup>r</sup> starlike eyes

<sup>1119</sup> Thrush and Ferris give May 23 as date of death; line 18 might suggest that he died in April.

<sup>1120</sup> It does seem to be such, even though it leaves a very weak rhyme.

<sup>1121</sup> The text reads "fx", a seeming abbreviation for "from" in this manuscript.

And pearles w<sup>ch</sup> deck his hallowed exequies.  
Let *not* too many on his hearse be hurld  
Lest y<sup>is</sup> excesse impoverish y<sup>e</sup> world,  
And so it happen y<sup>t</sup> in time to come  
Envy may leave her heart, to gnaw his tombe./

=====

**First Line:** “Good Lord how vain are men, whose very lives”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 64r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 64r<sup>1122</sup>

**Title:** “A meditation occasioned by the death of that worthy knight Sir Samson Darell”

Good Lord how vaine are men, whose very lives  
depend on negatives?  
So y<sup>t</sup> if y<sup>ou</sup> upholdst *them not*<sup>1123</sup> their fall  
Drawes on a funerall  
And if y<sup>ou</sup> turn'st away thy face, their light  
Is overcrowded w<sup>th</sup> eternall night.  
[63v] They grow, like comets [?] *pre??* [rest of line unclear]  
Themselves [?] discern [?] in her  
Thy love's th' intrinsick salve [?], w<sup>ch</sup> knoweth [?] fresh[?]  
Their rotten lump of flesh,  
W<sup>ch</sup> if thou dost *from*<sup>1124</sup> *them* w<sup>th</sup> draw, each gust  
The wind sighes forth, resolves *them* into dust.

-----  
Why y<sup>n</sup> should man with toyles [?] & cares *contend*  
To make y<sup>e</sup> world his freind?  
Or sett his staff up, w<sup>n</sup> hee's but to Inne [?]  
Here at y<sup>e</sup> signe of sinne [?]?  
Since most refined wisdomes do *confesse*  
There's no true sublunary happinesse.

-----  
If riches or large tracts of fruitfull land  
For good in cheife could stand,  
O<sup>ur</sup> Darell had binn happy who had store

---

<sup>1122</sup> In this section, the manuscript had been reversed, so fol. numbers run down.

<sup>1123</sup> This is uncertain as the manuscript has “ō”, which idiosyncratically is used elsewhere in the manuscript for “not”.

<sup>1124</sup> This is “fx” on the page, but another unique abbreviation, as it recurs in the line “Could rescue him”, where the sense clearly demands “from”.

Of feilds & Indian ore  
But earth to earth must passe, & we have found  
No men can claime more y<sup>n</sup> his length of ground.

-----  
If blisse had sate in hono<sup>rs</sup> stately chayre  
                  He might have claym'd a share  
But Princes favo<sup>rs</sup> nor y<sup>e</sup> Peoples breath  
                  Could rescue him *from* Death.  
For w<sup>th</sup> an equall foot impartiall fate  
Knocks at the Peasants, & y<sup>e</sup> Princes gate

-----  
Had true *content* grown in y<sup>e</sup> Muses ground  
                  By him 'twold have been found  
But Pallas' oyle, nor Apollo's bay  
                  Can lend o<sup>r</sup> life one day.  
And so reserv'd is learning that its all  
Hath nothing certaine but conjecturall.

-----  
Nor can we think y<sup>is</sup> blessednes is spread  
                  Over y<sup>e</sup> nuptiall bedd,

[63r]

[I suspect that I mistakenly cropped the opening lines on this page – check microfilm]

-----  
Nor doth y<sup>e</sup> pearle for w<sup>ch</sup> we traffick lye  
                  *within* [?] a fayre[?] progeny [?]  
For every sprigg w<sup>ch</sup> sprouted *from* this stemme  
                  was of itselفة a gemme  
Of such a lustre, that it might bee sett  
To blaze w<sup>th</sup> wonder in a Coronett.

-----  
Nor wealth nor hono<sup>r</sup>, no nor learning buyes  
                  This precious merchandize  
Nor *hath* it in the marriage bed a place  
                  Nor in a numerous race,  
For y<sup>ese</sup> we loose & find, at last, with y<sup>ee</sup>  
Greate God rests [?] only true faelicity.

-----  
Here [?] though some shaddow of *content* a while  
                  Comforts us with a smile,  
Yet is o<sup>ur</sup> heart unsettled & still pantes  
                  For something w<sup>ch</sup> it wants.  
Yea, life is so uncertaine y<sup>t</sup> no man  
Exactly can *proportion* out his spanne.

-----  
Then teach us, Lord, to number to thy prayse  
                  Not only o<sup>r</sup> few dayes

But every sand w<sup>ch</sup> instantly doth passe  
Through times unsettled glasse.  
That so wee may apply o<sup>ur</sup> heartes to bee  
Informed with true wisdome, y<sup>t</sup>'s with thee./

25 December 1635

Pye, Sir Walter

**The Subject:** Sir Walter Pye was of relatively humble birth, born in Herefordshire to Sir Roger Pye and his wife, Bridget Kyrle. After time at St. John's Oxford, he entered the Inns of Court in 1589-90, which marked the beginning of a long and successful legal and political career. He served as M.P in all the 1620s Parliaments and from 1621 was Attorney of the Court Wards. His manipulation of that office for his own benefit was much remarked on both before and after his death. The poem below is an extreme example of the abusive funeral elegy. (See *Oxford DNB*).

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "To base a subject for a lyne In verse"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 36, 37, fol. 184; Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 206

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 206

**Title:** `Elegie uppon an old usurer Fit Pio Pi:"

To base a subject for a lyne In verse  
for who w<sup>th</sup> mention of so vilde a hearse  
will offer to polute, his mouth, or penn:  
what did I say; A hearse, A Dungehill is  
More fitt for such a Lumpe, or durte, as this  
His name I scorne to utter; nor will I  
vouchsafe to have a finger in the pye;  
A name soe vylde and Odious that it stinckes  
Such a could bakte-meate, for the Devill to good  
who was but a grand maggott, while it stood  
As for his pedegre & highe discent  
That, from the Loynes is fetch, Incontinent  
Of thowsand muttons, Beives, Lambs, Calves & hogges  
wittnes S<sup>t</sup> Nicholas yeomen and their dogges<sup>1125</sup>  
whence hee might boast (yf rightly understood<sup>1126</sup>  
Though not soe much of Gentry, yett of blood  
As for the peenn[?] & law municipall  
Hee Could find none more beneficiall  
Then the Blood-sucking trade of Usurye  
This was his practice, this his Butcherye  
Of lyveing men; And as for his beleife  
T'was not in God; but in good Angels Cheife  
yett to what purpose, to what end was als  
His hoarding; wast that the yongue prodigall

---

<sup>1125</sup> The reference here is unidentified.

<sup>1126</sup> There is no closing bracket.

In flaunting wise, may (like a sprightfull elfe<sup>1127</sup>  
 Profusely spend what hee denyd hymselfe  
 Follow his pleasure, pamper his desire?  
 And w<sup>th</sup> his monye, dubb, him selfe Esquire  
 Ruffle in silkes keepe Couches, and feed highe  
 on phesant, partridg, plover, & woodcocke pye.  
 none knowes what hee may bee, that must Inheritt:  
 This Argues somthinge of a generous sperritt  
 I doubt it; hee that came from shambles faire  
 May Chance to have a sheapshead for his heire  
 who (yf hee keep his finger out o'the fier)  
 may prove as verye A Puckfoyst[?] <sup>1128</sup> as his sire  
 And such a Curse attend ill gotten gould  
 To rust and Cunker<sup>1129</sup>, in thee Chest[?] soe old  
 [207]  
 Soe woundrous old, that it remembers well  
 When the first monye did of suett smell  
     But that th'old, nastye, rotten, mangy thinge  
 Should Cough, and Grunte, and linger out till springe  
 Itt breedes more wonder, Why (as I remember)  
 Dyd hee not rather lye in Last December  
 Before the holye dayes, to save Charges, and  
 Goe w<sup>th</sup> his Fellow-weymarke hand in hand<sup>1130</sup>  
     If then his List had serv'd hym but to dye  
     Hee might have given the devill A Christmas pye.<sup>1131</sup>

---

<sup>1127</sup> There is no closing bracket.

<sup>1128</sup> Possibly an error for "Pickfoyst"? *OED* has "foist" n.4 meaning cheat, pick-pocket.

<sup>1129</sup> Sic, for "canker".

<sup>1130</sup> On the preceding pages in Bodl. Ashmole 38 appear two poems on the death of a usurer identified as "old Weymark". The first of these ("Stamp on him reader, under this clod") is similar in spirit to the elegy on Pye and also appears in BL Harl. 6917, fol. 82; the second advises elegiac constraint and leaving judgement to God. The subject was Edward Wymarke of Saint Botolph without Aldersgate, City of London, who died Dec. 30, 1634; he was widely noted for his predatory money-lending. See entry in *History of Parliament*.

<sup>1131</sup> Sir Walter as the "devil's Christmas Pye" is also played in a widely circulating epitaph on him, beg. "If any aske, who heere doth lie", sometimes attributed to John Hoskins. See Doelman, *The Epigram in England, 1590-1640*, p. 211.

1635

Fitzwilliam, Lady Winifred

**The Subject:** Winifred Fitzwilliam (b. 29 May 1608) was the daughter of William Fitzwilliam (1590-1643/4), 1<sup>st</sup> Baron FitzWilliam and Catherine Hyde (1579-1643; m. 1605) of Milton Hall in Castor, Northamptonshire. The family had a reputation for godly Protestantism. Codrington's manuscript elegiac volume on Winifred's death is dedicated to her father.

**The Author:** Robert Codrington (see "Sir Edward Coke", 1634, above).

**The Manuscript:** Yale Osborn b.87 is obviously a presentation volume, presumably given to the father, Baron William. It features no more than six lines of verse per page, in a neat italic hand, on carefully ruled pages. The English poem is followed by a title page (and only there is the subject's identify described). This page is dyed black, and the Latin inscription has been etched into the black surface. It reads,

#### EPICEDIUM

Viro vere honorifico et Ordinis sui facile Principi, GUILIELMO FITZ=WILLIAM Baroni  
FITZ=WILLIAM de Liffer<sup>1132</sup>

In obitum Filiae suae praestantissimae D.D. WINIFREDAE FITZ=WILLIAM, cuius piis  
Manibus litavit molâ salsâ quum thura illi non suppetebant

**First Line:** "What sacred light is this, what glorious guest"

**Manuscripts:** Yale Osborn b.87, p. 5

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.87, p. 5

**Note:** The bulk of this poem is reproduced in Codrington's elegy on Frances, countess of Bridgewater (see below, 11 March 1636)

**Title:** Funerall teares and consolations

What sacred Light is this, what glorious Guest  
Is pleas'd to lodge in my unworthy Brest,  
And with a suddayne touch my Soule inspires  
Rapt in amazements, and transporting fires?  
[p. 6]  
Tis thou (greate Shade) thou who soere thou bee  
That leav'st the world in Darknes, thou art Shee,  
In mee 'twere vile Ingratitude to rue  
Thy losse, whose lustres warme me thus, yet who  
When all dissolves can with a careles eye,

---

<sup>1132</sup> Lifford, Donegal, was the official seat of the FitzWilliam barony.

Untouch'd at Fate, stand unlamenting by, 10  
 [p. 7]  
 Let us call home our Greifes then all, which show  
 Those the most noble where most high they flow,  
 We must dispatch them unto Heav'n to tell  
 The murder done, for since she did excell  
 So just, so pure in all things, who can quitte  
 The hand of Death, that now must answer it,  
 [p. 8]  
 Such vowes, so many, of this Blisse bereaven  
 Will talke so lowd, that out of Justice Heav'n  
 Must lend redresse, least that her tombe inferre  
 Her Dusts more pure then it, and unto her 20  
 The world for ever should theyr zeale ingage,  
 How greate a portion of my Greife hath Rage!  
 [p. 9]  
 Be kind unto thy selfe, dulle Fate, and stand,  
 And breathe awhile, let not thy willfull Hand  
 Pursue an erring rage, for each new Blow  
 Would interrupt, and not increase our woe;  
 Thou canst doe nothing that may render us  
 More fond of teares, or thee more tyrannous,  
 [p. 10]  
 Since roome we want to vent our Greifes, our eyes  
 Afflict the Earth, whiles cloudes of thronging sighes 30  
 Oppresse the ayre, as if the world were all  
 Too close, and lesser then the Funerall.  
 What Man is yet so dull, so much to Fame  
 And worth a Stranger, as to aske what Name  
 [p. 11]  
 So greate a losse doth beare, let him that weares  
 An acted Greife, and complements with teares,  
 Fortunes, and Heralds Pageant, who for Deeds  
 On ayres and titles of true Greatnes feedes,  
 Admire such Pompe, while I thy Soule, which stood  
 So pure, that had the Angells beene as good, 40  
 [p. 12]  
 So many Spirits punish'd for theyr Pride,  
 Back'd on the Northerne cloudes, should never ride  
 Downe Taurus mountayne, when with rage oregone,  
 They leade the vaward<sup>1133</sup> of the tempest on.  
 Yet who her Greatnes dares controwle, whose Birth  
 Did clayme such high preheminance of worth,  
 [p. 13]  
 And happines to come, no Planets Jarres

---

<sup>1133</sup> vaward] vanguard.

Annoy'd the heavnly Influences, her Starres  
Sang to her Destinyes, her pretious thred  
With richest Art they spunne, and promised  
It should more lasting prove, the Graces flockd  
About her smiling, and her cradle rockd,  
[p. 14]

And giving each a kisse did each divine  
The growing Gloryes of the Name and line  
Of greate Fitz-Williams, a Name that still  
The world with Honour, and Deserts must fill.  
This is the Heralds Panegyre, but those  
That know her farre above the Rime or Prose  
[p. 15]

Of every vulgar Greife, whose wretched witte  
Prophanes her Dust, not parentat's<sup>1134</sup> to it,  
Those that doe know how true a Muse might shee  
Clayme who was heere the Soule of Harmonie,  
Admire her nobler height, how may we deeme  
Her Greatnes did exceede whose Ruines seeme  
[p. 16]

To fill both Heav'n, and Earth, from eyther Poles  
Throng Quires of Angells, and of glorious Soules  
To court her Advent, and to tell how deere  
She was to Heav'n, who made her Earth so neere  
And like unto't, that in that clay=built cell  
Even Heav'n it selfe did take Delight to dwell.  
[p. 17]

Nor can the Earth which in scant cells confines  
All other Bodyes, in such narrow lines  
Imprison her, since Death who doth confesse  
How small a Spanne are others, doth expresse  
How greate she was, for all whom the Grave keepes  
To feele her vertue seeme, and in theyr sleepes  
[p. 18]

To hugge a silent Joy, as now they neere  
The Resurrection kenn'd, and she being heere  
The earnest of it, did her selfe display  
A morning starre before the Breake of Day,  
Is this the Story of her Dust, how much  
May Fame unto her life then owe, when such,  
[p. 19]

So pure Ingredients, so proportion'd came  
And equall mixt to element her Frame,  
That Nature proud of such a worke did seeke  
A lasting prayse in it's Arithmetick,

---

<sup>1134</sup> parentates] participates in funeral rites.

He whose rash wit shall undertake to summe  
 What worth's this life ennobled, and shall come  
 [p. 20]  
 To life to draw them, shall with wonder stayd,  
 Both by theyr Number, and theyr height dismay'd, 90  
 Bowe to theyr Story, which no wit can tell,  
 No Art expresse, no worth ere parallell.  
 Sure she was heere a little Heav'n, which then  
 Touch'd by the hand of Death she witness'd, when  
 [p. 21]  
 Like a divine Intelligence at strife  
 With dull corruption, she exprest what life  
 Her Mind enjoy'd, which still her Deeds more young,  
 And fruitfull renderd, and her Faith more strong,  
 When every pure Perfection in her heart  
 So restles wrought, and so much every Part 100  
 [p. 22]  
 Sublim'd, that we had almost thought her whole  
 Body had gayn'd the temper of her Soule,  
 While thus we saw her growing greate, and high,  
 Who would have thought she had got leave to dye?  
 Or who is he that her alive doth know,  
 That would not thinke but she must still be soe.  
 [p. 23]  
 And though she now layd downe too soone doth sleepe  
 Her last, yet Love and Honour still doe keepe  
 About her waking, and in many a sigh  
 Her Prayse is whisper'd by each passing by, 110  
 Yee gentle Murmurs that repeate your woe  
 (Robb'd of this Joy); O still continue soe,  
 [p. 24]  
 Hugge her soft Ayres, and since so fast she lyes  
 Let none dare wake her from this sleepe to rise.  
 Heav'n is the center of our Soules, the Grave  
 Is of our Bodyes, this short life we have  
 Doth of a middle Nature seeme, yet lent  
 In holy Actions to be cheifely spent,  
 [p. 25]  
 And true Assurance that these Dusts shall rise  
 Awak'd from Death above the lofty skyes, 120  
 This her whole Life so much exprest, so much  
 Made it her Bus'nes, that when Death did touch  
 Her joyfull Body, and the Quires propense<sup>1135</sup>  
 Of Heav'n attended to translate her hence,  
 [p. 26]

---

<sup>1135</sup> propense] inclined toward.

The sacred words she breath'd, did leave such high  
And rapt impressions in the Standers by,  
That they did seeme to have themselves forgotte,  
As if the vertue of theyr sounds had wrought  
Them more then mortall, and now dying Shee  
Had cloath'd them all with Immortalitee, 130  
[p. 27]

But when alas they saw themselves bereaven  
And farre from her, as farre as Earth from Heaven,  
Sorrow grew frantick, and opprest did strike  
The trembling Ayre, that not so lowd a shriek  
Those Matrons made, when in theyr midst of Glee  
On Idaes convexe<sup>1136</sup> they did startling see  
[p. 28]

Slaughter in armour mayl'd, layd all along  
On Xanthus<sup>1137</sup> sedgy banke, to stretch his strong  
And iron sinewes, and rough hand prepare  
Gaynst th'execution of the next dayes warre, 140  
Which landing now, and overborne with Pride,  
The Strength of Asia, and her Gods defy'de.  
[p. 29]

Let the unruly Sophisters that take  
Delight in wrangling, and doe laughter make  
The Argument of Reason, now agree  
To Truth corrected, and make Greife to bee  
Her best Demonstrance, which they most doe show  
Who most in teares, and lamentations flow,  
[p. 30]

All Joyes are lost, all Good doth disappeare  
What a meere Madnes and Disease it were 150  
To seeke to live, there nothing doth remayne  
Which we at all from Aftertimes may gayne,  
How farre that Nature in this Frame excelld,  
And all that Art could doe we have beheld,  
[p. 31]

Who ravished from us, we agayne doe veiw  
By this Privation, all that Death can doe.  
But that more fully we may heere declare  
Our playnts, we should lay by all teares, which are  
Too weake for such a losse, we now should shake  
With a just sigh the center, and awake 160  
[p. 32]

The Spirit of Greife, that so our Accents may  
Make our Love known, where ere her purer Ray,

---

<sup>1136</sup> Mt. Ida near Troy.

<sup>1137</sup> The river also known as the Scamander that flows near Troy.

Where ere her starre doth shine, if now she is  
Spreading her light, where rugged Parrhasis  
Shines at the Northerne Pole,<sup>1138</sup> or if she please  
Rather to grace the Southerne Hyades,  
[p. 33]

Or where the Beautyes of the Morne theyr cleere  
Reflections bend on Ganges streames, or where  
When ere he in the ocean dives, they runne  
From Calpe Hill<sup>1139</sup> to mourne the faynting Sunne; 170  
Thou wheresoere thou dost thy Beames dispence,  
It is no Sinne to begge theyr Influence,

[p. 34]  
Whiles thus on us thou shalt thy light imploy,  
We more shall crave it, and we shall enjoy,  
And mourne thee taken from us, and a flight  
Shall dayly practise, till we reach that height  
Which thou hast gaynd, O why should Heav'n ordayne  
That when they there doe joy we heere should playne,  
[p. 35]

Why should it urge to Good, yet from our veiw  
Snatch the Example, and rejoyce in't too, 180  
Greife is of kinne to Heav'n, and doth improve  
The glorious consorts, and blest Quires above,  
And unto us of greater Pow'r doth seeme,  
Since theyr Joyes move not us, our Greifes helpe them.  
[p. 36]

But can Sighes ease us, or can teares renew  
This matchles Mirrou which no Age can doe?  
Though Greife is not so mighty to revive,  
Yet tis so happy to keepe Fame alive,  
Let us be proud of Sorrow then, and make  
Our life it's theame, and since her overtake 190  
[p. 37]

We cannot, let us with devoted trust  
Honour her Reliques, and relligious Dust,  
How well these Sighes become us, let's indent<sup>1140</sup>  
With Heavn, and her, to keepe the Argument  
For ever in our Brests interr'd, and soe  
May Greife befreind us that our selves may grow  
[p. 38]

Rich in her treasure, and to Fate present  
Tis life alone to be her Monument,  
Which needs no Gravers Art, for every Sigh

---

<sup>1138</sup> Callisto of Parrhasia, who was turned into Ursa Major.

<sup>1139</sup> Mons Calpe, the Roman name for one of the Pillars of Hercules, i.e. Gilbralter.

<sup>1140</sup> indent] make a covenant.

Shall better speake her Epitaphe, and dye,  
And teach a Methode to the world to live,  
Which never could so greate a losse outlive,

[p. 39]

But that her Name recovers it as fast,  
And it embalmes, as it away doth wast.

The End of the  
English Elegie

19 October 1635 (bur.)

Porter, Dr. George

**The Subject:** The subject is nearly certainly George Porter, Regius Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge. He was born in Cumberland (ca. 1574), entered Queen's College in March 1592/3 and graduated B.A. 1595-6, M.A. 1599, and LL.D. 1612. He served as a Fellow from 1601 until his death in 1635 and became Regius Professor in 1611. He was buried in St. Botolph's Church, Cambridge. Richard Crashaw also composed a funeral elegy upon him, beg. "Stay, silver-footed Came, strive not to wed".

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** "Why all those tears ask not the cause"

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.356, p. 225

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.356, p. 225

**Title:** "An elegy upon Dr. Porter doctor of law"

Why all those teares aske not y<sup>e</sup> cause  
Passion now must know no lawes  
Shee doth commaund none should obey  
The rule of reason, if it say  
Griefe is madnesse if't excede  
Its narrow bounds for 'tis decreede  
Sub poena now y<sup>t</sup> every eye  
[p. 226] In teares should write an elegy  
'Twould beare an action not to doe  
And to bee partner in this woe.  
Twere but a sinne a sigh to save  
To spend upon another grave.  
Hence muse you summon to appeare  
Upon this hearse each sigh and teare  
To lavishment \out/, untill you spie  
In natures stocke a poverty  
And when you have y<sup>e</sup> utmost store  
Weepe, y<sup>t</sup> you canne weepe no more.  
For heere doth ly --- but teares to stay  
My palsy tongue, or else I'de say  
An honest lawyer,<sup>1141</sup> such a losse  
Cannot bee a vulgar crosse

---

<sup>1141</sup> These lines likely echo the widely known epitaph from the period: "God workes wonders now, & than,/Heere lies a lawyer, an honest man." ("On the death of a lawyer", Bodl. MS Tanner 465).

Such an one as ne're did take  
 Advantage of y<sup>e</sup> lawes, to make  
 His owne advantage, widowes moanes  
 Orphans plaints, and childrens groanes  
 [p. 227] Where y<sup>e</sup> Angells y<sup>t</sup> did moove  
 His mind to pittie or to love  
 Such an one who spent his life  
 In y<sup>e</sup> law, yet not in strife.  
 Law would faine commence her suite  
 Against Dame nature, & dispute  
 His losse, but y<sup>t</sup> shee feares to find  
 Such another left behind  
 Unto whose faith shee dares commend  
 Her honest tryall to defend  
 The cause of life & death but now  
 In y<sup>t</sup> shee feares an overthrow  
 Deaths y<sup>e</sup> defendant & to~~play~~ plead  
 'Gainst him y<sup>e</sup> suites already dead  
 ffor hee y<sup>t</sup> once disputes w<sup>th</sup> death  
 Will plead himselfe quite out of breath  
 Death kills by law, them<sup>1142</sup> fondling cease  
 'Gainst nature this thy common pleas  
 In his death shee had no wrong  
 Unlesse it were hee liv'd too long  
 [p. 228]  
 That in his losse y<sup>e</sup> world might see  
 A greater mappe of misery  
 His tearme was all his life wherein  
 Hee dayly pleaded against sinne.  
 Untill he did his cause remove  
 To y<sup>e</sup> spirituall Court above  
 Sinne feares y<sup>e</sup> tryall dares not stay  
 The summons of y<sup>e</sup> high court day  
 His terme now ended hee's at rest  
 And gott his full Quietus est.<sup>1143</sup>//

---

<sup>1142</sup> [Sic] likely the scribe's error for "then".

<sup>1143</sup> Quietus est] He is discharged. This trope is fairly common: see Hamlet's "To be or not to be" speech, and the Overburian character of the Franklin who "cares not when his end comes; he needs not feare his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven."

25 May 1635<sup>1144</sup>  
Darell, Sir Sampson

**The Subject:** Sir Sampson Darell (b. 1594) was the son of Sir Marmaduke Darell of Fulmer, Bucks., and Anne Lennard of Knole, Kent. He entered Gray's Inn in 1610 and went on to attain a number of government offices, of which the most significant was Surveyor of Marine Victuals from 1623 on (an office earlier held by his father). He also served as M.P. for Wendover in 1626. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Hampden of Wendover, Bucks. in 1614; the marriage produced six sons (Marmaduke, Edward, Christopher, William, Sampson, and Charles), and three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Margaret. He died in his London home in East Smithfield but was buried at Fulmer.

**First Line:** "Since our first parents' fall broke up the door."

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 63r

**Copy text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 63r

**Title:** 'To the Lady Darell on the death of her husband'

Since o<sup>r</sup> first parents fall broke up the doore  
And lett out death who was lockt up before  
To mourne is customary w<sup>ch</sup> wee see  
O<sup>r</sup> freinds slaine by y<sup>e</sup> common enemie.  
Nor ist so much their tragicke fate y<sup>t</sup> breeds  
Astonishment in us, as conscios seeds [?]  
Of that prevarication & first crime  
W<sup>ch</sup> wee committed even in Adams time  
W<sup>n</sup> in his loynes wee did to y<sup>t</sup> assent  
For w<sup>ch</sup> we share w<sup>th</sup> him y<sup>e</sup> punishment 10  
    Then madame, who can taxe y<sup>r</sup> constant words<sup>1145</sup>  
If you give way to greife, or vapour forth  
A sigh or two, as incense to consort  
Yo<sup>r</sup> Husbands soule unto *Heavens* [?] blessed Court?  
Or w<sup>t</sup> censorious eye can squint on you  
If some few teares religiously bedew  
His hearse, w<sup>ch</sup> trilling from<sup>1146</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> eyes like calme  
Fresh showres in Aprill may his corps inbalme.  
Only excesse shold be debar'd, & here  
The golden meane observ'd as 'tis elsewhere 20  
For teares w<sup>ch</sup> issue from y<sup>r</sup> starlike eyes

<sup>1144</sup> Thrush and Ferris give May 23 as date of death; line 18 might suggest that he died in April.

