

And when his harmless Blood was spilt,
 The Ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
 Poor *Hall* renown'd for comely Hair,
 Whose Hands perhaps were not so fair,
 Yet had a *Jezabel* as near.

Hall of small Scripture Conversation,
 Yet howe're *Hungerford's* Quotation,
 By some strange Accident had got
 The Story of this *Garden-Plot*,
 Wisely foresaw he might have Reason,
 To dread a Modern Bill of Treason,
 If *Jezabel* should please to want,
 His small addition to her grant :
 Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
 To begin first, and make his Court :
 And seeing nothing else would do,
 Gave a third part, to save the other two.

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