

Brachy-Martyrologia: OR, A BREVIARY Of all the greate#t PERSECUTIONS Which have befallen the Saints and People of God From the Creation to our pre#ent Times: PARAPHRAS'D, By Nicholas Billing#ly, Of Mert. Col. Oxon.

P#al. 44. 22. For thy #ake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as #heep for the #laughters. Nil crus #entit in nervo, cum animus e#t in coelo. Tertul.

Naz. contra Ar. p. 113.# in non-Latin alphabet #.

LONDON, Printed by J. Cottrel, for Tho: John#on, at the Key in Paul's Church-yard. 1657.

To the Right Wor#hipful, JEREMY MARTIN Doctor of Phy#ick in Bristol,

- All
 - Internal
 - External
 - Eternal
 - Happine#s.

Honoured Sir,

I Am not ignorant that we now live in as cen#orious an age as even the Sun #hin'd on; wherein there are not a few that will #nap and #narle at the polite#t lines, and refined'#t inventions what#soever; (when perhaps the matter is too deep, for the #hort line of their Judgements to #ound the bottom of:) What hard mea#ure then I am like to have, for #uffering this my naked and incult Mu#e to venture abroad on the open #tage, I am not a little #en#ible of. But yet, becau#e private benefits, do often call for publick acknowledgements, I will not be a#hamed to let the world know, I am exceedingly engaged to you; nor could I be contented till I had made #ome part of amends for your received favours; Pre#uming that your Heroick minde, #weet nature, and generous di#po#ition, will re#pect more (Artaxerxes-like) the inward Affection, then the outward Action. Be pleas'd therefore, Noble Sir, to per#i#t #till in your wonted goodne#s, and favourably accept of that in the birth, which your encouragements furthered in the conception. The #ubject I confe#s is Divine (as treating of a Bu#h all in a flame, yet not con#umed; enough to dazle our eyes with its a#toni#hing glory) and therefore deferves to be better handled, by a more Graphical Paraphra#t then my #elf: And if my jangling toll in better ringers, I #hall be glad of it; In the mean, I will let my green fruits ripen under the Sun-#hine of your judicious Eye: and though my lines (like old Pewter) #eem dull for want of #cowering; yet may they receive a glo#s from your re#plendent Name. Pythagoras was of opinion,¹ that two things (and they from above) made a man truly glorious; the one was, To conceive aright of things; the other was, To know how to be beneficial to others. Sweet Sir, I will not flatter you (for I am confident you do not de#ire it, chu#ing rather to be too mode#tly #poken of, then to be mounted on the wings of Popular applau#e) but I dare #ay, you are endowed with both: You have affected to be acquainted with the natures of mo#t (may I #ay all?) di#ea#es; and have effected (God making your undertakings #uccesful) as rare cures as ever any, I will except none. I cannot #tand to #pecificie them; this one #hall #erve for all: Your eminent skill in recovering Epileptical maladies, is #ufficiently known to many. What #hall I #ay of my #elf in particular? am not I bound to ble#s God, #ince fir#t I had the happine#s

1 Aelian. Var Hi#t. l. 12. p. 343.

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 opportunely exercised towards me your Patient, in the raising up of my infirm body, even then, when I had passed the sentence of death upon myself, and was thought, in the eyes of all, irrecoverable? I were unworthy to live, if I did not.

Theodoricus,² an Archbishop of Colen, being demanded by Sigismund the Emperor, of the direct course to Happiness; Perform (said he) when thou art well, what thou promisedst when thou wast sick. This puts me in mind of a double engagement which I made in the time of my calamity; First, to God Almighty, That I would endeavour, if he but pleased to spare me my life, to devote myself wholly to his fear, and walk more obediently before him, than I had formerly done: Next to you, as the only instrument in the hand of God, for the repairing of the ruinous walls of my fleshly Tenement, I promised to agnize it, so long as I liv'd. I beseech God, that these promises may be the prodromes of succeeding performances. I pray Sir, give me leave to tell you, you are the only man living, whom I superlatively honour, not only 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 only 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 Phaebus beams can be the more increased by the presenting of a silly Taper: nay, I am somewhat conscious to myself of eclipsing the great Luminary of your serene worth, with the obumbration of a Timanthaean veil.

If I have herein offended, it is against my will; I am sorry for it; and I hope your ingenuity will pardon me, laying the fault on the defects of my Youth, as being not over-burthened with Ciceronian Eloquence. But what though I cannot cloathe my mind in such fine airy garments, nor adorn my Paper with such Rhetorical jewels as others can? yet may I as deeply engrave you on the Marble Tablet of my fidelious breast, as any, while I am,

Sir, The eleventh Day of March MDCLV.

Your Honours very humble, thankful, and much obliged servant, Nich: Billinghly.

2 Aeneas Syl. Com: lib. de gestis Alphon#i.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

They that cannot have leisure to take a full survey of Countries themselves, may yet see somewhat to their content, in the Geographical Maps and descriptions of others. Thou hast here presented to thy view, the Book of Martyrs in a little room; which is already extant, though in a larger extent. Now if the Tyrannie of thine affairs are so imperious, or the Weakness of thy purse so injurious, as to impede thy perusal of the History of the Church (which is absolutely the best (save one) in the Christian world,) either in the voluminous works of the Laborious (now with God) Mr. Fox; or in the conciser Collections of that Reverend Divine and Famous Martyrologist (till with us) Mr. Clark (out of whose Garden I have gathered this Poësie of flowers:) Thou mayst (if it please thee) accept of this Breviary, which will not cost much money in the buying, and but a little time in the reading. Herein thou mayst see (though briefly, yet not obscurely) the goodness of God, in maintaining and preserving to himself throughout all Ages, a peculiar People, zealous of good works, notwithstanding all their confronting enemies whatsoever: and though boystrous gusts of Temptation, have ever tossed the Saints up and down, on the raging billowes of Persecution; Yet have they alwayes held up their heads above water: The more the Grapes have been pressed, the more Wine have they yielded; Juniper burnt smells savouriest, so do they; Chamomile trod, grows fastest, so do they; pounded Spices smell sweetest, so do they. Affliction is Gods furnace; the Saints are Gold put into it, not to be consumed, but to return more glorious. That saying, Veritas premi pote, opprimi nunquam, Truth may be blam'd, but never sham'd, herein is verifi'd. Though Antiochus commanded the Book of Gods Law to be burnt in the fire, and cut in pieces, making it death for any man to keep it by him: Though Dioclesian caused them to be burned in the streets, and made the Churches and houses of God even with the ground (as Euseb. Lib. 8. Cap. 4. hath it) the more it hath been suppressed, the more it hath spread and encreased, to the spiritual edification of the house of God, whereof Jesus Christ is the Corner-Stone. Hierom in his Epistle to Cormatius, reports, That in an whole years space, there passed not one day (the Calends of January excepted) wherein five thousand Christians were not made away with. And—But I will not detain thee (Gentle Reader) in my Porch like a stranger, lest I be thought churlish. Well then, in a few words (for I will not now stand to strain complements with thee) I have made no great preparation for thee: And if thou wilt be pleased to accept of such poor entertainment as my Muse is able to afford thee, she gives thee an invitation, Come in, fall to, eat freely with a good will, and thou art heartily welcome: But if thy dainty palate be so nice, as to make thee hanker after the most exquisite dishes and costly viands that can be got for love or money; I tell thee truly (friend) I have't it for thee, thou hadst best go where such is to be had; and that is all the harm I wish thee; and so I bid thee

Farewel.

In Amici tui charissimi NICH O
LAI BILLINGSLY Brachy-hagio-
Martyrologiam Distichon Panegyricum.

Hic magnum in parvo; veterum
Monumenta virorum, Et Mortem &
Mores (candide Lector) habes.

It skills no less large Tomest' Epitomize,
Then at the first the same for to devise.
'Twas Homers praise his Iliads to indite,
Others in a Nut-shell them to write.
Like worth belongs to thee, & to thy book;
Wherein (as in an Optick) if we look,
We may at once more briefly far behold,
What Fox, and others, have at large us told,
Touching such Martyrs as did live and die
With' faith of Christ; whose sacred memory
Thou dost not receive, that they on earth again
May live with us, we'n heaven with them may reign.
God grant us this; and so to make an end,
Thou them, I thee, cannot too much commend.
Aug. 11. 1656.
T. C. de Opringe Cleric

DEO Opt. Max.

GReat God, who gra#p'#t in thine eternal fi#ts
 The world, & boundest with appointed li#ts
 The #wag'ring billowes; thou who ha#t enroll'd
 Thy Marble Gallery with #tuds of Gold,
 Who#e throne the face-veild Seraphims on high
 Advance above the Porph'ry-Arched skie;
 Who all things did'#t, and do' #t, and wilt fulfill,
 According to the coun#el of thy will:
 O #hew thy power in thy #ervant weak,
 Rouze my dull Mu#e, enable her to #peak
 Divinely of thy Saints, that in this #tory
 The World (as in a gla#s) may #ee thy glory.
 Fini#h this work, this work in thee begun,
 And make it live, when I am dead and gon.
 Tho#e loo#er Poets who begin betimes
 To plea#e vain fancies with la#civious Rhimes,
 Thinking there by to eternize their name,
 What do they leave but Monuments of #hame?
 Their works #hall rot; while #uch as have a #ure
 Foundation, #hall eternally endure.
 Let no man deck with Apollinean Bayes
 My browes; thine be the Glory, thine the Prai#e.

THE PERSECUTIONS Mentioned in the Old Te#tament.

SECT. I.

The Per#ecution of the Church in the fir#t Ages of the World, and #o forward till Chri#t's Incarnation.

ADam being left unto his own free-will,
 Satan the Primo-genitor of ill,
 Maligning his #o pro#perous e#tate,
 Did exerci#e his Diabolick hate,
 Under the hood of friend#hip, to o'rethrow
 Both root, and branch at one pe#tiferous blow.
 VVith large-pretending promi#es, his #uit
 He varni#h'd thus; if the forbidden fruit
 But ki#s their lips,³ they #hould more clearly #ee,
 And full as wi#e as their Creator be.
 Thus Satan's Engines play'd, till in conclu#ion
 He took the Fort, by his #o #mooth delu#ion.
 Poor man made #hipwrack of his Innocence,
 Thwarting his God-requir'd Obedience:
 Thus Adam fell, and by his hapse#s fall,
 Hath lo#t his happine#s, his God and all,
 For ever; Ah! he cannot any more
 Enjoy tho#e ble##ings he enjoy'd before
 In his fir#t #tate; and all that he can win,
 Is death, Death is the VVages due to #in.
 But what of that? yet hath it pleas'd the High'#
 To give eternal life through Je#us Chri#t
 Our ble##ed Lord: whoever do believe
 In him alone, are certain to receive
 A glorious Crown: O #ee what God hath done,
 To #ave poor #inners, he hath #ent his Son,
 His onely Son, who willingly came down,
 To bear the cro#s, that we might wear the Crown.

Strange conde#cention! the great God above
 Is plea#d t'embrace us in the armes of love.
 O groundle#s depths! O love beyond degree!
 The guiltle#s dies, to #et the guilty free!
 Nor ceas'd the malice of the black-brow'd Prince
 Of the Low-Countries, hell; for ever #ince
 Mans forfeiture of his heav'n-granted lea#e,
 He hath been active to mole#t the Peace
 Of Chri#t-confiding Saints, and like a Lyon
 Hath #eiz'd on tho#e who bear good will to Siont
 Among#t the wheat, he #ows #editious tares;
 And #etteth men together by the ears.
 Nay more unnatural then that, one brother
 He in#tigates to per#ecute another:
 VVitne#s nefandous Cain,⁴ who#e brothers bloud
 To heaven for vengeance cry'd, and cry'd aloud:
 Did not curs'd Ham his naked Father mock,⁵
 (A gracele#s branch, #prung from a righteous #tock.)
 Did not the Sodomites deride Ju#t Lot?⁶
 And #purious I#hm'el I #aac,⁷ did he not?
 Jacob rough E#au hates;⁸ young Jo#eph's #old
 To l#hma' iti#h Merchants;⁹ and behold
 Oppre##ed I#r'el,¹⁰ how their #houlder grones
 Beneath their ma##y loads,¹¹ hard hearted ones!
 And mu#t the new-born Males be #tified by
 The Mid-wives? O unheard-of cruelty!
 And if the#e fail, may they not live a while?
 No;¹² drown'd they mu#t be in #epemfluous Nile.
 Brea#t-hardned Phar'oh,¹³ what did Mo#es do
 VVorthy thy wrath?¹⁴ and may not I#r'el go

4 Gen. 4. 8.

5 Gen. 9. 22.

6 Gen. 19. 9.

7 Gen. 21. 9.

8 Gen. 27. 41.

9 Gen. 37. 4.

10 Exo. 1. 11, &c.

11 Exo. 1. 15, 16.

12 Exo. 1. 22.

13 Exo. 2. 15.

14 Exo. 2. 14.

From thy enslaving hands, but bear the print
 Thy courages leave?¹⁵ O heart wall'd round with flint!
 Years not a few the Israelites were drudges
 Unto th' idolatrous and self-law'd Judges;
 Compel'd to leave their homes,¹⁶ and hide themselves
 In dens and caves, from persecuting Elves:
 And when Gods bounty fertiliz'd their land,¹⁷
 All was destroyed by the Midian band:¹⁸
 The Philistines thirty four thousand lay
 Of them,¹⁹ and carryed Gods Ark away;
 A Smith in Israel could not be found
 To fit their instruments to till the ground,²⁰
 The land was enslaved; they rather chose,²¹
 Then starve,²² to be beholding to their foes.
 With his keen javelin,²³ spirit-haunted Saul
 Aday'd to tick up David's gain't the wall.²⁴
 Prophetick David,²⁵ with a patient ear,
 Did Shimei's railing accusations bear.
 Egyptian Shishak prov'd Jerus'lems rod,²⁶
 And took the treasures from the house of God.
 And (which is strange) good Aha's spirit risen
 Against Gods Prophet,²⁷ casts him into prison.
 Ahab hates Micah.²⁸ In Jehoaphat
 His reign, the Church of God was tormented at.
 Elijah,²⁹ was despis'd by Jezabel,

15 Iudg. 3. 8.

16 Judg. 6. 3, 4.

17 1 Sam. 13. 6, 7.

18 Judg. 6. 2.

19 Judg. 10. 8.

20 Judg. 13. 1.

21 1 Sam. 4. 2. 10, 11.

22 1 Sam. 13.

23 ve#. 19. 20.

24 1 Sam. 19 &c.

25 2 Sam 16. 5, 6,

26 1 King. 14. 25, 26.

27 2 Chr. 16. 10.

28 2 Chro. 18. 25, 26.

29 2 Chron. 20. 23.

By whom #o many holy Prophets fell.³⁰
 Eli#ha #uffers; in Jehor ams reign
 Judak's oppre#s'd.³¹ Good Zechariah's #lain
 By Joa#h,³² for's reproof. I#rael's, King
 Thou#ands of Judah #lew, did thou#ands bring
 Into captivity.³³ Poor Judah pines
 By th' Edomites, A##yrians, Phili#tines.
 The Prophet E#ay by Mana##es Law,³⁴
 Was #awn in #under with a wooden #aw.³⁵
 And Jeremiah after #landrous mocks,
 VWas beaten #ore,³⁶ and put into the #tocks.
 Then was he (liberty deny'd him) flung
 Into the myry dungeon,³⁷ where he clung;
 At la#t drag'd thence,³⁸ into th' Egyptian land
 He needs mu#t go,³⁹ the Captains him command:
 And his Thren-odes tho#e pious Elegies,⁴⁰
 Lament the falling Churches mi#eries.⁴¹
 Nebuchanezzar in a rage doth throw
 Shadrach,⁴² and Me#hech, and Abednego
 Into the furnace hot: By wicked men
 Daniel is ca#t into the Lyons Den.⁴³
 Proud Haman per#ecutes poor Mordecay,⁴⁴
 And a decree procures, that in one day
 Gods people #hould be killed murth' rou#ly.

30 1 King. 19. 2.

31 1 King. 18. 13.

32 2 King. 6. 31.

33 2 Chro. 21. 16, 17.

34 2 Chro. 24. 21.

35 2 Chro. 28. 8.

36 2 Chro. 28. 17, 18, 20.

37 Jo#ephus. Jer. 18. 18.

38 Jer. 20. 2.

39 Jer. 37. 15.

40 Jer. 38. 6.

41 Jer. 43. 6, 7.

42 Dan. 3. 23.

43 Dan. 6. 26.

44 E#ther. 3. 13.

The Jews returning from captivity,⁴⁵
 Judah's disturb'd and opposition's found
 When they would raise Gods Temple from the ground:
 Build it they do:⁴⁶ though men and devils conjoyne
 They'r Powers,⁴⁷ they cannot frustrate Gods designe.

SECT. II.

The Persecution of the Church from Nehemiah
 to Antiochus his time; and also under Antiochus
 Epiphanes, before the nativity of Christ, about 168
 years.

Eliah the High-Priest being dead,
 Judas his son succeeded in his stead;
 And John the next, who in the Temple slew
 Jesus which ought to wrong him of his due,
 No sooner had Bagoes heard the News,
 But with a potent force, he kept the Jews,
 (The Jews inclos'd within Jerus' lems walls)
 Till seven years ended, under slavish thralls;
 Compelling them to lay down fifty Drachmes
 For ev'ry Lamb that fed their dayly flames.
 Jaddus (John dead) succeeded, who being told,
 Of Alexander's acts, and how he would
 Come shortly, he in's Priestly robes array'd,
 For Gods direction and protection pray'd.
 The King fell down, the Jews did in a ring
 Encircle him, and said, God save the King.
 He check'd, reply'd, I do not (that were odd)
 Adore the High-Priest, but the High-Priests God.
 Then leave to live after their Ancient orders
 He grants the Hebrews, and deserts their borders.
 Antiochus Epiphanes did go
 Unto Jerusalem: nor friend nor foe

45 Ezra 4. 4.

46 Neh. 6. 2.

47 ver#. 6, &c.

E#cap'd his fury; he the Temple #poil'd
 Of all her Ornaments, and it defil'd:
 Yea, he inhibited the godly Jews
 Tho#e daily #acrifices they did u#e;
 And having made their goodly #tructures void,
 He led #ome captive, many he de#troy'd,
 Forc'd others to for#ake God, and adore
 Tho#e Idols he him#elf 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 #ex,
 And hung young Children at their parents necks.
 VVhat books of Sacred VVrit they found, the #ame
 VVere ca#t into the all-devouring flame.
 Upon a Sabbath day the#e merc'le#s #laves
 Did #tifle thou#ands hid in unclos'd caves.
 And now Mathias pious and devout,
 Led forth the Chri#tians 'gain#t this impious rout,
 De#troy'd their Altars; Providence did ble#s
 All his endeavours with de#ir'd #ucce#s.
 His #ons, Mathias, Judas, and the re#t
 Did #cowre their country, and their foes #uppre#.

SECT. III.

The Martyrdom of the Maccabees, under the #ame Antiochus.

ONias acts with a religious care
 His High-prie#ts office, and may therefore fear
 Degrading; nay, Antiochus is bent
 To turn him out: the moving Argument
 Drawn from the Ju#tne#s of Onias cau#e,
 Subjects Onias to th'Imperious Laws
 Of wilfull Tyranny, by who#e compunction,
 This good man leaves his Sacerdotal function,
 For one that lea#t de#erved it: no other
 Might take it up, but his fal#e-hearted brother:
 VVho now but Ja#on! Ja#on is the man
 Mu#t drive on the de#ign; Ja#on began
 To force the people to renounce the true

And old Religion, to embrace a new;
 T'abjure their Temples, to extract them baths:
 To quit their beaten and accus'd paths,
 For prosecution of more choice delights,
 And abrogate their ceremonial Rites;
 To drink in Greekish customs, and betimes
 Train up their triplings to unlawful crimes.
 But mark the event, a sin-provoked God
 Doth flame in fury, making them a rod
 (Whose Laws were studiously observ'd,) to scourge
 Those Mimick emulators, who would urge
 So good a God; their friends become their foes,
 T'inflict on them innumerable woes.
 For an edict is forthwith by the King
 Set forth, and seal'd with his Royal Ring;
 The hence is this, Whoever of the Jews,
 Or Hierosolimitanes, refuse
 To offer up a Sacrifice unto
 The gods, he without any more ado
 (Besides those 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 the advantage of an eminent place,
 And summoning the Jews, his graceless Grace
 Caus'd sacrific'd wines flesh be given about
 To every man. Amongst the mixed rout
 Stood Eleazar honor'd for his age,
 Reverend, Pious, Vertuous and sage,
 In whom the graces all in one combin'd;
 Indeed he had an heaven-enamell'd mind:
 To whom Antiochus doth break the chains
 Of silence thus: Old man, avoid those pains
 Wait on the obstinate, for once be advis'd
 By me, and eat what here is sacrific'd:
 Cherish thy reverend age, and do not come
 The benefit of life: what though thou art born
 A Jew? yet eat: no wise man will refuse
 That meat which nature hath ordain'd for use:
 Why should this beast be more abominable
 Than other beasts? can't tell? sure thou art not able:
 Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?

And gifts unus'd, what are tho#e gifts but voy'd?
 Admit your Laws are ju#t, yet may coercion
 Excuse thee; 'tis no voluntary action.
 To whom this Ne#tor (who#e undaunted bre#t
 VWas flam'd with zeal) an an#wer thus expre#t:
 We, O Antiochus, love not vain #hows
 But true Religion; nor Racks, nor blows, (chains,
 Nor bre#t all gor'd with darts, hands worn with
 Nor ea#e exchanged for a thou#and pains;
 Famine nor #word, nor all, #hould make us #mother
 Our lov'd Religion, to embrace another:
 Know then Proud King, I nothing weigh thy threats,
 As to profane my lips with profane meats:
 Ple joy to #uffer for a righteous cau#e,
 Rather than violate tho#e Heav'n-made Laws:
 'Tis but a death at mo#t, if I fulfil not
 Thy will; and di#obey my God I will not:
 Urge me no more, for do it I will never;
 This I re#olve, and will herein per#ever.
 Expo#e me to the ravenous Lyons paw,
 Yet I'll not make a rupture in the Law;
 Rip up my Entrails, do; and when that's done,
 Fling, fling m'into an hate-light Dungeon:
 Pluck out the#e eyes with Pin#ers; let the flame
 Burn me to cinders, I'll be #till the #ame.
 Think not that I'll recant becau#e I'm old
 And feeble no; torments #hall make me bold:
 I am content to #uffer for my God,
 And patiently #u#tain his cha#tning rod:
 The zeal I bear is not a zeal that founds
 It's happine#s on #uch un#table grounds,
 As once to move me or to make me totter;
 No, Tyrant, were thy fury ten times hotter.
 I'll laugh death in the face, when I lay down
 This life, to take up an immortal Crown.
 Ble#t I #hall be, although by thee accur#t;
 Tyrant I challenge thee, do, do thy wor#t.
 With that the #oldiers hale him to the place
 Of torment, #trip him, whip him, and do lace
 His back with #tripes, till bloody #treams out-gu#h,
 And in the face of the tormentor blu#h:
 While he was under the afflicter's hand,
 One #tood, and cry'd, Obey the Kings command:
 But patiently this worthy man endur'd

A world of wounds, too dang'rous to be cur'd:
 And darting up his venerable eyes,
 He knew for whom he was a sacrifice;
 In whom he did believe: then cast a look
 On his afflicted self, and sees a brook,
 A bubbling brook, with uncontrouled tides,
 Crim#on 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 loath#ome 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 waiting eyes on Heaven laid,
 His dying breath breath'd forth the#e words, & #aid,
 Thou O my God art he who bringe#t down
 To th'grave, giv'#t life, and with that life a Crown;
 Behold (dear Lord) I'm #wallow'd by death's jaws,
 For the #trict keeping of thine own-made Laws.
 Sweet Father hear me; O be pleas'd to keep
 Thy bo#ome Nation, #uffer not thy Sheep,
 To be devour'd by Wolves, that are too bold
 To worry them, or #care them from their fold:
 O let my death conclude all mi#erie,
 And grant in dying I may live to thee.
 Now I am found in thee, can I be lo#t?
 He ceas'd, and cea#ing yeilded up the Gho#t.
 The Kings di#plea#ure waxing now more #trong,
 Sent for #ev'n Hebrew children, who being young,
 He thought them weak, unable pains to bear,
 He therefore either by entreats, or fear,
 Pre#um'd he #hould induce them to abjure
 Their Law, and eat what by their Law's impure.
 The crafty Tyrant ambu#hing his guile,
 Beholdeth them with a di##embling #mile,
 And thus reveal'd him#elf: Admir'd young men,
 I wi#h your good, O do not madly then
 Shun my Behe#ts; prevent the torments due
 Unto the refractory, not to you;
 As for my part, I de#ire nothing more
 Then to advance you, and increa#e your #tore:
 Contemn your #uper#titious vanities,
 And come along our tracts, if you be wi#e:
 Tis no #uch crime if you your Law fulfil not.

If you neglect ours (as I hope you will not)
 With ling'ring deaths I'll #tudy to torment you;
 You may it may be then too late repent you.
 Am I a King? and #hall contempt accrue
 To me a King, from #uch low worms as you? (Racks,
 Bring forth tho#e Wheels Rods, Cauldrons, Hooks &
 Grid-irons, Cages; here's not all, here lacks;
 Let's #ee the Engines to torment the hands,
 Gauntlets, Auls, Bellowes, Bra#s-pots, Frying-pans.
 Obey, young men; if I enforce a fact
 Not good, 'tis not your voluntary act,
 You do not #in; be prudent then, I #ay,
 Not actively but pa##ively obey.
 The zeal-inflam'd young men do vilify
 His threats, intreats, retorting this reply,
 Speak Tyrant #ay, #ay, why art thou #o bent
 To per#ecute us that are innocent?
 We will ob#erve, for all afflictions rod,
 What Mo#es taught us from the mouth of God;
 Know, we dete#t your #en#e-deluding #hows,
 Nor will we be #educ'd by words or blows:
 No Tyrant, no, do thou the be#t you can
 To do thy wor#t, we will fear God, not man:
 Our cau#e is God's, and death is our de#ire;
 Heaven is our portion, yours eternal fire.
 Th'enraged Tyrant after one another
 Lop'd off the#e hopeful #prouts: the elde#t brother,
 Named Macchabons, fir#t was #tretched out
 Upon a Rack, and beaten round about
 His naked ribs, with a Bulle-pizle, till
 His wearyed tormentors had their fill
 Of long continued #trokes, and did de#ire
 Rather to leave, then he did them require:
 Nor was this all; fre#h tort'ners have extended
 Him on a wheel, weights at his heels appended:
 While yet his #inews and his entrails brake,
 He call'd on God, then to the Tyrant #pake:
 Blood-guilty wretch, who labor'#t to di#throne
 Gods Maje#ty it #elf; know, I am one
 Am for the cau#e of God a #ufferer,
 And no witch, nor inhuman murtherer.
 When the afflicter with compa##ion #way'd,
 Bid him #ubmit unto the King, he #aid,
 Accur#ed mini#ters of Tyranny,

Your wheels as yet, are not so hard, that I
 Should thereby be enforced to abjure
 Heaven, wherein is my foundation sure.
 See, tyrant, see how resolute I am;
 Wince off my flesh with pinners, do, and cram
 Young Vultures with the bits before mine eyes:
 Put, put me to the worst of cruelties:
 Rot (if you please) by a soft fire my flesh,
 And if that will not serve, invent a fire:
 Inflict, inflict, till there cannot be found
 A place, whereon to inflict another wound.
 So said, thus rack'd, into a fire he's thrown,
 And now his wailing bowels tared on
 The Tyrant's face; yet with an unmoving breast
 He to his brethren thus himself expressed:
 Beloved brethren, learn by my example
 To scorn the world's alluring baits, and trample
 All torments under foot; obey God rather
 Than this proud Tyrant: God's a gracious father;
 And when he 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 desired,
 His friends rejoiced, and his foes admired.
 Then was the second brother, Aber call'd,
 Who with the torturing Engines unappal'd,
 Refus'd to eat, chains did his hands restrain:
 His skin (the garment of his flesh) was flain
 From head to knees; the torturer did devise
 His intrails peeping from his unglaz'd breast,
 Too grievous to behold; and him at last
 Unto a famine-pined Leopard cast:
 The beast (though truculent) did onely smell,
 And went her way, forgetting to be fell,
 Nor was she injurious to him in the least.
 The Kings displeas'd 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 crosses I bear

On earth, in heav'n a glorious Crown to wear;
 I thank my God, that I am more content
 To #uffer, Tyrant, then thou to torment.
 And yet is not this mi#ery of mine
 In #uff'ring, #o exorbitant as thine
 Is by inflicting; keeping of the Laws
 Thus aggravates my pains, and thou the cau#e
 Shalt by the ju#tice of the Holy One
 Be bani#hed from thy u#urped throne,
 And be re#erved for tho#e horrid chains
 Of utter darkne#s, and eternal pains.
 He #aid no more; his #oul for#ook his bre##t,
 To take po##e##ion of aye-la#ting re#t.
 Machir the third #on's brought, who was not quell'd,
 But angrily their coun#el thus repeli'd:
 One Father us begat; one Mother bore us;
 One⁴⁸ Ma#ter taught us, who is gone before us:
 Protract no time, for I am not #o weak
 To yield; I come to #uffer, not to #peak:
 What care I though I drink the brim-fild boul
 Of thy di#plea#ure? twill not hurt my #oul.
 A Globe was brought, his woes mu##t b'aggravated,
 And bound thereon; his bones were di#located;
 They flaid his face, and while a crim#on river
 Flow'd from him, thus he did him#elf deliver:
 O Tyrant, we, what we endure, endure
 For the pure love of God: thou #halt be #ure
 To rove in Sulph'ry flames, and be tormented
 Eternally, unpity'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 flattries, could induce t'obey the King:
 Your fire (#aid he) #hall me attract more near
 Gods holy Law, and to my brethren dear:
 I tell thee Tyrant, thou #halt be acurs'd,
 And true believers ble##t: thou that art nurs'd
 By cruelty it #elf: I bid thee try me,
 And #ee if God will not al#o #tand by me.
 Hereat the Tyrant in a hot di#plea#ure
 Ha#tily left his chair t'afflict by lea#ure;

48 Eleazer.

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; distance 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 Ahas the fifth brother unafraid
 To hug grim death, clos'd his lips, and said,
 Tyrant, behold, I come for to prevent
 Thy ending for; and know that I am bent
 To die courageously, my mind is steady;
 Thou art to hell's flames condemn'd already,
 By my dear brethren's 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,
 Nay though 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 topping dy'd.
 Now the sixth brother Areth 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, we'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 fire's side;
 And that the heat might enter to the quick,
 And multiply his pains, sharp Aul's must prick

His tender fle#h; about his face and head
 Much blood like froth appear'd; yet thus he #aid,
 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 #ouls: invent, invent
 More horrid pains indeavour to torment
 This fle#h with greater torments; #tudy, #tudy
 New wayes t'afflict me, more #evere, more bloody:
 I thank my God, the#e are o'recome already;
 Let thou#ands wor#er come, I will be #teady.
 We young men have bin conqu'rours of thy power;
 Thy fire is cold, nor can thy rage devour
 Our faith-fenc'd #ouls; we have a greater joying
 In #uffering, then thou ha#t in de#troying:
 As God is ju#t, #o will he right our wrongs.
 The#e words #carce out, a pair of heated tongs
 Eradicate his tongue; then being ca##t
 Into the Frying-pan, he breath'd his la#t.
 And now the younge#t brother's onely left,
 Jacob; who coming forth, compa##ion cleft
 The Tyrants heart, who took a#ide the child
 By th'•and and #pake, and as he #pake, he #mil'd:
 Thy bretheren may teach thee to expect
 The wor#t of ills, if thou my will neglect:
 Thou #halt, if thou wilt of thy #elf be free,
 A Ruler, Gen'ral, and my Counc'ller be.
 This not prevail'd, he thus the mother dons;
 O worthy woman, where are now thy #ons?
 Yet thou ha#t one, turn him, le#t thou be re##t
 Of him likewi#e, and #o be childe#s left.
 The mother bowing to the king, be#pake
 Her child in Hebrew; Pity, for Chri##t's #ake,
 And chear thy woful mother: O de#pi#e
 The#e pains, and be a willing #acrifice,
 As were thy bretheren; that in the day
 Of grace, in heaven receive you all I may.
 Unbound, he forthwith to the torments ran,
 And with a #erene countenance began;
 Blood-wa#ting wretch, what do#t thou but adde fuel, thee
 To make hell botter, by per#i#ting cruel?
 Worm that thou art, who crown'd thee? who gave
 Tho#e Purple robes thou weare#t? was't not he

Whom thou in us do#t per#ecute? but die
 Thou mu#t at la#, for all thou perk'#t #o high:
 I crave no favour at thy hands, but will
 Follow my breathren, and be con#tant #till.
 Torments en#ue: through mouth and no#e he bled;
 His mothers kinde hand held his fainting head:
 His arms cut off, Lord take my #oul, he cry'd;
 Di#tongu'd, he ran into the fire, and dy'd.
 Now Salomona (all her children dead)
 Enflam'd with zeal, came to be Martyred;
 Herein excell'd them all, in that #h'endur'd
 Sev'n painful deaths, before her own's procur'd,
 She tearle#s could abide to #ee them #purn'd,
 And rack'd, and torn, and beat, and flaid, and burn'd:
 And knowing well, death cutteth off our dayes
 By Fluxes, Agues, and a thou#and wayes;
 That pains were momentary, #he exhorted
 Them thus in Hebrew, ere they were extorted:
 Mo#t choyce fruits of my womb, let's ha#ten hence,
 And fear not, heaven will be our recompence:
 Shall's bear what Eleazar undergon?
 You know good Abram #acrific'd his #on:
 Remember Daniel, in the Lyons den;
 And ca#t your eyes on the three childeren.
 The re#tle#s Tyrant caus'd her to be #tripped,
 Then hang'd up by the hands, and #oundly whipp'd,
 Her paps pull'd off: #he while her body #ryes,
 Lifts up her hands and eyes, and prayes, and dyes.

SECT. IV.

The Per#ecution of the Church from Chri#ts time to our pre#ent age; and fir#t of tho#e mentioned in the New-Te#tament.

HEROD the Great having intellegence
 That there was born unto the Jews a Prince
 At Bethleem; a band of men he #ent,
 To do full execution as they went,
 On #miling babes, throughout Judea's land:

(Suppo#ing Je#us might not #cape his hand;)

Snatch'd from the brea#t, the pretty little ones

Were to#t on Pikes, and da##h'd again#t the #tones.

The Tyrant, after this, di#tracted grew,

And's wife, his children, and familiars #lew.

With #ickne#s #truck, he knew not where to turn,

What cour#e to take; for a #low fire did burn

His inward parts: his⁴⁹ canine appetite

Was un#uffic'd; his lungs corrupted quite;

His bowels rot; his #ecrets putrify'd;

Con#um'd with wormes, he mi#erably dy'd.

Herod the Le#s ince#tuou#ly wedded;

John Bapti#t for his plain reproof beheaded.⁵⁰

Peter and John re#tor'd a man born lame,⁵¹

Preach'd Chri#t, and were impri#on'd for the #ame.

The High-prie#ts and the Sadduces up-ri#en⁵²

Again#t th' Apo#tles, ca#t them into pri#on:

But in the night, an Angel of the Lord

Op'ning the doors, their liberties re#tor'd:

They on the morrow,⁵³ for divulging Chri#t,

Re-apprehended were,⁵⁴ beaten, di#mi#t.

Fal#e witne##es #uborned,⁵⁵ holy Steven

Did through a Stony-volley go to heaven.⁵⁶

A gen'ral per#ecution breaking out

At Solyma, the Saints di#per#e about

The Judean and the Samaritan borders:

A per#ecting Saul the Church di#orders.

The Jewi#h fury, new-converted Saul

Scapes by a basket let down o'r the wall.⁵⁷

James is beheaded:⁵⁸ while Agrippa #torms

Again#t the Church, he was devour'd by worms.

