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AN ITALIANS dead bodie,

Stucke with English Flowers.

Elegies,

On the death of Sir *Oratio Pallavicino*.



L O N D O N

Printee by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise,
and are to be sold at his shop in Powles
Church-yard. 1600.



1928

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TO THE RIGHT WORSHIP.

full and vertuous, his singular good Lady,
the Lady Pallauicino. Theophilus Feild, her
deuote seruant, dedicateth these
mourning weedes.

Right vertuous, and sayre Lady, may it please
Your saire, now slubbred eyes, with weeping long,
To take a truce with teares, that whilst you cease
To mourne, with which you do your beauty wrong,

There may be time for me, for to expresse
My losse, which by your losse is comfortlesse,
Some comfort may from hence to you arise,
(If it be comfort not to weepe alone)

Oh giue me leaue to speake, that which mine eyes
Haue writ in teares, with which my heart doth grone
To be deliuered. Loe this child of grieve
Seekes vnto you as Nurse for some reliefe :

Be a dry Nurse to it, let it not draw
From nipples of your eyes one pretious teare,
You need not giue it suck, for it can chaw,
And what it chawes, his stomacke will beare :
Vphold it not with helping it to mone,
'Tis big enough, and now can goe alone.

This Infant new borne of my monster braine,
I cloath'd in black, exposing it to view
Of many witnesses, some of their traine
Not well train'd up, but of the ruder crew

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*Disroab'd it, robd me, without priuiledge
To touch a holy thing is sacriledge.
No lesse was this, nay more (ô foule disgrace)
They did not onely touch, but tooke away
A holy Poeme from a holy place
Vpon a birth, and on a buriall day
A mourning, weeping birth day to my wearse,
A day of buriall to Horatios hearse.
Hence you prophane, what had you there to doo?
Lady my babe was on your alter plac'd,
Sacred, deuote, and consecrate to you
By your eyes gracious aspect to be grac'd,
They were Church robbers who did dare to spoyle
The holy labors of an others toyle:
After long search and much enquiry made,
The lost child by his mother found againe,
Who trauieling a new on childbed laide,
Seckes vnto you as Nurse to ease her paine,
After your cloudes of griefe be ouerblowne,
Desires you to adopt him for your owne:
His father would be yours, (for yours he was)
Whilst he belongd to your deceased mate
No patron of his poems now he has,
And therefore doth them to you dedicate:
Loue them for his sake, from whose sorrowed death
Halse dead for sorrow, they haue borrowed breath.*



An Italians dead bodie, stucke with Eng-
lish Flowers.

*The Heraulds office, Ile assume to mee,
Forward my Muse, chiefe mourner thou shalt bee :
Impute it not to pride I formost goe,
Tis a poore pride, to be the chiefe in woe.*

Vpon the death of the Right Worshipfull Knight,
his very honourable Patron, Sir Horatio Pallauicino.

*Verses thrust out by force when teares fell, and
followed of their owne accord.*

N Ay spare not Enuy, malice spit thy gall,
Say what you can gainst my Horatio,
Gainst my Macenas : be not partiall,
Vertue, nor dead, nor liuing, wants a foe.
Him liuing, gainst you both I haue defended,
He dead, in spight of spight shalbe commended:
Enuy layes hand on mouth, nay sheare thy teeth,
O art thou toothlesse? she points to the graue,
And saith she is buried with him. Dead? and seeth?
She win-kes. Nay that is not that we would haue.
There needs no winking where there is no error:
Looke on this sight, thy sight confounding mirror.
Put on thy spectacles and throughly view,
We craue no fauour : still she will be blinde,
Because that vertue shall not haue her dew,
She can no fault, she will nought praise-worth finde.
I could saith she, say then and say but sooth,
Enuy still hath, though she doth hide her tooth :

An Italians dead bodie,

I for *Horatio* held my hand at barre,
Of what small blemish canst thou him endite
I haue withdrawne my action, dead men are
Dead to the law, who bites that cannot bite?
A dogge.
Such is that many headed *Cerberus*,
The common people, whom *Horatio* fed:
Yet could not stop their mouthes. Now woe to vs
They cry, and to our staruelings. He is dead
Who when with hunger we were all nigh dead,
Refreshed and reuiued vs with bread.
And yet (oh how far enuy carrieth men?)
He carried and transported, stop tooing there,
Recant a lye, thy words call backe agen.
He did transport corne. When? when corne was deare?
Whither? to heauen: euen corne of life the staffe,
Which when God winowed, he found no chaffe:
And for he found no chaffe, he stor'd it vp
In his owne garner.

*Liur post fata quiescit
Virtutem incolumem odimus
Sublatam ex oculis querimus inuidi.*

Theophil. Feild.

