

The Siege of GAUNT:

OR, THE

Valorous Acts of Mary Ambree.

Tune of, the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green.



When Captain courageous, whom Death could not
Had roundly besieged the City of Gaunt (Gaunt),
And manly they marched by two and by three,
But the foremost in Battle was Mary Ambree.

Thus being enforced to fight with our Foes,
On each side most fiercely they seemed to die;
Each one fought for Honour in every Degree,
But none so much won it as Mary Ambree.

When brave Smart Mair was first in the Fight,
Who was her own true Love, and by and by;
She swore on her knees to be his, and so she
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

She leaped herself from the Top of the Tree,
With Buff of the Barrel, and teeming to howl;
A fair Shot of Mail over the top of her
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.



A Hero of Proof the part of her Head,
A Hero of Proof the part of her Head,
A Hero of Proof the part of her Head,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

Then to take her Sword and her Target in Hand,
And to lead all those who were with her hand,
To wait on her Part in those three days three,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

Before you shall perish the will of you all,
Or come to my Danger or Enemies Thrall;
This Hand and this Line of mine shall set you free,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

The Drums and the Trumpets did found out Alarms,
And many Hundreds did lose Legs and Arms;
And many a Heart that she brought to her Knee;
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

The Sky then she fill'd with the Smoak of her Shot,
And her Enemies Bodies with Bullets to hit;
For one of her own Men a Score killed she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

And then her false Gunner did spoil her Intent,
Her Powder and Bullets away he had spent;
And then with her Weapon she dashed them three,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

Then to take her Castle where she did abide,
Her Enemies besieg'd her on every side;
To beat down her Castle Walls they did agree,
And all her to overcome Mary Ambree.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in Hand,
And on her Castle Walls stoutly did stand;
So daring the Captain to march any three,
O what a brave Captain was Mary Ambree.

At her then they smiled, not thinking in Heart,
That she could have performed so valorous a Part;
The one said to the other, we shortly shall see
This gallant brave Captain before us to see.

Why what do you think or take me to be?
Unto these brave Soldiers boldly I speak thee:
A Knight Sir of England, and I Captain (quoth they)
Whom shortly we meant to take Prisoner away.

No Captain of England (behold in your Sight,
Two Breasts in my Back, and therefore no Knight;
No Knight Sir of England, nor Captain (quoth they)
But even a poor bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

But art thou a Woman, as thou dost declare?
That hath made us thus spend our Armour in War;
The like in our Lives we never did see,
And therefore we'll have our brave Mary Ambree.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her Renown,
Who long had advanced for England's fair Crown;
In Token he sent for a Globe and a Ring,
And said she should be his Bride at his Wedding.

Why what do you think or take me to be,
That he be a Prince of great Dignity;
It shall never be said in England to see,
That a Stranger did marry with Mary Ambree.

Then unto fair England she back did return,
Still holding the Faces of old England in Scorn;
In Valour no Man was ever like thee,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass, Mary Ambree.

In this Woman's Praises I'll here end my Song,
Whose Heart was approv'd in Valour most strong;
I'll all sorts of People, whatever they be,
Sing forth the brave Valours of Mary Ambree.

Printed and Sold in Bow-church-yard, London.

The valorous Acts performed at Gaunt,
 by the brave bonny Lasse Mary Ambre; Who in revenge of her
 Lovers death, did play her part most gallantly.

To the tune of, the Blind beggar,



When Captain Conroyes, whom death could not
 have cowardly behead the City of Gaunt, was
 And mainly they march'd to two ends by three,
 Was the foremost in battell was Mary Ambre.

When being informed to fight with their foes,
 As each the most bravely they seem'd to chafe,
 Each one sought for honour in the pyrrhic,
 But none so much than it as Mary Ambre.

When both Conroyes, spaw took Gaunt in the fight,
 Which was her own true Love, her joy and delight
 She those wrong'd his blood should not be,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.

When clasp'd her selfe from the top to the toe,
 With blasse of the bravest most freely to show:
 A true sign of spirit she that dy'd for the
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.

