

*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 downfall 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*.