

A
0
0
0
0
2
7
2
5
4
2



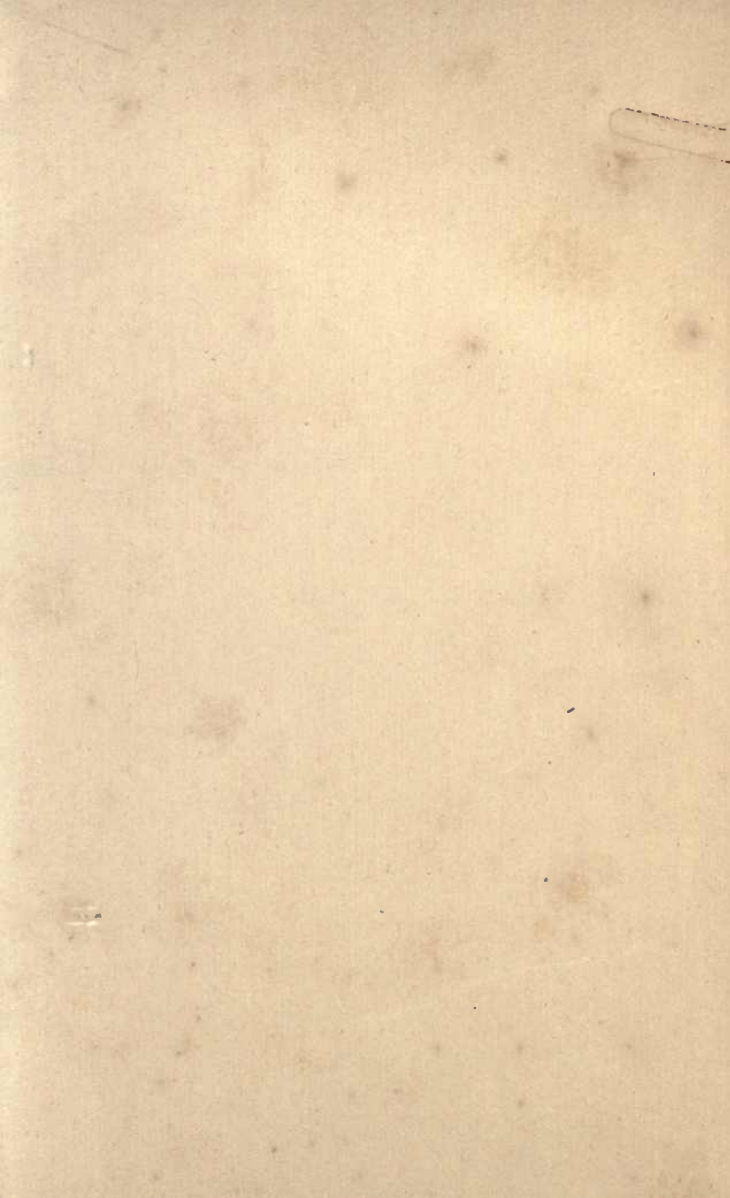
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

ifornia
onal
ty





RM





MAD FASHIONS,

OD FASHIONS,

All out of Fashions,

OR,

The Emblems of these Distracted times.

By *Iohn Taylor.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Iohn Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642.



Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, All out of Fashions,

OR,

The Emblems of these distracted times.

THE Picture that is Printed in the front
Is like this Kingdom, if you look upon't:
For if you well do note it as it is,
It is a transform'd Metamorphosis,
This Monstrous Picture plainly doth declare
This land (quite out of order) out of square
His Breeches on his shoulders do appear,
His Doublet on his lower parts doth wear ;
His Boots and Spurs upon his Arms and Hands,
His Gloves upon his feet (whereon he stands)
The Church o'erturned (a lamentable show)
The Candlestick above, the light below,
The Coney hunts the Dog, the Rat the Cat,
The Horse doth whip the Cart (I pray mark that)
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh Base)
And Eels and Gudgeons fly a mighty pace.
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashion,
That doth surpass all *Ovid's* Transformation.

And this is England's case this very day,
All things are turned the Clean contrary way ;
For Now, when as a Royal Parliament,
(With King, and Peers, and Commons whole
consent)

Have almost sat two years, with pains and Cares,
And Charge, to free us from our Griefs and fears,
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,
And good Esquire (for King and Country's Right)
Have spent so much time with Great Toil, and
Heed,

All England's Vicious garden how to weed,
So like a Wilderness 'twas overrun,
That though much hath been done ; All is not done.
The Devil doth persuade, entice and lurk,
And force bad men to set good men awork.
That whilst the *Worthies* strive to right our wrongs,
And give to each man, what to him belongs ;
Whilst they take pains to settle all things here,
An *Irish Devil*, doth madly domineer.

From Hell's black Pit, begirt with Romish Arms,
Thousands of *Locusts*, are in Troops and Swarms,
More Barbarous than the Heathen, worse than Jews,
No Turks, or Tartars would such Tortures use.
Sure that Religion can no ways be good,
That so inhumanly delights in Blood :
Nor do that doctrine from the scriptures spring,
That Subjects should Rebel against their King.

Nay (further) murder, ravish, spoil deflower,
Burn and lay waste, depopulate, devour,
Not sparing Infants at the Breast or womb,
(To die where first they lived, their Birth, their
Tomb)

'Tis said no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toad,
Can live in *Ireland*, or hath there abode :
'Tis strange that she those Vipers doth not Kill,
That Gnaws her Bowels, and her blood doth spill,
Can Irish Earth Kill all things venomous,
And can she nurse such Vermin Mischievous :
Her own sons Native, worse than Strangers Born,
They have their Mother's Entrails rent and torn,
Yet still her Indulgency, harbours those.
And feeds those Rebels that do breed her woes :
God (in thy Mercy) give her strength and Aid,
And courage, make her foes and ours dismayed,
Thou Lord of Hosts, thine own cause take in hand,
Thy foes (Thine Anti-christian foes) withstand ;
Defend thy truth, and all our Armies guide,
Our enemies to scatter and divide.
Thus leaving *Ireland* (with my hearty prayers)
To *Britain* back again my Muse repairs :
Where I perceive a Metamorphosis,
Is most preposterous, as the Picture is,
The world's turned upside down, from bad to worse,
Quite out of frame, *The cart before the Horse.*

The Felt-maker, and saucy stable Groom
Will dare to Perch into the Preacher's Room,
Each Ignorant, do of the Spirit Boast,
And prating fools brag of the *Holy Ghost*,
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher Teach,
And Sow-gelders, and Cobblers dare to preach,
This shews, men's wits are monstrously disguised,
Or that Country is Antipodis'd.
When holy Common Prayer, is by the Rabble
Accounted Porridge, and unfruitful Babble,
When our Belief is not so much as said,
When as the Ten Commandments are not read,
When as the Lord's Prayer is almost neglected,
When as all decency is quite rejected,
When to avoid a *Romish Papist's* name,
A man must be unmannerly, past shame,
When he that show Reverence, doth offend,
And he seems best that will not bow or bend,
When he that into God's House doth not come,
As to a Stable, or a Tippling Room,
Is counted for a Popish favourite,
And branded so, despised, and scorned with spite.
When He that (of his ways) doth conscience make,
And in his heart doth world, flesh, fiend forsake,
Loves God with all his soul ; adores no pelf,
And loves his Neighbour, as he loves himself,
This man is Rare to find, yet this Rare man

