

Englands Woe

This ballad is found in the collection, Rump Songs, of 1662.



To the tune of; *Greensleeves*

I mean to speak of Englands sad fate, to help in mean time the King and his Mate,
That's ruled by an Antipodian State, *which no body can deny.*
But had these seditious times been when, we had the life of the Poet Ben,
Parsons had never been Parliament men, *which no body can deny.*

Had Statesmen read the Bible throughout, and not gone by the Bible so round about,
They would have ruled themselves without doubt, *which no body can deny.*
But Puritans now bear all the sway, they'll have no Bishops as most men say,
But God send them better another day, *which no body can deny.*

Zealous Pryn has threatened a great downfall, to cut off long locks that is bushy and small,
But I hope he will not take ears and all, *which no body can deny.*
They'll not allow what pride it brings, not favours in hats, nor no such things,
They'll convert all ribbands to Bible strings, *which no body can deny.*

God bless our King and Parliament, and send he may make such Keepers repent.
That breed in our Land such discontent, *which no body can deny.*
And bless our Queen and Prince also, and all true Subjects both high and low,
The brownings can pray for themselves you know, *which no body can deny.*