

Fame's Memorial

TO THE  
RIGHTLY RIGHT HONORABLE LADY,

THE LADY PENELOPE

COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE

MOST NOBLE LADY,

Had the blessings whilom bestowed, and too soon deprived, been as permanent as they were glorious, the world had not then had such a general cause of just sorrow to bewail, nor I of particular grief to inscribe, the present loss of so worthy a lord: but a most sad truth it is, Fate may be lamented, never recalled; upon which infallible axiom, — desperate of all possibility either of regaining the same or hoping his peer, — as much as in the reach of my weak talent lay, unusual to this style, I have endeavored to register his memory, whose memory will grace my labors. To you, excellent Lady, it was intended, to you it is addressed; not doubting but whatsoever hath been of him said, and truly said, your honorable favor will allow the favorable protection of your express patronage, who while he lived endowed you, and justly endowed you, with all the principles of his sincerest heart and best fortunes. Let not, therefore, worthy Countess, my rasher presumption seem presumptuous folly in the eyes of your discreeter judgement, in that, without your privity, — being a mere stranger, altogether unknown unto you, — I have thus adventured to shelter my lines under the well-guided conduct of your honorable name; grounding my boldness upon this assurance, that true gentility is ever accompanied — especially in your sex, more specially in yourself — with her inseparable adjunct, singular humanity, principally towards those whom neither mercenary hopes or servile flattery have induced to speak, but with privilege of truth. And as for such who misdeem virtue without cause, innocency shall pity them, though not eagerly with mortal hate, yet simply with naked truth, to which envy is ever opposite. Thus, Madam, presuming on your acceptance, I will in the mean while think my willing pains, hitherto confined to the Inns-of-Court studies, much different, highly rewarded, and mine unfeathered muse, as soon dead as born, richly graced under the plumes of so worthy a protectress.

The honorer and lover of your noble perfections,  
Jo. Ford.

To Each Affected Reader

PErverse construction of a plain intent  
NEither is scorn'd, respected, or despis'd:  
LOsing of their slight loves who never meant  
PEculiar knowledge, willingly is priz'd  
    CONTEnted happiness, secured peace;  
    OF self-content is ever happiest ease.

DEVOTion to the careless is mere folly;  
No SHallow envy of malicious IRE  
Can move my resolution, grounded wholly  
On hopes of better judgement; I desire  
    The favor of my favorites, not any  
    Unwilling eyes; I strive not to please many.

Non omnibus studeo,  
Non malevolis.

Fame's Memorial.

Swift Time, the speedy persuvant of heaven,  
Summons to glorious virtues canonis'd,  
The lasting volume where worth roves uneven,  
In brazen characters immortalis'd;  
Where merit lives embrac'd, base scorn despis'd:  
    Link'd to untainted truth, sprung from the same,  
    Begets his eagle-towering daughter Fame.

Fame — she who long couch'd her imperial crown  
Within the blinded dark of swarthy night —  
Soars now aloft triumphant up and down,  
With radiant splendor gayer than the light,  
And by how much more known so much more bright;  
    Proclaims aloud defiance to disdain,  
    Which her with thoughts profane should entertain.

Nor doth she lackey in this vale of mud,  
This razed world, but still in state arise,  
Lifting her plumed crest from out the flood  
Of sea and land; whiles she with wonder flies  
About the circle of the topless skies,  
    And spirits most heroic doth inflame  
    With adoration of her sacred name.

Base Fear — the only monument of slaves,  
Progenitor to shame, scorn to gentility,  
Herald to usher peasants to their graves —  
Becomes abjected thoughts of faint servility;  
While haughty Fame adorns nobility,  
    Planting her gorgeous throne upon the crest  
    Of humor casqued in a royal breast.  
This makes gross dregs of souls admire the verse  
Of shrill-strained arts-men, whose ambrosiac quills,  
Whiles they desert's encomions sweet rehearse,  
The world with wonder and amazement fills,  
Affrighted with the threats of horrid ills;  
    Astonishing the chaff of pamper'd men  
    With high-rear'd accents of their golden pen.

O, that some sacred poet now surviv'd  
Some Homer to new-mourn Achilles' loss!  
Our dear Achilles' loss, of life depriv'd,  
Who living, life in danger's death did toss,  
Not daunted with this hazard or that cross.  
    O, that he liv'd with scholys most divine,  
    To cote and add one worthy to the Nine!

The Nine had pass'd for saints, had not our time  
Obscur'd the beams of their bright splendent praise  
By a more noble worthy, whose sublime  
Invicted spirit in most hard assays  
Still added reverent statues to his days;  
    Surmounting all the Nine in worth as far  
    As Sol the tincture of the meanest star.

Now hovering Fame hath veil'd her false recluse,  
Makes reputation and belief her warrant,  
Wonder and truth her convoy to traduce,  
Her train of shouts accomplishing her errant,  
Venting concealed virtue now apparent;  
    Imprints in canons of eternal glory  
    Worth's monumental rites, great Mountjoy's story.

Great Mountjoy! Were that name sincerely scann'd,  
Mysterious hieroglyphics would explain;  
Each letter's allegory grace the hand  
By whom the sense should learnedly be drawn,  
To stop the dull conceits of wits profane;  
    Diving into the depth of hidden art,  
    To give but due to each deserving part.

That is with homage to adore thy name,  
As a rich relic of memorial,  
A trophy consecrated unto fame,  
Adding within our hearts historial  
High epithets past hyperbolic;  
    Yet all too mean to balance equal forage,  
    And sympathize in jointure with thy courage.

Live, O, live ye, whom poets deck with lies,  
Raising your deeds to fames which never end;  
Our patriot stains your fictions, no disguise  
Of painted praise his glory shall extend,  
His own great valor his deserts commend:  
    Such is his sounding notice all do know it;  
    No poet can grace him, he every poet.

None him, he all can grace; his very story  
Gives laurel, to the writer crowns of bay;  
The title of his name attributes glory,  
The subject doth the author's skill bewray.  
Enlarging still his theme and scope to say;  
    Nor is one found amongst a world of men  
    Who perfect can his actions with his pen.

Had he himself. Like Julius Ceasar, wrote,  
Whiles as he liv'd, his own acts' commendation  
In fluent commentaries us'd to cote,  
Each hazard's conquest by a true porbation,

Exemplified with terms of art's relation, —  
Then had he wing'd in height of fame forever;  
His fame, his name, as now, been razed never.

Go, yet rich-styled peer, and overtake,  
Thyself shalt privilege thyself by merit,  
Thy soul's-united Essex for whose sake  
Thou didst advance thy love, which did inherit  
The dear reversion of his elate spirit:  
Then go, great Mountjoy, lustre of this age,  
Pace still thy name in pompous equipage.

When first his birth produc'd this prime of hope,  
Am imp of promise mild proclivity,  
Gracious aspects even in his horoscope  
Predominated his nativity,  
Allotting in his arm nobility;  
That, being nobly born, he might persevere,  
Enthron'd by fame, nobilitated ever.

