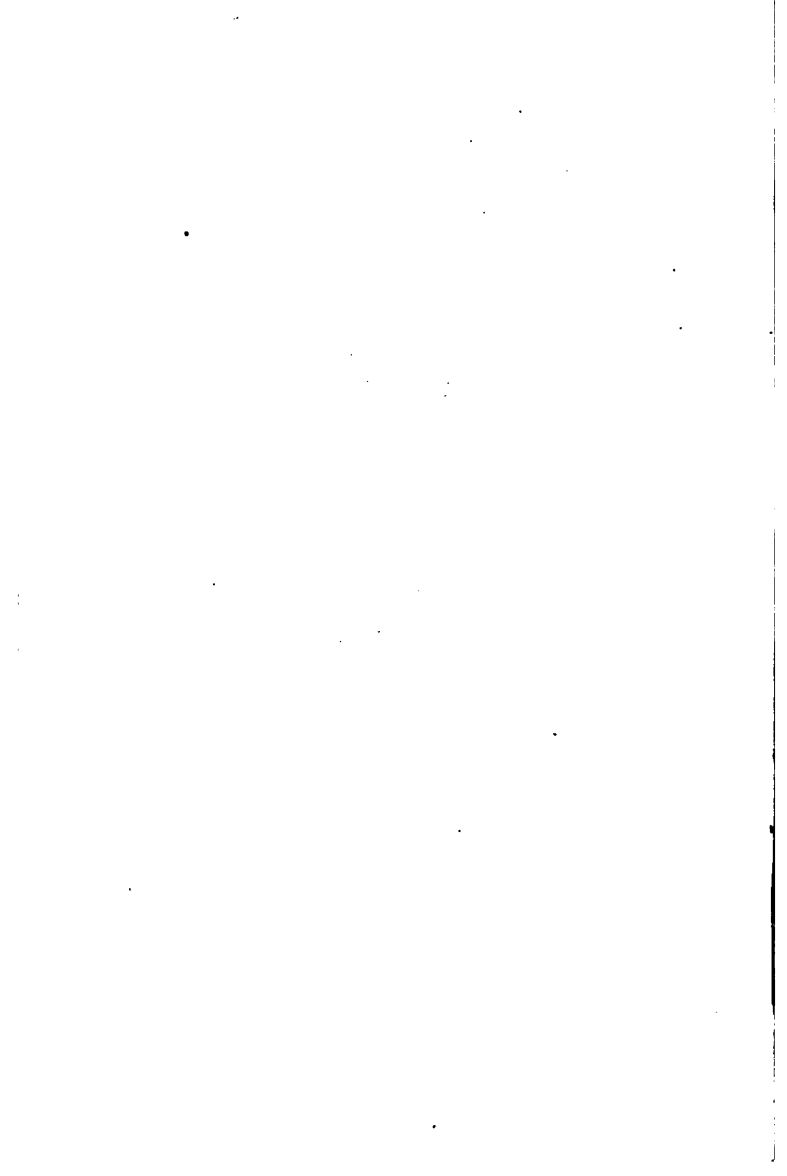




J23.1 [Gra]



