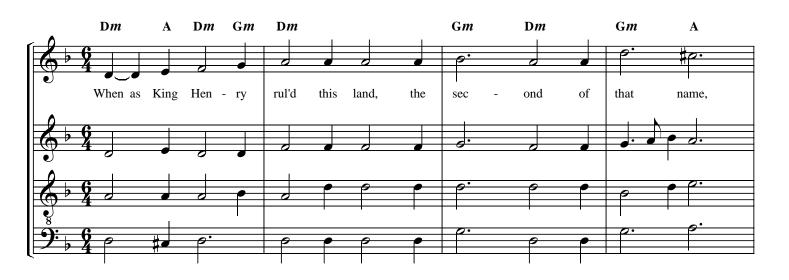
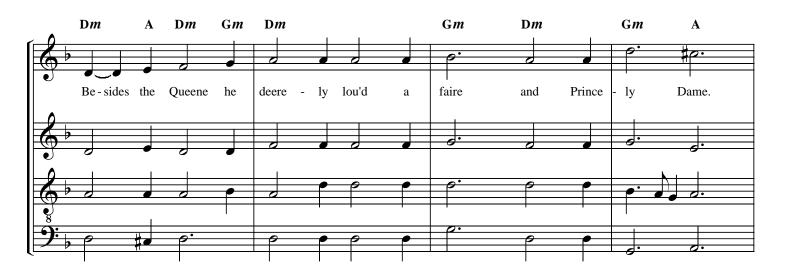
Confess (his tune)

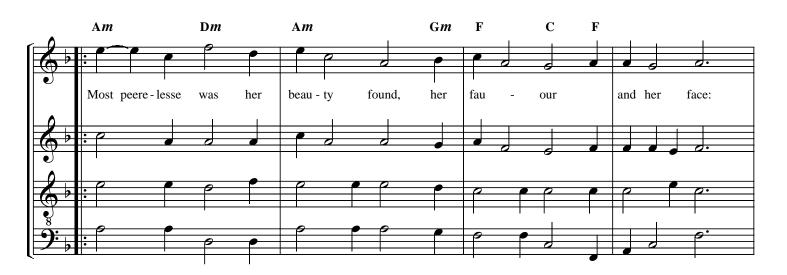
the Death of Rosamond

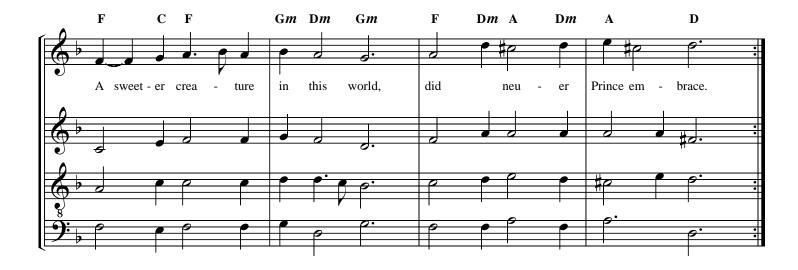
from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Thomas Deloney (d.1600)









- 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 grieued 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.