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Brachy - Martyrologia :

OR,

BREVIARY

Of all the greatest

PERSECUTIONS

Which have befallen the

Saints and People of God

from the Creation to our present Times ;

PARAPHRAS'D,

By *Nicholas Billingsly,*

Of Mert. Col. Oxon.

Pfal. 44. 22.

*For thy sake are we killed all the day long ; we are
counted as sheep for the slaughters.*

crus sentit in nervo, cum animus est in caelo. Tertul.

Nax. contra Ar. p. 113.

*Α, ὡ μάρτυρες· ὑμῖν κ' ὄντ' ὁ ἀθλ' ὑμῶν θνητῆ·
ὅτε ἔ' πολὺν πόλεμον εὐ' οἶδα.*

LONDON, 1647. g. 176.

Printed by J. C. for *Austin Rice*, at the three
Hearts near the west-end of *S. Pauls.* 1657.





To the Right Worshipful,
JEREMY MARTIN
Doctor of Physick, in *Bristol*;

All { Internal } Happiness.
 { External }
 { External }

Honoured Sir,

I Am not ignorant that we now live in as censorious an age as ever the Sun shin'd on; wherein there are not a few that will snap and snarle at the politest lines, and refined'st inventions whatsoever; (when perhaps the matter is too deep, for the short *line of their* Judgements to sound

the bottom of :) What hard measure then I am like to have, for suffering this my naked and incult Muse to venture abroad on the open stage, I am not a little sensible of. But yet, because private benefits, do often call for publick acknowledgements, I will not be ashamed to let the world know, I am exceedingly engaged to you; nor could I be contented till I had made some part of amends for your received favours; Presuming that your Heroick minde, sweet nature, and generous disposition, will respect more (*Artaxerxes-like*) the inward Affection, then the outward Action. Be pleas'd therefore, Noble Sir, to persist still in your wonted goodness, and favourably accept of that in the birth, which your encouragements furthered in the conception. The subject I confess is Divine (as treating of

Dedicatory.

As all in a flame, yet not consumed;
; enough to dazzle our eyes with
astonishing glory), and therefore
serves to be better handled, by a
more Graphical Paraphrast than my
self: And if my jangling toll in bet-
ringers, I shall be glad of it; In
: mean, I will let my green fruits
en under the Sun-shine of your
lucious Eye: and though my
es (like old Pewter) seem dull for
nt of scowring; yet may they
eive a gloss from your resplen-
nt Name. *Pythagoras* was of
inion, that two things (and they
m above) made a man truly glo-
us; the one was, To conceive
ght of things; the other was,
know how to be beneficial to
ers. Sweet Sir, I will not flat-
you (for I am confident you do
: desire it, chusing rather to be
: modestly spoken of, than to be

Alian.
Hist. l.
p. 343.

The Epistle

applause) but I dare say, you are endowed with both : You have affected to be acquainted with the natures of most (may I say all?) diseases ; and have effected (God making your undertakings successful) as rare cures as ever any, I will except none. I cannot stand to specify them ; this one shall serve for all : Your eminent skill in recovering Epileptical maladies, is sufficiently known to many. What shall I say of myself in particular ? am not I bound to bless God, since first I had the happiness to be acquainted with you ? Have not I great cause to admire (and, if I may so say, adore you for) your profound judgment, your excellent ability, and singular care, so oportunely exercised towards me your Patient, in the raising up of my infirm body, even then, when I had passed the sentence

Dedicatory.

ight, in the eyes of all, irre-
rable? I were unworthy to
, if I did not.

Theodoricus, an Archbishop of Lucas
Com:
de ges
Alphon
being demanded by *Sigismund*
Emperor, of the directest course
happiness; *Performe* (said he)
as thou art well, what thou pro-
dst when thou wast sick. This
me in minde of a double en-
ement which I made in the time
y calamity; First, to God Al-
ghty, That I would endeavour,
ie but pleased to spare me my
, to devote my self wholly to his
, and walk more obediently be-
: him, then I had formerly done:
et to you, as the onely instru-
it in the hand of God, for the
airing of the ruinous walls of
fleshy Tenement, I promised to
ize it, so long as I liv'd. I be-
sh God, that these promises may

The Epistle

performances. I pray Sir, give me leave to tell you, you are the onely man living, whom I superlatively honour, not onely for your learning and knowledge (though that were enough to convince me) but for your inestimable Vertues; as Temperance, Humility, &c. which are as so many sparkling Ornaments, and Orient Pearls, to enrich and illustrate the very place you come in. To speak nothing of your Piety, that onely will commend you in the eyes of God. I might say, and say truly, that you are such a common good to your Country, that good men love you, and all men admire you: but I will not gild Gold; neither may I think that bright *Phæbus* beams can be the more increased by the presenting of a silly Taper: nay, I am somewhat conscious to my self

Deuicatory.

your serene worth, with the
umbration of a *Timanthean*
l.

If I have herein offended, it is
ainst my will; I am sorry for it;
d I hope your ingenuity will
rdon me, laying the fault on the
sects of my Youth, as being not
er-burthened with *Ciceronian*
oquence. But what though I
inot cloathe my minde in such
e airy garments, nor adorn my
per with such Rhetorical jewels
others can? yet may I as deeply
grave you on the Marble Tablet
my fidelious brest, as any, while I
l,

Sir,

e eLeVenth
y of MarCh
DCLV.

Your Honours very
humble, thankful,
and much-obli-
ged servant;

James ...
Bridley, 12-11

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strain complements with thee) I have a
great preparation for thee: And if thou
pleas'd to accept of such poor entertainm
my Muse is able to afford thee, she gives
invitation, Come in, fall to, eat freely with
will, and thou art heartily welcome: But
dainty palate be so nice, as to make thee
after the most exquisit dishes and costlist
that can be got for love or mony; I t:ll th
(friend) I han't it for thee, thou had'st
where such is to be had; and that is all t
I wish thee; and so I bid thee

Farewe

In Amici sui chariffimi
NICHOLAI BILLINGSLY
chy-hagio-Martyrologiam
Distichon Panegyricum.

*magnum in parvo; veterū Monumenta virorū,
Mortem & Mores (candide Lector) habes.*

skills no less large Tomes r' Epitomize,
then at the first the same for to devise;
as *Homers* praise his *Iliads* to indite,
others in a Nut-shell them to write.

worth belongs to thee, & to thy book;
erein (as in an Optick) if we look,
may at once more briefly far behold,
at *Fox*, and others, have at large us told,
ching such Martyrs as did live and die
faith of Christ; whose sacred memory
u do' st receive, that they on earth again
'Live with us; we'n heaven with them

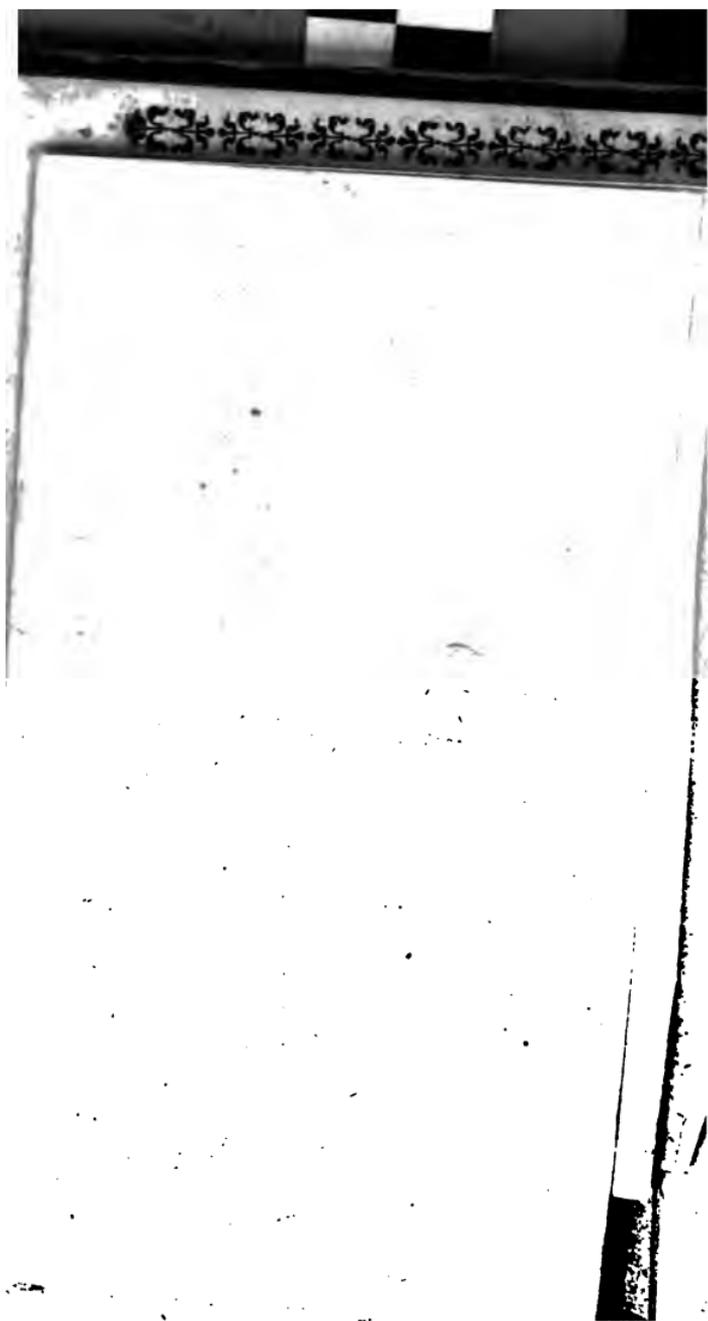
(may reign.

grant us this; and so to make an end,
in them, I thee, cannot too much com-
mend.

DEO Opt. Max.

Great God, who grasp'st in thine eternal
The world, & boundest with appointed
The swag'ring billowes; thou who hast enroll'd
Thy Marble Gallery with studs of Gold,
Whose throne the face-veild Seraphims on high
Advance above the Porph'ry-Arched skie;
Who all things did'st, and do'st, and wilt fulfil
According to the counsel of thy will:
O shew thy power in thy servant weak,
Rouze my dull Muse, enable her to speak
Divinely of thy Saints, that in this story
The World (as in a glass) may see thy glory.
Finish this work, this work in thee begun,
And make it live, when I am dead and gon.
Those looser Poets who begin betimes
To please vain fancies with lascivious Rhime
Thinking thereby to eternize their name,
What do they leave but Monuments of shame
Their works shall rot; while such as have a
Foundation, shall eternally endure.
Let no man deck with Apollinean Bayes
My browes; thine be the Glory, thine the Pra







THE PERSECUTIONS

Mentioned in the
Old Testament.

SECT. I.

*Persecution of the Church in the first Ages
the World, and so forward till Christ's
carnation.*

D ~~Devil~~ being left unto his own free-will,
Satan the Primo-genitor of ill,
Maligning his so prosperous estate,
Exercise his Diabolick hate,
The hood of friendship, to o'rethrow
Root, and branch at one pestiferous blow.
Large-pretending promises, his suit
Mist' d thus; if the forbidden fruit
Is their lips, they should more clearly see,
All as wise as their Creator be. Gen. 3. 5¹
Satan's Engines play'd, till in conclusion
Of the Fort, by his so smooth delusion.

B

POOR

Poor man made shipwreck of his Innocence,
 Thwarting his God-requir'd Obedience:
 Thus ~~idles~~ fell, and by his hapless fall,
 Hath lost his happiness, his God and all,
 For ever; Ah! he cannot any more
 Enjoy those blessings he enjoy'd before.
 In his first state; and all that he can win,
 Is death, Death is the VVages due to sin.
 But what of that? yet hath it pleas'd the Highest,
 To give eternal life through Jesus Christ
 Our bkssed Lord: whoever do believe
 In him alone, are certain to receive
 A glorious Crown: O see what God hath done,
 To save poor sinners, he hath sent his Son,
 His onely Son, who willingly came down,
 To bear the cross, that we might wear the Crown.
 Strange condescension! the great God above
 Is pleas'd t' embrace us in the armes of love.
 O groundless depths! O love beyond degree!
 The guiltless dies, to set the guilty free!

Nor ceas'd the malice of the black-brow'd Prince
 Of the Low-Countries, hell; for ever since
 Mans forfeiture of his heav'n-granted lease,
 He hath been active to molest the Peace
 Of Christ-confiding Saints, and like a Lyon
 Hath seiz'd on those who bear good will to ~~Saints~~
 Amongst the wheat, he sows seditious tares;
 And setteth men together by the ears.
 Nay more unnatural then that, one brother
 He instigates to persecute another:

Gen. 4.8. VVitness nefandous *Cain*, whose brothers blood
 To heaven for vengeance cry'd, and cry'd aloud:
 Gen. 9.22. Did not curs'd *Ham* his naked Father mock,
 (A graceless branch, sprung from a righteous stock)

he Sodomites deride Just Lot?
 ous *Ishmael Isaac*, did he not?
 igh *Esaiah* hates; young *Joseph's* sold
 ittish Merchants; and behold
 | *Is'el*, how their shoulder groans
 eir massy loads, hard hearted ones!
 t the new-born Males be stifled by
 wives? O unheard-of cruelty!
 ese fail, may they not live a while?
 wn'd they must be in septemfluous Nile.
 rdned *Pha'ob*, what did *Moses* do
 thy wrath? and may not *Is'el* go
 enslaving hands, but bear the print
 ges leave? O heart wall'd round with flint!
 a few the *Isra'elites* were drudges
 lolatrous and self-law'd Judges;
 to leave their homes, and hide themselves
 id caves, from persecuting Elves;
 Gods bounty fertiliz'd their land;
 troyed by the *Midian* band:
ishim thirty four thousand slay
 ind carryed Gods Ark away;
 n *Israel* could not be found
 r instruments to till the ground,
 was so enslav'd; they rather chose,
 e, to be beholding to their foes,
 keea javelin, spirit-haunted *Saul*
 stick up *David* gainst the wall.
 k *David*, with a patient ear,
 e's railing accusations bear.
Shishak prov'd *Jerusalem's* rod,
 the treasures from the house of God,
 ich is strange) good *Asa's* spirit risen
 lods Prophet, casts him into prison.

Gen. 19.9.
 Gen. 21.9.
 Gen. 27.
 41.
 Gen. 37.4.
 Exo. 1. 21,
 &c.
 Exo. 1. 15,
 16.

Exo. 1. 22.
 Exo. 2. 15.
 Exo. 2. 14.

Judg. 3. 8.

Judg. 6. 3;
 4.
 1 sam. 13.
 6, 7.
 Judg. 6. 2.
 Judg. 10. 8.
 Judg. 13. 1.
 1 sam. 4. 2.
 10, 11.
 1 sam. 13.
 vel. 19. 20.

1 sam. 19.
 &c.

2 sam. 16.
 5, 6.

2 King. 14.
 25, 26.

2 Chr. 16.
 10.

- 2 Chro. 18. *Abab* hates *Micah*. In *Jehosaphat*
 25, 26. His reign, the Church of God was stormed at.
 2 Chron. *Elijah*, was despis'd by *Jezabel*,
 20, 23.
 1 King. 19. By whom so many holy Prophets fell.
 2. *Elisha* suffers; in *Jehoram*s reign.
 1 King. 18. *Judab*'s oppress'd. Good *Zeebariah*'s slain
 13.
 2 King. 6. By *Joash*, for's reproof. *Israel*'s King
 31. Thousands of *Judab* slew, did thousands bring
 2 Chro. 21. Into captivity. Poor *Judab* pines
 16, 17. By th' *Edomites*, *Assyrians*, *Philistines*.
 2 Chro. 24. The Prophet *Esay* by *Manasses* Law,
 21.
 2 Chro. 28. Was sawn in sunder with a wooden saw.
 8. And *Jeremiab* after slanderous mocks,
 2 Chro. 28. Was beaten sore, and put into the stocks.
 17, 18, 20. Then was he (liberty deny'd him) flung
Josephus. Into the myry dungeon, where he clung;
 Jer. 18. 18. At last drag'd thence, into th' *Egyptian* land
 Jer. 20. 2. He needs must go, the Captains him command:
 Jer. 37. 15. And his Thren-odes, those pious Elegies,
 Jer. 38. 6. Lament the falling Churches miseries.
 Jer. 43. 6, 7.
 Dan. 3. 23. *Nebuchadnezzar* in a rage doth throw
Shadrach, and *Meshech*, and *Abednego*
 Into the furnace hot: By wicked men
 Dan. 6. 26. *Daniel* is cast into the Lyons Den.
 Esther. 3. Proud *Haman* persecutes poor *Mordecai*,
 13. And a decree procures, that in one day
 Gods people should be killed murth'rously.
 Ezra 4. 4. The Jews returning from captivity,
Judab's disturb'd and opposition's found (gro
 Neh. 6. 2. When they would raise Gods Temple from
 vers. 6, 7. Build it they do: though men and devils conjoy
 They'r Powers, they cannot frustrate Gods defy

SECT. II.

*Persecution of the Church from Nehemiah
tiochus his time; and also under An-
tis Epiphanes, before the nativity of
, about 168 years.*

*As the High-Priest being dead,
his son succeeded in his stead;
the next, who in the Temple slew
ch sought: to wrong him of his due.
had *Bagoses* heard the News,
a potent force, he kept the Jews,
inclos'd within *Jerusalem's* walls)
years ended, under slavish thralls;
g them to lay down fifty Drachmes
Lamb that fed their daily flames.
John dead) succeeded, who b'ing told,
Antiochus's acts, and how he would
ortly, he in's Priestly robes aray'd,
direction and protection pray'd.
fell down, the Jews did in a ring
im, and said, God save the King.
d, reply'd, I do not (that were odd)
High-Priest, but the High-Priests God.
e to live after their Ancient orders
the Hebrews, and deserts their borders.
Antiochus Epiphanes did go
Jerusalem's not friend nor foe
a fury; he the Temple spoil'd
Ornaments, and it defil'd:*

The Martyrdom of the Maccabees.

Yea, he inhibited the godly Jews
 Those daily sacrifices they did use ;
 And having made their goodly structures void,
 He led some captive, many he destroy'd,
 Forc'd others to forsake God, and adore
 Those Idols he himself fell down before :
 But they that minded not his menacings,
 VVere whip'd and maim'd, had cruel torturings ;
 Some crucifi'd ; they hang'd the female sex,
 And hung young Children at their parents necks.
 VVhat books of Sacred VVrit they found, the same
 VVere cast into the all-devouring flame.
 Upon a Sabbath day these merc'less slaves
 Did stifle thousands hid in unclos'd caves.
 And now *Matthias* pious and devout,
 Led forth the Christians 'gainst this impious rout,
 Destroy'd their Altars ; Providence did bless
 All his endeavours with desir'd success.
 His sons, *Matthias, Judas*, and the rest
 Did scowre their country, and their foes suppress.

SECT. III.

*The Martyrdom of the Maccabees, under the
 same Antiochus.*

O *Nias* acts with a religious care
 His High-priests office, and may therefore fear
 Degrading; nay, *Antiochus* is bent
 To turn him out: the moving Argument
 Drawn from the Justice of *Onias* cause,
 Subjects *Onias* to th'Imperious Lawe

Of wilfull Tyranny, by whose compunction,
 This good man leaves his Sacerdotal function,
 For one that least deserv'd it; no other
 Might take it up, but his false-hearted brother:
 Who now but *Jason*! *Jason* is the man
 Must drive on the design, *Jason* began
 To force the people to renounce the true
 And old Religion, to embrace a new;
 To abjure their Temples, to extract them baths
 To quit their beaten and accustom'd paths,
 For prosecution of more choice delights,
 And abrogate their ceremonial Rites;
 To drink in Greekish customes, and betimes
 Train up their striplings to unlawful times.
 But mark th'event, a fit-provoked God
 Doth flame in fury, making them a rod
 (Whose Laws were studiously observ'd,) to scourge
 Those Mimitick emulators, who would urge
 So good a God; their friends become their foes,
 To inflict on them innumerable woes.
 For an edict is forthwith by the King
 Set forth, and sealed with his Royal Ring;
 The sence is this, *Whoever of the Jews,
 Or Hierosolymitanes, refuse
 To offer up a Sacrifice unto
 The gods, he without any more ado
 (Besides these beatings he was like to feel)
 Should have his members Racked on a wheel.*
Antiochus perceiving this Edict
 Was little prevalent, although so strict,
 So rigorous, but that a many chose
 Rather to die, than their Religion lose;
 He took th'advantage of an eminent place,
 And summoning the Jews, his graceful *Queen*

Caus'd sacrific'd swines flesh be given about
 To ev'ry man. Amongst the mixed rout
 Stood *Eleazar* honor'd for his age,
 Reverend, Pious, Vertuous and sage,
 In whom the graces all in one combia'd ;
 Indeed he had an heaven-enamel'd mind :
 To whom *Antiochus* doth break the chains
 Of silence thus: Old man, avoid those pains
 VVait on the obstinate, for once b'advis'd
 By me, and eat what here is sacrific'd :
 Cherish thy rev'rend age, and do not scorne
 The benefit of life: what though th'art born
 A Jew? yet eat: no wise man will refuse
 That meat which nature hath ordain'd for use :
 VVhy should this beast be more abominable
 Than other beasts ? canst tell ? sure th'art not able :
 VVhy was it made, if not to be enjoy'd ?
 And gifts unus'd, what are those gifts but voy'd ?
 Admit your Laws are just, yet may coaction
 Excuse thee, 'tis no voluntary action.
 To whom thi: *Nestor* (whose undaunted brest
 VVas flam'd with zeal) an answer thus exprest :

We, O *Antiochus*, love not vain shows
 But true Religion; nor Racks, nor blows, (chain
 Nor brest all gor'd with darts, hands worn wi
 Nor ease exchanged for a thousand pains ;
 Famine nor sword, nor all, should make us smoth
 Our lov'd Religion, to embrace another :
 Know then Proud King; I nothing weigh thy threat
 As to profane my lips with profane meats :
 Ple joy to suffer for a righteous cause,
 Rather then violate those Heav'a-made Laws :
 'Tis but a death at most, if I fulfil not
 Thy will; and disobey my God I will not :

ie no more, for do it I will never ;
resolve, and will herein persever.
me to the ravenous Lyons paw,
e not make a rupture in the Law ;
my Entrails, do ; and when that's done,
ing m'into an hate-light Dungeon :
out these eyes with Pinfers ; let the flames
ie to cinders, I'll be still the same.
not that I'll recant because I'm old
eble, no ; torments shall make me bold ;
intent to suffer for my God,
tiently sustain his chasting rod :
al I bear is not a zeal that founds
pines on such unstable grounds,
: to move me, or to make me totter ;
rant, were thy fury ten times hotter.
gh death in the face, when I lay down
e, to take up an immortal Crown.
shall be, although by thee accurst ;
I challenge thee, do, do thy worst.
hat the soldiers hale him to the place
nent, strip him, whip him, and do lace
k with stripes, till bloody streams our-gush,
the face of the tormentor blush :
e was under the afflicter's hand,
od, and cry'd, Obey the Kings command :
icately this worthy man endur'd
d of wounds, too dang'rous to be cur'd :
rting up his venerable eyes,
w for whom he was a sacrifice ;
m he did believe: then casts a look
afflicted self, and sees a brook,
ling brook, with uncontrouled tides,
n their passage from his mangled sides:

And when his sufferance over-flow'd the banks
Of torment, he admir'd, gave God the thanks,
They loathsome liquor int' his nostrils pouring,
Did then commit him to the flames devouring :
Yet when his nat'ral life began to fail
And his approaching death would take no bail ;
Having his wasting eyes on Heaven laid,
His dying breath breath'd forth these words, & said;
Thou O my God art he who bringest down
To th'grave, giv'st life, and with that life a Crown,
Behold (dear Lord) I'm swallow'd by death's jaws,
For the strict keeping of thine own-made Laws,
Sweet Father hear me; O be pleas'd to keep
Thy bosome-Nation, suffer not thy Sheep,
To be devour'd by Wolves, that are too bold
To worry them, or scare them from their fold :
O let my death conclude all miserie,
And grant in dying I may live to thee.
Now I am found in thee, can I be lost ?
He ceas'd, and ceasing, yielded up the Ghost.

The Kings displeasure waxing now more strong
Sent for sev'n Hebrew children, who being young,
He thought them weak, unable pains to bear,
He therefore either by entreats, or fear,
Presum'd he should induce them to abjure
Their Law, and eat what by their Law's impure.
The crafty Tyrant ambushing his guile,
Beholdeth them with a dissembling smile,
And thus reveal'd himself; Admir'd young men,
I wish your good, O do not madly then
Shun my Benefits; prevent the torments due
Unto the refractory, not to you ;
As for my part, I desire nothing more
Than to advance you, and increase your store

Contemn your superfluous vanities,
And come along our tracts, if you be wise :
Tis no such crime if you your Law fulfil not.
If you neglect ours (as I hope you will not)
With ling'ring deaths I'll study to torment you ;
You may it may be then too late repent you.
Am I a King ? and shall contempt accrue
To me a King, from such low worms as you ? (Racks,
Bring forth those Wheels Rods, Cauldrons, Hooks &
Grid-irons, Cages ; here's not all, here lacks ;
Let's see the Engines to torment the hands,
Gaundets, Auls, Bellows, Bras-pots, Fryng-pans.
Obey, young men ; if I enforce a fact
Not good, 'tis not your voluntary act,
You do not sin ; be prudent then, I say,
Not actively but passively obey.

The zeal-inflam'd young men do vilify
His threats, intreats, retorting this reply,
Speak Tyrant. say, say, why art thou so bent
To persecute us that are innocent ?
We will observe, for all afflictions rod,
What *Moses* taught us from the mouth of God ;
Know, we detest your sense-deluding shows,
Nor will we be seduc'd by words or blows :
No Tyrant, no, do thou the best you can
To do thy worst, we will fear God, not man :
Our cause is God's, and death is our desire,
Heaven is our portion, yours eternal fire.
Th'enrag'd Tyrant after one another
Lop'd off these hopeful sprouts the eldest brother,
Named *Maccabees*, first was stretched out
Upon a Rack, and beaten round about
His naked ribs, with a Bulls-pizzle, till
His weary'd tormentors had their fill

Of long continued strokes, and did desire
 Rather to leave; then he did them require :
 Nor was this all; fresh tort'ers have extended
 Him on a wheel, weights at his heels appended :
 While yet his sinews and his entrails brake,
 He call'd on God, then to the Tyrant spake :
 Blood-guilty wretch, who labor'st to dethrone
 Gods Majesty it self; know, I am one
 Am for the cause of God a sufferer,
 And no witch, nor inhuman murderer;
 When the afflicter with compassion sway'd,
 Bid him submit unto the King, he said,
 Accursed ministers of Tyranny,
 Your wheels as yet, are not so sharp, that I
 Should thereby be enforced to abjure
 Heaven, wherein is my foundation sure.
 See, tyrant, see, how resolute I am ;
 Winde off my flesh with piners, do, and cram
 Young Vultures with the bits before mine eyes :
 Put, put me to the worst of cruelties :
 Roast (if you please) by a soft fire my flesh,
 And if that will not serve, invent a fresh :
 Inflict, inflict, till there cannot be found
 A place, whereon t'inflict another wound.
 So said, thus rack'd, into a fire he's thrown,
 And now his wasting bowels stared on
 The Tyrants face; yet with an unmov'd brest
 He to his brethren thus himself exprest :
 Beloved brethren, learn by my example
 To scorn the worlds alluring baits, and trample
 All torments under foot ; obey God rather
 Than this proud Tyrant: God's a gracious father ;
 And when him pleases, with a smile or frown,
 Can raise the humble, strike the lofty down.

This torment's not enough to end his pain,
For he is snatch'd out of the fire and flame
Alive, his tongue was plucked out, and then
His life he ended in a frying pan;
And now his soul enjoy'd what he desir'd,
His friends rejoiced, and his foes admir'd.

Then was the second brother, *Aber* call'd,
Who with the tort'ring Engines unappal'd,
Refus'd to eat, chains did his hands restrain:
His skin (the garment of his flesh) was slain
From head to knees; the tort'rer did devert
His intrails peeping from his unglaz'd breast,
Too grievous to behold; and him at last
Into a famine-pined Leopard cast:
The beast (though truculent) did onely smell,
And went her way, forgetting to be fell,
Nor was sh' injurious to him in the least.
The Kings displeasure but the more increas'd,
And *Aber* grown more constant by his pain,
Thus, thus his dying voice did loudly strain:
How sweet! How pleasant is this death to me!
Yea 'tis most welcome, for I'm sure to be
Rewarded by my God; the cross I bear
On earth, in heav'n a glorious Crown to wear;
I thank my God, that I am more content
To suffer, Tyrant, than thou to torment.
And yet is not this misery of mine
In suffer'ing, so exorbitant as thine
Is by inflicting; keeping of the Laws
Thus aggravates my pains, and thou the cause
Shalt by the justice of the Holy One
Be banished from thy usurped throne,
And be reserved for those horrid chains
Of utter darkness, and eternal pains.

He said no more; his soul forsook his breast,
To take possession of aye-lasting rest. (quest)

Machir the third son's brought, who was

But angrily their counsel thus repell'd :
One Father us begat ; one Mother bore us ;
Elezzer. One * Master taught us, who is gone before us ;
Protract no time, for I am not so weak
To yield; I come to suffer, not to speak:
What care I though I drink the brim-fild bowl
Of thy displeasure? twill not hurt my soul.
A Globe was brought, his woes must b'aggravate
And bound thereon; his bones were dislocated ;
They flaid his face, and while a crimson river
Flow'd from him, thus he did himself deliver :
O Tyrant, we, what we endure, endure
For the pure love of God : thou shalt be sure
To rove in Sulph'ry flames, and be tormented
Eternally, unquity'd, unlamented.
His tongue b'ing taken out, this good young man
Departed in a red-hot Frying-pan.

Judas is next, whom neither menacing
Nor flatteries, could induce t'obey the King :
Your fire (said he) shall me attract more near
Gods holy Law, and to my brethren dear :
I tell thee Tyrant, thou shalt be aurs'd,
And true believers blest; thou that art aurs'd
By cruelty it self; I bid thee try me,
And see if God will not also stand by me.
Hereat the Tyrant in a hot displeasure
Hastily left his chair t'afflict by leasure ;
He charg'd his tongue to be cut out, in brief ;
T'whom *Judas* thus, Our God is not so deaf
As you imagine ; his attentive ear
Hears the dumb language of his servants pray'r :

He hears the heart, not voice; our thoughts he sees
A distance off; dislodge me if you please
Divide me limb from limb, do Tyrant, do,
But know, thou shalt not long scape Scot-free so.
He's tongueless, and with ropes ends beaten sore,
Which he with much admired patience bore &
At last upon the Rack his life was spent,
And to his brethren (gone before) he went.

Then *Abas* the fifth brother unafraid
To hug grim death, disclos'd his lips, and said,
Tyrant, behold, I come for to prevent
Thy scolding for; and know that I am bent
To die courageously, my mind is steady;
Thou art to hellish flames condemn'd already,
By my dear bretherens effused gore,
And I the fifth shall make thy grief the more.
What is't that we have done? what other cause
Canst thou allege, but this, We keep Gods Laws?
And therefore in the midst of torturing
We joy, O 'tis an honourable thing! (wrongs,
Though each part suffer, heaven will right our
And fill your mouths with howlings, ours with songs.
Then was he in a brazen mortar pounded,
Nayth'less he said, Those favours are unbounded
With which thou crown'st us (though against thy will)
We please our God, rage thou, and rage thy fill:
If thou shouldst pity me, I should be sorry;
Death's but the prologue to immortal glory.
So said, he made a stop, and stopping dy'd.

Now the sixth brother *Aresb* must be try'd,
Honour and dolour's put unto his choice;
But grieving at it, with a constant voice
He shot forth this reply: I weigh not either;
As we like brethren liv'd, wee'll die together

In Gods fear, and the time which in exhorting
 Thou hast a mind to spend, spend in extorquing.
 His down-ward head unto a pillar ty'd,
Antiochus roasts him by a soft fires side;
 And that the heat might enter to the quick,
 And multiply his paines, sharp Auls must prick
 His tender flesh; about his face and head
 Much blood like froth appear'd; yet thus he said,
 O Noble fight! O honourable warre!
 Glad grief! O pious! and O impious jarre!
 My bretheren are gone, and I ally'd
 To them in blood, would not that death divide
 Our love-united souls: invent, invent
 More horrid pains, indeavour to torment
 This flesh with greater torments; study, study
 New wayes t' afflict me, more severe, more bloody
 I thank my God, these are come already;
 Let thousands worser come, I will be steady.
 We young men have bin conqu'rouers of thy pow
 Thy fire is cold, nor can thy rage devour
 Our faith-fenc'd souls; we have a greater joying
 In suffering, then thou hast in destroying:
 As God is just, so will he right our wrongs.
 These words scarce out, a pair of heated tongues
 Eradicate his tongue; then being cast
 Into the Frying-pan, he breath'd his last.
 And now the youngest brother's onely left,
Jacob; who coming forth, compassion cleft
 The Tyrants heart, who took aside the child
 By th' hand and spake, and as he spake, he smil'd:
 Thy bretheren may teach thee to expect
 The worst of ills, if thou my will neglect:
 Thou shalt, if thou wilt of thy self be free,
 A Ruler, Gen'ral, and my Counciler be.

it prevail'd, he thus the mother dons ;
 thy woman, where are now thy sons ?
 u hast one, turn him, lest thou be rest
 likewise, and so be childless left.
 ther bowing to the king, bespake
 d in Hebrew ; Pity, for Christ's sake,
 ear thy woful mother : O despise
 ains, and be a willing sacrifice,
 : thy bretheren ; that in the day
 e, in heaven receive you all I may.
 id, he forthwith to the torments ran,
 th a serene countenance began ;
 vassing wretch, what dost thou but adde fuel,
 e hell hotter, by persisting cruel ? (thee
 hat thou art, who crown'd thee ? who gave
 'urple robes thou wearest ? was't not he
 thou in us dost persecute ? but die
 uft at last, for all thou perk'ft so high :
 io favour at thy hands, but will
 ny brethren, and be constant still.
 s ensue: through mouth and nose he bled ;
 hers kinde hand held his fainting head :
 : cut off, *Lord take my soul*, he cry'd ;
 r'd, he ran into the fire, and dy'd.
lousa (all her children dead)
 l with zeal, came to be Martyred ;
 cell'd them all, in that shendur'd
 nful deaths, before her own's procur'd,
 efs could abide to see them spurn'd,
 c'd, and torn, and beat, and flaid, and burn'd.
 ring well, death cutteth off our dayes
 s, Agues, and a thousand wayes ;
 as were momentary, she exhorted
 us in Hebrew, ere they were extorted :

Most choyce fruits of my womb, let's hasten hence,
 And fear not, heaven will be our recompence :
 Shall's bear what *Eleazar* undergon ?
 You know good *Abram* sacrific'd his son :
 Remember *Daniel*, in the Lyons den ;
 And cast your eyes on the three childeren.
 The restless Tyrant caus'd her to be stripp'd,
 Then hang'd up by the hands, and soundly whipp'd
 Her paps pull'd off : she while her body fries,
 Lifts up her hands and eyes, and prays, and dyes

SECT. IV.

