



glen. 119.





THE GLEN COLLECTION  
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-  
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,  
in memory of her brother, Major Lord  
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,  
killed in action in France in 1914.

*28th January 1927.*



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The Puritan.



Covenanter



An Exact  
COLLECTION  
of y<sup>e</sup> Choicest Poems  
& Songs Relating to  
the late times, & Con-  
tinued by the most  
Eminent Wits, from  
A<sup>o</sup> 1639 to 1661.



x Glen 119.

R U M P:

OR AN

EXACT COLLECTION

Of the Choycest

P O E M S

AND

S O N G S

RELATING TO THE

L a t e T i m e s.

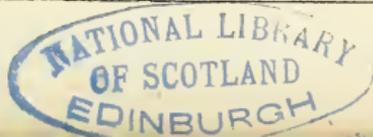


By the most Eminent Wits, from *Anno*  
1639. to *Anno* 1661



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the *Gun* in *Ivy-lane*, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes*  
in *Chancery-lane.* 1662.







TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**T***Hou hast here a Bundle of Rodds; not like those of the Roman Consulls, for these are signes of a No-Government. If thou read these Ballads (and not sing them) the poor Ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one Author; (thou wilt soon perceive the same hand held not the Pen) yet none but shew either Wit or Affection (and that's better) or Both, which is best of all. The truth is, this Rump, and indeed the whole Carcase was so odious and*

## To the Reader.

*bloody a Monster, that every man has a stone or rotten Egge to cast at it. Now if you ask who nam'd it Rump, know 'twas so stil'd in an honest Sheet of Paper (call'd The Bloody Rump) written before the Tryal of our late Sovereign of Glorious Memory: but the Word obtain'd not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major General Brown at a Publick Assembly in the daies of Richard Cromwell. You have many Songs here, which were never before in Print: We need not tell you whose they are; but we have not subjoyned any Authors Names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the Gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did His Majesty some Service, 'twas for that end they were scribbled. Now (thanks be to God) we have liv'd to that day, that there is no Cavalier, because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majesties Faithfull Sub-*

## To the Reader.

*jects, who were ready to hang the Authors of these Ballads. But he that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their New Allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve Universal Peace and Charity, let him be Anathema; For he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that writ against the King do now write for Him, and those who wrote for Him, need now write no more. Let Heaven now continue these Blessings on His Majesty, that no one Enemy live unreconciled, nor any false Friend be undiscovered, that so there be no strife, but who shall shew most Duty to so Excellent a KING.*

Farewell.





## The Stationers to the Reader.

Gentlemen,

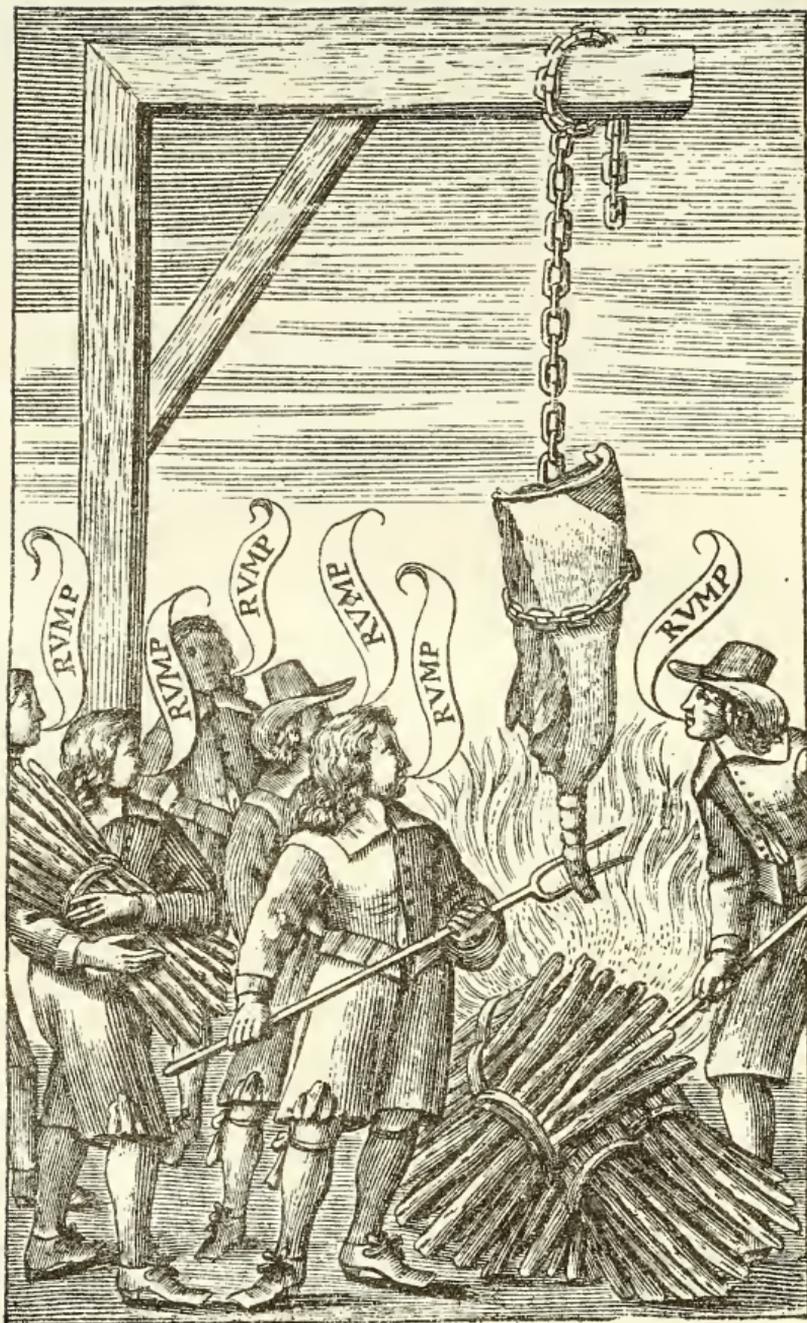
*Y*ou are invited here to a Feast, and if Variety doy  
you not, we are satisfied. It has been our Care to  
please you; and it is our Hope you will retribute an  
Acknowledgement. These are select Things, a work of  
Time, which for your sake we Publish, assuring you that  
your Welcome will Crown the Entertainment.

Farewell.

*Yours,*

H. B. H. M.







# RUMP-SONGS.



## The First Part.



### *The ZEALOUS PURITAN.*

1639.

**M**Y Brethren all attend,  
And list to my relation :  
This is the day, mark what I say,  
Tends to your renovation ;  
Stay not among the Wicked,  
Lest that with them you perish,  
But let us to *New-England* go,  
And the Pagan People cherish ;  
*Then for the truths sake come along, come along,  
Leave this place of Superstition :  
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,  
You would sink into Perdition.*

There you may teach our hymns,  
Without the Laws controulment :  
We need not fear, the Bishops there,  
Nor Spiritual-Courts inroulment ;

Nay, the Surplice shall not fright us,  
 Nor superstitious blindness ;  
 Nor scandals rise, when we disguise,  
 And our Sisters kiss in kindness ;

*Then for the truths sake, &c.*

For Company I fear not,  
 There goes my Cosin *Hannah*,  
 And *Ruben*, so perswades to go  
 My Cosin *Joyce*, *Susanna*.  
 With *Abigal* and *Faith*,  
 And *Ruth*, no doubt, comes after ;  
 And *Sarah* kind, will not stay behind ;  
 My Cosin *Constance* Daughter ;

*Then for the truth, &c.*

*Tom Tyler* is prepared,  
 And th' *Smith* as black as a coal ;  
*Ralph* *Cobler* too with us will go,  
 For he regards his soul ;  
 The Weaver, honest *Simon*,  
 With *Prudence*, *Jacobs* Daughter,  
 And *Sarah*, she, and *Barbary*,  
 Professeth to come after ;

*Then for the truth, &c.*

When we, that are elected,  
 Arrive in that fair Country,  
 Even by our faith, as the Brethren saith, ;  
 We will not fear our entry ;  
 The Psalms shall be our Musick,  
 Our time spent in expounding,  
 Which in our zeal we will reveal  
 To the Brethrens joy abounding ;

*Then for the truths sake, &c.*

Pyms *Juncto.* 1640.

**T**Ruth I could chide you Friends, why, how so late?  
My Watch speaks Eight and not one pin o' th  
State

This day undone, can such remisnesse fit  
Your Active spirits, or my more Hellish wit?  
The Sun each step he mounts to Heavens Crown,  
Whilst *Pym* commands, should see a Kingdome down;  
Y'ave spurs enough I'me sure to make you run.  
HOPES guilty, FORTUNES crackt, and th' ILLS y'ave  
done.

Thus Whilome seated was Great *James* his Heir,  
Just, as you see me now, ith' Kingdoms Chair:  
There the Great Seal, there *Richmond*, *Hertford* sate,  
There *Marshall*, *Dorset*, *Bristol's* temperate pate,  
But there sate *Pembroke*, life of Loyalty,  
There *Holland*, flower of Fidelity.

We are no lesse then *Charles* in power and state,  
You are our Junctoes, who were his of late;  
Here sits *K*—— Holy *Say*, and *Seal*,  
With *Wharton*, *Warwick*, *Brookes* inspired zeal:  
*Stroud*, *Hampden*, *H*—— *Haslerigge*, bold spirits,  
Bold *Martin*, *Ludlow*, *Vain*, unmatched wights,  
But their Church-Elder, *Whites* Religious beard,  
There sits Abomination Statists: *Perd*:

*Charles* wear at *York* thy Crown that pretty thing  
We must most humbly be at *London* King.  
But what's the businesse of the House this day,  
How speaks my note, Commissioners of Array,

The nineteen Propositions to be scand  
 A second time, *M*—— Train-band,  
 Letters from *Tristram Whitcombe*, and from *Hull*,  
 From *Amsterdam*, the Admirall ; how full  
 Of high concernments are we Sirs, advise  
 How we most warily may weigh our prise :  
 I do conceive it must be our first play,  
 Be't right or wrong, by Vote to damn th' Array,  
 If ever that take footing and advance,  
 Farewell Militia, and our Ordinance,  
 But what will the appearance be? yet stay,  
 Who dares our leading Votes and Wills gainsay?  
 Should any haughty spirit presume so far,  
 What serves the Tower for then, or the Bar?  
 But if we fear the businesse will not bend  
 As may be most conducing to our end :  
 By some feigned wile it must be our next Plot  
 To put it off, and a new time alot,  
 And just Jumpe for our turn : these Letters shall  
 From *Whitcombe*, *Hotham*, or our Admirall,  
 (Though forg'd untruths) be interpos'd and read,  
 To spend the time, and maze the Peoples head ;  
 If the next day we yet suspect to find  
 Such whose just Conscience cannot be inclin'd  
 To be made Vassals to our desperate sence,  
 'Tis easie to procure a Conference,  
 Which shall out-spin the leisure of the morn,  
 Then we'le resume the House, and so adjourn  
 Till five at night, the moderate wearied thus,  
 Will quit their seats and leave us, none but us ;  
 There's President for this, this was the feat  
 That pluckt the Bishops from the Barons seat,  
 This wrought good Orders, manag'd many a Vote,  
 This Art must my Disciples learn by Rote.

But if the Accommodation chance to spring  
Into debate, then your Artillery bring,  
And lay that flat, that cold : my Genius starts  
With fear to find ith' House two Loyal hearts ;  
Seem though we must teeth outwards to comply,  
And humbly kisse the feet of Majesty,  
Yet live we cannot, but obedience dead,  
Nor stand elsewhere but on the Kingdoms head ;  
Calmes proper are for guiltlesse sons of Peace,  
Our Vessels bear our best in storming Seas ;  
*Charles* must not reign secure whilst reigns a *Pym*,  
The Sun if it rise with us must set with him ;  
You have one pleasure which must be exprest  
To *Leicester*, *Pembroke*, *St.* ——— and your rest,  
Bid *Essex*, *Percy*, and your Quondam Grom  
O'th stool, to wait us in the Princes Room :  
Some of your subtilly may in *Cottons* walk,  
Sit and allure Affections by your talk,  
'Twill be a work worthy your nimble wit,  
To gain the Devil and us a Proselyte.  
So, to your businesse, yet ere you be gone  
Take my advice, then blessing light upon  
Your nimble Votes, and first be sure you shroud  
Your dark designs in a Religious Cloud,  
Gods Glory, Churches Good, Kings head Supreme,  
A Preaching Minister must be your Theame ;  
Next structure of your *Babel* to be built,  
Must speciously be varnisht o're, and gilt  
With Liberty, Propriety of lives  
And fortunes, 'gainst th' high stretcht Prerogatives.  
And then a Speech or two most neatly spent,  
For Rights and Privilege of Parliament ;  
These two well mixt, you'le need no other lures  
To gain the People, and to make them yours.

If *Charles* displeas'd, with some witty, tart  
Message (and justly too) shall make you start,  
Saying ye have put him to his Guard, be sure  
Ye then be loud enough, and first cry Whore,  
War rais'd against the Parliament, a great  
Hinderance of the *Irish* Ayde, and strong Abet  
Unto the Rebels : then if any thing  
You have may blast the Honour of the King,  
Be it bad enough, no matter from what hand,  
Wee'l Vote it true, and then to believe command ;  
But on your memories if I impose no more,  
You cannot misse your way when I'me before :  
Rise *Synna, Sylla, Marius, Gracchus* Ghost,  
With the rest of the whole Mechanick Host,  
*Romes* greatest Earth-quake, and this little trunck  
Make with your desperate Spirits deeply drunk,  
Up from your drousie urnes, the Ghost of those  
My Ancestors that *Richard* did depose,  
Drop fresh into my breast, my soul inspire,  
And strongly actuate me with your fire,  
That theirs thus mixt with my Malitious Gall,  
Mine may with theirs fully possesse you all.  
Go and exceed their Villanies as much more  
As theirs did all attempts that was before ;  
Act past example, that it may be known  
You copied no example but your own.  
And if in after times, when silently  
We sleep, another firebrand chance to be,  
'Twill be chief Crown and Glory unto him,  
To say he playd his Prancks like you and *Pym*.





*Upon Mr. Pym's Picture.*

Reader, behold the Counterfeit of him  
Who now controuls the land ; *Almighty Pym* !  
A man whom even the Devil to fear begins,  
And dares not trust him with succesless sins ;  
A man who now is wading through the Floud  
Of Reverend *Lauds*, and Noble *Straffords* Bloud,  
To strike so high as to put Bishops down,  
And in the *Miter* to controul the *Crown* ;  
The Wretch hath mighty thoughts, and entertains  
Some Glorious Mischief in his Active Brains,  
Where now he's plotting to make *England* such  
As may out-vye the villany of the *Dutch* ;  
He dares not go to Heaven, 'cause he doth fear  
To meet (and not pull down) the Bishops there :  
Is it not strange, that in that Shuttle-head  
Three Kingdoms ruines should be buried ?  
Is it not strange there should be hatch't a Plot  
Which should out-doe the Treason of the *Scot*,  
And even the Malice of a *Puritan* ?  
Reader behold, and hate the poysonous man ;  
The Picture's like him ; yet 'tis very fit  
To adde one likeness more, that's hang like it.





*A Song.*

To the Tune of *Blue Cappe for me.*

Let *Scots* now return at *Lesleys* demand,  
 How all the Affairs in the North-part do stand,  
 And tell him the Parliament is fully agreed .  
 To send him good stores of Money with speed,  
 To serve their occasions : thus say, they shall find  
 For to come to passe, when the Devil is blind.

Let all their Brethren be new circumcis'd,  
 And *Burton* and — for Saints canonis'd ;  
 And at the Sacrament sit for their ease,  
 And pray unto God, even just when they please ;  
 The *Scots* in despite shall please their own mind,  
 And do what they please, when the Devil is blind.

Next they will have in each City and Town  
 All painted Glasse-windows to be pull'd down ;  
 One Bell in a Church to call them away,  
 It's enough when the Spirit doth move them to pray,  
 Without any Surplice or Tippet behind  
 The Priest shall say Service, when the Devil is blind.

Lastly, the Parliament in any case  
 Will down with all Organs, for Piping is base ;

No cringing below the Altar shall be,  
For that is a Trick of Idolatry :

Now tell me good *Scots*, are not *English-men* kind,  
But when this comes to passe, say the Devil is blind.



*Mr. Hampdens Specch against Peace at the  
close Committee.*

To the Tune of *I went from England.*

**B**Ut will you now to Peace incline,  
And languish in the Main design,  
And leave us in the lurch ?

I would not Monarchy destroy,  
But only as a way t' enjoy,  
The ruine of the Church.

Is not the Bishops Bill deny'd,  
And wè still threatned to be try'd?  
You see the King embraces

Those Councillours he approv'd before ;  
Nor doth he promise, which is more,  
That we shall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*,  
(For 'tis no Secret new) the Plot  
Was *Sayes* and mine together :

Did I for this return again,  
And spend 'a Winter there in vain,  
I went more to invite them hither.



Have I so often past between  
*Windsor* and *Westminster* unseen,  
                    And did my self divide :  
To keep his Excellence in awe,  
And give the Parliament the Law,  
                    For they knew none beside ?

Did I for these take pains to teach  
Our zealous Ignorants to preach,  
                    And did their Lungs inspire,  
Read them their Text, shew'd them their Parts,  
And taught them all their little Arts,  
                    To fling abroad the Fire ?

Sometimes to begg, sometimes to threaten,  
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,  
                    And stroke the Peoples ears ;  
Then streight when Victory grows cheap,  
And will no more advance the heap,  
                    To raise the price of Fears.

And now the Book, and now the Bells,  
And now the Act the Preachers tells  
                    To edifie the People ;  
All our Divinity is News,  
And we have made of equal use  
                    The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And shall we kindle all this Flame,  
Onely to put it out again,  
                    And must we now give o're,  
And only end where we begun  
In vain this Mischief we have done,  
                    If we can do no more ?

If men in Peace can have their right,  
 Where's the Necessity to fight,  
                   That breaks both Law, the Oath ;  
 They'le say they fight not for the Cause,  
 Nor to defend the King and Laws,  
                   But as against them both.

Either the Cause at first was ill,  
 Or being good it was so still ;  
                   And thence they will infer,  
 That either now, or at the first  
 They were deceiv'd, or which is worse,  
                   That we our selves may erre.

But Plague and Famine will come in,  
 For they and we are near of kin,  
                   And cannot go asunder :  
 But while the wicked starve, indeed  
 The Saints have ready at their need  
                   Gods Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,  
 And Gallant Villains if we fail,  
                   When to our fame 'tis told ;  
 It will not be our last of prayse,  
 Sin' a New State we could not raise  
                   To have destroy'd the old,

Then let us stay and fight, and vote  
 Till *London* is not worth a Groat ;  
                   Oh 'tis a patient Beast :  
 When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,  
 And can no longer have the rule,  
                   We'le have the Spoyle at least.

*A Song.*

To the Tune of *The Queens old Souldier.*

TO make *Charles* a great King, and give him no  
Power,  
To Honour him much, and not obey him an Hower ;  
To provide for his Safety, and take away his Tower,  
And to prove all is sweet, be it never so sower.

*The new Order of the Land, & the Lands new Order.*

To secure men their Lives, Liberties and Estates  
By arbitrary Power, as it pleaseth the Fates  
To take away Taxes, by imposing great Rates,  
And to make us a Playster by breaking our Pates.

*The new Order of the Land, & the Lands new Order.*

To sit and consult for ever and a day,  
To counterfeit Treason by a Parliamentary way,  
To quiet the land by a tumultuous sway,  
New Plots to devise, then them to betray.

*The new Order, &c.*

To leave all Votes free by using of Force.  
That one make Petitions for Counties by course,  
To make *Pym* as great as his Mothers great Horse,  
Which *William* left *Agnus*, though his meaning was worse.

*The new Order, &c.*

To encourage good Souldiers by cashiering the Band,  
To hearten brave Spirits by expelling the Land,

To quit *Digby* and *Deering*, whom they can't understand.  
To frame not new Laws, but new Words, if well scan'd.

*The new Order, &c.*

To put by brave Doctors, because th'are not taught,  
To set for Preachers men, very well wrought,  
Who all the day fish, but nothing ere caught ;  
This, Bretheren, were good, if not very naught.

*The new Order, &c.*

To send men their Zealots to Heaven in a string,  
Who else to Confusion Religion will bring,  
Who say the Lords Prayer is a Popish thing,  
Who pray for themselves, but leave out their King.

*The new Order of the Land, and the Lands new Order.*



### *A Song.*

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

**K** Now this my Brethren Heaven is clear,  
And all the clowds are gone,  
The righteous men shall flourish now  
Good dayes are comming on ;  
Come then my Brethren and be glad,  
And eke rejoyce with me,  
Lawn sleeves and Rochets shall go down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

Wee'l break the Windows which the Whore  
Of *Babylon* hath painted,  
And when the Popish Saints are down,  
Then *Burges* shall be Sainted ;  
There's neither Crosse nor Crucifix  
shall stand for men to see,  
*Romes* trash and trumpery shall go down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

What ere the Popish hands have built,  
Our Hammers shall undoe,  
Wee'l break their Pipes, and burn their Copes,  
And pull down *Churches* too ;  
Wee'l exercise within the Groves,  
And teach beneath a Tree,  
Wee'l make a *Pulpit* of a *Cask*,  
*And hey then up go we.*

\* Wee'l down with all the *Versities*,  
Where Learning is profest,  
Because they practice and maintain  
The language of the Beast ;  
Wee'l drive the *Doctors* out of doors,  
And parts what ere they be ;  
Wee'l cry all *Arts* and *Learning* down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

Wee'l down with *Deans* and *Prebends* too,  
And I rejoyce to tell ye  
How that we will eat *Pigs* our fill,  
And *Capon* by the belly ;  
Wee'l burn the *Fathers* Learned Books,  
And make the School-men flee ;  
Wee'l down with all that smells of wit,  
*And hey then up go we.*

If once the *Antichristian* crew  
 Be crush'd and overthrown,  
 Wee'l teach the Nobles how to stoop,  
 And keep the Gentry down ;  
 Good manners have an ill report,  
 And turns to pride we see,  
 Wee'l therefore cry good manners down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

The name of *Lords* shall be abhorr'd,  
 for every man's a Brother,  
 No reason why in *Church* and *State*  
 One man should rule another.  
 But when the Change of Government  
 Shall set our fingers free,  
 Wee'l make the wanton *Sisters* stoop,  
*And hey then up go we.*

What though the *King* and *Parliament*  
 Do not accord together,  
 We have more cause to be content,  
 This is our Sun-shine weather ;  
 For if that reason should take place,  
 And they should once agree,  
 Who would be in a *Round-heads* case?  
*And hey then up go we.*

What should we do then in this case,  
 Let's put it to a venture,  
 If that we hold out seven years space,  
 Wee'l sue out our indenture,  
 A time may come to make us rue,  
 And time may set us free,  
 Except the *Gallows* claim his due,  
*And hey then up go we.*



*The Humble Petition of the House of  
Commons.*

**I**F *Charles* thou wilt but be so kind  
To give us leave to take our mind,  
Of all thy store.  
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find  
Th'ast nothing left to give behind,  
Wee'l ask no more.

First, for Religion, it is meet  
We make it go upon new feet,  
'Twas lame before :  
One from *Geneva* would be sweet,  
Let *Warwick* fetch't home with his Fleet,  
Wee'll ask no more.

Let us a Consultation call  
Of Honest men, but Round-heads all,  
God knows wherefore ;  
Allow them but a place to baul  
'Gainst Bishops Courts Canonical,  
Wee'll ask no more.

Let him be hang'd a Surplice wears,  
And Tippet on his shoulders bears,  
Raggs of the Whore ;  
Secure us from our needlesse fears,  
Let — and *Burton* have their ears,  
Wee'll ask no more.







When you no more shall dare hereafter,  
A needlesse thing which gains much laughter,  
Granted before ;  
When *Pym* is sent to *Ireland* slaughter,  
And ne're more hopes to marry my Daughter,  
You'll ask no more.

When you have found a clearer way  
For ordering the Militia,  
Then heard before ;  
When *Atkins* on the Training day,  
Sha'nt dare his Office to bewray,  
Hee'll ask no more.

When naught to me shall be deny'd,  
And you shall all in me confide,  
Good cause therefore !  
When *Denmark* shall for me provide,  
And now Lord *Digby's* on my side,  
Ask me no more.

Last, when I shall make *Hull* my own,  
This one thing more I must set down,  
Forgot before,  
When I have got into the Town,  
I'le make ten more besides that Clown,  
Kneele and implore.





To the five Principal Members of the Honourable House of Commons.

The Humble Petition of the POETS.

**A**fter so many Concurring Petitions  
 From all Ages and Sexes, and all conditions,  
 We come in the Rear to present our Follies  
 To *Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden*, and —  
 And we hope for our labour we shall not be shent,  
 For this comes from *Christendom*, & not from *Kent*;  
 Though set form of *Prayers* be an *Abomination*,  
 Set forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation :  
 Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,  
 So wee from the depth and bottom of our *Bowles*,  
 According unto the blessed form taught us,  
 We thank you first for the *Ills* you have brought us,  
 For the *Good* we receive we thank him that gave it,  
 And you for the Confidence only to crave it.  
 Next in course, we Complain of the great *violation*  
 Of *Privilege* (like the rest of our Nation)  
 But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken  
 Which never had being, untill they were broken :  
 But our is a *Privilege* Antient and Native,  
 Hangs not on *Ordinance*, or power *Legislative*.  
 And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please  
 Without fear of a *Prison*, or *Pursuivants* fees.  
 Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,  
 But in that also you have got the Priority.  
 Next, an old Custom, our Fathers did name it  
*Poetical license*, and alwayes did claim it.

By this we have power to change Age in Youth,  
Turn *Non-sence* into Sence, and Falshood to Truth ;  
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty,  
This art some *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye :  
And this our Property you have invaded,  
And a *Privilege* of both Houses have made it :  
But that trust above all in Poets reposed,  
That *Kings* by them only are made and Deposed,  
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing ;  
But when we undertake Depositing or Killing,  
They're *Tyrants* and *Monsters*, and yet then the Poet  
Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it,  
And when we resume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,  
We are Modest, and seek not to make it our own.  
But is't not presumption to write Verses to you,  
Who make the better *Poems* of the two,  
For all those pretty Knacks you do compose,  
Alas, what are they but *Poems* in prose,  
And between those and ours there's no difference,  
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit and the sense :  
But for lying (the most Noble part of a *Poet*)  
You have it abundantly, and your selves know it,  
And though you are Modest, and seem to abhor it,  
'T has done you good service, and thank He'ven for it :  
Although the old Maxime remains still in force,  
That a Sanctified Cause, must have a Sanctified Course :  
If poverty be a part of our Trade,  
So far the whole Kingdome *Poets* you have made,  
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,  
You have made *King Charles* in manner a Poet,  
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,  
Already you have had too much of his *Prose*.



*The Parliaments Pedigree.*

NO *Pedigrees* nor *Projects*  
 Of after-times I tell,  
 Nor what strange things the *Parliament*  
 In former times befell,  
 Nor how an *Emperour* got a *King*,  
 Nor how a *King* a *Prince*,  
 But you shall hear what Progenies  
 Have been begotten since.

The *Devil* he a *Monster* got,  
 Which was both strong and stout,  
 This many-headed *Monster*  
 Did strait beget a *Rout* :  
 This *Rout* begat a *Parliament*,  
 As *Charles* he well remembers,  
 The *Parliament* got *Monsters* too,  
 The which begot *Five Members*.

The *Members Five* did then beget  
 Most of the House of *Peers*,  
 The *Peers* mis-understandings got  
 All *Jealousies* and *Fears* ;  
 The *Jealousies* got *Horse* and *Men*,  
 Lest *Warrs* should have abounded,  
 And I dare say this *Horse* got *Pym*,  
 And he begot a *Round-head*.

The *Round-head* got a *Citizen*,  
 That great *Tax-bearing Mule*,  
 The *Mule* begot a *Parliament Asse*,  
 And he begot a *Fool* :

Some say the *Fool* got *Warwick*,  
 And *Rich* gave him his whole Land,  
 In zeal Lord *Rich* got God knows who,  
 And God knows who got *H*——

This *H*—— *Surplices* got down,  
 And those Church Rites that were,  
 He hath Petitions enough each day,  
 No need of the *Lords* Prayer :  
 But it's no wonder that's cry'd down,  
 And that indeed the rather,  
 'Cause *Pym* and he two Bastards are,  
 And dare not say, *Our Father*.

Now since this is the chiefest thing,  
 Hath got this great division,  
 Which *London* for to reconcile,  
 Hath got this great Munition :  
 The City hath now been refin'd,  
 From all her Drosse and Pelf,  
 They're now about for to new mold,  
 And Coyn the *Common-wealth*.



*To those who desire no Peace.*

**S**Hould all those various Gales, whose titles are  
 Enrol'd within the Pilots Register,  
 Break from their drowsie Dens, where they have layn  
 Bound up in slumbers, and invade the Main,  
 They could not raise a storm like that which they  
 Raise in the *Common-wealth*, who would betray

Our Peace to Civil War, in which the State  
Must bleed it self to death, and have the fate,  
After its stock of life is spent, to lye  
Buried i'th Rubbish of an Anarchy.  
Should Ravens, Bats, and the shrill Owl conspire  
To twist their Notes into a General Quire.  
And chuse the Mandrake for the Chaunter, they  
Could not shrill forth such an ill-boding lay,  
Or strains so Jarring, as do those whose throats  
Warble the clamorous and untunefull Notes  
Of Blood and Death, some whirle-wind, Sirs, has ta'en  
Its Lodging up in the Fanatick brain  
Of these bold sons of tumult, I dare say  
They moulded were of some distemper'd Clay,  
Which from its Centre was by Earth-quake torn,  
A Tempest shook the world when they were born;  
Sure from its Sphere the Element of Fire  
Is dropt, and does their bosomes now inspire,  
The flame lockt up in bold *Ravillacks* urne,  
Is snatcht from thence, and in their hearts does burn.  
Night, open thy black wombe, and let out all  
Thy dreadfull furies, yet these furies shall  
Not chill my heart with any fear, since day  
Has furies shewn, blacker by far than they.  
Let *Vaux* now sleep untill the day of Doom,  
Open his eyes, forgotten in his Tomb,  
Let none revile his dust, his Name shall be  
Extirpated from every History,  
To yield a room for others, for 'tis fit  
Their Names in place of his should now be writ,  
Who think that no Religion can be good,  
Unlesse't be writ in Characters of Blood,  
No marvail if the Rubrick then must be  
Blotted from out the Sacred Liturgie,

And those red Letters now no more be known,  
They'le have no other Rubrick but their own.  
But shall they thus impetuously roule on,  
And meet not any Malediction?  
Yes sure, may sleep, that milde and gentle balme,  
Which all unkind distempers does becalme,  
Be unto them a torture, may their Dreams  
Be all of Murders, Rapes, and such like Theams;  
And when they're spent, may Wolves approach and howle,  
To break their slumbers; may the Bat and Owle,  
Before their Gates, to usher in the dayes  
Unwellcome light, stretch out their direfull layes;  
'Mongst their disordered humors, may there be  
A deadly Feud, and fatal mutiny;  
May sudden flames their houses melt away,  
And Feavers burn their houses too of Clay;  
May all their faculties and sences be  
Astonisht by some drousie Lethargie,  
That there may be allow'd them only sence  
Enough to feel the pangs of Conscience,  
Griping their souls, that they who thought it sin  
To have peace without, may have no peace within.



*The French Report.*

**M**E have of late been in *England*  
Vere me have seen much sport,  
De raising of de Parliament,  
Have quite pull'd down de Court,

De King and Queen dey sepe<sup>r</sup>ate,  
 And rule in Ignorance,  
 Pray judge ye Gentlemen, if dis  
*Be a la mode de France.*

A vise man dere is like a Ship  
 Dat strikes upon de shelves,  
 Dey Prison all, Behead and Whip  
 All viser den demselves,  
 Dey send out men to fetch deyr King,  
 Who may come home perchance,  
 Oh fye, fye, fye, it is be Gar  
*Not a la mode de France.*

Dey raise deyr Valiant Prentices,  
 To guard deyr Cause with Clubs,  
 Dey root deyr Bishops out of doors,  
 And Presh demselves in Tubs,  
 De Cobler and de Tinker too,  
 Dey will in time advance,  
 Pox take dem all, it is (*Mort Dieu*)  
*Not a la mode de France.*

Instead of bowing to deyr King,  
 Dey vex him with Epistles,  
 Dey furnish all deyr Souldiers out  
 With Bodkins, Spoons, and Whistles,  
 Dey bring deyr Gold and Silver in,  
 De Brownists to advance,  
 But if dey be cheat of it all,  
*'Tiz a la mode de France.*

But if when all deyr wealth is gone,  
 Dey turn unto deyr King,

Dey will make all amends again,  
Den merrily we will sing,  
*VIVE LE ROY, VIVE LE ROY,*  
Vee'le Sing, Carouse and Dance,  
De English men have done fort Bon,  
*And a la mode de France.*



*A Loyal Subjects Oath.*

**T**His is my Oath, for ever to despise,  
With heart and soul and all my Faculties  
The Kings proud foes, and with my life subdue  
All that to his Sacred Majesty are not true,  
To execute his Precepts with my Blood,  
So far as Conscience dictates it is good ;  
To make my body a Bullwark 'gainst his foes,  
And to maintain his red and whitest Rose,  
Venture Life and Living, Sword and Muse,  
Still to uphold the Glorious Flower-de-luce :  
To be the same to Prince, and Duke of *York,*  
Or for a cursed Jew that eats no Pork,  
Let me be Cursed, and receive the Curse  
Hangs over *Pym,* and *Hotham,* and a worse  
I cannot wish, he that denyes this Oath,  
Let these, and my Curse, light upon them both.





*Short and Sweet.*

Wise men suffer, good men grieve,  
 Knaves devise, and Fools believe,  
 Help, O Lord, send ayd unto us,  
 Else Knaves and Fools will quite undoe us.



*To the City of London.*

TEll me Cittz, what ye lack,  
 That the Knaves of the Pack,  
 Ye do not see forth comming,  
 Love ye Treason so well,  
 That ye neither buy nor sell,  
 But keep a noise with your Drumming.

What is't that you guard,  
 With your double watch and ward,  
 Your own wares, or your wifes things,  
 If down come the Blades,  
 Then down go the Trades,  
 They'll not leave a dead or a live thing.

What doth your profit say,  
 When shall we see the day,  
 That money shall be paid in,  
 Great *Strafford* he is dead,  
 Ye have cut off his head,  
 And the Bishops all are laid in.

And yet you grow poor,  
 As any Common whore,  
     That hath been long a fading ;  
 There's no man will buy,  
 Ye may leave to swear and lie,  
     As ye use to do in your trading.

There's something Behind  
 That lies in the winde  
     And brings you thus to nothing,  
 What doth then remain ?  
 O the Parliament must raign,  
     And you'll have *A King and no King.*

But though their power can  
 From a VVoman turn a Man,  
     If they please so to declare him ;  
 Yet let them take heed,  
 The King is King indeed,  
     And the Souldiers cannot spare him.

Is't nothing ye think  
 24. in a *Link*  
     Kings that make his succession :  
 Besides for our Good,  
 Three Princes of the *Brood*,  
     And three Kingdoms in Possession.

And all his Vertues too  
 Should be something to you,  
     If they could ought amend you ;  
 But 'cause Hee's Chaste and Just,  
 You'd have Cruelty and Lust,  
     Another *King Harry* God send you.

But if you mean to thrive,  
 And keep your trades alive,  
     And bring to your City treasure,  
 Give the King his full Rate,  
 As well as to the State,  
     And let Him have *London* measure.



*The Players Petition to the Parliament.*

**H**eroick Sirs, you glorious nine or ten,  
 That can depose the King, and the Kings men.  
 Who by your Sublime Rhetorick agree,  
 That prisons are the Subjects libertie :  
 And though we sent in silver at great rates,  
 You plunder, to secure us our Estates.  
 Your serious subtilty is grown so grave,  
 We dare not tell you how much power you have,  
 At least you dare not hear us ; how you frown  
 If we but say, King *Pym* wears *Charles* his Crown,  
 Such a word's *Treason*, and you dare not hear it,  
*Treason* to speak it, and yet not to wear it.  
 O wise mysterious Synod, what shall we  
 Do for such men as you e're forty three  
 Be half expir'd, and an unlucky season  
 Shall set a period to *Triennial Treason*,  
 When the fields pitcht, and some, for all their skill,  
 Shall fight a Bloody Battel on *Tower-Hill* ;  
 Where Master *Pym*, your wise judicious Schollar,  
 Ascends his Throne, and takes his Crown in Coller ;  
 When *Canterbury* coming forth shall wonder  
 You have so long secur'd him from the Thunder

Oft King-hunting Prentices, and the Mayor  
Shall jussel zealous *Isaack* from his Chair.  
Fore-seeing *Brookes*, thou drewst a happy lot,  
'Twas a wise Bolt, although 'twas quickly shot ;  
But whilst you live, our loude Petition craves,  
That we the true Subjects, and the true Slaves,  
May in our Comick mirth and Tragick rage,  
Set up the Theatre, and shew the Stage,  
The shop of truth and fancy, and we Vow  
Not to Act any thing you disallow :  
We will not dare at your strange Votes to Jear,  
Nor personate King *Pym* with his State-fear ;  
Aspiring *Cataline* shall be forgot,  
Bloody *Sejanus*, or who e're would Plot  
Confusion to a State ; the Warrs betwixt  
The Parliament, and just *Henry* the sixt,  
Shall have no thought or mention, cause their power,  
Not only plac'd, but left him in the *Tower* ;  
Nor yet the Grave advice of Learned *Pym*,  
Make a Malignant, and then Plunder him.  
All these and such like actions as may mar  
Your soaring Plots, and shew you what you are,  
We will omit, lest that your mention shake 'um,  
Why should the men be wiser then you make 'um.  
Methinks there should not such a difference be  
'Twixt our profession and your quality,  
You meet, plot, talk, consult, with minds immense,  
The like with us, but only we speak sense  
Inferiour unto you ; we can tell how  
To depose Kings, there we are more then you,  
Although not more than what you would ; then we  
Likewise in our vast Privilege agree,  
Only yours are the longer ; and controules,  
Not only Lives and Fortunes, but mens Souls ;

For you declare by *Ænigmatick* sense,  
A Privilege over mens Conscience,  
As if the *Trinity* would not consent  
To save a Soul without the Parliament.  
Wee make the People laugh at some vain shew,  
And as they laugh at us, they doe at you ;  
But then i'th Contrary we disagree,  
For you can make them cry faster then wee :  
Your *Tragedies* more really are exprest,  
You murder men in *Earnest*, wee in *Jest*.  
There we come short : But if you follow't thus,  
Some wise men fear you will come short of us.  
Now humbly, as we did begin, Wee pray,  
Dear *School-masters*, you'd give us leave to play  
Quickly before the King come, for we wou'd  
Be glad to say y'ave done a little good  
Since you have sate, your Play is almost done,  
As well as ours, would it had ne'er begun ;  
For we shall see, e'er the last Act be spent,  
*Enter* the King, *Exeunt* the Parliament.  
And hey then up go we, who by the frown  
Of guilty Consciencs have been kept down :  
So may you still remain, and sit and Vote,  
And through your own beam see your brothers mote,  
Until a legal trial do shew how  
You us'd the King, and hey then up goe you :  
So pray your humble *Slaves* with all their powers,  
That they may have their due, and you have yours.





*A Madrigall on Justice, alluding to the*

PARLIAMENT :

Justice is here made up of Might,  
 With two left hands, but ne're a right,  
 And men that are well-sighted, find  
 This Justice sits with both eyes blind :  
 Yet though the Matron cannot see,  
 She holds that edg'd Sword, *Cruelty*,  
 Which that it may not rust, she whets  
 In cutting off the Islands *Teats*,  
 Who long since did *Anathemize*  
*Englands* too too much seeing eyes,  
 Because they have been found to be  
 Guilty of *Wit* and *Piety* :

All this and more they rudely vent,  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

All former Laws fall head-long down,  
 And are themselves now lawless grown ;  
 Equity hath been lately try'd,  
 And Right it self been rectifi'd ;  
 The rules that shew a Christian how  
 To live, must all be ruled now ;  
 The lesson here to learn, is brought,  
 And *Ethicks* better manners taught ;  
 Religion, and the Churches wealth,  
 Of late deprived of their health,  
 Were brought to th' House, that they might be  
 Cured of their Integrity ;

We found a seam for this great rent,  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

Most men do now the Buttocks lick  
 Of their great body Politick ;  
 For not the head, but breech, is it  
 By which the Kingdom now doth sit ;  
 The world is chang'd, and we have Choyces,  
 Not by most Reasons, but most Voyces,  
 The Lion's trod on by the Mouse,  
 The lower is the upper House :  
 As once from Chaos order came,  
 So do their orders Chaos frame,  
 And smoothly work the Lands delusion,  
 By a Methodical Confusion ;  
 These are the things that lately went  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

They would not have the kingdom fall  
 By an Ignoble Funeral ;  
 But piously prefer the Nation  
 To a renowned Decollation,  
 The feet, and lower parts, 'tis sed,  
 Would trample on, and off the head,  
 What ere they say, this is the thing,  
 They love the *Charles*, but hate the *King* ;  
 To make an even Grove, one stroke  
 Should lift the *Shrub* unto the *Oake* ;  
 Anew-found musick they would make,  
 A *Gamut*, but no *Ela* take.

This is the pious good intent  
 Of Privilege of Parliament.

In all humilitie they crave  
 Their Sovereign, to be their *Slave* ;  
 Desiring him, that he would be  
 Betray'd to them most loyally :

For, it were *Meeknesse* sure in him  
 To be a *Vice-Roy* unto *Pym*;  
 And if he would a while lay down  
 His Scepter, Majestie, and Crown,  
 He should be made for time to come  
 The greatest Prince in Christendom.

*Charles* at this time not having need,  
 Thank'd them as much as if he did.

This is the happy wish'd event  
 Of Privilege of Parliament.

*Pym*, that ador'd *Publicola*,  
 Who play'd the base——  
 Who got a Lust to sacrifice  
 The *Heroë* to the Peoples Eyes,  
 Whose back-from-Hell-fetch'd-knaverie  
 By some is nick-nam'd policie,  
 Would be a *Lyon* with a pox,  
 When at the best hee's but a *Fox*;  
 And just like him that set on fire  
 The hallowed *Ephesian* Spire,  
 Hath purchas'd to be largely known,  
 In that he is an Addage grown :  
 All this to honest *John* is lent,  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

The Valiant House was not afeard,  
 To pull our *Aaron* by the Beard ;  
 To hide dark deeds from *Gazers* sights,  
 Strove to blow out the Churches Lights,  
 That squares might run round as their head,  
 They long to have the *Rochet* sped :  
 They Vote down Universities,  
 Lest men from thence become too wise,

And their benighted deeds display,  
 Whose works of darknesse hate the day;  
 Hence they prefer in every Town,  
 The Petticoat before the Gown;  
     These blessings to the Land are sent  
     By Privilege of Parliament.

They put forth Orders, Declarations,  
 Unacted Laws, and Protestations,  
 Of which all can be said, is this,  
 The whole is one Parenthesis,  
 Because the sence (without all doubt)  
 Were ne're the lesse, were all left out.  
 Petitions none must be presented,  
 But what are by themselves invented,  
 Else they not heal, but Cicatrize,  
 And from the cure a Scar doth rise,  
 Though Holy Cut, the fault commit,  
 Yet Long-tail must be paid for it;  
     Unto this wound was laid a Tent,  
     By Privilege of Parliament.

They paid the *Scottish* debt, and thus,  
 To be more honest, they rob'd us;  
 They feed the poor, with what think ye,  
 Why sure with large Calamity,  
 And once a month they think it fitting  
 To fast from sin, because from sitting,  
 They would have winde and storms supprest,  
 To drive the Hallcyon from her Nest;  
*Charles* is a Picture, they make bold  
 To use the Scepter he should hold:  
 They'd pull down one, but give as good  
 A Golden Crown, made up of Wood,

And thus is Justice justly rent,  
By Privilege of Parliament.



*The Call.*

*Hoe Yes,*

**I**F there be any Traytor, Viper, or Wigeon,  
That will fight against God for the true Religion,  
That to maintain the Parliaments Votes,  
Of all true Subjects will cut the throats,  
That for the King and his Countries good,  
Will consume all the Land with Fire and Blood.

*I say,*

If any such Traytor, Viper, Mutineer, be born,  
Let him repair to the Lord with the double gilt Horn.



*Englands Woe.*

**I** Mean to speak of *Englands* sad fate,  
To help in mean time the King, and his Mate,  
That's ruled by an Antipodian State,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But had these seditious times been when  
We had the life of wise Poet *Ben*,  
Parsons had never been Parliament men,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Had Statesmen read the Bible throughout,  
 And not gone by the Bible so round about,  
 They would have ruled themselves without doubt,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But Puritans now bear all the sway,  
 They'll have no Bishops as most men say,  
 But God send them better another day,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Zealous P—— has threatned a great downfall,  
 To cut off long locks that is bushy and small,  
 But I hope he will not take ears and all,  
*Which no body can deny.*

P—— *Burton*, sayes women that's lewd and loose,  
 Shall wear no stallion locks for a bush,  
 They'll only have private boyes for their use,  
*Which no body can deny.*

They'll not allow what pride it brings,  
 Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,  
 They'll convert all ribbands to Bible strings,  
*Which no body can deny.*

God blesse our King and Parliament,  
 And send he may make such K—— repent,  
 That breed our Land such discontent,  
*Which no body can deny.*

And blesse our Queen and Prince also,  
 And all true Subjects both high and low,  
 The Brownings can pray for themselves you know,  
*Which no body can deny.*



*Upon Ambition.*

*Occasioned by the Accusation of the Earl of  
STRAFFORD, in the year 1640.*

**H**ow uncertain is the State  
Of that greatnesse we adore,  
When Ambitiously we sore,  
And have ta'en the glorious height,  
'Tis but Ruine gilded o're,  
To enslave us to our fate,  
Whose false Delight is easier got, then kept,  
Content ne'er on its gaudy Pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,  
With such superstitious care,  
To build Fabricks in the Ayr?  
Or seek safety in that sky,  
Where no Stars but Meteors are,  
That portend a ruine nigh?  
And having reacht the object of our ayme,  
We find it but a *Pyramid* of flame.



*The Argument.*

**W**hen the unfetter'd Subjects of the Seas,  
The Rivers, found their silver feet at ease,  
No sooner summon'd, but they swiftly went  
To meet the Ocean, at a Parliament :

Did not the petty Fountains say their King,  
 The *Ocean*, was no *Ocean*, but a *Spring*?  
 As now some do the Power of Kings dispute,  
 And think it lesse, 'cause more is added to't.

Pale *Ignorance*, can the excesse of store  
 Make him seem poorer then he was before?  
 The Stars, the Heavens, inferiour Courtiers, may  
 Govern Nights Darknesse, but not rule the Day;  
 Where the Sun Lords it, should they all Combine  
 With *Lucia* in her brightest dresse, to shine,  
 Their light's but faint: Nor can he be subdu'd,  
 Although but one, and they a Multitude.

Say Subjects, are you Stars? be it allow'd,  
 You justly of your numbers may be proud,  
 But to the Sun inferiour; for know this,  
 Your *Light* is borrow'd, not your *Own*, but *His*:  
 And as all streams into the Ocean run,  
 You ought to pay your Contribution;  
 Then do not such Ingratitude oppresse,  
 To make him low, that could have made you lesse.



*The Character of a Roundhead.* 1641.

WHAT Creature's this with his short hairs,  
 His little band and huge long ears,  
 That this new faith hath founded,  
 The Puritans were never such,  
 The Saints themselves, had ne'er so much,  
 Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,  
And count their Calling reprobate,  
Cause by the Pope propounded,  
And saies a zealous Cobler's better,  
Then he that studieth every letter,  
Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth high Treason say,  
As often as his yea and nay,  
And wish the King confounded,  
And dare maintain that Master *Pym*,  
Is fitter for the Crown then him,  
Oh, such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that if he chance to hear,  
A piece of *London's* Common-Prayer,  
Doth think his Conscience wounded.  
And goes five miles to preach and pray,  
And lyes with's Sister by the way,  
Oh, such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy Sister,  
And in an Hay-cock gently kist her,  
Oh ! then his zeal abounded,  
Close underneath a shady willow,  
Her Bible serv'd her for her pillow,  
And there they got a Roundhead.





*A Curtain Lecture.*

The Tune, *Cannot keep her Lips together.*

WILL you please to hear a Song,  
 Through it want both rime and reason,  
 It was pend to do no wrong,  
 But for description at this season,  
 Of he or she what e're they be,  
 That wish Church-orders quite confounded,  
 Yet makes a shew, where e're they go,  
 Of Fervent zeal: I mean a Roundhead.

First hee'l have a smoothing tongue,  
 Next hee'l learn for to dissemble,  
 And when he hears of willfull wrong,  
 He'll sigh and look as he would tremble,  
 The next of all then let him fall,  
 To praise mens hearts in secret bravery,  
 A speaking still against all ill,  
 That is the Cloak to hide their Knavery.

Let Charity be used much,  
 In words at length and not in action,  
 It is the Common use of such,  
 Not to do, but give direction,  
 They'l be loath to swear an Oath,  
 By yea and nay, you may believe them,  
 But for their gains, they will take paines,  
 To cheat and ly, and never grieve them.

The Common-Prayer they like it not,  
 For they are wise and can make better,

And such a Teacher they have got,  
Confutes it all in word and letter ;  
For he can rayle mens hearts to quaile  
With deep damnation for their sinning,  
But to amend they ne're intend,  
And to transgress they're now beginning.

But here is a very worthy man,  
That undertakes more than he is able,  
That in a Tub sometimes will stand,  
In Hey-barn, Sheep-house, or a Stable,  
That all the Rout that comes about  
To hear his Doctrines, *Saints* he calls them,  
They vow and swear they nere did hear  
Such worthy things as he hath told them.

They will not hear of Wedding Rings  
For to be used in their Mariage,  
But say they are Superstitious things,  
And doth Religion much disparage,  
They are but vain, and things prophane,  
Wherefore now no Wit be-speaks them  
So to be ty'd unto the Bride,  
But do it as the *Spirit* moves them.

No *Pater-Noster* nor no *Creed*  
In their Petitions never mention,  
And hold there's nothing good indeed  
But what is done by their pretention,  
Prayers that are old in vain they hold,  
And can with God no favour merit,  
Therefore they will nothing say,  
But as they are moved by the *Spirit*.

The wisest Schools they count but Fools,  
 Which do no more than they have taught them  
 For *Brownists* they can preach and pray  
 With Wits their Fathers never bought them ;  
 Then I perceive that wit they have  
 They gather it by Inspiration,  
 No Books they need to learn to read,  
 If all be true of their relation.

Only the Horn-book I would have  
 Them practice at their beginning,  
 That you the better may perceive  
 The Fruits that comes by fleshly sinning.  
 Neverthelesse I would express  
 All other Books that now are used,  
 Least that the Ghost that leads you most  
 By too much Art to be abused.

Their Hair close to their Heads they crop  
 And yet not only for the fashion,  
 But that the Eare it should not stop  
 From hearing of some rare Relation :  
 Therefore his Eares he will prepare  
 To hearken to an Holy Brother,  
 That in regard he may be heard  
 From one side of the Barne to th' other.

They count their Fathers were but Fools,  
 Which formerly became such Debtors,  
 To spend their Means upon the Schools,  
 To teach their Sons a few fond Letters,  
 The Christ Crosse-row's enough to know,  
 For 'tis the Horn that must exalt 'em,  
 Their Gen'ral Vows his Antler'd Brows  
 Shall gore the Proudest dare assault 'em.

At the last when they must part,  
Male and Female go together  
Joynd in hand, and joyn'd in heart,  
And joyn'd a little for their pleasure.  
First for a Kisse they will agree,  
And what comes next you may conjecture,  
So that the Wicked do not see,  
And so break up the *Roundheads* Lecture.



