At the head of the lift fet down Amay first,

The chief of his favourites, because he's the worst,

To shew himself worthy and fit for his trust, Without judgment a Judge, he makes justice unjust.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

IV.

Frank Andrews comes next, of corruption the fink!

What a dog must he be, who's a rogue in his drink;

No wonder he's fat, fince our mis'ry's his food,

And he daily gets drunk with poor Ireland's life-blood.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

V.

Lo Tidal, whose look would make honest men start,

Who hangs out in his face the black fign of his heart;

If you thought him no Devil his aim he would mis,

For he would, if he could, appear worse than he is.

Then kick out those rascally knaves, &c.

VI.