

chford with false
general professions
the scaffold were
sentence of the
ne Gray expresses
r Henry Ellis ob-
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acknowledgments."
cue from Roch-
acknowledgments of
judge the best of
utiful young man,
ffered to purchase
0 crowns. Henry
ne bribe.

was hanged. He
ne, for I have de-
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mistress. It was
Mark Smeaton's
t he was not con-
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Dover and the Cinque-
"Like earl Rivers,"
like him was innocently
stre of her situation did
"He was an elegant
on the evening before
rewell, my lute," which
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d, with other poems of
att. Probably George
ment, and the refrain

ry of England.

dently expected that he would make the *amende* on the scaffold, for when she was informed of the particulars of the execution and his last words, she indignantly exclaimed, "Has he not, then, cleared me from the public shame he hath done me? Alas! I fear his soul will suffer from the false witness he hath borne. My brother and the rest are now, I doubt not, before the face of the greater King, and I shall follow to-morrow."¹

The renewed agony of hope, which had been cruelly and vainly excited in the bosom of the queen by the mockery of declaring that her marriage with the sovereign was null and void, appears soon to have passed away. She had drunk of the last drop of bitterness that mingled malice and injustice could infuse into her cup of misery, and when she received the awful intimation that she must prepare herself for death, she met the fiat like one who was weary of a troublesome pilgrimage, and anxious to be released from its sufferings. Such are the sentiments pathetically expressed in the following stanzas, which she is said to have composed after her condemnation, when her poetical talents were employed in singing her own dirge:—

"Oh, Death! rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell,—
For I must die,
There is no remedy,
For now I die!

My pains who can express?
Alas! they are so strong,
My dolour will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong!
Alone in prison strange,
I wail my destiny;
Woe worth this cruel hap, that I
Should taste this misery!

Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcome my present pain,
I feel my torments so increase
That life cannot remain.

¹ Meteren.