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**Anonymous**

***A Proper New Ballad on the Old Parliament; Or,  
the Second Part of Knave out of Doores (1659)***

To the Tune of Hei ho my honey, my heart shall never rue,  
For and twenty now for your money, and yet a hard pennyworth too.

Good morrow my Neighbours all, What news is this I heard tell?  
As I past through Westminster-hall, by the house that's neer to Hell:  
They told me John Lambert was there, with his Bears, and deeply did swear:  
(As Cromwell had done before) those Vermin should sit there no more.  
*Sing hi ho Wil. Lenthall, who shall our Generall be?*  
*For the House to the divell is sent al, and follow gid faith mun ye.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

Then muse strike up a Sonnet, come Piper and play us a spring  
For now I think upon it, these Rs turn'd out their King.  
But now it is come about, that once again they must turn out:

*The Salamanca Corpus: A Proper New Ballad (1659)*

And not without justice and reason, that every one home to his prison.  
*Sing hi ho Harry Martin, a Burgess of the Bench.*  
*There's nothing here is certain, you must back and leave your wench.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

He there with the buffle head, is called Lord, and of the same house,  
Who (as I have heard it said) was chastised by his Lady's spouse.  
Because he ran at sheep, she and her maid gave him the whip;  
And beat his head so addle, you'd think he had a knock in the cradle.  
*Sing hi ho Lord Munson, you ha' got a Park of the Kings,*  
*One day you'l hang like a bounson, for this and other things.*  
*sing hi ho &c.*

It was by their Masters order at first together they met.  
Whom piously they did murder, and since by their own they did set.  
The cause of this disaster, is 'cause they were flase to their Master.  
Nor can their Gend'armes blame, for serving them the same.  
*Sing hi ho Sir Arthur, no more in the house you shall prate;*  
*For all you kept such a quarter, you are out of the Councell of state.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

Old Noll once gave the, a purge (forgetting Occidisti,)  
(The furies be his scourge) so of the cure mist he.  
And yet the Drug he well knew it, for he gave it to Dr. Huit.  
Had he given it them he had, done it, and they had not turn'd out his son yet.  
*Sing hi ho brave Dick, L. Hall, and Lady Joane,*  
*Who did against loyalty kick; is now for a New-yeers-gift gone.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

For had old Nell been a'ive, he had puld them out by the ears.  
Or else had fired their Hive, and kickt them down the staires;  
Because they were so bold, to vex his righteous soul,  
When he so deeply had swore, that there they should never sit more.  
*But hi ho Nol's dead, and stunk long since above ground,*  
*Though lapt in spices and lead, that cost us many, a pound.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Indeed Brother Burgeis your [?]ing did never stink half so bad;  
Nor did your Habberdin, when it no pease-straw had.  
Ye both were chose together, cause ye wore stuff-cloaks in hard weather.  
And Cambridge needs would have a Burgeis fool and knave.  
*Sing hi ho J. Lowry, concerning Abberdine,*  
*No Member spake before ye, yet you nere spoke againe.*  
*Sing hi ho my honey, my heart shall never rue,*  
*Here's all pickt ware for the money, and yet a hard pennyworth too:*

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Ned Prideaux he went post, to tell the Protector the news.  
That Fleetwood ruld the rest, having tane off Dickes shoos.  
And that he did believe, Lambert would him deceive;  
As he his brother had guld, and Cromwell Fairfax bul'd.  
*Sing hi ho the Attorney was still at your command,  
In flames together burn ye, still dancing hand in hand.*

Who's that that would hide his face, and his neck from the coller pull?  
He must appear in this place, if his cap be made of Wool.  
Who is it with a vengeance? it is the good Lord Saint Johns!  
Who made Gods house to fall, to build his own withall.  
*Sing hi ho who comes there? who tis I must not say;  
But by his dark-lanthorn I sware he's as good in the night as day.  
Sing hi ho &c.*

Edge brethren, room for one, that looks as big as the best;  
Tis pittie to leave him alone, for he is as good as the rest.  
No picklock of the laws, he builds amongst the Daws.  
If you ha' any more Kings to murder for a President look no further.  
*Sing hi ho J. Bredshaw, in blood none further engages;  
The Divel from whom he had's law will shortly pay him his wages.  
Sing hi ho &c.*

Next Peagoose Wild come in, to shew your weesle face.  
And tell us Burleys sin, whose blood bought you your place.  
When loyalty was a crime, he lived in a dangerous time.  
Was forc'd to pay his neck, to make you Baron of the Cheque.  
*Sing hi ho Jack Straw we'l put it in the margent,  
Twas not for justice or law that you were made a Sergeant.  
Sing hi ho &c.*

Noll servd not Satan faster, nor with him did better accord;  
For he was my good master, and the divel was his good Lord.  
Both Slingsby, Gerrard, and Hewit, were sure enough to go to it,  
According to his intent, that chose me President.  
*Sing hi ho L. Lisle, sure law had got a wench,  
And where was justice the while, when you sate on the bench?  
Sing hi ho &c.*

Next comes the good Lord Keble, of the triumvirate,  
Of the seal, in law but feeble, though on the bench he sate.  
For when one puts him acase, wish him out of the place,  
And if it were not a sin, an abler lawyer in.  
*Sing give the seal about, Ide have it so the rather,*

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*Because we might get out, the Knave, my Lord my Father.*

*Sing hi ho &c.*

Pull out the other there, it is Nathaniel Fines.

