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Stuart, George (?-?)

***A Joco-Serious Discourse in Two Dialogues
between a Northumberland-Gentleman and his
Tenant a Scotchman, Both old Cavaliers
(1686)***

[Preface omitted]

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A Dialogue, &c. Upon the High-way. Occasion'd by two Great Solemnities at New-castle upon Tine; The former February the 11th, 1684. at the Proclaiming of our Dead Sovereign King James the Second and Seventh: And the latter February the 13th. next after, at the bringing in of the New charter.

Tenant.

Sir, I was at New-Castle, where I trow ye ha' been,
I saw syke a Sight there, as ne'er yet was seen;

I thought they'd been Crowning a King or a Queen:
Knights, Gallants, and Ladys, a hugious great Number,
Bells rang, Minstrills play'd, and Cannons did Thunder,
but what was the meaning I canno' but wonder.

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Pikes, Muskets, and Drums, and mony gay Fellows,
The King's Health was Drunk at ilk' Tavern Ale-house;
Instead of fair Water their Fountains sprang Clarret,
Geud Fellows came in, and amang'm did share it.
They ranted the Day out, and when the Night came,
I thought the hail Town had been all in a Flame.

Land-lord.

Hold, hold, my Good-Neighbour, let me know what you say?
I'll tell you the meaning as well as I may;
What----? Thund'ring of Cannons, there was no such thing,
'Twas the Cock of the North was Clapping his Wing.

Ten.

But ya thing I minded, resolve me this case,
Twa Passions appeared in ilka Mans Face?
The ta side seem'd Merry, the t'other-side Mourn'd,
And Sorrow to Blythness was instantly turn'd.

Land.

Alass now ye pinch me! there is no denying,
Great Caesar our Monarch was lying a dying,
but when he expir'd and his Soul fled to Heav'n;
Instead of himself his Second was giv'n.
Now Sorrow! now Joy! nothing better co'd do it.

Ten.

But then twa days after, again they fell to it.
Their waedeum seem'd vanish't, less sign left of Grief;
How came that about?

Land.

I'll tell thee in brief,
The day breaks agen, our Horizon is clear'd,
The Sun is to the South soon after appear'd:
Observe when bright, Phoebus at first takes his Rise,
He seems not so Glorious to faint mortal Eyes,
some Clouds may surround him, the Morning is chill,

But upward advancing, Carreering it still;
The higher he mounts it, the warmer the day.

Ten.
Is sunckat beuk-learn'd, and I guess what you say.

Land.
Then a full noon of Joy possest ev'ry Heart,
Old and Young, High and Low there Acted a part.
Every Bigg-belly'd Wife eas'd her Apron-String,
May this prove a Souldier to fight for our King:

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Evr'y Girl of Fourteen wisht her self a Bride,
For that,

Ten.
And another geud reason beside.

Land.
Seas roar, rivers swell, expressing their Joy,
Th' harmonious spheres sound Vive le Roy.

Ten.
What was't they fetcht in with sike Pomp and Pride?

Land.
Their Charter, their rule, their Light, and their Guide.

Ten.
They're mighty proud on't.

Land.
So well may they, since,
It's great honour to merit that Grace from their Prince.

Ten.
Had I but kenn'd aw, when I was in the Town,
I'ad spent t'other Groat on the brisk-berry-brown;
and when I've tell'd this to my peur Wife awld Megg,
She'll noddle her Head tho' she canno' lift Leg.
But well away Landlord! the days we ha' seen,
Had it aylways gane sae, we happy had been!

Land.

When Rebel-Phanaticks like Lions did roar,
They mauld brave Newcastle, and many Towns more,

Ten.

And aw that was Loyal they to the Grounds bore.

Land.

Like stupid dull Geese, they sat rotten Eggs,

Ten.

And settling Religion, they jumbl'd it to Dregs.

Land.

They cry'd up Religion, like Tygers they fought for't,

Ten.

But ne'er found it out 'till our Coffers were sought for't.

Land.

Tubs were made Pulpits.

Ten.

And Kirks turn'd to Stables.

Land.

Cant pass'd for Gospel.

Ten.

Religion for Fables.

Land.

They vaunted both Babel, and Dagon shou'd fall.

Ten.

But the Rubbish smoor'd King, Laws, Bishops and all.

Land.

Sacriledge, treason, blood, Plunder, and Rape.

Ten.

In truth it was well if our Wives did escape.

Land.

Pretending our Freedom, they noos'd us in slav'ry.

Ten.
Made haly pretences a Cloak for their Knav'ry.

Land.
Our nak'd Breasts exposed to Bullets and Steel.

Ten.
By the Faith o' my Body I kenn that fow-weel.

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Land.
Estates were sequest'ed, and not a Groat left us.

Ten.
Of our Geuds, and our Gear, and geud-names they bereft us.
When I unbethink me of thea frights and fears
This peur auld Gray-beard hings dreeping wi' Tears.
I've gane to the Market, I've bought Beef and Mutton,
I've said to my Wife --*Dame hing us the Pot on,*
Here's Wheat-meat and Sewet, we'll have a Poak-Puddin,
Put a neef-fow of Prunes in't, and make it a geud ane;
Thea Traitors have come, (I speak nathing but truth)
And not left me ya bite on't to put in my Mouth.
I've tew'd this peur Carcass, baith weary and lame,
And syne gane to Bed with a tewm hungry wame.
I cannot but greet Sir, this sad tale to tell,
but mair for my Wife, and my Bairns, nor my sel';
Wha've glowr'd in my Face, and cry'd *what mun we eat?*
When my Tears was their drink, and my Groans was their meat.

Land.
But when God of his Mercy restor'd us our Prince,
What plenty of good things have we had e'er since!
What Subject of his hand cause to complain?

Ten.
And what the Lord sent us was allways our aine.
May chance now and then a Sax-penny Sess,
My Pot neither boyl'd, nor my Spit jogg'd the less;
I paid you my Rent, I keep't up my Credit;
I've lent my Friend five Mark, and mair when I had it;
I pity'd the Trav'ler that came to my Deur,
I had ayllways a Morsell, to give to the Peur.

Land.

We all liv'd in Peace with Blessings ten Thousand,
But our Blessing was curst, when we made the wrong use on't;

Ten.

We were serv'd in our kind, for our sel's was the cause on't;

Land.

Great Charles! most renown'd may thy Memory be,
Thou found'st us all Slaves, but thou'st left us Free,

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We know thou'rt immortal, thou canst not be dead;
Thou'st but finisht thy days-work, aud so gone to Bed.

Ten.

Whisht Landlord.

Land.

Speak Tears.

Ten.

There's nae mair to be said.

But Sir, I've oft heard our geud Minister say,

Jack-Presbyter fain wou'd be at his auld play.

Is the fo'ke aw gane fond, to play syke a trick on't?

Gin they wist but what we wote, I trow they'd grow sick on't.

How gang they about us! the like was nev'r seen!

What--? cheat us twice fairly before our awn Een?

Can the silly daft Carles think we'll still be Fools?

Land.

When they fall a working they want not their Tools;

By Clubs, and Cabals, and by open attempting,

By spreading false News, and by Conventicle-Canting.

Ten.

To cover their Knav'ry, they'll play at *Bo-peep*,

About the Bush (*Tony*), or at *Hide and go seek*;

Sometimes they'll play fairly, and whiles they'll play *Booty*,

But gi' me him that's faithful because it's his Duty,

He'll work his wark fairly, without Knavish drift;

That Blade for my Siller, he's fast in the hest.

When Death becomes *Plaintiff*, and Traitor *Defendant*,

Then 'spye we about ye, and mark but the end on't,
He may chance to drop off, as other Men do;
But rather knit up like a Bird in a bough;
Gang that as it likes, his Memory's curst,
And sunckat comes after, I trow that's the worst.

Land.

Let's visit the Shrines of thrice Noble *Montrose*,
Pious *Land*, Brave Lord *Capel*, and many of those,
Smell their Loyal-dust, and its fragrant Scent,
Makes the Spice of *Arabia* insipid and faint:
Perhaps Men may say, Here---such an one lyes,
But if he was Loyal, they'll ne'er say *he dyes*:
True, Rebels and Traytors will nev'r be forgotten,
Tho their Mem'ry stinks worse then their Flesh whilst a-rotting.

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Ten.

Shou'd I put my kin to discredit and shame,
They'll cast up to my Bairns, when I'm dead and gane,
Your grandsir was hangit for being a Traytor;
God safe us, and sain us fra ony sike matter.

Land.

The greatest of Beauty's by god ever giv'n,
Was Order on earth, and Order in Heav'n:
By Pride and Disorder great *Lucifer* fell,
Yet he cannot rule without Order in Hell.

Ten.

Then wha deny's Order is warse nor his sel'.

Land.

If then without order no Kingdom can stand,
That must be the best which the powerful hand
Of God, in his Wisdom, has for us appointed.

Ten.

They're unsonsy that mells with th'Almighty's Anointed.

Land.

I've read several Hist'rys, sacred and profane,
I've ranged foreign Countrys with labour and pain,
And richer, and stronger, and far less opprest

By the worst of their Kings, than the best of Usurpers.

Ten.

My Malison light upon Government truckers.

Land.

This truth (I believe) is by all men confest.

Ten.

What geud-luck ha' we then gets allways the best.

Land.

But now our way parts, and there's no Host-house,
To drink the King's Health in a Loyal Carouse.

Ten.

Had we but a Gallon of humming-Corn-Drink,
I need no' to tell ye, ye know what I think;
Intruth my dear Land-lord, I'se vext to the Bleud.

Land.

We'll sing his good Health then.

Ten.

And that's e'en as geud.

Land.

I.

Now who dare say brave Charles is gone,
Brave Charles is still the same;
Brave Charles sits safe on Charles's Throne,
And only chang'd his Name.

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We *English*-men, how happy then,
Look here for Monarchy;
Our King nev'r dyes, nor from us flyes,
And hey-boys up stand we.

II.

Hold off—touch not our *Angel-Queen*,
Flat Muse fly not so high,
The Quintessence of all the Fruits,
Of fertile *Italy*.
Comparison's not worth a Doit,
Here's matchless Majesty,

The Salamanca Corpus: A Joco-Serious Discourse (1686)

Both he and she *Honi Soit*, &c.

Still higher up go we.

III.

Repent and turn misguided Whigs,

Your Projects will not do;

Both Heav'n and Earth maintains the sight,

Against your Cause, and you:

We'll not refuse your Friendship still,

If you your faults will see;

Join hand in hand, let *James* command,

And none so high as we.

Ten.

We'll sung honest Land-lord, but yet let me tell,

It's pity nane shou'd have sike sport but your sel'.

Will ye let me sing mine as well as I can?

Land.

Ye're wellcome, begin, ye're a good Loyal Man.

Ten.

I.

And is great *Charles* our Sov'raign dead!

Now fates do what ye can!

The Christal drops bedew the Cheeks

Of ilka Loyal Man.

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Stop Fleuds of Tears, and flow na maire,

Submit to Heav'ns decree;

We have a Plaister for our sare,

And still Boys found are we.

II.

When Royal *James* to Scotland came,

Geud Lard, how blyth were we!

We danc't, we drank his Health, and Sang,

With mirth and merry glee:

We flang our sel's down at his Feet,

Our Craigs laid to his Knee,

And ay the Laigher that we jowk't,

the higher up went we.

III.

You mighty Potetantes abroad,

For aw your brave Adventures,

The Salamanca Corpus: A Joco-Serious Discourse (1686)

Ye are but Prentices at Trade,
And newly sign'd Indentures;
Amaist by sax-score Royal Kings,
We'll prove his Pedigree;
I've crack't the Warld fra end to end,
And nane sae high as we.

Shou'd some hing lugg'd Whig sneak undo thea Dykes,
He'll say to his sel'—*yon's twa Tory Tykes*;
But I care not a Button hpw many can hear;
A Fig for aw Physick when a Man can piss clear.

Land.
We've sung the King's Health, we'll pray't if ye will.

Ten.
That's ev'ry way better, and better on still.

Land.
Then long live *Great James*, the Mirrou of Princes,
May his Reign ne'er be troubl'd with Whiggish Pretences,
May Plots and Conspirancys blast in the Bud,
And may we be happy in knowing our Good:

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May no foreign Land make these Nations a By-word.

Ten.
Amen I pray God. Now Geud-night to ye Landlord.
Ha-a-aw Landlord hanck your Naig a while,
For I ha' ridden full lang twa mile,
Out of Gate, to overtake ye,
(For while I'm quick I'll ne'er forsake ye)
I've spurr'd my Beast 'till he's gore bleud,
But I ha' yane at hame as geud.
Now this is it, seun as we parted
Another whimsely straight upstarted,
Geud faith my very Heart did burn,
And lang'd to have the t'other turn,
And crack a bit, o' this same Fashion.

Land.
In *Durham* on the Coronation.

Ten.

Sir keep your tryst, and ye'll e'en win me.

Land.

I will not fail, if life be in me.

The end of the first Dialogue.

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A Second Dialogue, &c. At an Inn in Durham, April the 23, 1685. Being The Coronation-day of their most Sacred Majesties, King James the Second and Seventh, and his most Illustrious Queen Mary. Occasion'd By a most splendid Solemnity, that Day there.

