

Miscellaneous Ballads

Thomas Deloney

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Miscellaneous Ballads

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- The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie with her entertainment there.
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- Salomons good houswife, in the 31 of his Proverbes.

A proper newe sonet

declaring the lamentation of *Beckles* (a market towne in *Suffolke*),
which was in the great winde vpon S. *Andrewes* eue
last past most pittifully burned with fire, to the
losse by estimation of twentie thousande
pound and vpwarde, and to the
number of foure score
dwelling houses,
1586

To Wilsons Tune.

WITH sobbing sighes, and trickling teares,
My state I doe lament
Perceiuing how Gods heauie wrath
Against my sinnes is bent;
Let all men viewe my woefull fall,
And rue my woefull case,
And learne hereby in speedy sort
Repentaunce to embrace

For late in *Suffolcke* was I seen
To be a stately towne,
Replenished with riches store,
And had in great renowne;
Yea, planted on a pleasant soyle,
So faire as heart could wish,
And had my markets, once a weeke,

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Well storde with flesh and fish.

A faire fresh riuer running by,
To profite me withall,
Who with a cristall cleered streame
About my bankes did fall;
My fayres in somer welthely
For to increase my store;
My medowes greene and commons great,
What could I wish for more?

But now beholde my great decay,
Which on a sodaine came;
My sumptuous buildings burned be
By force of fires flame:
A careless wretch, most rude in life,
His chymney set on fire,
The instrument, I must confesse,
Of Gods most heauie ire.

The flame whereof increasing stil
The blustering windes did blowe,
And into diuers buildings by
Disperst it to and fro;
So, kindling in most grieuous sort,
It waxed huge and hie;
The riuer then was frozen, so
No water they could come by.

Great was the crye that then was made
Among both great and small;
The wemen wept, and wrong their handes,
Whose goods consumed all;
No helpe was founde to slacke the fyre,
Theyr paines was spent in vaine;
To beare theyr goods into the fieldes
For safegarde they were fayne.

And yet, amid this great distresse,
A number set theyr minde,
To filch, and steale, and beare away
So much as they could finde;
Theyr neighbors wealth, which wasted lay
About the streetes that time,
They secretly conwayde away,
O most accursed crime !

Thus, from the morning nyne a clocke
Till four aclocke at night,
Fourescore houses in *Beckles* towne
Was burnd to ashes quite;

And that which most laments my heart,
The house of God, I say,
The church and temple by this fyre
Is cleane consumde away.

The market–place and houses fayre,
That stood about the same,
Hath felt the force and violence
Of this most fearefull flame;
So that there is no Christian man
But in his heart would grieue,
To see the smart I did sustaine
Upon saint *Andrewes* eue.

Wherefore, good Christian people, now
Take warning by my fall,
Liue not in strife and enuious hate
To breed each other thrall;
Seeke not your neighbors lasting spoyle
By greedy sute in lawe;
Liue not in discord and debate,
Which doth destruction draw.

And flatter not yourselues in sinne,
Holde not Gods worde in scorne,
Repine not at his ministers,
Nor be not false forsworne;
For, where such vices doth remaine,
Gods grace will neuer be;
And, in your health and happie state,
Haue yet some minde on me,

Whose songes is changd to sorrowes sore,
My ioyes to wayling woe,
My mirth to mourning sighes and grones,
The which from grieve doth growe;
My wealth to want and scarsetie,
My pleasure into payne,
All for the sinne and wickednesse
Which did in me remaine.

If then you wish prosperitie,
Be louing meeke and kinde,
Lay rage and rancour cleane aside,
Set malice from your minde;
And liue in loue and charitie,
All hatefull pride detest,
And so you shall with happie dayes
For euermore be blest.

And thus I ende my wofull song.
Beseeching God I may
Remaine a mirrour to all such
That doe in pleasure stay;
And that amongst their greatest mirth
And chiefest ioye of all,
They yet may haue a heart to thinke
Of *Beckles* sodaine fall.

A most ioyfull Songe,

made in the behalfe of all her Maiesties faithfull and louing Subiects:
of the great loy, which was made in London at the taking ol the
late trayterous Conspirators, which sought opportunity to kyll
her Maiesty, to spoyle the Cittie, and by forraigne inuasion
to ouerrun the Realme: for the which haynous Treasons,
fourteen of them haue suffered death on the & 21
of Sept. Also a detestation against those Con-
spirators and all their confederates, giuing
God the prayse for the safe preservation
of her maisty, and their subuersion
Anno Domini 1586

To the tune of: O man in desperation.

The names of vij traitors which wer executed on the xx of September
beyng Tuesday 1586: Iohn Ballard, semenary Priest, Anthonye Babyngton
Esquier. Iohn Sauge gent. Robert Barnwell gent. Chediorck Tichburne
Esquier. Charles Tylney Esquier. Edward Abington Esquier. The next day
following these 7: Thomas Salisbury Esquier. Henry Dun gent. Edward
Ihones Esquier. Iohn Trauis gent. Iohn Charnocke gent. Robert Gage
gent. Ieremie Bellmy gent.

O Englishmen with Romish harts, what Deuil doth bewitch you,
To seeke the spoyle of Prince and Realme, like Traytors most vntrue?
Why is your duetie so forgot, vnto your Royall Queene,
That you your faith and promise breake, O viperous broode vncleene ?

Blessed be God who knew your thought, and brought your treason out:
And your destruction now hath wrought that made vs so in doubt
For if you might haue had your willes to make your bloudie day,
Many a widowe and fatherlesse childe, had then cryed well away.