49 Bulimia.

50 Mat. 14. 10

51 Act. 4. 1, 17.

52 Act. 5. 18, 19.

53 ver#. 26, 27

54 ver#. 40.

55 Act. 6. 11.

56 Cha. 7. 58.

57 Act. 9. 23.

58 Act. 12. 2.

Peter enlarged by an Angel was:
 So#thenes, Silas Paul, and Barnabas
 Were beaten, whipp'd, and forced #everal times
 To leave their Country, and #eek other climes.
 Paul's #ton'd at Ly#tra,⁵⁹ and for dead he lay;
 But God reviv'd him; he took Derbe-way:
 Much he endur'd abroad, and much at home,
 And in the end was Martyred at Rome.
 James, Je#us brother, from a Pin'cle ca#t,
 Recov'ring on his knees, thus #pake his la#t:
 Father (thee on my bended knees I woo)
 Forgive them: for, they know not what they do.
 A Cameles knees were #aid to be more #oft
 Then his, by rea#on that he kneel'd #o oft.)
 Ve#pa#ian did to him the Jews #ubject;
 Titus Jerus'lem and the Temple #ack'd.
 Andrew and Philip's crucifi'd: rough blows
 Kill Barthol'mew; Thoumas as a dart o' rethrows.
 Mathew's thru#t through: Simon Zelotes dead
 Upon the cro#s. Mathi as loft his head:
 And Judas (brother unto James) not mi#t
 A murth'rous #troke: Mark the Evangeli#t
 Went up to heaven in a fi'ry Car:
 One of the Deacons named Nicanor,
 Did with two thou#and Chri#tians lay down
 This life, to take up an immortal crown.

THE Per#ecution of the Church Under the Heathen ROMAN Emperours.

SECT. V.

The fir#t Primitive Per#ecution, which began Anno Chri#ti, 67.

DOmitius Nero, while in #heets of fire
 The Roman City caper'd, #ang t'his Lire
 The incendiums of Troy, and from a Tow'r
 Fea#ted his eyes, to #ee the flames devour
 Tho#e goodly #tructures, and high Tow'rs of #tate,
 Which #tartled the beholders eyes of late:
 The Circus fell, the pondrous beams and #tones,
 Cru#hing to pieces many thou#and ones;
 The fire burns others, and the flame and #moak
 Nine dayes continu'd, a great number choak.
 Thus Nero on him#elf an Odium brought;
 And to excu#e him#elf, transfer'd the fault
 Upon the harmle#s Chri#tians: it was they
 Had done it out of malice; no delay
 Detards his ha#ty feet from #hedding bloud:
 VWhere e're he comes, he makes a crim#on floud
 Flow down the #treets: in wild-bea#ts skins he wraps
 Chri#tians, and throws them to dogs worr'ing chaps.
 In paper #tiffened with molten wax,
 He packs up #ome; and puts on others backs
 A #earcloth-coat, and bolt upright them bound
 To axle-trees, fir#t pitched in the ground,
 Then at the botom fir'd: the#e con#tant flames
 Afforded light to Nero's nightly games
 Kept in his garden: other #ome he takes,
 And goars in length upon erected #takes.
 This per#ecution through th'whole Empire #pred;
 So that the Cities were repleni#hed
 With #laught' red carka#es; the old, the young,
 And naked women, altogether flung.
 Such was his rage, a Chri#tians loathed name

He strove to extirpate where he came.
 At four years end, this direful blast expires
 In Paul and Peter, two bright-shining fires.
 Peter (as he desired) was crucified
 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 laies,
 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 flew the Roman Nobles; and decreed
 The extirpation of David's seed,
 John, the beloved Disciple, boy'd in oil,
 Unhurt,⁶⁰ was banish'd into Patmos Isle.
 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 Religions.
 The Heathenish Idolaters devise
 Against the Saints abominable lies,
 And envious slanders; That they were editious,
 Incestuous, rebellious, and pernicious
 Unto the Empire; none could them importune,
 By any means, to wear by Caesar's fortune.
 If famine, plague, or war amongst them came,
 The Christians were the Authors of the same.
 And look what accusations they related,

60 Anno 97

Domitian was the more exa#perated;
 And us'd what e're mans wicked wit invents;
 Stripes, Rackings, Scourgings, and Impri#onments,
 Deep dungtons, Stoning, Strangling, the Gridiron,
 Cibbet, and Gallows, red-hot plates t'environ
 The tendre#t parts; the teeth of #alvage bears;
 The horns of Bulls, and #ticking up on #pears, &c.
 Thus kill'd, a lawful burial was deny'd them:
 Pil'd up and tear-throat dogs were left be#ide them.
 Though Chri#tians #ufferings were very #ore,
 Yet #till the Church encrea#ed more and more,
 In the Apo#tles doctrine deeply grounded,
 And with the blood of Martyr'd Saints #urrounded.
 Good Timothy, Religious from his youth,
 Was #toned, as a witne#s to the truth,
 By tho#e that wor#hipped Diana bright:
 One Diony#ius th' Arcopagite
 VVas #lain at Paris by a treach'rous villan.
 Prota#ius and Gerva#ius fell at Millain.

SECT. VII.

The third Primitive Per#ecution, which began Anno Chri#ti 108.

DOmitian being by his #ervants #lain,
 Nerva #ucceeded; in who#e gracious reign
 (VVhich was but thirteen months) the Saints enjoy'd
 A peaceful #ea#on, and were not de#troy'd.
 Trajan, next him, the Roman crown put on;
 He 'twas rais'd the third Per#ecution,
 VVor#e then the former were; which did incite
 An⁶¹ heatheni#h Philo#opher to write
 I'th' Chri#tians behalf, to Trajan #hewing,
 That whereas many thou#ands in his viewing
 VVere killed; yet, contraite the Roman Laws
 None did, which might #uch Per#ecution cau#e;
 Saving that every morn by break of day,

61 Plinius #ecundus.

They to a God call'd Christ did sing and pray:
 In other things they were to be commended.
 Trajan returns this answer: he intended
 To search them out no more; but if they were
 Brought and convicted, them he would not spare.
 Sentence confus'd!⁶² he them as harmless tenders,
 And yet would have them punish'd as offenders.
 The rage was by this act a little curb'd:
 Yet ill-disposed men the Peace disturb'd;
 Especially, if new commotions flam'd
 Amongst them, then the Christians must be blam'd.
 Trajan commands the lineage of David,
 Which could be found, should by no means be saved
 He Phocas, Pontus Bishop, caught in's wrath,
 First into a lime-kiln, next a scalding bath.
 Ignatius, and many thousands more
 Exposed to the wild beasts to devour:
 Nor did in Adrian's reign this fury slack,
 Ten thousand suffered for the Lord Christ's sake.
 In Ararath thousands were crucifi'd,
 Crowned with thorns, and thrust into the side
 With needle-pointed darts, in imitation
 Of Christ, our blessed Lord and Saviours passion.
 Faustus, Zenon, and Eutychius,
 Dy'd for the truth.⁶³ When Calocerius
 Saw how the Saints did bear afflictions rod,
 He cry'd out, Truly, great's the Christians God:
 For which he apprehended, did become
 Partaker likewise of their Martyrdom.
 Symphorasa, a fair and vertuous dame,
 Hang'd up by th'hair, was scourged for Christ's name,
 And then made fast unto a pondrous stone,
 Into the bottom of a river thrown:
 Seven sons she had, all tak'd, rack'd, and at last
 Thru't thorough, were into a deep pit cast.
 Adrian being come to Athens, sacrific'd
 After the Greekish manner; authoriz'd
 Any that would, to persecute, abuse
 Whoever in contempt should it refuse.
 Quadratus, an Athenian Bishop, hence

62 Tertullian.

63 Vere Magnus Deus Christianorum.

Did out of zeal i'th' Chri#tians defence
 Write learned Tractares: Serenus did do
 The like; and famous Ari#tides too;
 Declaring that'twas neither right nor rea#on
 In harmle#s per#ons; and no other fault
 Should bring their lives in danger, at th'a##ault
 Of th'hair-brain'd rabble; th' Emperour hereat
 Grew milde, and pity'd their afflicted #tate.
 After him Antonius Pius #waid
 And he this per#ecuting #torm allaid.
 Gods word's fulfill'd, the wicked's rod #hall not
 Always remain upon the righteous lot.⁶⁴

SECT. VIII.

The fourth Primitive Per#ecution, which began Anno Chri#ti 162.

NOW Antoninus Verus, Pius #on,
 (Who dead) rais'd the third per#ecution.
 Germanious, Pionius, Metrodore,
 Polycarp, Carpus, and a number more
 In A#ia burn'd. Felicita at Rome,
 With her #even children #uffered Martyrdome.
 Scourg'd was her elde#t Son; and after, pre#t
 To death with leaden weights, attain'd true re#t.
 The two next had their brains knockt out with mauls:
 The 4th thrown headlong down a prec'pice, #pawls
 With his broke neck: The three that do remain,
 Mu#t lo#e their heads. In fine, the Mother's #lain.
 Concordus #uffered; who in di#grace,
 Did #pirt out #pittle in the Idols face.
 In France the Chri#tians under went all wrongs;
 As Scourgings, #tonings, and the #patt'ring tongues
 Of railing Rab#hakeh's: at home, abroad,
 Their backs mu#t tolerate afflictions load:
 Yet well they knew, that griefs were tran#itory,
 If but compared to eternal glory.

64 P#a. 125. 3.

Sanchis the Bi#hop of Vienna, #tood
 Unmov'd, under #uch pains, as fle#h 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 Chri#tian, onely an#wered:
 And when another did demand his name,
 Urging it much, his an#wer was the #ame:
 A third enquir'd, whether he were a man,
 Or bond, or free; I am a Chri#tian,
 He #till reply'd: no torments could divorce
 His con#tant lips from u#ing that di#cour#e.
 When there were plates of candent Bra#s apply'd
 I'his tendre#t parts: O how did he abide
 That #corching heat! nor was he #een to #hrink,
 As did his body: while his tort'ers think,
 With new #upplies to force his recantation,
 He quite contrary to their expectation,
 VVas #o re#tor'd, that what he did endure
 The#e latter times, did prove his Sov'raign cure.
 At la#t plac'd in a red-hot iron chair,
 His #pir'e (with others) vani#h'd into Air.
 Thus were the holy Saints, from morn to night,
 A #pectacle unto the people's #ight.
 Biblides in the mid#t of pains #pake thus,
 Ah! how #hould we (as you report of us)
 VVe Chri#tians, think you, of our babes make food?
 VVhen we not taint our lips with be#tial blood.
 Attalus frying, thus Your #elves do eat
 Mans fle#h: and as for us, we loath #uch meat.
 B'ing asked what he call'd their God by name;
 He an#wer'd, Man's and his was not the #ame.
 Then let your God, if that a God he be
 So powerfull (#aid they) come #et you free.
 Pont'cus a youth of fourteen years of age,
 Perpa#s'd the utmo#t of the fo-mens rage.
 VVilde bea#ts are put to Blandina, but they;
 More merciful then men, would go their way.
 VVhipped #he is, then broyl'd and thrown on ground
 For Buls to tear: from every gaping wound
 Blood gu#hes forth, and runneth out afre#h
 From th'u#topp'd chinks of her bemangled fle#h.
 She felt no paine, by rea#on #he was fill'd
 VVith #pir'tual joy: #he at the la#t was kill'd.

The bodies of the Saints were made a mock,
 A #corn, a by-word, and a laughing-#tock
 I'th' open #treets, till thrice two Suns were down,
 Then burn'd their a#hes in the river thrown.
 Th' Apo#tatized Chri#tians, which came
 Unto their tryals, did confe#s their #hame
 By down-ca#t looks, and #orrow-boding faces;
 The Gentiles pulveriz'd them with di#graces,
 As per#ons too degenerous, addicted
 To vice, de#erving what #hould be inflicted:
 But they which con#tant to the la#t 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 Phoebus #hin'd.
 So have I #een a fair and comly Bride,
 Richly attir'd, with what a decent pride
 She quits her conclave, or interior room,
 Who drawing neer, about her neck doth fall,
 And #eals his favours on her lips withall.
 Faith as an ornament the #oul endows;
 Chri#t is the Bridegroom, and the Church the Spou#e
 Prepares to meet him, and direct her paces,
 They he may hug her with entwinn'd embraces.
 They meet; Chri#t & his following Spou#e do clamber
 Up by #teep #taires; heaven is the Bridal Chamber:
 Where, with Unknown delights, they are po##e#t
 Of #weet repo#es, and eternal re#t.
 Marcus Aurelius, and Antonius go
 To war again#t the Quades the Vandals too:
 Their Army by innum'rous foes be#et,
 Were #o put to't, the #ouldiers could not get
 The lea#t of water, their thir#t to allay:
 VVith that, a Chri#tian Legion fell to pray,
 (VVithdrawing from the re#t) the heav'n disbur#t
 Abundant #how'rs; the Romans quench'd their thir#t:
 Again#t their enemies, #uch lightnings fla##'d,
 As made them fly di#comfited and da##'d.
 The Emp'rour pleas'd hereat, commands that none
 Kill Chri#tians more, who#e God #uch things had done:
 And his (which was not long in force) decree
 Burn'd the accu#ers, #et th'accu#ed free.

SECT. IX.

The fifth Primitive Persecution, which began Anno Christi 205.

When Peace-maintaining Pertinax was dead,
 Severus Severus reigned in his stead;
 By envious rumors, and through false suggestion,
 The Christians lives were daily brought in question.
 The King commands; his willing Subjects strive
 To bring't about, that none be left a live.
 In Sun-burnt Affrick, Cappadocia,
 In Carthage and in Alexandria.
 So that the number slain was numberless;
 Origen's father, with whom Origen
 His son had dy'd, had not his mother bin
 An hinderance, in that he did convey,
 The night before, his shirt and cloaths away;
 Hereat, he not for fear of Martyrdome,
 But hating to be seen, remain'd at home.
 Tertullian, Irenaus, Andoclus,
 Urbanus, Satyrus, Secundulus,
 Perpetua, Felicitas, and Rhais,
 Did by untimely deaths conclude their dayes.
 Calpodius, a Divine, drag'd up and down
 The streets; at last was into Tyber thrown.
 Cecilia Idolatry contemn'd,
 And therefore by the Judge must be condemn'd;
 The Sergeants minding how he did behave her,
 How fair he was; sollicite her, to favour
 Her self, and not to cast her self away;
 She was but young, and many a merry day
 Might live to see: but he discreetly sent
 Such gracious words, as caus'd them to relent,
 And unto that religion yield their hearts
 'Gainst which they threw their persecuting darts.
 Which, when perceiv'd, leav gain'd, she runs her home
 and for Urbanus sends: Urbanus come,
 He grounds them in the faith so highly priz'd.
 Four hundred do believe and are baptiz'd.
 This holy Martyr afterwards was shut
 Twice twelve hours in a Bath; at last they cut

Her head off from her shoulders: thus he ended
 Her dayes, and up into the clouds ascended.
 Agapetus, of fifteen years of age,
 Was scourg'd, then hang'd up by the feet: in rage
 He scalded was; unto the wild beasts rovt;
 But they not hurting him, his head he lovt.
 Pamachus, a Roman Senator,
 With's wife, his children, and neer forty more,
 All in one day beheaded were; their pates
 Fixed on high, over the City gates,
 As Bug-bears to affright and scare the rest
 From Christianity, which it profest.
 Potamiena, (boiling 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 Martyrdome.
 Gainst Narciss, three false witnesses stubborn'd;
 Th'one lost his eyes, the fire a second burn'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.

Maximinus (Severus dead and gon)
 Stirr'd up the twice-third Persecution:
 Dilliv'd the Teachers, Leaders, and the best;
 By this means thinking to reduce the rest.
 Thousands were Martyred, whose names are lost
 With Origen's⁶⁵ book, in which they were engrovt.
 About this time Natalius, a Priest,
 (Who much had suffer'd for the cause of Christ,)

65 De Martyrio.

Seduced was by A#clepiodot
 And Theodore, who promis'd to allot
 A hundred and fifty #ilver Crowns
 To him each month, if he would but renounce
 The Chri#tian God, and give to theirs re#pect:
 He did, and was a bi#hop of their #ect:
 But God (who#e mercy would not have him lo#t,
 Who had #o much endur'd, #o oft been cro#s'd)
 Admoni#hed him by a vi#ion plain,
 T'ad joyn him#elf to the true Church again:
 Which the good man, b'ing for the pre#ent blinded
 With gain and honour (as he ought) not minded.
 He the night after b'ing by Angels #courg'd,
 Did put on #ackcloth in the morn, and purg'd
 His #oul with tears: with doleful lamentation,
 He runs in ha#t to th'Chri#tian congregation:
 Of all loves, and for Je#us Chri#t his #ake,
 Humbly entreating them, once more to take
 Him into their #ociety, and quire,
 Accordingly they granted his de#ire.
 Hor#e-torn Hippol'tus dy'd: the Martyred
 By #ixties in a pit were buried.

SECT. XI.

The #eventh Primitive Per#ecution, which began Anno Chri#ti 250.

DEcius, that cruel Emperour, begun
 The #eventh bloody per#ecution:
 Of which Niceph'rus thus; Can any tell
 The #ands? they may the Martyr'd #aints as well.
 Fabian, that kept a Bi#hoprick at Rome,
 And the Kings trea#ures, #uffed Martyrdom.
 Babilas dy'd in pri#on; and a train
 Of forty Virgins were in Antioch #lain.
 The Alexandrian Chri#tians are bereft
 Of all their goods; yea, they have nothing left:
 Yet they rejoyce, and are therewith content,
 Knowing their #ub#tance is more permanent.
 When Apollinea's teeth had da#h'd out bin,

A fire was made; they threat to throw her in:
 She paus'd a while, (refu#ing to be turn'd)
 And gave a leap into the fire and burn'd.
 Julian, Epimachus, and Alexander,
 The flame con#um'd: many (poor #ouls) did wander
 In the de#erted de#erts; others lives
 Lay open, to the raging cut-throat's knives.
 A certain Mini#ter with pains oppre#,
 And fearing death, de#ir'd to be releas'd:
 A young man,⁶⁶ 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.
 Becau#e cha#t Theodora a did refu#e
 To #acrifice, they #ent her to the #tews;
 Where lu#t-enflam'd young men for entrance pre#s'd:
 But Didymus #lip'd in before the re#,
 Having the habit of a #ouldier on,
 He chang'd for hers; and #he in his is gon.
 Didymus #taves behind: b'ing found a man,
 Confe##ing th'whole #tate of the matter; #o
 He was condemn'd, and mu#t to torment go:
 Which Theodora a having under#tood;
 To #ave the #hedding of innocuous blood,
 Comes to the Judge, and #aid, I bear the guilt;
 And lo I'm here, condemn me if thou wilt:
 As for that man, I pray let him go free,
 Let not your fury light on him, but me.
 She was not heard; both for their lives were try'd,
 Condemned both, Beheaded both, both dy'd.
 No torments that the Praetor could devi#e,
 Could force Nicetas t'offer #acrifice:
 He therefore him into a garden brought,
 With all variety of plea#ures fraught:
 There laid him down upon a bed of Down,
 (A #ilken net #oftly upon him #trown,)
 Among the Lillies, and the fragrant Ro#es,
 Neer murm'ring #treams inviting #weet repo#es;
 To the #weet whi#tling of the leaves mov'd by
 A gentle gale, he left him: pre#ently
 In comes a Strumpet gari#hly, attir'd,

66 Quid faciam vobis? pati timetis, exire nolitis

And in a wanton dialect, de#ir'd
 The non-denial of her earne#t #ute,
 To u#e her body lowly pro#titute.
 Nicetas, (fearing he #hould be by folly
 Conqu'red, and led to do what was unholy,)
 Bites off his tongue, and with a certain grace,
 He #pits it out into her whori#h face;
 So by this #marting wound he did prevent
 Sins #ting, and con#equently puni#hment.
 Nichomacus mo#t #en#ible of pain,
 I am no Chri#tian, cry'd; #o was not #lain:
 He had no #ooner put his hand to evil,
 But was po##e#sed with an unclean devil,
 And thrown with violence upon the ground,
 Bit off his tongue, and died of the wound.
 Many A po#tates were po##e#s'd, and #ome
 Suddenly #truck, (were ever after) dumb.
 Though #ome thus fell away, others #tood fa#,
 Remaining glorious Martyrs to the la#.t.
 But Decius not long #ecurely #lept:
 For conquer'd by the Goths, with's hor#e he leapt
 Into a whirlpool, and therein was drown'd;
 Nor was his body ever after found.
 Yea, God throughout the Roman Empire #pred
 A ten-years plague, t'avenge the blood was #hed.
 Brotherly love the Chri#tians #hew'd t'each other,
 By vi#iting, relieving one another:
 But the Idolaters fled from, neglected,
 Ca#t out, not #uccour'd, tho#e that were infected:
 Shift onely for them#elves, go where they will,
 This #preading puni#ment pur#u'd them #till.
 Gallus #ucceeding (Decius being dead)
 This per#ecution continued:
 The weight of his di#plea#ure fell mo#t heavy
 Upon the #houlders of the Tribe of Levi.
 He bani#h'd Cyprian, and more Divines,
 Condemned others to the Metal-Mines:
 T'whom Cyprian wrote letters cons'latory
 Shewing, affliction is the Saints true glory;
 Deep wounds and #cars are to a Chri#tian bre#t
 As Ornaments to bring them in reque#t
 With God him#elf; to multiply their fame,
 And not as markes of #igmatized #hame.
 And though the naked Mines afford no beds,

Can they want ea#e that lay in Chri#t their heads?
 What if their aking bones lie o'th' cold floor?
 Is't pain to lie with Chri#t? #ay they are poor,
 Yet are they rich in faith: #uppo#e their hands
 Be manacled, put ea#e coacted bands
 Hold their worn #eet: Can he be #aid to be
 Fetter'd with chains, whom the Lord Chri#t doth free?
 He lies ty'd in the #tocks, thereby who#e feet
 To run a heav'nly race become more fleet.
 Nor can a Chri#tian be bound #o fa#t,
 But his life's crown, adds wings unto his ha#t.
 They have no clothes, cold weather to re#i#t:
 Can he be naked who hath put on Chri#t?
 Do they want bread? Chri#t is the bread of life,
 That commeth down from heaven, in him is ri#e:
 Man by the word which doth from God proceed,
 Is #aid to live, and not alone by bread.
 What matter is't though you deformed #eem?
 You #hall be honour'd, and of great e#teem:
 Your God will turn your mi#erable dayes
 To peace; your mournings into #ongs of prai#e:
 You #ail through troublous Seas, to be po##e#t
 Of heaven, the haven of eternal re#t,
 And do not grieve, becau#e you are forbid
 To #erve the Lord, (as formerly you did)
 In your Parochial places, God's enclin'd
 T'accept th' endeavours of a willing minde:
 The dayly #acrifices you impart,
 God loves; a broken and a contrite heart
 His #oul takes plea#ure in: he doth regard,
 His #ervants tears, and will at la#t reward
 Fidelious bre#ts, which do confe#s his name:
 Promis'd he hath, and will perform the #ame.

SECT. XII.

The eighth Primitive Per#ecution, which began
 Anno Chri#ti 259.

VAlerian next adds fuel to the fire,
 And blows the flames of per#ecution 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, wives,
 All sorts, and ranks, must lose (dear hearts!) their lives.
 Three hundred souls, then by the President
 Of Carthage were into a lime-kiln sent.
 Three Virgins first had Vinegar and gall
 Forc'd down their throats; then scourg'd, then rack'd and all
 Be-mear'd 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 Martyrdome.
 Laurence the seventh, as along he went
 With Sixtus going to his punishment,
 Complain'd he might not (seeing he had rather
 Suffer then 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' observing Judge supposing he had store
 Of wealth crock'd up, commanded him to bring
 All that he had: For to effect which thing,
 Laurence crav'd three dayes respite; in which space
 Of time, he gath'ring 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 Laurence doth his arms enlarge
 Over the needy throng, and aid, Thee be
 The precious Jewels of the Church: see, see,
 Here treasure is indeed; here Christ doth dwell.
 But 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's mouth all in a foam, thus wreak'd his ire:
 Kindle the fire; Faggots on Faggots fling:
 What, doth the villain thus delude the King?
 Away, away with him; whip beat him sore;
 Je'th the Traitor with the Emperour?

Pinch him with red-hot tongs; let candent plates
Engird the Raskals loyns; heat, heat the grates;
And when y'have bound the Rebell hand and foot;
On with him, ro#t him, broil him: look you do't,
On pain of our di#plea#ure; to#s him, turn him;
I charge you, do not leave him till you burn him,
And that to cindars too: each man fulfill
His office quick, and execute my will.
Revenge findes nimble hands; the tort'ters lay
Him on a #oft Down-bed; I will not #ay,
A fi'ry iron one: God made it #o,
That it afforded Lanrence ea#e, not woe.
Valerians heart burns, Laurence fle#h doth roft;
'Tis doubtful whether was tormented mo#t.
Then Laurence thus:
Tyrant, this #ide's enough: turn up the re#t;
Or ro#t or raw, try which thou like#t be#t.

SECT. XIII.

The ninth Primitive Per#ecution, which began Anno Chri#ti 278.

CLaudius, 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 #ecur'd.
Aurelian, nat'rally #evere and cruel,
Succeeds; his rage fomented by the fuel
Of mi#-informing #ini#ter #ugge#tions,
Prov'd Tyrannous; his Nephew's life he que#tions;
And que#tioning, abrepts: then he begun
To #tir up the ninth per#ecution.
But thus it happ'ned: while he went about
To #eal the Edict that was i##uing out,
There did a Thunder-bolt #o neer him fall,
That he was kill'd, 'twas the con#ent of all.
The Emp'rour #trake with #uch a#toni#hment,
Gave over his Tyrannical intent.
He after #ix years reign was murdered:
And the Church forty four years flouri#hed

Under a various Emp'rour. O what peace
 Doth crown the Christians brows! what large increas
 Of honour doth betide them! they resort
 Unto the Court, who lately were a port
 T'inulting foes: and they that were a prey,
 Are prais'd and priz'd: who now more great than they?
 While thus the Christians bath'd themselves in quiet,
 Their natures drew them to excessive riot,
 T'indulge to idleness, to cold, and brawl
 For very trifles, or nothing at all;
 With railing words bepattring one another,
 Moving edition against each other:
 Bishops with Bishops; and the vulgar train
 Do with the vulgar altitrate for gain:
 Thus, thus their sins encreas'd ev'ry day,
 Till Gods wrath came, where in chalk'd out the way:
 And now the Christians enemies abound,
 Laying their Churches level with the ground;
 Burn sacred Writs. I'th'open market-places;
 Pursue their Priests, and load them with disgraces:
 Slanders and contumelious opprobries,
 Abhor'd their Doctrine, and their words despise.

SECT. XIV.

The tenth Primitive Persecution, which began Anno Christi 308.

Two Tyrants, Dioclesian in the West
 And Maximilian in the East, distress'd
 The Saints of God: the foe-men overcome,
 They instituted solemn games at Rome,
 As glad memorials of their being victorious:
 Nay Dioclesian was so vain-glorious,
 He needs would be a god, and be ador'd
 By ev'ry bended-knee, as upream Lord:
 Nor did he think to say, that he was brother
 Unto the Sun and Moon, as was no other.
 His hooves adorn'd with gold and Precious tones,
 The people kneeling on their marrow-bones
 He bid to kiss his feet, (O height of pride!)

He per#ecution rais'd; at Ea#ter tide
 Places of Divine wor#hip he or'turn'd;
 And in contempt the Sacred Scripture burn'd,
 Some Elders of the Church were torn in #under;
 The re#t variety of deaths went under.
 Sylvanus Bi#hop, with him thirty nine,
 Ended their #orrowes in a Mettle-Mine.
 The Tyrian Chri#tians (none this fury #pares)
 VVere ca#t to Lyons, Leopards, and Bears
 Kept hungry for that purpo#e: male-content,
 The bea#ts not touched them; their claws were bent
 At other preyes; they vehemently rage
 'Gain#t tho#e which brought the Chri#tians on the #tage,
 And #eiz'd on them; who though they thought they #tood
 Out of harms way, became the wild bea#ts food.
 And afterwards, the#e holy Martyrs #lain,
 VVere #oon committed to the foaming main.
 The Syrian Pa#tors lay in pri#on chain'd;
 Zenobius a Phy#ician, Brick-bats brain'd.
 Yea good Serena Diocle#ians wife,
 Was for religions #ake depriv'd of life.
 The Martyrs blood ran like a flowing tide,
 Such an innumerable number dy'd.
 Upon a Chri#tmas-day Maximinus fir'd
 A Church whereto the Chri#tians retir'd,
 To celebrate that joyful day, wherein
 Je#us was born to #ave them from their #in.
 He al#o did a Phrygian City burn,
 And all th' inhabitants which would not turn.
 Forty young Gentlemen of good repute,
 Confe#s'd their faith, and boldly did refute
 Fal#e wayes: their names up to the Mar#hal gave,
 Who #eeing them #o gallantly behave
 Them#elves, admit'd, and #tood in a quandary,
 What cour#e to take; his anxious thoughts did vary:
 Re#olved, he try'd what fair words would do;
 Proff'ring them money, and preferment too:
 They an#were'd thus; We nothing do de#ire,
 But Chri#t alone; the wheel, the cro#s, the fire,
 Are ea#ie pains. His eyes the Mar#hal ca#ts
 Upon a pond expos'd to northern bla#ts;
 Bids them be #tripp'd unto their naked skin;
 'Twas winter weather, yet they mu#t go in,
 There #tay all night. We put not off our cloaths,

Say they, but our old man, which God so loaths.
 The pond receiv'd them, and the nipping frost
 Stiffened their members; breath not fully lost
 When day appear'd unto the wakened world,
 They were took out, and burn'd; their ashes hurl'd
 Into the gliding streams.—
 In France, in Colen Italy, and Spain,
 Were many millions of Christians slain,
 As witness'd unto the truth: in Trevers
 The brookes of blood discolour'd ample Rivers.
 This persecution run along, and came
 Into our Britain, where the Christians flame.
 Besides the kinds of deaths, the torments were
 So great, that they unutterable are;
 As whippings, scourgings, rackings, hackings, manglings,
 Hangings, bangings, prickings, kickings, stranglings,
 Smoakings, choakings, rotings, scorchings, poylings,
 Cuttings, guttings, flayings, fryings, broylings:
 Some manded to the mines, others were quarter'd;
 In brief, there were seventeen thousand Martyr'd
 In one months space; yet till the Christians joy'd,
 And till encreas'd, the more they were destroy'd.
 Galerius invading Antiech,
 Romanus runs, and tells the Christian flock,
 That wolves, which would devour them up, were near:
 But therewithal, exhorts them not to fear
 The greater perils, but that young and old
 Would be courageous, resolute and bold,
 To hazard life and limb, for to maintain
 God's cause and theirs. With that, an armed train
 Pour'd in upon them; but the Christian throng
 Arm'd with the staffe of faith, were too too strong
 For them to grapple with then: speedy word
 Was sent their Captain, that no power of word
 Could e're prevail; it was in vain to strive
 Against the stream Romanus yet alive.
 The ireful Captain, in a rage, commands
 Romanus be deliver'd to his hands.
 Romanus 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 love 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 mart

Thou do'#t encourage others to abide.
 Galerius ceas'd: Romanus thus reply'd;
 Tyrant, I hug, and willingly embrace
 Thy #entence; know, I count it no di#grace
 To be for my dear breth'ren #acrific'd,
 By wor#t of torments that can be devis'd.
 Galerius raging at this an#wer #tout,
 Commands his men to tru#s him and draw out
 His bowels. Th' executioners defer
 Such horrid deeds, and #ay, Not #o good Sir,
 He is of noble Parents, and his breath
 May not be #top'd by an ignoble death.
 Scourge him then #oundly, let your yerking la#hes,
 Weighty with leaden knobs, cut wounds, and ga#hes.
 To whom Romanus u#ed this expre##ion;
 Not my de#cent, but Chri#tian-like profe##ion
 Nobilitateth me; be not therefore
 More favourable, but inflict the more:
 Your Idol wor#hip I dete#t, de#pi#e,
 And all your #uper#titious fooleries.
 With that his #ides, his naked #ides, were lanc'd
 This bones; yet #till this ble##ed Saint advanc'd
 The living God, and Chri#t, whom he hath #ent:
 Then were his teeth #truck out, for this intent
 He might not #peak #o audibly: his face
 Was buffeted, his cheeks were #lic'd; nor was
 This all; nails tear his eyelids: from his chin
 They pluck'd his beard, and with his beard the skin:
 Yet this meek Martyr #aid, I give to thee
 O Captain, thanks, for opening wide to me
 So many mouths, whereby to #hew the power
 Of God, and Je#us Chri#t my Saviour:
 Look Tyrant look, upon my various wound;
 So many mouths have I, Gods prai#e to #ound
 The Captain wond'ring at his con#tancy,
 Cea#ed to exerci#e more cruelty:
 Yet menaced to burn him, and did #ay
 Thy cru'fi'd Chri#t is but of ye#terday,
 The Gentiles gods of longer #tanding are.
 Romanus takes occa#ion to declare
 Th' eternity of Chri#t: of #even year old
 Give me a childe (#aid he) what he'll unfold
 Li#ten unto: From out the gazing throng
 A pretty boy is pick'd: Romanus tongue

He speaks him thus; My Lamb, ought we not rather
 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 dear,
 He answered, 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 courg'd, the standers by,
 With wat'ry eyes behold this cruelty;
 While the glad mother, a tearless Spectator
 Chides her sweet babe, for asking for cold water:
 After that cup he chargeth him to thirst
 The babes drank of, which were in Bethlem nurs'd:
 Upon my blessing, I record,
 Proff'ring his neck unto his father's word.
 Then did the barbarous tormentor pull
 The hair, the skin, and all, from the child's cull.
 The mother cries, This pain will soon be gone;
 Suffer, my child, my sweet-ac'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 grieve, and in his pains he mild.
 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.
 Romanus is drag'd forth, to have a fresh
 Supply of stripes, on his bemangled flesh.
 Discovering the bare bones, a second smart
 Augmenteth each already-wounded part.
 Nor was this yet enough; cut, prick'd, and pounc'd
 He suddenly must be; then was denounc'd
 A final sentence gainst him, and the child;
 Both must be burn'd, their torments were too mild;
 The torturers did too favourably deal.
 Romanus boldly said, I do appeal
 From this ungodly sentence of thine own,
 To Christ his righteous Tribunal Throne,

Who is an upright Judge; not that I fear
 Thy merc'le's handling; no, I more can bear
 Then thou can't lay upon me; but that I
 May #hew thy judgments to be cruelty,
 The childe's demanded of his mother; #he,
 Embracing it, deliver'd it to be
 Bereav'd of life; and when the fatal #troke
 Was given, Farewel, #weet child, Farewel, #he #poke:
 All prai#e O Lord, with heart and word,
 #nto thy name we render:
 The Saints that dye, are in thine eye
 Mo#t precious, dear, and tender.
 The child's head's off, the mother tender-hearted
 Enwrap'd it in her lap, and #o departed.
 Romanus then into the fire is flung:
 A #torm extingui#h'd it; and now his tongue
 Mu#t take a farewell of his head; his neck
 Becomes the #ubject of a halter's check.
 One Gordius having liv'd a certain time
 In de#erts, counted it at la#t a crime
 Not to endure; he therefore when a game
 Was celebrated unto Mars, forth came,
 And up in a con#picious place b'ing got,
 He #aid, I'm found of tho#e that #ought me not:
 Then apprehended, he his faith confe##es;
 And in the mid#t of torment this expre##es:
 God's my adjutor, Ah! why #ould I than
 Fear in the lea#t the Tyranny of man?
 Nothing #hall me di#may, that can fall out;
 Thou Lord art with me, fencing me about
 With Bullwarks of thy love; thy favour #till
 Surrounds me: Ah! how can I then fear ill?
 The#e torments are but light, which I endure;
 Let heavier come. Tormentors, pray procure
 Sub#tantialler then the#e; the#e are too #mall:
 Gibbets? and racks? as good have none at all.
 VVhen foul means could not #hake his faith in Chri#t,
 He was by #pecious promi#es entic'd:
 But Gordius #aid, 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 per#ons mourn'd!
 To whom he thus; Let not your brimfill'd-eyes
 Weep #howres for me, but for God's enemies;

