

XXI.

And now I have ended my sorrowful tale,
I see you all weep, and poor Ireland bewail;
But courage, my friends, still there's hope
left behind,
All yet may be well, if my council you'll
mind.

Derry down, &c.

XXII.

Those patriots, who late we so steady have
found,
Heaven bleis them, and keep them, are still
above ground;
United together, our bulwark they stand,
And may still save the nation, if we lend a
hand.

Derry down, &c.

XXIII.

Should T——d dissolve, then the mat-
ter is plain,
Without sixpence cost, we'll return them
again;
And ridding the House of those rascally elves,
We'll give them companions will vote like
themselves.

Derry down, &c.

XXIV.

That G——d may bleis Ireland, our prayer
should be daily,
And save her from A——y, A——s, and
H——y,

And