Shall have the Hateful name of Puritan ;
 When execrations pierce the firmament,
 And oaths do batter against Heaven's Battlement :
 When Imprecations, and damned Blasphemies,
 In sundry cursed volleys scale the Skies,
 When men more Brutish than the Horse or Mule,
 Who know not to obey, presume to Rule,
 Thus Church and Common-wealth, and men, all are
 (Much like the Picture) out of frame or square.
 And if 'twere possible our fathers old
 Should live again, and tread upon this mould,
 And see all things confused, overthrown,
 They would not know this Country for their own.
 For *England* hath no likelihood, or show
 Of what it was but seventy years ago ;
 Religion, manners, life and shapes of men,
 Are much unlike the people that were then,
 Nay England's face and language is estrang'd,
 That all is Metamorphosed, chopped, and changed,
 For like as on the Poles, the World is whirled
 So is this Land the *Bedlam* of the World ;
 That I amazed, and amated am,
 To see *Great Britain* turned to *Amsterdam*,
 Men's brains and wits (two simples beat together)
 From thence (mixed and compounded) are sent
 hither
 For *Amsterstam* is landed (as I hear)
 At *Rye*, or *Hastings*, or at *Dover Pier*,

At *Harwich, Ipswich, Sandwich*, or at *Weymouth*,
 At *Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Exmouth, Plymouth*,
Falmouth,

At *Yarmouth*, and at all the Ports, to *Teignmouth*,
 And westward unto *Bristol* and to *Monmouth* ;
 From all these *Mouths* and more, mad sects are
 sent,

Who have Religion all in pieces Rent,
 One would have this, Another would have that,
 And most of them would have they know not what.
 God give us peace, and ease us in our pain,
 And send those sects, from whence they came again,
 The Papist, and the Schismatic ; both grieves
 The *Church*, for she's like *Christ* (Between two
 Thieves.)

I took the Protestation twice of Late,
 Where I protested not to Innovate.
 T'avoid all Popish Rites, and to express
 Obedience to what *England's* Church profess,
 My Loyalty unto my King is bent
 With duty to the Peers and Parliament.
 With Prayers, and my best service for them all,
 That on them may Heaven's chiefest blessings fall,
 That with one heart, as one man, with one mind,
 (For God's great glory) they may be combined,
 And never vary, but go boldly on,
 To end the good work, which they have begun.
 This is the Sum (which ne'er shall be forsook)

Of what I in the Protestation took.
But, for all this, I may be mannerly
In God's House, and be free from Papistry ;
I hope I may put off my hat, and be
Allowed to Kneel, and Pray, and Bow my Knee,
When as divine Command bids, only then
I'll Bow to God, and not to Saints, or Men.
And from those duties I will never vary
Till death, or Order do command contrary.
The Almighty's Name be ever praised and blessed,
That Romish superstition is suppressed,
We have no Abbies, Abbots, Friars, or Monks,
Nor have we Nuns, or Stews allowed for Punks,
We have no Masses, or no Mass-Priests here.
But some are hanged, and some are fled for fear.
All those that are so bold to stay behind,
I wish they may like entertainment find ;
Beads, Baubles, Relics, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,
We have no superstitious Romish Rites,
We seek our Pardons from our Heavenly Hope,
And not by works, or favour from the Pope ;
To Saints we make no prayer, or Intercession,
And unto God alone we make Confession ;
We hold no Real Presence in the Bread,
And we do know King *Charles* our supreme head
(Beneath God, who hath placed him in his Throne)
For other Supreme, we acknowledge none.
No Purgatory, Image, Wood or Stone,

No Stock, or carved Block, we trust upon,
Nor is our Church discretion here so little,
As to Baptize with Cream, with salt and Spittle.
We have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
Ordained; which are but two, and Rome hath
seven

We do not Christen Bells, and give them Names
Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, John and James;
We use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,
Nor in an unknown tongue our Prayers scatter;
All these, and many more, in Rome are used
Which are by us rejected and refused.
And yet too many faults, alas remains,
Which are the Church's, and the Kingdom's stains,
The Church Triumphant is not clear from spots,
The Poor Church Militant hath still some blots,
Here's all imperfect, something's still amiss,
And nothing's blessed, but in Eternal Bliss.
Meantime, till we amend, and leave our crimes,
The Picture is the Emblem of the Times.

FINIS.

THE
KINGS

MOST EXCELLENT

MAJESTIES

Wellcome to his owne House,
Truly called the Honour of *Hampton*

COVRT,

Who came thither on the 24. of
August, and so consequently hoped and hum-
bly desired to *White-Hall*.

Written by his Majesties most humble servant
John Tailor, one of the Yeoman of
His MAJESTIES Guard.

Alius Poeta Aquaticus.

From my House at the Crowne in *Globe Lane*, alias *Phoenix Al-*
ly, nere the *Globe Taverne* in *Long Aker*,

Printed in the Yeare. 1647.



THE KINGS
Most Excellent MAJESTIES,
Welcome to his own House,
Truly called the Honour
of *Hampton-Court*.

MOST Gracious (suffering) Sovereign Lord
and King
Had I a quill plucked from the *Phœnix*
wing,
Or *Homers* Muse or, *Virgils* towring style,
(Thy ten times long wish'd welcome to
compile)

Had I all these great aids, all were too few,
Thy Subjects long expected joys to show
Thy presence hath inspir'd this Muse of mine,
More than *Apollo* and his triple Trine,
He's dull brained, and a Poet cannot be,
That wants a Muse (Great King,) and writes of thee.
A juster Master servant never had
And servants false to man, too bad
But as the Eagle never cast his eyes,

On abject, objects, vermin, gnats or flies,
 So thou not minding injuries, hath still,
 With thine own goodness overcome their ill.
 Ungrateful men took clothing, wages, food,
 From thee, and have repaid thee ill for good :
 Which thy Heroic mind still slighted hath,
 As most unworthy of thy Royal wrath.
 There's not a grace, a virtue of an Art,
 But are enthroned in thy Princely Heart :
Faith and *Fame* unshaken with the wrongs,
 Of perjurd writers and perfidious tongues,
 Thy certain *Hope* in thy Majestic Breast
 That fix'd belief, shall be made manifest
 By *Charity*, which thou hast shew'd to those
 Who are thy cursed causeless mortal foes.
 Whereby thy virtues patient constancy,
 Hath won thee a more glorious victory,
 Than If (by conquest) thy sharp sword should pierce
 Through all the Kingdoms of the Universe.
 Thy *Mercy* and thy *Justice* are the Gems,
 And richest Jewels in thy Diadems.
 To sum up all ; 'tis truly understood
 There's nothing may be named *just* or *good*
 But is in thee ingrafted, and nothing ill
 Thou sayest or doest, but 'tis against thy will.
 Thy Master *Christ* (the *light* made thee discern,
 And this bless'd Lesson thou from him didst learn.
 That he that Loveth, Father, Mother, Wife,

