

Vennar(d): Englands loy [1601?]

Englands blisse, and blessed Queene

E

1 ENGLANDS blisse, and blessed Queene,  
Liue your prayes in perfection,  
In your Subiects harts beeseene  
Zeale in humble loues subiection:  
Aungels in your loue attend you:  
Blessed Iesus euer blesse you,  
Euer so his hand defend you:  
That no harmefull thought distresse you:  
Holy powers of Heau'n preserue you:  
And, all faithfull subiects serue you. [10]

R

2 Royall-Graces euer grace you,  
Euer true loue liue about you,  
Glorious Angels armes embrace you:  
loy in England none without you,  
None but Grace, and Vertue note you,  
And the world for wonder Cote you.

Englands loy.

REIOYCE O England, sing, and clap thy hands:  
For, God himselfe, doth for thy safetie fight:  
No foe so great, but that thy force withstands:  
It is so strengthened by the heauenly might.  
The Irish Rebelle and the Spaniardes pride:  
Before thy face doe fall on euery side.

The Noble Lord, Mount loy that Champion true:  
Of honours choise, in Vertues Chiuallrie:  
Hath put to flight, that coward Rebelle Crue  
Of proude Tyrone, and made the Spaniards flie. [10]  
Don Iohn de Aquila with all his traine:  
With little comfort are return'd to Spaine.

The Irish Rebells, now doe keepe their Caues:  
Amidde the woods; like Wolues or rauening beasts:  
Where all like out-lawes, or vnciuill slaues:  
on grasse and shamrocks, now they make their feasts:  
O England, neuer, better newes can be:

Then thus to heare, how God doth fight for thee.

Now shalt thou heare of nothing but confusion:  
Vpon the head of all thy harmefull foes: [20]  
Now shall the Rebells finde the full conclusion,  
That in the end of all Rebellion growes.  
And Spaine shall fret, to see his pride puld downe:  
And God preserue, thy Soueraigne & her Crowne.

Now shall the Pope with all his practise faile:  
The hope of Traitors all be ouerthrowne:  
Nor Pope, nor Spaniard now shall none preuaile:  
To doe thee hurt, that but defend'st thine owne:  
Now serue thy God, and giue him thanks for all:  
And keepe thy faith, and thou shalt neuer fall. [30]

Be true I say, and faithfull to thy God:  
And euer loyall to thy Soueraigne Queene:  
For whose loues sake, he doth forbear his rod.  
That hath been long in other countries seene:  
He will not suffer any to destroy thee:  
But ouerthrow their forces that annoy thee.

In Eighty Eight, how did he by his hand,  
Scatter the Nauie of the Spanish fleete?  
And now in Ireland, in their hoped land,  
How hath he troden their forces vnder feet? [40]  
Where noble Mount loy in deserued fame:  
Eterniz'd hath the honour of his name.

He beares the Sunne, and like the Sunne he driues:  
Proud swelling cloudes to wander with the winde:  
And vnder our bright Sunne of light he liues:  
Who giues a gracious light to such a minde.  
As, so deserues her Grace, to giue him light:  
That he be euer gracious in her sight.

Now let all harts of happie England praie:  
Vnto our God of glorious mercies power, [50]  
That he will still be our almightie staie:  
Our Rock, our Castle, and our heauenly tower:  
That in his mercie, we may fearelesse liue:  
And to his gracious loue all glorie giue.

Let vs still praie, that he will still preserue:  
Our gracious Queene in his eternall grace:

And giue vs grace both him and her to serue:  
And all vnfaithfull Traitors to deface:  
To spend our liues, but in our countries cause:  
And be obedient, to her blessed lawes. [60]

Rebellion is the sinne of witch-craft nam'd,  
And witches are but Diuells in their natures,  
Of hellish fiends, to the deuill fram'd.  
Which so deceiue but the accursed creatures.  
Oh cursed sinne that euer man should know thee,  
God blesse all English, and good Christians fro thee.

And, since that truth, doth trie out euery thought,  
Wherein the depth of euery sence is sounded,  
Against that truth, who hath the Treason wrought,  
That, on vngratious reason hath been grounded. [70]  
What euer fortune for a time doe fall,  
Confusions shame will be the end of all.