Now when his infant years wax'd mellow ripe,  
Balanc'd in pity scales of youth's discretion,  
As past the childish fear, fear of a stripe,  
Or schools' correct with deeper grave impression,  
He scorn'd the mimic thoughts of base condition,  
By earnest documents foreshowing wholly  
His just contempt of unregarded folly.

For, having suck'd the rudiments of learning,  
Grammar's elixer-juice and quintessence,  
He soon approv'd his judgment by discerning,  
Applying with industrious diligence  
To follow studies of more consequence;  
Then, by a syllogistic kind of war,  
He ruminates on thoughts which nobler are.

He learns sharp-witted logic to confute  
With quick distinctions, sleights of sophistry,  
Enriching his rich knowledge doth it suit,  
And sounds the depth of quaint philosophy,  
Himself the mirror of morality;  
And proves by instance Aristotle lies,  
Who young men's aptness to the same denies.

He studies it, yet is himself the subject, —  
Subject of civil virtues, chief of good,  
Art's pith and nature's darling, honor's object;  
As noble by his wit as by his blood,  
Honor and wisdom on his forehead stood:  
Thus now to court he goes, there to remain;  
For court should none but nobles entertain.

Noble he was, witness his elate spirit,

Whose unappalled stomach scorn'd compare;  
Noble he was, witness his peerless merit,  
Which stain'd competitors, witness his rare  
Renown'd examples do the same declare;  
Noble he was, in that he could not brook  
To have his equal or for sword or book.

O, had his ancestors but heretofore  
Dreamt such a son should spring for out their line,  
They might have truly griev'd, and evermore  
Have blush'd to think on it, that one divine  
Should be their offspring, deeming it a sign  
Of a less glorious happiness for them;  
Better might they have drawn their race from him.

Then happy they that are, or shall be ever,  
Deducted from the issue of this blood;  
Immortal be this name, worn, wasted never,  
The index to true fame; happy the good  
Allied in him by kin or brotherhood:  
Such his desert, nor time nor malice term'd it;  
His youth first promis'd, and his years confirm'd it.

For being now appendant to the court,  
His presence was the court to draw it to him:  
The saints of that smooth paradise resort  
With pleasure to behold, beholding woo him,  
And what their favors can they vow to do him:  
Yea, he rejoic'd the earth's great deity,  
That such a subject grac'd her empery.

Here he began to taste the fragrant smack,  
The catapotion of heart-easing love;  
Here he persever'd to assault the wrack  
Of subtle passion, proving to disprove  
That any soil firm-settled thoughts should move:  
Here as he first who taught what should be done,  
How ladies should be lov'd, serv'd, woo'd, and won.

In this secured solace of sweet peace  
He nurs'd his younger joys, nor wholly bent  
To wanton sick, lascivious, amorous ease,  
But to more primer passions of content,  
Of civil mirth and jocund merriment:  
Mirth in his looks, and virtue in his tongue,  
Fresh as the balm, smooth as the mermaid's song.

Activity abroad, dalliance in chamber,  
Becomes a perfect courtier, — such was he;  
What maiden breast so nice as locks of amber  
Could not enchant with love's captivity?  
Free spirits soon are caught when slaves go free:  
What uncontrolled soul is so precise

As may, yet will not, taste earth's paradise?

Mountjoy— the mounting joy of heaven's perfection —  
Was all a man should be in such an age;  
Nor void of love's sense, nor yok'd in subjection  
Of servile passion, them for every stage,  
Honor for him did honor's pawn engage:  
    Be witness slander's self, who must avow  
    Virtue adorn'd his mind, triumph his brow.

Nor did the pleasure of these courtly sports  
Endear him to the softness of such ease;  
His ever-mounting thought far more imports,  
The thirst of fame such form'd ideas please,  
The resty delicates of sweet disease:  
    To run a race at tilt, to catch the ring,  
    Did greater glory to his projects bring.

Let smooth-chinn'd amorists be cloy'd in play,  
And surfeit on the bane of hateful leisure,  
Let idle hours' follies youth betray  
Unto the idle shame of boundless pleasure;  
Such petty apes of silk want reason's measure:  
    Great Mountjoy saw such looseness of the witty,  
    Which seeing did not more disdain than pity.

No, his deep-reaching spirit could not brook  
The fond addiction to such vanity;  
Regardful of his honor he forsook  
The smicker use of court-humanity,  
Of rural clownage or urbanity;  
    He lov'd the worthy, and endeavoring prov'd  
    How of the worthy he might be belov'd.

Now he delights to see the falcon soar  
About the top of heaven; then to chase  
The nimble buck, or hunt the bristled boar  
>From out the sty of terror; now the race;  
Barriers and sports of honorable grace;  
    Not games of thriftless prodigality,  
    But plots of fame and fame's eternity.

For after toys of courtship he assays  
Which way to manage an untamed horse,  
When, how, to spur and rein, to stop and raise,  
Close-sitting, voltage of a man-like force,  
When in career to meet with gallant course:  
    As Centaurs were both horse and men, so he  
    Seem'd on the horse, nor could discerned be.

Such private exercise, which limn'd the way  
To public reputation, was his scope;  
Each hour grac'd hour, and each day grac'd day,

With further expectation of great hope;  
Nor did his youth his noble levels stop:  
    He aim'd at high designs and so attain'd  
    The high assigns to which his spirit aim'd.

Lo, here the pith of valor molded fast  
In curious workmanship of Nature's art:  
Lo, here the monuments which ever last  
To all succeeding ages of desert,  
Noble in all, and all in every part:  
    Records of fame and characters of brass,  
    Containing acts, such acts conceit do pass.

Triumphant soul of such a prince-like lord,  
O, I could dry the fountains of mine eyes  
Upon thy coffin's hearse, and every word  
Which sorrow should out sigh or grief implies,  
I could resolve to drops of sacrifice,  
    And spend them on the ever-gaping womb  
    Of the unseason'd earth, thy sacred tomb.

The sweetest cygnet of thy comfort's heaven,  
Thy life's past paradise, thy heart's first love,  
Could not bemoan the loss of thee bereaven  
With more sweet-piercing plaints than I have strove  
To volve my discomforts, yet approve,  
    Dear creature, thy too dearly bought distress  
    By vulgar censure's base unhappiness.

But, ah, be still thyself; let not defame  
Of the rude chaos aggravate thy woes;  
The multitude's blind slander is no shame;  
Rusticity his joy by malice knows,  
The better best in judging better shows:  
    Let gross uncivil hinds regardless sleep;  
    Remember thou thy loss, remembering weep.

So mayst thou, knightly youth, who wert friend,  
Companion to his chamber and his bed:  
His loves much largess did to thee extend,  
And made the rumor of thy name be spread  
Even to thy native west where thou wert bred:  
    Ah, do not him forget, who honor'd thee  
    With perfect rites of mutual amity.

