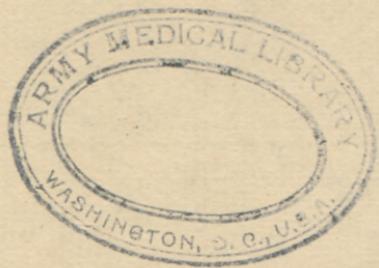




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# A Dialogue betwixt

a Citizen, and a poore Coun-  
trey-man and his wife, in the Coun-  
trey, where the Citizen remaineth  
now in this time of sicknesse.

Written by him in the *Cowntrey*, who sent  
the coppie to a friend in *London*.

Being both pittifull and pleasant.



Printed at London by *R. Outcon* for *H. Goffson* upon  
London-Bridge neare to the gate 1636.

A Dialogue betwixt

a Citizen, and a poore Com-

ney-man and his wife, in the Com-

ney, where the Citizen remaneth

now in this time of sicknesse





A Dialogue be-  
twixt a Citizen and a  
Countrey-man.

*Citizen.*

**G**ood Even good frend, inhabite you nere hand?  
*Countrey-man.* Chy dwell not varre hence, what  
would you I pray?

*Citti.* No harme, I would but kindly understand,  
Where I might lodge and eate, and frankly pay. (come

*Conn.* Why fir, whence come you? masse chi veare you  
From London, where the Plague is parlous hote,  
And it be so, no further woordes, but mummie:  
No meate, nor drinke, nor lodging will be got.

*Citi.* Alas, why so? are you a Christian,  
And suffer any die for lacke of foode?  
I am not sicke beleve me honest man,  
I would not doe thee hurt for any good.

*Conn.* Yea zo zay all that know not where to goe,  
When as the Plague doth drive them from the City:  
But many a one doth worke himselfe great woe,  
With foolish shewing of an other pittie.

*Citizen.* Why heere is gold and silver for thy pains,  
He richly pay for whatsoere I take.

*Conn.* Youle pay the Plague. O these are prety trains,  
Which,

## A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen

Which makes the simple woefull bargaines make.

*Cit.* Why search, and see, if I be not as found,  
As any creature in your Country here.

*Comm.* Oh sir, th' infection is not so soone found,  
for Cloathes will keepe the Plague in halfe a yeare.

*Cit.* Yet let me lodge but in your barne or stable.  
Some cote, or out-houfe, that you best may spare:  
Ile be content to take a simple table,  
Nor shall you finde me dainty of my fare.

*Comm.* Sir, hold your rest, they zay a horse, a hog,  
And cattes and mise, will die of that disease:  
I promise you, I would not lose my dogge,  
Not for a strike of the best beanes and pease.

*Cit.* But doe you make of cattell more then men?  
That were unchristian, Heathens doe not so:

*Comm.* Why let us want our cattell, horse, and then  
How dogged some men we shall finde I know.

*Cit.* What men are they, that in extremity,  
Will not in conscience christian pittie shew?

*Comm.* Even you rich Land-lords that have heard our  
Yet racke your rents, how ere our sororws grow, (cry,  
Fruit blasted, cattell die, be ne're so poore,  
Pay rent at day, or turne us out of doore.

*Cit.* Why we are thousands that no rent receive,  
But subiect are to Landlords, and their wills:  
It is the Devill doth the world deceive,  
Which town and countrey with his venome fillce.  
Be pittifull, and think not on the worst,  
Beleeve me, I am free from this infection:  
The kinde are blessed, and the cruell curst,  
Beasts in their kinde will shew their kinde affection.

*Comm.* Indeed: I heare an Ape will lime himself  
With putting on a paire of painted breeches;

But

But I will not so play the foolish else,  
 To kill my self with listening to your speeches.  
 There came this other day into our town,  
 A handsome fine old man for flesh and blood:  
 And as you doe, went plodding up and down,  
 And was (some zay) a man of much worlds good,  
 Met a poore man, as you doe me, and quierd,  
 Where he might come by lodging, meat, and drink.  
 The man with money, being poore, was hierd  
 To get him lodging: and where doe you think?  
 But in a cottage of his own hereby;  
 Where well he had not rested full three dayes,  
 But he was dead and buried by and by,  
 Whose purse the poore man to much wealth did raise,  
 But long the riches did not with him bide:  
 For in a week his wife and children died,  
 Save onely two, which yet are in good health:  
 But as for me, I seek for no such wealth.

