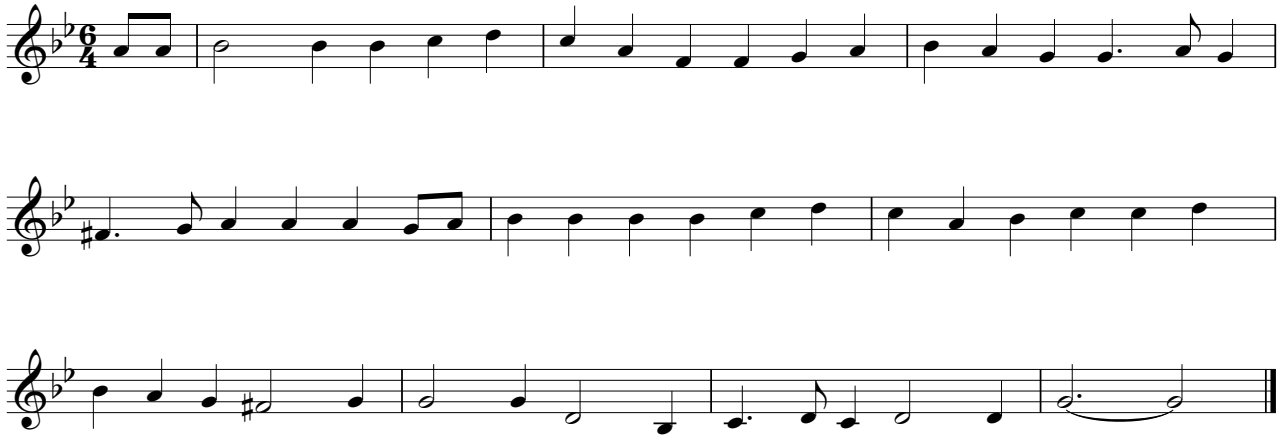


A SATYR on the Times. To the foregoing Tune.



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.