

Who never Drink without a *Relishing* Bit ;
Scapin methinks such *Sickly* tastes might hit ;
 Where we entertain each *Squeamish*, nicer *Palat*,
 With *Sawce* of *Dances*, and with *Songs* for *Salat* :
 Since then 'tis so hard to please, (with choicest *Dyer*)
 Our *Guests*, wh' in wit and sence do daily *Ryot* ;
 Since Wit is *Damn'd* by those, whom *Wits* we call,
 As *Love* that stands by *Love*, by *Love* does fall,
 When *Fools*, both good and bad, like *Whores*, swallow all. }
 'I wish, for your sakes, the *Sham Wits* o'th' *Nation*
 'Would take to some *honest*, thriving *Vocation*.
 'The Wit of our Feet you see every *Night*,
 'Says more to our purpose then all you can *Write*.
 'Since things are thus carried, a Wit's such a *Tool*,
 'He that makes the best *Plays*, do's but best play the *Fool*.

A *Dreaded* Fool's your *Bully*,
 A *Wealthy* Fool's your *Cit*,
 A *Contented* Fool's your *Cully*,
 But your *Fool* of *Fool's* your *Wit* :
 They all *Fool* *Cit* of 's *Wife*,
 He *Fools* them of their *Pelfe* ;
 But your *Wit's* so *damn'd* a *Fool*,
 He only *Fools* himself.

Oh ! *Wits*, then face about to sence, *Alas* !
 I know it by my self, a Wit's an *Ass* ;
 For (like you) in my time,
 I've been *Foolish* in *Rhyme*,
 But now, so repent the *Nonsensical* *Crime* ;
 I speak it in *tears*, which from me may seem *odly*,
 Henceforth I'll grow wiser, (*Dam' Wit*) I'll be *Godly* ;
 That when by *New Grace* I have wip'd off *old* *staines*,
 In time I may *Pass*, not for *Count*, but Sir *Haynes*.

LONDON,
 Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to
 His ROYAL HIGHNESS, living
 at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*. 1684.