An Epigram

As Pat reach’d the Gallows, the Hawkers drew near,
And roar’d out the last dying Speech in his ear:
“They are liars,” cries Patrick, whatever they’ve said
“It can’t be my Speech, for I am not yet dead
“But good Master Ketch, for a moment now stay.
“For the sake of my fame, let me hear what they say.”
Jack reach’d him the paper, & said he would stop
“Enough exclaims Pat, you may down with the drop:
“The rogues seem to know all the tricks of my youth
“To be sure tis a lie, ---- but they tell you the truth.”