Who 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 mind: for truly I could bear
 A thousand deaths for Christ, and never fear.
 Some pity'd him, while others, standing by,
 Perwade him to deny Christ verbally,
 And to himself reserve his conscience.
 My tongue, said he, will under no pretence
 Deny its donor: unto righteous
 Our hearts believe, but 'tis our tongues confess
 Unto salvation; O let me excite
 You all to suffer for a cause so right:
 Good folks, fulfill a dying mans desire.
 So said, he ceas'd, and leap'd into the fire.
 One Menas, an Egyptian born and bred,
 Leaving his temporal substance, led
 A solitary life, in desert places;
 Where he might wholly exercise his graces,
 In fasting, prayer, meditation, fit
 And diligent reading of the sacred Writ.
 At last return'd to Cotis, when the crowd
 Were at their parties, he proclaim'd aloud
 Himself to be a Christian: then surpris'd,
 His faith in God more boldly he agniz'd.
 Torments enu'd; no torments could revoke
 His mind, but thus he confidently spoke:
 In my mind, nothing comparable is
 To the enjoyment of eternal bliss:
 Nay, all the world, if put into one scale,
 Is lighter then one soul: Who can prevail,
 To disunite us from the love of Christ?
 Can tribulation? anguish? he's the high;
 To him will I look up; he bids me fear not
 Those that can kill me bodily, but are not
 Able to hurt the soul: but fear him who
 Hath pow'r to lay the soul and body too,
 And fling them into hell. Having receiv'd
 The final sentence, up to heaven he heav'd
 His eyes, hands, heart, and said: O Lord my maker,
 Thanks be to thee, in that I am partaker
 Of Christ his precious blood: thou hast not let
 My foes devour me, but hast be-

My heav'n-fix'd #oul with #uch true con#tancy,
 That in the faith I liv'd, for that I die.
 The lift up axe, upon his neck falls down,
 And #o he lo#t his head, but found a Crown.
 In Portugal a Noble Virgin nam'd
 Eulalia, of twelve years old, enflam'd
 With holy zeal, mo#t earne#tly de#ir'd
 To #uffer death, and heartily requir'd
 The ble#t a##i#tance of Gods willing arm,
 And faith all her corruptions to charm:
 Her godly Parents, fearing #he #hould come
 T'antimely death, did keep her clo#e at home;
 But #he (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, #pake boldly in his hearing:
 What, no Shame in you? will you #till be bent
 To #hoot your arrowes at the innocent?
 Never have done (becau#e no power controuls)
 To break their bodies, and afflict their #ouls?
 Are you de#irous what I am to know?
 I am a Chri#tian, and an open foe
 Unto your diabolick #acrifices:
 As for your Idols, them my #oul de#pi#es:
 I do aknowledge, with my voice and hert,
 Th'all-powerfull God: Hangman, in ev'ry part
 Come cut and mangle me, dishead me, burn me;
 What ever thou can#t do, #hall never turn me.
 Alas! alas! my fle#h is too too weak,
 And may be conquer'd; thou mai#t eas'ly break
 This brittle Casket: but my inward minde
 A jewel is which thou #halt never finde.
 Then thus the angry Judge; Here Hangman, take her,
 Drag her out by the hair, to torments; make her
 Be #en#ible of what our Gods can do,
 And we: But yet before thou undergo
 A mi#erable end, O #turdy girle,
 I'de fain have thee recant; life is a pearl
 Too precious to lo#e: call but to minde
 Thy Noble Birth, and be not #o unkinde
 To thine own #elf as to neglect thy fortune;
 Methinks the gli#t'ring Bride-bed #hould importune
 Thee to pre#erve 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 #light it now? well, if thou wilt,
 Know, that to make thee an#wer for thy guilt,
 Engines are ready; if thoul't not be turn'd,
 Thou #halt beheaded be, or rack'd, or burn'd:
 What a #mall matter is't, not worth this #trife,
 To #trew incen#e? yet that #hall #ave thy life.
 Eulalia not reply'd, but #purn'd abroad
 The incen#e heaps, and did with #pittle load
 The tyrants face: the Hangmaa having retch'd her;
 With wilde-bea#ts talons to the hard bones #cratch'd
 But #he ceas'd not to prai#e the Lord, and prize (her.
 Th' attainment of the#e #ublime dignities.
 VVith th' iron grate her mangled body's gor'd;
 Her bre#ts, with flaming torches are devour'd;
 Her long hair #et on fire: #he opened wide
 Her mouth, and #ucked in the flame, and di'd.
 The Judge told Agues, if #he did refu#e
 To #acrifice, there was a common #tews,
 And in #he #hould: the cha#t religious maid
 Unto the flock'd-la#civious young#ters #aid,
 Chri#t will not #uffer this (I tell you true)
 This #potle#s #oul to be defil'd by you
 By you ba#e #laves to lu#t: then was #he plac'd
 Naked i'ch'#treet, and publickly di#grac'd:
 Among#t the re#t, one #coffing at her #hame,
 A flame like to a fla#h of lightning came
 And #truck out both his eyes; he falling down,
 Did wallow in the dirt, while #he did crown
 Her #oul in prai#ing God: the Judge #ends word
 To th'executioner to #heath his #word
 In her warm bowels; Agnes maketh ha#t
 To meet with him; #he cannot run #o fa#t.
 O this (#aid #he) this, this is he whom I
 Am taken with: I long, I long to die:
 My bre#t #tands fair; thru#t #ouldier, if thou wilt,
 Thy glitt'ring rapier up unto the hilt.
 Dear Father open wide the gates of heaven
 To entertain my #oul: her life's bereaven.

SECT. XV.

The Per#ecution of the Chri#tians in Perfia, under Sapo#res, about the #ame time.

ANd now the Per#ian Magicians bring
 In accu#ations, to Sapo#res King,
 Again#t the Chri#tians, for their adhering
 To Con#tantine the Great, (a crime pa#t clearing.)
 The King incens'd herewith, with taxes, fines,
 Oppre#s'd them #ore, and killed their Divines:
 Simeon their Prie#t was into pri#on #ent,
 For #lighting Idol-gods; and as he went,
 ##thazares (a Chri#tian of late,
 Since #all'n away) who at the Court-gate #ate,
 E#pying him led by, obey#ance did him:
 But Simeon for Apo#tatizing chid him.
 The con#scious Eunuch #uddenly let fall
 A briny #howre; his co#tly garments all
 Laid by, he mourn'd, and with dejected face,
 Deplored thus his lamentable ca#e:
 Ah me! with what a brazen brow #hall I
 Look upon God, #ee'ng Simeon doth deny
 His kinde #alute? He to the King mu#t go,
 Who gently ask'd him why he mourned #o?
 If in my Palace thou want'#t any thing
 Speak man, and by the honour of a King
 It #hall be thine: that tolerable were;
 But Ah! who can a wounded #pirit bear?
 'Tis this (#aid he) that acerbates my woe;
 I live, who #hould have dyed long agoe;
 This Sun I #ee, to which I #eem'd to bow
 Thereby denying Chri#t, to plea#ure you;
 I'll take a #olemn vow, for to adore
 The great Creator, not the Creature more.
 The King adjudged him to lo#e his head;
 And at his death at his reque#t 'twas #pread,
 Here's one that #uffers not for any trea#on,
 But for religion, and no other rea#on.
 The Chri#tians which disheartened had bin
 By his Apo#tacy he #ought to win
 By his profe##ion and example too,

To take new courage, and to undergo
 The like if need requir'd. Good Simeon
 Rejoyc'd, and prais'd the Lord for what was don.
 When the next Sun had rais'd them from their beds,
 He and a hundred more all lo#t their heads.
 The King decreed, no mercy #hould be us'd
 To them which to adore the Sun refus'd.
 The #word rang'd over all the Per#ian bounds;
 Devour'd whole Cities, and unpeopled towns.
 In brief, in all, during Sapore's reign
 Were more then #ixteen thou#and Chri#tians #lain,

SECT. XVI.

The Churches Per#ecution under Julian the Apo#tata, Anno Chri#ti 365.

NO #ooner was Con#tantius deceas'd,
 Julian his nephew, of the We#t and Ea#t
 Is made #ole Emperour: he from his youth
 Was well in#tructed in religion's truth:
 His good behaviour and ingenious parts,
 Made him a Load-#tone to attract all hearts.
 In brief, he had (what's difficult to finde)
 The rare endowments of a vertuous minde.
 But he Apo#tatiz'd: Satan his tutor,
 Learn'd him to be the Churches per#ecutor:
 He op'd the Idol-Fanes, lock'd up before;
 And when the Chri#tian faith grew more and more
 By torments, he was pityful and mild,
 And by his gifts and flatteries beguil'd
 The weaker #ort, who avarous of gaia,
 VVere drawn a#ide: he al#o did ordain,
 That none profe##ing Chri#tianitie,
 Ma#ter of any Art #hould dare to be,
 Or any Officer: he did #uborn
 Je#ters, to load them with contempt and #corn:
 Him#elf put none to death; yet did the crew
 Of Heatheni#h Idolaters imbrow
 Their hands in Chri#tian gore, brain'd them with #tones,
 And tore the fle#h from off their naked bones;

Drench'd #ome in #calding water; #ome were #tipp'd
 Stark naked; others had their bellies rip'd
 And #uff'd with barley, for the greedy #wine
 To champ upon; while #ome with famine pine,
 Some #mear'd with honey up again#t the Sun,
 In baskets hung, for VVa#ps to feed upon.
 The children neither #par'd father nor mother,
 Nor parents chil'ren; no nor brother brother.
 The fle#h-deprived bones of #ome were mix'd
 VVith a##es bones: here hangs on crucifix'd,
 And there's one drag'd about the #treets; a third
 Is taken captive like a twiglim'd bird.
 VVhen Julian #acrific'd to Fortune, one
 Maris, Bi#hop of blind-ey'd Chaleedon,
 Sharply rebuk'd him, call'd him impious man,
 Apo#tate, Athei#: to whom Julian
 Retorts, Blind fool, thy God of Galiles
 VVill not re#tore thy fight, and make thee #ee.
 Maris reply'd, I am not #o unkinde,
 As not to thank my God which made me bliade,
 Le#t that mine eyes, (turn'd from a better fight,)
 Upon thy #o ungracious face #hould light.
 Cyrillus, Deacon in Hier apolis,
 Demoli#hed the Gentiles Images;
 He's took, his belly's rip'd, his liver drawn
 Out of his body, with their teeth is gnawn.
 A little tract of time b'ing wheel'd about,
 Their tongues were rocted, and their teeth fell out
 Of their loo#e #ockecs; their blind eyes no more
 Beheld the objects they beheld before.
 While of Apollo's Delphick Oracle
 Julian enquir'd, a fla#h of lightning fell
 From the collided clouds, which overturn'd
 The Temple, and Apollo's Image burn'd.
 The fines were more then they were #e##ed at:
 He #coff'd them thus; You ought to undergo
 All wrongs: does not your God command you #o?
 Ath'nafius #aid, This per#ecution
 Is but a little cloud,⁶⁷ 'twill #oon be gon,

67 Beati Pauperes.

SECT. XVII.

The Churches Persecution under the Arrian Hereticks, which began An. Christi 339.

Great Constantine, a while before he dy'd,
 Amongst his sons did equally divide
 His Empire; to the rule he did assigne
 Constantius, Constans, and Constantine:
 Constantius, that governed the East,
 Was soon seduced by an Arrian priest;
 Who him inform'd, that Athanasius
 Return from exile was pernicious
 Unto the publick good: incensed then,
 The Emperour sent five thousand armed men
 To cut him short: the Church was round beset,
 Yet he from them mirac'loously did get;
 Though many Arrians cast their eyes about
 For this intent, to indigitate him out;
 Not much unlike a sheep ordain'd for laughter:
 Nor could this good man live in quiet after,
 In banishment till he was forc'd to hide
 In a deep pit, where he no light espide
 For twice three years; and at last by a maid
 That us'd to bring him food, he was betray'd:
 But God's directing spirit did befriend him;
 He escap'd, before they came to apprehend him.
 Thirty Egyptian Bishops slain; twice even
 Were banished; some in their way took heaven.
 In Alexandria (the Arrians urg'd)
 Twice twenty Orthodox Divines were scourg'd.
 The Emperour, at his approaching death,
 Griev'd for his changing of the Nicene faith.
 Valens held on the damnable designs
 Against Christians; four score eminent Divines
 He whip'd, and fir'd; so they resign'd their breath,
 By patient suffering of a double death.
 Many he caus'd to be crush'd to hivers;
 Some to be drown'd in the Sea, others in rivers;
 Some in the desarts wandred up and down,
 Cloath'd in sheeps-skins, pity'd by none:
 While other some, (so put unto their shifts,)

Lurked in dens and hollow rocky cliffs.
 At la#t this Tyrant from the Goths did fly,
 Who fir'd a village o're his head, whereby
 He mi#erably dy'd: unto his name
 Leaving behind a monument of #hame.

SECT. XVIII.

The Per#ecution by the Donatists, Anno Chri#ti 410.

THE Donati#ts, and Circumcellions,
 In Sun-burnt Affrick, rais'd rebellions:
 The Orthodox, innumerable wrongs
 Lay under; Bi#hops lo#t their hands and tongues:
 And others, that remain'd #incere and #ound,
 This barbrous outrage either hang'd or drown'd;
 Their goods are plunder'd, and their hou#es turn'd
 To heaps of eindars, and their Fanes are burn'd.
 The #acred Scriptures are by flames devour'd;
 Wives are defil'd, and Virgins are deflour'd.
 Where ever the#e profane Schi#ma ticks came,
 They holy things profan'd; nor was't a #hame
 Counted among#t them, but a grace, to feed
 Their mungrell currs with Sacramental bread.
 But God's ju#t judgements did not long forbear:
 The Dogs run mad, and their own Ma#ters tear.
 The#e furious per#ons, ca#t into the #tocks
 The godly Chri#tians, and the Orthodox:
 All Affrick o're, they empty out their gall,
 De#troying many, and affrighting all.

SECT. XIX

The Per#ecution of the Church in Affrick, by the Arrian Vandales, Anno Chri#ti 427.

THE Vandales, under Gen#erick's command

Remov'd their Quarters from th' Iberian land,
 And march'd to Affrick: as along they went,
 Cut down the #hrubs, which yeilded aliment
 To the di#per#ed Saints; what e're they found
 Unruin'd, they laid level with the ground.
 The Min'#ters #inking underneath their loads,
 Are pricked forward with #harp-pointed goads.
 Some had (until they crack'd again) their legs
 Wre#ted with bow-#trings: grea#e and oily dregs,
 Salt-water, #tinking mire, and Vinegar,
 Into the mouths of others forced are.
 The Reverend gray hairs, from them obtain'd
 No mercy: as for infants, they were brain'd,
 Or torn in pieces from the fundament.
 The Carthaginian Senators were #ent
 To wander in exile; without re#pect
 To #ex, or age, the Roman City's #ack'd.
 Upon A #ceation-day, a Chri#tian train
 Meeting at Church, were by the#e her'ticks #lain.
 There was a Noble man, nam'd Satorus,
 The Tyrant #eeing him, be#pake him thus:
 Y' had be#t to execute my ju#t commands,
 Or you #hall forfeit el#e, your hou#e and lands;
 Your wife #hall marry one that drives the plow;
 Your children #hall be #old: nor did this bow
 The good mans faith; his wife hearing her doom
 Was to be marry'd to a #curvy 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 #uckling in her arms, then down #he kneels,
 And #aid (my deate#t) Oh #ome pity take
 On thy poor wife: O for the Lord Chrif't's #ake
 Let not thy bantlings under #lav'ry tire,
 Nor me be linked to a filthy Squire.
 Be rul'd, #weet heart, if by con#traint th'art brought
 To act ami#s, thine will not be the fault.
 He thus; Thou #peake#t like a fooli#h wife,
 Acting the Devils part; thy husbands life
 If thou did#t dearly tender, as thou #hould#t,
 Entice him #o to fin, thou never would#t;
 Which will procure a #econd death to me,
 Wor#e then the fir#t; I am re#olv'd to be
 Obedient therefore to my Gods commands,

And quite for#ake wife, children, hou#e, and lands,
 To b'his Di#uple. Scarce the#e words were out,
 He was de#poil'd of all, and #ent about
 The Country begging. Gen#erick being dead:
 Hunrick #ucceeded in his fathers #tead.
 Well night five thou#and that did Chri#t profe#s,
 He bani#hed into the wilderne#s:
 He made his Courtiers dig the earth for corn,
 And brought the women into publick #corn.
 Mothers their little children followed,
 Right glad that Martyrs they had born and bred.
 One leading by the hand her little Son,
 Ha#ting t'oretake them, #aid, Run Sirrah, run;
 See#t how the Saints do trudge along? how fa#t
 They make unto their crown? ha#t, #irrah, haft.
 She's thus rebuk'd: How now? why do you go
 So #peedy? woman, whither ha#te you #o?
 She thus reply'd; Good folks pray pray for me,
 I go to exile with this child you #ee,
 For fear the enemies corrupt his youth,
 And #o mi#lead him from the wayes of truth.
 As the Saints went along to bani#hment,
 Multitudes follow'd, and with one con#ent
 Flinging their children down, did this expre#s;
 And mu#t we then be wedded to di#tre#s?
 While you ha#te to your crown, what will become
 Of us (poor wretches as we are) at home?
 VVhat Mini#ters have we (you gon) to feed
 Our hungry #ouls with #acramental bread?
 VVho #hall baptize our infants? tell us who
 In#truct us? w'have a greater minde to go
 Then #tay behinde: but Ah! our feeble #trength
 VVill not hold out #o great a journeys length.
 Now they that went, and could not mend their paces,
 Were dragged by the Moors, through rugged places;
 Their fle#h all rent and torn; they that were #tronger
 Came to the wilderne#s, to kill their hunger,
 And barely are allow'd; the Scorpions crawll
 About them, but do them not hurt at all
 VVith their lethif'rous #ting; thus God did plea#e
 After affliction to #end them ea#e.
 Hunrick #ends Mandates throughout Affrica,
 That all the Bi#hops #hould by #uch a day
 At Carthage meet, on purpo#e by di#pute

To prop their faith; and if they could confute
 The Arrian Bishops: now the time drew near,
 And they according to command appear.
 Dispute began; The Orthodox thought best
 To cull out some, to answer for the rest.
 The Arrians plac'd themselves on sublime thrones;
 Thee stood o'th' ground, and said, Inequal ones
 Are too unfit to hold an argument,
 No, no, it is by general consent,
 That Disputants the controversy rear
 On equal termes, until the truth be clear.
 An hundred strokes, on ev'ry one were laid
 For this bold speech; whereat Eugeuius said,
 The Lord in mercy look upon our woes,
 And mark our sufferings under raging foes.
 The Arrian Bishops moved to propound
 What they intended, at the first, gave ground,
 Declining the dispute: the Orth'dox then
 A Declaration of their faith, did pen,
 And did it with this protestation how:
 What our belief is, if you long to know,
 Here 'tis: the Arrians tormented 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 lie,
 Became 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 depriv'd of all we have?
 Why must we live on dunghills, in dirt,
 Afflicted, hungry, cold, and comfortless?
 He bids, and over them his horsemen ride;
 Many are bruised sore, then they deny'd,
 Being 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.
 This was the tenour of the oath then read:
 You all shall swear, that when the King is dead
 Hildrick shall reign, and that no man shall send
 Letters beyond the seas. The King your friend,
 Upon your taking it, will you restore

Unto the Churches you were at before.
 They that did not, and al#o they that did
 Were all en#laved, and to preach forbid.
 What doleful outeries! what heart-rending groanes
 Were throughout Affrick caus'd by bloody ones!
 With cudgels, either #ex and age was bang'd:
 Here, #ome they burned; there they others hang'd.
 Women, and naked gentlewomen were
 Openly tortur'd, all their bodies bare.
 Fair Diony#ia bolder the re#,
 Thus the conceptions of her mind expre#t:
 Afflict your fill, God's favour I have got;
 Onely my woman-hood di#clo#e you not.
 The#e words #carce out, they more enraged #trip'd her,
 Expos'd her to all eyes, and #oundly whip'd her,
 Untill the blood flow'd down: that which you broach,
 Satanick #laves (#aid #he) for my reproach,
 Is my be#t garland. Then #he wi#ely chear'd
 Her young and onely #on, who per#ever'd
 Patient in all his pains, till he disbur#t
 His #pirit unto him that gave it fir#.
 Hunrick b'ing dead, #ucceeding Gundabund
 Twice #ix years tyranniz'd: mild Thra#amund
 And Ild'rick ruled well. But in conclu#ion,
 Bell'zarius brought the Vandals to confu#ion,
 After they ninety years had been a rod
 To #ourge the Saints and I#rael of God.

THE Per#ecution of the Church Under the PAPACY.

SECT. XX.

The Per#ecution of the Walden#es, which began Anno Chri#ti 1160.

When the black cloak of Popery was hurl'd
 Upon the #houlders of the chri#tian world,
 The #aints #till labour'd to di#pel away
 Tho#e #hades Cimmerian, and reveal the day
 With truth's bright lu#tre; and withall deve#t
 The Roman glory. One among the re#t,
 A learn'd and godly man at Lions, who#e name
 Was Peter Valdo, much oppos'd the #ame;
 Declaring plainly Tran#ub#tantiation
 To be no better then an Innovation:
 He mov'd the cred'lous people to embrace
 The precious offers of the means of grace.
 They which unto his Doctrine gave re#pect,
 From him were called the Walden#ian Sect:
 Which like a Snow-ball rowling down a hill,
 Decrea#ed nothing, but increa#ed #till.
 Though ev'ry day and hour the Martyrs bleed,
 Yet is the Martyrs blood the Churches #eed.
 This her'#y in a thou#and Citys #warms,
 Maintaining #eventy thou#and men of arms:
 Nor could the popi#h Canons, Con#titutions,
 Cur#es, Decrees, alter their re#olutions:
 To #uffer wrong, in body, goods, or name,
 For Chri#t his #ake, was counted not a #hame.
 Valdo yet #till proceeds (nor can he hope
 Long life) to publi#h to the world, the Pope
 Is Antichri#t; the Ma#s abominable;
 The Ho#t an Idol; Purgator' a fable.

Pope Innocent the third,⁶⁸ did authorize
 Monki#h Inqui#itors for to #urprize
 The#e Her'ticks (as he call'd them) by proce#s,
 That #o the #ec'lar power might them #uppre#s,
 Is any rich, the inquis'cors had a trick
 To make him poor, Oh he's an Heretick,
 Let him have #uch a death; no power controul'd
 Or curb'd them in; but what they would, they would.
 If any, water, or a pad of #traw,
 Gave to the Saints, he was condemn'd by law.
 If any advocate, a##aid to plead
 His kin#mans cau#e an Action indeed!
 And if an Heir, his father that way leans,
 And that's enough to rob him of his means.
 Nay, for to keep the people in more aw,
 They pri#oners do in their proce##ions draw
 Triumphantly; injoyning them to vex
 And #courage them#elves; with ropes about their necks,
 A torch in either hand, others along
 Mu#t pa#s, to terrify the gazing throng.
 Be#ides all the#e, they have a thou#and Querks;
 They #end cut #ome to fight again#t the Turks
 And Infidels; (no need to #eek for heires)
 Their hou#es, goods, and chattels, all are theirs.
 At their return, if any ask'd their wives
 VWho lay with them? They 'ndangered their lives.
 The foes confe#s'd, they had not wherewithall
 To build up pri#ons for th' accu#ed all:
 And yet for all this per#ecution, there
 Above eight hundred thou#and Chri#tians were.⁶⁹
 The faith encreas'd, and with a pro#p'rous gale
 Clim'd o're the Alps came to Pragela's vale;
 From thence the people bordered upon
 St. Martin, Piedmont, La Perou#e Angrogne.
 Wander there did innumerable flocks
 Upon the craggy cliffs, and algid rocks.
 Above three thou#and being hid in caves,
 VVere #tified by the#e marble-hearted #laves.
 The poor Walden#es by their pray'rs and tears
 Oft mov'd the Lord to free them from their fears.

68 Anno 1198

69 Anno 1260.

Two hor#emen flying, cry'd, They come, they come;
 Another while, the beating of a drum
 Cau#ed their foes retreat: which #tones, and #lings,
 They thou#ands kill'd at #everal skirmi#hings.
 Thus God for his de#pi#ed Saints did fight.
 A handful putting num'rous foes to flight.
 But when the godle#s party overcame,
 They did commit their captives to the flame,
 Or hang'd them up, or cut them out in quarters;
 All which di#courag'd not the glorious Martyrs.
 Through the indu#trious Walden#es toil,
 Abundant #tore of Corn, and VVine, and Oil,
 Enrich'd Calabria; And God did ble#s
 Their pains in Provence, with the like #ucce#s.
 At la#t when freely they the Go#pels worth
 Began to publi#h, Pope Pins the fourth
 Di#turb'ing them, they left behinde their goods,
 VVith wives and children flying into th' woods;
 But were pur#u'd; #ome #lain and others wounded,
 Some famine-pined #ouls in caves were found dead,
 And they that were of St. Xi#t and la Garde,
 VVere rack'd, #trip'd whip'd nor old nor young was
 Panza #lays eighty, and #takes up their joynts (#par'd
 For thirty miles together; he appoints
 A quarter to each #take, Merindol Town
 VVas razed by Opede, and batter'd down,
 The Cabrierians brought into a field,
 VVere hack'd to pieces cau#e they would not yield,
 And in a barn repleni#hed with #traw
 VVomen were fir'd. Opede him#elf did draw
 Young Infants from their mothers •ip'd-up bellies;
 His men kill'd them of Aix and Mar#eilles;
 Some two and two, together bound, they #lew
 And boots of #calding oil (O cruell) drew
 On others legs, But heav'n at la#t decreed
 A woful end, to that accurs'd Opede.
 The Walden#es, which into Albs came,
 Of Albigen#es thence receiv'd the name,
 Pope Al'xander the third, his wrath did #moke
 When they #hook off his Antichri#tian yoke;
 He them condemn'd as Het'ticks, yet they #pred,
 And many potent Towns inhabited:
 Nay many Lords, and Earls, did with them #ide,
 Again#t the Pope, and con#tantly deny'd

The Romi#h faith, and re#olutely #pake
 Their willingne#s to #uffer for Chri#ts #ake.
 Beziers was #tormed by the Pilgrim train,
 And in it #ixty thou#and per#ons #lain.
 The Legat #aies, Souldiers kill old and young,
 For why? God knoweth tho#e to him belong.
 The Catholicks be#ieg'd and batter'd down
 On the inhab'tants heads Carca##on Town.
 When Baron Ca#tle was #urpriz'd, th' enclos'd
 Of th' Albigen#es were di#ey'd, di#nos'd,
 Then #ent to Cab'ret with an one-ey'd guide.
 Yet #till like gold that's in a furnace tri'd,
 The Saints, appear'd; their #parkling zeal like fire
 Blown by afflictions bellows, blaz'd the higher.
 Now Luther ro#e, the Antichri#tian terror,
 And tho#e that were #educ'd, reduc'd from error.

SECT. XXI.

The Per#ecution of the Church of God in Bohemia, which began Anno Chri#ti 894.

BOrivojus, Duke of Bohemia,
 Entring the confines of Moravia,
 By a #trange providence was Chri#tianiz'd,
 And with him thirty Pal'tines were baptiz'd.
 At his return, he rai#ed from the ground
 Churches, and Schools; and all the Country round
 Flock'd thither: many of the Noble race,
 As well as Commons, did the Truth embrace.
 Malicious Satan env'ing the progre#s
 The Go#pel made, gain#t tho#e that it profe#s
 Rais'd per#ecution up: Borivojus
 Is #ent into exile. Sanguineous
 Drahomira' the Chri#tian temples locks,
 Forbidding Mini#ters to tend their flocks;
 And in the #ilent night, three hundred lives
 Pay'd tribute to the bloody cut-throats knives.
 But Gods ju#t Judgement, Drahomira follow'd,
 The opening earth, her and her Cart up #wallow'd.
 The Popi#h party having got the day,

Did all the obvious Bohemians lay.
 At Cuttenburge four Thousand souls were thrown
 Into the Metal-Mines; O hearts of tone!
 The Priests cry out, Blow out, good people, blow
 The sparks, before into a flame they grow:
 Water is us'd; the more they did endeavour
 To drown the Saints, they flamed more then ever:
 Many are scourg'd, some sent into exile.
 Two German Merchants brought unto the pile,
 Exceedingly encourag'd one another:
 One says, Since Christ hath suffered (dear brother)
 For wretched us, let's do the same likewise
 For him; and such a high-bred favour prize,
 That we are counted worthy to die
 For his sweet sake: the other did reply,
 The joy that in my Marriage-day I found,
 Was small to this; O this doth more abound!
 Both cry'd aloud, (the Faggots set on fire)
 Bless Christ, thou in thy torments didst desire
 Thine enemies peace; the like we also crave:
 Forgive the King; let not the Clergy have:
 Thy scolding vengeance; O forbear to plague
 The poor misled inhabitants of Prague:
 O be thou pleas'd to let them Scot-free go:
 For Ah! poor souls, they know not what they do;
 Their hands are full of blood: they pray'd and wept;
 And wept and pray'd, till in the Lord they slept.
 On Noble-men intolerable Fines
 Were laid; two hundred eminent Divines
 Are exil'd; some are burned; others brain'd;
 Some shot to death; with blood the earth's de stain'd.
 The Martyrs one by one, that were in hold,
 Are called forth; who resolutely bold
 Haste to their sufferings, with as great content,
 As if they had unto a banquet went.
 When one was called for, he thus expressed
 Himself, in taking leave of all the rest:
 Farewel, dear friends, Farewel; the Lord support
 Your spirits, that you may maintain the fort
 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 #ight.
 O how my #oul is ravi#h'd with delight!
 This very hour all #orrow bids, adieu
 To my glad heart: O now my joyes renew:
 Tran#cendent joyes! heaven and eternity
 Is mine, is mine. Then did the re#t reply,
 God go along with you: O heaven we pray
 A##i#t thy #ervant, 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 Man#ion:
 Go, go, dear brother go; and we anon
 Shall follow after, and be all receiv'd
 To bli#s through Chri#t in whom we have believ'd.
 Farewel, farewel; let equal joyes betide
 To us that follow, and to you our guide.
 Fir#t the Lord Schlick, a man as wi#e as grave,
 Condemned to be quarter'd, did behave
 Him#elf mo#t gallantly, and #aid, My doom
 Me plea#eth well, what care I for a Tombe?
 A Sepulchre is but an ea#ie lo#s;
 Fear death? not I: welcom my crown, my cro#s:
 Let, let the#e limbs be #catter'd here and there;
 I have Gods favour, and I do not fear
 The wor#t that foes can do: #ee how the Sun
 Di#plaies his #hining beams. Je#uites be gon,
 And build not Ca#tles in the empty air,
 For I dare die for Chri#t; I that I dare.
 Be pleas'd, ble#t Je#us, thorough deaths dark night,
 To Manu-duct me to eternal light;
 Eternal light! O what a happy #ound
 That word reports! my #oul, at a rebound
 Catch heaven, catch heaven: no #ooner had he #poke,
 But he #ubmitted to the fatal #troke:
 His right hand, and his head (lop'd off his #houlders)
 Are hung on high, to terrify beholders.
 The Lord Wence#laus, #eventy years old,
 B'ing next, was asked, why he was #o bold
 In Fred'ricks cau#e: he #aid, My con#cience run
 Along with me; and what is done, is done.
 My God, lo here I am, di#po#e of me,
 Thine aged #ervant, as be#t plea#eth thee:
 O #end that grim-look'd me##enger, that #taies

For none, to end the#e mi#erable dayes;
 May I not #ee the ruines that do wait
 Upon our #inking, our declining State.
 Behold this Book; my Paradi#e was never
 So cordial as now: Judges, per#ever
 In #ucking Chri#tian blood; but know, Gods ire
 Shall #moak you for't. Up #tarts a cowled Fryer,
 And #aid, Your Judgement errs. With this reply,
 He an#w'er'd him, I on the truth rely,
 And not on bare opinion; Chri#t's the Way,
 The Truth, the Life; in him I cannot #tray.
 Then #troaking his prolixed beard, he #aid,
 My gray hairs honour #erves you: having pray'd,
 And giv'n his #oul to Chri#t his Saviour,
 His cut-off head was fixed on the Tower.
 Lord Harant next was call'd, who bravely #aid,
 I've travell'd far, and many journeys made
 Through barb'rous countries and e#caped dangers
 By #ea and land# yet was my life by #trangers
 Surrepted not; b'ing #afe returned home,
 My friends and Country-men my foes become:
 For whom I, and my Grand#ires have let fall
 And wa#ted our e#tates, our lives and all.
 Forgive them father; I O Lord have grounded
 My faith in thee; let me not be confounded.
 Then on the Scaffold thus: O Lord, I give
 My #pir't into thine hands; in hope to live
 By Chri#t his death, according to thy word:
 And #o he yielded to the murth'rous #word.
 Sir Ca#par Kaplitz, eighty #ix years old,
 Said to the Mini#ter, Behold behold
 Me a decrepit wretch, who#e 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 done,
 Not mine; my death to mortal eyes may #eem
 Di#graceful, but 'tis rich in Gods e#teem.
 Oh Lord my God my trembling feet #upport,
 For fear my #udden fall occa#ion #port
 To my ob#erving foes. The Mini#ter
 (Perceiving that the excutioner
 Could not perform his office as he meant,
 His crookedne#s b'ing an impediment)
 Be#pake him thus; My Noble Lord, as you

Commended have your #oul to Chri#t, #o now
 Advance your hoary head to God: he try'd
 What he could do: his head #truck off, he dy'd.
 Then the Lord Oito, a judicious man,
 Having receiv'd the #entence, thus began:
 And do you then, O Cae#ar #till think good
 For to #tabilitate your throne with blood?
 Can God be pleas'd with this? #ay Tyrant #ay:
 How will you an#wer't at that dreadful day?
 Kill this my body; do, let my blood fill
 Your veins; di#per#e my members where you will;
 Yet this is my belief, My loving father
 Will be #o pleas'd as them together gather,
 And cloath them with their skin; the#e very eyes
 Shall #ee my Lord, where e're my body lies:
 The#e ears #hall hear him; and this very tongue
 Ring peals of joy; his prai#es #hall be #ung
 By this #ame heart of mine. I mu#t confe#s,
 I was perplex'd at fir#t; but now; I ble#s
 My God, I finde a change: I was not troubled
 So much, but now my joyes are more redoubled;
 I fear not death; now death hath lo#t her #ting:
 To die with joy O 'tis a pious thing!
 Am nor I #ure, Chri#t and his Angels will
 Guide me to heaven, where I #hall drink my fill
 Of tho#e Cele#tial cups, tho#e cups of plea#ure,
 And mea#ure drinking, though not drink by mea#ure?
 Shall then this death have power to divide
 My #oul from him? the heavens open wide:
 See where my finger points. The #tanders by
 Beheld eye-dazeling cortu#cancy.
 After a #ilent prayer made, he #pake,
 Lord #ave thy #ervant; Oh #ome pity take:
 I am thy creature; O let me inherit
 Chri#t-purchas'd glory: Lord receive my #pirit.
 Next, Diony#ius Zervius (that #orm'd
 Again#t the #aints; but) when he was inform'd
 Of Go#pel-truths, how Chri#t procured re#t
 For tho#e believ'd, he forthwith #mote his bre#t,
 And fetch'd a #igh, while tears ran down; did cry,
 This is my faith, and in this faith I'll die:
 Through Chri#t alone, I can acceptance finde,
 Yet God will not de#pi#e my contrite minde;
 Upon the#e knees, the#e 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 being brought, both the commended
 Their souls unto the Lord; so their lives ended.
 Next was the Lord of Rugenice arraign'd;
 Who said, I have a greater privilege gain'd,
 Then if the King had pard me, and augmented
 My restor'd substance; and am more contented.
 God is our witness, that we only ought
 Religions Liberty; for that we fought:
 Who, though we're worsted, and must end our days,
 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 knowest, thou knowest that I resign
 Myself unto thee, and am wholly thine.
 Put not thy servant off with long delay,
 But take me hence: sweet Jesus come away.
 The Sheriff came for him; he rejoicing said,
 Blessed be God: then towards him he made.
 Upon the Scaffold, he himself did cheer
 With that of Christ, Father, I will that where
 I am, thy servants may there also be,
 That they may my heaven-given glory see:
 I hate to lose this life, so transitory,
 That I may be with Christ and see his glory.
 Climb up my soul, climb up to be embrac'd
 In Christ his arms: and so he breath'd his last.
 Valentine Cockan spoke to this effect,
 Upon the Scaffold: Gracious Lord, direct
 My feeble steps; O let death's valley be
 A passport to the clearer view of thee;
 For why? thy word hath bin my hidden treasure;
 O what satiety of joy and pleasure
 Take residence with thee! there's nothing can
 Afford my soul more satisfaction than
 Thy self's fruition: Lord, my spirit flies
 Into thy Courts: so having said, he dies.
 Next, Toby Steffick's brought, a man whose heart
 Walk'd upright with his God; though like a cart
 Press'd with afflictions heaves, to heaven he heav'd

