

#### Pii14 Sorrow and Joy at once possesse my brest

*Notes.* This poem is written in the assassin's voice—indeed the copy in BL MS Sloane 826 is attributed to him—and functions as a kind of imagined gallows speech, subverting the political message of the assassin's rather conventional repentance, delivered from the scaffold at his execution on 29 November.

##### “Feltons Farewell”

Sorrow and Joy at once possesse my brest.

How can such Contraries together rest?

I greive my Friends and Countrie thus to leave.

I joy I did it of her Foe bereave.

My greife is private, as of flesh and blood

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My Joy is publique: 'Tis a publique good.

Let none lament my losse: For, you shall finde,

By losse y'have gained in another kinde.

Since hee that Caused all your Ill is gone,

Ne're mourne for him that good could doe to none,

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But onely pray propitious heavens would send,

For him soe great a Foe, as great a frend.

**Source.** BL MS Sloane 826, fols. 193v-194r

**Other known sources.** Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 26, fol. 33v