A helmet of iron she put on her head,
 A sword she held, and the gift on her head
 A faire goodly Gemmet on her right hand she wore,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.

When took she her shield and her target in hand,
 As each one of those that should be of her band,
 So fast on her pikes they came thousands three,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.

Before you shall perish the most of you all,
 Do come to my rescue of enemies shall:
 This hand on this life of mine shall set you free,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.

When she saw the trumpet to her ears and alarm
 And many a danger and sore leg and arm:
 She many a wound on the bright outside had,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.



When she the then filled with sword of her hat
 And her courage he also with bill and staff hat
 For one of her count men a fence killed the
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre?

But then her selfe Conroyes did spole her in hand,
 Her pikes and Billies she had in hand:
 And then with her weapon she smit him in three,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre?

When took she her shield where she did abide,
 Her enemies he smit on their side,
 So brave before her Castle smit they did bring,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre?

When took she her sword and target in hand
 And upon her hand she smit her in hand,
 So saying the Captaine to match my three,
 And what a brave Captaine was Mary Ambre?

At her then three smiles not thinking in heart,
 That she could have performed so valiant a part:
 They one saw to the other the battle shall see,
 This gallant brave Captaine before us to see.

When she saw she smit me as take me to be,
 Into the heart she smit me to take me to be:
 A knight she of England and Captaine smit they
 When their hearts smit me as take me to be.

As Captaine of England beholds in your sight,
 And he took in an hour and three to fight:
 So bright she of England, the Captaine smit they
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre.

Was not this a woman, as then she was;
 Her selfe made us the heart of our arrow at war,
 To be like in our mind the other did see,
 And three for two before her was Mary Ambre.

She Prince of great France, lord of her estate,
 Who had he smit for England's sake estate,
 To smit he smit her a knight of his band,
 And she the heart of his wife at his band.

Why to both he smit me as take me to be,
 Though he be a Prince, man of great estate,
 It shall never be said in England to see,
 That a stranger did smit with Mary Ambre.

When unto fair England she took her course,
 Still holding the Prince of her England in course,
 At valour no woman was ever like her,
 Was not this a brave bonny Lasse, Mary Ambre?

In the woman's paces she here and my God
 Who's heart was smit in valour and God
 It of all sorts of people what ever they be
 Was not this the great valour of Mary Ambre.

The Valorous Acts performed at GAUNT,
By the brave Bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*, who in Revenge of her Loves death,
did play her part most gallantly;
The Tune is, the blind Beggar.



When Captain courageous, whom death could not daunt
Had roundly beseged the City of Gaunt,
And manly they march'd by two and by three,
But the foremost in battel was *Mary Ambree*.

Thus being enforced to fight with her foes,
On each side most fiercely they seem'd to close:
Each one fought for honore in every degree,
But none so much as in of *Mary Ambree*.

When brave Heroic Major was slain in the fight,
Who was her own true love her joy and delight:
She chose unmercifully his blood should not be,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

She cleav'd her self from top to the toe,
With Bull of the battel and scandy to shoo:
A fair sight of pale over that strid she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

A helmet of proof she put on her head,
A strong armed sword she fixt on her side;
A faire goodly Countess on her she wore she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her sword and her Target in hand;
And call'd all those that would be of her band:
To walk on her person there came thousands three,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

Before you shall perish the word of you all,
Or come to any danger of Enemies shall:
This hand and this life of mine shall for you free,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

The Drums and the Trumpets did sound out alack,
And many a hundred did loose leg and arm;
And many a thousand she brought on their knee,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

Then she then she fill'd with the smok of her shot,
And her Enemies bodies with Bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a scope killed she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

And then her falls Gunner did spoil her intent,
Her Powder and Bullets away he too sent;
And then with her weapon she slasht them in three,
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Castle where she did abide,
Her Enemies besieg'd her on every side;
To beat down her Castle walls they did agree,
And all for to overcome *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her sword and her Target in hand,
And on her Castle walls stoutly did stand;
So daring the Captains, to march any three,
O what a brave Captain was *Mary Ambree*.