Many a Citie had beene sackt, whose houses had beene firde,
Yea, many a Peere had lost his life, these fruits you all desirde,
But now fourteene of you haue felt, that death you haue deserued,
And God (in mercie) from your hands, our prince and vs preserued.

And would you seeke your Countries spoyle, your Mother and your Nurse,
That fostred you and brought you vp, what treason may be wurse?

A most ioyfull Songe,

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Why is your false and poysoned harts, surprised with such hate,
That you must needes by forraigne power, suppress your happy state ?

Why do you beare such foolish loue vnto the Ragges of *Rome*,
That you would seeke sweete *Englands* spoyle, and Princes deadly doome?
Will nothing serue your deuillish turne in this your deadly strife,
But euen the blood of your good Queene, and her to reauue of life?

Doo you not know there is a God, that guides her night and day,
Who doth reueale her foes attempts, and brings them to decay ?
O wicked men with Tygers harts, nay Monsters I should say,
That seekes to spoyle so good a Queene, as none the like this day.

Her tender loue procures your hate, her mercie makes you bolde,
Her gentle sufferance of your pride, presumptuous vncontrolde,
Doth make you to forget your God, your selues and dueties all,
Whereby you bend your busie braines to mischief and to thrall.

Know you not who her highnes is ? King *Henries* daughter deere,
The mightiest Monarche in his dayes, or hath beene many a yeere:
She is our Prince and soueraigne Queene, annointed by Gods grace,
To set forth his most sacred word, his enimies to deface,

Haue you not holy scriptures read, how byrds with fluttering winges,
A Traytours thought they will betray against annoynted Kinges,
God will no secret treason hide, against a wicked Prince,
Much more, for safety of the good, their foes he will conuince.

Therefore you cruell cankered crue, why seeke you mischief still,
For to attempt with violent handes, Gods chosen for to kill.
How dare you once in hollow hart, thinke ill of such a Queene,
Whom God himselfe doth fauour so, as like was neuer seene.

Haue you such wicked hatefull hartes, in thirsting after blood,
That with false *Iudas* you can beare two faces in one hoode ?
Too often hath her Maiesty behelde without mistrust,
The outwarde smiles of Crokadiles, whose harts were most vniust.

O liuing Lord who would suppose that vnder veluets fine,
Such cankered poyson should be hid, as hath beene found this time.
Is this the precious faithfull fruite, which doth from Papists spring ?
Are these the workes whereby they thinke Gods Kingdome for to win?

Is not their greedie thirsting throates yet satisfied with blood ?
When as it streamde doune Parss streets, much like to *Nylus* flood.
Or are they not yet drunke enough, in quaffing bloody bowles,
But looke they for a second draught among vs English soules ?

O *England, England*, yet reioice, thy God beholdeth all,
And he hath giuen for euermore thy foes a shamefull fall.
By him all kinges and Princes raigne, he giues them life and breath,

A most ioyfull Songe,

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He hath set vp and will maintaine our Queene *Elizabeth*.

The secret drift and ill intent of her late hatefull foes,
Vnto all faithfull Subiects ioyes, the Lord did well disclose,
Yea many Traytors false of faith, through his most mighty power,
Are taken in most happy time, and sent vnto the Towre.

Which happy sight for all to see, did glad eche Subiect true,
And many thousands ranne apace, those Caytiues vile to viewe,
Whom when the people did espie, they cryed lowde and shrill,
There goe the Traytors false of faith, which sought our Queene to kill.

There goe the wretched wicked ones, her Citie meant to spoyle
And murther all her Citizens, but now they haue the foyle.
There go the enimies of the Realme, did thinke to ouerrunne
All *England*: to let in the Pope, but now Gods will is doone.

God sent them now their due deserts, as they in hart conspyrde,
To take away our gracious Queene, and Citie to haue fyrde.
God graunt we neuer liue to see, that dismall day to haue,
Who blesse our noble Queene and Realme and eke her Citie saue.

And thus the people still did cry, both men and women all,
And children yong did shout alowde, and Traytors Traytors call.
Yea thousands trudging to and fro, to meete them still did runne,
And some stooode fasting all the day, till that daylight was doone,

To see these Traytors taken so, their harts for ioy did spring,
And to declare this perfect ioy, some ranne the Belles to ring.
The Belles I say did brauely ring, that day and all the night,
And throughout stately *London* streetes reioyced euery wight.

And when the day was past and gone and that the night drewe neere,
The worthy Citizens many a one, prepared their good cheare.
And Bondfyres did they merely make, through all the streetes
And in the streetes their Tables stooode, prepared braue and fine.

They came together gladly all, and there did mery make,
And gaue God thanks with cheerefull hartes, for Queene *Elizabeths* sake.
In solempne Psalmes they sung full sweete the prayse of God on hie,
Who now and euer keepes our Queene from Traytors tyranny.

But when our noble gracious Queene did vnderstand this thing,
She writ a letter presently, and seald it with her Ring.
A Letter such of royall loue, vnto her Subiectes cares,
That mooued them from watry eyes, to shed forth ioyfull teares.

O noble Queene without compare, our harts doth bleed for woe,
To thinke that Englishmen should seeke, thy life to ouerthroe.
But here wee humbly do protest, oh gracious Queene to thee,
That Londoners will be loyall still, whilst life in them shall be.

A most ioyfull Songe,

And all that would not gladly so, spend forth their dearest bloode,
God giue to them a shamefull ende, and neuer other good.
And Lord with hart to thee we pray, preserue our noble Queene,
And still confound her hatefull foes, as they haue alwayes beene.

