

*from A Proclamation Declaring the Undoubted Right of our Sovereign Lord King James, to the Crown of the Realms of England, France and Ireland (1603)*

**Brian McMahon**

We therefore the lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assembled, united and assisted with those of her late Majesty's Privy Council, and with great numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality in the kingdom, with the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, and a multitude of other good subjects and commons of this realm, thirsting now after nothing so much as to make it known to all persons, who it is that by law, by lineal succession, and undoubted right is now become the only sovereign lord and king of these imperial crowns (to the intent that by virtue of his power, wisdom and godly courage, all things may be provided for, and executed, which may prevent or resist either foreign attempts, or popular disorder, tending to the breach of the present peace, or to the prejudice of his Majesty's future quiet) do now hereby with one full voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim, that the high and mighty prince, James the Sixth, King of Scotland, is now by the death of our late sovereign, Queen of England of famous memory, become also our only, lawful, lineal and rightful liege lord, James the First of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, to whom as to our only just prince, adorned (besides his undoubted right) with all the rarest gifts of mind and body, to the infinite comfort of all his people and subjects that shall live under him, we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affections, both during our natural lives for ourselves, and in the behalf of our posterity. Hereby protesting and denouncing to all persons whatsoever, that in this just and lawful act of ours, we are resolved by the favour of God's holy assistance, and in the zeal of our own conscience (warranted by certain knowledge of his manifest and undoubted right, as hath been said before) to maintain and uphold His Majesty's person and estate, as our only undoubted sovereign lord and king, with the sacrifice of our lives, lands, goods, friends, and adherents, against all power, force, or practice, that shall go about by word or deed, to interrupt, contradict, or impugn his just claims, his entry into this kingdom, or any part thereof, at his good pleasure, or disobey such royal directions as shall come from him. To all which we are resolved only to yield ourselves, until the last drop of our bloods be spent for his service. Hereby willing and commanding, in the name of our sovereign lord James the First, King of all the foresaid kingdoms, all the late lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants, sheriffs, justices, and all mayors, bailiffs, constables, headboroughs, and all other officers and ministers whatsoever, that they be aiding and assisting from time to time in all things that are or shall be necessary for the preventing, resisting, and suppressing of any disorderly assemblies, or other unlawful act or attempt, either in word or deed, against the public peace of the realm, or any way prejudicial to the right, honour, state or person, of our only undoubted and dear lord and sovereign that now is, James the first King of all the said kingdoms, as they will avoid the peril of his Majesty's heavy indignation, and their own utter ruin and confusion. Beseeching God to bless his Majesty and his royal posterity with long and happy years to reign over us.

from George Eglisham, *The Forerunner of Revenge* (1626)

**Edwina Christie**

The King being sick of a tertian ague, and that in the spring which was of itself never found deadly, the Duke took his opportunity when all the King's doctors of physic were at dinner upon the Monday before the King died, without their knowledge or consent, offered to the King a white powder to take, the which the King long-time refused, but overcome by his flattering importunity at length took it, drunk it in wine, and immediatly became worse and worse, falling into many soundings and pains, and violent fluxes of the belly so tormented, that his Majesty cried out aloud, 'Oh this white powder! This white powder! Would to God I had never taken it; it will cost me my life.' In like manner the Countess of Buckingham, my Lord of Buckingham's mother upon the Friday thereafter, the physicians also being absent and at dinner, and not made acquainted with her doings, applied a plaster to the King's heart and breast, whereupon his Majesty grew faint, short-breathed and in great agony. Some of the physicians after dinner returning to see the King, by the offensive smell of the plaster perceived some thing to be about the King hurtful to him, and searched what it could be, found it out and exclaimed that the King was poisoned. Then Buckingham entering commanded the physicians out of the room, caused one to be committed prisoner to his own chamber, and another to remove from court, quarrelled others of the King's servants in the sick King's own presence, so far that he offered to draw his sword against them in the King's sight. And Buckingham's mother kneeling before the King, with a brazen face cried out, 'Justice, justice, Sir I demand justice of your Majesty'. The King asking, 'for what?', she answered, 'For that which their lives is no sufficient satisfaction, for saying, that my son and I have poisoned your Majesty.'

'Poisoned me,' said the King. With that he turning himself sounded, and she was removed. The Sunday thereafter the King died...

