

Sion in Distress : Or,
Babylon.

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

Belzebub.

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

Justice.

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.

Justice.

That like a *Harlot*, of thine one 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' *Apocaliptick Whore* ;
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* doth sit,
And *Lewdness* with so many *Kings* commit ;
It clearly follows from these *Marks*, that thou
Art a meer *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy *Vow*.
If thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,
Dis-owning *Christ*, and making *that* thy *Head* :
The consequence is clear, for thou must be
Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry*.
And to examine thy *Notorious Deeds*,
This great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds :
Call in the *Witnesses*-----

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

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

About

About the dismal Year of *Fifty Five*,
A dreadful Massacre she did contrive
 Within the Territories of *Savoy*,
 Where thirty Thousand Souls she did destroy
 In three days time, Curs'd *Edicts* bid them turn
 To *Popery*, or they must hang or burn.
 Which when those *Innocents* refus'd to do,
 Most horrid *Execution* did ensue ; (beaten
 Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were
 And by her Imps were fry'd and after eatn :
 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'd unto the
 And hung up others by their *Secret Parts*.
 Houses and Barn-fulls they have burnt, so that
 Our *Sufferings* are beyond an *Estimate*.

Bohemia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, &c.

TO satisfy this cruel *Strumpets* Lust,
 Some thousands have been turned unto dust:
 Our Towns and Famous Cities of Renown
 She hath dis-peopled, burnt or broken down :
 The Ruins still appear and Desolations
 In many places of our *Spoiled Nations*.
 Great Multitudes un-number'd were our Slain,
 Which in the Field unburied did remain :
 Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam
 And they consum'd them in a lingring flame.

Some

Some she has into boyling Cauldrons put,
And many others into pieces cut,
Without respect unto the *Hoary Head*,
Into their *throats* they pour'd down melted *Lead*;
And many other deaths she did contrive:
Some burned were, and others fled alive.
Into deep *Mines*, three thousand Souls and more,
At several times were tumbled by this *Whore*;
Because they would not their *Religion* leave,
And unto *Romish Superstitions* cleave,
That worthy Man *John Hus*, was burn'd to death,
For owning of the *Apostolick Faith*;
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 *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave*.
The barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content,
To kill or drive them into *Banishment*;
But with unheard of *Crueltys* she must
Their Bodys *mangle*, to assuage her *Lust*;
Some hang'd in *water*, yield their strangl'd *breath*;
Some brain'd on *Anvils*, some were starv'd to death;
Some hall'd with *Pullics*, till the *Top* they meet
With heavy *Weights* and *Loads* upon their feet.
Rapt

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 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 Poyson* and by *Monkish Knives*.
 I can produce an uncontroll'd *Recurd*
 Of many Thousands Murder'd by the *Sword*.
 It would require whole *Volumes* to transcribe
 The *bloody acts* of this *Infernal Tribe*.
 Deep dolour hinders what I would say more!
 O *Glorious Judge*! *avenge me on this Whore*.

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

R Enowned Judge! those *Witnesses* that have
 Their *Grief* presented & do *Judgment* crave,
Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same from this 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 tortur'd in her *Inquisition*.
 No *Tongue* can speak the unexampled *terror*
 Of that curst *Pattern* of *Infernal horror*.
 They count it mild, when they our *Persons* burn,
 And *Wives* and *Children* into *Ashes* turn, (cut
 They say they're *courteous* when our *Throats* they
 Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put.
 They

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

Ireland.

COULD deepest grief receive Additions, I
VVould 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 exercis'd on them, the same I may
Affirm t' have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose Abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation.
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our Necessities relieve ;
Some they stript Naked, then they bid them go
Through *Bogs* and *Mountains* in the *Frost* and *Snow*.
Men, VVomen, 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
VVith joy, that *Romish* and rebellious Brood
Have wash't their hands in Martyrd *English* bloud.

