



A N
O D D E
T O T H E
P R E T E N D E R.

Inscrib'd to Mr. LESLEY and Mr. POPE.

I.

Attend, you Loyal Britons, to my Lays,
And thou, *Hereditary Right*, give ear ;

B

Accept,

Accept, Auspicious Heroe, this thy Praise,
 Whether thou chusest *Perkin's* Name to bear,
 Or *Glo'ster's* Duke, or *James* the Third, or dought
 (*Chevalier.*

And thou, O Sacred *Rome*, sublime my Song.

But hold — beware, my Muse, beware,
Rome! why, our Heroe has renounc'd her long,
Rome says herself he is no more her Son,
 And who can disbelieve the never-failing Chair?

Why then, you *Romish* Saints, begone,
 Begone, you Bravoes of the murd'rous Trade,
Coleman, with **fenwick**, **fauz**, the Muse disdain
 their Aid;

Low may they lye in Death as Life despis'd,
 Begone, you Saints, whom *Tyburn* canoniz'd.



Yet,

et, *Tyburn*, trust me, I bewail thy Wrong,
 defrauded of thy Due, the Patron of my Song.
Lesley, thou my Patron, help me to rehearse
 thy Prince's Praises in Immortal Verse.
 And if the Youth's Conversion don't offend,
 while, O *Pope*, thy daring Genius lend.
 could I Transubstantiate my Lays,
 and make them thine, to Sing the Heroe's Praise,
 soft I'd Soar, and Celebrate my Theme,
 Lines as soft as soft * *Loddon's* Stream.

II.

still, thou *Bath*, be still you steaming Springs,
 And thou, O *Tunbridge*, boast no more
 the Barren Womb unclos'd, thy fructifying Pow'r,
 greater Wonder still my Story Sings;

B 2

Sw—t

See, *Windsor-Forest*, a Poem.

Sw—**t** Swears by **G**—**d**'tis true, **Sach**—

believes,

By help of Consecrated Smock the Royal Nym,

conceives.

Promis'd a Child when she could bear no more

The Son of *Terah's* unbelieving Wife,

Laught, says the Scripture, from behind the Doo

Nor could be brought to think it for her Life ;

But **Molly** had more Faith, and in the self-same Ca

Tho' at the Jest, except herself, all Smil'd,

Put on the Smicket and a serious Face,

And for her Faith was streight rewarded with a Chi

With such a Child too — but her Pangs begin,

Hark how she weeps, she groans, she cries,

Feign'd as her Pangs, assist her, Pagan Deities,

Assist her, **Juro**, O assist her all,
 But no — she's got a speedier Machine,
 For see, her Pangs are o're, the Warming-pan's
 brought in,
 And shot into the Bed the Babe begins to squall.

III.

Nor thou, Auspicious Prince, nor thou disdain
 The servile Case of Warming-pan ;
 An Infant thou in Warming-pan wert held,
 And was not **Jobe** himself by *Corybantine* Brass con-
 ceal'd ?

Says Story, **Jobe** was suckled by a Goat,
 But when he march'd into the warring Field,
 He slew his Nurse, and stript her of her Coat,
 And cover'd with the Shag his ample Shield.

Our

Our Prince thus arm'd from *Scotland* ran,
 With the same Piety St. *George's* Knight,
 Has hammer'd out his Native Warming-pan,
 And wears it on his Back, whene're he goes to Fight.
 O Princely Prudence ! Piety sincere !
 O happy Brags that gird't the Royal Loins !
 The Scales, the Bow, the Sword, let Heaven no
 longer wear,
 Come down from Heaven, come down you meaner Signs,
 Mount thou, O Warming-pan, and with a Nobler
 Light
 Glad the refulgent Skies; and beautifie the Night.

IV.

O *Glo'ster*, *Chevalier*; O *James*,
 O animate the *Muses* Flames

With

With the same Vigour as thou rann'st away
 From *Oudenard*, when *Brunswick* turn'd the Day,
 On *Oudenard's* unlucky Plain.

Let *Brunswick* boast his War-horse Slain,
 Yet *Brunswick* all in vain gave Thee the Chace,
 He lost his Saddle, thou didst win the Race.

Let *Brunswick* boast his Faulchion bath'd in Blood,
 Call thou to Witnesses every *Gallick* Wood.

Call thou to Witnesses every *Gallick* Plain,

What *Flocks of Wild-fowl that Right Hand has Slain;

Witness, thou *Seine*, with what a certain flight,

He Intercepts the Swallow's mazy Flight ;

He takes her as she wavers in the Skim,

Her scatter'd Plumes adown thy current Swim.

Oh!

• The Pretender is reported to be a great Shooter.

Oh ! should this dreadful Warriour come to Reign,
 Tremble you Partridges on *Windsor's* Plain,
 Fly, fly, you Woodcocks, fly from *Windsor's* Wood,
 You Swallows sweep no more the Neighb'ring Flood :
 Swift to the Mark his deadly Thunder flies,
 And soon as seen the springing Pheasant dies.

V.

Thee, **Lewis**, Thee, O Hospitable King,
 The World admires, and the Muses sing ;
 On thee the Pensionary Prince relies,
 Look on the Youth, O look with Pity down !
 Thou dost ; and thanks to thee with greedy Eyes,
 He meditates a Throne, and grasps a Crown.

