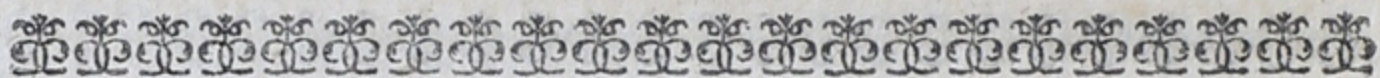


Oracular vapours give prophecy birth,
 As Plutarch reports, springing out of the earth,
 Whether this was the cause, or however inspir'd,
 Our sage gave a sentence will be ever admir'd.
 'Twas this—I pronounce that good ale is good *meat*,
 For I find, I have no inclination to eat:
 That good ale is 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.

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 confes'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 soufe into the ocean.

P E N A N C E.