*Cit.* Why trust me of my word, you need not fear,  
 Both you and yours shall better fare by me.  
 I am not sick in faith and truth I swear,  
 My clothes are fresh, and not infected be.

*Conn.* I pray stand further, some will zay, the winde  
 Will bring it through ones nose into their brain.

*Cit.* Alas, their faith is of a fearefull kinde,  
 Whose idle heads doe beate on such a vaine.

*Conn.* Why ist not sectious, and doth kill so many?  
 Why cattes and dogges will beare it to and fro.

*Cit.* Yea cats and dogs, but christians few, if any  
 That take it, in the time they pittie show.

*Conn.* Oh, you are fine, it is, and tis not, well:  
 You feare it, and flie from it where it is,  
 And yet you zecme an idle tale to tell.

## A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen

How zome twill hit, and other some twil misse :  
But be what twill, our Iustices of Peace  
Have chargde our parish, upon paine of gaile,  
To take in none, untill the sickenesse cease :  
And thinke you such Precepts of none availe ?

*Citizen.* Alas, should so our Citty keepe you out,  
How would you sell your corne to pay your rent ?  
It may be ere the yeere doth goe about,  
You may this lacke of charitie repent :  
For God can shew his mercy where he will,  
And plague all those that will no pittie show :  
The Citty well, the Country may be ill :  
(But yet I pray the Lord it be not so.)  
You are not free from sinne, no more than wee,  
Nor yet free from deserved punishment :  
Let us then now in you your pittie see :  
And by our plague learne you amendement :  
Be not afraide man, do not stoppe your nose.  
Me thinke, your age should bid you feare no death.

*Conn.* Yet am I loath, good sir, my life to loose,  
By an infection of a plagny breath :  
But what will all my neighbours thinke on me,  
If they should know that you from London came,  
There would be worke enough ywis for me,  
To shut up me, my houghold and my dame.  
*Cit.* That were but if some in your house doe die,  
Of the infection, and not otherwise.

*Conn.* I tell you no, they are so jealous,  
They are almost afraid of London flies :  
A Londoner is lookt on like a sprite,  
The Citi's thought a Sepulchre or grave.

*Cit.* Oh faithles foules whose harts are so affright,  
All civill rites and government they have.

But

and a Countrey-man.

But for your selfe, let me intreate you yet,  
Some little roome, and vittaile what you will,  
Ile pay you well and one day thinke on it,  
And for ycur kindenesse not requite you ill.

*Comm.* What? shall I danger all my house for you?  
The losse will be farre greater then my gaine,  
If that your passe the Constable allow;  
The best I can, I will you entertain.

*Cit.* Then need I not your Courtesie intreat,  
But say I have none, shall I starve for food?

*Comm.* No, God forbid, Ile help you to some meat,  
Which you may eat upon that piece of wood;  
Many a good time have I upon that blocke  
Fed hungerly, on such as God hath sent,  
Though now the Lord increased hath our stocke.  
On Easter dayes we doe not make our Lent,  
But, should I lodge you in my little house,  
And that my Dame would so contented be,  
If there should die a catte, a ratte, a mowse,  
That any neighbour by ill chance should see,  
I were undone: and if that you should die,  
You must be buried here in my back side,  
For not a man of all our ministry  
Will bury them that of the plague have dide,  
And therefore this is all that I dare doe,  
Vnder that hovell where my hogges doe lie,  
Set down, Ile bring you drink and vittaile too,  
The best I have, there you may sit you drie,  
Soon, if my Dame will gree thereto, Ile see  
What may be done, but further, pardon me.

*Wife.* Bones man, how now? who's that you talk to so,  
A Londoner? for Gods sake come away,  
Are you too well? what doe you meane I trow?

A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen

You doe not know yet who is dead to dy,  
My neighbor Ione that tooke home her Iame sonnes,  
Both dead, and thus we shall be all undone,  
The fection will be round about the towne,  
So many came to them when they were sicke,  
And knew not twas the plague : her wosted gowne  
She gave my Iugge, and her sonnes cloake to Dicke :  
But I will hang them on the pales all day,  
And ayre them well, before they put them on.  
But, pray doe you leave talking, come away,  
Lett you be taken napping too anon.

