

103.

## The *Suffolk* HEALTH.

**H**ERE's a Health to the *Tackers*, about let it pass;  
And He that refuses, throw the Wine in his Face.  
Here's *DYSERT* and *DAVERS*, for who can forbear,  
Brimmers in *Claret* to such a bold Pair?  
Here's *Bence* and *Poley*, come fill it up quite,  
Tho' his Body be *Whiggish*, his Soul will go right.  
Where stands it now? Here's *Blois* and here's *Roufe*,  
A *Tacker*, tho' he was ne'er yet in the *House*.  
Come fill it again, for I am mistaken,  
If we forget either *Turnor* or *Bacon*:  
And now let's Conclude with one lusty Shout,  
To the *Tackers* Elect, and to those that are out.

### CHORUS.

XNow God Bless the *QUEEN*, and send her to know,  
The Difference 'twixt a *Friend* and a *Foe*.  
Next God Bless the *PEERS* and open their Eyes,  
And make them to learn to be moderately Wise:  
For 'tis very hard, when *England* affords  
Such *COMMONS*, to have a *Bump House of Lords*.

1.

**T**HE *Commons* once destroy'd the *Church*,  
Now it's *Supporters* prove,  
The *Lords* have left it in the *Lurch*,  
And *Separation* Love.

2.

To free us from all future Fears,  
Wou'd Members each respective,  
A Patent had to be our *Peers*,  
And *Lords* were made *Elective*.

3.

Then should we all our *Rights* Enjoy  
Without a Bill for *Tacking*,  
And G——n with all his Crew  
To *Hell* might all go packing.

4.

They better would the *Throne* protect,  
The *Church* and *Laws* defend,  
Than ever will the *Whiggish* Lords,  
Who both in Pieces rend.

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