

H Y M N,

COMPOS'D

By the *Priests* of the ORDER of
St. *PERKIN*, for the Use of
High-Church, upon their approach-
ing Day of *Humiliation*, being the
CORONATION-Day of his
truly Protestant Majesty King
GEORGE.

PART I.

- 1 O H! Why dost thou forsake us thus?
Must thy griev'd *Zion* mourn?
Unto our dwindling *Thousands*, soon
O *Lucifer*, return.
- 2 Proud *Hermodactyl's* lofty head
Is humbl'd to the Dust:
Lord *Gambol* now is laugh'd to scorn,
In whom we plac'd our Trust.
- 3 And eke his Grace of *Mobington*,
Full fore we do lament;
Who, in the Day of Tryal, stood
All Dangers to prevent,
- 4 That dreadful Day, when *Damere's* Arm
Salvation for us wrought;
And *Purchas* at the Head of Mob,
'Gainst *Whiggish* Squadrons fought.
- 5 When Canting *Presbyterian* Tubs
Were made a Sacrifice,
And costly Flames in *Lincoln-Fields*,
Rose to the wond'ring Skies.
- 6 Whose interposing Interest did
Our Generals save from death,
And cheating *Tyburn* of its due,
Preserv'd their precious Breath.
- 7 *Spitfire* no more can do us good,
The *Schismaticks* prevail:
And trusty *Rammer*, in disgrace,
May set up selling Ale.
- 8 For why, the Matter's very plain,
French Claret's out of Season:
Then who wou'd Factor be in *France*,
That hath or Sense, or Reason?
- 9 Now honest *Brogue* to native Land,
Must Lacquey home again,
If that a Martyrdom by Hemp,
Does not his Flight restrain.
- 10 But if that trusty *Con* shou'd 'scape
Their *Whiggish* Cruelty,
O send him back, that he may write
Our Martyrologie.

