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R U M P:

OR AN

EXACT COLLECTION

Of the Choycest

P O E M S

AND

S O N G S

RELATING TO THE

L a t e T i m e s.



By the most Eminent Wits, from *Anno*
1639. to *Anno* 1661.

VOL. II.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the *Gun* in *Ivy-*
lane, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes*
in *Chancery-lane*. 1662.

R U M B

ON THE
EMERSON COLLECTION

IN THE
P O E M S

AND
SONS

RELATIVE TO THE
Late Times

OF THE
LATE
EMERSON

BY
J. W. W. W.



RUMP SONGS.



The Second Part.



*The Re-resurrection of the RUMP. Or,
Rebellion and Tyranny revived.*

To the Tune of the Blacksmith.

I F none be offended with the scent,
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content,
To sing of the *Rump* of a Parliament.
Which no body can deny.

I have sometimes fed on a *Rump* in Sowse,
And a man may imagine the *Rump* of a Lowse ;
But till now was ne're heard of the *Rump* of a House.
Which no body can deny.

There's a *Rump* of Beef, and the *Rump* of a Goose,
And a *Rump* whose neck was hang'd in a Noose ;
But ours is a *Rump* can play *fast and loose.*
Which no body can deny.

A *Rump* had *Jane Shore*, and a *Rump Messaleen*,
 And a *Rump* had *Antonies* resolute Queen ;
 But such a *Rump* as ours is, never was seen,

Which no body can deny.

Two *short years* together we *English* have scarce
 Been rid of thy Rampant Nose (Old *Mars*)
 But now thou hast got a prodigious *Arse*.

Which no body can deny.

When the parts of the Body did all fall out,
 Some Votes it is like did pass for the Snout ;
 But that the *Rump* should be King was never a doubt.

Which no body can deny.

A *Cat* has a *Rump*, and a *Cat* has nine Lives,
 Yet when her Head's off, her *Rump* never strives ;
 But our *Rump* from the Grave hath made two Retrives.

Which no body can deny.

That the *Rump* may all their Enemies quail,
 They'll borrow the Devils Coat of Mayl,
 And all to defend their Estate in Tayl.

Which no body can deny.

But though their *scale* now seems to be th' upper,
 There's no need of the charge of a Thanksgiving supper,
 For if they be the *Rump*, the Armi's their *Crupper*.

Which no body can deny.

There's a Saying belongs to the *Rump*,
 Which is *good* although it be worn to the *stump*,
 That on the *Buttocks* I'll give thee a Thump.

Which no body can deny.

There's a Proverb in which the *Rump* claims a part,
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a Fart.

Which no body can deny.

There's another Proverb gives the *Rump* for his Crest,
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jest,
That of all kinds of Lucks, *shitten* Luck is the best.

Which no body can deny.

There's another Proverb that never will fail,
That the *good* the *Rump* will do when they prevail
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail.

Which no body can deny.

There is a Saying which is made by no Fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the *Rump* will spend all we have in Close-stools,

Which no body can deny.

There's an Observation wise and deep,
Which without an *Onion* will make me to weep,
That Flyes will blow Maggots in the *Rump* of a Sheep.

Which no body can deny.

And some that can see the wood from the trees,
Say, this sanctified *Rump* in time we may leese;
For the *Cooks* do challenge the *Rumps* for their Fees.

Which no body can deny.

When the *Rump* do sit wee'l make it our Moan,
That a Reason be 'enacted if there be not one,
Why a *Fart* hath a tongue, and a *Fyest* hath none.

Which no body can deny.

And whilst within the Walls they lurk,
 To satisfie us, will be a good work,
 Who hath most Religion, the *Rump* or the *Turk*.
Which no body can deny.

A *Rump's* a Fag-end, like the baulk of a *Furrow*,
 And is to the whole like the *Jail* to the *Burrough*,
 'Tis the *Bran* that is left when the Meal is run thorough.
Which no body can deny.

Consider the *World* the Heav'n is the Head on't,
 The *Earth* is the middle, and we men are fed on't ;
 But *Hell* is the *Rump*, and no more can be sed on't.
Which no body can deny.

Flectere si nequeunt Superos Acharonta movebunt.



A New-Years-Gift for the RUMP.

YOU may have heard of the *Politick Snout*,
 Or a *tale of a Tub with the bottom out*,
 But scarce of a Parliament in a *shitten Clout*.
Which no body can deny.

'Twas *Atkins* first serv'd this *Rump* in with *Mustard*,
 The *sawce* was a compound of *Courage* and *Custard*,
Sir Vane bless'd the *Creature* : *Nol snuffed & blusterd*.
Which no body can deny.

The *Right* was then in *Old Olivers Nose*,
 But when the *Devil* of that did dispose,

It descended from thence to the *Rump* in the cloze.
Which no body can deny.

Nor is it likely there to stay long,
The Retentive Faculties being gone,
The *Juggle* is stale, and *Mony* there's none.
Which no body can deny.

The *Secluded Members* made a *Tryal*
To *Enter*, but them the *Rump* did defie all
By the *Ordinance of Self-denyal*.
Which no body can deny.

Our *Politique Doctors* do us Teach,
That a *Blood-sucking Red-coat's* as good as a *Leech*,
To *Relieve the Head*, if applyed to the *Breech*.
Which no body can deny.

But never was such a *Worm* as *Vane*;
When the *State scour'd* last, it voided him then,
Yet now he's crept into the *Rump* again.
Which no body can deny.

Ludlow's Fart, was a *Prophetique Trump* :
(There was never any thing so *Jump*)
Twas the very *Type*, of a *Vote* of this *Rump*.
Which no body can deny.

They say 'tis good Luck, when a *Body rises*
With the Rump upward; but he that advises
To *Live* in that *Posture* is none of the wisest.
Which no body can deny.

The *Reason* is worse, though the *rime* be untoward,

When things proceed with the *wrong end forward* ;
 But they talk of sad news to the *Rump* from the *Norward*.
Which no body can deny.

'Twas a wonderfull thing the *strength of that Part*,
 At a *Blast*, it will take you a *Team* from a *Cart* :
 And *Blow* a Man's *Head* away with a *Fart*.
Which no body can deny.

When our *Brains* are *Sunck* below the *Middle*,
 And our *Consciencences* *steer'd* by the *hey down-diddle*,
 Then, *things will go round* without a *Fiddle*.
Which no body can deny.

You may order the *City* with a *Hand-Granado*,
 Or the *General* with a *Bastonado*,
 But no way for a *Rump* like a *Carbonado*.
Which no body can deny.

To make us as famous in *Counsel*, as *VVars*,
 Here's *Lenthal*, a *Speaker* for mine——
 And *Fleetwood* is a *Man of Mars*.
Which no body can deny.

'Tis pity that *Nedhams* Fall'n into *Disgrace*,
 For he orders a *Bum* with a *marvailous Grace*,
 And ought to attend the *Rump* by his *Place*.
Which no body can deny.

Yet this in *despight* of all *Disasters*,
 Although he hath *Broken the Heads* of his *Masters*,
 'Tis still his *Profession*, to give 'em all *Plasters*.
Which no body can deny.

Let 'em cry down the Pope, till their Throats are sore,
 Their Design was *to bring him in at the back door,*
 For the *Rump* has a mind to the *Scarlet-whore.*

Which no body can deny.

And this is a truth at all hands confest,
 However unskillfull in any of the rest ;
The Rump speaks the Language of the Beast.

Which no body can deny.

They talk that *Lambert* is like to be *try'd*
 For *Treason* and *Buggery* beside,
 Because that he did the *Rump* bestride.

Which no body can deny.

The *Rump's* an *old Story*, if well understood
 'Tis a thing dress'd up in a *Parliaments Hood*,
 And lik't ; but the *Taile* stands where the *Head* should.

Which no body can deny.

'Twould make a *man scratch where it does not itch*,
 To see forty Fools heads in one Politick breech,
 And that—*hugging the Nation as the Devil did the Witch.*

Which no body can deny.

From rotten Members preserve our VVives :
From the mercy of a Rump, our Estates and our Lives
For they must needs go, whom the Devil drives.

Which no body can deny.





A New Ballad.

To an Old Tune, *Tom of Bedlam.*

Make room for an *honest Red-coat,*
 (And that you'll say's a wonder)
 The *Gun,* and the *Blade,*
 Are his *Tools,* — and his *Trade,*
 Is for *Pay,* to *Kill* and *Plunder.*
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
Nèr talk o' the Rump or the Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the feat,
All the rest's but a Cheat,
Without That, there's no Faith nor Quarter.

'Tis the Mark of our Coin, GOD WITH US,
And the Grace of the Lord go along with't,
 When the *Georges* are flown,
 Then the *Cause* goes down,
For the Lord is departed from it.
Then away, &c.

For *Rome,* or for *Geneva,*
 For the *Table,* or the *Altar,*
 This spawn of a *Vote,*
 He cares not a *Groat*—
 For the *Pence,* hee's your dog in a *Halter.*
Then away, &c.

Tho' the Name of *King* or *Bishop,*

To Nostrils pure may be *Loathsom*,
 Yet many there are,
 That agree with the *Maior*,
 That their *Lands are wondrous toothsom*.
Then away, &c.

When our Masters are Poor, we Leave 'em,
 'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow too ;
We kill, and we slay,
 Not for Conscience, but Pay ;
 Give us That, wee'l fight for you too :
Then away, &c.

'Twas *That* first turned the *King* out ;
 The *Lords*, next : then, the *Commons* :
 'Twas that kept up *Nol*,
 Till the Devil fetch'd his Soul ;
 And then it set the *Bum* on's.
Then away, &c.

Drunken Dick was a *Lame Protector*,
 And *Fleetwood* a *Backslider* :
 These we served as the rest,
 But the City's the Beast
 That will never cast her Rider.
Then away, &c.

When the *Maior* holds the Stirrop,
 And the *Shreeves* cry, *God speed your Honours* :
 Then 'tis but a Jump,
 And up goes the Rump,
 That will spur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for a fling at your *Thimbles*,
 Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Whistles*,

In truck for your Toyes,
 We'll fit you with Boyes :
 ('Tis the doctrine of *Hugh's Epistles.*)
Then away, &c.

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewells*,
 You must next be entreated
 To part with your *Bags*,
 And strip you to *Rags*,
 And yet not think y'are cheated.
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it ;
 'Tis a *Brainless, Heartless Monster* :
 At a *Clubb* they may *Bawl*,
 Or *Declare* at their *Hall*,
 And yet at a push, not one stir.
Then away, &c.

Sir *Arthur* vows he'll treat 'em,
 Far worse than the Men of *Chester*,
 He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,
 But was nothing so *Lowd*
 When he lay in the ditch at *Lester*.
Then away, &c.

The Lord hath left *John Lambert*,
 And the *Spirit, Feaks Anointed*,
 But why oh Lord,
Hast thou sheathed thy Sword?
 Lo, thy *Saints* are disappointed.
Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed :

Sir *John* makes good the place now,
 And to help on the work
 Of the Glorious *Kirk*,
 Our *Brethren* march apace too.
Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men* wrangle,
 Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't,
 There are none but we
 That are sure to go free,
 For the Souldier's still in the right on't.
Then away, &c.

If our *Masters* won't supply us,
 With *Mony*, *Food*, and *Clothing* :
 Let the *State* look to't,
 We'll ha' one that will do't,
Let him live,——we'll not damn for nothing.
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
N'er talk o' the Rump or the Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the Feat,
All the rest's but a Cheat,
Without That there's no Faith, nor Quarter.



The Breech washed by a Friend to the RUMP.

To the Tune of *Old Simon the King.*

I *N* an humour of late I was
 Ycleped a *dolefull dump*,

Thought I—we're at a fine pass ;
 Not a man stands up for the *Rump* :
 But lets be *lashed* o'r and o'r.

While it lies like a senceless Fop.—
 'Twould make a man a *Whore*,
 To see a *Tail* *tew'd* like a *Top*.
Though a *Rump* be a dangerous bit,
 And many a *Knave* runs mad on't,
Yet verily as it may hit,
 An honest man may be glad on't.

To abuse a poor, *Blind* Creature—
 I had like to have said and a *Dumb* ;
 But now it has gotten a *Speaker*,
 And *Say* is the *Mouth* of the Bum,
 When *Besse* rul'd the Land there was no man
 Complain'd, and yet now they *rail* :
 I beseech you what *differs* a *Woman*
 From a thing that's all *Tongue*, and *Tayle* ?
Though a *Rump*, &c.

The *Charter* we've sworn to defend,
 And *propagate* the Cause.
 What call ye those of the *Rump-end*
 But *Fundamental* *Laws* ?
 The *Case* is as clear as the Day,
 There had been no Reformation,
 If the *Rump* had claw'd it away,
 You had had no Propagation.
Though a *Rump*, &c.

As a *Bodie's* the better for a *Purge*,
 Tho' the *Guts* may be troubled with *Gripes* :
 So the *Nation* will mend with a *Scourge*,

Tho' the *Tayle* may be sick of the *Stripes*.
Ill humours to conveigh,

When the *State* hath taken a *Looseness*.
(Who can hold what will away?)

The Rump must do the Business.
Though a Rump, &c.

The *bold Cavalier*, in the *Field*,
That laughs at your *Sword*, and *Gun-shot*,
An *Ord'nance* makes him to *yield*,
And he's glad to turn *Tail* to *Bum-shot*.

Old Oliver was a *Teazer*,
And waged warr with the *Stump*;

But *Alexander* and *Cæsar*
Did both *submit* to the *Rump*.

Though a Rump, &c.

Let no man be further misled

By an *Errour*, past *Debate* ;
For *Sedgwick* has prov'd it the *Head*,
As well of the *Church* as the *State*;

Honest Hugh ; that still turns up the *Tippets*,
When he *Kneels* to *Administer* ;

Sayes—a *Rump*, with *Skippons sippets*,
Is a *Dish* for a *Holy Sister*.

Though a Rump, &c.

We're all the better for't,

'Tis the *Fountain* of *Love*, and of *Life*.

'Tis *that* makes the *sport*,

Keeps the *peace* betwixt *Man*, and *Wife*.

Oh ;—happy all they that have spent

Their *Bloud*, and *Estates* on the *Breech*,

For they're sure at last to *Repent* ;
 And they'd better dye *Honest* than *Rich* !
Though a Rump, &c.

Through *Pride* of *Flesh*, or *State*,
Poor Souls are *overthrown* :
 How happy then is our *Fate* ?
We've a Rump to take us down ;
 In matters of *Faith* 'tis true,
 Some differings there may be,
 But give the *Saints* their due,
 In the *Rump* they all agree.
Though a Rump, &c.

'Tis good at *Bed*, and at *Bord* ;
 It gives us *Pleasure* and *Ease*,
 Will you have the rest in a word ?
 'Tis good for the new disease,
 (The Tumult of the Guts ;)
 'Tis a *Recipe* for the *Kings Evill*,
 Wash the *Members* as sweet as *Nuts*,
 And then throw them all to the *Devil*.
Though a Rump be a *dangerous Bit*,
And many a Knave runs mad on't,
Yet verily, as it may hit,
An honest man may be glad on't.





*Chipp's of the Old Block; or, Hercules
Cleansing the Augæan Stable.*

To the Tune of *The Sword.*

1.

Now by your good leave Sirs,
Shall see the Rump can cleave Sirs,
And what Chips from this Treacherous Block
Will come you may conceive Sirs.

2.

Lenthall's the first o' the Lump sure,
A Fart and he may jump sure,
For both do stink, and both we know
Are Speakers of the Rump sure.

3.

That Mine of Fraud Sir *Arthur*,
His Soul for Lands will barter,
And if you'd ride to Hell in a Wayn
Hee's fit to make your Carter.

4.

Sir *Harry Vane*, God blesse us,
To Popery he would press us,
And for the Devils Dinner he,
The *Romane* way would dress us.

5.

Harry Martin never mist-a
To love the wanton Twist-a,
And lustfull Aretines bawdy Leaves
Are his Evangelist-a.

6.

Harry Nevill's no Wigeon,
His Practise truly stygian
Makes it a Master-piece of wit
To be of no Religion.

7.

But my good Lord *Glyn* Man,
Pride is a deadly sin Man,
Cots plutera nails few Traytors be
Like you of all your kin Man.

8.

If *Saint-John* be a Saint Sir,
He hath a devilish Taynt Sir,
While *Straffords* blood in Heavens High Court
Of Justice makes complaint Sir.

9.

Doctor *Palmers* all day sleeping,
And into his Heart ne're peeping.
'Tis ill he that neglects his own,
Should have All-souls in keeping.

10.

Will Bruertons a sinner,
And, *Croyden* knows, a Winner,
But O take heed least he do eat
The Rump all at one Dinner.

11.

Robin Andrews is a Miser,
Of Coblers no despiser,
And could they vamp him a new head,
Perhaps he would be Wiser.

12.

But Baron *Wild* come out here,
Shew your Ferret Face and Snout here,
For you being both a Fool and Knave
Are a Monster in the Rout here.

13.

Nick Lechmere Loyalty needs still,
 And on Weather-Cocks he feeds still,
 If Heathen, Turk or Jew should come,
 So he would change his Creed still.

14.

There's half-witted *Will Say* too,
 A right fool in the Play too,
 That would make a perfect Asse,
 If he could learn to Bray too.

15.

Cornelius thou wert a Link-boy, ¹
 And born 'tis like, in a Sink boy,
 Ide tell thy Knavery to the World,
 But thy pitch sticks in my ink boy.

16.

Baron *Hill* was but a Valley,
 And born scarce to an Alley,
 But now is Lord of *Taunton Dean*
 And thousands he can Ralley.

17.

But if you ask the Nation,
 Whence came his Elevation?
 They'll say he was not raised by God,
 But by our inundation.

18.

Lord *Fines* he will not Mall men,
 For he likes not death of all men,
 And his heart doth go to Pit to Pat.
 When to Battle he should call men.

19.

Perfideous *Whitlock* ever,
 Hath mischiefs under's Beaver,
 And for his ends will put the World
 Into a burning Feavour.

This poor *English* Nation,
 By this Generation,
 Hath been grieved 11 years and more,
 But in that season,
 And not without reason,
 They ha' thrice been turn'd out of door.

Which they please to call force,
 Yet themselves can do worse,
 For this Parcel of a House
 Dare keep out of door,
 Thrice as many more,
 And value the Law not a Louse.

First by Owl-light they met,
 And by that light they set,
 The reason of it mark,
 Their Acts and the light,
 Do differ quite,
 Their deeds do best with the dark.

Esquire *Lenthall* had swore,
 He'd sit there no more,
 Unless in with Oxen they drew him,
 That he once might speak true,
 They pick'd him out two,
 Sent *Pembrook* and *Salisbury* to him.

When these Gamesters were pack'd,
 The first gracious act
 Was for pence for their friends of the Army,
 Who for any side fight,
 Except't be the right ;
 Sixscore thousand a month won't harm ye.

Yet many there be,
Say the House is not free,
When I am sure of that,
T' one another they're so free,
That the Nation do see,
They're too free for us to be fat.

Religion they wav'd,
Now they had us enslav'd,
And got us sure in their Claw,
They pull'd off their mask,
And set us our task,
Which is next to make Brick without straw.

The next Act they made
Was for helping of Trade,
So they settled again the Excise,
Which the City must pay,
For ever and aye,
Yet might have chose had they been wise.

To pull down their King,
Their plate they could bring,
And other precious things,
So that *Sedgwick* and *Peters*,
Were no small getters
By their *Bodkins*, *thimbles* and *rings*.

But when for the good
Of the Nation 'twas stood
Half ruined and forlorn,
Though't lay in their power,
To redeem't in an hour,
Not a Citizen put out his horn.

The *Plunderers* made men hide their money,
 And women their jewels, if they had any ;
 And one there was, hid Gold in her Cunny,

Which, &c.

A *Commonwealth* is a Citizens trust,
 And by his wife ador'd it must,
 As a Topique to prove adultery just,

Which, &c.

The Protector storm'd with all mankind,
 Made Kings and Princes walk behind,
 Till the Divel out-ranted him in a wind,

Which, &c.

The *Committee of Safety* threw the Dye ;
 But some body spit in his face from on high,
 And made the valiant *Fleetwood* cry,

Which, &c.

But the *Rump* is a word of such a power,
 Pronounc'd, your beer, like thunder, 'twill sowr,
 And after make you squitter an howr,

Which, &c.

The squirting at *Epsom's* not worth a louse,
Rump out-does all, that comes there to carouse ;
 For it shit from *Portsmouth* to *Wallingford* house,

Which, &c.

If *Booth* were no Knave, a Fool let him be,
 To keep such a stir for Liberty,
 When the *Rump* sets all it's Tenants Free,

Which, &c.

He that could imitate sounds in a fart,
 And speak from behind with a wondrous Art,
 Were he living now, should take *Lenthals* part,
Which, &c.

And then a Fart for the Cities forces,
 For *Monk* that's coming with all his Horses,
 And a T—— for *Fairfax* too, that worse is,
Which, &c.

A *Parson* once in a frolick Divine,
 Exhausted Glasses, twenty and nine,
 For Turkey's *Rump* in Canary wine,
Which, &c.

And sure he received a Revelation,
 When to preach he left his first Vocation,
 That a *Rump* in time should rule the Nation,
Which, &c.

Montelions Diall's a drolling Mock,
 With a stick in the Countrey Fellows dock,
 And fitter now than the *Pallace* clock,
Which, &c.

Morlay a joynt of the *Rump* grew bigg,
 And swelling ; but politick *Haslerigg*,
 He sent him for Physick to Doctor *Trigg*,
Which, &c.

Mad *Vane* was Anointed King, and said,
 He received a Crown that burden'd his Head,
 For which the *Rump* sent him home to Bed,
Which, &c.

They had manacled their hands
 With King and Bishops Lands,
 And ruined the whole Nation,
 So that no body cares
 Though they and their Heirs,
 Be cornute to the third Generation.

May their wives on them frown ;
 But laugh and lie down,
 To any one else turn up Trump ;
 To mend the breed,
 As I think there is need,
 Be rid like their men by the *Rump*.

And may these wise Sophees,
 Pay again for their Trophees,
 For I hope the Parliament means
 (Now they ha' been at the costs
 To set up the posts)
 To make them pay well for the Chains.



Fortunate Rising : or, The Rump Upward.

Good people, and you that have been undone
 By Guns, and Drums and the Trumpets tone,
 And new hard words since Forty and One.

Which no body can deny.

Here is a word that will plague you more
 Then any that ever went before,
 'Tis the *Rump* of *Harry Martins Whore*,

Which, &c.

The *Cause* was at first a pretty conceit
To create a durty Rebel great ;
But now that has left th'imperial Seat,

Which, &c.

A *General* was a glorious Name,
Till *Essex* his Member spoilt his fame ;
For a Souldier ought to be good at the game,

Which, &c.

The *Communication* Line was a Jigg,
And as good as the Bath to make women big,
Who never were so, till they learnt to digg,

Which, &c.

Artillery was a thundring word,
Where many appear'd with Musket and Sword,
To fright poor *Atkins* out of a turd,

Which, &c.

Cavalier was a name of as great a Force,
As *Centaure*, that is both Man and Horse,
And for Ravishing suffered many a curse,

Which, &c.

Yet every Woman that had this fear,
Although in her heart a Roundhead she were,
In her belly she wisht a Cavalier,

Which, &c.

Sequestration scar'd Men out of their Plate,
Excise drew potent Ale out of date,
And the *Corps de Gard* broke many of pate,

Which, &c.

The *Plunderers* made men hide their money,
 And women their jewels, if they had any ;
 And one there was, hid Gold in her Cunny,

Which, &c.