Enters the Landlord to the Tenant At Eight a Clock at Night.

Tenant

Ye're wellcome Sir, now sit ye down,
For I have sought throughout this Town,
Forseuth I've had a tyresome chace,
and fain wou'd I ha' seen your Face;
God's Bennison light on your Heart,
We'll crack a bit afore we part.

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Land.

I had some business to do,
Which made me take the start of you:
Draw in your Chair, sit down I say;
And tell me how you've spent this day?

Ten.

Nay hald a cast, I trow ye jear'd,
Think ye that I'll be sae mislear'd?
It is the order of our Land,
When Laird sits down, let Plew-men stand.
If ony chance to see, he'll tell,
Give Bumpkin inch he'll take an ell.

Land.

And if it were the same of us,

There wou'd not be so great abuse.
Some Landlords are such needless Wasters;
When we're to do our Sov'raigns Pleasure,
We may expect their help at leasure:
Howev'r you shew your Breeding there,
Yet notwithstanding here's a Chair;
When you obey you're free from stripe,
Here—take my Box and fill your Pipe.
If any Gentlemen here come in,
And we Discourses shou'd begin,
Stand up 'till some bid you sit down,
And none will call you *sawcy Clown*.
There was brave Sights, I make no doubt
But ye were stirring still about,
What did ye hear? What was't ye saw?

Ten.
I'll ne'er be yable to tell it aw,
I lik't what ever I did see,
Except a willfow deformity.

Land.
Willful! Surely that's not fitting.

Ten.
As sure as we're at Table sitting.
Scotch Custome is (I pray'e observe)
A Rule fra whilk we never swerve;
If we ha' scant a Mark o' Gear,
We give our Bairns still sunckat lear;

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And in my sel' peur as you see,
Had some of that bestow'd on me.
Ouidius in his *Metamorphos*,
Has laid this thing sae plain before us:
Os homini sublime dedit.
(Ye wote he was nae Feul that said it)
And next to that, *Caelum tueri*;
Now what needs aw this feery-fary?
Shou'd I take pains to creuk my sel',
As gin I lang'd to leuk like hell?
The well saur'd Ladys strangely stoops,
And out behind they stick their Croops,

(From whence they came I canno' say,
But *Durham*-Ladies were not they:
Ev'ry of them beside her Marrow,
Walks e'en as straight as ev'r was Arrow.)
I Cleek't yane of them by the Arm,
"And speer'd gin back side were wi' bairn,
"Here's Middin-midwife just at hand,
"Deliver and you'l straighter stand:
She did nathing but laugh and flyre,
And cock't her tail twa Inches higher.

Land.
Defects of Nature may be mended;
But use right shape when God do's send it.
Well, how prov'd you upon the Road?
What past before ye went abroad?

Ten.
Up I got this Morning early,
I joggit on hewly and fairly;
And ayle I whistled as I came,
The King enjoys his awn again.
Came to this deur, lap off, and then
Enquir'd for syke a Gentleman;
My very Heart was at my Mouth,
When they said, *he's not here in truth.*

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I gave my Beast to the young Man,
Wha fetch't us in this siller Cann:
I end-ways to the Stable ran,
I saw your Naig, else I'm a Whelp,
I took his Leungyie sike a skelp,
Cobby, quo'd I, if thou be thair,
I's sure thy Maister is no' far;
And then I said to the young Man,
Set up my Mier seun as ye can;
Rub her well down and give her hay,
I will no' leave this Town to day:
And if I find thee free fra Sleuth,
I'll lay thee sax-pence in thy lufe.
The Geud-Wife us'd me Courteouslie,
I jowk't to her, she baik't to me;
She set a steul, and laid a Cushion,

I drew my Box, and teuk a Sneeshon;
She fetcht cald Rost-beef, Bread and Cheese,
*Put to your hand, eat what ye please,
If ye ha' Travel'd far to day,
Ye may faw Hungry by the way.*
She spack like fo'ke o'th' *English* Nation,
But I mun tell o'mine awn Fashion.
I speer'd what news in this geud Town.
*Quo' she, this day King James takes Crown.
Sik'lyke will e'en our Gracious Queen:*
A blester Couple never was seen,
God grant them lang in peace to Reign,
The langer mair's their Subjects gain:
A Prince indeed was his dear Brother,
The Lord has granted sike another;
Were I a man, my very bleud,
I'de freely spend, to do them geud;
And we ha' chos'n at our Elections,
Four Loyal Men without exceptions.

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And all the Keuntry round about,
Are come to make a Loyal shout;
Stay but a while ye'll hear them do't.
Geud deed, thought I, if I be heer,
This Carlin is a Cavalier.
*What will the Whiggs, said I, think now?
For they mun either break or bow.
The Whigs, quo' she, are sae run down,
Not yane about, nor in this Town.*
Said I, unless ye over-aw them.
Trust some as far as ye can throw them.
*Nae hough-bands now for Godly helping?
And has Sweet-lips gi'en o're his yelping?
Blind Homer's Sences quite decay'd,
The haly Sisters all ov'r-lay'd?*
Quo she again, my Friend I feel,
Ye speer the Gate ye kenn right weel.
Ye seem a *Scotch-man* by your Tongue,
Ha' ye liv'd in this Keuntry long?
I leuve your *Scotch-men* in my Heart.
'Cause with our King ye teuk a part.
Dame, I to her, I can assure'em,
Ye did the same your sel's at Deurham.

Send in a Chappin of your Wine,
I'll drink their Healths before I Dine.
It was in mowes that I did speer,
But sen ye are a Cavalier,
I'll rowne ye suckat in your ear,
*I ken this County well eneugh,
Miskenn I tell'd ye.* Then she leugh.
I knew this ere I hither came,
Or else I had no' steer'd fra hame.
I garr'd a Barber come to me,
He Cow'd my Beard as you may see.
I set my sel' in seemly posture,
For Decency is best ye know Sir;

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Especially at this geud time,
When ilka body will be fine.
And syne I drew this Craigclaithe out,
She ty'd it fast my Neck about;
She sigh't a little bit, and said,
*My Husband has been twelve Months dead,
And speer'd, ha' ye a wife at hame.*
I smirk't, and then she blush't for shame.
*If ye be ganging out o' deur,
Take my Advice, she add[?], be sure,
That your Purs-pocket be well button'd,
There will be Lowns, ye need no' doubt on't.
When ye are glowring at a Sign,
Or see them scamp'ring for the Wine:*
Or in the Croud a little to linger,
Into your Poutch he'l popp his Finger
And when ye have met with the loss,
Ye may gang hame by weeping Cross.
They'l tice you in at Cards to play,
And let you win a Deal or twa;
But if they find that ye will bend,
Then harken to the hinder end.
We ha' nae 'Hewrs, that's our geud luck,
Therefore your Flesh ye canno' truck,
But if ye gang to other places,
And ye stand staring in their Faces,
Yane will draw up to you and say,
*Mine honest Country-man, geud day,
I fancy ye're some Friend o' mine,*

*Will ye take a Mutch-kin o' Wine?
Yet have a care of her, she's nought,
Tho your Gray-hairs may have [?]een thought.
Dame, I reply'd, how can ye tell?
I trow ye Judge me by your sel'?
Tho I said sae, she did no' frown,
But leugh, and call'd me *Limmer-lown*.*

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*Put on your Gleuves, here take your Staff,
'Twill keep a ruffling Fellow off,
Gi' me your Cloak and Knap-sack too,
I'll lay them safely up for you.
If it were full o' burning Gold,
It shan't be hurt were it untold.
If ye have ought to buy or sell,
Advise with me, God speed you well
Maistris, quo'd I, ye are kind-hearted,
I thank ye for't; and sae we parted.*

Land.
As I was walking in the Street,
Some old acquaintances I meet,
All brave and Loyal Gentlemen,
Who stoutly backt King *Charles*, ev'n when
His Rebel-Subjects War declar'd,
My self with them a Fortune shar'd,
At the *Black-Horse* a while did tarry,
And drunk some Healths to *James* and *Mary*.
At afternoon to th' Cross we came,
Where twice or thrice we did the same;
But after that appear'd no more,
For I'm grown old, my Bones are sore,
With riding hither, tho my heart,
As sound as ev'r in ev'ry part.

Ten.
An' please your Worship, I'll declare
What I saw publick e'ry where.
Nev'r leuk for half there sae sae much,
But here and there I'll give a touch.
The Sherif sent the Gentry warning,
To meet him heer by time this Morning:
Accordingly the same they did,

And muster'd on the *Bell's-head*
Down *Elvat* to the Market place,
With cheerfulness in ilka Face.
At sev'ral Taverns drunk a health,
There was nae grudging of their Wealth,

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Nor did they stick to be at Charge,
Of *Tory-Ribbons* rich and large,
Whose various Colours glitt'ring shone,
Like Roses in the Morning sun.
The Loyal Tradesmen present were,
To wait on Aldermen, and Mayor,
With Banners flying in the Air.
Trumpets and Drums, ay Bag-pipes too,
With what ev'r else cou'd help their Shew.
Reports did Echo from their Tongues
Supplying want of muckle Guns,
Fra Morn till Night the Bells ding-dongs.
The Mayor invites them to th' Tow-beuth,
Drunk-Healths huzzaing still, forseuth,
It cou'd not hald the ha'fe in truth:
The laive stood waiting for the name
Of ev'ry Health—Huzza—the same.
And next was made a wellcome Motion,
Up to the abbey in Devotion:
(For let Men frolick what they will,
The Fear of God's the best thing still.)
The like in *Deurham* ne'er was seen,
As they went o'er the Palace-green,
The Officers of the Train-Bands,
In Coats of richest Scarlet stands,
'Till ev'ry one in his degree,
Teuk place and sae walkt orderly.
Now having begg'd th' Almighty's Grace,
Back they return to th' Market-place,
In Splendour, and with stately Pace.
At twelve a Clock they went to dine,
With plenty of brave Cheer and Wine.
Tho Wine may keep the Puddins warm,
A little Meat Sir, do's nae harm:

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It's dangerous for to carouse
With empty Tripes the hail day thus
(Mortar and Stanes make stranggest house.)
The Trumpeters rich Livery'd towrs,
And there spent they some twa'r three hours.
Having tane featly of their fare,
To Kirk and heard the Ev'ning prayer.
That ended here began the game,
The Mayors muckle Bane-fire set on Flame.
Alas! alas! th' Association!
The Godly's Darling of the Nation,
The Master-piece of Tony's Poli-
ticks contriv'd for purpose holy;
And eke the deft Exclusion-Bill,
The Royal Lines Purgation-Pill;
The grounds of House of Common's still,
Condens't, prepar'd by Art and Skill:
In Fire-ship Sails, tells *Tony* news
Of *Deurham*'s churlish vile abuse!
The Black box fly's with flaming wings.
Cramm'd with a race of Cully-Kings,
Then to the Pant, open'd the spout,
Hey-dash, the Claret-wine sprang out,
It hiss't, and fizz'd and flow'd amain,
As if *Bacchus* had breath'd a vein,
Nane offer'd Rudeness there, untill
The Gentry first had got their will
Which was the same repeated still.
That deun on Shoulders they did climb,
With he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The Squibs and Crackets ev'ry where:
A Wag was there gave me my share;
For he flang yane upon my breeks,
(E'en shame enough be in his Cheeks)
And truly Sir it burnt my Leg,
And garr'd me seek like Hen with Egg.

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The Mayor invites me this gen'rous train,
All into the Tow-beuth again;
I need no' tell their deed, it's plain:
They out at Windows Sweet-meats throw,
Cov'ring the Streets like flaggs of Snow;
'Till by the Ears the Gatherers go.

They bid Drums beat, and Trumpets sound,
For we will take the tother round:
Some led, others follow'd the scent,
Up to the Castle Gates they went.
Hamper of Wine, with rich strong Beer,
Was drunk about the Bane-fire there;
Nor fuell, nor strangg drink was spar'd,
For come wha will i'th' Colledge yard.
To Crown this great Solemnity,
Again they to the Tavern hye;
The tother Health and sae geud-night,
And that set some of them just right,
But pray you Sir, mistake not me,
For there was nae *indecencie*,
But men in syke a case as this,
Will strein a buckle.

Land.
No great miss.

Ten.
The Towns-mens Bane-fires towards the Even,
Burnt fra five hours, 'till lang past seaven;
And Healths they drunk just helter-skelter,
But nev'r a Saul in mine did welter.

Land.
Here evr'y thing was order'd sit,
They like brave *Hero's* carry'd it.

Ten.
Ha' ye a mind to take your rest?

Land.
Nay not this hour; I think ye'ad best
Begin some Song, or pleasant story.

Ten.
And I have, baith sir, ready for ye.

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This *Jennet* is a Bonny Lass, This *Jennet* is my Deary, What
then need I ligg by my sel', And *Jennets* hed sae near me?

Land.

How—? hold your peace, what's this you say?
Sing me a Song fit for the Day
Had you seen what I saw of late,
Ye wou'd not sing at that wild rate
What—? can there be no Merriment,
But what proceeds from base Intent?
It's not a shame that Christian Breath,
Shou'd to a scandal turn their Faith?

Ten.

