

An ELEGY in Memory of that
valiant Champion, Sir ROBERT
GRIERSON of LAG; who died
Decem. 23d, 1733.

W H A T fatal news is this I hear !
On earth who shall my standard bear ?
Lag, who was my champion brave
is dead, and now laid in his grave.
The want of him is a great grief;
He was my manager and chief,
Who fought my kingdom to promote,
And to my laws he had great love.
Could such a furious fiend as I
shed tears, my cheeks would never dry;
But I would mourn both night and day,
Cause LAG from earth is ta'en away.
It is no wonder I am sad,
A better friend I never had.
Thro' all the large tract of his time,
He never did my ways decline:
He was my trusty constant liege,
Who at all times did me oblige.
But now, what shall I think or say ?
My death at last he's ta'en away.
He was a man of meikle zeal,
Who in my service did not fail;
He was no coward.

No man dare say he did repent
 Of the good service done to me;
 For as he liv'd so did he die;
 He bore my image on his brow,
 My service he did still avow.
 He had no other deitie,
 But this world, the flesh and me;
 Unto us he did homage pay,
 And did us worship every day.
 The thing that he delighted in,
 Was that which pious folk call sin,
 Adult'ry, whoredom, and such vice,
 Such pleasures were his paradise.
 To curse, to swear, and to blaspheme,
 He gloried in, and thought no shame.
 To excess he drank beer and wine,
 Till he was drunken like a swine;
 No sabbath day regarded he,
 But spent it in profanity;
 'Mongst other vices, as some say,
 He ravish'd virgins on that day.
 But that which rais'd his fame so high,
 Was the good service done to me,
 In bearing of a deadly feud
 'Gainst people who did pray and read;
 And sought my kingdom to impair,
 These were the folk he did not spare.
 Any who reads the scriptures thro',
 I'm sure they'll find but very few
 Of my best friends that's mention'd there,
 That could with GRIER of LAG compare.

Tho' CAIN was a bloody man,
 He to LAG's lachets never came,
 In shedding of the blood of those,
 Who did my laws and ways oppose,
 He did resemble PHARAOH near,

In this, that he shook off all fear,
 Harden'd his heart, would not obey,
 But fought the Israelites to slay,
 Like SAUL who DAVID did pursue,
 He rais'd on them the cry and hue;
 And cruelly he did oppress,
 Such as religion did profess.

DOEG the Edomite did slay
 Fourtycore and five priests in one day;
 But if you'll take the will for deed,
 Brave LAQ did DOEG far exceed.
 He of the blood-royal was come,
 Of AHAB he was a true son;
 For he did sell himself to me,
 To work sin and iniquity.

HEROD for me had great zeal,
 Tho' his main purpose far did fail,
 He many slew by a decree;
 But did not toil so much for me
 As LAQ, who in his person went
 To every place where he was sent,
 To persecute both man and wife,
 Who he knew led a pious life.

BRAVE GLAVERS flourish'd in his day,
 And many lives did take away.
 He to ROME's cause most firmly stood,
 And drunken was with the saints blood,
 Which in abundance he did shed,
 Of those who from his presence fled,
 In moss and mountain, cleugh and glen,
 Were slaughter'd by his Highland-men.
 He was a terror where he came
 To all the followers of the LAMB.
 With great industry and fatigue,
 He labour'd to root out that seed;
 That where he came none might remain,
 Who,

