

AN ELEGY ON LUDOWICK MUGGLETON

Who Lies Bury'd Alive in the Colledge of *Newgate*, Expecting dayly his Happy
RESURRECTION,

ALL those that use with Watry Eyes
To Weep at Mournful Eligies;
For los of Neighbour, or of Friend,
Or los of Pop, that us'd to spend
His Time, and Money, e'ry day
In Tavern, and there ever pay
The Total Summ who e're is by;
For los of such you ought to cry:
My Muse does now invite your Ear,
A Pleasant Elegy to hear:
For so I'll term it, if that you
In Elegies e're Pleasure knew:
A Prophet False, and Monster great,
Who often did Damnation threat,
To those that never would him Treat;
Lies Bury'd now Alive, not Dead,
Mistake me not; what I have said
Is very true: In *Newgate* now
He is Entom'd, and knows not how
To get away, so strong's the Stone,
Which makes him daily sigh and groan;
But all in vain, such is his fate,
He now may curse his Doom too late;
But least you should the Poet blame,
Because he has not told his Name,
He says 'tis *Muggleton*, the same
Who whilst in living liberty
Arriv'd to such Damn'd Blasphemy
That all Man-kind he did out-vye;
He had such Power he did Protest,
And spoke in Earnest, not in Jest;
He many Hundred men had blest;
If all were true which he has said,
He would have made us all affraid;
If those he Curs'd, and those he Damn'd,
Could not through Faith his Doom withstand;
'Twere a hard case I must confels,
But yet again this Man could Bles
The very same he Curs'd before,
If that they had but Guinies store;
Or Houses, or would give a Treat
With Wine, and Capons, or such Meat
For those he'd bles, and bles agen;
And to his Blessings say; *Amen*.
But if they no such comforts had,
He us'd to say their Case was bad;
And Damne 'em straight such was his power,
He'd Bles and Curse 'em in an Hour;

He said that he a Prophet was,
And did all other Power Surpals:
And with a Countenance of Brass
He said that those he Damn'd were Damn'd,
And nothing could that Fate withstand;
Nor yet Reverse his Cursed Doom,
For Blessings he had left no room;
This he did Witness to his Tomb:
The Foolish Sisters all Complain;
Crying, *Lodowick*, arise again;
Arise, arise, out of thy Tomb
Dear *Muggleton* we pray thee come:
We want thy Blessings, come away,
Our Prophet's gone, we go astray:
We here have brought a Key of Gold,
Which will release thee from thy hold,
Come forth with Courage Stout and bold.
'Twill ope the Door without all doubt,
Come *Lodowick* thou must come out:
Methinks I hear the Boys Complain,
And wish they had him once again;
They'd fit him better then before,
For now they have got Eggs good store;
In *Smithfield* they did want supply,
When he stood their I'th Pillory;
All things consider'd by the wise,
Our *Muggleton* again must rise:
We from our Prophet cannot part,
To rise again he has an Art,
Or else he is not worth a Fart;
Now stead of Crying you may Laugh,
And Read your Prophet's Epitaph.

EPI T A P H.

E^Ntom'd I lye,
I can't deny,
Amongst Rogues, as 'tis said;
Pray do not fear,
My Voice to hear,
For indeed I am not Dead.

I shall come out,
Without all doubt,
And in my own Shape be,
But I must stay,
Until the Day,
My Golden God I see. 201.