



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.

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 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 shrill,
O Congregation, hear and fear,
and do no more so ill.

F I N I S.

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