

And Brownlowe, and Pery, who reason so
just,

And Lucas, our Lucas, still true to his trust!
Derry down, &c.

XV.

In fine the Court's routed, and Ireland is
sav'd,
With such champions as these, we can ne'er
be enslav'd!

But now, see the spite of the rascally crew,
To the Devil I pitch them, and give him
his due.

Derry down, &c.

XVI.

Our worthy L——t comes down to the
House,
Protests it's proceeding are not worth a louse,
And leaving undone the affairs of the nation,
The session concludes with a damn'd proro-
gation.

Derry down, &c.

XVII.

Here mark, my dear friends, that our
ruin's compleated,
Since a Parliament's useless, which thus can
be treated;
While they serve his curs'd purpose, he'll fawn
and colloque 'em,
But if once they do right, he'll that instant
prorogue 'em.

Derry down, &c.

XVIII.