Which shamefull end the God of endlesse glory,  
Hath giuen the Rebels and their wicked friends:  
While valiant Mountiories noble victory,  
Truth blowes abroad in fame that neuer ends.  
While Irish shrugs, and Spaniards frownes doe proue,  
The blisse of England in the heauens aboue.

What shall I saie? the Irish Rebels fled:  
The Spaniards gone, with sorrow, shame and losse: [80]  
Tyrone I hope will shortly loose his head:  
The Spaniards glad, to put vp all their crosse:  
Hath tane an oath, to hye them home to Spaine:  
And neuer wish to bring their Armes againe.

Thus in the Rebell, all hie ruins point:  
The Spaniard, staying but a winde for Spaine:  
Tyrone in houely daunger of a ioynt:  
And Irelands peace, I hope will growe againe:  
God surely pleas'd in this worke of peace,  
Where Truth shall flourish, and Rebellion cease. [90]

God graunt it so, and in his Gracious hand:  
Long blesse the daies, of our deere Soueraigne Queene:  
And make her Empresse of this blessed land:  
Till no more land within the world be seene:  
And make her Armies, euermore victorious:  
And all her Kingdomes, in thy mercie glorious.

Blesse her Lord Mount-ioy, with that Mount of loy:  
That Noble Truth, in truest Noblenesse:  
May stand so stronge, as nothing may destroy:  
But, in the height of honours happinesse: [100]  
May by the vertue of best valour proued,  
Of God and man, be blessed and beloued.

Blesse all her armie with those fearelesse harts:  
That soone may bring the Rebelle in subiection:  
And make a iest of all those wooden darts:  
That doe not loue a steeled coates complexion:  
And quail the harts, or cut off all the heads:  
That so the pathes of proud Rebellion treads.

Blesse all her Counsaile, and her faithfull friends.  
Court, Citties, Countries all in such a peace: [110]  
As all the world, that sees proude Traytors ends,  
May cause the root, of all rebellion cease:  
Such peace, and plentie, loue, and concord send:  
That we may sing thy Glorie without end.

Blesse still I pray our gracious Soueraigne Queene:  
With all the blessings of thy holy Grace:  
And let it neuer in our Land be seene:  
But in thy Mercie we may haue a place:  
Nor Mount-ioyes fame die in obliuions penne:  
To all of these, all England say, Amen. [120]

For all Honourable, Vertuous, and Noble-spirited Lords, Ladies, and all  
other her Maiesties faithfull Subiects  
whatsoever.

AL faithfull Subiects of this blessed land,  
That serue the only Angel of a Queene:  
In whose true grace, & by whose gracious hand,  
The heauenly substance of her sexe is seene.  
Let not your hearts, nor spirits cease to pray,  
For her liues blessed euerlasting day.

For in her life liues all your happinesse,  
She is the Sunne that lights your Element  
Her Maiestie, your wonders worthinesse,  
Her Vertue, your honours ornament. [10]  
Her Fauour, your best loyalties regard:  
Her Grace, your seruice royallest reward.

Pray then, I say, and prayer neuer cease,

Vnto the God of all eternall glorie:  
Her life, her health, her comfort to encrease,  
To Englands honour, neuer ending storie.  
That she may breathe an euerlasting breath,  
And they may pine in hell, that wish her death.

AMEN.

R. V.

## Notes

1 The first letter of each line has been emboldened to spell the word Elisabetha.

2 The first letter of each line has been emboldened to spell the word Regina.

## The Second Poem...

Vennar[d]: A thanksgiving to God [1605]

Blessed be they that blesse you.  
And cursed be they that curse you.

1

TO THE KINGS most excellent Maiestie, my most gracious Soueraigne Lord.

A Thanksgiuing to God for the happie deliuerance of the Kings most excellent Maiesty, the Queen, Prince, Nobilitie, and Commons, from the most horrible contriued treason, pretended against them in the high Court of Parliament, tending to the vtter desolation and ruine of all his Maiesties kingdomes; but preuented by the almightie prouidence, and the onely prudent foresight of the Kings most excellent Maiestie.

Reioyce O Brittain, sing and clap thy hands,  
For God himselfe doth for thee safely fight:  
No foe so great, but that thy force withstands,  
It is so strengthened by the heauenly might.  
The Popes great malice, and the Papists pride,  
Before thy face do fall on euery side.

