

# Fortune My Foe

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## References:

### Secondary Source:

Simpson B144.

### Tune:

1596 Barley's "New Booke of Tabliture"

Ballet's MS lute book p. 14 and p. 111 (late 16th c.)

Also in Byrd's "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book" I, 254.

### Words:

Raleigh's piece was entered in Stationers' Register, June 13, 1590, as "ffortune hath taken thee awaye my love, beinge the true dittie thereof". (The) quotation of this entry in TLS, Sept., 1968, put an end to the many letters in favor of the speculation that Raleigh and Elizabeth had imitated the ballad. [From L. G. Black's "A Lost Poem by Queen Elizabeth?", *Times Literary Supplement*, p. 535, May 23, 1968. Sir Walter Raleigh's original poem from Marsh Library, Dublin.]

*"Fortune my Foe - A Sweet Sonnet wherein the Lover doth exclaim against Fortune, for the loss of his Ladies favour, almost past hope to get it again, and in the end receives a comfortable Answer, and attains his desire, as may here appear"* can be found in the Bagford Ballads, edited by J W Ebsworth (Hertford, 1876-80).

*"A mournfull dittie on the death of certaine iudges and iustices of the peace and diuers other gentlemen, who died immediatly after the assises, holden at Lincolne last past. To the tune of Fortune."* was printed at London by John Wolfe, for William Wright, Date: 1590  
Verse - "Recounting griefes and dolors long tyme done,". Reproduction of the original in the British Library.

*All Christian men, give ear a while to me* from the Shirburn Ballads, No. XV. A retelling of the Faust legend, first "Englished" in 1587.

Also, this is an alternate tune for words in Deloney's "Strange Histories", 1602, "*The Lamentable Death of King John*". (Cant. V.) Note that Deloney died in 1600.

Deloney also did a version called "*The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, consented to his Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge: for which they suffered at Barnstable in Deuonshire.*" Which was printed in London by Thomas Scarlet, 1591.

(Most tune and lyric references from Gregory Blount's "[Music of the Broadside Ballad](#)", which is in turn mostly based on Simpson, Claude M. *The British Broadside Ballad and its Music*. Rutgers University Press, 1966.)

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**The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, consented to his Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge: for which they suffered at Barnstable in Deuonshire. The Tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.**

VNhappy she whom Fortune hath forlorne,  
Despis'd of grace that proffered grace did scorne,  
My lawlesse loue hath lucklesse wrought my woe,  
My discontent content did ouerthrowe.

My lothed life to late I doe lament,  
My wofull deedes in hearte I doe repent:  
A wife I was that wilfull went awry,  
And for that fault am here preparde to dye.

In blooming yeares my Fathers greedy minde,  
Against my will, a match for me did finde: [10]  
Great wealth there was, yea, gold and siluer store,  
But yet my heart had chosen one before.

Mine eies dislikt my fathers liking quite,  
My hart did loth my parents fond delight:  
My childish minde and fancie told to mee,  
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I prayde they would not me constraîne;  
With teares I cryde their purpose to refraine;  
With sighes and sobbes I did them often moue,  
I might not wed whereas I could not loue. [20]

But all in vaine my speches still I spent:  
My mothers will my wishes did preuent,  
Though wealthy Page possess the outward part,  
George Strangwidge still was lodged in my hart.

I wedded was and wrapped all in woe;  
Great discontent within my hart did growe;  
I loathd to liue, yet liude in deadly strife,  
Because perforce I was made Pages wife.

My closen eies could not his sight abide;  
My tender youth did lothe his aged side: [30]  
Scant could I taste the meate whereon he fed;  
My legges did lothe to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should dispise him so,  
That such disdain within my hart should growe,  
Saue onely this, that fancie did me moue,  
And told me still, George Strangwidge was my loue.