*Cit.* Why hearke you Madge, the man is haile and  
For aught I see, and haz good store of golde : (well,  
Faith, be content, cha heard my vather tell,  
They are no men that doe no pittie holde :  
Thou seest tis late, the mans a handsome man,  
Wel coloured, well clad, and monied too :  
The Zittie may doe wel againe, and than,  
God knowes what good the man for us may doe.

*Wife* Well zaide y wis, when he 'haz killd us all,  
Where goes his good, when we are under ground?

*Cit* Good woman, let no feare your heart appall,  
I would not hurt you for a hundred pound.

*Wife* And truely honest man, if I knew how,  
I could find in my heart to doe you good,  
And this I care not if I doe for you :  
Ile see you shall not starue for lake of foode,  
Though some heere in our towne are so hard hearted,  
They care not though they see a thousand die :  
But God be thanked, some of them have smarted  
For the wing of such dogged cruelty :  
But for it seemes that God hath done his part  
In you, I hope you are a Christian,

I will be glad in troth with all my heart,  
 To doe you good, and doe the best I can :  
 You shall come in, Ile venture once a joynt :  
 What my poore house can yeeld, you shall command,  
 I care not for the Constable apoynt :  
 For if by chance that any man demand,  
 From whence you come, or what you are, or so :  
 Ile frame a tale shall serue the turne I trow.  
 Come in on Gods name, man, be of good cheere,  
 My daughter Iugge shall goe for double beere :  
 I have a goose, a ducke, a pigge, a chicke,  
 A peece of bacon, butter, milke, and bread.  
 God holde you sound, that you doe not fall sicke,  
 You shall doe well : but truely for your bed,  
 You must content your selfe, with such a one,  
 As our poore state affoordes, and we have none  
 But two of strawe, and one poore matteresse,  
 That you shall haue, we keepe it for a friend,  
 And you are welcome, you shall finde no lesse,  
 And glad I bought it to so good an end.

*Cit.* Good woman, God reward your kinde good  
 Which at your hands I take most thankfully, (will,  
 And credite me, you neede to feare no ill :  
 Beleeve me, none before his time shall die,  
 I hope my comming shall be for your good :  
 Your pullein onely by my meanes may die :  
 But I will pay you soundly for your brood.  
 I pray you kill a pullet by and by :  
 Heeres golde and silver, send for bread and beere,  
 God give us health, and we will have good cheere.

*Conn.* Why loe you wife, you know how money goes :  
 Surely, God sent him for our good, I see :  
 I hope in God at last we shall not lose,

## A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen

By doing good to such a one as he :  
But pray remember that you goe to morrow  
To maister Baily with our Landlords rent:  
And if you lacke, you know where you may borrow.

*Cit.* No borrowing now, I pray you be content:  
I will supply your want, what ere it be:  
You shall not finde so ill a guest of me,  
Here's forty shillings, which I freely give. (live.

*Com.* God blesse your worship, and long may you  
*Wife.* Amen pray God: Ho Sisse, goe take the kan,  
And fetch some beere and white bread for this man:  
But take heed that you tell not for whom 'tis,  
And hie you home again, And heare you Sisse,  
If any chauce to see him, and doe quire  
Who tis, say tis my Gossip maister Squire,  
But and they doe not aske, say nothing, no:  
Goe, let me see how quickly you can goe:  
Jugge, kill the peckled pullet, the red chicke,  
Scald them, and to the fire with them quicke, quicke:  
Bid Dicke goe fetch in stickes, cleave an old pale:  
And Gentleman, love you a cuppe of Ale?  
That we have in the house, pray sit you down,  
And welcome, tut, a pinne for all the town,  
My husband is an honest man, and I  
Feare not the best of them a halfpenny:  
I pay the Parsons tithe, and Scot, and Lot,  
And care not for the Constable a groat:  
A sort of Hogges will see men die for food:  
They, or their brattes will come to little good:  
I marvell what the pestilence they scrape for,  
And what tis their wide mouths do yawne & gape for :  
But meate and drinke, and cloth for me and mine,  
I seeke no more, nor care I to be fine:

To

and a Countrey-man.

To pay my rent, and with my neighbours live,  
And at my doore a dogg a bone to give.  
Be merry Gentleman, I pray be merry,  
And take your rest, I feare me you are weary.

*Citti.* Not much, my walke hath not bin long to day,  
And your good mirth drives wearinesse away :  
I thank you for your kindenesse heartily,  
And if I live, Ile quite it thorowly.

