

And though I want wit, and my verse rudely
jingle,
I'll tell you a story shall make your ears tingle.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Our King, Heaven bless him, and keep
him from ill !
Our friend has been ever, and would be so
still ;
A curse on those traitors, who make him ap-
pear
At odds with his people, that hold him so dear !
Derry down, &c.

IV.

This rascally herd, to the Devil I pitch'em !
Must we toil and labour, and sweat to enrich
'em ?
To serve their own purpose, and mischievous
ends,
First strove to enslave our American friends.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Nor even of our brethren of England afraid,
With Star chamber warrants their rights to
invade ;
And to bring all their villainous schemes to
perfection,
They strike at the root, and the right of elec-
tion !

Derry down, &c.

VI.