Anon., 'The Character of a Protector' (c. 1654)

**Edwina Christie and Brian McMahon**

What's a Protector? 'Tis a stately thing  
That apes it in the nonage of a king;  
A tragic actor, Cesar in the clown,  
He is a brass farthing stamped with a crown;  
Aesop's proud ass masked in a lion's skin,  
An outside saint with a white devil within;  
A bladder blown with others breath puffed full,  
Both Phalaris and Phalaris his bull;  
Fantastic shadow of the royal head,  
The brewer's with the king's arms quartered;  
In fine he is one whom we Protector call,  
From whom the King of Kings protect us all.

from Charles II, *The Declaration of Breda* (1660)

**Brian McMahon**

If the general distraction and confusion which is spread over the whole kingdom doth not awaken all men to a desire and longing that these wounds which have so many years together been kept bleeding may be bound up, all we can say will be to no purpose. However, after this long silence, we have thought it our duty to declare how much we desire to contribute thereunto and that, as we can never give over hope in good time to obtain the possession of that right which God and nature hath made our due, so we do make it our daily suit to the divine providence that He will in compassion to us and our subjects (after so long misery and sufferings) remit us and put us into a quiet and peaceable possession of that our right with as little blood and damage to our people as is possible. Nor do we desire more to enjoy what is ours, than that all our subjects may enjoy what by law is theirs by a full and entire administration of justice throughout the land, and by extending our mercy where it is wanting and deserved.

from Martin Parker, *When the King Enjoys His Own Again* (1642)

**Patrick Keefe, Edwina Christie, Elizabeth Sandis, Brian McMahon**

There is no astrologer, then I say,  
Can search more deep in this than I,  
To give you a reason from the stars,  
What causeth peace, or civil wars:  
The man in the moon, may wear out his shoone,  
In running after Charles his Wain,  
But all to no end, for the times they will mend  
When the King comes home in peace again.

Though for a time you may see Whitehall,  
With cobwebs hanging over the wall,  
Instead of silk, and silver brave,  
As formerly it used to have:  
In every room, the sweet perfume,  
Delightful for that princely train,  
The which you shall see, when the time it shall be,  
That the King comes home in peace again.

Full forty years the royal crown,  
Hath been his fathers and his own,  
And I am sure there's none but he  
Hath right to that sovereignty:  
Then who better may the sceptre to sway,  
Than he that hath such right to reign:  
The hopes of your peace, for the wars will then cease,  
When the King comes home in peace again.

Oxford and Cambridge shall agree,  
Crowned with honour and dignity,  
Learned men shall them take place,  
And bad men silenced with disgrace:  
They'll know it then to be a shameful strain,  
That hath so long disturbed their brain.  
For I can surely tell, that all things shall go well  
When the King comes home in peace again.

from John Dryden, *Threnodia Augustalis* (1685)

**Patrick Keefe**

View then a monarch ripened for a throne.  
Alcides thus his race began,  
O're infancy he swiftly ran;  
The future god at first was more than man.  
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate  
Even o're his cradle lay in wait;  
And there he grappled first with Fate:  
In his young hands the hissing snakes he pressed,  
So early was the deity confessed;  
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat.  
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.  
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried;  
Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,  
And to his infant arms oppose  
His father's rebels and his brother's foes.  
The more oppressed the higher still he rose.  
Those were the preludes of his fate  
That formed his manhood to subdue  
The hydra of the many-headed, hissing crew.

As after Numa's peaceful reign  
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,  
Furbished the rusty sword again,  
Resumed the long forgotten shield,  
And led the Latins to the dusty field;  
So James the drowsy genius wakes  
Of Britain, long entranced in charms,  
Restive and slumbering on its arms:  
'Tis rowed, and with a new strung nerve the spear already shakes.  
No neighing of the warrior steeds,  
No drum or louder trumpet needs  
T' inspire the coward, warm the cold,  
His voice, his sole appearance makes 'em bold.  
Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;  
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;  
They lick the dust and crouch beneath their fatal foe.  
Long may they fear this awful prince,  
And not provoke his lingering sword;  
Peace is their only sure defence,  
Their best security his word:

In all the changes of his doubtful state,  
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,  
For him to promise is to make it fate.  
His valour can triumph o're land and main;  
With broken oaths his fame he will not stain,  
With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

from Gilbert Burnet, *A Sermon Delivered Before the Prince of Orange* (23 December 1688)

**Brian McMahon**

*It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our Eyes.*

Things do sometimes speak, and Times call aloud; and as all Men are before-hand with me, in the choice of this Text, at least in applying it to the present time, so that amazing Concurrence of Providences, which have conspired to hatch and bring forth, and perfect this extraordinary Revolution, would lead one very naturally to use these words, even tho' we had no such Verse in Scripture; for we have before us a Work, that seems to ourselves a Dream, and that will appear to Posterity a Fiction: a Work about which Providence has watched in so peculiar a manner, that a Mind must be far gone into Atheism, that can resist so full a Conviction as this offers us in favour of that Truth. And if a thread of happy steps of the one hand, and of mistaken ones on the other, can upon any occasion be made an Argument, we have it here in its utmost force.

