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SION *in* DISTRESS:  
OR, THE  
GROANS  
OF THE  
Protestant  
CHURCH.

Lam. I, 12. *Is there any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow ?*  
Vers. 17. *Sion spreadeth forth her Arms, and there is  
none to comfort her.*

Vers. 20. *Behold, O Lord, I am in DISTRESS!*

----- *Quis talia Fando*  
*Temperet a lachrimis ?* ----- Virgil.

L O N D O N :

Printed by George Larkin, for Enoch Proffer, at the  
Sign of the Rose and Crown in Sweetthings-Alley,  
at the East End of the Royal Exchange, 1681.



1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885



## To the READER.

**Y**ou are here presented with a *Re-  
viv'd Poem*, with such Additions  
and Enlargements as makes it ve-  
ry different from the First Impres-  
sion. It is suited to the Present State of  
the *Protestant Church*, shewing the *Causes*  
of her present *Calamity*, with an Ennume-  
ration of some *Prevailing Sins*; the *Plots*  
and *Contrivances* of *ROME* against *SION*;  
the Marks of the *Antichristian Beast* and  
*Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* and  
*Condemnation*, (illustrated in difficult pla-  
ces with Marginal Notes.) Also some pro-  
bable Discoveries of the Churches Redem-  
ption, and the approaching Glory of the  
Latter Day.

We have now a plain Prospect (by the  
Gracious Discoveries of Providence) of  
those Horrid and Execrable Plots, which  
the restless Adversary has contriv'd against

## To the Reader.

the Peace and very Being of *SION*, and which were much in the dark when my Muse first bewail'd its Condition, and suspected that this *Epidemical Mischief*. (now Reveal'd) was then a hatching.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected: for an abrupt and sobbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, than a studied well-poiz'd and artificial Harrangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for so weak a *Muse*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Construction. I have writ according to the measure of Light received, and have contributed my Mite (in a well-meaning Spirit) to reduce us to our Selves.

Against the *Reigning Evils* which expose us to Temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *Wholesome Precepts* from *Scripture* and *Reason* are given.

The *Rise, Progress, and Persecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are succinctly delivered, with the Evidence of Approved *Historians*, (some of them *Papists*) whose Evidence

## To the Reader.

dence against *Themselves* ought to be convincing. There can't be too many *Defendants* against so Vigorous an *Affailant* as *Rome* is.

There are many Excellent Tracts that discover the *Villanies* of *Popery*, and I wish they were more Common. It is a great comfort that the *Spirit of the Nation* is so much (and justly) incensed against it. And that our *Parliament* is so Thorow and Resolved to crush that *Interest*, whose *Principles* teach them to be (to all *Hereticks*, for so they call *Protestants*) Frayterous *Subjects*, ill *Neighbours*, and worse *Sovereigns*.

To promote the *Just Odium* of my *Native Countrey* against so destructive and malignant an *Enemy*, is (in part) the Design of this *Essay*; (which being of small bulk and price, may possibly come into more hands than larger Volumns.) If it contributes any thing in order to that End, it answers the Expectation of

Your Souls Well-Wisher.

# To his Friend the AUTHOR,

On the

## FIRST IMPRESSION.

**W**hat Muse is this, that thus inspires thy  
Brain,  
And leads thy Genius to so high a Strain?  
Must thy Aspiring Fancy now rehearse  
Thy Mother's Groans in an Elegiack Verse?  
Is Prose too mean and unregarded now,  
That still in Verse thou let'st the World know how  
SION's abus'd by Rome's Infernal Crew?  
How in her Blood they did their hands imbrew?  
Let thy Endeavours prosper: Let them prove  
To be Rome's shame: A Token of thy Love  
To thy Distressed Mother, (now the scorn  
Of black-mouth'd Intps, who are of Satan born.)  
Aspiring Soul! What from her Sorrows climb  
To a Prophetick Spirit in thy Rhime!  
Foretelling how she shall deliver'd be  
From all those Bloody Beasts, whom thou do'st see  
God will destroy, and will thy Mother make  
Heav'n's Glory, and Earth's Joy, for his Names sake.  
Jehovah bless thy Work this Book, though small,  
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's Fall.

Vale.



To my Friend the

AUTHOR,

Upon His

REVIV'D POEM.

**H**ere's Grief in Raptures! Who could  
thus infuse  
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian Muse  
Such Sacred Rhapsodies could e'er inspire:  
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire,  
No Inspiration from the Thespian Spring,  
Does teach our Poet in this mode to sing.  
He sucks no Hippocrene, nor feeds upon  
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.  
He mounts no Pegasus, nor gathers Drops  
Distill'd by Clio from Parnassian Tops.  
These are but Whimsies—Some Seraphick Fire  
His Muse did with this Mourning Song inspire  
Who

Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief,  
Weep Tears in Verse, when SION wants Relief?  
Such as from Art their lofty Strains do borrow,  
Do but describe an Artificial Sorrow:

But his is purely Natural: for we  
Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy.

His clear discerning Soul her danger sees  
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.

He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke,  
To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke.

Here's a Prophetick Glass, where we may view  
The swift Destruction that will (else) ensue.

But Friend, we thank thee that thou hast not  
left us

Without some hope, nor has thy Book bereft us  
Of Consolation; for the SCARLET

WHORE

Is there so Sentenc'd, that She'll rise no  
more.

Sion



# Sion in Distress:

OR, THE  
GROANS  
OF THE  
PROTESTANT CHURCH.

S I O N.

**W**hat dismal *Vapour* (in so black a form)  
Is this, that seems to *Harbinger* a Storm?

What pitchy *Cloud* invades our *Starry Sky*,  
To stop the *Beamings* of the *Worlds Great Eye*?  
What spreading *Sables* of *Egyptian Night*,  
Would rob the *Earth* of its *Illustrious Light*?  
What interposing *Fog* obscures our *Sun*?  
What dire *Eclipse* benights our *Horizon*?  
Is *England's Great and Royal Bridegroom* fled?  
Is its *Aurora* newly gone to bed?  
That scatter'd *Clouds* make such *prodigious haste*,  
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast.  
*Clouds* that so lately *dissipated* were,  
Do now conspire to make a *Darker Air*!

B



## Sion in Distress.

I mourn *unpity'd*, groan without *Relief*!  
 No *bounds* nor *measures* terminate my grief!  
 The *Sluces* of mine Eyes are too too *narrow*  
 To vent the Streams of my increasing *Sorrow*.  
 Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and Vernal Days  
 Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays:  
 All States and Things have their alternate ranges,  
 As Providence the Scene of Action changes.  
 All Revolutions, hurries to and fro,  
 At length some Rest and Settlement do know.  
 But helpless I, have often look'd about,  
 To find some Ease, or Soul-Refreshment out;  
 Yet can I see no prospect of *Relief*,  
 But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.  
 As *Pilgrims* wander in their deep distress  
 Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*,  
 In pathless Desarts, where the midnight howls  
 Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*,  
 And *Ravens* dismal croaks, salute the Ears  
 Of poor erratick trembling *Passengers*:  
 So I'm surrounded, so the *Beasts of Prey*  
 Conspire to take *my Life* and *Name* away.  
 My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint  
 For want of vent; I'm pregnant with complaint.  
 No Age nor Generation but has known  
 Some part of this my just and grievous moan.  
 But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;  
 By *Bolder Foes* my sorrows are enlarg'd:  
 A hellish Tribe from black *Avernus* flew,  
 That, *Bloodhound*-like, me and my Lambs pursue.  
Lord.

Lord J E S U S come ! O let my Cries invoke  
 Thy sacred Prefence to divert the stroke.  
 Are all my Friends withdrawn? what is there none  
 Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan ?

Sion's Friend.

**W**Hat doleful noise salutes my wondring Ear?  
 What grief-expressing Note is that I hear?  
 Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,  
 Bespeaks some one in great extremity.  
 The shrilness of the mournful Voice bespeaks  
 A Womans loud and unregarded shrieks.  
 The more her deep and piercing sobs I heed,  
 The more my Heart in sympathy does bleed.  
 Ah! who can find her out? who can make known  
 The Author of this Heart-relenting Moan?  
 Doubtless, though Grief now seizes thus upon her,  
 She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;  
 Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,  
 Nurs'd in the Chambers of the Fathers Love;  
 Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,  
 Who over all has Just Preheminence,  
 Monarch of Monarchs-----Sion! Is it Thou!  
 O mourn, my Soul! O let my Spirit bow!  
 Let all that love the Bridegroom sigh for grief;  
 For Sion weeps as one past all Relief.  
 But why, O Sion, since thou art below'd  
 Of Heavens Supream, art thou so sadly mov'd?

Why Arms expanded, thus implore the Skies ?

Why streaming Rivulets, flow from thine eies ?

This makes me wonder. ---

Sion.

-----MY forlorn Estate

Is poor, unpitty'd, mean and desolate ;

I long have wander'd in the *Wilderness*

Involv'd in trouble, kept in sore *Distress*,

In *Caves*, absconding from the *horrid Rage*

Of *Savage Beasts*, until this *later Age*

I made Attempts to look a little *Out*,

The *Monster* spy'd me, and does search about ;

The *Roaring Bloud-Hounds*, greedy on the scent,

To *kill*, or *drive* me back again, are bent.

No *Interval* of Peace, no *Rest* they give,

Pronounce me *curst*, and *not fit to live* :

A *Dragon* fell, combined with the *Beast*

To *gore* my *Sides*, and *spoil* my *Interest*.

Th' old *Lion*, *Lionness*, and *Lions Whelp*,

With *dreadful Jaws*, the other *Beasts* do help.

*Dogs*, *Bulls*, and *Foxes*, *Bears* and *Wolves* agree

To *rend*, to *tear*, and *make* a *spoil* of *me*.

I that have been so delicately bred,

My Children at a *Royal Table* fed ;

Am now expos'd to the *Infernal Spite*

Of such as do in *Fire* and *Blood* delight.

Plots hatch'd in *Hell* and *Rome* ! that *black design*

To *stab* a *Monarch* ; and to *undermine*

Our

# The Groans of the Protestant Church. 5

Our Ancient *Laws*, subvert *Religion*, and  
Bow *England's* Neck to *Antichrists* command ;  
Were but *Preludiums* to that dismal *Urn*  
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming *Smithfield* burn)  
Design'd for *Protestants*, and all the Rest  
Who hate *Romes* Idol, th' *Image of the Beast*.  
I am the *Mark* the *Monsters* aim at : All  
Their grand designs were to contrive my fall.  
If Friends or others any Favours show,  
They straight conspire to work their *Overthrow*.  
Ah vile *Conspiracy* ! Ah cursed *PLOT* !  
So deeply laid ! How canst thou be *Forgot* ?  
Hells grand *Intreagues* ne'er introduc'd a *Brat*  
Into the World, so horrible as that.  
Since *Rome* the western cheated *Monarchs* rid,  
A *Rampant WHORE*, the horned *Beast* bestrid,  
Disgorging *Plots*, employing hellish *Actors* :  
May all our *Off-spring* Execrate such *Factors* !  
*Sion* forlorn ! How very few regard  
Thy *cries & tears*, mens *hearts* are grown so hard !  
In Restless Hurries, tost with every wind,  
No Ease, no Peace, no Comfort can I find.  
The horrid Aspect of these *Monsters* do  
Affright my *Children*, some they worry too ;  
On Some they seiz; like greedy *Beasts* of prey,  
And to their *Dens* the *Sacrifice* convey.  
Renowned *GODFREY* ! (whose immortal glory,  
*Martyr'd* for me, shall ever live in *Story*)  
Let every Loyal *Eye* that sees it there,  
Yield to his Name the *Tribute* of a *Tear*.

*Brave Soul!* Thy Love and Loyalty do claim  
That *King* and *People* should proclaim thy *Name*,  
As *England's Victim*, ne'er to be forgot,  
Fast'ning on *Rome* an everlasting Blot.

The Great *Jehovah*, who is onely Wise,  
Permits thy Fall as a sweet Sacrifice.

Thy Barb'rous Murder has made clearly out  
That *Plot* which none but *Infidels* can doubt.

Those bloody *Varlets*, black *Assassinates*,  
Curs'd Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,

Drunk with *Infernal Cruelty*, made Thee  
A *Specimen* of *England's* Tragedy.

By Thee we learn what *Courtesie* to hope  
From *Romish Butchers*, Vassals to the *Pope*.

Thou led'st the Van, first fell into the *Trap*,  
From whence they say no *Protestant* shall 'scape.

*Pure Innocence* *Trapann'd*, amongst them came,  
Without suspicion, (like a harmless Lamb)

Whilst they, like hungry *Tygers*, ready stood  
T'embrace their *Tallons* in thy guiltless *Blood*.

Thou little thought'st such an *Infernal Snare*  
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!

'Tis strange, say some, what *Reason* should engage  
Them to make Thee the *Object* of their *Rage*?

The Cause was thus: The *Babylonish Whore*,  
Big with a *Bastard*, long'd (as heretofore)

For *Christian Blood*; her Favourites made haste,  
In her great need to help her to a *Taste*.

Of choicest *Liquors* this she calls the first,

To cheer her sinking heart, and quench her thirst.

Fearing

Fearing *Miscarriage*, when her Spirits faint,  
 She drinks the hearts Blood of some *Martyr'd Saint*.  
 Then *Horse-leech* more insatiable, (she cries,  
*Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice*  
*My Craving Paunch; my pleasure must be done:*  
*This Heretick was a Pragmatick One;*  
*He knew my Secret Clubs, and would Reveal*  
*My Tragick Plots: We must prevent his Zeal.*  
*We'll Strangle Him, before He gives a glimpse*  
*Of our Designs, or Countermines our Imps.*

Ah *British Whore!* of *Cannibals* the worse;  
 This bloody Draught has brought an endless Curse  
 On thee: And lasting Calendars we see  
 Records this Instance of thy Cruelty.  
 This *Loyal Knight* ne'er injur'd you, but stood  
 Discharging Justice for his Countreys Good.  
 Will nought but Blood of *Protestants* give ease  
 Or quench your thirst? What mischievous *Disease*  
 Infects your *Bowels*? Must your Churches Food  
 Be flesh of *Saints*? Your *mornings-draught*, their blood  
*Fellonious Strumpet!* Must you be so bold,  
 To steal by night into your Neighbours *Fold*?  
 Seiz on my *Lambs*? Thy *Theft* and *Cruelty*,  
 As well as *Murder*, shall revenged be.

But since He's gone, and Justice does pursue  
 With eager steps th' *Assassinating* Crew,  
 We'll acquiesce: For *Heaven* seems to call  
 For Fears Cessation at his *Funeral*:  
 Let Christians offer, through the Universe,  
 Whole *Hecatombs* upon his bleeding Herse.

And could their Tears increase into a Flood,  
 'Twere no excess—So much I prize his Blood,  
 But *other* grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,  
 Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,  
 That my o'er-burthen'd Heart can scarce express  
 The nature of my *Inward* Heaviness.

## Sion's Friend.

Sion, Thy sad and bitter Lamentation  
 Does move my very Soul unto Compassion :  
 But say, what Cause does aggravate your Fears,  
 And thus provokes to further Cries and Tears ?

## Sion.

I F that my Head were Waters, and each Eye  
 A brim-full Fountain, I could drein 'em dry.  
 I'm steep'd in brackish Floods, nay almost drown'd,  
 To see how Sin does ev'ry where abound.  
 Where'er I am, I nought can see or hear,  
 But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.  
 It breaks my heart that *England* thus should be  
 A Scene for Actors of Debauchery.  
 What perpetrations of the blackest Crimes  
 Appear not bare-fac'd in our present times ?  
 Tho' God (incens'd) has fearful Judgments sent,  
 To humble men, and move them to repent ;

Yet

Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,  
And aggravate their horrid Insolence ;  
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,  
Scorning to take the dreadful *Warnings* given.  
The sweeping *Plague* (that Messenger of Wrath)  
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath  
Produc'd ! Nor has the desolating *Fire*  
(A perfect Token of Gods flaming *Ire*)  
Remov'd the *City's Pride* ; 'twas great before,  
And now it seems to multiply much more.  
Fantastick *Garbs*, and *Antick* Modes declare  
How much from *Pride* their Souls reformed are ;  
Though *want*, though *poverty*, and loss of *Trade*,  
Do many Men and Families invade ;  
Yet do they vaunt in *pride* and *luxury*,  
As if they had vast *Mines* of Treasures by.  
Some know not what to *eat*, nor how to *go*,  
Yet on the *Poor* will no Compassion show :  
(Whose unregarded *Cries*, unheeded *Moans*,  
Whose unreliev'd *Distress*, unpity'd *Groans*,  
Can scarce extort a Mite) such do not grudge  
To purchase Hell at dearest Rates, and drudge  
To please their brutish lusts, who void of measure  
Consume Estates to *wantonize* in Pleasure,  
Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Dives* sat)  
Whilst *Lazarus* lies starving at the Gate.

*A Complaint of Oaths.*

Volleys of *Oaths*, with horrid Blasphemy,  
And dreadful Cursings, in mine Ears do cry.  
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,  
Observe the mode how they each other greet.



What new-coin'd *oaths*, what modish *execrations*?  
 What damming, sinking, horrid Imprecations  
 Do they disgorge? The Serpents fiery hiss,  
 That belches Sulphur from the black Abyfs,  
 Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who count  
 The Man Genteel that is most paramount  
 In wickedness; he that blasphemes aloud  
*Christs blood and wounds*, is Courtier alamode.  
 How can th'abused Earth but gape again,  
 To swallow quick vile Wretches so prophane!  
 Can Heavens great Artillery so long  
 Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?  
*Jehovah's Attributes* so vilely us'd!  
 His sacred Essence and his Name abus'd.  
 Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curses frame,  
 And Sins that never had before a Name.  
 Graduates in Courtship are preferr'd, who made  
 Most quick proficience in a hellish Trade:  
 Such rant and roar, such revel, domineer,  
 As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.  
 Approaching dangers can't disturb their pleasure  
 But still they sin until they fill their measure.  
 Judgments deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,  
 Despising such by whom they are controll'd.  
 As if th'avenging Hand their Lives did spare,  
 Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.  
 But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,  
 'Tis not t' indulge thee in iniquity.  
 Think'st thou the God of Purity does like  
 Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike?

Do'st

Do'st think a gloomy interposing Cloud,  
 From Gods all-searching Eye can be thy shroud ?  
 Or that because He is inthron'd on high,  
 Thy Deeds of Darknes He cannot espy ?  
 Or since his Judgements are so long delayd,  
 Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid ?  
 Wilt thou His Patience without end abuse,  
 Slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuse ?  
 If so, thy Judgment hastens----For a Rod  
 Will quickly reach thee from an angry God.  
*Because of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,*  
 For which my Soul much inward grief has born.

Do'st thou not see how filthy *Drunkenness*  
 Does rain in City, and in Villages ?  
 Some reel and wallow in the street, like Swine,  
 Whilst others boast their strength in drinking Wine :  
 Although to such, God doth denounce a Curse,  
 They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse.  
 Dread not Examples of Gods wrath at all,  
 Nor what to Drunkards does so oft befall :  
 Altho Gods Word has dreadful Warnings given,  
*That Drunkards never shall inherit Heaven,*  
*But that their lot shall with damn'd Spirits be,*  
*In Chains of Darknes to Eternity.*  
 They drink, carouse, and waste their jolly breath,  
 Upon the brink of *Everlasting Death*.  
 Whate'er ensues, they are resolv'd they will  
 Carouse full Goblets, and be filthy still.  
 Thus men by *Pride*, by *Oaths*, by *Worldliness*,  
 By daily swallowing *Liquor to excess*,

Defile

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,  
To cause his Vengeance on the Land to smok.  
Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way  
For all the Sorrows of th' approaching day.

