

So rotten bones are honoured yet  
More than the God of Peace,  
Thus Rome can shear her silly ones,  
And still retain the fleece.  
Just as she did in Luther's days,  
Which set the Monk to think  
How souls from prison flew away  
When Tetzal got the chink.  
But Protestants love gospel truth,  
Good will and peace to man,  
Whilst Popish Priests would teach our youth  
To worship on their plan.  
Then pity all such worshippers.  
They know not what they do,  
Since Priests are lords of heaven and hell,  
And of the conscience too.

XVI. ON ORANGE GRAND OFFICERS BE-  
TRAYING THEIR TRUST.

Awaken, awaken, and slumber no more,  
The trumpet keep sounding, your tents are on fire,  
The gods of the nations your watchmen adore,  
Whilst lights from Jehovah they cease to admire.

Away from the mountain, there, watch the dark  
cloud,

Beware, do not touch it, 'tis danger and death,  
But call to your watchmen, proclaim it aloud,  
Lest smoke from old Babel might stifle your breath.

Now look to your banners, the white horse is there,  
No idols from Egypt came cross the Red sea;  
That serpent of brass, oh! ye freemen beware,  
There are many alive that you never can see.