Upon the same.

P Atrons and Poets haue bene alwaies scant,
Is now there number then encreased? no.
Shall dead *Augustus* then a *Virgil* want?
Oh for a *Horne* for *Horatio*,
Horatio, *Macenas* call him rather,
Or if ye will, the *Muses* foster father.
Rimesters, enough, enough can make a song,
A Ballet, or such like, and thereunto
Annex a wofull tune: they do thee wrong
Apollo, and thy true borne sonnes vndo.

For

stucke with English Flowers.

For why are Poets clogd with pouertie ?
Because these bastards imbase poesie.
Augustus nor *Macanas* nere till now
Were miss'd and wish'd till *Horatio* dide,
In him they died both : the lawrell bough
Did wither, as his bodie putrified.
Hence neither *Horace*, nor a *Maro* liues,
Since Poets are their Patrons relatiues.
Deceas'd *Augustus* liues by liuely yearse
Of *Maro*, *Maro* liued by his purse :
Horace reuiueth his *Macanas* hearse,
Whose bountie had bene erst his Muses Nurse.
Life giuen for liuing, and bread giuen for breath,
Virgil giues most, he giues life after death.
How can you spend your treasure better then
Then treasuring vp eternall memorie ?
(You muck-wormes of the world, the scorne of men)
This gift is in the gift of poetrie.
My Patron was a patterne for you all,
Whose fames life is his bodies funerall.
Virgil and *Horace*, I enuy you not
For hauing so great Patrons as you had :
In poetrie you had a greater lot,
Augustus for bad ware so much nere bad,
Nere gaue so much. He gaue to *Publius*
A Bakers dole, a boxe to *Charilus*.
Bread, bare allowance for lifes sustenance,
Dry morsell beggers almes (necessitie
Did aske no more) more royall maintenance
Gaue my *Augustus*. Superfluitie
So thinkes the baser clowne, what's giuen to vs
I meane to Schollers, is superfluous.
I *Charilus*, or Poet worse then hee,
Had royall Phillips for my quarters pay :
Virgil and *Horace* did deserue their fee,
To giue them, is to sell, not giue away.

An Italians dead bodie,

No gift (to sell for gaine) but greedinesse,
The lesse my worth, the more my worthinesse.
I *Charilus*, do pittie *Charilus*,
No verse did sound ill to *Augustus* eare,
But *Charilus* his eare must strait vntrusse
Like schoole boy, and his fist correction beare.
Are not such Patrons rife? say Satyrist
Who beare in ope hand bread, a stone in fist.
Maro be silent in thy Patrons praise,
Let *Charilus Augustus* dead fame reare,
Commend him for his fist, thy Muse vpraise:
As high, as he is arme: a box on the eare,
A pox vpon his hand, much kinder they,
Who with a flea in eare do send away:
It bites not halfe so much, who lookes for more
Then flap with Foxe-taile? nay tis well if so
We scape: yet make a crosse vpon his dore,
Nere beg more there: O my *Horatio*!
My patron when I view these Carles in grosse,
Thy death presents to me a greater losse:
I was a deare, deare plot of ground to thee,
I was waste ground, till in a barren field
Made fruitfull by thy liberalitie:
You sowed and planted, yet I nere did yeeld
Better then flowers: in them thou tookest delight
Liuing, with them thy deads corpes shall be dight.
Sixe winters did thy bountie raine on mee:
Sixe sommers with thy Sun-beames ouersplead,
So many sommers brought not into thee
One haruest: I still green, thou withered
Before my fruite be ripe, for I could pay
Tithe of thy April shewres, in flowres of May.
Would thou hadst liu'd till *Pan* the shepheards god
Had entertained me into his rout,
I might haue charm'd mens eares with *Arons* rod,
Shimey his railing toong haue pulled out.

Giue

Stucke with English Flowers.

Giue vertue her due praise : which neuer liues,
Till death to enuy, death and honour giues.
Would thou hadst liued till then, and then thy field,
For all thy cost and labour would haue paide
Some better vse, now onely it doth yeeld
Tenne in the hundred, being ouerlaide
With too much seed. If teares were spent and all,
My Land-lord might haue lost his principall:
But I am rich in teares, oh that they could
Supple thy withered rootes, reduce thy spring,
My earth should turne to water, and I would
Weepe Oceans: when I could no longer wring
One poore teares sap from fountain of my eies,
My heart should be thy tombe, I here he lies.

*Namq; prius timidis pascitur in aethere Cerni
Et freca destituent nudos in litore pisces,
Ante pererratis amborum finibus exul,
Ante Ararum Parthus bibet, ante Germania Tigrim.
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.*

Vpon the same.

