

Of all the Damn'd Plagues that fell *Egypt* upon Sir,
If you Count, to compare with a *Whigg* you'll find none Sir;
But yet a *Whigg-Clergyman's* far more a Monster.

Which, &c.

These *Judas's* to Christ, make Religion a Jest,
Exceeding ingratiouſly both Bird and Beast;
Like thoſe, none of them e're Be---t his own Neſt.

Which, &c.

One of theſe Preach't of late in *Republican Faſhion*,
For which he had Thanks in the Name of the Nation;
Upon which he Defends the R----- Oration.

Which, &c.

With his Friend Mr. B----, the ſame Office he takes;
To the Fire together they an Offering make,
They'd been better ſerv'd were they plung'd in the J---s.

Which, &c.

If a late Petition had had the ſame Fate,
That Scandal'd a *Churchman* and displeas'd the State,
To the Loyal it wou'd Satisfaction create.

Which, &c.

'Tis but Juſt that the Doctor ſhou'd keep his Old Station;
Since he 'as honeſtly ſerv'd both the Queen and the Nation,
And ſince his Foes cou'd not prove their Allegations,

Which, &c.

Now what do theſe get who thus trim to all Seasons?
(All Men hate the Traitor tho' they love the Treafon)
They'r the Tories Hate, and *Whiggs* Scorn with good Reafon.

Which, &c.

Now with ſome good Wiſhes our Song we will Enclote Sir;
More Manners to thoſe, who their Rulers oppoſe Sir;
Conversion to all our good Friends at the *Roſe*, Sir.

Which no body can deny.

F I N I S.