*Wife.* I thank you sir, I doubt it not ywis,  
Husband, I pray goe meet my daughter Sisse,  
And beate her home : you spoile her, that you do :  
Iugge, blowe the fire, and lay the pullet to.  
Sir, you may see rude gearles, they are but rawe.  
Sisse, set downe your kanne and fetch in fresh straw,  
Lay in the bedde, and aire the hempen sheetes  
That lie in the browne chest, and strew some sweetes  
Along the windowes, I hope, Marioam,  
A Rose or two : come Gentleman, pray come,  
Take a hard cushin, be of good cheere I pray :  
Griefe doth no good, no, no, cast care away :  
I thanke my God that hither thus hath sent you,  
And if our fare and lodging will content you,  
Stay even your pleasure, til your selfe be weary,  
Weele doe the best we can to make you mery.

*Cit.* It was my hap, after a weary walke,  
With this good man and wife to fall in talke :  
And where before I went in heart full grieved,  
I could not in my sorrow be relieued :  
Each sullen slowch and stut would so disdain me,  
As if they scornd or feard to entertaine me :  
Scarce bread and drinke for mony I could get,  
Which from the house upon the ground was set,  
As if that one should cast a dogge a bone.

A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen. &c.

And thus I wandred up and down alone,  
Vntill I met these honest people here,  
Who for my money made me hearty cheere,  
And kindly carefull of me every way.  
With good content I here was glad to stay,  
Where I beheld a number passing by,  
That (as I heard) did in the high-wayes die:  
Some harbourlesse, and some through want of food,  
While faithlesse hearts did feare to doe men good.  
Oh heavy time, how many hearts are broken  
With helpelesse grief, is not to be spoken:  
But God almighty look upon the Citie:  
And in his mercy shew his glorious pitie,  
To cease this plague, or killing pestilences:  
Forgive us all the ill of our offence.  
Preserue his people, and our health restore,  
That we may love and praise him evermore.  
Preserue the Court and Country every where:  
Our King and Queene, their royall progeny,  
Their Counsell, friends, and all that true hearts beare  
Vnto their gracious worthy Maiestie.  
And blesse both Court, Citty, and Country so,  
That none may to another stranger be,  
But passage free for every man to goe,  
And friend his friend in friendly love may see,  
And all to gether may accord in one,  
To give all glory unto God alone.

Amen.





# London Trumpet

Sounding into the Countrey.

*When Death drives, the Grave thrives*

**S** Anne calls downe Punishment : Punishment should bring forth Amendment of life : Amendment euer meets with mercy, and mercy stops Sicknesse, when 'tis in the highest speede : So that if we still goe on in wickednesse, we must ebery weeke looke to have the bill of Terroz strike us moze and moze.

The visitation, (and rightly may it carry that Name) hath now foure times in a few yeares rode circuite thzough the whole Kingdome, and kept a dreadfull Sessions, within London, and round about it : Death does at this houre Scout up and downe the Subarbes, and shewes his Chastly face in some Parrishes of the Citty.

Those houses which are shut up, Charity opens, and most liberally feedes them. Those houses of poore Handy-crafts-men, that stand open, are for want of worke pinch'd with hunger, and the people ready to goe a begging.

Yet there is one comfort, there is no man (bee he never so poore) but meets in ebery corner, one poorer than himselfe : So that, what Adversities soever are layd

## founding into the Countrey.

layd upon us. Wee are bound to prayse God, in that wee are not call'd downe to the lowest Misfortunes in the World, for wee heare of ten thousands in foraine places, in farre worse estate then wee are.

Now, as Men and Women, have a particular cause to send their Devotions up to Heaven. when they compare their present beings (how wretched soever) with others more wretched: So many Townes, Cittyes, and Kingdomes, may (in generall) lift up their eyes with joy, when albeit the Divine vengeance hath smote them, with a Pate of Iron: Yet if they looke on their Neighbours, miserably torne in pieces: They behold those overwhelmed with more raging billows then they seele or see comming nere themselves.

As for example, this goodly and beautifull City of London, hath now but a few faynt spots set in her flesh: A few pestilentiall sores sticking on her body: But a few Tokens are sent her, to bid her Remember, who sees her doings: She heares no great Number of Bells Tolling: No terrible number of Graves are opened in her sight: No whole Streets of houses are now shut up with Redde Crosses on the doores: And Lord have Mercy upon us, over those doores, to fright Beholders: There are not such Fines, and Incomes, to be payd for Tenements of the dead, (Heaven be blessed) as there were either at the comming of King James to his Crowne, or of King Charles our Soberaigne to his.