O **Lewis**, hadst thou liv'd in Pagan Time,

When Banish'd Heaven for a Pious Crime,

The God of Wit came down,

He had not fought **Admetus**' House,

Nor fed his Hogs, nor fed his Cows ;

Phœbus had harbour'd in *Lutetia*'s Town.

The Silver *Seine* to hear his Song,

Reluctantly her ling'ring Folds had shov'd along ;

Versailles had ecchoed to his Strains, and *Marly*

Had heard him sing the *Grand Monarque* and his

Grand Crony H—.

VI.

Hail, **Bacchus**, hail, hail, Son of Thund'ring **Jove**,

Whether in *Nants* thou dwell'st or Rich *Champaine*,

Or else in *M—m*'s Pumped Face,

Alight from thy Seat, present, and Oh prove

Our Godlike Prince of *St—rt's* Race,

Thou wert Twice Born, yet not a Man

So Blasphemous or Nice.

Denied thou wert the Thunderer's alone ;

And though our Godlike Heroe was deliver'd Twice,

Both from the Womb and Warming-pan,

Sure all must grant he is — his Father's Son.

Say why, O Critick, say why, Casuist,

Our Prince is not a Prince of Worth ;

You say a Second Thought is best,

Why not a Second Birth ?

Hail then, all hail, O Prince unfeign'd,

In Thee united all the Gifts we see

Of all thy House who have before thee reign'd :

The steady *A—a's* Constancy,

And both the C——s's Policy,

And both the F——s's Courage shine united all in Thee.

VII.

But why, when *Gallia* rears her drooping Head,

Why mourns *St Germain's* now the Peace is made?

The happy Peace is made, 'tis true, and they

Must Joy indeed, but Joy with vast Allay.

The Prince, alas! the Fav'rite Prince departs,

No more his awful Eye-shine glads their Hearts ;

No more shall they behold the Heroe come

Laden with Hares and slaughter'd Wild-fowl Home ;

Dejected see! With many a rueful Groan,

To far *Lorrain* he journeys o're the Plains,

Whilst *P——h* and *Mel——d* to relieve his Moan :

Affure him his next Step is to a Throne ;

And bid him trust in faithful *H——s* Pains,

Bid him be Valiant, and disperse his Fears,
 Bid him rely on *Sc—d's* Mutineers.

Bid him not doubt whilst *Wesley* pleads his Cause,
 Whilst Senseless Cudgell'd *Koper* meets Applause,
 And whilst his Delegated *Sk — n* Slights the Laws.

VIII.

You mighty Pow'rs, what Nymph so Bright,
 Her Nation's Glory, and her Sex's Pride,
 Shall climb to such an envied Height,
 As to be crown'd the Peerless Prince's Bride ;
 Dread Youth, once more thy Courage prove,
 And venture on a frightful but a friendly Dame,
 One that will glow with double Flame
 Of Brandy, and of Love.

Should

Should *M—m* lose her Husband, in his Stead
 Be grateful, and admit her to thy Princely Bed.

O Equal Match! O more than Happy Pair!

The Heroe Valiant, as the Lady Fair.

Advance, Oh Hymen, Oh advance,

At the Bride's Carbuncles thy Taper light;

Let *B—m* and *L—n* lead the Dance,

And *B—e* and *O—d* fuddle out the Night;

With Mirth and Musick let the Palace ring,

Sing *To Perkin*, *To D—n*, sing.

MORTIMER

M O R T I M E R

H I S

F A L L .

Advertisement.

THE Following SCENE
being very Common, and be-
ing in it Something Extraordinary, the
Reader may if he pleases find it in
Play left Imperfect by Ben. John-
son, called, MORTIMER H
FALL. MORTIMER
Introduc'd with this SOLILOQUY



MORTIMER

H I S

F A L L.

MORTIMER.

THis Rise is made, yet! and we now stand rank't,
To view about us all that were above us!
Thought hinders now our Prospect, all are even,
We walk upon a Level. *Mortimer*
A great Lord of late, and a New Thing!

C

At

At what a divers Price do divers Men
 Act the same Thing! Another might have had
 Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Ax,
 For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Wax.
 There is a Fate that flies with tow'ring Spirits
 Home to the Mark, and never checks at Conscience.
 Poor plodding Priests, and Preaching Friars may make
 Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Isles
 Of Churches ring with that round Word: But we
 That draw the subtil and more piercing Air,
 In that sublimed Region of Court,
 Know all is good we make so, and go on,
 Secur'd by the Prosperity of our Crimes.
 To Day is *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*:
 For what? For that, the very thinking it
 Would make a Citizen start! Some Politick Tradesman
 Curl with the Caution of a Constable!
 But I, who am no Common-council-man,
 Knew Injuries of that dark Nature done,
 Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
 To Fear of a Revenge. They're light Offences
 Which admit that. The great Ones get above it.
 Man doth not nurse a deadlier Piece of Folly
 To his high Temper, and brave Soul, than that
 Of fancying Goodness, and a Seal to live by
 So differing from Man's Life. As if with Lions,
 Beasts, Tygers, Wolves, and all those Beasts of Prey,
 He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
 Neglect what is so to attain what should be,
 As rather he will call on his own Ruin,
 Than work t' assure his Safety? I should think
 When 'mongst a World of bad none can be good,

I mean so absolutely good and perfect
as our Religious Confessors would have us ;)
is enough, we do decline the Rumour
of doing monstrous Things : And yet if those
were of Emolument unto our Ends,
even of those the Wiseman will make Friends,
for all the Brand, and safely do the ill,
as Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

F I N I S.
