

XVIII.

The next thing he does, by a sentence unjust,
 He turns out our friends from their places of trust;
 Our friends, who his villainies dar'd to oppose,
 And fills up their room with our deadliest foes.

Derry down, &c.

XIX.

There's Renegade O——e, and O——r mean,
 And M——n the maltster, that scoundrel in grain,
 And Jacky, whose merits if we would make known,
 'Tis enough that we say, he's your brother T——e.

Derry down, &c.

XX.

O why should I mention these wretches in place,
 Their rascally names would my ballad disgrace!
 In short, T——d chose them in frolicksome prank,
 As matches for J——s, and for Bloomf-bury Frank.

Derry down, &c.

XXI.