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LIFE AND DEATH  
OF  
SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.







## INTRODUCTION.

TO

## PHILLIPS'S COMMEMORATION

ON THE

## LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR C. HATTON.

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

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

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

So much has been written about Sir Christopher Hatton, and the romance of his elevation, that it is unnecessary to say much concerning him here. The account of his Life by Sir Harris Nicolas collects almost all that is known of his public career, but the present tract contains some particulars which were beneath the dignity of a professed biographer to record,

even if he were acquainted with them. The amusing allusions to him and his dancing powers in Gray's "Long Story" and Sheridan's "Critic," will always keep his memory green, when it is forgotten that he was made by his admiring Sovereign, to the astonishment of the court, a Lord Chancellor without any knowledge of law. But an error as to the date of his death is worth noticing for the purpose of correction. The true date is 20 Nov., 1591. Most biographers print it as 20 Sept., 1591; but among the Burghley "State Papers" is a letter from him to the Earl of Essex, "Lord Generall of her Majesty's Forces in Normandy," dated 5th Oct. in that year. Eulogiums in rhyme—it is impossible to dignify them by the name of poetry—of course appeared as soon as the needy and expectant versifiers-by-profession could produce them. The above was, no doubt, the first one published. But another was written by the noted Robert Greene, entitled "A Maidens Dreame. Upon the Death of the right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, late Lord Chancellor of England"; which was entered in the Stationers' Registers, 6th Dec., 1591. Of this tract only two copies are known to exist—one of which is at Lambeth.

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

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

He was not destined, however, to die a happy or a wealthy man. The Queen, a short time before his decease, peremptorily insisted—as was her wont in such cases—on his repaying her large sums of money which she had provided for the purpose of his advancement years before. This he was unable suddenly to do. But her changed conduct, amounting to cruelty, so affected him that he took to his bed. She then visited him, and endeavoured to comfort him; but his heart was broken, and he departed this life at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

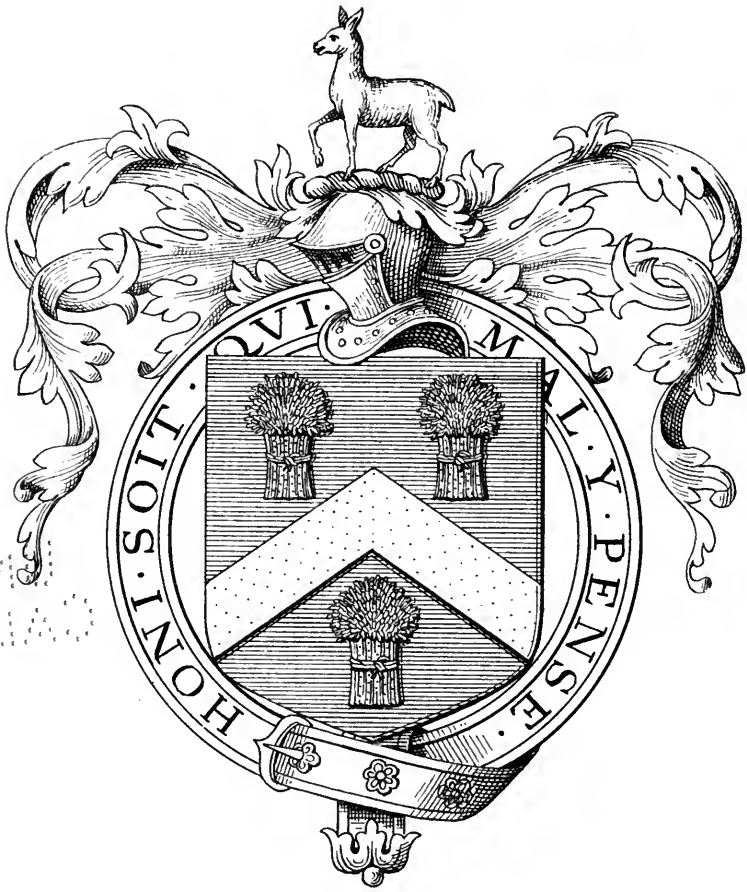
The following eulogy of Hatton may not inappropriately close this notice. It is extracted from a scarce work printed in Cambridge, 1595, (which also contains one of the earliest notices of Shakespeare, as well as references to other contemporary poets), entitled “Polimanteia, or the Meanes lawfull and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

