

Chorus of all.

Glad Albion, let thy Joy appear,
 Restor'd is now thy happy State,
 The greatest blessings are most dear,
 When we atchieve 'em late.
 And whilst in a Jubile Triumph we sing,
 All Hail, Great *Nassau*, all Joy to the King,
 Let a Chorus of Thunder in the loud Consort play,
 To inform the vast Globe this is *Cesar's* Birth day.

The Scotch VIRAGO.

A SONG Sung to the Queen at Kensington.

The Words made to a pretty New Scotch Tune.

V Alliant Jockey's march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave *Mackay*,
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To Curse the hour when I was born;
 But, I've sworn I'll follow too,
 And dearest Jockey's Fate pursue,

Near him be to guard his pretious Life,
Never *Scot* had such a Loyal Wife;

Sword Ise wear,

Ise cut my Hair,

Tan my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair,

In Souldiers Weed,

To him I'll speed,

Never like a Trooper cross'd the *Tweed*.

II.

Trumper found to Victory,

Ise kill (my self) the next *Dundee*;

Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,

To do some glorious Deed by me.

Great *Bellona*, take my part,

Fame and Glory, charm my Heart,

That for Love, and bonny *Scotland's* good,

Some brave Action may deserve my Blood;

Nought shall appear,

Of Female fear,

Fighting by his Side, I love so dear;

All the North shall own,
There ne'er was known
Such a spritely Lass this thousand years.

TO CHLORIS: A SONG.

I.

Chloris, for fear you should think to deceive
me,

Know all my Life I have studied your kind,
Learn'd in your *Grammar*, I'd have you believe me,
And all your Tricks in my Practice you'll find;

Ogling and Glances,

Sighs and Advances,

Poor Country Cully no more shall ensnare:

Pantings and Tremblings,

Fits and Dissemblings,

Now you must leave, and Intrigue on the Square.

II.

Give me the Girl that's good natur'd and Witty,

Whose pleasant Talk can her Friend entertain,

One who's not Proud, if you tell her she's Pretty;
And