

E. 1761. (12)

1732

# RATTS

Rhimed to Death.

OR, THE

<sup>K</sup> England, &c., Common

Rump-Parliament

app

Hang'd up in the

## SHAMBLES!



Houtmb:

LONDON,

Printed in the Year ~~1660.~~ 1659

1659 new



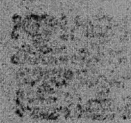
REARTS

Revised to Death.

Rump Parliament

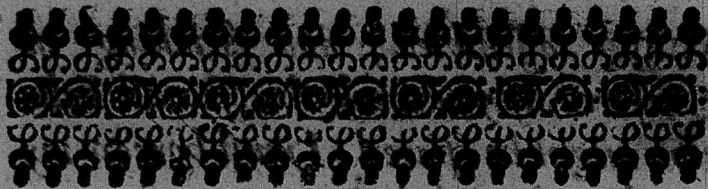


SHAMBERS



Printed in the Year 1801

To the Reader



# TO THE READER.

READER,



*His Collection of excellent Ballads on the late RUMP, who called themselves the Parliament, when they*

*were formerly Printed in loose sheets, might not unfily be called the Picture of the Members of the Rump dissolved, and stinking singly a-part. Being now bound together, they may as fitly be called the Picture of the said*

## To the Reader.

Rump assembled, and stinking in  
Consort. If you think this second Edi-  
tion might be spared, I must borrow my  
Apology from their Sermons, who were  
Preachers to the Rump; which, for the  
most part, were nothing but Repetition  
and Tautology, or a Rump of staler  
Mutton hash'd by ill looks, where all  
the parts being minced exceeding small,  
lost their order and distinction. And  
where that which was the Preface  
would as well have served for the Con-  
clusion; and both the Preface and Con-  
clusion would equally have past for  
the Middle of the dry Discourse. If you  
ask me, Why being dead and rotten,  
the unfavoury remembrance of them is  
preserved by these Papers: It is, be-  
cause whilst they lived, they were a  
kind of Purrezes, whose business was  
to suck the blood of the Nation, and to  
break our sleeps by stinging; and who  
never

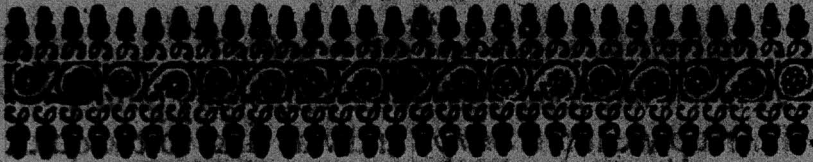
## To the Reader.

never stink more than when they are  
crusht, and squeezed; and who, in spite  
of all perfumes, will offend the Nose  
even when they are dead. I hope you  
will pardon the ill Tunes to which they  
are to be sung, there being none bad  
enough for them; nor any voice so fit  
as their Speaker's, who, as long as he  
was the Rump of this Rump, and sat  
in the Chair, it was a kind of a new  
Common-wealth, or Mr. Hobs's Artifi-  
ciall Man made a Leviathan, still  
breaking wind, and speaking backwards.

To the Reader

...that mention what they are  
...and present, and who, in light  
of all former, will offend the  
...I hope you  
...I am to wish they  
...there being none but  
enough for them; nor any voice left  
in their speaker's, who, as long as he  
was the King of the Camp, and for  
in the Chair, in a kind of a new  
Commander-in-Chief, or  
...made a Revolution, will  
breaking wind and speaking backwords.





# ARSY VERSY:

OR,

## The second Martyrdom of the RUMP.

To the Tune of, *The blind Beggar of Bednal-green.*

**M**Y Muse to prevent lest an after-clap come,  
If the wind should once more turn about  
for the Bum,

As a Preface of Honor, and not as a Frump,  
First with a Sirreverence ushers the Rump.

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

But not on its Pedigree longer to think,  
(For the more it is stir'd the more it will stink)  
'Tis agreed the Rump's first report in the Town  
Did arise from the wooden invention of Bon.





But, pardon'd by *Charls*, made good what they tell us,  
How ill 'tis to save a Thief from the Gallows.

Being now to be burnt, he foen did expire,  
For he was but a flash and would quickly take fire;  
So that their fewell upon him to spend,  
What was it but Coals to *Newcastle* to send.

To bring 'em to th' stake as in order they lie,  
*Harry Martin* the next place must occupy;  
'Twas expected in vain he should blaze for he swore,  
That he had been burnt to the stumps before.

*Tom Scot* for the *Bum* most stiffly did stand,  
Though once by a *Bum* he was fouly trapand;  
But Time and his Office of *Secretary*  
Had learnt him his businesse more private to carry.

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

*Hob Marley* in silence did suffer the losse  
Of his *Rump*, and with patience took up the Crosse;  
That to see him so findg'd and so scorcht you would  
Swear,  
No *Camell* more meekly his burden could bear.

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

*St. John* a mortall 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. John's* Revelation.

He hath a great kindnesse for that *Saint*, not because of his  
*Key*, (which he knows he shall never make use of) but in refer-  
 ence to *Peterborough* Minster, the stones of which built his new  
 House.

*Harry Nevill* that looks like a *Mahomet's* Pidgeon;  
 Accused to be of a *State-man's* Religion,  
 Is left to his choice what Proesse he'll have,  
 To be burnt for an *Atheist*, or hang'd for a *Knave*?

Now stop thy nose, *Reader*, for *Atkiss* does come,  
 That shame to the *Breeches* as well as the *Bum*:  
 To wish he were burnt were an idle desire,  
 For he comes provided to shite out the fire.

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

20. 25

Poet *Lullum* was hogg'd in *Richard* of late  
And to purge himself came on the *Rump* of the Stage  
But gravely they told him he had acted amiss  
When he sought to betray the *Rump* with a kiss

21. 25

*Ned Harby* was sure on herbs *Jub* in the pot  
Yet could he not escape the dyssiferous lot  
Scarce Church'd of the *Govt* was the party old  
But he hopt from the frying-pan into the fire

22. 25

*Robin Andrews* was laid on his side  
For a Log to keep down the rest of his fellows  
Though he spent on the City like one of the Rovers  
Each morning his two-pence in Sack & in Oysters

\* Some Authors hold it was but three half-pence, but poetry will  
Though despis'd by the world to bear up the train  
But since new lists to long he did run

Next *Praise-God* although of the *Rump* he was  
Was for his Petition burnt to the *Base-bone* (bone,  
So *Praise-God* and *Rump* like true *Josephs* together,  
Did suffer; but *Praise-God* lost the more \* *Leather*.

Courteous Reader, he is a *Leather-seller*.

There's *Lanlan* another dog-look of the Tail  
That the fire to avoid to the water did sail;  
And in godly simplicity means (as they say)  
To manage the Stern, though the *Rump's* out of play.

25.

But *Quenton* most with wonder doth seize us,  
By securing of *Full* for no less than *Christ Jesus*,  
He ping (as it by the story appears)  
To be there his *Lieutenant* for one thousand years.

26.

Lord *Manson*? Oh *Vendo*! what do you hear?  
I little thought you were a *Rumper*. I swear:  
But all impotent Lord will thus far avail,  
He will serve for a cloak to cover the tail.

27.

To burnish his *Star* *Mr. Salsbery*'s come,  
With the *Atom* of gold that fall from the *Burn*,  
Sure 'twas but a *Meteor*, for I must tell ye,  
It smells as sweet as the *Alderman's jelly*.

28.

Brother *Pembrook* comes last, and does not disdain,  
Though 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.

29.

Thus the *Foxes* of *Sumpson* that carried a *Brand*  
In their tails, to destroy and to burn up the Land;  
In the flames they had kindled themselves do expire,  
And the *Dee* I give them *brimstone* into their fire.

# RUMP RAMPANT,

## The sweet Old Cause in fippits:

Set out by Sir T. A. Perfumer to his late

Highness.

To the Tune of, *Must Parliament sit as long as we eat.*

**I**n the name of the King, what the Rump up agin!  
The Delt, and the good old cause!  
If they setle agin, which to think were a sin,  
Good night to Religion and Laws.

First, Tithes must go down like a sprig of the Crown,  
Although John Presbyter grumble  
Already they tell's our Lead and our Bells  
They'll sell, next our Churches must rumble.

This poor English Nation, by this Generation  
Hath been griev'd in years and more,  
But in that season, and nos without reason,  
They ha' dices been turn'd one of door.

(do worse;  
Which they please to call *Proteger* themselves call  
For this Parcel of a House

Dare keep out of door, thrice as many more,  
And value the Law not a Louse.

