



THE
R O Y A L
W H I S P E R E R,
 EXTRAORDINARY:

Or a W O R D to the W I S E.

YE britons of every degree,
 Attend ye awhile to my story,
 Wilkes will soon from the king's bench be free,
 And like the sun from the east shine in glory:
 Whilst a cloud from the west will appear,
 So black that some great folk will tremble,
 The K*** will be struck dumb with fear,
 And will with Squire Wilkes at the Devil.

The Remonstrance and Petition don't do,
 'T'heres that as will make them knock under,
 So down with their Damn'd wicked Crew,
 What need we to fear doing Murder,
 Tho murder is a most wicked crime,
 At this time by the K*** not regarded,
 Like your Courtiers be rogueish inclin'd,
 And your Pardon is sure to be Granted.

Now Lord *Boot* is upon his return,
 More mischief to breed in the kingdom,
 His whore with impatience does burn,
 For a touch with his sweet lalygrogrum;
 Boot his bagpipes will flourish away,
 And Mog wag her huttocks so cleaver,
 For their sport the whole kingdom must pay,
 And for three millions more they'll endeavour.

Tho we've raild at the Stewarts of old,
 We've a Whelp that in evil out-does them;
 Tho their actions were wicked, I'm told
 That justice did soon overtake them:
 So G----- pray take care ere too late,
 We may find out a cure for the evil,
 Jack Ketch may your neck dislocate,
 And send you yeadlong to the Devil.

'Tis time G***** you'd open your eyes,
 The unrighteous to cast from before ye,
 And take those that are virtuous and wise,
 Then your subjects will love and adore ye;
 Then in Candour the People sing,
 Huzza may the King live for ever,
 And murderers to justice bring,
 'Tis every true Britons desire.