*The Persecution of the Church from Christs time
 to our present age ; and first of those ment
 oned in the New-Testament.*

HEROD *the Great* having intelligence
 That there was born unto the Jews a Prince
 At *Bethlehem* ; a band of men he sent,
 To do full execution as they went,
 On smiling babes, throughout *Judea's* land :
 (Supposing *Jesus* might not scape his hand ;)
 Snatch'd from the breast, the pretty little ones
 Were tost on Pikes, and dash'd against the stones.
 The Tyrant, after this, distracted grew,
 And's wife, his children, and familiars slew.
 With sickness struck, he knew not where to turn,
 What course to take ; for a slow fire did burn
 His inward parts : his * caniae appetite
 Was unaluffic'd ; his lungs corrupted quite ;

Balimia.

His bowels rot; his secrets putrify'd;	
Consum'd with wormes, he miserably dy'd.	
<i>Herod the Less</i> incestuously wedded;	
<i>John Baptist</i> for his plain reproof beheaded.	Mat. 1
<i>Peter</i> and <i>John</i> restor'd a man born lame,	Act. 4.
Preach'd Christ, and were imprison'd for the same.	17.
The High-priests and the Sadduces up-risen	Act. 5.
Against th' Apostles, cast them into prison:	19.
But in the night, an Angel of the Lord	
Op'ning the doors, their liberties restor'd:	
They on the morrow, for divulging Christ,	vers. 2.
Re-apprehended were, beaten, dismiss'd,	vers. 4.
False witnesses suborned, holy <i>Steven</i>	Act. 6.
Did through a Stony-volley go to heaven.	Cha. 7
A gen'ral persecution breaking out	
At <i>Solyma</i> , the Saints disperse about	
The <i>Judean</i> and the <i>Samaritan</i> borders:	
A persecuting <i>Saul</i> the Church disorders.	
The Jewish fury, new-converted <i>Saul</i>	
Scapes by a basket let down o'r the wall.	Act 9.
<i>James</i> is beheaded: while <i>Agrippa</i> storms	Act. 12
Against the Church, he was devour'd by worms.	
<i>Peter</i> enlarged by an Angel was:	
<i>Sesthenes</i> , <i>Silas</i> , <i>Paul</i> , and <i>Barnabas</i>	
Were beaten, whipp'd, and forced several times	
To leave their Country, and seek other climes.	
<i>Paul's</i> ston'd at <i>Lystra</i> , and for dead he lay;	Act. 14
But God reviv'd him; he took <i>Derbe</i> -way:	19.
Much he endur'd abroad, and much at home,	
And in the end was Martyred at <i>Rome</i> .	
<i>James</i> , <i>Jesus</i> brother, from a Pin'cle cast,	
Recov'ring on his knees, thus spake his last:	
Father (thee on my bended knees I woo)	
Forgive them; for, they know not what they do.	

A Camels knees were said to be more soft
 Then his, by reason that he kneel'd so oft.)
Vespasian did to him the Jews subject ;
Titus *Jerus'lem* and the Temple sack'd.
Andrew and *Philip's* crucifi'd: rough blows
 Kill *Barthol'mew* ; *Thomas* a dart o'rethrows.
Mathew's thrust through: *Simon Zelotes* dead
 Upon the cross. *Matthias* lost his head :
 And *Judas* (brother unto *James*) not mist
 A murth'rous stroke : *Mark* the Evangelist
 Went up to heaven in a fi'ry Car :
 One of the Deacons named *Nicanor*,
 Did with two thousand Christians lay down
 This life, to take up an immortal crown.



THE
Persecution of the Church

Under the
Heathen R O M A N Emperours.

SECT. V.

The first Primitive Persecution; which began
Anno Christi, 67.

D *omitium Nero*, while in sheets of fire
The Roman City caper'd, sang t'his Lire
The incendiums of *Troy*, and from a Tow'r
Feasted his eyes, to see the flames devour
Those goodly structures, and high Tow'rs of state,
Which startled the beholders eyes of late:
The *Circus* fell, the pondrous beams and stones,
Crushing to pieces many thousand ones;
The fire burns others, and the flame and smoak
Nine dayes continu'd, a great number choak.
Thus *Nero* on himself an *Odium* brought;
And to excuse himself, transfer'd the fault
Upon the harmless Christians: it was they
Had done it out of malice; no delay
Detards his hasty feet from shedding blood:
Where e're he comes, he makes a crimson flood

The first Persecution

Flow down the streets : in wild-beasts skins he wra;
 Christians, and throws them to dogs worring chap
 In paper stiffened with molten wax,
 He packs up some ; and puts on others backs
 A searcloth-coat, and bolt upright them bound
 To axle-trees, first pitched in the ground,
 Then at the botom fir'd : these constant flames
 Afforded light to *Nero's* nightly games
 Kept in his garden : other some he takes,
 And goars in length upon erected stakes.
 This persecution through th'whole Empire spred ;
 So that the Cities were replenished
 With slaught'ed carcases ; the old, the young,
 And naked women, altogether flung.
 Such was his rage, a Christians loathed name
 He strove t'extirpate wherefoe're he cam'.
 At four years end, this direful blast expires
 In *Paul* and *Peter*, two bright-shining fires.
Peter (as he desir'd) was crucifi'd
 With his head downward ; so a Martyr dy'd.
 And *Paul*, his faith's confession having spoke,
 Yielded his neck unto the fatal stroke.

SECT. VI.

The second Primitive Persecution, which began
ANNO 96.

Domitian his brother *Titus* slaies,
And doth the second persecution raise :
(For whilst *Vespasian* and his son remain'd,
The Church with golden links of Peace was chain'd)
He slew the Roman Nobles ; and decreed
The extirpation of *David's* seed.
John, the belov'd Disciple, boyl'd in oyl,
Unhurt, was banish'd into *Patmos* Isle. Ann
One *Simcon* Bishop of *Jerus'lem*, dy'd
Upon the cross : a number more beside
Of Christians he impoverish'd, and sent
Them out, to lead their lives in banishment.
The Roman Senate pass'd this decree,
That Christians should not have their libertie
When brought before the Judgment-seat, unless
They deviate from their Religiousness.
The Heathenish Idolaters devise
Against the Saints abominable lies,
And cavious slanders ; That they were seditious,
Lacestuous, rebellious, and pernicious
Unto the Empire ; none could them importune,
By any means, to swear by *Casars* fortune.
If famine, plague, or war amongst them came,
The Christians were the Authors of the same.
And look what accusations they related,
Domitian was the more exasperated ;

Ad

And us'd what e're mans wicked wit invents ;
 Stripes, Rackings, Scourgings, and Imprisonments,
 Deep dungeons, Stoning, Strangling, the Gridiron,
 Gibbet, and Gallows, red-hot plates t'caviron
 The tendrest parts ; the teeth of salvage bears ;
 The horns of Bulls, and sticking up on spears, &c.
 Thus kill'd, a lawful burial was deny'd them :
 Pil'd up, and tear-throat dogs were left beside them.
 Though Christians sufferings were very sore,
 Yet still the Church encreas'd more and more,
 In the Apostles doctrine deeply ground'd,
 And with the blood of Martyr'd Saints surrounded.
 Good *Timothy*, Religious from his youth,
 Was stoned, as a witness to the truth,
 By those that worshipp'd *Diana* bright :
 One *Dionysius* ch' *Arcopagite*
 Was slain at *Panis* by a treach'rous villan.
Protasius and *Gervasius* fell at *Millain*.

SECT. VII.

The third Primitive Persecution, which began
 Anno Christi 108.

D*omitian* being by his servants slain,
Nerva succeeded ; in whose gracious reign
 (Which was but thirteen months) the Saints enjoy'd
 A peaceful season, and were not destroy'd.
Trajan, next him, the Roman crown put on ;
 He 'twas rais'd the third Persecution,

: then the former were; which did incite
 athenish Philosopher to write
 ristians behalf, to *Trajan*, shewing,
 hereas many thousands in his viewing
 killed; yet, contraire the Roman Laws
 id, which might such Persecution cause;
 that every morn by break of day,
 a God call'd *Christ* did sing and pray:
 r things they were to be commended.
 returns this answer: he intended
 ch them out no more; but if they were
 t and convicted, them he would not spare.
 e confus'd! he them as harmless tenders,
 t would have them punish'd as offenders.
 e was by this act a little curb'd:
 disposed men the Peace disturb'd;
 lly, if new commotions flam'd
 ft them, then the Christians must be blam'd.
 commands the lineage of *David*,
 could be found, should by no means be saved
cas, *Pontus* Bishop. cast in's wrath,
 'a lime-kiln, next a scalding bath.
 w, and many thousands more
 l to the wild beasts to devour:
 l in *Adrian's* reign this fury flake,
 usand sufferd for the Lord *Christ's* sake.
rath thousands were crucifi'd,
 :d with thorns, and thrust into the side
 eedle-pointed darts, in imitation
 ft, our blessed Lord and Saviours passion.
ism, *Zenon*, and *Enstachius*,
 r the truth. VVhen *Calocerius*
 w the Saints did bear afflictions rod,
 l out, Truly, great's the Christians God:

* *Plinius
Secundus.*

Tertullian.

*Vere Ma-
gnus Deus
Christiane-
rum.*

For

For which he apprehended, did become
 Partaker likewise of their Martyrdom-
Symphorissa, a fair and vertuous dame,
 Hang'd up by th' hair, was scourged for Christs sake
 And then made fast unto a ponderous stone,
 Into the bosom of a river thrown :
 Seven sons she had, all stak'd, rack'd, and at last
 Thrust thorough, were into a deep pit cast.
Adrian b'ing come to *Athens*, sacrific'd
 After the Greekish manner, authoriz'd
 Any that would, to persecute, abuse
 VVhoever in contempt should it refuse.
Quadratus, an Athenian Bishop, hence
 Did out of zeal i'th' Christians defence
 Write learned Tractates : *Serenus* did do
 The like ; and famous *Aristides* too ;
 Declaring that 'twas neither right nor reason
 That bare opinion should b'accounted treason
 In harmless persons ; and no other fault
 Should bring their lives in danger, at th' assault
 Of th' hair-brain'd rabble ; th' Emperour hereat
 Grew milde, and pity'd their afflicted state.
 After him *Antoninus Pius* swaid
 And he this persecuting storm allaid.
 Gods word's fulfill'd, the wicked's rod shall not
sa. 125.3. Always remain upon the righteous lot.

SECT. VIII.

The fourth Primitive Persecution, which began
Anno Christi 162.

NOW *Antoninus Verus*, Pius son,
 (Who dead) rais'd the third persecution.
Germanicus, Pionius, Metrodore,
Polycarp, Carpus, and a number more
 In *Asia* burn'd. *Felicitas* at *Rome*,
 With her seven children suffered Martyrdom.
Julian was her eldest Son; and after, prest
 To death with leaden weights, attain'd true rest.
 The two next had their brains knockt out with mauls:
 The 4th thrown headlong down a precipice, sprawls
 With his broke neck: The three that do remain,
 Must lose their heads. In fine, the Mother's slain.
Concordus suffered; who in disgrace,
 Did spirt out spittle in the Idols face.
 In *France* the Christians underwent all wrongs;
 As Scourgings, stonings, and the spatt'ring tongues
 Of railing *Rabshakeb's*: at home, abroad,
 Their backs must tolerate afflictions load:
 Yet well they knew, that griefs were transitory,
 If but compared to eternal glory.
Saucho the Bishop of *Vienna*, stood
 Unmov'd, under such pains, as flesh and blood
 Could not endure to bear: no torments could
 Prevail to make him to let go his hold.
 When he was ask'd, where he was born and bred;
 He, I'm a Christian, only answered:

And

And when another did demand his name,
 Urging it much, his answer was the same :
 A third enquir'd, whether he were a man,
 Or bond, or free ; *I am a Christian,*
 He still reply'd : no torments could divorce
 His constant lips from using that discourse.
 When there were plates of candent Brass apply'd,
 T' his tenderest parts: O how did he abide
 That scorching heat ! nor was he seen to shrink;
 As did his body : while his torturers think,
 With new supplies to force his recantation,
 He quite contrary to their expectation,
 Was so restor'd, that what he did endure
 These latter times, did prove his Sov'raign cure.
 At last plac'd in a red-hot iron chair,
 His spirit (with others) vanish'd into Air.
 Thus were the holy Saints, from morn to night
 A spectacle unto the people's sight.
Biblies in the midst of pains spake thus,
 Ah ! how should we (as you report of us)
 We Christians, think you, of our babes make for
 When we not taint our lips with bestial blood.
Attalus frying, thus Your selves do eat
 Mans flesh : and as for us, we loath such meat.
 Being asked what he call'd their God by name;
 He answer'd, Man's and his was not the same.
 Then let your God, if that a God he be
 So powerfull (said they) come set you free.
Ponticus a youth of fourteen years of age,
 Perpass'd the utmost of the foemens rage.
 Wilde beasts are put to *Blandina*, but they ;
 More merciful then men, would go their way.
 Whipped she is, then broyl'd and thrown on ground
 For Bulls to tear : from every gaping wound

... ..

Blood gushes forth, and runneth out afresh
From th'urstopp'd cheeks of her bemangled flesh.
She felt no paine, by reason she was fill'd
VVith spir^tual joy: she at the last was kill'd.
The bodies of the Saints were made a mock,
A scorn, a by-word, and a laughing-stock
Ith^e open streets, till thrice two Suns were down,
Then burn'd their ashes in the river thrown.
Th' Apostatized Christians, which came
Into their tryals, did confesse their shame
By down-cast looks, and sorrow-boding faces;
The Gentiles pulveriz'd them with disgraces,
As persons too degenerate, addicted
To vice, deserving what should be inflicted:
But they which constant to the last remain'd,
VVent with a cheerful brow, and entertain'd
An obvious death; and, as it were combin'd
Their glorious rayes, and like to *Phabus* shin'd.

So have I seen a fair and comly Bride,
Richly attir'd, with what a decent pride
She quits her conclave, or interior room,
And steps to meet with her returning Groom,
Who drawing neer, about her neck doth fall,
And seals his favours on her lips withall.
Faith as an ornament the soul endows;
Christ is the Bridegroom, and the Church the Spouse
Prepares to meet him, and direct her paces,
That he may hug her with entwina'd embraces.
They meet; Christ & his following Spouse do clamber
Up by steep staires; heaven is the Bridal Chamber:
Where, with Unknown delights, they are possess'd
Of sweet reposes, and eternal rest.

Mareus Aurelius, and *Antoninus* go
To war against the *Quades* the *Vandals* too:

Their

Their Army by innum'rous foes beset,
 Were so put to^c, the souldiers could not get
 The least of water, their thirst to allay :
 With that, a Christian Legion fell to pray,
 (Withdrawing from the rest) the heav'n disbur
 Abundant snow's, the Romans quencl'd their d
 Against their enemies, such lightnings flash'd,
 As made them fly discomfited and dash'd.
 The Emp'our pleas'd heret, commands that n
 Kill Christians more, whose God such things had d
 And his (which was not long in force) decree
 Burn'd the accusers, set th' accused free.

SECT. IX.

The fifth Primitive Persecution, which b
 Anno Christi 205.

When Peace-maintaining *Pertinax* was d
 Severe *Severus* reigned in his stead ;
 By envious rumors, and through false suggestion,
 The Christians lives were dayly brought in quest
 The King commands ; his willing Subjects striv
 To bring^c about, that none be left alive.
 In Sun-burns *Affrick, Cappadocia,*
 In *Carthage* and in *Alexandria.*
 So that the number slain was numberless ;
 Amongst whom *Plurab,* and *Loquides,*
Origen's father, with whom *Origen*
 His son had dy'd, had not his mother bin
 An hinderance, in that she did convey,
 The night before, his shirt and cloaths away ;

not for fear of Martyrdome,
 to be seen, remain'd at home.
Irenaus, Andoclus,
Satyrus, Secundulus,
Felicitas, and Rhais,
 timely deaths conclude their dayes.
 a Divine, drag'd up and down
 ; at last was into *Tyber* thrown.
 olatry contemn'd,
 ore by the Judge must be condemn'd ;
 ints minding how she did behave her,
 he was ; sollicite her, to favour
 nd not to cast her self away ;
 ut yung, and many a merry day
 to see : but she discreetly sent
 ous words, as caus'd them to relent,
 that religion yield their hearts
 ick they threw their persecuting darts.
 en perceiv'd, leav gain'd, she runs her home
Urbanus sends : *Urbanus* come,
 s them in the faith so highly priz'd ;
 red do believe and are baptiz'd.
 Martyr afterwards was shut
 :ve hours in a Bath ; at last they cut
 off from her shoulders : thus she ended
 , and up into the clouds ascended.
 , of fifteen years of age,
 rg'd, then hang'd up by the feet : in rage
 l was ; unto the wild beasts tost ;
 ot hurting him, his head he lost.
 w, a Roman Senator,
 ise, his children, and neer forty more,
 day beheaded were ; their pates
 igh, over the City gates,

As Bug-bears to affright and scare the rest
 From Christianity, which it profess.
Potamiana, (boyling Pitch being pour'd
 Upon her naked flesh) the flames devour'd.
 And *Zepherinus*; after him *Urbanus*,
 Both Roman Bishops; good *Valerianus*,
Tybartius too, two Noble men of *Rome*,
 For their Religion suffer'd Martyrdom.
 'Gainst *Narciss*, three false witnessess suborn'd;
 Th'one lost his eyes, the fire a second burr'd;
 The third lay languishing: thus we may see
 Th'accusers suffer, the accus'd go free.
Antiochus fell down, and having cry'd,
 His bowels burn'd within him, sadly dy'd.

SECT. X.

The sixth Primitive Persecution, which began
 Anno Christi 237.

M *Aximinus* (*Severus* dead and gon)
 Stirr'd up the twice-third Persecution;
 Dissolv'd the Teachers, Leaders, and the best;
 By this means thinking to seduce the rest.
 Thousands were Martyred, whose names are lost
 De Mar. With *Or'gen's* * book, in which they were engrōss
 rio. About this time *Natalis*, a Priest,
 (Who much had suffer'd for the cause of Christ,)
 Seduced was by *Asclepiodot*
 And *Theodore*, who promis'd to allot

ndered and fifty silver Crowns
in each month, if he would but renounce
Christian God; and give to theirs respect:
id, and was a bishop of their sect:
God (whose mercy would not have him lost,
had so much endur'd, so oft been cross'd)
onish'd him by a vision plain,
joyn himself to the true Church again:
h the good man, b'ing for the present blinded
gain and honour (as he ought) not minded.
e night after b'ing by Angels scourg'd,
ut on sackcloth in the morn, and purg'd
al with tears: with doleful lamentation,
as in hast to th' Christian congregation:
loves, and for Jesus Christ his sake,
ly entreating them, once more to take
to their society, and quire.
lingly they granted his desire.
torn *Hippol'tus* dy'd: the Martyred
ies in a pit were buried.

SECT. XI.

*Seventh Primitive Persecution; which began
anno Christi 250.*

Valerianus, that cruel Emperour, began
the seventh bloody persecution:
wh *Nicoph'rus* thus; Can any tell
ids? they may the Martyr'd saints as well:
y, that kept a Bishoprick at *Rome*,
e Kings treasures, suffred Martyrdom.

Babylas dy'd in prison ; and a train
 Of forty Virgins were in *Antioch* slain.
 The *Alexandrian* Christians are bereft
 Of all their goods ; yea, they have nothing left :
 Yet they rejoyce, and are therewith content,
 Knowing their substance is more permanent.
 When *Apollinea's* teeth had dash'd out bin,
 A fire was made ; they threat to throw her in :
 She paus'd a while, (refusing to be turn'd)
 And gave a leap into the fire, and burn'd.
Julian, Epimachus, and Alexander,
 The flame consum'd : many (poor souls) did wan
 In the deserted deserts ; others lives
 Lay open, to the raging cut-throat's knives.
 A certain Minister with pains oppress'd,
 And fearing death, desir'd to be releas'd :
 A young man, then, too glorious to behold
 For mortal eyes, appearing, did unfold
 His angry lips: What would you have me do ?
 You dare not bear, and out you will not go.
 Because chaste *Theodora* did refuse
 To sacrifice, they sent her to the stews ;
 Where lust-estam'd young men for entrance press
 But *Didymus* slip'd in before the rest,
 Having the habit of a souldier on,
 He chang'd for hers ; and she in his is gon.
Didymus stayes behind: b'ing found a man,
 He soon profess'd he was a Christian ;
 Confessing th'whole state of the matter ; so
 He was condemn'd, and must to torment go :
 Which *Theodora* having understood ;
 To save the shedding of innocuous blood,
 Comes to the Judge, and said, I bear the guilt ;
 And lo I'm here, condemn me if thou wilt :

I facis
 nobis ?
 timetis,
 nolitis

man, I pray let him go free,
 nor fury light on him, but me.
 not heard; both for their lives were try'd,
 and both, Beheaded both, both dy'd.
 such that the Prætor could devise,
 as *Niceas* to offer sacrifice:
 he him into a garden brought,
 a variety of pleasures fraught;
 he him down upon a bed of Down,
 yet softly upon him strown,
 the Lillies, and the fragrant Roses,
 a ring streams inviting sweet repose;
 yet whistling of the leaves mov'd by
 the wind, he left him: presently
 a Strumpet garishly, attir'd,
 in a ranton dialect, desir'd
 the denial of her earnest sute,
 her body lowly prostitute.
 fearing he should be by folly
 led, and led to do what was unholy,
 she with her tongue, and with a certain grace,
 put into her whorish face;
 the smarting wound he did prevent
 and consequently punishment.
 as most sensible of pain,
Christians, cry'd; so was not slain:
 sooner put his hand to evil,
 blest with an unclean devil,
 than with violence upon the ground,
 he lay, and died of the wound:
 some states were possess'd, and some
 ruck, (were ever after) dumb:
 some thus fell away, others stood fast,
 glorious Martyrs to the last.

But *Decius* not long securely slept :
 For conquer'd by the *Goths*, with's horse he leapt
 Into a whirlpool, and therein was drown'd ;
 Nor was his body ever after found.
 Yea, God throughout the Roman Empire spread
 A ten-years plague, t'avenge the blood was shed.
 Brotherly love the Christians shew'd t'each other,
 By visiting, relieving one another ;
 But the Idolaters fled from, neglected,
 Cast out, not succour'd, those that were infected :
 Shift onely for themselves, go where they will,
 This spreading punishment pursu'd them still.
Gallus succeeding (*Decius* being dead)
 This persecution continued :
 The weight of his displeasure fell most heavy
 Upon the shoulders of the Tribe of *Levi*.
 He banish'd *Cyprian*, and more Divines ;
 Condemned others to the Metal-Mines :
 T'whom *Cyprian* wrote letters cons'atory
 Shewing, affliction is the Saints true glory ;
 Deep wounds and scars are to a Christian breast
 As Ornaments to bring them in request
 With God himself ; to multiply their fame,
 And not as markes of stigmatized shame.
 And though the naked Mines afford no beds,
 Can they want ease that lay in Christ their heads ?
 What if their aking bones lie e' th' cold floor ?
 Is't pain to lie with Christ ? say they are poor,
 Yet are they rich in faith : suppose their hands
 Be manacled, put ease coacted bands
 Hold their worn feet : Can he be said to be
 Fetter'd with chains, whom the Lord Christ doth free
 He lies ty'd in the stocks, thereby whose feet
 To run a heav'ly race become more fleet.

Can a Christian be bound so fast,
His life's crown, adds wings unto his haire;
Why have no clothes, cold weather to resist:
Why be he naked who hath put on Christ?
Why they want bread? Christ is the bread of life,
Which commeth down from heaven, in him is life:
Which by the word which doth from God proceed,
Which did to live, and not alone by bread.
What matter is't though you deformed seem?
You shall be honour'd, and of great esteem:
For God will turn your miserable dayes
Into peace; your mournings into songs of praise:
You shall sail through troublous Seas, to be possesse
Of heaven, the haven of eternal rest.
I do not grieve, because you are forbid
To serve the Lord, (as formerly you did)
In our Parochial places, God's enclia'd
Except th' endeavours of a willing minde:
Your dayly sacrifices you impart,
Which he loves; a broken and a contrite heart.
Your soul takes pleasure in: he doth regard,
Your servants tears, and will at last reward
Your pious brefts, which do confess his name:
Which mis'd he hath, and will perform the same.

SECT. XII.

The eighth Primitive Persecution, which beg
Anno Christi 259.

Valerian next adds fuel to the fire;
And blows the flames of persecution higher;
By an Egyptian Sorcerer beguil'd,
He now is cruel, who before was milde.
The Christians are banished his Court,
Where lately he allow'd them to resort;
Nor was this all; young men, maids, husbands, wh
All sorts, and ranks, must lose (dear hearts!) their
Three hundred souls, then by the President
Of Carthage were into a lime-kiln sent.
Three Virgins first had Vinegar and gall (and
Forc'd down their throats; then seourg'd, their face
Besmeared were with lime; then broil'd, then cast
To wild beasts, and beheaded at the last.
When Cyprian long had born afflictions yoke,
His neck submitted to the fatal stroke.
Sixtus a Bishop of the City Rome,
And his six Deacons, suffer'd Martyrdoms.
Laurence the seventh, as along he went
With Sixtus going to his punishment,
Complain'd he might not (seeing he had rather
Suffer than live) die with his Rev'rend father.
Sixtus reply'd, before three dayes were out
He should come after: go and give about
I'th'interim thy treasures to the poor:
Th'obeying Judge supposing he had store

Of wealth crook'd up, commanded him to bring
 All that he had : For to effect which thing,
Lawrence crav'd three dayes respit ; in which stock
 Of time, he gath' red a poor Christian flock
 Into a ring ; the fourth day doth afford
 New light, and he must now make good his word.
 being enforc'd by a severer charge,
 Courageous *Lawrence* doth his arms enlarge
 Over the needy throng, and said, These be
 the precious Jewels of the Church : see, see,
 here treasure is indeed ; here Christ doth dwell.
 Oh ! what tongue sufficiently can tell
 the raving fury which the Tyrant acted ;
 how he did stamp, did stare like one distracted ?
 his eyes did sparkle, his gnash'd teeth struck fire,
 and his mouth all in a foam, thus wreak'd his ire :
 kindle the fire ; Faggots on Faggots sling :
 That, doth the villain thus delude the King ?
 away, away with him ; whip, beat him sore ;
 stretch the Traitor with the Emperour ?
 scorch him with red-hot tongs ; let candent plates
 agird the Raskals loyns ; heat, heat the grates ;
 and when y^e have bound the Rebell hand and foot ;
 burn with him, roast him, broil him : look you do't,
 in pain of our displeasure ; tosse him, turn him ;
 charge you, do not leave him till you burn him,
 and that to cinders too : each man fulfill
 his office quick, and execute my will.
 revenge findes nimble hands ; the torturers lay
 him on a soft Down-bed ; I will not say,
 fry him on one : God made it so,
 but it afforded *Lawrence* ease, not woe.
 Valerius heart burns, *Lawrence* flesh doth roast ;
 tis doubtful whether was tormented most.

Then *Laurence* thus :
Tyrant, this side's enough : turn up the rest ;
Or rost or raw, try which thou likest best,

SECT. XIII.

*The ninth Primitive Persecution, which began
Anno Christi 278.*

C*laudius*, and after him *Quintilian*, (reign
(Both which but one and thrice three years did
Maintain'd the Churches Peace : while they endur'd
The Saints were happy, and their lives secur'd.
Aurelian, nat'rally severe and cruel,
Succeeds ; his rage fomented by the fuel
Of mis-informing sinister suggestions,
Prov'd Tyrannous ; his Nephew's life he questions
And questioning, abrepts : then he began
To stir up the ninth persecution.
But thus it happ'ned : while he went about
To seal the Edict that was issuing out,
There did a Thunder-bolt so neer him fall,
That he was kill'd, 'twas the consent of all.
The Emp'rour strake with such astonishment,
Gave over his Tyrannical intent.
He after six years reign was murdered :
And the Church forty four years flourished
Under a various Emp'rour. O what peace (great
Doth crown the Christians brows ! what large
Of honour doth betide them ! they resort
Unto the Court, who lately were a sport

foes : and they that were a prey,
 I and priz'd who now more great then they?
 the Christians bath'd themselves in quiet,
 ire's drew them to excessive riot,
 to idleness, to scold, and brawl
 risses, or nothing at all ;
 ig words bespatt'ring one another,
 dition against each other :
 ith Bishops ; and the vulgar train
 ie vulgar altricate for gain :
 their sins encreased ev'ry day,
 wrath came, where sin chalk'd out the way:
 the Christians enemies abound,
 ir Churches level with the ground ;
 d Writs, i'th open market-places ;
 ir Priests, and load them with disgraces :
 nd contumelious opprobries,
 their Doctrines, and their words despise.

SECT. XIV.

*Primitive Persecution, which began
 Christi 308.*

Tyrants, *Dioclesian* in the West
Maximinian in the East, distress'd
 of God : the foe-men overcome,
 uted solemn games at *Rome*,
 emorials of their b'ing victorious;
Dioclesian was so vain-glorious,
 ould be a god, and be ador'd
 ended-knee, as supream Lord :

Not

Nor did he stick to say, that he was brother
 Unto the Sun and Moon, as was no other.
 His shoes adorn'd with gold and Precious stones,
 The people kneeling on their marrow-bones
 He bid to kiss his feet, (O height of pride !)
 He persecution rais'd, at Easter tide
 Places of Divine worship he overturn'd ;
 And in contempt the Sacred Scripture burn'd,
 Some Elders of the Church were torn in sunder ;
 The rest variety of deaths went under.
Sylvanus Bishop, with him thirty nine,
 Ended their sorrows in a Mettle-Mine.
 The Tyrian Christians (none this fury spares)
 Were cast to Lyons, Leopards, and Bears
 Kept hungry for that purpose : male-content,
 The beasts not touched them, their claws were be
 At other preyes ; they vehemently rage (H
 'Gainst those which brought the Christians on
 And seiz'd on them ; who though they thought
 Out of harms way, became the wild beasts food. (H
 And afterwards, these holy Martyrs slain,
 Were soon committed to the forming main.
 The Syrian Pastors lay in prison chain'd ;
Zenobius a Physician, Brick-bats brain'd.
 Yea good *Serena Dioclesians* wife,
 Was for religions sake depriv'd of life.
 The Martyrs blood ran like a flowing tide,
 Such an innumerable number dy'd.
 Upon a Christmas-day *Maximinus* fir'd
 A Church whereto the Christians retir'd,
 To celebratè that joyful day, wherein
Jesus was born to save them from their sin,
 He also did a Phrygian City burn,
 And all the inhabitants which would not turn.

