



Wilkes & Liberty for ever

YOU hearty Britons pray attend,
That yet Liberty's a friend,
We hope no boots shall us survive,
While we maintain brave forty five.
O rare Wilkes for ever, O rare liberty.

When Mr. W——s did first contrive,
To write the number forty five,
It touch'd some people to the gall,
But Wilkes defiance bid to all.

Another thing appear'd quite strange,
This pamphlet burnt all the Change,
But one a friend we'll not dispute,
He in the fire chuck'd a boot.

The Printer then immediately,
Was ordered to the pillory,
But there some friends did him surround
Collected for him many a pound.

Then Mr. Wilkes he did advance,
And took a journey into France,
But by his friends was sent for o'er,
To v. x them as he did before.

The city we must not degrade,
We know their votes depend on trade,
But yet a joke we are free to pass,
They say the mare's become an ass.

The country then immediately,
Promoted Wilkes to high degree,
And of him they did make no scoff,
Like the pyeman now he'll take them off