“Then name but *Hatton*, the Muses fauorite: the Churches musick: Learnings Patron, my once poore Ilands ornament: the Courtiers grace, the Schollars countenance, and the Guardes Captaine. *Thames* I dare auouch wil become teares: the sweetest perfumes of the Court will bee sad sighes: euerie action shall accent grieffe; honor and eternitie shall striue to make his tombe, and after curious skill and infinite cost, ingraue this with golden letters, *Minus merito*: the fainting Hind vntimely chafde [his Crest] shall trip towards heauen, and *tandem si* shall be vertues mot.”

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







*Vt hora, sic fugit vita.*

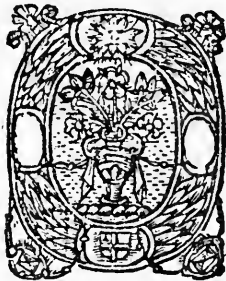
# A Commemoration

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

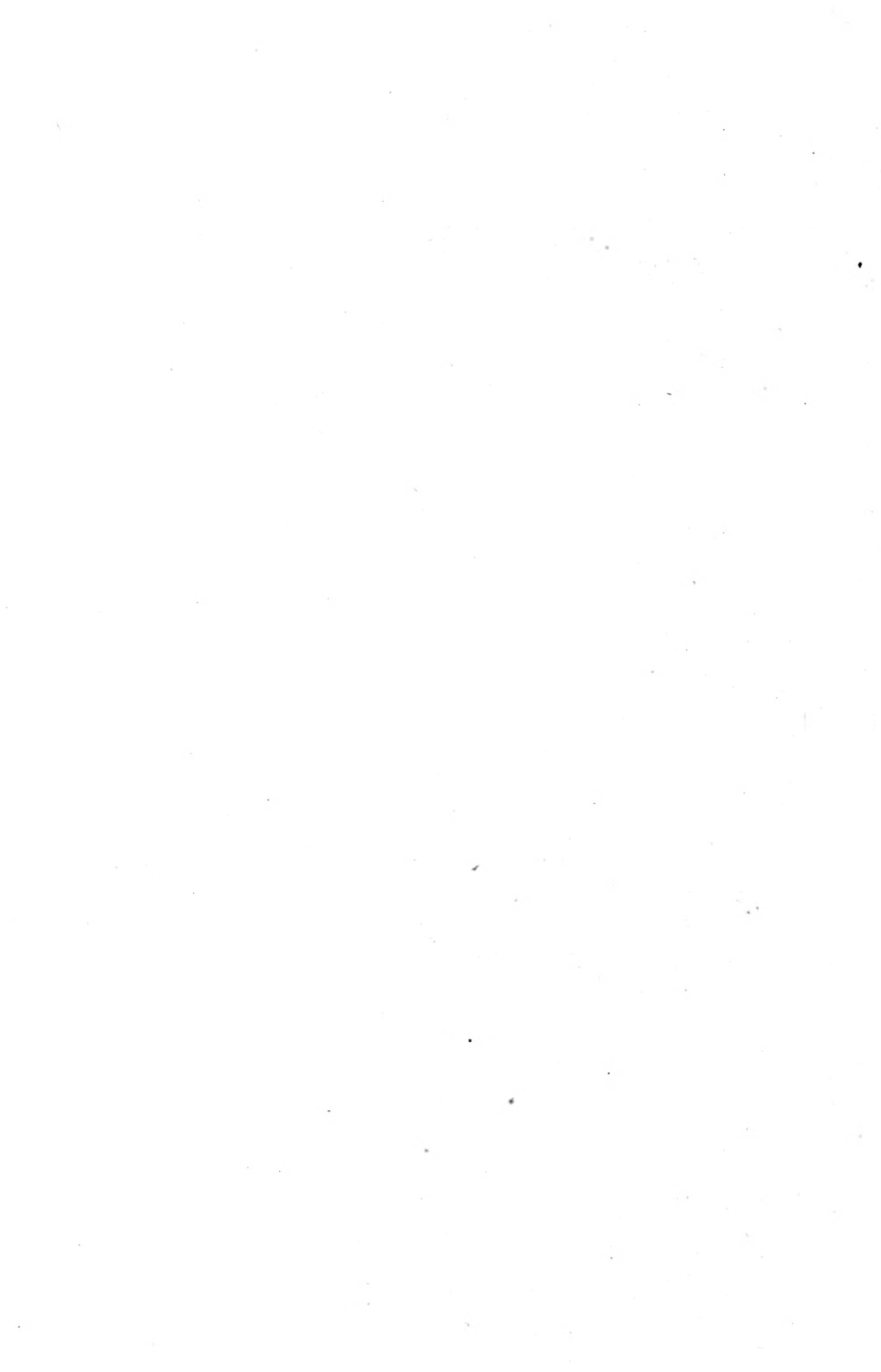
Wherin triumphant Trueth reuiueth his memorie from the graue: exhorting Nobilitie, Gentrie, and duetifull Subiects, to continue their obedience to God and her Maiestie, and to preuent by pollicie the perillous practises of euery ciuil and forrain enemy.