Thousands

Thousands of naked Protestants that fled
 From these *Barbarians* have been famished.
 Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,
 Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove
 Their Goods to them, Yet (once possession got)
 They (like perfidious wretches) cut their Throat.
 Numbers of Naked VVomen 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 *Portladown*,
 A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown;
 A couple (with five Children) first they hung,
 And in a Hole th' expiring bodies flung;
 The youngest on the Mothers breast did stick,
 Cries, *Mummy, Mammy*, yet is buried quick.
 Some hackt to pieces, travailing *Women* strip'd,
 And half-born Infants from their bellies rip'd!
 VVhich (with their Mothers) hungry *Dogs* did eat,
 And Swine fed on them, as on common meat.
 VVhen some poor Souls in burning Houses Cry,
 The Villains said, *How sweetly do they fry!*
 VVhen 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 spill,
 And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill.
 They forc'd the Son to stab his dearest Mother,
 And then one Brother to destroy the other.

Some

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 97

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 forced to run
About a Tree, until their Life was gone.
The Mouths of Godly Ministers they cut
Unto their Ears; betwixt their Jaws they put
A monstrous Gag, then with a Romish Scoff
Bid them go preach, *their Mouths were large enough.*
These hellish furies brag'd, that (to their joy)
They did Two hundred thousand Souls destroy.
VVe therefore pray, as others did before,
For a just Sentence on this bloody VVhore.

Scotland.

O Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink
Of Villany! O bloody Throats that drink
The Bloods of Innocents! which oft they quast
As freely as a common Mornings Draught!
Thousands of mine were butchered by this *VVhore*;
In that poor Nation, that has spoke before
The sufferings of my guiltless Natives, were
Equal with theirs in every tittle there.
Yet this blood thirsty Curtezian of *Rome*,
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home.

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

England.

HAD I as many Tongues at my commands,
 As *Argus* Eyes, or as *Briareus* Hands;
 I scarce could in a Century express
 One half of my unspeakable distress!

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 99

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*, were,
Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,
Until to death they did them persecute.
My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,
And on my Neck clapt her Tyranick Yoke.
Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,
And to enrich her Exchequer transported.
Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annales, Peter-pence. (led,
And though each Land where she her Triumphs
Whole swarms of Locusts Priests and Friers
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (bred,
Were faithful slaves still to promote her work.
Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.
Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led
Were tortur'd, murderd, burnt or massacred.
The Papal Beast could in a Frolick tell
I was his Fountain inexhaustible.
She planted Priests, and Ganimedes she rooted
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted;
With such a pest of vile Debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels outvies.
She crushes any that her Acts opposes;
My Kings she Poisons, Murders or Deposes.
Some she deludes her Sovereignty to own,
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.

Her lurking Imps do menace me with storms,
 Like *Egypt's* Frogs in pestilential swarms.
 She is so greedy nothing will suffice,
 Unless I'm made a general Sacrifice.
 'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways
 She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.
 Then was I made a dismal Field of Blood,
 Which ran like Currents of a swelling flood.
 She stirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravado,
 For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.
 The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,
 At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers.
 Her hellish Brands (without a spark of pity)
 Consum'd to Ashes my Imperial City.
 Nought but my Ruine her can satiate,
 My Justices she does assassinate.
 For many years she has been carrying on
 A damn'd Intreague for my Destruction.
 And all the ways that Satan prompts her to
 Contrive my fall, she's ready still to do.
 Her spite and malice nothing will abate,
 Its still more deadly and inveterate.
 Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks,
 That has discover'd her infernal pranks;
 Yet I am still in danger, and therefore
 Do beg just sentence on this bloody Whore.

The Evidence summed up.

O Gulph of horror! O profound Abyss!
 Was ever mischief half so black as this!

