

A
DIALOGUE
 BETWEEN
 Duke LAUDERDALE,
 AND THE
LORD DANBY.

D. **G**reat Sir, I cannot but congratulate
 The just Submission of your stubborn Fate;
 Which to your Honour hath a Tyrant been :
 But now she sees her Folly and her Sin.
 Still may she prove most constant unto you,
 And always pay what to your Grace is due.

L. Dear Sir, for nought can I commend my Fate,
 But that she'th made me happy in a Mate.
 And such I'll prove, even in Extremity,
 Since we are Brothers in Iniquity.

D. My Lord, you very much mistake the Word.
 We were so once : to that I do accord.
 But now our Pardons for our sins are Seal'd,
 I think the Guilt is justly then Repeal'd.
 Though we were cover'd o'er with Clouds of Sin,
 They're vanish'd now, and all our fears therein.
 Now dare we our Protection claim as Right
 Of *Charles* our King ; who surely will, in spite
 Of all our Foes, resolve to set us free :
 Nor will he lose that Right of Majesty.
 His Royal Word is past, we need not doubt ;
 His Honour will take care to make it out.

L. Right Tom ; and, by my Soul, I'll never fear
 Before th'insulting Commons to appear,
 And let them but affront me if they dare.
 For all their humming noise, I'll make them know,
 I'll sit above when they sha'n't sit below.
 There will I still with Courage vindicate
 Thy Honour, and subvert the unjust Hate
 Of all thy Foes : nor shall they dare pretend
 To say thou art not King and Country's Friend.

D. Pox on them ; Let them go for a dam'd Crew,
 Whilst we with Craft their Ruine do pursue.
 Let them vote on, and we will still devise
 To make them all a burning Sacrifice
 To him, 'gainst whom they've made so many Lyes.
 My drooping Soul transported is to think,
 When he doth rise, how all these Rogues will sink.
 With Vengeance we'll pursue them in Retreat :
 We'll ha' them quick, and let our Dogs them eat.

