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A funerall elegie upon the death of Henry, prince of Wales. 1613.

Thomas Heywood

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A
F V N E R A L L
Elegie,

Vpon the death of the late most
hopefull and illustrious Prince,
H E N R Y, Prince of Wales.

Written by T H O M A S H E Y V V O O D.

*Quid numeros as Annos? vixit maturior Annis:
Acta senem faciunt, hæc nemeranda tibi.*

L O N D O N.

Printed for *William Welbie*, dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the signe of the Swan. 1613.

To the right Honourable, *Edward*
Earle of Worcester, Lord of *Chep-*
Stoll, Ragland, and Gower, Knight of
The most Noble Order of the Garter,
Maister of the Horse, and one of the
Kings most honourable Priuy
C O V N C E L L.



S to the most compassionate in this generall mourning (right Honourable) I dedicate this Funerall Elegy to your gracious protection: wishing with my soule, I might haue had a more pleasing subiect, both for my Pen, and your Patronage, but since the Heauens haue giuen us this cause it is a duty to entertaine the occasion, and an vnanswerable negligence to omit it; pittie it were that Pen should euer more cast inke, that would not make the whitest paper mourne in so vniuersall a sorrow: To whom then may I so aptly consecrate these Teares, as to your Honour? whose entire zeale to the Prince liuing (as I am confident) equal'd the Best so (I am no lesse assured) your sorrow for his death hath exceeded the most, and (if I may offencelesse speake it) contended with the greatest. Accept, I intreate your Honour, this my obliged duty to him, and euer acknowledged seruice to you; wishing all future occurences, to be true, and essentiall causes of your ioyes: and this last, the last of your Teares.

Your Honours most
Affectionately deuoted,
T H O M A S H E Y V V O O D.

TO THE READER.

W Hy should I vnto any priuate Peere,

*Commend these sorrows for a Prince like deere?
To all sorts, Sexes, Titles, and estates.
Lives there a man, that when his friend relates
This Princes Fate, (Though he before were glad
With surplusage) when he but thinkes we had,
But haue him not, though he knowes hee's Diuine,
And cannot betterd be; his eyes droppe brine;
If I may (mongst these sad ones) then include
The Gentle, Base, the Polisht, and the Rude.
If from the Head to th'Heele, this Land complaine,
As well the learn'd Clarke, as the ignorant Swaine,
If neither Country, Citty, Campe, nor Courte
Hath scap't this deluge; but we may report
All drench't in't: euery man to haue wept his turne,
And still in heart (though not in habit) mourne.
To thee (ô Reader) whoso-ere thou be,
I dedicate this Funerall Elegie.
But thou that canst not read, canst then but heare?
If thy attention can but force one teare,
For that it is as welcome to thy hand,
As were those I loue, that vnderstand.*

Thine T. H.

A Funerall Elegie,
Of the late most High and Il-
lustrious Prince, HENRY,
Prince of Wales.



S all the land in sorrow and can I
Still silent be? when eury *Muse* exclaims
On Time, on Death, and on sad *Destiny*?
For H E N R I E S losse, cursing the fatall Dames,
Mournes *Christendome*, and in a generall cry,
Vp-roares her griefes, whilst some weake *Phisicke* blames
Accusing *Galen* of his want of skill
That where he once can saue, doth oft-times kill.

Others on *Soueraignty*, that hath giuen power
To Princes, others forfet liues to saue,
Yet to their owne *Times* cannot adde an hower,
Or keepe their bodies from th'abortiue Graue.
Oh greedy *Earth*, whose hunger could deuoure
So choyce a gem! thou neuer leau'st to craue,
More rauenuous then the most raging fires,
Earth still the more it eates, the more desires.

What *Muse* shall I inuoke? To whom commit
The guidance of my weake vnable braine?
Whose humble thoughts neuer aspired yet
A pitch so lofty, or so high a straine,
A subiect for my weakenesse farre vnfit,
As neuer hauing like cause to complaine.
Was euer like to this? seene, heard, or read?
Th'*Hope* of three *Kingdoms* (nay the *World*) is dead.

