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| Quae non illa quidem, sed ploret adultior aetas Ipsum (proh superi) mi rapiendo patrem. | 25 |
| Quod vix incepti teneris sentiscere in annis Vulnus, quum stimulis institit illa novis. | |
| Atque aviam summa feritate necavit utramque, Neptis ego quarum cura suprema fui. | 30 |
| Inde miserta mei celso sunt Numina caelo, Qui vice sit patris dant vitricumque mihi. | |
| Quo contenta fui, qui ceu pater alter amavit, Cui fuit ut fratris, sic quoque cura mei. | |
| Sed rapit impatiens mihi mors et Livor eundem, Sic mea spes tumido pressa furore jacet. | 35 |
| Frater erat reliquus de tot, materque, propinquis, Sperabam his hostem parcere velle tribus. | |
| Sed neque, mors istis satiata doloribus, instat Non intermissis me cruciare malis. | 40 |
| Protinus et fratrem medio sub flore juventae. Sternit, et haec nobis gaudia falce metit. | |
| Hic etiam lachrymis et iniqua sorte squalentem Lumine conspexit lucidiore Deus. | |
| In thalamos jungit, levet ut mea damna, maritum Fratre magis charum, sitque iterata Trias. | 45 |
| Faenora conjugii post tempora justa sequuntur Et genitrix avia est facta, vir ipse parens, | |
| Filiolam primo partu, puerumque secundo Dat Deus, ut levius damna priora feram. | 50 |
| Sed mors quae paucis invita pepercerat annis, Rursus in invisum suscipit arma caput. | |
| Spemque patris parvum divellit ab ubere natum Vulneribus renovans signa vetusta novis. | |
| Haec reparare Diis quoque visum damna, puellus Qui maesti referat spem patris, alter adest. | 55 |
| Atropos hic odiis iterum succensa novatis, Eheu barbarico plena furore fremit. | |
| Quoque magis favit Numen caeleste misellae, Hoc minus illa mihi desinit esse minax. | 60 |
| Nec mora grande malum parat, et furibunda dolore Qui superat reliquum, saucia corda quatit. | |
| Nam, mea te genitrix, vitali lumine privat, Vt misera ingenti sim spoliata bono. | |
| Mater enim quid sit, quae sit jactura parentum Quam pupillorum lachryma crebra docet? | 65 |
| His ego juncta meae lugubria fata parentis, Heu procul a patris dissita sede, gemo. | |
| Non plus maternis me vocibus illa monebit, Nec mihi cui dicam, consule mater, erit. | 70 |

Non ea plus soboli benedicens prona mihique
 Signa dabit fronti, pectoribusque crucis.
 Ah morior quoties hanc interiisse recordor,
 Vsque adeo innato pectus ab igne dolet. 75
 Siccine mors geminas tibi fas vibrare sagittas?
 Sic paenis Titii me cruciari cupis?
 Siccine cum superis audes contendere bello?
 Et versare dolos, et dare verba mihi?
 Desine, saevitum nimis est, tua spicula conde,
 Sint saltem posthaec mitia fata mihi. 80
 Sed rumpare licet Deus est qui damna levabit,
 Hic qui discutiat nubila mentis, erit.
 Hic virtute sua reliquos servabit amicos,
 Comprimet et vires, mors inimica, tuas.
 Sit soboles mihi salva, precor, vivatque maritus, 85
 Caetera quae tulerit sors, animosa feram.
 Et licet ipsa sequar matrem, cum venerit hora,
 Vitae causa mihi, mors, melioris erit.
 Tu vero aeternum genitrix veneranda Valeto
 Hasque meas lachrymas ultima dona cape. 90

Elisabetha Ioanna Leonis
ex familia Vestoniorum Angla

(1606)

76 *Titii*: Tityus was one of the great sinners of Greek myth, a titan who was tormented in the underworld by a vulture which fed on his liver

75 *On the Death of the Noble and Gentle Woman,
 Lady Joanna Kelley after the death of the
 Magnificent and Gentle Sir Edward Kelley of Imania,
 Knight, Counsellor of his Sacred Majesty Caesar,
 having been left widow: a daughter sheds grieving tears
 for her most honourable and beloved mother*

Whatever force insatiable death has, how much power,
 No one could say until his touch was on her.
 He, as I believe, expends his savagery on bodies alone,
 Nor is he able to strike the soul with his darts:
 But the thing itself teaches something far opposite: 5
 I am injured by this wound, and it has made me unable to speak of it.
 The savagery of death is greater in the inward mind,
 In the limbs of the body, it is generally less.
 Where he attacks the fallen with a sharp dart,
 There can scarcely be a place for many blows. 10
 I do not know how many of his stings the mind can oppose: how often
 It may prevail over the senses of the breast?