These are in part the cause of *England's* Wo,  
And will (if Grace prevents not) it undo.

But there are other hainous Sins behind,  
Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my Mind,

*A Complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.*

Did filthy *Lust* and *Whoredom* ever rage  
With more success than in the present Age?

Abominations of so vile a Name,

That their bare mention is indeed a shame.

What Sin more hateful in *Jehovah's* Eye,

Then this of *Whoredom* and *Adultery*?

'Tis rank'd as Chief, and marches in the Van

Of all the gross Debaucheries of Man,

In those black Muster-Rolls God does record

Of grand Offences in his holy Word.

What more affronts the *Second Table*? Or

Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor

Could be produc'd t' express *Idolatry*,

Then that abhorred Name, *Adultery*.

Besides the Terrors of Gods fiery Wrath,

Which judges such to everlasting Death;

On Earth, amongst all sober men, they gain

So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,

As all the Waters in the Sea can nev'r

Wipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.

But O what dismal Consequences wait

For speedy entrance at the wretches gate! For

For lewd Embraces of lascivious Dames  
Will rot their *bones*, breed cankers in their *names*,  
Beget consumption in Estate and Purse,  
Produce Destruction, and a certain Curse :  
The common ends that such arrive unto,  
Are foul Diseases, Beggery and Wo.  
They're sottish Fools (says wise *Demosthenes*)  
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these :  
That sin, to please an Enemy, that strives  
To damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives.  
God in his Sacred \* Ordinances hath \* *Lev.*  
Appointed such to an immediate Death. 20.10.  
Would men but judge it as their greatest Foe,  
They'd never love, nor hug it as they do.  
Each Sex is bad, but Women seem to be  
The very Brokers of Immodesty ;  
Which makes that passage to be born in mind,  
*A wise and virtuous Woman who can find ?*  
Your *City-Dames* and *Ladies* are on fire  
With wanton passion, and unchaste desire ;  
Providing Meats on purpose to inflame  
Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame.  
Bare Brests and Naked Necks, a Harlots Dress,  
Are strong Temptations unto Wickedness.  
All other sins (th' Apostle does declare)  
Which men commit, without the Body are :  
But this abominable Act alone,  
Against his Body by a man is done.  
Marriage to all, the Undeiled Bed,  
Is Honourable ; he that will, may wed :

But

*But Whoremongers God judges, and they shall  
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small,  
The Wiseman calls th' Adulterer, A Fool ;  
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.  
No Sots like them, for branded, still they show  
The marks of Folly wheresoe'er they go.  
O how th'unclean and brutish man exceeds  
Inferiour Sinners in reproachful Deeds !*

*My Grievances are many, and my Fear  
Is more then my distressed Soul can bear :  
My panting Breast and aking Heart is sad,  
To think of what I further have to add.*

*But O amazing master-piece of wonder !  
That's like to rend my very heart a sunder,  
When I consider that an Age of Light  
Produces Monsters blacker then the Night :  
A Cursed Tribe of wretched Atheists dare,  
Without all Dread and Reverential Fear,  
Strike at the Essence of the Great Jehove,  
And all the Glories that reside Above :  
As if meer Fancies of a Cloudy Brain,  
And all Religion an Intrigue of Man :  
That dare pronounce all Evangelick Law  
A Trick of State to keep the World in aw.  
Creating Idols in their Brains ; that even  
Make mocks of Hell, and a meer scorn of Heaven.  
But can such Fancies challenge an abode  
Within your Hearts, to Dis-believe a GOD ?  
On th' Universal Fabrick cast an Eye,  
The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky :*

Can

Can so Sublime Illustrious an Effect  
 Be form'd without a Glorious Architect?  
 If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws  
 Pronounce Effects resulting from a Cause,  
 Whose Order leads us to Infinity,  
 Sure Arguments of a Divinity.  
 Created Things must a Creator have;  
 And that Begetter who first Being gave  
 To Essences produc'd, can't be Begot;  
 He's therefore GOD, and other else is not.  
 This *Causa Prima*, without Time or Date,  
 Is He that did all Entity create.  
 The First could not Himself create; so He  
 Must have His Essence from Eternity.  
 Who can make *Phœbus* his swift Course Reverse?  
 Or ballance in his Palm the Universe?  
 Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?  
 If none can do't, then none can GOD define.  
 First Principles are beyond Definition;  
 No Logick reaches at so high a Vision:  
 'Tis unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain  
 Of lofty Metaphysicks can contain  
 Those Mysteries; true Wisdom therefore hath  
 Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.  
 If what we see had not a first Creator,  
 Then 'tis its own immediate Operator;  
 If so, it Acts, before it had a Being:  
 But such Conclusions are too disagreeing  
 With Reasons Maxims; For all things that be,  
 May say they are their own Divinity,

If

If each can make it self, and that which can  
Create it self, can so it self sustain  
*In infinitum*, and will ne'er dissolve  
Its self; for Nature's principal Resolve  
Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,  
If it can keep up its own Entity.

This strain of Atheistick Sophistry  
Makes all of equal Independancy,  
Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,  
Without Inferior, making all Supreme.  
FIRST CAUSE supposes *Time*, & *Time* supposes  
Some *second Acts*, which *After-Time* discloses.  
So view their Series, you may trace them all  
(As Links in Chains) to their Original,  
The Great JEHOVAH, whose unfathom'd Glory  
Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.

There is a thing in Man call'd *CONSCIENCE*,  
Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,  
Whether he likes or not: That's ready still  
To check the Course of his Disorder'd Will:  
It is Eccentrick to his Sensual Part,  
Arraigns his Words, his Deeds, his very Heart;  
And if it finds they be irregular,  
It does pursue them with continual War.  
What can this Just, this Inward Witness be,  
But some bright Beam of a Divinity?

In former Times was not *Jehovah* known  
By Miracles which visibly were shown?  
Can Reason brag that Causes Natural  
Could raise the Dead? Or that a Word can call

An

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 17

An Intomb'd Carcaß to behold the Light?  
Make sound a Cripple? give the blind their sight?  
If not, then surely it will follow hence,  
That 'tis an Act of some Omnipotence:  
That such were done we have the Common Vote  
Of Pagans, Jews, and all the Men of Note,  
Whose Works are Extant, whom we may believe,  
Because they had no Int'rest to deceive. (hear,  
Whence come those Judgments which you daily  
Of Wrath and Vengeance darted every where  
Against Prophaners of that Sacred Name?  
Whence come those Arrows, that Consuming flame  
Which terrrifys the World? & whence the breath  
That strikes Blasphemers with a sudden Death?  
Which of these rare Philosophers can shew  
What makes the Spacious Deep to Ebb and Flow?  
Let them produce their Maxims, if they can,  
How scatter'd Atomes can compose a Man?  
Who brandishes those blazing Signs of Wonder?  
Who frights the Earth with rapid Peals of Thunder?  
Who did defeat the Fatal Enterprize  
Which Rome, by Devils Counsel, did devise?  
Who sets the Comet in the Angry Sky,  
Those dismal Harbingers of Misery?  
God does Himself by many Ways make known;  
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:  
Yet Senseless Mortals falter more and more,  
Though hovering Vengeance threaten at the Door;  
Deceit, Soul-killing-Errors, Perjury,  
Injustice, Murder, Theft, Hypocrisy,

C

Do



Do so abound through our enlightned Isle,  
That *Sodom* hardly e'er appear'd more vile.

*A Complaint against Hypocrites.*

I am not onely persecuted by  
My *Open Foes*, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie  
Within my Bosom, using all their Art  
To seiz my Vitals, and corrode my Heart.  
Such *seeming Friends*, such *Traytors in disguise*,  
Are more malignant then *known Enemies* :  
For the *Attiques of These*, a man may ward ;  
*Those*, unsuspected, stand within our Guard.  
How many seem to reverence my Name  
For worldly Ends, or to avoid the shame  
Of Irreligion ? Frequently they go  
To worship God, and so devout do show,  
As if meer *Saints* ; but, *Hypocrites* in grain,  
Do all the while Intelligence maintain  
With my declared Foes, who proudly joyn,  
And all their *Politicks* in one combine,  
To root my Name from off the very Earth,  
And make provision that no more get Birth.  
Betray'd by *middle*, and by *low Degrees*,  
But most of all by *Capital Grandees*.  
Such as my Peace and Safety should procure,  
Contribute most to make me Unsecure :  
Such seem their *purpose* by soft words to smother :  
So *Boatsmen* look one way, but row another.  
Such perjur'd *Satesmen* have the Art to smile  
Upon my Face, but cut my Throat the while.

But

*The Groans of the Protestant Church.* 19

*But grant, Dread Sovereign of the Universe,  
That whilst I weep my Grievances in Verse,  
Thy Sion's Interest may not be betray'd  
To Rome, by Protestants in Masquerade.  
O let me hear the Joyful Trumpet sounded,  
That does proclaim their Babylon confounded.*

*Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,  
Annoying Europe in unusual Swarms.  
This critick moment they expect and hope  
To thrust Me out, and introduce a Pope,  
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been  
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterscarp between  
Their hauling Canon's most impetuous shots,  
And forraign Saints; that countermines their Plots.  
The desp'rate Archers are aware of this,  
They know that England the chief Bulwark is,  
To check their growth: If they could make it sup  
Th'invenom'd dregs of th' Antichristian Cup,  
They judge it easie to subdue the rest  
Of my European Gospel-Interest.*

*But O my melting Soul-tormenting Fears!  
Burst into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!  
Observe the Heavens! View that dreadful Mark  
Of flaming Vengeance, that precedes the dark  
Approach of Night! Can this vast Comet be  
Ought but the Prologue of Calamity?  
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,  
Are Heralds sent to menace open Wars  
Against rebellious and polluted Coasts,  
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hosts.*

Awake O *England* ! this *Lethargick Sleep*  
 Is out of *Season*, 'tis a time to weep ;  
 If *guilty Children* tremble at the *Rod*,  
 Can you be *stupid* when the *Angry God*  
 Sets up this *dreadful Ensign* of his *Wrath* ?  
 Rouze up *Repentance*, let a *lively Faith*  
 Now go to work ; See how the *Preaching Air*  
 Instead of *Sinning*, does exhort to *prayer* ;  
 For thy *Fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes* and all  
 Thy other *Trash*, it doth for *Sackcloth* call :  
 From *Carnal Sports* it bids thee quickly get,  
 Calls from the *Taverns* to the *Mercy-Seat*.  
 From that accursed, *Rendezvous of Lust*  
 It bids thee *hasten*, and *repent in Dust*.  
 Have not th' *Experience* of *past Ages* given  
 Their *sad Remarks* upon those *Signs in Heaven* ?  
 What *fellow'd* still, but *certain Spoil of Nations* ?  
*Plagues*, *Fire* and *Sword*, and other *Devastations* ?  
 The *sure Eversion* of some *Potent Crown* ;  
 The *Death of Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down.

But thou *Illustrious Architect* of *Wonder*,  
 Remove the *Sorrows* which I *labour under*.  
 Does this *Amazing Prodigy* betoken  
 That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken ?  
 Does it *portend* that *Antichrist* shall break  
 In pieces, striving to *destroy the Weak*.  
*Remains* that on this blessed *Name* do *Call* ?  
 Or dos't *presage*, that. (trembling) I shall fall ?  
 Lord, canst thou see thy *pleasant Vineyard Tore*,  
 And rooted up, by this *rapacious Boar* ?

Or

## The Groans of the Protestant Church. 21

Or have my *Childrens* crying *Sins* provok'd  
That *dismal Sentence*, not to be revok'd?  
(Gods *Methods* were to *chasten*, not *destroy*  
Those *Sinning Souls* in whom he once took *joy*)  
O give thy *Sinking Church* a *true discerning*  
What thou dost mean by this *prodigious Warning*;  
That by thy *Spirits sacred Flame* calcin'd,  
By *Scourges mended*, and by *heat refin'd*,  
We may find *Grace*. But oh! My *Spirits faint*  
Under the *Pressure* of my *Great Complaint*!  
My *panting Soul* another *grief* doth feel,  
My *feeble Knees* beneath their *burden Reel*.

### Sion's Children.

A *H Mother!* who can disallow your *moan*?  
The *Cause* is *just*, for every one must own  
Our *failings great*, and that our *sins provoke*  
*Impending Judgments*, and a *future Stroke*,  
If *interceding Mercy* steps not in  
To ward the *blow*, and cancel out our *Sin*.  
But since *unthought-of Providence* gives *light*,  
And calls the *Sun* to see the *Acts of Night*;  
Since *Heav'n* exposes the *Results of Rome*  
To *Publick Notice*; since the *Traitors* come  
To *Legal Execution*; since the *grand*  
*Contrivers* of this *Mischief* dare not stand  
To *Test of Law*; or *due Examination*;  
Since such *brave Heroes* represent the *Nation*,  
C 3 Whose

Whose clear sagacious penetrating Eyes  
 Dive into Rome's abhorred Mysteries ;  
 Whose Nobler Souls, whose Loyal English Hearts,  
 The closest Sights of Antichristian Arts  
 Can ne'er deceive ; whose brave Resolves defeat  
 Those curs'd Delinquents, whether small or great ;  
 Whose Free-born Courages do scorn to stoop  
 To be the Vassals of a Rascal-Pope,  
 An Upstart Imp, whose Title ne'er was given  
 By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven.  
 We therefore, dearest Mother, do conclude,  
 That what has past of Romish Interlude,  
 Is near an Exit ; that the Scene will be  
 Chang'd from a Tempest to Serenity.

## Sion.

**O** That's a Cordial ! But my grief does borrow  
 Some fresh Objections to renew my sorrow :  
 For some that wish me well, do yet, in spite  
 Of Gospel-Beamings, and the clearest Light,  
 Retain some Romish Fragments, which displeases  
 The meek, the humble, self-denying JESUS.  
 His way of Worship, Scripture does express ;  
 No Useless Pomp, no Artificial Dress  
 Becomes Religion ; Chastity abhors  
 The Garb, the Painting, and the Gate of Whores.  
 Why should my Friends a Virgin-Church pollute  
 With any Relicks of that Prostitute ?

Why

Why Gawdy Things, that never had a Name  
In sacred Records, our Profession shame?  
Why are our *Rites* enamel'd with their *Gloss*?  
Why must our *Gold* be mingled with their *Dross*?  
Why *further Reformation* is suppress'd,  
T' uphold a *Grandeur* that's *Usurp'd* at best?  
Why *Doors* and *Windows* must be shut up quite,  
To stop the Radiance of a *further Light*?  
And why must such as disallow those Tricks,  
Be branded as the vilest *Schismatics*?

But that's not all : My Children more refin'd  
From those Corruptions, do afflict my mind,  
O depths of Sorrow that disturb my Rest!  
O racking Grief that rends my woful Brest!  
Some are so Carnal, some so swiftly hurl'd  
Into the Labrinths of th' inticing World,  
That in the hurries of that croud'd Road,  
They find small leasure to attend their God;  
Preferring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,  
Before the means of their Eternal Health.  
Some that in words respect me, I behold  
In that sad posture, betwixt hot and cold.  
Sometimes they seem for Sanctity; sometimes  
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes:  
Their Pulses beat with an alternate motion;  
Now for the *World*, then for some faint *Devotion*,  
Some that unto my Tabernacles were  
Admitted, left me for *Egyptian* Fare:  
These not content with my Celestial Diet,  
Do run with others to excess of Riot.

Some to be *Popular*, away would give  
 Those *Gospel-Dutys* that are *positive* :  
 From such as these, my Sorrows do increase,  
 That Sell *Gods Order* for a *seeming Peace*;  
 Such Open Gaps that do *pervert* the Laws  
 Of my just *Right*, and well-defended *Cause*.  
 But O ! how many *Easy Christians* take  
 Their *Rest* in *Forms*, and no *distinction* make  
 'Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on *Duty*  
 As if it were the sole adorning *Beauty* ?  
 Such give the Lord the more *invalid* part,  
 Present their *Body*, but deny their *Heart*.

Are not some *Pastors* careless to provide  
 A *Word in Season*, for the *Flocks* they guide ?  
 Some are too backward to supply the *Need*  
 Of *painful Lab'ers*, that their *Souls* do feed :  
 Discourag'd by *Close-fisted Avarice*,  
 Despis'd, neglected, through this *Hellish Vice*.  
 My *Workmen languish*, and have cause of *moan*,  
 To see their *Toyl* so ineffectual grown.  
 The most *Pathetick Preaching* scarce can move  
 Some *Rocky Hearers* to the *Grace of Love*.  
 Must *Hag-fac'd Envy*, and *foul-tongu'd Detraction*,  
*Invenom'd Malice*, and *unfaithful Action*,  
*Ill-grounded Slander*, and *uncertain Rumors*,  
*Backbitings*, *Quarrels*, and the worst of *Humours*  
 Be practic'd thus ? Ah grief of griefs to see  
*Professing People* act *iniquity* (Wives  
 To such a Pitch ! ----- Some *Husbands* and some  
 Do lead such *shameful*, such *unfavoury Lives* ;  
Whilst

Whilst mutually at strife, they do impeach  
That Name that should be very dear to each :  
Such Pride, such furly, dogged *reprehension*  
For every Toy, such sharpness and contention,  
As does disgrace *Religion*, and does lay  
Blocks and Offences in a *Converts* Way.

Ah ! why can't Saints in Familys eschew  
That which *meer Heathens* are asham'd to do ?  
Their Houses are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,  
Of Brawls, of Discord, and *Domestick Fars*.  
In grace or comfort can they find increase,  
Or *Heavenly Blessings*, who are void of Peace ?

How oft do *Parents* Ill Example draw  
Their tender Children to infringe the Law  
And Sanctions of the Everlasting God :  
*Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod ?*  
To strict Extremes some Parents do adhere,  
Check not at all, or else are too severe :  
On *Back* and *Belly* they bestow much Cost,  
But care not if their Precious Souls be lost :  
Are they not guilty of Prodigious Folly  
That teach them *Courtship*, & neglect what's *Holy* ?  
A Child untutor'd, (a *meer lump of Sin*),  
May justly curse its cause of having been.  
Such as instruct, do doubly them beget,  
By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat  
Their growth in Ill ; such mold their *better part*,  
By wise prevention of a Canker'd heart.  
O ! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold ;  
For Trees admit no bending that are Old.

Who



Who timely sow such *seed* they would have grow,  
Will surely reap according as they sow.

Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,  
Prompt on a Child to tip his tongue with ill  
In his first prattle : But it is less pain  
To form good Habits, then reform the vain.

On th' other hand, how many Children do  
Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to  
Their *godly Parents*? Slight their careful teaching  
Make Games of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching.  
Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e'er,  
Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where  
Will find them out. But O my aking Soul  
Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole  
The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few  
The ways of God and Holiness pursue!  
But very eager to obey the Devil,  
In quickly learning every reigning Evil.  
Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,  
Our Youth grown old in vile abomination :  
Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,  
Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.  
Let Grace and Vertue grovel in the Dust,  
Their Youth and Strength they'l sacrifice to Lust.  
That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,  
*To mind their Maker in the Days of Youth,*  
They scorn to heed : Ah fools! that would begin  
Conversion, when they can no longer sin.  
But know, preposterous Sots, the Day of Doom  
(That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.