A *Commonwealth* is a Citizens trust,
 And by his wife ador'd it must,
 As a Topique to prove adultery just,

Which, &c.

The Protector storm'd with all mankind,
 Made Kings and Princes walk behind,
 Till the Divil out-ranted him in a wind,

Which, &c.

The *Committee of Safety* threw the Dye ;
 But some body spit in his face from on high,
 And made the valiant *Fleetwood* cry,

Which, &c.

But the *Rump* is a word of such a power,
 Pronounc'd, your beer, like thunder, 'twill sowr,
 And after make you squitter an howr,

Which, &c.

The squirting at *Epsom's* not worth a louse,
Rump out-does all, that comes there to carouse ;
 For it shit from *Portsmouth* to *Wallingford* house,

Which, &c.

If *Booth* were no Knave, a Fool let him be,
 To keep such a stir for Liberty,
 When the *Rump* sets all it's Tenants Free,

Which, &c.

He that could imitate sounds in a fart,
 And speak from behind with a wondrous Art,
 Were he living now, should take *Lenthals* part,
Which, &c.

And then a Fart for the Cities forces,
 For *Monk* that's coming with all his Horses,
 And a T—— for *Fairfax* too, that worse is,
Which, &c.

A *Parson* once in a frolick Divine,
 Exhausted Glasses, twenty and nine,
 For Turkey's *Rump* in Canary wine,
Which, &c.

And sure he received a Revelation,
 When to preach he left his first Vocation,
 That a *Rump* in time should rule the Nation,
Which, &c.

Montelions Diall's a drolling Mock,
 With a stick in the Countrey Fellows dock,
 And fitter now than the *Pallace* clock,
Which, &c.

Morlay a joynt of the *Rump* grew bigg,
 And swelling ; but politick *Haslerigg*,
 He sent him for Physick to Doctor *Trigg*,
Which, &c.

Mad *Vane* was Anointed King, and said,
 He received a Crown that burden'd his Head,
 For which the *Rump* sent him home to Bed,
Which, &c.

The Abjuring Oath made the Speaker Sick,
 Which *Haslerigg* taking in the Nick,
 For his fain'd one show'd him a real Trick,
Which, &c.

Thus, what for aliment is unfit,
 The Tail by a vertue guiding it,
 Excludes, and leaves it self beshit,
Which, &c.

Let no man pretend any Cause,
 Against the *Rump* to open his Jaws,
 For it rules by the *Fundamental* Laws,
Which no body can deny.



*A proper New Ballad on the Old Parlia-
 ment, or the Second Part of
 Knave out of Doors.*

To the Tune of

*Hei ho my hony,
 My heart shall never rue,
 Four and twenty now for your Mony,
 And yet a hard pennyworth too.*

Good morrow my Neighbours all,
 What news is this I heard tell?
 As I past through *Westminster-hall*,
 By the house that's near to Hell:
 They told me *John Lambert* was there,

With his Bears, and deeply did swear
 (As *Cromwell* had done before)
 Those Vermine should sit there no more.

Sing hi ho Will. Lenthall,
Who shall our General be?

For the House to the Devil is sent all,
And follow gid faith mun ye.

Sing hi ho, &c.

Then Muse strike up a Sonnet,
 Come piper and play us a spring ;

For now I think upon it,
 These Rs turn'd out their King.

But now it must come about,
 That once again they must turn out :

And not without Justice and Reason,
 That every one home to his Prison.

Sing hi ho Harry Martin,
A Burgess of the Bench,

There's nothing here is certain,
You must back and leave your Wench.

Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with the buffle head,
 Is called Lord, and of the same house,

Who (as I have heard it said)
 Was chastis'd by his Lady-Spouse.

Because he run at sheep,
 She and her Maid gave him the Whip ;

And beat his head so addle ;
 You'd think he had a knock in the Cradle,

Sing hi ho Lord Mounson,
You ha' got a park of the Kings,

One day you'l hang like a hounson,

For this and other things.

Sing hi ho, &c.

It was by their Masters order
 At first together they met,
 Whom piously they did murder,
 And since by their own they did set.
 The cause of this Disaster,
 Is 'cause they were false to their Master.
 Nor can their *Gensd'armes* blame,
 For serving them the same.

Sing hi ho Sir Arthur,

No more in the house you shall prate;

For all you kept such a quarter,

You are out of the Councill of State.

Sing hi ho, &c.

Old *Noll* gave them once a purge
 (Forgetting *Occidisti*,)
 (The Furies be his scourge)
 So of the cure mist he.
 And yet the drug he well knew it,
 For he gave it to Dr. *Huit*.
 Had he given it them he had done it,
 And they had not turn'd out his son yet.

Sing hi ho brave Dick,

L. Hall and Lady Joan,

Who did against Loyalty kick,

Is now for a New-years-gift gone.

Sing hi ho, &c.

For had old *Noll* been alive,
 He had pull'd them out by the ears.
 Or else had fired their Hive,

And kickt him down the stairs ;
 Because they were so bold,
 To vex his righteous soul.
 When he so deeply had swore,
 That there they should never sit more.
But hi ho Nol's dead,
And stunk long since above ground,
Though lapt in spices and lead,
That cost us many a pound.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Indeed Brother Burgess your Ling
 Did never stink half so bad ;
 Nor did your Habberdin,
 When it to Pease-straw had.
 Ye were both chose together,
 'Cause ye wore stuff-cloaks in hard weather.
 And *Cambridge* needs would have
 A Burgess, Fool, and Knave.
Sing hi ho J. Lowry,
Concerning Abberdine,
No Member spake before ye,
Yet ye neer spoke again.
Sing hi ho my hony,
My heart shall never rue,
Here's all pickt ware for your mony,
And yet a hard penyworth too.

Ned Prideaux he went post
 To tell the Protector the news,
 That *Fleetwood* ruled the rost,
 Having tane off *Dicks* shooes.
 And that he did believe,
Lambert would him deceive ;

As he his brother had gull'd,
 And *Cromwell Fairfax* bull'd.
Sing hi ho the Attorney
Was still at your command,
In flames together burn ye,
Still dancing hand in hand.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Who's that that would hide his face?
 And his neck from the collar pull?
 He must appear in his place,
 If his Cap be made of Wool.
 Who is it with a vengeance?
 It is the good Lord *Saint Johns*;
 Who made Gods House to fall,
 To build his own withall.
Sing hi ho who comes there?
Who 'tis I must not say;
But by this dark-lanthorn I swear
He's as good in the night as day.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Edge Brethren, room for one,
 That looks as big as the best;
 'Tis pitty to leave him alone,
 For he is as good as the rest.
 No Picklock of the Laws,
 He builds among the Daws.
 If you ha' any more Kings to murder,
 For a President look no further.
Sing hi ho J. Bradshaw,
In blood none further engages;
The Devil from whom he had's law,
Will shortly pay him his wages.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Next Peagoose *Wild* come in,
To shew your weezle face,
And tells us *Burleys* sin,
Whose blood bought you your place.
When Loyalty was a crime,
He liv'd in a dangerous time,
Was forc'd to pay his neck,
To make you Baron of the Cheque.
Sing hi ho Jack Straw,
We'l put it in the Margent,
'Twas not for Justice or Law
That you were made a Sergeant.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Noll serv'd not *Satan* faster,
Nor with him did better accord ;
For he was my good Master,
And the devil was his good Lord.
Both *Slingsby*, *Gerrard*, and *Hewit*,
Were sure enough to go to it,
According to his intent,
That chose me President.
Sing hi ho Lord Lisle,
Sure Law had got a wrench,
And where was Justice the while,
When you sate on the Bench ?
Sing hi ho, &c.

Next comes the good Lord *Keble*,
Of the triumvirate,
Of the seal, in Law but feeble,
Though on the Bench he sate.
For when one puts him a case,
I wish him out of the place ;

And if it were not a sin,
 An abler Lawyer in.
Sing give the seal about,
I'de have it so the rather,
Because we might get out,
The Knave my Lord my Father.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Pull out the other there,
 It is *Nathaniel Fines*,
 (Who *Bristol* lost for fear)
 We'l not leave him behind's ;
 'Tis a Chip of that good old block,
 Who to Loyalty gave the first knock.
 Then stole away to *Lundey*.
 Whence the foul fiend fetches him one day.
Sing hi ho Canting Fines,
You and the rest to mend 'um,
Would you were served in your kinds,
With an ense rescidendum.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He that comes now down stairs,
 Is Lord Chief Justice *Glin*.
 If no man for him cares,
 He cares as little again.
 The reason too I know't,
 He help to cut *Straffords* throat,
 And take away his life,
 Though with a cleaner knife.
Sing hi ho Britain bold,
Straight to the bar you get,
Where it is not so cold,
As where your Justice set.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He that shall next come in,
 Was long of the Council of State ;
 Though hardly a hair on his chin,
 When first in the Council he sate :
 He was sometime in *Italy*,
 And learned their fashions prettily
 Then came back to's own Nation
 To help up Reformation.

Sing hi ho Harry Nevil,
I prethee be not too rash,
With Atheism to court the Devil,
You'r too bold to be his Bardash.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with ingratitude blackt,
 Is one *Cornelius Holland* :
 Who but for the Kings house lackt,
 Wherewith to appease his Colon.
 The Case is well amended,
 Since that time, as I think,
 When at Court gate he tended,
 With a little stick and a short link.

Sing hi ho Cornelius,
Your zeal cannot delude us,
The reason pray now tell us,
Why thus you plaid the Judas ?
Sing hi ho, &c.

At first he was a Grocer,
 Who now we Major call :
 Although you would think no sir,
 If you saw him in *White-hall*.
 Where he has great command,
 And looks for cap in hand ;

And if our eggs be not addle,
 Shall be of the next new Moddle.

Sing hi ho Mr. Saloway,
The Lord in Heaven doth know
When that from Heaven you shall away,
Where to the Devil you'll go.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Little *Hill* since set in the House,
 Is to a Mountain grown :
 Nor that which brought forth the Mouse,
 But thousands the year of his own,
 The purchase that I mean,
 Where else but at *Taunton Dean* ?
 Five thousand pound *per annum*,
 A sum not known to his Granam.

Sing hi the Good Old Cause,
'Tis old although not true,
You have got more by that then the Laws,
So a Good Old Cause to you.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Master *Cecil* pray come behind,
 Because on your own accord
 The other House you declin'd,
 You shall be no longer a Lord.
 The reason as I guesse
 You silently did confesse,
 Such Lords deserved ill,
 The other House to fill.

Sing hi ho Mr. Cecil,
Your honour now is gone,
Such Lords are not worth a whistle,
We made better Lords of our own.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Luke Robinson shall go before ye,
 That snarling Northern tike,
 Be sure he'll not adore ye,
 For honour he doth not like.
 He cannot honour inherit,
 And he knows he can never merit :
 And therefore he cannot bear it,
 That any one else should wear it :
Sing hi ho envious lown,
You're of the Beagles kind,
Who alwayes barked at the Moon,
Because in the dark it shin'd.
Sing hi ho, &c.

'Tis this that vengeance rouses,
 That while you make long prayers,
 You eat up widdows houses,
 And drank the Orphans tears.
 Long time you kept a great noise,
 Of God and the *Good Old Cause* ;
 But if God to you be so kind,
 Then I am of the Indians mind,
Sing hi ho Sir Harry,
We see by your demeanor,
If longer here you tarry,
You'll be Sir Harry Vane Senior.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Now, if your zeal do warm ye,
 Pray loud for fairer weather,
 Swear to live and die with the Army,
 For these Birds are flown together.
 The House is turned out a door,
 (And I think it was no sin too)

If we take them there any more,
 We'll throw the House out of the window.

Sing hi ho Tom Scot,
You lent the Devil your hand :
I wonder he helpt you not,
But suffer'd you to be trapand.
Sing ki ho, &c.

They're once again conduced,
 And we freed from the evil
 To which we long were used,
 God bless us next from the Devil !

If they had not been outed,
 The Army had been routed,
 And then this rotten *Rump*,
 Had sat untill the last trump.
But hi ho Lambert's here,
The Protectors Instrument bore :
And many there be that swear
His Lady had done it before.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Come here then honest *Peters*,
 Say Grace for the second course :
 So long as these your betters,
 Must patience have upon force.
 Long time ye kept a great noise,
 With God and the *Good Old Cause*,
 But if God own such as these,
 Then where's the Devils fees.

Sing hi ho Hugo,
I hear thou art not dead,
Where now to the Devil will you go,
Your Patrons being fled.

*Sing hi ho my hony,
 My heart shall never rue :
 Four and twenty now for a penny,
 And into the bargain HUGH.*



A City Ballad.

To the Tune of *Down in a Bottom.*

I.

Since the *Realm* lost its head
 All our trading is dead,
 And our *Money* and *Credit* is flown ;
 We have try'd many new,
 But find it too true,
 That no *Head* fits so well as our own.

2.

The *Drum* and the *Trump*
 Devour'd all to the *Rump*,
 And then they *drank healths* for that,
 But that yielding no grease,
 They next came to squeeze
 The *City* because it was *fat*.

3.

The *City* declar'd
 That they were afeard,¹
 And they their *Militia* would settle ;
 But, except the *Boyes*,
 They made only a noyse,
 Their *Votes* were in *dock out nettle*.

4.

The *Mayor* and his *Peers*
 Durst not for their ears
 Assert the *Militia's* power :
 Though once he seem'd for it,
 He does now abhor it,
 And *Revolted* in lesse than an hour.

5.

'Tis that cursed *wedge*
 That took off his edge,
 For he looks like a jolly *Clubber* ;
 If he had but the life
 And spirit of his Wife,
 He would not lye still like a *Lubber*.

6.

Our pair of new *Sheriffs*
 Hang by them like sleeves,
 Their valour will ne're be their sin ;
 So they be high and rich
 They do not care which
 Side loose, if they may but win.

7.

That Earwigg that doth write
 Himself *Lord* and *Knight*,
 (And is one as much as the other)
 Doth so still undermine,
 That he spoyles our design,
 By the help of old *Besse* his *Brother*.

8.

He cares not a pin,
 So as he may get in,
 Who ere he keep out of his right,
 He'll turn and return,
 But be hang'd ere he'll burn,
 For he dares neither *suffer* nor *fight*.

9.

His Ambition him thrust
Into a *Pageant* at first,
And up to the *Pulpit* next ;
And then into the *Chair*
Of our *City Lord Mayor*,
Which he better improv'd then his *Text*.

10.

O there did he squeeze
Out the *Fines* and the *Fees*,
Nor the *Church* nor *Laity* 'scapes,
Had he staid another Year,
At which he did lear,
He had prest us like *Canaans Grapes*.

11.

There's just such another
May well be call'd *Brother*,
A *Collonel* stout, and a *Knight*,
And an *Alderman* too,
As now *Aldermen* go,
That will neither take wrong nor do right.

12.

We ne're yet did know
That he durst meet a foe,
And his pale colour speaks him afraid
Yet in story we read
He did one valiant deed,
Which was to his Masters Maid.

13.

Then to get an Estate,
He found out a Mate,
Which was an old *Usurers* daughter,
Supplanted the Son,
And then he begun
To be *Wealthy* and *Worshipfull* after.

14.

There are more besides him
 Stands for the back *Limb*,
 A crue of such *Harlotry* tools,
 That who's not more blind
 Then Fortune, may find
 That he raises some besides Fools.

15.

Some are wary grave Sirs,
 In their Chains and their Furs,
 That dare not declare their opinion,
 If hang'd they were all,
 One tear would not fall
 Without the help of an Onion.

16.

There's one kin to a *Miter*,
 That's no *Presbyter*,
 But loyal and honest and free,
 Had we took down the Mayor,
 And plac'd him in the Chair,
 Up some body had gone and we.

17.

There's another, a Wit,
 Was for all he could get,
 But now wheels about and is true :
 He may win all our hearts
 Would he use his best parts
 With our foes as he did with the *Jew*.

18.

The rest of the Court
 Are a mixt colourd sort,
 Rank *Presbyter*, rank *Independent*,
 They do still so prevail
 For the *Westminster* tayle,
 'Tis feard we shall ne're have an end on't.

19.

But our *Counsel* of Commons
 Are valiant old *Romans*,
 And stand for our *peace* and *freedom*,
 If that Dog that sells Leather,
 And the Salesman together
 Would either be honest or be dumb.

20.

But yet we cann't see
 Any reason why we
 Should all be so much at their becks,
 If we chains must forbear,
 Pray why should they wear
 A *Militia* about their necks?

21.

Our *Town Clerk* we took,
 Has a serious look,
 And his silence did shew him a *wit*,
 But we discern him no more
 Than the Court heretofore
 Did that sullen *Mask* which he writ.

22.

The late *Petticoat* Squire
 From his shop mounted higher
 To the *Sword*, and from that he did *start*
 By his *mony* and *grace*
 To a *Remembrances* place
 Now reports when the *Rump* let a *fart*.

23.

Their *Chaplain* that praid
 Now recants what he said,
 And walks by a perfecter light:
 The cause why he straid
 Was he wincked when he praid,
 Now his eyes are open he's right.

24.

What ere the Cause be
 We clearly may see,
 No good thing propos'd for the City's,
 But mens policy bends
 It to their private ends,
 That 'tis spoyl'd by the close *Committee*.

25.

And it needs must be so,
 For we all do well know
 'Tis for *wealth* men are put into *office* ;
 And he that has store
Domineers or'e the poor,
 Whether *Fool, Knave, Elder, or Novice*.

26.

We our *Members* have sent,
 But the quick *Parliament*
 Had first sent their *Members* we find,
 Yet no body knows
 With which side *Monk* will close
 Or will stand for *before, or behind*.

27.

Hee's a Souldier no doubt
 Both skilfull and stout
 But had need be more than a *Stalian*,
 If his love should extend
 To the hindermost end,
 And use us like *Italian*.

28.

A thousand a year
 If he could but tell where,
 They thought would have made him to mind 'em ;
 But they promise still,
 As *Diego* made his will,

Great things, but none knows where to find 'em.

29.

In this prodigal trick
 They have out-done old Nick,
 For what he did give he did show.
 Their title's the same,
 And so is their aime
 For ought any man doth know.

30.

Let it go as it will,
 We are *Citizens* still,
 And free to this side, or that
 We may prate, and may Vote,
 But when it comes to't,
 We'l be true to no body knows what.

31.

But this we see plain
 'Twas for honour and gain
 That we at the first did fall out,
 And were not publick lands
 Got in private mens hands
 The times would soon turn about.

32.

And now we do find,
 These Saints in their kind,
 Those are mad that to aid them in *flocks* come,
 And he that will fight
 To keep us all from our right
 Shall be chronicled for a *Coxcomb*.



The RUMP Dockt.

Till it be understood
 What is under *Monck's* Hood
 The City dare not shew his horns :
 Till ten dayes be out,
 The Speaker's sick of the Gout,
 And the *Rump* doth sit upon thorns.

If *Monck* be turn'd *Scot*,
 The *Rump* goes to pot,
 And the *Good Old Cause* will miscarry ;
 Like coals out of embers
 Revive the Old Members :
 Off goes the *Rump*, like *Dick* and *Harry*.

Then In come the Lords,
 Who drew Parliament Swords,
 With Robes lined through with Ermin ;
 But Peers without Kings
 Are very useless things,
 And their Lordships counted but Vermin.

Now *Morley* and *Fagg*
 May be put in a bagg,
 And that doughty Man Sir *Arthur*,
 In despair of his Foil,
 With Alderman *Hoyle*,
 Will become a Knight of the Garter.

That Knave in Grain
 Sir *Harry Vane*

His Case then most mens is sadder ;
There is little hope
He can scape the rope,
For the *Rump* turned him o're the Ladder.

That precious Saint *Scot*
Shall not be forgot,
According to his own desires
Instead of Neck-verse
Shall have it writ on his Herse,
Here hangs one of the Kings Tryers.

Those nine sons of *Mars*,
That whipt the *Rumps* Arse,
I mean the Commanders War-lick ;
If the *Rump* smell strong
With hanging too long,
Shall serve to stuff it with Garlick.

That parcel of man
In length but a span,
Whose wifes Eggs alwaies are addle
Must quit the Life-guard,
As he did when scar'd
By *Lambert* out of the saddle.

Lambert may now turn Florist,
Being come off the poorest
That ever did Man of the Sword :
The *Rump* let a Fart
Which took away his heart,
And made him a Squire of a Lord.

His *Cheshire* glory
 Is a pitifull story,
 There the Saints triumpht without battle ;
 But now *Monck* and his Friers
 Have driven him into the Briers,
 As he did *Booth* and his Cattle.

For the rest of the *Rump*,
 Together in a Lump,
 'Tis too late to cry, *Peccavi* ;
 Ye have sinn'd all or most
 Against the Holy Ghost,
 And therefore the Devil must have ye.

But now valiant City,
 Whether must thy Ditty
 Be sung in Verse, or in Prose,
 For till the *Rump* stunk
 For fear of *Monck*,
 Thy *Militia* durst not shew its Nose.

Base Cowards and Knaves,
 That first made us Slaves,
 Very Rascals from the beginning ;
 Onely unto *Moncks* Sword
 The Nation must afford
 The honour of bringing the King in.





*Arsy Versy, or The Second Martyrdom
of the R U M P.*

To the Tune of
The Blind Beggar of Bednall-green.

1.

MY Muse, to prevent lest an after-clap come,
If the winde should once more turn about for
the Bum,
As a preface of honour, and not as a frump,
First with a Sirreverence ushers the *Rump*.

2.

I shall not dispute whether Long-tails of *Kent*,
Or Papist this name of disgrace did invent ;
Whose Legend of lies, do defame us the more,
Hath entail'd on us *Rumps* ne're heard on before.

3.

But now on its Pedigree longer to think,
(For the more it is stir'd the more it will stink)
'Tis agreed the *Rumps* first report in the Town
Did arise from the wooden invention of *Brown*.

4.

Old *Oliver's* nose had taken in snuff
When it sate long ago, some unsavoury puff ;
Then up went the *Rump*, and was ferkt to the quick,
But it settled in spight of the teeth of poor *Dick*.

5.

Then the Knight of the Pestle, King *Lambert*, and *Vane*,

With a Scepter of Iron did over it reign :
 But the *Rump* soon re-setled, and to their disgrace,
 Like Excrements voided them out of the place.

6.

It did now, like a Truant's well-disciplin'd Bum,
 With the rod of affliction harder become ;
 Or else like the Image in *Daniel* it was,
 Whose Head was of Gold, but whose Tayl was of brass.

7.

It endured the first heat, and proved no starter,
 But sung in the midst of the flames like a Martyr,
 And whisk'd the Tayl like a terrible Farter,
 And sounded most chearfully, *Vive Sir Arthur*.

8.

But the next fire Ordeal put into a dump,
 Sir *Orlando* the furious chief joynt of the *Rump*,
 That he looked like the picture of *Richard* the Third,
 Or like an ejected and frost-bitten T——.

9.

'Tis said that his *Durindana* he drew,
 And a Wight on the Road most manfully slew ?
 But, pardon'd by *Charles*, made good what they tell us,
 How ill 'tis to save a thief from the Gallows.

10.

Being now to be burn'd, he soon did expire,
 For he was but a flash, and would quickly take fire,
 So that their fewel upon him to spend,
 What was it but Coals to *Newcastle* to send ?

11.

To bring 'em to th' stake as in order they lye,
Harry Martyn the next place must occupy ;

'Twas expected in vain he should blaze, for he swore,
That he had been burnt to the stumps before.

12.