*A Mad World My Masters.*

**W**E have a King and yet no King,  
For he hath lost his Power,  
For 'gainst his Will his Subjects are  
Imprison'd in the *Tower*.

We had some Laws (but now no Laws)  
By which he held his Crown,  
And we had Estates and Liberties  
But now they're voted down.

We had Religion ; but of late  
That's beaten down with Clubs,  
Whilst that Prophanesse Authoriz'd  
Is belched forth in Tubs.

We were free Subjects born, but now  
We are by force made Slaves,  
By some whom we did count our Friends,  
But in the end prov'd Knaves.

And now to such a grievous height  
Are our Misfortunes grown,  
That our Estates are took away  
By tricks before ne're known.

For there are Agents sent abroad  
Most humbly for to crave  
Our Almes : but if they are deny'd,  
And of us nothing have.

Then by a Vote *ex tempore*  
We are to Prison sent,  
Mark'd with the Name of *Enemy*  
Of *King* and *Parliament*.

And during our Imprisonment,  
Their lawless Bulls do thunder  
A Licence to their Souldiers  
Our Houses for to plunder.

And if their Hounds do chance to smell  
A man whose Fortunes are  
Of some Account, whose Purse is full,  
Which now is somewhat rare.

A *Monster* now *Delinquent* term'd,  
He is declar'd to be,  
And that his Lands as well as Goods  
Sequestred ought to be.

And as if our Prisons were too good,  
He is to *Yarmouth* sent  
By vertue of a Warrant from  
The *King* and *Parliament*.

Thus is our Royal Sovereigns name  
 And eke his Power infus'd,  
 And by the vertue of the same  
 He and all His abus'd.

For by this Means his Castles now  
 Are in the power of those  
 Who treacherously with Might and Maine  
 Do strive him to depose.

Arise therefore brave *British* men,  
 Fight for your King and State,  
 Against those Trayterous men that strive  
 This Realm to Ruinate.

'Tis *Pym*, 'tis *Pym*, and his Colleagues,  
 That did our woe engender,  
 Nought but their Lives can end our Woes,  
 And us in safety render.



*The Riddle.*

S-Hall's have a Game at Put, to pass away the time,  
 X-pect no foul-play ; though I do play the Knave  
 I have a King at hand, yea that I have :  
 C- Cards be ye true, then the Game is mine.  
 R-joyce my Heart, to see thee then repine.  
 A-that's lost, that's Cuckolds luck.  
 T-rey comes like Quater, to pull down the Buck.



*An Answer to a Love-Elegy (written from  
I.P. one of the Five Members, to his  
Delightfull Friend) in Latin.*

**W**Hat *Latin* Sir? why there is no man  
 That e're thought you an *English-Roman*.  
 Your Father Horse could teach you none,  
 Nor was it e're your Mother tongue,  
 Your Education too assures  
 Me, that your *Poem* is not yours :  
 Besides, I thought you did detest  
 The Language of the *Latin Beast*,  
 But now your Impudence I see  
 Did hereby shew its Modesty ;  
 Each syllable would blush you thought,  
 If it had bin plain *English* taught,  
 And that your foul debauched stuff  
 Might do its Errand fast enough,  
 Forsooth your Wisdom thought it meet  
 That Words might run to give 'em feet,  
 Pardon me, Sir, I'm none of those  
 That love *Love-verse*, give me your Prose,  
 I wish each Verse to make delay,  
 Had turn'd lame *Scazon* by the way,  
 I read a Hell in every line  
 Of your Polluted *Fescennine* ;  
 Your Verses stunk ; to keep 'em sweet  
 You should have put Socks on their Feet.  
 And that the Answer which I shall  
 Now write, may be Methodicall,

I'll briefly make ('tis not amiss)  
An *Anacephalæosis*.  
And first I look'd for *Nestor*; when  
Mere *Cupid* trickl'd from your Pen,  
Who was your Father, you make proof  
By your Colt's tooth, though not your hoof,  
She that was great with you, you hold  
Did not lye in, but was with fole'd.  
I wonder one so old, so grave  
Should yet such Youth, such Lightnesse have;  
Of the Five Members you alone  
Shall be esteem'd the Privy One,  
Who (like the *Gnosticks*) preach your *Text*,  
Increase and Multiply, and next  
Convincing Doctrines you deduce,  
Put out the Lights, and make Use.  
You say I am a Maid exceeding  
Apt to be taught by you good breeding.  
But where there's breeding, it is said  
There's none, unlesse a broken Maid  
Turn Papist, (*Stallion*) they'll dispence  
With Whoredom, by an Indulgence,  
Turn Fryer, that thou mayst be free  
At once with a whole Nunnery,  
There 'twill be vertue to ride on  
The Purple Whore of *Babylon*  
Thou mayst as soon turn *Turk*, as *King*,  
And that, O that's the tempting thing  
That thou mayst glut thy Appetite  
With a *Seraglio* of Delight.  
I am no *Proserpine*, that thus  
I should desire an *Incubus*:  
But you must vote (if Me you'll win)  
No Fornication to be Sin,

You say the House takes it not well  
The *King* 'gainst *Rebells* should Rebel ;  
And that's the reason why you stand  
To be Dictator of the Land,  
Which mov'd me to a mighty toyle  
Of getting Vardygreaase and Oyle.  
'Cause such Itch-Med'cine is a thing  
That's fittest to anoint you *King*.  
You say you'd undertake and do  
Wonders, would I undergo you,  
For my sake you would Cobler play,  
Your *Trade* should be to underlay,  
For Me you'd your chiefest blood,  
Pray spend it on the Sisterhood,  
You wish to dye in those great Fights  
Of *Venus*, where each Wound delights,  
And should I once to Heaven take wing,  
You'd follow me, though in a string ;  
Thank you (good Sir) it is our Will  
You your last Promise doe fulfill ;  
There's nothing spoke that pleaseth us  
Like your (*In funes Cedulus*)  
Next come those idle Twittle-twats,  
Which calls me many God-knows-whats,  
As hallowed, beautifull, and faire,  
Supple and kind, and *Debonaire*.  
You talk of Women that did woove,  
When I am mad I'll do so too ;  
Then that my Father may not spye  
The coupling of you and I,  
He shall be guiltlessly detected,  
As a true Subject ill-affected,  
And so the Protestant shall lye  
In Gaol for fear of Popery.

(From hence it is that every *Town*,  
 Almost is now a Prison grown,  
 Where Loyalty lies fetter'd, then  
 You do commit more sins than men.)  
 But those your words I have thought best,  
 Should punisht be by being prest ;  
 And that this Body Politick  
 May then be well, which now lyes sick,  
 May the Greek  $\Pi$ , that fatal *Tree*,  
 This Spring bear all such fruit as thee.



*The Penitent Traytor.*

*The Humble Petition of a Devonshire  
 Gentleman who was Condemned for  
 T R E A S O N, and Executed  
 for the same, An. 1641.*

To the Tune of *Fortune my Foe, &c.*

**A**Ttend good Christian People to my story,  
 A sadder yet was never brought before ye ;  
 Let each man learn here like a good Disciple,  
 To shun foul *Treason*, and the tree that's *Triple*.

Long time I liv'd in the Country next to *Cornwall*,  
 And there my Children were both breed and born all,  
 Great was my Credit, as my debts did speak,  
 And now I'll shew you why my neck must break.

There being a Parliament called in *September*,  
I was for th' Commons an Elected Member,  
And though there were besides above four hundred  
Yet I at last was for the fifth part numbred.

For first, I join'd with some whom Piety  
Made Knaves, lest such their Fathers prov'd should be ;  
Their Ignorance to sin enjoyned many Voyces,  
Which made bad Speeches, but Excellent Noyses.

Thus by my faction the whole House was sway'd,  
All sorts of people flockt to me for Ayd ;  
They brought me Gold and Plate in Huggar Muggar,  
Besides eight hundred pounds worth in Loaf-sugar.

What e're the Grievance was, I did advise  
They should Petitions bring in Humble wise,  
Which I did frame my self, & thus did rook them,  
They paid me when I gave, and when I took them.

By this I gained, and by the Money-Pole,  
Which paid my debts, 10000 pounds i'th whole,  
My Childrens Portions too, with much content,  
I paid in State, by Acts of Parliament.

Thus though I make all Jesuits fly the Nation,  
My self did practise much Equivocation,  
For oft I Vow'd the Common-wealth as honey  
Was sweet to me, but I, by wealth, meant money.

And lest my Plots should after be unmasked,  
And how I got such Wealth, chance to be asked,  
I cast about how I might gain such power,  
As might from Justice safely me secure.

Then first I labour'd to divest the Crown,  
Of all Prerogatives, and bring them down ;  
First, to both Houses, and then but one should have them,  
Five Members next, and last my self would have them.

Because I knew the State would not admit  
Such Change, unlesse the Church did Usher it,  
I left the old Religion for advantage,  
Endeavouring to set up one that did want age.

Which when all Learned Levites did withstand,  
(Regarding Gods Word more then my command)  
I such suppress, and made (for which I woe am)  
The basest people Priests, like *Jeroboam*.

Then each profession sent out *Teachers*, moe  
Then both the Universities could doe  
To handle a *Text* the Good-wifes fingers itches,  
And vows she'll preach with her Husband for the Breeches.

By this new Godly lives but few did gain,  
The rest for want of *Trading* they complain,  
I told them 'twas a wicked Counsellors plot,  
And till his head went off, their wares would not.

This Great mans guilt was Loyalty and Wisdom,  
Which made me cast about to work his Doom ;  
The Sword of Justice was too short to do't,  
2000. Clubs must therefore jerk it out.

He being knockt down, some others for the like Crime,  
Were sent to Prison, some escapt in time ;

Thus Law and Equity in awe was kept here,  
And Clubs were taught how to controul the Scepter.

We took from th' Upper-house Votes five times five,  
And they aym'd all the Kings Voyce Negative,  
Which to effect we did an Order make,  
That what he would not give, our selves would take.

Then we petition'd that the Forts and Towers,  
And all the strength o'th Kingdom might be ours,  
And thus to save the King from Sovereign dangers,  
As if he had better Fall by Us than Strangers.

Whilst he denyes they Legally are stay'd on  
By a Law call'd, *Resolv'd upon the Question*,  
But still his Chief strength was above our Arts,  
His righteous Cause, and loyal Subjects hearts.

Being Arm'd with these, by Heaven he was so blest,  
That he soon honour Got, and all the rest,  
Bringing all such to punishment endignant,  
As were of my Contrived part, Malignant.

O *Tyburn, Tyburn*; O thou sad Tryangle,  
A vyler weight on thee ne'er yet did dangle,  
See here I am at last with Hemp to mew,  
To give thee what was long before thy due.

How could I bless thee, could'st thee take away  
My Life and Infamy both in one day;  
But this in Ballads will survive I know,  
Sung to that preaching tune, *Fortune my Foe*.

Then mark good Christian people, and take heed,  
 Use not religion for an upper weed,  
 Serve God sincerely, touch not his *Anointed*,  
 And then your *Necks* shall never be disjoynted.

God bless the King, the Queen, and all the Children,  
 (And pardon me all, that I 'gainst them have ill done)  
 May one of that brave Race still rule this Nation,  
 And now I pray you sing the Lamentation.



*The Passage of a Coach travelling to  
 Dover.*

**T**HE Foundation of the Coach, a *Guilty Conscience*.

The Axeltree, *Ambition* and *Cruelty*.

The Wheels, *Fears* and *Jealousies*.

The Reins, *too much liberty* and *licentiousness*.

The six Horses, *five Members* and *K*—

The Postillion, *Captain Venne*.

The Coach-man, *Isaac Pennington* Lord Maior :

In the two ends of the Coach sate *Essex* and *B*—

In the Boots sate *Say* and *Seal*, and the *silent Speaker*.

On the hinder part of the Coach was written this *Anagram*.

*Robert Devereux* General  
 Never duller Oxe greater Rebel.

After the Coach follows *Straffords* Ghost, crying, *Drive on, Drive on, Revenge, revenge.*

As this Coach was going through the City it was staid by a *Court of Guard*, who cry'd, *Where's our Mony? where's our Plate?* the Speaker said, *Ye have the Publick Faith for't.* Whereupon they passed towards *Gravesend*, where they stayed at the Sign of the *Hope*, where was the *Earl of Warwick*, with a Ship called the *Carry-Knave*.



*The Five Members Thanks to the  
Parliament.*

Now tend your ear a while  
To a tale that I shall tell,  
Of a lusty lively Parliament  
That goes on passing well.

Which makes our Gracious King, a King  
Of so much worth and glory,  
His like is not to be seen or found  
In any Humane Story.

Win him who knows how many Crowns,  
With losse of two or three,  
Within so short a time as this,  
As Wonder is to see,

The Country eas'd, the Cit ypleas'd,  
O what a World is this!  
When upright men did stand at Helme,  
How can we fail or miss?

And yet beyond all this, the King  
Doth in abundance swim,  
Gramercy *K*—— and *Stroud* say I,  
*Haslerigge, H*—— *Hampden, Pym.*

And when as our Church Government  
Was fallen into Disorder,  
As that upon Grosse Popery  
It seemed somewhat to border.

So sweet a Course is taken now,  
As no man need to fear,  
For Bishops learn'd, and Learned men  
Have nothing to do here :

But every one shall teach and preach,  
As best becomes his Sense :  
And so we'll banish Popery,  
And send it packing hence.

Now for that happy Church and State,  
Drest up so fine and trym :  
Gramercy *K*—— and *Stroud*, I say  
*Haslerigge, H*—— *Hampden, Pym.*

For Arbitrary Government,  
Star-Chamber, High Commission,  
They will themselves do all that work,  
By their good Kings permission.

If any else presume to do't,  
They weigh it not a straw,  
They'll club such sawcy Fellows down,  
As Beasts debarr'd of Law.

And let no Wights henceforth presume  
To hold it Rime or Reason,  
That Judges shall determine what  
Is Felony or Treason :

But what the Worthies say is so,  
Is Treason to award,  
Albeit in Councel only spoke,  
And at the Councel-board:

I'le shew you yet another thing,  
Which you'll rejoyce to see,  
The Prince and People know that these  
Men cannot Traytors be.

Then let our King, our Church and State  
Acknowledge as is due,  
The Benefits they do receive  
From this right Divine crue.

And for this Sea of Liberty,  
Wherein we yet do swim,  
Gramercy *K*—— and *Stroud* say I,  
*Haslerigge, H*—— *Hampden, Pym*.





*Upon the Parliament Fart.*

**D**Own came Grave Antient Sir *John Crooke*,  
 And read his Message in a Book ;  
 Very well quoth *Will. Norris*, it is so,  
 But Mr. *Pym's* Tayle cry'd No.  
 Fye quoth Alderman *Atkins* I like not this passage,  
 To have a Fart inter voluntary in the midst of a Message.  
 Then upstarts one fuller of Devotion  
 Than Eloquence, and said, a very ill Motion.  
 Not so neither quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,  
 The Motion was good but for the stinking.  
 Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick  
 To fart in the face of the Body Politick.  
 Sir *Jerome* in Folio swore by the Mass  
 This Fart was enough to have blown a Glass :  
 Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the Lesser, such an Abuse  
 Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.  
 Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Justice i'th *Quorum*  
 Would tak't in snuff to have a Fart let before him.  
 If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Holecraft*,  
 I would make of this Fart a Bolt or a Shaft.  
 Then qd. Sir *John Moor* to his great Commendation  
 I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion.  
 Now surely sayes he, For as much as, How be it,  
 This Fart to the Serjeant we must commit.  
 No quoth the Serjeant, low bending his Knees,  
 Farts oft will break Prisons, but never pay Fees.  
 Besides, this Motion with small reason stands,  
 To charge me with that I can't keep in my hands.  
 Quoth Sir *Walter Cope* 'twas so readily let,  
 I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet.

Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)  
 Speak no more of it, but bury it with Sweetwood ;  
 Grave Senate, quoth *Duncombe*, upon my salvation,  
 This Fart stands in need of some great Reformation ;  
 Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my Conscience  
 It would be reformed with a little Frankencense ;  
 Quoth Sir *Roger Aston* it would much mend the matter,  
 If this Fart were shaven, and washt in Rosewater ;  
*Per verbum Principis*, how dare I tell it,  
 A Fart by hear-say, and not see it, nor smell it.  
 I am glad qd. *Sam: Lewknor* we have found a thing,  
 That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King,  
 Such a Fart as this was never seen  
 Quoth the learned Council of the Queen,  
 Yes quoth Sir *Hugh Breston* the like hath been  
 Let in a dance before the Queen,  
 Then said Mr. *Peak* I have a President in store  
 His Father Farted last Sessions before,  
 A Bill must be drawn then, quoth Sir *John Bennet*,  
 Or a selected Committee quickly to pen it,  
 Why quoth Dr. *Crompton* no man can draw  
 This Fart within Compass of the Civil-Law,  
 Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law't may be done  
 Being a Fart intayld from Father to Sonne,  
 In truth quoth Mr. *Brooke*, this Speech was no lye  
 This Fart was one of your *Post-Nati*  
 Quoth Sir *William Paddy* a dare-assuram  
 Though twere *contra modestum* : 'tis not *præter naturam*,  
 Besides by the Aphorismes of my art  
 Had he not been deliver'd, h'ad been sick of a Fart ;  
 Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the City,  
 To have smother'd that Fart had been great pity,

It is much certain quoth Sir *Humphrey Bentwizle*,  
 That a Round-fart is better than a stinking fiezle :  
 Have patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*  
 There's none of us all but may be mistaken ;  
 Why right, quoth the great Attorney I confesse,  
 The Eccho of ones — is remedillesse.



*The old Earle of Bristol's Verses on an  
 Accommodation.*

**T**He *Parliament* cries *Arme*, the *King* says *No*,  
 The New *Lieutenants* cry *Come on, let's go* ;  
 The *Citizens* and *Roundheads* cries *So, so* ;  
 The *People* all amaz'd cries *Where's the Foe* ;  
 The *Scots* that stand behind the Door cries *Boe*,  
 Peace, Stay awhile and you shall know :  
 The *King* stands still faster than they can go.  
 If that the *King* by force of *Armes* prevail,  
     He is invited to a *Tyranny* ;  
 If that by power of *Parliament* he fail,  
     We heap continual Warre on our *Posterity* :  
 Then that is not for *Accommodation*,  
 Loves neither *God*, nor *Church*, nor *King*, nor *Nation*.





*The Rump's Hypocrisy.*

WE fasted first, then pray'd that War might cease,  
 When Praying would not serve, we paid for Peace,  
 And glad we had it so, and gave God thanks,  
 Which made the *Irish* play the *Scotish* Pranks.  
 Is there no God? let's put it to a Vote,  
 Is there no Church? some Fools say so by rote ;  
 Is there no King, but *Pym*, for to assent  
 What shall be done by Act of Parliament?  
 No God, no Church, no King, then all were well,  
 If they could but Enact there were no Hell.



*The Parliaments Hymnes.*

O Lord preserve the Parliament,  
 And send them long to reign,  
 From three years end to three years end,  
 And so to three again.

Let neither King nor Bishops, Lord,  
 Whilst they shall be alive,  
 Have power to rebuke thy Saints,  
 Nor hurt the Members five.

For they be good and godly men,  
 No sinfull path they tread ;

They now are putting Bishops down,  
And setting up Round-head.

From *Holdsworth*, *Bromrigge*, and old *Shute*,  
Those able learned Scholars,  
Good Lord deliver us with speed,  
And all our zealous Followers.

From *Fielding* and from *Vavasour*,  
Both ill affected men ;  
From *Lunsford* eke deliver us,  
That eateth up Children.

Thy holy *Burton*, *Bastwick*, —  
Lord keep them in thy Bosome ;  
Eke him that hath kept out the King,  
Worshipfull Sir *John Hotham*.

Put down the King and *Hartford*, Lord,  
And keep them down for aye ;  
Thy chosen *Pym* set up on high,  
And eke the good Lord *Say*.

For *Warwick* wee beseech thee Lord,  
Be thou his strong defence,  
*Holland*, *Brooks*, and *S*— shield,  
And eke his Oxcellence.

For *B*— and *K*— to  
That are both wise and stout,  
Who have rebuk'd the King of late,  
And his ungodly Rout.

Once more we pray for Parliament,  
That they may sit secure,

And may their Consultations,  
From Age to Age endure.

Let all the Godly say *Amen*,  
And let them Praises sing  
To God and to the Parliament,  
And all that hate the King.



*The Round-heads Race.*

I Will not say for the Worlds store,  
The World's now drunk, (for did I)  
The Faction which now reigns would roare,  
But I will swear 'tis giddy.

And all are prone to this same Fit,  
That it their Object make,  
For every thing runs Round in it,  
And no form else will take.

To the Round-Nose Peculiar is  
The Ruby and the Rose ;  
The Round-lip gets away the Kisse,  
And that by Favour goes.

The Round-beard for Talke of State,  
Carry it at the Club ;  
The Round-Robin by a like fate  
Is Victor in the Tubb.

*Hanworths* Round-block speak pollicy,  
The Round-hose Riches draw.

The Round-heads for the Gospell bee  
The Round Copes for the Law.

*Tom* his Round Garbe so rules all o're,  
The pox take him for mee  
That e're lookes for square dealing more,  
And hears an health to thee.



*On the Queens Departure.*

UP, up wronged *Charls* his friends, what can you be  
Thus Mantled In a stupid Lethargie,  
When all the world's in Arms? and can there be  
Armies of Fears abroad and none with thee?  
Breath out your souls in sighs, melt into tears,  
And let your griefs be equal to your fears;  
The Sphæres are all a jarring, and their jarres  
Seems counter-like to Calculate the Starres;  
The Inferior Orbes aspire, and do disdain  
To move at all, unlesse they may attain  
The highest Room, our Occedentall Sunne  
Eclips'd by Starres, forsakes his *Horizon*,  
Bright *Cinthia* too (they say) hath hid her face  
As 'twere Impatient of her *Sol's* disgrace;  
And our fears tell us, that unlesse the Sunne  
Lend us his beams again, the World will run  
Into another Chaos, where will be  
Nought but the cursed Fruits of Anarchie;  
Sedition, Murder, Rapine, and what's worse  
None to Implore for Aid; Oh, hears the Curse,  
But stay ye Starres, what will ye wish to bee?  
More Sunns then one will prove a Prodigie:

To afright the Amazed World, will ye be-night  
 That glorious Lamp, that Fountain of all light,  
 Will none but *Sol's* own Chaire, please your desire?  
 Take heed bold Stars you'le set the world on fire.



Pyms *Anarchy*.

Ask me no more, why there appears  
 A Dayly such troopes of Dragoons?  
 Since it is requisite, you know;  
 They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why th' Gaole confines  
 Our Hierarchy of best divines?  
 Since some in Parliament agree  
 Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

Ask me no more, why from *Blackwall*  
 Great tumults come into *Whitehall*?  
 Since it 's allow'd, by free consent,  
 The Priviledge of Parliament.

Ask me not, why to *London* comes  
 So many Musquets, Pikes and Drums?  
 Although you fear they'll never cease;  
 'Tis to protect the Kingdoms peace.

Ask me no more, why little *Finch*  
 From Parliament began to winch?  
 Since such as dare to hawk at Kings  
 Can easie clip a Finches wings.

Ask me no more, why *Strafford's* dead,  
And why they aim'd so at his head?  
Faith, all the reason I can give,  
'Tis thought he was too wise to live.

Ask me no more, where's all the Plate,  
Brought in at such an easie rate?  
They will it back to th' Owners bring  
In case it fall not to the King.

Ask me not why the House delights  
Not in our two-wise Kentish Knights?  
There Counsell never was thought good,  
Because it was not understood.

Ask me no more, why *Lesley* goes  
To seize all rich men as his foes?  
Whilst Country Farmers sigh and sob,  
Yeomen may beg when Kings do rob.

Ask me no more, by what strange sight  
*Londons* Lord Maior was made a Knight?  
Since there's a strength, not very far,  
Hath as much power to make as mar.

Ask me no more, why in this Age  
I sing so sharp without a Cage?  
My answer is, I need not fear  
Since *England* doth the burden bear.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,  
Why *Hotham* kept the Town of *Hull*?  
This answer I in brief do sing,  
All things were thus when *Pym* was *K*—



To my Lord B. of S. he being at York.

My Lord,

WHEN you were last at *London* 'twas our fear,  
Lest the same *Rout* which threatned *Majesty*,  
Might strike at *you*: 'tis but the same *Career*  
To aime at *Crowns*, and at the *Miter* fly.

For still the *Scepter* and the *Crosier staffe*  
Together *fall*, 'cause they're together *safe*:

Yet while the sence of Tumults deepest grow,  
And presse in *us*, no doubts in *you* arise;  
There still dwelt *calm* and *quiet* in your *Brow*,  
As our *Distractions* were your *Exercise*:

And taught us, all *assaults*, all *Ills* to beare,  
Is not to fly from *Danger*, but from *Fear*.

That *Courage* waits you still, some merely rode  
From Tumults and the Peoples frantick Rage,  
Counting their *safety* by their *far abode*,  
And so grew *safer still* at the next Stage:

But 'tis not space that shelters you, the rest  
Secure themselves by *Miles*, you by your *Breast*.

And now my Lord, since you have *London* left,  
Where Merchants wives *dine* cheap, & as cheap *sup*,  
Where Fools themselves have of their *Plate* bereft,  
And sigh and drink in the *course* Pewter cup.

Where's not a *Silver Spoon* left, not that giv'n than  
When the first *Cockney* was made *Christian*.

No not a *Bodkin*, *Pincase*, all they send  
 Or carry all, what ever they can happe on,  
 Ev'n to the pretty *Pick Tooth*, whose each end  
 Oft purg'd the Relicks of *continual* Capon.

Nothing must stay behind, nothing must tarry,  
 No not the *Ring* by which dear *Joan* took *Harry*.

But now no *City-Villain*, though he were  
 Free of a *Trade* and *Treason*, dares intrude,  
 No sawcy Prentises assault you there,  
 Engag'd by their *Indentures* to be *rude* :

Whom for the *two* first years their Masters use  
 Onely to cry down *Bishops* and cleanse *Shooes*.

There as in silent Orbes you may ride on,  
 And as in *Charles* his *Wain* move without jarres,  
 Your *Coach* will seem your *Constellation*,  
 Not drawn about by *Horses*, but by *Stars*.

Till seated near the *Northern Pole*, wee thence  
 Judge your seat *Sphear*, you its *Intelligence*.



*An Elegie on the Most Reverend Father in  
 God William, Lord Archbishop of  
 CANTERBURY.*

*Attached the 18. of December, 1640.*

*Beheaded the 10. of January, 1644.*

*Most Reverend Martyr,*

**T**Hou, since thy thick Afflictions first begun,  
 Mak'st *Dioclesian's* dayes all *Calme*, and *Sun*,

And when thy Tragick Annals are compil'd,  
 Old Persecution shall be *Pity* styl'd,  
 The *Stake* and *Faggot* shall be Temp'rate names,  
 And *Mercy* wear the Character of *Flames* :  
 Men knew not then *Thrift* in the Martyrs breath,  
 Nor weav'd their Lives into a four years Death,  
 Few antient *Tyrants* do our Stories Taxe,  
 That slew first by *Delayes*, then by the *Axe*,  
 But these (*Tiberius* like) alone do cry,  
 'Tis to be *Reconcil'd* to let *Thee* dy.

Observe we then a while into what *Maze*,  
*Compass*, and *Circle* they contrive *Delayes*,  
 What *Turnes* and wilde *Perplexities* they chuse,  
 Ere they can forge their *Slander*, and *Accuse* :  
 The Sun hath now brought his warm Chariot back,  
 And rode his Progress round the *Zodiack*,  
 When yet no *Crime* appears, when none can tell,  
 Where thy *Guilt* sleeps, nor when 'twill break the shell.  
 Why is His *Shame* defer'd? what's in't that brings  
 Your *Justice* back, spoyles *Vengeance* of her Wings?  
 Hath *Mercy* seiz'd you? will you rage no more?  
 Are *Windes* grown tame? have *Seas* forgot to *roar*?  
 No, a wilde fiercenesse hath your minds possest,  
 Which *time* and *sins* must *cherish* and *digest* :  
 You durst not now let *His* clear Blood be spilt,  
 You were not yet grown up to such a guilt ;  
 You try if *Age*, if *Seaventy years* can Kill :  
 Then y'have your *Ends*, and you are *harmlesse* still,  
 But when this fail'd, you do your Paths enlarge,  
 But would not yet *whole Innocence* discharge ;  
 You'll not be *Devil All*, you fain would prove  
 Good at a *Distance*, within some *Remove*,

“Virtue hath sweets which are good Mens due gaine,  
“Which Vice could not Deserve, yet would Retaine.

This was the Cause, why once it was your Care,  
That *Storms* and *Tempests* in your *Sin* might share,  
You did engage the *Waves*, and strongly stood  
To make the *Water* guilty of his *Blood*.  
Boats are dispatcht in haste, and 'tis his doome,  
Not to his *Charge*, but to his *Shipwrack* come ;  
*Fond men*, your cruel project cannot doe,  
*Tempests* and *storms* must learn to kill from *you* :  
When this comes short, he must *Walke Pilgrimage*,  
No *Coach* nor *Mule*, that may sustein his Age,  
Must trace the *City* (now a *Desert rude*)  
And combate salvage *Beasts* the *Multitude*.  
But when his *Guardian Innocence* can fling,  
Awe round about, and save him by that *King*.  
When the *Just cause* can fright the *Beasts* away,  
And make the *Tyger* tremble at her *prey*.  
When nether *Waves* dare seize him, nor the *Rout* ;  
The storm with Reason, and the storm *without* :  
Lost in their streights when *Plots* have vanquisht bin,  
And *Sin* perplext hath no *Relief*, but *Sin*.  
*Agents* and *Instruments* now on you fall,  
You must be *Judges*, *People*, *Waves*, and *All*.

Yet 'cause the *Rout* will have't perform'd by *you*,  
And long to see *done* what they dare not *Doe*.  
You put the *Crime* to *use*, it swells your *Heape* ;  
Your *Sin's* your *own*, nor are you *Guilty cheap*,  
You *Husband All* ; there's no *Appearance* lost,  
Nor comes he once to th' *Bar* but at your *cost* ;  
A *constant Rate* well *Taxt*, and *Levyed* right,  
And a *Just value* set upon each *sight*.

At last they find the *Dayes* by their own *Purse*,  
 Lesse known from *him* than what they doe *disburse* :  
 But when it now strikes high for him t'*appear*,  
 And *Chapmen* see the *Bargain* is grown *dear* ;  
 They *Muster hands*, and their hot suits enlarge,  
 Not to persue the *Man*, but save the *Charge* ;  
 Then least you loose their *Custom*, (a just fear)  
 Selling your *Sinnes* and others *Blood* too dear.  
 You grant their Suits, the Manner, and the Time ;  
 And he must Dye for what no *Law* calls *Crime*.  
 Th' *Afflicted Martyrs*, when their pains began,  
 Their *Trajan* had, or *Dioclesian*.  
 Their *Tortures* were some *Colours*, and proceed ;  
 Though from no *Guilt*, yet 'cause they *disagreed* :  
 What *league*, what *friendship's* there? They could not joyn,  
 And fix the *Ark* and *Dagon* in one *Shrine*.  
 Faith, combats *Faith* ; and how agree can they,  
 That still go on, but still a several way?  
 Zeal, *Martyrs Zeal*, and *Heat* 'gainst *Heat* conspires.  
 As *Theban Brothers* fight though in their *Fires*.  
 Yet as two diff'rent *Stars* unite their *Beams*,  
 And *Rivers* mingles *Waves* and mix their *Streams* ;  
 And though they challenge each a several *Name*,  
 Conspire because their *moysture* is the *same*.  
 So *Parties* knit, though they be *diverse* known,  
 The *Men* are *many*, but the *Christian*, *one*.  
*Trajan* no *Trajan* was to his own *Heard*,  
 And *Tygers* are not by the *Tygers* fear'd.  
 What strange excesse then? what's that *menstruous Power*  
 When *Flames* do *Flames*, and *Streams* do *Streams* devour?  
 Where the *same Faith* 'gainst the *same Faith* doth knock,  
 And *Sheep* are *Wolves* to *Sheep* of the *same Flock*?

Where *Protestant* the *Protestant* defies,  
 Where *both Assent* yet one for *Dissent* dyes?  
 Let these that doubt this, through his Actions *Wade*,  
 Where some must needs *Convince*, All may *perswade*.

Was he *Apostate*, who your *Champion* stood,  
 Bath'd in his *Inke* before, as now in *Blood*?  
 He that unwinds the *subtle Jesuite*,  
 That Feels the *Serpents Teeth*, and is not *bit*?  
 Unites the *Snake* finds each *Mysterious knot*,  
 And turns the *Poyson* into *Antidot*:  
 Doth *Nicety* with *Nicety* undoe?  
 And makes the *Labyrinth* the *Labyrinth's* clew?  
 That *sleight* by *sleight* subdues, and clearly proves,  
*Truth* hath her *Serpents* too, as well as *Doves*,  
 Now, you that blast his *Innocence*, Survey,  
 And view the *Triumph* of this *Glorious day*;  
 Could you (if that might be) if you should come  
 To seal God's cause with your own *Martyrdom*,  
 (Could all the blood whose Tydes move in their  
 veins,

Which then perhaps were *Blood*, but now in stains)  
 (Yield it that *Force* and *strength*, which it hath took  
 Should we except his *Bloud*) from *this* his *Book*,  
 Your *Flame* or *Axe* would lesse evince to Men,  
 Your *Block* and *Stake* would prop lesse than his *Pen*;

Is he *Apostate*, whom the *Baites* of *Rome*  
 Cannot seduce, though all her *Glories* come?  
 Whom all her specious *Honours* cannot hold,  
 Who hates the snare although the *Hook* be *Gold*?  
 Who *Prostituted Titles* can despise,  
 And from *despised Titles*, *greater Rise*?

Whom *Names* cannot *Amuse*, but seats withall  
The *Protestant* above the *Cardinall* ?

Who *sure* to his own *Soul*, doth scorn to find  
*A Crimson cap* the *Purchase* of his *Minde* ?

“Who *is* not *Great*, may blame his *Fate's* *Offence*,

“Who would not be, is *Great* in's *Conscience*.

Next these His *Sweat* and *Care* how to advance  
The *Church* but to Her *Just Inheritance*,

How to gain back her *Own*, yet *none* *Beguile*,

And make her *Wealth* her *Purchase*, nor her *spoyle* :

Then, shape *Gods* worship to a *joynt consent* ;

'Till when the *seamlesse* *Coat* must still be *Rent* ;

Then, to repair the *Shrines*, as *Breaches* sprung,

Which we should *hear*, could we lend *Pauls* a *Tongue*,

*Speak, Speak great Monument!* while thou yet art *such*,

And Rear him 'bove their *Scandals* and their *Touch* ;

Had he surviv'd thou mightst in *Time* *Declare*,

*Vast things* may *comely* be, and *Greatest* *Fair*.

And though thy *Limbs* *spread high*, and *Bulk* *exceed*,

'Thou'dst prov'd that *Gyants* are no *monstrous* *breed* :

Then 'bove *Extent* thy *Lustre* would *prevaile*,

And 'gainst *Dimension* *Feature* turn the *Scale* ;

But now, like *Pyrrah's* *half adopted* *Birth*.

Where th' *issue* part was *Woman*, Part was *Earth*,

Where *Female* some, and some to *stone* was *Bent*,

And the *one half* was t'others *Monument*,

'Thou must *imperfect* *lye*, and learn to *Groan*,

Now for his *Ruine*, straightway for *thine own* :

But *this* and *Thousand* such *Abortives* are ;

By *Bloody* *Rebels* *Ravisht* from his *care* ;

But yet though some *miscarried* in their *Wombe*,

And *Deeds* *Still-born* have hastned to the *Tombe*,

God (that Rewards him now) forbad his store,  
 Should all lye hid, and he but give ith' *Ore*.  
 Many are *Stamp*, and *shapt*, and do still shine,  
 Approv'd at *Mint*, a firm, and *Perfect Coyne*.  
 Witness that *Mart* of *Books* that yonder stands.  
 Bestow'd by him, though by *another's* Hands :  
 Those *Attick Manuscripts*, so rare a *Piece*,  
 They tell the *Turk*, he hath not conquer'd *Greece*.  
 Next these, a second *beautuous Heap* is thrown,  
 Of *Eastern Authors*, who were *all his own*.  
 Who in so *Various Languages* appear,  
*Babel*, would scarce be their *Interpreter*.

To *These*, we may that *Fair-Built Colledge* bring,  
 Which proves that Learning's no such *Rustick* thing ;  
 Whose *structure* well contriv'd doth not relate  
 To *Antick fineness*, but *strong lasting state* :  
*Beauty* well mixt with *strength*, that it complies  
 Most with the *Gazer's* use, much with his *Eyes*,  
 On *Marble Columns* thus the *Arts* have stood,  
 As wise *Seth's Pillars* sav'd 'em in the *Flood*.  
 But did he leave here *Walls*, and only *Own*  
 A *Glorious Heap*, and make us rich in *Stone*?  
 Then had our *Chan'our* seem'd to fail, and here  
 Much honour due to the *Artificer* :

But *this* our *Prudent Patron* long fore-saw,  
 When he Refin'd *rude Statutes* into *Law* ;  
 Our *Arts* and *Manners* to his *Building* falls,  
 And he erects the *Men*, as well as *Walls* :

“ Thus *Solons Laws* his *Athens* did *Renown*,

“ And turn'd that *throng of Building* to a *Town*.

Yet neither *Law* nor *Statute* can be known  
 So *strickt*, as to *Himself* he made his *own*,

Which in his Actions *Inventory* lyes,  
 Which *Hell* or — can never scandalize :  
 Where every Act his rigid eye surveyes,  
 And *Night* is *Barre* and *Judge* to all his Dayes;  
 Where all his secret Thoughts he doth comprize,  
 And every *Dream* summon'd to an *Assize* ;  
 Where he *Arraigns* each *Circumstance* of care,  
 Which never parts dismiss'd without a *Prayer* :  
 See ! how he *sifts* and *searches* every part,  
 And ransacks all the Closets of his heart ;  
 He puts the hours upon the *Rack* and *Wheel*,  
 And all his *minutes* must *confess* or *feel* ;  
 If they reveal one Act which forth did come.  
 When *Humane frailty* crept into the *Loom*,  
 If one Thread stain, or sully, break, or faint,  
 So that the *Man* does Interrupt the *Saint*,  
 He hunts it to its *Death*, nor quits his feares,  
 Till't be *Embalm'd* in *Prayers*, or *drown'd* in *Teares*.

The *Sun* in all his journeys ne're did see  
 One more *devout*, nor one more *strict* than He.

Since his *Religion* then's *Vnumixt* and *Fine*,  
 And *Works* do warrant Faith, as Ore the Mine :  
 What can his *Crime* be then? Now you must lay  
 The *Kingdoms Laws* subverted in his way :  
 See ! no such *Crime* doth o're his *Conscience* grow,  
 (Without which *Witness* ne're can make it so ;)  
 A clear Transparent *White*, bedecks his mind,  
 Where nought but *Innocence* can shelter find,  
 Witness that *Breath* which did your *stain* and *blot*  
 Wipe freely out, (though *Heaven* I fear will *not*)  
 Witness that *Calme* and *Quiet* in His *Breast*,  
*Prologue* and *Preface* to his *Place of Rest* ;  
 When with the *World* He could undaunted part,  
 And see in *Death* not *meagre Looks* ; nor *Dart* :

When to the *Fatal Block* His *Gray Age* goes  
With the same *Ease*, as when he took *Repose*.

“He like old *Enoch* to His *Blisse* is gone,

“’Tis not his *Death*, but his *Translation*.



*A Mock Remonstrance referring to the  
Porters Petition.*

*To Pym King of the Parliamented,  
The Grievances are here presented  
Of Porters, Butchers, Broom-men, Tanners,  
That fain would fight under your Banners ;  
Weavers, Dyers, Tinkers, Coblers,  
And many other such like Joblers,  
As Water-men, and those call'd Dray-men,  
That have a long time sung Solamen, &c.*

WHEREAS, *Imprimis*, first, that is, the Porters,  
The heavy burthens laid on their four Quarters  
Is not complain'd of here ; nor of Us, any,  
Although We have good Causes, and full many,  
As yet unknown ; but there's a day will come  
Shall pay for all, We say no more but *Mum.* ;  
It is well said by some, You are about  
To give the Church and Government a Rout,  
Let it be so cry VVe, for it is known,  
To do't, you will want more hands than your own.  
And since you are \* necessitated to  
Raise war, 'ifaith (*Sirrevence*) do, do, do ;  
'Tis fit that Old things should grow out of date,  
Like *Hampden's Sister*, or the *Beldame Kate*.

\* *Their Declaration.*

Old things in course do commonly decay,  
 When New perhaps may last full many a day ;  
 Old Frocks, old Shirts, old Brooms, old Boots, old Skins  
 Are much addicted to the Venial sins  
 Of wearing out ; and why not then the Church,  
 That has left many a simple man ith' lurch.  
 Besides, the Porters so the Surplice hate,  
 Their very Frocks they have casheer'd of late ;  
 And rather than endure 'em you may see,  
 They wear the Rope, the Hang-mans Livery.  
 The Butchers too, inspired are at least,  
 And know the very Intrails of the Beast  
 That wears those \* Smocks, and though they love a Whore,  
 A *Babilonish* one they do abhor.  
 In fine, in this great work of Reformation,  
 Which you intend shall stigmatize the Nation,  
 We pray to be Fellow-labourers, and  
 That you our Vertues right may understand,  
 Know that the Porters shall for Eighteen-pence  
 Carry the Dreggs of *Rome* in Bottles hence  
 To any Foreign part you'l think upon,  
 And bring the Juyce of the *Turks Alcaron*  
 In lieu of it ; the Butcher kill'd in Slaughter  
 Shall send Gods, and the Laws Disciples after :  
 There shall not a Religious Relique be  
 Left in the Church, or in the Library,  
 But shall be swept away by the Nice hand  
 Oth' Broom-mens Art, who nothing understand  
 More than *Kent-street* ; If any them deride,  
 The *Tanners* come, and then beware their Hide ;  
 And for the Weavers, they can preach, or pray,  
 As is well known to the Lords, *Brooks* and *Say*.

\* *Surplices.*

The Dyers they delight you know in Scarlet,  
And care no more for Blood, than any Varlet ;  
Like Archers good they will come on so powring,  
That who escapes them will escape a scowring.  
The Tinkers they can both make Holes, and mend 'em  
In Church or State ; if you will but befriend 'em  
With Mettle ; They care not for God or Divell ;  
A Pack of Sturdy Rogues inur'd to Evill.  
The Cobler vows, and that you'l say is News,  
To venture All, what over Boots, o're Shooes ?  
And likewise undertakes at a Cheap rate  
The Government, though Crabbed, to Translate.  
The Water-men more slye than any Otters,  
Knowing 'tis good fishing in troubl'd Waters,  
If any do Oppose them, though their Betters,  
They will betake themselves unto their Stretchers,  
And so belabour 'em in Church and Cloysters,  
Their Bones shall rattle, like a Sacke of Oysters,  
In their thin Skins. The Dray-men likewise shall  
With Crusted Fists, fling 'um and fling 'um all.

Thus in Our several Functions We can serve ye,  
Men fit for your Employment, pray observe ye,  
And therefore list Us, where your best defence is,  
In th' Yealow Regiment of's *Oxcellencies* :  
So taking leave, resting at your Commands,  
We do subscribe either Our Horns, or Hands.





*The Caution.*

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Oh Women, Monstrous Women.*

**Y**OU Sep'ratists that Sequister  
 Your selves from Laws are good,  
 Your Courses so irregular  
 Shall now be understood ;  
 Your fond Expounding corrupts the Bible,  
 Yet you'l maintain it with your Twibble.  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do?*

He that does swear, though to a Truth,  
 You count him far worse than a Lyer,  
 Yet you will firke your Sister *Ruth*,  
 So it may edify her ;  
 You, like the Devil, abhor a Crosse,  
 But I'le have as good Reason from *Pym's Stone-horse.*  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do?*

Our Churches Hierarchy you hold  
 Within a foul Suspition ;  
 And say the Prelates Sleeves are old  
 Reliques of Superstition ;  
 The very Ragges of *Rome* they are  
 Such as the Whores of *Babylon* wear.  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do?*

Therefore in Zeal and Piety,  
 You'l dy their Lawn in blood,  
 And root out their Society,  
 A work you think is good ;  
 The Malice is, some of your Eares  
 Were cropt far shorter than your hairs.  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

When you the Miter have pull'd down,  
 You'l be hang'd before contented,  
 Your next Pluck must be at the Crown,  
 A Plot long since invented ;  
 But *Grigge* swears *Tyburn* shall have her due,  
 Hee'l behang'd himself, if he hang not you.  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

The Coblers were astonished,  
 The Porters eke, also ;  
 To hear the Noyse that ecchoed  
 From your vast *Tubb* below :  
 But let him be hang'd will never mend,  
 The Cobler thinks upon his end.  
*But you to whom my Lines do tend*  
*Have a care of what you do.*



*Lilly contemn'd.*

A SONG.

WHY art thou sad? Our Glasses flow  
 Like little Rivers to the Mayne ;

And ne're a man here has a Shrew,  
 What need'st thou then complain?  
 Then Boys mind your Glass,  
 And let all News pass  
 That treats not of this our Canary,  
 Let Lawyers fear their Fate,  
 In the turn of the State,

We suffer if this do miscarry,

Chor. *'Tis this will preserve us 'gainst Lillies predictions.  
 And make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.*

'Tis this that setts the City Ruff;  
 And lynes the Aldermen with Fur;  
 It makes the Watchmen stiff and tuff  
 To call, *where go you Sir?*  
 'Tis this doth advance  
 The Cap of Maintenance,  
 And keeps the Sword sleeping or waking;  
 It Courage doth raise  
 In such Men now adaies,

That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching,

Chor. *'Tis this doth infuse in a Miser some pity,  
 And is the Genius, and Soul of the City.*

Then why should we despair, or think  
 The Enemy approacheth near?

Let such as never used to drink  
 Sack, be enslav'd to Fear.

Then to get Honor,  
 And that waits on her,

Strange Titles, *Illustrious* and *Mighty*.

Wee'l have a smart Bout

Shall speak us men and stout,

And I'll be the first that shall fight ye.

Chor. *He that stily can stand to't, and hath the best Braine ;  
Shall be styl'd Son of Mars and God of the Mayne.*



*A Monster to be seen at VVestminster.*

1642.

W<sup>I</sup>thin this House is to be seen  
Such a Monster as hath not been  
At any time in *England*, nay  
In *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*.  
'Tis a Round body, without a Head  
Almost three years, yet not dead.  
'Tis like that Beast I once did see,  
Whose Tayle stood where his Head should be ;  
And, which was never seen before,  
Though't want a head, 'thas Horns good store,  
It has very little hair, and yet  
You'l say it has more hair than wit,  
'Thas many Eyes and many Eares,  
'Thas many Jealousies and Fears,  
'Thas many Mouths, and many Hands,  
'Tis full of Questions and Commands.  
'Tis arm'd with Muskets, Pikes, it fears  
Naught in the World but Cavaliers ;  
'Twas born in *England*, but begot  
Betwixt the *English* and the *Scot*.  
Though some are of Opinion rather  
That the Devil was its Father,  
And the City, which is worse,  
Was its Mother, and its Nurse.

Some say (though perhaps in scorn)  
 That it was a *Cretan* born,  
 And not unlike, for't has the fashion  
 Just as may be of that Nation,  
 For 'tis a Lyer, none oth' least ;  
 A slow Belly, an Evil beast ;  
 Of what Religion none can tell,  
 It much resembles that in Hell.  
 Some say it is a Jew disguis'd,  
 And why, because 'tis circumcis'd ;  
 For 'twas deprived long ago  
 Of many a Member wee well know,  
 In some points 'tis a Jesuited Priest,  
 In some it is a Calvinist :  
 For 'tis not Justify'd, it saith  
 By Good-works, but by Publick Faith.  
 Some call't an Anabaptist : Some  
 Think now that Antichrist is come.  
 A Creature of an uncouth kind,  
 Both for its Body, and its mind :  
 Make hast and see't, else 'twill be gon,  
 For now 'tis sick, and drawing on.



*London sad London.*

AN ECCHO.

WHAT wants thee, that thou art in this sad taking ?  
*A King*  
 What made him first remove hence his residing ?  
*syding.*

Did any here deny him satisfaction ?

*Faction.*

Tell me whereon this strength of Faction lyes ?

*On lyes.*

What didst thou do when the King left Parliament ?

*Lament.*

What terms would'st give to gain his Company ?

*Any.*

But how wouldst serve him, with thy best endeavour ?

*Ever.*

What wouldst thou do if here thou couldst behold him ?

*Hold him.*

But if he comes not what becomes of *London* ?

*Undone.*



*Upon bringing in the Plate.*

**A**LL you that would no longer  
 To a *Monarch* be subjected,  
 Come away to *Guildhall*, and be there liberall,  
 Your Wish shall be there effected.  
*Come come away, bring your Gold, bring your Jewells,*  
*Your silver Shap't, or Molten,*  
*If the King you'l have down, and advance to the Crown*  
 Five Members and K——

Regard no Proclamations,  
 They're Subjects fit to Jest on,  
*Henry Elsing's* far better than *C. R.*  
*Resolv'd upon the Question.*  
*Come, come away, &c.*

You *Aldermen* first send in  
 Your *Chaines* upon these Summons,  
 To buy Ropes ends, for all the Kings Friends,  
 They're *Traytors* to the Commons.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Your *Basons* large, and *Ewers*,  
 Unto this use alot them,  
 If ere you mean your hands to clean  
 From th' Sins by which you got them.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Bring in your *Cannes* and *Gobletts*,  
 You Citizens confiding,  
 And think it no scorn, to drink in a *Horn*  
 Of your own Wives providing.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Ye Bretheren strong and lusty,  
 The Sisters *Exercise* yee,  
 Get *Babes* of Grace, and *Spoons* apace,  
 Both Houses do advise yee.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Let the Religious *Sempstress*  
 Her silver *Thimble* bring here,  
 'Twill be a fine thing in deposing a King,  
 To say you had a Finger.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Your Childe's redeemed *Whistle*  
 May here obtain Admittance,  
 Nor shall that Cost be utterly lost,  
 They'le give you an Acquittance.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

The Gold and Silver *Bodkin*,  
 The Parliament woo'd ha both,  
 Which oft doth make, the House to take  
 A Journey on the Sabbath.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

You that have store of Mony  
 Bring't hither, and be thrifty,  
 If th' *Parliament* thrive, they'le so contrive  
 You shall have back *Four* for *Fifty*.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

If when the Councill's ended,  
 Your Plate you will recover,  
 Be sure you may the chief Head that day  
 On the *Bridge* or *Tower* discover.  
*Come, come away, &c.*



*The Prentices Petition to the Close Com-  
 mittee.*

**T**O you close Members, wee the Young men come  
 (If Justice in this house has any Room ?)  
 With a Petition, but it is for peace ;  
 If you are vext, pray let all Quarrells cease ;  
 First, for Religion. (If't be no offence,  
 Nor hinder things of greater Consequence)  
 We hope you do suppose there's some such thing,  
 'Cause 'thas bin often mention'd by the King.  
 Wee'l hav't establisht, and do hold it fit  
 That no Lay-Levites ought to meddle with't.

