





Francis Freeling.

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612
Niccolò

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1253. [NICCOLS (R.).] The Three Sisters Teares. Shed at the Late Solemne Funerals of the Royal deceased, Henry, Prince of Wales, etc. Small 4to, full old polished calf, gilt edges.

London: Printed by T. S. for Richard Redmer, 1613

FIRST EDITION. VERY RARE. The present copy has the preliminary leaf before the title, printed in black, on the recto of which is a woodcut of the Prince of Wales' Feathers. This poem is written in six-line stanzas, and concludes with an epitaph. Each page has an ornamental headband and footband.

Niccols is best known as the editor of the enlarged and modernized edition of the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1610, to which he contributed two original poems, "England's Eliza" and "A Winter Night's Vision." The Corser-Francis Freeling-Huth copy, with bookplates of the last two.

2237

472. Bib. Aug. Rest. £7-7-

A copy sold at Saunders's Sale 1818 for

£4-6-











THE
Three Sisters Teares.
SHED AT THE
LATE SOLEMNE
Funerals of the Royall decea-
sed HENRY, Prince of
WALES, &c.

R. N. Oxon.

*Mors equè pulsat pauperum tabernacula
regnumq; turres.*

LONDON:
Printed by T. S. for Richard Redmer, and are to
be sold at his shop neere the West dore of
Pauls Church. 1613.



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T O T H E M O S T
Vertuous and Highly Honour'd

Lady; the Lady H O N O R. H A R, VVife
to the Right Noble Gentleman, I A M E S, Lord
Hay, and Daughter and Heyre to the Right
Honourable, the Lord Denny,
Baron of *Waltham*.

H O N O R D E N Y E S *not grace to any Muse,*
When any Muse attributes grace to H O N O R,
Then had these Sisters teares, which here infues
Not dul'd my Muse and throwne these woes upon her,
(Most Noble Lady) at whose happy birth,
Men gaue you H O N O R, and the heauens such grace,
That you are thought their Angell upon earth,
My Muse had sung your prayes in this place:
Yet since these three faire Ladyes, for your worth,
As partner in their plaints for H E N R I E dead,
From all your tender Sex doe choose you forth,
Vouchsafe to grace these Funerall teares they shed:
And for such grace may all the learned nine
All prayes offer at your H O N O R S sbrine.

Your Ladiships euer most humbly deuoted

Richard Niccols.



Authori Carmen Encomiasticon.

R *Eccine my show'r. of teares into thy flood,
Thou saddest Pen-man of the saddest Muse;
And would my teares were teares or showers of blood,
Might teares of blood or bloody showers excuse
The bitter doome which Death and Fate decreed,
Against this Prince, who was a Prince indeed.*

*I say, not I, Heroicke Henry's dead,
He's but from Saint to Angels Court remov'd,
Where he shall ever live eternized;
And where he erst did live be ever lou'd
We feare and hope, Feare saies that such another
Lives not to match with him, Hope saies his Brother.*


*But give I way to him, who knowes the way,
And comes prepar'd to make the world to weepe,
Since I want pow'r to thinke what I would say,
Or say what I would thinke: such and so deepe
Impression in my heart this losse doth give,
Who was to young to dye, to good to live.*

*Enough, enough; beginne thy Sisters teares
Vnto thy noble vertuous Patronesse,
Who no small part in their sad sorrow beares
For this late losse: which griefe cannot redresse
Were neuer teares in more abundance shed
Were neuer more true mourners for the dead.*

FINIS.







THE
THREE SISTERS

Tears.

S Ad second Sister of the Sacred NINE,
Whose sweetest Musick is hart-breaking mone,
Be present at these Funerall teares of mine,
And if they fayle supply them with thine owne.

If thou canst teach me wayling humane woes
To touch a stonie hart with tender pittie,
Sit downe with mee, my Muse doe thou dispose
In sacred tunes to sing this dolefull dittie.

Such dolefull dittie neuer Muse did sing,
No, not when all you Muses mourning sat,
With sweet *Thalia* bout your horse-hoofe spring,
For her Twines losse, which *Ioue* himselfe begat.

A

B

Her





The three Sisters Teares.

Her losse was great; yet greater losse was theirs,
Whose plaints must be the subiect of my Pen,
These three sad Sisters, who with wofull teares
Here wayle his losse, whose like hath seldome beene.

Begin then M V S E, and tell both when and where
We heard these Ecchoes of their mournfull song;
Recount likewise, who these three Sisters were,
And what he was, to whom death did this wrong.

That time it was, when as the hatefull Snake
In that great belt, which buckles heauens bright brest
Rouzing his starrie crest, his turne did take
To spit his poyson downe on man and beast.

When in this Ile, which Nature as her nest
Halcyon-like hath built, for her deare sonnes,
Amidst the seas, I steer'd my course by East,
Where fruitfull *Thames* the Prince of riuers runnes.

At





The three Sisters Teares.

At length that noble Citie I beheld,
'Gainst whose broad brest the angry Riuer raues;
Yet backe repulst as being thereto compeld
He paies it tribute with his fish-full waues.

There did I heare (was neuer eare did heare
More diuers sounds) all which might yet content
The daintiest sense, to which I drew me neere
To know from whence they were, and what they ment.

And loe, I did behold, from off the shoares
Many light friggots, put into the deepe,
All trimly deckt, which by the strength of Oares
Through the swift streame their way did westward
(keepe.

Who in their course, like couples hand in hand,
(While their proud pennons did the welkin braue
And their shrill Musick eccho'd on the strand)
Did seeme to daunce vpon the bubbling waue.





The three Sisters Teares.

And round about in many a gondelay,
Light-footed Nimphes and iolly Swaines did rowe,
Deuising mirth and dalliance on the way,
Not caring, how they sail'd, or swift, or flow.

So many varying and so vaine delights
Floating vpon that floud, I then did see,
Such diuers showes and such fantastick sights,
That *Thames* the Idle-lake then seem'd to be.

As on the Riuer, so vpon the Land,
What euer might delight the liuing sence,
Was powred forth by pleasures plenteous hand,
As if no other heauen had beene from thence.

VVith diuers change of fashions and of face,
That stately townes proud streets did ebb and flow,
Proud ietting Mimmickes, nor of name nor place
In rich attire and gold were seene to goe.

The





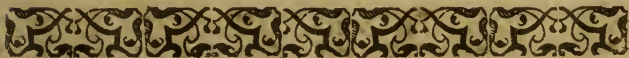
The three Sisters Teares.

The loftie buildings burthened with the presse
Of louely Dames their windowes opened wide,
And swolne with ioy of their so gracefull gesse,
Did burst to show such ornaments of Pride.

This was that day for Antique deedes renown'd,
Which the graue senate of that famous state
And people, yeare by yeare, with triumph crownd
To honour their elected Magistrate.

With daintie delicates the Tables flow'd
In euery place, and plenteous Art in scorne
Of niggard Nature, all her cunning show'd,
And eu'ry dish did lauishly adorne.

Wanton excesse, whose cup did ouer flow
With the Vines franticke iuyce, which she did spill
With prodigall expence, went to and fro
And gaue to eu'ry one to drinke there fill.





The three Sisters Teares.

T'whom quaffing deepe, while they in hart reioyce
And sit vpon soft seates of carelesse ease,
Minstrill securitie doth with high voyce
Sing this inchaunting song, which well did please.

