SION in DISTRESS:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

Protestant

CHURCH.

Lam. I, 12. Is there any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow?
Ves. 17. Sion spreadeth forth her Arms, and there is none to comfort her.
Ves. 20. Behold, O Lord, I am in DISTRESS!

-----------Quis talia Fando
Temperet a laebrimis?-----------Virgil.

LONDON:

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at the East End of the Royal Exchange, 1681.
To the READER.

You are here presented with a Reviv'd Poem, with such Additions and Enlargements as makes it very different from the First Impression. It is suited to the Present State of the Protestant Church, shewing the Causes of her present Calamity, with an Enumeration of some Prevailing Sins; the Plots and Contrivances of ROME against SION; the Marks of the Antichristian Beast and Scarlet Whore, with her Arraignment and Condemnation, (illustrated in difficult places with Marginal Notes.) Also some probable Discoveries of the Churches Redemption, and the approaching Glory of the Latter Day.

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

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

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

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

The Rise, Progress, and Persecutions of the Man of Sin, are succinctly delivered, with the Evidence of Approved Historians, (some of them Papiists) whose Evidence
To the Reader.

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

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

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

Your Soul's Well-Wisher.
To his Friend the AUTHOR,

On the

FIRST IMPRESSION.

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

Yale.
To my Friend the
AUTHOR.
Upon His
REVIV'D POEM.

Here's Grief in Raptures! Who could thus infuse
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian Muse
Such Sacred Rhapsodies could e'er inspire:
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire.
No Inspiration from the Thespian Spring,
Does teach our Poet in this mode to sing.
He sucks no Hippocrene, nor feeds upon
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.
He mounts no Pegasus, nor gathers Drops
Distill'd by Clio from Parnassian Tops.
These are but Whimsies———Some Seraphick Fire
His Muse did with this Mourning Song inspire.
Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief, Weep Tears in Verse, when SION wants Relief? Such as from Apes their lofty Strains do borrow, Do but describe an Artificial Sorrow: But his is purely Natural: for we Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy. His clear discerning Soul her danger sees Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees. He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke, To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke. Here's a Prophetick Glass, where we may view The Swift Destruction that will (else) ensue. But Friend, we thank thee that thou hast not left us Without some hope, nor has thy Book bereft us Of Consolation; for the SCARLET WHORE Is there to Sentenc'd, that She'll rise no more.
Sion in Distress:
Or, the
Groans
of the
Protestant Church.

Sion.

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

I mourn impitied groan without Relief!
No bounds, nor measures terminate my grief!
The Senses of mine Eyes are too too narrow
To view the Streams of my increasing Sorrow.
Ebb's follow swelling Floods, and Vernal Days
Adorn the Fields that Winter disarray'd:
All States and Things have their alternate ranges,
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
All Revolutions, hurried to and fro,
At length, some Rest and Settlement do know.
In helpless Life, have often look'd about,
To find some Ease, or Soul-Refreshment out;
Yet can I see no prospect of Relief,
Yet, swift Additions multiply my grief.
Sad Pilgrims wander in their deep distress
Amongst the wild-rapacious Savages,
In pathless Deserts, where the midnight howls
Of hungry Wolves, mixt with the screech of Owls,
And Ravens, dismal croaks, salute the Ears
Of poor erratic trembling Passengers:
O I'm surrounded, to the Beasts of Prey
Onspire to take my Life and Name away.
My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint
I want of vent; I'm pregnant with complaint.
O Age nor Generation but has known
Me part of this my just and grievous moan.
I now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;
Bolder Foes my Sorrows are enlarg'd:
Hellish Tribes from black Avernus flew,
It, Bloodhound-like, me and my Lambs pursue.
Sion in Distress.

Lord, Jesus come! O let my Cries invoke Thy sacred Presence to divert the stroke.
Are all my Friends withdrawn? what is there no Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan?

Sion's Friend.

What doleful noise salutes my wondering Ear
What grief-expressing Note is that I hear
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,
Bespeaks some one in great extremity.
The shrillness of the mournful Voice bespeaks
A Womans loud and unregarded shrieks.
The more her deep and piercing sobs I hear,
The more my Heart in sympathy does bleed.
Ah! who can find her out? who can make known
The Author of this Heart-relenting Moan?
Doubtless, though Grief now seiz'd, thus upon her
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;
Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,
Nursted in the Chambers of the Father's Love;
Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
Who over all has vast Preeminence;
Monarch of Monarchs------Sion! Is it Thou?
O mourn, my Soul! O let my Spirit bow!
Let all that love the Bridegroom, sigh for grief;
For Sion weeps as one past all Relief.
But why? O Sion, since they are belov'd
Of Heav'n's Supreme, art thou so sadly mov'd?
Sion in Distress: Or,

Are arms expanded, thus implore the skies?
Are dreaming rivulets, flow from thine eves?
Is makes me wonder.

Sion.

My forlorn estate
poor, unpity'd, mean and desolate;
ng have wander'd in the wilderness
oly'd in trouble, kept in sore distress,
Caves, absconding from the horrid rage
Savage beasts, until this later age
ade attempts to look a little out,
e Monster spy'd me, and does search about;
e Roaring blood-hounds, greedy on the scent,
kill, or drive me back again, are bent.
Interval of peace, no rest they give,
ounce me cursed, and not fit to live:
Dragon fell, combined with the beast
 gore my sides, and spoil my interest.
old lion, lioness, and lions whelp,
th dreadful jaws, the other beasts do help.
s, bulls, and foxes, bears and wolves agree
rend, to tear, and make a spoil of me.
at have been so delicately bred,
Children at a royal table fed;
now expos'd to the infernal spite
such as do in fire and blood delight.
t's hatch'd in hell and Rome! that black design
's in madmen, and to undermine our
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

B 3 brave
Sion in Distress.

Brave Soul! Thy Love and Loyalty do claim that King and People should proclaim thy Name, as England's Victim, never to be forgot, affixing on Rome an everlasting Blot.

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

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


Y Thee we learn what Curtesie to hope from Romish Butchers, Vassals to the Pope. who ledst the Van, first fell into the Trap, from whence they say no Protestant shall escape. were Innocence Trapann'd, amongst them came, without suspicion, (like a harmless Lamb) whilst they, like hungry Tygers, ready stood to maim their Talions in thy guiltless Blood. thou little thought'st such an Infernal Snare had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!

'Tis strange, say some, what Reason should engage him to make Thee the Object of their Rage? he Cause was thus: The Babylonish Whore, 3 with a Bastard, long'd (as heretofore) for Christian Blood; her Favourites made haste, her great need to help her to a Taste. of choicest Liquors this she calls the first, to cheer her sinking heart, and quench her thirst. Fearing
Fearing Miscarriage, when her Spirits faint,
She drinks the hearts Blood of some Martyr'd Saint
Then Horse-leech more insatiable; she cries,
Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice
My Craving Paunch; my pleasure must be done:
This Heretick was a Pragmaticick One;
He knew my Secret Clubs, and would Reveal
My Tragicke Plots: We must prevent his Zeal.
We'll Strangle Him, before He gives a glimpse
Of our Delights, or Countermines our Imps.

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

But since He's gone, and Justice does purifie
With eager steps th'Assassinating Crew,
We'll acquiesce: For Heaven seems to call
For Tears Composition at his Funeral:
Let Christians offer, through the Universe
Whole Hakemans upon his bleeding Head.

An
Sion in Distress: Or,

And could their Tears increase into a Flood,
'Twere no excess—So much I prize his Blood.

But other grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,
Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,
That my o'er-burthen'd Heart can scarce express
The nature of my Inward Heaviness.

Sion's Friend.

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

Sion.

If that my Head were Waters, and each Eye
A brim-full Fountain, I could drein 'em dry.
I'm steep'd in brackish Floods, nay almost drownd,
To see how Sin does ev'ry where abound.
Where'er I am, I nought can see or hear,
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
It breaks my heart that England thus should be
A Scene for Actors of Debauchery.
What perpetuations of the blackest Crimes
Appear not bare-fac'd in our present times?
The God (incensed) has fearful Judgments sent,
To humble men, and move them to repent; Yet
Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid Infolence;
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,
Scorning to take the dreadful Warnings given.
The sweeping Plague (that Messenger of Wrath)
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath
Produc'd! Nor has the desolating Fire
(A perfect Token of Gods flaming Ire)
Remov'd the City's Pride; 'twas great before,
And now it seems to multiply much more.
Fantaftick Garbs, and Antick Modes declare
How much from Pride their Souls reformed are;
Though want, though poverty, and loss of Trade,
Do many Men and Families invade;
Yet do they vaunt in pride and luxury,
As if they had vast Mines of Treasures by.
Some know not what to eat, nor how to go,
Yet on the Poor will no Compassion show:
(Whose unregarded Cries, unheeded Moans,
Whose unreliev'd Distress, unpity'd Groans,
Can scarce extort a Mite) such do not grudge
To purchase Hell at dearest Rates, and drudge
To please their brutish lufts, who void of measure
Consume Estates to wantonize in Pleasure,
Tumbling in Riot (as proud Doves fat)
Whilst Lazarus lies starving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths.

Volley's of Oaths, with horrid Blasphemy,
And dreadful Cursings, in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Observe the mode how they each other greet.
What new-coin’d oaths, what modish execration
What damning, sinking, horrid Imprecations
Do they disgorge? The Serpents fiery hiss,
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyss,
Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who con
The Man Genteeel that is most paramount
In wickedness; he that blasphemes aloud
Christ’s blood and wounds, is Courtier alamode,
How can th’abused Earth but gape again,
To swallow quick vile Wretches so prophane!
Can Heavens great Artillery so long
Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?
Jehovah’s Attributes so vilely us’d!
His sacred Essence and his Name abus’d,
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curses frame,
And Sins that never had before a Name.
Graduates in Courtship are preferr’d, who made
Most quick proficiency in a hellish Trade:
Such rant and roar, such revel, domineer,
As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.
Approaching dangers can’t disturb their pleasur
But still they sin until they fill their measure.
Judgments defer’d, in evil makes them bold,
Despising such by whom they are controwld.
As if th’avenging Hand their Lives did spare,
Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.
But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,
’Tis not t’indulge thee in iniquity.
Think’st thou the God of Purity does like
Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike?
Sion in Distress.

Do'st think a gloomy interposing Cloud, from God's all-searching Eye can be thy Shroud? Or that because He is inthron'd on high, Thy Deeds of Darkness He cannot elpy? Or since his Judgements are so long delayed, Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid? Wilt thou His Patience without end abuse, slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuse? So, thy Judgment hastens—— For a Rod Will quickly reach thee from an angry God. Because of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn, or which my Soul much inward grief has born. Do'lt thou not see how filthy Drunkenness does reign in City, and in Villages? Some reel and mallow in the street, like Swine, Whilst others boast their strength in drinking Wine: Although to such, God doth denounce a Curse, They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse, Read not Examples of God's wrath at all, Or what to Drunkards does so oft befall: Tho' Gods Word has dreadful Warnings given, that Drunkards never shall inherit Heaven, But that their lot shall with damned Spirits be, Chains of Darkness to Eternity. They drink, carouse, and waste their jolly breath upon the brink of Everlasting Death. Whate'er ensues, they are resolv'd they will carouse full Goblets, and be filthy still. Thus men, by Pride, by Oaths, by Worldliness, a daily swallowing Liquor to excess.

