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ADDRESS

TO OUR

Sovereign LADY.

On the Scotch Conspiracy.

MADAM,

V V E Address you to Day in a very new Fashion,
And tell you of nothing but Force and Invasion, }
Tho some folks will Laugh when they hear the Occasion ;
Violation's the Word, not a Tittle ot'h Church,
For as *Johnny says*, plainly, Yov'e left that in the Lurch :
That Sham's at an End which made such a pother,
And w're plaguily put to our Trumps for another :
For since the Curst Lords have thrown out the Bill,
And have chose a Committee which Pifs in a Quill ;
Who (if we be silent) will find out the Plot,
Then *Nottingham's* Merit will soon be forgot }
And some of us, probably, may go to Pot.
We're, forc'd to Invent, in this Dangerous Crifis,
Some pretty New Whim to Confound their Devices :
Why Madam, You're Ravish't, Your *Queenship's* Invaded
And we must Squeal out till of this You're perswaded,
But who are the Villains perhaps You will ask,
And if we didn't tell You, 'twould be a hard Task
To Guess or Perceive You had any Abuse,
So that we come on purpose to tell you the News.
'Tis the Whole House of Lords, those Damnable Lords,
Who have done this said thing upon most of our Words :
O Madam, take care of Your Prerogative Royal,
We were never till Now so Confoundedly Loyal
For Extending your Power to be humbly Addressing,
But You see we Conform, on Occasion so pressing,
To Glut our Revenge, Moderation to foil ;
The Peers to Affront, the State to Embroil :
This Glorious Quarrel we come to Avance
Much Dearer to Us, than that against FRANCE.