; Gentlemen of good repute,
 eir faith, and boldly did refute
 : their names up to the Marshal gave,
 them so gallantly behave
 admir'd, and stood in a quandary,
 e to take; his anxious thoughts did vary :
 e try'd what fair words would do ;
 hem money, and preferment too :
 r'd thus; We nothing do desire.
 lone; the wheel, the cross, the fire,
 ins. His eyes the Marshal casts
 d expos'd to northern blasts ;
 e stripp'd unto their naked skin ;
 er-weather, yet they must go in,
 ll night. We put not off our cloaths;
 at our old man, which God so loaths.
 ecceiv'd them, and the nipping frost
 eir members; breath not fully lost
 appear'd unto the wakened world,
 ook out, and burn'd; their ashes hur'd
 ding streams. —————

ce, in *Colem Italy*, and *Spain*,
 millions of Christians slain,
 d unto the truth: in *Trevers*
 s of blood discolour'd ample Rivers.
 ution run along, and came
 'itain, where the Christians flame.
 he Kindes of deaths, the torments were
 at they unutterable are; (lings,
 gs, scourgings, rackings, hackings, mang-
 nings, prickings, kickings, stranglings,
 , choakings, rotings, scorchings, spoylings,
 itings, flayings, fryings, broylings:

Some manded to the mines, others were quarter'd
 In brief, there were seveateen thousand Martyr'd
 In one months space; yet still the Christians joy'd
 And still encreas'd, the more they were destroy'd
Galerius invading *Antioch*,
Romannus runs, and tells the Christian flock,
 That wolves, which would devour them up, were in
 But therewithal, exhorts them not to fear
 The greatest perils, but that young and old
 Would be couragious, resolute and bold,
 To hazard life and limb, for to maintain
 God's cause and theirs. With that, an armed trait
 Pour'd in upon them; but the Christian throng
 Arm'd with the staffe of faith, were too too stro
 For them to grapple with then: speedy word
 Was sent their Captain, that no power of sword
 Could e're prevail; it was in vain to strive
 Against the stream *Romannus* yet alive.
 The ireful Captain, in a fume, commands
Romannus be deliver'd to his hands.
Romannus comes; thus did the Captain say,
 And art thou then the Author of this fray?
 Art thou the cause why thus so many fall?
 By *Jove* I swear that answer for them all
 Thou shalt; and that e're thee and I do part,
 I'll make thee undergo the self-same smart
 Thou do'it encourage others to abide.
Galerius ceas'd: *Romannus* thus reply'd;
 Tyrant, I hug, and willingly embrace
 Thy sentence; know, I count it no disgrace
 To be for my dear breth'ren sacrific'd,
 By worst of torments, that can be devis'd.
Galerius raging at this answer stout,
 Commands his men to truss him, and draw out

wels. Th'executioners defer
orrid deeds, and say, Not so good Sir,
f noble Parents, and his breath
st be stop'd by an ignoble death.
e him then soundly, let your yerking lashes,
y with leaden knobs, cut wounds, and gashes.
m *Romans* used this expression ;
y descent, but Christian-like profession
ateth me; be not therefore
yourable, but inflict the more :
dol-worship I detest, despise,
l your superstitious fooleries.
hat his sides, his naked sides, were lanc'd
ones ; yet still this blessed Saint advanc'd
ing God, and Christ, whom he hath sent :
ere his teeth struck out, for this intent
ht not speak so audibly : his face
ffeted, his cheeks were slic'd ; nor was
l ; nails tear his eyelids : from his chin
luck'd his beard, and with his beard the skin :
s meek Martyr said, I give to thee
ain, thanks, for opening wide to me
y mouths, whereby to shew the power
d, and Jesus Christ my Saviour :
yrant look, upon my various wound ;
y mouths have I, Gods praise to sound,
ptain wond'ring at his constancy,
to exercise more cruelty :
naced to burn him, and did say
ic'f'd Christ is but of yesterday,
entiles gods of longer standing are.
w takes occasion to declare
nity of Christ: of seven year old
e a childe (said he) what he'll unfoi'd

Listen unto : From out the gazing throng
 A pretty boy is pick'd : *Romanus* tongue
 Bespeaks him thus ; My Lamb, ought we not rath
 To worship Christ, and in this Christ one Father,
 Then a plurality of Deities ?
 Speak, 'tis a good boy, speak : the Child replies,
 There needs must be but one God we conceive ;
 That there are more, we children can't believe.
 Th'amazed Captain said, Young villain, where,
 And of whom learn'dst thou this ? my mother da
 He answer'd, taught it me ; this from her breast
 I suck'd in with my milk, that I must rest
 My faith in Christ alone, and in no other.
 In comes rejoicingly the sent-for mother ;
 The child's hors'd up and scourg'd, the standers by
 With wat'ry eyes behold this cruelty ;
 While the glad mother, a tear-less Spectator
 Chides her sweet babe, for asking for cold water :
 After that cup she chargeth him to thirst
 The babes drank of, which were in *Bethlem* nurrd
 Upon my blessing, *Isaac* record,
 Proff'ring his neck unto his father's sword.
 Then did the barbarous tormentor pull
 The hair, the skin, and all, from the child's skull.
 The mother cries, This pain will soon be gon ;
 Suffer, my child, my sweet-fac'd child, anon
 Thou'lt pass to him, who will adorn thy head
 With an eternal crown, a crown indeed !
 Thus doth the mother cheer the child : the child
 Takes heart to grafs, and in his pains he smil'd.
 The Tyrant seeing how the Child stood fast,
 Himself subdu'd, commands him to be cast
 Into a stinking Dungeon, whilst that pain
 Unto *Romanus* was renew'd again.

man is drag'd forth, to have a fresh
ply of stripes, on his bemangled flesh.
Covering the bare bones, a second smart
menteth each already-wounded part.
It was this yet enough; cut, prick'd, and pounc'd
suddenly must be; then was denounc'd
final sentence 'gainst him, and the child;
th must be burn'd, their torments were too milde;
e tort'ners did too favourably deal.

man boldly said, I do appeal
in this ungodly sentence of thine own,
Christ his righteous Tribunal Throne,
ho is an upright Judge; not that I fear
y merc'less handling; no, I more can bear
ea thou canst lay upon me; but that I
y shew thy judgments to be cruelty,
e childe's demanded of his mother; she,
embracing it, deliver'd it to be
reav'd of life; and when the fatal stroke
as given, Farewel, sweet child, Farewel, she spoker

*All praise O Lord, with heart and word,
Unto thy name we render:
The Saints that dye, are in thine eye
Most precious, dear, and tender.*

e child's head's off, the mother tender-hearted
wrap'd it in her lap, and so departed.
Roman then into the fire is flung:
flame extinguish'd it; and now his tongue
st take a farewell of his head; his neck
comes the subject of a halter's check.
e **Cordian** having liv'd a certain time
deserts, counted it at last a crime

Not to endure ; he therefore when a game
Was celebrated unto *Mars*, forth came,
And up in a conspicuous place b'ing got,
He said, I'm found of those that sought me not :
Then apprehended, he his faith confesses ;
And in the midst of torment this expresses :
God's my adjutor, Ah ! why should I than
Fear in the least the Tyranny of man ?
Nothing shall me dismay, that can fall out ;
Thou Lord art with me, fencing me about
With Bullwarks of thy love ; thy favour still
Surrounds me : Ah ! how can I then fear ill ?
These torments are but light, which I endure ;
Let heavier come. Tormentors, pray procure
Substantialler then these ; these are too small :
Gibbets ? and racks ? as good have none at all.
VVhen foul means could not shake his faith in Ch
He was by specious promises entic'd :
But *Gordius* said, I do expect in heaven
Greater preferments, then on earth are given.
Now for this good man going to be burn'd,
How many tender-hearted persons mourn'd !
To whom he thus ; Let not your brimfall'd-eyes
Weep showres for me, but for **God's** enemies ;
VVho make a fire for us, But in conclusion,
Purchase a greater to their own confusion :
O weep for them, or none ; good people curb
Those gliding streams, and do not thus disturb
My calmed minde : for truly I could bear
A thousand deaths for Christ, and never fear
Some pity'd him, while others, standing by,
Perswade him to deny Christ verbally,
And to himself reserve his conscience.
My tongue, said he, will under no pretence

honor : unto righteousness
ts believe, but 'tis our tongues confess
ation ; O let me excite
o suffer for a cause so right :
ks, fulfill a dying mans desire.
e ceas'd, and-leap'd into the fire:
was, an Egyptian born and bred,
is temporal subsistence, led
y life, in desert places ;
: might wholly exercise his graces,
, prayer, meditation, fit
ent reading of the sacred Writ.
turn'd to *Cots*, when the croud
their pastimes, he proclaim'd aloud
o be a Christian : then surpriz'd,
n God more boldly he agniz'd.
: easu'd ; no torments could revoke
: but thus he confidently spoke :
nde, nothing comparable is
joyment of eternaal blis:
the world, if put into one scale ;
then one soul : VWho can prevail,
te us from the love of Christ ?
ulation ? anguish ? he's the high'st ;
will I look up ; he bids me fear not
at can kill me bodily, but are not
urt the soul ! but fear him who
v'r to slay the soul and body too ;
; them into hell. Having receiv'd
sentence, up to heaven he heav'd
hands, heart, and said : O Lord my maker ;
xe to thee, in that I am partaker
st his precious blood : thou hast not let
levour me, but hast beset

My heav'n-fix'd soul with such true constancy,
 That in the faith I liv'd, for that I die.
 The list up aze, upon his neck falls down,
 And so he lost his head, but found a Crown.
 In *Portugal* a Noble Virgin nam'd
Eulalia, of twelve years old, inflam'd
 With holy zeal, most earnestly desir'd
 To suffer death, and heartily requir'd
 The blest assistance of Gods willing arm,
 And faith all her corruptions to charm:
 Her godly Parents, fearing she should come
 T'untimely death, did keep her close at home;
 But she (not brooking long delay) by night
 Stole out of doors, by that time it was light
 She came into the City, and appearing
 Before the Judge, spake boldly in his hearing:
 What, no Shame in you? will you still be bent
 To shoot your arrowes at the innocent?
 Never have done (because no power controuls)
 To break their bodies, and afflict their souls?
 Are you desirous what I am to know?
 I am a Christian, and an open foe
 Unto your diabolick sacrifices:
 As for your Idols, them my soul despises:
 I do acknowledge, with my voice and heart,
 Th'all-powerfull God: Hangman, in ev'ry part
 Come cut and mangle me, dishead me, burn
 What ever thou canst do, shall never turn me.
 Alas! alas! my flesh is too too weak,
 And may be conquer'd; thou maist easily break
 This brittle Casket: but my inward miade
 A jewel is which thou shalt never finde.
 Then thus the angry Judge; Here Hangman, take
 Drag her out by the hair, to torment; make he

Be sensible of what our Gods can do,
And we : But yet before thou undergo
A miserable end, O sturdy girl,
'de fain have thee recant ; life is a pearl
Too precious to lose : call but to minde
Thy Noble Birth, and be not so unkiade
To thine own self as to neglect thy fortune ;
It thinks the glistering Bride-bed should importune
Thee to preserve thy life : bar not thine ears,
But be entreated by thy Parents tears,
Not to contemn th'Aurora of thy time ;
The flower of thy youth is in its prime,
And wilt thou slight it now ? well, if thou wilt,
Now, that to make thee answer for thy guilt,
Engines are ready ; if thou'lt not be turn'd,
Thou shalt beheaded be, or rack'd, or burn'd :
What a small matter is't, not worth this strife,
To strew incense ? yet that shall save thy life :
Alas not reply'd, but spurn'd abroad
The incense heaps, and did with spittle load
The tyrants face : the Hangman having retch'd her ;
With wilde-beasts talons to the hard bones scratch'd
Nor she ceas'd not to praise the Lord, and prize (her
Attainment of these sublime dignities.
With th'iron grate her mangled body's gord ;
Her breasts, with flaming torches are devour'd ;
Her long hair set on fire : she opened wide
Her mouth, and sucked in the flame, and di'd.
The Judge told *Agnes*, if she did refuse
To sacrifice, there was a common stew,
And in the should : the chaste religious maid
Into the flock'd-lascivious youngsters said,
Christ will not suffer this (I tell you true)
His spotless soul to be defil'd by you

By you base slaves to lust ; then was she plac'd
 Naked iⁿ the street, and publickly disgrac'd :
 Amongst the rest, one scoffing at her shame,
 A flame like to a flash of lightning came
 And struck out both his eyes ; he falling down,
 Did wallow in the dirt, while she did crown
 Her soul in praising God : the Judge sends word
 To th' executioner to sheath his sword.
 In her warm bowels ; *Agnes* maketh hast
 To meet with him ; she cannot run so fast.
 O this (said she) this, this is he whom I
 Am taken with ; I long, I long to die :
 My breast stands fair ; thrust souldier, if thou wilt,
 Thy glittering rapier up unto the hilt.
 Dear Father open wide the gates of heaven
 To entertain my soul : her life's bereaven.

 SECT. XV.

*The Persecution of the Christians in Persia, a
 der Sapore, about the same time.*

AND now the Persian Magicians bring
 In accusations, to *Sapore* King,
 Against the Christians, for their adhering
 To *Constantine the Great*, (a crime past clearing
 The King incens'd herewith, with taxes, fines,
 Oppress'd them sore, and killed their Divines :
Simson their Priest was into prison sent,
 For fighting Idol-gods ; and as he went,
Ustazares (a Christian of late,
 Since fall'n away) who at the Court-gate sat,

g him led by, obeyfance did him :
 wron for Apoftatizing chid him.
 ifcious Eunuch fuddenly let fall
 y fhower, his coftly garments all
 he mourn'd, and with dejected face,
 ed thus his lamentable cafes
 ! with what a brazen brow fhall I
 pon God, fee'ng *Simfon* doth deny
 fe falute ? He to the King muft go,
 ently ask'd him why he mourned fo ?
 Palace thou want'ft any thing
 nan, and by the honour of a King
 be thine : that tolerable were,
 ! who can a wounded fpirit bear ?
 (faid he) that acerbates my woe ;
 ho fhould have dyed long agoe ;
 I fee, to which I feem'd to bow
 denying Chrif, to pleasure you ;
 a folemn yow, for to adore
 a Creator, not the Creature more.
 g adjudged him to lofe his head ;
 his death, at his request 'twas fpread,
 he that fuffers not for any treason,
 eligion, and no other reason,
 iftians which difheartened had bin
 poftacy, he fought to win
 ofeffion and example too,
 new courage, and to undergo
 if need requir'd. Good *Simfon*
 , and prais'd the Lord for what was don.
 e next Sun had rais'd them from their beds,
 hundred more all loft their heads.
 decreed, no mercy fhould be us'd
 which to adore the Sun refus'd.

The sword rang'd over all the Persian bounds;
 Devour'd whole Cities, and unpeopled towns.
 In brief, in all, during *Sapore's* reign
 Were more then sixteen thousand Christians slain

SECT. XVI.

*The Churches Persecution under Julian
 Apostata, Anno Christi 365.*

NO sooner was *Constantius* deceas'd,
Julian his nephew, of the West and East
 Is made sole Emperour: he from his youth
 Was well instructed in religion's truth:
 His good behaviour and ingenious parts,
 Made him a Load-stone to attra&t all hearts,
 In brief, he had (what's difficult to finde)
 The rare endowments of a vertuous miade.
 But he Apostatiz'd: Satan his tutor,
 Learn'd him to be the Churches persecutor:
 He op'd the Idol-*Faues*, lock'd up before;
 And when the Christian faith grew more and
 By torments, he was pityful and mild,
 And by his gifts and flatteries beguil'd
 The weaker sort, who avarous of gain,
 Were drawn aside: he also did ordain,
 That none professing Christianitie,
 Master of any Art should dare to be,
 Or any Officer: he did *suborn*
Jesters, to load them with contempt and scorn:

put none to death ; yet did the crew
 athenish Idolaters imbrew (Roses,
 hands in Christian gore, braid^d them with
 re the flesh from off their naked bones ;
 id some in scalding water ; some were stripp^d
 aked ; others had their bellies rip^d
 uff^d with barley, for the greedy swine
 mp upon ; while some with famine pine,
 mear^d with honey up against the Sun,
 ets hung, for VVasps to feed upon.
 ildren neither spar^d father nor mother,
 rents child^{ren} ; no nor brother brother.
 sh-deprived bones of some were mix^d
 affes bones : here hangs on crucifix^d,
 ere^s one drag^d about the streets ; a third
 n captive like a twiglim^d bird.
 hen *Julian* sacrific^d to *Fortune*, one
 , Bishop of blind-ey^d *Chalcedon* ;
 y rebuk^d him, call^d him impious man ;
 te, Atheist : to whom *Julian*
 s, Blind fool, thy God of *Galilee*
 not restore thy sight, and make thee see.
 reply^d, I am not so unkinde,
 to thank my God which made me bliade,
 at mine eyes, (turn^d from a better sight,)
 hy so ungracious face should light.
 w, Deacon in *Hierapolis*,
 lished the Gentiles Images ;
 ok, his belly^s rip^d, his liver drawn
 his body ; with their teeth is gnawn.
 e tract of time b^{ing} wheel^d about,
 ongues were rotted, and their teeth fell out
 ir loose sockets ; their blind eyes no more
 | the objects they beheld before.

While of *Apollo's Delphick Oracle*
Julian enquir'd, a flash of lightning fell
 From the collid'd clouds, which overturn'd
 The Temple, and *Apollo's Image* burn'd.
 The Christians made complaint to *Julian*, that
 The fines were more then they were sessed at:
 He scoff'd them thus; You ought to undergo
 All wrongs: does not your God command you?
Athanasius said, This persecution
 Is but a little cloud, 'twill soon be gon,

ali PAN-
res.

SECT. XVII.

*The Churches Persecution under the Arrian
 Hereticks, which began An. Christi 331*

Great *Constantine*, a while before he dy'd,
 Amongst his sons did equally divide
 His Empire; to the rule he did assigne
Constantine, *Constans*, and *Constantine*:
Constantine, that govern'd the East,
 Was soon seduced by an Arrian priest;
 Who him inform'd, that *Athanasius*
 Return from exile was pernicious
 Unto the publick good: incens'd then,
 The Emp^rour sent five thousand armed men
 To cut him short: the Church was round beset,
 Yet he from them mirac^lously did get;
 Though many Arrians cast their eyes about
 For this intent, t^rindigitate him out;
 Not much unlike a sheep ordain'd for slaughter:
 Nor could this good man live in quiet after,

banishment till he was forc'd to hide
a deep pit, where he no light espide
twice three years; and at last by a maid
at us'd to bring him food, he was betraid:
God's directing spirit did befriend him;
scap'd, before they came to apprehend him.
irty Egyptian Bishops slain; twice seven
ere banished; some in their way took heaven.
Alexandria (the Arrians urg'd)
rice twenty Orthodox Divines were scourg'd.
Emperour, at his approaching death,
iev'd for his changing of the *Nicens* faith.
hus held on these damnable designs
ainst Christians; fourscore eminent Divines
ship'd, and fir'd; so they resign'd their breath,
patient suffering of a double death.
ay he caused to be crush'd to shivers;
ne to be drown'd i'n the Sea, others in rivers;
ne in the desarts wandred up and down,
ashed in sheeps-skins, pityed by none:
hile other-some, (so put unto their shifts,)
cked in dens and hollow rocky cliffs.
last this Tyrant from the *Goths* did fly,
so fir'd a village o're his head, whereby
miserably dy'd: unto his name
iving behind a monument of shame.

SECT. XVIII.

*The Persecution by the Donatists, A
Christi 410.*

THe Donatists, and Circumcellions,
In Sun-burnt *Africk*, rais'd rebellions ;
The Orthodox, innumerable wrongs
Lay under ; Bishops lost their hands and roagu
And others, that remain'd sincere and sound,
This barbrous outrage either hang'd or drown'd
Their goods are plunder'd, and their houses turn
To heaps of cinders, and their Fanes are burn'd.
The sacred Scriptures are by flames devour'd ;
Wives are defil'd, and Virgins are deflour'd.
Where ever these profane Schismatics came,
They holy things profan'd ; nor was't a shame
Counted amongst them, but a grace, to feed
Their mungrell currs with Sacramental bread.
But God's just judgements did not long forbear
The Dogs run mad, and their own Masters tear.
These furious persons, cast into the Rocks
The godly Christians, and the Orthodox ;
All *Africk* o're, they empty out their gall,
Destroying many, and affrighting all.

SECT. XIX.

*Persecution of the Church in Affrick, by the
Arrian Vandales, Anno Christi 427.*

The Vandales, under *Genserick's* command
Remov'd their Quarters from th' Iberian land,
I march'd to *Affrick*: as along they went,
: down the shrubs, which yeilded aliment
the disperd Saints; what e're they found
uin'd, they laid level with the ground.
: Min'sters sinking undetneath their loads,
: pricked forward with sharp-pointed goads.
we had (until they crack'd again) their legs
rested with bow-strings: greafe and oily dregs,
t-water, stinking mire, and Vinegar,
o the mouths of others forced are.
e Reverend gray hairs, from them obtain'd
mercy: as for infants, they were brain'd,
torn in pieces from the fundament.
e Carthaginian Senators, were sent
wander in exile; without respect
sex, or age, the Roman City's sack'd.
on Ascension-day, a Christian train
xing at Church, were by these her'ticks slain.
ere was a Noble man; nam'd *Saturnus*,
e Tyrant: seeing him, bespake him thus:
had best to execute my just commands,
: you shall forfeit else, your house and lands;
our wife shall marry one that drives the plow;
our children shall be sold: nor did this bow

The

The good mans faith ; his wife hearing her doom
Was to be marry'd to a scurvy groom,
Runs to her husband doth her fine clothes tear,
And rends from off her head her curious hair ;
Her brood of children hanging at her heels,
A suckling in her arms, then down she kneels,
And said (my dearest) Oh some pity take
On thy poor wife: O for the Lord Christ's sake
Let not thy bandings under slav'ry tire,
Nor me be linked to a filthy Squire.
Be rul'd, sweet heart, if by constraint th'art brought
To a& amiss, thine will not be the fault.
He thus ; Thou speakest like a foolish wife,
Acting the Devils part; thy husbands life
If thou didst dearly tender, as thou shouldst,
Entice him so to sin, thou never wouldst ;
Which will procure a second death to me,
Worse then the first ; I am resolv'd to be
Obedient therefore to my Gods commands,
And quite forsake wife, children, house, and lands,
To b'his Disciple. Scarce these words were out,
He was despoil'd of all, and sent about
The Country begging. *Genferisk* being dead,
Hunrick succeeded in his fathers stead.
Well nigh five thousand that did Christ profess,
He banished into the wilderness:
He made his Courtiers dig the earth for corn,
And brought the women into publick scorn,
Mothers their little children followed,
Right glad that Martyrs they had born and bred
One leading by the hand her little Son,
Hasting t'oretake them, said, Run Sirrah, run ;
Seest how the Saints do trudge along ? how fast
They make unto their crown ? hast, sirrah, hast.

is rebuk'd: How now? why do you go
 ly? woman, whither haste you so?
 reply'd; Good folks pray pray for me,
 exile with this child you see,
 the enemies corrupt his youth,
 mislead him from the wayes of truth.
 Saints went along to banishment,
 des follow'd, and with one consent
 their children down, did this express;
 if we then be wedded to distress?
 you haste to your crown, what will become
 poor wretches as we are) at home?
 Ministers have we (you gon) to feed
 angry souls with sacramental bread?
 shall baptize our infants? tell us who
 us? w'have a-greater minde to go
 ly behinde: but Ah! our feeble strength
 not hold out so great a journey's length.
 they that went, and could not mend their paces,
 ragged by the Moors, through rugged places;
 cloth all rent and torn; they that were stronger
 o the wilderness, to kill their hunger,
 rely are allow'd; the Scorpions crawl
 them, but do them not hurt at all
 their lethiferous stings: thus God did please
 affliction to send them ease.
 ek sends Mandates throughout *Africa*,
 and the Bishops should by such a day
stage meet, on purpose by dispute
 p their faith; and if they could confute
 rian Bishops: now the time drew near,
 by according to command appear:
 began; The Orthodox thought best
 out some, to answer for the rest.

The Arrians plac'd themselves on sublime thrones ;
 These stood o'th' ground, and said, Inequall ones
 Are too unfit to hold an argument,
 No, no, it is by general consent,
 That Disputants the controversie rear
 On equal termes, until the truth be clear.
 An hundred strokes, on ev'ry one were laid
 For this bold speech ; whereat *Eugenius* said,
 The Lord in mercy look upon our woes,
 And mark our sufferings under raging foes.
 The Arrian Bishops moved to propound
 What they inteaded, at the first, gave ground,
 Declining the dispute: the Orth^odox then
 A Declaration of their faith, did pen,
 And did it with this protestation shews
 What our belief is, if you long to know,
 Here 'tis : the Arrians storm'd at this thing,
 Gave them foul words, accus'd them to the King ;
 He all of them out of the City turn'd ;
 Who them reliev'd, must by his Law be burn'd.
 The Bishops which i'th' open fields did ly,
 Bespake the Tyrant as he pass'd by :
 What evil have we done ? we fain would know
 The reason why we are afflicted so ;
 If we be called to dispute, we crave
 Why are we thus despoil'd of all we have ?
 Why must we live on dunghills, in distress,
 Afflicted, housless, cold, and comfortless ?
 He bids, and over them his horsemen ride ;
 Many are bruised sore, then they deny'd,
 B'ing urg'd, unto an oath to put their hands ;
 And said, Our God contrarily commands :
 Nor are we mad-men, or such fools, as that
 We should subscribe, before we know to what.

e tenour of the oath then read :
 I swear, that when the King is dead
 shall reign, and that no man shall send
 round the seas. The King your friend,
 taking it, will you restore
 churches you were at before.
 did not, and also they that did
 flayed, and to preach forbid.
 ul outcries ! what heart-rending groans
 ghout *Affrick* caus'd by bloody ones !
 ds, either sex and age was bang'd:
 they burned ; there they others hang'd.
 d naked gentlewomen were
 :ur'd, all their bodies bare.
 So bolder the rest,
 nceptions of her mind express :
 fill, God's favour I have got ;
 roman-hood disclose you not. (her,
 ls scarce out, they more enraged strip'd
 : to all eyes, and soundly whip'd her,
 ood flow'd down: that which you broach,
 ves (said she) for my reproach,
 garland. Then she wisely cheer'd
 and onely son, who persever'd
 ll his pains, till he disburst
 to him that gave it first.
 'ing dead, succeeding *Gundabund*
 ears tyranniz'd: mild *Thrasamund*
 rk ruled well. But in conclusion,
 brought the *Vandals* to confusion,
 nety years had been a rod
 the Saints and *Israel* of God.



THE
Persecution of the Chu
Under the
P A P A C Y.

SECT. XX.

*The Persecution of the Waldenses, which
Anno Christi 1160.*

When the black cloak of Popery was
Upon the shoulders of the christian
The saints still labour'd to dispel a
Those shades Cimmerian, and reveal the day
With truth's bright lustre; and withall develt
The Roman glory. One among the rest,
A learn'd and godly man at *Lions*, whose name
Was *Peter Valdo*, much oppos'd the same;
Declaring plainly Transubstantiation
To be no better then an Innovations
He mov'd the cred'ulous people to embrace
The precious offers of the means of grace.
They which unto his Doctrine gave respect,
From him were called the *Waldensian Sect*;

As a Snow-ball rowling down a hill,
Nothing but increased still.
Every day and hour the Martyrs bleed,
Martyrs blood the Churches seed.
In a thousand Citys swarms,
As seventy thousand men of arms:
The popish Canons, Constitutions,
Decrees, alter their resolutions:
Wrong, in body, goods, or name,
For his sake, was couated not a shame.
Still proceeds (nor can he hope
To publish to the world, the Pope
Rift; the Mass abominable;
An Idol; Purgator^o a fable.
The third, did authorize
Inquisitors for to surprize
Hereticks (as he call'd them) by process,
That secular power might them suppress,
But the inquisitors had a trick
To him poor, Oh he's an Heretick,
To give such a death; no power controul'd
To them in; but what they would, they would.
To scatter, or a pad of straw,
The Saints, he was condemn'd by law.
To vocate, affaid to plead
His cause, an Action indeed!
His Heir, his father that way leans,
Is 's enough to rob him of his means.
To keep the people in more aw,
The officers do in their processions draw
A cord; injoyning them to vex
Themselves; with ropes about their necks,
In either hand, others along
To terrify the gazing throng.

Anno
1198

Besides all these, they have a thousand Querks;
 They send out some to fight against the Turks
 And Infidels; (no need to seek for heires)
 Their houses, goods, and chattels, all are theirs.
 At their return, if any ask'd their wives
 VWho lay with them? They 'ndangered their
 The foes confess'd, they had not wherewithall
 To build up prisons for th' accused all:
 And yet for all this persecution, there
 Above eight hundred thousand Christians were.
 The faith increas'd, and with a prosp'rous gale
 Clim'd o're the Alps, came to *Pragela's* vale;
 From thence the people bordered upon
St. Martin, Piedmont, La Perouse Angrogn
 Wander there did innumerable flocks
 Upon the craggy cliffs, and algid rocks.
 Above three thousand being hid in caves,
 VWere stifled by these marble-hearted slaves.

luno
260.

The poor *Waldenses* by their pray'rs and tea
 Oft mov'd the Lord to free them from their fear
 Two horsemen flying, cry'd, They come, they
 Another while, the beating of a drum
 Caused their foes retreat: which stones, and sling
 They thousands kill'd at several skirmishings.
 Thus God for his despis'd Saints did fight,
 A handful putting num'rous foes to flight.
 But when the godless party overcame,
 They did commit their captives to the flame,
 Or hang'd them up, or cut them out in quarters
 All which discourag'd not the glorious Martyrs.
 Through the industrious *Waldenses* toil,
 Abundant store of Corn, and Vine, and Oil,
 Enrich'd *Calabria*; And God did bless
 Their pains in *Provence*, with the like success.

at last when freely they the Gospels worth
gan to publish, Pope *Pius* the fourth
disturbing them, they left behinde their goods,
With wives and children flying into the woods;
and were pursu'd; some slain and others wounded,
some famine-pined souls in caves were found dead.
And they that were of *St. Xist* and *la Garde*,
Were rack'd, strip'd, whip'd, nor old nor young was
~~was~~ slays eighty, and stakes up their joynts (spar'd
or thirty miles together; he appoints
quarter to each stake. *Merindol* Town
Was razed by *Opede*, and batter'd down.
The *Cabrierians* brought into a field,
Were hack'd to pieces 'cause they would not yield,
and in a barn replenish'd with straw
Women were fix'd. *Opede* himself did draw
young Infants from their mothers rip'd-up bellies;
his men kill'd them of *Aix* and *Marseilles*:
one two and two, together bound, they slew
and boots of scalding oil (O cruel!) drew
in others legs. But heav'n at last decreed
a woful end, to that accurs'd *Opede*.
The *Waldenses*, which into *Albi* came,
The *Albigenses* thence receiv'd the name.
Pope *Alexander* the third, his wrath did smoke
When they strook off his Antichristian yoke;
but them condemn'd as Hereticks, yet they spread,
and many potent Towns inhabited:
Many many Lords, and Earls, did with them side,
against the Pope, and constantly deny'd
the Romish faith, and resolutely spake
their willingness to suffer for Christs sake.
Bezier was storm'd by the Pilgrim train,
and in it sixty thousand persons slain.

The Legat saies, Souldiers kill old and young,
 For why? God knoweth those to him belong.
 The Catholicks besieg'd and batter'd down
 On the inhabitants heads *Carcasson* Town.
 When *Baron* Castle was surpriz'd, th' enclos'd
 Of th' *Albigenses* were discey'd, disnos'd,
 Then sent to *Cab'ret* with an onc-ey'd guide.
 Yet still like gold that's in a furnace tri'd,
 The Saints appear'd; their sparkling zeal like fire
 Blown by afflictions bellows, blaz'd the higher.
 Now *Luther* rose, the Antichristian terror,
 And those that were seduc'd, reduc'd from error

SECT. XXI.

*The Persecution of the Church of God in
 hemia, which began Anno Christi 89*

B*orivojus*, Duke of *Bohemia*,
 Entering the confines of *Moravia*,
 By a strange providence was Christianiz'd,
 And with him thirty *Pal'tines* were baptiz'd.
 At his return, he rais'd from the ground
 Churches, and Schools; and all the Country
 Flock'd thither: many of the Noble race,
 As well as Commons, did the Truth embrace.
 Malicious Satan env'ing the progress
 The Gospel made, gainst those that it profess
 Rais'd persecution up: *Borivojus*
 Is sent into exile. *Sanguineous*
Drabemira the Christian temples locks,
 Forbidding Ministers to tend their flocks;

he silent night, three hundred lives
 tribute to the bloody cut-throats knives.
 ds just Judgement, *Drabowira* follow'd,
 ning earth, her and her Carr up swallow'd.
 ith party having got the day,
 he obvious Bohemians slay.
enburge four Thousand souls were thrown
 Metal-Mines ; O hearts of stone !
 Its cry out, Blow out, good people, blow
 rks, before into a flame they grow :
 us'd, the more they did endeavour
 a the Saints, they flamed more then ever :
 : scourg'd, some sent into exile.
 man Merchants brought unto the pile,
 gly encourag'd one another :
 s, Since Christ hath suffered (dear brother)
 shed us, let's do the same likewise
 and such a high-bred favour prize,
 ire counted worthy so to die
 veet sake : the other did reply,
 hat in my Marriage-day I found,
 ll to this ; O this doth more abound !
 d aloud, (the Faggots set on fire)
 ft, thou in thy torments didst desire
 nies peace ; the like we also crave :
 e King ; let not the Clergy have
 ng vengeance ; O forbear to plague
 misled inhabitants of *Prague* :
 pleas'd to let them Scot-free go :
 oor souls, they know not what they do ;
 ls are full of blood: they pray'd and wept ;
 and pray'd, till in the Lord they slept.
 de-men intolerable Fines
 ; two hundred eminent Divines

Are exil'd ; some are burned ; others braia'd ;
 Some shot to death, with blood the earth's deſta
 The Martyrs one by one, that were in hold,
 Are called forth ; who reſolutely bold
 Haſt to their ſufferings, with as great content,
 As if they had unto a banquet went.
 When one was called for, he thus expreſt
 Himſelf, in taking leave of all the reſt :
 Farewel, dear friends, Farewel ; the Lord ſuppreſs
 Your ſpirits, that you may maintain the force
 Againſt the common foe ; and make you ſtout,
 And reſolute to keep all batt'ry out ;
 That what you lately with your mouths profeſt
 You may by your ſo glorious death atteſt.
 Behold, I lead the way, that I may ſee
 My Saviours glory ; you will follow me
 To the fruition of my fathers fight.
 O how my ſoul is raviſh'd with delight !
 This very hour all ſorrow bids, adieu
 To my glad heart : O now my joyes renew.
 Tranſcendent joyes ! heaven and eternity
 Is mine, is mine. Then did the reſt reply,
 God go along with you : O heaven we pray
 Aſſiſt thy ſervant, in his thorn-pav'd way.
 O may the willing Angells come to meet
 Thy obvious body, and direct thy feet
 Into thine, and our Fathers Manſion :
 Go, go, dear brother go ; and we anon
 Shall follow after, and be all receiv'd
 To bliſs through Chriſt in whom we have believ'd
 Farewel, farewel ; let equal joyes beſide
 To us that follow, and to you our guide.
 Firſt the Lord *Sabbick*, a man as wiſe as
 Condemned to be quarter'd, did behave

himself most gallantly, and said, My doom
 he pleaseth well, what care I for a Tombe?
 A Sepulchre is but an easie los;
 can death? not I: welcom my crown, my cross:
 let these limbs be scatter'd here and there;
 have Gods favour, and I do not fear
 the worst that foes can do: see how the Sun
 displays his shining beams. Jesuites be gon,
 and build not Castles in the empty air,
 or I dare die for Christ; I that I dare.
 O pleas'd, blest Jesus, thorough deaths dark night,
 O Manu-duct me to eternal light,
 eternal light! O what a happy sound
 that word reports! my soul, at a rebound
 catch heaven, catch heaven: no sooner had he spok e,
 as he submitted to the fatal stroke:
 his right hand, and his head (lop'd off his shoulders)
 were hung on high, to terrify beholders.
 The Lord *Wenceslaw*, seventy years old,
 being next, was asked, why he was so bold
 in *Fredricks* cause: he said, My conscience run
 along with me; and what is done, is done.
 O God, lo here I am, dispose of me,
 mine aged servant, as best pleaseth thee:
 send that grim-look'd messenger, that staies
 no more, to end these miserable dayes;
 why I not see the ruines that do wait
 on our sinking, our declining State,
 I sold this Book; my Paradise was never
 so sordial as now: Judges, persevere
 sucking Christian blood; but know, Gods ire
 will smok you forth. Up starts a cowed Fryer,
 and said, Your Judgement errs. With this reply,
 I answer'd him, I on the truth rely,

And not on bare opinion; Christ's the Way,
The Truth, the Life; in him I cannot stray.
Then stroaking his prolixed beard, he said,
My gray hairs honour serves you: having pray
And giv'n his soul to Christ his Saviour,
His cut-off head was fixed on the Tower.

Lord *Harans* next was call'd, who bravely si
I've travell'd far, and many journeys made
Through barb'rous countries and escaped dang
By sea and land; yet was my life by strangers
Surrepted not: b'ing safe returned home,
My friends and Country-men my foes become
For whom I, and my Grandfires have let fall
And wasted our estates, our lives and all.
Forgive them father; I O Lord have ground
My faith in thee; let me not be confounded.
Then on the Scaffold, thus: O Lord, I give
My spir't into thine hands; in hope to live
By Christ his death, according to thy word:
And so he yielded to the murth'rous sword.

Sir *Caspar Kapitiz*, eighty six years old,
Said to the Minister, Behold, behold
Me a decrepit wretch, whose frequent pray'rs
Have beg'd deliverance from this vale of tears;
But all in vaine: for to be gaz'd upon
By the worlds eyes I'm kept; God's will be do
Not mine; my death to mortal eyes may seem
Disgraceful, but 'tis rich in Gods esteem.
Oh Lord my God, my trembling feet support,
For fear my sudden fall occasion sport
To my observing foes. The Minister
(Perceiving that the executioner
Could not perform his office as he meant,
His crooked acts, b'ing an impediment)

spake him thus ; My Noble Lord, as you
commended have your soul to Christ, so now
dvanee your hoary head to God : he try'd
what he could do : his head struck off, he dy'd.