Lo ! heere began my downfall and decay.  
In minde I musde to make him strait away:  
I that became his discontented wife,  
Contented was he should be rid of life. [40]

Methinkes the heauens crie vengeance for my fact,  
Methinkes the world condemns my monstrous act,  
Methinkes within my conscience tells me true,  
That for that deede hell fier is my due.

My pensiue soule doth sorrow for my sinne,  
For which offence my soule doth bleed within;  
But mercy, Lord ! for mercy still I crye:  
Saue thou my soule, and let my bodie dye

Well could I wish that Page enioyde his life,  
So that he had some other to his wife: [50]  
But neuer could I wish, of low or hie,  
A longer life then see sweete Strangwidge die.

O woe is me ! that had no greater grace  
To stay till he had runne out Natures race.  
My deedes I rue, but I doe repent  
That to the same my Strangwidge gaue consent.

You parents fond, that greedy-minded bee,  
And seeke to graffe vpon the golden tree,  
Consider well and rightfull iudges bee,  
And giue you doome twixt parents loue and mee. [60]

I was their childe, and bound for to obey,  
Yet not to loue where I no loue could laye.  
I married was to muck and endlesse strife;  
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

O wretched world ! who cankered rust doth blind,  
And cursed men who beare a greedy minde;  
And haplesse I, whom parents did force so  
To end my dayes in sorrow, shame and wo.

You Denshire dames, and courteous Cornwall knights,  
That here are come to visit wofull wights, [70]  
Regard my grieffe, and marke my wofull end,  
But to your children be a better frend.

And thou, my dear, that for my fault must dye  
Be not affraide the sting of death to trye  
Like as we liude and loude together true,  
So both at once we'le bid the world adue.

Vlalia, thy friend, doth take her last farewell,  
Whose soule with thee in heauen shall euer dwell.  
Sweet Sauior Christ ! do thou my soule receiue: [80]  
The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And parents now, whose greedy mindes doe show  
Your harts desire, and inward heauie woe,  
Mourn you no more, for now my heart doth tell,  
Ere day be done my soule shalbe full well.

And Plimouth proude, I bid thee now farewell.  
Take heede, you wiues, let not your hands rebel;  
And farewell, life, wherein such sorrow showes,  
And welcome, death, that doth my corps inclose-

And now, sweete Lord ! forgive me my misdeedes.  
Repentance cryes for soule that inward bleedes: [90]  
My soule and bodie I commend to thee,  
That with thy bloud from death redeemed mee.

Lord ! blesse our Queene with long and happy life,  
And send true peace betwixt eche man and wife;  
And giue all parents wisdom to foresee,  
The match is marrde where mindes doe not agree.

T. D.

London. Printed by Thomas Scarlet 1591.

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[From L. G. Black's "A Lost Poem by Queen Elizabeth?", *Times Literary Supplement*, p. 535, May 23, 1968. Sir Walter Raleigh's original poem from Marsh Library, Dublin.]

### ***Fortune hath taken thee away my love***

Fortune hath taken thee away my love  
my liues soule and my soules heaven above  
fortune hath taken the away my princess  
my only light and my true fancies mistress

Fortune hath taken all awaie frome me  
fortune hath taken all by taking thee  
deade to all ioy I only liue to woe  
So fortune now becomes my mortal foe

In vaine you eyes you eyes do wast your teares  
In vaine you sighes do smoke forth my dispears  
In vaine you search the earth and heaven above  
In vaine you search for fortune rules in love

Thus now I leave my love in fortunes handes  
Thus now I leave my love in fortunes bandes  
and onlie love the sorowes due to me  
sorowe henceforth it shal my princes be

I ioy in this that fortune conquers kinges  
fortune that rules on earth and earthly thinges  
hath taken my loue in spight of Cupids might  
so blinde a dame did never cupid right

With wisdomes eyes had but blind Cupid seene  
then had my love for ever bene  
but love farewell though fortune conquer thee  
no fortune base shal ever alter me.

[Raleigh]

[Queen Elizabeth's Reply]

Ah silly pugge wert thou so sore afraid,  
mourne not (my Wat) nor be thou so dismaid,  
it passeth fickle fortunes powere and skill,  
to force my harte to think thee any ill.