Children, earths goods or glory, or his life
More than his Saviour (such a sordid Spirit)
Is most unworthy of his Masters Merit :
This precept thou hast practis'd this thy troth
Kept in thy Christian Coronation Oath,
Wife, Children, Crown, and Kingdoms, friends,
Life, all

Thou hazard'st either to rise, stand or fall,
Thy Love (Great King) to thy great King of Kings,
By thee hath been prefer'd above all things,
For which he'll crown his Gifts in thee, and He
Will crown thee glorious with Eternity :
Thy Constancy hath trip'd up *Fortunes* heel,
Thy mind ne'er minded her Inconstant Wheel :
What good, or bad Occurrences effected ;
Thy Spirits were ne'er erected or dejected ;
Not with a stupid Humour stoical,
But with a Christian Mind Majestical :
And with Impregnable strong confidence,
Still trusting in the Almighty's Providence.
Now may we see that Patience, Clemency,
Religion, and true Magnanimity,
Are Talents lent, whose value doth excel :
And all the Profits their's that use them well.
And (Royal Sir) Thou hast done well (no doubt)
Thou hast not wrap'd thy Talent in a Clout,
But so improv'd thy trust, in thy Trustee,
That tenfold ten times more thy trust shall be.

And now poor *England*, hath so many years
 Been Plagu'd with causeless *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
 Which (like Black clouds) dispersed with wavering
 wind:

Made *Wit* squint-ey'd, and *Understanding* blind,
 Whereby each how was frighted hence sweet *Peace*
 And every moment miseries increase :

But as bright *Phœbus* (interposed by Clouds,
 Which with a mourning face the earth e'en shrouds)
 At last dispels them with his Radiant Ray,
 And makes the dulsome dark, a gladsome day.

So we (mistaken Subjects) hood-wink over
 With Ignorance, our sights again recover,
 King *Charles* shines clear, as *Sols* Coruscant Beams
 Hath prov'd our *Jealous Fears* were less than
 dreams,

Mild *Dove-like* King brings Peace with the *Olive*
 Branch,

Whose Love (like *Balsam*, Bleeding wounds will
 staunch

Our cheerful faces, shows our minds (like Mirrors)
 Free from suspicious thoughts, or needless Terrors:
 Hearts overflow'd with Joys, Thanks up erected
 To God, who for us hath this good effected:

Our joyful eyes shows *April* drops of pleasure,
 And showers of Joy fill the *Horizons* measure,
 The Almighty hath thy troubles seen and heard,
 And hath thy upright heart in such regard

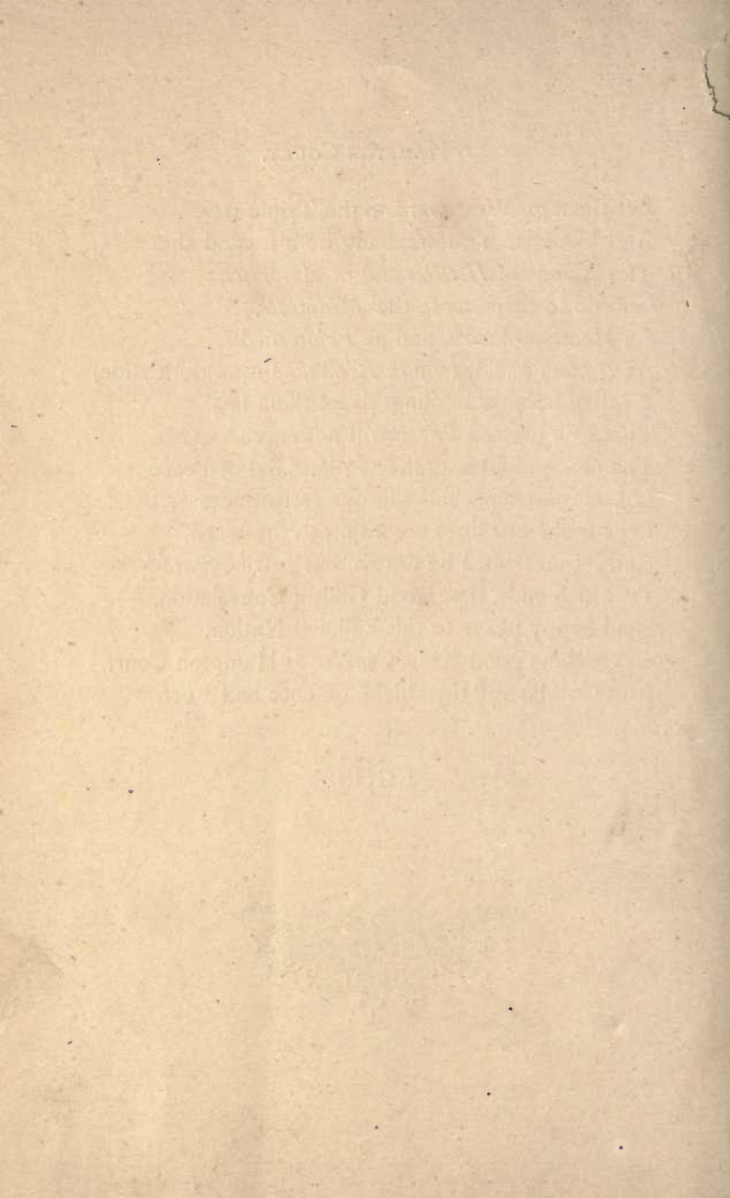
That (maugre mischief) His outstretched Arm
 Hath, doth, and will defend thee still from Harm,
 Base *Shimei* Rails not as he erst hath hath done,
 Nor rake-hell *Sheba* (*Bieri's* cursed son)
 Doth roar and rail with loud Infernal yell,
 Or cry out, *to your Tents oh Israel*
 That Secretaries no more contention Breed
 But humbly learn to know their Christian Creed,
 That *Judas* no more *Hail Master* say
 When as they mean their Master to betray,
 That Reverend *Levites* of a new hatch Brood,
 Make *England* drunk no more with English Blood.
 That we may have our Queen and Prince once
 more,
 And use them Kinder than we did of yore.
 Triumphant trumpets sound shall mount to the stars
 And not the dreadful charge of civil wars,
 Sweet Peace (we hope shall still the Churlish
 Drum,
 And Murdering, Thundering, Guns, Commanded
 Dumb,
Justice and *Mercy* both Kiss (when they meet)
 No heavy sad complaining in our street,
 No more shall *England* bathe in her own Gore,
 Or leading to captivity no more.
 Sword (drunk with blood) shall in their Scabbards
 rest,
 No plundering or free quartering shall molest,