It is the Lord's doing, not as the Heavens and the Earth, as the Revolutions of Day and Night, and the whole Chain of Second Causes are his Work: The whole Springs of Nature are wound up by him, so that all things are in some sort his doing: He gives also a secret Direction to all second Causes to accomplish his Eternal Purposes. He knows all the folding of our Hearts, and the composition of our Natures so well, that without putting us under a force, he can bring about whatsoever pleases him. He also on some great occasions does Violence to Nature, and puts her out of her Channel in those extraordinary Productions that are called Miracles. But besides all these, there are times in which the great Governor of Heaven and Earth will convince the World, that he is not an unconcerned Spectator of Human Affairs: But because Men are apt to be so partial to themselves, and to their own Opinions, as to look on every favourable Accident as a Smile from Heaven, and that Sanguine People are as ready on the one hand to think themselves God's Favourites, and the special Objects of his Care, as Melancholy Men on the other, in the sourness of thought that oppresses them, construe everything that succeeds not according to their Wishes, as the effect of some cross Aspect on them; it is necessary to find the true Temper between flattering ourselves too much, and the charging ourselves too severely; and to examine Providence by such equal and just measures, that we may neither put too much on the common course of Second Causes, nor ascribe too much to such Specialties as our Partialities may incline us to imagine appear in our favours: for because we are always kind to ourselves, we are very apt to believe that Heaven is so too.



from Aphra Behn, *A Pindaric Poem to the Reverend Doctor Burnet* (1689)

**Elizabeth Sandis**

'Tis to your pen, great Sir, the nation owes  
For all the good this mighty change has wrought;  
'Twas that the wondrous method did dispose,  
E're the vast work was to perfection brought.  
Oh strange effect of a seraphic quill!  
That can by unperceptable degrees  
Change every notion, every principle  
To any form, its great dictator please.  
The sword a feeble power, compared to that,  
And to the nobler pen subordinate;  
And of less use in bravest turns of state:  
While that to blood and slaughter has recourse,  
This conquers hearts with soft prevailing force:  
So when the wiser Greeks o'recame their foes,  
It was not by the barbarous force of blows.  
When a long ten years fatal war had failed,  
With luckier wisdom they at last assailed,  
Wisdom and counsel which alone prevailed.  
Not all their numbers the famed town could win,  
'Twas nobler stratagem that let the conqueror in.

## Queen Anne's First Speech to the Houses of Parliament (1702)

**Edwina Christie**

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Cannot too much lament my own Unhappiness, in succeeding to the Crown so immediately after the Loss of a King, who was the great Support, not only of these Kingdoms, but of all Europe; I am extremely sensible of the Weight and Difficulty it brings upon me.

'But the true Concern I have for our Religion, for the Laws and Liberties of England, for maintaining the Succession of the Crown in the Protestant Line, and the Government in Church and State, as by Law established, encourages me in this great Undertaking, which, I promise my self, will be successful, by the Blessing of God, and the Continuance of that Fidelity and Affection of which you have given me so full Assurances.

'The present Conjuncture of Affairs requires the greatest Application and Dispatch; and I am very glad to find in your several Addresses, so unanimous a Concurrence in the same Opinion with me, that too much cannot be done for the Encouragement of our Allies, to reduce the exorbitant Power of France.

'I think it very necessary, at this time, to desire you to consider of proper Methods for attaining an Union between England and Scotland, which has been so lately recommended to you as a Matter that very nearly concerns the Peace and Security of both Kingdoms.

'Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

'I need not put you in mind that the Revenue for defraying the Expences of the civil Government is expired: I rely intirely upon your Affection for the supplying of it in such a manner as shall be most suitable for the Honour and Dignity of the Crown.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'It shall be my constant Endeavour to make you the best return for that Duty and Affection which you have expressed to me, by a careful and diligent Administration for the good of my Subjects: and as I know mine own Heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you, there is not any thing you can expect or desire from me, which I shall not be ready to do, for the Happiness and Prosperity of England; and you sh all always find me a strict and religious Observer of my Word.'

Oliver Cromwell, *Speech to the Second Protectorate Parliament* (31 March 1657)

**Patrick Keefe**

MR. SPEAKER,

This Frame of Government which it hath pleased the Parliament through your hand to offer to me, truly I should have a very brazen forehead if it did not beget in me a great deal of consternation of spirit; it being of so high and great importance as, by your opening of it, and by the mere reading of it, is manifest to all men; the welfare, the peace and settlement of Three Nations, and all that rich treasure of the best people in the world being involved therein! I say, this consideration alone ought to beget in me the greatest reverence and fear of God that ever possessed a man in the world.

I have therefore but this one word to say to you: That seeing you have made progress in this Business, and completed the work on your part, I 'on my side' may have some short time to ask counsel of God and of my own heart. And I hope that neither the humour of any weak unwise people, nor yet the desires of any who may be lusting after things that are not good, shall steer me to give other than such an answer as may be ingenuous and thankful, -thankfully acknowledging your care and integrity; -and such an answer as shall be for the good of those whom I presume you and I serve, and are made for serving.