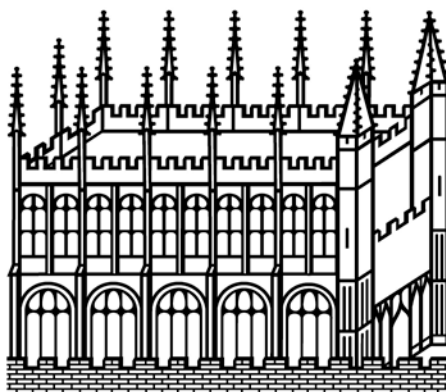




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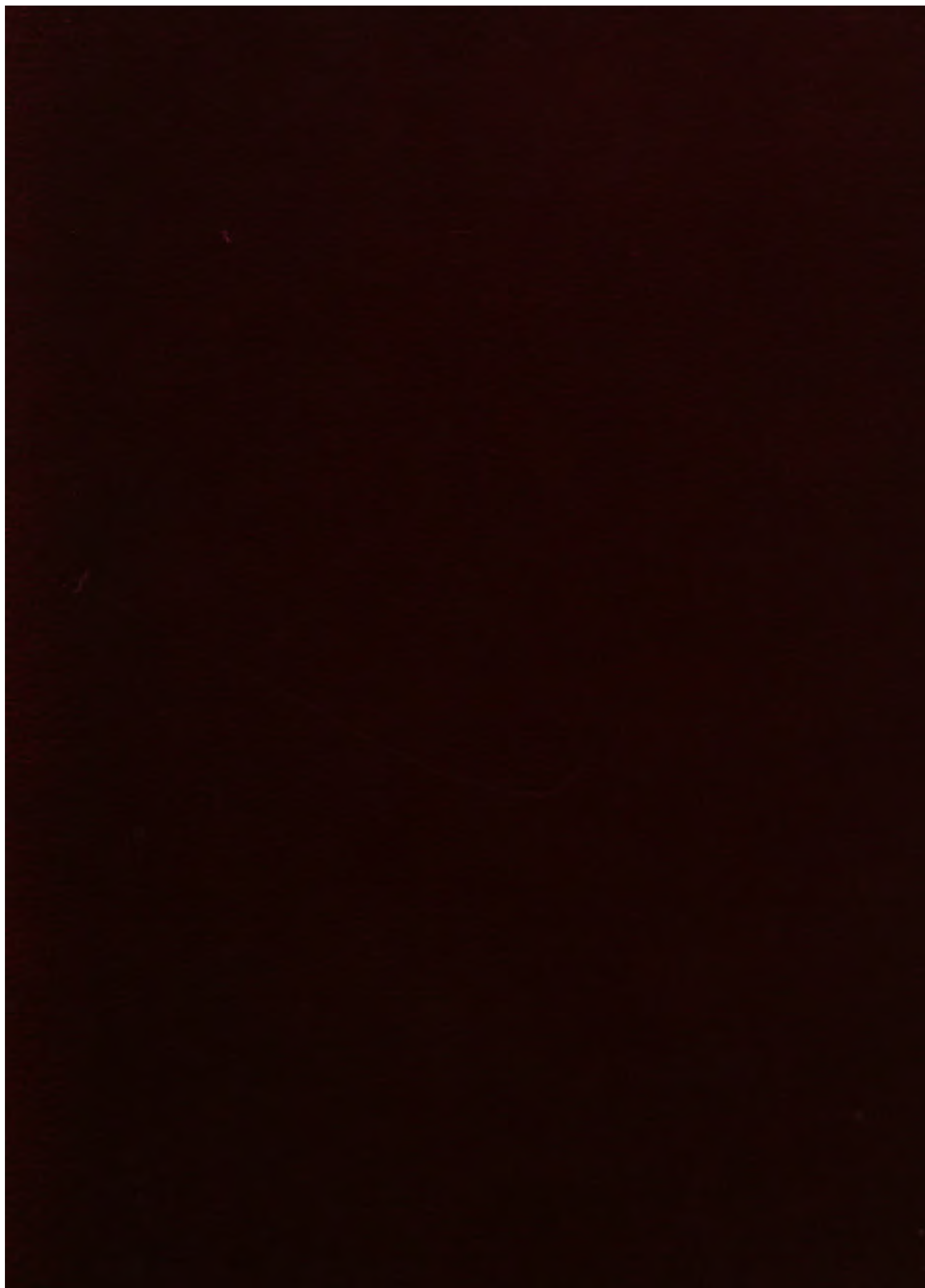
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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 41.

Vaticinium Votivum :

OR,

PALÆMON'S

PROPHETICK PRAYER.

WITH SEVERAL

ELEGIES.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1885.

Soc. 2804. C. $\frac{1}{41}$

The Spenser Society.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year 1867-8.

- Issue*
1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
 2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

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3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The 'EKATOMHAGIA or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

Vaticinium Votivum :
O R,
PALÆMON'S
Prophetick PRAYER.

Lately presented Privately
To His now MAJESTIE
In a Latin Poëm ; and here Pub-
lished in English.
To which is annexed a Paraphrase on
Paulus Grebnerus's Prophecie.

With severall
E L E G I E S
O N
CHARLS the FIRST.
The Lord *Capel*.
The Lord *Francis Villiers*.

TRAFECTI.
Anno CAROLI MARTYRIS primo.



EPIGRAMMA.

REGUM Progenies, *cujus Diademate nascens*
Fulsit apex triplici, quem Tria Sceptra colunt :
Quem tria Sceptra colunt Te sors tamen invidet illis ;
Arcetque à Patrio Gens male-fida Sinu.
Maeste animis, sic fata jubent quæ stamina Magni
Imperii, occultâ sed ratione, trahunt.
Extorri sic Dulichio sua Regna videre,
Non nisi post longas illa dedere vices :
Ac variis debet terræque marisque periclis
Quicquid ei famæ secula longa dabunt.





TO HIS
MAJESTIE.

GREAT SIR!



Is the Politick method of Devotion to argue a Hope of receiving a Blessing in the future, from the reception of som former: it beeing an inference of constant validitie in the School of Faith, that while the same potent Cause remaineth, the like Effect may (nay
A 2 must

must) bee expected. And no other Argument shall PALÆMON contrive, either to convince his Fear of non-admission, or to excuse his Audacities in this second Address to Your SACRED MAJESTIE, but the grateful commemoration of that truly Heroick Candor and great Honor You were pleased to grace his former withall, in the (ah! too unfortunate) Expedition of the last Summer.

His solitarie Muse did then attend Your Person and Fortune in the discomposed and rude Dress of a Traveller, and spoke none but the common Language of Europe, as that to which Education and Custom had given her the greatest encouragement to pretend; But now since the retirement of YOUR MOST GLORIOUS FATHER into an Abyss of Eternal Beatitude, hath devolved a greater Lustre of Glorie upon Your Roial Temples, Modestie forbid's her approach, without the previous Qualification of more Ornaments, more Attendants to countenance her and support her train, and more
Lan-

blaspheme the Sympathetick Harmonie of Your Noble Soul, to presume that they cannot sound harsh in the Ears of YOUR MAJESTIE, since they are no more then the united Groans of Your Three expiring Kingdoms, ecchoëd through a slender Quill.

But when it shall pleas the Supreme Ruler of this Great-Univerfal-Harmonie, these mournful Tunes may bee converted into Acclamations of Joie and Triumph. Other Musick then this for the present, no sober ear will covet or admit, until the RESURRECTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, which must bear date from that happie hour, wherein the Appeased Hand of Divine Justice shall laie aside the Rod, take up the Sacred-profaned-Scepter, and fix it in YOUR MAJESTIES fit Hand, For then (and not till then) shall all honest Souls feel a nimble thaw of those oppressive shoals of yce, which have long congealed their Spirits, and intombed their Comforts; and from the vigorous irradiation of MAJESTIE, receiv such active Heats, as will qualifie

*qualifie them for the due Celebration of so great
a JUBILE.*

Felix tunc Zephyro gaudebit Terra perenni :
Nullaque tempestas violabit marmora rugis
Nostra fuis.—

So wisheth

G R E A T S I R ,

Y O U R M A I E S T I E S

most-Loial,
most-Humble, and
most-Obedient Servant,

P A L Æ M O N .



Hæc quæ in Impreffione irrepperunt Errata
sic corrigenda.

Page 3 line 4, quæ pro has. P. 5 l. 4 in fine versus Nomina cum capitali N. l. 5 Vellere cum cap. V. P. 18 l. 16 Fabers pro Fivers. P. 21 l. 2 from pro to. P. 37. l. 2 his Cannibals pro her Cannibals. P. 75 in Glossa Fœdere inter domos, &c. pro Fœdere tulit. P. 76 l. 5 indicat pro indicet. P. 78 l. 15 Hic etenim pro Hic & enim. 79 l. 7 manes cum cap. M. In Ode Gallicâ periodo 2 v. 7 secouffes pro secoucesses. Per. 3 v. 3 ont pro on. Per. 8. v. 3 qui pro quia. v. 7 par la pro parla.





PALÆMONIS

Vaticinium Votivum.



Ltera vix reducem Floram spoliaverat Æftas,
 Ex quo *Cæsareas*, superatis fluctibus, *Arces*,
 Discordem fugiens Populum divisâq; Regna,
 Liquerat, ut *Gallos* inviseret Inclytus hospes
 CAROLUS; & fati confors hæc Regia proles
 Adstaret caræ Genitrici, quam mala dudum
 Occultis lætata dolis Fortuna, tenebat
 Immeritis trinos jaçtatam cladibus annos,
Liligeri excelsas ubi Sequana *Principis* arces
 Alluit, & Germana Dryas nemus incolit altum.

2. Illic dum variis sua PRINCEPS otia curis
 Exercet, Phœbique artes colit atque Dianæ,
 Ludicra vel ficti tractat certamina Martis,

B

Quæ

(Quæ quum fata dabunt veros convertat in usus,)
 Dúmque pilæ alterno modò tempus fallere jaçtu,
 Vel faltu juvat aut disco, vel fræna feroci
 Quadrupedi dare, vel circo componere gressus :
 Una magis grandes animos infixæ remordet
 Altiùs & toto se volvit pectore cura,
 Quæ vetat hunc placidos occurrens carpere fomnos,
Nutantis Patriæ læsæque Parentis imago.
 Ergò ubi lenta dies Fatorum ex ordine fulsit,
 Quâ *Populo* indicat pœnas vindicta *Rebelli*,
 Et patiens nimiùm Pietas jubet addere cœptis
 Confiliis jam fessa manum, nè facta ruentis
 Sit rea & ipfa mali, si perftet parcere ferro,
 Flectere quum rigidas nequeat *Clementia* mentes :
 Haud mora, quò sua fata vocant huc tendere curfu.

3. Dum verò amplexu properat discedere *Matris*
 Ille, *Patrem* volvens animo ; discinditur æquis
 Partibus *Illustris Pietas* atque hæret utrique.
 Nota tamen Patris fors undique tristior urgens,
 Accelerat dubium : sicque impiger advolat oras
 Ad *Batavum* ; atque (oculis vix dum lustrata) relinquit
 Littora, follicitis ubi dudum *Nereus* undis

Classem

Classẽm affervabat, grandique immania dorso
 Gestabat, multo sed non sine murmure, Monstra
 Quinque & bis septem, terrere valentia *Phocas* :
 Has nuper pia cura Dei, de gente rebelli
 Legitimum Justo tulit oblatura triumphum
 PRINCIPI, ut illa forent successus omina fausti.
 His vectus, *multo comitatu* insignis & armis,
 CAROLUS alta petit, cedentiæque æquora fulcat.
 Tum vota ad Superos multo cum murmure defert,
 Explosoque quatit vicinum sulphure littus
 Machina, Cœlicolũm cujus vox permeat arces.
 Exciti raucâ *Tritones* aëra conchâ
 Implent, & *Nymphæ* choreas circum agmine ducunt,
 Gratoque exultant pressi sub pondere fluctus.
 5. Et sic, Heroũm fidâ stipante catervâ,
 CAROLUS oppositas læto alite tendit in oras.
 Tum verò *Britonum*, cui semper chara Tridentis
 Est & *Tergemini* Ponto inclyta gloria *Sceptri*,
 Littore prospiciens, oculis dum vela recedunt
 Et rapit aura rates, hæc orsus vota PALÆMON.

6. "*Nereïdum Glaucique cohors, tandem excipe lætas*
 "PRINCIPIS *Augusti Puppis*. Vos ponite, venti,

B 2

Insa-

*" Infanos fremitus ; arctis vinclique catenis
 " Definite in Pontum rabido sævire flagello,
 " Immanesque agitare iras : PAX regnet in undis :
 " Et placidi Britonas cingant fausto omine fluctus.
 " Ac veluti sacros quum destinat edere fœtus
 " Alcyon, & Thetidi pullos committit amicæ ;
 " Sit vobis hæc festa dies, quæ CAROLUS altum
 " Scandit & ulcisci læsos meditatus honores
 " Et Patris & Sceptri, Gentem & sedare rebellem,
 " Jamdudum optatos Pacis parat edere fructus.*

7. *O Regum soboles !* cui nostra hæc carmina furgunt,
 Parce precor magnis Tu paulum, CAROLE, curis.
 Sollicitumque Tui carmen dignare faventi
 Lumine, & hæc aures mereantur tangere sacras.
 Quæ Tibi fatidico panduntur Apolline vota.
 I nunc, & *Zephyro* solùm comitante, carinis
 Scinde Tuis liquidos illæso tramite fulcos,
 Subjectumque Patris nunc credas Nerea Sceptris ;
 Ille Tuum nam sternit iter, famulæque ministrat
 Puppibus ipse manu, nociturusque amovet imbres.
 O quàm se tali dignum lætatur honore,
 Séque oneri supponit ovans, non pube superbus,

Quippe

Quippe adeò fuit Heroùm queis claruit Argos,
Theffala quum classis *Phryxæi* littora Regis
Diripuit, quamvis multa illos secula jaçtent,
Et sint æternis Astrorum nomina fastis
Inferta, auratâ cum Puppe, & vellere raptò.
Græcia nîl etenim, quâ vindice fulget *Iâson*,
Ficta tenet, veros quod PRINCIPIS æquet honores
Æternum noménque mei, quo clarus ab Indis
Splendet ad *Oceanum* cui *Phæbus* lumina condit.

