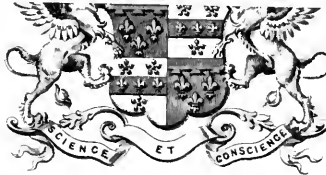




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CELESTIAL ELEGIES.





INTRODUCTION

TO

ROGERS'S CELESTIAL ELEGIES.

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

The author was possibly the same Thomas Rogers, a native of Gloucestershire (being born in or near to Tewkesbury), who lived mostly, in his latter days, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, London, and who published, in 1612, a funeral tribute to the memory of Prince Henry under the quaint (perhaps intended as a punning) title of "Gloucesters Myte." Dr. Blifs, who, in his edition of Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," gives the concluding stanza of it, mentions a copy as being in the Bodleian Library, but it is not known to exist elsewhere.

Some interesting allusions will be found scattered through the work. Among them may be noticed the following:—In Quatorzain 8, Bajazeth and Tamberlaine. [Marlowe's play on this subject was printed in 1590.] In Quatorzain 12, "Seas of troubles;" and "acting a part upon this worldly stage". [The first allusion here is curious, for Shakespeare's play

of "Hamlet", in which it occurs, is supposed not to have been written before 1602-3]. In Quatorzain 13, a poor attempt at a pun. In Quatorzain 14, some far-fetched Similes. In Quatorzain 14, allusions to "Thetis streames", and "the rockes by Netleys shores", etc.

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

The Countess of Hertford died without issue 14 May, 1598, aged 44, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Benedict, Westminster Abbey; against the east wall of which Chapel is a magnificent monument, twenty-eight feet high, with a suitable inscription to her memory.

"This monument occupies the place of the original altar, and was probably erected within two years after the Countess's demise, when the two steps to the altar were made to serve as basements to it. This stately tomb is enriched with columns and pyramids of various kinds of marble, decorated with the ensigns and devices of the noble families of Somerset and Effingham. The Countess is represented in her robes, in a recumbent posture, with her head resting on an embroidered cushion, and her feet on a lion's back." Abridged from *Ackermann's History of Westminster Abbey*, vol. 2. p. 109.

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

This lady's eldest sister was named Douglas, and her career was an extraordinary one. She was married, first, to John Lord Sheffield;

secondly to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and thirdly, to Sir Edward Stafford. An account of her intrigues with Leicester (during her first husband's life), will be found in Gervase Holles's curious Memoirs of the Holles family. Her marriage with Lord Leicester, however, was denied by him; and in consequence, her son, the celebrated Sir Robert Dudley, was declared illegitimate.

The principal events in the life of the Earl of Hertford are too easily accessible to require a lengthened notice here. Suffice it to say, that, though the malice of the enemies of his father, the Protector Somerset, deprived him, after the fall of that great nobleman, of his hereditary dignities and estates, the favour of Queen Elizabeth, immediately on her accession, in November, 1558, restored them to him. But his first marriage, very early in life, with Lady Catherine Grey (the sister of Lady Jane Grey), who had certain claims to the Succession, provoked the ire of his sovereign to such an extent, that he was not only fined by the Star Chamber in the sum of £15,000, but was, with his unfortunate wife, committed to the Tower. After a captivity of four years she was released, but never saw her husband again. She died 26 January, 1567-8. The Earl was not released till he had suffered nine years' imprisonment. The fate of their grandson, Sir William Seymour, was somewhat similar, for having married the Lady Arabella Stuart, her nearness to the throne excited the jealousy and apprehensions of the reigning sovereign, and led to her imprisonment, lunacy, and early death.

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

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

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

She lies buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same grave with her third husband—who, like herself and her second husband, had been three times married. The splendid monument which covers their remains, and which was erected by her, is thus described in Ackermann's work on that edifice.

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

A curious account of this beautiful, attractive, and eccentric lady will be found in Arthur Wilson's *Life and Reign of K. James I.* published in 1653, folio. Lodge, however, in his "*Portraits of Illustrious Perfonages of Great Britain,*" has inserted a less prejudiced life of the Duchess, to accompany her portrait, which is there engraved after a full-length picture by Vandyck, dated 1633, in the possession of the Marquis of Bath. Another engraved portrait of her by William Pas, dated 1623, after a painting by Van Somer, formerly possessed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, is prefixed to some presentation copies of Captain John Smith's *History of Virginia*, folio, 1624, a work dedicated to the Duchess.

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

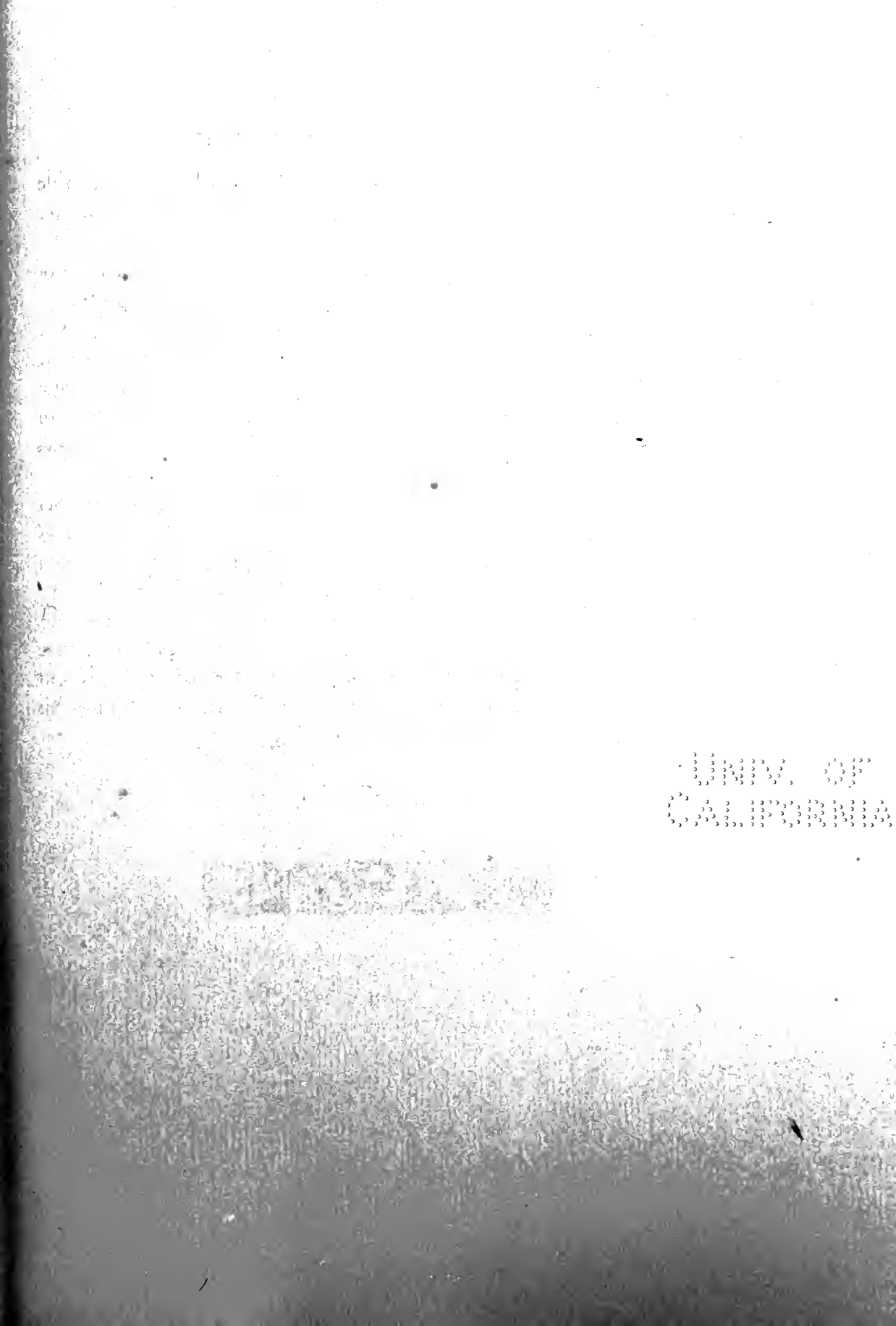
The Earl of Hertford makes no figure in the politics of his time, but towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth he must have regained some portion of her favour, as we find that in September 1591 she visited him at his seat of Elvetham in Hampshire, where very elaborate entertainments, which occupied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

