



Debtor's welcome to their Brother.

Welcome welcome Brother debtor, To y^e poor but merry place, Where no Bayliff dun or Setter, Dare to show their frightful Face,

But kind Sir as your a Stranger, Down your Garnish you must lay, Or your Coat will be in Danger, You must either Strip or Pay.

*N^eer Repine at your Confinement, —
 From your Children or your Wife, —
 Wisdom bys in true Refinement, —
 Thro' y^e various scenes of Life, —
 Scorn to show the least Repentment,
 Tho' beneath y^e frowns of fate, —
 Knaves & Beggars find Contentment,
 Fears and Cares attend the Great. —*

*Tho' our Creditors are spiteful
 And restrain our Body's here, —
 Use will make a Goal delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear,
 Every Islands but a Prison, —
 Strongly Gaurded by the Sea,
 Kings & Princes for that Reason,
 Prisoners are as well as we. —*

*What was it made great Alexander,
 Weep at his unfriendly fate, —
 'Twas because he cou'd not Wander, —
 Beyond y^e World's strong Prison gate, —
 The World its self is Strongly bound
 By the Heav'ns and Stars above, —
 Why should we then be confounded, —
 Since there's nothing free but Love.*

For the Flute.

The Words by M^r Coffey. G. Bickham jun^r inv^t. et sc.