

And lent each laird a deadly rout.

Mark, then, I'll tell you how it was,

What way this wonder came to pass :

It sets me best the truth to pen,

Because I fear no mortal men.

When I was born at Middle-Yard weight,

There was no word of laird or knight :

The greatest styles of honour than,

Was to be titled the Goodman ;

But changing time hath changed the case,

And puts a laird in goodman's place.

For why ? my gossip, goodman John,

And honest James, whom I think on,

When we did meet whiles at the hawking,

We used no cringes, but hand-shaking ;

No bowing, shouldring, gambo-scraping ;

No French whistling, or Dutch gaping ;

We had no garments in our land,

But were spun by the good wives' hand ;

No drap-de-berry cloaths of seal,

No stuffs ingrained in cusheneal :

No plush, no tissue, cramosie,

No China, Turkey, taffety :

No proud piropus, paragon,

Or chackerallay, there was none :

No figurata or water-camblet :

No Bishops-satine, or silk chamblet,

No cloth of gold, or bever hats,

We cared no more for than the cats ;

Nor windy, flourishing, flying feathers,

No sweet permusted shambo leathers :

No hilt nor crampet richly hatch'd ;

A lance or sword in hand we snatch'd ;

Such base and boyish vanities,

Did not beseem our dignities ;

We were all real and compleat,

Stout for our friends on horse or feet,

True to our prince to shed our blood,

For kirk, and for our common good.

Such men we were, it is well known,

As in our chronicles are shewn,

This made us dwel into our land,

And our posterity to stand :

But when the young laird became vain,

And went away to France and Spain,

Rome raking, wandering here and there,

O then began our bootless care.

Pride puft him up, because he was

Far travell'd, and return'd an ass.

Then must the laird, the goodman's oye,

Be knighted straight, and make convoy,

Coatcht through the streets with horses four,

Foot-grooms pasmented ore and ore.

Himself cut out and slasht so wide,

Ev'n his whole shirt his skin doth hide.

Gowpherd, gratnized, cloak rare pointed,

Embroider'd, lac'd, with boots disjointed ;

A belt embost with gold and purle ;

False hair made craftily to curle ;

Side breeks bebutton'd o'er the garters,

Was n're the like seen in our quarters.

Tobacco and wine frentenack,

Potato pasties, Spanish sack,

Such uncouth food, such meat and drink,

Could never in our stomachs sink.

Then must the granson swear and swagger,

And shew himself the bravest bragger.

A bon companion and a drinker,

A delicate and dainty ginker,

So is seen on't. These foolish jigs

Hath caused his worship sell his rigs.

My lady, as she is a woman,

Is born a helper to undo man.

Her ladiship must have a share,

For she is playmaker and mair ;

For she invents a thousand toys,

That house, and hold, and all destroys,

As scarfs, shephray, tuffs, and rings,

Fairdings, facings, powdrings,

Rebats, rebands, bands, and ruffs,

Lapbands, shagbands, cuffs, and muffs ;

Folding outlays, pearling sprigs,

Atrys, vardijals, periwigs ;

Hats, hoods, wires, and also kells,

Washing-balls, perfumery smels ;

French gows cut out, and double banded,

Jet rings to make her pleasant handed,

A fan, a feather, bracelets, gloves,

All new come busks she dearly loves.

For such trim bony baby clouts,

Still on the laird she greets and shouts.

Which made the laird take up more gear

Then all the land and rigs could bear.

These are the emblems that declares

The merchant's thriftless, needless wares,

The taylor's curious vanity,

My lady's prodigality.

This is the truth which I discover :

I do not care for feid or favour !

For what I was yet still I am—

An honest, plain, true dealing man ;

And if these words of mine would mend then,

I care not by, though I offend them :

Here is the cause most plainly shewn,

That hath our country overthrown.

It's said of old that others harms

Is often times the wise man's arms :

And he is thought most wise of all,

That learns good from his neighbour's fall.

It grieves my heart to see this age,

I cannot stay to act more stage :

I will ingrave me in the ground,

And rest there till the trumpet sound :

And if I have said ought astray,

Which may a messon's mind dismay,

I do appeal before the throne

Of the great powers, three in one ;

The supreme sovereignty,

The parliament of verity.

And if you think my speech offend,

Ye must be there, I'se make amends.

