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Anonymous

***The Gang, Or the Nine Worthies and Champions,
Lambert, &c. (1660)***

To the Tune of Robin Hood.

It was at the birth of a Winters morn,
With a Hey down down a down down,
Before the Crow had pist,
That nine Hero's in scorn
Of a Parliament forlorn,
Walk'd out with Sword in fist.

John Lambert was First, a dapper Squire,
With a Hey down, &c.
A mickler man of might
was ne're in Yorkshire;
And he did conspire
With Vane Sir Harry a Knight.

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Desborow next, a goodlier swain,
With a Hey down, &c.
An Easter sun nere see;
He drove on amain
Without any brain,
such a jolthead knave was he.

Kelsey was a brave button-maker,
With a Hey down, &c.
As ever set mould scewer;
And this wise-Aker
Was a great pains taker,
T' make Lamberts Nose look blewer.

The Devout and Holy Major Creed,
With a Hey down, &c.
I known't of what Faith or Sect,
Had mounted a Steed,
And vow'd he would bleed
'Fore Lambert should be checkt.

Duckenfield (Steel was nere so true,)
With a Hey down, &c.
And as wise as ere was Toby
Lay in the Purlew,
The cock-pit Avenue,
To hinder the Speakers Go-by.

A man of Stomack in the next Deal
With a Hey down, &c.
Was hungry Colonel Cobbet,
He would eat at a Meale,
A whole Commonweale,
And make a Joint but a gobbet.

The following Champion is barrow,
With a Hey down, &c.
An Ominous name for a Swine-Herd,
He flew like an Aroow,
thither, whence Lord Harry
But durst not draw his Whinyeard.

Room for Packer a toyling Ditcher,
With a Hey down, &c.

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He had set his Spade on edge,
He hop't to be Richer
By being a Britcher
And Lambert his stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities sake we may not forget,
With a Hey down, &c.
That Valiant Mars his true Son,
His Cobling Feat,
Lack't a Parliament Seat
That Marks-man one eyed Hewson.

These being aided with Red Coat & Creepers,
With a Hey down, &c.
After a short Dispute
The Liberty Keepers,
Were made boo-peepers
And the Speaker stricken Mute.

But well said Sir Arthur, what time of the day?
With a Hey down, &c.
The Parliament's now in their Prime
They stand at a Bay,
And have mist their Prey
And Cowardly curse the time,

The second Part.

Now Johne is gone to the North Country.
With a Hey down, &c.
And glad he is to Retire,
He crys Cramme O cree,
Have mercy on me
My tail is set a Fire,

And Desborough gotten into his Farm.
With a Hey down, &c.
Untill they doe him need
'Meant the House no harm,
But took it for a Barn
His Lord & he's not agreed.

Kelsey is praying for the Dole,
With a Hey down, &c.
Of the Hospital thats Suttons

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He is out of the roll,
And hath ne're a Loap-Hole
And now his Arse maks Buttons.

And Creed will now believe Sir Arthur
With a Hey down, &c.
His Steed is Chop't for a Jade
He will be a Carter,
Before a Martyr,
And is turned Renegade.

Duckenfld's in a pitiful Case,
With a Hey down, &c.
The Speakers Horses and Coach,
Were at stake with the Mace,
And he's thrown Aums Ace
Tyburn owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy Colonel Cobbet,
With a Hey down, &c.
He's got a Bone in his throat
He hath sighed and sobbed
And grievously throbbbed
But it will not help the choak.

Pray take your turn too Mr. Barrow,
With a Hey down, &c.
What think you of your Plot?
Your Sow would not Farrow,
The Hang-mans Harrow
That hurdle will be your Lot.

Tye him up DUN, 'tis Goodman Packer,
With a Hey down, &c.
That would set up another Nose
Had he been a Backer
As Colonel Hacker,
H'ad liv'd in spight of his Foes.

Hewson's Companions as scabby as Coots,
With a Hey down down a down down.
Have infected him with the mange,
They have pist in his boots,
He must cry roots,
And TURN OUT to Turnup must change.