3000756120





AT BRITAINES SUNNES SET, bewailed  
rapper. 18/-

*W. H. Allnutt: Oxford 1872*  
first edition of 1613. On the death of

GREAT BRITAINES  
SVNNES-SET,

*BEWAILED WITH A SHOW-  
ER OF TEARES.*

*BY*

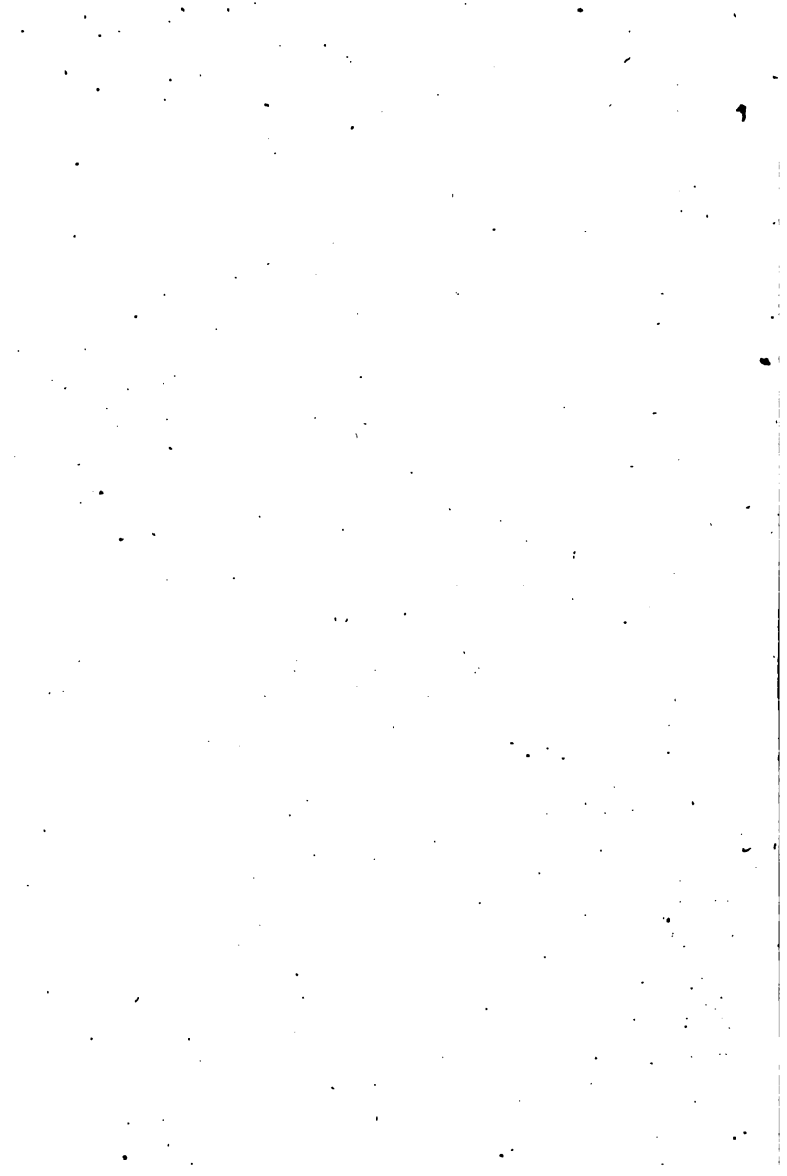
WILLIAM BASSE.

*AT OXFORD,  
Printed by Ioseph Barnes. 1613.*

---

FACSIMILED BY W. H. ALLNUTT.

OXFORD. 1872.



**GREAT BRITAINES**  
**SUNNESSET,**

**BEMOILED WITH A SHOW**  
**ER OF TEARES.**

**BY**

**WILLIAM BASSE.**

**AT OXFORD,**  
**Printed by Iosepb Barnes. 1613<sup>6</sup>**





TO HIS HONOURABLE  
MASTER S<sup>r</sup> RICHARD  
WENMAN *Knight.*



(1)

**A** Soule ore-laden with a greater Summe  
Of ponderous sorrow then she can sustaine,  
(Like a distressed sayle that labours home)  
Some object seekes, where to she may complaine,  
Not that (poore soule) hir object can draw from  
Hir groaning breast th' occasion of hir paines  
But overcharg'd with Teares shee (widow-like) bestowes  
Vpon hir best friends cares, some children of her woes.

A 2

Not

(2)

Not (like as when some triviall discontents  
First taught my raw and lucklesse youth to rue)  
Doe I to Flockes, now vtter my laments,  
Nor choose a tree, or streame, to mourne vnto:  
My waightier sorrow now (Deare Sir) presents  
These her afflicted features to your view.      owne)  
Whose free and noble mind (wert not this grieffe your  
Would to my plaints be kind, if I complain'd alone.  
But

(3)

But such true arguments of inward woe  
In your sad face, I lately haue beheld,  
As if your teares (like floods that overflowe  
Their liquid shores) alone, would haue excell'd  
This generall *Deluge* of our eyes, that so  
Sea-like our earth-like cheekes hath over-swelPd:  
As if your heart would send forth greatest lamentation,  
Or strue to comprehend our vniuersall passion.

A 3

And

(4)

And as th' occasion (Sir) may iustly moue  
To maid-like sorrow the most man-like heart:  
So may your griefe (to your beholders) proue  
The iustice of His grace, and your desert.  
For teares and sighs are th' issues of true loue:  
Our present woes our former ioyes imparte.  
He loues the living best, who for the dead mournes most:  
He merits not the rest, who noc laments the lost.

To

(5)

To you I therefore weep; To you alone  
I shew the image of your teares, in mine;  
That mine (by shewing your teares) may be show'n  
To be like yours, so faithfull, so divine:  
Such, as more make the publique woe their owne,  
Then their woe publique. such as not confine  
Theselves to times, nor yet forms frō examples borrow:  
Where losse is infinit, there boundlesse is the sorrow.

A 4

(6)

O let vs (*Musi*) this heavynesse (that no  
Iust heart, vnclert, at one time can sustaine)  
By fittes, and preparations vndergoe:  
Let's feare, let's hope: tremble; and hope againe.  
O, let vs this dysastrous truth ne're know;  
But rather deafe and stupefied remaine:  
For happier much it were, the hearing sence to loose,  
Then loose all sence to heare such an vnhappy newes.  
Like

(7)

Liketo a changeling (in his sleepes) become  
Rob'd of his sexe, by some prodigious cause;  
I am turn'd woman: watriſh ſaares benumbe  
My Heate: my Masculine exiſtence thawes  
To teares, wherein I could againe entombe  
His tombe, or penetrate hir marble iawes:  
But, O, why ſhould I twice entombe him! O what folly  
Were it to pierce (with ſighes) a moniment ſo holy!  
Here



(8)

Here then run forth thou River of my woes  
In ceaselesse currents of complaining verse  
Here weepe (young Muse) while elder pens compose  
More solemne Rites vnto his sacred Heate.  
And, as when happy earth did, here, enclose  
His heav'nly minde, his Fame then Heav'n did pierce:  
Now He in Heav'n doth rest, now let his Fame earth fill;  
So, both him then posses'd : so both possesse him still

Or,

(9)

Or, like a *Nymph* distracted or vndone  
With blubber'd face, hands wrong, neglected haire,  
Run through moist Valleys, through wide deserts run  
Let speech-lesse *Ecco* *eccho* thy dispaire.  
Declare th' vntimely *Set* of *Brittaines* *Sun*  
To sorrowing Shepheards : To sad *Nymphes* declare  
That such a night of woes, his *Occident* doth follow  
That *Day* in darknes clothes, and mourner makes *Apollo*.  
But

(10)

But of his partes thinke nott' expresse the least  
Whom Nature did the best in all things forme.  
First, borne a *Prince* (next to his *FATHER*) best;  
Then, Fram'd a *Man*, to be, as he was borne:  
Beauty his youth beyond all others blest,  
Vertues did him beyond his youth adorne. (ciesz  
What Muse, what voice, what pen, c<sup>z</sup> give thee all thy du-  
O Prince of Princes, mé, youth, wildd, deeds, & beauties-  
*Fat<sup>cc</sup>*

(11)

*Fates*, that so soone beheld his *Fame* enrould,  
Put to his golden thred their envious sheeres:  
*Death* fear'd his magnanimitie to behold,  
And (in his sleepe) basely reveng'd his feares.  
*Time*, looking on his wisdom, thought him old,  
And laid his rash Syche to his Primeſt yeares.

*Stars* that (in loue) did long t' embrace so faire a myrrhour  
Wink'd at *Fates* envious wrong, *Death's* treason & *Times*  
(errour.

