

Dr. S.—l. A Stout Orthodox Doctor fell first in their Wind,  
The Pack open'd their Throats, in hopes Mob wou'd have join'd,  
On a hot passive Scent they ran him full speed,  
'Till the Rabble cry'd out, *Your too Rank there, take heed :*  
*What, o'er-leap the Church-Poles, and break thro' Constitution !*  
Sure the Devil's your Leader, and you Hunt for Confusion!

Chor. Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.

Ld. W—m  
P—t, At the Head of the Pack, stupid William's Commanding,  
Who is of Quality Breed, by his deep Understanding ;  
If to dull worthless Whelps, we may Titles afford,  
His Merits confess him a Dog of a Lord :  
Those crafty old Currs that despise the poor Tool,  
Yet only for Luck-sake they Hunt with a Fool.

Chor. Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.

Fr—k D—n. Loud Blasphemous Jack, that was strip'd by Oak Royal,  
The Republican Whelp of a Sire that was Loyal ;  
VVith Goal Birds and VVhores to Plantations he cross'd,  
'Till the Sharper retriev'd, what the Bubble had lost :  
Now in hopes of a place he still Yelps and Impeaches,  
Tho' the pert forward Curr oft himself over-reaches.

Chor. Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.

Ld. C—by. There's Wolf the Repacious, loud Bluster and Thunder ;  
\* Sr. P—y Sir \* Peter the Grim, and the late † Speaker Blunder ;  
K—g. For these dull heavy Currs, love to mount in a Chair,  
† Mr. S—b. Tho', like Monkeys that Climb, they expose their Parts bare :  
Sr. Fr—b And Jack, call'd the ill look'd, who trains-up New-comers,  
Fr—l. And still speaks in Season, for his VV it comes from Sommers.

Chor: Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.

\* G—l There's Hackam, and Brass, for their deep Mouths Renown'd,  
S—pe. Because empty Sculs, have a great strength of sound :  
Send \*Hackam to Spain, what great Feats he'll achieve !  
But his Conduct's enough to make Senates believe :  
† Mr. W—le. And Young † Brass of Corinth will never deceive ye,  
For he Pays off the Cause just as well as the Navy.

Chor. Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.

How honour and honesty, Dogs can unite,  
For their dear Countries sake, they'll Steal, Plunder and Bite ;  
Themselves and their VVhelps they'll Enrich for *its good,*  
And make Monarchs great by *shedding their Blood :*  
Yet so eager for Game the White Staff take away,  
They'll Hunt Dr. Volpone for a rank beast of Prey.

Chor. Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.

Then TORY, poor TORY, ne'er hope to prevail,  
You are beat from the Pack, with a Shooe at your Tail.  
Go learn to plead Conscience, when you Cheat, Lye and Cant,  
And plunder the publick with the looks of a Saint :  
If you'd Join the Old Sett, with New Principles fit ye,  
Stick at nothing that's base, you'll be of their Committee.

Chor. Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, &c.