A Dialogue between KJ. & KW.

KJ  If injured monarchs may their cause explore
An uncles, and a fathers right is more
Nature there pleads your blood is on my side
Each beating puls, and every vein allyed
What feaver then has boylid you into armes
Is’t religion or the crown that charmes
If a misladen zeal thus pushd you on
T’was hard to shake my glas so nearly done
The ebbing sand had little more to run.
If from my Daughters right, your claim you bring
Shee’s too too early queen, while I am King
That crime Rome blush’t to punish you persue
Make it your glory and your conscience too
A pious parricide! When to your wife
You pay the victim of her fathers life
Your love to her appears in that to me
You praise the fruit and yet cut down the tree

KW  I took but up the crown you durst not wear
And am no les your conqueror then Heir
If jüs divinum does to crowns belong
Where is the right when the Divine is gone
Kings are no longer sacred than they’r strong
The monarchy you justly once enjoyed
By the same tale as justly you destroyed;
Titles to crowns from civil contracts spring
And he who breaks the law desolves the King
Nor Can you here a parents right pretend
Since publick safety knows no private friend
Thus Generous Pompey for his Country drew

When sense was Guardian and reason young
Then was the just submitted to the störg
Then as a bull walks Monarch of the ground
Soe Nimrod Cyrus and the rest were crownd
He who could both protect and conquest bring
Was from a Captain ripen’d to a King.
And thus the peopls safety made their choice
Which Heaven approv’d of by the peopls voice
Forgot his Julia and her Caesar too.

KJ New titles may be scaffolded by laws
And frothy monarchs of the mobs applause
Take up a crown, on terms too mean to wear,
And boast themselves to be the peoples Heir.
Thus you, who Crowns from contracts doe receive,
Are Kings at will, and govern but by leave;
A marbled Caesar pinion’d to a throne
The people regnant and the monarch none.

KW When freeborn men (by providence design’d
Both to preserve and propagate their Kind)
Did first their brutish appetites persue
And nature was the only law they knew

If your base was not their cause warm,
In uncle, and a faithful right is more
than there please your blood is on my side
and backing you, so vastly war and
what favour here has begun, you who saw
not religion or the crown that changes
Of a sudden cool thus part you on.

How can it shake my glory to three doors,
Then sitting thus will have more to run.
If from my father's right your claim you bring
there too late any virtue, to my King
That crime Rome blushed to punish you possess
made it your glory was your conscience too
A proof possession, then to your right.

You pay, the victim of her fallen life
Your love to appear in that to me
Your praise the fruit you can't own to see
Tears but up the crown you must not wear
In as it for your conqueror to their
It, its minion done to descend below
There is the right when the crown is gone.
Kings are no longer found than they're wrong
The monarchy you justly once enjoyed
At the same time as justly you destroy,
How to frame from civil contract agree
For he who breaks the law violates the King
Nor can you have a private right posse
Some public right known to God's enjoyment.
That Crown's stamp on the costly coin,
Forget the Julia and the Caesar too.

This title may be surrounded by some
The doubtful monarchs of the new universe
Take up a crown, or better be wise to wear
The least themselves to be peoples' fear.
Such you, who Crown from obedience the nation,
Are Kings at will, not yours but by chance,
A partial Caesar proven to a Burem.

The people respect and the monarch hate.

[Further text continues in the manuscript]