<sup>1145</sup> It does seem to be such, even though it leaves a very weak rhyme.

<sup>1146</sup> The text reads "fx", a seeming abbreviation for "from" in this manuscript.

And pearles w<sup>ch</sup> deck his hallowed exequies.  
Let *not* too many on his hearse be hurld  
Lest y<sup>is</sup> excesse impoverish y<sup>e</sup> world,  
And so it happen y<sup>t</sup> in time to come  
Envy may leave her heart, to gnaw his tombe./

=====

**First Line:** “Good Lord how vain are men, whose very lives”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 64r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 210, fol. 64r<sup>1147</sup>

**Title:** “A meditation occasioned by the death of that worthy knight Sir Samson Darell”

Good Lord how vaine are men, whose very lives  
depend on negatives?  
So y<sup>t</sup> if y<sup>ou</sup> upholdst *them not*<sup>1148</sup> their fall  
Drawes on a funerall  
And if y<sup>ou</sup> turn'st away thy face, their light  
Is overcrowded w<sup>th</sup> eternall night.  
[63v] They grow, like comets [?] *pre??* [rest of line unclear]  
Themselves [?] discern [?] in her  
Thy love's th' intrinsick salve [?], w<sup>ch</sup> knoweth [?] fresh [?]  
Their rotten lump of flesh,  
W<sup>ch</sup> if thou dost *from*<sup>1149</sup> *them* w<sup>th</sup> draw, each gust  
The wind sighes forth, resolves *them* into dust.

-----  
Why y<sup>n</sup> should man with toyles [?] & cares *contend*  
To make y<sup>e</sup> world his freind?  
Or sett his staff up, w<sup>n</sup> hee's but to Inne [?]  
Here at y<sup>e</sup> signe of sinne [?]?  
Since most refined wisdomes do *confesse*  
There's no true sublunary happinesse.

-----  
If riches or large tracts of fruitfull land  
For good in cheife could stand,  
O<sup>ur</sup> Darell had binn happy who had store

---

<sup>1147</sup> In this section, the manuscript had been reversed, so fol. numbers run down.

<sup>1148</sup> This is uncertain as the manuscript has “ō”, which idiosyncratically is used elsewhere in the manuscript for “not”.

<sup>1149</sup> This is “fx” on the page, but another unique abbreviation, as it recurs in the line “Could rescue him”, where the sense clearly demands “from”.

Of feilds & Indian ore  
But earth to earth must passe, & we have found  
No men can claime more y<sup>n</sup> his length of ground.

-----  
If blisse had sate in hono<sup>rs</sup> stately chayre  
                  He might have claym'd a share  
But Princes favo<sup>rs</sup> nor y<sup>e</sup> Peoples breath  
                  Could rescue him *from* Death.  
For w<sup>th</sup> an equall foot impartiall fate  
Knocks at the Peasants, & y<sup>e</sup> Princes gate

-----  
Had true *content* grown in y<sup>e</sup> Muses ground  
                  By him 'twold have been found  
But Pallas' oyle, nor Apollo's bay  
                  Can lend o<sup>r</sup> life one day.  
And so reserv'd is learning that its all  
Hath nothing certaine but conjecturall.

-----  
Nor can we think y<sup>is</sup> blessednes is spread  
                  Over y<sup>e</sup> nuptiall bedd,

[63r]

[I suspect that I mistakenly cropped the opening lines on this page – check microfilm]

-----  
Nor doth y<sup>e</sup> pearle for w<sup>ch</sup> we traffick lye  
                  *within* [?] a fayre[?] progeny [?]  
For every sprigg w<sup>ch</sup> sprouted *from* this stemme  
                  was of itselفة a gemme  
Of such a lustre, that it might bee sett  
To blaze w<sup>th</sup> wonder in a Coronett.

-----  
Nor wealth nor hono<sup>r</sup>, no nor learning buyes  
                  This precious merchandize  
Nor *hath* it in the marriage bed a place  
                  Nor in a numerous race,  
For y<sup>ese</sup> we loose & find, at last, with y<sup>ee</sup>  
Greate God rests [?] only true faelicity.

-----  
Here [?] though some shaddow of *content* a while  
                  Comforts us with a smile,  
Yet is o<sup>ur</sup> heart unsettled & still pantes  
                  For something w<sup>ch</sup> it wants.  
Yea, life is so uncertaine y<sup>t</sup> no man  
Exactly can *proportion* out his spanne.

-----  
Then teach us, Lord, to number to thy prayse  
                  Not only o<sup>r</sup> few dayes

But every sand w<sup>ch</sup> instantly doth passe  
Through times unsettled glasse.  
That so wee may apply o<sup>ur</sup> heartes to bee  
Informed with true wisdome, y<sup>t</sup>'s with thee./

January 1636

Charles, Lord Herbert of Cardiff and Shurland

**The Subject:** Charles Herbert (1619-1636) was the son of Philip, fourth earl of Pembroke, and Lady Susan De Vere (1587-1629). The Duke of Buckingham stood as his godfather, and already in 1626 it was arranged that Charles and Mary Villiers, daughter of the Duke, should wed. They finally did on 8 January 1635, shortly before Charles' departure for the continent. Henry Killigrew's tragedy *The Conspiracy* was written for performance at the wedding. While the play's "obliquely satirical portraits" ran the risk of controversy, Ben Jonson gave it high praise. William Davenant (1606-1668) wrote a poem on the couple's marriage. Herbert became a Knight of the Bath at Charles I's coronation (2 February 1626) and matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, on 20 April 1632. He and his younger brother, Philip (who became fifth earl of Pembroke), travelled on the continent from 1635-7. Charles died of small-pox in Florence, Italy, in 1635/6. Van Dyke painted a portrait of Lord Charles about 1633, and a family portrait in approximately 1635, which shows Charles standing, in a rich red outfit, at his father's right hand, and Mary Villiers being presented to him as his bride.

**First Line:** "Avaunt you tounge-tyde Mourners whose ambition"

**The Author:** The manuscript identifies the author as "R.C. C.C.C.". This is the standard abbreviation in the manuscript for Robert Codrington (to whom the manuscript belonged), although the *Oxford DNB* records no connection of him with Christ Church College, Oxford. See "Sir Edward Coke", 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng.poet. f.27, p. 237

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng.poet. f.27, p. 237

**Title:** "On the Death of the Right Hounourable Charles Lorde Herbert who died in Italy &c."

Avaunt you tounge-tyde Mourners whose ambition  
Hath reacht unto a Ribband, soe content  
With barren thoughts: Tis not the Meane condition  
Of true desires t'end in a Complement.  
A weake Interpreter of's Greife is Hee  
Who makes his Livery his Elegye.  
You, on whose passions a sharper edge  
Is sett, full fraught with sorrow, come, display  
Your grieved Thoughts, disclaime the Priviledge  
Of stupid silence, make it knowne, that they  
Who are full fraught with sorrow can disclose  
The Nature, not the Measure of their Woes.  
Proclayme Lord *HERBERT'S* Death the world will bee  
Your Echo, and with sighs repeate your Losse  
[p. 238]  
And his Immortall Name: nor Italy

Nor England only can be conscious  
Of discontent, what ever Land doth prize  
True worth, shall heare, and doe his obsequies.  
Repeate your Losse againe: Death needes must heare  
Your plaints, and curse his unjust cruelty: 20  
When Greife has made you Hoarse, fames voice shal bear  
The office of a Lasting Elegy.  
Fame cannot whisper, where her Trump doth clayme  
The Right to sound or Charles or *HERBERT'S* Name.

By R.C.C.C.C.

=====  
**First Line:** “ffill me a cup of teares, y<sup>t</sup> I may write”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Arents S288, NYPL, p. 53

**Copy Text:** Arents S288, NYPL, p. 53

**Title:** “An Elegie of ye Lord Charles Herbert”

ffill me a cup of teares, y<sup>t</sup> I may write  
unequalld greefe, such as may cast a night  
Lasting as times trie[?] <sup>1150</sup> ye dayes pryinge eye  
That all ye world may mourne his elegie  
Descend yee lesser lights, & try w<sup>ch</sup> then  
Can kisse your object into life agen  
If not, yn into dust, y<sup>t</sup> ye winde may  
Disperse his vertuous seed, when ever[?] day  
hath reacht his sylver armes, y<sup>t</sup> we may have  
some fruits of vertue *from* his happy grave: 10  
They wrongd their judgements w<sup>ch</sup> did vainly strive  
By blame to add to him can any give  
W<sup>th</sup> triviall art *perfection* to faint  
Cold they imagine y<sup>t</sup> his flesh cold taint?  
I cold bewaile their sinne but y<sup>t</sup> I see  
my teares will be too few, to mourne for yee  
fare-well thrise-happy soule, I cold invade  
ye thin chapt death, & wish to be a shade  
to waite on yee, wise-poets did not fayne,  
since where y<sup>u</sup> lye, is an Elizian plaine 20

---

<sup>1150</sup> Uncertain; a variant of “three” would seem possible here given the sense.

Thou wast in heaven before, & onely sent  
unto this sinfull-world, w<sup>th</sup> this intent  
To leade us in ye way, nor cold there bee  
till thy returne, S<sup>ts</sup> perfect concordie:  
Thou left us in ye winter of *our* feare  
springe standinge doubtfull to renew ye yeere  
Not knoweing where she shold her fruits bestow  
Since you were dead, ye naked trees weare snow  
As embleme of y<sup>r</sup> innocence y<sup>e</sup> sun  
shortn'd his course, not knowinge when to run.  
Phoebus almost denied to guide his chaire  
feareinge to find him, in his way, a starre  
But not fetterd in this vaine desire  
for to be gaz'd att, like a mountinge fire  
Breaks through y<sup>e</sup> region & sitti above  
The reach of *our* weake sights, though not *our* Love./

30

=====

**First Line:** "Herbert is dead: why then blott out the name"

**The Author:** None identified, but it may be by Robert Codrington. The following poem on George Herbert "View a true poet", has been assumed to be Codrington's by such scholars as Helen Wilcox. Arguing against an attribution to Codrington is that it is not found with his other on Charles Herbert's death ("Avaunt you tounge-tyde Mourners whose ambition", see above), nor does it have the "RC of CCC" attribution (or even his complete name), which most have in this manuscript. He generally does not seem hesitant to assert his authorship of a poem.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, pp. 327-8

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, pp. 327-8

**Title:** "On the death of my Lord Charles Herbert."

Herbert is dead: why then blott out the name  
Of once faire Italy, great Caesars fame  
Shall not redeeme her: wa'st for this shee lent  
Worthies to former ages, cause shee ment  
[p. 328]  
To be repaid in ours! and shall her free  
And liberall Nature turne to usurie?  
Can it bee thus corrupted? dares shee call  
For more in one then was bestowed on all  
Her ancient Heroes? must the fertile wombe  
That teemd with Marses sonnes become the tombe  
Of Venus darling? his faint Limbs might crave

10

Some peacefull rest, but not within a grave:  
His soule ne're ment to travell, since that shee  
Liv'd here in paradise, felicity  
Beyond a wish: and sure his sweeter breath  
Had quite dispell'd infection, had not death  
Provided counter charmes, such as might tell  
Death within Florence studied Machiavell.  
Yet wee adore its Relicks, since tis found  
They'd make their straiter prison holy ground  
Without a consecration; the Divine  
Admired rod in honour to this shrine  
Would humbly bowe, being tis a hidden gemme  
Treasur'd within the earth, worthy the stemme  
From whence twas pluckt, which had fond Timon knowne  
He ne're gainst mankind had such hatred showne.

20

=====

**First Line:** “Your Charles has travailed well, and doth remain”

**The Author:** The author may be the Jonathan Edwards who was born about 1613/14 to John Edwards of Wrexham, Wales. Edwards matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, on 3 February 1631-2, at age eighteen, earning his B.A. on 9 June 1634 and taking his M.A. on 24 April 1637. He was created B.D. on 1 (or 2) November 1642. Edwards was the rector of Cathedine in Brecon.<sup>1151</sup> This is likely the same Edwards that was rector of Cuddesdon (just southwest of Oxford) from 1644.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Add. B. 109, fol. 111

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Add. B. 109, fol. 111

**Title:** ‘To the noble earl his father’

Your Charles has travail'd well, and doth remaine  
At's journeys end; all that great Rome & Spaine  
Can brag of as most rare, could not delight  
His settled goodnes, or his purer light.  
His wholl[?] desire was bent y<sup>t</sup> Court to see  
Whereof all Earthly Courts but Emblems bee.  
This God did best approve, & Angells sent  
To guard him to the highest Firmament,  
His owne White-Hall, invested him to be  
Some<sup>1152</sup> cheifest part of his owne familie  
Or else (if that to Angells doth pertaine)

10

<sup>1151</sup> Foster (ed.), *Alumni Oxonienses*, p. 449.

<sup>1152</sup> Above the word is written the letter “e”: meant to be “Seme”[?].

Perhaps y<sup>e</sup> King of Kings Lord Chamberlaine.  
Why mourne you then (Great S<sup>r</sup>.) he knows noe state  
But good, and left us to be fortunate.  
Hee's only greev'd (might Angells greive) to see  
Your teares to flow for his felicity.  
Whereas for the miter (w<sup>ch</sup> you defend  
Most of all nobles) you your James<sup>1153</sup> intend  
In the Church militant, y<sup>t</sup> in his brest  
Urim & Thummim might be best exprest  
(w<sup>ch</sup> heaven prosper) see the Lord requites  
Your pious resolutions & cites  
Ye heir to the Church triumphant, so to be  
Praysd by both Churches in y<sup>r</sup> proginy.  
    so god accepts y<sup>r</sup> vows, then Do not faint  
    Make you his Levite, he has made his Saint.  
                                Jon. Edw.

20

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<sup>1153</sup> The younger brother of Charles; he matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638. In spite of the suggestion here, James never entered the Church, but was significantly involved as an M.P. in the 1640s and the Restoration. Given the focus on James here, and that Edwards was also of Jesus College, it seems likely that the poet knew the family through James. Perhaps the suggestion that he become a priest is more Edwards' idea than the family's.

25 February 1635/6  
Astley, Richard

**The Subject:** Richard Astley (b. ca. 1560) was the son of George Astley of Blackburn, Lancashire. He entered Lincoln College, Oxford in 1592-3, graduating M.A. from All Souls in 1596, B.D. in 1606, and D.D. in 1618-9. He served as Warden of All Souls from 1618; at some point he also served as chaplain to Archbishop George Abbot. Gilbert Sheldon, who replaced him as Warden, and was later Archbishop of Canterbury, served as overseer of his will. The second poem refers to his as “Ashley”; "Astley" and "Ashley" were often interchangeable in the period.

**First Line:** “All you soft soules whose oft oreflowing eyes”

**The Author:** E. H. Given that surrounding poems are by Strode, Pembroke, and Godolphin, there is a slight possibility that Edward Herbert is the subject.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harl. 6917, fol. 32v

**Copy Text:** BL Harl. 6917, fol. 32v

**Title:** “On the death of dr Astly of all Soules Colledge”

All you soft soules<sup>1154</sup> whose oft oreflowing eyes  
threaten a deluge without helpe of skyes,  
whose throbbing hearts swift pulse resembles well  
the dolefull Tolling of our Astlyes Bell;  
draw neere and lend your eyes: but you whose heart  
sorrow is not acquainted with depart;  
here only come they who have this intent  
to make an Island of his monument;  
me thinkes each Elme or knotty oake would be,  
did nature give it leave, A Cypresse tree;  
and that there might noe want of mourners bee  
these sable lines weare their black Livery;  
my penne drops teares, and that all things may meete  
this paper may be calld a winding sheete;  
The teares we shedd would be congealed to stoness  
of marble to Entombe his honourd bones:  
but why all this? now he is fixt on high  
and one Starre more puzzles Astronomie:  
you say that he was charitable, and  
dispenced his favours with a liberall hand;  
recompence then with love his Charity,  
and mourne noe more for his felicity. E: H

---

<sup>1154</sup> A play on “All Souls” college?

=====

**First Line:** “ffaine would I weepe, but that I feare”

**The Author:** Francis Atkins (ca. 1611-72) is the author of a number of quite long elegies in Folger V.a.97; he seems to have been from Wadham College, Oxford (a number of Oxford printed volumes have poems by him). He was the third son of the merchant John and Katherine Atkins of Chard, Somerset; he matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford in 1629 at the age of 18; received his B.A. in Dec. 1632; and M.A. in June 1635. He served as a Fellow from 11 Dec. 1639 until 1648, when he was removed by the Parliamentary Visitors. From 1660 he served as rector of Chard. He is likely the same Francis Atkins that in the 1650s was in correspondence with John Locke.

**Manuscript Copies:** Folger V.a.97, p. 174

**Copy Text:** Folger V.a.97, p. 174

**Title:** “On D<sup>f</sup>. Ashly”

ffaine would I weepe, but that I feare  
T’were threefold wrong to drop a teare:  
A wrong to nature, wrong to thee  
to heav’n it selfe an injury;  
w<sup>ch</sup> did so long for this thy rise,  
as thou hadst beene its paradise.  
Had’st thou from mortalls ravishd beene  
as well in all thy ages spring  
[175]

As of this yeare; and chanc’d to fall,  
as others, ere th’hadst liv’d at all: 10  
Then not to weep, had beene a staine  
w<sup>ch</sup> teares could never clense againe.  
But scince thy threed of life was spunn,  
till y<sup>u</sup> didst yerne to have it done:  
seince y<sup>u</sup> didst gently draw thy breath  
till life it selfe was worse then death,  
to mourne were envy, or what’s worse  
to wish thee living, were to curse:

Alas thou deidst[?] not now, for say, 20  
to dye bee but to goe away,  
& leave the world; then all men know  
thou didst forsake that long agoe.  
So wholly leave’t y<sup>t</sup> wee began  
to think thee rather y<sup>t</sup> then man,  
& thos were nigh thee would have swore  
th’hadst beene in heaven long before.

Tis y<sup>n</sup> *ourselves* not thee wee moane

wee waile not thy losse, but *our* owne.

Oh tis thy rare example fled

wee greive for not thy person dead.

30

That only did thy Colledge awe

(though more y<sup>n</sup> statute could, or law)

but thine example wrote thee downe

a governor to all the towne:

That now can dye no more, but this

So often by us murdered is

as wee offend, & doe deny

to practise thine integrity.

But may this ever live; may wee

revive, & raise his pietye;

40

Then all y<sup>e</sup> world shall plainly see

that death it selfe is dead, not hee.

ff: Atkins

11 March 1636

Egerton, Frances, Countess of Bridgewater

**The Subject:** Frances Stanley (1583-1636) was the daughter of Ferdinando Stanley, 5<sup>th</sup> earl of Derby (1559?-1594) and Alice Spencer (1559-1637). By 1603 she married John Egerton (1579-1649); in 1617 they became earl and countess of Bridgewater. Like many in her family, she was closely connected to a wide range of literary figures; most famously John Milton's *Comus* was written and performed to mark her husband's taking the position of Lord President of Wales in 1634. See *Oxford DNB* for a full biography.

**The Author:** Robert Codrington. See "Sir Edward Coke", 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*. Codrington also dedicated his 1635 poem, *L. A. Seneca the philosopher, his booke of consolation to Marcia*, to the subject's husband, John, earl of Bridgewater.

**First Line:** "These teares on blest Bridg-waters Death we doe" [of the first poem, the "Epistle Dedicatory"]

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. Poet. f. 27, pp. 252-63; Huntington EL 6850

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. Poet. f. 27, pp. 252-63

**Note:** The bulk of the main poem, "*Funerall teares and Consolationes*" of his poem (of the same title) to Lady FitzWilliam (see above, 1635) is reused here. Multiple passages in this elegy are also found in Codrington's elegies Sir Edward Coke (3 Sept. 1634) and the earl of Thomond (April 1639). A few of these are noted.

**Title:**

An Elegie

Sacred to the immortall memorie of the truely noble, and most accomplished *FRANCIS* Countesse of Bridgewater on [sic] of the daughters and coheirs of the illustrious *FERDINAND*, Earle of Derby. &c

Dedicated to the true mirrour of her sexe and this age the right honourable *ALICE* Countesse of Derby Lady Stanley Strange of Knocking vicecountesse Kinton and [p. 253] Queene in the Ile of Man.<sup>1155</sup>

Composed by her most humble  
and devoted Servant,  
Robert Codrington  
M<sup>r</sup> of Arts.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

These teares on blest Bridg-waters Death we doe  
Illustrious Lady consecrate to you,

---

<sup>1155</sup> The mother of Frances, countess of Bridgewater.

In whom the honours of greate Spencers line  
And Staneley's Glories doe unclouded shine,  
Not to be dimm'd to Death, while teares we poure  
On you blest Daughters honour'd hearse this houre  
Wee Looke on you, with joy, and live; for fewer  
Death's Rage hath made you, but no lesse or lower.  
Should every Tree stoope to the Axe, and all  
Dodôna Forrest by it's Fury fall,

10

Joves oake it selfe would bee ennobled knowne,  
Crowne the blest Ground, and make a wood alone;  
The like protection your rich Shades imploy,  
Wee scarce beleive the Blessings wee enjoy;  
[p. 254]

Wee strive with heav'n, and for your stay wee sue,  
Heav'n still doth gaine by yours, and Eearth [sic] by you,  
Rapt both in Joyes, while you the Love doe stand  
Of Earth, and Heav'n, and of your Ferdinand.

The Acrostick Epitaph.

Freinds you that hate to bee profane, whose eye<sup>1156</sup>  
Reades ore this Dusts relligious History  
And dewes it with your teares, still pay this Due,  
None hath more title to this wealth then you?  
Continue it! who honours others Fame  
Exalts his owne, and dayly for the same  
Showes how to merit a like glorious Name.

Can yet Corruption such Perfection measure,  
Or stones imprison such a sacred treasure?  
Unjust the Doubt is, for whose parts divine  
No fame can limit, can a Grave confine?  
The murmuring wind that never silence keeps  
Ecchoes her worth, and while heere fast she sleepes,  
Steales our sadde Groanes, and with a greedy Care  
Sighes through the world her Name, whose Mention fayre  
Enricheth and perfumes the sadded Ayre.

10

Oh that the Mirroure of all worth, in one  
Fated for Ruine should so soone bee gone!

[p. 255]

But yet conceave not that this Stone you see  
Retaynes the pledges of Eternitee,

20

---

<sup>1156</sup> Vertically along the left margin is written: "FRANCES. COUNTESSE. OF BRIDGEWATER."

In vayne you seeke Bridgewater heere who blest  
Doth make our losse her gayne, our paine her Rest.  
Growe wise and old in Greifes then, let your eyes  
Enough poure downe their bleeding Sacrifice,  
Waite on her hearse and daily for her sake  
All at this Alter just oblations make?  
The *BRIDGE* is lost the *WATER*'s all ingrosse  
Eyes flow your best, and since all feele this crosse  
Runne all things water for *Bridgewater*'s losse.

*Funerall teares and Consolationes.*

What sacred light is this, what glorious Guest  
Is pleas'd to lodge in my unworthy Brest,  
And with a suddayne touch my Soule inspires  
Rapt in amzements [sic], and transporting fires,  
Tis thou (greate Shade) thou whosoere thou bee  
That leav'st the world in Darkenes thou art Shee,  
In mee 'twere vile Ingratitude to rue  
Thy losse, whose lusters warme mee thus yet who  
When all dissolves can with a carelesse eye  
Untouch'd at Fate, stand unlamenting by?  
Let us call home our Greifes then all, which show  
Those the most noble, where most high they flow.  
[p. 256]

10

Wee must dispatch them unto heav'n, to tell  
The Murder done, for since shee did excell,  
So just, so pure in all things, who can quitt  
The hand of Death that now must answer it;  
When death doth life to Innocence deny  
Death sinnes himselfe and Death himselfe must dye.

Bee kind unto thy selfe dull Fate, and stand  
And breath a while, let not thy willfull hand  
Pursue an erring rage, for each new Blow  
Would interrupt, and not increase our woe;  
Thou canst doe nothing that may render us  
More fond of teares, or thee more tyrannous.  
Since roome wee want to vent our Greifes, our Eyes  
Afflict the earth, while clouds of thronging Sighes  
Oppresse the ayre, as if the world were all  
Too close, and lesser then the Funerall.  
A sadde Consumption kill'd her, and we more  
May more feare it now, then shee did ere before,  
For should wee prayse her as we ought, our lungs  
Would wast away, ere we could hold our tongues

20

30

What man is yet so rude, so much to Fame  
 And worth a Stranger, as to aske what name  
 So great a losse doth beare, let him that weares  
 An acted Greife, and complements with teares  
 [p. 257]

Fortunes and Heralds Pageant, who for deeds  
 On ayres, and titles of true Greatnes feedes,  
 Admire such pompe, whiles I thy Soule, which stood  
 So pure, that had the Angells beene as good, 40  
 So many Spirits punish'd for their pride  
 Back'd on the Northerne clouds should never ride  
 Downe Taurus mountaine when with rage oregone  
 They lead the vaward of the tempest on.  
 Yet who her Greatnes dares controule, whose Birth  
 Did claime such high preheminance of worth  
 And happiness to come, no Planets Jarres  
 Annoy'd the heav'nly Influences, her Starres  
 Sange to her Destinyes, her pretious thredde  
 With richest Art they spunne, and promised 50  
 It should more lasting prove, the Graces flock'd  
 About her smileing, and her cradle rock'd,  
 And giveing each a kisse, did each divine  
 The growing Glories of brave Stanleys line,  
 With great *Bridgwater* match'd, whose loves shall still  
 The world with honour and Perfection fill.  
 This is the Heralds Panegyre, but those  
 That knew her farre above the rime or prose  
 Of every vulgar greife, (whose wretched witt  
 Profanes her Dust, not parentats<sup>1157</sup> to it) 60  
 Admire her nobler height, how may we deeme  
 [p. 258]

Her greatnes did exceed, whose Ruines seeme  
 To fill both heav'n and earth, from either Poles  
 Throng Quires of Angells, and of glorioüs Soules,  
 To court her Advent, and to tell how deere  
 She was to heav'n, that made her selfe so neere.  
 And like unto't, that in that clay built cell  
 Even heav'n it selfe did take delight to dwell.  
 Nor can the Earth which in scant roomes confines  
 All other Bodyes, in such narrow lines 70  
 Imprison her, since Death that doth expresse  
 How small a spanne are others, doth confesse  
 How great Shee was for all whom the Grave keeps  
 To feele her vertue seeme, and in their sleepes  
 To hugge a silent Joy, as now they neere

---

<sup>1157</sup> parentats] celebrates the funeral rites.

