

T H E
Bishop of Rochester's Cale

Or an HYMN to the

T O W E R



HAIL mighty Fabrick ! *England's* Magazine,
The Ancient *Store-House* of our Kings and Queens !
Who doth within thy stately Walls contain,
More than my Pen can in this room explain ;
Therefore I'll treat of *Ages* past and gone,
And pass o'er Things in Silence lately done ;

And tell of Actions in Proceeding Times,
For those shall be the Subject of my Rhimes.

The Wise and Great *Elizabeth* was here
Confin'd within thy Walls a Prisoner :

The *Royal Dame* tho' Born in highest State,
Could not withstand the Secret Hand of *Fate*.

Religion was the Crime that brought her thither,
And thus *Religion* brings Men God knows whither :

Sometimes our Friends, as *well* as Mortal Foes,
Within thy Bounds thy Circling Walls inclose,

Seven Sacred Pillars of our Church, nay, more,
The famous LAUD and others long before,

For Crimes (I have not room here to relate)

In those *sad Times*, were forc'd within thy Gate.

But their Confinement whither Right or Wrong,

I need not make the Subject of my SONG ;

For 'tis *well known*, in this our present Age,

Why these brave Men were brought upon the Stage ;

Some lost their Lives in coming out from Thee,

And others better Fate did set them Free.

Unhappy MONMOUTH from thy Gates was led,

And on thy Towering Hill resign'd his HEAD ;

But Cruel *Jefferts* died in his Bed.

Renowned *Fenwick* did himself resign,

Into thy Tower, which did him there Confine,

Untill a Law did him of *Treason* Tax,

And consequently brought the fatal AX.

There's other since of very high Degree,

Were forc'd to make a Visit unto Thee ;

Whose cross-grain'd Fate the Powers did Offend,

And brought their Lives unto a Fatal End.

But one Thing more I'd almost quite forgot,

And that was Dr. *Oats's Popish Plot* ;

Who strove with all his Learned Might and Main,

To send Thee Crowds of Guests to entertain ;

But hope such Times will never come again.