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T H E

POOR MAN'S ADVICE

T O H I S

POOR NEIGHBOURS:

A

ref.

B A L L A D,

To the Tune of CHEVY-CHACE.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXIV.

T H E

Poor Man's ADVICE, &c.

I.

AH! have you read, my neighbours dear,
 Our famous *Congress* Book?
 Alas! I grievously do fear
 They have our case mistook.

II.

What pity 'tis, such worthy men
 Who've larnt to read, and write,
 And cast accounts; should use their pen,
 For to undo us quite.

III.

I never saw a King, or Queen,
 Save Indian Kings, in Stroud,
 But I've seen folks, who Kings have seen,
 Who say, they're desp'rate proud.

IV.

But our King George is just and good,
 If one dar'd speak out plain,
 And when he's forced to shed blood,
 He feels purdigious pain.

V.

When this book gets to London-town,
 And is show'd to the King,
 I will lay any man a crown,
 He'll grieve, like any thing.

VI

To hear, such whimper, and such whine,
 No man can tell him why;
 And 'cause his Royal Hand must sign
 That some poor souls must die.

VII.

Lord! how the Parliament men will curse
 To find themselves so mawl'd;
 Like foot-pad, or like vile cut-purse
 They're all to nought be call'd.

VIII.

As if a pack of rascals, they
 Mind not what's wrong or right,
 But vote, for so much by the Day,
 As our Provincials fight.

IX.

As who nor law, nor gospel know,
 Altho' at college bred,
 And as the folks in Europe trow,
 In larned books deep read.

X.

As men, who only have a smatch
 Of knowledge, for parade,
 And for our *Congress* are no match
 In politics, or trade.

XI.

The Canagans too, whom they address,
 And treat so very blunt;
 Will cry, while as they cross their breasts,
 Jesu! quel gros affront!

XII.

If to obey King George they please,
 For what is all this fuss?
 And love him more than *Lewy Sease*,
 Pray what harm's that to us?

XIII.

He graciously, their laws restor'd,
 Which they had long besought;
 For which, he is by them ador'd,
 As every good King ought.

XIV.

Oh! what sad Kings, we'd formerly!
 They took a wicked maggot;
 To make men with their faith comply,
 They used fire, and faggot.

XV.

Now Fox's book of Marturs faith,
 It is a dreadful thing,
 To be oblig'd to change one's faith,
 For any earthly King.

XVI.

If Algerines should take this city,
 And for our faith, despise us,
 'T would be a burning shame, and pity,
 If they should circumcise us.

XVII.

To the whole world, 'tis natural
 To love, their ancient uses,
 Of these they're full as chary all,
 As we of our prepuces.

XVIII.

Had Barron Descow took this town,
 In fifty-sixth's hard frost,
 What should we've thought, if the French crown
 Had given back, all we lost.

(7)

XIX.

I've Papists known, right honest men:
 Alas! what shame and pity?
 Ah! how unlike the vartus Penn,
 To drive them from our city.

XX.

Of Britons, some folks tell great lies,
 Us poor gulls to deceive;
 And while they throw dust in our eyes,
 They lass' all in their sleeve.

XXI.

They love the King, and Lord North too,
 And will all take their part,
 For all that we can say, or do,
 They will not care a f--t.

XXII.

Their merchants, they think war fine fun,
 For they keep out of fight;
 They feel no sword, nor hear no gun,
 But help pay troops to fight.

XXIII.

Therefore they often, hand o'er head,
 Into a war will fouse,
 And when news comes of thousands dead,
 They mind it not a louse.

XXIV.

Don't you remember, t'other day
 They talk'd of war with Spain ;
 'Bout Falkland's Island, as they say,
 A vast way o'er the main.

XXV.

Lord, how did England rage and roar,
 About a foolish *rudder* ;
 A war they'd have, by G-d, they swore,
 And make proud Spain to shudder.

XXVI.

Proud Spain was soon to reason brought,
 For fear of British thunder,
 And though it was a bitter draught,
 Yet did proud Spain knock under.

XXVII.

