

David's Lamentation, for Saul, and Jonathan

Alas, slaine is the head of Israel,
Illustrious Saul, whose beauty did excell
Upon thy places, mountan'ous and high,
How did the mighty fall and falling dye?
In **Gath**, let not this thing be spoken on,
Nor published in the streets of Askelon,
Lest Daughters of the **Philistines** rejoyce,
Lest the uncircumcis'd lift up their voyce:
O! **Gilbo Mounts**, let never pearled dew,
Nor fruitfull showres your barren tops bestrew,
Nor fields of offerings e're on you grow,
Nor any pleasant thing e're may you show;
For the mighty ones did soone decay,
The Shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
There had his dignity so sore a **foyle**,
As if his head ne're felt the **sacred Oyle**:
Sometimes from crimson, blood of gastly slaine,
The bow of **Jonathon** ne're turned in vaine,
Nor from the fat, and spoyles, of mighty men,
Did **Saul** with bloodlesse Sword turne back agen.
Pleasant and lovely were they both in life,
And in their deaths was found **no parting strife**;
Swifter than swiftest Eagles, so were they,
Stronger than Lions, ramping for their prey.
O Israels Dames, o're-flow your beauteous eyes,
For valiant Saul, who on Mount Gilbo lyes;
Who cloathed you in cloath of richest dye,
And choyce delights, full of variety.
On your array put ornaments of **gold**,
Which made you yet more beauteous to behold.
O! how in battell did the mighty fall,
In mid'st of strength not **succoured** at all:
O! lovely Jonathan, how wert thou slaine,
In places high, full low thou dost remaine;
Distrest I am, for thee, dear Jonathan,

Thy love was wonderfull, passing a man;
Exceeding all the [Love that's Feminine](#),
So pleasant hast thou been, dear brother mine:
How are the mighty falne into decay,
And war-like weapons perished away.

Edited by Morgan Hadlock