

0-95 Edward Browne
Sir Thomas Overbury

H I S

W I F E.

With ADDITIONS of

880161

New Characters:

And many other Witty Conceits
never before Printed.

Ростовский на Дону
научная
библиотека
The Seventeenth Impression.

ГОСУНИВЕРСИТЕТ
LONDON,

Printed for John Playfere, at the *White Lyon*
in the Inward Walk of the Upper
Exchange, 1664.

Printed and Sold by

H. S.

W. I. F. E.

With ADDITIONS of



The Government Impression.

ED. WOOD.

Printed for John Wood at the White Lion
 in the Inward Walk of the Upper
 Exchange, 1804.



To the Reader

THe generall acceptance of this matchlesse Poem the Wife, (written by Sir THOMAS OVERBURIE) is sufficiently approved by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice shall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticisme) be excluded as a Churlish Retainer to the Muses; if from direct plain dealing, he shall be degraded for insufficiency. For had such a Poem been extant among the ancient Romans, although they wanted our easie conservations of wit by Printing, they would have committed it to brass, lest injurious time deprive it of due eternity. If to converse with a creature so

To the Reader.

amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this 16th impression) many new Characters, and Witty Conceits, written by himself and others his friends. Howsoever, they are now exposed, not onely to the judicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui-----Mar.

Lau. Lisle.

Elegies of severall Authors,
on the untimely death of Sir
Thomas Overbury, poysoned
in the *Tower*.

Upon the untimely death of Sir
Thomas Overbury.

Twould ease our sorrows, 'twould release our tears,
Could we but hear those high celestiaall Spheres,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull strain,
In sympathy of what we mortals plain,
Or see their fair Intelligences change
Or face or habit, when black deeds, so strange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monsters, which among us dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclin'd to sleep,
Should through their chrystall casements scarcely peep
Or at least view us but with half an eye,
For fear their chaster Influence might descry
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltlesse blood,
Blending vile juices to destroy the good,
The Sun should wed his beams to endlesse Night,
And in dull darkness canopy bis light,
When from the ranke stews of adul'trous brests,
Where every base unhalloved project rests,