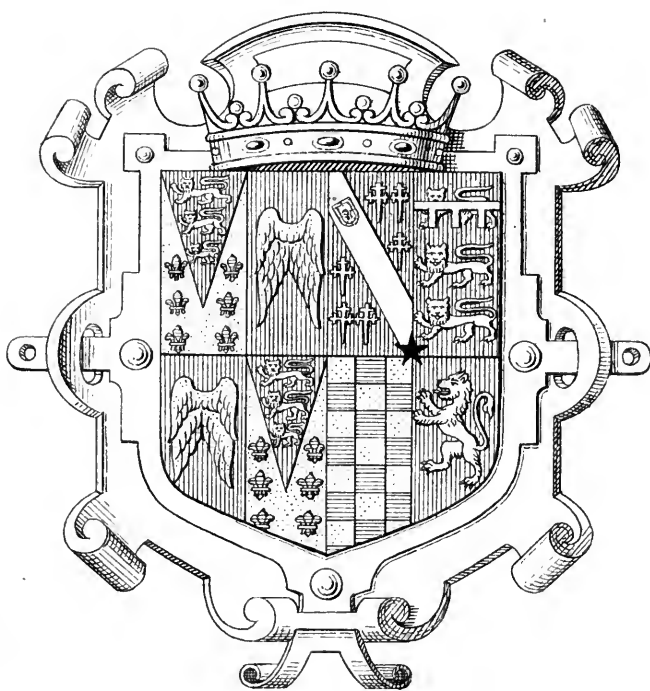
time, and you may think all will be in the best manner, when the little Lord Hartford makes a rate of expence of £10,000, besides the King's allowance."

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

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









CELESTIAL ELEGIES
of the Goddes and the Muses, de-
ploring the death of the right honourable and vertuous
Ladie the Ladie FRANCES Countesse of Hertford,
late wife vnto the right honorable EDWARD
SEYMOR Vicount Beauchamp
and Earle of Hertford.

WHEREVNTO ARE ANNEXED
some funerall verses touching the death of
MATHEW EVVENS Esquire, late one
of the Barons of her Maicities Court of Ex-
chequer, vnto who, be the author
hereof was allyed,

Propertius Eleg. 1. Lib. 3.
*Haud vllas portabis opes Acheronis ad undas
Nudus ad infernas stulte velere rates.*

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. ad Quint.
Mors vltima linea rerum est.

By Thomas Rogers Esqui.c.



Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for
I. B. and are to be sold at her shop in Paules
Church-yard at the signe of the Bible.
1598.



To the Right

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



*Ehold (Right Honourable) in
this Theater of mortalitie a Tra-
gedie, with a solemne funerall,
at whelch the Goaddesses are chiefe mourners,
and the Muscs attendants, wherein death
plaies the Tyrannicall King or the kinglie
Tyrant, your deare Ladie and wise the sub-
iect of his furie, which in a dumbe shoue is
heere presented by me: whereof I desire your*

A 2

Lord

*Lordshippe to be a Spectator and a Iudge
If I haue wittilie plaide the fooles part in
contriuing the matter (I thinke I haue plaid
the wises part :) And then I hope I shall
haue your Lordships applause. And that is
all I expect.*

Your Lordships euer at
commaund.

T. R.



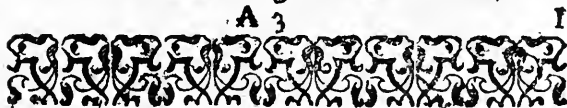
Celestiall Eligies for the late death of
the right Honourable the Ladie Fraunces
Countesse of Hertforde.



(To wes,

Drawne in my Royall chariot, crownd with
Through all the kingdoms of the centred earth
With a great Traine of the celottiall Powres
That from my wombe tooke their immortal birth,
Descend I as chiefe mourner from the skye,
To solemnize this Countesse funerall,
And crowne her fame with immortalitie,
Although her bodie now to death be thrall
My daughter *Cynthia* whilome lou'd her deare,
Noble she was by vertue, birth, and match,
Match'd with a Peare, yet matchles without Peare,
For Peareles she, did others ouer match,

Wherefore the Fates growne enuious of her praise
For vertues sake, ab'idg'd her earthlie daies,



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN. 2.

Iuno.

I that am both *Ioues* sister and his wife,
The Queene of heauen, whom Gods & men adore
Hearing the fame of this braue Ladies life,
In mourfull habit now her death deplores
She hath putt of all earthly ornaments
And cloth'd her soule in glories spotlesse robe,
She hath exchang'd these mixed Elements,
For that pure Quintessence, the heauenlic globe
Loe how her spright infranchised from thrall,
Of sinfull flesh, ascends the Christall skye.
Scorning to dwell long in this earthly vale,
Where all men rise to fall, and liue to die:

Therefore she soard above a humane pitch,
And with her vertues doth my Realme enrich.

Th



Of the Goddesses.

QVATORZAIN. 3

Pallas.

THe pompe of this vaine world she did despise,
Weighing the slipperie state of earthly things,
Therefore about the Spheares of heauen she flies,
To sing and ioy before the King of Kings:
Her vertues that did militate on earth,
Against the flesh, the deuill, sinne and hell,
Now triumphe in the heauens, and conquer death
And in *Ioues* holy monarchie doe dwell.
I rue the losse of true Nobilitie
Whilome inuested in her noble breast,
Wisdom with honour link't in amitie,
Vere both in her, and she in death suppress:
How can I chuse but waile for her decease,
Sith by her death my kingdom doth decrease.

