

# 1679. GRATULAMINI MECUM:

O R,

A Congratulatory Essay upon His Majesties Most Happy Recovery.

By ROBERT WHITEHALL, M.B. Oxon.

—Augusto Cæsare Salvo.

Salvi omnes —

**T**Hanks High and Mighty one by whom Kings  
We now return unto our selves again: (raign,  
The Head affected could the Members all  
Lie otherwise than Apoplectical?  
So when a *Spring-head* has not Passage clear,  
The Brooks subside, and gasping Fish appear.

WINDSOR, whose lofty top mounts to the Skie;  
WINDSOR, that Writers do so Magnifie?  
How had thy Name sneakt under ground, & fail'd,  
Had the *Blood-thirsty Traytors* PLOT prevail'd?  
Or had so good a PRINCE by *Nature* dy'd,  
*Nature* & *Thou* (as guilty) had both been try'd.

In *Thee* too long (for shame) without a Tomb,  
The *Best* of Kings lay after *Martyrdom*;  
Regardless full *Thirty Years* were spent,  
(*Twas* well his *Virtues* stood his *Monument*;)   
Whence, let *Contrivers* do well or amiss,  
MAUSOLUS never had the like to *His*.

His Sacred *Urn* disturb'd, who could have heard  
Without *Convulsive-Fits* what Good Men fear'd?  
The Perfume of whose *Asbes* clear'd the *Air*  
More than *Arabian Spices* could by far;  
So that the *Paroxysme* had *Remedy*,  
Not from dull *Phyick*, but by *Sympathy*.

Ask the *Physician* what an *Ague* means,  
He'l talk of *Ebullition* in the Veins,  
*Ferment* and *Circulation* stopt, and chat  
VVhat *Baker* knows, and *Brewer* from his *Fat*:  
Take him aside, and smile him in the face;  
Indeed quoth he, an *AGUE's* our *Disgrace*.

And so it had been, with a *Witness*, sure,  
Had *Providence* not found a *Sovereign Cure*;  
That *Providence* that slumbers not, nor sleeps,  
But his *Anointed* still in *safety* keeps;  
*Vouchsafing* *Combinations* to reveal,  
When the *Foundation's* laid as deep as *Hell*.

VVhether the *breathing* of a *Vein* gave ease,  
And did the *Præternatural Heat* appease  
In *Royal Blood* whose *Spirits* are so purely fine,  
*They* of themselves might to give ease incline,  
VVe argue not; but I dare promise it,  
*Twas* not the *fesuits Powder* chekt the *Fit*.

Summon *Apothecaries*, let them tell  
How often our *Oaken Bark*, for it they sell,  
And *This* as well as *That* has prov'd a *Spell*.  
Sacred to *JOVE*, how could her *Boughs* do less?  
Than yield a *MONARCH* *Shelter* in *Distress*?  
For which the *Powers* above we ever Bless.

There lies our *Fort*, our *Rock* of firm *Defence*,  
Gainst *Foreign* and *Domestick* *Violence*;  
Those *Signal Demonstrations* have been given  
Of *Preservation* (maugre *Spite*) from *Heaven*;  
Prove *CHARLES* on *Earth* *Immortal*; whose  
*Remove*,  
May it be late, then let him Reign above.

*Breath* of our *Nostrils*, who us *Life* dost give,  
*Defender* of our *FAITH*, And Us; long live,  
Lest those that practice *Mischiefs* on Us, say  
*The Shepherd* lost, the *Sheep* shall be our *Prey*:  
Rather let *Day* of *Doom* then *that Day* come,  
When *Protestants* shall truckle under *ROME*.

Had *Romulus* not held a *Wolf* by th'Teat,  
*That Seven-Hill'd City* had ne'r been so great,  
Nor greedy; But now (by *S. Peter's* leave,)   
All *Fish* that comes to th'net they must receive  
Nay more, if they shou'd com (as once *twas* done)  
*With Money* in their mouths, 'tis all their own.

Welcom Great Sir, to *Your Majestick Seat*,  
To *White-hall* Royal, and *Your Chair* of State;  
From whence let *Tamifis* the *Tidings* send  
To *Tyber*, that our *Fears* are at an end:  
Then let the *Consistory* meet again,  
*Fret*, and lay *Cap* aside, to cool the *Brain*.