This Wine's amaist got in my Head,
I make mair hast nor meet geud-speed,
My Tongue is grown sae slip and slidder,
It glents and glyd's I knaw not whither;
It's no' the Sang that I intended,
But pardon this, and I will mend it.
Gi' me but leave to wet my Whistle,
And I'll sing you the Royal Thistle.

I.

The Thistle is the Healing Plant, What then need I to fear me, For
my geud Health I nev'r can want, The Thistle grows so near me: It

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cures Convulsions (in the State). It helps aw these are aguish, And
Raging Feavers it will 'bate Al—be—it they were Plaguish.

II.

Wha canno' leave the Thistle weel,
Are oddly gi'en to Folly,
Take thou of it and thou'll ne'er feel,
Disease of Melancholy:
Against the Rickets it is geud,
The Ligaments it looses,
And purify's corrupted Bleud;
Sae never spare thy doses.

III.

It helps the Hearing and the Sight,
Green Wounds, and the Vertigo,
'Twill keep thy bleuming Beauty bright,
If thou'lt but do as we do,
Against the Bitings of mad Dogs,

Strong Poyson, Worms and Vermin:
What then are they but silly Rogues,
That leuves no' what's nae harm in!

IV.

The Thistle branches out it's Leaves,
And nev'r keeps them together,
To all it's Friends it shelter gives,
In time of Stormy weather:

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But Rebel if thou dar'st be seen,
(I hope we need not fear thee)
The prickle will jagg out thine een,
The Thistle will sit near thee.

Land.
That's somewhat like, but yet my Friend,
I hope ye have not made an end,
What is your Story?

Ten.
'Pon my yaith,
It's Piper *Tony*'s Life and Death.

Land.
Then let me hear't from end to end?

Ten.
With brev'ty sir, I do intend.
First place I will describe his Person,
(It was an ugly ill shap't Whoreson!)
His Looks, his Gate, and all was odious,
As mony shapes as e'er had *Proteus*;
A restiff, Cross-grain'd teethy Ape,
A Devil sure in Monkey's shape.
Yet knew right well this wylie Elf,
That nane coud' play like to his self.
When Brydals, or Hose-Races fell,
Still piper *Tony* bears the Bell:
Of aw the pipers I did see,
This piper *Tony* wan the gree.
And yet by missing of his Spring,
He had amaist undeun the King;
For right or wrang he made nae matter,

So he cou'd fish in Drumly-water.

Land.

I prethee man how can that be?
It's wonderful and strange to me,
That he by missing of a Spring,
Cou'd e'er have hirt so great a King.

Ten.

Sir it is true, for I suppose,
He plays nae Tune where e'er he goes,
But *Oliver lend me thy Nose*.

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Or sometimes having tane a fresh-cup,
He'll rumble you out, *down drops the Bishop*.
Had he hit right it wou'd ha' been,
The King enjoys his awn agen.

Land.

I must confess that was a bad-one,
But tell me what his Pipes were made on?

Ten.

Imprimis (for I'll gang by order)
The *Chanter* was an *awld Recorder*.
It's first Maister came fra the West,
Some thinks he play'd on it the best
Of ony he on *English* Grounds;
They say his Marrow cann't be found;
Wha kenns a Pipe will sur'ly grant Sir,
Maist of the skill lies in the *Chanter*;
His was of *Willy Lenthals* fashion,
Bor'd by the Wisdom of the Nation,
Then try'd and try'd it o're again,
And still they fand that it spack plain;
But yet it was an uncouth thing,
It play'd for ony but the King;
Tho' trott to *Tyburn* e'en wha will,
It skreems a *Huntsup* with great skill.
Yet when the Doctor's case came on,
It did but wheezle in its tone.
Zisca the famous *Monachomaxtix*,
Wha in *Bohemia* play'd his Dog tricks,

When he march't off he garr'd his pelt
Be made a Drum, dead heard, quick felt
Our Pipe b'ing near to that same fashion,
For playing thorow Refomation,
The Baggs were of that very Leather,
Whilk keep't Nol's pow fra Wind and Weather.

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And lac't about, wi' skimming-tinsel,
Wov'n by a Whiggish Common Council.
The Bellows were *Buchanan's* Lungs,
The flaps were *Baxter's*, *Welsh's* Tongues.
The Reeds, Dissenters throats and Weasands;
The Drones, the shanks of Keuntry Peasants:
The Blast was *Rombals* best Swan quill,
Flap't with an ald *Exclusion-Bill*.
The Wind-fald, and the Bellow's Stockead,
Were pieces of a brok' *Black-Box-lid*.
The Joints were turn'd to their degrees,
In *Calvin's* Reformation Trees.
A bunch was hung where Ribbon glances,
Of printed Votes, and Ordinances,
Ty'd on with—*Thanks to these wha sends us*.
Now Saundy cry's to Kirshin—Hony!
What winsome Pipes has little Tony!
My Dow, quo-she, they're wond'rous bonny!
What Heav'nly Musick will be made!
Tony hears that and nods his Head:
Now we may dance o'er dyke and hedge,
But well-a-neer, at Bothwell Bridge,
They jobb'd a sharp whittle in behind,
And after that his Baggs skaild Wind.
An unexpected by-blow, which,
Garr'd *Tony* scratch where't did not itch.
He stitch't them closely up again,
And on to Westminster they came,
There skreem'd, and raird beyond all ayme.

Land.

Why did they to that place resort?

Ten.

The Landlord was to hold a Court,
And there his *Tenants* were attending,
Sundry debates, preuving and sending:

And when their business is deun,
They always gang to get a Speun-

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ful of stout humming nappy Ale,
And then the Piper will no' fail
To *Jenk* a Huntsup o're the plain;
'Till aw their jibbllets jet again.
But yet, Sir, ye mun understand
Another Card in *Tony's* hand.
A noble Lady there did live,
Ycleap't *Madam Prerogotive:*
Sprung from a Royal stock was she,
A Miracle of Courtesie;
And for her Equipage and Honour,
Some dainty Damsels waited on her.
Amang the laive was Propertie,
A strapping Wench as yane shall see;
She came of honest Parentage,
And got to an indiff'rent age:
She was House-keeper to my Lady,
And to speak truth was always ready,
To get fo'ke what they wou'd be at;
And bairns their Meat, and syke as that.
She was high in my Lady's Favour,
And large Allowances she gave her.
What ever was my Lady's fare,
Still Property maun have her share;
And if her head had tane an aiking,
My Lady's heart wou'd fall a quacking.
Had ye but seen't ye wou'd ha' sworn,
She had her of her Body born:
There's nathing there cou'd run a-reel,
If Maistriss Property were weel.
'Till in Conclusion it befell,
That Property misken'd her sel';
And needs wou'd be the better Woman.

Land.
Indeed my friend that's very common;
When Servants long time with us live,
They think they merit all we give.

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It's true, some use old Servants worse
Than useless Dog, or out-worn Horse.
Again, when Servants learn to know
Their Business, then they sawcy grow;
In either party ought to be
Discretion and Civility.

Ten.

At this my Lady was surpriz'd,
And Property she thus advis'd.
*My dow (quo she) It's very strange,
That I should find in you this change!
My Business is quite neglected,
And nathing deun as I directed;
There is some Maggot in your pate,
That alters you sae meikle of late,
If ye intend to pick a Quarrel
With me, be wise, or at your Peril;
Fall to your duty as before,
You'll see I'll give the matter o'er;
And ye shall nev'r crave twice of me
The smallest Penny of your Fee.*
But Property was in the huff,
And oft she wou'd go in a snuff.
She grew at last that nane cou'd chide her.
Into a private Room they draw,
And thus to her she laid the Law.
*Have I brought thee up paughty Quean,
Like Bird to pick out mine awn Een?
Had'st thou in thee the least Rungumption,
Thou'd scorn aw sik'lyke Presumption.
By the hail Waurld it will be thought,
Thou has been better fed nor taught.
Think'st thou I'm in necessity
To turn thy tauntrils-tail on me?
If sae it ve, then look about ye,
And try gin I cann't live without ye.*

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*I trow ye'll be the first will rue,
(I's Cox't if my Words preuve no' true:)
Experience will this unriddle;
Sae take a Spring of thine awn Fiddle.*

How fain wou'd she had her reclaim'd,
But all Expedients were disdain'd:
For aw she cou'd do for her Life,
Was but against the stream to strive.
Tho Property had got this schooling,
She scorn'd a jot to leave her fooling,
But turn'd her foot, disdain'd to bow;
And in Derision wry'd her Mow:
When wanton Yaud has cast her Rider,
And tane sike freeks that nane can guide her,
Under her Feet she gets her Branks,
And stark-horn-mad she ply's her Shanks:
Now down before, now up behind,
Now Nose, now Tail fly's in the Wind:
She sneers and Whinny's—*Whilly-Lilly*,
(Fo'ke think's the De'il's possest o'th Filly.)
At this same rate far'd Property,
As seun as she had tane the gee.

Land.
By what degrees ran she astray,
And banish't Vertue thus away?
For *Nemo* (as they say with us)
Repentè fit Turpissimus.

Ten.
She cuts her Prayers shorter and shorter,
(Perhaps she weent lang yanes wou'd hurt her,)
And next (what ever shou'd betide)
She fairly lay'd them all aside.
Again, she wou'd ha' spent haill days,
In reading damn'd Lascivious Plays:
She sang light sangs, read leud Romances,
At Night to Balls and wanton Dances.
She was allow'd an Honest Mirth,
Fit for her Fortune and her Birth;

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But seindle now ye can her see,
Out of suspected Company.

Land.
Permitting lesser Crimes, tho with Remorse,
Will stain the Conscience, and make way for worse.

Ten.

Sir, after this there did befaw,
Another Chop, was warst of aw.
Alas! alas! and well-aday!
It happ'nd on a Haly-day!
As Tony in the Fields was stalking,
And Property gade out a-walking,
As fine as ever hands cou'd make her,
He briskly by the Arm did take her,
And complementally affords
A pretty parcel of fair Words.
Sae, finding her a gamesome flirt,
The winking Thief gave her a *jirt*.
He led her back into the Haw,
And there he play'd her *Up Tails aw*.
Now having popp't her Belly fow,
And fill'd her wame up till her mow,
To chop her off by heuk or creuk,
Was the next Care that Tony teuk.
A Swinger won'd about the Court,
A Lown of very ill report,
A Keustran infamously famous,
Knaw'n by the Name of Ignoramus.
About the Court he had an Office,
And Sal[?]ry for't that might him suffice.
All that cou'd not his Stomack stay,
But he with baith the hands mun play.
Give him a Greezing in the Fist,
He'll hang and save just as he list.
Yane Night he stole the Keys o'th' Prison
And set thee Thiev's out by the Dozen:
He cou'd ha' counterfitted Seal,
Or forg'd a Deed extreamly weel;

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Sir, lang time he had cast an Eye,
At winsom Maistriss Property,
But she wou'd neither Hyte nor Rhee.
Now *Tony* found it not a hard ane,
Amell them twa to drive a Bargan.
Sly *Tony* now will try his Art,
(He leuv'd Mischief just in his Heart:)
He had a faus-bane in his Cheek,

And wist when, and when not to speak.
 To *Ignoramus* slimmy draws,
 And wheadlingly thus op't his jaws.
Dear Keusin (for they were o' kinn)
Faint-hearted did nev'r fair Lady winn,
To Property ye were pretender,
I marvel muckle ye ha' no' gain'd her.
A Man sae smart in all your ways,
That the haill Nation rings your Praise:
Perhaps her Modesty might hinder,
Mair tractable ye now may find her.
Take Courage Man, again faw to,
I ha' done sike a jobb for you,
Sae feelingly I did her handle,
That on your Knee ye may her dandle.
Quod Ignoramus—Keusin Tony,
If thou'lt but help me to my Honey,
If ev'r thine errand ligg i'th' Court,
Rely on Ignoramus for't.
For thee I'll venture Life, and all
My Wealth, what e'er come of my Saul.
 Quo Tony then make haste—away,
 And donne thy Haly-day-Array,
 There may be danger in delay.
 The Cull at this, sae nimbly grew,
 Yane wist not whether he ran or flew.
 He hy'd him up into her Chamber,
 B'ing full assur'd to find her tamer;

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There she was raking up and down,
 In Night Claiths, and her Morning-Gown.
 (For when young Lasses get sike Cues,
 Whilk garrs them pewk, and change their hues,
 For better Coll'ring o' the matter,
 And fra the Doctor hide their Water;
 They'll say their trouble is this, or that,
 Worms, tooth-aik, or I knaw not what.)
Quoth Ignoramus--now my sweet,
Here's my four Quarters at your Feet,
It's no' your Togher I account,
Tho ye're nae warse for having on't.
But it's your proper-Person-Body,
Turns Ignoramus to a Noddy.

*Alack! when I was in my Fits,
I rav'd like yane out of his Wits:
The Rageous Pangs that I ha' tane,
Won'd e'en have burst'n a Heart o' Stane!
Sae take some pittie on your leuve,
And do not still sae Arse-ward preuve.
Now Property began to ponder,
How slyly Tony brought her under,
She understeed her Market marr'd,
And of a higher Match debarr'd.
She did not as she wont before,
Hector and scald him out o' Dore;
But soberly forbore her flyting,
And e'en became the kindest Kyting,
The packest thing and the best will'd,
The gentlest Bird that ever Bill'd.
When he perceiv'd that he shou'd carry'er,
He made what haste he cou'd to Marry'er.
O! how his Heart did lowp within,
As seun as he the Field did win!
They pitch upon the Bridal-day,
(It was no time for her to stay.)*

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Land.

What holder-forth was't did the Job?

Ten.

Yane that had often smack't her gobb.

The precious *Salamanca-Doctor*,

(Some will no'stick to say he k--t her)

And *Tony* mannaged the Sport,

Just in the face o'th' open Court.

By gazing on Bridegroom and Bride,

Court business was laid aside.

The Laird cou'd not abide th'affront,

Nor *Tony* wha was Causer on't;

For ay the mair he was forbidd'n,

He blasted stifflyer at his Wedding.

Hey-da! How fo'ke did jumble their Tripes,

When they danc't after *Tony's* Pipes!

Some gave him placks, and some Babbees,

Some greater, and some lesser Fees.

The Sisters skew'd their Wyly-coats;

And seindle gave him less nor Groats:
 Ay, when their heels grew sunckat nimble,
 A Bodkin, or a Siller-Thimble.
 Auld Wives tripp't, aumbling o're the Stanes,
 Tho they were nought but Skins and Banes.
 Some were sae keen upon the point,
 They danc't their Craigs quite out o' Joint.
 There was a sort of Stomach't younkers,
 Wha sat them close upon their bonkers,
 Wi' Tory-Ribbons in their Bonnets,
 And ayle they skowld at Tony's Sonnets:
 They shak't their Shouts, and stamp't like Madd;
 At last speak's out a Mettall'd Ladd:
*I thought we'ad other tow to teeze,
 Nor see this Lown-like Lordan squeese
 His Creeshy-baggs, and Laugh, and Fleer,
 And o'er the Comp'ny domineer,
 As if he were a Noble Peer.*

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*Our Maister will be out o' patience,
 If we mislippne his occasions.
 He kens (for he is nae unwise one)
 Whilk side of's Bread his Butter ty's on,
 He pays us Fee, and finds us Cleathing,
 As honestly as ony Breathing.
 For Belly-Timber I will swear it,
 (If aw the Warld were here to hear it)
 There's Beef, and Mutton, Veal and Bacon,
 Goose, Rabbit, Turky, Hen and Capon,
 Sae Fat sae Faire (thanks be to God)
 Garrs all our Grinders gang Wet-shod.
 Ye may sit down, and eat, and fill ye,
 Till ye can crack a Louse on Belly;
 And cramm your Kytes wi' Meat and Drink,
 Then safely tumble, and take a wink.
 And sen we are thus kindly us'd,
 Let not geud Nature be abus'd.
 Or if we shou'd (as others do)
 To Horse-Race, Fair, or Hoppin go,
 There play our casts amang the Whipsters,
 Throw for the Hammer, lowp for Slippers,
 And see the Maids Dancefor the Ring,
 Or any other pleasant thing;*

*Fart for the Pigg, lye for the Whet-stone,
Or chuse what side to lay our betts on:
If we but carry't decently,
He nev'r says yance--Black's your Eye.
We ha' the Warld fast in a band.
And the bands end just in our hand.
Or gin we chance, through Humane Frailty,
To meet a Lass and giver her Kelty,
And popp her fow, as in sike Cases,
Is us'd about your great Mens places;
Or if we to the Ale-house go,
And get a Pot i'th' Pate, or so*

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*Or Bairns fall out at handy-dandy,
He e'en forgives as fast as can be.
Speak Truth, and nev'r belye your Lips,
Has not some here oft miss't their Whips?
I'm sure were he not tender-hearted,
Some of your Tails had soundly smarted.
And since that he treats us sae Nobly,
Let us be mindful of the Obligation,
whilk tye us unto him,
And for mair of his leuve to wooe him.
For Clemency nane can out-vy'm,
Yet rowze not up a sleeping Lyon.
The De'il (God I beteach me to)
I think has gott'n a gripp o' you!
That can, and will no' live in Peace,
But follow out syke freaks as these.
Leuk but a bit beyond the Beck,
And then I here will pawn my Neck,
If ony of the Neigh'b'ring Lairds,
Ev'r gave their Servants sike Rewards.
They dare no' call their Sauls their ain,
What mischief then garrs us Complain?
Here's sike a deal of Ribble-rabble,
Wi' Tony and his squeeking Babble,
As if the pow of stinking Urchin
Were a sit nest to hatch a Church in.
Our time shou'd no' this way be spent;
Let's get our Maister in his Rent.
Tho' he has a meikle use for Money,
We take no thought to get him ony.*

*Let us make up the Castle waws,
And keep them right what e'er befaws;
If aw the rest were right repair'd,
I trow our Labour were well wair'd.
(For if his place be weak and thin,
Some wyly Thieves may seun creep in:*

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*They'll reave his geuds if they can find'em,
And trow ye they'll leave ours behind'em?
Nev'r leuk for't, De'il a doubt they're in,
But they'll gang on when they begin.
They'll make their awn what e'er they get,
There's nought but Fish comes in their Net.
Plaister, secure, and make aw strang,
They'll serve him and his Fellower's lang;
Gin we slight him, our sel's we wrang.
And what perteens no' to our share,
Let other Servants take in care.
There is a sort of useful Wherrys,
That do geud Service in our Ferrys:
Let them be rigg'd and rightly mann'd,
Then they'll be ready at Command,
To send to th' Market and fetch hame
Provision baith for Back and Wame
And gaudy Trinkats for our Wives,
(Else we will lead but Hellish lives
If of their Pride they want a Pin,
De'il be i'their Tongues if ev'r they blin.)
Do but observe yon' greedy Youths
What eat the Meat out of our Mauths;
Thea Glutt'nous Hoghen-Moghen Hounds,
Steal aw the Fish out of our Ponds.
They're sneaking still about our Towns,
And oft attempt to Crack our Crowns.
Repreuve them for't, and ilka Widgeon,
Will want--A through-reform'd Religion.
But if syke priviledge can do,
They'll labour in our Swine-troughs too.
Prepare, and if they yance begin,
We'll seun souse up Van-Souterkin.
We'll learn them other ways to feed,
Nor lick the Butter off our Bread.*

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*Yon hang-a-bauk, yest day at Morn,
 Swore aw the Nout was in the Corn,
 They've pinded some, they have nae Straw,
 If they bide lang, their Chasts will faw.
 I've sought the Field fra end to end,
 There's nathing hurt that God did send:
 An' truth were kenn'd, I think i'faith,
 It is their awn will do the skaith;
 They're leuking where to find a gapp.
 And if they find it in they'll slapp.
 With their creuk't Horns they marr the Dyke,
 Forseuth I did but hound the Tyke.
 Out came a drift of curst thraw'n Fellows,
 (They're fit for nathing but the Gallows)
 Had not some help't, there is nae doubt,
 But there they'd dung my peur harns out.
 We serve not God by Brags and Ranting,
 As if we met a Covenanting;
 Or if there were nae King amang us,
 Except his Majesty's Ignoramus.
 What--? ha' we nathing to do here,
 But pipe fo'ke fra their lawfow geer?
 Ye shou'd consider'd wha ye mell'd with,
 Before syke Doctrine first was held-forth.
 Be't knaw'n, he is no back-deur-Chick,
 Nor will he be serv'd sike a Trick:
 He crav's nae mair but what's his due,
 By right of Dad, and Bully too.
 They'll wonder what a de'il we ayle,
 To sca'd our Lipps in other's kale:
 Let us do what perteens to us;
 Our Maister weel can rule his House.
 Ryve aw to Raggs, and then ye kenn,
 When doors stand open, Dogs come ben:
 This shall be scan'd before our Betters,
 Or els my Carcass liggs in Fetters.*

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*Remember mony years by-gane,
 When he that rul'd us Right was slain;
 Respect to Quality was lost,
 Tinkers, and Coblers rul'd the rost:*

*The Nobles were the Common's Cadgers,
The Gentry but the Soldiers Badgers,
And sae far'd we, fra ill to worse,
When Cart was set before the Horse.*

Land.

How many brave and gallant Families,
Have been destroy'd by 'spouting Treacheries?
Their Children, and their Children's Children groan
Under that Load, their Rebel-Sires laid on.
Their Coats of Arms defac'd in publick view,
Their Progeny rank'd with the servile Crew.
Should I take Measures from that dire Success,
Mine Off Spring and their Heirs wou'd bear no less.
The blessed *Jesus* gave his own Example,
(Which none of us ought under foot to trample)
He pay'd a Tribute to Usurping Prince,
Not as his *due*;) for how could that be, since
Himself was Lord of all,) but that we might
Be taught to give both God, and *Caesar* Right?
His Poverty allow'd him not the Coin,
Therefore he did with blessed *Peter* join:
*Go fish the Summ, that all the World may see
The Pattern of it's God's Humility.
Here's no Contingency, for what I do,
I'll re-inforce by Miracle to you.*
"Shall *Jesus*, Powerful *Jesus* work in vain,
"To guide our Stpes, and wretched we disdain
"To follow him? O wonder! wonder! since
"Our Sovereign's Claim is no unjust Pretence.

Ten.

Sir I's but weak when rightly reckon'd,
Your geud Discourse I canno' second;
But there is manny a worthy Man,
In *Scotland* bred, wha right well can:

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Therefore I'ad best keep mine awn road,

Land.

Do so, go on i'th' name of God.

Ten.

A dancer says, fra' amang the rest,
This Land of ours is sare opperst,
Our Grievances shall be redrest.
What are thea Grievances? let's see?
Alas! alas! and wae's is me!
Peur *Nob's* condemned to Gallow-Tree.
What was the reason? speak wha can?
He was a witty wary Man.
Cou'd Whiggs got sike a spaik in wheel,
Their Cause had not sae seun tane reel.
Whig Writers are (gi' them their due)
As scant of Wit, as Grace, I trow.
Let no Man call me lying Fellow,
'Till he reads *Sh--Tegue-Devillo;*
He calls it Witch, for Witch we had it,
E'en sike a Witch as he that made it.

Land.
Had I of Plays ten Thousand to rehearse,
If all were his, they nev'r cou'd make a Farce.

Ten.
But mair nor that, his Lordhip itches
To banish Papish Dogs and Bitches:
He has geud reason to take heed,
For spoiling true protesting-Breed.
And futher still I can assure ye,
Chitt-Pus canno' escape his fury.
Shou'd Pop'ry worm into his Mice,
He'll finde that but a blind Device.

Land.
Some desp'rate Men, who know not how to live,
Or base-born-Slaves cannot so much deceive;
But for the upper-rank to stake to nought,
That mighty All their Ancestors have bought,
With Blood and Wounds, and puissant Service done,
Must be miraculous to ev'ry one!
Let's now forbear, we are not throng,
We may be dry, we've tak't so long.

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Here Boy--a Bottle more of Claret.
The tother Health, our Brains will bear it,

God bless the King, and Queen.

Ten.
Amen.

Land.
Drink off your Glass, and to't agen.

Ten.
Now this has chop't me by my Text,
Ho--now I think on't--this is next.
There was a Sett of Dancers came,
But few of them I right can Name.
First Perkin, O! he dances trimly,
And turn's on heel, and tiptaes nimbly!
He is, (as mony fo'ke believes)
An able Fellow of his Neev's,
In sundry places had he been,
And cruel Bickerings had he seen,
Still he his sel' sae weell behav'd,
You'd sworn *God-Mars* was newly shav'd.
Baith Man, and Lad at the same instant;
But Fortune, well-away's unconstant,
He kep't his sel' sae mary'llous busie,
Until his Head grew reeling dizzie;
At last he catch't a heavy faw,
And there lay he for geud and aw.
Yet notwithstanding this Confusion,
Turn'd *Hoghen-Moghen* in Conclusion:
If nought will serve but *Belgick-houts*,
Beleuv'd, take up your King of Clouts.
Sir, ne're-do-well, Squire Brazen-Face,
Musty, *Maist-John* scant of Gods Grace,
A squeeking Treble, yet nought but Base.
A *Teckley* for the Christians loss,
And bears the Crescent for the Cross:
Hic-haec-Conjux, *Jack of Leyden*,
Brother Loose-down, Sister Slyding,
In plenty peur, but rich in want;
A voucher of the Covenant.