Desile.
Sion in Distress:  Or,

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,
To cause his Vengeance on the Land to smoak.
Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way
For all the Sorrows of th' approaching day.
These are in part the cause of England's Wo,
And will (if Grace prevents not) it undo.
But there are other hainous Sins behind,
Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my Min

A Complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.

Did filthy Lust and Whoredom ever rage
With more success then in the present Age?
Abominations of so vile a Name,
That their bare mention is indeed a shame.
What Sin more hateful in Jehovah's Eye,
Then this of Whoredom and Adultery?
'Tis rank'd as Chief, and marches in the Van
Of all the gros Debaucherries of Man,
In those black Muster-Rolls God does record
Of grand Offences in his holy Word.
What more affronts the Second Table? Or
Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor
Could be produc'd t' express Idolatry,
Then that abhorred Name, Adultery.
Besides the Terrors of God's fiery Wrath,
Which judges such to everlasting Death;
On Earth, amongst all sober men, they gain
So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,
As all the Waters in the Sea can nev't
Wipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.
But, O what dismal Consequences wait
For speedy entrance at the wretches' gate!  Fo
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 13

Lewd Embraces of lascivious Dames will rot their bones, breed cankers in their names, and get consumption in Estate and Purse, and produce Destruction, and a certain Curse: for common ends that such arrive unto, as the foul Diseases, Beggery and Wo.

They're foolish Fools (says wife Demosthenes) that buy Repentance at such Rates as these: that sin, to please an Enemy, that strives to damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives.

And in his Sacred Ordinances hath appointed such to an immediate Death. 20.10. Could men but judge it as their greatest Foe, they'd never love, nor hug it as they do.

Sex is bad, but Women seem to be the very Brokers of Immodesty; which makes that passage to be born in mind, to use and vertuous Woman who can find?

Our City-Dames and Ladies are on fire with wanton passion, and unchaste desire; providing Meats on purpose to inflame their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame.

Brests and Naked Necks, a Harlots Dress, strong Temptations unto Wickedness.

Other sins (th' Apostle does declare) rich men commit, without the Body are: this abominable Act alone, infst his Body by a man is done.

Butriage to all, the Undefiled Bed, honourable; he that will, may wed:
But Whoremongers, And judges, and they shall
Breast into the Lake, both great and small,
The Wiseman calls th' Adulterer, A Fool;
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.
No Sots like them, for branded, still they show
The marks of Folly wherefo'er they go.
O how th'unclean and bruitish man exceeds
Infierior Sinners in reproachful Deeds!

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

But O amazing master-piece of wonder!
That's like to rend my very heart a sunder,
When I consider that an Age of Light
 Produces Monsters blacker then the Night:
A Cursed Tribe of wretched Atheists dare,
Without all Dread and Reverential Fear,
Strike at the Essence of the Great Jehovah,
And all the Glories that reside Above:
As if mere Fancies of a Cloudy Brain,
And all Religion an Intrigue of Man:
That dare pronounce all Evangelick Law
A Trick of State to keep the World in awe.
Creating Idols in their Brains; that even
Make Mocks of Hell, and a meer scorn of Heaven.
But can such Fancies challenge an abode
Within your Hearts, to Disbelieve a GOD?
On the Universal Fabrick cast an Eye,
The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky:
An so Sublime Illustrious an Effect 
e form'd without a Glorious Architect?
Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws.
pronounce Effects resulting from a Cause,
'whose Order leads us to Infinity,
're Arguments of a Divinity.
reated Things must a Creator have;
and that Begetter who first Being gave
o Essences produc'd, can't be Begot;
'ts therefore GOD, and other else is not.
his Causa Prima, without Time or Date,
He that did all Entity create.
he First could not Himself create; so He
ult have His Essence from Eternity.
'ho can make Phoebus his swift Course Reverse?
r ballance in his Palm the Universe?
'ho can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?
none can do't, then none can GOD define.
irst Principles are beyond Definition;
'o Logick reaches at so high a Vision:
'is unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain.
f lofty Metaphysicks can contain
hose Mysteries; true Wisdom therefore hath
ommanded Reason to give room to Faith.
what we see had not a first Creator,
hen 'tis its own immediate Operator;
so, it Acts, before it had a Being:
't such Conclusions are too disagreeing.
ith Reasons Maxims; For all things that be,
ay say they are their own Divinity,
If each can make it self, and that which can
Create it self, can so it self sustain
In infinitum, and will never dissolve
Its self; for Nature's principal Resolve
Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,
If it can keep up its own Entity.
This strain of Atheistick Sophistry
Makes all of equal Independancy,
Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theym,
Without Inferior, making all Supreme.

FIRST CAUSE supposes Time, & Time supposes
Some second Acts, which After-Time discloses.
So view their Series, you may trace them all
(As Links in Chains) to their Original,
The Great JEHOVAH, whose unathomd Glory
Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.

There is a thing in Man call'd CONSCIENCE,
Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,
Whether he likes or not: That's ready still
To check the Course of his Disorder'd Will:
It is Eccentric to his Sensual Part,
Arraigns his Words, his Deeds, his very Heart;
And if it finds they be irregular,
It does pursue them with continual War.
What can this Just, this Inward Witness be,
But some bright Beam of a Divinity?
In former Times was not JEHOVAH known
By Miracles which visibly were shown?
Can Reason brag that Causes Natural
Could raise the Dead? Or that a Word can call


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An Intomb'd Carcass to behold the Light?
Make sound a Cripple? give the blind their sight?
If not, then surely it will follow hence,
That 'tis an Act of some Omnipotence:
That such were done we have the Common Vote
Of Pagans, Jews, and all the Men of Note,
Whose Works are Extant, whom we may believe,
Because they had no Interest to deceive.

(hear,
Whence come those Judgments which you daily
Of Wrath and Vengeance darted every where
Against Prophaners of that Sacred Name?
Whence come those Arrows, that Consuming Flame
Which terrify the World? & whence the breath
That strikes Blasphemers with a sudden Death?
Which of these rare Philosophers can show
What makes the Spacious Deep to Ebb and Flow?
Let them produce their Maxims, if they can,
How scatter'd Atomes can compose a Man?
Who brandishes those blazing Signs of Wonder?
Who frights the Earth with rapid Peals of Thunder?
Who did defeat the Fatal Enterprize
Which Rome, by Devils Counsell, did devise?
Who sets the Comet in the Angry Sky,
Those dismal Harbingers of Misery?
God does Himself by many Ways make known;
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:
Yet Senseless Mortals faulter more and more,
Though hovering Vengeance threaten at the Door;
Deceit, Soul-killing-Errors, Perjury,
Injustice, Murder, Theft, Hypocrisy,
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

A Complaint against Hypocrites.

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

Dread Sovereign of the Universe,
That whilst I weep my Grievances in Verse,
By Sion's Interest may not be betray'd
To Rome, by Protestants in Masquerade.
Let me hear the Joyful Trumpet sounding,
That does proclaim their Babylon confounded.
Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying Europe in unusual Swarms.
This critical moment they expect and hope
To thrust Me out, and introduce a Pope;
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterscarp between
Their hasting Canon's most impetuous shots,
And foreign Saints, that countermines their Plots.
The desperate Archers are aware of this,
They know that England the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth: If they could make it sup
Th' iavenom'd dregs of th' Antichristian Cup,
They judge it easy to subdue the rest
Of my European Gospel-Interest.

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

Awake
Awake O England! this Lethargick Sleep
Is out of Season, 'tis a time to weep;
If guilty Children tremble at the Rod,
Can you be stupid when the Angry God
Sets up this dreadful Ensign of his Wrath?
Rouze up Repentance, let a lively Faith
Now go to work; See how the Preaching Air
Instead of Sinning, does exhort to prayer;
For thy Fantastick Garbs, Perfumes and all
Thy other Trash, it doth for Sackcloth call:
From Carnal Sports it bids thee quickly get,
Calls from the Taverns to the Mercy-Seat.
From that accursed Rendezvous of Lust
It bids thee hasten, and repent in Dust.
Have not th' Experience of past Ages given
Their sad Remarks upon those Signs in Heaven?
What followed still, but certain Spoil of Nations:
Plagues, Fire and Sword, and other Devastations
The sure Eversion of some Potent Crown;
The Death of Heroes, Monarchs tumbled down
But thou Illustrious Architect of Wonder,
Remove the Sorrows which I labour under.
Does this Amazing Prodigy betoken
That Rampant Babel shall be quickly broken?
Does it portend that Antichrist shall break
In pieces, striving to destroy the Weak,
Remains that on this blessed Name do Call?
Or dost not presage, that (trembling) I shall fall?
Lord, canst thou see thy pleasant Vineyard Tore
And rooted up, by this rapacious Boar?
have my Children crying Sins provok'd at dismal Sentence, not to be revok'd?
ods Methods were to chasten, not destroy of Sinning Souls in whom he once took joy)
ive thy Sinking Church a true discerning that thou doft mean by this prodigious Warning;
at by thy Spirits sacred Flame calcin'd, Scourges mended, and by hear refin'd,
may find Grace. But oh! My Spirits faint for the Pressure of my Great Complaint!
paning Soul another grief doth feel, fee ble Knees beneath their burden Reel.

Sion's Children.

**H Mother!** who can disallow your moan?

A The Cause is just, for every one must own failings great, and that our sins provoke pending Judgments, and a future Stroke, exceeding Mercy steps not in ward the blow, and cancel out our Sin.

since unthought-of Providence gives light, and calls the Sun to see the Acts of Night; since Heaven exposes the Results of Rome Publick Notice; since the Traytors come Legal Execution; since the grand triers of this Mischief dare not stand Test of Law, or due Examination;
see such brave Heroes represent the Nation, C 3 Whose
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

Sion.

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

Why Gaudy Things, that never had a Name
Sacred Records, our Profession shame?
Why are our Rites enamelled with their Gloss?
Why must our Gold be mingled with their Dross?
Why further Reformation is suppress'd;
To uphold a Grandeur that's Surpriz'd at best?
Why Doors and Windows must be shut up quite,
To stop the Radiance of a further Light?
And why must such as disallow those Tricks,
Branded as the vilest Schismatics?

But that's not all: My Children more refin'd
From those Corruptions, do afflict my mind.
Depths of Sorrow that disturb my Rest!
Racking Grief that rends my woful Breast!
Sine me are so Carnal, some so swiftly hurl'd
to the Labyrinth of the enticing World,
That in the hurries of that crowded Road,
They find small leisure to attend their God;
Referring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,
For the means of their Eternal Health.

Me that in words respect me; I behold
That sad posture, betwixt hot and cold.
Sometimes they seem for Sanctity; sometimes
Be with the current of prevailing Crimes:
Their Pulpits beat with an alternate motion;
Now for the World, then for some faint Devotion.

