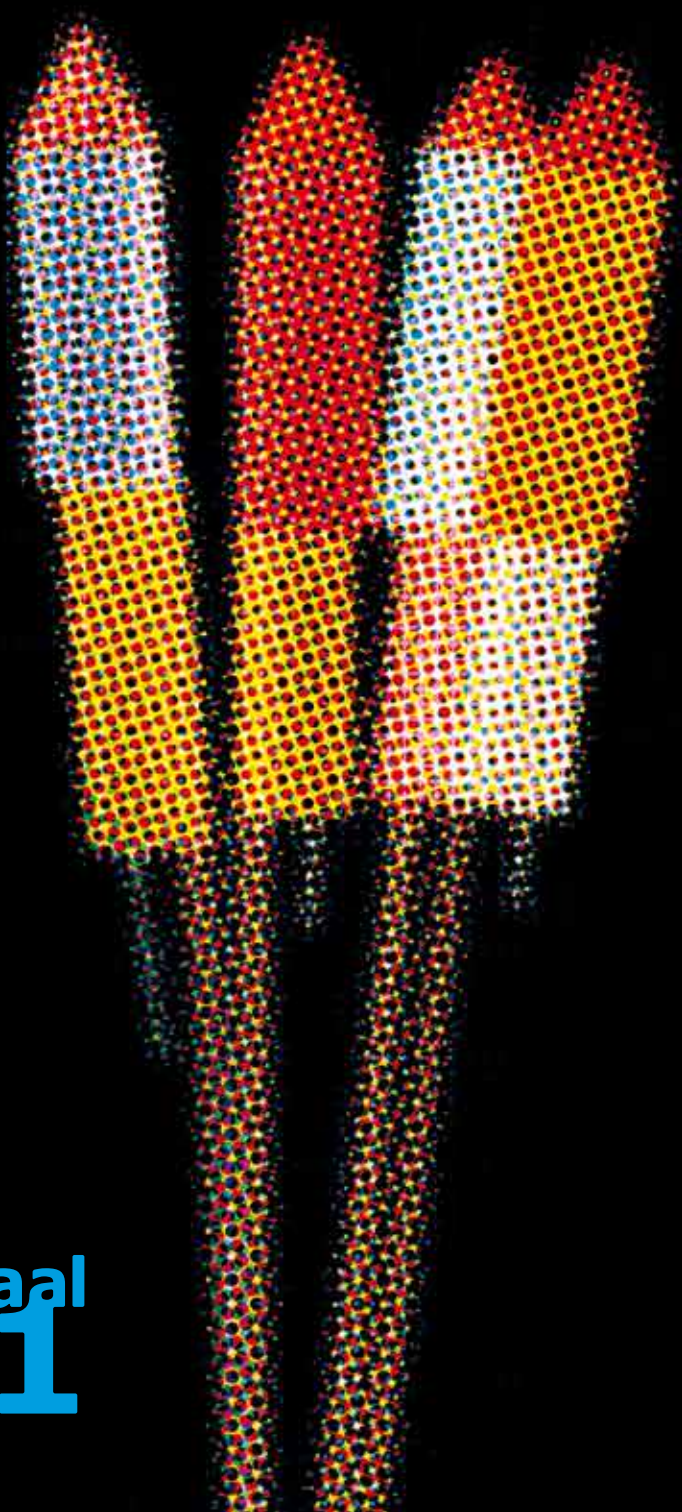