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Girdl'd, and Sworded, flail'd new Fashion,
Saviour, Damner of the Nation,

Jesuit, and Priest Canonical,
 A Heathen, Christian, Devil and all.
 These are his Names, and I'll be sworn,
 Nae *Spaniard* has sae mony worn.
 He capers high as Royal Gallery,
 And next steps back into the Pillory.
 He had mae lugs when time befell
 Of other fo'k's, nor tongue can tell;
 But now he scarce has yane his sel'.
 Latin he speaks at ilka Sentence,
 Don *John*'s familiar Acquaintance,
 He knew his dark Complexion well,
 Yet made him fair by Art and Skill:
 Tho' he and others of that Breed,
 Made *Stafford* shorter by the Head,
 His Wit's now of that pregnant strength,
 It spins Don-John sax-feet of length.
 The Cause's Trumpeters and Fiddlers,
 Officious Coxcombs and State-Jugglers,
 The *Aarons*, and Spiritual Higglers,
 Parliament and Petition sticklers,
 The Maid of *Hatfield* and the Wheadlers,
Care, *Curtis*, and the *Elephant*,
 Danc't till their very Hearts did pant.
 The Lythning-Listners, with their leering,
 Nor Fish, nor Flesh, nor geud Red-Herring,
 They caper'd not, but smeuthly *jimm'd*,
 Like some I knaw on, when they *trimm'd*.
 The chiefest Art that Trimmers know,
 Is twisting twa Strings for a Bow.
 The Pamphleteering-Libelling Train,
 They stirr'd them till they stunk again.
 Ye wou'd ha' burstne your Heart wi' laughing,
 To've seen the gang sae full o'daffing.

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Land.
 Vex, vex me not with that vile spurious Tribe,
 Which Satyrism it self can nev'r describe.
 Or why should I this harmless Page bespatter,
 With any *Judas patriae Liberator*?
 Or what can Piety't self expect but Evil,
 From *Symon Magus* Chaplain to the Devil?
 There is no tracing thee, but to that Flame,

From whence thou and thy Damn'd Tap't Patron came?
Was there such Relish in thy Sov'raigns Blood,
To long for it, when Heavn'n it self withstood?
To stately Charles the top of Royal Stem,
(Whose frontly Brow adorn'd the Diadem,
Whose Exequies in silent Breast will throb,
Tho his Successor periods the Sob)
A Fire on Earth did once great favour shew,
But Fire in Hell will thee (false Priest) pursue,
Unless thou Modelize thy Life anew.
Thou put'st not off thy Treasons by Retail,
No, thou'rt a Trade-man only for Whole-sale:
Thy Bart'ring Mart can readily dispatch
The Royal *Cargo*,--off with stock and swatch.
Had but thy Native soil thine *Equal bred*,
Cleav'land's sharp Satyrs had been blunt indeed.
Rash muse! what ha'st thou donde? his *Equal's* come.
Avant Curst Pedagogue, Curst in the Womb,
Curst all thy Life, and Cursed in thy Tomb.
But Curster still, and Curster than before,
Because there is no Curse for thee in store;
God, Angels, Men, and Devils can Curse no more
Than thou hast Curst thy self on *Julian's* score.
Did not the hideous forms of thy foul Brat,
(Foul as that Fiend, which prompting by thee sat,
Black as the Poyson of thy Ven'mous Quill:
Foul as that Soul was fair, which thou endeavour'd
(Oh! vain attempt!) to've made appear ill-favour'd.)

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Did not, I say, that Lucifugeous face,
A baser Soul from thy base Body chace?
Did not thy Lines, when crawling forth they came,
Gnaw out the Intrails of their Vip'rous Dam?
No--Heav'n for Secret Cause lent thee some time,
Or to atone, or to enlarge thy Crime.
Sift Earth, Rake Hall, search the Creation round,
With Angels eyes, tell me where can be found
Legions of Plagues, but in that Plaguy Race
Which can both Heav'n, and Earth and Hell out-face;
Were God, not God, he cou'd not grant them Grace.

Ten.

Here aw the Comp'ny went away,

And left it till another day.
Geud reason why, they durst not stay.
Sae having tane a little Breath,
Fell to it, Dagger out of Sheath.
Again speaks out a Lyver-lad,
A trusty *Trojan*, thus he said.
Did we not pawn Body and Saul,
Our Maister to defend and all
Comes after him, sae lang's we live?
And do ye think God will forgive?
If we run wilfully in Sin,
Judge ye what pickle we shall be in.
Ha' ye nae fear of God nor Man,
But work mischief e'en what ye can?
Turn out o' deur this stinking Jack-an-
apes; were he but set a packing,
You wou'd no' bob sae on the Sunday,
It's nae imployment for God's awn day.
Wou'd ever any Man or Woman,
Turn Free-hold into Enter Common?
Or slay the herds wha his Lambs keep?
The Todd will worry aw the Sheep:
Or wry about the Neck o'th' Cock?
The Glead will get the Chicken-Flock.

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Or break a gap in his awn fence?
When certain to his sad expence,
The Beasts will slip into his Corn,
His Neighbours will laugh him to scorn.
Many have had fair Pleas and lost'em,
By fondly breaking of their Custom.
'Twou'd vex a man to th' very Guts,
To sit seaven year, cracking deaf Nuts.
Mind what the Loyal Scotch-men say,
If we dance on sae will not they.
Then will begin sike Broyls and Tuggs,
And lund'ring yane another Luggs,
Fy, out for shame it shou'd be spoken,
They'll ban us when we're Dead and Rotten.
The Warld will think us dev'lish Wanton,
Still hobbling after Piper Anthon.
Sir, here's a Spaught that came fra Taunton.
After a Godly Grimace made,

He paus'd, and spit, and thus he said.
"I swear if Tony pipe not on,
"The Subject's Property is gone.
"Let's now lift up our Godly Paws,
"And mannage well the Geud Auld Cause:
"If Conscience be our hinderance,
"Our Anarchy will nev'r advance.
"Shou'd we be ty'd to dond *Punctilio's*,
"Twere warse nor Papish *Tormentilio's*.
"Come *Tony*--Play--thou know'st my Jigg,
"I'll take my turn, and then a Figg
"For only Cavalierish Pigg.
"There's Law, Religion, in thy Chanter,
"Mair nor they know on, *so I'll venture*.
"Shall we make Feuls of Hands and Feet,
"And they sit Laughing in that Seat?
"Mumping and Mowing, making Faces,
"Doing their outmost to disgrace us.

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"Let them take warning, I'll take course,
"If they'll not dance they shall do worse.
"We'll flail them into better Manners,
"And sell their skins to Godly Tanners;
"Or if we stop them well wi' Straw,
"They'll fley the Tory's all awaw.
"I guess they've heard what this days Vote is,
"We'll paik their Hides, let them take notice.
"They may expect, but find nae Quarters,
"We'll make their very Guts their Garters:
"They canno' say but I ha' warn'd 'em;
Yet still they parted and nae harm done.
Where yane said--*Tony*--Gang thy way,
There still was three cry'd--Let him stay:
And he for aw thea Brags and Cracks,
Still rumbled on behind their Backs.
Unsonsy yance, unsonsy aye,
We'll hear of this some-other day;
The Halter lang they canno' 'scape;
They'll hang themsel's gi' them but Raip.

Land.

Come--drink to me--, do't--I'll ingage ye,
Begin--speak,--Christen't, I will pledge ye:

I'm not inclin'd to rant and tear,
But yet this day, we being here,
May take a Bumper jollily.

Ten.

God bless the Royal Family.
Lang-last the Court remeuu'd to *Oxford*,
Where there had like to ha' been knocks for't:
Another Taistril with them came,
And he play'd sweetly on the *shaum*,
Here's ilka yane better nor other,
But whaw--! how they hit on together;
The Rabble-rowt sae whew'd and whirl'd,
When Pipe and Shaum togither skirl'd.
That Gentleman of high esteem,
(Indeed their Maister shou'd ha' been,
Wha did no' leuve to hear them skreem,)

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Wha was a geud-ane and a great-ane,
And by his stile the *Laird of Britain*,
Sir, he has warn'd them oft before,
But De'il a byte wou'd they give o'er,
Nor shame a Spring wou'd thea twa play,
Except *the clean contrary way*.
He teuk a Sweeple up in's neef,
Quoth he To Tony--"Squinting Thief,
"Have I sav'd thee thrice fra the Widdy,
"To garr my foke run Hiddy-giddy?
"I'll make (unless thou leave this Game),
"Thy Back as supple as thy Wame.
"What hirdy-girdy's this ye keep?
"I canno' get a wink o'sleep.
"T has been the hail course of this Life,
"To pipe by thy Neighbours into strife;
"By haunting Coffe-house and Ale-house,
"Thou trains their Bairns up to the Gallows.
"Syke dirdom 'tween thy Pipes and thee,
"And ayllway's when they take the gee,
"Thou thinks to make a Feul o' me!
"Do'st thou not know I cou'd undone thee,
"And still put'st thou thy Pransk upon me?
"Gang on--in spight o'thy base mind,
"I'll preuve thy Maister, thou shalt find.

“Ingratfow Monster kenn thy sel’;
 “For thou’rt just like the Fiend of Hell;
 “God made him great and he rebell’d,
 “Sik-like my Geudness has thee swell’d:
 “Sen I set thee to Seal my Letters,
 “Thou aylways has miskenn’d thy Betters
 “Leave off, or else I tell thee plain,
 “I’ll garr thy harms jaip again:
 “Nor is’t for aw that I command it,
 “It’s but thy Duty--*understand it.*
 He might as well talk’t to a stane,
 For *Tony* e’en blew up again,

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And blew as if’t had been his last,
 And pegh’t, and grain’d at ilka blast.
 He frisks, he struts, and bobs about,
 His Een was like to’ve popple out.
 Sir, then the Gentl’man whilk I spoke on,
 Resolv’d his Pipes shou’d aw be broken.
 He came upon him ere he wist,
 (And I guess he did no miss’t)
 As *Tony* Bag-pipe stiffly squeezes;
 He smash’t them in five hundred pieces.
 Had ye seen what a leuk he leuk’t,
 And in what Dudgeon *Tony* teuk’t,
 Ye wou’d amaist ha’ pittty’d him;
 His Maister sae out-witted him.
 He gruntl’d lyke a Sow wi’ Piggs,
 Say’s to his sel’--*Now aw my Jiggs,*
And Jigging-bobs are laid aside,
Their Lace, their Ribbons, and their Pride,
*And aw the Wit in *Tony*’s Noddle,*
Will never make them worth a boddle.
And was not this a sare mischance!
E’en just as they began to Dance,
To play me sike a surly Trick,
I nev’r saw like sen I was quick.
I think indeed that I was Daft,
When I fell to this Piper Craft.
But yet I had a gay Report,
In City, Country, and at Court.
Wi’ muckle a-doe I got a pair
Of Pipes, alas my Heart is sare,

*To see them Ligg in Splinters there!
A truer Pipe nev'r went wi' Wind,
And it was tun'd just to my mind;
Alas! I never did intend,
They shou'd ha' made this doleful end.
I'll never be yable, with aw my Care,
To purchase sike another pair.*

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*Had they but danc't a little while,
I think I cou'd ha' drop't a wyle,
To have play'd some of them a sleep;
But aw my Cues I now may keep;
I canno' see them but I weep.
He try'd his Art by might and main,
But nev'r cou'd Tune them up again:
The Reeds a little while did sneevle,
Syne Dron's, and aw ran to the Devil.
The fright, the fury, and the shame,
Dispatch'd him off by Amsterdam.
Sir, will ye hear his Epitaph?
I fancy it may garre ye laugh.
Beneath this stane ly's Mankind's Wonder,
(*'Pray God its weight may keep him under.*)
He was a Fowl of sike a Feather,
He nev'r cou'd fly but in foul Weather.
Top, Tail, and Main of ilka Faction,
The Whirlygeed of Humane Action.
A very dangerous twa-edg'd Teul,
His Wit made him baith Knave and Feul:
A Cellar and a Ware-House baith,
To all wha Trade in publick Faith:
He brew'd, and tap'd, and squeez'd and ran,
At last, as fast as he began;
But dabbl'd still in sike stumm'd Liquor,
The De'il himsel' ne'er piss't a thicker.
The Noddy Knave of Common-weal,
He shuffl'd oft, but never cou'd deal.
He staik't his Craig, or ony thing,
And play'd at piquet with the King.
All Arts and Mysteries he try'd,
But nev'r wrought truly till he dy'd.
He's dead and gane, we need no fear,
As sure as he is lying here.*

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The Shaum a while escap't the fury,
By sleight of *Ignoramus-Jury*:
But after (as appeared plain)
They call'd him o'er the Coals again,
And to the best part of my kno'ledge,
Some ru'd the rade of *Oxford-Colledge*.
Wha howks a hole for ony other,
His sel' faw in, were he my Brother.
Now Ignoramus mun advance,
Amang the laive to take his chance.
What's said before, to's Charge was layd,
And other Clarty tricks he play'd.
It's true he had the common Vogue,
Yet upon Tryal found a Rogue;
For all his Lownry was discover'd,
And aw the Pleadings that he offer'd,
Were over-ruled by the Court;
And he *adjud*'d to answer for't.
The Jury found it *Billa-vera*,
And *Ketch* had Orders to prepare a
Place convenient for the feat;
And kilt him up i'th' open Street.

Land.

If Treason's painted Face appear'd not black,
Ingage not now for thou hast seen its Back.
Oft had they by Indulgences been cleans'd,
But yet their Godless Lives were never chang'd:
Their stubborn Necks unmanageable still,
Tho flexible to all but *Charles* his Will.
Had they not Grace to check their course in time?
No---All their Penance was reputed Crime.
By violent Force, and unretarded Pace,
Dart their black Malice 'gainst the Rays of Grace.

Ten.

When Property had unbethought her,
To what a Market they had brought her,
She put on her consid'ring Cap,
Sadly bewailing her Mishap.