Me that unto my Tabernacles were
Admitted, left me for Egyptian Fare:
Here not content with my Celestial Diet,
Run with others to excess of Riot.
Sion in Distress: Or,

Some to be Popular, away would give
Those Gospel-Duties that are positive:
From such as these, my Sorrows do increase,
That Sell God's Order for a seeming Peace;
Such Open Gaps that do pervert the Laws
Of my just Right, and well-defended Cause.

But O! how many Easy Christians take
Their Rest in Forms, and no distinction make
'Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on Duty
As if it were the sole adorning Beauty?
Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
Present their Body, but deny their Heart.

Are not some Pastors careless to provide
A Word in Season, for the Flocks they guide?
Some are too backward to supply the Need
Of painful Lab'ners, that their Souls do feed:
Discourag'd by Close-fisted Avarice,
Despis'd, neglected, through this Hellish Vice.
My Workmen languish, and have cause of moan,
To see their Toil so ineffectual grown.

The most Pathetick Preaching scarce can move
Some Rocky Hearers to the Grace of Love.
Must Hug-fac'd Envy, and foul-tongued Detraction
Invenom'd Malice, and unfaithful Action,
Ill-grounded Slander, and uncertain Rumors,
Backbitings, Quarrels, and the worst of Humors
Be practis'd thus? Ah grief of griefs to see
Professing People act Iniquity

To such a Pitch! ---- Some Husbands and for
Do lead such shameful, such unsavoury Lives;

Whi
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 25

Whilst mutually at Strife, they do impeach
That Name that should be very dear to each:
Such Pride, such surly, dogged reprehension
For every Toy, such sharpmets and contention,
As does disgrace Religion, and does lay
Blocks and Offences in a Converts Way.
Ah! why can't Saints in Family eschew
That which meer Heathens are ashamed to do?
Their Houses are the Scene of Civil Wars,
Of Brawls, of Discord, and Domestick Jars.
In grace or comfort can they find increase,
Or Heavenly Blessings, who are void of Peace?
How oft do Parents Ill Example draw
Their tender Children to infringe the Law
And Sanctions of the Everlasting God:
Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod?
To strict Extremes some Parents do adhere,
Check not at all, or else are too severe:
On Back and Belly they bestow much Cost,
But care not if their Precious Souls be lost:
Are they not guilty of Prodigious Folly
That teach them Courtship, & neglect what's Holy
A Child untutor'd, (a meer lump of Sin,)  
May justly curse its cause of having been.
Such as instruct, do doubly them beget,
By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat
Their growth in ill; such mold their better part
By wise prevention of a Canker'd heart.
O! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold
For Trees admit no bending that are Old.
Sion in Distress: Or,
Who timely sow such seed they would have grow,
Will surely reap according as they sow.
Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
Prompt on a Child to tip his tongue with ill
In his first prattle: But it is less pain
To form good Habits, then reform the vain.
On th' other hand, how many Children do
Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to
Their godly Parents? Slight their careful teaching
Make Games of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching,
Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e'er,
Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where
Will find them out. But O my aching Soul
Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole
The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few
The ways of God and Holiness pursue!
But very eager to obey the Devil,
In quickly learning every reigning Evil.
Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,
Our Youth grown old in vile abomination:
Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.
Yet Grace and Vertue grovel in the Dust,
Their Youth and Strength they'1l sacrifice to Lust.
That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To mind their Maker in the Days of Youth,
They scorn to heed: Ah fools! that would begin
Inversion, when they can no longer sin.
But know, preposterous Sots, the Day of Doom
That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.
How
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

Sion's Children.

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

Sion.

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

Mer-
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To sum their Shop-books, but neglect the Heart;
For that they think there's time enough, and look
But seldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.
How many come for Fashion-fake to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many loyce in their Christian Race,
Profusely squandering the day of Grace?
Many like Drones, on others Toyl do live,
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.
What lying, chearing, couz'ning and deceit
Do Traders use? O! how they over-rate
What they would sell? but if they be to buy,
They undervalue each Commodity.
But why should Pride, that vile Abomination,
Be found in Saints? must every Apish Fashion
Bewitch their minds, when God is so Express
In strict forhidding of so vile a Dress?

Prayer, that Sacred Ordinance, that holds
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds
The Fathers Glory, and on High does mount;
Is made by many but of small account;
'Tis that that carries our Desires to God,
And comes down fraughted with a blessed Load
Of sweet Returns; yet 'tis much disrespected,
And Closet-Duty too too much neglected.
Scriptures themselves are slighted and dis-us'd,
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd:
Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a slitting;
Gospel-Reproofs perverted to backbiting.
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

Some follow Whimsies that do nearly border
Upon Confusion, and despise all Order;
Such on all Sacred Institutions trample,
(Though fortify'd by Precept and Example)
As if 'twere low for an exalted mind.

To be, to Gods Declared Will, confin'd;
But can these Men of Rapture make pretence
That they have more Divine Intelligence
Then all th'Illustrious Saints, as Prophets, Priests,
Apostles, Martyrs and Evangelists,
That were the Scribes and Messengers of Heaven,
And strictly practis'd all the Dutys given
Unto the Church, which are without repeal?
But if they're disanul'd, who did reveal
Their Abrogation to these bold Pretenders?

God's Laws are saund, and need no Cobling-menders.

But Oh! that Dismal Evil that's behind
Disturbs my Reason, and distracts my Mind!
It is DIVISION! That unhappy word
Has done more Mischief than a Popish Sword
Could ever do, if that a sweet Communion
(At least of Love) did but compleat our Union.

Why should Licentious Heat, my Children hurry
To those Extreems? must they each other worry
For trivial things? do they not all agree
In Fundamentals of Divinity?
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

That
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

Sion's Children.

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

Sion.

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

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

Next if you would not Charity explode,
Abuse the guiltles, and affront your God,
Judge not your Brethren at a distance, neither
Give easie Credit to the Tales of either
Hot-headed Scriblers, or licentious tongues,
That often load the innocent with Wrongs:
So Hellish Monks did serve Waldensian Saints
With horrid clamour, and unjust complaints:
So Popish Impudence spews out its Gall
To make us odious, and bespatter all.
The Reformation; sure that cause is bad
Whose chief support from Railing must be had.
If giddy rumour, or uncertain fame
Should raise a Slander on your Brothers Name,
Repair to him, and in Converse you’ll see
Whether he guilty, or not guilty be:
If he be faulty, tell him of his sin;
Be mild and secret, and you may him win.
Admonish gently, let your whole discourse
Be full of favour, love and Scripture-force.
This is the way to bring him to a fence,
And Gods prescribed Method to convince;
But if you fail, then leave him to his God,
Whó can reform, or punish with a Rod.
Sion in Distress: Or,
Your Work is done, you have discharged the pa
Of Friend, of Brother, of a Christian heart.
Before Belief examine what is vented,
Good Men by Malice may be represented
In Monstrous Shapes: Some that to God are dear
Hatred will paint like a mishapen Bear;
Believe not therefore distant imputation?
No Censure's Just, before Examination.

In all Debates be sure to lay aside
All prejudice, and let the Scriptures guide
Your calm, sedate Disputes, let Truth be scann'd
With cool Resolves: O! let that great Command
Of Love take place! for that should moderate
All Eager Sallies in a warm Debate.
Who loses Error, truly gains the Field;
And he is Victor, that to Truth does yield.
Where e're you find it, though in mean array,
Subscribe, and win the Glory of the Day.
O! what's the World, but Shackles to the Mind?
What's Reputation, but a fleeting Wind?
Why should those Babbles which the Lord abhors,
Become the Sacred Truths Competitors?
Away with all such Rubs, let Truth take place!
And then the Springs of Everlasting Grace
Will drop down Blessings, Unity, Increase,
Among my Children, as the fruits of Peace.
Sion's Children.

Our Common Danger, and the Real Sense (Which we have got by dear Experience)
Of those Advantages, our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, will unite us so,
As that our Enemies shall not prevail
To break our League, or make our Courage fail.
But tell, Dear Mother, has some new affright
So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction? tell your Sons, we pray,
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.
Why do you judge, that England's Day of Grave
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?
Shew some Prognosticks of that dismal Night,
That threatens to succceed our Gospel-Light.

Sion.

When Sol once touches our Meridian Line,
It straight descends, does by degrees decline;
Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing Light
Yields to the Sable of approaching Night:
Just so the Gospel in its Altitude,
Once shot such Beams, that in this Isle enful'd
So great Conversion, that those former Days
Did feel its blest and universal Rays.
A General Heat did warm this Happy Nation,
From its benign and powerful Operation:
But now it falls! and from our Horizon
Its vigorous influence is almost gone.
Thousands of Sermons lately have been preach'd,
But very few (if any) sinners reach'd.
How ineffectual is the quick'ning word!
It shines, but warms not; its but like a Sword
That's fair to fight, but has no Edge at all;
Few prick'd at heart! and scarce do any fall
At Jesus feet! or have a fence of Sin,
Confessing how rebellious they have bin!
It is a dismal and apparent Sign
That Night comes on, when Phoebus does decline,
When Heat and Fervour fail, our Hemisphere
Will quickly see its glory disappear.
The Ev'ning of the Nat'ral Day is come,
When Harvest-Work-men are repairing home:
So when quick Summons of Omnipotence,
Removes the Dressers of his Vineyard hence,
We may conclude the Gospel-Morning past,
Because Gods Servants disappear so fast.
Can I, when Gap-defenders fall asleep,
But like old Is'ch, for my Prophets weep?
How can the naked and unguarded Flock,
Sustain the Brunt of an invading Shock?
When of its Shepherds it is thus bereft,
When scarce a Moses, or a Joshua's left,
How many active Guides, most dearly lov'd
By Me, have been in little time remov'd;
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 37

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

Another ground of my prevailing fear
That England's black Catastrophe is near,
Is that, as in the Clofure of the Day,
The Evening Wolves do range abroad to Prey:
So Romish Beasts in monstrous Swarms do peep
From their black Caverns, to destroy my Sheep;
Such hate the tell-tale-light, and therefore hide
Themselves in Dens, until the Evening-side.
Their cursed Products are resolves of Night,
Like silent Crows, that in the dark do bite.
Another symptom of the day's declension,
Is when the Shadows do increase dimension:
So when I look about, I plainly see
Our Even'ning shadows very long to be.
In Humane Bodies when the Head grows Hoary,
It notes decay of Vigor, Strength and Glory.
Gray hairs are thick upon our Ephraim's Head,
His Strength decays, his Face is withered.
When Joyns grow palsy'd, & the Blood's congeal'd
Into a Jelly, can the Man be heal'd?
When limbs grow Stiff; and feckle Age does plow
Its wrinkled furrows on the Patient's brow;
When heat gives place to a benumbing cold,
When doing Fancy cares not to be told
Of its approaches to a certain Grave;
When it rejects the Physick that would save,
The Case is desperate, for the Patient's just
Upon the Point to be consum'd in Dust:
Even so (Alas!) this Gasping Nation lies
Under the pressure of sad Maladies:
"Tis sick at heart, yet seems adverse to take
That sacred Physick, whose Ingredients make
Diseases vanish, and would ward the Blow
Which will, (I fear) produce its overthrow,
Ah! must our Glory (like a brittle Glass
Reduc'd to Fractious) into Atomes pass!
So Rude a Chaos! an unformed confusion!
Threatning the whole with utter dissolution.
Once Happy Isle, I grieve at thy condition!
Where's thy Repentance? where is thy Contrition.
Thou hast been counted our Emanuel's Land,
The Gospel seems on Tip-toe now to stand,
To bid thee farewell: Must thy Sun so soon
Be set! before it did approach to Noon!
Must that Illustrious Morning-light be gone,
That spread its Beams through all our Horizon?
Must wretched Malice, and prodigious Lust,
Must bare-faced Pride, and impudent Distrust,
Rob thee of this inestimable Jewel?
How canst thou be so pitiless, so cruel
Unto thy self? Sin is the flaming dart
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very heart.