Nor canst thou stop the flood-gates of thine eyes,  
Great peer of worth and state, who griev'd thy thrall  
For peerless Essex' strife who sought to rise  
In virtuous honor, which procur'd thy fall;  
Devonshire bewail'd thy danger's bitter gall:  
    Then, in requital of much more than this,  
    Sigh thou for him; still love and cherish his.

As much, grave patron of sage wisdom's lore,  
Mayst thou lament thy friend's untimely race,  
Who ever favor'd thee 'cause thou hast bore,  
Whiles he was Ireland's viceroy, thy great place  
Of treasurer in most respected grace:  
His death deserves thy tears, to solemnize  
His ceremonious funeral obsequies.

Ye safe-secured fathers of wise peace,  
Just senators and magistrates in awe,  
Wealthy home-breeders which engross your ease,  
Ye learned legists of contentious law,  
Ye rulers all who him victorious saw,  
Fear ye like stroke as him of life deprives;  
He was a brazen wall to guard your lives.

Double tongue-oiled courtiers, whose neat phrases  
Do model forth your wits' maturity  
In honey'd speeches and sick-thoughted graces,  
Cloaking your souls in sin's obscurity,  
Yet fan your lightness in security,  
Weep on his reverend corse; for such as he  
Now is, not as he was, yourselves shall be.

But, O, forsaken soldiers, ye have lost  
The Atlas of your hopes, your staff, your stay,  
The staff and stay of your ambitious boast,  
Who guerdon's you with service's due pay,  
On him the burthen of your treasure lay:  
Reason commands your sorrow, for whose sake  
Himself all toil of pains would undertake.

Like Mars in arms, triumphant ye have seen  
This warlike champion, whose undaunted mind  
Was never yet appall'd, but still hath been  
Steeled against the worst, nor hath declin'd  
To dull distrust, but evermore enshrin'd  
In goodly views of horror ready prest,  
To purchase glory by his hands' unrest.

Witness, ye wars of Belgia, who tell  
Of his eternal fame, heroic spirit,  
Incomparable height, which did excel  
The common height of common stomach's merit,  
He lineally did thirst of worth inherit:  
A chronicle of lasting memory,  
A precedent of matchless soldiery.

Let every private action of desert  
Be themes for other pens to labour in;  
My quill shall only known reports insert,  
Who public credence and belief may win;  
Not to be tax'd with fictions, idiot's sin:

Time cannot wrong, nor envy shall not wound,  
The lawful right of his due praises' sound.

O, who will lend me some deep moving style,  
Or add unto my bluntness quick conceit?  
What gentle goddess will vouchsafe a smile  
To mine unpolish'd Muse? What tempting bait  
Of formal grace upon my lines will wait?  
    What power divine of some more angel woman  
    Will make me think my verses more than common?

Flint-hearted Lycia may with mild aspect  
Cast up the sigh of some forematched scorn,  
And in the mixture of disdain's neglect  
My death-bewailing scope of grief adorn,  
Reviving dulness of a wit forlorn;  
    Amongst the fancies of her rival lover,  
    Some groan with this dear noble's funeral cover.

No, beauty full of changes, forbear thy care;  
An angel more celestial pays her vows  
Upon her lord deceas'd, who did not spare  
To gratify the frontiers of her brows  
With as much pleasure as content allows:  
    Thou, Lady, on my lines cast favor's glory,  
    While I inscribe great Mountjoy's Irish story.

When fickle chance and death's blindfold decree  
>From the tribunal-seat of awful state  
Had hurried down in black calamity  
Renown'd Devereux, whose awkward fate  
Was misconceited by foul envy's hate,  
    Back was he call'd from Ireland to come home,  
    And noble Mountjoy must supply his room.

Look how two heart-united brothers part,  
The one to slaughter, th'other to distrust,  
Yet sorrowing, each with other pawns his heart,  
As being loath to go, yet go they must,  
Either to horror and a death unjust:  
    So Essex parts with Mountjoy, either mourning  
    The loss of other's sight, as ne'er returning.

So Mountjoy parts with Essex, and now flies  
Upon the wings of grief to tents of terror;  
Or else to vaunt his name above the skies,  
Or leave his lifeless carcass as a mirror  
Of monumental fear to friends of error;  
    Vowing revenge should on that land extend,  
    Which wrought the downfall of his worthiest friend.

"Unblessed soil," quoth he, "rebellious nation,  
Which hast with treachery sent troops to death,

Butcher of valiant bloods, earth's reprobation,  
Heaven's curse, and nature's monster, drawing breath  
By other's wrecks, as trial witnesseth;  
    Since by the means of thee my friend hath died,  
    Mine arm shall scourge the looseness of they pride.

Incens'd with rage, and treble-girt with force  
Of justice, force and valor, on he goes  
With sword and fire; void of a smooth remorse,  
He greets the strength of his half-conquer'd foes,  
And on them yokes of bondage doth impose:  
    Or all must yield to mercy, or else fly,  
    Yet flying, all must fight, and fighting die.

But, O, far be it from the height of fame  
To triumph on submission; he would not,  
Not tyrant-like in bloodshed boast again;  
He hated it, as to his worth a blot;  
By lenity more honor hath he got:  
    He was, as by his favorites appear'd,  
    More fear'd than lov'd, yet much more lov'd than fear'd.

Destruction to the stiff-neck'd rebels stout —  
Stout in their headlong miseries — was bent,  
Ruin unto the false inconstant rout;  
But favor to the willing still he meant,  
A perfect noble mind's true document:  
    A rule infallible experience bred,  
    To strive for conquest, spare the conquered.

What myriads of hosts could not constrain,  
He by his courteous mildness brought to pass;  
What all devoir of mercy could not train,  
By his victorious power enforced was:  
Both words of milk and thunderbolts of brass  
    Attended on the pleasure of his nod;  
    They deem'd him for a human demi-god.

And thou, Tyrone, the idol must ador'd  
Amongst the superstitious mutineers,  
Whose deep ambitious reach was still implor'd  
To raise more millions of treacherers,  
Of homicidal cruel slaughterers;  
    Even thou thyself, when any traitor spake  
    Of Mountjoy, at that very name didst quake.

That very name did prostitute the heart  
Of mischief-breeding councils in the dust;  
In hearing of that name they felt the smart  
Of vanquish'd dread, as augur to distrust,  
Which was by fear enthral'd, by doubt discuss'd:  
    Mountjoy, a name importing threats of thunder,  
    Frustrating hopes of life and life asunder.

Mountjoy, a name of grim severity;  
Mountjoy, a name of meekness, peace, and love;  
Mountjoy, a name to rein temerity;  
Mountjoy, a name which virtue did approve;  
Mountjoy, a name which joy did ever move;  
Mountjoy, a charter of invicted fame:  
Yet Mountjoy was far greater than his name.

His name, which stretch'd beyond the boundless limits  
Of all ocean's empire, and made known  
His haughty chivalry in foreign climates,  
Which by the trump of gloire was loudly blown  
In courts of greatest princes of renown;  
Each palace with an echo speaking shrill,  
Resounded his fair deeds of honor still.

The wily Irish, whose inveterate hate  
Unto the laws of justice ne'er would bow,  
Whose sleights no power of power could abate,  
Or ever undermine before till now, —  
With gentle menace of a pliant brow,  
This man more than a man, this god in arms,  
United, ceasing plots of further harms.

Now they began to see, and seeing feel  
The sweet concord, bitterness of war,  
The sharp reproof of double-edged steel,  
The peace of peace, how wretched brawlers are,  
How blessed the secure; content doth far  
Exceed contention, better shun war's toil  
Than ever live in faction by the spoil.

The son against the father long oppos'd,  
The uncle with the nephew at debate,  
The friend with troops of foe-like friends enclos'd,  
Brother with brother set in mortal hate,  
Kin which with kin did kindred violate;  
Duty, alliance, friendship, blood, and love,  
All striving, he to concord all did move.

Peers in defiance of each other's greatness,  
Nobles complotting nobles' speedy fall,  
He reconcil'd, and made them taste the sweetness  
Of happy league, and freed them from the gall  
Of steep destruction's ruin, ruin's thrall:  
Tigers and lions, boars and raging bulls,  
Hath he aton'd with leopards and wolves.

A land of penury, scarcity, and want  
He hath enrich'd with plenty, ease, and store;  
A land where human reason was most scant  
He hath endow'd with wisdom's sacred lore,

Accosting it more fertile than before;  
And land of barbarous inhumanity  
He hath reduc'd to blessed piety.

Now had he ripen'd all his hopes at full,  
Imparadis'd his soul in dear content,  
And wrought the nature of a people dull  
To what his glory aim'd at when he meant  
To set a period to his banishment,  
And greet his native soil with much desire,  
To get a guerdon'd favor for his hire.

Now did he feed his labors with delight  
Of viewing his diviner sovereign,  
Presenting conquests of well-master'd spite  
Unto her gracious love, and thence obtain  
Her willing acceptation as a gain  
Of reward after toil, and glad her years  
In strengthening her dominions, chasing fears.

But, O, ere he could apprehend that joy,  
She flew from earth to beautify the heaven:  
Eliza died, death's javelin did destroy  
The ever-boast of England; fate had weaven  
The twist of life, and her of life bereaven:  
She died, and left the world in tears of terror,  
To weep her loss, and wonder at her mirror.

Never it was her hap to see that land,  
Which long had boil'd in stern rebellious treason,  
To be subdued unto her mild command,  
And vaunt the trophy of that peaceful season;  
Malice did ever blind their sense's reason:  
She died ere rumor could that ease relate;  
The news was happy, but for her too late.

Too late for her, and for our lord too late,  
Her death for him too soon; but short, anon,  
Distrust was turn'd to trust, for in great state  
England's Mecaenas in succession  
Was soon made known by proclamation,  
And undertook the burthen of the crown,  
Advancing merit, low disgrace threw down.

As Caesar led his captive slaves to Rome  
To grace his triumph, magnify his fame,  
So now did Mountjoy with Tyrone come home  
Victorious, welcome, adding to his name —  
By favor of our king who gave the same —  
A style of honor to his blood innated,  
Devonshire's ennobled Earl was created.

In robes of peace, accouterments of rest,

He was advanc'd a counselor, and joy'd  
The soft fruition of a graver breast;  
Not with the brunt of warfare more annoy'd,  
Nor with the dint of hazard over-cloy'd;  
    But sat with judgment to discern the laws  
    Which he had guarded with his sword's applause.

In him was England twofold fortunate, —  
He was her champion and her senator,  
Both to defend her good and moderate,  
To fight both for her safety and confer,  
Both to encourage subjects and deter  
    Revolters from offending, both in one,  
    And one in both himself he was alone.

Thus loving all, he liv'd below'd of all,  
Save some whom emulation did enrage  
To spit the venom of their rancor's gall,  
Which dropp'd upon themselves, and made the stage  
A public theater for folly's badge:  
    Their shame will still outlive their memory,  
    Only remembered in infamy.

Such, poorer in desert than rich in worth,  
Are but as shadows which appear, but are not,  
Such but disgorge lank indiscretion forth,  
Of needless repetitions, which declare not  
True grounds, when for the truth itself they care not,  
    Yet hold themselves abus'd, and highly scorn  
    To brook the chance to which themselves are born.

Go, weak betrayers of your witless madness,  
Your malice will revert upon you breasts;  
Not looks of graver niceness, nicer sadness,  
Can shadow imputations of unrests,  
His greater spirit at your fondness jests:  
    You vex yourselves, not him, and make men gaze  
    At your own wrongs which our own tongues do blaze.

Sink, blind distraction, into lowest earth;  
Let ballad-rhymers tire their galled wits,  
Scorns to their patrons, making juiceless mirth  
To gross attentors by their hired writs;  
Dispraise with such poor hackneys better fits:  
    Well may such envy those heroic deeds  
    Their apprehension's lean conceit exceeds.

Fame-royalised Devonshire, settled now  
In well-deserved place of eminence,  
Th'expectance of his wisdom doth allow,  
By canceling affairs of consequence,  
And by endeavors of sage diligence,  
    Approves his greatness, largess to apply,

The fruits of dear-experienc'd policy.

Not puff'd with weening self-affected pride,  
Common to upstart honors counterfeit,  
But favoring the worthy, he supplied  
Desert's necessities, and made the height  
Of his advancement on their needs to wait:  
    True nobleness with breath suck noble spirits,  
    Where bastard broods conceit but bastard merits.

Men rais'd to float of fortune from the mud  
Or low dejection and at length grown great  
Forget that they are men, and scorn the blood  
Of mean alliance, boasting in the seat  
Of empire, which ambition doth beget:  
    Such not esteem desert, but sensual vaunts  
    Of parasites and fawning sycophants.

Be tyrants kings to such servility,  
And peasants servile to such curs of shame;  
Devonshire, the issue of nobility,  
Avoided rumor of such foul defame;  
True virtue grac'd his mind, applause his name, —  
    Applause his name, which whiles the heavens divine  
    Contain their lights upon the earth will shine.

True virtue grac'd his mind; be witness ever  
The provident forecare of wise discretion;  
His wary prudence, which did still endeavor  
To hold him from the wreck of spite's impression;  
>From faith approv'd he never made digression:  
    That is true prudence, when, devoid of fear,  
    A man untouch'd himself upright doth bear.

True virtue grac'd his mind; in which was grounded  
The modest essence of firm temperance,  
Which never was with fortune's change confounded,  
Of troubled with the cross of fickle chance;  
Distrust his spirit never could enhance:  
    That man is perfect-temperate whose life  
    Can never be disturb'd, but free from strife.