How

## The Groans of the Protestant Church. 27

How dare you run this vile *Career*, till *Death*,  
Like a *Grim Serjeant*, comes t'arrest your breath,  
When *Tongues* do falter, & your *Eyestrings* crack  
When stings of *Horror* do your *Conscience* rack,  
When *Hells Abyß* sets ope its spacious Gate,  
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait,  
When nought but *Horror* and *Confusion* seizes,  
Upon your Sences, when those *foul Diseases*  
You got by vile *Debauches*, have at length  
Destroy'd your *Person*, and subdu'd your *Strength*,  
Is this a Season to Detest your *Lewdness*,  
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to *Goodness*?  
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay  
Your *Souls* *Affair* to that *uncertain Day*!  
O! Can you trust so *grand a Work* to that  
Moment of *Anguish*? when you know not what  
(When *Sound*) your end will be, nor yet how soon,  
Though brisk at *Morning*, you may die ere *Noon*!  
And if unchang'd, your certain *Doom* will be  
To lye in *Hell* to all *Eternity*.

### Sion's Children.

O *Dismal State*! O *miserable Case*!  
Enough to daunt all that are void of *Grace*!  
And crush the bragging of the stoutest mind!  
But are there still more *grievances* behind?

Sion.

## Sion.

**S***Till more behind ? O that there were no more !*  
 Since they're too many that I've told before :  
*Masters and Servants, Kings and Subjects* err  
 In their *Relation* : does not each prefer  
 Base, Selfish Ends to gratifie a *Lust*,  
 Before what's honest, and supremely Just ?  
 Ah ! how much time, among the *Saints*, is spent  
 In fruitless, idle *Talk* ? How negligent  
 In *holy Conference* ! strange to each other !  
 How dull is each to quicken up his *Brother*  
 In *Gospel-dutys* ! O ! how few do nourish  
 That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flourish !  
 A *Love* whose flaming *Heat* and *Gen'rous Rays*  
 (Replete with *Spirit*) fam'd the former days.  
 Pious *Discourses* may reclaim the *Vile* ;  
 But they are hard'ned in their *Sins* the while  
*Saints* do converse like them, and rather learn  
 Their vicious *Tricks*, then teach them to discern  
 The dismal *Snares* and *Perils* that do lurk  
 In sinful *Words*, and every evil *Work*.  
 Some are so covetous, that they would grasp  
 The *World* in *Arm-fulls*, till their latest *Gasp*.  
 Some full of *Envy* : others do express  
 Their *Lust* on *Dainties*, feeding to *Excess* ;  
 So nice and delicate, in choice of *Meat*,  
 Whilst their poor *Brethren* scarce have bread to eat.  
 Mer-

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art  
To sum up their *Shop-books*, but neglect the *Heart*;  
Or *that* they think there's time enough, and look  
But seldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.

How many come for *Fashion-sake* to hear?  
What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)

How many *loyster* in their *Christian Race*,  
Profusely squandering the day of Grace?

Many like Drones, on others *Toyl* do live,  
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.

What *lying, cheating, couz'ning* and *deceit*  
Do Traders use? O! how they over-rate  
What they would sell? but if they be to buy,  
They undervalue each Commodity.

But why should *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,  
Be found in *Saints*? must every *Apish Fashion*  
Bewitch their minds, when God is so Express  
In strict forbidding of so vile a Dress?

Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that holds  
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds  
The Fathers Glory, and on High does mount,  
Is made by many but of small account;

'Tis that that carries our Desires to God,  
And comes down fraughted with a blessed Load  
Of sweet Returns; yet 'tis much disrespected,  
And *Closet-Duty* too too much neglected.

Scriptures themselves are slighted and dis-us'd,  
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd:

Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a slighting;  
Gospel-Reproofs perverted to backbiting.

Many

Many that do of God their *Mercy* crave,  
 Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have ;  
 All owe their *Blessings* to the God of *Love*,  
 Yet too too many do unthankful prove.

Some follow *Whimsies* that do nearly border  
 Upon *Confusion*, and despise all *Order* :  
 Such on all *Sacred Institutions* trample,  
 (Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)  
 As if 'twere low for an *exalted mind*  
 To be, to Gods *Declared Will*, confin'd ;  
 But can these *Men of Rapture* make pretence  
 That they have more *Divine Intelligence*  
 Than all th' *Illustrious Saints*, as *Prophets, Priests,*  
*Apostles, Martyrs* and *Evangelists*,  
 That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven*,  
 And strictly practic'd all the *Dutys* given  
 Unto the *Church*, which are *without repeal* ?  
 But if they're *disanul'd*, who did reveal  
 Their *Abrogation* to these *bold Pretenders* ?  
 Gods *Laws* are *sound*, and need no *Cobling-menders*.

But Oh ! that *Dismal Evil* that's behind  
 Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my *Mind* !  
 It is *DIVISION* ! That unhappy word  
 Has done more *Mischief* than a *Popish Sword*  
 Could ever do, if that a *sweet Communion*  
 (At least of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*.  
 Why should *Licentious Heat*, my *Children* hurry  
 To those *Extreams* ? must they each other worry  
 For *trivial things* ? do they not all agree  
 In *Fundamentals of Divinity* ?

# The Groans of the Protestant Church. 31

Is there no Room for Love? or must that grace  
Among my Children, have no proper place?  
Why must one Saint be angry with his Brother  
If not so tall as he? or with another,  
Because his Face is not so white as his?  
Or that his Habit not so gawdy is?  
Alas! no Folly can be more absurd,  
Nor more exploded in Gods Holy Word.  
All should to Gospel-Purity adhere;  
But to calumniate, villifie and jeer  
All such as are not of their very pitch,  
Is Anti-Gospel, and a practice which  
The Lord abhors: If Causes of dissent  
Evert not Truth, and shake the Fundament  
Of True Religion, why such angry brawling?  
Such Odious Nick-names? and such vile miscalling?  
Who dares intrude into the Judgment-Seat  
Of God Almighty? who is only Great,  
And only Judgment gives; to him belongs  
To pass the Sentence, and to punish wrongs.  
Why cannot Christians with each other bear?  
Among Apostles some dissensions were;  
But did they therefore persecute each other?  
These Mortal Conflicts, Brother against Brother,  
Destroys our safety, for they set a Gap  
Open for Rome, that would us all intrap  
In Fatal Snares: their Maxim is, we know,  
Divide and Rule; Distract and Overthrow.  
Their Crafty Agents do creep in among  
Our heedless Parties, and divide the Throng,  
That

That with more Ease they may us all devour,  
 Destroy our Nation, and subvert our power.  
 Why therefore do not Protestants agree  
 As One, against the Common Enemy?  
 Who waits with bloody hand, t'involve 'em all,  
 In one Destruction Epidemical.

## Sion's Children.

**A** H Mother! who can remedy your grief?  
 For this Disease admits of no relief.

## Sion.

**O** F no relief? O then my Heart must break!  
 Unless my Sons, their Mothers Counsel take;  
 Which will those fatal flaming heats allay,  
 Obstruct their Growth, and take 'em clear away.  
 O can a Mothers Tears and woful Cry  
 Be dis-regarded in her Childrens Eyes?  
 Can English Protestants, who do profess  
 To serve one God in Truth and Holiness,  
 Slight all my Wishes, and Requests despise?  
 O! Harken to my Counsel, and be Wise.  
 Let Wrathful Pride, and foolish Self-conceit  
 Let Quibbles and Sophistical deceit  
 Be quite exploded? let a cool Debate  
 All Fundamentals of Religion state:

In such you all, will certainly agree ;  
(O happy *Model* of sweet *Unity* !)  
Let none that to those *Principles* do stick,  
Be branded with the name of *Heretick* ;  
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other  
By that sweet *Title* of a *Christian Brother*.

Next if you would not *Charity* explode,  
Abuse the *guiltless*, and affront your *God*,  
Judge not your *Brethren* at a distance, neither  
Give *easy Credit* to the *Tales* of either  
*Hot-headed Scriblers*, or *licentious tongues*,  
That often load the *innocent* with *Wrongs* :  
So *Hellish Monks* did serve *Waldensian Saints*  
With *horrid clamour*, and *unjust complaints* :  
So *Popish Impudence* spews out its *Gall*  
To make us *odious*, and bespatter all  
The *Reformation* ; *sure that cause is bad*  
*Whose chief support from Railing must be had*.  
If giddy *rumour*, or uncertain *fame*  
Should raise a *Slander* on your *Brothers Name*,  
Repair to him, and in *Converse* you'll see  
Whether he *guilty*, or not *guilty* be :  
If he be *faulty*, tell him of his *sin* ;  
Be *mild* and *secret*, and you may him win.  
Admonish *gently*, let your *whole discourse*  
Be full of *savour*, *love* and *Scripture-force*.  
This is the *way to bring him to a sence*,  
And *Gods prescribed Method to convince* ;  
But if you fail, then *leave him to his God*,  
Who can reform, or punish with a *Rod*.

D

Your



Your *Work* is done, you have *discharg'd* the part  
Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Christian heart*.

Before *Belief*, examine what is vented,  
Good Men by *Malice* may be represented  
In *Monstrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,  
*Hatred* will paint like a *mishapen Bear*;  
Believe not therefore *distant imputation*?  
No *Censure's* Just, before *Examination*.

In all *Debates* be sure to lay aside  
All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide  
Your *calm*, *sedate Disputes*, let *Truth* be scann'd  
With cool *Resolves*: O! let that *great Command*  
Of *Love* take place! for that should *moderate*  
All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate*.

Who loses *Error*, truly gains the *Field*;  
And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.  
Where e're you find it, though in *mean array*,  
Subscribe, and win the *Glory of the Day*.  
O! what's the *World*, but *Shackles* to the *Mind*?  
What's *Reputation*, but a *fleeting Wind*?  
Why should those *Bawbles* which the *Lord* abhors,  
Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors?  
Away with all such *Rubs*, let *Truth* take place!  
And then the *Springs* of *Everlasting Grace*  
Will drop down *Blessings*, *Unity*, *Increase*,  
Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace*.

Sion's Children.

**O**ur Common Danger, and the Real Sence  
 (Which we have got by dear Experience)  
 Of those Advantages, our cruel Foe  
 Gets by our Factions, will waste us so,  
 As that our Enemy shall we're prevail  
 To break our League, or make our Courage fail:  
 But tell, Dear Mother, has some new affright  
 So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light  
 Is near Extinction? tell your Sons, we pray,  
 What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.  
 Why do you judge, that England's Day of Grace  
 Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?  
 Shew some Prognosticks of that dismal Night,  
 That threatens to succeed our Gospel-Light.

Sion.

**W**hen Sol once touches our Meridian Line,  
 It straight descends, does by degrees  
 decline;  
 Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing Light  
 Yields to the Sable of approaching Night:  
 Just so the Gospel in its Altitude,  
 Once shot such Beams, that in this Isle enfu'd  
 So great Conversion, that those former Days  
 Did feel its blest and universal Rays.

36 *Sion in Distress: Or,*

A General *Heat* did warm this *Happy Nation*,  
 From its benign and pow'rful *Operation* :  
 But now it falls ! and from our *Horizon*  
 Its vig'rous *influence* is almost gone.

Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been preach't,  
 But very few (if any) sinners reach't.

How ineffectual is the quick'ning word !

It shines, but warms not ; its but like a Sword  
 That's fair to fight, but has no Edge at all ;  
 Few prick'd at *heart* ! and scarce do any fall

At *Jesus* feet ! or have a fence of Sin,  
 Confessing how *rebellious* they have bin !

It is a dismal and apparent Sign

That Night comes on, when *Phæbus* does decline,  
 When Heat and Fervour fail, our *Hemisphere*  
 Will quickly see its glory disappear.

The Ev'ning of the Nat'ral Day is come,  
 When Harvest-Work-men are repairing home :

So when quick Summons of *Omnipotence*,  
 Removes the Dressers of his *Vineyard* hence,  
 We may conclude the *Gospel-Morning* past,  
 Because Gods Servants disappear so fast.

Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall asleep,  
 But like old *Isr'el*, for my *Prophets* weep ?

How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,  
 Sustain the Brunt of an invading Shock ?

When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,  
 When scarce a *Moses*, or a *Joshua's* left,

How many active Guides, most dearly lov'd  
 By Me, have been in little time remov'd ;

Scarce

Scarce can I dry mine Eyes for loss of one,  
But News arrive of many others gone :  
If that my Head were Waters, and each Eie .  
A Well of Tears, I could distil 'em dry.  
Bright Lamps extinguish't ! and no other Lights  
Appear to chace the horreur of our Nights !  
Shook by concussions of my Foes I stand,  
Whilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand !  
If thus my *Horsemen*, and *Commanders* dye,  
What will become of the poor *Infantry* ?  
Who can support the burden of the *Day*,  
When such brave *Hero's* daily drop away ?  
Is Summer past, or is the Harvest done ?  
That such *presages of a Storm* come on !  
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,  
When he *recalls* his choice *Embassadors*.  
Ah too *licentious World* ! come, look about,  
Before the Lord, the *bloody Flag* puts out :  
When God from *Sodom*, righteous *Lot* did call,  
*Sulphureous Flashes* did consume them all.

Another ground of my *prevailing fear*  
That *England's black Catastrophe* is near,  
Is that, as in the *Closure of the Day*,  
The *Evening Wolves* do range abroad to *Prey* :  
So *Romish Beasts* in *monstrous Swarms* do peep  
From their *black Caverns*, to destroy my *Sheep* :  
Such hate the *tell-tale-light*, and therefore hide  
Themselves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning tide*.  
Their *curst products* are resolves of *Night*,  
Like silent *Currs*, that in the *dark* do bite.

Another *Symptom* of the *days declension*,  
 Is when the *Shadows* do increase *dimension* :  
 So when I look about, I plainly see  
 Our *Ev'ning shadows* very long to be.  
 In *Humane Bodys* when the *Head* grows *Hoary*,  
 It notes *decay of Vigor, Strength and Glory*.  
*Gray hairs* are thick upon our *Ephraim's Head*,  
 His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered.  
 When *joynts* grow *palsy'd*, & the *Blood's congeal'd*  
 Into a *Felly*, can the *Man* be heal'd ?  
 When *limbs* grow *stiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow  
 Its *wrinkled furrows* on the *Patients brow* ;  
 When *heat* gives place to a *benumbing cold*,  
 When *doting Fancy* cares not to be told  
 Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave* ;  
 When it rejects the *Physick* that would save,  
 The *Case* is *desperate*, for the *Patient's* just  
 Upon the *Point* to be *intomb'd* in *Dust* :  
 E'en so ( *Alas !* ) this *Gasping Nation* lies  
 Under the *pressure* of sad *Maladies* !  
 'Tis *sick at heart*, yet seems *averse* to take  
 That *sacred Physick*, whose *Ingredients* make  
*Diseases* vanish, and would *ward* the *Blow*  
 Which will, ( I fear ) produce its *overthrow*.  
 Ah ! must our *Glory* ( like a *brittle Glass*  
 Reduc'd to *Fractions* ) into *Atomes* pass !  
 So *Rude* a *Chaos* ! an *uniform'd confusion* !  
 Threatning the whole with utter *dissolution*.

Once *Happy Isle*, I grieve at thy condition:  
 Where's thy *Repentance* ? where is thy *Contrition* ?

Thou

Thou hast been counted our *Emanuel's Land*,  
The *Gospel* seems on *Tip-toe* now to stand,  
To bid thee *farewel*: Must thy Sun so soon  
Be *sett*! before it did approach to *Noon*!  
Must that *Illustrious Morning-light* be gone,  
That spread its Beams through all our *Horizon*?  
Must wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Lust*,  
Must bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Distrust*,  
Rob thee of this inestimable *Jewel*?  
How canst thou be so *pittiless*, so *cruel*  
Unto thy self? *Sin* is the *flaming dart*  
That cuts thy *Veins*, and wounds thy very heart.

Can *Sion* chuse but send out *mournful Crys*?

And weep thy *Downfal* in sad *Elegies*?

Within thy *Bounds* my *Tabernacles* were  
Built up, and I did long inhabit here.

Thy *Gospel-glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth  
Into all *Parts* and *Corners* of the *Earth*.

Thou mayst be justly stil'd *the place of Vision*?  
(Though made by *Foes* an *Object of Derision*)

The *Joy* of *Saints*, the *Protestant's* *Delight*,  
The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichristian* *Spite*.

But if the *Crown* be ravisht from thy *Head*,  
And *Romish* *Clouds* thy *Lustre* overspread;

What *heart so brawny*, but thy *doleful Cry*  
Must move to *pity*? what *relentless Eye*,  
Can see thy *fall*, and not dissolve to *drops*?

O *fleeting Joys*! O *dis-appearing hopes*!

O *hastning horror*! O *invading fears*!

Had I a *Sea* of never-empty'd *tears*,

My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets  
 The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.  
 The very Air, drest in Prodigious Forms,  
 Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms.  
 Nature, of strong Convulsions sickned is,  
 To see this horrid *Metamorphosis* !  
 Where *Gospel* Pastors did some Millions feed,  
 Must blind and sottish *ignorance* succeed ?  
 Must all their Throats be cut that won't adore  
 The hateful *Carcass* of a *Rotten Whore* ?  
 Must all that execrate *Rome's Superstition*,  
 Be Murder'd by a *bloody Inquisition* ?  
 Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke ?  
 Must flaming *Smithfield*, belch out *Fire* and *Smoke*  
 Of Martyr'd *Saints* ? must all that will not turn  
 (With *Bibles* and good *Books*) together burn ?  
 Must *Monkish Torys*, meer *Incaruate Devils*,  
 Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*,  
 Of such an odious and abhorred *Grain*,  
 That but to name 'em is a *lasting Stain* ?  
 Must our Renowned Ministers give place  
 To *Romish Block-heads* ? O the vile disgrace  
 Of such a *Change* ! Must an *adult'rous Priest*  
 Belch out his *Mass*, where they have preached  
 Must that *absurd* and *irreligious Tribe* (*Christ* ?  
 Who fetter *Conscience*, and regard a *Bribe*  
 Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our *Flocks* ?  
 Must *pauitry Non-sence*, and those *Apish Mocks*,  
 Mis-call'd *Devotion*, fill the *House of Prayer* ?  
 Must *Pestilence* infect our *prayer Air* ?

Must

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Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Isle*,  
And filthy *Priests* our chastity defile?  
Must *Satans Factors* in a humane shape,  
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a Rape?  
Must all our painful *Ministers* be driven  
To fiery *Stakes*, if they renounce not *Heaven*?  
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives  
In flaming *Faggots*, or with *Popish Knives*?  
Must *guiltless bloud* through all our *Streets* rebound  
A mournful *Echo*? must the horrid sound  
Of *Axes, Whips*, and dreadful *Scourges* tear  
Our aking hearts, and pierce the yielding *Air*?  
All this will be, if *Rome* can but prevail!  
*Amazement* stops my *Speech*! my *Spirits* fail!  
I only can in *Interjections* cry,  
I sink in *Trances*! O! I dy, I dy!

