



## A New Guy Fawkes Speech, FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

IN the year 1605, and in the reign of James the First, a Cabal, consisting of Jesuits, Gentlemen and others, with Guy Fawkes, were determined restoring the Roman Catholic religion: they first intended to kill the King; but his Sons they thought would be left; and even if they were dead, still there would be the Nobles and Gentry remaining; they then agreed to blow the whole up in the air at once, two children excepted; the Duke of York who was very young, and the Princess Elizabeth his sister, who they were to make Queen.

They then by cunning conveyed a great quantity of Gunpowder under the Parliament-house, carefully covering it with coals and faggots, and over that they placed great iron bars and stones, and on that memorable day, when the Parliament were to meet, they designed to put in execution their diabolical plan.

BUT tho' Old Nic was their friend, the plot  
was found out,  
A letter was sent which soon brought it about;  
Lord Monteagle received it, and found it  
so dark,  
That he show'd it Lord Salisbury, who  
made this remark;  
Sure some madman or fool has written  
this letter;  
But I'll show it the King for I think I had  
better;  
And the King when he saw it, his thoughts  
did declare,  
"They mean to be sure to blow us up in  
the air!"  
They then with surprise, cried out, "Sire,  
indeed!"  
"We'll soon search then beneath," and  
they hasten'd with speed;  
And there Guy Fawkes they beheld with  
lanthorn and match,  
With his ready-laid train, the whole to  
dispatch.

They seiz'd the base villain, who thus did  
complain,  
"O! had I known your design, I'd have  
soon lit the train,  
And blown every one, as light as a feather  
All up in the air, and myself too together."  
Good folks now behold his image is here,  
He looks like Guy Fawkes, and of him we'll  
take care;  
And for his base crimes we will him upraise,  
And while he is hanging we will give him  
a blaze;  
Then a halfpenny spare us to give him a  
light,  
For hang him, we'll burn him as soon as  
its Night.  
And may heaven preserve us from wretches  
so base,  
And may those who are honest be put in  
their place.

God save the King,

HUZZA

Printed and Sold by E. Billing, 187, Bermondsey Street.