The Resurrection kenn'd, and She being heere  
 The Earnest of it, did her selfe display  
 A morning Starre before the Breake of Day.  
 Is this the Story of her Dusts, how much  
 May fame into her life then owe when such 80  
 So pure Ingredients, so proportiond came  
 And equall mixt to element her Frame  
 That Nature proud of such a worke did seeke  
 A lasting praise in it's Arithmetick  
 Hee whose rash witt shall undertake to summe  
 [p. 259]  
 What worths this life ennobled, and shall come  
 To th' life to draw them, must with wonder stay'd  
 Both with their number, and their height dismay'd  
 Bow to their Story which no witt can tell,  
 No Art expresse, no life ere parallel. 90  
 Sure s\h/ee was here a little heav'n, which then  
 Touch'd by the hand of Death she witness'd when  
 Like a divine Intelligence at strife  
 With dull Corruption, she exprest what life  
 Her mind which still her Deeds more young  
 And fruitfull rendred, and her Faith more strong  
 When every pure Perfection in her heart  
 So constant wrought, and so much every part  
 Sublim'd that wee had allmost though her whole  
 Body had gain'd the temper of her Soule. 100  
 While thus we saw her growing great and high,  
 Who would have thought she had got leave to dye  
 Or who is hee that her alive did know  
 That would not think but she must still bee soe?  
<sup>1158</sup>For not at all from Fortunes guifts she drew  
 Her circle of contentments, for she knew  
 Riches were tempting Blessings and oft=times  
 Prove not their owne credits but their crimes.  
 But in the practise of a vertuous Mind  
 To the Perfection of all Good inclin'd, 110  
 [p. 260]  
 Whose vertues did their habits manifest  
 So cleere, that neuer they were seene to rest  
 But in a course to which no disorder feeles  
 Mov'd alltogether like Ezechiels wheelles  
 And as in Heav'n there oftentimes some Starre  
 Steales from our sight, nor can we find out where  
 Hee hides his glorious head, but to our veiw

---

<sup>1158</sup> The section from this line through line 138 also appears in Codrington's elegy on Coke (3 Sept. 1634) and his elegy on the earl of Thomond (April 1639).

Doth loose his lustre, and his motion too,  
 Though breaking forth, and kenn'd againe anon,  
 Hee shewes how farre he in his orbe is gon 120  
 So 'mongst those vertuēs which in her rich Soule  
 Wrought pure and perfect, as the Starres that rowle  
 Their glorious courses in their Orbes inspeard  
 Thou peradventure someone worth appear'd  
 Lost for the time, while our intentive sight  
 Look'd on the next which shott forth all her light,  
 Yet ceas'd it not, and twill bee found, if sought  
 It still progressive though unseene it wrought.  
 Nor any vertue doth her prayes crowne  
 More full, then gently that she would looke downe 130  
 On poore mens Greifes, for which with thankfull cryes  
 They mount her praÿses to the Ecchoing Skyes  
 For though all vertues in their severall wayes  
 Fetch the descent of their illustrious rayes,  
 And pedigree from heav'n, yet none doth fly  
 More high, and neere it then doth Charity,  
 [p. 261]  
 Nor any vertue can bee understood  
 To bee of more allyance unto God.  
 Heav'n is the center of our Soules, the Grave  
 Is of our bodyes, this short life wee have 140  
 Doth of a middle Nature seeme, yet lent  
 In holy Actions to be cheifely spent,  
 And true assureance that these Dusts shall rise  
 (Awak'd from Death) above the lofty skyes;  
 This her whole life so much exprest, so much  
 Made it her Bus'nes, that when Death did touch  
 Her joyfull Body, and the Quires propense  
 Of Heav'n attended to translate her hence,  
 The sacred words she spoke did leave such high  
 And rapt impressions in the Standers by, 150  
 That they did seeme to have themselves forgot  
 As if the vertue of their Sounds had wrought  
 Them more then mortall, and now dying she  
 Had cloath'd them all with immortalitee.  
 Let the unruely Sophisters that take  
 Delight in wrangling, and doe laughter make  
 The Argument of Reason, now agree  
 To truth corrected, and make Greife to be  
 Their best Demonstrance, which they most do show  
 Who most in teares and lamentations flow. 160  
 But that more fully wee may here declare  
 Our Greifes we should lay by all teares which are

Too weake for such a losse, we now should shake  
 With a just sigh the center, and awake  
 The spirit of Greife, that so our Accents may  
 [p. 262]

Make our love known where ere her purer ray  
 Where ere her starre doth shine, if now she is  
 Spreading her light, where rugged Parrhasis<sup>1159</sup>  
 Shines at the Northerne Pole, or if shee please  
 Rather to grace the Southerne Hyades 170  
 Or where the beautys of the morne their cleere  
 Reflections bend on Ganges streames, or where  
 When ere he in the Ocean dives, they runne  
 From Calpe hill<sup>1160</sup> who mourne the fainting Sunne.  
 Thou wheresoere thou dost thy beames dispence  
 It is no sinne to begge their Influence,  
 While thus on us thou shalt thy light imploy  
 Wee more shall crave it, and we shall enjoy  
 And mourne thee taken from us, and a flight  
 Shall dayly practise, till we reach that height 180  
 Which thou hast gain'd, O why should Heav'n ordaine  
 That when they there doe joy, we here should plaine  
 Why should it urge to Good, yet from our veiw  
 Steale the Example, and rejoyce in't too;  
 Greife is of kinne to heav'n, and doth improve  
 The glorious consorts and blest Quires above,  
 And unto us of greater Pow'r doth seeme  
 Since their Joyes move not us, our Greifes helpe them.  
 But can woes ease us, or can teares renew  
 This matchles mirroure which no Age can doe? 190  
 Though Greife is not so mighty to revive  
 Yet tis so happie to keepe Fame alive.  
 [p. 263]

Let us be proud of sorrow then, and make  
 Our life it's theame, and since her overtake  
 Wee cannot, let us with devoted trust  
 Honour her Reliques, and relligious Dust.  
 How wel these sighes become us, we'ele indent<sup>1161</sup>  
 With heav'n and her, to keepe the Argument  
 For ever in our Brests intomb'd, and soe  
 May Greife befreind us, that our selves may grow 200  
 Rich in her treasure, and to Fate present  
 'Tis life alone to bee her Monument,  
 Which needs no Gravers Art, for very Sigh

<sup>1159</sup> Parrhasis] the constellation Ursa Major.

<sup>1160</sup> Calpe hill] Gilbralter.

<sup>1161</sup> indent] to make a covenant.

Shall better speake her Epitaph, and dye  
And learne a Method to the world to greive,  
Which never could so great a losse outlive,  
But that her Name recovers it as fast  
And it embalmes, as it away doth wast

[This is followed by a 6-page Latin “Epicedium”, which is not reproduced here.]

28 April 1636  
Perse, Martin

**The Subject:** Martin Perse was the son of Edmond Peirs of Northwold, Norfolk and Ann Dalton of Diss, Norfolk.<sup>1162</sup> He served as executor to the will of his kinsman, Dr. Stephen Perse (d. 1615), the founder of Perse School in Cambridge, in the building of which Martin Perse played a major role. Sometime between 1608 and 1615 he married Katherine Becke (nee Perse, a niece of Stephen); their sons, Valentine and Martin, attended Caius College, to which Stephen Perse also left a major legacy. He served as sheriff of Cambridgeshire in 1625-26<sup>1163</sup>; upon which basis he refused his election as mayor of Cambridge in the same year. He clearly took on that role at a later time. His connection to Sancroft is unknown, but he did promote the educational career of Jeremy Taylor, another major English churchman.<sup>1164</sup>

**The Author:** Given the manuscript in which it is found, this elegy is possibly by William Sancroft (1617-93), who served as Archbishop of Canterbury from 1678 until his death. In 1636 he was a student at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where his uncle Dr. William Sandcroft was Master. (See *Oxford DNB*).

**First Line:** “Flow forth, my tears, and with your floods assuage”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Sancroft 48, fol. 4

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Sancroft 48, fol. 4

**Title:** ‘On the much lamented death of Mr. Martin Peirce, Mayor of Cambridge, who died 28 April 1636’

1

Flow forth, my Teares, & with your floods asswage  
The burning fever of my sorrowes rage.  
And you, sad grones, whose soule=exhaling winds  
Breath [sic] pleasing Julips to all troubled minds,  
Helpe me to whisper forth a mournfull ditty,  
W<sup>ch</sup> would melt marble, & moove rocks to pittie.  
    Flow forth, you fountaines of my weeping eyes;  
    Who can but weepe, when as ‘tis Peirce, that dies?

2

Strange Incongruitie! Could Peirce expire,

---

<sup>1162</sup> *The Visitation of Cambridge, 1619.*

<sup>1163</sup> H.C. Maxwell-Lyte, ed., *List of Sheriffs for England and Wales from the Earliest Times to A.D. 1831.*  
<https://archive.org/details/listofsheriffsfo00newy>

<sup>1164</sup> J.M. Gray, *A History of the Perse School Cambridge* (1921).

And yet the tide of sorrow rise noe higher?  
Me thinks the winds should have conspir'd in one,  
To sigh themselves to nothing with a grone.  
Me thinks Heavens Cat'racts, hearing this sad story,  
Should have burst forth, & wept an Allegory.  
    And soe they would; Had not Sols hote-mouthed horses  
    Drunke up the Cisternes of their watery sources.

[3v]

3

Swift in thy current, Hoarie=headed Came<sup>1165</sup>  
Which by the blest Maeanders of thy streame  
Dost kisse the banckes of Cambridge: Stop thy course,  
Staid by the potent Magick of my verse.  
Then summon all thy waves, & lett them pay  
Due tribute to this urne: That soe wee may,  
    When our owne Stillicid's<sup>1166</sup> exhausted be,  
    Borrow fresh tides of teares on trust from thee.

4

And you, Deare cittizens, draw neare, & powre  
Upon his tombe a tributary showre.  
Sigh out greifes tragick Vespers o're his beare;  
Wash't with the holy=water of a teare.  
But yet take heed, least while each one doth vie  
Teares in a vertuous prodigalitie,  
    He sighes himselfe to aire; and's breath being gone,  
    Niobe=like congeales into a stone.

5

Amongst the rest, whose Piety makes them haunt  
Thy sad, (but sacred) sepulcher, Bright saint,  
Thy pardon, if my rude unpolish'd verse  
Sobbs forth an Elegie o're thy glorious hearse,  
Wrote with my teares; w<sup>ch</sup> Sorrow did distill  
Thorough the art=les limbeck of my quill.  
    My Quill, w<sup>ch</sup> now doth sorrowes liverie weare,  
    And knowes none, but the Rhet'rick of a teare.

6

---

<sup>1165</sup> The river Cam.

<sup>1166</sup> stillicide] dropping of water.

Faine would my daring Muse with vent'rous paces  
Enter upon the Cat'logue of thy graces;  
But that she feares, least in her stragling motion  
Shee loose herselfe in such a boundles Ocean:  
Wonder befits her better, than relation;  
She knowes noe language but admiration.

Thy praise I touch not; Angells shall relate it,  
And fame herselfe be proud but to repeate it.

7

Heavens Masterpeece; & Vertues true Idea;  
A living temple of divine Astraea;  
Justices favourite, in whose sacred brest  
A choicest Senate of all graces rest.  
[5r]Fixt in whose soule true Vertue shines more bright,  
Than doe the fixed Tapers of the Night.

And in whose heart each reall excellence  
Strives with the rest & winnes praeheminence.

8

While thus his vertues shined in their Noone,  
In their Meridian splendo<sup>r</sup>; Lord how soone  
Impartiall death hath blasted all his glory,  
And putt a period to his earthly story!  
Soe have I seene the glorious Eye o'th'world,  
In his aestivall<sup>1167</sup> Solstice swiftly hurl'd,  
Dart his bright raies, & straight his visage shrowd  
Under the sable muffler of a clowd.

9

Impartiall Fates! can noe autoritie  
Repeale the statute of Mortalitie?  
Nor teares can mortalls save, nor suppliant breath  
From the black Mittimus of tyrant death?  
Could such a Ransome adde to Peirces yeares,  
Wee would have bought it with a floud of teares.  
But he is dead; and's memory find's roome  
In every heart to reare a severall tombe.

10

---

<sup>1167</sup> aestivall] pertaining to summer.

H'hath chang'd his Scarlett for a milke white robe,  
In which he doth outshine heav'ns brightest globe.  
And his blest soule in splendo<sup>r</sup> doth outvie  
The twinckling senate of the starrie skie  
But what he there enjoies, a Cherubins tongue  
Is fitter to unfold, than my rude songs.

My Meditation dares not soare soe high:  
Death was his *Usher* to *AEternitie*://

27 May 1636  
Courten, Sir William

**The Subject:** Sir William Courten (ca. 1568-1636) was a major London merchant, specializing in trade with the Low Countries, and royal financier. He also played a major role in the colonization of Barbados in the 1620s, and trading with the Far East in the 1630s. (*Oxford DNB*) The plague was prevalent in London in May 1636.

**First Line [of elegy itself]:** "I neede not faine an Elegie or borrowe"

**The Author:** Unidentified. However, that a Samuel Hinde, a preacher in St. Gabriel, Fen Church, dedicated to Courten *A free-will offering, or, a Pillar of praise with a thankfull remembrance for the receipt of mercies, in a long voyage* in 1634, and that a churchman of the same name (and chaplain to Charles II) published a volume of poetry (*Iter Lusitanicum*, 1662, on the voyage by sea of Charles II's bride, Catherine of Braganza) raises the question of whether he might have been the author of one or both of these elegies.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Lansdowne 98, fol. 197

**Copy Text:** BL Lansdowne 98, fol. 197

**Title:**

An Elegie

Sacred to the Memorye of S.<sup>r</sup> William Courten kn<sup>t</sup>.  
Dedicated to y<sup>e</sup> generally hono'd Gent. William  
Courten Esq. his sonne and heire<sup>1168</sup>:

Acrostick Epitaph.

W hy weepe you here and take this stone to bee  
I n vaine the prison of Eternitie:  
L et your translated Piety and Love  
L ooke high and constant, on the Roomes above:  
I n those Courten now lives, th'heavens enthine<sup>1169</sup>  
A nd Court his honr'd soule, w<sup>ch</sup> now doth shine  
M ore bright sett of by Death: whilst Honour here  
C rownes his surviveinge Name. and to endeere  
O ur grateful teares, and pious Reverence  
U nto his dust w.<sup>th</sup> greater enfluence  
R enders his happy Fame: in w.<sup>ch</sup> his fate  
T ranscends the vulgare height of grief, & moves  
E nsphear'd above these sorrowes, or these loves:

---

<sup>1168</sup> The younger William Courten, second son of Sir William, became his heir upon the death of Peter Courten in 1624/5. He continued his father's trading and colonizing enterprises.

<sup>1169</sup> No *OED*; presumably a scribal error for "enshrine".

E arth boasts his dust w<sup>ch</sup> this sad stone doth hide  
N ot to corrupt here, but to bee rarifide

Elegie

I neede not faine an Elegie or borrowe  
high illustrations to expresse a sorrow:  
When I but name the cause greefe cannot want  
A theame, to make it deepe and Elegant:  
But teares make shallowe murrmurrs then we must  
Parlee in deeper sorrows w<sup>th</sup> the dust;  
Call up religious grones & sighes to paye  
Our meditacion to his sacred claye.  
In such sad raptures we may well dispence  
With manhood: make our facultyes one sence 10  
Of passion too, when sorrow so appears  
Breakinge through Marble w<sup>th</sup> Religious teares  
[fol. 197v]  
Each greef flowes high and Eloquent their sound<sup>1170</sup>  
Salute each strangers eare, nor can so deepe  
And wilde a sorrow circumscribed keepe  
In one place only, where commerce can spread  
Her fraughted sailes t'is Newes Courteen is dead.  
And mask'd in sad report seekes further boundes,  
The winde doth murmurr it from coast to coast,  
Where the Traffique standes amaz'd as having lost 20  
Her nerves of trade from whence the sullen waves  
Beate in confused heapes, & madly raves  
And hee that such tribute doth not nowe returne,  
Knowe's neither virtue nor from whome to morne:  
These noble parentations<sup>1171</sup> are, but if  
Our muse durst descant on a Royall greif  
Heere might shee rove, and in a labour'd verse  
The crownes just sorrows for his death rehearse;  
But I lyke poore Codrus (only) strive to raise  
His humble Alter to his Merits prayse:<sup>1172</sup>

<sup>1170</sup> It seems likely, but not certain, that the scribe missed a line here with the page turn. This line seems at first a complete thorn line, but five lines on there is another thorn line ending "boundes"; while very unusual to have this sort of rhyming in a couplet poem of the period, two missed lines this close together also seems unlikely. With the first there does seem to be a grammatical problem, which would point to a missed line: there is no clear subject for "Salute"; however, there is no grammatical problem with the line ending "boundes".

<sup>1171</sup> parentations] funeral ceremonies.

<sup>1172</sup> Codrus] not Codrus, the last king of Athens, but Codrus, the friend of Pompey, who retrieved his corpse and erected a simple funeral pyre (Lucan, *Pharsalia*). The point of the passage in Lucan is that the great Pompey needed no grander funeral rites. The same phrasing, "*I like poor Codrus*" is found in an elegy on the Duke of Buckingham (beg. "Death come thy selfe and let thy Image sleepe") (*Early Stuart Libels*, Piii17). This source identifies him aright, but *The verse miscellany of Constance Aston Fowler* gets this wrong.

Then pardon mee (deare S.<sup>r</sup>)<sup>1173</sup> whilst every sighe  
 Lyke hallowed incense, mounts your grief as high  
 As where your joyes are lodg'd, you make it knowne  
 By these memorialls you best raise your owne  
 For signes of true relacions afterbreath  
 Even yet continue undissould<sup>1174</sup> by death:  
 Hee in your love still lives, and while you strive  
 To keepe his Name hee keepe's your worth alive  
 And if you rightly this affliction beare  
 Heele more divided then deceas'd appeare:  
 Complaint doth lighten woes, but since it is  
 In me a rudenesse to discourse of this,  
 2 Your noble father sent you from the grave  
 1 I seeke not to recon: you should have<sup>1175</sup>  
 Could any Art or love revive a herse,  
 Or grief make people as it makes a verse:  
 But since we now have onely left your high  
 Deserts, so great an absence to supply:  
 Be our new wonder, & by our presage  
 Exceed him both in happinesse and Age,  
 And for your everye action may there bee  
 A debt to you from imortallitie:  
 While we in you (who so much worth ingrosse)  
 Shall find advantage for your fathers losse:  
 May we againe see him draw vitall ayre:  
 [fol. 198r]  
 And newly flourish in your children faire:  
 Whoe all shall make their future Gloryes knowne,  
 To bee the heires apparrant of your owne:  
 Whilst all improve themselves by him & what  
 They cannot practise shall admire att,  
 What rich elaborate hand what art can raise  
 To him a Monument, who scornes to praise  
 Of Tombes & titles as of thinges that bee  
 The Scorne & Mocke of immortallitie:  
 Who hates bought Fame, that will himself surpassse  
 The Parian Marble,<sup>1176</sup> or Corinthian brasse<sup>1177</sup>  
 Hee's in himself then in this Tombe, more safe,  
 Whoes virtues do outlive his Epitaph  
 And that doth best sett all mens glory forth

<sup>1173</sup> The younger William Courten, to whom the poems as a group are dedicated.

<sup>1174</sup> The manuscript definitely presents "undissould", and there is slight support for this: the *OED* includes "dissoul" as a nonce word used in 1622. This would make plausible sense: death has not deprived him of a soul. However, more likely is that it is a scribal error for "undissolved".

<sup>1175</sup> These marginal numbers indicate that the lines are to be reversed.

<sup>1176</sup> The Aegean island of Paros was renowned for its white marble in classical times.

<sup>1177</sup> Corinthian bronze (or brass) was known for its freedom from tarnishing (see Pliny, *Natural History*, 34.2).

When lyke to his there monuments there worth:  
When wee read this, & then our knowledge misse  
His active virtues, the sad sence of this.  
Must still renew our grief, & tyme to come,  
Make that an Alter, w<sup>ch</sup> wee call a tombe,  
Nor need hee other Epitaph to satisfy  
Enquiring Fame but, here Courteene doth Lye.

Finis

=====

**First Line:** “Tis not yo<sup>ur</sup> moanes availe, nor wearing black”

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Lansdowne 98, fol. 199

**Copy Text:** BL Lansdowne 98, fol. 199

**Title:** “To the Sacred ashes of S:<sup>r</sup> William Courteen Knight &c.”

Tis not yo<sup>ur</sup> moanes availe, nor wearing black  
that can *protect* your greife or call him backe:  
the great Decree of Decrees had sett  
downe just the Date that hee must paye y<sup>e</sup> dayes debt  
hee owed exacting Nature, whose watch, then  
strucke to a Minute, as shee serves all men:  
then period<sup>1178</sup> your sighes, suspend your teares  
sith Fate must have it so: blesse his past yeares  
that so deserv'd (they well deserve that doe  
bring to a Nation, wealth and honour too)  
wittnes his late Adventure, nowe at Sea  
w<sup>ch</sup> (albeit long) yet hopefull Voyage, may  
upon returne discover, wher's that Ore  
makes mean men Monarches, or makes Monarches poore?  
Wee should doe injury to his Cleere Name  
to cast into th'earth with him, that lov'd Fame  
should last unto posterity, that hee  
might live without an end in Memorie,  
whose traffique to all parts were such, as ~~bound~~-tyed  
kings to his knowledg: whose labours eged<sup>1179</sup>  
the world about, whoe where soe're hee came

---

<sup>1178</sup> period] conclude.

<sup>1179</sup> This is definitely a crux: while “eged” might be an unusual spelling for “edged”, more likely it is a scribal error for “eyed”, which would complete the rhyme. However, the sense of that is not strong or clear.

Courteen gave savour in his very Name:  
hee many dangers tryed, thereby to bring  
us, from all parte, a part of every thing:  
Our Countryes grow'th and labour of poore hands  
Hee did transport to other forraine lands.  
where by did thousands live, whoe cannot bee  
ign'rant what t'is to loose such men as hee  
[fol. 199v]

Brave noble Trade, howe salvage were Mankinde  
without a Land made rich by such a freind:  
the Guerdon of whose paine & in my zeale  
instile,<sup>1180</sup> Cheif Pillar of the Common Weale,  
whome thoughe hee leave us nowe, do him his right,  
Hee dyed well that liv'd to dye uppright!  
Drawe nowe his Courtaine, see heere, Courteen, close  
nail'd upp for ever, in his Earthly house:  
come all and offer to ~~hono~~<sup>r</sup> his hono<sup>red</sup> Claye  
tributary Greife, lett Him not passe awaye  
forgott like Common persons, whoe once gone  
doubly are lost, to foule Oblivion:  
Seamen sacrifice to this hoary sleep  
dissolv'd teares, let your manly spiritte weep:  
Danger att Sea I have seene you boldly meet,  
unamazed, threatning what did you threat:  
were it such wether, that your very beak  
laye underwater, or you'd sprang<sup>1181</sup> a leake,  
or had yo<sup>ur</sup> Hulk climb'd Heav'n, & with her fall  
vow'ed the losse of shipp, Men, Goods and all,  
or on some Rocke so splitt you had been nye,  
or return'd fraught, had mett an Enimye  
unmov'd yet in your Manhood, nowe you stand  
besott with sadnes, as you'd drowne the Land:  
apparent in your troubled ages, that well  
expresses what is too much for mee to tell:  
nor doe you mourne alone, for Belgia, Rhine,  
withall those waters farre and neere that joyne  
murmurs his losse! yet this our greifes abate  
his Glory lives still in your hopefull Fate  
[fol. 200r]

I wish (in duty that I owe his Name)  
I could erect (to showe his brighter fame)  
A Monument so rich, so learn'd that might  
Keep him alive unto the latest night,  
Hereafter lov'd as nowe, that's Memorie

---

<sup>1180</sup> instile] name (v.)

<sup>1181</sup> Sic.

Wake the newe World, when this is spent to dye.

Acrostick

Surly Death what mean'st thou, must thy hand  
In all thy rude attempts bee our Cammand<sup>1182</sup>  
Ransacking to serve thy lust, both Sea, or Land?

Wee heere bewaile what thou hast lately done  
In robbing us this onely=hopefull One.  
Lov'd for his Merrits ~~whilst~~ w<sup>ch</sup> in thy despight  
Lives and shall last unto the latest Night:  
Inrich't in knowing Nature, made upp by Art,  
As by those benefitts hee did impart,  
'Mong'st us heere left, doe showe his learned hart.

Can their bee left in Man, a power, a teare  
Or ought hath sense of sorrowe that heere  
Unto this hallow'd dust denyes to paye  
Rich homage, since it is his parting daye:  
Take leave with mee ungladly, yet retaine  
Ever the Record of his happy Name,  
Even until the tyme that Sunne, or Moone  
Not move to you, that so your Light bee done./

Finis

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<sup>1182</sup> Clearly a scribal error for "Command".

26 June 1636  
Crane, Sir Francis

**The Subject:** Sir Francis Crane (ca. 1579-1636) whose parentage is uncertain, attained positions in the courts of King James, Prince Henry, and Prince (later King) Charles, and he became a major manufacturer of tapestries. He was primarily based at Mortlake (in Richmond) and Grafton, Northamptonshire and was married to Mary Le Maire, daughter of David Le Maire of London. The envy of Crane noted in the elegy is not mentioned in the *Oxford DNB* entry on him. (See *Oxford DNB*).

**The Author:** Sir Thomas Salusbury. See entry on Sir Thomas Myddelton (12 August 1631) above. Salusbury was married to Hester Le Maire (or La Marie as it appears in the *Oxford DNB* (d. 1655)) whose first husband had been Sir Peter Le Maire (brother of Mary, Crane's wife).<sup>1183</sup> Francis Crane bought the lordship of Ruthin, which was not far from the Salusbury home of Lleweni in Denbighshire.

**First Line:** "Ile not invoake y<sup>e</sup> Muses, nor beleeve

**Manuscript Copies:** NLW 5390D, p. 281

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 281

**Title:** "An Eligie [sic] upon the Death of y<sup>e</sup> Hono<sup>ble</sup> S<sup>r</sup> ffra: Crane"

Ile not invoake y<sup>e</sup> Muses, nor beleeve  
his passions reall that craves help to greeve  
soe greate a losse as ours: how should one thinke  
him drie, and hungry, that doth eate, and drinke  
by rule, or measure; hee that useth art  
t'expresse his sorrow greives not from the hart.  
For mee, I'le not soe scandall my true zeale  
unto his great deserving, as reveal  
in words those passions w<sup>ch</sup> become myne ey  
far better, and much lesse in Poetry  
y<sup>e</sup> most fictitious, yet small customes plead,  
and reverend respects I owe y<sup>e</sup> dead,  
that somewhat I must say, y<sup>e</sup> holy fire  
from his owne Urne is y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> inspire  
my Geneus (duller then Prometheus clay)  
w<sup>th</sup> a Poetick furie, that I may  
tell those that lov'd him not, hees gone but more  
above those malice then hee was before  
And as his Innocence, on earth did gaine  
protection from a'gracious Sovereigne  
against their speeches, soe underneath y<sup>e</sup> wings

---

<sup>1183</sup> *Calendar of Salusbury Correspondence*, ed. W.J. Smith (1954), p. 83.

hee now is shelterd of the King of Kings  
Rewarded w<sup>th</sup> a'place amongst Gods heyres  
where noe dissentions spiritt like to theyres  
shall ever come: till purg'd of the offence  
gainst truth, and charity, by innocence.

