

For all the Stories e'er we heard,
 Ne'er made us half so much afraid.
Surgeons sure are sorry Creatures,
 Thus to deface human Features ;
 Nay truly Mother, we suppose,
 They stuff the Skins to fright the Crows :
 So pray, let's never them employ,
 Who love our Image to destroy ;
 But if we do a Wound receive,
 Heal it with any home-made Salve,
 Nor suffer them our Limbs to handle,
 Who will not cure but rather mangle :
 Nay, sooner than want bloody Work,
 (Far worse than any *Jew* or *Turk*)
 They steal the Dead from holy Ground,
 Nor care a Pin if they be found,
 With a dead Corpse upon their Back,
 Cram'd by false Sexton in a Sack.
 Thus no one's sure to lie in Grave,
 If any vile and cruel Slave,