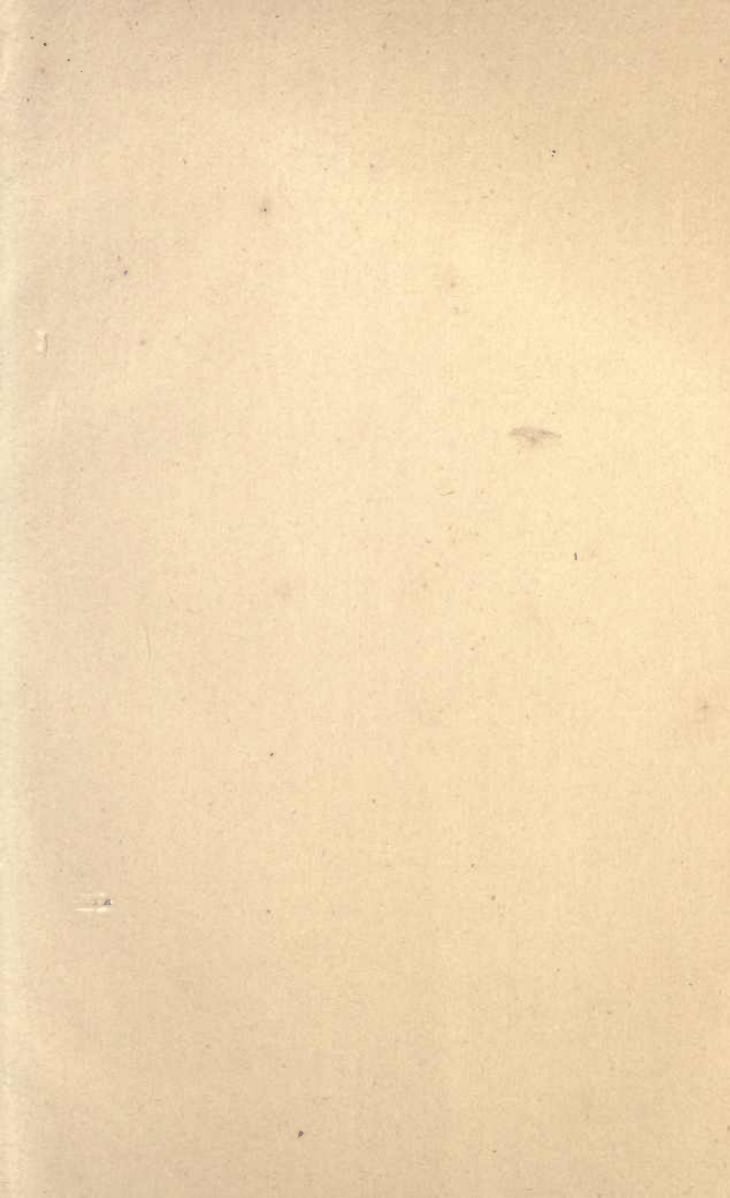
The painful *farmer*, ploughman, or the swain,
 And *weapons* shall give place to *gowns* again.
 The Church resume her rights she had before,
 The Clergy to be scandalized no more.
 Thus each man hopes he shall his right enjoy
 And all cease one another to destroy.
 The King shall have his own again, and see,
 His enemies ashamed and odious be.
 Upon thy Head still flourish may thy Crown,
 And ten times troubled be thy high Renown
 That thee and thine in glory here may Reign,
 Until the King of glory come again:
 For such as speak peace, and do war intend,
 For any Sinister or private end.
 That of tranquillity do prate and prattle,
 But wish for war, yet dare not see a Battle,
 Let all such never claim a Christian Name
 Whose trade or pleasure in Blood and Flame,
 Of their dear Country, to Rip, Rend and tear,
 Their Mothers Womb, which did such Bastards
 bear.
 Belike some fear that Peace would drive'em hence
 To *England* New, or the Isle of *Providence*:
Virginia, *Bermudas*, or *St. Kitts*.
Barbadoes, *Mevis*, or besides their wits.
 But those that offering to the Altars bring,
 To raise new wars 'gainst Kingdom Laws and
 King,

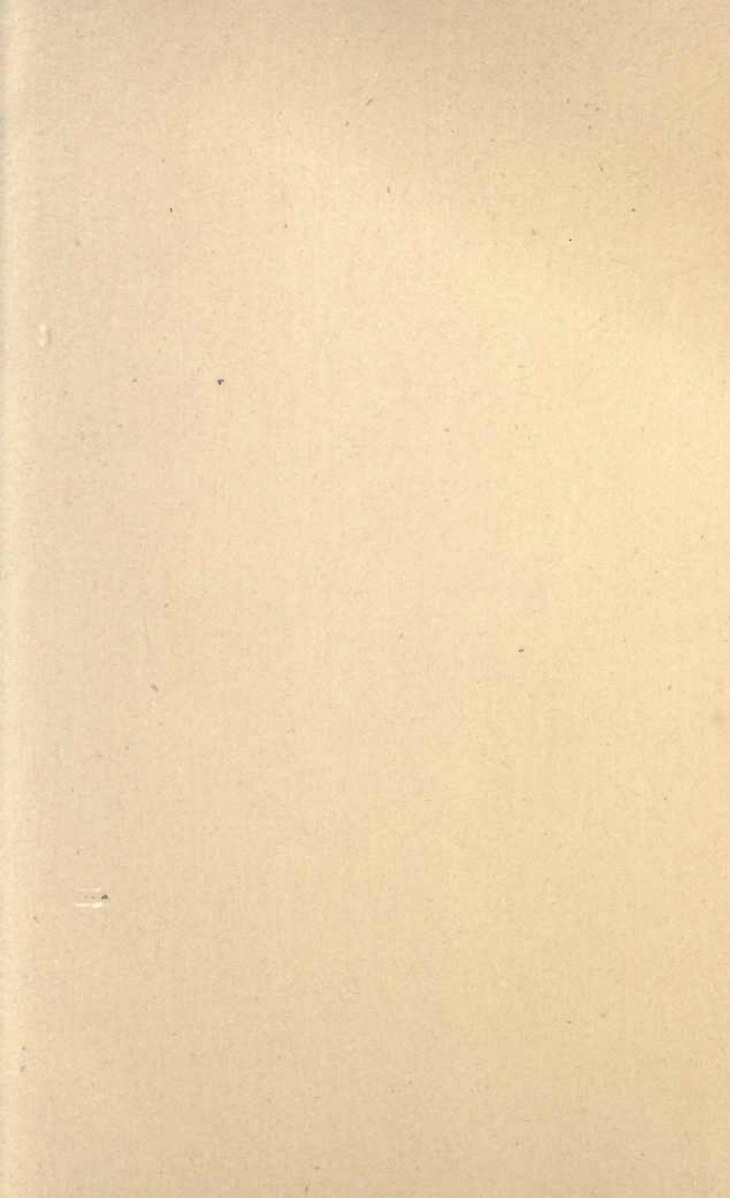
Let them go West-ward to the Triple tree,
And like false Traitors, hang both he and she.
Those Sons of *Hittites* and of *Amorites*,
God do to them, as to the *Midianites*,
As Heathen *Sisera*, and as *Fabin* died
At *Endors* Field, (where *Kishows* Brook doth slide)
As they became as dung, so let them be,
That to a blessed Peace will not agree,
The peace of God, grant us thou God of Peace,
Let us cease sin, thou wilt our sorrows cease.
Let's frame our lives according to thy word
And let no Sword be drawn, but Justice Sword,
To which ends, thou good God of Consolation,
Send happy peace to this afflicted Nation.
So welcome good King *Charles* to Hampton Court,
And God be still thy shield, defence and Fort.

