

# THE RUIN OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautiful *Lady*,

THE LADY *M A R I E*

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

**M**OST Honourable and bountiful *Lady*, there be long since deep sowed in my breast, the seed of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking root began in his life time somewhat to bud forth: and to show themselves to him, as then in the weakness of their first spring. And would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to draw out his days) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdained the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off: and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet since my late coming into England, some friends of mine (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how straight bands of duty I was tied to him: as also bound unto that noble house, (of which the chief hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me: for that I have not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulness. Whom chiefly to satisfy, or else to avoid that foul blot of un-thankfulness, as I have conceived this small Poem, intituled by a general name of the worlds Ruins: yet specially intended to the renowning of that noble race, from which both you and he sprang, and to the eternizing of some of the chief of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your *Lady* as whom it most specially concerns: and to whom I acknowledge myself bound, by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happiness: and so humbly kiss your hands.

Your Ladyship's ever  
humbly at command.

*E.S.*