

A PANEGYRICK

London, 5 June 1647

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 trust¹
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!

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

²The 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,
Assessments, 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.

“A Panegyrick, Faithfully Representing the Proceedings of the Parliament at Westminster Since Their First Sessions to this Present, Wherein Their Wonderfull Acts Are Truly Declared and What is Further by Them to Be Expected,” in *English Poetry, Ballads, and Popular Literature of the Middle Ages* (London: The Percy Society, 1841), III:8–13.