

LONDINENSES LACRYMÆ.

LONDONS

Second Tears mingled with her Ashes.

A P O E M

By *John Crouch.*

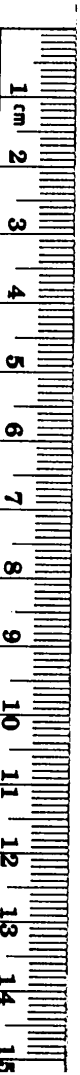
Non Priamus tanti, totaque Troja fuit.

C R O N O G R A M.

Vrbs LonDon CoMbVsta fVI.

M. D C. L X V I.

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Londinenses Lacrymæ.

A P O E M.

THOU *Queen* of Cities, whose unbounded fame
 Shadow'd thy Country and thy Countries Name!
 London! that word fill'd the vast Globe; *Japan*
 Saluted *Londoner* for *English-man*.
 'Twas thy peculiar, and unrivall'd pride
 At greatest distance to be magnify'd. [**Paris*.]
 When thy next **Christian* Sister scarce do's know
 Whether there be another World or no:
 When the false *Dutch* more known in Forreign parts,
 Buy scorn with gold; Merchants of wealth not hearts.
 Good Heavens, good in the most severe Decree!
 Must *London* first burn in *Epitomie*,
 And then in gross? Must, O sharp vengeance! must
 The *Glory* of the World kiss her own dust?
 Shall then this *Mole-Hill*, and it's *Ants* expire
 By parcels, some by water, some by fire?
 Or do great things, like restless *Circles*, tend
 From their first point, unto the last, their End?
 When

/ When neither Forreign nor Domestick Wars,
 The Distillations of malignant Stars,
 Thunder from Heaven, nor it's *Terrestial Ape*
 Gun-powder, could thy total ruine shape;
 Nor the long smotherings of Fanatick heats,
 Which when they broke out ended in cold sweats:
 Shall Balls of Sulphur (Hells blew Tapers) light
 Poor *London* to its fun'ral in one night?
 Shall *Britains* great *Metropolis* become
 Alike in both her Fortunes to old *Rome*?
 Whose Seat (if we believe Antiquitie)
 Is full as old; though not so proud as she;
 Surviv'd the *Cornucopia* of her Hills:
 Time, strongest Towns, as well as Bodies, kills!
 But when her Life had drawn so long a breath,
 Must she be *mov'd* down by a sudden Death?
 Three days undo three thousand years? O yes,
 One day (when that one comes) shall more than this;
 Shall make the World one fatal Hearth, That Day
 The last that ever Hearth shall Tribute pay;
 Though now as just as Law; (And they that Curse
 This *Duty*, may they want both Hearth and Purse.)
 But as in three days our *Jerus'lem* fell,
 And gave the World an *ease* miracle:
 So three (O golden Number) years being gone,
 Shall spring old *London's* Resurrection.

Now (dearest City) let my Pencil trace
 The scatter'd lines of thy *dis-figur'd* Face;

Dropping

Dropping tears as I pass; tears shed too late
 To quench thy Heats, and bribe thy stubborn fate!
 This dreadful Fire first seiz'd a narrow Lane,
 As if the *Dutch* or *French* had laid a Train.
 But grant they or that *Bontifien* their Roy, --
 Form'd this Cheval for *Britain's* envy'd Troy;
 These might the *stroke*, did not the *wound* dispense,
 Were but the *Vulcans* of *Jove's* Providence.
 Sin was the Common Cause, no faction freed;
 Here all *dissenting* Parties were agreed.
 And let the Author of our welfare, be
 The welcome Author of our Miserie!
 Rather than Enemies, who but fulfill
 Heavens just decrees, more by *Instinct* than *Skill*! --
 The fierce flame gathering strength had warm'd th'Air
 And chill'd the people into cold despair:
 With swift wing from it straitned Corner posts,
 And forth-with *Fish-street* and fat *East-cheap* rofts.
Sunday (to scourge our *guilty* Rest with shame)
 Had giv'n, full dispensation to the flame.
 Now *London-Bridge* (expected to provide
 Auxiliar forces from the other side)
 Alarum'd by the fall of Neighb'ring Bells
 Takes fire, and *sinks* into its stony Cells;
 Blocks up the way with rubbish, and dire flames,
 Threatning to choke his *undermining* *Thames*.
Southwark, shut out, on it's own banks appear'd
 As once when *fiery* *Cromwell* domineer'd.

