

# Confess (his tune)

## the Death of Rosamond

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Thomas Deloney (d.1600)

**Dm A Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm A**

When as King Hen - ry rul'd this land, the sec - ond of that name,

**Dm A Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm A**

Be - sides the Queene he deere - ly lou'd a faire and Prince - ly Dame.

**Am Dm Am Gm F C F**

Most peere - lesse was her beau - ty found, her fau - our and her face:

F      C   F                      Gm Dm   Gm                      F      Dm A      Dm      A                      D

A sweet - er crea - ture in this world, did neu - er Prince em - brace.

2. Yet Rosamond, faire Rosamond,  
her name was called so:  
To whom Dame Elinor the Queene,  
was knowne a cruell foe.  
The King therefore for her defence,  
against the furious Queene,  
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,  
the like was neuer seene.

3. For while the Kings vngracious sonne,  
whom he did high aduance:  
Against his Father raised warre,  
within the Realme of France.  
But yet our comely king,  
the English land forsooke:  
Of Rosamond his Lady faire,  
his farewell thus he tooke.

4. For at his parting well they might,  
in heart be griued sore:  
After that day, faire Rosamond  
the King did see no more.  
For when his grace had past the seas,  
and into France was gone:  
Queene Elinor with enuious heart,  
to Woodstocke came anon.

5. But when the Queene with stedfast eyes  
beheld her heauenly face:  
She was amazed in her mind,  
at her exceeding grace.  
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,  
that rich and costly be:  
And drinke thee vp this deadly draught  
which I haue brought for thee.

6. But presently vpon her knee,  
sweet Rosamond did fall:  
And pardon of the Queene she crau'd,  
for her offences all.  
But nothing could this furious Queene  
therewith appeased be:  
The cup of deadly poyson fil'd,  
as she sat on her knee.

7. She gaue this comely Dame to drinke,  
who tooke it from her hand:  
And from her bended knee arose,  
and on her feet did stand.  
And casting vp her eyes to Heauen,  
she did for mercy call:  
And drinking vp the poyson then,  
her life she lost with all.