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Malefactor Executed.

WE had a Custom formerly,
When Felons were condemn'd to die,
If they their Neck-Verse cou'd but read,
That time they were from Gallows freed.
The Priest by order op'd the Book,
The Criminal thereon did look :
Reads he, or not, the grim Judge cries,
He reads my Lord, the Priest replies.
Then put him by, we spare *Jack Ketch*,
The pains of trussing up the Wretch :
But if in Court a second Time,
He stands arraign'd for any Crime,

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