

## S I O N ' s   S o n s .

**T**HIS Whore and Beast in Int'rest are so joyn'd,  
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find  
Wherein they differ, pray tell us therefore,  
How is the *Beast* distinguish'd from the *Whore*?

## S I O N .

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

*This Whore cannot be the Beast.*

( a ) 1. Because the *Beast* is exprest in the Masculine Gender, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the *Beast* that was, and is not, even HE, is the Eighth 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 exprest by the Feminine Gender, a Woman, a Whore, Mother of Harlots, I saw the Woman drunk with the Blood of the Saints, &c. And when I saw her, I wondred, &c.

2. Th

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

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

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

5. Moreover 'tis evident that the Beast shall remain, though in Captivity, his Power being taken away, after the Whore is destroyed, and burned with fire, Rev. 19. 19, 20. Dan. 7. 26.

From him: the Whore's th<sup>(b)</sup> Ecclesiastick State, Or Romish Hierarchy, that takes her Seat Upon the back of this Ten-horned Steed, (Which gores my sides, & makes my Children bleed.)

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



## SIONS Sons.

SHall we ( indanger'd by her Plots ) arise  
 To curb this *Whore*, that our great *God* defies ?  
 Why should her Treasons any more annoy  
 Thy precious Saints, and Nations thus destroy ?  
 Lets 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 ?

## S I O N.

W<sup>H</sup>o instrumental in that work shall be,  
 Read well the Sacred Scriptures, you  
 may see : *Rev. Esa. Jerem.*

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

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

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

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

But to reply to what you have requir'd,  
At present you must keep your selves retir'd ;  
Make no attempts until the *Lord* on high  
Does give you strength this *Babel* to descie.  
You now do seem to lie as persons dead,  
As being unable to erect your head :  
But then you shall appear to be alive,  
The *Spirit* of the *Lord* shall you revive :  
God hath ( I know ) set down the time exact,  
When Hee'l begin this strange and dreadful Act,  
To the confusion of your *Enemies*.  
When God shall call his *Witnesses* to rise ;  
Then from the *Heavens*, they shall hear a voice,  
Which shall make all their *Spirits* to rejoyce.  
Then shall they have so evident a call,  
That they straight way shall on this *Strumpet* fall.  
With patience therefore wait upon the *Lord*,  
Until his saving strength he doth afford.  
To him you are to make your supplication,  
For from him only is my expectation, F 3 O



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

### S I O N ' s Prayer.

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

Will

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Will they make Judgment in right channels go?  
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteousness to flow  
Like mighty streams? Are they in Covenant  
With thee? Or wert thou ever pleas'd to grant  
Them any promises that they should wear  
The Sacred Badges of thy Name? And bear  
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers & young men,  
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honor'd then?  
Shall they not rather, by their Barb'rous hands,  
Be Butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?  
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be  
Of swift Damnation, by *Rome's* blasphemy?  
If Laud on Earth and Praises will be given,  
If Hallelujahs will be sung in Heaven,  
To thy great Name, for raising *Babylon*,  
And bringing *Sion* to Destruction:  
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,  
For Mens Salvation, then it was before;  
If Sinners access unto the blessed *Jesus*,  
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diseases  
Be then more easie; then let *Sion* fall,  
And *Rome* Usurp Dominion over all.  
But if in sight of thine all-seeing Eye,  
Their Monstrous Crimes are of so black a Die;  
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 Adultery,



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

*Deut. 32. 36.*

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

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Thou know'st 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 dolesom Wilderness.  
O let me shine, like *Sol's* illustrious Light,  
And be's an Army terrible in fight.  
Pull off that Vail that does thy *Sion* cover,  
Those clouds, O scatter, that I may discover  
What thou doest mean by this thy dispensation,  
And what my work is in this Generation.  
Its time for Thee to plead thy Peoples cause,  
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws  
Thou canst destroy them with their brimful Cup,  
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;  
But Lord remember for to spare thy Vine, [thine,  
That spreading Plant which thou hast chosen  
Make that to flourish and be ever green,  
And full of clusters as before 't 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  
 WildBeasts 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 tares my Soul, and rends my very heart:  
 To tears of blood, whilst thou the glorious Sun  
 Of light art hid ; O whither shall I run,  
 For beams of comfort in this dolesom hour,  
 Whilst I lie delug'd in this Brinish shower ?

