

A Hymn To The Mob

Daniel Defoe

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A Hymn To The Mob

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- The Preface.

The Preface.

If any Thing in this Work seems capable of double Construction, he hopes he shall be granted the Common License of Poets for a Latitude of Speech, and be treated in the Common Method of Christians, viz. to be constru'd in the best Sence; as to the Performance he leaves it to Censure.

Hail! Ancient Gentry, Nature's Eldest Line,
Of True Original Divine;
Parent of Nations, Spring of Government,
For Whom, and from Whom Governors were sent:

First-born of all Antiquity,
For all the Sons of Men began in thee;
The First-made Man saw thy young blooming Face

Among the *Croud* of his own Race.
Adam, indeed, and *Eve* made up but One,

The fame created Flesh and Bone,
Ev'n when they had a *Son* they seem'd alone;
When they had *Two* it look'd like Progeny,

But 'twas a *MOB* when they had *Three*.
Hark! how the Text displays the Ancient Tribe,

And does the *First Great Croud* describe;
A Few mark'd down for Genealogy,
But *Sons* and *Daughters* do the rest supply,

That is, the *RABBLE* of the Family.
Hail! Fountain of Nobility and Birth,
Thou art the Oldest Family on Earth;

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Here *Dignity* and *High Degree* began,

Tho' it may still a Doubt remain,
Whether 'twas *Merit* or *Ambition* first,

That Men with *Pride* and *Title* curst.
In thy great Self, and first deriv'd from thee
Was form'd that gawdy Trifle *Quality*,

A Toy to gratify Mens Pride,

Only by *Merit* sanctify'd.
Great Picture of Mankind's Original,

In thee we know no Great or small,
The diff'ring Form of Things which now we see,

Is all a *mighty Rape* on thee;
Time shall the mighty Injury repair,

And place Mankind just where they were:
Kingdoms and Empires to thy Center tend,
In thee they all began, in thee they all shall end.

Hail! *Noun of Multitude*, of flagrant Fame,
Who had'st a *Being* long before a *Name*;
And since the World has known thy *Monstrous Face*,
Hast often chang'd *thy Name*, and chang'd *thy Voice*;

Still fluctuating as the Sea,
No Man can judge of *Good* or *Ill* by thee;
Or ought to pass a Censure from thy Cry,
Whether't *Hosanna* be, or *Crucify*.

Babel was the first Triumph of thy Fame,
There *all the World* was Christen'd by thy Name;
From thence *dispers'd* by Heaven's immediate Hand,
A *MOB* of *Lesser Mobs* o'er-spread the Land,

Over the Universe they roam,
Each *MOB* had Kings and Emp'rors in its Womb,

Gave *Government* itself a Name,
And from themselves made Crowns where'er they came.

Nimrod himself was born of thee,

Who first invented Monarchy,
He bound the early Yoke upon thy Lions,

And made thee stoop to his Designs,

A Hymn To The Mob

Built Empire on thy ruin'd Liberty,
And made them Slaves whom Deluge had set free.
And what's the Thing the World calls *Tyranny*?
'Tis nothing but Encroachments made on thee,

Vile *Usurpation* on thy Right,

Back'd with that wicked Thing call'd *Might*!

This all was thine, for Power began with thee,
And was *but lent* to guard thy Liberty;
If when 'tis misapply'd, we grant it true,
The *Re-assumption* has been thought thy Due.

Arbaces in thy Name pull'd down
Sardanapalus, and th' *Assyrian* Crown;

The Tyrant thus dethron'd by thee,
His Empire sunk in *Median* Liberty:

Here Justice her first Sanction gain'd,
And Law a Seat above the Throne obtain'd,

Monarchs bow'd down, *however Great*,
T' the Irreversible Decrees of State;
Laws were by thy more Ancient Power first made

Supreme, and Magistrate obey'd.
Yet (*in thy Wits*) thou always art content
To yield to *Justice* and to *Government*;

Nay, thou'rt a Friend to Monarchy,

When Matters are not *push'd too high*;

But in Extreams thou often claim'st a Right,

Boldly t' Address, or *Humbly* Fight.

In the first Ages of thy Reign,
Thou didst a'most all Mankind's Race contain,

'Twas Policy, and *Roman* Pride
Did thy *Great Self* from thy *Great Self* divide;

Plebeii and *Patricit* were no more

Than New Mock-Names for Rich and Poor,
And made *Two Mobs* of what was *One* before.

