



# A KING or a CONSUL?

A NEW SONG to the Tune of *Derry Down*.

COME all ye brave Englishmen, lift' to my story,  
You who love peace and freedom, and honor and  
glory!

No foreign usurper they hither shall bring,  
We'll be rul'd by a *native*, our Father and King.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down!

No Corsican Despot in England shall rule,  
No Disciple avow'd of the Muffulman school;  
A Papist at Rome, and at Cairo a Turk,  
Now this thing, now that thing, as best helps his  
work. Derry down,

Shall Atheists rule Britons? O never, no never,  
Forbid it Religion for ever and ever;  
Their heathenish Consuls then let them not bring,  
Our Country is Christian, and Christian our King!  
Derry down,

In England when wounds are the sailor's sad lot,  
Their wounds and their sufferings are never forgot;  
To a Palace far nobler our Vet'rans we bring,  
Than is kept for himself by our merciful King.  
Derry down,

Let any compare, if my saying he blames,  
The splendors of Greenwich\* with those of St. James.  
—Once *Buoni* trepann'd his poor troops to the East,  
O'er defects too sultry for man or for beast;  
Derry down,

When the battle was over, and hundreds were found,  
By the fortune of war gasht with many a wound;  
Diseas'd and afflicted—now what do you think  
This tender Commander oblig'd them to drink?  
Derry down,

You fancy 'twas grog, or good slip, or good ale;  
No 'twas *poison*, alas! was the foldiers' regale;  
See *Jaffa*†—see *Hoflar*‡—the difference to prove,  
There *poison*, here kindness, there murder, here  
love. Derry down,

\* A magnificent Hospital for Sailors.

† Where French Soldiers were *poisoned* in the Hospital.

‡ The Royal Portsmouth Hospital, where English Sailors are  
treated like Princes.

And lest we should publish his horrible tricks,  
With our freedom of printing a quarrel he picks;  
But *we* keep no secrets, each newspaper shews it,  
And while we act fairly we care not who knows it.  
Derry down,

To Frenchmen, O Britons, we never will trust;  
Who murder their Monarch can never be just;  
That freedom we boast of, the French never saw,  
'Tis guarded by order and bounded by law.  
Derry down,

That *Bouvi*'s invincible, Frenchmen may cry,  
Let Sidney the brave give each boaster the lie;  
Tho' the arrows of Europe against us are hurl'd,  
Be true to yourselves and you'll conquer the world.  
Derry down,

Tho' some struggles we make, let us never repine,  
While we sit underneath our own Fig-tree and Vine;  
Our fig-tree is Freedom, our vine is Content,  
Two blessings, by nature for Frenchmen not meant.  
Derry down,

French liberty Englishmen never will suit,  
They have planted the tree, but *we* feed on the fruit;  
Then rail not at taxes, altho' they cut deep,  
'Tis a heavy Insurance to save the brave Ship.  
Derry down,

Let narrow-foul'd *party* be banish'd the land,  
And let Englishmen join with one heart and one  
hand;  
Let each fight for his Wife, for *we* marry but *one*,  
The French wed so many, they oft care for none.  
Derry down,

One King did not suit them, three Tyrants they  
chose,  
And their God they renounce while their King  
they depose;  
Then we ne'er will submit to the Corsican's rod,  
Britons want but one Wife, and one King, and one  
GOD.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

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