A 4

A 7

Celestiall Elegies

QVATORZAIN. 4

Diana.

AY me; my vestall flame is now extinct,
My flowre of *Chastitie* doth fade away
In *Lecher* Houds true noblenes doth sinke,
My Empyre runnes to ruinous decay;
Pittie, Almes-deeds and charitie is fled,
Fidelitie beyond the seas is gone,
True friendship now and faithfull loue is dead,
And *Priapus* vsurpeth *Cupids* throne:
She that did seeke my kingdome to maintaine,
By sanctitie, religion, faith, and zeale,
Through enuie of the *Destenies* is slaine,
Death robs th'Eschequer of my common weale,
For all those rites which I was wont to haue,
Are fled to heauen or buried in her graue.

IF



Of the Goddesses.



QVATORZAIN. 51

Venus.

IF that I am a starre, Ile loose my light,
And fall from Heauen, vpon the earth to morne,
Because her lifes faire day is turndē to night,
My ioye to griefe, my loue to hate shall turne.
If that I am a Goddessē as mens say,
Whom louers tearme Celestiall and deuine,
With humaine teares Ile wash my ioyes away,
And on the earth no more by day-time shine:
If I be beauties Soueraigne, and loues Queene,
Ile put a marke of clouds before my face,
Hating to loue, louing to liue vnseene,
I will obscure my selfe in some darke place:
And if I be a Planet, while I raigne,
Ile frown onth'earth where my delight is flaine.

From



Celestiall Elegies

QVATORZAIN. 6.

Thetis.

FRom th' vnknowne kingdome of th' Antipodes,
And from the farthest bonds of th' Ocean maine,
Attended with troopes of *Nereides*,
And charming *Syrens*, that supporte my traine:
Mou'd with the gentle murmure of the streames,
That seeme not humane miscries to weepe,
I that doe kisse the Sunnes transplendent beames,
When he in *Neptunes* bosome falls a sleepe;
Come to this famous land in waues of woe,
Like to a Queene in mourning weedes araide,
Crowned with cares, because mans mortall foe,
The Tyrant death, his tragick part hath plaide;
Seamo re lamentes than all the worlde beside,
His true loues losse that late in England dyde.

My

Of the Goddes.



QVATORZAIN. 7

Ceres.

MY wealth decays for want of Somers heat,
Somers heat fades because the Sunne is fled,
The Sunne is fled, because his griefe is great,
His griefe is great, because his ioye is dead,
His ioye is dead, since his deare ladie dyde,
And since his lady dide he euer mournde,
He euer mournde, for losse of Natures pride,
For Natures pride, is now to ashes turnde,
To ashes turnde that was a *Phœnix* rare,
A *Phœnix* rare, of whom no other bred,
No other bred, that breeds the more my care,
The more my care, sith all in her is dead:
O Heaues, why do you bring this land such dearth,
As for to take a *Phœnix* from the earth.

1



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN.8.

Fortuna.

I that do turne the rowling wheele of chaunce,
The blinde light Goddesse of vnconstancie,
That sometime did the Romaine Peers aduance,
To sway the worlds imperiall Monarchie:
I that doe kings enthrone, annoynt, and crowne,
And ofte depose them from the Royall seate,
I that on mightie *Biaazeth* did frowne,
And made the baseborne *Tamberlaine* so great:
Lament that death hath got the victorie,
While I am faine to flie away for feare,
For where death raines, there ends my soueraintie,
He casts downe *Trophees* which I did vpreare,
This Ladie whome I raisde to high degree,
Dyde not by chaunce but fatall destenie,

Red



Of the Goddesses.



QVATORZAIN. 9.

Nemesis.

Red hote with rage whose heart with griefe doth
I come from *Ioue* fell *Atropos* to chide, (bleede,
That cut too soone this Countesse vitall threede,
Wherewith her soule and bodie were fast tide:
While wicked men long liue in loy and pleasure,
She liu'd long time in sicknesse and in paine,
Who still accounted vertue her chiefe treasure,
And losse of worldly wealth heauens richest gaine:
Wherefore she fled to heauen, from whence I came;
And with reuenge to scourge mens insolence,
And those same ruthlesse destenies to tame,
That by this Ladies death *Ioues* wrath incence,
Who let the wicked long time liue in pride,
While she that best deserued, soonest dide.

Though



Celestiall Elegies

QVATORZAIN, 10.

Bellona.

THough I am fearefull Goddess of dread warre,
That hate to liue Idly at home in peace,
With humane cries allured I come from farre,
In streames of bloude to rue this daimes decease,
This Lady was a *Howard* and did springe,
Out of the antient Duke of *Norfolkes* race,
Whose offspring did subdue the Scots stout king,
And from the field rebellious foes did chase,
Her brother still restes loyal to the Crowne,
And Scepter which faire *Cynthia* now doth wield,
By Seas he hath obtain'd his high renoune,
The other by his conquest in the field,
Wherefore I vow by land and Sea to raise,
Eternall triumphes to the *Howards* praise.

Crowned

Of the Goddesses.



QVATORZAIN. II

Flora.

Crowned with wreathes of Odoriferous flowers,
Whose sent perfumes the Empire of the Ayre,
Among the rest of the immortall powers,
Vnto the land of *Albion* I repaire.
Where I with garlands will her Toombe adorne,
And make death proud with ccremonious rites,
That for this Ladies sake I doe not scorne, (delights;
To decke her Graue, with th' earths faire flowers
For sith the world was sweetned by her breath,
That breath'd rare vertues forth, as then aliue,
Ile beautifie her Sepulcher, since death
Of her sweete soule her body did depriue,
For this braue dame was a sweet springing flower,
Bedewde with heauenly grace till her last howre.
From



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN, 12.

Proserpina.



FROM the black kingdome of infernall *Dis*,
All circumscrib'd with Characters of woe;
And from the dungen of the darke abyffe,
Wherein the Ocean Seas of troubles flowe,
I doe ascend vpon this worldly stage,
In this sad Tragedie to act a part,
Sith she that was a light to that last age,
Is now confounded by deaths fatall darte;
The cruell destinies were much to blame,
To cut her threede of life ere throughly spunne,
Her life butnd out like to a *Tapers* flaine,
And thus the howrglasse of my ioyes is runne :
Wherefore the Farall sitters shall repent
Her bodies death, and faire soules banishment.

I



Of the Goddesses.

QVATORZAIN. 13.

Aurora.

I now shall blush to kisse the Sunns faire face,
Or bid her tour vnto this hemyspheare,
I rather will lament in dolefull case,
The losse of her whom I did loue so deare,
I am the Muses euer constant friend
And sith she was their Marrone while she liu'd
I will bewaile for her vntimely ende,
By whom the sacred Sisters were releu'd:
I muse what Muse there is that will not weepe
When I shall tell this lamentable story,
That she is dead and now in dust dosh sleepe,
Although her soule is crown'd with lasting glory:
I thinke the world wilbe dissolu'd to teares,
When this laid tale shall penetrate mens eares.

