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THE
VIRTUES
OF
SID HAMET the MAGICIAN'S
ROD.

THE Rod was but a harmless Wand,
While *Moses* held it in his Hand,
But soon as e'er he lay'd it down,
Twas a devouring Serpent grown.

O U R great Magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverses what the Prophet did ;
His Rod was honest *English Wood*,
That, senseless, in a Corner stood,
Till Metamorphos'd by his Grasp,
It grew an all-devouring Asp ;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the meer Virtue of his Fist :
But when he lay'd it down, as quick
Resum'd the Figure of a Stick.

S O to Her Midnight Feasts the Hag,
Rides on a Broomstick for a Nag,
That, rais'd by Magick of her Breech,
O'er Sea and Land conveys the Witch ;
But, with the Morning-Dawn, resumes
The Peaceful State of common Brooms.

T H E Y tell us something strange and odd ;
About a certain Magick Rod,
That, bending down it's Top, divines
When e'er the Soil has Golden Mines :
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least Respect.
As ready was the Wand of *Sid*
To bend where *Golden Mines* were hid ;
In *Scottish Hills* found precious Ore,
Where none e'er look'd for it before ;
And, by a gentle Bow, divin'd
How well a *Cully's Purse* was lin'd :
To a forlorn and broken Rake,
Stood without Motion, like a Stake.

T H E Rod of *Hermes* was renown'd
For Charms above and under Ground ;
To sleep could Mortal Eye-lids fix
And drive departed Souls to Styx ;

That

