

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

How is the World transform'd of late, In Coun - try, Court, and Ci - ty; As  
if we were de - creed by Fate, To sing a mourn - ful  
Dit - ty: A - bout the dis - mal change of Things, There was no sooth in  
Fau - ner; In the blest Re - igns of for - mer Kings, When  
I was a Man of Ho - nour.

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 *Living*s 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.*