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Her Courage now began to fail,
 (She'd got the seek out of her Tail)
 And all her soaring hopes were gane;
 Thus to her sel' she made her main.
*Alas! what was in my Daft Mind,
 Thus to my sel' to preuve unkind?
 When I was well, I could no' guide me,
 But let the striddling Piper ride me,
 And then for cov'ring of my shame,
 Was fain yo yoak wi' syke a yane.
 My Tougher geud is spent and gane.
 There's nae hail tatter on my Back,
 Nor am I Dame of ya peur plack.
 Besides I'm famish't quite with hunger,
 Forseuth I can indure nae langer.
 Oh--! Wae betide this galloping!
 I've got my fill of walloping!
 I ha' na House to put my Head in!
 But forc't to ligg upon the Middin!
 Prudence and Patience will deride me,
 And Justice she will nev'r abide me;
 Charity'll punsh me out o'Dore,
 (For Grace and I fell out before.)
 Ay me! how orderly they trip.
 Attending on her Lady-ship!
 And was not I a very wise one,
 To gang and make mysel' a by-zon?
 Had I the Office that I had,
 I'de nev'r again preuve ha'fe sae mad.
 The Hen-wife, Groundless-Jealousie,
 (Shame take her) she bewitched me.
 Her Stilts she was not able to handle,
 But e'en as weak as she cou'd wandle:
 Upon her Feet she cou'd no keep,
 But there tumbl'd down and fell a-sleep.*

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My Lady then had just walk't out,
 Some ha'fe a mile or thereabout,
 Her Bus'ness was for to have seen
 A Neighbour's Wife, was lying in.
 And with her she took *Charity*,
 To Chat and bear her Company.
 As seun as ev'r she did her spy,

My *Life*, quo she, it's Property.
 O dear! how nimbly they did stickle!
 When they perceiv'd her in that pickle,
 For she cou'd neither gang nor stand;
 My Lady then lent her a Hand.
My Joe (quo she) *I need no speer*
What wind it was that blew you here;
It nev'r was better like to preuve,
Since you teuk on wi' your hang'd leuve.
Why came ye not to your auld Dame?
 "Madam, quo she, I e'en thought shame.
 "Wa's me that ever I was born,
 "For I'se get baith the Skaith and Scorn.
 No Property, *I's nane of these;*
Tho I can kenn my Friends fra faes.
 Come Charity let's get her in,
 To let her starve were deadly Sin.
 Hing on the Pan, let Milk be boil'd;
 Meat's no' for her, her Stomach's spoil'd.
 Fetch me yon Cordial fra my Closet,
 Put it to'er Head, and let her dose it.
 So--give na mair, she'as got her part,
 She's weak, 'twill take her by the Heart.
 The Posset's right, here--take this Speun,
 Drink, sup it off,--when that is deun,
 Ye may lye down and take a Nod,
 And rest your sel' i'th' name o' God.
 My Lady to the Ward-robe hy's,
 Opens a Trunk, and there she spy's

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A Milk-white Smock, of dainty Linnin,
 (indeed it was of her awn Spinning)
 Quoifs, Gorgets, Heuds, Bands, Point-*Venee*,
 As curious wark as tane shall see.
 Forseuth ye wou'd ha' thought it Sin,
 To've put a foul Finger therein.
 Upon a Pin hung a Silk Manty,
 And Wily-Coat (to make her Canty);
 Sae right and fixt, nathing did lack,
 They nev'r were thrice upon her Back.
 Baith Hose and Sheun, and Gleuv's she sought,
 Whilk for her proper wear were bought.
 When aw thea things aside were laid,

My Lady rapp't--up came her Maid.
Prudence, quo she, take my advice
First clear yon Lass of Scabs and Lice:
Then take that trimming whilk ligs there,
And graith her featly ev'ry where:
And let me never see her Face,
'Till she be in a defter case.
It's now five hpurs o'th' Afterneun,
And time I had my Vespers deun.
When it strikes sax, then Grace may come,
And lead her to the Chappel-Room.
My Lady's orders were obey'd,
And aw things deun just as she said.
As seun as ev'r she leuk't upon her,
She laighly balking, made her Honour.
My Lady then a smiling fell,
Now ye leuk sunckat like your sel'.
Your Wankle Leggs canno' support ye,
Sae sit ye down, 'till I exhort ye.
"Madam, indeed it's your geud Nature,
"That blenks sae blythly on your Creature.

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Tell what's become of thy sweet Baby?
"I thought it wou'd not please your Lady-
"ship, it look't sae like its Dady;
"I have diswon'd it quite for mine,
"And sent it o'er to *Caroline;*
"To shuffle in its Syre's Plantation,
"And mend the thorough-Reformation.
What course of Life will ye lead now?
"The very same best pleases you.
Troth, Property, for mine awn pairt,
I'll nev'r keep Mischief in my Heart.
Here,--take the Keys, and stay nae langer,
Stir easily 'till ye grow stranger.
And tatling Bablers do not hear,
They'll buzze fond stories in your Ear.
The meanest Servant of my Train,
Shall nev'r ha' reason to Complain.
Sir, merrily she gade away,
And all was made up in dry Hay.

Land.

When Friendly Heav'n's dispos'd smile on Kings,
And Providential Blessings prune their Wings
To visit us---
Peace, Plenty's Mother thrusts into the Croud,
And peaceful Bays to Monarchs Brows allow'd,
Janus chain'd up, the fierce *Bellona* bow's,
And smooths the Furrows of her wrinkled Brows:
The Court, a Nursery of Piety;
The Bord'ring Nations stand amaz'd to see
That Bliss, and envy the Felicity.
But oh! the Frenzie of a pop'lar Rage,
It turns a Golden, to an Iron Age!
Stung with Rebellion, swell'd with Serpent's Pride,
The Healthful feeding-Tree it lays aside;
And then no Fruit can please, but what's deny'd.
It toils for Sorrow, 'till its strength be spent,
And makes the very Sin a Punishment.

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O'erwhelm'd at last, of all Assistance void;
Must Plunging sink, and sinking be destroy'd.
Too rash my Muse! what? no Deliverance?
Look up, despair not, see who does Advance.
Isaac is bound, and on the Altar laid,
The healing Angel speaks, the stroak is stay'd.

Ten.
Their Gracious Master after that,
Was far less troubled with their Prate:
Nae thanks to some for their geud Will,
But God's abeun the Devil still.
Sae lang as Earth was his abode,
He liv'd and dy'd i'th fear o' God.
No doubt his Sins are all forgiv'n,
And his dear Saul with God in Heav'n.

Land.
In Heav'n with God, 'tis sure, Muse sing the rest;
What can'st thou say—? fall short,--so have the best.

Epitaphium

Nor ly's, nor dy's, but fly's the soaring *Charles*,
Whose Name's esteem'd above the richest Pearles.

Fly---? So he must, to the Divinity,
There's room to stretch his Soul,--Infinity
Is spacious, that will do't, and no less can,
To him who dy'd a Saint; liv'd more than Man.
Woud'st thou know where this sacred Relict lyes?
Kneel,--kiss this Urn,--now dry thy dropping Eyes.

Ten.
Oh! *Landlord* ye ha' made me sory!

Land.
Nodoubt, yet I've a healing story,
I'll tell it was as we home-ward ride.

Ten.
Geud Sir, I can no' longer bide.
I pray you tell it me just now?

Land.
I'll do't then to make straight with you.
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Lay by your Pipe, in silence sit you still,
And Interrupt me not.

Ten.
Nae mair I will.

Land.
This Morning early as I slumb'ring lay,
Aurora handing in the welcome Day,
A Glorious Youth appear'd (me-thought) and said,
Come follow me, refuse that flatt'ring bed.
His ami'able Countenance my Lodgings grac't,
I rowzd my self, and his safe Footsteps trac't.
When feeble I fell faint in Travelling,
He mounted me upon his Silver Wing.
He stream'd me to *New Jerusalem*;
There gently, gently set me down by him.
The Splendour of that place surmounts my Tongue,
Melodiously was *Elohim's* Praises sung.
The Beaming Rays of that Celestial Sun,
Compell'd my yielding Eyes the Light to shun.
I am thine Angel-Guardian, he did say,
I'll shew thee what is done in Heav'n this day:

Come, list'n with Rev'rence, but no more presume;
Then o'er my Face he lay'd his downy Plume.
I heard the voice of dreadful Majesty,
But wonderful! it did not terrifie!
Majestuick—Mildness—do not yet aspire,
Our God *Jehovah's* a consuming Fire.
Then Palpitation seiz'd my trembling heart,
My palsi'd hands did quake, and ev'ry part;
My shiv'ring Joints could not their burthens Bear.
At which, my tender Tutor, *do not fear,*
But be you humble, and be chearful here.
And thus th'Eternal Father to his Son,
And to his Holy Spirirt, "*We are One;*
"Before time was, we were, when time began,
"Mongst other Beings we created Man,
"And all things else, which can in place be seen;
"But now this day let us make King and Queen.

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"I'll give them Wisdom, Wisdom to Create
"Affection, and call home alienate,
"My secret Counsels I'll to them unfold;
"Justice and Mercy shall their Throne uphold.
The Everlasting Truth have his Consent,
Saying—"Eternal Father, my Content
"Has always been your blessed Will to do,
"And to Compleat them I'll contribute too.
"I'll give them true Obedience to our Law,
"Their Inclinations to our Precepts draw;
"My precious Blood shall not in vain be spilt,
"It's balming Vertues, shall by them be felt:
"Their Burthen's heavy, I will make them strong;
"Alleviate the Cross they've carry'd long.
The enliv'ning Dove expans't his hov'ring Wing,
So he—"I will descend upon my King,
"And Queen.—
"I'll breeze a gentle Gale into their Mouths,
"They shall both practice, and defend my Truths.
"Two Cloven Tongues, within their Lips I'll place;
"And them replenish with my seven-fold Grace.
This is no Task, O God, but ease to you,
For what cannot Omnipotency do?
Amen to all—*Isaias* did advance;
A Prophet fam'd for matchless Elegance:

He warbl'd out with tousing Trumpet sound,
Take right his Theme—*Here's only to be found,*
The Object of all supernat'ral Bliss,
Who was from the beginning, who still is,
And shall be after mould'ring time is past,
Ev'n Alpha and Omega, first and last.
It was not for himself he did Create,
There can be no Addition to Compleat.
He gave us being that we might be Blest,
And banquetted as this nev'r ending feast;

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And as his Power Divine has not dimension,
Our Virtues are not such but by Extension.
As happy Souls come fleeting to this place,
Our accidental Glory will increase.
Therefore let us Communicate our store,
The more we give, we still enjoy the more.
We'll send some tokens to Great Britains King,
And Queen, let's make a free-will Offering.
They all Consent and Allelujah Sing.
Receptacles those propines to receive,
Are brought, of whom I knew, thus each one gave.
The Virgin-Mother blest 'mong Women kind,
Made the first Offer suited to their mind.
"To them I'll give my rare Humility,
"Temper'd with Pow'r and lofty Majesty:
"They shall contest Heavn's Pleasure to fulfil,
*"Saying—*Be't to your servants as ye will.**
Three Hierarchys of Angels, Orders nine,
The Seraphims inflam'd with Love divine,
The Cherubims with Sciences repleat,
Refulgent Thrones are the Almighty's Seat.
The shining Virtues, Ruling Dominations,
The Powers exult, with joyful Acclamations,
The Principalitys their Tryumphs sing:
Arch-Angels always ready ministring,
The Angels still for Ambassy's prepar'd,
And all of them their Gifts with freedom shar'd.
Saint Michael—"I will buckle to his side
"This brandish't Blade, which tam'd the Prince off ride;
"And there shall none be able to Contend,
"With James and Mary, whom I will defend.
Saint Raphael—"I did take him by the Hand,

“Conducting him to that thrice happy Land,
“From whence the choicest Comforts of his Life,
“*Rich-Virtue, Honour, Beauty in a Wife.*

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“Neither did I forsake them in Exile,
“*(For so it was)* but car’fully that while,
“I pointed out safe Footings in their way,
“I foil’d the wicked Sp’rit which sought to slay;
“And shade the Light of *Britains* beaming Day.
“Nor is mine Office out, I’ll still take pains,
“*Adjutor to their Angels Guardians.*

Enoch—“They shall in Contemplation stay,
“And with their God walk hand in hand all day;
“Yea, when translated to this happy state,
“My self shall welcome them at Heav’ns gate.

Jacob—“Come rest your Heads upon my stone:
“Your Toil is past, your anxious Hours are gone.
“By the Seditious never shall be forgot,
“*That God was in this Place, we knew it not.*

Moses—“let me add Conduct to their Arms,
“Whose Warlike Captains, with their Marshal Charms,
“Shall guide their Troops throughout their promis’t Land,
“Nor Foreign, nor Home-Foes shall them withstand.

David—“Go on, chant out th’incessant praise
“Of your Redemption in Angelick Lays:
“My well-tun’d Harp, shall with your Hearts agree,
“Not two, but one continu’d Harmony.

Daniel—“Sharp Quickness to his Councils Eyes,
“They shall unriddle hidden Mysteries
“Of State; the Judges shall expound the Law,
“And all dissenters to Allegiance draw.

