

Th' Inclosure narrow'd ; the sagacious Pow'r
Of Hounds, and Death, drew nearer ev'ry Hour.

'Tis true, the younger *Lion* scap'd the Snare,

But all your Priestly Calves lay struggling there ;

As Sacrifices on their Altars laid ;

While you their careful Mother wisely fled,

Not trusting Destiny to save your Head.

For whate'er Promises you have apply'd

To your unfailing Church, the surer side

Is four fair Legs in danger to provide.

And whate'er Tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,

Yet, saying Reverence of the Miracle,

The better luck was yours to scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,

Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd,

As well as me ; and with the self-same throw,

To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,

(Forgive the scandalous Tongues that call'd you so.)

Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry

Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty.

Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,

(As evil Tongues will ever speak the worst)

Because some Forms, and Ceremonies some

You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.

Dumb you were born indeed ; but thinking long

The *Test* it seems at last has loos'd your Tongue.

And to explain what your Forefathers meant,

By real Presence in the Sacrament,

(After long fencing push'd against a Wall)

Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all :

There chang'd your Faith, and what may change

may fall.

Who can believe, what varies every Day,

Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay ?