An Epitaph vpon the death of Richard Price

Esquier (the second sonne of Sir Iohn Price *Knight, deceased) which* Richard left this life the fifth day of Ianuarie, 1586.

MY sorrow doth suppresse my memorie,
My griefe eke grieues my hart, and all my powres,
My teares do pierce my paper thorowlie,
My Muse me failes, my wo my wit deuoures,
So as amasd I sit deuoid of might,
In verse, or prose, my meaning to indight.

Of princely iewels, precious are the price,
Of gold the gaine who wisheth not to haue,
Of house and land, and all by land that rise,
Of all for life, who seeketh not to saue:
But when I weigh the depth of mine intent,
A *Price* to prayse, I cannot but lament.

A *Price* for gentle bloud, of price he was,
A *Price* well taught in youth to liue in age,
A *Price* so fraught with vertues that surpasse,
A *Price* though yong in yeeres, in wisedom sage:
A precious *Price*, as Wales did euer yeeld,
A *Price* of peace in towne, yet fierce in field.

His vertues rare, his wisedom so profound.
His learned skill, his curtesie so seene,
His bountie great in house did so abound,
His trauell such for Countrey, and for Queene,
Made him beloued, and for his friendship fast,
So famously, as euermore shall last.

He liued no doubt with well contented mind,
He liued vpright, iust both in word and deed,
He liued a subiect true, as man may find,
He liued to God a child of *Abrahams* seed:
He liued to die, content to leaue each frend,
He died to liue in ioy, that shall not end.

His wofull wife may chiefly waile his want,
His seruants next haue greatest cause to grieue,
His countrey then (sith such as he be scant)
His friends each one may sorow whilest they liue:
Among the which a greater losse had none,
Then I my selfe, that causelesse do not mone.

Oh God graunt vs thy grace, and daily aide,
Oh God put feare and loue into our hart,
Oh God to sinne make vs full sore afraid,
Oh God thy loue from vs do not diuart:
Thou that from vs our peereleſſe *Price* hast reft,
Be our defence, that here behind are left.

R. D.

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