

AN  
ELEGY

UPON THE

DEATH

Of that Famous and Faithful

MINISTER

AND

MARTYR

Mr. JAMES RENWICK.

Composed immediately after his Execution at  
EDINBURGH, February, 17th, 1688.

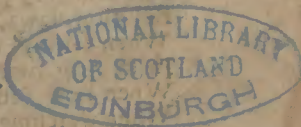
---

By Mr. ALEXANDER SHIELDS, then  
Preacher of the Gospel in the Fields

---

ev. ii. i 3. *I know thy works, and where thou dwellest,  
even where Satan's seat is: And thou holdest fast my  
Name, and hast not denied my Faith, even in those Days  
wherein Antipas was my faithful Martyr, who was slain  
among you, where Satan dwelleth.*

GLASGOW:



Printed for GEORGE MORISON. 1760.

**H**ere's work, alas! for mourners to deplore  
 This fatal stroke, sadly presaging more!  
 In such a day, let's hang our Harps on willows;  
 'Tis not a time of laying heads on pillows:  
 In such a day of wrath, and consternation,  
 In such a day of dread, and desolation;  
 A day of trial, and of treading down,  
 A day wherein our head hath lost its crown,  
 A day of blasphemy, rebuke, and trouble,  
 A day of darkness, and of sorrows double;  
 A day of great vexations, and confusions,  
 A day of great temptations, and delusions,  
 A day of jumbling, manifold distractions,  
 A day of stumbling, manifest defections,  
 A day of famine of the word of life,  
 A day of sinning, suffering and strife:  
 When *Babel's* brats the world so much encumber,  
 When *Zion's* Sons daily decrease in number,  
 When now the godly cease, the faithful fail,  
 When few are left, their funerals to bewail,  
 When nought but thorns, where corn grew, we can find,  
 When gold is gone, and dross but left behind,  
 When our *Elijahs*, *Israel's* Chariot's gone,  
 When yet, alas! their mantle's left with none,  
 When many hypocrites Christ's fan discovers,  
 When few are left, that are his loyal Lovers,  
 When for his laws, these few are sore oppress'd,  
 When for his cause, they're pillag'd and distress'd,  
 When those are hunted, and always afflicted,  
 When of all help, and harbour interdicted.  
 When chas'd through country, and pursu'd in city,  
 When banish'd, butcher'd, yet, instead of pity,  
 (When counted slaughter-sheep, and daily killed,  
 By such as sit at ease) they much are filled  
 With insolent contempt, and sad reproaches,  
 Which of all falshood still the Father broaches;  
 When Popish tyrants, vile *Beelzebub's* drudges,  
 On thrones of tyranny, are own'd for judges,  
 When now, like stupid Asses, men are mute,  
 When such usurpers challenge absolute  
 And arbitrary power, to sacrifice  
 Religion, laws, and lives, and liberties;  
 When faithful Gospel-preachers are so few,  
 In lazing times, to give a warning due;  
 When now soul-murd ring wolves, Christ's flock de-  
 When watchmen wanting are on *Zion's* Tower, (vou-

When few that's called to deserve the name;  
 But many are the ages bane and Shame;  
 When now instead of valour for the truth,  
 And crying loud with trumpets at their mouth;  
 Upon such loudly clamant, clear occasions;  
 When *Babel's* bastards boldly make invasions,  
 By blinding bribes, corrupting flatteries,  
 By cunning craft, and cheating thams, and lies  
 Upon our *covenanted Reformation*,  
 And all our liberties of church and nation,  
 Strayed, by *this Popish toleration*.  
 Whereby this absolute pow'r is reconosc'd,  
 And its proud encroachings are ingross'd,  
 Ever laws divine, human, all made void,  
 Religion's legal bulwarks all destroy'd,  
 All blasphemy, idolatry, and sin,  
 Now suffer'd, yea invited to come in;  
 The church of all her privileges robb'd,  
 And with a kiss, under the fifth rib stobb'd.  
 A Lieu of all her laws, securities,  
 All oaths, and vow, and solemn promises,  
 Having no more assurance, than a blind  
 Promise, of one, whom no such bond can bind:  
 Her doctrine, worship, and church government,  
 According to *our solemn Covenant*,  
 All hereby undermin'd and overturn'd,  
 For which her sons should all have rather mourn'd)  
 Her ministers for sin have made *Addresses*,  
 Charmed with *Babel's* flattering caresses,  
 Bewitch'd with this intoxicating drink,  
 Which hell did brew, and *Rome* with art did blink,  
 All in a deep zeal quenching Lethargie,  
 Purchasing hereby ease, and liberty;  
 In terms of selling truth, and shifting duty;  
 Whereby *Christ's Bride's* depriv'd of all her beauty.  
 In such a day to loss a faithful witness,  
 A champion, accomplished with fitness,  
 To strive for *Christ's* prerogatives and laws,  
 Shall be bemoan'd by all that love his cause.  
 Come therefore, all ye doves, that dwell i'th' rock,  
 Come and deplore this wrath-presaging stroke:  
 Come, chased Birds hotly pursu'd to mountains;  
 Come hunted Harts, which pant and bray for fountains;  
 Come, wandring Sheep, without a shepherd straying,  
 Come hidden ones, afraid of false bewraying,

