



Mars Belgicus, or, A funeral elegie on the death of high and mighty prince F. Henry by the grace of God prince of Orange, Earl of Nassau, Catzenelbogen, Vianden ...

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MARS BELGICVS

OR

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650 A FVNERAL ELEGIE

ON THE DEATH OF THE HIGH AND
MIGHTY PRINCE

F HENRY

BY THE GRACE OF GOD
PRINCE OF ORANGE,

Earle of Nassau, Catzenelbogen, Vianden,
Dietz, Ling, Moers, Bueren, Leerdam, &c. Marquis of
Verę & Flissing, Lord and Baron of Breda, Grave,
Cuyck, Diest, Grimbergen, Herftall, Kranendonck
Warnefton, Arlay, Noferoy, S. Vit, Daesbourg, Polanen, Wil-
lemstadt, Niervaert, Yfellteyn, S. Martens Dyck, Gertruyden-
bergh, Chasteau Regnard, the High and Lowe Swaluwe,
Naeltwyk, &c. Heritable Viscounte of Antwerp and Befancon,
Marefhal of Holland by inheritance, Gouvernour of Gelder-
land, Holland, Zelande, Westfriesland, Zutphen, Vtrecht,
OverYfell, Groening, Omland and Drent. Generall of the
Armeyes of the Vnited Provinces, Admirall of the
Seas, and Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter.

By G. LAUDER.

B R E D A

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to the College of Orange. 1647.



Eavens weep, Earth mourn, winds sigh, floods
swell, seas roare,
Night spread thy sable vale, sunne shine no more,
To light the worlds great losse, Time Stand a-
masd,

To heare that Heros whose proud Trophees raised
His fame beyond the skyes, and *Nassavus* glory,
Whose life gave live to Valours Honours, story,
Is now a liveles Coarse, and hath layd doune
The Laurells which did all His Conquests Crowne.
And you poore Sister Nymphes your garlands breake,
Teare out your tresses, all your tires forsake,
Melt now your Eyes in teares, your flood gates ope;
Let Greeffe gush out and give your Sorrowes scope,
To droune those drayned fields where late you fate
Your Ioyes to sing and sleight the Spanyards hate,
While your victorious Prince his Enseignes spread
In open field where all before Him fled

d And Came Triumphant home chargd with the spoyles.
Of Provinces, Tounes taken Armyes foyles,
Enlarging still your limites to regaine
That Libertie which lost you so did playne
Where His good fortune, Courage, Conduct, Zealle,
With blessing from above did still prevaille,
And made you able to outface ~~to~~ power *the*.
Of proud *Geryon* that would all devoure,
Yea with that Monster Monarch grapple so
That Hee was glad His hold for to let go
And beg your freyndship upon equall termes
To Save a share if you would lay doune armes.

Great *Henry* Hollands hope, the Spanyards terrour,
The Soule of warre, the Christian Souldiers mirrour,
Paterne of Princes, Glory of our Dayes
Whose æquall after Times shal never rayse
Vnles it be Thy sonne Thy steps to trace
As Hee doth heyre thy Vertues, Honours, Place,
And art Thou gone alace? without returne?

And left these woefull lands Thy losse to mourne
 Ere Thou hadst banish'd quite the bastard Moore
 The *Belgick* bounds home to His Sunne burnd Shore,
 And made Thy Enseignes Shaddow *Tagus* Streames
 To Share his gold and Slaue his Noblest Names,
 And drive the proud Hydalgos in hot chace
 To *Leons* mountaynes there to feed on grassc;
 While Thou didst Sack proud *Sevill* and *Madrid*,
 Where Slaughtered Dones in heaps did gasping bleed
 T'appease *Greatt Williams* Ghost and Vengeance take,
 Of *Alu'as* tyranny Whose Sword did make
 So many Massacres that *Sylla's* rage
 Seemd toyes Compar'd *Aluares* tragick stage,
 Ah! why did Heauens so early call Thee hence
 Even in Thy Course of Victorye brave Prince!
 Before Thy fleet had spred her Canvas wings,
 On *Perus* Coast, and pillagd *Lima's* Kings?
 And rear'd a statue which Thy Shape I should moulede
 To after Ages Cast in purest golde?
 Was it because they wisely did foresee
 The natives blind had bowd to Worshipp Thee?
 As there deliverer from the yoake of *Spayne*
 And so should still Idolaters remayne,
 When they intend to make the Gospels light
 One Day (who knowes) shine to that poeple bright,
 By other means and weaker hands then Thynce,
 That so their power in small things may be seen.
 Or if that was too much, yet should Thy sword
 So often sheath'd in *Austria's* wounds, and gord
 With *Spanysb* blood, have made the way for Thee
 Throw routed Armyes following Victorye
 Ore proud Vsurpers bellyes, to have tayne
 In *Adolphs* Chayre the Crowne of *Charlemayne*,
 To vindicate the wrongs Thy Nephew bore
 And Great *Eliza* to Her Crowne restore,
 Yea settle the succession and Empire,
 On *Nassavus* line which never should expire,

So long as Sonne or Moone there light did lend
But with the World should see their glory end.