Thames-

Thames-street hastens it ashes, to prevent
 All aids and succours from the River sent.
 The heated *wind* his flaming arrows cast,
 Which snatch'd both *ends*, and burnt the *middle* last.

Now the proud flame had took the open field
 And after *hearts* were vanquish'd, all things yeild!
 Rores thorough *Cannon-street* and *Lombardie*
 Triumphant o're the Cities *Liberty*.
 This fiery *Dragon*, higher still it flies,
 The more extends his wings, and louder cries.

Just so that *spark* of Treason, (first suppress'd
 In the dark *angles* of some private breast)
 Breaks through the Mouth and Nostrills into Squibs,
 And having fir'd the Author's reins and ribs,
 Kindles from man to man by subtile Art,
 Till *Rebells* are become the major part:
 Thus late Fanaticks in their Zeal of pride
 March from close *Wood-street* into broad *Cheap-side*.

Now all in Coaches, Carrs, and Waggon's flye,
London is sack'd without an Enemy.
 All things of beauty, shatter'd lost and gone;
 Little of *London* whole but *London-stone*.
 As if those Bull-works of her *Wall* and *Thames*
 Serv'd but to Circle, and besiege her flames!
 Such active *Rams* beat from each opposite *Wall*,
 You would have judg'd the fire an *Animal*.
 When (strangely) it from adverse *Windows* pour'd:
 Neighbour his Neighbour kindl'd and devour'd.

Houses

Houses the *Churches*, *Churches* *Houses* fir'd,
 While *profane* Sparks against *divine* conspir'd.

This devastation makes one truth appear,
 How sanctimonious our fore-fathers were;
 How thick they built their *Temples*, long conceal'd
 By lofty *Buildings*, now in flames reveal'd.
 Then one small *Church* serv'd many *Preists*, but they
 The truth is, eat not roast meat every day. —
 Now the *profane*, not *superstitious* Rout
 (Whose faith ascends no higher than to doubt)
 May, without help of *weekly papers*, tell
 Their *Churches*, to their Eyes made *visible*. —
 Our *Non-conformists* (if not harden'd) may
 Scatter some tears, where once they scorn'd to pray.

Now the Imperious *Element* did range
 Without Controle, kept a full *Evening Change*.
 Where the religious *Spices* for some Hours,
 Seem'd to burn *Incense* to th' *incens'd* Powers.
 At last the flame grown quite rebellious, calls
 Our *Sacred Monarchs* to new *Funeralls*. —
 The *Conquerour* here Conquer'd, tumbles down
 As Conscious of the burthen of a *Crown*.
 Only the good old *Founder*, standing low,
 His Station kept, and saw the dismal Show.
 Though the *Change* broke, he's not one penny worse,
 Stands firm resolv'd to visit his new *Burse*. —
 Which by her **Opticks* happily was sav'd,
 And for the honour of the City pay'd.

*Mr. Hooke.

B

Here

Here a good sum of *active* Silver rais'd
 Th' ingenious Beggar, and wise Donors prais'd.
 All fall to work, assisted by the *Guard*,
 To whom, and money, nothing seem'd hard.
 Here fires met fires, but industry reclaims
 Lost hope, and quench'd a *Parliament* of flames.
 Mean time the Neighb'ring *Steeple* trembling stood,
 Defended not by Stone, nor Brick, but Wood:
 Yet was secure 'cause *low*; to let us see
 What safety waits upon humilitie!
 VWhen *Lawrence*, *Three-Cranes*, *Cornhill*, lofty *Bow*,
 Are all chastis'd, for making a proud show.
 One *Steeple* lost its Church, but not one Bell;
 Reserv'd by fate to Ring the City's Knell.
 Now the Circumference from every part
 The Center scalds; poor *London* pants at heart!
Cheapside the fair, is at a fatal loss
 VVants the old blessing of her golden Cross.
 Poor *Paul* the Aged has been sadly tost,
 Reform'd, then after *Reformation* lost;
 Plac'd in a Circle of Heaven's fiery wrath:
 The *Saint* was tortur'd when he broke his *Faith*!
 At the *East-End* a spacious sheet of Lead
 (Rent from the rest) his Altar canoped;
 But from its *Coale* below strange fires did rise,
 And the whole *Temple* prov'd the sacrifice.
 Altars may others save, but cannot be
 (VWhen Heaven forsakes 'em) their own *Sanctuarie*!
 Then.

