

And daily begges for Heauenly bread,
His *Iustice* slackes; and wee are fed.
But here's the worst, though *Prayers* draw,
There lyes a Pad within the Straw.
The *Angell Good* bids, *Fast* and *Pray*,
The *Angell Bad* bids, *Feast* and *Prey*.
Thus Rime is mar'd, true *Prayer* bard,
A turn'd to E, the *Eure* made hard.

The