Come, all ye faithful followers of the Lamb;  
 Whose hearts in zeal do for his glory flame,  
 Whose hearts in fervent love to Christ are burning,  
 Whose hearts do melt out at their eyes in mourning  
 Come, with a flood of Tears the valleys fill,  
 And make your voice rebound from hill to hill;  
 Cause all the mountains circling round from Carrick,  
 With roaring noise, rebound as far as Berwick;  
 From Carn-table skirts, and Abingilloch,  
 To Morocks tow'ring heights, and heads of Killoch;  
 From Tintoeh-tops, and all the hills of Clidisdale,  
 To all the hills of Galloway and Nithsdale,  
 From theſe about Black-gannoch, and the Lothers,  
 To Crawfoord-muir, and Tweeddale hills and others  
 Wherein ye hunted were, through all the glens,  
 Wherein ye hiding places ſought in dens,  
 Wherein ye often forced were to flights,  
 Wherein ye often filled were with frights, (te  
 Wherein your hands were ſtrengthened, heads ſupport  
 Your minds confirmed, and your hearts comforted,  
 While your renowned RENWICK, now a Martyr  
 Was paſſing through, preaching in every quarter,  
 His Maſter's glorious and gracious banner  
 Diſplaying faithfully, in lovely manner;  
 Like to a voice in wilderneſſes crying,  
 Making a noiſe moſt ſweet, as Swans when dying,  
 Declaring all God's counſels, and revealed  
 Truths, which alive he aſſerted, dying ſealed:  
 But now in thoſe waſte deſolate receſſes,  
 No voice is heard, but mourning for diſtreſſes,  
 No voice is heard, but that of grievous groaning,  
 The Glory gone, deplorably bemoaning.  
 Come therefore and put on your Sable, ſaints,  
 Fill all the hills and vales with ſad complaints,  
 Whereof the Eccho may be heard in heaven,  
 In lamentations for the blow that's given,  
 Unto the wounded weeping remnant left,  
 Which of their Renwick is of late bereft,  
 By murd'ring violence of beaſts of prey,  
 Rome's bloody whelps, torn from his houſe of clay,  
 How may his little flock, alas, complain!  
 How may they now, ſo great a loſs ſuſtain!  
 Scotland hath loſt, the world hath loſt a man,  
 Whoſe Room ſupply, there's few ſurviving can:  
 The church hath loſt a Son more pure and dearer,  
 Than Ophii's gold, the truth a Standard-bearer:



