Altered Judgment: Poison in Early Modern England

Altered States of Counsciousness and Literature 5-7 June 2024

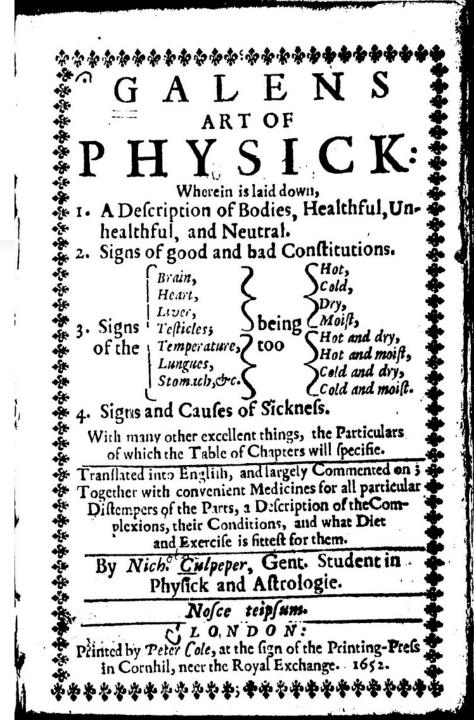
> Céline Magada, <u>Celine.Magada@unil.ch</u> Université de Lausann<u>e</u>

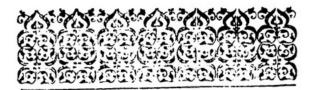
COI MEDICORVM OMNIVM longe Principis, octoginta Volumina, quibus maxima ex parte, annorum circiter duo mil lia Latina caruit lingua, Græciuero, Arabes, & Prifcinoftri Medici, plurimis tamen utilibus prætermiffis, fcripta fua illuftrarunt, nunc tandem per. M. Fabium Caluum Rhauenna tem uirum undecunqs doctiffimum latinitate donata, CLE MENT I.VII. Pont.Max. dicata, ac nunc primum in lucem ædita, quo nihil humano generi falubrius fieri potuit.

this baseful fike weathings

Hippocrates' Eighty Small Works (1525)

Galen's Art of Physick (1652) translated by Nicholas Culpeper





COVNTER-BLASTE TO Tobacco.



¶ Imprinted at London by R. B. Anno 1604.

King James A Counterblast to Tobacco (1604)

Thomas Tuke's A Treatise Against Painting and Tincturing of Men and Women (1616)

TREATISE AGAINST PAIN-TNG AND TINCTVRING OF MEN AND WOMEN:

Against Souther and Poyloning: Pride and Ambition: Adulterie and Witchcraft.

AND THE ROOTE OF ALL THESE, Disobedience to the Ministery of the word.

WHEREVNTO IS ADDED The picture of a picture, or, the Character of a Painted Woman.

By THOMAS TVKE, Minister of Gods word at Saint Giles in the Fields.

> Rom. 6. The wages of finne is death.

Quot vitia, tot venena. A deceitfull heart hath deceiued them: they confider not that a lie is in their face.

LONDON,

Printed by Tho.Creed, and Barn. Allfope, for Edward Merchant dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, neere the Croffe. 1016.



145 S the way was the way the MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame. Alus primus. With carrieg haft then filth'd my despheres hears, Enter Thefens, Happelien, with athers. Turn'd her oberä ence (which is diseas mit). To dabborne bachardie. And my gracious Dakes Thefair. Its it to the will not here before your Graot, Stable Ow faire Hippolica, one rapeiall heure Conference marrie with Symatrice, Deaves on apare: foure happy daies bring in I beg use ancient primitedge of Athenia Another Moon has ob, me thinken how flaw This ald Moon wares (the logen my defines As fie is mine, I may difpole af her ;

There. There On this Hippolis, car rapid liber Don this Hippolis, car rapid liber Dones on a parts for the hippy derishing in Another Mousthan share there is now firm The ald Mosen wares (the larger my define Liber to Sitpolism, ar a Duiwager, Long withering car a peop man meanerser. My Feare date wit quickly dramat any the time Fearer sights wit quickly dramat any the time And then the Mosen, the labeled the night of Ofour fulernities The, Go Histograv,

Store up the Athenian youth to merrisen us, Availe the perc and numble (pirm, of much, Twene melanebuly forth) is Forerain. The pair comparison is more comparance, Hippolina, I wood there with my forced, And wome thy loos, doing then infanite : Bur I will word then is another Ney. With perspe, with triangle, and with ossailing.