Published by Iohn Phillips.

*Fidenti sperata cedunt.*



L O N D O N  
Printed for Edward White. 1592.







TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVL  
Sir VVilliam Hatton Knight, Sonne adopted  
and Heire to the right honourable Sir Christopher  
Hatton, late Lord Chaunceller of England,  
*John Phillips* wisheth the feare of  
God, cōtinuance of helth,  
with increase of wor-  
ship & vertue.

**I***T hath beene in all times* (right worshipfull) a principle obserued, that publick and apparant vertues in persons deceased, haue neuer been buried in obliuion, but haue alwaies been recorded and left to posterities: the end only this, that they who still liue, by apt imitation, might be practisers of like vertues. Which in my selfe considered, I concluded, that great vnkindnes to God, and iniurie to remaying Subiects should be offered, if the vertuous life and death of this right honorable deceased Lord, should not be emblazoned. To God vnkind, if he, as the author, should not be acknowledged, the cause efficient of all these rich graces, wherewith he was inuested: & iniurie to suruiuing subiects, if there should not be commemoration

*The Epistle Dedicatore.*

moration of his (more then naturall vertues) as by recordation whereof, they might walke & tread the same way and path. My selfe I confesse, am the least of others, and most vnable to performe what I wish, yet wil I not be the last that shall vse endeuour to effect what I may. (With hoping that you would accept) I presumed to thrust forth this small Pinnace, fraught with simple marchandize, into the harbor of your worships protection: assuring my selfe, that as the purest Emerald shineth brightest when it hath no oile, so Trueth will delight you, though basely apparrelled. The shortest and most clowdie day, is a day as well as the longest and brightest, when the sun is in the height of his Horizon. Pardon then I beesech you, wherein I haue presumed, and accept (I most humblie craue) what here I haue presented: which if your worship vouchsafe, Trueth concludes, her selfe sufficiently graced, and my selfe most happy which haue bene her pen-man. Of this resting my selfe assured, I shall continuallie pray for the increase of your worship, that both in this life you may haue your harts desire, and in the end, fruition of those ioyes that are endlesse.

*Your worships most duetifull  
to commaund*

I. Phillips.

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

**Y**OU noble peeres, my natiue Countrimen,  
 I need not shew to you my bloud nor birth:  
 As dust I was, I turne to dust agen,  
 I go before, but you must to the earth.  
 Yet when, or how, to you it is vnknowne:  
 For be you sure the earth doth claime her owne.

It is not gold, nor treasures that are vaine,  
 can you preferue when that the time is come:  
 Your houses gay wherin you do remaine,  
 can you not shield from Gods decreed doome.  
 As I am dead, so likewise you shall die:  
 But learn by death with me to liue on hie.

Though gaping graue inclose my Corps in clay,  
 and silent I rest couered close in mould:  
 Yet from my shrine Trueth striues both night and day,  
 to you my mind (good Lords) for to vnfold.  
 Whereto if case you vouch to yeeld regard:  
 Your selues with right, I trust, wil me reward.

Which of you could with *Hatton* finde a clause,  
 or say that he vniust or faithlesse was?  
 Did he not liue according to the lawes?  
 and on the earth his daies in duetie passe?  
 Was not his care set on his God for aye?  
 And did not he his soueraigne Queen obey?

