

The Country FARMER'S Campaign:
By the Author of Banter'd and Bubbl'd, &c.

Oh Ro - ger I've been to see Eu - gene, By
 Vil - lars ov - er - reach'd; And that Dutch Earl, great Al - ber-marle, So
 foo - lish - ly De - tach'd: For Phil of Spain, saw
 Do - way tain, And Ques - noy close be - set; Saw French - men grin, at
 Count Rech - strin, And Dutch - men in a Sweat.

With both my Eyes *Auxiliaries*,
 I saw desert our Cause;
 Old *Zinzendorf* did buy 'em off,
 But never stopp'd their Maws:
 Whilst *ORMOND* he most orderly,
 Did march them towards *Ghent*;
 The *German* Dogs, with great *Dutch* Hogs,
 Their towns against him Pent.

Were not we mad to spend our Blood,
 And weighty Treasure so;
 Do they deserve, that we should serve,
 Adad we'll make them know:
 They'll be afraid, of Peace and Trade,
 And downfal of the **Whigs**;
 Our glorious ANN, with *France* and *Spain*,
 Will dance then many a Jigg.

If they have a mind, 'fore Peace be Sign'd,
 To own Great ANNA'S Power;
 Such Terms she'll get, as she thinks fit,
 And they shall have no more:
 Great *Oxford's* Earl, that weighty Pearl,
 And Minister of State:
 With *Bollingbrook*, I swear adzooks,
 Old *England* will be great.

We Farmers then, shall be fine Men,
 And Money have good store;
 Their **Whigish** Tax they'll have with a Pox,
 When Monarchy's no more:
 My Son I'm sure, will ne'er endure,
 To pay their plaguy Funds;
 'Tis with reproach, they ride in Coach,
 It makes me mad Ads--

For twenty Years, with Popish fears,
 We have been Banter'd much;
 With Liberty, and Property,
 And our very good Friends the *Dutch*:
 But now I hope, our Eyes are ope,
 And *France* is more Sincere;
 Then *Emperor* with all his stir,
 Or *Dounders* Divil myn Heir.