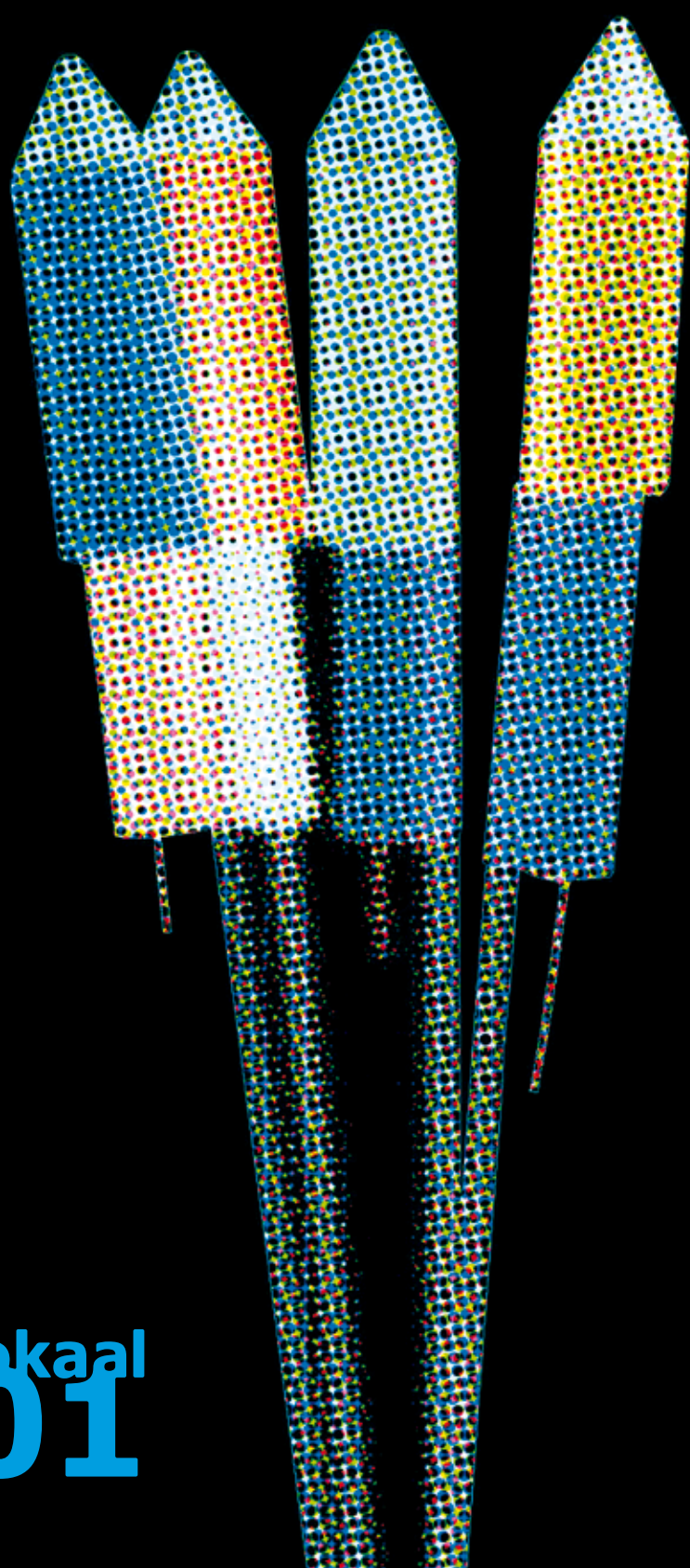


