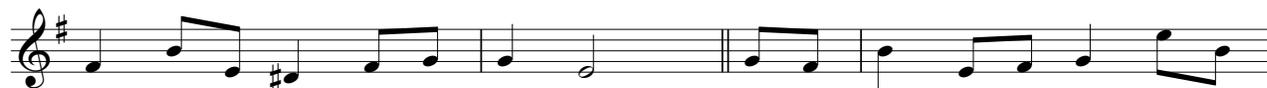


The MOHOCKS. A SONG.



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.