Was not his hart bent for his Countries weale?  
 did he not stil euen from his tender youth  
 With rich and poore vpright and iustly deale,  
 and cloath himselfe in robes of tried trueth?  
 If this be true, as no man can denie:  
 Fame faith he liues, although our *Hatton* die.

Where he might help he would be helping fill,  
 where he might hurt he neuer would do harme:  
 His chiefeft care was to doe good for ill,  
 thus God with grace did gentle *Hatton* arme.  
 No trecherous thought could harbor in his brest:  
 The fruites of faith in him were aye exprest.

The worlde knowes wel Trueth tels a tale most true,  
 the heauens aboue of this do witnes beare:  
 Though *Momus* mates, and *Zoilus* do purfue  
 scandals with scorne againt the iust to reare.  
 But fuch doe weaue themfelues a web of woe:  
 For Trueth triumphs, who works their ouerthrow.

In lustie youth he lou'd the barbed steede,  
 and *Hector*-like would breake the manly launce:  
 For martiall acts furnamed *Mars* indeed  
 was *Hatton* sweete, that manhood did aduaunce.  
 At tilt the prize and praise he duely wan:  
 His might in armes they felt that with him ranne.

At turney he and barriers did excell,  
 some peeres in arms haue borne his battring blowes  
 In court and towne he was beloued well,  
 a scourge he was vnto his Soueraignes foes.  
 Faith was the shield that worthy *Hatton* bare:  
 Whose like scarce liues, his vertues were so rare.

Should Trueth then dread to spread his vertues out,  
 that for his deedes hath wonne deserued praise?  
 Her cheareful voice, with courage bold and stout,  
 throughout the world his lasting laud shall raise.  
 And moue thereby the minds of noble men  
 To high attempts, to win them honor then.

Where might the sick, the fore, the halt and blind,  
 reape more reliefe then happy *Hatton* gaue?  
 To suiters poore he euer was most kind,  
 he fought dispatch that they with Prince might haue  
 Then

Then Lordings learn his steddy steps to trace:  
With God and Prince you thus shal purchase grace.

Thus for his loue, his faith and tried trueth,  
he of the Guard, by our most grations Queene  
Was chieftaine made, who firmly held his oath, 12  
from *Hattons* hart faiths fruites to flow were seene.  
A chieftaine kind he to the Guard was found:  
Whose want, with grief their tender harts doth wound

He fought all meanes to wish and work their weale,  
to doe them good he took no small delight:  
In their cause he with our good Queen did deale, 13  
t'augment their wage he did all that he might.  
From sixteen pence, to twenty pence a day:  
Whil'ft world doth last he did reduce their pay.

And by the day three moneths in the yeare,  
two shillings he for them obtaynd indeed: 14  
Such feruent loue in him did still appeare,  
that they him found a fort in time of need.  
Their wrongs he fought by skil for to redresse:  
His loue with teares Trueth shows they can expresse.

In wisdoms bower he did obtayn his feat,  
whose lore to learn he did his time imploy: 15  
And God from heauen with his graces most great,  
in mercies milde fought to augment his ioy.  
For vertues vse wherein he took delight:  
Our gracious Queen did dub our *Hatton* knight.

Discreet he was, and wary in his wayes,  
rashly to speak at no time he thought fit: 16  
In faith and feare he spent his Pilgrims dayes,  
for common weale he did imploy his wit.  
Where *Syno* fought his treasons to inure:  
His censures graue conuinc'd the impure.

And as from Trueth at no time he did erre, 17

but

but truly fought the Trueth for to vphold:  
 He had a care his seruants to preferre,  
 the good found grace, the wicked he controlld.  
 The poore opprest he wifely did defend:  
 And on the poore a portion he did spend.

Belou'd of all he was for vertues vse,  
 the grafts of gracē in *Hattons* brest did grow:  
 By wifdoms lore he brideled all abuse,  
 and did himself a loyall Subiect show.  
 Thus he with God did grace and fauour find:  
 Whose sacred trueth he planted in his mind.