Now shalt thou heare of nothing but confusion  
Vpon the head of all thy harmefull foes:  
Now shall the traitors find the full conclusion,  
That in the end of all rebellion growes: [10]  
And they shall fret to see their pride puld downe,  
Whilst God preserues thy soueraigne & his crown.

Now shall the Pope with all his practise faile,  
The hope of traitors all be ouerthrowne:  
Nor Pope nor traitor now shall none preuaile,  
To do thee hurt that but defendst thine owne.  
Now serue thy God, and giue him thanks for all,  
And keepe thy faith, and thou shalt neuer fall.

Be true (I say) and faithfull to thy God,  
And euer loyall to thy soueraigne King, [20]  
For whose loue sake we haue escapt this rod,  
Which otherwise had scourg'd vs for our sin:  
He will not suffer any to destroy thee,  
But ouerthrow their forces that annoy thee.

In Scotland late how did he in that land  
Preserue the King from traitrous Gowries treason:  
And by the helpe of worthy Ramseys hand  
Did slay the traitor, as it was but reason:  
Where noble Ramsey by deserued fame,  
Eterniz'd hath the honour of his name. [30]

Now let all hearts of happie Brittain pray  
Unto our God of glorious mercies power,  
That he will still be our almightie slay,  
Our rocke, our castle, and our heauenly tower:  
That in his mercie we may fearelesse liue,  
And to his gracious loue all glorie giue.

Let vs still pray that he will still preserue  
Our gracious King in his eternall grace,  
And giue vs grace him truly for to serue,  
And all vnfaithfull traitors to deface: [40]  
To spend our liues but in our countries cause,  
And be obedient to his blessed lawes.

Rebellion is a sinne of witchcraft named,

And witches are but diuels in their natures:  
O hellish fiends to the diuell framed,  
Which so deceiue but the accursed creatures.  
O cursed Sinne that ouer man should know thee!  
God blesse King Iames and al his subiects fro thee.

And since that truth doth try out euery thought,  
Where on the depth of euery sence is sounded, [50]  
Against that truth who hath the treason wrought,  
That an vngracious reason hath bene grounded.  
What euer fortune for a time do fall,  
Confusions shame will be the end of all.

God grant it so, and with his gracious hand  
Long blesse the daies of our dread soueraigne King,  
And make him Emperour of this blessed land,  
Till no more land within the world be scene:  
And make his conquests euermore victorious,  
And all his kingdomes in thy mercie glorious. [60]

Blesse valiant Ramsey with that mount of ioy,  
That noble truth in truest noblenesse,  
May stand so strong, as nothing may destroy:  
But in the height of honours happinesse  
May by the vertue of best valure proued,  
Of God and man be blessed and beloued.

Blesse all his Councell, and his faithfull friends,  
Court, cities, countries, all in such a peace,  
As all the world that sees proud traitors ends,  
May cause the roote of all rebellion cease: [70]  
Such peace and plentie, loue and concord send,  
That we may sing thy glorie without end.

Pray now with me, and prayer neuer cease  
Vnto the God of all eternall glorie,  
His life, his health, his comfort to increase,  
To Brittaines blisse and neuer ending storie,  
That he may breathe an euerlasting breath,  
And those may pine in hell that seeke his death.

A Thanksgiuing to God for all our temporall blessings.

O praise the Lord for euer.

O heauenly spirit of especiall power,

That in thy had the praise of praises holdest,  
And from the top of truths triumphant tower,  
The hidden sence of fairest thoughts vnfoldest:  
Inspire this heart and humble soule of mine,  
With some sweet sparkle of thy powr diuine.

Teach me to thinke but on that onely thought,  
Wherin doth liue the grace of vertues glorie,  
And learn no more the what thy truth hath taught  
To those best wits that write thy worthy storie, [10]  
Wherein is seene in heauen and earths preseruing,  
The highest point of praises due deseruing.

Let not compare come neare vnto none such,  
Heauen be my thought, and let the world go by,  
And say withall, that say I neuer so much,  
All are but trifles to thy treasury:  
For all no more then what thy mercie giueth,  
Who can behold wherein thy glorie liueth?

