

PLM**"Watkinson's Thirteens"**

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This monster oppression behold how he stalks
Keeps picking the bones of the poor as he walks
There's not a mechanic throughout this whole land
But more or less feels the weight of his hand.
That offspring of tyranny, baseness and pride
Our rights both invaded and almost destroyed
May that man be banished to Villainy screens
Or sides with big Watkinson and his thirteensChorus

And may the odd knife his great carcass dissect
Lay open his vitals for men to inspect
A heart full as black as the infernal gulf
In that greedy blood sucking and bone scraping
wolfThis wicked dissenter expelled his own church
Is rendered the subject of public reproach
Since reprobate marks on his forehead appeared
We all have concluded his conscience is seared
See mammon his god and oppression his aim
Hark how the streets ring with his infamous name
The boys at the playhouse exhibit strange scenes
Respecting big Watkinson and his thirteensChorus

We claim as true Yorkshire men leave to speak twice
That no man should work for him at any price
Since he has attempted our lives to enthrall
And mingle our liquor with wormwood and gall
Beelzebub take him with his ill-got pelf
He's equally bad if not worse than thyself
So shall every cutler that honestly means
Cry 'take Watkinson and his thirteens'

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