Constant-Couragious-Proto-Martyr-*Stephen*,
—“My Blood for *Jesus*’s sake was freely given,
“The Frantick Rout against me did conspire,
“The more they threw me down, I bounc’t the higher:

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“Did they not seek to stop this Royal Breath?
“And by the Rabble were ston’d to worse than Death.
“But strong-built Virtue cannot eas’ly fall,
“Their Patience, Conquering Patience Conquer’d all;
“They Patient droop’t, now they to Glory rise;

“Their Prayer—*O Lord forgive our Enemys.*
 Saint *Paul*—“The Sword shall not be giv’n in vain,
 “But for their own, and all their Subjects gain;
 “The haggard-Vassal shall obey his Prince,
 “*Not out of slavish Fear, but Conscience.*
 Saints *Ambrose, Jerome, painful Agustine,*
 With more, who did the Churches Light refine;
 “—Their Cautious Prelats shall in Vntie,
 “Maintain the Cath’lick Faith; that Faith which we
 “Undauntedly asserted ev’n to Wonder,
 “Not tear the seamless Coat of Christ asunder.
 “That Faith whereon the Factious take no hold,
 “*As but one Shepherd, so but one Sheepfold:*
 “Flat Sence, and flagging Reason sink beneath
 “Stupendious Mist’rys of a Christian’s Faith.
 Saint *George,* “They’ve honor’d me, I’ll honor them.
 “Upon Saint *George*’s-day Saint *George* will climb:
 “Saint *George* for *England*—Now they well may say,
 “Let’s go to prayers, this is Saint *George*’s day.
 Saint *Andrew*--“For their guard I’ll rear my Cross,
 “The *Thistles* goodness they shall all ingress:
 “*Red-Lion-Rampant from his den shall roar*
 “*In their defence, as he’as done oft before.*
 Saint *Patrick*—“With my Lyre I’ll tame their Foes,
 “The stoutest Rebel Thraso sha’n’t oppose,
 “Their spotless White shall nev’r sustain a Wrong
 “From chatt’ring *Magpye,* nor *invenom’d Tongue.*
 Last, weeping *Rachel,* with her Fountain Eyes,
 Laid in an Handkerchief wherewith she dry’s
 Her blubb’ry Cheeks—“Give this to Widow-Queen,
 “She shall have Joys for Sorrows she has seen.

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Arch-Angel Gabriel b’ing Elect Envoy,
 To ambass down Congrat’latory Joy,
 Hoists up his Feather-Sails, and veers about;
 Then in the Airy-Ocean lanches out.
 Flight time’s out-done, ha’fe second is not o’re,
 E’re this same Agile Spirit spoke before
 Our Royal Pair—*Some presents here I bring,*
They’re Heav’nly Presents, from a Heav’nly King,
And Heav’nly Subjects, to adorn your Throne,
They’ll gild your names when rusty age is gone.

This subtle Essence wheels about, and flies,
His Pinnion-Oars divide the azure Skys,
And drowzie *Somnus* here unseal'd mine eyes.
I rowz'd, I rose, I drest, to Pray'rs withdrew;
Imploring Heav'n my Vision might prove true.

Ten.
I doubt it not, sen their ways please the Lord,
Grace, Peace and *Plenty* he'l to them afford.
I dream'd a Dream a while ago,
But with it I'll not trouble you.

Land.
I prethee tell't, if't be no Hurt?

Ten.
The worst, Sir, is but harmless Sport.
Ya Night I went to Bed right late,
A hundred Maggots in my Pate,
I dream'd at my Bed's side did stand,
A Jesuit; and in his Hand,
A Consecrated Gun (God bless me!)
HE cou'd no' fix't, and sae he mist' me,
Then out drew he a Gully-knife,
With that he twinn'd me and my Life.
Off hand I ran into the Town,
Stark dead I rally'd up and down;
I blair'd and whindg'd lyke ony man,
And down my Cheeks the salt Tears ran;
I shouted out—Oh--! Waes is me
I've lost my Head, dear friends ye see.

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I durst ha' wager'd a gray Groat,
The very Blade stack cross my Throat.
Albeit I found my sel' beguil'd,
Maist o' the Towns-men just ran wild.
Tho this was but Fantastick Wound,
There's not a few fell in a Swound.

Land.
You thought but so, it was their Quackery.

Ten.

De'il fetch't, was it but Jewkry-pawkry?

Land.

Gossip, I think you'l not deny,
Tony had finger in that Pye?

Ten.

Ay sir, as sure as I'se alive,
For e'en as e'er I hope to thrive,
There's very few that ev'r mell'd with him;
But first or last he did undo them.
I'll tell ye what a Trick he play'd me,
And fain wou'd Gobby here deceiv'd me;
But, Sir, I got him at the Catch,
Tony has yance met with his Match.
I felt his Pulse, and Pocket too,
And then, Quod I, *Tony adieu*.
This Swindger at Saint *Barthol*'s Fair,
Where aw the Nimmers do repair:
(And this was he, without suppose,
Or els 'twas Satan in his Cloaths.
Amell them twa was sike a League,
For driving on a damn'd Intreague;
The t'one the t'other had sae haunted,
To know which, which, must be acquainted.)
He jogg'd me gently on the Elbow,
Come here geud Fellow, see what I'll do:
"You leuk not like a *Tory-Scot*,
"On you I will bestow a Pot;
He had a thing under his Coat,
Just like a Fiddle as I thought.

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Quo he, *I've Travell'd far, and near,*
And this has wone me muckle geer,
He rownds me softly in the Ear,
Take my geud Counsel, do not fear.
My Bird, here is for to be seen,
What thou ne'er saw wi' thy twa een.
Dear hinny Leuve, ye little knaw,
But go, I understand the Law:
I'll draw a Compass and nae mair.,
'Twixt it and Treason but a hair.

Tony, said I, ye chance may trip,
“Where were ye if your Thumb shou’d slip?
I fear not (crafty Tony adds)
Our doughty Ignoramus Ladds
Can play at Irish, their Back-game
Will save baith Tony, and his fame:
Damnation they will make their Lot,
E’re Idol Tony gang to th’ Pot.
When that’s deun I’s nought in their debt,
My hazard makes an equal set.
But Leuvie, here’s a Courtesie,
Which out o’ kindness I’ll do thee:
The Tors know thou see’st are undone,
Neist year thou shall be Mayor of London;
Thy name Ingrav’n upon a Pillar,
Here—see my Lad, and keep thy Siller.
He lay’d his Trinckums on the Table,
Whilk I’ll describe as I am able;
But lest there shou’d be some mistack,
Here—Boy, bring me a bit of Cauck.
I think it was near twa Foot lang,
Or there about, (I’ll do nae wrang.)
This end was just twa inches o’er,
And that was sax, and bittock more.
A piece of Cristal here put on,
The muckledeum of hafe a Crown.

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He had a Frame of narrow Glass,
I judge three Foot of length it was.
With Pictures Painted here and there,
You’ll see the use on’t, what shou’d mair.
That far end wide, this near end strait
Did magnifie at a huge rate.
A twinkling light set at the back,
In little Bowet—Wyly quack.
And there’s the geeg of this *Jimcrack*.
He bids me set this Eye apart,
(Ha’fe sight is best for Jugler’s Art)
And thus ask’t I, sae he reply’d,
Tho I dare Swear he often ly’d.
What Worthy Men are hither sent?
“A true protesting Parliament,
(*I’ll shift it to another pin*)

What's this? "It's Pop'ry coming in.
And wha is yon Trav'ling fra home?
"Our Clergy Galloping to Rome.
O! Wonderful! *And what is there?*
"French Navies Sailing in the Air.
And what's that in yon darksome spot.
"Baith Queen and Duke in Papish Plot.
What then is this whilk end-ways follow's?
"Black-bills and Pilgrims, haly Gully's.
Wha's yon of Sundry Macks and Fashions?
"A Doctor saving thea three Nations.
What Siller's yon to pay the Cost?
"Seaven hundred pound he Swears he lost.
This Raree-shew I prethee tell?
"A dead Man riding by his sel'.
What now—I vow I canno' guess?
"The *Observator* hearing Mass.
Again—I speer'd what I espy'd?
"Aw the hail Court be popify'd.

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What garr's thea deulfow fo'ke complain?
"my Bairn, their Property is gane,
"They hourly leuk they shou'd be slain.
What's this? "It's an Exclusion-Bill,
"Lest Monarchy shou'd happen ill.
What can this be whilk leuks sae oddly?
"Hey—geer enough for aw the Godly.
What's ligging in that little hole?
"The King's advantage by the Pole.
Wha's here telling him idle Storys?
"Nane—make him peur, and he'll be Glorious.
O wally Tony! what is that?
"A Black-Box cramm'd wi' God knows what.
What are thea Writings closely Seal'd up?
"The same were found in *Celiers* Meal-Tub.
What wonder's this, speak if ye please?
"It is the Meun made of Green-Cheese.
This is the last, *What see I now?*
"A Hundred men to Swear all's true.
He drank to me t'other Cup,
And thus again he wheadl'd me up.
"And now, dear Billy, this is right,
"Sae do no' sit in your awn light.

“I knaw ye are a man of Reason,
 “And this ye’ll find the fittest Season;
 “Strike in as if some Friend o’ mine,
 “Make up your Hay while Sun do’s shine;
 “And here’s my Hand (What ev’r shall chance,)
 “Ye shall no’ miss my furtherance.
 “This thing I wou’d not undertake,
 “But only for my Keuntry’s sake.
 “For I had rather live at ease,
 “With ha’fe a Bannock made of Pease,
 “Stinking Butter and Rotten Cheese,
 Ev’n Sl—by Be—ls dayly-mess.

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“Cause up and down I dow no’ ride,
 “As I ha’ done—*Alas my side.*
 “You hear of this Damn’d Papish-Plot?
 “Nae honest man can save his Throat!
 “See what a pitch the Doctor’s run to,
 “What high Preferment he has come to!
 “If things (we doubt’em not) shou’d hit,
 “Ere long ye’ll see him higher yet.
 “My Dow, rub up thy memory,
 “For thou knaws e’en as well as he.
 “Be careful Birdy, cast about,
 “Speak first, and I will help thee out.
 “Ay—right—think on’t, and then begin,
 “Thou’lt be a Credit to thy kin.
 “Or if this time ye canno’ stay,
 “Come to my House some other day,
 “I’ll pay the Lawing—gang your way.
 “But hark ye me, I shou’d ha’ spoken
 “Another thing I had forgotten;
 “Tho I’ve but seldom seen that Face,
 “Yet in thy very look there’s Grace:
 “This kindness I’ll do you—In case
 “Ye be ought Strained in your Purse,
 “And canno’ get you Arms and Horse;
 “Tell me your mind if ye be scant?
 “Great pity sike as ye shou’d want.
 “Or afterward I’ll send my Man,
 “To meet you at the *Amsterdam*;
 “But whatsoever shou’d befaw,
 Take this—for to be doing with aw.

“Here—set thine hand to this bit Writing,
“And swear it is thine awn Inditting:
“And Sweety, if thou’lt but obey,
“Thou’lt reap the Fruit another day,
“When thy Friend *Tony*’s clad in Clay.

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“We’ve *English* Evidence enow,
“And of the *Irish* not a few;
“Last *Sunday* we drew in a Jew,
“And fain wou’d had a *Scotch-man* too;
“But ne’er had that geud Luck till now.
Thought I, what ‘vengeance can he mean,
The like of this was never seen!
Some Mischief surely he intends,
Of me he nev’r shall brook his ends;
(But yet the Siller made some mends.)
“As slyly as thy faus Chafts waggs,
“The De’il be in thy rotten Baggs,
“If ever *Andro* here ingage.
(When Foxes preach tent weel your Geese;
The Lord send me to live in Peace.)
“My Banes oft broken for my King,
“And thou garr me in Hemp-string swing!
“Gang seek your Callands with a shame,
“For *Andro* he is nane of them.
God help’t me out of my sel’ to save,
And freed me fra that flectching Knave.
Sir, gin ye thought it but bestow’d,
A Sang o’ yours were e’en worth Gowd.

I

Land.

Now, now the Feat’s done,
And the Great *Machiavels*,
Lye sculking in the dark;
And they chase in their Cells:
When Loyalty laught,
They stretch’t for the Cuase,
Contriving, Sham-Plotting,
to Counter the Laws,
The rode on Rebellion;
And Royalty bang’d,

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And their Pupils for Treason
On Gallow-Tree hang'd.

II.

Jack Presbyter smil'd,
Having fixed his Dart,
And wing'd it to hit
The Great Prince in the Heart:
Who calmly withdrew
At his Sov'raign's Command,
Whose Pleasure, full Measure,
He ne'er did gainstand;
Now his Foes are dispersed,
And fall'n in disgrace,
Our Passion recoil,
And give Reason it's place.

III.

Truth, Truth is the cry,
Truth and Justice go round,
Whilst Plotters, and Traitors,
Lye sprauling o'th' Ground.
Their Cabals are Confounded,
Their Evidence flinches,
And packing of Parliaments,
Throw'n off the Hindges:
They'll Rally no more,
For an Oliver Nose,
Nor Muster fresh Forces,
But flat in the Close.

