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Anonymous

*An Excellent Song, Called,
The Shooe-Makers Travell (1650)*

To the tune of, Flying Fame.

Al through England travelled,
in Townes of greatest fame,
To heare and see, and view, and learne
the fashions of the same:
I see the shifts of every Shire,
the Trades of every Towne,
I view'd the steps of old and young,
for most part up and downe.

I see all sorts of men are bent
to get they care not how,
I see that Conscience goeth is rags,
no man regards it now.
I see that Love and Charities

long slace were prest away,
I see that Envie, Wrath and Pride,
are suffered still to stay.

I see in stead of dealing true,
Defraud and Guile doe grow,
I see Oppression, Rape and Wrong,
the Realme doth over-flow,
I see how fained flatterie
obtained the largest Fees,
I see how Truth is tost about,
and tumbled in his knees.

I see how cruell Covetousnesse
accepted is of all,
I see to Christs poor members true,
Devotion is but small:
I see you lustfull Lecherie
is lov'd in every Towne;
I see that chaste Virginitie
goes in a shred-hare Gowne.

I see Excesse his paunch doth fill,
with daintie dishes thick,
When Lazarus can nothing have,
except the Dogs him lick:
I see unfruitfull idlenesse,
how much it doth abound,
I see not one of [?]
but here it may be found.

I saw againe such dolefull sights
in England as I went,
Which well I know will breed our wo,
except we doe repent.
I see some Learned in great fault,
who Livings have at large,
I see they care nor for those soules,
Whereof they have the charge.

I see among the Merchant men,
such grievous sinnes to raigne,
Whose ventures far upon the Seas,
doe bring them mickle gaine,
I see some Lawyers live at ease,

like Foxes in their holes,
I see they might but poore men prove,
if England were not fooles.

I see how greedie Usurers,
likewise doe flourish so,
Who for a gaine, will take the paine
to begger friend or foe.
The widdow and the fatherlesse,
I see them wel-nigh star[?]ed,
I see where need doth most requird,
shall last of all be served.

I see Satan sent his Starch
to beautifie our necks,
Good houses are in Hatches lockt,
are poore are fed with cheeks.
I see each man is for himselfe,
and God I trust for all,
I see unlesse we doe repent,
great plagues will us befall.

I see such sundry sort of sinne,
in every place to be,
That England may right well be call'd
the [?] of Vantrie.
I see the sacred Sabbath day,
how much it is abused
With Playes & pastimes every way,
all goodnesse quite refused.

I see the lovers of Gods Word
in number grow so small
That if the world should long remain,
we shall see none at all:
I see Christs words will prove most true,
which want doth grieve my mind,
That when to judgment he doth come,
he little shall find.

We shall see then he will not weep
for us, as for the Jewes:
No, no, let's never looke for that,
he comes with other newes.
But let us then perswaded be,

lest we repent in haste,
To drinke of that most dreadfull woe,
which Bthsaida did taste.

Or like as Sodome, which for sinne
was thrown down to the ground,
Whose fearefull end might make us quaile,
that now in sinne abound.
And thus my faithfull friends farewell,
with grieve I have you told,
What hat[?] [?] throughout the world
I see in young and old.

Now [?] God with humble heart
I wish all Christians pray.
These Weeds of Vice may wasted be,
before that dreadfull day.
And let all loving Subjects true,
which have my travell seen[?],
Lift us their voyce and say with me,
God save our King and Queene.