

BRITISH LOYALTY

Or A SQUEEZE for *St. Paul's*.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ. JUN.

CAN any tell—(since Adam's time I mean)
How many diff'rent *Squeezes* there have been?
Faith no small number!—nay, *this very night*,
Thanks to my friends, I've squeez'd you pretty
tight;

Above, below, in front, and round the border,
All close—all quiet too—and yet no *order*.

Time was, our fickle taste too far refining,
Old English crowds and squeezes were declining:
“Curse mobs! (exclaims my lord) no, prithee no,
Don't go to vulgar fights—Cries madam, go!
I would as soon be seen at Lord Mayor's show.”

But now thank heaven, one glorious great occasion
One happy cause of loyal emulation,
Has level'd taste, and crowded all the nation.
'Twas nature drew the scene, chaste, strong and
glowing,

London, her Theatre, was overflowing,
The streets one Pit of joyous shining faces,
The belle and beau took low front window places,
The fair in dishabille, and booted Squire,
Grinn'd, as you see 'em now a story higher;
While the hoarse deep-mouth'd cannon thund'-
ring loud, [crow'd,

Just like my honest friends, there stunn'd the
Such squeezing, jostling---here some stand, some
All anxious for---'twas England's benefit, [fit,
O may that day on record stand, and age
In future times, delighted, turn the page!
The April-morn, chasing the dreary hours
Of gloomy Winter, smil'd, yet smil'd in show'rs.
Thus did the heart in ev'ry eye appear,
While rapture beam'd, Affection dropt a tear;
Yet some whose manners no less love confess'd,
In rough unpolish'd tones their joys express'd.

“Och blood and Oons (cries Pat) and scratch'd his
My heart's as light as any feather bed; [head,
This day that rains as hard as it can pour,
Is n't an exceeding fine one to be sure---
Long life---O batheration joy---Huzza!
Don't you be after stopping up the way;

I'll shut your day lights up if you're so nimble,
And then my jewel look at this, and tremble.

[His fist]

Good luck to him, there he goes, by my Shalvation,
I love him---mind my toes---and so does all our
nation,

The Irishman that don't---get on the bench man---
His father, fait, and mother was a Frenchman.”

“Got pless the royal family---O splutter,
Hur will see noble fights here from the gutter;
But look you now such mops and crouts as these
Will toast hur potty like a *piece of shize*,
Hur's travell'd up on purpose from Llantilly---
Got's splutter and nails your elpow's in my pelly---
Hur's heard of Harry Monmouth, never since
Hur country knew so creat a King and Prince.

“Who ish't has got his knockles in my throat---
Let go my collar Peoplish! pray take note,
I'll prosecute the villainsh 'as tore my coat:
I'm a loyal Israelite---to see
This fight I risks my life, *but not my property*.”

“Hoot! hoot man dinna make a din and riot,
Tack your auld cloak about ye, and stand quiet;
Deel dam your lousy plaid, friend and learn frae
A Scotsman what is Ge-ne-ro-si-ty. [me
For since sae happy tidings ha gane forth,
Gude fath thats warm'd aw bosoms thro the north.

“Warm'd you, (exclaims a fine old soul) warm'd
you!

Why it has warm'd me, friend I am ninety-two;
Pray now make room---I'm old and weak---
but I

Would needs crawl out to see my King come by,
And then---I'll totter home content, and die!”

“Cheerly, old boy cries Heart of Oak, thats right,
Keep it up merry heart!---we'll all drink, fight,
Push, jostle, squeeze our souls out---any thing---
In honour of our *good and gracious King*.
Roar away messmates, strike up now or never,
Long live the King, may the King live for ever!”

PRICE THREE-HALFPENCE.

1789.