No, I can see the shining of the Sunne,  
But cannot sound the essence of the light: [20]  
Then of thy face, in whom that faire begun,  
How can my soule presume to haue a sight?  
No my deare God, thy glorie hath a being,  
Where eye, nor heart, nor soule may haue a seeing.

And therefore Lord since such thy glorie is,  
As cannot be but of thy selfe conceiued:  
And heauen nor earth containes that spark of blisse  
But from thy hand of mercie is receiued,  
What spirit can her sweetest passion raise,  
Neare to the due of thy deserued praise? [30]

Yet since all glorie doth belong to thee,  
Thy name in all things must be magnified:  
And by thy mercie thou hast made me see  
How in my soule thou maist be glorified:  
In that sweete mercie make my soule to know  
How best I may thy blessed glorie show.

O gracious God, what creature can there be,  
That moues, or breathes, or growes, but shewes thy glory?  
What art or science but doth speak of thee,  
And writes the wonder of thy wisdomes story? [40]  
What sound or sence can reasons soule refine,



But speakes in glorie of thy grace diuine?

The Sunne in brightnesse glorifies the light  
That in the beames but of thy beautie liueth,  
The Moone and starres amid the darkest night  
Shew what a light thy louing mercie giueth:  
So Sun and Moone, and all those shining creatures  
Do shew thy glorie in their lightsome natures.

Is not the day a figure of perfection,  
Wherein the creatures were created first, [50]  
And night of sinne, that with a foule infection  
Shewes how the soule is for her sinnes accurst?  
But night once past, the glorious day appearing  
Shewes sinnes forgiuen, the ioy of mercies chearing.

So Sun, and Moon, and starres, and day, and night,  
Speakes of thy glorie in their cause of being:  
And how they serue but in obedience right  
Vnto thy grace, but of thy will agreeing,  
While wisdom shewes in state of reasons storie,  
They giue vs light that we may giue thee glorie. [60]

The azure skie more cleare then Christalline,  
Wherein the Sune doth cast his beames abroad:  
How doth it figure that faire hand of thine,  
Wherein thy mercie makes her most abode,  
Whilst to the humble soules beleeuing eye,  
Thy glorie shines farre brighter then the skie?

The clouds that shed those drops of blessed deawes,  
That water the drie places of the earth:  
What drop so small, but it thy glorie shewes,  
To bring a plentie where was earst a dearth? [70]  
How do they figure faithfull sorowes teares,  
When sin-burnt soules the fruite of mercie beares?

The ayre that giues each liuing creature breath,  
Speakes of thy glorie in that breathing power:  
And when it leaues the creature vnto death,  
It shewes thy glorie in that parting houre,  
To leaue the flesh, so in corruption wounded,  
Till grace renew that was in sinne confounded.

The earth that yeelds such choice of fruits & flowers  
How doth it shew that glorious power of thine, [80]

When all vnseene do hidden lye those powers,  
That art or nature neuer can define?  
How sweets, & formes, and colours so should grow,  
But that thy glorius will would haue it so.

And as the spring brings forth the budding greene,  
With beauties dies for to adorne the field:  
So in the winter few or none are seene,  
That can the eye contentiue pleasure yeeld,  
So that the earth which neuer silence breaketh,  
In her dumbe speech yet of thy glorie speaketh. [90]

The sea, wherein those world of fishes liue,  
That flote and tumble in the tossing waues:  
What notice do they of thy glorie giue,  
That from the Whale the little Herring saues?  
And makes the Dolphin wound the Whale so sore,  
As driues him from the sea to die on shore.

What beast so great, or creeping worme so small,  
What bird so high, or of so low a flight,  
But that thy name is glorifide in all?  
Who hauing made them by thy heauenly might, [100]  
Preseru'st them so, that all the world may see,  
They haue their being onely but in thee.

The beast his haire, the feather of the bird,  
The fish his scale, and euery tree his barke:  
These for defence doth nature all afford,  
As of thy glorie euery one a marke,  
Wherein thy hand of mercie is beheld,  
That doth such comfort to each creature yeeld.

Is not the fire a figure of thy wrath,  
That soone consumes the proud assault of sinne? [110]  
The aire the patience that thy mercie hath,  
When true contrition doth remission winne?  
The water teares that thou for sinne hast shed,  
The earth thy death for to redeeme the dead.