Death went a routing for to finde a marke,
His day is night, his white is blacke and darke:
At last by chaunce a paire of Doves he spide,
Who had three louely Pidgions by their side.
Fiue louely birds in all, all full of life,
Too faire a bootie for so foule a thiefe:
His arrow to his bowstring he did fit,
And so the biggest and the fairest hit
But in the foote, who could not runne away,
The other fled, so he seiz'd on his pray:
And well they did to flie, for sure he ment
T'haue kill'd them all, but missing his intent,
He doth excuse his fact, and sayth that hee
Meant to kill none, but skare the yonger three.

B

How

An Italians dead bodie,

How comes it then, this faire Doue lost her mate?
He kild him sure for loue and not for hate:
For Death indeed with *Cupids* arrowes dight,
Sought the loue shaft, on deadly shaft did light.
Why shot he not at her? He oft did trye,
Shee was too glorious obiekt for his eye:
Had he kild both, I would haue surely thought,
That *Venus* for her chariot had them bought.
Yet see not how of price they could agree,
Since the two Doues could no way valued bee.
Why kild he not the yoong ones? Oh quoth he,
They smil'd ypon me, 'thad bene crueltie,
Besides ripe fruit, fed foule make death best cheare,
As yet yong Pogens out of season were:
Tis well thou slew'st not them, for on their death,
Did hang a fivefold threed of vitall breath.
Tis well thou slew'st not her, for had she dy'de,
None but death should haue bene his second bryde:
And mother to his young ones. So in this
Death hath bene mercifull, our comfort is
He liues, and still shall liue in his, whom wee
Murdred by deaths dead hand suppose to bee.
And yet then so liues better, for indeed
The cause why this my Doue to heauen did speed,
Was this: Ioues Eagle was in some disgrace:
This Doue made Eagle does supply his place.

The same.

An other.

Dead doublelesse death thinks Sir *Horatio* is,
But death's deceiu'd, he tooke his markes amis:
Two yoong *Horatios* he hath left behinde,
The liuely Image of the fathers minde.
In them *Horatio* liues in spight of death,
And shall so long as they on earth draw breath,
Good lucke it was: doublelesse had death them scene,
These two fine boyes now liuing had not beene.

Your

Sticke with English Flowers.

Your Ladiship he saw : but thought you might
Be kild with grieve for your deceased Knight.
Deceiue wise Ladie his expectation,
In making mone and lamentation.
Cheare vp your heart : yet looke still as you cried,
And see your pretie sweetings be not spied.

The same.

Another.

Once Sir *Horatio* from the Pope did steale,
He stole away into our Common-weale:
But well and wisely from hence he stole,
Where still he liued in perill of his soule.
But ill thou didst to steale the second time
Away from vs, that was no veniall crime:
True it was mortall: death was in the fault,
That stole him hence: for some lookt on & saw't,
Who did their part in making hue and cry,
Which forc't the theefe the while forgoe his booty:
Yet afterwards he spied his time and sped,
Doo what they could that stood then by his bed.
I rather thinke he got himselfe away,
At least consented to his dying day:
Nor can I iustly blame him for his deed,
What brought him hither made him hence to speed,
His soules estate, which was not at the best,
Vntill it came to euerlasting rest.

The same.

An other.

If when the partie hath penance done,
And in a white sheete stood his time,
For him that lawe and penaltie will shunne,
It is not good once to obiect the crime.
Deserue not they be taught to rule their tongue,
That now he lies lapt in his winding-sheet,
Stick not to do that noble Knight such wrong,
In saying still (their doue will with them meet.)

An Italians dead bodie,

He robd the Pope, did other things beside,
Wherein he was the while he liued belide.

The same.

Another.

A wandring Knight was Sir *Horatio*,
In this, the lowe, and other Countreys mo:
He liued and died a straunger with vs here,
Why name I where? that's neither here nor there.
All men on earth they runne a straungers race,
Passe on along and haue no biding place.
Wherefore *Horatio* died not for age,
He died, because our life's a Pilgrimage.

The same.

An English man Italianate,
Becomes a diuell incarnate:
But an Italian Anglyfide,
Becomes a Saint Angelifide.

Ed. Ma. Pemb. Hall.

*To the right vertuous, his much honoured Lady,
the Lady Pallauicino.*

THus haue I cloath'd my childe the second time,
Because I had no flowers, in mourning weed:
Both fields and flowers, and weeds are past their prime,
Doo on them all a charitable deed.
It lyeth in the flaggies exposde, reiected,
Vnlesse by your faire hand it be protected.
Like *Pharo's* daughter take it into graco,
Though meanly borne, yet brought vp by your hand:
It may in time aspire to higher place,
And effect wonders by enchaunting wand.
It hath alreadie turned earth to water,
It may drie vp your sea of teares hereafter.
This colour suting to the time I chose,
Hoping it might be pretions in your eyes:

This

Stucke with English Flowers.