Next, that in spite of Treason, we may have  
 A happy peace, but that we need not crave,  
 For when our bodkins cease 'twil be your pleasure  
 That arms may cease, not wanting wil, but treasure ;  
 Else you'le but put the King to farther trouble,  
 To beat you to't, and make you Subjects double.  
 We know y'are powerfull, and can wonders do  
 Both by your Votes and Ordinances too ;  
 In case all those Murther'd Innocent men  
 May by your Votes be made alive again,  
 Then your admiring Spirits shall perswade us  
 That neither War nor Famine can invade us :  
 Till then you'le give us leave to trust our Eyes,  
 And from our sad Experience, now grow wise :  
 Let not the Collonell's gaping son o'th' City  
 Be made the Mouth unto this close Committe ;  
 Whose gaudy Troope, because they're boyes, he boasts  
 They are the Children of the Lord of Hosts ;  
 And knows no reason, (for indeed tis' scant)  
 Why States are not like Churches Militant.  
 Next, that Truth, Wisedome, Justice, Loyalty,  
 And Law, five Members of our Faculty  
 (Who not by the King ; but you, have been so long  
 By Votes Expell'd from your Rebellious throng)  
 May be restored ; and in spite of *Pym*  
 Be heard to speak their mind as well as him.  
 Which if not granted, we do tell you this,  
 Your Lord (whose head's in a Parenthesis)  
 Shall not secure you, but we shall unty  
 That twisted Rabble of the Hierachy,  
 Clubs are good payments, and 'mongst other things  
 Know we are as many Thousands as you Kings.  
 In the Interim pray tell your fore-horse *Pym*,  
 Just as he loves the King, so we love him.



Londons *Farewell to the Parliament.*

**F**arewell to the Parliament, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell to the Parliament, with hoe,  
 Your dear delight the City,  
 Our wants have made us witty,  
 And a ——— for the Close Committee,  
 With a hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord of *Essex*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord of *Essex*, with hoe,  
 He sleeps till eleven,  
 And leaves the Cause at six and seven,  
 But 'tis no matter, their hope's in Heaven,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hoe,  
 The Saw-pit did hide him,  
 Whilst *Hastings* did out-ride him,  
 Then came *Brooks* and he out-ly'd him,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *Billy Stroud*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *Billy Stroud*, with hoe,  
 He swore all *Whartons* lyes were true,  
 And it concern'd him so to do,  
 For he was in the saw-pit too,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord *Brooks*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord *Brooks*, with hoe,

He said (but first he had got a Rattle)  
 That but one hundred fell in the Battle,  
 Besides Dogs, Whores, and such Parliament  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe. (Cattle,

Farewell *Say* and *Seale*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *Say* and *Seale*, with hoe,  
     May these Valiant Sons of *Ammen*,  
     All be Hang'd as high as *Haman*,  
     With the old Anabaptist they came on,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *K* ——— with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *K* ——— with hoe,  
     Thy Father writ a Godly Book,  
     Yet all was fish that came to the hook,  
     Sure he is damn'd though but for his look.  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *K* ——— with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *K* ——— with hoe,  
     Thy House had been confounded,  
     In vain he had compounded,  
     If he had not got a Round-head,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *D*—— *H*—— with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *D*—— *H*—— with hoe  
     Twas his Ambition, or his need,  
     Not his Religion did the deed,  
     But his Widow hath tam'd him of the speed.  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Hampden*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Hampden* with hoe,  
   Hee's a sly and subtile Fox,  
   Well read in *Buchanan* and *Knox*,  
   And hees gone down to goad the Oxe,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Pym*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,  
   He would have had a place in Court,  
   And he ventur'd all his partie for't,  
   But bribing proves his best support.  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Pym* with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,  
   For all the feign'd disaster  
   Of the *Taylor* and the Plaster,  
   Thou shalt not be our Master,  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell Major *Skippon*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Major *Skippon* with hoe,  
   Ye have ordered him to kill and slay,  
   To rescue him and run away,  
   Provide you vote fair weather, and pay,  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell our VVorthies all, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell our VVorthies all with hoe,  
   For they instead of dying,  
   Maintain the truth by lying,  
   And get victories by flying,  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell our *Scotch* Brethren, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell our *Scotch* Brethren, with hoe,  
     They March but to the border,  
     But will be brought no farther,  
     For neither Ordinance nor Order,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell my little Levites, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell my little Levites, with hoe,  
     Though you seem to fear him,  
     Yet you can scarce forbear him,  
     And when you thank him, you but jeer him,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell fears and jealousies, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell fears and jealousies, with hoe,  
     Which, with lying Declarations,  
     Tumults, traytors, and protestations,  
     Have been the ruine of two Nations,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell little *Isaack*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell little *Isaack*, with hoe,  
     Thou hast made us all, like Asses,  
     Part with our Plate, and drink in Glasses,  
     Whilst thou growst rich with *zs.* Passes,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell to Plate and Money, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Plate and Money, with hoe,  
     'Tis going down by water,  
     Or something near the matter,  
     And a Publique Faith's going after,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell Members five, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Members five, with hoe,  
     Next Petition we deliver,  
     Sends you packing down the River,  
     And the Devil be your driver,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.



*A Song.*

**N***ew-England* is preparing a-pace,  
 To entertain King *Pym*, with his Grace,  
 And *Isaack* before shall carry the Mace,  
     *For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.*

No surprisse nor no Organs there,  
 Shall ever offend the Eye, or the Ear,  
 But a Spiritual Preach, with a 3. hours Prayer,  
     *For Round-heads, &c.*

All things in Zeal shall there be carried,  
 Without any Porredge read over the buried,  
 No Crossing of Infants, nor Rings for the Married,  
     *For Round-heads, &c.*

The Swearer there shall punisht be still,  
 But Drunkenesse private be counted no ill,  
 Yet both kind of lying as much as you will,  
     *For Round-heads, &c.*

Blow winds, Hoise sailes, and let us be gone,  
 But be sure we take all our Plunder along,  
 That *Charles* may find little when as he doth come,  
     *For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.*



*Sir John Hotham's Alarm.*

Come Traytors, March on, to the Leader Sir *John*,  
 Though King *Charles* his friends disaffect you,  
 Do not obey him, but obey Devil *Pym*,  
 And the Parliament will protect you.

Let us plead that we Fight, for the King and his Right,  
 But if he desire for to enter,  
 Let us Armed appear, and let us all swear  
 Our lives for his sake we will venter.

But if he give Command, to disarm out of hand,  
 As we our *Allegiance* do tender,  
 Let us presently Swear, that Commanded we are  
 By the Parliament not to surrender.

If he desire for to see, what Command that may be,  
 We then will resolve him no further,  
 But intreat him to stay, while we send Post away,  
 He shall have a Copy of the Order.

But if he Proclaime, me a Traytor by Name,  
 And all you that adhere to my Faction,  
 What an Honour it will be, when my Country see me,  
 Second *Pym* in a Trayterous Action.

But when the King sends, to require amends  
 Of the Parliament for such denial ;  
 Whether Treason or no, the Law shall ne're know,  
 I must be put to your Vote for a Tryal.

And to put it to the Voice, or the Parliaments choice,  
 The House being now so empty ;  
 If there be such a thing, as God or a King,  
 We'll carry it by five in the twenty.

If so please the Fates, as to change our Estates,  
 That the King his own Rights doth recover,  
 We will turn to their way, and the Town will betray,  
 Though a Ladder for our pains we turn over.



### *The Publique Faith.*

SOME tell of *Africk* Monsters, which of old,  
 Vain Superstition did for God-heads hold,  
 How the *Ægyptians*, who first knowledge spread,  
 Ador'd their *Apis* with the white Bulls head ;  
*Apis* still fed with Serpents that do hiss,  
*Hamon*, *Osiris*, Monster *Anubis*.  
 But Sun-burnt *Africk* never had, nor hath  
 A Monster like our *English Publique Faith* ;  
 Those fed on Snakes, and satisf'd, did rest,  
 This, like the Curtain Gulf, will have the best  
 Thing in the City, to appease its still  
 Increasing hunger, Glutting its lewd will  
 With Families, whose substance it devours,  
 Perverting Justice and the Higher Powers ;  
 Contemning without fear of any Law,  
 Preying on all to fill its ravenous Maw ;  
 Whose *Estrich* stomach, which no steele can sate,  
 Has swallowed down Indies of Gold and Plate :

This is the *Publique Faith*, which being led  
By th' Cities wealth, has in this Kingdom bred  
Such various mischiefs with its viperous breath,  
Blasting its peace and happinesse to death ;  
And yet this Idoll which our world adores,  
Has made men prostitute their truth like Whores,  
To its foul Lust, which surely may as well  
And soon be satisfi'd, as th' Grave, or Hell ;  
This preys on Horses, yet that will not do,  
Unlesse it may devour the Riders too :  
This takes up all the Riches of the Land,  
Not by intreaty, but unjust Command,  
Borrowing extortively without any day  
But the *Greek Calends*, then it means to pay ;  
This 'gainst the Law of Nations does surprise  
The Goods of Strangers, Kings, & in its wise  
Discretion, thinks (though its not worth their note)  
They're bound to take the *Publique Faiths* trim Vote  
For their security, when this *Publique Faith*  
Has broke more Merchants then e're Riot hath,  
And yet, good men o'th City, you are proud  
To have this Bankrupt *Publique Faith* allow'd  
More credit then your King, to this you'll lend  
More willingly then ever you did spend  
Money to buy your Wives and Children bread,  
By such a strange Inchantment being misled  
To your undoings ; you who upon Bond,  
Nay scarcely upon Mortgage of that Land,  
Treble your Moneys value, would not part  
With your lov'd Coine, vanquish'd by th' powerfull art  
Of this *Magician Publique Faith*, justly install  
Him Master of your Bags, the Devil and all  
That taught you get them by deceitfull wares,  
And sucking in (like Mornings draughts) young Heirs :

Well, certainly if this fine humour hold,  
Your Aldermen will have no other Gold  
But what's in Thumb-rings, for their ponderous Chains,  
They'le be the *Publique Faiths* just lawfull gains,  
And have the Honour afterwards to be  
Hang'd in them for its *Publique Treachery*.  
What will become of you then, Grave and Witty  
Inhabitants of this Incharmed City?  
Who is't shall those vast Sums to you re-pay,  
When Master *Publique Faith* is run away?  
Or who shall those prodigious heaps renew,  
Which were prodigally decreas'd by you?  
Whom the whole world imagin'd men of thrift,  
What will your Orphans do? How will they shift,  
Whose whole Estates in th' City Chamber, hath  
Been given a spoyle to ruin'd *Publique Faith*?  
Perhaps you'le pawn your Charter to supply  
The worthy wants of your Necessity.  
Who is't will take't, when all (but men misled  
Like you) know 'tis already forfeited?  
Who is't will then into New Coine translate  
Such monstrous Cupboards of huge antick Plate?  
To *Publique Faiths* vast *Treasury* bring in,  
From the Gilt Goblet, to the Silver Pin,  
All that was Coinable, and what to do?  
Even to create you *Knaves*, and *Traytors* too.  
Faith if you chance to come off with your *Lives*,  
Your way will be to live upon your *Wives*,  
Their *Trading* will be good, when *Fortune* wears  
Your Colours in the Caps of th' Cavaliers,  
Whose Cuckolds you'll be then, & on your brow,  
Wear their Horns, as you *Publique Faith's* do now;  
Then, then you'll howle, when you shall clearly see  
That *Publique Faith*, was *Publique Treachery* :

Then you'll confess your selves to 've been undone  
 By *Publique Faith's* man, *Isaack Pennington* ;  
 Then you'll repent that ever you did fling  
 Such monstrous Sums away against your King ;  
 When he in *Triumph*, with his *War-like Train*,  
 Shall to your terrour view your *Town* again ;  
 Unlesse his Mercy mittigate his wrath,  
 Justly conceiv'd 'gainst you and *Publique Faith* ;  
 That Reverent Alderman which did defile  
 His Breeches at the Mustering ere while,  
 Shall then again those Velvet Slops bewray,  
 Cause *Publique Faith* did make him go astray :  
*Pauls* shall be opened then, and you conspire  
 No more against the Organs in the Quire,  
 Nor threat the Saints ith' Windows, nor repair  
 In Troops to kill the Book of Common-Prayer ;  
 Nor drunk with Zeal, endeavour to engrosse  
 To your own use, the stones of *Cheap-side Crosse* :  
 Then, then you'll bow your heads, your horns and all,  
 That so exalted were to save from thrall  
 Your ruin'd Liberties, and humbly pray  
 For Mercy, more then upon each *Fast-day* ;  
 When your Seditious Preachers to the throng,  
 Make Prayers *Ex Tempore* of five hours long ;  
 Lest you by early penitence prevent  
 Your certain danger, if not punishment,  
 Which you by no means may so safely do,  
 As quitting *Publique Faith*, and *Treason* too :  
 Then, then, though late, you to your grief will find,  
 That you have walkt (as Moles ith' Earth do) blind  
 Of your fair reason, and obedient light,  
 Involv'd in Mists of black Rebellious Night :  
 If these Instructions will not make you see  
 Your Error, may you perish in't for me,

And to your Ruine walk in deathfull path,  
That leads to'th Gallows with the *Publique Faith*.



*The Sence of the House, or the Reason why  
those Members who are the Remnant of  
the two Families of Parliament  
cannot consent to Peace, or  
an Accommodation.*

To the Tune of *The New-England Psalm,*  
*Huggle Duggle, ho ho ho the Devil he*  
*laught aloud.*

Come come beloved *Londoners*, fy fy you shame us  
all,  
Your rising up for Peace, will make the close Committee  
fall ;  
I wonder you dare ask for that, which they must needs  
deny,  
There's 30. swears they'l have no Peace, and bid me tell  
you why.

First I'le no Peace quoth *Essex*, my Chaplain sayes 'tis  
Sin  
To loose 100 *l.* a day, just when my Wife lyes in ;  
They cry God blesse your Excellence, but if I loose my  
Place  
They'l call me Rebel, Popular Asse, and Cuckold to my  
face.



You Citizen Fools, quoth *W*—— d' ye talk to me of  
 Peace,  
 Who not only stole his Majesties Ships, but rob'd him of  
 his Seas,  
 No no I'le keep the Water still, and have my Ships well  
 man'd,  
 For I have lost and stole so much, I know not where to  
 land.

Do Brother do, says *H*—— for Peace breeds us no  
 quiet,  
 Besides my Places to have lost, with sixteen Dishes  
 dyet,  
 I play'd the *Judas* with the King, which makes the World  
 detest me,  
 Nay should his Majesty pardon me, 500. would arest  
 me.

*K*—— said, these *Londoners* deserve to loose their  
 Eares,  
 For now they'l all obey the King, like Citizen Cava-  
 liers;  
 Let's vote this Peace a desperate Plot, and send them a  
 denial,  
 For if they save the Kingdom, they'le give us a Legal  
 tryal.

The *Welsh-men* rage quoth *S*—— and call me villanous  
 Goat  
 For plundering *Hereford's* Aldermens Gownes to make  
 my *Besse* a Coat,  
 'Tis true the Town did feed me well, for which I took  
 good Fleeces,  
 But if Peace come they'le tear me and all my Whores in  
 pieces.

Fight fight quoth *Say*, now now hold up these Jealousies  
and Fears,

The work will shew I laid the Plot above these 17.  
years ;

'Tis I that am your Engineer, but if for Peace you vote,  
Oh then they'le make me go to Church, or else they'le  
cut my Throate.

My Father *Goodwin* quoth *W*——— calls me a silly  
Lad,

And wonders they'e ask Peace of me who have been  
lately mad ;

You chuse me *Irish* General, and I chuse to stay  
here,

For should we fight among the Boggs, there's never a  
Sawpit near.

Those Heathen Prentices quoth *Brooks*, that made my  
Coach-man stay,

Bid me be bare, although I spoke but 13. Bulls that  
day,

But if Peace lop off my learned Skull, then all my House  
you'le see

The Sword of *Guy*, the Dun-cows rib, the Asses tooth,  
and me.

I made a *Speech* quoth *R*——— when his Excellence first  
began,

For which he swore by a *Pottle of Sack* to make me a  
Gentleman :

But if the King get to *Whitehall* then all my hopes are  
past,

My Father was first Lord of the House, and I shall be  
the last,

Keep Silence, quoth Mr. *Speaker*, but do not hold your  
 peace,  
 Let's sit, and vote, and hold them too't, for I'll do what  
 you please ;  
 I have had but poor 6000 *l.* besides some Spoons and  
 Bowles,  
 Nay, grant a Peace, and how shall I be Master of the  
 Rolles ?

Then spake 5. Members all at once ; who for an Army  
 cry'd,  
 Last year, quoth they, you rescu'd us, else we had all  
 been try'd :  
 What though you be almost undone, you must contribute  
 still,  
 Or wee'll convey, our Trunks away, and then do what  
 you will.

My Venome swells, quoth *H*—— that his Majesty full  
 well knows,  
 And I, quoth *Hampden*, fetcht the *Scots*, from whence  
 this Mischief flows.  
 I am an Asse quoth *Haslerigg*, but yet I'me deep ith'  
 Plott,  
 And I, quoth *Stroud*, can lye as fast, as Mr. *Pym* can trot.  
 But I, quoth *Pym*, your Hackney am, and all your  
 drudgery do,  
 Have made good Speeches for my self, and Priviledges  
 for you :  
 I can sit down and look on men, whilst others bleed and  
 fight,  
 I eat their Lordships meat by day, and giv't their Wives  
 by night.

Then *Vane* grew black ith' face, and swore there's none  
so deep as I,  
The Staff and Signet slipt my hand, my Son can tell you  
why,  
The name of Peace they say 'tis sweet, but oh it makes  
me shrink,  
*Straffords* Ghost doth haunt me so, I cannot sleep a  
wink.

Were *Strafford* living, *Mildmay* said, he would do me no  
ill,  
I hid my self ith' Privy, when the House did pass his  
Bill :  
But all my Gold and Silver thread *Gregory* calls his  
own,  
Though in a Ship I made my will, I was not born to  
drown.

You found me, quoth Sir *R*—— *P*—— I had been long  
a Knave ;  
You promis'd I should be so still, if you my Vote might  
have.  
And I, quoth *Laurence Whittaker*, agreed to doe so too,  
But if you serve old Courtiers thus, they'le do as much  
for you.

This Peace, quoth *Michael Oldsworth*, will bring me never  
a Fee,  
Although my Lord have sworn for Peace, and will not  
follow me.  
Down, down with Bishops, *Wheeler* said, for I have rob'd  
the Church :  
Oh base, will you conclude a Peace, and leave me in  
the lurch.

Who speaks of Peace quoth *Ludlow*, hath neither Sence  
 nor Reason,  
 For I ne're spoke ith' House but once, and then I spoke  
 High Treason,  
 Your meaning was as bad as mine, you must defend my  
 Speech,  
 Or else you make my mouth as foul as was my Fathers  
 breech.

I'll plunder Him, quoth *Baynton*, that mentions Peace  
 to Me,  
 The Bishop would not grant my Lease, but now I'll have  
 his Fee.  
 A Gunpowder Monopoly quoth *Evelyn* rais'd my Father,  
 But if you let this War go down, they'le call me *Powder*  
*Traytor.*

Oh *Jove*, quoth Sir *John Hotham*, is this a time to treat?  
 When *Newcastle* and *Cumberland* me to the Walls have  
 beat?  
 You base-obedient Citizens d' ye think to save your  
 Lives?  
 My Sonne and I will serve you all as I have serv'd Five  
 Wives.

Indeed, quoth Sir *Hugh Cholmley*, Sir *John* you speak  
 most true,  
 For I have sold, and morgaged, most of my Land to  
 you;  
 My Brother would have serv'd the King, but was forbid  
 to stay;  
 The King fore saw at *Keynton-field*, Sir *Harry* would run  
 away.

I went down, quoth Sir *Ralph Stapleton*, with Musquet,  
Pike and Drum,

To fetch Sir *Francis Wortley* up, but truly hee'd not  
come.

Oh Lord, Sir *Robert Harlow* said, how do our Foes  
increase?

I wonder who the Devil it was that first invented  
Peace.

*Treason, Treason, Treason*, Sir *Walter Earle* cryes out,  
Worse than blowing up the *Thames*, the *Dagger*, or the  
Clout.

Hang me, quoth *Miles Corbet* then, for we are all con-  
founded,

And *Cavaliers* will Cuckold me, as well as did the  
*Roundhead*.

Quoth Sir *John Wray*, Mr. *Speaker*? I'll end this matter  
streit,

For this which is my Ninth Speech, I'm sure is none of  
my Eight;

I try'd it at my Tables end, my Neighbours know 'tis  
right,

But Peace will make me speak lesse wit, and then fare-  
well your *Knight*.

A-vengeance, quoth *Harry Martin* then, I'll ha no  
Accommodation,

For it was I, that bravely tore his Majesties Proclama-  
tion;

Ith' House I spoke High Treason, I have sold both Land  
and Lease;

I shall not then keep but 3. Whores, Apox upon your  
Peace.

*You see beloved Londoners, your Peace is out of season,  
For which you have the sence of the House, and every Mem-  
bers reason :*

*Oh do not stand for Peace then, for trust me if you doe,  
Each County in the Kingdome will rise and doe soe too.*



*Essex Petition to the Best of Princes.*

*Sir,*

**T**hat *All-Majesty* (from whom you take  
Your Heaven-Anointed Scepter) for whose sake  
You drink the Dregs of Bitternesse, which turns  
Your Crown of Glory, to a Crown of Thornes ;  
View'd sinfull *Sodom, Sodom* that offended  
Even him, as we do you, that vilely blended  
His gracious Promises, did wrest his Powers,  
And violate his Laws, as we do yours ;  
Yet urg'd by him whose Zeal brookt no denial,  
Would have sav'd all, if ten were found but loyal.  
*Great Prince*, to whom the Breath of Heaven hath read  
The Principles of Mercy, in whose stead  
You sit as God to punish, or to spare,  
Whose equal Hand can ruine, or repair  
Our staggering Fortunes. Pity, and behold  
Rebellious *Essex* ! People now grown old  
In Dis-obedience, who deserv'dly stand  
Like Calves, expecting Death from your Just hand.

'Twas we that bleated first Rebellion out,  
Who being Pulpit-led, not apt to doubt  
Our Lecturing Zealots, and but green in reason,  
Were made too wise, and frighted into *Treason* :  
We are a Cock-brain'd Multitude, a Rabble  
Of all Religions, and we daily squabble  
About vain shades, and let the substance passe,  
Hating good Manners as we hate the Masse ;  
Our new discretions every day convince,  
Our old Rebellions, 'gainst so mild a Prince  
Were scarcely fixt, but a fresh Ordinance comes,  
And damns our Conscience into deeper Sums ;  
Breaks ope our Houses, Rifles all our Stuff,  
Nay more, as if we had not yet enough,  
Plunders our very wits ; nay if we do  
Shew but a sorry shrug, Malignants too ;  
That in so much our people now obeys  
As many *Tyrants* as the Year hath dayes :  
But we have ten, ten, ten times multiply'd,  
And thousands more to that, which have deny'd  
To bend their knees to *Baal*, whereof some lye  
Cloystered in Grates, where they unpittied, cry  
For Superannuated Crusts, and there remain,  
Even taking Gods and *Charles* his Name in vain :  
Some scorning to be aw'd by Subjects, fled  
From their dear *Wives* and *Children* ; led  
Like *Theeves* to *Gaols*, saluted with the Curse  
Of every Dunghill scurfe, with durt and worse,  
Where they are sadly, but yet dearly fed,  
Some ag'd, some weak, some dying, and some dead :  
For their dear sake (great *Charles*) they undertake  
Deaths willing Martyrdome, for *Charles* his sake ;  
Be gracious to their County, let her know  
That she, a miserable Land, doth owe

Her sweet Redemption to their Congruous merit,  
 And least they'le abjure what now they scarce inherit,  
 Let that accustom'd Sun-shine of your Eye  
 Enrich her soyle, that she may still out-vye  
 Her Neighbouring Shires, & let that brand which now  
 She wears, be set on th' Epidemick brow ;  
 And let the Loyal Gentry still be known  
 By this firm Mark from the perfidious Clown ;  
 Let them, like treacherous slaves, be alwaies bound  
 To pay Rack-rents, and only Till the ground ;  
 Let neither them nor their base off-spring dare  
 To be so rich as buy a Purchase there.

*Dread Sovereign,*

Forgive, Forget, Remember, and Relent,  
 Resemble him you so much represent,  
 And when pleas'd Heavens shall set thy Scepter free,  
 Triumph in *him*, and wee'll triumph in *thee*.



*The Cryer.*

O Yes, if any Man or Woman,  
 Of what degree soever,  
*Lord, Knight, Esquire, Gentleman, or Yeoman,*  
*Felt-maker, Button-maker, or Weaver,*  
*Coach-man, Cobler, or Brick-layer,*  
*Sheriff, Alderman, or Mayor,*  
 In *City, Town, or Country*, hath  
 Lost his *Religion*, or his *Faith*,  
 Let him forthwith repair to th' Cryer  
 Of *Westminster*, where let him bring

The Mark of what he doth require,  
And he shall hear on't, if *God blesse the King.*

O Yes, if any Man or Woman,  
Of what degree soever,  
From the *Marquis*, to the *Yeoman*,  
From the *Straw-hat*, to the *Beaver*,  
From the *Land-lord*, to the *Dray-man*,  
Whether the *Clergy*, or the *Layman*,  
Hath lost a *War-horse-Armes*, or *Dragoones*,  
That were the *Treasure of Buffoones* ;  
Jewells, Money, Pearle, or Plate,  
Cups for *Service*, or for *State* ;  
Come to the Cryer, and you then  
Shall find them he knows where, but God knows when.



*The Cavaliers Prayer.*

God blesse the *King* and *Queen*, the *Prince* also,  
And all his *Loyal Subjects* both high and low,  
For *Roundheads* can pray for themselves we know ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Devil take *Pym* and all his Peers,  
God blesse Prince *Rupert* and his Cavaliers,  
For if they come hither *Pym* will stink with fears ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

God blesse *Rupert* and *Maurice* withall,  
That gave the *Roundheads* a great downfall,  
And knockt their Noddles 'gainst *Worcester wall* ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

Lawn sleeves and Surplices must go down,  
 For why, King *Pym* doth sway the Crown ;  
 But all are Bishops that wears a Black Gown ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

Let the Canons roar, and the Bullets flye,  
 King *Pym* doth swear he'll not come nigh,  
 He sayes, its a pittypfull thing to dye ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Horners* they are brave Blades,  
 I do not know, but it is said  
 The stout Earl of *Essex* is free of that trade ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Baker over *Burton* cannot domineer,  
 For it is most firmly reported here,  
 He's as free of the Pillory as ever they were ;  
*Which no body can deny.*

There is *Isaack Pennington* both wise and old,  
 I do not know, but 'tis for truth told  
 That he is turned poor Sexton of *Pauls*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There is a *Lord W*——— both wise and round,  
 He will meet *Prince Rupert* upon any ground,  
 And if that his hands behind him be bound ;  
*Which few people will deny.*



*To whom it concerns.*

C Ome, come, ye Cock-brain'd Crew, that can suppose  
 No truth, but that which travells through the Nose ;  
 That looks on Gods Anointed with those Eyes,  
 You view your Prentices ; ye that can prize  
 A Stable with a Church ; that can Impeach  
 A Grave Devine, and hear an Hostler preach :  
 Are ye all mad ? has your Fanatick zeal  
 Stiff'd your stock of Sences at a Meal ?  
 Have ye none left to look upon these Times ?  
 With Grief, which you, and the unpunisht Crimes  
 Have brought upon this miserable Land ?  
 Are ye all Bruits ? not apt to understand  
 The neighbouring stroke of Ruine, till't be past ?  
 And you become the Sacrifice at last ?  
 What would you have ? can Reformation border  
 On Sacriledge ? or Truth upon Disorder ?  
 Can Rifleing, and Religion dwell together ?  
 Can the way hence be said the next way thither ?  
 Go, ply your Trades, *Mechanicks*, and begin  
 To deal uprightly, and Reform within ;  
 Correct your prick-ear'd Servants ; and perswade  
 Your long lov'd Arm-fulls ; if you can thus trade  
 In Piggess and Poultry : let them cease to smooth  
 Your Rump'd Follies, and forbear to sooth  
 Your pious Treasons, thus to kick and fling,  
 Against the *Lords Anointed*, and your *King*.

*By the Author.*

That neither loves for *Fashion* nor for *Fear*,  
As far from *Roundhead*, as from *Cavalier*.



*To the City.*

**D**Raw near you factious Citizens ; prepare  
To hear from me what hideous Fools you are ;  
What lumps of sordid Earth ; in which we find  
Not any least Resemblance of a Mind ;  
Unlesse to Baseness and Rebellion bent  
Against the King, to ayde the Parliament ;  
That Parliament, whose Insolence will undoe  
Your Cities Wealth, your Lives, and Safety too :  
Are you so stupid, dull, you cannot see  
How your best Vertues now are Treachery ?  
Apparent 'Treason, Murder, and the like :  
How with unhallowed hands you strive to strike  
Him, whom you should your Loyalty afford,  
(*Great Charles*) the *blest Anointed of the Lord* ?  
How you do daily contribute, and pay  
Mony, your Truths and Honours to betray ?  
Bigg with Phanatique thoughts, and wilde desire :  
'Tis you, that blew up the increasing Fire  
Of foul Rebellion, you that only bring  
Armies into the *Field* against your *King* ;  
For were't not for supportment from your Baggs,  
That *Great* and *Highest Court* that only brags

Of your vain folly, long ere this had bin  
 Punish'd for their bold Sacrilegious sin,  
 Of *Actual Treason*, there had never come  
 Upon this Kingdom such a *Martyrdom*.  
 Armes hang'd up as uselesse, and the State  
 Retain'd his freedom ; had you kept your Plate,  
 No *Keinton-Battails* had with Mothers curse,  
 Made Childless there the Treason of your Purse ;  
 The *Publick Purse* o'th *City* ; which must be  
 Esteem'd the Cause of *Publick Misery* ;  
 No *Drums* had frighted *silken Peace* from out  
 The *Neighbouring Countries*, nor need you about  
 Your *City* with your *gilded Musquets* goe  
 Trayning, not for good Service, but for Shew ;  
 That the whole Town may see your *Feathers* spread  
 Over your *Hatts*, as th' *Hornes* doe o're your *Head* ;  
 The *Humble Parliament* had never dar'd  
 To have prescrib'd *Laws* to their *King*, but spar'd  
 Their Zeal in bringing *Innovations*, and  
 Distractions o're the beautious face oth' *Land*,  
 They would not then have so Supreamly brought  
 Their Votes, to bring the Kingdomes *Peace* to nought ;  
 Nor with so sleight a value lookt on Him,  
*King Charles*, and only doted on *King Pym* ;  
 Nor for Authentick doctrine, have allow'd  
 As Law, the Precepts of Ingenuous *Stroud* ;  
*Hampden* nor *Martyn* had not then lookt bigge  
 Upon their *King*, nor *Arthur Haslerigge* ;  
 Nor yet *K*— on whom we now confer  
 The style of *Trayterous Earle* of *M*—  
 Secur'd by you, the *Patrons* of the Cause,  
 Condemn'd his *Loyalty*, and the *Kingdoms Laws* ;  
 Nor mis-led *Essex*, had not you been, nere

Had acted on this *Kingdoms Theater*  
 So many *Tragedies* ; nor *Warwick* sought  
 T' ingrosse the Naval Honours, no nor thought  
 On any Action so unjust, unmeet,  
 As keeping from his Majesty his *Fleet* ;  
 Tis you have done all this, y'ave been the Head,  
 The very Spring from whence this River spread  
 The streams of foul *Rebellion* ; which we know  
 At last will drown'd you with its over-flow ;  
 You the *Arch-Traytors* are, you, those that slew  
 The Kingdoms happinesse, and th' Allegiance due  
 Unto his *Sacred Majesty* : you, you that have  
 Betray'd this Nations Honour to the Grave  
 Of lasting Obloquy ; you that have destroy'd  
 The smiling wealth of th' *City*, and made void  
 The good Opinion, which the *King* before  
 Had of your Loyalties, and th' Faith you bore  
 To th' *Royal Stem* ; which still has to your great  
 Advantage made this *City* their *Chief Seat*.  
 Fond and seditious Fools, d'ye think, yee  
 Are wiser than Times *numerous Progeny* ?  
 That have Ador'd your *City*, when did *They*  
 Your harmlesse *Ancestors*, strive to give away  
 Their Wealth, and Duty from their *Sovereigne Lord*,  
 To make themselves *Traytors* upon *Record* ?  
 When did they their *Plate* and *Coine* bring in ?  
 To be the Cause of their own *Ruyning* ?  
 They never us'd to fright their *King*, nor draw  
*Tumults* together, to affront the *Law*.  
 No, nor good *Houses*, their *Corslets* slept, and all  
 The Armes they us'd hung up in each mans Hall.  
 They did not then *enamel'd Musquets* carry  
 To *Train* in *Moor-fields*, and in *Finsbury* :

But did in *Comely Archery excell,*  
Like honest grave Children of *Adam Bell,*  
And *Climme oth' Clough,* now each of you will be  
More than a furious *William Cloudeslee;*  
And trace the Streets with terror, as if *Ven,*  
With *Fulk* and *Mannwaring,* were the only Men  
Whom you did owe *Allegiance* to; as if *They*  
Could give you privilege to disobey  
The *Royal Mandate,* which does them proclaim  
Guilty of *Treason,* and you of the *same;*  
As deeply stand Impeacht, and will at last  
Pay dearly for't, when your *vain hopes* are past.  
All *succours,* which you *credit* for your *Merit,*  
Will be afforded you, by the *help* oth' *Spirit,*  
That is the *Devil;* sure the *Heavenly Powers,*  
Will never *Patronize* such *Acts* as *yours.*  
Poor baff'd *City!* baffled by a *Crue*  
*Of Men,* which are as *arrant Fools* as you;  
Surely your *Brains* can never be so *dull*  
As not *conceive this,* which each *empty Skull*  
Must needs *resent;* how that *their only Ayme*  
Is, to *create your City all one Flame,*  
And as the *Smoak* and *Sparks* do *up aspire,*  
*They'le sit* and *laugh* (like *Nero*) at the *Fire*  
*Themselves have made;* unlessse your *Heads* be all  
*Horns* and no *Flesh,* you needs must see the *Fall*  
That threatens you, like *Lightning:* To *eschew*  
Which *Ruine,* 'twould be *Wisedome* to *renue*  
*Your lost Allegiance,* and *Repentance* bring,  
As a *fresh Victim,* to *appease your King;*  
For be assur'd, *Who to the King's untrue,*  
*Must in their Nature needs be false to you.*



The MONSTER.

**P**Eace, *Vipers* peace, let *Crying blood* nere cease  
 To haunt your *bloody Souls*, that love not *Peace*.  
 And curst be that *Religion*, that shall cry,  
 A *Reformation* with *Phlebotomye* ;  
 Your *Impious Firebrands*, whom the very *Tears*  
 Of *Growning England*, buried in their *Fears*,  
 Cannot extinguish ; whom the *bleeding Veins*  
 Of *desperate Ireland*, which even now remains  
 A very *Golgotha*, cannot asswage  
 Those *Stripes*, the earnest of *Another Age*  
 Taste of your *salvage Piety*, and ly  
 The *Lamb-less Martyrs* of your *Cruelty* ;  
 Whilst you lye softly emb'red, to encrease  
 The *flames* of *Christendome*, and cry *no Peace*,  
 Let *Sampsons* coupled *Messengers* convey  
 Those *Firebrands* hence, and let them make their way  
 To their own *Houses*, consume and *devaste*,  
*Burn down their Barnes*, and lay their *Graynards waste*,  
*Demolish* all within *doors*, and *without*,  
 Make havock there, *destroy both Branch and Root*.  
 Let all their *Servants* flee *amaz'd* ; and cry,  
*Fire, Fire*, and let no helping hand be nigh ;  
 Let their *Wives* live, but only live t' appear  
*Thornes* in their *Sides*, and *Thunder* in their *Ears* ;  
 May all their *Sons* run mad into the *Street*,  
 And seeking *Refuge* there, there may they meet  
 Th' *encountering Sword*, and whom it spares to *kill*,  
 May they be *Slaves*, and labour at the *Mill* :  
 Let all their *Daughters* beg, and beg in *vain* ;  
 Let them be *ravisht* first, and then be *slain* ;

Let all their *Kindred* wander up and down,  
 Like *Vagabonds* be lasht, from *Town*, to *Town* :  
 Let *baseness* be Entituled on their *Names*,  
 Too firm for all recoveries : O let *Shames*,  
*Reproach*, and *Lasting Infamy*, remain  
 In *deeper Characters* than that of *Cain* ;  
 Let *Caitiff P*— and that *Bloody Plot*,  
 Be *Sanctified* now, or at least forgot ;  
 And let those *Vipers* vindicate their *Crimes*  
 In every *Almanack* to after times ;  
 Where may there *Treason* live among their sences,  
 More firm then Reigns of either *Kings* or *Princes*.  
 Thus may these *Firebands* thrive, and if this *Curse*  
 Succeed not, let it yield unto a worse :  
 For them, let them burn still, till Heaven thinks good,  
 To *Quench* them in their *Generations Blood* ;  
 So that the *World* may hear them hisse and cry,  
 Who lov'd not *Peace*, in *Peace* shall never dye.



*The Earl of Essex his Speech to the Parlia-  
 ment after Keinton Battle.*

**H**Ail to my *Brother Round-heads*, you that sit  
 At home, and study *Treason*, 'bove my *Wit*  
 Or *Valour* to maintain ; it's you whose hearts  
 And brains are stufft with all *Devillish darts*  
 Of *Rapine*, and *Rebellion* ; yet whose dark  
 Religious Villanies, hates the least spark  
 Of Justice or Obedience to the King ;

To you, and none but you, true News I bring,  
With all my *Fellow Rebels* that survive,  
'Mongst whom in faith my self scapt scarce alive :  
For when the Cavaliers, and Popish Schollers  
Charg'd us so hot, my Coach full of *Rex-dollers*  
I could have given to have been ten miles off ;  
And though the Zealots of our Party scoff,  
And taunt the King's well-wishers, take't from me,  
Happy were all the Round-heads that did flee ;  
They scapt a scowering, which through very fear  
Took me and all my Regiment in th' Rear,  
At the first Charge ; for that when we should fight,  
We sneakt away, and had more mind to ———  
For had I dard, to venture my dear life,  
I should have fought once for the *Whore my Wife* ;  
Yet I dare swear that we had won the day,  
Had not so many fallen and run away :  
And yet for all this Blood that hath been spilt,  
My Sword is guiltlesse, for fast by the hilt  
I held it in my Scabbard, and still cry'd  
*Well done, Fight on*, unto the Fools that dy'd ;  
Whilst I stole towards *Warwick*, to avoyd  
The Field, with the sad Spectacle quite cloyd :  
I lost my Coach, and (which doth make me fret)  
I lost *Blake's* Letter in my Cabinet,  
That reveal'd all our *Treason*, he good man  
Suffer'd at *Oxford*, and unlesse I can  
Repent, 'tis said, that I must dye like him,  
Be Hang'd and Quarter'd, and you Mr. *Pym* :  
We must be cautious, for the Cavaliers  
Have desperate souls, concerning those base fears  
That brought mee back again ; besides, the King  
Has a Just Cause you know, and though we bring

The silly Multitude into the Noose,  
Our own hearts tell us we are like to loose  
Our heads, if *Charles* prevail ; which we must do  
If he proceeds thus, to kill ten for two  
You must provide new Armour, and more Armes,  
And a new Generall, that dares hear *Alarms*  
Of *Drums* and *Trumpets* ; one that may have sence  
And valour to excell my Excellence.  
The *Peevish Women* as I pass'd the *Strand*,  
Blesse me knee deep, and would have kiss'd my hand,  
As King, whilst I most curteously vayl'd  
My Hat, and Feather to them, others rayl'd ;  
And them as wisht, or knew I had the worst,  
For one that pray'd for me, devoutly curst.  
The truest News of all I hope to tell ye,  
Is that I have more mind to fill my belly,  
Then fight again, for that same *Dutchland Devil*,  
*Rupert*, the Prince of mischief, and all evil,  
My Victuals took away, and burst my *Waggon*,  
Whilst the *Kings Forces* fought with fiery *Dragoons*,  
And beat me out o'th' *Field* ; although we blind  
The Multitude, and say w' had sea and wind,  
Yet I protest the Elements themselves  
Conspir'd to ruine us, *Rebellious Elves* :  
And to conclude, from *Jeering Cavalier*,  
Has put upon us, in a *Song*, this Jeer,  
Rather than they should have the betters,  
That you and I were drawn and hang'd, &c.





*A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS  
upon the &c. in the Oath.*

Sir *Roger* from a zealous piece of Freeze,  
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes ;  
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict account,  
To twenty Nobles, and his vails Amount ;  
Fed on the common of the female charity,  
Untill the *Scots* can bring about their parity,  
So shotten, that his Soul like to himself,  
Walks but in *Querpo* : this same Clergy Elf,  
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,  
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath :  
The Quarel was, a strange mis-shapen Monster  
&c. (God blesse us !) which they conster  
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,  
The Dragons tayle ty'd on a knot, a neast  
Of young *Apocraphas*, the fashion  
Of a new mental Reservation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other  
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious Brother,  
Hearken with reverence ; for the point is nice,  
I never read on't, but I fasted twice ;  
And so by revelation know it better,  
Than all the Idolaters o'the Letter.  
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,  
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam :  
I say to thee, &c. thou ly'st,  
Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist :  
Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say,

Tongues were confounded in &c?  
 Who swears &c. swears more Oaths at once  
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce :  
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds  
 The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.  
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent,  
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.  
 Oh *Booker, Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack  
 This Sign in thy prophetick Almanack?  
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot  
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.  
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it,  
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it ;  
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,  
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November* :  
 Yet here's not all, I cannot halfe untrusse  
 &c. it's so abominous.

The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd !  
 Unrip &c. and you shall find  
 Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,  
 Th' Apparatur upon his skew-ball'd horse.  
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,  
 &c. will be too far to swear ;  
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar style)  
 A *York-shire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,  
 Hee'll swear in words at large, and not in Figures.  
 Now by this drink, which he takes off as loath  
 To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.  
 His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,  
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.  
 So they drunk on, not offering to part  
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart :

While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,  
They and their tribe were all, &c.



*The Publique Faith.*

Stand off my Masters : 'Tis your pence apeece,  
*S* Jason, Medea, and the Golden Fleece ;  
 What side the line good Sir ? *Tigris*, or *Po* ?  
*Lybia* ? *Japan* ? *Whisk* ? or *Tradinktido* ?  
*St. Kits* ? *St. Omer* ? or *St. Margaret's Bay* ?  
*Presto* begon ? or come aloft ? what way ?  
 Doublets ? or Knap ? the Cog ? low Dice ? or high ?  
 By all the hard names in the Letany,  
 Bell, Book and Candle, and the *Pope's* great toe  
 I conjure thy account : Devil say no.

Nay, since I must untruss, Gallants look to't,  
 Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,  
 This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*,  
 The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations.  
*Ponteus Hixius doxius*, full of tricks,  
 The *Lottery* of the vulgar lunaticks.  
 The *Knapsack* of the State, the thing you wish,  
*Magog* and *Gog* stew'd in a Chaffendish  
 A bag of Spoons and Whistles, wherein men  
 May whistle when they see their Plate agen.  
 Thus far his Infancy : his riper age  
 Requires a more mysterious Folio page.  
 Now that time speaks him perfect, and 'tis pity  
 To dandle him longer in a close Committee,  
 The Elf dares peep abroad, the pretty Fool  
 Can wag without a truckling standing-stool ;

Revenge his Mother's infamy, and swear  
 Hee's the fair Off-spring of one half-score year ;  
 The Heir of the House and hopes, the cry  
 And wonder of the Peoples misery.

'Tis true, while as a Puppy it could play  
 For Thimbles, any thing to passe the day ;  
 But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,  
 Clink *Masenello* with the *Duke of Guise* ;  
 Sign for an *Irish purchase*, and traduce  
 The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Use ;  
 Give its Dam suck, and a hidden way  
 Drinks up arrears *a tergo mantica*.

An everlasting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hose,  
 Uncased, the Divil's *Don Quixot* in prose.  
 The Beast and the false Prophet twin'd together,  
 The squint-eyed emblem of all sorts of weather.  
 The refuse of that Chaos of the earth,  
 Able to give the World a second birth.

*Affrick* avaunt ! Thy trifling Monsters glance  
 But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.  
 That all the Prodigies brought forth before  
 Are but Dame Natures blush left on the score.  
 This strings the Baker's dozen, christens all  
 The cross-leg'd hours of time since *Adam's* fall.

The Publick Faith ? why 'tis a word of kin,  
 A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any sin.  
 A Term of Art, great *Bohemoth's* younger Brother,  
 Old *Machiavel*, and half a thousand other.  
 Which when subscrib'd writes *Legion*, names on truss,  
*Abaddon*, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,  
 All the *Vice-Royes* of darkness, every spell  
 And Fiend wrap'd in a short Trissillable.

But I fore-stall the Show. Enter and see,  
 Salute the Door, your *Exit* shall be free.

In brief 'tis call'd Religions ease, or loss ;  
 For no one's suffer'd here to bear his crosse.



### A Committee.

**C**ast *Knaves* my *Masters*, fortune guide the chance,  
 No packing I beseech you, no by-glance  
 To mingle pairs, but fairly shake the bag,  
 Cheats in their spheres like subtile spirits wag.  
 Or if you please the Cards run as they will,  
 There is no choyce in sin and doing ill.  
 Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the ods,  
 He acts most high that best out-dares the gods.  
 These are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh's Kine*,  
 Which eat up all your *Fatlings*, yet look lean.  
 These are the after-claps of bloody showres,  
 Which, like the *Scots*, come for your guide and yours.  
 The Gleaners of the *Fielde*, where, if a man  
 Escape the sword, that milder frying-pan ;  
 He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws  
 Of such can speak no English but the Cause.  
 Under that foggy term, that *Inquisition*,  
 Y' are wrackt at all adventures *On suspicion* :  
 No matter what's the crime, a good estate's  
*Delinquency* enough to ground their hate.  
 Nor shall calm innocence so scape, as not  
 To be made guilty, or at least so thought.  
 And if the spirit once inform, beware,  
 The flesh and world but renegadoes are.

Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run,  
And in full cry and speed till *Wat's* undone.  
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn  
Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn,  
Finds a smooth entrance, wide, and fit, but when  
Hee's squeez'd and forc'd up through the smaller end,  
He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that spent  
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent ;  
Or bodies at the *Resurrection* are  
On wing, just rarifying into aire.  
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Case*  
And shape of some sad being once that was.  
The *Type* of flesh and blood, the *Skeleton*  
And superficies of a thing that's gone.  
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder  
And body of a corps squeez'd to a cinder ;  
When no more tortures can be thought upon,  
Mercy shall flow into oblivion.

*Mercifull Hell!* thy Judges are but three,  
Ours multiform, and in plurality !  
Thy calmer censures flow without recall,  
And in one doom souls see their finall All.  
We travel with expectance : Suffrings here  
Are but the earnest of a second fear.  
Thy plagues and pains are infinite ; 'tis true ;  
Ours are not only infinite, but new.  
So that the dread of what's to come, exceeds  
The anguish of that part already bleeds.  
This only difference swells 'twixt us, and you,  
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.





*The Model of the New Religion.*

**W** Hoop! *Mr. Vicar* in your flying frock?  
 What news at *Babel* now? how stands the *Cock*!  
 When wags the floud? no *Ephimerides*?  
 Nought but confounding of the languages?  
 No more of th' Saints arival? or the chance  
 Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?  
 How many Queer-Religions? clear your throat,  
 May a man have a peny-worth? four a groat?  
 Or do the *Jansto* leap at truss-a-fayle?  
 Three Tenents clap while five hang on the tayle?  
 No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?  
 To preach for Spoons and Whistles? cross or pile?  
 No hints of truth on foot? no sparks of grace?  
 No late sprung light? to dance the wilde-goose chase?  
 No *Spiritual Dragoones* that take their flames  
 From th' inspiration of the City Dames?  
 No crums of comfort to relieve your cry?  
 No new dealt mince-meat of Divinity?  
 Come lets's project: by the great late *Eclipse*  
 We justly fear a famine of the lips.  
 For Sprats are rose an *Omer* for a sowse,  
 Which gripes the conclave of the lower House.  
 Let's therefore vote a close humiliation  
 For opening the seal'd eyes of this blind Nation,  
 That they may see confessingly, and swear  
 They have not seen at all this fourteen year;  
 And for the splints and spavins too, tis said  
 All the joynts have the *Riffcage*, since the head

Swell'd so prodigious, and exciz'd the parts  
From all *Allegiance*, but in tears and hearts.

But zealous *Sir*, what say to a touch at Prayer?  
How *Quops* the spirit? In what garb or ayre?  
With *Souse* erect, or pendent, winks, or haws?  
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?  
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir*, hold forth,  
Learning's a venture of the second worth.  
For since the peoples rise and its sad fall,  
We are inspir'd from much, to none at all.

*Brother adieu!* I see y'are closely girt,  
A costive *Dover* gives the *Saints* the squirt.  
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts  
Like the *States Fleet*, from the *Seas* into *Acts*:  
But where's the Model all this while, you'll say  
'Tis like the Reformation, run away.



*To a Fair Lady weeping for her Husband  
Committed to Prison by the  
Parliament. 1643.*

**T**Ush, let them keep him if they can,  
He's not in hold while you are free,  
Come, sigh no more, but pledge the man,  
What though in Fetters, yet can he  
Be Prisoner unto none but thee;  
Then dry your Eyes, for every tear  
Makes them like drowned worlds appear.

Post through the Aire, my fancy went,  
 With wings disguis'd, and there stood by  
 When he was brought to th' Parliament,  
 And streight *to th' Bar, to th' Bar*, they cry,  
 The smiling Captain asked, *Why?*  
 With that they soon drew up his Charge,  
 Which Lady you shall hear at large.

*Imprimis*, he was married late,  
 With a Gold Ring, unto a Dame,  
 Would make the best of us a Mate;  
 Witty, Pretty, Young, and Quaint,  
 And fairer then our selves can Paint :  
 Her lips do set mens teeth on edge,  
 Sure 'tis a Breach of Priviledge.

And her Malignant beauty, can  
 Provoke our Members up to rise,  
 Nay make our General prove a man ;  
 And the Star-Chamber of her Eyes,  
 Robs Subjects of their Liberties :  
 And then her voice keeps Eares in awe,  
 Even like the High-Commission Law.

Nay more, the fair Delinquent hath  
 A pair of Organs in her throat,  
 Which when she doth inspire with breath,  
 She can command in every noat,  
 More then both our Houses Vote  
 Her very Hair, put in Array,  
 Can fetter our Militia.

Her Cheeks still Natures Patten have,  
 Not yet call'd in, for only she

In them ingrossed all that's brave,  
 And other Ladies Hucksters be,  
 Her Beauty's the Monopolie ;  
 When theirs is spent, to her they come,  
 And chaffer with her face for some.

She keeps an Alter on her brow,  
 Her Eyes two Tapers on each side,  
 There Superstitious Lovers bow ;  
 Her Name is *Mary* too beside,  
 Who owns a Faith that's sanctifi'd ;  
 Let's clap up him till further leisure,  
 And send for her to wait our pleasure.

Then go fair Lady, follow him,  
 Fear no *Trumpet*, fear no *Drum*,  
 Fair Women may prevail with *Pym*,  
 And one sweet smile when there you come,  
 Will quickly strike the *Speaker* dumb :  
 If not, then let one tear be spent,  
 And 'twill dissolve the Parliament.



*Mr. Fullers Complaint.*

**E**ngland once *Europes* joy,  
 Now her scorn ;  
 Ambitious to be forlorn,  
 Self, by self torn ;  
 Stand amaz'd ?  
 Thy woes are blaz'd,  
 By silence best,  
 And wanting words, even wonder out the rest.

Help Gracious King,  
 The source and spring  
 Of all our bliss,  
 Alas the fault's not his ;  
 Good Prince how is he griev'd,  
 That he's mistook ?  
 Or what's a Curse,  
 Far worse, he is not believ'd.

