

POLIGNAC.

O sire the press, that blabing press,
 That issues papers daily,
 Has been the cause, I must confess,
 It says we act unfairly,
 And gull them all.

CHARLES.

How dare those dogs, their types compose,
 To language so rebellious,
 And dare to look, before their nose,
 And do they mean to tell us,
 We starve them all.

POLIGNAC.

Collect the troops, destroy the press,
 And send the chambers packing,
 How dare they think of food, or dress,
 We'll give them ropes, and racking,
 To teach them all.

Chantlauze. Let swords be ground, and balls gave out,
Peyronnet. Let wine and francs flow freely,
Ranville. To make our soldiers brave, and stout,
Charles. We'll make these cits pay dearly,
 Or shoot them all.

Lafitte. The people's armed, the soldiers fly,
Perrier. Or hoist the tri cockade,

Polignac. I wont stay here,

Peyronnet. Nor I,

Ranville. Nor I.

Charles. Order my coach my aid,
 Good bye to you all.