No fortune base thou saist shall alter thee,  
no no my pugg, thoughe fortune were not blinde,  
and may so blinde a Witche so conquer me?  
assure thy selfe she could not rule my mynde.

fortune I know sometimes doth conquere kinges  
and rules & raignes on earth & earthly thinges  
But neuer thinke fortune can beare the sway,  
if vertue watche & will her not obay

ne chose I thee by fickle fortunes rede,  
ne she shall force me alter with such spede  
But if to try this mistres iest with thee

.....  
(Sadly, some line or lines are missing here. It scans well enough if you drop  
the last line above and add on the next two. Hopefully further research will  
produce the missing lines.)

.....  
Pull vp thy harte supress thy brakishe teares,  
torment thee not, but put away thy feares;

Dead to all ioyes & livinge vnto woe,  
Slaine quite by her that nere gaue wiseman blowe  
Revive againe & live without all drede,  
the less afraid the better thou shalt spede.

per Reginam (by the Queen)

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The common entry from the *Bagford Ballads*, edited by J W Ebsworth  
(Hertford, 1876-80).

## **Fortune my Foe.**

A Sweet Sonnet wherein the Lover doth exclaim against Fortune,  
for the loss of his Ladies favour, almost past hope to get it  
again, and in the end receives a comfortable Answer, and  
attains his desire, as may here appear.

### ***The Tune is, Fortune my Foe***

Fortune my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?  
And wilt thy favours never better be?  
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?  
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?

Fortune hath wrought my grief and great annoy,  
Fotune hath falsly stolen my Love away,  
My love, an joy, whose sight did make me glad;  
Such great misfortunes never young man had.

Had Fortune took my treasure and my store,  
Fortune had never griev'd me half so sore,  
But taking her whereon my heart did stay,  
Fortune thereby hath took my life away.

Far worse than death, my life I lead in woe,  
With bitter thoughts still tossed to and fro,  
O cruel Chance, thou breeder of my pain,  
Take life, or else restore my love again.

In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep,  
In vain mine eyes refrain from quiet sleep:  
In vain I shed my tears both night and day,  
In vain my love my Sorrows do bewray.

My love doth not my piteous plaint espy.  
Nor feels my love what griping grief I try:  
Full well may I false Fortunes deeds reprove,  
Fortune that so unkindly keeps my love.

Where should I seek or search my love to find,  
When Fortune fleets and wavers as the wind;  
Sometimes aloft, sometimes again below.  
Thus tottering Fortune tottereth to and fro.

Then will I leave my love in Fortunes hands,  
My dearest love, in most unconstant bands,  
And only serve the sorrows due to me,  
Sorrow hereafter thou shalt my Mistress be.

And only joy, that sometimes conquers Kings,  
Fortune that rules on earth, and earthly things,  
So that alone I live not in this wo,  
For many more hath Fortune served so.

No man alive can Fortunes spight withstand,  
With wisdom, skill, or mighty strength of hand;  
In midst of mirth she bringeth bitter moan,  
And woe to me that hath her hatred known.

If wisdoms eyes blind Fortune had been but seen,  
Then had my Love, my Love for ever been:  
Then, love, farewell, though Fortune favour thee,  
No Fortune frail shall ever conquer me.

*The Ladies comfortable and pleasant Answer.*

Ah, silly Soul art thou so sore afraid?  
Mourn not, my dear, nor be not so dismayd.  
Fortune cannot, with all her power and skill,  
Enforce my heart to think thee any ill.

Blame not thy chance, nor envy at thy choice,  
No cause thou hast to curse, but to rejoyce,  
Fortune shall not thy joy and love deprive,  
If by my love it may remain alive.

Receive therefore thy life again to thee,  
Thy life and love shall not be lost by me;  
And while thy heart upon thy life do stay,  
Fortune shall never steal the same away.