B

Atty-

Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN, 14.

Nox.

A ttryde in black spangled with flames of fier,
Imbroidered with starres in silent night,
While *Phæbus* doth the lower world inspire,
with his bright beames & cōfort breathing spright,
I come in clouds of grieſe with penſiue ſoule,
Sending forth vapours of blacke diſcontent,
To fill the concaue Circle of the Pole,
And with my teares bedeawe each continent:
Because that ſhe that made my night ſeeme daye,
By her pure vertues euer ſhining lamps;
Now makes my night more blacke by her decay,
Wandering with Gholts in the *Elifan* Camps:
Wherefore I ſtill will were a mourning vailc.
For ſhe is dead and humane fleſh is fraile.

Ad ewc



Of the Goddesses.



QVATORZAIN. 15.

Gratia.

A Dewe faire *Venus* Ladie of delight,
Welcome pale horror grieſe and diſcontent,
Come let vs wander to the vaile of night,
And for this Ladies death ſighe and lament,
Our hopes late deade ingender living feares,
Our griefes awake doe bringe our ioyes aſleepe,
Now we from *Theris* ſtreames will borow teares,
And teach the rockes by *Netleys* ſhores to weepe,
Our faire complexion is with ſorrow chang'd,
We haue bin fellowe Mates with beauties *Queene*,
But from our ſelues we now are ſo eſtrang'd,
We are but ſhadowes of what we haue beene,
And thus in vaine we daily doe deplore,
For loſſe of life which we cannot reſtore,

B 2

We



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN, 17.


Horae.

WE that are calde Tymes goldé winged Howres:
And are the Porters of Heauens Christall gate,
Come from the Pallace of Celestiall powers,
This Countesse death with pompe to celebrate;
By shutting vp Heauens gate we send downe rayes,
Darking the triple region of the Aire,
And when we list opening the doore againe,
Dry the moyst clowdes & make she weather faire,
Weepe now O clowdes vppon the grassie earth,
With often drops fret through the hardest stones,
While we in sorrowe for this Ladies death,
Flie back againe to the Celestiall thrones:
And locking fast the great Porte of the Skie,
Send downe more shqwres for her mortalitie.

I



Of the Goddesses.



QVATORZAIN, 18.

Pandora.

I bring a box wherein all woes are closde,
Mingled with teares distild from sacred eyes,
And not so much as hope for me reposde
Is left behinde but quite away it flies.
The graces where with all the Gods indue me,
Arc gone from me and to Ioues throne resort,
The blessings which vntill this day pursude me,
Forsake me now and I stand all'amort.
Like *Noebe* that euer till death still mourn'de,
For her deare childrens losse whom *Phoebus* slue,
And to a sencelesse stone at last was turnde,
That in her life did most extreamely rue:
And thus transformde I will become a Toombe.
T enclose her vertues in my dying woombe.

B 3

If



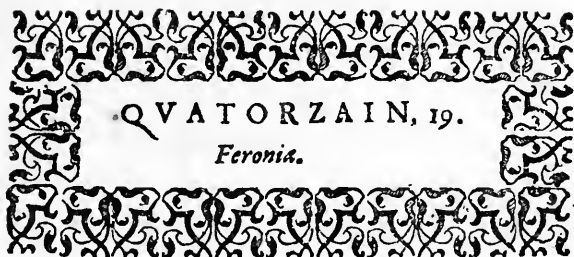
Celestiall Elegies

QVATORZAIN. 18.

Pales Dea pastorum.

IF Kingdomes waile shall not the Cottage weepe?
If the Court greene shall not the Country grone?
If they doe morne that doe strong Lions keepe?
Shall not I, that keepe tender sheepe, bemone?
If faire *Elisa* monarch of this Ile,
This Ladies losse doth gratiouly lament,
It ill becomes a country swayne to smyle,
Or me that am the Shepheards presidente:
O thou rare *Queene* that makest the femal gender,
By much, more worthie then the Masculine,
To thee all praise and glorie I surrender,
Whom I esteeme as sacred and deuine;
Had not thy life given shepheards sweet releefe,
I should haue well nigh perished with greefe,
Euen

Of the Goddeses.



QVATORZAIN, 19.


Feronia.

EVEN in this sad and melancholy moode,
With *Siluan Nimpbes* which on me daily tende
Mated with sorrowe come I from the woode,
And to faire *Cynthias* kingdome now I wende,
Where the immortall Goddeses arriu'd,
At *Troynouant*, by which *Thames* waues do glide,
Where late a Ladie of great honour liu'd,
But greater vertue, that vntimely dyde:
Thither goe I among the rest to mourne,
And offer vp my teares vpon her shrine,
My lostie trees I will cut downe and burne,
In witnesse of her death for which I pyne:
And as my trees consume away with flame
So doth my heart with grieffe, and ioy with shame.

B 4

In





QVATORZAIN. 15.

Libitina.

IN dreary accents of a dolefull verse,
Ile speake her praise though I haue longbin dūbe,
In fable weedes ile decke her dismall hearse,
And sacrifice mytears vppon her toombe;
With golden Statues shall her toombe be gilte,
Like King *Mansolus* stately monument,
Which his deare wife the *Queene of Caria* built
To be the worldes eternall wonderment,
Or else I will her sencelesse corps interre,
In some faire graue like the *Pyramides*,
And will enbalme her bodie with sweete Mirrh
With *Cassia*, *Ambergreece* and *Aloes* (smell,
That th' Ayre perfum'd therewith shall sweetly
While heauenly powers shal ring her wofull knel.

An-



Annotations vpon the Celestiall

Elegies of the Goddesses



Erecinthia alias *Rhea* *Cybele* *Ops* *Vesta*, *Tellus*, &c. as *Hesiodus* saith was the daughter of *Caelum* and *Terra* the wife of *Saturne* commonly called the mother of the gods & goddesses of the earth; whom Poets saie to be drawne by foure Lions in a chariot with a crowne of Towres on her head and a royall scepter in her hand, she is also reputed the founder of Cities and Towres for defence.

Iuno called *Pronuba* and of some *Lucina* the daughter of *Saturne* and *Ops*, wife and sister of *Iupiter*, Queen of heaven, and goddess of riches, impelled with the celestiall diademe, drawne in her chariot by Peadockes, she is accounted to predominate mariages, and the birth of children.

Pallas otherwise called *Minerva* as *Hesiodus* affirmeth is the daughter of *Neptune* and *Triton*, poetically



Annotations upon



etically also fayned to be engendred of the braine of *Jupiter* : She is the Goddesse of wisedome, learning, and the liberall sciences , She is the sister of *Mars* and is said to be the Goddesse of warres and martiall stratagemes , and for that is oiten called *Bellona*.