Then

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 101

Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex-
The boundless measure of thy wickedness? (press
Throughout the Earth thou hast such mischief
As is amazing to a humane thought. (wrought,
It would compel a heart of stone to melt,
When it revolves what *Protestants* have felt.
Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,
Has Persecuted them in every age;
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,
And all the Tortures which thou could'st devise,
Thou didst inflict, as Testimony shows; (Toes;
Some thou didst hang by the Head, some by the
Some Millions thou didst burn and broil on Coles,
And others starve to death in stinking holes.
Some thou didst cut to pieces very small,
And Infants Brains didst dash against the Wall.
Upon their Bodies thou didst tread like dung,
Thou hadst no mercy upon old or young.
By thy curs'd crew were Women ravished,
Who then (like Butchers) knockt 'em on the head,
Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd
Some were made harborless, & 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 ways thou tookst 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 loathsom Dungeon and most ghastly Cell,
 A place of horror representing Hell,
 Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,
 Where Martyred Protestants can find no ears
 To hear their Cries and lamentable moans,
 Nor Hearts to pity their extorted groans ;
 Where Saints in *torment* all their days must spend
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
 Thousands by thee were in *Bohemia* slain,
 Whose Carcasses unburied did remain.
 Thou mad'st thy Vassals fall upon that Nation,
 On no less Penalty than their Damnation.
 Didst thou not promise upon that condition
 To give them full and absolute remission ?
 The vilest Wretch that on the Earth has stood,
 You fully pardon'd, if hee'd shed the blood
 Of one *Bohemian* ; O stupendious rage !
 Not to be paralleld in any *Age*,
 But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Alva's* Crime,
 That he destroy'd no more in six years time
 Than eighteen thousand souls ; were they so few
 In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew !

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 103

But if the Wretch (*De Alva's*) bloody Bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with Tormeants; dreadful to reherse,
The very mention cannot chuse but pierce
A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over-little still,
His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
By cruel torments (which they still retain)
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,
From that black season when the hellish rage
Of Jesuits acted on the *European Stage*
In *England, France, in Italy and Spain,*
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain,
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,
(E're many years had run their Circuits out)
Of poor *Americans* by cruel *Spain*
In fifty years were many Millions slain.
The poor *Walderfes* whose enlightened eye
Thy filthy Woredoms quickly did espy.
Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent
And murder'd Parents with their innocent (crew
And harmless Babes; thy more than barb'rous
Their cursed hands did in their blood imbrue;
At once were Eighty Infants famished,
And many thousands basely Murthered.
When some have fled into obscurest Caves,
Thy Vilains 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 cursed head?
 That Sea of Blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,
 Cries night and day for Justice; now I fix
 My serious thoughts upon black sixty six,
 Thou bloody Strumpet how canst thou repair
 The loss of *Englands* great Imperial Chair!
 How many rich men were to beggars turned,
 When that brave Isle's *Metropolis* was burned
 By thy accursed Imps, Fire-brands of Hell,
 Incarnate Devils without parallel.
 Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,
 To day Rich Men, to morrow nothing left;
 Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
 Their substance all consumed in the flame.
 But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
 Thy *Powder-Treason*, nor thy Modern Plot;
 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 Crucified by thee;
 When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,
 Millions unnumberd basely Murthered.
 Yet still thou hast the impudence to say,
 That thou art innocent unto this day.

Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 105

Thou shameless Curtezan, didst thou not run
With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son
Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break;
Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak?

Babylon.

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

Judge.

Thou graceless Wretch, that art bereft of shame
How dar'st thou thus deny thy proper name?
Christs 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 tines at hand when I'll fulfil my word,
And in just fury draw my glittering sword.

My frown shall make thy proud *foundation* quake,
 And all the Pillars of thy House I'll shake.
 Dost think because I did forbear so long,
 That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong?
 What I resolve to do or will command,
 No Pope nor Devil can the same withstand.
 He that presum'd great Monarchs to Depose,
 Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those
 Whom he so crusht; from Hell he did ascend,
 And thither shall be flung down in the end.
 He'll surely fall and never rise again;
 The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain;
 Ther'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) condole,
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,

Most glorious Judge, since this bold Whore
 Her filthy lewdness, and Adulteries, denies