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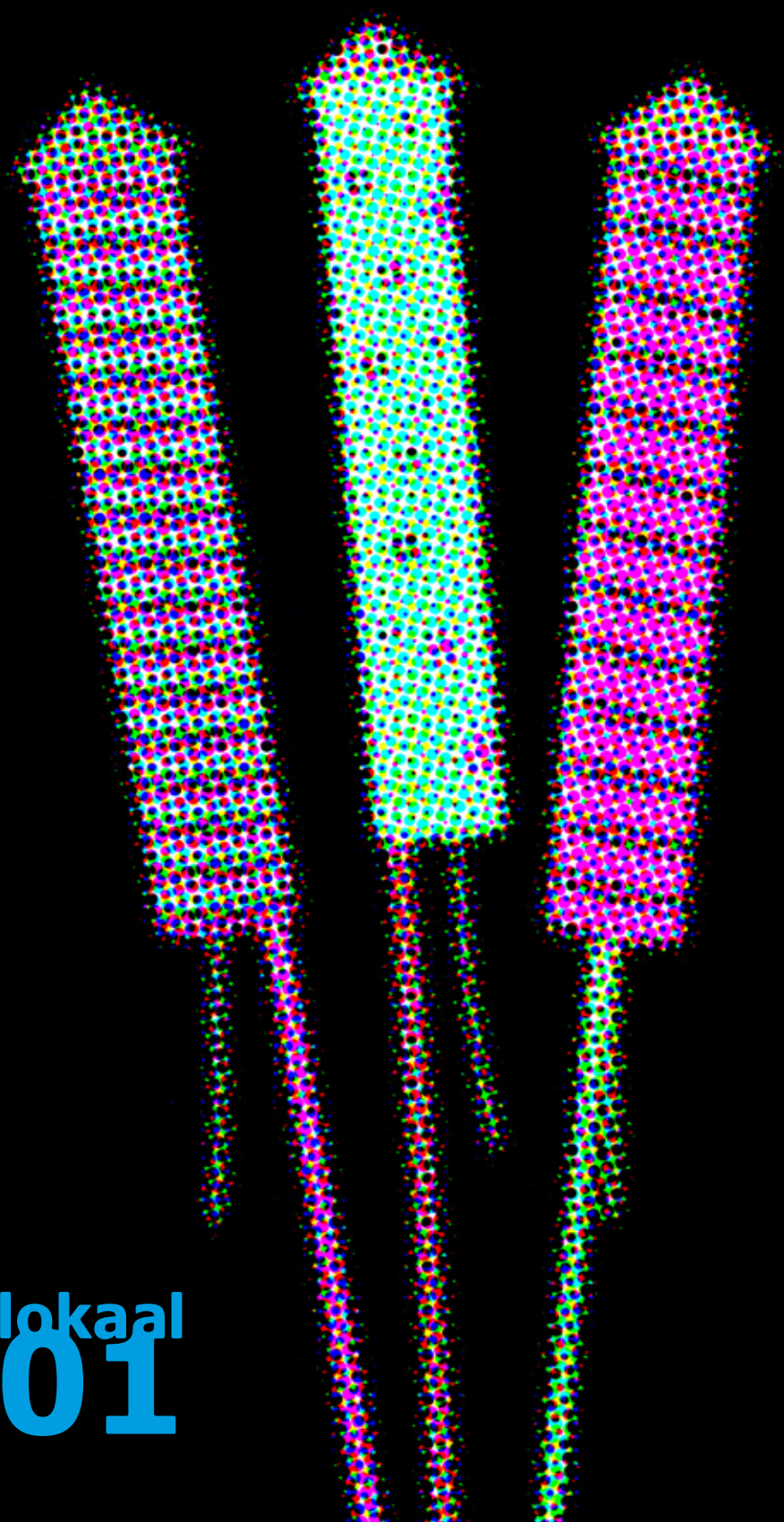
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**Remember,
remember
the Fifth of
November,**

**The Gunpowder
Treason and Plot,**

**I see no reason
why Gunpowder
Treason should
ever be forgot.**

**Guy Fawkes,
Guy Fawkes,
t'was his intent to
blow up King and
the Parliament.**

**Three score
barrels of powder
below, poor
old England to
overthrow:**

**By God's
providence he
was catch'd with
a dark lantern
and lighted
match.**

**Holloa boys,
holloa boys, make
the bells ring.**

**Holloa boys,
holloa boys, God
save the King!**

Hip

hip

hoorah!

**A penny loaf
to feed the Pope
A farthing o' cheese
to choke him.
A pint of beer
to rinse it down.
A faggot of sticks
to burn him.
Burn him in a tub
of tar.
Burn him like a
blazing star.
Burn his body
from his head.
Then we'll say ol'
Pope is dead.
Hip hip hoorah!
Hip hip hoorah
hoorah!**