***Title***

Introductory discussion of Montrose, Milton, sovereignty, loyalty, poetry. Perhaps a page long?

***Sovereignty in Danger***

Can little beasts with lions roar,

And little birds with eagles soar?

Can shallow streams command the seas,

And little ants the humming-bees?

No, no, no, no—it is not meet 5

The head should stoop unto the feet.

 *Montrose*

***On the Faithfulness and Venality of the Times***

Unhappy is the man

 To whose breast is confined

The sorrows and distresses all

 Of an afflicted mind.

The extremity is great— 5

 He dies if he conceal,

The world’s so void of secret friends.

 Betrayed if he reveal.

Then break, afflicted heart,

 And live not in these clays, 10

When all prove merchants of their faith,

 None trusts what other says.

For when the sun doth shine

 Then shadows do appear,

But when the sun doth hide his face 15

 They with the sun retire.

Some friends as shadows are

 And fortune as the sun;

They never proffer any help

 Till fortune hath begun;

 *Montrose*

***When the Assault Was Intended to the City***

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

 If deed of honour did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms 5

 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

 And he can spread thy name o’er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun’s bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses’ bower:

 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

 Went to the ground; and the repeated air

Of sad Electra’s poet had the power

 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

 *Milton*

***On Receiving News of the Death of Charles I***

Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate

M y grief with thy too rigid fate,

I’d weep the world in such a strain

As it should deluge once again.

But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies 5

More from Briareus’ hands than Argus’ eyes,

I’ll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds

And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds.

 *Montrose*

***On the Death of Charles I***

Burst out my soul in main of tears,

 And thou, my heart, sigh’s tempest move,

My tongue let never plaints forbear,

 But murmur still my crossed love;

Combine together all in one, 5

And thunder forth my tragic moan!

But tush, poor drop, cut breath, broke air!

 Can you my passions e’er express?

No, rather but augment my care,

 In making them appear the less; 10

Seeing that but from small woes words do come,

But great ones they are always dumb.

My swelling grief, then, bend yourself

 This fatal breast of mine to fill,

 The centre where all griefs distil; 15

That, silent thus, in plaints I may

Consume and melt myself away.

Yet, that I may contented die,

 I only wish, before my death,

Transparent that my breast may be, 20

 Ere that I do expire my breath.

Since sighs, tears, plaints, express no smart,

It might be seen into, my heart.

 *Montrose*

***Written on the Eve of His Execution***

Let them bestow on every airth a limb,

Then open all my veins that I may swim

To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;

Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,

Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air— 5

Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,

I’m hopeful thou’lt recover once my dust,

And confident thou’lt raise me with the just.

 *Montrose*

***To the Lord General Cromwell***

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,

 Not of war only, but detractions rude,

 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,

 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud 5

 Hast reared God’s trophies, and His work pursued,

 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,

 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester’s laureate wreath: yet much remains

 To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10

 No less renowned than war: new foes arise,

Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.

 Help us to save free conscience from the paw

 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

 *Milton*