Out of this Whimsy SENATE first arose

A Hymn To The Mob

A *RABBLE*, only dress'd in siner Cloaths;
And by this Method 'gainst all Common Sense,
Thou'st suffer'd numberless Invasions since:

In which, as if past Sense of Shame,
They kept the *Thing*, and only chang'd the *Name* ,
In every Age they propagate the Cheat,
For Men always grew *proud*, as they grew *great* .

Thus *Senates*, and Assemblies of the State,
Who formally usurp the Judgment–Seat;
Thy Flesh and Bone out of thy Loins they grew,

Just as our *Parliaments* do now.
What are Great Titles? What is it we mean
By *Dyet*, *Cortez*, *States*, and *Sanhedrins* of Men?
They're all but thy Great Representatives,

In whom thy Greater Self survives,

Meer *RABBLE* drwn in Miniature,

Whose Bus'ness 'tis thy Plagues to cure,
And yet whose Power, sometimes, thou can'st not well endure.

These all thy Senior Glory recognize,
Bow to the very People they despise;

Own thy Great Power Original,
Prior, and so Superior to them all;

From thy Great Suffrage they derive,
And when they dye in thee, in thee they still revive.
The Greatest *HERO* cringes to thy Name,

The Breath of thy Great Mouth is *Fame*,

And as thou ratest Men and Things,
Thou mak'st Men Beggars, Beggars Kings.
What's *Glory*? what that Gew–gaw call'd *Renown* ?

Which *Heroes* wear, and think a Crown;
'Tis all but *thy Opinion* of their Deeds,
Thy Breath their Courage and Ambition feeds.

In Ancient *Rome* when Heroes came to dye,
On Thee they built their Immortality;
The Pulpit for their *Funeral–Praises* stood,

(Built always of *Plebeian* Wood)
In the Great *Forum* where the Common Wealth

A Hymn To The Mob

Did to their Lords *the People* annually appeal,
There the Brib'd Orators coin'd *Empty Fame*,
And *told thee Lies* to raise a Dead Man's Name.

Here the Great *Cæsar* cring'd and bow'd,
Sacheverell—like, he worship'd *Thee* the *Croud*;

Pleaded vast Merit, and to be believ'd,
Shew'd thee more Wounds and Scars than ever he receiv'd;

'Till by the Force of Flatt'ry, he
Chain'd thee, on meer Pretence of Liberty.
To thee the Greatest Monarchs humbly bend,

And covet to make thee their Friend:
To thee make *Manifesto's* to declare,
Their Ends and Reasons, when they would make War,
Pull off their Cap, and ask *thy Leave* to fight,

As Men say Grace before they eat.
After Great Victories obtain'd,
Some Conquest made, or Mighty Battle gain'd,
The Fighting Hero for his full Reward,
Obtain'd a Triumph, *that is, thy Regard*,

Had Leave to *make his Show* to thee,
And gain thy Great Assent to his Fidelity:

If thou wert pleas'd to own his Cause,
And give thy gracious Shout in his Applause,

He went away more pleas'd and vain,
Perhaps, than Nature could, in Bounds, contain.
And thus far they are Right,

For without thee they cou'd not fight.

Thou art the Essence of the War,
Without thee, who wou'd in the Field appear?
'Tis all thy own, whoever gets the Praise,
Thy Hands that fight, and 'tis thy Purse that pays
How partial is the common Rate of Things,
And how unjust the Fame of Emperors and Kings!
Who when a Battle's fought, or Castle won,

Boast of the mighty Things they've done;
Receive the Compliments of Victory,

When all the Work was done by thee.

Thy Valour storm'd the Leaguer of *Turin*,

A Hymn To The Mob

Tho' all the Glory's giv'n to Great *Eugene*;
Blenheim and *Ramillies* were fought by thee,
Whoever claims the Crown of Victory,
And all the Ancient Temples built to Fame,
Should have been consecrated to thy Name.

Thou art supream in Peace, as well as War,
All Human Powers thy Great superior Self revere.

Princes make *Speeches*, *Commons* vote,
The *Priest* extends his *double-sounding* Throat;
From the *Leud Press* 'tis labour'd o're again,
THY mighty Approbation to obtain.
When *Froward Lords* make *Long Harangues* of State,
From thy *Great Suffrage* they receive their *Fate* ;

To thy *Great Sentence* they submit,
And recognize *thy Right* to *Censure* or *Acquit*.