Let

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 107

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 (pear,
That some strange Monster should on Earth ap-
Which by imperfect views did first amaze
Sagacious minds when they on it did gaze;
VVhich made mens Judgments to divide afunder
To see an Object of unusual VVonder,
A VVoman! City! and a Scarlet VVhore!
The like on Earth was never seen before.
A VVoman in her pompous glory drest,
And sitting on a Monstrous Horned Beast,
VVho it decyphered by prodigious things,
His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings.
And then this mighty wonder to complicat,
She's plac'd on a Seven-hilled Seat;
She's stiled a Woman, and a Whore, because
She once submitted to Enacted Laws,
As other Women do, when they do wed
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage Bed.
And who this Woman is, shall now be known,
Her proper Title is (*Great Babylon*)
VVho in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty *Jezabel* in Pride;
VVho 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 ways of proof, I'll quickly come
 And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*,
 The Woman which th' Apostle *John* beheld
 Arrayed 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 Rings Adultery commits,
 And on a Sev'n hill'd Habitation sits,
 * The holy Angel of the Lord explains * *Rev. 17. 18.*
 That 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns
 Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all these Notes,
 And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,
 With Papal *Rome*, exactly do agree,
 She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.
 If all the Marks that of this *Whore* are given
 Will not meet any where so plain and even
 As on the *Church* and *People* I did name,
 Then certainly *She* is the very same;
 First, then 'tis evident that there is none
 May be so fitly stiled *Babylon*.
 Was *Babylon* a People of Renown?
 To that same height the *Church of Rome* is grown.
 Had *Babylon* a great and peerless King?
 This *Church* can shew an Image of that thing.

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 109

Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* invade?
This Church on *Sion* the same Inroads made.
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Estate.
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their *Tears*,
Shake *Kingdoms*, and fill *Peoples hearts* with fears?
This Church hath done so; yea, and far out-done
Her *Anti-Type*, and so beyond her run.
Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away
Into *Captivity*, and make a Prey
Of all the *Treasure* that her hand could find?
This Papal Church is not a whit behind.
On th' ablest guides she laid her Hellish hands,
Confining them to *Prison* under *Bands*;
As if 'twere not enough for her to do,
She seiz'd their Persons, and their substance too:
Did *Babylon* God's Worship over-throw,
Set up an *Idol*, and command to Bow? (more;
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped measure, and much running o're.
'Twas she that took the *Word of God* away,
And by a string of *Beads* taught Men to pray.
She rob'd the Layety of the blessed Cup,
And spoil'd the Feast where Children came 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

Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
 Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions;
 Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
 Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
 Boasts all her Dictates are Infalible.
 Did *Babylon* the burning work begin?
 Make a hot Furnace? 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 *Sion* to the heart.
 'Tis she hath been the occasion of all Evil,
 'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil.
 'Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and lie,
 To vouch great Falshoods, and plain truths deny.
 'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
 VVhilst her vile Clergy such ill Lives have led.
 VVas it not she that Canon did create,
 Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,
 Which God gave Licence unto all to eat?
 If from this charge she can her self defend,
 Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend.
 Or if she can produce another Tribe,
 To whom we may this Character ascribe;
 With greater clearness than we do to her,
 We will consent her Sentence to defer. Judge.

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 *bloudy Scarlet Whore*.
Therefore in Justice I at length am come,
(Being long provokt) to pass thy Final Doom.

The SENTENCE.

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

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

into thine unhallowed hands. Thou hast laid Close Siege to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the highest strains of Wickedness, to commit *fornication*, promote *Idolatry*, and take away the Lives of *Innocents*. Thou hast layn in wait (where they would not fulfil thy bloody and barbarous Lusts) to contrive *Treasons*, *Sedition*, and *Rebellion* against them, to Depose and Murder them by *Excommunications*, *Poisons*, and *Powder-Plots*. Thou hast corrupted all Countrys and Kingdoms (where thy Power extended) by such downright and abominable *Idolatry*; that *Heathens* themselves were never guilty of worse. Thou hast not only countenanced *Stews* and *Brothel-Houses*, where abominable *Sodomy* and *Adulteries* are practiced, but even thy very *Numeries* are become Habitations of *Whoredom* and *Filthiness*, the bottoms of whose Motes and Ponds, have shewed the Murders of New born Babes. Thou hast kill'd the best Men; thou hast not spared delicate Women and sucking Children. Thou hast made away many Millions both of *Christians* and poor *Heathens*. And after so Hellish a sort, that the best learned Hearts and Tongues want *Rhetorick* 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 Ravisht Women and Maids--and then hast barbarously slain them--Thou hast been guilty of Burying Alive, Roasting upon Spits, Scalding with burning Oyl and 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 by Fire and Sword and all manner of Hostilities and Outrages. Thou hast fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men Slaves, cut thy own accursed Tribe of *Cardinals*, *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops*, &c. Thou hast Murder'd Multitudes of Souls, as well as destroy'd multitudes of Bodies. In short, thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its pro-

