



*The Wages of Sin;*  
OR,  
Robbery justly Rewarded:

A  
P O E M;

Occasioned by the untimely Death of

**Richard Wilson,**

Who was Executed on *Boston Neck*, for Burglary,

On *Thursday* the 19th of *October*, 1732.

**T**his Day from Goal must *Wilson* be  
conveyed in a Cart,  
By Guards unto the Gallows-Tree,  
to die as his Desert.

For being wicked overmuch,  
there for a wicked Crime,  
Must take his fatal Lot with such  
as die before their Time.

No human Pardon he can get;  
by Intercession made;  
But see he must unto the Pit;  
and by no Man be stay'd.

[The fatal sad and woful Case;  
this awful Sight reveals,  
Of one whom Vengeance in his Chase  
hath taken by the Heels.

Here is a Caution in the Sight;  
to wicked Thieves, and they  
Who break and rob the House by Night;  
which they have mark'd by Day.

We see the Fall of one that cast  
his Lot in by Decree,  
With those that wait the Twilight pass;  
that so no Eye may see.

[That wicked Action which he thought  
by Night would be conceal'd,  
By Providence is strangely brought  
thus far to be reveal'd.

By which we see apparantly;  
there is no Places sure,  
Where Workers of Iniquity  
can hide themselves secure.

[There is no Man by human Wit;  
can keep his Sin conceal'd  
When he that made him thinks it fit  
the same should be reveal'd.

He that gets Wealth in wicked Ways;  
and slight the Righteous Rule,  
Doth leave them here amidst his Days;  
and dies at last a Fool.

Here we may see what Men for Stealth  
and Robbing must endure;  
And what the Gain of ill got Wealth  
will in the End procure.

Here is a Caution high and low;  
for Warning here you have,  
From one whose Feet are now brought to  
the Borders of the Grave,

He does bewail his misspent Life;  
and for his Sins doth grieve,  
Which is an hopeful Sign that he  
a Pardon will receive,

He says, since he forsook his God;  
God has forsaken him,  
And left him to this wicked Crime;  
that has his Ruine been,

He calls his Drunkenness a Sin;  
with his neglect of Prayer,  
The leading Crimes have brought him to  
to this untimely Snare.

All you that practice cursed Theft;  
take Warning great and small,  
Lest you go on, and so are left  
to such untimely fall,

Repent of all your Errors past;  
and eye the Stroke of Fate,  
Lest you thus come to Shame at last;  
and mourn when 'tis too late.

Remember what the Scripture saith;  
a little honest Wealth,  
Is better far than mighty Store  
of Riches got by Stealth.

This Warning soundeth in our Ear;  
this Sentence loud and Shril,  
O Congregation, hear and fear,  
and do no more so ill.

**F I N I S.**

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