Thy Birth was by that Providence that sweyes
Both Heaven and Hell deferrd till latter Dayes,
When warres and Tumultes did the world invade
And this poore trampled Poepple calld for ayde,
That what Thy Sire so happily begun,
And Mars-like *Maurice* who like Course did runne
So farre advand, should ended be by Thee
Whose Triumphes should restore lost Libertie, .i.
And rayse this State to such a stately height
By Thy Victorious armes in happy fight,
That *Europs* Kings Her alliance all should wooc
And the New-World should for thy freyndship sue,
Where Thy great Name and Conquests sound as highe,
As ere the *Macedonians* fame did flie;
And the wilde poeple grave in fields of golde
Thy glorious deeds which Truth to them hath tolde,
For there is not a Shoare the Sunne doth see
But Sings Thy prayes in Her Poësie,
And well they may, for what ist all wee reade
Of worthys past which Thou dost not exceed?
Both *Hector* and *Achilles* So extolld
By *Homers* Muse and in Times liste enrolld,
Are fabulous Palladins Compar'd with Thee
And the poor wonders of Antiquitie;
Thy *Bosche* alone was tentimes worth their *Troye*
And ten yeares siege, which ten weeks Could destroye,
There Thou must fight with th'Elements and *Spayne*
With spade and sword a Mayden Fort to gaine.
Where all that Art and Nature Could Conspire
Were met to mocke a Conquerours desire,
And make a Place impregnable for Strength
Yett all must yeeld to Thy Command at length.
Nor was that all, when Thy disdain and scorne
Bergh's boiling brest to desperate plots had borne,
Who thought the Cuntry all His prey behinde

Thy Watchfull Eye Cast over all, could finde
 A * place of greatest consequence ill kept,
 To take it by Surprise, like *Troye* that sleept.
 The many Tounes that Sommer did subdue,
 With *Cæsars* Triumphes may debate theyr due,
 Though *Brunsvicks* Iourney, *Oldenzell* and *Grolle*,
 Thy first Exploits, might in the Capitolle
 Have claymd a statue, yett thy latter yeares
 So full of wonders, fright our Eyes and Eares,
 With such prodigious conquests, that next Age
 Will of thy storie doubt in every page,
 And think those Truths but Tales, or that Thou wert
 A God in Humane shape and every part.

*Wesel

That fearefull floatt of shalloups flat that came
 From *Antverpe*; calld th' Invincible by name,
 Which brave *Barbanfon* with an Armye bore,
 To stop our inland Seas, to scafe the shore.
 And Cutt of *Zeland*, *Holland* to invade,
 No sooner on Thy streames Her sayles shee spred,
 But scattered stranded streight was put to flight,
 When one small Squadron did but come in sight,
 And but the Cheeffs none scap'd to tell to newes
 Hou all the Saints were taken by the Geuse.

Let *Greece* and *Rome* so rich in Victories,
 Call up there Captaynes search their Histories,
 And find a Toun betuix tuo Armyes tayne
 Which wanted nothing could a Siege sustayne,
 Where vivres and munition could not Come
 To the besigers campe so farre from home,
 And see an Emperours Succouring Armye beatt
 The fields all strewd with dead in foule retreat
Mastricht shall then be calld a Maister peece,
 To gain the garland both from *Rome* and *Greece*,
 Both *Hanniball* and *Scipio* shall lay doune
 There laurells at Thy feet and *Philips* Sonne
 Nor shall *Saguntums* siege nor *Susa* be
 Layd in the scales with *Lymburghs* victory.

Roer-

Roermond and *Venlo* which Thy fight subdu'd
Strong *Orsoy* where old *Rhyne* to Thee first bow'd.
And all these forts upon the Fleemish Coast
Were Thy Exploits that no Time should be lost
While higher thoughts were hatching in Thy brest
To work the Publick well Thine oune unrest.