Whom shall I blame for this great *Crosse of Crosses*?
This present want, which *Earth* cannot supply?
To generall *Europe*, the great *Losse of Losses*.
Had we put all our sinnes to vsury,
Could they haue yeelded vs such *Drosse of Drosses*?
Had all the world deuis'd one *Tragedy*,
And drawne the proiect from a thousand yeares,
From the spectators could it draw more teares?

This Vniuerse imagine a Theatre,
Nations spectators, and this land a stage,
Was euer Actor, made by the Creator,
That better scan'd his part vnto his Age?
'Mongst all compos'd of fire, aire, earth and water,
So grauely yong, and so vnmellowed sage:
Whose Trunke the Tombe exacts, as of a detter,
Subiect or Prince, none euer acted better.

Nay who so well? yet as oft-times we see
(Presented in a lofty buskind stile)
Achilles fall, *Thersites* to scape free,
The eminent *Hector* on the dead-man's file
Numbred and rank't, when men more base than he
Suruiue the battell of lesse worth and stile.
So thousands haue suruiu'd these mortall brals,

Whil'st amongst millions standing, *Henry* fals.

Whom shall I blame for this? Iust heaven? oh no,
Starres are their eyes, and (with so many) seeing,
What cloud can hud-winke all? besides we know,
The Maker that gaue Them and Vs our being,
Whose out-stretcht hand steares all things here below
The imprisned *soules* from their base bondage freeing,
Being all goodnesse, he can neuer erre:
Then vnto whom shall we the blame transferre?

To Earth? we know she naturally breeds
Both Trees for vse, and Plants that onely spring
But neither beare nor build: both flowers & weeds,
Simples, hearbes, roots, and euery other thing,
For smell or pallat, that delights or feeds.
Should faire *Pomona* to *Vertumnus* bring
Her choycest store, she could not deck her bower
With such a sweet, faire, odoriferous flower.

Is not the Earth a mother? and could she
Contentedly part with her best-lou'd Sonne?
In whose creation *Nature* was so free,
That to compose him, she was halfe vndone
Her store she had so wasted: for, to be
As he was late, *Ages* must backward runne,
And her great *Ware-house*, as in it first pride,
With her first plenty must be new supply'd.

It was not *Earth* then sure: might it be *Nature*?
Would she her choycest worke-manship destroy?
Her best of fabrickes: both for beauty, stature,
And all perfections mankinde can enioy?
And in his growth, before he was full *Mature*,
Vnto her owne pride could she proue so coy,
As to this height of spight to haue transcended,
To spoyle so braue a worke ere 'twas full ended?

Vnlesse I could imagine one so fond
To build a gorgeous pallace, but to race it:
A cunning painter that hath gone beyond
His skill, in a faire picture, to deface it
Before the world his cunning vnderstand.

For one to make a rich suit, and ere grace it
Cut it to shreds. Imagine these to be,
Else from his sad fate I must *Nature* free.

On whom shall I this blacke aspersion cast?
Vpon the *Furies*, *Fiends*, and *Haggies* below,
And say that *Hell* had hand in't at the last?
Although I hate *Hell*, I'll not iniur't so;
As stands *Ione's Tree*, whom lightning cannot blast,
So high, so broad, so greene, this plant did grow.
As is the *Lawrell* from all Tempests free,
So thousand Hels could haue no power o're *Thee*.

If neither *Heauen*, *Earth*, *Nature*, nor yet *Hell*,
Or would not, or else could not act thy ruine,
If none of these such sorrowes might compell,
Both to this present *Age*, and *Times* ensuing.
What was it then? or who? *Muse* canst thou tell?
Resolue the world, and to their generall viewing
Present the cause why in his prime of yeares,
So great a people should be washt in teares.

It was not *Fate*, his vertues and choyce graces
(Gifts both of *Heauen* and *Nature*) mixt with state,
Had in his bosome those such soueraigne places,
That he was arm'd against all power of *Fate*:
Nor *Time*, though he before him driues, and chaces
Minutes, dayes, months and yeares: till he call late
Euery new season; to haue sau'd his *Prime*.
From his own daies he would haue lent him *time*.

