



ABS. 1. 89. 27

44

National Library of Scotland



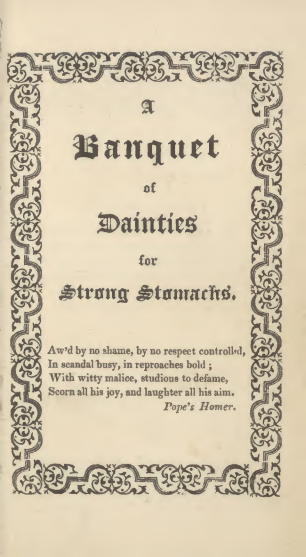
B000122271

6100

Printed at Edinburgh 1828.

edited by C. K. Sharpe and
James Macdonald

Only a very few copies printed;
perhaps a dozen or so.



A
Banquet
of
Dainties
for
Strong Stomachs.

Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold ;
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.

Pope's Homer.

Index

1891

1892

1893

NATIONAL LIBRARY
1893



I.

ST PAUL'S MISFORTUNE.

From Sir James Balfour's MSS.

Before our cleargie did of marriage taist,
St Paule a fyne prick had, for Paule liv'd chast ;
But after quhen the Church once carnall turn'd,
Hes speare took fyre, and all hes prick was burn'd.
This losse each hearty sister still bemones,
Till she a prick sees ryse on Paul's new stones.

II.

ON CHARLES II. HIS AMOURS THE TYME
OF THE DUTCH WARS,
1666.

Imbellis, imbelles amas, belloque repugnas,
Et bellatori sunt tibi bella thori.

III.

THE COURT OF HOLYROOD.

1680.

If I, dear friend, each night the Court did haunt,
 As those who business, or employment want,
 I could not be so dull, but have such notes
 As might thee please on their intrigues and plotts.
 Yet take now the result of idle hours,
 A brief account of our chief Court amours,
 Which shall consist in a short observation,
 Of those our Ladies Misses most in fashion,
 And of their gallants make some joint remarks,
 Those fop fond lovers, our gay gaudy sparks.
 First, then, of the kind ones who bears the grie,
 All condescend it is my Lady Lee ;
 For she with Roxburgh, Turner, Hamilton,
 ——— downward thence, even to dancing Dune ;
 But when her burning lust boils up to rage,
 She ——— with dildoe, ——— with her own page.
 Then next to her comes Lady Mary Gordon,
 Who never spares to lett both Laird and Lord on.
 With her my Lady Oxford once contended,
 But now she thinks her life is much amended,
 Since she, dear saint, for good of her own saul,
 ——— only now with Mr Harry Maul ;

But soon as she is dowager of Pinkaitland,
 She'l yield her place to Lady Margaret Maitland,
 Who, poor kind creature, so improves her talent,
 She ne'er refuses a new proferred gallant ;
 And that her love more princely may appear,
 Charles the 2d once reign'd with her this year ;
 But not long so, for she hath now adopt on
 That generous generall gallant the Laird of Hopton,
 Who's now so brisk since he return'd from France,
 Does all the —— trade at Court enhance.
 Her sister Lady Anne next to herself,
 By my Lord Murray's f—d, then Philadelph.
 Who ever of the bretheren was a lover,
 As witness that Lord and his younger brother.
 But now with me, you might have a just quarrel,
 If I should have forgot my Lady Erroll,
 But no great marvell if I mist her,
 For with themselves they scarce will list her,
 They say she's now grown old, quite past her flowers.
 And think it fit to turne her out of doors,
 To think on the past pleasures she has had,
 And to the next succeeding age turn bawd ;
 But maugre all, her Ladyship thinks not so,
 But will with witt truck on a year or two,
 And by't, and malice, all their plotts undoe,
 Which to their Ladyships breeds so much evil,
 With one consent they wish her at the devil,
 And swears who rides her now, must ride a Cross-ford,
 Which makes her that she's only —— by Gossford.

Then after her compear the Maids of Monour;
 First Sidley, but becaus the Duke leaps on her,
 I dare say nothing, but hasten thorow,
 Watts she is — by my Lord Charles Murray.
 Poor Temple must the want of — endure,
 Unless she please to venture the grand cure,
 For she hath quitt the name of Maid of Honour,
 And coupled with a formall fop, pox on her,
 A needless wish, were she once cured its granted,
 She'l make him cuckold, for the tyme she wanted,
 The common fate of marriage, God be thanked.

 IV.

A SATYR ON THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, HIS
 PRINCES AND HER SISTER, &c.

From Robert Mylne's 4to MS. (p. 315.)

Whiles William wan Nassena,
 With his Benting Bardasena,
 Are at the old Game of Gomora,
 Wise Tullia his wife,
 More pious of life,
 With Shrewsbery drives away sorrow.

Tho' Burnet in Holland,
 Did serve for a stallions,
 So gifted in Radicall moisture ;
 Yet think it not strange,
 Her pallat should change,
 Upon her new shifting her posture.

If yee think that ye peer,
 May be scant in his geer,
 To match w^t a chosen of Heaven,
 That the Line may not fail
 To secure her Intaill,
 She hes put in her Stuart, Leven. *

It's not the first time,
 He has been put in ryme,
 For achivements of Venus and Mars,
 As witness his fright,
 When in the patch fight,
 His Lordship fell low on his arse.

Our all eatting Nansie,
 With more stomack than fancie,
 Made choice of the orthodox tarse,
 Opening to all fools
 Well furnish'd w^t tools,
 Her own insignificant arse.

* His (Lórdship was) Stuart of her housse. R. M.

That such dreges should spring,
 From the loins of a King,
 Could never be in nature possible,
 His dam surely stole
 A leap in the wrong hole,
 And dropt out this prince impossible.

Nae nature distrest,
 Was never sae blest,
 By two cuples thus put together,
 Who the Pope to abjure,
 And Calvine secure
 Have turned out ane uncle and father.

But this is the breed
 To the Crown must succeed,
 By a figure eclipsed Abdication,
 Which in English to say,
 Is the scepture to sway
 By a sanctified Dutch usurpation.

For the rest of the crew,
 If exposed to view,
 So vast is, and various the throng,
 Of villans so great,
 No age can relate,
 It wou.d pull out my ballad too long.

But of Churchhill and all,
 From the great to the small,
 Both of Statesmen and Shiras sae fearce,
 There moralls and lives,
 There sisters and wives,
 You may hear of in prose and in verse.

V.

