

**Author:** Anonymous

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of print:** 1695

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Anon. 1695. *A Turn-Coat of the Times*. London: Printed by and for W.D. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

**e-text:**

Access and transcription: April 2006

Number of words: 573

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

—∞—  
**Anonymous**

***A Turn-Coat of the Times* (1695)**

As I was walking through  
Hide-park, as I us'd to do;  
some two or three months ago,  
I laid me all along,  
Without any fear of wrong,  
And listen'd unto a Song;  
It came from a powdered Ching,  
As fine as a Lord or a King,  
he knew not that I  
was got so nigh,  
And thus he began to sing.

I am a Turn-coat knave  
Although I do hear it brave,  
and no not shw all I have;  
I can with tongue and pen  
Court wvery sort of Men,  
And kill'em as fast agen.  
With Zealots I can pray,

With Cavileers I can play,  
With Shop-keepers I  
can cogg and lye,  
And couzen as fast as they.

When first the wars began,  
And 'Prentices lead the van,  
'twas I that did set them on;  
When they cryed Bishops down  
In Country, Court and Town,  
Quoth I, And have at the Crown:  
The Covenant I did take,  
For form and fashion's sake;  
but when it would not  
support my Plot,  
'Twas like an old Almanack.

When Independency  
Had Superiority,  
I was of the same degree;  
When Keepers did command,  
I then had a holy-hand,  
In Deans and in Chapters land,  
But when I began to 'spy  
Protectorship drew nigh,  
And Keepers were  
thrown o're the bar,  
Old Oliver, then cry'd I.

When Sectarists got the day,  
I used my yea, and nay,  
to flatter and them betray:  
In Parliament I gat,  
And there a Member sat,  
To tumble down Church and State,  
For I was a trusty Trout  
In all that I went about;  
and there we did bow  
to sit till now,  
But Oliver turn'd is out.

We put down the House of Peers  
We killed the Cavileers,  
and yipld the Widows rears;  
We sequested Mens estates,

And made 'em pay monthly rates  
To Trumpeters and their Mates.  
Rebellion we did Print,  
And altered all the Mint;  
no Knavery then  
was done up Men,  
But I had a finger in't.

When Charles was put to flight,  
Then I was at Worster fight,  
and got a good booty by't;  
At that most fatal fail  
I kill'd and plunder'd all,  
The Weakest went to the wall;  
Whilst n[?] merry Mates fell on,  
To pillaging I was gone,  
there is many (thought I)  
will some by and by,  
And why should not I be one?

We triumphed like the Turk,  
We cripled the Scottish Kirk  
that sets us at first to work  
When Cromwell did but frown,  
They yielded every Town,  
St.Andre's Cross went down;  
But when old Noll did die,  
And Richard his Son put by,  
I knew not how  
to guide my plow,  
Where now shall I be? thought I.

I must confess the Rump,  
Did put me in a dump,  
I knew not what would be trump;  
When Dick had lost the day,  
My gaming was at a stay,  
I could not tell what to play;  
When Monk was upon that Score,  
I thought I would play no more,  
I did not think what  
he would be at,  
I ne'r was so mumpt before.

But now I am at Court,



**The Salamanca Corpus: *A Turn-Coat of the Times* (1695)**

With Men of the better sort,  
to purchase a good Report;  
I have the eyes and ears  
Of many brave noble Peers,  
And flight the poor Cavillers;  
Poor Knaves they know not how,  
To flatter, cringe and vow,  
for he that is wise,  
and means to rise,  
He must be a Turn-coat too.