## Sion's Children.

AH! how can we with any *Patience* bear  
This said *Complaint*? Can any *Children* hear  
Their *Mother* delug'd in a *Sea of Grief*,  
And not step in to give her some relief!  
Chear up, *Illustrious Spouse*, and be not cast  
Into despair, by this approaching blast:  
*Christ* is our *Captain*, then we may be bold,  
In all our storms, he is our *Anchor-hold*.  
But what's this *Beast*, of whom thou dost complain?  
Whence came he first? and of what date's his *Reign*?  
Give



*Give us his Marks, that we may surely know him,  
 Repel his Pride, and quickly overthrow him  
 With Universal and United Force,  
 Our Armed Legions shall impede his Course.  
 If God Commands (who do's the Scepter wield)  
 Wee'll fight his Battels, and dispute his Field.  
 In Martial Syllogisms our Arms shall speak:  
 Wee'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake.  
 A raging Anger in our Bosom burns,  
 Patience provok't too much, to Fury turns.*

## Sion.

**T**His *Beast* above (a) twelve hundred years  
 has bin  
 My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (b) *The Man of Sin*,

(a) *The most diligent and industrious Searchers into  
 the Epocha, or Beginning of Antichrist. as the learn-  
 ed Mede, Alstedius, Mr. T. L. in his Book intituled  
 A Voice out of the Wilderness, Mr. Brightman,  
 Tillinghast, with several other Eminent Men, seem  
 harmoniously to agree that the Beast began his forty  
 two Months, or one thousand two hundred and sixty  
 (Prophetical) Days or Tears, between the years 365.  
 and 455. and therefore must consequently end in a  
 short time. See Mr. Mede, page 600, & 601. To  
 confirm which, the witness of the best Chronologers,  
 Historians and Antiquaries concur; as also the pa-  
 sture*

sture of the Worlds Affairs, the unusual working of things, and the awakening Providences of God; which makes us hope, as Mr. Withers affirms, That that glorious Revolution will be in this present Age. And though famous Du Moulin, and some Others, speak not of the Popes claiming the Title of Universal Bishop, till about the year 604. or 606. when the Traytor Phocas by the help of Boniface the 3d. murdered the Emperour Mauritius, (in requital of which, the Usurper Phocas gave the said Boniface that blasphemous Title, and decreed that the Roman Church should be head of all Churches; Which Platina a Papist, and a Writer of the Popes Lives agrees to; as Beda, de 6 Ætat. Mundi, Paul. Diacon. rer. Rom. 18. Histor. Longob. lib. 4. 11. Anast. Bibl. Vit. Bon. 3. Ado. Ætat. 6. Reg. Chron. 1. 1. Aimon. de gest. Franc. lib. 4. c. 4.) Yet the same Du Moulin seems positively to affirm, that the Persecution of the Church under the Pope, shall have an end in (or about) the Year, 1689. See his Book entituled, The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, Pag. 412. This Term once expired (saith he) the Truth that was opprest shall lift up her head afresh, and the Witnesses shall be seen to stand up again, who shall astonish the Church of Rome, &c.

(b) 2 Thes. 2. 3. Man of Sin. ὁ ἀνθρώπος τὴν ἀναρτίας, is an Hebraism, and imports a person given up to Impiety and Wickedness, as Pro. 24. 5. אִישׁ יָדָע vir scientiæ, a Man of knowledge, that is, very knowing, 2 Sam. 16. 8. אִישׁ הַרְמִי, vir sanguinum,

A

A Man of Bloud, that is, one arrived at a non ultra of impiety.

This introducer of blind Superstition,  
Is stil'd in Holy Writ, (c) Son of Perdition.  
From Hells Abyss, at first he did proceed,  
As in the Revelations (d) you may read:  
'Tis he whom Daniel calls (e) the little Horn,  
By whom three more up by the Roots were torn.

(c) ὁ υἱὸς τὴν ἀπολείας, Son of Perdition, is also an Hebraism, and denotes, One designed for destruction, as a hopeles and graceles wretch. Chrysof. on 2 Thes. Hom. 3. tells us, he is called so because he shall be destroyed. Piscator and Erasmus think it may be expounded, one desperate, and past all hope of Honesty ---- the perfect Copy of his Original Judas, who is called the Son of Perdition, John 17. 12. for he seemed an Angel, yet was a Devil ----- he was no Heathen, quitted Judaism, followed Christ, was an Apostle, seemed to pity the Poor, pretended great affection to his Master, yet betrays him with a Kiss, lov'd the Bag, hatcht a Villany able to rend the Rocks, and make the Earth quake ----- In which let all impartial men consider whether the Romish Antichrist does not exactly parallel him,

(d) Rev. 11. 7. The Beast that ascendeth out of that Bottomles Pit, &c.

(e) Du Moulin, p. 379. amply demonstrates that the portion of the Roman Empire, which the Pope bath

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hath under him hath such proportion in respect of the whole Extent of the Roman Empire, as there is of 3 to 10, that is little less than the third Part, agreeable to Dan. 7.8.

## The Marks of the Beast.

### First Mark.

**T**He Spirit aptly does Characterize  
This *Mushrooms* growth, (f) declares he shall  
Not till a day of great *Apostacy* (arise  
*Corrupts true Faith and Gospel Purity* :  
Just so it happened at that very time,  
When *Romes* proud *Prelate* did attempt to *climb*  
To that *Prodigious Grandeur* which devours  
Both *Regal, Princely and Imperial Powers*.  
That such a *Fall* as then *Predicted* was,  
Did e're his *rising*, truly come to pass,  
Some *Learned Writers* of their own confess,  
With detestation of their wickedness.

(f) *This is one way whereby we may know who the Man of Sin is, viz. He shall not be revealed until there come a falling away first, as 2 Thess. 2. 3. The Revelation of Antichrist was then to be, when there should appear some eminent Defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apostacy was; it began very early: It is affirmed by some,*

some, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her Primitive Purity, longer then one hundred years. But however, all approved Historians agree, that about the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Apostacy of which the Apostle speaketh, was visible, and fully manifested: Joan. Wolfius out of Jerom, saith, That about the year 390. the Law perished from the Priest, and the Vision from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themselves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleanness. In the year 326. it was endeavoured in the Council of Nice, to cause Bishops and Elders to refrain from their Wives. See Alsted in Chronologia testium Veritatis. Also the said Wolfius alledgeth a Saying out of Augustine, applying it to the year 399. who speaketh thus: That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was easier then that of Christians under the Gospel. Dionysius in an Epistle hinteth that they were burdened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Christians; and that the Sacraments both of Baptism and the Lords Supper, suffered great mutation, and was grievously corrupted. Also we find Chrystom declaiming against the Bishop of Rome, concerning Purgatory; which thing is applied to the Year 410. or thereabouts. Besides, we find mention made of worshipping of Images, which

*which is reprehended by one Amphilocus Bishop of Iconium, as also by Epiphanius, whom we find speaking thus: Whence is this Image-Worship, and Design of the Devil? And a little after, he saith, Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.*

## The Second Mark.

**W**hen *Romes* great *Empire* to its Period came,  
The *Papal Hierarchy* (h) usurpt the same,  
By hellish Craft he makes that Seat his own,  
And forms *Regalia's* to a Tripple-Crown.  
This Man of Sin in \* *Gospel-Times* we know  
Was but a hatching, and in Embrio;  
And e'er he could come to maturity,  
The † *Roman Empire* must dissolved be;  
Upon whose Ruines he hath built his Nest,  
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Crest.

(h) *The second thing that was to precede the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the Sixth Head, viz. The Heathen Empire, which in the Apostles time \* did let or hinder his Rise; He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed, &c. The Empire (saith du Moulin) which did bear rule, must be*

be abolished, and out of the Ruins thereof the *Son of Perdition* is made manifest, and exalts himself : the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the *West*, and diminished in the *East* by the *Saracens*, the *Pope* found means to seiz upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy*, and to devour the Neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleasure. Du Moulin, ubi supra, p. 119. *That this was the general Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in Tertullian, lib. de Resurrect. cap. 24. Chrysol, 4 Sermon on 2Thes. The Greek Scholiast. in loc. August. de civitat Dei, lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 1 r. quest. to Algasia, Lipsius, &c. He that would see more particularly how the Bishop of Rome hath made his Market by the ruine of the Empire, let him read Signonius his History of the Kingdom of Italy : In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope Gregory the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbad the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service, Du Moulin, p. 157. This then being out of question, to wit, That the Roman Empire whereof St. Paul speaks, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of Rome thereupon rose to that height of Pride and Blasphemy, it must needs follow that the Son of Perdition is revealed, and that this is he.*

### The Third Mark.

**A**T first from mean estate (1) this *Beast* arose,  
Came from the Earth, and did at length op-  
The former *Beast*, the *Roman Empire*; he (pole  
By help of *Lombards* chac'd from *Italy*,  
Usurpt his *Seat*, appropriates his *Power*,  
And doth the *Saints* (as bad as he) devour.  
*Popes Tragicks* are the second part of his.  
As if that *Soul* by *Metempsychosis* (2)  
*Surviv'd*, and were translated into this.  
Now let all judge if *Antichrist* be come,  
That sees these *Marks* upon the *Beast* of *Rome*.

(1) This *Beast* (saith *Du Moulin*) rose from a  
small beginning and mean estate, signified by a  
*Little Horn* in *Daniels* Prophecy, and in the *Re-*  
*velations* of *St. John* by his rising out of the *Earth*,  
according as the *Latines* call such as get up from  
a little, *Terra Filios*, as *Mushromes* or *Load-stools*,  
pag. 259. Now who is there but knows how mean  
and poor the *Bishops* of *Rome* were, before they came  
to be *Earthly Monarchs*? then when they had not one  
foot of ground, that the *Emperour* caused them to be  
whipt, imprisoned, banished, &c. but by degrees to  
what a mighty height did he rise? He exercised the  
*Power* of the *First Beast* by little and little, he took  
the *Empire* upon him, (2) sat down in his very *Seat*,  
E assumed



assumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman Empire : casting off his Crozier-Staff, he takes to himself a Crown, and is cloth'd in Scarlet, which was proper to the Emperor : the Emperor had a Senate clad in Scarlet, and he hath a Senate of Cardinals clad in Cloth of the same colour, and in many other things he seem'd to represent the First Beast.

### The Fourth Mark.

(1.) **H**E doth exalt himself above all those Call'd Gods on earth, does by his (2) Bulls All Regal Edicts, that receive not their (oppose) Obliging Sanction from his Papal Chair. He like a Peerless Potentate does now (bow. Make Sov'raign Thrones, and Crowned Monarchs

(1.) This is notorious to the World, though the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.

(2.) Pius the Fifth, sent Bulls to expose Qu. Elizabeth. See Jewel's View of Sedition, and Cambden's Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory the 13 labour'd secretly to rnine her, Id. ibid. Anno 1378. Tom. 1. Sixtus 5. gave her Kingdom to the King of Spain, Anno 1588. ibid. Clément 8. Strictly commands that none should inherit the English Crown, how good soever his Title be, unless they be sworn and resolved Papists, his words are thus Nisi ejusmodi esset, qui

qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, sed omni ope & studio promoveret, & more majorum jurejurando se id præstiturum susceperet. *Camb. Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.*

(wait

(3.) Some hold his *Stirrup*, (4) some are made to *Three Frosty Nights* bare-footed at his Gate.

(5.) Imperial Heads lye prostrate at his Beck, And to his trampling feet submit their Neck.

(3.) Pope Adrian 4. made the Emperour Frederick 1. to hold his *Stirrup*, and chid him for holding the wrong one, Balæus in Act. Rom. Pont. in vit. Adrian 4.

(4.) Gregory 7. made the Emperour Henry 4. his Emperess and Child, to wait 3 days and 3 night, in a Frosty Season, bare-footed and bare-legged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience. Id. in vit. Gregor. 7.

(5) Alexander 3. Made the Emperour fall upon the ground, in the Temple of St. Mark at Venice, the whole People being present, and puts his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the Psalmists words, Psal. 91. 13. Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou trample under feet, Id. in vit. Alex. 3. see 40 Examples of this in the Learned Dr. White's Way of the Church. p. 18, 19, 20, 21.

## The Fifth Mark.

**A** Nother *Mark*, He in Gods Temple sits,  
Boasting himself a God; and counterfeits  
True Holiness; when he assum'd the Throne,  
There was a Temple (\*) of the Holy One  
In *Rome*, and did continue so, till they  
Displaced Christ, (†) and flung his *Truth* away.

'Tis expressly laid down by the Apostle, as an undoubted Mark of the Man of Sin, viz. That he should sit in the Temple of God. Chrysoſt. is very expreſs, Hom. 3. 2 Theſ. 8. τὸν ἐν Ἱεροσολύμοις ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰς ἐκκλησίας, that is, not in *Jerusalem* but in the *Church*, ſo Oecumenus, de Rom. lib. 3. cap. 13. and Theoph. Theodor. Ambroſ. Primus Anſelm. Severian. apud ipſum. Besides it was to be in a City with 7 Hills, and where 7 Kings or Supream Magiſtrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but *Rome*, as is demonſtrated by Peter du Moulin and others; if it be objected, that the Church of *Rome* at the time of *Antichriſts* Riſe, could not be the Temple of God, becauſe upon the *Great Apoſtacy* that denomination ceases: it is answered, It might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Preſence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godlineſs was gone, it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their

their names when ruined; 'tis said, *Isa. 1. 21. How is the Faithful City become an Harlot?* Could she be a *faithful City* and a *Harlot* too? The meaning is, she was so, but now thus; so *Matth. 11. 5. Mark 7. ult.* 'tis said, *The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, &c.* that is, they were so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Husbands Name though divorced for Whoredom; so *Rome* (\*) was Gods Temple & Christs Church, but when she espoused another Head, and cast off her first Husband (+) and the true Faith, she became an *Harlot* and *Synagogue of Satan*, though bearing still the name of *Church* and *Christian* also. See an excellent Treatise, Intituled, *The Man of Sin*, Printed 1677. pag. 40. &c.

### *The Sixth Mark.*

**T**His is the Beast upon whose Back the great Inticing *Strumpet* rides in Pompous State (\*) By him she was supported all along, By his Imposture she was rendred strong.

(\*) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderness, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet colourd *Beast*, full of Names of Blasphemy, having seven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev. 17. 4.* I will shew the Mystery of the Woman, and the Beast that carrys her, vers. 7.

This *Mark* that (+) *Notion* throws quite out of That says the *Beast* shall not arise before (Door, The *Desolation* of the *Scarlet Whore*.

(+) *It hath been a received Opinion of some Christians of late times, that the Beast who is the Antichrist or Man of Sin, shall not arise till the Whore is destroyed, and that when he comes he shall only Reign 3 Years and a half. Which Notion may seem strange to all considerate men; because that Beast who is of the 7th. and an 8th. all confess is the Man of Sin: and how evident is it that this very Beast bears up, and carries the Whore from first to last? Besides, Consider 'tis said, the 10 Horns of this very Beast's shall hate the Whore, and make her desolate, how could the Horns hate or hurt her, if the Beasts rise not till she is destroyed? can there be Horns and no Beast? And besides, should this Notion be received, it might seem strange that the Holy Spirit passeth by in silence, and takes no notice of this horrid Monster, or Succession of Popes, that have continued so long, having all the Marks and Characters so clearly upon him of Antichrist. If any should say, he doth not deny Christ come in the Flesh. I answer, In a Mystery he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of Sacrifices, as it was under the Law, which cease all when the Antitype came, and by assuming the place of Christs Supremacy and Government.*

The

The Seventh Mark.

**T**He Holy Spirit most expressely saith,  
*In later times some shall renounce the faith.*  
 That by the Spirit of Seduction led,  
*Doctrine of Devils* through the Earth shall spread,  
 That belch out Falshood in Hypocrisie  
 And many Thousands do deceive thereby;  
*Forbidding Marriage, (\*) and the use of Meat,*  
 Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

(\*) *This is an undeniable Mark of the Son of Perdition, viz. That he shall forbid Marriages, and command to abstain from Meats, and who it is that commands to abstain from Meats, and who it is that suffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eating of Flesh on some certain Days and Seasons of the Year, is known to all. The Council of Chalcedon saith (Canon. Cap. 16.) Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nubere; That no Nun or Monk shall marry. Bellarmine in his 34. Cap. of the Book of Monks, styles the Marriage of Clerks and Monks by the name of Sacrilege; and affirms, That they sin less which commit Fornication after they have once taken a Vow, than they do which Marry; say, and in the 19 Cap. of the First Book of Clerks, he saith, That the Marriage of Saints is not without some Sin, Pollution and Uncleanness. The 6*

General Council assembled at Trullo, to make Canons, tell us plainly in the 13 Canon, that in the Church of Rome, Whosoever will be a Deacon or Priest, must first protest that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, &c. --- If a man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Flesh in Lent, especially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Priest, saith my Author, hath no power to absolve him, &c. This Doctrine of the Pope, as 'tis a Mark of Antichrist, so 'tis expressly called the Doctrine of Devils.

### The Eighth Mark.

**H**E'S not content to be Supream below,  
 And make all Scepters to his Crostier bow ;  
 But th' impious Wretch is grown so bold that e-  
 He dares affront the Majesty of Heaven. (ven  
 What God Commands, this Imp of Hell controuls,  
 Condemns the sav'd, and saves condemned Souls:  
 Himself he places in Jehovah's (a) Throne,  
 As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

(a) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God, 2Thess.2. He shall speak great things against the most High, Dan.7.25. That the Pope is guilty of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very Life and Soul of Popery seems

seems to run in this vein. The Lord Jesus (saith one) is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws at his pleasure. *God says, Thou shalt make to thy self no graven Image, &c.* The Pope takes away that Commandment, and declares 'tis lawful to worship Images. The Lord bids us Search the Scriptures; the Pope opposeth this, and forbids the reading of them, nay burns to death those that do read them; and to prevent it, locks them up in an Unknown Tongue. God pardons Sins upon Repentance, the Pope without, for a Sum of Money. The Pope can invest a sorry Priest with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn Bread into the Real Body of Christ, and have power over him to do with him what he pleases when he hath done, and he can't deliver himself out of his hands.

A brace of Keys he carries in his hand,  
 To shut and open at his own Command.  
 He curses and absolves, he binds, releases,  
 Puts down, advances whomsoe're he pleases.  
 This is th' Apocabytick Beast; that claims  
 Sublimest Titles, and Blasphemous Names,  
 With Matchless Pride, and Peerless Impudence,  
 He does for Money with Gods Laws dispence  
 To fill his Purse (O shameless Avarice!)  
 All sorts of Sins he values at a price (b)

(b) What Sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Money; besides he makes the detestable Sins of Treason and Murder, if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the Promotion of the Pretended Holy Church, meritorious, Canc-nizing black and brutish Sinners for Saints, in his Kalendar; he exalts himself above the Word of God, he usurps Gods Seat, by giving what Interpretation to Gods Law he pleases, which he makes of equal Authority with it.

The



## The Ninth Mark.

**F**Alse Miracles and Lying Wonders too  
 This grand Deceiver does pretend to do (a)  
 He saith would make th' abused World believe,  
 That he with Ease can make a Dead Man live.  
 They do such things, their *Sottish Legend* saith,  
 As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;  
 Their Nature, Number, Circumstances all,  
 Done by Atchievements Diabolical;  
 Their Senseless Fables, arrant Fopperys,  
 Are meer Impostures and apparent Lyes.  
 This is an Engine which the Graceless Wretch  
 Does spread abroad, the Sons of Men to catch:  
 And God lets such those horrid lies believe,  
 Who Gospel-Truths would not in love receive,  
 That they might perish and be damn'd thereby,  
 The just desert of such Iniquity!