Alas, these markes, Printed (London) upon thee now, are but Fle-bitinges to the Stripes which dye blood from thy very Heart, in those dayes of Desolation.

And yet, how art thou Frighted? How pale are thy Cheekes: How does this one fit of a burning Feaver,  
C  
inflame

## London's Trumpet

inflame all thy body: How dost thou shake the Head, and complaine, that doings are cold: that Trading lies dead: and that money keepes her bedde, and is not stirring.

How doe thy Coaches, and Carriages runne throow the Streets, and so out at thy Gates, full of brave, rich people, to live safe (as they hope in the Countrey: Not caring how sorrowfull a life, thou leadeest here in their absence.

How little doe they regard the poore, which they leave behinde them? What is it to them, if some poore wretches drop downe in the Streets: This touches not them: It wounds not them: Gallants, and Cittizens, take leade of them with much complement at the Coaches side, the Coachman with his Watt off, asking if hee shall set forward: Ah, on, they then all cry, and away ( in a Hurry: ) Thunder they ( O London ) out of thy Reach.

Yet, cast thine eye on this Picture above, they cannot be out of his reach: who is ready to follow them, with Times Glasse in one hand, and his owne blacke darts in the other. This Rawbone Foot-man can runne by the side of the Coach-horses, and smite the officious Coachman in the midst of his journey.

When in heapes, people stand gazing on a dead Corps suddenly stricken downe in the fields: This cunning dart-caster, can stand befoze them, looke at them, threaten them, and tell them ( when hee's bidden but to shote ) They shall feele the strength of his leane arme, as well as the others.

And yet, albeit so many Waggones laden with Household-stuffe, are every day dratone from thee: Albeit so many doozes are lockt up, and so many take their heales,  
and

## sounding into the Countrey.

and fly in this day of Battaille : Yet their flight is for the most part into the mouth of danger. For, the Countrey lookes with a moze pale, and sickly Colloour, then (London) thou doest.

Rejoyce not that they Neighbours are so ill, but clappe thy hands for joy thou thy selfe art no worse. Pray for thy Distressed friends, neighbouring Townes, and Cities : And releive them to thy power, if they want. As thou hast with a Noble, Free, and bountifull hand done to some of late already.

It is warrantable by the Lawes of God, to Hunne infection, and to fly persecution : Divines and best men, doe the one, And the Partyes when they lived did the other. But now (blessed be the white hand of mercy) there are no such Tyrannical Enemies beating at thy gates.

If they that are in the fulnesse of Riches, and the fatnesse of the Land, have Mannors, and Lordshippes to ride too: And Countrey-houses to repaire too, for pleasure, to abyde infection : In Gods name, let them goe, with them well at their setting forth, welcome them with Embraces at their comming in : But withall put them in minde of one thing, to doe some good to the poore in the Countrey, though now they do none here, and all shall be well.

And you in the Countrey, whose Barnes are full of Corne, and whose fieldes are crow'nd with blessings: Thou, into whose Postilles the breath of Heaben, suffers his wholesome ayze to passe t and fro, to give you health, and to make long lusty old age waite upon you at your Tables : Lo you I speake, your eyes doe I wish to be opened To looke backe at your hand and unkinde dealings with Cittizens, in the two last great Sick-

## London's Trumpet

nesses : Remember how your Infidelity then , hath  
beene punished since : And therefore welcome the  
Sonne, and Daughters of London coming to you  
now, as if they were your owne.

This Sicknesse call'd the Plague, hath a quick foot,  
and a stirring hand : Yet (blessed be the sender of this  
dreadfull Pursvant) he has not beene too busie with us  
as yet : Let your eyes but looke beyond Seas, into other  
Citties and you will acknowledge the Almightyes  
Percy Wonderously extended to us. For, those three  
punishments (Sword, Pestilence, and Famine,) of  
which Davids Prophet bid him (from an Angels mouth)  
make his choyce of one, doe at this instant hotly lay a-  
bout them in some part of Italy : In so much, that for 4.  
Moneths, (Now in this Summer) there have dyed of  
the Plague in Millan, 30000. In Mantua, 36000. In  
Parma, 20000, And so in other Citties great number  
besides.