8. Maçte igitur, facilémque Jovis sperato favorem
Quò te fata vocant Regni, lacerique Penates.
Nascitur ecce novum tibi vellus & altera *Cholchis* :
Sed famosa magis quàm quâ se *Græcia* jaçtat :
Tangit enim Tua *Caussa* Deos hominésque vicissim,
Atque decus læfæ Themidis : dum sævit habenis
Audaci violátque manu sacra jura *Britannùm*
Gens fera laxatis ; quam facta immanibus æquent
Titanum Monstris, sua quos audacia fixit
Et malè tentatum facinus radicibus *Ætnæ*,
Suppliciúmque dedit *Cyclopum* pascere flammæ.
Sic propriâ *Hæc Gens* mole ruat, cui infanda superbo
Confilia impulsu tantum suasere furorem ;

Martis ut in Patriam sævos accenderet ignes,
 Utque ministerio Regum atria sancta prophano
 Pollueret, vetitâsque manu tractaret habenas
 Impiâ, & optaret caput inter nubila condi.

9. Vade ergò, *Regum ô Soboles !* & tuta pererrans
Neptuni famulos fluctus, jam Numine dextro
 Utere ; linque moras, nascentésque erige vires
 Et procerum & Populi, quorum spirantia cultum
 Pectora fida Tuum mala non infecit Erynnis,
 Sed mente intrepidâ Tua, CAROLE, fata sequuntur.

10. Certè, aut veridicâ nos lauro fallit *Apollo*,
 Nec valet obscuri secreta aperire futuri ;
 Aut quas Eumenidum furialis dextera torfit
 Conjurata faces jamjam vanescere, nigris
 Condere séque antris video, simul atque coruscum
 Fulserit Augusti capitis jubar, & Tua notas
 Lux optata diu *Britonum* percusserit oras.
 Ac veluti, primos quum *Titan* exerit ignes,
 Et Thetidis rubicunda sinus Aurora deaurat,
 Littus in oppositum noctis se lumina condunt,
 Præcipitântque fugam : medio vel fummus in axe
 Quum stat, & æqualis partitur pensa diei,

Luminis

Luminis atque idem vitæ dator ; intima rursum
Lustra colunt umbræque feræ, lemuresque fugati
Nocturnæque striges repetunt feralia tecta :
Sic simul ac Patrium rutilus lustraverit Orbem
Sol novus hic radiis ; vanescent sæva ferarum
Portenta, illicitas dudum exercentia prædas,
Atque fugam trepido rapiunt pede, sæque nocentis
Dira lues Erebi taciturnis condet in umbris.
O quàm pœniteat sanctum hunc aliquando rebelli
Sacrilegæque manu Sceptri violasse decorem,
Atque Caput *Magni* Sacrum tetigisse *Parentis* !
Quum Tibi juncta Themis, cœlo cum vindice, dextram
Diriget, atque animis sua tandem fontibus addet
Supplicia, & solvet *Captivi* vincula *Regis*.

11. Non melius Pietas olim laudata refulsit
Illa *Anchisadæ*, quum præmonstrante *Sibyllâ*
Insignis ramo chari & genitoris amore,
Umbrarum petiitque domos, camposque nitentis
Elysi, & fecit sibi magnum in secula nomen.
Sicut enim natum Phrygius dum suspicit Heros,
Hæc eadem Te verba manent : (quum dextera victrix
Littoris objecti minitania claustra recludens,

B 4

Quâ

Quà jacet Oceano *Vectis* non fausta *Britanno*,
 Et Regi populos, Regem populisque reducet,
 Atque expulsa folo *Britonum* sua gaudia reddet :
 “ *Venisti tandem ; Tuâque expectata Parenti*
 “ *Vicit iter durum Pietas ? datur ora tueri*
 “ *Nate Tua, & notas audire & reddere voces ?*
 “ *Sic equidem ducebam animo, rebâque futurum*
 “ *Tempora dinumerans : nec me mea cura fefellit.*
 “ *Quas ego Te terras & quanta per æquora victum*
 “ *Accipio ? Quantis jactatum Nate periclis !*
 “ *Quàm metui nè visa Tibi tot regna nocerent !*
 Tu contra : *Tua me Genitor, Tua tristis imago*
Sæpius occurrens, absentem quærere adegit.
Stant sale nunc Patrio classes mihi : jungere dextram,
Da Genitor, Téque amplexu nè subtrahe nostro.

12. O Tu ! supremo cujus mortalia nutu
 Omnia volvuntur ; Tu, quo custode *Monarchis*
 Intemerata vigent jura, & quo vindice nunquam
 Magnatum scelus aut populi grassatur inultum :
 Da *Nato* sua vota *Pio*, da jura *Parenti*,
 Affere justitiam, frangat sua pœna *Rebelles* ;
 Imperiôque olim securâ pace fruenti

Auratos

Auratos Tu redde dies ; & damna repende
(Quæ videt invito jam messis septima Phœbo,)
Hisce bonis, per quæ Saturnia floruit Ætas,
Ter septem sub Patre annis, & prole beatâ
Natorum, æternos dum Sol volvetur in orbes.
Nec Tibi ni longis saturo, REX *Inclyte* seclis
Contingat caræ dextram disjungere Sponsæ,
Quúmque pii nôrint Temet monitore Nepotes
Parcere subjeclis & debellare superbos,
Pax æterna Tui firmet fundamina Sceptri :
CAROLUS & propriâ faciens Te prole parentem,
Pacatum ipse regat patriis virtutibus Orbem

13. Talibus orabat dicturus plura *Palæmon*,
Ni Superis ea cura foret plura addere votis :
Præterea, jam fessus equos immergere Ponto
Ardentésque rotas properavit tingere Phœbus :
Et placidi dudum rapuère errantia venti
Vela oculis ; tacitâ tenet ergò cætera mente.

14. Tunc quoq; nos sequimur paribus Te *Carole* votis,
Dum mala vix aliud nobis Fortuna reliquit
Quàm vota, & puræ mentis solamina, Musæ
Intermixta jocis, quæis curæ arcentur amaræ.

Scilicet

Scilicet esse viæ comites nos dura negârunt
 Et nimis adverfo volventia flamine lentas
 Improbâ fata dies : ex quo Civilia diris
 Arma Furor manibus rapiens, laxavit habenas
Isque dedit sceleri, nos ut spoliaret inultos,
 Et raperet varii compendia prima laboris,
 (Hei mihi ! quanta illis damna exhinc addita damnis !)
 Gens fræni impatiens ; quæ Te quoque cedere Regnis
 Compulit è Patriis, variisque in gentibus actum
 Indè novos vindictæ animos hausisse coëgit.

15. Ergò ut *Alcidæ* primos tentare labores,
 Et *Britonum* Marti primas appendere palmas,
 In sua damna Tuam doceant hæc Monstra juventam ;
 Invitis illas quanquam Tua carpere dextris
 Et doleat Pietas tali clarescere Lauro.



PALÆ-



PALÆMONIS

Vaticinium Votivum.

S Carce had the Summer with her dounie wing
 Brush't, & lai'd by the Wardrope of the Spring,
 When Princelie CHARLS with his fair Train did pleaf
 T' expose His Sacred Perfon to the Seas ;
 Trufting to th' mercie of the Ocean more
 Then thofe Land Monfters which hee left on Shore.
 And now great *France* (in greatnefs more increa'ft,)
 Court's the Arrival of this ftately gueft ;
 Whofe coming there was onely to resign,
 And offer up his Sorrows at the fhrine
 Of His dread Mother ; who to make Her Moan
 And Mourning lefs, did intermix his own.

Sad

Sad QUEEN ! how hath stern step-dame Fortune toft,
 And bandied Thee from *Britain* to the Coast
 Of *France* ! where *Sein* displaie's her filver-floods,
 And grand Saint *German* vannteth her vast woods.

2. To this calm Rendezvouz sad CHARLS repair's
 With Sports to cozen and beguil his Cares :
 Somtimes Hee Hunt's, and with his Vocal Horn,
 Summon's *Aurora*, and the loitering Morn :
 Somtimes Hee read's ; and equally impart's
 His well-divided hours for Arms or Arts.
 Yet moft Hee sport's in *Martial* Skirmishes,
 (W^{ch} may b'in Earnest when juft Heaven fhall pleaf.)
 Somtimes Hee plaie's at *Tennis* ; then again
 Expert in Feats of Chivalrie, ftrove's to train
 The ftubborn Steed ; and his rough fetlocks bring
 Within the Cube and Compafs of the Ring.
 But ah ! thefe Paftims are too fhort and brief
 To flatter Sorrow, or to dandle Grief.
 His Cares thus cruft't, obtrude ; and ftill abuse
 His bufie Fancie, with the whifper'd News
 Of good or bad Events, which ftill relate
 T' a *Kingdom's* Fortune, or a *Father's* Fate.

Yet

Yet now since *Heaven* doth call ; Hee's bent to trie
The worst of Chance, and out-dare *Destinie*,
Since the designed Time, and hovering Hours
At hand to Punish those *Usurping Powers* ;
To put a *Snaffle* in the Head-strong-Jaws
Of *Hot-spur-Rebels*, who have tir'd all waies :
Wh' have jaded, spurgall'd *Pitie* ; and let loof
Her Reins ; and made tame *Mercie* of no use.

3. Thus Ruminat's fad CHARLS, and float's betwixt
Dutie and *Zeal* ; unstable and unfix't,
Touch't with the mutual Sens of th'*One* and *Other*,
Of a Dear *Father* and Indulgent *Mother* ;
At length the Ponderous thoughts of His *Sire's* fate
Weigh'd down the Scales, and ended the Debate.
Then from the Frontiers of fair *France* Hee post's,
And re-imbarck'd, arrive's on *Belgia's* Coasts ;
Whose Continent before Hee well survei'd
Hee left, and in all haste His Anchors weigh'd,
Putting to Sea ; where *Nereus*, with a Fleet
Of well-rigg'd-shipping, did his Highness greet.
A gallant Navie ! whose full number might
Out-brave the boisterous Billows, and affright

Those

Those hugh *Behemoths* and vast *Porpoises*,
Which *Tole* the Waters and *Excise* the Seas.

4. These did propitious *Providence* provide,
And pre-ordain to bee great CHARLS His Guide :
Whose just *Defertion* of a ship-wrack't CAUS,
Buoi'd up and born by Usurpation was,
Som luckie *Omen* of Bleft CHARLS Succes,
Which made His Power grow greater, and theirs lefs.
And thus re-ent'ring with His Roial Train,
Hee plow's the fertile Furrows of the Main.
And with low-bended-knees, but loftie eies
Implore's high *Hcaven* to blefs his *Enterpize*.
The *Cannons* clos'd th' *Amen* : and did inlarge
Their wide-strech't-*Organs* to *Report* the *Charge* :
Both Rocks and Rivers trembled at the stroaks
Of louder Guns ; whose *Center-shaking-shocks*
Like the Cloud-cleaving Thunder, feem'd to tear
The troubled Welkin, and affright the Air.
The prettie *Tritons* did that daie belabor
Their well-tun'd-shells, which founded like som *Tabor*,
Whiles the whole *Chore* of Sea-Nymphs did advance
And teach the *Capering* Surges how to dance.

5. Thus

5. Thus with His *Princelie* Fleet whiles Hee doth fail
Near *Britain's* Coast, fann'd with a whispering Gale,
Tridented Neptune plac't Him at the Helm,
Himself doing Homage to his three-fold Realm.
But poor *Palæmon* at His *Launching* plie's
His task, and swell's the Canvafs with his *Sighs*,
Whose trickling tears fell down like fhowers of Rain,
Striving to mix fresh *Water* with the *Main*.
Long in these doleful dumps hee stood for lack
Of his lov'd Sovereign, and at laft thus spake.

6. " *O Thou whose wonders are seen in the Deep*
" *Unbottom'd Bowels of the Ocean ! keep*
" *And Crown His Sacred Highnefs with divine*
" *Glories ; whose Scepter is a Type of Thine.*
" *O ! let th' obsequious windes, and waves allaie*
" *Their furlie looks, and studie to obeie.*
" *O ! let all storms bee chain'd up in abstruse*
" *And lonely caverns, and no more break loof,*
" *While the whole Rabble of black Tempests sleep,*
" *Lull'd by the warbling Mufick of the Deep.*
" *Let this Daie's Jubilee with Peace bee blest*
" *And hush't, as when Halcyon build's her nest :*
" *Such*

" *Such bee that Daie when great CHARLS doth prepare*

" *T' encounter with Rebellion, and repair*

" *The Ruines of three Kingdoms, to increas*

" *His enemies Horror, but His Subjects Peace.*

7. *Dread Sovereign !* whose verie name give's fire
 To my dull *Muse*, which stand's but to admire ;
 And in th' amazement of that Zeal doth greet
 Thy *Sacred Highness* with unequal Feet.
 Pass on in triumph with a prosperous Tide,
 Whiles *Zephyrus* is thy Pass-port and thy Guid :
 Hee, Hee's thy Harbinger who swiftlie clear's
 The Coast from Tempests when thy Pilot steer's ;
 How doth Hee smile, and smooth His chearful brow
 Ballanc't with so divine a weight as THOU !
 The ship which wafted *Jason* to the shore
 Of *Colchis*, which the vulgar did adore
 And *Deïffe* so much, that they did prize
 Each Planck as Trophies to bee fix't ith' Skies ;
 That Ship was but a Cock-boat to thy *Sail*,
 Or fom poor punie *Whiting* to a *Whale*.
 Had Hee been Fraught with Thee, hee ne'r had thought
 Of that vain Voiage, and so dearly bought

A lock

A lock of *Wool*, and better-tutor'd *Greece*,
 Would brag no longer of her *Phrygian Fleece* :
 Those Pageant-pot-gun-Triumphs (if their storie
 Were true) were but meer Atoms to *Thy Glorie*,
 W^{ch} flame's like Heaven's bright blazing lamp through
 World, from th' *Artick* to th' *Antartick* Pole. (th' whole

6. Goe then blest Mirror of Great *Britain* ! go,
 Implore Heaven's *Aid* above, whiles here below
 Thy *Subjects* linger, readie with th' Expense
 Of their dear Blood, to fall in Thy Defence :
 Fresh Trophies Court Thee ; richer then that old
 Fleece, fetch't from *Phrygia*, though each lock were gold :
Thy Cause awake's th' whole world, and clamor's high
 For Vengeance, from a *Supreme Deitie*.

