
Certain Elegies Done by Sundrie Excellent Wits

Fitzgeffrey Henry

Title: Certain Elegies Done by Sundrie Excellent Wits

Author: Fitzgeffrey Henry

This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.



C E R T A I N
E L E G I E S,
D O N E B Y S U N D R I E

EXCELLENT WITS.

WITH SATYRS AND EPIGRAMS.



London.

Printed for *Thomas Iones*, and are to be sold at
his shop in *Chancery Lane*, over a-
gainst the *Roles*. 1620.

(Twelve Copies.)



An Elegie by F. B.

SO Madam may my verses pleasing be,
So may you laugh at them, and not at me,
Tis something to you I would gladly say,
But how to doe it, cannot finde the way:
I would auoyde the common troden wayes,
To Ladyes vs'd, which be or loue or praise:
As for the first that little wit I haue,
Is not yet growne so neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dim - fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write:
Let such as in a hopelesse, witleffe rage,
Can figh a quire, and reade it to a page,
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they rest,
When each is but a great blot at the best:
Such (as) can backes of bookes, and windows fill,
With their (too furious Diamond and Quill)
Such as are well refulued to end their dayes,
With a loude laughter blowne behind the Seas:
Such as are mortified, that they can liue,

Laught at by all the world, and yet forgie,
 Write loue to you, I would not willingly,
 Be pointed at in euery company,
 As was that little Tayler, who till death
 Was hote in loue with Queene Elizabeth.
 And for my last, in all my liuing dayes,
 I neuer yet did liuing creature prayse,
 In verse, nor prose, and when I doe beginne,
 He picke some woman out, as full of sinne,
 As you are full of vertue, with a foule
 As blacke as yours is white, a face as foule,
 As yours is beautifull, for it shall be
 Out of the rules of *Phyfiognomie*,
 So farre, that I doe feare, I must displace,
 The arte a little, to let in the face.
 It shall at least fower faces bee below,
 The Diuels and her parched corpes shall show
 In her loofe skin, as if some spirit she were,
 Kept in a bagge, by some great Coniurer:
 Her breath shall be as horrible and vilde,
 As euery word you speake is tweet and milde;
 It shall be such a one, as will not be,
 Couered with any arte or policie.
 But let her take all waters, fumes and drinke,
 Shee shall make nothing but a dearer stinke.
 She shall haue such a face, and such a nose,
 As will not stand in any thing but prose:
 If I bestow my praifes vpon such,

Tis Charity, and I shall merite much,
My prayse will come to her like a full bowle,
Bestow'd at most need on a thirfty soule,
Where if I sing my praies in your ryme,
I loose my incke, my paper and my time,
Adde nothing to your euer flowing store,
And tell you noughts but what you knew before :
Nor doe the vertuous minded, which I sweare
Madam, I thinke you are, delight to heare
Their owne perfections into question brought,
But stop their eares at them, for if I thought
You tooke a pride, to haue your vertues knowne,
(Pardon me Madam) I should thinke them none.
But if your braue thoughts (which I must respect
About your glorious titles) shall accept
These harsh disordered lines, I shall ere long
Dresse vp your vertues new, in a new song,
Yet farre from all base prayse of flatterie ;
Although I know what ere my verses be,
They will like the most feruile flatterie shew,
If I write truth, and make my subiect you.

Fr. Beau :

A 3

An



An Elegie on the Lady Penelope
Clifton. By M. Dr.

MVft I needes write, who's he that can refuse?
He wants a mind for her that hath no Mute,
The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inspire,
Next powerfull to those clouen tongues of fire:
Since I knew ought, time neuer did allow,
Me stufte fit for an Elegie till now.
When *France* and *Englands Henries* dy'de my quill,
Why I know not, but it that while lay still:
Tis more then greatnesse that my spirit must rayse,
To obserue custome I vse not to prayse,
Nor the least thought of mine yet ere depended,
On any one from whom she was descended,
That for their fauour I this way should woove,
As some poore wretched thing perhaps may doe.
I gaine the end wherent I onely ayme,
If by my freedome I may giue her fame.
Walking then forth, being newly vp from bed,
(Oh) Sir quoth one, the Lady *Clifton's* dead:

