

And since 'tis doubtful how the *Crown* be gain'd,  
 As *He* o're *Brother*, so o're *Him* the Reign'd.  
 This *Delilah* Usurp'd the Sovereign Sway,  
 And Blindfold *Samson's* Secrets did betray,  
 To that Philistian Lord, *Romes* great *Da Da*.  
 Which thing succeeded to my Hearts desire,  
 Knowing, by *Her* I should set All on Fire.  
 I urg'd such *Beauty, Conduct, Parts* and *Meen*,  
 Was surely meant by *Heaven* for more than *Q*—  
 Made *Her* each *Day* render *Him* less and less,  
 Which did *Her* Haughtiness the more express:  
 No Council, Consultations or Debates,  
 Either *Domestick* or of *Foreign* States  
 Must be dispatch'd, until by *Her* approv'd.  
 A *Lyoness* robb'd of *Her* Whelps was safer mov'd,  
 Which still on *Majesty* did bring Disgrace,  
*He* bore the *Name*, but *She* assum'd the *Place*.  
 I knew, when I had wrought *Her* to the Height,  
 Proud *Babel*, needs must tumble with its Weight:  
 And had *She* still in her Carreer run on,  
 I'd not been safe on my *Infernal Throne*;  
 Mean time I cunningly did spread my Snares,  
 Of *Animosities*, of *Doubts* and *Fears*:  
 That might *one side* confound, no matter whether;  
 I car'd not which, I had my Ends in Either:  
 Infatuating still the *Vulgar Fry*,  
 While on Three Kingdoms I impos'd a Lie.  
 That *Strange Conception*, with a *Birth* as strange,  
 Which doth the very Course of Nature Change:  
 For one to *Travel* ere *She* do's *Conceive*,  
 The Blindest *Catholick* will scarce believe.  
 Yet *He soft Sir*, do's own it as his Creed;  
 'Tis an *odd* thing, and *odly* doth Succeed:  
 And I'm more pleas'd to hear you're run away,  
 Than I had been, had you obtain'd the Day.  
 I own your *Slaughters* had been much the more,  
 But *Hell* by this will gain the greater Store.  
 Had you been taken, All had been compleated;  
*That* had been Sport! to see the Cheaters cheated:  
 But 'tis not yet too late; for *She* and *Tom*,  
 By a just Doom shall both receive your Due.  
 You must a Victim fall to th' Peoples Rage,  
 And *She* Diviner Justice to asswage;  
 Till which Time it shall be my daily Care,  
 To load you both with *Horror* and *Despair*;  
 Nor need you doubt but I will still be Civil,

*Given at Our Court, and Sign'd by me*

The DEVIL.