Help long-wisht for Parliament,  
 If so good by your intent ;  
 And will,  
 And skill,  
 Why ill is your successe ?  
 Alas Malignant humors lurk,  
 And cause the Physick not to work,  
 To give our woes redresse.

Help in the Law, ye Learned Sages,  
 Studied well in former ages :  
 But our Rents  
 Are above all Presidents ;  
 In fight, what's might,  
 That's right :  
 For Statutes are by Lawyers awed,  
 And Common-law by Canon-law out-lawed.

Help ye Divines our souls to plaister,  
 Settle the Legacy which your Master  
 Bequeath'd to his own at his decease,  
 Even Peace :  
 Alas alas in *Gilead*,  
 Where is no balm for to be had ;

O Cruell,  
They that should holy water bring, bring fiery fuell.

No help, no help,  
Why then 'tis vain  
For to complain ;  
And why men sin with all their heart,  
Sorrow only but in part ;  
And still they cry  
That all is ill,  
And love to make't and keep't so still.

Since then our wounds  
Are grown so wide,  
And all means try'd,  
And all deny'd ;  
Good God help us at last,  
Before all help be past,  
For this is sure, (cure.  
Men made the wounds, but God alone can help the



*Upon wearing the Kings Colours.*

**A**Las, what take ye pepper in the Nose  
To see King *Charles* his Colours worne in Pose ?  
'Twas but an Ornament to grace the Hat,  
And must we have an Ordinance for that ?  
O serious worthies ! how can you dispence  
With so much time to draw a Grievance thence ?  
But you do very well to make it known,  
When others Liberties surmounts your own ;

You can and will suppress it, well, you may  
 Do even what you please, we must obey ;  
 I hope you'll take in hand the *Taylor's Trade*,  
 And teach us how our *Apparell* must be made,  
 That women in a Vote shall plainly see  
 How wider their Smocks and Petticoats shall be ;  
 If this continue, faith turn *Barbars* too,  
 And cut our hair of the same length you do ;  
 And let it be no less a Crime then *Treason*,  
 To wear, do, or speak any thing that's reason :  
 As for the King, you'll say he's King, 'tis true,  
 But he can rule himself, and order you :  
 What, can he so ? he's mightily too blame,  
 And falln into displeasure for the same ;  
 He will not grant that you're his Friends 'tis true,  
 Should you rule two Kingdoms as a third does you.  
 Lest from a Ribbin then, should spring a Faction,  
 'Twas wisely done to stop its growth i'th' Action ;  
 Yet in despite of you, that this controule,  
 I'll wear my Sovereigns Colours in my *Soul*.



### *A Western Wonder.*

**D**O you not know, not a fortnight agoe,  
 How they brag'd of a Western wonder ?  
 When a hundred and ten, slew five thousand men,  
 With the help of Lightning and Thunder.

There *Hopton* was slain, again and again,  
 Or else my Author did lye ;  
 With a new *Thanksgiving*, for who are living,  
 To God, and his Servant *Chudleigh*.

But now on which side, was this Miracle try'd,  
 I hope we at last are even ;  
 For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves, are risen from their Graves,  
 And Cudgel'd the Clowns of *Devon*.

And now *St.*—— came, for his Honour was lame  
 Of the Gout three months together ;  
 But it prov'd when they fought, but a running Gout,  
 For his heels were lighter then ever.

For now he out-runs, his Armes and his Guns,  
 And leaves all his money behind him ;  
 But they follow after, unlesse he take water  
 At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath cost, and *St.* —— hath lost,  
 Goes deep in the Sequestration ;  
 These wounds will not heal, with your new Great Seal,  
 For *Jepsons* Declarations.

Now *Peters*, and *Case*, in their Prayer and Grace,  
 Remember their new *Thanksgiving* ;  
*Isaack* and his *Wife*, now dig for their life,  
 And shortly must do't for their living.



### A SONG.

**T**He world is now turn'd upside-down,  
 'Tis thought *K. Charles* will keep his Crown,  
 The *Roundheads* now shall all be put down,  
*And alas poor Parliament* now, now, now.

Prince *Rupert* made fair work t'other day,  
 He kild all the Troopers that durst to stay,  
 The rest he kild, their Horses running away :

*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*

And *Essex* his hornes hung so in his light,  
 Alas poor Cuckold, he could not see to fight,  
 And both Houses they were all ready to ——

*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*

Then send for *W*—— and give him good pay,  
 He'le hoise up his Sayles and carry you away,  
 In hopes you'le stand his Friend another day :

*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*



*Upon Alderman Atkins bewraying his Slops  
 on the great Training day.*

**I** Sing the strange adventures and sad Fate,  
 That did befall a Collonel of late,  
 A portly Squire ; a Warlike hardy wight,  
 And pity 'tis, we cannot call him Knight,  
 A stout man at Custard, and Son of *Mars*,  
 But oh the foul disaster of his ——  
 Before the *Worthies*, and the rest beside,  
 Who saw how he his Courser did bestride,  
 Weilding his *Truncheon*, like a *Weavers* beam,  
 And yet —— his hose in every seam ;  
 I cannot tell how fair he was i'th' Cradle,  
 But sure I am he was foul enough i'th' Saddle :

For feats of *Armes* none could come near him then,  
 He smelt so strong, and when eight thousand men  
 Discharg'd their Musquets, he discharged too,  
 But what? his Office and his Guts? what though  
 He made a House of Office of his Hose?  
 Stand further off, if it offend your Nose:  
 Belike he meant to hansell his New Satten,  
 Or, like fat Oxen, in his dung to batten;  
 But when in triumph he from *Finsbury*  
 Came home to *Leaden-hall*, he call'd to see  
 His *Hellena*, his Sultanesse, when she  
 At's first approach smelt out his Knavery;  
 And lest by the hot skirmish of the day,  
 Her *Paris* might miscarry in the way,  
 Or mett with some wounds, sends for in all haste  
*Shambrook* the skilfull Chirurgion, who begins at th' waste  
 T'untruss, and as he stumbling downwards tends,  
 He had the businesse at his fingers ends;  
 Foh, quoth the Chirurgion, call the Kitchin Quean  
 With clout in hand to make his Worship clean;  
 Then about the Master all the Servants shuffl'd,  
 He, like old *Lockwood* in the Counter, scuffl'd,  
 Shew'd two broad mighty Hanches all bewray'd,  
 Nay then, quoth *Shambrook*, how shall I be paid;  
 The Devil a wound I see, is this the prime  
 Of six City Colonels in good time?  
 They say that shitten luck is good, and I  
 Will put it to the Vote of Chivalry,  
 Whether all be not likely well to jump  
 In th' New Militia, when a —— is trump.





*The Downfall of Cheapside-Crosse,*  
May 2, 3, 4. 1643.

**W**Hat hast thou done poor *Crosse*, that this hard  
doome  
Is laid upon thee? what is now become  
Of all the gilded Images? for behold,  
That now is Stone and Brick, which once seem'd Gold,  
The City-Rulers, in their Graver wit,  
And late got Power, have now thought it fit,  
That thou shouldst be demolisht, and pluckt down  
By th' warrant of Lord *Isaack Pennington* ;  
*London's* chief (*ut vis*) who thinks store of good  
He doth, in prisoning, hanging, shedding blood,  
In robbing, plundering each that's good to's King,  
Because no Plate, nor Mony, they will bring  
Into *Guildhall*: nay then it is no wonder,  
If by his Order thou art pluckt asunder,  
When first the top of thee with many a knock  
They did beat down, (Lord) how the silly flock  
Of Round-heads shouted, looking up to th' Skies,  
Giving God thanks for the great Victories  
They had got 'gainst thee, whilst the Drums did beat,  
And Trumpets sounding; truly it was meet:  
They threw their Hatts up, and their Muskets shot,  
They shook their Heads, and clapt their Hands, what  
not?

And thus when any Picture, Legge, or Arme  
Was thrown to th' Ground, the Roundheads all did  
    swarme,

And sundry heaps tumbling one on another,  
Striving who first should see it, then a Brother  
A long Prayer made for thanks, that now they might,  
Doe what they list, be it nor Just, nor Right ;  
For now they keep the whole City in awe,  
With wrong-expounded, and misconstrued Law,  
Doing what they think fit, what's good i'th eyes  
Of them, being led even as their Spirits rise.  
But for their Misdemeanours let this Curse  
Light upon them, or a ten-times far worse :  
May they no Silver have, nor yet no Gold,  
Because there's Crosses in't : and, to be bold,  
May they lead Lives so crost with grief and care,  
That, at the last, may bring them to despair,  
May they no good thing quietly enjoy,  
May they even perish as they walk, and dye,  
And may they still crost be, and crost again,  
May Crosses mixt with Losses be their pain,  
Nay, because *Crosses* they desire none,  
May they have ever Crosses two for one,  
May all their Noses rot, that we may know  
Them, may their Eares as long as Asses grow,  
May their Hair nere be long, and may their hands  
Even pine away, may they stink as they stand :  
And to conclude, may they all lead crosse Lives,  
Nay, which is worse, be troubled with crosse Wives.





*A Vindication of Cheapside-Crosse against  
the Roundheads.*

**M**ust I then down? is an eternal doome  
 Past out against me? must I needs to *Rome*?  
 And why? it is contrary to the Laws,  
 To judge th' offendor e're they hear the Cause.  
 Why come you arm'd against me? what may be  
 The cause of difference 'twixt you and me?  
 Have I transgrest the Law? or did I ever  
 Our gracious Sovereign from his People sever?  
 Did I to a factious Covenant subscribe,  
 Or turn a *Jack*-on-both-sides for a bribe?  
 Rebels have long our wisht for blisse defer'd,  
 All rose in armes, but yet I never stir'd.  
 When such a *Prick-car* troop upon me gaz'd,  
 Crying (no *Crosse*) good faith I stood amaz'd:  
 I was struck dumb with wonder, and which worse,  
 Because I'de gold about me, fear'd my Purse.  
 This zealous rabble came not to adore me,  
 Yet (thanks to th' Butchers) some fell down before me,  
 Others ran quite away, the rest disputed,  
 Mis-using Scripture phrases, but confuted,  
 Wisdome they call'd Apocriphal, threw dirt on  
 All Fathers faces, but Saint *P*— and *Burton*.  
 Was God ith' middle of this Congregation?  
 Or were they led by instinct, or revelation?  
 Kings doft their Crowns, and Cardinals their Copes,  
 All must be bare unto a crew of Crops.

But do's Religion such a hatred bring,  
To hate the very picture of a King?  
Brethren what would you have? or what d'ye fear?  
I draw no sword, nor do I wear long hair.  
I'le do no wrong (though arm'd with Pikes about)  
Would you know why? 'twas to keep Roundheads  
out,

Who have not sworn, but tane a Protestation  
To leave no golden Crosse to blesse our Nation,  
They will divide my Coat, my Flesh, my Bones,  
They'e share the Gold, and give their Wives the  
Stones.

They say they'le pluck the Tower of *Babel* down,  
All things go right when there's no Crosse it'h  
Town.

But who can live without them? Crosses are  
The good mans blessings, and his certain share.  
He that would win an everlasting Crown,  
Must elevate his Crosse, not throw it down.  
They'le have no Common Prayer, but do abhor  
All that is common, but a common W——  
Will you hear reason? that's not common to ye,  
Will Prayers prevail? Ile pray *ex tempore*.  
You think 'tis justice that your factious crew  
Are crosse to me 'cause I am Crosse to you.  
You will have flesh for flesh, It's very dear  
That *Peters* nose should pay for *Malchas* ear,  
If he should snuffle now, that were a jest,  
That very thing would make him full blest:  
You'l run to hear him, and cry's doctrine strong,  
Though non-sense, in regard he stands so long.  
Put out his eyes next time, and you may find  
A second like the first, and doctrine blind.

Some call me Popish, and report they see  
 Divers adore me, what's all that to me?  
 Because they worship me shall I fall down  
 Unto such Calves, Mechanicks of the Town.  
 'Tis Popery, let them kneel that list, Ile stand?  
 Before Ile bow, Ile fly to some new Land.  
 Be sorry Brethren, I am pleas'd to think  
 'Twas from too little wit, or too much drink.  
 Ile be a Roundhead spiritually sent  
 To pardon your affronts, if you repent.  
 I am a foe to *Rome*, for you shall find  
 When I am gone, there's the more room behind.



*A Song in defence of Christmass.*

**N**OW Christmass is come, let us beat up the Drum,  
 And call our good Neighbours together.  
 And when they appear, let us make them good chear,  
 That will keep out the wind and the weather,  
 To feast at this season, I think 'tis no treason,  
 I could give you a reason why,  
 Though some are so pure, that they cannot endure to see  
 a Nativity Pye.

I cannot but wonder, that the Souldiers should plunder,  
 For keeping our Saviours birth,  
 For all Christians then, or I cannot tell when,  
 Should shew forth their joy and their mirth,

But our Saints now adayes, despise good old wayes,  
'Gainst which they both preach and pray,  
But to give them their dues, they're no better than  
    Jewes,  
That speak against Christmass day.

These like the good chear, all times oth' year,  
'Tis the birth day that doth them annoy,  
Plumb-pottage and brawn, and the Doe and the Fawne,  
    With the Creature, they love to enjoy,  
They often have meetings, and then there's such greetings,  
    Such tracing of Sisters about,  
They preach and they pray, but I must not now say  
    What they do when their Candles are out.

Yet I cannot forbear, to tell in your ear  
    What befell at a breaking of bread,  
How a Virgin full neat, went thither to eat,  
    But it cost her, her Maiden-head ;  
These men of high merit, though much for the spirit,  
    Are yet for the Flesh now and than,  
For a new Babe of Grace, was got near the Place,  
    By a Congregational man.

The Dippers and Ranters, and our Scotch Covenanters,  
    That bragge of their Faith and their Zeale,  
These abound in their fainings, but I'll make no com-  
    plainings,  
Nor will I their Secrets reveale,

The poor Cavaliers, that still lives in fears  
Of Prisons, and Sequestration,  
Though they keep Christmase day, are more honest  
than they,  
But Honesty's quite out of fashion.

If you view our great Cities, and our Countrie Com-  
mittees,

You will not find overmuch there,  
Our Divines, though they preach it, themselves do scarce  
reach it ;

And our Lawyers have little to spare.'  
I could tell of some more, that have no great store,  
Of our Gentry, both Old and New,  
But I think it is best, with edge tools not to jest,  
Nor to speak all we know to be true.

But the poor Cavalier, as to mirthe and good cheere,  
But now bid Christmass adieu,  
If the Taxes hold on, their Money will be gone,  
They will want both to bake and to brew,  
Their Healths are put down, who adher'd to the Crown,  
'Tis they that must fast and pray,  
For to any mans thinking, both their eating and drinking,  
Is like to be taken away.





*The Bishop of Ossery on the Rebels.*

**L** Et proud *Babilon* cease to boast  
 Of her *Pyramid's* stately spires,  
 This Rebellion is more strange,  
 Surmounting all Infernal fires.  
 No Age the like hath ever bread,  
 Nor shall when these Rebels be dead.



*A Bill on St. Paul's Church Door.*

**T** His House is to be let,  
 It is both wide, and fair ;  
 If you would know the price of it,  
 Pray ask of Mr. Maior.

*Isaack Pennington.*



*A SONG.*

**W** Hat though the Zealots, pull down the Prelates,  
 Push at the Pulpit, and kick at the Crown,  
 Shall we not ever, strive to endeavour  
 Once more to purchase our Royal Renown ?  
 Shall not the Roundhead first be confounded ?  
 Sa, sa, sa, sa boyes, ha, ha, ha, ha boyes,

Then wee'le return home, with Triumph and Joy,  
Then wee'le be merry, drink Sack and Sherry,  
And we will sing Boys, *God blesse the King* Boys,  
Cast up our Caps, and cry, *Vive le Roy.*

What though the wise, make Alderman *Isaack*,  
Put us into Prison, and steal our Estates ;  
Though we are forced, to be un-horsed,  
And walk on foot, as it pleaseth the Fates,  
In the Kings Army, no man will harm ye ;  
Then come along Boyes, valiant and strong Boys,  
Fight for your Goods, which the Roundheads enjoys ;  
And when you venter, *London* to enter,  
And when you come Boys, with Phife and Drum Boyes,  
*Isaack* himself shall cry, *Vive le Roy.*

If not then, chuse him, 'twill not excuse him,  
Since honest Parliaments never made them Theeves ;  
*Charles* ne're did further, Theeves dipt in Murder,  
Never by Pardon, long Lease, or Reprieves ;  
For such Conditions, and Propositions  
Will not be granted, then be not daunted,  
We will our honest old Customes enjoy :  
*Pauls* now rejected, shall be respected,  
And in the Quire, Voyces sing hire,  
Thanks to *Jehovah*, then *Vive le Roy.*



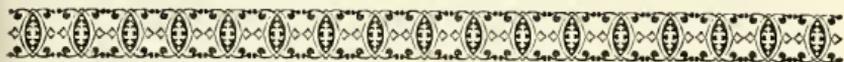


*On two Parliaments dissolved.*

**T**WO Parliaments dissolv'd ! then let my heart,  
 As they in Faction, it in fraction part,  
 And, like the Levite sad with rage, ascribe  
 My piece-meal Portion to each broken Tribe,  
 And say, that *Bethlehem, Judahs* love, hath been  
 Wrong'd by the Fag-end crue of *Benjamin*,  
 O Let such High presumption be accurst,  
 When the last Tribe shall wrong the best, and first ;  
 While, like the Levite, our best *Charles* may say,  
 The Ravenous Wolf hath seiz'd the Lions prey.  
 Thus oft Inferiour Subjects are not shy,  
 A love to mock at Sacred Majesty.  
 What Faculty should not be injured,  
 If that the Feet had Power to spurn the Head ?  
 And Kings Prerogative may soon fall down,  
 When Subjects make a Footstool of a Crown :  
 The Starrs, the Heavens Inferiour Courtiers might,  
 Command the Darknesse, but not rule the Light,  
 Nor him that made it ; should they all combine  
 With *Luna* at the full, our Sun should shine  
 Brighter than they, nor can he be subdu'd,  
 Though he but one, and they a Multitude.  
 Say, Subjects ye were Starrs, and 'twere allow'd,  
 You justly of the Number might be proud ;  
 Yet to your Sun be humble, and know this,  
 Your Light is borrowed, not your own, but His.  
 When the unfettered Subjects of the Seas,  
 The Fountains, felt their feet, and ease,

No sooner summon'd, but they nimble went  
 To meet the Ocean at a Parliament.  
 Did then these petty Fountains say their King,  
 The Ocean, was no Ocean, but a Spring?  
 Let me alone, if fresh excess of store  
 Can make me poorer than I was before.  
 And shall we then the power of Kings dispute?  
 And count it lesse, when more is added to't?  
 No, let the Common body, if it can,  
 Be not a River, but an Ocean,  
 And swell into a Deluge, till it hide  
 The top of Mountains in its teeming pride.  
 Kings, like *Noahs Ark*, are nearer to the Skies,  
 The more the Billows underneath them rise.  
 You then, who if your hearts were first in love,  
 Might sit in Counsell with the Gods Above:  
 You, that do question your Kings Power Below,  
 If you come there, will you use Heavens King so?  
 Do not aspire, you must take up you rest  
 More safe Below, than in the Eagles nest.  
 Hath Clemency offended? will you harm  
 And pluck the Sun from Heaven that makes you  
     warm?  
 No King nor Bishops please? what, have we got  
 An Outside *English*, and an Inside *Scot*?  
 If Faction thus our Countries Peace distracts,  
 You may have want of Parliaments, not Acts.  
 Ill-ended Sessions, and yet well begun,  
 Too much being spoke hath made too little done.  
 So Faction thrives, Puritanism bears sway,  
 None must do any thing but only *Say*.  
 Stoop, stoop, you baren-headed Hills, confess  
 You might be fruitfuller, if ye were lesse.

Tremble ye thred-bare Commons : are you vext  
That lambs feed on ye? Lions will come next.



*Collonel Vennes Encouragement to his  
Souldiers.*

A SONG.

Fight on brave Souldiers for the Cause,  
Fear not the Cavaliers,  
Their threatnings are, as sencelesse as  
Our jealousies and fears.

'Tis you must perfect this great Work,  
And all Malignants slay,  
You must bring back the King again  
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you fight,  
And for the Kingdoms good,  
By robbing Churches, plundering them,  
And shedding Guiltlesse blood.  
Down with the Orthodoxal Train,  
All Loyal Subjects slay,  
When these are gone, we shall be blest  
The clean contrary way.

When *Charles* we have made Bankrupt,  
Of Power and Crown bereft him,  
And all his Loyal Subjects slain,  
And none but Rebels left him,

When we have beggar'd all the Land,  
 And sent our Trunks away,  
 Wee'le make him then a Glorious Prince  
 The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his Majesty,  
 That we against him fight,  
 Nor ever are we beaten back,  
 Because our Cause is right.  
 If any make a scruple at  
 Our Declarations, say  
 Who fight for us, fight for the King  
 The clean contrary way.

At *Keinton, Brainsford, Plymouth, York,*  
 And divers Places more,  
 What Victories we Saints obtain,  
 The like nere seen before.  
 How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,  
 And bravely wonne the day,  
 The wicked Cavaliers did run  
 The clean contrary way.

The true Religion we maintain,  
 The Kingdoms Peace and Plenty,  
 The Priviledge of Parliament,  
 Not known to One of twenty.  
 The antient Fundamental Laws,  
 And teach men to obey  
 Their lawfull Sovereign ; and all these  
 The clean contrary way.

Wee, Subjects Liberties preserve  
 By Imprisonment and Plunder,

And do enrich our selves and State,  
By keeping th' Wicked under,  
Wee must preserve Mechanicks now,  
To Lectorize and pray,  
By them the Gospel is advanc't  
The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much misled  
By that Malignant Crew,  
Hee'le find us honest at the last,  
Give all of us our due.  
For we do wisely plot, and plot  
Rebellion to allay,  
He sees wee stand for Peace and Truth  
The clean contrary way.

The Publique-Faith shall save our Souls,  
And our good Works together,  
And Ships shall save our Lives that stay  
Only for Winde and Weather.  
But when our Faith and Workes fall down,  
And all our Hopes decay,  
Our Acts will bear us up to Heaven  
The clean contrary way.





*A Second Western Wonder.*

YOU heard of that wonder, of the *Lightening* and  
*Thunder,*

Which made the lye so much the louder ;  
Now list to another, that *Miracles Brother,*  
Which was done with a *Firkin of Powder.*

h what a damp, struck through the Camp,  
But as for *Honest Sir Ralph,*  
It blew him to the *Vies,* without beard, or eyes,  
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the *News-monger* took  
From the *preaching Ladies Letter,*  
Where in the first place, stood the *Conquerors* face,  
VWhich made it shew so much the better.

But now without lying, you may pains him flying,  
At *Bristol* they say you may finde  
Great *William* the *Con.* so fast he did run,  
That he left half his name behind.

And now came the Post, saves all that was lost,  
But alas, we are past deceiving,  
By a trick so stale, or else such a tayl  
Might mount for a new *Thanks-giving.*

This made Mr. *Case,* with a pittifull face,  
In the Pulpit to fall a weeping,  
Though his mouth utter'd *lyes, truth* fell from his eyes,  
VWhich kept our *Lord Maior* from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,  
 For the Laws of your Cause, you that loath 'um,  
 Lest *Essex* should start, and play the *Second part*,  
 Of *Worshipfull Sir John Hotham*.



*The Battel of Worcester.*

ALL you that be true to the King and the State,  
 Come listen, and Ile tell you what happen'd of late,  
 In a large field near *Worcesters gate*.

*Which no body can deny.*

Brave *Sir John Byron*, true to the Crown,  
 With forces too few, 'tis very well known,  
 Went thither, 'tis said, to keep the *Town*,

*Which no body can deny.*

But whether 'twas true, ye have learn'd to guess,  
 As for my own part I think no lesse,  
 To give you a taste of our Future succeſse,

*Which no body can deny.*

Thither came *Fines* with armes Complete,  
 The *Town* to take, and *Byron* defeat,  
 Provisions were made, but he staid not to eat,

*Which no body can deny.*

But as soon as he heard our great Guns play,  
 With a Flea in's ear, he ran quite away,  
 Like the lawfull begotten *Son* of Lord *Say*,

*Which no body, &c.*

Nay had the old Crop-ear'd his Father dar'd  
 To approach the walls, his design had bin marr'd,  
 For *Byron* would not have proved a VVard.

*Which no body can deny.*

Pox on him he keeps his Patent yet,  
 But I hope next Term he shall not sit,  
 'Twas but *quam diu se bene Gesserit*,

*Which no body, &c.*

But now behold, increased in force,  
 Hee comes again with ten Troups of Horse,  
 Oh bloody-Man he had no remorse,

*Which no body, &c.*

They marched up boldly, without any fear,  
 Little thinking Prince *Rupert* was come so near,  
 But alas poor souls it cost them dear,

*Which no body, &c.*

The Prince like a Gallant man of his trade,  
 Marcht out of the *Town* till this quarter was made,  
 Sir, the Enemies are near at hand it is said :

*Which no body, &c.*

Where, where are they ? Prince *Rupert* cries,  
 And looking about with fiery eyes, |  
 Some thirty behind a hedge he spyes.

*Which no body, &c.*

This Forlorn-hope he no sooner saw,  
 But 4. or 5. more did towards them draw ;  
 He asked, who's there ? one answer'd him, haw,

*Which no body, &c.*

The man you'll say was rudely bred ;  
The Prince shot a Bullet into his head,  
His haw had been better spared than said,

*Which no body, &c.*

Prince *Maurice* then, to second his Brother,  
Discharg'd his Pistol, and down fell another,  
'Twere pittty but news were sent to his Mother,

*Which no body, &c.*

Lord *Digby* slew one to his great fame,  
So did Monsieur de *Lisle*, and Sir *Rich. Crane*,  
And another *French* man, with a harder name,

*Which no body, &c.*

Prince *Rupert* to his own Force retired,  
And bad them not shoot till their Doublets were fired,  
His Courage and Conduct were both admired,

*Which no body, &c.*

He Charged but twice, yet made them shrink,  
'Twere hard to get off now one would think,  
Yet both can do it as easie as drink.

*Which no body, &c.*

Then have amongst ye, quoth Sir *Lewes Dives*,  
For a good Cause you know always thrives,  
His heart in his shoulders cost many mens lives,

*Which no body, &c.*

*John Byron* did as bravely fight ;  
To the *Prince of Wales* his great delight,  
He came home in safety and was made a Knight.

*Which no body, &c.*

My Friend *David Walter* in Doublet white,  
 Without any Armes either rusty or bright,  
 Charg'd through them twice like a little spright,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But oh Prince *Maurice*, where was he?  
 Where one of us would be loath to be,  
 Surrounded with Butchers three times three,  
*Which no body, &c.*

These men of *East-cheap* little said,  
 But all their blows at his head they made,  
 As if they had been at work at their Trade,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Then came a *French-man* fiery and keen,  
 He broke the Ring and came in between,  
 Ere a man let a — not a Butcher was seen.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Brave Lord *Wilmot*, by whose hands did fall  
 Many a Rebell stout and tall,  
 Came to him without any Armes at all,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Their Horses then close up they spur'd,  
 The wounds they gave were all with the Sword,  
 Their Pistols proved not worth a —  
*Which no body, &c.*

But the Parliament having quite forgot  
 To Vote that *Sandys* should not be shot  
 By the hand of a *Mounsier* he went to the pot.  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Douglas a Scotch-man of great fame*  
 Was slain that day for want of the same ;  
 The Houses in this were much to blame,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Of all their chief Commanders that day,  
 I hold it fit I should something say,  
 His name was *Brown*, and he ran away,  
*Which no body, &c.*

If a few more o'em should shew such a freak,  
 Both Houses surely would quickly break,  
 And honest men would have leave to speak,  
*Which no body, &c.*

They fly, they fly, Prince *Rupert* cry'd,  
 No sooner said, but away they hy'd ;  
 The force of his Armes they durst not abide,  
*Which no body can deny.*



### *Smectymnuus, or the Club-Divines.*

**S***Mectymnuus* ! the Goblin makes me start !  
 I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?  
*Syriack* ? or *Arabick* ? or *Welch* ? what skilt ?  
 Ap all the Brick-layers that *Babel* built !  
 Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it,  
 Till then 'tis fit for a *West-Saxon* Poet.  
 But do the Brother-hood then play their Prizes  
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises ?  
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,  
 A name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread a Mile ;

The Saints monopolie, the zealous cluster,  
 Which, like the Porcupine, presents a muster,  
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,  
 A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.  
 Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly shown  
 The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone,  
 Thus fashion's Al-a-Mode in Treasons fashion ;  
 Now we have heresie by Complication  
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves  
 Strung on a chain ; a Murnival of Knaves  
 Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,  
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all on a side :  
 So the vain *Satyrists* stand all a row,  
 As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show :  
 Th' *Italian* Monster, pregnant with his Brother,  
 Natures *Diæresis*, half one another,  
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,  
 Must both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.  
 Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*, for lo his side  
 Into a five-fold *Lezar's* multipli'd.  
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyssard,  
 Five faces lurk under one single vizard :  
 The *Whore of Babylon* left these brats behind,  
 Heirs of confusion by *Gavelkind*.  
 I think *Pythagoras's* soul has rambl'd hither,  
 With all the change of Rayment on together :  
*Smec* is her general Ward-robe, shee'l not dare  
 To think of him as of a thorough fare ;  
 He stops the Gossiping Dame ; alone he is  
 The purlew of a *Metempsychosis*.  
 Like a *Scotch* Mark, where the more modest sense  
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence :  
 Like an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,  
 Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same :

Like to nine *Taylor*s, who if rightly spell'd,  
 Into one man are Monosyllabel'd :  
 Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,  
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see ! how close the curs hunt under sheet,  
 As if they spent in Quire, and scann'd their feet ;  
 One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a truss :  
 The title sure must be litigious !  
 The *Sadduces* would raise a question,  
 Who must be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.  
 Who coop'd them up together were to blame,  
 Had they but wire-drawn, & spun out their name,  
 'Twould make another Prentices Petition  
 Against the Bishops and their Superstition.

*Robson* and *French* (that count from five to five,  
 As far as nature fingers can contrive,  
 She saw they would be sessors, that's the cause  
 She cleft her hoof into so many claws,)  
 May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree  
 To rate *Smectymnuus* for Pole-money.

*Caligula*, whose pride was mankind's bail,  
 (As who disdain'd to murder by retail)  
 Wishing the world had but one general neck.  
 His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*,  
 No eccho can improve the Author more,  
 Whose lungs pay use on use, to half a score :  
 No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand  
 Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.  
 Some *Welsh-man* was his Godfather, for he  
 Wears in his name his Genealogy,  
 The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,  
 Beewixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera* ;  
 The Guests invited by a friendly Summons,  
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons ;

The Priest to tye the Foxes tayles together,  
*Mosely*, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.  
 See, what off-spring every one expects !  
 What strange pluralities of men and sects ?  
 One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another  
 Is for a Synod : But upon the Mother :  
 Faith ! cry St. *George*, let them go to't, and stickle,  
 Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle ;  
 Thus might Religions catterwaul, and spight,  
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite.  
 But their crosse Fortunes interdict their trade,  
 The Groom is Rampant, but the bride displaid.

My task is done, all my Hee-Goats are milkt,  
 So many Cards i'th' stock, and yet be bilkt ?  
 I could by Letters now untwist the Rabble,  
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.  
 But there I leave you to another dressing,  
 Only kneel down and take your Fathers blessing,  
 May the *Queen Mother* justifie your fears,  
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.



### A Lenten Letany.

*Composed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and  
 edification of the Faithfull Ones.*

FROM Villany drest in the Doublet of Zeal,  
 From three Kingdomes bak'd in one Common weal,  
 From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Chancery-writ, and a whip and a bell,  
 From a Justice of Peace that never could spell,  
 From *Collonel P.* and the *Vicar of Hell*,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From Neat's feet without socks, and three-peny  
 Pyes.

From a new sprung Light that will put out ones  
 eyes,

From Goldsmiths-hall, the Devil, and Excise,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From two hours talk without one word of sense,

From Liberty still in the future tense,

From a Parliament long-wasted Conscience,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Coppid Crown-tenent prick'd up by a  
 Brother,

From damnable Members, and fits of the Mother,

From Ears like Oysters that grin at each other,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Preacher in buff, and a Quarter-staff-steeple,

From th' unlimited Sovereigne Power of the People,

From a Kingdom that crawles on its knees like a  
 Creeple,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a vinegar Priest on a Crab-tree stock,

From a foddering of Prayer four hours by the  
 Clock.

From a holy Sister with a pittifull Smock,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a hunger-starv'd Sequestrators maw,

From Revelations and Visions that never man saw.

From Religion without either Gospel or Law,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Nick and Froth of a Peny Pot-house,

From the Fiddle and Crosse, and a great *Scotch*  
Louse,

From Committees that chop up a Man like a  
Mouse,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From broken shins, and the blood of a Martyr,

From the Titles of Lords, and Knights of the Garter,

From the teeth of mad-dogs, and a Country mans  
quarter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Publique Faith, and an Egg & Butter,

From the *Irish* Purchasers, and all their clutter,

From *Omega's* nose, when he fettles to sputter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the zeal of Old *Harry* lock'd up with a  
Whore,

From waiting with Plaints at the Parliament dore,

From the death of a King without why or where-  
fore,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the French disease, and the Puritan fry,  
 From such as nere swear, but devoutly can lye,  
 From cutting of capers full three story high,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From Painted glass, and Idolatrous cringes,  
 From a *Presbyters* Oath that turns upon hinges,  
 From *Westminster Jews* with Levitical fringes,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that is said, and a thousand times more,  
 From a Saint, and his Charity to the Poor,  
 From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in  
 store,

*Libera nos, &c.*

*The Second Part.*

**T**Hat if it please thee to assist  
 Our *Agitators*, and their List,  
 And *Hemp* them with a gentle twist,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to suppose  
 Our actions are as good as those  
 That gull the People through the Nose,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee here to enter,  
 And fix the rumbling of our center,  
 For we live all at peradventure,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to unite  
 The flesh and bones unto the sprite,  
 Else Faith and literature good night,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee O that wee  
 May each man know his Pedigree,  
 And save that plague of Heraldry,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee in each Shire  
 Cities of refuge Lord to rear,  
 That failing Brethren may know where,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to abhor us,  
 Or any such dear favour for us,  
 That thus have wrought thy peoples sorrows,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embrace  
 Our dayes of thanks and fasting face,  
 For robbing of thy holy place,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to adjourn  
 The day of judgement, least we burn,  
 For lo it is not for our turn,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to admit  
*A close Committee* there to sit,  
 No Devil to a Humane wit!

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to dispence  
A little for convenience,  
Or let us play upon the sense,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embalm  
The Saints in *Robin Wisdom's Psalm*,  
And make them musical and calm,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee, since 'tis doubt  
Satan cannot throw Satan out,  
Unite us and the Highland rout,

*Quæsumus te, &c.*



## AN ELEGIE

*On the Death of Sir Beville Grenvile.*

TO build upon the merit of thy *Death*,  
And raise thy Fame from thy *expiring Breath*,  
Were to steal Glories from thy *Life*, and tell  
The World, that *Grenvil* only did *dye* well.  
But all thy Dayes were fair, the same Sun rose,  
The Lustre of thy *Dawning*, and thy *Close*.  
Thus to her Urn th' *Arabian* wonder flies,  
She lives in *Perfumes*, and in *Perfumes* dyes :

E're stormes, and tumults (Names undreaded here)  
Could in their Bloome and Infancy appeare ;

He in the stock and treasure of his mind  
 Had heaps of Courage, and just heat combin'd.  
 Where, like the thrifty Ant, he kept in store  
 Enough for *Spring*, but for a *Winter* more.  
 In Peace he did direct his thoughts on Warrs,  
 And learn't in *silence* how to combat *Jarres*.  
 And though the Times look't smooth and would  
 allow

No track of Frown or Wrinkle in their Brow :  
 Yet his quick sight perceiv'd the Age would low'r,  
 And, while the *Day was faire*, fore-saw the *Show'r*.

At this the prudent Augur did provide  
 Where to *endure* the *storme*, not where to *hide*,  
 And sought to shun the Danger now drawn nigh,  
 Not by *Concealment* but by *Victory*.

As valiant *Seamen*, if the Vessel knock,  
 Rather *sayle o're it*, than avoid the Rock.  
 And thus Resolv'd, he saw on either hand,  
 The *Causes*, and their bold *Abettors* stand.  
 The *Kingdoms Law* is the pretence of each,  
 Which these *by Law preserve*, these by its *breach*,  
 The *Subjects Liberty* each side maintains,  
 These say it consists in *freedom*, these in *Chaines*,  
 These love the *decent Church*, but these not pass  
 To dresse our *Matron* by the *Geneva Glass* ?  
 These still *enshrine* their God ; but these adore  
 Him most at some *Araunah's Threshing-floor*.  
 Each part defends their King a several way,  
 By true *Subjection* these, by *Treasons* they.  
 But our Spectatour soon unmask't the sin,  
 And saw all *Serpent* through that *specious skin*.  
 And midst their best Pretext did still despair,  
 In any dresse to see their *Moor look fair*.

And though the *Number* weigh'd ith' *popular scale*,  
 As light things float still with the *tyde* and *gale*,  
 He with the *solid* mixt, and did conclude,  
*Justice* makes Parties *great*, not *Multitude*.  
 And with this constant Principle possest,  
 He did alone expose his single Breast,  
 Against an *Armies* force, and bleeding lay,  
 The *great Restorer* o'th' *Declining Day*.

Thus slain thy *Valiant Ancestor* did lye,  
 When his one *Bark* a *Navy* durst defie,  
 When now encompass'd round, he Victor stood,  
 And bath'd his *Pinnacle* in his conquering Blood.  
 Till all his Purple current dry'd and spent,  
 He fell, and left the *Waves* his *Monument*,  
 Where shall next *famous Grenvills* Ashes stand?  
 Thy Grandsire fills the *Seas*, and Thou the *Land*.



*To my Lord Bishop of S. on New-*  
*years day.*

**T**HOUGH with the course and motion of the year,  
 Not only *Starres* and *Sun*  
 Move where they first begun;  
 But *Things* and *Actions* do  
 Keep the same *Circle* too,  
 Return'd to the same point in the same *Sphear*.

*Griefs* and their *Causes* still are where they stood,  
 'Tis the same *Cloud* and *Night*  
 Shuts up our *Joyes* and *Light* :  
*Warres* as remote from *Peace*,  
 And *Bondage* from *Release*,  
 As when the *Sun* his last years *Circuite* rode.

Though *Sword* and *Slaughter* are not parted hence,  
 But we like *years* and *times*,  
 Meet in *unequal* *chimes*,  
 Now a *Cloud* and then a *Sun*,  
*Undoe* and are *undone*,

Let loose and stopt by th' *Orbes* intelligence.

Though *Combates* have so thick and frequent stood,  
 That we at length may raise  
 A *Calendar* of *dayes*,  
 And style them foul or fair,  
 By their *success*, not *Aire* :

And sign our *Festivals* by *Rebels* blood.

Though the sad years are cloath'd in such a dress,  
 That *times* to *times* give place,  
 And *seasons* shift their *grace*,  
 Not by our *Cold* or *Heat*,  
 But *Conquest* or *Defeat* :

And *Losse* makes *Winter*, *Summer*, *happiness*.

Nay though a greater *Ruine* yet await ;  
 Such as the *Active* curse,\*  
 Sent to make *worst* times *worse*,  
 Deaths *keen* and *secret* dart,  
 The shame of *Hearths* and *Art*

Which proves at once our *Wonder* and our *Fate*.

\* *The new disease.*

Though these conspire to sully our request,  
 And labour to destroy,  
 And kill your *New-years* joy,  
 Yet still your wonted Art  
 Will keep our wish in *heart*.

Proportion'd not toth' times but to your breast  
 Thus in the Storme you *Calme* and *Silence* find,  
 Nor *Sword* nor *Sickness* can approach your mind.



## A SATYR,

*Occasioned by the Author's Survey of a  
 Scandalous Pamphlet, intituled*

*The Kings Cabinet opened.*

**W**hen *Lawes* and *Princes* are despis'd and cheap,  
 When *High patcht* Mischiefs all are in the  
 heap ;

*Returns* must still be had : *Guilt* must strive more  
 Though not to' *Enoble*, yet to *Enlarge her store*.

Poor *cheap Design* ! the *Rebell* now must flie  
 To *Packet Warre*, to *Paper-Treacherie*.

The *Basiliskes* are turn'd to *Closet-Spies*,

And to their *Poys'nous* adde *Enquiring eyes* :

As *Snakes* and *Serpents* should they cast their sting,  
 Still the same *Hate*, though not same *Poyson* fling ;

And their *Vain teeth* to the same point addresse,

With the like *Rancor*, though unlike *Successe* :

So those that into undiscerning veines,  
Have thrown their *Venom deep*, and their dark  
stains,

By *frail Advantages*, still find it good,  
To keep th' Infection high ith' Peoples Blood.

“For *Active Treason* must be *doing* still :

“Lest she *unlearn* her *Art of doing ill*.

Who now have waded through the *Publick* aw,  
Will break through *Secrets* and prophane their Law.  
Know you, that would their *Act* and *Statute* see  
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Decree*.

When *Angells* talke, all their *Conceits* are brought  
From *Minde* to *Minde*, and they discourse by  
*Thought*.

A *Close Idea* moves, and *Silence* flies  
To *post* the *Message*, and *dispatch Replies*.  
And though *Ten Legions*, in the Round are bent,  
They only *hear* to whom the *Talk was meant*.  
Now, though in *Men* a different Law controules,  
And *Soules* are not *Embassadours* to *Soules* :  
Nature gave Reason power to find a way,  
Which none but these could venture to betray.

“Two close safe *Pathes* she did bequeath to  
men,

“In *Presence*, *Whisper* ; and at *Distance*, *Penne*.  
*Publick Decrees* and *Thoughts* were else the same,  
Nor went it to *Converse*, but to *Proclaim*.  
*Conceits* were else but *Records*, but by this care  
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Inclosures* are :  
What bold *Intruders* then are, who assail  
To cut their Prince's *Hedge*, and break his *Pale* ?  
That so *Unmanly gaze*, and dare be seen  
Ev'n then, when He converses with his *Queen* ?

Yet, as who breaks the tall Bank's rising Side,  
 And all the Shore doth levy with the Tyde,  
 Doth not confine the Waves to any Bound,  
 But the whole Streame may gain upon the Ground ;  
 So these *streight* Prospect scorn, and *Private* View,  
 " The Crime is small that doth engage a Few.  
 These print their Shame, they must compleat their Sinne :  
 Not take some *Waves*, and shut the *Sluce* agen.  
 But, to the *Raging of their Sea*, they do  
 Let in the *Madnesse of the People too*.

But, 'cause their *Crime* must wear a *Mask* and *Vail*,  
 And fain the *Serpent* would conceal his *Tail*.  
 No sooner comes the *Libell* to our view,  
 But see a *stay'd demure*, *grave Preface* too :  
 Which seems to show they would not thus intrude,  
 Nor presse so far, but for the *Publick* good :  
 But as some *London Beggars* use to stand,  
 In *Grecians Coats* with Papers in their hand,  
 Who are (as them indifferent Parts we meet)  
*English* at Home, but solemn *Greeks* ith' street.  
 Of whom *uncloath'd*, and when the truth is heard,  
*Constantinople* only knows the *Beard*.  
 So this *sly Masker*, lay its *Tinsell* by,  
 Is only *Painted Zeal*, and *Pageantry*.

We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,  
 How it prophanes God in His *Attribute*.\*

But for its *Light* it need no *Bushell* call,  
 A *Sempstresse Thimble* will *Eclipse* it all.

O ! in what meeknesse it pretends to creep !  
 How well the *Tyger* personates the *Sheep* !

It not Returns ill Language to the King,  
 Though the next Lines the *Psalms* against Him bring.

\* See the *Preface*.

Then it to th' *Business* comes, and lets us know,  
 Who reads it either is its *Friend* or *Foe*.  
 If *Friend*, the Scandals all must true appear :  
 If *Foe* (alack the man is ne're the near.)  
 Foe no *Light* moves, no *Miracles* like these,  
 Hee'le say they're not the *Kings* too, if he please.  
 And tell us pray? what, may'nt your last words  
 stand?

You counterfeit his *Seal*, why not his *Hand*?  
 But to admit, We now deduce and bring,  
 What *after-notes* clearly imply oth' King

First, They His Comfort from His *Secrets* wrest.  
 They doe allow the *King*, but not the *Breast*,  
 The Sacred Knot must have a Tye, and Force,  
 To joyne their Hands, but yet their Thoughts Di-  
 vorce.

And, as the Ivey weddes her Consort-Tree,  
 Though join'd, and close their chaste Embraces be,  
 Yet in those *Twinnes* and *Circuits* we can find  
 No Traffique, no Commerce of mind with mind :  
 So must the Sacred Laws of Marriage pierce ;  
 Here she may *Sprout* and *Grow*, but not *Converse*.  
 And, like a Plant remov'd by Grafters toyle,  
 She finds not Nuptials, but a change of Soyle.

*England* to th' Queen transplanted thus must prove,  
 No *Forraigne Kingdome*, but a *Forraigne Grove*.

But, least this groundlesse seem, they reasons vex,  
 And tell the World Shee's of the Weaker Sex.  
 In what wilde Braines this Madnesse first began !  
 They're wondrous angry, 'cause the Queen's no  
 Man.

Fond Sirs forbear, do not the world perplex :  
*Reason* and *Judgement* are not things of *Sex*.

Souls and their Faculties were never heard  
 To be confin'd to th' *Doublet* and the *Beard*.  
 Consult one Age from this, and you shall find  
 A Queen the Glory of your Annals shin'd.  
 But who to farre and distant Objects flies,  
 Must say the *Sun* wants *Lustre*, or he *Eyes*.  
 Our *Present injur'd* Queen returns that store,  
 And doth again, what could be done before :  
 By the *King's* Judgement, shews Her *own* is Right,  
 And still she meets His Ray with her own Light.  
 Thus the *wise King* to *Shebah's Queen* was known,  
 Who knew *Him wise* by *Wisdom* of *her own*.  
 But as all *Publick* Knowledge barr'd must be,  
 So *Houshold-Acts* must have their *Mysterie* :  
 No Circumstance can passe, no Servant made,  
 But must be wrapt in *silence* and close *shade*.  
 One *Place* in Court a Riddle must afford,  
 Worthy a secret *Sybil's* dark Record.  
 As the *Kings Acts* must all their limits prove,  
 So their *Restraint* and *Reins* must check his *Love*.  
*Esteems* of's Comfort by their *pitch* must fly,  
 Nor must He *rate* his Dear Queen's Health *too high*.  
 He must affect thus *far*, and then no *more*,  
 His *Tydes* must be proportion'd to their *shore* ;  
 His *Tenderness* their *Weights* and *Ballance* weare,  
 By *Graines* and *Scruples* they Confine His Care,  
 But (Savage) know, there can no ransome be  
 Poys'd with the Health of such a Queen as *She*.  
*She* that at once such *weighty* Acts can do,  
 That can be *Queen* and yet *negotiate* too :  
*Send* and be *sent*, and without more demurre,  
 Be both the *Queen* and her *Embassadour*.  
 That gives dispatch for Ships, and when she please,  
 Divides the Empire with the Queen o'th Seas :

Who dares the threats of any danger stand,  
 The stubborn Rock, or the Devouring Sand.  
 And though the Sea swell like Her *fate* and *Grave*,  
 Look at Her Consort, and despise the *Wave*.

The Captive Queen did (thus) the *Tyrant* tell,  
 I am no Captive so my *King* be well.\*

By these her worth and rate is faintly known,  
 Past stories *blush* when she erects her *own*.  
 Search *old gray Annals*, you may find at length,  
 Some Queen in *Vigour*, and her *mid-day strength* ;  
 Who in her injured Consorts cause, referres  
 To Copies glancing at these Acts of *Hers*.  
 But if *Infirm* and *Sickly* Queens we *scanne*,  
 No story patterns her, None ever can  
 Shew us a Queen fraught with such wide Affairs,  
 Here private *Weaknesse*, there a *Kingdom's* care,  
 Perplext and tortur'd from her rest and ease,  
 By a *Rebellion here*, there a *Disease* :  
*Advice* and *Medcines* at one time we view,  
*A Counsel-board*, *Board of Physicians* too.  
 Yet her Capacious Soul both these defeats,  
 While this hand holds *Instructions*, that *Reccipts*.  
 These are our fam'd Queens Crimes, but yet one more  
 Must be the main *Ingredient* of the store.  
 Which seems to presse so *deep*, there's nought so bright,  
 But this may sully all its lustre quite :  
 'Tis her *Religions Care* : She tryes Her Pow'rs  
 To keep that still, do not we so for *Ours* ?  
 Why to one *Face* so diff'rent *shapes* have bin,  
 What *Virtue* is in *Us*, in Her is *Sin*.  
 Our diff'rent Faiths did long together grow,  
 And neither suffer'd, neither losse did know ;

\* *Q. Curtius, lib. 3.*

And like a stream, which 'twixt two fields doth flow,  
 Which as it *Moistens*, so *Divides* them too :  
 So did the Kingdoms Law throw *Dew* and *growth*,  
 In *Weight* and just *proportion* unto both,  
 And like a parting Current, slide along  
 To keep them *wide*, that neither neither *Wrong*.  
 Our Faiths were then but *Two*, but since a sp'rit  
 So many *Mushrome Sects* rais'd in a Night :  
 The *Protestant* (as she could Parties gain  
 Who unconcern'd were in the *Dregs* and *staine*)  
 Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring  
 Her Faith to *its Defender*, our *Just King*.  
 Who with such *Zeal* hath kept her Rites entire,  
 As well from *Languishing*, as from *strange Fire* :  
 That still the Censer savours its true scent,  
 Without *Accession*, yet no *Perfume spent* ;  
 The happy *Martyrs* find their Faith had stood  
 In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their blood.  
 They joy to see that *He* his God adores,  
 Not at *High-places*, nor at *Threshing-floores*,  
 But spight of *Scandals*, pays his homage still  
 In the *Just Beauty* of the *Sion-Hill*.

The *Other Sects*, though as in Common-fields,  
 Which *Swine*, and *Horses*, *Mules* and *Oxen* yields,  
 Who though at *Distance fed*, *Approaching clash*,  
 And disproportion'd shapes together dash.  
 So they, though one *Rebellion* them sustain,  
 Themselves *Accuse*, and are *Accus'd* again.  
 Could they comply, then possibly might dwell  
 Some *faint Agreement*, though no *Peace* in Hell :  
 Now, these nice tasts no *Forraigne* aids indure,  
 (Their *Rebell Scots* are *English Rebels* sure,)  
 No, nor the *Papists* : much it with them sticks,  
 Lest these Men's *Punniards* should be *Hereticks* :

Their souls would be *prophan'd*, and clean *undun*,  
 Should they be slain by an *Idolatrous* Gun.  
 Go lay your *Vizar* by, your Masking stuff,  
 The Devil is *tyr'd*, and Hell hath *laugh'd* enough:  
 The world descryes the *Cheat*, 'tis quickly known  
 They no Faith *hate*, who have *Resolv'd* on None.  
 These may not fight: that is, the King you'd have  
 Tamely forsake his *Crown*, and be your *Slave*.  
 His Easier *Subjects* long agoe you gat,  
 All who approv'd your *Baite*, and swallowed *that*.  
 Indeed, *Discerning* souls the snare forsook,  
 And through the *Wave* did still descry the *Hook*:  
 But yet so *close* designs were cast about,  
 Your Race was *half runne* e're the King *set out*.  
 Yet you *complain*, and guilty fears do *gnaw*,  
 Lest you should *scanted* be for *Space* and *Law*:  
 Conscious, though you your cause did forward meet,  
 Its *Guilt* and *Sin* hangs *Plummets* at its feet.

