

Piii7 Heere lyes thy Urne, O what a little blowe

Notes. In one source, this poem is attributed to "W. Hemmings" (Bodleian MS Malone 23). J.A. Taylor plausibly identifies Hemmings as William Hemminge, a satirist with anti-Puritan leanings ("Two Unpublished Poems" 237-38, 238 n.20).

"A Contemplation over the Dukes grave"

Heere lyes thy Urne, O what a little blowe

Has lay'd our Buckingham soe highe soe lowe!

Does all thy greatnes take up noe more roome

Then what a Begger must enioy? noe Tombe?

Noe hearse? noe monumentall pride? but all

As ruinous about thee as thy fall?¹

Sadd spectacle of greatnes; onely blest

In death noe Pagan nowe will curse thy rest

Noe not that Man of darknes,² whose intent

Was to robb God of a comaundement

And make a murther lawfull, Thou do'st lye

Safer in dust then in thy Princes eye

For ther's a Fate belonging unto kings

That whome they most affect, are hated things.

A Cobler, or a Broome-man³ may enjoy

That daingerous thinge call'd Frend without anoy

And when their labour, and the day expire

Drinke out their harvest by a seacole⁴ fyre.

The soldiour has his frend too, and his pay

When hee cann gett it, and drinks out that day

Yet noe man envies these, but the crown'd head

Has his affection aw'd, and lymited

Even by these beasts of Love, that thinke it fashon

In kings to have affection, and not passion

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How poore is majestie? marke! in this thinge
The subject is more soveraigne then his King
I cann enjoy a frend till he's tane hence
By natures lawe, not lawelesse violence
But in the smyle of Kings there lyes such fate
That to be lov'd, is to be ruinate.

25

I have thy hand to't Felton writt in blood
(The Character of hell) to prove this good
And it is writt in heaven too, wher thou't fynd
Howe much thou'st wrong'd thy Maker, how mankind.

30

Source. Bodleian MS Malone 23, pp. 130-32

Other known sources. "Two Unpublished Poems" 239-240; LCRO MS DG 9/2796, p. 5; Beinecke MS Osborn Bagott Papers Chest 1, no. 16; Houghton MS Eng. 1278, item 16

Piii7

¹ *fall*: a variant version includes here the couplet: "How pale thy honours look, and all thy paint / Of varnished glory now how dull, how faint" (Beinecke MS Osborn Bagott Papers Chest 1).

² *that Man of darknes*: i.e. Felton.

³ *Broome-man*: street-sweeper.

⁴ *seacole*: i.e. sea-coal; mineral coal as opposed to charcoal.