I may excuse *Age*, and extent of yeares:
For they (alacke the while) nere saw each other.
Oh had they met, we then had spar'd these teares,
And sau'd this grieffe, which is too great to smother,
So milde, so graue, so reverent, *Age* appeares
He would haue ioy'd to imbrace him as a brother,
As youth his hopes: he would haue striu'd to raise
His fortunes, being cloath'd in ancient dayes.

The *Muses* and the *Arts* I can acquite:
For they are all too good to act such ill,
Preposterous 'twere to thinke them opposite

So farre to their owne life, as seeke to kill
Him through whose *eies* they did receiue their sight,
And to whose practise they confin'd their will:
Whose actions were his deeds, in whom they saw
All vertues grac'd with a Maiesticke awe.

Nor would the *Muses* haue giuen such occasion
Of their owne teares, which they so freely shed.
What purpose then? what motiue? what perswasion
Hath bene the cause that we lament him dead?
Or how came Death to make this proud inuasion,
And casket vp this gem in stone and lead?
Himselfe could not, (for he was all perfection)
Bring his faire body to this low deiection.

'Twas that which shattered *Sylo*, made the earth
Gape, and deuoure both *Tribes* and *Tents*:
That made the spheares showre fire, all *Natures* birth
Confin'd into one Arke: that all discents,
Degrees and Titles in one generall dearth,
Swept from th'earths face, that beyond all extents,
Limits and bounds, incenst *Ioues* indignation,
To drowne the world in a deep inundation.

What monster may we call this? *Sinne*: our sinne,
When one alone (and but one) that of pride,
Cast Angels bright gloryes in the Abisme to hide;
Since many millions we are wrapped in,
As vgly and as horrid: deepe sinnes dy'd
In bloud, and death; no wonder if they pull
This wrath on vs, to make our griefes more full.

They were our selues then, that our selues haue made
Thus haplessly distrest, thus inly sad.
Yet as we reade, to haue the rage allai'd
Of a deepe gulfe: the *Romans* notice had
From th'Oracle, thay breach could not be staid
Till *Romes* best *Iewell* stopt it. *Curtius* clad
In his best Armes and mounted on his steed,
To saue a People did a Torrent feede.

So since this best of *Iewels England* stor'd,
Hath stopt the gaping entrailles of the graue:

Let after ages of this Prince record,
Hee freely gaue a life, a land to saue
As gold the Misers God (by them ador'd)
Depends vpon the Sunne, from him to haue
His purity of Temper, and as glasse,
Shows th'vtmost vertue that the fire can passe.

By which they haue the pureness not to bee
Others then what they are, strange formes to take,
And loose their natiue *esse*: euen so Hee,
Being the perfect'st worke Nature could make,
Cannot conuert to Dust and Earth as We,
Or his first Beauty in the graue forsake.
Since Nature in his birth to him hath done,
More then to Glasse or Gold, the Fire or Sunne.

The more we ioy'd to see his vertues grow,
The greater are our sorrowes for his lacke;
Excesse of ioy begets excesse of woe,
Oft generall weale precedes a generall wracke.
Oh! why should our best pleasures perish so,
Like waters that passe by but ne're run backe?
And yet to make vs euer thinke of Teares,
Through the waues fleete, the Riuer still appeares.

I'lle show the cause. *Ioue* seeing earthly Pleasure,
By Man so honoured that the Gods he hated
(Being ador'd by Mortals about measure)
Cal'd her to Heauen there to be new instated,
Shee straight disroabes her of all Earthly Treasure,
As all must needes do, that are so translated,
Griefe banisht Earth, whilst Pleasure heere made stay,
Finding her Habite steales it quite away.

And in that forged Roabe shee hath deluded
The world with fading ioyes and transitory:
For since shee first into that shape intruded
There was on Earth no true essentiall glory.
All constancy from Mankind is excluded,
Ioy hath no permanence: finde mee a story,
That euer hath recorded Man so blest,
But happied once, he hath bene twice distrest.