Let not vaine doubt disturbe our strengthned state,
Nor feare awake our peace with warres alarm's,
Our powers at home can beate backe forraine hate
And friends abroad for vs will mannage armes!

Inioy we not the Sonne of such a King
So faire a branch, which now such fruit doth beare,
That from such fruit, such hopes alrea dy spring,
That our great Fortunes shake the world with feare?

The heauens therefore vs euer shall behold
With louely looke, we feare no aduerse Fate,
By humaine powers we cannot be contrould,
Nay, *Ioue* himselve can hardly hurt our state.

○





The three Sisters Teares.

O vaine opinion of Soule-blinded men
To thinke that ought on earth may be secure,
What liues, must doubtlesse die; though doubtfull
No mortall thing, alas, may long indure. (when,

In that selfe houre, in which the infant birth
Of ioy in humaine hart is but begunne,
Vnlookt for chance may change such ioyfull mirth
To dolefull mourning, ere the glasse be runne.

For angry Heauen disdaining this vaine puffe
Of Giant-Pride in men did ope the treasure
Of *Ioues* fierce wrath, & with sterne stormes did cusse
The earth and seas in signe of their displeasure.

The King of Gods, as he but cast a looke
On them below, made all the kingdome tremble
A strange amazement Prince and subiect strooke
Their former hopes now sudder feares resemble.

A





The three Sisters Teares.

A cloud of **SORROW** couer'd all the Coast;
The Sunne of **COMFORT** that had wont disspread
His glad some beames, as hee his light had lost,
In dolefull darknesse hid his glorious head.

Then droopt great *Albion*, and did hang the wing,
Which late about the clouds did vaunt to flye:
The Peacock plumes, which from her pride did spring
Did shed; their colours all did yade and dye.

The noble youth to warlike practise giuen,
The brood of *Mars*, which daily great did grow,
Whose harts with hope did leape as high as heauen,
Vnder delected in blacke weedes of woe.

Disturb'd in thought to thinke what cause could force
So suddaine change of things; that seem'd to stand
Immutable, by West I kept my course
Still vp the River, by the Northern strand.

Vntill





The three Sisters Teares.

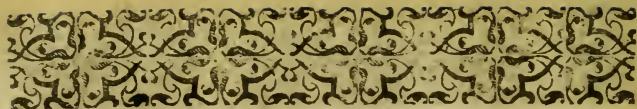
Vntill I came to that great house of FAME,
That sacred Temple built by KINGS of yore,
Th'admired workmanship of whose faire frame
Excels all others that haue beene before.

There Time hath rais'd vp *Trophies* all dispredd,
VVith shining Gold, and monuments of Fame,
To many Kings and great Heröes dead,
And there for euer hath engrau'd their Name.

VWhose goodly building, as I stood to see,
And wondred at the *Architects* rare hand,
An vnthought accident did hap to me,
As in the Temple I did gazing stand.

There did I see, which I shall euer rue,
There to haue seene a dolefull *Herse* erected,
To which as to a Prince no reuerence due,
Or right of Royalty was there neglected.





The three Sisters Teares.

The royall Badges that were set about
Did seeme to me to mourne vpon that Herse,
The Lordly *Lyon* seem'd not halfe so stout,
Nor th' *Vnicorne*, as he was woont, so fierce.

A dew of dolefull teares was standing seene
Vpon the louely white *Rose* and the red,
The *Thistle* was not, as was woont so greene,
The *Flowre-deluce* did seeme to hang the head.

But woe is me, that, which was most in me
The cause of woe (O let it no be told)
Was three faire Ladies, whom I there did see,
Three fayrer Ladies, eye did neare behold.

They daughters to a famous Monarch were;
Though now their royall robes were laid away,
Instead whereof they mourning stoales did weare,
And at their feete their Crownes and Scepters lay.

On





The three Sisters Teares.

On the cold ground all carelesse they did sit
As loathing nice respects about that beere
And with their hands for such sterne vse vnfit
(Alas the while) did rend their golden haire:

Their breasts they fiercely smot, where liu'd their woe
And their sad eyes despairing of releefe
They vp did lift, whence streames of teares did flow,
As heauen accusing guilty of their grieffe.

Their grieffe was such, that euen the marble stone
As mou'd therewith a weeping moysture beares,
Yea now to thinke vpon their pitteous mone
My frailer eyes doth drowne these lines in teares;

And at that time I felt my greiued heart
So peirc't with pittie of so sad a sight,
That drawing neere I prai'd them to impart,
VVhat was the cause of their so rewfull plight.





The three Sisters Teares.

Then vp arose the fayrest of the three
VWho sighing deepe, as if her hart would breake,
After some pause; as soone as breath was free,
To let forth grieffe, these bleeding words did speake.

Angela.

AH, what delight of speech can be to those,
who when they speake in vaine do spend their breath?
Man, he may heare, but cannot help our woes,
For hee is subiect vnto Tyrant **DEATH**;
To Tyrant Death, that hath done this despight,
Ah then in liuing speech is no delight.

In vaine my tongue, in vaine thou dost vnfold
The helpelesse harmes of our hart hidden grieffe:
In vaine it is such Sorrowes should be told,
VWhereas no hope is left to finde reliefe:
All is but vaine, where nothing may auaille,
Except this one thing left, to weepe and wayle.

To



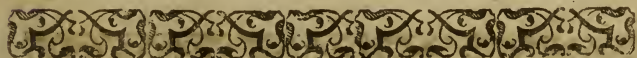


The three Sisters Teares.

To weepe and wayle his losse for euermore,
Vpon whose life my hopes did whole relye.
O then into these eyes what powre will poure
A flood of Teares, that neuer may be dry?
That I vnto the dead his due may giue,
And show how I him lou'd, when he did liue.

I am the eldest borne of Daughters three
To *Albion*, chiefe of mighty *Neptunes* sonnes,
VWho iealous lest his seed commixt should bee
VWith other mortals, round about vs runnes,
And from the world, as being in doubt to lose vs,
Hath made his waues a siluer wall t'inclose vs.

Logris my Name was once so call'd before
By great King *Lochrine*, *Brutus* eldest birth,
But since that mighty people tooke this shore,
The war-like *SAXONS* famous through the earth,
Hight *Angela* my Name hath euer beene,
Such was the name of their victorious *Queene*.





The three Sisters Teares.

And since that time, that name of mine like Thunder
Hath borne a dreadfull sound, through seas and land,
The worlds great Idoll, *Rome*, at whom with wonder
The Nations round about doe gazing stand,
As sodaine blow her necke of Pride had broken,
Hath quak't, when shee hath heard my name but
(spoken.

But why doe I, thus vainely vaunt my power,
And boast my greatnesse, now alas brought low,
Since cruell DEATH hath cropt as faire a flower,
As in my garland euer yet did grow?
Was neuer *Flower* more hopefull growne then he,
Though he is dead and withered, as you see.

If Iron sides were giuen me from aboue,
That fighting would indure, and neuer breake:
Yet could I not expresse my countryes loue
Vnto this dead yong PRINCE; nor could I speake
His prayes due, had I a voyce of Brasse.
So vertuous Noble, and so wise he was.

VWas





The three Sisters Teares.