True virtue grac'd his mind; witness his courage,  
His resolution-armed fortitude;  
Witness his stomach's prime, which striv'd to forage  
Extremes even by extremities subdu'd;  
Slaves with the eye of pity he review'd:  
    He who can conquer miseries in need  
    Enjoys the height of fortitude indeed.

True virtue grac'd his mind; witness at last  
His sober carriage 'twixt the scales of measure,  
Who when he was in awe of justice plac'd

Studied how to the meanest to do pleasure;  
So rare a gift in such a man's a treasure:  
    Sincerest justice is not to discern,  
    But to defend, aid, further, and confirm.

True virtue grac'd his mind; witness all these  
Which in his person were essential;  
Ready to help the poor, the treat to please;  
In rights of honor neither great or small  
Would he prefer, but merit pais'd them all:  
    Since all these virtues were in him combin'd,  
    Truth will avow true virtue grac'd his mind.

Not in the wreck of prodigality,  
Nor thriftless riot of respectless mean,  
Did he extend his liberality;  
But, to his honor's credit, where was seen  
Apparent worthiness, he still hath been  
    A patron to the learned, and a prop  
    To favor study's now-despised crop.

Thou marrow of our English poesy,  
Thou life and blood of verse canst record this;  
The bounty of his zeal can gratify  
Thy labors of endeavors; what was his  
He granted to thy Muse's happiest bliss:  
    A liberal Mecaenas to reward thee,  
    A lord of special favor to regard thee.

By firm allegiance, courtesy, and kindness,  
Unto his prince, his peers, his friends endear'd;  
By stern constraint, meek scorn, and willing blindness,  
Of all his foes, backbiters, grudgers fear'd,  
He in his lifetime evermore appear'd;  
    Peace, pity, love, with mildness, ease, and rest,  
    Rul'd, forgave, joy'd his soul, his wrongs, his breast.

Link'd in the graceful bonds of dearest life,  
Unjustly term'd disgraceful, he enjoy'd  
Content's abundance, happiness was rife,  
Pleasure secure, no troubled thought annoy'd  
His comfort-sweets, toil was in toil destroy'd;  
    Maugre the throat of malice, spite of spite,  
    He liv'd united to his heart's delight.

His heart's delight, who was that glorious star  
Which beautified the value of our land,  
The lights of whose perfections brighter are  
Than all the lamps which in the luster stand  
Of heaven's forehead, by discretion scann'd;  
    Wit's ornament, earth's love, love's paradise.  
    A saint divine, a beauty fairly-wise.

A beauty fairly-wise, wisely-discreet,  
In winking mildly at the tongue of rumor;  
A Saint merely-divine, divinely sweet,  
In banishing the pride of idle humor,  
Not relishing the vanity of tumor,  
    More than a female of so high a race;  
    With meekness bearing sorrow's sad disgrace.

A sad disgrace: O, that the eyes of sense  
Should pry into the nature of the worst,  
Poor fortune's envy, greatness' eminence!  
Because themselves in worldly cares are nurs'd,  
Deluding types of honor as accurs'd,  
    When they themselves are most accurs'd of all,  
    Who being lowest lower cannot fall.

Even as a quire of model-tuning birds,  
Chirping their lays in nature's pliant strain;  
Even so these courtiers flow'd in terms of words,  
Until the nightingale in sweet complain  
Did urge the rest as ravish'd to refrain:  
    So this heart-stealing goddess charm'd their ears;  
    To hear her fluent wit, they blush at theirs.

Let merit take her due, unfee'd I write,  
Compell'd by instance of apparent right,  
Nor chok'd with private hopes do I indite,  
But led by truth as known as is the light, —  
By proof as clear as day, as day as bright:  
    I reckon not taunting mocks, but pity rather  
    The foolish offspring of so vain a father.

Devonshire, I write of thee; a theme of wonder,  
Wonder unto posterity succeeding,  
A style importing fame as loud as thunder,  
Sounding throughout the world; the times yet breeding  
Shall deify thee by thy story's reading,  
    Making large statues to honorify  
    Thy name, memorial's rites to glorify.

As oft as James, the monarch of our peace,  
Shall be in after-chronicles recited,  
In that, to heaven's applause and subjects' ease,  
England and Scotland be in one united,  
A sight with which true Britons were delighted;  
    So oft shalt thou eternal favor gain,  
    Who recollectedst Ireland to them twain.

A work of thank, in strengthening the force  
Of such an entire empire now secure;  
A world within itself, which, whiles the course  
Of heaven continueth lasting will endure,  
Fearless of foreign power, strong and sure;

A bulwark intermur'd with walls of brass,  
A like can never be, nor ever was.

'Twas the puissant vigor of thine arm,  
'Twas the well-laboring project of thy brain,  
Which did allay the further fear of harm,  
Enriching Britain with this happy gain  
Of blessed peace, which now it doth retain:  
    It was thy wary resolution brought it;  
    It was thy ready policy that wrought it.

Thou wert a phoenix; such a bird is rare,  
Rare in this wooden age of avarice,  
When thirst of gold, not fame, may best compare  
With those of choicest worth, rich men are wise:  
Honest, if honesty consist in vice:  
    Strong purses have strong friends; he hath most praise  
    Who hath most wealth: O. blindness of our days!

Die thoughts of such corruption; we intend  
To show the substance, not the shadow's glose;  
The praise we speak of doth itself commend,  
And needs no ornament; unlike to those  
Who by preacnion's virtue doth impose  
    A task upon our quill; not what we would  
    Do we infer, but what in right we should.

He whom we treat of was a precedent  
Both for the valiant and judicious,  
Both Mercury and Mars were resident  
In him at once; sweet words delicious  
And horrid battle were to him auspicious:  
    Both arms and arguments to force to train,  
    To win by mildness, or by threats constrain.

Two special beauties chiefly did adorn  
His fair, unblemish'd soul and spotless mind;  
To God religious he himself hath borne,  
With zealous reverence in zeal enshrin'd;  
And to his prince still loyal, ever kind:  
    As th'one's monarchic government he trembled,  
    'Cause it the other's deity resembled.

Devout in fervency of ardent love  
Unto the value of salvation,  
The due respect of sovereignty did move  
Unto his prince's throne an intimation  
Of fear, not mask'd in smooth dissimulation:  
    He of his race hereafter may be vouch'd  
    That he was sound in both, in both untouch'd.

What more yet unremember'd can I say,  
And yet what have I said that might suffice?

He was the trophy of a greater day  
Than time would ever limit to our eyes;  
He was a peer of best-approved guise;  
    He was the best, the most-most best of all;  
    Heaven's pride, earth's joy, we may him justly call.

Heaven's pride; for heaven into him infus'd  
The quintessence of ripe perfection;  
No gift on him bestow'd he hath abus'd,  
But better'd by his better life's direction,  
Keeping contempt of virtue in subjection;  
    A penitential, contrite votary  
    To sanctimonious, taintless purity.