Ev'n *Law* itself owns *thy Authority* ,
Justice sets open all her Doors to thee;
Holds the Bright Ballance in the open Air,

That thou may'st see her Scales are fair.
Tryals are printed then, and all set down;
That is, they *appeal* to thee in what they've done.

Seek thy *Great Sanction* to their Power,
And make *thee judge* of what they *judg'd* before.

Nor is thy Judgment *often wrong*,
Thou seldom are mistaken, *never long*;
However *wrong* in Means thou may'st appear,
Thou gener'ly art in *thy Designs* sincere;

Just Government and *Liberty*

Often's *uphold*, always *belov'd* by thee.
If (as sometimes 't has prov'd) it is *thy Fate*

To be deceiv'd in *Tricks* of *State*,
When *Party-Riders* get upon *thy Back*,

And thou hast kept thy Watch *too slack*,
Tho' the *Mistake* may lead thee *out of Course*,
Thou *always* turn'st again with *double Force*;
Then how do's *thy Great Inundation* swell,

Who can its *Rapid Force* repel?

A Hymn To The Mob

Not by its *Former Guides* to be withstood,
They *perish first*, who *first let loose* the Flood;

So an *Unskilful Engineer*,
When to an *ill-charg'd Mine* he would give Fire,
The Fierce Recoiling Blow by Nature forc't,
Destroys its *Ignorant Contriver* first.

Thou art *th' Essential Being* of a Crown,
And many a Haughty Monarch hast *pull'd down*;
KING without thee, is such an Empty Name,

As every Beggar would disclaim,
Abandon'd Crowns are *Despicable Things*,
For *Subjects* only are the *Strength* of Kings.

Justice and *Law* derive from thee,

Their Recogniz'd Authority,
And are the *Land-Marks* of thy Liberty;
The *Buts* and *Bounds* of Right, with thy Consent,
Declar'd by *thine own Creature* Parliament.
To these *thou'rt subject*, yet compleatly free,

For *Legal Bounds* make Liberty,
The greatest Freedom Mankind e'er obtain'd,
Is to be *but from Doing ill* restrain'd;
In vain Unbounded Liberties we boast,
We're all but Slaves when just Confinement's lost.
When from thy *Legal Bounds* thou art set free,

That Freedom's thy worst Slavery,
From *that first Hour* thy Chastity's destroy'd,
And all thy Right to Government *made void*,
Nor can thy Claim to Common Sense remain,
But Public Lunacy distracts thy Brain;
The *Glorious Name* of MOB's no more thy Due,

Monster becomes thy Title now,

And to show how compleatly thou art curst,

HYDRA, of Monsters sure the worst.
Of all the *Frenzies* that possess Mankind,

Street-Madness has the basest End;
The Ravings here in strong Conjunction mixt,
Are always upon *Self-Destruction* fixt;
The Dangers too in their Proportion rise,
Not Men, but Nations, *feel the wild Surprise*;
Contagious Madness seizes every Head,
And *all Men* follow, just as *all Men* lead.

A Hymn To The Mob

Let not Men wonder at their *Fate*,

When *MOB* grows and *beware the State*

Besides this Madness is of *such a Kind*,
It leaves all *Common Lunacy* behind;

Possest with willful Blindness *here*,
They all in Arms against themselves appear,
People and *Government's* the self-same Thing,
The King's *The Law*, and every Law's *The King*;
Something that's worse than Folly must prevail,

And something more than Reason fail;
When Men by Rage and Impotence possest,
Themselves of their own Nature *would divest*,

Since not the worst of Reasons Fools
Would choose to live without Restraint and Rules.

For thee to trample down the Law
That keeps thy Tyrant Governours *in Awe*,

Is just to draw the Murd'ring Knife
Against *the Civil Guardians* of thy Life,
And ev'ry *Anti-Constitution* Vote,

Directs the Dagger to thy Throat,
He that would *Justice* of *her Sword* divest,

Plunges *that Sword* into thy Breast,

That Rage that does thy Law o'rethrow,
Assassinates thy self, and gives the Mortal Blow,
For *Justice* is the Soul of Government,

By Heav'n for Life and Motion sent:
Nature the constant Ligament requires,
When Justice dies all Government *expires*

For Government's *a Glorious Birth*,

Conceiv'd in Heav'n *tho' born on Earth*,
The Beauteous Parts *conjoyn'd* make up a Frame,

God-like and *Glorious* like its Name.