Are not the *Jews*, *Walloones*, the *Turks*, and all  
 Whom from as *Diff'rent Gods* as *Lands* you call,  
 An *Army strong* to keep the cause in heart,  
 But that the *King* must with His *Subjects* part?  
 Can no *Accession* so much safety send,  
 But you will *Dread* Him still before you end?

Sometimes at *Ebbes* his God doth let Him stand,  
 That so the *Rescue* may declare His hand.  
 But, what (you hope) may make the King's side pause,  
 Is what he writes about the *Penall Laws*.  
 Poor shallow souls, I deem it one from hence'  
 To forfeit *Loyalty*, and forfeit *Sence*.

Shall such as wast their *Blood* be quite debarr'd,  
 And kept without the *Pale* from all *Reward*?  
 Shall fame report, shall after Ages tell,  
 So just a King regards not who do dwell?

But you pretend, this was a *State-Decree*,  
 Nor without Pow'r which *made* may cancel'd be  
 The King *nev'r* sayes it shall : but cannot doubt  
 That when his God hath brought his work about,  
 And shifted *Jarres* and *Tumults* into *Ease*,  
 And set him 'midst his Counsell in High peace :  
 Their *joynt* united suffrage will think fit  
 To give *this* Act, or something Great as it.

But see, His *Pardon* then to *Ireland* came,  
 (Wild *Rebells*) offers he not you the *same*?  
 He holds still out the *same* fresh chearfull Ray,  
 You shut your *Windows* and *exclude* the Day :  
 Embrace the *shine*, or else expect the stroak,  
 The Flint the Sun ne're *melts*, at last is *broke*.  
 But now the Flood-gates ope, and a free sluice,  
 Lets in all sencelesse Doctrines, and wild use ;  
 And by *Comparing* what's said *long agoe*,  
 Finds *Disproportion* in the *King's Acts now*.  
 His *past* Resolves it up to *Present* brings,  
 His *Vowes* to *Vowes*, and *Things* to combate *Things*.  
 A *Different* face throughout, and a *fresh* Scene  
 Succeed : and all his Acts *seem* shifted clean.  
 Weak men ! who are depriv'd by *Guilt* or chance,  
 Of all the *lights* of Common Circumstance ;  
 That have unlearn't that *Actions* shift their *Face*,  
 And date their worth from *Persons*, *Time*, and *Place*.  
 And *sundry such*, from *whose Neglects* appear  
 Acts as *Sinnes there*, which are *Try'd Virtues here*.  
 For instance then, oft as the King reflects  
 His *Oath's* *enjoyn*, His *People* he *protects*.  
 Which *Oathes* extent, and *Circuit* we may view  
 Spread ore th' *Five Execrable Members* too.  
 Yet (far as't them concerns) that *Chain* is *broke*,  
 That *Oath* left *Him*, because they left *His Yoake*.

Now of this *Pitch*, and *Size*, do still appear  
 All *Aiery* Scruples which are started there.  
 The King *Declared*, He thought you meant no ill,  
*Say*, would you have the King *Declare so still* ?

Allow but *Different* Circumstance, and we  
 Find all your *Scandalls* will his *Glories* be.

Now, as the *worst* things have *some* things of *stead*,  
 And some *Toades* treasure *Jewells* in their Head.  
 So doth this *Libels* womb *Girt*, and *contain*.

What though it *compasse* Round ? it cannot *stain*  
 Lines of so *cleare*, yet so *Majestick* straine ;  
 A most *Transparent*, yet a *close-wove* Veine ;  
 Which when we reach its *Sense*, we may descry,  
 We see more by *its* Light, then *our own* Eye.

So *Phœbus* (when the *Cloud* and *Night* is done)

Lends us his Light, to know he is the *Sunne*.

Yet this expressive clearnesse is but *barke*,  
 An *Out-side* *Sunne* which guards us from the dark.  
 Here the *Bright* Language shuts in *Brighter* sense,  
*Rich* Diamonds sleep within a *Crystall* Fence.  
 Gemmes of that rate, to *Tully* they'd appear  
 Fit purchase for his *Critick* *Senates* Ear :  
 And their whole *Shine* in a full Lustre tends  
 To *God*, His *Conscience*, *Comfort*, and his *Friends*.

#### THE CLOSE.

No *winding* Characters, no *secret* Maze,  
 Could so *perplex*, but they have found their wayes.  
 They *thred* the Labyrinth, and what to do ?  
 Whe'r *tends* the Guide ? what *purchase* in this Clew ?  
 Rash *Alexander* forc't King *Gordius* Knot,  
 And so in hand found he a *Rope* had got.\*

\* Q. Curtius, lib. 2.



*A New Diurnal of Passages more  
Exactly drawn up then heretofore.  
Printed and Published, 'tis order'd to be,  
By Henry Elsing the Clerk of the P.*

1 June 1643.

Since many Diurnals (for which we are griev'd)  
Are come from both Houses, and are not believ'd ;  
The better to help them for running and flying,  
We have put them in Verse to Authorize their lying.  
For it has been debated, and found to be true,  
That lying's a Parliament Priviledge too :  
And that they may the sooner our Conquests rehearse,  
We are minded to put them in Galloping Verse ;  
But so many Maim'd Souldiers from *Reading* there  
came,  
That in spite of the Surgeons, make our Verses go  
lame.  
We have ever us'd Fictions, and now it is known,  
Our Poverty has made us Poetical grown.

*Munday.*

On *Munday* both Houses fell into debate,  
And were likely to fall by the ears as they sate ;

Yet would they not have the businesse decided,  
 That they (as the Kingdom is) might be divided.  
 They had an intention to Prayers to go,  
 But *Ex tempore* Prayers are now Common too.  
 To Voting they fall, and the key of the work,  
 Was the raising of Money for the State and the  
 Kirk.

'Tis only Free-loan, yet this Order they make,  
 That what Men would not lend, they should Plunder  
 and take ;

Upon this, the word *Plunder* came into their minds,  
 And all of them did labour a new one to find ;  
 They call'd it distraining : yet thought it no shame,  
 To persist in the Act, which they blusht for to  
 name.

They Voted all Persons from *Oxford* that came,  
 Should be apprehended : and after the same,  
 With an Humble Petition, the King they request,  
 He'd be pleas'd to return, and be serv'd like the  
 rest.

A Message from *Oxford* conducing to Peace,  
 Came next to their hands, that Armes might cease ;  
 They Voted and Voted, and still they did vary,  
 Till at last the whole sense of the House was con-  
 trary

To reason ; they knew by their Armes they might  
 gain,

What neither true reason, nor Law can maintain.  
 Cessation was Voted a dangerous Plot,  
 Because the King would have it, both Houses would  
 not.

But when they resolv'd it, abroad must be blowne,  
(To baffle the World) that the King would have  
none.

And carefully muzzled the mouth of the Press,  
Least the truth should peep through their jugling  
dress.

For they knew a Cessation would work them more  
harmes,

Then *Essex* could do the Cavaliers with his Arms.

While they keep the Ships and the Forts in their  
hand;

They may be Traytors by Sea, as well as by Land.

The Forts will preserve them as long as they stay,

And the Ships carry them and their Plunder away.

They have therefore good reason to account War the  
better,

For the Law will prove to them but a Killing Letter.

### *Tuesday.*

A Post from his Excellence came blowing his Horn,  
For Money to advance, and this spun out the  
Morn ;

And strait to the City some went for relief,

The rest made an Ordinance to carry Powder-Beef.

Thus up go the Roundheads, and *Essex* advances,

But only to lead his Souldiers new dances,

To *Reading* he goes, for at *Oxford* (they say)

His Wife has made him Bull-works to keep him  
away.

Prince *Rupert*, for fear that the Name be confounded,  
Will saw off his Horns, and make him a Round-  
head.

The news was returned with General fame,  
That *Reading* was taken ere ever he came.

Then away Rode our Captains, and Souldiers did  
run,

To shew themselves valiant, when the Battail was  
done,

Preparing to plunder ; but as soon as they came,  
They quickly perceived it was but a flam :

An Ordinance of Parliament *Essex* brought down,  
But that would not serve him to batter the Town.

More Mony was rais'd, more Men and Ammunition,  
Carts loaded with Turnips, and other Provision.

His Excellence had Chines, and Rams-heads for a  
Present,

And his Councel of Warre had Woodcock] and  
Pheasant.

But *Ven* had 5000. Calves-heads all in Carts,  
To nourish his Men, and to chear up their Hearts.

This made them so valiant that that very day,  
They had taken the Town but for running away.

'Twas ordered this day, that thanksgiving be made,  
To the Roundheads in Sermons, for their Beef and  
their Bread.

*Wednesday.*

Two Members this day at a Conference sate,  
And one gives the other a knock on the Pate.  
This set them a voting, and the Upper House  
swore,

'Twas a breach of Priviledge he gave him no  
more.

The lower the breaking their Members head vo-  
ted

A breach of their Priviledge ; for it is to be noted,  
That Reason and Priviledge in it did grow,  
'Twas a breach of his Crown and Dignity too,  
Then came in the Women with a long long Peti-  
tion,

To settle Militia, and damn the Commission.  
For if fighting continue, they say they did fear,  
That Men would be scarce, and Husbands be dear.  
So plainly the Speaker the Businesse unties,  
That presently all the Members did rise.  
They had hardly the leisure all things to lay ope,  
But some felt in their Bellies if they had not a  
Pope.

Some strictly stood to them, and others did fear,  
Each carried about them a fierce Cavalier.  
This Businesse was handled by the close Com-  
mittee,

That privately met at a Place in the City.  
So closely to voting the Members did fall,  
That the humble Sisters were overthrown all.  
But they and their Helpers came short at the last,  
Till at length the whole Work on Prince *Griffith* was  
cast.

And he with his troupe did handle the matter  
 He pleased every Woman, as soon as he came at  
 her.

The Businesse had like to have gone on her side,  
 Had not *Pym* perswaded them not to confide.  
 For rather than Peace, to fill the Common-Wealth,  
 He said hee'd do them every night himself.

### Thursday.

This Day a great Fart in the House they did hear,  
 Which made all the Members make Buttons for  
 fear;

And One makes nine Speeches while the Businesse  
 was hot,

And spake through the Nose that he smelt out the  
 Plot.

He takes it to task, and the Articles draws,  
 As a breach of their own Fundamental-laws.

Now Letters were read, which did fully relate  
 A Victory against *Newcastle* of late;

That hundreds were slain, and hundreds did run,  
 And all this was got ere the Battel begun.

This they resolv'd to make the best on;

And next they resolv'd upon the Question,

That Bonfires and Prayes, the Pulpit and Steeple,  
 Must all be suborned to couzen the People.

But the policy was more Mony to get,

For the Conquest's dear bought, and far enough set;

Such Victories in *Ireland*, although it be known

They strive to make that Land as bad as our Own.

No sooner the Mony for this was brought hither,  
But a croud of true Letters came flocking together,  
How *Hotham* and's Army, and others were beaten,  
This made the blew members to startle and threaten.

And these by all means must be kept from the  
City,

And only referred to the Privy Committee.

And they presently with an *Ex tempore* Vote,

Which they have used, so long, that they learned by  
rote,

They styl'd them Malignant, and to Lyes they did  
turn them.

Then *Corbet*, instead of the Hangman, must burn  
them.

And he after that an Ordinance draws,

That none should tell truth that disparag'd the  
Cause.

Then *Pym* like a *Pegasus* trots up and down,

And takes up an Angel to throw down a Crown.

He stand like a Creature, and makes a long Speech,

That came from his mouth, and part from his  
breech.

He moves for more Horse, that the Army might be

Part Mans flesh and Horse flesh, as well as he ;

And hee'll be a Colonel as well as another,

But durst not ride a Horse, 'cause a Horse rid his  
Mother.

## Friday.

Sir *Hugh Cholmley* for being no longer a Traytor,  
 Was accus'd of *Treason* in the highest Nature ;  
 'Cause he (as they bad him) his Souldiers did  
     bring,  
 To turn from Rebellion, and fight for the King.  
 They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men  
 Could vote him into the House agen.  
 Sir *David's* Remonstrance next to them was read,  
 From the Cities Round-body, and *Isaac's* the head.  
 'Twas approv'd ; but one Cause produc'd a de-  
     nyal,  
 That all Traytors be brought to a Legal tryal.  
 For 'tis against Reason to vote, or to do  
 Against Traytors, when *They* are no other but so.  
 Because about nothing so long they sit still,  
 They hold it convenient Diurnalls to fill.  
 And therefore they gave their Chronographer  
     charge  
 To stuff it with Orders and Letters at large.  
 The King by's Prerogative, nor by the Law,  
 Can speak nor print nothing his People to draw,  
 Yet *Pennyles Pamphletters* they do maintain,  
 Whose only Religion is Stipendary gain.  
 Yet *Cum Privilegio*, against King and the State.  
 The *Treason* that's taught them (like Parrats) they  
     prate.  
 These Hackneys are licens't what ever they do,  
 As if they had Parliament priviledge too.

Thus then they consult : so zealous they are,  
 To settle the peace of the Kingdom by War.  
 But against Civil-war their hatred is such,  
 To prevent it they'le bring in the *Scotch* and the  
*Dutch*.

They had rather the Land be destroy'd in a mi-  
 nute,

Than abide any thing that has Loyalty in it ;  
 And yet their Rebellion so neatly they trim,  
 They fight for the King, but they mean for King  
*Pym*.

These all to fight for, and maintain are sent  
 The Laws of *England* ; but *New-England* is meant.  
 And though such disorders are broke in of late,  
 They keep it the *Anagram* still of a State.

For still they are plotting such riches to bring,  
 To make *Charles* a rich and glorious King.

And by this Rebellion this good they will doe  
 him,

They forfeit all their Estates unto him.

No Clergy must meddle in Spiritual affairs,  
 But *Layton* nere herd of it, losing his ears,  
 For that he might be deaf to the Prisoners cries,  
 To a spiritual Goalers place he must rise.

The rest have good reason for what they shall do,  
 For they are both Clergy and Laity too.

Or else at the best when the Question is stated,  
 They are but *Mechanicks* newly translated.

They may be Committees to practice their bawling,  
 For stealing of Horse is Spiritual Calling.

The reason why People our Martyrs ador'd,

'Cause their Ears being cut off their Fame sounds the  
 more.

'Twas ordered the Goods of Malignants, and  
Lands,  
Shall be shar'd among them, and took into their  
hands.

They have Spirits of more Malignants to come,  
That every one in the House may have some  
Then down to *Guild-Hall* they return their thanks,  
To the Fools whom the Lottery has cheated with  
Blanks.

*Saturday.*

This day there came news of the taking a Ship,  
(To see what strange wonders are wrought in the  
deep)

That a troop of their Horse ran into the Sea,  
And pull'd out a Ship alive to the Key.  
And after much prating and fighting they say  
The Ropes serv'd for Traces to draw her away.  
Sure these were Sea-horses, or else by their lying  
They'le make them as famous for swimming as  
flying.

The rest of the day they spent to bemoan  
Their Brother, the Roundhead that to *Tyburn* was  
gone.

And could not but think it a barbarous thing,  
To hang him for killing a friend to the King.  
He was newly baptized, and held it was good  
To be washed, yet not in water, but blood.  
They ordered for his honour to cut off his ears,  
And make him a Martyr : but a Zealot appears,

And affirms him a Martyr, for although 'twas his  
fate

To be hang'd, yet he dy'd for the good of the State  
Then all fell to plotting of matters so deep,  
That the silent Speaker fell down fast asleep.  
He recovers himself and rubs up his eyes,  
Then motions his House that 'twas time to rise.  
So home they went all, and their businesse refer'd  
To the Close Committee by them to be heard ;  
They took it upon them, but what they did do,  
Take notice that none but themselves must know.

*Postscript.*

Thus far we have gone in Rythme to disclose,  
What never was utter'd by any in Prose.  
If any be wanting, 'twas by a mishap,  
Because we forgot to weigh't by the map.  
For over the Kingdom their Orders were spread,  
They have made the whole Body as bad as the Head.  
And now made such work that all they do,  
Is but to read Letters and answers them too.  
We thought to make *Finis* the end of the story,  
But that we shall have more business for you:  
For (as their proceedings do) so shall our *Pen*,  
Run roundly from *Munday* to *Munday* agen.  
And since we have begun, our Muse doth intend,  
To have (like their Votes) no beginning nor end.





*The holy Pedler.*

**F**ROM a Forraign shore  
 I am come to store,  
 Your *Shops* with rare devices :  
 No *drugs* do I bring  
 From the *Indian King*,  
 No *Peacocks*, *Apes*, nor *Spices*.  
 Such Wares I do show  
 As in *England* do grow,  
 And are for the good of the Nation,  
 Let no body fear  
 To deal in my Ware,  
 For *Sacrilege* now's in fashion.

I the *Pedlar* am,  
 That came from *Amsterdam*  
 With a pack of *new Religions*,  
 I did every one fit,  
 According to's wit,  
 From the *Tub* to *Mahomets pigeons*.  
 Great Trading I found,  
 For my spiritual ground,  
 Wherein every man was a Medler ;  
 I made People decline,  
 The learned *Divine*,  
 And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedler*.

First *Surplices* I took,  
 Next the *Common-Prayer-book*,  
 And made all those *Papists* that us'd 'um ;  
 Then the *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
 I stript of their means,  
 And gave it to those that abus'd 'um.

The *Clergy-men* next,  
I withdrew from their *Text*,  
And set up the gifted *Brother* ;  
Thus *Religion* I made,  
But a matter of trade,  
And I car'd nor for one or t'other.

Then *Tythes* I fell upon,  
And those I quickly won,  
'Twas prophane in the *Clergy* to take 'um.  
But they serv'd for the Lay,  
Till I sold them away,  
And so did Religious make 'um ;  
But now come away,  
To the *Pedler*, I pray,  
I scorn to rob or cozen ;  
If Churches you lack,  
Come away to my Pack,  
Here's thirteen to the dozen.

Church *Militants* they be,  
For now we do see,  
They have fought so long with each other ;  
The Rump's-Churches threw down,  
Those that stood for the Crown,  
And sold them to one another.  
Then come you factious Crue,  
Here's a Bargain now for you,  
With the spoyles of the Church you may revel ;  
Now pull down the Bells,  
And then hang up your selves,  
And so give his due to the *Devil*.



*The Hue and Cry after Sir John  
Presbyter.*

With hair in Characters, and Lugs in text ;  
 With a splay mouth and a nose circumflect ;  
 With a set Ruffe of Musket-bore, that wears  
 Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,  
 Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,  
 In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents ;  
 The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,  
 Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth ;  
 The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,  
 In a box-knot) cut by the *Directory* ;  
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear,  
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and *Where*  
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,  
 That when his ears are cropt he'll count them gelt ;  
 The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,  
 A sign that *Presbyter's* worn to the stump :  
 The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance,  
 With the *Divine Right* of an *Ordinance*.

*If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,  
 Stop them they are the tribe of Adoniram.*

What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,  
 To tare the *Rochet* to such rags as these ?  
*Episcopacy* minc'd, reforming *Tweed*  
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed ;  
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device  
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.

The Beast at wrong-end branded, you may trace  
 The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face,  
 A face of severall parishes and sorts,  
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Courts.  
 What mean these Elders else, those Kirk Dragons  
 Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*?  
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,  
 Those new *Exchange-men* of *Religion*?  
 Sure they'r the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without  
 The Church, do gape and disemboque a sprout:  
 Like them above the *Commons house* have been  
 So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then, what imperious in the Bishop sounds,  
 The same the *Scotch* Executor rebounds.  
 This stating *Prelacy*, the *Classick* rout,  
 That spake it often, e're it spake it out;

*So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,  
 I heard an Eccho supererogate  
 Through imperfection, and the voice restore,  
 As if she had the hiccop o're and o're.*

*Since they our mixt Diocesans combine  
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline,  
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call  
 A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall?  
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist,  
 With the five thumbs of his groat-changing fist.*

*Down Dagon Synod with thy motley ware,  
 Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer;  
 That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our sence  
 To Heavens gate in shape of innocence.*

*Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie  
 These Demicasters of Divinity.*

*For where Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joyns,  
 His Finger's thicker than the Prelates Loyns.*



*The way to wooe a Zealous Lady.*

I Came unto a *Puritan* to wooe,  
And roughly did salute her with a Kiss ;  
She shov'd me from her when I came unto ;  
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this :  
And as I her with amorous talk saluted,  
My Articles with Scripture she confuted.

She told me, that I was too much prophane,  
And not devout neither in speech nor gesture ;  
And I could not one word answer again,  
Nor had not so much Grace to call her Sister ;  
For ever something did offend her there,  
Either my broad beard, hat, or my long hair.

My Band was broad, my 'Parrel was not plain,  
My Points and Girdle made the greatest show ;  
My sword was odious, and my Belt was vain,  
My *Spanish* shooes was cut too broad at toe ;  
My Stockings light, my Garters ty'd too long,  
My Gloves perfum'd, and had a scent too strong.

I left my pure Mistris for a space,  
And to a snip-snap Barber streight went I ;  
I cut my Hair, and did my Corps uncase  
Of 'Parrels pride that did offend the eye ;  
My high-crown'd Hat, my little Beard also,  
My pecked Band, my Shooes were sharp at toe.

Gone was my Sword, my Belt was laid aside,  
And I transformed both in looks and speech ;

My 'Parrel plain, my Cloak was void of Pride,  
 My little Skirts, my metamorphis'd Breech,  
 My Stockings black, my Garters were ty'd shorter,  
 My Gloves no scent ; thus marcht I to her Porter.

The Porter spide me, and did lead me in,  
 Where his sweet Mistris reading was a Chapter :  
 Peace to this house, and all that are therein,  
 Which holy words with admiration wrapt her,  
 And ever, as I came her something nigh,  
 She, being divine, turn'd up the white o'th' eye.

Quoth I, dear Sister, and that lik'd her well,  
 I kist her, and did passe to some delight,  
 She, blushing, said, that long-tail'd men would tell,  
 Quoth I, I'll be as silent as the night ;  
 And least the wicked now should have a sight  
 Of what we do, faith, I'll put out the light.

O do not swear, quoth she, but put it out,  
 Because that I would have you save your Oath,  
 In truth, you shall but kisse me, without doubt ;  
 In troth, quoth I, here will we rest us both ;  
 Swear you, quoth she, in troth ? had you not sworn  
 I'd not have don't, but took it in foul scorn.



*A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.*

**W**Hen Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs,  
 Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers,  
 When Saints forsake their painted Glasse  
 To meet their worship as they passe,

When Altars grow luxurious with the dye  
 Of humane blood,  
 Is this the floud  
 Of Christianity?

When Kings are cup-boarded like cheese,  
 Sights to be seen for pence a piece,  
 When Dyadems, like Brokers tire,  
 Are custom'd reliques set to hire,  
 When Sovereignty & Scepters loose their names,  
 Stream'd into words,  
 Carv'd out by swords  
 Are these refining flames?

When Subjects and Religion stir  
 Like Meteors in the Metaphor,  
 When zealous hinting and the yawn  
 Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;  
 When blue digressions fill the troubled ayr,  
 And th' Pulpit's let  
 To every Set  
 That will usurp the Chair?

Call ye me this the night's farewell,  
 When our noon day's as dark as Hell?  
 How can we lesse than term such lights  
*Ecclesiastick Heteroclitites*?  
 Bold sons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl,  
 Thus high to be,  
 Perch'd on the tree,  
 Remember but the fall.

Was it the glory of a King  
 To make him great by suffering?

Was there no way to build God's House  
 But rendring of it infamous ?  
 If this be then the merry ghostly trade ?  
     To work in gall ?  
     Pray take it all  
     Good brother of the blade.

Call it no more the Reformation,  
 According to the new translation :  
 Why will you wrack the common brain  
 With words of an unwonted strain ?  
 As Plunder ? or a phrase in senses cleft ?  
     When things more nigh  
     May well supply  
     And call it down-right theft.

Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*  
 Consent, and swear the naked lines  
 Want no expounding or contest,  
 Or *Bellarmino* to break a jest.  
 Since then the Heroes of the pen with me  
     Nere scrue the sense  
     With difference,  
     We all agree agree.

---

*The Times.*

**T**O speak in wet-shod eyes, and drowned looks,  
 Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks  
 No spirit, life, or vigour, were to own  
 The crush and triumph of affliction ;

And creeping with *Themistocles* to be  
 The pale-fac'd Pensioners of our enemy,  
 No 'tis the glory of the Soul to rise  
 By falls, and at rebound to pierce the skies.

Like a brave *Courser* standing on the sand  
 Of some high-working *Fretum*, views a land  
 Smiling with sweets upon the distant side,  
 Garnish'd in all her gay embroydered pride,  
 Larded with Springs, and fring'd with curled Woods,  
 Impatient, bounces in the cap'ring flouds,  
 Big with a nobler fury than that stream  
 Of shallow violence he meets in them ;  
 Thence arm'd with scorn and courage ploughs a  
 way

Through the impostum'd billows of the Sea ;  
 And makes the grumbling Surges slaves to oar  
 And waft him safely to the further shoar :  
 Where landed, in a sovereign disdain  
 He turns back, and surveys the foaming main,  
 While the subjected waters flowing reel,  
 Ambitious yet to wash the Victor's heel.

In such a noble Equipage should we  
 Embrace th' encounter of our misery.  
 Not like a field of corn, that hangs the head  
 For every tempest, every petty dread.  
*Crosses* were the best *Christians* arms : and we  
 That hope a wished *Canaan* once to see,  
 Must not expect a carpet-way alone  
 Without a red-sea of affliction.

Then cast the dice : Let's foord old *Rubicon*,  
*Cæsar* 'tis thine, man is but once undone.  
 Tread softly though, least *Scyllah's* ghost awake,  
 And us i'th' roll of his *Proscriptions* take.

*Rome* is revived, and the *Triumvirate*  
 In the black *Island* are once more a State ;  
 The City trembles : there's no third to shield,  
 If once *Augustus* to *Antonius* yield,  
 Law shall not shelter *Cicero*, the Robe  
 The *Senate*: Proud successes admits no Probe  
 Of Justice to correct, or quare the fate  
 That bears down all as illegitimate ;  
 For whatsoere it lists to overthrow,  
 It either finds it, or else makes it so.

Thus *Tyranny's* a stately *Palace*, where  
 Ambition sweats to climbe and nustle there ;  
 But when 'tis enter'd, what hopes then remain?  
 There is no Salliport to come out again.  
 For Mischief must rowle on, and gliding grow,  
 Like little Rivulets that gently flow  
 From their first bubbling springs, but still increase  
 And swell their Chanel as they mend their pace ;  
 Till in a glorious tyde of villany  
 They over-run the banks, and posting fly  
 Like th' bellowing Waves in tumults, till they can  
 Display themselves in a full Ocean.  
 And if blind rage shall chance to miss its way,  
 Bring stock enough alone to make a Sea.

Thus trebble treasons are secur'd and drown'd  
 By lowder cryes of deeper mouth and sound.  
 And high attempts swallow a puny plot,  
 As Cannons overwhelm the smaller shot.  
 Whiles the deaf senceless World inur'd a while  
 (Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)  
 To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none,  
 Thus *Custom* hallows *Irreligion* !  
 And stroaks the patient beast till he admit  
 The now-grown-light and necessary Bit.

But whither do I ramble? Gauled times  
 Cannot endure a smart hand ore their crimes  
 Distracted age? What Dialect or fashion  
 Shall I assume? to passe the approbation  
 Of thy censorious *Synod*; which now sit  
 High *Areopagites* to destroy all wit?

I cannot say, I say, that I am one  
 Of th' *Church* of *Ely-house*, or *Abington*,  
 Nor of those precious Spirits that can deal  
 The Pomegranates of grace at every meal.  
 No zealous *Hemp-dresser* yet dipp'd me in  
 The Laver of adoption from my sin.  
 But yet if inspiration or a tale  
 Of a long-wasted six hours length prevail  
 A smooth Certificate from the sister-hood,  
 Or to be termed holy before good,  
 Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works  
 Other than may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks* :  
 If these, these hint at any thing? Then, then  
 Whoop! my despairing *Hope* come back agen :  
 For since the inundation of grace,  
 All honesty's under water, or in chase.  
 But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon  
 We feed on dreams, imagination,  
 Humours, and cross-grain'd passions which now reign  
 In the decaying elements of the brain.  
 'Tis hard to coin new fancies, when there be  
 So few that lanch out in discovery.  
 Nay Arts are so far from being cherished,  
 There's scarce a *Colledge* but has lost its *Head*,  
 And almost all its *Members* : O sad wound !  
 Where never an Artery could be judged sound !  
 To what a height is *Vice* now towred? When we  
 Dare not miscall it an *Obliquitie* ?

So confident, and carrying such an awe,  
That it subscribes it self no lesse then *Law* ?  
If this be Reformation then ? The great  
*Account* pursued with so much bloud and sweat ?

In what black lines shall our sad story be  
Deliver'd over to posterity ?  
With what a dash and scar shall we be read ?  
How has Dame *Nature* in us suffered ?  
Who of all Centuries the first age are  
That sunk the world for want of due repair ?

When first we issued out in cryes and tears,  
(Those salt presages of our future years)  
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm ;  
Times crown'd with rosie Garlands, spice and balm,  
Where first a glorious *Church* and mother came,  
Embrac'd us in her armes, gave us a name  
By which we live, and an indulgent brest,  
Flowing with stream to an eternal rest.  
Thus ravish'd, the poor *Soul* could not guess even,  
Which was more kind to her yet, earth or heaven.  
Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt  
Of heaven, whether she were in or out.

Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings  
His blessing too, (even the *Best* of *Kings*)  
Safe and well-grounded *Laws* to guard our peace,  
And nurse our virtues in their just increase ;  
Like a pure *Spring* from whom all graces come,  
Whose bounty made it double *Christendome* :  
Such and so sweet were those *Halcyon* dayes,  
That rose upon us in our Infant rayes ;  
Such a composed *State* we breathed under,  
We only heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.  
Terrors were then as strange, as love now grown,  
Wrong and Revenge liv'd quietly at home.

The sole contention that we understood,  
Was a rare strife and war in doing good.

Now let's reflect upon our gratefulness,  
How we have added, or (O !) made it less,  
What are th' improvements ? what our progress, where  
Those handsom acts that say that some men were ?

*He that to antient wreaths can bring no more  
From his own worth, dies bang'rapt on the score.  
For Father's Crests are crowned in the Son,  
And glory spreads by propogation.*

Now virtue shield me ! where shall I begin ?  
To what a labyrinth am I now slipp'd in ?  
What shall we answer them ? or what deny ?  
What prove ? or rather whither shall we fly ?  
When the poor widdow'd *Church* shall ask us where  
Are all her honours ? and that filial care  
We owed so sweet a Parent as the Spouse  
Of *Christ*, which here vouchsafed to own a house ?  
Where are the *Boanerges* ? and those rare  
Brave sons of consolation ? which did bear  
The *Ark* before our *Israel*, and dispence  
The heavenly *Manna* with such diligence ?  
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to passe,  
*Aut mortui sunt, aut docent literas.*

Bless'd *Virgin*, we can only say we have  
Thy Prophets Tombes among us, and their grave.  
And here and there a man in colours paint,  
That by thy ruines grew a mighty *Saint*.

Next *Cæsar* some accounts are due to thee,  
But those in Bloud already written be ;  
So loud and lasting, in such monstrous shapes,  
So wide the never to be clos'd wound gapes ;  
All ages yet to come with shivering, shall  
Recite the fearfull pres'dent of thy fall.

Hence we confute thy tenant *Solomon*,  
*Vnder the Sun a new thing hath been done.*

A thing before all pattern, all pretence  
Of rule or copy : Such a strange offence  
Of such original extract, that it bears  
Date only from the *Eden* of our years.

*Laconian Agis !* we have read thy fate,  
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.  
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,  
And fled the horror of thy tragedie ;  
*Thyestes* cruel feast, and how the Sun  
Shrunk in his golden beams that sight to shun.  
The bosoms of all Kingdoms open lye,  
Plain and emergent to th' inquiring eye.  
But when we glance upon our native home,  
As the black *Center* to whom all points come,  
We rest amazed, and silently admire  
How far beyond all spleen ours did aspire.  
All that we dare assert, is but a cry  
Of an exchanged peace for *Liberty* ;  
A secret term by inspiration known,  
A mist that brooks no demonstration,  
Unlesse we dive into our purses, where  
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.

But why exclaim you thus ? may some men say,  
Against the times ? when equal night and day  
Keep their just course ? the seasons still the same ?  
As sweet as when from the first hand they came ?  
The influence of the *Stars* benigne and free,  
As at first *Peep up* in their infancie ?  
'Tis not those standing motions that divide  
The space of years, not the swift hours that glide  
Those little particles of age, that come  
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Sum*,

That's here intended ; But our crying crimes,  
 Our Monsters that abominate the times.  
 'Tis we that make the *Metonimie* good  
 By being bad, which like a troubled floud  
 Nothing produce but slimy mire and dirt,  
 And impudence that makes shame malepert.  
 To travel further in these wounds that lye  
 Rankling, though seeming closed, were to deny  
 Rest to an ore-watch'd world, and force fresh tears  
 From stench'd eyes, new alarum'd by old fears.  
 Which if they thus shall heal and stop, they be  
 The first that ere were cur'd by *Lethargie*.  
 This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increase  
 I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*



### *The Commoners.*

I

Come your wayes  
 Bonny Boyes,  
 Of the *Town*,  
 For now is the time or never,  
 Shall your fears,  
 Or your cares  
 Cast you down ?  
 Hang your wealth,  
 And your health,  
 Get renown,  
 We all are undone for ever.  
 Now the *King* and the *Crown*  
 Are tumbling down,

And the *Realm* doth groan with *disasters*,  
 And the scum of the land,  
 Are the men that command,  
 And our *Slaves* are become our *Masters*.

2

Now our lives  
 Children, wives  
     And Estate,  
 Are a prey to the lust and plunder,  
 To the rage  
 Of our age ;  
     And the fate  
 Of our land  
 Is at hand,  
     'Tis too late  
 To tread these *Vsurpers* under.  
 First down goes the *Crown*,  
 Then follows the *Gown*,  
 Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,  
 While *Church* and *State* must  
 Feed their *Pride* and their *Lust*,  
 And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3

Shall we still  
 Suffer ill  
     And be dumb?  
 And let every *Varlet* undo us?  
 Shall we doubt  
 Of each Lowt,  
     That doth come,  
 With a voice  
 Like the noise  
     Of a Drum,  
 And a *Sword* or a *Buff-coat* to us?

Shall we lose our estates  
 By *plunder* and *rates*  
 To bedeck those proud upstarts that *swagger*,  
 Rather fight for your meat,  
 Which these *Locusts* do eat,  
 Now every man's a beggar.



*The Scots Curanto.*

1.

Come, come away to the *English* wars,  
 A fig for our Hills and Valleys,  
 'Twas we did begin and will lengthen their jarrs,  
 We'll gain by their loss and folleys ;  
 Let the *Nations*  
 By invasions,  
 Break through our barrs,  
 They can get little good by their *salleys*.

2.

Though *Irish* and *English* entred be,  
 The State is become our Debtor.  
 Let them have our Land, if their own may be free  
 And the *Scot* will at length be a getter.  
 If they crave it  
 Let them have it,  
 What care we :  
 We would fain change our Land for a better.

## 3.

Long have we longed for the *English* Land,  
But we are hindred still by disasters,  
But now is their time, when they can't withstand,  
But are their own Countries wasters.

If we venter,  
We may enter

By command,  
And at last we shall grow to be Masters.

## 4.

When at first we began to rebel,  
Though they did not before regard us,  
How the name of a *Scot* did the *English* quell,  
Which formerly have out-dar'd us.

For our comming  
And returning,

They paid us well,  
And royally did reward us.

## 5.

The better to bring our ends about,  
We must plead for a *Reformation* ;  
And tickle the minds of the giddy-brain'd rout,  
With the hopes of an innovation.

They will love us  
And approve us,

Without doubt,  
If we bring in an alteration.

## 6.

Down with the *Bishops* and their train,  
The *Surplice* and *Common Prayers*,

Then will we not have a King remain,  
 But we'l be the *Realms* surveyers.  
     So by little  
     And a little  
 We shall gain  
 All the Kingdom without gain-sayers.

## 7.

And when at the last we have conquer'd the *King*,  
 And beaten away the *Cavaleers*,  
 The Parliament next must the same ditty sing,  
 And thus we will set the State by the ears.  
     By their jarring  
     And their warring  
 We will bring,  
 Their Estates to be *ours*, which they think to be *theirs*.

## 8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is shar'd,  
 And the People are all made Beggars like we ;  
 A *Scot* will be as good as an English *Leard*,  
 O ! what a unity this will be.  
     As we gain it  
     We'l retain it  
 By the sward ;  
 And the English shall say, *bonny blew-cap for me*.





*An Answer to a Letter from Sir John  
Mennis, wherein he jeers him for  
falling so quickly to the use  
of the Directory.*

Friend thou doest lash me with a story,  
A long one too of Directory ;  
When thou alone deserves the Birch,  
That brought'st the bondage on the Church.  
Didst thou not treat for *Bristol* City,  
And yield it up ? the more's the pity.  
And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong  
The Common-prayer-book went along ?  
Did'st thou not scourse, as if enchanted  
For Articles Sir *Thomas* granted ?  
And barter, as an Author saith,  
The Articles oth' Christian Faith ?  
And now the Directory jostles  
Christ out oth' Church and his Apostles ;  
And tears down the Communion rayles,  
That men may take it on their tayles  
Imagine, Friend, *Bochus* the King  
Engraven on *Sylla's* Signet ring,  
Delivering up into his hands  
*Fugurth*, and with him, all his Lands ;  
Whom *Sylla* took and sent to *Rome*,  
There to abide the Senates doom.  
In the same posture I suppose,  
*John* standing in's Doublet and Hose ;

Delivering up amidst the throng  
 The Common-prayer and Wisdoms song  
 To hands of *Fairfax*, to be sent  
 A Sacrifice to the Parliament.  
 Thou little thought'st what Jear began,  
 Wrapt in that Treaty? *Busie John*  
 There lurk'd, the Fire that turn'd to Cinder,  
 The Church her Ornaments to Tinder.  
 There bound up in that Treaty lyes  
 The fate of all our Christmass-pyes ;  
 Our Holydaies there went to wrack,  
 Our Wakes were laid upon their back,  
 Our Gossips spoons away were lurcht,  
 Our Feasts and Fees for Women churcht ;  
 All this, and more ascribe we might  
 To thee at *Bristol*, wretched Knight.  
 Yet thou upbraid'st and rayld'st in rime,  
 On me, for that which was thy Crime.  
 So froward Children in the Sun,  
 Amidst their sports some shrew'd turn done,  
 The faulty Youth begins to prate,  
 And layes it on his harmlesse Mate.

*Dated,*

From *Nympton* where the Cider smiles,  
 And *James* has horse as lame as *Giles*,  
 The fourth of *May*, and dost thou hear ?  
 'Tis as I take the 8th. year  
 Since *Portugal* by Duke *Braganza*  
 Was cut from *Spain* without a Hand-saw.

I. S.





*The Kings Disguise.*

And why a Tenant to this vile disguise,  
Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his  
eyes?

My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,  
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.  
Oh! for a state-distinction to arraign  
*Charles* of High Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.  
What an usurper to his Prince is wont,  
Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.  
His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,  
His ruins prove him a religious house.  
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,  
And Majesty defac'd the Royal stamp.  
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,  
But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?  
As if thy blacks were of too faint a dye,  
Without the tincture of Tautology.  
Flay an Ægyptian for his Cassocks skin,  
Spun of his Countries darknesse, line't within  
With Presbyterian budge, that drowsie trance,  
The Synod-sable, foggy ignorance:  
Nor bodily, nor ghostly *Negro* could  
Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:  
This Privy-Chamber of thy shape would be  
But the close-mourner of thy Royalty:  
Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors spell,  
A Pearle within a rugged Oyster shell.  
Heaven, which the Minster of thy Person owns,  
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:

Like to the martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,  
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room :  
 Or like the colledge by the changeling rabble,  
*M*— Elves, transform'd into a stable.  
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,  
 Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire,  
 By which th' art half depos'd : thou lookst like one  
 Whose looks are under sequestration.  
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,  
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance,  
 Angel of light, and darkness too, I doubt,  
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without :  
 Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,  
 Yet with an excommunicated face.  
*Charles* and his Mask are of a different Mint,  
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print  
 The Sun wears mid-night, Day is beetle-brow'd,  
 And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud.  
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate !  
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.  
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,  
 That shrinks his rayes to this Apostasie ?  
 It is but subtile film of tiffany air,  
 No Cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,  
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,  
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd skreen,  
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough  
 Metal, and three pild darkness, like the slough  
 Of an imprison'd flame : 'tis *Faux* in grain,  
 Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.  
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-castle* Vote  
 Rang *Britains* Corfeu, so our light went out.  
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,  
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters :

Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick :  
Sure they would fit the Body politic.  
False beard enough to fit a stages plot,  
For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.  
Nay all his Properties so strange appear,  
Y'are not i'th' presence, though the King be there.  
A Libel is his dress, a garb uncouth,  
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.  
Scribbling assassinate, thy lines attest  
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beast,  
Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,  
Is Blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.  
The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind  
Wafting to Hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind  
It to the Barque, which at the Voyage-end  
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collicke in the Fiend.  
But I'll not dubbe thee with a glorious scar,  
Nor sink thy Skullar with a man of War.  
The black mouth'd *Si-quis*, and this slandering suit,  
Both do alike in picture execute.  
But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date  
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?  
As Temples use to have their Porches wrought  
With Sphynxes, Creatures of an antick draught,  
And puzling Pourtraictures, to shew that there  
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

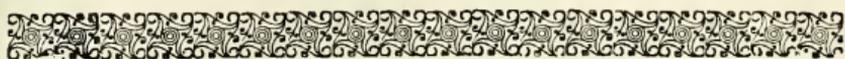
But pardon Sir, since I presume to be  
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty ;  
Methinks in this your dark mysterious dresse  
I see the Gospel coucht in Parables.  
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,  
And shews Religion in its dusky types.

Such a Text-Royal, so obscure a shade,  
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,  
To whom the spirit is in pupillage ;  
You that damn more than ever *Sampson* slew,  
And with his engine the same jaw-bone too :  
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,  
Since bound up in the Bibles livery ?  
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,  
You that dim jewels with your *Bristol*-sence :  
And Characters, like Witches so torment,  
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.  
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,  
None but St. *Peter* ope's this Cabinet.  
This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight  
Critick spectators with redundant light.  
A Prince most seen, is least : What Scriptures call  
The Revelation, is most mystical.

Mount then thou Shadow-royal, and with hast  
Advance thy morning-star, *Charles* overcast.  
May thy strange journey contradictions twist,  
And force fair weather from a Scottish mist ;  
Heavens Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages  
To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.  
Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,  
Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.  
But oh ! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews  
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shoes.





*The Rebell SCOT.*

**H**Ow! Providence! and yet a *Scottish* crew!  
 Then Madam nature wears black patches too?  
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus  
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?  
 Ring the Bells backward, I am all on fire,  
 Not all the Buckets in a Country Quire  
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd,  
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.  
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease  
 To see his Country sick of *Pym's* disease,  
 By *Scotch* Invasion to be made a prey  
 To such *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?  
 But, there's charm in verse that I would not quote  
 The name of *Scot* without an Antidote,  
 Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew  
 Invention there that might be poyson too.  
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note  
 Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat  
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)  
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:  
 Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Geneva* Bull,  
 Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:  
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,  
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.  
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,  
 I must (like *Hocas*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet,  
 And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.  
 Help ye tart *Satyrists* to imp my rage,  
 With all the *Scorpions* that should whip this age:

*Scots* are like Witches, do but whet your pen,  
 Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then.  
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take  
 The shapes of Beasts, like Hypocrites at stake,  
 I'le bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes ;  
 A *Scot* within a Beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation  
 Fosters no Venom, since the *Scots* plantation :  
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain,  
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.  
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have shown  
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)  
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingrost  
 What all those wild Collegiates had cost  
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees,  
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.  
 Nature her self doth *Scotch-men* Beasts confesse,  
 Making their Country such a wilderness :  
 A Land that brings in question and suspence  
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* came thence,  
 But that *Montross* and *Crawfords* loyal band  
 Atton'd their sins, and christen'd half the Land.  
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots ;  
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of *Scots* :  
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint  
 Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.  
 He that saw Hell in's melancholly dream,  
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam  
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,  
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proselyte.  
 A Land where one may pray with curst intent,  
 O may they never suffer banishment !  
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,  
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home :

Like *Jews* they spread, and as infection fly,  
 As if the Devil had Ubiquity.  
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie  
 This or that place, Rags of Geography.  
 They'r Citizens o'th' world ; they'r all in all,  
*Scotland's* a Nation Epidemicall.  
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode  
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad ;  
 To return knowing in the *Spanish* shrug,  
 Or which of the *Dutch States* a double Jug  
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard ;  
 (The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)  
 No, the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat,  
 Their *Ostrich-stomachs* make their *Swords* their *meat* :  
 Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,  
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their Belt.  
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choise,  
 The *Serpent's* fatall still to *Paradise*.  
 Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these  
 On the North posture of the patient seize,  
 Like Leeches : thus thy Physically thirst  
 After our bloud, but in the cure shall burst.  
 Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,  
 To purchase villanage as once before,  
 When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,  
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread ;  
 Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel must tame  
 The stubborn *Scot* : a Prince that would reclaim  
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)  
 Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.  
 Was it for this you left your leaner soil,  
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Ægypt's* spoyle ?  
 They are the Gospels Life guard : but for them  
 The Garrison of new *Jerusalem* !

What would the Brethren do? the Cause! the Cause!  
 Sack possets, and the Fundamental Laws!  
 Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!  
 How a *Scotch*-stomach, and no meat, converts!  
 They wanted food and raiment, so they took  
 Religion for their Seamstresse and their Cook.  
 Unmask them well, their honours and estate,  
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.  
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,  
 A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,  
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,  
 And a good sober two-pence, and well so.  
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,  
 You Picts in Gentry and Devotion;  
 You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race  
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.  
*Hyperbolus* by suffering did traduce  
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.  
 The *Indian*, that Heaven did forsware,  
 Because he heard the *Spaniards* were there.  
 Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,  
 He would, *Erasmus*-like, have hung between:  
 My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;  
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones.  
 That dish is his, for when the *Scots* decease,  
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.  
 A *Scot*, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,  
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland-Goose*.




  
*The Scots Apostasie.*

**I** S't come to this? what shall the cheeks of fame,  
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *Londons* name,  
 Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sence,  
 As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,  
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?  
 Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?  
 The Devil sure such language did atchieve,  
 To cheat our un-forwarned Grandam *Eve*,  
 As this impostour found out, to besot  
 Th' experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*.  
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?  
 The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?  
 Or did you doubt persistance in one good  
 Would spoyle the fabrick of your Brotherhood,  
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,  
 Was fit for the grand Devils hammering?  
 Or was't ambition that this damned fact  
 Should tell the world you know the sins you act?  
 The infamy this super-treason brings,  
 Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*;  
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,  
 Those hold with these no competition.,  
*Kings* only suffer'd then, in this doth lye  
 Th' Assassination of *Monarchy*.  
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,  
 If not t'attempt deposing of your God:  
 Oh were you so ingag'd, that we might see  
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee.

Till you were shrivel'd to dust, and your cold Land,  
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!  
But 'tis reserv'd, till Heaven plague you worse:  
Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.  
First, may your Brethren, to whose viler ends  
Your power hath bawded, cease to be your  
friends;  
And prompted by the dictate of their reason,  
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Treason*.  
And may their jealousies increase and breed,  
Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.  
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be  
A stigmatizing brand of infamy;  
Till forc'd by general hate, you cease to come  
The world, and for a plague to live at home:  
Till you resume your poverty, and be  
Reduc'd to beg where none can be so free  
To grant; and may your scabby Land be all  
Translated to a general Hospitall,  
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,  
To give you comfort of a Summers day;  
But, as a guerdon for your Trayterous War,  
Live cherish'd only by the Northern star.  
No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,  
And be to all but banisht men, as lost.  
And such in heightning of the infliction due,  
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.  
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,  
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.  
No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest,  
But each man strive through bloud to be the best;  
Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,  
By your own Sword our just revenge be wrought.

To sum up all ——— let your *Religion* be  
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie :  
 Untill, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,  
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just* ;  
 HE sav'd, incensed Heaven may have forgot  
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,  
 Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do  
 (What's easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.



*The Scots Arrears.*

FOUR hundred thousand pounds !  
 A lusty Bag indeed :  
 Was't ever known so vast a Sum  
 Ere past the River *Tweede* ?

Great pity it is, I swear,  
 Whole Carts was thither sent,  
 Where hardly two in fifty knew,  
 What *Forty shillings* meant :  
 But 'twas to some perceiv'd,  
 Three Kingdoms were undone.  
 And those that sit here thought it fit,  
 To settle them one by one,  
 Now *Ireland* hath no haste,  
 So there they'le not begin ;  
 The *Scotish* ayde must first be paid,  
 For ye came freely in,  
 And *William Lilly* writes ———  
 Who writes the truth you know ;  
 In frosty weather they marched hither,  
 Up to the chins in snow.

Free quarter at excesse,  
They do not weigh a feather,  
Those Crowns for coals, brought in by shoals ;  
Scarce kept their men together,  
Of Plunder they esteem  
As trifles of no worth,  
Of force ye dote, because recruit  
Issued no faster forth.  
If once this Cash is paid,  
I hope the *Scot* be spedd,  
He need not steal, but fairly deal,  
Both to be cloth'd and fedd.  
Our sheep and Oxen may  
Safe in their pastures stand,  
What need they filch the cow  
That's milch to sojourn in their land.

I wonder much the *Scot*  
With this defiles his hand,  
Because the summ's a price of *Rome*,  
Rais'd out of the Bishops lands ;  
But too too well ye know  
To what intent they in come ;  
'Twas not their pains produc'd this gains,  
'Twas sent to pack them home :  
Methinks I hear them laugh  
To see how matters proved,  
And give a shout, it so fell out,  
Ye were more fear'd than loved.  
If *Jockey* after this  
Reneaginge hath forgot,  
From antient sires, he much retires,  
And shows himself no *Scot*.



## A SONG

*On the Schismatick* ROTUNDOS.

Once I a curious Eye did fix,  
 To observe the tricks  
 Of the *Schismaticks* of the Times,  
 To find out which of them

Was the merriest Theme,  
 And best would befit my Rimes ;  
*Arminius* I found solid,

*Socinians* were not stolid,  
 Much Learning for Papists did stickle.