Rhyberck which long the Spaynish yoake did weare
And on Her bulwarks *Edmonds* blood did beare,
Although a boasting Rodomont fate there
To fill his Coffers and to make good Cheere,
Thy very Name and fight so frighted Him
And th' Armye which to His secourse should come
That in thy hands his hold Hee must give up
To showe no walles Thy Victorie can stop.

But what doe I thy meanest Actions count
When greater farre even fables doe surmount?
That Toun which did exhaust the Indian Treasure
Which beggered Spayne and *Spinola* for ever,
Consumd their Armyes, broke there great designes,
And at whose gayne the grudging King repines,
When Hee remembers at how highe a rate
Hee bought that bargain nothing by't to gett,
That *Danaë* they so long woo'd with golde
Thy Brothers darling Patrimoniall holde,
Breda, whom outward force could never winne,
Whom Pest and famine did deuoure within,
Whom Tuelve months siege had Starud to skinne and bones
A living Carcasse streets and walles and stones,
And which at last became there hungry prey,
Must croune Thy temples with Triumphant bay,
No sooner did Thy squadrons spread their wings
Before Her walls which with suet Echos rings,
And Thy Artillerie begin to roare
But horrour feald the terrour stricken Moore,
Who from Her Towres did see Thy trenches runne
About Thy camp and to the Toun within:
Then poasting spies with speed were sent to Call

Spay-

Spaynes *Ganymede* the Royale *Cardinall*,
 To Her secourfe, who quickly came to see
 The place neare loft in great Extremitic,
 But durft not hazard on Thy trench to fall
 Or force Thy works to find Thee over all,
 Till fhame and rage refolud on a retreat,
 And left Her with Thy Clemencie to treat,
 Who in fix weeks recoeveredft what prou'd *Spayne*
 Did spend a yeare and all Her strength to gaine,
 With fewer lives, and farre farre lesser coft,
 That glorious worke greeu'd *Spinol'as* sad ghofte
 (When young *Cantelmo* to Elyzium Came,
 Sent by ~~to~~ *Scots* His ancient Cuntrymen, *the*
 To bring the Neewes to olde *Eugenia* there;
 And bid Him his Apologie prepare,
 But fhunne *Valasco's* fight, who then would floute,
 To see Him now in Honour Banqueroute,
 Though nothing elfe by Thee had ere been done,
 The fame of that great Victory alone,
 Made *Europ's* grateft Powers aftonifhd ftand,
 Yea love Thy valour, Honour Thy Command.
 And made the fartheft Clymates of the Earth
 Proclayme thy prayfes wonder at Thy worth.
 which all fucceeding Ages fhall adore
 From *Phabus* fall unto the frefh *Aurore*.

Nor was that Castle where the Neers doth fall.
 Into the Chrif tall *Mafe* a tafke fo fmall
 Where triple Walls fecurd a *Harpys* neft,
 Which all the Neighbouring Cuntry did moleft,
 Vntill thy fury Came with Vengeance juft
 And like a Molehill battered it to duft.

But when that work of wonder where was fpend
 A fea of gold to bring the fhips to *Gent*,
 The furly *Saffe*, whose Cataracts let out
 Like *Nilus*, can drown all the fields about,
 Saw Thee come ore Her Canale which did keep,
 The land with Scanfes fafe to fit and fleep,

What

What strange Alarme did fright all Flanders then?
To Sue for help the *Emperour, Lorrain Spayne,*
When nothing could awayll but all must see
With Greeffe and f hame the *Sasse* give ore to Thee,
Let Ages past be silent, *Thebes* walles,
And all that babling Fame her wonders calls,
Were in this victorie surpast as farre
As flashing lights by *Phabus* golden Carre.

The last *Herculean* labour which did Croune
Thy Trauells past and all rest Renoune
Was *Hulst*, whose conquest ere Thou wouldst begin
Gent first must see Thy Armye campd within
A stones cast of Her walles, and in that feare
Forfake the forts which Her late safety were
To sett up that proud Standard so extold
For many Thousands under it Enrolld;
Though none were seen, that tale a truth to prove
Till they perceaud the Army to remove
And from the ramparts shouts of loye did send
To see Thy Course another wey would bend;
The *Scheld* that in Meandring gires doth glide,
Saw tuice Thy Collours in tuo Howers, displayd
Flie ore his streame, and *Beck* his banke forsake
Who with his Aigles all the flight did take,
And left the wealthy *Waes* a prey for Thee
Which trembling *Antvuerpe* from her towers must see,
That stately Citty which so long had been
The staple of the World and *Europs* Queen,
For traffick, Changing With the East and West
There richest ware; and like a Bride new drest
Sate sweetly smiling on the Rivers side
To see Her bigbulkd Carracks proudly ride
Vpon the Waves and in Her lap unload,
The Choicest Wealth of all the World abroad
Now widdowlike with dounecast wrinkled browe
A strangers slave to *Spaynes* hard y oak must bowe,

