

She spent her days in peace and joy,
And died God's servant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeding mighty James,
Likewise of Henry's race,
His majesty with royal right,
Deserves this worthy place:
Whose progeny God long preserve
This kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts
Their sovereign to obey.

THE PRINCELY SONG OF THE SIX QUEENS THAT WERE MARRIED
TO HENRY THE EIGHTH, KING OF ENGLAND.

The tune is "Welladay."

WHEN England fame did ring,
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the Eighth, our king,
All the world over:
Such deeds of majesty
Won he most worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,
Curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth:
Such a tomb did he make
For his sweet father's sake,
As the whole world may speak
Of his gallant glory.

England's brave monument,
Sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and queens gave consent,
To have it there graced.
Henry the Eighth was he
Builded in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In this rich chapel.

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To choose a princely bride,
For his land's honour.
His brother's widow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be,
Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine
of Spain,
his first
wife.

Which queen he loved dear
Many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty year,
Ere they were parted.

From this renowned dame
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his bishops frame
To have her divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew
How the king, how the king
Prov'd in love most untrue,
Thus to forsake her;
Good Lord! what bitter woe
Did this fair princess show,
Unkindly thus to go
From her sweet husband.

"Oh! my kind sovereign dear,"
Said the queen, said the queen,
"Full two and twenty year
Have I been married:
Sure it will break my heart
From thee now to depart,
I ne'er play'd wanton's part,
Royal King Henry!"

All this availed nought,
Woful queen, woful queen,
A divorce being wrought,
She must forsake him:
Never more in his bed
Laid she her princely head:
Was e'er wife so bestead,
Like to Queen Katherine?

Amongst our Englishmen
Of renown, of renown,
The Earl of Wiltshire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter.
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullein by name,
This virgin was by fame
Made wife to King Henry!

Anna
Bullein
his second
wife.

From this same royal queen,
Blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
Came our sweet princess,
England's Elizabeth,
Fairest queen on the earth;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullein's place
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years' space,
More was her sorrow:
In the king's royal head
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the queen her head
In London's strong tower.

Then took to wife Lady Jane,
Lovingly, lovingly,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly descended:

Jane
Seymour,
his third
wife.

But her love bought she dear,
 She was but queen one year;
 In child-bed she died, we hear,
 Of royal King Edward.

England, then understand,
 Famously, famously,
 Princes three of this land
 Thus came from three queens:
 Katherine gave Mary birth;
 Anna, Elizabeth;
 Jane, Edward by her death,
 All crowned in England.

After these married he
 All in fame, all in fame,
 A dame of dignity,
 Fair Ann of Cleves:
 Her sorrow soon was seen,
 Only six months a queen!
 Graces but growing green,
 So quickly divorced.

Ann of
 Cleves, his
 fourth
 wife.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
 Wofull queen! wofull queen!
 Two more as well as she,
 Married unto King Henry.
 To enjoy love's delights
 On their sweet wedding nights,
 Which were her proper rights;
 Mournful young princess!

First a sweet gallant dame,
Nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name
Fair Katherine Howard:

But ere two years were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last:
Small time of glory!

Katherine
Howard, his
fifth wife.

After her, Katherine Parr
Made he queen, made he queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,

Katherine
Parr, his
sixth wife.

Brave English baron!
This lady of renown
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his crown
Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you see,
Gallant dames! gallant dames!
At command married he,
Like a great monarch.
Yet lives his famous name
Without spot or defame,
From royal kings he came,
Whom all the world feared.