The Inwards are the PEOPLE, every Part
That live by, and that keep alive the *Heart*,

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Veins, Art'ries, Bowels, Vessels, which convey

To all the Parts Vivacity.

The *Hands* and *Feet* in their due Place appear,
These are call'd Industry, and *Those* call'd War;

Wealth is *the Blood* that swells the Veins,
Law is the Life which all the *Parts* sustains,

Power presides the Glorious Head,
But *Justice* does *that Power* supersede;

Vertue's the *Crown* for Glory meant,
And *Luxury* and *Vice* the nautious Excrement.

For *thee* to fly in *Constitution's Face*,
Is rather Want of *Sense*, than Want of *Grace*;
The *wild Delirium* rages in thy Head,

Thou'rt no more Foolish then, but *Mad*,
Raving at thine own Life, *and that* that's worse,

Tak'st thy *best Blessing* for a Curse,

Pulling *thine own* Defences down,
And Cutting off the Legs *thou stand'st* upon.

So a *mad Dog*, with blind, evenom'd Rage,
The Anguish of his Fever to asswage,

With boiling Blood and staggering Head,

Wounds *that Hand first* that gave him Bread;
Promiscuously at every Object flies,
Then spent with foaming Rage, gnaws his own Flesh, and dies.

And here that we may just Distinction make,
And not assault thy Honour by Mistake;
'Tis necessary to let Mankind know,
Some Errors thou the *MOB* art subject to;

For there's, no Doubt, a Juncture, when

Nations *go mad* as well as Men;

And were our Satyr more thy Friend,
Yet *thy Perfection* no Man will pretend.
Ye Sons of Cunning, and of Skill,
Who *Star-gaze* Heaven, to bring us *News* from Hell;
Tell us, what strange, malignant Planets rule,
When *Nations rave*, and wise Men play the Fool?

A Hymn To The Mob

When *General Lunacies* possess the Kind,
And Strange, Politick Frenzy rages in the Mind;

To see a *Free-born People* rise,
And *what* before they fought for, *now despise*;
To see their Ancient Madness so restor'd,

Longing for what they once abhorr'd;
Gorg'd with the *Luscious Gust* of being made Free,
Grieving for Chains, and *Sick* for Slavery;
It must be some *Infernal Influence*

Can thus, *at once*, deprive them of their Sense.
In wild, *Despotick Climates*, where the Crown

May *all Restraint of Laws* disown;

Where *Power* gives Right, and *Will* makes Law,
And *Knaves* oppress the *Fools* they keep in Awe;
There, 'tis no Wonder, the Uneasy Breast
(Beyond the Power of *Suff'ring more* oppress)
Swells with just Rage, and in *Defence of Right*,
With Sword of Liberty *resolves to fight*.

BUT HERE, where by *thy own* directed Hand
Law reigns, and *Justice triumphs* o're the Land;

Where *Liberty* the Scepter sways,
And th' *Sovereign's Self* more Sovereign Law *obeys* ;
Imperial Justice fills the Regal Seat,
To which both Crown and Subjects, *by Consent*, submit.
The Fabrick too by *thine own Hand* was built,
Cemented with *THY BLOOD* by Ancient Tyrants spilt,

Millions of Treasure it had cost,
And *none e're thought* that Blood or Treasure lost;

The Devil must sure *be in thy Brain*,
That thou shou'dst wish to pull it down again;
'Tis Pity Heaven should that *wild Monster* save,
That takes up Arms to *dye*, and fights to be a *Slave*.

Hold Sityr, and restrain thy Pen,
MOB claims *her Rights* as well as Private Men;
And e're with Modern Crimes we taint her Name,
Let us do Justice to her Ancient Fame;

First, Let Religion on her Stage appear,
Rabble has never yet been wanting there,
Tho' *Ignorance* and *Error* might prevail,

A Hymn To The Mob

She never has been charg'd with *Want of Zeal*;
And first the *Ephesian* Goldsmiths rais'd her up,

Their wild Idolatry to prop,
For *Gainful Craft* their Saviour they defy'd,

And *High-Church* for *Diana* cry'd.

So Early, and with so much Zeal

Has *Rabble* roar'd for Church's Weal,
Nor is it any Scandal to her Name,
That MOBS of all Religions are the same;
Since this bright Character *She* always gain'd,
Of Acting to the Light She has obtain'd;
Possest with a Belief of being right,
She does, what e're She does, with all her Might .

