

A SONG.

Your Me - lan-cho - ly's all a Fol - ly, The Peace I'm sure is Sign'd; The
 French are for't, so is our Court, And the Dutch must be in - clin'd: What
 is't to us who's King of Spain, So we are Mas - ters of the Main, Our
 Fleet must al - ways the Trade main - tain, If we are not
 Ban-ter'd and Bub - bl'd. And Cheat - ed and Ban - ter'd and Bub - bl'd.

We very well know when *Marlborough*,
 Did take the Towns in *Flanders*;
 'Twas *English-men*, did pay for them,
 Tho' they put in *Dutch* Commanders;
 So that while we were humbling *France*,
Hollands Power we did advance,
 And made 'em Great at our expence,
 And so we were Banter'd, &c.

We must suppose, the **Whigs** are Foes,
 When Treatys they will Sign a;
 To give the *Dutch* so plaguy much,
 And call it the Barrier Line a:
 For how can we Great *Europe* Sway,
 Or keep the Ballance every way,
 I fear we shall pay for't another Day,
 For we have been Banter'd, &c.

For Liberty, and Property,
 'Twas once we us'd to Fight;
 'Gainst Popery, and Slavery,
 We did it with our Might:
 But now the Taxes make us poor,
 The Emperor may Swear and roar,
 We neither can nor will do more,
 For we have been Banter'd, &c.

Fanaticks then, are now the Men,
 Who Kingly Pow'r divide;
 Their Villany to Monarchy,
 'Tis makes 'em *France* deride:
 If *Hollanders* wou'd choose a King,
 As much as now their Praises Sing,
 They wou'd Curse, and Damn, and Fling,
 And cry they were Banter'd, &c.

I swear adsnigs, the Canting **Whigs**,
 Have run their Knavish Race;
 The Church and Queen, are Flourishing,
 Now they are in Disgrace:
 Great Harly he has set us right,
 And *France* will banish *Perkenite*,
 So we're no more the *Holland* Bite,
 Nor will we be Banter'd and Bubbl'd,
 And Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbl'd.