

A NEW SONG.

YE Lads who wish well to the Spot of your Birth,
The most independent and happy on Earth ;
It rests with yourselves that in future you be,
As you ever yet *have* been, united and free.

II.

It depends on yourselves that no Hypocrite rob
This Land of its Rights by the Threats of a Mob ;
You ne'er will give way to the Bluster and Noise
Of Impostors, who *call* themselves Liberty Boys.

III.

The Men who from Harm would your Country save,
Are not Bullies nor Blackguards, but Men truly brave ;
The One who for years has made Freedom's Cause smile,
And the other who first broke the Line at the Nile.

IV.

The People's real Champions, believe me, are those,
Who, within and without doors, dare combat your Foes ;
Give your Votes to the true Friends of Liberty Hall,
Who scorn to Rob Peter, by Paying of Paull:

V.

What more can I say your good will to inspire,
Towards those who both burn with true Freedom's best Fire ;
I don't mean the Man who your Suffrages mocks,
But the Friends and Companions of *Nelson and Fox*.

VI.

Then fill up your Glasses, my Lads, while I sing,
THE NAVY, HOOD, SHERIDAN, and our GOOD KING ;
May Englishmen never with Nonsense be cramm'd,
And BONY's Supporters all *Die and be Damn'd* !

