

A

V E R S E,

Occasioned by seeing the North-Spinning, in *BOSTON*.

BOSTON, behold the pretty Spinners here,
And see how gay the pretty Spindles appear :
See Rich and Poor all turn the Spinning Wheel,
All who Compassion for their Country feel,
All who do love to see Industry live,
And see Frugality in *Boston* thrive.

Britain, behold thy Trade stole from thy Hand,
And carried on in *Boston's* distant Land :
See now thy Trade and Trades men, all expire,
And see their all the Sport of their Desire,
The Desire they had that *Boston's* Trade should spoil,
That they might reap the Fruit of all our Toil ;
And rule us by the Parliament's Law,
But that merciful God their ill Designs are cropp'd,
And their Tyrannical Designs are stop'd.

Now they have run their Chain's extended Length,
And exhausted all their once encourag'd Strength :
Now have their ill Designs, all found an end,
Now they have made a Fox of every Friend :
Now let them starve and die the Death of those
Who do the Interest of their King oppose.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold 1769.