VWas (woe the while that now he is not so)
Sonne to the Fame-grac'd Monarch of this ILE,
VWho with his royall Brother, who doth grow
To hopes, that doe my present griefes beguile,
Betwixt them two alone did seeme to share
The heritage of GRACE, and vertues rare.

But vnto him, to him, that now is gone,
Heau'n at his birth so gracious was and free,
That as it should haue tooke delight alone
To giue to him, what gifts could giuen be,
In that blest houre of his faire birth it shed
All gifts of grace vpon his royall head.

The Hony sweet he suckt from learned writs,
VWas as heauens Nectar to delight his tast,
Himselfe the best about the best of wits
In learnings lore shot vp and grew so fast,
That all, in him, admir'd these nobler parts;
Discourse and practize both in worthie arts.

Then





The three Sisters Teares.

Then help (yee sacred Sisters every one)
Leaue your delightfull songs and sportfull games,
About the pleasant springs of *Hellicon*
And sitting with vs on the banckes of *Thames*,
Lament with vs, for you haue cause to mone,
Maccenas now is dead, is dead and gone.

The sectaries of your deuiner skill
By the dull world dispis'd hee did aduance,
And them with Princely power protected still
Against the mallice of Proud Ignorance;
Then to him dead, who gaue while he did liue
Such grace to you, all gracefull glory giue.

On you disdain'd of golden vanitie,
He dain'd to looke, and knowing sapience
To be the Garland of Nobility,
Did daily seeke your wisedomes influence,
But he is gone and few doe now remaine,
That doe not you and all your Arts disdain.

Where





The three Sisters Teares.

Where are the worthies of those antique dayes,
Who woont, their Crownes and Scepters laid aside,
To girt their conquering browes with sacred Bayes,
For which their names be now eternized.

They late did liue in him, that now is dead,
And are with him againe rapt vp in lead.

For few doe now the sacred Nine esteeme,
That haue the gift of *Mydas* golden touch,
Science diuine, a fruitlesse thing they deeme,
And count the learned base for being such.

O then let all that learned are lament
His losse, whose life was learnings ornament.

And you braue spirits of the warre-Gods traine,
That loue to beare the bold *Bellonaes* shield,
And with your swords eternitie to gaine,
Delight in battels and in bloodie field,

Mourne you with vs, your *Mars* hath lost his light,
And in deaths clouds is now extinguisht quite.

D

Who





The three Sisters Teares.

Who like himselfe, is like to looke on you,
That with an open hand and minde so free,
Will giue to men of *Armes* their prayes due,
Which woont great *Brittaines* brasen wals to be?
Now in the Helme, the glo:y of the field,
Foule spiders still their mansion house may build.

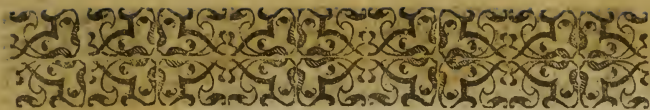
If death had giuen him leaue to lead you on,
And guide you through the crimson paths of warre,
Against the sonnes of strumpet *Babilon*,
Or those Philistines, that her Champions are,
You with your swords were like to dig a Tombe,
Wherein to burie all the Pride of *Rome*.

Of *Rome*; that would and will be Monster-head
Of all the world: who was so holy giuen,
That she of late with hot deuotion led,
VVould with one blast haue blowne me vp to heauen,
Such hot hell-fierd zeale let all times know,
Since time before the like could neuer show.

of 77

For



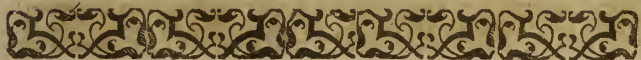


The three Sisters Teares.

For this, had HENRY liu'd to lift his hand
To hunt from hence *Romes* Rats, that daily feed
Vpon the fat and glory of my land
And in my wounded bosome daily breed,
I by his arme, like euer to be strong,
Vpon the gates of *Rome* had grau'd this wrong.

For I did thinke (and who but so will thinke)
Had he but liu'd, that neuer in this land;
A fuller cuppe of glory I should drincke,
Then that which I did hope from HENRIES hand ?
Fortwice foure *Henries* haue beene Lords of mee,
All which could not show greater hopes then hee.

Not *Edwards* battailes, when such deeds were done,
That *Cressies* and *Poiteres* were drown'd in blood,
Nor those of *Henry*, when such fame hee woone,
That France did stoope, and at his mercy stood,
I did not thinke should be so great in fame,
As those which hope did promise in his name.





The three Sisters Teares.

Him oft, though young, vpon a war-like steed,
Like *Ioue*-borne *Perseus*, mounted I haue seene,
VWhom with such goodly grace he hath bestrid,
As Horse and man had but one body beene, (spring
Teaching him stand, stoope, stop, turne, leap and
Caper, curuet, pace, prauince, and trot the ring.

His riper iudgement in such vnripe yeeres
And knowledge in the Theoricke of warre,
Which as I feare when future ages hears
They hardly will belecue: wee may compare,
To th'ancient *Romans*, whose graue wisdom gaue
Rome all her Pride, and made the world her slaue.

As bounteous Heauen with vertues and with arts
Th'immortall part of man in him did grace,
So Nature in constructure of those parts,
VWhich death too cruell did too soone deface
The grace of all good feature gaue to him
In euery Muskle, member, ioynt and limbe.

A



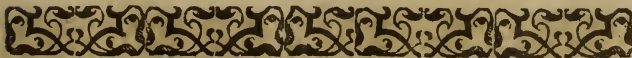


The three Sisters Teares.

A manly sternenesse sat vpon his brow;
Yet mixed with an amiable grace,
The silken blossomes gan to bud but now
Vpon his downy chin; yet in his face
Was seene such iudgement as in age appears,
How then could death destroy such hopeful yeeres?

But why doe I, like man, made out of dust (frame)
Seeme 'gainst great heauen vaine arguments to
Nor highest *loue*, nor *Death*, haue beene vniust
Taking from earth, what earth could neuer claime:
His soule from vs for our foule sinnes complaints,
Is rapt to heauen to dwell among the Saints.

Ah wretched England, now I turne to thee
To sound heauens iudgements in thy sottish eares,
And if still deafe thou Adder-like wilt be,
And not be mou'd with pittie of these teares,
Yet on thy selfe some kinde compassion take
Doe not sleepe dead in sinne, at last awake.





The three Sisters Teares.

Neuer did Turtle mourne on branchlesse bow
Her deereſt make dead dropping from the tree
With more lamenting grieſe, then I doe now
Deere HENRY dead, dead HENRY deere to mee.

For though thou haſt my Sisters teares before,
Yet I haue cauſe to mourne as much, or more.

To *Albion*, Monarch of this Iland all
Till death his life vntimely did exſpell,
VVhen with *Alcides* on the coaſt of Gaule
Fighting beneath his conquering Club he fell
I, wretched I, the ſecond Daughter am
And at the firſt hight *Albana* my name.

Of Noble *Abanaet*, *Brutes* ſecond Sonne
I was ſo nam'd, who ouer me did raigne
Till ſlaine in battaile by the barbarous Hunne
His Brother *Lochrine* did my cauſe maintaine,
And on proud HVMBER did reuenge his blood,
Who drown'd, did leaue his name vnto that flood.

And





The three Sisters Teares.