This blacke, those faire, and that it would expose
By foule your fairnesse, as two contraries
(Let them be white and black) together placed,
Are by their opposition ioyntly graced.
My book's a perfect mourner, see it weares
Your liuery, and mourneth for your Lord
His patron, drops of Inke in steed of teares
Haue blubbed his leaues, His strings accord
Vnto the mourners fashion, all in all,
It goes as they went to the funerall.
In this respect you ought to welcome it,
That it will be copartner of your griefe :
Nor suffer you alone lamenting sit,
But mourning with you, giue some reliefe.
Twill tell you, he you mourne for is not dead,
But from this country to a better fled,
My child I cald it for his infancie,
Because it cannot tell his tale of wo
As it conceaues : but onely yet can crie,
And sound the name of dead *Horatio*.
When it growes troublesome, do you but will it
It soone will cease, cease crying and you still it.
It onely yet can cry, but when tis growne
Able to tell his mind in better words :
If you meane while vouchsafe it for to owne,
It then shall giue you what his skill affords.
Then shall you gather for these weeds I yeeld,
A Coal-wort at the hardest in your field.

*Your Ladships bounden in all
dutie and seruice.*

Theophilus Feild.

*Horatio's departed, so men do say:
Great pittie he could here no longer stay.*

B 3

Say

An Italians dead bodie,

Say hee's departed, say not hee's dead:
Nor as of others, let of him be fed,
He was not quelde, nor conquered of death:
But him did combat while he was in breath.
His breath him failing, cause he would not fite,
He challeng'd death; and for he has his rite,
His body challeng'd: as a challenge gloue
He gaue his body: plighting faith to proue,
Death in a deadly combat and affray,
When the last sound shall call all men away.
Till then his soule, aboue, doth heavenly pleasures gaine,
Then will his bodie win from death, for aie to raigne.

T. S. Pemb.

Horatio's departed, so I heard them say:
Pittie he could here no longer stay.
Say hee's departed, say not he is dead:
But from one place vnto an other sped.
Say not of him that he is dead and gone,
Say onely he is gone. With company or alone?
His wife and children he hath left behind,
Though to haue borne him company was their mind.
But thus he thought: a long dead way and ill
For them poore soules to go, it would them kill.

Alter Idem.

Another.

Who sayes *Horatio* died in his bed
He lyes: he died like a dubbed head,
He dr'd I say like knighthood in the field,
Encountring death, which forc't him not to yeeld.
I saw the fight: the knight nere shrunk for death,
But stoutly stood too't while he was in breath:
When breath him faile'd, his foe him did cōfound,
With deadly blow he feld him to the ground.

A cowards

Stucke with English Flowers.

A cowards part. Might he haue tooke his winde
The knight had liu'd, yea kild I beare the minde:
Who dying mindfull of his honor, graspt
And held his armes (men dying vse hold fast)
Nor did his foe out of the field them carry,
You saw the Herauld did them with him bury.

The same.

Another.

A Knight of late death challen'd into field,
To fight a combat at sword and shield:
The Knight him answer'd as did become,
And when they met as I haue heard by some,
He felly fought, and stood to't to the death,
He tride it out till he was out of breath.
A noble knight, death did him valiant finde,
And had the worst while he might fetch his winde.
Pittie our life's no better then a blast,
And brauest mind should so be spent at last:
When breath him faild, that day was at an end,
He ceas'd his sword against his foe to bend:
And giuing death the glory of that fray,
Dar'd him to try't againe another day:
Witha'l, his corps his challenge for to proue,
He cast in steed of gantlet or of gloue,
And swore by th'honour of his head he would,
A gaine recouer what was cast on mould.
Death tooke vp one, and vnderooke the other,
And bids him poynt both place and places brother:
He points the Church-yard, and the latter day,
When sound of Trumpe shall batle bid array.

The same.

What ist thus many eyes one obiekt haue
And all are bended to yon new made graue.
O tis on yonder Corse their eyes are fixt,
It for to see, thus people here are mixt.

And

An Italians dead bodie,

And as the twinckling diamonds of heauen,
When all things are of *Phabus* light bereuen,
Bespred the heauens appearing to our sight,
And lend the earth their litle borrowed light:
So they all deeming this thrise worthy Knight,
Worthy more dayes, his day now turn'd to night,
Endeuour to illustrate with their light,
In sight of clowdie death to make him bright:
They do not looke vpon the fatall bere
As most of them afore accustom'd were.
His body hauing lost his soule and breath,
They say's become a soule vnto the earth:
His Coffin is a Coffe as they say,
Wherein this wary world thought good to lay
This pretious Jewell brought from farther parts,
An ornament to Schollers and the Arts.

