

THE
Four Indian Kings,
 IN TWO PARTS.



PART I.

How a beautiful Lady married to one of
 the Indian Kings,

ATTEND unto a true relation;
 Of four Indian Kings of late
 Who came to this christian nation
 To report their sorrows great,
 Which by France they had sustained,
 To the overthrow of trade;
 That the seas might be regained,
 Who are come to beg our aid.
 Having told their sad condition,
 To our good and gracious queen,
 With an humble low submission,
 Mixt with a courteous men,
 Noble they were all received,
 In bold Britain's royal court.
 Many lords and lady's grieved,
 At the Indian's King's report.
 Now their message being ended
 To the queen's great Majesty,
 They were further befriended,
 Of the noble standers by,
 With a glance of Britain's glory,

Building's troops and many things
 But now comes a pressing story,
 Love fir'd one these four Kings,
 Thus (as it shall be related.)
 Walking forth to take the air,
 In St James's Park their waited,
 Troops of handsome ladies fair,
 Rich and gaudily attired,
 Rubies, jewels diamonds, rings,
 One fair lady was admitted,
 By the youngest of those Kings,
 While he did his pains discover,
 Often fighting to the rest;
 Like a broken hearted lover,
 Oft he smote up'n his breast,
 Breaking forth in lamentation.
 Oh! the pain that I endure,
 The young ladies of this nation,
 They are more than mortals sure.
 In his language he related,
 How her angel beauty bright,
 His great heart had captivated,
 Ever since she came in sight.
 Tho' there are some fair and pretty,
 Youthful proper, straight and tall,
 In this christian land and city,
 Yet she far exceeds them all,

Where I worthy of her favor,
 Which is much better than gold,
 Then I might enjoy for ever,
 Charming blessing a manifold.
 But I fear she cannot love me,
 I must hope for no such thing:
 That sweet saint is far above me
 Altho' I am an Indian King.
 Let me sign but my petition
 Unto that lady fair and clear
 Let her know my sad condition
 How I languish under her,
 If on me after this trial,
 She will no eye of pity cast.
 But return a flat denial
 Friends, I can but die at last.
 If I fall by this distraction,
 Thro' a lady's cruelty.
 Let it be some satisfaction,
 That I do a Martyr die,
 Unto this goddess of great beauty,
 Brighter than the morning day,
 Sure no greater piece of duty.
 No poor captive love can pay.
 O this fatal burning fever
 Gives me little hopes of life.
 If so that I cannot have her
 For to be my lawful wife
 Bear to her this royal token
 Tell her 'tis my diamond ring.
 Pray that it may be taken,
 She'll destroy an Indian King,
 Who is able to advance her,
 In our fine America.
 Let me soon receive an answer,
 From her hand without delay,
 Every minute seems an hour,
 Every hour six I'm sure,
 Tell her it is her power,
 At this time to kill or cure.
 Tell her you see me ready,
 To expire for her sake;
 And as she is a christian lady,
 Sure she will some pity take,
 I shall long for your returning,
 From that pure unspotted dove,
 All the while I do lie burning

Wrapt in scorching flames of love.
PART II.

The Lady's answer to the Indian King's
 Request.

I WILL fly with your petition,
 Unto that lady fair and clear,
 For to tell your sad condition,
 I will to the lady bear
 Shew her how you do adore her,
 and lie bleeding for her sake,
 Having laid the cause before her,
 She perhaps may pity take,
 Ladies that are apt to glory,
 In their youthful birth and state,
 So here I'll rehearse my story,
 Of their being truly great,
 So farewell for a season,
 I will soon return again,
 If she is but endow'd with reason,
 Labor is not spent in vain.
 Having found her habitation,
 Which with diligence he sought,
 Though renowned in her station,
 She was to his presence brought.
 Where he laboured to discover,
 How his lord and master lay,
 Like a pensive wounded lover,
 By her charms the other day
 As a token of his honor,
 He has sent this ring of gold,
 Set with diamonds, save the owner,
 For his griefs are manifold.
 Life and death are both depending,
 On what answer you can give,
 Here he lies your charms contending,
 Grant him love that he may live,
 You may tell your lord and master,
 Said the charming lady fair,
 Though I pity his misadventure,
 Being caught in Cupid's snare.
 'Tis against all true discretion,
 To comply with what I scorn,
 He is a heathen by a profession,
 I a christian bred and born
 Was he king of many nations,
 Crowns and royal dignity,

And I born of mean relations,
 You may tell him that from me,
 As long as I have life and breath
 My true God I will adore.
 Nor will I ever wed an heathen,
 For the richest Indian store.
 I have had my education,
 From my infant blooming youth,
 In this christian land and nation.
 Where the blessed word and truth,
 Is to be enjoyed with pleasure,
 amongst christians kind and mild,
 Which is more than all the treasures
 Can be had with heathens wild.
 Madam let me be admitted,
 Once to speak in his defence
 If he here may then be pity'd,
 Breathe not forth such violence
 He and all the rest were telling,
 How well they liked this place.
 And declared themselves right willing;
 To receive the light of grace
 O then lady be not cruel
 His unhappy state condole
 Quench the flame abate the fuel
 Spare his life and save his soul.
 It is now within your power
 Either to destroy or save
 Let him know this happy hour
 You will heal the wound you gave.
 Now the messenger he pleaded
 With this noble virtuous maid
 All the words then she minded
 Which his master he had said:
 Now she spoke as one concerned
 Tell your master thus from me
 Let him, let him first be turned
 From his gross idolatry:
 If he will become a christian
 Keep and love the truth revealed
 I will make him grant the question
 Or before will never yield.
 Although he has pleased me
 His fine ring and diamond stone
 With this answer pray commend me
 To your master yet unknown,