

Had you tax'd every thing for chink  
 But Paper, and beloved drink,  
 We'd kept at *Rays*, and suck'd our faces  
 And you'd in quiet took your places,

For Heav'ns sake Gentlemen consider,  
 How much the *Preface to the Reader*,  
 Graces a Book, and makes it show,  
 Fit for the eys of Senate-Beau.  
 Now on our Souls, if Tax on Paper,  
 Be'nt laid on Mercer or on Draper,  
 We cant afford a line, to beg in,  
 And to your Honours make a Leg in,  
 Which (if you please to think upon't)  
 Will be esteem'd no small affront,  
 And all the while the faults not ours.  
 But somewhere comes from higher Powers,  
 If Mault be not likewise reduc'd  
 To the same Standard as it us'd,  
 'Slife Sirs our fancies needs must fail,  
 For want of Cup of Mild and Stake  
 And single Mug of Derby Ale.  
 T-B- and S-ttles fancies flag,  
 And W-ds who wrote the *Trip and Drag*-  
 And also he bewails your hand hard  
 Who wrote botwixt the *Flag and Standard*  
 And every Scribler Lays the fault  
 On the last Taxes upon Mault,  
 Good Sirs Consider how to raise  
 The sum by other means and ways,  
 And *Poets, Stationers, and Brewers*,  
 Shall e're be fond of being Yours,  
 Particularly we shall ne're be  
 Forgetfull over heavenly Derby,  
 And as we are in Duty Bound,

Shall Ever pray,

as *Glass* goes round.

F I N I S.