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mus'd Deliverance and Restitution. And for all their *Apostacy, Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treasons, and Blasphemies*, with the guilt of a mighty *Mas of Innocent Bloud*, which hath been proved against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thy self, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer, thy Sentence therefore is---

Thou shalt 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 Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou shalt have these Judgments come upon thee in one day, Death, Mourning, and Famine, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with Fire, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and slain her Sovereign; At which all the Host of Saints and Angels, shall say Amen,---Hallelujah.

The Author's Request.

1. **S**ome 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 filled with sorrow, grief, and pain.
2. Alas my Griefs are now increased double!
O that thou would'st be pleas'd to hear O Lord!
Then shu'd 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.

3. 'Tis not for fading Riches of this *World*;
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry ;
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.
4. '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?
5. 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 wouldst also purge.
These are the things my never-ceasing Cry
Petitions for ; Lord grant them ere I die.
6. Thy presence does more console my heart,
Then sweetest Honey, or the Honey-Comb :
I will (with *Mary*) chuse the better part :
'Tis Sin my Soul would be delivered from :
Then I thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when ere I come to die.
7. 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.

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8. Lord whatsoever my Estate is here,
VVith swee Submission let me be content,
VVhen I'm most troubled, then bethou 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.
9. Teach me, I pray thee, that Celestial Skill,
My Days to number, as thy Saints have done;
Let me still yield unto thy blessed VVill,
And wait upon thee till my Glas be run:
So shall my Raptur'd Tongue thy praise proclaim,
And sing *Hosanna's* to thy Glorious Name.
10. 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:
Bethou my way, my strength, my light, that I
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.
11. VVhen hungry, let thy *Manna* be my Meat;
VVhen circled in the dark, enlighten me:
VVhen I am weary, O! bethou my Seat;
And when Imprison'd, do thou set me free:
So fill'd, enlightn'd, after sweet repose,
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy praise disclose.
12. In time of wrath, when fury waxes great,
Bethou 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.
13. Let me with Patience run that blessed Race,
And from my weights, which very sore have bin,
Be now set free, that with a swifter pace
I may the Prize of lasting Glory win.
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,
Lord give me Patience, and with Patience Faith.

14. Thy Children are as (many) Members joyn'd
 Which make one body, whose Blest Head thou art,
 O cause them with an undivided mind
 And perfect Union, to have all one heart :
 Then shall I hope to see a blest increase
 Of *Sions* Glory, and of *Israels* Peace.
15. Thy Children have in many things provok'd
 Thee, but in Mercy, pass Offences by.
 By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd
 That they may live thy Name to magnifie ;
 And I thy goodness will proclaim to all,
 And warning take, lest I my self do fall.
16. Remember *Sion* in her aking grief,
 She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain,
 Do thou in Mercy, send her such relief
 That she (with cause) may never more complain ;
 Then (not till then) my sorrows will be over,
 And I thy goodness will to all discover.
17. O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread !
Romes 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.
18. I pray thee scatter our enraged Foes,
 And baffle all who proudly have combin'd
 Against thine Heritage ; do thou expose
 Them to be tost as Chaff before the VVind ;
 Preserve thy Flock from bloody *Babels* hane,
 Establish Truth and Quiet in the Land.
19. O God whose dreadful Judgments are severe,
 And whose great Mercy's full of sweet compassion,
 Destroy thy Churches Foes both far and near,
 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.