His virtue was the object of their hate  
and not his person, for they well knew that  
they could noe more to a distemper move,  
then the inconstant wind that from above  
takes priviledge, and where it list doth blow.  
His judgement, and experience made him know  
th'untruth of envious rumo<sup>rs</sup>, how to slight  
his mind beinge conscious but of what was right  
and how w<sup>th</sup> patient smiles hee might retourne  
pittie to them, but to their malice scorne:  
[p. 282] Mallice is of the Nature of the stone  
both growinge from an ill digestion  
of what was good, hence cam't[?] hee could noe more  
prevent their envious slanders by the store  
of his admired virtues, then appears  
by temperance the paines of his disease  
yet we above their spleenes, his virtue wrought  
w<sup>ch</sup> hath such charity ~~from~~to all men taught  
that whoesoe envie him w<sup>th</sup> greatest spite  
none envyes them, in [?] what th'have gotten by't

T.S.

16 January 1636/7  
Barlow, John

**The Subject:** John Barlow received his B.A. from Corpus Christi College in 1631, and his MA in 1634; he was ordained as Deacon, 1636 in the Diocese of Oxford. His very brief will (NA PROB 11/173/400) is dated Jan. 16, 1636/7, the day before he died, mentions a brother named Richard as heir and executor, but offers no further biographical details.

**The Author:** Robert Codrington. See "Sir Edward Coke", 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "O the prodigious vanity"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. Poet. f. 27, p. 238

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. Poet. f. 27, p. 238

**Title:** "Upon the untimely fate of John Barlow M<sup>f</sup> of Arts and Scholler of C.C.C. By R.C.C.C.C."

O the prodigious vanity  
Of Man, that lives eternally  
In his fond hopes: draws out his twine  
Of life into an endlesse Line:  
Applauds his strength and youth; alas  
Thinks strength and youth will never passe!  
Doth feede and gull his hopes at once,  
Expects no Alterationes,  
No waining Age, selfe-flattering  
Doth fancy all his Time one Spring! 10  
Fond Man, the fates may dash too soone  
Thy hopes, thou sett ev'n in thy Noone.  
Draw neere, see what thou wouldst not see  
Thy picture of Mortalitye.  
Peruse thy Coppie there, in that  
The Characters of speedie death  
Are legible. Come lett thine eyes  
Doe His and thine owne Obsequies  
Upon his Hearse a teare lett fall;  
Weepe too: that nigh's thy funerall. 20

23 January 1637

Alice Stanley, Countess of Derby.

**The Subject:** Alice Spencer (b. 1559) was the daughter of Sir John Spencer and Katherine Kytson. In 1580 she married Ferdinando Stanley, who became fifth earl of Derby in 1593, just a year before his death. Both Lady and Lord Derby were major patrons of poetry and drama, and she continued in that role through the rest of her life. In 1600 she married Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor. After his death in 1617, she remained a figure of considerable influence from her country estate of Harefield House, to the northwest of London. See *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Robert Codrington. See “Sir Edward Coke”, 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** “(Madame) to you, whose knowing worth can sette”

**Manuscript Copies:** Clark Library, UCLA, MS 2.1

**Note:** As with Codrington’s elegies generally, this one reuses whole sections from earlier elegies, such as that on Frances Egerton, countess of Bridgewater (1636).

**Title:** “An Elegie Sacred to the immortall Memory of the Excellent and Illustrious Lady the right honourable Alice Countesse Dowager of Derby and Queene in the Ile of Man Dedicated to the right honourable and truly Noble the Lady Alice Hastings<sup>1184</sup> her most vertuous and lamenting Grandchild Composed by Her most humble and devoted servant Robert Codrington Servant to his Majesty.

As it was presented to the right hon:<sup>ble</sup>  
the Lady Alice Hastings

To that greate Lady due, to whose high prayse  
The mourning Muses doe this Altar rayse,  
If any such oblations heere be found

[p. 7]

An ELEGIE

Sacred to the immortall Memory of the  
Excellent and Illustrious Lady the right  
honourable ALICE Countesse Dowager  
of Derby and Queene in the Ho. of MAN  
Dedicated to the right honourable and truly  
Noble the Lady ALICE HASTINGS her  
most vertuous and lamenting Grandchild  
Composed by

---

<sup>1184</sup> Alice Hastings (1606-67) was the daughter of Elizabeth Hastings, countess of Huntingdon (1588-1633), who was the youngest daughter of Alice, countess of Derby.

Her most humble and devoted Servant  
Robert Codrington  
Servant to his Majesty

[p. 10]

As it was presented to the right hon:<sup>ble</sup>  
the Lady Alice Hastings

(Madame) to you, whose knowing worth can sette  
A cleere Distinction 'twixt a counterfette,  
And a true free=borne Muse, we doe present  
This our last service, and relligious Rent

[p. 11]

To that greate Lady due, to whose high prayse  
The mourning Muses doe this Altar rayse,  
If any such oblations heere be found  
That may invite Acceptance we are crownd,  
If not our hope is that (as cleere hath shind  
The constant Goodnes of your Noble Mind)

10

[p. 12]

You still with favour will be pleas'd to deale  
With those that rashly doe offend through zeale.

[p. 13]

#### The Epitaphe

WHY weepe you heere and take this Stone to bee  
In vayne the Prison of Eternitie?  
Let your translated Piety, and Love  
Looke high, and joyfull on the roomes above,  
In those blest Derby lives, the Heav'ns inshrine,  
And court her glorious Soule, which now doth shine

[p. 14]

More bright by Death; yet weepe! for yet this Tombe  
Holds Natures cheifest treasures, would you come  
And all Perfections in one volume see,  
Heere every Dust would make a historie,  
Which he that lookes on, and not spares a Groane,  
Addes but more Marble to her Buriall Stone.

10

[p. 15]

#### Funerall teares and consolations

LET others boast theyr rages, and what fire  
The urged closets of theyr Brests inspire,  
The greatest honour which this Muse shall owe,  
From waters onely, and from teares must flow,

[p. 16]

And as the Chymicks oft of One have told  
Who at the Center turnes the Earth to Gold,  
Me thinks I want Another heere, whose care  
Should into water now condense the Ayre,  
Ayre's but sublimed water, as the fire  
Is Earth refin'd and elevated higher,

10

[p. 17]

And since our Joyes partake of Fire, and heate  
The Earth with Bonfires to proclayme them greate,  
I see no reason but our Sorrowes may  
Turne Ayre to water, and be greate as they;  
And sure my Eye deceaves me, as the Sense  
Too oft receaveth false Intelligence

[p. 18]

From Objects that obliquely flow, but where  
That Harefeild stands me thinks the Sea is there,  
Where all lesse Bodyes which my eyes retayne  
Seeme little Hands floting in the Mayne,  
The Cause is too too playne, then tell me who  
Can sinne to doubt, if it be true, or noe?

20

[p. 19]

She who might clayme all Eyes, whose rich Desart  
Did take possession in each nobler heart,  
Whose life was such, it may be well denied  
That she did ever ill, but that she dyed,  
Hath left sadde Earth, while we to clowdes transferre  
Our Soules by sighes, and envy heav'n not her:

[p. 20]

Each Greife flowes high, and eloquent, theyr Sound  
Beates through the streets, and in that spatious Round  
Salutes each Strangers eare, nor can so deepe  
And wide a Ruine circumscribed keepe  
In one place onely, but in every eye  
It flowes, in each part of the Realme doth lye,

30

[p. 21]

Relligion mournes her selfe, then who forbeares  
To Greifes Exchequer to bring in his teares,  
He that such tributes doth not now returne,  
Knowes neyther vertue, nor for whom we mourne;  
Nor any vertue doth her prayses crowne  
More high, then gently that she would looke downe

40

[p. 22]

On poore Mens greifes, for which with thankfull cryes  
They mount her prayses to the Ecchoing skyes,  
For though all vertues in theyr severall wayes

Fetch the descent of theyr illustrious rayes,  
And pedigree from heavn, yet none doe fly  
More high, or neere it then doth Charity,  
[p. 23]

Nor any vertue can be understood  
To be of more allyance unto God.

And O that Fate with such a lasting thredde  
Had spunne her date of time, as she did leade  
Her life with honour, then no force, nor flaw  
Of Death, or Sicknes, should have made her draw  
[p. 24]

50

With anguish scanted ayre, but such a faire  
Un=interrupted course of health should beare  
Her cleere from danger, that we yet might find  
Her safe as much in Body, as in Mind;  
For She to honour trodde a path so even  
No Spite could trippe her, knowing we buy heaven  
[p. 25]

More cheape then Fame, since the last houre can send  
A Soule to heav'n, and it to God commend,  
But not to Fame, unlesse our life be all  
As faire as it, and as Authentically.

60

And were't not Sinne to doe it, and a show  
Of treason 'gaynst the Powr's that rule below,  
[p. 26]

Our vowes should conquer Death, and Fate controule  
To breake thy slumbers, and call back hir Soule,  
Goodnes may well be bold, and safely crave  
Her owne amidst the Ruines of the Grave,  
Nor did God give such rich perfections breath,  
To be a vassall, and a slave to Death,  
[p. 27]

70

How came she then to dye, did her rich Soule  
Too rapt, her orbes slow motions heere controule,  
Therefore rejoycing to be thus bereaven  
Tooke so much Death as serv'd to goe to heaven?  
So mounts the Eagle with undazled State  
To read 'ith Sunne he is legitimate,  
[p. 28]

So fly our prayr's with winged zeale, and soe  
The Swanne where softly doth Moeander flow  
With cheerefull accents doth for death prepare  
Closing his life, and Song, in one sweete Ayre!  
Rays'd then from earth to make in heav'n a throne,  
When such a Mirrour of all worth is gone  
[p. 29]

80

Let none dare blame or interrupt my sighes,  
I am in love with sorrow, should my eyes  
Deferre theyr teares, or should my Soule distrust  
To pay my vowes to her relligious Dust,  
I should be duller then the hearbs that grow  
In Lethe shades, and never Sunne doe know,  
[p. 30]

Or then the sloth of the fast Baltick Deepes  
Lock'd by the winds in Adamantine sleepes! 90  
Twas just indeed that She who was the Booke  
Of all Perfections, whose each line did looke  
So full of wonder, that the world might see  
And reade in it theyr better Destinie,  
[p. 31]

Should in her proper height be seene, and by  
An Angells quill translated to the skye,  
But so to leave us, and from earth to climbe  
With so much thankles haste, at such a time  
When most the world wrapt up in Errours Night  
Did want the vertue of so pure a light, 100  
[p. 32]

Doth so transport our sorrowes, we almost  
Could chide her speede, by which the world hath lost  
That glorious Abstract which did more contayne  
Then time before ere saw, or Art could faigne,  
You her most noble children whose Desart  
Was heere the chosen Joye which crownd her heart,  
[p. 33]

While now each word you speake her Elegies,  
While from those Soules of sweetnes your rich Eyes  
Rayne downe perfumed pearles, whiles every Sigh  
Like hallowed Incense mounts your greifes as high 110  
As where her Joyes are lodg'd, she makes it known  
By these Memorials you best rayse your owne,  
[p. 34]

Which shall live equall with her Fame, and keepe  
Your prayes waking when your selves shall sleepe,  
These are the thankes her Dust returnes, O who  
Will not admire this perfect love 'twixt you,  
When signes of true Relation after Breath  
Even yet continue undissolv'd by Death,  
[p. 35]

She in your love still lives, and while you strive  
To keepe her Name, she keepes your worths alive, 120  
From you she seemeth to take halfe your breath,  
And you from her to borrow halfe her death,

And since we now have only left your high  
Deserts, so greate an Absence to supply,  
[p. 36]

Be our new wonder, and by our presage  
Exceede her both in honours, and in Age,  
And for your every Action may there bee  
A debt to you from Immortalitie,  
While we in you, who all true worth ingrosse,  
Shall find advantage for your Mothers losse;  
[p. 37]

130

May we agayne see her draw vitall ayre,  
And newly flourish in your Hymens faire,  
Whose worths shall make theyr future Gloryes known  
To be the heires apparent of her owne,  
When you, though late, shall be from hence bereaven,  
Our lights on earth to make us starres in heaven.  
[p. 38]

Complaynts doe lighten woes, and since it is  
In me a rudenes to discourse of Blisse  
I seeke not to recover, you should have  
This matchles Lady sent you from the Grave,  
Could any Art or Love revive a hearse,  
Or Greife make people as it makes a verse.  
[p. 39]

140

No Night of Death shall seize hir bright renowne  
But as the Ruines of some mighty towne  
Show heere a temple stood, a palace heere,  
And heere some Fort, or spatious theater,  
Of which alas the broken Arches still,  
Or razed Columns (which Art yerst did fill  
[p. 40]

With all her treasures and rich historie)  
Retayne theyr greate, and worthy Memory,  
So my sadde Muse shall still this losse rehearse,  
And show her Ruines bleeding in my verse.  
But when at first so greate a Death had shotte  
Greife and Amazement through the world, me thought,  
[p. 41]

150

I saw where Fame awakened by the lowd  
Complaynts she heard, and ayded by a clowd  
Of sighes, that lab'ring to oretaker her, even  
Did strive, who first should fixe themselves in heaven,  
For aye, saide she, will I these sighes proclayme,  
Due to her story, and greate Derbyes Name,  
[p. 42]

160

No Age shall loose her worth, no Spite disgrace

Her prayse, no Rage her Memory deface,  
The deeds on earth which she hath done, shall safe  
Outlive, and prove her happiest Epitaphe,  
No Lust, no vayne Ambitions noyse shall shake  
Her quiet Dusts, or give them cause to wake,  
[p. 43]

No tenants wrack shall curse her thrift, or blame  
This righteous tribute from the Rent of Fame,  
Her Sexes honours she shall new revive,  
And serve for Ladyes as Restorative, 170  
Ages to come shall learne her worth, and what  
They cannot practise, they shall wonder at,  
[p. 44]

All shall improve themselves by her, and try  
As blest like her to live; as blest to dye,  
Relligion shall rejoyce, and Heav'n shall smile  
To see theyr pious troupes increas'd, the while  
The gratefull world shall holy trophyes rayse,  
To Spencers honours, and high Stanleys prayse,  
[p. 45]

With that me thought the Resurrection came,  
And tooke this labell from the mouth of Fame. 180

FINIS

2 May 1637 (buried)  
Whaly, Dr Thomas

**The Subject:** Thomas Whaly was the son of of Kirton, Nottinghamshire. He matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1585, graduating B.A. 1588/9; M.A. 1592; B.D. 1599, and D.D. 1629. He served as a Fellow at Trinity from 1591, and became Vice-Master in 1631. He held the parish of Orwell, Cambridgeshire, where he was buried. The funeral sermon on him survives in Bodl. [MS Eng. th. e. 57](#), fol. 107-28.

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**First Line:** “Grave aged Nestor since y<sup>e</sup> fates decree”

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b197, p. 155

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b197, p. 155

**Title:** “Upon y<sup>e</sup> death of D<sup>r</sup> Whaly”<sup>1185</sup>

Grave aged Nestor since y<sup>e</sup> fates decree  
To take & make a spectacle of the  
In which is seene the fatall sisters will  
At length cutt of the thread plucke of y<sup>e</sup> quill  
Give leave I pray this rude & rambling verse  
To waite upon the on thy mourning herse.  
The well tun'd motions of the Spheres now cease  
the choristers of y<sup>e</sup> wood now hold there peace.  
They're still that sing sweet requiems to the blest  
All with a mourning silence now doe rest  
To heare y<sup>e</sup> muses with melodious layes  
Warble Encomiums in thy glorious prayse,  
Powring upon thy grave an Aprill shower  
In hopes it may produce a happy flower  
[p. 156]  
Worthy thy name which that t'may last all y<sup>e</sup> yeare  
These every minute water with a teare  
Our Whalys gonne yet here we have his ghost  
Summond to starr chamber, by the post  
Of Heaven, to pay a debt by nature due  
Then ripp the sluces of your eyes all you  
Adorers of y<sup>e</sup> muses, & distill  
Part of your souls in teares y<sup>e</sup> world to fill.  
That he may goe by water to his rest  
And in Elisium slumbers e're be blest.

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15 May 1637  
Pulteney, John

**The Subject:** John Pulteney (b. 1610) was the son of Sir John Pulteney (1585-1617) of Misterton, Leicestershire, and Lady Alice Fortescue. He matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford in 1627. He married Margaret Denton, daughter of Sir Thomas Denton of Hillesden, Buckinghamshire. According to *The Verney Memoirs* there were two sisters both named Margaret, and that the Margaret married to Pulteney was the youngest of the family.<sup>1186</sup> At his death he left “various lands which were held in chief of the crown, to his widow for life, and after her decease to his three sisters and the infant son and heir of another sister who was deceased.”<sup>1187</sup> In 1639 she secretly married the catholic Will Eure, son of William the second lord Eure of Northumberland.

**The Author:** John Crowther was likely the son of James Crowther, minister of Ludlow, Shropshire, who matriculated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford 13 Dec. 1622, at the age of 15; he graduated B.A. (14 Feb. 1625/6), and M.A. (25 June 1628).<sup>1188</sup> He was closely connected with the Denton and Verney families; he was the tutor of Ralph Verney (son of Edmund) when he was at Magdalen College, Oxford. He also spent time with the family at Middle Claydon, Buckinghamshire and there is much about his rather obsequious dealings with the Verney family in the Verney papers. In a letter of his, March 15, 1631/2, he thanks Ralph for “that care you have taken for me since in seeking to procure me some convenient place, and that more particularly you have now aymed at my good in preferring me to Mr. Poultney. The doctor tells me that you have proposed my living with him, under this condicion, that he shall give me an advowson of his next living that falls.”<sup>1189</sup> He was appointed as rector to the parish of Newton Blossomville in north Buckinghamshire in 1635. In 1637 he had just married and was living in the rectory; he briefly tutored Edmund, one of the younger Verney sons. Crowther died shortly afterwards, on Oct. 27, 1637. “Crowther, to whom Mrs. Pulteney was a valuable patroness, esteemed her highly as a religious person, and testified his regards, as well as his gratitude, by a large bequest of ten pounds to buy her a ringe.”<sup>1190</sup>

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Stowe 962, fol. 34v-35v

**Copy Text:** BL Stowe 962, fol. 34v-35v

**First Line:** “How sway my troubled thoughtes tweene greefe & glee”

**Title:** “Uppon the most Religious death of the generouse & truly noble J: Pulteney Esquire who died 15<sup>o</sup> Maii: A<sup>no</sup>: 1637”

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<sup>1186</sup> *Memoirs of the Verney Family During the Civil War*. Ed. FP. Verney. 1892 (Rpt. 1970).

vol. 1, p. 276.

<sup>1187</sup> *Verney Papers*, p. 186.

<sup>1188</sup> Foster, *Alumnae Oxonienses*.

<sup>1189</sup> *Verney Papers*, p. 152.

<sup>1190</sup> *Verney Papers*, p. 198

How sway my troubled thoughts tweene grieffe & glee  
 To sigh *our* losse, or singe thy Jubilee?  
 What others may, thou need'st noe Elegie:  
 Thin's to be redde in the language of each eye  
 Deplore thy losse in measures how can wee?  
 When it exceeds all measure & degree.  
 We grudge not heaven her owne juste returne  
 ffrom us who priz'd it not: bedew thy Urne  
 W<sup>th</sup> hopelesse teares we may not: nor yet rate  
 The destinies for thy untimely fate;  
 Such *Common* theames suite only vulgar ends.  
 Not thine: in matchlesse glory it transcends.  
     Methink I see thee on thy bed of fame,  
 Erectinge trophies for thy house & name.  
 Insteade of breathing statues: but more sure  
 Then they, or AEgypt's wounders, to endure.  
 Least thy longe noble stemme, should at thy fall  
 W<sup>th</sup> thee receive its last sad funeral.  
 Wert not the awe I beare to Sacred writ,  
 I would thee parrallell w<sup>th</sup> two in it.  
 [35r] W<sup>th</sup> the Esterne prince,<sup>1191</sup> for holy patience:  
 The Gentills D<sup>or</sup>1192 for stronge Confidence.  
 How didst thou bowe thy backe to heavens rodd  
 Not once repineinge at, but praysinge god?  
 Could pompe or friends, the greatnesse of Allies,  
 Blest Nuptialls, youth, have dazeled thine eyes.  
 Thou hadste 'bove others larger share in this,  
 Enough to make thee deeme the world thy blysse.  
 But thy deviner thoughts, mountinge more high  
 As harbingers fix'd on AEternitie.  
 Where haveinge markt thy seate of endlesse joy,  
 They hasted backe, w<sup>th</sup> Angells for Convoy,  
 To cheere & guard thy soule in peace & love,  
 Till she arrived the glitteringe Court above.<sup>1193</sup>  
 What sacred raptures then did fill thy breast?  
 What Eager longinge for his goale of rest?  
 Like Jacob from the pulpit of thy bedd  
 What blessinge as a preacher didst thou spreade?  
 How did thy aspect quayle grimme death? who stoode  
 Amazd at such affronts in cooler bloode  
 Soe Cheerefull as if Hymen thee had ledd,  
 (They were thy words) a Bride to the Lambes bedd.  
 And though death foyld at last, yet this know wee

---

<sup>1191</sup> Written above this word is "Jobe".

<sup>1192</sup> Presumably, St. Paul.

<sup>1193</sup> Thus reads the line, though slightly ungrammatical.

Twas not thy life but thy Mortalitie.  
[35v] That's soar'd aloft, y<sup>e</sup> badg of this we keepe,  
Till Angells trumpe awaken all from sleepe.  
Till when (bright S<sup>t</sup>:) injoye thy glorious Crowne  
As earth thy memory & blest renowne./

Jo: Crowther

[in left hand margin at tend of poem: "vit: more 207: a:"]<sup>1194</sup>

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<sup>1194</sup> The sense of this is uncertain.

29 June 1637  
Rodney, Frances

**The Subject:** Frances Rodney was the daughter of Sir Edward Rodney of Holt in Pilton, Somerset [see “Author” below], and Frances Southwell<sup>1195</sup> (m. 29 May 1614). Her mother had served as a Lady of Queen Anna’s Presence Chamber. Their wedding was paid for by the Queen and Edward was knighted by the King to mark the occasion.

**First Line:** “Where of Rich Jewells there is plenty, yet”

**The Author:** The poet is likely the Thomas Hull who graduated from Magdalen, Oxford (B.A., 1615; M.A. 1618), and from thence served as parish priest in South Stoke, Somerset.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 20r

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 20r

**Title:** “A funerall Elegie upon the death of that verteous Gentlewoman M<sup>rs</sup> Frances Rodeney daughter to the right *worthy* S<sup>r</sup> Edward Rodeney knight”

Where of Rich Jewells there is plenty, yet  
One lost or stolne from a faire Cabinet  
Of Greatest note, doth make the greife the more,  
This is the cause that parents doe deplore.  
The losse of her, this virgin worthy Creature:  
And yet to dye is but a debt to nature:  
Death envious of the good wee mortals have,  
Robs our desieres [sic], and in a silent grave  
Lockes up<sup>s</sup> such Jewells, till our Saviour come  
To dispossese that grave, empty that tombe,  
Then make your joy now w<sup>th</sup> your sorrow even  
And better itt, for shee hath joy in Heaven./

Tho: Hull:

=====

**First Line:** “Some pittie, Gentle Reader, take”

**The Author:** The most likely Henry Allen is that who graduated M.A. from Cambridge in 1610 (after being at St. Andrews), and B.D. from Oxford in 1616. He served as vicar of South Brent, Somerset; Buckland Newton, Dorset; and Weare, Somerset.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 20r

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<sup>1195</sup> Daughter of Sir Robert Southwell of Woodrising, Norfolk, and granddaughter of the earl of Nottingham on her mother’s side.

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 20r

**Title:** “On the death of the most verteous Gentelwoman M<sup>is</sup> Francis Rodeney who died the 29 of June 1637 [uncertain Greek]

Some pittie, Gentle Reader, take  
Of our just sighes, our moanes wee make:  
Deeme not amisse if wee Complaine  
But rather let us in the<sup>1196</sup> gaine  
Another Mourner: heart would breake  
If loosers had not leave to speake  
Shees dead, whose peerlesse virtues might  
Have forc't to pittie cruell'st spite:  
In whose faire Body, lodg'd a soule  
Good, kind, wise, modest, nay the whole  
Pandora graces thickest flight  
Still to have kept this worthy wight  
Leane death wee would have fille'd thine hand  
With any thinge thou should'st demand:  
Her frends, her noble kinrid deare  
Having added teare to teare,  
A bottle full they would present  
To make thy hardened hand relent  
And Aesculapius unto thee  
Wealthy thankes should offered bee  
Alas: that nothing can defend  
Deat's [sic] stroake, nor virtue, gifte or freind  
Heaven's a bargaine deere beside  
The greifes, feares, toyles our life betide  
The sweets and joys therof wee sell  
Our verry being to be well:

[20v]

For if wee will our purchase find,  
Wee must leave e'en our sealves behind  
Thurst of all pleasurs, quit our State  
Drowne all our Riches, Welcome fate:  
Sterne Fate, that comes attended so  
T'would fright a tender eare to know:  
Such Panges of Sickneses there bee  
To undergoe, such Greifes to see  
Our dearest ffrends weepe loth to parte  
Such Terrours doe possesse the hartte  
Strong wicked Theeves ly in the way  
To rob us, kill us, if they may  
T'would make our silly soules revoke

---

<sup>1196</sup> presumably, “thee”

Her Covenants, and her words shee spoke.  
But our Good Landlord, will not lett  
Us perish, whom his bloud did Get  
Sends his Graces to directe us  
And his Angells to protecte us  
Blest Guides unto a world of Blisse  
When freed from all the Cares of this  
Wee shall a Glorious kingdome reape.  
And now heav'en is a bargaine Cheap:  
This did our freind buy: and is Gone  
And taken hath Possession  
Of that Eternall Hapinesse  
Triumphing over all disstresse  
Dry then your teares, their [sic] spent in vayne  
Wich [sic] can't recall the losse againe  
Rather rejoyce, for shee beereaven  
Of earthly joyes is payed in Heaven  
Hen: Allen:

=====

**First Line:** “And art thou dead, deare Franck, how can that bee”

**The Author:** Edward Rodney (29 June 1590-1657) was the son of Sir John Rodney of Rodney Stoke, Somerset, and Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour (and niece of Queen Jane Seymour). He studied at Trowbridge, Wiltshire Magdalen College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple where he “only saluted the Law afarre off and misspent his time”.<sup>1197</sup> He assisted William Seymour (a cousin with whom he had also attended Trowbridge and Oxford) in his notorious attempted elopement with Arabella Stuart in 1611. He served repeatedly as an M.P. in the 1620s and early 1640s (for Wells and then Somerset), and he supported the King in the Civil Wars. (See *History of Parliament*)

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 85r

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 85r

**Manuscript:** This leaf is of a different paper than the rest of the manuscript and much damaged.

**Title:** “This Verse made by S<sup>f</sup> Edward Rodeney on the deathe of {his} daughter M<sup>rs</sup> Frances Rodeney”

And art thou dead, deare Franck, how can that bee  
since I live still in whom thy mortall part

---

<sup>1197</sup> Like most of this summary, this is found in a biographical account in the same manuscript (BL Add. 34239); although written in third-person, a slip makes clear it was made by Sir Edward himself.

