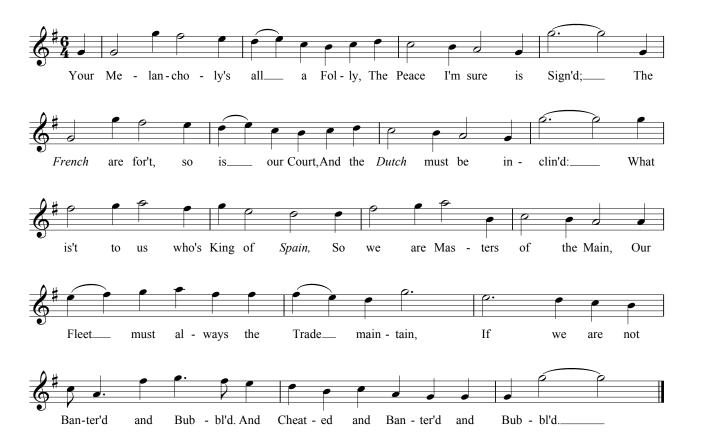
A SONG.



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.