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Anonymous

***The Loyal Scot; An Excellent New Song* (1682)**

To an Excellent New Scotch Tune

Bread of Geud! I think the Nation's mad, And nene but Knaves and Perjur'd Loons do
rule the Roast; And for an Honest Karl ne Living's to be had; Why sure the Deel is
Landed on the English Coast. I ha' ne'er been here sin' Forthy Three, And now thro'
Scotland gang to'l see our Gracious King; But Wunds a Geud, instead of Mirth and
Mercy Glee, I find and Sniveling Presbyter is coming in.

For they talk of Horrid Popish Plots, and Heav'n knows what,
When all the wiser world knows well what they'd be at;
For with sike like Sanctity the Geudest King
They did to Death and Ruine bring.

When on the Civil Broils they first did enter in,
(As well ye ken) with Popery they did begin;
And with Libery and Publick Geud was muckle din,
When the Deel a bit they meant the Thing.

That Machine of Monstrous Policy,

The Salamanca Corpus: The Loyal Scot (1682)

I mean old S-----for Loyalty so fam'd;
The voice of all the Geudly Rabble Mobile,
The falsest Loon that ever Envy destin'd Damn'd.

Heav'n sure never meant so fou a Thing,
But to inform the World where Villany did dwell:
And sike a Traytor both to Commonwealth and KING
The muckle Deel did surely never hatch in Hell.

For, like Roman Cataline, to gain his Pious Ends,
He pimps for all the Loose Rebellions Fops in Toon;
And with Treats and Treason daily crams his City-Friends,
Form the Link-man to the Scarlet-goon.

And with high Debauchery they carry on the Cause,
And Geudly Reformation is the Sham pretence;
And Religiously defie Divine and Humane Laws,
With Obedience to their Rightful Prince.

Then a speaker to this Grand Cabal,
Old Envy Rony seated at the Head o'th' Board,
His Learn'd Oration for Rebellion makes to All,
Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Factious Lord.

Cully Jemmy when they Vote for King,
whom Curse confound for being sike a senseless Loon;
Can they who did their Lawful Lord to th' Scaffold bring
Be just to him tht has no Title to a Croon.

But they find he is Blockhead fitted for their Use,
A fool by nature, and a knave by custowm grown;
A Gay-Fop-Monarch, whom the Rabble may abuse;
And their business done, will soon Unthroned.

But Jemmy swears and vows, gan he can get the Croon,
He by the Laws of Forty ene wou'l guided be;
And Prophane Lawn-sleeves and Surplied again must down
Then hey for our old Presbitery.

B---a States-man would be thought,
And reason geud that he shou'd bear that Rev'rend Name
Since he was one of them that first began the Plot,
How the King might Banter, and Three Kingdoms Sham.
All the Male-Contents His Noble Grace
To this Rehearsal did invite, to hear and see

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Loyal Scot* (1682)

But whilst he wittily contriv'd it but a Farce,
The busier Noddles turn'd it into Tragedy.

And now each Actor does begin to play his Part,
And too so well he cons his Geer, and takes his Cue:
Till they learn to play the Rebel so by rote of heart,
That the Fictious Story seems as true.

And now, without controll, they apprehend and hang;
And with the Nation all is Gospel that they Swear;
The Bonny Jockey prethee back to Scotland gang,
For a Loyal Lad's in danger here.