Can Sion chuse but send out mournful Crys?
And weep thy Downfall in sad Elegies?
Within thy Bounds my Tabernacles were
Built up, and I did long inhabit here.
Thy Gospel-glory, and Renown's gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the Earth.
Thou mayst be justly stil'd the place of Vision?
(Though made by Foes an Object of Derision)
The Joy of Saints, the Protestant's Delight,
The Mark and Butt of Antichristian spite.
But if the Crown be ravished from thy Head,
And Romish Clouds thy Lustre overspread;
What heart so brawny, but thy doleful Cry
Must move to pity? what relentless Eye,
Can see thy fall, and not dissolve to drops?
O fleeting Joys! O dis-appearing hopes!
O haftning horror! O invading fears!

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

D 4

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

Must
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

Sion's Children.

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

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

Sion.

His Beast above (a) twelve hundred years
has bin
My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (b) The Man of Sin,

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

...
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

(b) 2 Thef. 2. 3. Man of Sin. ἄνθρωπος τοῦ ἀντίπαρου τῆς ἡμερήσιας, is an Hebraifin, and imports a person given up to Impiety and Wickedness, as Pro. 24. 5. הָרִיעָה וְיִוָא vir scientiae, a Man of knowledge, that is, very knowing, 2 Sam. 16. 8. יִוָא, vir sanguinum;
Sion in Distress: Or,
A Man of Blood, that is, one arrived at a non ultra
of impurity.

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

(c) εὐγόνος τον ἀνωτέρας, Son of Perdition, is also an
Hebraism, and denotes, One designed for destruc-
tion, as a hopeless and graceless wretch. Chrysost.
on 2 Thes. Hom.3. tells us, he is called so because he
shall be destroyed. Piscator and Erasmus think it may
be expounded, one desperate, and past all hope of
Honesty --- the perfect Copy of his Original Judas,
who is called the Son of Perdition, John 17.12. for
he seemed an Angel, yet was a Devil --- he was no
Heathen, quitted Judaism, followed Christ, was
an Apostle, seemed to pity the Poor, pretended great
affection to his Master, yet betrays him with a Kiss,
loved the Bag, hatchet a Villain able to rend the Rocks,
and make the Earth quake ----- In which let all im-
partial men consider whether the Romish Antichrist
does not exactly parallel him,
(d) Rev.13.7. The Beast that ascended out of the
Bottomless Pit, &c.
(e) Du Moulin, p. 379. amply demonstrates that
the portion of the Roman Empire, which the Pope
back
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bath under him hath such proportion in respect of the whole Extent of the Roman Empire, as there is of 9 to 10, that is little less than the third Part, agreeable to Dan. 7.8.

The Marks of the Beast.

First Mark.

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

(f) This is one way whereby we may know who the
Man of Sin is, viz. He shall not be revealed until there come a falling away first, as 2 Thess. 2.3.
The Revelation of Antichrist was then to be, when there should appear some eminent Defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apostacy was; it began very early: It is affirmed by some,
some, the Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her Primitive Purity, longer then one hundred years. But however, all approved Historians agree, that about the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Apostacy of which the Apostle speaketh, was visible, and fully manifested: Joan. Wolfius out of Jerom, saith, That about the year 390. the Law perished from the Priest, and the Vision from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themselves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleanliness. In the year 326, it was endeavoured in the Council of Nice, to cause Bishops and Elders to refrain from their Wives. See Allsted in Chronologis teitium Veritatis. Also the said Wolfius allegedeth a Saying out of Augustine, applying it to the year 399. who speaketh thus: That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was easier then that of Christians under the Gospel. Dionysius in an Epistle hinteth that they were burdened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Christians; and that the Sacraments both of Baptism and the Lords Supper, suffered great mutation, and was grievously corrupted. Also we find Chrysostom declaiming against the Bishop of Rome, concerning Purgatory; which thing is applied to the Year 410. or theraabouts. Besides, we find exemption made of worshipping of Images, which
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which is reprehended by one Amphilocus Bishop of Iconium, as also by Epiphanius, whom we find speaking thus: Whence is this Image-Worship, and Design of the Devil? And a little after, he saith, Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

The Second Mark.

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

(h) The second thing that was to precede the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the Sixth Head, viz. The Heathen Empire, which in the Apostles time * did let or hinder his Rise; He that now let- eth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed, &c. The Empire (Faish du Moulin) which did bear rule, must be
be abolished, and out of the Ruins thereof the So
of Perdition is made manifest, and exalts himself.
the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire bein
decayed in the West, and diminished in the East
by the Saracens, the Pope found means to seiz up
on the chief City of the Empire, together with
great part of Italy, and to devour the Neighbour-
ring Churches and Realms at his pleasure. Du
Moulin, ubi supra, p. 119. That this was the gen-
eral Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in Tertullian,
Lib. de Resurrect. cap. 24. Chrysost. 4 Sermon on
 THEF. The Greek Schol. in loc. August. de ci-
vitatat Dei, lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 11. quelt to Algasia,
Lipius, &c. He that would see more particularly
how the Bishop of Rome hath made his Market by the
ruine of the Empire, let him read Signonius his Hi-
story of the Kingdom of Italy: In the beginning of
his third Book he shews how Pope Gregory the Sec-
ond, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of I-
mages in the Church, forbade the People to pay Tribute
to him, and not so much as once to name him in their
Publick Service; Du Moulin, p. 157. This then being
out of question, to wit, That the Roman Empire
whereof St. Paul speaks, is already ruined, and that the
Bishop of Rome thenceupon rose to that height of Pride
and Blasphemy, it must needs follow that the Son of
Perdition is revealed, and that this is he.
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The Third Mark.

At first from mean estate (1) this Beast arose,
Came from the Earth, and did at length op-
The former Beast the Roman Empire; he (2) poe
By help of Lombards chas’d from Italy,
Usurpt his Seat, appropriates his Power,
And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragedies are the second part of his.
As if that Soul by Metempsychosis (2)
Surviv’d, and were translated into this.
Now let all judge if Antichrist become
That fees these Marks upon the Beast of Rome.

(1) This Beast (faith Du Moulin) rose from a
small beginning and mean estate, signified by a
Little Horn in Daniels Prophecy, and in the Re-
velations of St. John by his rising out of the Earth,
according as the Latines call Sich as get up from
a little, Terra Felios, as Mushrooms or Toad-stools,
pag. 259. Now who is there but knows how mean
and poor the Bishops of Rome were, before they came
to be Earthly Monarchs? then when they had not one
foot of ground, that the Emperor caus’d them to be
whipt, imprisoned, banish’d, &c. but by degrees to
what a mighty heighs did he rise? He exercis’d the
Power of the First Beast by little and little; he took
the Empire upon him, (2) Sat down in his very Seat,
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

The Fourth Mark.

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

(1.) This is notorious to the World, though the brev-
ity of Notes admit not room for many Examples. 
(2.) Plus the Fifth, sent a Bull to depose Qu. Eliza-
beth. See Jewel’s View of Sedition, and Cambden’s 
Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory the 13 labour’d se-
cretly to ruine her, Id. ibid. Anno 1378. Tom. 1. 
Sixtus 5. gave her Kingdom to the King of Spain, 
Anno 1588. ibid. Clement 8. Strictly commands 
that none should inherit the English Crown, how good 
soever his Title be, unless they be sworn and resolved 
Papists, his words are thus: Nisi ejusmodi esset, 
qui
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(wait

(3.) Some hold his Stirrup, (4) some are made to Three Frosty Nights bare-footed at his Gate.
(5.) Imperial Heads lye prostrate at his Beck,
And to his trampling feet submit their Neck.

(3.) Pope Adrian 4. made the Emperor Frederick 1. to hold his Stirrup, and chid him for holding the wrong one, Balæus in Act. Rom. Pont. in vit. Adrian 4.
(4.) Gregory 7. made the Emperor Henry 4. his Empress and Child, to wait 3 days and 3 night, in a Frosty Season, bare-footed and bare-legged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience. Id. in vit. Gregor. 7.
(5) Alexander 3. Made the Emperor fall upon the ground, in the Temple of St. Mark at Venice, the whole People being present, and puts his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the Psalmists words, Psal. 91. 13. Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou trample under feet, Id. in vit. Alex. 3. See 40 Examples of this in the Learned Dr. White's Way of the Church. p. 18, 19, 20, 21.

E 4  T
Sion in Distress: Or,

The Fifth Mark.

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

*Tis expressly laid down by the Apostle, as an undoubted Mark of the Man of Sin, viz. That he should sit in the Temple of God. Chrysost. is very express, Hom. 3.2 Thes. 8.2 ον ἐν Ἰσραήλ ἡμᾶς ἐδυνάμεθα ἑκκλησίας; that is, not Jerusalem but in the Church, so Oecumenus, de Rom. lib. 3. cap. 13. and Theoph. Theod. Ambros. Primus Anselm. Severian. apud ipsum. Besides it was to be in a City, with 7 Hills, and where 7 Kings or Suprem Magistrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but Rome, as is demonstrat'd by Peter du Moulin and others; if it be objected, that the Church of Rome at the time of Antichrist's Rife, could not be the Temple of God, because upon the Great Apostacy that denomination ceases, it is answer'd: it might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Presence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godliness was gone, it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep the
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their names when ruined; 'tis said, Isa. 1.21. How is the Faithful City become an Harlot? Could she be a faithful City and a Harlot too? The meaning is, she was so, but now thus; fo Matt. 11.5. Mark 7. ult. 'tis said, The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, &c. that is, they were so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Husbands Name though divorced for Whoredom; fo Rome(×) was Gods Temple & Chrifts Church, but when she espoused another Head, and cast off her first Husband (+) and the true Faith, she became an Harlot and Synagogue of Satan, though bearing still the name of Church and Christian also. See an excellent Treatife, Intituled, The Man of Sin, Printed 1677 pag. 40. &c.

The Sixth Mark.

This is the Beast upon whose Back the great Inticing Strumpet rides in Pompous State(×) By him she was supported all along, By his Imposture she was rendered strong.

