

Upon the Murder of King Charles I

I. Upon the double Murther of K. CHARLES I. in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes made by Vavasor Powell.

I think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great helm is turn'd:
But as that son whose father's dangers nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd organs; so here's a fair cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's laws.
Silence were now a sin, nay Passion now
Wise men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by every Ass?
Has Charles so broke God's Laws, he must not have
A quiet Crown nor yet a quiet Grave?
Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear.
Great Charles his double misery was this,
Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies.
Had any Heathen been this Prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd so.
His Title was his Crime, they'd reason good
To quarrel at the Right they had withstood.
He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die;
And what shall then become of thee and I?
Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.
But I admire not at this new supply:
No bounds will hold those who at Sceptres fly.
Christ will be King, but I ne're understood

His Subjects built his Kingdom up with bloud,
Except their own; or that he would dispence
With his commands, though for his own defence.
Oh! to what height of horroure are they come
Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb!