
Are we then lost to Sense as well as Shame,  
And sunk beyond the View of Pristin Fame,  
That not one Ray shines piercing from afar,  
To shew us what our fam’d Forefathers were?

It must be so – the *British Genius* dies,  
And not one Spark of Life affects our Eyes;  
Tamely we bear with Scandal and Disdain,  
And vindicate a Villain we should brain,  
And we the Laws of Government defie,  
And sing *Hosanna’s* who should *Halters* cry.

Yet shall their Idol his true Picture see,  
And find there is a *Britain* lives in me;  
Though on his Land his Excrement he flings,  
And the kind *Bosom* that preserv’d him stings.  
Tho’ shouting Croud’s their Advocate proclaim,  
And varnish over Infamy with Fame.

*Hymns* let him write, when he should *Mercy* pray,  
And Satyrize the State, *The Shortest way*;  
Invectives against Monarchy indite,  
To make his Impudence surpass his spight.  
In Publick View he shall again appear,  
Nor shall his City *Friends* protect him here,  
Out of their Reach their Oracle shall stand,  
To satisfie the Justice of the Land,  
By him as yet with Indignation born,  
And treated by his Partizans with Scorn.

And thou Dread Muse that hast the *Father* sung,  
And wept his *Ashes* injur’d by their Tongue:  
Thou that hast *Mourn’d* a Martyr’s Banish’d Race,  
And *Faction* dar’st Decry to *Fashion’s* Face,  
In this *Attempt*, thy willing Numbers joyn,  
And let the Daughter’s Charge be likewise thine,  
As thou mak’st known their Insolence of Spleen,  
That side with him that sides against the Queen;  
And lost to all Conviction and Reproof,  
Huzza him born to Wooden Shoes, down from his Wooden Ruff.

Westward of us, a Powerful Kingdom lies,  
That from the *Gauls*, and *Lombards* takes its Rise.  
Whose Counsels are Successful as they’re Wise.  
Here, as in other Neighb’ring Countries grew,  
A Race of Men Seditious, and Untrue,  
Restless and Stiff, Impatient of Command,
And not to be Rein’d in with gentle Hand.
Eager to Rule, and those that rul’d Oppose,
And by Religion made their Country’s Foes.
Time out of Mind the Factious had Rebell’d,
And were from time to time by Force Repell’d,
Yet still the Rabble Hydra rais’d its Head,
And Grumbling gather’d Strength from Conquest fled.
When Lewis mounted on the Regal Throne,
Saw ’em his Just Authority disown,
Forc’d with his Sword his Title to maintain,
And vindicate his Rightful Claim to Reign.

Grant after Grant was by the Monarch made,
And methods of Severity delay’d,
Till finding there was need of stricter Hand,
And more Concessions made ’em more demand;
Resolv’d to extirpate what he’d ne’re correct,
He banish’d all Rebellion in the Sect,
Sent ’em abroad to Punish other Climes,
And weave on Foreign Looms their Country’s Crimes.

Hence Traytors to our Church and State arose,
And hence our De Larue’s and our De Foe’s,
Who to bring in the Devil assume the Saint,
And the whole Leaven which they mix with Taint.
Hence our Decrease of Money and of Trade,
And our Discourag’d Natives cry for Bread,
Our Mourning Husbands and our Weeping Wives,
That without Labour, drag laborious Lives,
That unemploy’d, sit Pensive at their Doors,
And see their Lands possess’d by Foreign Boors.

Hence all the Wrongs done in precedent Reigns,
Jews Knighted, Slaves preferr’d to Golden Chains,
Cabals Erected, Liberties Destroy’d
Under Pretence of having Rights Enjoy’d,
Conformist by Sham Conforming lost,
And who deserv’d it least, Prefer’d the most;
Those who in Honours Gap, with Honour stood,
Occasionally Bad from being Good,
While we Positions that are false advance,
And keep the Frenchmen here to Conquer France.

Not that the Muse Unmerciful would seem,
Or lay down any but a Christian Scheme,
Far be the thought and distant the design,
Since Human Laws forbid it and Divine,
But all are not for Conscience hither fled,
And Multitudes, God knows, are come for Bread.
Grant that Religion was their Sole Offence,
The same Religion brought’em, calls’em hence,
Their Murther’d Brethren, supplicate their Aid,
And what was Treason once, is Duty made;
Duty to Save, what they should still Preserve,
And vindicate the God they say they Serve.

