

ON THE VIOLENT DEBATES  
IN THE  
HOUSE OF PEERS,  
UPON THE BILL FOR SUSPENDING THE HABEAS CORPUS, &c.

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My noble Lords, your altercation  
Can never tend to serve the nation,  
You can't but know its laws ;  
Why then, right noble Peers, this pother,  
As if each culprit were your brother,  
That thus you plead their cause ?

Prythee, my Lords, be quiet then,  
Strive to acquit yourselves like men,  
Who hold a sacred trust ;  
Your Church, your King, your Country calls  
For unity within your walls,  
For measures firm and just.