EPITAPH ON LADY CROMARTY.

From Mylne's 4to. MS.

It's here she lies was once a touring dame,
 By choice died Tarbat's nurse, the more's her shame.
 Ere yet the down mustach'd my c—t,
 I match'd a youth that well could dunt.
 More knit in years, I joynd dry bones
 With a soft pisel and side hung stones.
 Then what I might I would not doe,
 Now that I care I want a mow.
 Hymen, my youth on him restore,
 Whose tarse lay bobbing at my door.
 Who would, dear man, would wonderous fain
 Have passage found, but push'd in vain.

VI.

A GODLIE BALLAD.

*To the Tune of "Lillibulero Bonelara, or Bannocks of
Beer Meall."*

From an anonymous MS. in the Advocates' Library.

Great Meldrum is gone, let Webster succeed,
A rare expounder of Scripture and Creed,
Who's learning is nonsense, who's temper is bad,
Its predestination that made him so mad.
Tak ye some nots of Webster's evangells,
That the men of Sodom did bugar the angels ;
And God made man on purpose to damn him,
By a fixed decree, and weall it becam him.
By Algebra he makes it appear to be true,
Three deils and a half possesst evrie sow ;
With pryde and great passion he is ower mastered,
Nor bes he yet satisfied for his own bastard.
But for all these cryms he now is exculpat,
For zeal against Kings and Prelats in pulpite ;
He casts out feirce darts, most lyke the old Dragone,
And compts on set forms as popish and pagane.
Instead of the Gospell, he preaches opinion,
With no church on Earth he holdeth communion ;

The Union of Brittain he still hes abhor'd,
 His nether and upper lip doe not accord.
 He speweth out venome in speaking and writting,
 His mouth's like his a—, when f—g and s—g;
 Get him a leade cappe then, and writt him upon it,
 For a bedlamite Doctor his is a fitt bonet.
 Being full of himself, he is now hie and mightie,
 He is such a gravè saint, and yet hes a lightie;
 Though his head be light his carcase is heavie,
 His bellie a midden of sack, flesh, and gravie.
 The whole tyme of Lent he is a great feaster,
 Good fryday to him is lyk other men's Easter;
 His kyte and his bellie doth plainlie assure us,
 That he is a disciple of old Epicurus.
 His god is his bellie, his glories his shame,
 And old Epicurus is wrong'd be his name.
 His preaching consisteth of ratleing and railing,
 And sturing up Johnstoune and Provost M'Lellane,
 And Advocat Wylie, that upwright good man,
 To persecut curats and pray for Queen Anne.
 Take Flintie and Hogie, Mad Allan or Logan,
 To be a professor, or send for some Hogan;
 But Webster himself is a devillish divine,
 Who numbers the devills that entered the swyne.

VII.

THE HISTORY OF THE FAMILIE OF MONY-
MEALL, IN A POEM.

From Mylne's 4to. MS.

LEVEN.

BRAVE and great things of this dear Lord
 Shall ever stand upon record.
 Time's painter, Fame, shall the hero draw
 Switching the Lady Morton-ha'.
 Yet when to London he did ride,
 A woman banged him, back and side;
 And never asked who was aught him,
 But by the craig fast she caught him,
 Laid him on his back, pisht on his face,
 This is, said she, to thy disgrace.
 Goe tell thy master at Whithall,
 I'm not the Lady Mortonthall;
 No hyrer boatman at a ferrie,
 For still the marks of me thou shalt carry.
 And if you come this way again,
 Be civill, else I'll switch you hame,
 For to eat potage with billie James,
 Who ay complained (he) gat few anes;

For tho' his minnie bairns did bear,
 The potage pan grew never mair :
 Which signalised the whole race
 With halting limbs and meager face.
 But if ye knew you'd cease to wonder,
 How these poor gytlines were kept under.
 It is not leazing, but a true taill,
 There was still scant at Monymaill.
 For the French cook his trade had lost,
 If peats he had not, boyl'd and rost ;
 Which made the man with the long chinn
 Ask at the kitchen what meant the dinn.
 But, O ! the family it sadly staines,
 That there's a daughter of Provest Maines,
 With whom Liven, Earl and Raithie played,
 And bairns to both oft hath conceiv'd—
 Born, said Gillespie, but for her c—y
 I'mc sure the last did give her money :
 But whether he promised marriage or no,
 I'mc not concerned, nor do I know.
 If this not incest, yet, at least,
 You will acknowledge each a beast :
 And that this may the more appear,
 They'r near of kinn to Major Weir.
 This of my Lord, and his airs male ;
 Now let us douss my Lady's * taill ;

* Her name was Kat, daughter to Lord Balgony, son of that arch-traitor Alexander Leslie, Earle of Leven, General. R. M.

But not so as did Mordecarnie,
 Gleyd Morness, and Auchtercarnie ;
 With divirse others still one record
 By Cheplan, factor to my Lord :
 Who was put aff for his peeping,
 And not my Ladie's secret keeping.
 For from that moment to this day,
 She'll neither with him count nor pray.
 But, sillie man, he would not goe,
 Untill his Lordship he did show
 Some of the familie's secret sins,
 Which pricked his conscience like to pins
 How that his Lady nere child did bear.
 But Mordecarnie he was ther ;
 And for the midwife ay did runne,
 And on his knees clapt close her bunne
 As easiest ; and so much the rather,
 Because she knew him the true father.
 The nixt is, that she aft doth eat,
 In secret, most lascivious meat,
 As patridg, pliver, and such things ;
 And you, poor wretch, gets only wings
 Of pigeons, intrails, sodden carrats,
 Which are fit meat for swine and parrats.
 But the third sin is yet more odd,
 How that as in the fear of God,
 She'd pray at midnight—doth direct
 A string to her maid for caick and sack.

And she affirms its most divine
 To toxicat with forty nyne.
 And stollen waters they are sweet,
 As other things, in secret kept.
 But, dear, my lord, if I proceed,
 I fear I make your heart to bleed,
 Or, which is worse, commit self-murder,
 For sticking of your youngest brother ;
 Who being mad the gardner did kill,
 But you were madder who his blood did spill.
 Weep then most bitterly with St Peter,
 Say not with Cain, Was I his keeper ?
 For it will not that great sin cover,
 That they were buried both together ;
 And, therefor, I will hold my peace,
 If by your moyen I get some place.
 Which ne're till now he could procure
 For malace of that ingrained whore ;
 But to the cons'trie he is now made fiscall,
 If for devorce his Lordship shall call.
 For of a truth I am assured,
 They nether meet at bed nor boord.
 Which, I confess, looks very odly,
 Althoe no scandall to the Godly.
 For what is vice in other men,
 That doth take vertue's place with them ;
 And when his Grace did sit on high,
 He banished out proud prelatie.

