

Queen ELIZABETH'S Farewel.



I'll tell you all, both great and small,
 I tell you all truly;
 That we have cause, and very great cause,
 For to lament and cry,
 Fye, Oh! fye, oh! fye, oh! fye!
 Fye on thee cruel Death!
 For thou hast ta'en away from us!
 Our Queen *Elizabeth*.

Thou mayst have taken other Folks,
 That better might be mist;
 And have let our Queen alone,
 Who lov'd no Popish Priest:
 In Peace she rul'd all this Land,
 Beholding unto no Man,
 And did the Pope of *Rome* withstand,
 And yet was but a Woman.

A Woman said I? nay, that is more,
 Than any one can tell;
 So Fair she was, so Chast she was,
 That no one knew it well!
 With that, from *France* came *Monsieur* o'er,
 A purpose for to Wooe her;
 Yet still she liv'd and Dy'd a Maid,
 Do what they could unto her.

She never acted any Ill thing,
 Which made her Conscience prick her;
 Nor never would submit to him,
 That call'd is Christ's Vicar:
 But rather chose courageously,
 To fight under Christ's Banner;
 'Gainst *Pope* and *Turk*, and King of *Spain*,
 And all that durst withstand her.

But if that I had *Argus's* Eyes,
 They were too few to Weep;
 For our Queen *Elizabeth*,
 That now is fall'n asleep:
 Asleep indeed, where she shall rest,
 Until the Day of Doom:
 And then she shall rise unto the Shame
 Of the great Pope of *Rome*.