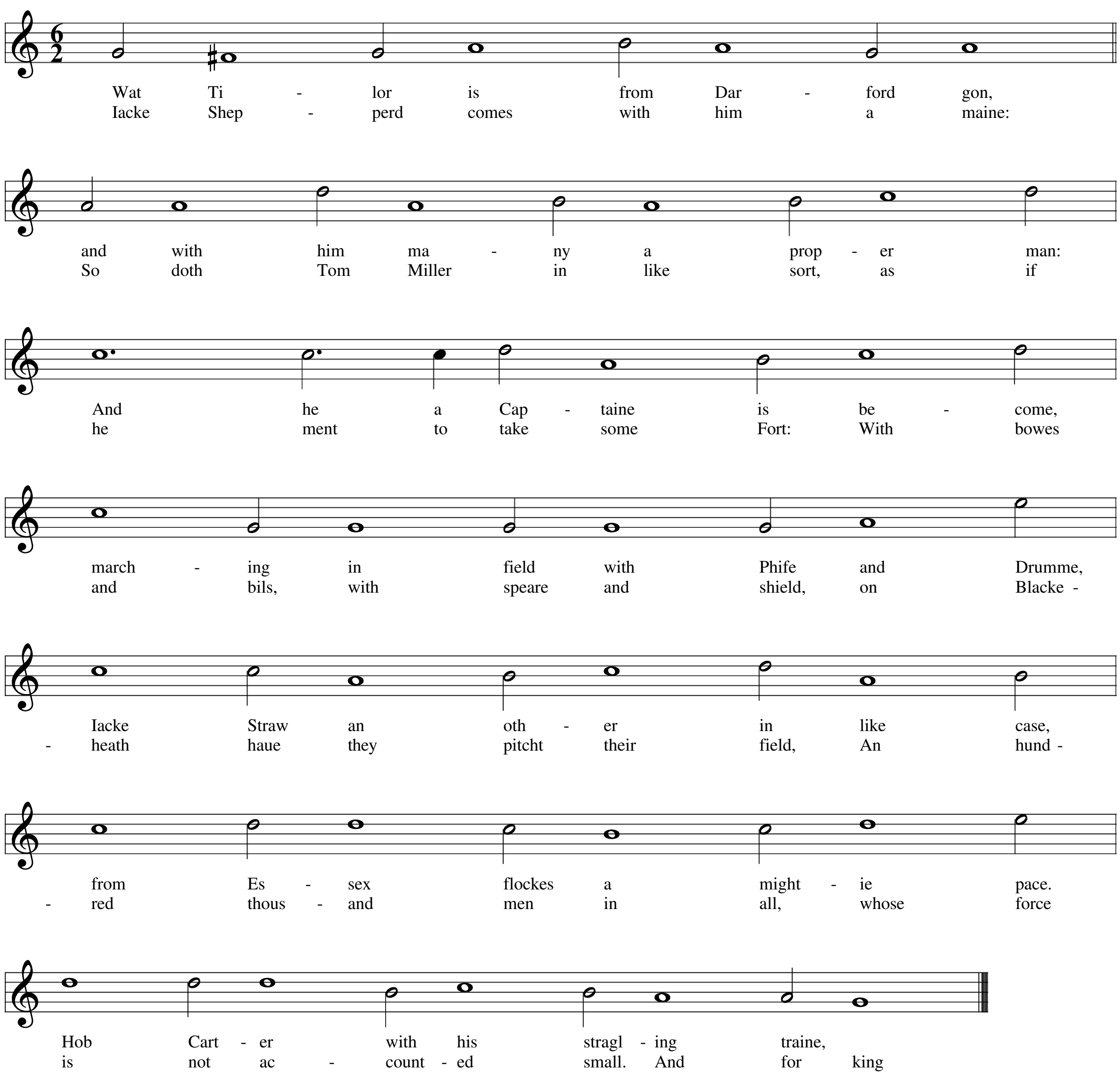
How _Wat Tiler_ and _Iacke Straw_, rebelled against king _Richard_ the second.
Cant. X.

The Argument.

The rebellion of _Wat Tiler_ and _Iacke Straw_, with others, against King _Richard_ the second.

Or the Miller would a woing ride,



Wat Tilor is from *Darford* gon,
and with him many a proper man:
And he a Captaine is become,
marching in field with Phife and Drumme,
Iacke Straw an other in like case,
from *Essex* flockes a mightie pace.
Hob Carter with his stragling traine,
Iacke Shepperd comes with him a maine:
So doth _Tom Miller_ in like sort,
as if he ment to take some Fort:
With bowes and bils, with speare and shield,
on *Blacke-heath* haue they pitcht their field,
An hundred thousand men in all,
whose force is not accounted small.
And for king _Richard_ did they send,
much euill to him they did intend:
For the taxe the which our king,
vpon his Commons then did bring:

And now because his royall grace,
denied to come within their Chace,
They spoyled _Southwarke_ round about,
and tooke the Marshals prisoners out:
All those that in the Kings bench lay,
at libertie they set that day,
And then they marcht with one consent,
through _London_ with a lewd intent:
And for to fit their lewd desire,
they set the _Sauoy_ all on fire,
For the hate which they did beare,
vnto the Duke of _Lancastere_,
Therefore his house they burned quite,
through enuie, malice, and dispighte.
Then to the Temple did they turne,
the Lawyers bookes there did they burne:
And spoyld their Lodgings one by one,
and all they could lay hand vpon.
Then vnto _Smithfield_ did they hie,
to Saint _Iohns_ place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fire flat,
which burned seuen dayes after that.

Vnto the Tower of _London_ then,
fast troped these rebellious men,
And hauing entered soone the same,
with hidious cries and mickle shame:
The graue Lord Chauncelor thence they tooke,
amas'd with fearefull pittious looke:
The Lord high Treasurer likewise they,
tooke from that place that present day:
And with their hooting lowd and shrill,
strucke off their heads on _Tower hill_:
Into the Cittie came they then,
like rude disordered franticke men:
They robd the Churches euerie where,
and put the Priests in deadly feare.
Into the Counters then they get,
where men imprisoned lay for debt:
They broke the doores and let them out,
and threw the Counter bookes about,
Tearing and spoyling them each one,
and Recordes all they light vpon.

The doores of _Newgate_ broke they downe,
that prisoners ran about the towne
Forcing all the Smithes they meete,
to knocke the yrons from their feete:
And then like villaines voide of awe,
followed _Wat Tylor_ and _Iacke Straw_.
And though this outrage was not small,
the King gaue pardon to them all,
So they would part home quietly,
but they his pardon did defie:
And being all in _Smithfield_ then,
euen threescore thousand fighting men,
Which there _Wat Tylor_ then did bring
of purpose for to meete our king.
And there withall his royall grace,
sent Sir _Iohn Newton_ to that place:
Vnto _Wat Tylor_ willing him,
to come and speake with our young king.
But the proud Rebell in dispight,
did picke a quarrell with the knight.
The Mayor of _London_ being by,
when he beheld this villanie:
Vnto _Wat Tylor_ rode he then,
being in midst of all his men:
Saying Traytor yeelde tis best.
in the Kings name I thee arrest:
And therewith to his Dagger start,
and thrust the Rebbell to the heart.
Who falling dead vnto the ground,
the same did all the hoast confound:
And downe they threwe their weapons all
and humbly they for pardon call.
Thus did that proud Rebellion cease,
and after followed a ioyfull peace.