As bitter a draught it was, 'tis true,
 As I, pi, ca, cu, an, ha,
 But Spain remember'd sixty-two,
 As how she lost Havanna.

XXVIII.

Now isn't this book a much worse thing
 Than that same foolish *rudder* ;
 And by affronting so their King,
 Will they not make us shudder ?

XXIX.

They work, for East and West-Indies,
 For Ruffia, and for Spain;
 For ev'ry land, under the skies,
 And trade o'er all the main.

XXX.

Yet when the strange resolves we've made,
 Are known to that proud nation,
 Tho' they've enough of other trade,
 Lord, what a furious passion?

XXXI.

Then for to block our port within,
 Out comes their ships so stout,
 And since we will let nothing in,
 They will let nothing out.

XXXII.

From December, the very first day,
 The Delegates say plum,
 Our wives shan't have a dust more tea,
 Nor we a drop more rum.

XXXIII.

They've tea in plenty for themselves,
 And other good things too,
 But we, alas, poor wretched elves,
 Shall not know what to do.

B

XXXIV.

They've all laid in great stock of things,
 To last them many a year,
 For they're as rich as any Kings,
 But what shall poor folks wear?

XXXV.

They'll ride in coach and chariot fine,
 And go to ball, and play,
 When we've not wherewithal to dine,
 Though we work hard all day.

XXXVI.

Our members are good men, and true,
 And plans full wise propos'd,
 Their country's good for to pursue,
 But East and South oppos'd.

XXXVII.

If New-York votes, none of th' other
 Did contradict quite flat;
 I do (for all this mighty pother)
 Begin to smell a rat.

XXXVIII.

The last Non-import (do but search)
 While Phil. and we obey'd,
 The rest all left us in the lurch,
 And drove a smoaking trade.

XXXIX.

I fear this noise about a tax,
 Is all a downright flam,
 For any but a Smuggler ax,
 They did not care a d--mn.

XL.

Ah! God forgive these wicked men,
 To judge hard, I am loath;
 But they don't boggle now and then,
 To break a swinging oath.

XLI.

If all be true our Clergy say,
 And what all good men tell,
 Alas! at the great judgment day,
 They'll all be d-----d to h--ll.

XLII.

We know full well, that Boston town,
 For many a hundred chest,
 Paid three pence duty, to the Crown,
 And grumbl'd not the least.

XLIII.

These wicked men did them persuade,
 To tell a foolish lie,
 And swear by G-d, that them all made,
 'Twas inadvertantly.

XLIV.

Ah what a shame, that pious town,
Should do a thing so odd,
To turn all traitors to the Crown,
And rebels to their God.

XLV.

Oh would to God, they'd think betimes,
Before affairs grow worle,
And make atonement for their crimes,
By sorrow and remorse.

XLVI.

So may he mercifully save
That very godly city,
To lose all in the world we have,
Is surely a great pity.

XLVII.

And now, my Friends, lets warn'd be
By their unhappy fate,
To live in sweet tranquility
And trouble not the state.

XLVIII.

For if our worthy General Gage,
Whom we do all well know,
Should the New-Englanders engage,
And finally o'erthrow.

XLIX.

He'd greve to's heart, if order'd here
 Against his old frends to fight,
 He was long time, our townsman dear;
 Twou'd be a dreadful fight.

L.

If by a maracle in war,
 New-England, shou'd beat him;
 They'd come by thousands, far and near,
 And us most soundly trim.

LI.

They have already, seiz'd our land,
 And Penn's too, as they say;
 Now if they get, the upper hand,
 Ther'll be the duce to pay.

LII.

Then must we feed, on salt and Sweet,
 And drink, four cyder too
 If cought on sabbath, in the street,
 Be flogged, black and blue.

LIII.

And then no living soul will dare,
 To take a pleasant ride
 To Kingsbridge, or Harlem so fair,
 By his dear sweetheart's side.

LIV.

Then must we, five whole hours a stretch,
 Hear their grim pastors whine,
 And shuffle, and cant, and bawl, and preach,
 While as we want to dine.

LV.

The jolly Boston sailors say,
 They dare not for their lives,
 If from long voyage, they land that day,
 Embrace their own dear wives.