Since then aboue and in the elements,  
Sun, Moone, stars, skie, fire, water, earth and aire,  
And what may be beneath the firmament,  
Beasts, birds, fish, worme, scale, fether, hide or haire,  
Nor tree, nor flower, nor herb, nor grasse doth grow  
But some way doth thy glorious mercie show. [120]

Shall wretched man, whom God did onely make  
To his owne image in his mercies loue,  
So farre himselfe and all his good forsake,  
As to forget so sweete a Turtle-doue  
As his deare God, that so of nothing wrought him,  
And his deare Son that hath so dearly bought him?

Shall man I say, that onely speciall creature,  
Whom God hath made to serue his Maiestie,  
In lacke of grace reueale so vile a nature,  
As not to seeke his name to glorifie? [130]  
No, heauens forbid, though sinne be neuer such  
In man should liue ingratitude so much.

No, he whom God hath made to monarke so  
Aboue all creatures that do grow or breathe:  
And by his wisdom makes his will to know  
The good aboue, and euill from beneath:  
And how he helps the spirit in distresse,  
His glorious goodnesse cannot but confesse.

And when he sees with those in-seeing eyes,  
That in the soule do giue the spirit light, [140]  
In what the height of heauenly glorie lies,  
To whom all glorie doth belong of right:  
His heart will write in his worths worthy storie,  
To him alone be giuen all onely glorie.

O he that sits aboue the starrie skie,  
In holy seate of heauenly residence,  
And at the twinkling of his glorious eye,  
Commaunds the world to his obedience:  
Leaue that foule soule in sorrow euer friendlesse,  
That doth not sound thy name in glorie endlesse. [150]

All grace, all goodnes, wisdom, power and peace  
All truth, true life, all bountie, mercie, loue,  
These altogether sing and neuer cease,  
Vnto the glorie of this God aboue:  
And can it be that man who sees all this,  
Will not giue glorie to this God of his?

No, heauens forbid that hell should haue the power  
To spit her poison vpon man so much,  
To make him liue to that unhappie houre,  
Wherein to shew his wicked nature such, [160]  
As to forget Gods gracious goodnesse so,  
As not some way his glorious mercie show.

Then let our hearts amongst that world of soules,  
That feele his blessings euery day and houre,  
While truth records in her eternall roules,  
The gracious goodnesse of his glorious power,  
Sing in our soules and neuer cease to sing,  
All glorie to our God, and honour to our King.

A Prayer for the Kings most excellent Maiestie, and our gracious Ladie  
Queene Anne.

O glorious God and onely King of Kings,  
Whose holy eye both heauen and earth beholdeth:  
And from whose mercy all and onely springs,  
The fairest life that faithfull loue vnfoldeth:  
Mine humble spirit I beseech thee raise,  
To giue thy glorie all eternall praise.

O gracious God, among the many graces,  
Wherewith thy mercy hath this kingdome blest,  
In whom the height of all our happie cases,  
Vnder thine onely holy hand doth rest: [10]  
For our Liege (Lord) and mightie Brittaines King,  
Let our hearts humble thankfulnesse be seene.

Blesse him (o Lord) with Nestors happie dayes,  
Health, wealth and peace, and euerlasting pleasure:  
Let vertues loue resound his worthy praise,  
And thy true wisdom be his spirits treasure,  
His greatest hopes vpon thy graces grounded,  
His state preserued, and his foes confounded.

Blesse also (Lord) our gracious Soueraignes Queen  
With all the blessings of thy holy grace, [20]  
And let it neuer in this land be seene,  
But in thy mercie they may both haue place:  
Nor sweete Prince Henries fame die in obliuions pen:  
To all of these true Brittaines say Amen.

## Notes

1 This couplet accompanies the frontispiece, labelled "Jacobus Rex"

Vennar[d], Richard [1601], Englands loy ([London]: , [1601?]) [VennaR,Engla].

Vennar[d], Richard [1605], The Trve Testimonie of a Faithfvll Svbiect: Containing seuerall exhortations to all estates,  
to continue them in their due obedience: together with the reward of a faithfull subiect to his Prince.  
Also a thanksgiuing  
to God for the happie deliuery of the house of Parliament from the late horrible treason (London: ,  
[1605])  
[VennaR,TrveTOA].