If 'tis her Chance a Nation to reform,
'Tis purg'd just as a Sea is purg'd, by Storm;
But if *mistaken Zeal* makes her misconstrue,
That Nation dyes in *Child-bed*, of a Monster.

Hail! *Lystrian Mob!* the First of all thy Kind,
In Zeal how bright, in Judgment yet how blind ,
The God-like Gospel-Preacher to revere,
(*Happy's that Ignorance that's so sincere*;))
Thou brought'st thy Garlands out for Sacrifice,
And what thou *couldst not know* wouldst idolize;

Such honest Zeal's so near to Heaven,
The Thought may be accepted, and the Crime forgiv'n.

While the *Athenian Mob* Opinion-wise,
The *Preaching*, and the *Preacher too*, despise;
Philosophy, too Learned to digest
The Sacred Myst'ries, turn'd them all to Jest,

Heard them attentively as *News*,
The Tale receive, th' Instructive Part refuse ;

The full Display of Heavenly Light,

However *Clear*, however *Bright*,
They curst with too much Judgment to discern,
Too dark to know, and yet too wise to learn;

With Grave, *Athenian Ignorance*, despise,
And *Rabble-like*, 'gainst Heaven they close their Eyes.

A Hymn To The Mob

But *all these Mobs* were Fools to them,
That mobb'd St. *Paul* in Old *Jerusalem*;
Enrag'd, his Unresisted Truths to hear,

The *Mad-men* threw the Earth *i'th' Air*,
Mixing the Elements, to note how far
Madness, *when mix'd with Mob*, with Heav'n makes War.
The Venom of their Passions grew so high,

They threw the Earth against the Sky,
Confounded by their own inveterate Rage,
With *GOD Himself*, and with *themselves* engage,

So Dogs, provok'd by something thrown,
That cannot bite the Hand, will bite the Stone.

MOB seldom runs to wild Ferment,
But for *Religion*, or for *Government*;
These touch with *keenest Force* the People's Sense,

Here, all their Discontents commence;

Nor is there any Difference to them,
Between the *Things that are*, and *Things that seem* ;
This makes *their Schemes* be *like themselves* confus'd,

With Dreams and Whimsies soon amus'd,

To every Share *with Ease* drawn in,
And *often easily* drawn out again.
Of all the *MOBS* with which this Land is curst,

Mobs for Religion are the worst;
For *Zeal*, by Ignorant Devotion *fir'd*,

Is the *worst Way* of being inspir'd;
The Heat *turns round* the Head, *misguides* the Eyes,
And all the Passions up *to Fury* rise;

In which they neither hold it good
To *understand*, or to be *understood*;
Clamour comes next, when *Rage* lifts up the Voice,
And what they want *in Sense*, supply *with Noise* ;

'Till *growing on* to Multitude,

They *ravish Power*, and *end in Blood*.
But hold! *Dear Satyr*, Bow thy humble Head,

And let one Debt to *MOB* be paid;

A Hymn To The Mob

Hail! *General Voice!* from Heav'n inspir'd,
A General Voice, indeed, the Work requir'd;
Europe must in the just Concession join,
The Glory of the Reformation's *THINE*:
Luther and *Calvin*, *Knox* and *Cranmer*, we
Own for *THY SONS*, and all were own'd by thee;
I *Query* still, who shall that Doubt define,
Thee by their Help reform'd, or they by *THINE*.
Since that, *To every Reformation True*

Our MOBS the Reformation still persue,
And seldom have been in the Wrong *'till Now*.

How it comes to be *thy Fate*,

Distracted and Infatuate,
To be, by Party Whitch Craft, so far doz'd,
As to have all thy Nakedness expos'd;
Should in this Roll of Wonderfals be plac'd,
Never, *no, not by Time itself*, to be defac'd

Memento Mori, let it stand

Vox Populi's Eternal Brand,

To show what Follies were in Fashion,
And what Strange Madness *once* possess'd the Nation.

Of all the *MOBS* in Days of Yore,
There never were *but Two* like this before;
The First mob'd *God Himself*, to bring

Themselves in Slavery to a King;
And were *the First* in Spight of Prophecy,
That beg'd for Bondage, when they might be free:
The Prophet their Absurdity abhorr'd,

And left their Folly on Record,
Told them where their Destruction would begin,
That in *the Sentence* they might read *their Sin* .

The Second cry'd aloud to Crucifie,
And mob'd the Lord of Life, and Liberty,
His Blood *on their Posterity* entail'd,
Left the *Hereditary Curse* should chance to 've fail'd.

