

Le H---p at Hanover / A New Song!

When Robin rul'd the British Land
With Gold and Silver brigar,
To put his Kindred All in Place,
He ever took delight.

Forth from the *venai Band* he call'd,
H---ce and If---e came,
He bid 'em go to Foreign Courts,
And raise immortal Fame.

Two *Taylor's* Daughters rich and fair,
Exactly match'd each Brother;
Ho---e made *Sut*, and gain'd the one,
And If---e stitc'd the other.

Alike they were in Shape and Size,
Alike in Parts and Breeding;
One to the Court of *France* was sent,
One to the Court of *Sweden*.

Ho---e in *France* did Treaties make,
Which ne'er can be repeated;
And you shall hear how If---e too,
Our *Hew Apparent* treated.

At *Herenhausen* he arriv'd,
And knocked at the Ring,
And told them, that in haste he brought
A Message from the King.

They took him for a *Post-boy*, first,
And so they let him wait,
It being an Hour, at least, before
They open'd him the Gate.

Incens'd at this, he rag'd and storm'd,
And made a mighty Pother,
And swore by G--d he'd teach Them all,
To know Sir R---'s Brother.

Our P---e came out, and eard him swear,
Mistook him first for S---on,
But after ask'd him civilly,
To eat a piece of Mutton.

But then at Supper as they sat
Drinking and gaily sporting,
Le H---p with many a smutty Joke
His Neighbour left a courting.

And down her Strays his hands he squeez'd
Then talk'd wond'rous *Pais*,
Quoth he, *Mon Prince Apartment*,
Vous foutez tout cela.

The Prince was shock'd, yet smiling said,
These Jokes are of the oddest,
Good Squire *Le H---p*, for you must know
Our Ladies are all modest.

Modest! reply'd *Le H---p*, and sneer'd,
Before I go to *Stockbalm*,
As modest as they are, Good Sir,
In faith I mean to K---ck 'em.

The Men got up and laugh'd aloud,
The Damsels did retire;
Then to return their low contempt,
I thus spoke the angry Squire.

Come kiss mine A--se, your P--ce and all
D---n ye, d'ye think I care,
Has e're a *German* Prince like me,
Five thousand Pounds a Year?

Provok'd at this Language foul
They call'd him *Hound's-foot Skellbam*,
And threat'ned they wou'd use him worst
Than e're the King did P---bam.

The P---e (God bless him) now step'd in
Who kept his Temper still;
And said, *This Man my Father sent*,
And shall we use him ill?

No! I to England with *this News*,
A Letter will indite;
The King and Queen shall know it all,
And they will do me right.

My Father will revenge the Affront,
And turn out all his Kin,
From him that does from Y---th serve,
To him that serves for L---n.

Now God bless both our K---g and Q---n
And may they quickly do it;
Or shortly else (full well I woen)
They will have cause to rue it.