Tom Scot for the *Bum* most stily did stand,
Though once by a *Bum* he was foully trapand ;
But time and his office of *Secretary*
Had learnt him his Business more private to carry.

13.

Some thought he arriv'd at his dignity first,
By being so well in iniquity verst,
The mystery of which he hath practis'd of late
In his Function, which was, to be Baud to the State.

14.

Hob Morley in silence did suffer the losse
Of his *Rump*, and with patience took up the Crosse,
That to see him so sing'd and so scorcht you would swear
No Camel more meekly his burden could bear.

15.

The *Speaker* was thought to the *Rump* to be true,
Because like a Fart at first he burnt blew ;
But streight he was cunningly seen to retire,
For fear to endanger the Rolls in the fire.

16.

St. *John* a mortal of flesh and of blood,
Swore by St. * *Peter* the example was good :
So facing about and shifting his station,
He turn'd o're a new leaf in St. *Johns Revelations*.

* He hath a great kindnesse for that Saint, not because of his Keys,
(which he knew he should never make use of) but in reference to
Peterborough Minster, the stones of which built his new house.

17.

Harry Nevil that looks like a *Mahomets* pigeon,
 Accused to be of a State-mans Religion,
 Is left to his choyce what processe hee'll have,
 To be burnt for an *Atheist*, or hang'd for a *Knave*.

18.

Now stop thy Nose reader, for *Atkins* doth come,
 That shame to the *Breeches* as well as the *Bum*,
 To wish he was burnt were an idle desire,
 For he comes provided to shit out the fire.

19.

But least he without a Companion should be,
 Here's *Lisle* that comes next stinks worser than he ;
 So foully corrupt, you may plac't in your Creed,
 Such a *Rump* could alone such a *Fistula* breed.

20.

Poor *Ludlow* was bogg'd in *Ireland of late*,
 And to purge himself came to the Rump of the State ;
 But gravely they told him he had acted amiss,
 When he sought to betray the *Rump* with a *kiss*.

21.

Ned Harby was an herb *John* in the pot,
 Yet could he not scape the disasterous lot :
 Scarce Church'd of the Gout was the trusty old Squire,
 But he hopt from the Frying-pan into the fire.

22.

Robin Andrews was laid on last as they tell us,
 For a log to keep down the rest of his fellows ;
 Though he spent on the City, like one of the *Roysters*,
 Each morning his * two pence in Sack and in Oysters.

* Some Authors hold that it was but three half pence, but Poetry will not admit broken number.

23.

Next *Praise-God*, although of the *Rump* he was none,
 Was for his Petition burnt to the *Bare-bone* :
 So *Praise-God* & *Rump*, like true *Josephs* together,
 Did suffer ; but *Praise-God* lost the more * *leather*.

24.

There's *Lawson* another dag-lock of the taylor,
 That the water to avoid, to the water did sayle ;
 And in Godly simplicity means (as they say)
 To manage the Stern, though the *Rump's* out of play.

25.

But *Overton* most with wonder doth seize us,
 By securing of *Hull* for no lesse than *Christ Jesus*,
 Hoping (as it by the story appears)
 To be there his Lieutenant for one thousand years.

26.

Lord *Mounson*? Oh *Venus*! what do you here?
 I little thought you were a Rumper I swear :
 But an impotent Lord will thus far avail,
 He will serve for a Cloak to cover the tail.

27.

To burnish his Star Mr. *Salisbury's* come,
 With the Atmos of gold that fall from the *Bum* ;
 Sure 'twas but a Meteor, for I must tell ye,
 It smelt as 'twere turning to th' *Aldermans* jelly.

28.

Brother *Pembroke* comes last, and does not disdain
 Tho' despis'd by the world, to bear up the train :
 But after New-lights so long he did run,
 That they brought him to † *Bethlehem* before they had done.

* Courteous Reader, he is a Leather seller.

† Not Bethlehem in Juda (for he is none of the Magi).

29.

Thus the *Foxes* of *Sampson* that carried a brand
 In their tails, to destroy and to burn up the land ;
 In the flames they had kindled themselves to expire,
 And the Dee'l give them Brimstone unto their fire.



*A Christmas Song, when the RUMP
 was first dissolved.*

To the Tune of *I tell the Dick.*

THis Christmas time, 'tis fit that we
 Should Feast and Sing and merry be
 It is a time of mirth ;
 For never since the world began,
 More joyfull news was brought to man,
 Then at our *Saviours* birth.

But such have been these times of late,
 That Holy dayes are out of date,
 And holynesse to boot ;
 For they that do despise, and scorn
 To keep the day that Christ was born,
 Want holynesse no doubt.

That Parliament that took away
 The observation of that day,
 We know it was not free ;
 For if it had, such Acts as those
 Had ne're been seen in verse or prose,
 You may conclude with me.

'Twas that Assembly did maintain
'Twas Law to kill their Sovereign,
 Who by that Law must dye,
Though Gods anointed ones are such,
Which Subjects should not dare to touch,
 Much lesse to Crucifie.

'Twas that which turn'd our Bishops out
Of house and home both branch and root,
 And gave no reason why ;
And all our Clergy did expell,
That would not do like that Rebell :
 This no man can deny.

It was that Parliament that took
Out of our Churches our *Service Book*,
 A Book without compare ;
And made Gods house, (to all our griefs)
That house of Prayer, a *Den of Thiefs*,
 Both here and every where.

They had no head for many years
Nor heart (I mean the House of Peers)
 And yet it did not dye ;
Of these long since it was bereft,
And nothing but the *Tayle* was left,
 You know't as well as I.

And in this *Tayle* there was a tongue,
Lenthall I mean, whose fame hath wrung
 In Country and in City ;
Not for his worth or eloquence,
But for a Rebell to his Prince,
 And neither wise nor witty.

This Speakers words must needs be winde,
 Since they proceeded from behind ;
 Besides, you may remember,
 From thence no Act could be discreet,
 Nor could the sense o'th' House be sweet,
 Where *Atkins* was a Member.

This tale's now done, the Speakers dumb,
 Thanks to the *Trumpet* and the *Drum* ;
 And now I hope to see
 A Parliament that will restore
 All things that were undone before,
 That we may Christians be.



*Bum-Fodder : or, Waste-Paper, proper
 to wipe the Nations R U M P
 with, or your Own.*

Free Quarter in the North is grown so scarce,
 That *Lambert* with all his men of *Mars*,
 Have submitted to kiss the *Parliaments Arse*,
 Which no body can deny.

If this should prove true (as we do suppose)
 'Tis such a *wipe* as the *R U M P* and all's Foes
 Could never give to Old *Oliver's Nose*,
 Which no body can deny.

There's a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,
 When the Head shall see the *R U M P* all be-shit,
 Sure this must prove a most lucky *hit*,

Which, &c.

There is another proverb which every *Noddy*,
 Will jeer the *R U M P* with, and cry *Hoddy-doddy*
 Here's a Parliament all *Arse* and no *Body*,

Which, &c.

Tis a likely matter the World will mend
 When so much blood and Treasure we spend,
 And yet begin at the wrong end,

Which, &c.

We have been round, and round about twirl'd
 And through much sad confusion hurl'd,
 And now we are got into the *Arse of the World*,

Which, &c.

But 'tis not all this our courage will quail,
 Or make the brave Sea-men to the *R U M P* strike sail,
 If we can have no *head* we will have no *tail*,

Which, &c.

Then let a *Free Parliament* be turn'd *trump*,
 And ne're think any longer the Nation to *nump*
 With your pocky, perjurd, damn'd old *R U M P*,

Which, &c.

But what doth Rebell *R U M P* make here,
 When their proper place (as *W— P—* doth swear)
 Is at the *Devils Arse* in *Derbyshire*.

Which, &c.

Then thither let us send them a tilt,
 For if they stay longer, they will us beguile
 With a Government that is *loose in the hilt*,

Which, &c.

You'll find it set down in the *Harrington's* Moddle
 Whose Brains a Commonwealth doth so coddle,
 That 't has made a *Rotation* in his Noddle,

Which, &c.

'Tis a pittifull passe you men of the Sword
 Have brought your selves to, that the *Rump's* your Lord,
 And *Arsie Versie* must be the word,

Which, &c.

Our Powder and Shot you did freely spend,
 That the Head you might from the Body rend,
 And now you are at Wars with the *But-end*,

Which, &c.

Old *Martin* and *Scot* have all such an itch,
 That they will with the *Rump* try t'other twitch,
 And *Lenthal* can grease a fat *Sow* in the *Britch*,

Which, &c.

That's a thing would please the Butchers and Cooks,
 To see this stinking *Rump* quite off the hooks,
 And *Jackdaw* go to pot with the *Rooks*,

Which, &c.

This froward Sir *John* (who the *Rump* did ne're fail)
 Against *Charles Stuart* in a Speech did rail,

But men say it was *without head or tayl,*

Which, &c.

Just such is the Government we live under,
Of a *Parliament* thrice cut in sunder;
And this hath made us the Worlds wonder,

Which, &c.

Old *Noll* when we talkt of *Magna Charta,*
Did prophesie well we should all smart-a;
And now we have found his *Rump's Magna Fart-a,*

Which, &c.

But I cannot think *Monck* (though a Souldier and Sloven)
To be kin to the Fiend whose feet are cloven,
Nor will *creep i' th' Rumps Arse to bake in their Oven,*

Which, &c.

Then since he is coming, e'ne let him come
From the North to the South, with Sword and Drum,
To beat up the Quarters of this lewd *Bum,*

Which, &c.

And now of this Rump I'll say no more,
Nor had I begun, but upon this score,
There was somethind *behind,* which was not *before.*

Which, &c.





*A Vindication of the RUMP : or The
RUMP Re-advanced.*

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

FULL many a Ballad hath been Penn'd,
And scoffing Poem writ
Against the R U M P ; but I intend
To speak in praise of it.
Come *Jove* and *Apollo*, come *Venus* and *Mars*,
And lend your assistance : to speak of the A——
Will require a prodigious wit.

There's scarce a Lady to be found
That loves either Pear or Plum
One half so well, if she be sound,
As tabering at her B——
It may be, you'l say, I'm wide of the Case,
Since that Musick's made in a distant place ;
I answer the bredth of your Thumb.

When Alderman *Atkins* did bemar
His Hose through a Panick fear,
And Captain *Rea* that man of War,
Oh ! what a Hogo was there ?
If you ask me, what praise is in this ? at a word,
The Captain so fenced himself by a T——
That his Enemies could not come near.

There is not a Lawyer in Country or Town,
Whose Rhetorick doth prevail,
Although he hath purchas'd Fee simple by th' Gown,

But loves to be dealing in Tail ;
 And I may well swear by *Apollo* or *Mars*,
 That at a Place called, the *Oven's Arse*,
 Oft times I have drunk good Ale.

And when you are dallying with a young Maid,
 Would you not her Buttocks bethump ?
 And I have been often well apaid
 With a Goose both fat and plump :
 The Body being Eaten, we strive for the Tayl,
 Each man with his Kan'kn of nappy brown Ale,
 Doth box it about for the *RUMP*.

The *RUMP* of a Coney I often have seen
 Most piteously claw'd by a Ferret,
 And a Capons *Rump* is a bit for a Queen,
 Although she's a Person of merit
 In preaching and praying who spends the whole day,
 At night keeps a *Rump* wherewithall for to play,
 Be he never so full of the spirit.

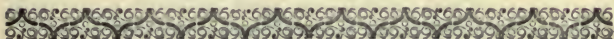
I wonder who first call'd the Parliament *RUMP*,
 Some say, that it was *Jack Hobby*,
 And some, fiery *P*—— good wits will jump ;
 Now I write not this to bob ye,
 But only to tell ye that good Mr. *P*——
 For all that he's cropt, yet he could not get in,
 But was fain to remain in the *Lobby*.

The other day *I* was going in haste,
 (To think on't it grieves my heart)
 I saw a poor Fellow all nak'd to the waste,
 And whipt at the Arse of a Cart :

His *Rump* ('tis true) suffer'd the Rout. But I would
Fain know who it was, that durst be so bold,
As to call Mr. Speaker Sir F——

He might as well have stiled him *Anus*,
Since he was the mouth of the *RUMP*.
As cunning a Fox as *Romes Sejanus* :
But I do not love for to frump ;
Or else I could tell ye, my Friends, to an Ace,
What good can acrew to the Land by the Mace,
As long as the Knave's the great'st Trump.

Our zealous sticklers for Reformation
Will edifie on the Rump of a Sister,
And it will never grow out of fashion
To Physick the Tayl with a Glister.
But beware that *Monk* doth not come with a bitter
Purge to the Rump which will make her beshit her,
For she hath already bepist her.



*The RUMP roughly but righteously hand-
led: In a New Ballad.*

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel*.

I.

More Sacks to the Mill, here comes a fresh Wit,
That means without Mittens (as you shall see)
To handle a RUMP that's all to beshit,
Sirreverence of the Company.

2.

And let other sinners that love a whole skin,
Keep out of my reach for fear of a Stone ;
For I'm like the Hang-man, who (when's hand was in)
Said he had as good truss up forty as one.

3.

First I'll tell you whence this *Rump*-regnant came,
When *England* to Faction and Schism was bent,
By means of long peace to settle the same,
Our noble King summon'd a Parliament.

4.

A Parliament which may make old men grieve,
And Children that ne're shall be born complain ;
I mean such as dy'd before they did live,
Like *Harrington's Rota* or th' Engin of *Vane*.

5.

This Parliament, like a wilde skitish Tit,
Unman'd and unback'd, and unapt to obey,
Would let neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate sit,
Yet stammel'd nos'd *OLIVER* smelt out a way.

6.

With Pistol and Musquet he brought the Beast under,
And aw'd it so much, and so far did prevail,
That tamely he dockt it, and (to all mens wonder)
He cast off the Colt and saddled the Tayl.

7.

Which shortly began to kick at's Command,
And restive it grew, and left its true pacing,

Which made him resolve on his own legs to stand,
And turn the R U M P out of the stable a grasing.

8.

The Red-coats, with breath like my Lady's Bum-
blast,
This Parliament-snuff blew twice out and in ;
But North and West-winds will so out it at last,
That nought but Hell fire shall light it agen.

9.

Though now they tempt *Monk* with a 1000. *per*
annum,
In hopes that to worship, his face hee'l fall flat on ;
Yet he's wise enough to resist and disdain 'em,
And cry, *Get behind me, thou Bob-tail of Satan.*

10.

Right pat with St. *George's* this Story will jump,
Poor *England's* the Damsel appointed for slaughter,
And *Monk* the St. *George* to kill Dragon *RUMP*,
And safely restore to the King his fair Daughter.

11.

The *Rump* thus in grosse no more shall be plaid on,
But now I will whet my Pen (if it please ye)
To joynt it, and shew what foul parts it is made on,
God grant that our Stomachs prove not over-
queasie.

12.

Here's *Lenthal* once Mouth to the Parliaments mind,

Though he at length acted the Fundament's part,
Whose Speech was not breaking of Silence but Winde,
And's giving the Thanks of the House, but a Fart.

13.

But many I find this Opinion are firm in,
That he has no real distemper at all,
But feigns it ; and like a Prophetical Vermin,
Runs from an old House that is ready to fall.

14.

If *Ludlow* the state of Grace he had been in,
And kept himself safe fro' th' Committee of Safety,
For's Fathers sake, Deputy Fart he had been,
Instead of the *Frost*, they call *Say the crafty*.

15.

Next comes the *Rump's* Gad-fly, the *Jehu*-like driver,
King-abjuring *ARTHUR* ; Sir, you (if I ken you)
O' th' Bishop's *Uriah*-like fall were Contriver,
To get the fair *Bersheba* of their Revenue.

16.

But 'twas a more carnal concupiscence,
That at *Bristol*-Vicaridge set you a neighing,
Which you enjoy'd and occupy'd in the sence
Which puts pretty Maids to pishing and fying.

17.

Nay you like the *Trojan*-Adulterer swore,
To those that once saved you from the King's Fury,
That rather than *Helen* of *Duresm* restore,
Their *Troynovant* in it's own ashes you'd bury.

18.

But I dare no farther his passion provoke
 For fear of a prejudice which it may do me
 For with his own Choller should he chance to choke,
 The Hang-man in Action of Trespasse might sue me.

19.

Then have at Sir *Harry* the Int'rest Refiner,
 Who's not of the Church, but Society of J E S U S,
 And can make Divinity's Self-Diviner,
 And model new Heavens, and new Earths to please us.

20.

'Twas he that injected the sublimd matter
 To late Lady *Lambert*, and she to th' Squire,
 Which made him Protector, and Parliament-hater,
 And to be *Fift Monarch* devoutly aspire.

21.

Like Grub from Sheeps tails, since the *Rump* doth him
 He'll creep to some placket of Sanctification, [throw,
 And come forth a Flesh-flye next Summer, and blow
 New Maggots in's Church, of more whimsical fashion.

22.

Methinks in his eyes the waters do gather,
 As if the Lord *Straffords* Death troubled his sight ;
 Perhaps he repents and means (like his Father)
 Ev'n in his own Garter to do his Ghost right.

23.

There goes the twice treacherous Banquerout *Salloway*

From *Westminster Wolves*, to *Tow'r Lions* bound,
Cause he from one Treason to another did fall away,
And will fall again, but not quite to the ground.

24.

The next is a Politick Pen-man that got-land
By's Knavery more then his Birth, and 'tis his hope
That *Lambeth* shall ever and ever be *Scot-land*,
And seat of an Arch-one, but not of a Bishop.

25.

Here's *Nevil* (who to be made in *Scot's* stead
A State-Secretary) did practise a New art,
To th' Office, (by Letters unto the House read)
He courted himself in the name of *Charles Stuart*.

26.

Now see with a *P O'X* where *Martin* comes on,
The seed of corrupt and sinfull Loyns,
Who a worthy had been, if as near *Solomon*
In Wisdome, as number of Concubines.

27.

If in utter darknesse there should be a failing
Of Horror, the *Rump* may furnish it with
Squire *Fleetwood* to help out the weeping and wailing,
And Sir *William Brereton* for gnashing of teeth.

28.

Now *Mildmay*, and *Whitlock*, and *Lisle* I might call in,
And Master Lord *Salisbury* (from Noble house
Who seems not descended, so much as down faln)
And others, which well may serve a fresh Muse.

29.

And now the *Rump's* set in the Salt, and *Monck*
 Hath offer'd full fairly his own for to make it,
 But finding himself by the Devil out-drunk,
 He honestly cryes, *Nay then let him take it.*

30.

But for 'em when hence they go, (such were their follies)
 Above nor beneath, there no quiet place is,
King Charles in Heaven, in Hell *Tyrant NO L* is,
 Who (as God us'd *Fleetwood*) will spit in their faces.

31.

Now mark what sweet Morsells Hell swallowed of late,
 There's *Cromwell*, and *Prideaux*, and *Bradshaw*, and
 He that made Old Nick (when he enter'd his Gate) [theres
 Cry, *Oh my Son Pride, are you there with your Bears?*

32.

And now I no longer will rake in this sink,
 But shortly the *RUMP* is for *Tyburn*, and then
 I'll tell you more of it; but you (as I think)
 Do now stop your Noses, and I'll stop my Pen.



The She-Citizens Delight.

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a Row.*

YOU Cow-hearted Citizens
 What is your damn'd pretence,
 To keep your selves within your beds

And not fight for your Prince ;
 Whose Majesty should you behold,
 Your shame will breed your woe,
 And then like fools you will cry out
Cuckolds all a row.

There's some of you whose Bishops Lands
 Do so much cloy their heels,
 That now they cannot stir, whereas
 Else would they run on wheels :
 But yet I hope a time will come
 When you shall be made know,
 And told unto their faces that
You'r Cuckolds all a row.

But yet for one most reverent Act
 You are to be commended,
 That through your Rams-Head zeal you have
 Your Brother Rump Befriended.
 To seat them in the Parliament House,
 Their wisdoms forth to show,
 But they and you are all alike
Cuckolds all a row.

But I advise you set this R U M P
 In salt for fear of stinking,
 'Twill fall unto the Devils share,
 Because 'tis his by drinking ;
 In spite of all their Acts and Laws
 Hee'l car' them down below,
 Then Hell and City all alike
Cuckolds all a row.

Alas poor *Lambert* is undone,
 And now he may go Preach,
 Since 'tis the *English Al-a-mode*
 For every Rogue to Teach ;
 He'le nose it bravely in a Tub,
 And let his Brethren know
 That they are Damn'd unlesse they dip
Cuckolds all a row.

But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now,
 His honor's worn to th' stump,
 He'le serve Ambassador to hell
 To make room for the Rump,
 And thus King-killers one by one
 Shall go the Devil goe
 Upon the City Asses pack
Cuckolds all a row.

And now Cow-hearts look to your shops,
 The Red-coats will you fright,
 And plunder you because they know
 Your hornes hang in your light ;
 Not matter, for you have been the cause
 Of all the Kingdoms woe,
 And do deserve still to be call'd
Cuckolds all a row.

But if that you would honest grow,
 And do a glorious thing,
 Which is to rouse and take your Armes,
 And fight for *Charles* our King ;
 Which Act your Credits will regain,
 And all the World shall know
 That you shall then no more be call'd
Cuckolds all a row.



*The RUMP Carbonado'd : or A New
BAL L A D.*

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

L End me your ears, not cropt, and I'll sing
Of an hideous Monster, or Parliament thing,
That City and Country doth woefully wring,
Which no body can deny.

Take care that no Sectary be in this place,
For if you offend the least Babe of Grace,
The Rump will be ready to fly in your face,
Which, &c.

They fram'd a *Remonstrance*, to set all on fire,
Which took with the People, as they did desire,
And forc'd them to Covenant that they would conspire,
Which, &c.

No sooner exalted was *Essex* his horn,
But God's law, and man's too the Cuckold did scorn,
To ruine our Country this Rebel was born,
Which, &c.

Take *Warwick* along, if company you lack,
No Admiral like an old Puritan Jack,
A verier Knave you can't find in the Pack,
Which, &c.

These arm'd with Commissions by Sea and by Land,

Did send forth their forces the King to withstand,
 Till of all that was good they had soon made an hand,
Which, &c.

In glory and wealth, we once so abounded,
 And were in Religion so thoroughly grounded,
 That none could have shatter'd us thus but the *Round-*
head,
Which, &c.

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church and the Laws,
 To set up an Idol, then Nick-nam'd the *Cause,*
 Like *Bell* and *Dragon* to gorge their own Maws,
Which, &c.

They banisht all Royallists out of the Line,
 And scarce would endure to hear any Divine,
 That would not for company cogge, lye, and whine,
Which, &c.

So frantickly zealous they were at that season,
 That the five rotten Members impeacht of High Treason,
 They guarded against all Right, Law and Reason,
Which, &c.

Will fool was counted the worst of the twain,
 Till *Tom* fool Lord *F*— the Cause to maintain,
 His Honor and Conscience did fearfully stain,
Which, &c.

Sir *William* at *Run-away-downs* had a bout,
 Which him and his Lobsters did totally rout,

And his Lady the Conqueror could not help him out,
Which, &c.

Though General *B*— do now fawn and beseech,
 The Cavaliers found him a blood-sucking Leech,
 He would seem a Convert, but he stinks of the Breech,
Which, &c.

All will confesse that Saint *Oliver Cromwell*
 Had learn'd in his Reign the three Nations to cum-
 well,
 Although it be true that he did love a *Bum-well*,
Which, &c.

But young *Dick* and *Harry*, not his Heirs but his
 Brats :
 As if they had lesse wit and grace than Gib-Cats,
 Slunk from their Commands like a pair of drown'd
 Rats,
Which, &c.

