Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with eafe They turn those Plyant Puppets as they please. With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed, Such shall be fure to meet ---- but when there's Need. When a fick State, and finking Church call for 'em, Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em. Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of defence, Gratefull to Heaven, at Court is an Offence, If it dare speak th' untamper'd Nations sence. Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates ceafe; And fome Men's Names alone can break the Peace. Petitioning diffurbs the Kingdom's Quiet; As choosing honeft Sheriffs makes a Kyott. To punish Raicals, and bring France to Reason,7 Is to be hot, and prefs things out of Seafon; And to damn Popery is Irilb Treason. To love the King, and Knaves about him hate, Is a Fanatick Plot against the State. To Skreen his Perfon from a Popish Gun Has all the mischief in't of Forty One. To fave our Faith and keep our Freedom's Charter, Is once again to make a Royal Martyr. This Logick is of Tories deep inditing The very best they have - but Oaths, and Fighting. Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige yee, And Roger vapour o're us in Effigie. Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent, And fing up Nonfence to their Hearts content. If for the King ( as All's pretended ) they May here drink Healths, and curfe, fure We may pray. Heaven once more keep him then for Healing Ends Safe from old Foes - but most from his new Friends! Such Protestants as propp a Popilb Caule, And loyal men, that break all Bound of Laws ! Whofe Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed, And when they 've fcarce left him a Cruft of Bread, Their corrupt Fathers foreigne Steps to follow, Cheat even of fcraps, and that laft Sopp would fwallow. French Fetters may this Isle no more endure; Spite of Rome's Arts stand England's Church fecure, Not from fuch Brothers as defire to mend it,? But falle Sons, who defigning worfe to rend it With leud Lives, and no-Fortunes would defend it.)

FINIS.

(2)