The Third's this *English MOB*, who draw
The Civil Sword 'gainst *their own Life* the Law:

A Hymn To The Mob

Nor is the Simily unjust,
The Sin's alike, alike the End's accurst;
The former National Destruction drew,
Like Actions always like Events pursue;
For he that mobs the Laws, *the vile Intent*,
Aims not at Governors, but Government;
The strong Foundation *strives* to undermine,
And meer Destruction is his true Design.
'Tis not that he would Grievances redress,

Or Pull down those that do Oppress;
The Law's *his Grievance*, Justice *his worst Plague* ,
And *General Plunder* his profess'd Intriegue;
Just Government his grand Complaint,
And *Legal Bonds* his most abhorr'd Restraint;
And thus to rise, is *in the truest Sense*,

To fight against Omnipotence,
Such MOBS are rais'd to rabble Providence.
Dear MOB, To place thee now in perfect View,

We must be to thy Failings true

Not daub thee like a painted Whore;
But view thee all behind, and all before,

Blindness sometimes affects thy Sight,
Sometimes for *Want of*, sometimes by *too much Light* ;
A Double Curse, as 'tis from Heaven sent
Both for thy Sin, and for thy Punishment;
And when the Filmy Cattracts spread thy Sight,
'Tis strange! Thy very Soul's depriv'd of Light:
Reason affected with the strong Surprise,

Thy Mind grows blinder than thy Eyes.
Then upon every Precipice thou'lt run,

In Passion to be soon undone;
At every Shadow start, at every Noise
Turn surious, and all just Restraint despise;
Excess of *Rage* deprives thee of thy Wits,
Raises thy Vapours, throws thee into Fits;
Boundless thy *Rage*, and nothing can restrain

The strong Convulsions of *thy Brain*,

Then thou regardest neither Means or Ends,
Fall'st upon all, and first upon thy Friends,
Wilt upon every real Danger run,

Imaginary Ones to shun.

A Hymn To The Mob

If in this wild *Delirium*, 'tis thy Lot

To be drawn in by Party–Plot,
By vile designing *Traytors* to be led
To wound thy Body, and perhaps thy Head;
Nothing's so gross, but thou art fit to do;
What may not *Lunaticks* be prompted to!

But if the Scales fall off thy Eyes,
And Heavenly Light again thy Soul supplies;
Let all the Engines of Deceit stand clear,
Nothing's so fatal but they ought to fear;
Whene're thou wak'st it will be in a Fright,

As Men that dream, and walk by Night;
They that *thy Passion* rais'd, and *Temper* forc'd,

Will feel thy fierce Resentment first.
Next, MOB, for thou hast more Diseases still,
There are Distempers seated in thy Will,
Whether 'tis by *Injection*, or by *Fate*,

Thou'rt Credulous and Obstinate;
Apt on the *Surfaces* of Things to pore,
And rather *look behind* thee than *before*,

Subject'st thy Brain to every Cheat,
And let thy Sense be govern'd by thy Heat;

From whence, too often, 'tis thy Fate
To wound thy Friends, and see the Hurt too late;
In vain thy better Counsellors advise
What's Counsel? where there's neither *Ears* or *Eyes*:
MOB, when enrag'd by Party Influence,

Hear nothing but Experience,
And that's a Voice so low, and so remote,
It's like a Surgeon when y've cut your Throat.
In these Excesses 'tis not strange,

To see thy Ancient Humour change;
To see that Pulse which lately beat so high
For Freedom, *Turn* and *rage* for *Slavery* ;

No Man that judges of the Case,
But sees thou'rt lab'ring in a strong Disease;
Sees the high Fever has possess'd thy Head,
That thou'rt *Delirious*, and wilt soon be MAD;

And while the strong *Convulsion* lasts,

A Hymn To The Mob

No Wonder thou to Self–Destruction hast;
For MOB, by neither *Law* or *Sense* confin'd,

Will run a Muck at all Mankind;

With Party *Pestilence* infected,

Pull Houses down to Heav'n erected;
Nothing can its Envenom'd *Rage* restrain,

It fights with *GOD*, and fights with Men,

And would, if not restrain'd by Power,
Feed on *its Vital Laws*, and *its own Life* devour;

And now Heaven guard us from our Fate,
Let's speak of Party–Mobs, and Mobs of State;
When Politicians stand in need of *Fools*,
And use the *Mob* as Workmen use *their Tools*;
To *Drive*, to *Draw*, to *Build*, and to pull *Down*,
And toss about that Foot Ball, call'd a *Crown*;