And since that time, though wrathfull heau'ns haue
With many a bitter storme vpon my coast, (frown'd
Though in the depth of woe I haue beene drown'd
For many sonnes, whom I haue timelesse lost;
Yet neuer any grieffe did touch mee more,
Then this for him, whom dead I doe deplore.

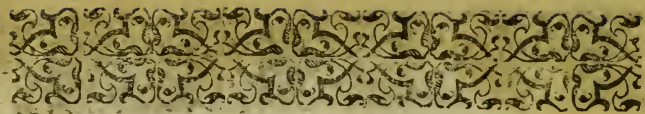
How can the Nurse but wayle her infant lost
Tooke from the breast, whom she shall neuer see
And of his birth, who but my selfe can boast?
Who was so hopefull, when hee went from me,
That neuer Mother had more hope of childe,
Alas, that of such hopes I am beguild.

When time at first his birth to light did bring,
Those three faire twines, from whom to vs is giuen
All good and vertue, that of grace doth spring
To rocke his royall Cradell came from heauen,
And by degrees their graces did bestow,
As he from lease and bud to flower did grow:

E

His





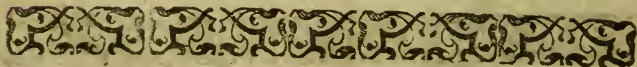
The three Sisters Teares.

His leafe was loucly as the spring of day,
His bud pcept forth as doth the bashfull morne,
His flower began most goodly to display,
And much this Ilands garden did adorne:
But death, that wilde Boare entered in anon,
And now his liues leafe, bud, and flower are gone.

Not in that gardens plot, which we be-hight
Of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*, did euer grow
Amongst so many *Roses* red and white
Any *Rose-bud*, that made a fairer show,
So faire it show'd, earth was enuid to beare it,
Now therefore heauen doth in her bosome weare it.

Not all the Forrest of great *Albion*
Did euer any Lordly *Lyon* know,
More like then that of his to set vpon
That Beast of *Rome* and all her Pride orethrow,
And therefore now a place to it is giuen
Aboue the *Lyon*, that great starre in heauen.

If



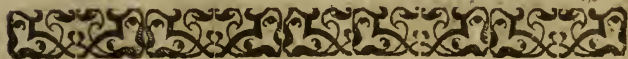


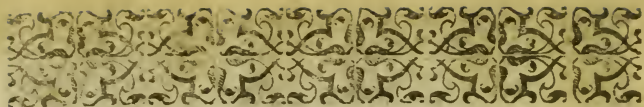
The three Sisters Teares.

If he had liu'd beneath his royall Sire
Our Kingly shepheard, who with care doth keepe
The flocke of *Israell* from raging Ire,
Of rauening *Wolues* that would destroy the sheepe
Then, then, should all our *Brittaine* borders be,
As once they were from *Wolues* secure and free.

But what so strong or stedfast is, whose state
Stands vnder heauen-built vpon earthly mould,
That can indure? firme is the doome of *FATE*
To Prince and Poore alike, to young and old,
Nor wisdom, honour, beautie, gold or strength,
To mortall life can adde on day in length.

Who that hath eyes, but sees the day begunne
Peepe forth from East like childe from Mothers
And yet in Westere many howers be done, (wombe
Her life and light being lost shee seekes her tombe,
Hee, that sees this vnto himselfe may say,
Death is not farre, my life is like the day.





The three Sisters Teares.


For if ought mortall could haue wrought such won-
As to haue bought a little Lease of life, (der,
Sterne Fate should not so soone haue cut in sunder
Our deare dead HENRIES thred with cruell knife.
Yea, many liues (could liues preuaile with death)
Would for his one haue offerd vp their breath.

But that which grieues a tender Mother most,
And heapes huge Sorrowes on her mournfull breast
When she her deare beloued Sonne hath lost,
Is now the cause of my mindes most vnrest,
I was not by to close dead HENRIES eyes,
When enuious Fates did make his life their prize.

I, that did beare him, was too farre away,
To mourne his dolefull Fate, when as hee did,
Death, like a Theefe, vpon his life did pray,
And stole him hence; to mee it was deny'd
Vnto my Lord to speake my last *Farewell*,
And bid him sleepe, where peace doth euer dwell.

Yee





The three Sisters Teares.

Yee Sisters three, that still in fatall hand
The Twist and Spindle of mans life doe hold,
To whom the power is giuen to command,
The breath of this or that man; vncontrou'd,
Amongst so many liues, why did you chuse
That life of his, and all the rest refuse?

Was it to make your dreaded power knowne
In him along; to men in Fortunes grace?
Mongst whom (flesh proud by Nature) few or none
Obserue it in the men of meaner place?
If so, he being spar'd, why was not then
Your doome decreed against those wretched men?

Those wretched men, of all that liue this day,
Who vainely thinke themselues then most secure
When soothing Sycophants to them doe say
They shall not dye but euermore indure:
Of such may HENRY, gone, the eyes vnblinde,
And make them know, they must not stay behinde.



The three Sisters Teares.

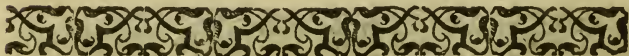
But thus why with inuitable Fate
Doe I dispute why doe I thinke in hart,
To preordaine the time of finall date
And point whom death shall strike with deadly dart,
Since mortall men such secrets may not know,
And heauen keepes hid such things from earth

(below?)

Yet, if that any wretch, whose cankered brest
Is deeply wounded with the deadly sting
Of monster Errours, foule seauen-headed beast
Shall dare to aske, why such a hopefull spring
In prime of all his youth was taken hence
And falsely thinke the cause was his offence;

Such barking Cures (if barking Cures there be
That dare in priuate our dead Lyon bite)
Know that the chiefest cause why wretched we
Haue lost in Israell our second light,
Is their false, wicked, close, commerce with those,
That are their God, their King and countries foes.

Al-





The three Sisters Teares.

Although I not excuse these impious times
VVhich vnto heauen for vengeance daily call;
For know (deere country) for thy odious crimes,
This heauy losse vpon thy head did fall: (breath
Not that braue *Prince*, though borne with sinfull
VVith crying crimes did hasten his owne death.

Then with thy sister England turne from sinne, (thee
That Heauen may turne her threatfull plagues from
And blesse thy *Soueraignes Charles*, who doth begin,
To bud apace, and in each grace to be
The Image of his Noble Brother dead,
For whom these teares his *Albana* doth shed.

This said, the rest in silence she did drowne,
And sighing from her breast a grieuous groane,
As if it would haue broke, she sat her downe,
VVith whom her Sisters did lament and mone,
Vntill the third and youngest vp did rise,
VVho did expresse her Sorrowes in this wise.

Cambera.





Cambera.

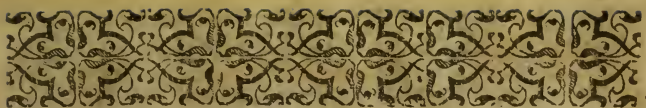
IF euer heauen did shed a weeping showre,
Compassionating things on earth below,
If earth, or any thing therein haue powre
T'augment my grieffe or adde vnto my woe,
In my sad passions let them beare a part,
That these my teares may pierce the worlds hard
(hart.

