



Good People I Pray give attenⁿ this way,
 Don't be frightn'd to see us together,
 The best will be Friends for to serve their own ends,
 And their sentim^{ts} change as the Weather.
 God keep us from Sin, with^{ts} & within,
 untill certain of absolution,
 Which I have obtain'd, & thorowly gain'd,
 So a Fig for the Constitution.

The Bishop's soft hand, his lawn Sleev's or Band,
 Could never polute or defile me;
 If you think I am Wrong, look under my Tongue,
 And see if the Rogue has bequil'd me.
 It was Satan my Friend did y^e Pope recomend,
 And they both of them swear to be trusty,
 So Ill try once again, my Old Friends & my Pen,
 For all Esq^r Wilkes is so Rusty.

With fresh showers of Lyes, Ill the Nation surprize,
 Nay the Devil shall stagger to hear it,
 The infernals shall say, give H++n but his way,
 And hell out Lye us all never fear it.