At her then they smil'd, not thinking in heart,
That she could have perform'd so valourous a part;
The one said to the other, we shortly shall see
This gallant lady captain before us to see.

Why what do you think of take me to be?
Unto these brave frontiers so valiant spoke she:
A Knight Sir of England, and Captain (quoth they)
Whom shortly we mean to take prisoner away.

Printed for F. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackray, & T. Passenger.

So Captain of England, behold in your sight,
The Heads in my hands, and therefore no Knight:
No Knight Sir of England nor Captain quoth she,
But then a poor bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

But out then a woman as thou dost believe,
That hath made us thus spend our armour in War;
The like in our lives we never did see,
And therefore we'll honour brave *Mary Ambree*.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for England's fair Crown,
In token he sent her a Globe and a King,
And said she should be his Wife at his wedding.

Why what do you think of take me to be,
Though he be a Prince of great dignity;
It shall never be said in England to free,
That a stranger did marry with *Mary Ambree*.

Then into fair England she back did return,
Still holding the faces of brave England in scorn;
In Valour no Man was ever like she
Was not this a brave bonny Lads *Mary Ambree*.

In this Woman's praises I'll here end my Song,
Whose heart was a pressed in Valour and strong;
Let all sorts of people whatever they be,
Sing forth the brave valours of *Mary Ambree*.

The Valorous Acts performed at GAUNT,

By the brave Bonny Laſs *Mary Ambree*, who in Revenge of her Loves death,
did play her part moſt gallantly;
The Tune is, the blind *Beggars*.



When Captain courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Had recently beſieged the City of Gaunt,
And manly they marched by two and by three,
Not the foremoſt in battel was *Mary Ambree*.

Thus being enforced to fight with her foes,
On each ſide moſt fiercely they ſeemed to cloſe:
Each one fought for honour in every battel,
But none ſo much won it as *Mary Ambree*.

When brave ſervant Major was ſlain in the fight,
Who waſh her own eyes with her joy and delight:
She ſaw unreſcued his blood ſhould not lie,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

She cloſed her ſiſ from top to the toe,
With Buſk of the battel and ſtrake to thro:
A fair ſiſe of ſhakeſpeare that ſciſed the
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.



A helmet of proof he put on her head,
A ſtrong armed ſtrook he giv on her ſide;
A fair gaudy Countlet on her ſide wore ſhe,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

Then took ſhe her ſword and her Target in hand;
And called all thoſe that would be of her band:
To wait on her perſon there ſome thouſands there,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

Before you ſhall periſh the word of you all,
Or come to any danger of Enemies ſhall:
This hand and this life of mine ſhall ſet you free,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

The Drums and the Trumpets did ſound out alarm,
And many a hundred did looſe bag and ſtraw;
And many a thouſand he brought on their knee,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.



The Sky then ſhe filled with the ſmoke of her ſhot,
And her Enemies bodies with Bullets ſhe hot;
For one of her own men a ſcore killed ſhe,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

And then her falſe Gunner did ſpoil her ſtore,
Her Powder and Bullets ſtook he had ſpent;
And then with her weapon ſhe ſlaught them in three,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

Then took ſhe her Caſtle where ſhe did abide,
Her Enemies beſieged her on every ſide;
To beat down her Caſtle walls they did agree,
And all to; to overcome *Mary Ambree*.

Then took ſhe her ſword and her Target in hand,
And on her Caſtle walls ſtantly did ſtand;
So daring the Captains, to march any there,
O what a brave Captain was *Mary Ambree*.

At her then they ſmiled, nor ſtanding in tears,
That ſhe could have perform'd ſo valiant a part;
The one ſaid to the other, we ſhould ſhall for
This gallant brave captain beſe we to ſee.

Ally what do you think of take me to be?
Who theſe brave ſouldiers ſo valiant ſpoke he:
A Knight Sir of England, and Captain (quoth they)
Whom ſhould we mean to take priſoner ſome.