More would she speak, but her great passion ties  
 Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gate of her Eyes  
 In chrystal streams do represent an anguish,  
 That makes her vital operations languish.  
 Sunk in despairing sounds, she scarce appears  
 To breath or live, but by her sighs and tears.

S I O N S Sons.

[ bewail

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

She



She is reproach'd by ev'ry 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 dayly Song :  
 But *Christ* will turn and will expostulate  
 The Case with *Sion*, touching her Estate.

Why art thou sometimes up, then down again ?  
 Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain ?

They're doubtless throw's, cheer up and do not  
 For thy deliverance is very near. [fear,

Those lab'ring pangs shall speedily be o're,  
 Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more  
 Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou  
 Hast 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 alone 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 thee afford,  
 Upon his promises do thou depend,  
 And thou shalt see deliv'rance in the end.

These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought  
 And to her Sences, mourning *Sion* brought,  
 With languish'd looks, she casts a weeping Eye  
 Upon her Children, and Renues her crie.

SION

S I O N.

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

C H R I S T.

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



I feel my Bowels with compassion move,  
 And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,  
 She whom I purchas'd with my dearest Blood,  
 Seems drencht in tears, and drowned in a flood;  
 Some grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,  
 Extorts from her this doleful lamentation.  
 Enough to pierce my tender heart again.  
 And make the Temple rend once more in twain.  
 Alas poor *Sion*! thy sad voice I hear,  
 I'll come and help thee, for I know thy fear,  
 And what occasions these thy languid Moans,  
 I know thy sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.  
 'Tis I can still the blust'ring Winds and Seas,  
 And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.  
 'Tis I can wound, and cure; I build, I break,  
 I kill, I make alive; I give and take,  
 And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,  
 And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:  
 I for thy sake, strange things will quickly do.  
 In thy affliction, great distress and pain,  
 Of which thou dost so grievously complain,  
 I am afflicted: What they do to thee,  
 Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;  
 I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,  
 Fear not therefore, thy proudest Enemy.  
 Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,  
 All power and wisdom's mine; and I know how  
 To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.  
 I will arise and shew my Sovereignty;  
 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 [bin'd  
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,  
Till by my fury they be all destroy'd.  
I will bring down each high and lofty head,  
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread.  
Thy cause Ile plead, though silent I have stood,  
Ile be reveng'd for all the Righteous blood  
That has run down like to a Mighty flood.  
And therefore now Ile 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 Ile make thee my dreadful Battel Ax.  
Thy Horn shall Iron be, & thy Hoof Brasse, [race.  
With which thou shalt tread down the Serpents  
Thy Sons that scatter'd are the Earth throughout,  
I will soon gather with a Mighty shout.  
The Mighty they shall overcome with Slings,  
And bind in Fetters persecuting Kings.  
Ile lay thy Stones with Colours fair and sure,  
Thy strong Foundation shall be Saphyrs pure :  
Although I seem'd to have forsaken thee,  
Yet, from all bondage I will set thee free,  
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,  
Ile turn my hand upon the bloody Whore ;  
Because thou dost my holy Name profess,  
I'll break in peices them that thee oppress:



Arm'd with Commission from the Great *Jehove*,  
 I will come down and all thy Grievs remove.  
 All Weapons form'd against my *Sion*, shall  
 Unprosperous 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 will exalted be,  
 And Rule the Earth with Sovereign Majesty.  
 When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,  
 Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine;  
 And with thy Children in sweet Confort sing,  
 Triumphant Hallelujahs to your King.

## S I O N.

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

Transf-

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



When I was down, thou lift'est 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* blefs,  
 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 hast upon me trod,  
 And in *Contempt* hast said, *Where is thy God?*  
 He will therefore in *Right retaliation*,  
 And bring just *Vengeance* on thy cursed *Pate*.

Babylon.

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Babylon.

