

All nobly sworn to hang the *Heretick Dogg*,
 An *Oath's* no more, then their own *Natural Bogg*,
 O're which, the nimble *Torie* safely runs
 Whilst the more slow pac'd dastard *stick's and drown's*.
 Yes, *Pope* and *Hell* for his *Damnation* call,
 For he knows *Rome*, and he deserv's to *Fall*!
 Thy *Greatness, Rome*, by *Mystick* steps *Ascends*,
 The *Blind* and *Ignorant* are thy *best Friends* :
 Reason and truth to *Thee* are *Foes* and *Spies*,
 Then *Great Infallability*, be *wise*,
 And safely *Cut off Heads*, to *put out Eyes*.
 Favours in *Pallaces*, let no man *boast*,
 Where but to *See*, and *Know*, is to be *Lost*.
 So in the *Great Augustus* *Court* of *old*,
 Such *Honour* did the *darling Ovid* hold,
 Long on his *Brows* the *Royal Laurels* hung,
 Whilst he *soft* *Airs*, to *flattered Caesar* sung,
 Till by a *prying Eye* undone, he's sent
Damn'd for a *look*, t' *Eternal Banishment* :

Yes, in thy *Chains*, *Great Overbury* lye,
Rome, is not *Rome*, till *Fear* and *Dangers* dye :
 To *Preferve Nations*, *Right*, *Religion*, *Kings*,
 Are for *Unhallowed* hands, two *Sacred* things.
 In such a *Cause* 'tis *Fatal* to *embark*,
 Like the *bold Jew* that *propt* the *falling Ark*,
 With an *unlicenc'd Arm* he *durst* *approach*,
 And tho' to *Save*, yet it was *Death* to *touch*.
 Go *blasted* then, and *branded* to thy *Doom*,
 With no less *Stains*, then *hateing Rome*,
Supplanting France, and *Saveing Christendom*.

F I N I S.