Ten.

Well said Sir, I wou'd give a Cow,
Why I cou'd sing as well as you.

Land.

But hark ye Friend, one told me
A while ago ye were at Sea.

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I like not Plow-stilt Math'maticians,
Nor *London* Prentice Politicians,
Neither care I for Women-Preachers
Nor Leather-Apron'd-Gospel-Teachers,
Nor any he that wears a Gown,

Who cants in Country, or in Town,
Sedition up, and Pop'ry down.
Let ev'ry Prudent man discharge,
What Office falls within his verge.

Ten.
I nev'r can tell ye that for shame,
For I am sure ye will me blame.
But what care I? Repreuf fra you
I well may bear, sen it's my due.
Now let me see,---It is about
Seaven, or aught year sen that fell out.
Upon your Voyage we were bent,
The Wind blew fair, to Sea we went
Our Skipper wise, our Vessel sound,
And to *West India's* we were bound.
I learn't some Trms in that [?]
But fumbl'd basely when in [?]
Yet thought my self as skilfull as
The wisest he on Ship-board was.
Say'd to the Steers-man—*Friend, in case*
Ye be ought tyr'd give me your place.
Quoth he, I think ye are [?],
Here, —take my room with aw my Heart.
Nay then, thought I, there's muckle doubt
Can I no' twirle that stick about?
I had no' deun the Office lang,
But presently I set aw wrang.
When they cry'd [?], I swear
I wist nae mair nor my blind Mier.
All hands aloft, and ev'ry where,
The Maistres Mate Mad as *March-hare*,
For ony shift that cou'd be found,
I'ad like to've run the Ship a-ground.

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When Horses in the Fields lye dying,
The Carrion Crows about them flying
Will keep a craiking, and I've seen,
Ere they've been dead, their very een
Pyk't out, and Dogs ha' snasht their Haunches,
Ay, sometimes riv'n out aw their Paunches.
Syklike there was a Rav'nous Tribe,
(The De'il has not their maiks beside)

Steud on the Shoar to see us sink,
And Fish-way in the Ocean drink.
Amang the laive I did espy,
A Doctor of Divinity,
Or else he slants confoundedly.
But yet suppose he leuv'd to sib,
And some for that, his Luggs should libb.
Or teach him aumbling by the hand,
Till he his paces understand;
Or twine a widdy 'bout his Craig,
To ken him for a straying Naig;
It's nae sike wide Comparison,
For Horse and Doctor, all is one.
Conjoin for better or for worse,
It's Doctor's *Oats* makes Doctor Horse.
These Questions ne'er shall trouble me,
For now he'as tane his right Degree.
Or if he draw behind the Cart,
Let it be sae with aw my Heart;
If he draw right on any score,
It's mair nor ev'r he did before.
*This Ship, quoth he, we understand,
Is fraught wi' Dean and Chapter Land,
Rich fat Livings, Bishops Mannors,
Pilgrims, Court and Kirk-Trepanners,
Black-bills, and Irish, Tory Scots,
They're not a Hairs breadth fra our Throats.*

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*My sel' has been in other Nations,
Where I ha' study'd Conjurations,
I'll drive a Storn, the Seas I'le trouble,
And they shall find their Danger double;
I'll force the Winds (for I ha' Skill,
To raise Auld Nick, lay him wha will)
From whence, I hope, when she is lost,
She will be wreck't upon our Coast.
If ony claim be made, I'll swear
That we saw nought but Papish Gear.
Why should we keep it to our loss?
We burnt it all at Charing-Cross.
And for the Guineys and what els,
Them we'll divide amang our sel's.
The Doctor having giv'n the Word,*

A Daughty Captain drew his Sword,
And Vows—*By all my Valiant Deeds,*
I will not leave thee in the Weeds.
I'll stick to thee as close as Curtis
(Wha will take Care that nane shall hurt us)
'till he that buckl'dd us shall part us.
Then end-ways rush't another Crew,
(I canno' tell ho many now)
They shouted—*Leaders never sledge,*
For we'll stick to you back and edge:
We'll swear aw that and meikle mair,
Provided always we have share.
We'll swear 'till some have lost their hearing.
Swear in, swear out, swear off, swear on,
And swear when Swearing time is gone.
We'll swear, and lye, and things sae handle;
That swearing truth shall give a scandal.
Ah! instantly a Gale did blow,
The Seas ran tumbling to and fro:

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Our Skipper step't upon the Hatch,
My Lads, said he, let us dispatch,
And reef the Top-sail, for I guess,
This Gale is likely to increase.
What--? mair and mair, our Top-sail must
Be handed, let no time be lost.
And our three Low-sails will not do,
Therefore let's hand our Fores-sail too.
I think with Main-sail we'll make shift,
Sa lang's we have enough of drift.
This way again, brave Lads make hie,
And lay'r in Misne ballast by:
Still worse and worse--! Lads here again,
And reef the main-sail; I see plain
That we shall have a dreadfow storm,
Pray God our Vessel take nae harms.
Oh! wonderful! the Seas still swell,
Sure this mun be the fiend of Hell!
Our Ship is now sae toss't and hurl'd,
Our Main-sail must lik'ways be furl'd.
All will not do, —Plumb—Here's a Road;
Cast Anchor, wait the Will of God.
Some Service presently provide,

*To save our Cable while we ride,
Heave out the heavyest of the ware,
Let ilka Merchant bear a share.
Set up the Glass, Watch turn about,
For of our safety I make doubt;
And clear the Boat my Lads with speed,
I fear 'twill be our last remeed.
Our Maister to his Cabin went,
And teuk a dram, for he was faint:
O then a Mountain-Sea came on us!
And nought sa sare cou'd have undone us.*

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*It broke our Cable, our Boat it stav'd,
Nae lik'ly-heud we cou'd be sav'd,
It took some Men quite off the Deck,
And Sprang an ugly fearfow Leck.
Our ready Carpenters made hye,
And stop't it sunkat presently.
Yet baith our Pumps were right sare pinch't
To keep her up, tho we nev'r flinch't.
A couple of Knights in this same County,
Wha neither spar'd for Pains nor Bounty,
Clamm up the Shroud, and wrought han-span,
And preuv'd themsel's twa clifty Men,
Some Neighbours shew'd them small regard,
But Virtue is its awn Reward.
Some sigh'd, and some did curse and damn,
Some cry'd—*Let's take the tother dram:*
Some search't their Consciencs, and vow'd
And yelp't for Mercy what they cou'd;
And sike a Hubby-shew was keep't;
Wou'd wak'ned *Neptune*, had he sleep't.
When we with labour were just spent,
At last we to our Prayers went.
For Sailors seindle pray, but when
There is nae help fra Mortal Men;
Perceiving nae other remeed,
They pray to God.*

Land.
So had they need.

Ten.

The Godless gang I nam'd before,
Pelted us off the Weather Shoar:
They had some Cannon on their Ground,
But thanks to God, they were no' sound.
They rattled on, and keep't a bustle,
About our Luggs they did sae whistle,
For aw their Dirdon, and their Dinn,
It was but little they did winn.
We had a-board an *Observator*,
Experienc'd at Land and Water:

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He minds the Compass and the Tide,
How the Wind blew, and aw beside.
Their Plots and intrigues closely hunted,
And as they planted he dismounted.
They blirted, squirted, flirted fondly,
He Clapper-claw'd their Jerkins soundly.
They presently spent aw their Powder,
but he repetas louder and louder.
Says Lown of theirs, *my Joes I fear*
Yon is a parlish Ingeneer:
Had we him yance out of the way,
They cou'd no' find us sike tough play.
Perceiving that, he thought it Folly,
To set his breast against their Volly.
His down-cast was their hail intent,
They aw discharge with free Consent,
He jowk't, and o'er his head it went.
Then *Heraclitus* girn'd and laught,
Whilk set the raging Rabble daft;
They, when their high attempting fails,
Sneak't off like Dogs had burnt their Tails.
Our Maister instantly starts up
And wishfully loo't o're the Poop.
Brave Lads, let not your Courage fail,
For thanks to god our Ruther's hail.
Mair Comfort for us yet beside,
For now puts in a high Spring Tide.
The wind which had sae boist'rous blow'n,
Now by deg[?] began to Low'n.
We found our Anchor by the Buoy,
And wey'd it up with small annoy.

We hoist our Main-sail gently up,
[?] [?] the Water ilka sup.
At last we got her to a Port,
Where Weather beaten Ships resort

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My skilfull Pilots and wise Seamen,
Geud Carpenters, and sike as thea men,
She cost God knaws a deal in Rigging,
(And sundry Merchants ran a Begging)
We rigg'd her up fra Stemm to Stern,
Securing where she had tane harm;
Made her, whatever she did ail
As tite a Ship as ev'r set fail:
There's not a Vessel on the Main,
But lo'ers to her; *God's haly Name*
Be glorified for the same.
Our Maister then a-shore did set me,
You Lown, said he, I'll ne'er forget ye,
And with his Foot he kick't my tail
Gang hame,--be Hang'd—and handle your flail
If ev'r hereafter any see me,
Melling wi' what perteens no' to me,
I'll give him leave (mark what I say)
To hew this Craig of mine in twa.
Some of our Lads b'ing very kind,
Alantom follow'd me behind,
We took a House, where we refresh't
Our sel's wi' what our Hostess fetch't.
Without, within, we soon grew warm,
A Sang says yane, will do nae harm:
He lilted up, and straik't his beard,
An' please your Worship ye shall hear't.

Tan, ta, ra, sounds the tow'ring Trumpets, hah, hah, hah, boo, boo, boo, boo,
roars the thund'ring Cannons, for the James now. Hast lads, hast,

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up, hang out the Flags, and then Carouse; yonder Neptune wades, he's
leading the Mirmaids, they hear this joyful News. Whip, skip, trip,
goes the dancing Dolphins, nev'r tire yet, sire, sire now for the Royal Mary,
boo, boo, boo: Fight Lads, fight, to maintain the Right of brave James now. Great
Sir! what we can do, will ne're make straight with you; fire, boo, boo, boo, boo,
boo, boo. Ho Ship, ho! what Port bound ye to, and whence came you?
Lo'er, lo'er here, it's the Royal Cath'rine come from Algier: She's deep fraught,

The Salamanca Corpus: A Joco-Serious Discourse (1686)

with redeemed Christians hither brought; none are left behind, fire,
God send you fair Wind; sire, beat Drums, sound a-loft.

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I'll down and see the Yauds well fed,
It's mair nor time ye were in bed.

Land.
No, call my Groom, inquire of him.
Ten.
For Hostlers for maist pairt are slim.

[Enters the Land-lady of the Inn]

L.lady
Sir, when you please you Chamber's ready.

Land.
Ay, by and by; sit down *Land-lady*.
This Loyal Health once more I'll drink,
you'll pledge me heartily I think.

L.lady
Ay Sir, I will—pray hold—a Sup
Is full as good as the whole Cup;
For Women must not be o'erseen.
Here Friend, God bless both King and Queen.

Ten.
Come Land lady—But what d'ye say?
Will ye not sing a Verse or twa?

L.lady
As heartily as ev'r I may,
Because it's Coronation-day.

I.

Right Titan, when from watry Bed, has fresh Career, be-
gun; begs leave to dry his molsty Head, at Britain's Beaming Sun: He
cannot influence the Flocks, nor make the Meads look green, 'till
he combs out his Lankey-Locks, before our Radiant Queen.

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II.

What makes the new blown Rose creep in

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And dares not shew it's Face?
But makes the sweetest Flowers begin
To fly with the flightest pace?
What makes the tulip cast it's Leaves?
Not let them here be seen?
They must not touch, the sight's too much
Of Britains Beauteous Queen.

III.

What make the lofty Cedar droop,
As if now well at ease?
What makes the neighb'ring Forests stoop,
As all were Shrubs, no Trees?
Like Noon-day-Owls, they hide their Boles,
Their timber is but mean,
The Royal-Oak, without a stroak,
Will Conquer for our Queen.

IV.

What makes *Diana* court the shades?
What makes her Nymphs recoil?
A Chaster Beauty them invades,
They're proud they've got the Foil:
Her Priests need keep no holy-day,
No Off'rings as have been;
Nor Sacrifice but to the eyes
Of *Britains* Goddes Queen.

V.

From whence hear I those chearful Chirps?
Ev'n from her Sacred Feet;
The Moans, the Groans of needy ones,
Are turn'd to Musick sweet:

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Why no Complaints from Indigents?
What makes the Goals so thinn?
The Bounty, and the Charity,
Of *Britains* pious Queen.

Ten.

Well sung dear Hostess, come my Dow,
And let me kiss that weel-fourd mow,
When *awld* Megg dy's then have at you.

Land.

Th' enamel'd Flower spreads its imbellish'd Leaves,
Gives thanks for what't has got, and more receives;
But haughty Rebels dare all Rights deny,
And God, and his Anointed both defie!
Oh! wretch'd Ingratitude! not to regard,
Their Sov'raigns good Example, nor Reward!
As if the Almighty only did Create
Kings for the *Objects* of their *Subjects*, Hate,
Not to be Honour'd, but be spurned at.
We'll talk no more, I think we'ad best
Go say our Pray'rs, and so to rest.