When Tricks and Stratagems begin to fail,
And Men have nothing left for't, *but to rail*;
The Baffled Party always fly to thee,
Always cry out, *The Church* and *Liberty*;

Let which Side will be *up* or *down*,

To thee *the Losers* always run;
And be they *in the Right* or *in the Wrong*,
The Church and Liberty concludes the Song:
Unhappy *Church!* Unhappy *Liberties!*
How often have we been undone *for these*;

When *Knaves* and *Fools* espouse their Cause,
And *play* our *Liberties* *against* our *Laws*;

Leave *Light* and *Conscience* in the Lurch,
And *sink* Religion to *keep up* the Church.

When *City Crouds* on Day appointed,

Vote who shall be *the Lord's Anointed*,
(*For Heaven*, when Man his Suffrage brings,
Anoints *Lord Mayors*, as well as *Kings*;))

When Liv'ry Men with *horrid Yell*,
Who they would have for *Mayors* or *Sheriffs* tell.

A Hymn To The Mob

And when 'tis Doubtful, bring the *Roll*

To take the certain Number by the *Poll*;
They that upon their *real Votes* depend,
And think the *God of Numbers* is their Friend;
See how with Shouts they *croud up* to the Books,

With Satisfaction in their Looks,
Inspect the *Writers*, keep the *Passage* clear,

That all Things may be *Just* and *Fair*,
Not doubting but when ev'ry *Roll's* summ'd up,

The End *will answer* all their Hope.
But if on th' other Hand *their Numbers fail*,
And *th' Adverse Party's* likely to prevail,

To MOBS and TUMULTS *then they fly*,
That *Violence* may *Want of Votes* supply;

With *Rage* and *Fury* in their Looks,

They seize th' Avenues to the Books,
Insult the Voters, *fright* Men from the Poll,
If possible, to slack the *Swelling Roll*;

The Reason of the Case is known,
For those we can *Out-vote* we ne're *Knock down* .

Ill-fare *that Cause*, which, doubtful and afraid
Of *its own Merit*, seeks *to thee* for Aid;
And ev'ry Cause that *to thy Refuge* flies,

Justice and Equity defies.

To deny Principles is vain,
Or *Facts*, which *their own Evidence* contain;

If Things go on in *Legal Course*,
What Need of Tumult, Noise, and Force?
It must some undiscover'd Guilt *conceal*,
When Men from Justice *to the Street* appeal.
MOB's never useful but when Tyrants reign,

When Pray'rs and Tears are spent in vain;

When Legal Methods fully try'd,
Redress, with Fury and Disdain, deny'd:
When the *Crown'd Youth*, with Fury in his Veins,
The Counsel of the *Elder Heads* disdains;

A Hymn To The Mob

With Cruelty and hasty Counsel joins,
And makes *his Finger* heavier than *his Father's Loins*.

The *MOB* possess'd with *Party-Spleen* ,
Is like *the Devil* in the Herd of Swine;
The *Quiet Hogs* fed on their Native Spot,
And *Satan's* Neighbourhood disturb'd them not;
What tho' he did possess the *Upper Room*

Of a poor, raving Wretch *among the Tombs*,
The *Passive Herd*, who Nature's Laws obey'd,

And from their Keepers never stray'd,
Fed Unconcern'd and Undisorder'd *by*,

Enjoy'd their *Right* and *Property*,
The Fiend might all the Men on Earth *possess*,

If they had not an *Acorn* less,
No Dreams of *Higher Things* their Heads possest,
To interrupt their Business, *or their Rest*.
But when the *Devil* was *unhous'd*,
His Tether lengthen'd, or *his Fetters* loss'd,
From his old human Tenement *expell'd*,

And Sovereign high Restraint *with-held*,
He quickly got Possession of the *Swine*,

GO, was the Word that let him in;

Unchain'd a While, set free by Heav'n's high Hand,

He took *Permission* for *Command*.

The Herd, *by Legion*, then possest,

Delirious grown and Mad,

In their *own Ruin* seek for Rest,
And from *their Safety*, and *their Guardians* fled,
Run headlong down the Precipice of Fate,
And *choak'd* with their *own Rage* a sure Destruction meet.