Then the Lord *Otto*, a judicious man,
aving receiv'd the sentence, thus began :
ad to you then, O *Cesar*, still thinke good
x to stabilitate your throne with blood ?
an God be pleas'd with this ? say Tyrant say :
ow will you answer't at that dreadful day ?
all this my body ; do, let my blood fill
our veins ; disperse my members where you will ;
er this is my belief, My loving father
Will be so pleas'd. as them together gather,
and cloath them with their skin ; these very eyes
hall see my Lord, where e're my body lies :
these ears shall hear him ; and this very tongue
ing peals of joy ; his praises shall be sung
y this same heart of mine. I must confess,
was perplex'd at first ; but now, I bleis
ly God, I finde a change : I was not troubl'd
o much, but now my joyes are more redoubled ;
fear not death ; now death hath lost her sting :
o die with joy. O 'tis a pious thing !
am not I sure, Christ and his Angels will
uide me to heaven, where I shall drink my fill
f those Celestial cups, those cups of pleasure,
nd measure drinking, though not drink by measure ?
hall then this death have power to divide
ly soul from him ? the heavens open wide :
e where my finger points. The standers by
held eye-dazeling cornuscancy.
fter a silent prayer made, he spake,
ord save thy servant ; Oh some pity take:

I am thy creature; O let me inherit
Christ-purchas'd glory: Lord receive my spirit.

Next, *Dionysius Zerzwinus* (that storm'd
Against the saints; but) when he was inform'd
Of Gospel-truths, how Christ procur'd rest
For those believ'd, he forthwith smote his breast,
And fetch'd a sigh, while tears ran down; did cry
This is my faith, and in this faith I'll die:
Through Christ alone, I can acceptance finde,
Yet God will not despise my contrite minde;
Upon these knees, these bended knees, I call
For mercy; mercy, Lord: although I fall,
Help me to rise in thee: My foes controul
May hurt my body, but not hurt my soul.
An aged man b'ing brought, both these commen
Their souls unto the Lord; so their lives ended.

Next was the Lord of *Rugenice* arraign'd;
Who said, I have a greater priv'ledge gain'd,
Then if the King had spar'd me, and augmented
My restor'd substance; and am more contented.
God is our witness, that we onely fought
Religious Liberty; for that we fought:
Who, though w' are worsted, and must end our day:
The Lord is righteous in all his ways.
His Truth we must defend, (as he sees good)
Not by our naked Swords, but by our Blood.
What is the cause, my God? O tell me why,
So soon as others do, I may not die?
For ah! thou knowst, thou knowst that I resign
My self unto thee, and am wholly thine.
Put not thy servant off with long delay,
But take me hence: sweet Jesu come away!
The Sheriff came for him; he rejoicing said,
Blessed be God: then towards him he made.

on the Scaffold, he himself did chear
with that of Christ, *Father, I will that where
am, thy servants may there also be,
that they may my heaven-given glory see :*
waste to lose this life, so transitory,
that I may be with Christ and see his glory.
limbe up my soul, climbe up to be embrac'd
in Christ his arms: and so he breath'd his last.

Valentine Cocken spake to this effect,
upon the Scaffold : Gracious Lord, direct
ly feeble steps ; O let deaths valley be
a Passport to the clearer view of thee ;
or why ? thy word hath bin my hidden treasure ;
O what satiety of joy and pleasure
I take residence with thee ! there's nothing can
afford my soul more satisfaction than
thy self's fruition : Lord, my spirit flies
unto thy Courts : so having said, he dies.

Next, *Toby Staffick's* brought, a man whose heart
Walk'd upright with his God ; though like a cart
press'd with afflictions sheaves, to heaven he heav'd
his wasted eyes, and said, I have receiv'd
from the beginning of my life till now,
Good things of God, and shall not I then bow
My will to his, but his chastisements shun ?
I will not, ; no, God's holy will be done.
Can I, poor dust and ashes, have the face
To plead with God ? I cheerfully embrace
Thy pleasure, Lord ; I come to bear the cross ;
O be thou pleas'd to purge away my dross :
Calcine my soul ; obliterate my sins ;
And make me pure against that day begins.
He pray'd ; and having drunke the lethal cup,
his spirit into heaven ascended up.

Doctor

Doctor *Jessensius* after him was Martyr'd,
 His tongue cut out, head off, his body quarter'd
 And fix'd on stakes. *Christopher Chober*, thus
 (Citing the saying of *Ignatius*)
 Cheers his co-sufferers, We are Gods corn,
 Sown in the Churches field, and must be torn
 By beasts, to fit us for our Masters use :
 But here's our comfort, one a bloody sluice
 The Church is founded, and hath been augmented
 By blood, nor shall the opened vein be steated.
 The blow must now be fetch'd ; his soul he gave
 To heav'n, his body to the gaping grave.
 Then being call'd to execution ;

I come, said he ; a pious resolution
 Takes up my heart ; I'm not a-sham'd, nor sorry
 To suffer these (nay worse things) for his glory ;
 I have, I have, by my heav'n-borrow'd force
 Fought faith's good fight, and finished my course.
 Then praying, Father, in thy hands I leave
 My spirit ; he did a Martyrs crown receive.

John Shultis, while he on the Scaffold stood,
 Said thus, Leave off this melancholy mood,
 Dejected soul : O be not so cast down :
 Hope thou in God ; though for a time he frowns,
 Yet will he smile again, and thou shalt yet
 Praise him, though Nature do receive her debt.
 The righteous are among the dead enroll'd
 By fools, whenas they rest : Behold ! behold !
 I come sweet Jesus : O some pity take
 Upon thy creature, for thy promise sake.
 Cast me not off, my misery condole ;
 My sins O pardon, and receive my soul :
 Make no long tarrance ; come, Lord Jesus, come :
 And so he underwent his Martyrdome.

Next Maximilian Hosiarsck,
 Whom Learning, Worth, and Piety did deck :)
 After the sentence past, one asked him
 the reason why he look'd so dull, so grim,
 and sadder then the rest: To tell the truth,
 he says (said he) I acted in my youth
 come now afresh into my minde: for though
 know that no remainder can o'rethrow
 them which with Jesus Christ have made a close;
 yet know I, that the Lord his Justice flows
 as well as mercy, on those are his own.
 Summon'd to death, he said, Lord, from thy throne
 look on me, O illuminate mine eyes,
 lest death o'recome me, and mine enemies
 insulting say, We have prevail'd. O Lord,
 Be pleas'd to make good thy promis'd word)
 yet me whose eyes have thy salvation seen
 depart in Peace: an Ax did pass between
 his head and neck. Then four more Christian brothers
 they hanged one by one, and begger'd others.
 For might they have the benefit of the Laws:
 When some did plead the Justice of their cause,
 the Judges scoff'd them, thus; Although you ha't
 sins that are actual, yet you do not want
 th'orig'nal sin of Heresie, and more;
 You can't exempted be from death therefore.
 The Saints deprived of their livelyhoods
 in towns and villages, retir'd to th'woods,
 The Parent his enloystred child bemoans,
 but cannot help it. Oh! the griefs and groanes
 Of marriagable maids! what sad farewells
 take parting friends, when into Monkish cells
 forc'd are their neer'st relations! Great mens sons,
 theyers must tutour, and their daughters Nuns.

Wives from their husbands, husbands from their w
 Part with wet eyes: some thousands lost their lives
 Others were stripp'd in frosty snowy weather ;
 While some imprison'd lay, and starv'd together.
 The Mass-priests are the men that must be heard,
 And rude men, if Apostates, were prefer'd.

Bol'slavia the principallest seat

The brethren had (two hundred years compleat)
 Was seized on ; her Ministers turn'd out,
 And crafty Friars to pervert the rout
 Plac'd in their rooms : but when this would not
 They must into a stinking dungeon go.

The Cities *Bidsove, Tusta, Zaticum,*
Litom'rie, Rokizan, Radecium,

Don Martin, all were brought to desolation,
 Under a fair pretence of reformation.

Some Citizens were into exile sent ;
 Some into voluntary exile went.

The Maj'r and sixteen hundred persons more,
 At *Prasbatico*, lay weltring in their gore.
 They threw Religion down, where ere they com
 And set up superstition in the room.

As for the Bible, Christians were forc'd from it,

Wiblin (the *Bohemian* word) is vomit ;

Nor was there (O most damnable designe !)

A toleration giv'n to Books divine.

The mouths of some are gagg'd, the Host they do
 Thrust down their throats, whether they will or
 Others t'auricular confession forc'd ;

And many were from all they had divorc'd.

To tell how they the women-kinde did use,

Is not so proper for a modest Muse.

SECT. XXII.

bes Persecution in Spain, which be-
mo Christi 1540.

With Factor *Francis Roman* nam'd,
ing at *Breme* a Sermon, was s'enslam'd
ght upon, that in a little space
knowledge, and increas'd in grace.
e when he return'd agen,
d to convince his country-men
old ign'rance; for the wayes they trod
nant unto the word of God,
proachfully despis'd, contemn'd
and him unto the fire condemn'd.
a paper-Mitre on his head,
th ugly Demons, was he led
on: and by the way
l to bow unto a cross, said, Nay,
ass are not wont to worship wood:
said, he was the fire's food.
honest-hearted persons cast
ous dungeons, breath'd their last!
rs cloath'd with red-cross'd Sambitoes,
alidolid plac'd all in rowes.
tion was first invented
win'can Friers; who attended
tion of the Christian race,
or ignominious disgrace.
they strive with flatt'ries to ensnare
ing Christian-e're be be aware:

Anno
1550!

And

And if they see that fair means will not do,
They exercise compulsion. O who!
Who is there able to demonstrate fully
The kind of torments that were us'd? the pully
Hang'd on the Gibbet, holds the hands or thumbs
Of the poor wretch; then the Strappado comes,
And rends his weight-distended joynts aunder.
Some in the Trough are tortur'd; some are under
Cruel imprisonments, where is not any
Light but what enters the Key-hole or craney.
Some are injoy'n'd to run unto the racks,
With yellow Sambenitoes on their backs:
Their tongues in a cleft-stick, have not the scope
To empty out their mindes; and while a rope
Encompasseth their necks, coacting bands
Press hard behinde them their united hands.
Thus, thus poor Creatures in a piteous plight,
Are led to suffer in the peoples sight.
Burton and Burgate, Burgess, Hooker, Baker,
English-men born, were each of them partaker
Of Martyrdom at *Cadiz*; and ascended
To happiness, which never shall be ended.

1220

560.

SEC

SECT. XXIII.

*Murthbes Persecution in Italy, which began
anno Christi 1546.*

Ysaas, by his Parents sent to *Rome*
for educations sake; at last become
able Scholar through the grace of God,
trist his School, the wayes the Romans trod
uncing quite: for which he's apprehended,
clapt up; yet he constantly defended
Christian faith: he with his life might go;
would but put on the Sambito;
h he refus'd; nor any badge would wear
that of Jesus Christ; which was, to spare
God to seal up what he had profest:
ing burn'd, he in the Lord did rest.
e. *Maj'r* and *Bishop* of *St. Angelo*
arguing the case, which of the two
d, at his proper cost, procure some wood,
aleasin burning; while they stood
rring, he bade them no more debate,
uld be fetch'd out of his own estate.
Mollin, a Roman, did Christ own;
suc named him, salt tears ran down
wet cheeks: he preach'd where e're he came
ord of truth, & til he fed the flame.
Francis Gamba, born in *Lombardy*,
to the slaughter with alacrity.
iss, a fine young man, acquaints,
y of writing, the afflicted Saints,

How much his joy in prison did abound,
 And how he Honey in a Lion found :
 Exhorting them to patience ; in the end
 Writes, *From a delectable Orchard pen'd ;*
 He's burned. Pope *Pius* the fourth dislives
 At *Naples*, many Nobles, with their wives.
 The City *Venice*, after twelve years peace,
 Was by the Pope disturb'd, to the encrease
 Of Martyr'd Saints ; who unto stones were bound
 And in the bottom of the Ocean drown'd.

An Englishman Martyred in Portugal.

One *William Gardiner*, whom *Bristol* bore,
 In *Portugal* the Martyrs Garland wore.

SECT. XXIV.

The Persecution of the Church in German
which began Anno Christi 1523.

WHEN *Luther*, with his fellow-labourers,
 Converted many Germans, unto wars
 The Pope his Highness staid up *Charles* the fifth
 'Gainst Protestants : to further this his drift,
 Two hundred thousand crowns, and at a boot
 Five hundred horse, and twice six thousand foot,
 He sent with speed ; the Prot'tant Princes hence,
 Rais'd also Armies for their own defence ;
 And now the Em'p'rour for no other reason,
 Proclaim'd them guilty of no less then treason.

Both parties are engag'd; but the success
Is left to God, who doth not always bless
The better cause with Victory, nor shield
His Saints from wrong; the Christians lost the field.
Then persecution rose in several places;
Author'ty arm'd with rigorous Laws, outfaces
Laudid simplicity: 'tis sad to tell

The barb'rous outrage to the Saints besel. (turn'd;
Some rack'd; from place to place some tosd' and
Some driven into woods and caves; some burn'd.

About this time, the Boors in arms did rise,
And rob'd the Abbeyes, and Monasteries;
They, after they had entertained bin
By *Mr. Spencer*, strip'd him to the skin;
Who weeping, said, This violence will i'th' end
Bring mischief on your heads: you do pretend
The Gospel; but alas! how quite contraire
Into the Gospel-rules, your walkings are!
They jeer'd him for his pains; at last he's bound
Both hands and feet, and in the river drown'd.
His gaping wounds let out a Crimson flood,
Which on the surface of the water stood.

† *Anal
pists fr:
Rising.*

When *Wolfgang Seneb* was asked if his woe
Would have be abridg'd, he answer'd, No;
God, which hath hitherto upheld my head,
Will not forsake me in my greatest need;
No, no, he will not: 'tis a happy flame
Which lights to heaven, thrice blessed be his name.

George Carpenter being cast into the fire,
Ursill'd his Christian bretherens desire,
In giving them a signe of his true faith,
Cry'd, *Jesuw, Jesuw*, till he lost his breath.

One *Leonard Keyser* also, at the stake,
Said, *Am thine, save me Lord, for thy Truths sake:*

His willing spirit independent of the flame
 Went up to heaven, whence at first it came.
 A cruel Bishop in *Hungaria*, took
 A godly minister, (who could not brook
 Erroneous wayes) and Hares, Geefe, Hens, he tide
 His naked body with on ev'ry side:
 Being by set-on dogs, and bloody hounds,
 All rent and torn, he died of his wounds.
 But God is Just: the Bishop that so acted
 His cruel part, did forthwith fall distracted:
 His hair by handfulls from his head did read,
 And raving, made a miserable end.

SECT. XXV.

The Persecution of the Church in the Low-Countries.

THere was in *Holland* a religious Dame,
 Called *Wendelmata*, she for Christ's name
 Was sent to prison, where she must be kept
 Till the next Sessions; her kinde kindred wept
 And said thus, Ah! why dost thou not conceal
 What thou believ'st. but madly thus reveal
 Thy secret thoughts? be more reserv'd, thereby
 Thou'lt life prolong. To whom she did reply,
 You know not what you say; the heart alone
 Believes to righteousness; confession
 Unto salvation with the tongue is made:
 She burn'd, her spirit did the heav'ns invade.
George Scherter, a Divine, passing along
 Tow'rd execution, to the gazing throng

these words; That you may know
Christian, I a signe will show:
cut off, he turned on his back,
'd his arms and legs; by which aspect
ieve the Gospel; whom alive
y, drown, or into exile drive.

Holland, Suevia, Lovain,
y well-disposed part was slain,
their heads in *Flanders*; some were sent
etual imprisonment.

red Saints in *Artois, Brabant,*
le away, with not a few at *Gaunt*.
two young Virgins well-descended,
requeuing Sermons apprehended,
and condemn'd, must both partake
rdom, and suffer at the stake.

leath the bodies of them both
white, the fire to hurt them loth.
erp, one *Christopher Fabri's* brains
ut with a hammer. Sev'ral pains
ianocent; these bear great loads;
companions to Frogs and Toads.

Polas and *Austine*, with their wives,
k apprehended lost their lives.

Polas did hear a Captain swear,
th Christ done ought that thus you tear
pieces, rending life and limb?

our malice upon me, not him:
'd at the stake, Thwarting their will,
Charles wilt thou be hardned still?
a souldier gave him a great blow:
h miserable people know,

it's too good for you: the Fryars cry'd,
Devil; with *David*, he reply'd,

Anno
1543.

Anno
1555

Depart ye workers of iniquity ;
 Depart, depart : my God hath heard the cry
 My weeping voice hath made ; his holy name
 Be prais'd : so said, he vanish'd in the flame.
 At *Dormick, Bert'r and* trod the Cake about ;
 For which distongu'd, he yet on God call'd out :
 A ball is thrust into the mouth of him ;
 He's burnt, and's ashes in the river swim.
 At *Lile*, for three years space, in woods and caves
 God's word was preached : Satan and his slaves
 Took the advantage of the silent night
 So finde their meetings : finding none, they light
 On *Robert Oquir's* house ; his wife, his sors
 And he, rejoyce in tribulations.
 Bound at the stake, their spirits they commend
 To God, and make a comfortable end

*The Persecution of the Duke de Alva, in the
 Netherlands.*

THE Gospel shining in the Netherlands ;
Philip, that wore the Spanish crown, command
 The Duke *de Alva*, with a warlike train,
 To slay Professors, and with might and main,
 Promote the Romish Doctrine ; to rebuke
 Nobles, and Commons too : the desep'rate Duke
 Scarce breath'd, but on them violently pour'd ;
 Matrons he ravished, and Maids desflour'd
 Before their husbands and their parents eyes,
 Or put them unto worser cruelties.
 He on a time (at his own Table sate)
 Boasted his diligence t'eradicat
 Heter'cal weeds : for that, besides the slain
 During the war in six years space, a train

: then eighteen thousand persons were
 deliv'ed to the hangmans care.
derick. his son kindly receiv'd
ben Bourgers, cruelly bereav'd
 r inhabitants of all their lives,
 drown'd, brain'd very infants, virgins, wives;
 rched he to *Naerden*; and the town
 indwellers kill'd) he batt'ed down.
em, he three hundered Walloons
 ; five hundred Bourgers and Dragoons
 , or drowns : all th^e English, and the Scots,
 heir heads in gen'ral, he alots.
 nded, and diseas'd, are killed all
 e entrance to the Hospital
win said unto the gazing throng,
 (execution went along)
 rewards the wicked world do give
 ; poor servants : for whilst I did live
 ard's life, and play'd at Cards and Dice,
 Vertue, and a friend to Vice ;
 liv'd at ease, and was a stranger
 s, and fetters ; nay, was out of danger
 ag for the Truth ; yonder they cry
 ompanion goes ; who then but I ?
 r did I seek my God, but lo
 ing friend, became a frowning foe :
 doth not, (and so I hope shall never,)
 ge me one jot ; I must persever
 ; good, and follow Christ the faster :
 nt is not better then his master.
 freshed then with *Gileads* Balme,
 e did begin the thirtieth Psalm
 up heart : but an impatient Frier
 rupted him, Avoid the fire,

Oh *John*, and turn; yet you have time and space.
 The disregarding Martyr turn'd his face
 Another way: then some that were in fight,
 Retorted this; Turn thou, thou hypocrite.
Herwin sung on, until his Psalm was ended:
 The Fryer then: Good people ben't offended
 To hear the clamour of this Her'ticks song.
 Her'tick? thou Bala'mite thou, hold thy tongue,
 The crow'd reply'd; no living soul here bears
 Offence: his Musick much delights our ears.
 Four hundred folks encourag'd him to run
 His race, and finish what he had begun:
 To whom he thus; Breth'ren, I undertake
 This spir'tual Combate, meerly for the sake
 Of my great Lord, and Captain Jesus Christ:
 I now am going to be sacrific'd;
 And when God shall of his abundant grace
 Call you to suffer, follow me apace.
 He's on the gallows, and the ladder's turn'd,
 And then his body's into ashes burn'd.
 Some Ci:zens in a fiery Chariot sent
 From *Antwerp*, to the City *Heaven* went.
 One *Scoblant*, as he to his Tryal past,
 Said thus; Would God that I might be the last
 That thus might suffer death; O that my blood
 Might satisfy their thirst, if God see good;
 That so the Church of Christ, forlorn, distress,
 Might ever after live, at ease, and rest.
 I now put off this Mantle transitory,
 In hope to wear a robe of lasting glory.
 A Popish Priest, by a religious Dame
 Converted to the faith, spake thus: I came
 To comfort you; but I my self indeed,
 Of you to comfort me have greater need.

Joseph Gand'rin said, Mans life on earth
 is but of two dayes; the first his birth;
 the second, his dying day: and therefore, I
 needs die once: who would refuse to die
 for ever? death and I must kiss:
 each conducteth to eternal bliss.
 Sentence past, he did apart repair,
 poured out his soul to God in pray'r:
 from his hands and face he wash'd the dirt;
 putting on his back a fine white shirt,
 as his fellow-prisoners bespake:
 Men, this is my wedding-day: I make
 my wayward: being come unto the place,
 and three other ready to embrace
 the same death: these four themselves did cheer
 patient suffering, and joyc'd to bear.
 Came a Fryar, under a pretence
 to them: *Christopher* said thus; Hence, hence,
 soul-seducer; from our presence flee;
 we have not any thing to do which thee.
 Must be gag'd? May not our tongues have pow-
 thy, to praise God at our latest hour? (er
 mens they used to frequent: hard ropes
 round their necks, they finished their hopes,
 and sent multitudes of true believers
 sent to be eternal life's receivers.
 In *London*, there a Goldsmith dwelt, his name
Peter Conlogue; whose renowned fame
 spread all o're the town, and ev'ry mouth
 call'd him faithful, if they spake the truth.
 A pious Deacon quickly was beset
 by popish catchpoles; neither would they let
 him enjoy the company of any
 in his own Church; he over-pow'd by many

• Was hurry'd to the Castle, while he staid
 A pris'ner there: once every day his maid
 Brought him his sustenance, till they perceiv'd
 He had much comfort from her lips receiv'd.
 She also was imprison'd, where she found
 Such inward joys as made her heart rebound.
 Now when a lirtle tract of time was spent,
Peter was called forth; who underwent
 Great pains with admirable patience:
 These cruel villains for to recompence
 His maids true zeal, fetch'd *Betkin* to the rack,
 Cruelty undeserv'd! she nothing slack,
 Went cheerfully along; ere she did part
 With life, her tongue thus empty'd out her heart:
 Since needs I must sustain afflictions rod,
 First suffer me to pray unto my God.
 This they consented to; she scap'd a scouring
 By this; for whilst she out her pray'rs was pouring,
 One of the then-Commissioners fell down
 Into an irrecoverable swoon.
 This miracle was hush'd, as though in vain
 'Twas sent: now to their cruelty again;
 Examples will not take; they'll not be turn'd,
 They are condemned, and they must be burn'd.
 The people wept; *Peter* and *Betkin* pray'd
 To God for strength: the courage of the maid
 Did work so kindly on the well-affected,
 That breaking through (the danger unrespected)
 The throng'd crowd, they the pris'ners did embrace
 And praised God for his supporting grace;
 Then spake to this effect: Fight on, fight on,
 The crown prepared you shall wear anon.
 These words spake *Betkin* (with a brow as clear
 As day) My Bretheren and sisters dear,

See you to Gods word, be obedient still,
 And fear not them who can the body kill,
 Not hurt the soul; but rather fear him, who
 Hath power to kill the soul and body too,
 And sling them into hell. I go to meet
 My glorious Spouse, wrap'd in a fiery sheet.
 Then falling on their knees, they sent their prayers
 As welcome-guests to Gods attentive ears.
 Bound to the stake, they prais'd the Lord; the flame
 Sent up their souls to heav'n, from whence they came.
William of Nassau Prince of Orange, by
 A bloody villain shot, did thus let fly
 His latest words: O God, my God, condoul
 My wounded state, take pity on my soul,
 On my departing soul; O spare, O spare
 The Spanish people, though they sinful are.
 These words no sooner out, his soul forsook
 His earthly, and an heavenly Mansion took.

 SECT. XXVI.

The Modern Persecution of the Church in Germany, since the year 1630.

TH'Imperialists, when they by storm had gain'd
Paswalick town, the Swedish souldiers brain'd:
 At the inhabitants their fury lavish'd,
 And in the open street, they females ravish'd,
 Nay, child-bed women too; they slew the men
 And fired o're their heads their houses then.
 They massacred Divines, and burned down
 The Christian Churches, and at last the town.

n. Chr. *Tilly* and *Pappenheim* became a scourge
 531. Unto the famous City *Magdenburge* :
 Her goodly structures and aspiring Towers
 Were burn'd down in the space of twice six hours,
 Without the least respect to old and young,
 Were six and twenty thousand slain, burnt, flung
 Into the river *Elve* : by sev'ral wayes
 The torturers abridg'd poor Christians dayes.
 Ladies and Gentlewomen yok'd together,
 Forc'd into woods, in frosty snowy weather,
 Were ravish'd there, strip'd, whip'd, and with a scold
 Disanis'd, while others had their ears crop'd off.

n. Chr. *Hexter* is taken, and the Popish rage
 534. † Hew'd all in pieces, either sex, and age,
 All serv'd alike : what the flesh-eating sword
 Had left unspoil'd, the greedy flame devour'd.
 At *Griphenburge* the Senators were starv'd ;
 The *Heidleburg*-Divines and Bourgers serv'd
 With onely bread and water. Like dogs not men
 Were the *Frankendales* us'd. In *Pomerou*
 The poor inhabitants were forc'd to eat
 Up their own excrements : unpleasing meat !
 Many suspected to have hidden Gold,
 Or silver, suff'ered torments manyfold ;
 With cords the heads of some they wound about,
 And twisted them until the blood did sprout
 Out of their eyes, ears, noses ; nay, unto
 Tongues, Cheeks, Breasts, Legs, and secret parts they
 Tie burning matches, yea, the parts of shame (do
 Stuff'd with gun-powder, burst with horrid flame,
 With knives and bodkins they do plink the skin
 And flesh of some, draw stiff cords out and in,
 Some roasted were with gentle fires, some smok'd
 Like bacon-hogs ; others hot Ovens chok'd ;

ds and feet of some so hard were girted,
 in their fingers ends and toes there spirted
 cious drops. They ty'd the arms and legs
 together backwards, and with rags
 up their mouths, because they should not pray.
 ing up by the privy members; they
 their outcries, did with tear-chroat tones,
 l to drown their lamentable mones.
 ruptures? they enlarg'd their pain
 g gunpowder: they faces plain
 usels; and detestful some men
 sence of their wives and children.
 stark naked through the streets are drag'd,
 ded with axes, hammers; some are gag'd
 iking water, Urine, and the like,
 down their throats, till sudden sickness strike
 vell-nigh'd dead: their bellies beyond measure
 ll'd, did swell, and so they dy'd by leaseure.
 others throats they knotted clouts constrain,
 ith a packthread, pull them up again,
 displacing of their bowels; some
 by't made deaf, or blinde, or lame, or dum'b.
 ave their legs sawn off; and others have
 members dislocated; those that crave
 lest assistance, are enforc'd to call
 e Dev'l for help, or none at all.
 the husband pleaded for his wife,
 wife beg'd but for her husbands life,
 ike the intercessor, and likewise
 iate him before the others eyes.
 ay by their hard frications
 ar'd the legs, unto the very bones:
 bound backward by the arms, were hung
 se distorted parts; both old and young

Rather desired to be shot, or slain,
 And so die in an instant, then remain
 Alive, and be partakers of such woes
 As they were like to feel; for Ah! their foes
 Took away all their corn; in stead of bread,
 On roots and water, they were glad to feed.
 And other some, stripp'd to the very skin,
 Had not one sory ragg, to wrap them in.
 Hence fruitful soils, were utterly destroy'd,
 Cities, and towns, and villages left voyd,
 Or sack'd; all the woods fell'd; the ground untill'd
 And ev'ry Church with desolation fill'd.
 A Reverend Divine, bound to a table,
 Was tortur'd by a cat. VVhat pen is able
 To paint their beastliness? maids, wives, chaste dames,
 They forc'd to prostrate to their lech'rous flames,
 Friends looking on; yea, women great with child,
 In child-bed too: the Churches they defil'd;
 The Bedlam-houses, Hospitals also.
 In *Hessen* land they let the women go,
 After they ty'd about their ears their coats.
 Dead corpses violated were. The Croats
 Devour'd young infants, and the commons brain'd
 On light occasions; scarce a man remain'd
 Alive in many places, that might tell
 The outrage of those furies born in hell.
 God did this land his warning-pieces show,
 Before his murth'ring-pieces gave the blow.
 A blood-red Comet with a flaming beard
 For thirty daies together there appear'd;
 God sent to those, which had so long abhor'd
 His faithfull Pastors, and despis'd his word,
 This ominous Torch, that while asleep they lie
 On the soft pillow of security,

at b^o awoken, and repent, reform
 ;, or otherwise expect a storme,
 by's Ministers, (so ill-befriended,)
 in this formidable signe portended.
 When a blazing Star hung forth,
 in the East, and in the North
 were engag'd, and did contest
 was worsted, this obtain'd the best.
 water turn'd to blood; three Suns
 at once; the thundring of great guns
 'd; two Armyes then by clear day-light
 engaging in a bloody fight.
Munich and *Darmstadt*, blood it rain'd.
 , that houses and stone walls were stain'd
 by trees wept red drops, besmear'd were then
 with sickles of the Harvest-men.
Bomb, a strange tempest batt'ed down
 our hundred houses, in the town;
 fell four; it trees by th' roots up tore,
 within a quarter of an hour.
Oppaw, a great number of Jack-Daws
 fought with their aduanced claws,
 he lasted long, and many Jacks
 down, the country-men replenish'd sacks.
Saxony, a loaf of bread
 by a woman, in the cutting bled.
Magdenburge siege, a captain's wife
 bed dy'd; her body with a knife
 ped open, and her womb did hold
 as big as one of three years old;
 in helmet, and a breastplate on,
 shot also after the French fash'on;
 on his side there hang'd a bullet-pouch.
Munich, if any did but touch

Anno
 1619.

An.Chr.
 1619.

An.Chr.
 1621.

An.Chr.
 1622.

An.Chr.
 1624.

An.Chr.
 1625.

An.Chr.
 1631.

Anno
 1663.

A blood-turn'd stinking fish-pond, he not well
 Could in three dayes wash off the stinking smell
Chr. Two Armyes of strange birds in *Henssen* foug
 35. A randevouz of dogs could not be brought
 T'a peaces; but seeing musqueteers, they joyne,
 For all their guns beat them away, kill'd nine.

SECT. XXVII.

*The Persecution of the Church in France, wh
 began Anno 1524.*

AT *Melden, Paris, Fontains, Lions, Rhon*
 Many were put to death, some burn'd, so
 Into the liquid floods; into the fire (thro
 Others let down by pulleys, did expire;
 Others with Oyl and brimstone were enointed,
 Then burnt; many distong'd, disnos'd dis-joyated
 Some slander'd; some imprison'd were; some rack'
 And they that would not bow, nor give respect
 Unto the Images of molten-lead,
 Passing along the streets, were massacred.
John Clark, through zeal, brake all the Idols do
 That he could light on: in the *Metzian* town,
 Condemn'd he was to die, and first to lose
 His right hand, then his arms, and breasts, and no
 VVhich quietly he bore, pronouncing then
 Their gods are silver, and are made by men:
 At last they burnt him. At the *Castle Vok*
Doctor John Castellane was burned quick.
James Panane one that educated youth,
 At *Paris* dy'd for the professed truth.

John de Caduroe, a renown'd Divine,
 degraded was, and burnt at *Limosine*.
 He *John de Beck*, a Minister at *Troyes*,
 Went through the fire unto eternal joyes.
 & *Rutiers*, *Stephen Brune* for Christ his sake;
 Adjudged was to suffer at the stake;
 He fire was kindled, but the wind so drave
 He flame from him, that he stood up and gave
 A whole hours (space) instructions to the rude
 And easily-seduced multitude:
 They brought Oyl-vessels, and more faggots too;
 He wind continu'd, and all would not do.
 Vix that, the hangman struck him on the head;
 To whom he thus: And must I then indeed
 Be beaten like a dog? as well as I,
 You know by fire I am condemn'd to die.
 He was thrust through, and in the fire thrown down,
 And his left ashes in the Air were strown.
 He *Bourdeaux*, *Aymond de Lavoy* accus'd,
 His friends advis'd his flight, but he refus'd.
 Not so, said he, I shall be thought absurd
 To feed men with vain dreams, not Gods pure word.
 Whereas I fear not, as a truths defender,
 My soul and body too up to surrender.
 He pains he said, This body once must die,
 My spir't shall live, and that eternally.
 He swooned, but recover'ing, said he,
 Oh Lord, Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?
 They, said the president, thou art mistook
 Curs'd Lutherane, thou hast thy God forsook:
 Mas good masters, why, why do you so
 Torment me? Lord, they know not what they do:
 Pardon them I beseech thee. See, said thus
 The Pres'dent, how this Caitiff prays for us:

The Frier drew neer, and he (condemn'd) began
 To God, not you, will I confess my sins.
 O Lord, make hast to help; do not despise
 Thine-handy work. My brethren, I advise
 You that are Scholars, to improve your youth
 In learning of the everlasting truth:
 Labour to know what is Jehovahs will,
 And fear not them that can the body kill,
 Not hurt the soul: my flesh (too weak) withst
 My spir't; which Lord-I give into thine hands.
 With that he strangled was, his body burn'd,
 His soul until the day of Doom adjourn'd.
 One *Bribard*, to a Card'nal Secretary,
 And *William Hufson* an Apothecary
 Had, for their scattering good books about,
 And cleaving to the truth, their tongues cut out
 Then with a pully pulled up and down
 Into the fire, they dy'd, but gain'd a crown.
Anno 1544. *James Cobard*, having prov'd the Mass a fable,
Anno 1545. Was at *St. Michael* burnt. *Stephen Polliot*
Anno 1546. Suffred at *Paris*. * *Michael Michelot*
 Was put unto his choice, either to turn
 * 1547. And lose his head, or persevere, and burn.
 He answer'd, God who caus'd him not to tire,
 Would give him patience to abide the fire.
Anno 1548. *Blondel* a Merchant that profess'd Christs name,
 Condemn'd at *Paris*, yeilded to the flame.
Anno 1549. One *Hubert*, a young man, who did rely on
 Christ *Jesus* merits, suffered at *Dyon*.
Anne Audebays drag'd forth, said thus; This
 My wedding-girdle is, wherewith I hope
 To be conjoyn'd to Christ: I was first marry'd
 Upon a Saturday, and now have carry'd

another Saturday, wherein
 (glad day!) be married again,
 the dung-Cart sang, and in the fire
 instance Spectators did admire.
loyent Venote, that had four years lain
 in prison, where all kinds of pain
 and overcome; for seven weeks space
 of confinement to such a narrow place,
 he could neither stand (with ease) nor ly
 distinguish'd, he in the fire did die.
benet, a young man, was rack'd so long,
 the man grew a weary: one among
 spectators wept. They bare him to be burn'd,
 he said, Friends, if he would yet be turn'd,
 he said, Friends, I am in my way
 O do not hinder me I pray.
Isabew Dimonpl, Simon Lalos,
et Serre, did torments undergo.
 men at *Niavern*, had their tongues pull'd out;
 he was pleas'd to bring it so about,
 they spake plain, We bid the world, flesh, sin,
 vil farewell, never to meet again;
 nitrous, and gunpowder bring a fresh
 salt on, salt on this stinking flesh:
 persisting constant till the last,
 souls to heaven, their earth to ashes past.
Wilbert Haaulin fed the cruel flame,
Nicholas of Jewvil did the same.
 he did a Christian congregation
 enough much sorrow: by the Mediation
 Palat'aate Prince, and Switzers, some
 men (hardly) escaped Martyrdome.
Abin, Provense, multitudes were kill'd;
 in other places blood was spill'd:

Anno
 1551.