(a) Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and lying Wonders, 2 Thes. 2. 9: Bellarmin (de not. Eccl. 1. 4. cap. 14.) maketh Miracles one infallible Sign of the True Church; and certain I am, the false and lying Wonders of the Romish Church, clearly sheweth the Pope to be the Antichrist, or Son of Perdition. I have not room here to enumerate many of them, only take one or two, by which you may judge of the rest. One Becanus's Head being off, St. Itas Prayers made it come posting through the Air, stand by the Body, and she joyned them fast again, so that in one Hours space the Man became as lively as ever he had been & all his life.

St. Anthony's Arm, that precious Relick at Geneva, was kiss'd and worshipp'd with great Devotion, whilst Popery kept its ground; but when the Gospel came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Pistle of a Stag. Calv. de reliq. prop. initium. Possibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick had done; and of St. Decumanus, who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there washed off the Bloud from it. A Country Curate, saith Erasmus, getting Crabs, and fastning Candles to their backs, set them acrawling up and down the Church-Yard at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, persuaded the People that they were poor distressed Souls in Purgatory, you must think such that wanted Masses and Almes, saith my Author; ye know the Proverb, No Penny, No Pater Noster: a fit Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets. Lib. 22. 70. Epist. p. 1529. in Epist. Edit. Basil. A Maid coming into a Garden, and taking a Lettice to eat it, crusht the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, saith Du Moulin, whom she believ'd she swallow'd down together with the Lettice, being command'd to go out, and checkt by Equitius, excuseth himself, saying, Alas! what hurt did I? I was sitting quietly upon the Lettice, and she came and bit me, the fault was in her for not making the Sign of the Cross when she gathered the Lettice. Moreover, these ridiculous Impostors affirm, that when the Body of Pope Formosus was carry'd into St. Peters Church, all the Images of the Saints that stood there, did him Obeysance; but above all, the Miracle of the Ass that left his Proceuder to worship the Hoast, seems most ridiculous to King James: see his Apology, &c. Many of their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the 4 and 5 Century, and were contrived to confirm the Popes Headship and Universal Supremacy, together with their idle stories of Purgatory, Images, Praying for the Dead, &c. Those that would see more, let them read Du Moulin, also a late Book Intituled, the Man of Sin.

The

## The Tenth Mark.

**H**is out Side's smooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps  
array,

But inwardly a ravenous *Beast of Prey*.

He has a *Mouth* (a) wherewith he speaks great  
things,

Blasphemes the *glory of the King of Kings*.

(a) And there was given unto him a Mouth speaking great things, and Blasphemys, *Rev. 13. 5.* And he opened his Mouth against God, to blaspheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, ver. 6. He shall speak great words against the Most High, *Dan. 7. 25.* *This Mark of the Beast is apparently seen in the Pope, in those Insolent and Blasphemous Titles he assumes to himself; he is called Christs Vicar, or his Viceroy and Lieutenant. Bellarm: de Rom. lib. 2. cap: 31. Foundation, Head, and Husband to the Catholick Church; His Holiness, that can be judged by no Man; though he draw an innumerable number to Hell, who shall say to him, what dost thou? What would you think to hear him called, The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David? so Ragnius one of his Bishops Courted Pope Leo the Tenth, and thereupon bad the Daughter of Sion not to weep, saying, God had raised to her a Saviour. See Council Later. sub Leon 10. Sess. 6. ap. sur.*

He is frequently called by those of the Romish Church, Our Lord God the POPE. *Exter. Joan. 22. Tit. 14. c. 4.*

And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, to wit, the Saints of God, 'tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks Schismaticks, and what not.

The

## The Eleventh Mark.

**T**is He that aims at th' utter Dissolution  
Of precious Saints, by Bloody Persecution,  
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,  
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.  
Forbids all *Traffick*, none must sell or buy,  
Except th' adorers of his *Hierarchy*.  
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear  
Of which full proof, is extant ev'ry where,  
The Numbers he hath (a) murder'd do surmount  
The strictest of *Arithmeticks* account.  
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Floud  
And Swelling Current of my *Childrens* Bloud.

(a) He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, Dan. 7. and caused as many as would not worship the Image of the Beast should be killed, Rev. 13. 5. We find upon Record, That Pope Innocent the 3. within the space of a few Months, made more than 200000 of the faithful to be slain, who they called Albigeans, he had made all Europe to stream with Bloud; in St. Bartholomews Massacre, in the Year 1572, more than 80000 were slain in cold bloud, see Du Motlin p. 246. 247. The Duke de Alva (saith he) played the Butcher in Flanders, and under the shew of Catholick Zeal, slew Millions of People; in recompence whereof the Pope sent him a Holy Sword and Consecrated Gloves; besides the infinite numbers slew in other places, by Wars, bloody Massacres, and otherwise, of which you will hear more hereafter; so that by this time sure all may conclude Antichrist is come, and that this is he in whom all the Marks and Characters do so fully meet, which the Holy Ghost hath given of him.

Sion's

*Sion's Sons.*

**T** *Hese Marks are so notorious that we can  
Say of the Romish Pope, He is the Man:  
For these Characteristicks truly are*

*To him (and only him) peculiar.*

*This raging Monster is that Beast of Prey:*

*Shall we arise to take his Strength away?*

*That hath so long time tyrannized thus*

*(With Hellish Fury) over thee and us?*

*Self-preservation is, by every creature*

*Esteem'd a Sacred Principle in Nature.*

*Each Free-born mind, must at those Tyrants spurn*

*That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.*

*Why should this Beast still rage and domineer*

*As he hath done, without controul or fear?*

*Sion.*

**Y** *OU are to wait for Gods great Dispensations,*

*At whose disposal is the fate of Nations;*

*His time is best, and in due Season he*

*Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe.*

*He sits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,*

*This Rebels Pride. His glorious Son that's born*

*Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,*

*Shall surely Reign, because it is his due;*

*For all to him the Sovereign Rule must yield;*

*He shall the Crown and Royal Scepter wield:*

*Nations shall serve him; Kings that have abhor'd*

*His Name, shall pay him Homage, as their Lord.*

*To*

To *JESUS* all shall bow, he shall be King,  
And to poor *Sion* shall Redemption bring.  
Till this Beasts month, and latest hour be spent,  
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.  
To suffer Persecution I'm appointed,  
Till Instruments are chosen and anointed  
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,  
And be prepared for that blessed day;  
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is restor'd  
To height of favour, with her Blessed Lord.  
The day approaches, and if you would win  
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;  
That home-bred Foe, which in your Bosome lurks,  
And like the Venome of an *Aspiak* works  
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital  
And grandest foe, that would betray you all;  
It corresponds with those that do expose  
To torments, all that with the Bridegroom close;  
Till this is conquer'd, I shall not arise,  
Nor be deliver'd from mine enemies.  
This Traytor makes my very heart to faint,  
And does occasion most of my Complaint;  
For by's conspiring with the *Beast* and *Devil*,  
I am surrounded with the present evil.

Besides these Foes of my forlorn Estate,  
There is another strong Confederate,  
The Proud, Imperious and Insulting *Whore*,  
Of whom I made a sad Complaint before;  
She with lascivious Looks and Wanton Eyes  
Prompts on to *Lust* and all *Debaucheries*;

By

By her *salacious* and bewitching Charms  
 She does intice *Great Men* into her Arms,  
 Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,  
 Destroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*.

Great God assist me, e're my Spirits fail!  
 That *I* the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,  
 Who to her *Toke* yield their *Illustrious Necks*,  
 And move (like *Vassals*) at her *sawcy becks*.  
 Oh! they that should *My Nursing-Fathers* be,  
 Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,  
 By this *Whores influence*, the *Civil Power*  
 Is made a *dreadful Engine* to devour  
 The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator* ;  
 But let them know that *Sovereign Arbitrator*  
 Of all their *Destinies*, is *Great and Just*,  
 And can, at *pleasure*, tumble them to *Dust*.  
 What pity is't that *Dukes and Noble Peers*,  
 With other *Heroes*, should for many years  
 Thus truckle to that *Proud, Usurping Whore*,  
 And for her sake inflave themselves? nay more,  
 Exhaust their *Treasure*, and debase their *Name*,  
 And bring themselves to such *reproach and shame*,  
 By thus ingaging in her *Hellish Plots*,  
 Which fastens on them *Everlasting Blots*.  
 That shameless *Strumpet*, whose accursed *Wiles*  
 Trappans the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,  
 When she involves them in the deepest *guilt*,  
 She does pretend to wash away the *filth*,

By impious Pardons ! Yea , to such an height  
Does she bewitch Men, that the very sight  
Of *Tyburn*, cannot move them to confess,  
Their load of guilt and horrid Wickedness ;  
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,  
To steel their Fronts with shameless impudence.  
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,  
With lyes She makes them to resign their breath.  
She makes them drunk till they forget their fears,  
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears ;  
Who ( like ill Angels ) round about them hover,  
For fear they should her Rogueries discover.  
When some are stretcht upon the fatal Block,  
And Justice ready to discharge the stroak ;  
Such is the strength of her Inebriation,  
That they ( oh horrible ! ) on their Salvation  
Protest they'r innocent ! when all the while  
No Treason ever did appear more vile,  
Then that for which Impartial Justice hath  
Judg'd them ( as Traytors, to deserved Death.  
*Rome* ( by their frantick Resolutions ) would  
Out-face the Sun, and baffle ) if She could )  
The clearest Proofs , and solid'st Evidence  
Produc'd by Heav'ns unerring Providence.  
Ah ! Cruel Mistress of deluded Souls !  
That's not content to make them arrant Fools  
To lose Estates and Lives, but must thereby  
Make them stab Conscience, when they come to  
She, to encourage Treasons, does prefer [Dye.  
Those Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.



## S I O N S Sons.

**T**his Whore and Beast in Interest are so join'd,  
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find,  
wherciny the differ, pray tell us therefore,  
How is the *Beast*, distinguished from the *Whore*.

## S I O N.

(a) **T**he *Pope's* the *Beast*, usurping over all,  
A Power Supream and Magistraticall;  
This Scarlet Beast does in the strictest fence,  
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence.  
The *Roman* Empire lost the Ruling Seat,  
The *Pope* usurpt it, and from thence grew great,  
All Kings that he could by his craft allure,  
Receive their Power; and Investiture,

*This Whore cannot be the Beast.*

(2) 1. Because the *Beast* is express in the Masculine Gender, the *Man* of *Sin*, the *Son* of *Perdition*, and the *Beast* that *was*, and is not even *H.E.*, is the *Eight* and of the *Seven*, i. e. He came up by means of the *Liberty* and large *Revenues*. The *Seven Heads*, viz. The *Christian* *Emperors* gave to the *Ch*rch and *C*urch-Men, though a different and distinct sort of *Government* to all before it, but *Mystery* *Babylon* is express by the *Feminine* Gender, a *Woman* a *Whore*, *Mother* of *Harlots*; I saw the *Woman* drink with the *Blood* of the *Saints*, &c. And when I saw her I wondered, &c. 2. The

2. The Angel describes them distinct, the one from the other, a Beast and Whore, I John saw them as clearly distinct as a Beast is from her that sits upon him; and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet coloured Beast, Rev. 17. 3.

3. If the Beast and Whore were one and the same, then the Whore sets up and rides upon her self; then which nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous.

4. There is as real a difference between the Man of sin, and the Whore or false Church, as is between Christ and the true Church: the Beast or Anti-Christ is the Head, the Whore is the Body; and indeed it was by renouncing the Headship and Government of Christ Jesus, and spousing, owning, and swearing to the Headship and Supremacy of the Pope, that first gave the Church of Rome, the denomination of a Whore; for a Woman that has Two Heads, Two Husbands can be no other.

5. Moreover tis evident that the Beast shall remain though in Captivity, his Power being taken away after the Whore is destroyed. And burned with Fire, Rev. 17. 19; 20 & Dan. 7. 26.

From him; the Whores, th<sup>t</sup> (b) Ecclesiastick State, Or Romish Hierarchy, that take her Seat Upon the back of this Ten horned Steed, [bleed.] (Which gores my side, and makes my Children

(b) Though 'tis granted the Magistratical Power of Popish Kings in large sense is signified by the Beast who do support the Ecclesiastick State or false Church, yet Originally it more strictly resides in the Pope, for by a voluntary submission to him: he is become their Master, as Du Moulin, page 161. Observes their Crowns being at the Popes disposal, who takes it, and gives it (saith he) to whom he thinks good, which things have been Noted by Buicciardine, that famous Historian, in his History of the rises and advancements of the Pope.



Then shall the Gospel through the Earth be spread  
And Men instead of Husks shall feed on Bread ;  
God's Worship shall its freedom then enjoy,  
*Rome's* Locust then shall you no more annoy.

There shall be then a wonderful increase  
Of *Sion's* glory and of *Israel's* peace ;  
Then shall my Children in sweet consort sing  
*Anthems* of joy to the Eternal King.

No names then of distinction more shall be,  
But speak one Language all they shall agree  
In peace and Oneness and blest Harmony.

But to reply to what you have requir'd,  
At present you must keep your selves retir'd  
Make no attempts untill the Lord on high,  
Does give you strength this *Babel* to defie.

You now do seem to lie as persons dead,  
As being unable to erect your head :

But then you shall appear to be alive,  
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive :

God hath (*I know* ) set down the time exact,  
When hee'l begin this strange and dreadful Act,  
To the confusion of your Enemies.

When God shall call his Witnesses to rise ;  
Then from the Heavens, they shall hear a voice,  
Which shall make all their Spirits to rejoyce.

Then shall they have so evident a call,  
That they straight way shall on this *Strumpet* fall.  
With patience therefore wait upon the Lord,  
Until his saving strength he doth afford.

To him you are to make your supplication,  
For from him only is my expectation.

O sigh with me, and in your Spirits groan,  
 And send strong crys up to his gracious Throne:  
 Give him no rest till, (in those glorious days.)  
 Of all the Earth, I'm made the only praise.  
 And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,  
 And make my moan to him, and thus will cry.

*SION'S Prayer.*

**O** Lord of Hosts, consider my Estate,  
 Let me remain no longer desolate.  
 Have I not been most precious in thy sight?  
 O do not therefore my Petition flight;  
 O let thy Bowels, to thy Children move,  
 In tender token of Parental love.  
 Shall *Sion* totter? And the Beast grow steady  
 In his proud Seat? Hast thou not try'd already?  
 What some advantage, or what Gospel good,  
 Is to be hop'd for, from the wicked Brood?  
 Canst thou expect they'll serve thee better Now?  
 Are they more like to bless the World below,  
 Than thy Poor *Sion*? If their measures be  
 Repleted brimful of Iniquity,  
 Then by just forfeiture, their right is gon,  
 To Earthly Power, and Dominion.  
 Will these thy saving Gospel Truths preserve?  
 Or in pure Worship at thine Altars serve?  
 Will these protect the Innocent and good,  
 And not provoke thee with their crying blood?

Will

Will they make Judgment in right channels go!  
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteousness to flow  
Like mighty streams? Are they in Covenant  
with Thee? Or wert thou ever pleased to grant  
Them any Promises that they should wear  
The Sacred badges of thy Name? And bear  
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers, and young  
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honor'd then?  
Shall they not rather, by their Barb'rous hands,  
Be Butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?  
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be  
Offswift Damnation, by *Rome's* blasphemie?  
If Laud on Earth and Praises will be given,  
If Hallalujahs will be sung in Heaven,  
To thy great Name, for raising *Babylon*,  
And bringing *Sion* to Destruction:  
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,  
For Mens Salvation, then it was before.  
If Sinners access unto the blessed *Jesus*,  
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diseases  
Be then more easie, then let *Sion* fall.  
And *Rome* Usurp Dominion over all.  
But if in sight of thine all-seeing Eye,  
Their Monstrous Crimes are of so black a Dye:  
If from their very Springing, they have been,  
The vilest Wretches, and the worst of men:  
If for the future they intend to be  
The Perpetrators of all Villany.  
If their black sins, of gross Idolatry,  
Pride, horrid Murthers, and Adultry,

Mount up to Heavens great Imperial Throne,  
 If thy oppression makes thy Churches groan ;  
 If they will burn thy Scriptures and suppress  
 All Books that treat of Gospel Holiness ?  
 If guiltless Souls of every Sex and Age,  
 Will be made Sacrifices to their Rage ;  
 If they are Foes, without thy Covenants,  
 If they will trample on thy precious Saints ;  
 If they ( because thou didst not hear and save  
 Thy praying *Sion*, from a sinking Grave )  
 Deride thy Glory, and blaspheme thy Name,  
 And put thy Faithful ones to open shame.

*Deut.* 32. 36:

Then hear O Lord, thou see'st my power is gone,  
 In thee *I* trust, besides thee there is none,  
 That can thy *Sion*, from her Foes deliver,  
 O draw some flaming Arrows from thy Quiver  
 To quell the pride of this oppressing Crew,  
 Thy mighty Arm alone can them subdue.  
 On Thee *I* fix an absolute Reliance,  
 Do Thou but help, I'll bid them all defiance.  
 Hear and consider, for thy Mercy sake,  
 On gasping *Sion* some compassion take.  
*I* have been ransom'd with the precious Blood  
 Of thy dear Son, and fill'd with Heavenly Food.  
 O Lord *I* pray, thy Churches sins forgive,  
 And in sweet concord let thy Children live ;  
 Teach them true saving knowledge from thy word  
 That they may worship Thee with one accord.  
 Thou canst the Prostrate raise, and cure his wound  
 For nothing difficult for Thee is found.      Thou

Thou knowest my grief, O Lord incline thy Ear,  
Revive my hope, and chase away my fear.

In *Achors* Valley open thou a Door,  
And make me sweetly sing as heretofore ;  
I pray Thee break the Bonds of my distress,  
And lead me from this dolesome Wilderness.

O let me shine like Sols illustrate light,  
And be's an Army terrible in fight.

Pull off that Vail that does thy *Sion* cover,  
Those clouds, O scatter that I may discover  
What thou doest mean by this thy dispensation,  
And what my work is in this Generation.

Its time for Thee to plead thy Peoples cause,  
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws.

Thou canst destroy them with their brimful Cup,  
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up ;

But Lord remember for to spare thy Vine, [thine,  
That spreading Plant which thou hast chosen  
Make that to flourish and be ever green,  
And full of clusters as before 't as been.

From *Egypt* thou hast brought it heretofore :

From thence I pray deliver it once more,  
Let thine hand plant it, give it steadfast root,

That all the Land may Feast upon its Fruit ;  
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,

And let its boughs o'ershadow ev'ry Hill ;

From Sea to Sea do thou her branches send,

And her, from all her Enemies defend ;

Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,  
To keep her from the violence of all

Ra.



Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar  
 that would destroy it, and its fruit devour.  
 Lord from on high thy lovely Vine behold,  
 thine own Plantation, valued more than Gold;  
 Canst thou deny thy helping hand the while  
 Wild Beasts thy Vineyard ravage thus and spoil,  
 I am *Christ's* Spouse, his undefiled One,  
 Canst thou permit me to be trod upon;  
 'Tis by thy Grace I am Intituled so,  
 Great God relieve me, and divert my wo,  
 I am surrounded on all sides with pain,  
 O let me see thy lovely smiles again.  
 Thou hast withdrawn the beamings of thy grace,  
 And wrapt in clouds the splendor of thy Face;  
 O this has caus'd such anxious grief and smart,  
 As tears my Soul, and rends my very heart  
 To tears of blood, whilst thou the glorious Sun  
 Of light art hid: O whether shall I run,  
 For beams of comfort in this doleful hour?  
 Whilst I lye delug'd in this Brinish shower  
 More would she speak, but her great passion ties.  
 Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gates of her eyes  
 In chrystal streams do represent an anguish,  
 That makes her vital operations languish.  
 Sunk in despairing sounds, she scarce appears  
 to breath or live, but by her sighs and tears,

SIONS

SIONS Sons.

[bewail

**M**ourn, mourn O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth  
And weep ye Saints untill your spirits fail,  
For she that is the glory of the Earth,  
Of the most Noble and Illustrious Birth,  
Eyes sadly weltring in a deep despair,  
Her grievous sorrows, can no tongue Declare,  
O that our Brethren would, but hasten hither  
That in Gods fear we may confer together  
You must needs grieve, when her complaints you  
Do not your hearts dissolve into a tear? [hear  
Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain stream?  
And all your Joys, turn to a mourning Theme?  
Does not your nightly rest from you depart?  
Are you not pierced to the very heart?  
Are you not in the depth of bitterness,  
Because of *Sion* and her sore distress?  
How can your hearts delight in things below?  
How can you sleep in peace as others do?  
How can we comfort have, or Pleasure find?  
Or how can we the Worlds concernments mind?  
How can we eat or drink with hearts content,  
And not with grief poor *Sions* state lament?  
How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries,  
She sighs, she sobs, she languishes, she dies,  
In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,  
How can we brook her Enemies disdain?

She

She is reproached by ev'ry Drunken Sot,  
 And thrown away like to a broken Pot.  
 She is depis'd and trod upon like Dung,  
 The Drunkard on her makes his dayly Song :  
 But *Christ* will turn and will expostulate  
 The Case with *Sion*, touching her Estate.  
 Why art thou sometimes up, then down again ?  
 Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain ?  
 They'r doubtless throw's, cheer up and do not  
 For thy deliverance is very near. [ fear  
 Those lab'ring pangs shall speedily be o're,  
 Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more  
 Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou  
 Hast trave'ld with in bitter pangs till no w.  
 Address thy self to God, for surely he  
 From these thy Tortures will deliver thee,  
 'Tis he a lone that brings unto the Birth,  
 And do's give strength and vigour to bring forth;  
 Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,  
 His gracious help he will to the afford,  
 Upon his Promises do thou depend,  
 And thou shalt see deliv'rance in the end.  
 These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought  
 And to her senses, mourning *Sion* brought,  
 With languish'd looks, she casts a weeping Eye  
 Upon her Children, and Reluc's her crye.

SION.

S I O N.

**I** Am affraid my God hath me forsook,  
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look.  
His former pitty, he hath quite forgot,  
His Anger's kindled & his wrath is hot; [mourn?  
When that burns sore, how can I choose but  
How am I spoil'd, how am I rent and torn?  
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempest tost  
Midst Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost:  
Where ev'ry Bellow does present a grave,  
And Death in Triumph rides on ev'ry wave.  
Ah! But I am, engraven on his hand,  
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.  
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not stay,  
My sorrows are so great, O say not nay,  
Hear me, dear *Jesús*, unto thee I crie,  
Unless thou save me, I must surely die,

C H R I S T.

**I**n glorious Regions of approachless light  
Where Joys unmixt with perfect love unite;  
There do I sit, there do I see and hear  
What Kings and Potentates consulting are,  
Resounding in mine Ears continually,  
I hear a bitter, and complaining cry.

I feel my Bowels with compassion move,  
 And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,  
 She whom I purchas'd with my dearest blood,  
 Seems drencht in tears and drowned in a flood;  
 Some grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,  
 Extorts from her this doleful lamentation,  
 Enough to pierce my tender heart again.

And make the Temple rend once more in twain.

Alas poor *Sion*! thy sad voice I hear,  
 I'll come and help thee, for I know thy fear,  
 And what occasions these thy languid Moans,  
 I know thy sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.

'Tis I can still the blust'ring Winds and Seas,  
 And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.

'Tis I can wound, and cure; I build, I break,  
 I kill, I make alive; I give and take.

And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,  
 And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:

I for thy sake, strange things will quickly do.  
 In thy affliction, great distress and pain,

Of which thou dost, so grievously complain,  
 I am afflicted: What they do to thee,

Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;  
 I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,

Fear not therefore, thy proudest Enemy.

Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,  
 All power and wisdom is mine; and I know how  
 To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.

I will arise and shew my Sovereignty;

I'll make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly;  
 Though

Though with the Powers of Hell they have com-  
I will pursue them, & they shall not find [bin'd  
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,  
Till by my fury they be all destroy'd.  
I will bring down each high and lofty head,  
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread.  
Thy cause I'll plead, though silent I have stood,  
I'll be reveng'd for all the Righteous blood,  
That has run down like to a Mighty flood.  
And therefore now; I'll make no long delay,  
What's due to Justice, they shall surely pay;  
Besides the bloody wrongs thou dost repeat  
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat  
Me to avenge their blood, therefore I will  
Come down in fury, and those Monsters kill;  
Then, thou before me very strong shalt wax,  
For I'll make thee my dreadful Battle-Ax.  
Thy Horn shall Iron be, & thy Hoof Brass, [race.  
With which thou shalt tread down the Serpents  
Thy Sons that scatter'd o're the Earth throughout,  
I will soon gather with a mighty shout:  
The Mighty they shall overcome with Stings,  
And bind in Fetters persecuting Kings.  
I'll lay thy Stones with Colours fair and sure,  
Thy strong Foundation shall be Saphyrs pure:  
Although I seem'd to have forsaken thee,  
Yet, from all bondage I will set thee free,  
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,  
I'll turn my hand upon the bloody VVhere;  
Because thou dost my holy Name profess;  
I'll break in peices them that thee oppress:

Arm'd

Arm'd with Commission from the great *Jehove*,  
 I will come down and all thy Grievs remove.  
 All Weapons form'd against my *Sion*, shall  
 Unprosp'rous prove, for I will break them all.  
 I'll teach thy Children, give thee lasting Peace,  
 Converted Gentiles shall the Church increase.  
 Though wicked Men with words do thee deride,  
 Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every side.  
 Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed,  
 The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.  
 I've promis'd that they shall the world possess,  
 And will perform it now in Righteousness.  
 I will descend unto my Holy Hill,  
 The Earth with knowledge I will quickly fill.  
 I will suppress all Luxury and Riot,  
 The *Heathen* in my presence shall be quiet.  
 Above all Kings I shall exalted be,  
 And Rule the Earth with Sovereign Majesty.  
 When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,  
 Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine;  
 And with thy Children in sweet Consort sing,  
 Triumphant Hallelujahs to your King.

### S I O N.

**O** Matchless Grace, and Love beyond degree!  
 Now I am certain there is none like Thee,  
 In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thousand more  
 For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.

Trans-

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Transported by thy love, with joy I cry,  
My Ravisht Spirit must exalt the high  
And mighty Lord, by whose unbounded grace,  
My hearts enlarg'd to run the blessed Race;  
Thou shalt conduct me to thy living Springs:  
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,  
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's desire,  
Where I thy Grace and Glory will admire;  
Then I'll descend from those Abodes above,  
To be embraced in the Arms of Love.  
I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,  
For by thy loss, O what a Depth of Wo  
Did I sustain! In what a dreadful Case  
Was I, when thou didst hide thy glorious face!  
Thee having, though nought else, what have I not?  
Without thee, though all else, what have I got?  
Lord having all things, and not thee, what have I?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?  
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;  
All things are vile -- when once compar'd to thee.  
To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didst me chuse,  
And thou my Portion art: I'll ne're refuse  
So rich a Grace: thou art my Heritage,  
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,  
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee,  
For thou alone, my Hiding-place shalt be.  
In time of trouble and of fury great,  
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;  
Which is a sure defence to all that fly  
With care and speed from their iniquity.

G

Thou



When I was down, thou lift'st me up on high,  
 And I thy Name will therefore magnify.  
 O Lord, with Patience I will undergo  
 Their indignation, for I well do know  
 I have provok't thy great and glorious Name,  
 Which is the cause that I do suffer shame :  
 Although at present I am low and mean,  
 Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been ;  
 Thou canst all Sorrows to thy *Sion* bleis,  
 I therefore, in thy Pleasure acquiesce ;  
 I'll wait upon thee, till thou dost arise  
 To break in pieces all mine Enemies :  
 My precious Cause then I do leave with thee,  
 Which thou, O Lord, wilt surely plead for me ;  
 Thy Voice is to my *ravish'd Soul* so sweet,  
 That I'm reviv'd, and *set upon my feet* :  
 I'll speak thy *Praise in Songs*, because I see  
 That *Glory* near, which thou hast promis'd me.

And now thou *bloudy Whore*, that art my Foe,  
 My *time's at hand*, which thou shalt quickly know.  
 My God has not forsaken me, for now  
 He will *advance me*, and make thee to bow :  
 Then shalt thou hide (for shame) thy *fitty head*,  
 Whilst *I, in Triumph*, shall upon thee tread ;  
 Because so long, thou hast upon me trod,  
 And in *Contempt* hast said, *Where is thy God ?*  
 He will therefore in Right *retaliate*,  
 And bring just *Vengeance* on thy cursed *Fate*.

Ba-

Babylon.

**P** O O R Sion! thou art much mistaken;  
I'm mounted high, thou art forsaken:  
Sure thou art Frantick, when thou dost  
Make such a vain and groundless boast;  
The final Conquest must be mine,  
And swift Destruction must be thine;  
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,  
From all your Darts I am secure.  
I am arriv'd at height of Bliss,  
My Glory in its Zenith is.  
I am a Queen, and shall remain  
Supream on Earth, I only reign  
In glitt'ring Grandeur over all.  
Great Monarchs Me their Mistresses call:  
How can I fall, when such a Prop  
Supports, as my Lord God the P O P E ?  
All Men on Earth, His Vassals are,  
Who sits in Peter's Holy Chair;  
The Empire of the World he hath,  
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.  
Dost think he fears the little tricks  
Of thy small brood of Hereticks?  
He can make use (when he doth please)  
Of Peter's Sword, as well as Keys.  
His Canons roar, as loud as Guns,  
To crush thy feeble, Pigmy-Sons.

G 2

Let

*Let but his Bulls give an Alarm,*  
*Hee'll make all Christendom to Arm*  
*Themselves in my defence, and work*  
*Thine Overthrow ; didst thou not lurk*  
*Some Hundred Years, that none could see,*  
*Or know, what was become of thee ?*  
*He that could rend thy force asunder,*  
*Has still the Strength to keep thee under :*  
*He will thee in Subjection keep,*  
*So that thou shalt not dare to peep.*  
*Am I not armed with the Power*  
*Of all the Earth ? I can devour*  
*Your Int'rest at a single Mess,*  
*I have fit Cooks such Meals to dress ;*  
*Th'Imperial and the Regal Sword*  
*Are brandish'd when I give the word ;*  
*Great Princes, Dukes and Nobles will*  
*With all their force My Mind fulfil ;*  
*My Gentry who brave Heroes are,*  
*Resolved be, no Pains to spare ;*  
*Their Very Lives they'll freely spend*  
*To bring my Purpose to an end ;*  
*My Brisk Mounseurs, My Spanish Dons,*  
*Will over-match thy silly Sons :*  
*My Rogues in Grain, I ready have,*  
*Obedient like a Turkey-slave :*  
*If bid to thrust their bloody Knives*  
*In throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,*  
*In any's but their own they'll do't,*  
*And lay them sprawling at my Foot.*

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*I've Teagues and Torys at my Beck,  
Will wring their Heads as Chickens Neck;  
Try'd Villains! that will never start  
From Mothers Womb to tear the heart  
Of Unborn-Infants; they'll devour;  
Then rip her up in half an hour:  
Faint Rogues will melt with qualms of fears  
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears;  
But mine are void of any Sense,  
Not plagu'd with bawling Conscience.  
To some I give no constant pay,  
Yet they can hunt and live by Prey.  
Your Infants that (like Carps) are stew'd  
In their own bloud, their Chops have chew'd.  
The Fathers Cawls shall make a light  
For those Sweet Banquets of the Night.  
What e're my greedy Stomack craves,  
But Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:  
They know no scruples nor dispute,  
But act just like a Turkish Mute.  
Besides all these, I could describe  
Vast Musters of my Sacred Tribe:  
My Clergy makes a num'rous Host,  
That wait in swarms in every Coast.  
Yea, ev'n in all, Rebellious Regions,  
I have in secret, Armed Legions:  
A Great Grandee my Ensign carries,  
The Jesuits are my Janifaries.  
Thou see'st what Troops do guard my Chair,  
What canst thou do then but Despair?*

Thou seest me lodg'd in safe abode,  
 Whilst thou 'rt forsaken by thy God.  
 Hee's doubtles pleas'd with my behaviour,  
 For I alone have got his Favour.  
 Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy  
 You falsely do to me apply;  
 For I from Sin am washed clean;  
 Thou art the Whore, he there does mean:  
 I am the Church, and therefore I,  
 Thy Threats, Thy G.O.D, and Thee, Desie.

## Sion.

**L** Eave off, leave off, thou *Bloudy minded Whore*:  
 Imagine not that thou shalt *Evermore*  
 Thus *Domineer* in *Pomp and sawcy Pride*,  
 For God e're long, thy *Rulers will divide*.  
 Those *Mighty Ones*, in whom is *all thy Trust*,  
 Long shall not hold, but into *peices* must  
 Be surely broken: thou shalt *quickly see*  
 The *swift beginning* of thy *Misery*.  
 Those that did love thee *most*, will hate thee *so*,  
 That they will seek thy utter *Overthrow*;  
 As was their *love*, their *hatred* then will be,  
 And to *destroy thee* they will *all agree*.  
 Thou hast *inlav'd* them to thy *brutish Lust*,  
 Whilst they (like *simple Fools*) in no wise durst  
 Offend or cross thy *base and bloudy mind*;  
 That they have been *bewicht*, they then will find,  
 By

By thine *alluring Voice*, and *lustful Eye*,  
To joyn with thee in *black iniquity*.  
Thy *Flatterys* shall then no more deceive;  
Nor thy *base Whoredoms* Thousands more bereave  
Of *inward peace*, and *outward riches*, so  
As they have been, to their *eternal Wo*:  
Then shall they see thy *Villanous Intent*,  
In *setting them* against the *Innocent*.  
To *Glut* thy *Bale* *Adulterous Desire*,  
Their *sinful hearts* were in a *flaming Fire*,  
And through the *Instigation* of the *Devil*,  
Became partakers of this *Monstrous Evil*.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear  
Some *Dreadful Noise*! see how the *Mountains* tear  
And *Mighty Hills* do into *peices* fly;  
Whilst *Lightning* flashes through the *Angry Sky*;  
The *Stars* and *Planets* in *Confusion* hurl'd,  
Have banisht *Natures* Order from the *World*.  
See how the *Melting Orbs* of *Heaven* sweat, (heat,  
Like *Parchment Parcht*, and shrivel'd up with  
Loud *Thunder-Cracks* through the *Enraged Air*,  
With frightful *Aspects* *Meteors* do appear,  
To usher in the *Day of Heav'ns dread Ire*  
On those, who do *against the Saints* conspire.  
Gods (long incensed) *Majesty* is come  
To *judge the Whore*, and *pass her final Doom*.  
Of *Treason* she is under an *Attainder*,  
For which *Impartial Justice* will *arraign* her.  
She's feiz'd upon, and in the *Jaylors* hands,  
Who only waits for *Justices Commands*.

Jehovah bids, that *Babylon* the great  
Be forthwith brought before his *Judgment-Seat*.

*Justice.*

**M**ost Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gainsay  
What thou command'st? I must and will.  
Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth (obey  
Before thee who createdst Heav'n and Earth :  
Thy *Judgment-Seat* she seems to slight and scorn,  
Says she's as guiltless as the *Child unborn*.

Jehovah.

**H**er Crimes lay open, and her facts declare,  
Turn up her *Skirts* and let her faults appear :  
Let th' *Universe* by her *Indictment* see  
The cause of my most just *Severity*.

*Justice,*

**D**read Sov'reign of the *World* ! I will proceed,  
And will her *black Indictment* loudly read.  
Come forth, *Great Whore* ! and hear your dismal  
charge,  
Which shall by *proofs* be evidenc'd at large.  
By th' Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,  
And by the Name of *Whore*, thou stand'st *Indicted*.  
Thou

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Thou void of *Grace*, and Gods most *Holy Fear*,  
To *Satans Machinations* didst adhere ;  
With him, to plot against thy Sov'reign Prince,  
To whom thou ought'st to yield Preheminence.  
In *Ancient times* he was thine only *Spouse*,  
(Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)  
Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,  
And to thy self another Husband took ;  
And with a graceless *Impudence* art led  
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adult'rous Bed*.  
Thou hast dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*  
Sets up a *Monstrous Traitor* in his place,  
To whom thou hast Blasphemous Titles given,  
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven*.  
Thou hast not only playd th' *Adulteress*,  
But plain *Idolatry* thou dost profess ;  
Of *Treason, Murder, Theft*, (abhorred things ! )  
Of Burning Cities, poysoning of Kings,  
Of Undermining States, and furthermore,  
Of spoiling Trade, and making Kingdoms poor,  
Of horrid Plots, of causeless bloody Wars,  
And of contriving cruel *Massacres*,  
Thou guilty art ; thy bloody Rage has hurl'd  
*Millions of Innocents* out of the World :  
Prodigious Numbers have in divers Lands  
Been *Sacrific'd* by thy bloud-thirsty hands.  
Insatiate *Butcheries* that know no end !  
Thou stabd'st men, when thou *Pity* didst pretend.  
In times of *Peace* thy horrid rage has shed  
Bloud without Measure, thou hast murdered

*Perfidious*



(*Perfidious Wretch!*) thy nearest Neighbours when  
 They thought themselves *the most secure of men,*  
 Thou hast made *Currents of their guiltless blood*  
 To run like *Waters* of a mighty Flood;  
 So void of Pity, your *inhumane rage*  
 Destroy'd the *Saints*, and spar'd no *Sex* nor *Age*.  
 Speak *Bloudy Whore*, hold up thy *Graceless Head*,  
 Guilty, or Not? *By Law* thou art to plead.

### Babylon.

Look down, *Blest Virgin!* and bid *Justice* stay:  
 Speak to thy *Son* to drive my *Foes* away:  
 You *Glorious Saints*, who near *St. Mary* stand,  
 In my distress, lend me your *helping hand*.  
 All *Angels*, and *Arch-Angels* I invoke,  
 To strengthen me, and to divert the *Stroke*:  
 These *Hereticks* will work my *Overthrow*,  
 I am amaz'd, I know not what to do!

