

THE  
**LIFE AND DEATH,**

OF  
**FAIR ROSAMOND,**

CONCUBINE

**TO KING HENRY THE III.**



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

## Fair Rosamond.

When as King Henry rul'd this land,  
the second of that name ;  
Besides the queen he loved dear,  
a fair and comely dame.  
Most peerless was her beauty found,  
her favour and her face :  
A sweeter creature in the world,  
could never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold,  
appear'd to each man's sight,  
Her comely eyes like orient pearl,  
did cast a heavenly light.  
The blood within her crystal cheeks,  
did such a colour drive,  
As though the lily and the rose  
for mastership did strive.

Fair Rosamond fair Rosamond,  
her name was called so.  
To whom dame Eleanor our queen  
was known a deadly foe.  
The king therefore for her defence,  
against the furious queen,  
At Woodstock builded such a bower,  
the like was never seen.

Most curiously the bower was built,  
 of stone and timber strong,  
 An hundred and fifty doors  
 did to this tower belong,  
 And they so cunningly contrived,  
 with turnings round about,  
 That none without a clue of thread  
 could enter in or out.

Now for his love and lady's sake,  
 who was both faire and bright,  
 The keeping of the bower he gave,  
 unto a valiant knight,  
 But fortune that doth often frown,  
 where it before did smile,  
 The king's delight the lady's joy,  
 full soon she did beguile.

For why the king's ungracious son,  
 whom he did high advance,  
 Against his father rased wars,  
 within the realms of francee  
 But yet before our gracious king  
 the english land forsook,  
 Of Rosamond his lady fair,  
 His farewell thus he took,

My Rosamond my lovely Rose,  
 who pleaeth best mine eye,  
 The fairest flower in all the world,  
 to feed my phantasy.

The flower of my affected heart,  
 whose sweetness doth excell  
 My Royal Rose an hundred times  
 I bid you now farewell  
 For I must leave my fairest Rose,  
 my sweetest Rose apace;  
 And cross the ocean into France,  
 proud rebels to debase;

But still my Rose be sure thou shalt  
 my coming shortly see  
 And in my heart when hence I am,  
 I'll bear my Rose with me.  
 When Rosamond the lady bright  
 did hear the king say so,  
 The sorrows of it grieved her so  
 her outward looks did show.

And from her clear and crystal eyes  
 the tears gush'd out apace  
 And like the silver pearl dew  
 ran down her comely face  
 And falling down into a swoon,  
 before King Henry's face;  
 Full oft within his princely arms,  
 her body did embrace.

And twenty times with wat'ry eyes,  
 he kiss'd her tender cheek  
 Until he had revived again  
 her spirit mild and meek

Why grieves my Rose? my sweetest Rose  
 the king did often say  
 Because said she to bloody wars  
 my lord must pass away  
 But since your grace in foreign parts  
 amongst your foes unkind  
 Must go to hazard life and limb  
 why must I stay behind?

Nay rather let me like a page  
 thy sword and target bear  
 That on my breast the blow may light  
 that should offend my dear  
 O let me in your royal tent  
 prepare your bed at night  
 And with sweet baths refresh you there  
 as you return from fight

So I your presence will enjoy  
 no toil I will refuse  
 But wanting you my life is death  
 which doth true love abuse  
 Content thyself my dearest love  
 thy rest at home shall be  
 In England's sweet and pleasing court  
 for travels fit not thee.

Fair ladies brook not bloody wars  
 sweet peace their pleasure breed  
 The nourisher of hearts content  
 whose fancy first did feed

My Rose shall rest in Woolstnack bo ver,  
 with musit's sweet delight  
 While I among the piercing pikes  
 against the foes do fight.  
 My Rose in robes of pearl and gold  
 with diamonds rich and bright  
 Shall dance the galliards of my love  
 while I my foes do smite.

And you Sir Thomas whom I trust  
 to be my love's befence  
 Be careful of my gallant Rose  
 when I am parted hence.  
 And here withal he se ch a sigh  
 as though his heart would break  
 And Rosamond for very grief  
 not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might  
 in heart be griev'd sore  
 After that day fair Rosamond  
 the king did ne er see more  
 For when his grace had passed the seas  
 and into France was gone,  
 Queen Eleanor with envious heart  
 to Woodstock came anon.

And forth she calls the trusty knight  
 who kept this curious bower  
 And with a clue of twisted thread  
 come from this famous flower  
 I was forced to  
 Preserve my life and part  
 as you think fit to do

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But when they had wounded him;  
the queen his thread did get,  
And went where Lady Rosamond  
was like a lady set.

But when the queen with stedfast eyes  
beheld her lovely face,  
She was amazed in her mind,  
at such exceeding grace.  
Cast off, said she these fine wrought robes  
that rich and costly be,  
And drink you up this deadly draught  
which I have brought to thee,

But presently upon her knees,  
Fair Rosamond did fall,  
And pardon of the queen she craved,  
For her offences all,  
Take pity of my youthfull years,  
fair Rosamond did cry ;  
And let me not with poison strong,  
be forced for to die.

I will renounce my sinful life,  
and in some cloister bide,  
Or else be banished if you please,  
to range the world so wide,  
And sure the fault which I have done,  
I was forced thereunto,  
Preserve my life and punish me,  
as you think fit to do.

And with these words her lily hands,  
 she wrung full often there,  
 And down her comely face,  
 proceeded many a tear.  
 But nothing could this furious queen,  
 herewith appeased be,  
 The cup of deadly poison strong,  
 which she held on her knee,  
 She gave this comely dame to drink,  
 who took it from her hand.  
 And from her bended knees arose,  
 and on her feet did stand:  
 When casting up her eyes to heav'n,  
 she did for mercy call.  
 And drinking up the poison strong,  
 she lost ner life withal.  
 And when that death thro' every limb  
 had done its greatest spite,  
 Her chief foes could but confess,  
 she was a glorious sight.  
 Her body then they did entomb,  
 when life was fled away,  
 At Woodstock near to Oxford town,  
 as may be seen this day.

FINIS.

as you think fit to see, I was forced thence, I  
 Preserve my life and please me,