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**Anonymous**

*A New Ballade, to an Old Tune. Tom of Bedlam*  
**(1660)**

Make Room for an *honest Red-coat*,  
(And that you'll say's a wonder)  
The *Gun*, and the *Blade*,  
Are his *Tools*, ----- and his *Trade*,  
Is for *Pay*, to *Kill*, and *Plunder*.  
*Then away with the Lawes*,  
*And the Good old Cause*,  
*Ne'r talk o' the Rump, or the Charter*,  
*'Tis the Cash does the Feat*,  
*All the rest's but a Cheat*,  
*Without That there's no Faith, nor Quarter*.

Tis the Mark of our Coin, GOD WITH US,  
*And the Grace of God goes along with't*,  
When the *Georges* are flown,  
Then the *Cause goes down*,  
For the Lord is departed from it.  
*Then away, &c.*

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For *Rome*, or for *Geneva*,  
For the *Table*, or the *Altar*,  
This spawn of a *Vote*,  
He cares not a *Groat* -----  
For the *Pence*, hee's your *Dog* in a *Halter*.  
*Then away, &c.*

Tho' the *Name* of *King*, or *Bishop*,  
to *Nostrils* pure may be *Loathsom*,  
Yet many there are,  
That agree with the *Mayor*,  
That their *lands* are *wondrous toothsom*.  
*Then away, &c.*

When our *Masters* are *Poor*, we *Leave'em*,  
'Tis the *Golden Calf* we *bow* too:  
We *Kill*, and we *slay*,  
Not for *Conscience*, but *Pay*;  
Give us *That*, we'll *fight* for you too.  
*Then away, &c.*

'Twas *That* first turn'd the *King* out;  
The *Lords*, next: then, the *Commons*:  
'Twas that kept up *Noll*,  
Till the *Devil* fetch'd his *Soul*;  
And then it set the *Bum* on's.  
*Then away, &c.*

*Drunken Dick* was a *Lame Protector*,  
And *Fleetwood* a *Backslider*:  
These we serv'd as the *rest*,  
But the *City's* the *Beast*  
That will never cast her *Rider*.  
*Then away, &c.*

When the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop*,  
And the *Shreeves* cry, *God save your Honours*:  
Then, 'tis but a *Jump*,  
And up goes the *Rump*,  
That will spur to the *Devil* upon us.  
*Then away, &c.*

And now for *fling* at your *Thimbles*,  
Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Whistles*,

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In truck for your Toyes,  
We'll fit you with Boys:  
( 'Tis the Doctrine of \*Hugh's Epistles.) \* To the Butchers wife  
Then away, &c.

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewels*,  
You must be next entreated,  
To part with your *Bags*,  
And strip you to *Rags*,  
And yet not think y'are cheated.  
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it;  
'Tis a *Brainless, Heartless Monster*:  
At a *Clubb* they may *Bawl*,  
Or Declare at their *Hall*,  
And yet at a Push not one stir.  
Then away, &c.

Sir *Arthur* vow'd he'll treat'em,  
Far worse than the men of *Chester*:  
He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,  
But he was nothing so *Lowd*  
When he lay in the ditch at *Lester*.  
Then away, &c.

The *Lord* hath led *John Lambert*,  
And the *Spirit, Feak's Anointed*,  
But why oh *Lord*,  
Hast thou sheathed thy *Sword*?  
Lo, thy *Saints* are disappointed.  
Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed:  
Sir *John* makes good the place now,  
And to help out the work  
Of the *Glorious Kirk*,  
Our *Brethren* marche apace too.  
Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men* wrangle,  
Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't,  
There are none but we,  
That are sure to go free,  
For the *Souldier's* still in the right on's:

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*Then away, &c.*  
If our *Masters* w'ont supply us,  
With *Mony, Food, and Clothing*:  
Let the *State* look to't,  
We'll find one that will do't,  
*Let him Live, -----* we'll not damn for nothing.  
*Then away with the Lawes,*  
*And the Good old Cause,*  
*Ne'r talk o' the Rump, or the Charter,*  
*'Tis the Cash does the feat,*  
*All the rest's but a Cheat,*  
*Without That their's no Faith, nor Quarter.*