

T H E
Sailor Turn'd Pirate :
O R ;
A S C O U R G E
F O R
A Prefs Gang.

*Written by a Gentleman who was unlawfully
Detain'd in Custody by those Merciless Soul-
Hawlers.*

O Assist me, ye Powers that have Rhimes at Command,
And *Apollo* stand by me with a Lift of thy Hand,
While I puzzle my Brains for Invectives and Satyr,
In Return for Affronts of an Insolent Nature :
That the Fleet should have Men, all People agree,
But what Devil bid you make a Seaman of me ?
Your Servant, Lieutenant, I beg your Excuse,
It's your Business to take up the Vagrant and Loose ;
Not Men of Employments that Work for their Lives,
And Sweat to get Bread for their Children and Wives ;
Not such whose Descent, and whose Learn'd Education,
Exalts 'em beyond any Fore-Mast-Man's Station.
For Shame, your Commission no longer Abuse,
To the Gaming-House Tables, the *Mint*, and the *Stews*,
To *Derby* Alehouses you'd better Repair,
There are that will fit what you want to a Hair ;
Stern Bullies, Kept Sharpers that live on their Whores,
Admirers of Chalk, and great Lovers of Scores,
Such whose Lives to themselves is a Burthen and Pain,
Who are fit for the Gallows, may be fit for the Main.
— Says *Jack* in an Office, Sweet Sir, not so fast,
No words, but Deposite, or your Sentence is Past !
We live by the Rich, by the Poor who should Starve ?
Five Guineas acquits you, or else you must Serve.
Can you think a Lieutenant his Fortune can make,
By squeezing a Kix that's so dry as a Rake ?
Time enough for that Practice when our All lies at Stake.
There, take them, and with them what Malice can vent,
And know that the Muse can Injustice Resent,

Can