His wa#ted eyes, and #aid, I have receiv'd
 From the beginning of my life till now,
 Good things of God, and #hall not I then bow
 My will to his, but his cha#ti#ements #hun?
 I will not; no, God's holy will be done.
 Can I, poor du#t and a#hes, have the face
 To plead with God? I chearfully embrace
 Thy plea#ure, Lord; I come to bear the cro#s;
 O be thou pleas'd to purge away my dro#s:
 Calcine my #oul; obliterate my #ins;
 And make me pure again#t that day begins.
 He pray'd; and having drunke the lethal cup,
 His #pirit into heaven a#cended up.
 Doctor Je#senius after him was Martyr'd,
 His tongue cut out, head off, his body quarter'd
 (Citing the #aying of Ignatius)
 Cheers his co-#ufferers, We are Gods corn,
 Sown in the Churches field, and mu#t be torn
 By bea#ts, to fit us for our Ma#ters u#e:
 But here's our comfort, one a bloody #luce
 The Church is founded, and hath been augmented
 By blood, nor #hall the opened vein be #tented.
 The blow mu#t now be fetch'd; his #oul he gave
 To heav'n, his body to the gaping grave.
 Then being call'd to execution;
 I come, #aid he; a pious re#olution
 Takes up my heart; I'm not a#ham'd, nor #ory
 To #uffer the#e (nay wor#e things) for his glory;
 I have, I have, by my heav'n-borrow'd force
 Fought faith's good fight, and fini#hed my cour#e.
 Then praying, Father, in thy hands I leave
 My #pir't; he did a Martyrs crown receive.
 John Shunlt is, while he on the Scaffold #tood,
 Said thus, Leave off this melancholy mood,
 Dejected #oul: O be not #o ca#t down:
 Hope thou in God; though for a time he frown,
 Yet will he #mile again, and thou #halt yet
 Prai#e him, though Nature do receive her debt.
 The righteous are among the dead enroll'd
 By fools, whenas they re#: Behold! behold!
 I come #weet Je#us: O #ome pity take
 Unon thy creature, for thy promi#e #ake.
 Ca#t me not off, my mi#ery condole;
 My #ins O pardon, and receive my #oul:

Make no long tarriance; come, Lord Je#us, come:
 And #o he underwent his Martyrdome.
 Next Maximilian Ho#lialeck,
 (Whom Learning, Worth, and Piety did deck:)
 After the #entence pa#t, one asked him
 The rea#on why he look'd #o dull, #o grim,
 And #adder then the re#t: To tell the truth,
 The #ins (#aid he) I acted in my youth
 Come now afre#h into my minde: for though
 I know that no remainder can o'rethrow
 Them which with Je#us Chri#t have made a clo#e;
 Yet know I, that the Lord his Ju#tice flowes
 As well as mercy, on tho#e are his own.
 Summon'd to death, he #aid, Lord, from thy throne
 Look on me, O illuminate mine eyes,
 Left death o'recome me, and mine enemies
 In#ulting #ay, We have prevail'd. O Lord,
 (Be plea#ed to make good thy promis'd word)
 Let me who#e eyes have thy #alvation #een
 Depart in Peace: an Ax did pa#s between
 His head and neck. Then four more Chri#tian brothers
 They hanged one by one, and begger'd others.
 Nor might they have the ben'fit of the Laws:
 When #ome did plead the Ju#tne#s of their cau#e,
 The Judges #coff'd them, thus; Although you ha'nt
 Sins that are actual, yet you do not want
 Th'orig'nal #in of Here#ie, and #tore;
 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 encloy#tred child bemoans,
 But cannot help it. Oh! the griefs and groanes
 Of marriagable maids! what #ad farewels
 Take parting friends, when into Monki#h cells
 Fore'd are their neer'#t relations! Great mens #ons,
 Fryets mu#t tutour. and their daughters Nuns.
 Wives from their husbands, husbands from their wives
 Part with wet eyes: #ome thou#ands lo#t their lives;
 Others were #tripp'd in fro#ty #nowy weather;
 While #ome impri#on'd lay, and #tarv'd together,
 The Ma#s-prie#ts are the men that mu#t be heard,
 And rude men, if Apo#tates, were prefer'd.
 Bol'#lavia the principalle#t #eat
 The brethren had (two hundred years compleat)

Was #eized on; her Mini#ters turn'd out,
 And crafty Friers to pervert the rout
 Plac'd in their rooms: but when this would not do,
 They mu#t into a #tinking dungeon go.
 The Cities Bid#ove, Tu#ta, Zaticum,
 Litom'ric, Rokizan, Radecium,
 Don Murtin, all were brought to de#olation,
 Under a fair pretence of reformation.
 Some Citizens were into exile #ent;
 Some into voluntary exile went.
 The maj'r and #ixteen hundred per#ons more,
 At Pracbatice, lay weltring in their gore.
 They threw Religion down, where ere they come,
 And #et up #uper#tition in the room.
 As for the Bible, Chri#tians were forc'd from it,
 Wiblia (the Bohemian word) is vomit;
 Nor was there (O mo#t dámnable de#igne!)
 A toleration giv'n to Books divine.
 The mouths of #ome are gagg'd, the Ho#t they do
 Thru#t down their throats, whether they will or no.
 Other# t'auricular confe##ion forc'd;
 And many were from all they had divorc'd
 To tell how they the women-kinde did u#e,
 Is not #o proper for a mode#t Mu#e.

SECT. XXII.

The Churches Per#ecution in Spain, which began Anno Chri#ti 1540.

A Spani#h Factor Francis Roman nam'd,
 Hearing at Breme a Sermon, was #enflam'd
 And wrought upon, that in a little #pace
 He grew in knowledge, and encreas'd in grace.
 Upon a time when he return'd agen,
 He labour'd to convince his country-men
 Of blind-fold ign'rance; for the wayes they trod
 Were di##onant unto the word of God.
 But they reproachfully de#pis'd, contemn'd
 His words, and him unto the fire condemn'd.
 Then with a paper-Mitre on his head,

Painted with ugly Demons, was he led
 To execution: and by the way
 Being urg'd to bow unto a cross, #aid, Nay,
 The Chri#tians are not wont to wor#hip wood:
 So having #aid, he was the fire's food.
 How many hone#t-hearted per#ons ca#t
 Into infectious dungeons, breath'd their la#t!
 The pris'ners cloath'd with red-cro#s'd Sambitoes,
 Were at Validolid plac'd all in rowes.⁷⁰
 The inqui#ition was fir#t invented
 By the Domin'can Friers; who attented
 The extirpation of the Chri#tian race,
 By death, or ignominious di#grace.
 One while they #trive with flatt'ries to en#nare
 The doubting Chri#tian e're he be aware:
 And if they #ee that fair means will not do,
 They exerci#e compul#ion. O who!
 Who is there able to demonn#trate fully
 The kinde of torments that were us'd? the pully
 Hang'd on the Gibbit, holds the hands or thumbs
 Of the poor wretch; then the Strappado comes,
 And rends his weight-di#tended joynts a #under.
 Some in the Trough are tortur'd; #ome are under
 Cruel impri#onments, where is not any
 Light but what enters the Key-hole or crany.
 Some are injoyn'd to run unto the racks,
 With yellow Sambenitoes on their backs:
 Their tongues in a cleft-#tick have not the #cope
 To empty Out their mindes; and while a rope
 Encompa##eth their necks, coacting bands
 Pre#s hard behinde them their united hands.
 Thus, thus poor Creatures, in a piteous plight,
 Are led to #uffer in the peoples #ight.
 Burton and Burgate,⁷¹ Burge#s, Hooker, Baker,
 Engli#h-men born, were each of them partaker
 Of Martyrdom at Cadiz; and a#cended
 To happine#s, which never #hall be ended.

70 Anno 1550.

71 Anno 1560.

SECT. XXIII.

The Churches Per#ecution in Italy, which began
Anno Chri#ti 1546.

ENeenas, by his Parents #ent to Rome
 For educations #ake; at la#t become
 An able Scholar through the grace of God,
 In Chri#t his School, the wayes the Romans trod
 Renouncing quite: for which he's apprehended,
 And clapt up; yet he con#tantly defended
 The Chri#tian faith: he with his life might go,
 If he would but put on the Sambito;
 Which he refus'd; nor any badge would wear
 Save that of Je#us Chri#t; which was, to #pare
 No blood to #eal up what he had profe#t:
 So being burn'd, he in the Lord did re#t.
 The Maj'r and Bi#hop of St. Angelo
 Long arguing the ca#e, which of the two
 Should, at his proper co#t, procure #ome wood,
 For Galeacius burning; while they #tood
 Demurring, he bade them no more debate,
 It #hould be fetch'd out of his own e#tate.
 John Mollius, a Roman, did Chri#t own:
 If he but named him, #alt tears ran down
 On his wet cheeks: he preach'd where e're he came
 The word of truth, until he fed the flame,
 One Francis Gamba, born in Lombardy,
 Went to the #laughter with alacrity.
 Algerius, a fine young man, acquaints,
 By way of writing, the afflicted Saints,
 How much his joy in pri#on 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 di#lives
 At Naples, many Nobles, with their wives.
 The City Venice after twelve years peace,
 Was by the Pope di#turb'd, to the encrea#e
 Of Martyr'd Saints; who unto #tones were bound,
 And in the bottom of the Ocean drown'd.
 An Engli#hman Martyred in Portugal.

One William Gardiner, whom Bri#tol bore,
In Portugal the Martyrs Garland wore.

SECT. XXIV.

The Per#ecution of the Church in Germany, which began Anno Chri#ti 1523.

WHen Luther, with his fellow-labourers,
Converted many Germans, unto wars
The Pope his Highne#s #tir'd up Charles the fift
'Gain#t Proe#tants: to further this his drift,
Two hundred thou#and crowns, and at a boot
Five hundred hor#e, and twice #ix thou#and foot,
He #ent with #peed; the Prot'#tant Princes hence,
Rais'd al#o Armies for their own defence:
And now the Emp'rour for no other rea#on,
Proclaim'd them guilty of no le#s then trea#on.
Both parties are engag'd; but the #ucce#s
Is left to God, who doth not alwayes ble#s
The better cau#e with Victory, nor #hield
His Saints from wrong; the Chri#tians lo#t the field.
The per#ecution ro#e in #ev'ral places;
Author'ty arm'd with rig'rous Laws, outfaces
Candid #implicity: 'tis #ad to tell
The barb'rous outrage to the Saints befel.
Some rack'd; from place to place #ome to#s'd and turn'd;
Some driven into woods and caves; #ome burn'd.

⁷² About this time, the Boors in arms did the
And rob'd the Abbeys, and Mona#teries;
They after they had entertained bin
By Mr. Spencer, #trip'd him to the skin;
Who weeping, #aid, This violence will i'th'end
Bring mi#chiefe on your heads: you do pretend
The Go#pel; but alas! how quite contraire
Unto the Go#pel-rules, your walkings are!
They jeer'd him for his pains; at la#t he's bound
Both hands and feet, and in the river drown'd.

72 Anabapti#ts first Ri#ing.

His gaping wounds let out a Crim#on flood,
 Which on the #urface of the water #tood.
 When Wolfgang Scuch was asked if his woe
 He would have be abridg'd, hean#wer'd, No;
 God, which hath hitherto upheld my head,
 Will not for#ake me in my greate#t need;
 No, no, he will not: 'tis a happy flame
 Which lights to heaven, thrice ble##ed be his name.
 George Carpenter b'ing ca#t into the fire,
 Fulfill'd his Chri#tian bretherens de#ire,
 In giving them a #igne of his true faith,
 Cry'd, Je#us, Je#us•ill •e lo#t his breath.
 Our Leonard Key#er al#o at the #take,
 Said, I'm thine, #ave me Lord, for thy Truths #ake:
 His willing #pir't impatient of the flame
 Went up to heaven, whence at fir#t it came.
 A cruel Bi#hop in Hungaria, took
 A godly mini#ter, (who could not brook
 Erroneous wayes) and Hares, Gee#e, Hens, he tide
 His naked body with on ev'ry #ide:
 Being by #et-on dogs, and bloody hounds,
 All rent and torn, he died of his wounds.
 But God is Ju#t: the Bi#hop that #o acted
 His cruel part, did forthwith fall di#tracted:
 His hair by handfulls from his head did rend,
 And raving, made a mi#erable end.

SECT. XXV.

The Per#ecution of the Church in the Low-Countries.

THere was in Holland a religious Dame,
 Called Wendelmuta, #he for Chri#t's name
 Was #ent to pri#on, where #he mu#t be kept
 Till the next Se##ions; her kinde kindred wept
 And #aid thus, Ah! why doft thou not conceal
 What thou believ'#t but madly thus reveal
 Thy #ecret thoughts? be more re#erv'd, thereby
 Thou'lt life prolong. To whom #he did reply,
 You know not what you #ay; the heart alone

Believes to righteous; 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
 Delivered the words; That you may know
 I die-a Christian, I a sign will show:
 His head cut off, he turned on his back,
 And cross'd his arms and legs; by which aspect
 Many believe the Gospel; whom alive
 They bury, drown, or into exile drive.
 In Colen, Holland, Suevia, Lovain,
 The godly well-disposed part was slain.
 Some lost their heads in Flanders, some were sent
 Into perpetual imprisonment.⁷³
 Two hundred Saints in Artois, Brabant,
 Were made away, with not a few at Gaunt.
 At Delden, two young Virgins well-descended,
 For their frequenting Sermons apprehended,
 Examin'd and condemn'd must both partake
 Of Martyrdom, and suffer at the stake.
 But after death the bodies of them both
 Remained white, the fire to hurt them loth.
 At Antwerp, one Christopher Fabri's brains
 Are beat cut with a hammer. Sev'ral pains
 Afflict the innocent; the bear great loads;
 Those are companions to Frogs and Toads.
 One Nicholas and Augustine, with their wives,
 At Dormick apprehended lost their lives,
 When Nicholas did hear a Captain swear,
 He said, Hath Christ done ought that thus you tear
 His name in pices, rending life and limb?
 Pray vent your malice upon me, not him:
 Being silenc'd at the stake, Thwarting their will,
 He cry'd, O Charles wilt thou be hardned till?
 With that, a soldier gave him a great blow:
 He thus! Ah miserable people know,
 God's word's too good for you: the Fryars cry'd,
 A Devil, a Devil: with David, he reply'd,
 Depart ye workers of iniquity;
 Depart, depart: my God hath heard the cry

My weeping voice hath made; his holy name
 Be prais'd: #o #aid, he vani#h'd in the flame.
 At Dormick⁷⁴ Bert'rand trod the Cake about;
 For which di#tongu'd, he yet on God call'd out:
 A ball is thru#t into the mouth of him;
 He's burnt, and's a#hes in the river #wim.
 At Lile, for three years #pace in woods and caves
 God's word was preached: Satan and his #laves
 Took the advantage of the #ilent night
 So finde their meetings: finding none, they light
 On Robert Oquir's hou#e; his wife, his #ons
 And he, rejoyce in tribulations.
 Bound at the #take, their #pirits they commend
 To God, and make a comfortable end

The Per#ecution of the Duke de Alva, in the Netherlands.

THE Go#pel #hining in the Netherlands;
 Philip, that wore the Spani#h crown, commands
 The Duke de Alva, with a warlike train,
 To #lay Profe##ors, and with might and main,
 Promote the Romi#h Doctrin; to rebuke
 Nobles, and Commons too: the de#ep'rate Duke
 Scarce breath'd, but on them violently pour'd;
 Matrons he ravi#hed, and Maids deflour'd
 Before their husbands and their parents eyes,
 Or put them unto wor#er cruelties.
 He on a time (at his own Table #ate)
 Boa#ted his diligence t'eradicate
 Heret'cal weeds: for that be#ides the #lain
 During the war in #ix years #pace, a train
 Of more then eighteen thou#and per#ons were
 By him deliv'red to the hangmans care.
 Don Frederick his #on kindly receiv'd
 By Zutphen Bourgers, cruelly bereav'd
 The poor inhabitants of all their lives,
 Hang'd, drown'd, brain'd very infants, virgins, wives;
 Then marched he to Naerden; and the town
 (All the ind wellers kill'd) he bart'red down.
 At Harlem, he three hundered Walloons
 Beheads; five hundred Bourgers and Dragoons
 He hangs, or drowns: all th'Engli#h, and the Scots,

To lose their heads in general, he alots.
 The wounded, and diseas'd, are killed all
 Before the entrance to the Hospital
 John Herwin said unto the gazing throng,
 (As he to execution went along)
 See what rewards the wicked world do give
 Christ his poor servants: for whilst I did live
 A drunkard's life, and play'd at Cards and Dice,
 A foe to Vertue, and a friend to Vice;
 O then I liv'd at ease, and was a stranger
 To bonds, and fetters; nay was out of danger
 Of suffering for the Truth; yonder they cry
 A Boon Companion goes; who then but I?
 No sooner did I seek my God, but lo
 This fawning friend, became a frowning foe:
 Yet this doth not, (and so I hope shall never,)
 Discourage me one jot; I must persevere
 In what is good, and follow Christ the father:
 The servant is not better than his master.
 His soul refresh'd then with Gileads Balm,
 To sing he did begin the thirtieth Psalm
 With lift-up heart: but an impatient Frier
 Thus interrupted him, Avoid the fire,
 Oh John, and turn; yet you have time and space.
 Then disregarding Martyr turn'd his face
 Another way: then some that were in sight,
 Retorted this; Turn thou, thou hypocrite.
 Herwin hung 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 crowd reply'd; no living soul here bears
 Offence: his Muck much delights our ears.
 Four hundred folks encourag'd him to run
 His race, and finish what he had begun:
 To whom he thus; Brethren, I undertake
 This spiritual 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 Citizens in a fiery Chariot went

From Antwerp, to the City Heaven went.
 One Scoblant, as he to his Tryal pa#t,
 Said thus; Would God that I might be the la#t
 That thus might #uffer death; O that my blood
 Might #atisfy their thir#t, if God #ee good;
 That #o the Church of Chri#t, forlorn, di#treft,
 Might ever after live, at ea#e, and re#t.
 I now put off this Mantle tran#itory,
 In hope to wear a robe of la#ting glory.
 A Popi#h Prie#t, by a religious Dame
 Converted to the faith, #pake thus: I came
 To comfort you; but I my #elf indeed,
 Of you to comfort me have greater need.
 Chri#topher Gaud'rin #aid, Mans life on earth
 Con#i#ts but of two dayes; the fir#t his birth;
 The next, his dying day: and therefore I
 Mu#t needs die once: who would refu#e to die
 To live for ever? death and I mu#t ki#s:
 'Tis death conducteth to eternal bli#s.
 The #entence pa#t, he did apart repair,
 And poured out his #oul to God in pray'r:
 Then from his hands and face he wa#h'd the dirt;
 And puting on his back a fine white #hirt,
 He thus his fellow-pri#oners be#pake:
 Breth'ren, this is my wedding-day: I make
 To heav'n-ward: being come unto the place,
 He found three other ready to embrace
 The #elf #ame death: the#e four them#elves did chear
 With patient #uff'ring, and rejoye'd to bear.
 Then came a Fryar under a pretence
 To win them: Chri#topher #aid thus; Hence, hence,
 Thou #oul-#eduser; from our pre#ence flee;
 We have not any thing to do whith thee.
 They mu#t be gag'd: May not our tongues have power
 Said they, to prai#e God at our late#t hour?
 Sermons they u#ed to frequent: hard ropes
 Annex'd their necks, they fini#hed their hopes.
 In Flanders multitudes of true believers
 Were #ent to be eternal life's receivers.
 In Breda, there a Gold#mith dwelt, his name
 Was Petar Coulogue; who#e renowned fame
 Had #pred all o're the town, and ev'ry mouth
 Proclam'd him faithful, if they #pake the truth.
 This Pious Deacon quickly was be#et

With popish catchpoles; neither would they let
 Him once enjoy the company of any
 Of his own Church; he over-pow'd by many
 Was hurry'd to the Castle, while he taid
 A prisoner 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 little 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 underv'd! she nothing lack,
 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 cap'd a couring
 By this; for whilst she out her pray'rs was pouring,
 One of the then. Communioners fell down
 Into an irrecoverable wown.
 This miracle was h'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 unpected)
 The throng'd crowd they the prisoners 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 till,
 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 fling them into hell. I go to meet
 My glorious Spouse, wrap'd in a fiery heat.
 Then falling on their knees, they sent their prayers

As welcom ghe#ts to Gods attentive ears.
 Bound to the #take, they prais'd the Lord; the flame
 Sent up their #ouls to heav'n, from whence they came.
 William of Na##aw Prince of Orange, by
 A bloody villain #hot, did thus let fly
 His late#t words: O God, my God, condoul
 My wounded #tate, take pity on my #oul,
 On my departing #oul; O #pare, O #pare
 The Spani#h people, though they #inful are.
 The#e words no #ooner out, his #oul for#cok
 This earthly, and an heavenly Man#ion took.

SECT. XXVI.

The Modern Per#ecution of the Church in Germany, #ince the year 1630.

TH'Imperiali#ts, when they by #torm had gain'd
 Pa#walick town, the Swedi#h #ouldiers brain'd:
 At the inhabitants their fury lavi#h'd,
 And in the open #treet, they females ravi#h'd,
 Nay, child-bed women too; they flew the men
 And fired o're their heads their hou#es then.
 They ma##acred Divines, and burned down
 The Chri#tian Churches, and at la#t the town.
 Tilly and Pappenheim became a #courage
 Unto the famous City Magdenburge:⁷⁵
 Her goodly #tructures and a#piring Towers
 Were burn'd down in the #pace of twice #ix hours.
 Without the lea#t re#pect to old and young,
 Were #ix and twenty thou#and #lain burnt, flung
 Into the river Elve: by #ev'ral wayes
 The torturers abridg'd poor Chr#tians dayes.
 Ladies and Gentlewomen yok'd together,
 Forc'd into woods, in fro#ty #nowy weather,
 Were ravi#h'd there, #trip'd, whip'd, and with a #coff
 Di#mi#s'd, while others had their ears crop'd off.

75 An. Chr. 1631.

Hexter is taken,⁷⁶ and the Popish rage
 Hew'd all in pieces, either sex, and age,
 All serv'd alike: what the fle-eating word
 Had left unpoil'd, the greedy flame devour'd.
 At Griphenburge the Senators were tarv'd;
 The Heidleburg Divines and Bourgers serv'd
 With onely bread and water. Like dogs not men
 Were the Frankendales us'd. In Pomeran
 The poor inhabitants were forc'd to eat
 Up their own excrements: unpleasing meat!
 Many suspected to have hidden Gold,
 Or silver, suff'red torments manyfold:
 With cords the heads of some they wound about,
 And twist'd them until the blood did prout
 Out of their eyes, ears, noses; nay, unto
 Tongues, Cheeks, Breasts, Legs, and secret parts they do
 Tie burning matches, yea, the parts of shame
 Stuff'd with gun-powder, burnt with horrid flame.
 With knives and bodkins they do pink 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;
 The hands and feet of some so hard were girted,
 That from their fingers ends and toes there spirted
 Sanguineous drops. They ty'd the arms and legs
 Of some together backwards, and with rags
 Ram'd up their mouths, because they should not pray.
 Some hung up by the privy members; they
 Hearing their outcries, did with tear-throat tones,
 Contend to drown their lamentable moans.
 Had any ruptures? they enlarg'd their pain
 By firing gunpowder: they faces plain
 With chisels; and detestible some men
 I'th' presence of their wives and children.
 Others, stark naked through the streets are drag'd,
 Wounded with axes, hammers; some are gag'd
 And tinkling water, Urine, and the like,
 Pour'd down their throats, till sudden sickness strike
 Them well-night' dead: their bellies beyond measure
 Being fill'd, did swell, and so they dy'd by leasure.
 Down others throats they knotted clouts constrain,

76 An. Chr. 1634.

Then with a packthread, pull them up again,
 To the di#placing of their bowels; #ome
 VVere by'c made deaf. or blinde, or lame, or dum'b.
 Some have their legs #awn off; and others have
 Their members di#located; tho#e that crave
 Gods ble#t a##i#tance, are enforc'd to call
 Unto the Dev'l for help, or none at all.
 And if the husband pleaded for his wife,
 Or the wife beg'd but for her husbands life,
 They take the interce##or, and likewi#e
 Excruciate him before the others eyes.
 Of many by their hard frications
 They bar'd the legs, unto the very bones.
 Others bound backward by the arms, were hung
 By tho#e di#torted parts; both old and young
 Rather de#ired to be #hot, or #lain,
 And #o die in an in#tant, then remain
 Alive, and be partakers of #uch woes
 As they were like to feel; for Ah! their foes
 Took away all their corn; in #tead of bread,
 On roots and water, they were glad to feed.
 And other #ome, #tripp'd to the very skin,
 Had not one #ory ragg, to wrap them in.
 Hence fruitful #oils, were utterly de#troy'd,
 Cities, and towns, and villages left voyd,
 Or #ack'd; all the woods fell'd; the ground untill'd;
 And ev'ry Church with de#olation fill'd.
 A Reverend Divine, bound to a table,
 Was rortur'd by a cat. VVhat pen is able
 To paint their bea#tline#s? maids wives, cha##t dames,
 They forc'd to pro#trate to their lech'rous flames,
 Friends looking on; yea, women great with child,
 In child-bed ton: the Churches they defil'd;
 The Bedlam-hou#es, Ho#pitals al#o.
 In He##en land they let the women go,
 After they ty'd about their ears their coats.
 Dead corp#es violated were. The Croats
 Devour'd young infants, and the commons brain'd
 On light occa#ions; #carce a man remain'd
 Alive in many places, that might tell
 The outrage of tho#e furies born in hell.
 God did this land his warning pieces #how,
 Before his murth'ring-pieces gave the blow.
 A blood-red Comet with a flaming beard

For thirty daies together there appear'd;⁷⁷
 God #ent to tho#e, which had #o long abhor'd
 His faithfull Pa#tors, and de#pis'd his word,
 This ominous Torch, that while a#leep they lie
 On the #oft pillow of #ecurity,
 They might b' awoken and repent reform
 Their lives, or otherwi#e expect a #torme,
 Foretold by's Mini#ters, (#o ill-befriended,)
 And which this formidable #igne portended.
 At Groningen a blazing Star hung forth,⁷⁸
 One Army in the Ea#, and in the North
 Another were engag'd and did conte#t
 Till that was wor#ted, this obtain'd the be#t.⁷⁹
 At Wien water turn'd to blood; three Suns
 Appear'd at once; the thundring of great guns
 Was heard; two Armyes then by clear day-light
 Deeply engaging in a bloody fight.⁸⁰
 At Wittemburgh and Darm#tad, blood it rain'd.⁸¹
 So much, that hou#es and #tone walls were #tain'd
 Therewith; trees wept red drops be#mear'd were then
 The hands and #ickles of the Harve#t-men.⁸²
 At Rat'sbone a #trange tempe#t bart'red down
 Above four hundred hou#es in the town;
 Kill'd onely four; it trees by th'roots up tore,
 And all within a quarter of an hour.⁸³
 Near Troppaw a great number of Jack Daws
 Eagerly fought with their ### claws,
 The battle la#ted long and ### Jacks
 Fall'n down the country men repieui#h'd #acks.
 In lower Saxon a loaf of bread
 Bought by a woman in the cutting bled.
 During Magdenburge #iege, a capeain's wife
 In child-bed dy'd,⁸⁴ body with a knife

77 Anno 1618.

78 Anno 1619.

79 An. Chr. 1619.

80 An. Chr. 1621.

81 An. Chr. 1622.

82 An. Chr. 1624.

83 An. Chr. 1625.

84 An. Chr. 1631.

Was ripped open, and her womb did hold
 A boy as big as one of three years old;
 Having an Helmet, and a brea#tplate on,
 Great boots al#o after the French fa#h'on,
 And by his #ide there hang'd a builet-pouch.
 At Altenburge,⁸⁵ if any did but touch
 A blood-turn'd #tinking fi#h-pond, he not well
 Could in three dayes wa#h off the #tinking #mell.
 Two Armyes of #trange birds in Hen##en fought;⁸⁶
 A randevouz of dogs could not be brought
 T'a peace; but #eeing mu#queteers, they joyn,
 For all their guns beat them away, kill'd nine.

SECT. XXVII.

The Per#ecution of the Church in France, which began Anno 1524.

AT Melden, Paris, Fonutains, Lions, Rhone,
 Many were put to death, #ome burn'd, #ome thrown
 Into the liquid flood; into the fire
 Others let down by pulleys, did expire;
 Others with Oyl and brim#tone were anointed,
 Then burnt; many di#tong'd; di#nos'd di#-joynted:
 Some #lander'd; #ome impri#on'd were; #ome rack'd;
 And they that would not bow, nor give re#pect
 Unto the Images of molten-lead,
 Pa##ing along the #treets, were ma##acred.
 John Clark, through zeal, brake all the Idols down
 That he could light on: in the Metzian town,
 Condemn'd he was to die, and fir#t to lo#e
 His right hand, then his arms, and brea#ts, and no#e;
 VWhich quietly he bore, pronouncing then
 Their gods are #ilver, and are made by men:
 At la#t they burnt him. At the Ca#tle Vik
 Doctor John Ca#tellane was burned quick.
 James Pana#e one that educated youth,

85 Anno A 1633.

86 An. Chr. 1635.

At Paris dy'd for the professed truth.
 John de Cadurco, a renown'd Divine,
 Degraded was, and burnt at Limosine.
 One John de Beck a Minister at Troyes,
 Went through the fire unto eternal joyes,
 At Rutiers, Stephen Brune for Christ his sake,
 Adjudged was to suffer at the stake;
 The fire was kindled, but the wind so drave
 The flame from him, that he stood up and gave
 (A whole hours space) instructions to the rude
 And easily-reduced multitude:
 They brought Oyl-vevells, and more faggots too;
 The wind continu'd, and all would not do.
 With 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 thrown.
 At Bour deaux, Aymond de Lavey 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.
 In pains he said, This body once must die,
 My spirit shall live, and that eternally.
 He swooned, but recovering, said he,
 Oh Lord, Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?
 Nay, said the president, thou art mistook
 Curs'd Lutherane, thou hast thy God forsook:
 Alas good masters, why, why do you so
 Torment me? Lord, they know not what they do:
 Forgive them I beseech thee. See, said thus
 The President, how this Caitiff prays for us.
 The Frier drew neer, and he (condemn'd) begins:
 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) withstands

My #pir't; which Lord I give into thine hands.
 With that he #trangled was, his body burn'd,
 His #oul until the day of Doom adjourn'd,
 One Bribard, to a Card'nal Secretary,
 And William Hu##ou an Apothecary
 Had, for their #eattering good books about,
 And cleaving to the truth, their tongues cut out;
 Then with a pully pulled up and down
 Into the fire,⁸⁷ they dy'd, but gain'd a crown.
 James Cobard,⁸⁸ having prov'd the Ma#s a fable,
 Unto the quick nor dead not profitable,
 Was at St. Michael burnt.⁸⁹ Stephen Polliot
 Suffred at Paris.⁹⁰ Michael Michelet
 Was put unto his choice, either to turn
 And lo#e his head, or per#evere, and burn.
 He an#wer'd, God who caus'd him not to tire,
 Would give him patience to abide the fire.
 Blondel a Merchant that profe#s'd Chri#ts name,
 Condemn'd at Paris,⁹¹ yeilded to the flame.
 One Hubert,⁹² a young man, who did rely on
 Chri#t Je#us merits, #uffered at Dyion.
 Anus Audeburt drag'd forth, #aid thus; This rope
 My wedding-girdly is, wherewith I hope
 To be conjon'd to Chri#t: I was fir#t marri'd
 Upon a Saturday, and now have tarri'd
 Until another Saturday, wherein
 I #hall (glad day!) be married agin.
 She in the dung-Cart #ang and in the fire
 Her con#tancy Spectators did admire.
 One Florent Venote, that had four years lain
 In Paris pri#on, where all kinds of pain
 He felt and overcome; for #even weeks #pace
 Was clo#e confin'd to #uch a narrow place,
 That he could neither #tand (with ea#e) nor ly:
 At la#t di#tongu'd,⁹³ he in the fire did die.

87 Anno 1544.

88 Anno 1545.

89 Anno 1546.

90 1547.

91 Anno 1548.

92 Anno 1549.

93 Anno 1551.

One Thomas, a young man, was rack'd #o long,
 The hangman grew a weary: one among
 Th'lr quis'tors wept. They bare him to be burn'd,
 And asked him, if he would yet be turn'd.
 To whom he #aid, Friends, I am in my way
 To God, O do not hinder me I pray.
 One Mathew Dimonel,⁹⁴ Simon Laloe;
 And Peter Serre, did torments undergo.
 Two men at Nivern,⁹⁵ had their tongues pull'd out;
 Yet God was pleas'd to bring it #o about,
 That they #pake plain, We bid the world, fle#h, #in,
 And devil farewell, never to meet agin;
 Of brim#toue, and gunpowder bring a fre#h
 Supply; #alt on, #alt on this #tinking fle#h:
 And #o per#i#ting con#tant till the la#t,
 Their #ouls to heaven, their earth to a#hes pa#t.
 One Philbert Hamlin fed the cruel flame,⁹⁶
 One Nicholas of Jenvil did the #ame.⁹⁷
 At Paris did a Chri#tian congregation
 Run through much #orrow: by the Mediation
 Of the Palat'nate Prince, and Switzers, #ome
 Of them (hardly) e#caped Martyrdome.
 In Danphin, Provence, multitudes were kill'd;
 In many other place blood was #pill'd:
 And yet the Church, the more it was #uppre#t
 Like to a Palm, #till more and more encrea#.

SECT. XXVIII.

The Per#ecution in the time of the Civil Warrs, which began Anno 1562.