A proper new Ballad

breefely declaring the Death and Execution of fourteen
most wicked Traitors, who suffered death in
Lincolnes Inne feelde neere *London*:
the and 21 of September,
1586.

To the tune of Weep, weep.

REioyce in hart, goood people all
sing praise to God on hye,
Which hath preserved vs by his power
from traitors tiranny;
Which now haue had their due desarts,
in *London* lately seen;
And *Ballard* was the first that died
for treason to our Queene.

*O praise the Lord with hart and minde,
sing praise with voices cleere,
Sith traiterous crue haue had their due,
to quaille their partners cheere.*

Next *Babington*, that caitife vilde,
was hanged for his hier:
His carcasse likewise quartered, I
and hart cast in the fier.
Was euer seene such wicked troopes
of traytors in this land,
Against the pretious woord of truthe,
and their goood Queene to stand ?
O praise, &c.

But heer beholde the rage of *Rome*,
the fruits of Popish plants;
Beholde and see their wicked woorks,
which all good meaning wants;
For *Sauage* also did receaue
like death for his desert;
Which in that wicked enterprise
should then haue doon his part
O praise, &c.

O cursed catifes, void of grace !
will nothing serue your turne,
But to beholde your cuntries wrack,
in malice while you burne ?
And *Barnwell* thou which went to view
her grace in each degree,
And how her life might be dispatcht,
thy death we all did see.
O praise, &c.

Confounding shame fall to their share,
and hellish torments sting,
That to the Lords anointed shall
deuise so vile a thing !
O *Techburne* ! what bewitched thee,
to haue such hate in store,
Against our good and gracious Queene,
that thou must dye therefore?
O praise, &c.

What gaine for traitors can returne,
if they their wish did win;
Or what preferment should they get
by this their trecherous sinne ?
Though forraine power loue treason well,
the traitors they despise,
And they the first that should sustaine
the smart of their deuise.
O praise, &c.

What cause had *Tilney*, traitor stout,
or *Abbingdon* likewise,
Against the Lords anointed thus
such mischeef to deuise:
But that the Deuill inticed them
such wicked woorkes to render;
For which these seuen did suffer death
the twentieth of September.
O praise, &c.

Seauen more the next day following
were drawn from the *Tower*,
Which were of their confederates,
to dye that instant hower:
The first of them was *Salsburie*,
and next to him was *Dun*,
Who did complaine most earnestly
of proud yong *Babington*.
O praise, &c.

Both Lords and Knights of hye renowne
he ment for to displace;
And likewise all our towers and townes,
and cities for to race.
So likewise *Iones* did much complaine
of his detested pride,
And shewed how lewdly he did liue
before the time he died.
O praise, &c.

Then *Charnock* was the next in place
to taste of bitter death,
And praying vnto holy Saints,
he left his vitall breath.
And in like maner *Trauers* then
did suffer in that place,
And fearfully he left his life
with cursing breast and face.
O praise, &c.

Then *Gage* was stripped in his shirt,
who vp the lather went,
And sought for to excuse him selfe
of treasons falce intent.
And *Bellamie* the last of all
did suffer death that daye;
Vnto which end God bring all such
as wish our Queenes decay !
O praise, &c.

O faulce and foule disloyall men !
what person would suppose,
That clothes of veluet and of silke
should hide such mortall foes ?
Or who would think such hidden hate
in men so faire in sight,
But that the Deuill can turne him selfe
into an angell bright?
O praise, &c.

But, Soueraigne Queene, haue thou no care,
for God which knoweth all,
Will still maintaine thy royall state,
and giue thy foes a fall:
And for thy Grace thy subiects all
will make their praiers still,
That neuer traitor in the land
may haue his wicked will.
O praise, &c.

Whose glorious daies in *England* heere
the mighty God maintaine,
That long vnto thy subiectes ioye
thy Grace may rule and raigne.
And, Lord ! we pray for Christes sake,
that all thy secret foes
May come to naught which seeke thy life,
and *Englands* lasting woes.
O praise the Lord with hart and minde, &c.

The names of the 7 Traitors
who were executed on Tuesday
being the xx of September. 1586
Iohn Ballard Preest.
Anthony Babington.
Iohn Sauage.
Robert Barnwell.
Chodicus Techburne.
Charles Tilney.
Edward Abbington.

The names of the other vij
which were executed on the
next day after
Thomas Salsbury.
Henry Dun.
Edward Ihones.
Iohn Trauers.
Iohn Charnock.
Robert Gage.
Harman Bellamy.

A ioyful new Ballad,

Declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo, wherein
Don *Pedro de Valdez* was the chiefe, through the mightie
power and prouidence of God, being a speciall token
of his gracious and fatherly goodnes towards vs,
to the great encouragement of all those that
willingly fight in the defence of his
gospel and our good Queene
of *England*

To the Tune of Monseurs Almaigne.

O Noble England,
fall downe vpon thy knee:
And praise thy God with thankfull hart.
which still maintaineth thee.
The forraine forces,

A ioyful new Ballad,

that seekes thy vtter spoile:
Shall then through his especiall grace
be brought to shamefull foile.
With mightie power
they come vnto our coast:
To ouer runne our countrie quite,
they make their brags and boast.
In strength of men
they set their onely stay:
But we, vpon the Lord our God,
will put our trust alway.

