

# Joan Baez

## "The Death Of Queen Jane (Child No. 170)"

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Queen Jane lay in labor  
For six weeks and more  
The women grew weary  
And the midwife gave o'er

King Henry, he was sent for  
On horse back and speed  
King Henry came to her  
In the time of her need

Oh Henry, good King Henry  
If that you do be  
Please pierce my side open  
And save my baby

Oh no Jane, good Queen Jane  
That never could be  
I'd lose my sweet flower  
To save my baby

Queen Jane she turned over  
She fell all in a swoon  
Her side was pierced open  
And the baby was found

How bright was the morning  
How yellow was the moon  
How costly the white coat  
Queen Jane was wrapped in

King Henry he weeped  
He wrung his hands 'til they're sore  
The flower of England  
Will never be no more

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