The sound of a Rump nere heard of before,
 In their addle pates did so whistle and roar,
 That streight they betook themselves to the back door,
Which, &c.

When *Haslerig* of the *Rump* brought up the rear,
 The Army was in such a bodily fear,
 That no one commander durst ever appear,
Which, &c.

Down goes the Publick, when Knaves usurp Power,
 The *Rump* by one Ordinance can more men devour,

Than all the great Guns shot from the Tower,
Which, &c.

Pennington long since was broken to fitters,
 Yet sits with the *Rump* of Sects to Pig-litters ;
 And such as come near him, he all to besquitters,
Which, &c.

If Alderman *Atkins* you keep not in minde,
 Hee'l take it so ill, that hee'l fly out behinde,
 And make you remember with every winde,
Which, &c.

Titchborn could preach, pray and prate by the Spirit,
 And *Ireton* little better, who rang'd like a Ferret,
 And *Tyburn* thinks long to give them their merit,
Which, &c.

Lord *Gourney* was right, whom the City betraid ;
 Now the City would be right, were the Maior not a
 Jade :
 Till such as he be made examples, nere look for better
 Trade,
Which, &c.

Ne're did any Nation so court their own good,
 As we have all offers of mercy withstood,
 God's judgement on our rapine, and shedding of blood,
Which, &c.

All wise men and good, say it is a mischievous fate,
 A Kingdome to turn to a Popular State ;
 Yet wee'l take no warning until it be too late :
Which, &c.

A desperate crew of self-seeking Elves,
 Do wilfully force us on quicksands and shelves ;
 This we see, yet we seek not to safeguard our selves, -
Which, &c.

For when the poor Cits are plunder'd by force,
 Their grievances find as little remorse
 I'th' man-beast, the Maior as in his great horse,
Which, &c.

The *Rump* yet sits brooding upon their close stool
 In labour to bring forth a Knave or a Fool ;
 Begotten by a new Legislative Tool,
Which, &c.

Sir *Henry Vane* Prince of the last modell'd rout,
 Was known as a *Traytor*, both cunning and stout,
 Yet for being too rampant the *Rump* shit him out,
Which, &c.

James Harrington Knight or Knave, choose you
 whether,
 For in the *Rump* still Knight and Knave go together,
 The times cannot mend till hee's tyed to his tether,
Which, &c.

Harry Martin and *Scot* with some thirty eight more
 Are resolved on the question to keep us all poor,
 Whilst they have the power to Plunder and Whore,
Which, &c.

Who can gain-say that it was a strong fart,

Which blew the Lord *Disborough* back to his Cart,
And taught silly *Fleetwood* of crying the Art,

Which, &c.

'Tis pity that *Hewson* the Lord should have died
For piercing his Brother, the Cobler's Hide,
Since the word of Command came from his blind side,

Which, &c.

Luke Robinson wants both his Bristles and Aule
To stitch up his lame Legge, and help him to
craule,

Who down-right hath halted betwixt God and *Baal*,

Which, &c.

The Prentices once put the Troupers to flight,
And the Red-coats for fear then were ready to
shite,

When *Lambert* the Atheist marcht Northward to fight,

Which, &c.

The *Greeks* that sack *Troy* from the Belly did come
Of *Epriis* his Horse ; but with Musket and Drum
The War among us is carried on by the Bum,

Which, &c.

Jack Presbyter struts up and down in a jump,
Curtail'd on purpose for fear least the *Rump*
Should sit on his skirts and give him a thump,

Which, &c.

Instead of an Use of divine Consolation,

The Hypocrite publisht a late Exhortation,
 To trapan this poor City, and beggar the Nation,
Which, &c.

For what is call'd Christian, it is no great matter,
 So they may but gather, they care not who scatter ;
 They cannot be gifted unlesse they do flatter ;
Which, &c.

Since *Charles* was beheaded we have backward gone,
 And now are brought ev'n to the bare Rump-bone,
 Which speaks in no other but *Atkins* his tone,
Which, &c.

Tis hard to say, how much these Arse-wormes do urge
 us,
 We now need no Quack but these *Jacks* for to purge
 us,
 For resisting our Head the Tayle now doth scourge
 us,
Which, &c.

Lenthal now Lords it though the Rabble him mock,
 In calling him Speaker, and Speaker to the Dock,
 For an hundred pound more hee'l kiss their very Nock,
Which, &c.

And now if we crave but a Parliament Free,
 We are sure to feel Plunder, or Prison to see ;
 They'l gore us, and bore us, & slaves we must be,
Which, &c.

We are sensible now, that there is no one thing,
 Can full satisfaction to all Interest bring,
 Till in spite of all Traytors, we fetch in the King,
Which, &c.

Monk like the Oracle plays fast and loose ;
 We know not yet, whether hee's a Fox or a Goose,
 He had need look about him, for his neck's in a noose,
Which, &c.

Then to conclude this innocent Song,
 Least the *Rump* should infect you, which smelleth so
 strong :
 Old *Old Nick* bless them all, and take them e're long,
Which no body can deny.



*A Psalm sung by the People before the
 Bone-fires, made in and about the
 City of London, Febr: 11.*

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

Come let's take the *Rump*
 And wash it at the Pump,
 For 'tis now in a shitten Case :
 Nay if it hang an Arse,
 Wee'l pluck it down the stares,
 And rost it at Hell for its grease.

Let the Devil be the Cook,
And the roast overlook,
 And lick his own fingers apace ;
For that may be born,
(If he take it not in scorn
 To lick such a privy place.)

Though we are bereft
Of our Armes, Spits are left,
 Whereon the Rump we will roast,
Wee'l prick it in the Tayl,
And bast it with a Flayl,
 Till it stink like a Cole-burnt Toast.

It hath lain long in brine,
Made by the Peoples eyne,
 So 'tis salt through unsavoury meat ;
We'l draw it round about
With Welsh Parsley, and no doubt
 It will choak *Pluto's* great Dog to eat.

We will not be mockt,
This *Rump* hath been dockt,
 And if our skill doth not fail ;
To fear it is good,
Or else all the blood
 In the Body, will leak out at the Tail.

Then down in your Ire,
With this *Rump* to the fire,
 Get *Harrington's Rota* to turn it ;
If Paper be lackt,
The Assessment Act
 You may stick upon't lest ye burn it.

But see there my Masters
 It rises in blisters,
 And looks very big on the matter ;
 Like a roasting Pigs ear ;
 It sings, do ye hear ?
 'Tis enough, come quickly the Platter.

Lay Trenchers and Cloth,
 And away bring the Broth,
 Did the Devil o' th' Fag-end make none ;
 But hold, by your leave
 Napkins we must have
 To wipe our mouths when we have done.

Come Ladies pray where ?
 Will you none of our Chear ?
 Are ye of such a squeamish nature ?
 Pray what is the reason ?
 Are Rumps out of season ?
 But 'tis an abuse to the Creature.

Come wee'l fall on,
 Pray cut me a Bone,
 The Meat may be healthfull and sound ;
 Fogh ! come let us bury't,
 To th' hole we must carry't,
 This *Rump* it stinks above ground.

This Fire wee'l stile
 The Funeral pile,
 The Grave shall be under the Gallows ;
 The Vane shall be th' Scull
 Of some Trayterous Fool,
 And the Epitaph shall be as follows ;

*Underneath the Stones
 A Rump-Corporate's bones,
 Are laid full low in a sink,
 And we do implore ye
 Let them rest, for the more ye
 Do stir them, the more they will stink.*



*A Display of the Headpiece and Codpiece
 Valour, of the most Renowned Collonel Robert Jermy,
 late of Bafield in the County of Norfolk, Esq; with
 his Son Captain Toll by his side; now on their way
 for New-England. Or, the lively description of a dead-
 hearted fellow.*

To the Tune of a *Turd*, or the *Black-smith*.

DId you ne're hear of the Baby of *Mars*,
 That charg'd *Fox's* wife with a Tars,
 For his valour lies all in his Arse,
 Which needs must be very strong.

A sanctify'd Colonel in beaten Buff,
 With a Scarlet Jump that's ⁽¹⁾ Cudgel-proof;
 And his Son ⁽²⁾ *Crowland* Coward of the self-same stuff,
 Who got the Wench bigg with young. *Probatum est.*

⁽¹⁾ *Cudgell'd by Mr. Armiger at Wells in Norfolk, Novemb:
 4. 1654.*

⁽²⁾ *Ran away six miles at Crowland Siege, and ne're lookt behind
 him.*

He's a Journey-man Soldier to the States Army,
 And 'tis in his terms, When you fight you must spare
 me :

So runs the Commission of Colonel *Jermy*,
 If I be informed true.

Upon a Mock-Larm he's sure in the Van,
 Where he takes none, and does no more hurt than he
 can.

He's a pittifull Souldier, though a cruel man,
 Let's give the Devil his due.

To sacrifice to his fears and his pride,
 He caus'd a ⁽¹⁾ Church-Champion be murder'd and
 try'd

By the Judge of his name, and the Rope on his side ;
 'Tis Pity they ever were parted.

Yet you cannot but say 'twas very well meant,
 When he went to the House of Parliament,
 In love to his Country before he was sent,
 In a Coach, when he might have been Carted.

You must always take the good-will for the deed,
 Though at ⁽²⁾ *Risen* he had not the luck to speed ;
 Yet some other place may have very great need,
 If the Devil release but his hire.

⁽¹⁾ *He caused Parson Cooper to be hang'd by Judge Jermy, for fear he should beat him.*

⁽²⁾ *He corrupted twenty free Burghers at Risen, to give their Votes for him in the last Election for Parliament.*

So dear was his love that he (1) purchas'd a throng
Of Sea-men, in Lice and Lungs very strong.
Sure he will be some body ere it be long,
If he be not laid in the mire.

How the Sailers did hollow and throw up their Hats,
And the men with wide mouths that us'd to cry Sprats ;
But the brave spark of *Arundel* made them look like
drown'd Rats,
When he (2) humbled *Tom Toll* for his sin.

That high-born Hero had cudgell'd their Swords,
Had they not almost expir'd at his words ;
But the whole design was not worth two half-Turds,
Though you throw the (3) three Justices in.

In his last good service he (4) took the City,
By an Order from the mistaken Committee,
Where he scap'd a scowring, the more was the pitty ;
For 'twas foul when you've said what you can.

He march'd into the Gates with an hundred more,
O brave ! he ne're did the like before ;
For he us'd to sneak in at the (5) back dore,

(1) He hired 100. men to come with him to LYN with swords and guns, for fear Mr. HOWARD and his two men should beat him.

(2) Mr. Howard gave him a box on the ear with the back of his hand, and he fell to the ground with fear.

(3) Justice Cremar, Justice Peddar, and Justice Life.

(4) He took the City of Norwich when the Gates were open, and no opposition.

(5) Mrs. Foxe's back door.

As becomes a right modest man.

When they entred the Town they beleagur'd the
 Maior,
 And with wonderfull courage they storm'd the Chair ;
 But they soon were all foul, and ran very fair,
 As if they'd been bred for the Course.

For the ⁽¹⁾ Bells were rung backward, as he sayes his
 Prayers,
 And his head went forward with his haste down the
 stairs,
 Like a man of dispatch in the State-affairs,
 Thank Fortune it was no worse.

'Tis much to be wondred he should leave the Rump,
 Though his love to that end has receiv'd a Law frump,
 But that is his god whatever is Trump ;
 Yet his Spirit now was blind.

Had the Rump but once fisl'd, 'twas the strongest
 side,
 But a Fart has so routed his Troop in their pride,
 Though infallible ⁽²⁾ *Butler* was his guide,
 That they are both blown down the winde.

⁽¹⁾ *The Bells were rung backward, which alarm'd the City, who came in and had beat him, if he had not run away upon the noise of it.*

⁽²⁾ *Iermy's Chaplain, that prayes, and swears, and fights, and lyes for him in ordinary.*

Yet that would be thought a true ⁽¹⁾ Englishman,
 Let him make true Latine if he can ;
 Yet learned mens lives this Rascal will scan,
 And when he has done it deny it.

This is *Jermy's* Forlorn when brave *Jacks* appear ;
 He has little of wit, and lesse of fear,
 And swears for his Collonel by the year ;
 And when he is in, he will ply it.

When the Nation was Jaded with a ⁽²⁾ Quaker,
 This *Jippoe* forsooth was a great Undertaker,
 And amongst other Trades a Justice-maker,
⁽³⁾ *Brewer, Tirrell, and Gaffer Life.*

We're made and created by his stinking breath,
 To sit on the Bench upon Life and Death.
 We'd as good have had a Turd in our teeth,
 Without any further strife.

I thought this Collonel would fail,
 When he was upon his Codpiece-bail,
 He got such a flap with a Fox tail,
 As more at large in your ⁽⁴⁾ Box, Sir.

But now if we may believe common fame,
 At present they say he's fled for the same,

⁽¹⁾ *Let us shew our selves true English men, is his usual saying.*

⁽²⁾ *He that drank so much Asses milk, as, without the Parliament's mercy, he is like to be a Fool for ever.*

⁽³⁾ *Two Iustices in Norfolk.*

⁽⁴⁾ *Master Armiger hath the exemplification of a Verdict in a Box, wherein Jermy's Baudery with Foxes wife is set forth.*

How poorly this Fellow has plaid his Game !

But let him not scape without knocks, Sir.

Yet he is such a Coward that I dare say,

He neither dares fight nor yet run away,

And yet he'd be glad to stand at a stay,

If he might but have his *Quietus*.

For tell him his baseness but once to his face,

Y'are sure enough he dies on the place,

If he hangs not himself upon this disgrace,

'Tis one to a Thousand he'l beat us.



A Letany for the New-year.

FROM all and more than I have written here,
 I wish you well protected this *New-year* ;
 From *Civil* war, and such *uncivil* things
 As ruine *Law* and *Gospel*, *Priests* and *Kings* ;
 From those who for *self-ends* would all betray,
 From such new *Saints* that *Pistol* when they *pray*,
 From flattering *Faces* with infernal *Souls*,
 From new *Reformers*, such as pull down *Pauls*,
 From *Linsy woolsy Lords*, from *Town* betrayers,
 From *Apron Preachers*, and *extempore* Prayers,
 From *Pulpit-blasphemy* & bold *Rebellion*,
 From *Bloud* and—something else that I could tell ye on,
 From new false *Teachers* which destroy the *old*,
 From those that turn the *Gospel* into *Gold*,
 From that black *Pack* where *Clubs* are always *Trump*,
 From *Bodies Politique* and from the *Rump*,
 From those that *ruine* when they should *repair*,
 From such as cut off *Heads* instead of *Hair*,

From twelve Months *Taxes* and abortive *Votes*,
 From chargeable *Nurse-Children* in *red Coats*,
 From such as sell their *Souls* to save their *Sums*,
 From *City Charters* that make *Heads* for *Drums*,
 From *Magistrates* which have no truth or knowledge,
 From the *red Students* now in *Gresham Colledge*,
 From Governments erected by the *Rabble*,
 From sweet Sir *Arthurs* Knights of the round *Table*,
 From *City-Saints* whose *Anagram* is *Stains*,
 From *Plots* and being choak'd with our own *Chains*,
 From these, and ten times more which may ensue,
 The *Poet* prays, *Good Lord* deliver you.



The New State described.

LO here a Glorious *Realm* subverted stands,
 Just *Tumbler*-like upon the *Feet* and *Hands* :
 Once *Europes* *Pride* and *Envy*, now their *Scoff*,
 Since the base *Entrayles* cut the *Head* on't off,
 The *Body* lost its form, and's turn'd a *Lump* ;
 Now all the *Limbs* are *Vassals* to the *Rump*,
 Which all the *Nutriture* devour'd and spent,
 Yields nothing back but *stink* and *excrement*,
 And all *returns* that ever this doth send us,
 Serves only to *defile* us and *offend* us ;
 'Tis by much *pampering* grown a strange *Disease*,
 Which all *receives*, and *gives* nor food nor ease
 To th' pining *Body*, but is craving still ;
 And we by *feeding* it our selves do *kill* ;

Which nothing lives by that has any worth,
 But those base *vermin* which its *stink* brought forth.
 If every *Member* in this Body would
 Withdraw its *strength* and influence, as they should,
 This nasty *Highness* quickly must abate,
 And yield to th' *Head* which only saves the *State*.



*The Devils Arse a Peake: or, Satans
 beastly part, or in plain terms, Of the
 Posteriors and Fag-end of a
 Long Parliament.*

To be said or sung very comfortably.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel*.

O Foolish Brittanicks, where are your hearts fled?
 What fiend doth the Nation bewitch;
 That since you like Rogues cut off your own Head,
 Your Noses close in with the Britch?

The Britch! such a bit, *Nolls* paunch could never brook,
 For it put him still to his dumps;
 And though full meals of Hell-broth he oft took,
 Yet alwaies he spew'd out the Rumps.

Till *Lambert* the Knave and *Fleetwood* the fool
 (Though *Dick* perswaded them from it)
 Did overturn the Devils Close stool,
 And like Dogs return to their Vomit.

No sooner the Council Table was spread
With many a vomited gull
But the Army turn'd squeazie and turned their Head,
For they soon had their Belly full.

The Red-coats could never this Rumbling digest,
Till advis'd by *Old nick* and his train,
(Who good unwittingly oft may suggest)
They spew'd up their Vomit again.

Their Surreverence was for a while out of sight,
Till *Whettam* began to deplore 'um,
And *Arthur* the Knight of the Spur a bold wight,
The Rump of a Rump did restore 'um.

Then a pox light on the pittifull Rump,
That a third time above board vapors,
Which *Old Nick* blew out; but now turns up Trump,
As *Jone* farted in and out Tapers.

The House by this Legion was long time possest,
But at last they were cast out of dore;
Yet finding it swept, returned a new guest
Seven-times more a fiend than before.

Away then ye pittifull Citizen slaves,
Who let such enormities pass,
Were you but true men or but errant Knaves,
Fools durst not you ride like an *Ass*.

Then dare to be Honest, and beat up your Drum,
For when the Rogues hear of your power,
You'll smell what a scent proceeds from the Bum,
From *Whitehall*, at least to the *Tower*.

S' foot ! what if these Ars-worms with gifts of our gold
 Great *George* to defend them should move
 Our goods & our Liberties, then would be sold,
 And the Devil a *Monk* would he prove.

Then pluck up your Spirits, and draw out your Swords,
 'Tis force that must only prevail,
 We have long enough stood out in bare Words,
 Lets now make a Rod for their Tayl.

Then *Vive le Roy* let's merrily Sing,
 Can any Man well in his Wits,
 Think worser of *Charles* our Noble good KING,
 Than those who do govern by Fits ?

Search round the great City what ill you can see,
 Which the Rascally *Rump* hath not done,
 And then you will wish with the Nation and me,
 That *CHARLES* had his Heritage won.

For Swearing, Sacrilege, Murther, and Lyes,
 KING-Killing, Hypocrisy, Cheats,
 They make no more of these Sins, then of Flies,
 HELL is almost out-damned by their Feats.

Then fight ye like men for the good of the Nation
 As ye hope to be civilly Drunk,
 On free cost at blessed *CHARLES* Coronation,
 Pray hard for the trunesse of *Monk*.

Heaven bless our good Sovereign, the best of all Men,
 Let the King of our Hearts be Trump,
 That Peace and Prosperity may come agen,
 Squire *Dun* and *Old Nick* take the Rump.

Then let the Knaves shuffle three Kingdoms awhile
 Till each Curr at his Fellow snarles,
 Ere long they will Cut, and after the Broyle
 The Dealing must fall to KING *Charles*.

This Flap with a Fox-tail shall have the same lot,
 That unhorst his Tumble-down Highness,
 For since the rest of the Members are not,
 The Rump must shortly have *FINIS*.



The Committee of Safety.

HEard ye not of the Phanatick Committee
 Of Safety, whom *London* that stiff-necked Citty
 Profanely disturbed, and was not that pitty?

Oh blessed Reformation.

This gallant Committee made up of a crue
 Of three and twenty bad men and untrue,
 Would have made both our Church & our State for to rue.

Still blessed Reformation.

Charles Fleetwood is first and leads up the Van,
 Whose counterfeit Zeal turns Cat in the pan,
 And dame *Sankey* will swear he's a valiant man,

Oh, &c.

John Lambert at *Oliver's* Chair doth roare,
 And thinks it but reason upon this score,

That *Cromwell* had sitten in his before.

Still, &c.

Desborough's a Clown, of whom it is sed,
That to be a States-man he never was bred,
For his Shoulders are far better proof than his Head.

Oh, &c.

But whatever he wants is soundly made up
By subtle Sir *Vane*, who would bring us to sup
Large draughts from the whore of *Babylon's* cup.

Still, &c.

And under the arm of that masked Turk
Little *Bennet* creeps in to help on the good work,
And by voting down Tithes to reform the proud Kirk.

Oh, &c.

The Tobacco-man *Salway* with a heart full of gall
Puffs down Bells, Steeples, Priests, Churches, & all
As old superstitious Relicks of *Baal*.

Still, &c.

Holland the Link-boy's a worshipfull Wight,
For he must stand by to hold them a Light
While they do their works of darkness and night.

Oh, &c.

Next *Steel* the Recorder, whose politick Noddle
With Out-landish Notions of State doth still quoddle,
Would here introduce the *Venetian* Moddle.

Still, &c.

Brandriffe a harmless and innocent Pigeon
Most zealously moves, that each ignorant Wigeon
May have leave to profess and own any Religion.

Oh, &c.

Wat Strickland him second's that furious Ram,
And swears that when first to *Holland* he came,
All Sects were permitted in *Amsterdam*.

Still, &c.

Whitlock that mischievous dangerous Elf
Never sticks to turn sides to promote his own Wealth,
And hath Wit enough, Law enough to damne himself.

Oh, &c.

Ludlow's a Saint of the Levelling mold,
And of courage undaunted, for Faith makes him bold,
Since the fort at *Duncannon* is his strong hold.

Still, &c.

Thompson a Person of noted affection,
Though suspected as guilty of much circumspection,
Yet is one of this Gang for the Peoples correction.

Oh, &c.

Jesuitical *Berry* can hardly afford
A Gown-man to preach, but will make us accord,
That *Mars* hath but right to the two-edged Sword.

Still, &c.

Poor *Sidenham* would preach and pray too if he could,
But finding he cannot perform what he would,

He is bent and resolv'd ne're to do what he should.

Oh, &c.

As President *Laurence* let none dare to scoff
Or abuse his grave Sermons, to call them riff raff,
Hee's a Father of *England*, and the Horse-men thereof.

Still, &c.

Lord *Hughson* the Cobler's teeth 'greedily chatter,
To carve up a Prentice's Head in a Platter,
For he will go through-stitch with the whole matter.

Oh, &c.

John Clark in his hast is all lightning and thunder,
To break all Demurres and weak Scruples asunder,
While his fingers do itch at the Cities rich plunder.

Still, &c.

No marvel that *Lilburn* is one of this Train,
As frantick as any, and as crosse in the grain,
For *Robin* inherits his Brothers mad Brain.

Oh, &c.

The Mountain did travel and bring forth of late,
What was't but a Mouse? and Sir *Harrington's* pate
I pregnant with formes of an Utopian State.

Still, &c.

What? A Scotch Rook among all these English Jack-
dawes,
The Laird *Warriston's* in for the *Gude Old Cause*,
To subvert all Proprieties, Charters and Laws.

Oh, &c.

A brace of sage Aldermen act in the Play,
Ireton and *Titchburn* who faithlesly may,
 The *Londoners* Counsells and Plottings betray,

Still, &c.