(set:

First by Owl-light they met, and by that light they  
The reason of it mark;  
Their acts and the lights, do differ quite,  
Their deeds do best with the dark.

Esquire *Zenthall* had swore, he'd sit there no more,  
Unlesse in with Oxen they drew him; (two,  
That he once might speak true, they pick'd him out  
Sent *Pembroke* and *Salisbury* to him.

(act

When these Gamsters were pack'd, the first gracious  
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, (See,  
T' one another they're so free, that the Nation do  
They're too free for us to be fat.

Religion they woy'd, now they had us enslav'd  
And got us sure in their Claw;  
They puld off their mask, and fann'd our task,  
Which is next to make Brick without Straw.

The next Act they made, was for helping of Trade,  
So they setled again the Excise,

Which

Which the City must pay, for ever and aye,  
Yet might have chose had they been wite.

To pull down their King, their plate they could bring,  
And other precious things,  
So that *Sedgwick* and *Peters*, were no small getten  
By their *Bodkins*, *Thimbles*, and *Rings*.

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

They had manacled their hands, with King's and Bi-  
And ruin'd the whole Nation,  
So that no body cares, though they and their heirs  
Be Comute to the third generation.

May their wives on them frown, I but laugh and be  
To any one else turn up Trumpe,  
To mend the breed, as I think there is need,  
Be rid like their men by the Rump.

And may these wife *Sophies* pay again for their  
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.

Will become a Knight of the Garter

# THE RUMP DOCKT.

**T**ill it be understood  
What's under *Mad Jack's hood*,  
The *City* dare not show his horns;

Till ten days be our,  
The *Speaker's* sick of the *Court*,  
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 *Dial* and *Harry*.

Then in come the *Lords*,  
Who drew *Parliament's* words  
With *Robes* lined through with *Ermin*,

But *Peers* without *Kings*,  
Are very uselesse things,  
And their *Lordships* do but *Vermin*.

Now *starve* and *Fagg*,  
Maybe put in a *Dagg*,  
And that doughty man, *Sir Arthur*,

In despair for his *Foil*,  
With *Alderman Hoyle*,  
Will become a *Knight of the Garter*.

That



That Knave in Grain, And what may you want  
being come of the good  
 Sir Harry Vane, That ever did  
The Rump let a fair  
 His case than most men's is sadder  
 There is little hope  
 He can scape the Rope, Which took away his heart  
And made him blind  
 For the Rump turn'd him o're the Ladder

That pretious Saint Scot His Chastity glory  
is a principli honoy  
 Shall not be forgot,  
 According to his own desire, There the saintes  
But now we weep and his Tears  
 Instead of Neck-verse,  
 He shall have writ on his Herse, Have driven him into  
As he did & took his  
 Here hangs one of the Kings Rivers

Those nine sons of Mars For the rest of the Rump  
Together in a hurry  
 That whipt the Rump's Arse,  
 I mean the Commanders warlike, It is too late to  
Ye have find all or most  
 If the Rump smell too strong  
 With hanging too long, Against the holy Ghost  
And therefore  
 Shall serve to stink it with Garlick.

That parcell of Man, But now vsain City  
Whether must thy Ducky  
 In length but a span,  
 Whose wife's eggs always are laid, Be hung in Vain  
For fill the Rump trunk  
 Must quit the Life-guard,  
 As he did when skar'd, For fear of  
The Rump's dust  
 By Lambert out of the saddle.

Lambert now may turn Florist,  
 Being come of the poorest  
 That ever did man of the Sword  
 The Rump lett a fart  
 Which took away his heart,  
 And made him a Squire of a Lord.

His *Cheshire* glory  
 Is a pittifull story,  
 There the Saints triumph'd without Battle;  
 But now *Monck* and his Friers  
 Have driven him into the Briars,  
 As he did *Booth* and his Cattle.

For the rest of the Rump,  
 Together in a lump,  
 'Tis too late to cry *Pearce*,  
 Ye have sinn'd all or most  
 Against the holy Ghost,  
 And therefore the Devill must have ye.

But now valiaht 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 pole.

Base Cowards and Knaves,  
 That first made us slaves,  
 Very Rascals from the beginning;  
 Only unto *Monck's* sword  
 The Nation must afford  
 The Honour of bringing the King in.

# A NEW-YEAR-GIFT

## For the RUMP.

**Y**OU may have heard of the *Politique Snout*,  
 Or a *Tale of a Tub*, with the bottom out,  
 But scarce of a *Parliament* in a *spitten 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*;  
*Sr. Vane* bless'd the *Creature*: *Noll* snuffed, and *Bluster'd*.  
*which no body can deny.*  
 The *Right* was as then, in *Old Oliver's 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 *Money* there's none.  
*which no body can deny.*  
 The *Secluded Members* made a *Trial*

To Enter, but them the *Rump* did defy all,  
By the Ordinance of Self denial,

Our Politique Doctors do us Teach,  
That a Blood-sucking Red-coat's as good as a Leech,  
To Relieve the Head, if appl'd to the Breach,

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,

*Ludlow's Fart*, was a Propetique Trump:

(There never was any thing so Jump)

'Twas the very Type of a vote of this *Rump*,

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.

The Reason is worse, though the Rime be Untoward,

When things proceed with the wrong end For-  
ward,

But they say there's sad news to the *Rump* from the  
Nor'ward.

'Tis a wonderfull thing the strength of that Part,

At a Blast, it will take you a Team from a Cart;

And Blow a mans Head away with a Fart.

When our Brains are Sunck below the Middle,

And

And our Consciencæ steer'd by the hey Down-Diddle,  
Then things will go round without a Fiddle.

You may Order the City with a Hand-Granade,  
Or the Generall with a Bastonado,  
But no way for a Rump like a Carbonado,

To make us as famous in Councill, as wars,  
Here's Lerthal, a Speaker for mine ———  
And Fleetwood is a man of Mars.

'Tis pittie that Nedham's fall'n into Disgrace,  
For he orders a Bumme with a marvellous Grace,  
And ought to attend the Rump by his Place.

Yet this in spight of all Dyfasters,  
Although he hath Broken the Heads of his Masters,  
'Tis still his Profession, to give 'em all Plasters.

Let 'em cry down the Pope, till their Throats are  
fore,

Their design was to bring him in at the Back-door:  
For the Rump ha's a mind to the scarlet whore.

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

They talk that Lambert is like to be try'd,  
For 1 reason, and Buggery beside,

Because that he did the Rump beside,  
*which no body can deny.*

The Rump's an old story if well understood,  
 'Tis a thing dress'd up in a Parliament's Hood,  
 And lik't, but the Tayl stands where the Head should,  
*which no body can deny.*

'T would make a man scratch where it does not itch,  
 To see forty fools heads in one politique Breech,  
 And that----- Hugging the Nation as the Devill did  
 the witch,

*which no body can deny.*  
 From rotten Members preserve our Weves,  
 From the mercy of a Rump, our Estates and our Lives:  
 For they must needs go whom the Devill drives,  
*which no body can deny.*

## The Re-Resurrection of the R11MP:

Or, Rebellion and Tyranny reviv'd.

The third Edition. *To the Tune of the Blacksmith.*

I F none be offended with the Sent,  
 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 *Fabe Shore*, and a *Rump* *Messaleen*,

And a *Rump* had *Anthony's* 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 passe 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'l borrow the Devil's Coat of Mail,  
 And all to defend their Estate in Tail;

which nobody can deny.  
 But though their Scale now seema to be the Upper,

Ther's no need of the charge of a Thanksgiving Supper  
 For if they be the *Rump*, the Army's their *Crupper*;

which no body can deny.  
 There

There's a saying belongs to the Rump, you won't find  
 Which is good, although it be worn to the stump,  
 That on the Buttocks I'll give thee a Thump,

*Which nobody can deny.*  
 There's a Proverb in which the Rump claims a part,  
 Which hath in it more of Sense than of Art,

That for all you can do I care not a Far,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

There's another Proverb gives the Rump for his Crest,  
 But Alderman Atkins made it a Jest,

That of all kind of Lucks, Shitten Luck is the best,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

There is another Proverb that never will fail,  
 That the good the Rump will do when they prevail,  
 Is to give us a flap with a Fox-tail,

*Which nobody can deny.*  
 There is a saying which is made by no fools,

I can never hear on't but my heart it cools,  
 That the Rump will spend all we have in Close-stools,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

There's an observation wise and deep,  
 Which without an Onyon will make me to weep,  
 That flies will blow maggots in the Rump of a sheep,

*Which nobody can deny.*  
 And some that can see the Wood from the Trees;

Say, This sanctifi'd Rump in time we may lese;  
 For the Cooks do challenge the Rumps for their fees,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

When the Rump doth sit we will make it our moan,  
 That a reason be'nacted if there be not one,

Why



Why a Fart hath a Toung 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 Jayl to the Burrough;  
 'Tis the Bran that is left, when the meal is run thro-  
 rough,  
*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 said on't,  
*Which no body can deny.*

*Flectere si nequeunt superos Acheronta movebunt.*

## A VINDICATION

Of the RUMP: or, the RUMP

RE-ADVANC'D.

