

And holiness on horses' bells shall stand.
 If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,
 But if at all, thou didst not see't before;
 Farewell, dear Mother, rightest cause prevail,
 And in a while, you'll tell another tale.

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The Works of Anne Bradstreet,
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(1650)

AN ELEGY UPON THAT HONORABLE
 AND RENOWNED KNIGHT SIR
 PHILIP SIDNEY, WHO WAS
 UNTIMELY SLAIN AT THE SIEGE
 OF ZUTPHEN, ANNO 1586 5

When England did enjoy her halcyon days,
 Her noble Sidney wore the crown of bays;
 As well an honour to our British land,
 As she that swayed the scepter with her hand;
 Mars and Minerva did in one agree, 10
 Of arms and arts he should a pattern be,
 Calliope with Terpsichore did sing,
 Of poesy, and of music, he was king;
 His rhetoric struck Polymnia dead,
 His eloquence made Mercury wax red: 15
 His logic from Euterpe won the crown,
 More worth was his than Clio could set down.
 Thalia and Melpomene, say truth,
 (Witness *Arcadia* penned in his youth)
 Are not his tragic comedies so acted, 20
 As if your ninefold wit had been compacted.
 To show the world, they never saw before,
 That this one volume should exhaust your store;
 His wiser days condemned his witty works,
 Who knows the spells that in his rhetoric lurks, 25
 But some infatuate fools soon caught therein;
 Fond Cupid's dame had never such a gin,
 Which makes severer eyes but slight that story,
 And men of morose minds envy his glory.
 But he's a beetle-head that can't descry 30
 A world of wealth within that rubbish lie,
 And doth his name, his work, his honour wrong,

The brave refiner of our British tongue,
 That sees not learning, valour and morality,
 Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality, 35
 Yea, and divinity within his book;
 Such were prejudicate and did not look.
 In all records his name I ever see
 Put with an epithet of dignity,
 Which shows his worth was great, his honour such, 40
 The love his country ought him was as much.
 Then let none disallow of these my strains
 Whilst English blood yet runs within my veins.
 O brave Achilles, I wish some Homer would
 Engrave in marble with characters of gold 45
 The valiant feats thou didst on Flanders' coast,
 Which at this day fair Belgia may boast.
 The more I say, the more thy worth I stain,
 Thy fame and praise is far beyond my strain.
 O Zutphen, Zutphen that most fatal city, 50
 Made famous by thy death, much more the pity.
 Ah! in his blooming prime death plucked this rose,
 Ere he was ripe, his thread cut Atropos.
 Thus man is born to die, and dead is he,
 Brave Hector by the walls of Troy we see. 55
 O who was near thee but did sore repine
 He rescued not with life that life of thine.
 But yet impartial Fates this boon did give,
 Though Sidney died his valiant name should live;
 And live it doth in spite of death, through fame, 60
 Thus being overcome, he overcame.
 Where is that envious tongue, but can afford
 Of this our noble Scipio some good word.
 Great Bartas this unto thy praise adds more,
 In sad sweet verse thou didst his death deplore. 65
 And Phoenix Spenser doth unto his life,
 His death present in sable to his wife.

Stella the fair, whose streams from conduits fell
 For the sad loss of her dear Astrophel.
 Fain would I show how he fame's paths did tread, 70
 But now into such lab'rinth I am lead,
 With endless turns, the way I find not out,
 How to persist my Muse is more in doubt;
 Which makes me now with Sylvester confess,
 But Sidney's Muse can sing his worthiness. 75
 The Muses' aid I craved; they had no will
 To give to their detractor any quill;
 With high disdain, they said they gave no more,
 Since Sidney had exhausted all their store.
 They took from me the scribbling pen I had, 80
 (I to be eased of such a task was glad)
 Then to revenge this wrong, themselves engage,
 And drave me from Parnassus in a rage.
 Then wonder not if I no better sped,
 Since I the Muses thus have injured. 85
 I, pensive for my fault, sat down, and then
 Errata through their leave threw me my pen;
 My poem to conclude, two lines they deign,
 Which writ, she bade return't to them again;
 So Sidney's fame I leave to England's rolls, 90
 His bones do lie interred in stately Paul's.

His Epitaph

Here lies in fame under this stone,
 Philip and Alexander both in one;
 Heir to the Muses, the son of Mars in truth, 95
 Learning, valour, wisdom, all in virtuous youth:
 His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,
 That Sidney died 'mong most renowned of men.