RHYMED REASON BY A RADICAL. THE POLITICS OF THE PEOPLE. PART I

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Rhymed Reason by a Radical. The Politics of the People. Part I by Various

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VARIOUS

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RHYMED REASON BY A RADICAL.

THE POLITICS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

PART I.

Le Peuple est ma Muse

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THE ENGLISH PROPLE,

IN AMERICA

CHOOSING THEIR RULERS,

IN ENGLAND

SOON TO HAVE THEIR RULERS

CHOSEN FOR THEM,

I Bedicate these.



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THE WHIG'S CONFESSION.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, BY A MEMBER OF THE EULING PAMILIES.

I'm a Whig—I'm a Whig, Sirs,—yes I am one of those
The people's proper champions—the Torics' proper foes;
O'lend me but your doubting ears, and, friends, I'll quickly
show

How much unto us Liberals—us buff-and-blues you owe; How reason good you people have to give kind Heaven praise, That for your glory and your good, it blesses you with Greys— That, willing England to be great and quite enough free too, In its graciousness, oh render thanks, it Russells makes for you,

And earls and lordlings by the score of some few names beside,

To think for you—to rule you and aright your course to guide, Ay, batches of born statesmen, of whose very names a sight Shows plain you can't go wrong with them—with them you must go right;

O blessed land, for anything why need you care two figs While to tax you and to rule for you, your governors are Whigs!

O that there should be cavillers—be wicked ones who doubt Whether Whigs and Whig taxation you'd not better be without! Who dare to waver in their faith of whether you were born By Whigs for ever to be ruled—for ever to be shorn!