If they no Pity to Relations owe,
Yet Gratitude to us should make’em go,
That have Collections rais’d from Door to door,
And Starv’d our Parishes, to feed their Poor;
That have receiv’d their wand’ring Tribes in Shoals,
And fed their Bodies, to puff up their Souls.

What can they do more Generous and Good,
Than stand by those who on their Side have stood,
Than something in Requital to perform,
And from their fam’d Asylum keep the Storm?

But no such Principle among these Men is,
They ask their Brethren’s Pardon i’th’ Sevennes;
Wheels, Racks and Gibbets are not Things to please,
Bullets are hurtful, and in no Man’s Sense,
Hipocrisy against’em is a Fence;
Ghastly they point to Level thick and thin,
And sweep the Righteous with the Men of Sin.

Out of this Rebel Herd our Rebel sprung
And brought the Virtues of the Soil along,
A mild Behaviour and a fluent Tongue.
With up-lift Eyes, and with ambitious Heart,
On England’s Theatre to act his Part.
How well he acted, witness ye that saw,
How wresting Gospel, and provoking Law!
A true Malignant, Arrogant and Sour,
And ever Snarling at establish’d Pow’r;
More Famous for Ill Nature than for Wit,
As he got in with the Dissenting Tribe.
And from a Broken Hosier, turn’d a Scribe.

Here Satyr, all our Author’s Works expose,
And view the Windings of his Verse and Prose,
Thou in his Paper Labarynth may’st find,
A Clue to guide thee through his Crooked Mind.
Deeds that have been behind the Curtain done,
And Libels that he thinks not fit to own.

The Pamphleteers that bought his Works so dear,
Might have put down the Kentish History there,  
Written to Serve Incendiarian Ends,  
And which has made Five Fools his Zealous Friends,  
Whose Intercession for such Crimes as His,  
Is like to keep him longer where he is.  
Lex Talionis too should have a Place,  
And like a Man that wrote it, shew its Face,  
Tho’ it’s a Law quite out of his Esteem,  
Who never did what has been done by him.  
Who never yet an Injury forgave,  
Or Mercy shew’d, tho he cou’d Mercy crave.

The famed Succession likewise should appear,  
But he’s not void of Sence, tho’ void of Fear,  
The Settlement is otherwise Design’d,  
And P—ts have chosen to their Mind,  
Since Hannover the Nations Votes has won,  
And he dares speak no more for Monmouth’s Son.

Loads of Sedition there, might also come,  
Fit Ammunition for the Reader’s Bum;  
But those who got his Picture cut, thought fit,  
To pare the Excrescences, and Warts of Wit,  
Not give too much for Money, who cou’d give  
More Money for his Works, than they’ll receive.

Yet should we trace’em with Enquiring Eye,  
Customers by this Means may chance to buy,  
For books that are Neglected and despis’d,  
Are often by their Answers advertis’d:  
As Vicious Practice’s the more get Head,  
By Tutchin’s Observator made to spread.  
First view him in his True-Born English Farce,  
With all his Ten Editions at his Arse,  
That Heap of Rhimes and Dunghill of Offence,  
Where all the Guts are cast of Impudence;  
A common Laystall of his own Disgrace,  
That shews him far less Politick than Base,

Brittain, ’tis true, thou’rt Scandalously low,  
That could’st stretch out thy Arms to a De Foe;  
Lend him those Aids, which none but Thou woulds’t give,  
And raise a poys’nous Plant that should not live:  
That could accept him with a Prents Love,  
When Thou a Step-mother might’st justly prove,  
Since he from Branches is transplanted sprung,  
And Eats the Nourishment shou’d Feed thy Young.

But it’s not he shall thy Foundations shake,  
And Introduce new Forms from Leman’s Lake,
Let him boil o’re with Gall, be choak’d with Flegm,  
Conquer’d we’ve been, but will not be by Him.  
Tho’ mix’d in Blood, against us he inveighs,  
We’ll have no Mixture of his Means and Ways,  
Thy Nobles on thy side shall Taintless stand,  
Thy Commons Vindicate an Injur’d Land;  
Thy Clergy for thy Suffering Church shall write,  
Thy Lawyers plead for Thee, thy Soldiers fight;  
As they shall to their Birthright lay their Claim,  
And shew themselves the Sons of Thee and Fame,  
Tho’ he for Keen Invectives ransacks Hell,  
And Pamphlets into Bulky Volumes swell.  

