

A new SONG,
CALL'd THE
Loyal Weavers.

IN Oxfordshire, a famous Town,
For Loyalists of great Renown,
History doth their Fame record,
For being all of one Accord.

Usurping Power they ne'er obey,
And firm they stand unto this Day,
GREAT GEORGE's Praise they daily sing,
But none gives Praise to JAMES the KING.

No greater Contrast can e'er be seen,
Than Winter SNOW, and Pastures GREEN,
A Blacksmith's SON, once in this Land,
Held forth a KING, at his Command.

A KING, by Counsel bad advis'd,
Doth by his SUBJECTS grow despis'd,
As Doctors oft times give Advice
To take a Pill, but set their PRICE.

A SURGEON may provoke a Riot;
But Weavers study to be quiet,
A PARSON may pretend to read,
A LAWYER may pretend to plead.

But old establish'd Laws shall stand,
For no NEW MAN shall rule this Land;
We're Loyal Subjects, Faithful Friends,
Love, Justice, Honour, are our Ends.