Hath such deepe roote that never any tree  
Was mord[?] <sup>1198</sup> in earth as thou art in my heart  
Yet shee is dead, and when the branches dye  
The sick stock feeles his first mortality

And art thou dead deare Franck how can that bee  
Since thine immortall part hath its whole roote  
Fixt in the bowells of Eternity  
Watered with living streames to make it sprout  
    Shee is not dead only the Almighty hath  
    Drawn back again his owne most sacred breath

Dead and not dead what riddles doe we heare  
Resolve them oedipus this is the sence  
Time running his old race with full careere  
Stopt suddenly and gaz'd as in suspence  
    to cut a flowre so vertuous faire and sweet  
    When trembling nature prostrates at times feet

Cryes out: O time hold back thy bloody sive <sup>1199</sup>  
This gentle Maid keepes in her virgin breast  
All my choyse graces O does not deprive  
the world of her best light and goodnesse, least  
    A loss so great should hardly be repaired  
    Rare workes are long in making quickly marr'd

Didst thou but know what labour care and skill  
Of severall powers conspired at her beirth  
To make a Master peice a non-pareil  
that it hath made of faire and good a dearth  
    thy stony heart would melt at any thought  
    Which might so rich a Jewell bring to nought

the Elements thiere purest mater brought  
the stores good Influence, the graces gave  
Shape colour mild aspect and language soft  
Expression strangly mixt with {.....}  
    Wise, witty, modest, kind {.....} noise  
    That vertue, only had {.....}

[85v] <sup>1200</sup>

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<sup>1198</sup> As in “moored”?

<sup>1199</sup> sive] a southwest dialect variant of “scythe”

<sup>1200</sup> It is not completely certain that the stanzas following are part of the same poem. It initially had its own heading, which was then scratched out. The hand is the same, but the ink is different –or at least transcribed at a different time. However, that its verse form is the same (and relatively unusual for a funeral elegy) and its theme a woman’s

Inward religion like plants whose might  
Lives in the roote most: yet there doth appeare  
Enough for president enough to light  
Anothers candle \at/ her love and feare  
    True piety like dark lanthornes burnes within  
    Contented with the conscience of the thing

Here nature ended in a floud of teares  
The Nimphes howl'd out aloud the fates relent  
All presse the sute with equall care and feares  
And time convinct by reason backward went  
    When suddenly appeared in glorious sight  
    An holy Angell, O what great delight!

Posest the parting soule what joy to see  
That sparke of future immortality  
As on mount tabor in an extasie  
See See (shee cryes) that light it seemes to mee  
    So sweet and pleasant that in all my life  
    I never saw so fine, never the like.

Blest messenger of peace since thou art come  
Bringing Elias chariott in thy hand  
Wee yeeld our right in nature to the doome  
Of that great god who rules the sea and land  
    And bounds our humane life by his decree  
    the golden bridge to Immortality

And thy blest soule enter thy Masters joy  
Sing Hallelujahs with the heavenly quire  
Of saints and Angells free from all annoy  
Of eartly Cares and Change which mortalls tire  
    Though dead in words in truth more life thou hast  
    this sleep {.....} makes it ever last

=====

**First Line:** “Awake o Muse adorne a virgins hearse”

**The Author:** There is no author separately identified, but the following epitaph on her is by “Jo: Pickering”, and he is likely the author of the elegy as well. He was rector of Rodney Stoke from 1629, but nothing further of him is known.

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death points to it being a continuation.

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 90r

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 34239, fol. 90r

**Title:** “On the death of the most vertuous Gentlewoman M<sup>rs</sup> Frances Rodeney”

Awake o Muse adorne a virgins hearse  
Speake in her prayse, her vertues rare rehearse  
Saint=like she liv'd and cheerfully did dye  
Furnisht with winges of Prayer high did fly  
Sleepe heere in peace blest body, sacred Clay  
*Of that rich pearle* that nightly fled away  
*Which made you truly lov'd*, whose love was true  
To all both rich and poore that ere knew you  
Your *Piety* to God did frendly raise.  
Your goodness kindness, virtue got you prayse  
Too rich a jem for earth, heavens thought it fit  
For to translate it thither, sent for it,  
Angells at midnight when the groome did call  
Fetcht the sweet Bride to make the Nuptiall  
After our prayers done, she mounts their winges  
And up shee flyes to heaven, where shee singes  
Sweet *Hallelujahs*: why then should wee weepe  
Wee know that parte of her wich heer doth sleepe  
Shall rise to live eternall, both together  
Shall weare the garland that can never wither,  
There doth shee see the Angells exercise  
And glorious spiritts make there sacrifice  
Who with the saints and virgines sit and sing  
Unto the glory of ther gracious kinge  
Where every close doth in such comfortt meete  
That all the heavens are ravisht with the sweete:  
And Angells in their Hallelujah dwell  
Let mee but sing Amen and I am well  
Yet to that saint I cannot heer deny  
For such a losse to us a sad Elegie.

August 1637  
Jonson, Ben

**The Subject:** See *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Probably Thomas Salusbury; see entry above for 12 August 1631 (Sir Thomas Myddelton).

**Manuscript Copies** NLW 5390D, p. 289

**Copy Text:** NLW 5390D, p. 289

**Title:** ‘An Elegie meant vpon the death of Ben: Johnson’ ‘by T[homas] S[alusbury];

Shall I alone spare paper? in an age  
when everie pen sheds inke, to swell a page  
in Johnsons Elegies: And one his herse  
(a sorrow worthie of him) dropp theire verse.  
as plentie as the cheaper moisture falls  
from duller braines, at common funeralls  
His death inspiring richer witts, and more  
then all the Anncient Hero’s lives before  
were Theme[?] unto: y<sup>c</sup> Spiritt of Poetrie  
Like the Prophetique, keepes not companie  
w<sup>th</sup> the departed Soule in’s flight; but falls  
on those, whome Heaven to the succession calls.

And as the Tisbites, that from Jordans side  
mounted in’s flaminge Charriott, did abide  
and theare unto Elisha;<sup>1201</sup> Thine doth rest  
not upon one, but manie are possesst  
[p. 290]

mongst whome my selfe, though but like one of those  
the prophets children, that in Zeale arose,  
and climb’d the hills, as if in hope t’have found  
by the advantage of the higher ground  
theyre ffather soar’d to Heaven;<sup>1202</sup> as much in vaine  
I find is my employment, whilst I straine  
my feeble Muse, to reach thy worth, and find  
out language fitt to Character thy mind.  
or thy immortall gloryes to reherse  
in deathles number, such as was thy verse  
I might as well by contemplation make

---

<sup>1201</sup> The prophet Elijah, “the Tishbite”, was taken by God to heaven in a flaming chariot; he left his mantle to Elisha (II Kings 2:1-18).

<sup>1202</sup> Fifty of “the sons of the prophets” could not conceive that Elijah had been taken up to heaven and searched for him upon the hills (II Kings 2:16-17).

my grosse empressement [?] soule to overtake  
thy free enlarged Spiritt, and expresse  
thy not to bee conceived blessednes  
This were to doe like thee whose onelie penne  
wrote things unutt'erable by other men:

J. [T?] S.”

27 August 1637 (bur.)  
Stubbing, Edmund

**The Subject:** The series of poems begins with one entitled 'On the death of Dr. Stubbins' (the remainder are untitled). The 1630s provenance of the manuscript and connection to Trinity College, Cambridge, render it nearly certain that the subject is the Edmund Stubbing who matriculated at Trinity in 1606, graduating B.A. 1610-1; M.A. 1614; B.D. 1626; and D.D. 1635. He served as a Fellow at Trinity from 1612, and served as priest at Datchworth, Hertfordshire; Barrington, Cambridgeshire; and Marsworth, Buckinghamshire. He was buried in the chapel of Trinity College.

**First Line:** "What meanes all thes that sorrows livery weare"

**The Author:** Unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b. 197, p. 158

**Copy text:** Yale Osborn b. 197, p. 158

**Title:** 'On the death of Dr. Stubbins'

What meanes all thes that sorrows livery weare  
    Herse sable, cloudy lookes, & dreary teares  
Stubbins is dead, & they doe all bewayle  
    His death & celebrate his funerall  
For our last losse, scarce had wee dryd our eyes<sup>1203</sup>  
    When loe anothers funerall obsequies  
Fond Paynters who doe use to paynt death blind  
    Since hee the fayrest markes doth ever find  
By which his mallice wee doe daly see  
    And libertin as partiall crueltye  
Thus have I seene a Cedar statly tall  
    With often shaking to have bin made to fall.  
When Boreas with his kener blast did blowe  
    Yet did the humble shrubs securly grow.  
But to what end all this? Is it for the  
    They make this funerall solemnity?  
Thou art not dead, thy body they doe lay  
    To sleepe in quiet in a bed of clay.  
But pietry & vertue to thy name  
    Shall consecrate a never dyinge fame

=====

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<sup>1203</sup> The reference is very likely to Dr. Thomas Whaley, whose death in late April 1637, had been grieved in elegies on p. 156 and 157 of this manuscript.

**First Line:** “Tell me impartiall fates, did you agree”

**The Author:** “C.T. Cornwall”. This identification in the manuscript is somewhat enigmatic. While it might mean someone with initials “C.T.” from Cornwall, more likely is that “Cornwall” is a last name and “C.T.” indicates “Collegio Trinitatis”, i.e. of Trinity College. The lined letters “l” would indicate an abbreviation, probably of “Cornwallis”. There is a “Peter [?] Cornwallis” credited with Crashaw’s elegy on Henshaw in Bodl. Rawl. poet. 147, who is from Cambridge and of this period (see Martyn ed. pp. lxxi-ii).

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale b. 197, p. 158

**Copy Text:** Yale b. 197, p. 158

**Title:** [none]

Tell me impartiall fates, did you agree  
    Each one to play his part in Geomatrie.  
I know not by whose plott you did combine  
    That you might make a secent in a lyne.  
Your cursed plot hath tooke: our joys you have  
    Thwarted with dolefull mourninge, since you gave  
That impious cutt into our Stubbins thred  
    Which Ariadnes like before had lead  
His spirits into each part, which makes this moane  
    Because from this our Hemispheere is gone. 10  
A glorious lampe of light whose heavenly rayes  
    Allmost outfas’t<sup>1204</sup> bright Phoebus splendent Gaze.  
For thy renowned glorious lusturs’ sake  
    Rare soule wee’le weepe a brinish Chaspian Lake<sup>1205</sup>  
In vulgar muddy streames wee will not send  
    The to thy latest happy journeys end:  
Wee’le pave a Sea with costly Indian Gemme  
    And for y<sup>e</sup> thereof wee’le rayne on them  
[p. 159]  
All our Christalline seas, & as for sayles  
    Weele fetch those gorgeous tissue spangled vayles 20  
Which all our statly trapped<sup>1206</sup> ladys spreads [sic]  
    Upon there undeserving frutlesse heads.  
Well now by heavens favour hee is come  
    Unto his long desir’d Elisium.  
Where now he resteth, crowned in y<sup>t</sup> quire  
    Of endlesse joy obtayning his desire,  
Amidst y<sup>e</sup> noble hoasts, & there doth singe

---

<sup>1204</sup> Sic; for “outfac’d”?

<sup>1205</sup> Presumably a variant spelling for “Caspian Sea”.

<sup>1206</sup> trapped] adorned.

**First Line:** “Let them turne satyres ‘gainst impartiall death”

**The Author:** The manuscript only identifies the author as “Nourse”; the likely candidate is Thomas Nurse who entered Trinity College, Cambridge in 1637 as a pensioner and took his B.A. the following year.

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.197, p. 159

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.197, p. 159

**Title:** [none]

Let them turne satyres ‘gainst impartiall death  
That deeme there parts devine consists in breath:  
Let them goe rayle at fates impietye  
Which doe adore weake natures dyetye.  
No Eligie ile make, no funerall verse  
An Hymens song doth best adorne this herse.  
Ile not implore sterne fate, nor will I crave  
Promethian fire to raise death from y<sup>e</sup> grave  
Whiles fates to life A period sought to give  
Spight of themselves by death y<sup>ey</sup> make him live.  
Parces thou didst not cutt his cord of life  
That’s too too strong & yours too dull a knife.  
You only cutt mortalitys weake thread  
Which bound y<sup>e</sup> living part unto y<sup>e</sup> dead.  
But now disburnd of this hive of clay  
Which cloggd his swift bees wings & stopt y<sup>e</sup> way  
Hee now doth rouse & streach his silver plumes  
Mounting aloft hee new force reassumes.  
And Phenex like to death a wellcome gives  
So that by life he dyes by death hee lives.  
Fly then aloft & for thy bodys breath,  
Beare the aeternall victory of death.

=====

**First Line:** “Death art thou madd? or having lost thyne eyes”

**The Author:** Unidentified, but most likely a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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The Poem is unusual in being on three deaths; given its location in the manuscript, the first figure would be Dr. Stubbins and the second Thomas Whaley (see above 2 May 1637); the third is unidentified.

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.197, p. 159

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.197, p. 159

**Title:** [none]

Death art thou madd? or having lost thyne eyes  
    Now throwst thy dart at wild uncertaintyes?  
Which hitts those men who hadst thou eye or sense  
    Would challenge from the<sup>1207</sup> mild obedience:  
Would thy blind rage but suffer the to see  
    Ther reverent lookes guilt with Divinity.  
Thy trembling hand would cast thy dart away,  
    And grant the wearyed bells a holi=day:

[p. 160]

And thou greevd for thy former cruilty  
    Wouldst to the world proclame a jubilee: 10  
But thou art blind & deafe yet one or too  
    At th'most of such methinckes had bin enow,  
To satisfy thy bloody tyranny  
    But thou wouldst faine rob poore mortality  
Of all true worth that men might bee as base  
    As thou art, & the devells of thy race.  
But why 3? & in one house didst thou kill?<sup>1208</sup>  
    Does the odde number please thy wicked will?  
Or doth thy covetousnesse desire to stock  
    Thy empty greedy hounds from y<sup>t</sup> faire flocke? 20  
Art thou a coward growne why didst not dart  
    Thy spight at lusty youth? whose valiant heart  
Would scorne thy fond alarums, & would slight  
    Thy mighty malice & thy puny=might  
And roab'd in purple mist of y<sup>e</sup> cannons breath  
    Confront thy feircest rage, & even in death  
Smile at thy scarebabe weaknesse, & lead thee  
    A Captive (death) in thyne owne victorye.  
This had bin farre enough, but thou goest further  
    That had bin but manslaughter; this is murder. 30  
To kill those reverent men who weare growne old  
    In blooming honours, & let out ther cold  
Thin icy blood, who with joy sweetly doe

---

<sup>1207</sup> the] i.e. thee.

<sup>1208</sup> "House" here would refer to the college.

Whisper unto ther willing soules to goe.<sup>1209</sup>  
But knowledge of thy weaknesse makes the wise  
    Thou seekst no triumphs now but sacrificise.  
Thy malice fooles the too, thou hop'st they'd grieve  
    Because they should be forc'd behind to leave  
Ther honourd purple (but fond foole) they bee  
    Now crownd & cloth'd with immortalitye.  
Nor shalt thou kill three fames, here we will rayse  
    A monument to them shall out last days.  
Nor shall decay untill the Trumpets call  
    The world to see thy long wishd funerall  
Till then sleepe blest soules, freed from hopes & feares  
    Whiles wee doe write your Epitaph in teares.

---

<sup>1209</sup> A clear echo of Donne's "A Valediction forbidding Mourning", line 2.

24 February 1638  
Fitzgeffry, Charles

**The Subject:** Charles Fitzgeffry (ca. 1575-1638) was the son of Alexander Fitzgeffry of Fowey, Cornwall. He attended Broadgates Hall, Oxford in the 1590s. He first achieved a public profile in his poetic works *Sir Francis Drake His Honorable Lifes Commendation, and his Tragicall Deathes Lamentation* (1596) and Latin epigrams *Affaniae* (1601). He became priest of St. Dominick, Cornwall in 1603, which he held until 1636. Late in life he also published the poem *The blessed birth-day celebrated in some pious meditations on the angels anthem* (1634).

**The Author:** On John Polwhele, see entry above on John Eliot, d. 27 Nov. 1632. Beyond their shared Cornish roots, his connection with Fitzgeffry is undefined. However, his church in Whitchurch, Devon, was only approximately nine miles north-east of that of Fitzgeffry in St. Dominick.

**Collector:** A “Richard Eveleigh” was rector of Peter Tavy Church, which is three miles northeast from Tavistock, from 1615 to 1637. However, his generally recorded date of death, Sept. 23, 1637, is too earlier for a collector of elegies on Fitzgeffry. Thus, there are a number of possible explanations:

- Charles Fitzgeffry died earlier (possibly Feb. 1637 with a later confusion for 1637/8)
- that this Richard Eveleigh died later
- a different Richard Eveleigh, possibly a son of the above.

The title suggests that other non-surviving elegies on Fitzgeffry were composed, either for a manuscript gift to be offered to his family or for publication.

**First Line:** “S<sup>r</sup> I must needs y<sup>r</sup> pious labour praise”

**Manuscripts:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 16, fol. 43r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 16, fol. 43r

**Title:** “To M<sup>r</sup> Ri: Eveleigh the Carefull Collector of Elegies on the death of M<sup>r</sup> Ch: ffitzgeafrye parson of S<sup>t</sup> domin[ick]”

S<sup>r</sup> I must needs y<sup>r</sup> pious labour praise  
of gathering for a Poet-Laureat baies,  
w<sup>ch</sup> you must not by the great bundell chuse,  
but freshest greene fit for a sacred use,  
the drier slips, that doe not berries beare  
fire them securely, let them Crackle there  
for know he scorn'd an Irish eleye,  
of howling ah-hoones[?] <sup>1210</sup> to fill up the Crie,

---

<sup>1210</sup> Nothing like this in OED.

such as spur Jaded Pegasus a trotte  
dirte-dash a hearse, & doe not write, but blott  
~~neglected ballads tuned to the rime~~  
~~Of Martin Parkers<sup>1211</sup> once-uppon-a-time.~~  
select (on *perill* of y<sup>r</sup> judgement) sharpe  
cleare lofty ~~priek-songs~~ Anthems for Apolloes harpe  
& quire of Mournefull Muses, who Complaine  
theire ~~sleeping~~-Poet=Preist will not wake againe  
beinge gently lulled unto quiet reste  
A bedfellowe w<sup>th</sup> Phoebus in the west.

Jo: Polw:

---

<sup>1211</sup> Martin Parker] balld writer (fl. 1624-1647).

13 April 1638 (bur.)  
Phelips, Sir Robert

**The Subject:** Sir Robert Phelips (ca. 1585/6-1638) was the son of Sir Edward Phelips and Margaret Newdigate, He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Thomas Gorges. He achieved renown as an orator in the many Parliaments in which he served (from 1604 to 1628) and was largely identified with the “patriot” cause in the 1620s. For detailed biographies, see *History of Parliament Online* and *Oxford DNB*.

**The Author:** Unidentified. That the poem immediately follows one on Bridget Phelips suggests that the author was connected with the family in some way, rather than merely one who admired Phelips’ political work.

**First Line:** “Hast, O haste hither you ungratefull lyes [eyes?]”

**Manuscript Copies:** Yale Osborn b.52/2, p. 160

**Copy Text:** Yale Osborn b.52/2, p. 160

**Title:** `Upon the death of Sr. Robert Phelipps'

Hast, O haste hither you ungratefull lyes<sup>1212</sup>  
That come thus slowly to the obsequies  
Of him, as a due tribute at whose hearse  
You ought in justice to pay flouds of teares  
Come weepe with me, or can you not dissolve?  
Curse y<sup>e</sup> obdurate nature, and resolve  
To take strict vengeance on them, who deny  
So just a duty to his Memory  
[p. 161] Twas he that lov'd us, he that backd by Lawes  
Strove always to advance the publick Cause  
Tooke care to distribute with equall hand  
And rightly to divide twixt man & man  
Was tender of our Rights, spar'd not to spend  
His time & treasure, that he might defend  
What wee call ours: nay though he lost by th'hand  
Were wee at stake, could not idle stand;  
From a just cause, he ne're was knowne to shrink  
What ere befell himself, or swim or sinke  
He scorn'd to leave us off in hope to gett  
An ayers[?] <sup>1213</sup> Title, or to be made Great  
By starting from y<sup>e</sup> Truth; No, in his fall  
Ensueing times will shew, wee did loose all.

---

<sup>1212</sup> lyes] Possibly a scribal misreading of "eyes", which would make better sense here. These two poems have no "e", upper-case or lower, shaped anything like this.

<sup>1213</sup> ayers] heir's. The reading is doubtful, as the word in the manuscript has been overwritten.

What noe teares yett? You will, when you shall finde  
The want of him that was both just and kinde  
Some will object *perhaps*, he was profuse  
Impair'd his patrimony, and did not use  
Meanes to grow rich: Alas it was below him  
To thinke on sordid pelf; All that did know him  
Can witness this (I speake it in his praise)  
His thoughts flew farr above those petty toys  
Or grant he faild in this, yett in's Defence  
I'll not Apologize, or use pretence  
Thousands shall plead for him, who know he stood  
And spent his fortune for his Countryes Good:  
Was this his only fault? had he no moe [sic]  
fforgive him this, you'le find but few erre soe.  
This Truth known to y<sup>e</sup> world, that I rehearse  
I hope will strike them dumb, that would asperse  
So deare, so precious, so belov'd a Name  
That spight of Envy still shall live in fame./

[In right margin:]

And now blest soule tell me what Holocaust  
Is fitt for us to offer for thy Ghost;  
Sure none but songs of praises to his Glory  
Who thee translated from this transitory  
To an Eternall happy being, there to stand  
Amongst the glorify'd at his right hand  
Where pleasures past expression lye in store  
And fullnes is of joy f[or?] evermore.  
Oh now my drooping Muse must cease to speake  
And give my bleeding heart the leave to breake  
What then remains unfinish'd of my Moane  
Must only be supply'd with sighes & groanes./

Finis./

24 August 1638  
Rich, Lady Anne

**The Subject:** Anne Cavendish (b. 1612) was the second daughter of William Cavendish, earl of Devonshire (1591-1628) and Christian Bruce of Kinloss (1595-1675), who was a significant literary patron over many decades. In 1632 she married Robert Rich (1611-59), who much later became 3<sup>rd</sup> earl of Warwick. Their son (also Robert) died before his father. Anne shared her mother's activity in the literary realm. A portrait of her by Anthony van Dyck was produced about 1637. Anne died at the home of Dudley, fourth Lord North (1602–1677), in Kirtling, Cambridgeshire.

**Note:** As the poems on Anne Rich are from a single manuscript (Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262), this transcription presents them in the manuscript's order (rather than alphabetically by first line). This manuscript as a whole is dedicated to Lady Rich, with the major parts being two prose accounts. The manuscript seems to have been compiled by John Gauden, chaplain to Lord and Lady Rich (see below).

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**First Line:** "You Nobler Soules, who Vertues power do feele"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 30v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 30v

**The Author:** The manuscript offers no identification of author for this poem, but it may be John Gauden (ca. 1600-62), who wrote at least the first prose account of her. He served as the family chaplain; in the Civil Wars he was a confirmed Royalist, and by some accounts helped King Charles in the composition of *Eikon Basilike*. He became a bishop at the Restoration. See *Oxford DNB*.

**Title:** [none]

You Nobler Soules, who Vertues power do feele  
And purest flames (since you alone can tell)  
Tell y<sup>e</sup> securer world their losse, as briefe  
As sighs & teares permit. Extreamest grieffe  
fforbid to speake; yet may yo<sup>r</sup> sighes such force  
Of Sorrowes breath, as may inpresse remorse  
On spite of Envies selfe. But lest like wind  
These passe; & after-ages ne're shall find  
Their star & crosse, yo<sup>r</sup> teares shall serve to write  
Such blacke characters, as shall in despite  
Of times or mens forgetting make survive  
So had I quicke a sence, as if alive  
Each eye had present seene & heart enjoy'd

Such sweet & rare composure, (now destroy'd)  
 When beauty, vertue, grace, all met in one  
 Young, rich, & noble Lady, who alone  
 Had all ingross't y<sup>t</sup> either sexe commend:  
 And by her death, gave all perfections end.  
 Lady of worth sublime, great, true, y<sup>t</sup> needes  
 Nor verse, nor Poets fancy; farre exceeds  
 All you can speake, write, thinke, grieve, hope, desire  
 No tongue, pen, eye, or heart may e're aspire  
 To equalize her too transcendent worth.  
 Nor words, nor teares, nor thoughts can e're set forth  
 Yo<sup>r</sup> losse & solitude. Suppose y<sup>e</sup> Sun,  
 Soule of y<sup>e</sup> world, joy, life of all had run  
 His last & fatall day: eternall night  
 At once had rob'd you of y<sup>t</sup> lovely light  
 And buried all in darknes: then conceive  
 What horro<sup>rs</sup> want & grieffe this losse would give  
 [31r] To all y<sup>t</sup> lov'd y<sup>t</sup> Prince of starres; whose great  
 And universall influence did heat  
 Incline & chear, & blesse what ever liv'd  
 In its large vertues Sphere: w<sup>ch</sup> now depriv'd  
 Of such irreparable good, can live  
 ffew moments: but to see their want, & grieve  
     Such is y<sup>e</sup> losse & state ye now deplore:  
     So darke & dead: none can imagine more.  
 Suppose all beauties sweetnes were compact  
 Into a solid body; and y<sup>e</sup> act  
 Or Soule t'informe it, vertues selfe refines  
 ffrom all allay of weake or vulgar mind  
 Should this Divinest creature w<sup>th</sup> you dwell  
 And daily shew you w<sup>ch</sup> way to excell  
 Yo<sup>r</sup>selves & others: by y<sup>r</sup> wellcome force  
 Of good example winning to y<sup>t</sup> course  
 Wherein itselpe consists: whose faire steps tend  
 To y<sup>t</sup> eternall faire & good: and end  
 In vertues endlesse fountaine, God, whose love  
 And lovelines alike immense wee prove,  
 Bless't with so fair & good a guide i'th'day  
 And way of life (rough, darke unpleasant way  
 In't selfe) what if this noble guide forsake  
 You? thinke what desolation must o'retake  
 And horribly oppresse yo<sup>r</sup> wandring hearts  
 Who liv'd by the light & love of those rare parts:  
     Such is y<sup>e</sup> losse & state you now deplore:  
     Such solitude; none can imagine more.

=====

**First Line:** “Had I least hope complaints could reach o<sup>r</sup> losse,”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 31v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 31v

**The Author:** The poem appears in Dudley, third Baron North’s *A Forest of Varieties* (1645), p. 77.

**Title:** “An Elegy Upon the death of the most fair & vertuous Lady Rich”

Had I least hope complaints could reach o<sup>r</sup> losse,  
    Could I y<sup>e</sup> starres, or sea-sands number,  
I would imbarke her vertues Sea to crosse,  
    And to my griefes height raise yo<sup>r</sup> wonder.