(×) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderness, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet coloured Beast, full of Names of Blasphemy, having seven Heads and ten Horns, Rev. 17.4. I will shew the Mystery of the Woman, and the Beast that carrieth her, verf. 7.
This Mark that (+) Notion throws quite out of
That says the Beast shall not arise before (Door,
The Desolation of the Scarlet Whore.

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

The
The Sixth Mark.

The Holy Spirit most expressly faith, In later times some shall renounce the faith. That by the Spirit of Seduction led, Doctrine of Devils through the Earth shall spread, That belch out Falshood in Hypocrifie And many Thoufands do deceive thereby; Forbidding Marriage, (*) and the use of Meat, Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

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

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

The Eighth Mark.

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

(a) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God. 2 Thess. 2. He shall speak great things against the most High. Dan. 7.25. That the Pope is guilty of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appe-

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

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

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

The Ninth Mark.

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

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

St.
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St. Anthony's Arm, that precious Relick at Geneva, was kissed and worship'd with great Devotion, whilst Popery kept its ground; but when the Gospel came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Pible of a Stag. Calvin, de reliq. propinquitum. Possibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick had done; and of St. Dcctumatus, who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there washed off the Blood from it. A Country Curate, Stith Erasmus, getting Crabs, and fastening Candles to their backs, set them a crawling up and down the Church-Yard at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, persuad'd the People that they were poor Distress'd Souls in Purgatory, you must think such that wanted Maffes and Almes, faith my Author; ye know the Proverb, No Penny, No Pater Nofter: a fit Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets. Lib. 22. Epist. p. 1529. in Epist. Edit. Basil. A Maid coming into a Garden, and taketh a Lettice to eat it, crieth the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, faith Du Moulin, whom she be like swallowed down together with the Lettice, being commanded to go out, and cast by Equitius, excepteth himself, saying, Alas! what hurt did I? I was sitting quietly upon the Lettice, and she came and bit me, the fault was in her for not making the Sign of the Cross when she gathered the Lettice. Moreover, these ridiculous Impostors affirm, that when the Body of Pope Formosus was carry'd into St. Peter's Church, all the Images of the Saints that stood there, did him Obedience; but above all, the Miracle of the Ass that left his Provender to worship the Host, seems most ridiculous to King James; see his Apology, &c. Many of their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the 4 and 5 Century, and were contriv'd to confirm the Popes Headship and Universal Supremacy, together with their idle Stories of Purgatory, Images, Praying for the Dead, &c. Those that would see more, let them read Du Moulin, also a little Book intituled, the Man of Sin.
The Tenth Mark.

His outward smooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps array,
But inwardly a ravenous Beast of Prey.
He has a Mouth (a) wherewith he speaks great things,
Blasphemes the glory of the King of Kings.

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

He is frequently called by those of the Roman Church, Our Lord God the POPE. Exter. Joan. 22. Tit. 14. c. 4.
And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, so mit, the Saints of God, 'tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks Schismatics, and what not.

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The Eleventh Mark.

'Tis He that aims at th' utter Dissolution
Of precious Saints, by Bloudy Persecution,
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.
Forbids all Traffick, none must sell or buy,
Except th' adorers of his Hierarchy.
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear
Of which full proof, is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath (a) murder'd do surmount,
The strictest of Arithmeticks account.
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Cloud
And Swelling Current of my Childrens Blood.

(a) He shall wear out the Saints of the Moft High, Dan.7.
and caus'd as many as would not worship the Image of the
Beast should be killed, Rev.13.5. We find upon Record, That
Pope Innocent the 3. within the space of a few Months, made
more than 200000 of the faithful to be slain, who they called
Albigians, he had made all Europe to stream with Blood; in
St. Bartholomews Massacre, in the Year 1572, more than
8000 were slain in cold blood, see Du Moulin p.246.247. The
Duke de Alva (strick be) played the Butcher in Flanders, and
under the shew of Catholicke Zeal, slew Millions of People,
in recompence whereof the Pope sent hem a Holy Sword and
Consecrated Gloves; besides the infinite numbers slew in other
places, by Wars, bloody Massacres, and otherwise, of which you
will bear more hereafter; so that by this time sure all may con-
clude Antichrist is come, and that this is he in whom all the
Marks and Characters do so fully meet, which the Holy Ghost
has given of him.

Sion's
Sion in Distress: Or, Sion's Sons.

These Marks are so notorious that we can say of the Romish Pope, He is the Man:
For these Characteristicks truly are
To him (and only him) peculiar.
This raging Monster is that Beast of Prey:
Shall we arise to take his Strength away?
That hath so long time tyrannized thus
(With Hellish Fury) over thee and us?
Self-preservation is, by every creature
Esteem'd a Sacred Principle in Nature.
Each Free-born mind, must at those Tyrants burn
That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
Why should this Beast still rage and domineer
As he hath done, without control or fear?

Sion.

You are to wait for God's great Dispensations,
At whose disposal is the fate of Nations;
His time is best, and in due Season he
Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe.
He sits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
This Rebels Pride. His glorious Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall surely Reign, because it is his due;
For all to him the Soveraign Rule must yield;
He shall the Crown and Royal Scepter wield:
Nations shall serve him; Kings that have abhor'd
His Name, shall pay him Homage, as their Lord.

To
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

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

By her falacious and bewitching Charms
She does intice Great Men into her Arms,
Corrupting Princes by her Incantations,
Destroys the brave Nobility of Nations.
Great God assist me, e're my Spirits fail!
That the State of Monarchs may bewail,
Who to her Yoke yield their Illustrious Necks,
And move (like Vassals) at her Savoy becks.
Oh! they that should My Nursing-Fathers be,
Are Executioners of Cruelty,
By this Whores Influence, the Civil Power
Is made a dreadful Engine to devour
The Saints of God, and kick at the Creator;
But let them know that Sovereign Arbitrator
Of all their Destinies, is Great and Just,
And can, at pleasure, tumble them to Dust.
What pity is't that Dukes and Noble Peers,
With other Heroes, should for many years
Thus truckle to that Proud, Usurping Whore,
And for her sake inflave themselves? Nay mor
Exhaust their Treasure, and debase their Name
And bring themselves to such reproach and Shame
By thus ingaging in her Hellish Plots,
Which fastens on them Everlasting Blots.
That shameless Strumpet, whose accursed Wiles
Trappans the Conscience, and the Soul beguiles,
When she involves them in the deepest guilt,
She does pretend to wash away the filth,
By impious Pardons! Yea, to such an height
Does she bewitch Men, that the very sight
Of Tyburn, cannot move them to confess,
Their load of guilt and horrid Wickedness;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To steel their Fronts with shameless impudence:
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,
With lies she makes them to resign their breath.
She makes them drunk till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears;
Who (like ill Angels) round about them hover,
For fear they should her Rogueries discover.
When some are stretched upon the fatal Block,
And Justice ready to discharge the stroak;
Such is the strength of her Inebriation,
That they (oh horrible!) on their Salvation
Protest they're innocent! when all the while
No Treason ever did appear more vile,
Then that for which impartial Justice hath
Judg'd them (as Traitors, to deserved Death.
Rome (by their frantick Resolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle) if she could)
The clearest Proofs, and solid! It Evidence
Produc'd by Heav'n's unerring Providence.
Ah! Cruel Mistress of deluded Souls!
That's not content to make them arrant Fools
To lose Estates and Lives, but must thereby
Make them stab Conscience, when they come to
She, to encourage Treasons, does prefer
Those Traitor-Martyrs in her Calendar.
Sion in Distress: Or,

SION'S Sons.

This Whore and Beast in Interest are so join'd,
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find,
wherein the differ, pray tell us therefore,
How is the Beast, distinguished from the Whore.

SION.

(a) The Pope's the Beast, usurping over all,
A Power Suprem and Magistraticall;
This Scarlet Beast does in the strictest fence,
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence.
The Roman Empire loft the Ruling Seat,
The Pope usurpt it, and from thence grew great,
All Kings that he could by his craft allure,
Receive their Power; and Investiture,

This Whore cannot be the Beast.

(b) Because the Beast is express in the Masculine Gender, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the Beast that was, and is not even H.B., is the Eight and of the Seven, i.e. He came up by means of the Liberty and large Revenues. The Seven Heads, viz. The Christian Emperors gave to the Church and Church-Men, though a different and distinct sort of Government to all before it, but Mystery Babylon is express by the Feminine Gender, a Woman aWhore, Mother of Harlots; I saw the Woman drink with the Blood of the Saints, &c. And when I saw her I wondered, &c. 2. The
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 67

2. The Angel describes them distinctly, the one from the other, a Beast and Whore, 1 John saw them as clearly distinguished as a Beast is from her that sits upon him, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet coloured Beast, Rev. 17: 7.

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

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

5. Moreover it is evident that the Beast shall remain though in Captivity, his Power being taken away after the Whore is destroyed. And burned with Fire, Rev. 18: 19, 20; Dan. 7: 26.

From him: the Whores, th? (b) Ecclesiastic State, or Romish Hierarchy, that take her Seat
Upon the back of this Ten horned Steed, [bleed.] (Which goes my side, and makes my Children

(b) Though 'twas granted the Magistratical Power of Popish Kings in large Sence is signified by the Beast who do support the Ecclesiastic State or false Church, yet Originally it more strictly resides in the Pope, for by a voluntary submission to him: he is become their Master, as Du Moulin, page 161. Obseres their Crowns being at the Popes Disposal, who takes it, and gives it ( faith he ) to whom he thinks good, which things have been Noted by Biucclardine, that famous Historian, in his History of the risings and advancements of the Pope.
Sion in Distress: Or,

Sions Sons.

Shall we (indanger'd by her Plots) arise
To curb this Whore, that our great God de-
Why should her Treasons any more annoy she's?
Thy precious Saints and Nations thus destroy,
Let's make her Drink in that invenom'd Cup
She fills for us shall she not swill it up;
Will none fall on, provok't by flaming ire,
To eat her Flesh, and burn her in the fire?

SION.

Who instrumental in that work shall be;
Read well the Sacred Scriptures, you
Rev. Es. Jerem. I may see
And since the matter you do understand,
It brings me comfort on the other hand:
As 'twas fore-told in Sacred Scripture story
You are enlighten'd with the Angels glory;
As for my children who before did live,
Light from this Angel they could not receive.
My children brought forth in the latter days,
Shall do great matters to Jehovah's praise.
I see some good men do desire to know
The time when they this Whore shall overthrow;
I cannot blame them for this very thing,
To the whole World it will much glory bring.
Then shall the Gospel through the Earth be spread
And Men instead of Husks shall feed on Bread;
God's Worship shall its freedom then enjoy,
Rome's Locust then shall you no more annoy.
There shall be then a wonderful increase
Of Sin's glory and of Israel's peace;
Then shall my Children in sweet comfort sing
Anthems of joy to the Eternal King.
No names then of distinction more shall be,
But speak one Language all they shall agree
In peace and Oneness and blest Harmony.
But to reply to what you have requir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd
Make no attempts untill the Lord on high,
Does give you strength this Babel to define.
You now do seem'd to lie as perions dead,
As being unable to erect your head;
But then you shall appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive:
God hath (I know) set down the time exact,
When hee'll begin this strange and dreadful Act,
To the confusion of your Enemies.
When God shall call his Witnesses to rise;
Then from the Heavens, they shall hear a voice,
Which shall make all their Spirits to rejoice.
Then shall they have so evident a call,
That they straight way shall on this Trumpet fall.
With patience therefore wait upon the Lord,
Until his saving strength he doth afford.
To him you are to make your Supplication,
For from him only is my expectation.
Sion in Distress: Or,
O figh with me, and in your Spirits groan,
And send strong crys up to his gracious Throne:
Give him no rest till, (in those glorious days.)
Of all the Earth, I'm made the only praife.
And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,
And make my moan to him, and thus will cry.

