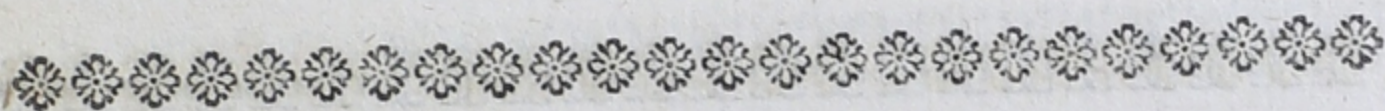


And as coming from thence we shou'd give 'em their due;  
*Grace* is a superior blessing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent farment,  
 Wherein all along you gave *grace* the preferment.  
 I shall never forget it, as how you were telling,  
 That heaven resided where *grace* had its dwelling.

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: but, alas,  
 What heaven can do is quite out of the case;  
 For by day and by night, with the woman you wed  
 'Tis you that must board, and 'tis you that must bed;  
 And a *good-natur'd* girl may quickly grow *gracious*,  
 But a four-headed faint will be ever vexatious.



## H U L L A L E.

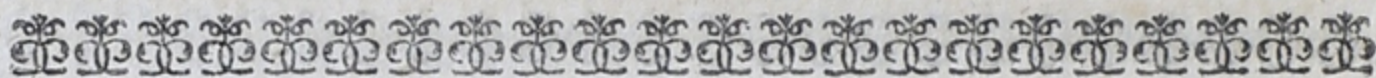
By the Same.

**L**ONG time did a silly old proverb prevail,  
 That meat, drink, and cloth were all found in good ale;  
 'Till a lover of truth went on purpose to Hull,  
 And to try the experiment drank his skin full.  
 He began to see visions, his head it turn'd round,  
 'Till off from his keffal he fell on the ground:  
 There in trances profound our philosopher mellow  
 Lay all night in the snow consulting his pillow.



Oracular vapours give prophecy birth,  
 As Plutarch reports, springing out of the earth,  
 Whether this was the cause, or however inspir'd,  
 Our sage gave a sentence will be ever admir'd.  
 'Twas this—I pronounce that good ale is good *meat*,  
 For I find, I have no inclination to eat:  
 That good ale is good *cloth*, you may honestly boast,  
 For i' faith! I'm as blithe and as warm as a toast:  
 But to call it good *drink*—is a lye, I'll be sworn,  
 For I ne'er was so *dry* since the hour I was born.

The *cloth*, cries a punster who chanc'd to come by,  
 Must be a good *drap*, if it kept you so *dry*.



## A B S O L U T I O N.

By the Same.

**I**T blew an hard storm, and in utmost confusion  
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution;  
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,  
 Was transfer'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;  
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,  
 They tofs'd the poor parson fouse into the ocean.

P E N A N C E.