*But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*ah, ha ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*'Tis you that my spleen doth tickle.*

And first to tell must not be forgot,

How I once did trot  
 With a great *Zealot* to a Lecture,  
 Where I a Tub did view,  
 Hung with apron blew ;  
 'Twas the Preachers as I conjecture,  
 His Use and his Doctrine too  
 Were of no other hue,  
 Though he spake in a tone most mickle :

*But ah, ha ha ha, &c.*

He taught amongst other pretty things  
 That the Book of *Kings*  
 Small benefit brings to the godly,

Beside he had some grudges  
 At the Book of *Judges*,  
 And talkt of *Leviticus* odly,  
*Wisedome* most of all  
 He declares *Apocryphal*,  
 Beat *Bell* and the *Dragon*, like *Michael*.  
*But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha, &c.*

'Gainst Humane Learning next he envyes,  
 And almost boldly say's,  
 'Tis that which destroyes Inspiration,  
 Let superstitious sence  
 And wit be banished hence,  
 With Popish Predomination  
 Cut *Bishops* down in hast,  
 And *Cathedrals* as fast  
 As Corn that's fit for the sickle :  
*But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*ah, ha ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*'Tis you that my spleen doth tickle.*



### Cromwell's *Panegyrick*.

SHall Presbyterian Bells ring *Cromwels* praise,  
 While we stand still and do no Trophies raise  
 Unto his lasting name? Then may we be  
 Hung like the Bells for our dependencie.  
 Well may his Nose, that is Dominicall,  
 Take pepper in't, to see no Pen at all  
 Stir to applaud his merits, who hath lent  
 Such valour, to erect a Monument

Of lasting praise ; whose name shall never dye,  
 While *England* has a Church, or Monarchy.  
 He whom the laurell'd Army home did bring  
 Riding triumphant o're his conquer'd King,  
 He is the Generals Cypher now ; and when  
 Hee's joyn'd to him, he makes that One a Ten.  
 The Kingdoms Saint ; *England* no more shall stir  
 To cry St. *George*, but now St. *Oliver*.  
 Hee's the Realm Ensign ; and who goes to wring  
 His Nose, is forc'd to cry, *God save the King*.  
 He that can rout an Army with his name,  
 And take a City, ere he views the same :  
 His Souldiers may want bread, but n'ere shall fear  
 (While hee's their General,) the want of Beer ;  
 No Wonder they wore Bayes, his Brewing-fat  
 (*Helicon*-like) make Poets Laureat.  
 When Brains in those Castalian liquors swim,  
 We sing no Heathenish *Pean*, but a Hymne ;  
 And that by th' Spirit too, for who can chuse  
 But sing *Hosanna* to this King of Jewes ?  
 Tremble you *Scotish* Zealots, you that han't  
 Freed any Conscience from your Covenant :  
 That for those bal'd Appellatives of *Cause*,  
*Religion*, and the *Fundamental Laws*,  
 Have pull'd the old Episcopacy down,  
 And as the Miter, so you'le serve the Crown.  
 You that have made the Cap to th' Bonnet vaile  
 And made the Head a Servant to the Taile.  
 And you curst spawne of Publicans, that sit  
 In every County, as a plague to it ;  
 That with your Yeomen Sequestrating Knaves,  
 Have made whole Counties beggerly, and Slaves.  
 You Synod, that have sate so long to know  
 Whether we must believe in God, or no ;

You that have torn the Church, and sate t' impaire  
 The Ten Commandements, the Creed, the Prayer ;  
 And made your honors pull down Heavens glory,  
 While you set up that Calfe, your *Directory* :  
 We shall no wicked Jews-ear'd Elders want,  
 This Army's built of Churches Militant :  
 These are new Tribes of *Levi* ; for they be  
 Clergy, yet of no Universitie.  
 Pull down your Crests, for every bird shall gather,  
 From your usurping back, a stollen feather.  
 Your great Lay Levite, whose great Margent tires  
 The patient Reader, while he blots whole quires,  
 Nay reams with Treason ; and with Nonsense too,  
 To justifie what e're you say or do :  
 Whose circumcised ears are hardly grown  
 Ripe for another Persecution :  
 He must to *Scotland* for another paire ;  
 For he will lose these, if he tarry here.  
*Burges* that Reverend Presbydean of *Pauls*,  
 Must (with his Poundage) leave his Cure of Souls,  
 And into *Scotland* trot, that he may pick  
 Out of that Kirk, a nick-nam'd Bishoprick.  
 The Protean Hypocrites, that will ne're burn,  
 Must here, or else at *Tyburn* take a turn.  
 And *Will. the Conqueror* in a *Scotish* dance  
 Must lead his running Army into *France*.  
 Or he and's Juncto among those Crews  
 In *Holland* build a Synagogue of Jewes,  
 And spread Rebellion ; Great *Alexander*  
 Fears not a Pillory, like this Commander.  
 And *Bedlam John*, that at his Clerks so raves,  
 Using them not like servants, but like slaves.  
 He that so freely rail'd against his Prince,  
 Call'd him *dissembling subtile Knave*, and since

Has stil'd the whole Army *Bankrupts* ; said, that none  
Of their Estates were equal to his own :  
He that was by a strong Ambition led  
To set himself upon the Cities head :  
But when he has restor'd his both-side fees,  
Hee'l be as poor, or they as rich as hee's.  
And that still-gaping Tophet Goldsmiths Hall,  
With all his Furies, shall to ruine fall.  
Wee'l be no more gull'd by that Popish story,  
But shall reach Heav'n without that Purgatory :  
What Honour does he merit ? what Renown ?  
By whom all these Oppression are pull'd down.  
And such a Government is like to be  
In Church and State, as eye did never see :  
Magicians hold, hee'l set up Common-prayer ;  
Looking in's face they find the Rubrick there.  
His Name shall never dye by fire nor floud,  
But in Church-windows stand, where Pictures stood.  
And if his Soul lothing that house of clay,  
Shall to another Kingdom march away,  
Under some Barnes floor his bones shall lye,  
Who Churches did, and Monuments defie :  
Where the rude Thrasher with much knocking on,  
Shall wake him at the Resurrection.  
And on his Grave since there must be no Stone,  
Shall stand this Epitaph ; *That he has none.*





*The Scotch War.*

WHEN first the *Scottish* War began  
 The *English* man, we did trepan, with Pellit and  
 Pike,

The bonny blythe and cunning *Scot*  
 Had then a Plot, which they did not, well smell, it's  
 like ;

Although he could neither write, nor read,  
 Yet our General *Lashly* cross'd the *Tweed*  
 With his gay gangh of Blew-caps all,  
 And we marcht with our Generall ;  
 We took *New-castle* in a trice,  
 But we thought it had been *Paradice*,  
 They did look all so bonny and gay,  
 Till we took all their Pillage away.

Then did we streight to plundering fall  
 Of great and small, for were all most valiant that day ;  
 And *Jinny* in her Satten Gown the best in Town,  
 From Heel to Crown was gallant and gay ;  
 Our silks and sweets made such a smother,  
 Next day we knew not one another :  
 For *Jockie* did never so shine,  
 And *Jinny* was never so fine ;  
 A geud faith a gat a ged Beaver then,  
 But it's beat into a Blew-cap agen  
 By a Redcoat, that did still cry, Rag,  
 And a red snowt, a the Deel aw the Crag.

The *English* raised an Army streight  
 With mickle state, and we did wate to face them as well ;

Then every valiant Musquet man put fire in pan,  
And we began to lace them as well ;  
But before the Sparks were made a Cole,  
They did every man pay for his Pole ;  
Then their bought Land we lent them agen,  
Into *Scotland* we went with our men ;  
We were paid by all, both Peasant and Prince,  
But I think we have soundly paid for it since,  
For our Silver is wasted, Sir, all,  
And our Silks hang in *Westminster* Hall.

The Godly Presbyterian, that holy man,  
The War began with Bishop and King,  
Where we like Waiters at a Feast  
But not the least of all the guest, must dish up the thing,  
We did take a Covenant to pull down  
The Cross, the Crosier, and the Crown,  
With the Rochet the Bishop did bear.  
And the Smock that his Chaplain did wear :  
But now the Covenant's gone to wrack,  
They say, it looks like an old Almanack,  
For *Jockie* is grown out of date,  
And *Jinny* is thrown out of late.

I must confesse the holy firke did only work  
Upon our Kirk for silver and meat,  
Which made us come with aw our broods,  
Venter our bloods for aw your goods, to pilfer & cheat ;  
But we see what covetousness doth bring,  
For we lost our selves when we sold our King ;  
And alack now and welly we cry,  
Our backs mow and bellies must dye ;  
We fought for food, and not vain-glory,  
And so there's an end of a *Scottish* mans Story ;

I curse all your Silver and Gold,  
Aw the worst tale that ever was told.



*The Power of Money.*

**T**Is not the silver nor gold for it self  
That makes men adore it, but 'tis for its  
power :

For no man does doat upon pelf because pelf,  
But all Court the Lady in hope of her dower :  
The wonders that now in our dayes we behold,  
Done by the irresistable power of gold,  
Our Zeal, and our Love, and Allegiance do hold.

This purchaseth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, and  
Crowns ;

Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold ;  
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Cities, and  
Towns,

And our prime Laws are writ in letters of gold ;  
'Tis this that our Parliament calls and creates,  
Turns Kings into Keepers, and Kingdomes to  
States,

And peopledomes these into highdomes translates.

This made our black Synod to sit still so long,  
To make themselves rich, by making us poor ;  
This made our bold Army so daring and strong,  
And made them turn them, like Geese, out of  
door ;

'Twas this made our Covenant-makers to make  
it,  
And this made our Priests for to make us to  
take it,  
And this made both Makers and Takers for-  
sake it.

'Twas this spawn'd the dunghill Crew of Committees  
and 'strators,  
Who live by picking the Crockadile Parliaments  
gums ;  
This first made, and then prospered the Rebels and  
Traytors,  
And made Gentry of those that were the Nations  
scums :  
This Herald gives Armes not for merit, but store,  
And gives Coats to those that did sell Coats  
before,  
If their pockets be but lin'd well with argent and  
ore.

This, plots can devise, and discover what they  
are ;  
This, makes the great Fellons the lesser con-  
demn ;  
This, sets those on the Bench, that should stand at  
the Bar,  
Who Judge such as by right ought to Execute  
them ;  
Gives the boysterous Clown his unsufferable pride,  
Makes Beggars, and Fools, and Usurpers to ride,  
Whiles ruin'd Propriators run by their side.

Stamp either the Armes of the State or the King,  
 St. *George* or the Breeches, *C. R.* or *O. P.*

The Cross or the Fiddle, 'tis all the same thing ;

This, still is the Queen whosoe'er the King be ;

This, lines our Religion, builds Doctrine & Truth, ;

With Zeal and the Spirit the factious endueth,

To club with St. *Katharine*, or sweet Sister *Ruth*.

'Tis money makes Lawyers give Judgement, or  
 plead

On this side, or that side, on both sides, or  
 neither ;

This makes young men Clerks that can scarce write or  
 read,

And spawns arbitrary Orders as various as the  
 weather ;

This makes your blew Lecturers pray, preach, and  
 prate

Without reason or sence against Church, King, or  
 State,

To shew the thin lining of his twice-covered pate.

'Tis money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and  
 Esquires

Without breeding, descent, wit, learning, or merit ;

This makes Ropers, and Ale-drapers, Sheriffs of  
 Shires,

Whose trade is not so low, nor so base as their  
 spirit :

This Justices makes, and wise ones we know,

Furr'd Aldermen too, and Mayors also ;

This makes the old Wife trot, and makes the Mare  
 to go.

This makes your blew aprons Right Worshipfull ;  
And for this we stand bare, and before them do fall ;  
They leave their young heirs well fleeced with wooll,  
Whom we must call Squires, and then they pay all :  
Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies be gawdy,  
Court the pale Chamber-maid, and nick-name her a Lady,  
And for want of good wit, they do swear and talk bawdy.

This Mariages makes, 'tis a Center of love,  
It draws on the man, and it pricks up the woman  
Birth, virtue, and parts no affection can move,  
Whilst this makes a Lord stoop to the Brat of a Broom-  
man ;  
This gives virtue and beauty to the Lasses that you wooe,  
Makes women of all sorts and ages to do ;  
'Tis the soul of the world, and the worldling too.

This procures us whores, hawks, hounds and hares ;  
'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groom keeps  
your Gelding ;  
This built Citizens Wives, as well as wares ;  
And this makes your coy Lady so coming and yielding ;  
This buys us good Sack, which revives like the spring,  
'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring ;  
And this makes you as merry as we that do sing.





*Contentment.*

What though the ill times do run crosse to our will,  
 And Fortune still frown upon us,  
 Our hearts are our own, and shall be so still.

A fig for the plagues they lay on us ;  
 Let us take t'other cup, to chear our hearts up,  
 And let it be purest Canary ;  
 We'll ne'er shrink nor care, at the Crosses we bear,  
 Let them plague us untill they be weary.

What though we are made both Beggars and Slaves ?  
 Let's endure it, and stoutly drink on't,  
 'Tis our comfort we suffer 'cause we won't be Knaves,  
 Redemption will come e're we think on't ;  
 We must flatter and fear, those that over us are,  
 And make them believe that we love them,  
 When their Tyranny is past, we can serve them at last,  
 As they have serv'd those have been above them.

Let the Levites go preach for the Goose or the Pig,  
 To drink Wine at *Christmas* or *Easter* :  
 The Doctor may labour our lives to new trig,  
 And make Nature fast while we feast her ;  
 The Lawyer may bawl, out his Lungs and his Gall  
 For Plaintiff, and for Defendant,  
 At his Book the Scholar lye, while with *Plato* he dye  
 With an ugly hard word at the end on't.

Then here's to the man that delights in *sol fa*,  
 For Sack is his only Rozin.;  
 A load of hey ho, is not worth a ha ha,  
 He's a man for my money that draws in ;  
 Then a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,  
 'Tis better be blithe and frolick,  
 Than sigh out our breath, and invite our own death  
 By the Gout, or the Stone, or the Collick.



*On the Goldsmiths Committee.*

COm Drawer, some wine,  
 Or wee'll pull down the Sign,  
 For we are all joviall Compounders :  
 We'll make the house ring,  
 With healths to our KING,  
 And confusion light on his Confounders.

Since Goldsmiths Committee  
 Affords us no pittty,  
 Our sorrows in wine we will steep 'um,  
 They force us to take  
 Two Oaths, but wee'll make  
 A third, that we ne'er meant to keep 'um.

And next, who e're sees  
 We drink on our knees,  
 To the King, may he thirst that repines :  
 A fig for those Traytors  
 That look to our waters,  
 They have nothing to do with our Wines.

And next, here's a Cup  
 To the Queen, fill it up,  
     Were it poyson we would make an end on't :  
 May *Charles* and she meet.  
 And tread under feet  
     Both Presbyter and Independent.

To the Prince, and all others,  
 His Sisters and Brothers,  
     As low in condition as high born,  
 We'll drink this, and pray  
 That shortly they may  
     See all them that wrongs them at *Tyburn*.

And next, here's three bouls  
 To all gallant souls,  
     That for the King did, and will venter ;  
 May they flourish when those  
 That are his, and their foes,  
     Are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

And next, let a Glasse  
 To our undoers passe,  
     Attended with two or three Curses :  
 May plagues sent from Hell  
 Stuff their bodies as well  
     As the Cavaliers coyn doth their purses.

May the Cannibals of *Pym*  
 Eat them up limb by limb,  
     Or a hot Feaver scorch 'um to embers ;  
 Pox keep 'um in bed  
 Untill they are dead,  
     And repent for the losse of their Members.

And may they be found  
 In all to abound,  
 Both with Heaven and the Countries anger,  
 May they never want Fractions,  
 Doubts, Fears, and Distractions,  
 Till the Gallow-tree choaks them from danger.



*The mad Zealot.*

**A**M I mad, O noble *Festus*,  
 When Zeal and godly knowledge  
 Have put me in hope  
 To deal with the Pope,  
 As well as the best in the Colledge?  
*Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,*  
*Miters, Copes, and Rochets:*  
*Come hear me pray nine times a day,*  
*And fill your heads with Crochets.*

In the house of pure *Emanuel*  
 I had my Education,  
 Where my friends surmise  
 I dazell'd mine eyes  
 With the light of Revelation.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

They bound me like a Bedlam,  
 They lasht my four poor quarters;  
 Whilst thus I endure,  
 Faith makes me sure  
 To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

These injuries I suffer  
 Through Antichrists perswasions ;  
 Take off this Chain,  
 Neither *Rome* nor *Spain*  
 Can resist my strong invasions.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

Of the beasts ten horns (God blesse us !)  
 I have knock'd off three already :  
 If they let them alone,  
 I'll leave him none :  
 But they say I am too heady.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd City,  
 I met the great red Dragon ;  
 I kept him aloof  
 With the armour of proof,  
 Though here I have never a rag on.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

With a fiery Sword and Target  
 There fought I with this Monster :  
 But the sons of Pride  
 My Zeal deride,  
 And all my deeds misconster.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I unhors'd the Whore of *Babel*  
 With the Lance of Inspirations :  
 I made her stink,  
 And spill her drink  
 In the cup of Abominations,

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I have seen two in a Vision,  
With a flying Book between them :  
I have been in despair  
Five times a year,  
And cur'd by reading *Greenham*,  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I observ'd in *Perkins* Tables  
The black Lines of Damnation,  
Those crooked veins  
So stuck in my Brains,  
That I fear'd my Reprobation,  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

In the holy tongue of *Canaan*  
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure,  
Till I prickt my foot  
With an *Hebrew* root,  
That I bled beyond all measure.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I appear'd before th' Archbishop,  
And all the High Commission :  
I gave him no Grace,  
But told him to his face  
That he favour'd Superstition.  
*Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,*  
*Miters, Copes, and Rochets :*  
*Come hear me pray nine times a day,*  
*And fill your heads with Crotchets.*





*Of banishing the Ladies out of Town.*

1.

A Story strange I will unfold,  
 Then which a sadder ne're was told,  
 How the Ladies were from *London* sent,  
 With mickle woe and discontent.

2.

A heart of Marble would have bled,  
 To see this rout of white and red,  
 Both *York* and *Lancaster* must fly,  
 With all their painted Monarchy.

3.

Those faces which men so much prize,  
 In Mrs. *Gibbes* her Liveries,  
 Must leave their false and borrowed hue,  
 And put on grief that's only true.

4.

Those pretty patches long and round,  
 Which covered all that was not sound  
 Must be forgotten at the Farnes,  
 As useless and suspicious charmes.

5.

Now we must leave all our Designes,  
 That were contriv'd within the lines ;  
 Communication is deny'd,  
 If to our Husbands we be try'd.

6.

And here's the misery alone,  
We must have nothing but our own,  
Oh give us Liberty, and we  
Will never ask propriety.

7.

Alas how can a Kisse be sent,  
From Rocky *Cornwall* into *Kent* ?  
Or how can *Sussex* stretch an arm  
To keep a Northern servant warm.

8.

Oh *London* ! Centre of all Mirth,  
Th' Epitome of English Earth ;  
All Provinces are in the streets,  
And *Warwick-shire* with *Essex* meets.

9.

Then farewell *Queen-street*, and the Fields,  
And Garden that such pleasure yields,  
Oh who would such fair Lodgings change,  
To nestle in a plunder'd Grange !

10.

Farewell good places old and new,  
And *Oxford Kates* once more adieu ;  
But it goes unto our very hearts,  
To leave the Cheese-cakes and the Tarts.

11.

Farewell *Bridge-foot* and *Bear* thereby,  
And those bald-pates that stand so high,

We wish it from our very Souls,  
That other Heads were on those powles.

12.

But whether hands of Parliament,  
Or of Husbands, we're content,  
Since all alike such Traytors be,  
Both against us and Monarchy.



*Loyalty confin'd.*

**B**eat on proud Billowes, *Boreas* Blow,  
Swell curled Waves, high as *Jove's* roof,  
Your incivility doth shew,  
That innocence is tempest proof,  
Though surely *Nereus* frown, my thoughts are calm,  
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a Goale,  
A private Closet is to me,  
Whilst a good Conscience is my Baile,  
And Innocence my Liberty :  
Locks Barres and Solitude together met,  
Make me no Prisoner but an Anchorit.

I whil'st I wish'd to be retir'd  
Into this private room was turn'd,  
As if their wisdomes had conspir'd,  
The Salamander should be burn'd.  
Or kike a Sophy yet would drown a fish,  
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The Cynick hugs his poverty,  
 The Pelican her wilderness,  
 And 'tis the *Indians* pride to be  
 Naked on frozen *Caucasus*.

Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
 Make torments easie to their Apathy.

These Menacles upon my Arm,  
 I as my Mistris's favours wear ;  
 And for to keep my Ankles warm,  
 I have some Iron Shackles there.

These walls are but my Garrison ; this Cell  
 Which men call Goal, doth prove my Cittadel.

So he that strook at *Jasons* life,  
 Thinking he had his purpose sure :  
 By a malicious friendly Knife,  
 Did only wound him to a cure.

Malice I see wants wit, for what is meant,  
 Mischief oft-times, proves favour by th' event.

I'me in this Cabinet lockt up,  
 Like some high-prized *Margaret*,  
 Or like some great Mogul or Pope,  
 Are cloystered up from publick sight.

Retirement is a piece of Majesty,  
 And thus proud *Sultan*, I'me as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,  
 Where tempting Objects are not seen ;  
 And these strong Walls do only serve,  
 To keep Vice out, and keep me in.

Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
 I'me not committed, but I'me kept secure.

Whence once my Prince affliction hath,  
Prosperity doth Treason seem ;  
And for to smooth so tough a Path,  
I can learn Patience from him.

Now not to suffer, shews no Loyal heart,  
When Kings wants ease, Subjects must bear a part.

Have you not seen the Nightingale,  
A Pilgrim koopt into a Cage,  
How doth she chant her wonted tale,  
In that her narrow hermitage.

Even then her charming melody doth prove,  
That all her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

My soul is free as the ambient aire,  
Although my baser part's immur'd,  
Whilst Loyal thoughts do still repair,  
T' accompany my Solitude.

And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing,  
Disgrace to Rebels, glory to my King.

What though I cannot see my King,  
Neither in his Person or his Coyne,  
Yet contemplation is a thing,  
That renders what I have not mine.

My King from me, what Adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart.

I am that Bird whom they combine,  
Thus to deprive of Liberty ;  
But though they do my Corps confine,  
Yet maugre hate, my Soul is free.

Although Rebellion do my Body bind,  
My King can only captivate my mind.

*On the demolishing the Forts.*

**I**S this the end of all the toil,  
And labour of the Town?  
And did our Bulwarks rise so high  
Thus low to tumble down?

All things go by contraries now,  
We fight to still the Nation,  
Who build Forts to pull down Popery,  
Pull down for Edification.

The Independents tenets, and  
The wayes so pleasing be.  
Our City won't be bound about,  
But stands for Liberty.

The Popish doctrine shall no more  
Prevail within our Nation ;  
For now we see that by our works,  
There is no Justification.

What an Almighty army's this,  
How worthy of our praying,  
That with one Vote can blow down that  
All we so long were raising !

Yet let's not wonder at this Change,  
For thus 'twill be with all.  
These works did lift themselves too high,  
And Pride must have a fall.

And when both Houses vote agen,  
The Cavies to be gone,  
Nor dare to come within the lines  
Of Communication.

They must reserve the sense or else,  
Referr't to the Divines,  
And they had need sit seven years more  
Ere they can read those lines.

They went to make a *Gotham* on't,  
For now they did begin  
To build these mighty banks about,  
To keep the Cuckoes in.

Alas what need they take such pains !  
For why a Cucko here  
Might find so many of his Mates,  
Hee'l sing here all the year.

Has *Isaac* our L. *Maior*, L. *Maior*,  
With Tradesmen and his Wenches,  
Spent so much time, and Cakes and Beer,  
To edifie these Trenches !

All trades did shew their skill in this,  
Each Wife an Engineer ;  
The Mairress took the tool in hand,  
The maids the stones did bear.

These Bulwarks stood for Popery,  
And yet we never fear'd um,  
And now they worship and fall down,  
Before those Calves that rear'd 'um.

But though for Superstition,  
The Crosses have been down'd,  
Who'd think these works would Popish turn,  
That ever have been round ?

This spoyles our Palmistry ; for when  
Wee'l read the Cities fate,  
We find nor Lines nor Crosses now,  
As it hath had of late.

No wonder that the Aldermen,  
Will no more mony lend,  
When they that in this seven years,  
Such learned works have pen'd.

Now to debase their lofty lines,  
In which the wits delighted,  
'Tis thought they'l nere turn Poets more,  
Because their works are slighted.

These to a dolefull tune are set,  
For they that in the town.  
Did every where cry Up go we,  
Now they must sing down down.

But if that *Tyburn* do remain,  
When tother slighted be,  
The Cits will thither flock and sing,  
Hay, hay, then up go we.





*Upon Routing the Scots Army.*

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Through the Wood Lady.*

1.

C Am lend, lend y'are lugs Joes, an Ise speak a Song,  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, sing heome agen Jocky,*  
 O hes velient Acts an hes Prowes emong,  
*Sing heome agen heome agen O valent Jocky.*

2.

Sirs, *Jockie's* a Man held a mickle Note,  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Tha Breech o tha Covenant stuck in hes Throte,  
*Sing heome agen, heome agen, &c.*

3.

For *Jockie* was riteous, whilk ye wad admire,  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 A foight for tha Kirk, bet a plunder'd tha Quire.  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

4.

An *Jockie* waxt roth, and toll *Angland* a cam,  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Fro whence hee'd return, but alack a is lame,  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

## 5.

An *Jockie* was armed fro topp toll to toe,

*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

Wi a po're o Men and th'are geod D—— I tro,

*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

## 6.

So valent I wis they were, an sa prat,

*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

Ne Cock nor Hen durst stand in thare gat,

*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

## 7.

In every strete thay ded sa flutter,

*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

Ne Child durst shaw his Bred and Butter,

*Sing heome agen, Jocky, &c.*

## 8.

Whan th' *English* Forces they her'd on o're night,

*Sing heome again Jocky, &c.*

Next Morne thay harnest themsels for a fight,

*Sing heome agen, heome agen, &c.*

## 9.

Thare D—— wes tha Mon that wad be sen stoot,

*Sing heome agen, Jocky, &c.*

He feas't tham awhile, then turn'd Ars's about,

*Sing heome agen, heome agen, &c.*

## 10.

Tha Men that ater this valent *Scot* went,

*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*

Had ner foond him oout, bet by a strong sent,  
*Sing heome agen, heome agen O valent Jocky.*

## II.

Bet se tha reward ò that Cowardly Crue,  
*Sing heome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Thare Countremon *Ballatine* sent 'em to *Corfew*,  
*Not home agen, home agen, O slavish Jocky.*



*The disloyal Timist.*

## I.

Now our holy Wars are don,  
 Betwixt the Father and the Son ;  
 And since we have by righteous fate,  
 Distrest a Monarch and his Mate.  
 And first their heirs fly into *France*  
 To weep out their Inheritance ;  
     Let's set open all our Packs,  
     Which contain ten thousand wracks ;  
 Cast on the shore of the red Sea  
 Of *Naseby*, and of *Newbery*.  
 If then you will come provided with Gold,  
     We dwell  
     Close by Hell,  
     Where wee'l sell  
     What you will,  
     That is ill ;  
 For Charity waxeth cold.

## 2.

Hast thou done murther, or bloud spilt,  
We can soon giv't another name,  
That will keep thee from all blame :  
But be it still provided thus,  
That thou hast once been one of us ;  
Gold is the God that shall pardon the Guilt,  
For we have  
What shall save  
Thee from th' Grave,  
Since the Law  
We can awe ;  
Although a famous Prince's bloud were spilt.

## 3.

If a Church thou hast bereft  
Of its Plate, 'tis holy-theft ;  
Or for Zeal-sake, if thou beest  
Prompted on to take a Priest ;  
Gold is a sure prevailing Advocate :  
Then come  
Bring a summe,  
Law is dumb :  
And submits,  
To our wits ;  
For it's Policy guides a State.





*A Medley.*

I.

**R**oom for a Gamester that plays at all he sees,  
Whose fickle faith is fram'd, Sir, to fit such times as  
these ;

One that cries *Amen*, to ev'ry factious Prayer,  
From *Hugh Peters* Pulpit, to *St. Peters* Chair :  
One that can comply with Crosier and with Crown ;  
And yet can bouze  
A full carouze,  
While bottles tumble down,  
Dery down.

2.

This is the way to trample without trembling.  
Since Sycophants only secure ;  
Covenants and Oaths are badges of dissembling,  
'Tis the Politique pulls down the pure :  
To plunder and pray,  
To protest and betray  
Are the only ready wayes to be great,  
Flattering will do the feat :  
Ne're go, ne're stir  
Have ventred farther,  
Then the greatest o' th' Damme's in the Town,  
From a Copper to a Crown.

3.

I am in an excellent humor now to think well,  
And I'me in another humor now to drink well ;

Fill us up a Beer-bowl boy,  
That we drink it merrily ;  
And let none other see,  
Nor cause to understand,

For if we do, 'tis ten to one we are Trepand.

4.

Come fill us up a brace of Quarts,  
Whose Anagram is call'd true hearts ;  
If all were true as I would hav't,  
And *Britain* were cured of its humor,  
Then I should very well like my fate,  
And drink off my Wine at a freer rate,  
Without any noise or tumor ;  
And then I should fix my humor.

5.

But since 'tis no such matter, change your hue,  
I may cog and flatter, so may you ;

Religion  
Is a wigeon,  
And reason  
Is Treason ;

And he that hath a Noble heart may bid the world adieu.

6.

We must be like the *Scotish* man,  
Who with intent to beat down schism,  
Brought forth a Presbyterian,  
A Canon and a Catechism.  
If Beuk wont do't, then *Jockie* shoot,  
The Kirk of *Scotland* doth command ;  
And what hath been, since he come in,  
I am sure we ha' cause to understand.



*A Medley of the Nations.*

*The Scot.*

I.

I Am the bonny *Scot* Sir,  
 My name is *Mickle John* ;  
 'Tis I was in the Plot Sir  
 When first the Wars began :  
 I left the Court one thousand  
 Six hundred forty one ;  
     But since the flight  
     At *Worster* fight  
 We are aw undone.  
 I serv'd my Lord and Master  
 When as he liv'd at home,  
 Untill by sad disaster  
 He receiv'd his doom ;  
     But now we fink,  
     Uds bred I think  
 The Deel's gat in his room,  
     He ne man spares,  
     But stamps and stares  
 At all Christendom.

2.

I have travel'd mickle grounds,  
 Since I came from *Worster* bounds,  
 I have gang'd the jolly rounds  
     Of the neighbouring Nations ;

And what their opinions are  
Of the *Scotch* and *English* war,  
In geed faith I sal declare,  
And their approbations.

*Jockie* swears  
He has his load,  
Bears the rod,  
Comes from God,  
And complaints go very odd  
Since the siege at *Worster* ;  
We were wounded  
Tag and rag,  
Foot and leg,  
Wemb and crag ;  
Hark I hear the *Dutchman* brag,  
And begin to bluster.

*The Dutch.*

3.

Uds Sacrament, sal *Hoghen Moghen* States  
Strike down der top sails unto puny Powers ;  
Ten twosand tun of Tivel Dammy Fates,  
If dat der Ships and Goods prove not all ours ;  
Since dat bloot and wounds do delight dem,  
Tararara Trumpet sounds,  
Let *Van Tromp* go fort and fight dem ;  
All de States shall first be crown'd,  
English *Skellam* fight not on goat side ;  
Out at last the *Flemins* bear,  
Dey ha' giv'n us sush a broad side ;  
Dat ick sal be forc't to retreat,  
See de *French man* he comes in compleat.

*The French.*

4.

By Gat Mounseur 'tis much in vain  
 For *Dushland, France, or Spain,*  
 To crosse de *English* main ;  
 De Nation now is grown so strong,  
 De Divla er't be long  
 Must learna de same tongue.  
 'Tis bettra den far to combine,  
     To sel dem Wine,  
 And teasha dem to make der Laty fine ;  
 We'll teash dem for to trip and minsh, f.  
     To kick and winsh,  
 For by de Sword we never sal convince,  
 Since every Brewer dere can beat a Prince.

*The Spaniard.*

5.

What are the *English* to quarrel so prone,  
 Dat dey cannot now adayes let deir neighbour alone,  
 And sal de Grave and the Catholick King,  
 Before ever dus control'd wid a sword and a sling ;  
 Sal bode de *Indias* be left unto de sway,  
 And purity a dose dat do plunder and pray ;  
 E're dat we will suffer such affronts for to be,  
 We'll tumble dem down, as you sal sennon see :

*The Welsh.*

6.

Taffy was once a Cottamighty of *Wales*,  
 Put her Cosin *O. P.* was a Creater,  
 Was come in her Country Catsspluttery nailes,  
 Was take her welch hook and was peat her ;  
 Was eat up her Sheese,  
 Her Tuck and her Geese,  
 Her Pick, her Capon was ty for't ;  
*Ap Richard, ap Owen, ap Morgon, ap Stefen,*  
*Ap Shenkin, ap Powel* was fly for't.

*The Irish.*

7.

O hone, O hone, poor Teg and shone,  
 O hone may howl and cry,  
 St. *Patrick* help dy Country men,  
 Or fait and trot we dye ;  
 De *English* steal our hoart of *Vsquebagh*,  
 Dey put us to de sword all in *Dewguedagh* :  
 Help us St. *Patrick* we ha no Saint at all but dee,  
 O let us cry no more, *O hone, a cram, a cree !*

*The English.*

8.

A Crown, a Crown, make room,  
 The *English* man is come,

Whose valour  
 Is taller  
 Than all Christendome :  
 The *Spanish*, *French*, and *Dutch*,  
*Scotch*, *Welch*, and *Irish* Grutch,  
 We fear not,  
 We care not,  
 For we can deal with such.  
 You thought when we began in a Civil war to waste,  
 Our Tillage  
 Your Pillage  
 Should come home at last :  
 For when we  
 Could not agree,  
 You thought to share in our fall ;  
 But nere stir Sir,  
 For first Sir  
 We shall noose you all.



### A Medley.

#### I.

*The English.* **L**et the Trumpets sound,  
 And the Rocks rebound,  
 Our English Natives comming ;  
 Let the Nations swarm,  
 And the Princes storm ;  
 We value not their drumming,  
 'Tis not *France* that looks so smug  
 Old fashions still renewing,  
 It is not the *Spanish* shrug,

*Scotish* cap, or *Irish* rug ;  
 Nor the *Dutch-mans* double jug  
 Can help what is ensuing,  
 Pray my Masters look about,  
 For something is a Brewing.

## 2.

He that is a Favorite consulting with Fortune,  
 If he grow not wiser, then he's quite undone ;  
 In a rising Creature we daily see certainly,  
 He is a Retreater that fails to go on :

He that in a Builder's trade  
 Stops e're the Roof be made,  
 By the Aire he may be betray'd  
 And overthrown :

He that hath a Race begun,  
 And let's the Goale be won ;  
 He had better never run,  
 But let 't alone.

## 3.

Then plot rightly,  
 March sightly,  
 Shew your glittering Arms brightly :  
 Charge hightly,  
 Fight sprightly :  
 Fortune gives renown.  
 A right riser  
 Will prize her,  
 She makes all the World wiser ;  
 Still try her,  
 Wee'l gain by her  
 A Coffin or a Crown.

## 4.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*  
 Come but to oppose us,  
 We will thrust them out of the Main-yard,  
 If they do but nose us :  
*Hans, Hans*, think upon thy sins,  
 And then submit to *Spain* thy Master ;  
 For though now you look like Friends,  
 Yet he will never trust you after ;  
 Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink  
 And let the tap and kan run faster ;  
 For faith, at the last I think  
 A brewer will become your Master.

## 5.

Let not poor Teg and Shone  
 Vender from der Houses,  
 Lest dey be quite undone  
 In der very trowzes :  
 And all her Orphans bestow'd under hatches,  
 And made in *London* free der to cry matches ;  
 St. *Patrick* wid his Harp do tun'd wid tru string  
 Is not fit to unty St. *Hewson's* shooes-strings.

## 6.

Methinks I hear  
 The Welch draw near,  
 And from each lock a louse trop ;  
*Ap Shon, ap LLOYD*,  
 Will spen'd her plood.  
 For to defend her mouse-traps :  
 Mounted on her *Kifflebagh*  
 With coot store of *Koradagh*,

The Pritish war begins.

With a hook her was over come her  
Pluck her to her, thrust her from her,  
By cot her was preak her shins.

Let Taffy fret,

And Welch-hook whet,

And troop up Pettigrees ;

We only tout,

Tey will stink us out,

Wit Leeks and toasted Sheeze.

## 7.

But *Jockie* now and *Jinny* comes,  
Our Brethren must approve on't ;  
For pret a Cot dey beat der drums  
Onely to break de Couvenant.  
Dey bore St. *Andrew's* Crosse,  
Till our Army quite did rout dem,  
But when we put um to de Losse  
De deal a Crosse about dem :  
The King and Couvenant they crave,  
Their Cause must needs be further'd ;  
Although so many Kings they have  
Most barbarously, basely murther'd.

## 8.

*The French.* The French-man he will give consent,  
Though he trickle in our veins ;

That willingly

We may agree,

To a marriage with Grapes and Graines :

He conquers us with kindnesse,

And doth so far entrench,

That fair, and wise, and young, and rich  
 Are finified by the *French* :  
 He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,  
 With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hose :  
 And faith they shall  
 Be welcome all  
 If they forbear the nose.  
 For love or for fear,  
 Let Nations forbear ;  
 If fortune exhibit a Crown,  
 A Coward he  
 Must surely be,  
 That will not put it on.



*The Levellers Rant.*

**T**O the *Hall*, to the *hall*,  
 For justice we call,  
 On the *King* and his pow'ful *adherents* & *friends*  
 Who still have endeavour'd, but we work their ends.  
 'Tis we will pull *down* what e're is above us,  
 And make them to *fear* us, that never did *love* us,  
 Wee'l *level* the *proud*, and make every degree,  
 To our *Royalty* bow the *Knee*,  
 'Tis no lesse then treason,  
 'Gainst freedom and Reason  
 For our brethren to be higher then we.

2.

First the thing, call'd a King,  
 To judgement we bring,  
 And the *spawn* of the *court*, that were prouder then he,  
 And next the two Houses united shall be,

It does to the *Romish* religion enveagle,  
 For the State to be two-headed, like the *spredeagle*  
 Wee'l purge the superfluous Members away,  
 They are too many Kings to sway,  
     And as we all teach,  
     'Tis our Liberties breach,  
 For the Freeborn *Saints* to obey.

## 3.

Not a claw, in the *Law*,  
 Shall keep us in aw ;  
 Wee'l have no *cushon-cuffers* to tell us of hell,  
 For we are all *gifted* to do it as well,  
 'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the *Nations*  
 To enjoy our *fellow-creatures* as at the creation.  
 The *Carnal* mens wives are for men of the *spirit*,  
 Their wealth is our own by merit,  
     For we that have right,  
     By the *Law* called *Might*,  
 Are the *Saints* that must *judge* and *inherit*.

*The Safety.*

**S**ince it has been lately enacted *high Treason*,  
 For a man to speak *truth* of the *heads* of the *state*  
 Let every wise man make use of his reason,  
 See and hear what he can, but take heed what he prate.  
 For the proverbs do learn us,  
*He that stays from the battail sleeps in a whole skin,*  
*And our words are our own, if we can keep 'um in.*  
 What fools are we then, that to *prattle* begin,  
 Of things that do not concern us?

## 2.

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*  
*My mind is a Kingdom*, and shall be to me,  
 I could make it appear, if I had but the time once,  
 I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three.  
 If I could but enjoy it,  
 He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the *hate*,  
 And the *envy* of every *pragmatical* pate,  
 While he that *creeps* low, lives safe in his state,  
 And *greatness* do scorn to annoy it.

## 3.

I am never the better which side gets the battel,  
 The *Tubs* or the *Crosses*, what is it to me?  
 They'll never increase my goods or my cattel,  
 But a *beggar's* a *beggar* and so he shall be,  
 Unless he turn *Traytor*,  
 Let *Misers* take courses to hep up their treasure,  
 Whose *lust* has no *limits*, whose mind has no *measure*  
 Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure,  
 A little contents my nature.

## 4.

My Petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,  
 Without Patent or Custom, or cursed Excise;  
 That the *Wits* may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,  
 And not be undone, while their heads they *baptise*,  
 And in liquor do drench 'um;  
 If this were but granted, who would not desire,  
 To *dub* himself one of *Apollo's* own Quire?  
 We'll ring out the Bells, when our noses are on fire,  
 And the quarts shall be the buckets to drench 'um.

## 5.

I account him no wit, that is gifted at railing,  
 And *flirting* at those that above him do sit,  
 While they do out-wit him, with *whipping* and *goaling*,  
 Then his *purse* and his *person* both pay for his wit,  
 'Tis better to be drinking ;  
 If sack were reform'd into twelve-pence a quart,  
 I'd study for money to Marchandize for't,  
 And a friend that is true, we together will sport.  
 Not a word, but we'll pay them with thinking.

*The Leveller.*

N Ay prethee don't fly me,  
 But sit thee down by me,  
 I cannot endure  
 A man that's demure,  
 Go hang up your *Worships* and *Sirs* ;  
 Your *Congies* and *Trips*,  
 With your legs and your lips,  
 Your *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such finikin words,  
 With the Complements you bring,  
 That do spell *NO-THING*,  
 You may keep for the *Chains* and the *Furs* :  
 For at the beginning was no Peasant or Prince,  
 And 'twas policy made the distinction since.

## 2.

Those Titles of Honours  
 Do remain in the *Donours*,

And not in that thing,  
 To which they do cling,  
 If his soul be too narrow to wear 'um,  
 No delight can I see  
 In that word call'd degree,  
 Honest *Dick* sounds as well  
 As the name of an *ell*,  
 That with Titles doth swell,  
 And sounds like a *spell*,  
 To affright mortal ears that hear 'um,  
*He that wears a brave soul, and dares gallantly do,*  
*May be his own Herald and Godfather too.*

## 3.

Why should we then doat on,  
 One with a Fools coat on?  
 Whose *Coffers* are cram'd,  
 But yet he'l be damn'd  
 Ere he'l do a good act or a wise one?  
 What *Reason* has he  
 To be ruler o're me?  
 That's a Lord in his chest,  
 But in's *head* and his *breast*,  
 Is empty and bare,  
 Or but puff'd up with air,  
 And can neither *assist* nor *advise* one.  
 Honour's but *air*, and *proud flesh* but *dust* is,  
 'Tis we *Commons* makes *Lords*, and the *Clerk* makes the  
*Justice.*

## 4.

But since men must be  
 Of a different degree,  
 Because most do aspire,  
 To be greater and higher,  
 Then the rest of their Fellows and Brothers.

He that has such a spirit,  
 Let him gain it by's merit,  
 Spend his *brains, wealth, or blood*  
 For his *Countries* good,  
 And make himself fit  
 By his *valour or wit,*

For *things* above the *reach* of *all others.*

For *Honour's* a *Prize*, and who wins it may wear it,  
 If not 'tis a *Badge* and a *burthen* to bear it.

5.

For my part let me  
 Be but quiet and free,  
 I'll drink Sack and obey,  
 And let great ones sway,  
 And spend their whole time in thinking,  
 I'll ne're busie my Pate  
 With secrets of State,  
 The *News books* I'll burn all,  
 And with the *Diurnall*  
 Light *Tobacco* and admit  
 That they're so far fit,

As they serve *good company* and *drinking.*

All the *name* I desire is an honest *Good-Fellow,*

And that *man* has no worth that won't sometimes be  
*mellow.*



*The Royalists Answer.*

I Have reason to fly thee,  
 And not sit down by thee ;  
 For I hate to behold,  
 One so sawcy and bold,

To *deride* and contemn his Superiours,  
 Our *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such mannerly words,  
 With the *gestures* that be  
 Fit for every degree,  
 Are things that we and you  
 Both claim as our due

From all those that are our Inferiours.

For from the beginning there were *Princes* we know,  
 'Twas you *Levellers* hate 'um, 'cause you can't be so.

## 2.

All Titles of Honours  
 Were at first in the *Donours*.  
 But being granted away  
 With the Grantees stay,  
 Where he wear a small soul or a bigger.  
 There's a necessity  
 That there should be degree.  
 Where 'tis due we'll afford  
 A *Sir John*, and my *Lord*,  
 Though *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Jack*,  
 Will serve you and your Pack,  
 Honest *Dick's* name enough for a Digger.

He that has a strong *Purse* can all things be or do,  
 He is *valiant* and *wise* and *religious* too.

## 3.

We have cause to adore,  
 That man that has store,  
 Though a *Bore* or a sot,  
 There's something to be got ;  
 Though he be neither *honest* nor *witty* ;  
 Make him high, let him rule,  
 Hee'l be playing the fool,

And *transgresse*, then we'l *squeze*  
Him for *finer* and for *fees*.

And so we shall gain,  
By the wants of his brain,

'Tis the *Fools-cap* that maintains the *City*.

If honour be *air*, 'tis in common, and as fit,  
For the *fool* & the *clown*, as for the *champion* or the *wit*.

## 4.

Then why mayn't we be  
Of different degree ?

And each man aspire  
To be greater and higher

Then his *wiser* and *honester* brother,

Since *Fortune* and *Nature*

Their *favours* do scatter ;

This hath *valour*, that *wit*,

T'other *wealth*, nor is't fit

That one should have all,

For then what would befall

Him that's *born* nor to *one* nor to'ther ?

Though *honour* were a *prize* at first, now 'tis a *chattle*,

And as *merchantable* grown as your wares or your cattle.

## 5.

Yet in this we agree,

To live quiet and free,

To drink *sack* and *submit*,

And not shew our wit

By our *prating*, but *silence*, and *thinking*,

Let the politick *Jewes*

Read *Diurnals* and *Newes*,

And lard their discourse,

With a *Comment* that's worse,

That which pleaseth me best  
 Is a Song or a Jest,  
 And my obedience I'll shew by my *drinking*.  
*He that drinks well, does sleep well, he that sleeps well, doth  
 think well.*  
*He that thinks well, does do well, he that does well must  
 drink well.*



*The Independents resolve.*

Come Drawer and fill us about some Wine  
 Let's merrily tipple the day's our own,  
 Wee'll have our delights, let the Country go pine,  
 Let the King and his Kingdom groan.  
 The Crown is our own, and so shall continue,  
 Wee'll Monarchy baffle quite,  
 Wee'll drink off the Kingdoms revenue,  
 And sacrifice all to delight.  
       'Tis Power that brings  
       Us all to be Kings,  
 And wee'll be all crown'd by our might.

2.

A fig for divinity lectures and law,  
 And all that to Loyalty do pretend,  
 While we by the sword keep the Kingdom in aw,  
 Our Power shall never have end.  
 The *Church* and the *State* wee'll turn into liquor,  
 And spend a whole Town in a day,  
 We'll melt all their *bodkins* the quicker  
 Into Sack, and drink them away.

We'll keep the *demcans*  
 And turn *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
 And over the *Presbyters* sway.

3.

The nimble St. *Patrick* is sunk in his boggs,  
 And his Country-men sadly cry *O hone! O hone!*  
 St. *Andrew* and's *Kirk-men* are lost in the foggs,  
 Now we are the *Saints* alone.  
 Then on our *Superiours* and *Equalls* we trample,  
 And *Jockie* our stirrup shall hold,  
 The *City's* our *Mule* for example,  
 That we may in plenty be roul'd.  
     Each delicate dish,  
     Shall but *Eccho* our wish  
 And our *drink* shall be cordial gold.



*The Lamentation.*

**M**ourn, *London*, mourn,  
 Bathe thy polluted *soul* in tears ;  
 Return, return,  
 Thou hast more cause for grief, then th'hadst for fears,  
 For the whole *Kingdom* now begins  
 To feel thy sorrow as they saw thy sins,  
     And now do no  
     Compassion show  
 Unto thy misery and woe,  
 But slight thy *sufferings* as thou didst theirs.

2.

Pride tousing Pride,  
 And boyling lust, those fatal twins,  
 Sit side by side,  
 And are become *Plantations* of sins.

Hence thy *Rebellions* first did flow,  
 Both to the King above, and him below.  
     And sordid sloth  
     The Nurse of both,  
 Have rais'd thy crimes to such a growth,  
 That sorrow must conclude as sin begins.

## 3.

Fire raging fire,  
 Shall burn thy *stately towers* down,  
 Yet not expire,  
*Tygres* and *Wolves*, or men more savage grown,  
 Thy Childrens brains, and thine shall dash,  
 And in your *blood* their guilty tallons wash,  
     Thy *Daughters* must  
     Allay their lust,  
 Mischiefs will be on mischief thrust,  
 Till thy *Cap* tumble as thou mad'st the Crown.

## 4.

Cry *London* cry !  
 Now now petition for redresse,  
 Where canst thou fly ?  
 Thy emptyed *Chests* augment thy heavinesse,  
 The *Gentry* and the *Commons* loath,  
 Th' adored *Houses* slight thee worse than both,  
     The King poor Saint  
     Would help, but can't ;  
 To heav'n alone unfold thy *want*,  
 Thence came thy *Plagues*, thence onely Pity flow'th.





*The Reformation.*

TELL not me of Lords or Laws,  
*Rules or Reformation,*  
 All that's done's not worth two straws,  
 To the welfare of the Nation.  
 Men in power do rant it still,  
 And give no *reason* but their will, '
 For all their domination. '
 Or if they do an act that's just,  
 'Tis not because they would, but must,  
 To *Gratifie* some parties lust,  
 Or merely for a fashion.

## 2.

Our expence of blood and purse  
 Has produc'd no profit.  
 Men are still as bad or worse,  
 And will be what e're comes of it.  
 We've shuffled out, and shuffled in,  
 The persons, but retain the sin,  
 To make our game the surer,  
 Yet spite of all our pains and skill,  
 The Knaves all in the pack are still,  
 And ever were and ever will,  
 Though something now demurer.

## 3.

And it cannot but be so,  
 Since those toys in *fashion,*  
 And of Souls so base and low,  
 And mere *Bigots* of the *Nation,*  
 Whose designs are power and wealth,  
 At which, by *rapines, fraud,* and *stealth,*

Audaciously they vent ye,  
 They lay their Consciences aside,  
 And turn with every *winde* and *tide*,  
 Puff'd on by *Ignorance* and *Pride*,  
 And all to look like *Gentry*.

4.

*Crimes* are not punish'd 'cause their *Crimes*,  
 But 'cause they're low and little,  
*Mean men* for *mean faults* in these times  
 Make satisfaction to a tittle ;  
 While those in *office* and in *power*,  
 Boldly the *underlings* devour.

Our Cobweb laws can't hold 'um.  
 They sell for many a *Thousand crown*,  
 Things which were never yet their own,  
 And this is *law* and *custom* grown.

'Cause those do *judge* that *sold* 'um.

5.

*Brothers* still with *Brothers* brawl,  
 And for trifles sue 'um,  
 For two *Pronouns* that spoyle all,  
 Those contentious *Meum*, *Tuum*,  
 The wary *Lawyer* buyes and builds,  
 While the *Client* sells his fields,

To sacrifice to's fury ;  
 And when he thinks to obtain his right  
 He's baffled off, or beaten quite,  
 By th' *Judges* will, or *Lawyers* slight,  
 Or ignorance of the *Jury*.

6.

See the *Trades-man* how he thrives  
 With perpetual trouble,  
 How he *cheats*, and how he *strives*  
 His Estate t'enlarge and double,

Extort, oppress, grind and encroach,  
 To be a *Squire*, and keep a *Coach*,  
 And to be one o'th' *Quorum*,  
 Who may with's *Brother worships* sit,  
 And judge without *law, fear* or *wit*  
 Poor petty *Thieves* that nothing get,  
 And yet are brought before 'um.

7.

And his way to get all this  
 Is mere *dissimulation*,  
 No factious Lecture does he miss,  
 And *scapes; no schism that's in fashion*.  
 But with short hair and shining shooes,  
 He with two Pens and's Note-book goes,  
 And winks and writes at *Randome* ;  
 Thence with *short meal* and *tedious Grace*,  
 In a loud tone and Publick place,  
 Sings *Wisdoms hymnes*, that *trot* and *pace*,  
 As if *Goliah* scan'd 'um.

8.

But when death begins his threats,  
 And his *Conscience* struggles,  
 To call to mind his former *cheats*  
 Then at heav'n he turns his juggles.  
 And out of all's ill-gotten store,  
 He gives a dribling to the poor,  
 In a *Hospital* or *School-house*,  
 And the suborned *Priest* for's hire  
 Quite frees him from th' *infernal* fire,  
 And places him ith' *Angels* quire,  
 Thus these *Jack-puddings* fool us.

9.

All he gets by's pains ith' close,  
 Is that he dyed worth so much,

Which he on's doubtfull seed bestows,  
 That neither care nor know much,  
 Then *Fortunes favourite* his heir,  
 Bred base, and ignorant and bare,  
 Is blown up like a bubble,  
 Who *wondring* at's own suddain rise,  
 By Pride, Simplicity and Vice,  
 Falls to's sports, *drink, drab* and *dice*  
 And makes all fly like stubble.

