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Anonymous

***The Western Rebel: Or, The True Protestant
Standard Set up (1685)***

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound*

I.

See the Vizor's pull'doff, and the Zelots are Arming,
For our old Egypt-Plagues the Whig Locusts all Swarming.
The true Protestant Perkin, in Lightning has spoke,
And begins in a Flash to vanish in Smoke,
Little Jemmy's lanch'd or'e
From the old Holland Shore,
Where Shaftsbury marcht to the Devil before.
The Old Game's a begining; for High-Shoes & Clowns
Are turning State-Tinkers for mending of Crowns.

II.

Let his Desperate Frenzy to ruine spur on;

The Salamanca Corpus: The Western Rebel (1685)

The Rebel too late, and the Madam too soon.
But politick Noddles without Wit or Reason,
When empty of Brains have the more room for Treason.
Ambition bewitches,
Through Bogs and through Ditches,
Like a Will with a Wisp: For the Bastard Blood itches:
And the Bully sets up, with his High-Shoes and Clowns,
A True Protestan Tinker for mending of Crowns.

III.

Let him banter Religion, that old Stale pretence,
For Traytors to mount on the Neck of their Prince.
But Clamor and Nonsense no longer shall fright us,
Our Wits are restored by the flogging of Titus.
Their Canting Delusion,
And Bills of Exclusion,
NO longer shall sham the mad World to Confusion.
The Old Cheat`s too gross, & no more Bores & Clowns
For perching on Thrones, and prophaning of Crowns.

IV.

So the Great Murder`d Charles, our Church, Freed and La[?]
Were all Martyrs of old, to the Sanctified Cause.
Whilst Gospel and Heav`n were the popular Name,
The Firebrands of Hell were all ligh`t from the Fla[?]
Reformation once tuned,
Let Religion but sound,
When that Kirk Bagpipe plats yhe Devlis Daro[?]
But the Whining Tub Cheat shall no longer go down
No more Kings in Scaffolds, and Slaves on a Throne.

V.

Let his hot-brain`d Ambition, with his Renegade Lo[?]
Mount the Son of People, for Lord of Three Crow[?]
The Impostor on one hand, and Traytor on t`other
Set up his false Title, as crackt as his Mother.
But whilst Peacock.proud,
He struts and talks loud,
The Head of the Rabble, and Idol o`th`Crowd;
From his false borrow`d Plumes, & his hopes of a Cro[?]
To his black Feet below, let th`Aspirer look down.

VI.

Then let him march on with his Politick Poll,
To perch up his Head by old Bradshaw and Noll:
Whilst the Desperate Jehu is driving headlong,
To visit the Reliques of Tommy Armstrong.
For there's Vengeance a working,
To give him a Jerking,
And humble the Pride of the poor little Perkin,
Great James his dread Thunder shall th'Idol pull [?]
Whilst our Hands, Hearts, and Swords are all true [?]