And that is sufficient with some,
 For sins, past, present, and to come ;
 Now, cursed be all such church reformers,
 As cheats, base knaves, ungodly scorers :
 For though Rome's whore they do decry,
 They hugg her mor than you and I.
 And the Turk's alcorn they would take,
 If for the cause it could but make ;
 As for assasines, popes, and their plotts,
 They far outdo, says Docter Oates.
 For these frail mortall life bot takes,
 But they both it and good names breaks ;
 Robbing our pastors for all their goods,
 Of fame, repute, and lyvliehoods ;
 But we hope ere it be long
 To sing to God old Zion's song.

VIII.

THE METAMORPHOSIS, OR THE ROYAL
HONOURS OF SCOTLAND.

*A Mock Song to the Tune of " Was not my Love
Crafty, or my Mistress she Loves Musick."*

1.

Fareweill our ancient kingdom!
Fareweill our ancient kingdom,
 That sold thyself
 For English pelf,
Was ever such a thing done?

2.

But is it not great pity,
But is it not great pity,
 To think our crown
 Is melted down,
And sent to London City?

3.

And now its given the forger,
And now its given the forger,
 To make a pann
 For brandy Nan,
The widow of Prince George, Sir.

4.

But what will she make there on't ?
 But what will she make there on't ?
 'Twill be of use
 To catch the juice,
 Of the hole that has most hair on't.

5.

And when she thinks it fitt, Sir,
 And when she thinks it fitt, Sir,
 She'll squate her a—e
 To save the grass
 On it, and in it sh—t, Sir.

6.

Was ever plott like this plott,
 Was ever plott like this plott,
 To spoil the thing
 Should crown the King,
 To make for her a pishpott ?

7.

And where's the royall scepter ?
 And where's the royall scepter ?
 'Tis made a machine
 To f—g the Queen,
 Lest f—g much had clapt her.

8.

O what pollution more is ?
 O what pollution more is ?
 Than the thing that was,
 To touch our laws,
 Should now touch her clitoris !

9.

Nor doe they think they ill doe,
 Nor doe they think they ill doe,
 That the royall wand
 That ruled our land,
 Is now become a dildoe.

10.

And where's the sword of justice ?
 And where's the sword of justice ?
 Tis broken down
 To pinn the gown,
 That covers where her lust is.

11.

And sometimes hes the honour,
 And sometimes hes the honour,
 When summer's hat
 To cool her twatt,
 And put the sheare upon her.

12.

And is not that ane odd thing?
 And is not that ane odd thing?
 That the royall blade
 Is dwindeled,
 To a razour and a bodkin.

13.

So fareweill ancient kingdome,
 So fareweill ancient kingdome,
 That sold thyselve
 For English pelfe;
 Was ever such a thing done?

IX.

FOLLOWS THE NYNTH SETT OF LYNES ON MRS
 M^cPARLAN'S INTRIGUE WITH SQUIRE
 KELLO (CAYLEY.)

Squire Kello and his p—k now in dust lyes,
 For striving to put it betwixt M^cParlane's thighs
 And heirby he has lost both his lyfe and his pryse,
 Which nobody can deny.

For in vain did he think, as in England, at ease
 To f—k his friend's wife still as oft as he'l please,
 As freely's he dyned on his pork and his pease,
 Which nobody, &c.

And heir we must their base practices bear,
 We ne'r lov'd to see a base spurrious air,
 Yet the most of all Englishmen otherwise are,
 Which nobody, &c.

Now, they all see that Kello, their squire, cannot say
 That Macfarlane's sweet goose sold her honour for
 play,
 Since to d—d English p—ks here she would not give
 way,
 Which nobody, &c.

Ye curst English, like locusts, who always swarm here,
 Take your p—ks back to England, as ye doe your
 own gear,
 There f—k on and be d—d before you forbear !
 Which nobody, &c.

You were full poor at home, but heir now ye grow
 rich,
 (This raises your lust and your hellish d—d itch)
 This raises your lust unto such a d—d pitch,
 That lead balls for your b—ks must cure your d—d
 itch,
 Which nobody, &c.

X.

LETTER TO COL. PATRICK VANS OF BARN-
BARROCH. **Edinburgh, 4th October 1716.*

SIR,—I doubt not you had account, or will soon have, of that tragedy acted by Mrs M^rFarland (a wryter's wyfe, who is a great toast here) upon Commissioner Cayley; it is matter of much discourse here, and creates such various speculations, as I can hardly offer you any thing but matter of fact, which was, that upon Tuesday last, he came to her lodging, after three o'clock, where he had often been at cards and tea. She did not appear till she had changed all her cloaths in clean dresse, to her very smock; then she came into a sort of drawing-room, and from that conveyed him into her own bed-chamber. After some conversation there, she left him in it, went out to a closet which lay att some distance from the chamber: She brought in a pair of charg'd pistols, which belonged to Mr Cayley himself, which Mr M^rFarland her husband had borrowed from him some days before, when he was about to ryde to the country: What further ex-

* The writer of this letter was William M^rDowall brother of M^rDowall of Freugh in Wigtonshire. Col. Vans second wife was Freugh's daughter. It has been printed on account of the light it throws upon the mysterious murder, on which the preceding poem is founded.

pressions were on either syde I know not, but she fired one pistol, which only made a slight wound on the shakle-bone of his left hand, and slanted down through the floor, which I saw. The other she fired in ascent on his right breast, so as the bullet pierced his heart, and stuck about his left shoulder-blade behind. She went into the closet, laid by the pistols, he having presently fallen dead on the floor. She locked the door of her room upon the dead body, sent a servant for her husband, who was in a change house with company, being about four afternoon: He came and gave her what money he had in the house, and conducted her away; and after he also had absented himselfe for about a day, he appeared, and afterwards declared before the Lords of Justiciary he knew nothing about it till she sent for him, though some imagine it was a contrivance betwixt them, Mr Cayley, it seems, having been so foolish as to tell above his bottle, and in coffy-houses, what favours he had from Mrs M·Farland; and her husband having expressed his jealousy and inclination of revenge, some say, the lady once said to her husband she would execute it herselfe. Some say she was also exasperated by his taking up with some other mistress about the same tyme; but it is not doubted, but they had been perfectly familiar for more as a year past, and frequently he had her and her husband att his country lodgeing for several days together; and some say had bestowed upwards of 200 guineas since

their acquaintance in fine presents upon her. I saw his corps after he was cearcloath'd, and saw his blood, where he lay on the floor for twenty-four hours after he dyed, just as he fell; so as it was a difficulty to streight him; so much for both matter of fact and speculations. If your transactions of this nature, in your younger days, were again to be repeated, this example wold possibly afford ground of caution, as it will, no doubt, do to such as are yet hott in these pursuits.