SIONS Prayer.

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

Will
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Will they make Judgment in right channels go!
Exterminate Vice? Make Righteousness to flow
Like mighty streams? Are they in Covenant
with Thee? Or wert thou ever pleased to grant
Them any Promises that they should wear
The Sacred badges of thy Name? And bear[men,
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers, and young
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honor'd then?
Shall they not rather, by their Barb'rous hands,
Be Butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?
Will not thy Children's Souls in danger be
Oftswift Damnation, by Rome's blasphemie?
If Laud on Earth and Praisè will be given,
If Hallalujahs will be sung in Heaven,
To thy great Name, for raising Babylon,
And bringing Sion to Destruction:
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,
For Mens Salvation, then it was before.
If Sinners access unto theblest Jesus,
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diseases
Be then more easie, then let Sion fall.
And Rome Ufurp Dominion over all.
But if in sight of thine all-seeing Eye,
Their Monstrous Crimes are of so black a Dye:
If from their very Springing, they have been,
The vilest Wretches, and the worst of men:
If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany,
If their black sins, of gross Idolatry,
Pride, horrid Murthers, and Adultry,
Mount up to Heavens great Imperial Throne,
If thy oppression makes thy Churches groan;
If they will burn thy Scriptures and suppress
All Books that treat of Gospel Holiness?
If guiltie's Souls of every Sex and Age,
Will be made Sacrifices to their Rage;
If they are Foes, without thy Covenants,
If they will trample on thy precious Saints;
If they (because thou didst not hear and save
Thy praying Sion, from a sinking Grave)
Deride thy Glory, and blaspheme thy Name,
And put thy Faithful ones to open shame,

Then hear O Lord, thou see'lt my power is gone,
In thee I trust, besides thee there is none;
That can thy Sion, from her Foes deliver,
O draw some flaming Arrows from thy Quiver
To quell the pride of this oppressing Crew,
Thy mighty Arm alone can them subdue.
On Thee I fix an absolute Reliance,
Do Thou but help, I'll bid them all defiance.
Hear and consider, for thy Mercy sake,
On gasping Sion some compassion take.
I have been ransom'd with the precious Blood
Of thy dear Son, and filld with Heavenly Food,
O Lord I pray, thy Churches sins forgive,
And in sweet concord let thy Children live;
Teach them true saving knowledge from thy word
That they may worship Thee with one accord.
Thou canst the Prostrate raise, and cure his wound
For nothing difficult for Thee is found.
Thou knowest my grief, O Lord incline thy Ear,
Revive my hope, and chase away my fear.
In Achors Valley open thou a Door,
And make me sweetly sing as heretofore;
I pray Thee break the Bonds of my distress,
And lead me from this desolate Wilderness.
O let me shine like Sols illustre light,
And be's an Army terrible in fight.
Pull off that Vail that does thy Sion cover,
Those clouds, O scatter that I may discover
What thou dost mean by this thy dispensation,
And what my work is in this Generation.
Its time for Thee to plead thy Peoples cause,
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws.
Thou canst destroy them with their brimful Cup,
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;
But Lord remember for to spare thy Vine, thine,
That spreading Plant which thou hast chosen
Make that to flourish and be ever green,
And full of clusters as before it has been.
From Egypt thou hast brought it heretofore:
From thence I pray deliver it once more,
Let thine hand plant it, give it steadfast root,
That all the Land may Feast upon its Fruit;
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,
And let its boughs o'reshadow ev'ry Hill;
From Sea to Sea do thou her branches send,
And her, from all her Enemies defend;
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,
To keep her from the violence of all
Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar
that would destroy it, and its fruit devour.
Lord from on high thy lovely Vine behold,
thine own Plantation, valued more than Gold;
Canst thou deny thy helping hand the while
Wild Beasts thy Vineyard ravage thus and spoil
I am Christ's Spouse, his undefiled One,
Canst thou permit me to be trod upon;
'Tis by thy Grace I am Intitled so,
Great God relieve me, and divert my wo,
I am surrounded on all sides with pain,
O let me see thy lovely smiles again.
Thou hast withdrawn the beamings of thy grace,
And wrapt in clouds the splendor of thy Face;
O this has caus'd such anxious grief and smart,
As tears my Soul, and rends my very heart
To tears of blood, whilst thou the glorious Sun
Of light art hid: O whether shall I run,
For beams of comfort in this dolefulme hour?
Whilst I lyed dead in this Brinsh shower
More would she speak, but her great passion ties
Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gates of her eyes
In chrysfal streams do represent an anguish,
That makes her vital operations languish.
Sunk in despairing sounds, she scarce appears
To breath or live, but by her sights and tears,
Mourn, mourn O Heav’ns; and thou, O Earth
And weep ye Saints until your spirits fail,
or she that is the glory of the Earth,
Of the most Noble and Illustrious Birth,
yes sadly weeping in a deep despair,
er grievous sorrows, can no tongue Declare,
that our Brethren would, but hasten hither
that in God’s fear we may confer together
you must needs grieve, when her complaints you
Do not your hearts dissolve into a tear? I hear
Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain stream?
and all your Joys, turn to a mourning Theme?
Does not your nightly rest from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you not in the depth of bitterness,
Because of Sion and her sore distress?
How can your hearts delight in things below?
How can you sleep in peace as others do?
How can we comfort have, or Pleasure find?
or how can we the Worlds concernsments mind?
How can we eat or drink with hearts content,
and not with grief poor Sions state lament?
How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries,
he sighs, he fobs, he languishes, she dies,
In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we brook her Enemies disdain?
Sion in Distress:  Or,

She is reproached by every Drunken Sot,
And thrown away like to a broken Pot.
She is despis'd and trod upon like Dung,
The Drunkard on her makes his daily Song:
But Christ will turn and will expostulate
The Cafe with Sion, touching her Estate.
Why art thou sometimes up, then down again
Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain?
They're doubtless throw's, cheer up and do no
For thy deliverance is very near.

Those labring pangs shall speedily be o'er,
Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more
Shall bring that Child into the World, which the
Hast travel'd with in bitter pangs till now.
Address thy self to God, for surely he
From these thy Tortures will deliver thee,
'Tis he a lone that brings unto the Birth,
And do's give strength and vigour to bring forth
Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,
His gracious help he will to the afford,
Upon his Promises do thou depend,
And thou shalt see deliverance in the end.
These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought
And to her fishes, mourning Sion brought,
With languish'd looks, she casts a weeping Eye
Upon her Children, and Reuves her Crie.

SION
SION.

Am afraid my God hath me forsook,
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look.
Is former pity, he hath quite forgot,
Is Anger's kindled & his wrath is hot, [mourn ?
When that burns sore, how can I choose but
Now am I spoil'd, how am I rent and torn?
Like a Ship with raging Tempest tossed
(idst Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost:
Here every Bellow doth present a grave,
And Death in Triumph rides on every wave.
H ! But I am, engraven on his hand,
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.
Wake, O Arm of God, and do not stay,
Y forrows are so great, O say not nay,
Car me, dear Jesu, unto thee I crie,
Nles thou save me, I must surely die,

CHRIST.

In glorious Regions of approachless light
Where Joys unmixed with perfect love unite;
Here do I sit, there do I see and hear
That Kings and Potentates consulting are,
Hounding in mine Ears continually,
A bitter, and complaining cry.
Or,
I feel my Bowels with compassion move,
And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,
She whom I purchased with my dearest blood
Seems drencht in tears and drowned in a flood
Some grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,
Extorts from her this doleful lamentation,
Enough to pierce my tender heart again.
And make the Temple rend once more in twain
Alas poor Sion! thy sad voice I hear,
Tis I can still the buffetring Winds and Seas,
And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.
And if I think fit) make Nations shackle,
And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:
For thy sake, strange things will quickly do.
In thy affliction, great distress and pain,
Of which thou dost, so grievously complain,
I am afflicted: What they do to thee,
Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;
I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,
Fear not therefore, thy proudest Enemy.
Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,
All power and wisdom is mine; and I know how
To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow
I will arise and shew my Soveraignty;
He make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly
Though
Though with the Powers of Hell they have com-
I will pursue them, & they shall not find a
hiding place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they be all destroy'd.
I will bring down each high and lofty head,
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread.
Thy cause I do plead, though silent, I have stood,
I will reveng'd for all the Righteous blood,
That has run down like to a Mighty flood.
And therefore now, I will make no long delay,
What's due to Justice, they shall surely pay;
Besides the bloody wrongs thou dost repeat
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat
Me to avenge their blood, therefore, I will
Come down in fury, and those Monsters kill;
Then, thou before me very strong shalt wax,
For I will make thee my dreadful Battle-Ax.
Thy Horn shall Iron be, & thy Hoof Brazen race,
With which thou shalt tread down the Serpents.
Thy Sons that scatter'd, do're the Earth throughout,
I will soon gather with a mighty shout.
The Mighty they shall overcome with Slings;
And bind in Fetters persecuting Kings.
I'll lay thy Stones with Colours fair and sure,
Thy strong Foundation shall be Saphyr's pure:
Although I seem'd to have forsaken thee,
'tt, from all bondage I will set thee free,
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
I'll turn my hand upon the bloody Whore;
Cauze thou dost my holy Name profest;
I'll break in pieces them that thee oppress,
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

SION.

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

Trans-
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ransported by thy love, with joy I cry,
'ty Rais'd Spirit must exalt the high
and mighty Lord, by whose unbounded grace,
y hearts enlarg'd to run the blessed Race;
'thou shalt conduct me to thy living Springs:
'then hence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,
'to the Heavenly Mount of Faith's desire,
where I thy Grace and Glory will admire;
then I'll descend from those Shores above,
'to be embraced in the Arms of Love.
'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,
for by thy love, O what a Depth of Wo
Did I sustain! In what a dreadful Cave
Was I, when thou didst hide thy glorious Face!
Thee having, though nought else, what have I not?
Without thee, though all else, what have I got?
Lord having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;
All things are vile—when once compar'd to thee.
To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didst me chuse,
And thou my Portion art; I'll ne'er refuse
So rich a Grace; thou art my Heritage,
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee;
For thou alone, my Hiding-place shalt be.
In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;
Which is a sure defence to all that fly
With care and speed from their iniquity.
When I was down, thou lift'st me up on high,
And I thy Name will therefore magnify.
O Lord, with Patience I will undergo
Their indignation, for I well do know
I have provok't thy great and glorious Name,
Which is the cause that I do suffer shame:
Although at present I am low and mean,
Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been;
Thou canst all Sorrows to thy Sion blest,
I therefore, in thy Pleasure acquiesce;
I'll wait upon thee, till thou dost arise
To break in pieces all mine Enemies:
My precious Cause then I do leave with thee,
Which thou, O Lord, wilt surely plead for me
Thy Voice is to my ravish'd Soul so sweet,
That I'm reviv'd, and set upon my feet:
I'll speak thy Praise in Songs, because I see
That Glory near, which thou hast promis'd me.
And now thou bloody Whore, that art my Foe,
My time's at hand, which thou shalt quickly know
My God has not forsaken me, for now
He will advance me, and make thee to bow:
Then shalt thou hide (for shame) thy filthy head,
Whilst I, in Triumph, shall upon thee tread;
Because so long, thou haft upon me trod,
And in Contempt haft said, Where is thy God?
He will therefore in Right retaliate,
And bring just Vengeance on thy cursed Hate.
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Babylon.