To the Tune of, *Up Tails all.*

FULL many a Ballad hath been penn'd  
 and scoffing Poem writ  
 Against the RUMP; 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 found,  
 as tabering at her *B----*

It may be, you'll say, I'm wide of the case,  
 Since that Musick's made in a distant place,  
 I answer, The breadth of your thum.

When Alderman *Atkins* did bemarre  
 his Hose through a panick fear,

And Captain *Rea*, that Man of Warr :

Oh! what a Hogo was there ?

If you ask me, What praise is 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 (Gown,  
 Although he hath purchas'd Fee-simple by th'  
 but loves to be dealing in Tail.

And I may well swear by *Apollo* or *Mars*,

That at a place called the *Oven's Aise*,

Of-times I have drunken 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 tail,

Each man with his Kan'kin of nappy brown Ale,  
doth box it about for the *RUMP*.

The *Rump* of a Cony I often have seen

most pittcoufely claw'd by a Ferret,

And a Capon's *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 Hobbs*,

And some, fiery *Pryn*: good wits will jump;

now I write not this to bob ye,

But onely to tell ye, that good Mr. *Pryn*,

For all 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 naked 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----

And I have been told  
 He might as well have styled him *Amo*,  
 since he was the mouth of the *Rump*,  
 As cunning a Fox as *Rome's Sejanus*;  
 but I do not love for to frump;  
 Or else I could tell ye, my friends, to an Ace,  
 What good can accrew to the Land by a Mace,  
 as long as the Knave's the greatest Trump!

Our zealous sticklers for Reformation  
 will edifie on the *Rump* of a sinner;  
 And it will never grow out of fashion  
 to physick the Tail with a Glisten.  
 But beware that *Monck* doth not come with a bitter  
 Purge to our *Rump*, which will make her besmirch her,  
 for she hath already bepist her.

R U M P A T U R

The other day I was going in haste,  
 (to think on it gives me my heart)  
 I saw a poor fellow all naked to the waist,  
 and winding at the Ale or a Cart;  
 I know not what it was, but I would  
 as to call Mr. Speaker Sir F...

THE

# THE RUMP ULULANT,

OF  
**PENITENCE** FOR **FORCE**;

Being the **Recantation** of the old rusty-  
rogue-rebellious-rampant, And now ruinous,  
rotten-rosted **R. U. M. P.**

To the Tune of *Gerrards Mistresse.*

**F**arewell  
False Honours, and usurped Power 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' unmask'd People hiss us out of Doors,  
And call us Knaves,

Because though we, Their Servants be,  
We made them but our Slaves.  
For since

We laid the Country wast like ravenous Bores,  
They seek our Bloods,  
Because we prize their Liberties,  
But to devour their Goods.

Our Hands

We dip'd in Royall Blood, to save his Lands  
At our Commands,

And made three Kingdoms headless at one Blow,

The Strife

We caus'd was chiefly to cut off his Life,

With a cursed Knife

He that was Vertue's Friend, must be our Foe:

We 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 A-

Begins our Grief,

Our friend the Devil, with his Evil,

Can give us no Relief,

Go search

All Lands beneath the Sun's Star-spangled

You'll find no Church

Like ours, whilst Reverend BISHOPS held the

But those

We knew with our designs would never close;

And therefore chose

In their steads to set up *Extempore*-Prayer.

Poach'd eyes

(Sturer's Nose,

And words swag'd through a whining Le-

Did fill our Purles,

That

That many gave Rings, and better Things,  
Which now give only Curses.

And thus

(Gleaze)

Hell was our Text, though Heav'n were our  
And Will our Reason,

Religion we made free of *Hocus* trade,  
And voted Loyalty Treason.

Since we

(Aec,

With wicked Arms have made the Crozier  
Error is free,

(Prize.

To lay her Nets, to make weak Minds her

All Sects,

Schisms, cursed Heresies with stubborn Necks,  
Corrupt our Texts,

(Lyes,

And Crave up Scripture to maintain their

You see

The Crop-car'd Anabaptist sowing Tares

In every Ground,

(are

Though the Plagues of War, wherever they

The Church and State Confound.

So do

The Roman Noses vend their Popish Wares,  
By Twylight still;

(sad,

And the Quaker half-mad, though he looks so  
Grinds in the Jesuites Mill.

Our Drums

(Plums,

Did drown your Proesse, and your Writs; our

Bid kisse our Bums,

We sent your 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 his 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 up the Pew,

Excis'd your Wares,

And tax'd you round, Six pence the Pound,

And massacred your Bears.

But now

Dispair's black elowds do hang upon our Brow,

For all do Bow,

Their Hearts; to their true Shepheard, *Charls*

And we

(their King)

Their Wolfish Rulers now must Subjects be

To Destiny,

And end our *Junos* in a fatal String.

Then learn

All future Traytors by our Tragick Doom,

E're 'tis too late ;

Left when you make, Kingdoms to shake,

You Copy out our Fate.

We



We know : *Not you won say but* **Our high affronts to Church and State make**  
**For Us in Hell;**  
 But yet We'l hope, till the **sad Rope**  
 Says, Bid the World **Farewell.**

*Pacit. Indignatio Versum.*

**The BREECH Wash'd, by a**  
**Friend to the RUMPS.**

**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 let it be lash'd & re and *over,*  
 While it lies *like a senseless top,*  
 'Twould make a *Man a whore,*  
 To see a *Tail* *and like a Top,*  
 Though a *Rump* *be a dangerous bit,*  
 And many a *Knave* *ruins mad wit,*  
 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: *We know*  
 I beseech you *what differs a woman*  
*From a thing that's all Tounge and Tail?*  
 Though a Rump, &c. *But yet*

The Charter we've sworn to defend,  
 And propagate the Cause.

What call you those of the Rump-end

But *Fundamentall Laws?*

The Case is as clear as the day,

There had been no reformation,

If the Rump had not claw'd it away,

You had had no Propagation.

Though a Rump, &c. *Thought*

As a Body's the better for a Purge,

Tho' the guts may be troubled with gripes,

So the Nation will mend with a scourge,

Tho' the Tail may be sick of the stripes,

Ill humours to conveigh,

When the State hath taken a Loofnesse,

(Who can hold what will away)

The Rump must do the buisnesse,

Tho' a Rump, &c. *But*

The bold Cavalier in the Field,

That laughs at your sword and Gun-shot,

An Ordinance makes him to yield,

And he's glad to turn Tail to Bumsbot.

Old Oliver was a Teazer,

And waged war with the Slumps,

But

But *Alexander and Caesar*  
 Did both submit to the *Rump*.  
 Tho' a *Rump*, &c.

Let no man be further misled  
 By an Error 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 *Tippet*,  
 When he kneels to *Administer* ;  
 Says--- A *Rump* with *Skippon's sippits*  
 Is a *Dish* for a *Holy Sister*.  
 Tho' a *Rump*, &c.

Through *pride of Flesh* or *State*,  
*Poor Souls* are overtrown :  
 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.  
 Tho' 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 *King's Evil*,

Wash the Members as sweet as Nurs  
 And then throw them all to the Devil.  
 Though a Rump be a dangerous Bit,  
 And many a Knave runs mad on't ;  
 Tet verily, as it may hit  
 An honest man may be glad on't.

---

St. George for  
**E N G L A N D.**  
 To the Tune of *Cook Laurel.*

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

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

(*Kent* ?

But why should this Rump deal so roughly with  
 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

'Tis much disputed who Antichrist is ;  
 I think 'tis this Rump ; nor am I in jest ;  
 For indeed, although of the Number it misse,  
 Of this I am sure, 't has the mark of the Beast.

I cannot believe that our Generall *Monck*  
 Intends to protect it, he'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 you do't  
 And make the poor Devill his stationship 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 well may fear it,  
 'Tis enough to infect both his Horse and his Foot.

