



A NEW SONG,
*On the Cruel Usage of the
French Queen.*

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane]

ALL you that have compassion and feeling draw
near,
For one that is oppressed with sorrow, grief, and
care,
A queen by birth and breeding, although not used
as such,
And he art but that of stone sure their feelings must
touch.

C H O R U S.

Pray Death come ease, kind Death come ease me,
And free me from the hardships I am doom'd for
to bear.

To be torn from my children it cuts me to the
heart,
Think what sorrow and anguish when forc'd
with them to part,
Their discourse used often to sooth many a tear,
And the pain I now suffer is both sharp and se-
vere.

August the 21st they into my room came,
Which did much surprisè me, I not knowing of
the same,
But straight I was conducted to a dark dismal cell,
And what I now suffer no tongue can scarce tell.

Not content with the life of my husband and king,
But me and my children to death they will bring,
No humanity and compassion to me they will shew,
But confin'd under ground both in misery and
woe.

But there is a just God above t'at knows all my
woe,
That will not let such cruelty unpunished to go,
But in his own due time he will ease me I don't
fear,
Where I shall be free from a world of despair.



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