son hath lost, by this complex disaster,  
 witness, wretcher, mourner, and a pastor,  
 the scattered sheep, a most laborious leader,  
 our hungry souls have lost a painful feeder ;  
 the sufferers have lost a sympathiser ;  
 the doubtful halting souls, a good adviser :  
 the weak, a wise encouraging supporter :  
 the wanderers and mourners, a comforter :  
 the tempted souls, a counsellor in terrors ;  
 the ignorant, a guide to keep from errors :  
 the zealous, from extreams, a holding bridle :  
 the lazy sort a spur from being idle.  
 The temporizing sort of faint compliers,  
 Duty's deserters, and Christ's truth's deniers,  
 may boldly now proceed in their backslidings,  
 since that they are deliv'ed from his chidings,  
 Who never ceas'd to be a free reprov'er,  
 For sins and snares in season to discover.  
 How insupportable is such a cross !  
 How irreparable is such a loss !  
 Oh, let us now make search, that we may know  
 What may the meaning be of such a blow !  
 What sins have this procur'd let's meditate,  
 What further sorrows may't prognosticate ?  
 Our misimprovements, let us now confess,  
 Of such enjoyments, our unworthiness  
 Of Renwick's gracious message, little priz'd,  
 And of his precious ministry despis'd,  
 Our barrenness, and base ingratitude,  
 Our weariness of that angelic food,  
 Whereof the worth we know now by the want,  
 And must henceforth in tears the loss lament.  
 These have this rod in righteousness extorted,  
 From a just God, and left us uncomf'ort'd ;  
 A rod which we may sadly now suppose,  
 A fatal forerunner of future woes,  
 Impendent on this bale degen'rate age ;  
 The perishing of worthies must presage,  
 That they delivered are from that which we  
 Are call'd to fear, but cannot bear, nor flee ;  
 But tho' our loss be great, his gain is glory,  
 His life, his death, shall be renown'd in story ;  
 Which death, to us most costly and most painful,  
 Shall to the covenant'd cause be gainful ;  
 In that, in place of a reproach'd pastor,  
 A Martyr now renown'd by this disaster,

Is left us, to their everlasting shame,  
 Who ceased not with lies to lead his name,  
 And with reproaches foully to bespatter,  
 Which malice did contrive, and madness scatter;  
 Which fraud invented, as its father fain'd  
 Fury did vent, and folly entertain'd.  
 Now shall his name in monuments of praise,  
 (Which to his same posterity shall raise)  
 Still stand recorded, that he was a martyr,  
 Fruitful in life, faithful in his departure:  
 Contemn'd indeed by apostates, and Scorners;  
 But eminent among all Zion's mourners:  
 For love undoubted, and undaunted faith,  
 For constancy unto his final breath,  
 For patience abiding in all trial,  
 For piety, and humble self-denial,  
 For meekness true, in condescending tender,  
 For strictness due (he'd not a hoof surrender)  
 For uniform true zeal and moderation,  
 Of more than ordinary elevation:  
 Which with an equal pace did still advance,  
 'Gainst all defection and extravagance:  
 All bastard zeal opposing with all boldness,  
 As well as dead base Laodicean coldness:  
 For ministerial diligence much fam'd,  
 A workman needing not to be asham'd;  
 In preaching all the counsel God reveal'd,  
 His ministry on many souls was seal'd;  
 Which in his Master's strength he did commence,  
 And unto its fulfillment did advance,  
 'Gainst the violentest opposition,  
 That ever any youth in his condition  
 Had to conflict with, and at such a season,  
 When dangers seem'd invincible to reason:  
 For, like another Athanasius bold,  
 He all the world opposed and control'd,  
 And had all sorts of men upon his top,  
 All Prelates, all vassals of the Pope;  
 Who did pursue him with all rage and rigour,  
 With might and malice violence, as of vigour:  
 Those brethren also, whom, tho' still he lov'd,  
 He could not join with, but their sins reprov'd,  
 Who unto men their ministry subjected,  
 Or had subant to mischiefs they enacted,  
 Or by disorders had their charge perverted,  
 Or had their duty in its day deserted,