Enter Egree and bis daughter Hormin, Lyfander, and Ensection.

Zer. Happy hu Thefore, our recovered Dake The Tracks good Egons, where is the serves with thre? Ego. Full of vesition, come i, with compliant Again the data of the daughter Hermin Standforth Deservier.

My Nobie Lond, Thingan builtary confers to manie bre. Stand fork Lylonder, And my gration Dale, This rate bath benirch if the boform of my o

This must back be wired to the boforms of any childre. These, these Extender, these half given her menn, And interching d Jacob solver with the children Decivity in the Marces before the minister of the Which thall be either to this Gentleman, Oc to bee drath, according to our Law, Iramediately pensided in this cafe, 76e. What fay you Hermin? be nonis'd fuire Maide, To you your Father (hould be as a God ; One dist composed your beauting yes and one To whom you are but as a foorse in west By him apprinted and wahin his power, To lesse the figure, or disfigure in: Downstaring worthy Gentlemin, Her. So'n Labouter. The, Inhindeltebein. But in this kinde, warning your fadors voyet. The other could be held the matthier. Mer. I wordtirpp father book il but with my eyer. The. Ruther your eits weat with his indgrant looks. Her. 1 do entrat your Grace to pardon me. I hnow not by white power I age quile bold, Nor how it may concern my modellie. In fach a preferere haere to pleade my thoughts . Burl befeech your Gener, that I may know The world that may befail me and in cafe, If I refuit to weed Demorrier. The Either and ye the death, or to abiare

For easy the forcety of meet. Therefore function is a solvious your defines, Know of youry youl, a contained will great blood, Whitther (is pay yould access prove furthers choose) You can end one obeliate of a Norse, For specia be in Budge Choller stars"d, To func a harren filler all your its. Consistent for a horsen so the sold functoffs Meeter.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Altus Primus. Scana Prima.

Exor Sampla and Gregory with Sounds and Bachiers with Hospital Copulate

Samplin,

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Samp. A dogge of their basis first career one to fland. I will take use well of any Man or Mostl of Montagers, Grog. This fluores there a secale flast, for the weskell gas to the well.

Samp. True, and that after women being the weaker Verficience our thrult to the wall i sharefeet will out Monet queries from the wall, and threft is in Madra to the wall.

Gog. The Querrell's between ear Mollers, and as Emp. To all one, I will these rey folls a system wire those Sugles with the men, I will beet shall with the Malda, and can off their beads.

Grey, The beads of the Mardof See. I, the brack of the Mirids, or their Maides-beads, Jaka in white Section wite.

Gog. They not take a face, that feele it.

Samp. My chey (Ind) feels winds I am abla no flaw) -And 'da knowne I am a percey parce of fie (h. Org. 'The well-base are not fight: Mehoa had'h, theo

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(jr. Say betterdere const and of ity milling binfitter, score, Yes, better, Afre, Yor Lyr.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

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Tar, Mr. Prez, You conceased, carefully spanyout losses. Rev. To non-fronce towning precises to bed Promotion. Prez, For this release much checkers: The birner toold, And I are fully as brant. Tare, Marry on bad spine Gaudd

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Brit A page of here. "Doe: Welcome Houses, welcome good Alereshes. Mer. Welcome in the third approximation of the Rev. There have for a velocity. Mer. Bears for the welcome function, And will not be beford to be hold of hims Touching the branch fight, while interaction.

Therefore I I have introduced him along White eq. as search concrements of this Night, That if a grime tills Apparition come, He may approace our eyes, and fpeshe to h.