T. S. Pemb.

Horatios Coffin no more it call,
Death's Coffin call't, if ye call't at all:
Wherein he hath laid vp a pretious Pearle,
A Noble man, though neither Lord nor Earle.
Muse you on earth death would not let him tarrie,
Men in the earth their Treasure vse to burie.

Alter Idem.

*The conquest of two Traitors, Ennie and Death, by the worthy
Knight, Sir Horatio Pallauicino.*

ENuy and Death conspired both together,
Gainst Sir *Horatio*, two leane-fac'd fiends,
Which euer haunt the best, birds of one feather,
Voyd of all loue, that pray vpon their friends.
Both qualifi'd alike, both treacherous,
Enuy is deadly, death is enuious.

Thione

Sticke with English Flowers.

Th'one to the body mortall wounds doth giue,
The other doth impeach a mans good name:
Th'one pines, the other liues by them that liue,
Yet fretteth at the liuing liuing fame.

Th'one is (like *Sagittarius*) with shafts eight,
Th'other (like *Scorpio's* venomd teeth) doth bite.

This the conspiracie was which they wrought,
That Enuy for his lifes vncertaine lease
Should wrack his fame, whose overthrow she sought,
When death should warning giue, then to surcease.

Death vowed not to hasten till that houre,
When Enuy on his name should haue no pow're.

Enuy who neuer lookt with cheerfull eye,
Was glad at this, wishing no longer date
Her malice all-bewitching force to try,
And exercise her inward-boyling hate.

Thinking that sooner heate would fire faile,
Then any thing her force abate or quail.

Eftsoones she as impatient of delay,
With tooth and nayle endeuor'd to outrace
His rising fame; taking the cause away,
Vertue I meane, and good deeds which win grace.
Which buildeth vp more high admired fame,
Then the *Pyramides* skye-climbing frame.

At first an ill opinion she rais'd,
(Oh how much first opinions preuaile!)
She rent her haire when once she heard him prais'd,
And for ones praise, she made a thousand raile.
He stole from *Rome*, he for no goodnesse fled,
Coofned the Pope, transported Englands bread.

An Italians dead bodie,

These fallly-bred and misconceiued tayles,
Feeble at first, grew too head-strong at length:
And flew about more swift then ships full sayles,
And by their farther flying got more strength.
Thus Enuy had his name in credit plac'd,
With others helping mouths well nigh defac'd.

But his true vertues beames obscur'd before,
In spight of Enuies teeth at last appear'd:
And could not be by Enuy hidden more,
But his decayed fame againe vprear'd.
This sight astonied Enuy, like that head
Of *Gorgon*, caus'd men downe to fall stone-dead.

Who to her selfe reuiuing came againe,
And seeing his good deeds the more encrease,
(The more his goods deeds, the more Enuies paine)
Could not suppress them, yet she would not rest
But sought alwaies to hinder his intent,
Hindring his fame, hindring the good he ment.

At last she said, sithence I spent my pow're
And can preuaile no more, ere all his fame
He do againe recouer in happie howre,
Or altogether cleare his blemisht name,
Death (that I cannot) shorten thou his daies,
Least he in time exceed his former praise.

Short after, came th'appointed houre by death,
When Enuy no more bitter gall could spit:
Till then he graunted Sir *Horatio* breath,
Till then he vow'd his body not to hit.
Then death approaching neare, sawe Enuy stand
Stopping his silent mouth with open hand.

Stuck with English Flowers.

Has Enuy parbrackt all her poyson than
(Quoth Death) and cast her tongues three-forked sting?
Vpon no obiekt can Detraction scan?
Can Slaunder no more loathsome venome sling?
Enuy repli'd, what I can doe's in vaine,
Yet see, by me inflicted scarres remaine.

Then ô, then quickly cut him off in time,
Ere he can heale scarres vnto his name:
Nor let his fame flourish againe in prime,
Since I haue labour'd long to staine the same.
Still while we talke, his good name doth encrease,
And though I cease, his good deeds neuer cease.

Death enuious himselfe, by Enuy mou'd
Soone condescends, not brooking liuing name:
And on his Enuies obiekt his force prou'd,
Thinking t'haue also nipt his rising fame.
Death is deceiu'd; his rising fame not dies,
As he to heauen his rising fame shall rise.

P. P. P.

Come dolefull Muse
My soule infuse
With that death-sounding straine:
Which *Orpheus* playd
When he assayd
To win his spouse againe.

Or let me sing
Tun'd to that string
Which mournfully he strooke
When hellish *Ioue*
Recall'd his loue,
As he on her did looke.