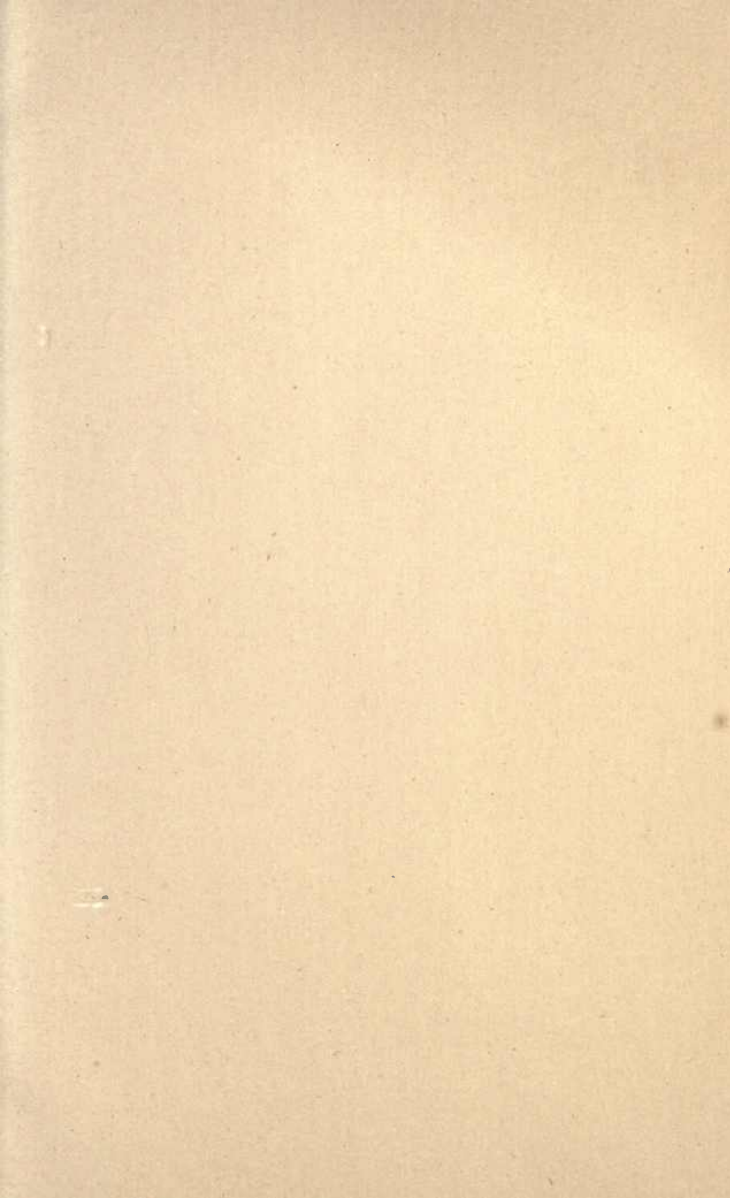
FINIS.