Angels and *Men* are mov'd ; when *Devils* dare
 Intrench on *Princes*, and usurp the Chair
 Of *Sovereign Power* ; A *Fact* that cannot hold
 Comparifon, unless referr'd to th' old
 Unweildie *Giants*, threatning to unthrone
 Their *Jove*, and scale the Castles of the Sun ;
 But as their brainless Furie was confin'd
 And nail'd to *Ætna* ; so let these *Youths* finde

C

The

The self-same Fate ; whose Villanies have hurl'd
 Earth from her *Center*, and unhing'd the World.
 How would two *Houses* pull twelv 'bout their ears,
 Those twelv Celestial *Mansions* of the Spheres ?
 Whiles *Stars*, nay *Moon* and *Sun* may shine alone,
 Since our *New Lights* have *Lanthorns* of their own.
 Thus have these *Phaëtons* fir'd, and turn'd each Town
 (*Heart-burn't* before) t' a *Conflagration*.
 Strange *Babel-By-Blows* ! t' untile *Thrones* by a trick
 Of *State*, and build a *Common-wealth* with *Brick* :
 Dismantling Earthlie Kingdoms, to prepare
Mountains i'th *Moon*, and *Castles* in the *Air*.

9 Then sail auspicious PRINCE ! and waisted o're
 The officious Waves, review Thy Native Shore ;
 New string thy nerveless Subjects ; and impart
 Fivers and Arteries to the Peoples heart ;
 Refolv'd to hazard all, and to make good
 Thy *Royal Title*, sealed in their Blood.

10. And now I grow Prophetick 'bove all Fiction ;
 And breathe *Divinitie* in my wish't prediction.
 Black Clouds dissolv, and gloomie Horror go's
 Back to that curfed *Chaös* whence shee rose.

Not

Not daring to creep nearer, or incroach,
When CHARLS shall in bright *Majestie* approach.
As when great *Titan* Charioter to the daie,
Rideth his Circuit in his rich Arraie ;
The conscious Night retire's, and to bewail
Her Guilt the more, put's on a Mourning Vail.
Or look as when *Sol's* melting Beams pearch't high
To their *Meridian*, how the poor *Herds* flie
Head-long in Droves! as though they were affraid
Of those pale shadows which their flight hath made!
So may those *Gobling Ghosts*, those *Beasts* of Prey
Sneak to their sootie *Hen-roosts*, and with-draw
At Thy dread-looks: so may those Serpents hiss
Back, countermanded to their first *Abyss*.
Let them Repent that Daie, and Text it in
Their fatal *Rubrick*, when they first did sin
Against their SOVEREIGN, daring to Conspire
And Spawn black *Treason* 'gainst Thy *Sacred Sire*.
Let them Repent, when Vengeance and Heaven too
Shall paie their *Score*, and give them what's their *Due*.

11. Thus did that good *Anchises* son of old
By th' Authentick *Sybils* Oracle grow bold

C 2

To

To rescue his blest Father, and thence made
 A strange adventure through the *Elizian* shade ;
 Such was His private Pietie, but *Thy* Zeal
 Involv's three Kingdoms and their Publick-weal :
 Each Act is Sacred, and each aim of Thine
 Center's in Heaven, and thence grow's Divine.

12. O thou great-wonder-working GOD above !
 By whom the machine of th' whole Earth doth move ;
 Who rul'ft both Sword and Scepter with a Rod,
 And still'ft the mutinous world with thy sole nod :
 Inspire, inspire great CHARLS, and gentle shed
 Showers of Scepters on our *Sovereign's* Head ;
 That Justice may return t' arraign those known
 Loof *Outlaries* Thine enemies, and their own :
 That wee may injoye old *Saturn's* daies of old,
 To re-convert our Iron into Gold.
 With these throng'd Blessings was Thy *Father* Crown'd
 Thrice seven long Summers, leaving a Renown'd
 And Princelie Progenie, which shall secure
 This *Throne* as long as Sun or Stars endure.
 But may thy Scepter, and thy Regal Power
 Brook no Corral, nor Competitor ;

Whiles

Whiles Princes made thy Tenants, hold the Leaf
Both of their lives and fortunes to the Peace
Of glorious *Britain*; and preserv'd thus, own
Their felvs and safeties to Thy Roial Throne.

13. In this sad plight *Palemon* did implore
Th' Eternal Powers, and fain would have said more,
But did referr the sequel of his Praier
To Heaven's great Mercie, and th' Almighty's Care:
Besides *Sol* had unfadled (for their eaf
His Steeds) and drench't his Chariot in the Seas:
The Fleet was out of fight too, and t' was best
For poor *Palemon* to conceal the rest.

14. Yet since wing'd *Vollies* of his *wishes* may
Wait on great CHARLS, as *Convoies* to His waie,
Hee fend's them wrapt in *Sighs*; as griev'd to shew
How little hee could *paie*, how much must *ow*;
But whiles hee breathe's, hee'l deprecate those dire
Accurfed Band-dogs that have fann'd this fire
Of Civil Discords; letting loof th' unjust
Reins to licentious *Murther*, and black *Lust*:
Who welt'ring in their gore, have swam to th' chin
In Bloodie Riot, and Seditious Sin.

C 3

And

And here they have rais'd their Crimes by the exile
 Of Thy blest Prefence, from this *Brittish* Isle.
 Which last Act, when their Fate grow's mellow, shall
 Add to their Weight, and Crush them in the fall.

15. Go then great Champion; go; make good the storie
 That cite's *Alcides*, O may Thy first glorie
 Bee vow'd to *Mars*! whiles miscreants are thence made
 The *Maiden-handfils* of thy fatal *Blade*.
 And though 'tis pittie such base Blood should stain
 A *Royal Fauchion*; and but little gain
 To kill such Hedg-hogs. Let not this Plea sue
 Their Pardons, nor debar them of their due :
 Since the griev'd Realm doth groan, and groan agen,
 Big with those Monsters, in the shape of men :
 Whose violent pangs, and long Convulsion-fits
 Have half bereft, and robb'd her of her wits.
 Bee *Thou* then her *Lucina*, bee, and close
 Her womb, expanded through her teeming-throws ;
 And as they *Brood* still quell, and dissipate
 The *abortive Hydra's* of an Headless *State*.
 May Men and Angels further Thy intent
 In this great Work, and wait upon th' event ;

Since

Since now the Season, and the appointed Times
Are near to powr down vengeance on their Crimes :
And th' hour's at hand (if Souldiers may divine)
To seek their Ruines that have thus fought THINE.



FINIS.





An Advertisement to the READER in reference to the annexed Prophecie.

READER,

His Prophecie received from an honorable Person, coming so opportunely to my hand, I thought it but dutie to transfer it to the Publick view; not daring to commit so great a sin in the secret concealment of a business of so general a concernment.

Touching the Author, Paulus Grebnerus, hee was a great Astronomer, and a man of surpassing Pietie, and known Integrity, whose Erudition likewise and excellent Endowments, have received a publick Character from this and other Kingdoms.

His Prophecie here need no Panegyrick; and a farther amplification, by waie of Apologie, would prove impertinent where so manie thousands have been so thoroughly prepossessed in the truth of his Predictions.

In a word, Scismaticks (that speak evil of Dignities, and despise Prophecies) may perchance persist still obstinate; I am sure all ROYALISTS will rest here well satisfied.

For my part, I shall therefore praie for the Conversion of the first, and Confirmation of the last; wishing the one more Faith, and the other better Fortune.

Farewel.

The



The PROPHECIE of *Paulus Grebnerus*
concerning these Times.



Aulus Grebnerus was here in *England* with Queen *Elizabeth*, Anno 1582. and presented Her with a fair Manuscript in Latine, describing therein the future historie of *Europe*, here and there limming in Water-colors som principal Passages.

Dr. *Nevil*, Clerk of the Closet, beeing in favor with the Queen obtained this Book of Her, and bestowed it on the Librarie of *Trinitie Colledg* in *Cambridg*, where it hath been published to the view of all persons, till about five or six years ago, by much perusing and ill handling, it was much slurred and defaced.

In his Predictions

Hee describeth the Troubles of *Russia*, and the Election of a *Swedish* King, SIGISMUND by name, to bee King of *Polonia*, by which Hee shall irrecoverably lose his own Inheritance.

That of the *Swedish* Race there should bee one GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS by name, that should take heart from the Distractions of *Germanie* to invade the Empire with a small Armie ; fight manie Battles prosperously, but should at last perish in a pitch-Field.

That about that time should Reign *Rex Septentrionalis nomine* CAROLUS, *qui ducet Uxorem Mariam Papi-*
pisticam

ſlicam, ex quo evadet Regum infeliciffimus Tunc Populus ipſius Ditionis eliget ſibi alium Imperatorem, Comitem; qui durabit in Imperio tres annos, aut circiter. At poſtea idem Populus eliget alium Imperatorem, Equitem, non ejusdem Familiæ nec Dignitatis, qui detrudet omnia ſub pedibus ſuis: durabit aliquantò longiore tempore: & poſt hunc eliget nullum.

Poſt hunc apparebit quidam CAROLUS à CAROLO deſcendens, cum immenſâ Claſſe in Litore Ditionis Patris ſui, & cum Auxiliariis Danicis, Suedicis, Hollandicis, Francicis proſternet Adverſarios Suos, & adminiſtrabit Imperium perfeliciffimè, & longè latèque dominabitur, & erit CAROLO Magno major.

Engliſhed thus.

About that time a Northern King ſhall Reign, CHARLS by Name, who ſhall take to Wife MARIE of the Popiſh Religion; vvhhereupon Hee ſhall bee a moſt unfortunate Prince. Then the People of His Dominion ſhall chuſe to themſelvs another Commander [*or Governor*] viz. an Earl; whoſe Government ſhall laſt three years, or there about. And afterwards the ſame People ſhall chuſe another Commander or [*or Governor*] viz. a Knight, not of the ſame Familie, nor Dignitie, who ſhall trample all things under his feet: Hee ſhall endure ſomwhat longer time: and after him they ſhall chuſe none at all.

After him ſhall appear one CHARLS deſcending from CHARLS, with a mightie Navie, on the Shore of His Father's Kingdom; and with Aid from *Denmark, Swedeland, Holland, France*, ſhall overthrow His Adverſaries, and ſhall govern His Kingdom wonderful happily, and ſhall bear Rule far and near: and ſhall bee greater then CHARLS the Great.

A ſhort



A short Paraphrase on the fore-going

P R O P H E C I E.

HOW well could *Grebner* in those Blinde Times see !
 And in these Seeing-Times how blinde are wee ?
 Our new-*Found-Lights* are lost ; those squint-ei'd-Elvs,
 And purblinde *Seekers*, may now seek themselvs ;
 Who have thus err'd, imagining Prediction
 Of *Sacred Prophecie*, but som feigned Fiction.

But wee (blest *Grebner* !) who have still admir'd,
 And look't upon thee as som Soul inspir'd ;
 Will hold thy *Saws* no longer in suspens,
 W^{ch} now w'have reach't with th'Opticks of our Sens ;
 Since what was once *Apocalyps*, is known
 The unridled Truth of *Revelation*.

Those two *grand Champions* (that trode on the Neck
 Of Nations, and had Kingdom's at Their Beck)
 Are both extinct ; and Fame can onely give
 A bare relation that They once did live.

But

But Thou renowned CHARLS, whose matchless Fate
 Design'd Thee a *Victim* to the People's Hate ;
 (Maugre the malice of Thy Foes) wert hurl'd
 With *Haleluiahs* from the wondring vworld,
 A Conqueror o're Thy doom ; from vvhence vvee may
 Infer, Thou onely liv'dst, vvee di'd that daie.

And now look back ; look back ; and have recourf
 From whence these streams of Mischief had their fource,
 Whiles those *promiscuous Hodg-podg-Powers* oppose,
 Like high-fwoln Floods that *River* whence they rose.
 The *Eagle* thus dislodg'd ; a Wren-like race
 Of *dunghil-Dors*, soon pierch't-up in His Place.
 And *Lapwing-Libertie* e're *fleg'd*, take's *flight*,
 First hath her *Champion-Earl* ; the next a Knight,
 Whose heaue Pressure hath so imp't her wings,
 Shee hath lost by *Consuls* what shee got by *KINGS*.

And now (but life's in Prophecie) wee might
 Die, and despair to see Thy *Second Light*,
 Great CHARLS, who like the *Bridegroom of the daie*,
 Shalt gil'd sad *Britain* with Thy glorious *Raie* ;
 Whiles all those shower-shot *Mushrooms*, and those new
Created Brats, melt like the morning dew ;

And

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And all those *Ignes fatui* shrink and run
Like Exhalations at the *rising Sun*.

This is the Wish great KING, and pious Care
Of those who piece-forth *Prophecies* with their *Praier* ;
O may blest *Grebner* bee added to the Small
Prophets ! and prove each line *Canonical* ;
Whiles what in th' old *Queen's Reign* hee did divine,
May bee fulfill'd, and ratifi'd in *Thine* :
O mai'ft Thou Reign in Thy known Realms, who art
Inthron'd already in Thy People's heart !
O mai'ft Thou Rule and spend Thy Fame through th' whole
Earth ; from the *Artick* to t' *Antartick* Pole.

Till the just world with *Grebner* shall maintein
Thee a mightier Monarch then brave *Charlemain*.



F I N I S.



Æternæ Memoræ,
ET
SANCTIS MANIBUS
CAROLI I.
Nuper MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
REGIS Pientissimi;
Nunc verò
Angliæ Proto-Martyris-Regii
Gloriosissimi, SACRUM.

In iniquitatibus illorum Gloriam Tuam perfecisti.



Typis excusum Anno CAROLI Martyris primo, 1649.



Æternæ Memoræ.

CAROLI I. &c.