So here's a *Committee of Safety* compounded
 Of Knave and of Fool, of Papist and Roundhead,
 On Base's of Treason and Tyranny grounded.

Oh, &c.

These did their Protestant Sovereign kill,
 These glory'd the blood of the Nobles to spill,
 And trampled on Parliaments at their own will.

- *Still, &c.*

These were the Carbuncles of *Oliver's* Nose,
 And the Rump's stinking excrements as we suppose
 Bound up in the linings of *Atkin's* Hose.

Oh, &c.

Tredeskin himself never had such a Show
 As this Knack, which would all our Rights over-
 throw,
 And *Caligula*-like slay three Lands at a blow.

Still, &c.

What Resolves and what Orders were past I shan't
 tell,
 Nor will any longer on this Subject dwell,
 E're now an Account is given in Hell,

Where they'l make a new Reformation.

For *Monck* charm'd the Goblin, and packt it away

To its properest Place, with black *Pluto* to stay,
 For which let true *English-men* joyfully say
St. George wrought the true Reformation.



*The G A N G or the Nine Worthies and
 Champions, Lambert, &c.*

To the Tune of *Robinhood.*

IT was at the Birth of a Winters morn,
With a Hey down down a down down,
 Before the Crow had pist,
 That nine *Hero's* in scorn
 Of a Parliament forlorn,
 Walkt out with Sword in fist.

Johnne Lambert was first a dapper Squire,
With a Hey down, &c.

A mickler man of might
 Was nere in *York-shire*;
 And he did conspire
 With *Vane* Sir *Harry* a Knight.

Desborough was such a Country Swain,
With a Hey down, &c.

An *Easter* Sun nere see ;
 He drove on a main
 Without any brain,
 Such a jolt-head Knave was he.

Kelsey was a brave Button-maker ;
With a Hey down, &c.

As ever set mould upon Skewer ;

And this Wise-aker
 Was a great painstaker,
 T' make *Lambert's* Nose look blewer.

The devout and Holy Major *Creed*,
With a Hey down, &c.

I known't of what Faith or Sect,
 Had mounted a Steed,
 And vow'd he would bleed
 'Fore *Lambert* should be checkt.

Duckenfield (Steel was nere so true,)
With a Hey down, &c.

And as wise as ever was *Toby*.
 Lay in the Purlew,
 The Cock-pit Avenue,
 To hinder the Speakers *Go-by*.

A man of Stomack in the next Deal,
With a Hey down, &c.

Was hungry Colonel *Cobbet*,
 He would eat at a Meale
 A whole Common-weale,
 And make a Joynt but a Gobbet.

The following Champion is *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.

An Ominous name for a Swine-Herd,
 He flew like an Arrow,
 Thither whence Lord *Harry*
 But durst not draw his Whinyard.

Room for *Packer* a toyling Ditcher,
With a Hey down, &c.

He had set his Spade an edge,
 He hop't to be Richer
 By being a Bricher
 And *Lambert* his Stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities sake we may not forget,
With a Hey down, &c.

That Valiant *Mars* his true Son,
 His Cobling Feat
 Lackt a Parliament's Seat
 That Marks-man one-eyed *Hewson*.

These being aided with Red Coat and Creepers,
With a Hey down, &c.

After a short Dispute
 The Liberty *Keepers*,
 Were made Boo-peepers,
 And the Speaker strucken Mute.

But well said Sir *Arthur*, what time of the day?
With a Hey down, &c.

The Parliament's now in the Prime
 They stand at a *Bay*,
 And have mist their Prey,
 And Cowardly curse the time.

The Second Part.

Now *Johnne* is gone to the *North* Countrey,
With a Hey down, &c.
 And glad he is to retire,
 He cryes *Cramme O Cree*,
 Have mercy on me
 set a-Fire.

And *Desborough* gotten into his Farm,
With a Hey down, &c.

Untill they do him need,
'Meant the House no harm,
But took it for a Barn,
His Lord and hee's not agreed.

Kelsey is praying for the Dole,
With a Hey down, &c.

Of the Hospital that's *Suttons* ;
He is out of the Roll,
And hath ne're a Loop-Hole,
And now his Arse makes Buttons.

And *Creed* will now believe Sir *Arthur*,
With a Hey down, &c.

His Steed is Chopt for a Jade,
He will be a Carter
Before a Martyr,
And is turned *Renegade*.

Duckenfield's in a pittifull Case,
With a Hey down, &c.

The Speakers Horses and Coach,
Were at stake with the Mace,
And he's thrown Aums Ace,
Tyburn owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy Colonel *Cobbet*,
With a Hey down, &c.

Ha's got a Bone in his throat,
He hath sighed and sobbed
And grievously throbb'd,
But it will not help the Choak.

Pray take your turn too Mr. *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.

What think you of your Plot?
 Your Sow will not Farrow,
 The Hang-man's Harrow,
 That Hurdle will be your Lot.

Tye him up *D U N*, 'tis Goodman *Packer*,
With a Hey down, &c.

That would set up another Nose,
 Had he been a Backer
 As Colonel *Hacker*,
 H'ad liv'd in spight of his Foes.

Hewson's Companions as scabby as Coots,
With a Hey down down a down down.

Have infected him with the mange,
 They have pist in his boots,
 He must cry roots,
 And *TURN OUT* to Turnup must change.



*Vanity of Vanities, or Sir Harry Vane's
 Picture.*

To the Tune of the *JEW'S* Corant.

HAve you not seen a *Barthol'mew* Baby,
 A Pageant of policy as fine as may be,
 That's gone to be Shown at the Mannor of *Raby*,
Which no body can deny.

There was never such a prostitute Sight,
That e're profan'd this purer Light,
A *Hocus Pocus* juggling Knight,

Which, &c.

He was taken for a Delphick *Tripus*,
Another doubt-solving *Oedipus*,
But the Parliament made him a very *Quibus*,

Which, &c.

His cunning State tricks and Oracles,
His lying Wonders and Miracles,
Are turned into Parliament Shackles,

Which, &c.

Goodly great Sir *Onesimus VANE*,
The Anointed King of Saints not Reign?
I see all Godlyness is not Gain,

Which, &c.

John a Leyden that *Munster's* Jing,
Was a Fool and an Asse to this pretty Thing,
But the Parliament hated the name of a King.

Which, &c.

This holy Saint hath pray'd till he wept,
Prophesied and Divin'd while he slept,
But fell in a T—— when aside he stept,

Which, &c.

He sate late in the House so discontent,
With his Arms folded and his Brows bent,
Like *Achitophel* to the Parliament,

Which, &c.

He durst not speak of a Concubine,
Nor gave more Council to any Design,
But was musing on a Hempen Line,

Which, &c.

He see Mr. *P*—— take a great deal of Pain,
To get in with the rest as Members Again,
But they were Voted as use-less as *VANE*,

Which, &c.

They gave him a *Conge* with such a Vote ;
'Twas thought they had learned it by Rote,
Ever since he went down to *Graves-end* by Bote,

Which, &c.

For all his Ceremonious Cringing,
He shall undergo a notable Swinging,
There is now no more need of his Engine,

Which, &c.

When first the English War began,
His Father was a Court *Trepan*,
And 'rose to be a Parliament Man,

Which, &c.

So from the Father came unto the Son,
Whom wo and Mis'ry now do wait upon,
For Counselling Protector *John*,

Which, &c.

A *Gemini* they were, *Pollux* and *Castor*,
One was a Teacher, the other a Pastor,
And both like R—— betrayed their Master,

Which, &c.

The Devil ne're see such two Sir *Harry's*,
Such a pest'lent pair nor near nor far is,
No not at the Jesuites *Sorbon* of *Paris*,

Which, &c.

They talkt of his having a Cardinals Hat,
They'd send him as soon an old Nun's Twat ;
For turning in pan there was nere such a Cat,

Which, &c.

His dainty project of a Select Senate,
Is Damned for a blasphemous Tenet,
'Twas found in the budget ('tis said) of Monk *Bennet*,

Which, &c.

Of this State and Kingdom he is the Bane,
He shall have the reward of *Judas* and *Cain*,
And 'twas he that overthrew *Charles* his Wain,

Which, &c.

Should he sit where he did with his mischievous brain,
Or if any his Councils behind do remain,
The house may be called the *Labour in Vain*,

Which no body can deny.





*The Glory of the WEST, or, The Tenth
Renowned WORTHY, and most Heroick CHAMPION
of this BRITISH ISLAND. Being an
unparallel'd Commemoration of General MONK'S
coming towards the City of LONDON.*

TO unperplex the Riddles of our State,
And to discover t'us our hidden part,
Welcome (we cry) Welcome to *George the Great,*
A joyfull sight to see.

Not like the *Macedon's* impatient sword,
That solv'd the doubt tyed in the *Gordian* Cord,
Great *George* doth time proportion due afford,
A joyfull, &c.

Wisdoms great pattern bred at *Bellonaes* Brest,
Prudence and Valour joyned in one Rest,
No more St. *George* shall be but *George the Blest,*
A joyfull, &c.

As *Cæsar* did the affrighted Boat-man learn,
When he sate trembling at the stinking stern,
My fates Embarqued that do's the world concern,
A joyfull, &c.

So the wrackt Vessel of the state distrest,
With Heav'ns angry blasts, now seeks for rest,
From the *Favonian* Gales of *George* o'th' *West,*
A joyfull, &c.

His great excell'g merits in the Scale,
Of our rais'd hope, nor shall the angry *Taile*,
Of any *Comet* 'gainst our peace prevail,

A joyfull, &c.

Another *Fabius*, whose wise delays
(Like a misty morn, guilt with the Suns noon'd rayes)
Have Crown'd him with the Glorious Bayes,

A joyfull, &c.

He that has marched quite three Kingdoms o're,
Subdu'd his great mind for to make them four,
The signs to bring peace and plenty to our door.

A joyfull, &c.

Let all antient Glory then be a *Romance*,
Let old Fame, and craz'd Time, lye in a Trance,
Nothing new but *Hony Soit qui maly pense*,

A joyfull, &c.

This is the Noble Champion of the *Garter*,
The Great Defender of the *Magna Charta*,
The Sovereign Good came from the *Northerne Quarter*,

A joyfull, &c.

To settle a Nation without any Blowes,
To break down the Bridge of another Nose,
To do what all wish, but no body Knows,

A joyfull, &c.

To compleat a Design without any Noyse,
To amuse the Loud cry of *Vive le Roys*,
And sport all along with your Commonwealth toys,

A joyfull, &c.

But all the grand *Hero's* and wise ones together,
 None had such advantage of Wine and Weather,
 'Tis true he's sprung of a Princely Feather,
A joyfull, &c.

Where shall we begin his *Trophees* to raise?
 Or when shall we make an end of his praise?
 The blessing and honour and joy of these dayes,
A joyfull, &c.

The untam'd *Scot* (before his glorious time)
 Has made t'expiate their treacherous crime,
 They own him sole Conqueror of their Clime,
A joyfull, &c.

His great and most powerfull Influence,
 Ha's restrain'd them in their Obedience,
 As if they own'd the *Vice-roy* of their Prince,
A joyfull, &c.

The shifting *Irish* 'bey'd his great command,
 The slaughter'd *Dutch*, yet rowling on the sand,
 Crave a reflux, to keep them from his hand,
A joyfull, &c.

Thrice did he Victory over them repeat,
 And the almost wearied State were forc'd to treat
 To save them from a final last defeat,
A joyfull, &c.

Whether we conquer'd are, or we must submit,
 By his all-powerfull hand to them that sit,
 We are sure to be eas'd of our present fit,
A joyfull, &c.

What if great *George* should come to the City,
 And in all your good humours should presently fit ye,
 And I hope he will do ; else more is the pity.

A joyfull sight, to see.



The City of LONDON'S

New Letany.

To the Tune of the *Black-Smith.*

From *Rumps* that do rule against Customes and
 Laws,

From a fardle of Fancies stil'd a *Good Old Cause*,
 From Wives that have nails which are sharper than
 Claws,

Good Jove deliver us all.

From men who seek Right where it's not to be had,
 From such who seek good where all things are bad,
 From wise men far worse than fools or men mad.

Good Jove, &c.

From Soldiers that wrack the poor out of dores,
 From *Rumps* that stuff Coffers to pleasure their Whores,
 Which they secretly squeeze from Commonwealth scores,

Good Jove, &c.

From Ingrossers of wealth to lye by their walls,
Which they force from poor women for keeping of
Stalls,

And choose for to rise by other mens falls,

Good Jove, &c.

From Knaves that doe pocket good Subjects Estates,
From such that give Plaisters when they've broken our
Pates,

From *Rumps* that do Vote down our Postes, Chaines
and Gates,

Good Jove, &c.

From States-men that Court the Thing that they hate,
From wofull Repentance that comes too late,
From those that delight in making of bate,

Good Jove, &c.

From Souldiers who mutiny for want of their pay,
And at last go sneeking without it away,
Crying, they hope for a far better day,

Good Jove, &c.

From one who brought Forces to fill up the Town,
That when *Rumps* were at highest he might pull them
down,

Because he himself doth aim at the Crown,

Good Jove, &c.

From Commanders who never drew swords but in
Schools,

Which were button-pointed to favour such fools
Who in vapouring words do threaten Joynt stools,
Good Jove, &c.

Who to loose drop of blood would faint at the heart,
And in dread of a Gun are scar'd at a Fart,
If one blows but his Nose, it makes them to start.
Good Jove, &c.

Who think every brush of wind an Alarm,
To which they make ready and cry out Arm, Arm,
Yet secretly pray that there may be no harm,
Good Jove, &c.

From a City that lyes on its back to be Gelt,
From those that won't stir till famine be felt,
From the Pike, the Gun, the Sword, and the Belt,
Good Jove, &c.

From a simple Maior not fit to Rule Hoggs,
From such as obey him like Spannel Doggs,
From Summers heat and from winters Foggs,
Good Jove, &c.

From Country Petitions and Declarations,
That will not be drawn one inch from their stations,
But triumph in words for old Reformations,
Good Jove, &c.

From Apprentices valour and threats from the City,
Which would Act great Wonders, yet forbear in
pitty,

From Fools that conceit themselves very witty,
Good Jove, &c.

From Oaths and Engagements imposed by force,
 And broken as fast without any remorse,
 Alleadging them Ceremonies of course,
Good Jove, &c.

From those whose damn'd actions with Treason are
 Crown'd,
 From such that would Law and Gospel confound,
 And vow that the City they'l burn to the ground,
Good Jove, &c.

From People that murmur with Swords in their
 hand
 And keep an entreating when they may command,
 Yet had rather loose all than Knaves to withstand,
Good Jove, &c.

From *Rumps* that the Kingdoms Revenue have spent,
 From an everlasting Parliament,
 And from an Army full of discontent,
Good Jove, &c.

From such who do courtesies with a long pause,
 From those who condemn before they hear the
 Cause,
 And from Trades that are worse than picking of straws,
Good Jove, &c.

From a Foes mercy when one lyes in his power,
 From a Friends anger in an ill hour,

And from a Fool that's Lieutenant of the *Tower*,
Good Jove, &c.

From men who make use of their Friends in the nick,
 And when the Brunt's over against them do kick,
 The thoughts of such Varlets do make my muse sick.
Good night good people all.



The RUMP serv'd in with a Grand Sallet :
or, a New Ballad.

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

1.

P*oetical Muses* have fallen heavy as a *Mallet*,
 Upon the poor *Rump* for disgusting their *Pallet*,
 To cure the disrelish take now a *Grand Sallet*,
Which no body can deny.

2.

This *R U M P* is deriv'd by lineal descent,
 As the undoubted Heir, and excrement,
 Of the yet perpetual *Parliament.*
Which, &c.

3.

This was such an *Idol*, as the *Zealots* did strain
 Their *Purses* and *Consciences* for to maintain,
 Though it prov'd both of *Church* and *Kingdom* the bané.
Which, &c.

4.

The tail of the *Dragon's* not so bad as this *Rump*,
 Which hath three such Kingdoms worn to the very
 stump,
 And must leave them for the time a confused Lump,
Which, &c.

5.

Our Lawes, Lives, Lands, Liberties, were upon sale,
 By this everlasting *Rump*, *Fag-end* or tail,
 Yea to save our very Souls they refus'd to take bail.
Which, &c.

6.

A *Tail* which was eaten up almost of the Pox,
 That stunk more like *Carrion*, than ever did *Fox*,
 Or that which was rosted of late at the stocks.
Which, &c.

7.

A *Rump* that the People did hate, scorn, and curse,
 As a Devil incarnate, or of something that's worse,
 Of *Schism* and *Rebellion* both Mother and Nurse,
Which, &c.

8.

The *Orthodox Clergy* was forc'd for to fly,
 They were plundred and sequestred without reason
 why,
 But only because they would not comply,
Which, &c.

9.

Then as guilty of *Poperly* the *Common-prayer-book* was
 damn'd,
 And with all kinds of *News-books* the Churches were
 cram'd,

Venting lyes, non-sence, blasphemy, and what's not to be
nam'd.

Which, &c.

10.

Then the Antient Order of Bishops went down,
Which in the Church Christian was ever of Renown,
The Proverb proves true, *No Miter, No Crown,*

Which, &c.

11.

In whose stead we planted *Elders* and *Presbyters*,
Which impowr'd brake Princes and People in fitters,
And with their Classes and Asses them all to besquitters,

Which, &c.

12.

They call'd then a Synod which scarce could agree,
I'th' space of three years whether there be a *TRI-*
NITY,

From such pur-pure-blind *Levites* God bless you and
me,

Which, &c.

13.

That Assembly was just like the Members that chose it,
Without Learning and Honesty, all the World knows it,
Fit Jakes-farmers for the *Rump*, they could twang and
nose it,

Which, &c.

14.

They combin'd with the *Scots* to bring in a *Directory*,
Tending neither to our *Good*, nor yet to *Gods Glory*;

'Tis a shame that *Tom Fuller* should name't in Church-
story,

Which, &c.

15.

For whereas a Christian should be taught how to pray,
And both rightly to believe, and humbly to obey,
Nor *Lords prayer*, nor *Creed*, nor *Decalogue* have they,

Which, &c.

16.

Then *curse ye Meroz*, in each *Pulpit* did *thunder*,
To perplex the poor people and keep them in wonder,
Till all the Reins of Government were broken quite
asunder,

Which, &c.

17.

Then *St. Pauls* the Mother-Church of this City and
Nation,
Was turn'd to a Stable, O strange Profanation!
Yet this was one of their best fruits of Reformation.

Which, &c.

18.

Of all that is Christian they make no great matter,
So they may but gather they care not who scatter;
Their *Tryers* would approve none but such as bribe and
flatter,

Which, &c.

19.

Instead of an *Use of Divine Consolation*,
These *Hypocrites* publisht a late *Exhortation*,
To trepan and beggar this *City* and *Nation*,

Which, &c.

20.

If they be establish't bid *England* farewell,
And rather than dwell here i'th' Suburbs of Hell,

Choose *Turkey*, or *Tartary*, or any where to dwell,
Which, &c.

21.

This form will ne're suit with the *English* Complection,
Which is free and too Heroick to yield base Subjection,
Or to take from a Pope in each Parish correction,
Which, &c.

22.

Who ever did *Lord* it like these self-seeking Elves,
Which have forc'd us on covenants, vows, oaths, and
other shelves,
That should warn us for the future to look to our selves,
Which, &c.

23.

All sober men know that 'tis a mischievous fate,
A Kingdom to turn into a popular State,
And *Episcopy* into a *Presbyterate*,
Which, &c.

24.

Yet the Parliament set up the pure *Members five*
Both of *Church* and *Kingdom*, the downfall to contrive,
That by the Ruines of our *Sion* this their *Babel* might
thrive,
Which, &c.

25.

The *Presbyters* 3. years were long since expir'd,
And yet, as if they had not our patience quite tir'd,
To spur-gall us still afresh they have conspir'd,
Which, &c.

26.

Then why so many *Bonfires* of late in this *City*?
 Why such ringing of Bells, and rejoycing? 'Tis pity
 That ye should be so gull'd by the *Rump*, that does out-
 wit ye,

Which, &c.

27.

For the *House* is like *Hydra*, if one head ye kill,
 Another starts up, another full as ill;
 So, though one *Rump* is gone, yet another sits still,

Which, &c.

28.

They have altered the secan, the people to please,
 Because in *commotions* they must them appease,
 We have thus chang'd our bed, but not our disease,

Which, &c.

29.

Their shifting and shuffling is but to decoy us,
 While Spiders do spin, their Cobwebs annoy us,
 If the *House* ben't swept clean, ere long they'l destroy
 us,

Which, &c.

30.

If they mean as they talk of a *Parliament free*,
 How comes it that such *Qualifications* we see,
 That no one known *Royalist* can chosen be?

Which, &c.

31.

The best things corrupted do ever prove worst,
 Then that the next *Parliament* make amends for the
 first,

Let's choose no more *Zealots*, lest in pieces we burst,

Which, &c.

32:

For when as the *Schismaticks* i'th' *House* do prevail

Then the head and all the Members are led by the *tail*,
 So that all parts in doing their duty needs must fail,
Which, &c.

33.

Let the *Militia* be settled e're you part with your Money,
 Else you'l find them *gall* and *wormwood* whom you took
 for honey,
 And the *Souldiers* will insult 'ore as soon as they've un-
 done ye,
Which, &c.

34.

Tis believed the 3. Generals, *Fairfax*, *Waller*, and
Brown,
 Are sorry now for what they once helpt to pull down,
 And 'tis hopt they'l redeem it by deeds of Renown,
Which, &c.

35.

We are sensible now that there is no one thing
 Can full satisfaction to all Interests bring
 But onely *Charles* the second, our known lawfull *King*,
Which, &c.

36.

Let's dally no longer, but like *Britains* let's stand,
 For GOD and KING *CHARLES*, and the Laws of the
 Land;
 Let's up and be doing, let's do't out of hand.
Which no body can deny.





Saint George for England.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

THe *Westminster* Rump hath been *little at ease*,
Of which you have heard enough one would think,
And therefore wee'l lay it aside if you please,
For the more we do stir in't the more it will stink.

These County resolves for a *Parliament free*,
Makes the *Rump* smell worse than it did of late,
For now it *runs down their heels* you may see,
You may call them our *Privy-Members* of State.

But why should this *Rump* deal so roughly with *Kent* ?
When *England* was conquer'd they were *scot-free*,
Must they for declaring of all men be shent ?
But *long-tail* and *bob-tail* can never agree.

'Tis much disputed who *Antichrist* is,
I think 'tis the *Rump*, nor am I in jest,
For indeed, although of the number it miss,
Of this I am sure 'thas the *mark of the Beast*.

I cannot believe that our General *Monck*
Intends to protect it, hee's not such a Fool ;
For if he were rightly inform'd how it stunk,
He never would joyn with such Grooms of the *Stool*.

Though't be not whole *Antichrist*, 'tis the worst part,
By it both the *Pope* and the *Turk* are out-done,
If it be not the head, nor the feet, nor the heart,
'Tis the *Rump* of the *Whore of Babylon*.

So pocky, so stinking, so cheating to boot,
That he that has got but an eye or a nose,
Would never bestride it; Then why should he do't?
And make the poor *Devil* his stallionship lose;

If I might advise him, he should not come near it,
The scent of that house is naught for his *Gout*,
And for his *Army* too; he might well fear it,
'Tis enough to infect both his *horse and his foot*.

Nor would I wish him to come to *Whitehall*,
For that hath been an unfortunate place,
From thence *Noll* was fetch'd, and *Dick* had his fall:
And *George* may take heed that it be not his Case.