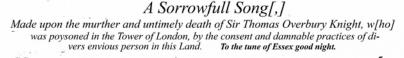
He may approve our cyca, and fpesks tola. Her. Talk, and 'reall talk appears, Bar. Sit forware, while, And let we once again rafiely your earns,

And her we once against affeit your earns, This are in fortified against nor Story, Wan we two Nights have forme, Where now is harves, Adaptible and my felle, The Bell chen heating out, Cliffer. Pesce armake abox of a Berry sie Glad. Lorks where it cover agains: Bern, In the fame figure, Months King ther's dead, Mar. Then are a Scholler, Spithe as it Horston, Serv. Luphes it and Devile King? Marke is Bararia. Hara, Mort tibe: In human to me with four & wonder Barn, It would be fpolie root. Aler. Queficon's Hocaria Hor. What are show that when the intere of night, Properber units that Faire and Winkhe forms. in which the Maietty of lanied Drownie's Distioneries every: By Heaters & charge their forsile, Row, See is Salice may. His. Sery darake: Geoke 11 Chieperber, Inc.ks. Zawale Glog Mar, 'Tis good, and will not sofwer. Date. How saw floren ? Yas timeble & look pair : In new drow Something moon from Farantie ? What this key see en've Har. Before my God, I might nor this believe Wahout the fertible and tour appach Of mins ownersystem Mar, Islanot hhe that King 3 Her, Atthewarpathy fifty, fach was the very Accession he had so. When th'Ambridgen Narsary cambranel : So focured he acces, when in an angey public He from the findend Pollar an the lot, The flewages 2047. Than ewice informand influe this dead beam, With Mernall Holks, bath he gens by our Wateb. Heals what particular theoretic to work 3 know nor: San in the graffe and kope of one Opinion, This has den fame fitmige emphanica out State,

The base is taken the spectrum process in our State, Max, Cossiltow is in known, 20 Hill mer besture knowns Why this fame fluctuation of ability and work So nightly toyler the labor? of the Land, And unity links dayly Coll of Browns Coresen And humping Mars for Explorators of wasse Why fashimpetific of Ship-weighes, whole size Tade

The Overbury Affair – The Characters

- Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex
- Frances Howard
- Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset
- Sir Gervase Elwes
- Richard Weston
- James Franklin
- Anne Turner
- Thomas Overbury





S.

T He saddest tale that ever was told, \ldots With sorrowfull sobs I here begin, [Wh]at trembling feares from young & old, May fright away so bloudy a sinne.

S[ir] *Thomas Overbury* was he, For whom my heavy heart makes mone: Never was Knight of his degree, By fained love thus overthrowne.

 In Englands Court he was approv'd, A wise, a kinde, and courteous Knight, Of rich and poore likewise belov'd
 For vertue was his hearts delight.

Where sin prevaild, his counsells gave Still caveats to his choycest friends, How God would no proceedings have, That aimed not at noble ends,

And where he lov'd he could not hate, But tould them still of their amisse: Though personages of noble state, How wanton will dishonor is.

Hereat both grudge, and envy lurk't Within those hearts to mischiefe bent, Who being toucht, a practise work't, That he to Londons Tower was sent.

Yet still suspecting nothing [le]sse, Then their best loves to [h?] in deard, With pa[ti]ence past he heaviness[?] And of their falshood little feard. Prepared they a poyson strong, His liberty by death to bring.

The which was by one *Weston* broug[ht] A messenger of deadly spight: Unknowne (God wot) there to have wrou[ght] The death of this renowned Knight.

> But God not suffring [w]as [?]n, At first to take his [?] away Another draught was sent agen, Impatient of sunch [l]ong delay.

Impatient of such [I]ong delay. By Tarts and dishes of repast, With deadly poyson saust therein, Desiring still a speedy hast, To finish up this bloudy sinne.

At which he tooke with thankfulnes, A[s] dainties from his loving friends: Untill at last all comfortles, His gentle life with poyson ends,

For whom much heavy [me?e] was m[?] But chiefly of his kindred deare: [?t] envy had not him betr[a]yed He might have lived full many a year

But Weston that attended still, Like Judas on his maisters [d]ish. Wrought cunningly with right good [will] Performanc of a cursed wish.

For enviously when he was dead, To cover by the murther more: [?] would [?] spread The Second part of the Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. To the same tune.



O F which (good Knight) he rotting dyed, To him and to his friends disgrace: Was ever man so false belyed, By flanders from a varlet base.

[A]lasse good Knight too well is knowne, The wofull manner of thy death: By envy thou art overthrowne, Yet live thy [mas]ses still on earth.

Yea all the Plotters of thy fall By whom thou hast beene bought and sold: Are now by heaven discovered all, And not a practise left untold.

And blood for blood for vengeance cryes, As law and justice doth ordaine: [S]o murder long in secret lyes, Where Conscience lives in lingring paine.