When

When but that reason my sterne rage withstood,
My hand had sure beene guilty of his blood.
If the bee so, must thy rude tongue confesse it,
And com'ft thou too so coldly to expresse it.
Thou shoul'dst haue giuen a strike to make me fear thee,
That might haue slain what euer had bin neer thee:
Thou should'ft haue com'n like *Time* with thy scalpe bare,
And in both hands thou should'ft haue brought thy hair
Casting vpon me such a dreadfull looke,
As seene a spirit, or th'ad'ft beene thunder strooke,
And gazing on me so a little space,
Thou should'ft haue shot thine eye - balls in my face,
Then falling at my feet thou should'ft haue sayd,
(Oh) she is gone, and Nature with her dead!
With this ill newes amaz'd, by chance I past
By that neere groue, whereas both first and last
I saw her, not three months before she dy'd,
When though full summer gan to vaile her pride,
And that I saw men lead home ripened corn,
Besides aduis'd me well, I durst haue sworne,
The lingring yeare the Autumne had reiourn'd,
And the fresh Spring had beene againe return'd,
Her delicacie, louelineffe and grace,
With such a summer brauery deckt the place:
But now alas it look'd forlorne and dead,
And where she stood the fading leaues were shed,
Presenting so much sorrow to my sight,
(Oh) God thought I, this is her Embleme right,

And sure I thinke it cannot but bee thought,
That I to her by prouidence was brought :
For that the fates foredooming she should dye,
Shew'd me this wondrous master - peece, that I
Should sing her Funerall, that the world should know it
That Heau'n did thinke her worthy of a Poet :
My hand is fatall, nor doth Fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall ere raze out.
A thousand filken puppets should haue dy'de,
And in their fulsome coffins putrified :
Ere in my lines, you of their names should heare,
Or in the world tell such there euer were
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,
Before those ragges be worne they gaue away.
Had I her godlike features neuer seene,
Poore slight report had told me she had beene
A handsome Lady, comely, very well :
And so might I haue liu'd an Infidell,
As many doe which did her neuer see,
Or cannot credite what she was by me :
Nature, herselfe that before Art prefers,
To go beyond all our Cosmographers,
By Charts and Mappes exactly that haue showne,
All of this earth that euer could be known ;
For that shee would aboue them all detcrie,
What arte could not by any mortall eye :
A mappe of heauen in her rare features drue,
And that she did so louely and so true,

That

That any foule but feeling it might sweare,
That all was perfect heavenly that was there :
If euer any painter were so blest,
To draw that face which to much heauen exprest,
If in his best of skill he did her right,
I wish it neuer may come in my fight ;
I greatly doubt my faith, weake man, lest I
Should to that face commit Idolatrie :
Death might haue tyth'd her sexe, but for this one
May haue ta'ne halfe, to haue let her alone.
Such as their wrinckled temples to supply,
Cyment them vp with fluttish *Mercurie*,
Such as vndrest, were able to affright,
A valiant man approaching him by night :
Death might haue taken such, her end defer'd,
Vntill the dayes shee had been clymaterd ;
When she would haue been at three score years & three,
Such as our best at three and twenty be :
With enuie then he might haue ouerthrowne her,
When age nor time had power to ceaze vpon her.
But when the vnpitting Fates her end decreede,
They to her end did instantly proceed,
For well they knew if she had languish'd so,
As those which hence by naturall causes goe :
So many prayers and teares for her had spoken,
As certainly theyr yron lawes had broken,
And had wak'd heauen, who clearly would haue show'd
That change of kingdoms to her death she ow'd,

And

And that the world full of her end might thinke,
 It would haue let some neighbouring mountaine sinke
 Or the vaste sea it in on vs to castte,
 As *Seuerne* did about some fīue yeares past :
 Or some sterne Commet his curld top to reare,
 Whose length should meafure half our Hemispheare.
 Holding this height, to say some will not ficke,
 That now I raue, and am grow'n lunaticke,
 You of what sexe so ere you be, you lye
 Tis thou thyselfe art lunatique, not I :
 I charge you in her name that thus is gone,
 That may coniure you if you be not stone,
 That you no harsh nor shallow tymes decline
 Vpon that day wherein you shall reade mine,
 (Such as indeed are falsely tearmed verse,
 And will but fit like moath's vpon her Herse) ..
 Nor that no child, no chambermaid, nor page,
 Disturbe the roome the whil't my sacred rage,
 In reading is, but whilft you heare it read,
 Suppose before you, that you see her dead,
 The walles about you hung with mournfull blacke,
 And nothing for her funerall doth lacke :
 And when this period giues you leaue to pause
 Cast vp your eyes and figh for my applause,

An