

*A SATYR on the Times. To the foregoing Tune.*



A World that's full of Fools and Mad-men,  
Of over-glad, and over-sad Men,  
With a few good, but many bad Men,  
*Which no Body can deny.*

So many Cheats and close Disguises,  
So many Down for one that Rises,  
So many Fops for one that Wise is,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

So many Women ugly Fine,  
Their inside Foul, their outside shine,  
So many Preachers few Divines,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

So many of Religious Sect,  
Who quite do mis-expound the Text,  
About ye know not what perplex,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

Many Diseases that do fill ye,  
Many Doctors that do kill ye,  
Few Physicians that do heal ye,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

Many Lawyers that undo ye,  
But few Friends who will stick to ye,  
And other Ills that do pursue ye,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

So many Tradesmen Lyars,  
So many cheated Buyers,  
As even Numeration tyers,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

So many loose ones and high-flying,  
Who live as if there were no dying,  
Heaven and Hell, and all defying,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

So many under Scanty Fates,  
Who yet do live at lofty rates,  
And make show of great Estates,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

And if they will not take Offence,  
Many great Men of little Sense,  
Who yet to Politicks make Pretence,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

Many meriting lower Fate,  
Have Title, Office, and Estate,  
Their Betters waiting at their Gate,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

The Worthless meet with higher Advances,  
As the Wise bestower Fancies,  
To the Worthy nothing chances,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

The Worthy and the Worthless Train,  
Modest, silent, nothing gain,  
Impudent begging all obtain,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

A World wherein is Plenteous store,  
Of Foppish, Rich, Ingenious Poor,  
Neglected beg from Door to Door,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

A World compos'd, 'tis strange to tell,  
Of seeming Paradise, yet real Hell,  
Yet all agree to lov't too well,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

Where Pious, Lew'd, the Fool, the Wise,  
The one like to the other dies,  
And leaves a World of Vanities,  
*Which no Body, &c.*

Proud and Covetous, Beaus and Bullies,  
Like one o'your musing Melanchollies,  
I cry for their Ill's, and laugh at their Follies,  
*Which no Body can deny.*