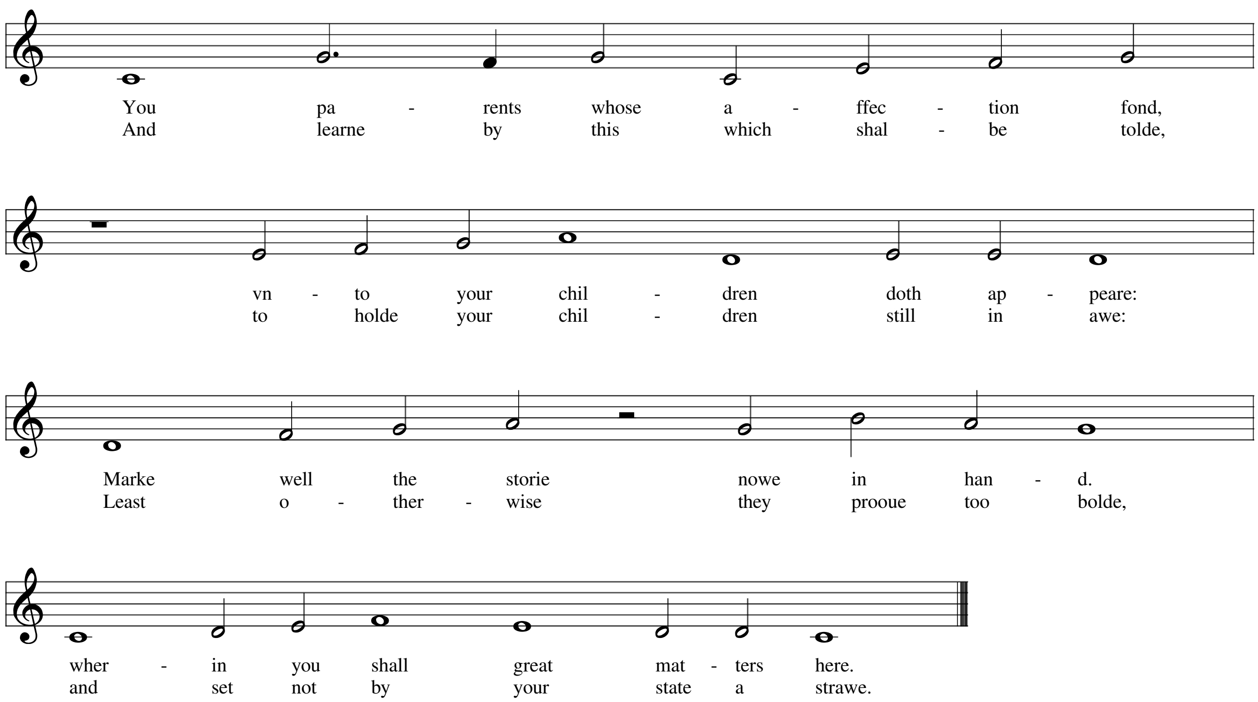
Cant. III.

How King _Henry_ the second crowning his Sonne king of _England_, in his owne lifetime, was by him most grieuously vexed with warres: whereby he went about to take his Fathers Crowne quite from him. And how at his death he repented him thereof, and asked his Father hartily forgiuenesse.

Or to the tune of Wygmors Galliard.



You parents whose affection fond,
vnto your children doth appeare:
Marke well the storie nowe in hand.
wherin you shall great matters here.
And learne by this which shalbe tolde,
to holde your children still in awe:
Least otherwise they prooue too bolde,
and set not by your state a strawe.

King _Henrie_ second of that name,
for verie loue that he did beare:
Vnto his sonne, whose courteous fame,
did through the land his credite reare.
Did call the Prince vpon a day.
vnto the court in royall sort:
Attyred in most rich aray,
and there he made him Princely sport.

And afterward he tooke in hand,
for feare he should deceiued be:
To crowne him king of faire _England_,
while life possest his Maiestie.
What time the king in humble sort,
like to a subiect waited then:
Vpon his Sonne, and by report
swore vnto him his Noble-men.

And by this meanes in _England_ now,
two kings at once together liue.
But lordly rule will not allow
in partnership their daies to driue.
The Sonne therefore ambitiously,
doth seeke to pull his Father downe,
By bloudie warre and subtiltie,
to take from him his princely crowne.

Sith I am king thus did he say,
why should I not both rule and raigne:
My heart disdaines for to obay.
yea all or nothing will I gaine.
Hereon he raiseth armies great,
and drawes a number to his part:
His Fathers force downe right to beat.
and by his speare to pearce his hart.

In seuen set battles doth he fight,
against his louing Father deere:
To ouerthrow him in despight,
to win himselfe a kingdom cleere.
But naught at all could he preuaile,
his armie alwaies had the worst:
Such griefe did then his hart asaile,
he thought himselfe of God accurst.

And therefore falling wondrous sicke,
he humbly to his Father sent:
The worme of conscience did him pricke.
and his vile deedes he did lament:
Requiring that his noble grace,
would now forgiue all that was past:
And come to him in heauie case,
being at poynt to breath his last.

When this word came vnto our king,
the newes did make him wondrous woe:
And vnto him he sent his Ring,
where he in person would not goe:
Commend me to my Sonne he said,
so sicke in bed as he doth lye:
And tell him I am well apaide,
to heare he doth for mercie crie:

The Lord forgiue his foule offence,
and I forgiue them all quoth he:
His euill with good Ile recompence,
beere him this message now from me,
When that the Prince did see this ring,
he kissed it in ioyfull wise
And for his faults his hands did wring,
while bitter teares gusht from his eys.

Then to his Lords that stood him nye,
with feeble voyce then did he call:
Desiring them immediately,
to strip him from his garments all.
Take off from me these roabes so rich,
and lay me in a cloth of haire:
(Quoth he) my grieuous sinnes are such,
hell fires flame I greatly feare.

A hempen halter then he tooke,
about his neck he put the same:
And with a grieuous pittious looke,
this speech vnto them did he frame,
You reuerend Bishops more and lesse,
pray for my soule to God on hye:
For like a theefe I do confesse,
I haue deserued for to dye.

And therefore by this halter heere,
I yeeld my selfe vnto you all:
A wretch vnworthie to appeere,
before my God celestiall.
Therefore within your hempton bed,
all strewd with ashes as it is:
Let me be laid when I am dead,
and draw me thereunto by this.

Yea by this halter strong and tough,
dragge foorth my carcasse to the same:
Yet is that couch not bad inough.
for my vile bodie wrapt in shame.
And when you see me lye along,
bepowdered in ashes there:
Say there is he that did such wrong,
vnto his Father euerie where.

And with that word he breath'd his last,
wherefore according to his mind:
They drew him by the necke full fast
vnto the place to him assignd.
And afterward in solemne sort,
at _Roan_ in _Fraunce_ buried was he:
Where many Princes did resort.
to his most royall obsequie.