○ *Fates*, ○ *Time*, ○ *Death*, (But you must all  
Act the dread will of your Immortall G v s D E)  
○ *Fates*, How much more life did you appaule,  
When you his lively texture did divide?  
○ *Time*, when by thy sythe this *Flow'r* did fall.  
How many thousands did'st thou wound beside?  
○ *Death*, how many deaths, is of that life compacted,  
That from all living breathes, his only death extracted.  
How

(13)

How many braue Deedes ha's the wounded wombe  
Of Hope, mis-carryed, now, before their time?  
How many high designes haue seene their doome  
Before their birsh, Or perish'd in their Prime?  
How many beauties drown'd are in his tombe?  
How many glories, with him, heav'ns do clime?  
How many sad cheekes mourne, Him laid in Earth to see  
As they to earth would turne, his Sepulcher to be.

Like

(14)

Like a high Pyramis, in all his towers  
Finish'd this morning, and laid prostrate soone;  
Like as if *Night's* blacke and incestuous howers  
Should force *Apollo's* beauty before Noone:  
Like as some strange change in the heav'nly powers  
Should in his *Full* quench the refulgent *Moon*:  
So *H*is, his daies, his light, and his life (here) expir'd  
New-built, most (*Sū-like*) bright *Ful Mā*, & most admir'd.  
But

(15)

But HEAV'NS, Disposers of all *Life and Death*,  
That our p'ied pride, and wretched lives mislike,  
Tooke HIM that's gone (from vs) to better breath  
Vs that remaine, with (death from him) to strike.  
His flower-like youth here, there more flourisheth,  
His graces then, are now more Angel-like.  
Those glories that in Him, so shone, now shine much more  
Our glories now are dim, that shin'd in him before.

A

And



(16)

And thou faire *He*, whose three-fold beauties face  
Enchants the Three-fork'd *Scepter* of thy *Lover*,  
That with thine owne eyes drown't thy lap, the place  
That his enamour'd armes and stremes would cover:  
Make true and two-fold vse of grieffe, That grace  
My wick affliction now, it selfe discover.  
These teares thou dost begin, to shed for *HENRYES* sake.  
Continue for thy sinne, which made Heav'n *Henry* take,  
THAT

(17)

