

Pii7 Why: is our Age turn'd coward, that no Penn

Notes. Felton is here represented as a patriot martyr, whose deeds had freed a subjugated nation from an enervating, emasculating humiliation.

“In commendacion of Feltons fowle murther of the D.”¹

Why: is our Age turn'd coward, that no Penn

Dares weeping mourne thy glorie? Are all Men

Doom'd to dull Earth at once, that thy great Name

Must suffer in their silence, and thy Fame

Pant to flie higher then their endles hate,

Who toyle to kill thy memory, and bate²

The glorie of thy Act? Shall Rome canonize

Him, that to save her did but sacrifice

A single hand, a Martire?³ Shall not wee,

(If Rome did soe for him) doe more for thee?

That when Crown'd Victorie (growne almost white

On Albions⁴ loftie Cliffs) had tane her flight

Into some uncouth corner of the world,

And seated in her roome pale feare, and hurld

Distraction through the land; When every Man

Seem'd his soules coffin, leane and wanne

With expectation of his End; When Wee

(Whom, for soe many yeares, proud France did see

Disposers of her borrowed Crowne) were made a prey

To her high scorne.⁵ Oh! who can name the day

(And feeles not a salt deluge in his Eyes)

Wherein such clowdes of sighes and groanes did rise

As dimm'd the sunne; which then amazed stood

To see Alleagiance firmly writt in blood,

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Sluc'd from our slaughter'd friends? A day wherein 25
 The heat (rash Duke) of thy ambitious sinne
 Unmann'd such noble spiritts, that old time
 Must lift his hoarie head aloft, and clime
 The rockie Monuments of Kings, to finde
 Their Equalls: yet thou must stay behinde, 30
 On purpose left, by the malicious Foe,
 To doe more harme in peace than warrs could doe,
 To trample on their Ruine, and create
 Mischiefs, more killing Plagues, to ruinate
 Us and our Children; When, unhearted, Wee 35
 Saw all this threatned; but yet could not free
 Our vassall'd⁶ state: Then (Felton) did the Land
 Receive a speedie cure by thy just hand:
 Thou stabd'st our Desolation with a stroke,
 And in one blowe didst free us from the yoake 40
 Of forraine bondage,⁷ That, to buy our Peace,
 Unconduit'st all thy blood, and did'st not cease
 Till thou hadst wrought thy unexampled deed
 Of our Redemption, and hadst made him bleed
 That grasp'd the Lives and Fortunes of us all, 45
 Which thou hast timely rescu'd by his Fall.

Source. BL MS Sloane 826, fols. 190r-191r

Other known sources. Bodleian MS Malone 23, p. 203; BL Add. MS 5832, fol. 197r

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¹ *the D.*: the Duke.

² *bate*: abate; diminish.

³ *Shall Rome canonize...a Martire?*: allusion to the Roman republican patriot hero Mucius Scaevola who, having been captured while attempting to kill the leader of Rome's enemies, thrust his right hand into a fire, so amazing his intended victim that he released him and eventually negotiated peace with the Romans. On the Felton-Scaevola comparison, see too "The Argument is cold and sencelesse clay".

⁴ *Albions*: England's.

⁵ *When Wee...To her high scorne*: reference to the humiliation of the English at the hands of French forces during Buckingham's 1627 expedition to the Ile de Ré. The contrast is between the current national humiliation, and England's military triumphs during the Hundred Years' War, when the kings of England claimed—and for some years obtained—the French throne. The lines that follow continue to refer to the Ré disaster.

⁶ *vassall'd*: enslaved, subordinated.

⁷ *the yoake / Of forraine bondage*: by alluding to the Exodus story of the Jews' liberation from Egyptian bondage, this phrase not only turns Felton into a latter-day Moses, but also suggests that Buckingham had worked to subject England to the power of her Catholic enemies, the Spanish and the French.
