

Lampoons.

Over the Lord D---rs Door.

UNhappy Age, and we in it,
When Truth doth go for Treason;
Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
And Coxcombs Sense for Reason.
Religion's made a Paud of State,
To serve the Pimps and Panders,
Our Liberty a Prison Gate,
And *Irish men* Commanders.
O wretched is our Fate!
What Dangers do we run,
We must be Wicked to be Great,
And to be Just, undone.
'Tis thus our Sovereign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation Great;
To *Irish-men* he trusts the Sword,
To *Jesuits* the State.

Over the Lord S-----rys Door.

IF *Cecil* the Wife,
From his Grave should arise,
And look the fat Beast in the Face,
He'd take him from Mafs,
And turn him to Grass,
And swear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

IM come my future Fate to seek,
Speak then, Cœlestial Blocknead speak.

Answer.

Had'st thou not consulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
Thou need'st not thus, like *Saul*, to Endor come
To seek out (Brother Solid-head) thy doom,
The Hearts of all thy Friends are gone;
Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And scarce believe thou art the Martyrs Son.

Those whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace;
They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in Sorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud; Why should'st thou Monarch, why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye?

The Ghost.

A Papist dy'd, as 'twas *Jehovah's* Will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell!
Where, when he did arrive, just at the Entry,
He found a Maffive Devil standing Centry,
With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Mu'quetteer with a great Cloven Foot:
And who goes there? I, a poor Papist Ghost,
That's come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coast.
Stay where you are, and do not press so hard,
For I must call the Captain of the Guard;
He gave me Orders to let none come in,
But only such as should have leave from him.
The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth,
A Devil of integrity and Worth,
Who all in noblest Scarlet being dress'd,
With a most delicate fine Embroider'd Vest,
He asks the Ghost, with a great Voice, as loud
As mighty Thunder, breaking from a Cloud,
What was the bus'nèfs? Sir, I am come to dwell,
If you will please to give me leave, in Hell.
Damn you, you whorson Dog, said he to him,
I love my Master, and you shan't come in;
For if above you Eat your God, I fear,
Should you come in, you'd Eat the Devil here.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addressor, and a Blunt Whiggish Clown.

UNgrateful Wretch! Canst thou pretend a cause
To fear the loss of Liberty and Laws?
Has not the King been at a vast expence
To raise the Gallant Troops in thy Defence?
Did he not promise in a Proclamation,
To rule by Law at's Coronation?

Clown. Put has he not already damn'd the Test?
And sure that Princes Word is but a jest,
Who Rules an Army, and Obeys a Priest;
Nor can his solemn Oath make us much safer;
His Sword is Steel, his God is but a Wafer.

F I N I S.