Cynthia called also *Diana* and *Phæbe* the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Latona* the sister of *Phæbus* she is the Goddesse of hunting and fishing, who adding her selfe wholly to virginitic obtained of *Jupiter* therefore to liue in the woods. *Virgil, Lib.11. Alme tibi bñc nemorum cultrix Latonia virgo.*

Venus termed also *Cytherea* poetically fayned to be bred of the froth of the Sea, excelled all other Goddeses in beautie , she is the Goddesse of loue, pleasures and lasciuious delightes, she rideth in a chariot drawne by doves, she is the mother of *Cupid* and is accounted one of the seuen planets

Thetis



the Goddesses.



Thetis called also *Amphitrite* the wife of *Peleus* King of *Theffalie*, daughter of *Nereus* and mother of *Achilles* was esteemed Goddess of the Sea: of *Nereus* all the Nymphes were called *Nereides*.

Ceres the daughter of *Saturne* and *Ops* sister of *Iupiter* & *Pluto*, is the Goddess of *Cornes* drawn in her chariot by dragons, crownde with sheaves of wheat she wandred about the world to finde her daughter *Proserpina* whom *Pluto* stole away, she first taught the vse of the plough and to till the land.

Aurora the morning, the daughter of *Hyperion* and *Thia* in the iudgement of *Hesiodus*, or as others say of *Titan* and *Terra* whom for her faire vermilion colour *Homer* faineth to haue fingers of damaske roses, and to be drawne by bright bay horses in a golden charriot, she is said by *Orpheus* not only to be a most comforable Ladie to men, but also to beasts and plants and is a great friend to the Muses.

Nux



Annotations vppon



Nox the night, bred of *Chaos* as Poets faine whom they cal the most auncient mother of all creatures, because there was no light but darkenes before the Sunne and the heauens were made. And she possessed all places before the birth of the gods, she is cloathed in blacke rayment. with a sable vayle vp on her head, transported by blaek horses in her ebe[n] chariot, she came from *Erebus* and the infernals obfcuring this Hemysphere when the Sunne is gone to the *Antipodes*.

Flora called also *Cbloris* the wife of *Zephirus* is deemed the goddesse of Flowres:

Bellona the goddesse of warre called also *Pallas*, which to expresse both the valour and the wisdom of the honorable race of the *Howardes* I haue twice expressed in seuerall sonnets, whom *Virgil* nameth the president of warre.

Armi-



of the Goddesses.



Armipotens bellis præses Tritonia Pallas

Fortuna as some suppose was the daughter of *Oceanus*, albeit *Hesiodus* writing of the originall birth of the Gods, makes no mention of her; yet she is vainely reckoned among the number of the Gods as *Iuuenal* witnesseth.

*Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia, sed te
Nos facimus Fortuna deam Cælestis, locamus.*

She is the Goddess of chance and inconstancy she is saide to be blinde and to be rouled about vpon a wheale as *Tibullus* in 1. *Elegiarum*. *Versatur celeri Fors lenis orbe rota.*

Proserpina called also *Persephone* and of some *Hecate* is the daughter of *Iupiter* and *Ceres*, the wife of *Pluto* Queene of Hell, she hath soueraigne power of dead bodies,

Nemesis



Annotations vppon



Nemesis the daughter of *Oceanus* and *Nax* may be called the Goddess of reuenge, who was sent from *Iupiter* to suppress the pride and insolence of such as are to much puffed vp with arrogancie for the fruitio of worldly felicitie: and therefore *Aristotle* *Li. de mundi* *do*, affirmeth *Nemesis* to be the deuine power and iustice of God to punish malefactors for their haynous crimes, and to distribute to euery one according to his demerits.

Libitina is the Goddess of Funeralls.

The Graces called *Gratia* or *Charites* the Graeces daughters of *Iupiter* and *Eurynome* whose names are *Aglais*, *Euphrosyne* and *Thalia*, they were beautifull and the companions of *Venus*.

Hore the howres, daughters of *Iupiter* and *Themis*, are by *Homer* and other Poets saide to keepe the gates of heauen, and by opening of them to make faire weather, and by shutting them to make soule weather



the Goddesses.



weather, they fauour learning and associate *Venus* and the *Graces*: They are imagined to haue soft feet and to be most slow of all the Goddesses, and still to worke some new matter, they moderate and decide the succession of times,

Pandora, a Ladie imbellished with all fayre ornaments of bodie and raine on whome euery one of the Gods bestowed a seuerall gift of grace, was sent by *Ioue* to *Prometheus* with all euils inclosed, fast in a box or little cofer, which gift being refused by *Prometheus* was by her brought to *Epimetheus*, who opening the couer of the box, perceiuing all those euils to flie out suddenly shut the same, reseruing only hope in the bottome thereof reposed which he kept fast: which hope you must imagine now that *Pandora* hath lost in the cariage by reason of this most noble Countesse death,

Niobe



Annotations upon



Prote the daughter of *Tantalus* waxing insolent beyond measure for the beaurie and goodly proportion of her children, in somuch that she compared or rather preferred her selfe in opinion of glory before *Latona* and her sacred offspring was therefore by the decree of the Gods metamorphosed into a stone, and so became her owne bodies sepulcher; and her children were slaine by *Phœbus* and *Diana* with arrows as Poets fayne.

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

Feronia the Goddesse of woods or groues whose temple (as *Strabo* writeth) was famous in the Citie *Soractes*, and she with great deuotion was there worshipped, of whome there is no mention made touching her birth or education, notwithstanding she is reckoned soueraigne of the woods as *Virgil* writeth,

Et viridi gaudens Feronia luco. Great



Celestiall Elegies of the Muses.



QVATORZIAN. I

Clio.

Great princes actes I vse to royalize,
And from the Stigian fouds their fame to saue,
And in the Cristall mirror of the skies,
With wits faire Diamond I their praise ingraue:
By me *Alemenas* sonne is made deuine,
And faire *Calisto* turned to a Beare
Now in the Starrie firmament doth shine,
And with her light adorne this Hemysphere,
And-I will raise to heauen this hoble dame,
Aboue the purest Element of fire,
And lo in Starres characterize hir fame;
That tisme shall not her glories date expire,
And yet my heart in pittie takes remorse,
For her deare soule and bodies late diuorse.

C

Knowing



Celestiall Elegies.



QVATORZIAN. 2

Melpomene.

K Nowing her life what shall I found her praise?
Or muling of her death fall in a sounde?
Shall I reorde her fame in my sweete laies?
Or by my sorrow make her death renownde?
I know not what to doe, I am amazde,
I wander in a Laborinth of woes,
Her praise already through the world is blazd,
And now her death with greefe I must disclose;
Wherefore I register her death with teares,
Which doe turne blacke with sorrowe in the fall,
Wringing my handes renting my golden heares,
And with these reliques grace her funerall,
Exclaming thus with euetlasting cries,
Vertue grows sicke, shame liues, true honor dies.