Dear Sir, Adieu.

XI.

VERSES ON HUGH MACOULLOH.

Upon that cuckold knight, that son of Adam,
 Who, for to please his wife, hath dub'd her a dam;
 But why a knight? because he is grown rich;
 And why a cuckold? because he is bewitch'd.
 But when a gentleman, I speer,
 My good Lord Lyon will declare
 His coat of arms as on the margent,*
 For surely it was or and argent.
 What did provoke him to this hight?
 Neither his valour, nor his might,

* Horns.

Nor virtues, nor yet extraction,
 But now the knights are dub'd by faction.
 But, as your Grace has made him gentle,
 Would you have furnish'd him a pintle
 To f—k his Madam thrice a night,
 It had pleased her more than ten such knights.
 And now that knightships grown so common,
 And honours now bestowed on no man,
 It shall be no more said sicut ante
 Non in honorato nec in honorante.

G. M.

 XII.

WILLIAM LYTHGOW, WRITER IN EDINBURGH,
 HIS EPITAPH.

To the Tune of Hobbie's Dead.

I.

Edinburgh may say ohon,
 And so may Leith and Sandhatton,
 Melross Land and Dolphington,
 But what remeid?
 All they can doe is to bemoan,
 Will Lythgow's dead.

2.

He was a sturdie man of war,
 And never lordlie of his geer,
 He lap als well as any steir,
 Withouten dread ;
 But now he's laid into his bier,
 Poor Willie's dead.

3.

Galtounside and Darnick toun,
 Was never free of thief and loun,
 Wher Willie did his sorrows drown
 In time of need ;
 Had they him yet they would him crown,
 But, oh ! he's dead.

4.

To Melrose Abbacie he went,
 To pay the minister his stent,
 Who to him said, y'ar welcome Bent,
 To say your creed.
 Pray taste this brandie, to me sent,
 Its mild as meed.

5.

Thom Drouth and he was billie boys,
 They took their pint in Willie Hoyes,
 With Isobel Stumpie and her decoyes,
 And sew their seed ;
 But now he's left these idle toys,
 For he is dead.

6.

Each day, when he went from his bed,
 Thom Drouth through ale houses him led,
 Where he the lasses legs did shed
 With full great speed ;
 Home was he carried in a sled ;
 But now he's dead.

7.

So prettelie as he did dance
 With those young lasses he did launce,
 At every step they mocked France,
 That broken reed ;
 But now poor Will lies in a trance,
 For he is dead.

8.

He was good companie at jeists.
 And wanton when he came to feasts ;
 He scorn'd the converse of great beasts,
 Or a sheep head,
 And would ne'er joke for their requests ;
 But now he's dead.

9.

He fetched sometimes thrice a day,
 Like Robin Ormston, that lump of clay ;

He flourish'd then like a green bay,
 With upborne head ;
 But now he's vanish't quite away,
 For he is dead.

10.

Good fellows, they took great delight
 To see him bark, but never bite ;
 He blether'd so as he did flyte,
 Shaiking his head ;
 At everie word he gave a styte ;
 But now he's dead.

11.

Will Keir and Jamie Clerk him knew,
 And sua did all the drunken crew ;
 He would not rich be as a Jew,
 He wanted greed ;
 Yet he was alwayes just and true ;
 But now he's dead.

12.

At length his wife fell to her tricks,
 She haunted limmers and great Licks,
 She drank with them, and prier'd their P——,
 But any dread ;
 He valued her as rotten sticks,
 Which was his dead.

13.

His wife was als (as all are) bad,
 She sold away all that he had,
 Which broke his heart, and made it sad,
 And cold as lead ;
 Yet he was ay an honest lad ;
 But now he's dead.

14.

Ye Gentlemen that given be,
 To Bacchus and sweet Lecherie,
 Pray take example when you see
 Your neighbour bleed,
 As Willie is, so you must be,
 Alace ! he's dead.

Finis, quod Andrew Merrieman.

XIII.

ADVICE TO THE DUTCHESS OF CLEVELAND,
1673.

From Lord Fountainhall's MSS.

Quoth the Dutchess of Cleveland to Counsellor
Wright, *

- ' I would fain have a p—— knew I how to come by't,
 ' Tho' my c—— be not coy, reputation is nyce,
 ' Then pray thee delay not to give your advice.
 ' For footboys and porters have gotten by rote
 ' That Jack † swyved the Dutchess, and had a red coat,
 ' Nay, persons of honour to say do not stick,
 ' That Churchill embroidered his coat with his p——.'

YE ADVICE.

- ' To a cellar in Sodom your Grace most retyre,
 ' Where black potts and porter sitt round a coale fyre,

* After Lord Chancellor. F.

† John Duke of Marlborough. F. See Mrs Manley's
 Atalantis, where a highly coloured description of the Duke's
 first amour with her Grace is given.

- ' Soe the business weell manag'd, you're never to faile,
 ' Of a dozen of p—— for a dozen of ale.'
 ' Is this true?' quoth the Dutchess, ' Aye be God,'
 quoth male whore.
 ' Then give me the key of the little back doore,
 ' For I'd rather be f—— by porters and carmen,
 ' Then hazard my honour with Churchill or Germyn.'

XIV.

A GENTLEMAN'S TURN TO JACOB KINLOCH, FOR CALLING HIM A DUNCE IN THE COFFEEHOUSE, 1674.

