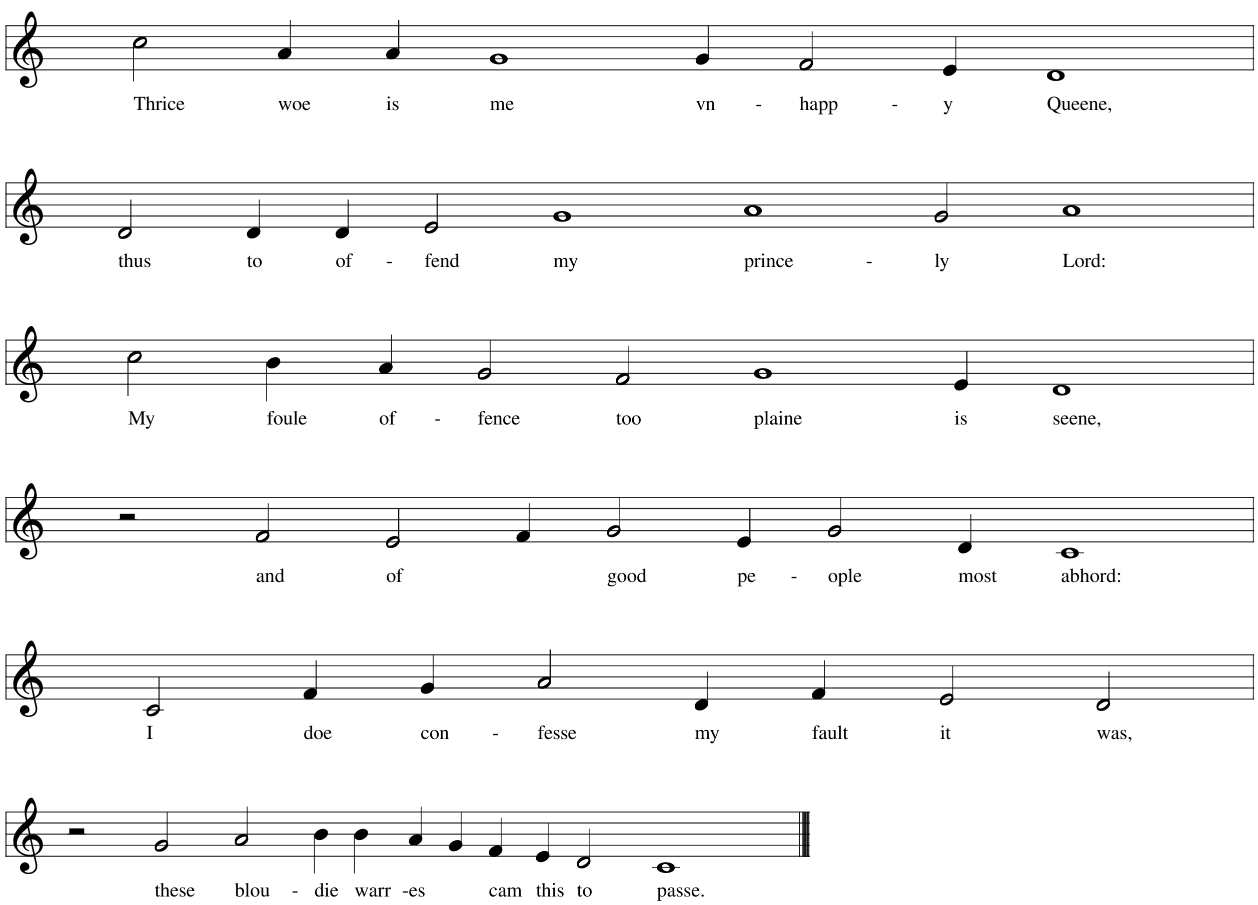
Cant. IIII.

- The Imprisonment of Queene _Elenor_, wife to King _Henrie_ the second

The Argument.

The imprisonment of Queene _Elenor_, wife to King _Henrie_ the second, by whose meanes the Kings sonnes so naturally rebelled against their father. And her lamentation, being sixteene yeares in prison, whom her sonne Richard when he came to be King, relesed, and how at her deliuerance, she caused many prisoners to be set at libertie.

Or come liue with me and be my loue.



Thrice woe is me vnhappy Queene,
thus to offend my princely Lord:
My foule offence too plaine is seene,
and of good people most abhord:
I doe confesse my fault it was,
these bloudie warres cam this to passe.

My iealous mind hath wrought my woe,
let all good Ladies shun mistrust:
My enuie wrought my ouerthrow,
and by my mallice most vniust,
My Sonnes did seeke their fathers life,
by bloudie warres and cruell strife,

What more vnkindnesse could be showne
to any Prince of high renoune:
Then by his Queene and loue alone,
to stand in danger of his Crowne.
For this offence most worthily
in dolefull prison doe I lye.

But that which most torments my mind,
and makes my grieuous heart complaine
Is for to thinke that most vnkind,
I brought my selfe in such disdaine:
That now the king cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side.

In dolefull prison I am cast,
debard of princely company:
The Kings good will quite haue I lost,
and purchast nought but infamy:
And neuer must I see him more,
whose absence griues my hart full sore.

Full sixteene winters haue I beene
imprisoned in the dungeon deepe:
Whereby my ioyes are wasted cleane,
where my poore eys haue learnd to weepe.
And neuer since I could attaine,
this kingly loue to me againe.

Too much indeed I must confesse.
I did abuse his royall grace:
And by my great malitiousnesse,
his wrong I wrought in euerie place.
And thus his loue I turnde to hate,
which I repent but all too late.

Sweete _Rosamond_ that was so faire,
out of her curious bower I brought,
A poysoned cup I gaue her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought.
The which I did with all despight,
because she was the Kings delight.

Thus often did the Queene lament,
as she in prison long did lie.
Her former deedes she did repent:
with many a watrie weeping eye:
But at the last this newes was spred.
the King was on a suddaine dead:

But when she heard this tydings tolde,
most bitterly she mourned then:
Her wofull heart she did vnfolde,
in sight of many Noble men.
And her sonne _Richard_ being King,
from dolefull prison did her bring.

Who set her for to rule the land,
while to _Ierusalem_ he went:
And while she had this charge in hand,
her care was great in gouernment.
And many a prisoner then in holde,
she set at large from yrons colde.