THe Duke de Gui#e, as he upon a day
 Tow'rds Paris pa#t, took Va##y in his way:
 His ears informing him there was a Bell

94 An. Chr. 1553.

95 An. Chr. 1554.

96 Anno 1557.

97 An. Chr. 1558.

That rang to #ervice in a Barn, he fell
 Thereon with all his troops: his widened throat
 Bawl'd out, Kill, death of God, each Huguenote.
 Some then with bullets, #ome with #words, were #lain;
 Some hang'd; the heads of others cleft in twain:
 Some lo#t their arms and hands; #ome #hred for
 To feed upon; above twelve hundred #ouls (fowles
 Of all degrees, and ranks, were kill'd: #o don
 The Duke to Paris march'd, and #eiz'd upon
 The King him#elf, and filled with abu#es
 The places #et apart for pious u#es.
 Roan taken by him, was for three dayes #ack'd,
 The Citizens thereof di#liv'd, and rack'd.
 Then menacing to ruinat Orleans,
 A young man #hot him, to deliver France
 From his great violence. Peace was procur'd;
 A happy peace, but it not long endur'd:
 The Popi#h party bani#hing all pity.
 Kill'd all, #par'd none in the Lutetian City.
 At Amiens, the #lain were thrown in brooks;
 All Bibles burned and Divin'cy books.
 At Meaux, Sens, Mans, they drag'd #ome on the #tones,
 And da#h'd again#t the walls the little ones:
 Some had their hou#es level'd with the ground,
 Hundreds were ma##acred, #tarv'd, hang'd, or drown'd.
 Many were hal'd to Ma#s; and #ome re-wedded,
 Babes re-baptized; others were beheaded.
 At Bar they rip'd up many bre#ts, and draw'd
 Mens hearts thereout, & with their teeth them gnaw'd.
 VVhen Malicorn, Montargis town had got,
 He #lew the towns-men, and with Cannon-#hot
 Threatned the Lady Rhene to batter down
 Her Ca#tle, if #he did the Chri#tians own,
 Not give them up to him: the Prince#s #tout,
 Bravely reply'd: Look what you go about,
 I charge you, for there's no man in this Realm
 (The King excepted) that can overwhelm
 My pinace, with the waves of a command:
 And if your battery go on, I'll #tand
 I'th' breach, to try, whether or no you dare
 Thus kill the daughter of a King: I fear
 Your threats? not I: I want nor means, nor power
 T'avenge me on your boldne#s, and devour
 Your murtherous heart, and utterly deface

The infants of your most rebellious race.
 When Malicorn thus heard the Lady say,
 He pulled in his horn, and sneak'd away.
 At Angers into rivers some were thrown,
 Some executed: a gilt Bible shown
 Upon an halbard was, and this they sang,
 Behold how well the Hug'nots truth doth hang;
 Hark what the everlasting God, will tell;
 Behold the truth of all the devils in hell:
 They throw't i'th' river, and renew'd their found,
 Behold! the truth of all the devils drown'd.
 #1 page duplicate##1 page duplicate#
 At Ablevilly, Angers, Foix, Auxerre,
 At Troys, Crant, Nevers, Cha#tillon, and Bar
 In Bloys, Tholou#e, as al#o Carea##on,
 Many outrageous villainies were don.
 At Sens, and Tours, hundreds were put to #laughter;
 Some hang'd up by one foot, and in the water
 Their heads and brea#ts: the bowels are pluck'd out
 Their rip'd-up bellies, and are thrown about
 The mi'ry #treets: they torture ev'ry joynt,
 And #tick their hearts upon their daggers point.
 A Coun#ellor was hang'd, at the reque#t
 Of his own father, (O unnat'ral bre#t!)
 By the Pari#ian Senators decree,⁹⁸
 The bells are #ounded, and the Chri#tians be
 De#troy'd in ev'ry place, all their e#tates
 Seiz'd on by Catholicks and runagates.
 In Ligneul #ome they hang'd. The village Aze
 They #et one fire, and joy'd to #ee it blaze.
 Augu#tine Marlorate was hang'd at Rhone,
 Where #treetswith #laughter'd carka##es were #trown.
 In Gaillac, from a #teep precipice
 Many were flung down headlong, in a trice
 Caught break-neck falls. In Souraze #ome were cram'd
 VVith lime, and down their throats had Urine ram'd.
 One Peter Roch, they buried alive
 VVithin his #elf-made grave. They did deprive
 Many of all they had, others were crown'd
 VVith thorns; and others in a well were drown'd.
 One Captain Durre, a godly widdow told

Uale#s #he would produce her hid-up gold,
 He'd ro#t her quick, and after throw her down
 From the #ublime#t tower in the town.
 VVell (#aid #he) though I fall, yet #hall I #tand
 Supported by the Lord Almighty's hand.
 He made her drink his pi#s; then in her face
 Flung the remainder, and withall the gla#s.
 He claps her up, more torments to abide:
 Her friends redeem'd her, but #he #hortly did.
 The Prot'#tants of Valougne. their dear lives lo#t,
 And #ouldiers in their hou#es rul'd the ro#t.
 In Ma#con, Bonnet Bor, a rare Divine,
 Scoff'd, beaten, drown'd, Lamp-like in heav'n doth #hine.
 Mon#ieur Valongues a Mini#ter, they kill'd,
 And #purn'd his naked corps: the Ma#s-Prie#ts fill'd
 His mouth and wounds with Bible-leaves, and #aid,
 Preach thou Gods truth, now invoke his aid.
 Monluc at Reim brain'd #ucking infants, then
 The mothers; hang'd above five hundred men.
 They #prinkled #alt, upon the bleeding wounds
 Of one poor mangled man. Monluc confounds
 The Prote#tants in fight, the pri#oners
 He hangs, e#pecially the Mini#ters.
 Captain Lamoths, he #tabs; that will not do,
 He thru#ts him with a rapier, through, and thro:
 And his bla#phemous mouth the#e words lets fly.
 Villain, thou in de#pite of God #halt die.
 He prov'd a liar, though the man endur'd
 Such mortal wounds, yet was he #trangely cur'd.
 In Limoux, Grenoble, Beann, Ci#teron,
 Normay, and Aurange, many undergon
 Hard u#age, Ah! what hearts? what tongues? what Quills?
 Can think, can #peak, can write, tho#e wor#t of ills?
 Females were ravi#h'd: others drown'd: #ome kill'd,
 Their hou#es with unruly #ouldiers fill'd.
 Hundreds of women, nay, and children too
 Like harmle#s #heep unto the #laughter go.
 Tho#e to bla#pheme that would not be con#train'd.
 Were with the butt-end of a musket brain'd,
 Or hewn as #mall as herbs unto the pot;
 Others rhrown out at windowes, others #hot.
 A fair young woman, after much di#grace,
 Was ravi#hed before her husbands #ace;
 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,
 B'ing on his anvil laid, they beat his soul
 In pieces with great hammers; some were crush'd
 To death with weights, others were harquebush'd.
 They dash'd breast-ucking 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 ended,
 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 away: 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'd
 Ten thousand persons: Since swif streams were
 With the effused blood; the streets were pav'd (stain'd
 With mangled bodies, not a man was sav'd
 The blood-hounds met with; Pistols, Poiniards, Knives,
 Curtlases, Pikes, did make away with lives.
 The Muskets bouncings! Oh the horrid tones
 Of howling murth'ers mix'd with dying groans!
 The Lords and Gentlemen were murdered
 Some on their houses roofs, and some in bed.
 In France (this persecution so increas'd)
 Were thirty thousand Massacred at least.
 But let's to some particulars descend;
 One Monsieur de la Place was brought t'his end.
 And Peter Ramus with his life did part,
 (The Kings Professor in that subtle Art)
 Thrown from the chamber window, trail'd about
 The streets, and whip'd, his bowels falling out.
 A villain snatch'd up a little child,
 Who toy'd, and played with his beard, and mil'd,
 But he (hard hearted wretch!) not mov'd at all,
 Drew out his sword, and stabbed it withall,
 And cast it all gore-blood into the river:
 This gnaws an infant's heart, and he the liver.
 Such protestants, as did through fear revolt,

Mu#t in the fore-front, give the fir#t a##ault,
 Or el#e be kill'd them#elves. Some had their grea#e
 Try'd out and #old. They us'd #uch bla#phemies:
 Where's now your God? are P#almes and Prayers come
 To this? #ure he is either deaf, or dumb.
 Let him come #ave you, if he can: they cry'd,
 Kill, kill them all, and let's the #poil divide.
 What fearfull #hrikes, and outeries were there then
 Caus'd by the#e Devils in the #hapes of men?
 What breaking up of doors? what noi#e of guns
 At Orleance was there heard? confu#ion runs
 In ev'ry #treet; what trampling of War-Hor#es?
 Rumbling of Carts, that bore away dead coar#es!
 The Papi#ts, in this ma##acre confe#s'd,
 That they #lew eighteen thou#and at the lea#t.
 Some of them boa#ted in the #treets aloud,
 Th'nad dy'd their doublets in the Hug'nots blood.
 At Tholou#e, they the call'd-out pris'ners #lay,
 Not #uffring them to #peake, much le#s to pray.
 VWhen the Pari#ian ma##acre was known,
 At Bourdeaux the like cruelty was #hown.
 How #ad was it to #ee poor Prote#tants
 VVander now here, now there, and none their wants
 Supply! Alas unparallelled woes!
 Rejected by their friends, de#troy'd by foes!

SECT. XXIX.

The #iege of Sancerte, Anno Chri#ti, 1573.

THE Cha#trian Lord be#ieging Sancerre town,
 His thundring cannons play'd, and batter'd down
 Her #tony walls; the #hiver'd timber flew
 Continually about, yet none it #lew.
 Some had their hats, breeches, and coats through #hot,
 Them#elves not hurt nor prejudic'd one jot.
 The #iege endured long; at la#t, through want,
 Hor#e-fle#h was turn'd to food; which growing #cant,
 The Twons-men fed on dogs, cats, rats, mice, moles,
 Hides, parchments, halters, Lantera-horns, roots, coals,
 Their bread was made of #traw-meal; they did boyl
 Them pottage of old Oyntments, grea#e and Oyl.

And when the#e fail'd, they pounded nut#hels, #lates,
 Eat mens dung fry'd: ho! the#e were precious cates!
 A lab'rer and his wife were put to th'#laughter,
 For feeding on their famin-#tarved daughter.
 Some little corn by #toldred brought to town,
 Each pound was valued at half a crown.
 The #word did but eighty four per#ons #lay.
 The famine half a thou#and #wept away.
 Many cho#e rather to re#ign their breath
 At the #words point, then fami#h'd be to death.
 The parents look'd upon with grief of heart
 Their children, but could no relief impart.
 A boy of five years old, neer #pent with hunger,
 Did run about the #treets; but when no longer
 His feeble feet could bear him, down he fell
 Before his parents #ight: 'tis #ad to tell
 The horrour of their #ouls, and how their eyes
 Ran down, when they did feel his with'red thighs.
 Then #aid the child, Father and mother dear,
 What mean you #o to weep? for Gods #ake #pare
 Tho#e needle#s drops, and do'nt my cau#e bemone;
 I ask no bread, as knowing you have none:
 But #ince it is Gods will, that I #hould re#t
 By #uch a death as this; his name be ble#t:
 Have not I (mother) in my Bible read,
 Of Laz'rus wants? and that was all he #aid.
 At la#t God flirr'd up the Polonians,
 To free the poor di#tre#s'd Sancerrians.
 They with their arms and goods might go away;
 And #uch as would, might without trouble #tay.

The #iege of Rochel Anno 1573.

ROchel be#ieg'd, the towns-men #alli'd out,
 And often put the en'my to the rout.
 In one months #pace the #oe lay'd on #o hot,
 That more then thirteen thou#and Cannon-#hot
 Di#charg'd again#t the Rochellers, which held
 Out #iege fo long, till famine them compell'd
 T'unlawful meats, all their provi#ion #pent:
 But O admired Providence! God #ent
 Them fi#hes, and in #uch abundant #tore,
 The like was never #een nor heard before:
 As #oon as the edict for Peace came out,
 (Which Legates #ent from Poland brought about)

They went away, and ne're return'd again.
 Divers great Lords and Gentlemen were slain
 During this sieg: commanders full sixcore,
 And twenty thousandouldiers or more,
 That did from bloody Marston retire,
 Receiv'd at Rochel their deserved hire.
 King Charles himself fall'n sick,⁹⁹ t'his mother cry'd,
 Madam I pray revenge my foes, then dy'd.
 Rochel expecting help in time of need
 From England,¹⁰⁰ England prov'd a staff of reed
 Which ran into their hands, whilst they depended
 Too much thereon; the City (ill befriended)
 B'ing cloe 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.
 Young maids did look with such a wrinkled brow,
 As though they had a hundred years ran through.
 And all the English, when the French had took
 The City, like Anatomies did look.
 How sad was it to see, their hollow eyes
 And meagre cheeks, lank bellies, withr'ed thighs?
¹⁰¹ A strike of wheat at twenty at pounds was rated;
 A pound of bread, worth one pound estimated;
 A quarter of a sheep did six pounds utter;
 And thirty hillings bought a pound of butter;
 For one poor egge, eight hillings was layd down;
 An ounce of sugar, yielded half a crown.
 A dry'd fish given for a piece in gold;
 A pint of French-Wine, for as much was sold;
 A pound of grapes, thrice twelve pence; milk but filling
 A pint-pot full, valu'd at thirty hilling, &c.

99 Anno 1574.

100 Anno 1628.

101 The prices of things.

SECT. XXX

The Per#ecution of the Church of Chri#t in the
Valtoline, Anno Chri#ti 1620.

The bloody Papi#ts, in the Valtoline
 Ri#ing in arms, did furiou#ly combine
 To th'extirpation of the Chri#tian train;
 Drown'd #ome in Alba, others they did brain:
 Shot #ome, and #trangled others; #ome they bee
 With knotty clubs; and many that they met
 They inhumanely murth'red; #ome they drew
 Out of their naked beds, and did imbrew
 Their hands in their effu#ed gore; they #lit
 The mouths of #ome up to their ears; and hit
 Others with the Strappado; #ome were hack'd
 To pieces; others #la#h'd; and others rack'd.
 One was compell'd to ride upon an A##e,¹⁰²
 His face turn'd to the tail, and he to pa#s
 The market-place, holding in's hand the tail
 As'cwere a bridle; #ome when food did fail
 Were fami#hed; others were #ton'd, or drown'd;
 Some had their very bones, to powder ground.
 Thus having made a quick di#patch at Tel,
 The#e profane wretches, marched thence, and fell
 Upon the Prote#tants at Church el#ewhere,
 Kill'd old and young, and #hew'd no mercy there,
 To Lords, nor Gentlemen: to death they #hot
 The Mini#ters: Ladies and Children, got
 Into the Bell-free for #ecurity:
 The place is fired; and by fire, they die.
 The Popi#h party under a pretence
 Of #tanding for the Prote#tants defence
 At Sondres (yet for all they kept a pother)
 They one de#troyed 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 tho#e they met they #lew.

 102 Dominico •ert•.

There was a Noble Lady which refus'd
 The Romi#h faith: to whom #uch words they us'd;
 Madam, out of the tender love you bear
 To your young infant, in your arms, give ear
 To us, or el#e you #hall be kill'd together.
 But #he undaunted, thus; I came not hither
 To abnegate my faith, nor left I all
 I had behind in Italy, to fall
 From my fir#t principles; yea, I will rather
 Suffer a thou#and death; my heavenly father
 Spar'd not his #on, but up to death him gave,
 Me, and #uch #inners as I am to #ave;
 How #hall I then regard this babe of mine?
 O foe, #aid #he, into the hands of thine
 I give my little child: God which takes care
 For the wing'd Cit'zens of the liquid Air,
 Is much more able to #ave this poor child,
 Though you #hould leave it on the#e mountains wild.
 Unlacing then her gown, #he bar'd her bre#t,
 And #aid, Here is the body; you may fea#t
 Your #words therewith: to kill it you have power,
 My #ould is Gods, it can you not devour.
 They #lay the mother, and the infant #pare,
 Committing it t'a Popi#h nur#es care.
 Many that did refu#e to go to Ma#s,
 Were dragged to the mountaines tops (Alas!)
 And thrown thence headlong down: for want of food
 Others were fami#h'd; into Adda's flood
 Some flung from bridges; and with corp#es dead
 The woods and mountains ev'rywhere were #pread.
 A Noble Virgin, through the #treets was led
 Di#gracefully; they put upon her head
 A paper-mitre, buffeted her cheeks,
 And #o be#mear'd her face with dirt, (that leeks
 Might grow thereon) then was #he bid to call
 Upon the Saints; #he #miling #aid, All, all
 My hope, my tru#t, and my #alvation
 Is in my Saviour Je#us Chri#t alone.
 As for the Virgin Mary, 'tis confe#t
 She is above all other women ble#t;
 Yet is #he not omni#cient, and therefore
 Knowes not what we reque#t, what we implore:
 Yea #he her #elf her own #on's merits needed,
 And had bin damn'd, had he not interceded.

Chri#t hath de#pis'd rhe cro#s, endur'd the #hame,
 And #o will I, thrice ble##ed be his name,
 His holy name; with that, the#e villains drew her
 Into the fields, and barbarou#ly #lew her.
 Then came a letter from a Governour,
 That the#e blood-#uckers #hould with all their power
 De#troy both in the country and in City
 All that were Lutherans, without all pity.
 Whereat de#troying all at Tyrane, Tell,
 Bru#e, Sondres, and Malenco, they more fell
 Then Hyrcan Tygres, fell on Birbenno,
 Ca#pano, Trahen, #laying high and low.
 They kill'd a man, and's wife. A cradled child
 Fair and well-favour'd, in their faces #mil'd;
 They took her by the heels (not mov'd at all)
 And da#hed out her brains again#t the wall.
 At Bru#e, a very aged Matron was
 Sollicated by them, to go to Ma#s,
 And have re#pect unto her age, not die;
 To whom #he an#wer'd; God forbid that I
 Who have one foot already in the grave,
 Should now for#ake my Lord, my Chri#t, who gave
 Me to be con#tant in his truth profe#t,
 And upon #ublunary creatures re#t.
 Shall mens traditions, or Gods holy word
 Take place? #o #aid, they #lew her with the #word.

SECT. XXXI.

The Per#ecutions of the Church in Scotland, which began, Anno Chri#ti 1527.

ONE Mr. Patrick Hamilton by name,
 Sprung from an honourable #tock, became
 An able Mini#ter; his holy zeal
 Did the de#pi#ed My#teries reveal
 To hood-wink'd #ouls, #o long untill at la#t
 Th'enraged Bi#hops him in pri#on ca#t:
 And after condemnation, he was brought
 To execution; his cap, gown, and coat,
 He gave t'his #ervant, and exhorted him

To venture all for Chri#t; yea, life and lim.
 Bound to the #take, he cry'd, For Chri#t his merit,
 O Lord be plea#ed to receive my #pirit:
 How long #hall clouds of darkne#s overwhelm?
 Great God! how long #hall foes oppre#s this realm?
 A Fryar then;#nto our Lady pray;
 Salve Regina, #ay, &c. Away, away,
 Satanick Imps; God hears me in the flame.
 His #oul went up to heav'n to prai#e Gods Name.
 Straton converted, #aid, O Lord I have
 Bin wicked, and de#erv'd thy wrath, yet #ave;
 O let not me, for fear of corp'ral pain,
 Or death, deny thee, or thy truth again:
 They his and Mr. Norman's per#on bring,
 And burn them in the pre#ence of the King.
 Such words the Bi#hop of Dunkelden us'd
 To one Dean Porret (whom the Fry'rs 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 Epi#tle, nay the Go#pel too,
 Each Sunday to your people; and refu#e
 To take from them (as a reward) your dues:
 Which prejudicial to the Church-men is.
 My joy, Dean Thomas, I advi#e you this:
 Take tythes, or el#e it is too much to preach
 But once a week: for if thou gratis teach,
 May not the people think that we likewi#e
 Should do the #ame? Tom, be not #o preci#e;
 It is enough for you when you have #ound
 A good Epi#tle and Go#pel, to expound
 The liberty of holy Church expre#s'd
 Therein, and 'tis no matter for the re#.t.
 Thomas reply'd: My Lord, if I ab#tain
 From tythes, will my pari#hioners complain?
 I know they will not: and whereas you #ay,
 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
 Wi#h, that your Lord#hip would be pleas'd to take
 Such pains as that. Nay, nay, Dean Thomas, #pake
 The Bi#hop then, no orders do us reach.
 Whereas, #aid 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 among#t them; #hew me where they lie,
 And at your #hewing I will pa#s them by.
 I ble#s God, #aid the Bi##hop, I ne're knew
 What was the Te##tament nor old nor new:
 And I will not know any thing at all,
 Saving my Portvi#e, and Pontifical.
 Go, go your wayes, and cea##e #o much to prate,
 Le##t you repent you, when it is too late.
 I tru##t, #aid Thomas, that my cau##e is clear
 In Gods eyes; therefore, what need I to fear?
 And #o he went his way. But when time's gla##s
 Had run a little more, he burned was.
 Though bloody clouds were rais'd, Religion's raies
 Shone forth in Scotland, in tho##e wor##t of daies:
 Partly by reading (comfort flowing thence)
 And partly by fraternal conference;
 Which #o enrag'd the Papi##ts, that they came
 And burnt four noted per#ons in one flame;
 One Jerom Ru##et, that profe##t the truth,
 And Alexander Kennedy, a youth,
 Were brought to Judgement: Kennedy's heart panted
 For fear at fir##t, and would have fain recanted.
 But when no hopes was left, God's Spirit reviv'd
 His drooping #oul; yea inward comforts #triv'd
 To #hew them#elves, both in his face and tongue:
 Then falling on his knees, the##e words out #prung:
 Great God! What love ha##t thou to all expre##s'd,
 And unto me vile wretch, above the re##t!
 O who hath ta##ted of thy clemency
 In #uch a high degree (O Lord) as I!
 For ju##t now when I would deny thy power,
 And Je##us Chri##t, thy Son, my Saviour,
 T'have plung'd my #elf all over head and ears
 In everla##ting flames, (unquench'd with tears)
 Thy right hand hath not #uffer'd me to dwell
 With the black #ubjects of the Prince of hell:
 And I, that was of late with fear oppre##t,
 Enjoy by thee a joy-enamel'd bre##t.
 I fear not death, do with me as you plea##e;
 I prai##e God I am ready, death's an ea##e.
 Then railed they on him, and Jerom, who
 Said al#o unto them, Mi##cal us, do;
 This is your hour and power to command;

Yee #it as Judges, we as guilty #tand:
 But know, a day will come #hall clear our blame,
 And yee (curs'd yee) to your eternal #hame
 Shall #ee your blindne#s. Go on forward #till,
 Till you the Ephah of your #ins up fill.
 No #ooner were they both condemn'd to die,
 But Jerom comforted young Kennedy:
 Brother (#aid he) fear not, he that indwels
 Our #ouls, him that is in the world excels;
 The pain we here indure is light and #hort,
 But we #hall have unfading glory for't.
 O #trive we then (though many rubs annoy)
 To enter in unto our Ma#ters joy:
 And, with our Saviour, pa#s the narrow road
 Which few #hall finde; the way to hell is broad.
 We die for Chri#t, and Chri#t hath death #ubdu'd,
 Death cannot hurt us: hence me may conclude
 We are the members; and if Chri#t our head
 Be ri#en, can the members long lie dead?
 Thus death, and Satan, under-foot they trod,
 And in the flame, breath'd up their #ouls to God.
 At Edenburgh the cruel Card'nal Beton
 Hang'd #ome,¹⁰³ upon #u#picion they had eaten
 Goo#e on a Friday; and above the re#t,
 A woman with her #uckling at her bre#t,
 He drown'd for being #crupulous and wary
 Of making prayers to the Virgin Mary.
 He #ent into exile #ome Chri#tian brothers;
 And at St. John#tons he impri#on'd others.
 Mr. George Wi#chard, a Divine, who#e worth
 Wan him much admiration in the North,
 Having drunk deeply of afflictions cup.
 Cheerfully in the flames #urrendred up
 His #oul unto its donour.¹⁰⁴ God fulfill'd
 His prophe#y, the Cardinal was kill'd.
 One Henry Wallace,¹⁰⁵ as an Heretick
 Condemned to be burnt, was burned quick.
 One Henry Forr'#t,¹⁰⁶ betrayed by a fryar,

103 Anno 1543.

104 Anno 1546.

105 Anno 1550.

106 Anno 1553.

Was burnt, and had the end of his de#ire.
 Said Ol'phant to one Walter Mill, who pray'd,
 Ri#e up Sir Walter. Prayers don, he #aid,
 My name is Walter if you call me right,
 I have bin too too long a Popi#h Knight.
 Ben't there #ev'n Sacraments? Give me but two
 Said he, and all the re#t I leave to you.
 Wilt thou recant? he an#w'er'd, I am corn,
 Not chaff, and will not be i'th' truth out-born:
 Then go to th'#take. Said he, I may not kill
 My #elf, but put me in, and bear I will;
 This is my re#olution. Having made
 His pray'r to God, he to the people #aid,
 Although it be confe#s'd, that I have bin
 A friend to Satan, and a #lave to #in,
 Yet 'tis not that, that doth my #uff'rings cau#e,
 I #uffer for ob#erving God's ju#t Laws.
 And now God out of his abundant grace
 Doth honour me #o farr, as (in this place)
 To make me #eal (what others not with#tood,)
 His truth's profe##ion with my deare#t blood.
 Dear friends as you'd e#cape eternal doom,
 And live #till happy in the life to come,
 Let not Archbi#hops, Bi#hops, Abbots, Priors,
 Seduce you any more, for they are Lyars.
 Tru#t God alone, O always make his power
 Your rock, your bulwark of defence, your tower.
 So #lep'd he in the Lord: and was the la#t
 In Scotland that the fi'ry tryal pa#.

SECT. XXXII.

The Per#ecution of the Church in Ireland, Anno Chri#ti 1642.

The factious Archbi#hops, Abbots, Pryors,
 Fal#e Je#uites, Romi#h Prie#ts, and knavi#h Friars,
 Stirr'd up rebellion by their in#tigation,
 Again#t the Engli#h in the Iri#h Nation.
 And when they thought their malice had invented
 Such thriving plots, as could not be prevented,

They in their publick prayers recommended
 The good success of their designs, which tended,
 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 Catholics;
 Who were not to be suffered alive
 Amongst them; and for any to deprive
 Them of their breaths, the crime was not more great,
 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 under-
 All Pop'ry, after Englands good example. (trample
 Observe we how their words and deeds did vary,
 Said one thing, but did act the quite contrary.
 And now they fall to murth'ous blows; and glory,
 'T will save them from the pains of Purgatory:
 None that speak English the least mercy found;
 The English language was a loathed sound:
 All are resolv'd to cover the Irish borders
 From the supposed Authors of disorders.
 Poor Protestants! some were to exile packt;
 Some kill'd; 'twas thought a meritorious act
 To lay those Devils in the lapses of men,
 (For so they called them;) not one of ten
 Escap'd their clutches: what a deal of good,
 Said they, it does us, thus to bath in blood!
 When the injurious wretches are destroy'd
 In Ireland, and their habitation voyd,
 We'll then for England; have at England then,
 We will not leave alive one English man.
 Put case we should be of our lives bereaven.
 Immediately our souls would fly to heaven.
 Why should such scoundrels breath? to work let's fall,
 And take away their lives, estates, and all.
 Strip, strip, man, woman, child, base rogues and whores,
 Leave not a rag on, turn them out of doors.
 So now they shelter them; but woods and caves
 Sha'n't be their dwellings, but shall be their graves,
 Whom we'll—But many by the high-ways hide,
 For want of maintenance fell down, and dy'd:

And many thousands that for succour fled
 To towns, by that time they came there, were dead,
 To tell their horrid Massacres, would make
 The ear to tingle, and the heart to ache.
 In Armagh, and Tyrone, this barb'rous rage
 Spar'd neither rich nor poor, nor sex, nor age:
 And elsewhere many thousands did expire
 By sword, 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,
 And knee'd down, they lost their heads straightway
 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 tones,
 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 words trying
 How long an English-man would be a dying.
 Young infants rip'd out of their mothers womb,
 Were given to the hogs, for to entomb.
 Children 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 rotted 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 Lough, Tullah, Lenseskeah, and Cumber,
 (All Castles) a considerable number
 Were brought unto untimely ends. Man, woman,
 And child was kill'd at Killmore and Killoman.
 An ancient dame, which towards Dublin went,
 Was strip'd in one day seven times, and sent
 To seek her God, and to her God complain,
 And bid him if he could, cloath her again:

All mercy was exil'd; the#e murth'rous Cains:
 Brain'd #ome; #tab'd others with their #words, forks, skeins.
 Thou#ands of Prote#tants in #nowy weather
 Turn'd out #tark naked, peri#h'd all together,
 Through cold and hunger; many that were #ick,
 Were drag'd out of their beds, and hang'd up quick.
 One Gcodwife Lin, they hanged in the Air,
 And then the daughter by the mothers hair.
 Upon a day a Cittadel they fir'd
 Over the Chri#tians heads therein retir'd;
 And thus expre#s'd their joy: Behold, how high
 The flames mount, O how #weetly do they fry!
 A Divines mouth up to the ears they #lit;
 So don, they put a Bibles leaf to it,
 And bid him preach, and teach #ome pretty #tuff,
 For now he had a mouth was wide enough.
 A naked woman, her bare skin to hide,
 A wi#p of #traw about her middle tide;
 They fit'd it, boa#ting how it did enhance
 Their #pirits to #ee the Engli#h jade #o dance:
 They #tab'd Jane Addis, and her young child #tuck
 T'her bre#t, and #aid, Suck Engli#h ba#tard, #uck.
 If any hid them#elves in cellars, caves,
 They all were murther'd by the#e hell-#ent #laves;
 Who made their boa#t, they pleas'd the devil well
 In #ending him #o many #ouls to hell.
 Again#t God, and his holy word, likewi#e,
 They belch'd out execrable bla#phemies.
 Bibles they burnt, and #aid, They burnt hell-fire;
 Cut #ome, and #oaked others in the mire,
 Then da#h'd them on the owners faces; #ome
 They #tamp'd on, #aying, Hence all mi#chiefs come;
 A plague upon them all; in a #hort time,
 We hope to #ee none in our Iri#h clime.
 They told th' Apo#tates, that they thought it good
 To kill them while they were in a good mood.
 Anne Nichol#on #aid boldly #he'd not turne;
 And rather then #he would her Bible burn,
 As they would have her, #he the death would die;
 And did, as it fell out: for by and by
 She and her mate was #tabb'd; but he that acted
 The vill'ny, grew immediately di#tracted.
 At Gla#cow fi#ty Engli#h 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 #orts of cruel deaths; the#e bloody ones
 Did #la##, hew, hack, and pellet them with #tones.
 They forc'd #ome in the Sea (#woln big with waves)
 To take po##e##ion of tho#e watry graves.
 In Sligo, forty Prote#tants were #trip'd,
 And lock'd up in a cellar; then there #lip'd
 A butcher in (appointed #o to do)
 And with an axe cleav'd all their heads in two.
 Into the Jail belonging to this town,
 Poor Prote#tants were #ent, and there knock'd down.
 About Dungannon, Tyrone, Charlemount,
 Hundreds were #lain upon the #ame account.
 An Iri##h Quean kill'd forty five: Mac Crew
 No le#s then thirty in one morning #lew.
 There were above twelve thou#and knock'd at head
 In the high-wayes, as towards Down they fled.
 The#e rogues a Scotch-mans belly did divide,
 And having one end of his #mal guts tide
 Unto a tree, they forc'd him round about
 The #ame #o long, till they were all drawn out:
 Said they, We'll try which is the longe#t #ize,
 A dogs guts, or a Scotchmans; O glad eyes!
 In Antrum fell nine hundred fifty four
 In one morn, afterwards twelve hundred more.
 Sir Phileme O Neal boa#ted he had kill'd
 Above #ix hundred at Gravagh; and fill'd
 Whole hou#es with the #lain; brain'd old and young
 Within the Baronry of Monterlong.
 In #l#ter Province, by all #orts of deaths,
 One hundred fifty thou#and lo##t their breaths.
 One man for #aying he'd believe the Pope
 No #ooner then the devil, #tretch'd a rope.
 In Mun#ter, many eminent Divines
 They hanged up. Alas! what woful #igns
 Poor children made for bread; but they mu##t fa##t
 Or feed on gra#s, and then be brain'd at la#t.
 Dear hearts! in what inextricable woes
 Are they involv'd? inexorable foes
 On ev'ry #ide to bring them to their ends;
 'Tis #ad to hear wives, children, #ervants, friends,
 Send to the ayr their #tormy #ighs, and grones,
 Their #hrieks, their cries and lamentable mones!

Alas! what tongue, is able to relate
 The fears, and cares, of their afflicted #tate?
 O was it, was it not enough almo#t
 To break a Chri#tians heart, to hear them boa#t
 Of knockings down? (#aid one) my arm's #o #ore
 I cannot lift it up, to brain one more.
 Another bragg'd, that he abroad had bin,
 And of the Engli#h rogues had kill'd #ixteen:
 Others #o many kill'd, that they believ'd,
 That of the very grea#e and fat which cleav'd
 Upon their #words, a man might undertake
 An Iri#h candle (if he li#t) to make,
 The Engli#h are (#aid they) fit meat for dogs,
 Their children ba#tards, drown them in the dogs;
 The daye's our own, we'll wound their bea#ts therefore;
 Oh 'tis a gallant thing to hear them rore!
 Thus have we had a ta#t of what befel
 The Prote#tants: now they that did rebel
 Have ever #ince by the ju#t hand of God
 Bin #oundly #courg'd with his #everer rod;
 He #o ema#culates their #pirits in fight,
 That handfuls put innum'rous foes to flight;
 Thou#ands of them have peri#h'd by the #word;¹⁰⁷
 As many, if not more, the plague devour'd:
 The Lord #till fights for his; and will, no doubt,
 Utterly root up that rebellious rour.

A MARTYROLOGIE Containing A COLLECTION Of all the PERSECUTIONS Which have befallen The Church of England, Since the first Plantation of the Gospel, To the end of Queen MARIES Reigne.

By the same AUTHOR.

Victi sunt Gentiles Papatæ & Idololatria eorum non a repugnantibus, sed morientibus Christianis.
August. Ep. 42.

Quo malis presentibus durius deprimor, eo de fuluris gaudiis certius presumo. Gregor.

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

Printed by J. Cottrel. 1657.

To the Right Honourable, WROTH
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 Primro#e

Mini#ters of Chri#ts Go#pel in
Hereford.

Grace and Peace be multiplied, &c.

Honoured and Reverend Sirs,

AS it is the property of generous #pirits, not to exact an an#werable retaliation for their afforded favours from the party whom they have engag'd: So neither are they wont to #light the petty pre#ents of a grateful heart, who#e greate#t ambition is to be thankful. This hath emboldened me to offer you the #mall fruits of my weak labours, or rather recreations, gathered at #pare hours, in hope they may #o relli#h with your palate, as to move you to honour them with a free acceptance: I doubt not then but they will pa#s the better, and be entertained with more Approbation. VVhat though the wine of a#toni#hment (I mean the blood of Martyrs) be not #o plea#ant, and con#equently le#s de#irable, yet my hanging out the #ignes of your honorable names (at the Fronti#pice of my Book) will be very effectual to make it vendible. Humility in your #elves, and charity towards me, will cover all faults. I know you are my Honourable and Reverend good Friends, and Amici omnia, amicè interpretantur, #o will you this my good will. Now if it be your plea#ure to make u#e of me, I am here pre#t for your #mall Service, till I am able to perform greater. So praying God to fill you with as much happine#s both here and hereafter, as your hearts can hold, I take my leave of you; but #hall always, while I have a tongue and hand, acknowledge and #ub#cribe my #elf,

Etrolog. The #econD of the MoVnth ApriL. MDCLVI.

Your Honours humble#t Servant; and to you my Worthy Friends very much obliged, Nicholas
Billing#ley.

To the ingenious Reader.

Kinde Reader,

I Call thee as I would willingly finde thee; though, I confe#s, my weak performance of this Part al#o in Ver#e, which is #o well done to thy hand in Pro#e already, might ju#tly occa#ion thee to clothe thy brow in an angry frown, and look big upon me, with a What needs this? But I per#wade my #elf, thou knowst a little better what belongs to humanity, then to judge too inhumanely of me; thy #elf remembering that thou art al#o born of a woman, and art naturally proclive to #lip, if need be, as well as another. Man#uetude #eems fir#tly to be attributed to bea#ts which were made tame, and cicurated; but was afterwards us'd to expre#s the minde pliable, and pulling in the reins of her pa##ion: this vertue if thou ha#t, I need not advi#e thee (as Athenodorus did Augu#tus) from #peaking anything ra#hly before thou ha#t orderly repeated the Cri#s-Cro#s-Row. Thus do I hope well of thee. What I have done, I leave to thy good-liking; which, if I may be #o worthy, as to obtain from thee, give God the Glory, and I am abundantly rewarded for my pains.

