

**Author:** Anonymous

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of print:** 1680

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Anon. 1680. *The New Medley: Or, A Song Composed of the Rairest Tunes*. London: Printed by Fran[cis] Grove. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** April 2006

**Number of words:** 582

**Dialect represented:** Northern/Scots

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**Anonymous**

***The New Medley: Or, A Song Composed of the  
Rairest Tunes (1680)***

The Scots

I am a bonny Scot Sir, my name is Mickle John  
Twas I was in the Plot sir, when first the war begun  
I left the court one thousand six hundred forty one  
But since the flight at Worcester fight wee are all undone;  
I serv'd my Lord and Master, when as he ligg'd at home  
Our cause did shrink, Gods bread I think  
The Deel's got in his room  
Hee no man fears, but stamps and stares  
Through all christendome.  
I have travel'd mickle ground  
Since I came from Worcester pound  
I have gang'd a gallant round  
Through all our neighbouring Nations;

*The Salamanca Corpus: The New Medley (1680)*

And what their opinions are  
Unto you I shall declare  
Of the Scotch and English war  
And their approbations  
wee were beaten tag and rag  
Foot and leg, wem and crag  
Heark I hear the Ditch-men brag  
And begin to bluster.

The Dutch

Gods Sacrament, shall Hogen Mogen States  
strike down their Top-sails unto puny powers  
Ten hundred tun of Devil damme the fates  
if all their ships and goods do not prove ours,  
Since that bloody wounds delight them  
tantara rar let the Trumpet sound,  
Let Vantrump go out and fight them  
Eldest states should first be crown'd  
English Schellums fight not on Gods side  
But alas they gave given our Flemish whats such a broad side,  
That wee shall bee forced to retreat,  
See the French-man commeth in compleat.

The French

Begar Mounsieur, 'tis much in vain  
For Dutchland, France, or Spain,  
To cross the English Nation  
They are now grown so strong,  
The Devil er't bee long  
Must learn the English tongue  
'tis better that we should combine  
And sell them Mine,  
And learn of them to make a Lady fine  
Wee'l learn of them to trip and mince  
To kick and wince,  
For by the sword wee never shall convince  
Since every Brewer there can beat a Prince.

The Spaniard

What are the English so quarrelsome grown  
That they cannot of late let their Neighbours alone  
And shall a great and a Catholic King

Let's Scepter be contrul'd by a sword or a fling  
Or shall Austrial endure  
such affronts for to bee  
No wee'l tumble down their power  
as you shall Senior see.

The Welch

Taffy was once a Coddy Mighty of Wales  
but her Cousin O.P. was a Creature  
Come into her Country Cods splutter-anails  
her take up her Welch Hook and beat her  
Her eat up her Sheese, her turky and Geese  
her Pigge and her Capon did dye for't,  
As Robert, ap Evan, ap Morgan, ap Stephan,  
but Shinking and Powel did flie for't

The Irish

O hone, O hone, poor Irish shan  
must howle and cry  
Aint Patrick help thy Country-man  
or faith and troth wee dye;  
The English still do us pursue  
and wee are forc'd to flee  
Saint Patrick help, we have no Saint but shee  
Let's cry no longer O hone, a Cram a Cree.

The English

A Crown, a crown, make roome  
The English man doth come  
Whose valour is taller than all Christendome.  
The Spanish, French, and Dutch, Scots, Welch, and Irish grutch  
Wee fear not, wee care not for wee can deal with such  
When yee did begin in a Civil war to waste  
Hee thought that our Tillage you pillage should bee at last,  
and when that we could not agree, you did think to share our fall  
But yee finde it worse nere stir, for wee shall noose yee all.