Earth's joy; for in the earth he liv'd renown'd  
By all the excellency of nature's art;  
With all the boast and pith of honor crown'd  
That royalty to merit could impart,  
The wreath of joys was set beneath his heart;  
    The light of worth's delight, the pharos tower,  
    Which was refulgent by his lordly power.

Thus in the jollity of human pleasure,  
Advanc'd to steps of state and high degree,  
Beloved and ador'd in equal measure,  
Of greatest and the meanest fate's decree,  
Bent power against his power, for, ay me! —  
    Fie on that for! — whiles he in glory stood  
    Of worldly pomp, cold droop'd his noble blood.

O, what Heraclitus would spare his eyes  
To shower tears in showers, and distill  
The liquid of a griev'd heart's sacrifice,  
Which will consume itself? What doleful knell  
Of piercing groans will sigh the worst of ill, —  
    The worst of ill, the worst of cruel fate  
    Could spit even in the bitterness of hate?

All ye who hitherto have read his story,  
Just panegyrics of heroic deeds,  
Prepare your eyes to weep, your hearts to sorry  
The wreck of darkness which from death proceeds,  
The murder of delight which murder breeds:  
    Lo, here an alteration briefly chang'd;  
    Now all but joy, now from all joy estrang'd.

O coward times, why do you keep your days?  
O orbs of heaven, why do you run your course?  
O seas, why do not floods your waves upraise,  
And ne'er reflow again with moderate source?  
O sun, why dost no quench thy beams' hot force?  
    O, why do all things certain-settled tarry,  
    Save men's short lives, who still unconstant vary?

Instance impartial death, deaf sorrow's subject,  
Pleasure's abater, fickle youth's despiser,  
Headstrong in malice, inaffected object  
To every sense, the subtle sly enticer  
To gilded hopes, the heaven's will's revisor;  
    Instance his triumph, instance his sure dart,  
    Which misseth none, hits home still to the heart.

Now had the season entertain'd the spring,  
And given a welcome to the days of mirth,  
When sweet harmonious birds began to sing  
With pleasant roundelays, which grac'd the earth  
By long expectant of the blossom's birth;  
    When at the dawn of Flora's trimmed pride,  
    Ere she perfum'd the air, great Devonshire died.

He died; a sullied word, a word of ruth,  
For ever be it stamp'd in misery;  
Fearful unto the old, hated of youth,  
Mark'd with the finger of calamity,  
Blotted from light of day, night's heraldry:  
    He died; brief accents, but enduring woe;  
    The letters for whole dates of griefs may go.

Torment of mischief, how thou grat'st my breast!  
Mischief of torment, how thou rack'st my soul!  
Unhappy cares. How is your heart distrest!  
Wretched unhappiness, which dost control  
The bliss of comfort, and alike enrol  
    Sad fortune in the dust; break life asunder:  
    Death is life's miracle, scorn's thankless wonder.

Wonder, O, wonder of short-breathed error,  
A relic consecrated to defame,  
A curb unto the wise, to fools a terror,  
A terror of contempt, fear, hate, and shame,  
A black oblivionising of worth's name,  
    A raser-out of memory, the merit  
    Of many noble peers and peerless spirit.

Who died? Not he whose mongrel baser thought  
Was steeped in the puddle of servility;  
Not he who days of easy softness sought,  
But threats of horror fitting his nobility,  
To coronise high-soar'd gentility:  
    Who died? A man; nay, more, a perfect saint,  
    Leaving the world in tears of sad complaint.

Life? Ah, no life, but soon-extinguish'd tapers;  
Tapers? No tapers, but a burnt-out light;  
Light? Ah, no light, but exhalation's vapors;  
Vapors? No vapors, but ill-blinded sight;

Sight? ah, no sight, but hell's eternal night;  
A night? No night, but picture of an elf;  
An elf? No elf, but very death itself.

Then life is death, and death the farthest goal  
Of transitory frailty to conclude  
The freedom of the white-imprison'd soul,  
And stop the streams of heat, by death subdu'd  
To wan and chilly cold: fate's hand is rude,  
None favoring the limit of an hour,  
But doth all sort of states alike devour.

Devour thou them, and surfeit on the bait  
Of thine insatiate rapine; exercise  
The utmost of thy vengeance, nor delay't:  
Let meager gluttony yet tyrannize  
To use extremes; thy power we despise:  
Kill whom thou dars't; since Devonshire did depart,  
We scorn the malice of thine envious dart.

Sleep still in rest, honor thy bones enshrine,  
Victorious lord, sweet peace attend thy grave;  
Mount thy best part with angel's wings divine,  
About the throne of Jove in quires to crave  
By madrigals the joys that thou wouldst have:  
So ever shall, while dates of times remain,  
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be learned in the arts of skill,  
If to be beautiful with choice in nature,  
If to be guiltless from the soil of ill, —  
Save soil of slander, — if the perfect feature  
Consist in being heaven's quaintest architecture,  
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,  
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be fear'd and lov'd be human glory,  
If to be 'dow'd with plenty of desert,  
If to be chronicled in honor's story,  
If youth, which gave discretion did convert,  
Itself in commendation may insert,  
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,  
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If wisdom stand in checking rasher folly,  
If virtue do depend on perfect zeal,  
he in the one was wise, in th'other holy;  
If to regard the prosperous commonweal  
Be shows of commendation to reveal,  
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,  
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be virtuous, zealous, valiant, wise,

Learned, respective of his country's good,  
Upright, in case of conscience precise,  
Just, bounteous, pitiful, noble by blood,  
Be to deserve the name of livelihood,  
    Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,  
    Thy heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

For thou wast all of these; too high for earth,  
Therefore more fit for heaven, where thou reignest;  
The angels joy'd thy soul'd delightful mirth,  
And therefore fetch'd thee hence' whereby thou gainest  
The fruit of paradise, where thou remainest,  
    And ever shalt remain, from us bereaven,  
    Great as thou wast on earth, more great in heaven.

But, O, give leave, ere I forbear my pen,  
Thy worth in what I may t'exemplify,  
And set thee as a precedent to men,  
The due of thy desert to amplify,  
And thy humanity to deify;  
    Of thy much merit to cast-up the sum,  
    Thus be thy epitaph, and here by thy tomb.

Epitaphs.

Tomb I.

The course of time hath finish'd now his breath,  
Whom brunt of war could never force to death;  
Whose thirst of worth the world would not suffice,  
Within a breadth of earth contented lies.

Betwixt the gods and men doubly divided,  
His soul with them, his fame with us abided;  
In this his life and death was countervail'd,  
he justly liv'd belov'd, he died bewail'd.

And so his happy memory  
Shall last to all posterity.

Tomb II.

Day weareth day, hour consumes hour,  
Years years, and age doth age devour;  
The man who now beholds the sun,  
Ere it decline his life is done.

So by this great lord doth appear,  
Whose honor'd bones lie buried here;  
Whose bones, though they interred lie,  
His glorious name will never die,

But live in praise  
To after-days.

