

**Author:** Anonymous

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of print:** 1623-1661

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Anon. 1623-1661. *Jockies Lamentation, whose Seditious Work Was the Loss of his Country, and his Kirk*. London: Printed for Francis Grove. <<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ballads/>>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** May 2006

**Number of words:** 944

**Dialect represented:** Northern/Scots

**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

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**Anonymous**

***Jockies Lamentation, whose Seditious Work  
Was the Loss of his Country, and his Kirk  
(1623-1661)***

To a stately new Scottish Tune

When first the Scottish began  
The English man did lead the van,  
with musket and pike  
The bonny blithe and cunning Scot  
Had laid a plot, but wee could not  
smell out the like.  
Although hee could neither write nor read,  
Yet General Lashly past the Tweed  
With his gay gang of blew-caps tail  
Along wee march't with our General,  
New-castle wee took all in a trice,  
And thought for to make it our Paradice  
And then wee were gallant and gay

*The Salamanca Corpus: Jockies Lamentation (1623-1661)*

For why we took the pillage away.

Then strieght to plundering wee did fall,  
Of great and smal, for wee were all  
most valiant that day.  
And Jenny in her silken gown,  
The best in Town from foot to Crown  
was bonny and gay;  
Our suits and our silks did make such a smother  
That hardly next day wee knew one another;  
For Jocky, hee was wonderous fine,  
And Jenny in her silks did shine  
For there ice did get mee a Beaver then  
But now it is beat to a cap agen;  
For a Red-coat took every ragge  
That Jocky now and Jennt must bagge.

The English rais'd an Army streight  
With mickle state, and wee did wait  
to charge them all,  
Then every valiant musket-man  
Put fire in pan, that were began  
apace to fail;  
For when that the powder was toucht by the cole  
Then every man did pay for his pole  
For the Red-coat she battel wonne.  
And Jocky fast to Scotland did run,  
And at Dunbar-fight, a well an aneer,  
For there wee were put into mickle fear;  
They took our guns and silver all,  
And hung our silks in Westminster-hall.

Full well I wot in Lancashire  
Our brethren dear, did plunder there  
both rich and poor,  
Which caus'd the fury of the North  
When wee set forth, to bee in wroth  
and vex us sore,  
For when that the Red-coats had knockt us down  
The Country people in every Town  
Did beat Jocky over the face  
And was not this a pittiful case?  
They bid us remember our plundering tricks,  
And thumpt us and bumpt us with cudgels and sticks  
But the Deel brust my body and wem

If ever Ice gang to England agen.

Prince rupert hee at Marston-moor  
In time of yore, did bang us sore  
being forc't to flye  
Had not it been, for English men  
To charge again the battel then  
and victory,  
Was bravely gain'd by our General,  
But Lashly did run with his blew-caps all;  
At Hothams Town appear'd a sprite,  
For Jocky had rather eat than fight  
Their leegs they were weary with running so fast  
And yet the bold Cadyes were routed at last;  
And Jocky never so frighted had been  
Who thought it secure to keep a whole skin.

The godly Presbyterian  
That holy man a war began,  
to Scotland there,  
Then Jocky gay, both Laird and Lad  
Like people mad, were very glad  
in armes to appear;  
They made a new Covenant for to pull down  
The Crosses that stood in every Town  
And the Rochet that the Bishop did bear  
And the white smock his Chaplin did wear,  
But now the good Covenant's gone to rack,  
And quite out of date like an old Almanack,  
And all the Crosses are our own losse  
For Jocky's gone home by weeping-cross.

The Red-coats all came over Fife,  
With mickle strife, and ventured life  
our bloods to tame  
Brunt-Island we were forc't to peeld  
For in the field great store were kill'd  
as Ice can name,  
At least five hundred Scots were slain  
Besides two thousand were prisoners tane,  
Which made the gay Girles sigh and cry  
To see their Sweet-hearts lying by;  
The High-Landers having so mickle a reach  
Did finde that the pellets did light in their breech  
For the Red-coats did often let flye

And Jocky for quarter did presently cry.

Our enemies to Starling-brig  
(Like a whirligig did dance a Jig)  
to fight our men  
To England strieght, with mickle pride  
Wee crost the Tweed, and were agreed  
to charge agen;  
At Worster our Kirk and our King went to rack  
And he that run foremost durst never look back  
Our mickle army had the rout  
And there wee were forc't to wheel about,  
The silver before which from England wee took  
Is now their own mony Ice swear on a book  
But since that England and Scotland were foes  
They keep up their silver, and pay us with blows.

The Low-lands all, and high-lands too  
And bonnet blew Ice yeeld to you,  
to bee your own  
For Red coats they with gun and sword  
Makes every Lord with one accord  
to cry, O done.  
Our lives and our wives, our goods and lands  
Are in the limits of your own hands  
For Jocky must a servant bee,  
And Jenny live as poor as hee  
Our horses, cattle, sheep and coves,  
Our carts and harrows, teams and plows,  
Wee may not challenge for our own,  
For Jocky hath little, and Jenny hath none.

I must confesse this holy firk  
Did only work upon our Kirk,  
for silver and meat  
Which made us come and bring our broods  
Venture our bloods for your own goods  
which proved a cheat  
But see what covetousnesse doth bring  
Wee have lost our Kirk, and every thing.  
Then alack sir, and well wee may cry  
Our back sir and belly must dye,  
Wee fought for treasure, and not for glory  
Abd there's an end of a Scottish story,  
Despised of all for silver and gold,



**The Salamanca Corpus: *Jockies Lamentation* (1623-1661)**

Oh the worst tale that ever was told.