How could your baseness, so rash sentence pass,
 As for to term me loggerhead and ass,
 I being but a stranger, you therefor
 Had never seen nor spoke to me before;
 I'd never heard of you,—so in this case
 If your acquaintance had not the disgrace,
 I wonder'd much, who and what could ye be,
 Till one did thus extract your Pedigree.
 ' His guidsyre was a sexton fairie elf,
 Liv'd on the dead, and digged graves for pelf,

He left unto his son ——— which severall years,
 He did augment by needle, thimble, shears,
 Till pride that devill him threw, and did distill
 Through needle eye, and made him Dean of Gild,
 His ribbands then he turned to boot and spurs,
 Of Mungrell half, he's neither hounds nor curs,
 His spouse a litter bore whereof the shee,
 Were apes of gentrie, free of modesty,
 One called Manna, sweet and soure Kinloche,
 Play'd pranks in park, and lifted up her hoghe.
 Elizabeth, surnamed wanton tail,
 Strove with her gownes and petticoats to trail,
 Also side behind upon her foul foundation,
 With also great ladies as are in the nation,
 But as for Jacob, him rightlie to define,
 Would put to nonplus all the Muses nyne;
 A dunghill brat, the offspring of a louse,
 The greatest fool in all the Coffee-house,
 He who would think to turn him wise or civill,
 With cords of truth, may likeways bind the divill,
 Ane ear of corn may grow on a dunghill,
 Seem pleasant to the eye, but never fill.
 When I heard this I laugh'd, and said in truth,
 I had esteem'd him worthie of my wrath,
 Had you not told me,—herons still are s—g,
 A Taylor's louse must ever be backbiting.
 In fyne, if ye have brains that's worth a t—d,
 Return me back an answer from your sword.

POSTSCRIPT.

I wish your ship a gentle gale in lynes,
Which you sent lately to the hill of Pynes.

W. H. C.

XV.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

From a MS. formerly in the Library of the First Duke
of Queensberry.

1.

Much has been said of strumpets of yore,
Of Lais whole volumes, of Messaline more,
But I sing of a lewder than e'er liv'd before,
Which nobody can deny.

2.

From her mother at first she drew the infection,
And as soon as she spoke, she made use of injection,
And now she's grown up to a jilt of perfection,
Which nobody can deny.

3.

If you told her of bell, she would say 'twas a jest,
 And swear of all Gods that Priapus was best ;
 For her soul was a w——, when she suckt at the breast,
 Which her nurses can't deny.

4.

She once was call'd virgin, but t'was but a sham,
 Her maidenhead never was gotten by man,
 She f—g'd it away in the womb of her dam,
 Which the midwife could'nt deny.

5.

At length Mr Foppling made her his bride,
 But found (to bring down his ambition and pride)
 Her fortune but narrow, and her c—t very wide,
 Which he himself can't deny.

6.

In vain he long strove to satiate her lust,
 Which still grew more vig'rous at every thrust,
 No wonder the puny chitt came by the worst,
 Which nobody can deny.

7.

For when he grew sapless, she gave him her blessing,
 And left him to painting, and patching, and dressing,
 But first dubb'd him cuëkold, a strange way of jesting,
 Which nobody can deny.

8.

And now she is free to swive where she pleases,
 And where e'er she swives she scatters diseases,
 And a shanker's a damn'd loving thing where it seizes,
 Which nobody can deny.

9.

There's Haughton and Elland, and Arran the sott,
 (Shee deserves to be pox'd that would f—k with a
 Scott)
 All charg'd the lewd harlott, and all went to pot,
 Which nobody can deny.

10.

For that she has bubo'd, and ruin'd as many
 As Hinton, or Willis, Moll Howard, or any ;
 And like to those punks, will f—k for a penny,
 Is what nobody can deny.

11.

To scower the town is her darling delight,
 In breaking of windows, to scratch and to fight,
 And to ly with her own brawny footmen at night,
 Which she herself can't deny.

12.

Who, tho' they eternally pizzle her britch,
 Can't allay the wild rage of her letch'rous itch,
 Which proves our good lady a monstrous bitch,
 Which they themselves can't deny.

But now, if there's any, or Christian or Jew,
 That say I've bely'd her, I advise 'em to goe
 And ask the fair creature herself if 'tis true,
 Which I'm certain she won't deny. *

 XVI.

SONG ON THE TIMES. †

The parsons now keep w——s,
 Are not these most blessed times;
 The Sextons they make bawdy songs,
 And set them to our chimes.
 Each prentice now keeps wenches,
 That ne'er before wore cuffs;
 The Aldermen in Whetstone's park,
 Doe tumble all their ruffs.

* The heroine of this pretty ballad is conjectured to have been Lady Southesque, of whose amours some account may be found in Grammont.

† This and the five succeeding articles are from a volume of MS. Poems said to be by Lord Rochester (but certainly not all in his hand) in the Library of All Souls College, Oxford.

Then a pox on formal fops,
 Which former ages praise,
 And allwais prate of eighty-eight,
 In good Queen Bess's days.

The Mayor of London town
 Is frigg'd by his two shrieves,
 The Bishops b——r up and down,
 And all beshitt their sleeves.
 The city wives have turn'd Cheapside,
 Into a damn'd Pell Mell.
 They'l drink as drunk, and swive as oft,
 As Stuart or Carwell.

Then, &c.

Even our good Lord Chancellor,
 With his pale, meagre face,
 Doth wish his b—ks as big as his purse,
 And his p—k as long as his mace.
 Even in the House of Peers,
 If he a wench should lack,
 He'l take and use a judge's a—
 Upon his woolly pack.

Then, &c.

God bless Charles the Second,
 And send him long to reign ;
 For when he's gone, 'tis ten to one,
 We'll ne'er have the like again.

God bless handsome Kate ;
 God bless pious James ;
 God bless the lusty Gibb of Cant, *
 That swives beyond the Thames.

Then &c.

May Members sell their votes,
 And keep their country poor,
 And taxes raise, to kill our friends,
 Be spent on rogue and whore ;
 Till Charles doe mind his own affairs,
 And Kate forget to paint,
 And Arlington refuse a bribe,
 And blind Lord Vaughan turn saint.

Then &c.

XVII.

EXTRACTS FROM A POEM, ENTITLED, ADVICE
 TO THE KING.

* * * *

Take Temple, who can live on cheese and ale,
 Who never but to Bishop yet turn'd tail ;
 She season'd fit to bear a double brunt,
 In her a— London, Rowley in her c—t.

* Gilbert Sheldon, translated from London in 1663.

* * * *

Else chuse Godolphin, whom there's little hurt in;
 She'll f—— for cloaths, for all she's called a fortune.
 Besides these Swann and Chiffinch, f—k 'em, fill 'em,
 And Mrs Villiers, sister to Sir William.

* * * *

Then for that cub her * son and heir,
 Let him remain in Otway's care,
 And make him, if that's possible to be,
 A viler poet, and more dull than he.