## 10.

And the *Church* the other twin,  
 Whose mad zeal enrag'd us,  
 Is not purify'd a pin,  
 By all those broyles in which she engag'd us,  
 We, our Wives turn'd out of doors,  
 And took in *Concubines* and *Whores*,  
 To make an alteration  
 Our *Pulpiteers* are proud and bold,  
 They their own *Wills* and *factions* hold,  
 And sell *salvation* still for *Gold*,  
 And here's our *Reformation*.

## 11.

'Tis a madnesse then to make,  
 Thriving our employment,  
 And *lucre* love, for *Lucres* sake,  
 Since we've possession, not enjoyment.  
 Let the times run on their course,  
 For opposition makes them worse,  
 We ne're shall better find 'um,  
 Let *Grandees* wealth and power ingrosse,  
 And honour too, while we sit close,  
 And laugh and take our plenteous dose,  
 Of *sack* and never mind 'um.



## C H R O N O S T I C O N

Decollationis *CAROLI* Regis tricesimo die *Januarii*, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

---

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente  
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCEPTroqVe SeCVto.

---

C H A R L E S — ah forbear, forbear ! lest Mortals  
prize

His Name too dearly, and Idolatrize.

His Name ! Our Losse ! Thrice cursed and forlorn

Be that Black Night which usher'd in this Morn.

C H A R L E S our Dread Sovereign ! ——— hold ! lest Out-  
law'd Sense

Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense

With those Celestial powers ; and distrust

Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

C H A R L E S our Dread Sovereign's murther'd ! tremble !  
and

View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,

Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run

To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

C H A R L E S our Dread Sovereign's murther'd at His Gate !

Fell fiends ! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State !

Strange Body-politick ! whose Members spread,  
And Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain ! He ! who was the known  
King of three Realms, lyes murther'd in his own ;  
He ! He ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,  
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his blood.

No more, no more, Fame's Trump shall Eccho all  
The rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall  
Great Christendom nere pattern'd ; and 'twas strange  
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britain blinde, each well-set Limb  
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM.  
And though she yet lives, she lives but to condole  
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

*Religion* puts on Black, sad *Loyalty*  
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty  
Butcher'd by such Assassimates ; nay both  
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewell sad Isle ! Farewell ! thy fatal Glory  
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.





AN ELEGIE.

*Upon King CHARLES the first, murdered  
publickly by his Subjects.*

**W**Ere not my *Faith* buoy'd up by sacred blood,  
 It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood ;  
 Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,  
 It leaves my *soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed* ;  
 Where my *Faith* resting on th' *Original* ;  
 Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall ;  
 So while my *Faith* floats on that *Bloudy wood*,  
 My reason's cast away in this *Red flood*,  
 Which ne're o'reflows us all : Those showers past  
 Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies wast ;  
 This stroak hath cut the only neck of land  
 Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,  
 That covers now our world, which cursed lies  
 At once with two of *Ægypt's* prodigies ;  
 O're-cast with darkness, and with bloud o're-run,  
 And justly, since our hearts have theirs outdone ;  
 Th' Inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,  
 To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill* :  
 Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,  
 Voided all Forms, left but Privation  
 In *Church* and *State* ; inverting ev'ry right ;  
 Brought in Hells State of fire without light ;  
 No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,  
 Washing their Loyal hearts from bloud so shed ;  
 The which deserves each pore should turn an eye,  
 To weep out, even a *bloudy Agony*.

Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries,  
For *Beauty*, bloudless cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.  
All colours soil but black, all odours have  
Ill scent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:  
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe as much,  
'The cleaner made by a Religious touch  
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to dye,  
Seems the Judaical Impiety.

To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints  
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:  
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,  
To be cast out, and back into the Swine:  
And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends  
His malice in this Act, against his ends:  
For it is like, the sooner hee'll be sent  
Out of that body, He would still torment;  
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this bloud,  
Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;  
Thinking how like a *King of Death* He dies;  
We easily may the world and death despise:  
Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,  
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm,  
And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one  
Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his *Throne*;  
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry,  
*Death thou art swallowed up in Victory.*  
If this our losse a comfort can admit,  
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit  
For his enlarged Head, since his distresse  
Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse;  
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing  
For him, who was become so great a *King*;  
So the same hands entron'd him in that *Crown*,  
They had exalted from Him, not pull'd down;

And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,  
 Than e're mens falshood promis'd to restore ;  
 Which, since by Death, alone he could attain,  
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain ;  
 Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,  
 Might make his passage quick, ne'r move his heart ;  
 Which ev'n expiring was so far from death,  
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.  
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,  
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud  
 Of flesh and bloud ; and from the highest line  
 Of humane vertue, pass'd to be divine :  
 Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,  
 Than the high glories of his present state ;  
 Since both then passe all Acts but of belief,  
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.  
 And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse  
 Than Diamonds, will serve us to impresse,  
 I'le only wish that for his Elegie,  
 This our *Josias* had a *Jeremie*.



*A N E L E G I E*

On { *The best of Men,*  
*The meekest of Martyrs,*  
 CHARLES the First, &c.

**D**Oes not the Sun call in his light, and day  
 Like a thin exhalation melt away ?  
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds, to be  
 Themselves Close Mourners at the Obsequie

Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Bloud,  
Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a flood,  
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, and make  
All her convulsed Arteries to shake  
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,  
Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again  
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun  
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,  
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may  
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,  
Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be  
The *Tapers* at this black Solemnitie?  
You seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,  
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurst,  
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was hurld,  
To strew infection on the tainted World ;  
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,  
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?  
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,  
They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.  
Say sons of tumult, since you think it good,  
Still to keep up the trade, and Bath in Blood  
Your guilty hands, why did you then not state  
Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?  
Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have  
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave ;  
And lop'd off thousands of some base allay,  
Whilst the same Sexton that inter'd their clay,  
In the same Urne their Names too might entomb,  
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,  
You gave a blow to Nature, since even all  
The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.  
Could not Religion, which you oft have made  
A specious glosse your black designs to shade,

Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we  
 Are suppld into acts of Clemency?  
 And copy out the Deity agen,  
 When we distill our mercies upon men?  
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He  
 Only shook off his fraile Humanity,  
 And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be,  
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;  
 And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,  
 We only died, he only liv'd that Day:  
 So that his *Tomb* is now his *Throne* become,  
 T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome;  
 And death the shade of nature did not shroud  
 His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,  
 That who a Star in our Meridian shone,  
 In Heaven might shine a Constellation.



*On the Death of his Royal Majestie,*

CHARLES *late King of*

ENGLAND, &c.

WHAT went you out to see? a dying King?  
 Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.  
 But what went you to see? a Prophet slain?  
 Nay that and more, a Martyr'd Sovereign.  
 Peace to that sacred dust! *Great Sir*, our fears  
 Have left us nothing but obedient tears  
 To court your hearse, and in those pious flouds  
 We live, the poor remainder of our goods.  
 Accept us in these latter Obsequies,  
 The unplundred riches of our hearts and eyes;

For in these faithfull streams, and emanations,  
 W'are Subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations*.  
 Here we cry more than Conquerors : malice may  
 Murder Estates, but hearts will still obey ;  
 These are your glory's yet above the reach  
 Of such whose purple lines confusion preach.

And now, (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire  
 With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*  
 Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd  
 Our duties at your triumphs : where you ride  
 With full cælestial *Joyes*, and *Ovations*,  
 Rich as the Conquest of three ruin'd *Nations*.

But 'twas the heavenly plot that snatch'd you  
 hence,

To crown your Soul with that magnificence,  
 And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth  
 Could only wish and stangle in the birth.  
 Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush  
 Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.  
 For where souls act beyond mortality,  
 Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee*.

We wrastle then no more, but blesse your day,  
 And mourn the anguish of our sad delay :  
 That since we cannot adde, we yet stay here  
 Fettered in clay : Yet longing to appear  
 Spectators of your blisse, that being shown  
 Once more, you may embrace us as your own ;  
 Where never envy shall divide us more,  
 Nor City tumults, nor the worlds uproar ;  
 But an eternal hush, a quiet peace  
 As without end, so still in the increase,  
 Shall lull humanity asleep, and bring  
 Us equal Subjects to the Heavenly King.

Till then I'll turn *Recusant*, and forswear  
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.



### AN EPITAPH.

Stay Passenger : Behold and see  
The widowed Grave of *Majestie*,  
Why tremblest thou ? Here's that will make  
All but our stupid souls to shake.  
Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust  
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Just.  
The blood (O start'st not thou to hear ?)  
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear  
Shed and hurried hence to be  
The miracle of misery.

Adde the ills that *Rome* can boast,  
Shrift the world in every coast,  
Mix the fire of Earth and Seas  
With humane spleen and practices,  
To puny the records of time,  
By one grand *Gygentick* crime,  
Then swell it bigger till it squeeze  
The Globe to crooked hams and knees,  
Here's that shall make it seem to be  
But modest *Christianitie*.

The *Law-giver*, amongst his own,  
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.  
Voted *Monarchy* to death  
By the course *Plebeian* breath.  
The *Sovereign* of all command,  
Suff'ring by a *Common* hand.

*A Prince*, to make the odium more,  
 Offer'd at his very door.  
 The *Head* cut off, O death to see't !  
 In obedience to the feet.  
 And that by *Justice* you must know,  
 If you have Faith to think it so.  
 We'll stir no further then this Sacred Clay,  
 But let it slumber till the *Judgment* day :  
 Of all the *Kings* on Earth, 'tis not denyed,  
 Here lies the first that for *Religion* dyed.



*The Engagement stated.*

**B**Egon *Expositor* : the *Text* is plain,  
 No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Sovereign* :  
 Away with mental reservations, and  
 Senses of Oaths in files out-vy the *Strand* :  
 Here's Hell truss'd in a thimble, in a breath,  
 Dares face the hazard of the second death.  
 The *Saints* are grown *Laconians*, and can twist  
 Perjury up in Pills, like *Leyden* grist :  
 But hold precize *Doponents* : though the heat  
 Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digests such meat,  
 My cold concoction shrinks, and my advance  
 Drives slowly to approach your *Ordinance*.  
 The sign's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns  
*Leonick*, roul'd in curls, while *Terra* burns.  
 What though your fancies are sublim'd to reach  
 Those fatal reins? Successe and will can teach  
 But rash Divinity : a sad renown,  
 Where one man fell to see a million drown.

When neither Arts nor Armes can serve to fight  
 And wrest a *Title* from its Law and Right,  
 Must Malice piece the *Trangum*, and make clear  
 The scruple? Else we will resolve to swear?  
 Nay out-swear all that we have sworn before,  
 And make good lesser crimes by acting more  
 And more sublime? This, this extends the Line  
 And shames the puny soul of *Cataline*.

On this account all those whose Fortune's crost,  
 And want estates, may turn *Knights* of the *Post*.  
*Vaulx* we out-vy'd thee, since thy plot fell lame,  
 We found a closer *Celler* for the same,  
 Piling the fatal Powder in our mouths,  
 Which in an Oath discharg'd blew up the *House*.  
 Maugre *Mounteagle*, *Aspes* not throughly slain,  
 Their poyson in an age may live again.

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us see  
 The mystery of your iniquity.

May a Man course a Cur? and freely box  
 The Question? or the formal Paradox?  
 But as in Physick, so in this device  
 This querk of policy the point is nice.  
 For he that in this model means to thrive,  
 Must first subscribe to the Preparative;  
 Like Witches compact counter-march his faith  
 And soak up all what ere the *Spirit* saith;  
 Then seale and signe. *Scylla* threw three Barres  
 short,

He had a Sword indeed, but no *Text* for't.  
 Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in sin,  
 We perfect what thou trembledst to begin,  
 Flush then to see thy self out-done. But all  
 The world may grieve, 'tis epidemical.

Heaven frowns indeed. But what makes Hell enraged?

Sweet *Pluto* be at Peace, we have Engaged.



*On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle  
that hang'd himself.*

**A**LL hail fair fruit ! may every Crab-tree bear  
Such blossomes, and so lovely every year !

Call ye me this the slip ? marry 'tis well,  
*Zacheus* slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell :  
But if the Saints thus give's the slip, 'tis need  
To look about us to preserve the breed.

Th'are of the Running game, and thus to post  
In nooses, blanks the reckning with their *Host*.  
Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose  
That knit this knot : guilt seldome singly goes ?  
A wounded soul close coupled with the sense  
Of sin, payes home its proper recompence.

But hark you Sir, if hast can grant the time ?  
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe  
In Kings Prerogatives ? things beyond just,  
When Law seemes brib'd to doom them, must be  
truss'd.

But O I smell your Plot strong through your  
Hose,

'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your Cloaths.  
Else your more active hands had fairly stay'd  
The leasure of a Psalm : *Judas* has pray'd.

But later crimes cannot admit the pause,  
 They run upon effects more than the cause.  
 Yet let me ask one question, why alone?  
 One Member of a Corporation?  
 'Tis clear amongst Divines, Bodies and Souls  
 As joyntly active, so their judgement rowles  
 Concordant in the Sentence; why not so  
 In earthly Suffrings? *States* attended go.  
 But I perceive the Knack: Old women say  
 And bee't approv'd, each Dogge should have his day.

Hence sweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,  
 And blanks enough for the new Saints to come,  
 All in *Red letters*: as their faults have bin  
 Scarlet, so limbe their *Anniverse* of sin.  
 And to their Childrens credits and their Wives  
 Be it still said, they leap fair for their lives.



*The States New Coyne.*

I.

**S**Aw you the States mony new come from the  
 Mint?

Some People do say it is wonderous fine;  
 And that you may read a great mystery in't,  
 Of mighty King *Nol*, the Lord of the Coyn.

2.

They have quite omitted his Politick head,  
 His worshipfull face, and his excellent Nose;  
 But the better to tempt the sisters to bed,  
 They have fixed upon it the print of his Hose.

3.

For, if they had set up his Picture there,  
 They needs must ha' crown'd him in *Charles* his stead ;  
 But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,  
 And rather set up his Ar— than his head.

4.

'Tis monstrous strange, and yet it is true,  
 In this Reformation we should ha' such luck,  
 That Crosses were alwaies disdained by you,  
 Who before pull'd them down, should now set them up.

5.

On this side they have circumscrib'd *God with us*,  
 And in this stamp and Coyn they confide ;  
*Common-wealth* on the other, by which we may guess  
 That *God* and the *States* were not both of a side.

6.

On this side they have Crosse and Harp,  
 And only a Crosse on the other set forth ;  
 By which we may learn it falls to our part  
 Two Crosses to have for one fit of Mirth.

7.

A Country-man hearing this, straight way did think,  
 That he would procure such a piece of his own ;  
 And knowing it like his Wifes Butter-print,  
 She should ha't for a Token when as he came home.

8.

Then since that this is the Parliament coyn,  
 Now *Lilly* by thy mysterious charms,  
 Or Heralds, pray tell us if these ha' not been  
 Carmen or Fidlers before by their Arms.



*The Rebellion.*

**N**ow, thanks to the Powers below,  
 We have even done our do,  
 The Myter is down, and so is the Crown,  
 And with them the Corronet too :  
 All is now the Peoples, and then  
 What is theirs is ours we know ;  
 There is no such thing as a Bishop or K——  
 Or Peer, but in name or show ;  
 Come Clowns, and come Boys, come Hoberdehoys,  
 Come Females of each degree,  
 Stretch out your throats, bring in your Votes,  
 And make good the Anarchy ;  
 Then thus it shall be, sayes *Alse*,  
 Nay, thus it shall be, sayes *Amie*,  
 Nay, thus it shall go, sayes *Taffie*, I trow,  
 Nay, thus it shall go, sayes *Jemmy*.

Oh but the truth, good People all, the truth is such a  
 thing.

For it will undo both Church and State too,  
 And pull out the throat of our King ;  
 No, nor the Spirit, nor the new Light  
 Can make the Point so clear,  
 But we must bring out the defil'd Coat,  
 What thing the truth is, and where,  
 Speak *Abraham*, speak *Hester*,  
 Speak *Judith*, speak *Kester*,  
 Speak tag and rag, short coat and long :  
 Truth is the spell that made us rebell,  
 And murder and plunder ding dong ;

Sure I have the truth, sayes *Numphs*,  
 Nay, I have the truth, sayes *Clem*,  
 Nay, I have the truth, sayes reverend *Ruth*,  
 Nay, I have the truth, sayes *Nem*.

Well, let the truth be whose it will,  
 There is something else in ours,  
 Yet this devotion in our Religions  
 May chance to abate our Powers :  
 Then let's agree on some new way,  
 It skills not much how true,  
 Take P—— and his club, or *Smec* and his tub  
 Or any Sect, old or new ;  
 The Devil is in the pack, if choyce you can lack,  
 We are fourscore Religions strong,  
 Then take your choice, the Major voice  
 Shall carry't right or wrong ;  
 Then let's have King *Charles*, sayes *George*,  
 Nay, wee'l have his Son, sayes *Hugh* ;  
 Nay, then let's have none, sayes gabbering *Jone*,  
 Nay, wee'l be all Kings, sayes *Prue*.

Nay, but neighbours and friends, one word more,  
 There's something else behind,  
 And wise though you be, you do not well see  
 In which door sits the winde ;  
 And for Religion, to speak truth,  
 And in both Houses sence,  
 The matter is all one, if any or none,  
 If it were not for the pretence.  
 Now here doth lurk the key of the work,  
 And how to dispose of the Crown  
 Dexteriously, and as it may be  
 For your behalf and our own ;

Then wee'l be of this, sayes *Meg*,  
Nay, wee'l be of this, sayes *Tib*,  
Come, wee'l be of all, sayes pittifull *Paul*,  
Nay, wee'l be of none, sayes *Gib*.

Oh we shall have, if we go on  
In Plunder, Excise, and Blood,  
But few folks, and poor, to domineer o're,  
And that will not be good ;  
Then let's agree on some new way,  
Some new and happy course,  
The Country is grown sad, the City is Horn mad,  
And both the Houses are worse ;  
The Synod hath writ, the Generall hath shit,  
And both to like purpose, for  
Religion, Laws, the Truth, and the Cause  
We talk on, but nothing we do ;  
Come, then let's have peace, sayes *Nel*,  
No, no, but we won't sayes *Meg*,  
But I say we will, sayes fiery-face *Phil*,  
We will, and we won't, sayes *Hodge*.

Thus from the Rout who can expect  
Ought but confusion,  
Since the Unity with good Monarchy  
Begin and end in one ?  
If then when all is thought their own,  
And lyes at their belief,  
These popular pates, reap nought but debates  
From these many round-headed beasts ;  
Come Royalists then, do you play the men,  
And Cavaliers give the word,  
And now let's see what you will be,  
And whether you can accord ;

A health to King *Charles*, sayes *Tom*,  
 Up with it, sayes *Ralph*, like a man,  
 God blesse him, sayes *Doll*, and raise him, sayes *Moll*,  
 And send him his own, sayes *Nan*.

But now for these prudent Wights,  
 That sit without end, and to none,  
 And their Committees in Towns and Cities  
 Fill with confusion ;  
 For the bold Troops of Sectaries,  
 The *Scots* and their Partakers,  
 Our new British States, Col. *Burges* and his Mates,  
 The Covenant and its Makers :  
 For all these wee'l pray, and in such a way,  
 That if it might granted be,  
 Both *Jack* and *Gill*, and *Moll* and *Will*,  
 And all the world will agree :  
 Else Pox take them all, sayes *Bess*,  
 And a Plague too, sayes *Mary*,  
 The Devil, sayes *Dick*, and his Dam too, sayes *Nick*,  
 Amen and amen say we.



*On Britannicus his leap three Story high,  
 nd his escape from London.*

**P** *Aul* from *Damascus* in a basket slides,  
 Cran'd by the faithfull *Brethren* down the sides  
 O' their embatel'd walls, *Britannicus*  
 As loath to trust the *Brethrens God with us*,

Slides too, but yet more desp'rate, and yet thrives  
 In his descent ; needs must ! the Devil drives.  
 Their Cause was both the same, and herein meet,  
 Only their fall was not with equal feet,  
 Which makes the Case *Iambick* : thus we see  
 How much News falls short of *Divinity*.  
 Truth was their crying crime : One takes the night,  
 Th' other th' advant'age of the *New-sprung Light*  
 To mantle his escape : how different be  
 The *Pristin* and the *Modern Policy* ?  
 Have *Ages* their *Antipodes* ? Yet still  
 Close in the Propagation of ill ?  
 Hence flows this use aud doctrine from the thump  
 I last sustain'd (beloved) *Good wits may Jump*.



*An Epigram on the People of England.*

**S**Weating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cries  
 A Boat a Boat, else farewell all the prize.  
 But having once set foot upon the deep  
 Hot-spur *Ardelio* fell fast asleep.  
 So we, on fire with zealous discontent,  
 Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament* ;  
 Which being obtain'd at last, what did they do ?  
 Even squeez the Wool-packs, and lye snorting too.





*Another.*

**B** *Ritain* a lovely Orchard seem'd to be  
 Furnish'd with natures choise variety,  
 Temptations golden fruit of every sort,  
 Th' *Hesperian Garden* fann'd from fein'd report ;  
 Great boyes and small together in we brake,  
 No matter what disdain'd *Priapus* spake :  
 Up, up, we lift the great boyes in the trees,  
 Hoping a common share to sympathize :  
 But they no sooner there, neglected streight  
 The shoulders that so rais'd them to this height ;  
 And fell to stuffing of their own bags first,  
 And as their treasure grew, so did their thirst.  
 Whiles we in lean expectance gaping stand,  
 For one shake from their charitable hand.  
 But all in vain, the dropsie of desire  
 So scortch'd them, three Realms could not quench the fire.  
 Be wise then in your *Ale*, bold youths, for fear  
 The *Gardner* catch us as *Mosse* caught his *Mare*.



*Upon report there should be no more Terms  
 kept at Westminster.*

**I** S't possible? will no *Terms* then prevail?  
 And must the *Gown* and *Bag* jog on to sale?  
 The *Bills* and *Answers* in our *Courts* become  
 Converted to the taring use of *Drum*?  
 And shall no more *Confederacies* pass  
 'Twixt *Midsomer* and dying *Michaelmas*?

Though they deprive us of Old \* *Hillary*,  
 'Tis fit they should allow the *Trinity*;  
 But that's denied too : this *Alteration*  
 Contracts our whole time to a long *Vacation*.  
 Now farewell the <sup>(1)</sup> *Brownbowl*, and *Bonny Ale*,  
 The *Sanguine Herring*, and its merry taylor ;  
<sup>(2)</sup> *Higgenian Quibbles*, and the *Harpean Lyre*,  
*Fentonian Sweetness*, and the *Tow'ring Fire* :  
 Our <sup>(3)</sup> *Host* and *Hostess* too, they're both *Vxorums*,  
 As *Hermophraditus* is, in *Sex Duorum* :  
 Weep <sup>(4)</sup> *Heaven*, lament thy loss, and thou *Hell* rore,  
 Thy Furnace scarce will ere be heated more ;  
 Of *Pleasure*, *Paradise*, thou must be barren,  
 And *Purgatory* furnisht but with Carrion :  
 Th' Abomination of the <sup>(5)</sup> *Hole i'th' Wall*,  
 Now *June* is past, cry Pamphlets in the *Hall* :  
 And she that 's left but th' remnant of a Nose,  
 Who to a Chirurgion (as men do suppose)  
 Did pawn the other part for cure of this,  
 Turn *Zealot*, and be *Martyr'd* when she p——  
 All *Trades*, and all *Societies* lament  
 Your wants in us, you'le find cause to repent  
 The setting up your Idol Parliament :  
 For though on these *Terms* they'le no profit give  
 To Us, we'll try on other *Terms* to live.

\* *An Attorney.*

(1) The *Scotch Ale* house in *Harts-horne Lane*.

(2) Clerks of the Exchequer, that used to drink their Mornings  
 Draughts there.

(3) They call'd one another so.

(4) To *Westminster*.] Places there where Clerks in Term time  
 usually break their Fast.

(5) A Bawdy-house.



*Upon the Cavaliers departing out of  
London.*

Now fare thee well *London*,  
Thou next must be undone,  
'Cause thou hast undone us before ;  
This *Cause* and this *Tyrant*,  
Had ne're play'd this high rant,  
Were't not for thy *argent* and *Or*.

2.

Now we must desert thee,  
With the lines that begirt thee,  
And the Red-coated *Saints* domineer ;  
Who with liberty fool thee,  
While a Monster doth rule thee,  
And thou feel'st what before thou didst fear.

3.

Now *Justice* and *Freedom*,  
With the *Laws* that did breed 'um,  
Are sent to *Jamaica* for gold ;  
And those that upheld 'um,  
Have power but seldom,  
For Justice is barter'd and sold.

4.

Now the Christian Religion  
Must seek a new Region,  
And the old *Saints* give way to the new ;  
And we that are Loyal,  
Vail to those that destroy all,  
When the Christian gives place to the Jew.

5.

But this is our glory  
 In this wretched story,  
     Calamities fall on the best ;  
 And those that destroy us  
 Do better imploy us,  
     To sing till they are suppress.



*On Col. Pride.*

OF *Gyants* and *Knights*, and their wonderfull *figh*  
 We have stories enough in *Romances*,  
 But I'll tell you one new, that is *strange* and yet *true*,  
 Though t'other are nothing but *fancies*.

2.

A *Knight* lately made, of the *Governing* trade,  
 Whose name he'l not have to be known ;  
 Has been trucking with fame, to purchase a name,  
 For 'tis said he had none of his own.

3.

He by Fortunes design, should have been a *Divine*,  
 And a *Pillar* no doubt of the *Church* ;  
 Whom a *Sexton* (God wot) in the *Belfry* begot,  
 And his Mother did pig in the *Porch*.

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned *Hog-feeding*,  
 With which he so long did converse,  
 That his *manners* & *feature*, was so like their *nature*,  
 You'd scarce know his *sweetnesse* from theirs.

5.

But observe the device, of this *Noblemans* rise,  
 How he hurried from trade to trade,  
 From the *grains* he'd aspire, to the *yest*, and then *higher*,  
 Till at length he a *Drayman* was made.

6.

Then his *dray-horse* and *he*, in the streets we did see,  
 With his *hanger*, his *sling*, and his *jacket*;  
 Long time he did *watch*, to meet with his *match*,  
 For he'd ever a mind to the *Placket*.

7.

At length he did find, out a *Trull* to his mind,  
 And *Vrsula* was her name ;  
*Oh Vrsly* quoth *he*, and *oh Tom* then quoth *she*,  
 And so they began their game.

8.

But as soon as they met, O such *Babes* they did get,  
 And *Blood-royal* in 'um did place,  
 From a *swineheard* they came, a *she-bear* was their *Dam*,  
 They were suckled as *Romulus* was.

9.

At last when the *Rout*, with their head did fall out,  
 And the *Wars* thereupon did fall in,  
 He went to the field, with a sword, but no shield,  
 Strong drink was his buckler within.

10.

But when he did spy, how they dropt down and dye,  
 And did hear the bullets to sing ;  
 His armes he flung down, and run fairly to town,  
 And exchang'd his sword for his sling.

11.

Yet he claimed his share, in such honours as were  
 Belonging to nobler spirits ;

That ventur'd their *lives*, while this *Buffon* survives  
To receive the reward of their merits.

12.

When the Wars were all done, he his fighting begun,  
And would needs shew his valour in peace,  
Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,  
And frets like a *hog* in *his grease*.

13.

For his first feat of all, on a *Wit* he did fall,  
A *Wit* as some say, and some not,  
Because he'd an art, to rhyme on the quart,  
But never did care for the pot.

14.

And next on the *Cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,  
Took them and their *Masters* together ;  
But the *combs* and the *spurs*, kept himself and his *Sirs*,  
Who are to have both or neither.

15.

The cause of his spight, was because they would *fight*,  
And because he durst not, he did take on ;  
And said they were fit, for the pot, not the spit,  
And would serve to be eaten with *Bacon*.

16.

But flesh'd with these *spoyles*, the next of his *toyles*,  
Was to fall with wild-beasts by the ears,  
To the *Bearward* he goeth, and then opened his *mouth*,  
And said, *Oh ! are you there with your bears*.

17.

Our stories are dull, of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,  
But such was his valour and care ;  
Since he bears the Bell, the tales that we tell,  
Must be of a *Cock* and a *Bear*.

18.

The crime of the *Bears*, was, they were *Cavaliers*,  
 And had formerly fought for the *King* ;  
 And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the Round-headed *Curs*,  
 That they made their ears to ring.

19.

Our successor of Kings, like blind fortune flings  
 Upon him both honour and store ;  
 Who has as much right, to make *Tom* a Knight,  
 As *Tom* has *desert*, and no more.

20.

But *Fortune* that Whore, still attended this *Brewer*,  
 And did all his *Atchievements* reward ;  
 And blindly did *fling*, on this lubberly *thing*,  
 More *Honour*, and made him a *Lord*.

21.

Now he walks with his spurs, and a couple of curs  
 At his heels, which he calls *Squires* ;  
 So when *Honour* is *thrown*, on the head of a *Clown*,  
 'Tis by *Parasites* held up, and *Lyars*.

22.

The rest of his *pranks*, will merit new *thanks*,  
 With his death, if we did but know it ;  
 But we'll leave him and it, to a time and place fit,  
 And *Greg.* shall be *funeral* Poet.



*Upon the General Pardon past by the*  
*RUMP, 1653.*

**R** Ejoyce, rejoyce, ye *Cavaliers*,  
 For here comes that expells your fears ;

A General Pardon is now past,  
What was long look'd for, comes at last.

It Pardons all that are undone ;  
The Pope ne're granted such a one :  
So long, so large, so full, so free ;  
O what a gracious State have we !

Yet do not joy too much (my friends)  
First see how well this pardon ends,  
For though it hath a Glorious face,  
I fear there's in't but little grace.

'Tis said the Mountains once brought forth,  
And what brought they ? a Mouse introth ;  
Our States have done the like, I doubt,  
In this their Pardon now set out.

We'll look it o're then if you please,  
And see wherein it brings us ease ;  
And first, it Pardons words I find  
Against our State, words are but wind.

Hath any pray'd for th' King of late ?  
And wish'd confusion to our State ?  
And call'd them Rebels ? he come in  
And plead this Pardon for that sin.

Hath any call'd King *Charles* that's dead  
A Martyr ? He that lost his Head ?  
And villains those that did the Fact ?  
That man is pardoned by this Act.

Hath any said our Parliament  
Is such a one as God ne're sent ?  
Or hath he writ, or put in Print  
That he believes the Devil's in't ?

Or hath he said there never were  
Such *Tyrants* any where as here ?  
Though this offence of his be high,  
He's pardon'd for his Blasphemy.

You see how large this Pardon is,  
It Pardons all our *Mercuries*,  
And *Poets* too, for you know they  
Are poor, and have not ought to pay.

For where there's money to be got,  
I find this Pardon pardons not ;  
Malignants that were rich before,  
Shall not be pardon'd till they'r poor.

Hath any one been true to th' Crown.  
And for that paid his money down ;  
By this new Act he shall be free,  
And pardon'd for his Loyalty.

Who have their Lands confiscate quite,  
For not Compounding when they might ;  
If that they know not how to digg,  
This Pardon gives them leave to beg.

Before this Act came out in print,  
We thought there had been comfort in't ;  
We drank some Healths to th' Higher Powers,  
But now we've seen't they'd need drink ours.

For by this Act it is thought fit  
That no man shall have benefit,  
Unlesse he first engage to be  
A Rebel to eternity.

Thus in this Pardon it is clear,  
That nothing's here, and nothing's there ;  
I think our States do mean to choke us  
With this new Act of *Hocus Pocus*.

Well, since this Act's not worth a pin,  
We'll pray our States to call it in,  
For most men think it ought to be  
Burnt by the hand of *Gregory*.

Then to conclude, here's little joy  
For those that pray *Vive le Roy* :  
But since they'l not forget our Crimes,  
Wee'l keep our mirth till better times.



*Upon Olivers dissolving the Parliament  
in 1653.*

I.

Will you hear a strange thing scarce heard of before,  
A ballad of News without any lyes,  
The Parliament men are turn'd out of doors,  
And so are the Council of State likewise.

2.

Brave *Oliver* came to the House like a Spright,  
His fiery looks strook the Speaker dumb ;

You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,  
Do you mean to sit here till Dooms-day come ?

3.

With that the Speaker lookt pale for fear,  
As though he had been with the night-mare rid,  
Insomuch that some did think that were there,  
That he had even done as the Alderman did.

4.

But *Oliver* though he be Doctor of Law,  
Yet he seem'd to play the Physician there ;  
His Physick so wrought on the Speakers maw,  
That he gave him a stool instead of a Chair.

5.

*Harry Martyn* wondred to see such a thing,  
Done by a Saint of such high degree ;  
'Twas an act he did not expect from a King,  
Much lesse from such a dry bone as he.

6.

But *Oliver* laid his hand on his sword,  
And upbraided him with his Adultery ;  
To which *Harry* answer'd never a word,  
Saving, humbly thanking his Majesty.

7.

*Allen* the Coppersmith was in great fear,  
He did as much harm since the Wars began ;  
A broken Citizen many a year,  
And now he is a broken Parliament-man.

8.

*Bradshaw* that President proud as the Pope,  
That loves upon Kings and Princes to trample ;  
Now the house is dissolv'd I cannot but hope,  
To see such a President made an example.

## 9.

And were I one of the Council of War,  
 I'll tell you what my Vote should be,  
 Upon his own Turret at *Westminster*,  
 To be hang'd up for all comers to see.

## 10.

My Masters I wonder you could not agree,  
 You that have been long Brethren in evil ;  
 A dissolution you might think there would be,  
 When the Devil's divided against the Devil.

## 11.

Then room for the Speaker without his Mace,  
 And room for the rest of the Rabble-rout ;  
 My Masters methinks 'tis a pitifull case,  
 Like the snuff of a Candle thus to go out.

## 12.

Now some like this change, and some like it not,  
 Some think it was not done in due season ;  
 Some think it was but a Jesuits plot,  
 To blow up the House like a Gun-powder-treason.

## 13.

Some think that *Oliver* and *Charles* are agreed,  
 And sure it were good policy if it were so ;  
 Lest the *Hollander*, *French*, the *Dane*, and the *Swede*,  
 Should bring him in whether he would or no.

## 14.

And now I would gladly conclude my Song,  
 With a Prayer as Ballads are used to do,  
 But yet I'll forbear, for I think er't be long,  
 We shall have a King and a Parliament too.



*Admiral Deans Funeral.*

1.

**N** *Ick Culpepper*, and *William Lilly*,  
 Though you were pleas'd to say they were silly,  
 Yet something these prophesi'd true, I tell ye,  
 Which no body can deny.

2.

In the month of *May*, I tell you truly,  
 Which neither was in *June* nor *July*,  
 The *Dutch* began to be unruly,  
 Which no body can deny.

3.

Betwixt our *England* and their *Holland*,  
 Which neither was in *France* nor *Poland*,  
 But on the Sea, where there was no Land,  
 Which no body can deny.

4.

There joyn'd the *Dutch*, and the *English* Fleet,  
 Our Authors opinion then they did meet,  
 Some saw't that never more shall see't,  
 Which no body can deny.

5.

There were many mens hearts as heavy as lead,  
 Yet would not believe *Dick Dean* to be dead,  
 Till they saw his Body take leave of his head,  
 Which no body can deny.

6.

Then after the sad departure of him,  
 'There was many a man lost a Leg or a Lim,  
 And many were drow'd 'cause they could not swim,  
 Which no body can deny.

7.

One cries, lend me thy hand good friend,  
 Although he knew it was to no end,  
 I think, quoth he, I am going to the Fiend,  
*Which no body can deny.*

8.

Some, 'twas reported, were kill'd with a Gun,  
 And some stood that knew not whether to run,  
 There was old taking leave of Father and Son,  
*Which no body can deny.*

9.

There's a rumour also, if we may believe,  
 We have many gay Widows now given to grieve,  
 'Cause unmannerly Husbands nere came to take leave,  
*Which no body can deny.*

10.

The Ditty is sad of our *Dean* to sing ;  
 To say truth, it was a pittifull thing  
 To take off his head and not leave him a ring,  
*Which no body can deny.*

11.

From *Greenwich* toward the Bear at Bridge foot  
 He was wafted with wind that had water to't,  
 But I think they brought the Devil to boot,  
*Which no body can deny.*

12.

The heads on *London* Bridge upon Poles,  
 That once had bodies and honester souls  
 Than hath the Master of the Roules,  
*Which no body can deny.*

13.

They grieved for this great man of command,  
 Yet would not his head amongst theirs should stand ;

He dy'd on the Water, and they on the Land,  
*Which no body can deny.*

14.

I cannot say, they look'd wisely upon him,  
 Because People cursed that parcel was on him ;  
 He has fed fish and worms, if they do not wrong him,  
*Which no body can deny.*

15.

The Old Swan as he passed by,  
 Said, she would sing him a dirge, and lye down and die ;  
 Wilt thou sing to a bit of a body, quoth I ?  
*Which no body can deny.*

16.

The Globe on the Bank, I mean on the Ferry,  
 Where Gentle and Simple might come and be merry,  
 Admired at the change from a Ship to a Wherry,  
*Which no body can deny.*

17.

*Tom Godfreys* Bears began for to roare,  
 Hearing such moans one side of the shore,  
 They knew they should never see *Dean* any more,  
*Which no body can deny.*

18.

*Queen-hithe*, *Pauls-Wharf*, and the *Fryers* also,  
 Where now the Players have little to do,  
 Let him passe without any tokens of woe,  
*Which no body can deny.*

19.

Quoth th' Students o'th' Temple, I know not their names,  
 Looking out of their Chambers into the *Thames*,  
 The Barge fits him better than did the great *James*,  
*Which no body can deny.*

[20.

*Essex* House, late called Cuckolds Hall,  
The folk in the Garden staring over the wall,  
Said, they knew once *Pride* would have a fall.

*Which no body can deny.*

21.

At *Strand* Gate, a little farther then,  
Where mighty Guns numbred to sixty and ten,  
Which neither hurt Children, Women nor Men,

*Which no body can deny.*

22.

They were shot over times one, two, three, or four,  
'Tis thought one might 'heard the bounce to th' Tower,  
Folk report, the din make the Buttermilk sower,

*Which no body can deny.*

23.

Had old Goodman *Lenthal* or *Allen* but heard 'um,  
The noise worse than *Olivers* voice would have fear'd 'um,  
And out of their small wits would have scar'd 'um

*Which no body can deny.*

24.

*Sommerset* House, where once did the Queen lye,  
And afterwards *Ireton* in black, and not green, by,  
The Canon clattered the Windows really

*Which no body can deny.*

25.

The *Savoys* mortified spitled Crew,  
If I lye, as *Falstaffe* sayes, I am a Jew,  
Gave the Hearse such a look it would make a man spew,

*Which no body can deny.*

26.

he House of S—— that Fool and Knave,

Had so much wit left lamentation to save  
 From accompanying a traytorly Rogue to his grave,  
*Which no body can deny.*

27.

The *Exchange*, and the ruines of *Durham* house eke  
 Wish'd such sights might be seen each day i'th' week,  
 A General's Carkasse without a Cheek,  
*Which no body can deny.*

28.

The House that lately Great *Buckingham*s was,  
 Which now Sir *Thomas Fairfax* has,  
 Wish'd it might be Sir *Thomas's* fate so to passe,  
*Which no body can deny.*

29.

*Howards* House, *Suffolks* great Duke of Yore,  
 Sent him one single sad wish and no more,  
 He might flote by *Whitehall* in purple gore,  
*Which no body can deny.*

30.

Something I should of *Whitehall* say,  
 But the Story is so sad, and so bad, by my fay,  
 That it turns my wits another way,  
*Which no body can deny.*

31.

To *Westminster*, to the Bridge of the Kings,  
 The water the Barge, and the Barge-men brings  
 The small remain of the worst of things,  
*Which no body can deny.*

32.

They inter'd him in triumph, like *Lewis* the eleven,  
 In the famous Chappel of *Henry* the seven,  
 But his soul is scarce gone the right way to heaven,  
*Which no body can deny.*

*The merry Goodfellow.*

WHY should we not laugh and be jolly,  
Since all the World now is grown mad ?  
And lull'd in a dull melancholly ;  
    He that wallows in store  
    Is still gaping for more,  
    And that makes him as poor,  
As the Wretch that never any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd Money-monger ?  
That to purchase to him and his heirs,  
Grows shriviled with thirst and hunger ;  
    While we that are bonny,  
    Buy Sack with ready-mony,  
And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Those guts that by scraping and toyling,  
Do swell their Revenues so fast,  
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,  
    But are marks of each tax,  
    While they load their own backs  
    With the heavier packs,  
And lye down gall'd and weary at last.

While we that do traffick in tipples,  
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,  
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple ;  
    We ne'r trouble our heads  
    With Indentures or Deeds,  
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

Our mony shall never indite us,  
 Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall,  
 No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us ;  
     We, that have no Estates,  
     Fear no plunder nor rates,  
     We can sleep with open gates,  
 He that lyes on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those Fools whose endeavours  
 Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,  
 When we that spend all are the savers ;  
     For if Thieves do break in,  
     They go out empty agin,  
 Nay, the Plunderers lose their designs.

Then let us not think on to morrow,  
 But tipple and laugh while we may,  
 To wash from our hearts all sorrow ;  
     Those Cormorants which  
     Are troubled with an itch,  
     To be mighty and rich,  
 Do but toyl for the wealth which they borrow.

The Maior of the Town with his Ruff on,  
 What a pox is he better than we ?  
 He must vail to the man with the Buff on ;  
     Though he Custard may eat,  
     And such lubbardly meat,  
 Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.





*The Rebels Reign.*

Now we are met in a knot, let's take t'other pot,  
 And chirp o're a cup of Nectar ;  
 Let's think on a charm, to keep us from harm,  
 From the Fiend and the new Protector.

Heretofore at a brunt, a Cross would have don't,  
 But now they have taken courses,  
 With their Laws and their theft, there's not a Cross left  
 In the Church nor the Farmers Purses.

They're with you to bring, for stuffing at a King,  
 For now you must make no dainty,  
 To have your Nose ground, on a stone turned round  
 By *Noll*, and one and twenty.

But our Rights are kept for us, in *Oliver's* store-house,  
 'Twere as good they were set in the Stocks :  
 They were just in the pickle, in the thirtieth Article,  
 Like *Jack* in a Juglers box.

We are loath for to look, for the Saints in a book,  
 But would not a man be vext,  
 To see them so rough with their blades and their bluff,  
 But not a word on't in the Text.

We have been twelve years together by the ears  
 To prepare for a spiritual raign :  
 Men were never so spic'd, with the Scepter of Christ  
 In the hands of a Saint in grain.

'Twas brewed in their Hives by Citizens wives,  
 Who ventured their husbands far,  
 With *Robin* the fool, there was ne're such a tool  
 To lead in the womens War.

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,  
 So they sought out another more able :  
 Then *Fair*. undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the stakes,  
 And sends away *Fax* with a bauble.

*Will*, Conqueror the second, without his host reckon'd,  
 And so did *B*—— billet his Mate ;  
 They made a great noise, 'mongst women and boys,  
 But now they are both out of date.

Cowardly *W*—— had but a foul Fortune,  
 And wanted a knife to scrape it,  
 When his Oriphice ran, there was no mortal man,  
 But *omnibus hor is sapit*.

*Bradshaw*, the Knave, sent the King to his grave,  
 And on the Bloud Royal did trample,  
 For which the next *Lent*, he was made President,  
 And ere long may be made an example.

*Dorislaus* did steer, to *Hans mine heer*,  
 And *Askew* to *Don* at *Madril*,  
 Ere a man could have scratcht, they were both dispatcht,  
 Yet there they lye Leger still.

*Martin* and *St. Johns*, and more with a Vengeance,  
 Had each a finger i'th' pye :  
 Some for the Money, and some for the Conny,  
 And some for they knew not why.

The Parliament sate as snug as a Cat,  
And were playing for mine and yours :  
Sweep-stakes was their Game, till *Oliver* came,  
And turn'd it to Knave out of doors.

Then a new one was cast, and made up in hast,  
But alas they could do no more  
Than empty our purse, and empty us worse  
Than e're we were married before.

But in a good hour, they gave up their power  
To one that was wiser than they ;  
By common consent, 'twas the first Parliament  
That ever was *felo de se*.

After all this Jeer, we are never the near,  
There sits one at the Helm commanding ;  
One that doth us nick, with a trick for our trick,  
And the stone in our foot notwithstanding.

He'll not relax, one groat of the Tax,  
Though it come to more then he need,  
He may keep it in store, till his need be more ;  
'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought  
The Realm to the manner he it meant ;  
The fishes, and the fowl, and the Devil and all,  
And the monthly pay his high rent.

All this we must bear, but 'twould make a man swear  
When they call us a Reformed Nation :  
It can never sink into my head for to think  
That this is a Reformation.

'Tis the man in the Moon, or the Devil as soon,  
 Our Laws are asleep upon shelves :  
 Our Charter and Freedom, we may bid God speed um,  
 'Tis well we can beg for our selves.

Since *Nol* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,  
 Not a Horse or a Oxe to plough land,  
 Let *Oliver* passe, come fill up my Glasse,  
 And here's a good health to *Rowland*.



### *The Resolve.*

#### I.

**T**Here's no man so worthy of Envy as he,  
 Drinks Sack, and is free,  
 Can draw his mind to his present Condition,  
 And at that ebbe, can  
 Shew himself a better man,  
 Then his ENEMY at his full tide of Ambition ;  
 Has a breast so well Man'd, he fears not the thunder  
 Of those Bastards of fame,  
 That have got a Name  
     By Rapine and Plunder ;  
 But bravely despiseth,  
 The *Mock-Sun* that riseth :  
 He that's quiet within, what need he to care,  
 Though not worth a groat, h'as the whole world to spare.

#### 2.

He's arm'd 'gainst the Chances and Changes of State,  
 And still meets his Fate,

With a Conquering Cup of the stoutest Canary,  
 Drinks healths to the best,  
 And he Wrastles with the rest,  
 Yet never is foyl'd, 'less his liquor miscarry ;  
 His thoughts are more soft then the bed that he lies on ;  
 Who puts his cares to flight,  
 A Prince is o're Night,  
     And next Morn doth rise one ;  
 Let th' Fates do what they will,  
 He's the self-same Man still :  
 Scepters have Palsies, and Crowns too are shaking,  
 Who soundly doth sleep, need not keep others waking.

## 3.

Then give us the *Sack*, let the *Hen-hearted Cit*,  
 Drink *Whey*, and submit,  
 His *Cucumber* Courage does ne're well till beaten ;  
 He, *Camel*-like, kneels,  
 And his Burthen ne're feels,  
 Till his back become gall'd, and his carcasse near eaten ;  
 'Has a spirit so poor, that ev'ry Fool rides him ;  
 He's soul-lesse, alone ;  
 At best, but a Drone,  
     And no Man abides him ;  
 He's a compact of Clay,  
 That will yield any way :  
 Tis Sack and good Company sets the Soul free,  
 Like the Musick of that there's no Harmonie.





*Upon Cromwell's pulling out the Long  
Parliament. 1653.*

*The Alligory.*

1.

AS *Plutarch* doth write, (a Man of known Credit)  
A *Serpent* there was had a Mutinous *Tayle*,  
Rebell'd 'gainst the *Head*, that so oft had fed it,  
And would not permit it to lead, or prevaile :  
Is't not fit that by turns we Leaders should be  
Quoth the *Tayle*? follow me, as I've follow'd thee.

2.

Now, the *Body*, being grown too strong for the *Head*,  
Quoth the *Head*, if it must be, then let it be so ;  
For quietnesse sake I yield to be lead,  
But fear that from hence some mischief will grow ;  
A thing so un-naturall never was read,  
As the *Head* to turn *Tayle*, and the *Tayle* to turn *Head*.

3.

A Monster like this, but of stranger Conditions,  
Engender'd there was in the year *thirty nine* ;  
Rebell'd 'gainst the *Head*, but with fawning *Petitions*,  
To have him his Pow'r and his Right to resign ;  
This Monster (the truth on't to speak) was begot  
By a Mongrell *Parson*, and that Hagg the *Scot*.

## 4.

So large and so mighty this *Tayle* grew in length,  
 That where e're it came, it swept all before it ;  
 There was no resisting so pow'rfull a strength,  
 The *Head* at the last was forc't to implore it :  
 All our Castles and Towns this *Tayle* did subdue,  
 A sad tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

## 5.

Above seven years Conflict this *Head* did endure,  
 With that Monsterous *Tayle*, and the Spawn it begot :  
 During which time no Man's life was secure,  
 Our Goods and our Cattle all went to the Pot :  
 At last came a Champion with an Iron flayle,  
 And ended the strife 'twixt the *Head*, and the *Tayle* :

## 6.

The *Head* being departed, the *Body* began  
 To consult with the *Tayle* what was best to do ;  
 St. *George* (quoth the *Body*) 'tis said was a Man,  
 But what can this thing be is called St. *O*.  
 Why he (quoth the *Tayle*) was one of our Rout,  
 And 'tis wonderous strange he should turn *Tayle* about.

## 7.

While thus they did argue in rusht our St. *O*.  
 With Courage more keen then the Sword that he wore ;  
 Quoth he, ye are vile things, not fit here to grow,  
 Such Fiends ne're was known in this place heretofore.  
 The wealth and the fat of the Country doth feed you,  
 And now I do guesse it is high time to bleed you.

8.

Some say that this *Tayle* wore the mark of a *P*,  
*O*, is a Letter in rank known before it ;  
 How e're 't makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,  
 Save this, that I'm sure the *O* had the more wit ;  
 There's no Man so blind, but may easily see  
 He hath added unto his small *O*, a tall *P*.

9.

My Story now ended come *viva* St. *George*,  
 That old true-blew Lad, and Hospitable-Saint,  
 Bring a Butt of good Sack to fill up my Gorge,  
 At this tale of *Head* and *Tayle* I almost faint ;  
 Howe're let it pass, if you studdy upon't,  
 I hope you will neither make *Head* or *Tayle* on't.



### *The Advice.*

I.

**N**E're trouble thy self at the Times nor their turnings,  
 Afflictions run circular, and wheele about,  
 Away with these Murmurings, and these Heartburnings,  
 With the Juyce of the Grape wee'l quench the Fire out,  
 Ne're chain, nor imprison thy Soul up in sorrow,  
 What fails us to day, may befriend us to morrow,  
 Wee'l scorn our Content from others to borrow.

## 2.

Though Fortune hath left us wee'le strive to regain her,  
 And court her with Cupps till her Favourite come,  
 Then with a Courage untam'd wee'le maintain her,  
 And silence the noyse of the Enemies Drum,  
 Wee'le link her unto the Man most deserving,  
 Shall keep her at work, as well as from starving,  
 She shall not hereafter be at her own Carving.

## 3.

I hold him a Novice in Humane affairs,  
 Thinks whirlings in State a wonderous thing,  
 To daub up old Ruines with dirty repairs,  
 And instead of a Scepter to set up a Sling.  
 Such Atomes of Greatnesse are but Fortune's laughter,  
 She fattens them up 'till they're fitted for slaughter,  
 Then leaves them at *Tiburn* to Tittar and Tauter.

*Sharers in the Government.**A MEDLEY.*

To 8. several Tunes.

**S**ome say the World is but a Cheat,  
 Troth we see't  
 For the feet

Still rebell against the Head,  
 When Antipodian Rulers sway,  
     Who'le obey?  
     Thus some say,  
 Shall we not his own steps tread?  
 Pray were we not in the late Quarrel,  
 And pickl'd up in the same Barrel?  
     Then why that? or why this?  
     Our hearts are as great as his.

Here is One that claims a share  
 In the Scepter, and the Chaire,\*  
 Though he cryes Religion down,  
 Hee's Ambitious for a Crown;  
 Fain hee'd have his Head to shine  
 Where his Father hangs his Signe,  
 So he should, had I the Power  
 In the twinkling of an how're  
 I, of his disease would cure him.