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20. Make haste to judge the Persecuting *Whore*,
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;
Let her so fall that she may rise no more.

O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earnest suit,
That I may see her fall before I die,
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.

21. O Lord establish thine one 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 on the top of *Sion* I may sing
Aloud, *Hosanna* to the Highest King.

VVhat 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 VWorld, but let me be
Translated to a blest Eternity.

23. 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 fitt'd and prepar'd to die;

That when this transitory life is o're,
VVith Angels I may sing for evermore.

24. VVhate'er of any Suit thou dost deny,
Grant me True Faith, that I may still believe
That through Christs Ransom, when I come to dy,
A Glorious Crown from thee I shall receive,

O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,
Let me enj y but thee, and I will rest;
For having thee, all precious things I have,
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.

An Alarm to the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

1. **A**LL 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.
2. Rouze up, awake, your Lamps to take,
And longer do not slumber;
You must them trim, to tend on him
Into the Wedding Chamber.
3. 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.
4. *Watch then alway, Our Lord doth say,*
None knows the day nor hour.
Watch carefully, for you are nigh
The day of his great Power.
5. With speed arise, lift up your Eye,
The Day-Star doth appear;
Rise from your Bed, raise up your Head,
Redemption's very near.
6. Such as are wise, their time do prize,
Preparing for their Lord;
To them he will his Word fulfill,
And his sweet smiles afford.
7. But Fools do haste their time to waste
In sleep and slothfulness;
Yet such presume they shall assume
His Glory ne'r the less.
8. 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.
9. They still do keep themselves asleep,
And know not where they be;
Were they awake, how would they quake,
Their woful state to see?
10. You

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10. 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.
11. You who profess, and not possess
The Truth in Life and Power;
Your state is bad, and will be sad
Before this day be o'er.
12. You have the Shell, but no Kernel;
The Chaff, but not the Wheat;
The Husks you take, and do forsake
Your Souls most precious meat.
13. 'Tis the last Day, O! therefore pray,
And faithful now abide
Unto the Lord with one accord,
And be on the Lambs side.
14. Still have a care, and do not dare
In *Babel* to remain;
For if you do, then must you know,
With her you shall be slain.
15. Come, haste away without delay,
With all speed and endeavor,
Her End is come, her fatal Doom,
Therefore your Souls deliver.
16. You now do hear her Ruin's near,
Your Sins therefore forsake,
And you'll prevent the punishment
Of which she must partake.
17. All her Pleasures and rich Treasures
Hate as monstrous Evil;
Gods Word doth shew, who love them do,
Shall go unto the Devil.
18. You must remove your dearest Love
from Earth, and things thereof;
For this hath been a crying Sin,
Now cast it therefore off.
On things above, set all your Love,
Affections and Desire;

These

These things below, God will o'erthrow
 VVith his consuming Fire.

20. Alas poor Souls ! be not such Fools
 To labour for the wind,

The wealth you heap, you shall not keep,
 As you e're long will find.

21. You must not rest on Self-Intrest,
 But wholly for the Lord ;

He'll else at last you surely blast,
 According to his VVord.

22. There are some men cry loud, *When, when,*
Wilt thou in Glory come ?

But few repent, or do relent,
 And pray for his Kingdom.

23. But such shall see, with them 'twill be,
 As when one 'scapes a Bear ;

VVhich being gone, Lyons come on,
 VVhich do in pieces tear.

24. Subdue your Sin ; for it hath been
 Your greatest Enemy :

If that does reign, you strive in vain,
 You must it Crucifie.

25. In every Land there's none shall stand
 And happy be indeed,

But only those whom God hath chose,
 VVho on Christ Jesus feed.

26. O therefore cry continually
 For Christ and precious Grace,

That being blest, you all may rest,
 VVhen you have run your Race.

27. The great Bridegroom when he doth come
 VVill all such entertain,

And you shall then be happy men,
 And with him ever Reign.

28. 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

