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 't 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 never was so dry since the hour I was born.

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

**ABSOULTION.**

By the Same.

It 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 toss'd the poor parson soule into the ocean.

**Penance.**