

The LUDGATE Prisoners.

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No - ble King Lud, Full long hast thou stood, Not framed of Wood, but of Stone — Of
 With - in the Gate, They cry at the Grate, Pray Remem - ber our Fate and shew Pi - ty; The

Stone sure thou art, Like our Cre - di - tors Heart, That re - gards not our sor - row - ful Moan. —
 poor and dis - tress'd, Who in Bonds are op - press'd, En - treat the re - lief of the Ci - ty —

In Threadbare Coats,
 We tear our Throats,
 With pitiful Notes that would move
 All Creatures, but Brutes,
 To give ear to our Suits,
 And themselves like true Christians approve.

But in vain we cry,
 With a Box hanging by,
 Good Sirs cast an Eye on our Case;
 No Beau nor Town Mistress,
 Are touched with our Distress,
 But hold up their Nose at the Place.

The Lawyer jogs on,
 Without looking upon
 Th' afflicted, whose Moans he gives being;
 Nor thinks on us Cits,
 But Breviates and Writs,
 And demurrs on Exorbitant Feeing,

The Serjeants and Yeomen,
 Who seek to undo Men,
 Though Good-men and True-men ne'er mind us;
 But rejoyce they get,
 By our being in Debt,
 And that where they have brought us, they find us.

The Merchant alone,
 Makes our sorrows his own,
 And allows there is none but may fail;
 Since that is free,
 By losses at Sea,
 May be immurr'd in a Gaol.

His Purse and his Board,
 With Plenty are stor'd,
 Due Relief to afford to the Needy;
 While the Priest in his Coach,
 Joggs on to Debauch,
 To cloath us or feed us too Greedy.

Others go by,
 And hearing our cry,
 They cast up their Eye in Disdain;
 Affirming that we,
 If once get free,
 Should quickly be Prisoners again,

But let 'em take heed,
 That reproach us indeed,
 And thus at our need go by grinning;
 Since it is so Man,
 That there is no Man,
 Knows his End, that may know his Beginning.