

THE SCOTS APOSTACY.

IS't come to this? what? shall the Cheekes of Fame
Stretch't with the breath of learned *Lowdens* name?
Be flagg'd againe, and that great peice of Sence
As rich in Loyaltie, as Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State:
Like Chimists tinctures prov'd Adulterate?
The Divell sure such language did atcheive,
To cheate our un-fore-warned Grandame Eve;
As this Impostor found out to besot
Th' experienc't *English* to beleave A Scot.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull Sence?
The Commons Argument, or the Cities Pence?
Or did you doubt persistance in one good
Would spoyle the fabrick of your Brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sinne,
Was fit for the grand Divells hammering.
Or was't Ambition that this damned fact,
Should tell the world you know the fines you act.
The infamie this super-Treason brings,
Blast's more then Murders of your fixtie Kings.
A crime so blacke as being aduis'dly done,
Those hold with this no Competition.
Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lie,
Th' Affazination of Monarchie.
Beyond this sinne no one step can be Trod
If not t' attempt deposiing of your God.
Oh were you so engag'd that we might see,
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your eares to see;
Till you were shriveld into dust, and your cold land,
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Libian* land;
But tis reserv'd, and till heaven plague you worse,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.
First may your Brethren to whose viler ends,

Your power hath bawded, cease to count you friends;
And prompted by the Dictate of their reason
Reproach the Traytors, though they hug the Treason.
And may their Iealousies encrease and breed,
Till they confine your Steps beyond the *Tweed*.
In forreigne Nations may your loath'd Name be,
A stigmatizing brand of Infamie.
Till forc't by generall hate you cease to rome
The world, and for a plague goe live at home;
Till you resume your povertie, and bee
Reduc'd to begge where none can be so free,
To grant; and may your scabbie Land be all,
Translated to a generall Hospitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day.
But let *Guerdon* for your Trayterous warre,
Live cherisht only by the Northerne starre.
No stranger deigne to visite your rude Coast,
And be to all but banisht Men, as lost.
And such in Hightening of the infliction due,
Let provok't Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law;
But Power, your lives and liberties may awe.
No Subject 'mongst you keepe a quiet brest,
But each man strive through blood to be the best,
Till for those Miseries on us yo'ue brought,
By your own sword, our just revenge be wrought.
To summe up all-----let your Religion be,
As your Allegiance, mask't hypocrisie.
Untill when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,
Perfum'd with Epithites of good and just;
He sav'd; Intenched Heaven may have forgot,
To afford one act of mercy to a Scot.

FIN IS.