Live thou in bliss, and banish death to Hell,  
All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel:  
As thou doth wish, thy love agrees to be,  
For proof whereof behold I come to thee.

In vain therefore do neither wail nor weep,  
In vain therefore break not thy quiet sleep;  
Waste not in vain thy time in sorrow so,  
For why, thy love delights to ease thy woe.

Full well thy love thy privy pangs doth see,  
And soon thy love will send th succor thee.  
Tho well thou mayest false Fortunes deeds reprove,  
Yet cannot Fortune keep thee from thy love.

Nor will thy love on Fortunes back abide,  
Whose fickle wheel doth often slip aside,  
And never think that Fortunee beareth sway,  
If Vertue watch, and will not her obey.

Pluck up thy heart, suppress with brinish tears;  
Torment me not, but take away thy fears:  
Thy Mistress mind brooks no unconstant bands,  
Much less to live in ruling Fortunes hands.

Though mighty Kings by Fortune get the foil,  
Loosing thereby their travel and their toyl;  
Though Fortune be to them a cruel foe,  
Fortune shall not make me to serve thee so.



A mournfull Dittie on the death of certaine Judges  
and Justices of the Peace, and divers other  
Gentlemen, who died immediatly after the Assises,  
holden at Lincolne last past.

To the tune of Fortune.

Am Em  
Recounting griefes and dolors long tyme done,  
Am Em  
Or blazyng forth the danger none can shon,  
C G  
Might seeme a study altogether vayne:  
Am Em Am  
Yet outward words oft easeth inward payne.

Then patiently my woefull tale attend,  
Where sorrowe doth cach severall peryod end:  
And every word a bitter sigh doth sound,  
For those great plagues which we have often found.

At Oxford first the iustest Judge of all,  
Our earthly Judges first to count dyd call:  
And secondly at Excester againe.  
And last of all did Lincolne witnes plaine.

How sore for Anne the Lord offended was,  
How sore for Anne his wrath from him did pas,  
And how for Anne the prudent of our land,  
Hath felt the force of his most hevie hand.

Come Shute I saie, make up the number then,  
Thou worthie Judge among unworthie men,  
Thy godly zeale and wisdom plaine did show,  
Thou wast too good for wretched men below.

Thy sodaine death at Lincolne Sises wrought,  
Remaines a terror to each severall thought,  
Although with life thou didst from thence depart,  
Yet there did sicknes staie thy tender hart,

And like lament for Hollice may we make,  
Whose life likewise most cruell death did take,  
A vertuous man and Justice of the peace,  
Whom Cressus wealth cannot from grave release.

Copartner with these breathles persons here,  
Lies maister Tyrwhite bound upon the beere, (bier)  
O fickle life, how brittle is they state,  
And how uncertaine is thy finall date.

And Littlebury, by birth a good Esquier,  
Whose service then the lawe did well requier,  
The foreman of a Jurie there was he,  
Whom death arested with a deadly fee.

The skilfull Clarke which to the peace pertaind,  
That long in credit in the place remaind,  
Welby I saie, his name was called so,  
Which at that place receivde a deadly blo.

Nor could grave Cauthron scape from cruel death,  
Though likely long to harbor vitall breath:  
His wit, his wisdom, and his sage advice,  
With life was lost and turned to a trice.

Where should I finde meete wordes for to expresse  
Our inward woe, our griefe and heavines,  
For Butlers death, a man of good degree,  
And for the losse of many more than hee.

Let this suffice that our eternall God,  
In secret wisdom had prepar'd this rod,  
For our examples that remaine behind,  
To cleere our eyes that Sathan so did blind.

Thrice in this sort our Judges have bin slaine,  
At three Assises as is proved plaine,  
And warning thrice herein our eies have seene,  
But more then thrice have our offences beene.

Some judge of this and some doe judge of that.  
Some speak and prate, and saie they know not what,  
Then learne of Christ this lesson tolde to thee,  
Judge not at all, least that thou judged be.

