

THE

The Vision,

A POEM.

Come hither ye Dreamers of Dreams,
 Ye Soothsayers, Vizards and Withches,
 That puzzle the World with hard Names,
 And without any meaning make Speeches :

Her's a Lord in the North,

Near Edinburgh Erith ;

Tho little has been said of his Name or his Worth ;

He's seen such a Vision, no Mortal can reach it,

I challenge the Clan of *Egyptians* to match it.

And first, in the dark it was told him,

Which might very well appall us,

That the World was a fighting of old time,

From *Nimrod* to *Sardanapalus* ;

That it's all Revelation,

You may paund your Salvation,

For the Devil a History gives the relation,

But it's all in the Deeps, no Mortal can reach it,

We may challenge the Clan of *Egyptians* to match it.

Then *Scotland* comes next on the Stage,

For in Visions you must not be nice,

And a skip of three thousand Years age,

Is nothing where Men are Concise ;

I name it the rather

Because you may gather,

How

(2)

How that every Man is the Son of his Father,
A Truth for the future no Mortal can doubt,
Whatever they might, before he found it out,
But heark, now the Wonders begin,
And take care lest the Vision should fright ye
For if it shou'd make you unclean,
He has not told how he would dight ye,

First the National Church,
Left quite in the Lurch,

Was a truckling down to the Steeple and Porch,
But what is still worse, she's afraid of her Friends,
So Fevers make frantick Men hasten their Ends.

Was ever such Conjuring known,
Or the Church so claw'd by the Steeple,
Non-jurors are her Champions grown,
And the Prelatists vote for the People.

Protesters appear

And the Jacques they adhere,
And Anti-christ votes the true Church to secure,
O Scotland! Was ever such Conjuring known

That the Mitre supports, the same Church pull'd her down.

Then the Nation in Sack-cloth appear'd
And the Visionest sadly bewail'd her,
For Mischiefs the like were ne'r heard,
Her priv'lege of Slavery fail'd her.

For the Mob he complain'd

That being born Chain'd,
Blest Bondage was lost and damn'd Freedom remain'd,
So with Liberty scarr'd, and afraid to grow Rich;
They su'd for Repentance in a dolorous Speech.

And first our amazement 'lincrease
The Souldiers disbanded appear,
Poor drudges put prentices to Peace,
For want of the blessings of War;

For

(3)

For tho it's in the Book,
Yet the Scripture mistook,
When it told us, our Swords should to Plow-shares be broke,
It might be long ago a happiness there,
But it's plain by the Vision it's otherwise here.

The Merchants are next on the Stage,
The Enchantment has circl'd them in;
For fear they in Wealth shou'd engage,
They resolve they'll never begin;

The Burghs are afraid

They shall have too much Trade,
And the Nation to Plenty be safely betray'd,
So they gravely Address, that to keep them Secure,
As you find them, you leave them, both Foolish and Poor.

The next is indeed a sad Sight,
The like on't has rarely been known,
'Twill ruin the Country quite,
It will never recover its own;

The Plow Man's undone,
From Father to Son;

For a terrible draw-back on Corn will come on,
In plenty they'll Ship it, be there never so much;
And to load us with Money, sell all to the Dutch.

O ye Virgins! (both Sexes) draw near,
And tho it's but in spectrum shoven,
In sympathy lend us a Tear
As the Case may some time be your own;

The Ladies Condition
Deserves your Compassion;

'Tis very severe to make Beauty Petition,
Yet here his strange Tragedies turn'd to a Jigg,
That the Men want Employments, yet the Ladies shou'd Beg.

Then a Crew of of old Sailers were brought,
At their true Benefactors to Rail;

That

That to fight for strange Nations were bought
 And this will cut of the Entail;
 They thought it was hard
 The *Dutch* Ships to discard;
 And to force the poor *Scots* their own Trade to regard,
 For Liberty claims a freedom to ill,
 And it's hard to get Money against a Man's Will.
 And now the Exorcist in turn
 Like a Ghost in a Circle arises,
 Without any Tears he can Mourn,
 He is Extasies all and Surprises,
 But what's wildest of all,
 And does strangely appall,
 Two hours he talk'd, and said nothing at all.
 But let drop a few hypocritical Tears,
 So the Crocodile weeps on the Carcase she tears,
 Then in strange Hebrew words he bewail'd ye,
 Tho the Jest was by few understood,
Tu quoque mi fili Squadrone
 Or in *Scots* the Parliament's wood,
 So *Cæsar* they say,
 Cry'd out in a fray,
 When they kill'd him, because he'd his Country betray,
 For *Brutus* his Country's Liberty fought,
 Was a Simily e're so in happily brought:
 Thus he rumag'd he Histories old,
 Like the Tale of the Bear, and the Fiddle,
 For as 'twas unluckily told,
 So the Story broke off in the middle.
 Some said my Lord Cry'd,
 Tho others deny'd;
 Which matter of Moment it's hard to decide,
 But here's a more difficult matter remains,
 To tell if he shew'd us less Manners or Brains.

F I N I S.