Great is their number,
of ships vpon the sea:
And their prouision wonderfull,
but Lord thou art our stay.
Their armed souldiers
are many by account:
Their aiders eke in this attempt,
doe sundrie waies, surmount.
The Pope of *Rome*
with many blessed graines:
To sanctify their bad pretense
bestowed both cost and paines.
But little land,
is not dismaide at all:
The Lord no doubt is on our side,
which soone will worke their fall.

In happy houre,
our foes we did descry:
And vnder saile with gallant winde
as they cam passing by.
Which suddaine tidings,
to *Plymouth* being brought:
Full soone oure Lord high Admirall,
for to pursue them sought.
And to his traine,
coragiously he said:
Now, for the Lord and our good Queene,
to fight be not afraide.
Regard our cause,
and play your partes like men:
The Lord no doubt will prosper vs,
in all our actions then.

This great Galleazzo,
which was so huge and hye:
That like a bulwarke on the sea,
did seeme to each mans eye.
There was it taken,

A ioyful new Ballad,

vnto our great reliefe:
And diuers Nobles, in which traine
Don *Pietro* was the chiefe.
Stronge was she stufte,
with Cannons great and small:
And other instruments of warre,
Which we obtained all.
A certaine signe,
of good successe we trust:
That God will ouerthrow the rest,
as he hath done the first.

Then did our Nauie
pursue the rest amaine:
With roaring noise of Cannons great;
till they neere *Callice* came:
With manly courage,
they followed them so fast:
Another mightie Gallion
did seeme to yeeld at last.
And in distresse,
for sauegard of their liues:
A flag of truce they did hand out,
with many mournfull cries:
Which when our men,
did perfectly espie:
Some little Barkes they sent to her,
to board her quietly.

But these false Spaniards,
esteeming them but weake:
When they within their danger came,
their malice forth did breake.
With charged Cannons,
they laide about them then:
For to destroy those proper Barkes,
and all their valiant men.
Which when our men
perceiued so to be:
Like Lions fierce they forward went,
to quite this iniurie.
And bourding them,
with strong and mightie hand :
They kild the men vntill their Arke,
did sinke in *Callice* sand.

The chieftest Captaine,
of this Gallion so hie:
Don *Huge de Moncaldo* he
within this fight did die.
Who was the Generall

A ioyful new Ballad,

of all the Gallions great:
But through his braines, with pouders force,
a Bullet strong did beat.
And manie more,
by sword did loose their breath:
And manie more within the sea,
did swimme and tooke their death.
There might you see
the salt and foming flood:
Died and staine like scarlet red,
with store of Spanish blood.

This mightie vessell,
was threescore yards in length:
Most wonderfull to each mans eie,
for making and for strength.
In her was placed,
an hundreth Cannons great:
And mightily provided eke,
with bread—corne wine and meat.
There were of Oares,
two hundreth I weene:
Threescore foote and twelue in length,
well measured to be seene.
And yet subdued,
with manie others more:
And not a Ship of ours lost,
the Lord be thank therefore.

Our pleasant countrie,
so fruitfull and so faire:
They doe intend by deadly warre.
to make both poore and bare.
Our townes and cities,
to rack and sacke likewise:
To kill and murder man and wife,
as malice doth arise.
And to deflower
our virgins in our sight:
And in the cradle cruelly
the tender babe to smite.
Gods holy truth,
they meane for to cast downe:
And to depnue our noble Queene,
both of her life and crowne.

Our wealth and riches,
which we enioyed long
They doe appoint their pray and spoile,
by crueltie and wrong.
To set our houses

A ioyful new Ballad,

a fier on our heades:
And cursedly to cut our throates,
As we lye in our beds.
Our childrens braines,
to dash against the ground
And from the earth our memorie,
for euer to confound.
To change our ioy,
to grief and mourning sad
And neuer more to see the dayes,
of pleasure we haue had.

But God almightie
be blessed euermore:
Who doth encourage Englishmen,
to beate them from our shoare.
With roaring Cannons,
their hastie steps to stay:
And with the force of thundering shot
to make them flye away.
Who made account,
before this time or day:
Against the walles of faire *London*,
their banners to display.

But their intent
the Lord will bring to nought:
If faithfully we call and cry,
for succour as we ought.
And you deare bretheren,
which beareth Arms this day: I
for safegarde of your natiue soile,
marke well what I shall say.
Regarde your dueties,
thinke on your countries good:
And feare not in defense thereof,
to spend your dearest bloud.
Our gracious Queene
doth greete you euery one:
And saith, she will among you be,
in euery bitter storme.
Desiring you,
true English harts to beare:
To God, and her, and to the land,
wherein you nursed were.

Lord God almightie,
which hath the harts in hand:
Of euerie person to dispose
defend this English land.
Bless thou our Soueraigne

A ioyful new Ballad,

with long and happie life:
Indue her Councel with thy grace,
and end this mortall strife.
Give to the rest,
of Commons more and lesse:
Louing harts, obedient minds,
and perfect faithfulnessse.
That they and we,
and all with one accord:
On *Sion* hill may sing the praise,
of our most mightie Lord. T. D.

The Queenes visiting of the Campe at *Tilsburie* with her entertainment there.

To the Tune of Wilsons wilde.

Within the yeare of Christ our Lord
a thousand and five hundreth full:
And eightie eight by iust record
the which no man may disannull.
And in the thirtieth yeare remaining,
of good Queene *Elizabeths* raigning,
A mightie power there was prepared
by *Philip*, then the king of *Spaine*:
Against the maiden Queene of *England*,
which in peace before did raigne.