An.Chr.
 1553.
 An.Chr.
 1554.

Anno
 1557.
 An.Chr.
 1558.

And yet the Church, the more it was suppress'd
Like to a Palm, still more and more encreas'd,

SECT. XXVIII.

*The Persecution in the time of the Civil War
which began Anno 1562.*

THe Duke *de Guise*, as he upon a day
Tow'rds *Paris* past, took *Vassy* in his way
His ears informing him there was a Bell
That rang to service in a Barn, he fell
Thereon with all his troops; his widened throat
Bawl'd out, Kill, death of God, each Huguenot
Some then with bullets, some with swords, were
Some hang'd; the heads of others cleft in twa
Some lost their arms and hands; some shre
To feed upon; above twelve hundred souls (6
Of all degrees, and ranks, were kill'd: so don
The Duke to *Paris* march'd, and seiz'd upon
The King himself, and fill'd with abuses
The places set apart for pious uses,
Roan taken by him, was for three dayes sack'd
The Citizens thereof disliv'd, and rack'd.
Then menacing to ruinate *Orleanes*,
A young man shot him, to deliver *France*,
From his great violence. Peace was procur'd
A happy Peace, but it not long endur'd:
The Popish party banishing all pity,
Kill'd all, spar'd none in the *Lusitan* City,
At *Amiens*, the slain were thrown in brook
All Bibles burn'd and Divin'cy books.

Meaux, Sens, Mans, they drag'd some on the
 id dash'd aginst the walls the little ones: (stones,
 me had their houses level'd with the ground,
 ndreds were massacred, starv'd, hang'd, or drown'd,
 any were hal'd to Mass; and some re-wedded,
 bes re-baptized; others were beheaded.

Bar they rip'd up many breasts, and draw'd
 ns hearts thereout, & with their teeth them gnaw'd.

VVhen Malicorn, Montargis town had got,

slew the towns-men, and with Cannon-shot

reatned the Lady *Rbene* to batter down

r Castle, if she did the Christians own,

x give them up to him: the Princess stout,

avely reply'd: Look what you go about,

harge you, for there's no man in this Realm

he King excepted) that can overwhelm

/ pinace, with the waves of a command:

nd if your battery go on, I'll stand

r breach, to try, whether or no you dare

us kill the daughter of a King: I fear

ur threats? not I: I want nor means, nor power

venge me on your boldness, and devour

ur murderious heart, and utterly deface

e infants, of your most rebellious race.

hen Malicorn thus heard the Lady say,

pulled in his horn, and sneak'd away.

Angers into rivers some were thrown,

me executed: a gilt Bible shown

on an halbard was, and this they sang,

hold how well the Hug'nots truth doth hang;

rk what the everlasting God, will tell;

hold the truth of all the devils in hell:

ey throw't i'th' river, and renew'd their sound;

hold! the truth of all the devils drown'd.

At *Ablevilly, Angers, Poix, Auxerre,*
 At *Trois, Crant, Nevers, Chastillon, and Bar*
 In *Bloys, Tholouse,* as also *Carcaffon,*
 Many outrageous villainies were don.

At *Sens, and Tours,* hundreds were put to slaughter
 Some hang'd up by one foot, and in the water
 Their heads and breasts: the bowels are pluck'd out
 Their rip'd-up bellies, and are thrown about
 The mi'ry streets: they torture ev'ry joynt,
 And stick their hearts upon their daggers point.
 A Counsellor was hang'd, at the request
 Of his own father, (O unnat'ral brest!)

uno
 562.

By the Parisian Senators decree,
 The bells are sounded, and the Christians be
 Destroy'd in ev'ry place, all their estates
 Seiz'd on by Catholicks and runagates.
 In *Lignenl* some they hang'd. The village *Aut*
 They set one fire, and joy'd to see it blaze.

Augustine Marlorate was hang'd at *Rbons,*
 Where streets with slaughter'd carkasses were strown
 In *Gailiac,* from a steep precipice
 Many were flung down headlong, in a trice (crash'd
 Caught break-neck falls. In *Souraze* some were
 With lime, and down their throats had Urin
 One *Peter Roch,* they buried alive (ram'd

Within his self-made grave. They did deprive
 Many of all they had, others were crown'd
 With thorns; and others in a well were drown'd.

One Captain *Durre,* a godly widdow told
 Unless she would produce her hid-up gold,
 He'd rost her quick, and after throw her down
 From the sublimest tower in the town.

Well (said she) though I fall, yet shall I stand
 Supported by the Lord Almighty's hand.

He made her drink his piss; then in her face
 Flung the remainder, and withall the glass.
 He claps her up, more torments to abide
 Her friends redeem'd her, but she shortly d.^d.
 The Prot^tants of *Valognes*, their dear lives lost,
 And souldiers in their houses rul'd the rost.
 In *Mascon, Bourst Bor*, a rare Divine, (shine.
 Scoff'd, beaten, drown'd, Lamp-like in heav'n doth
 Monsieur *Valognes* a Minister, they kill'd,
 And spurn'd his naked corps: the Mass-Priests fill'd
 His mouth and wounds with Bible-leaves, and said,
 Preach thou Gods truth, now invoke his aid.
Montuc at *Reims* brain'd sucking infants, then
 The mothers; hang'd above five hundred men.
 They sprinkled salt upon the bleeding wounds
 Of one poor mangled man. *Montuc* confounds
 The Protestants in fight, the prisoners
 He hangs, especially the Ministers.
 Captain *Lamoths*, he stabs; that will not do,
 He thrusts him with a rapier, through, and thro:
 And his blasphemous mouth these words lets fly,
 Villain, thou in despite of God shalt die.
 He prov'd a liar, though the man endur'd
 Such mortal wounds, yet was he strangely cur'd.
 In *Limoux, Grenoble, Beaun, Ciferon,*
Norway, and Auvange, many undergoa (Quills?
 Hard usage, Ah! what hearts? what tongues? what
 Can think, can speak, can write, those worst of ills?
 Females were ravish'd: others drown'd: some kill'd,
 Their houses with unruly souldiers fill'd.
 Hundreds of women, nay, and children too
 Like harmless sheep unto the slaughter go.
 Those so blasphemous that would not be constrain'd,
 Were with the butt-end of a musket brain'd,

Or hewn as small as herbs unto the pot ;
 Others thrown out at windowes, others shot.
 A fair young woman, after much disgrace,
 Was ravished before her husbands face ;
 Then forc'd to hold a rapier wherewith
 One made her, her own husband kill. A Smith
 Because he would not give the devil his soul,
 Bing on his anvil laid, they beat his poul
 In pieces with great hammers ; some were crush'd
 To death with weights, others were harquebush'd.
 They dash'd brest-sucking babes against the walls,
 And slew the crazy in the hospitals,
 No sex, nor age, nor quality they let
 Go free : all, all was fish that came to net.

The Massacre at Paris,

Anno 1571.

WHen the third Civil War in *France* was end
 A Massacre at *Paris* was intended,
 And put in execution : first of all
 They set upon and slew the Admiral ;
 The watch-word was, the tolling of a bell,
 Which rang by break aday : the cut-throats fell
 On the attendants of the King of *Navar*,
 And Prince of *Conde* ; not the least of favour
 Was shew'd to any they knock'd down and brain
 Ten thousand persons : *Seine's* swift streams w
 With the effused blood ; the streets were pay'd (sai
 With mangled bodies, not a man was sav'd

hood-hounds met with ; Pistols, Poinards,
 ss, Pikes, did make away with lives. (Knives,
 skets bouncings ! Oh the horrid tones
 ling murth'ers mix'd with dying groans !
 ds and Gentlemen were murth'ered
 their houses roofs, and some in bed.
 ce (this persecution so increas'd)
 irry thousand Massacred at least.
 to some particulars descend ;
 onfieur *de la Place* was brought this end.
 ter *Ramus* with his life did part,
 ings Professour in that subtile Art)
 from the chamber window, trail'd about
 ets, and whip'd, his bowels falling out.
 a snatched up a little child,
 oy'd, and played with his beard, and smil'd,
 hard hearted wretch !) not mov'd at all,
 ut his sword, and stabbed it withall,
 t it all gore-blood into the river :
 awns an infant's heart, and he the liver.
 oestants, as did through fear revolt,
 the fore-front, give the first assault,
 be kill'd themselves. Some had their grease
 ut and sold. They us'd such blasphemies :
 s now your God ? are Psalmes and Prayers
 ? sure he is either deaf, or dumb. (come
 come save you, if he can : they cry'd,
 them all, and let's the spoil divide.
 arful shrikes, and outcries were there then ;
 by these Devils in the shapes of men ?
 reaking up of doors ? what noise of guns
 ance was there heard ? confusion runs
 treet ; what trampling of War-Horses ?
 ing of Carts, that bore away dead coarces !

The

The Papists, in this massacre confess'd,
 That they slew eighteen thousand at the least.
 Some of them boasted in the streets aloud,
 Th'ad dy'd their doublets in the Hug'aots blood,
 At *Toulouse*, they the call'd-out pris'ners slay,
 Not suffering them to speake, much less to pray.
 VVhen the Parisian massacre was known,
 At *Bordeaux* the like cruelty was shown.
 How sad was it to see poor Protestants
 VVander now here, now there, and none their want
 Supply! Alas unparalleled woes!
 Rejected by their friends, destroy'd by foes!

 SECT. XXIX.

The siege of Sancerre, Anno Christi
 1573.

THE Chastrian Lord besieging *Sancerre* town,
 His thundring cannons play'd, and batter'd down
 Her stony walls; the shiver'd timber flew
 Continually about, yet none it flew. (shot
 Some had their hats, breeches, and coats through
 Themselves not hurt nor prejudic'd one jot.
 The siege endured long; at last, through want,
 Horse-flesh was turn'd to food; which growing scarce
 The Twons-men fed on dogs, cats, rats, mice, moles,
 Hides, parchments, halts, Lantern-horns, roots, coals,
 Their bread was made of straw-meal; they did buy
 Them pottage of old Oyatments, grease and Oyl.
 And when these fail'd, they pounded nutshells, flax,
Eat mens dung fry'd: ho! these were precious meals!

and his wife were put to th'slaughter,
; on their famish-starved daughter.
; corn by stoldred brought to town,
id was valued at half a crown.
I did but eighty four persons slay,
e half a thousand swept away.
Ie rather to resign their breath
ords point, then famish'd be to death.
ts look'd upon with grief of heart
dren, but could no relief impart.
five years old, neer spent with hunger,
bout the streets ; but when no longer
feet could bear him, down he fell
parents sight: 'tis sad to tell
ur of their souls, and how their eyes
s, when they did feel his with' red thighs.
the child, Father and mother dear,
an you so to weep ? for Gods sake spare
blefs drops, and do'nt my cause bemone;
read, as knowing you have none :
t is Gods will, that I should rest
death as this ; his name be blest :
I (mother) in my Bible read,
'w wants ? and that was all he said.
d stirr'd up the Polonians,
e poor distress'd Sancerrians.
; their arms and goods might go away ;
as would, might without trouble stay.

The siege of Rochel Anno 1573.

Rochel besieg'd, the towns-men fall'd out,
And often put the en'my to the rout.
In one months space the foe lay'd on so hot,
That more then thirteen thousand Cannon-shot
Discharg'd against the Rochellers, which held
Out siege so long, till famine them compell'd
T' unlawful meats, all their provision spent:
But O admired Providence! God sent
Them fishes, and in such abundant store,
The like was never seen nor heard before:
As soon as the edict for Peace came out,
(Which Legates sent from *Poland* brought about
They went away, and ne're return'd again.
Divers great Lords and Gentlemen were slain
During this siege: commanders full sixscore,
And twenty thousand souldiers or more,
That did from bloody Massacres retire,
Receiv'd at *Rochel* their deserved hire.
120 King *Charles* himself fall'n sick, & his mother cry'd
74. Madam, I pray revenge my foes, then dy'd.
130 *Rochel* expecting help in time of need
28. From *England*, *England* prov'd a staff of reed
Which ran into their hands, whilst they depended
Too much thereon; the City (ill befriended)
B'ing close besieged by the King of *France*,
And his adherents, the inhabitants
Shrewdly put to't, for want of better meat;
Did horses, dogs, cats, rats, and leather eat.
The poorer sort of people wanting bread,
Upon the buttocks of the dead did feed.

maids did look with such a wrinkled brow,
th they had a hundred years ran through.
the English, when the French had took
r, like Anatomies did look.

was it to see, their hollow eyes
gre cheeks, lank bellies, withr'ed thighs?
ke of wheat at twenty pounds was rated;
l of bread, worth one pound estimated;
r of a sheep did six pounds utter;
ty shillings bought a pound of butter;
poor egge, eight shillings was layd down;
e of sugar, yielded half a crown.
fish given for a piece in gold;
f French-Wine, for as much was sold;
l of grapes, thrice twelve pence; milk but fil-
ot full, valu'd at thirty shilling, &c. (ling

* The prices
of things.

SECT. XXX

*Persecution of the Church of Christ in the
Valdaine, Anno Christi 1620.*

bloody Papists, in the *Valdaine*
ising in arms, did furiously combine
ription of the Christian train;
d some in *Alba*, others they did brain-
ne, and strangled others; some they bet-
rotty clubs; and many that they met
humanely murth'ed; some they drew
their naked beds, and did imbrew
ands in their effused gore; they slit
uths of some up to their ears; and hit

Others

amirico
erte.

Others with the Strappado ; some were hack'd
To pieces ; others slash'd ; and others rack'd.
One was compell'd to ride upon an Ass,
His face turn'd to the tail, and he to pass
The market-place, holding in's hand the tail
As'twere a bridle ; some when food did fail
Were famished ; others were ston'd, or drown'd
Some had their very bones, to powder ground.
Thus having made a quick dispatch at *Tol*,
These profane wretches, marched thence, and fell
Upon the Protestants at Church elsewhere,
Kill'd old and young, and shew'd no mercy there
To Lords, nor Gentlemen ; to death they shot
The Ministers : Ladies and Children, got
Into the Bell-free for security :
The place is fired ; and by fire, they die.
The Popish party under a pretence
Of sending for the Protestants defence
At *Sondres* (yet for all they kept a pother)
They one destroyed now, and then another ;
As if it had bin done by accident,
Concealing their malevolous intent :
Then did they fall to plunder, and imbrew,
Their hands in blood, all those they met they slew.
There was a Noble Lady which refus'd
The Romish faith : to whom such words they us'd
Madam, out of the tender love you bear
To your young infant, in your arms, give ear
To us, or else you shall be kill'd together.
But she undaunted, thus ; I came not hither
To abnegate my faith, nor left I all
I had behind in *Italy*, to fall
From my first principles ; yea, I will rather
Suffer a thousand deaths ; my heavenly father

See

w'd not his son, but up to death him gave,
 and such sinners as I am to save ;
 w shall I then regard this babe of mine ?
 foe, said she, into the hands of thine
 ive my little child : God which takes care
 r the wing'd Cit'zens of the liquid Air,
 much more able to save this poor child,
 ough you should leave it on these mountains wild.
 lacing then her gown, she bar'd her brest,
 id said, Here is the body ; you may feast
 ur swords therewith : to kill it you have power,
 y soul is Gods, it can you not devour.
 ey slay the mother, and the infant spare,
 omitting it t'a Popish nurses care.
 ay that did refuse to go to Mass,
 ere dragged to the mountaines tops (Alas!)
 nd thrown thence headlong down: for want of food
 hers were famish'd ; into *Adas's* flood
 me flung from bridges ; and with corpses dead
 he woods and mountains ev'rywhere were spread.
 Noble Virgin, through the streets was led
 disgracefully ; they put upon her head
 A paper-mitre, buffeted her cheeks,
 and so besmear'd her face with dirt, (that leeks
 light grow thereon) then was she bid to call
 on the Saints ; she smiling said, All, all
 my hope, my trust, and my salvation
 in my Saviour Jesus Christ alone.
 As for the Virgin *Mary*, 'tis confest
 he is above all other women blest ;
 Yet is she not omniscient, and therefore
 Knowes not what we request, what we implore :
 Tea she her self her own son's merits needed,
 And had bin dama'd, had he not interceded.

Christ

Christ hath despis'd the cross, endur'd the shame
And so will I, thrice blessed be his name,
His holy name; with that, these villains drew
Into the fields, and barbarously slew her.
Then came a letter from a Governour,
That these blood-suckers should with all their
Destroy both in the country and in City
All that were Lutherans, without all pity.
Whereat destroying all at *Tyrane, Tell,*
Bruse, Sondres, and Malenco, they more fell
Then *Hyrcau Tygres,* fell on *Birbenno,*
Caspans, Traben, slaying high and low.
They kill'd a man, and's wife. A cradled child
Fair and well-favour'd, in their faces smit'd;
They took her by the heels (not mov'd at all)
And dashed out her brains against the wall.
At *Bruse,* a very aged Matron was
Solicited by them, to go to *Mals,*
And have respect unto her age, not die;
To whom she answer'd; God forbid that I
Who have one foot already in the grave,
Should now forsake my Lord, my Christ, who
Me to be constant in his truth profess,
And upon sublunary creatures rest.
Shall mens traditions, or Gods holy word
Take place? so said, they slew her with the sword.

S E C T. XXXI.

*recutions of the Church in Scotland,
began, Anno Christi 1527.*

Mr. *Patrick Hamilton* by name,
ung from an honourable stock, became
linister; his holy zeal
spisef Mysteries reveal
vink'd souls, so long untill at last
d Bishops him in prison cast:
condemnation, he was brought
on; his cap, gown, and coat,
his servant, and exhorted him
e all for Christ; yea, life and lim.
the stake, he cry'd, For Christ his merit,
: pleased to receive my spirit:
shall clouds of darkness overwhelm?
d I how long shall foes oppress this realm?
ca; *Unto our Lady pray;*
gins, say, &c. Away, away,
mps; God hears me in the flame:
ent up to heav'n to praise Gods Name. ;
nverted, said, O Lord I have
d, and deserv'd thy wrath, yet save;
ne, for fear of corp'ral pain,
deny thee, or thy truth again;
nd Mr. *Norman's* person bring.
them in the presence of the King.
ds the Bishop of *Dunkeld* us'd
an *Perres* (whom the Fryers accus'd)

My joy, Dean *Thomas*, I do love thee well,
 And therefore take the liberty to tell
 Thee of thy faults; I am inform'd you do
 Preach the Epistle, nay the Gospel too,
 Each Sunday to your people; and refuse
 To take from them (as a reward) your dues;
 Which prejudicial to the Church-men is.
 My joy, Dean *Thomas*, I advise you this;
 Take tythes, or else it is too much to preach
 But once a week: for if thou gratis teach,
 May not the people think that we likewise
 Should do the same? *Tom*, be not so precise;
 It is enough for you when you have found
 A good Epistle and Gospel, to expound
 The liberty of holy Church express'd
 Therein, and 'tis no matter for the rest.
Thomas reply'd: My Lord, if I abstain
 From tythes, will my parishioners complain?
 I know they will not: and whereas you say,
 It is too much to preach each Sabbath-day,
 I think it is too little, for my part;
 And from the very bottom of my heart
 Wish, that your Lordship would be pleas'd to
 Such pains as that. Nay, nay, Dean *Thomas*,
 The Bishop then, no orders do us reach.
 Whereas, said *Thomas*, you do bid me preach
 When a good Chapter I do light upon;
 I've read them over all, and finde not one
 That's bad amongst them; shew me where the
 And at your shewing I will pass them by.
 I bless God, said the Bishop, I ne're knew
 What was the Testament nor old nor new;
 And I will not know any thing at all,
 Saving my Portvise, and Pontifical.

your wayes, and cease so much to prate,
 I repent you, when it is too late.
 And *Thomas*, that my cause is clear
 eyes; therefore, what need I to fear?
 He went his way. But when time's glass
 a little more, he burned was.
 bloody clouds were rais'd, Religion's raies
 with in *Scotland*, in those worst of daies:
 by reading (comfort flowing thence)
 by fraternal conference;
 enraged the Papists, that they came
 at four noted persons in one flame;
James Ruffes, that profess the truth,
Alexander Kennedy, a youth, (panted
 ought to Judgement: *Kennedy's* heart
 at first, and would have fain recanted.
 no hopes was left, God's Spirit reviv'd
 his soul; yea inward comforts striv'd
 themselves, both in his face and tongue:
 lying on his knees, these words out sprung:
 O Lord! What love hast thou to all express'd,
 to me vile wretch, above the rest!
 I have not tasted of thy clemency
 in high degree (O Lord) as I!
 How when I would deny thy power,
 as Christ, thy Son, my Saviour,
 I hang'd my self all over head and ears
 in flaming flames, (unquench'd with tears)
 thy hand hath not suffer'd me to dwell
 in black subjects of the Prince of hell:
 that was of late with fear oppress'd,
 now thee a joy, enamel'd breast.
 O death, do with me as you please;
 for God I am ready, death's an ease.

Then railed they on him, and *Jerom*, who
 Said also unto them, Miscall us, do ;
 This is your hour and power to command ;
 Yee sit as Judges, we as guilty stand :
 But know, a day will come shall clear our blame ;
 And yee (curs'd yee) to your eternal shame
 Shall see your blindness. Go on forward still,
 Till you the Ephah of your sins up fill.
 No sooner were they both condemn'd to die,
 But *Jerom* comforted young *Kennedy* :
 Brother (said he) fear not, he that indwells
 Our souls, him that is in the world excels ;
 The pain we here indure is light and short,
 But we shall have unfading glory for't.
 O strive we then (though many rubs annoy)
 To enter in unto our Masters joy :
 And, with our Saviour, pass the narrow road
 Which few shall finde ; the way to hell is broad.
 We die for Christ, and Christ hath death subdu'd,
 Death cannot hurt us : hence we may conclude
 We are the members ; and if Christ our head
 Be risen, can the members long lie dead ?
 Thus death, and Satan, under-foot they trod,
 And in the flame, breath'd up their souls to God.
 At *Edenburgh* the cruel Card^l *Beson*
 Hang'd some, upon suspicion they had eaten
 Goose on a Friday ; and above the rest,
 A woman with her suckling at her breast,
 He drown'd for being scrupulous and wary
 Of making prayers to the Virgin *Mary*.
 He sent into exile some Christian brothers ;
 And at *St. Johnstons* he imprison'd others.
Mr. George Wischard, a Divine, whose worth
 Wan him much admiration in the North,

uno

143.

ank deeply of afflicions cup,
 in the flames surrendred up
 to its donour. God fulfill'd
 fy, the Cardinal was kill'd.
 y *Wallace*, as an Heretick
 d to be burnt, was burned quick.
 y *Ferris*, betrayed by a Fryar,
 and had the end of his desire.
 ant to one *Walter Mill*, who pray'd,
 r *Walter*. Prayers don, he said,
 s *Walter* if you call me right,
 too too long a Popish Knight.
 sev'n Sacraments? Give me but two
 d all the rest I leave to you.
 recant? he answer'd, I am corn,
 and will not be i'ch' truth out-bor'd;
 o th'stake. Said he, I may not kill
 t put me in, and bear I will;
 resolution. Having made
 to God, he to the people said,
 : be confess'd, that I have bin
 Satan, and a slave to sin,
 t that, that doth my suff'rings cause,
 observing God's just Laws.
 God out of his abundant grace
 ur me so farr, as (in this place)
 re seal (what others not withstood,)
 profession with my dearest blood.
 is as you'd escape eternal doom,
 ill happy in the life to come,
 :hbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Priors,
 : any more, for they are Lyars.
 alone, O always make his power
 your bulwark of defence, your tower.

Anno
 1546.
 Anno
 1550.
 Anno
 1553.

So slep'd he in the Lord: and was the last
In *Scotland* that the fiery tryal past.

SECT. XXXII.

*The Persecution of the Church in Irel
Anno Christi 1642.*

THe furious Archbishops, Abbets, Pryon
False Jesuites, Romish Priests, and kn
Stirr'd up rebellion by their instigation, (F
Against the English in the Irish Nation.
And when they thought their malice had invent
Such thriving plots, as could not be prevented,
They in their publick prayers recommended
The good success of their designs, which tend
To the advancement of the Cath'lick cause,
And told the people 'twas no time to pause.
Their nation over-run with hereticks;
Call'd Protestants sworn foes to Catholicks;
Who were not to be suffered alive
Amongst them; and for any to deprive
Them of their breaths, the crime was not more g
Then to destroy a dog: to give them meat,
Or yield to them relief at any time.
'Twas mortal, O unpardonable crime!
Romes Doctrine they pretended to suppress,
And root out those that did the same profess;
They Laws would make, they thought, should
All Pop'ry, after *Englands* good example. (can
Observe we how their words and deeds did vary
Said one thing, but did act the quite contrary.

they fall to murtherous blows, and glory,
 them from the pains of Purgatory :
 spake English the least mercy found ;
 h language was a loathed sound :
 d'd to scowre the Irish borders
 supposed Authors of disorders.
 stants ! some were to exile packt ;
 ; 'twas thought a meritorious act
 se Devils in the shapes of men,
 y called them ;) not one of ten
 ir churches : what a deal of good,
 t does us, thus to bath in blood !
 : injurious wretches are destroy'd
 , and their habitation voyd,
 for *England* ; have at *England* them ;
 t leave alive one English man.
 : should be of our lives bereav'd,
 y our souls would fly to heaven. (fall,
 id such scoundrels breath? to work let's
 way their lives, estates, and all.
 man, woman, child, base rogues and
 rag on, turn them out of doors. (whores,
 y shelter them ; but woods and caves
 heir dwellings, but shall be their graves,
 A——But many by the high-ways side,
 f sustenance fell down, and dy'd :
 thousands that for succour fled
 by that time they came there, were dead ;
 : horrid Massacres, would make
 tingle, and the heart to ache.
 b, and *Tyrone*, this barbarous rage
 her rich nor poor, nor sex, nor age :
 ere many thousands did expire
 by water, famine, or by fire.

Some had their guts rip'd out, some drag'd thro bogs;
 Young children thrown to be devour'd by dogs.
 If any chanc'd to beg but leave to pray, (way
 And kneeled down, they lost their heads straight
 Some in dark dungeons lie; others half slain,
 Earnestly beg'd to be rid out of pain.
 They cover'd some alive with dirt, and stones,
 And laugh'd, to hear their lamentable groans.
 Some were from bridges, into rivers flung;
 Others, on tenter-hooks by the chin hung:
 They hang'd up some by th'arms, with their sword
 How long an English-man would be a dying. (trying
 Young infants rip'd out of their mothers womb,
 Were given to the hogs, for to entomb.
 Childrea were forc'd to kill fathers, and mothers;
 Parents, their children; and brothers, brothers;
 Wives their own husbands; husbands their own wives
 And they themselves in fine must lose their lives.
 No mercy's shown, man, woman, no nor child;
 The dead's dig'd up, th'alive in cauldrons boil'd.
 Some had their hands cut off, and eyes pluck'd out;
 Many were left alive, their guts about
 Their very heels: and of some's grease and fat
 Candles were made; while others rosted at
 Slack fires: Nay, boys and women were employ'd
 To perpetrate such deeds, and therein joy'd.
 The Rebels, in the country *Portendown*,
 Did many thousands in the river drown.
 At *Lisgool*, *Tullab*, *Liffenskeab*, and *Cumber*,
 (All Castles) a considerable number
 Were brought unto untimely ends. Man, woman,
 And child was kill'd at *Kilmore* and *Killoman*.
 An ancient dame, which towards *Dublin* went,
 Was strip'd in one day seven times, and sent

27

d, and to her God complain,
 he could, cloath her again:
 exil'd; these murth'rous *Cains*: (skeins.
 tab'd others with their swords, forks,
 'rotestants in snowy weather
 k naked, perish'd all together,
 and hunger; many that were sick,
 it of their beds, and hang'd up quick.
Lis, they hanged in the Air,
 ughter by the mothers hair.
 itadel they fir'd
 ians heads therein retir'd;
 s'd their joy: Behold, how high
 int, O how sweetly do they fry!
 th up to the ears they slit;
 it a Bibles leaf to it,
 each, and teach some pretty stuff,
 l a mouth was wide enough.
 in, her bare skin to hide,
 v about her middle tide;
 oasting how it did enhance
 see the English jade so dance:
ve Addis, and her young child stunk
 d said, Suck English bastard, suck.
 nselves in cellars, caves,
 nurther'd by these hell-ferre slaves;
 ir boast, they pleas'd the devil well
 so many souls to hell.
 and his holy word, likewise,
 ut execrable blasphemies.
 it, and said, They burnt hell-fire;
 soaked others in the mire,
 rem on the owners faces; some
 n, saying, Hence all mischiefs come;

A plague upon them all; in a short time,
We hope to see none in our Irish clime.
They told th' Apostates, that they thought it good
To kill them while they were in a good mood:
Anne Nicholson said boldly she'd not turne;
And rather then she would her Bible burn,
As they would have her, she the death would die;
And did, as it fell out: for by and by
She and her mate was stabb'd; but he that did
The vill'ny, grew immediately distracted,
At *Glasgow* fifty English men and Scots
They made recant, and then cut all their throats.
In *Mayo*, and in *Tiperary* too,
Both Counties, not a few did undergo
All sorts of cruel deaths; these bloody ones
Did slash, hew, hack, and pellet them with stones.
They forc'd some in the Sea (swoln big with water)
To take possession of those watry graves.
In *Sligo*, forty Protestants were strip'd,
And lock'd up in a cellar; then there slip'd
A butcher in (appointed so to do)
And with an axe cleav'd all their heads in two.
Into the Jail belonging to this town,
Poor Protestants were sent, and there knock'd down
About *Dungannon*, *Tyrone*, *Charlemont*,
Hundreds were slain upon the same account.
An Irish Quean kill'd forty five: *Mao Gean*
No less then thirty in one morning slew.
There were above twelve thousand knock'd at home
In the high-ways, as towards *Dans* they fled.
These rogues a Scotch-mans belly did divide,
And having one end of his smal guts tide
Unto a tree, they forc'd him round about
The same so lopp, till they were all drawn out!

they, We'll try which is the longest size,
his guts, or a Scotchmans; O glad eyes!
last year fell nine hundred fifty four
more, afterwards twelve hundred more.
'twixt me O Neal boasted he had kill'd
six hundred at *Gravagh*; and fill'd
the houses with the slain; brain'd old and young
in the Barony of *Monterlong*.

Ister Province, by all sorts of deaths,
hundred fifty thousand lost their breaths.
no man for saying he'd believe the Pope
pouner then the devil, stretch'd a rope.

sunster, many eminent Divines
hanged up. Alas! what woful sights
children made for bread; but they must fast
ed on grass, and then be brain'd at last.

hearts! in what inextricable woes
they involv'd? inexorable foes
v'ry side to bring them to their ends;
had to hear wives, children, servants, friends,
to the ayr their stormy sighs, and groans,
shrieks, their cries and lamentable moans!

! what tongue, is able to relate
ears, and cares, of their afflicted state?
as it, was it not enough almost
break a Christians heart, to hear them boast
mockings down? (said one) my arm's so sore
not lift it up, to brain one more.

her bragg'd, that he abroad had bin,
of the English rogues had kill'd sixteen
as so many kill'd, that they believ'd,
of the very grease and fat which cleav'd
their swords, a man might undertake
fish candle (if he list) to make,

lano
650.

The English are (said they) fit meat for dogs,
Their children bastards, drown them in the bogs
The day's our own, we'll wound their beasts th
Oh 'tis a gallant thing to hear them rore ! (so
Thus have we had a taste of what befe
The Protestants : now they that did rebel
Have ever since by the just hand of God
Bin soundly scourg'd with his severer rod;
He so emasculates their spirits in fight,
That handfuls put innum'rous foes to flight ;
Thousands of them have perish'd by the sword
As many, if not more, the plague devour'd :
The Lord still fights for his ; and will, no doubt
Utterly root up that rebellious rout.

ARTYROLOGIE
Containing
A COLLECTION
Of all the
ERSECUTIONS

Which have befallen
The Church of *England*,
since the first Plantation of the Gospel,
To the end of
Queen M A R I E S Reigne.

By the same AUTHOR.

unt { *Gentiles* } & *Idololatria eorum non a repugnantibus, se*
Papiste } *orientibus Christianis. August. Ep. 42.*
malis presentibus durius deprimor, eo de futuris gaudiis certi
resumo. Gregor.

nothing be terrified by your adversaries, which to
them is an evident token of perdition, but to you
salvation, and that of God, *Phil. 1. 28.*

Printed by *J. Cottrel*. 1657.



To the Right Honourable,
ROTH ROGERS
 ESQUIRE;
 High Sheriff, and Governour of the
 City and County of Hereford:

AND
 TO THE REVEREND,

Mr. { *William Voyle*
William Low
Samuel Smith
George Primrose } Ministers

of Christs Gospel in Hereford.
Grace and Peace be multiplied, &c.

Honoured
 and
 Reverend } Sits;

AS it is the property of ge-
 nerous spirits, not to ex-
 pect an answerable retaliation
 for

form greater. So praying
to fill you with as much hap-
piness both here and hereafter
your hearts can hold, I
my leave of you; but shall
wayes, while I have a tongue
and hand, acknowledge
subscribe myself,

Prolog.

*The second of the
Month April.
MDCLVI.*

Your Honours humble
Servant; and to your
Worthy Friends
much obliged,

Nicholas Billing

Dedication.

nt (I mean the blood of
artyrs) be not so pleasant,
I consequently less desirable,
my hanging out the signes
your honorable names (at
Frontispice of my Book)
I be very effectual to make
endible. Humility in your
es, and charity towards me,
I cover all faults. I know
I are my Honourable and
verend good Friends, and
mici omnia, amice interpre-
tur, so will you this my
od will. Now if it be your
asure to make use of me, I
here prest for your small
vice, till I am able to per-
K form

to thy good-liking ; which, if I may be so
thy, as to obtain from thee, give God the Gl
and I am abundantly rewarded for my pains.

Tours,

N. B.



THE PERSECUTIONS

Of the
Church of *England*,

From the first planting of the
Gospel, to the end of Queen
Maries Reign.

SECT. I.