Nor would I wish him to come to *White-hall*,  
 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 you fought for the King,  
 And the Cause was good, though you did not prevail.  
 O let not the Boys 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 thy 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* shall come by thy Valour and Might,  
 In that brave exploit thou'lt have more to brag on,  
 Than 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 *King* and *Lords* there none can be,  
 'Twill be but a Rump of a bigger size.

You know how to do it, & need 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 Parliament-Complement,  
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 lasht with our own rod,  
And have bow'd our selves down at a Tyrant's nod,  
*which no body can deny.*

We 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 no body can deny.*

We have seen what we hope, we shall ne're see agin,  
Now *Lambert* and *Desbrow* are snar'd in the gin,  
The Tail cunningly pieced unto the Skin,  
*Which no body can deny.*

A Sword that has frighted our Laws out of dore,  
A Back-sword I wot, that must cut so no more,  
Byth' Honour of *Monck*, now quitting that score,  
*Which no body can deny.*

A Vote lately called, The judgment of th' house,  
To be esteem'd and repured not worth a Louse,  
And the Grandee of *Portsmouth* made a fine Chouse,  
*Which no body can deny.*

We have seen an Assessement, a Thing for Taxes,  
Though the Common-wealth waine, the Private  
waxes: D Swords

Swords into Plowshares, and such bills to axes,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

Another new story of Qualification,  
 That belong'd to no honest man of the Nation,  
 Like the ill contriv'd Authors, quite of Fashion.

*which no body can deny.*

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 no body can deny.*

To fill up the Houle, 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 no body can deny.*

I wonder who payes the late Parliament Printers,  
 That place they may hold as many Summers as Win-  
 ters,

And with their Presses were broken in splinters.

*Which no body can deny.*

A great many Traytors by them lately made,  
 Makes Treason be thought a common Trade,  
 Sir George Booth, and Jack Lambert, a while in the  
 shade.

*Which no body can deny.*

We shall now sure give over that word Sequester,  
 Now the Tail is cured of their ranckling fester,  
 The twentieth of April is much about Easter,

*Which no body can deny.*

How many Thanks of the Houle have been idely  
 spent

Upon



Upon People that still have been male-content,  
 But they must fast from those dainties in this striving  
 Lent.

*which no body can deny.*

That honorable 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 no body can deny.*

Then room for our Prisoners detain'd in the Tower  
 And away with the new Lieutenant's power,  
 Who's minting the widdowed good old cause's  
 Dower,

*which no body can deny.*

Sir George Booth, shall not think this is a hit of fate,  
 Nor excuse his keeper, whose warrant's out of date,  
 We shall see them all cry *Peccavi* too late,

*which no body can deny.*

Eleven years mischiefs, tumults and rage,  
 Are the onely memorialls of this Common-wealth's  
 age,

And all to be thank't, be *Hazelrigg* the sage,

*which no body can deny.*

Let our Liberty-keepers be chang'd to Restorer,  
 Let our Peace carry Truth and Duty before her,  
 He's a Fool and a Knave that else will adore her,

*which no body can deny.*

This *Janu*-like Freedom, though it please not us all  
 And averily doth look on the Scepter and Ball  
 Will shut up its Temple at next Common-Hall,

*which no body can deny.*

Then let's pray to great *Jove*, that made *Monck* so  
 To our desperate estate, to put him in mind, (kind  
 With the rest of our *Worthies*, of the *Great Thing*  
 behind, *Which nobody can deny.*

---

A Proper New **BALLAD** of the  
*Devill's Arse a Peak*, or *Satan's* Beastly  
 place. Cr, in plain tearms, of the  
*Posteriors* and *Fag-end* of a  
**LONG-PARLIAMENT.**

To be said or sung very comfortably.  
 To the Tune of, *Cook Lawrell.*

**O** Foolish *Britannicks*, 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, *Noll's* paunch could never  
 For it put him still to his dumps; (brook,  
 And though full-meals of Hell-broth he oft took,  
 Yet alwas he spew'd out the Rumps.

Till *Lambert* the Knave, and *Fleetwood* the Fool,  
 (Though *Dick* perswaded them from it)

Did over-turn the Devill's Close-stool,  
And, like Dogs, return to their Vomit.

No sooner the Council-Table was spread  
With many a vomited gull;  
But the Army grew squeazy, and turned their head,  
For they soon had their belly full.

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

Their Sirreverence was for a while out of sight,  
Till *whettam* began to deplore 'em,  
And *Arthur* the Knight of the Spur, a bold Wight,  
The Rump of a Rump did restore 'em.

Then a pox light on the pittifull Rump,  
That a third time above-board vapers,  
Which old *Nick* blew out, but now turns up Trump,  
As *Joan* farted in and out Tapers.

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

Away then ye pittifull Citizen-slaves,  
Who let such enormities passe;

Were you but true men, or not 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 *white-hall* at least to the *Tower*.

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

Then pluck up your *Spirits*, and draw out your  
'Tis force that must onely prevail, (Swords,  
We have long enough stood out in bare words,  
Let's now make a Rod for their Tail.

Then *Vive le Roy* let's merrily sing;  
Can any man well in his wits,  
Think worser of *Charls* 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 *CHARLS* had his *Heritage* won.

For Swearing, Sacrilege, Murder, and Lies,  
*KING*-killing, Hypocritie, Cheats;

They

They make no more of these sins than of Flies,  
HELLE is almost out-damn'd 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 trueneffe of Monck.

Heaven bless our good Sovereign, the best of all men,  
Let the KING of our Hearts be Trump,  
That peace and prosperity may come again,  
Squire Dun and old Nick take the Rump.

Then let the Knaves shuffle three Kingdoms a while,  
Till each Cur at his fellow snarls ;  
Ere long they will out, and after the broyl,  
The dealing must fall to KING Charles.

This Flap with a Fox-tail shall have the same lot,  
That unhors'd his Tumble-down Highnesse ;  
For since the rest of the Members are not,  
The Rump must shortly have FINIS.

D 4

Bum-

Bum-Fodder, or Wast-Paper,  
 proper to wipe the Nation's RUMP  
 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 Parliament's Arse,  
*which no body can deny.*

If this should prove true (as we do suppose)  
 'Tis such a wipe as the RUMP and all's foes,  
 Could never give to old Oliver's Nose,  
*which, &c.*

There's a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,  
 When the Head shall see the RUMP all be-shit,  
 Sure this must prove a most lucky hit,  
*which, &c.*

There's another Proverb which every Noddy  
 Will jeer the RUMP 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 twir'd,  
 And through much sad confusions hurl'd,

And

And now we art 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 RUMP 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 mump  
 VVith your pocky, perjur'd, damn'd old RUMP,  
*which, &c.*

But what doth *Rebell-Rump* make here,  
 VVhen their proper place (as *VVill. Pryn* doth swear)  
 Is at the Devill's Arse in *Derbyshire*,  
*VVhich, &c.*

Then thither let us send them a tilt,  
 For if they stay longer, they will us beguilt  
 VVith a Government that is loose in the hilt,  
*VVhich, &c.*

You'll find it set down in *Harrington's* Moddle,  
 VVhose brains a *Common-wealth* do so Coddle,  
 That t'as made a Rotation in his Noddle,  
*VVhich, &c.*

'Tis a pittifull pass you men of the Sword  
 Have brought your selves to, that the Rump's your  
 And *Arse-Versie* must be the word, (Lord;  
*VVhich, &c.*

Our powder and shot you did freely spend,  
 That the Head you might from the Body rend,  
 And now you are at us with the But-end,  
*VVhich, &c.*

Old *Martin* and *Scot* have still such an itch,  
 That they will with the *Rump* try t'other twitch,  
 And *Lenthal* can greafe a fat Sow in the Brich,  
 Which, &c.

That's a thing that would please the Butchers and  
 Cooks,

To see this stinking *Rump* quite off the hooks,  
 And *Jack-daw* go to pot with the *Rooks*,  
 Which, &c.

This forward *Sir John* (who the *Rump* did ne're fail)  
 Against *Charls Stewart* in a speech did rail,  
 But men say it was without head or tail,  
 Which, &c.

Just such is the Government we live under,  
 Of a Parliament thrice cut in sunder;  
 And this hath made us the world's wonder,  
 Which, &c.