### Belzebub.

(*pause,*  
 What needs my *Darling* thus to stand and  
 Thou know'st the *Custom* of our *Romish*  
 Though black as *Hell*, yet be not so *forlorn*; (*Laws*,  
 Swear, that thou'rt *guiltless*, as the *Child unborn*.  
 What *Violence* to *Hereticks* you do,  
 Is *lawful*, *honest*, and your *Duty* too.

*Justice!*

Justice.

**P**Lead *Vile Delinquents!* or thou shalt receive  
The *Fatal Sentence* which I am to give.

Babylon.

**I** Do affirm the Charge is false, and I  
All Points of this Indictment do deny.  
Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just Defence  
Of my apparent, spotless Innocence.

Justice.

**T**Hat like a Harlot, of thine own accord,  
Thou hast forsaken thine Espoused Lord,  
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)  
By clear probation in its proper place.  
You say, that you your God can daily make,  
Which is an Idol of a *Wafers-Cake*.  
If thou dost *Shrines* and *Images* adore,  
And prov'd to be th' *Apocalyptick Whore*;  
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* doth sit,  
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit;  
It clearly follows from these *Marks*, that thou  
Art a meer *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy *Vow*.

If

If thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,  
 Dis-owning Christ, and making *that* thy Head :  
 The consequence is clear, for thou must be  
 Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry*.  
 And to examine thy Notorious Deeds,  
 This great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds :  
 Call ~~in~~ the Witnesses ----

*Waldenses.*

*Albigenses.*

Protestants of *Piedmont.*

*Savoy, &c.*

-----**D** Read Lord ! we're here,

And with our just Complaints do now appear.  
 That Bloudy Whore, the *Pris'ner* at the Bar,  
 Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,  
 Because we would not to her Idols bow,  
 Nor her curs'd Edicts and base pranks allow.

About the dismal Year of *Fifty Five*,  
 A dreadful *Massacre* she did contrive  
 Within the Territories of *Savoy*,  
 Where thirty Thousand Souls she did destroy  
 In three days time, Curs'd *Edicts* bid them turn  
 To *Popery*, or they must hang or burn.  
 Which when those *Innocents* refus'd to do,  
 Most horrid *Execution* did ensue ; (beaten  
 Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were  
 And by her Imps were fry'd and after eaten :  
 Our

Our Children rent to peices, thrown to Dogs,  
And our dear Pastors flung (as Meat) to Hogs ;  
Others on Pikes into the Air were tost,  
And many others they alive did roast ; (hearts,  
Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the  
And hung up others by their *Secret Parts*.  
Houses and Barn-fulls they have burnt, so that  
Our *Suff'rings* are beyond an *Estimate*.

*Bohemia.*

*Germany.*

*Poland.*

*Lithuania, &c.*

**T**O satifie this cruel *Strumpets* Lust,  
Some Thousands have been turned unto dust:  
Our Towns and Famous Cities of Renown  
She hath dis-peopled, burnt or broken down :  
The Ruins still appear and desolations  
In many places of our *Spoted Nations*.  
Great Multitudes un-numbred were our Slain  
Which in the Field unburied did remain :  
Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam  
And then consum'd them in a lingring flame.  
Some she has into boyling Cauldrons put,  
And many others into peices cut,  
Without respect unto the *Hoary Head*,  
Into their *Throats* they powr'd down melted *Lead*;  
And many other deaths she did contrive :  
Some burned were, and others fled alive.

Inte

Into deep *Mines*, three thousand Souls and more,  
 At several times were tumbled by this *Whore* ;  
 Because they would not their *Religion* leave,  
 And unto *Romish Superstitions* cleave,  
 That worthy Man *John Hus*, was burn'd to death,  
 For owning of the *Apostolick Faith* ;  
*Jessie* of *Prague*, to fill her *Measure* up,  
 She made, soon after, drink of the same *Cup*.  
 'T were endless to enumerate our grief :  
 From thee, *Just Judge*, we do expect *Relief*.

## France.

AH ! How shall I my inward grief disclose !  
 What *Tongue* is able to recount my Woes ?  
 Prodigious Numbers of my *Natives* have,  
 By this *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave*.  
 The barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content,  
 To kill or drive them into *Banishment* ;  
 But with unheard of *Crueltys* she must  
 Their *Bodys* mangle, to assuage her *Lust* ;  
 Some hang'd in *Water*, yield their strangled *breath* ;  
 Some brain'd on *Anvils*, some were starv'd to death ;  
 Some hall'd with *Pullies*, till the *Top* they meet  
 With heavy *Weights* and *Loads* upon their feet.  
 Rap't *Maidens* stab'd, poor *Infants* yet unborn,  
 From *Mothers* *Wombs* by *bloody hands* were torn  
 How many thousand guiltless *Christians* were  
 Butcher'd in the *Parisian* *Massacre* ?

Some

*The Groans of the Protestant Church.* 95

Some broke on *Crosses*, some were cut in twain,  
Whilst others languish in a lingering pain.  
Our Worthy Kings have lost their *Noble Lives*  
By *Jesuits Poysons*, and by *Monkish Knives*.  
I can produce an uncontroll'd *Record*  
Of many *Thousands Murder'd* by the *Sword*.  
It would require whole *Volumes* to transcribe  
The *bloody acts* of this *Infernal Tribe*.  
Deep *dolour* hinders what I would say more!  
O *Glorious Judge!* avenge me on this *Whore*.

*Italy.*

*Spain.*

*Portugal.*

*Low Countrys, &c.*

**R**Enowned Judge! those *Witnesses* that have  
Their *Grief* presented & do *Judgment* crave,  
*Save us much labour*, for we *heretofore*  
*Have felt the same*, from this *bloud-thirsty Whore*.  
Besides, being next her *Seat*, and neer her *Power*,  
Her *greedy Jaws* our *Brethren* did devour  
With *eruel Spite*, and *without intermission*,  
We have been *tortur'd* in her *Inquisition*.  
No *Tongue* can speak the *unexampled terror*  
Of that *curst Pattern* of *Infernal horror*.  
They count it *mild*, when they our *Persons* burn,  
And *Wives* and *Children* into *Ashes* turn; (cut  
They say they're *courteous* when our *Throats* they  
Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put. . .  
They

They say they favour us, when they employ  
 Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.  
 In lingring flames they did our Brethren roast,  
 On Halberts tops we saw our Infants tost :  
 All this we've suffer'd, and a Thousand more,  
 And that by means of this Infernal Whore.

*Ireland.*

**C**ould deepest grief receive Additions, I  
 Would give Examples of her Cruelty.  
 I can her in more monstrous colours draw,  
 Than Bloody *Nero*, or *Caligula*.  
 Those horrid Tortures which my Brethren say  
 She exercis'd on them, the same I may  
 Affirm t' have suffer'd, by the instigation  
 Of this vile Strumpet, whose Abomination  
 Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation.  
 Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin  
 Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin  
 Unpardonable, if they durst to give  
 Quarter, or our Necessities relieve ;  
 Some they stript Naked, then they bid them go  
 Through Bogs & Mountains, in the Frost & Snow  
 Men, Women, Children, then were butchered,  
 And all that spoke our Language punished ;  
 The very Cattel, if of *English* breed, (feed.  
 They slasht and mangled, that they could not  
 With joy, that *Romish* and rebellious Brood  
 Have wash't their hands in Marty'd *English* blood.  
 Thou

# *The Groans of the Protestant Church.* 97

Thousands of naked Protestants that fled  
From these *Barbarians* have been famished.  
Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,  
Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove  
Their Goods to them; Yet (once possession got)  
They (like perfidious wretches) cut their Throat.  
Numbers of naked Women they did drive  
Into a Barn, and burnt them all alive.  
Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,  
Did by these Blood-hounds, without mercy die.  
Once at the fatal Bridge of *Pottladow*,  
A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown;  
A couple (with five Children) first they hung,  
And in a Hole th' expiring bodies flung;  
The youngest on the Mothers breast did stick,  
Cries, *Mummy, Mummy*, yet is buryed quick.  
Some hackt to pieces, travailing Women strip'd,  
And half-born Infants from their bellies rip'd!  
Which (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did eat,  
And Swine fed on them, as on common meat.  
When some poor Souls in burning Houses Cry,  
The Villains said, *How sweetly do they Fry!*  
When holy Scripture in the flames did cast,  
They cry, *'Tis Hell-fire, and a lovely blast;*  
That blessed Book, which some have trampled on,  
They cry, *Plague on't, that has the mischief done.*  
They made poor Wives, their Husbands blood to  
And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill. (spill,  
They forc'd the Son to stab his Dearest Mother,  
And then one Brother to destroy the other.

H

Some



Some they put fast in Stocks, then teach a Brat  
 To rip them , and make Candles of their Fat.  
 How many Virgins did they Ravish first? (thirst!  
 Then with their Hearts-blood quench their eager  
 Some they did bury just unto the Head,  
 And left them on surrounding Grass to feed.  
 Stuck fast on Tenter-hooks, grave Matrons were,  
 And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers Hair.  
 Some, with their small Guts, were forc'd to run  
 About a Tree, until their Life was gone.  
 The Mouths of godly Ministers they cut  
 Unto their Ears; betwixt their Jaws they put  
 A monstrous Gag, then with a Romish Scoff  
 They bid them *preach*, *their Mouths were large e-*  
*In these furies brag'd, that (to their joy) (nough.*  
 They did Two hundred thousand Souls destroy.  
 We therefore pray, as others did before,  
 For a just Sentence on this bloody Whore.

### *Scotland.*

**O** Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink  
 Of Villany! O bloody Throats that drink  
 The Bloods of Innocents! which oft they quast  
 As freely as a common Mornings Draught!  
 Thousands of mine were butcher'd by this Whore,  
 In that poor Nation, that has spoke before  
 The sufferings of my guiltless Natives, were  
 Equal with theirs in every little there.

Yet

# The Groans of the Protestant Church 99

Yet this blood thirsty Curtezan of *Rome*,  
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home. (nished,  
Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some ba-  
Some drown'd, and some in Dungeons murdered.  
A sinking Grief forbids me to inlarge,  
Or else with ease I'd aggravate her charge.  
Since Gospel Light did in my Borders shine;  
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.  
Her Imps all parts, like filthy Locusts fill,  
And such as they cannot delude, they kill.  
Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,  
And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.  
They have an art to work upon the weak,  
That they Gods Order should in pieces break;  
Under pretences of reform'd Devotion,  
They instigate the Rabble to Commotion;  
That in those troubled Waters they may fish,  
And bring about their long expected wish.  
Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd,  
To ruin those that they have so decay'd.  
A thousand Forgeries they do invent,  
To charge their Plots upon the innocent:  
That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)  
Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.  
Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,  
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

## England.

**H**Ad I as many Tongues at my commands,  
 As *Argus* Eyes, *Briareus* Hands;  
 I scarce could in a Century express  
 One half of my unspeakable distress!  
 In every Age I had some Soas of Light,  
 That would discover *Romes Egyptian* Night;  
 Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,  
 But that her Setting Dogs, like Blood-hounds, were  
 Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,  
 Until to death they did them persecute.  
 My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,  
 And on my Neck clapt her Tyranick Yoke.  
 Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,  
 And to enrich her Exchequer transported.  
 Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,  
 For Pardons, Obits, Annales, Peter-pence.  
 And though each Land where she her Triumphs led,  
 Whose swarms of Locusts Priests and Friers were  
 These (as the *fanizaries* to the *Turk*)  
 Were faithful slaves still to promote her work.  
 Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away  
 The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.  
 Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led  
 Were tortur'd, murder'd, burnt or massacred.  
 The Papal Beast could in a Frollick tell,  
 I was his Fountain inexhaustible.

She

# *The Groans of the Protest. Church.* 101

She planted Priests, and Ganimedes she rooted,  
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted ;  
With such a pest of vile Debaucheries,  
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels outvies.

She crushes any that her Acts opposes ;  
My Kings she Poisons, Murders or Deposes.

Some she deludes her Sov'raignty to own,  
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.

Her lurking Imps do menace me with storms,  
Like *Egypt's* Frogs in pestilential swarms.

She is so greedy nothing will suffice,  
Unless I'm more a general Sacrifice.

'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways  
She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.

Then was I made a dismal Field of Blood,  
Which ran like currents of a swelling flood.

She stirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravao,  
For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.

The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,  
At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers.

Her hellish Brands (without a spark of pitty )  
Consum'd to Ashes my Imperial City.

Nought but my Ruine her can satiate,  
My Justices she does assassinate.

For many years she has been carrying on  
A damn'd Intreague for my Destruction.

And all the ways that Satan prompts her to  
Contrive my fall, she's ready still to do.

Her spite and malice nothing will abate,  
Its still more deadly and inveterate.]

Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks,  
 That has discover'd her infernal pranks;  
 Yet I am still in danger, and therefore  
 Do beg just sentence on this bloody Whore.

*The Evidence summed up.*

O Gulph of horror! O profound Abyss!  
 What ever mischief half so black as this! (press,  
 Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex-  
 The boundless measure of thy wickedness.  
 Throughout the Earth thou hast such mischief  
 As is amazing to a humane thought. (wrought,  
 It would compel a heart of stone to melt,  
 When it revolves what *Protestants* have felt.  
 Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,  
 Has persecuted them in every age.  
 Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,  
 And all the tortures which thou could'st devise.  
 Thou didst inflict, as testimony shows, (Toes,  
 Some thou didst hang by the Head, some by the  
 Some millions thou didst burn and broil on Coles,  
 And others starve to death in stinking holes;  
 Some thou didst cut to pieces very small,  
 And Infants Brains didst dash against the Wall.  
 Upon their Bodies thou didst tread like dung,  
 Thou hadst no mercy upon old or young.  
 By thy cursed crew were Women ravished,  
 Who then (like Butchers) knockt them on the head.

Some

*The Groans of the Protest. Church.* 103

Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd  
Some were made harborless, and forc'd about (out,  
To wander, till in Woods and dismal Caves  
They found their woful and untimely Graves.  
What rocky heart but justly may admire  
Thy rage, that made poor Children to set fire  
To fatal piles in which their Parents dear  
In cruel flames consum'd to ashes were.  
Thy wicked Agents have some Millions slain,  
Who did endure the most inhumane pain.  
Thy Bishops, Monks, and Fryers could devise,  
Whose blood to me for speedy Vengeance Cries.  
The waies thou tookst to run a Soul from e-ror  
Was unexampled flesh-amazing terror  
Of horrid Racks whereon a man must lie,  
Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.  
Accursed Wretch, didst thou not give Commission  
For to erect thy bloody Inquisition;  
That loathsom Dungeon and most ghastly Cell,  
A place of horror representing Hell,  
Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,  
Where Martyr'd Protestants can find no ears  
To hear their Cries and lamentable moans,  
Nor Hearts to pity their extorted groans;  
Where Saints in torments all their daies must spend  
Not knowing when their suff'rings will have end.  
Thousands by thee were in *Bohemia* slain,  
Whose Carcaffes unburied did remain.  
Thou madest thy Vassals fall upon that Nation,  
On no less penalty than their Damnation.

H 4

Didst

Didst thou not promise upon that condition  
 To give them full and absolute remission,  
 The vilest wretch that on the Earth has stood;  
 You fully pardon'd, if hee'd shed the blood  
 Of one *Bohemian*; O stupendious rage!  
 Not to be parallel'd in any Age,  
 But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Alva's Crime*  
 That he destroy'd no more in six yearstime  
 Than eighteen thousand souls; were they so few  
 In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew!  
 But if the Wretch (*De Alva's*) bloody Bill  
 Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill  
 It up with torments; dreadful to rehearse,  
 The very mention cannot chuse but pierce  
 A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,  
 Torments that none but Devils could invent.  
 But if all this was over-little still,  
 His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill:  
 For from the time thy hellish Inquisition  
 Did from the Devil first receive Commission,  
 By cruel torments (which they still retain)  
 There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,  
 From that black season when the hellish rage  
 Of Jesuits acted on th' *European Stage*  
 In *England, France, in Italy, and Spain,*  
 By thy accursed bloody hands were slain  
 Nine hundred thousand souls, or thereabout,  
 (E're many years had run their circuits out.)  
 Of poor *Americans* by cruel *Spain*  
 In fifty years were many Millions slain.

# The Groans of the Protest. Church. 10

The poor *Waldenses* whose enlightened eye  
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did espye.  
Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent  
And murder'd Parents with their innocent  
And harmless Babes; thy more than barb'rous crew  
Their cursed hands did in their blood imbrue;  
At once were eighty Infants famished,  
And many thousands basely Murthered.  
When some have fled unto obscurest Caves,  
Thy Villains made their hiding place their Graves.  
What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,  
And say they have not tasted (to their cost)  
Of thy Malignity? What shall I say  
Of *Germany*, whose Martyr'd Spirits pray  
For speedy Vengeance on thy curled head?  
That Sea of blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,  
Cries night and day for Justice; now I fix  
My serious thoughts upon black sixty six,  
Thou bloody Strumpet, how canst thou repair  
The loss of *Englands* great Imperial Chair;  
How many rich men were to beggars turn'd,  
When that brave Isles, Metropolis was burn'd  
By thy accursed Imps, Fire-brands of Hell,  
Incarnate Devils without parallel.  
Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,  
To day Rich men, to morrow nothing left;  
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,  
Their substance all consumed in the flame.  
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot  
Thy Powder-Treason, nor thy modern Plot,

Not



Not all thy dismal Villanies that were  
 Done in the *Merindlian* Massacre.  
 Should I but recapitulate thy charge,  
 And speak of all thy Rogneries at large  
 'T would fill six Volumes; O'ten did I see  
 The Lord of Life was Crucify'd by thee  
 When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,  
 Millions unnumber'd basely Murthered.  
 Yet still thou hast the impudence to say  
 That thou art innocent unto this day.  
 Thou shameless *Carterian*, didst thou not run  
 With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son  
 Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break;  
 Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak.

### *Babylon.*

**I** am the Mother Church, and hence deny  
 That filthy name I am indicted by.  
 The odious Epithets of Scarlet Whore,  
 Is daily laid unjustly at my door.  
 I am Christs Church, his Spouse and only love,  
 His undefiled one and spotless Dove.  
 Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about  
 To find that Whore and grand Delinquent out,  
 Bold Hereticks, who never would adhere,  
 To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair.  
 Have born my just rebukes, some more, some less,  
 As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedness.

*Judge.*

*Judge.*

**T**HOU graceless Wretch, thou art bereft of shame,  
How darst thou thus deny thy proper name.  
Christ's Church, his Members never did annoy,  
Nor persecute, and millions thus destroy.  
'Tis to no purpose for thee to dispute,  
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.  
I am thy Judge, and never will pass by  
Thy horrid Acts, and bloody Villany.  
The times at hand, when I'll fulfil my word,  
And in just fury draw my glittering sword.  
My frown shall make thy proud foundation-quake,  
And all the Pillars of thy House I'll shake.  
Dost think because I did forbear so long,  
That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong.  
What I resolve to do or will command,  
No Pope nor Devil can the same withstand.  
He that presum'd great Monarchs to depose,  
Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those  
Whom he so crusht; from Hell he did ascend,  
And thither shall be flung down in the end.  
He'll surely fall and never rise again;  
The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain,  
There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,  
Thy Execution day approaches on,  
Thy Pardon-Merchants then shall cry and howl,  
And the Destruction (in this sort) condole.