To tell his worth were but to add to sorrow,
Like him that being rob'd, still casts the summe:
The present fright so much from griefe doth borrow
That the instant feels not whence the passions come;
The extasy once past, when, on the morrow
The cause is weighed, the voyce no more is dumme:
 The eies that had their conduits stopt before,
 Now freely runne, and the hearts griefe deplore.

No Oracles were weightier then his words,
Those that should counsell him hee could aduise:
Art had in him her Mansion: Princes swords
Should defend *Art*, and *Art* make Princes wise.
They had ioynd leaguer: his fluent braine affoords
A Library of Knowledge, and vnties
 The knotted'st soryte; faire *Parnassus* well,
The Muses did abandon, there to dwell.

As Metals by the sound, so could he try
The flashy from the sollid when they spake:
Cleere was his iudgement, as his spirit was hye,
His smile was mercy, but his frowne did shake.
His aime was to know *Art* and Chiuallry,
Save when to heauen he did his vowes betake.
He studied *Man*: but to be better farre
Then man can be: He was halfe *Loue*, halfe *Warre*.

Hee was not swaide by Fauours, but Desart,
Merite, not Flattery still inioy'd his pay:
Hee would aduise before he spar'd his Heart,
But lending it, not easily tak't away.
Hee had that constant Vertue not to start,
Or let (in his designes) his iudgement stray.
 Those that were next him, and his Fauours wore
 May speake him better, not lament him more.

Before he grac't he would both proue and know,
He was not not idly lost, nor rashly wonne,
His maine was Vertue, none might neere him grow,
But such as truely knew to chuse or shunne
Good things and bad: to punish he was slow,
But apt to pardon: Hee was as the Sunne
 Amid the Planets, seeming so diuin'd,

That all about, and neere him he out-shin'd.

Posterity, with greater admiration
Then I can blaze him, shall embrace his Fame,
Those deluges of Teares showr'd from this Nation;
Rather to blemish seeme, then blanch his name:
Since all our Elegies begot from passion,
Come from rent hearts, and those that grieffe proclaime.
 Confused thoughts the best conceits destroy,
 And are more harsh then when we sing of ioy.

Being great in Name, his study did agree
To make Him great in Purpose: and his deeds
Answered his Stile: His Goodnesse was so free,
It wanted bound: one Royall action breeds
A second still; the end of one's to be,
The entrance to another that succeeds.
 Honour (the *Manna* of each generous Spirit)
 Was to him as the Crowne he was to inherit.

For well he knew if *Fire* it selfe should hide,
By his owne *Smoake* it would it selfe betray,
Or if that *Water* should it selfe diuide,
(As weary of the world) and steale away:
Yet by the Reeds plac'd by the Riuer side,
She might be train'd, and so be made to stay.
 But *Honour* fled, with it, it beares His tracke,
 No *Time*, no *Age* can stay or call him backe.

His Spirits were all actiue, made of fire,
Which (saue in trauell) can admit no rest.
High were his thoughts, yet still surmounting hy're,
His very Motiues Industry profest.
To be in Action was his sole desire,
And not to be so he did most detest.
 To end his Praise, and proue him past compare,
 To all his Fathers vertues he was heire.

He was but yesterday, and now is faded
Who when we held him deerest, was then lost:
So Lands that thinke them saf'st are oft inuaded,
And when they least feare, are afflicted most.
So the clear'st skies with blackest clouds are shaded,

So *Pleasures* (thought most certain) soon'st are crost.
For 'tis a *Maxime* that shall euer stand:
Pleasure and Sorrow still march hand in hand.

As *Hector*, had he surui'd *Troy* to see,
From *Iliams* lofty Tower his yong sonne cast:
Or such grieffe *Priam*, as it was to thee
When worthy *Hector*, both the first and last
Of all *Troyes* hopes, sunke dead, me thinkes I see
In Royall I A M E S, thy sorrowes quite surpast,
With double Anguish, trebole passions fired,
When he first heard Prince *Henry* was expired.