E jam, *Roma* tuis Catilinæ crimina chartis
Devoveas, jactésve tuos (ô Brute!) triumphos:
Major enim quàm quum vidisti hæc Monstra, *Britanno*
Dísque exosa magis tractatur Scena *Theatro*.
Non Patriæ furtim ferales subdere tædas
Conjurata manus tentat, non Publica cæcis
Nunc petitur Res consiliis, non dira recessus
Infandum molita nefas jam quærit *Erynnis* :
Sed testemte, Phœbe vocat, quem cæna Thyestæ
Crimine velavit quondam polluta minori.
CÆSAR enim periit, justè quum *Roma* Tyrannos

D

Extimuit

Extimuit, *veròque* nefas culpante *Senatu*,
 Plaudente hìc *Illegitimo* REX CÆSARE MAJOR
 Fata subit *Cætu*, Themidis fædátque secures :
 Dum non vísa priùs Populis spectacula præbet
 Turba ferox, Regis Sacram & scelerata prophanat
 Cervicem *Proprii* sub limina Sancta *Palati* ;
 REGIS, quo Melior nunquam vel Justior alter
 Lubrica vesanis admovit fræna *Britannis*.
 *Hìc ubi vicinis quondam responsa Legatis
 Ipse dabat, toto spargens Oracula Mundo
 Insignis *Triplici Diademate*, fæva securim
 Dextra parat ; verùm immoto jamjam ultima vultu
 Fata videt, *Mortémque Hostésque in Morte triumphans*
Calcat, & intrepidus minitantem despicit Ensem :
 Non minus Augusto spectandus lumine, Cœli
 Mox ut abiturus sacras sublimis ad Arces,
 Quàm Populo quum jura dabat : Sic CAROLUS astra
 Divorúmque domos petit, & * sibi cognita Regna :
 Indomitóque Tuas animo, *Themis Anglica*, Leges

* *White-hall*, five Alba Aula, Regii Palatii pars nobilissima, Publ. quondam Legatorum Auditionibus, & præcipuis Aulæ solennitatibus inserviens, funestissimi spectaculi Theatrum & executionis locus deligitur.

* Ob pietatem scil. insignem ipsique supra exemplum familiarem. * Ipsissima ejus verba in secundâ compellatione Westmon. *I die a Martyr for My Parliament and People. I stand for the Laws of England, and the Libertie of My People.*

In-

Afferit, & propriæ tua præfet jura faluti :
 Sed cadet hoc fulmen nec totum terreat Orbem ?
Legibus ô MARTYR *Populôque* ! ô victima nostris
 Non benè cæsa malis, mundôque ignota priori !
 *O vos venturi lugete hæc damna Nepotes !
 Quanta etenim tantos placabunt funera manes ?
 Caussa Dei, Caussa hæc Regum est : quâ lumina condit
 Quâque oritur Phœbus, tangent Tua Fata Monarchas
 CAROLE, dum Cœlo volvetur Lucidus axis.
 At conjuratæ tandem Tibi fanguine dextræ
 Litabunt, propriôque cadent Tibi victima ferro,
 Dúmque Tuo è cinere ut *Phœnix* renovabitur *alter*
 (Proxima quem Scepri faciunt Tibi jura secundum.)
 CAROLUS, atque Tuos vindex exsurget in hostes,
 Tota secundabit Terrarum Machina votis
 Justa ejus conata suis, intéique Nepotes
 Heroüm in numero potiore fera locabit
 Posteritas, Tecúmque olim post fata beabit
 Suprema hunc *Cæltque domus, Divúmque Corona.*
Amen, ô Deus !
 (*O vindex scelerum Regúmque custos*)

* Sic prophético quodam spiritus afdatu aliâ compellatione exprefsit. *That the child yet unborn may curf the sad events of these violent courses taken against Mee.*



*To the Sacred Memorie of that late High and
Mightie Monarch, CHARLS the FIRST ;
Hee who fell Jan. 30. 1648. the
Princelie Proto-Martyr of
Great BRITAIN, &c.*

NO more of *Annals* ; let great *Rome* grow mute
In quoting *Catiline*, or recording *Brute* :
Britain now wear's the Sock ; the Theater's clean
Transplanted hither, both in Place and *Scene*.
No *Vail* nor *Periwig-vizor* ; *Murther* here
Without a *mask* dare's on the *Stage* appear,
Out-facing even the *Sun*, which oft hath fled,
And at lefs crimes shrunk in his frightened head.

Rome had som Plea (though shee ne're justifi'd)
Those fatal Swords by which great *Cæsar* di'd.

But

But here a greater far than *Cæsar* fall's
 By a spurious *Senate* and her *Cannibals*.
 How do that Monster-headless-multitude
 Gaze on the Beams, and giddily intrude
 On's *Sacred Person* ! murdering Him before
 The eies of Heaven ! and at His own Door !
 A *Prince* so sweetly *Pious*, Rebels must
 Confess 'tis *they* were guiltie, but *Hee* Just !

And now behold the *Scene* ! *White-hall's* decreed
 The fatal shambles where the Lamb must bleed ;
White-hall ! from whence *Hee* oft dispers'd and hurl'd
 His Sacred Oracles through the Peaceful world :
 There with an uncontrolled Courage, (higher
 Far then that *Scaffold*) did His Soul aspire
 In glorious *Elohims*, making His last state
 His *Haleluiah*, or *Magnificat*.
 Thus Great AUGUSTUS falling, did bequeath
 New *Edicts* to the world, even at His Death,
 Such as did Screen His Memorie from the rust
 Of black Oblivion ; and embalm His Dust.

But Thou blest CHARLS, whom Historie shall stile
 The *Princelie Proto-Martyr* of this *Isle*

D 3

Fel't

Fell't *Champion* of the *Church* ; and did't make good
 The *Realms grand Charter* sealed in Thy *Blood*.
 And could this dismal shock of Thunder light
 Onely on *Britain's* breast ? and not affright
 The *Univerſ* ? to let us underſtand,
 The general Dooms-daie of the world's at hand ?
 Children unborn ſhall ſtill bewail the time
 Of this ſad *Hour* ; and deprecate the Crime
 Of thoſe dire *Regicides*, whoſe bluſhing guilt,
 For Vengeance crie's loud as that Blood th' have ſpilt.
 Thy *Cauſ* invoke's juſt Heaven, and doth implore
 Confederate Princes to the fartheſt Shore
 Of all the world ; as far as *Phæbus* raie
 Doth guild the *Zodiack*, and proclaim's the daie.
 And yet ſhould all theſe fail ; Bleſt CHARLS 'tis known
 Thou'ſt left a *Princelie Progenie* of Thine own.
 Who'l expiate Thy Murther, or reſign
 Their own Lives too, as *Offerings* at Thy *Shrine*.
 And now ſee ! ſee ! another *Phenix* riſe !
 From the bleſt aſhes of this Sacrifice !
 A Second CHARLS ! who ſhall in fame aſpire,
 And grow more Mightie then His *Princelie Sire*.

And

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And now, O may th' unanimous world inthronè
Him foon ! and re-invest Him in His Own.
May Hee out-live old *Nestor's* daie and go
Not hence, but cloathed in a Robe of Snow ;
And then when envious Heaven too shall remove
His Swaie from Earth, O may Hee Reign above !
And meet His *Sire*, wh' (having past this flood
In Robes of scarlet di'd in His own Blood)

Sit's now a Crowned *Martyr*, and hath free
Title to add a *Fourth Crown* to His *Three*.



D 4

Sur





Sur la mort de
CHARLES I.

Deffunt Roy de la Grand Bretagne.

SONNET.

ANGLOIS, *est il donc vray que ce PIEUX MONARQUE*
Que Trois Peuples ont veu Regner si Justement,
Ainsy q'un Criminel assiste en jugement ;
Et puis souffre le coup de la Mortelle Parque ?
Est il vray que Charon ose amener sa Barque,
Fusques dessus le seuil de ce Grand Bâstiment
Qui fut de son Palais le plus bel ornement ;
Et que son sang l'ait teint d'une Eternelle marque ?
Ouy ; mais malaisement chez la Posterité,
Ce recit passeroit pour vne verité,
Tant de cet attentat les coups sont effroyables :
Si la Foy n'enseignoit un Christ persecuté :
*Ou que lon ne s'ceust pas, Que regner sur des * Diabes*
Est un pas dangereux pour tant de Pieté.

* Il Rè d' Engelterra Rè de los Diabolos El Rè di Francia Rè de los Afnos, &c.
Carol. V.

(41)



IN MARTYRIUM
CAROLI I.
Epigramma.

DUm Populi curas, REX, per Tua damna salutem,
Jure novo veniunt jam *nova Regna* Tibi ;
Quarta etenim *Triplici* superadditur ista *Coronæ*,
Quòd moriens Populo MARTYR es atque Deo.

E vivis ereptus IIII. Kal. Febr.

Anno Æræ Christianæ,

MDCXLIX.



In



In CAROLI I. obitum Epigramma.

GRex erat, & viridi carpebat gramina campo
Grex felix ; fidus cui modo *Pastor* erat.

Lex erat, & justæ lis omnis subdita legi :

Lis felix, *Legis* cui modo *Lator* erat.

Rex erat, & placido Rexit Moderamine ; *Pastor*

Et *Legis-lator* (plangite) *justus* obit.

Nunc sine lege *Duces* ; sed non sine lite *furores* ;

Nunc sine *Pastore* est *Grex*, sine *Rege* *Thronus*.

Omnia, *Rex*, *Lex*, *Grex*, jam sunt pessundata ; Terris

Quid superest ? nisi *Fæx* : *Plebs* ferè victa jacet.



Epigramma

(43)



Epigramma Historicum

De Termino *Hilarii* Juridico in *Angliâ* intercalato, *Anno Dom.* 1649.

TErminus en *Hilarî* fuit hoc tristissimus Anno,
Purpura Regalis tinâta cruore Togæ.
In terra retinent spinas Diademata Regum ;
In Cœlo electis grata Corona datur.



Memoriæ





Memoriæ Sacrum Optimi Maximi

C A R O L I I.

GREAT SIR, Your pardon that my ruder Verf
Dare's with her Feet profane *Your Sacred Herf* ;
True Grief no Manners know's ; and to begin
With Courtship, were but ceremonious sin.
Whiles You surviv'd, blest SIR, my Loial breath
Still waited on Your Service ; and since Death
(Sent by the AËtors of so black a Treason,
As puzzles Faith, and quite confounds all Reason)
Hath hurl'd You hence ; You justly SIR may call
My Bodied thoughts to wait Your *Funeral*.

My dwindling-dwarf-like-Fancie swell's not big,
Nor know's to wear a borrowed Periwig
Of Metaphors, nor from *Parnassus* rise
To ranfack far-fetch't Phrases from the Skies ;
Since all those pidling Epithites are too brief,
Great CHARLS, to shew Thy Glorie, or my Grief.

Go

Go thou grim Conqueror; search thy kingdom through,
 Examine everie *Urn* and *Pitcher* too;
 Taste all thy Earths, and call at everie *Grot*,
 Even those whose Names, Rust & the Worms have got;
 And tell mee if in all thy *Dark-hous* bee
 Snch a *Prince* faln, and *Prince* though faln, as *Hee*.
 Greatness and Goodness too, which seldom fall
 Within the Compass of the self-same Scale,
 In *Him* were poized, and divinely met;
 Whose Meekness made Him Good, and Mercie Great.
 His Meekness, oh! that inexhausted *Mine*
 And *Magazine* of Moral and Divine
 Graces, which like the influence, and the bright
 Beams of the Sun, fill'd *Britain* with their Light.
 But why am I thus partial? when that all
 His Thoughts, Words, Actions, were Angelical?
 Which like fix't Load-stars, did direct most men
 To fail by th' *Compass* of His Life and Pen:
 Each pious action was so chaste, and such
 As held it *sin* to think, but *death* to touch;
 His Mercie such, as if Hee did but live
 To know His Subjects failings, and forgive.

Unheard

Unheard of Love ! which could offences mask
And sooner grant their Pardon, then they ask !

Thus was His Life un-pattern'd ! but His *Death* !
Oh how the sense which suffocate's my breath
Curdle's my blood ! and, like swift poison, flies,
In curling flames through all my Arteries !
Hee di'd by th'barbarous hands of such a *Frie*
As fed on *Furies*, and have dreined Drie
The *Lerna* of all Murthers, to new-stock
Mankinde with spreading Crimes ; such as may mock
Preceding Treasons, and the world supplie
With a strange Mould to cast all *Future* by :
All former *Acts* were fictions unto this ;
Raviliacks too is a *Parenthesis* ;
A Murther so transcendent, *Annals* shall
Henceforth grow faithless and *Apochryphal*.

But Thou blest Martyr, who hast here laid down,
And chang'd a Temporal for a *Glorious Crown* ;
Hast finish't Thy great Work, and by th' event,
Attain'd more then *they* promis'd, but ne'r meant.
Rest ROYAL SIR, rest in Your Sacred Herf
While wee embalm Your Memorie with our Vers,

And

And trickling Tears, which shall like Pearls refine
 Your Urn, and serv for Diamonds to your Shrine.
 You need no other Monument, who have
 No less then three whole Kingdoms for Your Grave :
 Whiles from the *melting Marble* of their Eies
 Is *Crystalliz'd* this *Epitaph*

Here lie's

" *Honor's* rich *Fountain*, the True *Faith's* *Defender* ;
 " *Religion*, and the *Law's* Prop, and Extender ;
 " The purest quintessence of *Christian Zeal*,
 " Best Father both of *Church* and *Common-weal* !
 " *Virtues* rare *Patern* ; *Wedlocks* chastest Mirror ;
 " *Rebellions* and bold *Treasons*, Scorn and Terror ;
 " The spotless *Sacrifice*, for the wilde flood
 " Of's People's loud sins. CHARLS *the Great, the Good.*



Chro-

(48)



CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI REGIS, &c.

tricesimo die Januarii, secunda

hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.*

MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente

CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.

CHARLS!—ah forbear, forbear! left Mortals prize
His Name too dearly; and *Idolatrize*.

His Name! Our Loss! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Bee that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLSour *Dread Sovereign!*—hold! left Out-law'd Senf
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispenf
With those Celestial Powers; and distrust
Heaven can Behold such *Treason*, and prove Just.

CHARLS

CHARLS *our Dread Sovereign's murther'd!*—Tremble! and
View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land;
Court, Citie, Countrie, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last Stage, and Set with Him their Sun.

CHARLS *our Dread Sovereign's Murther'd at His Gate!*
Fell Fiends! dire *Hydra's* of a Stiff-neck't-State!
Strange *Bodie-Politick!* whose *Members* spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their *Head*.

CHARLS *of Great Britain!* Hee! who was the known
King of three *Realms*, lie's murther'd in His *Own*.
Hee! Hee! who liv'd, and *Faith's Defender* stood;
Die'd here to re-Baptize it in His *Blood*.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Eccho all
The Rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
Great *Christendom* ne're Pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal *Change*.

The Blow struck *Britain* blinde, each well-set Limb
By Dislocation was lop't off in *Him*.
And if Shee yet live's, Shee live's but to condole
Three Bleeding *Bodies* left without a *Soul*.

