

An Elegy on A—r—n W—e,

Who Flew from hence the other Night.

LET *Quakers* Weep and *Builders* now Rejoice,
Since Death at last has made the wish'd-for Choice ;
At length he did by one unerring Stroke,
Thrust C—r W—e into a Chest of Oak ;
Its all the meagre Tyrant now affords,
Altho' his Captive lov'd to deal in Boards ;
Unkind he was his Wooden Trade to hinder,
And sink his Credit in a Case of Timber :
Blame not me, nor think that I'm Scoffing,
For on my Faith I only mean his Coffin ;
Of all the Plank he e'er sold or bought,
He has no more than makes him now a Coat :
The Workman came with Wings of joyful haft,
To make that Suit that was to be his last ;
For rather than so good a Jobb should stand,
Every *Chip* I'm sure would lend a Hand ;
Not one of all the chearful Tribe would fail,
But each would strive to clinch the foremost Nail :
And I'll be bound that e'ery Man whatever,
Would take due Care to fasten down the Cover ;
Within his gloomy Mansion to inmure him,
From the *World* and *Builders* to secure him :
O ! he's fled, but where by Fate is driven,
To *Charon's* Coast or up the Road to Heaven ;
Is now indeed a Dark mysterious Doubt,
There's only W—I can find the secret out ;
But of the two I'd boldly lay a Groat,
His welcome Shade was wafted in the Boat ;
What Point that lands at few or none can tell,
But some suspect it boarders near on H— ;
If on that Coast his Fortune was to fix,
He's still a Dealer on the Banks of Styx ;
And perhaps for his Judgment, Skill and Care,
May be employ'd by *Pluto* for Surveyor.
Ye *Quakers* all lament Friend W—e with Tears,
Whose Character as black as You appears :
Who murder'd Trade and lop't off ev'ry Joint,
That us'd the Rule and Compass faithful Point ;
But now he's gone let injur'd Workmen have,
One joyful Day to dance upon his Grave ;
Whilst I pay Tribute to his hateful Herse,
And sing his Actions in vindictive Verse.

The E P I T A P H.

WITHIN this Hole his Body lies,
His Soul is fled, the Lord knows where ;
See the glad Crowd with joyful Eyes,
Whilst each let's fall a chearful Tear ;
Let ev'ry Foot tread down this Clod,
And willing Hands heap on the Clay ;
Oh ! bury deep the fardid Sod,
And it lock till the Judgment Day.

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