

A N

## Hymn of Praise

T O

The God of *ENGLAND*,

F O R

## Three Great Salvations.

*(V I Z.)*

- I. *From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.*
- II. *From the Gunpowder-Plot, Nov. 5.*
- III. *From Popery and Slavery by King William of Glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5. 1688.*

*Compos'd Nov. 5. 1695.*

I.

**I**Nfinite God, whose Counsels stand  
 Like Mountains of Eternal Brass,  
 Pillars to prop our Sinking Land,  
 Or Guardian Rocks to break the Seas.

II.



II.

From Pole to Pole thy Name is known,  
Thee a Whole Heaven of Angels praise,  
Our Laboring Tongues would strike thy Throne  
With the Loud Triumphs of thy Grace.

III.

Part of thy Church by thy Command  
Stands rais'd upon the *Brittish* Isles,  
There, said the Lord, to Ages stand  
Firm as the Everlasting Hills.

IV.

In vain the *Spanish* Ocean roar'd,  
And roll'd its Billows to our Shore;  
The Billows sunk beneath thy Word,  
And all the Floating War they bore.

V.

Come, said the Sons of bloody *Rome*,  
Let us provide new Arms from Hell,  
And down they digg'd thro' Earth's dark Womb,  
And ranfack'd all the burning Cell.

VI.



## VI.

Old *Satan* lent them fiery Stores,  
 Infernal Coal, and Sulph'rous Flame,  
 And all that burns, and all that roars,  
 Outrageous Fires of dreadful Name.

## VII.

Beneath the Senate and the Throne  
 Engines of Hellish Thunder lay,  
 There the dark Seeds of Fire were sown  
 To spring a Bright, but dismal Day.

## VIII.

Thy Love beheld the black Design,  
 Thy Love that Guards thine *England* round;  
 Strange! how it quench'd the fiery Mine,  
 And crush'd the Tempest under Ground.

## V.

Come, said the Sons of bloody Rows,  
 Let us provide new Arms from Hell.

And down they digg'd thro' Earth's dark Womb  
 And tank'd all the burning Cell.

THE



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T H E  
Second Part.

I.

**A**sume my Tongue a Nobler Strain,  
Sing the New Wonders of the Lord;  
The Foes revive their Pow'rs again,  
Again they die beneath his Sword.

II.

Dark as our Thoughts our Minutes roll  
While Tyranny possess the Throne;  
And Murtherers of an *Irish* Soul  
Ran threatening Death thro' every Town.

III.

The *Roman* Priest and *Brittish* Prince  
Joyn'd their best Force and blackest Charms;  
And the fierce Troops of neighbouring *France*  
Offer'd the Service of their Arms.

IV.



## IV.

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laught aloud,  
 The Courts of Darknes rang with Joy,  
 Th' Old Serpent hiss'd, and Hell grew proud,  
 While *Zion* mourn'd her Ruine nigh.

## V.

But lo ! The great Deliverer Sails  
 Commission'd from *Jehovah's* Hand ;  
 And Smiling Seas, and wishing Gales  
 Convey him to the longing Land.

## VI.

The happy Day and happy Year Nov. 5. 1688.  
 Both in our new Salvation meet :  
 The Day that quencht the Burning Snare, Nov. 5.  
 And Year that burnt th' Invading Fleet. 1588.

## VII.

Now did thine Arm, O God of Hosts,  
 Now did thine Arm shine dazzling bright ;  
 The Sons of Might their Hands had lost,  
 And Men of Blood forgot to fight.

## VIII.



## VIII.

Brigades of Angels lin'd the way,  
And guarded *William* to his Throne;  
There, ye Celestial Warriours, stay,  
And make his Palace like your own.

## IX.

Thus, Mighty God, thy Praise Divine  
From Heaven and Earth at once shall flow;  
Angels and Men conspire and joyn  
In *Hallelujahs*, here below.

## X.

All *Hallelujah*, Heavenly King,  
Tis thy Victorious Arm we sing;  
Fly round the Globe, ye Ecchoing Joys,  
And vaulted Skies repeat the Noise.

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GOD