Though long this murder lay unknowne, The Lord at last brought all to light: And for the same full many a one, Just have the doomes of law by right.

First Weston he hath suffered de[at]h, For this his wilfull black offence, [?]ay never more in such a path, [?]un races to the like pretence.

[C]hiefe instrument this wretch was made, [T]o act the plots of sad [?]isse: [W]hose flattering tongue full soone betraid, [H]is life (good Knight) that murdered is. FINIS. Next *Turners* wife for borrowed grace, Of Greatnes, dipt her hands in blood: She brought in poysoned drugges apace, Where death and danger chiefly stood.

For which too late s[e]e did repent, With many a bitter weeping teare: And so through London streets was sent, To pay fo[r] [th]ose offences deare.

And *Franklin* thats condemnd to dye, With guilty conscience hath confest: What in his heart did secret lye, To give his burthened be[s?m]e rest.

Theres many more whose credits late, In Englan[d] florisht with renowne: Whose graceles lives from good estate, Hath tumbled all good fortune downe.

> But God hee knows how they shall spee[d] When Justice shall their cases try: Well may their hearts with sorrow blee[d] That forst so good a Knigt to dye,

His blood no doubt reveng'd will be,
On every one that h[a]d a hand
Therein, that all the world may see,
The royall Justice of our Land.

And for our King that so maintaines, True Justice, let us hourely pray: Our safeties all on him remaines, And so God grant they ever may, Imprinted at London for I.W.

]



Mistris Turner.

 ^{1}T Hou, of all sinnes the first, of all, the highest, Because thou fell'st from Heaven before Mans fall, Who, when to Happines thou wert the nighest,) In envy of the best of all, lost all. 2 Wo worth that whorish face of thine, which tempted 2 Wo worth that whorish Jace of thine, which tempted Me to more Hells then thou hast vaine attries, For which my spotted Soule, is not exempted (Without Gods mercy) from eternall fires. 3 Shee-Divell, (destroyer both of man and Woman, That with thy sorcerous Drugges didst catch my Soule: To the last Barre Tribunal, thee I summon, Where I shall stand all white, thou black and foule. I Worke and memorant music ho Cheiter and anoine 4 Washd are my spots away by Christs red passion, For I am there whence headlong thou wert throwne: And now I glory in triumphant fashion, That thou art there whether I should have gone: From Heaven thou fellst to Hell, and I being drownd In Sinnes, got up and now in Heaven sit Crownd.

 ${}^{1}T$ Hou, of all Woemen worst of all, the basest, Who (when 1 am of Sinnes the worst and proudest, And throwne from Heaven me in thy bosome placest; And what thy heart lov d' best, now rail's ta loudest. 2 'Tis not thy hate of Pride, makes thee to cry When the Through Environment of the statest of t Wo worth my Whorish Face, but tis because Thy Pride hath caught her fall, and thou must dye, Thy Pride hath caught her fall, and thou must dye, And frighted art with Hels devouring Javes. 3 Enough it is for me that I have made thee Drunke with my cup: nor care I though thou boast That from eternall fires Gods mercy staid thee; For say thy soule be sav d, thy bodyes lost. 4 As for thy yellowed Ruffes, phantastick Tres, Paintings, and Poysonings (now by thee abhorred) Junyth, or see these yearo, thou m un in fires. I laugh to see thee wrap them up in fires, For Pride hath more to bewitch many a Forehead. And though thy soule should climbe the highest Sphere Ile pluck downe thousands that shall nere come there

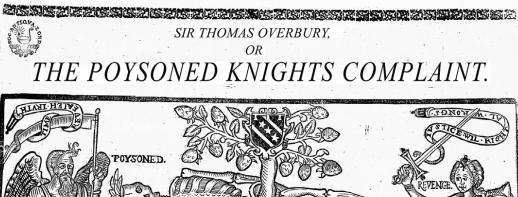
Printed for John Trundle.

Mistris Turners Farewell to all women.

Angell (turn'd Divell) Pride: by thee I fell When heere on earth I dwelt too'th pit of Hell: Yet spite of all thy Poysons, I am faire Now in Gods eyes, Women by me Beware.

Mistris Turner.