Who in the least did me defame,
 He rifl'd houses and did plunder,
 In moor and dale many a hunder,
 He all the shires in south and west
 With blood and rapine sore oppress.
 He to his utmost did contrive
 How he might make my kingdom thrive,
 And how he should bring down ail those,
 That did my government oppose.
 His mischief never prosper'd ill,
 Except one time near Lowdon-hill,
 Where shamefully he did retreat,
 Before a few who did him beat,
 Till more assistance I did give,
 And then brave CLAVERS did revive,
 With fuy then and hellish rage,
 He did these wanderers engage,
 And sought their utter overthrow,
 In every place where he did go.
 When they were dead such was his rage,
 Nor less his fury could asswage
 Than raise them up, 'bove earth to ly,
 As trophies of his victory.
 He was made Viscount of Dundee,
 For venturing his all for me.
 This honor he enjoy'd not long;
 Soon after this he was ta'en home;
 By sudden fate at last he fell
 At Killicranky, near Dunkel.
 No longer could he serve me here;
 But LAG surviv'd for many a year,
 And constantly stood to his post,
 When many a champion brave was lost.
 BRAVE CHARLES STEWART of renown,
 The best that ever wore a crown;
 For whoredom and adultery,

For incest and profanity,
 For falshood and for treachery,
 For drunk'ness and for perjury ;
 He neither word nor oath regarded ;
 With gibbets he his friends rewarded ;
 With opposit'ion when he did meet,
 He then did play the hypocrite,
 And feign'd himself for reformation,
 When he intended deformation.
 At SPAY and SCÖON within a year,
 The covenants he twive did swear ;
 And at DUMFERLINE did profess
 his sorrow for his naughtiness ;
 But that was all to get the crown,
 That he the better might bring down
 That covenanted Presbyt'rie,
 That was so opposite to me.
 For afterwards he did rescind
 These covenants no more to bind ;
 And solemnly he gave command
 To burn them by the hangman's hand.
 He caus'd the nations to abjure
 What they call'd reformation pure.
 Brave Prelacy he did restore,
 As it in SCOTLAND was before.
 And to this DAGON he caus'd bow
 SCOTSMEN contrary to their vow.
 He many a conscience did defile,
 Which made me on his court to smile :
 Malignants he advanced high,
 Cause they good subjects were to me :
 He tolerated heresy,
 All error and profanity :
 A blasphemous supremacie
 Over the church usurped he ;
 And granted an indulgency,

Thereby

Thereby to ruin Presbyt'ry;
 My sceptre he did bravely sway,
 And punisht those that did gainsay,
 By tortures that were most severe,
 By prisoning and loss of gear;
 And cruel murders many a way,
 Because they from my laws did stray:
 But kindness he did ever bear
 To all the Popish far and near;
 No POPE in ROME did ever dwell,
 That could this noble prince excel.
 For in a word he did advance
 My kingdom more than ROME, OR FRANCE;
 Neither SPAIN NOR GERMANY
 Had so much true zeal for me;
 He reigned long, but at the last,
 His brother YORK gave him a cast,
 He poison'd him and made him die,
 And sent him home to my country,
 To Tophet, that's both wide and large,
 Which he chus'd for his heritage.

GREAT *MIDDLETON*, that man of might
 My service he did never slight:
 To work he furiously did go,
 The covenants to overthrow:
 He like *NEHUSHTAN* did them treat,
 Like Almanacks that's out of date.
 He did rescind their force and power,
 And solemnly made them abjure,
 He nullified all acts and laws
 That favoured the scripture-cause:
 And ruin'd many a family,
 For nought but non-conformity;
 If hirelings they would not hear,
 Their purse he punish'd most severe:
 He made the south of *SCOTLAND* feel,

s gripping claws were made of steel,
 hey were so crooked, hard and sharp,
 hey pierc'd men's substance to the heart :
 he king's commission while he did bear,
 en lost their conscience, life or gear :
 t CHARLES too soon him discarded ;
 t I his kindness well rewarded,
 nd this I hope he'll not deny,
 nce now he lives as well as I
 FLETCHER, my friend, he was the first,
 advocate, who did insist
 gainst the WHIGS, in the king's name,
 bring them to an open shame :
 CHARLES my son did him install,
 o bring these rebels under thrall.
 ho still for covenants were pleading,
 o justify their old proceeding :
 labour'd very earnestly
 o please his sovereign and me,
 y rooting out base Presbytry
 nd planting noble Prelacy ;
 y banishing some far away,
 hat us'd my dictates to gainsay ;
 y sumptuous fines, making them poor ;
 hat never could my yoke endure ;
 y shutting up in prison strong
 hese men who did my interest wrong ;
 nd thirsting for the blood of them
 ho did my government contemn :
 his malice was so set on fire,
 hat nothing could quench his desire,
 til Argyll, mine enemy,
 as brought condignly for to die ;
 nd Gurthey who did me oppose,
 y hanging be his days did close,
 nd WARISTON the worst of all,

