

Thus the *New FAVOURITE* in his Plumes,
New Manners and *New Airs* assumes ;
 He who before was at your Whistle,
 Begins to bully, frown, and bristle ;
 And to his Band of hireling *Tartars*
 Gives *Pensions, Places, Titles, Garters* ;
 His Schemes, his Projects, all must be
 A Law to *BOB*, his *Grace*, and *Me* :
 His Friends stand close, and aid his Pow'r ;
 What, don't you like him ?---- to the *Tow'r*.
 You swear 'tis strange---- but let this Fume
 In busy Play it self consume :
 See him chagrin at last retire
 To a *Welch* Farm, and Country Fire ;
 With this to comfort fallen State,
The Time has been when HE was Great.

E T O N Æ

Typis SAVILIANIS. Anno MDCCXII.