

When he hath hung till surely dead,
Then under *Tyburn* make his Bed ;
For he must not in Church-yard lie,
Who brought himself to Infamy.
Or if the *Surgeons* do desire,
The Body, that they may enquire,
Into the Frame of e'ery Part,
To know the most of Nature's Art ;
And gain by that dissection,
More Skill in their Profession :
We lay a strict Command on *Ketch*,
That they his Corps may freely fetch,
That it Anatomis'd may be,
And butcher'd with Dexterity,
In Form of Skeleton to scare,
Those Country Girls who come from far,
To see his Bones stand in a Case,
With meagre Phiz and frightful Face,
And so go home and tell the Mother,
They ne'er desire to see another.