I remember the time when he fought for the King,
And the *Cause* was good though he did not prevail:
O let not the Boyes in the streets now sing,
He was once for the *Head*, but now for the *Tail*.

Then *George for England* strike up thy Drum,
And do they devoir this Rump to destroy,
That Noble King *Charles* the second may come,
And our Streets may eccho with *Vive le Roy*.

And if *He* should come by thy Valour and Might,
In that brave exploit thou'lt have more to brag on,

Then e're had Saint *George* that valiant Knight,
Who rescued the Maid by killing the *Dragon*.

Then lay by the thought of a *Parliament free*,
But first bring the *King* in if you be wise,
For without Kings & Lords theres none can be ;
'Twill be but a *Rump of a bigger sise*.

You know how to do it, and needs not much schooling,
All that you need to say is, *let it be done*,
Then why should you stand delaying and fooling,
You fought for the *Father*, why not for the *Son* ?

If you do not do't, much honour you'l lose,
Which He and We mean you, for this We do know,
That in spite of the *Rump*, and all other his Foes,
He will be brought in whether you will or no.



The History of the Second Death of the
RUMP.

To the Tune of

The Parliament sate as snug as a Cat.

I.

Come buy my fine Ditty
Of News from the City,
As it was told in *Devonshire* ;

The Pimp that whips weekly
Your Breech Politickly.
Sells not so much truth in a quire.

2.

Tom Kings-man; near undone
With long stay in *London*,
Last week to the Country did gallop;
Where he took Cavaliers
With his News by the ears,
As they did the Pot to drink all-up.

3.

Quoth he, I once went
To th' late Parliament,
Whose Members (when I had seen 'em)
Made me think of a Rat,
That was caught by a Cat,
And eat up the tail, that is venom.

4.

But yet to the stump
Of that Poysonous Rump,
Th' *Old Mouth* did soder in season;
And when that was done,
Like a *Lay-elder* Gun,
It stunk at both ends of High Treason.

5.

The Monster did come
Of mere *Mouth* and *Bum*,
Most cunningly thus compacted,
That if question'd it were,
For mischief done there,
It might swear, 'twas by *no body* acted.

6.

O' the nature and name
Of each Member that came

Should I give a full relation,
 Youl'd guesse by the stink
 That I rak't in the sink,
 And common-shore of the whole Nation.

7.

Religions you might
 Find all there, but the right ;
 For through the same Sieve they ran,
 Which *Noll* us'd before
 To sift the House o're,
 Till nothing was left but the Bran.

8.

But of those they had,
 Divisions being made
 By Fortune's hand, (which is uncertain)
 Some Members got many,
 Some few, some not any,
 As *Nevill* complained, and *Martin*.

9.

Indeed from Usurpers
 They freed us and our Purse,
 And praise of thanks had been their hire,
 For taking us thean
 Out o'th' Frying-pan,
 Had they not cast us into the fire.

10.

For *Cromwell* they voted
 A Tyrant, though rotted,
 'Cause when they first footed their Game,
 Hee'd not let them tarry
 To prey on the Quarry,
 But gorg'd himself on the same.

11.

And King *Olivers* Sons,
 (Like Prince-playing Whore-Sons,
 That on too high parts had ventur'd)
 They strip't with a hiss
 Of their State-properties,
 And *exeunt two Fools as they enter'd.*

12.

What else they do,
 By our Purses we knew,
 As well as that scribbling Knave *Nedham* ;
 Some good Laws they un-did,
 And some bad they founded,
 And shortned our Chain for our Freedom.

13.

To quell this fierce Monster,
 A Knight did anon-stir,
 Who wanted Arms ; yet from a Waggon
 O' th' Popes hee'd take none,
 But from *Prester-John*,
 And so St. *George* fell by the Dragon.

14.

Then *Lambert's* Wife chid him,
 And (like *Cromwell*) bid him
 Confound it, and mount the Throne Royal,
 Your Weapons are long
 Quoth she, and as strong,
 My self of 'em both have made tryal.

15:

He finds the *Anabaptist*
 For his purpose aptist,
 And treads the steps of *Knipper Dolin*,
 He fasts, and he prays,

I'th' new canting phrase,
As if Heaven were taken with drolling.

16.

Some Packs he inveagles,
O'th' blood-coated Beagles,
To's party, the Rump-men did so to,
And victualled so well,
The adjacent fort Hell,
As if they no other would go to.

17.

Little *John* thus did draw, 'G,
'Gainst th' Out-law,
(Good King) to try who should have thy Deer,
And thus for both poysons,
A quarrel did rise once
Betwixt the foul Toad and the Spider.

18.

Bold *Lambert* advanced,
He picquier'd and pranced,
And's Party with speeches did urge on.
But though he and *Morley*
Did snarle and look surly,
They cheated the Devil and the Chirurgion.

19.

For soon the Red-coat,
(Who'l not fight, but vote)
When *Lamberts* side stronger was found,
By (at least) two foot,
And a Trooper to boot,
Did let the Rump fall to the ground.

20.

And with General *Lenthall*,
The House they o're went all,

Religion and Laws they n'ere stood on,
 But sought still to hold,
 Ill got Land and Gold,
 Which first made the *Old Cause a Good One.*

21.

So fell the aged sway,
 Of five Months and a Day,
 We yet see no Heir apparent,
 But from Scabberd pregnant,
 Expect *Posthume regnant,*
 If Midwife *Monck* kindly take care on't.

22.

The Sword-men address to's,
 Pleas, and Manifesto's,
 Which shew 'em less honest than crafty,
 Whilst a Tyrannous crew,
 Our dangers renew,
 That call'd a *Committee of Safety.*

23.

But *Fleetwood* and *Whitlock,*
 (The Laws cunning Pick-lock)
 With *Salloway* and *Vane,* two prime Praters,
 Loved Treason so well,
 That again to't they fell,
 And betray'd ev'n their own Fellow-traytors,

24.

In's villany *Bradshaw,*
 Of constancy made shew,
 For scorning Repentance as fickle,
 His life soon he ended,
 And to hell descended,
 This of my Faith is an Article.

25.

Yet *Politicus*,
 (The Devil's *Succubus*,
 To teem for his Commendation)
 Advises us all
 To mourn, and we shall,
 Whilst that Hell-hound yelps in our Nation.

26.

And now *Lambert's* Cohorts,
 And *Monks* (which makes wo hearts)
 Do seem to contest, but anon,
 We ship-wrack't shall be,
 When they can agree
 From what coast the storm shall fall on.

27.

Whilst Buff and Red-coats
 Are sanctified notes
 Of Christ's and his Gospel's Protectors,
 But 'mong themselves solely,
 Do they pass for holy,
 As *Bessus* and's *Sword-men* for *Hectors*.

28.

They that heard this story,
 First sighed, and were sorry
 To hear of poor *Englands* confusion,
 Then drank a full Bowl
 To that Royal soul
 That must settle all in conclusion.

Vivat.

*The Arraignment of the DEVIL for stealing
away President Bradshaw.*

To the Tune of, *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

I.

IF you'll hear news that's ill,
Gentlemen, Gentlemen,
Against the Devil : I will
Be the Relator.

Arraigned he must be,
For that feloniously,
'Thout due solemnity,
He took a Traytor.

2.

John Bradshaw was his name.

How it stinks, how it stinks,
Who'll make with blacker fame,
Pilate unknown.

This worse than worst of things
Condemned the best of Kings
And what more guilt yet brings,
Know 'twas his own.

3.

Vertue in *Charles* did seem,

Eagerly, eagerly,
And villainy in him
To vye for glory ;

Majesty so compleat,
And impudence so great
Till that time never met,
But to my Story.

4.

Accusers there will be
 Bitter ones, bitter ones,
 More than one, two, or three,
 All full of spight.

Hang-man and Tree so tall,
 Bridge, Tower, and City-wall,
 Kite and Crow, which were all
 Robb'd of their right.

5.

But Judges none are fit,
 Shame it is, shame it is,
 That twice seven years did sit
 To give Hemp-string dome ;
 The fiend they would befriend,
 That he might in the end
 To them like favour lend
 In his own Kingdom.

6.

Sword-men it must be you,
 Boldly to't, boldly to't,
 Must give the Devil his due,
 Do it not faintly ;
 But as you rais'd by spell
 Last Parliament from hell
 Omnipotently.

7.

The Charge they wisely frame
 (On with it, on with it,)
 In that yet unknown name
 Of Supreme power,
 Which six weeks hence by Vote
 Shall be or it shall not,
 When *Monk's* to *London* got
 In a good hour.

8.

But twelve good men and true,
 Cavaliers, Cavaliers,
 He excepts against you,
 Justice he fears.
 From Bar and Pulpit he
 Craves such as do for fee
 Serve all turnes : for hee'l be
 Tryed by his Peers.

9.

Satan, ya're guilty found,
 By your Peers, by your Peers.
 And must dye above ground,
 Look for no pittie.
 Some of our Ministry,
 Whose Spirits with yours comply,
 As *Owen, Caryl, Nye,*
 For death shall fit 'ee.

10.

Dread Judges ; mine own limb
 I but took, I but took.
 I was forced without him
 To use a Crutch.
 Some of the Robe can tell
 How to supply full well
 His place here, but in hell.
 I had none such.

11.

Devil, you are an Asse,
 Plain it is, plain it is,
 And weakly plead the case ;
 Your wits are lost.
 Some Lawyers will out-do't,
 When shortly they come to't,
 Your craft, our gold to boot,
 They have ingross'd.

12.

Should all men take their right,
 Well-a-day, well-aday,
 We were in a sad plight,
 O'th' *Holy Party*
 Such practise hath a scent
 Of Kingly government ;
 Against it we are bent,
 Out of home-Char'ty.

13.

But if I dye, who am
 King of Hell, King of Hell,
 You will not quench its flame,
 But find it worse :
 Confused Anarchy
 Will a new torment be :
 Ne're did these Kingdoms three
 Feel such a curse.

14.

To our promotion Sir,
 There are here, there are here,
 Through some confused stir
 Doth the high-road lye.
 In hell we need not fear
 Nor King, nor Cavalier,
 Who then shall dominere
 But we the Godly ?

15.

Truth then, Sirs, which of old
 Was my shame, was my shame,
 Shall now to yours be told,
 You caused his death.
 The House being broken by
 Your selves (there's Burglary)
 Wrath entered forcibly,
 And stopt his breath.

16.

Sir, as our President
Taught by you, taught by you,
'Gainst the King a way went
Most strange and new :
Charging him with the Guilt
Of all the blood we spilt,
With Swords up to the hilt,
So wee'l serve you.

17.

For mercy then I call,
Good my Lords, good my Lords,
And Traytors I'le leave all
Duly to end it.
Sir, Sir, 'tis frivolous,
As well for you as us,
To beg for mercy thus,
Our crimes transcend it.

18.

You must dye out of hand,
Satanas, Satanas,
This our Decree shall stand,
Without controll,
And we for you will pray,
Because the Scriptures say,
When some men curse you, they
Curse their own soul.

19.

The fiend to *Tyburn's* gone,
There to dye, there to dye.
Black is the North anon,
Great storms will be,
Therefore together now
I leave him and th' Gallow :
So News-man take 'em thou,
Soon they'l take thee.



The Rota : Or

*News from the Common-wealths-Mens-Club,
Written by Mr. Henry Stub :*
'Tis better than a Syllibub.

1.

AT *Westminster* where we take boat,
There on the left hand you may note,
The sign of the *Turks Head and Throat.*

2.

What Heads and Throats therein there be,
If you'l have patience to see,
These few lines here shall notifie.

3.

Here *Harrington* breeds up his youth
To the discover of no Truth,
All *Common-wealths-men* in good sooth.

4.

A question here, though nere so rude,
Is so belabour'd, and so rew'd,
And into sundry pieces hew'd.

5.

If un-resolved by *I*, or *Not*,
It must be put to the Ballot,
'Tis Mr. *Harringtons* own plot.

6.

The finest thing that ere was seen,
The one side white the other green,
And there you must put in a Bean.

7.

First *Harrington* doth hawk and hum,
And tells a story of old *Rome*,
Which from his own store never come.

8.

He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,
Authors which to the Club are hideous,
And he in quoting most perfidious.

9.

But there a sad mishap befell,
Which much doth grieve me for to tell,
But I am glad it was so well.

10.

The learned man stood up and spoke,
That by two Losses he was broke,
His Reputation and his Cloke.

11.

Quoth he, my Reputation
I hear is tumbled up and down
Much like a Foot-ball through the Town.

12.

And for my Cloak, by this good light,
This Rascal *Miles* but yester-night
With Coffee did it all bedite.

13.

Next *Polixfen*, that Politician,
Yet surely he is no *Hebrician*,
And (as I take it) a worse *Grecian*.

14.

Whom "Αυτοκράτωρ did so fright,
He was not himself again that night,
'Twas thought he did himself beshite.

15.

There's *Poultney* too that man of Law,

In Politicks he is but raw,
But prattles more than a Jack-daw.

16.

Who speaking once of *Injustice*,
Made a distinction somewhat nice,
It was between a *Sin* and *Vice*.

17.

Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,
If blushing be a sign of grace,
The Youth is in a wofull case.

18.

Whilst he should give us *Sol's* and *Ob's*,
He brings us in some simple bobs,
And fathers them on Mr. *Hobs*.

19.

Nay, he hath got the prettiest feat,
Monarchs out of the world to beat,
Thus proves they're all a *tacite Cheat*.

20.

If man in state of nature be,
And one imparts his right to me,
I cheat him of his property.

21.

The like, if many men possest,
To one gives all their interest ;
He must be deem'd a Cheat at best.

22.

We want not an Attorney hight,
Lame Collins (if I name him right)
Oh ! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.

The subtlest man that ere I saw,
Did arguments from Scripture draw ;
Religion was before the Law.

24.

If so Sir *Harrington's* mistane,
Religion doth the Law sustain,
Law property, it is most plain.

25.

A *Parson* too, of no small note,
His sense as thread-bare as his coat ;
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.

The man doth hope in time to be
Chaplain to the Academy ;
Hee's fit, for he can scarce tell three.

27.

Morley, who thought to have been one
Of the Committee, but was none ;
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.

'Twas well foreseen, for the wise *Knot*
Thought that the man might have a Plot,
For to have dipped their *Ballot*.

29.

One in a speech he did rehearse,
'Gainst the Popes land, he was so fierce,
He cut it off at least in a teirce.

30.

He said he'd quote Authority,
That the full length of *Italy*
Contain'd but threescore miles and three.

31.

A Cambrobritain here god-wot,
Must needs make one of this learned Knot,
But 'twere as good if he were not.

32.

Taff Morgan, God her Worship save,

Doth shit among them very grave,
He's no great States-man, but great K——

33.

Last, *Skinner* of his Chair grown proud,
Doth gravely weild the busie croud,
And still to Orders cries aloud.

34.

To tell you more of Mr. *Skinner*,
He'd rather talk than eat his Dinner ;
'Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.

But whilst the Man to *Strafford* cry'd,
Sir you to Orders must be ty'd,
Or else you must not here abide.

36.

For our Course here, is not to prate
Of things that do too near relate
To the Affairs of present state.

37.

Speak to the question, it is sound,
In what of Government the Ground,
Or the foundation may be found.

38.

Strafford with that did lowly blow,
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,
And of my Argument allow.

39.

For had your Question any sense,
I should not take the confidence
To give your Worship ought offence.

40.

But since your non-sense it may passe,
To speak to you in *Country-Phasse*,
Your Worship is a learned Asse.

41.

Which words he took in so much scorn,
That nothing else would serve his turn,
But presently he must adjourn.

42.

Adjourn, quoth *Strafford*, in a fright,
Are you a Burgesse or a Knight?
Sure I shall to the Tower to night.

43.

But loe, the worst of all disasters,
A *Youth* stood up, *My learned Masters*,
All Governments are *much like plasters*,

44.

Plaisters, quoth *Strafford*, let me dye;
If not this poor Academy,
Have not some grand infirmity.

45.

And since it happens to be so,
I may chance be infected too;
Therefore *my Masters all*, adieu.

Exit.

*The Cobler's last Will and Testament: or,
the Lord Hewson's translation.*

1.

TO Christians all I greeting send,
That they may learn their souls to amend
By viewing of my *Coblers end*.

2.

First, to the new Lords I would give *all*,
But that (like me) they're like to fall,
Though heartless *Fleetwood* has no *gall*.

3.

Yet he deserves this Legacy,
 ROPE take you all, well may I cry,
 Hou're Murderers as well as I.

4.

And will thus (*wry-neck*) end your race,
 Since wilful Murther hath no place
 In the late *Parliaments* Act of Grace.

5.

My *Paring-Knife* I'll *Lambert* give,
 He may have use on't if he live,
 For's *throat* as well as his *brow* I believe.

6.

But *Richard* and *Harry* I have forgot,
 Shall I give them my *Hammers*? No, I will not,
 For they did not strike while th' Iron was hot.

7.

Vane take my *Bends*, and *Wilks* my *Clue*,
Atkins my *Hose* of Saffron Hue,
 But *Gregory* saith my *Clothes* are his due.

8.

My *Cushion* will sit Q. *Dowager Cromwell*,
 Whilst *Shipton* wifes *Prophesie* she doth thumb well,
 In Chair of State 'twill ease her Bum well.

9.

For *Oliver* thou didst set me on high,
 I aim'd not at it, though I winkt of an eye,
 Yet I wish not now to come thee nigh.

10.

For sure ere this thou'lt burn with thy Nose,
 Which out of thy Nostrils Brimstone throwes,
 Would thou wert here to singe my Foes.

11.

There is another Lord, that's *Rich*,

To cure the *City* whose fingers did itch :
But only I went thorough *stitch*.

12.

And yet they say I was out of my *Trade*
When as *Phlebotomy* I Made,
Some Chyrurgion to do't I'de better have paid.

13.

Ill-looking death turn back thy shaft,
If *Charon* me over *Styx* should waft,
It would disgrace our Gentle-craft.

14.

I'th' Good Old Cause I traded still,
But in't my Lordship smelt some ill,
To mend it though, prov'd past my *skill*.

15.

Therefore to *Tyburn* I must ride,
Although it cannot be deny'd,
But that I have liv'd single ey'd.

16.

And if my Foes will do me right,
They'l say, *I've set the crooked streight*,
Why then I am a Man upright.

17.

I wish the Jury find it so,
John Lilburns Jury would say no,
Stitch up the Lord, let the Cobler go.

18.

But 'tis no jesting matter I trow ?
For I can't laugh although you do ;
Yet may make a wry-mouth, or so.

19.

Before, when we debauch't the Nation,
We could have vouch'd our Reformation,
By a day or two of Humiliation.

20.

Now 'tis not currant Pay, for I
 Have wail'd my sins, and yet they cry,
 Hang him, he weeps but with one eye.



*The Hangman's last Will and Testament,
 with his Legacy to the Nine Worthies viz.
 Col. Lambert, Creed, &c.*

I Have lived to see such wretchednesse,
 When none but Honesty are Crimes,
 That my Ropes are turn'd into Rimes,
I and my Gallows groan.

Things are so carried I can't tell how,
 There's as many above still as are below,
 I have hang'd such in shirts as white as snow.
I and my Gallows groan.

Oliver he lived by a Plot,
 The Parliament sits still, and why not?
 And I fared well by a bow-knot.
I and my Gallows groan.

All my delight was in a Jayl,
 My estate was got at a Carts tayl,
 I know not what these people ayle.
I and my Gallows groan.

Oliver he a Coach would drive,

And was honey in the Parliaments Bee-hive,
Neither he nor I lov'd a reprove.

I and my Gallows groan.

I wish I had had his Protectors rest,
I'de have laid it an earnest for a jest,
But Sir *Harry Vane's* worth all the rest.

I and my Gallows groan.

I have chopt off many a worthy Head,
And thanks to the Sheriffs have been well fed.
But that I can dock must never be sed.

I and my Gallows groan.

Lambert I knew was troubl'd with the yellows,
And more perplexed with his fellows.
Had I liv'd I'de cur'd him at the Gallows :

I and my Gallows groan.

Never was any so bad as my Trade,
The Nine Worthies would have made,
As a Drudge before something a Jade.

I and my Gallows groan.

But I had got nothing by the thing,
There's indempnity against the string,
But my heir may get by a forward Spring.

I and my Gallows groan.

I see *John Lilburn* at a bar,
And Sir *George Booth* that man of war,
But could get neither in my Car.

I and my Gallows groan.

I think the Ordinaries long Prayer,
Hath spoyl'd frequenting of my fair,
Till all long-winded R—— are there.

I and my Gallows groan.

For half thirteen pence half penny wages
I would have cleared all the Town cages,
And you should have been rid of all the Sages.

I and my Gallows groan.

There was much climbing among the Grandees,
Yet they all I see know the wood from the trees,
And all to cousin me of my fees.

I and my Gallows groan.

The High Court of Justice was out of use,
The Thieves and the Bench had made a Truce,
For want of Authority, a lean excuse.

I and my Gallows groan.

'Twould vex any body to keep an Axe
As long as there are any Alderman *Packs*,
Or *Desborough* eke with his wide Sacks.

I and my Gallows groan.

That *Duckenfield*, *Packer*, and Major *Creed*,
Of my helping hand should have such need,
When I am not able to do the deed,

I and my Gallows groan.

Lambert would also borrow the Block,
As well as my Lady did *Olivers* Cock,
But like him I must patiently bear this mock.

I and my Gallows groan.

Fleetwood also lacks some of my skill,
And that I can't do't Folks take it ill,
I'de hang um all, if I could have my will.

I and my Gallows groan.

'Tis vain to look for old mens shooes,
Else I had had *Hewson* in a noose,
But my Successor won't him loose.

I and my Gallows groan.

Tyburn was once in mourning clad,
For a great Man, and I also very sad,
A full bunch will make you all glad.

I and my Gallows groan.



A Hymne to the Gentle Craft: or Hewson's Lamentation.

To the Tune of the *Blind Beggar*.

LIsten a while to what I shall say
Of a blind Cobler that's gone astray
Out of the Parliaments High way,

Good people pity the blind.

His name you wot well is Sir *John Hewson*
Whom I intend to set my Muse on,
As great a Warriour as Sir *Miles Lewson*,

Good people, &c.

Hee'd now give all the shooes in his shop
The Parliaments fury for to stop,

Whip Cobler like any Town-top.

Good people, &c.

He hath been in many a bloody field,
And a successfull sword did wield,
But now at last is forced to yield,

Good people, &c.

Oliver made him a famous Lord,
That he forgot his Cutting Bord,
But now his Thred's twisted to a Cord,

Good people, &c.

Crispin and he were nere of kin,
The gentle Craft have a noble Twin,
But he'd give Sir *Hughs* bones to save his skin,

Good people, &c.

Abroad and at home he hath cut many a Hide,
A Dog and a Bell must now be his Guide;
They'l lash him smartly on the blind side,

Good people, &c.

Of all his War-like valiant Feats,
Of his Calves leather and his Neats,
Let him speak um himself when he repeats,

Good people, &c.

I'le only mention one exploit,
For which when he begs, I'le give him a Doit,
How he did the City vex and annoy't,

Good people, &c.

He marcht into *London* with Red-coat and Drum
During the time we had no Bum,

Being right for an Army as a Cows Thum,
Good people, &c.

And there he did the Prentices meet,
Who jeered him as he went through the street,
But he did them very well-favouredly greet,
Good people, &c.

Bears do agree with their own kind,
But he was of such a cruel mind,
He kill'd his Brother Cob. before he had din'd,
Good people, &c.

