

**Author:** John Phillips (1631-1706)

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of print:** 1679

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Phillips, John. 1679. *Jockey's Downfall*. London: Printed for Thomas Lambert. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** February 2006

**Number of words:** 694

**Dialect represented:** Northern/Scots

**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

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

——  
**Phillips, John (1631-1709)**

***Jockey's Downfall* (1679)**

How now *Jockie*, what agen?  
Does the Covenant ride thee still?  
Or is *Calvin* reconcil'd  
To the Jesuit and the *Deel*?  
Silly Owls, shame faw their Noses,  
Not to smell a damn'd old Cheat!  
But where Satan owes a Shame,  
He'le be sure to pay his Debt.

Then Mess *John* and *Aundrew* eke,  
Warmly ply'd their Pulpit thunder,  
And the easie Rabble won,  
Part for Zeal and part for Plunder.  
Oh! they cry, so we may rise,  
And retrieve our selves from need,  
'Tis good Physick for a Kingdom  
Once in twenty year to bleed.

This same parcel all of Saints  
Rebels both to King and Kirk,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Jockey's Downfall* (1679)

Headed thus by *Baal's* Priests,  
Were to do the *Loard's* great Work.  
Lik to be well done yfaith  
Where the Dee'l was Overseer:  
But let Satan now look to't,  
This same blow may cost him dear.

For if once *Jack Presbyter*  
Find the Devil play fowl play,  
Better had it been for him  
Ne're to have been born that day.  
For if once they 'gin to baul  
Not a word shall he be heard;  
And he knows full well already  
How his credit is impair'd.

Both Design and Motive too  
May be guess'd of these Bigots;  
But their Hopes were greater far;  
Else they were most cursed Sots.  
For, but that presumptuous Sins  
Are with them familiar grown,  
Strangely 'twas presum'd to think  
Handfuls could a King dethrone.

But the poor mistaken throng,  
*Hydra'd* by so many a Priest,  
Took it for a Holy War,  
'Gainst the Bishops and the Beast.  
Rams-horns were so fatal once  
To the Walls by them confounded,  
That they thought that all would totter,  
When their Bulls of *Basan* sounded.

So the Bulls of *Basan* roar'd;  
Pawd, and threw their Horns on high;  
Groveling streight upon the Ground  
Brave Arch-Bishop low did lye.  
Up was *Levite* mounted then,  
And his Horns exalted high  
On the Shoulders of poor Men  
Zealously prepar'd to dye.

*Weavers* from their Shuttles flew;  
*Taylor* skip'd from his Shop-board;

The Salamanca Corpus: Jockey's Downfall (1679)

Country-men their Ploughs forsook,  
Every one to serve the Loard.  
Then the Molten Calf was shew'd,  
Or the Covenant in a Clout:  
*Aaron Walch* could do no less  
For to please rebellious Rout.

Thus, their fury once inflam'd,  
Neighbours blood began to quaff,  
While the Priests that set them on  
In their Sleeves began to laugh.  
Now shall Crown and Bishop both  
Tumble to the Durt, they cry'd,  
All a Cock-horse we shall ride;  
But, like Sons a Whores, they ly'd.

For eftsoones the valiant *Graham*  
Stopt their Fury, and of some  
Made *Scotch* Collops for the Crows,  
While the rest away did run.  
But not thus to be supprest  
They retreat to reinforce.  
And the Dee'l to help his Servants  
Strait way brought them Foot & Horse.

Tumult now Rebellion grown,  
There came Lords and Lairds to fight,  
*Earlston Gourdon*, Lurd *Blairquan*,  
And some more of mickle might.  
Young Men two of Noble Race;  
Oh, the little wit of Zeal,  
All these, *Curse ye Meroz* brought  
Blows upon their pates to feel.

But their Number did but serve  
To advance great *Monmouth's* Glory,  
To chastize a lesser Force  
Would not have become his Story.  
For their Numbers being swell'd  
Worth the Terrour of his Arms,  
He but came and cut the knot  
Of all *Walches* canting charms.

*Jockie* had no time to *speire*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Jockey's Downfall* (1679)

At the fall of this mishap,  
Loard, where wert thou when our Foes  
Gave us this same cruel rap?  
Oh, he was asleep, ye Fools,  
When the Priests of *Baal* pray'd:  
Nor would Covenant be at leisure;  
So fell *Jockie* 'twixt two Stools.

Thus you see what Avarice  
And Rebellion doth befall,  
Kirk and Covenant yee have lost,  
And the lives of Men withall.  
Now by my consent yee should  
Lose a little way bit more;  
And to punish such Stone Priests  
Be made *Origen's* before.

Chorus.

Now to alter *Hopkins* Prayer,  
From both *Pope* and *Scot* defend us:  
For the *Turks* we do not find  
Half the mischief do intend us.  
But for *Simeon* and for *Levi*,  
*Viz.* the *Pope* and *Prester Scot*,  
Heaven confound all their devices,  
And preserve us from the Plot.