Old *Noll* when we talk'd 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 can't think *Monck* (though a Soldier and Slo-  
 To be kin to the Fiend whose feet are cloven, (ven)  
 Nor will creep i th *Rump's* ale 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 & 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 up on this floor  
There was something behind, which was not before  
But he'd give Sir Harts bones to save his skin

# A HYMN To the Gentle Craft, Or, Hensons Lamentation.

To the Tune of the *Blind Beggar*

**L**isten a while to what I shall say  
Of a **Blind** Cobler that's gone astray  
Out of the Parliaments **Slip** way  
His name you know well **His** name  
Whom I intend to set my Muse on,  
As great a **Warrior** as **you** know  
He'd now give all the **horses** in his **stall**  
The Parliaments **fury** for to stop,  
Whip Cobler like any **Tow**-**top**,  
He hath been in many a **bloody** **field**,  
And a **successful** sword did wield,  
But now at last is forced to **yield**,  
**Oliver** made him a famous **Lord**  
That he forgot his **Cutting** **Bord**,

But

But now his Thred's twisted to a Cord,  
*Good people, &c.*

*Crispin* and he were neer 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 warlike valiant feats,  
 Of his Calves leather, and his Neats,  
 Let him speak 'um himself when he repeats,  
*Good people, &c.*

I'll only mention one exploit,  
 For which when he begs, Ile 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 the Army as a Cow's 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 wel-favouredly greet,  
*Good people, &c.*

Bears do agree with their own kind,  
 But he was of such a cruell mind,  
 He kild his brother *Cob.* before he had din'd,  
*Good people, &c.*

He

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* nobly 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's gone 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 in some Countrey-Town,  
 And company 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,  
 Ther's no more to be said of an old Toast,

*Good people, &c.*

Sing Hi Ho *Hewson*, the State ne're went upright,  
 Since Coblers could Pray, Preach, Govern, and Fight,

VVe

We shall see what they'll do now you're out of Sight,  
The Capon-Citizens gain to I think

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

To the Tune of *Jenny's Carant*.

**H**Ave you not seen a *Bartholomew 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 no body can deny.*

He was taken for a *Delphick Triump*,  
Another doubt-resolving *Oedipus*,  
But the Parliament made him a very *Quibus*,  
*Which no body, &c.*

His cunning State-tricks and Oracles,  
His lying wonders and Miracles,  
Are turned into Parliament Shackles,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Goodly great *Sir Oresimus VANE*,  
The Anointed King of Saints not Reign?  
I see all Godliness is not Gain,  
*Which no body, &c.*

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

*Which no body, &c.*  
This holy Saint hath pray'd till he wept,  
Propheied and Divin'd while he slept,  
But fell in a T-- when aside he stept,

*Which no body, &c.*  
He sate late in the Mouse so discontent,  
With his Arms folded and his Brows bent,  
Like *Achitophel* to the Parliament,

*Which no body, &c.*  
He durst not speak of a Concubine,  
Nor gave more Counsell to any Design,  
But was muling on a Hempen Line,

*Which no body, &c.*  
He see Mr. *Prin* take a great deal of Pain,  
To get in with the rest as Members Again,  
But they were Voted as use-lesse as *VANE*,

*Which no body, &c.*  
They gave him a *Congee* with such a Vote;  
'Twas thought they had learned it by Rote,  
Ever since he went down to *Graves end* by Bote,

*which no body, &c.*  
For all his Cceremonious Cringing,  
He shall undergo a notable Swindging,  
There is now no more need of his Engine,

*which no body, &c.*  
VVhen first the English VVar began,  
His Father was a Court *Trepan*,

And

And 'role to be a Parliament Man,  
*which no body, &c.*

So from the Father came unto the Son,  
 V. Whom wo and misery now do wait upon,  
 For Counselling Protector *John,*

*which no body, &c.*

A *Gemini* they were, *Pollux* and *Castor*,  
 One was a Teacher the other a Pastor,  
 And both like R---betray'd their Master,

*which no body, &c.*

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

*which no body, &c.*

They talk't of his having a *Cardinall's Hat*,  
 They'd send him as soon an *Old Nun's Twar*,  
 For turning in pan there was ne're such a *Cat*,

*which no body, &c.*

His dainty project of a *Select Senate*,  
 Is *Damned* for a blasphemous *Tenet*, *(Bennet,*  
 T'was found in the budget, *( 'tis said )* of *Monck*

*which no-body, &c.*

Of this State and Kingdoms he is the *Bane*,  
 He shall have the reward of *Judas* and *Cain*,  
 And t'was he that overthrew *Charls* his *VVain*,

*which no body, &c.*

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

*Which no body can deny.*

*Chips*

Chippes of the Old Block ; or ,  
*Hercules* cleansing the *Ægean* Stable.

To the Tune of, *The Sword.*

I.

**N**ow you, 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:*

II.

*Lenthal's* the first of the Lump sure,  
 A *Fart,* and he may jump sure ;  
 For both do stink, and both we know , are Speakers  
 of the Rump sure.

III.

That Mine of fraud *Sir Artur,*  
 His Soul for Lands will barter ;  
 And if you ride to Hell in a Wayn, he's fit to make  
 your Carter.

IV.

*Sir Harry Vane,* God blesse us,  
 To Popery he would presse us ;  
 And for the Devill's dinner he, the *Roman* way would  
 dresse us.

V.

*Harry Martin* never mist-a,  
 To love the wanton twist-a ;

E

And

And lustfull Arctine's bawdy Leaves are his Evan-  
gelist-a.

## VI.

*Harry Nevill's* no V.Vigeon,  
His praistife truly Strygian  
Makes it a Master-piece of wit to be of no Religion.

## VII.

But my good Lord *Glyn* Man,  
Pride is a deadly sinne Man,  
Cots pluttera nails few Traitors be like you of all  
your kin Man.

## VIII.

If *Saint-John* be a Saint Sir,  
He hath a Devilish Taynt Sir,  
VWhile *Straffords* blood in Heavens High Court of  
Justice makes complaint Sir.

## IX.

Doctör *Palmer's* all day sleeping,  
And into his Heart ne're peeping,  
Tis ill he that neglects his own, should have All-  
souls in keeping.

## X

*Will. Bruerton's* a sinner,  
And, *Croyden* knowes, a Winner,  
But O take heed, lest he do eat the Rump all at one  
Dinner.

## XI.

*Robin Andrews* is a Miser,  
Of Coblers no despiser,



And could they vamp him a new head , perhaps he  
would be wiser.

## XII.

\* 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.

## XIII.

*Nich. 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.

## XIII.

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

## XV.

*Cornelius* thou wert a Link-boy,  
And born tis like, in a Sink boy,  
I'de tell thy Knavery to the World , but thy Pitch  
sticks in my ink, Boy.

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

But if you ask the Nation,  
Whence came his Elevation,

They say he was not rais'd by God, but by our in-  
undation.

## XVIII.

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 Bat-  
tle he should call men.

## XIX.

Perfidious *Whitlock* Ever,  
Hath mischief under's Beaver,  
And for his ends will put the World into a burning  
Feavour.

## XX.

*Asbely Comper* knew a Reason,  
That Treachery was in Season,  
When at the first he turn'd his coat from Loyalty to  
Treason.

## XXI.

And goury Master *Wallop*,  
Now thinks he hath the Ballop,  
But though he trotted to the Rump, hee'll run away  
a Gallop.

## XXII.

There's *Carew Ramleigh* by him,  
All good Men do despise him,  
And they that think him not a Knave, I wish they  
would but try him.

## XXIII.

*Luke Robinson* that Clownado,  
Though his heart be a Granado,

Yet a High-Shooc with his hands in's Poke, is his  
most perfect shadow.

## XXIII.

*Sa'oway* with Tobacco,  
Inspired, turn'd State Quacko ;  
And got more by his feigned zeal, then by his what  
de'e Lack ho.

## XXV.

But *VViddrington* how came you there ?  
A wise man and a true there !  
You are an *Athanasius* among a Knavish Crew there.

## XXVI.

But *Lisle* is half forgotten,  
Who oft is over shotten,  
For just like Harp and Gridiron, his Brains with  
Law do Cotten.

## XXVII.

Lord *Monson's* next the Bencher,  
Who waited with a Trencher,  
How his tayl is jek'd at home and abroad, for he's a  
feeble Weneher.

## XXVIII.

We hear from Sir *John Lenthal*,  
Though this gouty Lord hath spent all,  
His Rump's plac'd wrong, but 'tis his face, that is  
right fundamentall.

## XXIX.

What Knaves are more to be vext Sirs,  
You'l here when I sing next Sirs,

For now my Muse is tir'd with this abominable Text  
Sirs.

*Ridentem dicere verum, Quid vetat ?*

**A PSALM** sung by the *People*,  
before the Bone-Fires, made in and about  
the City of *London*, on the 11th. of *February*.