An Italians dead bodie,

With Cypresse bowe
Engirt thy browe,
Thou queene of angry mood:
That with thy quill
Doeſt volumes fill
Of murders, death, and blood.

Thou troope diuine
Of virgins nine,
Which ſing on *Parnasse* hill:
If *Caſtaly*
With drought be dry,
With teares the fountaine fill.

Fallen is your ſtarre,
Surpaſſing farre
That glorious lampe of light,
Whoſe golden raye
Makes bright ſome day,
Whoſe frown makes duſky night.

Where ſhall ye finde
Mecenas kinde,
To cure poore *Horace* wo?
Horace muſt want,
(Sith ſuch be ſcant
As was *Horatio*.)

This *Phœnix*-douce
Religious loue
Made flie from *Italy*
And did enſtall
By *Larum's* fall,
Alba in *Albany*.

stucke with English Flowers.

(As *Troy* being wonne,
Fairst *Venus* sonne
In spight of destiny,
With daunger brought
(Through daunger fought)
Ilium to *Italy*.

Then silent spirit
Vnto thy merit
Giue leaue this dirge to sing:
Whose worthy name,
Outstrips bright fame,
And tires her flitting wing.

Since *Caesar* dide
In height of pride,
Whom guiltie hands did wound:
A fairer flower
In *Latium's* bower
Then thee was neuer found.

Since *Venus* sonne
Did *Carthage* shunne
Bent to the *Ruiles* land
A worthier knight
Did neuer pight
His tent on forraine sand.

Sith then by thee
Fairst *Britany*
The name of *Rome* shall haue:
Shee giues thee roome
Within her wombe,
And makes her brest thy graue.

An Italians dead bodie,

Thee *Italy*
Did once deny,
Albion a friend doth mone
Now not with men
A Citizen
Enstall'd in heau'ns throne.

Han. Pemb.

*Certaine verses written and sent in way of comfort,
to her Ladyship.*

IF those salt showers that your sad eyes haue shed
Haue quencht the flame your grieve hath kindled,
Madame my words shall not be spent in vaine,
To serue for winde to chase that mournfull raine.
Thus farre your losse hath striuen with your grieve,
Whether each piteous eye should deeme the chiefe.
Whiles both your grieve doth make your losse the more,
And your great losse doth cause you grieue so sore.
Both grieve and losse doo willing partners finde,
In euery eye, and euery feeling minde.
So haue I seene the silly Turtle Doue,
The patterne of your grieve and chaster loue,
Sitting vpon a bared bough alone:
Her dearest mates vntimely losse bemone.
Whiles she denies all cares of due repast,
And mourning thus, her weary dayes doth wast.
Thus natures selfe doth teach vs to lament,
And reasons light our sorrowes doth augment.
Yet reason can it selfe this lesson teach,
Our reason should surpasse their senses reach.
Reason our sence, and Grace should reason sway,
That sence and reason both might Grace obey.
These silly birds whom nature hope denies,
May die for grieve because their fellow dies.
But on this hope our drouping hart should rest,
That maugre death their parted soules are blest.

That

Stucke with English Flowers.

That their swift course, that Gole doth sooner gaine,
Whereto ere long, our slow steps shall attaine.
Some fewe short yeares your following race shall spend,
Then shall you both meete in a happie end.
But you meane while all in a straunger coast,
Are left alone, as one whose guide is lost.
Madame what ere your griued thought applies,
We are all Pilgrims to our commons skies.
And who is nearest to this home of clay
May find the worser speed and further way.
And as I gesse, vnlesse our Artists faine,
England is nearer heauen of the twaine.
There is your home, where now your Knight doth bide,
Resting by many a Saint and Angels side.
Walke on in Grace, and griue your selfe no more,
That your so loued mate is gone before.

Io. Hall. Imman. Coll.

An Epitaph.

Some leaue their home for priuate discontent,
Some forced by compulsed banishment.
Some for an itching lust of nouell sight,
Some one for gaine, some other for delight.
Thus whilst some force, some other hope bereaues,
Some leaue their country, some their country leaues.
But thee no griefe, force, lust, gaine or delight,
Exiled from thy home (thrice worthy Knight)
Saeue that griefe, force, that gaine, delight alone,
Which was thy good, and true religion.

Io. Hall. idem, Imman. Col.

You Nymphs that in the meadowes keepe,
And midst the smiling Daisies sleepe,
Your Odours powre
On this dead flowre:
Whose losse doth make *Aurora* weepe.
A flowre he was, then crowne his tombe
With flowers sprung from his mothers wombe.

