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Anonymous

***The Cuckoo of the Times* (1672-1696)**

Since cuckoo is but what mans born to, certain
The fault's not in the Woman, but his Fortune:
The cuckoo therefore hopes to please your mind,
And says it comprehends ev'n all Mankind.

To the Tune of, The Wandring Jews Chronicle.

Tom Tinkers Wife Joan Ruggles sat,
Under a Hedge doing you know what,
mark that which doth ensue;
A Bird upon an Oaken Spray,
It was no chattering Pye, nor Jay,
Sung merrily *Cuckoo*.

It was as Ages will Record,
In former times a great Earls Bird,
that Lord that could not doo;
who though unfit for cupis Laws,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Cuckoo of the Times* (1672-1696)

Was Stallion to the good old Cause,
Which makes me sing *Cuckoo*.

Although he could not frisk and Jerk,
He got a thousand Bearn's o'th Kirk,
fine werk that he did brew;
Yet he was Cuckold in his Mate,
By Bradshaw and Crumwel i'th State,
When *England* Sung *Cuckoo*.

You Buxome Dames of Sanhuin breed,
That must have Morsels at your need,
take heed what e're you doe;
whilst youth bewitch you, old ones watch you
Beware or they will catch you, catch you,
Who hate my Song *Cuckoo*.

The Second part, to the same tune.

The Shop-keeper that trades for gain,
And Merchant who doth cross the Main,
great wealth he doth persue;
The one i'th shop, though something strange
The other whilst he's at the Change.
May Sing with me *Cuckoo*.

Souldiers of Fortune and Renown,
Whose valour does their actions crown,
this fate sometimes persue,
Phisitians too that live at ease,
Can find no cure for this Disease,
But Sing with me *Cuckoo*.

Both rich and poor, both high and low,
All sorts the cuckoo's Note do know,
Gentry and commons too,
The Country Lad that goes to Plow,
May find the Antlers on his Brow,
That makes him Sing *Cuckoo*.

Red Letter men they did design
Both church and State to undermine,
dam'd Plots they did persue;
But thanks to God by happy fate,

Themselves blew up, and not the State,
They'l Sing with me *Cuckoo*.

Another sort as bad or worse,
Gaze in your face and pick your Purse,
yet the'l cry Whore first too;
On others they would lay the blame,
Whilst they are doing of the same,
Yet they may Sing *Cuckoo*.

Jove hath his Eagles in the Skies,
Jono hath her Peacock deckt with Eyes,
gay Toys, give them their due;
Venus her Doves, Minerva's Fowl,
Is the King Harry's Goat-face'd Owl,
And I the poor *Cuckoo*.

Bacchus Canary, old Pan the Lark,
Pluto his Ravens that shriek i'th dark,
but mark what doth ensue;
Of all these Fowls none bears the Bell,
For Sprightly Notes like Philomel,
And I who Sing *Cuckoo*.

A Lawyer he did throw a Stone,
Quoth he, I hate thy Ugly Tone,
be gone, and then cry'd Shoo;
Thou break'st the City peace, go pack,
I'le clap a Warrant on thy back,
But still she Sung *Cuckoo*.

Luna they say is Populus,
And we a Moon, as they to us,
if thus, and it be true,
Why shou'd the Court make Cites their scorns,
Since [?] things here below wears Horns,
All Nations Sing *Cuckoo*.

Neptune is Horn'd by'th Delian Knight,
Who plays at Put with Amphetrice,
each might the Trick they do;
Mars Cuckolds Vulcan Mamon Mars,
Many's the Nerv's and Horns of Wars,
The Souldier Sings *Cuckoo*.

A brisk young Lady she took pittie,
Approving of her merry Ditty,
'twas witty and 'twas true;
Dwell with me Tell-troth of the Age,
I'll keep thee in a Golden Cage,
Where thou shalt Sing *Cuckoo*.