B

By

By my friend FLETCHER he did fall :
 Thus wonderfully he did please me,
 When of these rebels he did ease me ;
 For which good service he doth sit
 Among the princes of my pit.

AND my dear cousin Provost *MILL*,
 Burnt covenants, yet thought no ill,
 At LITHGOW-CROSS, with more disgrace
 Than ever was at any place.

He burnt *LEX REX*, and other books
 Which sowlly on my interest looks ;
 And many acts of kirk and state,
 Which he knew well that I did hate,
 'Cause they advanc'd a reformation,
 That shook my kingdom thro' the nation
 He burnt old brechems, roakes and reel,
 Also the picture of the De'il ;
 I mean myself, 'cause he did think
 My effigies would make all stink ;
 That he burnt on that solemn day,
 Upon the twenty-ninth of May.

But my dear cousin was mista'en,
 The covenants remain'd in fame,
 By some that did love them so well,
 That with their blood they did them seal
 Yet Provost *MILL* was not to blame,
 Since he so basely did defame
 All covenants, all acts and laws
 That favour'd the Fanatic cause :
 Himself to me did surrender,
 And for a time liv'd in great splendor ;
 Beloved well of all my friends,
 Till at the last he lost his means ;
 And fell in want and poverty,
 Which made him to the ABBAY fly.
 He who the covenants did burn,

cheating bankrupt did become ;
 he lost his senses, turn'd demented,
 and none but me his case lamented ;
 and at the end of all did die,
 remoaned by no man but me :
 I did him visit in distress,
 Where he is now you'll eas'ly guess.
 TURNER did GALLOWAY invade,
 and took from many what they had,
 he spared neither old nor young,
 but plunder'd all where he did come,
 most savagely he did them treat,
 and without mercy some did beat.
 he spoil'd that country cruelly
 and acted like a man for me.
 A very hellish life he led,
 as in my cave he had been bred ;
 MARSFAIRN can well testify,
 the cursing and prophanity
 the outrages committed there,
 (The half of which might fill the air)
 by TURNER and his company,
 which wonderfully pleased me.
 DALZEL who fought at PENTLAND-HILL,
 and many of my foes did kill ;
 and others prisoners did lead,
 who, after quarters, were hang'd dead.
 A downright Atheist he turn,
 and ruin'd all where he did come
 that wanted the mark of the beast,
 he did not spare them in the least :
 he shot one FINLAY at a post ;
 serving me he made his boast,
 he was so valiant in my cause,
 and so observant of my laws,
 that to commend him there's no need,

His works have prais'd him since he's dead.

NISBIT of *DIRLTOWN* in my stead,
 In open courts 'gainst *WHIGS* did plead;
 And to the gallows did pursue
 The *PENTLAND-MEN*, who did renew
 The covenants at *LANERK TOWN*,
 Till they on gibbets were brought down
 And by his rigorous pursuing
 He many other *WHIGS* did ruin.
 His great exploits pleas'd me so well,
 That I his name cannot conceal,
 But think fit that his deeds be told,
 That so his name may be enroll'd
 'Mongst other worthies on record,
 Who serv'd me as their sovereign Lord.