What think you of the Man of War,†  
 Whose Muzle is the Sea-mans Star?  
 Hee's Arm'd within, and Wall'd without  
 To give the Rout, if that we dare;  
 But faith the *Dutch* will hem him in,  
 And make him either sink or swim;  
 This is the News brought Mr. P——  
 To which he lent scarce half an Eare.

There is one, and a sly one,  
 In *Scotland*, lurks to quarter with the Lyon,  
 He is your comeing Man sir,  
 Will lead the Van sir,  
 Upon the least Commotion; ‡

\* *Harrison.*† *Blake.*‡ *Pick out the meaning if you can.*

He wears a Coat, with double-colours faced,  
 On one side whereof the States is gravely placed,  
 But on the other the Cavies rudely raced ;  
 Hold Ambodexter whither wilt thou go ?

Then comes a stout Heart,  
 A Man very pert,\*  
 Reaking with Revenge, for Disgrace ;  
 He swore he was true  
 To give the Devil his due,  
 And as firm as the Nose on his Face.

Another puts in  
 To be a States Pin,†  
 Good reason it should be so,  
 He can Circumvent  
 A Parliament ;  
 Then why not Our *Oliver* O ?

Some talk this, and some talk that,  
 Some talk of New wars, and some they know not what,  
 But well fare the Cavalier, for at a bare word,  
 Hee's scarce left either Tongue or Sword.

Then Turbulent-spirited *Jack*‡ bring up the Reere,  
 For thou hast a Spleene farr keener than any one here ;  
 Thou spurn'st at Authoritie, art Ambition's Minion,  
 And boyl'st like thy Soap to advance a New-fangled  
 Opinion ;

\* *Lambert.*† *Ludlow.*‡ *John Lilborn.*

Promotion's thy drift, to rule doth make thy Wits roame,  
But a Gibbet 'tis thought will stand betwixt thee and home.



*Upon Cromwell's refusing the Kingly Power.*

I.

**H**ow poor is his Spirit? how lost is his Name,  
Deceiveth Opinion, and Curtailes his Fame?  
When as his Designs come near to their height,  
'Twixt *shall I* and *shall I*, suspect their own weight,  
He has traffiqu'd for Honour, but lost the whole Freight:  
He that's stout in the Front, not so in the Rear,  
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is Cow'd out by Fear.

2.

A small part of Honor to him doth belong,  
Consults not the Glory, but faints in the throng;  
That dares not embrace what his own Soul doth Vote,  
But yields up Our Liberties to a Red-coat;  
Sure Midsommer's near, and some Men doth dote:  
I like the bold Romanes, (whose Fame ever rings);  
That kept in Subjection such pittifull things.

3.

He that will be Bug-bear'd, is turn'd again Child,  
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to weild:

Examine the Story, no Story you'll find,  
Saving the Story, *that Kat will to kind,*  
The World is deluded, the Common-wealth blind ;  
These false stamps of Honour prove but Copper-Mettle,  
And Fame sounds as loud from a Tinkers old Kettle.

## 4.

He that past has the Pikes, and found Canon-free,  
Which shews that noe Curse from his Parents could be,  
Had a Soul so devout, it made Killing a Trade ;  
And now to retreat at the sent of a Blade  
Doth show of what Mold our *Knight-Errant* was  
made ;  
He that flagges in his Flight, when's Ambition sores  
high,  
Doth stabb his own Merit, & gives Fame the lye.

## 5.

Then *Cicero*-like, yea Gown-men drench Cares,  
O're-whelm'd with your Own, and your Countries Affairs ;  
And Pulpit-men too be as Airy as Wee ;  
Do you but preach Sack up, we'l ne'r disagree,  
That Common-wealth's best that is the most free :  
Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in our  
Crown,  
We can fancy a King up, or fancy Him down.





*The Encounter.*

*A SONG.*

I.

**H**Ang the Presbyters Gill,  
 Bring a Pinte of Sack *Will*,  
 More Orthodox of the two ;  
 Though a slender dispute  
 Will strike the Elfe mute,  
 Hees one of the honester Crue.

2.

In a Pinte there's small heart,  
 Sirrah, bring us a Quart,  
 There's substance and vigor met,  
 'Twill hold us in Play,  
 Some part of the day,  
 But we'll suck him before Sun-set.

3.

The dareing old Pottle  
 Does now bid us Battle ;  
 Let's try what his strength can do ;  
 Keep your Ranks and your Files :  
 And for all his Wiles,  
 Wee'l tumble him down Staires too.

4.

The Stout-breasted Lumberd,  
 His Brains ne'r encumber'd  
 With drinking of Gallons three ;  
*Tricongius* was named,  
 And by *Cæsar* famed,  
 Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.

5.

If then Honour be in't,  
Why a pox should we stint  
Our selves of the fullness it bears ?  
H' has lesse wit than an Ape  
In the blood of the Grape,  
Will not plunge himself o're head and ears.

6.

Then summon the Gallon,  
A stout Foe, and a tall One,  
And likely to hold us to't ;  
Keep Coyn in your Purse,  
The Word is disburse,  
I'le warrant he falls at your foot.

7.

See, the bold Foe appears,  
May he fall that him fears ;  
Keep you but close Order, and then  
We will give him the Rout,  
Be he never so stout,  
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

8.

Wee'l dreyn the whole Cellar,  
Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller,  
If the Wine does flow no faster ;  
*Will*, when thou dost slack us,  
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,  
Wee'l Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.





*The Good Old Cause.*

**N**ow *Lambert's* sunk, and valiant *M*—  
 Does ape his General *Cromwell*,  
 And *Arthur's* Court, 'cause time is short,  
 Does rage like Devils from Hell ;  
 Let's mark the fate and course of State,  
 Who rises when t'other is sinking,  
 And beleive when this is past  
 'Twill be our turn at last  
 To bring the Good Old Cause by drinking.

First, red nos'd *Nol* he swallowed all,  
 His colour shew'd he lov'd it :  
 But *Dick* his Son, as he were none,  
 Gav't off, and hath reprov'd it ;  
 But that his foes made bridge of's nose,  
 And cry'd him down for a Protector,  
 Proving him to be a fool, that would undertake to rule,  
 And not drink and fight like *Hector*.

The Grecian Lad, he drank like mad,  
 Minding no work above it ;  
 And *Sans question* kill'd *Ephestion*,  
 Because he'd not approve it ;  
 He got command, where God had land,  
 And like a *Maudlin* Yonker,  
 When he tippled all and wept, he laid him down to sleep,  
 Having no more Worlds to conquer.

Rump-Parliament would needs invent  
 An Oath of Abjuration,  
 But Obedience and Allegiance are now come into fashion :  
 Then here's a boul, with a heart and soul  
 To *Charles*, and let all men say Amen to't,  
 Though they brought the Father down  
 From a triple Kingdom Crown,  
 Wee'l drink the Son up agen to't.



*The Protecting Brewer.*

A Brewer may be a Burgess grave,  
 And carry the matter so fine and so brave,  
 That he the better may play the Knave,  
*Which no body can deny.*

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,  
 For there the Knavery first began,  
 And brew most cunning Plots he can,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,  
 And march to the Wars with such a grace,  
 That he may get a Captains place,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may speak so wonderous well,  
 That he may raise strange things to tell,  
 And so to be made a Collonel,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,  
 And raise his Fortunes, so that he  
 Lieutenant-General may be,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer he may be all in all,  
 And raise his Powers both great and small,  
 That he may be a Lord General,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,  
 And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,  
 And give the wicked world a rub,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer by's Excize and Rate,  
 Will promise his Army he knows what,  
 And set it upon the Colledge-gate,

*Which no body, &c.*

Methinks I hear one say to me,  
 Pray why may not a Brewer be,  
 Lord-Chancellor o'th' University,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may be as bold as *Hector*,  
 When as he has drunk off his cup of *Nectar*,  
 And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector.

*Which no body, &c.*

Now here remans the strangest thing,  
 How this Brewer about his Liquor did bring,  
 To be an Emperour, or a King,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may do what he will,  
 And rob the Church and State, to sell  
 His soul unto the devil of hell,

*Which no body can deny.*



*The Power of the Sword.*

LAY by your Pleading, Law lyes a bleeding,  
 Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your  
 Reading ;

Small power the Word has, and can afford us  
 Not half so many Priviledges as the Sword has :  
 It fosters your Masters, it plasters Disasters,  
 And makes your Servants, quickly greater than their  
 Masters ;

It venters, it enters, it circles, it centers,  
 And makes a Prentice free in spite of his Indentures.

This takes off tall things, and sets up small things,  
 This masters Money, though Money masters all things ;  
 'Tis not in season, to talk of Reason,  
 Or call it Legal, when the Sword will have it Treason ;  
 It conquers the Crown too, the Fures and the Gown  
 too,

This set up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him down too ;  
 This subtil Deceiver, turn'd Bonnet to Beaver,  
 Down drops a Bishop, and up starts a Weaver.

This fits a Lay-man to preach and pray man,  
 'Tis this can make a Lord of him that was a Dray-  
 man ;

Forth from the dull pit, of Follies full pit,  
 This brought an Hebrew Iron-monger to the Pul-  
 pit ;

Such pittifull things be, more happier than Kings  
 be,

This got the Heraldry of *Thimblebee* and *Slingsbee* ;  
 No Gospel can guide it, no Law can decide it,  
 In Church or State, untill the Sword hath sanctify'd  
 it.

Down goes the Law-tricks, for from that Matrix  
 Sprung holy *Hewson's* power, and tumbled down St.  
*Patricks* ;

The Sword prevails so highly in *Wales* too,  
*Shinkin ap Powel* cryes, and swears Cuts-pluttera-nails  
 too ;

In *Scotland* this Waster, did make such disaster,  
 They sent their Money back for which they sold their  
 Master ;

It batter'd so their *Dunkirke*, and did so the *Don*  
*firke*,

That he is fled, and swears, the Devil is in *Dun-*  
*kirke*.

He that can tower o'er him that is lower,  
 Would be but thought a Fool to put away his  
 Power ;

Take Books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,  
 When as the Sword replies, *Negatur argumentum* ?

Your grand Colledge Butlers, must stoop to your  
 Sutlers,  
 There's not a Library living like the Cutlers ;  
 The bloud that is spilt, Sir, hath gain'd all the gilt,  
 Sir,  
 Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the hilt,  
 Sir.



### Cromwell's *Coronation.*

**O** *Liver, Oliver*, take up thy Crown,  
 For now thou hast made three Kingdoms thine  
 own ;

Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation,  
 To ride us to ruine, who dare thee oppose :  
 Whilst we thy good people are at thy Devotion,  
 To fall down and worship thy terrible Nose.

To thee and thy Mermydons, *Oliver*, we,  
 Do tender our homage as fits thy degree,  
 We'll pay the Excise and Taxes, God blesse us,  
 With fear and contrition, as penitents should,  
 Whilst you, great Sir, vouchsafe to oppresse us,  
 Not daring so much as in private to scold.

We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee and thy  
 Sword,  
 For now thou hast made thy self *Englands* sole  
 Lord,  
 By Mandate of Scripture, and Heavenly warrant,  
 The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too ;

To *Charles* and his Kingdoms thou art Heir apparent,  
And born to rule over the *Turk* and the *Jew*.

Then *Oliver, Oliver*, get up and ride,  
Whilst Lords, Knights, and Gentry do run by thy side ;  
The Maulsters and Brewers account it their glory,  
Great God of the Grain-tub's compared to thee :  
All Rebels of old are lost in their story,  
Till thou plod'st along to the *Paddington-tree*.



### *The BREWER.*

To the Tune of the *Black-smith*.

There many a Clinching Verse is made  
In honour of the *Black-smiths* trade,  
But more of the *Brewer* may be said,  
*Which no body can deny.*

I need not much of this repeat,  
The *Black-smith* cannot be compleat,  
Unlesse the *Brewer* do give him a heat,  
*Which no body can deny.*

When *Smug* unto the forge doth come,  
Unlesse the *Brewer* doth liquor him home,  
He'll never strike thy pot and my pot *Tom*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Of all professions in the town  
The *Brewers* trade hath gain'd renown,  
His liquor reacheth up to the Crown,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Many new Lords from him there did spring,  
Of all the trades he still was their King,  
For the *Brewer* had the world in a sling,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He scorneth all Laws and Martial stops,  
But whips an Army as round as tops,  
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He dives for Riches down to the bottom,  
And cryes, my Masters, when he had got um,  
Let every tub stand upon his own bottom,  
*Which no body can deny.*

In War-like acts he scorns to stoop,  
For when his Army begins to droop,  
He draws them up us round as a hoop,  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Jewish *Scots* that scorns to eat  
The flesh of Swine, and *Brewers* beat,  
'Twas the sight of this hogs-head made 'um retreat,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Poor *Jockie* and his basket hilt  
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,  
And their bodies like barrels did run atilt,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Though *Jemy* gave the first assault,  
The *Brewer* at last made them to halt,  
And left them what the Cat left in the Mault.

*Which no body can deny.*

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle  
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,  
For his Nose and Copper were both of one mettle,

*Which no body can deny.*

Some Christian King began to quake,  
And said, with the *Brewer* no quarrels we'll make,  
We'll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,

*Which no body can deny.*

He hath a strong and very stout heart,  
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,  
But the Devil put a spoke in his Cart,

*Which no body can deny.*

If any intended to do him disgrace,  
His fury would take off his head in the place,  
He alway did carry his Furnesse in his face,

*Which no body can deny.*

But yet by the way you must understand,  
He kept his foes so under command,  
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand,

*Which no body can deny.*

He was a stout *Brewer*, of whom we may brag,  
But now he is hurried away with a hag ;  
He brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag,

*Which no body can deny.*

And now may all stout Souldiers say,  
 Farewell the glory of the day,  
 For the *Brewer* himself is turn'd to clay,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Thus fell the brave *Brewer*, the bold son of slaughter,  
 We need not to fear what shall follow after,  
 For he dealt all his life time in fire and water,  
*Which no body can deny.*

And if his Successor had had but his might,  
 We had not been in a pittifull plight,  
 But he was found many grains too light,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Let's leave off singing and drink off our Bub,  
 Wee'll call for a Reckoning, and every man Club,  
 For I think I have told you a *Tale of a Tub.*  
*Which no body can deny.*



*In imitation of Come my Daphne, a  
 Dialogue between Pluto and Oliver.*

*Pluto.* Come Imp Royal, come away,  
 Into black night we will turn bright day.

*Oliver.* 'Tis *Pluto* calls, what would my Syre?

*Pluto.* Come, follow me to the Stygian fire,  
 Where *Ireton* doth wait  
 To welcome thee in state.

*Oliver.* Were I in bed with *Lamberts* wife,  
 I'de quit those joys for such a life.

*Pluto.* My Princely *Nol* make hast,  
For thee we keep a Fast.

*Oliver.* In these dismal shades will I  
Unto thee unfold my Villany.

*Pluto.* In my bosome I'll thee lay,  
For thy sake wee'l all keep holyday.

*Chorus.* We'll rage and roar, and fry in flames,  
And *Charles* himself shall see  
How damn'dly we agree,  
Yet scorn to change our Chains  
For his eternal diety.



*A Quarrel betwixt Tower-hill and  
Tyburn.*

I 'LE tell you a Story that never was told,  
A tale that hath both head and heel,  
And though by no Recorder inroll'd,  
I know you will find it as true as steel.

When General *Monck* was come to the Town,  
A little time after the Rump had the rout,  
When Loyalty rose, and Rebellion fell down,  
They say, that *Tower-hill* and *Tyburne* fell out.

Quoth terrible *Tyburne* to lofty *Tower-hill*,  
Thy longed-for daies are come at last,  
And now thou wilt dayly thy belly fulfill  
With King-killers bloud whilst I must fast.

The High Court of Justice will come to the Bar,  
There to be cooked and dressed for thee,  
Whilst I, that live out of Town so far,  
Must only be fed by Felony.

If *Treason* be counted the foulest fact,  
And dying be a *Traytor's* due,  
Then why should you all the glory exact?  
You know, they are fitter for me than you.

To speak the plain truth, I have groan'd for them long,  
For when they had routed the Royal Root,  
And done the Kingdom so much wrong,  
I knew at the last they would come to't.

When *Titchburne* sate upon the Bench,  
Twirling his Chain in high degree,  
With a Beardless Chin, like a withered Wench,  
Thought I, the Bar is fitter for thee.

But then, with stately composed face,  
*Tower-hill* to *Tyburne* made reply,  
Do not complain, in such a Case  
Thou shalt have thy share as well as I.

There are a sort of Mongrils, which  
My Lordly Scaffold will disgrace :  
I know *Hugh Peters* his fingers itch  
To make a Pulpit of the place.

But take him *Tyburn*, he is thine own,  
Divide his quarters with thy knife,  
Who did pollute with flesh and bone  
The quarters of the Butchers wife.

The next among these Petticoat-Peers  
 Is *Harry Martin*, take him thither,  
 But he hath been addle so many years,  
 That I fear he will hardly hang together.

There's *Hacker*, zealous *Tom Harrison* too,  
 That boldly defends the bloody deed,  
 He practizeth what the Jesuites do,  
 To murder his King, as a part of his Creed.

There's single-eyed *Hewson* the Cobler of Fate,  
 Translated into Buff and Feather,  
 But bootless are all his seams of State  
 When the soul is unript from the upper-leather.

Is this prophane mechanical Brood  
 For me, that have been dignify'd  
 With loyal *Laud* and *Straffords* blood,  
 And holy *Hewet*, who lately dy'd?

Do thou contrive with deadly *Dun*  
 To send them to the River of *Stix*,  
 'Tis pitty, since those Saints are gone,  
 That Martyrs and Murtherers bloud should mix.

Then do not fear me that I will  
 Deprive thee of that fatal Day ;  
 'Tis fit those that their King did kill  
 Sould hang up in the Kings high-way.

My Priviledge, though I know it is large,  
 Into thy hand I'le freely give it,  
 For there is *Cook* that read the Kings Charge,  
 Is only fit for the Devils tribute.

Then taunting *Tyburn*, in great scorn,  
 Did make *Tower-hill* this rude reply :  
 So much rank bloud my stomack will turn,  
 And thou shalt be sick as well as I.

These Traytors made those Martyrs bleed  
 Upon the Block, that thou dost bear,  
 And there it is fit they should dye for the deed ;  
 But *Tower-hill* cryed, they shall not come there.

With that grim *Tyburn* began to fret,  
 And *Tower-hill* did look very grim :  
 And sure as a Club they both would have met,  
 But that the City did step between.



*The Bloody Bed-roll, or Treason displayed  
 in its Colours.*

*Triumphing News for Cavaliers,  
 The Rump smells strong, cast out by th' Peers.*

OLD OLIVER's gone to the Dogs,  
 Oh ! No I do mistake,  
 Hee's gone in a Wherry  
 Over the Ferry,  
 Is call'd the *Stygian* Lake.  
 But *Cerberus* that Great Porter  
 Did read him such a Lecture,  
 That made him to roar  
 When he came a-shoar

For being *Lord Protector*.

*News, news, news,  
Brave Cavaliers be merry,  
Chear up your sad souls  
With Bacchus Bowls,  
Of Claret, White, and Sherry.*

Where is that Cursed Crew  
Were of the last Kings Jury,  
By thy damned soul  
Go fetch them *Nol*

Quoth *Pluto* in his fury.  
Where is old *Joan* thy wife?  
Her Highness I would see,  
Come let her in  
She shall be my Queen,  
For a Cuckold thou shalt be.  
*News, news, &c.*

Make room for a *Ramping Lady*,  
One of the Devils race,  
This ugly Witch,  
And nasty Bitch  
Spat in the King's sweet face.  
I'll make her a Lady of Honour,  
Quoth *Pluto* let her in,  
And open the door;  
For this old Whore  
Shall wait upon my Queen.  
*News, news, &c.*

Here comes Sir H E N R Y M A R T Y N  
As good as ever pist,

This wenching beast  
Had Whores at least  
A thousand on his list :  
This made the Devils laugh,  
So good a friend to see,  
At *Pluto's* Court  
There's better sport,  
Come thou shalt dwell with me.  
*News, news, &c.*

Bid *Caron* bring his Boat,  
Here comes a man of fame,  
Who hath waited here  
Above a year,  
JACK BRADSHAW is his name,  
O ho quoth *Pluto* then,  
As loud as he could yawl,  
By *Oliver's* Nose  
I did suppose  
Thou hadst been at *White-hall*.  
*News, news, &c.*

Thou'rt welcome to my Court,  
Here on my Scroul I find,  
I have in store  
A thousand more  
As Arrant Rogues behind.  
Why art thou sad quoth *Pluto* ?  
My Servants must appear,  
Then do not grudge  
I'le made thee Judge  
Of all my Subjects here.  
*News, news, &c.*

Here comes a friend of mine,  
 Make room for the Lord LISLE,  
     His guests at last  
     Did come so fast  
 That made old *Pluto* smile.  
 Thou must along with me,  
 Now 'tis too late to rue it,  
     Thy damned Soul  
     Is on my Scroul,  
 Remember Doctor *Hewet*.  
*News, news, &c.*

What is the Cause Sir ARTHUR  
 Your Pulses go so quick?  
     'Tis Bishops Lands  
     That's in your hands  
 Which makes them beat so thick.  
 Thy Oath of Abjuration  
 Was far a worser thing,  
     For the Devil and thou  
     Did study how  
 We should abjure our KING.  
*News, news, &c.*

Next comes Sir HENRY MILD MAY  
 As good as ever twang'd,  
     What Laws had we  
     When he scap'd free  
 And honest men were hang'd?  
 Perhaps the KING's good grace  
 May pardon what is past,  
     But that's all one  
     At *Pluto's* Throne  
 Thou must appear at last,  
*News, news, &c.*

Shall *Traytors* be conceal'd?  
Oh! no Sir HENRY VANE,  
    'Tis a pittifull thing  
    For our good KING  
When *Traytors* are in grain.  
If thou wilt take the pains,  
Then pray thee go and look,  
    For I am told  
    Thou art enrol'd  
In *Pluto's* bloody Book.  
    *News, news, &c.*

Here comes the *Learned* SPEAKER,  
Whose baggs of Gold do rust,  
    Who would not hear  
    A *Cavalier*  
Though his Cause were nere so just.  
Corruption bears the sway  
Where Justice is deny'd,  
    The Devil take him,  
    And Mr. P Y M,  
And likewise Collonel P R I D E,  
    *News, news, &c.*

Make room for one-ey'd HEWSON,  
A *Lord* of such account,  
    'Twas a pretty Jest  
    That such a Beast  
Should to such honour mount.  
When *Coblers* were in fashion,  
And *Nigherds* in such grace;  
    'Twas sport to see  
    How PRIDE and he

Did justle for the Place.

*News, news, &c.*

What dreadfull shew is this?

'Tis PRIDEAUX or his Ghost,

He makes such hast,

And comes so fast,

I think He's riding Post.

A *Lawyer* if thou art,

Amongst the damned souls,

At *Pluto's* Barre,

'Tis better farre

Then pleading at the Roles.

*News, news, &c.*

Oh welcome Dr. P E T E R S,

And Cornet J O Y C E also,

One of these twain

Was worse than *Cain*

That gave the deadly blow :

One of these *Cursed Rogues*

Was he that did the feat,

But some men say

'Twas that Lord G R A Y

That made the work compleat.

*News, news, &c.*

A Boat for this Old *Doctor*

To cross the River *Styx*,

For *Pluto* he

Desired to see

Some of his Antick tricks ;

My *Chaplain* thou shalt be,

What more can be desired ?

Oh ! quoth he  
 That cannot be,  
 My Lease is not expir'd.  
*News, news, &c.*

Oh ! my *Rump*, my *Rump*, my *Rump*,  
 My *Rump* smells wonderous strong,  
 The blisters rise  
 About my Thighs  
 With voting here so long,  
 My *Rump* is grown so sore,  
 I can no longer sit,  
 Hold up thy Bum,  
 The Devil is come  
 With a Plaister to cure it.  
*News, news, &c.*

When *Pluto* keeps his feasts,  
 The Rogues must all appear,  
 And Mr. SCOT  
 I had forgot,  
 Must tast of this good Chear.  
 Find out the Man, quoth *Pluto*,  
 That is the greater sinner,  
 If COOK be he  
 Then COOK shall be  
 The *Cook* to *Cook* my dinner,  
*News, news, &c.*

God blesse the *KINGS* good grace,  
 And keep him from his foes,  
 I wish the rather  
 Because his *Father*  
 Had too too many of those.

God blesse the *Duke of YORK*,  
 His Sister, and Another,  
 Accurst be those  
 That do oppose  
 The sending for their Mother.  
*News, news, news,*  
*Brave Cavaliers be merry,*  
*Chear up your sad souls*  
*With Bacchus Bowls,*  
*Of Claret, White, and Sherry.*



*The four Legg'd Elder ; or a Relation of a  
 Horrible Dog and an Elders Maid.*

To the Tune of *The Ladies fall* ; Or *Gather  
 your Rose Buds*, and 50 other Tunes.

I.

**A**LL *Christians* and *Lay-Elders* too,  
 For shame amend your Lives,  
 I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,  
 Which much concerns your wives.  
 An *Elder's Maid* near *Temple-bar*  
 (Ah what a Quean was she !)  
 Did take an ugly Mastiff Cur  
 Where Christians use to be.  
*Help House of Commons, House of Peers !*  
*Oh now or never help !*  
*Th' Assembly having sate four years*  
*Have now brought forth a whelp !*

## 2.

One Evening late she stept aside,  
 Pretending to fetch Eggs,  
 And there she made her self a Bride  
 To one that had four leggs :  
 Her Master hears a Rumblement,  
 And wonder'd she did tarry,  
 Not dreaming (without his consent)  
 His Dog would ever marry.  
*Help House of Commons, &c.*

## 3.

He went to peep, but was afraid,  
 And hastily did run  
 To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,  
 Not knowing what was done ;  
 He took his *Ruling Elder's* Cane,  
 And cry'd out, *Help, help here !*  
 For *Swash* our Mastiff and poor *Jane*  
 Are now, *fight Dog, fight Bear.*  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 4.

But when he came he was full sorry,  
 For he perceiv'd their strife,  
 That according to the *Directory*  
 These two were Dog and Wife :  
 Ah (then he said) thou cruel Quean,  
 Why hast thou me beguil'd ?  
 I wonder'd *Swash* was grown so lean,  
 Poor Dog he's almost spoyl'd.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 5.

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense  
 But what's in other Lasses,

And could have quench'd thy Cupiscence  
 According to the *Classis*;  
 But all the Parish see it plain,  
 Since thou art in this pickle,  
 Thou art an *Independent* Quean,  
 And lov'st a *Conventicle*.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 6.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue  
 Will all the world perswade  
 That she that's Spouse unto a Dog,  
 May be an *Elder's* Maid;  
 They'll jeer us if abroad we stir,  
 Good Master *Elder* stay,  
 Sir, of what *Classis* is your Cur;  
 And then what can we say?  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 7.

They'll many graceless Ballads sing  
 Of a *Presbyterian*,  
 That a *Lay-Elder* is a thing  
 Made up half-Dog half-Man:  
 Out, out, (said he, and smote her down)  
 Was Mankind grown so scant?  
 There's scarce another Dog in town  
 Had took the *Covenant*.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 8.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim,  
 And *Jane* did thus reply,  
 Sir, you thought nought too good for him,  
 And fed your Dog too high:  
 Tis true, he took me in the lurch,  
 And leapt into my arm,

But (as I hope to come to Church)  
 I did your Dog no harm.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 9.

Then she was brought to *Newgate* Gaol,  
 And there was naked stript,  
 They whipt her till the Cord did fail,  
 As Dogs use to be whipt :  
 Poor City Maids shed many a tear  
 When she was lash'd and bang'd,  
 And had she been a *Cavalier*,  
 Surely she had been hang'd.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 10.

Her's was but *Fornication* found,  
 For which she felt the lash,  
 But his was *Buggery* presum'd,  
 Therefore they hanged *Swash*.  
 What will become of *Bishops* then,  
 Or *Independency*,  
 For now we find both Dogs and Men  
 Stand for *Presbytery*.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 11.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,  
 With *Synod-men* good store,  
 But she would have a *Lay-Elder*  
 With two legs, and two more.  
 Go tell the *Assembly of Divines*,  
 Tell *Adoniram Blew*,  
 Tell *Burges, Marshall, Case, and Vines*,  
 Tell *Now-and-Anon-too*.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 12.

Some said she was a *Scottish Girl*,  
 Or else (at least) a *Witch* ;  
 But she was born in *Colchester*,  
 Was ever such a *Bitch* !  
 Take heed all *Christian Virgins* now,  
 The *Dog-star* now prevails ;  
 Ladies beware your *Monkeys* too,  
 For *Monkeys* have long tails.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

## 13.

Blesse *King* and *Queen*, and send us peace,  
 As we had seven years since,  
 For we remember no *Dog-dayes*  
 While we enjoy'd our *Prince* :  
 Bless sweet *Prince Charles*, two *Dukes*, three *Girls*,  
 O save His *Majesty* !  
 Grant that his *Commons, Lords, and Earls*,  
 May lead such lives as He.  
*Oh House of Commons, House of Peers !*  
*Oh now or never help !*  
*Th' Assembly having sate four years,*  
*Have now brought forth a whelp !*



### *News from Colchester.*

Or, A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal passages  
 betwixt a *Quaker* and a *Colt*, at *Horsley* near *Colchester*  
 in *Essex*. To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam*.

## 1.

ALL in the Land of *Essex*,  
 Near *Colchester* the Zealous,

On the side of a bank,  
Was play'd such a Prank,  
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.

2.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*,  
For Brother *Green's* a Stallion,  
Now alas what hope,  
Of converting the Pope,  
When a Quaker turns *Italian!*

3.

Even to our whole profession  
A scandall 'twill be counted,  
When 'tis talkt with disdain  
Among the Profane,  
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

4.

And in the Good time of Christians,  
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,  
Yet when did they hear  
That a damn'd Cavalier  
Ere play'd such a Christmas gamball?

5.

Had thy flesh, O *Green*, been pamper'd  
With any Cates unhallow'd,  
Hast thou sweetned thy Gums  
With Pottage of Plums,  
Or prophane minc'd Pie hadst swallow'd.

6.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's-flesh,  
The Fiend might have crept into thee,  
Then fulnesse of gut  
Might have made thee rut,  
And the Devil have so rid through thee.

7.

But alas, he had been feasted  
 With a Spiritual Collation,  
     By our frugal Mayor,  
     Who can dine on a Prayer,  
 And sup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,  
 Though he us'd the weapon carnal,  
     Filly Foal, quoth he,  
     My Bride thou shalt be :  
 And how this is lawfull, learn all.

9.

For if no respect of Persons  
 Be due 'mongst the sons of *Adam*,  
     In a large extent,  
     Thereby may be meant  
 That a *Mare's* as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,  
 Not bonnet vail'd, nor Kist her,  
     But took her by force,  
     For better for worse,  
 And us'd her like a Sister.

11.

Now when in such a Saddle  
 A Saint will needs be riding,  
     Though we dare not say  
     'Tis a falling away,  
 May there not be some back-sliding ?

12.

No surely, quoth *James Nailor*,  
 'Twas but an insurrection

Of the Carnal part,  
For a Quaker in heart  
Can never lose perfection.

13.

For (as our Masters teach us)  
The intent being well directed,  
Though the Devil trapan  
The Adamical man,  
The Saint stands un-infected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury  
Ne're judges what's intended,  
Then say what we can,  
Brother *Green's* out-ward man  
I fear will be suspended.

15.

And our Adopted Sister  
Will find no better quarter,  
But when him we inroul  
For a Saint, Filly Foal  
Shall passe her self for a Martyr.

16.

*Rome* that Spiritual *Sodome*,  
No longer is thy debter,  
O *Colchester*, now  
Who's *Sodome* but thou,  
Even according to the Letter?





*The Four-legg'd Quaker.*

To the Tune of *The Four-legg'd Elder.*

I.

ALL that have two or but one ear,  
 (I dare not tell ye half)  
 You of an *Essex* Colt shall hear  
 Will shame their very *Calf*.

In *Horsley* Fields near *Colchester*

A *Quaker* would turn Trooper ;  
 He caught a Foal and mounted her  
 (O base !) below the Crupper.

*Help Lords, and Commons, once more help,*

*O send us Knives and Daggers !*

*For if the Quakers be not gelt*

*Your Troops will have the Stagers.*

2.

*Ralph Green* (it was this Varlet's name)

Of *Colchester* you'll swear,

For thence the *Four-legg'd Elder* came,

Was ever such a Pair !

But though 'twas foul 'tween *Swash* and *Jane*,

Yet this is ten times worse ;

For then a Dog did play the Man,

But Man now play'd the Horse.

*Help, &c.*

3.

The Owner of the Colt was nigh,

(Observing their Embrace)

And drawing nearer did espy

The *Quaker's* sorrel Face :

My Foal is ravish'd (then he cries,  
 And fiercely at him ran)  
 Thou Rogue, I'll have thee haltered twice,  
 As Horse and eke as Man!

*Help, &c.*

4.

Ah Devil, do'st thou tremble? now  
 'Tis sore against thy will;  
 For Mares and preaching Ladies know  
 Thou hast a Colts tooth still:  
 But mine's not guilty of this Fact,  
 She was by thee compelled;  
 Poor thing, whom no man ever backt  
 Thou wickedly hast Bellied.

*Help, &c.*

5.

O friend (said *Green*, with sighs and groans)  
 Let this thy wrath appease!  
 (And gave him then eight new Half-crowns  
 To make him hold his peace.)  
 The man reply'd, though I for this  
 Conceal thy Hugger Mugger,  
 Do'st think it lawfull for a Piece  
 A filly Foal to Bugger?

*Help, &c.*

6.

The Master saw his Colt defil'd,  
 Which vext his Soul with doubt;  
 For if his Filly prov'd with Childe  
 He knew all would come out:  
 Then he afresh began to rave,  
 (For all his Money taking)  
 Neighbours, said he, I took this Knave  
 Ith' very act of *Quaking*.

*Help, &c.*

7.

Then to the Pinfold (Gaul I mean)  
 They dragg'd him by the Mane,  
 They call'd him Beast, and call'd her Quean,  
 As if she had been *Jane*.

O stone him (all the Women cry'd)  
 Nay geld him (which is worse)  
 Who scorn'd us all, and took a Bride  
 That's Daughter to a Horse!

*Help, &c.*

8.

The Colt was silent all this while,  
 And therefore 'twas no Rape,  
 The Virgin foal he did beguile,  
 And so intends to scape :  
 For though he caught her in a Ditch  
 Where she could not revolt,  
 Yet he had no *Scott'sh spurr* nor Switch  
 To ride the willing Colt.

*Help, &c.*

9.

O *Essex, Essex, England's* pride,  
 Go burn this long-tail'd Quean,  
 For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,  
 It cannot wash thee clean !  
 'Tis not thy Bleating Sonn's complaints,  
 Hold forth such wanton courses,  
 Thy Oysters hint the very Saint  
 To horn the very Horses.

*Help, &c.*

10.

Though they salute not in the Street  
 (Because they are our Masters)  
 'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet  
 In Meadows, Woods, and Pastures.

But Hors-men, Mare-men, all and some  
 Who Man and Beast perplex,  
 Not only from *East-Horsley* come,  
 But from *West-Middle-Sex*.

*Help, &c.*

## 11.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker*,  
 Nor Willow GREEN the *Baker*,  
 Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner*,  
 But RALPH the Grasse-GREEN *Quaker*,  
 Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,  
 And done his Office duly,  
 Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,  
 He had come off most bledly.

*Help, &c.*

## 12.

Alas you know by Man's flesh came  
 The *Foul-disease* to *Naples*,  
 And now we fear the very same  
 Is broke into our Stables ;  
 For Death hath stoln so many Steeds  
 From Prince and Peer, and Carrier,  
 That this new Murrain rather needs  
 A \**FARRAR* than a Farrier.

*Help, &c.*

## 13.

Nay if this GREEN within the walls  
 Of *Colchester* left forces,  
 Those Cavaliers were Caniballs,  
 Eating his Humane Horses !  
 But some make Man their *second course*,  
 (In cool Blood will not spare)

\* *Physician to the Earl of Pembroke, who is no Quaker nor Quacker.*

Who butcher Men and favour Horse  
Will couple with a Mare.

*Help, &c.*

14.

This *Centaur*, unquoth *Other* thing,  
Will make a dreadfull Breach :  
Yet though an Ass may *speak* or \**sing*,  
O let not Horses *preach* !

But *bridle* such wilde Colts who can  
When they'll obey no Summons,  
For things begot 'tween Mare & Man  
Are neither Lords nor Commons.

*Help, &c.*

15.

O *Elders, Independants* too,  
Though all your Power's combin'd  
*Quakers* will grow too strong for you  
Now Horse and Man are joyn'd :  
While *Cavaliers*, poor foolish Rogues,  
Know only Maids Affairs,  
*She-Presbyters* can deal with Dogs,  
And *Quaking-men* with Mares.

*Help, &c.*

16.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,  
A Monstrous Sow untam'd,  
With Back *half Hair half Wool* appear'd,  
'Twas *Mediolanum* nam'd :  
So *Colchester* must have recourse  
To some such four-legg'd Sister,  
For sure as *Horsley* came from Horse,  
From Colt 'twas call'd *Col-chester*.

*Help, Lords and Commons, &c.*

\* A new Sect of young Men and Women, who pray, eat and sing  
ex tempore.



*A JOLT on Michaelmas day 1654.*

To the Tune of

*To himself that hath fool'd*

*More than Mahomet could, &c.*

I.

**I**T fell on a day,  
 When good People say  
 St. *Michael* beat the Dragon,  
 My Lord the *Protector*  
 Did drive (like a *Hector*)  
 A Coach instead of a \* Wagon.

2.

Because he did hear  
 The Chareteer  
 Did antiently wear a Crown,  
 Up went the Horse-heels,  
 Round round went the Wheelles,  
 'Till his *Highnesse* came head-long down.

3.

He reign'd them so hard,  
 They look'd back and were scar'd  
 To see him so red and so grim  
 Away then they fled,  
 And though he us'd to lead,  
 This *new-modell'd* Horse would lead him.

\* *Londinium petere solebat gestatorio, seu vehiculo communi.*

4.

But O how they snuff  
 When his Pistol flew off,  
     For which all the Saints suspect him,  
 Doth Providence attend him,  
 Thirty thousand defend him,  
     Yet a poor Pocket-pistol protect him ;

5.

How many a Hurl  
 Had poor Mr. \**Thurl*—  
     —*Lo !* He in the Coach did prank it :  
 He thought he had sate  
*Chief Secretary of State,*  
     But was toss'd like a Dog in a Blanket.

6.

Nay had they run faster  
 Hee'd follow his Master  
     Through all the Sceans of this Mad-show :  
 A Brewer, a Collonel,  
 A Preacher, a General,  
     A Protector, a King—then comes *Bradshaw*.

7.

They slander my *Lord*  
 With a bug-bear Word,  
     That he did like *Phaeton* drive ;  
 But his *Highness* try'd  
 Six Horses to guide,  
     And *Phaeton* had now *five*.

\* Vocem τῦ THURLO rithmicè respondentem nostrates desiderant : nomen itaque (ipsius homulli instar crucis) hanc τμῆσιν patitur ; nostroque vel versiculo, ac ipso curru, huc illuc impellitur.

## 8.

Mad *Phaeton* hurl'd  
 Fire all o're the World,  
 Then dead in a River was found :  
 But my Lord had no ayme  
 To set all in a flame,  
 And never was born to be drown'd.

## 9.

'Twas *Nero* did strive  
 Such Charets to drive,  
 And publickly shew'd his Work ;  
 But when my Lord sticks  
 Up his Bills to shew tricks,  
 Hee'l undo th'other *dauncing Turk*.

## 10.

But if you look high,  
 There's some reason why  
 These Jades did so fling and skip,  
 For though we afford  
 Him the *power of the Sword*,  
 He had no command of the *Whip*.

## 11.

Enthron'd in his Chair  
 (What a pox did He there ?)  
 He took such Protectorly courses,  
 He seem'd Horse and Mule,  
 But 'tis easier to rule  
 Three Kingdoms, than six Horses.

## 12.

Not a day nor an hour  
 But we felt his Power,  
 And now he would shew us his Art :

His first Reproach  
Is a fall from a Coach,  
And his last will be from a Cart.



*The House out of Doors.*

April 20. 1653.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

I.

YOu saw *Eleven Members* turn'd out of Doors,  
And 200. more were driven from home,  
And then their own *Lords* were voted down stairs,  
(When some of them crept into the *Lower room* :)  
We purg'd and we purg'd, but all would not do't,  
(The Body had got such a damnable Paunch)  
'Till *OLIVER* fell upon *Branch and Root*,  
Then down with it, down with it, down *Root and Branch.*  
*With a hey down, down a down down,*  
*Sing ho down down to make up the Ditty,*  
*With a hey down down a down down,*  
*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

2.

These Remnant *Members* began to say  
Their *General* was fit to be had in suspition ;  
And offered to Vote his Commission away.  
As if (forsooth) they had given him his Commission :  
He did (yet did not) make use of his Sword,  
On Men that could vote, and vote, but no more

He shew'd them his Hilt, and spake but a word,  
And that word blew the whole House out of door.

*With a hey down, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

3.

This day was *Strafford* all-to-be-Traytor'd,

*Because* (they say) *He had an Intent*

(As this day *Nol* the *Members* scatter'd\*)

*By an Army to force the Parliament.*

At which old *VANE* now rants and raves,

For *Strafford's* blood is not yet grown cold)

And yet we must say while we speak of *Knaves*,

The *Old* is the *Young*, and the *Young* is the *Old*.

*With a hey down, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

4.

Sir *MILDMAY* then with his hand on his groin,

(As for a *Knave of the Diamonds*) stood :

He eat the Kings Bread, & drank the Kings Wine,

So long till at last he drank of his Blood.

So did *CORNELIVS HOLLAND* too,

Whose share i'th' *Revenue* doth fill three Pages,

But now when the *House* is broke up (you know)

'Tis fit *Houshold Servants* be paid their Wages.

*With a hey down, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

5.

The Judge of *Morocco* (*Treason HILL*)

Devour'd at a *Morsell* all *Taunton Dean*,

He keeps five Chambers i'th' *Temple*, but will

(Now th' *House* is pull'd down) be a *Hillock* again.

And the Devil too for his *BOND* doth call,

\* April 20. 1641, 1653.

Though *Dennis* from Chamber to Chamber did hop,  
 He sate *Lord President* at *Whitehall*,  
 But now must go home to sit in his shop.

*With a hey, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

## 6.

Now Alderman *Fustian* cocks not his Beaver,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who chang'd his Name from *Perry* to *PVRY*,  
 A Dean and a Bishop made out of a Weaver,  
 That had been refus'd to be of a Jury :  
 He vow'd to *leave not a Gentleman*,  
*Though every House were big as Rome :*  
 In all bloody Votes he highest ran ;  
 But now may run down to his *Bottom* and *Loom*.

*With a hey, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

## 7.

Now look to your Wives, for I am inform'd  
 That carnal *SCOT* is again broke loose ;  
 But the *House* that shelter'd his Lust is Reform'd  
 As he did the Hall of *Lambeth-house* ;  
 (For he knew the *High Commission* sate there)  
 Both *King* and *Cromwell* he openly curs'd,  
 But *Oliver* now will pay his Arrear,  
 For of all kind of *Scots* the *English* is worst.

*With a hey down, down a down down,*

*Sing ho down down to make up the Ditty,*

*With a hey down down a down down,*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*





## The RUMP.

*December 26. 1659.*

To the Tune of *The Blacksmith.*

**N**OW Master & Prentice for Rimes must pump  
 On *Hab,\* Noll, Arthur, and Lawson Vantrump,*  
 A *Long Parliament* of a *Short Rump.*

*Which no body can deny.*

For Wits and No-Wits now have an Itch  
 To prepare some damnable tearing Switch  
 For them whose very Face is a Breech.

*Which, &c.*

Twelve years they sate above *Kings* and *Queens,*  
 Full twelve, and then had enter'd their *teens*  
 When *Oliver* came to out-sin their Sins.

*Which, &c.*

And yet after all his signal *Septembers,*  
 Both he and his Babe, and his *Other-House* Members  
 Saw *Rump* was but asleep in its Embers.

*Which, &c.*

For up it rose, then out 'twas blown,  
 For *Lambert* and *Rump* like my Lady and *Joan,*  
 Blew in and out till *Rump* blew out *John.*

*Which, &c.*

\* *St. John's.*

And then it swell'd with such monstrous growth  
That by and by it broke out in the South,  
From whence it was called PORTS-MOUTH.

*Which, &c.*

From thence to *London* it rode tan-tivy,  
(Though *London* then wore *Holly* and *Ivy*)  
And sate at *Whitehall* in a *Council-Privy*.

*Which, &c.*

Then suddenly *Fleetwood* fell from *Grace*,  
And now cries *Heaven hath spit in his face*,  
Though he *smelt* it came from *another place*.

*Which, &c.*

Janizary *Desbrow* then look'd pale,  
For, said he, if this *Rump* prevail,  
'Twill blow me back to my old *Plough-tayl*,

*Which, &c.*

But when he felt his own Regiment kick,  
Oh, quoth he, this was my own Trick  
'Gainst my Brother *Nol* and my Nephew *Dick*.

*Which, &c.*

Now whom the Devil doth *Rump* represent?  
'Twas This that Sir *Thomas Jermyn* meant  
When he call'd it a *Whipping Parliament*.

*Which, &c.*

We're stript of all shelter from the *long Robe*,  
As rich and warm as the Devil left *Job*,  
For Satan *Rump* sits Lord of the *Globe*.

*Which, &c.*

And yet when all is examin'd and ponder'd,  
 You'll find three Kingdoms enslav'd & plunder'd,  
 For saying *Fourty* is lesse than *Four hundred*.

*Which, &c.*

And now behold the Sign is *in Clune*,  
 But if *Monck* be honest or wise, then soon he  
 Makes *Rump* but the *Italian's Domo Communi*.

*Which, &c.*

Heaven bless the *King*, with his two brave *Brothers*,  
 From *Rumps* and *Lords* of the *House* call'd *Others*,  
 And hang these *Rumping* Sons of their Mothers.

*Which, &c.*

And that He may blesse both Us and our Heirs,  
 Let all the Members of Commons and Peers,  
 Turn honest as He that wants his Ears.

*Which no body can deny.*



### *Sir Eglamor and the Dragon :*

*Or a Relation how Generall George Monck slew a  
 most Cruell Dragon Febr. 11. 1659.*

*To the Tune of Sir Eglamor.*

I.

**G**enerall *George* that Valiant wight,  
 He took his Sword and he would go fight,  
 And as he rode through *London Town*,  
 Men, Women, Posts, and Gates, fell down.

## 2.

But turning about towards *Westminster*,  
 He saw it must come to *Fight Dog, Fight Bear*,  
 For there an old Dragon sate in its Den,  
 Had devour'd (God knows how many) brave Men.

## 3.

This Dragon it was and a monstrous Beast,  
 With fourty or fifty heads at least,  
 And still as this Dragon drank down Blood,  
 Those heads would wag and cry *good—good—good!*

## 4.

No *Hidra* nor *Leviathan*,  
 For every Head look'd like a man,  
 And yet they all grew *Hidra*-wise,  
 For cut off one and another would rise.

## 5.

Besides it had most Devilish claws,  
 Call'd *Committees* of the *Good Old Cause*;  
 But Devil and his Dam had no such Paunch  
 As this which swallow'd *Root and Branch*.

## 6.

It swallow'd Churches, Pallaces,  
 Forrests, Islands, Lands, and Seas,  
 Cathedrall Choires it made but a Sallad,  
 And left not a man to sing a Ballad.

## 7.

But that which made this Dragon prevaile,  
 Was a damnable Sting stuck in his *Tayle*,  
 This *Tayle* 'gainst Christendom made Wars,  
 And swept down all St. *Georges Stars*.

## 8.

Then *Ægypt's* Plagues we understood,  
*Darknesse, Rivers* turn'd to *Blood*,

Upstart *Vermin* thick as wooll,  
And *Frogs* and *Locusts* Pulpits full.

9.

Yet that which most did Plague these Isles,  
Three Kingdoms lay so sick of th' Piles,  
For every man in dolefull dump  
Was tortur'd with a *Bloody Rump*.

10.

But as in its Den this Dragon did sit,  
**G**orge gave it many a gay good hit,  
Though then he had no Sword nor Sythe on,  
But fought as *Phæbus* slew old *Python*.

11.

For **G**orge shot at him a flaming Letter,  
(Which some then thought might have been better)  
He wipe'd the *Rump* away with a Paper,  
And out it flew like a stinking Vapour.

12.

Now *London* had her own desire,  
For every Street was pav'd with fire,  
All Men and Bells with many a thump,  
Cry'd *Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-R.*

13.

Six thousand fifty Bone-fires then,  
(By twenty more then th' Army had Men)  
O monstrous *Rump*, that thus requires  
(Though but half broyl'd) six thousand Fires!

14.

This very day that *Rump* was burn'd,  
Old *Magna Charta* was confirm'd;  
This day they Voted that monstrous thing,\*  
That no Addresses be made to the King.

\* *Febr.* 11. 1647.

15.

Now God bless Charles, & York, & Gloucester,  
 From many or from one Impostor,  
 May Kings, and Peers, and Commons joyn  
 To save us both from Rump and Loyn.



*The Cities Feast to the Lord Protector.*

*To the Tune of Cook Laurell.*

SIR Mayor invites his Highnesse his guest,  
 And bids him to *Grocers-Hall* to dinner,  
 There never was Saint at so great a Feast  
 Provided him at the Charge of a Sinner.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

And what was the day do you think, without jesting,  
 Of all the year it was *Ash-wednesday*,  
 This pious Reformer set apart for his Feasting,  
 When all good Christians should Fast and Pray.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

The Souldiers in clusters throng'd for place,  
 To see this Monster of their own making,  
 And said it was a Protectors grace,  
 But that it wanted not much of *A King*.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

The *Bucks* of the City in herds were met,  
 And were paled in with a very good sence,  
 But what their *Does* did, I cannot tell yet,  
 Of that ye may hear three quarters hence.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

With that the Recorder marcht up to the Hall  
With a dish of Divinity drest for his pallate,  
And laid before him a shoulder of *Saul*,  
With a savory *simily* by for a salate.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

His Highnesse commanded to lay it by,  
'Twas fit for his people he'd make it known,  
And they should have it, good reason why,  
For they wanted more shoulders than their own.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

A dish of Delinquents heads in a Charger  
Was sent as a present from *Goldsmiths* Hall,  
He wisht his stomack ten times larger,  
Yet made a long neck and poach'd them all.

*With a ran tan the Divil is dead.*

A Prelate was next, and to him he buckles,  
With a Bishoprick truss'd before and behinde,  
His Highness was in with him up to the knuckles,  
And to his own kitchin the skuers assign'd.

*With a ran tan the Divel is dead.*

His Highness then call'd for a boule of Canary,  
And drank so deep that it made him reel,  
He toss'd it to *Lambert*, and *Lambert* to *Harry*,  
And *Harry* to the *Mayor*, and the *Mayor* to *Steel*.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

When Dinner was ended, away to the banquet,  
Where snatching of Sugar-plums one from another,  
*Hal* fill'd up his pockets, and said God be thanked,  
And carried them home to his Lady Mother.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

Then his *Highness* commanded the *Mayor* to kneel,  
 The *Beast* of the *City* was soon on his knees,  
 He made him a Knight with iron and steel,  
 And bid him rise up, and pay him his fees.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

Up rose my *Lords* worship and made him a leg,  
 With that the *Knight-maker* did give him the Sword ;  
 His *Highness* did spice him without a nutmeg,  
 When he made a bad *Knight* of a pittifull *Lord*.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

When he left the *City* he broke a jest,  
 His words were pithy, and I'll repeat them,  
*Farewell* (quoth his *Highness*) *thou spur-gall'd Beast*,  
*Fools make the Feasts, and wise men eat them.*

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*



FINIS.