Make way for Reformation is the Word,  
More Room there for a true Canary Bird,  
See him as if from Pulpit preach Abuse,  
And damn the Practices he has put in Use;  
See him Good Living to Bad Livers teach,  
Woe to the Geese, the Fox begins to preach.  

How such a Lord, Phillisis in store,  
When he himself at Tilbury kept his Wh—  
This from Place to place, encumber’d dodg’d,  
When his own Coachman knew not where he lodg’d;  
How these were forty Pay-Masters and Knaves,  
When Justices forc’d him to pay his Slaves,  
Who Subject to a worse than Pharaoh’s Law,  
Made Bricks without due Food instead of St[r]aw;  
Who suffer’d for the Maggots in his Head,  
And took great Pains to go without their Bread.  

Opprobious Wretch, and of ill-manner’d Pen!  
That flings his Ordour on all sorts of Men!  
That first commits the Vices he decry’s!  
And Whoring turns Informer for Disguise!  
Like his own Party, who to Purge our Sores,  
Turn wicked with young Girls to prove’em Whores.  
Else wise Sir Ned wou’d have but scantly Fees,  
And Milk and Mackerel Tom might sit at Ease;  
If Men were not the Glorious Work beginning,  
And pay’d twelve Shillings weekly down for Sinning.  

Now for the Town’s discoursed the dreadful Theme,  
That brought him to the Neck-Verse of his Hymn;  
That made him for more Reformation known,  
And cloath’d his fretful Corps with Garb of Stone.  

Prais’d be the Patriot Tongue that spoke his Crimes,  
And laid’em down as Terrors to the Times,  
As he declar’d what England’s to expect,
From such a Man of Gath, and such a Sect.
And made the Court Impending Dangers see,
By letting loose their Captive Enemy.
Tho’ he devoid of Modesty and Grace,
Wou’d have him in his Hymn to take his Place.

The Sect has Money, and shou’d Money pay,
Which wou’d reform ’em all the Shortest way:
Lower their Value, and decrease their Store,
And make’em good, could we but make’em Poor
And if our Peace was earnestly design’d
The Party in its Author shou’d be Fin’d,
Rated in Sums of a Prodigious Price,
And Loads of Money pay for Loads of Vice.

Such Means as these all Mischiefs would redress,
And bring’em into Compass with the Press,
That is Unlicens’d yet has no Restraint,
And works for ever for their Newgate Saint,
Whose Pen show’rs Ink like the descending Rain,
And speaks the Diabetes of his Brain,

Only that Heavenly Element does good,
And brings in flowing Plenty with its Flood;
When his black Streams would drown Religions Fruit,
And aim to sink the Church in Branch and Root.
The Church that on her Founder, God relies,
And sees his weak Attempts with pittyng Eyes,
And fix’d upon Her self, all Human Rage defies

Not, but he should, tho’ baulk’d in his Intent,
Suffer for Crimes which he Successful meant;
Tho’ She Revengeless as the tender Dove,
Extends her Olive Branch, and Courts his Love,
Coo’s Laments, that he not hears Her Call,
And has no Gall for one that overflows with Gall.

Bring him then Satyr to’s appointed Fate,
And Guard him to the Piilory [sic] of State,
Make the stiff Male contented Grumbler stoop,
His Head the Button, and the Wood the Loop;
He’ll tell you that he suffers for a Cause,
Illegal made by Men too Great for Laws,
That his fix’d Soul no wavering Motion made,
That he’d not sell his Friends, by Friends betray’d
But mind not his Assertions false and vain,
 Till he this Ænigmatick Doubt Explain,
How those are Guiltless that could Guilty Plead,
And ne’re Confess’d, that have Confessions made.
Witness the Court that heard his Guilty Fears,
And what he said in Newgate to two Peers;
He'll tell you likewise Promises were broke,
That Lawyers Grants of Mercy could revoke,
But ne'er give Credit to the Shuffling Knave,
Till he proves that was Broke they never gave.

Drag him along, whate' er his Excuse,
All that he says, is Scandal and Abuse,
His Hat speaks what his Tongue denies to own,
And place Sedition in Sedition’s Throne,
As round him Philistians adoring stand,
And keep their Dagon safe from Israel’s Hand.