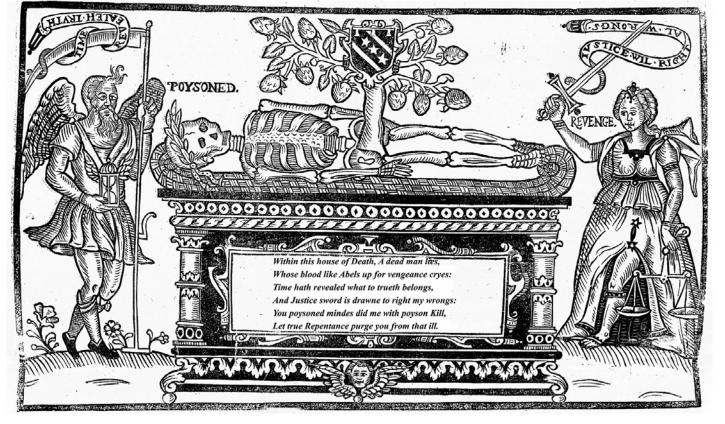
Lady Pride.



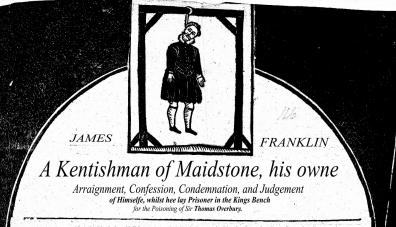


G Reat powerfull God, whom all are bound to love, How gracelesse bad, doth Man (thy Creature) prove? Thy Supreame Creature over all the rest, (In number numberlesse to bee exprest,) To whom thou gavest grace to bee his guide, Reason with Understanding, and beside, Thy Law to be direction for his wayes, Which unto Sinners view, thy Judgements layes, Those fearefull plagues pronounc'd for ugly Sinne, Which with the first created, did beginne, Who by the Law of Nature understood, To make a difference of bad deedes and good. By which enlightening, that is given us, No Nation Heathenish, and Barbarous, (Farthest remote from true religions light) But can distinguish betwixt wrong and right, Those that to Christ did never yet belong, Can tell they do amisse, when they do wrong, And that there is a Justice to be done, And shamefull actions, which they are to shun, Yet never age, since Nature first began. Wherein man was not Devill unto man, In practising most opposite to kinde, Inhumane actions out of bloody minde. Behold the first that in the World was borne,. With his rejected Sacrifice of Corne, Because his Brothers gifts more grace did yeeld, Lift up his hand against him in the field, And with a cruell hart obdurate ill, Did innocent pure-thoughted Abell kill. When Joab sent for Abner (as a friend) Hee came to Hebron, for a peacefull end, Where, as in armes hee lent a cheerefull smile, He gave his heart a mortall stab the while. Gods holy History hath many more Humane records, Innumerable store,

What intercepting hath there bin of lives, By Pistolls, Stabbing, Powder, Daggers, Knives: Drowning and Hanging, and strange murthering? As second Edward, sometimes Englands King, Whom an incarnate Divell did torment, With red hot Spit into his fundament. Some in their beds have acted tragick Scenes, As those two Princes, which by Glosters meanes, (Their cruell Uncle, Fathers unkind Brother) Villaines betweene the sheetes to death did smother. Some in unwonted manner done to death, Some in unwonted manner done to death, As George the Duke of Clarence lost his breath.¹ When with heeles upwards he was strangely put, To suffer drowning in a Malmesey But. Yet besides all these damoed plots to kill, And thousands more from Hell transported still, The Dival heut a puycen working dre The Divell hath a poyson working Art, In which of late I shar'd a mortall part. A Rapier drawne, and at thy heart aim'd just, May be put by and made a broken thrust: A Dagger offer 'd for anothers paine, Hath bin return'd into the stabbers braine. A Pistoll shot with an intent to kill, Hath mist the marke, and party living still: But this life-killing poyson, cureles foe, The bodies hopeles, helples overthrowe: Brings with it nothing but pale deaths command, Depriving life with a remorseles hand. Oh sacred Justice! evermore renound In thy uprightnes of revenge late found: Proceede with vengeance as thou didst begin, To punish **Caines** most bloody crying sinne: Let not a murtherer remaine conceal'd, Nor breath alive when being once reveal'd: This is the suite wrong'd Innocents doe crave, This is the Justice that the Heavens will have. Samuel Rowlands.