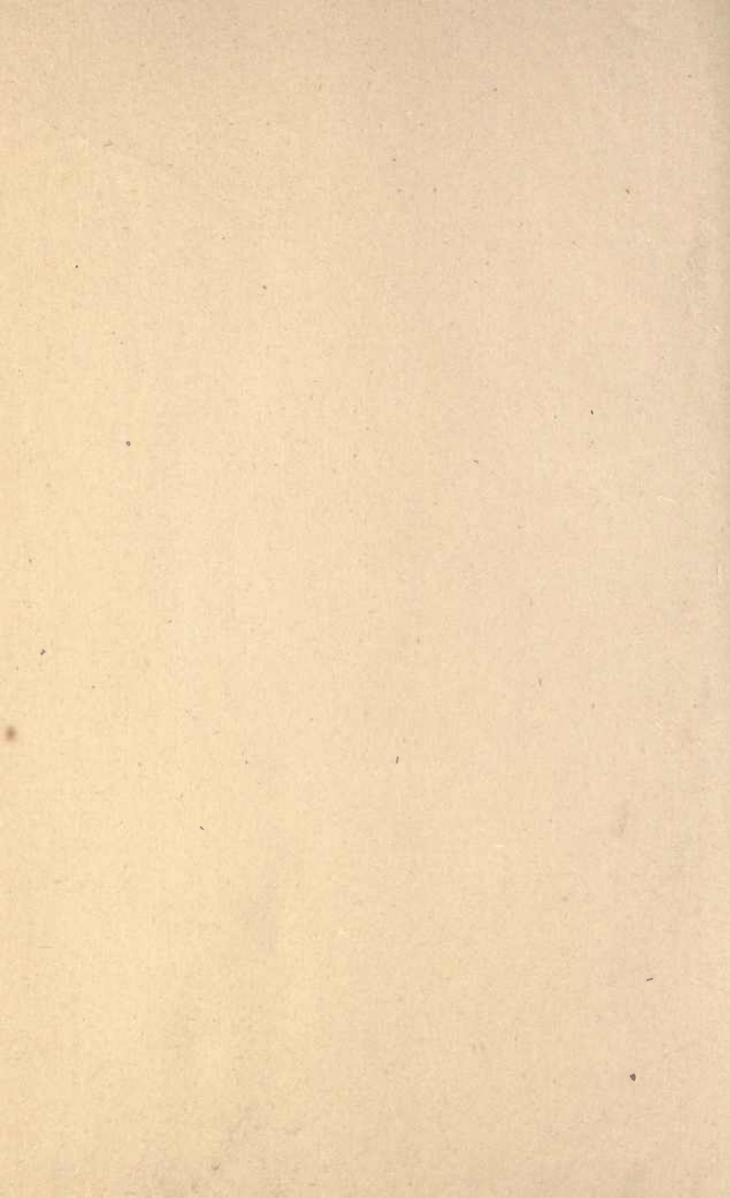


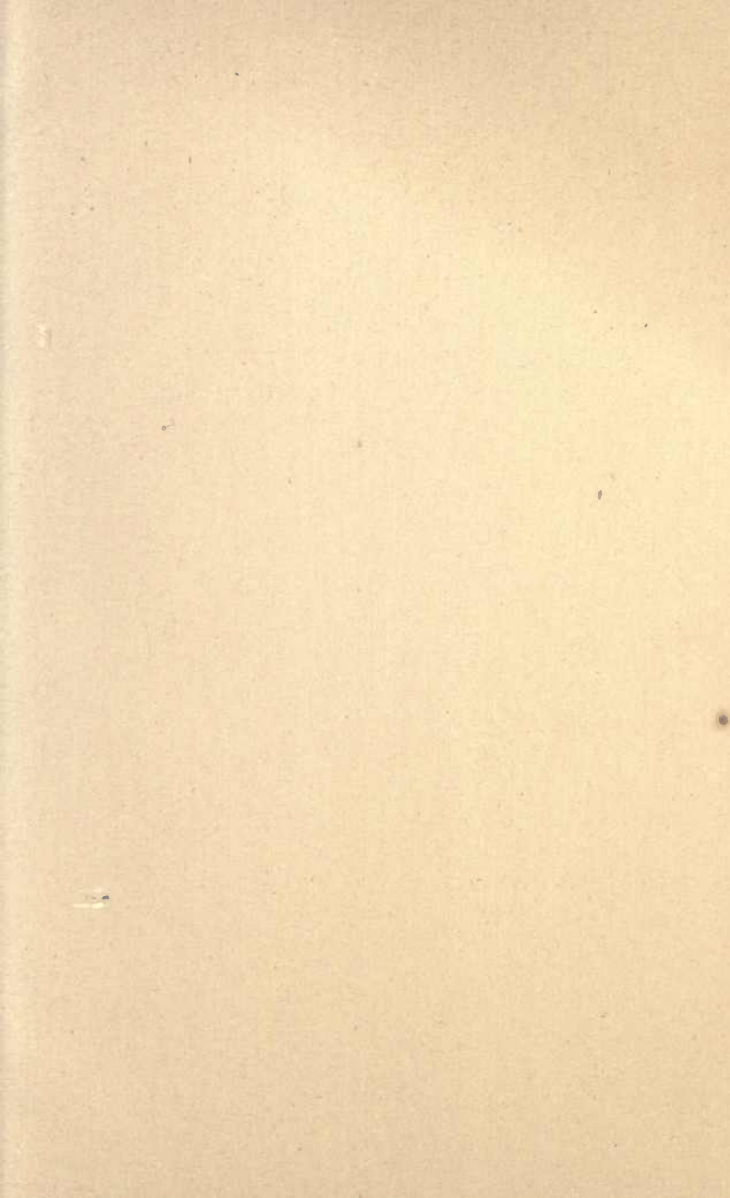




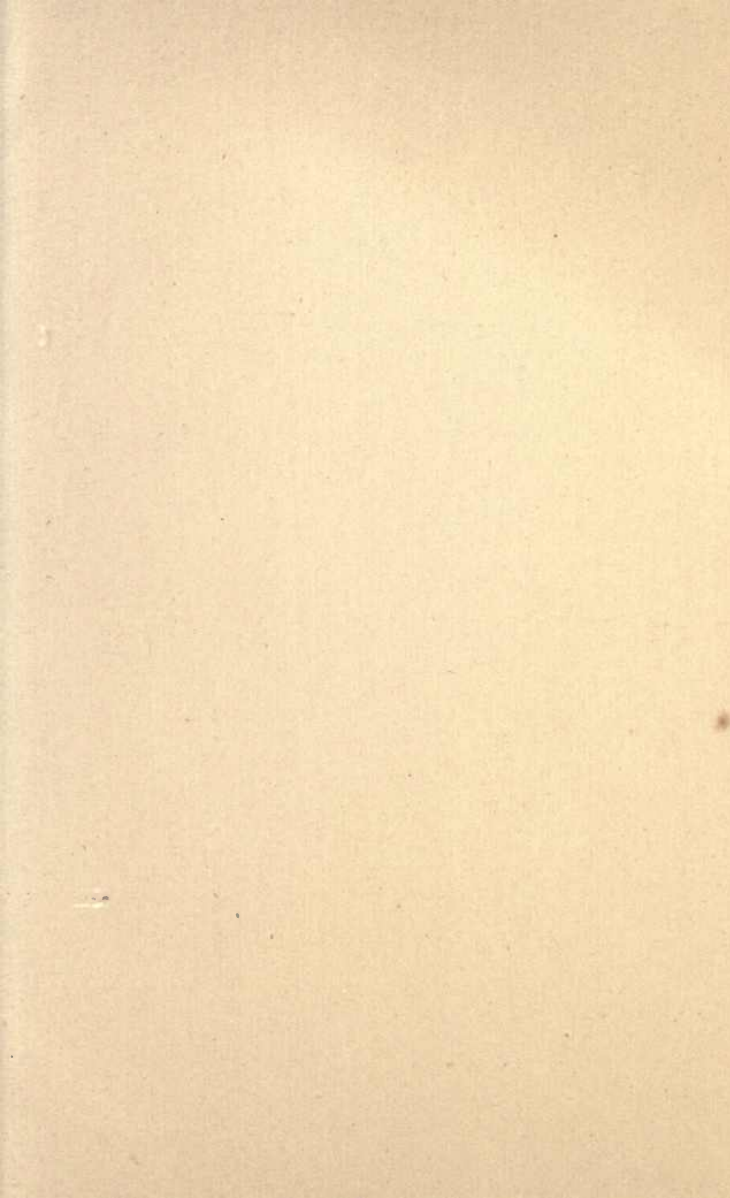


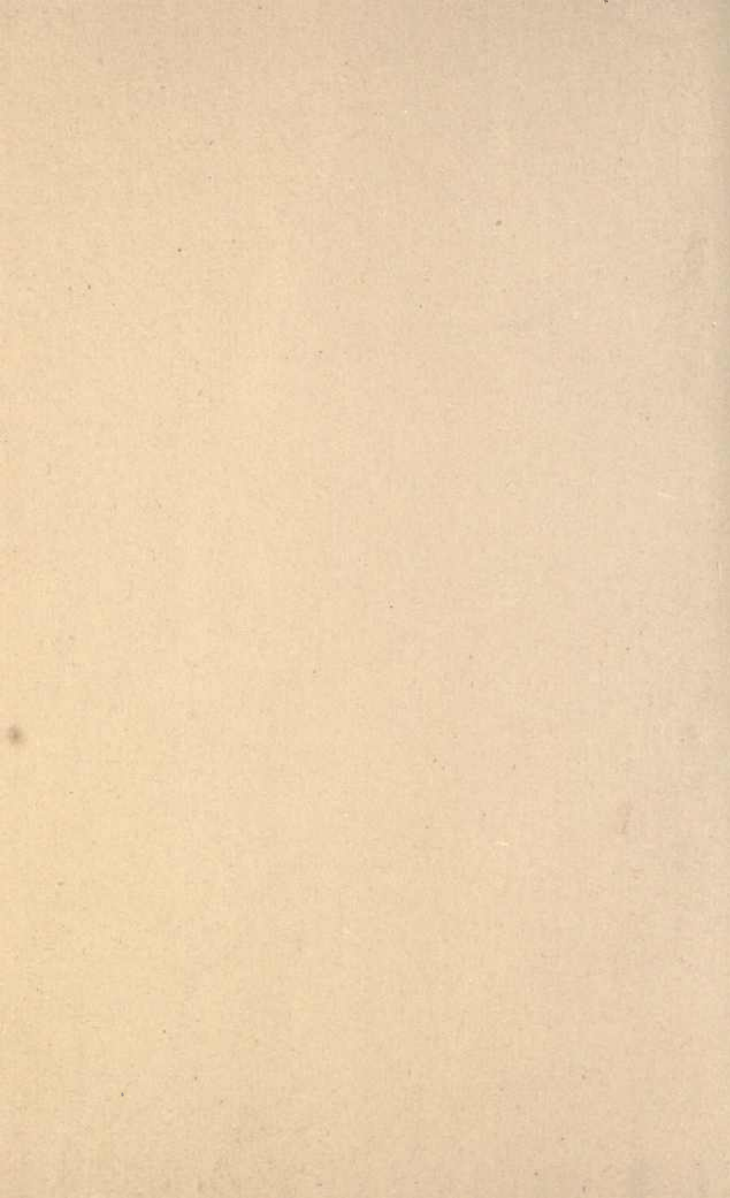