There let him stand Exalted with his Muse,
Himself a Riddle, who does Riddles use,
That others Lands has for his own Convey’d,
And Bought and Sold Estates for which he never Paid.

With him Expose the Mob to Publick View,
That stood by Principles they never knew,
That Dirt themselves protected him from Filth,
And for the Faction’s Money drank its Health.
The Brainless Fools that Prais’d his Hymn when read,
Rail’d against Monarchy at a Monarchs Head,
And took for Gospel, what ‘gainst Law was said.

Those Interloving Jugglers of the Town,
Who live by other[s] Wit and not their own,
That act like Hounds to smell out Men of Sence
And wriggle into Company for Pence:
That follow Authors just as Carrion Crows,
And treat L. Estrange’s equal with De Foe’s.
Lay Traps and Snares, and bait the Tempting Gin
With Gold, to catch our Understandings in:
Those Springes of the Trade, that gaping sit,
And Sometimes [?text obscured] a Wood-cock for a Wit,
Those L—n—ts that buy Poetry by Rule,
And Praise a Wiseman but to make a Fool.
But he’ll[?] not [?text obscured] a Minister of State,
Who buys by Sale of Lines, and not by Weight.

Now Satyr dart a Stroke at Greater Names,
That pull Sir O—n to consult Sir J—mes,
That form Cabals which ne’re will take Effect,
And are the Propagators of the Sect,
Such as like Knights of Malta at the Fleece,
Are Politicks whole Days for Pints apiece.
And with Sir Numph with mighty Fervour Pray:
To change a Government they cannot Sway.
But Mute approach’em with an awful Care,
Some of those Men have slept within the Ch—
Have cough’d in Fur, and have on Custard fed,
When thou a Life has more penurious led,
Bite’em, I say, but do not bite so,
As to Exalt thy self with their De Foe,

Yet since ’tis Justice that thou deep shou’d strike;
And his own Book has Preach’d up like for like;
Since he dares wrong the Pillars of the State,
And treat irreverently the Good and Great,
Who for Britannia’s Safety sit at Helm,
To Steer the Government which he’d o’whelm,
Scruple thou not, nor timerously decline
A Task, thou shouldst be proud of being thine,
But let’em in thy Verse unmask’d Appear,
Whatever Swelling Titles they may wear,

Whether Sir Harry with accustom’d Pride,
Swears and lays odds against his Country’s Side;
Whether R—d thy Design decry’s,
And laughs at Managements from which he Flies;
Now made a Missionary to Transplant
Ill Principles, w[h?]ere bad, were never scant.
Whether Lord haughty puffs, and calls thee dull,
And laughs at Emptiness, with Coffers full,
Tell him aloud, not whisper in his Ear,
He was design’d a Parson, not a P—r,
And that thy self had full as Bulky grown,
Hast thou made other’s Schemes and Wit thy own.

But above all our Observations draw,
By placing in our View the Man of Law,
To make him seen by every Publick Eye,
Raise him like Haman, fifty Cubits high,
There let him shew his Nature and his Art,
And turn o’re Statutes, Statutes to pervert;
Long has he growl’d and frown’d behind the Scene,
And been for Commonwealth’s the sole Machine,
Moving the lesser Instruments unseen.
The Root whose Nurture has the Faction fed,
And made it forward shoot its branching Head.
Force him to leave the Secrecies of Night,
And set the Nation’s Enemy in its Light,
His Modern Friends will certainly stand by,
And give their Oracle their Company.

Cast Admirals who would fling us upon Shelves,
And blame all Deeds but what they do themselves;
Those who at Land sit Arbiters of the Main,
And laugh at Victories they dare not gain,
Who accidental Conquests can abuse,
And offer’d Opportunities can lose;
Love to be Safe from Slaughter and from Guns,
And not pursue an Enemy that runs,
For fear he should turn back again and Fight,
And put the Man that follow’d him to Flight.

But the Delinquent has stood out his Time,
And satisfy’d the Sentence of his Crime,
Down with him Muse, and Satyr sheath thy Pen,
Cover him with his True Blew Cloak agen,
And carry Daniel to the Lion’s Den.
There let him lie to Expiate his Offence,
Till his Friends Bail him out, and shout him thence.

FINIS