The man, that wayles the losse of such a thing,
Which he hath fought and yet could neuer see,
which was the life, from whence his hopes did spring,
And findes it dead; that man is like to mee,
Of HENRY dead, the garland of my glory,
Neare seene by mee, must be my mournfull story.

I am the yongest Sister of the three
Yet equal to the best of both in fame,
As in all antique stories men may see,
And *Cambera* is my true auncient name,
So cal'd of Noble *Camber*, *Brut's* third Sonne,
When ouer me to raigne hee first begunne.

And





The three Sisters Teares.

And since that time, my state oft times cast downe
On lowly dust by hand of irefull FATE,
I neuer had more hope to calme her frowne
And rayse againe the glory of my state:
But death that daily workes this worlds decay
With *Henries* life hath blowne my hopes away.

Twice thirty times and fve the radiant Sunne
His Inne hath taken with the golden Ram
And euery time his yeares iust race hath runne
Since any Prince was titl'd by that name;
VVho then more teares should to this Herse
Then I for losse of my late liuing LORD? (afford

The blacke Prince *Edward*, whose victorious Lance
Spaines bastard *Henry* did in battell quell
And made blacke daies and bloody fieldes in *Fraunce*
VVhen French King *John* beneath his valor fell
In *Henry* liu'd, for hee againe did rayse. (praise.
My plume forgot, which *Edward* crown'd with

E

As





The three Sisters Teares.

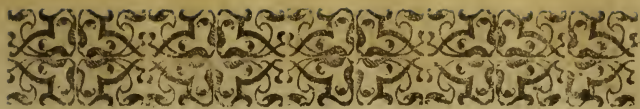
As when in golden Summer wee doe see
A dainty Palme high mounted on the head
Of some greene hill to daunce for iollity
And shake her tender lockes but new dispread,
So stood my Eitrich plumes on *Henries* crowne
VVauing aloft like ensignes of renowne.

Had I but seene, what fame so high resoundes,
Had *Ludlow* with his presence once beene blest,
Or had his foote steps tought my borders boundes,
I should not yeeld vnto my thoughts vnrest;
But with my Sisters seeke t' appease my ruth,
'Who did inioy the glory of his youth.

Then for this losse, 'gainst whom shall I complaine?
To lessen grieffe, shall heauen appeached be?
Or death accus'd of wrong? that were prophane,
Our Princes are their subiects, and as hee,
So others shall, that are and ere haue beene;
Like vapors vade and neuer more be seene.

No



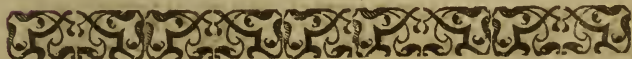


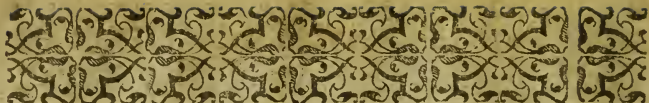
The three Sisters Teares.

No, no my country thou the blame must haue,
Thy sinne about the cloudes her head did show
And there the King of G O D S did proudly braue,
Who for that cause did scourge thee with this woe,
Which euer beare in thought, least at the last;
Thou feele the smart of that thou thinkst is past.

Lift vp thine eyes, to heauen all prayses giue,
Seeke with sad teares to appease I E H O V A H S .wrath,
And that thy Royall D A V I D long may liue
To try thy cause against that man of *Gath*,
Bring downe the length of dayes vpon his head,
And blesse the partner of his Royall Bed.

Blesse hopefull C H A R L E S , that we may want no
Of his to weare this Kingdoines Diadem, (heyre
Great Heauen looke louely on that louely payre,
Strike Enuy dead, if it but point at them,
And let their Sunne of I O Y be neuer set:
Though H E N R Y dead we neuer may forget.





The three Sisters Teares.

Thus hauing vtter'd forth her pittious mone,
She with her Sisters vanished away,
And left me there in Sorrow all alone,
At which amaz'd I durst no longer stay,
Else I did thinke vpon that Royall HERSE,
To haue left behinde this sad acrostike Verse.

AN EPITAPH.

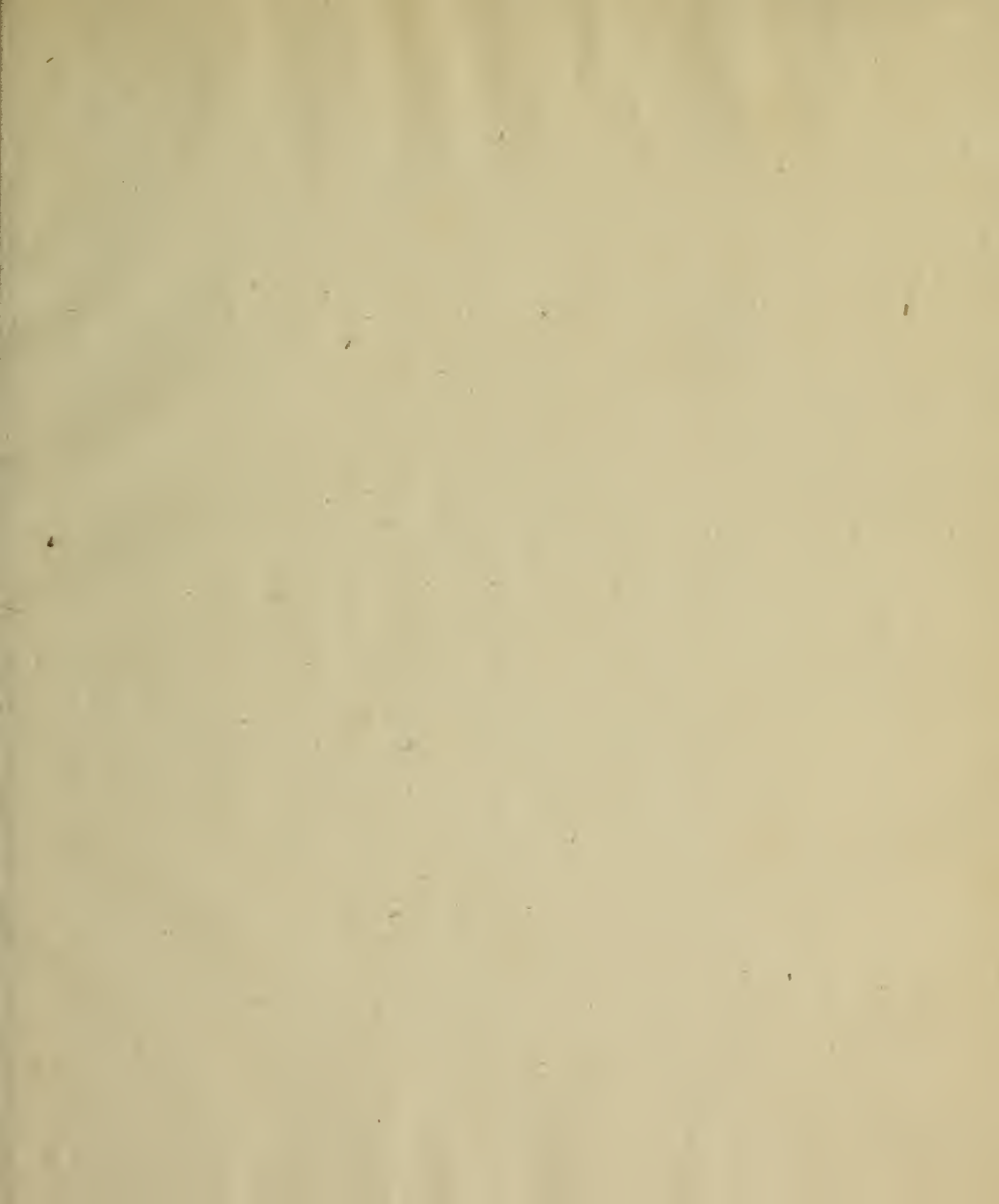
*H*ere lyes a Prince, that was the Prince of Youth,
*E*xpert in Arts his age doth seldome know,
*N*oble his Nature, and the shield of Truth,
*R*eligious stedfast friend, and Errors foe,
*I*n Vertues wayes hee kept as he begun,
*E*uen in that path his Royall Sire had done.