E

Religion

(50)

Religion put's on Black. Sad *Loialtie*
Blufhe's and Mourn's to fee bright *Majestie*
Butcher'd by fuch *Affafsinates* ; nay both
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewel fad *Iffe* ! Farewel ! Thy fatal *Glorie*
Is Summ'd, Caft up, and Cancell'd in this *Storie*.



FINIS.





OBSEQUIES

ON

*That unexemplar Champion of Chivalrie, and
Pattern of true Prowess, ARTHUR
Lord CAPEL.*

T'Is fall *Astronomie*. — Nor are wee yet
In utter darkness, though the *Sun* bee set ;
Since Thy star-beaming-influence prove's all
Those Rules *Excentrick*, and *Apocryphal*.
Thou'rt hight'ned by Thy Fall, and dost now shine
With doubled lustre, since Thy last *Decline*.

Bright mirror of our Sphere ! who art no less
Then Valor's wonder ; Virtue's Master-piece ;
Filling whole Volumes with Thy Fame ; to tell
The World Thy Worth was her own *Chronicle* :
To tell the World, those Praises in the Wars
Thou'ft purchas'd, might bee numbred with the Stars ;

E 2

And

And had Thy well-proportion'd-Daies been Spun
 Out by Thy Deeds, Thou had'ft out-liv'd the *Sun* ;
 Forcing the World's great *Luminarie* t'have
 His *Chaös* climaëterick with Thy Grave.

Thus Thy renowned Meeds like Incenf hurl'd
 On flaming Altars, have Perfum'd the World
 With fuch rich *Odors*, that scarce Envie knew
 Whether Thou wer't to *King* or *Realm* moft true.
 Let *State-Chronographers* admire, and plead
 Thofe Rites they ow to Honor ; when they read
 Thy rare Atchievements ; ftudying to refine
 The truth of *Modern* Hiftorie by *Thine*.
Carthage bee dumb ! our *Colcheſter* ſtand's now
 Corrival with thee, and dare's more then *Thou* ;
 And all thoſe *Punick* Wars, thy Walls could boaſt,
 Have o're and o're been travers'd on her Coaſt.
Rome's three *Horatii* are pos'd ; our *Iſle*
 Hath bred a *Capel*, *Lucas*, and a *Liſle* :
 Whoſe matchleſs deed's have *Dub'd* them with that late
 And glorious title of *Triumvirate* ;
 Whiles their tranſcendent merit ſtrut's, and ſtrive's
 To ſtand on tip-toe in *Superlatives*.

And

And still there's something more ; for, what was mixt
 Promiscuously in these, in Thee was fixt.
 In Thee that *Pythagorean* Maxime's true ;
 And what was stale *Philosophie*, prove's new
Divinitie, since th' Souls of all those *Nine*
 Renowned Ones *Transmigrated* in *Thine*.

But why do wee Adore Thee, made immenf
 And far sublim'd above our Sphere of Senf ?
 Scorning bright *Obelisks* of Brass, or Stone
 Should raise Thy *Monument*, who art Thine own.
 Yet should'st Thou expect a Shrine on Earth, wee must
 Make *Colchester* th' *Exchequer* of Thy Dust :
 Nor is it more then reason, since 'twere pitie
 To give *Thee* a less *Church-yard* then that *Citie*,
 T' Interr Thee in her *Breaches*, and o're-turn
 Her stately *Bulwarks*, to support Thine Urn ;
 Whil'st the throng'd streets would jostle to make room
 And spread their Towers, as *Trophies* o're Thy *Tomb*.

But this grand Task I recommend to those,
 Who can limm Fancies in more lively *Prose* ;
 Whose Rhetorick may richly guild this *Pile*,
 And raise Invention to a loftie stile ;

E 3

Such

Such as may Conjure Horror, and oblige
 Faith-founder'd-*Zelots* to confess that *Siege*,
 That fatal *Siege*, whose Trenches were or'e-spread
 With mangled trunks and bodies of the Dead ;
 Till the discolour'd Earth, thus di'd in *Grain*,
 Blush't to behold such Shambles of the *Slain* :
 And the pale *Furies* stood like heartless *Elvs*,
 Trembling, to see *Men* do more then *Themselves*.
 The Center-shaking-Brafs grew hot, and spoke
 In Flames of Lightning, and in Clouds of Smoke ;
 And *Charon* fainted, Ferrying Souls to *Hell*,
 When *Hecatombs* of the *Befiegers* fell.

Amidst these Tragick Triumphs did'st Thou rear
 Thy brave *Top-gallant*, 'bove the reach of Fear ;
 Undauntedly exposing Thy bold Head
 To flocks of *Thunder*, and thick showrs of *Lead* :
Those Bullets were then Tame ; and wee may tax
 The partial *Sword* that spar'd Thee for the *Ax*.
 The *Field* (th' *Afylum* of great Spirits) clean
 Is changed here ; the *Citie* is the *Scene* ;
 The *Cannon* shew'd fair-plaie : But Thou wer't pack't
 Away, not by an *Ordnance*, but an *Act*.

The

(55)

The *Scaffold* turn'd a *Stage* : Where 'tis confest,
The last *Act* (though most *Bloodie*) prov'd Thy Best :
It prov'd Thy solemn *Coronation*, since
The *Yard's* Thy *Palace* ; and a Glorious *Prince*
Thy *President* : Who after *Him* art hurl'd
To meet Thy *Sovereign* in another World.
Transferr'd from Earth to Heaven, to remain
A fixed *Star*, and wait on CHARLS his WAIN.



E 4

Obsequies





O B S E Q U I E S

Offered up to the Memorie of the ever Re-
nowned and never to bee forgotten,
ARTHUR, Lord C A P E L.

D O ; paddle still in *Blood*, for 'tis not strange
Now if your thirstie dropsi'd Blades do range
On the whole stock of Man ; or that they spread
To Trunck and Boughs, since they have lop't the *Head* :
For since the KING, who like one general Soul,
Did through each nerv and agile muscle rowl ;
And like som publick Conduit did dispence
To everie Vein, both Sap and Influence ;
Shine's in His *Crown* of *Martydom* above,
Guilt and enamel'd with the Beams of *Love* ;
The Cement thus unfix't and slack't, wee must
Needs languish in to shuffled heaps of Dust :
And as in Bodies, where the *Head* is lop't
From off the weeping Stem, som *Spirits* drop't

From

(57)

From that great *Magazine*, into each part,
And left as *Legacies* unto the *Heart* ;
Contract the Joints and Hands, then make them spread
As if they catch't at the dislodging *Head* ;
So after this vast Ruin, though the Frame
Of Nature were both discompos'd and lame ;
Yet in this crippled Structure, there might bee
Som starts and leaps, w^{ch} flow'd (brave *Lord!*) from Thee;
On whom, as fom not yet discovered Sourf,
Which doth to th' suppled Earth fresh Sap disburf,
And through her veins melt's in a purling rill,
Th' exspiring KING His Vigor did distil.
And as fom fullen Vapor which was spun
From th' Earth's courf Wardrobe, by the glaring Sun,
To fom wilde Meteors, hover's in the Air,
And on each Cloud shed's its unravel'd hair ;
But wanting Active Heat to waft it higher,
Doth in dull Slime and fluggish Mifts expire :
So before CAPEL was (like th' early Flower
Which ruder Hands tore from the mangled Bower)
Rent from His Bleeding stalk, wee might perchance,
Like vapors wing'd with His brave heat, advance
Above

Above the Common-level, yet but now
 His Flames shot-up no new Supplie t' allow.
 Wee crumble shall to Ruin streight, and run
 Into a wilde Precipitation.
 And as when Morning from the *Azure* Towers
 Powr's out the daie, and pluck's out th'unfledg'd hours;
 The Earth unlock's its womb, each flower unweav's
 Its odorous treffes, and untie's its leavs,
 That so they may bee spangled by that blaze
 That from the blooming Sun's gilt lustre strai's;
 So now vvhen Hee like a nevv-budded Star
 That stud's the Orb's above, doth from a far
 Point out his Beams to us, let their clear Light
 Steer us through the perplexed maze of night;
 And our benum'd and frozen Souls so thavv,
 Hee may both our Example bee and Lavv;
 For though that Man's a vvorld vvithin himself;
 In Him no Passion fvvell'd into a Shelf
 To split His even thoughts, no Rock of Pride
 Did intercept or justle the free Tide
 Of vvell-poiz'd actions, and no *Mountain* there
 Was by *Ambition* made, or *Gulf* by *Fear*.

His

His beauteous Actions too vvithout did meet,
 Still in fuch comlie and vvell-ballanc't feet,
 And vvere fo fairly knit, you'd think they'd been
 Each one the *Transcript* of His *Soul within* ;
 No Byas His *Religion* vvarp't avvrie
 Into a crooked *Excentricitie*,
 'Tvvas fullied vvith no Ends ; Hee could not tell
 Howv to vamp *Calvin* vvith dark *Machiavel*.
 No Widdovvs cooler fighs did fan His Cup,
 Hee drank in's Wine no Tears of Orphans up ;
 His Pregnant Fields vvere moist'ned by the Skies,
 Not vvet vvith shovvers rain'd from His Tenants eies ;
 And having thus vvith Virtue pav'd the Track
 Which to His *Urn* did guid His foot-steps back ;
 Hee, vvhen His full-fledg'd Soul cast off her Claie,
 To bathe in Tides of never-ebbing daie,
 Did in fo foft a Calm difmifs His breath,
 As if 't vvere His *Efpoufals*, not His *Death* ;
 And that in His cold fhroud Hee vvere to meet
 The Portraiçt onely of His *Genial sheet*.

In



In Præmaturum Obitum

Baronis CAPEL,

E T

Cafum Mortis-Sociorum, VII. *Id. Mart.*

M D C X L I X.

TRes cecidère simul, Fato non dispare, Causâ
Quamvis dissimili, ^aMARCHIO, ^bBARO, ^cCOMES;
Dispar enim fuit hæc ratio, (licet omnibus idem
Supplicium inflixit præcipitata Themis ;)
Quod ^aPrimus meritas Tibi solvit, CAROLE, pœnas,
Immerita ast ^bAlium MARTYRA pœna facit :
^cTertius at dubii quondam damnatus amoris,
Se Tibi nunc* mœrens reddere Justa putat.

^a Hamilton, ^b Capel, ^c Holland. Capite multati in Palatii Westmon. Ar
* Sic Petrus nutantis fidei pœnitentiam egit lacrymis.

Illustrif-



Illustrissimi Herôis Domini
FRANCISCI VILLIERS
 Epicedium.

Quisquis amicus ades, nec mœstos scindere crines,
 Nec pigeat madidas Ungue fecare genas ;
 Occidit illustris jnvenum fortissimus Heros,
 Quem subitò Fati carpsit acerba manus ;
Ille alios tantùm vicit Virtutibus omnes,
 Ante alios, quantum *Pegasus* ibat equos.
 Hei mihi ! cur tetricæ ruperunt fila Sorores ?
 Cur stabat vacuâ tam citò *Parca* colo ?
 Cúrve ferox Miles vultus laniare decoros
 Sustinuit ? ferro durior ipse suo ;
Dulce decus Patriæ ! cur te temerarius ardor
 In medios enses, sæváque tela tulit ?
 Sors levis ut solita est rapit optima, præterit ima,
 Hei mihi tam dubias injicit illa manus !

Quàm

(62)

Quam vellem hostiles pro Te cecidisse cohortes ;
Cum Duce non tanti tota caterva fuit :
Tu tamen, heu facinus, turmis jugulatus ab istis,
Pressisti duram fanguinolentus humum ;
Nec *Species, Virtúsve Tibi*, nec profuit *Ætas* ;
Pro Patriâ (*Patriæ Gloria*) magne jaces.
Semper honos, laudes, & splendida facta manebunt ;
Nunquam Lethæis ista dabuntur aquis.
Vos igitur tristes tandem compescite luctus,
Nec calido madidas imbre rigate genas :
Qui modò plorâstis, Lacrymas teneatis, Amici ;
Non potuit *fato nobiliore* mori.

G. F.



Obsequies



OBSEQUIES

On the untimely Death, of the never to
bee too much praised and pitied

FRANCIS Lord VILLIERS.

Hence fond *Philosophie* ! it cannot bee ;
The crazie World crawl's t' his last Jubilee ;
And though the Circle of the Year hath been
A Snake in embleme, it can't cast his skin.
At least I can't beleev't ; when everie daie,
Som stately piece is swallowed up in claie ;
When *Cedars* feel the fate of *Shrubs*, and when
Great *Peers* expire, and tamely die like men.
How could'st *Thou* elf thus steal away unheard,
Without a Troop of Angels for thy guard ?
Without th' *Artillerie* of the Clouds, at this
Thy great and glorious *Metempsychosis* ?
The Age is fure forgetful ; or perchance
Nature Her felf laie Bed-rid in a Trance,

As

And those *Torch-Constellations* which shine
 At others Herfes, were all fet in Thine ;
 As if they fell with Thee, and Fate would have
 Their *Chaös* clymafterick with Thy Grave.

But, why do I epitomize a Theme
 In this small Scedule which deferv's a Ream ?
 A Theme whose charming Magick might inspire
 A cold *Carthusian* ; and with *Enthean* fire
 Kindle fuch raptures, as may re-engage
 Those *Buskin-Bonaerges* of our Age
 To Perfonate Thee with more lively tread,
 And in loud language fhew the world who's dead.
 Let brave *Bellona*, who hath lately known
 Thy *Meeds*, proclaim them ; and with War-like tone,
 High as the fulphur-breathing-Brafs, inlarge
 Thy fpreading triumphs, and report her charge ;
 Shee, Shee fhall rear Thy Trophies, and displaie
 Thy matchlefs Chivalrie, on that black daie
 Thou copd'ft with Deftinie, and did'ft resign
 Thy *Temporal-Title*, for a more *Divine*.
 Nor could Thy Courage ftop, or make a pauf,
 Where *Honor* call'd fo loud ; and fuch a *Cauf*

As

As might provoke an *Hermit*, and make room
 With His own Flame to meet His Martyrdom.
 Armed with these resolv's, encountring Fear
 Thou foild'ft her quite, whil'ft in a brave career
 Thou did'ft out-dare the *Destinies*, and tread
 A loftie meafure through whole ſhowres of Lead ;
 (Spight of the furie of th' oppoſing croud)
 Cleaving Thy waie, like Lightning, through a Cloud.