Or were in foul compliances involv'd,  
 Or those to doubt and plaitter were resolv'd,  
 Or shamefully were silent at the times  
 Iniquities, when duties went for crimes:  
 With those to strive, zeal for his Matter's glory,  
 And indignation at their silly, sorry,  
 Foolish, and feeble, fainting cowardice,  
 (That few their all for truth durst sacrifice)  
 His generous soul did vigorously excite,  
 For which, by some, he was oppos'd with spight.  
 With malice, envy, and with cruel rage,  
 That nothing could unto his death assuage,  
 Yet, maugre all assaults, his bow abode  
 In strength, his hands confirm'd by Jacob's God:  
 By frowns, from duty ne'er could he be daunted,  
 By flatteries, he ne'er could be enchanted:  
 No fear of danger could him ever scar,  
 From diligence: nor disadvantage mar:  
 Nor any want of good accomodations  
 Could stop his pastoral exertations;  
 In painful preaching, visiting, baptizing;  
 In conferences, and in catechizing;  
 Even when in wandering he had no repose,  
 But hags, or hiding holes, in fear of foes:  
 Nothing to lay his weary head upon;  
 No couch but grais; no pillow but a stone;  
 No better chamber oftimes he could have,  
 Than a dark den; no cloiet but a cave:  
 Yet under all this inconvenience,  
 He could possess his soul in patience;  
 His Matter's favour above all things loving,  
 Himself as his true minister approving,  
 By purity, by charity unfeigned,  
 By verity in ianday maintained,  
 By wisdom, patience, by the spirit's light,  
 By righteousness, on the left hand and right,  
 Caring for neither calumnies nor honour,  
 So that he might his conscience exoner:  
 As a deceiver, yet approv'd true;  
 As tho' well known, yet known but to a few:  
 As dying daily, and yet living still,  
 As chastned, yet above their reach to kill;  
 As sorrowful, yet joying evermore,  
 As poor, yet making many rich in store;  
 In many wants, in manifold distresses,  
 In pinching, prison, and in wilderness,

In painful labours, and in weary watching;  
 In cold, and hunger, still in fear of catching;  
 In many perils, both by sea and land,  
 From enemies, and from false brethren's hand;  
 Holland in part, Britain and Ireland know,  
 What perils he was forc'd to undergo:  
 In none of which he any rest could find,  
 But every where, both foes and friends combin'd,  
 By tongue and hand, him still to persecute,  
 In a most keen and violent pursuit;  
 Hence such a price was set upon his head,  
 As did entice to catch him, quick or dead.  
 Hell's hottest harpies, villains, vilest vermine,  
 Who by all means, to take him did determine:  
 Therefore, in fury they the chase did follow,  
 By hue and cry, and many hideous hollows;  
 Through cities, country, villages of Boors  
 Through wettest mosses, and through wildest muirs,  
 Through highest mountains, and remotest glens,  
 Compelling him to caves and hidden dens:  
 Where weary, cold, and hungry, he could find  
 No comfort, but what from the heavens shin'd:  
 Yet after all their proud designs were done,  
 His works to them prov'd Silyphus his stone;  
 Still with renewed force, afresh returning,  
 The bush did burn, but did not wasse in burning;  
 His dispicable followers, tho' few,  
 The more they were afflicted, more they grew;  
 All proclamations, cruel prohibitions,  
 All circuit-courts of Spanish inquisitions,  
 (Imposing conscience-coz ning oaths and bonds;  
 Recusants, banishing to foreign lands,  
 Or murdering by bloody butchers hands.  
 Could never either their own cumbers finish,  
 Nor so much as their numbers yet deminish:  
 Nor crush, nor cool his unappalled zeal,  
 Nor of his ministry cancel the seal,  
 Engraven on the hearts of many hearers,  
 Who were Jehovah's followers and fearers;  
 Which now's impressed with a deeper stamp,  
 Since the expiring of this burning lamp;  
 Whose latest Sparklings hath so brightly blaz'd,  
 That many eyes were dazled and amaz'd,  
 To see now visibly without a cloud,  
 And legibly in characters of blood.)



The dverfaries Tyranny disclos'd,  
 Their calumnies confute, that him oppos'd;  
 That those despis'd truths have overcome,  
 For which contending, he got martyrdom,  
 His testimony for his Master's cause,  
 The churches liberties, and nations laws;  
 (For which, in life, he mightily contended)  
 Now by his death to many much contended;  
 Who searching what could be the cause or crime,  
 Wherefore he lost his life at such a time;  
 Did find that only he was too distinct  
 In speaking that, which many others think.

This was the only crime was on him charg'd,  
 Tho' to the height of heinousness enlarg'd;  
 Because these soul-enriching Rendezvouise,  
 Of Christ's Militia, in the fields, or house.  
 The devil's grand eye-fore, and great vexation,  
 Of all his friends, and foes of reformation;  
 (Where hungry souls with heavenly food were nourish'd  
 And where a banner faithfully was flourish'd.  
 For the Regalia of the churches head,  
 And liberties, wherewith he hath her freed.)  
 He never suffer would to be suppress'd,  
 Nor that the duty should not be confess'd;  
 Now when it was declared capital,  
 And when by law discharg'd as criminal;  
 And by its old promoters now deserted,  
 Whom Popish tolerations now perverted.