Though great Her feare appeard at Thy approach
Yet were Her wishes in Thy favour such
That shee almost did hope againe to be
By Thy Strong hand restord to Libertie:
But Heavens had that referud for thy Great Sonne,
Whose valour greater Conquests yet shall Croune;
Hust was Thy ayme, which for the Season spent
And great secourse distracted feare had sent,
Must with great Resolution be assayld;
There; both Thy Iudgment, and which never sayld.
Thy presence, did the works ore all lead on
So fast that lik a trayne Thy trenches runne
And from the Batteries thundered in the Toun
Such Iron showrs with garnads pouring doun,
That who had seen the sport a farre, had sworne
Hust was a block that in a flamme did burne
Nor didst Thou stay for galleries or dammes
To passe the ditch, but flying throwe the flammes
Thy Fordward souldiers flung light bushes in
And swimming halfe made haist the wall to winne,
Where in a moment Maisters they became
Of those high bulwarks there to blaze Thy Name;
And raise a Trophee of Thy victorie,
Who camst and saw'st and conqueredst speedily;
That Toun that seatted in an Isthmos stands
Begirt with scanes and tuo Seas commands,
Was held to be secure from all surprife,
Nor could it be besiegd in any Wise:
But by subduing all the land about,
Where all that could resist was put to rout,
And that made Thee attempt the taske so late
To Croune Thy conquest with a wreath so great
Of thirty forts which *Flanders* frontiers were
All yeilded up to Thee by force or feare,
Where Thy strong arme and happy sword, set ope
To Thy Successours great Designes and Hope,
A spacious wey of Victory; and gave

On eyther hand to Choose, a Mistres brave,
Whose wealth and Beauty may His armes invite,
And bring a Province with Her, worth a fight,
For sayrer tuo the Sunne sees not from highe,
Though Captives both in Chaynes they fettred lie,
And wayt by That Brave *Perseus* hand to be
One Day long lookd for happily set free.

These were Thy valours works and warrlike deeds
Whose like no Age in Times vast Annalles reads,
But who Thy Wisedomes weighty Actes will viewe
Shall find for Iudgment Thou wert match'd by fewe,
And that free Heavens a perfite Prince to make
Whom after Times should for a paterne take,
Had in Thy Person made a Man compleat,
For Court and Camp and for affaires of State,
Whom Beauty, Courage, Counsell, did adorne,
By loue, by Armes, by witt, to conquer borne,
Hou did Great *Brittains* Court and all Her Peeres
Adore so grave discourse in so green yeares?
Yea even Wise *James* taine with Thy sugred termes
Admir'd to find such Eloquence in Armes,
Such wit in Beauty, and a Statesman see
Look like a Souldier which both met in Thee,
When in *Eliza's* love Thou camst to Wed
The *Necker* with the *Thames*, the *Rhyn* with *Toved*,
And did preferre Thy Sute to *Spaynes* desire
Warmd with Thy Reasons and Relligions fire.

Hou great Thy Care hath been hou hard thy paynes,
Since Thou took op the sturdy States strong Raynes,
To mannage Matters with an Æquall hand
Appease the tumults of a troubled Land,
A *Hydra-headed* multitude to holde
Of Iarring Spirits and beare doun the bolde:
To keep a Concord 'mongst discording Tounes
Where private interests publick well confounds,
Where Sectes and Shismes the Church in peeces rend
And Iealoufie, and pride for place contend,
The Neighbour World with wondring Eyes hath Seen.

Where many wishd thy subjects they had been,
So just Thy power, so milde was Thy Command,
That Love not feare, of Thee in awe did stand,
Nor didst Thou more then Lawes obedience crave;
And Thy Example was the Lawe Thou gave,
The Peoples good and Grandeur of the State
Was all Thy end, and not to make Thine Great,
Nor can even malice selfe in meanest things
Reproach Thy Deeds or challenge Thy designs.

Thy love to Learning and the Muses deare
In that great Care and cost doth well appeare,
With which Thou didst thy new *Lycœum* found
Where Airts with Armes in fast Embraces bound,
Shal make Thy *Breda*, *Belgias Athens*, sing
Thy Prayse as farre as Fame can stretch a wing.
While those learnd Nurflinges whom her schoollers send forth
Shall fill the World with volums of thy worth,
And in Her chayres Thy memory shal live
So long as Time shall Day his changes give.

