

A NEW SONG

BILLY PITT & THE UNION.

Come neighbours attend, while I tell you a story,
Of a cunning young blade, whom they call Billy Pitt,
Who, gulling John Bull of his cash and his glory,
On a notable scheme to repair them has hit.

This Billy long time to prevent our Uniting,
And loving each other, had hung up the boys ;
Now he flatters himself, that because we've done fighting,
An Union he'll carry without any noise.

But why should our isle be United to Britain,
With debt overwhelm'd and with taxes assess'd ?
Why because, as of late by the Clerk has been written,
They may take our all from us, and leave us the rest.

Good neighbours a tempest appears to be brewing,
And hark, the wind whistles a terrible squall,
Shall Irishmen then be involv'd in the ruin,
By putting their backs to a tottering wall.

Says the Clerk, to ensnare you, your wealth is transcendent !
But will Ireland for this to an Union agree ?
We know that before we became independent,
United with England no riches had we.

The Clerk he informs us the Romans and Sabines,
United, some thousands centuries ago ?
But the latter rememb'ring the flames of their cabbins,
And rapes of their daughters, would fain have said no.

The Sabines United thus laid the foundation,
Of the power, the grandeur, the greatness of Rome ;
And thus for the sake of a "separate" nation,
Must Ireland Unite to be beggar'd at home.

Seven Provinces also we're told by the Clerk,
United and broke from the oppression of Spain ;
But the parallel here leaves us all in the dark,
For they never returned to th' oppressors again.

Arrah Paddy beware, there's snake in these offers,
For Billy can gild, whilst he poisons the pill ;
And 'tis sure, d'ye see, when he's emptied your coffers,
He'll send them all back for the boys to refill.

Let England with Europe still wrangle ; but neighbours,
What has our little island to do with the strife ?
Let Paddy enjoy the fruits of his labours,
And Billy may fight all the days of his life.

Let traitors the rights of their country surrender,
And barter their voice and their virtue for gold ;
But the sons of Hibernia, strong to defend her,
As they ne'er be bought, so they ne'er will be sold.

Then neighbours Uniting in bonds of affection,
Prepar'd for the worst, for the best let us hope,
And may he who'd betray us to foreign subjection,
Like Judas, receive his deserts in a rope.

Dublin, December, 1798.