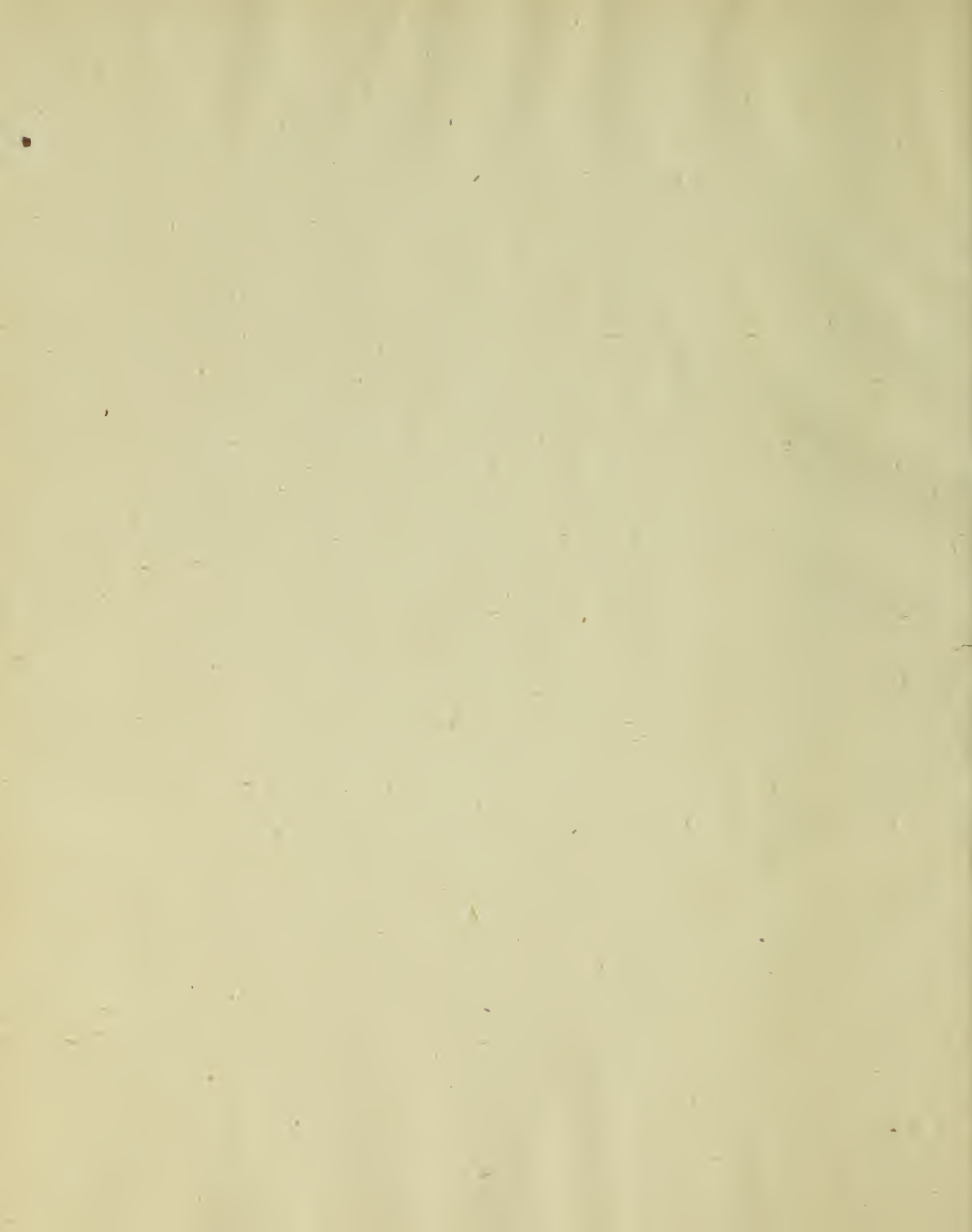
*P*arted hee is from vs, and yet not gone,
*R*apt up to heauen, his heauenly part there liues,
*I*n earth his earth lies dead, for 'tis her owne,
*N*ame and Renowne the World to him still giues.
*C*ount this true Parradox, if truely read,
*E*uer Prince HENRY liues, and yet is dead.

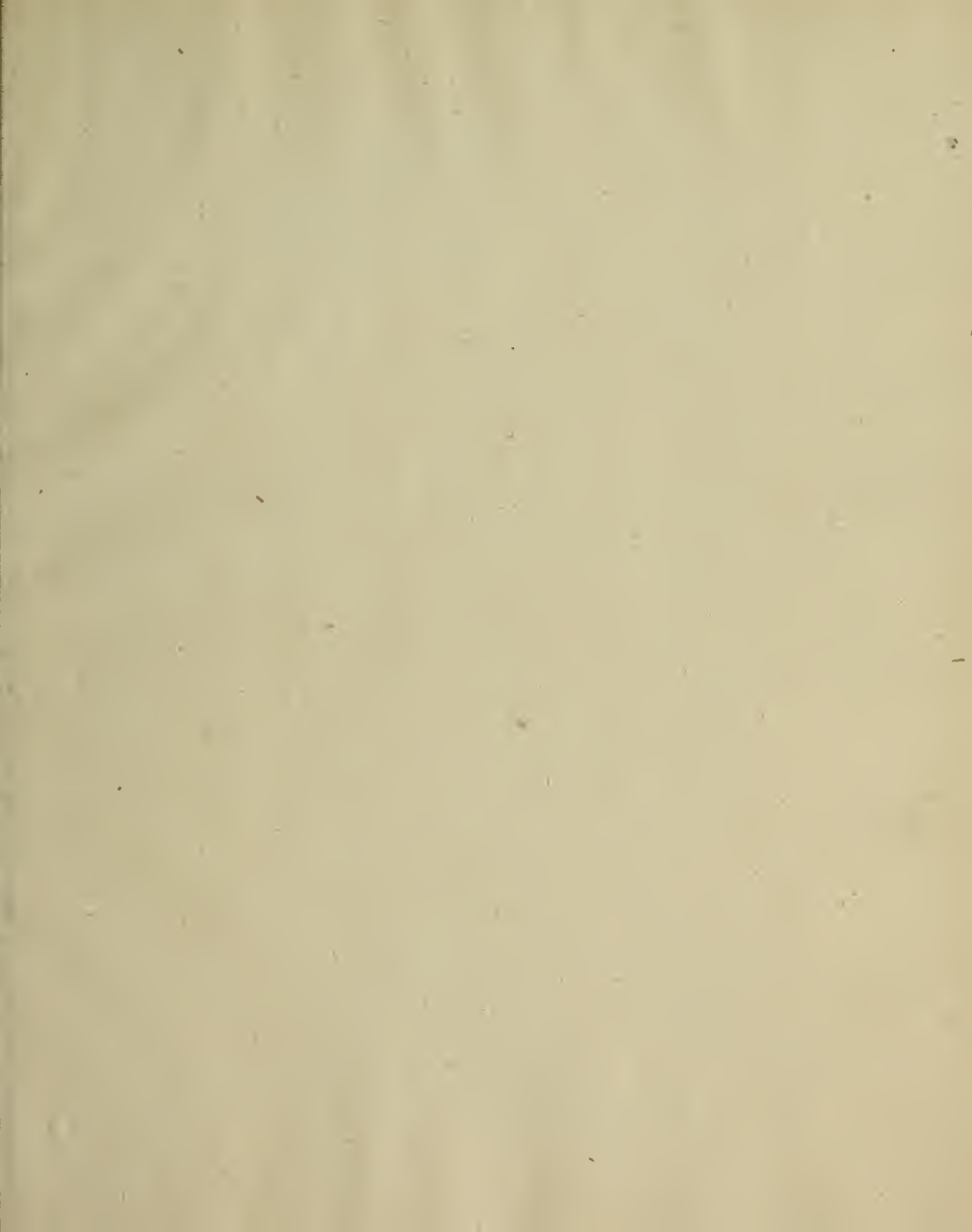
F I N I S.

