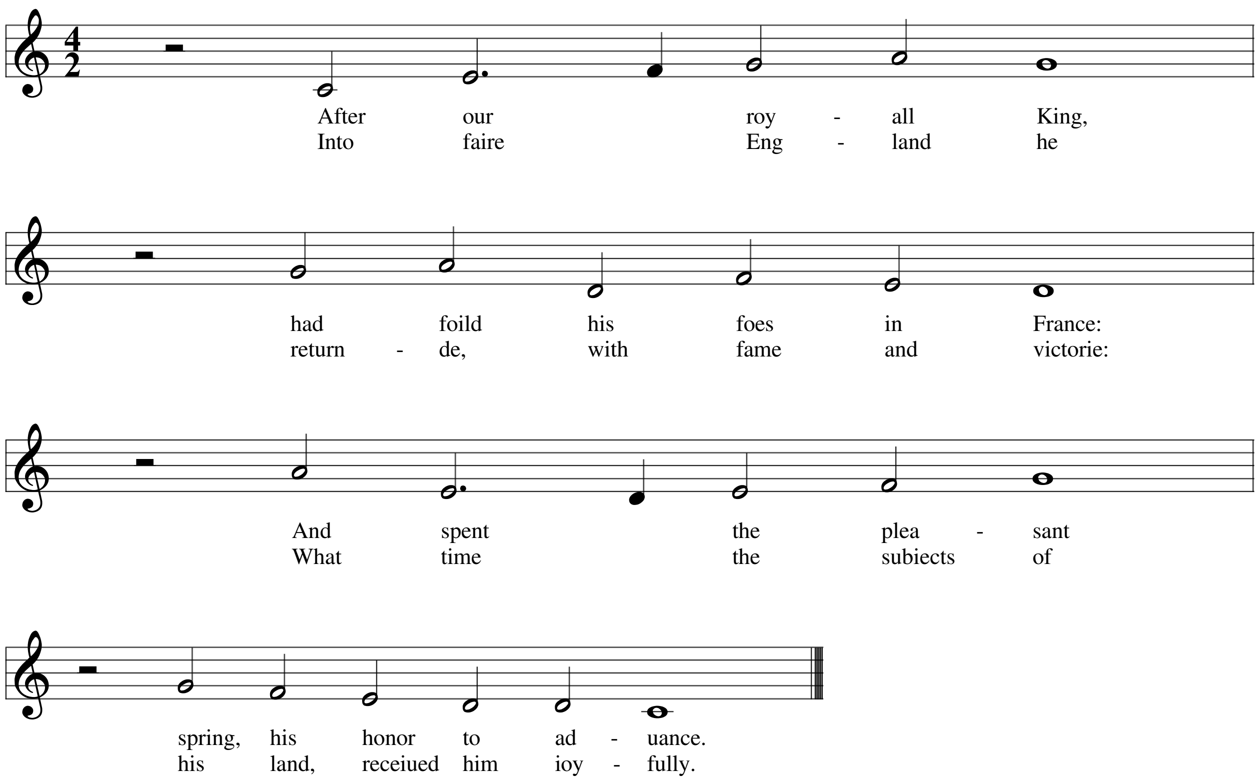
Cant. II.

How King *Henry* the first had his children drowned in the sea, as they came out of *france*.

Or to the tune of the Ladies daughter.



After our royall King,
had foild his foes in _France_:
And spent the pleasant spring,
his honor to aduance.
Into faire _England_ he returnde,
with fame and victorie:
What time the subiects of his land,
receiued him ioyfully.

But at his home returne,
this children left he still:
In _France_ for to soiourne
to purchase learned skill.
Duke _William_ with his brother deare,
Lord _Richard_ was his name:
Which was the Earl of _Chester_ then,
who thirsted after fame.

The Kings faire daughter eke,
the Ladie _Marie_ bright:
With diuers noble Peeres,
and manie a hardie Knight.
All those were left together there,
in pleasure and delight:
When that our King to _England_ came,
after the bloodie fight.

But when faire _Flora_ had,
drawne forth her treasure drie:
That winter colde and sad,
with hoarie head drewe nie.
Those Princes all with one consent,
prepared all things meete:
To passe the seas for faire _England_,
whose sight to them was sweet.

To _England_ let vs hie,
thus euerie one did say,
For Christmas draweth nie,
no longer let vs stay.
But spend the merrie Christmas time,
within our Fathers court:
Where Ladie pleasure doth attend,
with manie a Princely sport.

To sea these Princes went,
fulfilled with mirth and ioye,
But this their meriment,
did turne to deare annoy.
The Saylers and the shipmen all,
through foule excesse of wine,
Were so disguisde that at the sea,
they shewd themselues like swine.

The sterne no man could guide,
the master sleeping lay,
The saylers all beside,
went reelling euerie way.
So that the Ship at randome roode,
vpon the foaming flood,
Whereby in perill of their liues,
the Princes alwayes stood.

Which made distilling teares,
from their faire eyes to fall:
Their heartes were fild with feares,
no helpe they had at all.
They wisht themselues vpon the land,
a thousand times and more.
And at the last they came in sight,
of _Englands_ pleasant shore.

Then euery one began,
to turne their sighes to smiles:
There coulours pale and wan,
a cheerefull looke exciles.
The princely Lordes most louingly,
their Ladies do imbrace:
For now in _England_ shall we be,
(quoth they) in little space.

Take comfort now they said,
behold the land at last:
Then be no more dismaid,
the worst is gone and past,
But while they did this ioyfull hope,
with comfort entertaine:
The goodly ship vpon a rocke,
on suddaine burst in twaine.

With that a grieuous screeke,
among them there was made,
And euery one did seeke,
on something to be staid.
But all in vaine such helpe they sought,
the ship so soone did sinke:
That in the sea they were constraind,
to take their latest drinke.

There might you see the Lords,
and Ladies for to lie:
Amidst the salt sea foame,
with manie a grieuous crie:
Still labouring for their liues defence,
with stretched armes abroad:
And lifting vp their Lillie[1] handes,
for helpe with one accorde.

But as good fortune would,
the sweet yong Duke did get,
Into the Cock-boat then,
where safely he did sit.
But when he heard his sister crie,
the Kings faire daughter deere.
He turnd his boat to take her in,
whose death did draw so neere.

But while he stroue to take,
his sweet yong sister in:
The rest such shift did make.
in Sea as they did swimme.
That to the boate a number got.
so many that at last:
The boate and all that were therein,
was drownd and ouercast.

[1] little [1607]

Of Lords and Gentlemen,
and Ladies faire of face:
Not one escaped then,
which was a heauie case.
Threescore and ten were drownd in all,
and none escaped death,
But one poore Butcher which had swome,
himselfe quite out of breath.

This was most heauie newes,
vnto our comly King:
Who did all mirth refuse,
this word when they did bring
For by this meanes no child he had,
his kingdome to succeede:
Whereby his Sisters Sonne was King,
as you shall plainely reede.