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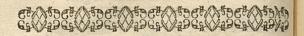
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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

The Seeker. By the Same.

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The SEEKER.

By the Same.

HEN I first came to London, I rambled about From fermon to fermon, took a slice and wentout, Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride; And urging their various opinions, intended To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's Inn, Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to fin; Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant slies, Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies; Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale, If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail; The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation, Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, whose rich stock of grace Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face, Ah! pity your soul, come, be of our sect, For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect; As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints, Being Christ's little slock ev'ry where spoke against.