M'KENZIE after did succeed,
 As advocate for me to plead,
 He turned to apostacy,
 And spent his time in blasphemy,
 He pled that persons might go free
 For murder and for sorcery,
 But brought them in guilty of treason,
 Who were religious out of season;
 By keeping *Presbyt'ry* in fame,
 Which king and council did disclaim,
 Who of their conscience were so tender,
 Religion they would not surrender,
 To please his majesty and court,
 And turn as changes came about;
 To scripture they so firmly stood,
 On them I did spue out a flood
 Of mischief and calamity,
M'KENZIE acted well for me;
 Scripture-religion at that time,
 He made it such a heinous crime,
 That for it nought could satisfy,
 But guilty persons they must die.

He many a faint pursu'd to death;
 He feared neither hell nor wrath.
 His conscience was so cauteriz'd,
 He refus'd nothing that I pleas'd.
 For which he's had my kindness still,
 Since he his labours did fulfil.

ROTHERS, like a sow in the mire,
 Who of his whoredom did not tire;
 But wallow'd in adultery,
 In cursing and profanity,
 And did allot the sabbath day,
 To spend it in his game and play:
 Perjur'd himself in *MITCHEL*'s case,
 To bring that rebel to disgrace.
 To Popery he was a good friend,
 To set it up this man was keen.
 His drunkenness I need not name,
 My friend of this thought never shame:
 He did contrive that rare engine,
 That did make *HACKSTON* tree great pine;
 To rip his breast at my desire,
 And burnt his heart quick in the fire,
 Mangled his hands, and took them off,
 That they might be the people's scoff,
 And afterwards struck off his pow,
 Set it on the *NETHER-BOW*;
 And cut his body all afunder,
 And plac'd it for a world's wonder,
 Thus he shook off humanity,
 For the respect he had to me.
 At last in horror he did die,
 And went to *Tophet* dolefully.

MONMOUTH did me a noble turn,
 When he to *BOTHWEL-BRIDGE* did come,
 With armed force, with power and might,
 He slew, and put the *WHIGS* to flight.

Altho'

Altho' it was the Sabbath-day,
 He would not grant them a delay;
 But instantly did hush them down,
 And took them captives to the town,
 They prisoners were in the GRAY-FRIAR,
 Until a false oath they did swear;
 Or in the dungeons were shut close,
 Where they their lives were like to lose.
 Some got the gallows, some the sea,
 Some hang'd, some drown'd; that pleas'd me.

EARLSHAL, who serv'd me many a
 And for my interest did appear; (year,
 He serv'd his 'prentiship below,
 Then to the mountains he did go,
 The CAMERONIANS to defeat,
 People whom I do greatly hate.
 At AIRDS-MOSS he surpriz'd that crew,
 CAMERON their champion he slew,
 And desperately cut off his head,
 Altho his hands, and made him bleed.
 Then in great triumph he did go,
 To EDINBURGH with a great show;
 Much boasting that he had suppress'd
 The CAMERONIANS in the west;
 He did produce the hands and head
 Of CAMERON, whom he killed dead;
 For which the council did him pay
 A large reward, without delay.
 And I myself on him did smile,
 For that great action done in KYLE;
 Because that he avenged me
 Upon my stated enemy.
 His kindness shall not be forgot,
 As long as my furnace is hot.

YORK, who great CHARLES did succeed,
 He was my constant friend indeed,

He

He was bred with me all his day;
 And never from my laws did stray,
 For he black Popery did profess,
 In SCOTLAND he set up the Mass.
 A toleration he did give,
 That mystery BABEL might revive.
 He took to him absolute power,
 For to advance the ROMISH whore,
 He stopped all the penal laws
 Were made for weakning of my cause;
 And gave a golden liberty
 For all sorts of idolatry.
 It criminal was in his day
 To own the covenanted way.
 For he intended in short time,
 To make Pop'ry thro' SCOTLAND shine,
 That from the greatest to the least,
 All men might serve the ROMISH beast.
 He deeply sworn was to ROME,
 To seek all Presbyterians doom,
 To abolish the memory
 Of all that oppos'd Popery.
 All protestants he did despise,
 And many slew without assize,
 He order'd that they should be shot,
 Where they were found in every spot;
 By hellish soldiers, my drudges,
 Whom he impower'd in place of judges,
 Suspected persons for to try,
 And at their pleasure make them die,
 Without allowing liberty
 To fit them for eternity.
 He fram'd all mischiefs by a law,
 To make SCOTLAND an Aceldama;
 Threatned to make a hunting-field
 Of shires that would not fully yield.

He

He all the venom in the pit
 In face of piety did spit.
 He hated all malicioullie,
 Had any fovereign but me.
 Disdained common honesty,
 Lov'd nothing but impiety.
 He in my service posted fast,
 Until his projects got a blast.
 When Orange did come o'er the sea,
 Like a base coward he did flee.
 Then he did abdicate the crown,
 And after liv'd a vagabond,
 Till at St. Germain's he did die,
 And then he did come home to me.

I need not speak of *QUEENSBERRY*,
 No man was loyaler than he;
 He serv'd me well with all his might,
 Against the *WHIGS* with great despight,
 While *YORK*'s commission he did bear.
 Upon them he was most severe.
 By him the parliament was led;
 Saints blood like water then he shed.
 He confidently did declare,
 They should not have time to prepare
 For heaven: because he said that hell
 Was too good a place for *WHIGS* to dwell.
 By that he acted to his power,
 Both soul and body to devour;
 Which was the only thing I sought,
 Altho' to pass it was not brought.
 Yet thanks be unto *QUEENSBERRIE*,
 For his good will in serving me.

MILTON MAXWEL must commend,
 Ten *WHIGS* at once he did condemn,
 And after that he did devote
 Himself, my kingdom to promote.

M'GARTNEY

M'CA RTNEY he did apprehend,
Brought him to an untimous end;
He plagu'd the Presbyterians sore,
That dwelt on the water of ORR.
For CORSACKS house he rifl'd bare,
And neither nurse nor child did spare,
But thrust them out from house and hold;
Expos'd them to hunger and cold;
He did leave nothing in that house,
That was to him of any use:
The horse, the nolt, the corn and sheep,
He every thing away did sweep.
He rang'd thro' like a greedy thief;
Took butter, cheese, mutton, and beef;
The puddings he did scarcely spare,
For every thing away he bare:
Of cloath and cloaths, silver and gold,
He took far more than can be told;
The blackest fight that country saw,
Worse than PET BAILY or JOHN FAW.
All his zeal was mixt with self,
He very greedy was of pelf.
Yet all he took but short time lasted,
The WHIGS did say that it was blasted,
For all his offspring that remain,
Have none of this well-gotten gain.
When I perceiv'd that it was gone,
I out of pity brought him home;
Now WHIGS may sleep in a sound skin,
They'll never get more skaith of him.

My friends that were of lower note,
In justice should not be forgot.
As ALISON, who here did dree
A hell on earth, for pleasing me.
BONSHAW, more fierce than I can tell,
Who bade some found the WHIGS to hell,

G

And

And my beloved KENNAWAY,
Who plagu'd the hill-men every day.
And CHARTERS that was so severe,
'Bove twenty journeys in one year
This varlet willingly did go,
To hasten the fanaticks woe.
STRAHAN, MURRAY and ANNANDALE,
Who in my causes had great zeal.
DRUMMOND, STRETON, and bloody REID,
Who shot my foes till they were dead.
BUCHAN, INGLIS, and WESTER-HALL,
BALFOUR, and others great and small.
STEN-HOUSE, MAITLAND and BOLLOCH-MILL,
COLZEAN and WINDRAM, men of skill.
CRIGHTON, LAUDER, and many moe,
Who fought the hills-mens overthrow.
HALTON, who did himself perjure,
To bring MITCHEL to an ill-hour.
LOWRIE of MAXWELTON also,
Unto these wild-men was a foe.
And so was CRAIK of STEWARTON,
BAILIE, and these gave SMITH his doom.
And all the bishops in the land
Were ready still at my command,
My statutes for to execute,
On all whom I did persecute.
DUMBARTON, BRUCE, and ROB DALZEL,
And other worthies I could tell,
AS EZEKIEL MONTGOMERIE,
The worst fine monster that could be,
And that vile wretch call'd Sheriff HUME,
That was right worthy of his room,
And old tree-legged DUNCAN GRANT,
Who of his wickedness did vaunt.
EGLINTON, IRNCAPLE, and Lord ROSS,
Who did the WHIGS murder and toss,