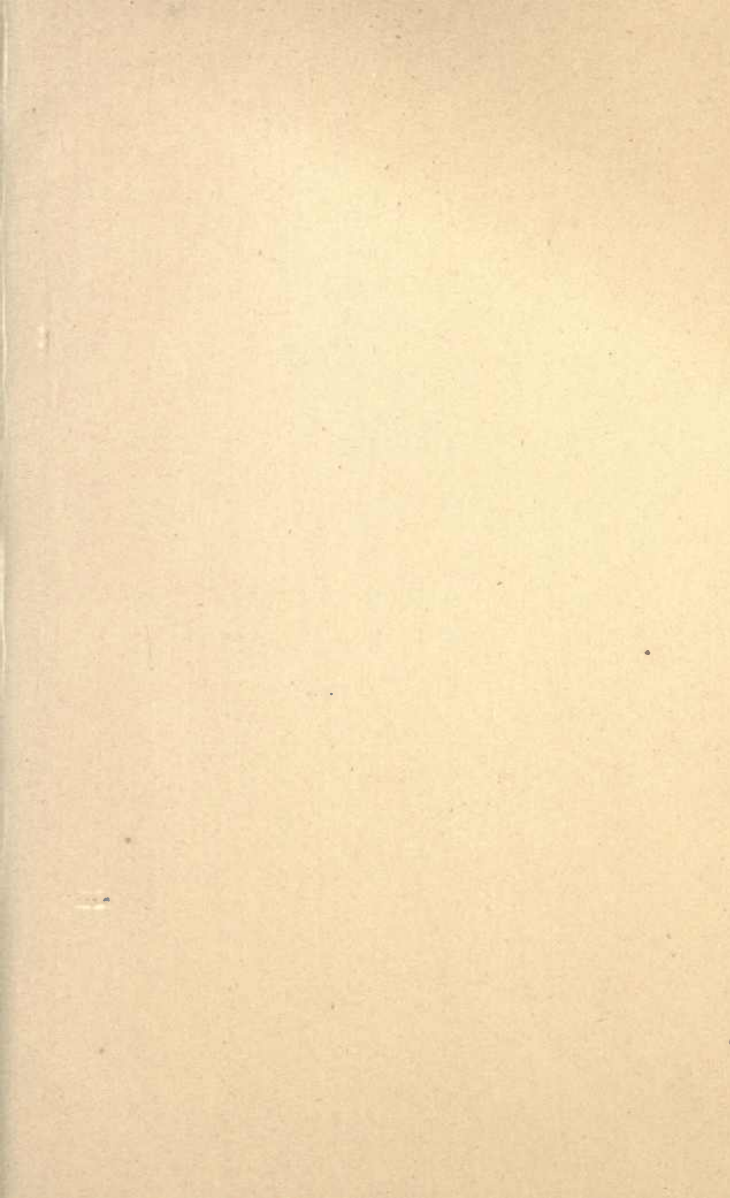


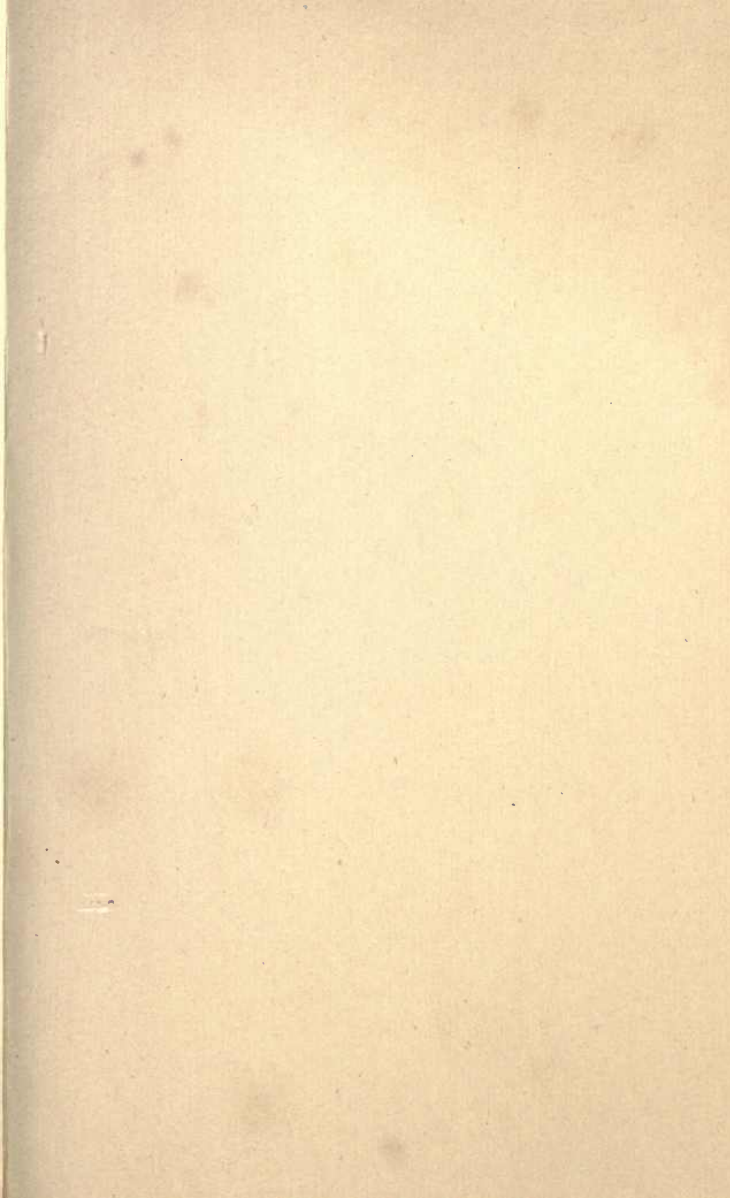


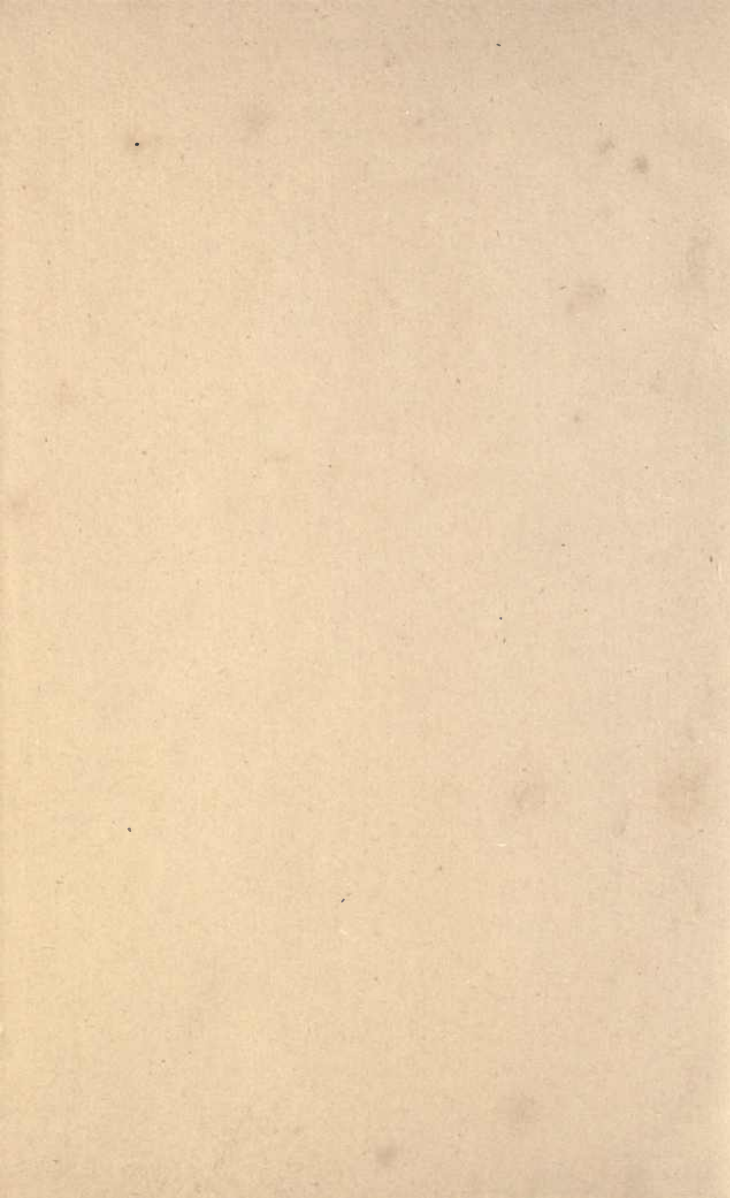


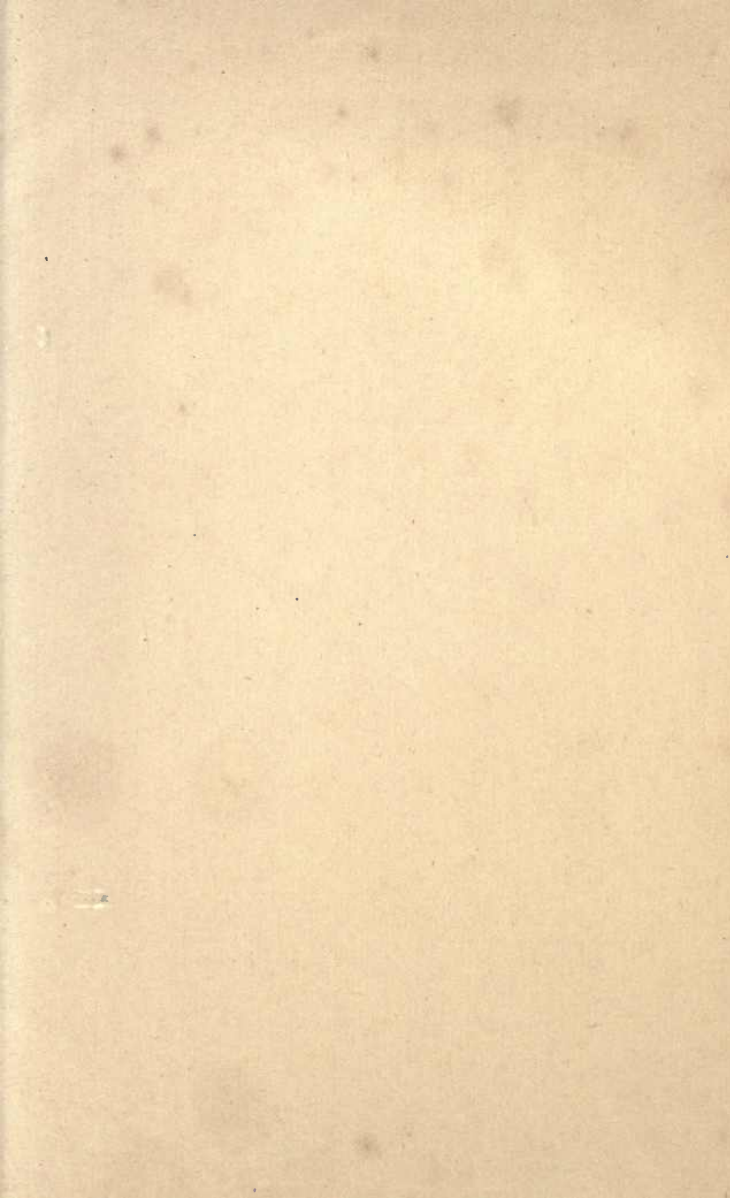












University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

QL OCT 07 1997
REC'D LD-URL

JUL 3 1 1997



A 000 027 254 2

a

Univers
Sout
Lib