LVI.

With such queer folks, have nought to do
 But follow, your old course,
 Kifs them on mon' and Sunday too,
 And frolick, foot, and horse.

LVII.

The next time, that we want redress,
 For any discontent,
 Our own Assemblies, should address
 The British Parliament.

LVIII.

I have over heard, some slyboots swear
 The Congress, was a Hum,
 To make old women, and children fear,
 As once, at fee, fa, fum.

LIX.

Suppose, all truth, the Congress say,
 No doubt, they make the worst;
 Can we, my Friends, for many a day,
 Be so completely curst.

LX.

As have no cloaths, no grog, no tea,
 To cheer our drooping spirits;
 And snug in clover, smugglers see,
 Who have not half our merits.

LXI.

Isn't it, now a pretty story,
 One smells it in a trice,
 If I send wheat, I am a Tory,
 But Charles-towns, may sent RICE.

LXII.

The Congress, say, you'll all things sell
 As for a twelvemonth past;
 But don't we know, my friends, full well,
 That this is all my a--e.

LXIII.

If we to give that price, be willing,
 And go unto a store;
 Instead of one, they ax two shilling,
 And turn us, out of door.

LXIV.

Now should we raise, the price of work,
 Or of our own produce,
 They'd look as fierce, as any Turk,
 And send us, to the duce.

LXV.

Indeed, indeed, it's very wicked,
 For men, who an't all Fools,
 To think, that we can be so tricked,
 And made such harrant fools.

LXVI.

Oh? my dear friends, my blood does boil,
 To see men, so impole;
 Bend us, it will, like pliant coil;
 And lead us by the nose.

LXVII.

If any Lord, or Common, or King,
 Had set to work, his head,
 He couldn't have done, so bad a thing,
 As take away, ones bread.

LXVIII.

Rare sons of freedom, this Congress!
 So just as they think right,
 We are to eat,—drink,—frolick,—drefs;
 Pray masters, may we f--e.

LXIX.

For this, they post in every city,
A pack of dreadful spies :
Did ever scheme, so mighty pretty,
Inquisition devise?

LXX.

If by just wrath, the devil was sent,
To rule these fair countries,
A greater curse, he cou'dn't invent,
Than to encourage spies.

LXXI.

Than bid men, who should live like brothers,
To pry, both night and day,
And keep near watch, upon each other,
Each other to betray.

LXXII.

Our own dear homes shall be no more
Our castles, as of old ;
But grim inspectors burst our door,
And every tale be told

LXXIII.

In the Gazette ; of what we drink,
Or eat, or buy, or sell,
Or say, or do, look, dream, or think ;
Oh ! what a perfect hell.

LXXIV.

I'd rather be a Galley Slave,
Be chained hand and foot,
Lose every precious limb I have,
Than to submit unto't.

LXXV.

Shades of De Witts! our souls inspire,
Their threatnings to despise;
Let's do what God, what laws require,
And laugh at Congress spies.

LXXVI.

Monsters, stand off! avaunt! beware!
My doors ye shall not burst;
Magistrates only enter there:
Oh G-d! I'll perish first.

LXXVII.

Ye Good, ye Wise, ye Rich, ye Great,
These mad Resolves reverse,
Stand forth! Oh quit your mean retreat;
Remember Meroth's curse.

LXXVIII.

Stand forth! and save these happy lands,
Ere 'tis, alas! too late;
Oppose all lawless mad commands,
Tremble at Boston's fate.

LXXIX.

Arise! shake off the Congress yoke;
Act as Freemen becomes.
Their book is bluster all, and smoke,
Ah! wipe with it your b——s.

LXXX.

If blind, you'll bow your humble pates,
Like moles, and deaf as stone,
To their High Mightiness' mandates,
I shall your fate bemoan.

LXXXI

And weeping pray, on reverent knees,
That God will pleased be,
To burn the Congresses decrees,
And blast their tyranny.

LXXXII.

But, Oh! God bless our honest King,
The Lords and Commons true.
And if next Congress is the thing,
Oh! bless that Congress too.

F I N I S.