*The Persecution of the British Church, till the
coming in of the Saxons.*

TO tell exactly who the persons were (year
That first preach'd to the Britains, in what
The Gospel first took root, is past my skill,
The Authors cite them with a differing Quill,
Some say * *Zelotes* preach'd here first of all;
Some *Arimathean Joseph*; others *Paul*;
Peter, and *Damian*, did the Gospel bring
To great *Britain*, *Lucius* the King,

* *Simon
Zelote*

With many of his subjects, did embrace
 The proffer'd Gospel, as the means of grace :
 Converted, and baptiz'd, they overtur'd
 Th' Idol'trous Temples, and the Altars burn'd :
 All superstitious rites they laid aside,
 Advancing Christ : the Scripture was their guide
 And onely rule ; they judg'd nothing fit
 But what had warrant from the Sacred Writ.
 Two hundred sixteen years this faith did flame
 Amongst them till the Pagan Saxons came.
 Religious *Laws* without issue dy'd,
 And now the Barons and the Nobles vy'd
 For King ; and while they for the crown contend
 In step'd the Romans, so the quarrel ended :
 For they usurp'd the crown, and did o'twhelm
 With misery and ruine the whole Realm.
 Sometimes th' Idol'trous Romans bore the sway,
 Sometimes the Christian *Britans* won the day :
 By turns they got the best, by turns they got
 The worst, as Providence did them allot.
 In *Dioclesian's* time, and in the Reign
 Of *Maximian*, the Christians slain
 In *Britany* and elsewhere, did amount
 To sev'nteen thousand. One of great account,
Alban his name, the Proto-Martyr was
 Of *Englands* life ; and many more did pass
 That way he went. Religion decay'd,
 Bibles were burned, and the Churches laid,
 Laid level with the ground ; disord' red orders
 Took place ; and Piety forsook our borders.
 But the fore-named Tyrants over-tir'd
 With bloody butcheries, at last respir'd ;
 Experience telling them, the more they shed
 The Christians blood, the more the faith still

th' went down from the Imperial seat ;
 ; next *Constantine the Great*
 ng in the British government,
 rich was quiet, and enjoy'd content:
 eace continu'd till the Arrian Sect
 elty-affectors did infect.
 God rais'd up the Picts and Scots
 (st'rous nations) and to them alots
 tors wreath : poor *England* was oppress'd,
 for many years enjoy no rest.
 made them send Embassadors to *Rome*
 l complaints, entreating them to come
 hem ; so a Roman Legion came,
 e, making the rest retreat with shame,
 t these coasts ; advising us withal
 betwixt us and the Scots, a wall
 sing builded by the English men,
 an force returned home agen.
 's was brought unto the Picts and Scots
 side of the wall ; they landed boats,
 the country, laid the corn-fields waste,
 : down all before them as they past.
 ans send their Legates unto *Rome*.
 time ; the sent-for souldiers come
 quish'd them ; the rest pur to disorders,
 ly desert the British borders.
 lone, they told the Britans flat and plain,
 ould expect no aid from them again ;
 t stood not with their ease, to take
 and tedious journeys for their sake:
 refore arm your selves, and exercise
 ke feats (said they) if yee be wise :
 ad build you firmer walls, that so
 be able to keep out your foe,

The Romans having took their last farewell
 Of *Britany*, the *Picts* and *Scots* soon fell
 On the re-built walls, and put to flight.
 The trembling *Britains*, no: train'd up to fight.
 They that stood out were barb'rously destroy'd ;
 And all their goods the enemies enjoy'd.
 Lo an *Aceldama* of blood ! what store
 Of slaughter'd *Carkasses*, ev'n swim in gore !
Rome b'ing again solicited to send
 Relief, refus'd ; the *Britains* in the end
 Took heart to gras, when earthly comforts fail'd
 Sought God, and 'gainst their enemies prevail'd ;
 Gave them the total rout ; the *Picts* began
 To keep their bound, save onely now and then
 They inroads made into the Land ; the Land
 At last became under her own command.
 The ground was now manur'd ; the Lord did ble
 Th'industrious *Britains* with a large increase
 Of full-ear'd corn, that such abundant store
 Scarce ever in the Land was seen before.
 But Oh ! mans sinful heart ! this Peace, this Quiet,
 This Plenty, led them to excess, and rior,
 To pride, contention, envy, and the like ;
 God sent the plague among them, which did strike
 So many dead, that the alive were all
 Unable to afford them burial.
 Yet could the judgements that abroad were sent
 Not melt their hearts, nor move them to repent ;
 The death of friends, the danger they were in
 Themselves, but hardened them more in sin ;
 Not work'd their Reformation ; oftentimes,
 Judgements prove Shooing-horns to greater crime
 They wax still worse and worse ; the *Laity* choise,
 And *Clergy* too, to live like ranc'rous foes,

ndring vengeance which upon them fell,
 hing Muse shall in the sequel tell.

S E C T. II.

*Execution of the British Church under the
 in Saxons and English, Anno 429, &c.*

E Britains with ill-neighbours re-infested,
 lead of turning to the Lord, requested
 an Saxons aid, for to oppose
 ng fury of these Northern foes ;
 re, and coming, conquer'd them ; at length,
 ons knowing their sufficient strength
 pow'r the weaker Britains, they
 on them, exacting greater pay,
 re provision, or else they would
 i the Picts, and do the best they could
 their country. This their resolution
 er said, was put in execution :
 lly edifices they destroy'd :
 ists, the while they were employ'd
 e service, were of lives depriv'd,
 'rend Bishops with their flocks disliv'd.
 t their country and beyond Seas fled ;
 i the mountaine tops were murdered.
 n'd with hunger, creeping from their caves,
 on dispatch'd, or made perpetual slaves.
 igh Nobles summoned to treat
 ing peace, did on a fix'd time meet
 isbury ; but by the faithless train
 ons, were most treacherously slain

At *Stonhenge* ; and, that they were bury'd there,
The yet-remaining monuments declare.
Now when the Britans found no other way
Lay open to redress, they fell to pray.
A fast was call'd, and all, with one accord
Humbled their souls, before th' Almighty Lord.
Ambrosius Aurelianus, being chose
To be their King, did profligate their foes ;
And from that day Gods hand appearing glorious,
They went out prosp'rous and return'd Victorious.
At last *Aurelianus* with poyson dead,
Uter Pendragon reigned in his stead ;
He bidding battail to the enemy,
Two of their Chieftains took ; who scaping, fly
To *Belgia* for more aid ; and in the mean
The Saxons flock'd in ; conflicts past between
Th' English and them: now these, and sometimes they
(As Providence saw good) did win the day,
Ossa, and *Cosa*, with a force renew'd
Came o're again ; the Britans are subdu'd ;
Their pastors slain, Churches demolished,
No mercy's shown ; King *Uter* sick in bed,
Seeing his Subjects fall, would needs be brought
Into his camp: so resolutely fought
His souldiers then, they (under God) obtain
The Victors wreath: *Ossa* and *Cosa* slain.
Soon ever this great Victory was won,
Uter of poyson dy'd ; *Arthur* his son
Was crowned King, who twice six Victories
Obtain'd against the Saxon enemies.
His stranger acts, and unbeliev'd success,
As fabulous, I leave ; but questionless
Much peace and safety to the British Isle
Was in his happy reiga enjoy'd ; yet while

were at Peace with others, they agia
 ing to their loathed wayes of sin,
 intestine broils, embracing evil
 of good, and worshipped the Devil,
 the notion of an Angel bright.
 iests withheld the Gospels purer light
 eviating souls ; which soon procur'd
 rath of God (too great to be endur'd)
 out of house and home, no ease, no rest
 found; the Saxons had the Land possess'd,
 r'n'd out all the Christian Divines.
 e, they did in the usurp'd confines,
 p'tarchy erect: These Kings did smother
 ce, fell out and warr'd with one another :
 empow'r'd, they could not well defend
 selves, much less with enemies contend.
Lucius was the first that did receive
 ospel, and in Jesus Christ believe ;
 which time (as't in Chronicles appears)
 in *Britain* full four hundred years :
 indred fourty and three years Gods word
 sold ; but *Austins* comming it restor'd.
 English children being brought to *Rome*,
 to be sold, *Gregory* chanc'd to come
 e market-place : when his fix'd sight
 their lovely cheeks pure red and white
 id for Mastership, he much admir'd
 r so sweet complexions, and enquir'd
 country they were of ; then being told
 ey were English heathens, to be sold
 res : here's choice enough, if any wants,
 'tis pity such inhabitants,
 and so Angelical, should dwell
 jects to the footy Prince of hell.

Anno
 180.

Anno
 598,

Inform'd their Province *Deira* was ; said he, I
 Could wish them Manu-mis'd *De ira Dei*.
 And further, being given to understand,
 That one nam'd *Alle* rul'd the British land ;
 There, there, saith he, ought Praises to be given
 And *Allelujab's* to the King of heaven.
 He also had a great desire to go
 To *England*, and there preach : but *Rome* said, n
Pelagius dy'd : he in his room assign'd
Romes Bishop, calling his intent to minde :
Austin, and forty more Divines, he sent
 To undertake this work : they land in *Kent*,
 At *Thanets* fertile Isle : King *Esbolbert*,
 In *Canterbury* City, they convert,
 And did baptize : by whose example, many
 Dayly came in, the King enforc'd not any,
 But much respected, and affected those
 Who willingly with Christ would make a close.
Austin sends *Gregory* word, how God did bless,
 And crown their labours with desir'd success.
 The joyful Bishop sendeth more Divines
 Over, for to effect those great designs
 Were now on foot : a letter of advise
 He writes to *Austin*, not to be too wise
 In his own eyes, nor be puffed up at all
 By those great miracles, which did befall
 The English Church : For why ? for this intent,
 God onely us'd him, as an instrument.
 Ascribe all, *Austin*, to God's pow'r Divine,
 His be the glory, and the praise, not thine :
 And when thy heart t'bullulate begins,
 O think upon thy God-offending sins,
 And that will humble thee : all Gods elect
 Have of themselves no power to effect

: this ; and yet heav'ns book
 r names. O do not, do not look
 hine own works ; be this thy strife,
 name writ in the book of life.
 iracle the Lord hath brought
 hee, know this, it was not wrought
 ; no, 'twas wrought for the salvation
 'd, misguided English nation.
 : so worthy to advise,
 : built for heath'nish sacrifice
 have demolish'd, but th'abuse
 nverted to another use.
 g with you, and lest you stumble
 de, and glory, keep you alwayes hum-
 : also did direct (ble, &c,
 ng, which was to this effect :
 'd God, then did the King commend,
 might prove constant to the end
 led faith ; and to his power,
 Subjects to a Saviour,
 forth life to those that will receive
 d in's promises believe.
 ne intreats his gifts may finde
 coming from a willing minde.
 r his preaching did convert
 ples and the then-King *Sigebert* ;
 is Uackle *Eshebert* did found
 Church, and built it from the ground.
 nod gath' red in this nation
 , to consult of Reformation ;
 's done therein : King *Eshebert*
 ghty force, went to evert
 an City, where the Monks of *Banger*
 pray'd God to divert his anger,

From

From their friends heads, and turn it on their foes,
 To shield the English from approaching woes.
 When the king saw them so intent in pray'r,
 Demand he did, what sort of men they were :
 And being credibly inform'd, they pray'd
 For those that were his enemies ; he said,
 Although unarm'd, they fight against us do,
 And with their prayers persecute us too ;
 My hearts, fall blundly on them ; upon pain
 Of our displeasure, let them all be slain.
 Eieven hundred Monks had their blood spill'd ;
 Which God reveng'd : the bloody Tyrant's kill'd
 In fight by Christian *Edwin*, who obtain'd
 The crown, and the Christ-built faith maintain
 The Idols, and the Altars he destroy'd,
 Making all ancient ceremonies voyd.
 He caus'd brazen dishes to be tide
 By ev'ry fountain in the High-wayes side,
 That so each passenger without controul,
 Might be refresh'd with a liberal bowl :
 He alwayes carried himself propitious
 Unto the good, but rig'rous to the vicious :
 So that a woman charg'd with gold might pass
 From Sea to Sea, unquestion'd who she was.
 At last, by *Penda*, and *Cadwalla's* might,
 Subdu'd, *Josiah*-like, he dy'd in fight:
 His Christian Subjects felt the worst of wots,
 Nay, cruellst deaths, by those insulting foes.
 The * Queen, her * daughter, and *Paulinus* were
 To save their lives, by water into *Kent* :
Oswald was crown'd next ; whose pray'rs did gain
 A glorious Victory, *Cadwalla* slain.
 His love to piety, his fervent zeal
 To spread the Gospel in his common-weal,

Edelburg.
Eufled.

is known to all. From *Scotland* he procur'd
Idanus Bishop; and the King inur'd
 Scoth, himself interpreted the words
Idanus preach'd, unto his noble Lords
 and Subjects in their mother tongue, more known
 to them than the exotique Scottish tone.
 to the poor was so compassionate,
 that when on Easter-day at meat they fate
 and serv'd in silver, he was told the poor
 and flocking thick and threefold at the door
 caused them for to be serv'd in state
 with his own food, taking a silver plate,
 and straight-way breaking it in pieces small,
 to distribute it he did amongst them all.
Idanus seeing this, admir'd, and got
 in by the hand, O may this never rot
 that to the poor so beneficial was
 said he:) as Authors say, it came to pass.
 this *Oswald* also was a means to bring
 in *Wulfstan* of the West-Saxons King,
 and *Quicelinus* King of *Dorsetshire*,
 with many of their Subjects, to the clear
 knowledge of Christ; under the Ministry
 of *Berinus* famous for piety.
Oswald having reigned nine years space,
Sereian Penda did his life uncase.
Oswic succeeded him; *Oswic* as glorious
 Prince, as pious, and no less Victorious:
 he rais'd an army, fought, and overthrew
 of greater force, and impious *Penda* slew.
 and now the Bishops and the Ministers,
 quietter'd from the World, and its affairs,
 teach'd freely to the people, until they
 about the celebrating Easter-day

(Which

(Which bone amongst them Satan cast) contend
A Synod's call'd, nor was the difference ended,
Wulfstan now a license having gain'd,
Converted the South-Saxons; then there rain'd
Abundant showers which fertiliz'd the land
Laine barren for three years: thus Gods good hand
Appeared in a plenteous increase;
He sent his Gospel, with his Gospel-peace.
Thus the South-Saxons, with the Isle of *Wight*,
Did last of all embrace the Gospels light.
About this time the Roman Church disown'd
Her pristine beauty; Antichrist enthron'd,
The Pope did Lord it over all; he sent
Italian *Theodorus* into *Kent*
With many Monks, these Masses must be sung,
And in the Latin, not the mother-tongue:
Bishops, and Ministers he did displace
At's pleasure, so that in a little space
Truth turn'd to error, Piety to vainness,
Zeal to contempt, Religion to profaness.
Because their iterated crimes did urge
Gods wrath, the Pagan-Danes became their scourge

SECT. III.

*heptarchy united by Egbert; and of
invasion by the Danes, and of the Perse-
cution of the English Church under them.*

egbert after many battails fought,
first the Heptarchy, and brought
by, into the British land;
Realm his, he gave a strict command
in should be *England* nam'd, and all
answer to the English call.
Danes invaded several times
her for her execrable crimes)
h Isle, not striving to enjoy
er it, but utterly destroy.
oe're they met, man, woman, child,
slaved, and the Churches spoil'd.
d *Canterbury*, in which place
: thousand souls they did uncase.
it the Land their cruelty was such,
ey thought they could not shed too much.
as subject to a foreign power,
y *William the Conquerour*.
know the intercourse of things.
and the Successions of Kings,
please, (for brevity's my mark)
at large in famous *Mr. Clarke*.

*Above 255
years.*

SECT. IV.

*The Persecution of the English Church
the Papacy.*

Although Religion from the time this I
Embrac'd grace first, retain'd not all
Its Primitive splendour, but grew more obfc
More superstitious, and no less impure ;
Yet in those Pristine dayes, the peoples crime
Were not equivalent to after-times.
The Church now being in the desarts hid,
Affraid to shew her face, th' Almighty did
Raise *Bernard* up, and many more beside,
T'unmask and check the Antichristian pride
And superstitious disordred orders
Too too luxuriant in the British borders.
At which the Pope and his adherents urg'd,
They were imprison'd, hang'd, and burn'd
About the streets, or branded in the forehead
With an Heret'cal character : O horrid !
Yet many did most readily embrace
Their Doctrine, as the onely meanes of gra
That man of sin, that offspring of perdition
Renounc'd, and all the wayes of superstition
God still preserv'd a Church unto his name,
From Christs time, till the time that *Lawson*
John Patrick Enginn, when *Alfred* reign'd
The first Reader in *Oxford* was ordein'd :
He wrote a book about the Sacrament,
For which a Martyrs death he underwent.

Anno
1528.
Anno
'84.

ided in the face, and banish'd some
Oxford, who declam'd 'gainst *Rome*.
 old there they butcher'd, who decry'd
 the Priests lewd lives, and Prelates pride.
 's reign the second of that name,
aldenses into *England* came,
 their Pastor; and without all pity,
 ripped publicly through *Oxford City*;
 sing all the while, *Blessed are ye,*
shall hated, and misused be, &c.
 it and cold, they dy'd; none might afford
 comfort, nor at bed nor board.
 who 'gainst the priests ianctives wrote,
 Doctor *Gilbert Foliot*,
 blam'd * *Thomas Becket* to his face,
 secuted much: to them a grace.
 * *Gyrald* by his writings rears
 nets up, as fall about his ears.
xander, for his bitter stile
 by † *Langton*, died in exile,
 flow of *Merton* colledge went
 etual imprisonment.
iam Sawtre, *Thorp*, and *Sminderby*,
 dry more Divines condemna'd, did die
 e Christian Banner, and their spirits
 to glory through Christ Jesus merits.
 because my Muse finds nothing new
 y Martyrs names, she dids adieu
 it, Reader, but intends to meet
 us eye within another sheet.

Anno
 960.

Anno
 1126.

Anno
 1160.

Anno
 1170.
 * Archbishop
 of Canter-
 bury.

Anno
 1200.

Anno
 1207.
 † Archbishi-
 shop of Can-
 terbury.

Anno
 1382.

S E C T. V.

*The Persecution of the English Church
rising of Martin Luther.*

Anno
1518.

TH E Christian world appear'd not
Until the fifteen hundred eighteenth
Wherein God pleased to unbosome night:
The Art of Printing being brought to light
Which furnished the Church with useful
And made them to discern Religions loc
From superstition, (as in a mirrou;))
Substantial Truth, from counterfeited erre
God also rais'd up sundry men of parts,
Who by their learning and ingenious Art
Most strenuously opposed Barbarism,
Truths Sunshine breaking from the clouc
Picco, and *Franciscus Mirandula*,
Laurentius Valla, *Francis Petrarcha*,
Erasmus, Doctor *Collet*, *Wesalinnus*
Rhenanus Gracinnus, and *Revelinnus*, &c
Were in Gods vineyard faithful labourer
Then *Martin Luther*, and his follower
By Gods appointment came into this nat
To work his Church t'a fuller Reformati
Six persons suff' red death at *Coventry*,
Onely for teaching of their family
The Lords pray'r, ten commandments, as
It's English tongue. Severity indeed!
One *Thomas Harding*, on an Easter da
When others worship'd Idols, went to

Anno
1519.

Anno
1523.

silent grove ; where apprehended,
 'd, and burnt, his soul to heaven ascended.
 in one *John Rainmond* was abjur'd ;
 en hundred Testaments procur'd
 verp Print, and brought five hundred over
 lse, the darkness to discover.

Anno
 1528.

r *Nicholson* was hung up by
 members ; and the reason why,
 s in *Cambridge* he (a Stationer)
 is house some works, that *Luther's* were,
 was *Hitten*, a Divine in *Kent*,
 dious imprisonment,

Anno
 1529.

to the sec'lar power turn'd,
 hem in the Town of *Maidstone* burn'd.

Anno
 1530.

Woolsey persecuted sore
 me, *Garret*, *Barnes*, and many more.
 ard *Bayfield*, was from *Lollards* tower
 over to the sec'lar power,

Anno
 1531.

bound at stake ; when with the flame
 m burned was, he rubb'd the same
 right hand so hard, that down it fell:
 until he went in heaven to dwell.

Anno
 1532.

Freefo, *Jobustone*, *Wylie*, Father *Bates*,
 p with their wives in *Fulham* grates,
 eir hard imprisonment, were fed,
 indeed ! with saw-duft bread,

dious lying in the stocks,
 hem go, but clog'd their legs with locks.
 umbaw, when half burned at the stake,
 feet unto the Papists spake :

e look for miracles ; and here
 indeed, doth now appear :
 as insensible of pain,
 a bed of down were lain ;

All's one to me, both equally do please:
O tis a Rosy bed, a bed of ease!

2. An Idol nam'd *The Rood of Dover Court*,
Was burnt, and some in chains were hanged for
Now suffer'd *Andrew Hewet*, and *John Frit*
One *Thomas Bennet*, who was curst with
Bell, Book, and Candle, fastned to the stake,
And fir'd, a comfortable end did make.

The Papiests to their power the truth suppress,
And Persecuted those that it profess:

But God was pleas'd deliverance to bring
To his afflicted Saints; for now the King
Divorc'd the Lady *Katharine of Spain*,

And took to wife Lady *Anne Bullen*. Vain
Were all the Popes projects; none in this nation
Might now enforced be to abjuration.

Eliz'beth Barton, th'holy maid of *Kent*,
A Nun both subdalous and fraudulent,

By the strange alt'ring of her countenance
Gull'd silly people, lying in a trance

(As Quakers do) and then, as if sh' had been
Inspir'd by God, would in reproof of sin
Speak much, and rail'd against the Gospels lie
Calling it Heresy; her ranc'ous spight

She vented to the King and Queens dishonour
By Satan back'd, she also took upon her
To advance *Rome's* Doctrine, praising co
Idol'try, Pilgrimages, Absolutions, &c.

Ann

1533.

Ann

1534.

10

But Doctor *Crammer*, with the Lord *Cr*
And Mr. *Latimer*, did wisely smell

Out all the knavery; so that the Nun
And her associates hang'd, their dayes w

Though *England* did the Popish pow'r
Wh' D'nevry still hover'd up and down

ter the rising of Martin Luther.

Isabel Tindal was betray'd, arrain'd,
r'd and burn'd for the Truth maintain'd.

Isabel also, that Religious Queen,
w about three yeers had married been)
reports and sinister suggestions,
the Kings affection; he questions
ft love; which he intends to smother,
ing himself unto another.

Isabel was to the Tower carried;
three weeks were over, lost her head.

uous Lady, standing up erect
Scaffold, spake to this effect:
ristian people, if you wonder why
e hither, know, it is to die;
ready heard my sentence strict:
in my pow'r to contradict.

t hither for this end, to clear
nor tell who my accusers are:
d save the King, his life maintain,
: you flourish in his happy reign, &c.

ong you, there be any shall
o question my untimely fall;
Isabel begs, *Anne Bullen* does implore,
would judge the right, and judge no more.

vain world, I take my leave of you:
stian friends, I bid you all adieu:
ellow-feelers of my case,

p prayers to the Throne of grace
lf. Oh Lord in mercy shine
ake my soul, for it is thine:

, it is thine. This oft she fed
t knees, until she lost her head.

(no longer time then three dayes carried,
: *Lady Jane Seymour* was married.

luno
538.

About this time, (which God to pass did bring)
Lord *Cromwel* grew in favour with the King:
By whose advise, and sage deliberation,
The Church was brought unto a reformation.
The Kings injunctions all abroad made known,
Idol'trous Images were overthrow'n:
Our Ladies at *Walsingham*, *Worcester*,
Ipswich, and *Thomas Becket's* image, were
Cast down; with others, which had long deceiv'd
The silly people, who indeed believ'd
They liv'd; for they (by secret Engines found)
Could open, shut their eyes, and roll them round.
The same year (as Lord *Cromwel* did advise)
Abbeys were ruin'd and Monasteries.
A little after, for opposing *Rome*,
Mr. *John Lambert* suffer'd Martyrdom.
Packington Collins, *Leison*, *Pattadew*,
Peck, Doctor *Barnes*, *Garret*, and *Heirom* too,
Two eminent Divines, the Lord *Cromwel*,
Great *Essex* Earl, all for the truths sake fell.
Yea all the prisons, within *London* walls
Were fill'd, and many were enclos'd in Halls,
By vertue of an Act for prohibition
Of truth, and countenancing superstition.
luno
541. *John Porter*, unto *New-gate* Dungeon sent
For reading in the Bible; underwent
Hard usage: bolts and Iron chains did check
The freedom of his legs, his hands, and neck:
At last, into the lowest dungeon cast,
Not many dayes expir'd, he breath'd his last.
At *Lincoln* Bishop *Longland* took away
James Morton, *Thomas Bernard*, in one day:
One Mr. *Barber*, who the truth deny'd,
With sorrow wore away until he dy'd.

e *Testwood*, *Person*, *Filmore*, tost and turn'd *Anno*
 ler afflictions hand, at last were burn'd *1544.*
 r *Windsore Castle*: with a cheerful face,
whony Person did the stake embrace,
 ing it. said, Welcom mine own sweet Bride,
 this blest day shalt thou and I be ty'd
 nan and wife together, in the love
 | Matrimonial peace of God above,
 God above; I long for to be there, &c.
 en all of them unto the stake bound were,
 | *Filmore* then, My bretheren rejoyce
 bod, unto him make a joyful noise:
 after this sharp breakfast, we a boon
 ner shall have with Christ in heaven at noon.
Wood with hands and eyes to heaven up heav'd,
 ir'd God that his spirit might be receiv'd.
son (said thus) tricking with straw his head,
 s is Gods hat, now I am dress'd indeed,
 e a true souldier of Christ, by whom
 s day into his joy I trust to come.
 | so they suffer'd with such constancy,
 it many with them could afford to die. (*Hare*,
 : *Lord Lisle*, *Thomas Brooks*, *James Cook*, *Ralph*
ves Barber, *Mr. Smith*, *John Butler*, bare
 : cross of Christ, Said *Rockwood*, Bad's my state
 n't repent, All too late, all too late.
 : under-Marshal fell upon the floor,
 ° Councel-room, and never spake word more.
 : *Richard Mekins*, that had scarce out-worn
 : fifteenth year, they did in *Smithfield* burn. *Anno*
 o labouring men, there was at *Callice* Martyr'd; *1541.*
 i *Mr. Damslip* was hang'd, drawn and quarter'd.
 son, was persecuted; *Mr. Dod*
 gn'd up in the flame his soul to God.

mo
46.

One Mr. *Saxie*, to his end was brought,
 By *Gardiner's* appointment, as 'twas thought.
Kerby at *Ipswich*, *Roger Clarke* at *Bury*
Fry'd *Faggots*, to appease their foemens fury.
Anne Askew being tost from post to pillar,
 And cruelly misus'd, an evil-willer
 Led her into a dungeon; where he rack'd
 Her body till her very bowels crack'd:
 Nay, when her bones and joynts were pluck'd asunder,
 She praised God and pray'd; (to all a wonder) (den
 Then the Lord Chanc'ler sent her word that burn'd
 She should be, if she chang'd not: she return'd
 An answer back, that she would rather die,
 Then once recant, and her true faith deny.
 To *New-gate* being sent, she penned there
 Her faith's confession, ending with this prayer:
 O Lord, the hairs which on my head do grow,
 Are not so num'rous as my foes, I know:
 Yet Lord, take not thy grace and comfort from me;
 So shall they not with flat'ring words o'recoame me:
 Do thou fight for me, so my soul shall fear
 No danger, for on thee I cast my care.
 With all the mischief that they can invent
 They fall upon me, and have even spent
 Me thy poor creature. Sweet Lord let me flight
 My foes, for thou alone art my delight.
 And Lord, I pray thee, when thy wrath begins
 To burn them, quench it: O forgive their sins:
 Lord open thou their hearts, restore the blind,
 That they may please thee; give them grace to mind:
 The things that do belong unto their peace
 In this their day, lest when they would, they cease.
 Let not the fancies vain of sinful men
Destain thy truth: Amen, O Lord, Amen.

he brought to *Smithfield* in a chair, was bound
 on 'stake, and with the flames besieged round.
 'step'd she in the Lord, and in Gods eyes
 came an acceptable sacrifice:

Anno
 1546.

at that time *Nicholas Belerrian*,
Shropshire Minister; and a Gentleman,
 in *Laçels*, servant to the King; with one
 in *Adams* Tailour, burning undergon.
 the same year, Bishop *Gardiner* did bring
 licious accusations to the King
 against Queen *Kath'rin Parre* (supposing all
 the boughs would wither, if the stock did fall)
 that she gave her minde, (which was unfit)
 to read and meditate on Sacred Writ.

and Chaplains kept seditions to rear,
 and being deny'd the priviledge to hear:
 also, that her heart was fully bent
 to spurn against the present government:
 her life was dangerous: nor could he rest,
 to nourish'd such a Viper in his brest.

The Kings love turn'd to hate; and now the Queen
 must die the death: but Prov'dence stept between;
 the plo't's found out; she wisely did behave her:
 the King receiv'd her to his wonted favour.

Now also Sir *George Blake* condemned was,
 for casting out some words against the Mass,
 pardon's granted him; after which thing,

being in the presence of the King;
 the King said to him, Ah my Pig, (for so
 us'd to call him :) yea, said he, I know,
 did not your Majesty been more easie'd
 to save my life, (such was your Royal minde)
 then were your Bishops to reack out their teen;
 my Pig, I'm sure, e're this had rosted been.

Straight after, *Winebester*, and his complices
 (Sworn foes to Vertues, and fast friends to Vices)
 Set forth in the Kings name, a Proclamation
 That all the English Bibles in the Nation,
 And other Books which yielded any light
 Unto the truth, should be abolish'd quite.
 This done, said they, So, now the Gospels lain
 So low, that it shall never rise again ;
 And for the greater terrour, strict inquest
 They made for those that verity profess :
 Of many pricked down the names ; of whom,
 They some expelled, and imprison'd some :
 So that these varlots did in no wise doubt
 The bringing of their wicked ends about.
 But God, who careth for his truth, and those
 That countenanc'd the same, dispers'd their foes
 Amidst their vain projects the King was dead,
 And with him all their hopes were buried.

SECT. VI.

*The Persecution of the Duke of Somerset
 the Reign of King Edward the sixth*

NOW when King *Henry* the eighth was de
 His son Prince *Edward* reigned in his stead
 During whose happy reign Religion flourish'd,
 Pop'ry decay'd, the Church of God was nourish'd
 With the full breasts of Peace, the Gospel spread
 And superstition was abolished
 Oonly the Godly Duke of *Somerset*
 With Persecutions, and great troubles met ;

one of the Nobles lab'ring most of all
to raise themselves upon his suddain fall.
Edward, and *Thomas Seymer* were ally'd
unto King *Edward*, by his mothers side ;
Edward the eldest (fit to guide the Helm)
Was made Protector of the King, and Realm :
Thomas the second, of this British Isle
Was chosen Lord high Admiral ; the while
These brethren joyned in fraternal love,
Nothing fell out amiss ; but when they strove,
(Spur'd on by make-bates) unto one another
They prov'd destructive ; and the younger brother
Attainted, was condemn'd, and lost his head
On Tower-hill : hence insurrections bred.
The Lords, at *London* privily conjur'd
Against the Lord Protector, and immur'd
him once, nay twice, yea thrice, in a short season,
Then charged him with Felony, and Treason.
He's to the *Tow'r*-hill brought, where he commended
His soul to God ; his prayers being eaded,
He rose from off his knees, and like a man
Couragiously bold, he thus began :
Dearly beloved friends, Lo, I am here
To suffer death, though (God knows) I am clear
From thinking, speaking, or from acting ought
Against the King, in word, in deed, or thought ;
But alwayes to this Realm have born a brest
As faithful, and as loyal as the best.
Yet in obedience to the Laws command,
I here as a condemn'd person stand ;
And praise my God, for his abundant grace
In giving unto me both time and space,
Who might have justly took away my breath,
Had he so pleas'd, by a sudden death,

Anno
1549

Now

Now as for the Religion which I
During the time of my Authority
Maintain'd to my power, nor do I now
Repent of what I did, but both to you
And me againe it as a favour great ;
And do you all most heartily entreat
To joyfully receiv't, and set it forth
In your lives, as a thing of unknown worth ;
Which studiously to do, if you neglect,
Great misery I fear you may expect.
These words no sooner out, a sudden sound
As terrible as thunder, did confound
The people so, that some fell down through fear,
Some this, some that way run, but none knew wh
Anthony Browne Knight came, that he did bring,
The crowd suppos'd, a pardon from the King ;
With that a shout arose, but the good Duke
Did gravely with his beck'ning hand rebuke
The clam'rous throng. And silence being gain'd,
He said, Dear friends, Pardon is not obtain'd
As you conceive ; God otherwise is bent ;
His will be done, and we must be content,
Let's joyn in prayer, that safety may pursue
The King, t'whom loyal I have bin. 'Tis true,
The people cryed out. O heaven bless
His highness with all health and happines :
I wish his Counc'lhours grace to rule, and thee
You all obedient hearts : all said, Amen
I ask forgiveness if I wronged any ;
O Lord remie my sins, for they are many.
As for my foes, I freely them forgive,
For Christ I die, in whom I hope to live, &c.
Farewel, farewel, he lay him down, and spott
1.1552. Christ save me, thrice : the hangman gave the

SECT. VII.

