

Navigation Contest

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Tune... Come ye party jangling swains.

Navigators, haste, away,
Mark the grand, th'important day;
Since the business doth remain,
To be settled this *Campaign*,
Let which will of Loss despair,
Sure to win the Lawyers are.

Navigation Bills create,
Strange confusion, strange debate;
Public good, the stale pretence,
Mockery is to common sense;
With the OLD, and with the NEW,
Lucre is the only view.

Thro' the chequer'd, fleeting year,
Toil and trouble, hope and fear,
Make the spirits ebb and flow,
Sometimes chearful, sometimes low.
Ever craving is the mind,
True the content but few can find.

When the busytime's at hand,
Mark the speculative band,
Never on the turf were seen,
Hearts for sporting, half so *keen*;
All is envy, noise, and rage...
'Tis a wrangling, gambling age.

Thus as *Fortune's wheel* goes round,
Smiles and frowns by turns abound;
Time's accounts to sum up all,
BEGGARS rise, and BANKERS fall;
Ups and *downs* we daily see,
Life is all a Lottery.