Instinct, that *mighty Something* from on high,
Which should the Offices of *Soul* supply,
Had it been *left to Act*, wou'd not have fail'd
By Sense of *Danger* soon to have prevail'd;
But Now, divested of their Power *to Act*,

The Means of Safety they reject,
Eurag'd, from Hell, they seek out Certain Death,

A Hymn To The Mob

And quench at once *their Frenzy*, and *their Breath* ;
In short, as soon as once *the Devil got in*,

He rais'd the *RABBLE* among the *Swine*.

Then against all their *Keepers* they took Arms,
As if afraid *They* shou'd *prevent* their Harms;
The *Keepers* fled, *What cou'd the Keepers do?*
Unless they'd be in—gulph'd in Ruin *too*;
For when *the Devil* do's once the *MOB* possess,
The Power of *Magistrates* and *Keepers* cease;

To talk of Laws and Peace *to them*,
Is to preach Gospel *to a Kettle—Drum*;

They neither judge by *Eyes* or *Ears*,
Neither by what's *imply'd*, or what *appears*;
But as the wild Possession *first* took Place,

In Spight of *Sense*, in Spight of *Grace*,
Headlong with strong impetuous Haste they go,
Meerly by their own Weight, *as Waters flow*.

Be the *First Notions* ne'er so bad,
The Steps they are to take *Preposterous* and *Mad* ,

If once an Entrance is but made,
And the *Delirious Vapour* takes the Head,

You may call *Mid—night* back to *Noon*,

Invert the *Chariot of the Sun*,

Bid *Fire* cease to burn, or *Winds* to blow,
And swelling Tides of *Tyber* cease to flow;
These, and the *Mob* together will obey,
Together *listen to* the wisest Things you say.

Would else *This Nation* now submit
To bear the *New Dictators* of the *Street*,

And hear them tell us *What is Law*,
The *Mob* to keep the *Magistrate* in Awe;
To hear them threaten to demolish Towns,

Will they not *next* demolish Crowns?
It must not be, it is *too Course* a Jest,

The *Rabble* must be dispossesst,
The Devil's got in, Why then *that Devil* must *OUT*,

A Hymn To The Mob

Nor is the *Manner* how a Doubt,
Perswasion *must attempt* to make them still,
And if *Perswasion* wo'n't, *The GALLOWS will*.
What ails the People? Whence is all this Rage?

For What? and *Who* would they engage?

Is this the MOB of *Eighty Eight*,
That put King *James* and *Pop'ry* in a Fright?
And is the *Revolution* grown *our Sin*,

That now we'd fain *revolve* again;
The *Hearty Work* of Twenty Years undo,

And damn the *Work* and *Workmen* too.
Are we grown sick of being *too free*,

And surfeited with *Liberty*?
Sure some New *Frenzy* has possess'd our Brains,
For Nations may, *when strong Delusion reigns*,
As Women long for Poyson, *long for Chains*.

But 'tis a Sign of *Fierce Disease*, indeed,
And that 't has seiz'd the *Heart*, and seiz'd the *Head*,

For Slavery *cannot* be entail'd,
'Till Slavish Principles *have first prevail'd*;
And *Criminals* can never be carest,
But by a Nation *with their Crimes possess*;
But *if the Devil* once possess'd *the Swine*,
No Wonder if to Madness all the Brutes encline;
When *Hell* has once *the Mastery* of a Nation,
No Wonder all Distruction grow in Fashion,

Frenzies *of every kind* must needs prevail,
Where Passions *govern*, and the Senses *fail*.
For Shame, your Mobs and Rabbles now withdraw,

Leave Men of *Crime* to Men of *Law*,
If *Innocence* and *Honesty* appear,
The *Innocent* and *Honest* never fear,
Such never seek to MOBS, and which is more,
They neither ask your *Aid*, or bless your *Power* ;

Ev'n to the Guilty MOB's a Curse,
And makes the *blackest Cause* look *blacker still* , and worse;
Nay, it *promptly* Justice, *Haftens* on the Fate

Of those that are Unfortunate,

A Hymn To The Mob

And makes their Fall *more needful* to the State;
Locks up the Doors of *Clemency* and *Grace*,
That *Mercy* cannot *safely* shew her Face;

For while the MOB *without Doors* rail,
How should the *Suppliant Criminal* prevail?

While Tumult rages Princes *must* resent,
For *Justice* is upheld by *Punishment*;

And still the louder *Rabbles* roar,
The Nation's just Resentment *rises more*;
Then let the Friends of *Rabble, Rabble* shun,

Lest *with them* they are all undone. *FINIS* .