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THE PARLIAMENTS KNELL.

F Arewell old Parliament of, seaven years standing
Now make your testament: ther's no disbanding
That very Rebell-route your first upholders,
Are come to pull you out by head and shoulders.

Come let us sing ding dong, till we shake the steeple,
This is a fine new song, Come a long good people,
Come help to ring their knell, they n'ere refuse you,
You needs must use 'em well, that so did use you.

Now all our virtuall Kings must be deposed,
Their tricks, and jugling things are all disclosed,
Their vowes, and their results, now cannot save 'em,
And for their close consults, the Devill will have them.

King CHARLES is loose at last, the Scots have sold him,
And when you had him fast, you could not hold him,
He is now on his way, hee'l no more sue t' yee
Fairfax hath playd faire play, and done his duty.

Your proud Presbytery Cannot protect you
Your wise directory Cannot direct you,
We shall have Bishops store, with Copes and Miter's
Buffle coats shall preach no more, nor Priests be fighters.

Your Wednesdaies and your wayes of humiliation.
Your strange thanksgiving dayes, of prophanation
Now must be laid aside, Christmas is lost else
Old Easter Whitson tide, and the Apostles,

Your propositions and Qualifications
Your Protestations and your abjurations.
Your Covenant and your Oath, of Nonadherence,
Will make the Houses both to flie for feare hence

Now down with Goldsmiths Hall that Golden Idol
That dreadfull Tribunall that did decide all.

Let's have our wives again, now you have fleec'd 'em
They'll serve delinquent men, though you have squeeze'd 'em.

Rise up you philistins leave of your humming
Repent you of your sins King *Charles* is Coming.

Fairfax and *Cromwell* too are at Saint Albone
They'll knock down more of you, then *Sampsons* jaw-bone.

Mr. FINIS.

Aug: 14. 1647