To the Tune of, *Vp tails all*.

**C**ome 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 roast it at Hell for its grease,

Let the Divell 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 Arms, Spits are left,

Where

Whereon the *Rump* we will roast ;  
Wee'l prick it in the Tail,  
And bast it with a Flayl,  
Till it stink like a Cole-burnt Toast.

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

VVe will not be mockt  
This *Rump* hath been dock't,  
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,  
VWith this *Rump* to the fire,  
Get *Harrington's Rota* to turn it ;  
If paper be lack't,  
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 care

It sings, do ye hear  
 'Tis enough, come quickly the Platter.

Lay Trenchers and C'oth,  
 And away bring the Broth,

Did the Divil 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?  
 VVill you none of our chear?

Are ye of such a squeamish nature?  
 Pray what is your 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 Funerall pile,

The Grave shall be under the Gallowes;  
 The Vane shall be th' scull,

Of some Trayterous Fool,  
 And the Epitaph shall be as follows.

Under

*Underneath these Stones*

*A Rump-Corporate's bones,*

*Are laid full low in a sink,*

*And we do implore yee*

*Let them rest, for the more yee*

*Do stir them, the more they will Stink.*

# L O N D O N ' S

true Character.

To the Tune of, *Cuckolds all-a-Row.*

**Y**OU Coward-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 shames would 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 clogg your heels,

That now you cannot stirr, where as

else, you would Run on Wheels:

But yet I hope a time will come,

when you shall be made know,

And told to your faces, that you are  
*Cuckolds all-a-Row.*

But yet for one most Reverend Act,  
you are to be commended ;  
That through your Rams-head zeal you have  
your Brother *R U M P* befriended,  
To seat them in the *Parliament-house*,  
their *Wifedomes* forth to show ;  
But they (and you) are all a-like,  
*Cuckolds all-a-Row.*

Yet I advise you, set this *Rump*  
in Salt, for fear of Stinking ;  
'Twill fall unto the Devil's share,  
because 'tis his by drinking :  
In spite of all their *Acts*, and *Laws* ;  
Hee'l carry them down below ;  
Then *Hell*, and *City*, like to like,  
*Cuckolds all-a-Row.*

I doubt, your *Lambert* is undone,  
and now he may go Preach ;  
For 'tis the *English all-a-moad*,  
for every Rogue to Teach :  
Hee'l Nois it bravely in a Tub,  
to let the *City* know  
That they'l be Damn'd, unless they Dipp,  
*Cuckolds all-a-Row.*



But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now,  
 his Honour's worn to the Stump ;  
 Hee'l serve Ambassador to *Hell*,  
 to make way for the *Rump*.  
 And thus *King-killers*, one by one  
 will to the Devill go,  
 Upon the City Asses backs, like  
*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 Horns hang in your light :  
 No 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 doe a glorious thing ;  
 Which is, to Rowse and take your Armes.  
 and Fight for *Charls* your King :  
 Which Act your Credits will regain,  
 and all the World shall know  
 That you no more, shall then be call'd  
*Cuckolds all-a-Row*.

A Display of the Headpiece and  
 Codpiece Valour, of the most Re-  
 nowned, Colonel Robert *Fermy*, late of  
*Basfield* 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.

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

A sanctifi'd Colonel in beaten *Buff*,  
 With a *Scarlet* Jump that's *Cudgel-proof*;  
 And his son <sup>b</sup>*Crowland* Coward of the self-same stuff,  
 Who got the wench big with young. *Probatum est.*

<sup>a</sup> *Cudgell'd* by Mr. *Armiger* at *Wells* in *Norfolk*, *Novemb. 4. 1654.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ran away six miles at Crowland Siege, and ne're lookt behind him.*

He's a journey-man Souldier to the State's Army,  
 And 'tis in his terms, When you fight you must  
 spare me:

**A** So runs the Commission of Colonel *Fermy*,  
 'If I be informed true.

Upon

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 cruell man,  
Let's give the Devill his due.

To sacrifice to his fears and his pride, (try'd  
He caus'd a Church-Champion be murder'd and  
By the Judge of his name, and the Rope on his side;  
'Tis pittie they ever were parted.

*c He caus'd Parson Cooper to be hang'd by Judge Jermy, for fear he  
should beat him.*

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 <sup>d</sup> Risen he had not the luck to speed;  
Yet some other place may have very great need,  
If the Devill release but his hire.

*d He corrupted twenty free Burghers at Risen, to give their Votes for  
him in the last Election for Parliaments.*

So dear was his love that he 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.

*e He hired 100 men to come with him from Lyn with swords and guns,  
for fear Mr. Howard and his two men should beat him.*

How the Sailers did hollow and throw up their hats,  
 And the men with wide mouthes that us'd to cry  
 Sprats ;

But the brave spark of *Arundel* made them look like  
 drown'd Rats,

When he <sup>f</sup> humbled *Tom Toll* for his sin.

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

That high-born Hero had cudgel'd their Swords,  
 Had they not almost expir'd at his words ;  
 But the whole designe was not worth two half-turds,  
 Though you throw the <sup>g</sup> three Justices in.

*g Justice Cremar, Justice Peddar, and Justice Life.*

In his last good service he <sup>h</sup> 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.

*h He took the City of Norwich when the Gates were open, and no  
 opposition.*

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 <sup>i</sup> back dore,  
 As becomes a right modest man.

*i Mrs. Foxe's back dore.*

When they entered the Town they beleagur'd the  
 Mayor,  
 And with wonderfull courage they storm'd the  
 Chair ;

But

But they soon were all foul, and ran very fair,  
As if they'd been bred for the Course.

For the <sup>k</sup> Bells were rung backward, as he says his  
prayers, (stairs,  
And his head went forward with his haste down the  
Like a man of dispatch in the State-affairs,  
Thank Fortune it was no worse.

*k 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.*

'Tis much to be wonder'd he should leave the Rump,  
Though his love to that end has receiv'd a Law-  
But that is his god what ever is Trump; (frump,  
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 <sup>k</sup> Butler was his guide,  
That they are both blown down the wind.

*k Jermy's Chaplain, that prays, and swears, and fights, and lies for  
him in ordinary.*

Yet that would be thought a true <sup>m</sup> English-man,  
Let him make true Latine if he can;  
Yet learned mens lives this Rascall will scan,  
And when he has done it deny it.

*m Let us shew our selves true English-men, is his usual saying.*

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

When the Nation was Jaded with a <sup>m</sup> Quaker,  
 This *Fippoe* for-looth was a great undertaker,  
 And amongst other Trades a Justice-maker,  
<sup>m</sup> *Brewer, Tirrell, and Gaffer Life.*

*m* He that drauck so much *Asses* milk, as, without the Parliament's  
 mercy, he is like to be a fool for ever.

*n* Two Iustices in Norfolk.

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

I thought this Colonel would fail,  
 When he was upon his Codpiece-bail,  
 He got such a flap with a Fox tail,  
 As more at large in your <sup>o</sup> Box, Sir.

*o* *Master Armiger* hath the exemplification of a Verdict in a Box,  
 wherein *Jermy's* baudery with *Foxe's* wife, is set forth.

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

And

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 himselfe upon this disgrace,  
 'Tis One to a Thousand hee'l bear us.

## A New BALLAD,

To an Old Tune, *Tom of Bedlam.*

**M**ake room for an honest Red-coat,  
 (And that you'l 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,  
 Ne'r 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 goes along with't,  
 When the Georges are frown,  
 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 Biscop,  
to Nostrils pure may be Loathsom,  
Yet many there are,  
That agree with the Mayor,  
That their Lands are wondrous toothsom.  
Then away, &c.

When our Masters are Poor, we leave 'em,  
'Tis the Golden Calf we bow to:  
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 turn'd the King out;  
The Lords, next: then, the Commons:  
'Twas that kept up Null,  
Till the Devil fetch'd his Soul;  
And then it set the Bum off,  
Then away, &c.



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

When the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop*,  
 And the *Shreeves* cry, *God save 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*,  
 Wee'l fit you with *Boys* :  
 ('Tis the *Doctrine* of \* *Hugh's Epistles*.)  
 Then away, &c.

\* To the *Butchers Wife*.

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewels*,  
 You must be next 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 *Sir*.  
 Then away, &c.

*Sir Arthur* vow'd, hee'l treat 'm,  
 Far worse than the men of *Chester*:  
 He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,  
 But he was nothing so *Low'd*  
 when he lay in the ditch at *Lester*.  
 Then away, &c.

