
THE
GARDEN
PLOT.

WHEN *Naboth's* Vineyard look'd so fine,
The King cry'd out, *Wou'd this were mine?*
And yet no Reason cou'd prevail,
To bring the Owners to a Sale;

Jezabel saw with Haughty Pride,
How *Abab* griev'd to be deny'd:
And thus accosted him with Scorn,
Shall Naboth make a Monarch Mourn?
A King and weep? The Grounds your own:
I'll vest the Garden in the Crown.

With that She hatch'd a Plot, and made
Poor *Naboth* answer with his Head:

And

