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The Political Death and Burial of the Departed Whigs

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THE POLITICAL DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE DEPARTED WHIGS.



SPEAKER.—Verily, verily, verily I say unto you, all you that are weary of humbugism, and heavy laden with the burthen of Whig promises draw near unto me and I will give you consolation. Know ye, my brethren, that the Whigs are (Politically dead, and are now about to be launched into obscurity. Then gather ye, gather ye, my brethren, and cry aloud, O Whigs where are your promises; O Reform, where your benefits. The promises of the Whigs are like pie-crust, and the benefits of Reform is but a fudge. Then let us join in offering up a prayer for the faction, saying—

O most gracious branch of the illustrious House of Broom-sticks, and the never to be forgotten Line of Hand-over, hear our Prayers.

RESPONDENT.—We beseech thee to hear us, O Mighty Monarch of Bombast

Speak.—That thou would in thy tender mercy look down with an eye of pity on thy late departed Whig Ministry, and be not angry with them for ever.

Resp.—Hear us, O William, for thy name's sake.

Speak. That thou would banish from thy thoughts all intentions of a Tory Administration, for although we despise the Whigs, yet do we utterly detest the Tories.

Resp.—From the Tories preserve us, we beseech thee, for thine honour.

Speak.—Let not the LIGHT of St. Stephen's so raze thy brain with indignation unquenchable, but that we may abate it with the engine of hope for the good of the Constitution.

Resp.—Hear us, O B—y.

Speak.—Defend us from the crafts and assaults of the Tories, for although we are bald with butting our heads for Reform and its benefits it has left us bare, still we would rather wear a Whig than a Chancellor's Cap of Common-Law.

Resp.—From Waterloo Crackers, and Oxford Dog-Latin, defend us, O William.

Speak.—And this we beg for the good of thy people, the honour of thyself, and the dislocation of thy Royal Rib, both now and evermore.

Resp.—So—be—it.

THE LESSON THIS DAY

is from the 4th year of the Whig Ministry, beginning with a

MODERN GUY FAUX.

1—Now behold on the 16th day of the 10th Month, in the 4th year of the reign of Humbugism, there came a hot messenger from a Swinging Ambassador with a warm salutation for St. Stephen's,

2—And St. Stephen's received it with warmth, yea, its very bowels felt the power of its raging kindness for it warmed him to the heart and he bowed to the ground.

3—It was a light to confuse all the Whigites, and the glory of the children of the rabble.

4—And it came to pass about this time that a certain old Pillar of the State fell, and left behind him an ancient Spencer.

5—Then All-talk who was of the line of the Chancellors, tried on the spencer and behold it fitted him, so he claimed it as his own.

6—Then M—n who held the Privy purse thought it necessary to present his motion to the King for filling the stool of the Exchequer.

7—So he went unto the King, saying, O King, live for ever.

8—Know, O King, that one of thy servants is no more, and his spencer is placed on the back of thy servant All-talk, then which of thy servants shall serve in the Exchequer.

9—Then Addy (who was dressed in her Lord's Inexpressibles) rose and said, behold the time is come when my commands shall be obeyed, for lo my servant Arthur shall stand in thy place, it is my command here I am first in command, my name is Adde-Egg.

10—Then did the King answer and say, four years long have I been pestered with these humbuging Whigs, they are a faction that do err in their doings and will not work my will.

11—About whom I have sworn to my rib they shall no longer stay within my rest.

12—For it is the will and pleasure of my Royal Ducky that I should restore unto office Nosey, and Bobby the rat-catcher.

13—For they have found favour in her sight and I must bow to her will to save my head.

14—But the people did murmur in their hearts and cried aloud against the Tories.

Thus endeth the lesson:

Forasmuch as it hath pleased thee both B—y and Addy to send from thy presence the Whig Ministry, now departing we therefore commit the whole Faction to obscurity, and with them all the promises with which we have been gulled, in sure and certain knowledge that Reform is all a fudge, and ever will be world without end.

Resp.—So—be—it.

Speak.—We brought nothing into this world, Taxation will let us enjoy nothing

while we are in it, and we can all see that the Tories will let us carry nothing out.

Resp.—Confusion be unto thee, both Whigs and Tories.

Speak.—A man that is born in old England has but a short allowance of freedom, and is loaded with Taxation, then to whom can he petition for relief but to thee, O Billy, most hen-pecked! O Addy, most burthensome; O Arthur, thou mighty Chancellor of Cannon Law and Dog-Latin, who we hear is to be the leader, but may his Satanic Majesty be with thee.

Resp.—And snatch thee flying.
So—be—it

Let us say,

From a Tory Administration.

R.—Good William deliver us.

S.—From long and tedious speeches, from enormous pensions and salaries, and from unnecessary expenditure

R.—O William deliver us.

S.—From Flannel or any other Petticoat Government

R.—Arise William and put on thy breeches for thine honour.

S.—And we humbly beseech thy better-half that she may consider the state of thy intellects and restore the breeches to the right owner.

S.—That thou no more would klek him out of bed.

R.—Hear us, O Addy.

S.—That thy adviser, Nosey, would resign all thoughts of the Ministry.

R.—Chancellor of the University, we beseech thee to hear us.

S.—And thou, Whigs, farewell, a long farewell to all thy humbugs.

R.—Fare-thee-well, O Whigs.

S.—O William hear our prayers.

R.—O William, hear us.

S.—O Addy hear us.

R.—O Addy hear us.

S.—Nosey attend to the call of thy People

R.—O Nosey hear us.

S.—O Bobby be not too ready to serve us for we have a rank aversion to raw lobsters.

R.—The blue devils be upon thee Bobby.

S.—Now to the Tories, the Whigs, and all their humbugs, be the warmest reception his SATANIC MAJESTY can bestow, or his regions can afford now and evermore.

R.—So—be—it.