He strutted then like a Crow in a Gutter,
That no body durst once more Mutter,
The Capon-Citizens, 'gan to Flutter,
Good people, &c.

After he had them thus defeated,
To his old Quarters he retreated,
And was by *Fleetwood* notably treated,
Good people, &c.

He is for this I hear Indited,
Though the Week before by them Invited,
But Wise Men say they had as good as Shited,
Good people, &c.

He cares not for the Sessions a Lowse,
They reach not a Peer of the other House,
He's frighted to see that he is a Parliament chouse,
Good people, &c.

And now he is gone to the Lord knows whether,
He and this Winter go together,

If he be caught he will loose his Leather,
Good people, &c.

H'ad best get him in some Countrey Town,
 And companie keep with *Desbrow* the Clown,
 You see how the World goes up and down,
Good people, &c.

His Coach and his Horses are gone to be lost,
 He must vamp it and cart it and thank thee mine host,
 There's no more to be said of an old Toast,
Good people, &c.

Sing Hi Ho *Hewson*, the State nere went upright,
 Since Coblers could Pray, Preach, Govern and Fight,
 We shall see what they'l do now y'are out of sight,
Good people pity the blind.



*The Rump Ululant : or Penitence per force.
 Being the Recantation of the Old Rusty-
 roguy-rebellious-rampant, and now ruinous
 rotten-rosted R U M P.*

To the Tune of *Gerrards Mistriss.*

Farewell
 False Honors, and usurped Powers farewell,
 For the Great Bell
 Of Justice rings in our affrighted ears.
 The Gripes
 Of wounded Conscience far exceed all stripes,

Yet are small types,
Of those sharp pains Rebellion justly fears.
See how

Th' unmasked people hiss us out of doors,
And call us Knave.

Because though We, their Servants be,
We made them but our Slaves.

For since

We laid the Country wast like ravenous *Boors*,
They seek our bloods,

Our Hands

Because they prize their Liberties,
But to devour their Goods.

We dip'd in Royal blood, to take his Lands
At our Commands,

And made 3. Kingdoms headless at one blow.!

The strife

We caus'd was chiefly to cut off his life,
With cursed Knife ;

He that was Vertues Friend, must be our foe made
Religion do our Drudgery to base Ends.

But now we find,
They that do sow pretences, mow
A Harvest of the wind.

And now

When clamorous vengeance calling for amends
Begins our grief,

Our Friend the Devil, with his Evill,
Can give us no relief.

Go search

All Lands beneath the Suns Star-spangled perch,

You'll find no Church

Like ours, while reverend *Bishops* held the chair.

But those

We know with our designs would never close ;

And therefore chose

In their steads to set up *Extempore* prayer.

Poached Eyes,

And words twang'd through a whining Lecturers Nose

Did fill our Purses,

That many have Rings, and better things,

Which now give only curses.

And thus

Hell was our Text, though Heav'n were our Gloze

And Will our Reason,

Religion we made free of *Hocus* trade,

And voted Loyalty Treason.

Since we

With wicked Armes have made the Crosier flee,

Errour is free

To lay her nets, to make weak minds her prize,

All Sects,

Schismes cursed Heresies with stubborn necks,

Corrupt our Texts,

And crane up Scripture to maintain their lyes.

You see

The crop-ear'd Anabaptist sowing Tares

In every ground,

Though the Plagues of War, wherever they are

The Church and State confound.

So do

The Roman Noses vend their Popish wares,

By twilight still ;

And the Quaker half mad, though he looks so sad,

Grinds in the Jesuites Mill.

Our Drums

Did drown our Process, and our Writs ; our Plums
Bid kiss our Bums,

We sent our Laws and Persons to the *Tower* ;
From whence

To be deliver'd, 'twas in vain to fence
By talking sense ;

No *Habeas Corpus* in the Court of Power.

The Gown

Did stoop the Reverend Velvet to a crew
In short Red-coats,

Who many a day, have made you pay,
For cutting your own throats.

We rob'd

The whole of Food to pamper out the few,
Exciz'd your Wares,

And tax'd you round, sixpence the pound,
And massacred your Bears.

But now

Despairs black clouds do hang upon our brow,
For all do bow

Their hearts to their true Shepheard,
Charles their King.

And we,

The Wolfish Rulers now must Subjects be
To destiny,

And end our *Juncto* in a fatal string.

Then learn

All future Traytors by our Tragick doom,
E're 'tis too late,

Lest when you make Kingdoms to shake,
You copy out your fate.

We know

Our high affronts to Church and State make Room
For us in Hell ;

But yet we'l hope, till the sad Rope
Sayes bid the World *farewell*.

Facit indignatio versum.



The Holy Sisters.

Six of the Femal sex, and purer sect,
Had conference of late to this effect,
How they might change the Popish Name of *Preaching* ?
Then quoth the first it shall be called *Teaching*.
The second newly warm'd with heavenly *Nectar*,
Fell to commend the sacred name of *Lecture*.
The third not half so learned, yet full as wise,
Said, she likt it best to call't *The Exercise*.
Nay, quoth the fourth, the Brethren, as I hear,
Do term it *Speaking* in *Northampton-shire*.
The fifth with none of these yet did accord,
But term'd it purely *handling of the Word*.
Then, quoth the sixth (*Standing*) a name most fit ;
For Preachers in the Pulpit seldome sit.
For Application then, quoth they, we fear
Our selves not sufficient th' use to bear,
Nor to conceive the meaning of some man ;
Some able Brethren we must have, who can,
Being full of Spirit, Minister supply,
And help 'gainst our Carnal infirmity ;

Repeat the Business, and all faults redresse ;
 Such, who with zeal and heat can fully presse
 The Point home, that so the Case being clear,
 We may remember't sweetly many a year.
 And though in Concord Frailties we oft fall,
 The help of such good men will raise us all,
 By putting in New strength and life, whereby
 Being edified, We grow and fructifie.
 Thus the Six Sisters did at last consent,
 And so departed thence *Incontinent*.



*The Second Part of Saint George for
 England.*

To the Tune of *To drive the cold Winter away.*

Now the *Rump* is confounded,
 There's an end of the *Roundhead*,
 Who hath been such a bane to our *Nation*,
 He hath now plaid his part,
 And's gone out, like a *fart*,
 Together with his *reformation*,
 For by his good favour,
 He hath left a *bad savour*,
 But's no matter, wee'l trust him no more ;
Kings and *Queens* may appear
 Once again in our *Sphere*,
 Now the *Knaves* are turned out of door.

And drive the cold Winter away.

Scot, Nevil, and Vane,
 With the rest of *that train*,

Are in *Oceana* fled,
 Sir *Arthur* the brave,
 That's as *arrant a Knave*,
 Has *Harrington's Rota* in's Head,
 But hee's now full of cares
 For his Foals, and his Mares,
 As when he was routed before :
 But I think he despairs,
 By his *Armes*, or his *Prayers*,
 To set up the *Rump* any more.

And drive the cold Winter away.

I should never have thought,
 That a *Monk* could have wrought
 Such a *Reformation* so soon ;
 That House, which of late
 Was the *Jaques* of our *State*,
 Will ere long be a *House of Renown* ;
 How *good wits* did jump,
 In abusing the *Rump*,
 Whilst the *House* was press'd by the *Rabble* ;
 But our *Hercules Monk*,
 Though it grievously stunk,
 Now hath cleans'd that *Augean stable*.

And drive the cold Winter away.

And now Mr. *Prynne*,
 With the rest may come in,
 And take their Places again,
 For the *House* is made sweet,
 For those *Members* to meet,
 Though part of the *Rump* yet remain ;
 Nor need they to fear,
 Though the Breeches be there,

Which were wrong'd both behind and before
For he saith, 'twas a chance,
And forgive him this once,
And He swears he will do so no more.

And drive the cold Winter away.

'Tis true there are some
Who are still for the *Bum*,
Such *Tares* will grow up with the *Wheat*,
And there they will be, till a Parliament come
That can give them a *total defeat* :
But yet I am told,
That the *Rumpers* do hold,
That the *Saints* may swim with the tyde :
Nor can it be *Treason*,
But *Scripture* and *Reason*,
Still to close with the *stronger side*.

And drive the cold Winter away.

Those *Lawyers* o'th' *House*,
As *Baron Wild-goose*
With treason *Hill*, *Whitlock*, and *Say*,
Were the *bane* of *Laws*,
And our *Good Old Cause*,
And 'twere well if such were away :
Some more there are to blame,
Whom I care not to name,
That are *Men* of the very *same ranks*,
'Mongst whom there is one,
That to *Devil Barebone*,
For his ugly *Petition* gave thanks.

And drive the cold Winter away.

But I hope by this time,
 Hee'l confess 'twas a *crime*,
 To abet such a *damnabable crew*,
 Whose Petition was drawn
 By *Alcoran Vane*,
 Or else by *Corbet the Jew* :
 By it you may know,
 What the *Rump* meant to do,
 And what *Religion* to frame ;
 So 'twas time for *St. George*,
 That *Rump* to disgorge,
 And to send it from whence it first came, &c.
And drive the cold Winter away.



*A New Kickshaw for the queasie Stomack of
 Sathan and all those that fight under his
 Banner.*

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell*.

YOU pitifull Rimers now be you all dumb ;
 Let no Dames of the Dunghill sing Ditties about
St. George and the Dragon, and little *Tom Thumb*,
 With *Wallingford House* and the *Rump* are worn out.
Here's an Ola Polidra so pleasant and new,
The Tayle of the State had n'ere such a Hogooe.
With a hey down down &c.

Come listen you *Cooks* and learn my new Dish,
 'Tis that that will fill your *Guests* bellyes with laughter,

Tis a meat neither made of flesh nor fish,
But will make all that tast it to lick their lips after.

Here's an Ola, &c.

First take you three Farts from the Parliament-Breech,
The head of an Onion to rubb on your Platter,
The Hums and the Ha's of Mr. *Scot's* speech,
Spoke twice to no purpose, and mince not the matter.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Take the Linings of Alderman *Atkins* his Hose,
Some oth' cobling Collonel's Shooe-makers wax,
The juyce of *Tichburn's* and *Ireton's* Toes,
'Twill settle your Stomacks, and strengthen your Backs.

Here's an Ola, &c.

If an Independent Sermon you hear,
Be sure you take all that is spoke to the Text,
Some of my Lord *Pride* his Zeal for a Fear,
And a Prayer by the Spirit made by that Part comes next.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Take *Munsons* chaste motions towards a Wench,
The Sword of the Spirit handled by *Gough*,
The fear of the Judges that sate on the Bench .
When the Head of this Isle by the Tayle was lopt off.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Take all the old Speaker's Honesty whole ;
For if it be lessened 'twill prove little or none ;
And, if you have room, you may stop up the hole
With the Knighthood and Wisedome of Sir *John* his son.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Take one of Sir *Arthur's* passionate dumps,
 Sir *Harry Vané's Harry Vané's* hearty Prayers for
Monck,

The froth of the *Good Old Cause* worne to the stumps.
 And modest *Harry Martins* discourse for a Punk.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Of Publick Faith an Ounce if you can get it,
 Stew'd well in an Honest Committee-mans skull,
 Then with the Coales of *Hugh Peter's* Devotion
 beat it,

'Twill give all the Devils in Hell Belly full.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Take the Whites of a Puritans lifted-up eyes,
 And the Saffron engendred on a Presbyters gums,
 Mr. *William Lilly's* Astrogical Lyes,
 And the meditations of *Salloway* biting his thumbs.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Of *Lambert's* Religion as much as a Nut,
 And of his Wive's Honesty much thereabout,
 With the spirit that moveth holy Brethren to rut,
 And maketh the holy Sisters hold out.

Here's an Ola, &c.

Sow it in an Exciseman's Conscience well sear'd,
 And in a French-man's Codpiece 2. hours let it stew,
 Then strow it o're with a Puritan's beard;
 'Tis a Dish for the Devil and for his Dam too.'

Here's an Ola, &c.

But then if it want a Man to say grace,
 It must be done by one that's a Sinner,
 An Independent Doctor just turn'd out on's place,
 Must needs be most fit to give thanks for this Dinner.



England's Triumph : or, *The Rump Routed*
 by a true Assertor of Englands Interest,
 General George Monk.

A SONNET.

To the Tune of, *Fill up the Parliament full.*

WHAT makes the Souldiers
 To stand to their Arms?
 'Tis for what they profest,
 To keep us from harmes,
 The Members secluded
 Comes in by swarmes
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

You know that the City Gates
 Late were thrown down
 The walls too were order'd
 By Parliament frown :
 But General *Monk* has pleas'd
 Souldier and Gown.
And fill'd up the Parliament full, full, full,
And fill up the Parliament full.

A Council there was had
 Of all the Members secluded,
 Brave *Monk* was the Umpire
 And found them deluded,
 But *Englands* great joy
 Is now wholly concluded,
For he's fill'd up the Parl. full, full, full,
For hee's fill'd up the Parl. full.

Sir *Arthur* the Valiant
 Must make his Speech large,
 Lest the Members Excluded
 Lay Treason to's Charge.
 Hee'd better have dealt
 With his *New-castle* Barge,
Than to see the Old P. full, full, full,
Than to see the old P. full.

The Aldermen Grave,
 And the Commons o'th' City
 Imprisoned were,
 The more is the pity,
 But General *Monk* said,
 That I will acquit ye,
For the P. now shall be full, full, full,
For the P. now shall be full.

Have you not seen
 Fresh Flowers in the Spring ;
 And have you not heard
 A Cage-bird to sing ?
 But if the Cage-Members
 Would bring in the King.—
It would fill up the Parl. full, full, full,
It would fill up the Parl. full.

The Parliament now will
 Come into their Geers,
 For Secluded P——
 (That once lost his Ears)
 Marcht in with his Rapier
 For Commons and Peers,
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Whose often Declaring
 Has furnisht the Nation
 With Parliament Arguments
 Of the old Fashion,
 And would have both
 King, Lords and Peers in this Nation
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Our brave General *Monk*
 We bound are to thank,
 The Honest Lord *Fairfax*
 Has plaid (too) his prank ;
 No thanks to be given
 To the Rump nor the Shank
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Had the City ne're mov'd,
 Nor the Prentices strove,
 They'd lost their Old Charter :
 But *MONK* had a love
 To challenge the Grand Ones
 Which Mischiefs did move ;
And so fill'd up the Parl. full, full, full,
And so fill'd up the Parliament full.



The Parliament-Compliment: or, the Re-admission of the Secluded Members to the Discharge of their long retarded Trust.

Since sixteen hundred forty and odd,
 We have soundly been lashed with our own rod
 And we have bowed our selves down at a Tyrants nod,
Which no body can deny.

Who have seen a new thing call'd a Council of State,
 Upheld by a Power that's now out of date,
 Put to th' Question by th' Members of Forty eight,
Which, &c.

We have seen what we hope we shall ne'r see agin
 Now *Lambert* and *Desbrow* are snar'd in the gin,
 The tayl cunningly pieced unto the skin.
Which, &c.

A sword that has frighted our *Laws* out of door,
 A Back-sword I wot, that must cut so no more,
 By the honour of *Monk* now quitting that score,
Which, &c.

A Vote lately called the Judgement o' th' House,
 To be esteemed and reputed not worth a Louse,

And the Grandee of *Portsmouth* made a fine chouse
Which, &c.

We have seen an Assessment, a thing for Taxes,
Though the Common-wealth wane the private Waxes :
Swords into Plowshares, and such Bills into Axes,
Which, &c.

Another new story of Qualification,
That belong'd to no honest man of the Nation,
Like the ill contrived Authors, quite out of Fashion,
Which, &c.

Original sin was damn'd by that Law,
The Son of a Cavalier made a Jack-straw,
To be chewed again by their ravenous Jaw,
Which, &c.

To fill up the House, and to shuffle the deal,
New Writs issued out, for their new Common-weal,
But it's not worth asking who is't payes the Seal,
Which, &c.

I wonder who payes the late *Parliament* Printers,
That Place they may hold as many Summers as Winters,
And wish their Presses were broken in splinters,
Which, &c.

A great many Traytors by them lately made,
Makes Treason be thought a Common trade,

Sir *George Booth* and *Jack Lambert* awhile in the shade,
Which, &c.

We shall now sure give over that word *sequester*,
Now the tail is cured of that rankling fester,
The twentieth of *April* is much about Easter,
Which, &c.

How many thanks of the House ha' been idely spent
Upon people that still have been Male-content,
But they must fall from those dainties in this shriving
Lent,
Which, &c.

That honourable favour no more shall be given
To the factious merit of a Party Hell-driven,
For now our twenty years odds will be even,
Which, &c.

Then room for our Prisoners detain'd in the Tower,
And away with the new Lieutenants power,
Who's minting the widdowed Good Old Causes Dower,
Which, &c.

Sir *George Booth* shall not think this a hit of fate,
Nor Excuse his Keeper whose Warrant's out 'f date,
We shall see them all cry *Peccavi* too late,
Which, &c.

Eleven years Mischief, tumults and rage,
Are the onely Memorials of this *Common-wealths* age,
And all to be thank't by *Haslerigg* the sage,
Which, &c.

Let our *Liberty-keepers* be chang'd to *Restorer*,
 Let our *Peace* carry *Truth* and *Duty* before her,
 Hee's a Fool and a Knave that else will adore,
Which, &c.

This *Janus-like* freedom, though it please not all,
 And aversly doth look on the Scepter and Ball,
 Will shut up his Temple at next Common-hall,
Which, &c.

Then let's pray to Great *Jove*, that made *Monk* so kind
 To our desperate estate, to put him in mind,
 With the rest of our Worthies of the *Great Thing*
 behind,
Which no body can deny.



*The Cock-Crowing at the Approach of a
 Free Parliament: Or,*

*Good news in a Ballot,
 More sweet to your Pallat
 Than Fig, Raison, or stewed Prune is :
 A Countrey wit made it
 Who ne'r got the Trade yet ;
 And Mad Tom of Bedlam the Tune is.*

I.

More Wine Boy ; to be sober
 Is sottish in my Opinion,

When so near we do see see
The day that will free

Three Kingdoms and a Dominion.

CHORUS. *Then off with your Pots, English, Irish and
Scots,*

And loyal Cambro-Britains,

From Lobster-like jump,

And the Head-playing Rump

You'l soon have an Acquittance.

2.

Though *Monk's* mind lyes not open

To every mind that's busie,

A Free Parliament

Is his intent,

No *Nol*, nor *Lambert* is he.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

3.

A Parliament untainted,

(Away with *secluded Members* :

New flame it might make,

Again to untake,

And stir up rebellious Embers.)

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

4.

A Parliament of Members

That in Blood and Estate are no small Boyes :

The devilish Rump-elves

Are for none but themselves,

Those will be (like God) for us all boyes.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

5.

Such a Parliament more happy

Then Fishes will create you,

Though no trade you do drive
 But to tipple and swive,
 You'll be plump in flesh and estate too.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

6.

A Hound and a Hawk no longer
 Shall be tokens of disaffection,
 A Cock-fight shall cease
 To be breach of the Peace,
 And an Horse-race an Insurrection.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

7.

The Stages to their Freedom
 Shall be restored soon after,
 And Poets like Lictors
 Shall scourge our Afflictors,
 And make our old Suff'rings our Laughter,

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

8.

W—— *P*—— shall be the Master
 O'th' Revells (for's contrition,)

His Histrio-mastyx

Was one of his rash tricks,
 E'r his early circumcision.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

9.

We'll preach and pray 'thout canting
 In a Language Heaven knows better

Than ah Lord repeating,

And *Hum* and *Ha* bleating

With calves of the Lips in the Letter :

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

10.

We'l no more to enslave us
 Wear Chains, but to boast our Riches,
 We Lobsters will eat,
 And not be their meat,
 When the right *Rump* wears the Breaches.
 Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

11.

All Nations shall adore us,
 Stiff *Don* at our foot shall tumble,
 The Dutch-men shall fear us,
 And all to *Mijn* Here us ;
 And French cry *votre tres-humble.*
 Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

12.

The Citizens shall flourish,
 Lord Maiors, when the office expires,
 Shall a Knight-hood obtain,
 If they're not of the strain
 Of Excise, nor Church-land Buyers.
 Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

13.

This *London* had effected
 E'r now, and honour had got so,
 But for Knaves *Ireton*
 And *Titchburn* were known,
 When the Drugster's Son was not so.
 Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

14.

Each year shall bring a harvest
 To th' Plough-man, who was vex't ill
 When but every fourth year
 By the Tax-Calendar
 It came like the Bissextile.
 Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

15.

His Rent he shall pay duly,
 Nor to spend shall he want his groate'r ;
 His Landlord shall be
 Of his Beer to him free,
 And of's flesh to his Wife and his Daughter.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

16.

But now my furious fancy
 A Project is concocting
 When God shall have sent
 A true Parliament,
 What a Rope shall we do with this mocking ?

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

17.

Like Mare with dock to th' Manger,
 To shew it no cheat at all is
 It like one doth appear,
 But it is none, and where
 The head should have been, the tail is:

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

19.

Or we'll send for the Ghost of *Lorrell*,
 Who choakt so neatly the Peak-feast,
 And hee'l *Carbonado*
 It with a little a-doe,
 To make the Devil a Breakfast.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

20.

We read of a Rump in *St. Austin*,
 That (before this of ours) out-went all,
 Which sounds did let fly
 As articularly,
 As if it had a *Lenthal*.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

21.

But nere poor Rump was firked
Like this by wits, and no wits.

Nor ever was game

So fit as this same

To enter and flesh young Poets.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

22.

More good things I could utter,

But now I find by a token,

That the play will begin,

And good fortune come in

E'r the Prologue be quite spoken.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

23.

Charls Wand's 'ore the new Chimney,

The Suns near our Horizon,

The Fowles of the night

Are taking their flight,

Ere *Cheshire* prey they seize on.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

24.

Wee'l drink and pray no longer

For the King in mystical fashions :

But with Trumpets sound

His Health shall go round,

And our Prayers be Proclamations.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

25.

Now *Jockey, Teag, and Shenken,*

Shall boast no more of *St. Andrew,*

St. Patrick, or *St. Davie,*

But *St. George,* who, to save 'ee,

'Gainst Dragon-Rump like a man drew.

Chorus. *Then off with your Pots, English Irish and Scots,
And loyal Cambro-Britains,
From Lobster-like jump,
And the Headplaying Rump
You'l soon have an Acquittance.*



Saint George and the Dragon.

To the Tune of, *Old Souldjour of the Queens, &c.*

NEWS, News :—Here's the **Occurrences**, and a new
Mercurius :

A **Dialogue** betwixt *Haslerigg the basted*, and *Arthur the
furious* :

With *Iretons* readings upon *Legitimate* and *Spurious*,
Proving that a *Saint* may be the *Son of a Whore*; for the
satisfaction of the curious.

*From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Libera nos Domine.*

Here's the true reason of the *Cities infatuation* :
Ireton has made it *drunk* with the *cup of abomination* :
That is,—*the Cup of the Whore*, after the *Geneva inter-
pretation* :

Which, with the *Juyce of Tichburn's Grapes*, must needs
cause *Intoxication*.

From a Rump, &c.

Here's the **Whipper whipt**—by a friend to *George*, that
whipt *Jack*, that whipt the *Breech*,
That whipt the *Nation*, as long as he could stand over it :
—After which

It was it self *Re-jerk'd*, by the sage Author of this
Speech :

*Methinks a Rump should go as well with a Scotch spur, as
with a Switch.*

From a Rump, &c.

