

The MOHOCKS. A SONG.

There's a new set of Rakes, En - ti - tled — Mo hocks, Who
 in - fest Her Ma - jes - ties Sub - jects; He who meets 'em at Night, Must be
 re - ady for flight, Or with - stan - ding he ma - ny a Drub gets.

In their nightly Patrole,
 They up and down rowle,
 To the Bodily fear of the Nation;
 Some say they are Gentle-
 men, otherwise Simple,
 And their Sense like their Reputation.

Others say that the Van's
 Led by Noblemen,
 Tho' to Forreigners this will but sound ill;
 But let 'em take care,
 How they manage th' Affair;
 For a Lord may be kill'd by a Scoundrel.

Some count it a Plot,
 And the Lord knows what,
 Contriv'd by the **Whigs** out of Season;
 But shou'd it be so,
 By the *High-Church* or *Low*,
 Rebellion was always high Treason.

Fie, curb the Disgrace,
 'Tis imprudent and base,
 Pray take the advice of a Stranger;
 But if you go on,
 Like Fools as ye've done,
 When ye're Hang'd ye'll be quite out of Danger.