



# THE ROYAL WHISPERER.

WITH

His M\*\*\*\*\*'s b-a-l-n ANSWER to the CITY  
R E M O N S T R A N C E.

I LL whisper a word in your ear,  
Court flatterers i always defy;  
No monarch an earth with our K--- can compare  
Nor the rights of his subjects more boldly deny  
He scarcely was fixt on the T-r-o-e,  
But his C-r-nation oath it was broke,  
The people should G--rgy disown,  
It would be a wonderful joke.

Lord Boot was the first that began.  
His sport with old beldon to play,  
He gigg'd it so well, 'till his Business was done  
Then he with his millionsto France took his way  
More rogue's like himself's left behind  
Lord N---th, and L---d W---th's the men,  
Sure the K-g must be totally blind,  
To employ such damnd vermin as them.

There's Beckford both generous and brave,  
And Sawbridge and Townsend so wise;  
With the City Remonstrance our freedom to save  
But the K--like adupe did those worthies despise  
He receiv'd it with a smile of disdain,  
By my p-r-ia-nt firmly i'll stand;  
So he cares not it is very plain,  
How much he distresses the land.

Now this is the talk far and near,  
Beckford to the Tower's to be sent;  
But should it be true, tell me who'd be lord-mayor  
To crush Magna Charta is all their intent;  
Tis justice alone we request,  
And that by the K--g we're deny'd  
Old England can never be blest;  
Till Old Nick takes his M-ther aside.

But may justice again rule the land,  
For Middlesex Wilkes take his seat,  
And L-tt--l ne'r think for the County to stand;  
Lest he like his ancestors share the same fate,  
George cast that scotch mist from thy Eyes;  
Which hitherto hath not been the thing;  
For should there a Cromwell arise  
Alas! where would be our good K--g.

