

# Black upon Blue :

O R,

A Purging-Potion for Father *Ch--pp--n*.

-----*Nescit vox missa reverti.*

**W**ELL; *Ch--pp--n*, is it come to this?  
And are your *Projects* gone amiss?  
Are all thy *Queries* and *Bravadoes*,  
Reduc'd to *Dreams* and *Empty Shadows*?  
Have all thy *Frauds* and *Holy Shifts*

Of *Loyalty*, and *Gospel-Gifts*,  
Thy *Cants* and *Pleas* unwarrantable;  
To *Flatter* and *Seduce* the *Rabble*;  
Thy crying publick *Justice Down*,  
To ease the *Grievance* of the *Town*;  
And *Advertisements*, so exhortive,  
Prov'd *Unsuccessful* and *abortive*?  
Such *Managements* among the *Godly*  
Will favour, *Now*, but very oddly,  
And thou wilt seem a puny *Prelate*,  
Who lately wer't so hot a *Zealot*;  
Timing your *Lawless Impudence*,  
Just like your *Pulpit-Eloquence*,  
By the *Hour-Glass*, and that of *Brandy*,  
Which shews your *Bottom* to be *sandy*,  
And that the *Spirit*, which you *Boast*,  
Is owing to the *Liquor* most;  
Which passing thro' some private *cranny*,  
Into the *Brain* of *Saint* (if any)  
And blended in a rapid *Eddy*,  
With *Vapours* pent therein already,  
Quite turns his *Senses turvy-toppy*,  
And so begets *Fanatick Dropsy*,  
Which, with the *Brethren*, goes for *Merit*,  
And *pious workings* of the *Spirit*,  
As if they thought, in sober *sadness*,  
That *Prophecy* consists in *Madness*;  
And *Gospel-Light* does chiefly blaze in  
Those *Men*, that *Lose the Light* of *Reason*.  
As some *Philosophers* of old did  
Suppose the *Infant World* was moulded  
Out of a medly of *Substratums*,  
Fortuitous con-course of *Atoms*;  
So by the *fulsom fumes* of *Drink*  
And *Vapours* pent, in *Noddle-chink*,

