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Sir J. P. stood for Grimsby
in 1826
INVOCATION TO

THE FREEMEN OF GRIMSBY.

TUNE.—*Scots, who hae wi' Wallace bled*

Freemen, rouse! maintain your rights,
Freedom's pleasing form invites
You to taste her pure delights,
Rise! assert your Liberty.
Hail! blest Freedom's cheering morn,
Shackles you too long have worn,
Insult you too long have born—
Rise! and spurn vile slavery.

What is England's boast and pride?
Say, for what her sons have died,
But this truth, (by none denied,)
Glorious Independency.
See Oppression's basis shake,
See her proud supporters quake,
But one noble struggle make—
Ancient Grimsby shall be free!!

Can ye, men with reason blest,
And a parent's feeling breast,
Stand on Britain's Isle confest
Advocates of Popery?
Popery! detested name!
Popery's malignant reign!
See the Faggot, Smoke and Flame—
Read your children's destiny.

Now's the Inquisition's hour,
See his gloomy vengeance lower,
Racks and dungeons show his power,
And debauched licentious sway.
Modest virtue to trepan,
Heard you of the Well and Pan? *
Freemen, hear! and every man—
From such horrors turn away.

See a Phillipps nobly stand,
Holding Freedom in his hand!
He who loves his King and land,
Give to him a willing voice.
'Gainst vile Popery he draws
Weapons to defend your cause,
And support old England's laws—
Freemen, now make him your choice.

* It is said that women who would not comply with the licentious desires of the priests, were either fried in a large "Pan," over a slow fire, or thrown into a "Well" full of Venomous Animals.

See Fox's Book of Martyrs;