Her Royall ships to sea she sent,
to garde the coast on euerie side
And seeing how her foes were bent,
her realme full well she did prouide.
With many thousands so prepared
as like was neuer erst declared,
Of horsemen and of footemen plentie,
whose good harts full well is seene
In the safegarde of their countrie,
and the seruice of our Queene.

In *Essex* faire that fertill soile,
vpon the hill of *Tilsbury*:
To giue our Spanish foes the foile,
in gallant campe they now do Iye.
Where good orders is ordained,
and true iustice eke maintained,
For the punishment of persons,
that are lewde or badly bent.
To see a sight so straunge in *England*,
t'was our gracious Queenes intent.

And on the eight of August she,
from faire St. *Iamess* tooke her way:
With many Lords of high degree,
in princely robes and rich aray.
And to bardge vpon the water,
being King *Henryes* royall daughter,
She did goe with trumpets sounding,
and with dubbing drums apace:
Along the Thames that famous riuier,
for to view the campe a space.

When she as farre as *Grauesend* came,
right ouer against that prettie towne:
Her royall grace with all her traine,
was landed there with great renowne.
The Lords and Captaines of her forces,
mounted on their gallant horses,
Readie stood to entertaine her,
like martiall men of courage bold:
Welcome to the campe dread soueraigne,
thus they said both yong and old.

The Bulworkes strong that stood thereby,
well garded with sufficient men:
Their flags were spred couragiously,
their cannons were discharged then.
Each Gunner did declare his cunning,
for ioy conceiued of her coming.
All the way her Grace was riding,
on each side stood armed men:
With Muskets, Pikes, and good Calleeuers,
for her Graces safegarde then.

The Lord generall of the field,
had there his bloudie auncient borne:
The Lord marshals coulors eke,
were carried there all rent and torne.
The which with bullets was so burned,
when in Flaunders he soiourned.
Thus in warlike wise they martched
euen as soft as foote could fall:
Because her Grace was fully minded,
perfectly to view them all.

Her faithfull souldiers great and small,
as each one stood within his place:
Vpon their knees began to fall,
desiring God to saue her Grace.
For ioy whereof her eyes was filled,
that the water downe distilled.
Lord blesse you all my friendes (she said)

The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie with her entertainment there.

but doe not kneele so much to me:
Then sent she warning to the rest,
they should not let such reuerence be.

Then casting vp her Princely eyes,
vnto the hill with perfect sight:
The ground all couered, she espyes,
with feet of armed souldiers bright.
Whereat her royall hart so leaped,
on her feet vpight she stepped.
Tossing vp her plume of feathers,
to them all as they did stand:
Chearfully her body bending,
wauing of her royall hand.

Thus through the campe she passed quite,
in manner as I haue declared:
At maister *Riches* for that night,
her Graces lodging was preparede.
The morrow after her abiding,
on a princely paulfrey riding.
To the camp she cam to dinner,
with her Lordes and Ladies all:
The Lord generall went to meete her,
with his Guard of yeomen tall.

The Sargeant trumpet with his mace,
And nyne with trumpets after him:
Bare headed went before her grace,
in coats of scarlet colour trim.
The king of Herald's tall and comely,
was the next in order duely.
With the famous Armes of *England*,
wrought with rich embroidered gold:
On finest veluet blew and crimson,
that for siluer can be sold.

With Maces of cleane beaten gold,
the Queenes two Sargeants then did ride,
Most comely men for to behold,
in veluet coates and chaines beside.
The Lord generall then came riding,
and Lord marshall hard beside him.
Richly were they both atired,
in princelie garments of great price:
Bearing still their hats and fethers
in their handes in comely wise.

Then came the Queene on pranceing steede
atired like an Angell bright:
And eight braue footemen at her feete,

The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie with her entertainment there.

whose Ierkins were most rich in sight.
Her Ladies, likewise of great honor,
most sumpteuously did waite vpon her.
With pearles and diamonds braue adorned,
and in costly cales of gold:
Her Guarde in scarlet then ride after,
with bowes and arrowes stoute and bold.

The valiant Captaines of the field,
meane space them selues in order set:
And each of them with speare and sheelde,
to ioyne in battaile did not let.
With such a warlike skill extended,
as the same was much commended.
Such a battaile pitcht in *England*,
many a day hath not beene seene:
Thus they stood in order waiting,
for the presence of our Queene.

At length her grace most royally
receiued was and brought againe:
Where she might see most loyally
this noble hoast and warlike traine.
How they cam martching all together,
like a wood in winters weather.
With the strokes of drummers sounding,
and with trampling horses than:
The earth and aire did sound like thunder,
to the eares of euerie man.

The warlike Armie then stood still,
and drummers left their dubbing sound:
Because it was our Princes will,
to ride about the Armie round.
Her Ladies she did leaue behind her,
and her Guarde which still did minde her.
The Lord generall and Lord marshall,
did conduct her to each place:
The pikes, the colours, and the lances,
at her approch fell downe apace.

And then bespake our noble Queene,
my louing friends and councountriemen:
I hope this day the worst is seen,
that in our wars ye shall sustain.
But if our eimies do assaile you,
neuer let your stomackes falle you.
For in the midst of all your troupe,
we our selues will be in place:
To be you ioy, your guide and comfort,
euen before your enimies face.

The Queenes visiting of the Campe at Tilsburie with her entertainment there.

This done the souldiers all at once,
a mightie shout or crye did giue:
Which forced from the Assure skyes,
an Eccoo loud from thence to driue.
Which filled her grace with ioy and pleasure,
and riding then from them by leasure,
along the Court of guard she went:
Who did conduct her Maiestie,
vnto the Lord chiefe generals tent.

