

THE
Poor Poets Petition
 TO
The New Parliament

*To Knights, and Burgesles and Cits
 The sad Petition of the Wits,
 Who Merchandise in Verse, and deal
 In distichs, for a sorry meal,
 In lowly Rime instead of Prose
 Most humbly, and profoundly shows,*

V *Hereas, Conformists, & Dissenters,*
 Have wisely giv'n their *Representers*
 A full account of what most greiv'd 'em,
 And you most friendly Sirs, receiv'd 'em.
 And ev'ry *Trade and Occupation,*
 Have dunn'd your *Honours* in their Station:
 May't please your *Honours* to conclude
 Your Orators not over rude,
 If they with tatter'd Hose and Breeches,
 Fall to their *Prayers* and *B. seech ye's.*
 Faith Gentlemen we Needs must tell ye
 It's somthing hard for Back and Belly,
 One to be naked t'other scanty,
 Whilst all but *Poets* rowl in Plency.
 For God sake Sirs why these abuses
 To harmless thoughtless Sons of *Muses,*
 Who have spent their time and tore their throats
 In Commendation of your *Votes* ?
 You have remedy'd the Coyn tis true,
 But that alone relates to you,
 How can we by that Vote be *Winners*
 Who han't a jack to buy our dinners?
 Other great actions too have been done
 To praise which there would be no end on ;
 But still we Scoundrels were s' unhappy,
 As by those *Acts* to lose our *Nappy,*

Had