The soft wings of compasston, all this while Cover us,  
not that we deserbe to be spared, but that out of his love,  
God does spare us. For in this last blow, which hee gives  
us, hee fights not with many old men, hee gives them time  
yet to repent, noz with many young men, hee winks at  
their faults a while hoping, they will bee wiser: But looke  
oder all your wackely Wils, ever since there dyed at first  
but one, and you shall finde, of Infants and young Chil-  
dren, twenty for one snatched out of their Crabies, be-  
cause God will bee sure to increase his Saints in Heaven.

The King of Kings when hee sees his time, shorten and  
end these miseries, and powre doone his wanted bles-  
sings on this Land, This Citty, us all, A P C P.

Death.

*Harve with you into the Countrey.*



Have with you into the Countrey.

*Death* **N**OW whether a Gods name run you so fast,  
Why ride you here, why trudge you there?  
As though for fear you were agast,  
come stay your journey strait,

For doe you not know in field or town,  
That I am a captain of high renowne,  
So when I list, I can beate you downe,  
for still I lay in wait.

Consider then, I pray you men,  
What moves you thus to flie?  
Come home again for I tell you plaine,  
That here I could make you die.

*Life* What art thou every where to finde?  
Fearefully thus thou comest to us,  
With crueltie thou art inclinde,  
for to pursue men still:

Thou wast in London when we came out,  
Throwing thy deadly darts about,  
And now in the Countrey thou art as stout,  
to follow thy froward will.

What needest thou to make us bow.

The ayre is pleafant here:

The grasse doth spring, the birds doe sing:

For Gods sake come not neare.

*Death* Oh weak of faith I see you are,  
Consider and know what *David* doth show,  
In the sixt Psalme his sayings are,  
as thus it doth begin:

Good Lord in rage rebuke me not,  
When thy displeasure is waxen hot,  
For then we must needs go to the pot,  
as herbs that be put in.

Crie mercie then, you sillie men,

## Have with you into the Country.

For wonderous weake you bee :

You are perplexed, your bones are vexed,

As far as I can see.

*Life.* O Lord our Soules are troubled fore,

Release our grief, and send reliefe,

Have mercy as thou hadst before,

forgive our sinnes and save our lives.

Or else it little doth availe

For death doth follow us at the tayle,

O let thy mercy still prevaile,

saue us like Bees in hives.

And thus we knowe it needes must go,

That thou maist have thy will :

Thou hast met us heere, as doth appeere,

Which thought to have lived still.

*Death.* Is not *Iehoua* your chiefe defence?

For under his wings he keeps all things,

Then what have you need to run from hence,

if that your faith were strong?

Though the ayre be fresh, and fields be greene,

And goodly frutes which you esteeme,

Yet I can come when least you deeme,

and lay you all along

On Christ be bolde, to take your holde,

Your anchour-holde is hee,

None other may, this pestilence stay,

But all must come to mee.

*Life.* Alas our flesh is fraile to see,

When Christ did grone, and make such mone,

Besides the mount of *Calverie*,

when thou approchedst neere:

And there did sweate both water and bloud,

And suffered death to do us good,

These

## Have with you into the Countrey.

These things of thee are understood,  
twas seene that thou wa'st there.  
At last did hee, both sinne and thee,  
Tread downe and conquer too,  
Which faith of his, if we should misse,  
Alas what should we doo.

*Death.* I come not everie way a like,  
Three darts in band, I hold in hand,  
The first is warre, when I do strike,  
in other Counties farre,  
And I thinke all *Belgia* quakes at mee,  
And *Spaine* you know hath not gone free,  
'Tis much to speake of each Countrey,  
for I turne them all to dust.

And here the rest shall be exprest,  
Of two darts more in store,  
Of *Famins* power, which doth devoure,  
Whole regions more and more.

*Life.* Then the dart of *Pestilence* at the last,  
Takes all in store, were left before,  
Oh spare us Lord, weele pray and fast,  
and all our finnes repent :

Vouchsafe to stay, sweet *Christ* thy hand,  
Vpon this sinfull *English* land,  
And give us grace to understand,  
these dangers to prevent.

'Tis time to pray, that he away,  
His indignation take :  
Lord grant us grace, in everie place,  
Petitions for to make.

FINIS.























Med. Hist.  
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