

T H E

Pope's Knavery;

Q R,

Old Nick's Invention.

To which are added,

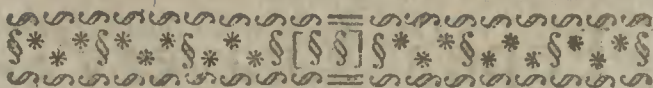
The Fortunate Young Farmer.

The Young LADY'S PRAISE.

The LOVER'S COMPLAINT.



Entered according to Order.



The POPE'S KNAVERY.

OF all the arts the De'il did shew,
 His Master-piece I Pop'ry view!
 For being himself with Heav'n at odds,
 He taught them first to eat their Gods!
 Which wicked, false, and cunning trick,
 Was first invented by Old Nick!

Fa, la, Fa, la, &c.

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

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 ly a thousand years;
 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 be sure to get them money;
 They'd work for that if they work any!

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

I don't remember that the De'il,
 To pardon sin pretended skill!
 But Turks and Jews with all their cha',
 The Popish Clergy bangs them a'!
 The saints and angels they address!
 For dead and living they say mass.

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, & welcom'd death!

Ye Lowland Lads that drive the cart,
 I know ye have good hands and heart;
 Charge your musquet, point your lance,
 Unto Mar's field do you advance,
 And join brave Donald without breeks,
 Whom makes the French to wet their cheeks!

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



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 shine in the
so kindly did invite, (streams,

We met those maids all in the shades,
about the middle of night.

But my sweet maid did not appear,
till the sun she brought along;

They both divine alike did shine,
who would 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, says he, if you will 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,
 declare now in your turn ;
 For if you can't love me, I can't live,
 then death attends the Tcorn.

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 immediately
 to the 'squire's only heir.

If the 'squire's son distracted run,
 he ne'er shall get my dear ;
 Nor 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 he 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.

To its own proper Tune.

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 equal fame!

When first this fair I did espy,
 my senses then was 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, & snow-white breasts,
 is far outshin'd, I do declare !

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

Her sparkling eyes doth sweetly 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 would 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.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I Lock'd up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my griefs did measure,
 the passing time the while.

My business done and over,
 I hurry'd back amain,
 Like an unexpected lover,
 to view it once again.

But that delight was stifted,
 ere it began to dawn,
 I found the casket rifled
 and all my treasure gone.

Kind Cupid sent her back again,
 unto her lover's arms,
 That joy and peace may still remain,
 and revel in her charms.

F I N I S.