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Anonymous

***Song on Perkin* (1683)**

1

You loyall Lads be merry,
For Perkin that state Buffoone,
Despis'd by Whigg and by Tory.
For being so falce a Loone
To sham y^e Court and y^e Toon
And muckle dis swear and vow,
But like France he has changed his Tone
And the Deel's gang'd wth him I troo.

2

His party had taught him the lesson,
And low he did [?]e for Grace,
Hee whin'd out of a dolefull Confession
How great a Traitor he was,
And Begg'd his pardon might pass
For he was a penitent noo,
But he bid the Court Kiss his Ass

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And the Deel's gang'd wth him I troo.

3

And ence mere he's got above hatches
And meanes to sett up for King
The politicks of this Scotch Dutches
This Matter about did bring;
Adds woons she longs to bee Queen
At Perkin and she know how
And yet in a hempen string
They may gang to the Deel I troo.

4

And this last Merk of his Treason
So muckle Exceeding the first,
To all Ladds of sense and of Reason
Has gain'd him many a Curse;
He might be then at the worst
Drawn in for a Cully of shew,
But noo 'tis past and Distrest
Thatt y^e Dee'ls gang'd wth him I troo;

5

Now Heaven bless Charles the Second
And grant him of Bruhis's Mind,
And then his nene son will be rekon'd
Among the Traitorous Kind,
And equall Justice will find,
By God and St Andrew I vow,
Where he, [?]ade my Daddy's nene Kin
Hee should gang to the Dee'l I trow.