The cause hereof to God is onely knowen,  
No cause at all by any man was showen,  
Yet without cause God never wrought the same,  
As chiefest cause our selves our sinnes may blame.

And like as men by naturall descent,  
From Adams loines to wicked sinne is bent,  
So may I saie the Lawyer is not cleere,  
From vile corruption while he liveth heere.

Then they as we must both with one accord,  
Repent yur sinnes before the mightie Lord,  
Least in his wrath a greater plague be sent,  
Du (due) flintie hearts, that would not once relent.

Uprightly deale with everie poore mans cause  
Against the truth wring not, nor wrest the lawes,  
And have a conscience in your common fees,  
For God thou knowest all inward motions sees.

Let not your hearts with bribes polute your hands,  
And by oppression do not inlarge your lands,  
For cursed gold sell not your soules away,  
A practise found too common at this day.

Have thou an eare unto the wronged wight,  
Despise not him that simple is in sight,  
Do right and justice unto each degree,  
Then in the end thou shalt most blessed bee.

And for our Queene of most exceeding fame,  
Let us desire in Jesus Christes name,  
That God will still preserve her royall grace,  
That she may runne a long and joyfull race.

Finis.

Printed at London by John Wolfe, for William Wright. 1590

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**The Judgement of God shewed upon *John  
Faustus, Doctor of Divinitie.***

to the tune of: *Fortune My Foe.*

All Christian men, give eare a whyle to me,  
how I am plungd in paine, and cannot dye.  
I livde a lyfe the lyke did none before,  
forsaking CHRIST, and I am damnd therefore.

In *Wittenberge*, a towne in *Germany*,  
there was I borne and bred, of good degree,  
Of honest stocke, which afterward I shamed-  
accurst therefore-for *Faustus* was I named.

In learninge lore my uncle brought up me,  
and made me Doctor of Divinitye;  
And, when he dyed, he gave me all his wealth-  
his cursed gold did hinder my soule's health.

Then did I shun the holy Bible booke,  
nor on God's lawes would never after looke;  
But studied accursed conjuration  
which was the cause of my utter damnation.

The Devill, in Frier's weed, appeared to me;  
and soone to my request consented he.  
That I might have all things I would desire,  
I gave him soule and body, for his hire.

Twise did I make my tender flesh to bleed;  
twise, with my blood, I wrot the Devill a deed:  
Twise, wretchedly, both soule and body sould,  
to live in pride and do what thing I would.

For fowre and twentye yeares this bond was made,  
and at the end my soule was trewlye paide.  
Time ran away, and yet I never thought,  
how deare my Saviour CHRIST had my soule bought.

Would I had then been made a beast by kinde,  
then had I not so vainely set my minde:  
Or would, when reason first began to bloome,  
some darksome den had beene my deadly toome

Wo to the day of my nativitye!  
Wo to the time that once did foster me!  
And wo unto my hand that seald the bill!  
woe to my selfe, the causer of my ill!

The time I spent awaye with much delight  
mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight.  
I wrought such wonders, with my magicke skill,  
that all the world may talke of *Faustus* still.

The Devill caried me up into the skye,  
where I did see how all the world did lye.  
I went about the earth in eyght dayes' space,  
and then returnd unto my native place.

What pleasures I did wish to please my minde  
he did performe, as hand and seale did binde;  
The secrets of the Starres, and Planets, told;  
of earth and sea; with wonders manifould.

When fowre and twenty years were almost run,  
I thought of all things that were past and doone-  
How that the Devill would come and clame his right,  
and carry me to everlasting night.

Then-all too late-I curst my wilfull deed,  
the grieffe whereof did make my hart to bleed:  
All dayes, all howrs, all nights, I mornned sore,  
repenting me of all things done before.

I then did wish both Sun and moone to stayer,  
all times and seasons never to decaye:  
Then, had my tyme ne're come to dated ende,  
nor soule and body downe to hell descend.

