



A NEW SONG ON THE GENERAL TAXATIO OF OUR DAYS

Come! neighbours draw near till I tell you a tale,
And you'll hear of the laws they invent'd of late,
They are taxing the dogs that we had on our floor,
That were us'd segacious obedient & bold,

They are taxing the mastive for watching the thieves
That would mind all our means while ourselves were asleep
They are taxing poor ryger both doger & bonnie,
They are tied with a leg & they musle their mouths,

They are taxing the bull dog for minding the stall,
And they are taxing the butcher for killing the calves,
They are taxing the nailors the smith & his forger,
And they are taxing the fowler for shooting the crows

They are taxing the terrier for killing the rats,
And they'll lay double tax on the claws of the cat
They are taxing Poor Reynard for eating a goose,
He'll pay for the roast when the hounes are let loose,

They are taxing the gray lound for hunting the hare,
And are taxing the pointer for setting the game,
They are taxing the finding the train & the steer,
And they'll lay double tax on the whiskey skil een,

They are taxing the dogs that are leading the blind,
That ne'er discern the day from the night.
They are taxing the toper for drinking a dram,
They'll fine him a crown or they'll send him to jail,

They are taxing the millers the bakers & bread,
And they're taxing the ghewes where we bury the dead,
They're taxing the butter the milk & the cheese,
And they'll tax all the nails on our hands & our feet,

They are taxing the farmers that cultivate the ground,
That is feeding the world the Queen & the Crown,
They are taxing the mason his hammer & trowl,
And the labouring man that has sweat to his brow,

They're taxing tobacco that's whelesome to smoke,
And they're taxing the snuff that would worm our nose,
They're taxing the whiskey the porter & ale,
And they'll have the old women for drinking their tea,

They're taxing the captain the ship & her crew,
And they're taxing the tinker his budget & tools
They're taxing the weaver his shuttle & looms,
And they're taxing the tailor his thimble & goose,

They are taxing the drainers their goods & their shops,
And they're taxing the dealer for carrying a pack,
They tax the musties though cleaver it grew,
And they'll tax the young ladies for wearing the hoops,

They are taxing the kettle the poker & tongs,
They are taxing the donkey for wandering a cross,
They're taxing the salmon that runs through the stream,
And are taxing the ports that surround the sea,

They're taxing the tommies and sixpenny shirts,
And the half-penny collars that's neatly made up,
They are taxing the fairs where the cattle are sold,
And are taxing the young men if the girls they court,

