

Awa' Whigs, Awa'

Chorus.-Awa' Whigs, awa'!
Awa' Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
An' wither'd a' our posies.
Awa' Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust-
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't!
An' write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
Awa' Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing:
The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,
An' we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa' Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa' Whigs, &c.