

A
HYMN

Preparatory to some Electors, to be Sung
at the *Scotch Ambassadors* on the
Comb,

To the Tune of *Old Noll*.

Great *Beetzehub*, Patron of *Whiggs*,
Whose only Name we own,
Is our great Necessity,
Let all thy Power be shown,

Instruct they faithful Servants all,
That we, without *DELA Y*,
They Precepts may both learn and Teach,
And they *COMMAN D S* Obey,

Tip all your Tongues with Scandal keen,
And lies that Stick like *BURRS*,
That may the Reputation Blaz, *Blaz*,
Of all the *TOR Y. CURRS*.

Help us such Men to chose, as may
As Heart they Interest have,
Defy the *GO D's*, and from a *CROWN*
Our *CONSTITUTION* save,

But may those Enemy's to thee,
Who *HEAVEN's* great *KING* Adore,
(Their Hused Names too well you know)
Ne'er Sit in Council more,

We'll call 'em French, and Jacobites,
That Trade and us in Prize,
By Voting all the Wool to France,
Tho' all Men know they're Lies

As they True Listed Soldiers all,
We'll meet on the Parade,
And each Man in his Hat shall wear
A Woollen white Cockade,

The Tories thus with Fear Inspir'd
Will surely never dare,
Our Noble Champions to Oppose
Who they true Servants are,

For sake not those who Trust in thee,
Nor our Designs Betray,
Lest we, oblig'd against our Wills
Should *HEAVEN* and *ANNE* Obey,

