

**THE POLITICAL SONGSTER;
ADDRESSED TO
THE SONS OF FREEDOM,
AND LOVERS OF HUMOUR**

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The Political Songster; Addressed to the Sons of Freedom, and Lovers of Humour by J. Free.

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J. FREE.

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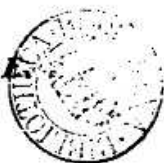
ADDRESSED TO THE

SONS of FREEDOM,

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By J. FREE.



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Printed for the AUTHOR, by J. BASKERVILLE,
and Sold by S. ARIS, and M. SWINNEY.

MDCCLXXI.

280. i. 141.

To the P U B L I C.

CONTRACTED Circumstances, or the Hope of acquiring Fame, are Motives that often induce a Person to commence Author, whose Abilities are inadequate to the Task; that the former happens to be my Case, is what I am not ashamed to own. The Hardness of the Times has put many to their Shifts, who might have maintained their Families in a comfortable Manner, if G—t had took that effectual Method, of reducing the exorbitant Price of Provisions, which common Humanity demands. In the Course of last Sessions, the State of the Corn Trade, was ordered to be taken into Consideration; the Affair was momentous and required immediate Dispatch; but through their usual Method of putting Things off, after upwards of two Months Inspection, behold, they came to the following most *important* Resolutions! “That when the Price of Wheat shall be at 48s. per Quarter, it will be expedient to permit the Importation thereof.” “That when the Price of Wheat shall be under 44s. per Quarter, it will be expedient to permit the Exportation thereof.” Such were the wonderful
Pro-

Proceedings, taken to relieve the Distresses of an injured People! the Question treated with Indifference, a Parade calculated to amuse, and nothing in Reality done; as this is known to be the Case, the Freedom I have took with some detestable Characters may not be thought improper. In regard to making Songs appear to Advantage, the Difference between reading, and singing, is so remarkably great, that I should not expect any Encouragement in this Publication, if I had not a flattering Hope of having many Times pleased my Friends by the latter, on whose Favours I place my principal Reliance; and whose Candour, in Respect to what is here presented, I am in Hopes will incline them to overlook all Defects.

J. F.

THE



THE
POLITICAL SONGSTER.

S O N G I.

The ROYAL COMMODORE.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Afs.*

I.

YE brave jolly Tars, who delight o'er your Cheer,
To fighting Transactions of lending an Ear,
Attend whilst I sing of the Wounds and the Scars,
That a *Commodore* met with in *Venus's Wars*.

II.

Of *Pocock* and *Keppel*, old Sailors may talk,
Or tell what Exploits have been done by a *Hawke*;
Yet none like our *Commodore* ever before,
In War or in Peace caus'd so great an Uproar.

III.

The Name of a *Cumberland* once was rever'd,
Because he *Bellona's* loud Thunder ne'er fear'd;
But this is a quite different Genius I trow,
For the *Weapon* he fights with is young *Cupid's Bow*.

B

He

2 The P O L I T I C A L

IV.

He often when cruizing in Search of a Prize,
Falſe Colours will hoist by the Way of *Diſguiſe*;
Tho' young in Commiſſion, he ranks of the Line,
And to board a ſmall *Frigate*, had laid a Deſign.

V.

This *Frigate*, no Matter by whom ſhe was mann'd,
By the *G-v-r* was rigg'd, and lay under Command;
Tho' the *Commodore* lately lays Claim to a Share,
And calls it in Raptures his *dear little Hair*.

VI.

If chance to be catch'd in a contraband Trade, [laid;
Ne'er tells where the choice ſmuggled Goods have been
And for *Letters* ſo famous, as ſome People tell,
That he'd ſwear by his *Bible* before he could *ſpell*.

VII.

One Night near the Shore as at Anchor they lay,
Not dreading the Fury or Foams of the Sea,
A *Tender* unlook'd for, ruſh'd into the Creek,
Expecting the *Frigate* was ſpringing a Leak.

VIII.

A Tempeſt aroſe, drove the Veſſels aground,
And the *Commodore's Damage* was *Ten thouſand Pound*;
Yet ſure for the Sake of his *Mother*, the Land
Will not ſcruple to pay ſuch a trifling Demand.

IX.

But, Sirs, if the Public muſt pay for the Fun,
'Tis fit Something more in the Cauſe ſhould be done;

On

S O N G S T E R. 3

On both Sides to get the Thing decently cook'd,
Let the Gr--v--r be duk'd and the Commodore duck'd.

X.

Ye learned Scotch Tutors, pray let there be shewn
Some Pains when instructing the Sons of the Crown,
And a whole Nation's Thanks you shall have for the Deed,
When you've hit on the Method of mending the Breed.

S O N G II.

A CALL to the BUCKS.

To the Tune of, *Rouze, rouze Brother Sportsman.*

I.

THE Dusk of the Evening began to appear,
And Phoebus had just slid under the Sphere;
But as he withdrew, call'd to Pleasure away,
And Recompence make for the Toil of the Day.

II.

The Sons of bright Humour were pleas'd at the Hint,
And knew by withdrawing his Beams what he meant;
Then strait to the LODGE, for Diversion resort,
Where INNOCENCE smiles when with FREEDOM we sport.

III.

We cherish the Arts, UNANIMITY prize,
And make it our Rule to be MERRY AND WISE;
From UNITY'S BANDS, never seen to depart,
For FRIENDSHIP is rooted in each jovial Heart.

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IV.

The Gods at *Olympia* who over their Bowls,
Drank Bumpers of Nectar to gladden their Souls,
When moist'ning their Hearts in the Fulness of Glee,
Were never so joyous or happy as we.

V.

No politic Wrangles on Matters of State,
Our Pastime annoy, or Dissentions create;
The Prince that once saw how our Time we employ,
Would barter his Crown to partake of the Joy.

VI.

Ye WORTHIES attend when the GRAND takes his Chair,
Ye FORESTERS join, and ye RANGERS draw near;
May FRIENDSHIP subsist, and the BUCKS' noble Band,
A Thousand Years hence flourish over the Land.

S O N G III.

The D O G - A C T.

Tune, *Roast Beef of Old England.*

I.

OF all Penal Laws that enacted have been,
The Dog-thieving *AG*, if we judge from what's
Beats all upon Record for Parliament Spleen. [seen,

C H O R U S.

*Tell me what Curs in the Kingdom,
Devour like the Hounds of the State.*

Come