

## 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.