

Shall dare our dearest Friends to steal,  
Whose los we constantly bewail.  
Wherefore it is our true Intent,  
To rise upon them by consent,  
And drive them to some barren Shore,  
Where they may ne'er do Mischief more;  
Save one another kill and slay,  
To glut the Hunger of the Day;  
When, may some greedy rav'nous Beast,  
Take the last Wretch, and on him Feast!  
For I am sure all Girls will join,  
To execute this brave Design,  
That when we come in turn to die,  
We may in Peace and safety lie;  
Since Government is so remiss,  
As not to punish them for this.

*F I N I S.*