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THE

Pope's Knavery

OR

Old Nick's Invention.

To which are added,

SWEET ALISON.

The Maid in Bedlam.


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as the op'ning lilly fair.

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OLD NICK'S INVENTION.

Of all the arts the De'li did shew,
His Master-piece I Pop'ry view ;
For being himself with Heaven at odds,
He taught them first to eat their gods,
Which wicked false and cunning trick,
Was first invent'ed by Old Nick.

Fal al fa la,

They say the Pope can pardon sin,
If that be true we've need of him ;
For there's no fear but we'll get work,
For him and all his hellish folk,
As long's his Master Devil can,
Unthinking mortals thus trapan. Fal &c.

Yes work enough that's very sure :
But what becomes of all that's poor,
To Purgatory trip must they ;
Unless with bribes the Priest you pay ;
And there by a thousand years.
The least he'll tak's a peck o' bear. Fal. &c.

The Porter too must have his groat ;
Or then he'll take you by the throat.
And a wax candle there must be
Through Purgatory there for to see,
First to be sure to get them money :
They'd work for that if they'd work for any,

They'll take you to a better place,
 Without repentance, faith or grace:
 And well I wot that is strange news,
 For there the Turks and there the Jews,
 As bad as ever they were e'er'd,
 They ne'er set up this hellish trade, Fal, &c.

I don't remember that the D:il,
 To pardon sin pretended skill,
 But Turks and Jews with a' their ch's,
 The Popish Clergy baugs them a',
 The Saints and Angels they address,
 For dead and living they say Mass. Fal &c.

All kinds of sin commit do they,
 And none dare challenge, or gainsay;
 They'll rob a Virgin of her prize,
 And pardon her before she rife,
 It's shocking to the human ear,
 The tricks of Popish Priests to hear. Fal, &c.

Where is the zeal your fathers bore,
 Against the Pope and Romish Whore,
 Think on Argyle and Jerviswood,
 Who fear'd not faggot, nor the sword,
 But to expose the Roxih Fairy,
 Lay down their lives and welcome death. Fal, &c.

Ye Lowland Lads that drive the cart,
 I know you have good hands and heart,
 Charge your musket, point your lance,
 Unto Mars' field do ye advance,
 And join brave Donald without break,
 Who make the French to wet their cheeks. Fal, &c.

Why should the Peasant's heart be cold,
When Princes' hearts are firm and bold,
They are the head you are the hand,
That should defend our British land,
Go forth with Howe and Elliot true,
The French and Spaniards to subdue. Fal. &c

Sweet Alison.

Come all you honest lovers,
and listen to my thame,
For I love a pretty girl,
sweet Alison by name,

Whoe'er knows this lovely creature,
surely they will be as I,
They will love her, they will love her,
else they deserve to die.

For she's such a loving creature,
that my heart she's ta'en from me,
Tho' I thought I'd been posses'd o't,
as firm's most men could be.

She's not the first maid I have seen,
altho' I love her best,
But she's more blythness in her face,
than any of the rest.

The first time that I near her was,
she on me cast a smile;
And whether it was my love or not,
she did my heart beguile.

For her eyes they're so enflaming,
 that many they're like to burn,
 But if she'd grant her hand to me,
 we'd leave the rest to mourn.

Her smiles new life gives to my heart,
 her frowns are like to kill!
 O if she may not be my love,
 from my heart keep her still.

For happy thrice that youth must be,
 who folds her in his arms,
 Who access has and freedom too,
 to enjoy all her charms.

O had I her into my arms,
 how happy would I be?
 If this I get, I'll dance and sing,
 and love my sweet Alie.

The Maid in Bedlam.

One morning very early,
 one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam,
 who mournfully did sing,
 Her chains she rattled in her hands,
 while sweetly thus sung she,
 I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents,
 who sent my love to sea,

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And cruel, cruel was the ship,
that bore my love from me.

Yet I love his parents: since they're his
although they've ruin'd me;

And I love my love, because I know
my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers,
to call me to the sky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,
around my love to fly,

To guard him from all dangers,
how happy should I be!

For I love my love, because I know
my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garlands

I'll make it wondrous fine,

With roses, lillies, daisies,

I'll mix the eglantine;

And I'll present it to my love,
when he returns from sea,

For I love my love, because I know
my love loves me.

O! if I was a little bird
to build upon his breast,

Or if I was a nightingale,
to sing my love to rest;

To gaze upon his lovely eyes,
all my reward shou'd be,

For I love my love, because I know
my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, !
 to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes,
 where I my love might spy,
 But ah! unhappy maiden,
 that love you ne'er shall see,
 Yet I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me,

She's as the opening lilly fair.

When beauty blazes heav'nly bright,
 the muse can no more cease to sing,
 Than can the lark with rising light,
 her notes neglect with drooping wing,
 The morning shines, harmonious birds rise high,
 The dawning beauty smile, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
 th' inspired thought, and softest lays:
 And kindle in the breast a flame,
 which must be vented in her praise.
 Tell us ye shepherds have ye seen
 E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

The youth, be watchful of your hearts;
 when she appears, take the alarm:
 Love on her beauty points his darts,
 and wings an arrow from each charm.
 around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
 and to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove;
 when such enchanting sweetness shines,
 The wounded swain must yield to love,
 and wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 In flame the foppish butterfly should shun;
 the eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair;
 her lovely features are complete;
 Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share,
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind;
 halt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 or sparkle in the airy town.
 O! happy he, thy favour gains,
 unhappy, if she on him frown.
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme.
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

FINIS.