

On the Horrid Murder of that Incomparable Prince, King  
Charles the First

Let none presume to weep: tears are too weak,  
Such an unparalled loss as this to speak.  
Poor village girls do so express their grief,  
And in that sad expression find relief  
When such a prince in such a manner dies. 5  
Let us (ay me) no more drop tears but eyes;  
Nor let none dare to sigh or strike their breast  
To show a grief that so transcends the rest:  
Plebeians so each vulgar loss deplore,  
We do too little if we do no more. 10  
When such a king in such a manner dies,  
Let us suspire our souls, weep out our eyes.

*Note*

This is the shortest of Pulter's elegies on Charles I, who was executed outside Whitehall Palace on 30 January 1649.

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2] *unparalled*: unparalleled.

12] *suspire*: sigh forth, breathe out.