

A SONG.

The musical notation is written on three staves in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes a double bar line. The third staff concludes the melody with a double bar line.

Lay by your Plead-ing, The Law lies a Bleed-ing, Burn all your Stu-dies down, and
 It fos-ters our Mas-ters, It plais-ters Dis-asters, And makes the Ser-vants quick-ly
 throw a-way your Re-ading; Small Po-wei the World has, And doth af-ford us, Not half
 grea-ter than their Mas-ters; It ven-tures, it en-ters, It cir-cles, it Cen-tres, And
 so ma-ny Pri-vi-le-ges as the Sword does;
 sets a Pren-tice free des-pite of his In-den-ters.

This takes up all things,
 And sets up small things,
 This masters Money, tho' Money masters all things.
 It's not in Season,
 To talk of Reason,
 Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it Treason:
 This conquers a Crown too,
 The Cloak and the Gown too,
 This sets up a Presbyter, and this doth pull him down too;
 This subtle deceiver,
 Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
 Down drops a Bishop, and up steps a Weaver.

It's this makes a Lay-man,
 To Preach and to Pray Man,
 And this made a Lord of him, which was before a Drayman;
 For from this dull-pit,
 Of *Saxbey's* Pulpit,
 This brought a holy Iron-monger to the Pulpit:
 No Gospel can guide it,
 No Law can decide it,
 No Church or State can debate it,
 'Till the Sword hath Sanctify'd it;
 Such pitiful things be,
 Happier than Kings be,
 This brought in the Heraldry of *Thimblesby* and *Slingsby*.

Down goes the Law-trix,
 For from this Matrix,
 Sprang holy *Hewson's* power, and tumbl'd down St. *Patrick's*.
 It batter'd the Gun-kirk,
 So did it the Dum-kirk,
 That he is fled and gone to the Devil in *Dunkirk*;
 In *Scotland* this waster,
 Did work such disaster,
 This brought the Money back for which they sold their Master:
 This frighted the *Flemming*,
 And made him so beseeching,
 That he doth never think of his lost Lands redeeming.

But he that can tower,
 Over him that is lower,
 Would be counted but a Fool to give away his Power:
 Take Books and rent them,
 Who would invent them,
 When as the Sword replies *Negatur Argumentur*:
 The grand College Butlers,
 Must vail to the Sutlers,
 There's not a Library like to the Cutlers;
 The Blood that is spilt, Sir,
 Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir,
 Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the Hilt, Sir.