At last, when I had but an howre to come,  
I turnd my glasse for my best hour to run;  
And cald in learned men to comfort me-  
But faith was gone, and comfort none could bee.

By twelve a clock my glasse was almost out:  
my greeved conscience then began to doubt.  
I wisht the students stay in chamber by-  
but, as they staid, they hard a dolefull cry.

Then, presently, they came into the hall,  
whereas my braines were cast against the wall:  
Both armes, and leggs, in peices torne did see;  
my bowels gone-that was the end of me.

Yow Conjurours, and damned wretches all,  
example take by this accursed fall.  
Give not your soules and bodyes unto hell:  
see that the smallest heare yow do not sell:

But hope that CHRIST's kingdom yow may gaine,  
where yow shall never feel such greevous payne.  
Forsaking the Devill and all his craftye wayes,  
embrace trew faith that never more decayes.

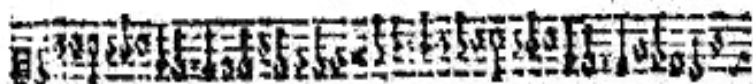
FINIS.  
(From the Shirburn Ballads, #XV)

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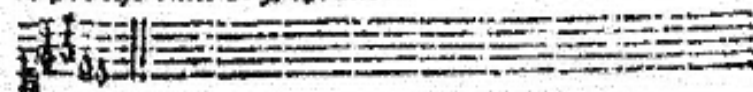
Strange Histories.

The lamentable death of King Iohn, how  
he was poysoned in the Abbey at Swinited, by  
a false Fryer.

Cant. V.



On the tune of Fortune.



Trecherous deeds forthwith I shall you tell,  
Which on King Iohn upon a sudden fell:  
As he in Colne hie proceeding on his way,  
At Swinited Abby, one whole night he lay.

There did the King oppose his welcome good,  
But much deceit lyes under an Abbots hood.  
There did the King himselfe in safetie thinke,  
But there the King receiued his last drinke.

Great cheare they made vnto his royall grace,  
While he remained a guest within that place.  
But while they smilod and lauged in his sight,  
They wrought great treason, shadowed with delight.

A flat faced Monk came with a glowing tale,  
To give the King a cup of spiced ale:  
A beards of night was neerer offered man,  
Yet this false Monk vnto the King began.

## Strange Histories.

Which when the king without mistrust did see,  
He took the Cup of him most courteously:  
But while he held the poisoned Cup in hand,  
Our noble king amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chance his princely eye,  
On pretious rewels which he had full nye:  
He saw the colour of each pretious stone,  
Most strangely turne and alter one by one.

Their Orient brightnesse to a pale dead hue,  
Were changed quite, the cause no person knew  
And such a sweat did ouerspread them all,  
As stood like dew which on faire flowers fall,

And hereby was their pretious nature's tribe,  
For pretious stones soule popson cannot bide  
But though our king beheld their colour pale,  
Mistrusted not the popson in the Ale.

For why the Monke the taste before him took  
For knew the king how ill he did it brooke,  
And therefore he a hartte draught did take,  
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th' infectious drinke fund by into his head:  
And through the veines into the heart it spred,  
Distemp'ring the pure unspotted braine,  
That doth in man his memo'rie maintaine.

Then felt the King an extreme grief to grow,  
Through all his intrels being infected so:  
Whereby he knew through anguish which he felt  
The Monks with him most traiterously had delt.

The groanes he gave did mak al men to wonder,  
He call as if his heart would split in sunder,

And

## Strange Histories.

And still he cold while he thereon did thinke,  
For that false Monke which brought y<sup>e</sup> deadly drinke.

And the his Lords went searching round about  
In euerie place to find this Traytor out:  
At length they found him dead as any stone,  
Within a corner lying all alone.

For hauing tasted of that popsoned Cup,  
Whereof our King the residue drunke by,  
The enuous Monke himself to death did bring  
That he thereby might kill our royall King.