But Hectors shall forget to drink,
 Moll Hinton have no pox nor stink;
 Dryden not woo a w—— when he caught her,
 Or have his pension that's better. †

* * * *

* Nell Gwyn.

† From this poem it appears, that one Hamilton was called the father of the Dutchess of Cleveland's children.

XVIII.

ON THOMAS EARL OF DANBY, LATE LORD
HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND,
1678-9.

Tune—Peggy Benson.

Zounds, what means the Parliament?
Sure they are drunk with brandy,
When they went, to circumvent,
Thomas Earl of Danby.

But this ungrateful will appear,
As any thing that can be,
For they received fiddlers fare
From Thomas Earl of Danby.

Sir John Coplestone did invite
All those he thought would bandy,
For any thing, bee't wrong or right,
For Thomas Earl of Danby.

But Shaftesbury did lie and lurk,
That little Jack a Dandy,
And all his engines set on work,
'Gainst Thomas Earl of Danby.

Now whether he will stay or goe,
 I think 'tis handy dandy,
 If he stay, he'l be hang'd, I trow,
 Poor Thomas Earl of Danby !

Of subjects I did ne'er hear tell,
 Nor can any in this land be,
 That deserves a halter half as well,
 As Thomas Earl of Danby.

With what colour couldst thou say,
 Since Lumbard Street can brand thee,
 That thou th' Exchequer debts didst pay,
 Fye, Thomas Earl of Danby !

He was bid say so by his wife,
 That he might still be a grandee,
 For he ne'er told a lie in his life,
 True Thomas Earl of Danby.

Then Commons trust him not a whit,
 If you do, you'll trapann'd be,
 There's not so false a Jesuit,
 As Thomas Earl of Danby.

Lewder whores were never known,
 By Richard or by Manby,
 As all the daughters now are grown,
 Of Thomas Earl of Danby.

Lady Ann * has got a trick,
 To lay her gloves and fan by,
 And take Beau Fielding by the p——,
 In spite of Cook or Danby.

Kate swives and tosses up her head,
 Like any Bully Sandy,
 The saltest bitch that e're was bred,
 By Thomas, Earl of Danby.

Old forehead-cloth, † (whom God confound),
 Makes her daughters stand by,
 Whilst she herself f——s with Lansdown,
 For all the Earl of Danby.

'Cause Seymour to be Speaker, is
 The fittest man that can be,
 He therefore now rejected is,
 By Thomas Earl of Danby.

* Lady Anne Coke.

† Pious women formerly wore forehead-clothes. This costume of Lady Danby's is alluded to in another ballad, called *The Chequer-Inn*.

“ The Lady dress'd like any bride,
 Her forehead-cloth had laid aside,
 And smiling through did sail ;
 Tho' they had dirted so the room,
 That she was forc'd to call for groon
 To carry up her tail.

State Poems, vol. I.

Lord Latimer has clap't his wife,
 It is as true as can be,
 It had like to have cost her her life,
 For all the Earl of Danby.

His daughter Lett, with nose most flatt,
 With still and close-stool pan by,
 Swears brother Dunn, has poxt her hum,
 And curses the Earl of Danby.

Gaffer Taffe, hath another Daffe,
 And has got house and land by,
 Before fifteen, out of d——d Green,
 Ah! Thomas Earl of Danby.

His redeemer James, swims down the Thames,
 And has past Goodwin Sands by,
 The Crown nor heir, he doth not spare,
 To shelter Tom of Danby.

His wife most sad, and almost mad,
 Hath laid her forehead band by,
 And hath contrived, to be swived,
 Only, by Collingwood and Danby.

XIX.

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S GOING
BEYOND SEA.

When Portsmouth did from England fly
 To follow her Vendosme,
 Then all along the Gallery
 Our Monarch made his moan.

“ Ah! Chatilion, in charity,
 “ Send me, my old w—— home.

“ Goe nymph, soe fickle and unkind,
 “ A wandering knight pursue,
 “ And leave a love-sick King behind,
 “ Soe constant and soe true ;
 “ Yee Gods, when you made Love so blind,
 “ Yee should have lam'd him too.”

XX.

A DIALOGUE.

NELLY.

When to the King I bid good-morrow,
 With tongue in mouth, and hand on tarse,
 Portsmouth may rend her c—t for sorrow,
 And Mazarine may kiss mine a—e.

PORTSMOUTH.

When England's monarch march's on my belly,
 With p—k in c—t tho' double cramm'd,
 Fart of mine a— for small coal Nelly,
 And great whore Mazarine be d——d.

KING.

When in Portsmouth's lap I lay my head,
 And Knight doth sing her bawdy song,
 I envy not George Porter's bed,
 Nor the delight of Madam Long.*

* With ill luck in battle, but worse in wit,
 George Porter began for the laurel to bawl,
 But Apollo did think such impudence fit
 To be thrust out of Court as he's out of Whitehall."

PEOPLE.

Now Heaven preserve our faith's defender
 From Paris plots and Roman c—t,
 From Mazarine, that new pretender,
 And from that political Grammont.

XXII.

ON MRS ELLEN GWYN AND THE KING.

There was a Jade Nelly, liv'd in the Pall Mall,
 And Charles the Second kept her ;
 She had learned a trick, to play with a p—,
 But never laid hands on the Sceptre.
 All matters of state, she does utterly hate,
 And refers it to the politick bitches ;
 Poor whore, in the night, 'tis all her delight
 To scratch in the place where it itches.

Mr George Porter was a fashionable man at Court,—he fell in love with the Dutchess of Richmond (Villiers), but being baulked in that passion, he took Mrs Long, an actress, into keeping, retiring with her to the country. There is a portrait of a Madame Jane Long mentioned by Granger, (Lely, pinxit. R. Tompson, excudit, h. sh. mezz.), in all probability the same person.

XXVI.

VERSES BY LORD BINNING ON HIMSELF.

Some cry up little Hyndy, * for this and for that,
And others James Dalrymple, tho' he be somewhat
fat ;

But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell,

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up ranting Rothes, whose face is like the
moon,

Nor Highlander nor minister can put him out o' tune ;
But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell,

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up Binning's father, for fighting at Dum-
blaine :

But Binning says he sh—t his breeks, for fear of be-
ing taen.

But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up Earl Lauderdale, tho' he be grim and
black :

For at the battle o' Sherriffmuir he never turn'd his
back.