Could or y<sup>e</sup> world, or words such truth receive  
    As to her story doth belong  
Could any but herselfe her vertues weave  
    Or sorrow find an equall tong

Such ship, so fraught, such wracke I’de represent,  
    As should y<sup>e</sup> Sovereigne neere surpasse  
And make you in a Sea of teares lament.  
    She is not now the Nymph she was.

Within, without so glorious was her trim  
    Such awe of ordinance she carried  
Had she not by misfortune<sup>1214</sup> taken beene  
    Neptune alone she must have married.

But, though her vertues circles just content  
    And her squares just Diagonall  
Numbers can ne’re exactly represent  
    Yet, by o<sup>r</sup> course mechanicall

Somewhat wee’le say in lame & short account  
    O<sup>r</sup> due oblations to discharge  
Which shall alone all others worths Surmount  
    ffaithfully drawne, though not at large.

ffree from all pride (though none but she had cause)  
[32r] Neglecting beauty, huswif<sup>ry</sup> to mind

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<sup>1214</sup> *Forest of Varieties*] dysaster

Wholly resign'd to God & marriage Lawes  
Judicious far beyond her yeares & kind.

Outside<sup>1215</sup> & vanity, though most in fashion  
Wrought not in her strong fram'd & solid Soule  
She liv'd by reason, as others by their passion  
And by her goodnes did all wrongs controll.

Her presence was a chastisement to sin  
Ill minds could not corrupt her spotlesse mind  
Had her pure body of like resistance beene  
Against y<sup>e</sup> aire & Season too unkind  
Wee her sad losse had not so deadly griev'd  
And she to o<sup>r</sup> Soules joy might still have liv'd.

=====

**First Line:** “ffoule griefe & death this year have play'd their parts,”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 32v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 32v

**The Author:** The poem appears in Dudley, third Baron North's *A Forest of Varieties* (1645).  
See *Oxford DNB*.

**Title:** “On the Same”

ffoule griefe & death this year have play'd their parts,  
And Siren-like<sup>1216</sup> conspird against y<sup>e</sup> best  
Aiming at one stroke to breake all o<sup>r</sup> hearts  
Their cruell spite ne're met so great a feast

They threw & ben[?]<sup>1217</sup> y<sup>e</sup> fairest Phoenix-borne  
So singular, so unique to her friends  
They never twin'd so strong a cord to mourne  
Nor struck so home at o<sup>rs</sup> & their owne ends

My wound smarts double one y<sup>e</sup> by, what, where  
She suffer'd: how exceeding all repair  
How heavy to her friends & mine to beare  
This multiplies my griefe w<sup>th</sup> my<sup>1218</sup> despair.

---

<sup>1215</sup>Outside] outward appearance

<sup>1216</sup>*Forest of Varieties*] Syrian-like

<sup>1217</sup>*Forest of Varieties*] bore

<sup>1218</sup>*Forest of Varieties*] much

My treasure, peace,<sup>1219</sup> well-being, all my joy  
Except what duty & piety require  
Perish't in her: ffate can no more destroy  
Henceforth, but love of good, & good desires [sic]  
    The good is gone, w<sup>ch</sup> if I cease to grieve  
    Beyond mine owne death, let me cease to live.

Such life, such death, so constant, christian, brave  
Never became y<sup>e</sup> triumph of y<sup>e</sup> grave.  
I erre: Triumph was onely hers: May I  
Contemplate her both while I live & dy  
    Her birth-day was her death-day, & her death  
    The birth to my discomfort & sad breath.

=====

**First Line:** “Who e’re you are, Patrons subordinate”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 33r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 33r

**The Author:** The poem appears in Dudley, third Baron North’s *A Forest of Varieties* (1645).  
See *Oxford DNB*.

**Title:** “A Requiem at y<sup>e</sup> enterment”

Who e’re you are, Patrons subordinate  
Unto y<sup>e</sup> house of prayer, and do extend  
Yo<sup>r</sup> eare & care to what we pray & lend  
Time[?] y<sup>t</sup> this house stand ever consecrate.<sup>1220</sup>

And may this ground & you[?] propitious be  
To this once powerfull, now potentiall dust  
Concredited to yo<sup>r</sup> ffraternall trust  
Till ffrriends, Soules, Bodies meet eternally.

And thou, her Tutelary Angell, who  
Wert happy Guardian to so faire a charge  
O leave not now part of thy care at large  
But tender it, as thou wert wont to do.

Time, common ffather, joyne w<sup>th</sup> mother Earth

---

<sup>1219</sup> *Forest of Varieties*] rest

<sup>1220</sup> *Forest of Varieties*] May this place stand for ever consecrate:

And though you all confound, & she convert,  
ffavo<sup>r</sup> this relique of Divine desert  
Deposited for a ne're dying birth.  
    Saint, Church, Earth, Angell, Time, prove truly kind,  
    As she to you, to thie bequest consign'd.

=====

**First Line:** "Could style & ffancy be on me conferr'd"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 33r; Perkins Manuscript (Duke).<sup>1221</sup>

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 33r

**The Author:** The preceding poems are by Dudley, 3<sup>rd</sup> Baron North; this is by his son Dudley, later the 4<sup>th</sup> Baron North. See *Oxford DNB*.

**Title:** "An elegy upon y<sup>e</sup> buryall of y<sup>e</sup> incomparable Lady An: Rich"

Could style & ffancy be on me conferr'd  
To character y<sup>e</sup> Lady now enterr'd  
These should y<sup>e</sup> sweethest, richest lines outgoe  
That can from any other subject flow:  
Her parts would luster to my verses give  
And she in them eternally might live  
Yet still my knowledge would mine act accuse  
And she her merits praises partly loose  
ffor how can numbers limited expresse  
The height of her perfections numberlesse  
Since verses then, & lines confin'd to measure  
Can ne'er describe this matchlesse piece of treasure  
I'le pay my *pressing* debt in plaints & teares  
The earliest truest fruit o<sup>f</sup> natur beares:  
So Natures mourners truly shall lament  
Natures great maime in this o<sup>r</sup> punishment.

=====

**First Line:** "Stupendious sadnes, soule with grieve oppres't"

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<sup>1221</sup> It is published from this manuscript in D. B. S. Randall, *Gentle flame: the life and verse of Dudley, fourth Lord North (1602–1677)* (Durham N.C., 1983). Randall notes a Rougham Hall manuscript containing the poem as well, but as that house is now in ruins, the manuscript's whereabouts is unknown, although it may be among the Rougham papers at Suffolk Record Office.

**The Author:** The manuscript attributes the poem to Thomas Barrington; his identity has not been established, but it is unlikely to be the Parliamentarian Sir Thomas Barrington (ca. 1585-1644).

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 35r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 35r

**Title:** “An Elegy Upon y<sup>e</sup> happy memory of the never=dying Lady Rich”

Stupendious sadnes, soule with griefe oppres't  
More than discoursing sorrowes e're expres't  
As rented souldio<sup>r</sup>s, then pursu'd complaine  
In confus'd cryes, when their commander's slaine  
As y<sup>e</sup> whole fleet's amazed & distract  
When th' Admirall of their rich hopes is wrackt  
Thus mine afflicted heart perplexed is  
Amidst y<sup>e</sup> plaints for such a losse as this  
ffor w<sup>ch</sup> this world, nor age, can e're command  
An equall griefe, nor truly understand  
Yet, as in stormes, nature for her reliefe  
Compells y<sup>e</sup> hurling forth some burden, griefe  
So I, with sadnes almost sunke am left  
Her to deplore of whom y<sup>e</sup> world's bereft  
Her losse, who left no hono<sup>r</sup> to y<sup>e</sup> blow,  
But vanquish' Sin, from whence death's forces grow  
Whose Soule, expir'd from her pure, christian breast  
Mounted y<sup>e</sup> glory of eternall rest  
Her earthly body buried; from whence,  
Leucothoë-like, ascends sweet frankincense  
Which speakes her living; y<sup>t</sup> her memory  
As sacred as herselfe, may never dy  
Who when she spun her purer thred on earth,  
Was truly noble, by her bloud & birth:  
Her Honourable Sire unto his end  
Both liv'd & dyed true patriot & friend  
borne of a mother, whose worth will be knowne  
To after-times by herselfe & her owne:  
Illustrious paire, whose minde & noble parts  
[35v] As fully match't as did this loyall hearte.  
ffrom that joint stocke issued this noble Dame:  
The onely she, on why & whence she came  
Who in her dawning shin'd so cleare a day  
The jealous night hasted to take't away  
Nature herselfe repin'd y<sup>t</sup> onely she  
In her first spring had such maturity

So rare composure, so even frame of mind  
 So full of duty, love, to all so kind  
 All relatives by her so answer'd were  
 Her youth was more a wonder, then a care  
 But when this speare in whom this planet mov'd  
 By superintendent power, met whom she lov'd  
 In y<sup>t</sup> conjunction her rayes did so shine  
 Her rare perfections charactered Divine  
 Nor did y<sup>e</sup> course of those clear yeares rest  
 Till y<sup>e</sup> last minute of her interest  
 Could my sad pen, but speake her such a wife  
 But limbe those distant beamlings to y<sup>e</sup> life  
 Which my adoring eyes tooke by reflex  
 I should abstract y<sup>e</sup> merits of her sexe  
 When from this constellations influence  
 She was called mother of new life & sence  
 Wisedome in tender love had presidenc [sic]  
 And such as now y<sup>e</sup> reliques of her urne  
 Prove Phoenix ashes, though y<sup>e</sup> mother burne  
 Nor, did not sadnes smother my dull quill  
 With trophees of her hono<sup>r</sup> I could fill  
 Whole worlds in shewing what brave friendship she  
 Expressst where she reveal'd y<sup>t</sup> mystery  
 [36r] Her mind, y<sup>t</sup> circles all abilities  
 That may be call'd knowing, discreet & wise  
 With cando<sup>r</sup> freely was expans't to those  
 Whom she to live upon her counsells chose  
 Yet y<sup>t</sup> rich cabinet w<sup>ch</sup> treasurd these  
 Had warde to checke all false, or forraigne keyes  
 While they who reach'd y<sup>t</sup> oracles advice  
 Could not at Delphos find more true & wise  
 Direct, or cleere: The Symphone<sup>1222</sup> of y<sup>t</sup> speare  
 A Jewell was, to inrich every eare  
 If y<sup>e</sup> aspect of motion of this starre  
 Were so propitious & regular  
 What was she in herselfe? All full of glory  
 A max of beauties; & y<sup>e</sup> Graces story  
 Her *presence* wonders of mild majesty  
 Each limbe & line a rule of Symmetry  
 In her Soule-speaking parts such marvell were  
 Vertue & sweetnes seem'd concentrique there  
 Her gestures comely, motions full of grace,  
 Such all at best became her parts & place  
 Discreetly chearfull; & to hono<sup>r</sup> it  
 No scorne or scoffe did ever staine her wit.

---

<sup>1222</sup> symphone] one able to hear harmony. The only instance in the *OED* is from 1572.

Her innate beauties were such of so many  
 Their forces might command all hearts or any  
 Did but a clowd on her faire brow appear,  
 The eclipse imprison'd all y<sup>t</sup> Hemisphere  
 But when y<sup>e</sup> luster of her rayes shone bright  
 All captived hearts were ransom'd by y<sup>t</sup> light  
 Yet was she so much discreet piety  
 That, by y<sup>e</sup> influence of her sacred eye  
 In every one, like mind she did create,  
 [36v] And all approaching thoughts inverticate<sup>1223</sup>  
 Pure, as a new borne Soule, were her desires  
 Clear'd by y<sup>e</sup> power of religious fires  
 Which so refin'd her heart, no drosse was there:  
 Zeale fill'd y<sup>e</sup> Sailes: knowledge let judgment steere

Alas, what happy eyes did ever bee  
 Astrea's glory, but his Elegy  
 Weepes o're her altar? Every sigh & teare  
 Is lost, y<sup>t</sup> is not sacrificed there.  
 What servant e're attended on her shrine  
 On whom her beames refracted did incline  
 But, like those glimmering children of y<sup>e</sup> night,  
 They strive for to perpetuate her light?  
 But since o' Sun's now set, what gloomy shade,  
 What darknes doth y<sup>e</sup> forlorne earth invade?  
 All is obscure; Hono<sup>r</sup> & vertue's fled;  
 The patterne of perfection gone; shee's dead  
 Retir'd from us; but in triumphant state  
 Assum'd to Heaven, her birth to celebrate.  
 The Heliad's bright fire, in's burning throne  
 By Thetis wash't, never so splendent shone  
 ffor there shee's rob'd w<sup>th</sup> immortality  
 Her glorious crowne deck't w<sup>th</sup> felicity  
 Her objects such as no bold pen must dare,  
 More then adore, admire what they are  
 Her Subject, never-ceasing songs of praise  
 To y<sup>e</sup> Allmighty, Auncient of dayes  
 Meane while, y<sup>t</sup> goodly frame of purer clay  
 Attends a Summons, at y<sup>e</sup> latter day  
 When y<sup>t</sup> rich mansion, & more noble guest  
 Shall be copartners in eternall rest.  
 [37r] Whose blessed life, sweet Saint-like death, whose price  
 May be y<sup>e</sup> ambitious objects of o' eyes  
 Whom no expressions can advance too high:  
 All is her due, that's no Idolatry.  
 Then may not my disordered pencill thinke

---

<sup>1223</sup> Not in OED, but it would seemingly mean “turn upside down”.

Such beauties can appeare in this rude inke  
The lines, like Turtles, onely seeke her hearse;  
ffrom poorer hands offering true Zeale in verse  
A Sacrifice y<sup>t</sup> strives t<sup>t</sup> expresse no art  
But th' image of her worth grav'n in mine heart  
    If teares can penetrate a stone  
    Weepe her this epitaph, that's gone  
While she liv'd all this world was rich; but dead  
The Heaven's inrich't, y<sup>e</sup> earth's impoverished.

=====

**First Line:** “Stay forward teares, & wast no further: stay”

**The Author:** Arthur Wilson (1595-1652) served in the Rich household in the 1630s; while he wrote some plays in that decade, he is most famous for his *History of Great Britain* (1653) and its depictions of King James and his court. See *Oxford DNB*.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 39r.

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 39r.

**Title:** “An Elegy Upon y<sup>e</sup> death of y<sup>e</sup> right worthy of all hono<sup>r</sup>, the Lady An: Rich”

Stay forward teares, & wast no further: stay  
    Yo<sup>r</sup> prodigall expence: consume you may  
Yo<sup>r</sup>selves, & others, but you cannot bring  
    Enough for o<sup>r</sup> griefes: were each eye a spring  
Poure forth yo<sup>r</sup> drops then slowly: let them fall  
    As if each one produc'd a ffunerall.  
Let envy[?] number them, & 'twill be said  
    ffor every tear here lyes a vertue dead  
So y<sup>t</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> voluntary offerings are  
    Exacted as just tribute, due to her  
Diviner faculties; w<sup>ch</sup> could inspire  
    And teach you to advance yo<sup>r</sup> vertues higher  
Had she liv'd still. Now o<sup>r</sup> rack't hearts confesse  
    Tears are too dull a subject to express  
The greatnes of o<sup>r</sup> losse: though sorrow may  
    Extort more from us than is fit to pay  
Yet let's still linger out o<sup>r</sup> griefes; & give  
    Them no more nourishment than to make them live  
Let's draw them out at length, y<sup>t</sup> subtile growne,  
    They may be clearly seene to be o<sup>r</sup> owne  
Not borrowed, not put on; but without art  
    As they immediately come fro'th'heart

Yet this is cold & formall: can you stay  
     A full swolne cloud, when thunder will make way?  
 Can you containe y<sup>e</sup> pregnant aire, y<sup>t</sup> raves  
     In earth's cold bowells? or calme troubled waves?  
 Then may you minute out o<sup>r</sup> grieffe; & draw  
     Time, & her backe againe by natures Law  
 Temper o<sup>r</sup> striving passions! & reduce  
     O<sup>r</sup> reason to its prime estate & use.  
 [39v] But as pure chrystall streames from fountaines flow  
     With their owne sweetnes, till to Sea they goe  
 Their mare mortuum; there, imprison'd, move  
     By some Coelestiall power y<sup>t</sup> moves above  
 Which their dead saltnes through earth's wombe doth straine  
     Till they become some virtuall spring againe  
 So she, being past away, at last shall rise  
     Refin'd, & fitted for immortall eyes  
 But o<sup>rs</sup> must wast, & turne their streames to brine  
     Before they see an object so Divine  
 Then poure them forth: yet stay; since extremes be  
     Most sutable to o<sup>r</sup> calamity  
 Although they struggle in us, let's not vent  
     One litle sigh; let not a teare be spent  
 But keepe yo<sup>r</sup> Sorrowes in, & let them rest  
     Within y<sup>e</sup> troubled harbo<sup>r</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> brest  
 Then make each heart a tombe: there bury her  
     And bring yo<sup>r</sup> griefes unto y<sup>t</sup> Sepulcher  
 Where, rarified by her, sighes then shall rise  
     Like incense at a solemne Sacrifice  
 Teares will find passage; so y<sup>t</sup> every eye  
     Will be an embleme of true piety  
 Soft youth shall mourne indeed & aged grow  
     Grave minds shall wither & no glory know  
 Hono<sup>r</sup> will find no state: riches will bee  
     Content to live in all obscurity  
 Wisedome will faile: and wit will flashy prove  
     All constancy will cease, & so will love  
 Since she is gone: In her they liv'd together  
     And she being dead they all are buried with her  
 But, like y<sup>e</sup> revolution of a starre  
     ffix't in it's Sphere; in motion circular  
 The perfectest figure; such her course was: She  
 [40r] Ended y<sup>t</sup> day she first began to be  
 Wee y<sup>t</sup> are left w<sup>th</sup> armes infolded goe  
     That 't may be asked whether we live or no  
 O<sup>r</sup> eyes bent on y<sup>e</sup> earth most fit for us  
     Since wee have lost o<sup>r</sup> better Genius

The virgins pine away & do say  
    Beauty will make an artificiall day.  
The naturall is gone: her last hower ran  
    When it was in y<sup>e</sup> full meridian  
And therefore with sad teares they do divine  
    There will be ever after a decline  
All things do prove deficient: order's gone  
    And hath most method in distraction  
Cleare numbers are growne hoarse, & cease to be  
    In their first sweet & cadency,  
Unworthy of her hearse: though every eye  
    Could weepe it selfe into an Elegy:  
If'twere not so, these verses harsh & rude  
    Durst not have prest in w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> multitude.

=====

**First Line:** "As when to Heaven a soule is newly flowne"

**The Author:** Sir Thomas Bludder (ca. 1597-1655) of Flanchford, Reigate, Surrey, served repeatedly in the House of Commons (usually for Reigate) from 1621 to 1644. He was knighted in 1618. His connection to Lady Anne Rich is unknown.

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 42r

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. misc. e. 262, fol. 42r

**Title:** "Upon the death of the Lady Anne Rich"

As when to Heaven a soule is newly flowne  
And all y<sup>e</sup> glory there, at first is shown  
It cannot presently it selfe apply  
To such celestiall conformity  
But makes a pause; till y<sup>t</sup> Soules Angell tell  
In what degree, or mansion it shall dwell  
So must my Muse, when it relates of thee,  
At thy great worth a while amazed bee  
Nor know where to begin; ffor then doth lye  
In thy faire, rich price so much rarity  
I can not draw y<sup>e</sup> curtaine: Too much light  
Doth not advantage, but destroy y<sup>e</sup> sight  
I therefore chuse (from passion free) this late  
After thy death, thy life to contemplate  
As her y<sup>t</sup> would y<sup>e</sup> height of turrets try  
Must keepe at distance, & not come too nigh  
But this I need not feare: all I can say

Will come too short of thy rich oares allay  
ffor never did a sweeter harmony  
Of Soule & body meet, than was in thee  
Nor is't unsafe to thinke y<sup>t</sup> God did take  
A kind of pleasure thy rare forme to make  
Since he foreknew, y<sup>t</sup> thy Angellicke frame  
Would both in Heaven & earth advance his name  
And by thy great example teach us how  
In early youth we should begin *our* vow  
Of chastity to him; and sure we may  
Even in these livings cloysters of *our* clay  
from stricter Vestalls, than th'inured brood  
[fol. 42v] That trust in walls, hard lodging, slender food  
And their rechisenes [?] from y<sup>e</sup> tempting age  
To keepe them free from Lusts impetuous rage  
ffor such thou wert: Unblemisht in thy prime  
Of youth, & beauty, yet hadst place & time  
Strong motives to betray a womans fort  
So often summon'd to delights in Court  
But not [sic] temptation was of force to thaw  
Thy ice of vertue, & y<sup>t</sup> love-in-law  
Which thou wert to thy selfe: Nor didst then staine  
But rather die thy spotlesse robe in graine  
By Hymen's sacred bands; and to y<sup>e</sup> life  
Did'st act y<sup>e</sup> part of a chast, noble wife  
Leaving an hopefull boy, pledge of y<sup>t</sup> glory  
Which he shall make great in a future story  
And though thy body, by death's suddaine rage,  
Dyed in y<sup>e</sup> beauteous morning of thine age  
Which if it her w<sup>th</sup> us had longer stay'd  
Would have by ages sicknes been decay'd  
Yet thy bright soule shall it's first vigor hold  
And gaine more strength & beauty, being old  
To w<sup>ch</sup> ye starres are but like sparkes of fire  
And shall with all their firmament expire  
Sooner then it. Nay what thou left'st to fframe  
And here with us, Thy vertues noble name  
While Sun & Moone indure shall never dye  
But be intailed to posterity  
And shall imbalme thee, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>t</sup> sweet perfume  
Which no succeeding age shall e're consume  
ffor as thou didst from Earth to Heaven repair  
ffrom Earth to Heaven thou didst perfume y<sup>e</sup> air  
[fol. 43r] When Angells joy's to meet thee, who bring  
Soe sweet a sacrifice to God, their King.

=====

**First Line:** “Source of my sorrowes, whose unequall frame”

**The Author:** No author is identified, but as the last poem in the sequence, it too may be by Gauden. The poem is printed in North’s *Forest of Varieties* with an ascription to “M. G.”, which likely means “Mr. Gauden”.

**Title:** “My farewell to Catlidge<sup>1224</sup>, where y<sup>e</sup> Lady Rich dyed”

Source of my sorrowes, whose unequall frame  
Presents y<sup>e</sup> course & fortune of my life  
Here thy exalted height deseves y<sup>e</sup> name  
Of uniforme & stately faire: no strife  
Of disagreeing [sic] parts; yet the other side  
With low & oblique lines abates thy pride

Thy noble prospect, & y<sup>t</sup> large empire  
By w<sup>ch</sup> thou seek’st to please & bribe mine eyes  
Can ne’re deceive my grieffe; nor make retire  
Those streames w<sup>ch</sup> from thee spring; whose force denyes  
To be exhaus’t or stop’t: Through mizzeling<sup>1225</sup> teares  
All thy delight dull, darke, confus’d appears.

Mee thinkes I see y<sup>e</sup> gulph, y<sup>e</sup> rocke, y<sup>e</sup> grave  
Where beauty, strength, & life, & all that’s sweet  
At once their ruine racke & buriall have  
Which all in one Divine Soule here did meet  
Thou fatall seat of y<sup>t</sup> intestine warre  
Which all y<sup>t</sup>’s good & lovely quite did marre.<sup>1226</sup>

Thus to my grieffe & passion thou dost seeme  
Though crown’d w<sup>th</sup> health & pleasure, though y<sup>e</sup> place  
Where peace & plenty both strive to redeeme  
With kind of noble usage y<sup>t</sup> disgrace  
Death’s cruell hand hath lately cast on thee  
And to relieve y<sup>e</sup> pressure lyes on me.

But calmer reason doth thee represent  
In truer species to me: this doth plead  
[44r] Thy innocence: this sees thy fair ascent

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<sup>1224</sup> “Catlidge” was the name “Kirtling” went by in the seventeenth century.

<sup>1225</sup> mizzeling] drizzling.

<sup>1226</sup> This reference would suggest the poem was written at some point in the 1640s; Gauden’s sermon on death of Rich’s son (1658) also comments on the Civil Wars.

And noble rise, w<sup>ch</sup> Heaven-ward doth lead  
Chose by y<sup>t</sup> matchlesse Soule: w<sup>ch</sup> might her bring  
To th'throne & presence of her God & King.

ffarewell & flourish then, thou happy place  
Ennobled w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> last & sweetest breath  
Of Earthe & Heaven's ornament: whose race  
Here gat [sic] y<sup>e</sup> end & crowne of life by death

Long may'st thou stand, & safely keepe all those  
Her vertues heyres, whom thy faire walls inclose.

ffinis

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**First Line:** "When we to the States (who purge the Ind's) did sail"

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Harley 4931, pp. 35-40

**Copy Text:** BL Harley 4931, pp. 35-40

**The Author:** A marginal note attributes the poem to "Captaine Benlowes"; this would be Edward Benlowes (1602-76). The poem is directed "To my Freind M<sup>r</sup> Gawden", so as with the poems above, John Gauden seems to have been instrumental in the composition of this one. Gauden and he were both students at St. John's College, Cambridge in the early 1620s. The poem refers to a trip to the Low Countries with John Gauden; the *Oxford DNB* entry on Benlowes mentions that he travelled on the continent, including the Low Countries, in 1627. In the poem Benlowes also alludes to his travel-based practice of Italian poetry. The Rich family was the dominant family of Essex, and Benlowes' seat at Brent Hall in Finchingfield, Essex, is only about six miles [check] north of Leez Priory, the Rich family seat.

**Title [in margin]:** "Verses made by Captaine Benlowes on the death of the Lady Anne Rich, the Lord Rich of Leez<sup>1227</sup> his Lady"

Facile intelligimus, quis in coelesti sede locus  
illi paretur, cujus memoria tanta officiorum<sup>1228</sup>  
cura prosequitur.

An Offertory dialogue-wise, at y<sup>e</sup> Shrine<sup>1229</sup>  
of y<sup>e</sup> most accomplished Lady, y<sup>e</sup> Lady A: R:

---

<sup>1227</sup> Leez Priory, near Felstead, Essex, was the main seat of the Rich family.

<sup>1228</sup> In the left margin: "An. 1637."

<sup>1229</sup> In the left margin: "Verses made by Captaine Benlowes on the death of the Lady Anne Rich, the Lord Rich of Leez his Lady."

To my Freind M<sup>r</sup> Gawden.