From

From sixty to the revolution
 Imbrew'd their hands in persecution,
 They murder'd and did stigmatize
 Such as my service did not please;
 They banish'd them to foreign nations,
 And sold them to the new plantations.
 With rigour great they took their gear,
 'Cause they my livery would not wear.
 None forwarder among them all,
 Than noble GRIERSON of LAG-HALL,
 Whose worthy actions makes him fit
 In the great chair, now to sit,
 'Bove KORAH and his company;
 For all his friendship done to me.
 This honour he doth well deserve,
 For he unweariedly did serve
 Me, to his utmost every way,
 To keep my kingdom from decay.

I must remember Bishop SHARP,
 For the good service I did get
 Of him, when he was here away;
 He did the SCOTTISH kirk betray,
 And all its privileges sold,
 For pleasure here and love of gold;
 He fill'd tholand with perjury,
 And all sorts of iniquity;
 And did the force of SCOTLAND lead
 To persecute the woman's seed.
 JUDAS who did his MASTER sell,
 And afterwards went down to hell,
 Had no more mischief in his mind,
 Than SHARP this noble friend of mine.
 A paction pass'd 'twixt him and me,
 That I from skaith should keep him free:
 I gave him forcery 'gainst lead,
 That shooting should not be his dead.

And yet this did him not secure,
 He lost his life on *MAGUS-MUIR*.
 There some stout hearted men in *FIFE*,
 With swords of steel did take his life;
 And very justly did him kill,
 'Cause he their brethren's blood did spill.
 So to this place he did descend.
 But after him *LAG* did contend
 For my kingdom many a day;
 But now alas! he's ta'en away.

WHAT shall I say? for time would fail,
 To tell you of brave *LAUDERDALE*,
 A great apostate he did prove,
 Because, with *BALAAM*, he did love
 The wages of iniquity,
 To keep him in prosperity;
 That his beastly belly might
 Have *EPICUREAN* delight:
 To spend his time in carnal pleasure,
 Which he esteem'd above all treasure,
 He was a member among those
 Who strictest models did compose,
 Upon the Presbyterian side,
 But quickly he from them slide.
 These covenants which oft he swore,
 Most solemnly he did abjure.
 All tenderness he did cast off;
 On scripture he did droll and scoff.
 To Prelate *SHARP* he thought no shame,
 Above *RABSHAKEH* to blaspheme.
 By habit he did curse and swear;
 With harlots company did bear,
 He did counsel and assist
 The King, who after blood did thirst:
 To bring all to a final end,
 For covenants that did contend,

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All public mischief in the land,
Were done at LAUDESDALE's command,
In MITCHEL's case he did perjure
Himself, most wrongfully he swore;
For conscience he regarded not,
Himself he wholly did devote,
To serve King CHARLES and myself,
And to advance his worldly self.
Persisting in these courses still,
Did grieve and anger one CARGILL;
So CHARLES, YORK, MONMOUTH, and he,
Were all deliver'd o'er to me;
ROTHES, M'KENZIE and DALZELL,
Unto my lot each man they fell,
A company of as brave men,
As ever minister did send
By such a sentence unto me;
Whom I embrac'd most willingly.
'Cause formerly I did commend
In many things these worthy men.

