

Make Treason Glory, Murderers Heroës live;  
And even to REGICIDES canst GOD-HEADS give.  
Thus in thy Songs, the yet warm Bloody Dart,  
Fresh reaking in a Martyr'd Monarchs Heart,  
Burnt with't by Verse, and polish'd by thy Lines,  
The Rubies in Imperial Crowns out-shines,  
Whilst in Applause to that sad days Success,  
So Black a Theme in so Divine a Dress;  
Thy Soaring Flights *Prometheus* Thefts excell;  
Whilst Thou Steal'st Fire from Heaven t'enlighten HELL.

But stay, my Muse, here change thy gawdy train,  
And shew a New, no less Prodigious Scene,  
That Lawrell'd Head, whose sweet Melodious Tongue,  
To *Curse ye Meros* IO PÆAN, Sung,  
A Bag-pipe Drone to the old Priestcraft Cant:  
Who once did Consecrated Daggers chant,  
And *Englands* great *Ravilliac* sung before;  
Now Tunes his Pipe to *David's* Righteous Lore.  
In *scavolas* Stump the Convert Pen he brings,  
And his *Burnt Hand* now writes the Praise of Kings.

Thus Bold, thus Great, and all in the Extream,  
His Panegyricks are like *Daniel's* Dream;  
This Tribute now to *Davia's* Glory pay,  
A Head of Gold to his old Feet of Clay.  
No wonder then so Feelingly he tells  
Of *Corahs*, *Shimeis* and *Achitophells*.  
Such Characters he may well gild so fine,  
Who 'has their Rich Ore from his own Native Mine.  
How vast an Orb has a Poetick Soul?  
Grasps all from East to West, and Pole to Pole.  
Its warbling Voice, Right, Wrong, Truth, Falshood Sings,  
Tuned to all States, Religions, Gods or Kings.  
Oh Wit how wide is thy Circumference?  
Where thy Attractive Center's *Bread and Pence*.  
*Pence* did I say! oh they have charming skill,  
To rowze the Gall of an Heroick Quill.  
Is there not mighty sound and mighty fence,  
In great *Isariots* thirty chinking Pence!  
By this *Lucina* hast thou born with pain,  
The numerous Off-springs of thy teeming Brain:  
More various Issues in *Nile's* slimy Bed,  
Not thy own Patron *Phabus* ever bred.  
Thy pregnant Heats, like *Israels* wanton Lust,  
First mould thy *Golden Calves*, then pound e'm into Dust.

Write on, and more then Winds or Frenzy Range,  
Keep still thy old Prerogative to *Change*.  
'Tis poor Humanity that's kept in bound,  
Whilst power unlimited is God-like found:  
Then thy Great self, thou wondrous Poet show:  
Honour and Principles disdain; for know  
Thy *Mercurye's* too proud to fix so low.  
All Laws and Bounds let thy wild Muse despise,  
And raign the Prince oth' Air, in which it flies.

London, Printed for Charles Leigh. 1681.