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Anonymous

*An Excellent New Song;
Or, The Tory's Loyal Delight* (1683)

London Ladds be Merry,
your *Parliament*-Friends are gean,
Which made you all so merry,
but never wou'd let us alean;
They peach'd us every ean,
both *Papist* and *Protestant* too;
Now they all for *Tyburn* run,
and the *De'l* run with 'em I trow.

II.

Our Good K. *Charles*, Heav'n bless Him,
Protector of *Albany's* Right,
Receiv'd from the House like a Lesson,
had like to set us at strife.
But *Charles* he Swore by his Life,
he'd ha' no mere sike a doo;
He pack't 'em off by the Light,

and the De'l run with'em I trow.

III.

There's *Armstrong*, and *Jemmy* the Cully,
were muckle to blame, I read;
And *Shaftsbury* that States-Bully,
who awes the Factious Breed:
And wittal *Grey* (good deed)
who Pimp'd while his Wife did Mow,
And held the De'r for a need,
now the De'l rewards him I trow.

IV.

De'l speed'em *Trencher* and *Hambden*,
foul Members of the Rotten Rump;
And goggle-ey'd Fly-catching *Brandon*,
his Head's grown all on a lump:
And Oat's the *Socket* o'th Pump,
his Mouth Close-Stool to the Saints;
He Buggers his Man with the stump,
while the Whiggs at Tyburn Cants.

V.

E'ne Hang Up the Tree Bloody *Brewers*,
that are in the Cupboard for Jack;
For they can be no *Sons of Whores*,
that drapt out of *Oliver's* Tap:
They're all of the *Green Ribbond Club*,
both *Inglesby*, *Loveless*, and *Booth*, ----
Reformed all in a Tub;
they'd better have been in a *Stove*.

VI.

The *Breeman*, an Old Rumping *Round-Head*,
and *Wildman* with his Roring *Guns*;
By *Rumsey* all are Confounded,
both *Forbus* and *Wood* with their *Funs*:
Four more, their Marshals and King,
with one sweet Sister of *Hope*;
They've left the smallest to *Swing*,
while they're Converting the *Pope*.

VII.

There's *Blunderbush*, *West*, and such numbers,
they Croud all the Goals in the Town;



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They pray that the *Turks* may do wonders,
and cut all the *Christians* down:
Should I insist on their Shames,
and sing till to Morrow at Noon:
I'm as like to number their Names,
as to make Smock for the Moon.