I



of the *Muses.*



QVATORZAIN. 3

Thalia.

I That in Princes Pallaces was bred,
And did delight in euerie comicke sport,
Whose daintie feete on carpets vsde to treade,
And dance the measures starly in the court,
Will turne my mirthfull songs to dolefull cries;
And fill with teares the *Heliconian* brooke,
My louely cheekes besmeard with weeping eyes;
Like fleshlesse deathes Anatomie I looke,
For she that brought new reuels out of *France*,
When she returned to her natie soyle,
Who sought my glory chiefly to aduance,
Hath now by death receiued a fatall foile,
Thus by her losse I am compeld to rue
That she to soone hath bid the world adewe?

C 2

Come



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN. 4

Enterpe.

Come sisters let vs sing sad roundelaies,
And strew green Cypres boughs vpo hir Tombe
Crowning her image with immortall bayes;
Oh sacred offspring of *Latonas* wombe,
Play on thy seauen-strunge harpe and sadly warble,
The waitefull murmur of celestiall spheares,
And while thou doest engraue her fame in marble,
Ile digge her graue with showres of sacred teares;
My pipe shall make the stones to weepe for pitte,
As great *Amphions* Lyre did make them dance;
To build againe the ruynes of that Citie,
Which did maintaine the Grecian puissance,
And yet not *Thebes*; but *Troynouant* shall mourne
For her whose flesh to Elements did tume.

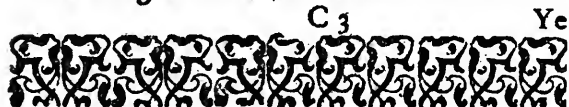
What



of the Muses.



VVhat dolefull *Diapason* shall I make,
What mournfull songs of sorrow shall I sing
What comfort in swette Musicke can I take,
Sith death hath broke this Ladies vitall string:
My sacred Lyre that did resound of yore,
Celestiall harmony, like *Phœbus* Lute,
Such ioyfull accents now shall sound no more,
For inward sorrow makes our consort mute;
Sith death hath broke that string that did vnite
In mutuall loue her bodie and her soule,
My dulcimers shall make no more delight
And I will liue in euerlasting dole
For how can Musicke solace humaine cares,
Whē strings are broke & harts are drown'd in tears



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN. 6.

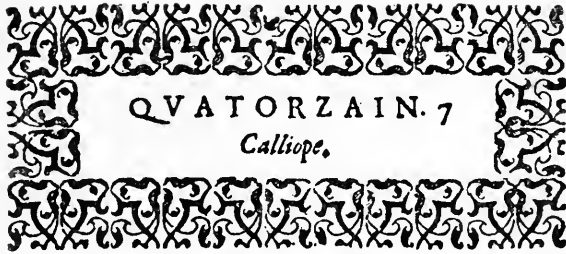
Erato.

YE that like *Iulius Caesar* seeke to measure,
The spacious clymates of the centred round,
To fish for kingdomes and to purchase treasure,
Oppose your liues to euerie fatall wound :
Behold euen in the map of my sad face,
A true Cosmographie of humane woes,
For since foule death his Trophées here did place,
In quiet rest I neuer could repose,
Vnto th'Antarticke Pole what need ye saile,
At home in safetie better may yee sleepe,
Consider by her death your flesh is fraile,
Sit downe by me vpon these rockes and weepe,
For *Albion* now more sorrowes doth containe,
Then there is wealth in all the Ocean mayne.

Were



of the *Muses*.



QVATORZAIN. 7

Calliope.

WERE it nor that *Eliza* did reuiue,
My drooping spirits that are like to perish,
If that worlds myrrour onely she aliuē,
Did not with bountie still my Poems cherish,
I should goe languish in some obscure caue,
Or with rude Satyres, & wood-nymphs should dwell
Learning should lie in base *Oblisions* graue,
And flow no more from *Aganippe* well:
But since this Ladies soule is vanished,
Out of this world (her corps to death enthrald)
She to a starre is metamorphosed
And with the golden Twins in heauen enstald
Or like the *Pleiades* enthron'd on high
She may be term'd a *Phoenix* in the skie.

C 4

Ifaw



Celestiall Elegies



QVATORZAIN. 8.

Vrania,

I Sawe no fearefull comet in the Skye,
Nor fire Meteors lately did I viewe,
Whose dread aspect threatens mortalitie,
And losse of some great Princes to inlue:
Nor by Astrologie did I deume,
That death so soone this Paragon should slay,
That she who did in grace and vertue shine,
Aboue her Peeres before them should decay,
I thinke while all the Gods in counsell fate,
To canonize some Saint, that late did die,
Not being mindfull of this Ladies stare,
Whose fatall howre did then approach so nigh,
Death stole vppon her with his *Eben* darte
And vnwares did strike her to the heart.

Sith



of the Muses.



Q V A T O R Z A I N . 9 .

Polyhymnia.

Sith I am tearm'd the Muses Oratrix,
My pen shall wright the Iliades of my greece,
My tearesfull eyes vppon her beare ile fixe,
My tongue shall tell a wofull tale in breefe:
My hands shall act the passions of my minde,
My ruthfull lookes bewray my pensiue thought,
I will complaine the Fates are too vnkinde,
Fró bad to worse the world still growes to nought:
Wherefore I thinke that *Plato's* wondrous year,
(When as the Orbs of Heauen shalbe reuolu'd,
To their first course) approacheth very neare
The bands of th' Elements shalbe dissolu'd:

And till those daies of consummation come,
Cares make me passionate & sorrowes dombe.

Now



The Authors Conclusion.



NOw *Goddesses and Muses* giue me leaue,
In this sad Tragedie to acte a part,
I haue more cause for her decease to greeue,
Though you more wit to shew your sorrows smart:
Yee for affection doe extoll her praise,
And for mere pittie doe her death lament,
I both for loue and duetie striue to raise
Her fame about the starrie firmament:
And death for enuie did abridge her daies
T' enrich his kingdome with this vertuous dame
But I for grieffe that death the Tyrant plaies,
Impouerisht haue my wit t' enrich her fame
While I performe these rites which are most fit,
Death waxeth rich in spoyle, I spoild of witte.

An.



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



THE nine *Muses* which are the presidents of Poets and first authors of Poetry Musicke & other sciences, are the daughters of *Iupiter* & *mnemosyna* alias *memoria* whose names are *Clio*, *Melpomine*, *Thalia*, *Euterpe*, *Terpsichore*, *Erato*, *Calliope*, *Vrania* & *Polihimnia*. *Clio* exerciseth her wit & skill chiefly in Histories and recording the actes & monumets of worthe persons, *Melpomine* in Tragedies, and lamentable *Elegies*, *Thalia* in Comedies, comely gestures, and sweete speeches, *Euterpe* in the pipe & such like instruments, *Terpsichore* in the Citterne or Lute, *Erato* in Geometric, or Chosmographie, *Calliope* in heroicke verses, *Vrania* in Astrologic and contemplation of the starres, and *Polihimnia* in Rhetorick and Eloquence.

