

The true manner of the life and
Death of Sir *Thomas Wentworth*, late Lord
Lieutenant Deputy of Ireland, Lord Generall of his Ma-
jesties Army, Knight of the Noble order of the Gar-
ter, who was beheaded the 12. day of this
present month of *May*, 1641,

The rune is *Willaday Welladae*.



Country men to me
patiently patient,
And you shall hear and see,
As time gives leisure,
The object of mishap.
Caught fast in his owne trap,
Cast out of fortunes lay,
Through his owne folly.

Sir Thomas Wentworth here,
At the first at the first
Rose to great dignitie,
And was beloved,
Charles our most gracious King
Gave him in many a thing,
And did much honour bring,
On his proceedings.

James Trumpet blasoned forth
His great name, his great name
Lord president of the North,
So was he called,
And as I understand,
He had in Ireland,
A place of great command,
To rule his fortunes.

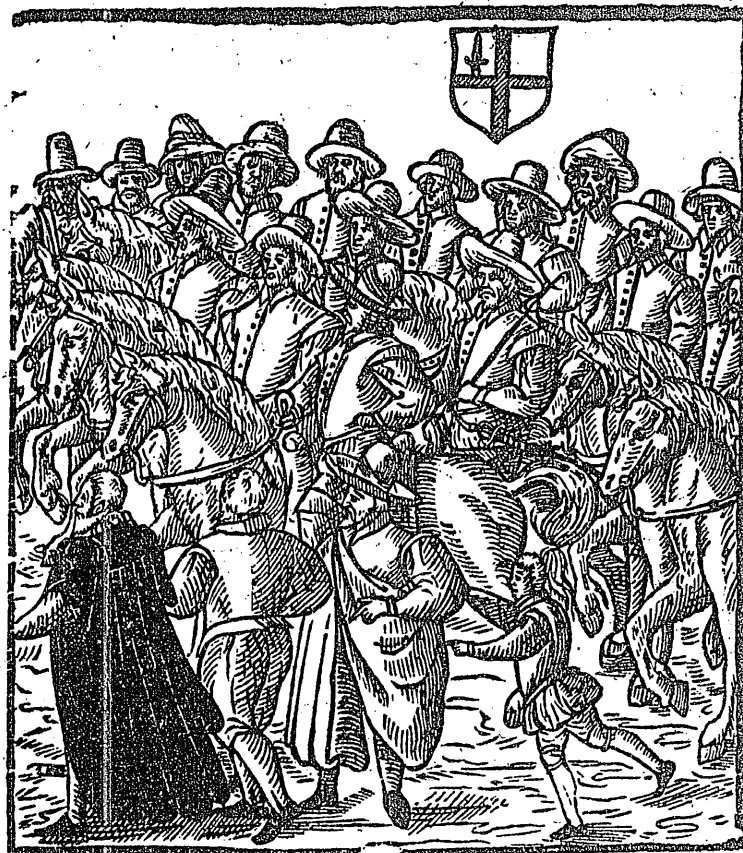
No e honour did befall,
Unto him unto him,
He was Lord generall,
Of the Kings army,
These titles given had he
By the Kings Maestie,
And made assuredly
Knight of the Garter.

But here's the spyle of all,
Woe is mine, woe is mine,
Ambition can't his fall,
Against all reason,
He did our lawes abuse,
And many men misuse,
For which they him accuse,
Quite through the kingdom.

His lawes he sought to make,
In Ireland in Ireland,
If he the word did speake,
None durst withstand him,
He ruld with tyranny,
And dealt most cruelly,
To men in misery,
The like was neare heard of.

The Second part,

To the same tune.



Hath done thousands wrong
As tis knowen as tis knowen
And cast in prison strong,
Our Kings liege people,
Such cruelty possesse
His black polluted best,
He thought himselfe well blest,
In doing mischief.

But those that clime highest of all
Often times oftentimes,
Doe catch the greatest fall,
As here appeareth,
By this unhappy night,
Who wrong'd his Countrey right,
And over came by night,
Our god Kings subjects.

To London Tower at last,
He was brought, he was brought,
For his offences past,
And just desertings,
And after certainly,
He was condemn'd to dye,
For his false treachery,
Gainst King and Countrey.

It being the twelfth day
In this month of May,
As true reports doe say,
He came to his tryall,

The Nobles of our land,
By Justice Just command,
Bare sentence out of hand,
That he should suffer.

When the appointed time,
Was come that he should dye,
For his committed crime,
The ar being ready,
Up to the scaffold hee,
Was brought immediately,
Where thousands came to see,
Him take his death.

After some Prayers said,
And certaine speeches made,
With' block his head he layd,
Taking his farewell.
The heads-man bloodily,
Divided presently,
His head from his body,
With his true weapon.

Heaven grant, by his dolefull fall
That others may take heed,
Lord send amongst us all,
True peace of conscience,
And may our King and Ruler,
Amongst us long be seen,
With all their branches greene,
To all our comfort.

L. P.

London, printed for *Richard Burton*, and are to be sold at the horse
shoe at the Hospitall gate in Smithfield.