Poor Sion! thou art much mistaken;
I'm mounted high, thou art forsaken:
Are thou art Frantick, when thou dost
Make such a vain and groundless boast:
The final Conquest must be mine,
And swift Destruction must be thine;
Or all my Wounds I've got a Cure,
From all your Darts I am secure.

Am arriv'd at height of Blifs,
My Glory in its Zenith is.
I am a Queen, and shall remain
Supream on Earth, I only reign
In glittering Grandeur o'er all.

Great Monarchs Me their Mistris call:
How can I fall, when such a Prop
Supports, as my Lord God the Pope?

Ill Men on Earth, His Vassals are,
Who sits in Peter's Holy Chair;
The Empire of the World he bath,
It keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.
Dost think he fears the little tricks
Of thy small brood of Hereticks?
It can make use (when he doth please)
Of Peter's Sword, as well as Keys.
Its Canons roar, as loud as Guns,
To crush thy feeble, Pigmy-Sons.
Let but his Bulls give an Alarm,
He shall make all Christendom to Arm
Themselves in my defence, and work
Thine Overthrow; didst thou not lurk;
Some Hundred Years, that none could see,
Or know, what was become of thee?
He that could rend thy force asunder,
Has still the Strength to keep thee under:
He will thee in Subjection keep,
So that thou shalt not dare to peep.
Am I not armed with the Power
Of all the Earth? I can devour
Your Interest at a single Meal,
I have fit Cooks such Meals to dress;
Th' Imperial and the Regal Sword
Are brandish'd when I give the word:
Great Princes, Dukes and Nobles will
With all their force My Mind fulfill;
My Gentry who brave Heroes are,
Resolved be, no Pains to spare;
Their Very Lives they'll freely spend
To bring my Purpose to an end;
My Brisk Mounsieurs, My Spanish Dons,
Will over-match thy silly Sons:
My Rogues in Grain, I ready have,
Obedient like a Turky-slave:
If bid to thrust their bloody Knives
In throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,
In any's out their own they'll do't,
And lay them sprawling at my Foot.
'my Teagues and Torsys at my Beck,
'll wring their Heads as Chickens Neck;
y'd Villains! that will never start
'rom Mothers Womb to tear the heart
'f Unborn-Infants; they'll deslour,
hen rip her up in half an hour:
aint Rogues will melt with qualms of fears
't Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears;
ur mine are void of any Sense,
Vot plagu'd with bawling Conscience.
'some I give no constant pay,
et they can hunt and live by Prey.
our Infants that (like Carps) are sstew'd
n their own bloud, their Chops have chew'd.
he Fathers Cawls shall make a light
or those Sweet Banquets of the Night.
hat c're my greedy Stomack craves,
ur Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:
hey know no scruples nor dispute,
ur act just like a Turkish Mute.
cides all these, I could describe
at Multers of my Sacred Tribe:
-by Clergy makes a num'rous Host,
hat wait in swarms in every Coast.
e, ev'n in all Rebellious Regions,
have in secret Armed Legions:
Great Grandee my Ensign carrys,
be Jesuits are my Janiferies.
ou see'st what Troops do guard my Chair,
that canst thou do then but Despair?

G 3 Thou
Sion in Distress, Or:

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

Sion.

L

Leave off, leave off, thou Bloody minded Whore
Imagine not that thou shalt Evermore
Thus Domineer in Pomp and Savoy Pride,
For God e're long, thy Rulers will divide.
Those Mighty Ones, in whom is all thy Trust,
Long shall not hold, but into pieces must
Be surely broken: thou shalt quickly see
The swift beginning of thy Misery.
Those that did love thee most, will hate thee so,
That they will seek thy utter Overthrow;
As was their love, their hatred then will be,
And to destroy thee they will all agree.
Thou hast inflam'd them to thy bruitish Lust,
Whilst they (like simple Fools) in no wise durst
Offend or cross thy base and bloody mind;
That they have been bewitched, they then will find
By thine alluring Voice, and lustful Eye, 
To joyn with thee in black iniquity. 
Thy Flattery shall then no more deceive;  
Nor thy base Whoredoms Thousands more bereave
Of inward peace, and outward riches, to
As they have been, to their eternal Wo:
Then shall they see thy Villanous Intent,
In setting them against the Innocent.
To Glut thy Base Adulterous Desire,
Their sinful hearts were in a flaming Fire,
And through the Insigation of the Devil, 
Become partakers of this Monstrous Evil.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear
Some Dreadful Noise! See how the Mountains tear
And mighty Hills do into pieces fly;
Whilst Lightning flashes through the Angry Sky;
The Stars and Planets in Confusion hurled,
Have banish'd Natures Order from the World.
See how the Melting Ores of Heaven sweat, (heat,
Like Parchment Parch'd,) and shrivel'd up with
Loud Thunder-Croaks through the Enraged Air,
With frightful Aspects Meteors do appear,
To usher in the Day of Heav'ns dread Iye
On those, who do against the Saints conspire.
Gods (long incensed) Majesty is come
To judge the Whore, and pass her final Doom.
Of Treason she is under an Accuser,
For which Imperial Justice will arraign her.
She's seiz'd upon, and in the Juyors bands,
Who only waits for Justices Commands.
Son in Distress: Or,

Jehovah bids, that Babylon the great
Be forthwith brought before his Judgment-Sea

Justice.

Oft Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gains?
What thou command’st? I must and will.
Lo, here I bring the Scarlet Strumpet forth (ob.)
Before thee who createdst Heav'n and Earth:
Thy Judgment-Sea she seems to slight and scorn
Says she’s as guiltless as the Child unborn.

Jehovah.

Her Crimes lay open, and her facts declare,
Turn up her skirts and let her faults appear:
Let th’Universe by her Indictment see
The cause of my most just Severity.

Justice.

Read Sovereign of the World! I will proceed
And will her black Indictment loudly read.
Come forth, Great Where! and hear your dismi
charge,
Which shall by proofs be evidenced at large.
By th’Name of Bradylor, thou’rt hither cited
And by the Name of Where, thou stand’st Indicted.

The
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 89

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

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

Babylon.

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

Belzebub.

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

Justice.
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 91

Justice.

Plead Vile Delinquent! or thou shalt receive
The Fatal Sentence which I am to give.

Babylon.

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

Justice.

That like a Harlot, of thine own accord,
Thou hast forsaken thine espoused Lord,
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)
By clear probation in its proper place.
You say, that you your God can daily make,
Which is an Idol of a Wafer-Cake.
If thou dost Shrines and Images adore,
And prov'd to be th' Apocalypick Whore;
If thou upon the Scarlet Beast doth sit,
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit;
It clearly follows from these Marks, that thou
Art a mere Strumpet, and hast broke thy Vow.
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

Waldenses.
Albigenses.
Protestants of Piedmont.
Savoy, &c.

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

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

Our
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 93

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

Bohemia.  
Germany.  
Poland.  
Lithuania, &c.

To satysfe this cruel Strumpe's Lust,  
Some Thousands have been turned unto dust:  
Our Towns and Famous Cities of Renown  
She hath dis-peopled, burnt or broken down:  
The Ruins still appear and desolations  
In many places of our Spoiled Nations.  
Great Multitudes un-numbred were our Slain  
Which in the Field unburied did remain:  
Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam  
And then consum'd them in a lingering flame.  
Some she has into boyling Cauldrons put,  
And many others into pices cut,  
Without respec't unto the Hoary Head,  
Into their Throats they pow'r'd down melted Lead;  
And many other deaths she did contrive:  
Some burned were, and others flead alive.  

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

France.

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

Some
The Groans of the Protestant Church. 95

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

Italy.
Spain.
Portugal.
Low Countries, &c.

R
Enowned Judge! those Witnesses that have
Their Grief presented & do Judgment crave,
I Saw us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same, from this blood-thirsty Whore.
Besides, being next her Seat, and near her Power,
Her greedy Jaws our Brethren did devour
With cruel Spite, and without intermission,
We have been tortured in her Inquisition.
No Tongue can speak the unexampled Terror
Of that cutt Pattern of Infernal Horror.
They count it mild, when they our Persons burn,
And Wives and Children into Ashes turn;
(cut
They say they're courteous when our Throats they
or when in Dungeons (vile as Hell) we're put.
They
They say they favour us, when they employ
Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.
In lingering flames they did our Brethren roast;
On Halbert's tops we saw our Infants tost:
All this we've suffer'd, and a Thousand more,
And that by means of this Infernal Whore.

Ireland.

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

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

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

Scotland.

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

Yet this blood thirsty Curtezan of Rome,
Was not content but torn'd me at home.

Wishes,
Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some ba-
Some drown'd, and some in Dungeons murdered.

A sinking Grief forbids me to inlarge,
Or else with ease I'd aggravate her charge.

Since Gospel Light did in my Borders shine,
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.

Her Imps all parts, like filthy Locusts fell,
And such as they cannot delude, they kill.

Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,
And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.

They have an art to work upon the weak,
That they Gods Order should in pieces break.

Indefetish of reformed Devotion,

They intrigue the Rabble to Commotion;

Hat in those troubled Waters they may fish,

And bring about their long expected wish.

Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd,

Oh! min those that they have so decay'd.

Thousand Forgeries they do invent,

Oh! charge their Plots upon the innocent:

Hat (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)

Our guileless Saints the Victims may be made,

Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,

And from the Judge expect a quick relief.
England.

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

he planted Priests, and Ganimedes he rooted,
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted;
With such a pest of vile Debaucheris,
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels outvies.
he crushes any that her Acts opposes;
ly Kings the Poison, Murders or Deposes.
om the deludes her Sov'reignty to own,
nd does instruct them to betray the Crown.
er lurking Imps do menace me with storms,
ike Egypt's Frogs in pestilential swarms.
he is so greedy nothing will suffice,
nles I'm more a general Sacrifice.
is known to all the Earth, how many ways
he martyr'd Protestants in Marian days.
hen was I made a distmal Field of Blood,
ich ran like currents of a swelling flood.
he stirs the Spaniard in a great bravado,
or to invade me with his proud Armado.
he hellish Powder Treasure she prepares,
t once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers.
er hellish Brands (without a spark of pity)
onsum'd to Ashes my Imperial City.
ought but my Ruine her can satiate,
y Justices she does assassinate.
' many years she has been carrying on
dam'd Intreague for my Destruction.
nd all the ways that Satan prompts her to
ontrive my fall, she's ready still to do.
er spite and malice nothing will abate,
still more deadly and inveterate.

