

The Wages of Sin;
OR,
Robbery justly Rewarded:
A
POEM,
Occasioned by the untimely
Death of
Richard Wilson,
Who was Executed on *Boston* Neck, for
Burglary,
On *Thursday* the 19th of *October*, 1732.

This 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 flee 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 past,
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 slights 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 mis-spent 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 in
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 foundeth in our Ear,
this Sentence loud and Shril,
*O Congregation, hear and fear,
and do no more so ill.*

FINIS.