

Chapter Twenty Four - "30 Elizabethan Songs - With Documentation"

The Fall of Antwerp

(Row Well, Ye Mariners)

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References:

A tune of this title is noted in Stationer's Register, 1565-1566. It is also mentioned in an anonymous 1600 comedy, Looke about you.

Tune

Thomas Robinson's *Schoole of Musicke*, 1603
Playford, *The Dancing Master*
Pills to Purge Melancholy

Words

A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully sheweth his grief in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, ed. Rollins, p. 22

Collman #'s 75, 70, 69 are 1570's ballads now in the Huntington Library to this tune.

They include:

Thomas Preston's *A Lamentation from Rome*, 1570,

One on the execution of John Felton, May 15, 1570, called *A letter to Rome*, by Steven Peele, and

Ralph Norris' *A warning to London by the fall of Antwerp* after November of 1576, when the events described took place. Norris' original version can be found in:

Title: *A warning to London by the fall of Antwerp*, to the tune of: *Rovv vvel ye mariners*. Author: Norris, Ralph,
Imprint: Imprinted at London : At the long shop adioyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Pultrie, by Iohn Alde, 1577
Bib Name / Number: STC (2nd ed.) / 18656
Verse - "The sturdy oke at length,".; Reproduction of the original in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery.
UMI Collection / reel number: Early English Books, 1475-1640 / 387:09

Here it is:

A Warning to London by the fall of Antwerp

To the tune of *Rouu uuel ye Mariners.*



A He sturdy Oke at length/
When scisse doth fail
though nere so tall:
Resigneth by his strength,
By boisterous blasts vnto the fall.
The stately Stag in time dooth peeld
him self a pray to Dogs in feeld.
The Peacock proud, & swelling Swan
At last dooth serue the vse of man.
Pride, pomp, plumes gay:
Must haue a fall who ere say nay.
Hye mindes, state, power:
Shall cōe to end within an houre.

Let *Antwerp* Warning be,
thou stately *London* to beware:
Lest resting in thy glee,
thou wrapst thy self in wretched care.
Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin:
Lest that thy foe doo enter in.
Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy fort:
Watch wel, so shall no foile be got.
Stand fast, play thy parte:
Quail not but shew an english hart.
Dout, dread, ail fear:
for *Antwerps* plague approacheth neer.

Leau tearing of thy God,
let vaine excelsse be laid aside:
Els shalt thou feel the rod,
prepared for to scourge thy pride.

For sake thy Deuillish drunken trade:
Which almoste hath the entrance made.
Erect your walles giue out your charge
Keep wel your ray, run not at large.
Faint not, fiercely fight:
Shrink not but keep your cōtries right.
Stand stout, on *Iesus* call:
And be no dout wil help you all.

Cruel not a ciuil foe,
Which vnder colour wilseth good:
for ere thy self doost knowe,
by craft he seeks to haue thy blood.
The Snake in grasse doth groueling lie:
Till for reuenge due time he spie.
The leering Dog doth bite moze soze:
Then he that warning giues befoze.
fine flattery, fair face:
Such discorde breeds in euery place.
fire, hot, must be to hot:
for those which haue their God forgot.

Reioyce not if thou see,
thy neighbours house set on a flame:
for like thy luck may be,
vlesse thou wel preuent the same.
The scourge which late on *Antwerp* fel:
Thy back and ruine dooth foiretel.
Make not a gibing iest therat:
Lest stately *Troy* be beaten flat.
Pray God faithfully:
To saue vs from all trechery.
Dout not if we doo so:
we shall escape the fozein fo.

Pray we with one accorde,
that God our *Queene* may ay defend:
from those which seek by sword/
to byng her graces reign to end.
Cut of (O *Lord*) their deuillish dayes:
And graunt her life thy name to praise.
Garde her with grace her *Champion* be
That she may gain the victoary.
Hope wel, pray stil:
God is our guide we feare none il,
fear not, watch pray:
God sheeld this *Citie* from decay.

AMEN. p. *Rafe Norris.*

Printed at *London*
at the long Shop adioyning vnto *S.*
Spilozes Church in the *Pultrie,*
by *John Alde.*

A Warning to London by the Fall of Antwerp

To the tune of *Row Wel ye Mariners.*

The sturdy Oke at length	Trust not a civil foe,
when forse doth fall, though nere so tall:	Which under coulour wisheth good:
Resigneth by his strength,	For ere thyself doost knowe,
By boistrous blasts unto the fal.	By craft he seeks to have thy blood.
The stately Stag in time dooth yeeld	The Snake in grasse doth groveling lie:
himself a pray to Dogs in feeld.	Til for revenge due time he spie.
The Pecoock proud, That swelling Swan	The leering Dog doth bite more sore:
At last dooth serve the use of man.	Then he that warning gives before.
Pride, pomp, plumes gay:	Fine flattery, fair face:
Must have a fall who ere say nay,	Much discorde breeds in every place.
Hye mindes, state, power	Fire, shot, must be to hot:
Shall come to end within an houre.	For those which have their God forgot.

Let Antwerp warning be,
thou stately London to beware:
Lest resting in thy glee,
thou Wrapst thyself in wretched care
Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin:
Lest that thy foe doo enter in.
Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy shot:
Watch wel, so shall no foil be got.
Stand fast, play thy parte:
Quail not but shew an English hart.
Dout, dread, stil fear:
For Antwerps plague approacheth near.

Leave tearing of thy God,
let vain excesse be laid aside:
Els shalt thou feel the rod,
prepared for to scouge [sic] thy pride.
Forsake thy Devilish drunken trade:
Which almoste hath the entrance made.
Erect your walles give out your charge
Keep wel your ray, run not at large.
Faint not, fiercely fight:
Shrink not but keep your contries right.
Stand stout, on Jesus call:
And he no dout wil help you all.

Rejoyce not if thou see,
thy neighbours house set on a flame:
For like thy luck may be,
unlesse thou wel prevent the same.
The source which late on Antwerp fel:
Thy wrack and ruine dooth foretel.
Make not a gibing jest therat:
Lest stately Troy be beaten flat.
Pray God faithfully:
To save us from all trechery,
Dout not if we doo so:
We shall escape the forain fo.

Pray we with one accorde,
that God our Queene may ay defend:
From those which seek by sword/
to bring her graces reign to end.
Cut of (O Lord) their devilish dayes:
And graunt her life thy name to praise.
Garde her with grace her Champion be
That she may gain the victory.
Hope wel, pray stil:
God is our guide we feare none il.
Fear not, watch pray:
God sheeld this Citie from decay.

Amen. p. Rafe Norris

*Imprinted At London at the long Shop
adjoyning unto S. Mildreds Church in
the Pultrie, by John Allbe.

And here's my version:

Row Well, Ye Mariners

A warning to London by the fall of Antwerp
words by Ralph Norris, 1577

Tune: 1565-6

Arr. by Charric Van der Vliet

Voice

The stur dy oak at length When force doth fall though
neare so tall Re sign eth by his strength by boisterous blasts unto the fall The
state ly stag in time doth yeeld him self a prey to dogs in field that
peacock proud that swelling swan at last doth serve the use of man Pride pomp
tunes gay must have a fall who eresay nay High mindes state pow'r shall come to end with
in an hour