When we to th' States, (who purge y<sup>e</sup> Ind's) did sayle,  
Who are y<sup>e</sup> Sword-fish underneath y<sup>e</sup> whale)  
We search't their Faith, their Armes, their Arts; to me  
But you were Temple, Camp, & Librarie.  
A Storme back-whirl'd us, y<sup>n</sup> our feares us tought,  
Havens were Heav'ns;<sup>1230</sup> & Ships, wing'd-Angells; brought  
To Land, The toomb'd in breathing Lead I spy'd,  
Hadd'st a Torpedo felt thence stupify'd.  
Or was thy Genius planet-struck? What Theefe  
Assasinated y<sup>n</sup> thy Joyes with griefe? 10  
Amazement's sympathizing on me steal'd,  
And horreur cramp'd me, seing thy heart, congeal'd  
In ycie bloud, candye thy gashfull face;  
Speake trembling Lippes, now speake y<sup>e</sup> dismall Case.  
Councell cures all disasters, & y<sup>e</sup> Wise  
Can they such thinges resent as Miseries?  
Woe clarifies the soule. To hope raises Feares.  
Hope drawes up mists to let y<sup>m</sup> fall in teares.  
O what a Passion's griefe, whose throbb'd speech falls,  
As if thy Blisse were sunke in Funeralls! 20  
Ah man's a Ship, who till he land's at death  
No haven finds, his teares be waves, y<sup>e</sup> breath  
That drives him on are sighes, his glorious fraite  
Are gilded cares, his hopes soone wrack'd for strait  
A rude gust, when my foot y<sup>e</sup> shors would presse,  
Back-plung'd my Soule in gulphes of bitterness:  
How oft y<sup>e</sup> calmes of smiling pleasure have,  
Ussh'red y<sup>e</sup> wrack of a tempestuous grave:  
O th' Tyde break's in upon me, my swell'd breast  
Workes high with sobbes, y<sup>n</sup> fall's in deepe unrest: 30  
So high so deepe it conquer's nature's bound,  
Poore joy a drop in Sorrowe's Ocean drown'd  
[36]  
Ship-wrackt at Landing. Freind thou melt'st my heart,  
To Passions storme patience must Calmes impart;  
Steere through distresse to the' Cape of hope that's nigh,  
In God are Oceans of felicitie;  
Speake out. The task is sad my speech shall now  
Give vent to griefe, to name't appalls enough:  
The wisest, noblest, fayrest LADY's dead,  
Rich every way (a large Encomium's Sedd) 40

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<sup>1230</sup> This is a playful inversion of the well-known concluding line of George Herbert's "The Size": "These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven".

Death's frost nipt such a Flower, Ah in her May  
 Appear'd December, her meridian day  
 Night's Sables did invest, y<sup>e</sup> clock of her  
 Life's diall twice struck 12, our Hemispheare  
 Then lost its light, there there [sic] no Solstice was;  
 How slight a touch may breake a Christall glasse:  
 Her Soule too pure long to inhabite clay;  
 Each minute did improve, her mi\nd was gray,  
 Though yeares were greene, her how'rs in triumph time  
 Did lead. Enoch out-liv'd Methusalem; 50  
 So quick her lifes Scenes acted aske not why,  
 Vertue her selfe soone in this age may dy:  
 How soone a blazing-starre away doth glide,  
 When common people of y<sup>e</sup> skies abide:  
 Too much empyreall fire was lent at birth,  
 To dwell long like a common Soule on earth;  
 Because y<sup>t</sup> heav'n in her choice fruits did spy,  
 Strait ripened y<sup>m</sup> to feast eternitie,  
 Death flue to gather y<sup>m</sup> my deare Friend write  
 She was ah me she was ascend her height! 60  
 First in a poem, next in a Volume I'l  
 Force out poeticke sweats To Ovid's style:  
 Or Spencers would I turne thy Prose, where each  
 Point flowes with Art to deepe for shallow reach:  
 Your SHADOW will outvie heav'ns latest Sun,  
 This book's y<sup>e</sup> Zodiake, through whose signes I'l run,  
 Whose Tropicks, Colures, Equinoctiall Line,  
 Pole, Zenith, Nadir, Zone, Horrizon's mine:  
 Hermes shall trace thy Sol, I'l tread a march,  
 Along y<sup>e</sup> confines of thy heav'nly Arch. 70  
 I who (to tast y<sup>e</sup> change of Ayre) by Land  
 Have pass'd a 1000 leagues through Europe, and  
 [37]  
 Have courted oft y<sup>e</sup> Romane Muse, I'l prove,  
 The sweets of th' English Philomelian grove:  
 And mixe with noone of night my numerous moanes,  
 Time's lowest ebbe gives high'st expressions;  
 And feast our Court-dames in thy shades, whence rise  
 Cordialls against life's infelicities.  
 Come spirit of Arts with profit strive to please,  
 Bring lofty thoughts nurc'd by all sciences; 80  
 Embalme with Myrrhe faire Vertue, & reherse  
 Words tun'd with throbbes, & serve y<sup>m</sup> up to Verse.  
 Arte ñe string thy harpe with cords of Gold & winde  
 The peggs up high in Graces key sublim'd:

Let nature warble, could thy Genius rayse?<sup>1231</sup>  
 An Epod to eternize her, each phrase  
 Should prove a Verse, & every Verse a Muse,  
 Fancy should wit, & judgment Wisedome chuse.  
 Ladies (such thinges th' ambitious Sex would be)  
 Ye Courtly Nymphs, your silken judgments we 90  
 Invite to censure, view by perspective  
 This beauty-shedding Myrrour, where did strive  
 Feature, & wit to dresse their fayrest face,  
 And where much fayrer by reflected grace.  
 Whence radiation did court clouds supply  
 With light, when bent to home Cosmography;  
 Where confluence of good, & faire did store,  
 And heighten Honour: Ev'n her drosse had Ore,  
 Her Shell was pearl'd, y<sup>e</sup> casket bore high rate,  
 Which shrin'd such Jewells in its silver plate, 100  
 Rich as y<sup>e</sup> golden Cheape, or Royall Change,  
 Whose Gemmes I'l with their Foyles, & Vertues range.  
 The eye-delighting Emerald greene, & bright,  
 Wh/ich filles but never satiates y<sup>e</sup> sight;  
 Her Youth, & Beauty seem'd to be admir'd,  
 She was this Verdant-stone to be desir'd:  
 How soone greene life shines perfect? Lovely Soule,  
 Thy Fayres had powr t'enchainy all hearts, controwle  
 Religion did y<sup>t</sup> pow'r; who Beauty limm'd,  
 Like y<sup>e</sup> or not like, Beauties selfe it seem'd. 110  
 [38]  
 Thy indeflourishing<sup>1232</sup> perfections shone,  
 Grace is y<sup>e</sup> brides most pure Complection:  
 The Foyle to th' Gemme's a painted peece, whose frame  
 I'l take asunder, thousand Trades y<sup>e</sup> same  
 Lanes, pargets<sup>1233</sup>, slicks, perfumes, paints, glazes, fretts,  
 With oyles, gummes, powders (powder dust forgets)  
 This giddy Fane with shift of face turnes on,  
 Proteus begot her o' th' Camelion:  
 Whose lapwing-voice, 't is here, what's farre of cries,  
 A glaring Candle for y<sup>e</sup> wanton flyes; 120  
 Here's paint, black spots, nak'd back, lovelock<sup>1234</sup>; Come Boy  
 Hang up y<sup>e</sup> picture this phantasticke Joy.  
 Next Gemme y<sup>e</sup> golden Topaz speakes her Rich  
 In her owne selfe, above y<sup>e</sup> Silver pitch  
 Of miscellany<sup>1235</sup> Madams shin'd her State,

<sup>1231</sup> There is definitely a question mark here, but the sense is only completed by the following lines.

<sup>1232</sup> This word does not appear in the *OED* or show up in a keyword search of EEBO.

<sup>1233</sup> pargets] face powders (*OED* 2.b)

<sup>1234</sup> A lock of hair allowed to grow longer for fashion's sake.

Faith purg'd from baser dross improv'd y<sup>e</sup> rate  
 Of her refined Ore; this Chynicke<sup>1236</sup> got  
 The Elyxir; Coyne without such stamp can not  
 Be truly currant; by th' misprize of earth  
 She heav'n achiev'd, & our great world wa'n't worth 130  
 Her Lesse; Commerce with God is richest trade,  
 Ten lent to HIM's a thousand fold repair'd:<sup>1237</sup>  
 Foyle to this Gemme's a wretched, hidebound, old  
 Beldame, who weds, roosts, broods, & clucks her gold;  
 Hatching dire Snakes on eggs of avarice,  
 Which sting her Soule; Gryphus her Steward is,<sup>1238</sup>  
 Gryphus begot by a rav'ning wolfe his Will's,  
 His Law, who grinds then eats y<sup>e</sup> poore, & fills  
 His cursed Chests by fraud; ne what he swears  
 Minds he, but laves his floore with Orphans teares, 140  
 And paves it with their bone; He'l ner'e be wise,  
 Encrusted with insatiate Leprosies.  
 The Chrysolite adds Eloquence to th' tongue,  
 On her Ambrosian lipps y<sup>e</sup> Graces sung;  
 As rare as wondrous was her wit sublim'd  
 Full Masculine; Grace, Art, with Language chim'd  
 [39]  
 Harmonious Soule, thy phrases did dispence  
 From Arts Elyxir purest Quintessence.  
 Ner'e heard I Tuscan Lady leave more sweets  
 In th' eare from her delicious \voice/ when meets 150  
 Rhet'ricke with Beauty, y<sup>n</sup> thy charming tongue  
 Left pow'rfull spells t' enchant y<sup>e</sup> ravisht Throng.  
 A Courting-stock's<sup>1239</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Foyle, who bove y<sup>e</sup> sense  
 No rapture knowes, her high'st intelligence  
 Is clothes fine Rhet'ricke, enterchanging chat  
 Of Dresses, Fashions, & I know not what;  
 Spinning rare Cobwebs from such empty stuffe,  
 Conceiving straw to bring forth chaffe; this puffe<sup>1240</sup>  
 Talkes much, yet little speakes; i' th' glasse her wit,  
 Blesse me what uncouth Fancies tasted it! 160  
 Th' Asse brayes at knowledge, but extolls a dance:  
 Art hath no Enemy, but Ignorance.  
 I<sup>1241</sup> th' Amethyst her well-fram'd tempar shin'd,  
 A constant Apathy<sup>1242</sup> possest her minde;

<sup>1235</sup> miscellany] miscellaneous, various.

<sup>1236</sup> Sense uncertain.

<sup>1237</sup> Sic, but the rhyme and sense would call for "repay'd".

<sup>1238</sup> The reference here is uncertain.

<sup>1239</sup> courting-stock] block (cf. "laughing stock")

<sup>1240</sup> puffe] insubstantial person (*OED*, 7)

<sup>1241</sup> Although no apostrophe appears here the grammar clearly calls for this opening word to be a contraction of "In".

Which yron Soules drew with Magneticke might;  
 Delight it was to her to leave delight:  
 She did y<sup>e</sup> best y<sup>e</sup> inward Feast enjoy;  
 The herbe of Grace yeelds parest<sup>1243</sup> Oyle of joy.  
 She honour was i'th' true magnifick road;  
 The Court y<sup>t</sup> makes some Great, did keepe her Good, 170  
 Low by her selfe, though high by Others set,  
 Rhet'ricke to praise her wants an Epithet.  
 Whose Foyle's a Thing encharioted to Court,  
 Or Philly-Fayre; how't stalkes! regard her Port  
 And plush-words lin'd with frauds, her high rack'd rents  
 And deere-bought, farre fetch'd from all Elimentes;  
 Sauce bribes her curious tast, sh'in marrow flowes,  
 And swimmes in Lard of ease, in nectar rowes,  
 Dropsies in Gold, Sirfets in Plate, her greet,  
 Her kitchin Alchymie turnes all to sweet; 180  
 Hence bloud turnes Choler; She's impetuous high,  
 A very Juno in y<sup>e</sup> Familie.  
 [40]  
 Our sacred Gemme a Sunne-like Diamond seem'd,  
 Whose high Amours in flaming Raptures beam'd  
 To ravish Heav'n by force; Her closet vow,  
 Her darted Interjections from thence drew  
 Myriads of Joyes, & Labyrinths of blisse,  
 Where to be Lost y<sup>e</sup> happiest finding is.  
 Entranc'd she breath'd Soules Language; Heav'ns Map she  
 Of whome meane Verses but kind Libels be. 190  
 I'm mute for only Light, can Light declare,  
 The Diamond only must y<sup>e</sup> Diamond square.  
 The Foyle's a wanton Nancy,<sup>1244</sup> drunke with sin,  
 Thou rash Voluptuary in Pleasures ginne  
 Find'st death, for drammes of sport, quitt'st worlds of {...}  
 By Customes tide rowl'd headlong to all Vice.  
 Sport leads thy Vantguard; woe brings up y<sup>e</sup> reare;  
 An Ostrocisme fayre Vertue suffers here.  
 Doe, offer incense to thy Lusts, rebell  
 And in soft streames swimme downe through mirth to {Hell[?]} 200  
 Where Fortunes to eternitie still grow,  
 See endlesse paines express'd in one sigh O!  
 To intercept a large discourse, This Soule  
 Of Vertue, ripe for heav'n – & c. – & – , c –

Pars prior haec vita est, superest

<sup>1242</sup> In the positive sense, as in Stoic philosophy.

<sup>1243</sup> Sic, but clearly a scribal error for either "purest" or "rarest".

<sup>1244</sup> Seemingly a common noun here, such usage is not recorded by the *OED* before the late nineteenth century.

pars altera Mortis.<sup>1245</sup> & – , c –

Tuissimus

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<sup>1245</sup> "This is the first part of life, the other part of death remains".

24 November 1638  
Feild, Richard

**The Subject:** Richard Field was born (ca. 1602) in Southampton to a father of the same name (1561-1616) who later became Dean of Gloucester Cathedral. He matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in October 1615 (the next year his father married Dorothy Spencer, the widow of the deceased President of Corpus Christi). He graduated B.A. (1620), M.A. (1623) (at which time he became a Fellow of the college), and B.D. (1632). A line in the second poem below suggests that he may have died of consumption.

**The Author:** Robert Codrington. See “Sir Edward Coke”, 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** “When even now I meant to pay Feilds name”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 269

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 269

**Title:** “On the death of M<sup>r</sup> Rich: Feild Bach: of Divinitie and fellow of C.C.C.”

When even now I meant to pay Feilds name  
And herse my last respects I thought that same  
A bold and high resolve, as might agree  
With my desires not my abilitie.  
I knew what fetters stupid greife would lay  
On language, and how horsely I should crie.  
How like a picture (in whose eye you might  
Descrue true passion and be judg'd by th' sight  
Not eare it mourn'd) so should I seeme whose all  
Is teares not verse brought to the funerall. 10  
But that was my mistake to fancie best  
That elegie by tongue and art exprest:  
No, though to sing his derge should Phoebus traine  
In consort joyne; no truer aire no straine  
Like to an humble sigh: better become  
Strong blasts the feild or camp, low sounds the tombe  
What though Melpomene be dumb? wee call  
Not the Muses onely to the funerall;  
Since of a flowing disposition  
Of sweetnes, courtesie, so much is gon; 20  
The Graces follow next the Beere, and seeme  
As if they meant to leave the earth with him.  
By R.C.C.C.C.

=====

**First Line:** “Forbeare your teares and sighes that bee”

**The Author:** Probably by Robert Codrington (see above).

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 357

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. poet. f. 27, p. 357

**Title:** “On the death of M<sup>r</sup>. Rich. Feild. Bach of Divinity and fellow of C.C.C.”

Forbeare your teares and sighes that bee  
Toucht with a freinds mortalitye.  
Your reason’s out, that reckon thus  
That your friends triumph’s your owne losse,  
And you mistake your passion: why  
Should you greive at that you envy?  
Blest soule that hast ev’n what the best  
Can have or wish, eternall rest.  
T’is wee that here are left alone  
Sick of the worse consumption,  
Wee spend our selves our thoughts in this  
To entertaine some earthly blisse.  
It is our care, our hope wee shall  
Bee rich, and great. Feild, thou art all.

3 January 1639  
King, Dr. John

**The Subject:** John King was the second son John King, bishop of London (*d.* 1621), and a Church of England clergyman. See “Jan. 1624 Anne King” above.

**The Author:** Martin Lluelyn (1616-82) was part of the circle of poet-wits of Christ-Church, Oxford, in the 1630s and 40s. Unsurprisingly, he figured as a Royalist in the 1640s and his *Miracles* (1646) was a popular satiric attack on the Parliamentarians, frequently republished in subsequent decades. In later decades he worked as a physician, including service to King Charles II in this role. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** “We mourn such a divine, as thou must prize”

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Rawl. d.1092, fol. 267

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Rawl. d.1092, fol. 267

**Title:** ‘On the death of Dr. John King’

We Mourne such a Divine, as thou must prize  
More by his Learning then a Benefice.  
Not Raw Illiterate Nowise heere thou se’est  
Wheer ‘tis the Cassocke onely makes y<sup>e</sup> Preiste;  
Such who y<sup>e</sup> Levites style their refuge Make  
And doe y<sup>e</sup> Pars’nage more then Orders take;  
But he was such his Audientes were perplex  
W<sup>ch</sup> rule to choose y<sup>e</sup> Preachers life or texte,  
To vanquish Heresy was his Intente,  
Not by his Choller but his Argumente:  
He never rail’d and storm’d like those whom you  
May thinke would faine confute y<sup>e</sup> Pulpitt too:  
His subtile Reasons were w<sup>th</sup> Mildnesse Cladd  
And all of Serpente but y<sup>e</sup> Venome Had,  
So he assum’d when y<sup>e</sup> Poynte was done  
The calmenesse only of one Overcome;  
[...]ors<sup>1246</sup> he knew full growne and in their Youth  
Yet w<sup>t</sup> he tooke in schisme, he brought forth Truth  
He could be Protestante in Bellarmine,  
The Fathers were his study not his sinne  
‘Twas not his ffate but witte he died so soone  
‘Ide love the sun if it did set att Noone  
[267v] ffor w<sup>n</sup> his Midday’s past by his like fire  
Wee don’t enjoy his brightnesse but desire./  
Death y<sup>en</sup> was heere a project and we greet

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<sup>1246</sup>This word needs to be two syllables for the meter of the line.

The Hearse as not deceased but discreet  
To have continued w<sup>n</sup> he had done all  
His vertues, must or Idle be or fall:  
And 'twas as hard for his discerning will  
To lett him doe noe better as doe Ill:  
After a vanquisht ffoe, to stop thine Ire  
Is not the losse of Conquest but Retire,  
Triumph hath its Retreates: 'tis signe of Nighte  
and Conquering Valour to have left y<sup>e</sup> sight  
Thus may wee well excuse his sicknesse heate  
W<sup>ch</sup> shewes him not expired but Compleate./

M: ll: C: C:<sup>1247</sup>

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<sup>1247</sup> A later hand has written, "Martin Llewellyn Ch. Ch."

4 April 1639  
Swaine, Richard

**The Subject:** Richard Swayne (b. ca. 1622) was the eldest son of Ellis Swayne of Wimborne, Dorset. He matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford in June 1632; he was buried in the Cathedral.

**The Author:** A native of Dorset (b. 1614), Holway attended Christ Church, Oxford, beginning in 1632 and graduated M.A. in 1637. He served as vicar of Milton Abbas, Dorset, and from 1657 as rector of North Cheriton, Somerset. (A son was baptized in Stoke Wake, Dorset (a few miles northwest of Milton Abbas) in 1652).

**First Line:** "Yf wee should not have miss't thee, perhaps then"

**Manuscript Copies:** BL Add. 71164, fol. 8

**Copy Text:** BL Add. 71164, fol. 8

**Title:** "On the death of his desired friend R: Swaine, student of Ch[rist] Ch[urch] Oxon."

Yf wee should not have miss't thee, perhaps then  
Thou might'st have liv'd as long as other men,  
And had a longer date. Many there bee  
Who have lesse worth, yet more Antiquitie.  
Death's envious as Cruell, and still strives  
To make the Best become the shortest lives.

But why accuse wee Death, as if sh'had broke  
The lawes of Nature by her hastie stroke,  
As if the fault was hers. wheras *our* friend  
By his owne Ripeness hastned on his end,  
H'anticipated Time, and having told  
Not many yeares might yet be counted old  
So much he had outgon his Age, and gain'd  
More in his Briefe then Others have Obtain'd  
In their extended Spans of Life, thus sure  
We were to loose him, he was so Mature.  
Heav'n always does the fittest use to call,  
The fruite that's soonest ripe must soonest fall.

He was not like to some, that ~~only know~~ come to say  
They have bin Oxford schollers and away  
Nor yet like those, whose practise is but spent  
Whose greatest knowledge in the Tennis=court.  
But was a Student trewly, one that spent  
His time uppon those things for which 'tis lent  
[8v] Not at the Dauncers, there w<sup>th</sup> agile force  
To mount with Creditt to the vaulting horse,  
He scorn'd that Pegasus, ~~who~~ not came to gaine

Activity of body, but of braine.  
Nor at the ffencers neither, which wee see  
some make theire schooles o'th'universitie  
Study was his delight, that still could find  
Pleasure in that, which beautifies the mind,  
Which he had now so much enrich't, that wee  
Might by his sicknesse know's *proficiencie*.  
Philosophy was his discourse, and what  
Is truely wisdom was his crazy chat:  
His Levity displayd sollidity,  
When he talk't idly, he talk't Learnedly.  
His visitants his Auditours were growne,  
Some understanding what they had not knowne  
Went Learned thence: Thus did he still afford  
Instruction by Example or by Word:  
A hopefull Member he was still, and thus  
Died timely for himselfe, too soone for us.  
All that we could afford, was Aery praise.  
Death onely gives sollid chernall<sup>1248</sup> bayes.  
The Misery is Ours for laying downe  
His life we lost a ffriend, he got a Crowne.

W: H:

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<sup>1248</sup> chernall] sepulchral

April 1639

O'Brien, Henry, 5<sup>th</sup> earl of Thomond

**The Subject:** Henry O'Brien (b. ca. 1588) was the elder son of Donough O'Brien, fourth earl of Thomond (d. 1624) and Elizabeth Fitzgerald (d. 1618). He attended Eton, Trinity College Dublin and Brasenose College, Oxford (matr. Feb. 1605). He sat in the Irish House of Lords between 1613 and 1615 and became fifth earl upon the death of his father in 1624. Most of his adult life was spent at Bunratty Castle in County Clare. With his wife, Mary Brereton (daughter of William, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Brereton, he had five daughters. Upon his death his brother Barnabas O'Brien became sixth earl of Thomond (1590/91–1657). He was buried in his father's tomb in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick.

**The Author:** Robert Codrington. See "Sir Edward Coke", 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*.

**Manuscript:** Bodl. Rawl. poet. 96. As this manuscript is fully devoted to memorial verses on Ormond, they will be offered in the manuscript's sequence rather than alphabetically by first line.

**Note:** As Codrington was wont to do, these poems show some reuse of materials from those on Lady Winifred Fitzwilliam.

"The Epistle Dedicatory"

Madame, Accept these voted flow'rs whose birth  
Our teares produced, to strow them on the earth  
Of your deere Consort, bout whose Grave theye Round  
The Muses walke, and guard the hallowed Ground,  
[2r]

Till now not having to his sacred hearse  
Pay'd all the tributes which they ow'd in verse,  
Then these Memorials to his Fame we owe  
Receave, and thinke himselfe would have it soe,  
For Nothing can more acceptable come  
Then such oblations to a Just Mans tombe,  
[2v]

Or speake our loves, or dutyes more, or bee  
Thought deere enough for Immortalitie.  
[3r]

"His Epitaphe"

Why weepe you heere, and take this Stone to bee  
In vayne the prison of Eternitie?  
Let your translated Piety, and Love,  
Looke high, and joyfull on the roomes above,  
In those great THOMOND lives, the Heav'ns inshrine  
And court his glorious Soule, which now doth shine

[3v]

More bright by Death, yet weepe, for yet this tombe  
Holds Natures cheifest treasures, would you come  
And all Perfections in one volume see,  
Heere every Dust would make a Historie,  
Which he that lookes on, and not spares a Groane  
Addes but more marble to his Buriall Stone.

[4r]

“Funerall teares and consolations”

Feele we this losse, and are there eyes that have  
As yet not pay'd theyr tributes to his Grave?  
Loe where that Malice at the Booke of Fate  
Turning the leaves doth recapitulate

[4v]

Those in true lustre that did most excell,  
And fayne would seekes this **Nobles** Parallell,  
But finding none she wonders, then forbears,  
Weepes, and commends him till she melts to teares,  
Each Greife flowes high and eloquent, the Sound  
Beates through the Streets, and in that spatious Round

[5r]

Salutes each Strangers care, nor can so high  
And wide a Ruine in one Family  
Contracted keepe, but seeking further bounds  
Filles every Brest with her afflicting Sounds,  
It cleaves, and cloudes the ayre with sighes, but where  
That wealthy IRELANDE doth a garland weare

[5v]

With pleasures and with plenty crown'd, whose soyle  
With thankfull use rewards the Plow=mans toyle  
Above his greedy hopes, and smiling courts  
The clowne with gaynes, the gentleman with sports,  
She most of all laments this losse, and just  
Extolles his Vertues as she hides his Dust;

[6r]

The Nymphs that haunt her shady woods and hills  
That guard her valleys, and that guide her rilles  
Resound his losse, and honour'd Name, and show  
The boundles rage of theyr impatient woe  
In soe distracting, and soe sadde a Crie,  
As if with him the westerne world did dye

[6v]

Relligion mournes herselfe, then who forbears  
To Greifes Exchequer to bring in his teares,  
He that such tributes doth not now returne,  
Knowes neyther Vertue, nor for whom we mourne;

<sup>1249</sup>For not at all from fortunes guifts he drew  
His circle of contentment, for he knew  
[7r]

Riches were tempting blessings, and oft times  
Prove not theyr owners credits, but theyr crimes,  
But in the honours of a vertuous Mind,  
To the atcheivement of all worth inclin'd,  
Whose Vertues did theyr habits manifest  
So cleere, that never they were seene to rest,  
[7v]

But in a course which no disorder feeles  
Mov'd alltogether like Exechiels wheelles,  
And as in Heav'n there oftentimes some starre  
Steales from our sight, nor can we find out where  
He hides his glorious heade, but to our veiw  
Doth loose his lustre, and his motion too,  
[8r]

Though breaking forth, and kenn'd agayne anon,  
He shewes how farre he in his Orbe had gone,  
So 'mongst those Vertues, which in his rich Soule  
Wrought pure, and perfect, as the Starres that rowle  
Theyr glorious courses in theyr orbes inspheared,  
Though peradventure some one worth appear'd  
[8v]

Lost for the time, while our intentive sight  
Dwell't on the next which shotte forth all it's light,  
Yet ceas'd it not, and 'twill be found if sought  
It still progressive, though unseene it wrought,  
Nor any vertue doth his prayses crowne  
More full, then gently that he would looke downe  
[9r]

On poore Mens greifes, for which with thankfull cryes  
They mount his prayses to the Ecchoing skyes,  
for though all Vertues in theyr severall wayes  
Fetch the discent of theyr illustrious rayes,  
And pedigree from Heav'n, yet none doe flee  
More high, or neere it then doth Charitie,  
[9v]

Nor any Vertue can be understood  
To be of more allyance unto God.  
Heav'n is the center of our Soules, the Grave  
Is of our Bodyes, this short life we have  
Doth of a middle Nature seeme, yet sent  
In holy Actions to be cheifely spent,

---

<sup>1249</sup> This section through to fol. 9v also appears in Codrington's elegies on Lady Bridgewater (11 March 1636) and Sir Edward Coke (3 Sept. 1634).

