

Warning to London by the fall of Antwerp

So the tune of Rowv vvel ye Mariners.

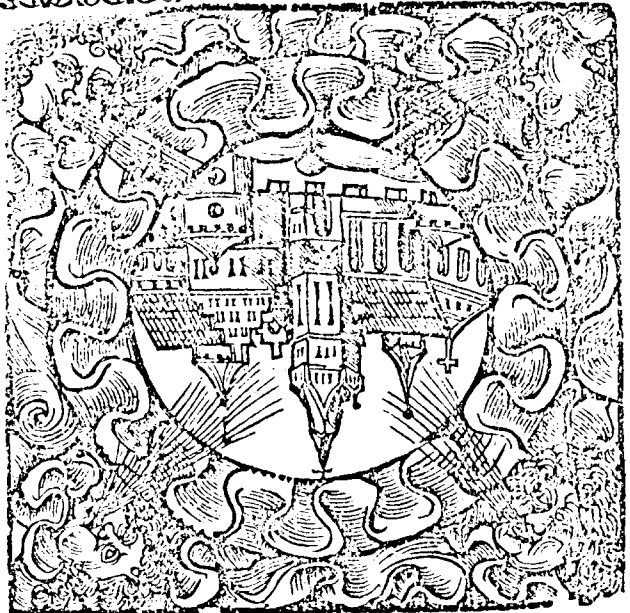
For sake the weillthy dynen trade
 which almoste hath the entrance made.
 Erect your walles gaine out pour charge
 keep wel pour ray, run not at large.
 faint not, fiercely fight.
 Shynk not but keep pour cottes right.
 Stand stout, on Elcus call.
 And he no dout will help you all.

Quia not a civil foe,
 which under countour withly good:
 For ere the self dooth knowe,
 by cratt he feeks to haue the blood.
 The Snake in grate doth grouneling lie:
 Will for reuenge due time he spie.
 The leccing dog doth bite more sore:
 Then he that warning giues before.
 fine hatter, fair face:
 Much discorde breeds in euery place.
 Fire, whot, must be to hot:
 For thoe which haue theire God forgot.

Reioyce not if thou see,
 the neigbhours house set on a flame:
 For like the luck may be,
 while thou wel picnent the same.
 The courage which late on Antwerp set:
 Whi yarak and ruine dooth foctel.
 Make not a gibing lett thet ar:
 Lett harp Troy be beaten flat.
 Day God fairly shill:
 Do faue vs from all trechery,
 Dont not if we doo fo:
 We shall escape the foain fo.

Thar we with one accorde,
 that God our succene may ad defend:
 From those which fech by swoord/
 to bring her graces tigin to end.
 Dur of (Lords) their deuilly dayes:
 And graunt her life the name to palle.
 Garde her with grace her Champaign be
 That she may gain the victorie,
 hope wel, pray ill:
 God is our guide we feare none ill.
 fear not, watch pray:
 God shelle this cite from decay.

AMEN. g. Rafe Norri.
 PRINTED AT LONDON
 at the long shop adioyning vnto S.
 spiituous Church in the Parke,
 by John Allde.



De surp the at length/
 when the doth fall
 though nere so tall:
 Kneignt by his strenght,
 by boldness blags vnto the fall.
 The harp Sag in time dooth peeld
 the crook proud, swelling Swan
 At last dooth ferue the die of man.
 The pond, plimcs gap:
 Spill haue a fall who ere lay nap,
 The mindes, fare, powder.
 Shall ce to end within an houre.

Act Antwerp Warning be,
 thou harp London to beware:
 Resting in the glee,
 thou wapt the self in yetchd care:
 Be by ghamt, kepe not in tin:
 Let that the foe doo enter in:
 keep sure the trench, prepare the shot:
 March wel, shall no foil be got.
 Stand fast, pray the part:
 Shall not but shee an englysh hart.
 Dour, pierce, till fear:
 For Antwerps plague appocheth neer.

Leave tearing of the God,
 let vaine crells be laid aside:
 As that thou feel the rod,
 prepared for to scourge the pride.