Tomb III.

Here lies he dead, who liv'd in fame,  
Consum'd in body, fresh reviv'd in name;  
His worthy deeds exceeded term of date,  
Alike his praise will never stoop to fate.

For who is he that can suppose  
That stones great Devonshire could enclose?  
Whose noble acts renowned were  
Whilesas he lived everywhere.

England rejoiced in his valor's due,  
Which Ireland felt, and feeling did it rue;  
But now by destiny here sleeps he dead,  
Whilesas his glory through the world is spread;

Urging the great in emulation  
Of his true honor's commendation.

Tomb IV.

No one exceeds in all, yet amongst many,  
Yea, amongst all, he could do more than any;  
Though more than mortal virtue grac'd his mind,  
he was unto a mortal end confin'd,

And forc'd to yield unto death's force,  
Who in his shaft hath no remorse;  
Princes, beggars, great and small,  
He spareth none, he killeth all.

So did he rob high Devonshire of his breath,  
Whose worth in spite of death will outlive death:  
Advantage such his merit doth retain,  
He in his name will live renew'd again.

And so, though death his life deprive,  
His life in death will new-revive.

Tomb V.

By  
Cruel dint  
Of death's disrespectful dart  
Great Devonshire's soul  
Did from his body part,  
And left his carcass in this earthly slime,  
Whiles his fame's essence to the skies did climb,  
Roving abroad, to fill the latter days  
With wonder of his just-deserved praise;  
So that each age wil in the time to come  
Admire his worthiness, and mourn his tomb;

Which they shall ever count a shrine  
Of some deceased saint divine.

Tomb VI.

Lo, here I rest, who living was ador'd  
With all the honor love could have implor'd;  
What earthly pomp might beautify my name,  
In pride of glory I enjoy'd the same:

A champion ever ready to defend her,  
A senator prest always to commend her:  
Though with my heart's delight my life was grac'd,  
Yet I in peace of death was cross'd at last.

And now entombed here I lie,  
A mirror in eternity.

Tomb VII.

O, whatsoe'er thou be that passest by,  
Look on this hearse, and weep thy eyelids dry;  
The monument of worth, the angels' pleasure,  
Which hoardeth glory's rich invalu'd treasure;

The relics of a saint, an earthly creature  
Clad in the perfect mold of angel-feature;  
Who lives even after life, now being dead,  
Welcome to heaven, in earth canonised.

The shouts of fame  
Echo his name.

Tomb VIII.

In blessed place and soul-united rest  
Here sleeps the carcass of a peer most blest,  
Whose downfall all the plots of cursed fight  
Could not procure, or terrify his might.

But evermore he tam'd the pride of folly,  
And castigated drifts of slaves unholy:  
Yet death at last, with force of vigor grim,  
When he had conquer'd many, conquer'd him.

And here amongst the quiet numbers  
Of happy souls he sweetly slumbers.

Tomb IX.

The boast of Britain and the life of state,  
The pith of valor, nobleness innate,  
Foes scourge, friends hopes, sustainer of the poor,  
Whom most men did embrace, all men adore;

Fautor of learning, quintessence of arts,  
Honor's true livelihood, monarch of hearts,  
The sacred offspring of a virtuous womb,  
Lies here enshrined in his hallow'd tomb;

>From out whose phoenix-dust ariseth  
Renown which earth's whole globe enticeth.

Lo, here Nine Tombs, on every tomb engrav'd

Nine epitaphs, showing that Worthies Nine  
For each peculiar one a tomb hath crav'd,  
That their deserts, who while they liv'd did shine,  
Might now be monumented in their shrine:  
    Yet all those Nine no glory hence have gain'd,  
    For Devonshire in himself all Nine contain'd.

The Nine poor figures of a following substance  
Did but present an after-age's mirror,  
Who should more fame than they deserv'd advance,  
And manifest the truth of that time's error,  
Including Devonshire, earth's admired terror;  
    For all the poets who have sung of them  
    Have but in mystery adored him.

O, now drop eyeballs into sink of mud;  
Be harsh the tunes of my unfeather'd Muse;  
Sorrow, suck-up my griefs, consume the blood  
Of my youth's mirth; let meager death infuse  
The soul of gladness to untimely news:  
    Dead is the height of glory, dead is all  
    The pride of earth which was angelical.

Ah, that the goddess whom in heart I serve,  
Though never mine, bright Lycia the cruel,  
The cruel-subtle, would the name deserve  
Of lesser wise, and not abuse the jewel  
Of wit, which adds unto my flame more fuel:  
    Her thoughts to elder merits are confin'd,  
    Not to the solace of my younger mind.

Be't so: yet on the theme of this I'll spend  
The residue of plaints, and ever mourn  
The loss of this great lord, till travails send  
More comfort to my wretched heart forlorn,  
Who since at home disgrac'd, abroad is borne  
    To sigh the remnant of my wearied breath  
    In lamentations of his hapless death.

Sheathe-up the sword of war, for Mars is dead;  
Seal-up the smoothed lips of eloquence,  
For flowing Mercury is buried;  
Droop wisdom, Numa's grave intelligence  
Is vanish'd, African's stout eminence  
    In Devonshire lies obscur'd, for he alone  
    Exceeded all, they all died in him one.

Charles the Great is dead, who far excell'd  
Charles whom former times did call the Great;  
Charles who, whilom whiles on earth he dwell'd,  
Adorn'd the exaltation of his seat,  
By the alarum of death's grim retreat  
    Is muster'd to camp from whence he came,

Cherubs and seraphims of dateless fame.

O, that a man should ever be created  
To eternize his glory here on earth,  
Yet have his pomp of glory soon abated,  
Even at the present issue of his birth,  
And lose the trophy of that instant mirth!  
Here is the guerdon'd meed of victory,  
No sooner to achieve, as soon to die.

Is death the reward of a glorious deed?  
Is death the fee of valor? Is desert  
Repaid with death? Shall honor's gain proceed  
By loss of life? O. then, a coward's heart  
Of earthly comfort hath the better part:  
Then better live in peace and live, than try  
The brunt of conquest, and regardless die.

Die thoughts of such disgrace, die thirst of state,  
Die thoughts of empty-air'd ambition,  
Die thoughts of soaring magesty elate,  
Die inclination to conscript condition,  
Die pride of empire, sovereignty's commission;  
All that in soul of life may be esteem'd,  
O, die; fate cannot be with bribes redeem'd.

Die portly hunger of eternity,  
Die hot desires of unbounded pleasure,  
Die greediness of false prosperity,  
Die giddy solace of ill-suited leisure,  
Die hopes of hoarded canker-eaten treasure:  
Ambition, empire, glory, hopes, and joy,  
For ever die, for death will all destroy.

For death will all destroy, as he hath done  
In seizing to his strong, remorseless gripe  
All triumphs noble Devonshire e'er won,  
Plucking the blossoms of his youth unripe,  
And make them yield unto his thankless gripe:  
But, ah, why should we task his dart eneven,  
Who took from earth what was more fit for heaven?

