



## A NEW SONG on the Defeat of the Americans.

**B**OLD Britons attend to my story,  
I am neither a Whig nor a Tory,  
In mobbing I never did glory,  
Attend to the truth I shall tell;  
Montgomery of late was uncivil,  
He swore by his master, the Devil,  
And by every thing that was evil.  
He would dine in Quebec or in Hell.  
Brave Carleton at Quebec commanding,  
Montgomery's views understanding,  
In order to welcome his landing,  
All due preparations had made;  
Instead of plum-pudding and what not,  
Double headed, round, langren, and grape shot,  
Bombs, howets, and royals were soon got,  
And a delicate table was laid.  
Some hundreds came there uninvited,  
And resolved not to be slighted,  
And with Montgomery united,  
We having provisions for all;  
A thirteen inch pudding we first sent  
Merely by way of compliment,  
To shew it was our general's intent  
To treat them with powder and ball.  
The thirty first day of December,  
A day I shall always remember  
Far more than the fifth of November,  
Though that's a remarkable day,  
There's Montgomery and all his dam'd crew, sir,  
Morgan and MacPhearson too, sir,  
As damned rebels as ever you knew, sir,  
Got ready and march'd on their way.  
In three divisions they formed,  
And thought our strong walls to have storm'd,  
But Quebec soon was alarmed,  
And flew to their stations in haste:  
Our tarts and mince pies so inviting,  
Our red and white wine so delighting,  
Encourag'd these rebels in fighting,  
Resolved our cheer for to taste,  
But I forget for to write, sir,  
The consequence of that night, sir,  
For during the terrible fight, sir,  
Montgomery their leader he fell:  
He scorn'd to break his word, sir,  
In spite of musket or sword, sir,  
He swore by the Devil, his Lord, sir,  
He would dine in Quebec or in Hell.  
For all the enemies swarmed,  
Our officers were not alarmed,  
Rush'd in and the villains disarm'd:  
How terrible foolish they look,  
Lamenting their woful condition,  
Some lame and some wanting physician!  
And we laugh'd at their brave expedition,  
Eighteen hundred prisoners we took.



## The French Prophet; or, a New Touch on the Times.

**I** Am an old Prophet, and newly come over,  
To tell you the Truth I was born in France,  
Last Monday was Se'nnight I landed at Dover,  
The Truth is the Truth, and it is no Romance;  
Then cheer up your Hearts, and your Spirits raise,  
And remember the Nation is now in its Prime;  
Then let us be jelly, and drown Melancholy,  
I warrant, brave Boys, we have Golden Times.  
When the Name of a Cuckold is quite forgot,  
And Wheat shall be sold for a Groat the Coomb,  
When Drunkards forget to handle their Pot,  
And the City of London is joined to Rome;  
When Vintners neglect to use their Chalk,  
And Poets forget to make their Rhymes,  
When Pimps are all rotten, and Whoring forgotten,  
I'll warrant, &c.  
When Conscience is prized more than Gold,  
And the Tower of London runs upon Wheels,  
When fractious Old Women forget to scold,  
And the Monument has a fine Ring of Bells;  
When Norwich Cattle goes to Christ Church  
And all for to hear St. Peter's Chimes,  
When Lovers leave lying, and Birds leave off flying,  
I'll warrant, &c.  
When Cucumbers grow upon Sycamore Trees,  
And Knavery is turn'd out of Doors,  
When a Miss of the Town refuses a Crown,  
And Swearing and lying are used no more;  
When a Quack does come to visit the Poor,  
And the People of England are all of one Mind;  
When Pigs leave off Grunting, & Cats ride a Hunting,  
I'll warrant, &c.  
When Envy and Malice are quite laid aside,  
And Honesty loved by Rich and Poor,  
When Charity's prized more than Pride,  
And Millers forget to take Toll any more;  
When Sailors refuse to take their Pay,  
And the Rich to the Poor grow loving and kind;  
When Women leave Washing, and Cows go Fishing,  
I'll warrant, &c.  
When Maidens chuse a single Life,  
And will not be married at Twenty Years,  
When Eels have got Legs like Shoemakers Pegs,  
And Willow Trees bear Warden Pears;  
When Sugar and Salt are both of a Taste,  
And Misers become both free and kind,  
And Candlemas falls on the Eleventh of May,  
I'll warrant, &c.  
When Houses are with Pancakes tiled,  
And Vinegar runs like Water Springs,  
When Mankind are all of one Mind,  
And England's content with a Queen or a King;  
When Cocks ride out in Boots and Spurs,  
And Mackerel are caught without Net or Line,  
When Cheats of the Nation are quite out of Fashion,  
I'll warrant, &c.  
When Paul's Church goes for a Man of War,  
Man'd with Old Women to fight for the Nation,  
When Bakers forget to gripe the Poor,  
And Whoring is clearly out of Fashion;  
When Beaus they do a Hunting ride,  
And Winter is past without Frost or Rhime,  
These Things they may be, but few will them see,  
Until the Devil is grown lame and blind.