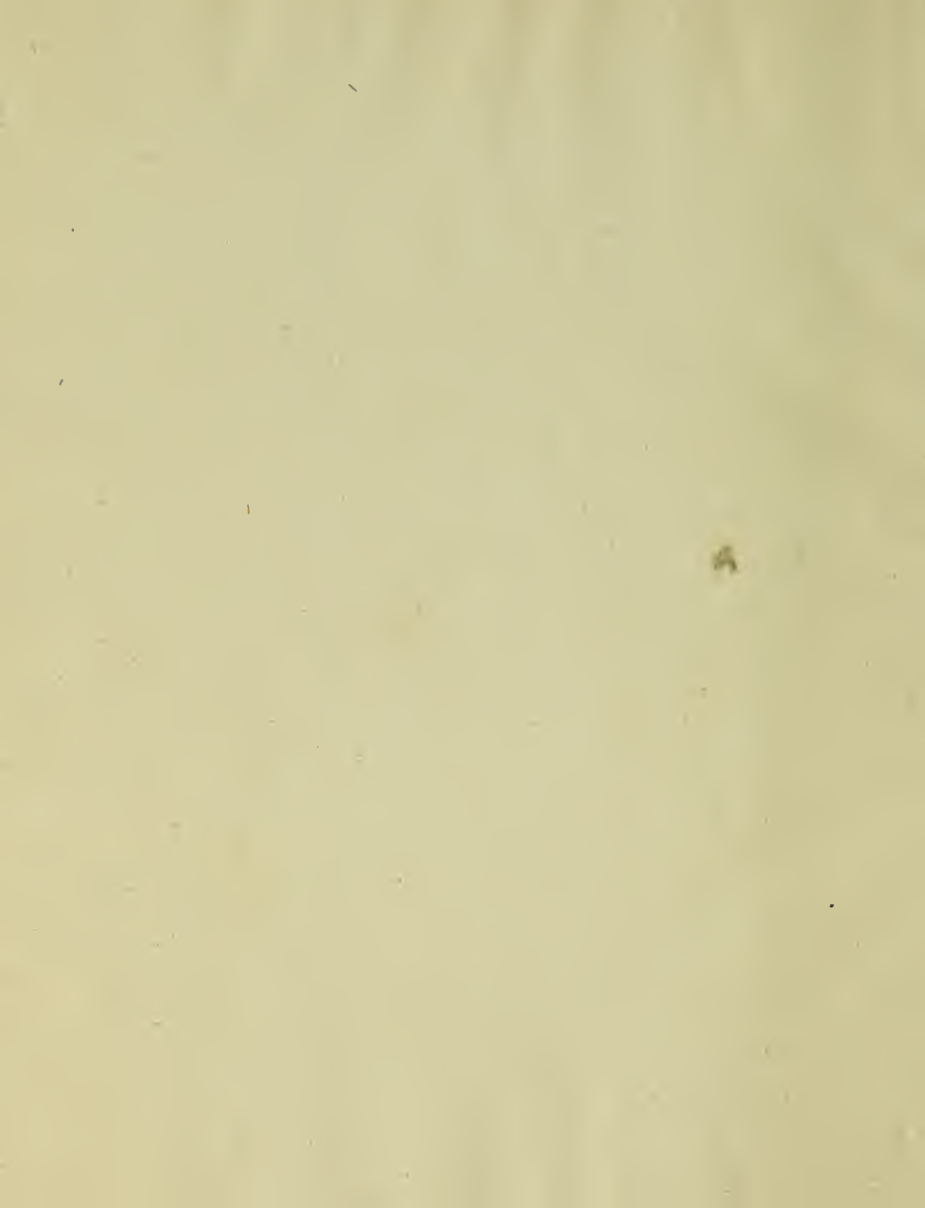


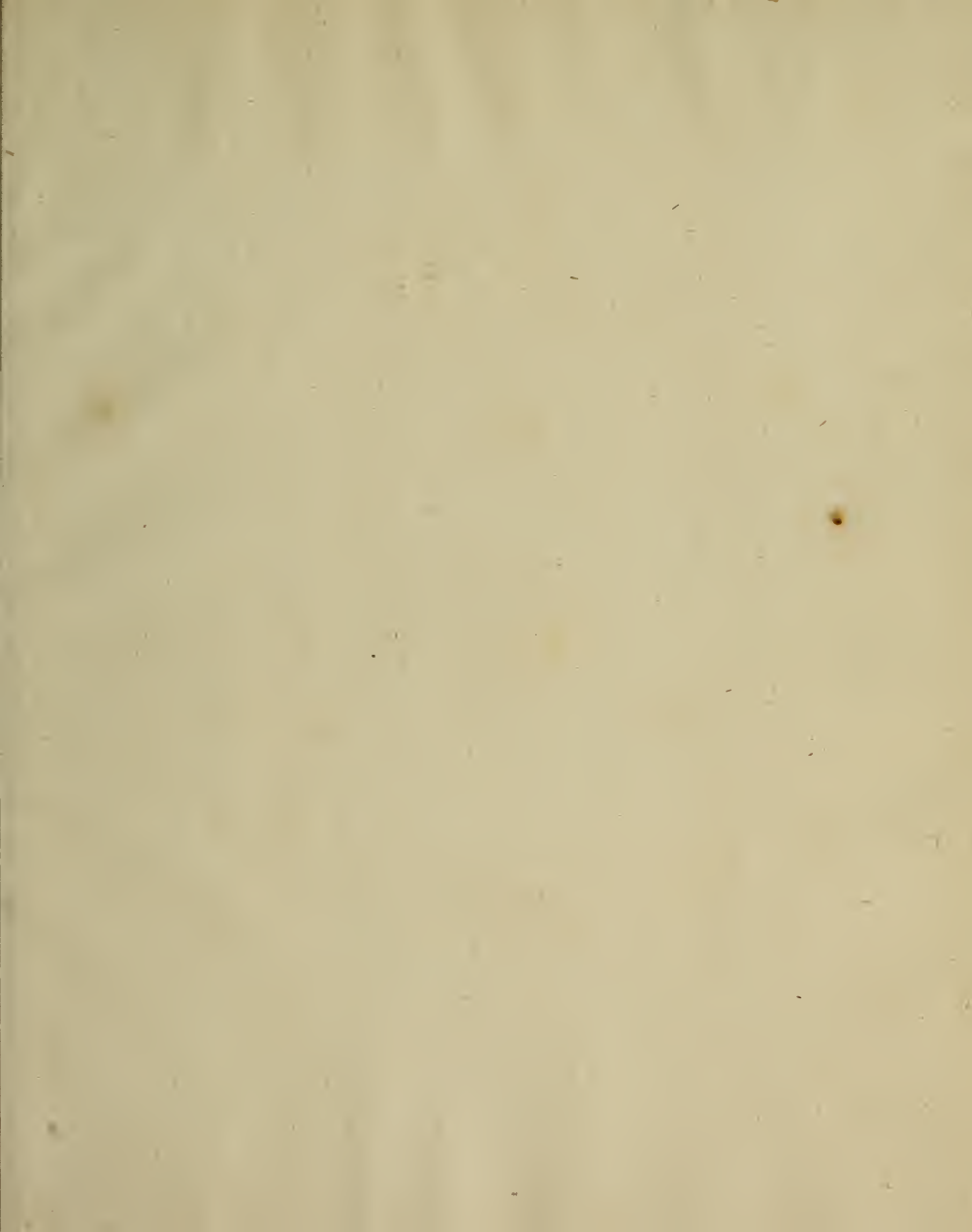


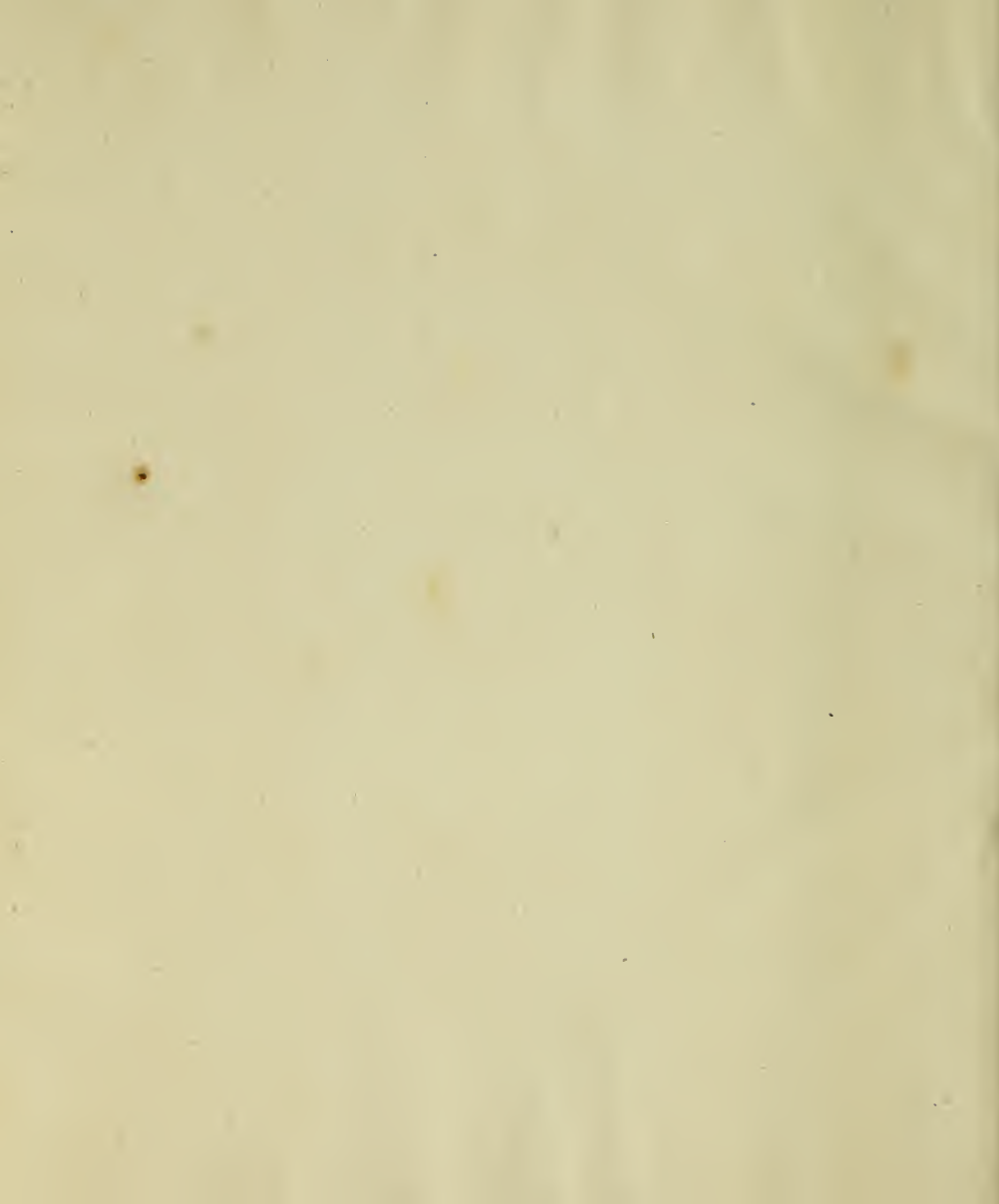