Yours, N. B.

THE PERSECUTIONS Of the Church of England, From the fir#t planting of the Go#pel, to the end of Queen Maries Reign.

SECT. I.

The Per#ecution of the Briti#h Church, till the coming in of the Saxons.

TO tell exactly who the per#ons were
That fir#t preach'd to the Britains, in what year
The Go#pel fir#t took root, is pa#t my skill,
Since Authors cite them with a diff'ring Quill.
Some #ay¹⁰⁸ Zelotes preach'd here fir#t of all;
Some Arimathean Jo#eph; others Paul:
Fagan, and Damian, did the Go#pel bring
Into great Britain. Lucius the King,
With many of his #ubjects, did embrace
The proffer'd Go#pel, as the means of grace:
Converted, and baptiz'd, they overturn'd
Th'Idol'trous Temples, and the Altars burn'd:
All #uper#titious rites they laid a#ide,
Advancing Chri#t: the Scripture was their guide,
And onely rule; they judged nothing fit
But what had warrant from the Sacred Writ.
Two hundred #ixteen years this faith did flame
Among#t them till the Pagan Saxons came.
Religious Lucius without i##ue dy'd,
And now the Barons and the Nobles vy'd
For King; and while they for the crown contended,
In #tep'd the Romans, #o the quarrel ended:
For they u#urp'd the crown, and did o'rewhelm
With mi#ery and ruine the whole Realm.

Sometimes th'Idol'trous Romans bore the way;
 Sometimes the Chri#tian Britans won the day:
 By turns they got the be#t, by turns they got
 The wor#t, as Providence did them allot.
 In Diocle#ian's time, and in the Reign
 Of Maximinian, the Chri#tians #lain
 In Britany and el#ewhere, did amount
 To #ev'n'teen thou#and. One of great account,
 Alban his name, the Proto-Martyr was
 Of Englands I#le; and many more did pa#s
 That way he went. Religion decaid,
 Bibles were burned, and the Churches laid,
 Laid level with the ground; di#ord'red orders
 Took place; and Piety for#ook our borders.
 But the fore-named Tyrants over-tir'd
 With blondy butcheries, at la#t re#pir'd;
 Experience telling them, the more they #hed
 The Chri#tians blood, the more the faith #till #pread.
 They both went down from the Imperial #eat;
 Con#tantius; next Con#tantine the Great
 Succeeding in the Briti#h government,
 The Church was quiet, and enjoy'd content:
 Which peace continu'd till the Arrian Sect
 The novelty-affectors did infect.
 Hereat God rai#ed up the Picts and Seots
 (Two barb'rous nations) and to them alots
 The Victors wreath: poor England was oppre#,
 And did for many years enjoy no re#t.
 Which made them #end Emba##adors to Rome
 With #ad complaints, entreating them to come
 To aid them; #o a Roman Legion came,
 Slew #ome, making the re#t retreat with #hame,
 And quit the#e coa#ts; advi#ing us withal
 To rai#e betwixt us and the Scots, a wall:
 A wall being builded by the Engli#h men,
 The Roman force returned home agen.
 This news was brought unto the Picts and Scots
 One this #ide of the wall; they landed boats,
 O're-ran the country, laid the corn-#ields wa#te,
 And bare down all before them as they pa#t.
 The Britans #end their Legates unto Rome
 A #econd time; the #ent-for #ouldiers come
 And vaequi#h'd them; the re#t put to di#orders,
 Enforcedly de#ert the Briti#h borders.

Which done, they told the Britans flat and plain,
 They should expect no aid from them again;
 Besides, it stood not with their ease, to take
 So long and tedious journeys for their sake:
 Now therefore arm your selves, and exerciſe
 In Warlike feats (ſaid they) if yee be wiſe:
 Go, go and build you firmer walls, that ſo
 You may 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.
 Loan Aceldama of blood! what ſtole
 Of laughterd Carcaſſes, ev'n ſwim in gore!
 Rome b'ing again ſolicited to ſend
 Relief, refus'd; the Britains in the end
 Took heart to graſs, 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 bleſs
 Th'induſtrious Britains with a large increaſe
 Of full-ear'd corn, that ſuch abundant ſtole
 Scarce ever in the Land was ſeen before.
 But Oh! man's 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 crimes.
 They wax ſtill worſe and worſe; the Laity choſe,
 And Clergy too, to live like ranc'rons foes.
 Gods thundring vengeance which upon them fell,
 My breathing Muſe ſhall in the ſequel tell.

SECT. II.

The Per#ecution of the Briti#h Church under the Heathen Saxons and Engli#h, Anno 429, &c.

THE Britains with ill-neighbours re-infe#ted,
 In#stead of turning to the Lord, reque#ted
 The Pagan Saxons aid, for to oppo#e
 The raging fury of the#e Northern foes;
 They came, and coming, conquer'd them; at length,
 The Saxons knowing their #ufficient #trength
 To over-pow'r the weaker Britains, they
 Fell foul on them, exacting greater pay,
 And more provi#ion, or el#e they would
 Side with the Picts, and do the be#t they could
 To #poil their country. This their re#olution
 No #ooner #aid, was put in execution:
 All goodly edifices they de#troy'd:
 The Mini#ters, the while they were employ'd
 In Divine #ervice, were of lives depriv'd,
 And rev'rend Bi#hops with their flocks di#liv'd.
 Some left their country and beyond Seas fled;
 Some on the mountaines tops were murdered.
 Some pin'd with hunger, creeping from their caves,
 Were #oon di#patch'd, or made perpetual #laves.
 The Engli#h Nobles #ummoned to treat
 Concerning peace, did on a fix'd time meet
 At Alm#hury; but by the faithle#s train
 Of Saxons, were mo#t treacherou#ly #lain
 At Stomheng; and, that they were bury'd there,
 The yet-remaining monuments declare.
 Now when the Britans found no other way
 Lay open to redre#s, they fell to pray.
 A fa#t was call'd, and all, with one accord
 Humbled their #ouls, before th'Almighty Lord.
 Ambro#ius Aurelian, being cho#e
 To be their King, did profligate their foes;
 And from that day Gods hand appearing glorious.
 They went out pro#p'rous, and return'd Victorious.
 At la#t Aurelian with poy#on dead,
 Uter Pendragon reigned in his #tead:
 He bidding battail to the enemy,

Two of their Chieftains took; who #caping fly
 To Belgia for more aid; and in the mean
 The Saxons flock'd in; conflicts pa#t between
 Th'Engli#h and them: now the#e, and #ometimes they,
 (As Providence #aw good) did win the day,
 Octa, and Co#a, with a force renew'd
 Came o're again; the Britans are #ubdu'd;
 Their pa#tors #lain, Churches demoli#hed,
 No mercy's #hown; King #ter #ick in bed,
 Seeing his Subjects fall, would needs be brought
 Into his camp: #o re#olutely fought
 His #ouldiers then, they (under God) obtain
 The Victors wreath: Octa and Co#a #lain.
 Soon ever this great Victory was won,
 Uter of poy#on dy'd; Arthur his #on
 Was crowned King, who twice #ix Victories
 Obtain'd again#t the Saxon enemies.
 His #tranger acts, and unbeliev'd #ucce#s,
 As fabulous, I leave; but que#tionle#s
 Much peace and #afety to the Briti#h I#le
 Was in his happy reiga enjoy'd; yet while
 They were at Peace with others, they agin
 Returning to their loathed wayes of #in,
 Fell to inte#tine broils, embracing evil
 In #tead of good, and wor#hipped the Devil,
 Under the notion of an Angel bright.
 The Prie#ts withheld the Go#pels purer light
 From deviating #ouls; which #oon procur'd
 The wrath of God (too great to be endur'd)
 Driv'n out of hou#e and home, no ea#e, no re#t
 They found; the Saxons had the Land po##e#t,
 And turn'd out all the Chri#tian Divines.
 So done, they did in the u#urp'd confines,
 The Heptarchy erect: The#e Kings did #mother
 All peace, fell out and warr'd with one another:
 Till di#empowr'd, they could not well defend
 Them#elves, much le#s with enemies contend.¹⁰⁹
 King Lncius was the fir#t that did receive
 The Go#pel, and in Je#us Chri#t believe:
 From which time (as't in Chronicles appears)
 It #taid in Britain full four hundred years:

109 Anno 180.

One hundred fourty and three years Gods word
 Grew cold;¹¹⁰ but Au#tins comming it re#tor'd.
 Some Engli#h children being brought to Rome,
 There to be #old, Gregory chanc'd to come
 Into the market-place: when his fix'd #ight
 Saw in their lovely cheeks pure red and white
 Contend for Ma#ter#hip, he much admir'd
 At their #o #weet complexions, and enquir'd
 What country they were of; then being told
 That they were Engli#h heathens, to be #old
 For #laves: here's choice enough, if any wats,
 Said he, 'tis pity #uch inhabitants,
 So fair, and #o Angelical, #hould dwell
 As #ubjects to the #tory Prince of hell.
 Inform'd their Province Deira was; #aid he,
 Could wi#h them Manu-mi#s'd De ira Dei.
 And further, being given to under#tand,
 That one nam'd Alle rul'd the Briti#h land;
 There, there, #aith he, ought Prai#es to be given
 And Allelujab's to the King of heaven.
 He al#o had a great de#ire to go
 To England, and there preach: but Rome #aid, no.
 Pelagius dy'd: he in his room a##ign'd
 Romes Bi#hop, calling his intent to minde:
 Au#tin,¹¹¹ and forty more Divines, he #ent
 To undertake this work: they land in Kent,
 At Thanets fertile I#le: King Ethelbert,
 In Canterbury City, they convert,
 And did baptize:¹¹² by who#e example, many
 Dayly came in, the King enforc'd not any,
 But much re#pected, and affected tho#e
 Who willingly with Chri#t would make a clo#e.
 Au#tin #ends Greg'ry word, how God did ble#s,
 And crown their labours with de#ir'd #ucce#s.
 The joyful Bi#hop #endeth more Divines
 Over, for to effect tho#e great de#igns
 Were now on foot: a letter of advi#e
 He writes to Au#tin, not to be too wi#e
 In his own eyes, not be puft up at all

110 Anno 598,

111 Anno 590.

112 Anno 186.

By tho#e great miracles, which did befall
 The Engli#h Church: For why? for this intent,
 God onely us'd him, as an in#trument.
 A#cribe all, Au#tin, to God's pow'r Divine;
 His be the glory, and the prai#e, not thine:
 And when thy heart t'ebulluate begins,
 O think upon thy God-offending #ins,
 And that will humble thee: all Gods elect
 Have of them#elves no power to effect
 A miracle like this; and yet heav'ns book
 Contains their names. O do not, do not look
 So much on thine own works; be this thy #trife,
 To have thy name writ in the book of life.
 What ever miracle the Lord hath brought
 To pa#s by thee, know this, it was not wrought
 For thy #ake; no, 'twas wrought for the #alvation
 Of the #educ'd, mi#guided Engli#h nation.
 If I might be #o worthy to advi#e,
 The Temples built for heath'ni#h #acrifice
 I would not have demoli#h'd, but th'abu#e
 Remov'd, converted to another u#e.
 God go along with you, and le#t you #tumble
 Through pride, and glory, keep you always humble, &c.
 He an Epi#tle al#o did direct
 Unto the King, which was to this effect:
 He fir#t prais'd God, then did the King commend,
 Wi#hing he might prove con#tant to the end
 In his profe##ed faith; and to his power,
 Convert his Subjects to a Saviour,
 Who holds forth life to tho#e that will receive
 It freely, and in's promi#es believe.
 And la#tly, he intreats his gifts may finde
 Acceptance, coming from a willing minde.
 Miletus, by his preaching did convert
 Th'ea#t Angles and the then-King Sigebert;
 Who with his Unckle Ethelbert did found
 St. Paul his Church, and built it from the ground.
 Au#tin a Synod gath'red in this nation
 Of Bi#hops, to con#ult of Reformation;
 But nothing's done therein: King Ethelbert
 Having a mighty force, went to evert
 The Che#trian City, where the Monks of Bangor
 A##embling, pray'd God to divert his anger,
 From their friends heads, and turn it on their foes,

To #hield the Engli#h from approaching woes.
 When the King #aw them #o intent in pray'r,
 Demand he did, what #ort of men they were:
 And being credibly inform'd, they pray'd
 For tho#e that were his enemies; he #aid,
 Although unarm'd, they fight again#t us do,
 And with their prayers per#ecute us too;
 My hearts, fall bluntly on them; upon pain
 Of our di#plea#ure, let them all be #lain.
 Eleven hundred Monks had their blood #pill'd;
 Which God reveng'd: the bloody Tyrant's kill'd
 In fight by Chri#tian Edwin, who obtain'd
 The crown, and the Chri#t-builed faith maintain'd.
 The Idols, and the Altars he de#troy'd,
 Making all ancient ceremonies voyd.
 He cau#ed brazen di#hes to be tide
 By ev'ry fountain in the High-wayes #ide,
 That #o each pa##enger without controul,
 Might be refre#hed with a liberal boul:
 He always carried him#elf propitious
 Unto the good, but rig'rous to the vitious:
 So that a woman charg'd with gold might pa#s
 From Sea to Sea, unque#tion'd who #he was.
 At la#t, by Penda, and Cadwalla's might,
 Subdu'd, Jo#iah- like, he dy'd in fight:
 His Chri#tian Subjects felt the wor#t of woes,
 Nay, eruel#t deaths, by tho#e in#ulting foes.
 The¹¹³ Queen, her¹¹⁴ daughter, and Paulinus went,
 To #ave their lives, by water into Kent;
 O#wald was crowned next; who#e pray'rs did gain
 A glorious Victory, Cadwalla #lain.
 His love to piety, his fervent zeal
 To #pread the Go#pel in his common-weal,
 Was known to all. From Scotland he procur'd
 Aidanus Bi#hop; and the King inur'd
 To Scoth, him#elf interpreted the words
 Aidanus preach'd, unto his noble Lords
 And Subjects in their mother tongue, more known
 To them then the exotique Scoti#h tone.
 He to the poor was #o compa##ionate,

113 Edelburg.

114 Eufled.

That when on Ea#ter-day at meat they #ate
 And #erv'd in #ilver, he was told the poor
 Stood flocking thick and threefold at the door
 He cau#ed them for to be #erv'd in #tate
 With his own food, taking a #ilver place,
 And #traight-way breaking it in pieces #mall,
 Di#tribute it he did among#t them all.
 Aidanus #eeing this, admir'd, and got
 Him by the hand, O may this never rot
 That to the poor #o beneficial was
 (Said he:) as Authors #ay, it came to pa#s.
 This O#wald al#o was a means to bring
 Kinigil#us of the We#t-Saxons King.
 And Quicelinus King of Dor#et#hire,
 With many of their Subjects, to the clear
 Knowledge of Chri#t; under the Mini#t'ry
 Of Berinus famous for piety.
 Thus O#wald having reigned nine years #pace,
 Mercian Penda did his life unca#e.
 O#wic #ucceeded him; O#wic as glorious
 A Prince, as pious, and no le#s Victorious:
 He rais'd an army, fought, and overthrew
 A greater force, and impious Penda #lew.
 And now the Bi#hops and the Mini#ters,
 Seque#ter'd from the World, and its affairs,
 Preach'd freely to the people, until they
 About the celebrating Ea#ter-day
 (Which bone among#t them Satan ca#t) contended,
 A Synod's call'd, nor was the diff'rence ended,
 Wolferus now a licen#e having gain'd,
 Converted the #outh-Saxons; then there rain'd
 Abundant #howrs which fertiliz'd the land
 Laine barren for three years: thus Gods good hand
 Appeared in a plenteous increa#e;
 He #ent his Go#pel, with his Go#pel-peace.
 Thus the South-Saxons, with the Ifle of Wight,
 Did la#t of all embrace the Go#pels light.
 About this time the Roman Church di#own'd
 Her pri#tine beauty; Antichri#t enthron'd,
 The Pope did Lord it over all; he #ent
 Italian Theodorus into Kent
 With many Monks, there Ma##es mu#t be #ung,
 And in the Latin, not the mother-tongue:
 Bi#hops, and Mini#ters he did di#place

At's plea#ure, #o that in a little #pace
 Truth turn'd to errour, Piety to vaine#s,
 Zeal to contempt, Religion to profane#s.
 Becau#e their iterated crimes did urge
 Gods wrath, the Pagan-Danes became their #courage.

SECT. III.

Of the Heptarchy united by Egbert; and of the inva#ion by the Danes, and of the Per#ecution of the Engli#h Church under them.

KIng Egbert after many battails fought,
 United fir#t the Heptarchy, and brought
 In Monarchy, into the Briti#h land;
 The whole Realm his, he gave a #trict command
 That Britain #hould be England nam'd, and all
 The Saxons an#were to the Engli#h call.
 The Pagan-Danes invaded #everal times
 (To plague her for her execrable crimes)
 This Briti#h I#le, not #triving to enjoy
 And conquer it, but t'utterly de#troy.
 They who#oe're they met, man, woman, child,
 Kill'd or en#laved, and the Churches #poil'd.
 They #acked Canterbury, in which place
 Above nine thou#and #ouls they did unca#e.
 Throughout the Land their cruelty was #uch,
 Of blood they thought theycould not #hed too much.
 This I#le was #ubject to a forreign power,¹¹⁵
 Till freed by William the Conquerour.
 Who li#t to know the intercour#e of things.
 The Acts and the Succe##ions of Kings,
 May if he plea#e, (for brevity's my mark)
 Read them at large in famous Mr. Clarke.

115 Above 255 years.

SECT. IV.

The Per#ecution of the Engli#h Church under the Papacy.

ALthough Religion from the time this I#le
 Embrac'd grace fir#t, retain'd not all this while
 Its Prim tive #plendour, but grew more ob#cure,
 More #uper#titious, and no le#s impure;
 Yet in tho#e Pri#tine dayes, the peoples crimes
 Were not equivalent to after-times.
 The Church now being in the de#arts hid,
 Affraid to #hew her face, th' Almighty did
 Rai#e Bernard up, and many more be#ide,
 T'unmask and check the Antichri#tian pride;
 And #uper#titious di#ordred orders
 Too too luxuriant in the Briti#h borders.
 At which the Pope and his adherents urg'd,
 They were impi#on'd, hang'd, and burnt, and #courg'd
 About the #treets, or branded in the #orehead,
 With an Heret'cal character: O horrid
 Yet many did mo#t readily embrace
 Their Doctrine, as the onely meanes of grace:
 That man of #in, that offspring of perdition
 Renounc'd, and all the wayes of #uper#tition.
 God #till pre#erv'd a Church unto his name,
 From Chri#ts time, till the time that Luther came.
 John Patrick Engina,¹¹⁶When Alfred reign'd,
 The fir#t Reader in Oxford was ordein'd:
 He wrote a book about the Sacrament,¹¹⁷
 For which a Martyrs death he underwent.
 They branded in the face,¹¹⁸ and bani#h'd #ome
 Divines at Oxford, who declam'd 'gain#t Rome.
 One Arnold there they butcher'd, who decry'd
 Again#t the Prie#ts lewd lives,¹¹⁹ and Prelates pride.
 In Henry's reign the #econd of that name,

116 Anno 1518.

117 Anno 884.

118 Anno 960.

119 Anno 1126.

Thirty Walden#es into England came,¹²⁰
 Gerard their Pa#tor; and without all pity,
 Were whipped publicly through Oxford City;
 They #inging all the while, Ble##ed are yee,
 When you #hall hated, and mi#u#ed be, &c.
 With want and cold, they dy'd; none might afford
 Them any comfort, nor at bed nor board.
 Gualdo who 'gain#t the prie#ts invectives wrote,
 And al#o Doctor Gilbert Foliot,¹²¹
 Who oft blam'd¹²²Thomas Becket to his face,
 Were per#ecuted much: to them a grace.
 Sylve#ter Gyrald by his writings tears
 Such Hornets up,¹²³ as fall about his ears.
 One Alexander, for his bitter #tile
 Bani#h'd by¹²⁴Langton, died in exile.
 A#hton fellow of Merton colledge went
 Into perpetual impri#onment.¹²⁵
 One William Sawtre, Thorp, and Swinder by.
 With #undry more Divines condemn'd, did die
 Under the Chri#tian Banner,¹²⁶ and their #pirits
 Pa#s'd into glory through Chri#t Je#us merits.
 And now becau#e my Mu#e finds nothing new
 But onely Martyrs names, #he dids adieu
 At pre#ent, Reader, but intends to meet
 Thy #erious eye within another #heet.

SECT. V.

The Per#ecution of the Engli#h Church after the ri#ing of Martin Luther.

THE Chri#tian world appear'd not very clear

120 Anno 1160.

121 Anno 1170.

122 Archbi#hop of Canterbury.

123 Anno 1200.

124 Anno 1207.

125 Archbi#hop of Canterbury.

126 Anno 1382.

Until the fifteen hundred eighteenth year,
 Wherein God pleased to unbo#ome night,
 The Art of Printing being brought to light;¹²⁷
 Which furni#hed the Church with u#eful books,
 And made them to di#cerne Religions looks
 From #uper#tition, (as in a mirrour;)

Sub#tantial Truth, from counterfeited error.
 God al#o rais'd up #undry men of parts;
 Who by their learning and ingenious Arts,
 Mo#t #trenuou#ly oppo#ed Barbari#m,
 Truths Sun#hine breaking from the clouds of Schi#m.
 Picus, and Franci#cus Mirandula,
 Laurentius Valla, Francis Petrarcha,
 Era#mus, Doctor Collet, We#alinus
 Rhenanus Grocinus, and Revelinus, &c.
 Were in Gods vineyard faithful labourers;
 Then Martin Luther, and his followers,
 By Gods appointment came into this nation,
 To work his Church t'a fuller Reformation.

Six per#ons #uff'ed death at Coventry,¹²⁸
 Onely for teaching of their family
 The Lords pray'r, ten commandments, and the creed,
 I'th' Engli#h tongue.¹²⁹ Severity indeed!
 One Thomas Harding, on an Ea#ter day,
 When others wor#hip'd Idols, went to pray
 Within a #ilent grove; where apprehended,
 Condemn'd, and burnt, his #oul to heaven a#cended.
 At London one John Raimond was abjur'd;¹³⁰
 Who fifteen hundred Te#taments procur'd
 Of Antwerp Print, and brought five hundred over
 Into this I#le, the darkne#s to di#cover.
 One Sigar Nichol#on was hung up by
 The ptivy members:¹³¹ and the rea#on why,
 Was this: in Cambridge he (a Stationer)
 Kep'd in his hou#e #ome works, that Luther's were.
 One Thomas Hitten, a Divine in Kent,

127 Anno 1518.

128 Anno 1519.

129 Anno 1523.

130 Anno 1528.

131 Anno 1529.

After a tedious impri#onment,¹³²
 Was over to the #ec'lar power turn'd,
 And by them in the Town of Maid#tone burn'd.
 Cardinal Wool#y per#ecuted #ore
 Bilny,¹³³ Lome, Garret, Barnes, and many more.
 One Richard Bayfield,¹³⁴ was from Lollards tower
 Deliver'd over to the #ec'lar power,
 And after bound at #take; when with the flame
 His left arm burned was, he rubb'd the #ame
 With his right hand #o hard, that down it fell;
 He pray'd until he went in heaven to dwell.
 Edward Free#e, John#tone, Wylie, Father Bates,
 All #hut up with their wives in Fulham grates,
 During their hard impri#onment, were fed,
 O mi#ery indeed! with #aw-du##t bread.
 After a tedious lying in the #tocks,
 Thay let them go, but clog'd their legs with locks.
 James Bainham, when half burned at the #take,
 To this effect unto the Papi#ts #pake:
 Behold, ye look for miracles; and here
 A miracle indeed, doth now appear:
 For I am as in#en#ible of pain,
 As if I on a bed of down were lain;
 All's one to me, both equally do plea#e:
 O tis a Ro#y bed, a bed of ea#e!
 An Idol nam'd The Rood of Dover Court,¹³⁵
 Was burnt, and #ome in chains were hanged for't.
 Now #uffer'd Andrew Howet, and John Frith.
 One Thomas Bennet, who was cur#ed with
 Bell, Book, and Candle, fa#tned to the #take,
 And fir'd a comfortable end did make.
 The Papi#ts to their power the truth #uppre##t,
 And Per#ecuted tho#e that it profe##t:
 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

132 Anno 1530.

133 Anno 1531.

134 Anno 1532.

135 A. 1530.

Might now en#orced be to abjuration.
 Eliz'beth Barton, th'holy maid of Kent,
 A Nun both #ubdolous and fraudulent,
 By the #trange alt' ring of her countenance
 Gull'd #illy people, lying in a trance
 (As Quakers do) and then, as if #h' had been
 In#pir'd by God, would in reproof of #in
 Speak much, and raile again#t the Go#pels light,
 Calling it Here#y; her ranc'ous #pight
 She vented to the King and Queens di#honour.
 By Satan back'd, #he al#o took upon her
 T'advance Rome's Doctrine, prai#ing con#titutions
 Idol' try, Pilgrimages, Ab#olutions, &c.
 But Doctor Cranmer,¹³⁶ with the Lord Cromwel,
 And Mr. Latimer, did wi#ely #mell
 Out all the knavery;¹³⁷ #o that the Nun
 And her a##ociates hang'd, their dayes were don.
 Though England did the Popi#h pow'r di#own,¹³⁸
 Yet Popery #till hover'd up and down:
 And William Tindal was betraid, arrain'd,
 Condemn'd and burned for the Truth maintain'd.
 Anne Bullen al#o, that Religious Queen,
 (Who now about three yeers had married been)
 By fal#e reports and #ini#ter #ugge#tions,
 Had lo#t the Kings affection; he que#tions
 Her deare#t love; which he intends to #mother,
 By marrying him#elf unto another.
 Queen Anne was to the Tower carried;
 And, e're three weeks were over, lo#t her head.
 The Vertuous Lady, #tanding up erect
 Upon the Scaffold, #pake to this effect:
 Good Chri#tian people, if you wonder why
 I am come hither, know, it is to die;
 Having already heard my #entence #trict:
 Nor lies it in my pow'r to contradict.
 I come not hither for this end, to clear
 My #elf, nor tell who my accu#ers are:
 I pray God #ave the King his life maintain,
 And make you flouri#h in his happy reign, &c.

136 Anno 1533.

137 Aano 1534.

138 Anno 1536.

And if among you, there be any #hall
 Pre#ume to que#tion my untimely fall;
 Anne Bullen begs, Anne Bullen does implore,
 That they would judge the right, and judge no more.
 Thus, thus vain world, I take my leave of you:
 Dear Chri#tian friends, I bid you all adieu:
 I pray be fellow-feelers of my ca#e,
 And put up prayers to the Throne of grace
 In my behalf. Oh Lord in mercy #hine
 Upon me, take my #oul, for it is thine:
 Sweet Je#u, it is thine. This oft #he #ed
 On her bent knees, until #he lo#t her head.
 The King, (no longer time then three dayes tarried,
 But) to the Lady Jane Seymer was married.
 About this time, (which God to pa#s did bring)
 Lord Cromwel grew in favour with the King:
 By who#e advi#e, and #age deliberation,
 The Church was brought unto a reformation.
 The Kings injunctions all abroad made known,¹³⁹
 Idol'trous Images were overthrown:
 Our Ladies at Wal#ingham, Worce#ter,
 Ip#wich, and Thomas Becket's image, were
 Ca#t down; with others, which had long deceiv'd
 The #illy people, who indeed believ'd
 They liv'd; for they (by #ecret Engines found)
 Could open, #hut their eyes, and roll them round.
 The #ame year (as Lord Cromwel, did advi#e)
 Abbeys were ruin'd and Mona#teries.
 A little after, for oppo#ing Rome,
 Mr. John Lambert #uff'red Martyrdome.
 Packington Collins, Leiton, Puttedew,
 Peck, Doctor Barnes, Garret, and Heirom too,
 Two eminent Divines, the Lord Cromwel,
 Great E##ex Earl, all for the truths #ake fell.
 Yea all the pri#ons, within London walls
 Were fill'd, and many were enclos'd in Halls,
 By vertue of an Act for prohibition
 Of truth, and countenancing #uper#tition.
 John Porter,¹⁴⁰ unto New-gate Dungeon #ent
 For reading in the Bible; underwent

139 Anno 1538.

140 Anno 1541.

Hard u#age: bolts and Iron chains did check
 The freedom of his legs, his hands, and neck:
 At la#t, into the lowe#t dungeon ca#t,
 Not many dayes expir'd, he breath'd his la#t.
 At Lincoln Bi#hop Longland took away
 James Morton, Thomas Bornard, in one day.
 One Mr. Barber, who the truth deny'd,
 With #orrow wore away until he dy'd.
 One Te#twood,¹⁴¹ Per#on, Filmore, to#t and turn'd
 Under afflictions hand, at la#t were burn'd
 Neer Wind#ore Ca#tle: with a cheerful face,
 Anthony Per#on did the #take embrace,
 Ki##ing it, #aid, Welcom mine own #weet Bride,
 For this ble#t day #halt thou and I be ty'd
 As man and wife together, in the love
 And Matrimonial peace of God above,
 Of God above; I long for to be there, &c.
 When all of them unto the #take bound were,
 Said Filmer then, My bretheren rejoyce
 In God, unto him make a joyful noi#e:
 For after this #harp breakfa#t, we a boon
 Dinner #hall have with Chri#t in heaven at noon.
 Te#twood with hands and eyes to heaven up heav'd,
 De#ir'd God that his #pir't might be receiv'd.
 Per#on (#aid thus) tricking with #traw his head,
 This is Gods hat, now I am dre#s'd indeed,
 Like a true #ouldier of Chri#t, by whom
 This day into his joy I tru#t to come.
 And #o they #uffer'd with #uch con#tancy,
 That many with them could afford to die.
 The Lord Li#le, Thomas Brooks, James Cock, Ralph Hare,
 James Barber, Mr. Smith, John Butler, bare
 The cro#s of Chri#t. Said Rockwood, Bad's my #tate
 I can't repent, All too late, all too late.
 The under-Mar#hal fell upon the floor,
 I'th' Councel. room, and never #pake word more.
 One Richard Mekins, that had #carce out-worn
 The fifteenth year,¹⁴² they did in Smithfield burn.
 Two labouring men, there was at Callice Martyr'd;
 And Mr. Da#lip was hang'd, drawn and quarter'd.

141 Anno 1544.

142 Anno 1541.

Button, was per#ecuted; Mr. Dod
 Re#ign'd up in the flame his #oul to God.
 One Mr. Saxie, to his end was brought,
 By Gardiner's appointment,¹⁴³ as 'cwas thought.
 Kerby at Ip#wich, Roger Clarke at Bury
 Fry'd Faggots, to appea#e their foemens fury.
 Anne Askew being to#t from po#t to pillar,
 And cruelly mi#us'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 a#under,
 She prai#ed God and pray'd; (to all a wonder)
 Then the Lord Chanc'ller #ent her word that burn'd
 She #hould be, if #he chang'd not: #he return'd
 An an#wer back, that #he would rather die,
 Then once recant, and her true faith deny.
 To New-gate being #ent, #he penned there
 Her faith's confe##ion, ending with this prayer:
 O Lord, the hairs which on my head do grow,
 Are not #o num'rous as my foes, I know:
 Yet Lord, take not thy grace and comfort from me;
 So #hall they not with flatt'ring words o'recome me:
 Do thou fight for me; #o my #oul #hall fear
 No danger, for on thee I ca#t my care.
 With all the mi#chief that they can invent
 They fall upon me, and have even #pent
 Me thy poor creature. Sweet Lord let me #light
 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 #ins:
 Lord open thou their hearts, re#tore the blind,
 That they may plea#e thee; give them grace to minde
 The things that do belong unto their peace
 In this their day, left when they would, they cea#e.
 Let not the fancies vain of #inful men
 De#tain thy truth: Amen, O Lord, Amen.
 She brought to Smithfield in a chair, was bound
 To th'#take, and with the flames be#ieged round.
 So #lep'd #he in the Lord,¹⁴⁴ and in Gods eyes
 Became an acceptable #acrifice.

143 Anno 1546.

144 Anno 1546.

At that time Nicholas Belerrian,
 A Shropshire Minister; and a Gentleman,
 John Lacels, servant to the King; with one
 John Adams Tailour, burning undergon.
 The same year, Bishop Gardiner did bring
 Malicious accusations to the King
 Against Queen Kathrin Parre (supposing all
 The boughs would wither, if the stock did fall)
 In that he gave her minde (which was unfit)
 To read and meditate on Sacred Writ.
 And Chaplains kept editions to rear,
 None being deny'd the priviledge to hear:
 As also, that her heart was fully bent
 To burn against the present government:
 Her life was dangerous: nor could he rest,
 That nourish'd such a Viper in his breast.
 The Kings love turn'd to hate; and now the Queen
 Must die the death: but Providence kept between;
 The plot'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.
 A pardon's granted him; after which thing,
 He being in the presence of the King;
 The King said to him, Ah my Pig, (for so
 He us'd to call him:) yea, said he, I know,
 Had not your Majesty been more inclin'd
 To save my life, (such was your Royal minde)
 Then were your Bishops to reack out their teen;
 Your Pig, I'm sure, ere this had rotted been.
 Straight after, Winchester, and his complices
 (Sworn foes to Vertues, and false 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 tho#e
 That countenanc'd the #ame, di#pers'd their foes:
 A mid#t their vain projects the King was dead,
 And with him all their hopes were buried.

SECT. VI.

The Per#ecution of the Duke of Somer#et in the Reign of King Edward the #ixth

NOW when King Henery the eighth was dead,
 His #on Prince Edward reigned in his #tead;
 During who#e happy reign Religion flouri#h'd,
 Pop'ry decar'd, the Church of God was nourish'd
 With the full brea#ts of Peace, the Go#pel #pred
 And #uper#tition was aboli#hed:
 Onely the Godly Duke of Somer#et
 With Per#ecutions, and great troubles met;
 Some of the Nobles lab'ring mo#t of all
 To rai#e them#elves upon his #uddain fall.
 Edward, and Thomas Seymer were ally'd
 Unto King Edward, by his mothers #ide;
 Edward the elde#t (fit to guide the Helm)
 Was made Protector of the King, and Realm:
 Thomas the #econd, of this Briti#h I#le
 Was cho#en Lord high Admiral; the while
 The#e brethren joyned in fraternal love,
 Nothing fell out ami#s; but when they #trove,
 (Spur'd on by make-bates) unto one another
 They prov'd de#tructive; and the younger brother
 Attainted, was condemn'd, and lo#t his head
 On Tower-hill:¹⁴⁵ hence in#urrections bred.
 The Lords, at London privily conjur'd
 Again#t the Lord Protector, and immur'd
 Him once, nay twice, yea thrice, in a #hort #ea#on,
 Then charged him with Felony, and Trea#on.
 He's to the Tow'r- hill brought, where he commended
 His #oul to God; his prayers being ended,

145 Anno 1549.

He rose from off his knees, and like a man
 Courageously 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 always to this Realm have born a breath
 As faithful, and as loyal as the best.
 Yet in obedience to the Laws command,
 I here as a condemned 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 pleased, by a sudden death,
 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 acknowledge it as a favour great;
 And do you all most heartily entreat
 To joyfully receive it, 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 where
 Anthony Brown Knight came; that he did bring,
 The crowd oppos'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 join in prayer, that safety may pursue
 The King, to whom loyal I have bin. 'Tis true,
 The people cryed out. O heaven bless
 His Highness with all health and happiness:
 I wish his Councilours grace to rule, and then
 You all obedient hearts: all said, Amen
 I ask forgiveness if I wronged any;
 O Lord remit 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 spoke
 Christ save me,¹⁴⁶ thrice: the hangman gave the stroke

SECT. VII.

