Most gracious, omnipotent,  
And everlasting Parliament,  
  Whose power and majestic  
Is greater than all kings by odds;  
Yea, to account you less than gods  
  Must needs be blasphemy.

Moses and Aaron ne’er did do  
More wonders than are wrought by you  
  For England’s Israel;  
But through the Red Sea we have passed—  
If you to Canaan brings at last,  
  Is’t not a miracle?

In six years’ space you have done more  
Than all our Parliaments before—  
  You have quite done the work;  
The cavaliers, the King, the Pope,  
You have o’erthrown, and next we hope  
  You will confound the Turk.

The heads of Strafford and of Laud  
You did cut off, because by fraud  
  They would have made us slaves;  
But sure you were ten times more just,  
Who Carew and the Hothams trust\(^1\)  
  For they were arrant knaves.

By you we have deliverance  
From the designs of Spain and France,  
  Ormond, Montrose, the Danes;  
You, aided by our brethren Scots,  
Defeated have malignant plots,  
  And brought their swords to canes.

What wholesome laws have you ordain’d,  
Whereby our property’s maintain’d  
  ’Gainst those would us undo!  
Yea, both our fortunes and our lives,  
And, what is dearer, e’en our wives,  
  Are wholly kept by you.

O what a flourishing church and state  
Have we enjoy’d ere since you sat!  
  What a glorious king, God save him!  
Have you made His Majesty,  
Had he the grace but to comply  
  And do as you would have him?

When Hell was not enough to fright  
And make the royal party right,  
  You wisely did invent  
That dreadful Tophet Goldsmiths’ Hall,\(^2\)  
And committees worse than Devil and all,  
  For their full punishment.

Your directory how to pray  
By th’ spirit, shows the perfect way;  
  In zeal you have abolished  
That Dagon of the Common Prayer;  
And next we see you will take care  
  That churches be demolished.

What multitudes in every trade  
Of painful preachers you have made  
  Learned by revelation?  
Oxford and Cambridge make poor preachers,  
Each shop affords better teachers—  
  Oh blessed Reformation!

Your godly wisdoms have found out  
The true religion, without doubt;  
  For sure amongst so many  
(We have five hundred at the least—  
Is not the Gospel well increased?)  
  One must be pure, if any.

Could you have done more piously,  
Than sell church lands the King to buy,  
  And stop the cities’ plaints;  
Paying the Scots church militant,  
That the new gospel help to plant;  
  God knows they are poor saints!

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\(^1\) Sir Alexander Carew (1609–1644) M.P. for Cornwall, was beheaded for attempting to deliver Plymouth to the Royalists. Sir John Hotham (1610–1645), father and son, plotted to surrendered Hull to the Royalists.

\(^2\) The Committee for Compounders for Delinquency sat at Goldsmiths’ Hall, London.
Because the Apostles' Creed is lame,  
Th' assembly do a better frame,  
Which saves us all with ease;  
Provided still we have the grace  
To believe th' two Houses i'th' first place,  
Let our works be what they please.

'Tis strange your power and holiness  
Can't the Irish Devil dispossess,  
His kind is very stout;  
That though you do so often pray,  
And every month keep fasting-day,  
You cannot get him out.

Who will not pay with all his heart  
Excise, the fifth and twentieth part,  
Assesments, taxes, rates?  
'Tis easy what both houses levy;  
Our duties to the King were heavy,  
But all we have's the state's.

For all your sufferings and your pains,  
What in the end shall be your gains  
You never did regard;  
Some twenty thousand pounds a man,  
An office too; alas! who can  
Think that a fit reward?

Wherefore, as soon as you're dissolv'd,  
To show our thanks we are resolv'd;  
The King himself engages  
Another Parliament to call,  
Which your deserts consider shall,  
And surely pay your wages.