But when the King with wonder hard the tel,  
The Monks dead body did with popson swel:  
Why then my Lords ful quickly now quoth he,  
A breathlesse King you shall among you see.

Behold he said my baines in paces cracke,  
A grieuous torment feele I in my backe:  
And by this popson deadly and accurst,  
I feele my heart strings ready for to burst.

With that his eyes did turne within his head:  
A pale dead colour throught his face did spread,  
And lying gasping with a cold faine breath,  
The royall King was overcome by death.

His mournful Lords which stood about him the  
Withal their force and troopes of warlike men:  
To Worcester the coper they did conuey,  
With Drums & trumpet marching al y<sup>e</sup> waye.

And in the faire Cathedrall Church I find,  
They buried him according to their mind:  
Most pompiously best sitting for a King,  
Who ser aplauded greatly for this thing.

FINIS.

From Deloney's Strange Histories:

***The lamentable death of King Iohn, how  
he was poysoned in the Abbey at Swinsted, by  
a false Fryer.***

Am Em  
A Treacherous deed- forthwith I shall you tell,  
Am Em  
Which on King John upon a sudden fell:  
C G  
To Lincolnshire proceeding on his way,  
Am Em Am  
At Swinestead Abby, one whole night he lay.

There did the King oppose his welcome good,  
But much deceit lyes under an Abbot's hood.  
There did the King himselfe in Safetie thinke,  
But there the King received his latest drinke.

Great cheare they made unto his royall grace,  
While he remaind a guest within that place.  
But while they implor and laughed in his sight,  
They wrought great treason, shadowed with delight.

A flat faced Monke comes with a glosing tale,  
To give the King a cup of spiced ale:  
A deadliar draught was never offered man,  
Yet this false Monke unto the King began.

Which when the King without mistrust did see,  
He took the Cup of him most courteously:  
But while he held the poisoned Cup in hand,  
Our noble King amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chance his princely eye,  
On vretious jewels which he had full nye:  
He saw the colour of each pretious stone,  
Most strangely turne and alter one by one.

Their Orient brightnesse to a pale dead hue,  
Were changed quite, the cause no person knew  
And such a sweat did overspread them all,  
As stood like dew which on faire flowers fall,

And hereby was their pretious natures tride,  
For precious stones foule poyson cannot bide  
But though our King beheld their colour pale,  
Mistrusted not the poyson in the Ale.

For why the Monke the taste before him tooke  
Nor knew the King how ill he did it brooke.  
And therefore he a hartie draught did take,  
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th' infectious drinke fum'd up into his head:  
And through the veines into the heart it spred,  
Distempering the pure unspotted braine,  
That doth in man his memorie maintaine.

Then felt the King an extreme grief to grow,  
Through all his intrels being infected so:  
Wherby he knew through anguish which he felt  
The Monks with him most traiterously had delt.

The grones he gave did mak al men to wonder,  
He cast as if his heart would split in sunder,  
And still he cald while he thereon did thinke,  
For that false Monke which brought that deadly drinke.

And then his Lords went searching round about  
In everie place to find this Traytor out:  
At length they found him dead as any stone,  
Within a corner lying all alone.

For having tasted of that poysoned Cup,  
Whereof our King the residue drunke up,  
The envious Monk himself to death did bring  
That he thereby might kill our royall King.

But when the King with wonder hard them tel,  
The Monks dead body did with poyson swel:  
Why then my Lords ful quickly now quoth he,  
A breathlesse King you shall among you see.

Behold he said my vaines in peeces cracke,  
A grievous torment feele I in my backe:  
And by this poyson deadly and accurst,  
I feele my heart strings ready for to burst.

With that his eyes did turne within his head:  
A pale dead colour through his face did spread,  
And lying gasping with a cold faint breath,  
The royall King was overcome by death.

His mounful Lords which stood about him then  
Withal their force and troopes of warlike men:  
To Worcester the corpes they did conveye,  
With Drumbe & trumpet marching al the waye.

