

A WORD to the WISE,

A NEW BALLAD on the TIMES.

THE Mounfeers they say have the World in a String,
They don't like our Nobles, the don't like our King,
But they smuggle our Wool and they'd fain have our Wheat,
And leave us poor Englishmen nothing to eat.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

They call us already a Province of France,
And come here by Hundreds to teach us to dance,
They say we are heavy they say we are dull,
And that Beef and Plumb Pudding's not good for John Bull.
Derry down.

They Jaw in their Clubs, murder Women and Priests,
And then for their Fishwives, they make Civic feasts,
Civic feasts! what are they? why a newfashioned thing,
For which they renounce both their God and their King.
Derry down,

And yet there's no eating, 'tis all foolish play,
For when Pies are cut open, the Birds fly away,
But Frenchmen admire it and fancy they see,
That Liberty's fix'd at the top of a Tree.
Derry down.

They say Man and Wife should no longer be one,
Do you take a Daughter and I'll take a Son,
And as all things are equal, and all should be free,
If your Wife don't suit you Sir, perhaps she'll suit me.
Derry down.

But our Ladies are Virtuous, our Ladies are Fair,
Which is more then they tell us your Frenchwomen are,
They know they are happy they know they are free,
And that Liberty's not at the top of a Tree.
Derry down.

They take from the Rich but don't give to the Poor,
And to all sorts of Mischiefs they'd open the Door,
Then let's be United and know when we're well,
Nor believe all the Lies these Republicans tell,
Derry down.

Our Soldiers and Sailors will answer these Sparks,
Though they threaten Dumourier shall spit us like larks,
But Britons don't fear them for Britons are free,
And know Liberty's not to be found on a Tree.
Derry down.

They try to deceive us, our loss is their Gain,
Which is all we can learn from the works of Tom Paine,
But let Britons be wise as they're brave and they're free,
And still Britain shall rule in the midst of her Sea.
Derry down.

Then Stand by the Church and the King and the Laws,
The Old Lion still has his Teeth and his Claws,
We know of no Despots, we've nothing to fear,
For their new fangled Nonsense will never do here.
Derry down.

