

THE
POPE'S KNAVERY;

OR

Old Nick's Invention.

To which are added,

The Fortunate Young Farmer,

The Young Lady's Praise,

You're Fitter for a Lover's Arms.



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THE POPE'S KNAVERY.

O all the arts the De'il 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 invented by Old Nick!
 Fal la, fa la, &c.

Thy 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. &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 they lie a thousand year,
 The least he'll take's a peck of bear.

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 for to see.
 First to be sure to get them money:
 They'd work for that if they work 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 ca'd
 They ne'er set up this heliish trade!

I don't remember that the De'il,
 To pardon sin pretended skill;
 But Turks and Jews with all their chie',
 The popish Clergy bangs them a'!
 The 'saints and 'angels they aduress!
 For dead and living they lay Mais!

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 rise,
 It's shocking to the modest ear,
 The tricks of popish Priests to hear!

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 oppose the Romish Faith,
 Laid down their lives and welcom'd death!

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 breeks,
 Who makes the French to wet their cheeks.

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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 Eliot true,
The French and Spaniards to subdue.



THE FORTUNATE YOUNG FARMER.

IT was in the merry month of June,
When nature seem'd so gay,
It was in the evening late at night,
When maids went forth to play.

Being tired quite of much delight,
A jolly youth and I,
Did quit the plains and took the way,
That leads o'er mountains high.

The pains of love caus'd me to rove,
That was the appointed night,
That we unseen should pass the green,
To see our heart's delight.

Bright Cynthia's beams shone in the streams,
So kindly did invite,
We met those maids all in the shades,
About the middle of the night.

But my sweet maid did not appear,
'till the sun she brought along;
They both civize alike did shine,
Who could such power withstand?

Unto my breast the fair I prest,
 nor did my dear, seem coy,
 But kindly said, Sir, I'm afraid
 you've caus'd yourself much toil.

My dear, said he, If you'll be true,
 my toil is at an end ;
 It's you alone can ease my moan,
 it's you can me befriend.

My dear be kind, and tell your mind,
 be late now in your turn ;
 For if you can't love me, I can't live,
 then death attends the scorn.

She seem'd oppress'd with great distress,
 and knew not what to say :
 But kindly said If you're sincere,
 pray come another day.

Your person I do not despise,
 but my friends do all declare,
 To marry me immediatly,
 to the 'Squire's only heir.

If the 'Squire's Son distracted run,
 he never shall get my dear ;
 No no such clown shall me controul,
 for a his store of gear.

For if my true love will constant prove,
 I have her heart in store ;
 So the 'Squire's Son may stay at home,
 and walk this road no more.

When the Squire did hear that night,
 that he was cross'd in's love;
 On the Farmer he did vow revenge,
 by the just Powers above.

The Farmer he immediately,
 did to the Squire send.
 A challenge straight, with him to fight,
 next day him to attend.

The Farmer he his love did win,
 from the Squire the next day;
 For which his love of him did prove,
 and then without delay.

They both join'd hands in wedlock bands,
 their hearts they did unite;
 So the Farmer he lives happily,
 and enjoys his heart's delight.



THE YOUNG LADY'S PRAISE.

UPON the banks of pleasant Forth,
 doth stand a town I will not name;
 And nigh to it there lives a maid,
 of great renown and fame:

When first this fair I did espy,
 my senses then were ravish'd quite;
 My heart's her captive I declare,
 she is my joy and heart's delight.

Esteem'd most highly is this maid,
 by all young men in this country;
 And if her name I should reveal,
 I then would call her fair Peggy.

Although the rose is sweet to view,
 as likewise is the lily fair;
 Yet by her cheeks, and snow white breasts,
 is far outshin'd I do declare!

In humbleness she doth surpass,
 each fair nymph upon the green;
 Her ruby lips attracts my heart,
 and also doth her graceful mien.

Her sparkling eyes do so swiftly roll;
 her handsome form's beyond compare:
 Love's graces all around her wait;
 exceeding all her sex that's fair.

But half her praise doth far surpass,
 my feeble pen, in this to tell;
 And for her looks, and graceful air,
 all other nymphs she doth excel.

Sedately calm her temper is,
 that when she speaks, it's reason all,
 Her steps they so conducted are,
 no censure on her actions fall.

And truly virtuous is this fair,
 I freely do to you unfold:
 Her prudent mind attracts my heart,
 much more than does her dusty gold.

My best respects she does enjoy,
and ever shall while I have life;
And if her friends will but comply,
she promis'd has to be my wife.

Have me excus'd for what I've said,
in praises of this comely dame;
Accept the tribute I have paid,
your humble servant I remain.



You're FLATTER for a LOVER'S ARMS.

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A WAKE, thou fairest thing in nature,
how can you sleep when day does break?
How can you sleep, my charming creature?
when half a world for you are wake.

She.) What swain is this that sings so early,
under my window by the dawn?

He.) 'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly
therefore in pity ease my pain.

She.) Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
no tales of love she'll let me hear;
Go tell your passion to some other,
or whisper softly in my ear.

He.) How can you bid me love another,
or rob me of your beautiful charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
you're fitter for a lover's arms.

FINIS.