The Persecution of the English Church under the Reign of Queen Mary.

EDWARD the sixth (Englands Josiah) dead,
 Lady Jane Grey was crowned in his stead;
 The Lady Mary, having heard the news,
 Sent to the Lordly Council for to chuse
 Her to be Queen: and if they did withstand
 The execution of her just command,
 By force of arms she threatned to regain
 Her wronged right, and her defrauded reign.
 The Lords return'd this answer, There was none
 Had such just right and title to the Crown
 As Lady Jane: the ancient Laws allow
 It hers, and place it on her Princely brow;
 'Twas hers by Letters patent from the King,
 And made Authentick with his Royal Ring
 Before his death; and since he was invested
 As an apparent heire's, all protested
 Adherence to her and no Queen beside.
 The Lady Mary to reatisefy'd,
 Request they did, entreating her to cease
 By new pretences to molest the peace
 The quiet Realm enjoy'd; promising her
 They would be nothing wanting to prefer
 Her next the Queen: if possibly they could
 Serve her in any other thing, they would,
 Provided that she did herself so carry,
 As fits a dutious Subject, Lady Mary
 Having receiv'd this answer, heavy hearted,
 From out the City's circuit freight departed.

Hereat the Council did set out a band
 Of armed soldiers under the command
 Of the Northumbrian Duke: Mary withdrew her
 Self into Suffolk, many flocking to her:
 And while she in Farningham Castle staid,
 All Suffolk freely proffer'd her their aid
 And best assistance to procure her Reign,
 With this Promise, 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 solemnly protest,
 That no man could suspect her in the least:
 Now with this power, of those Godly men,
 She vanquish'd 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'll 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 soldiers forsook,
 At Cambridge left almost alone, was took,
 And brought to London-Tower; in a short season
 On 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 consented to, his words regret
 The truth he had so formerly profess'd.
 He to the Cath'lick cause the people led
 To th'papist's great joy: yet did he lose his head.

Queen Mary thus po##e##ed of the crown,
 Began the pure Religion to di#own;
 As #oon appear'd, by her di#placing all
 The godly Bi#hops; Ridly, Coverdale,
 Poinet, Hooper and Scory, Gardiner
 Set free, was made Bi#hop of Winche#ter,
 Al#o Lord Chancellour of England. Bonner
 Too unde#ervedly attain'd the honour
 Of being London's Bi#hop. To the Fleet
 Was Mr. Hooper manded (O unmeet!)
 To #ee the Queen good Doct or Ridly went,
 But on a lame Jade to the Tow'r was #ent.
 A Parliament was call'd, a Proclamation
 Forthwith the Queen #et forth throughout the nation;
 Wherein #he #hew'd, She could by no means brook
 To #mother that Religion which #he took
 In with her Infant-milk, and to her power
 Meant to ob#erve until her late#t hour,
 Wi#hing that all her Subjects (which would #leep
 Secure in their whole skin) the #ame might keep:
 She al#o did declare, whereas there were
 Evil-di#po#ed per#ons, who did dare
 To preach God's word mi#led by their own brain;
 She therefore did by #trict command ordain
 Such #hould not henceforth preach (as held unfit)
 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 #pecial licence from the Queen
 On pain of #tirring up her Highne#s #pleen;
 Requiring all her Officers to #ee
 Her will and plea#ure executed be:
 If herein any wilfully offend,
 She authoriz'd them, them to apprehend
 And #end them forthwith to the neighb'ring gaol,
 Without admitting Mani-prize, or bail;
 Till for their puni#hment, and the example
 Of others, Orders be procur'd more ample.
 Al#o the London- Aldermen were will'd
 To #end for all the Mini#ters which fill'd
 The #treight'ned Wards, and #ilence them on pain
 Of death, commanding them that none explain,
 Or preach, or read the Scripture in their #tead,

But such as by the Queen were licensed.¹⁴⁷
 One William Rutler, Humphry Palden, 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 Coverdale, and Hooper to attend
 The Council; and for Newgate they allot
 John Melvine a Divine, by birth a Scot.
 Mr. Hugh Latimer was sent to th'Tower;
 And so was Dr. Cranmer by this power.
 Mr. 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 hunning 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,
 Had 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 disapprobation
 Of a presented Bill, the Convocation
 By Bonner was dissolved: From Coventry,
 (For their oppugning of Idolatry)
 Baldwin, Clark, Careles, Willcocks, all in haste
 Sent up to London by the Mayor, lay fast.
 Bishops imprisoned 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,

147 Anno 1553.

(Too bad #upplies.) within a little #ea#on,
 Archbi#hop Cranmer, for no le#s then Trea#on
 At Guild- Hall was araing'd; clear'd of that charge,
 For's here#y he might not live at large.
 One Mr. Thomas Wotton an E#quire,¹⁴⁸
 And Doctor Crome did in the Fleet retire.
 Now Hymen went to joyn with Nuptial bands,
 Iberian Philip's, and Queen Maries hands:
 Some of the Nobles, and the vulgar #ort,
 Not very well re#ented this report;
 The Duke of Suffolk, labour'd to prevent
 The match: Sir Thomas as Wyat rais'd in Kent
 Some #orces to oppo#e it; for he fear'd
 The Realm would be en#lav'd, and Popery rear'd.
 Wyat for London march'd: Queen Mary then
 At Guild- Hall #tirred up the City-men.
 Wyat came into Southwark; having found
 Entrance block'd up, he went by King#tone round,
 And faced Lud-gate, which to entertain
 Such gue#ts refu#ing, he return'd again;
 And having got the wor#t at Temple-Bar,
 Became Sir Clement Par#on's pri#oner,
 Who #ent him to the Tow'r: on Tower-Hill
 He and the Lady Jane,¹⁴⁹ their dayes fulfill.
 Bonner did in his Dioce#s di#per#e
 Injunctions to all the Mini#ters,
 Wherein they were required to give in
 The names of all whoever were agin
 Auricular confe##ion, the next Lent
 Encroaching on. Queen Mary al#o #ent
 To Bonner, Articles, commanding #treight
 The Church-Laws made by Henery the eight
 Should be in force; that here#y abhor'd
 Should fall, the Popes #upremacy re#tor'd:
 That Mini#ters which did lead marri'd lives
 Should be divorced from (them#elves) their wives;
 And that proce##ions #hould be #aid, or #ung,
 From that time forward, in the Latin tongue, &c.
 John a La#co, Peter Martyr, and more
 Prote#tant forr'ners, were exil'd this #hore:

148 Anno 1554.

149 Anno 1554.

And many godly-minded English fly
 To Friez land, Cleaveland, Babil, Germany;
 Where through God's mercy they were kept from dangers,
 And all found favor, in the eyes of strangers.
 The number of the Peregrines encreas'd
 Unto eight hundred persons, at the least.
 Then to the Tower Lady Elizabeth
 Was sent, and bore afflictions worse than death.
 Latimer, Cranmer, Ridley, Bishop, spent
 Much time at Oxford in imprisonment.
 One Mr. Sanders crying down the Mass,
 Became close prisoner. Doctor Tailour was
 To London sent for up. Henry Lord Gray
 Of Suffolk Duke, condemn'd, was brought to pay
 His ought for life; where having open broke
 His sealed lips, he to the people spoke;
 I have displeas'd the Queen, contrair'd her Laws,
 Take notice Christians, that's the onely cause
 I suffer so: and seeing they are bent
 T'a bridge my fleeting dayes, I am content,
 And do beseech you all, bear me record,
 I die 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.
 Repent I do, and do desire you all
 To pray for me, that when my body shall
 Resigne its breath, God will be pleas'd to take
 My soul unto himself, for Christ his sake.
 Forgive me yee, whom I offended have.
 Saies Dr. Weston then, As he doth crave
 The Queen hath done: him thus the throng rebuke,
 God send thee much forgiveness. So the Duke
 Kneel'd down and pray'd, concluding, I resigne
 My soul (O Lord) into thine 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 the 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 #old
 Some good religious books, were kep'd in hold.
 As Bonner pa#t his Vi#itation,
 He charg'd all Sacred #entences upon
 The Church-walls painted #hould be wa#hed out.
 And Vi#itors he al#o #ent about
 The Univer#ities, to bring therein
 All Popi#h tra#h: to turn out they begin
 The able#t men: #ome of them#elves for#ook
 Their fellow#hips, while worth-le#s per#ons 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 command,
 Thanks were returned to Almighty God
 In ev'ry Church, and after, all abroad
 Prayers were made, that #he might have e're long
 A male child, fair, wi#e, valiant, and #trong.
 The Godly Min'#ters before Winche#ter
 In and about the City mu#t appear;
 Who ask'd them, If they would recant, and #o
 Have pardon from the Queen? All an#wer'd, No,
 Yea, all of them unan'mou#ly agreed
 To #tand to what they taught: the Bi#hop's #peed
 Made them clo#e pri#oners, and did divorce
 Their friends from interchangeable di#cour#e.
 Mr. James George, one of them, there did yield
 His #pir't up, whom they bury'd in the field;
 Then Mr. Hooper, Rogers, Bradford (hated)
 And Sanders too, were excommunicated:
 And Pious Dr. Tailour, Ferrar, Crome,
 Did all of them, with them receive their doom.
 Commi##ions and inqui#itors were #ent.
 Throughout the Realm; great multitudes from Kent,
 From E##ex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and el#ewhere,
 VVere brought to London, and encloyftred there.
 Part of them dead in pri#on, out were turn'd
 To dunghills, and the flames a many burn'd:
 Al#o Hanks, Hunter, Pigot, Laurence, brought
 Before the Bi#hops were, for no ju#t fault.
 When Stephen Gard'ner #aw that what h'a##ail'd
 By threats, hard u#age, not at all prevail'd
 To make men #hake off truth; he did begin
 (As utterly di#couraged therein)

The business in hand, for to renounce,
 Meddling no more with condemnations;
 But unto Bishop Bonner, them refer'd,
 Who in that trust impos'd, so bestir'd
 Himself, that sending for all in great haste
 Th'above nam'd parties, he upon them pass'd
 Death's final sentence: Dr. Ferrar, quick
 He went down to St. Davids Bishoprick
 Within the Cambrian country, there to be
 Condemn'd and executed (cruelty!)
 To the Queen in Mr. Coverdale's behalf
 Twice wrote the King of Denmark for his safe
 Release from prison; but with much ado
 To him, 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 neighbour
 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 again,
 He us'd to bid them keep it longer yet,
 Till they more able were to pay the debt.
 This man was kept in prison a half years space,
 By Benner'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 terms nothing at all prevail'd)
 With gentle words to win him; but the trial
 Success prov'd: Tomkins return'd denial.
 The Bishop, having by, a flaming Torch,
 Took Tomkins by the fingers and did seorch
 His hand therewith; afterwards Tomkins told
 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 veins
 The fire contracted (fire you know contracts)
 And newes 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 Bishop's 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 Priest
 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 corru#ancy,
 That in it I resolve to live, and die.
 The Bishop then, death's sentence on him pass'd,
 And to the Sheriffs deliv' red him, who call'd
 Him into Newgate prison; in Smithfield
 The truth (in fine) with his dear blood he seal'd,¹⁵⁰
 And in the Lord sleep'd sweetly.—
 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 Mass, 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 unfold
 The Sacred VVrit? I dare not be so bold.
 Said Hunter then, Nor Scriptures to expound
 Take I upon me now; but having found
 The Bible here, that joy might me betide
 I read in it. The Sommoner reply'd,
 Twas never merry world, since in our tongue
 The Bible first came forth; would it were hung.

150 Anno 1555.

Said Hunter, Oh! for God#ake #ay not #o;
'Tis Gods Book, by it ev'ry #oul may know,
That hath one #parke of grace, the way which leads
To la#ting bli#s: 'tis this true comfort breeds.
God grant that we may #till among#t us have
The ble##ed Bible, as a means to #ave.
O now I know your minde,¹⁵¹ y'are one of them
That #light the Queen, and her decrees contemn;
But you and others, mu#t a new leaf turn,
Or el#e I fear me, you'l go neer to burn.
Pray God I build my faith on his word #till,¹⁵²
And his great name confe#s, come what come will.
Confe#s his name?¹⁵³ No, no, you'l in a me#s
All to the Devil go, and him confe#s.
Then #tep't the Somm'ner forth, and fetch'd a Prie#t,
The Vicar of that place, a drunken bea#t,
VVho finding William Hunter at his Book,
Rebuk'd him for't, and ask'd if he could brook
The Doctrine well of Tran#ub#tantiation:
Hunter made an#wer it had no relation
Unto the truth reveal'd: he under#tood
Tho#e words of Chri#t touching his fle#h and blood
Carnal Capernait-like, who thought to feed
On Chri#t his fle#h, and drink his blood indeed.
VVherefore to them he #aid, The words I #peak
Are #pirit, and life, and not as fle#h #o weak.
Ah! quoth the Viar, have I found you out?
Thou art an Her'tick now, without all doubt, &c.
VVhereas you of my faith do que#tion make,¹⁵⁴
I would we two were fa#tned to the #take,
To prove whether of us #hould clo#e#t #tick
Unto our faith, and which was Heretick, &c.
The Vicar to complain of him did threat,
Flung out of doors, departing in a heat.
Hunter went home, and having farewell took
Of his dear friends, his fathers hou#e for#ook.
Brown, call'd old Hunter, ask'd if he could tell
VVhere his #on was; who #aid, He knew not well.

151 Sommoner.

152 Hunter.

153 Sommoner.

154 Hunter.

Brown told him, Either your mi#s'd-#on produce,
 Or go to pri#on; bring me no excu#e.
 The old man #trides his hor#e, and rides to look him,
 And after two dayes journey overtook him;
 Telling him all what happ'ned; yet #aid he,
 Go on, I'll #ay I cannot light on thee.
 No, no, #aid William, home with you I will,
 And #ave you harmle#s; me they can but kill.
 At his return, a Con#table him caught,
 And brought before this Mr. Brown, who thought
 VVith arguments to win him; and enrag'd
 At his judicious an#wers, he engag'd
 No more to hold on the di#pute, but #treight
 Sent him to Bonner, Bonner to the Grate;
 VVhere he for two dayes lay allowed ju#t
 A di#h of water and a brown-bread cru#t.
 At two dayes end, the Bi#hop coming found
 The #lender fare, he bids he be unbound,
 And break his fa#t with them, but he's revil'd,
 Call'd Heretick, worthy to be exil'd
 Their company: #aid Hunter, I decline
 Their company, as much as they do mine:
 The Bi#hop #ent for him, and thus did rant;
 And wilt thou not, thou Heretick, recant?
 Recant (#aid he) the faith I have profe#t
 So publikely? I will not, I prote#t:
 No, no, I will not; what? #hall I be whirl'd
 By errours wheels? I would not for a world.
 Then take him Jailor, mand him to the #tocks;
 Be #ure you load him well with bolts and locks
 Till I #hall burn him. VVhereupon he #aid,
 Great God! O let thy all-#ufficient aid
 Corroborate my #oul. He's born away;
 The Bi#hop to a half-penny a day
 Stinted his lively-hood; thus nine months #pace
 Impri#on'd, he before the Bi#hop's face
 Was #ix times brought, to th'que#tion #till propounded
 Hunter a pertinacious No, rebounded.
 The Bi#hop read his charge, and him return'd
 To Newgate, #o to Burnt-wood to be burn'd.
 His parents #ee him, and petitions #end
 To God, to make him con#tant till the end:
 His mother added this, that #he was ble#t
 In bearing #uch a child, as could deve#t

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 bestowed (my dear)
 As any child that ever I did bear.
 When 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 soon 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 shows
 Is not so grim. I've cast up mine accounts
 (Said he) and know t'how much the cost amounts.
 With that the young man, while he went about
 To speak, could not, his tears so fast burst out.
 So Hunter his way cheerfully went on,
 His father meeting with him, said, My son
 God be with thee. God be with you likewise
 Good father, answer'd William. Let your eyes
 Smile on your son; O be not so, so said;
 For we shall meet, and have our hearts made glad.
 Come near the stake, he kneeled down, and read
 The one and fiftieth Psalm. The Sheriff said,
 Here is a pardon: if thou wilt be turn'd,
 Thou shalt live, otherwise thou must be burn'd.
 No, I'll not turn (quoth William) and did go
 To the stake, and so was fastn'd thereunto.
 Then spake he to the throng, Good people thrive
 By pray'r for me while I remain alive,
 And I'll for you. Not I, I'll make my boon
 Said Hurly Brown, (there standing by,) a boon
 For a cur-dog as thee.¹⁵⁵ Sir you have got
 What you desire'd; I pray God it be not
 Laid to your charge, but I forgive'n you have.
 Said Brown,¹⁵⁶ That's more than at your hands I crave.
 If God forgive you not,¹⁵⁷ I tell you true,

155 Hunter.

156 Brown.

157 Hunter.

This blood of mine #hall be requir'd of you.
 O Son of God #hine on me; from a cloud
 The Sun brake out (till then thick #hades did #hroud
 The face of day) his eyes he turn'd a#ide,
 Too weak #uch radiant glory to abide.
 A Prie#t brought him a book to look upon.
 To whom he thus, Fal#e Prophet thou be gon:
 Good folk beware of them, for Je#us #ake;
 Who of their fins, #hall of their plagues partake.
 Marke what I #ay, as thou burn'#t in this fire,¹⁵⁸
 So #halt thou burn in hell. Hu. Thou art a lyar.
 Fal#e Prophet hence, from me away be gon:
 Fire made, he pray'd, and breath'd his la#t. Anon
 Higbid, and Cau#ton, Gentlemen as good
 As great, in E##ex, with their own hearts blood
 Sealed their faith unto Gods glory then,
 And the rejoycing of all Godly men.
 At Braintree, William Pigot, for Chri#ts name
 Endur'd the fury of the ardent flame;
 At Maulden, Stephen Knight, before the #take
 Kneel'd down and pray'd; Sweet Je#u, for who#e #ake
 I freely leave this life and rather choo#e
 Thy cro#s, and irrecoverably loo#e
 All worldly goods, then to give audience
 To men in breaking thy commandements:
 Thou #ee#t (O Lord) that whereas I but now
 VVas proffer'd great preferments, if I'd bow
 To a fal#e helple#s God; I was content
 My body #hould be burnt, and my life #pent,
 Counting all things below, but dung and dro#s,
 For thee; happy #uch gain which comes by lo#s!
 Thou#ands of #ilver, and as much of gold,
 Then death I do of le##er value hold.
 Ju#t as the wounded Deer de#ires the #oil,
 So longs my #oul for thee: pour down the Oil
 Of con#olation on a crumbling clod
 So helple#s of it #elf: Thou know'#t O God,
 That I, who am but #infull fle#h, and blood,
 Can of my #elf act nothing that is good;
 And therefore, as of thine abundant love
 And goodne#s #till deflowing from above

On me, (me that am lesser than the least
 Of mercies,) thou hast bid me to this feast,
 And judg'd me worthy to drinke of this cup
 With thine elect: even so, O bear me up
 Great God! against this Element of fire
 So formidable, to the hence so dire;
 Sweeten it by thy spirit, so against
 The heat, that I may overcome its rage,
 And pass into thy bosome. Holy father
 Forgive thou me, as I do all men; gather
 My soul, sweet Son of God, my Saviour,
 Beneath thy holy wings, a Balmy Bower;
 O blessed Holy-Ghost, whose strength destroys
 Fleehly corruptions, hasten thou my joys,
 Eternal joys. Lord I commend, take then
 My parting spirit, Amen, Amen, Amen.
 John Laurence legs, with bolts and irons lame,
 His body with hard usage out of frame,
 Was to the stake transported in a chair,
 And suffered for the faith at Colchester:
 Young children while he burn'd, cry'd out, O Lord
 Strengthen thy servant, and make good thy word,
 Stand up, stand up, for thy poor servant's aid,
 As thou art just, O do as thou hast aid.
 Ferrar (sett o're St. Davids Bishoprick)
 Was apprehended for an Heretick:
 Him Winchester misus'd call'd him base slave,
 False-hearted fellow, and a cross-grain'd knave:
 Morgan (a fraudulent upplanter) turn'd him
 Out of his place, and at Carmarthen burn'd him:
 Not long before his death, one Richard Jones
 A Knight's son coming, his sad pains bemoans;
 T'whom Ferrar thus: Sir if you see me move
 My hand or foot during the flames, do prove
 What mettle I am of, believe not then
 My Doctrine oft inculcated to men.
 And as he said, he did: with the fire hot
 Besieged round, he stirr'd not a jot,
 Held his tumps 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 cales
 Drop'd from his eyes, the Truth he understood,
 And in his country aid a deal of good;

He dayly now expects to be surpriz'd
 By truths oppugners: his dear friends advis'd
 Him to retire el#ewhere, and be excus'd:
 For their good will he thank'd them, but re#us'd.
 He's apprehended, and in pri#on laid
 In Cardiffe Ca#tle, where a year he #taid;
 His friends re#orting to him, he would #pend
 The time in pray'r, exhorting them to mend:
 At la#t the Bi#hop of Landaffe commands
 That he be brought: he threats him now, then #tands
 On fairer terms; but all this would not #tir
 His unmov'd bre#t, a day's appointed for
 His condemnation; which being come
 The Bi#hop call'd him forth and told him #ome
 Heretical opinions he did hold,
 And had #educed others; Rawlins bold
 Reply'd; My Lord, a Chri#tian man I am
 I prai#e God for't, my tenents are the #ame
 With Sacred Writ: if from God's word I #tray
 I would be gladly brought in the right way.
 The Bi#hop #aid, Speak, if you will be won,
 El#e I'll proceed to condemnation.
 Proceed, #aid Rawlins; but you never #hall
 Condemn me for an Heretick. Let's fall
 To pray'r (#aid Landaffe) that the Lord #ome #park
 Of grace would #end thee, to di#clo#e the dark;
 Now (#aid he) you deal well; and if your pray'r
 Do with God's will agree, he'll doubtle#s hear.
 Pray to your God, and I to mine will pray;
 I know my God will hear, and not #ay nay.
 The Bi#hop and his Chaplains pray'd anon:
 Rawlins pray'd by him#elf alone: pray'r don,
 The Bi#hop #aid, How is it with thee now?
 Thine errours (what?) wilt thou revoke, and bow
 To our true God? no, #urely no #aid he,
 Rawlins you left, and Rawlins you finde me;
 Rawlins I was, and am, and Rawlins will
 Through God continue to be Rawlins #till.
 God would have heard you, had your #ute bin ju##,
 But he hath heard me, and on him I tru##.
 The Bi#hop being wroth, him #oundly #hent,
 So went to Ma#s. Rawlins his minde then bent
 Shot forth the#e words: Good people if there be
 Among#t you any breth'ren, two, or three,

Or if but one, bear witness at the day
 Of judgement, that I to no Idols pray.¹⁵⁹
 Mads don, he was condemn'd, and after thrown
 Into a darke and loathsome dungeon.
 There Rawlins pass'd his time in drowning wrongs
 With spir'tual prayers and religious songs.
 The night before his death t'his wife he sent
 To send his wedding weed (a shirt he meant)
 Which he rejoicingly next morn put on;
 And being led to execution,
 Guarded he was with bills, and Pike-taves too,
 Alas! said he, what need all this ado?
 By God's grace, I will nothing start aside;
 VVho is't that gives me power to abide
 All this affliction for his own names sake
 But God? his be the glory. At the take
 He his dear wife and children having found
 Pickled in briny tears, or rather drown'd;
 His eyes let fall a tear; but having made
 A recollection of himself, he said,
 Ah fleh! saidst 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 failing on the ground, the ground he kist,
 And pake, Earth unto earth, and dust to dust,
 Thou art my mother, and return I must
 To thee. With an exhilarated brow,
 Then going to be bound to th' take, I now
 (Said he t'a friend of his) finde great content
 Betwixt the fleh 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
 The words up to the height; The Lord be Prais'd.
 Unto the Smith then pake he, Pray good friend
 Knock it in fast,¹⁶⁰ the fleh may much contend;
 But God, support me, let thy grace refresh
 My fainting spirits, and my trembling fleh.
 About him pulled he the reeds and draw,
 VVith such a merry look, that all that saw

159 Anno 1554.

160 Anno 1554.

Much wondred at it. Now a Prie#t appear'd
 And preached to the people: Rawlins heard
 Until he #pake of Tran#ub#tantiation,
 Alledging Scripture for its confirmation;
 This is my Body; Come you here good folk
 (Said Rawlins) don't hear that fal#e Prophet's talk.
 Ah! naughty Hypocrite dar'#t thou produce
 A Scripture-proof for #o profane a u#e?
 I have heard your already-quoted text;
 But look immediately what follows next;
 Do this for my Remembrance: then #treight-way
 The Prie#t #tood #till, not knowing what to #ay.
 The fire was kindled, Rawlins in the flame
 Bathed his aged hands, till in the #ame
 The #inews #hrunk, the fat drop'd out, and all
 That while he cried out; Lord, let my fall
 Mount me to thee; Receive this #oul of mine,
 O Lord receiv't; his #pirit he did re#ign.
 It was ob#erv'd of him, that whereas through
 Infirmitie of age he round did go,
 And with dejected countenance, he now
 Went bolt upright t'his death, his #moother brow
 As clear as day; his #peeches and behaviour,
 Of courage, vigour very well did favour.
 And now the Queen re#tor'd the Abbey-lands
 She late po##e#s'd. A Pope-#ent Bull commands
 All do the like; but none therein was #een
 T'obey the Pope, or imitate the Queen.
 A Popi#h Prie#t at¹⁶¹Crondale (impious fool!)
 Boa#ted that he had bin with Card'nal Pool,
 Who cleans'd him from his #ins; the Bull #ent o're
 He prais'd, fell down, and never #pake word more.
 Some burn'd, becau#e they on their necks did tie
 This Motto,¹⁶² Fear God, fly Idolatry.
 George Mar#h, one William Flower, John Cardmaker
 John Simp#on, and John Warne, were each partaker
 Of life, by #uff'ring death, climb'd heavens #tory:
 Death is the ladder to immortal glory.
 Bonner for many things John Ardly accus'd,
 To whom John Ardly #uch expre##ions us'd;

161 in Kent neer Canterbury.

162 Deum tim Idolum fug

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?
 Were every hair upon my head a man,
 So many lives I'd part with, rather than
 Lose the opinion I am in; so said,
 In Essex burnt a joyful end he made.
 One Thomas Hauks, a Courtier comly tall,
 Was greatly admired and beloved of all
 For his rare qualities, in Edward's days;
 But in Queen Maries Reign Religion's rays
 Waxing more dull, he left the Court, home went
 And practis'd Godliness, t'his great content.
 While thus he staid at home, a son he got,
 But in the Popish way baptiz'd it not.
 By using oil, cream, pittle, salt, (aburd!)
 Nowhere enjoyned in the holy Word:
 Told Bonner so: the Bishop left him than
 A while; and Mr. Darbisher began:
 You are too curious, and on none will look,
 Unless your little pretty God's good book.
 Sir,¹⁶³ is not that sufficient to save?
 Yes but not to instruct:¹⁶⁴ that I may have
 Salvation to my God,¹⁶⁵ I humbly sue,
 As for instruction, that I leave to you.
 Shall your child be baptiz'd,¹⁶⁶ you not look o're?
 I had much counsel given me before.¹⁶⁷
 Why we can have it done, if we be bent,¹⁶⁸
 True, but you never shall,¹⁶⁹ with my consent.
 I'd Gladly do thee good,¹⁷⁰ save thee from hell;

163 Hauks.

164 Bishop.

165 H.

166 B.

167 H.

168 B.

169 H.

170 B.

I am thy pa#ture and would teach thee well.
 I'll #tand to what I #aid,¹⁷¹ you #hall not finde
 My re#olutions waver like the winde.
 I am the bread of life,¹⁷² the Scripture #aith,
 And this bread is my fle#h; is this thy faith?
 'Tis #o,¹⁷³ I will believe what Scriptures #ay.
 Well, let's to Even#ong.¹⁷⁴H. There I'll not pray,
 I'm be#t when furthe#t off from #uch re#ort:
 And #o he walked forth into the Court.
 What thinke you of the Altar's Sacrament?¹⁷⁵
 Excuse me,¹⁷⁶ for I nere knew what it meant.
 But we will make you know't,¹⁷⁷ when we begin,
 Faggots #hall make you do'. H. Faggots? a pin
 For all your faggots, you no more can do
 Then God permits you, and no further go.
 Much more was #aid; in pri#on he at la#t
 Was for his bold judicious an#wers ca#t;
 Nor could that move him in the lea#t to doubt:
 What's bred in the bone, will not eas'ly out.
 Being (his #entence read) to Cox#hal #ent,
 In E##ex, he exhorted as he went
 His friends: and at the #take (as he had #poken
 That he would do) he gave to them a token
 By lifting up his hands all in a flame,
 Above his head, and clapping of the #ame,
 To let them under#tand, that he was able
 To 'bide the pain not too intolerable.
 Then gave the people an unu#ual #hout,
 And #o this ble##ed Lamp (all burnt) went out.¹⁷⁸
 One Thomas Watts in E##ex who defended
 The truth #o much oppos'd, was apprehended,
 Condemn'd, and after #ent to Chilm'ford, where
 The little time he had, he #pent in pray'r.

171 H.

172 B.

173 H.

174 B.

175 B.

176 H.

177 B.

178 An. Chr. 1555.

Come to his wife and his #ix child'ren #mall,
 He #aid; Wife, and my hopeful branches all,
 I now mu#t leave you all; henceforth therefore
 Alas! I cannot know you any more:
 As unto me at fir#t, the Lord did #end you,
 So I unto the Lord, do recommend you;
 Him I command you to obey, and fear
 As long as life #hall la#: #ee you beware
 Of this loath'd papi#try, which I with#tood,
 And #hall again#t it give my deare#t blood
 By God's grace by and by. Let not the number
 Of bleeding Saints di#courage or incumber
 Your active faith, and move you to relent,
 But thereby take occa#ion to be bent
 For greater #ervice in Jehovah's fight:
 'Tis happy dying for a cau#e that's right.
 I do not doubt, nor have you cau#e to fear
 But he which #trikes, will give you #trength to bear
 He'll be unto the widdow, in di#tre#s
 Husband, and father to the fatherle#s.
 Farewel, (#aid he) farewel, gave each a ki#s,
 So pa#t he through the fi'ry blaze to bli#s.
 One Bainford, O#mund, O#borne, overturn'd
 Unto the Sec'lar power, in E##ex burn'd.
 Mr. John Bradford and John Leafe did climbe
 Up fiety #tairs to heaven about this time.
 The next day after at Maid#tone in Kent
 One Mr. Minge dy'd in im#pri#onment.
 Mr. John Bland, God's faithful Mini#ter,
 Was for the truth a con#tant #ufferer.
 John Franki#h, Humphry Middleton, two men
 Of admirable worth, were martyr'd then.
 John Fettle's child, #uch cruel whippings feels,
 That the gore blood ran down about its heels;
 The father put in the tormenting #tocks,
 Mu#t #ee his Lamb mi#us'd (O hearts of rocks!)
 One Nicholas Sheterden being brought,
 Him Doctor Harpsfield asked what he thought
 That pa##age, This my Body is, #hould mean;
 Said Sheterden, This cannot well be #een
 By carnal eyes: thus much I gather thence,
 It mu#t be taken in a #pirituell #ence;
 El#e when, This Cup's my blood's #o under#tood,
 The #ub#tance of the Cup mu#t needs be blood.

Nicholas Hall, Chri#topher Waide, Joan Beach,
 John Harpool, Marg'ry Boley, who did reach
 At the de#pi#ed truth, and Popery #pun'd,
 Condemn'd at Roche#ter in Kent, were burn'd.
 Dirick Carver, a Surrey Gentleman
 Call'd to the #take, unto his God began
 His #ervent pray'r, which having done he #trip'd
 Him#elf, and #o into the barrel skip'd;
 They threw his book in al#o but in vain;
 For to the throng he flung it out again:
 I charge you, #aid the Shrieffe, in the Queen's name
 To fling that Vip'rous book into the flame.
 Then #pake he with a cheerful voice, and #aid,
 Dear friends, bear witne#s I am not affraid
 To #eal Chri#t's Go#pel with my deare#t blood,
 Knowing 'tis true, and was of late your food,
 Though now #urrepted from you; and becau#e
 I'll not deny it to obey mans laws,
 Condemn'd I be to dy; #ee that you walk
 In an#wer to the truth, of which you talk.
 And as for tho#e that do the Pope believe,
 Hell's theirs, without Gods merciful reprieve.
 Except (#aid then the Sheriffe) believe thou do
 The Pope, th'art damn'd both #oul and body too:
 Pray to thy God that he may #et thee free,
 Or #trike me down. The Lord forgive, #aid he,
 Your temerarious words. Dear Lord, thou know#t
 How I left all, to come to thee; thou do#t
 Draw with Magnetick-love; to thee I fly
 For #helter, Ah! but when my #erious eye
 Darts on thy power, and on my #elf looks down,
 I fear the wrath of a condemning frown.
 What, #hall I #hrink? no; now the flames #urround me,
 I'll tru#t my God, although my God confound me.
 Chri#t Je#us help, Chri#t Je#us look upon me;
 He cry'd and dy'd, with Lord have mercy on me.
 Ive#on #aid, All the trea#ure 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-#ent 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 contemn'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 down
 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 Bishop's money he returned back,
 Repenting ere 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 than ever,
 Even to his last-drawn breath; the Bishop's fury
 Condemn'd him to be burn'd, he burn'd at Bury.
 John Denly, Newman, Partrick, Packingham,
 Dy'd constant Martyrs for their Saviours name,
 Wright, Coker, Collier, Hooper, Stere, and more
 Besides in Canterbury, faggots bore.
 Robert Smith, Stephen Harwood, Thomas Fuft,
 And William Hale, dy'd for the truth their trust.
 Eliz'beth Warne, condemned to be burn'd
 By Bonner, unto Bonner soon return'd
 These words, Do what you will with me; for why,
 If Christ was in an error, so am I;
 Otherwise not: but Christ's sake true I know
 Therefore then was she burn'd at Stratford-Bow.
 About this very time George Tankerfield
 Did at St. Albanes to their rancour yield.
 George King, John Wade, and Tho. Leyes, with more
 Usage fell sick, and dy'd in Lollards tower.
 In Suffolk Mr. Robert Samuel
 Of Barfold Minister, who instructed well
 The flock committed to his charge, was to
 To Norwich goal, there chained to a post,
 And so erect that's body did command
 For some small ease induc'd his tip-toes stand.
 Hunger and thirst (bad helpers) are procur'd;
 What tongue can tell what he poor man endur'd!
 At last brought to be burn'd (an easeie pain
 To what he felt before) he did detain
 Some friends in telling them, a most strange story
 Of what fell out, while he was us'd so sorry:
 When I much want (said he) had undergon,
 I slept, and then me thought appeared one

Cloath'd all in white, who whi#p'ed in mine ear,
 Samuel, Samuel, be of good cheer;
 Take heart to gra#s man, thou ha#t pa#t the wor#t,
 Henceforth thou #halt nor hunger feel, nor thir#t:
 VWhich came to pa#s; #uch con#olation did
 Sweeten his woes, that mode#ty forbid
 Him tell the #ame. So as he went along
 To execution, amid#t the throng
 A maid there was, (who after #cap'd) did fall
 About his neck, and ki##ed him withall.
 The while his body burn'd, it #hin'd as bright
 As new-try'd Silver, or as Cynthia's light.
 Next day Anne Potten and Joan Trunch field# come
 From Ip#wich pri#on unto Martyrdome.
 Thomas Cob, William Allen, Roger Coe
 Death for the #ake of Chri#t did undergo.
 In Coventry and Litchfield-Dioce#s,
 One Mr. Robert Glover, did profe#s
 The Go#pel; he #urprized, had his doom
 To be confined to a narrow room,
 And dark withall, next to the dungeon,
 Scarce having #traw enough to lie upon.
 No chair nor #tool to fit on; none might look
 To him though #ick; pen, paper ink nor book,
 Was not allow'd him; yet a Teftament
 And Prayer-book, by #tealth he getting, #pent
 Mo#t of his time in pray'r, and meditation
 On Gods great love in working mans #alvation.
 Yea, #aid he, health began to come; my peace
 Of con#cience did more and more encrea#e
 God's #pir't reviv'd me; I had #ometimes #ome
 Glimm'ring reflections of. the life to come.
 All for his own Son's #ake: to him alwayes
 Be Glory, Honour, and Obedience, Prai#e.
 Two dayes before his death, he found his heart
 Le#s light#ome then it was, and fear'd the #mart
 Would too much try his patience, for his pray'rs
 God heard not; he unbo#omed his fears
 Unto a Godly Mini#ter his friend,
 Who wi#h'd him to be con#tant to the end:
 O play the man, your cau#e is ju#t and true,
 God will appear anon, I'll warrant you.
 The #take in fight, he #aid, I #ee him whom
 I call'd for, Au#tin, Oh he's come, he's come:

And look'd #o cheerful e'en as though new breath
 He #hould receive, and not a painful death.
 Cornelius Bongey, Capper al#o came
 With him, and burned in the #elf-#ame flame.
 Mr. John Glover now was troubled #ore,
 Seeing his brother took for him; therefore
 He would have #uff'red in his brother's #tead,
 But by his friends importunings he fled
 Into the neighbouring Woods, did there abide
 Till he with cares and cold #ickned and dy'd.
 His body privately was buri'd in
 The Church-yard: they his bones dig'd up agin
 A twelvemonth after, threw them out (Opains!)
 For to be trampled on by Hor#es, Wains.
 And thus though in his life, he #caped from
 Their rage, yet after's death, on him they come.
 William the third brother, in Shrop#hire dead,
 Might not (by their con#ent) be buried.
 Wol#ey, and Pigot, #uff'red in the I#le
 Of Ely. And within a little while
 Bi#hop Ridly, and al#o Latimer
 Burned at Oxford. Stephen Gardiner
 That day to dine till almo#t night deferr'd;
 (Th'old Norfolk Duke then with him) having heard
 Word of their deaths, he with a #miling brow
 Said to the Duke, let us to dinner now.
 The Table fill'd, as merry as a Buck
 The Bi#hop was, but on a #udden #truck:
 (Two bits #carce eaten) carry'd from the table
 To bed he was, his pains intolerable;
 Nature he could not ea#e, for fifteen dayes,
 His tongue was #woln, and black, his mouth's a##aies
 Could giv't no hou#e-room; his pin'd body all
 Sadly enflam'd, he ga#p'd and gave a #prawl.
 And now John Webbe, George Roper, Greg'ry Parke,
 At Canterbury burn'd,¹⁷⁹ not mi#s'd their mark.
 One Thomas Whittle Mini#ter, accus'd
 By Bonner, was mo#t wickedly mi#us'd;
 Who fell upon him, beat him with his fi#ts,
 And him enclos'd within a clo#e rooms lifts:
 There (#aid he) though I did on the bare ground lie

179 An. Chr. One 1556:

Two nights I (prais'd be God) #lep'd very #oundly.
 He, Joan Warne, I#bel Fo#ter, Thomas Brown,
 John Went Iobn Tud#on, Bartlet Green, lay down
 Their lives together did at Smithfield #take,
 Of heaven-prepared joys for to partake:
 The la#t of which going to bear the yoke,
 Cheerfully this repeated Dy#tich #poke;
 Chri#te Deus, #ine te #pes e#t mihi nulla #alutie;
 Te duce vera #equor, te duce fal#a nego.