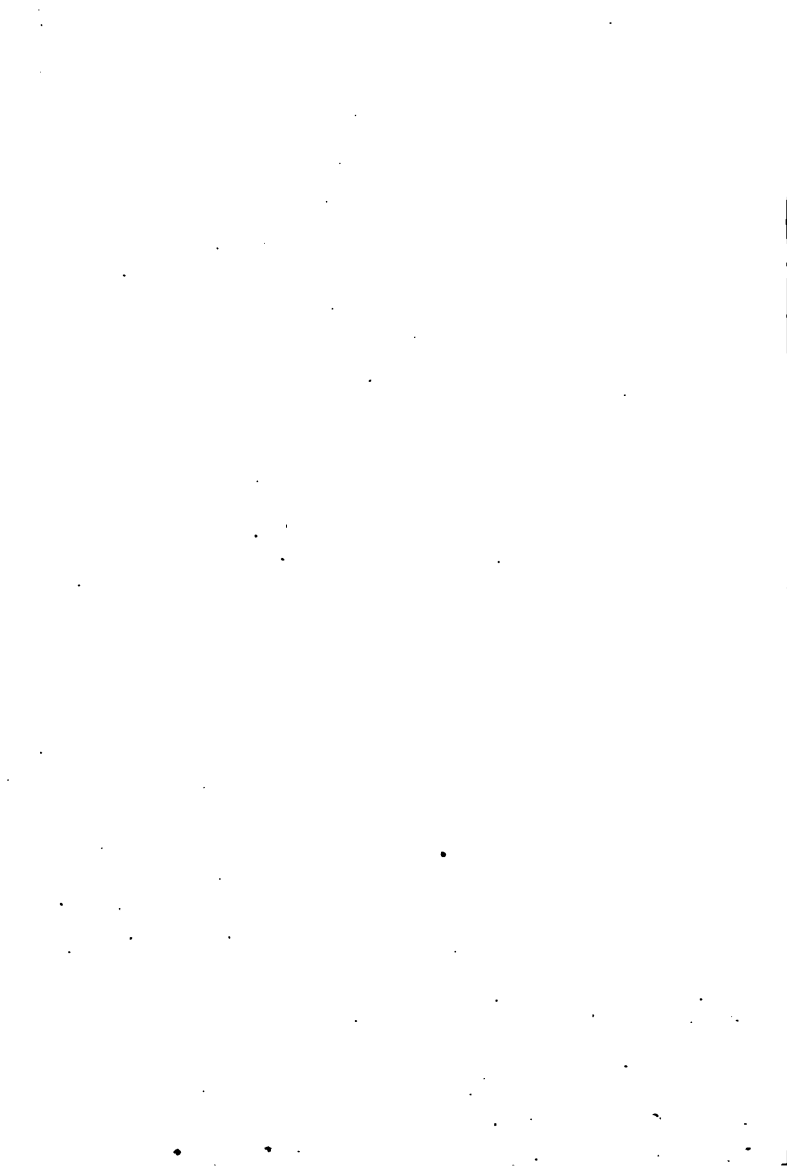
That thy iust IAMES, who hitherto hath sway'd  
Thy Scepter Many-fold, and ample Frame,  
Many more ages, yet, may Iste obey'd  
T' enlarge thy glories, and to yeeld the same  
Divine examples vnto CHARLES that made  
HENRY so noble, and so great in Fame.  
For who but such a King, as He, can such another  
In place of *Henry* bring? who match him but a BROTHER.  
B 2 And

And neighbour Lands to whome our moanes we lent  
 May to our greater losse no w lend vs theirs.  
*Florence* hir old *Duke* mourn'd but we lament  
 A greater then a *Duke* in flowing yeares.  
*Spaine* for a *Queene* hir eies sad moisture spent:  
 We for a Prince (and for a Man) shed teares. (Smarted;  
 But *France* whose cheek's still wet, nearest our grieft hath  
 For she from *Henry* Great; wee from Great *Henry* parted.  
 And

(19)

And thus, As I have scene an even, showre,  
(When *Phœbus* to *Iones* other splendent heyres  
Bequeath'd the Day) downe from *Olympus* powre.  
When Earth in teares of Trees, and Trees in teares  
Of Mountaines wade: Like some neglected flowre  
(Whose sorrow is scarce visible with theirs)  
Downe to my silent brest my hidden face I bow:  
My *Phœbus* in his Rest, hath hid his heav'nly brow.

*FINIS.*



## A MORNING AFTER MOVRNING.

**L**et me no longer Presse your gentle eies,  
 Be'ing of themselves franke of religious teares:  
 But Ranch these streames with so lacs from the Skies;  
 Whence *Hymes* deck'd in Saffron robes appears.  
 Let *Henry* now rest in our memories,  
 And let the *Rest*, rest in our eies and cares. (ning  
 Now He hath had his Rites, Let Those haue their ador-  
 By whose bright beames our Night of mourning ha's a  
 (morning.

And now (*my Muse*) vnmasque thee : And see how  
 A second *Sonne* in *Henries* place doth shine.  
 See *Five* great *Feastes* all meete in one Day, now.  
 Our *MARR* keeps his *Sabaoth* most divine.  
*Isis* and *Rhene* are ioyn'd in sacred vow;  
 And faire *Elixæ's Frederiche's Valentine*.  
 The *Court* in ioy artires hir splendent brow :  
 The *Country* *throne*; And all in mirth combine.  
 Five-times be hallowed, The Day, wherein, *G o d* rests,  
*Saints* triumph, *Princes* wed: & *Court* & *Coutry* feaste's.

*FINIS.*

*One hundred copies*

