



## A New SONG.

*Addressed to the Independent Freeholders of the  
County of Middlesex.*

**C**OME let us rejoice,  
With heart and with voice,  
At the star that has shin'd in the East,  
Since a babe now is sprung,  
Who is freedom's fair son,  
Let us join and prepare for a feast.

To Brentford you know,  
To baptize him did go,  
And Glynn his good sponfor shall be,  
For in freedom's great hall,  
This babe we'll inroll,  
And his name shall be call'd Liberty.

Let the northern great duke,  
His poor Proctor rebuke,  
Whilst their Irish banditti they bring,  
And in liberty's cause,  
To the serjeant's applause,  
The sky with loud eccho's shall ring.

Tho' Proctor they say,  
In borrow'd array,  
His foot-guards and black-guards did cover,  
These wolves in disguise,  
Have fail'd of their prize,  
And we'll buffet them over and over.

No Capal we fear,  
Nor Gillam's base snare,  
Whose hearts hell itself did inspire;  
He first broke the peace,  
By a slap in the face,  
Then commanded the soldiers to fire.

With heart bold and stout,  
Our cause shall hold out,  
Whilst we laugh at all baubles and toys;  
Design'd to betray,  
And lead blockheads astray,  
So become a poor Proctor or boys.

Then for Wilkes and for Glynn,  
Since a bumper's no sin,  
Let us give both our hearts and our voice,  
For our country they'd die,  
And with loud huzza's we'll cry,  
That they merit each honest man's choice.

