A warning to London by the fall of Antwerp

To the tune of *Rovv vvel ye Mariners.*

THe sturdy Oke at length/
When force doth fail
though neere so tall:
Resigneth vp his strēgth,
By boistrous blasts vnto the fal.
The stately Stag in time dooth yeeld:
Him self a pray to Dogs in feeld.
The Peacock proud, ỹ swelling Swan:
At last dooth serue the vse of man.
Pride, pomp, plumes gay:
Must haue a fall who ere say nay,
Hye mindes, state, power:
Shall cōe to end within an houre.

Let *Antvverp* warning be,
thou stately *London* to beware:
Lest resting in thy glee,
thou wrapst thy self in wretchrd care.
Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin:
Lest that thy foe doo enter in.
Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy shot:
Watch wel, so shall no foil be got.
Stand fast, play thy parte:
Quail not but shew an english hart,
Dout, dread, stil fear:
For *Antvverps* plague approcheth neer.

Leaue tearing of thy God,
let vain excesse be laid aside:
Els shalt thou feel the rod,
prepared for to scouge thy pride.
Forsake thy Deuilish drunken trade:
Which almoste hath the entrance made.
Erect your walles giue out your charge
Keep wel your ray, run not at large.
Faint not, fiercely fight:
Shrink not but keep your cōtries right.
Stand stout, on Jesus call:
And he no dout wil help you all.

Trust not a ciuil foe,
Which vnder coulour wisheth good:
For ere thy self doost knowe,
by craft he seeks to haue thy blood.
The Snake in grasse doth groueling lie:
Til for reuenge due time he spie.
The leering Dog doth bite more sore:
Then he that warning giues before.
Fine flattery, fair face:
Much discorde breeds in euery place.
Fire, shot, must be to hot:
For those which haue their God forgot.

Reioyce not if thou see,
thy neighbours house set on a flame:
For like thy luck may be,
vnlesse thou wel preuent the same.
The scourge which late on *Antvverp* fel:
Thy wrack and ruine dooth foretel.
Make not a gibing iest therat:
Lest stately *Troy* be beaten flat.
Pray God faithfully:
To saue vs from all trechery.
Dout not if we doo so:
We shall escape the forain fo.

Pray we with one accorde,
that God our Queene may ay defend:
From those which seek by swoord/
to bring her graces reign to end.
Cut of (O Lord) their deuilish dayes:
And graunt her life thy name to praise.
Garde her with grace her Champion be
That she may gain the victory.
Hope wel, pray stil:
God is our guide we feare none il.
Fear not, watch pray:
God sheeld this Citie from decay.

AMEN. q. Rafe Norris.

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