But

An Italians dead bodie,

But if the modest Roses want,
Or maiden Lillies waxen scant:
Watch where *Horatia* weepes her shewers,
And you shall finde a bed of flowers.
Like as of *Helens* teares once came,
The hearbe which *Emila* we name.
A floure he was, and as a floure he died,
But now to stars as fairer flowers is hied:
There to behold the chiefe rose of the field,
The fairest Lilly that the vallies yeild.
Sweet flowre of peace, & loue both red & white,
That God and man together doth vnite.

R. S. Coll. Iohan.

Two Countries do contend for me,
Faire *Albion*, and *Italie*:
To both I owe my selfe at once,
There was I borne, here lye my bones.
There did I rise, here do I fall:
That gaue me birth, this buriall.
That was my cradle, this my graue,
There had I life, here death I haue.
But that gaue life which now is runne,
This life which neuer shall be done.

R. F. Pemb. H.

Admired *Maro* let me vse thy name,
To proue *Aeneas* to *Italia* came:
Italian Knight, if I should dare define
That thou art come of this *Aeneas* line,
How ere perhaps some Critick wil say no,
Yet will thy life and likenesse proue 'tis so.
And yet me thinkes *Vlisses* though a Greeke,
Was like *Horatio* too, since both did seeke
A toong of elequence, so by a chaste wife
Each of them had three children in his life.
And now to trauell is *Horatio* gone,
Leauing his *Penelope* to mourne alone.

Now

Stucke with English Flowers.

Now doth she tell her selfe, how he doth liue,
And to her thread of life, that doth length giue:
Now doth she thinke hee's dead, and gins lament,
And wish her thread of life were also spent,
Thus like *Penelopes* lingring web of paine,
She weaues her life, and it vnweaues againe.
But it may be when twentie yeares are past,
That thy *Vlysses* will returne at last:
Aye if he were on earth: but hee's too wise.
For earth to leaue the heauens faire Paradise.

R. Sen. Coll. Iohn.

See here lie *Myrmidons*, more hard then Steele,
That no remorse, nor woe could euer feelee,
This deare deare tombe that doth *Horatio* keepe,
And learne of this moist marble how to weepe.

Idem.

The Elements that when he was aliuie,
Conspired in one to giue *Horatio* breath:
Are since he dy'd deuided and do striue
Which shall be kindest to him after death.
The earth doth promise gently to enfolde
His tender body in her colde embrace:
And for he softly trode commaunds the molde,
Softly to lie vpon his louely face.
The water for his sake to teares will turne,
And drowne all eyes in neuer ceasing woe,
That where *Horatio* they gin to mourne,
Whole streams may from the swelling circles flowe.
The ayre will through his lightome Regions sound,
In doubled echoes great *Horatio*s fame:
That through the world no Kingdome may be found,
Whose vtmost shore haue not receiu'd the same.
The fire no more will burne his Pictures frame,
But gliding from his natie seate aboue,
Will henceforth vse the vertue of his flame,
In kindling hearts with dead *Horatio*s loue.

N. F. Reg. Coll.

D

England

An Italians dead bodie,

England lament, thus of thy neighbours checke,
A straunger came thy fruitfull wombe to cherish,
But him thou sufferest without due respect,
Vngratefully within thy wombe to perish.
For such a one within thee is inshrinde,
As of thy owne scarce one is left behinde.

S. H.

The fates are Queenes, they cannot be controld,
This obiekt proues it, who can it denie?
Their law is ostracisme mongst yong and old,
They expulse the best, for still the best doth die.
But Aeacus is iust what ere betides,
At *Plutoes* Court Ile sue these homicides.

I. Cecill. S. Iohns Coll.

To the suruiuing Lady of the deceased Knight,

WAST *Venus*? no. The fates haue stolne your loue,
Oh cut-throat queans, (I hope they heare me not)
This yeare for-soothe they spunne tisse for loue
To gaine a thread, they'le spoyle a true-loue knot.
Let not his absence (Lady) be your dome,
Phaebus shines most, when *Phaebus* is from home. *Idem.*

Nocturnus, or his Night-mourning.

I

RIch rapird-Sanctuarie of the blest,
Pallace of *Ruth*, made all of teares and rest;
Day of deepe Students, dead Night, nurse of death,
Who breathlesse feed'st on nothing but our breath,
To thy deepe shades, and desolatione,
I consecrate my dying liuing mone.

2

You dreadfull Furies, visions of the night,
With ghastly howling, all approach my sight:
And palish Ghosts, with sable Tapers stand,
To lend sad lights to my more sadder hand,

Foxes

stucke with English Flowers.

Foxes come barke, and Night-Rauens belch in grones,
And Screech-owles hollowe times confusions.