[10r]

And true Assurance that these Dusts should rise  
Awak'd from Death, above the lofty skyes,  
This his whole life so much assur'd, so much  
Made it his buis'nes, that when Death did touch  
His Joyfull Body, and the Quires propense  
Of Heavn attended to translate him hence,

[10v]

The sacred words he spake, did leave such high  
And rapt Impressions in the standers by,  
That they did seeme to have themselves forgotte,  
As if the vertue of theyr sounds had wrought  
Them more then mortall, and now dying hee,  
Had cloath'd them all with Immortalitie:

[11r]

And though he now, layd downe too soone doth sleepe  
His last, yet Love and Honour still doe keepe  
About him waking, and in many a sigh  
His prayse is whisper'd by all passing by,  
Yee gentle Murmurs that repeate your woe  
(Robbd of this Joy) O still continue soe,

[11v]

Hugge him soft Ayres, and since so fast he lyes  
Let none dare wake him from this sleepe to rise.  
No Night of Death shall seize his bright renowne,  
For as the Ruines of some mighty Towe  
Show heere a Temple stood, a Pallace heere,  
And heere some Fort, or spatious Theater,

[12r]

Of which alas the broken Arches still,  
Or razed columnes (which Art yerst did fill  
With all her treasure and rich Historie)  
Retayne theyr greate, and worthy Memory,  
So my sadde Muse shall still this losse rehearse,  
And his Ruines bleeding in my verse.

[12v]

But that more fully we may heere declare  
Our playnts, we should lay by all teares, which are  
Too weake for such a losse, we now should shake  
With a just sigh the center, and awake  
The Spirit of Greife, that soe our Accents may  
Make our love known, where ere his purer ray,

[13r]

Where ere his starre doth shine, if now he is  
Spreading his light where rugged Parrhasis<sup>1250</sup>

---

<sup>1250</sup> Parrhasis] Ursa Major, the Great Bear.

Shines at the Northern Pole, or if he please  
Rather to grace the Southerne Hyades,  
Or where the Beautyes of the Morne they cleere  
Reflections bend on Ganges streames, or where  
[13v]

When ere he in the Ocean dives they runne  
From Calpe hill<sup>1251</sup> who mourne the faynting Sunne,  
Thou wheresoere thou dost thy beames dispence,  
It is no Sinne to begge thy Influence,  
While thus on us thou shall't thy light imploy,  
We more shall crave it, and we shall enjoy,  
[14r]

And mourne thee taken from us, and a flight  
Shall dayly practise, till we reach that height  
Which thou hast gayn'd, O why should Heav'n ordayne  
That when they there doe joy we heere should playne,  
Why should it urge to Good, yet from our veiw  
Steale the Example, and rejoyce in't too?  
[14v]

Greife is of kinne to Heav'n, and doth improve  
The glorious consorts, and blest Quires above,  
And unto us of greater Power doth seeme,  
Since their Joyes move not us, our Greifes helpe them,  
But can teares ease us, or complaynts renew  
This lost Example which no Age can doe?  
[15r]

Though Greife is not so mighty to revive,  
Yet tis so happy to keepe Fame alive,  
Let us be proude of Sorrow then, and make  
His life our theame, and since him overtake  
We cannot, let us with devoted trust  
Honour his Reliques, and relligious Dust.  
[15v]

You his sadde Consort, you whose rich Desart  
Was heere the chosen Joy which crown'd his heart,  
Whiles now each word you speake his Elegie,  
Whiles from the Soule of Love your pretious Eye  
Raynes downe perfumed pearles, whiles every sigh  
Like hallowed Incense mounts your greifes as high  
[16r]

As where your Joyes are lodg'd, he makes it know'n  
By these Memorialls you best rayse your owne,  
Which shall live equall with his Fame, and keepe  
Your prayses waking, when your selfe shall sleepe,  
These are the thankes his Dust returnes, O who

---

<sup>1251</sup> Calpe hill] Gibraltar.

Will not admire this perfect love twixt you,  
[16v]

When signes of true Relation, after breath  
Even yet continue, undissolv'd by Death,  
He in your love still lives, and while you strive  
To keepe his Name, he keepes your worth alive,  
From you he seemeth to take halfe your breath,  
And you from him to borrow halfe his Death;  
[17r]

And since we now have onely left your high  
Deserts, soe greate an Absence to supply,  
Be our full wonder and by our presage  
Exceede him both in happines, and Age,  
And for your every Action may there bee  
A debt to you from Immortalitie,  
[17v]

While wee in you, who all true worth ingrosse,  
Shall find advantage for your Consorts losse.  
May we agayne see him draw vitall Ayre  
And nobly flourish in your Children faire,  
Blest in a race shall make theyr vertues known  
To be the heires apparent of his owne,  
[18r]

When you, though late, shall be from hence bereaven,  
Our light on earth, to make a Starre in Heaven.  
But when at first so greate a losse had shotte  
Greife and distraction through our brests, me thought  
I saw where Fame awakened by the lowd  
Complaynts she heard, and ayded by a clowd  
[18v]

Of sighes, which thronging to o'retake him, even  
Did strive who first should fixe themselves in heaven,  
For aye, said she, will I these sighes proclayme  
Due to this mourning, and greate THOMONDS Name,  
No Age shall loose his worth, no Spite disgrace  
His prayse, no rage his Memory deface,  
[19r]

The deeds on earth which he hath done, shall safe  
Outlive, and prove his happiest Epitaphe,  
No Lusts, nor Lowd Ambitions noyse shall shake  
His quiet Dusts, or give them cause to wake,  
No vayne Excesse shall taxe his life, or blame  
This righteous tribute from the Rent of Fame,  
[19v]

The antient honours he shall new revive,  
And serve our Nobles as Restorative;

Ages to come shall learne his worth, and what  
They cannot practise, they shall wonder at,  
Relligion shall rejoyce, and Heav'n shall smile  
To see theyr pious troupes increas'd, the while  
[20r]

The gratefull world shall holy trophyes rayse  
To THOMONDS honour, and immortall prayse,  
With that me thought the Resurrection came,  
And tooke this labell from the mouth of Fame.

The End of the first  
English Elegie on  
the Death of my Lord  
of Thomond.

[next few leaves blank; then etched in black background a "title page":  
[22r]

On the lamented Death of the  
honourable HENRY O BRYAN  
Earle of THOMOND &c

As it was presented to the moste {in=}  
comparable and most accomplit  
Lady MARY Countesse of  
THOMOND &c  
Composed by  
Her most devoted Servant  
Robert Codrington

[22v]

1

Fayre Eyes that courteously daigne  
To veiw our flowing teares in verse  
The while your owne you duely rayne  
On your Great Consorts honour'd Hearse

2

O know you should those Chrystalls keepe  
To lend unto our Greifes theyr light  
Who can conceive the Sunne to weepe  
That doth not feare an endles Night

[23r]

3

For downe discended could he flow  
In liquid flames and melt away  
All lustres then would lodge below  
And Heav'n should begge to Earth for Day

4

We not deny you have the Power  
    To reinspire these Dusts of his  
Yet know it were a sinfull shower  
    To call a Saynted Soule from Blisse  
[23v]

5

Let us not envy, and dispayre,  
    To see oth'Grave such treasures fall,  
But shine to us still, since you are,  
    Our light, our life, our Muse, and All./  
[24r]

The second Elegie

Let others boast theyr rages, and what fire  
The urged closets of theyr Brests inspire,  
The greatest honour which this Muse shall owe  
From waters onely, and from teares must flow,  
[24v]

And as the Chymicks oft of One have told  
Who at the Center turnes the Earth to Gold,  
Me thinks I want Another now, whose Care  
Should unto Water heere condense the ayre,  
Ayre's but sublimed water, as the fire  
Is Earth refin'd, and elevated higher,  
[25r]

And since our Joyes partake of fire, and heate  
The Earth with Bonfires to proclayme them greate,  
I see no reason but our Sorrowes may  
Turne ayre to water, and be greate as they,  
And sure my Eye deceives me (as the Sense  
Too oft receaveth false Intelligence  
[25v]

From crosse and erring objects) but where=ere  
I turne, me thinks a Sea of Greife is there,  
And all lesse Bodyes which my Eyes retayne  
Seeme little Ilands floting in the Mayne;  
The Cause is too too greate, then tell me who  
Can sinne to doubt if it be true, or noe.  
[26r]

He like a heav'nly Nature but whose Name  
Gave life to Honour, and a voyce to Fame,  
He whose unequall'd, and whose rich Desarts  
Clayme Imitation from all nobler hearts,  
Whose life was such, it may bee well denyed

That he did ever ill, but that he dyed,

[26v]

He whom already we have provd to bee

In every Act the purest Historie

By which dull Man might practise, till now lost

We find our Greifes as greate as was our Boast,

He whose sadde losse was such, whom gone that even

Heaven would lament with many a teare, if Heaven

[27r]

Had not assum'd him, whose transcendent way

Was to doe more then many Lords durst say,

Hath left sadde Earth by crumbling to't, while wee

Gaze on the skyes, and envy Heav'n, not hee.

What Man is yet so dull, so much to Fame,

And worth a stranger, as to aske what Name

[27v]

So greate a losse doth beare, let him that weares

An acted Greife, and complements with teares,

Fortunes and Heralds Pageant, who for deeds

On ayres, and titles of swoll'n Greatenes feeds,

Admire such pompe, whiles I his Soule, which stood

So pure, that had the Angells beene as good,

[28r]

So many Spirits punish'd for theyr pride

Back'd on the Northern clouds should never ride

Downe Taurus mountayne, when with rage oregone

They leade the vaward of the Tempest on.

Yet who his Greatnes dares controule, whose Birth

Did clayme such high preheminance of Worth,

[28v]

And happines to come, no Planets Jarres

Annoy'd the heav'nly Influences, his Starres

Sang to his Destinyes his pretious thred

With richest art they spunne, and promised

It should more lasting prove, the Graces flockd

About him smiling, and his cradle rock'd,

[29r]

And giving each a kisse, did each divine

The growing Gloryes of the Name and line

Of noble THOMOND, which by Time shall bee

Renderd more greate through all Posteritie

this is the Heralds Panegyre, but those

That know him farre above the ryme, or prose

[29v]

Of every vulgar Greife, whose wretched witte

Prophanes his Dust, nor parentats<sup>1252</sup> to it,  
Admire his nobler height, how may we deeme  
His Greatnes did exceede, whose Ruines seeme  
To fill both Heav'n, and Earth, from eyther Poles  
Throng Quires of Angells, and of glorious Soules  
[30r]

To court his Advent, and to tell how deere  
He was to Heavn, that made his earth so neere,  
And like unto't, that in that clay=built Cell  
Even Heav'n himselfe did take delight to dwell.  
Is this the Story of his Dust? how much  
May Fame unto his life then owe, when such,  
[30v]

So pure Ingredients, soe proportion'd came,  
And equall mixt, to element his frame,  
That Nature prou'd of such a worke, did seeke  
A lasting prayse in it's Arithmetick;  
He whose rash witte shall undertake to summe  
What Worths this life ennobled, and shall come  
[31r]

To th'life to draw them, must with wonder stayd  
Both by theyr number, and theyr height dismay'd,  
Bowe to theyr Story, which no witte can tell,  
No Art expresse, no Life ere parallell.  
Sure he seem'd heere a little Heav'n, which then  
Touch'd by the hand of Death he witnessd, when  
[31v]

Like a divine Intelligence, at strife  
With dull Corruption, he express'd what life  
His Mind enjoyd, which still his Deeds more young,  
And fruitfull renderd, and his Faith more strong,  
When every pure perfection in his heart  
Soe constant wrought, and soe much every part  
[32r]

Sublim'd, that we had allmost thought his whole  
Body had gayn'd the temper of his Soule,  
Whiles thus we saw him growing greate, and high,  
Whoe would have thought he had gotte leave to dye,  
Or who is he that him alive did know,  
That will not thinke but he must still be soe.  
[32v]

Twas just indeede, that he who was the Booke  
And life of Honour, whose each line did looke  
So full of wonder, that the World might see  
And in it reade theyr better Destinie,

---

<sup>1252</sup> parentats] performs funeral rites.

Should in his proper height be seene, and by  
An Angells Quill translated to the skye,  
[33r]

But so to leave us, and to Heav'n to climbe  
With so much eager speede, at such a time  
When the world lost in guilts prodigious Night  
Did want the vertue of so pure a light,  
Doth so transport our sorrowes, we allmost  
Could chide his speede, by which the world hath lost  
[33v]

That glorious Abstract which did more contayne  
Then Time before ere saw, or Art could fayne  
Let the unruly Sophisters that take  
Delight in wrangling, and doe laughter make  
The Argument of reason, now agree  
To truth corrected, and make Greife to bee  
[34r]

Theyr best Demonstrance, which they most doe show  
Who most in teares, and lamentations flow.  
And were't not Sinne to doe it, and a show  
Of treason 'gaynst the Pow'rs that rule below,  
Our Vowes should conquer Death, and Fate controule  
To breake his slumbers, and call back his Soule,  
[34v]

Goodnes may well be bold, and safely crave  
Her owne amidst the Ruines of the Grave<sup>1253</sup>  
How came he then to dye? did his greate Soule  
Too rapt, his orbes slow motions heere controule,  
Therefore rejoycing to be hence bereaven,  
Looke so much Death as serv'd to goe to Heaven?  
[35r]

So mounts the Eagle with undazled State  
To read ith Sunne he is legitimate,  
So fly our pray'rs with winged zeale, and soe  
The warbling Swanne upon the fordes of Po  
With cheerefull Accents doth for Death prepare,  
Closing his life, and song, in one sweete ayre.  
[35v]

Rapt then from earth, to make in Heav'n a throne,  
Since this greate Glory of this Age is gone;  
Let none dare blame, or interrupt my sighes,  
I am in love with sorrow, should my Eyes  
Deferre theyr teares, or should my Soule distrust

---

<sup>1253</sup> The six preceding lines also appear in Codrington on Coke (3 Sept. 1634).

To pay my vowes to his religious Dust,  
[36r]

I should be duller then the hearbs that grow  
in Lethe shades, and never Sunne doe know,  
Or then the sloth of the fast Baltick Deepes,  
Lock'd by the Winds in Adamantine sleepes  
And O that Fate with such an even thred  
Had spunne his Date of time, as he did leade  
[36v]

His life with honour, then no force nor flow  
Of Death, or sicknes, should have made him draw  
With anguish scanted ayre, but such a cleere  
And undisturbed course of health should beare  
Him free from Danger, that we yet might find  
Him safe as well in Body, as in Mind.

[37r]  
For he to Honour trodde a path so even,  
No Spite could trippe him, knowing we buy heaven  
More cheape then Fame, since the last houre can send  
A Soule to Heav'n, and it to GOD commend,  
But not to Fame, unlesse our life be all  
As faire as it, and as authenticall.

[37v]  
How well these thoughts become us, wee'le indent<sup>1254</sup>  
With Heav'n, and him, to keepe the Argument  
For ever in our Brests intomb'd, and soe  
May Greife befreind us, that our selves may grow  
Rich in his treasure, and to Fate pre=sent  
Tis [sic] life alone to be his Monument,

[38r]  
Which needes no Gravers Art, for every sigh  
Shall better speake his Epitaphe, and dye,  
And learne a Method to the World to greive,  
Which never could soe greate a losse out=live;  
[38v]

But that his Name recovers it as fast,  
And it imbalmes as it away doth waste.

The End of the Second  
Elegie, on the Lord of  
Thomonds Death

[after blank leaves, Latin poems on the same run from 40v-52v]

---

<sup>1254</sup> indent] make a formal agreement.

22 August 1639

Bowles, Sir Daniel

**The Subject:** Daniel Bowles (b. ca. 1616) matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge in July 1634, and graduated B.A. in 1637-8. He was buried in St. Andrews Church, Cambridge. Although the title of the poem suggests that Bowles was knighted, he is not listed in Shaw's *Knights of England*.

**The Author:** William Sancroft (1617-93) was the son of Francis and Margaret Sandcroft of Fressingfield, Suffolk. After attending the famous grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge in June 1633 and graduated B.A. in 1637. After the Restoration he served as Master of Emmanuel, Dean of York, Dean of St. Paul's, and then, from 1678, as Archbishop of Canterbury. See *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "Can virtue die, and yet not find a room"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Sancroft 48, fol. 7v

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Sancroft 48, fol. 7v

**Title:** "On the much lamented death, of S<sup>r</sup> Bowles, student in Eman: Colledge."

1

Can Vertue die, & yett not find a roome  
In everie heart, to reare a severall tombe?  
Hath learned Came<sup>1255</sup> noe swan, nor Muse, to sing  
A Dir'ge to soe much goodnes perishing?  
At least, blest streame, bring all thy waves to pay  
Due tribute to his urne; that soe I may  
    When my owne stillicid's<sup>1256</sup> exhausted bee,  
    Borrow such tides of teares on trust from thee.<sup>1257</sup>

2

Daughters of Jove, you heaven-borne sisters, all  
Become sad widdowes by his funerall;  
Lay by your garlands, & lett every one,  
Turn'd An'choret, live a recluse in his tombe.  
There lett your eyes, swell cabinets of sorrow,  
Disburse their pearly treasures; & then borrow  
    From your owne fountaine; till they doe become

---

<sup>1255</sup> Came] the River Cam.

<sup>1256</sup> stillicid's] drops of water.

<sup>1257</sup> This couplet an exact copy of that which concludes stanza 3 of his elegy on Martin Peirce (28 April 1636).

Sister springs, twin founts, double-Helicon.

3

There clad with darkest thoughts, black sonnes of sorrow,  
Infants of night, that ne're shall know a morrow,  
Sing fatall Anthemes for his Obsequies,  
Noe more now to your Lute, but to your eyes.  
But yet, if e're Apollo you constraine,  
T'string your neglected instrument againe,  
Then sing his name in your most solemne Quire  
To him vow all the raptures of your lyre.

4

Sonnes of the Muses, come, & practice heere  
The art of greife, the method of a teare.  
Heere learne dumbe Eloquence of weeping eyes,  
And now forgett all words, but, Heere he lies.  
Employ noe more your heaven-borne fancies now,  
To plant a smile upon a Mistris brow:  
But pay your learned offerings at his beere;  
Learning, of late, kept her Exchequer heere.

[8r]

5

With tart Iambicke learnedly chide Fate.  
Heroick numbers shall his life relate.  
The buskin shall unfold a tragick scene,  
And tell the world, how (O false hopes of men!)  
A murd'rous Pleurisie, by whose stroke he di'd,  
Hath wounded all that knew him, through his side.  
Your sad Elegiacks shall bewaile his end;  
Your lyrick odes on's triumph shall attend.

6

Sixe walking columnes shall sustaine his hearse,  
At once his tombe, his mourners, & his verse.  
This shall twene marble, & his gravestone bee:  
That Biblis<sup>1258</sup>-like a fount, and's mourner bee.  
A third, his vertues while h doth admire,  
Shall burne in love, & be his funerall fire.

---

<sup>1258</sup> Biblis] Byblis, of Greek mythology, was turned into a spring because of her grief for her dead brother.

The rest shall sigh sad accents of despaire,  
Till both the mourners, & the corpse they are.

7

Among'st the rest, whose Pietie, etc<sup>1259</sup>

8

Doe, pious droppes, fall from each clowdie eye,  
Melodious teares, a wat'rie Elegie.  
Make hast in dust your silver heads to hide,  
Where now he lies, that once was o<sup>r</sup> just pride.  
And you, sad grones, the burthen of my song,  
Wing'd advocates of greife, y<sup>t</sup> wants a tongue,  
Goe offer up your incense at his tombe,  
The shrine, to w<sup>ch</sup> greifes Votaries all shall come.

9

How shall I doe to register thy praise!  
Or write thy legend in *immortall* laies!  
Should I in verse strive to expresse thy worth,  
The Muses would proove bankrupts in the birth.  
Oh could I reach the bristest sparkes, y<sup>t</sup> shine  
In heavens bright front w<sup>th</sup> them I'd enterline  
Each page, each verse of thy faire vertues story:  
Those are fitt characters to enroll thy glory.

[8v]

10

Faine would my daring Muse etc.<sup>1260</sup>

11

Oh how I am all shame, to thinke how wee  
Halt after th'great example sett by thee!  
While wee, dull clods of earth, lay fettered  
With sleepe, i'th'downy prison of o<sup>r</sup> bed;

---

<sup>1259</sup> This would seem to be pointing to stanza 5 of his Peirce elegy, which begins thus. Presumably he meant that he would reuse that stanza here.

<sup>1260</sup> This would seem to be pointing to stanza 6 of his Peirce elegy, which begins thus. Presumably he meant that he would reuse that stanza here.

Thy active spirit, wing'd with hott desire,  
Did scale Parnassus, swift as mounting fire;  
    Where thy unwearied diligence of times did  
    Putt the watchcandles of the heavens to bed.

12

Degraded hopes! how have wee liv'd to see  
You banckrupted by fraile mortalitie!  
Our expectations canceld, & our trust  
Betraid to this, Heere lies a heape of dust.  
His blooming May had filld his lap with flowers,  
And see, they're blasted with untimely showers.  
    When he had almost reach't the topp of merit,  
    Even then, impartiall Death unhouse'd his spirit.

Obiit. 22<sup>o</sup> Aug. 1639.

13 January 1639/40  
Coventry, Thomas, Lord Keeper

**The Subject:** Thomas Coventry (b. 1578) was born in Croome D'Abitot, Worcestershire, to Sir Thomas Coventry (1547-1606) and Margaret Jefferies. After Balliol College, Oxford (matr. 1592) and the Inner Temple (1594) he embarked on a legal career that saw him serve in the roles of Solicitor-General, Attorney-General and Lord Keeper (1625). He died (possibly of the stone)<sup>1261</sup> in London and was buried at Croom D'Abitot. See the entry in *ODNB*.

**The Author:** The manuscript indicates William Dutton as the author, but nothing further has been certainly established about him. *Memorials of the Duttons of Dutton in Cheshire* (1901) assumes that he is of that family, in which case he would be the William Dutton who matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford in 1632, and entered Lincoln's Inn in 1635.

**First Line:** "A privatt showere of teares wepte from those eyes"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 162

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Ashmole 38, p. 162

**Title:** "An elegie on the honorable Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper of the greate seale of England"

A privatt showere of Teares, wepte from those eyes  
of A few sobbing frindes, or all their loudest cries  
of Sorrow, are to weake, A kingdom heere  
A state A Common wealth, must lend A teare  
Att such A publicke loss; the Common eye  
Must weepe an universall Eligie  
Nor i'st enough that wee turne morners all  
Or that this fludd of Teares is generall  
Sadnes must Teach our heads and eyes such Arte  
Of grife, to Sighe A teare, and shedd A harte  
Now Coventry is dead; whose upright fame  
Seald an Immortall pattent to his name  
W<sup>c</sup>h Could bee voyde since that his vertues must  
Surviveing keepe him gratious in your dust  
Such was his well fam'd worth, that onlye hee  
Proude Envye Scornd, abhorde base Flatterye  
That knew the goalden meane, and understood  
The happye way how to bee great and good  
That to the world this happie possition proved  
That Greatnes generally might bee beloved  
The Example of his vertues wayes shall bee  
Such Just dispaire to all posterity

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<sup>1261</sup> Huntington Ellesmere MS 7818.

That after him succeeding Ages will  
bee thay [sic] not deepe good; be verye ill  
Envious of his perfections, some shall aske  
whoe<sup>1262</sup>  
To wright how hee coulde merritt such applause  
As both to curbe & mittigate the Lawes  
And w<sup>th</sup> suche saving wisdome undergoe  
All great Affayers [sic]; bee soe religious too  
Well then; the verye mention of his name shall bee  
To following Tymes A gratefull historye  
His Life A Cronicle, his Actions shall  
As worthy Analls [sic], bee made once by all  
And Envious fate, whose conquering darte Inclind  
Ruine of such, as well As dearth of mynde  
Shall wast, that thus his Living vertues have  
Secured of state and hyd hym from A grave

finis M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Dutton

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<sup>1262</sup> The rest of the line is blank, and the rhyme incomplete.

21 September 1640  
Jackson, Dr. Thomas

**The Subject:** Thomas Jackson was born in County Durham around 1579. He matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford in 1596, but later transferred to Corpus Christi College, where he graduated B.A. (1599); M.A. (1603); and B.D. (1610). From 1606 he was a fellow of the same college, of which he became president in 1630. He also enjoyed a number of church livings and served as Dean of Peterborough for a few years before his death. He was buried in the chapel of Corpus Christi.

**The Author:** Although not identified in the manuscript, the poems have some of the hallmarks of Robert Codrington's elegies. See "Sir Edward Coke", 1634, above, and *Oxford DNB*.

**First Line:** "If water'd cheeks dewd eys could him redeeme,"

**Manuscript Copies:** Bodl. Eng. Poet. f. 27, p. 349

**Copy Text:** Bodl. Eng. Poet. f. 27, p. 349

**Note:** Materials are presented here in the order of the manuscript.

**Title:** "Upon the death of the most learned Doctor Thomas Jackson Praesident of C.C.C. Oxon."

If water'd cheeks dewd eys could him redeeme,  
Whose high deserts carry the great esteeme  
Of most transcendant parts, Be bold that wee  
(So he liv'd still) would allwayes sobbing bee.  
Looke how the Starres now shroud their heads in clouds  
And mourne for this our *vayl'd Starre* powring flouds  
New seas from heav'n, a *Starre* though fall'n, yet true;  
So did the *Constellations* pay their due  
To earth; ere went to Heav'n; how the leafes fall  
As obsequies to this his funerall!  
Learning it selfe is dead, needs then must wee  
Bee dull in our complaints, Learn'd Elegie  
Will now be thought a Miracle. In vaine  
He strives who strives for to be learn'd againe

10

[p. 350]

[Latin verse omitted]

An Ode upon the death of  
the most learned Doctor

Thomas Jackson. late  
Praesident of C.C.C.  
in Oxon.

If that mens actiones be witts measure,  
    Wee ought to style you wise:  
    When in this noyse of Enemies  
You wisely hide in th' Earth your treasure  
    And with it heere  
    Bury your feare  
Makeing that safe, in which you summd your pleasure.

Thus I have heard fame sing on day  
[p. 351] Your wealth of bullion Copes  
    (I dare write in full hopes  
Of joyfull Resurrection) you lay  
    Into its grave  
    So for to save  
And keepe it; Though the Caskinett were clay: 10

But now to th' hideing place is sent,  
    What is more deare by farre,  
    And pretious then those were  
And to th' Church a greater ornament.  
    Though some may scold  
    I dare bee bold  
'Tis nought but currant sterling truth I vent 20

Beware of Epitaphes, They may bee  
    Glittering Telltales; and so  
    Their owne sence overthrow,  
That stolne, that they say heere doth ly.  
    For Scots may sure  
    Though ne're so pure  
Such reliques snatch; sans all idolatry.  
[p. 352]  
But write your Epitaphes; Hee's gone downe  
    Will make you safe; Them know,  
    That he can looke a blow. 30  
Fatall destruction sitts in his frowne  
    And in his breath  
    Lies life and death  
They must fall dead upon or quitt their ground  
For when his eyes shall give the signall word  
Reveng shall edge, as Justice backs his sword

