A Lamentable Ballad of the LADY's Fall.

To the Tune of, In Peasoot Time.

MARK but my heavy doleful Tale,
You loyal lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your breast
A gallant lady's fall.
Long was she woo'd ere she was won
To lead a wedded life;
But folly wrought her overthrow
Ere she became a wife.
Too soon, alas! she gave consent
To yield unto his will,
The he professed to be true
And faithful to her still.
She felt her body alter'd quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale;
Her fair red cheeks turn'd a colour white;
Her strength began to fail.
So that with many a sorrowful sigh,
This beauteous maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd herself
To be conceiv'd with child.
She kept it from her father's sight,
As close as close might be,
And so put on her silken gown,
None might her dwelling see.
Unto her lover secretly
She did herself bewray;
And walking with him hand-in-hand,
These words to him did say:

Behold, said she, a maid's distress,
My love, brought to thy bow;
Behold I go with-child by thee,
But none thereof do know.
The little babe springs in my womb,
To hear the father's voice;
Let it not be a bastard call'd,
Since I made thee my choice.
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,
And wed me out of hand.
Oh! wed me not in this extrem
In grief always to end.
Think on thy former promise made,
Thy vows and oaths each one.
Remember with what bitter tears
To me thou mad'st thy moan:
Convey me to some secret place,
And marry me with speed.
Or with thy rapier end my life,
Ere further shame proceed.
Alas! my dearest love, quoth he,
My greatest joy on earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
Without a sudden death.
Thy friends they be of high degree,
And I of mean estate;
Full hard it is for to get forth
Out of thy father's gate.
Dread not thyself to save my fame;  
And if thou taken be,  
Myself will step between the swords  
And take the harm on me.  
So shall I escape dishonour quite;  
If so I should be slain:  
What can they say, but that true love  
Did work a lady's bane.  
And fear not any further harm,  
My self will so devise,  
That I may go away with thee,  
Unseen of mortal eyes.  
Dissuaded like some pretty page,  
I'll meet thee in the dark,  
And all alone I'll come to thee,  
Hard by my father's park.  
And there, quoth he, I'll meet,  
If God doth lend me life.  
And this day month without all fail,  
I will make thee my wife.  
Then with a sweet and loving kiss  
They parted pleasantly;  
And at their parting brimth tears  
Stood in each other's eye.  
At length the with'd-for day did come,  
Whereon this lovely maid,  
With lovely eyes, and strange attire,  
For her true lover stay'd.  
When any person she esp'y'd  
Come riding o'er the plain,  
She thought it was her own true love,  
But all her hopes were vain.  
Then did she weep, and sore bewail  
Her most unhappy state,  
Then did she speak these mournful words,  
While saccour'd the fate:  
Oh, falls, forsworn, and faithless wretch!  
Distrust to thy love;  
Hah thou forgot thy promise made?  
And wilt thou perjur'd prove?  
And hast thou now forsaken me,  
In this my great distress?  
To end my days in open shame,  
Which thou might'st well redeem;  
Woe was the day I did believe  
That flattering tongue of thine;  
Would God that I had never seen  
The tears of thy false eye.