

Subjects like these will never get you Fame,  
 Nor can you Write, if this be all your Aim;  
 More than a Rogue can Sing that sets a Psalm.  
 But if like Wits you would the Town oblige,  
 Write a good Comedy on some fam'd Siege,  
 But not in Rhime, and if to please you mean,  
 Let *Luxemburg* be taken the first Scene;  
 Yet, now I think on't, choose another story,  
 Some Sparks that late went o're to hunt for Glory;  
 Have spoyl'd that jest, and ta'ne the Town before ye:  
 No wonder too, for who could stand their Rage,  
 Since they with *Comingsmark* broad Swords Ingage;  
 I fancy you'll turn Butchers the next Age:  
 For these new Weapons look that guard your Lives,  
 Like bloody *Cozen Germans* to their Knives:  
 I'll put a question t'ee, pray does the Writer  
 As times go, get most Credit, or the Fighter?  
 Wit is aplauded when with fancy dress'd,  
 But to be knockt o'th' head's a curs'd jest;  
 A fate in which your forward Fool miscarries,  
 No, 'tis much better, to ly sick at *Paris*;  
 Where we can Write, what the *French King* intends,  
 And storm a Town, in Letters to our Friends.  
 Another Inconvenience we must own,  
 There's many a Fool is by a Bullet known,  
 That once pass't for a Wit of high renown,  
 The proof of sence, lyes hid in safety, here;  
 But when the Scull is broke the Brains appear.  
 Ah Sirs! if you to the rough Wars should follow,  
 How many Pates like mine would be found hollow;  
 Faith then take my Advicé, stick to *Apollo*.  
 Write, and be studious in Dramatick Rules,  
 For should our Poets sound your shallow Sculls,  
 You were undone for Wits, and we for Fools.

LONDON,

Printed for *Josepb Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to  
 His ROYAL HIGHNESS, living  
 at the *Black Bull* in *Cornbill*. 1684.