****

**“An Indian Squaw King Wampum Spies”**

An Indian Squaw King Wampum spies

Which makes his lustful passions rise

But while he doth a friendly Jobb

She dives her Hand into his Fob

And thence conveys as we are told

His Watch whose Cases were of Gold

When Dangers threaton tis mere Nonsense

To talk of such a thing as Conscience

To Arms to Arms with one Accord

The Sword of Quakers and the Lord

Fill Bumpers then of Rum or Arrack

We’ll drink Success to the new Barrack

Fight Dog! fight Bear! you’re all my Friends

By you I shall attain my Ends

For I can never be content

Till I have got the Government

But if from this Attempt I fall

Then let the Devil take you all