*secution of the English Church under the
n of Queen Mary.*

WARD the sixth (*Englands Josiah*) dead,
y *Jane Grey* was crowned in his stead ;
y *Mary*, having heard the news ,
he Lordly Council for to chuse
: **Queen**: and if they did withstand
ution of her just command,
of arms she threatned to regain
ged right, and her defrauded reign.
ls return'd this answer, There was none
just right and title to the **Crown**
Jane : the ancient **Laws** allow
ad place it on her Princely brow ;
rs by Letters patent from the King,
le Authentick with his Royal Ring
s death ; and since she was invested
parent heiress, all protested
:e to her and no **Queen** beside.
y *Mary* to rest satisfy'd,
they did, entreating her to cease
pretences to molest the peace
: **Realm** enjoy'd ; promising her
uld be nothing wanting to prefer
the **Queen** : if possibly they could
in any other thing, they would,
that she did her self so carry.
dutious Subject, **Lady Mary**

Having receiv'd this answer, heavy hearted,
From out the City's circuit streight departed.
Hereat the Council did set out a band
Of armed souldiers under the command
Of the Northumbrian Duke: *Mary* withdrew
Self into *Suffolk*, many flocking to her:
And while she in *Fermingbam* Castle staid,
All *Suffolk* freely proffer'd her their aid
And best assistance to procure her Reign,
With this Proviso, that she would maintain
Religion established of late
By her good brother, and not broach debate
Amongst her Subjects, nor foment the seed
Of war: to this she easily agreed,
And did to God so solemnly protest,
That no man could suspect her in the least:
Now with this power, of those Godly men,
She vanquished her foes; yet after when
The self-same party application made
Unto her Grace, to do, as she had said:
She answer'd, Forasmuch as you that are
But members arrogantly seek to bear
Rule o're your head, I fear me to your cost
You'l once know what it was to rule the roost;
By sad experience you shall find one day,
That Subjects may not rule, but must obey.
Then in the Pill'ry famous *Mr. Dobbe*,
Exposed was to many a bitter bobbe;
Some others for presenting that request
Were laid up fast to terrifie the rest.
The Marches of the Duke not over-long,
The Lady by his ling'ring grew more strong.
So that the *London* Council having heard
How much the Commons for her aid appear'd;

And that some of the Nobles too, did lean
 That way, they presently proclaim'd her Queen.
 The Gen'ral by his souldiers forsok,
 At *Cambridge* left almost alone, was took,
 And brought to *London-Tower*; in a short season
 In *Tower-hill* he lost his head for treason:
 After his condemnation he was
 Promis'd his life, if he would go to Mass,
 Which he assented to, his words regret
 The truth he had so formerly profess'd.
 He to the Cath'lick cause the people led
 To th' papists great joy; yet did he lose his head:
 Queen *Mary* thus possessed of the crown,
 Began the pure Religion to disown;
 As soon appear'd, by her displacing all
 The godly Bishops; *Ridly, Coverdale,*
Poynet, Hooper, and *Scory.* *Gardiner*
 Set free, was made Bishop of *Winchester*,
 Also Lord Chancellor of *England.* *Bonner*
 Too undeservedly attain'd the honour
 Of being *London's* Bishop. To the Fleet
 Was Mr. *Hooper* mande (O unmeet!)
 To see the Queen good Doct or *Ridly* went,
 But on a lame Jade to the *Tow'r* was sent.
 A Parliament was call'd, a Proclamation
 Forthwith the Queen set forth throughout the nation;
 Wherein she shew'd, She could by no means brook
 To smother that Religion which she took
 In with her Infant-milk, and to her power
 Meant to observe until her latest hour,
 Wishing that all her Subjects (which would sleep
 Secure in their whole skin) the same might keep:
 He also did declare, whereas there were
 Evil-disposed persons, who did dare

To preach God's word mislead by their own brain;
 She therefore did by strict command ordain
 Such should not henceforth preach (as held usfir)
 Read or interpret any Sacred Writ,
 Or other points Religion concern'd,
 Or Print Books by the which it might be learn'd,
 Without a special licence from the Queen
 On pain of stirring up her Highness spleen;
 Requiring all her Officers to see
 Her will and pleasure executed be:
 If herein any wilfully offend,
 She authoriz'd them, them to apprehend
 And send them forthwith to the neighb'ring gaol,
 Without admitting Mani-prize, or bail;
 Till for their punishment, and the example
 Of others, Orders be procur'd more ample.
 Also the *London-Aldermen* were will'd
 To send for all the Ministers which fill'd
 The streight'ned Wards, and silence them on pain
 Of death, commanding them that none explain,
 Or preach, or read the Scripture in their stead,
 But such as by the Queen were licensed.

Anno
 553. One *Williams Rytler*, *Humphry Paldon*, too,
 He must to prison, this to th'Counter go,
 For speaking but against what was express'd
 At *Paul's-Cross* by one *Bourn*, a Popish Priest.
 Good *Mr. Rogers* was t'his house confin'd;
Bradford, *Vernon*, and *Beacon*, were assign'd
 Close prisoners in the *Tower*. Then did they send
 For *Cowdale*, and *Hooper* to attend
 The Council; and for *Newgate* they allot
John Melvins a Divine, by birth a Scot.
Mr. Hugh Latimer was sent to th'*Tower*;
 And so was *Dr. Crammer* by this power.

Ar. Simonds, Sanders, Horn, Durhams Dean,
Were summon'd to appear before the Queen.
Soon after this, the Parliament began;
Where *Mr. Harly*, a judicious man,
Bishop of *Hereford*, degraded was,
For marrying a wife, and shunning Mass.
Sir James Hales Justice of the Common-Plea,
In charge against the Popes supremacy
Producing Statutes, &c. into prison cast
Was there so roughly dealt with, that at last
Recant he did; but (O dire consequence!)
He felt the terrors of his conscience,
And his own executioner had been,
And not God's special goodness step'd between
The knife and him. From prison he releas'd,
His self-made wounds recur'd) no inward rest
Enjoy'd at home: so having made his will,
He drown'd himself, and's end began his ill.
At the same time, for their dis-approbation
Of a presented Bill, the Convocation
By *Bonner* was dissolv'd: From *Coventry*,
For their oppugning of Idolatry)
Baldwin, Clark, Careless, Willcocks, all in hast
Sent up to *London* by the Mayor, lay fast.
Bishops imprison'd were, Archdeacons, Deans,
All Beneficed men, put by their means,
Who closely to the truth reveal'd adher'd;
And Popish Parsons, in their rooms prefer'd,
(Too bad supplies.) within a little season,
Archbishop *Cranmer*, for no less than Treason
At *Guild-Hall* was arraig'd; clear'd of that charge,
For his heresy he might not live at large.
The *Mr. Thomas Weston* an Esquire,
And Doctor *Crowe* did in the Fleet retire.

Anno
1554.

Nov

Now *Hymen* went to joya with Nuptial bands,
 Iberian *Philip's*, and Queen *Maries* hands :
 Some of the Nobles, and the vulgar sort,
 Not very well reſented this report ;
 The Duke of *Suffolk*, labour'd to prevent
 The match : Sir *Thomas Wyat* rais'd in *Kent*
 Some forces to oppoſe it ; for he fear'd
 The Realm would be enſlav'd, and Popery rear'd
Wyat for *London* march'd : Queen *Mary* then
 At *Guild-Hall* ſtirred up the City-men.
Wyat came into *Southwark* ; having found
 Entrance block'd up, he went by *Kingſtone* row
 And faced *Lud-gate*, which to entertain
 Such gueſts reſuſing, he return'd again ;
 And having got the worſt at *Temple-Bar*,
 Became Sir *Clement Parſon's* priſoner,
 Who ſent him to the *Tow'r* : on *Tower-Hill*
 He, and the Lady *Jane*, their dayes fulfill.
Bonner did in his Dioceſis diſperſe
 Injunctions to all the Miniſters,
 Wherein they were required to give in
 The names of all whoever were again
 Auricular confeſſion, the next Lent
 Encroaching on. Queen *Mary* alſo ſent
 To *Bonner*, Articles, commanding ſtreight
 The Church-Laws made by *Henry* the eight
 Should be in force ; that hereſy abhor'd
 Should fall, the Popes ſupremacy reſtor'd ;
 That Miniſters which did lead marri'd lives
 Should be divorced from (themſelves) their wives
 And that proceſſions ſhould be ſaid, or ſung
 From that time forward, in the Latin tongue, &
John a Laſco, *Peter Martyr*, and more
 Proteſtant ſorr'ners, were exil'd this ſhore :

Anno
 1554.

and many godly-minded English fly
to *Friez-land, Cleav-land, Basil, Germany*;
here through God's mercy, they were kept from
and all found favor, in the eyes of strangers. (Dangers,
the number of these Peregrines increas'd
to eight hundred persons, at the least.
sent to the *Tower Lady Elizabeth*
was sent, and bore afflictions worse then death.
Winner, Cranmer, Ridley, Bishopps, spent
much time at *Oxford* in imprisonment.
the *Mr. Sanders* crying down the Mass,
came close prisoner. *Doctor Tislaus* was
London sent for up. *Henry Lord Gray*
Suffolk Duke, condemn'd, was brought to pay
sought-for life; where having open broke
sealed lips, he to the people spoke;
and displeas'd the *Queen*, contrair'd her Laws,
ke notice Christians, that's the onely cause
offer so: and seeing they are bent
bridge my fleeting dayes, I am content,
and do beseech you all, bear me record,
ie in the true faith of *Christ*, my Lord;
and for salvation on his merits rely,
not on inefficacious trumpery.
for me, and all true penitents beside,
who in him steadfastly believe, *Christ* dy'd.
penitent I do, and do desire you all
to pray for me, that when my body shall
signe its breath, God will be pleas'd to take
my soul unto himself, for *Christ* his sake.
I give the yee, whom I offended have.
As *Dr. Weston* then, As he doth crave
the *Queen* hath done: him thus the throng rebuke,
and send thee such forgiveness. So the Duke

Kneel'd down and prai'd, concluding, I resigne
My soul (O Lord) into those hands of thine :
Then made he preparation to embrace .
The bloody blow ; and having veil'd his face
With his own handkerchief, he kneeling said
The Lords pray'r over, down his head he laid .
Venting these latest words, Christ look upon me:
Have mercy, Jesus, O have mercy on me.
And now the stroke was fetch'd, he being cast
At the black bar of death, breath'd out his last.
Divers of all degrees, who bought or sold
Some good religious books, were kep'd in hold:
As *Bouner* past his Visitation,
He charg'd all Sacred sentences upon
The Church-walls painted should be washed
And Visitors he also sent about
The Universities, to bring therein
All Popish trash : to turne out they begin
The ablest men : some of themselves forsook
Their fellowships, while worth-les persons took
Their places up, to the great hinderance
Of learning, and religions advance.
By this 'twas bruided over all the land,
The Queen went quick with child : upon come
Thanks were returned to Almighty God
In ev'ry Church, and after, all abroad
Prayets were made, that she might have e're lo
A male child, fair, wise, valiant, and strong.
The Godly Min'sters before *Winchester*
In and about the City must appear ;
Who ask'd them, If they would recant, and
Have pardon from the Queen ? All answer'd
Yea, all of them unan'mously agreed
To stand to what they taught : the Bishop's sp

e them close prisoners, and did divorce
 friends from interchangable discourse.
James George, one of them, there did yield
 it up, whom they bury'd in the field ;
Mr. Hooper, Rogers, Bradford. (hated)
Sanders too, were excommunicated &
 Pious **Dr. Taisour, Ferrar, Crome,**
 all of them, with them receive their doom.
 missions and inquisitors were sent
 oughout the Realm; great multitudes from *Kent,*
Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and elsewhere,
 re brought to *London,* and encloyttred there.
 of them dead in prison, out were turn'd
 unghills, and the flames a many burn'd:
Hanks, Hunter, Pigot, Lawrence, brought
 e the Bishops were, for no just fault.
 n *Stephen Gardiner* saw that what h'assail'd
 reats, hard usage, not at all prevail'd
 iake men shake off truth ; he did begin
 itterly discouraged therein)
 usiness in hand, for to renounce,
 dling no more with condemnations ;
 into Bishop *Bonner,* them referr'd,
 in that trust imposed, sojbestirr'd
 elf, that standing for all in great hast
 bove nam'd parties, he upon them pass'd
 h's final sentence : **Dr. Ferrar,** quick
 at down to *St. Davids* Bishoprick
 in the *Cambrian* country, there to be
 lemn'd and executed (crueltie !)
 a Queen in *Mr. Coverdale's* behalf
 o wrote the King of *Denmark* for his safe
 use from prison ; but with much ado
 in, the Queen permitted him to go,

One *Thomas Tomkins*, Weaver by his trade
An humble man, and one that conscience made
Of what he did, who would begin his labour
With fervent prayers; and to his needy neigh
So charitable was, that he'd disburse
Unto them, all the money in his purse
If any came to borrow of him: when
His creditors would bring it home agen,
He u'sd to bid them keep it longer yet,
Till they more able were to pay the deb.
This man was kept in pris'n a half years space
By *Bonner's* means, who beat him on the face
With livid blows, and plucked off a piece
Of his fast beard; yet this did but increase
His patience more: the Bishop then assail'd
(When other tearms nothing at all prevail'd)
With gentle words to win him; but the trial
Successless prov'd: *Tomkins* return'd denial.
The Bishop, having by, a flaming Torch,
Took *Tomkins* by the fingers, and did score
His hand therewith; afterwards *Tomkins* to
A friend of his, that whilst *Bonner* did hold
His hand to burn, he felt no pain at all,
Such consolation from God's spirit did fall;
Nor shrunk he in the least, until his veines
The fire contracted (fire you know constricts)
And sinewes crack'd again, and water spurt
On Dr. *Harpsfield's* face (as from a squirt.)
Who was so pityful compassionate,
As to beseech the Bishop to abate
His cruel minde: O be not so, so rough,
(Said he) have you not tryed him enough?
Into the Bishops consistory brought,
Examined he was, whether he thought

Christ's real body in the Sacrament
 Was present yea, or no? to which he sent
 This answer, that he verily believ'd,
 The Sacrament by a true faith receiv'd,
 Was onely its remembrance; with the High'st
 The very body, and the blood of Christ,
 In heaven is, and nowhere else: being ask'd
 If he'd recant? God hath (said he) unmask'd
 His truth to me in such corrufancy,
 That in it I resolve to live, and die.
 The Bishop then, death's sentence on him past,
 And to the Sheriffs deliv'ed him, who cast
 Him into *Newgate* prison; in *Smithfield*
 The truth (in fine) with his dear blood he seal'd,
 And in the Lord flep'd sweetly.

Anno
 1555

Then *William Hunter*, that had scarce out-worn
 The nineteenth year of Godly Parents born,
 Who him instructed in Religion's truth,
 And plac'd him out in *London*; this good youth
 Was charg'd by special command to go
 To *Mais*, break bread; which he refus'd to do.
Hunter when threatened that this should come
 Unto the Bishop's ear, leave got, went home
 To *Burnt-wood*, and did with his Parents stay
 About six weeks. And going on a day
 Into the Chappel there, (which pleas'd him well)
 He found a Bible, and to reading fell:
 In came a Sommoner, who thus did say,
 What dost thou meddling with the Bible? Ha?
 Know'st thou well, what thou read'st? canst thou un-
 The Sacred VVrit? I dare not be so bold. (fold
 Said *Hunter* then, Nor Scriptures to expound
 Take I upon me now; but having found

The

The Bible here, that joy might me betide
I read in it. The Sommerer reply'd,
Twas never merry world, since in our tongue
The Bible first came forth; would it were hung.
Said *Hunter*, Oh! for Godfakes sake say not so;
'Tis Gods Book, by it ev'ry soul may know,
That hath one sparke of grace, the way which lead
To lasting bliss: 'tis this true comfort breeds.
God grant that we may still amongst us have
The blessed Bible, as a means to save.

Wm. Wm. O now I know your minde, y'are one of them
That slight the Queen, and her decrees contemne;
But you and others, must a new leaf turn,
Or else I fear me, you'l go neer to burn.

Wm. Pray God I build my faith on his word still,
And his great name confesse, come what come will.

Wm. Wm. Confesse his name? No, no, you'l in a mess
All to the Devil go, and him confesse.
Then step't the Sommerer forth, and fetch'd a Priest
The Vicar of that place, a drunken beast,
Who finding *William Hunter* at his Book,
Rebuk'd him for't, and ask'd if he could brook,
The Doctrine well of Transubstantiation:
Hunter made answer it had no relation
Unto the truth reveal'd: he understood
Those words of Christ touching his flesh and blood
Carnal Capernaik-like, who thought to feed
On Christ his flesh, and drink his blood indeed.
Wherefore to them he said, The words I speak
Are spirit, and life, and not as flesh so weak.
Ah! quoth the Vicar, have I found you out?
Thou art an Heretick now, without all doubt,
Whereas you of my faith do question make,
I would we two were fastned to the stake,

Wm.

rove whether of us should clofely stick
 our faith, and which was Heretick, &c.
 Vicar to complain of him-did threat,
 g out of doors, departing in a heat.
 ter went home, and having farewel took
 his dear friends, his fathers house forsook.
 wn, call'd old *Hunter*, ask'd if he could tell
 nere his son was; who said, He knew not well.
 wn told him, Either your mis'd-son produce,
 go to prison; bring me no excuse,
 :old man strides his horse, and rides to look him,
 l after two dayes journey overtook him;
 ling him all what happ'ed; yet said he,
 on, I'll say I cannot light on thee.
 , no, said *William*, home with you I will,
 d save you harmless, me they can but kill.
 his return. a Constable him caught,
 d brought before this *Mr. Brown*, who thought
 uth arguments to win him; and enrag'd
 his judicious answers, he engag'd
 more to hold on the dispute, but strenght
 it him to *Bonner*, *Bonner* to the Grate;
 There he for two dayes lay, allowed just
 dish of water and a brown-bread crust.
 two dayes end, the Bishop coming found
 e slender fare, he bids he be unbound,
 d break his fast with them, but he's revil'd,
 ill'd Heretick, worthy to be exil'd
 eir company: said *Hunter*, I decline
 eir company, as much as they do mis: :
 e Bishop sent for him, and thus did rant;
 ad wilt thou not, thou Heretick, recant?
 ecant (said he) the faith I have profess
 :publicly? I will not, I protest:

No;

No, no, I will not ; what ? shall I be whirl'd
By errors wheels ? I would not for a world.
Then take him Jailor, mand him to the stocks ;
Be sure you load him well with bolts and locks
Till I shall burn him. VVhereupon he said,
Great God ! O let thy all-sufficient aid
Corroborate my soul. He's born away ;
The Bishop to a half-penny a day
Stinted his lively-hood ; thus nine months space
Imprison'd , he before the Bishop's face
Was six times brought, to th'question still propounded
Hunter a pertinacious *No*, rebounded.
The Bishop read his charge, and him return'd
To *Newgate*, so to *Burnt-wood* to be burn'd,
His parents see him, and petitions send
To God, to make him constant till the end :
His mother added this, that she was blest
In bearing such a child, as could deuest
His life for Christ's sweet sake. *William* reply'd,
For the small pain, which I shall here abide
But a short time, my Christ a joyful crown
Hath promis'd me. His mother kneeling down
Said thus, I pray God strengthen thee my son
To run the race thou hast so well begun ;
I think thee now as well bestow'd (my dear)
As any child that ever I did bear.
VVhilst he remain'd at *Burnt-wood*, many friends
Came to him, to whom he the truth commends :
Three dayes expir'd, all things were ready made,
The Sheriffs son hugg'd him in his arms, and said
William, don't fear these men with *Bills Bowes*,
That bring you to the place ; death as he shoves
Is not so grim. I've cast up mine accounts
(Said he) and know t'how much the cost amounts.

it the young man, while he went about
 & could not, his tears so fast burst out.
 Her his way cheerfully went on,
 At meeting with him, said, My son
 with thee. God be with you likewise
 ther, answer'd *Williams*. Let your eyes
 your son; O be not so, so sad;
 shall meet, and have our hearts made glad.
 At the stake, he kneeled down, and read
 and fiftieth Psalm. The Sheriff said,
 pardon: if thou wilt be turn'd,
 shalt live, otherwise thou must be burn'd.
 not turn (quoth *Williams*) and did go
 to the stake, and so was fast'n'd thereunto.
 He took the stake to the throng, Good people strive
 for me while I remain alive,
 for you. Not I, I'll make my boon
 by *Brown*, (there standing by,) as soon
 as I can, as thee. * Sir you have got
 that you desir'd; I pray God it be not
 your charge, but I forgiv'n you have.
Brown, That's more then at your hands I crave. *Brown*
 forgive you not, I tell you true, *Hunt*
 God of mine shall be requir'd of you.
 If God shine on me; from a cloud
 brake out (till then thick shades did shroud
 of day) his eyes he turn'd aside,
 to ask such radiant glory to abide,
 he brought him a book to look upon;
 when he thus, False Prophet thou, be gone:
 Beware of them, for Jesus sake;
 their sins, shall of their plagues partake.
 What I say, as thou burn'st in this fire, *Brown*
 thou burn in hell. *Hunt*. Thou art a liar.

False Prophet hence, from me away be gon :
Fire made, he pray'd, and breath'd his last: Anon
Higbid, and *Causton*, Gentlemen as good
As great, in *Essex*, with their own hearts blood
Sealed their faith unto Gods glory then,
And the rejoycing of all Godly men.
At *Braintrce*, *William Pigot*, for Christs nam
Endur'd the fury of the ardent flame ;
At *Maulden*, *Stephen Knights*, before the stake
Kneel'd down and pray'd; Sweet Jesu, for whose
I freely leave this life, and rather choose
Thy cross, and irrecoverably loose
All worldly goods, then to give audience
To men in breaking thy commandemens :
Thou seest (O Lord) that whereas I but new
VVas proffer'd great preferments, if I'd bow
To a false helpless God; I was content
My body should be burnt, and my life spent,
Counting all things below, but dung and dross,
For thee; happy such gain which comes by loss!
Thousands of silver, and as much of gold,
Then death I do of lesser value hold.
Just as the wounded Deer desires the soil,
So longs my soul for thee: pour down the Oil
Of consolation on a crumbling clod
So helpless of it self: Thou know'st O God,
That I, who am but sinfull flesh, and blood,
Can of my self do nothing that is good;
And therefore, as of thine abundant love
And goodness still deflowing from above
On me, (me that am lesser then the least
Of mercies,) thou hast bid me to this feast;
And judg'd me worthy to drinke of this cup
With thine cleot: even so, O bear me up

GOD : AGAINST THE EXCESS OF THE
 idable, to the sense so dire ;
 it by thy spirit, so assuage
 t, that I may overcome its rage,
 s into thy bosome. Holy father
 thou me, as I do all men ; gather
 , sweet Son of God, my Saviour,
 thy shady wings, a Balmy Bower ;
 d Holy-Ghost, whose strength destroys
 corruptions, hasten thou my joyes,
 joyes. Lord I commend, take then
 ing spirit, Amen, Amen, Amen.
 wreng legs, with bolts and irons lame,
 y with hard usage out of frame,
 the stake transported in a chair,
 Fred for the faith at *Colchester* :
 hildren while he burn'd, cry'd out, O Lord
 en thy servant, and make good thy word,
), stand up, for thy poor servant's aid,
 art just, O do as thou hast said.
 (set o're St. *David's* Bishoprick)
 prehended for an Heretick ;
Webster misus'd, call'd him base slave,
 arted fellow, and a cross-grain'd knave ;
 (a fraudulent supplanter) turn'd him
 is place, and at *Carmarthen* burn'd him
 g before his death, one *Richard Jones*
 ts son comming, his sad pains becomes ;
Ferrar thass Sir if you see me move
 l or foot during the flames, do prove
 ettle I am of, believe not then
 rine oft inculcated to men.
 e said, he did : with the fire hot
 round. he stirred not a iot.

Held his stumps bolt upright ; then with a pole
Knock'd down i'ch' fire, he breathed out his soul.
One *Rawlins White*, a Fisher-man in *Wales*,
Of *Cardiffe* town, when superstitious scales
Drop'd from his eyes, the Truth he understood;
And in his country did a deal of good ;
He dayly now expects to be surpriz'd
By truths oppugners : his dear friends advis'd
Him to retire elsewhere, and be excus'd :
For their good will he thank'd them, but refus'd.
He's apprehended, and in prison laid
In *Cardiffe* Castle, where a year he staid ;
His friends resorting to him, he would spend
The time in pray'r, exhorting them to mend :
At last the Bishop of *Landaffe* commands
That he be brought: he threatens him now, then stan
On fairer terms ; but all this would not stir
His unmov'd brest, a day's appointed for
His condemnation ; which being come
The Bishop call'd him forth, and told him some
Heretical opinions he did hold,
And had seduced others ; *Rawlins* bold
Reply'd ; My Lord, a Christian man I am
I praise God for't, my tenents are the same
With Sacred Writ : if from God's word I stray
I would be gladly brought in the right way.
The Bishop said, Speak, if you will be won,
Else I'll proceed to condemnation.
Proceed, said *Rawlins* ; but you never shall
Condemn me for an Heretick. Let's fall
To pray'r (said *Landaffe*) that the Lord some span
Of grace would send thee, to disclose the dark ;
Now (said he) you deal well ; and if your pray'r
Do with God's will agree, he'll doubtless hear.

to your God, and I to mine will pray;
 Now my God will hear, and not say nay.
 Bishop and his Chaplains pray'd anon:
Rawlins pray'd by himself alone: pray'r done,
 Bishop said, How is it with thee now?
 Of errours (what?) wilt thou revoke, and bow
 our true God? no, surely no said he,
Rawlins you left, and *Rawlins* you finde me;
Rawlins I was, and am, and *Rawlins* will
 enough God continue to be *Rawlins* still.
 I would have heard you, had your sute bin just,
 He hath heard me, and on him I trust.
 Bishop being wroth, him soundly shent,
 Sent to Malis. *Rawlins* his minde then bent
 forth these words: Good people if there be
 amongst you any brethren, two, or three,
 but one, bear witness at the day
 of judgement, that I to no Idols pray.
 Done, he was condemn'd, and after thrown
 into a darke and loathsome dungeon.
Rawlins pass'd his time in drowning wrongs
 in spir'tual prayers and religious songs.
 Right before his death t'his wife he sent
 and his wedding weed (a shirt he meant)
 which he rejoycingly next morn put on;
 being led to execution,
 led he was with bills, and Pike-staves too,
 said he, what need all this ado?
 God's grace; I will nothing start aside;
 'tis't that gives me power to abide
 in this affliction for his own names sake.
 God? his be the glory. At the stake
 his dear wife and children having found
 him in briny tears, or rather drown'd;

Anno
 1554.

His eyes let fall a tear ; but having made
 A recollection of himself, he said,
 Ah flesh ! saiest thou me so ? would'st thou obtain
 The Victor's Palm ? I tell thee 'tis in vain
 To strive ; thy pow'r is like the morning mist :
 Then falling on the ground, the ground he kist,
 And spake, Earth unto earth, and dust to dust,
 Thou art my mother, and return I must
 To thee. With an exhalted brow,
 Then going to be bound to th'stake, I now
 (Said he t'a friend of his,) finde great contest
 Betwixt the flesh and spirit, for the best.
 I pray you therefore, when you see me shrink,
 Hold up your finger, that I may bethink
 My too oblivious self. B'ing bound he rais'd
 These words up to the height ; *The Lord be Prais'd*
 Unto the Smith then spake he, Pray good friend
 Knock it in fast, the flesh may much contend ;
 But God, support me, let thy grace refresh
 My fainting spirits, and my trembling flesh.
 About him pulled he the reeds and straw,
 VVith such a merry look, that all that saw
 Much wondred at it. Now a Priestt appear'd
 And preached to the people : *Rawlins* heard
 Until he spake of Transubstantiation,
 Alledging Scripture for its confirmation ;
This is my Body ; Come you here good folk
 (Said *Rawlins*) don't hear that false Prophet's t
 Ah ! naughty Hypocrite dar'st thou produce
 A Scripture-proof for so profane a use ?
 I have heard your already-quoted text ;
 But lock immediately what follows next ;
Do this for my Remembrance : then straight-
 The Priestt stood still, not knowing what to say.

1100

154.

Under the Reign of Queen Mary.

The fire was kindled, *Rawlins* in the flame
Bathed his aged hands, till in the same
The sinews shruak, the fat drop'd out, and all
That while he cried out ; Lord, let my fall
Mount me to thee ; Receive this soul of mine,
O Lord receiv't ; his spirit he did resign.
It was observ'd of him, that whereas through
Infirmity of age he round did go,
And with dejected countenance, he now
Went bolt upright t'his death, his smoother brow
As clear as day ; his speeches and behaviour,
Of courage, vigour very well did savour.
And now the Queen restor'd the Abbey-lands
She late possess'd. A Pope-sent Bull commands
All do the like ; but none therein was seen
T'obey the Pope, or imitate the Queen.
A Popish Priest at * *Crowdale* (impious fool !)
Boasted that he had bin with Card'nal *Pool*,
Who cleans'd him from his sins ; the Bull sent o're
He prais'd, fell down, and never spake word more.
Some burn'd, because they on their necks did tie
This Motto, *Fear God, fly Idolatry.* * in
nee!
ce!
George Marsh, one *William Flower*, *John Card-*
John Simpson, and *John Warns*, were each partaker
Of life, by suffering death, climb'd heavens story :
Death is the ladder to immortal glory.
Banner for many things *John Ardly* accus'd,
To whom *John Ardly* such expressions us'd ;
My Lord, not you, nor any of your breed
Are of the true Catholick Church indeed ;
Your faith is false, and when you most depend
Upon it, it will fail you in the end.
You have shed much, too much innocuous blood,
And are not weary yet : Can this be good ?

Of this loath'd papistry, which I withstood,
 And shall against it give my dearest blood
 By God's grace by and by. Let not the number
 Of bleeding Saints discourage or incumber
 Your active faith, and move you to relent,
 But thereby take occasion to be bent
 For greater service in Jehovah's fight :
 'Tis happy dying for a cause that's right.
 I do not doubt, nor have you cause to fear
 But he which strikes, will give you strength to bear.
 He'll be unto the widdow, in distress
 Husband, and father to the fatherless.
 Farewel, (said he) farewel, gave each a kiss,
 So past he through the fiery blaze to bliss.
 One *Bainford*, *Osmond*, *Osborne*, overturn'd
 Unto the Sec'lar power, in *Essex* burn'd.
 Mr. *John Bradford* and *John Leafe* did climbe
 Up fiery stairs to heaven about this time.
 The next day after at *Maidstone* in *Kent*
 One Mr. *Minge* dy'd in imprisonment.
 Mr. *John Bland*, God's faithful Minister,
 Was for the truth a constant sufferer.
John Frankish, *Humphry Middleton*, two men
 Of admirable worth, were martyr'd then.
John Pessie's child, such cruel whippings feels,
 That the gore blood ran down about its heels ;
 The father put in the tormenting stocks,
 Must see his Lamb misus'd (O hearts of rocks !)
 One *Nicholas Sheterden* being brought,
 Him Doctor *Harpsfield* asked what he thought
 That passage, *This my Body is*, should mean ;
 Said *Sheterden*, This cannot well be seen
 By carnal eyes : thus much I gather thence,
 It must be taken in a spirituall sense ;

Else when, *This Cup's my blood's* so understood,
The substance of the Cup must needs be blood.
Nicholas Hall, Christopher Waide, Joan Beach,
John Harpool, Marg'ry Boley, who did reach
At the despised truth, and Popery spurn'd,
Condemn'd at *Rocheſter* in *Kent*, were burn'd.
Dirick Carver, a Surrey Gentleman
Call'd to the stake, unto his God began
His fervent pray'r, which having done he strip'd
Himself, and so into the barrel skip'd;
They threw his book in also but in vain;
For to the throng he flung it out again:
I charge you, said the Shrieffe, in the Queen's name
To fling that Vip'rous book into the flame.
Then spake he with a cheerful voice, and said,
Dear friends, bear witness I am not afraid
To seal Christ's Gospel with my dearest blood,
Knowing 'tis true, and was of late your food,
Though now surrepted from you; and because
I'll not deny it, to obey mans laws,
Condemn'd I be to dy; see that you walk
In answer to the truth, of which you talk.
And as for those that do the Pope believe,
Hell's theirs, without Gods merciful reprieve.
Except (said then the Sheriffe) believe thou do
The Pope, th'art damn'd both soul and body too:
Pray to thy God that he may set thee free,
Or strike me down. The Lord forgive, said he,
Your temerarious words. Dear Lord, thou knowst
How I left all, to come to thee; thou dost
Draw with Magneticke-love; to thee I fly
For shelter, Ah! but when my serious eye
Darts on thy power, and on my self looks down,
I fear the wrath of a condemning frown.

What, shall I shrink? no; now the flames surround me,
 I'll trust my God, although my God confound me.
 Christ Jesus help, Christ Jesus look upon me;
 He cry'd, and dy'd, with Lord have mercy on me.
Joeson said, All the treasure in the nation
 Should never draw him to a recantation;
 I to the mercy of my God appeal,
 And would be none of your Church for a deal:
 Yea though an heaven-sent Angel came t'expound
 Unto me other Doctrine, I'm not bound
 For to receive it: hereupon condemn'd
 And put into the fire, he death condemn'd.
James Abbes, a Godly man did shift about
 From place to place for safeties sake: found out
 At last, they carri'd him to *Norwich* town,
 Where, by the Bishop's threats he did disown
 What he profess'd; the Bishop seeing so,
 Gave him some money, and dismiss'd him too:
 But conscience bringing him upon the rack,
 The Bishops money he returned back,
 Repenting e're he took it: then again
 The Bishop strove to gain him, but in vain;
 Though *Peter*-like he fail'd, now to persevere
 Resolve he did, and stood more fast then ever,
 Even to his last-drawn breath; the Bishop's fury
 Condemn'd him to be burn'd, he burn'd at *Bury*.
John Danty, Newman, Partrick, Packingham;
 Dy'd constant Martyrs for their Saviours name,
Wright, Coker, Collier, Hooper, Stone, and more
 Besides in *Canterbury*, faggots bore.
Robert Smith, Stephen Harwood, Thomas Esch,
 And *William Hale*, dy'd for the truth their trust,
Elizabeth Warne, condemned to be burn'd
 By *Bonner*, unto *Bonner* soon return'd

ds, Do what you will with me; for why,
 was in an errour, so am I;
 not: but Christ spake true I know
 then was she burn'd at *Stratford-Bow*.
 very time *George Tankerfield*
Albanes to their rancour yield.
 ng. *John Wade*, and *The. Leyes*, with fore,
 ick and dy'd in *Lollards tower*.

Mr. *Robert Samuel*

d Min'ster, who instructed well
 committed to his charge; was tost
 ch goal, there chained to a post,
 St that's body did command
 mall ease induc'd his tip-toes stand.
 d thirst (bad helpers) are procur'd;
 igue can tell what he poor man endur'd!
 ught to be burn'd (an easie pain
 e felt before) he did detain
 ds in telling them, a most strange story
 fell out, while he was us'd so sory:
 much want (said he) had undergon,
 l then me thought appeared one
 ll in white, who whisper'd in mine ear,
 'amuel, be of good cheer;
 to gra's man, thou hast past the worst,
 thou shalt nor hunger feel, nor thirst:
 me to pase, such consolation did
 is woes, that modesty forbid
 e fame. So as he went along
 on, amidst the throng
 re was, (who after scap'd) did fall
 neck, and kissed him wichall.
 his body burn'd, it shin'd as bright
 ed Silver, or as *Cynthia's* light.

Next day *Anne Potten* and *Jean Trumbfield*, co
 From *Ipswich* prison unto Martyrdome.
Thomas Cob, *William Allen*, *Roger Coe*
 Death for the sake of Christ did undergo.
 In *Coventry* and *Litchfield*-Diocels,
 One Mr. *Robert Glover*, did profess
 The Gospel; he surprized, had his doom
 To be confined to a narrow room,
 And dark wichall, next to the dungeon,
 Scarce having straw enough to lie upon.
 No chair nor stool to sit on; none might look
 To him though sick; pen, paper ink nor book,
 Was not allow'd him; yet a Testament
 And Prayer-book, by stealth he getting, spent
 Most of his time in pray'r, and meditation
 On Gods great love in working mans salvation.
 Yea, said he, health began to come; my peace
 Of conscience did more and more encrease:
 Gods spir't reviv'd me; I had sometimes some
 Glimm'ring reflections of the life to come.
 All for his own Son's sake; to him always
 Be Glory, Honour, and Obedience, Praise.
 Two days before his death, he found his heart
 Less lightsome then it was, and fear'd the smart
 Would too much try his patience, for his pray's
 God heard not; he unbosomed his fears
 Unto a Godly Minister his friend,
 Who wish'd him to be constant to the ends
 O play the man, your cause is just and true,
 God will appear anon, I'll warrant you.
 The stake is light, he said, I see him whom
 I call'd for, *Austin*, Oh he's come, he's come!
 And look'd so cheerful e'en as though new breath
 He should receive, and not a painful death.

