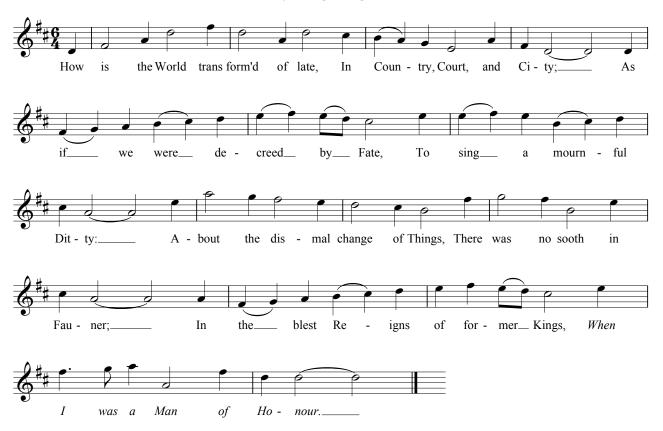
The Man of Honour: Or, the Unconstant World turn'd upside down: To the foregoing Tune.



I kept a Castle of my own, With Land five Thousand Acres; When old King *Harry* grac'd the Throne, Before the Time of Quakers: My Doors and Gates stood open Wide, I lackt no Ring nor Runner; An Ox each Day I did provide, *When I was*, &c.

My Guess all Day went in and out, To Feast and cheer their Senses; Could I but bring the Year about, I grudg'd not my Expences: My Talent was to feast the Poor, I valu'd no Court Fauner; Of Cooks I kept full half a Score, When I was, &c.

When Christmas Day was drawing near, To Cheer and make them Merry; I Broach'd my humming Stout *March* Beer, As brown as the Hawthorn Berry: Of which there was not any lack, I was my self the Donor; 'Twas fetch'd up in a Leathern *Jack*, *When I was*, &c. I never lay in Trades-mens Books, For Gaudy Silks or Sattins; Nor did I pay with Frowning looks, Or broken Scraps of *Latin*: They had my Gold and Silver free, I fear'd not any Dunner; All Men was glad to deal with me, *When I was a Man of Honour*.

I never kept my *Hawkes* and *Hounds*, Or Lew'd and Wanton Misses; I'd never sell or Mortgage Towns, To purchase Charming Kisses: Of those that seek their Prey by Night, Each cunning Female Fauner; My Lady was my Hearts Delight, *When I was*, &c.

I never hid my Noble Head, For any Debt contracted; Nor from the Nation have I fled, For Treasons basely Acted: Nor did I in the least Rebel, To make my self a Runner: My Loyalty was known full well, When I was, &c. I never did betray my trust,
For Bribes more sweet than Honey;
Nor was I false, or so unjust,
To sink the Nations Money:
My Lands and Livings to enlarge,
By wronging each good Donor:
I Built not at the Nation's Charge,
When I was, &c.

We find now in these latter Days, Some Men hath delegated; From Truth, and found out greedy ways, This should be regulated: And act henceforth with Heart and Hand, Oppose the Sons of *Bonner*; I lov'd my King and serv'd my Land, When I was, &c.

For Bounty, Love and large Relief, For Noble Conversation; For easing the poor Widows Grief, In Times of Lamentation: For House of Hospitality, I'll challenge any Donor; There's few or none that can outvey, King Henry's Man of Honour.