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King William for Ever!!!

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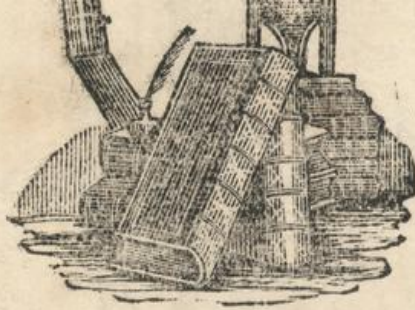
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KING WILLIAM *For Ever. !!!*

O did you hear the news of late,
About our noble King so great,
Who the Borough-Mongers did defeat,
Along with Bob and Nosey ;
A Bill into the House did come,
To grant the People a Reform,
But Bob to tatters has it torn,
He thought to reap the Harvest Home,
But King William did a story tell,
They did not like to hear it well,
They swore he was as mad as h—l,
Both Bob and long hook'd Nosey.

CHORUS.

So Success attend our King so stout,
Who quickly put them right about,
And turn'd the Borough Mongers out,
Along with Bob and Nosey.

The Twenty-Third of April,
He give to them a bitter pill,
They wish'd him either dead or Ill,
Both Bob and long hook'd Nosey ;
He said come turn out and be quick,
I'd have you now to cut your stick,
For serving me this dirty trick,
I will send you all unto old Nick,
My peoples Rights I will maintain,
While I do wear the British Crown,
They have suffered hunger long and pain,
Through you and long hook'd Nosey.

Said Bob to Nosey now what shall we do,
I fear this Bill they will pull through,
And that will rain me and you,
Says Bob to long hook'd Nosey ;
Says Nose to Bob now mind the thing,
The worst against us is the King,
This bill again i'th House will bring,
Which makes my Head and Nose to Ring,
I fear again he will you rout,
And cram it head long down your throats,

The thought it gives me now the gout,
And me says Bob to Nosey.

There is Russell with his purge sent back,
I was in hopes he had got the sack,
And Hunt with his lipud Black,
God help us then said Nosey ;
And O'Connell too from Paddy's land,
Besides they say O'German Mahon,
And Hume and Brougham hand in hand,
And Grey with heavy metal man'd,
And William too the worst of all,
Reform will prove our downfall,
I fear they will throw us o'er the wall,
Says Bob to long hook'd Nosey.

But if reform should gain the day,
We quickly then may run away,
We cannot here with safety stay,
What shall we do then says Nosey ;
Why cut our stick with might and main,
To Portugale to France and Spain,
I hope we there shall sucker gain,
For back we ne'er must come again,
And if it does not pass this time,
King William will desolve again,
I wish we had hold of the bridle rain,
Cry'd out both Bob and Nosey.

I will tell the Bob what's best to do,
The same way they pull let us pull too,
Or else the Game Cocks they will crowe,
We will says Bob to Nosey ;
They might at once upon us pounce.
Not leave us worth one single ounce.
Let's turn reformers all at once,
It is our last and only Chance,
And shout long life God save the King,
And those in the House the Bill did bring,
To swallow this Pill is a d—d hard thing,
Cry'd out both Bob and Nosey.