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

Them-



*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 the under :  
He will thee in Subjection keep,  
So that thou shalt not dare to peep.  
Am I not armed with the Power  
Of all the Earth ? I can devour  
Your Int'rest at a single Mess,  
I have fit Cooks such Meals to dress ;  
Th' Imperial and the Regal Sword  
Are brandish'd when I give the Word :  
Great Princes, Dukes, and Nobles will  
With all their force My Mind fulfil ;  
My Gentry who brave Heroes are,  
Resolved be, no Pains to spare ;  
Their Very Lives they'll freely spend  
To bring my Purpose to an end ;  
My Brisk Mounseurs, My Spanish Dons,  
Will over-match thy silly Sons :  
My Rogues in Grain, I ready have,  
Obedient like a Turkey-slave :  
If bid to thrust their bloody Knives  
In Throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,  
In any's but their own they'll do't,  
And lay them sprawling at my Foot.  
P've Teagues and Torys at my Beck,  
Will wring their Heads as Chickens Neck ;*

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



*Hee's doubtless pleas'd with my behaviour,  
For I alone have got his Favour.*

*Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy*

*You falsely do to me apply;*

*For I from Sin am washed clean;*

*Thou art the Whore, he there does mean :*

*I am the Church, and therefore I,*

*Thy Threats, Thy GOD, and Thee, Defie.*

## S I O N.

**L** Eave off, leave off, thou *Bloudy minded Whore*.  
Imagine not that thou shalt *Evermore*  
Thus *Domineer* in *Pomp* and *sawcy Pride*,  
For God e're long, thy *Rulers* will *divide*.  
Those *Mighty Ones*, in whom is *all thy Trust*,  
Long shall not hold, but into *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 *inlav'd* them to thy *bruitish Lust*,  
Whilst they (like *simple Fools*) in no wise durst  
Offend or cross thy *base* and *bloudy mind*;  
That they have been *bewitcht*, they then will find,  
By thine *alluring Voice*, and *lustful Eye*,  
To joyn with thee in *black Iniquity*.  
Thy *Flatteries* shall then no more *deceive*;  
Nor thy *base Whoredoms* thousands more bereave

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Of inward peace, and outward riches, so  
As they have been, to their eternal Wo:  
Then shall they see thy Villanous Intent,  
In setting them against the Innocent.  
To Glut thy Base Adulterous Desire,  
Their sinful hearts were in a flaming Fire;  
And through the Instigation of the Devil,  
Became partakers of this Monstrous Evil.

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



Sion in Distress : Or,  
Justice.

**M**ost Sovereign Lord, who is't dares gainsay  
What thou command'st? I must and will  
Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth (obey.  
Before thee, who createdst Heav'n and Earth :  
Thy *Judgment-Seat* she seems to slight and scorn,  
Says she's as *guiltless as the Child unborn*.

JEHOVAH.

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

Justice.

**D**read Sovereign of the World! I will proceed,  
And will her black *Indictment* loudly read.  
Come forth, *Great Whore!* and hear your dismal  
Charge,

Which shall by *Proofs* be evidenc'd at large.  
By the Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,  
And by the name of *Whore*, thou stand'st Indicted.  
Thou void of *Grace*, and Gods most *Holy Fear*,  
To *Satans Machinations* didst adhere ;  
With him, to Plot against thy Sov'reign Prince,  
To whom thou oughtest to yield Preheminence.  
In *Ancient times* he was thine only *Spouse*,  
(Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)  
Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,  
And to thy self another Husband took ;

And

And with a graceless *Impudence* art led  
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adul'terous Bed*.  
Thou hast dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*  
Sets up a *Monstrous Traytor* in his place,  
To whom thou hast *Blasphemous Titles* given,  
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven*.  
Thou hast not only playd th' *Adulteress*,  
But plain *Idolatry* thou dost profess;  
Of *Treason, Murder, Theft*, (abhorred things!)  
Of *Burning Citys*, *poysoning of Kings*,  
Of *Underming 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 *Sacrifc'd* by thy *bloud-thirsty hands*.  
*Insatiate Butcheries* that know no end!  
Thou stabd'st men, when thou *pity* didst pretend.  
In times of *Peace* thy *horrid rage* has shed  
*Bloud* without *Measure*, thou hast *murdered*  
(*Perfidious Wretch!*) thy nearest *Neighbours* when  
They thought themselves *the most secure of men*,  
Thou hast made *Currents of their guiltless bloud*  
To run like *Waters* of a mighty *Flood*;  
So void of *Pity*, your *inhumane rage*  
Destroy'd the *Saints*, and spar'd no *Sex* nor *Age*.  
Speak *Bloudy Whore*, hold up thy *Graceless Head*,  
*Guilty, or Not?* By *Law* thou art to plead.

Babylon.