And with our Queen that princely Phenix rare,  
 whose like on earth hath sildome times bin seen,  
 He was esteemd and fet by for his care,  
 as noble Peeres that aie haue trusty been.  
 Vizcechamberlain her Highnesse *Hatton* made:  
 Whose tried trueth could neuer faile ne fade.

The curfed cures of *Catalin* vnkind,  
 that did conspire against her Royall Grace:  
 And to subuert the State did beare in mind,  
 with might and maine he fought for to displace.  
 Those wily Wolues vntrusty to the Crown:  
 By Iustice he threw topsie turuie down.

Our princely Queen whome God from danger saue,  
 of Counsaile hers, did *Hatton* sure elect:  
 Who *Solon*-like did vse his censures graue,  
 the good to shield, the wicked to correct.  
 And as he was adornd with graces great:  
 So fate he safe in honors blisfull feate.

Lord Chanceler then her Grace did him ordaine,  
 Which charge with care he wifely did discharge,  
 For succour sweet none came to him in vaine,  
 good conscience had her scope to goe at large.  
 The right of might need not to stand in awe:  
 Ne would he trueth should be defast by lawe.

Affection could in *Hatton* beare no fway,  
 No giftes nor gold might once corrupt his minde:  
 Fraude to subuert, he studied night and day,  
 To equitie his heart was aye enclinde.

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

Oppressed men from daunger he did shielde,  
 Their wofull wronges he wisely did redresse;  
 In deepe dispaire sweete comfort hee did yeelde,  
 To ease their grieffe that languisht in distresse.

And where as Trueth durst scarcely shewe her face,  
 Fraude was subdude, and foyled with disgrace.

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

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

Thus Lordings all his life you may beholde,  
 That liuing heere hath wonne deserued fame:  
 And though his corps lye couered close in molde,  
 In Court and towne shall liue his spotlesse name.

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

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

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

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

Nowe is the time where honour may be founde.

B Thinke

Thinke on the acts, your Auncestours haue doone.

89  
 Hast to your shippes, hoys failes in name of God,  
 Man you your coast, march after warlike Drumme:  
 Your Ensignes braue, each where display abroade,  
 Downe with your foes, that for your spoyles doe come.  
 Take Lyons hearts, feare not your hatefull foes;  
 But let them feele, your manly battering blowes.

30  
 They come to facke, your Citties, Fortes, and Towres,  
 Your Wiues and maides they purpose to deflowre:  
 Stande to it then, and cracke those crakers crownes,  
 That thinke to win your wealth, within an howre.  
 Be bolde in God, and neuer turne your backes,  
 But beard those braues, that mind to worke your wracks.

31  
 You are, and haue beene feared ouer all,  
 England's an Ile, of stoute and hardie men:  
 Be stronge in faith, your foes downe right shall fall,  
 For one of you, in armes shall vanquish ten.  
 You fight for God, and God your guide shall be,  
 And from the handes of enemies set you free.

32  
*Richard* the first, of England famous King,  
 Good Lordings vouch, to call vnto your minde:  
 Whose Martiall acts, throughout the World dooth ring.  
 The Heathen rout, of Pagans most vnkinde  
 His force haue felt; whose manly conquering hand,  
 No Pagan proud was able to withstand.

33  
 And then shall Spayne, a sincke of deadly sinne,  
 Or raging Rome, a cage of Birdes vncleane:  
 Be bane of you and yours, as they beginne?  
 Or from your heads, the crest of glorie gleane.  
 As yerst of yore, plucke vp those rotten weedes;  
 Let heauen and earth, record those conquering deedes.

34  
*Edward* the third, your King of rich renowne,  
 Against the French did vse his conquering sworde:  
 Mauger their beardes, he did possesse their Crowne,  
 The



The French were faine, to serue him as their Lord.  
 Take courage then, maintaine your Countries right,  
 Gainst *Rabfica*, in Gods name enter fight.

*Henry* the fift, I wish you not forget,  
 At Agent Court, thinke what a field he fought:  
 When all the powre of Fraunce him round beset,  
 Ten thousand men, them to subiection brought. 35  
 Though night before, they Bonfires great did make,  
 And made their boastes, what prisoners they would take.

But they that bragge of conquest and renowe,  
 Before the fieelde be fought, or trust their strength:  
 We see the Lord in moment can cast downe, 36  
 And giue the weak't the victorie at length.  
 Though Englands King, and his, they bought and solde,  
 The French were flaine, though they to brag were bold.

