

YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS.

At the Revolution of 1689, the Tories—thenceforward named Jacobites—lost power, but acquired wit. From that time, throughout well-nigh a century, while unable to make effective head against a parliament-elected dynasty and liberal principles of government in church and state, they were at least in some favour with the Muses, and were able to assail their conquerors with a continual pelt of paper missiles, not always stupid or simply vindictive. Often, too, their sufferings for the exiled royal family gave scope to a pathos far above what might have otherwise been looked for from the partisans of an expiring idea.

First in the series of their satiric effusions stands a piece which must be allowed to be very bitter and very unjust, but which, after all, is (with the omission of one or two rough stanzas) eligible for preservation, as having more wit than usual in proportion to its gall.

¹ From Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, Part iii. 1711.

The musical score consists of nine staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the final staff.

You're wel - come, Whigs, from Both - well brigs, You're
ma - lice is but zeal, boys; Most
ho - ly sprites, the hy - po - crites, 'Tis
sack ye drink, not ale, boys; I
must a - ver, ye can - not err, In
break - ing God's com - mand, boys; If
ye in - fringe bish - ops or kings, You've
hea - ven in your hand, boys.

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell brigs!
Your malice is but zeal, boys;
Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys;

I must aver, ye cannot err,
 In breaking God's command, boys ;
 If ye infringe bishops or kings,
 You've heaven in your hand, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
 And steep the land with blood, boys ;
 If secretly your treachery
 Be acted, it is good, boys.
 The fiend himsel', in midst of hell,
 The pope with his intrigues, boys,
 You'll equalise in forgeries :
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

* * * *

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
 And act all kind of evil ;
 Your covenant makes you a saint,
 Although you live a devil.
 From murders too, as soldiers true,
 You are advanced well, boys ;
 You fought like devils, your only rivals,
 When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
 You're decking with good speed, boys ;
 If you get leave you'll reach his sleeve,
 And then have at his head, boys.
 You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
 To drink your last confusion,
 That grace and truth you may possess
 Once more without delusion.¹

¹ This severe tirade upon the Presbyterians, from several allusions, seems to have been written between the years 1690 and 1700.