It was Thy Vertue made Thy life a wonder
So well to Swey the Sword the scales to ponder,
In doing Iustice æqually to All,
With open Eare to heare the Pooremans call,
To Curbe oppressours, free the Innocent,
Keep all in quiet, every one content,
Which so did gaine the Poeples hearts at home,
And Princes love abroad where Truth Could come,
That mightiest Monarchs thought it no disgrace
To Seek Thy favour freyndship to embrace,
The verie Sauvages did Sighe to be
Thy subjects, for thy farre fam'd Clemencie,
And though Thy temples wore no Diademe
The Occans King *Great Charles* did not disdain
His *Marie Gold* should smile upon Thy Sonne
Whose Orient Rayes a glorious Race shall runne,
But lou'd so well that *Orange* flower to see
That He would wed His *Rose* with that sucet Tree,

And

And Hee whose Power, possessions large and faire
May With some litle Kingdome hold Compare,
Romes great *Septemuir*, whom all *Europe* fought
With Smiling looks to have allurd and caught,
The *Brandenburgher* Prince, led by His love
Found neer a lady could His liking move,
Till Thy *Louysas* Beauty Captiv'd Him
An Earnest suter to Thy court to come
Where gaining in Her love Thy graunt, at last.
Hee reapt the fruit of all His traueells past.
And was more proud to be ally'd with Thee
Then any Prince the Empires bounds did See.

But now O Greeffe! Wher's all that Glory gone?
That glistering pompe all Eyes did gaze upon?
Had Death the power to overthrowe it all
And make his Triumph in Thy Funerall?
O fading favour of a smiling fate!
Hou Soon see all thy sunne-hine Ioyes there date?
Yet where shall wee find Teares Thy losse to weepe?
Or sighes, our scalding Sorrowes fresh to keep;
Though wee should melt our selves in greeffe and die
Vpon Thy grave, or up in vapours flie,
Thy valour, Zeale and Wisedome merite more
Which now Thy widdowed *Belgia* doth deplore,
And al the Orphand Cittyes which Thy sword
Sau'd from the slaverie of a race abhord,
There Dolefull dittys sonnd in everie street
Which swimme in Teares, where mourners mourners meet.

Accept Great soule these greeffs which though they scant
In weight, yet in the will they doe not want,
See how the Mighty *States* with douncast browe
And Crossed armes doe cloud there countenance now,
Behold the Churchmen walke with wattry Eyes,
The Burgher beats his brest, the faylor Cries,
And thy Companion whom Thy courage led
Through Death and Danger in bright harnasse clad
The staring *Souldier* staggers as Hee goes,

His force doth fayll his limbs there strength doe lose,
The Drummes and Trumpets give a dreary sound,
The Sable Enseignes shaddowe all the ground,
The Schollars in Sad Elegics doe sing,
Thy prayses, and the pulpits all doe ring
With Learned Harangs which high rayse Thy Fame;
And consecrate to Memory Thy Name,
See how old *Rhyn* doth hang His hoarie head,
And *Mase* in silent horrour sleeps as dead,
Thy *Merck* and *Aa* there channells overflowe,
And strive whose Suelling Gresse shal greatest growe,
While poor *Breda* sits sadly weeping by
And Her high Towers up brayd the stormy skie,
That in Her armes shee did not see Thee die
By *Romes* proud conquerour *Henry* there to lie.

Then wherfoere Thy shape shall pourtrayd stand
In starres; *Orion* like with burning brand,
(For sure a Constellation Thou shalt make,
Yet in the Southern Region doe not take
Thy place; but rather by *Bootes* shine,)
Loath not to look upon these Lands of Thine,
That when Scafaring wights there routs shall straine
They still may see Thee neare the *Charlewayne*,
And so direct there course untill thy find
Their wished port with favourable wind.

Farewell deare Ghost forgive a Souldiers sorrowe
Whose mourning Muse in publick gresse must borrowe
And beare a part, his private losse to playne.
Whose hopes prevented in thy Death are slayne,
If Thy Great *Sonne* His service doe not heed
To pay His Times expences with there meed,
For unto Thee, His life and blood was vowd,
The wounds Thy service gave Him, make Him proud,
And Hee shall die content if for Thy *Sonne*
In some brave fight His life Hee may lay doune.

Sunt Artibus Arma decori,

G. Lauder.