Now these brave heroes I must leave,
And some few instances I'll give
Of these brave actions which LAG did,
That ought no longer to be hid,
In GALLOWAY he was well known,
His great exploits in it was shown;
He was my general in that place,
He did the Presbyterians chase,
Thro' moss and muir, and many a hag,
They were pursu'd by my friend LAG.
Saints monuments that's here and there,
If any will to them repair,
'Mongst others there they'll read his name,
And know he was a man of fame.
On many there he forc'd the test,
By perjury them fore oppress.

And

And when he brought them to disgrace,
 He mocked them unto their face.
 From others he did take their gear,
 He neither mercy had nor fear,
 Yet this did not his wrath allay,
 For others he did seek to slay.

CUBINE and GORDON near HALL-HILL,
 He took their life, their blood to spill;
 And left them hanging on a tree,
 For disobedience to me.

JOHN BELL of WHITE-SIDE he did slay,
 And would not give him time to pray;
 And other four in that same hour
 He shot upon KIRKCONNEL-MUIR.

MAYFIELD, CLEMENT, and IRLINGTON,
 MACRABET also he brought down;
 And made them all a sacrifice,
 His hellish fury to appease.

Two men in in TWINGHAM some did find,
 And with hair-tethers did them bind,
 Like sheep for slaughter there they lay,
 GEORGE SHORT and DAVID HALIDAY.
 Till LAG came up, and gave command
 To kill them quickly out of hand.
 Against them he had such despite,
 He would not let them live one night,
 So in that posture they were shot
 Most cruelly upon the spot.

LACHLANE and WILSON in the sea
 He drown'd, 'cause they obey'd not me,
 Tho' they were of the weaker sex,
 No favour they of him did get,
 Unto a stake he did them tye,
 Because they did my laws deny.
 And cruelly he took the life
 Both of a young maid and a wife,

Thus LAG did conquer in the field,
Such as to me would no ways yield. 1
When persecuting did delay,
He serv'd me well another way.
He ever loyal was and true,
And his allegiance did renew.
And for my sake did hatred bear,
By many a person far and near.
The kirk by excommunication,
Did banish him out of their region,
Because he would not satisfy
Them for his vile adultery.
Of this sentence he was content,
He never play'd the penitent ;
For he no ill in it could see,
Since they deliver'd him to me.
For he knew well that I could thole
His vices all, without controle.
That he should have peace and ease,
In doing things that I do please,
Altho' they frighted him with terror,
He was not brought to such an error
As to forsake his former way,
Or in the least from me to stray.
He c'ave as close unto my law
As any man I ever saw.
In Atheism his days did spend,
Until his time drew near an end.
Then for the fashion he did say,
That he was of the popish way ;
Because a priest made him believe,
That he to him would pardon give,
And would from Purgatory bring
Him to a place where he would sing,
But that was but a forged lie,
For LAG lives hot and bien with me
It was a spite he money gave Unto

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Unto the priest, that greedy slave.
For he had neither pith nor power
To keep my friend from me an hour:
For when I heard that he was dead,
A legion of my den did lead
Him to my place of residence,
Where still he'll stay, and not go hence.
For Purgatory, I must tell,
It is the lowest place in hell;
Well plenish'd with the Romish sort,
Where thousands of them do resort.
There many a Prince and Pope do dwell,
Fast fetter'd in that lower cell:
And from that place they ne'er win free,
Tho' greedy priests for gain do lie.
In making ignorants conceive,
They'll bring them from the infernal cave;
Such as do bribe them well with gold,
As heaven with pelf were bought and sold.
Sure that is but a vain deceit,
Contriv'd by Antichrist of late;
To keep the worshippers of the Whore
Senseless in sin, blind and secure;
And to make priests look fat and fine,
Who nought but carnal things do mind.
For this is what I truly know,
They come not back from whence they go:
They who take their abode with me,
From that place they are never free.
This LAG will know, and all the rest
Who of my lodging are possess.
On earth no more they can serve me,
But still I'll have their companie.
With this I must my grief allay,
So I no more of LAG will say.

F I N I S.