

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1682

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. 1682. *A Tory in a Whig's Coat: A New England Ballad.*

London: Printed for Allen Banks. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 429

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

——
Anonymous

*A Tory in a Whig's Coat:
A New England Ballad (1682)*

To an Old *Scotch* Tune, *Up with Ayley, &c.*

[1]

What! still ye *Whigs* uneasie!
With nothing cool your Brain,
Unless Great *Charles*, to please ye,
Will let ye drive his Wain?
Then up with *Pranck* and *Oates*,
And up with *Knaves* a pair;
But down with him that *Votes*
Against a *Lawful Heir*.

[2]

Your *Grievance* is remov'd,
Old *Stafford's* made a *Saint*,
Though you but little prov'd,
The *Karle* away is sent.
Then up with all your spight,

The Salamanca Corpus: A Tory in a Whig's Coat (1682)

And shew us what you mean;
I fear me, by this Light,
Ye long to vent your Spleen.

[3]
The *Peerless House of Commons*,
So zealous for the *Lord*,
Meant (piously) with some on's
To flesh the *Godly's Sword*:
Then up with au the Leaven,
With each *Disfenting Loon*,
Then up with Bully *Stephen*;
But *Colledge* is gone doon.

[4]
What wou'd those Loons have had?
What makes'em still to mutter?
I think thy're au gone mad,
They keep so muckle clatter:
Then up with *P?* and *S?*,
Another Blessed Pair;
And up with e'ry Brute;
But chiefly *Goatham's Mayor*.

[5]
Our *Salamanca* Priest
Has left his Flock in haste;
And shrewdly is he mist;
Which makes all us agast:
Then up with Lads of worth,
With *Baldwin*, *Vile* and *Care*;
For these must now hold forth,
And *Dick* shall nose a Pray'r.

[6]
But is awr Parson gone;
And wither gone I trow?
What, back agen to *Spain*?
Geud Faith e'n let him go:
Then up with blundering S.
The *Tories* Plague, I trow;
'Tis he our *Cause* must bless
With *Characters*, and so.----

[7]

But scurvy *Heraclitus*,
And *Roger* too, is rude,
And *Nat*, who plagues poor *Titus*,
Which makes us chew the Cud:
Then up with *Aβociations*,
Remonstrances and *Libels*;
'Tis these must save Three Nations,
And will preserve our *Bibles*.

[8]
The *Polish* Fox does seem
To sleep his time away;
But his pernicious Dream
Is (only) to Betray:
Then up with *How*. the Mole,
And many more that be;
But up with *Little Pole*
Upon the highest tree.

[9]
Hieraclitus is a Debtor,
To some within the City,
Who sent him sike a Letter,
He'l pay them in a Ditty:
Then up with au *Dissenters*,
Up with' em in a Cart:
And up with him that ventures
His Majesty to thwart.

[10]
But now Great *YORK* is come,
(Whom Heaven still be with)
You'll find (both all and some)
'Twas ill to shew your Teeth:
Then up with e'ry *Round-head*,
And e'ry *Factious Brother*,
You're Luck is now confounded,
Ye au must up together.