In Engli#h thus:

O Chri#t who art my God
 In thee for mine abode,
 With thee, I onely hope:
 #nder thy Conduct I
 Seek the truth and deny
 The fal#i-loquious Pope.
 He was a man exceeding charitable
 Unto the poor, #o far as he was able.
 Nor did he love (his mode#ty was #uch)
 Pop'lar applau#e, though he de#erved much.
 His beatings he conceal'd, till neer his end,
 When he declar'd it to a bo#ome-friend.
 Anne Albright, Agnes Snoth, Joan Catmer, Sole,
 At Canterbury were burnt to a coal.
 Good Doctor Cranmer, then of Canterbury
 Archbi#hop, al#o pa#t the fi'ry fury.
 At Sal#bury, on William Coberly,
 John Spicer, and John Mandrel, #o did die.
 Richard and Thomas Spurge, Tims, Cavel, Drake,
 Ambro#e, all E##ex-men, fell at the #take.
 Ma#ter Tims many Godly letters #ent
 T'his friends, not long before his life was #pent:
 In one he us'd the#e pa##ages; I prai#e
 The Lord for helping you to minde his wayes.
 Con#ider I be#eech you, what of late
 Fell from my lips, #o #hall we meet in #tate:
 I'm going to the Bi#hops coal-hou#e now,
 And hope to go to heaven e're long; do you
 Hie after me: I have a great while tarri'd
 For you; but #eeing y'are not yet prepared,
 I'll #tay no longer; you #hall finde me ble#t
 And #inging, Holy, Holy Lord of Re#t,
 At my race end; now therefore my dear hearts

Make ha#t and loyter not, le#t light departs,
 And yee (who with the fooli#h Virgins #tay)
 Be with the fooli#h Virgins turn'd away:
 And now in witne#s that I have not taught
 Contrary to the truth revealed, ought,
 My blood-writ name I #end you, for a Te##
 That I will #eal my Doctrine with the re##.
 So fare you well, and God defend you then
 From Antichri##, and his fal#e Prie#ts, Amen.
 U#e con#tancy in pray'r, with faith require;
 And gain the fulne#s of your choice de#ire.
 John Hullier (formerly an Eaton Sholar)
 At Ely, by his patience, conqu'ed dolour.
 Hugh Lavrock John Ap-Rice, this blind, that lame,
 Told Bi#hop Bonner, that he laws did frame
 To take mens lives away, making the Queen
 His hangman: Bonner burn'd them out of #pleen,
 At Stratford-Bow. In Litchfield, Colche#ter,
 Glo#ter, and Lei#ter, many burned were.
 One Mr. Julines Palmer, and #ome more
 At Newb'ry dy'd. One Sharp at Bri#tol bore
 The flames with joy. In Darby town Joan Wa#te.
 (Born blind) did in the fire breath out her la#t.
 Sir John Cheek for the truths #ake underwent
 In London-Tow'r a #ore impri#onment.
 A new Commi##ion from the King and Queen
 (Like Draco's laws) came forth,¹⁸⁰ that they which lean
 T'his Holine#s the Pope, #hould rai#e the fire
 Of Per#ecution yet a little higher:
 By means where of, throughout the Kingdoms quarters
 Pri#ons were #tuff'd with Saints, fires grac'd with Martyrs.
 Fir#t to begin with Colche#ter, where they
 Appended three and twenty in one day,
 And burnt the major part. Margaret Hyde,
 With Agnes Standly, #tak'd at Smithfield dy'd.
 They Stephen Gratwick William Moraunt, King,
 Iato St. Georges field, in Southwark bring,
 And burn together. In the Dioce##
 Of Canterbury, many did profe##
 The truth and #uffered. In Lewis town
 Ten faithful #ervants in one fire laid down

180 Anno 1557.

Their lives for Chri#t; one of them Richard Woodman
 Betraid was b'his father and brother, (good man!)
 Eliz'beth Cooper, Simon Millar too,
 At Norwich fir'd; Eliz'beth cry'd Ho, ho,
 And #hrunk a little: Simon Millar #aid,
 Reaching his hand out to her, What? affraid?
 Rai#e up your #pirits, in the Lord be #trong
 And cheerful; for the#e pains are of no long
 Continuance (Good #i#ter) by and by
 We'll take our #upper with alacrity:
 This #o becalm'd her heart, #he through-#titch run
 The work #he had #o happily begun,
 And #o committing their ble#t #ouls to God,
 They clim'd to heaven, death being under trod
 Mrs. Joyce Lewis a gentlewoman born,
 Accuted, and condemn'd, contemn'd with #corn
 Death's rigid brow: my Chri#t is fair, when him
 I #ee (#aid #he) death looks not half #o grim.
 Urg'd to confe#s before her end begins,
 She #aid, to God #he had confe#s'd her #ins,
 And he had pardon'd them: the Prie#t befool'd
 Told her e're long her courage would be cool'd.
 At #take the Ma#s #he pray'd again#t, cry'd then
 The crowd, and Sheriffe him#elf aloud, Amen.
 Taking a cup of drink, Here here's to all
 That love the truth, and wi#h proud Babel's fall;
 Her friends do pledge her, and #ome others too;
 For which fact penance many undergo.
 Bound at the #take, her #miling ruddy face
 Made all #pectators (pitying her ca#e)
 Go with wet eyes, much grieving for her woes
 Inflicted on her by tyran'cal foes:
 She #triv'd nor #trugled when the fire rag'd mo#t,
 But with her lift-up hands, gave up the gho#t.
 Ralph Allerton, and Richard Roth, With James
 A#too, and his wife, dyed in the flames
 At I#lington; as did at Colche#ter
 Margaret Thur#tone, and Agnes Bongier.
 John Noyes a godly Shoo-maker, who liv'd
 At Laxfield in Suffolk, #entence receiv'd
 There to burn'd: the people in the town
 Put out their fiers, and no hou#e but one
 (And that di#cov'red by the Chimnies #moak)
 Had #ome: the Sheriffe and's Officers in broke,

So got a coal. John Noys 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 passion.
 The fire was kindled, and his last-spoken word
 Was Christ have mercy, O have mercy Lord.
 Within the Diocese of Chichester,
 Many accus'd, condemn'd and burned were.
 Hillingdal, Sparrow, and one Gibson dy'd
 In Smithfield flames. John Rough Minister try'd
 With Margaret Mearing, neer about this time,
 Were also burned for the self-same crime.
 One Cuthbert Symphon, Deacon, in one day
 Though rack'd no less then thrice, would not betray
 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 Devnich fire went thorough.
 One Thomas Hudson, Thomas Carman too,
 And William Seaman, Norfolk-men, did go
 Through tribulation to heavenly bliss,
 To have the crown their own, the crosses they kiss.
 There was one mother Bennet of the town
 Wetherbet, who was driven up and down
 For Jesus sake; returning home, she dy'd,
 Her corps being buri'd by the high-ways side.
 She was exceeding liberal to the poor;
 Her mate once told her merrily, their store
 If she had bin but sparing, had bin much
 To what it was: said she, I cannot grutch

The poor: Alas! good husband, be content,
 Let us be thankful, God enough hath #ent;
 Wee #till (#weet heart) have good competent fare:
 Content's a fear although the fea##t be bare:
 I cannot #ee the needie's wants, and hoard,
 Lea##t in #o doing I di#plea#e the Lord:
 But husband let's be rich in good works #till,
 So plea#ing God, we #hall have all at will.
 One Cicely Orms b'ing ask'd, over his head
 What 'twas the Prie##t held up? #he an#w'red, Bread
 Bread at the be##t; and if you do endeavour
 To make it better, 'twill be wor##e then ever.
 Brought to the #take, #he ki#s'd it, and re#pir'd
 Welcome Chri##ts cro#s, his #weet cro#s #o de#ir'd
 My #oul doth magnify the Lord, my #pirit
 In God rejoyceth, and my Saviours merit.
 So ca#ting up her head, on heaven #he fix'd
 Her eyes, and in the flames her hands commix'd
 She yielded up the gho##t. Thomas Spurdance
 Of Norwich #uff'red for the truths advance.
 George Eagles, Tailour, travell'd up and down
 In #ev'ral countries, went from town to town
 Confirming weaker Saints: in a #hort #ea#on
 At Chelmsford he condemned was for trea#on.
 And hang'd up with two theevs, the one where of
 With tears #ought Chri##t, the orher with this #coffe
 Put off George Eagle's exhortation,
 Our Captain leads, we #hall to heaven anon.
 The Pen'tent thie#e did call upon the Lord.
 The mockers fhtt'ring tongue #pake not one word
 Upon the ladder. Eagles was cut down
 Half dead, his heart pull'd out, his members #troun.
 George Eagles #i#ter, and a man call'd Fryer,
 At Roche##ter did in the fire expire.
 A Proclamation was #ent about,¹⁸¹
 That all good books within this Realm #et out,
 Or from beyond #eas brought, #hould all be turn'd
 To a#hes; if not #o, their owners burn'd.
 Soon after this dire Proclamation,
 Twice twenty per#ons met neer I #lington
 Were caught, #ome #cap'd, #ome burn'd with faggot#ticks

181 An. Chr. 1558.

In Smithfield thirteen, and in Brainford six.
 Amongst the Godly persons there was one
 Nam'd Roger Holland, (who had boldly done
 His duty in reproving bloody Bonner)
 Spake thus: at last, God will redeem his honour
 With your destruction, and will soon avenge
 (His spirit do tells me) your unbridled rage
 Against his Church; he heareth the complaints
 His servants make, for the afflicted Saints,
 Whom you do daily persecuted have
 As us you do now: Christ will shortly have
 His spotless Spouse; in God I dare be bold
 To tell you that you are too fierce to hold.
 And my dear 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 assured.
 Which came to pass; for, for the Lord Christ's sake
 None after them suffered at Smithfield take.
 Said Bonner then, What? Roger I perceive here
 Thou art as bad an Heretick as ever;
 And in thine anger thou wouldst now become
 A railing Proph't, but thou hadst as good be dumb:
 Though thou, and all like thee, would see me turn'd
 Over the ladder, yet to see thee burn'd
 I 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 pass
 The fiery tryal, which not long should last,
 For God intended to abridge straightways
 For his elect's sake, thoseanguineous dayes.
 Roger embrac'd the take, and said, O Lord
 I praise thee for affording me thy word,
 And fellowship with Saints, which in heavens coats
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts:
 O God receive my soul, preserve thy flock,
 Save them from Idols, O be thou their Rock.
 So with his fellowes praising God above,
 They all reposed 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)

I'th' Summer, at noon-day, (of cares devoyd)
 His Bible with him in t'his garden took,
 Sate down to read upon it; on his book
 Four drops of blood fell #uddenly, he knows
 Not whence it came; t'his call'd-wife it he #howes,
 Saying, I well perceive God will have blood;
 It cannot, no, it mu#t not be with#tood:
 His will be done; God help me to abide
 The trial, for without him I #hall #lide.
 And #o they went to pray'r, and in #hort #pace
 Burned he was, in the aforenam'd place,
 One Thomas Hin#haw, like a dog was us'd
 By Harpsfield fir#t, by Bonner next abus'd,
 Who in an arbour pulled down his breeches,
 VVhip'd him with willow-rods, and with #harp #peeches
 Returned him to pri#on: there was one
 John Willis the like u#age 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 #ure I think; but if I might
 Have my de#ires, O then I'faith I'd #titch
 Your mouths up, #ack you, throw you in a ditch
 Or down the #tream, this would I do with #peed;
 My fingers itch to do this pious deed.
 Upon a time Bonner came to the #tocks
 VVhere this John Willis lay, and #pake with mocks,
 How like you (John) your lodging and your fare?
 Willis #aid, VVell, had I a #traw-pad here.
 VVhile thus they commun'd, in the good man's wife
 Came (great with child) to beg her husbands life;
 Told Bonner #he within his hou#e would #tay,
 And there (her count neer out) her belly lay,
 Unle#s her (loving) husband might be #reed,
 And pack along with her. Indeed, indeed,
 Said Bonner then, that were a hand#om trick:
 How #ay'#t thou John, thou damned Heretick;
 Suppo#e thy wife #hould with her brat m#carry,
 And peri#h man, art thou not acce##ary
 To both their deaths? what think#t thou? To be #hort,
 The woman would not go ('cwas pretty #port
 To hear the#e parly) Bonner le#t in's hou#e
 She #hould cry out, did let her husband loo#e
 On ea#ie tearms. A Godly Mini#ter

Nam'd Mr. Richard Yeomans, much did bear:
 At la#t (he finding how his foes were bent
 To take away his life) went down to Kent,
 Selling pins, needles, points, thred, white and black,
 And #ome odd trifiles, to #upply the lack
 Of him#elf, his poor wife and childeren:
 He was impri#on'd but releas'd agen:
 He went to Hadly to his wife, and there
 Hiring a chamber, they abode a year;
 Carding of Wool he #ets him#elf about,
 She #pins; thus pick they a poor living out.
 At length the Par#on having under#tood
 How this good old man liv'd, he took a brood
 Of Officers with him, at night, rebound
 He made the doors, #earch'd diligently, found
 Old father Yeomans and his family laid
 In bed together; whereupon he #aid,
 Ne're tru#t me if I did not think a knave
 I with a whore #hould finde, and #o I have;
 And would have pull'd the bed-cloaths off withall:
 But father Yeomans held them fa#t: Call, call
 Us what you plea#e, here's neither knave nor whore,
 But a cojugal pair in God (though poor)
 I ble#s God for it; you in darkne#s grope,
 And I defie (with all his tra#h) the Pope.
 Then in the cage they carri'd him away;
 There to the #tocks with one John Dale he lay,
 (VWho #hortly after dy'd) he told's faith, for which
 Degraded and condemn'd he burnt at Norwich.
 John Alcock a young man, by trade a Shear-man
 In Hadly-Pari#h #aid, I do not fear man,
 But God if for my God I #uffer 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 thru#t into the lower dungeon,
 Where he with cruel handling, and be#ide
 Ill keeping, #uddenly fell #ick and dy'd.
 One Mr. Thomas Benbridge though e#tate
 Enough he had, yet through the narrow gate
 Of per#ecution did he chu#e to enter
 Into heaven's Kingdom; manfully adventure
 His life and limb for Chri#t, Truth he defended

Again#t the Pope till he was apprehended,
 Condemn'd therefore; at the place unappal'd,
 His rich apparel he put off, and call'd
 Upon his God; then fa#tned to the #take,
 Said Dr. Seaton to him, Do but make
 A recantation, and thou #halt be freed;
 Said Mr. Benbridge, Shall I #o, indeed?
 I thank you, but I will not, Chri#t's my Guerdon;
 I don't regard you man, no, nor your pardon.
 The Doctor #aid, In troth it is a #in
 Good folk, to pray for #uch a dog; begin
 Benbridge, begin a new leaf wilt thou? #ay?
 Away thou Babylonian, away,
 Benbridge reply'd; they kindled then the wood
 VWhich burnt his beard, yet he unmoved #tood:
 Fire #eiz'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 plea#ing God his con#cience to awake)
 And #ix dayes after #uff'red at the #take.
 John Cook, James A#hly, Alexander Lane,
 And Robert Miles, becau#e they did ab#tain
 From going to the Church, did pa#s the Fury
 Of corm'rant Vulcan at St. Edmunds Bury.
 One Philip Humphry, John and Henry David,
 Two brothers, were de#troy'd, and yet were #aved.
 Green Wilmot, Williams, Cotton, Collingborow,
 And Harris, whip'd run through a deal of #orrow.
 One Alexander Gouge, Alice Driver,
 By Mr. Noon a Suffolk-Ju#tice were
 So hunted after, that a while they lay,
 For #afety #ake, hid in a mow of hay:
 The Ju#tice with his men #earching about,
 Thru#t Pitch-forks in the mow, and found them out,
 Sent them to Melton goal, where being prov'd
 A certain time, they were to Bury mov'd;
 At the A##izes, they Chri#t crucifi'd
 Boldly confe##ed, and the Pope defi'd.
 Alce Driver did compare (exceeding well)
 Queen Mary, in her rage, to Je#abel;
 Her ears to be cut off the Judge procur'd,
 Hereat, which #he rejoycingly endur'd.
 Both are to Ip#wieh #ent examin'd there

By Dr. Spencer, Norwich Chancellor,
 And others; the main matter was intent
 About Christ's presence in the Sacrament.
 Alice Driver did so baffle them herein,
 That they had nothing to reply again:
 Thus she concluded then, the Lord be blest
 You are (though learn'd) not able in the least
 To possess God's spirit in me a silly woman
 Of low degree, and tutored by no man;
 I am no Academick, nor was I
 Ever brought up in the University,
 As ye have been; yet in the truth's defence,
 And in the cause of Christ my Master, whence
 My power derive, I will set foot to foot
 To any of you, if you put me to't,
 For to maintain the name; 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.
 Alice Driver's neck being chain'd, O said she (heed)
 Here is a goodly handkerchief indeed!
 Well, 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,
 Which was no little trouble to her soul;
 She thereupon did seek the Lord, and rouse
 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 spiritual 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 pun:
 Yet to her husband she return'd at last,
 Where (but a very little time being past)
 Her neighbours apprehending, carry'd her
 To the Bishop of the town of Exeter;
 She was condemned, and the reason why,

Was that #he #pake again#t Idolatry.
 The Bi#hop #aid to her, VVoman do y'hear?
 Minde your good husband, and your children dear.
 She an#wered, Remembred and forgot
 They're #oon; I have them and I have them not:
 While I enjoy'd my ea#e, I them enjoy'd,
 But now (all #uch relations are voyd)
 Standing here, as I do, in Chri#t his cau#e,
 Where I mu#t either frangifie the Laws
 Of Grace, or Nature; either Chri#t for#ake,
 Or el#e my Husband; I'm content to take
 Chri#t as my heavenly Spou#e, and to renounce
 The other with my children all at once.
 The Bi#hop after much Argumentation,
 Gave her a months time for con#ideration.
 Seeing a Dutch-man who new No#es made
 For images defac'd when Edward #waid;
 She #aid, Mad-man, what mean#t thou to compo#e
 New No#es for #uch images as tho#e,
 Which will #o #hortly loo#e their heads? For this
 She was clo#e pris'ner kep'd, nor did #he mi#s
 Threatnings, taunts #offes, call'd Anabapti#t, whore,
 Mad-woman, drunkard, vagabond, and more.
 Then many #pecious promi#es were us'd,
 Of liberty, of wealth; which #he refus'd.
 With husband, goods, and children they affail
 To win her but yet nothing would prevail,
 Her heart was fixed tru#ting in the Lord;
 She had ca#t anchor, and renounc'd, abhor'd
 The #in-involved world, with all the wiles
 Which Satan u#es when he #ouls beguiles.
 She was devoyd of learning, yet #o vers'd
 I'th' Scriptures, that not onely #he rehers'd
 Appo#ite proofs, Quotations, but could tell
 The Book and Chapter al#o very well.
 Condemn'd and given to the #ec'lar power,
 The country Gentlemen came flocking to her
 Bidding her, yet to call on God for grace,
 And cea#e her fond opinions to embrace,
 So got'her husband, and her children dear;
 Thou art a woman ignorant (we fear)
 And the#e things are too far above thy reach
 (Said they) the #hrub is lower then the Beach.
 I am, #aid #he, 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 he) Christ is my guide,
 His Spirit upholds me, that I cannot slide.
 She, when he heard deaths sentence pass 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 lighting me with thy celestial Quire.
 Woman, said one, be thou a happy wife
 By thy recanting; O the sweets of life!
 No, said he, 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 onely cleave
 Unto my heavenly, and my earthly leave;
 The fellowship of Saints in heaven I trow
 Exceeds the having children here below:
 And if my husband and my children prove
 Faithful, then am I theirs, they have my love;
 God my good father is, God is my mother,
 God is my sister, and God is my brother,
 God is my kinsman, God's my faithful friend
 Who will stick close unto me, till the end.
 To execution then led along,
 She was attended with a numerous throng.
 Bound to the stake, he by the Popish Priests
 Was set upon again (unwelcom guests!)
 To whom he thus: for God's sake now give o're
 Your bible babble, trouble me no more
 With empty sounds fain would I, Oh! divorce
 My self from your impertinent discourse.
 O God be merciful to sinful me,
 For Ah! I onely do depend on thee.
 She stood with admirable patience

Amid#t the flames, and #o her #oul flew hence.
 Sh'had #uch a cheerful look, that one would #ay
 It was her wedding, not her burning day.
 She had been alwayes #ober in her diet,
 Neat in apparel, peaceable and quiet;
 Always a doing, never fitting #till,
 During her health and limbs, by her good will;
 Chain'd to her hou#e; #he ever would refu#e
 To gad abroad, as mo#t ill-hou#wives u#e.
 To all that came to her, her gracious heart
 Would #treams of con#olation impart.
 Gods word was her delight, #he gave good heed
 Ther husband in the Lord, a wife indeed!
 According to her power, #he at her door,
 And at their #ev'ral homes, reliev'd the poor;
 And in the time of her calamity
 Would take no proff'red coyne; for, #aid #he, I
 Am going now to (Heaven) a City, where
 No mony any Ma#tery doth bear;
 And whil#t I here remain, the Lord will feed
 My craving #tomack, and #upply my need;
 It is his promi#e, and full #ure I be,
 That he which feeds the Ravens, will feed m•.
 One Richard Sharp, a Weaver by his trade
 In Bri#tel City apprehended, made
 A large confe##ion of his faith before
 One Dr. Dalby the there-Chancellour,
 Who by per#wative Arguments #o wrought
 Upon his weakne#s, that he #oon was brought
 To make a promi#e, That he would appear
 And publickely recan, and when, and where.
 But after this Apo#tacy, Sharp felt
 His con#cience gall'd, hell's horrour #o indwelt
 His #oul, that he his calling could not minde,
 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 #aid,
 That Altar, neighbours, pray bear me record,
 Is the Great Idol: I deny'd my Lord,
 But from the bottom of my heart am #orry
 For what I don, in hazarding my Glory.
 He caught, condemn'd, and burn'd, with Thomas Hale
 Climb'd up to heaven from this tearful vale.
 One Thomas Ben#on of the #ame town went

To pri#n, for #aying, That the Sacrament
 Was as they us'd it, nothing el#e but bread,
 And not the body of the Lord indeed;
 As for the Sacraments, which you call #even,
 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 #entence;
 And executed, to his God he #ent hence
 His ble##ed #oul, which left its bodie's jail
 For Paradi#e, death having put in bail.
 Now to conclude, The la#t that did maintain
 The Go#pel with their hearts-blood in the Raign
 Of Mary Queen, that hell-begotten fury,
 Were the#e five Citizens of Canterbury,
 John Hur#t John Cornford, (Captains in the fight)
 Chri#topher Brown, Alice Swoth, and Kath'rine knight
 The things imputed to their charge were, that
 Chri#ts real pre#ence they denied flat,
 Affirming onely tho#e that do believe,
 Not wicked men, Chri#ts body do receive.
 The Pope they #aid was Antichri#t, the Ma#s
 Abominable; that a #in it was
 To pray to Saints; that cringing to a cro#s
 Was meer Idol'try and an errour gro#s, &c.
 Sentence of condemnation being heard,
 Forthwith John Cornford, was in #pirit #tirr'd,
 And with an ardent zeal for God, expre#s'd
 In the name of him#elf, and all the re##t
 This doom: I'th' name of Chri#t our Saviour,
 The Son of God, the High#t, and by the power
 Of his mo#t Holy-Gho#t, as al#o by
 The Holy and Divine authority
 Of the Apo#tolick and Cath'lick Church
 (Never yet totally left in the lurch)
 We here turn over to the Prince of hell
 As #laves eternally to howle and yell
 In #ulph'ry flames, the bodies of all tho#e
 Bla#phemers, Hereticks, who do oppo#e
 The living God, and bol#ter up their errours
 Again#t the Truth, hence to the King of Terrours;
 So that by this thy righteous judgement #hown
 Again#t thy foes great God, thou may#t make known
 Thy true religion to thy greater glory

And our #ouls comfort when we read the #tory
 Of thy great power, and to th'edification
 Of all our well-nigh ruined Nation.
 Good Lord, #o be it, be it #o, Amen.
 And this his excommunication then
 Took great effect again#t truth's enemies.
 Queen Mary within #ix 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-ey'd Saints, who wi#h'd proud Babels fall:
 Yet the Archdeacon, and's a##ociates quick
 (Knowing the Queen was dangerou#ly #ick)
 Condemn'd tho#e pious per#ons to the flame,
 And hurri'd them away. When there they came,
 In Chri#t his name they offer'd up their prayers,
 As holocau#is to the Almighty's ears.
 To God they pray'd, to God for ever ble#t,
 Preferring this reque#t among#t the re#t;
 That if it were his will, their blood might be
 The la#t that #hould be #hed, #o Lord pray we.
 No #ooner had they pray'd, but heaven return'd
 A gracious an#wer, they the la#t that burn'd.
 Great God (#aid they) we cheerfully re#ign
 Our #ouls into tho#e ble##ed hands of thine
 Amid#t the#e flames; their #pirits did a#cend
 To glory, which #hall never have AN END.
 Gloria Deo in Excel#is.

SECT. #lt.

God's Judgements upon the Per#ecutors of hic Church and children.

Since fir#t the Go#pel in the Ears did ring,
 Of England under Lucius the King;
 Never did King or Queen the Land #o #tain
 With Chri#tian blood as in her four years reign
 Queen Mary did: #he burned in her fury
 An Arch-Bi#hop, (and he of Canterbury)
 Four Bi#hops, twenty one Divines or more,

Eight Gentlemen, Artificers eighty four,
 Husbandmen, Servants, and poor Labouring men
 Five score; Wives twenty six, Widdowes twice ten; to
 Nine Maids, two Boyes, and two young Babes heaven
 Were sent) in all two hundred seventy seven.
 Sixty four more for Jesus Christ his sake
 Were persecuted more; which could not shake
 Their heaven-built faith; seven whereof were trip'd
 Stark naked, and most mercilely whip'd.
 Sixteen in prison perishing, had dung
 (After the Nabathoean custom) flung
 Upon their outcast bodies: Some did lie
 In captivated chains, condemn'd to die,
 But were deliver'd from approaching death
 By the happy entrance of Elizabeth,
 Our glorious Queen, our Pallas and Athena:
 Of Grace and Virtue the divine Idea,
 Many did depend, by reason of exile,
 Their days in trouble, and their years in toyle.
 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 fairest and greatest man of War
 Unmatch'd i'th' Christian world, call'd the great Harry
 Was burnt by heavenly flames. Then would she marry
 Spanish King Philip, so expose to dangers
 Poor England under barb'rous foes and strangers.
 She labour'd much, but never could attain
 To joyn the English to the Spanish Raign.
 Then did she set about the re-auration
 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 bred,
 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 ere been
 In travel, why? why was it never seen?
 If not, why was the Kingdom so beguiled?
 Some in the Pulpit for her new-born child
 Returning thanks: thus her desires bring crost,
 She then th'affections of her husband lost:
 She could not him enjoy, nor might she mother
 This her first love, by marrying another,
 Although she did so many Judgements feel,
 Yet would she not her bloody Laws repeal:
 She had no mind to stop the opened vein,
 Or close the bleeding Orifice again
 Of dying Saints. At last the Lord did please
 To strike her with a languishing disease,
 Whereof she dy'd; and having held the crown
 Five years, and five months onely laid it down.
 Horrible tempests, mortal sicknesses,
 Plagues, famines, burning fevers, did perse
 The grieved land, (the fourth year she did away)
 And wept a multitude of folks away:
 So that in six weeks space in London there
 Dy'd seven Aldermen. Wheat that same year
 Yielded four marks the Quarter: Mault a Peck
 Fourty four shillings; as much Pease did make
 Two pound six shillings eight pence: to a crown
 The following year a Peck of Wheat came down:
 Four shillings eight pence Mault; of Ry a Strike
 Take for a groat you may, if it you like.
 In her fifth year, a thundring tempest came
 And batt'red down two towns near Nottingham,
 Flung sheets of lead abroad, bells from the temple,
 Tore trees up by the roots, slew divers people, &c.
 Also a great mortality was known
 In Autumn then; Corn stood unreap'd, unmown,
 And rotted in the fields, hence did ensue
 Great scarcity, the lab'ours being few.
 So much of her; nor must my Muse pass by
 Her chiefest Instruments of cruelty,
 First to begin with Stephen Gard'ner then
 Bishop of Winchester, whose end my pen
 Demands to mention twice: I will therefore
 Add onely this, That lying at the door
 Of merc'less death, and being put in mind

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 pent
 A tear, nor can (as Peter did) repent.
 Morgan St. Davids Bishop, who (high badge)
 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. Ley on high Sheriff, set away
 This Martyrs Cattel int'his own ground: they
 No meant 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 found;
 The Lady Jane, (Oh! how her name did wound!)
 The Lady Jane, the Lady Jane; O take
 The Lady Jane away; no more he pake.
 Dunning the Norwich Chancellour for's hate
 To the truth, dy'd as in his chair he ate.
 Berry of Norfolk Commiary, one
 Burn'd harmless 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 palley fall;
 Carry'd to bed, he was defir'd to call
 The Lord to minde: Yea, said he, so I do,
 Not onely so, but my Lord Card'nal too:
 So desperately dy'd. Another tool
 Of Hell at Greenwich went to Card'nal Pool
 To get his blessing; but returning fast,
 He fell down stairs, and brake his neck for haste.
 Grimwood a wretch, who had himself forsworn,
 Being in Harve#t tacking of his corn,
 His bowels suddenly fell out. The two
 Capon and Jeffry Doctors, undergo
 At Sal#bury sudden deaths. Mr. Woodroffe
 Sheriff of London dyed soon enough.
 One Clerk who did the Godly Saints devour.
 Hanged himself, at last in London-Tower.
 Cox a Promoter, going well t'his bed,

When the next morn aro#e, was found #tone dead.
 Dale dy'd of lice. One Troling Smith, a great
 Foe to the truth, dy'd #uddenly •'th'#treet.
 Paul, London Town-Clerk, an accur#ed wretch
 Did voluntarily an halter #tretch.
 A lightning #troke did Robert Baldwin kill.
 Cardinal Pool of an Italian Pill
 Dy'd as 'twas thought. Dr. Foxford, Blomefield,
 And Leland too, to #udden deaths did yield.
 One Dr. Williams Chanc'llour of Gloce#ter,
 Died the death before he was a ware.
 One Lever #aid he had at Oxford been,
 And that ill-favour'd knave, Latimer #een,
 Tooth'd like an hor#e: but mark we what did follow.
 His #on #oon hang'd him#elf. One William Swallow
 Lo#t 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 #hameful death (three pretty Beagles!)
 A Sheriffes man, who cruelty had acted
 Again#t James Abbes, de#pair'd & dy'd di#tracted.
 In Lincoln#hire, Burton who Bayliffe was
 Of Crowland, labour'd to #et up the Ma#s;
 But the Pari#hioners with wi#e 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 (#aid he,) a Ma#s, (what?) may'nt we have?
 Buckle your #elf to it, you whor#on knave,
 Or by Gods-Blood I'll #heath, I that I will,
 My dagger in your #houlder; vex me #till
 Do? you had be#t. Th'affrighted Curate made
 No more ado, but Ma#s in Latin #aid.
 Soon after this, as Burton with one more,
 Rode on the road, a cro•king Crow flew o're
 His head, and dung'd; which falling on his no#e,
 Ran down his #lab'ring beard, but in the clo#e
 Burton was #o perfum'd, that one would think
 No Jakes could yield #o horrible a #tink
 As he good man! Sweet Burton go thy way
 Contented, th'ha#t enough; #uch luck they #ay
 As thine is good: if the be#t luck betide
 To fools, thou art not on the wi#er #ide.
 Ha#t Burton, ha#t what need I bid thee ha#t

Whom mi#chance drives? Oh, Oh, cries he, at la#,
 My very bowels up #uch reachings make,
 My head even breake, ough, ough, and heart-#trings ake:
 A plague upon, a vengance take the crow
 That poy#on'd him, and made him vomit #o:
 And #o he dy'd. The black-ey'd night inters
 Bonners corps among#t thieves and murtherers.

¹⁸²Is not de#truction to the wicked, and #trange Judgements to the Workers of iniquity?

¹⁸³It's a Righteous thing with God, to recompence tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you that are troubled, re#t with us.

Roma diu titubans, varijs erroribus acta,
 Corruet, & mundi de#inet e##e Caput.
 Rome tot'ring long laden with Errours #tore,
 At la#t #hall fall, and Head the World no more.
 AMEN.

182 Job 313.

183 2 The##. 1. 6, 7.

FINIS.