

Per streages licet authoris veterumq; cuinam  
Ad fama scopulis vera trophaea tua  
Tam nitide tamen occidis, tam suauiter hostes  
Vt si donatum funere quisque putet  
Silicet apponit pretium tua dextera fabo  
Vulneris emanat sanguis ut inheat bos.  
O quam felices sunt qui tua casta sequuntur.  
Crem per te sit ea, Ambitiosa mori.

Geo: Herbert.

Vpon Felton that stabb'd the  
Duke of Buckingham &  
was hanged in chaineſ.

Here uninterred ſuspends (though not to ſave  
Surviving ſcions the expences of a grave)  
Felton's dead earth, which to the world may bee  
His owne ſad monument his eligie,  
Is large as fame, but whether bad or good  
I ſay not; by him ſelfe ſtoas nothe in blood  
For which his body is entombed in Ayre  
Arch over with leuens, ſet with a thouſand faire  
And gloriouſ diamond ſtares, a ſepulcher  
That time can neuer ruinate, & where  
The impartiall wome that is not biſted to ſpare  
Princes except in Marblē, cannot ſhare  
His flesh! (which oft the charitable ſkies  
Gimbale with teares, doing thyſe obsequies  
Belong to men) ſhall last till pitting foule  
Content to reach his body to her ſoule.

An Epithalamium or nightell hymne  
Vpon the Marriage of the Tallybare  
And lady Elizabeth  
Hayle bishope Valentine whose day this is  
Able Ayre is thy Diocesse  
And all y cheping Quicidnes  
And other birds are thy Parochenes  
Thou marriest every year  
The liveliſt larkes, & the graue noſteſſing dove  
The ſparrow that neglects his life for loue  
The rouſholt bird with the red stomachet

These maketh of blacke birdes syde as scene  
As doth the gold finch on the balycon  
The husband cocke poure out wyl奈t as spred  
And meets his wife which brings his feather bed.  
This day more chearfully then euer shone,  
This day wch night inflant thy selfe old valentine.  
Till now thou roaredst with multiplying loues  
Two larkes, 2 sparrows, or 2 doves  
All that is nothing unto this.  
For thou this day completest two Phenexes  
Thou makist a Tauer set,  
What the sunne never sawe, & what the Ark,  
Which was of foules & beasts, cage & Park,  
Did not contayne, one bedconduyness thought ther  
Two Phenexes whose joined breasts  
Are on an otheres mutually nessis  
Whose motion kindles fire, as shall give  
Young Phenexes, & yet the old shall live,  
Whose loue & courage enuie shall decline  
But make the whole peace through thy day o valentine.  
If then fayre Pheneix birdes secrete the sunne  
Thy selfe from thine affection  
Takest waenth enough & from thine eye  
All lesser birds will take thee iollitie  
Up, up, faire birds & call  
Thy staves from out there severall boxes, take  
Thy rubys, pearlcs, & diamonds forth, & make  
Thy selfe a constellacion of them all  
And by this blazinge signifie  
That great princes fall, yet doth not dye.  
Betheu a new starre that to vs portend,  
Ends of much wonder, & be thou these ends,  
Since thou doest this day in new glory shine  
May all men daite records from this thy valentine.  
Come forth, come forth, & as one glorious flame  
Meetinge an othere groves the same  
To make thy feede wide & so  
To an inseperable union grove  
Since separation  
Talle not on such things as are infinite,  
Things which not but one can disunite.

You are twise depeable, grete & one  
Hast then two wher y Bishop stayes  
To make you on his waye to rich diuince waues  
Must be attested, & when all is past  
And that you are one by hearts & hands made fast  
You two haue one way left your selues to abyde  
After the Bishoppes Knott, or Bishopp Valentine.  
But wher hat ayles the sunne, that heere he stayes  
Longer too day then othere dayes  
Stayes new light from thence to ghe  
And finding here such store is loth to sett  
And why you too doemwalke  
So slowly pace in his procession  
Go all y our care but to be lookest upon  
And to be others spectacle & talk  
The Feast with gluttonous delays  
Is eaten, and too long there meat they staye  
The Masquers come late & I thinke will stay  
Like Faryes till the cocke crow them awaie  
Mas! did not antiquarie Afrigne  
A night as well as day, to shew a Valentine  
They did & night is come, & yell me see  
Formalities regarding the  
What mean those ladyes, which as though  
They went to take a clocke in pieces yore  
Sorly about the bride  
A bride before a good night could be feld  
Should vanishe from her clothes into y bedd  
As soules from bodies steale & are not spide  
But now shes layd roke though shew her  
Yet there are more delayes, for where is her  
Here comes a papie through spheres after spheres  
First her shires, then her armes then any where  
(set not then this day, but this night be thare)  
Thy day was but the eve to this, o valentine.  
Here lyes a shew sunne, & her Moone her  
She giues the best light to his sphere  
Or each is both, & all, & so  
They vnto one anothere nothing are,  
And y all they doe, but are

So full & rich, in thair coynz which they pay  
That neither wold not neede rebrace, nor stay.  
Neither desir to be spared, nor to spare.

They quickly pay ther debts therin.  
Take no aquittances but pay agayne,  
They pay they givē they lend, & so let fall  
No such occasion to be libe call  
More troub, more courage, in thair two deth shippes.  
Then Alcky Turtles haue, & Sparrows Valentine.

And by this art of these two Phanxes  
Nature againe restored is  
For since these two, are twā no more  
Than but on Phanx still as was before  
Rest now at last, & me  
As Sabrynes spake bly sunne ioyce.  
Waiting when your eyes grind let out day  
Only desir because your face me see  
Others neare you shall whispering speake  
And wagers lay at whiche side a day will breake  
And minne by obsecuring ther wible hand it is  
That opens first a Curtaine heeg or hiis  
This will be tyed to morrow after nine  
Till whiche houre we thy day enlarge. I Valentine.

### Olaus Epitaph.

Dream not too neare unless you drop a teare  
On this stome, wherre I a crown & will weare  
Vntill the steenall steep charme my wratched eyys  
Cleora eyas her intented with many a teare.

Whiche the Swynes. From y' Swynes, here haue payd  
And Many a Vestal mayd. Hath mournē her obsequies  
These swamy brists they teare & bind ther golde hoyre  
Casting eyes, to y' celestiall skies, to retuen  
From the Vene, to eaigne yngredies on earth againe  
When straignt a sound hitte ground, pierce the ayre  
Cryes. She is dead. Her soules fled, onto a place masure  
The spirite that doe leuge, the dust of these y' skele  
Undeground hear this sound, of a swaine

That fells his armes in Valde, to the agies he adores  
For gylt doe not fright him rounde in the night  
When he laues yngrys graves from his eyys  
And when my name is read, in the number of y' dead.