De-





Deuine Sonnets dedicated to the said Lady not
long before her decease by the said Author.

Of Gods holy name, Iehouah, or Tetragrammaton.

THat name which *Moses* on his forehead bare,
I in my heart doe worship and adore,
That name which *Iewes* to name did sel'dome dare,
May I presume for mercie to implore?
That name which *Salomon* vpon his breast,
In his diuine Pentaculum did weare,
With great *Iehouah* Characters imprest,
That name I loue I reuerence and feare:
That name which *Aron* wore vpon his head,
Grau'd in his holy *Miter* made of Golde,
That name which Angels laude and furies dreade,
Whose praise no tongue can worthily vnfolde,
That name which flesh is to impure to name,
My sinfull soule with sacred zeale inflame.,

of



Deuine Sonets.



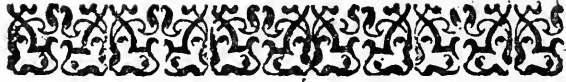
Of the Starre which the Magi did worship at
Christes Natinitie, and of his death.

I blaze that starre, which was no blazing starre,
But the true figure of eternall life,
The prince of peace was borne then ceased warre,
His birthes beginning ended mortall strife,
This glorious starre did lead the aged wise
To worship th' *Infants* Godhead in the East,
Which came with gladsome heart & ioyfull eyes,
To see that Babe that made all *Israell* blest:
O light of Heaueu thou wast extinct on earth,
Yet to our soules Celestiall life doth giue
Thy death our life, thy rising our new birth
Thou three daies dead didst make vs euer liue,
Yet at thy death obscur'd was th' earth and skie,
Because he that was God, as man did die.

Foun-



Diuine Sonets



Fountaine of grace from whom doth only runne,
Water of life to saue our soules from death,
O sauiour of the world, pure virgins sonne,
That in red earth insul'd first vitall breath.
Oh thou whose name was calde *Emmanuel*,
Ioyning thy Godhead with humanitie,
Thou that for our sakes didst desc end to hell,
And ouer death didst get the victorie:
Oh womans feede that didst from God proceede,
By Prophets said to breake the Serpents head,
Thou that in grace and vertue doest excede,
Content to die that thou mightest quicken deade,
Thou that didst rayse the dead men fro the tombe.
Earths kingdoms passe, oh let thy kingdome come.
Ancient



Deuine Sonets.



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



*Of the instabilitie of Fortune and worldlie
prosperitie.*



Where liues the man that neuer felt a crosse?
Who Fortunes wheel did neuer tumble down
Where liues the man that neuer suffred losse?
On whome the starres of heauen did neuer frowne?
Where liues the man that is in all poyntes blest?
Wise valiant, mightie, wealthy, sayre and strong.
If such a one vpon the earth doth rest
His date of life Heauen doth abridge ere long
Such was King *Edward* in his youthfull prime
Who might by *Phœbus* Oracle be deemd
One of the wisest Princes of his time
For wit and learning excellent esteemde
But cruell death maligning his great praise
That in fewe yeares so highly did aspyre
With yron dart infring' a his golden daies
Whom nations farre away did then admyre
Weeds long time growe, the sayrest flowres do fade
The ripest wits grow rotten at the last
All these faire things which God and Nature made

In



Of the Instabilitie of Fortune



In this huge *Chaos*, shall at length lye waste
Where is king *Salomon* the wisest wight
Of mortall men that liu'd vpon the grounde
Doth he not wander in the shades of night,
Whose wisdom through the world was forenound?
What difference betwixt the rich and poore
Irus with *Cresus* boldly may compare
Both equall are when death standes at the doore
That maketh proudest kings like beggars bare,
Then let the wealthy men respect their end
Not couming themselves happy vntill death,
Sir heauen to them this wealth doth only lende,
Which they must pay with losse of vitall breath
This made that king of *Lidia* to crye
When he was by king *Cyrus* ouercome:
O *Solon* now thy saying true I trie
No man is happie till his day of dome.
That Monarch now is dead that did possesse,
The golden sands of bright *Pactolus* waues,
And *Tambertaine* whom Fortune so did blesse,

D

That



Of the instabilitie of Fortune.



That he a Shepheard made great kings his slaues,
Dead is that mightie king of *Macedon*,
That wept whe of more worlds he had some talke,
Sith his victorious sword as then had wonne,
Scarce this one world, where we like pilgrims walk
Who being wounded fell vpon one knee,
Fighting against an hoast of barbarous foes,
Said Lam mortall by these wounds I see,
For no such bloode from powers Celestiall flowes:
In beautie *Absalon* did farre excell,
Most part of men that sprung of humane seede,
But when against his Sire he did rebell, (head:
Then heauen did power downe vengeance on his
The sacred scripture truly doth expresse,
That *Sampson* did surpasse all men in strength,
But he that did thousands in fight distresse,
Was by a womans wiles subdu'd at length,
Beautie is like a faire but fading flower,
Riches are like a bubble in a streame,
Great strength is like a fortified Towre,

Hono:



Of the instabilitie of Fortune.



Houour is like a vaine but pleasing dreame,
Wee see the sayrest flowers soone fade away,
Bubbles doe quickly vanish like the winde,
Strong Towers are rent, and doe in tyme decay,
And dreames are but illusions of the minde,
Let none pufft vp with insolence deride,
My Fortunes *Autumne* in my prime of yeares,
Sith many dismall chances do betide,
To royall princes and State-ruling peeres,
I am content with my disaster chance,
To follow fate sith princes lead the daunce,
Ludit in Humanis diuina pote nra rebus.
Et certam presens vix habet hora fidem.

D.



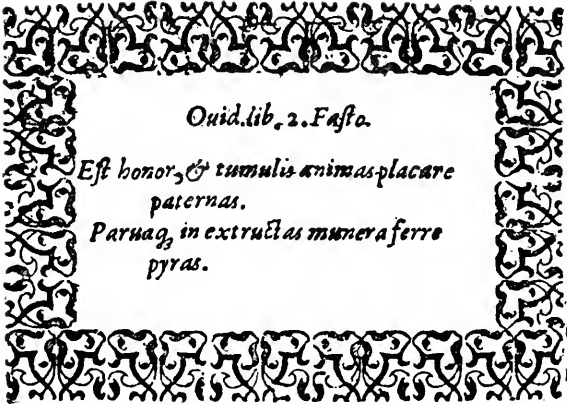


**FVNER ALL
LAMENTACIONS
VPON THE DEATH OF
his most worthy and reuerend vnckle**

**Maitter MATHEW EWENS Esquire one
of her Maiesties Barons of her High-
nes Court of Eschequer.**



**LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD BRADOCKE
for I. B. 1598.**



Ouid. lib. 2. Fasto.