(Who Bristol lost for fear) we'l not leave him behind's;

Tis a chip of that good old block, who to loyalty gave the first knock.

Then stole away to Lunday, whence the soul fiend fetches him one day.

*Sing hi ho Canting Fines, you and the rest to men'um,*

*Would ye were servd in your kinds, with an ense rescidendum.*

*Sing hi ho &c.*

He that comes now down staires, is Lord chief justice Glin.

If no man for him cares, he cares as little again.

The reason too I know't, he helpt cut Straffords throat,

And take away his life, though with a cleaner knife.

*Sing hi ho Britain bold, straight to the bar you get,*

*Where it is not so cold as where your justice set.*

*Sing hi ho &c.*

He that shall next come in, was long of the Council of State;

Though hardly a hair on his chin, when first in the Council he sate:

He was sometimes in Italy, and learned their fashions prettily.

Then came back to's own Nation to help up Reformation.

*Sing hi ho Harry Nevil, I prethee be not too rash,*

*With Atheism to Court the Divel, you'r too bold to be his Bardash.*

*Sing hi ho &c.*

He there with ingratitude blackt is one Cornelius Holland:

Who but for the Kings house lackt, wherewith to appease his colon.

The case is wel amended, since that time, as I think,

When at Court gate he tended, with a little stick and a short link.

*Sing hi ho Cornelius, your zeal cannot delude us,*

*The reason pray now tell us, why thus playd the Judas?*

*Sing hi ho &c.*

At first he was a Grocer, who now we Major call:

Although you would think no Sir, if you saw him in White-hall.

Where he has great Command, and looks for cap in hand,

And if our eggs be not adle, shall be of the next new Moddle.

*Sing hi ho Mr. Salloway the Lord in Heaven doth know*

*When that from hence you shall away where to the Divel you'l go:*

*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Little Hill since set in the House, is to a Mountain grown:

Not that which brought forth the Mouse, but thousands the year of his own.

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The purchase that I mean, where else but at Taunton Dean?  
Five thousand pounds per annum, a sum not known to his Granam.  
*Sing hi ho the Good old Cuase tis old although not true*  
*You got more by that then the laws, so a Good old Cause to you.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

Master Cecil pray come behind, because on your own accord,  
The other House you declin'd, you shall be no longer a lord.  
The reason as I guess, you silently did confess,  
Such lords deserved ill, the other House to fill.  
*Sing hi ho Mr. Cecil, your honour now is gone,*  
*Such lords are not worth a whistle, we have made better lords of our own.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

Luke Robinson shall go before ye, that snarling Northern tike,  
Be sure hee'l not adore ye, for honour he doth not like.  
He cannot inherit, and he knows he can never merit:  
And therefore he cannot bear it that any one else should wear it:  
*Sing hi ho envious lown, you'r of the Beagles kind,*  
*Who always barked at the Moon, because in the Dark it shin'd.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

'Tis this that vengeance rowses that while you make long prayers,  
You eat up widows houses and drank the Orphans tears.  
Long time you kept a great noise of God and the Good old Cause;  
But if God yo you be so kind, then I'me of the Indians mind.  
*Sing hi ho Sir Harry, we see by your demeanor,*  
*If longer here you tarry, you'l be Sir Harry Vane Senior.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

Now, if your zeal do warm ye, pray lowd for fairer weather,  
Swear to live and die with the Army, for these Birds are flown together.  
The House is turnd out a door, (and I think it was no sin too)  
If we take them there are more, wee'l throw the House out of the window.  
*Sing hi ho Tom Scot, you lent the Divel your hand:*  
*I wonder he helpt you not, but suffred you t'be trapand.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

They'r once again conduced, and we freed them the evil  
To which we long were used, God blesse us next from the Divel!  
If they had not been outed, the Army had been routed,  
And then this Rotten Rump, had sat until the last trump.  
*But hi ho Lambert's here, the Protectors Instruments bore:*  
*And many there be that swear, his Lady's had done it before.*  
*Sing hi ho &c.*

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Come here then honest Peters, say Grace for the second course:  
So long as these your betters, must patience have upon force.  
Long time ye kept a great noise, with God and the Good old Cause,  
But of God own such as these, then where's the Divels Fees.  
Sing hi ho Hugo, I hear thou art not dead,  
Where now to the Divel will you go your Patrons being fled.  
Sing hi ho my bony, my heart shall never rue:  
Four and twenty now for a penny, and into the bargain HUGH.