

THE

Sale of Esau's Birth-right;

OR,

The New Buckingham Ballad,

To the Tune of the *London Gentlewoman*, or *Little Peggy Ramsay*.



A Wondrous Tale I will relate,
The like was never told you,
Of English men that England hate,
The Town of Bucks has sold you.

Who serve in Parliament they chose
Two men I fear to name them;
For if I did, you would suppose
I told a Lye to shame them.

That Bisk and Ale should yet prevail,
You need no longer wonder;
For men of wit, must still submit
To Fools of greater number.

The D —, the Pope, and Ezzauny,
Had never fear a Down-fall,
For Teige and Wakeman both would be
Creted for a Town-hall.

These Royal men of Buckingham,
(True only to their Purities)
Would sell the Crown, to enrich the Town,
And laugh at all your Curtes.

When they have sn'd, and damn'd their souls,
D: to the Devil gave them;
Their friend the Pope, in him they hope,
Well knowing he can save them.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

If Se — would take off Oates's head,
He need not fear succeding;
But sent him down into this Town,
He soon might see him bleeding.

Of Thirteen men there are but six
Who do not merit Hemp well;
The other seven play their Tricks
For L — and T —

The Father is a Reprobate;
And yet the Son's Cleared;
The Gallow Pouth comes down in State,
And must not be rejected.

Our prating Knight both owe his Call
To Timber, and his Lady;
Though one goes longer with Town-hall,
Then t'other with her Baby.

These men do to their choosing trudge,
With all the speed that can be,
And make the Son the Father's Judge,
To save great Tom of D —

The Bailiff is so mad a Spark,
(Though lives by Tanning Leather)
That for a Load of Temple's Bark
He'd sacrifice his Father.

His Horns do shine, his Wife kept fine,
All men would blame him had he
Spout made him stand, whose helping hand
Should make him be a Waddo.

He buff's and waxes, and calls to Wall,
But will not give men warning;
When drunk o' the night, he takes delight
To play the Rogue t'ey morning.

Next comes the Barber, who will do
Whatever you desire him;
He for a Goat, will cut your Throat,
A Louche persur'd Dierling.

God damn and rot his Arm, he cries,
And swears like any Lover,
For to be true, to thye in two,
Was Judas younger Brother.

Of late he buff'd, and drank with Lords,
But since a sad Dissaker
Hath summon'd him to Wash and Trim
A Rev'rend Owl his Master.

Another he hath kiss'd a hand,
Which puts him in a Rapture;
So have I known a Wife o' h' Town,
Above the Foy that Clapt her.

Since kissing hands can so prevail,
There's no man need want Riches;
If they'l be kind, and come behind,
They're welcome to our Whatches.

Thus Buckingham hath led the way
To Popery and forrow;
Those seven Knaves, who make us Slaves,
Would sell their God to morrow.

A List of those who Voted for their King and Country, and Sir P. — T. —

Mr. Rogers Draper,	Mr. Mason Apothecary,	Mr. Robinson Laceman,
Mr. Brown Gent.	Mr. Evers Draper,	Mr. Walter Arnot Ironmonger.

Mr. William Hartly was absent at the Election, nor was there any need of his Company.

Those who Voted for the L — d L —, Sir Timber T —, and for their Town-hall.

George Dancer Tanner and Bayliff,	Thomas Sheen Farmer,	Hony Hayward, Shaver in Ordinary
Pellam Sandwell Maultier,	George Carter Baker	to her Excellency Madge Owlet.
Stevens Maultier,		

The Charter of this Town was given them by Queen Mary for their good Service in the propagation of Popery; Therefore (to give the Devil his due) they are but true to the old Cause.