168 *Sion in Distress: Or,*

' Illustrious City thou wert great and fair,  
 ' Most brave and sumptuous, ev'n beyond compare.  
 ' Alas! how quickly are thy Judgments come,  
 ' Thy fall, thy ruin, and thy final doom.  
 ' Our Trade is gone, our gainful Merchandize  
 ' Is lost, and no man does regard our Cries.  
 ' O sad Destruction! we are all undone,  
 ' What shall we do, or whither shall we run?  
 ' O that the Mountains and the Hills would cover  
 ' Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over!

*Truth.*

**M**ost glorious Judge, since this bold Whore de-  
 Her filthy lewdness, and Adulteries, (nies  
 Let me but prove it, and proclaim her shame,  
 'Tis known that I a faithful Witness am.  
 It has been Evidenc'd by Vision clear  
 That some strange Monster should on earth appear,  
 Which by imperfect views did first amaze  
 Sagacious minds when they on it did gaze;  
 Which made mens Judgments to divide asunder  
 To see an Object of unusual Wonder,  
 A Woman! City! and a scarlet Whore!  
 The like on Earth was never seen before.  
 A Woman in her pompous glory dress,  
 And sitting on a Monstrous Horned Beast,  
 Who is decypher'd by prodigious things,  
 His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings.  
 And

And then this mighty wonder to compleat,  
She's plac'd on a Seven-hilled Seat ;  
She's stiled a Woman, and a Whore, because  
She once submitted to Enacted Laws,  
As other women do, when they do wed  
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage bed.  
And who this Woman is, shall now be known,  
Her proper Title is ( *Great Babylon* )  
Who in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,  
Excelling haughty *Jezebel* in Pride ;  
Who in our modern times hath boasting been,  
That she Rules all men as a mighty Queen,  
Trampling on Kings and Crowned Potentates,  
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths, and  
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey, ( *States* )  
Pressing the Beast, and Horns, to kill and slay  
At such a rate, as that all Christendom  
Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become,  
If by this Mark she is not understood,  
Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions, or by Blood,  
To other waies of proof, I'll quickly come  
And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.  
The Woman which th' Apostle *John* beheld  
array'd in Purple, and in Pomp upheld  
By that blasphemous, scarlet colour'd Beast,  
That was with Gold and Stones of value dress'd :  
Holding a Cup full of Abominations,  
And black pollutions of her Fornications ;  
That with great Kings Adultery commits,  
And on a Sev'n-hill'd Habitation sits,

\* The

110 *Sion in Distress* : Or,

\*The holy Angel of the Lord explains \* *Rev. 17. 13.*  
 That 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns  
 Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all these Notes,  
 And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,  
 With Papal *Rome*, exactly do agree,  
 She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.  
 If all the Marks that of this Whore are given  
 Will not meet any where so plain and even  
 As on the Church and People I did name,  
 Then certainly She is the very fame;  
 First, then 'tis evident that there is none  
 May be so fitly stiled *Babylon*.  
 Was *Babylon* a People of Renown  
 To that same height the Church of *Rome* is grown.  
 Had *Babylon* a great and peerless King?  
 This Church can shew an Image of that thing.  
 Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* Invade?  
 This Church on *Sion* the same Invades made.  
 Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?  
 This hath brought *Sion* near to that Estate.  
 Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears,  
 Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears?  
 This Church hath done so; yea, and far out done  
 Her Arch-type, and so beyond her run.  
 Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away  
 Into Captivity, and make a prey  
 Of all the Treasure that her hand could find?  
 This Papal Church is not a whit behind.  
 On th' ablest guides she laid her hellish hands,  
 Confining them to Prison under Bands;

As

# The Groans of the Protest Church. III

As if 'twere not enough for her to do,  
She seiz'd their Persons, and their substance too.  
Did *Babylon* God's Worship over-throw,  
Set up an Idol, and command to Bow? . ( more,  
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much  
Fill'd heaped measure, and much running o're.  
'Twas she that took the Word of God away,  
And by a String of Beads taught men to pray.  
She rob'd the Layety of the blessed Cup,  
And spoil'd the Feast where Children come to Sup,  
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mind  
The blessed things their Saviour left behind.  
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,  
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,  
Commanding adoration to be given  
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;  
Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,  
Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,  
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,  
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies ;  
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,  
Boasts all her Dictates are Infallible.  
Did *Babylon* the burning Work begin?  
Make a hot Farnace? Thrust Gods Worthies in?  
This Church herein hath driven such a trade ,  
That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made.  
She sets the Pope above the holy one,  
The great *Jehovah* and his blessed Son.  
'Tis she declares him Universal Head,  
'Tis she forbids the *Bible* to be read.

'Tis

'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,  
 'Tis she that wounded *Sion* to the heart.  
 'Tis she hath been the occasion of all evil,  
 'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil.  
 'Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and lie,  
 To vouch great falshoods; and plain truths deny.  
 'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,  
 Whilst her vile Clergy such ill lives have led.  
 Was it not she that Canon did create,  
 Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,  
 Which God gave licence unto all to eat. }  
 If from this charge she can her self defend,  
 Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend.  
 Or if she can produce another tribe,  
 To whom we may this Character ascribe;  
 With greater clearness than we do to her,  
 We will consent her Sentence to defer.

### *Judge.*

**R**ome, since thou canst not make a fair defence,  
 And shew to all the World thine innocence.  
 'Tis very evident that all these things,  
 Have been fulfilled on Kingdoms and their Kings.  
 And now if there no other People be,  
 That did the like, then thou alone art she.  
 Let thy denials trouble men no more,  
 Thou only art the bloody scarlet Whore.  
 Therefore in Justice I at length am come,  
 (Being long provokt) to pass thy final doom.

## The Sentence.

**R**OME Thou hast been Indicted by the Name of Mystery, Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore, and False Church, or pretended Spouse of Jesus Christ. And found guilty of all these horrid and prodigious Crimes, following:

Thou didst first fall from the Holy Religion of God and his Son, which were established and professed in the Apostles time. Thou didst set up the vile Monster the POPE, the Man of Sin, that foul, Blasphemous Beast. Thou didst most sacrilegiously give those Attributes and Titles to him, that belong to Jehovah and the Great Emanuel. Thou mad'st his Decrees in Wicked Counsels, above the Laws of God, (the Universal Sovereign) Thou hast made void the Laws and Constitutions of the Gospel, forming whole Nations into Churches, though the greatest part do shew themselves the worst of Men. Thou hast made Nurseries of Priests and vile Men, and impowered them to take Confessions for Money, and forgive Sins. Thou hast hypocritically abused all sorts of People, by perswading them that thou hast power to heal their souls here, and help them hereafter, by which cursed frauds thou hast drawn a great part of the Riches of Europe into thine unhallowed hands. Thou hast laid Close Siege to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the highest strains of Wickedness,



ness, to commit fornication, promote Idolatry. and take away the lives of Innocents. Thou hast layn in wait (where they would not fulfil thy bloody and barbarous Lusts) to contrive Treasons, Seditiō and Rebellion against them, to Depose and Murder them by Excommunications, Poysons and Powder-Plots. Thou hast corrupted all Countrys and Kingdoms (where thy power extended) by such downright and abominable Idolatrys, that Heathens themselves were never guilty of worse. Thou hast not only countenanced Stews and Brothel-Houses, where abominable Sodomy and Adulteries are practiced, but even thy very Nunneries are become Habitatiōns of Whoredom and Filthines, the bottoms of whose Motes and Ponds, have shewed the Murders of New born Babes. Thou hast killd the best Men; thou hast not spared delicate Women and sucking Children. Thou hast made away many Millions both of Christians and poor Heathens. And after so Hellish a sort, that the best learned Heart and Tongues want Rhetorick to set it forth; Thou hast cut them to peices in Cool Blood, thou hast chained to Stakes and burnt them. Thou hast ripped up Women with Child, and Ravisht Women and Maids ---- and then hast barbarously slain them ---- Thou hast been guilty of burying alive, Roasting upon Spits, scalding with burning Oyl and boyling Lead ---- Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou hast made Women Widdows, Children Fatherless; Houses and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou hast destroyed

# The Groans of the Protestant Church. 114

destroyed by Fire and Sword and all manner of Hostilities and Outrages. Thou hast fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men slaves, but thy own accursed Tribe of Cardinals, Arch-Bishops, Bishops, &c. Thou hast Murder'd multitudes of Souls, as well as destroy'd multitudes of Bodys. In short, thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its promised Deliverance and Restitution. And for all this Apostacy, Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treasons and Blasphemies, with the guilt of a mighty Mass of Innocent Blood, which hath been proved against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thy self, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer, thy Sentence therefore is

Thou shalt be in safe Custody till the 1265 Years be expired, (which is very near) and then thou shalt be taken from off the Beast, where thou art imperiously Mounted, thy Golden Cup (with which thou hast deceived the Nations) shall be taken off of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of the Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou shalt have these Judgements come upon thee in one day, Death, Mourning and Famine, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with Fire, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and slain her Sovereign; At which all the Host of Saints and Angels, shall say Amen, --- Hallelujah.



The AUTHOR'S  
REQUEST.

SOME things, great God, my Soul doth long to have,

Before these transient days of mine be o'er ;  
Which things in deep humility I crave,  
Before I go from hence, and be no more.

Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,  
I shall be fill'd with sorrow, grief, and pain.

II.  
Alas my Grievs are now increased double !  
O that thou would'st be pleas'd to hear O Lord !  
Then should my Soul be free from inward trouble  
If what I humbly ask thou would'st afford  
Until thy grace allows me my Request,  
I cannot cease, nor give thee any rest.

III.  
'Tis not for fading Riches of this World,  
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry ;  
Such

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Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurld,  
They get them Wings, and from Possessors fly.  
All sublunary things uncertain be ;  
I ask them not, some better things I see.

## IV.

'Tis not for Pleasures that are transitory,  
Which fill vain Fancies with a foolish Joy ;  
But for some Glimpses of Diviner Glory,  
Which my transported Soul longs to enjoy.  
Can Riches, Honours, fading Pleasures give  
The things I want, whilst on the Earth I live ?

## V.

The things that I am longing to receive,  
Most precious are ; O let me humbly urge,  
That thou thy presence unto me would'st give,  
My heart from sin that thou wouldst also purge.  
These are the things my never-ceasing Cry  
Petitions for ; Lord grant them e'er I die.

## VI.

Thy presence does more console my heart,  
Then sweetest Honey, or the Honey-Comb :  
I will (with *Mary*) chuse the better part :  
'Tis Sin my Soul would be deliyer'd from :  
Then I thy Name in Songs will magnifie,  
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.

## VII.

Let thy good Spirit be my blessed Guide,  
 And in thy House let me for ever dwell ;  
 From Gospel-Truths O let me never slide,  
 Nor find my Conscience like another Hell :  
 And I thy Name for evermore shall praise  
 And happy be when I shall end my Days.

## VIII.

Lord whatsoever my Estate is here,  
 With sweet Submission let me be content,  
 When I'm most troubled, then be thou most near,  
 And never from me thy dear self absent :  
 This will my prostrate Spirit highly raise,  
 And if I suffer, to thy Name be praise.

## IX.

Teach me, I pray thee, that Celestial Skill,  
 My Days to number, as thy Saints have done ;  
 Let me still yield unto thy blessed Will,  
 And wait upon thee till my Glas be run : (claim  
 So shall my Raptur'd Tongue thy praise pro-  
 And sing *Hosanna's* to thy Glorious Name.

## X.

O regulate my Tongue, and make me see,  
 How few my days are, and how short their length,  
 Let all my Trust be still repos'd in thee ;  
 Relax thy scourge, or add unto my strength :

Be

Be thou my way, my strength, my light that I  
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.

XI.

When hungry, let thy *Manna* be my meat ;  
When circled in the dark, enlighten me ;  
When I am weary, O ! be thou my Seat ;  
And when imprison'd, do thou set me free :  
So fill'd, enlightned, after sweet repose,  
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy praise disclose.

XII.

In time of wrath, when fury waxes great,  
Be thou my Bulwark and securest Tower ;  
To thy transcending Name let me retreat,  
And be defended by thy mighty Power.  
Secure me till thy Vengeance is past over,  
That I thy Praises may to all discover.

XIII.

Let me with Patience run that blessed Race,  
And from my weights, which very sore have bin,  
Be now set free, that with a swifter pace  
I may the Prize of lasting Glory win.  
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,  
Lord give me Patience, & with Patience Faith.

XIV.

Thy Children are as (many) Members joyn'd  
Which make one body, whose blest Head thou art,

O cause them with an undivided mind  
 And perfect Union, to have all one heart :  
 Then shall I hope to see a blest increase  
 Of *Sion's* Glory, and of *Israel's* Peace.

## XV.

Thy Children have in many things provok'd  
 Thee, but in Mercy pass Offences by.  
 By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd  
 That they may live thy Name to magnifie ;  
 And *I* thy Goodness will proclaim to all,  
 And warning take, lest *I* my self do fall.

## XVI.

Remember *Sion* in her aking grief,  
 She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain,  
 Do thou in Mercy, send her such relief  
 That she (with cause) may never more complain;  
 Then (not till then) my sorrows will be over,  
 And *I* thy goodness will to all discover.

## XVII.

O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread !  
 Rome's black design, O let thy Grace prevent !  
 Permit not them to grow into a Head,  
 As they have purpos'd, with a full intent.  
 Then shall *I* (quickned by a holy Flame)  
 Ascribe the Glory to thy Blessed Name.

XVIII.

XVIII.

I pray thee scatter our intruded Foes,  
And baffle all who proudly have combin'd  
Against thine Heritage, do thou expose  
Them to be tost as Chaff before the Wind;  
Preserve thy Flock from bloody *Babels* hand,  
Establish Truth and Quiet in the Land.

XIX.

O God whose dreadful Judgments are severe,  
And whose great Mercy's full of sweet compassi-  
Destroy thy Churches Foes both far and near, (on  
And grant to me the joy of thy Salvation;  
Then will I spend the Remnant of my days.  
In Psalms of Thanks to thee, and Hymns of  
(Praise.

XX.

Make hast to judge the Persecuting *Whore*,  
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;  
Let her so fall that she may rise no more.  
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earnest suit,  
That I may see her fall before I die.  
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.

XXI.

O Lord, establish thine own interest,  
And set thy Son upon his blessed Throne;  
Destroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beast,  
Let Christ his Foes to conquer now go on,

That



*Sion in Distress: Or,*

That on the Top of *Sion* I may sing  
Aloud, *Hosanna* to the Highest King.

## XXII.

What thou, O Lord, hast to thy *Sion* told  
Of Blessings that thou hast for her in Store ;  
Them once fulfill'd, O let mine Eyes behold,  
And then let me go hence and be no more  
In this disturbing World, but let me be  
Translated to a blest Eternity.

## XXIII.

In all the course of my short Pilgrimage,  
Be thou my Load-Star, let my heedful Eye  
Be fixt on thee, that when I leave the Stage,  
I may be fitted and prepar'd to die ;  
That when this transitory life is o'er,  
With Angels I may sing for evermore.

## XXIV.

Whate'er of any Suit thou dost deny,  
Grant me True Faith, that I may still believe  
That through Christs Ransom, when I come to dy  
A Glorious Crown from thee I shall receive,  
O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,  
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest ;  
For having thee, all precious things I have,  
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.



*An Alarm to the Wise and  
Foolish Virgins.*

I.

**A**LL you that fear the Lord, give ear  
To what I do indite,  
There is a cry, the Bridegrooms nigh,  
'Tis near the midit of Night.

II.

Rouse up, awake, your Lamps to take,  
And longer do not slumber;  
You must them trim, to tend on him  
Into the Wedding Chamber.

III.

You Virgins all, to you I call,  
What Oil have you in store?  
If you have none, you are undone,  
Then look to it therefore.

IV.

*Watch then alway,* Our Lord doth say,  
*None knows the day nor hour*  
Watch carefully, for you are nigh  
The day of his great Power.

V. With

## V.

With speed arise, lift up your Eies,  
 (The Day-Star doth appear,  
 Rise from your Bed, raise up your Head,  
 Redemption's very near.

## VI.

Such as are wise, their time do prize,  
 Preparing for their Lord,  
 To them he will, his Word fulfil  
 And his sweet smiles afford.

## VII.

But Fools do hast, their time to waste  
 In sleep and slothfulness;  
 Yet such presume, they shall assume  
 His Glory ne'r the less.

## VIII.

But they indeed on fancys feed,  
 'Twill come to such an Ebb,  
 That they shall see their hopes will be  
 Like to the Spiders Web.

## IX.

They still do keep themselves asleep,  
 And know not where they be,  
 Were they awake, how would they quake  
 Their woful State to see?

X.

You who remain so very vain,  
And in a formal state,  
And all the while have got no Oil,  
You'll mourn when 'tis too late.

XI.

You who profess, and not possess  
The Truth in Life and Power;  
Your state is bad, and will be sad  
Before this day be o'er.

XII.

You have the *Shel*, but no *Kernel*,  
The *Chaff* but not the *Wheat*,  
The *Husks* you take, and do forsake  
Your Souls most precious *Meat*.

XIII.

'Tis the last Day, O! therefore pray,  
And faithful now abide  
Unto the Lord with one accord,  
And be on the *Lambs* side.

XIV.

Still have a care, and do not dare  
In *Babel* to remain;  
For if you do, then must you know,  
With her you shall be slain.

XV.

## XV.

Come, hast away without delay,  
 With all speed and indeavour,  
 Her end is come, her fatal Doom,  
 Therefore your Souls deliver.

## XVI.

You now do hear, her Ruine's near,  
 Your Sins therefore forsake,  
 And you'll prevent the punishment  
 Of which she must partake.

## XVII.

All her Pleasures and rich Treasures  
 Hate as monstrous evil,  
 Gods Word doth shew, who love them do,  
 Shall go unto the Devil.

## XVIII.

You must remove, your dearest Love  
 From Earth, and things thereof;  
 For this hath bin a crying Sin,  
 Now cast it therefore off.

## XIX.

On things above, set all your love,  
 Affections and desire;  
 These things below, God will o'erthrow  
 With his Consuming Fire.

XX.

Alas poor Souls ! be not such Fools  
To labour for the Wind,  
The Wealth you heap, you shall not keep,  
As you e're long will find.

XXI.

You must not rest on Self-Intrest,  
But wholly for the Lord,  
He'll else at last you surely blast,  
According to his Word.

XXII.

There are some Men, cry loud, *When, when,*  
*Wilt thou in Glory come ?*  
But few repent, or do relent,  
And pray for his Kingdom.

XXIII.

But such shall see, with them 'twill be  
As when one 'scapes a Bear,  
Which being gone, Lyons come on,  
Which do in peices tear.

XXIV.

Subdue your Sin ; for it hath been  
Your greatest Enemy :  
If that does reign, you strive in vain,  
You must it Crucifie.

XXV.

## XXV.

In every Land, there's none shall stand  
 And happy be indeed,  
 But only those whom God hath chose,  
 Who on Christ Jesus feed.

## XXVI.

O therefore cry continually  
 For Christ and precious Grace  
 That being blest, you all may rest  
 When you have run your race.

## XXVII.

The great Bridegroom when he doth come,  
 Will all such entertain,  
 And you shall then be happy Men,  
 And with him ever Reign.

## XXVIII.

He'll place you high in Majesty,  
 Your honour shall excel;  
 And so I'll end, who am your Friend  
 And bid you all farwel.

## .VI.

**FINIS.**











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