



R. D.

This bountie great in houte did to abound,
 His trauell such for Countrey, and for Greene,
 Spade him beloued, and for his friendship fast,
 So famous, as euenmore shall last.
 He liued no doubt with well contented mind,
 He liued bright, with 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 friend,
 He died to liue in toy, that shall not end.

His too full witte may chieflie walle his want,
 His seruants next haue greater cause to grieue,
 His countrey then (it) such as he be leant
 His friends each one may for to woe hold thep liue:
 Among the which a greater losse had none,
 When I my selfe, that caugethe do not moue.
 Oh God graunt vs thy grace, and daily aide,
 Oh God put feare and loue into our hart,
 Oh God to liue make vs full fore afraid,
 Oh God thy loue from vs do not diuert:
 Thou that from vs our percellle *Price* hast left,
 Be our defence, that here behind are left.

An Epitaph vpon the death of Richard Price
 Esquier (the second sonne of Sir John Price Knight, deceased) which Richard
 left this life the fiftie day of Iannarie, 1586.

I for to both supplicke my
 incorne,
 They grieke the grines my
 hart, and all my powers,
 They teares do pierce my pa-
 per thorowlie,
 They saue me fales, my too
 my wit deuouces,
 So as amard I in deuid of might,
 In vertue, or piety, my in:aining to indight.



I price for gentle blood, of price he was,
 A price well taught in youth to liue in age,
 A price to franght with vertues that in passe,
 A price though young in yeeres, in wisedom sage:
 A priceous *Price*, as in aces did cure peeld,
 A price of peace in towne, yet fierce in field.
 His vertues rare, his wisedom to profound,
 His learned skill, his curtelie to leene,