

SONG,

Written for the Jubilee, Oct. 25, 1809.

'Tis a privilege claim'd by the stringer of rhymes,
To indulge, now and then, in a touch at the times ;
When each passing foible may furnish a pull.—
Now, we trace the vagaries, of honest John Bull.

When matters are prosperous, then he's content,
If adverse, he fails not his feelings to vent ;
And though dearness, or scarcity, ne'er spoil his rest,
Yet things at *old prices*, suits John's temper best.

Tough as iron he is, or his sinews would crack,
He carries, poor man, such a load on his back ;
And still they *load* on, for they well know his ways,
Though sorely he grumbles, he grumbles and *pays*.

If those kept to serve him, like covetous elves,
In dividing his favors, fall out 'mongst themselves,
John thinks the best way is to let them alone,
As "when rogues they fall out, honest men get their own."

Though his temper's domestic, as all the world knows,
Yet he likes, now and then, to see how the world goes ;
And in these his excursions, let what will betide,
John has always some favourite hobby to ride.

A vast number of these, will be found in his stud,
Some famous for figure, and all for true blood ;
But ages have pass'd, as the wise ones all say,
Since he mounted the *Hobby* he rides on to day.

Only mark what delight in his countenance glows,
As he canters along in his Jubilee clothes ;
Gaily chaunting in accents that make the air ring,
"The Roast Beef of Old England," and "God save the King."

Though prepar'd, at all times, for his freedom to bleed,
Yet he always is *loyal*, in thought, word, and deed ;
For in firmly upholding the rights of the Throne,
John knows very well, he's protecting his own.

Then let us, his descendants, all join heart and hand,
To partake of the joy that's now spread o'er the land ;
And may Heav'n grant ere long, war and bloodshed may cease,
And the King reign once more midst the blessings of peace.

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