The *Lord* hath left *John Lambert*,  
 And the *Spirit, Feak's 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 out the work  
 Of the *Glorious Kirk*,  
 Our *Brethren* march apace too.  
 Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men* wrangle,  
 Let the *Rump-riden Nation* bite on't,

There

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* w'out supply us,  
 With *Money, Food, and Clothing* :  
 Let the *State* look to't,  
 Wee'l find one that will do't,  
 Let him *Live*, — wee'l not damn for nothing.  
 Then away with the *Laws*,  
 And the *Good old Cause*,  
 Ne're 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*.

---

**A Relation of a Quaker, that, to  
 the shame of his profession, attempted  
 to Bugger a Mare near Colchester.**

**A**ll in the land of *Essex*,  
 Near *Colchester* the zealous,  
 On the side of a *Bank*  
 Was plaid such a *prank*  
 As would make a *Stone-horse* jealous.

Help *Woodcock, Fox, and Nailer*,  
 For brother *Green's* a Stallion;  
 Now alas what hope  
 Of converting the Pope,  
 VVhen a Quaker turns *Italian*.

Unto our whole profession,  
 A scandall 'twill be counted,  
 VVhen 'tis talk'd with disdain,  
 Amongst the profane,  
 How Brother *Green* was mounted.

And in the good time of *Christmas*,  
 Which though the Saints have damn'd all,  
 Yet when did they hear  
 Of a damn'd Cavalier  
 E're plaid such a *Christmas* Gamball?

Had thy *Beef, or Cow*, been pump'd  
 With any Cates unhallow'd;  
 Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums  
 With portage of plums;  
 Or prophane minc'd pie hadst swallow'd.

Roll'd up in wanton *Swinch* flesh,  
 The Fiend might have crept into thee;  
 Then fulness of gus  
 Might have made thee ruc,  
 And the devill so have rid through thee.

But alas, he had been feasted  
 With a spirituall Collation,  
 By our frugall Mayor,  
 Who can dine with a Prayer,  
 And sup with an Exhortation.

'Twas meer impulse of spirit,  
 Though he us'd the weapon carnall.  
 Filly Foal, quoth he,  
 My Bride thou shalt be:  
 Now how this is lawfull, learn all.

For if no respect of persons  
 Be due 'mongst the sons of *Adam*,  
 In a large extent  
 Then may it be meant,  
 That a *Mare's* as good as a *Maidam*.

Then without more Ceremony,  
 Nor Bonnet vail'd, nor *Kist* her,  
 He took her by force  
 For better for worse,  
 And he us'd her like a *Sister*.

Now when in such a *Saddle*  
 A *Saint* will needs be riding,  
 Though I dare not say  
 'Tis a falling away,  
 May there not be some back-sliding?

No surely, quoth *James Naylor*,  
 'Twas but an insurrection  
 Of the carnall part;  
 For a Quaker in heart  
 Can never lose Perfection.

For so our \*Masters teach us, *Hist. of Jesuitism.*  
 The intent being we'll directed;  
 Though the Devill trapan  
 The Adamicall man,  
 The Saint stands uninfected.

But yet a Pagan-Jury  
 Still judges what's intended;  
 Then say what we can,  
 Brother *Green's* outward man  
 I fear will be suspended.

And our Adopted Sister  
 Will find no better quarter;  
 But when him we Inroule  
 For a Saint, Filly Foal  
 Shall passe at least for a Martyr.

Now *Rome* that spirituall *Sodom*  
 No longer is thy debtor;  
 O *Colchester* now,  
 Who's *Sodom* but thou?  
 Even according to the Letter.

Help *woodcock, Fox, and Nailor,*  
 For Brother *Green's* a Stallion ;  
 Now alas what hope  
 Of converting the Pope ,  
 When a Quaker turns *Italian* ?

---

The Four-legg'd Quaker , To the  
 Tune of the Dog and Elder's Maid ;  
 Or, The Lady's fall.

**A**LL that have two or but one Ear,  
 ( I dare not tell ye half )  
 You of an *Essex* Colt shall hear  
 Will shame their very *Calf*.  
 In *Horsley* fields neer *Colchester*  
 A *Quaker* would turn Trooper ;  
 He caught a Foal and mounted her  
 ( O base ! ) below the Crupper.  
*Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,*  
*O send us Knives and Daggers !*  
*For if the Quakers be not gelt,*  
*Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

**RALPH GREEN,** ( it was this Varlet's name )  
 Of *Colchester* you'll swear,  
 For thence the *four-legg'd Elder* came,  
 Was ever such a Pair !

But

But though 'twas foul, 'twere *Swiss* and *Fine*,  
 Yet this is ten times worse,  
 For then a Dog did play the Man,  
 But Man now play'd the Horse.  
*Help, &c.*

The Owner of the Colt was nigh,  
 (Observing their Embrace)  
 And drawing nearer did espie  
 The *Quaker's* sorrowful Face  
 My Foal is ravish'd (then he cries,  
 And fiercely at him ran)  
 Thou Rogue, I'll have thee halter'd twice,  
 As Horse and eke as Man!  
*Help, &c.*

Ah Devill, do'st thou tremble? now  
 'Tis fore against thy will;  
 For Mares and preaching Ladies know  
 Thou hast a Colt's tooth fill:  
 But mine's not guilty of this *Foe*,  
 She was by thee compelled;  
 Poor thing, whom no man ever Backt,  
 Thou wickedly hast Bellied.  
*Help, &c.*

O Friend, (said *GREEN*, with sighs and groans)  
 Let this thy wrath appease!  
 (And gave him then eight new half-Crowns  
 To make him hold his peace)



The man reply'd, Though I for this  
 Conceal thy Hugger Muggger,  
 Do'st think it lawfull for a Piece  
 A filly Foal to Bugger?  
*Help, &c.*

The Master saw his Colt defil'd,  
 Which vext his soul with doubt;  
 For if his Filly prov'd with Child,  
 He knew all would come out:  
 Then he afresh began to rave,  
 (For all his Money-taking)  
 Neighbours, faith he, I took this Knave  
 I'th very act of *Quaking!*

*Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,  
 O send us Knives and Daggers!  
 For if the Quakers be not gelt,  
 Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)  
 They dragg'd him by the Mane,  
 They call'd him Beast, and call'd her Queen;  
 As if she had been *Jane*.  
 O stone him (all the Women cry'd)  
 Nay, Geld him (which is worse)  
 Who scorn'd us all and took a Bride  
 That's Daughter to a Horse!

*Help, &c.*

The Colt was silent all this while,  
 And therefore 'twas no Rape,

The

The Virgin-Foal he did beguile,  
 And so intends to escape.  
 For though he got her in a Ditch  
 Where she could not revolt,  
 Yet he had no *Scot'sb Spur* nor *Switch*  
 To ride the willing Colt.

*Help, &c.*

O *Essex, Essex, England's pride,*  
 Go burn this long-tail'd *Queen,*  
 For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,  
 It cannot wash thee clean!  
 'Tis not thy *Bleating Son's* complaints,  
 Hold forth such wanton courses,  
 Thy *Oysters* hint the very *Saints*  
 To horn the very *Horses.*

*Help, &c.*

Though they salute not in the street  
 (Because they are our *Masters*)  
 'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet  
 In *Meadows, Woods, and Pastures.*  
 But *Horf-men, Mare-men,* all and some  
 Who *Man and Beast* perplex,  
 Not only from *East-Horsley* come,  
 But from *West-Middle-Sex.*

*Help, &c.*

Alas you know by *Man's flesh* came  
 The *foul disease* to *Naples,*

And

And now we fear the very same  
 Is broke into our Stables;  
 For death hath stoln so many steeds  
 From Prince and Peer and Carrier,  
 That this new Murrain rather needs  
 A \* F A R R A R than a Farrier.

*Help, &c.*

\* Physician to the Earl of Pembroke, who is no Quaker nor Quacker.

Nay if this *GREEN* within the Walls  
 Of Colchester left forces,  
 Those Cavaliers were Caniballs,  
 Eating his human Horses!  
 But some make Man their *second course*,  
 (In cool Blood will not spare)  
 Who butcher Men and favour Horse  
 Will couple with a Mare.

*Help, &c.*

This *Centaur*, unquoth *Other* thing,  
 Will make a dreadfull Breach:  
 Yet though an Assle may Speak or \* Sing,  
 O let not Horses Preach!  
 But Bridle such wild Colts who can  
 VVhen they'l obey no Summons,  
 For things begot 'tween Mare and Man  
 Are neither Lords nor Commons.

*Help, &c.*

\* A new Sect of young Men and Women, who pray, eat, and sing ex-tempore.