Then was their doleful *Musick* as the *Quire*,
 When the sweet *Organs* breath was turn'd to fire.
 Was 't not enough the holy Church had been
 Invaded in her Rites and Discipline?
 Must her known Fundamentals be baptiz'd
 In purging flames, and *Paul's School* chatechiz'd?
 She that had long her tardy *Pupills* stripp'd,
 Is now her self with fiery *Scorpions* whipp'd.
 But when I pass the *sacred Martyrs* West
 I close my Eyes and smite my troubled Breast;
 VVhat shall we now for his dear Mem'ry do
 VWhen fire *un-carves*, and *Stones* are mortal too?
 Let it stand un-repair'd, for ever keep
 Its mournful dress, thus for its Founder weep.
 By this time *Lud* with the next *Newgate* smokes,
 And their dry *Pris'ners* in the *Dungeon* chokes;
 VVho left by *Keepers* to their own reprivs
 Broke *Goale*, not for their Liberty but Lives;
 VVhile good *Eliza* on the out-side Arch
 Fir'd into th' *old Mode*, stands in *Yellow Starch*.
 Though fancy makes not *Pictures* live, or love,
 Yet *Pictures* fancy'd may the fancy move:
 Me-thinks the *Queen* on *White-Hall* cast her Eye;
 An Arrow could not more directly flye.
 But when she saw her *Palace* safe, her fears
 Vanish, one Eye drops *smiles*, the other *tears*.
 VVhere (*Christ-Church*) is thy *half-Cathedral* now?
 Fallen too? then all but Heaven to Fate must bow!
 VVhere

Where is thy famous *Hospital* ? must still
 The greatest good be recompens'd with ill ?
 That House of *Orphans* clad in honest blew ;
 The World's Example, but no parallel knew.
 Cold *Charity* has been a long Complaint,
 Here she was too warm like a martyr'd Saint.
 Where are those stately *Fabricks* of our *Halls* ;
Founders of *sumptuous Feasts* and *Hospitals* ?
 Where is the *Guild*, that place of grand resort
 For Civil Rights, the Royal Cities Court ?
 Forc'd to take Sanctuary in the *Tower* ,
 To show, what safety is in Regal Power !
 Not *Gog* or *Magog* could defend it ; These
 Had they had sense, had been in *Little-Ease*.
Chymnies and shatter'd *VValls* we gaze upon
 Our Bodie Politicks sad Skeleton !

Now was the dismal Conflagration stopp'd,
 Having some branches of the Suburbs lopp'd.
 Though most within the verge ; As if th' ad show'd
 Their mutual *freedome* was to be destroy'd.
 When after one dayes rest. The *Temple* smokes,
 And with fresh *fires* and *fears* the *Strand* provokes
 But with good Conduct all was slak'd that night
 By one more valiant than a *Templar Knight*.
 Here a brisk Rumour of affrighted Gold
 Sent hundreds in ; more Covetous than bold.
 But a brave Seaman up the *Tyles* did skip
 As nimbly as the *Cordage* of a Ship ,

Bestrides

Bestrides the sing'd Hall on its highest ridge,
 Moving as if he were on *London-Bridge* ,
 Or on the *Narrow* of a Skullers Keel :
 Feels neither head nor heart nor spirits reel.

Had some few Thousands been as bold as hee ,
 And *London* , in her fiery Tryal free ;
 Then (with submission to the highest will)
London now buried had been living still.
 Thus Chant the people, who are seldom wise
 Till things be past, before-hand have no Eyes.

But when I sigh my self into a pause ,
 I find another more determin'd cause :
 Had *Tyber* swell'd his monstrous *Waves*, and come
 Over the seven Hills of our flaming *Rome*,
 'T had been in vain : no less than *Noah's* flood
 Can quench flames kindled by a *Martyr's* blood.

Now *Loyal London* has full Ransome paid
 For that *Defection* the *Disloyal* made :
 Whose *Ashes* hatch'd by a kind *Monarch's* breath ,
 Shall rise a fairer *Phœnix* after Death.

F I N I S.
