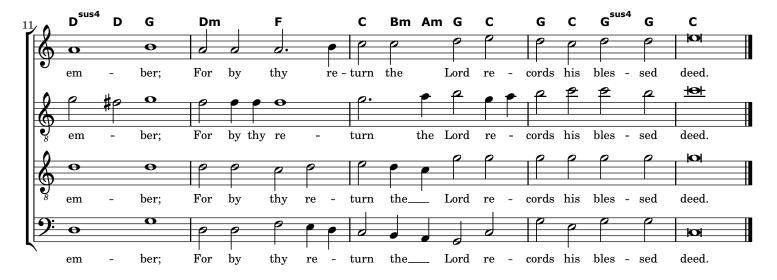
Bravely deckt come forth bright day





2. Britaines frolicke at your bourd,
But first sing praises to the Lord
In your Congregations.
Hee preserv'd your state alone,
His loving grace hath made you one
Of his chosen Nations.
But this light must hallowed be
With your best Oblations;
Prayse the Lord, for onely great and mercifull is hee

3. Death had enter'd in the gate,
And ruine was crept neare the State;
But heav'n all revealed.
Ev'ry Powder hell did make,
Which ready long the flame to take,
Lay in shade concealed.
God us helpt of his free grace,
None to him appealed;
For none was so bad to feare the treason or the place.

4. God his peacefull Monarch chose,
To him the mist he did disclose,
To him, and none other;
This hee did O King for thee,
That thou thine owne renowne might'st see,
Which no time can smother:
May blest Charles thy comfort be
Firmer then his Brother,