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Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1693

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. 1693. *A New Scotch Whim*. Edinburgh. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 134

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

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Anonymous

***A New Scotch Whim* (1693)**

I.

Deel faw mine Ey'ne
If e'er Ise ken
Sike a Parcel of Loons in a Nation.
Since the Laird of the *Boyn*
Does Cover mere Coyn,
They repent of their geud Abdication.

For the Loons of the Kirk
Do now find their Work
Is a muckle too big for their Purses;
And the War that's begun
by the geud valiant Son,
Will be Crown'd with a Trophée of Curses.

II.

What a Deelish stir
We make with War,
To confound our Estates for Ambition,



The Salamanca Corpus: *A New Scotch Whim* (1693)

With a crafty Pretence
Of conquering *France*,
To drill out the Coin of our Nation.

'Twas a muckle thing
To exchange our King,
Lubber-Loons ha' got weel by the Barter;
For our geud Valiant Prince
Takes the faw Loon of *France*
As the stoot bonny Scot teuk the Tartar.