* Probably Lord Hyndford.

But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell,

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up pretty Polwarth, for his appearance great,
For wi' his Orange regiment the rebels he defeat.

But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell,

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up the Laird o' Grant, cause he came fore-
most in,

And others wee Balgonie, for naething but his chin.

But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell,

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up our great General * for managing the
war,

Tho' at the battle o' Dumblane he push'd the foe too
far ;

But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do
tell,

Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

I have nae skill in politicks, therefore I'll hold my
tongue,

But you'l think that I hae gab enough, tho' I be some-
what young ;

But I'll tell you a secret, my fairy Binning elf,

Emilius, Emilius, I swear it is yourself.

* D. Argyll.

XXVII.

ON THE LONDON TEA DRINKERS. *

To the Tune of Sally in our Alley,

Of all the turds that ladies shite,
 I much prefer a hard one,
 For that's a turd a man may bite,
 Faith, Sirs, I ask your pardon.
 I hate your silly squirting turds,
 So much resembling mustard,
 They can't be eat without a spoon,
 They look so like a cow's turd.

Some country ladies shite such turds,
 As makes them for to tremble.
 While city wives make fifty words,
 And scarce can fill a thimble.
 How can it be? 'Tis drinking Tea,
 So painful to their s——,
 The only girls that shite for me,
 Are jolly country lasses.

The farmer's daughter shites a turd,
 That will nine inches measure,
 And yet she never makes a word,
 But doth it at her pleasure.

* Attributed to Lord Binning.

Such girls as these my fancies please,
 Who scorn to shite like jellies,
 But shite a jolly nut-brown turd,
 Enough to fill their bellies.

The London miss comes home from school,
 To eat an ounce of mutton,
 Then drinks her Tea, and like a fool
 Goes forth to crack a button.
 While country girls eat barley bread,
 With toasted cheese and butter,
 Then shite a turd will break your head,
 They hate the name of squitter.

Since tea you see, so fam'd must be,
 'Mongst city wives so pleasant,
 And that its fame, hath spread a name
 T' infect each country peasant.
 That and South Sea, a plague will be,
 Whilst fools keep up the fashion,
 And they you find, if you're not blind,
 Have damaged halfe the nation.

The tradesmen spare no toil nor care,
 To raise the stocks they've gained,
 But yet you see, by this base tea,
 Their wealth from them is drained.
 We blame the Dutch, for dealing much
 In things called butter boxes,

But most men curse, their spouses worse
Since tea exhausts their pouches.

No wonder butter is so bad,
And china-ware so precious,
Since on skim-milk, the poor must feed,
And cream, the rich lascivious.
Fie on the hoops, tea, china-ware,
And those who do adore them,
For such consumptive plagues did ne'er
Sure ever come before them. *

* This seems to be in imitation of an older song, formerly current in the south of Scotland, which begins thus.

Shittlecome shi't's the beginning of love,
Kiss my a—e is nae swearing ;
If you'l go to Shittlecome fair,
You'l get a bit shi't for your fairing.

Chorus.—Eat a wee bit of it, keep a wee bit of it,
Eat a wee bit of it fairly ;
A bit at night when ye go to bed,
And a bit in the morning early.

'The country lasses are a' sae fat,
Wi barley baps and butter,
They sh—e a sh—e as big as a kirk,
And scorn to ca't the skitter.

Chorus.—Eat a wee bit, &c.

XXVIII.

SIGNIOR DILDOE. 1678. *

You ladies all of merry England,
 Who have been to kiss the Dutchess's hand,
 Pray did you not lately observe in the show,
 A noble Italian, called Signior Dildoe?

This Signior he was of the Dutchess's train,
 And help'd to conduct her quite over the main;
 But now she cries out to the Duke, he may go,
 ' I have no more need for the Signior Dildoe. '

At the sign of the Cross in St James's Street,
 When next you go thither to make yourselves sweet,
 By buying of powder, gloves, essence, or so,
 You may chance to get sight of the Signior Dildoe.

You would take him at first for no person of note,
 Because he appears in a plain leather coat;
 But when you his vertuous abilities know,
 You will fall down and worship the Signior Dildoe.

* These verses by the Earl of Rochester have been before printed (but incorrectly) in the State Poems.

My lady Southesk, Heaven prosper her for't,
 First cloth'd him in sattin, then brought him to court ;
 But his head in the circle he scarcely durst show,
 So modest a youth was the Signior Dildoe.

The good Lady Suffolk, thinking no harm,
 Had got this poor stranger hid under her arm ;
 Lady Betty * by chance came the secret to know,
 And from her own mother stole Signior Dildoe.

The Countess of Falmouth, † of whom people tell,
 Her footmen wore shirts of a guinea an ell ;
 Might save these expenses, if she did but know,
 How lusty a swinger is Signior Dildoe.

By the help of this gallant the Countess of Rafe,
 Against the fierce Harris preserv'd herself safe,
 She stifled him almost beneath her pillow,
 So close she embraced the Signior Dildoe.

That pattern of vertue, her Grace of Cleveland,
 Has swallow'd more p—ks than the nation has land ;
 But by rubbing and scrubbing so wide it does grow,
 It is fit for just nothing but Signior Dildoe.

* Lady Elizabeth Howard, married to Sir Thomas Felton.

† Elizabeth Bagot, vide Gramont.

Our dainty fine Dutchesses having a trick,
 To dote on a fool for the sake of his ——
 The fops were undone, did their Graces but know
 The discretion and vigour of Signior Dildoe.

The Dutchess of Modena, tho' she looks high,
 With such a gallant is contented to lie ;
 And lest that the English her secrets should know,
 For her gentleman usher took Signior Dildoe.

The Countess of the Cockpit * (who knows not her
 name ?)

She's famous in story for a killing dame ;
 When all her old lovers forsake her, I trow,
 She'l then be contented with Signior Dildoe.

Red Howard, Red Sheldon, and Temple so tall, †
 Complain of his absence so long from Whitehall ;
 Signior Barnard has promis'd a journey to go,
 And bring back his countryman, Signior Dildoe.

Moll Howard no longer with his highness must range,
 And therefore is proffer'd this civil exchange ;
 Her teeth being rotten she smells best below,
 And needs must be fitted for Signior Dildoe.

* Lady Shrewsbury.

† Afterwards Lady Littleton. She was short of stature.

St Albans, with wrinkles and smiles on his face,
 Whose kindness to strangers becomes his high place ;
 In his coach and six horses is gone to Pergo, *
 To take the fresh air with the Signior Dildoe.

