VERSE,

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 Fugality in Boston thrive.

Britain, behold thy Trade stole from thy Hand,  
And carried on in Bostons distant Land:  
See now thy Trade and Trades men, all expire,  
And see their all is short of their Desire,  
To destroy them that Boston's Trade should spoil,  
That they might reap the Fruit of all our Toil;  
they may not venture in the bestdesigned  
And rule for by the Parliament above  
But this hand Cast their ill Designs are crost,  
And their Designed Designs are stopt.

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 Fig of soyly Friend:  
Now let them serve and die the Death of those  
Who do the Interest of their King oppose.