



ANEW SONG ON THE
GENERAL TAXATION OF OUR DAYS

Come neighbours draw near till I tell you a tale,
And you'll hear of the laws they invented of late,
They are taxing the dogs that we had on our floor,
That were useful 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 tyger both danger & bounce,
They are tied with a log & they muffle their mouth,

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 forge,
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 hounds are let loose,

They are taxing the gray hound for hunting the hare,
And they are taxing the pointer for setting the game
They are taxing the Indian the train & the steem,
And they'll lay double tax on the whiskey skilleen,

They are taxing the dogs that are leading the blind,
That can nea'r 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 & breab,
And they'r taxing the graves where we bury the dead,
They'r taxing the butter the milk & the chees,
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 tax ug the mason his hammer & trowl,
And the labouring man that has sweat to his brow

They'r taxing tobacco that's wholesome to smoke,
And they'r taxing the snuff that would warm our nose,
They'r taxing the whiskey the porter & ale,
And they'll tax the old vve-man for drinking their tea

They'r taxing the captain the ship & her crew,
And they'r taxing the tinker his buget & tools,
They'r taxing the vveaver his shuttle & looms
And they'r are taxing the tailor his thimble & goose,

They are texing the drapers their goods & their shops,
And they'r taxing the dealer for corying a pack,
They'll tax the mustacia tho cleaver it grevv,
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 vvdaring a cross,
They'r taxing the salmon that runs through the stream,
And they'r taxing the ports that surround the sea,

They'r taxing the tommies the sixpenny shirt,
And the half-penny collar that's neatly made up,
They are taxing the fairs where the cattle are sold,
And they'll tax the young men if the girls they court,

P. BRERETON Printer, 1, Ln Exchange St