Were this Signior but known to the citizen fops,
 He'd keep their fine wives from the foreman of shops ;
 But the rascals deserve that their horns still should
 grow,
 For burning the Pope and his nephew Dildoe.

Tom Killigrew's † wife, that Holland's fine flower,
 At the sight of this Signior did f—t and belch sour ;
 And then her Dutch breeding still further to show,
 Says, welcome to England Myne Heer Van Dildoe.

He civilly came to the Cockpit one night,
 And proffer'd his service to fair Madam Knight. ‡
 Quoth she, I intregue with Captain Cazzo, §
 Your nose in mine a— good Signior Dildoe.

This signior is sound, safe, ready and dumb,
 As ever was candle, carrot, or your thumb ;

* A country seat of Lord St Albans.

† The play maker and jester. See Gramont.

‡ The celebrated singer.

§ For some curious translations of this word, and its derivations, see Florio's Italian Dictionary, dedicated to Queen Anne of Denmark.

Then away with these nasty devices, and show
How you rate the just merit of Signior Dildoe.

Count Cazzo, who carries his nose very high,
In passion he swore that his rival should die ;
Then shut himself up, to let the world know,
Flesh and blood could not bear it from Signior Dildoe.

A rabble of p—s who were welcome before,
Now finding the porter denied them the door,
Maliciously waited his coming below,
And inhumanly fell on the Signior Dildoe.

Well nigh wearied out, the poor stranger did fly,
And along the Pall-Mall they follow'd full cry ;
The women, concern'd, from every window,
Cry'd, O, for heaven's sake, save Signior Dildoe.

The good Lady Sands * burst into a laughter,
To see how the b—ks came wobbling after ;
And had not their weight retarded the foe,
It had gone very hard with poor Signior Dildoe.

* Mother of the maids of honour.

XXIX.

LINES ON MR THOMAS RIGG, A GENT., AND
JO. HUNTER. *

From Mylne's MSS.

Silence envy, your false reports let be,
Brand not St Thomas with adulterie,
I'll ne'er believe his zealous soul could act
So vile, so godless, so prophane a fact;
Some vain chimera has your thoughts misled,
You think you saw him, but a ghost you had.
For ghosts did often walk among the tombs,
Hence your phanatick apparition comes.
It was the twilight, at which time we know,
One thing to many people seemeth two.
He but ill wishes to the presbytrie,
Would stain this holy saint with infamie.
I'll not believe him though he were my father,
Nor idiot Idingstone, nor Coline Lawder.
Envy may deall without side, but no more,
As it has done the best of men before.
That modest gentlewoman, Mrs Hunter,
Ne'er deem'd of any yet to be a bunter. ||

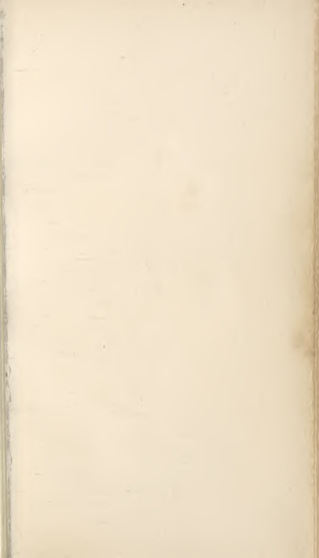
* Alluding Mr Rigg had lyen with Hunter's wife in
Greyfriars yard. R. M.

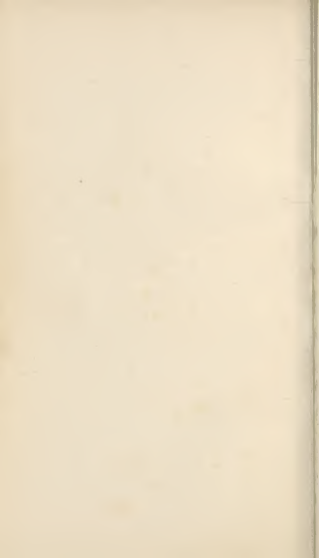
|| Cunter (in another hand.)

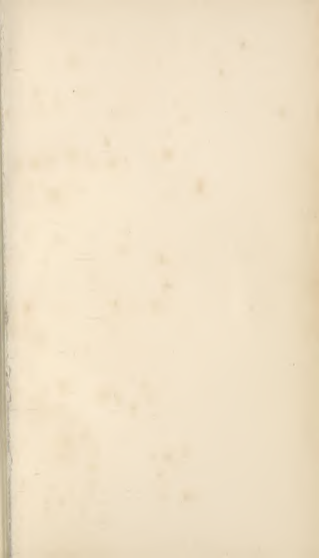
So much abused with your damn'd aspertions,
 Her husband sure will not trust such assertions,
 For Mr Rigg came but by accident
 Upon her, looking on a monument,
 And only helped her to read the lines,
 No evil certainly was in their minds ;
 A girl was beside them, with a book
 On which she read : does that like baseness look ?
 Who acts such things would more retirement seek,
 For hardly there would he get down a briek,
 A nasty place, and so defiled before,
 That none could offer to defile it more.
 It was beside a new erected tomb ;
 They say that Ballop § stood before her womb,
 But no conjunction could be there discern'd,
 So what was any body more concern'd ?
 Nor could it be amiss to've join'd together,
 Could he have rais'd up seed upon his brother ;
 It were great pity good ground should ly ley,
 For saints do often labour powerfully.
 But all is false that of them yet is spoken,
 I'll not believe it in so small a token,
 For Mr Rigg's a man of wit and grace,
 John Hunter will be Thomas in the case,
 Nor will he for such speeches moved be,
 He thinks it fit with such reports to glee. ¶

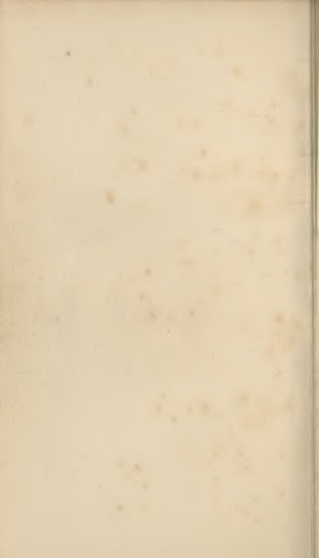
§ Rigg's designation was Ballop. R. M.

¶ Nota.—Mr Hunter is glead. R. M.









X