Imprinted at London for John White.



I Am Arraign 'd at the black dreadfull Barre, Where Sinnes (so red as Scarlet) Judges are All my Inditements are my horid Crimes, Whose Story will affright succeeding Times, As (now) they drive the present into wonder, Making Men tremble, as trees struck with Thunder If any askes what Evidence comes in, O' tis my Conscience, which hath ever bin

A thousand witnesses: and now it tells A Tale, to cast me to ten thousand Hells. The Jury are my Thoughts (urgight in this) They sentence me to death for doing amisse: Examinations more there need not then, Than what's confest heere both to God and Men.

The Crier of the Court is my black Shame, Which when it cals my Jury, doth proclaime Unles (as they are summon'd) they appeare, To give true Verdict of the Prisoner, They shall have heavy Fines uppon them set, Such, as may make them dye deep in Heavens debt. About mee round sit Innocence and Truth, As Clerkes to this high Court; and little Ruth From Peoples eies is cast upon my face. Because my facts are barbarous, damn'd and base.

The Serjeants that about mee (thick) are plac't, To guard me to my death, (when 1 am cast) Are the black stings my speckled soule now feeles, Which like to Furies dog me close at heeles. The Hangman, that attends me is Despaire, And gnaving wormes my fellow-Prisoners are.

His first Inditement for Murder.

T He first who (at this Sessions) loud doth call me, Is Murder, whose grim visage doth appall me, His eyes are fires, his voyce rough windes outrores, And on my head the Divine Vengeance scores: So fast and Jearfully I sinke to grownd. He sayes I have a bloady villaine bin, And vito prove his) ripe Evidence steps in, Brow' d like myselfe: Justice so brings about. That black sinnes still hunt one another out: This like a rotten frame ready to fall. To ro me name Post being shaken, puls downe all. To this Indictment, (holding up my hand.) Fettered with Terrors more then Irons I stand, And being ask'd what to the bill I say, Guily I cry. Otraedfull Sessions-day!

His second Indictment for poysoning.

A Nother, forthwith bids me come to 'th Barre, (Poyson) that Hel-borne cunning Sorcerer, That windes himselfe into a thousand formes,

And when the day is brightest flings downe stormes. This hath an Angels face, a Mermaids tongue, And notes of much destruction it hath sung. This, is the Coward Sinne, which (like a Pill.) When 'tis most gulded, is most sure to kill. Whether this Hel-hownd strike at Morne or Night, So trecherous, close, and speedy in his fight, That Armors all-of-proofe, nor Towers of Stone, Can barre his bloody Execution. This Snake with the smooth skin hiss'd out my name Mongst others more, and venom'd me with shame That rancles to the soule. It saves that I (For a poore golden handfull) did defie Heaven and Salvation, when I gave consent To teare the bowels of an Innocent With lingring poysons of themselves too strong, But that their working God put off so long: That darker deeds (by this) the light may try. Which now perhaps in worser bosomes lye. To this Inditement holding up my hand, (Fettered with Terrors more then Irons I stand) And being askd what to the Bill I say, Guilty I crv. O dreadfull Sessions-Day!

His third for raising of Spirits etc.

N rushes then a heape of Accusations, For all those Godlesse damn'd Abhominations: Rais'd by the black Art, and a Conjurers spelles: As to call Spirits even from the deepest Hells. To fetch back theeves that with stoln goods are gone And calculate nativities: such a one Credulity of fooles and women made me. And to that glorious infamy betraide me. A Cunning man, a Wise man were my stile, When I both plaid the Foole and Knave the while. Art knew I none, nor did I ever reach A bough of learnings tree; what I did teach To others, or did practise, it was all Cheating, false, apish, diabollicall. To this being likewise ask'd, what I can say, I guilty cry. O dreadfull Sessions day! This Divells coate to my body made I fit. Brave was the outside, thrid-bare was the wit.

His Judgment.

F Or these thick Stygian streams in which th ast swom Thy guilt hath on the laid this bitter doome: Thy loath d life on a tree of shame must take A leave compeld by Law, er'e old age make Her signed pass-port ready. Thy offence, No longer can for daies on earth dispense Time blot thy name out of this bloody roule, And so the Lord have mercy on thy soule.