Where she was feasted royally,
with dainties of most costly price:
And when that night aproched nye,
Her Maiestie with sage aduice,
In gracious manner then returned,
from the Campe where she soiourned.
And when that she was safely set,
within her Barge, and past away:
Her farewell then the trumpets sounded,
and the cannons fast die play,

T.D.

A new Ballet

of the straunge and most cruell Whippes which the Spanyards
had prepared to whippe and torment English men
and women: *which were found and taken*
at the overthrow of certaine of the
Spanish Shippes in Iuly
last part, 1588.

To the tune of the valiant Soldiour.

AL you that list to looke and see
what profite comes from *Spayne*
And what the Pope and Spanyards both,
prepared for our gayne.
Then turne your eyes and bend your eares,
and you shall heare and see,
What courteous minds, what gentle harts,
they beare to thee and mee.

They say they seek for *Englands* good,
and wish the people well:
They say they are such holie men,
all others they excell.
They bragge that they are Catholikes,
and Christes only Spouse:
And what so ere they take in hand,

the holie Pope allowes.

These holie men, these sacred Saints,
and these that thinke no ill:
See how they sought, against all right,
to murder, spoyle, and kill.
Our noble Queene and Countrie first,
they did prepare to spoyle:
To ruinate our liues and lands,
with trouble and turmoyle.

And not content by fire and sword
to take our right away:
But to torment most cruelly
our bodies night and day.
Although they ment with murdring hands
our guiltlesse bloud to spill:
Before our deathes they did devise
to whip vs first their fill.

And for that purpose had preparde
of whips such wondrous store,
So straungely made, that sure the like
was neuer seene before.
For neuer was there Horse, nor Mule,
nor dogge of currish kinde,
That euet had such whips deuisde
by any sauadge minde.

One sorte of whips they had for men,
so smarting fierce and fell:
As like could neuer be deuisde
by any deuill in hell.
The strings whereof with wyerie knots,
like rowels they did frame,
That euery stroke might teare the flesh
they layd on with the same,

And pluck the spreading sinewes from
the hardned bloudie bone,
To prick and pearce each tender veine,
within the bodie knowne.
And not to leaue one crooked ribbe,
on any side vnseene:
Nor yet to leaue a lumpe of flesh
the head and foote betweene.

And for our seelie women eke,
their hearts with grieve to clogge,
They made such whips wherewith no man
would seeme to strike a dogge:

So strengthned eke with brasen tagges,
and filde so rough and thin,
That they would force at euery lash
the bloud abroad to spinne.

Although their bodies sweet and fayre
their spoyle they ment to make:
And on them first their filthie lust
and pleasure for to take.
Yet afterward such sower sauce
they should be sure to finde
That they shoulde curse each springing braunch
that cometh of their kinde.

O Ladies fayre what spite were this,
your gentle hearts to kill:
To see these deuilish tyrants thus
your childrens bloud to spill.
What grieve vnto the husband deere,
his louing wife to see
Tormented so before his face
with extreame villainie.

And thinke you not that they which had
such dogged mindes to make
Such instruments of tyrannie,
had not like hearts to take
The greatest vengeance that they might
vpon vs euery one:
Yes, yes, be sure, for godlie feare
and mercie they haue none.

Even as in India once they did
against those people there,
With cruel Curres, in shamefull sorte
the men both rent and teare:
And set the Ladies great with childe
vpriht against a tree,
And shoot them through with pearcing darts,
such would their practise bee.

Did not the Romans in this land,
sometime like practise vse,
Against the Brittaines bolde in heart,
and wonderously abuse
The valiant King whom they had caught
before his Queene and wife,
And with most extreame tyrannie
despatcht him of his life ?

The good Queene *Voadicia*
and eke her daughters three:
Did they not first abuse them all
by lust and lecherie:
And after stript them naked all,
and whipt them in such sorte:
That it would grieue each Christian heart
to heare that iust reporte.

And if these ruffling mates of *Rome*
did Princes thus torment:
Think you the Romish Spanyards now
would not shewe their desent.
How did they late in *Rome* reioyce,
in *Italie* and *Spayne*:
What ringing and what Bonfires
what Masses sung amaine.

What printed Bookes were sent about,
as filled their desire:
How *England* was, by Spanyards wonne,
and *London* set on fire.
Be these the men that are so milde,
whom some so holie call:
The Lord defend our noble Queene
and Countrie from them all.

1588.

The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife

Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, consented to his
Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge: for
which they suffered at Barnstable
in Deuonshire.

The Tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.

VNhappy she whom Fortune hath forlorne,
Despis'd of grace that proffered grace did scorne,
My lawlesse loue hath lucklesse wrought my woe,
My discontent content did ouerthrowe.

My lothed life to late I doe lament,
My wofull deedes in hearte I doe repent:
A wife I was that wilfull went awry,
And for that fault am here preparte to dye.

In blooming yeares my Fathers greedy minde,
Against my will, a match for me did finde:

Miscellaneous Ballads

Great wealth there was, yea, gold and siluer store,
But yet my heart had chosen one before.

Mine eies dislikt my fathers liking quite,
My hart did loth my parents fond delight:
My childish minde and fancie told to mee,
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I prayde they would not me constraine;
With teares I cryde their purpose to refraine;
With sighes and sobbes I did them often moue,
I might not wed whereas I could not loue.

But all in vaine my speeches still I spent:
My mothers will my wishes did preuent,
Though wealthy Page possest the outward part,
George Strangwidge still was lodged in my hart.

