

Armes should be embracing your mournful Queen? What incenses your heart to make so many Widows and Orphans, and among the rest your own? Doth it become you, the King of the stateliest Island the World hath, to forsake your Throne, and take up the Manufacture of cutting your Subjects throats, for no other sin, but for Deifying you so over-much, that you cannot be quiet in your Spirit, till they have pluckt you down as over-low? Do your three Kingdoms so trouble you, that they must all three be set on fire at once, that when you have done, you may probably run away by their light into utter darkness? Do your three Crowns sit too heavy on your head, that you will break the backs of the three bodies that set them on, and helpt you to bear them so honourably? Have your three Lamb-like flocks so molested you, that you must deliver them up to the ravening teeth of evening Wolves? Are you so angry with those that never gave you just cause to be angry, but by their too much fear to anger you at all, when you gave them cause enough? Are you so weary of Peace, that you will never be weary of War? Are you so willing to War at home, who were so unwilling to War abroad, where and when you should? Are you so weary of being a good King, that you will leave your self never a good Subject? Have you Peace of Conscience, in inforcing many of your Subjects to fight for you against their Conscience? Are you provided with Answers at the great Tribunal, for the destruction of so many thousands, whereof every man was as good a man as your Self, *qua* man?

Is it not a most unworthy part for you to be running away from your Subjects in a day of battel, upon whose Pikes you may come safe with your naked breast and welcome? Is it honourable for you to be flying on horses, from those that would esteem it their greatest honour, to bear you on their humble Shoulders to your Chair of Estate, and set you down upon a Cushion stuffed with their hearts? Is it your prudence to be intraged with your best friends, for adventuring their lives to rescue you from your worst enemies? Were I a King, pardon the supposal, I would hang that Subject by the head, that would not take me by the heels and dragg me to my Court, when he sees me shifting for life in the ruined Country, if nothing else would do it; And I would honour their very heels, that would take me by the very head, and teach me, by all just means, to King it better, when they saw me un-Kinging my self, and Kingdom: Do you not know Sir, that, as when your people are sick of the Kings-evil, God hath given you a gift to heal them? so when your self is sick of it, God hath given the Parliament a gift to heal you: Hath your Subjects love been so great to
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