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Anonymous

***The Whigg-Feast* (1682)**

A Scotch Ballad, made to the Tune of a new pleasant Scotch Dance

I.

Woons! what noo is the matter?
Gud feth 'tis wondrous strange,
The Whigs do keep sike a clatter,
That nean can pass th'Exchange.

They cr'd, 'Bread! 'tis pity
Their Numbers are no more,
The Duke does dine in the City,
And muckle they fear His Power.

They begin the awd Trick agen,
And cabal like Old-Nick agen,
Feast three hundred pound thick agen,
Sike a height they soar:

*Ah, bonny London! thou'rt undone,
If e're thou art in their power.*

II.

Th' wise old E---with the Spigot,
That ne're knew rest or ease,
Udsbread! is grown sike a Bigot,
The Nation has his Disease.

More o'th' Tribe I can name ye,
That make his Raree-Show,
Bold George, and Poloitique Jemmy,
Converted by Doctor TO.

Both the Sheriffs there should ha bin,
Then how merry they would ha bin,
Met for National Good agen,
As they were before:

*Ah, bonny London! thou'rt undone,
If long thou are in their power.*

III.

More to show us what Ninneys
Are all rebellious Beasts,
The Cuckold sent in their Guinneys;

To make this Jolly Feast.
Never caring, or thinking,
What Insolence was done,
Or that their Plotting and Drinking
Should e're be oppos'd so soon.

But when they knew they were barr'd agen,
They sent out the Black Guard agen,
All our Bonfires were marr'd agen,
Slaves did shout and roar:

*Ah, bonny London! thou'rt undone,
If e're thou art in their power.*

IV.

Right and Royalty governs,
Which Rebels would overthrow;



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They once were fatal to Sovereigns,
Ah, let'em no more be so!

But to baffle Oppression,
Inspir'd by Fate Divine,
Defend the Crown and Succession,
And keep it in the Right Line.

Every Soldier will fight for it,
Each bold Genius will write for it,
And the Whigs hang in spite for it,
Losing Regal Power:
*And, bonny London, they're undone,
That thought to usurp once more.*