I wedded was and wrapped all in woe;
Great discontent within my hart did growe;
I loathd to liue, yet liude in deadly strife,
Because perforce I was made Pages wife.

My closen eies could not his sight abide;
My tender youth did lothe his aged side:
Scant could I taste the meate whereon he fed;
My legges did lothe to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should dispise him so,
That such disdaine within my hart should growe,
Saue onely this, that fancie did me moue,
And told me still, George Strangwidge was my loue.

Lo ! heere began my downfall and decay.
In minde I musde to make him strait away:
I that became his discontented wife,
Contented was he should be rid of life.

Methinkes the heauens crie vengeance for my fact,
Methinkes the world condemns my monstrous act,
Methinkes within my conscience tells me true,
That for that deede hell fier is my due.

My pensiue soule doth sorrow for my sinne,
For which offence my soule doth bleed within;
But mercy, Lord ! for mercy still I crye:
Saue thou my soule, and let my bodie dye

Well could I wish that Page enioyde his life,
So that he had some other to his wife:
But neuer could I wish, of low or hie,

A longer life then see sweete Strangwidge die.

O woe is me ! that had no greater grace
To stay till he had runne out Natures race.
My deedes I rue, but I doe repent
That to the same my Strangwidge gaue consent.

You parents fond, that greedy-minded bee,
And seeke to graffe vpon the golden tree,
Consider well and rightfull iudges bee,
And giue you doome twixt parents loue and mee.

I was their childe, and bound for to obey,
Yet not to loue where I no loue could laye.
I married was to muck and endlesse strife;
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

O wretched world ! who cankered rust doth blind,
And cursed men who beare a greedy minde;
And haplesse I, whom parents did force so
To end my dayes in sorrow, shame and wo.

You Denshire dames, and courteous Cornwall knights,
That here are come to visit wofull wights,
Regard my griefe, and marke my wofull end,
But to your children be a better frend.

And thou, my dear, that for my fault must dye
Be not affraide the sting of death to trye
Like as we liude and loude together true,
So both at once we'le bid the world adue.

Vlalia, thy friend, doth take her last farewell,
Whose soule with thee in heauen shall euer dwell.
Sweet Sauior Christ ! do thou my soule receiue:
The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And parents now, whose greedy mindes doe show
Your harts desire, and inward heauie woe,
Mourn you no more, for now my heart doth tell,
Ere day be done my soule shalbe full well.

And Plimouth proude, I bid thee now farewell.
Take heede, you wiues, let not your hands rebel;
And farewell, life, wherein such sorrow shoves,
And welcome, death, that doth my corps inclose—

And now, sweete Lord ! forgive me my misdeedes.
Repentance cryes for soule that inward bleedes:
My soule and bodie I commend to thee,
That with thy bloud from death redeemed mee.

Lord ! blesse our Queene with long and happy life,
And send true peace betwixt eche man and wife;
And giue all parents wisdom to foresee,
The match is marrde where mindes doe not agree.

T. D.

London. Printed by Thomas Scarlet 1591.

A most sweet Song of an English–Merchant Born in *Chichester*

To an Excellent New Tune.

A Rich Merchant man there was
that was both graue & wise,
Did kill a man at *Embden* Town
through quarrels that did rise,
Through quarrels that did rise,
the German being dead,
And for that fact the Merchant man,
was judg'd to loose his head.
A sweet thing is loue,
it rules both hearf and mind,
There is no comfort in this world.
to women that are kind.

A Scaffold builded was,
within the market place,
And all the people far and near,
did thither flock apace,
Did thither flock apace,
this doleful sight to see,
Who all in Veluet black as jet,
vnto the place came he.
A sweet, &c.

Bare-headed was he brought,
his hands were bound before,
A cambrick ruff about his neck,
as white as milk he wore:
His stockins were of silk,
as fine as fine might be,
Of person and of countenance,
a proper man was he.
A sweet, &c.

When he was mounted vp,
vpon the Scaffold high,
All women said great pittie it was

so sweet a man should dye:
The Merchants of the Town,
from death to set him free,
Did proffer there a thousand pound
but yet all would not be.
A sweet, &c.

The prisoner hereupon,
began to speak his mind,
(Quoth he) I haue deserued death,
in conscience I do find,
Yet sore against my will,
this man I kill'd (qd. he),
As Christ doth know, which of my soul
must only Sauour be.
A sweet, &c.

With heart I do repent,
this most vnhappy deed,
And for his wife and children small
my very heart doth bleed:
The deed is done and past,
my hope of life is vain,
And yet the loss of this my life,
to them is little gain.
A sweet, &c.

Vnto the widow poor,
and to the Babes therefore,
I give a hundred pound a piece,
their comforts to restore,
Desiring at their hands,
no one request but this,
They will speak well of English men
though I haue done amiss.

This was no sooner done,
but that to stint the strife,
Four goodly maids did proffer him
for loue to saue his life:
This is our Law (qd. they),
we may your death remoue,
So you in lieu of our good will
will grant to vs your loue.
A sweet, &c.

Brave English-man (quoth one),
'tis I will saue thy life,
Nay (quoth the second) it is I,
so I may be thy wife:
'Tis I (the third did say),

nay (quoth the fourth) tis I,
So each one after the other said,
still waiting his reply.
A sweet, &c.

Fair Maidens euery one,
I must confess and say,
That each of you well worthy is
to be a Lady gay:
And I vnworthy far,
the worst of you to haue,
Though you haue proffer'd willingly
my loathed life to saue.
A sweet, &c.