He was more fit for heaven than to survive  
Amongst the chaff of this unseason'd age,  
Where new fantastic joys do seek to thrive  
By following sensual toys of folly's rage,  
Making the gloss of vice true virtue's badge:  
He saw that shame which misery begun it,  
Seeing he did it scorn, and scorning shun it.

Hence sprung the venom of impoison'd hate,  
Poor malediction's sting, who did despise  
Bright honor's stamp, which in his bosom sate,

For that he could not brook to temporize  
With humors masked in those times' disguise.  
    But let dogs bark, his soul's above their anger;  
    They cannot would his worth with envy's slander.

He sleeps secured, and in blessed slumbers  
Of peaceful rest he careless rests in peace,  
Singing loud anthems with the sacred numbers  
Of happy saints, whose notes do never cease,  
But evermore renewing fresh increase:  
    Whiles he doth sing, and angels pleasure take,  
    We mourn his death, and sorry for his sake.

Nor for his sake, but for our hapless own,  
Who had so rich a prize and did not know it;  
Jewels being had, for jewels are not known,  
For men in happy fortune do forswow it,  
The value when 'tis lost does chiefly show it:  
    So wretched is our blindness and so hateful,  
    As for the gifts we have we are ungrateful.

Even as a poring scholar, who hath read  
Some cosmographic book, and finds the praise  
Of some delicious land deciphered,  
Casts sundry plots how, by what means and ways,  
He may partake those pleasures; months and days  
    Being spent, he goes, and ravish'd with the main  
    Of such delight, he ne'er returns again;

So Devonshire, by the books of inspiration,  
Contemplating the joys of heaven's content  
In serious thoughts of meditation,  
Which he in perfect zeal had long time spent,  
Thirsting to be immortal, hence he went;  
    He thither comes and glorying in that sphere,  
    Unmindful of his home, he triumphs there.

Long may he triumph, overtopping clouds  
Of our all-desperate mold's vexation,  
Pitying the sorrow which our danger crowds  
With joyless taste of true joy's desolation,  
Whiles he enjoys his soul's high delectation!  
    Long may he live, whom death now cannot move!  
    His fame below, his spirit wings above;

Above the reach of human wit's conceit,  
Above the censure of depraved spite,  
Above the earth's paradise's counterfeit,  
Above imagination of delight,  
Above all thoughts to think, or pens to write;  
    There doth he dateless days of comfort spend,  
    Renowned in his life, blest in his end.

Anagramma ex Camdeno.

Carolus Bluntus.

Bonus, ut sol clarus.

In life upright, and therefore rightly good,  
Whose glory shin'd on earth, and thence a sun  
By his renown as clear he's understood,  
Whose light did set whenas his life was done:  
    Bright as the sun, good ever to advance  
    The soul of merit, spurning ignorance.

Good in the virtue of his powerful arm,  
Which brought more peace to peace, chas'd fears of harm;  
And whiles he liv'd a wonder maz'd the light,  
Two suns appear'd at once, at once as bright;  
    For when he died and left his fame behind,  
    One sun remain'd, the truest sun declin'd.

Dignum laude virum  
Musa vetat mori.

Lines

John Ford in commendation of his very good friend the Author.

Not to adorn but to commend this frame  
Drawn by the curious hand of judgment's art;  
Nor to commend, for this commends the same,  
But solace to thy labor's to impart:  
    A work of thanks, outliving term of fate,  
    In brief prescriptions of a formal state.

Great were thy pains, but greater is thy fame,  
Lock'd in the jewel-house of precious treasure;  
Which doth by counsel's wisdom rear thy name  
In equal justice of well-balanc'd measure:  
    Thou teachest soldiers discipline of fight,  
    And they again defend thy merit's right.

Write on, rare mirror of these abject days,  
Thy good example others will advise;  
Thy subjects values love, thy studies praise,  
A precedent to youth, life to the wise:  
    So ever shall, while time and empires last,  
    Thy works by thee, thou by thy works be grac'd.

Verba, decor, gracitas confirmat, denotat, ornat  
Auctorem lepidum, re, gravitate, manu.

On the Best of English Poets,

Ben Jonson,

Deceased.

So seems a star to shoot, when from our sight  
Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;  
We want use of a soul, who merely know  
What to our passion or our sense we owe:  
By such a hollow glass our cozen'd eye  
Concludes alike all dead whom it sees die.  
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,  
Both differing as the body from the mind;  
Laurel and cypress else had grown together,  
And wither'd without memory to either:  
Thus undistinguish'd might in every part  
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.  
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,  
Whose glory hath fill'd-up the book of fame;  
Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,  
Jonson, a work of honor, lives enroll'd;  
Creates that book a work; adds this far more,  
'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.  
The Muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome  
Brought forth, our best of poets have call'd home,  
Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings  
The Delphian alters and the sacred springs.  
By influence of this sovereign. Like the spheres,  
Mov'd each by other, the most low in years  
Consented in their harmony; though some,  
Malignantly aspected, overcome  
With popular opinion, aim'd at name  
More than desert: yet in despite of shame  
Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,  
Made music to the harshness of their songs.

Drawn to the life of every line and limb  
He — in his truth of art, and that in him —  
Lives yet, and will whiles letters can be read:  
The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.  
Great men and worthy of report must fall  
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all;  
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use  
To drop a verse, and every verse a Muse,  
Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory  
Sung thanks of honor, or some nobler story.  
The court, the university, the heat  
Of theaters, with what can else beget  
Belief and admiration, clearly prove

Our poet first in merit as in love.  
Yet if he do not as his full appear,  
Survey him in his works, and know him there.

Lines

A memorial offered to that man of virtue, Sir Thomas Overbury.

Once dead and twice alive; Death could not frame  
A death whose sting would kill him in his fame.  
He might have liv'd, had not the life which gave  
Life to his life betray'd him to his grave.  
If greatness could consist in being good,  
His goodness did add titles to his blood.  
Only unhappy in his life's last fate,  
In that he liv'd so soon, to die so late.  
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,  
When innocence can not protect the just?  
His error was his fault, his truth his end,  
No enemy his ruin but his friend:  
Cold friendship, where hot vows are but a breath  
To guerdon poor simplicity with death.  
Was never man that felt the sense of grief  
So Overbury'd in a safe belief:  
Belief? O, cruel slaughter! Times unbred  
Will say, Who dies that is untimely dead  
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace  
In friendship, 'twas but Overbury's case;  
Which shall not more commend his truth than prove  
Their guilt who were his opposites in love.  
Rest, happy man; and in thy sphere of awe  
Behold how justice sways the sword of law,  
To weed-out those whose hands embru'd in blood  
Cropt-off thy youth and flower in the bud.  
Sleep in thy peace: thus happy has thou prov'd  
Thou mightst have died more known, not more belov'd.