O Elders, Independents too,  
 Though all your Powers combin'd,  
 Quakers will grow too strong for you,  
 Now Horse and Man are joyn'd:  
 VVhile Cavaliers, poor foolish Rogues,  
 Know only Maids Affairs,  
 Shee Presbyters can deal with Dogs,  
 And Quaking Men with Mares.  
 Help, &c.

Now as when Milan Town was rear'd,  
 A monstrous Sow untam'd  
 VVith back half-Hair half-VVool appear'd,  
 'Twas *Medialaum* nam'd:  
 So Colchester must have recourse  
 To some such four-legg'd Sister,  
 For sure as *Horsley* comes from Horse  
 From Colt 'twas call'd Colchester.

Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,

O send us Knives and Daggers!

For if the Quakers be not gett,

Your Troops will have the Staggers.

St. &c.

## St. GEORGE and the DRAGON:

ANGLIC'E  
MERCURIUS POETICUS.To the Tune of, *The Old Soldier of the Queens, &c.*

**N**EWS, News: ---- Here's the Occurrences, and a  
new *Mercurius* :

A Dialogue betwixt *Hazelnig the Bass'd*, and *Ar-  
thur the Furious* :

With *Ireton's* 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 *City's Infatuation* :  
*Ireton* has made it drunck with the *Cup of Abomination* :  
That is, ---- the *cup of the whore*, after the *Geneva*  
*Interpretation* :

Which, with the juice of *Tichburn's Grapes*, must  
needs cause *Intoxication*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Here's the *whipper whipt* by a *Friend to George*, that  
whipp'd *Jack*, that whipp'd the *Breech*,  
That whipp'd the *Nation*, as long as it could stand o-  
ver it : ---- After which

It was it selfe *Re-jeer'd*, by the sage *Author of this*  
*Speech* : *Me-thinks*

*Me-thinks 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  
Conscience 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  
November.

*From a Rump, &c.*

With that---- Monck leaves ( in Rump assembled )  
----the Three Estates.

But oh,-----how the Citizens hugg'd him for breaking  
down their Gates,

For Tearing up their Posts, and Chains, and for Clap-  
ping 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 furdur ;

But at the last, ----my Life on't, George is no Rum-  
per, ---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 Generall,  
I'll make you amends:

Our

Our Greeting was a little *untoward*, but weel 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 Rump's man Tho-  
mas,

With Luke, their lame Evangelist, ----- (the Devil  
keep 'um from us,)

To shew Monck what precious Members of Church and  
State the Bumm ha's.

From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the Supplication of the Members un-  
der the Rod,

Nay, My Lord, (cries 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 mortall Silence was followed with a molt hide-  
ous Noyse

Of Free-Parliament Bells, and Rump-confounding  
Boyes:

Crying, *Gueld the Rogues, Sindy their Tails*, --- 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 *Broyld*, ----- some *Roasted*, ----- others  
*Burnt out-right*,  
Nay, against *Rumps*, so *Pittiless* was their *Rage* and  
*Spite*,  
That not a *Citizen* would kisse 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-dis-mem-  
bered they Past,  
Although (God wot) with many *struglings*, and  
much *Hass*.  
(For --- *Members*, ----- or *no Members*, was but a  
*measuring Cast*.)

*From a Rump, &c.*

Being come to *Whitehall*; ----- there's the *dismall*  
*monie*:  
Let



Let Monk be damn'd, cries Arthur, in a terrible tone :  
That Traitor : ---- and those Cuckoldly 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 Martin, 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  
the 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  
Squabble :

That Lord, which first taught the use of the wood'n  
Dagger, and Ladle,

He, ---- that out-does Jack Pudding, at a Custard, or  
a Candle :

And were the Best Fool in Europe, but that he wants  
a Bawle.

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  
Covenant of the Nation,

And a Free Parliament, under Oath, and Quali-  
fication,

Where none shall be *Elect*, but Members of *Reprobation*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Here's the *Tail Eirk'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  
 the Law*:

And that a *Bumm Divided*, is never the worse for the  
*Flawes*.

*From the Rump, &c.*

But all things have their *Period*, and *Fate*,

*An Act of Parliament* dissolves a *Rump of State*:

*Members* grow *weak*; and *Tails* themselves *run 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 Saints*, that did their *Souls*, and  
*Country Sell*

For *Dirt*; *The Devil* was their good *Lord*: him they  
*scry'd Well*;

By his *Advice*, they *Stood*, and *Acted*: and by his *Pre-  
 sident* they *Fell*,

(*Like Lucifer*) making but *one step* betwixt *Heaven*,  
 and *Hell*.

*From a Rump insatiate as the Sea*,  
 Liberasti 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, *Ile never love thee more.*

*Tom.* **N**ow would I give my life to see,  
This wondrous man of might.

*Dick.* Do'st see that *Jolly Lad*? That's he;  
I'll warrant him he's right.

Ther's a true *Trojan* in his Face:  
Observe him o're and o're.

*Dick.* Come *Tom*; *If e'er George be base,* } *Chorus.*  
*Ne're trust good-fellow more.*

He's none of that *Fantastique broody*  
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 gutts will pour.

But if *GEORGE* does not the *knack*; } *Chorus.*  
*Ne're trust good-fellow more*

His quiet *Conscience* needs no *guard*;  
He's *brave*, but full of *pitty*.

Tom. Yet, by your leave, he knock'd so hard,  
H'ad like t' amak' d' the Citty.

Dick. Fool, 'Twas the Ramp that let a Fart,  
The Chains and Gates it tore.

But if GEORGE heares not a true heart, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. Your Citty-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 onely feel,  
The blowes the Citty bore,

But if GEORGE be'nt as true as Steel, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

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 Bottle,  
I'le take't, an' twere a score.

Dick. Nay, if GEORGE be'nt a hearty Soul, } Chorus.  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. But heark you, Sirrah, we're too loud,  
Hce' I hang us, by and by.

Dick. Me'thinks, he should be vengeance proud?  
No more then thee, or I.

Tom. Why then I'le give him the best Blade,  
That ere the Bilbo wore,

Dick.

Dick. If GEORGE prove not a Bonney Lad, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust Good-fellow more. }

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd maw'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, } Chorus.  
 Ne're trust Good-fellow more. }

Dick. But pre'thee, are the Folk so mad,

Tom. So mad, say't; --- They're undone,

There's not a penny to be had ;

And ev'ry Mother's Sonne  
 Must fight, if he intend to eat,

Grow valiant, now he is poor.

Dick. Come-- yet if George don't do the Feat, } Chorus.  
 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 call'd our Mistresse whore.

Dick. Yet-- if George don't what we desire, } Chorus.  
 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-ar'd*, *Cor'nell* looks as *bigg*  
Still, as he did *before*.

Dick. And yet if *George* don't *humme his Gigg*, } **Cho.**  
Ne're trust *Good-fellow* more.

Faith *Tom* : our *Case* is much at one ;

We're broak for want of *Trade* ;

Our *City's* baffled, and *undone*,  
Betwixt the *Rump*, and *Blade*.

We've emptied both our *Veins* and *Baggs*,  
Upon a *Factions Score*.

If *George* *Compassion* not our *Raggs*, } **Chorus.**  
Ne're trust *Good-fellow* more.

Tom. But what doest think should be the *Cause*,

Whence all these *Mischiefs* spring ?

Dick. Our *damm'd breach* of *Oaths* and *Laws* ;  
Our *Murtber* of the *King*.

We have been *Slaves* since *CHARLIS* his *Reign*,  
We liv'd like *Lords* before.

If *George* don't set all *right* again, } **Chorus.**  
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 woundly *Close*)

Rich. 'Tis all the *better* ; --- That. Ha's

Ha's too much *Honesty* and *witt*,  
 To let his *tongue* run o're :  
*If* This prove not a *lucky hitt*,  
 Ne're trust *Good-fellow* more.

} Chorus.

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 thou't lead the *van*.  
*Rich.* *Content* ; --- I'll *march* before.

If *GEORGE* prove not a *Gallant man*,  
 Ne're trust *Good-fellow* more.

} Chorus.

My *Lord* : --- in us the *Nation* craves  
 But what you're bound to do.

*Tom.* -- We have liv'd *Drudges*. *Ric.* -- And we *Slaves* ;  
*Both.* We would not die so too.

Restore us but our *Laws* agen ;  
 Th' *unborn* shall thee adore :

If *GEORGE* denies us his *Amen* ;  
 Ne're trust *Good-fellow* more.

} Chorus.

FINIS.