Then take a thousand thanks,
of me a dying man,
But speak no more of loue nor life,
for why my life is gone,
To Christ my soul I giue,
my body vnto death,
For none of you my heart can haue,
sith I must loose my breath.
A sweet, &c.

Fair Maids lament no more,
your Country Law is such,
It takes but hold vpon my life,
my goods it cannot touch
Within one Chest I haue
in Gold a thousand pound,
I giue it equal to you all,
for loue that I haue found.
A sweet, &c.

And now dear friends farewell,
sweet *England* now adieu,
And *Chichester* where I was born,
where first this breath I drew;
And now thou man of death,
vnto thy weapon stand,
O nay (another Damsel said)
sweet Headsman hold thy hand.
A sweet, &c.

Now hear a maidens plaint,
brave English-man (quoth she)
And grant me loue for loue again,
that craues but loue of thee:
I wooe and sue for loue,
that had been woo'd e're this,

Then grant me loue, & therewithal
she proffered him a kiss;
A sweet, &c.

I'le dye within thy arms,
if thou wilt dye (quoth she)
Yet liue or dye sweet English man,
ile liue and dye with thee:
But can it be (quoth he)
that thou dost loue me so,
Tis not by long acquaintance Sir
whereby true loue doth grow,
A sweet, &c.

Then beg my life (quoth he)
and I will be thy own,
If I should seek the world for loue
more loue cannot be shown:
The people at that word
did giue a joyful cry,
And said great pittie it was,
so sweet a man should dye;
A sweet, &c.

I go my Loue (she said)
I run, I flye for thee,
& gentle Headsman spare a while,
my Louers head for me;
Vnto the Duke she went,
who did her grief remoue,
& with an hundred Maidens more,
she went to fetch her Loue:
A sweet, &c.

With musick sounding sweet,
the foremost of the train,
The gallant maiden like a bride,
did fetch him back again;
Yea hand in hand away they went,
vnto the Church that day,
And they were married presently,
in sumptuous rich array;
A sweet, &c.

To *England* came he then,
with his fair Lady Bride,
A fairer woman neuer lay
by any Merchants side;
Where we must leaue them now,
in pleasure and delight,
but of their names & dwelling place

I must not here recite.
A sweet, &c.

Salomons good houswife, in the 31 of his Proverbs.

HE that a gracious wife doth find,
Whose life puts vertue chiefe in vre,
One of the right good huswife kind,
That man may well himselfe assure,
And boasting say that he hath found
The richest treasure on the ground.

Who so enioyeth such a loue,
Let him resolute with hearts consent,
She euer constantly will proue
A carefull nurse, want to preuent,
With diligence and painefull heed,
Preuenting tast of beggars need.

And while she liues will still procure,
By true and faithfull industrie,
T'increase his wealth, and to insure
His state in all securitie:
To seeke his quiet, worke his ease,
And for a world no way displease.

Her household folke from sloth to keepe,
Shée will endeaour with good heed,
At worke more wakefull then asleepe,
With flaxe and stuffe, which houswiues need
To be employd, her hands also
The way to worke will others show.

Her wit a common wealth containes,
Of needments for her household store,
And like a ship her selfe explaines,
That riches brings from forraine shore,
Arriuing, with a bounteous hand
Dispersing treasure to the land.

Before the day she will arise
To order things, and to prouide
What may her family suffice,
That they at labour may abide,
If she haue land, no paine shall want
To purchase vines, set, sow, and plant.

No honest labour shée'le omit,
In ought she can attaine vnto,
But will endeaour strength and wit,

Adding the vtmost she can do:
And if that profit comes about,
By night her candle goes not out.

A willing hand to the distrest
She lends, and is a chearefull giuer:
Come winters cold and frostie guest,
When idle huswiues quake and quiuer,
She and her housholds cloathed well,
The weathers hardnesse to expell.

Her skill doth worke faire Tapistrie,
With linnen furnish'd of the best:
Her needle workes do beautifie,
And she in Scarlet costly drest,
When Senators assembled be,
Her husbands honor there shall see.

Her spinning shall her store increase,
The finest cloth shall yeeld her gaine,
And dayly profit shall not cease,
Which her vnidle hands maintaine:
Her clothing shall her worth expresse,
And Honors yeares her end possesse.

Her mouth shall neuer opened be,
But wisdom will proceede from it:
And such mild gracious wordes yeelds shee,
Sweetnesse vpon her tongue doth sit:
In age she will her care addresse,
To eate no bread of idelnesse.

Her children shall their dutie show,
Most reuerent to her all their life,
Her husband blesse, that he did know
The time to meete with such a wife
And vttring forth his happinesse
Her vertues in this wise expresse

I know t'ls true that more then one
Good huswife there is to be found
But I may say, that thou alone
Aboue all women dost abound,
Yea I protest in all my daies,
Thou art the first, and thee ile praise.

What thing is fauour but a shade?
It hath no certaine lasting hower,
Whereof is wanton beautie made,
That withers like a Sommers flower?
When these shall end their date in daies,

Salomons good houswife, in the 31 of his Proverbes.

Miscellaneous Ballads

She that feares God shall liue with praise.

And such a wife of worthie worth,
Due glories lot will to her fall,
And great assemblies will giue forth,
What vertues shee's adorn'd withall,
Her lifes renowne to fame shall reach,
Her good example others teach.

May bachelors of each degree,
In choosing of a beauteous wife,
Remember, what is ioy to see
May lead to wofulnesse and strife:
Beauty is not a brave outside;
Beauty within is beautys pride.

FINIS.