Thus mid'ft theſe tragick Triumphs wer't Thou hurl'd
 With loud *Field-Muſick* from th' affrighted world,
 A Conqueror o're Thy doom ; witneſs that Peal
 And vocal *Vollie* which chim'd forth Thy Knell ;
 To tell the world Thy Merit, maugre Fate
 Still, ſtill ſurvive's, and is Invulnerable.
 How large the ſtorie, or how ample ; wee'l
 Not now remember, ſince 'twas writ with ſteel
 And regiſter'd in Blood. Th' indented Face
 (Though no great Volume) was the *Common-Place*,
 And *Index* of Thy Valor : everie ſcar
 Seeming at leaſt ſom miſtick *Character* ;
 While's wee admire thoſe *Marginal Notes*, and vext,
 Wee cannot *Comment* on ſo deep a *Text*.

F

But

But why do I revolv the short-writ-storie
 Of fading Youth ; or recollect the Glorie
 Of Thy blest Beautie (which though once the Throne
 Oth' Lillie and Rose) was blasted before blown ?
 Prepo'strous Fate ! t' anticipate and bring
 On Winter e're Thou did'st enjoie Thy Spring !
 To obnubilate Thy Morning-Sun, and shroud
 Thy dawning splendor in a gloomie Cloud !
 But ah ! Complaints are shadows, and too brief
 To shew the world Thy Goodness or our Grief ;
 Nor can wee circumscribe, or with weak sense
 Define Thy Merit, which is so immense.
 Alas ! wee knew 't was not the Cob-web-shrine
 Of Flesh could lodg so bright a Soul as Thine ;
 T' was not a Cabinet of Claie could hold
 So rich a Jewel ; nor the brittle Mould
 Of Earth contain a *Seraphin*, in all
 His blest dimensions so Angelical.
 Why should wee fondly then repine ; or why
 Thus pitie Him, wee rather should envie ?
 His state transcend's our Passions ; nor may wee
 Reverse or Countermand Heav'ns grand *Decree* :

Though Wee could weep a deluge to ingrofs
Our Griefs, and make them ample as His Lofs.

And You blest *Madam* (mirror of Your Sex,
And wonder of our Age) surceaf to vex
Your Soul wth fad Remembrance ; whiles You smother
And burie quick all Comforts in a *Brother*.
Those *Diamond-Tears* You daily shed (of more
Account then all those on the *Indian* shore)
Are spent in vain ; and You profusely prize
His losf, to waste the Treasure of Your eies.
His *Fame* require's no Monumental-stone,
Nor Epitaph ; why should You then bemoan
His Funeral-*Obsequies*, and thus make room
Ith' *Tablet* of Your *Heart*, t' erect His *Tomb*,
Where You, blest *Votarefs*, piously resign
Your Sighs, as *Incens*, offer'd at His *Shrine*.

Whil't in the Torrent of these *Tears* You swim ;
Madam, You do bewail Your *Self*, not *Him*
Who foar's above Your Sorrows ; and fit's in
Commiffion, with fom blest *Cherubin*,
Inthron'd in those Celestial Mansions, where
Hee fhine's like Heaven's bright *Champion*, in His *Sphere*

F 2

Vota



On the MARTYRDOM
Of His Late

MAJESTIE, &c.

COm, com, let's Mourn ; all eies, that see this *Daie*,
Melt into Showrs, and Weep your felvs awaie :

O that each Private head could yield a Flood
Of Tears, whil't *Britain's Head* stream's out His Blood ;
Could wee paie what His *Sacred Drops* might claim,
The World must needs bee drowned once again.

Hands cannot write for Trembling ; let our Eie
Supplie the Quill, and shed an *Elegie*.

Tongues cannot speak ; this Grief know's no such vent,
Nothing, but Silence, can bee Eloquent.

Words are not here significant ; in This

Our Sighs, our Groans bear all the *Emphasis*.

Dread

Dread SIR! What shall wee faie? *Hyperbole*
 Is not a Figure, when it speak's of *Thee*:
 Thy *Book* is our best Language; what to this
 Shall e're bee added, is Thy *Meiösis*:
 Thy *Name's* a *Text* too hard for us: no men
 Can write of it, without *Thy Parts* and *Pen*.

Thy *Prisons*, *Scorns*, *Reproach*, and *Povertie*
 (Though these were thought too courteous Injurie)
 How could'st Thou bear? Thou Meeker *Moses*, how?
 Was ever *Lion* bit with *Whelps* till now
 And did not roar? Thou *England's David*, how
 Did *Shimei's* Tongue not move Thee? Where's the Man?
 Where is the *King*? CHARLS is all *Christian*.
 Thou never wanted'st Subjects, no; when they
 Rebell'd, Thou mad'st Thy Passions to obeie.
 Had'st Thou regain'd Thy Throne of State by Power,
 Thou had'st not then been more a *Conqueror*.

But Thou, thine own *Soul's Monarch*, art above
 Revenge and Anger, Can'st Thou tame Thy Love?
 How could'st Thou bear Thy *Queen's* Divorce? must Shee
 At once Thy *Wife*, and yet Thy *Widdow* bee?

F 3

Where

Where are Thy tender *Babes* once Princely bred,
 Thy choicest Jewels, are They *Sequestred*?
 Where are Thy Nobles? Lo, in stead of these
 Base savage Villains, and Thine Enemies:
Egyptian Plague! 'twas onely *Pharaoh's* doom,
 To see such Vermin in His Lodging-room.
 What Guards are set, what Watches do they keep?
 They do not think Thee safe, though lock't in *Sleep*.
 Would they confine Thy Dreams within to dwell,
 Nor let Thy Fancie pass their *Centinel*?
 Are Thy *Devotions* dangerous? Or do
 Thy *Praiers* want a Guard? These faultie too?
 Varlets, 't was onely, when they spake for You.

But lo a Charge is drawn, a Daie is set,
 The silent LAMB is brought, the *Wolves* are met.
Law is arraign'd of Treason, *Peace* of War,
 And *Justice* stand's a Prisoner at the Bar.
 This *Scene* was like the *Passion-Tragedie*,
 His *Saviour's Person* none could Act, but Hee.
 Behold what *Scribes* were here, what *Pharisees*!
 What *bands of Souldiers*! What *fals witnesses*!

Here

Here was a *Priest*, and that a *Chief* one ; who
 Durst strike at *God*, and His *Vicegerent* too.
 Here *Bradshaw*, *Pilate* there : This make's them twain,
Pilate for *Fear*, *Bradshaw* condemn'd for *Gain*.
 Wretch! could'st not thou bee rich, till *Charls* was dead?
 Thou might'st have took the *Crown*, yet spar'd the *Head*.
 Th' hast justifi'd that *Roman* Judg ; Hee stood
 And washt in *Water*, thou hast dipt in *Blood*.

And where's the Slaughter-Hous? *White-hall* must bee,
 Lately His *Palace*, now His *Calvarie*.
 Great CHARLS, is this Thy Dying-place? And where
 Thou wer't our KING, art Thou our MARTYR there?
 Thence, thence Thy Soul took flight ; and there will wee
 Not ceas to *Mourn*, where Thou did'st ceas to *Bee*.
 And thus, blest Soul, Hee's gon : a *Star*, whose fall,
 As no *Eclipse* prove's *Oecumenical*.
 That Wretch had *skill* to sin, whose Hand did know
 How to behead three Kingdoms at one blow.
England hath lost the Influence of Her KING,
 No wonder that so backward was Her *Spring*.
 O dismal *Daie* ! but yet how quickly gon?
 It must bee short, Our SUN went down at *Noon*.

F 4

And

And now, yee *Senators*, is this the Thing
 So oft declar'd ; Is this your *Glorious King*?
 Did you by *Oaths* your God, and Countrie mock,
 Pretend a *Crown*, and yet prepare a *Block*?
 Did you, that swore you'd Mount CHARLS higher yet,
 Intend the *Scaffold* for His *Olivet*?
 Was this, *Hail Master*? Did you bow the knee
 That you might murder Him with *Loialtie*?
 Alas! two Deaths! what Crueltie was this?
 The *Ax* design'd, you might have spar'd the *Kifs*.

London, did'st thou Thy Prince's Life betraie?
 What? could thy *Sables* vent no other waie?
 Or elf did'st thou bemoan His *Crofs*? then, ah!
 Why would'st thou bee the curfed *Golgotha*?
 Thou once had'st Men, Plate, Arms, a Treasurie
 To *binde* thy KING, and ha'st thou none to *free*?
 Dull beast! thou should'st, before thy *Head* did fall,
 Have had at least thy Spirits *Animal*.

Did You, Yee *Nobles*, envie CHARLS His *Crown*?
Jove beeing fal'n the *Punie-gods* must down:
 Your Raies of *Honor* are eclips'd in Night,
 The *Sun* is set, from whence You drew your *Light*.

Religion

Religion Vail's her self ; and Mourn's that shee
Is forc'd to own such horrid Villanie.
The *Church* and *State* do shake ; that Building must
Expect to fall, whose *Prop* is turn'd to *Dust*.
But cease from Tears. CHARLS is of light bereav'n ;
And snuff on *Earth* to shine more bright in *Heav'n*.



Vota



Place this after *pag. 72.*



Vota Phileireni Anglici.

^a **L**ilia *Cârle*, ^b Rosas *Henrice*, & ^c Regna *Jacobe*
Junxistis ; cocânt Lilia, Regna, Rosæ.

Affociata diu maneant, unâque morentur

Grata, virescentes, Lilia, Regna, Rosæ.

Sit CAROLUS Magno Major, sit Maximus, & quo

FÆDERE CAUSSA stetit, CAUSSA superba ruat.

Te ^d *Lyra* mulcet, avétque ^e *Leo*, observántque ^f *Leones*,

^g *Lilia* cúmque Rosís Te recreare student :

Una Fides, confórfsque Salus, Deus unus *Iernum*,

Scotum, Anglum, Wallum, Pace vigente beent.

^a Fædere Matrimoniali, cum Galliâ inito. ^b Fædera inter domus Lancast. & Ebor. ^c Scotiæ & Angliæ, ^d Hybernæ. ^e Scotiæ. ^f Angliæ. ^g Galliæ. Insignia in scuto Regio.



Consilium Phileireni Anglici.

Regi Sceptra, Deus Regi sacraverat Enfes,
* Quæ Regis Regi redde, Delque Deo.

* τὰ τῷ Καίσαρι Καίσαρι, τὰ τῷ Θεῷ Θεῷ.

The



*The Requiem or Libertie of an
Imprisoned Royalist. G.M.*



Eat on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow ;
Swel curled Waves high as *Jove's* Roof ;
Your Inabilitie shall know

That *Innocence* is Tempest-proof.

Though Surlie *Nereus* roar's, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike Affliction ; for thy wounds are *Balm*.

That which the world mis-call's A *Gaole*,
A private Clofet is to mee ;
Whil'st a good *Conscience* is my Bail
And *Innocence* my Libertie.

Locks, Barrs, Walls, Loannes though together met,
Make mee no prisoner but an *Anchoret*.

I, while I wisht to bee Retir'd,
Into the private room was turn'd ;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
A Salamander should bee burn'd :

d 2

And

And like those *Sophies* who would drown a Fish
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

The *Pagan Cynick* hugg's his povertie ;
The *Pelican* her wilderneys :
And 'tis the *Indian* pride to lie
Naked on frozen *Caucasus*.

Contentment cannot smart ; *Stoicks* wee see
Make Torments easie by their *Apathie*.

These Manicles upon mine arm,
I, as my Sweet-heart's favors wear,
And then to keep my ancles warm
I have som Iron shackles there.

The walls are but my *Garrison*, this Cell
Which man call's *Gaol*, doth prove my *Cittadel*.

So hee that struck at *Jafon's* Life
Thinking h' had made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly Knife
Did onely wound him to a Cure.

Malice I see want's wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times prove's favor by th'event.

I'm

I'm in this Cabinet lockt up,
Like som high priz'd *Margarite* ;
And like som great *Mogul* or *Pope*,
I'm cloistered up from publick fight.
Retir'dnefs is a point of *Majestie*,
And thus (proud *Sultan*) I'm as great as *Thee*.

Here *Sin* for want of food doth fterv,
Where *Tempting Viands* are not seen ;
And here ftrong walls do onely ferv
To keep vice out not keep mee in ;
Malice of late's grown Charitable fure,
I'm not *committed*, onely kept *secure*.

When once my *Prince* affliction hath,
Proferitie doth *Treason* feem ;
And then to fsmooth fo rough a Path
I can learn patience too from Him.
Now not to fuffer fhew's no loial heart,
When Kings want eaf Subjects muft love to fmart.

What though I cannot fee my KING
Either in's Perfon or his Coin,

f 3

Yet

Yet contemplation is a thing
Which render's what I have not mine ;
 My King from mee what Adamant can part,
 Whom I can wear ingraven in my *heart*.
My Soul is free as th' Ambient Air,
Although my baser parts Immur'd ;
Whilst *Loial* thoughts do still require
To companie my Solitude :
 And though Rebellion maie my bodie binde,
 My King can onely captivate my minde.
Have you not seen the *Nightingale*
When turn'd a *Pilgrim* to a Cage,
How shee doth sing her wonted tale
In that her narrow Hermitage ?
 Even there her chirping melodies do prove
 That all her Barrs are *trees*, her cage a *grove*.
I am the *Bird* whom they combine
Thus to deprive of *Libertie* ;
And though they do my corps confine
Yet maugre Fate my *Soul* is *free*,
 And though Immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing
 Disgrace to *Rebels*, Glorie to my *King*.

Mufarum



M U S A R U M 'Αναγώγια :

Sive,

Σχετλιασικόν.