Then though to Spaine, the Pope haue giuen your land,  
 And your good Queene depofed from her Crowne:  
 A conquest win, your weapons take in hand, 37  
 The pelting pope, and Spaniards proude beate downe.  
 As earst to fore, you Conquerers haue beene  
 Through world, now let, your cõquering deedes be seene.

What Nation yet, that menac't you with warre,  
 But you haue met, and giuen the vtter foile:  
 Snaffle those Coulttes, that at your peace doe iarre, 38  
 And beard those braues that labour for your spoile.  
 Fight for your selues, your wiues and Children now,  
 To straungers Yoakes, your neckes doe neuer bow.

Thus Trueth her charge, to rich and poore hath tolde,  
 From this good Lord, whose life to you is knowne: 39  
 And Trueth to you such tydings will vnfolde,  
 As may enforce both yonge and olde to moane.  
 Marke *Hattons* ende, whom death from vs hath reft,  
 Yet *he* good name to conquer death hath left.

Thus as in health, in trueth he God did praise, 40

In sickenes his, he did extoll his name,  
 His hope was heauen, by faith on Christ he staies,  
 And battaile dooth gainst sinne and hell proclaime.  
 Rebelling flesh he manly did subdue,  
 And in sweete Christ his health he did renue.

Most like a Lambe amidst his greuous paine,  
 He beares the Crosse that God vpon him laide:  
 With patience hee his anguishes sustaines,  
 In extreamest griefe most faithfully he praide.  
 Christ was the rocke, whereon he sought to builde,  
 All other meanes this Christian Lord exilde.

Thus in Gods trueth his heart and minde was staide,  
 He studied still to exercise his Lawe:  
 By-pathes to treade he euer was affraide,  
 Of iudgement he did alwaies stande in awe.  
 His Lord and God, right glad hee was to serue,  
 He from his heasts, of purpose would not swerue.

Thus spent this Lord his time in his distresse,  
 On Gods sweete will he alwaies did depende:  
 To handfast Christ by faith he fourth did preafe,  
 And he through grace, did sweete releife him sende.  
 Though bodie his, were feeble, faint, and weake;  
 His soule was strong, Christ kept the same from wreake.

When phisicke sought, his health for to recure,  
 He held Gods word the phisicke for the Spirite:  
 From thence he dranke such precious water pure,  
 As in the heuens augmented his delight.  
 Yet phisicke shew'd on him her wonted skill,  
 But all in vaine, for God must haue his will.

Our gracious Queene, of curtesie the flowre,  
 Faire Englands Gem: of lasting blisse and ioye:  
 Whom God long shielde with arme of might and powre,  
 From all her foes that would worke her annoye.  
 From *Rich mount* came, this Lord for to releue;  
 Whose Princely fight great comfort did him giue.  
 All

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

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

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

Fiue daies our *Queene* remain'd with the destrest,  
 Who thought himfelfe through her for to be blest.

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

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

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

He tooke his leaue of his most gracious *Queene*,  
 And praised God she had his comfort beene.

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

His hope was heauen, his trust was in Gods sonne;  
 Small was the ease, that he by phificke wonne.

Time passeth on, and calles this Lord away,  
 The Sexten waights to ring his dolefull Knell:  
 But he prepares himfelfe to watch and pray,  
 He leaues the world, and hopes with Christ to dwell.

And as by Christ in trueth this Lord was taught,  
 With

With th'oye of faith his Lampe was fully fraught.

57  
Securely *he*, to sleepe thought it not meete,  
The sleepe of sinne, *he* did abandon quite:  
*He* look't for Christ, *His* Lord and Sauour sweete,  
*His* hope and trust in his deere death was pight.  
*His* wedding Roabes with ioy he did prouide,  
In hope to feast with Christ and his sweete Bride.

58  
What were the words he to the world did leaue?  
He by his will all things in order fet:  
He fought no man of duetie to deceiue;  
His hope was Christ, from him he comfort fet.  
And as he had beene euerie poore mans friend,  
So he in minde the poore had to his end.

