

Poor ROBIN's Dream, Commonly called POOR CHARITY.

I know no Reason but that this harmless Riddle,
May as well be Printed, as sung to a Fiddle.
To a compleat Tune, well known by Musicians, and many Others. Or, A Game at Cards.



HOW now, good fellow, what all am I?
I pray tell me what is the news?
Trading is dead, and I'm sorry for't.
Which makes me to look worse than I use:
If a man hath no employment, whereby to get a penny
He hath no enjoyment if he wanteth money,
And Charity is not used by any.

I've nothing to spend, nor nothing to lend,
I have nothing to do, I carry at home;
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into sleep like an idle drone:
And as I slept I fell into a dream,
I saw a play acted without e'er a theme,
But I could not tell what the play did mean!

But afterwards I did perceive,
And something more I did understand,
The stage was the world wherein we live,
And the actors were all mankind.
And when the play is ended, the stage they down fling,
When there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that acted, I protest,
Was Time, with a glaſs and ſcythe in his hand,
With the globe of the world upon his breaſt,
To ſhew how the ſame he could command.
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a timethat doth call us all away.

Conſcience in order firſt takes place,
And very gallantly plays his part;
He fears not to fly in a rulers face,
Altho' it cuts him to the heart:
He tells him that all this is the latter age,
Which put the actors in ſuch a rage,
That they kick'd poor Conſcience off the ſtage.

Plain-Dealing preſently appears,
In habit like a ſimple man,
The actors at him mock and jeer,
Pointing their fingers as they ran:
How came this fellow into our company,
Away with him many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-Dealing will a beggar die.

Diſſimulation mounted the ſtage,
But he was cloathed in gallant attire;
He was acquainted with youth and age,
Many his company did deſire:
Then they entertain'd him in their very breaſt,
There he could have harbour, and quietly reſt;
For Diſſemblers and Turn-Coats ſure the beſt.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
Methinks ſhe looks wond'rous old,
She quiver'd and ſhe quak'd moſt piteouſly,
It griev'd me to think ſhe was grown ſo cold;
She had been rich in the city and country,
Amongſt the lawyers and nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then came in Truth, not cloathed in wool,
But like unto youth in his white lawn ſleeves,
And ſaid the land is full, full, full,
Too full of rebels, worſe than thieves:
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride
Fanaticks full of envy, which order can't abide,
And uſurers bags are full beſides.

Hark! how Bellona's drums they do beſt,
Methinks they go rattling through the town;
Hark! how they thunder thro' the ſtreet,
As tho' they'd ſhake the chimnies down:
Then comes in Mars, the great God of war,
And bids us face about, and be as we were:
But when I awaked I ſat in my chair.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church
Yard, LONDON.