And your Maisticke ANNE; when Hecub saw
Sweet *Polymnestor*, all the poore remaine
Of her braue Issue, beat by many a blaw,
And to the shore forc'd by the billowy Maine:
Methinks from her face I your grieffe could draw.
And you Prince *Charles*, next of that royall straine;
In yong *Polytes* I your teares can tell,
That day in field his brother *Troylus* fell.

For you (most hopefull Princesse) I comprise
Your passions in a Dame though not so faire,
Yet as those Times afforded, beauteous, wise,
And with the best of that age might compare:
Your Teares I reade in bright *Pollixen's* eyes,
That sonne which shee beheld saw none so rare,
Though you (but once) she (oft) had cause of woe,
Her, as in beauty you in grieffe out-goe.

But in this plangor, whom had I forgot,
You my *Mecænas*? oh it cannot be
That I am so ingrate; belooue it not,
Though passion almost takes my sence from me:
Oh let me neuer weare so foule a spot,
As worthy Earle not to remember Thee.
Thrice noble *Worster* gaue my Muse first wing,
And from his bounty shee had voice to sing.

So should my bosome harbour something new,
Ingratitude, with me, no way agreeing:
Then should I not remember whence I grew,

Or from what power I first receiu'd my being:
To mine owne heart I should not then be true,
First hands forget your vse, my eyes their seeing:
My tongue thy office, and my Muse her skill,
That nere more inke drop from her ragged quill.

Pious *Aeneas* still when I record,
(A man in whom all vertues were compleate)
When *Priam's* best of sonnes fell by the sword,
How he abandon'd rest, ioy, comferte, meate,
So oft haue I remembred you graue Lord,
Equall in vertues, and your grieve as great.
All those glad hopes you from his life did borrow
You in his death haue backe repai'd with sorrow.

Yet why sould you bewaile him since he's past
This Transitory raigne, for one ay-during,
To vex your selues would but his soule distast:
He hath but left a Crowne of earths assuring
For one immortall, that can neuer wast.
Subiect to Time nor Age: there's no alluring
Of mortall pompe can counteruaile the least
Of heauens pure blisse (so are there ioies increast).

Auerre we then (and without contradiction,)
The losse is ours, but his eternall gaine,
Tis his best good, all be it our affliction,
That such a generall sorrow we sustaine:
Death that hath giuen him this new iurisdiction,
Doubles his ioyes, as he augments our paine.
Then as we lou'd him, let's reioyce in this,
The greater was our losse, the more's his blisse.

Not for Him then, but for our selues lament:
He needs them not, tis we haue vse for teares,
He soiournes where can come no discontent,
Tis we that labour vnder sicknesse, yeares,
Heates, colds, Distemperature of Elements,
Dangers of body, and th'amaze of feares.
From all mis-fortunes to the world decreed,
(Of which we stand in doubt) hee's happy freed.

Not so for him then, but for our selues expend

Soorses of sad and direfull lamentation,
Who see our *Griefes* liue, and our *Hopes* haue end:
Since *Death* hath in one blow wounded a Nation,
Since *Heauen* no greater glories can extend
Then she enioyes, leauing vs nought but Passion,
 Since should *Death* breake his Dart, & ne're shoot more,
 He cannot cure the hurt he made before.

He that will act the wonders of his praise,
Shall finde the world a Theater too small.
Fame with her Trumpet shall his glories blaze;
Yet (ere to their full height) grow hoarse withall,
Whom who shall striue to imitate or raise
An equall *Hope* to his, needely must fall
 Prostrate, confounded with his owne ambition,
 So farre shall he precede him in condition.

Therefore what my Pen scans him in his merit,
With mine owne inward Passions Il'e supply.
More then an *Earthly Prince*, hee's now a *Spirit*,
Thron'd in a Kingdome, vnto which the Sky
Is but a Foot-pace, euer there to inherit,
Beyond all *Time*, to all eternity.
 Where I lament not *Hee* is Thron'd and plac't,
 I onely grieue that *Hee* hath made such haste.

Thomas Heywood.

FINIS.