59  
The Schooles of skill, where science dooth abound,  
He thought vppon: and dayly had in minde  
Poore Captiues that in clogs of care are bound,  
To ease their grieffe he some releife affignde.  
His seruants all, whose loue to him was tender,  
For seruice doone, he duely did remember.

60  
But waxing faint, and drawing to his ende,  
He leaues his Queene vnto the Lord of might:  
Desiring him, from grieffe her to defende;  
And all her foes to foile and put to flight,  
From treasons vilde, and Traytors, Lord her faue,  
And let thy Trueth, through world her passage haue.

61  
Farewell my Peeres, the Lord God be your guide,  
Her Counsell graunt, with thy grace to direct:.  
That they a salue may day by day prouide,  
To shielde the good, and cut off the infect.  
Her Highnes weale, God make them still to minde,  
And to roote vp rebellious plants vnkinde.

62  
You manly Knights and Gentlemen adue,  
Be stronge in Trueth, and constant to your Queene:  
Farewell to you good Subiects iust and true,  
Nowe

Nowe from your hearts let loyaltie be seene.  
 Vpholde the state, be Pillers found of trust:  
 Falso not your fayth, to God and Prince be iust.

Be not seduc'ft, by any popish meane;  
 Abhorre and hate their doctrine most vnpure:  
 Those raskall Priests, as Traitors holde vnclane,  
 That would you from obeyfance due allure.  
 Cleaue you to Christ, let Pope and blind guides goe,  
 They speake of peace, but minde your ouerthrowe.

Thus time in Trueth runne ouer fast away,  
 And sickenes sharpe gaue more and more increase:  
 And death dooth waite, to close his corpes in clay,  
 But he for grace, to call dooth neuer cease.  
 Sweete Christ I sue, for mercie vnto thee;  
 Bowe downe thine eare, from hell my soule set free.

His sonne adopt, Sir *William Hatton* Knight,  
 He dooth exhort obediently to liue:  
 In God and Trueth he wils him to delight,  
 And to his Prince her honour due to giue.  
 Thus shalt thou win deserued praise and fame,  
 And spotlesse keepe for euer *Hattons* name.

And thanks to you my Seruants for your paine,  
 Hencefoorth for mee you may take ease and rest:  
 I see with you I shall not long remaine,  
 For death to sacke my life is present prest.  
 But pray my faith in Christ may neuer faile,  
 Life is no losse, death workes for mine auaile.

And now sweete death most welcome vnto mee,  
 Thy stroakes ne can, ne shall me once dismay:  
 No grieue but ioy, I shall obtaine by thee,  
 Although thou come to take my life away.  
 Yet Christ to me a Crowne of life will giue,  
 Death dies in his, and his with him shall liue.

I call to thee, O Christ my Sauour come,

My

My filly foule into thy bosome take:  
 And in the great and dreadfull day of doome,  
 A member of thy kingdome Lord me make.  
 I come to thee; thy Seruaunt Lord receiue,  
 My corps to clay, my foule to thee I leaue.

O happie Lord that made so good an end,  
 Thy Queene thy want, with noble Peeres dooth waile:  
 Thy sonne adopt, laments his deereft friend,  
 Drie dumpes of dole, conftaines his ioy to faile.  
 Poore Suters weepe, thy seruants penfue are;  
 The needie poore with teares, their woes declare.

Thus Trueth the trueth hath fet before your eyes,  
 His life and death most truely is fet downe:  
 And let the trueth both rich and poore suffice,  
 Who spreades his praise, in euery Port and Towne.  
 A godly life he ledde vpon the earth,  
 And in Gods feare did render vp his breath.

Then Lordings yeelde in weedes of wailefull woe,  
 To bring his corps vnto the gaping graue:  
 Hee's gone before, the way he dooth you showe,  
 And you your felues of life no charter haue.  
 Then thinke on death, which way so ere you wend,  
 He followes you, your pilgrimage to ende.

Thus though this Lord vnto the world be dead,  
 His faith in Christ the ioyes of heauen hath wonne:  
 Sinne, Hell, and Death, he vnder feete dooth treade,  
 And liues in blisse, with Christ; Gods onely sonne.  
 Then Lordings chaunge your griefes to ioye againe,  
 For *Hatton* liues and death in him is flaine.

*FINIS.*

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