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A Hymne of Thanksgiving, composed by John Roe (who in an Acquittance upon ~~the~~ receipt of money for his Tithes, siled himself by the providence of God, and appointment of four Comite-men of Coventrie, Minister of Shustoke) sung in Shustoke Church, upon the 7th of September a. 1648. being the day appointed for a solemn Thanksgiving for the victory over the Scotts, and other successes by the parliament forces

* at Preston
in Lancashire.

- ¶ Awake awake O Parliament
Rise Cromwell sing a Song;
Leade Captive thy Captivitie
Come lead them all along
- ¶ The Stars and Constellations all
Gainst Hamilton did fight
The River swept them down her streame
My soule th' hast broke down might.
- ¶ Their Scotch confederats look^{ers} look
Blep he the Lord they may
But all in vaine, for they return
Inrich wth spoyles and prey.
- ¶ So perishe those, that are thy foes
But Lord let all their Lovers
Be like the Sun, when Day's begun
And brightest beames discovers.
- ¶ Sing praises England to the Lord
That hath avenged thee
When as the people went to fight
Offering themselves so free
- ¶ Ye kings give eare, ye people heare
I even I will sing
And sweetly raise my voice in praise
To England's God and King
- ¶ My heart is toward the Governours
That did their helpe afford
Offering themselves so willingly
Wherefore blesse ye the Lord
- ¶ Ye Travailers and passengers
And ye that ride in shute
And ye that yet in judgment sitt
Now speake it in the Gate.
- ¶ All they that are delivered
From Cannons thundring noyse
The righteous acts of God the Lord
They shall rehearse wth joys
- ¶ The passengers were wanderers
In by paths up and downe
And none could dwell in England well
But in a walled towne
- ¶ God sleepe not though he holds his tongue
Sometimes, when furiously
His hatefull foes in tumults throng
And lift their hands on high
- ¶ Most crisy Councill they have bene
Amongst us all at once
Consulting how to worke the bane
Of all thy hidden ones.
- ¶ Come let us cut them off, sayd they
And leave no ran behinde
So that the name of Roundheads may
No more remembrance finde
- ¶ Against us all they have combin'd
Adviz'd wth joynt consent
The Welch the Scotts, the Surreyans
With those that dwell in Kent

Speed

87 Speed they O Land as Lindsey ^{who}
was slain in Lincoln field.
As Colchester compell them all
wth paine to steepe and yeild

88 Do to them as to Hamill
whose force thy power surpris
Gave some to the sword & some to banes
And some swept down the stream

89 So we thy blacke do

To Wm. Dugdale