*Quòd Augustissimo CAROLO, per summum
Scelus à Perduellionibus Occiso, post Alterum
Mensem elapsum, nemo Epitaphio Parentaret.*

DUm vera nimiùm Fama discerpti *Orphëi*,
 Urbes scelesto *Mænadam* compleverat
Graias furore, *Pegaseüs* Latex
(Flentes *Camænæ* immane quem solitas super
Alluere ripas lachrymis labentibus)
Alto fufurro gemuit, & mæstum Caput,
Impar dolori, condidit : tandememicans
Cæcis latebris, lætiori murmure
Aliis sub *Astris Vena* terris exilit :
Omnis relictis *Musa Parnafsi* jugis
Huc convolavit, persequens notas Aquas.
Haud aliter ardens quando *Civilis* Furor
Æquaret altas *Britonum* Turres folo,

d 4

Aufúf-

Aufúſque & ipſum CAROLUM laceſſere
 (Quo nemo *Phæbo* charior) fugit tremens
Phæbi Satelles, Muſa Satyrorum ungulis
 Liquit bifulcis trepida fædatas Aquas :
 Mox Hôſpitaſ, ſolo ſub novo, Lares
 Exul requiriet & peregrinum Nemus
 Bardi quel iſperſonat *Brittannici* ;
 Nullúſque ad *Iſidos* Cygnus auditur Vada,
 Ripáſque *Cami*, umbríſque *Phæbo* cognitis ;
 Ubi ludit Infulis amænioribus
*Charvelli*us, muróſque VANFLETI lavat.
 Implêrat Orbem Luna repetitâ vice,
 CAROLINUS ex quo fuſus (heu !) ſparſit cruor
 Ferale *Pegma*, Liçtor infauctâ manu
 Dum juſſa peragit impii *Senatuli* :
 Siléntque *Vates transfugæ*, ut noſter dolor
 Nec *ferre damnum poſſit*, nec *dignè queri*.
 Superi Deorum ! nulla lacrymabilem
 Extundit Elegum ? pulſa *Libertas, Fides*,
 Violata *Sacra*, CAROLUS OCCISUS ! mala
 Tot ! tanta ! tacito nos coërcemus ſinu ?
 CAROLINA villes Fata percurrent colos,

Albá-

Albáque chartâ inglorios Viros juvat
Infantia ingratos, & imbelles Timor?
At (O pudendum *perditæ Genti scelus !*)
Sic cecidit HEROS DECIMUS, & scelere pari,
Infamis Ætas tradidit silentio.
Quid querimur autem Vana? nec *numeris eget*
Innumera virtus, nec *Modis superans modum*,
Sed nec Superstes næniis Pietas habet
Victura Genium: CAROLUM cœlo inferunt
Sacræ Vigiliæ: vivit URANIA SUA,
Debétque foli *Virbius* Famam sibi:
BELLO NEGANTE VOTA MONUMENTUM DABUNT.



In





In Serenissimæ Majestatis Regiæ

Librum qui 'Σπιητλρῷ Εἰκὼν Βασιλική.

HEe who but write's, or read's must now chaſtife
His tears, and change the habit of his eies ;
Not live on Death, nor wrong great CHARLS his Herf
With weeping tender *Proſe* or ſobbing *Verſ* ;
Compound with ſorrows, *flatter* grief ; then look
Upon His Reſurreſtion, *His Book* :
In this Hee live's to us ; His parts are here
All recompos'd in the beſt *Charaſter*,
So exquisitely drawn, it hand's our ſenſ
To This, his *Charitie* That, His *Patience*.
And if you'l ſcan the virtues ; all the reſt
Are Marshal'd in the Treasurie of His Breſt.

New faſhion'd Monſters view't, here you may ſee
Your hideous Selvs, and horrid *Pedegree*
Sprung from grim *Pilat's* Court, blazon'd with all
Th' Artillerie of *Thorns* and ſtock of *Gall* ;
Tyrants beyond *Hyperbole* ; and it fall's

A Mei-

A *Meiöfis* to call you *Canibals* ;
 And they that tearm you cruel faie but thus,
Nero is juft, or *Thaïs* amorous,
 Thefe facred Oracles inform more clear
 Then Satan's furlie *Delphos* WESTMINSTER.
 Divinities new mirror ; whose whole ftorie
 May bee the *Chriftian's* fecond *Inventorie*,
 Religion's *Landskip* ; and the abftacted Sum
 Of what is paff, th' Account of what's to com.
 * Great *CHARLES* his *pious Tripod*, hee that fpell's
 Take's Myfteries and fwallow's Oracles : * Apophthegmata.
 The *Pythagorean Trine*, whence numbers fspread
 To infinite, are yet confin'd i'th Head.
 A *Trinitie* of lights new fprung, that pour's
 A fteam of *Day* into thefe Nights of ours.
 Our Sun, and Moon, and ftarrs, whose beams difpenf
 By Courf their heat, and light, and influence.
 Wee'l lodg our pilgrim thoughts ; and here confine
 (Spight of *Chimere plus ultra*) to this *Mine*
 Of Heavenly treasures, where th' unfathom'd ftore
 Surround's us with a fweet defpair of more.

J. A.

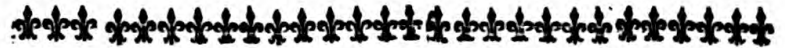


Memoriæ Sacrum Pientissimi

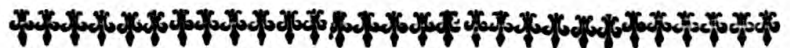
Martyris CAROLI Primi;

Hexasticon.

HEe that can *spell* a Sigh, or *read* a Tear,
 Pencil amazement, or *accent* a fear ;
Hee that hath *learn't* all grief by *Heart* ; Hee, Hee,
Is onely fit to write *Thine* Elegie,
Unfathom'd K I N G, who art so deep a Text
Writ in *This Age*, but *understood* i'th *Next*.



Orpheus





ORPHEUS his Discerption :

Or

*The Mufes Mourning for
the Death of the K I N G.*

COm my *Corinna*, let's go ftraie,
And entertain an harmlefs daie
Within *Parnaffus* fafe retreat,
Upon whose Verdure wee'l repeat

A sweeter tale

Then Nightingale

Did there e're Chant, for all her throat
A thorn *keep's time* to everie note.

But hark, what mean's this fhreek and crie ?
I fee no track of enemie ;
And yet mee thinks this *Laureal Mount*
Discolor's yellow round about ;

Though through thefe baies

Phæbus displaie's

His hottest beams, yet wee have feen

His

See, fee wilde *Satyrs* how they run
All smeared with blood ; what have they don ?
The *Muses* in a rout do strae,
Phœbus hath flung his Harp away,
 And here's a *Crown*
 Com's tumbling down :
The head roll's after which it did wear
Whose blood and plaints yet sad's the air.

See how they fit Him for an *Urn*,
And His fine beams to dust do turn,
According to that Art, whereby
Nights may bee daie, by *Chimistrie*;

94

So that *Calcin'd*
Though here Hee's *shrin'd*,
Hee may spring out in purer *light*
And bee *disvelopt* from this *Night*.

The *Graces* never did becom
His life so well as *Martyrdom* ;
For Hee a tottering stage betrod
Each step refining to a God :
And though each *word*
Could charm the *Sword*
Which did *unsheath* His Soul, yet Hee
Thus *raffl'd* out *Mortalitie*.

These *Graces*, which securely laie
And about his eies did fraie,
Protected by His *Majestie*,
Now wear His fable *liverie* ;
And strow the flowers
Of these sweet bowers
Before the *Coarf*, whil't thus the *Nine*
Their last notes sing unto his *Shrine*.

Softly

*Softly, softly, let us move
With these Crums of Majestie ;
What know wee but the Gods above
All the rest do Deifie ?
No Cesar e're did Sacrifice
Himself in Triumph, and thus make
Attonement for his Enemies
At his Capitolian Gate.*

*Bold band ! how could'st thou steddie aim
With a heart fals like thy face,
To lop off a Diadem
About thy feet a Dance to pace ?
Mai'st thou not on a pillow lay
Thy own head to bee charm'd with rest,
But thy Infernal Socia may
Bee likewise lodg'd within thy brest.*

*These shades bereft of patronage
As our fountain of its Spring,
Are now but a grave hermitage
The fate to Eccho of our K I N G.
Yee Gods with whom Hee now doth straine*

Let

*Let us wh' ave lost the vein of Verf
Whil' st Hee doth tread the milkie waie,
Stand still as Statues at his Herf.*

Mee think's (*Corinna*) you and I
At these sad sights should petrifie :
And what a *Monument* should wee have
If wee stood fix't near such a *grave*?

But let's return

Ever to mourn

E're wee get to our *Grots* these grones
Will bee imprest' into our stones :
Just so the sand beneath doth take
Those figures, which the waves do make.

f

On



On the execrable Murther of
C H A R L S *the First,*

U P sad M E L P O M E N E, up and condole
The Ruins of *three Realms* ; attire thy Soul
In sorrow's Robes : O let thy *Fountains* rise
And over-flow the *Flood-gates* of thine eies.
Fill up thy *Sanguin Cisterns* to the Brim,
Spread forth th' expanded arms and strive to swim
In *Brittain's* Tears ; that thus thou mai'st make known
The grief of Others, fully as thine Own.
Oh ! here's a *Theam* indeed ! if Christians could
Not now lament, the *Rocks* and Mountains would.
The melting Heavens whose Influences steep
The stubborn stone, would teach us now to weep.
The blood bedewed Earth doth *blush* to see
This horrid *Massacre*, and shall not wee ?
Sure should wee not, wee had less sence then *Those*
Rebels the first fomentors of these *Woes*.
Who then can cease from Tears or Mourning, when

The

The best of *Kings* fall's by the worst of *Men* ?
Dire *Regicizm* ! which to define, or spel
Would conjure Horror in an *Infidel* :
'Twould *Civilize* a *savage* Brest and dint
Melting impression in a heart of flint.

And is there no Respect ? must *Scepters* have
The fate of *Sheep-hooks* and the self-same grave ?
Could the bright *eye* of *Heaven* the glorious Sun,
See *Royal* streams like common gutturs run,
And not withdraw his glimmering beams, and bee
Himself *close Mourner* at this *Obsequie* ?
And now poor *Britain*, since shee hoth lost so *just*,
So *good*, so *great* a *Prince*, Repent's in *dust*
And *ashes*, threatning to Convert and turn
Her towers in flames, as torches to His *Urn* ;
Whiles all her glories too, wax wan, and pale
Frighted and discomposed in the *Fall*

Of CHARLS the *great*, whose *Tragedie* doth portend
Earth's *dissolution*, and the world's just *end*.



*On the Martyrdom of Charls the
First, late King of great Brittain, &c.*

Angels for Pens Un-Imp your Heavenly Wings,
To Epitaph the best of Earthly KINGS;
Man's unfledg'd fancies flie too low a pitch
To reach a subject so sublime, so rich.
For Ink, take Amber from the weeping Stars,
That your blest art may Diamond the skars,
Which Snake-fed-envie eat's into the storie
Of Him that was the Crown of England's glorie.
And if you deign to undergo this task,
Hee shall bee foremost in the Royal Mask
Of all King-Martyrs, nor, though Fate hath thus
Uutimely snatch't us from Him, Him from us,
Will anie of His Vassals here disdaine
To stoop and bear up His victorious Train,
Who fell both for the Church, and People's good
Sealing great Brittain's Charter with his Blood.

A peni-



*A Penitential Ode for the Death
Of King CHARLS-*

STaie! staie (good People) stint the *Hue and Crie!*
Seek you the *Murderer?* 'Tis Murderous *I*.

Saie not five Earls

Murder'd King CHARLS,

Nor that one Signal *Lord*

(Villain upon Record :)

Saie not the *Commons*, nor the *Armie*,

Citie, nor *Judges*; onely *I* did harm yee:

To stop the Hue and Crie,

It is confest', 'Twas onely Murderous *I*.

Whom seek yee? was my *Savior's* Question, when

The Traitor *Judas* with his band of Men

Did seek his Blood:

Who ne're withstood,

But Answer'd, *I* am Hee!

Th' Innocent, from all evil free.

But *I* (Blood-guiltie *I*) alas!

f 3

Am

Am both the *Traitor* and the *Barabbas* !
To stop your Hue and Crie,
It is confest', 'Twas onely murderous *I*.

My Lust the *Judas* was, which led the Rout
Of my un-bridled Passions, to finde out,
And Crucifie
His *Majestie*
My Wrath and Malice too,
Conspir'd Him to undo :
Yet must *Barabbas*, Bloodie *I*
Acquitted stand, and my Dear *Sovereign* die.
But stop the Hue and Crie,
'Tis still confest', 'tis onely Murderous *I*.

Though *Pontius Bradshaw* did in Judgment sit,
And *Cook* drefs Hel-bred Sophistrie with Wit,
To drain the Blood,
Of *CHARLES* the *Good* :
And strike the *ROYAL HEART*,
Not by Evidence but Art :
These were but *Fire* and *Wood* ! but who did bring ?
Or wher's the *Lamb* for a *Burnt-Offering* ?
Let ev'rie Penitent *Loialist* now Crie,
'Twas *sinful England* ! but most sinful *I* !

ON



*On the Barbarous Decollation of
King CHARLS the Firſt.*

MY Soul hold out with Grief, and let the brim
Of wonted forrows ſwel beyond : for *Him*
Weep above *Ela* : for no Common ſtrain
Of fighs, will ſerv to mourn our *Charle-main*.
Wee ſhould weep *Wonders* that the World may know
Tears have no power to mitigate our *Wo*.
Stab *Rebels* with each verſ, and let thy keen
Iambicks ſhew there's Loialtie in *Spleen*.
Let all thy *fighs* have *tongues*, and everie groan
Language enough to hurl Confuſion
On thoſe damn'd Traitors who have ſtoln our Sun
Away, from our unhappie Horizon.
Now 'tis a *Zeal* to Curſ, and imprecate
Vengeance on them who are the general Hate
Of *Heaven*, and *Earth*. 'Tis Treafon to bee dumb
And ſilence our good CHARLS His *Martyrdom*.
Wee ſpoil the Glorie of our Tears if wee

Weep

Weep not his Murderers to Extasie.
W' have no waie elf to magnifie our Moans
But to noif out their *blood-shed*, with our *groans*.
But staie ; I've found an Antidote for Grief ;
Our sorrow's not so desperate, but Relief
May in fom meafure paie our los, though *Hee*
Bee gon, which was The *Graces Hierarchie*,
Root of our Joie, Learning's *Epitome* ;
The *Soul* of Goodnefs, fum of *Sanctitie* :
Yet wee have *Branches* left of that great *Stem*
Fit to re-wear *England's* left *Diadem*.
Then though our *Fate* bee sad, yet let our Fears
Vanish in this : That all our juft Arrears
Of Grief for CHARL'S his Death cannot bee don
In better *Paie*, then to *Enthron*e His SON.

Vaticinii



Natus Maji 29. An. 1630. Etatis suæ 19.



Au Roy de la grand Bretagne.

O D E.

Dieux, *Protecteurs de l'Innocence,*
Pouués vous encor resister ;
A faire bien tost é clatter
Les foudres de vostre vengeance ?
N'aues vous pas assez tenté ;
De fléchir par l'Impunité
Ces âmes pleines de Malice ?
Et n'est il pas bien tost saison
De faire agir vostre Justice
Puis qu'on foule aux pieds la Raïson ?