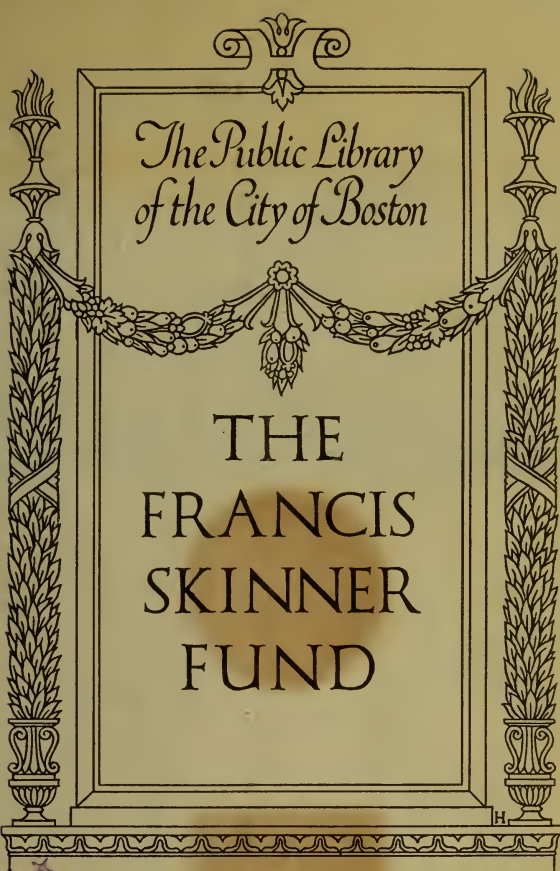












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