Bengey, Capper also came
 and burned in the self-same flame,
Glover now was troubled sore,
 brother took for him; therefore
 have suff'ed in his brother's stead,
 friends importunings he fled
 neighbouring Woods, did there abide
 th' care and cold sickned and dy'd.
 privately was bur'd in
 ch -yard: they his bones dig'd up agin
 month after, threw them out (Opains!)
 trampled on by Horses, Waias.
 though in his life, he scaped from
 e, yet after's death, on him they come.
 he third brother, in *Sbropshire* dead,
 (by their consent) be buried.
 and *Pigos*, suff'ed in the Isle
 And within a little while
idly, and also *Latimer*
 : *Oxford*. *Stephen Gardiner*
 to dine till almost night deferr'd;
Norfolk Duke then with him) having heard
 their deaths, he with a smiling brow
 he Duke, let us to dinner now.
 le fill'd, as merry as a Buck
 op was, but on a sudden struck:
 s scarce eaten) carry'd from the table
 e was, his pains intolerable;
 e could not ease, for fifteen dayes,
 e was swoln, and black, his mouth's affairs
 r't no house-room; his pin'd body all
 lam'd, he gasp'd and gave a spawl.
John Webbe, George Koper, Gregory Parks,
every burn'd, not mix'd their mask.

One *Thomas Whittle* Minister, accus'd
 By *Bonner*, was most wickedly misus'd ;
 Who fell upon him, beat him with his fists,
 And him enclos'd within a close rooms lists :
 There (said he) though I did on the bate ground lie
 Two nights I (prais'd be God) slep'd very soundly
 He, *Joan Warne*, *Isbel Foster*, *Thomas Brown*,
John Went *John Tudson*, *Bartlet Green*, lay down
 Their lives together did at *Smithfield* stake,
 Of heaven-prepared joys for to partake :
 The last of which going to bear the yoke,
 Cheerfully this repeated Dystich spoke ;

*Christe Deus, sine te spes est mihi nulla saluti
 Te duce vera sequor, te duce falsa nego.*

In English thus :

*O Christ who art my God
 In thee for mine abode,
 With thee, I onely hope :
 Under thy conduct I
 Seek the truth, and deny
 The falsi-loquious Pope.*

He was a man exceeding charitable
 Unto the poor, so far as he was able.
 Nor did he love (his modesty was such)
 Pop'lar applause, though he deserved much.
 His beatings he conceal'd, till neer his end,
 When he declar'd it to a bosome-friend.
Anne Albright, *Agnes Snotb*, *Joan Casmer*, &c
 At *Canterbury* were burnt to a coal.
 Good Doctor *Cranmer*, then of *Canterbury*
 Archbishop, also past the fiery fury.

t Salisbury, on William Coberly,
ohn Spicer, and John Mandrel, so did die.
ichard and Thomas Spurge, Tims, Cavel, Drake,
Ambrose, all Essex-men, fell at the stake.
 After *Tims* many Godly letters sent
 his friends, not long before his life was spent :
 none he us'd these passages ; I praise
 the Lord for helping you to maide his wayes.
 Consider I beseech you, what of late
 fell from my lips, so shall we meet in state :
 I am going to the Bishops coal-house now,
 and hope to go to heaven e're long ; do you
 come after me : I have a great while tarri'd
 for you ; but seeing y^e are not yet prepared,
 I will stay no longer ; you shall finde me blest
 and singing, *Holy, Holy Lord of Rest,*
 at my race end ; now therefore my dear hearts
 take hast and loyter not, lest light departs,
 and yee (who with the foolish Virgins stay)
 be with the foolish Virgins turn'd away :
 And now in witness that I have not taught
 contrary to the truth revealed, ought,
 by blood-writ name I send you, for a Test
 that I will seal my Doctrin with the rest,
 I bid fare you well, and God defend you then
 from Antichrist, and his false Priests, Amens
 for constancy in pray'r, with faith require ;
 and gain the fulness of your choice desire.
ohn Hullier (formerly an *Eaton* Scholar)
 at *Ely*, by his patience, conqu' red dolour.
Ingh Laurask, John Ap-Rice, this blind, that lame,
 old Bishop *Bonner*, that he. laws did frame
 to take mens lives away, making the Queen
 his hangman : *Bonner* burn'd them out of spleen ;

So got a coal. *John Noy*s fell down and pray'd
And being bound unto the stake, he said,
Fear not the bodies killer; but him, who
Can kill thee, damne thee, soul and body too,
Seeing his sister weep, he thus begins,
Weep not for me, but weep you for your sins.
He took a faggot up. gave it a kiss,
And said. Did I e're think to come to this ?
Blessed be God that ever I was born ;
Then spake he to the people, Of bread-corn
They tell you they can make God, but believe
Them not at all, nor their false truths receive :
Pray bear me witness I expect salvation
Not by mine own good works; but Christ his pass
The fire was kindled, and his last-spoke word
Was Christ have mercy, O have mercy Lord.
Within the Diocess of *Chichester*,
Many accus'd, condemn'd and burned were.
Hillingdal Sparrow, and one *Gibson* dy'd
In *Smubfield* flames. *John Roub*' Minister try
With *Marg'ret Mearns*, neer about this time,
Were also burned for the self-same crime.
One *Cuthbert Sympson*, Deacon, in one day
Though rack'd no less then thrice, would not be
The Congregation, lying in the stocks,
At midnight one (whom he well heard) unlocks
The coal-house doors, and though no candles light
Nor fire's he saw, yet his amazed sight
Splendour beheld ; he that came in said *Ha !*
And after that, soon vanished away :
This much rejoyc'd his soul ; upon the morrow
He, *Hugh Fox*, and one *Devonsh*. fire went thore
One *Thomas Hudson*, *Thomas Carwan* too,
And *William Seaman*, *Norfolk-men*, did go

ugh tribulation to heavenly blifs,
rve the crown their own, the crofs they kifs:
: was one mother *Bennet* of the town
erfet, who was driven up and down
fus sake; returning home, she dy'd,
orps b'ing buri'd by the high-ways side.
vas exceeding lib'ral to the poor;
nate once told her merrily, their store
s had bin but sparing, had bin much
hat it was: said she, I cannot grutch
oor: Alas! good husband, be content,
s be thankfull, God enough hath sent;
till (sweet heart) have good competent fare:
ntent's a feast, although the feast be bare:
not see the needie's wants, and hoard,
in so doing I displease the Lord:
usband let's be rich in good works still,
asing God, we shall have all at will.
Cicely Orms b'ing ask'd, over his head
: 'twas the Priest held up? she answ' red, Bread,
at the best; and if you do endeavour
ake it better, 'twill be worse then ever.
ght to the stake, she kifs'd it, and respir'd
ome Christs cross, his sweet cross so desir'd!
ul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit
d rejoyceth, and my Saviours merit.
sting up her head, on heaven she fix'd
res, and in the flames her hands commix'd
elded up the ghost. *Thomas Spurdance*
orwich suff' red for the truths advance.
e Eagles, Tailour, travell'd up and down
ral countries, went from town to town
rming weaker Saints: in a short season
stmsford he condemn'd was for treason,

And hang'd up with two theeves, the one whereof
 With tears sought Christ, the other with this scoff
 Put off *George Eagles*'s exhortation,
 Our Captain leads, we shall to heaven anon.
 The Pen'tent thiefe did call upon the Lord.
 The mockers flatt'ring tongue spake not one word
 Upon the ladder. *Eagles* was cut down
 Half dead, his heart pull'd out, his members strow
George Eagles sister, and a man call'd *Fryer*,
 At *Rocheſter* did in the fire expire.

In Chr.
 558.

A Proclamation was sent about,
 That all good books within this Realm set out,
 Or from beyond seas brought, should all be turn
 To ashes; if not so, their owners burn'd.
 Soon after this dire Proclamation,
 Twice twenty persons met neer *Iſlington*
 Were caught, some scap'd, some burn'd with fagg
 In *Smithfield* thirteen, and in *Brainford* fix. (fix
 Amongst these Godly persons there was one
 Nam'd *Roger Holland*, (who had boldly done
 His duty in reprov'ng bloody *Bowser*)
 Spake thus: at last, God will redeem his honour
 With your destruction, and will soon asswage
 (His spir't so tells me) your unbridled rage
 Against his Church; he heareth the complaints
 His servants make, for the afflicted Saints,
 Whom you so dayly persecuted have
 As us you do now: Christ will shortly save
 His spotless Spouse; in God I dare be bold
 To tell you that you are too fierce to hold.
 And my deaz breth'ren, know that in this place
 After this day, not any shall embrace
 The fire and faggot by this means procur'd:
 Mark what I say, and be thereof assur'd.

'hich came to pass ; for, for the Lord Christ's sake
 one after them suff'ed at *Smithfield Stake*.
 and *Bonner* then, What ? *Roger* I perceiv here
 thou art as bad an Heretick as ever ;
 and in thine anger thou wouldst now become
 railing Proph't, but th'hadst as good be dumbe :
 though thou, and all like thee, would see me turn'd
 over the ladder, yet to see thee burn'd
 shall live ; yea, and (before God I vow)
 I'll make you rue it, ev'ry one of you
 that comes within my clutches ; so he went.
Roger call'd on the people to repent,
 and to think well of all the Saints, that past
 the fiery tryal, which not long should last,
 for God intended to abridge straightwayes
 for his elect's sake, those sanguineous dayes.
Roger embrac'd the stake, and said, O Lord
 praise thee for affording me thy word,
 and fellowship with Saints, which in heavens costs
 nothing, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts :*
 God receive my soul, preserve thy flock,
 save them from Idols, O be thou their Rock.
 with his fellowes praising God above,
 they all repos'd in the arms of love
 there was one *William Pikes* amongst the six
 Which dy'd at *Brainford*) false-nam'd Hereticks :
 Who (while that he his liberty enjoy'd)
 in Summer, at noon-day, (of cares devoyd)
 his Bible with him in t'his garden took,
 he sat down to read upon it ; on his book
 as he drops of blood fell suddenly, he knows
 not whence it came ; t'his call'd-wife it he shewes,
 saying, I well perceive God will have blood ;
 I cannot, ne; it must not be withstood :

His will be done ; God help me to abide
 The trial, for without him I shall slide.
 And so they went to pray'r, and in short space
 Burned he was, in the aforenam'd place.
 One *Thomas Hinshaw*, like a dog was us'd
 By *Harfsfield* first, by *Bonner* next abus'd,
 Who in an arbour pulled down his breeches,
 VVhip'd him with willow-rods, and with that
 Returned him to prison : there was one (speech
John Willis the like usage undergone ;
 T'whom *Bonner* thus, Me bloody *Bonner* call
 Ye do, a plague of God upon you all :
 I'd fain be rid of you, but you delight
 In burning sure I think ; but if I might
 Have my desires, O then I'faith I'd stich
 Your mouths up, sack you, throw you in a ditch
 Or down the stream, this would I do with speed ;
 My fingers itch to do this picus deed.
 Upon a time *Bonner* came to the stocks
 VVhere this *John Willis* lay, and spake with mod
 How like you (*John*) your lodging and your fare!
Willis said, VVell, had I a straw-pad here.
 VVhile thus they commun'd, in the good man's w
 Came (great with child) to beg her husbands life
 Told *Bonner* she within his house would stay,
 And there (her count neer out) her belly lay,
 Unless her (loving) husband might be freed,
 And pack along with her. Indeed, indeed,
 Said *Bonner* then, that were a handsom trick :
 How say'st thou *John*, thou damned Heretick ;
 Suppose thy wife should with her brat miscarry,
 And perish man, art thou not accessory
 To both their deaths? what thinkst thou? To be sh
 The woman would not go (twas pretty sport.

r these partly) *Bonner* left in's house
ould cry out, did let her husband loose
ie tears. A Godly Minister
| Mr. *Richard Teomans*, much did bear :
(he finding how his foes were bent
e away his life) went down to *Kent*,
pins, needles, points, thred, white and black,
ome odd trifles, to supply the lack
nself, his poor wife and children :
s imprison'd but releas'd agen :
it to *Hadly* to his wife, and there
a chamber, they abode a year ;
g of *Wool* he sets himself about,
ns ; thus pick they a poor living out.
;th the Parson having understood
is good old man liv'd, he took a brood
ficers with him, at night, rebound
de the doors, search'd diligently, foud
ther *Teomans* and his family laid
together ; whereupon he said,
:rust me if I did not think a knave
a whore should finde, and so I have ;
ould have pull'd the bed-cloaths off withall :
her *Teomans* held them fast : Call, call
it you please, here's neither knave nor whore,
conjugal pair in God (though poor)
God for it ; you in darknel's grope,
desie (with all his trash) the Pope.
i the cage they carri'd him away ;
o the stocks with one *John Dale* he lay ;
) shortly after dy'd) he told's faich, for which
led and condemn'd he burnt at *Norwich*.
Ucock a young man, by trade a Shear-man
Wy-Parish said. I do not fear man,

But **God** if for my **God** I suffer may,
 'Twill be a happy and a joyful day :
 As for the **Pope**, I will not be forgiven
 By him, forgive me thou great **God** of heaven.
 He was a *Newgate* pris'ner hereupon,
 And thrust into the lower dungeon,
 Where he with cruel handling, and beside
 Ill keeping, suddenly fell sick and dy'd.
 One *Mr. Thomas Benbridge* though estate
 Enough he had, yet through the narrow gate
 Of persecution did he chuse to enter
 Into heaven's Kingdom ; manfully adventure
 His life and limb for **Christ**, **Truth** he defended
 Against the **Pope** till he was apprehended,
 Condemna'd therefore ; at the place unappal'd,
 His rich apparel he put off, and call'd
 Upon his **God** ; then fastned to the stake,
 Said *Dr. Seaton* to him, Do but make
 A recantation, and thou shalt be freed ;
 Said *Mr. Benbridge*, Shall I so, indeed ?
 I thank you, but I will not, **Christ's** my **Guerdon** ;
 I don't regard you man, no, nor your pardon.
 The **Doct**or said, In troth it is a sin
Good folk, to pray for such a dog ; begin
Benbridge, begin a new leaf, wilt thou ? say ?
 Away thou **Babylonian**, away,
Benbridge reply'd ; they kindled then the wood
VWhich burnt his beard, yet he unmoved stood :
Fire seiz'd on's legs ; unable to abide
 So grievous pains. *I do Recant* he cry'd :
 The fire's removed, and his life is granted ;
 But he his recantation recanted,
 (It pleasing **God** his conscience to awake)
 And six days after suff' red at the stake.

Cook, James Ashby, Alexander Lane,
Robert Miles, because they did abstain
 in going to the Church, did pass the Fury
 form'rant *Vulcan*, at *St. Edmunds Bury*;
Philip Humphry, John and Henry David,
 brothers, were destroy'd, and yet were saved.
Wilmot, Williams, Cotton, Cokingborow,
Harris, whip'd, run through a deal of sorrow;
Alexander Gonge, and *Alice Driver,*
 At *Ngon a Suffolk*-Justice were
 unted after, that a while they lay,
 safety sake, hid in a mow of hay:
 Justice with his men searching about,
 st Pitch-forks in the mow, and found them out,
 them to *Melton* goal, where being prov'd
 tain time, they were to *Bury* mov'd;
 e Assizes, they Christ crucifi'd
 y confessed, and the Pope desi'd.
Driver did compare (exceeding well)
 n *Mary*, in her rage, to *Jesabel*;
 ars to be cut off the Judge procur'd,
 t, which she rejoicingly endur'd.
 are to *Ipswich* sent, examin'd there
 o *Spencer, Norwich* Chancellor,
 others; the main matter was intent
 : Christs presence in the Sacrament.
Driver did so baffle them herein,
 they had nothing to reply agin:
 she concluded then, the Lord be blest
 re (though learn'd) not able in the least
 ose God's spirit in me a silly woman
 w degree, and tutoured by no man;
 o Academick, nor was I
 ough up in the University,

As ye have been ; yet in the truths defence,
And in the cause of Christ my Master, whence
I power derive, I will set foot to foot
To any of 'you, if you put me to's,
For to maintain the same ; and if I had
A thousand lives to lose, I should be glad
To let all go for it. The Chancellour
Condemn'd, and sent her to the Sec'lar power.
Gouge also was condemn'd for Christ his name,
And so both sweetly dy'd in Ipswich flame.
Also Driver's neck being chain'd, O said she (heer
Here is a goodly handkerchief indeed !
VVell, God be praised for it. As they stand
At stake, some came to take them by the hand :
The Sheriffe bids they be caught : the crowd forbid
The Sheriffe bids let alone, and so they did.
There liv'd in Cornwall a religious Dame,
Her husband a recusant, often came
To hear Mass read, nor would he ever lin
Till his forc'd-wife did joyn with him therein,
VVhich was no little trouble to her soul ;
She thereupon did seek the Lord, and roul
Her self upon him, and by earnest prayer
Crav'd his direction ; God was pleas'd to hear,
And one night fill'd her with such spir'tual mirth,
That she enjoy'd a little heaven on earth ;
From husband, children, and from all she run
For conscience sake, and for her living spun :
Yet to her husband she return'd at last,
VVhere (but a very little time being past)
Her neighbours apprehending, carry'd her
To th' Bishop of the town of Exeter ;
She was condemned, and the reason why,
VVas that she spake against Idolatry.

top said to her, **W**oman do y^e hear?
our good husband, and your children dear.
erred, Remembered and forgot
soon; I have them and I have them not :
enjoy'd my ease, I them enjoy'd,
(all such relations are voyd)
; here, as I do, in Christ his cause,
must either frangifie the Laws
ce, or Nature ; eicher Christ forsake,
ny Husband ; I'm content to take
; my heavenly Spouse, and to renounce
er with my children all at once.
top after much Argumentation,
r a months time for consideration.

Dutch-man who new Noses made
ges defac'd when *Edward* swaid ;
, Mad-man, what meant thou to compose
oses for such images as those,
will so shortly loose their heads ? For this
s close pris^{er} kep'd, nor did she mis
ings, taunts, scoffes, call'd Anabaptist, whore,
oman, drunkard, vagabond, and more.
any specious promises were us'd,
rty, of wealth ; which she refus'd.
usband, goods, and children they assail
her. but yet nothing would prevail,
rt was fixed trusting in the Lord ;
cast anchor, and renounc'd, abhor'd
involved world, with all the wiles
Satan uses when he soules beguiles.
; devoyd of learning, yet so vers'd
iptures, that not onely she rehers'd
e proofs, Quotations, but could tell
ok and Chapter also very well.

Condemn'd and given to the sec'lar power,
 The country Gentlemen came flocking to her
 Bidding her, yet to call on God for grace,
 And cease her fond opinions to embrace,
 So go t'her husband, and her children dear ;
 Thou art a woman ignorant (we fear)
 And these things are too far above thy reach
 (Said they) the shrub is lower then the Beach.
 I am, said she, indeed, and yet my breath
 I'll give in witness, of my Saviours death.
 O do not put me off with longer stay,
 For Ah ! I am impatient of delay ;
 My love hath wings, it hovers up and down,
 Nor can it rest, till glory is her own.
 My heart is fixed, I will never go
 From what I said, nor do as others do.
 Then said the Bishop, There's no hopes to win her.
 The devil leadeth her, the devil is in her.
 Not so my Lord (quoth she) Christ is my guide,
 His Spirit upholds me, that I cannot slide.
 She, when she heard deaths sentence past upon her,
 Advanc'd her voice, and said, Unmated honour !
 The Proverb's true. *Long look'd for, comes at last*
 My Lord, my God, I thank thee, that thou hast
 Granted to me this day, my hearts desire,
 In lifting me with thy celestial Quire.
 Woman, said one, be thou a happy wife
 By thy recanting ; O the sweets of life !
 No, said she, by no means ; my life is hid
 With Christ in God, now the good Lord forbid
 That for this life, at best but transitory,
 I should lose heaven and eternal glory :
 I have two husbands, but will only cleave
 Unto my heavenly, and my earthly leave ;

fellowship of Saints in heaven I trow
weds the having children here below :
If my husband and my children prove
hful, then am I theirs, they have my love ;
I my good father is, God is my mother,
I is my sister, and God is my brother,
I is my kinsman, God's my faithful friend
o will stick close unto me, till the end.
Execution then led along,
was attended with a num'rous throng.
nd to the stake, she by the Popish Priests
s set upon again (unwelcom guests !)
whom she thus : for God's sake now give o're
ir bible babble, trouble me no more
h empty sounds, fain would I, Oh ! divorce
self from your impertinent discourse.
God be merciful to sinful me,
Ah ! I onely do depend on thee.
stood with admirable patience
idst the flames, and so her soul flew hence.
ad such a cheerful look, that one would say
as her wedding, not her burning day.
had been alwayes sober in her diet,
t in apparel, peaceable and quiet ;
ayes a doing, never sitting still,
ing her health and limbs, by her good will ;
in'd to her house, she ever would refuse
;ad abroad, as most ill-houswives use.
ll that came to her, her gracious heart
uld streams of consolation impart.
is word was her delight, she gave good heed
r husband in the Lord, a wife indeed !
ording to her power, she at her door,
at their severall homes, reliev'd the poor :

And in the time of her calamity
Would take no proffer'd coyne ; for, said she, I
Am going now to (Heaven) a City, where
No money any Mastery doth bear ;
And whilst I here remain, the Lord will feed
My craving stomach, and supply my need ;
It is his promise, and full sure I be,
That he which feeds the Ravens, will feed me.
One *Richard Sharp*, a Weaver by his trade
In *Bristol* City. apprehended, made
A large confession of his faith before
One *Dr. Dalby* the there-Chancellour,
Who by perswasive Arguments so wrought
Upon his weakness, that he soon was brought
To make a promise, That he would appear
And publickely recan^r, and when, and where.
But after this Apostacy, *Sharp* felt
His conscience gall'd, hell's horrour so indwelt
His soul, that he his calling could not miade,
His colour went away, his body pin'd :
Next Sabbath day going to Church, he made ;
To the Quire-door, and with a loud voice said,
That Altar, neighbours, pray bear me record,
Is the Great Idol: I deny'd my Lord,
But from the bottom of my heart am sorry
For what I do, in hazarding my Glory.
He caught, condemn'd, and burn'd, with *Thomas*
Climb'd up to heaven from this tearful vale. (H
One *Thomas Benson* of the same town went
To pris'n, for saying, That the Sacrament
Was as they us'd it, nothing else but bread,
And not the body of the Lord indeed ;
As for the Sacraments, which you call seven,
Five were ordain'd by men, but two by heaven ;

Give me the two, which I acknowledge true,
And all the other five I'll leave to you,
Soon after this he did receive death's sentence;
And executed, to his God he sent hence
His blessed soul, which left its bodie's jail
For Paradise, death having put in bail.
Now to conclude, The last that did maintain
The Gospel with their hearts-blood in the Reign
Of *Mary* Queen, that hell-begotten fury,
Were these five Citizens of *Canterbury*,
John Hurst *John Cornford*, (Captains in the fight)
Christopher Brown, *Alice Snotb*, and *Kath'rine*
The things imputed to their charge were, that (*Knights*
Christ's real presence they denyed flat,
Affirming onely those that do believe,
Not wicked men, Christ's body do receive.
The Pope they said was Antichrist, the Mass
Abominable; that a sin it was
To pray to Saints; that cringing to a cross
Was meer Idoltry and an error gross, &c.
Sentence of condemnation being heard,
Forthwith *John Cornford*, was in spirit stirr'd,
And with an ardent zeal for God, express'd
In the name of himself, and all the rest
This doom: I'th' name of Christ our Saviour,
The Son of God, the High'st, and by the power
Of his most Holy-Ghost, as also by
The Holy and Divine authority
Of the Apostolick and Cath'lick Church
(Never yet totally left in the lurch)
We here turn over to the Prince of hell
As slaves eternally to howle and yell
In sulph'ry flames, the bodies of all those
Blasphemers, Hereticks, who do oppose

The living God, and bolster up their errors
 Against the Truth, hence to the King of Terrours ;
 So that by this thy righteous judgement shown
 Against thy foes, great God, thou mayst make known
 Thy true religion to thy greater glory
 And our souls comfort when we read the story
 Of thy great power, and to th'edification
 Of all our well-nigh ruined Nation.
 Good Lord, so be it, be it so, Amen.
 And this his excommunication then
 Took great effect against truth's enemies.
 Queen *Mary* within six dayes after dies,
 And Tyrannie with her ; there is no hope
 Of any longer footing for the Pope ;
 In *England* now great joy betides to all
 The faith-cy'd Saints, who wish'd proud *Babels* fall
 Yet the Archdeacon, and's associates quick
 (Knowing the Queen was dangerously sick)
 Condemn'd those pious persons to the flame,
 And hurri'd them away. When there they came,
 In Christ his name they offer'd up their prayers,
 As holocausts to the Almighty's ears.
 To God they pray'd, to God for ever blest,
 Preferring this request amongst the rest ;
 That if it were his will, their blood might be
 The last that should be shed, so Lord pray we.
 No sooner had they pray'd, but heaven return'd
 A gracious answer, they the last that burn'd.
 Great God (said they) we cheerfully resign
 Our souls into those blessed hands of thine
 Amidst these flames ; their spirits did ascend
 To glory, which shall never have AN END.

Gloria Deo in Excelsis.

SECT. *Ult.*

*Judgements upon the Persecutors of his
ch and children.*

first the Gospel in the Ears did ring,
England under *Lucius* the King ;
id King or Queen the Land so stain
milian blood. as in her four years reign
Mary did : she burned in her fury
-Bishop, (and he of *Canterbury*)
hops, twenty one Divines or more,
gentlemen, Artificers eighty foure,
dmen. Servants, and poor Labouring men
re ; Wives twenty six, Widdowes twice ten ;
aids, two Boyes, and two young Babes (to
ent) in all two hundred seventy seven. (heaven
ur more for Jesus Christ his sake
ersecuted sore ; which could not shake
aven-built faith ; seven whereof were strip'd
aked, and most mercilessly whip'd.
in prison perishing, had dung
he Nabathæan custom) flung
eir outcast bodies : Some did lie
vated chains, condem'd to die,
e deliv'ed from approaching death
appy entrance of *Elizabeth*,
lorious Queen, our Pallas and Astræa,
race and Virtue the divine Idea ,
id spend, by reason of exile,
eyes in trouble, and their years in toils.

But as Queen *Mary* lavished the blood
 Of her best subjects, and the truth withstood
 Unto the utmost of her power; so God
 Scourged her soundly with his flaming rod,
 Both in her life and death; for whilst she liv'd,
 What did she prosper in which she achiev'd?
 To instance in a few particulars,
 And first, her fair'st and greatest man of War
 Unmatch'd i'th' Christian world, call'd the great *H.*
 Was burnt by heavenly flames. Then would she
 Spanish King *Philip*, so expose to dangers
 Poor *England* under barb'rous foes and strange
 She labour'd much, but never could attain
 To joyn the English to the Spanish Raign.
 Then did she set about the restauration
 Of Abbey-lands throughout the British nation:
 Her self began according to the Popes
 Directions, yet frustrate were all her hopes.
 God o're her land then such a famine spread,
 That her poor subjects upon Acorns fed,
 Then *Calice* where the English did remain
 During eleven Kings reigns from her was ta'in;
 Which loss so griev'd her, as she did impart,
 That *Calice* was engraven in her heart.
 Again in child-birth never woman had
 S'unfortunate success as she, so bad:
 For if she was with child, and had e're been
 In travel, why? why was it never seen?
 If not, why was the Kingdom so beguild?
 Some in the Pulpit for her new-born child
 Returning thanks: thus her desires b'ing cross'd,
 She then th'affections of her husband lost:
 She could not him enjoy, nor might she smother
 This her first love, by marrying another.

ugh she did so many Judgements feel,
ould she not her bloody Laws repeal :
ad no minde to stop the opened vein,
se the bleeding Orifice again
ring Saints. At last the Lord did please
ike her with a languishing disease,
ereof she dy'd ; and having held the crown
ears, and five months onely, laid it down.
ble tempests, mortal sicknesse,
es, famines, burning fevers, did perpe-
rieved land, (the fourth year she did sway)
wept a multitude of folks away :
it in six weeks space in *London* there
seven Aldermen. VVheat that same year
ed four marks the Quarter : Maulc a Peck
y four shillings ; as much Pease did make
pound six shillings eight pence : to a crown
ollowing year a Peck of VVheat came down ;
shillings eight pence Maulc ; of Ry. a Strike
for a groat you may, if it you like.
fifth year, a thundring tempest came
att' red down two towns neer *Notingham*,
sheets of lead abroad, bells from the steeple,
rees up by the roots, slew divers people, &c.
great mortality was known
iturn then ; Corn stood unreap'd, unmown,
otted in the fields ; hence did ensue
scarcity, the lab'ours being few,
ich of her ; nor must my Muse pass by
iefest Instruments of cruelty,
o begin with *Stephen Gardiner* then
p of *Winchester*, whose end my pen
ins to mention twice : I will therefore
ntel this. That living at the doore

Gods Judgements upon

Of merc'less death, and being put in minde
Of *Peter* his denying Christ, he whin'd
This answer out, *With Peter I deny'd*
The Lord, but there is somewhat else beside
Wanting in me: *Alas!* I never spent
A tear, nor can (as *Peter* did) repent.
Morgan *St. Davids* Billaop, who (high base)
Condemned *Ferrar*, and usurp'd his place,
Did vomit up his meat through mouth and nose
(O horrible) until his life did close.
Then *Mr. Leyson* high Sheriffe, set away
This Martyrs Cattel in his own ground: they
No meat would eat, nor touch a blade of grass,
But bellowed and roar'd till death (*Alas!*)
One Justice *Morgan* who condemned had
Lady Jane Grey, within a while fell mad:
Nothing but *Lady Jane*, his voice did sound;
The *Lady Jane*, (Oh! how her name did wound!)
The *Lady Jane*, the *Lady Jane*; O take
The *Lady Jane* away; no more he speake.
Dunnings the *Norwich* Chancellour for's hate
To the truth, dy'd as in his chair he sat.
Berry of *Norfolk* Commissary, one
Burn'd harmles Saints, fell with an heavy groan
Down to the ground, and never did recover.
One Bishop *Thornton* Suffragan of *Dover*,
A cruel man, while on a Sabbath-day
He looked o're his men, to see them play
At Bowles, on him did the dead palsey fall;
Carry'd to bed, he was desir'd to call
The Lord to minde; *Yea*, said he, so I do;
Not onely so, but my Lord Card'nal too a
So desperately dy'd. Another too
Of Hell at *Greenwich* went to Card'nal *Pe*

To get his blessing ; but returning fast,
 He fell down stairs, and brake his neck for halt.
Grimwood a wretch, who had himself forsworn,
 Being in Harvest stacking of his corn,
 His bowels suddenly fell out. These two
Capon and *Jeffry*, Doctors, undergo
 At *Salsbury* sudden deaths. *Mr. Woodroffe*
 Sheriffe of *London* dyed soon enough.
 One *Clerk* who did the Godly Saints devout,
 Hanged himself, at last in *London-Tower*.
Cox a Promoter, going well t^o his bed,
 When the next morn arose, was found stone dead.
Dale dy'd of lice. One *Troling Smith*, a great
 Foe to the truth, dy'd suddenly iⁿ th^e street.
Paul, *London Town-Clerk*, an accursed wretch
 Did voluntarily an halter stretch.
 A lightning stroke did *Robert Baldwin* kill.
 Cardinal *Pool* of an Italian Pill
 Dy'd as 'twas thought. *Dr. Foxford*, *Blomesfield*,
 And *Leland* too, to sudden deaths did yield.
 One *Dr. Williams* Chanc^ellour of *Glossoster*,
 Died the death before he was aware.
 One *Lever* said he had at *Oxford* been,
 And that ill-favour'd knave, *Lasimer* seen,
 Tooth'd like an horsebut mark we what did follow;
 His son soon hang'd himself. One *William Swallow*
 Lost all his hair; off all his nails did pill;
 And's wife was taken with the falling ill.
Brown, *Lardin*, *Potto*, en'mies of *George Eagles*,
 D'y'd a dogs shameful death (three pretty Beagles !)
 A Sheriffes man, who cruelty had a'ied
 Against *James Abbes*, despair'd & dy'd distracted.
 In *Lincolnshire*, *Burton* who Bayliffe was
 Of *Crowland*, labour'd to set up the Mass;

Gods Judgements upon Persecutors:

But the Parishioners with wise delay
 Still put him off; upon a Sabbath-day
 This *Burton* went to Church, (when all men fail'd)
 And on the Service-reading Curate rail'd:
 Sirrah (said he,) a *Mais*, (what?) may'nt we have;
 Buckle your self to it, you whorson knave,
 Or by Gods-Blood I'll sheath, I that I will,
 My dagger in your shoulder; vex me still,
 Do? you had best. Th'affrighted Curate made
 No more ado, but *Mais* in Latin said.
 Soon after this, as *Burton* with one more,
 Rode on the road, a croaking Crow flew o're
 His head, and dung'd; which falling on his nose,
 Ran down his slab'ring beard; but in the close
Burton was so perfum'd, that one would think
 No Jakes could yield so horrible a stink
 As he good man! Sweet *Burton* go thy way
 Contented, th'haft enough; such luck they say
 As thine is good: if the best luck betide
 To fools, thou art not on the wiser side.
 Haft *Burton*, haft what need I bid thee haft
 Whom mischance drives? Oh, Oh, cries he, at last
 My very bowels up such reachings make,
 My head even breaks, ough, ough, and heart-string
 A plague upon, a vengeance take the crow (ake
 That poyson'd him, and made him vomit so:
 And so he dy'd. The black-ey'd night inters
Banners corps amongst thieves and murtherers.

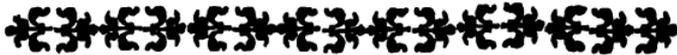
Is not destruction to the wicked, and strange
 Judgements to the Workers of iniquity?
 It's a Righteous thing with God, to recompense
 tribulation to them that trouble you; and
 you that are troubled, rest with me.

Gods Judgements upon Persecutors.

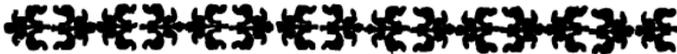
Roma diu titubans, varijs erroribus acta,
Corruet, & mundi desinet esse Caput.

*Rome not'ring long laden with Errors flore,
At last shall fall, and Head the World no more.*

AMEN.



FINIS.



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