

The
SCOTS CONSTANCY.
OR,

An Answer to CLEVELAND'S

April ist Scots Apostacy. 1647.

written by Robin Devereux the Scotswoman



S Cleveland new in print? Is this the fume
Of his last cup of Sack? the strong perfume
Distill'd from his noddle? what, to spue
Such vile prodigious curses? nothing new?

Poore Crumms of Comfort to a dying cause
Of his malignant party; whose applause
The meager starveling feeds on; 'tis a feast,
At some malignant Tavern: scraps at least
Which noseless Davenant sends: these cram his muse
With strong burn-basted raptures, to abuse
The poore compounders: yet it will not fall
One penny of their rate at Goldsmiths Hall.
No paper-kites from York, no proclamations
To undeceive the people, no observations
Upon the Kings return; no pregnancy
Of new invention: all dull poetry.
Where's the Court parasites, to resolve the case
Of none-resistance now? what is their place
Empty at court? where's Hamond, Fers, and he
Pretends himself Bishop of Ossory?
All silent? speechleſſ? dull as *Aulicus*?
What's Heylin's table turn'd? how comes it thus?
No hope, no comfort for malignancy,
Except to joyne with Independency.
Cajole the Scots, the City: why so dull?
No fine designes abroad? come, one more pull a Where's

(1)

Where's *Digby*? in a vall? what, no new plot?
 Is this the last, to rayle and curse the Scot?
 Send to *Kilkerron* post : what, cannot hee
 Disturb that Kingdome, raise more mutiny?
 What's *France* transform'd a stony, and will not stirr
 To help your gasping cause? Thou bauling curre,
 Bark more incessantly : let *Denmark* hear;
 He soundly snorteth : what will none appearre?
 Where are the Rebells? the Cessation sure
 Commands them from their boggs, now 'tis secure,
 To help their Popish Queen; or else to see
 Her and her fav'rite in a Monastry.
 Are your designes abortive? is the Scot
 More faithfull to the King? and is the plot
 Becomme apparent now? doth *Ormond* hate
 Your bale designes? doth he congraulate
 The good successe of this blest Parliament?
 Forbearre your cursed language; come, repent:
 All things miscarry 'mongst you; and we see
 The vip'rous venom of malignancy.
 This makes you mad, and fome; observe, the Scot
 Breakes not his Covenant; 's constant; Spoyles your plot.
 And had the King kept faith, and not the Queen
 Been so predominant, we should have seen
 His blessed reconcilement with the State:
 But surchies *CHARLES* most unhappy fate.
 How darst thou (Sycophant) abuse the King?
 Is he not just to punish? such a thing
 Of most prophane cursing, cannot bee
 Indur'd by any who love piety.
 Should wee retort thy curses, there would be
 A Vellume vented 'gainst malignancy.
 But Silence is sufficient: 'tis enuffe
 T' extinguish thy abhorred stinking snuffe.
 I tell thee *Cleveland* how to get some praise;
 Add but those curses to the last new playes:
 The Stationer, no doubt, will give thee pence,
 Joyne to the last of 'n verses thy nonsence,

(2)

Jeare not the proffer; for thy freinds now hate
 Thy profane curses, and abominate:
 Thy hatefull title doth more fit become
 Thy sweete companions and freinds at *Rome*.
 It is not long agoe since wee did see
 Thy famous *Wentworth*'s grand Apostacy.
 The King s' in safety (greeve not) 'tis with those
 Who will perswade him never to oppose
 The good advice of *Scotland*: not like *Land*,
 Who bid him break his faith, and then applaud
 That most unkingly breach, unnaturall warre
 With his belt subiects: no, King *Charles* is farre
 From any more such counsell: he doth see
 The fatall consequence of all flattery.
 What foule mouthd language thou givest that nation
 So ancient; with whom a combination
France did solicit, *England* now doth twine,
 And is compleated in that royll line.
 But what of *Loudons* speech? 'tis writ in Gold;
 With admiration honest men behold
 His Loyalty: what did the King declare
 Amongst the Scots? what protestations are
 D'vulged to the world by him? yet he
 Must be excused for infirmity.
 But let the noble *Loudons* speech be scann'd
 By most, nay all malignants in the land;
 The proper genuine sense of all will be,
 We will maintaine the King, not Tyranny.
 And here of purpose thou forgetst the place
 Where *London*, was confin'd; but no disgrace
 To *Loudons* Innocency: we did see
 Some stepps then neere to Turkish slavery.
 That good advice which pious *Henderson*
 Gave to the King, thou ha'ft to mention;
 Or that thy flattering Clergy did adore
 The Scottish nation but a while before:
 O how their papers then did make you glad?
 How jocund? but of late exceeding sad.

Fear

Did

Did you expect a change? And now to see
 The City right, and the Scots constancy?
 O how it frets malignants! they had hope
 By our dissentions to have taken scope
 To worke some new designes; malignancy
 The brat of *Machavel*, Independency,
 His Jesuit brother; and those two
 Are acting mischiefe, hoping to endoe
 Two ancient Kingdomes, that they might be free
 Of Presbyterian and of Monarchy.
 But wee have hopes 'tis far from the intent
 Of the Scots nation, or our Parliament.
 What sixty Kings were murder'd by the Scots?
 'Tis but a fable: thrice as many plots
 Have acted been of late, to overthrow
 This rich and amous City, and to blow
 Three Kingdomes into atomes; by such men
 Who merely vapour, curse and rayle: but then
 We finde them most unnaturall, not to spare
 The essence of a Parliament: ~~pretend~~ *soe* *cake* *faire*
 Great faith and Loyalty; a fained thing
 To gaine a party, and abuse a King.
 That hardy nation hath been ever free,
 And scorn'd the bondage of base slavery.
 Read but *Thuanus* an Historian
 Who writes impartially; read *Buchanan*
 King *James* his Tutor, one who did not feare.
 The frownes of Kings; was bold, and durst appeare
 I'th cause of truth in spite of opposition:
 There we may read the freedome of that nation,
 Belov'd of good men; for their Constancty
 Recorded is to all posterity.

F I N I S