3

Or I will furnish vp a Funerall bed,
Strew'd with the bones and reliques of the dead:
Redoubling Echoes shall like passing bells,
Chiming the dismall accents of their knells,
Reuiue the dead, or make the liuing die,
In Ruth, and terror of deathes torturic.

4

Here liues imprisoned sorrow, cloath'd in blacke,
A dolefull hearfe, fit for a dead mans backe:
Natures faire red, clad in pale sheetes of Ruth,
Expressing in dum' e shew, a serious truth.
A Funerall solemniz'd in sad cheere,
Where eies be mourners, and where legs the beere.

5

But ah my Muse, my Muse can but lament,
With haire disheuld, words, and teares half spent,
This dead quick-spirit, wits strange Cameleon,
Which any authors colour could put on,
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts disluder.
But like to *Scaliger* our ages woonder,
The learneds Sun, wra't in whose admiration,
The rarest wits are fir'd in every Nation,

6

Whose happie wit with gracious iudgemēt ioyn'd,
Could giue a passport unto words new coyn'd:
In his owne shop, who could adopt the strange:
Engrast the wilde, enrich with mutuaill change
His powerfull stile, yet sanz respect of sweetes,
Death folded vp his earth in earthen sheetes.

7

O had I eyes to weepe griefes great'st excess,
Or words expressing more then words expresse.

An Italians dead bodie,

Each line should be a Historie of woe,
And euery accent as a dead mans throe.

8

But teares shall serue for Inke, for paper stones,
Eyes pens, for letters drops, for subiect mones,
For Epitaph these Threnes. *Entomb'd here lies,*
(In graue of memorie digd with weeping eies)
Wits strange Cameleon, dead quick-sprited Roman,
Almost like him selfe, else almost like to no man:
Arts various-varnish, enricht so with it Italian,
French, Latine, Spanish, Dutch, and Nubian
That Rome, Rheyn, Rhone, Greece, Spain, & Italy
May all plead right in his Nativity.

9

Ye liuing spirits then, if any liue,
Whom like extreames, do like affections giue,
Shun, shun this cruell light, and end your thrall,
In these lost shades of sable Funerall.

Omnis ut umbra.

Another.

Io: May:

Muses losse lamenting treasure,
Dest nies crosse-tormenting pleasure,
Wisdome wayling, honour crying,
Vertue weeping, Iudgement dying.
Altogether all betoken,
Griefes-griefe, not without griefe spoken.

Learnings Legend, Physicks Physicke,
Sence of science, Muses musicke,
Pandoraes Dowry, Graces Glory,
Sad Melpomines sad Story.
Write in teares, and in teares read,
Natures grace, *Horatio* dead.

Dead nor dead in heauen he raiues,
Dying life such liuing gaires:

Liuing

flucke with English Flowery.

Living, dying was his state,
Now dying living spite of Fate
Rais'd from earth to heaven, where living,
Liues concent, concent life-giving.

Though bodies life here dead do lie,
Life of his soule liues nére to die,

-The same.

*Idem Lectori
In Funera Pallauicina.*

A Spice quot vates Pallauicina creant
Funera, quos nunquam vates potuere Magistri
Reddere, nollem unam magnos fecisse Poetas
Fama est, ex templo velut olim Perseus inter
Eniuit summos vates, Helicone relicto.
Tu modo (si quis aues) fueris conamine tanto
Versifices inter, si non potes esse Poeta.

Eia age sis, delubra Deum, delubra Dearum
Sedulus implora, totumq; Helicon duobus
Hautibus epotans, ingentem imitare furorem,
Atq; altum quiddam spirans, dignumq; cothurno:
Ad fingendum audax: sic nostri ex tempore sacri
Grandiloqui vates, sic tu, plaudente popello,

(Si nihil est aliud) dic occubuisse Minervae
Aoniūq; decus, dic interisse decorem
Pól Latij, et qui omnes panē praeclatus Honores
Dic obysse diem, dic inuidia Faeta, coloq;
Detestare nigras, nemesq; ex ordine Parcas
Exagita diris, Musasq; & Apollina, quoquo
Versu itera, atq; illis vitam attribuisse perennem
Defuncto exclama, mortem nos vivere, vitam
Illum perpetuam, vateq; videre tandem
(Dum nulla occurret, melior, via trita terenda? &.)

An Italians dead bodie,

Idem
Fictionibus, tq; Pœtis.

S*I*osifiam vapulet Pri'cianus (Bone)
Scias (Lector) vapulare a Typographo.
Si verbum, syllaba, vel desit litera,
Vel punctum, scias, culpa est Typographi.
Est primum tempus parce, nunquam prius,
Latinas literas impressit hic Typographus:
Si non parces, nunquam imprimet imposterum.

Io: May: Ceu potius
alter Idem,
Ignotus.

F I N I S.