So Captain of England, behold in your ſight,
Two Breſts in my belt, and therefore no Knight;
So Knight Sir of England, no Captain quoth ſhe,
But even a poor bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

But ere thou a woman as thou doſt declare,
That hath made us thus ſpend our armour in ſtair;
The like in our lives we never did ſee,
And therefore we'll honour have *Mary Ambree*.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her valour,
Who long had advanced for Englands ſake Crown;
In token he ſent her a Ribbe and a Ring,
And ſaid ſhe ſhould be his Wyve at his wedding.

Ally what do you think of take me to be,
Though he be a Prince of great dignity;
It ſhall never be ſaid in England to ſee,
That a ſtranger did marry with *Mary Ambree*.

Therunto ſaid England ſhe back did return,
Still holding the ſword of brave England in ſtray;
In Valour no Man was ever like ſhe,
Was not this a brave bonny laſs *Mary Ambree*.

In this Woman's praife I have end my ſong,
Whoſe heart was a ſtrook in Valour moſt ſtrong;
Let all laſs of people whatſoever they be,
Sing forth the brave Valours of *Mary Ambree*.

T H E

Glorious Acts performed at Gaunt.

By the Brave Bonny Lass *Mary Ambree*,

Who in Revenge of her Love's Death, did play her part most gallantly. To the
of, *The Blind Beggar*, &c.



WHEN Captain Courageous, whom Death could not
Had roundly besieged the City of Gaunt,
And manly they marched by two and by three,
But the foremost in Battle was *Mary Ambree*.

Thus being enforced to fight with her Foes,
On each side they fought most fiercely to close:
Each one sought for Honour in every degree,
But none so much won as *Mary Ambree*.

When brave Sergeant Major was slain in the Fight,
Who was her own true Love her Joy and Delight;
She swore unrevenge'd his Blood should not be,
Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

She clothed her self from top to the toe,
With Buff of the bravest, and seemly to show;
A fair Shirt of Mail over that stripped she,
Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

A Helmet of Proof she put on her Head,
A strong armed Sword she girt on her side;
A fair goodly Gauntlet on her side wore she,
'Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand;
And called all those that would be of her Band;
To wait on her Person there came thousands three,
'Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

Before you shall perish the worst of you all,
Or come to any danger of Enemies thrall;
This Hand and this Life of mine shall set you free,
'Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

The Drums and the Trumpets did sound out Alarm,
And many a hundred did lose Leg and Arm;
And many a thousand she brought on their Knees,
'Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

The Sky then she fill'd with the smok of her Shot,
And her Enemies Bodies with Bullets so hot,
For one of her own Men a Score killed she,
'Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

And then her false Gunner did spoil her intent,
Her Powder and Bullets away he had spent;
And then with her Weapon she slant them in three,
'Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Castle where she did abide,
Her Enemies being'd her on every side;
To beat down her Castle walls they did agree,
'And all for to overcome *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in Hand,
And on her Castle walls front did stand;
So daring the Captains, to match any three,
'O what a brave Captain was *Mary Ambree*.

At her then they smiled, not
That she could have perform
The one said to the other,
This gallant brave Captain

Why, what do you think, e
Unto these brave Soldiers I
A Knight, Sir, of *England*
Whom shortly we mean to

No Captain of *England*, b
Two Breasts in my Bosom
No Knight, Sir, of *England*
But even a poor bonny lass

But art thou a Woman, as
That hath made us thus spee
The like in our lives we ne
And therefore we'll honour

The Prince of great *Parma*
Who long had advanced t
In Token he sent her a G.
And said she should be his

Why, what do you think,
Though he be a Prince of
It shall not be said in *Englo*
That a Stranger did marry

Then unto fair *England* he
So looking the Foes of E
In Valour no Man was ever
'Was not this a brave be

In this Woman's Praiser
Whose Heart was approv'd
Let all sorts of People wiste
'Sing forth the brave Valour