

Pretend they'd not ha' carri'd things so high,
 And Proto Martyrs made for Popery ;
 Had the prince done as they design'd the thing,
 Ha' set the Clergy up to rule the king ;
 Taken a donative for coming hither,
 And so ha' left their king and them together ;
 We had, say they, been now a happy nation,
 No doubt we'd seen a blessed reformation.
 For wise men say, 'tis as dang'rous a thing,
 A ruling priesthood, as a priest-ridden king.
 And of all plagues, with which mankind are curst,
 " Ecclesiastick tyranny's the worst."

If all our former grievances were feign'd,
 King James has been abus'd and we trapann'd ;
 Bugbear'd with popery, and Power despotick,
 Tyrannick government, and leagues exotick,
 The revolution's a phanatick plot,
 W ——— a tyrant, S ——— a sot.

A factious people and a poison'd nation,
 Unjustly forc'd King James's abdication.

But if he did the subjects rights invade,
 Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd ;
 And punishing of kings is no such crime,
 But Englishmen ha' done it many a time.

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
 They are no kings, tho' they possess the crown.
 Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,
 The good of subjects is the end of kings ;
 To guide in war, and to protect in peace ;

' When tyrants once commence, the kings do cease ;
 ' For arbitrary Power's so strange a thing,
 ' It makes the tyrant, and unmake the king.'

If kings by " Foreign Priests and armies reign,
 And lawless powers against their oaths maintain ;
 Then subjects must ha' reason to complain,
 If oaths must bind us, when our kings do ill,
 To call in foreign aid is to rebel.