

THE
CONFINEMENT
Of the SEVEN
BISHOPS.

W Here is there Faith, or Justice to be found ?
Sure, the World Trembles, Nature's in a found,
To see her Pious Sons, Design'd to Fall,
A Victim, for Religion, Truth and All.

The Charms of Piety, are no Defence,
Against the New found Power, that can Dispence
With Laws, to Murder Innocence:
Surely, unless some Pittying God look down,
And stop the Threatning Torrent, it will drown
Divinity it Self.———

The Bishops Prisoners are, we tamely see ;
The Reverend Prelats forc'd to Bow the Knee
To Anti-Christ : No, Mighty Monarch know,
Tho' we must pay to Cæsar what we Owe ;
There is a Power Supremie, by which You Live,
Whose Arm is longer, and Prerogative
Larger by far, than Yours, whose very Word
Can blast Your Hopes, and turn Your two edg'd Sword ;
Can make this Titular Vice-gerent know,
Vertue, like Palm's Deprest, do's higher grow.
Tho' Roab'd in all the Grandure of the State,
Courtiers, like Radiant Stars about You wait,
Midst of Your Glorious Joys, when You put on
That Awful Presence, which becomes a Throne.
Belsazzar like, Three Words upon a Wall,
'Twill Dash Your Joys, and make Your Glory Fall :
His Holyness, That Patriot of Strife,
Tho' he can grant You Pardon, cannot Life.

Arise then, Mighty Sir, in God-like Mean !
As of thy Valor, Let thy Truth be Seen,
Free from Mistrust, Let all Your Words be clear
By Action ; Let Your Promises appear,
Protect the Church, which brought You to the Crown ;
You know 'tis Great, and Honourable to Own,
A Kindness done ; But to Reward with Death,
The Happy Instruments, That gave You Breath,
Is mean ; and might a Catholick Conscience sting,
To cut the Hand of that, Anoints You King.