This *Rump* hath many a *Rotten and unruly Member*,
Give the *General* the *Oath*, cries one ;—(but his Con-
science being a little *tender*,)

I'll *Abjure* you, with a *Horse-pox*, quoth *George*,—and
make you remember

The '*Leaventh* of *February*, longer than the *Fifth* of *No-*
vember.

From a Rump, &c.

With that—*Monk* leaves (*in Rump assembled*)—the *three*
Estates.

But oh,—how the *Citizens* hugg'd him for *breaking down*
their *Gates*,

For *tearing up* their *Postes* and *Chaines*, and for *clapping*
up their Mates,

(*When they saw, that he brought them Plasters for their
broken Pates.*)

From a Rump, &c.

In truth, this ruffle put the *Town* in great *disorder*,
Some *Knaves* (*in Office*) *smil'd*,—expecting 'Twould
go further ;

But at the last—my life on't, *George* is no *Rumper*,—said
the *Recorder* :

For there never was either *Honest man*, or *Monck of that
Order*.

From a Rump, &c.

And so it prov'd, for *Gentlemen*, sayes the *General*, I'll
make you amends ;

Our *Greeting* was a little *untoward*, but we'll *part
Friends*,

A little time shall shew you which way my *Design* tends,
And that, *besides the good of Church and State*, I have no
other ends.

From a Rump, &c.

His *Excellence* had no sooner pass'd this *Declaration* and
Promise,

But in steps *Secretary Scot*, ——— *the Rumps man
Thomas*,

With *Luke*, their lame *Evangelist* ——— (the Devil keep
'um from us,)

To shew *Monk* what *precious Members of Church and
State* the *Bumm* ha's.

From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the **Supplication of the Members
under the Rod**,

Nay, *My Lord*, (*cryes the Brewers Clerk*) *good my Lord*,
—for the love of God,

Consider *yourself, us*,—and this *poor Nation*, and that
Tyrant abroad ;

Don't leave us:—but *George* gave him a *Shrugg*, instead of a *Nodd*.

From a Rump, &c.

This mortal *Silence* was followed with a most hideous
Noyse

Of *Free-Parliament Bells*, and *Rump-confounding Boyes* :
Crying, *Gueld the Rogues*, *Singe their Tayles*——when
with a low *Voyce* ;

Fire and Sword, by this *Light*, cries *Tom*, let's look to
our *Toyes*.

From a Rump, &c.

Never were wretched *Members* in so sad a *Plight* :
Some were *Broyl'd*,—some *Toasted*, others *burnt out-*
right.

Nay against *Rumps* so *Pittylesse* was their *Rage* and
Spite,

That *not a Citizen* would kiss his *Wife* that *Night*.

From a Rump, &c.

By this time, *Death*, and *Hell* appear'd in the ghastly
Looks

Of *Scot*, and *Robinson* ; (those *Legislative Rooks*)

And it must needs put the *Rump* most damnably off the
Hooks,

To see, that *when God has sent Meat*, the *Devil* should
send Cooks.

From a Rump, &c.

But *Providence*, their old *Friend*, brought these *Saints* off,
at *Last*,

And through the *Pikes* and the *Flames*, *un-dismembered*
 they past,
 Although (God wot) with many *struglings*, and much *Hast.*
 (For—*Members*,—or *no Members* was but a measuring
 Cast)

From a Rump, &c.

Being come to *Whitehall*;—there's the dismal mone:
Let Monk be Damn'd, cries *Arthur*, in a terrible tone:
 That *Traitor*:—and those *Cukoldly Rogues* that set him
on.
 (But, tho' the Knight *Spits blood*, 'tis observ'd that he
Draws none.

From a Rump, &c.

The Plague Bawle you, cries *Harry Martyn*, you have
 brought us to this Condition,
 You must be canting, and be Pox'd,—with your *Bare-*
bones Petition,
 And take in that *Bull-headed, splay-footed Member of*
Circumcision,
 That *Bacon-fac'd Jew, Corbet*: that *Son of Perdition.*

From a Rump, &c.

Then in steps *Driv'ling Mounson*, to take up the Squab-
 ble:
 That *Lord*; which first taught the use of the *Wooden*
Dagger, and Laddle,
 He, — that out-does *Jack Pudding*, at a *Custard*, or a
Caudle.

And were the Best *Fool* in Europe, but that he wants a
Bauble.

From a Rump, &c.

More was said, to little Purpose; the next News, is a
Declaration

From the *Rump*; for a **Free-State**, according to the
Cobenant of the Nation,

And a **Free-Parliament**, under **Oath**, and **Qualification**,
Where none shall be *Elect*, but Members of *Reprobation*.

From a Rump, &c.

Here's the **Tail Firk'd**; a piece acted lately with great
applause,

With a **Plea for the Prerogative Breech**, and the *Good
Old Cause*:

Proving, that *Rumps*, and *Members* are *antienter than
Laws*:

And that a *Bumme Divided*, is never the worse for the
Flawes.

From a Rump, &c.

But al things have their Period, and Fate,

An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of State:

Members grow weak; and *Tayles themselves runs out of
Date*:

And yet thou shalt not Dye; (*Dear Breech*) thy *Fame*
I'll celebrate.

From a Rump, &c.

Here lies a Pack of Cheats, that did their *Souls*, and
Country Sell

For *Dirt*: *The Devil was their good Lord*; him they serv'd well;
 By his *Advice*, they *Stood*, and *Acted*; and by his *President* they *fell*,
 (Like *Lucifer*) making but *one step* betwixt *Heaven*, and *Hell*.

From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
 Libera nos Domine.



A Free-Parliament Letany.

To the Tune of, *An old Souldier of the Queens*:

1.

MORE Ballads;— here's a spick-and-span new
Supplication;

By Order of a Committee for the Reformation,
 To be read in all Churches and Chappels of this Nation,
 Upon pain of Slavery, and Sequestration.

From Fools and Knaves, in our Parliament-free
Libera nos Domine.

2.

From those that ha' more Religion, and lesse Conscience
 than their Fellows;

From a Representative, that's *fearfull* and *jealous*;

From a starting Jadish People, that is troubled with the
yellows,

And a Priest that blows the Cole—(a Turd in the
 Bellows.)

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

3.

From Shepherds, that leade their Flocks into the Briers ;
And then, Fleece 'um.—From *Vow-breakers*, and *King-tryers* :

Of *Church* and *Crown-lands* from both Sellers and Buyers :
From the Children of him, that's the Father of *Lyers*.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

4.

From the Doctrine and Discipline of * *now, and anon* ;
Preserve *us*, and our *wives* : from † John T. & Saint ‡ John
Like Master, like Man, every way but one :

The Master has a large Conscience and the Man has
none.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

5.

From Major Generals,—Army-Officers ; and that
Phanatique Crew :

From the Parboyl'd Pimp *Scot* ; and from *Good-face* the
Jew :

From old *Mildmay*, that in *Cheapside* mistook his § *Queue*,
And from him that won't *Pledge* — give the *Devil* his
due.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

6.

From long-winded Speeches, and not a wise word,
From a Gospel-Ministry settled by th' Sword,

* *Sedgewick.*

† *John a Nokes.*

‡ *John a Styles.*

§ *Repulsed by a Citizens wife.*

From the Act of a *Rump*, that stinks when 'tis stir'd ;
 From a *Knight of the Post*, and a *Cobling Lord*,
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

7.

From all the Rich People that ha' made us Poor ;
 From a Speaker that creeps to the House by a Back-
 dore :
 From that Badger *Robinson*, (that limps, and bites sore :)
 And that dog in a doublet *Arthur*,——that will do so
 no more.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

8.

From a certain *Sly Knave* with a Beastly name :
 From a Parl'ment that's wilde, and a People that's tame :
 From *Skippon*, *Titchbourne*, *Ireton*, —— and another
 of the Same ;
 From a Dunhill Cock, and a Hen of the Game.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

9.

From all those that sate in the High Court of Justice ;
 From Usurpers, that stile themselves the *Peoples Trustees* ;
 From an *old Rump* in which neither Profit nor Gust is ;
 And from the *recov'ry* of that which now in the Dust is.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

10.

From a back-sliding Saint, that pretends t' Acquiesce ;

From crossing of Proverbs (let 'um *Hang* that confess)
 From a *Sniveling Cause* in a *Pontifical dress* :
 And two * Lawyer's with the Devil, and his Damm in a
 mess.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

11.

From those that trouble the Waters to mend the Fishing ;
 And fight the Lord's Battels, under the Devill's Commis-
 sion :
 Such as eat up the Nation, while the Government's a
 Dishing,
 And from a People when it should be Doing stands
 Wishing.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

12.

From an *everlasting* Mock-Parliament ;——and from *none* ;
 From *Straffords* Old friends,——*Harry, Jack* and *John*.
 From the *Sollicitor's* Wolfe Law, deliver our *King's Sonne* :
 And from the Resurrection of the *Rump* that is *dead*
 and *gone*.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

13.

From Foreigne Invasion and Commotions at Home,
 From our present Distraction, and from worse to come :
 From the same hand again, *Smectymnuus* or the *Bumme* :

* *Jacks both.*

And from taking *Geneva* in our way to *Rome*.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

14.

From a Hundred thousand pound Tax, to maintain
Knives and Whores :

(But it is well given to These, that turn'd Those out of
Dores)

From undoing our Selves, in plastring old Sores :

He that set them awork, let him pay their Scores.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

15.

From Saints, and Tender-Consciencences in Buff ;

From *Mounson* in a Fome ; and *Haslerig* in a Huff ;

From both Men and Women that think they never have
Enough.

And from a Fools Head that looks through a Chain and
a Ruff.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

16.

From those that would divide the *Gen'ral* and the *Citty* ;
From *Harry Martins Whore*, that was neither Sound nor
Pretty ;

From a Faction, that ha's neither Brain nor Pitty ;

From the Mercy of a Phanatique Committee.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

17.

Preserve us good Heaven from intrusting those,

That ha' Much to Get, and Little to Loose ;

That Murther'd the *Father*, and the *Son* would Depose.

(Sure they can't be Our Friends, that are their Countrey's
Foes,)

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

18.

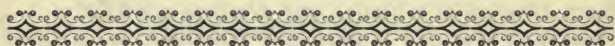
From *Bradshaw's* Presumption, and from *Hoyle's* Despairs ;

From rotten Members ; blinde Guides ; Preaching Aldermen ; and false May'rs ;

From Long Knives, Long Eares, Long Parliaments, and Long Pray'rs,

In mercy to this Nation, ————— Deliver us and our *Heirs.*

From Fools and Knaves, &c.
Libera nos Domine.



A Dialogue betwixt TOM and DICK : the former a Country-man, the other a Citizen. Presented to his Excellency and the Council of State, at Drapers-Hall in London, March 28. 1660.

To the Tune of *I'll never love thee more.*

Tom. **N**ow would I give my life to see
 This wondrous Man of might.

Dick. Dost see that *Jolly Lad*? That's he ;
 I'll warrant him hee's Right.

 There's a true *Trojan* in his face :
 Observe him o're and o're.

Dick. *Come Tom ; If ever George be base,* } *Chorus.*
 Ne'r trust good-fellow more.

Hee's none of that Phantastique Brood,
 That Murther while they Pray ;
 That Trusse and Cheat us for our Good ;
 (All in a Godly way,)

He drinks no Blood, and They no Sack
 Into their Guts will poure.

But if George does not do the Knack, } Cho.
Ne'r trust good-fellow more.

His quiet Conscience needs no Guard ;
 Hee's Brave, but full of Pitty.

Tom. Yet by your leave he knock'd so hard,
 H'ad like t' awak'd the City.

Dick. Fool, 'Twas the *Rump* that let a Fart,
 The Chaines and Gates it tore,
But if George bears not a true heart, } Cho.
Ne'r trust good-fellow more.

Tom. Your City blades are cunning Rooks ;
 How rarely you collogue him ?
 But when your Gates flew off the Hooks,
 You did as much be-rogue him.

Dick. Pug'h——'Twas the *Rump* did only feel
 The blows the City bore.
But if George ben't as true as Steel, } Cho.
Ne'r trust good-fellow more.

Tom. Come, by this Hand, wee'l crack a quart,
 Thou'lt pledge his health, I trow.

Tom. Tope boy, *Dick*——A lusty dish my heart,
 Away w'ot ; *Tom*——Let it go.
 Drench me you slave in a full Bowl,
 I'll take't and 'twere a score.

Dick. *Nay, if George be'nt a hearty soul,* } *Cho.*
Ne'r trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. But hark you, Sirrah, we're too *loud*,
 Hee'l Hang us by and by.
 Me'thinks; he should be vengeance Proud?

Dick. No more than Thee or I.

Tom. Why then I'le give him the best Blade
 That e're the *Bilbo* wore.

Dick. *If George prove not a Bonny Lad,* } *Cho.*
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawl'd the *Tail*.
 —We've all thrown up our Farms,
 And from the Musket to the Flayl,
 Put all our Men in Arms.
 The Girles had ta'ne the Members down,
 Ne're saw such things before.

Dick. *If George speak not the Town our own,* } *Cho.*
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Dick. But prethee, are the Folk so mad?

Tom. So mad say'st?—They're undone,
 There's not a Penny to be had,
 And ev'ry Mothers Son
 Must fight, if he intend to eat,
 Grow Valiant now he is Poor.

Dick. *Come—yet if George don't do the feat,* } *Cho.*
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. Why *Richard*, 'tis a Devilish thing,
 We're not left worth a Groat.
 My *Doll* has sold her Wedding-ring,
 And *Sue* has pawn'd her Coat.

The Sniv'ling Rogues abus'd our *Squire*,
And called our *Mistriss* Whore.

Dick. Yet—if George don't what we require, } Cho.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. By this good day ; I did but Speak,
They took my Py-ball'd Mare ;
And put the Carri'on Wench to th' *squeak* :
(Things go against the Hair.)
Our Prick-ear'd Cor'nel looks as big
Still, as he did before.

Dick. And yet if George don't hum his Gigg, } Cho.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

'Faith, *Tom* our Case is much at one ;
We're broke for want of Trade ;
Our *City's* baffled and undone,
Betwixt the *Rump* and *Blade*.
We've emptied both our Veins & Baggs
Upon a Factious Score.

If George compassion not our Raggs } Cho.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. But what dost thou think should be the *Cause*
Whence all these Mischiefs spring ?

Dick. Our damned breach of *Oaths* and *Laws* ;
Our *Murther* of the *King*.
We have been Slaves since *Charles* his reign,
We liv'd like Lords before.

If George don't set all right again, } Cho.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. Our *Vicar*——(And hee's one that knows)
Told me once,——I know what.——

(And yet the Thief is woundy Close)

Dick. 'Tis all the better ;—That
H'as too much Honesty and Wit,
To let his Tongue run o'er ;
If this prove not a lucky hit, } Chorus.
Nè're trust Good-fellow more. }

Shall's ask him, what he means to do ?

Tom. —'Good faith, with all my heart ;
Thou mak'st the better Leg o'th' Two :
Take Thou the Better part :
I'll follow, if thoul't lead the Van.

Dick. Content ;—I'll march before.
If George prove not a gallant man, } Chor.
Nè're trust Good-fellow more. }

My Lord ;—in *Us* the *Nation* craves
But what you're bound to do.

Tom.—We have *liv'd Drudges* : *Ric.*—And *we* :

Both. We would not *dye* so too.
Restore us but our Laws agen ;
Th' unborn shall thee adore ; } Chorus.
If George denies us his Amen,
Nè're trust Good-fellow more. }





A Psalm of Mercy.

Usula (*who cry's Ends of Gold and Silver*)
reads, and all the Sisters sing.

To the Tune of, *Now thanks to the Powers below !*

Sing it in the Nose.

WHat a Reprobate crew is here,
 Who will not have *Jesus* reign?
 But send all our Saints
 To Bonds and Restraint,
 And kill 'um again and again?
 Let's rise in a holy fear,
 And fight for our heavenly King;
 We will ha' no power
 But *Vane* in the Tower
 To rule us in any thing!
 Come Sister, and sing
 An Hymne to our King,
 Who sitteth on high Degree;
 The Men at *Whitehall*,
 And the wicked shall fall,
 And hey, then up go We.
 A Match, quoth my sister *Joyce*;
 Contented, quoth *Rachel* too;
 Quoth *Abigaile*, yea, and *Faith*, verily,
 And *Charity*, let't be so.

Our Monarchy is the Fifth,
 Shall last for a thousand years ;
 O'th' wicked on earth,
 There shall be a dearth,
 When *Jesus* himself appears !
 And we are the Babes of Grace,
 The fruits of an holy seed :
 For old Father *Cann*
 (That Reverend man)
 Begat us in Word and Deed.
 The earth is our own,
 For Title there's none,
 But in the right Heirs of *Sion* :
 Then let us be free,
 For verily we
 No King ha' but *Judah's* Lion.
 'Tis verity, quoth old *Joane*,
 And Sooth, quoth my sister *Prue*,
 'Tis manifest truth, quoth mortified *Ruth*,
 And the Gospel is so, say's *Su*.

The Bishops and Bells shall down,
 For we have an holy Call ;
 The Saints are beyond
 All Order and Bond
 Of duty to Priests of *Baal*.
 Their Pipes and Organs too,
 Their Superstitious Shirt,
 Their Canons and Bulls,
 (To cozen poor Gulls,)
 Wee'le trample 'um in the Dirt.
 No Ordinance shall
 Command us all,

For we are above their thrall.
 We care not a Straw
 For Reason or Law ;
 For Conscience is all in all.
 Ay marry, quoth *Agatha*,
 And *Temperance*, eke also,
 Quoth *Hanna*, it's just, and *Mary* it must
 And shall be, quoth *Grace*, I trow.

The Steeple-house Lands are ours,
 Kings, Queens, Delinquents too,
 And *James's* and all
 The Court at *White-hall*,
 And *Somerset-house* also.
 For *The'balds* it is our right,
 And *Marrow-bone-Park* to boot,
 And *Eltham's* our own.
 And *Endfield* there's none,
 But our selves that shall grub a root.
 And *Greenwich* shall be
 For Tenements, free
 For Saint to possess *Pell-mell*.
 And where all the Sport
 Is at *Hampton Court*,
 Shall be for our selves to dwell.
 'Tis blessed, quoth *Bathsheba*,
 And *Clemence*, w' ar' all agreed ;
 'Tis right, quoth *Gertrude*, and fit say's sweet
Jude.
 And *Thomasine* yea indeed.

For Husbands we shall have none,
 But Brothers in purity ;

We will not be Wives
 And tye up our Lives
 To Villanous slavery ;
 But couple in love and fear ;
 When mov'd by the spirit to't ;
 For there is no sin
 To let a Saint in,
 When he has the grace to do't.
 And thus are we taught,
 No folly is wrought,
 When Brothers will execise ;
 Both *Kiffin* and *Hills*
 (No Printer of *Bills*)
 Have prov'd it in ample wise.
 'Tis true, quoth *Elizabeth*,
 And 'tis very good, quoth *Pris*,
 And *Aquila* too will have it be so,
 And so will my Sister *Sis*.

What though the King Proclaim's
 Our Meetings no more shall be ;
 In private we may
 Hold forth the right way,
 And be, as we should be, free,
 Our Husbands wee'l make believe,
 We go but to take the aire,
 Or visit a Nurse,
 And lighten their Purse
 With a little dissembling Prayer.
 Or if they be crosse,
 (Let 'um stand to the losse)
 We'l tempt our Apprentices,
 (By writing a Dash
 To cozen the Cash,)

And make 'um meer Novices.

Oh very well said, quoth *Con*,

And so will I do, say's *Franck*.

And *Mercy* cry's I, and *Mat*, really,

And I'm o' that mind, quoth *Thank*.

Wee'l cut off the wicked Rout,

And bath us all in their Blouds ;

Their Houses and Land

Wee'l have at Command.

And common upon their Goods.

No mortal King nor Priest,

No Lord, nor Duke wee'l have,

Wee'l grind 'um to Grist,

And live as we list,

And we will do wonders brave ;

Come *Dorcas* and *Cloe*,

With *Lois* and *Zoe*

Young *Letice* and *Beterice* and *Jane*,

Phill, *Dorothy*, *Mawd*,

Come troupe it abroad,

For now is our time to reign.

Sa, sa, quoth my sister *Bab*,

And Kill 'um, quoth *Margery* ;

Spare none, cry's old *Tib*, nor quarter say's *Sib*.

And hey ! for our Monarchy.

Let's all take the Sacrament,

That we to each other be true,

And kill without pity

In Country and City,

The wicked ungodly Crew.

We'l favour no Sex, nor Age,

No Quality, nor Degree ;

But all shall to Pot,

Both *English* and *Scot*,

That hinder our Liberty.

The Maior of the *Town*,

(That terrible *Brown*),

And *Cox* and the Captains all,

Wee'l torture and slay

In a merciless way,

And mince 'um, like herbs, as small.

Ay, that is the way, quoth *Emm*,

Quoth *Phæbe*, we conquer shall ;

Say's *Lucy*, 'tis well ; quoth *Jylian* and *Nell*,

'Twill make us amend for all.

A Loyal Wish.

What *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*,

Fanaticks in *Truth* profess,

By *Germanie's* Woe,

And our *Rebells** here too,

Well may we do more than guess

Th' ar' just like *Gadarens* Swine,

Which the Devils did drive and bewitch !

An Herd, set on evil,

Will run to the Devil,

And's Dam, when their † *Tails* do itch :

The let 'um run on !

Say's *Ned*, *Tom*, and *John* :

Ay ! let 'um be hang'd, quoth *Mun* !

Th'ar' mine quoth old *Nick*,

* Or, *Sisters*, *Utrum*, *horum*, *harum*.

† *Brains*.

And take 'um sayes *Dick*,
 And well come ! quoth worshipfull *Dun*.
 And God bless King *Charles*, quoth *George*,
 And save him, say's *Simon* and *Sill*,
 I, I, quoth old *Cole*, and each loyal Soul,
 And Amen, and Amen, cry's *Will*.

The Honest Mens Resolution.

But what, shall we doe with our Wives,
 That fisk up and down the Town ?
 And one is for *Bowles*,
 And t'other for *Knowles*,
 But all against *Cox* and *Brown* ?
 They cheat us all with their looks,
 And snivell and snot by roate !
 And nothing but squeak,
 For *Venner* and *Feake*,
 And for a Lac'd Morning-Coat,
 For such a Bell-dam,
 Sayes *Sylas* and *Sam*,
 Let's have an *Italian* Lock !
 No, no ! It's far better,
 Quoth *Robin* and *Peter*,
 To take 'um all down ith' Dock ;
 But that will not do, sayes *Nump*,
 Then nothing, sayes *Roger* and *Raph* !
 Let's lay 'um, sayes *Nat*, and splay 'um, sayes
Wat,
 And then we shall make 'um safe.

But, *Faith*, y'are all out oth' way!

The Sisters have such a Trick!

No Instrument will

Seclude 'um from ill,

But still against P——'s, they'l kick.

What shall we do then? quoth *Hall*,

Let's cope up their Lecherie!

Sayes *Rowland* we may,

Be Masters, that way.

But will not last long, quoth **The*.

What shall we do then,

Quoth *Cutbert* and *Ben*.

Let's do 'um like men, quoth *Dan*,

Let's fill up their Chincks,

Sayes Mystical *Sphynx*.

Quoth *Taffie*, then I'm your man!

And I am as cut, quoth *Cad*,

And *Shenkin*, *Me vat-a-whe*.

Ap Howel, It's true, and *Morgan & Hugh*

YCambrie, *Dieu*, *Dalth-a-whe*.

* *Theophilus*.



FINIS.







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