H 3

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

The Evidence summed up.

O Gulph of horror! O profound Abyss!
Was ever mischief half so black as this! (pres
Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex
The boundless measure of thy wickedness.
Throughout the Earth thou haft such mischief,
As is amazing to a humane thought. (wrough
It would compel a heart of stone to melt,
When it revolves what Protestants have felt.
Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,
Has persecuted them in every age.
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,
And all the tortures which thou could'st devise,
Thou didst inflict, as testimony shows, (Toe
Some thou didst hang by the Head, some by t
Some millions thou didst burn and broil on Cole
And others starve to death in stinking holes.
Some thou didst cut to pieces very small,
And Infants Brains didst dash against the Wall,
Upon their Bodies thou didst tread like dung,
Thou hadst no mercy upon old or young.
By thy curst crew were Women ravished,
Who then (like Butchers) knockt them on the hea
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

H 4

Didst
Didst thou not promise upon that condition
To give them full and absolute remission,
The vilest wretch that on the Earth has stood;
You fully pardon'd, if he'd shed the blood
Of one Bohemian; Of stupendious rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any Age,
But by thy self, 'twas judg'd De Alva's Crime
That he destroy'd no more in six yeartime
Than eighteen thousand souls; were they so few
In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew!
But if the Wretch (De Alva's) bloody Bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with torments; dreadful to rehearse,
The very mention cannot chuse but pierce
A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over-little still,
His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
By cruel torments (which they still retain)
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,
From that black seafon when the hellish rage
Of Jesuits acted on th' European Stage
In England, France, in Italy, and Spain,
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain
Nine hundred thousand souls, or thereabout,
(Eltry many years had run their circuits out)
Of poor Americans by cruel Spain
In fifty years were many Millions slain.
The Croans of the Protest Church. 105

The poor Waldenses whose enlightened eye
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did espye.
Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent
And murder'd Parents with their innocent
And haimless Babes; thy more than barb'rous crew
Their curted hands did in their blood imbrue;
At once were eighty Infants famished,
And many thousands basely Murthered.
When some have fled unto obscurest Caves,
Thy Villains made their hiding place their Graves.
What part of Europe now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted (to their cost)
Of thy Malignity? What shall I say.
Of Germany, whose Martyr'd Spirits pray
For speedy Vengeance on thy curted head?
That Sea of blood thou hast in Ireland shed,
Cries night and day for Justice; now I fix
My serious thoughts upon black sixty six,
Thou bloody Strumpet, how canst thou repair
The loss of Englands great Imperial Chair;
How many rich men were to beggarsturn'd,
When that brave Isles, Metropolis was burn'd
By thy accursed Imps, Fire brands of Hell,
Incarnate Devils without parallel.
Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,
To day Rich men, to morrow nothing left;
Their Wives and Children harbour'd became,
Their substance all consumed in the flame.
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
Thy Powder-Treason, nor thy modern Plot,
Nor all thy dismal Villanies that were
Done in the Merindolian Massacre.
Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
And speak of all thy Rogueries at large
Twould fill vast Volumes; Often did I see
The Lord of Life was Crucify'd by thee
When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,
Millions unnumbred safely Murthered.
Yet still thou haft the impudence to say
That thou art innocent unto this day.
Thou shameless Curtezan, didnst thou not run
With filthy Panders, and renounce'd the Son
Of Glory, this did thine Espoufals break;
Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak.

Babylon.

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

Judge.

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

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

Truth.

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

And
The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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

“The holy Angel of the Lord explains *Rev. 17.10*
that 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns
over the Kings of the Earth; but all these Notes,
and what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,
With Papal Rome, exactly do agree,
he therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.
If all the Marks of this Whore are given
'till not meet anywhere so plain and even
as on the Church and People I did name,
then certainly She is the very same;
first, then 'tis evident that there is none
may be so fitly stiled Babylon.

Was Babylon a People of Renown
so that fame height the Church of Rome is grown.
Had Babylon a great and peerless King?
this Church can shew an Image of that thing.
Did Babylon poor Israel Invade?
this Church on Sion the same Invades made.
Did Babylon make Sodom desolate?
this hath brought Sion near to that Estate.
Did Babylon make Prophets drink their Tears,
make Kingdoms and fill Peoples hearts with tears?
is Church hath done so; yea, and far out-done
her Arch-type, and so beyond her run.
Did Babylon the Prophets bear away
into Captivity; and make a prey
of all the Treasure that her hand could find?
is Papal Church is not a whit behind.
in th’ apest guides she laid her hellish hands,
confining them to Prison under Bands;
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As if 'twere not enough for her to do,
She seiz'd their Persons, and their Substance too.
Did Babylon God's Worship overthrow,
Set up an Idol, and command to Bow? (more,
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped measure, and much running o're.
'Twas she that took the Word of God away,
And by a String of Beads taught men to pray.
She rob'd the Layety of the blessed Cup,
And spoil'd the Feast where Children come to Sup,
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mind
The blessed things their Saviour left behind.
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,
Commanding adoration to be given
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;
Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, appertaining Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are Infallible.
Did Babylon the burning Work begin?
Make a hot Farnace? Thrust Gods Worthies in?
This Church herein hath driven such a trade,
That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made.
She sets the Pope above the holy one,
The great Jehovah and his blessed Son.
'Tis she declares him Universal Head,
'Tis she forbids the Bible to be read.
Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,
Tis she that wounded Zion to the heart.
Tis she that hath been the occasion of all evil,
Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and lie,
Tis she that forbid the Marriage Bed,
Whilles her vile Clergy such ill lives have led
Was it not she that Canon did create,
Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,
Which God gave licence unto all to eat.
If from this charge she can herself defend,
Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend
Or if she can produce another tribe,
To whom we may this Character ascribe;
With greater cleanness than we do to her,
We will consent her Sentence to defer.

Judge.

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

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

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

neß, to commit fornication, promote Idolatry, and take away the lives of Innocents. Thou hast layn in wait (where they would not sỹl thyn blonyd and bar-
barous Lyst) to contrive Treasons, Sedition and Rebellion against them, to Depose and Murder them by Excommunications, Poysons and Powder-Plots. Thou hast corrupted all Countries and Kingdoms (where thy power extended) by such downright and abominable Ieolatry, that Heathens them-

selves were never guilty of worse. Thou hast not on-
ty countenance the Stews and Brothel-House, where abominable Sodomy and Adulteries are practiced, but even thy very Nunneries are become Habitati-
ons of Whoredom and Filthines, the bottoms of whose Adores and Ponds, have shewed the Murders of New born Babes. Thou hast killed the best Men, thou hast not spared delicate Women and sucking Children. Thou hast made away many Millions both of Christi-

ans and poor Heathens. And after so Hellish a sort, that the best learned Heart and Tongues want Rhe-
torick to set it forth; Thou hast cut them to pieces in Cool Blood, thou hast chained to Stakes and burnt them. Thou hast ripped up Women with Child, and Ravished Women and Maids, and then hast bar-
barously slain them—Thou hast been guilty of burying alive, Roasting upon Spits, scalding with burn-
ing Oyl and boiling Lead—Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou hast made Women Widdows, Children Fatherless; Houses and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou hast destroyed
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destroyed by Fire and Sword and all manner of Hostilities and Oursages. Thou hast fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men slaves, but thy own accursed Tribe of Cardinals, Arch-Bishops, Bishops, &c. Thou hast Murder'd multitudes of Souls, as well as destroy'd multitudes of Bodys. In short, thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its promised Deliverance and Restitution. And for all this Apostacy, Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treasons and Blasphemies, with the guilt of a mighty Mafs of Innocent Blood, which hath been proved against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thyself, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer, thy Sentence therefore is——

Thou shalt continue in safe Custody till the 1260 Years be expired, (which is now very near) and then thou shalt be taken from off the Beast, where thou art imperiously Mounted, thy Golden Cup (with which thou hast deceived the Nations) shall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of the Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou shalt have these Judgements come upon thee in one day, Death, Mourning and Famine, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with Fire, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and slain her Sovereign; At which all the Host of Saints and Angels, shall say Amen, —— Hallelujah.——

I 2.
Sigh in Distress: Or,

The AUTHOR's REQUEST

I.
Some things, great God, my soul doth long to have,
Before these transient days of mine be o'er;
Which things in deep humility I crave,
Before I go from hence, and be no more.
Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,
I shall be fill'd with sorrow, grief, and pain.

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

III.
Tis not for fading Riches of this World,
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;
Such
Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurld,
They get them Wings, and from Possessors fly.
All sublunary things uncertain be;
I ask them not, some better things I see.

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

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

VI.
Thy presence does more console my heart,
Then sweetest Honey, or the Honey-Comb:
I will (with Mary) chafe the better part:
'Tis Sin my Soul would be deliver'd from:
Then I thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.
VII.
Let thy good Spirit be my blessed Guide,
And in thy House let me for ever dwell;
From Gospel-Truths O let me never slide,
Nor find my Conscience like another Hell:
And I thy Name for evermore shall praise
And happy be when I shall end my Days.

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

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

X.
O regulate my Tongue, and make me see,
How few my days are, and how short their length,
Let all my Trust be still repos'd in thee;
Relax thy scourge, or add unto my strength:
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Be thou my way, my strength, my light; that I may learn to live, and in thy favour die.

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

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

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

XIV.
Thy Children are as many Members joyn'd
Which make one body, whose blest Head thou art.
Sion in Distress: Or,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXI.
O Lord, establish thine own interest,
And set thy Son upon his blessed Throne;
Destroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beast,
Let Christ his Foes to conquer now go on,
That
Sown in Distress: Or,

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

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

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

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

An
An Alarm to the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

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

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

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

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

V. With
V.
With speed arise, lift up your eyes,
The Day-Star doth appear,
Rise from your bed, raise up your head,
Redemption's very near.

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

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

VIII.
But they indeed on fancies feed,
'Twill come to such an ebb,
That they shall see their hopes will be
Like to the spiders web.

IX.
They still do keep themselves asleep,
And know not where they be,
Were they awake, how would they quake
Their woful state to see?
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X.
You who remain so very vain,
And in a formal state,
And all the while have got no Oil,
You’ll mourn when ’tis too late.

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

XII.
You have the Shell, but no Kernel,
The Chaff but not the Wheat,
The Husks you take, and do for sake
Your Souls most precious Meat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XIX.
On things above, set all your love,
Affections and desire;
These things below, God will o'erthrow
With his Consuming Fire.
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XX.
Alas poor souls! be not such fools.
To labour for the wind,
The wealth you heap, you shall not keep;
As you are long will find.

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

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

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

XXIV.
Subdue your sin; for it hath been
Your greatest enemy:
If that does reign, you strive in vain,
You must it crucifie.

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

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

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

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

FINIS.