In such a case he vigorously contended,  
 That meetings could be valiantly defended,  
 By arms defensive, which the law of nature,  
 And law of God, allows to every creature;  
 When now they were in daily jeopardy,  
 Of having blood mixt with their sacrifice.

This also was his crime, or rather crown,  
 That he would not a Popish monster own;  
 Sitting upon a throne of tyranny,  
 Usurp'd by rapine blood and treachery;  
 Nor pay allegiance to his absolute power,  
 As pimp employ'd for the Romish Whore;  
 Not say, a robber's sacrilegious rod,  
 Was now the sacred ordinance of God;  
 When such in sacred writ is called rather  
 A fox or dog, than a politic father.

In fine, for this he also was indicted,  
 Because to bear the dross he us invited;

Rather than pay an execrable cess,  
 Impos'd our gospel-meetings to suppress,  
 For raising forces, tyranny to strengthen,  
 Our much enthras'd misery to lengthen,  
 For ruin the weak-remnant left devoting,  
 The church and state, supremacy promoting,  
 For tests of lawless loyalty enacted,  
 And for betraying liberty exacted.  
 The full amount then of his accusation,  
 Of all his troubles, the alone occasion,  
 Was that at wickedness he'd never wink;  
 But still speak out, what others durst but think;  
 From which unto the death he would not swerve,  
 But boldly spake, his mind without reserve,  
 To Prelatists and Papists in their fury,  
 And to professors sitting on his jury;  
 Invincibly he all their tricks withstood,  
 Inflexibly resisting unto blood:  
 And for his life to supplicate disdain'd,  
 Lest he should have his testimony stain'd;  
 By which through blood of Lamb he overcame,  
 And lov'd not life too dearly for the same;  
 Which fruitfully h' affirmed during breath,  
 And faithfully confirmed by his death;  
 In such a measure of humility,  
 Of patience meekness, zeal and constancy;  
 That it to enemies hath been confounding,  
 To Neutralists conviction much redounding,  
 To Hesitants and halters confirmation,  
 And to all Zion's mourners consolation;  
 Hence in a bloody chariot he hath gone,  
 To see and stand before Emmanuel's throne;  
 His hands with palms, his head with pleasant bays,  
 His clothes in white, do sprinkle glister'ring rays  
 Of glory, glory singing, and salvation  
 To him that brought him out of tribulation;  
 Unto the Throne and temple of his God,  
 Where everlastingly he hath abode;  
 Where without intermission night or day,  
 Where without interruption of delay,  
 Without all cares, without all faints or fears,  
 Without all Inares, without all plaints or tears,  
 He serves, he sings, he sees the Lamb that's feeding,  
 And unto lovely living waters leading:  
 Where leave we him full of Jehovah's joy,  
 Whom no more sin, nor sorrow, can annoy;

) ( ( )

And rest lamenting, while i'th' vale of tears,  
Our growing grief, and fresh recurring fears.

An *Anagram* on  
MASTER JAMES RENWICK.  
*I am Christ's meek Servant.*

An *Acrostic* on the same.

Meekness and	Magnanimity most rare,
Advanc'd thy	Actions with advantage fair,
Submissive	Self denial, suffering slights,
Twisted with	True zeal, for Emmanuel's rights,
Extoll'd thee	Early in esteem and fame,
Renowned	Renwick, evermore the same.
Jehovah	Jireh was thy constant joy,
Along thy	Always arduous employ :
Magnified	Martyr ! men thee much admire ;
Enemies	Envy, and enraged ire,
Shaming them	Selves, thy sufferings to bespatter.
Reproaches	Restless with renown did scatter,
Eminent	Enterprises in all dangers,
Noble thy	Name have notify'd to strangers,
Vexations	Various suffered valiantly.
Imbalm'd thy	Innocence to memory.
Comfort from	Christ did stop all thy complaints,
Kill'd thour't for	Keeping his commandments.

F I N I S.