2. *Je scay bien que vostre Tonnerre,*
Gronde long temps sur les Humains,
Auant qu'il parte de vos mains
Pour venir foudroyer la Terre :
Les hauts chefnes sont menacez,
Premier que d'estre terrassez
Par les sécoucesses des tempestes ;
Et je scay que vostre Bonté
Ne frappe qu'à regret nos testes
Des coups q'uelles ont merité.

3. *Mais*

Place this between Folio 74, 75.

3. *Mais lors que des Perfides Ames,
Par leurs desseins audacieux,
On porté jusque dans les Cieux
Les éclats des Civilles Flâmes :
Lors que jusques dans les Enfers
Ils ont esté chercher des fers,
Afin d'armer Leurs Barbaries ;
Devez vous pas, Dieux Tout-puissans,
Faire choir ces Noires Furies
Aux Prieres des Innocens ?*

4. *Desja de huit Hyers les Marbres
Brisent leurs crystaux inconstans.
E'desja huit fois le Printemps
Rend leur verte depouille aux arbres :
Depuis que ces Cœurs de Rocher,
Qui n'ont que la forme de chair,
S'endurcissans dedans leurs crimes ;
Pillent sans restitution
Trois Peuples, rendus les victimes
De leur sanglante Ambition.*

5. *Nul*

5. *Nul Sexe, Rang, ny Privilege,
Du Roy jusques au Laboureur,
Ná peu décliner la fureur
De leur Cruauté Sacrilege :
Tous Aziles sont violez,
Mille beaux Palais desolez
De leur rage portent les marques ;
Bref, leurs Complots noirs & méchans
Ont lassé le Ciseau des Parques
Dedans les Villes & les Champs.*

6. *Leur insatiable Avarice,
S'attacquant mesme aux Immortels,
De la dépouille des Autels
A presque fait le Ciel complice :
Car déguisant sa Lascheté
Sous un masque de Pieté,
Qui pour le fruit donne l'écorce :
Elle enforcelle la Raison,
Et sous cette traitresse amorce
Abbreuve l'ame de poison.*

Mais

7. *Mais c'est en vain, Race Maudite,
Que pour colorer vos desseins,
Dessous des visages de Saints
Vous cachez un Cœur Hypocrite :
Vostre Zele malicieux,
Deuant le Tribunal des Cieux
Découure à nud son imposture ;
C'est un Flot q'upon ne peut calmer ;
C'est un Feu, Duquel la Nature
Ne prend plaisir qu'à consumer.*

8. *Puisse enfin ce Zele prophane,
Leur faire auoir le mesme sort
Du Grec, quia paya de sa mort
Le Temple bruslé de Diane :
Que leurs Noms demeurent fameux
Dans la race de nos Neveux
Parla honte de leurs Supplices ;
Et puisse la Posterité,
Considerant leurs Precipices,
Douter s'ils ont jamais esté.*

9. *Mais*

9. *Mais non : il faut que ton Histoire,*
CHARLES, Ressource de nos maux,
Pour Chef-d'œuvre de Tes Trauaux
En éternise la Memoire :
C'est la volonté des Destins
Qu'on voye unjour sur ces mutins
Ta juste Colere assouvie ;
Et que leur Fameux Chastiment
Dedans le recit de Ta vie
Trouue à jamais son monument.

10. *Va donc , que le Ciel Te prospere,*
Contre ces Titans inhumains,
Et consacre Tes jeunes Mains
A vanger Le Sang de Ton PERE :
O ROY ! pour qui tout l'Uniuers
Fait les mesmes vœux que mes Vers,
Te souhaittant des jours plus calmes :
La rage de ces Aquilons
Ne souffle , q'ua fin que Tes PALMES
Croissent mieux sous leurs Tourbillons.

De



De Regis Magnæ Britanniae CAROLI I.
in Infulam Vectim secessu, sub finem
Anni MDCXLVII.

DUm propè septenum Civili in Marte Decembrem,
Infula Magna, olim Pacis alumna, subit :
Dum petit infando Sceptri pia jura Tumultu,
Et ciet iratos in sua* Vota Deos :
Impia dum tutas CAROLO negat *Anglia* Sedes :
Excipit Hunc parvo *Vectis* * amica sinu.
Quid monstri hoc, *Britones* ? Sol vester currit in ortum,
Quærit & Eoäs *Phæbus anhelus* aquas ?
Anne Thyestæam nova monstra æquantia cœnam
Ipse fugit, radiis ut nocitura suis ?
Scilicet, & retrò hinc vobis patet omnia ferri,
Vestraq̃ue in adversas currere fata vices.
Definite infensos moniti jam temnere Divos ;
Sin minùs, æternâ nocte cavete tegi.

* Allusio ad nomen *Angl. Votes*. * Tunc enim putabatur Regis securitati invigilatura, & ab ejus partibus statura.

Ad



Ad Eundem.

Postquam *S. M.* adfuisset in Insulæ
Vectis Conventûs tempore, sub
finem *Anni MDCXLVIII.*

HAud aliter læto Phœbum post nubila spectat
Lumine jam longo quassa carina Noto :
Quàm me nunc Sacræ juvat oscula, CAROLE, dextræ
Figere ; quàm vultus posse videre tuos.
O REX ! venturis Pia quem Patientia seclis
Commendat, *Patriæ* prodit & esse *Patrem.*
Nunc quoscunque volet nectat Fortuna labores,
Sors mihi, Te viso, nulla nocere potest.



Upon



Upon His MAJESTIES Arrival
at the Isle of *Wight*.

LET Turkie boast of *Empire* ; France of *Law* ;
Venice of *Site* ; *Gold*, India ; *Water*, Spaw.
Trade and *Religions*, London, Amsterdam ;
Of *Greatness* Florence ; or the Tartar *Cam*.
All these concenter in one spot, one span,
The Isle of *Wight*, and CHARLS the Ile of MAN.
A MAN whose mind's above the *Turkish* Crest,
A KING who make's good Laws, and keep's them best :
A PRINCE who like to well-built *Venice* stand's,
In mid't of Waters, yet in sight of Lands :
Whose Roial Breast's an *India*, where's a Mint
Of Golden thoughts ; base ones were ne're coin'd in't.
Whose *Gift* (as waters have a fame) can heal
Th' *Evil*, Oh would it might the *Common-weal* !
Hee trade's not in Religions ; yet own's one
Profest by most, Practis'd by Him, or none.
Fortunate *Isle* ! to thee ill fortune bring's
If not the *Greatest*, yet the *Best* of Kings.



Vaticinii Votivi Palæmonis Coronis.

VEr rediit, spiransque Pater per cuncta vigorem
Cynthus, obliquum jam penè retrogradus orbem
 Exegit ; vicibusque suis nova pensa revolvens
 Dispulit è Cœlo nimbos, Terraque fugavit
 Squallentes Hyemis vultus, Austrósque furentes :
 Ex quò jam meliore olim concepta PALÆMON
 Spe sua vota fovens, animo tua fata recurrit,
Gens Britonum malefana, & te miratur in illis
 Non periisse malis, & adhuc spirantia vitæ
 Signa dare, ac propriis nondum occubuisse ruinis.
 Jam propè bis senas variis erroribus actam
 Latonam peragrâsse Domos stellantis Olympi,
 Flora redux, Floræque suis Philomela querelis
 Indivisa comes, *torpenti nunciat Anglo* :
 Ex quo, Fatorum non fat benè conscius, oris
 Tunc discedenti *Batavûm* Tibi Vota PALÆMON
 CAROLE iusta dedit : sed quamvis iusta, supremo

Res

Res aliter tunc visa *Jovi* qui fata gubernat.
 Quippe ausis nimum laxas immisit habenas
 Criminibus, totamque dedit cumulare furorum
 Mensuram Sceleri, *Vindicta* ut grandior æquas
 Indicet pœnas *Titanum crimine lapsis*.
 Sic visum est : ut quæ nimirum torpedine damni
 Conficia Plebs fuerat proprii, mutabile vulgus
 (Sed nimis heu ! serò tandem !) sua fata doleret :
 Sic visum est superis : majori ut CAROLUS astris
 Infereret radio caput immortale coruscans ;
Quadruplicique inter divos fulgente *Coronâ*
Martyrii æternam *sacro* in *Diadmate palmam*
 Neceretur, & veros ferret de Morte Triumphos.
 Sic visum est : ut Tu cui *Jus Virtusque* secundum
 CAROLE *jam spes nostra, Locum Titulumque* dedere,
Herculeos primâ tentans cum pube *Labores*,
 Dignus *Avis & Patre*, Tuis scelerata Triumphis
 Colla Rebellantum calcares, Justaque tandem
 Supplicia inferres vindex *Titanibus islis* ;
 Quorum ausis everfa jacent *Tria Regna* : prophano
 Quæ aggressi (ceu *Thessalicis* quum dextra *Gigantum*
 Montibus avulsum substravit *Pelion Ossæ*)

Confilio

Confilio junxiffe fimul ; Sacrumque Cacumen
 Scandere in his *Sceptri* * *violatâ Pace Britanni*,
 Et *Regum Divumque* imâ radice revulfas
 Evertiffe *Domos*, atque altitonantis Olympi
 Deriffiffe minas, complêffe & cædibus *Orbem*
Pacis amatorem, Pacisque infignia * *Sacris*
 Gestantem in Titulis. Ah! *Quis nam talia fando*
Temperet à lacrymis? Sed Tu qui fata gubernas,
 Summe Pater, rerumque gyris moderamine juſto
 Ac ſapiente præes, quondam hæc verſurus in uſum
 Permittis meliorem : atrox ſua pœna ſequetur
 Aufa nefanda, olim & feros vindicta nepotes
 Abjurare Patrum deteſtarique docebit
 Nomen, & æternis viventia crimina chartis.

Talia, ſed volvens animo majora, PALÆMON
 Verba, animi teſtes, mœſtas ad *Tameſis* oras,
 Triftior ipſe ciens (nam tunc in *Tameſis* oris
 Luſtus eum tenuit, poſtquam Te CAROLE, nobis
 Eripuit violenta manus, Cæloque locavit)
 Cantabat. Sed quis valeat cantare dolendo ?

* In binis eâ de re conciliis habitis, *Uxbridg.* & *Westmon.* * Beati Pacifici.

Dúmque

Dúmque silent *Nymphæ* attonitæ ? vel arundine motâ
 Ceu cantus imitata *Syrinx* peccâsse veretur ;
 Hispidus obscuro latitat dum *Glaucus* in antro
 Fata gemens *Britonum* : dum sparsæ hinc indè *Napeæ*
 In fontes oculos vertunt, *Dryadúmque* choreæ
 In cursus incompósitos, & *Panis* amores
 In luctus abeunt ; dum *Nereüs* ipse Tridentem
 Excussum cecidisse timet ; dum stagna profundis
 Penè refusa vadis *Divisos orbe Britannos*
 Concutiunt, mersámque videt sub pondere *Gentem*
Quam magè dilexit terris ille omnibus unam.
 Talia quis valeat calamos inflare videndo ?
 Quis lacrymas cohibere ? istas linque ergò PALÆMON
 Et *Batavúm* citus adnando te transfer in oras.
 Hic & enim amissi radians ut *Imago Parentis*
 CAROLUS alter adest, cujus spes Gloria nostras
 Eriget exoriens, Tempestatúmque furentes
 Dispellet nimbos, & reddet gaudia Cœlo
 Atque solo *Britonum*, postquam satis ira Deorum
 Sævierit, Dextráque *Jovis* jam fracta revellent
 Pectora vindictam minitantes fontibus ignes.
 Hic erit & votis locus amplior, híc & *Apollo*

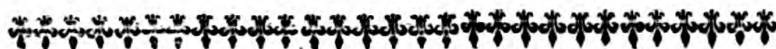
Agna-

(79)

Agnatæque novem, tranquillâ Pace fruuntur,
Litora tuta silent illic. Dúmque ora tueri
Principis & sacro dabitur Tibi lumine vultûs
Poffe frui tandem meliores fistula cantus
Exeret, & calamos inflabunt vota, PALÆMON,
Tunc magè certa tuos ; seu se se accingere Marti
Ille paret, læsósque Patris cum fanguine manes
Lustrare, ac, *Umbris* offerre piacula *Tantis* :
Seu Pedibus prostrata ferox *Audacia*, *Sacram*
Porrigat, Illiúsque legat *Clementia*, *Olivam*.



Ad





Ad ANGLOS jam novennali Bello
Civili inter se dissidentes.

T A P A I N E Σ I Σ.

Tertia ter jam diffidiis Civilibus æstas
Exarfit, nec Hydrops spoliis discordia vestris
Infanam propè rupta sitim fatiare valebit,
O Britones ! certè vos infelicia *Trojæ*
Fata manent, decimum si tandem infanus in annum
Vos furor hic rapiat, nec sævo parcere ferro
Pacis amor, Divûmque metus, Recltque cupido
Edoceant, propriæ metam & posuisse ruinæ.
Una medela tuis supereft tantùm, ANGLIA, damnis :
Da Regi Sua Fura Pio, da Iusta PARENTI.

F I N I S.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flowvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvédère; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

For the Tenth Year 1876-7.

21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the Eleventh Year 1877-8.

- Issue.*
23. Thule, or Vertues Historie. By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
 24. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
 25. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Twelfth Year 1878-9.

26. Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer (1641.) By George Wither. *Part I.*
27. Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer. *Parts II. and III.*

For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

28. Britain's Remembrancer. By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. Britain's Remembrancer. *Part II.*

For the Fourteenth Year 1880-1.

30. The Hymnes and Songs of the Church. By George Wither.
31. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part I.*

For the Fifteenth Year 1881-2.

32. The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse. By George Wither. *Part II.*
33. Paralellogrammaton. By George Wither.
34. Exercises vpon the First Psalme. By George Wither.

For the Sixteenth Year, 1882-3.

35. A Fig for Fortune. By Anthonie Copley.
36. Respublica Anglicana or the Historie of the Parliament. By George Wither.
37. A Preparation to the Psalter. By George Wither.

For the Seventeenth Year, 1883-4.

38. The Mirrour of Good Maners. By Alexander Barclay.
39. Certayne Egloges. By Alexander Barclay.
40. The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessoors.
41. Vaticinium Votivum; or, Palæmon's Prophetick Prayer.





