

For Hereticks we'll damn them whilst alive ;  
And then to Hell in Flocks we will them drive.

L. Thy Courage bold I cannot but commend,  
For sure he's both our worthy Duke and Friend.  
Let's not despair, but briskly carry on  
The Glorious Work we have so well begun.  
Let's then once more our Treasons all repeat,  
And leave the Lovely Dutchess then to treat  
For new Pardons, to whom we need not fear,  
The King will lend a gracious heart and ear.  
Thou know'st how much she is oblig'd to thee,  
Nor do I doubt but she our Friend will be.

D. Thy Counsel bravely elevates my Soul :  
We'll practice Treason still without Controul.  
But that His Majesty shall ne'er believe ;  
Or if he do, he quickly shall forgive :  
My Dutchess shall to all his Senses charm,  
He never shall believe we'll do him harm.

L. By my Soul, Man, she's a most powerful Spell ;  
Went not for her, we'd surely been in Hell.

She is the strongest Pillar of our Hope ;  
The surest Friend to our brave Plot and Pope.  
She is all Power, she is all Command :

D. By her Assistance we'll betray this Land,  
Much Honour to her Goddessship is due ;  
But I'd sav'd her the labour, Sir, and you,  
Had my Army, fill'd with lusty Fellows,  
Not yet been disbanded by the Jealous  
And mistrustful Parliament, Pox on 'em :  
Presumptuous Pops, to rake that Act upon 'em.  
But let that pass, e'er long they'll surely find,  
They'd better been more Loyal and more Kind.

L. Sav'd me the Labour, Sir : What do you mean ?  
I never grutch'd my Labour or my Pain.  
You know I had ten thousand Men at Call,  
To joyn with you to work these Nations Fall.  
If you compare our Actions in this Plot,  
You'll find I come not short of you one Jot.  
What's all the noise the Rebels made of late  
In *Scotland* ? Did not I it all create ?  
Was it not on my Counsel first resolved,  
The Old New Parliament should be dissolved,  
Or we had both in Ruine been involved ?

D. My Lord, all this and more I do allow,  
And do my Faith to my Experience owe.  
I ne'er meant to detract from your just Fame,  
But to my death I'll still maintain the same,  
You are a drudging Rebel ; and, by *Force*,  
I'll ne'er forsake you while I stand or move.  
But now, My Lord, I feel my self not well ;  
I therefore kiss your hand, and bid farewell.

F I N I S.