*Est honor, & tumulis animas placare
paternas.*

*Paruaq; in extructas munera ferro
pyras.*

Funerall lamentations vpon the death

M. MATHEVV EVVENS *Esquire. &c.*



LET *Numas* death be still deplorde in Rome,
Licurgus end let famous *Sparta* waile,
Let *Athens* weepe on *Aristides* toombe,
For there religion lawes and Iustice faile,
But let faire *Cinthias Troynonant* lament,
This Barons death whose flesh returnes to dust,
Whose soule is fled aboue the firmament,
Who liu'd on earth religious, true, and iust.
Now toye O heauen t' eni by th' earths ornament,
Whose heauenly part to the third heauen is fled
His earthly part to earth doth now relent
Both heauen and earth loue him alieue and dead,
His flesh to Elements resolu'd doth dye,
His soule aboue the Element doth flye.



Funerall Lamentations.



I Know not whether I should ioy or weepe
His louing soule doth triumph in the skie,
But his dead corps in dust a while doth sleepe,
Till heauen shall raiſe it from mortalitie,
He loſt his olde life and hath gaind a newe
Looſing nis care he gainde a glorious crowne,
The world loſt him, therefore the world doth rue,
He loſt the world yet wins for aye renowne,
I loſt a friende and therefore I lament,
My friend loſt me and I haue loſt my ſelfe
Sith I for his loſſe liue in diſcontent
He loues heauenſioyes and leaues all worldly pelſe,
O England now bewaile this fatall croſſe,
He loſt this world, we gainde a world of loſſe.

He



Funerall, lamentations,



QVATORZAIN. 3

HE that did seeke the poore mens wrongs to right
He that maintain'd his natiue countries lawes,
He that in tructh and iustice did delight
Is now consum'd by deaths deuouring iawes,
Was it by heauens high court of Parhament,
Decreed that his lifes date so soone should ende,
Oh then let vs vpon the earth lament
That we haue lost in him a publique friend
The ioy of many in his graue now lieth,
And he in heauen enjoyes immortall blisse,
His care is vanisht and in him now dieth,
And liues in others that his life doe misse
Thus death strooke many with this fatall stroke
And keeping natures lawes, our lawes he broke.

Let





Q V A T O R Z A I N . 4 .

Let not the world thinke I doe partialize,
In that I doe extoll my vncles fame,
And strue his glorie to immortalize
By these sad accents which my muse doth frame,
But let men know that he deserves more praise,
Then my poore muse is able so bestow,
Though she doth crown his death with glorious baies
And through the world the breath of fame doth blow
Which breath by multiplying the sweete ayre
May mount the sacred Throne of heavenly powers,
And cause the winged Cherubins repayre,
To mourne his death from their celestiall bowres,
His vertues merit *Homers* golden pen
To print his praise with teares of Gods and men.

Let



Funerall lamentations.




QUATORZAIN.

L Et all men iudge how iust a Iudge he was,
That late was iudged by heauen sacred doome,
To suffer death, that when this life should passe
He might obtaine in heauen a glorious roome,
For he among the blessed saints must dwell
Where Patriarches and the Apostles sit,
Which shall iudge the twelue Tribes of Israel
According as to their deserts is fit
As here on earth this Iudge was magnifide
About the vulgar sort in high degree,
In heauen he shalbe much more glorifide,
And shall enioy the full felicitie,
And all such Iudges as here iudge aright,
Shall haue their place in heauē with Angels bright.
The



Funerall lamentations.



QVATORZAIN. 6

THe sacred word doth say thou shalt not kill
Yet Death thou here doest kill a magistrate ;
Dost thou not then infringe Gods holy will
Nor yet the lawes of *Moses* violate?
And whereas mightie kings establish lawes
Thou by thine owne lawe mighty Kings doest slay,
And taking thus away th'efficient cause,
Th'effect, which is the Lawe must needs decay,
Thus now thou takest away a publique guide,
That did maintaine all equitie and right.
Wherefore heauen shall correct thee for thy pride
And shall subdue thy all-flesh-killing might,
And thou that dost all creatures ouercome,
Shalt be at last destroyed by heauens iust doome.

If



Funerall lamentations.

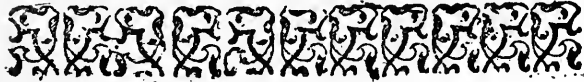


IF that the soule (as some supposed) might goe,
Out of one bodie to an others brest,
Would that meeke spirit which from him did flow,
In euery Lawyers heart were now imprest
His lifes integritie and zeale was such
He inore esteemd of honeltie then gold
Which n any now a daies doe loue too much
For loue is oft with money bought and sold,
This rightly may be termede a golden age,
With gold. is fame and reputation bought
Yet *Salomon* that was most wise and sage,
For wisdom praide, esteeming gold as naught.
Gold vnto drosse and flesh to dust must turne,
For this mans losse let the Eliche. quer mourne.

Aurea mure verè sunt secula ofurimus amor.

Venit hoxos, auro conciliatur amor.

Tristia



CIn obitum Patruī sui colendissimi
Mathei Eueni *illustrissimi* Baronis
Scaccarij T. R. nepotis Næula, siue
carmen funeb̄re,

Trestia Melpomine lachrymarum sumina funde,
Sic cum perpetuo iunctus amore dolor,
Ille pater patrie polleus pietate, Patronus
Pauperis, & Plebis, per mala fata perit,
Spiritus ascendit splendentis culmen Olympi,
Diuicias cæli, quas cupiebat, habet.
Non rapuit fiscus, quod non vult Christus habere.
Non plus quam licuit conciliauit opes.
Ille mihi Patruus charus, patriâq; patriq;
Ergo suus deslet funera mesta nepos.
Dolens erat, facilis natura, mente benignus,
Moribus humanus, deniq; morte pius:
Lege Solon, grauitate Cato; sed Tullius ore,
Nestor consilijs, & pietate Plato.
Membra regis tumulus, viuit post funera fælix,
Fama viget mundo, spiritus astra colit.
Purpureos spargam flores, opobalsama fundam,
Et plenis manibus lilia plebebra dabo.
His, altem exequijs & raunere fungar inani;
His animam deus accumulare velim.

Non

*Non grates expetto tamen, nec proemia curo,
Non hominum laudes: hoc pietatis opus.
Cogit amor patrie patria lugere parentem
Defunctum, taniò debitus urget honos.
O decus, O patrie nuper lux, atq; columna
Natalisq; soli gloria magna vale.
O longum venerande vale, vale. inquit Eucne
Qui tuus est semper fidus amansque Nepos,
Sic viuat & moriar semper tibi certus amicus,
Musaquè cum satis est moritura tuis
Iurisconsultus, natura iure peremptus
Nunc stabit aeterni Iudicis ante Thronum
Qui, viuos homines diuino iudices ore,
Iudex istius Iudicis almus erit.
Sic pià vita fuit, nunc terq; quaterq; beata,
In rutilo vitit, nabilis umbra Polo.*

FINIS.

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