

**RUMP: OR AN EXACT COLLECTION OF  
THE CHOYCEST POEMS AND SONGS  
RELATING TO THE LATE TIMES. BY THE  
MOST EMINENT WITS, FROM ANNO  
1639 TO ANNO 1661, VOL. 2**

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R U M P:

OR AN

*EXACT COLLECTION*

Of the Choycest

P O E M S

AND

S O N G S

RELATING TO THE

L a t e T i m e s .

By the most Eminent Wits, from *Anno*  
1639. to *Anno* 1661.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the *Gun* in *Ivy-lane*, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes*  
in *Chancery-lane*. 1662.

124 70  
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# RUMP SONGS.



## The Second Part.



*The Re-resurrection of the RUMP. Or,  
Rebellion and Tyranny revived.*

*To the Tune of the Blacksmith.*

**I**F none be offended with the scent,  
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content,  
To sing of the *Rump* of a Parliament.

*Which no body can deny.*

I have sometimes fed on a *Rump* in Sowse,  
And a man may imagine the *Rump* of a Lowse ;  
But till now was ne're heard of the *Rump* of a House.

*Which no body can deny.*

There's a *Rump* of Beef, and the *Rump* of a Goose,  
And a *Rump* whose neck was hang'd in a Noose ;  
But ours is a *Rump* can play *fast and loose.*

*Which no body can deny.*

A *Rump* had *Jane Shore*, and a *Rump* *Messaleen*,  
 And a *Rump* had *Antonies* resolute Queen ;  
 But such a *Rump* as ours is, never was seen,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Two *short years* together we *English* have scarce  
 Been rid of thy Rampant Nose (Old *Mars*)  
 But now thou hast got a prodigious *Arse*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

When the parts of the Body did all fall out,  
 Some Votes it is like did pass for the Snout ;  
 But that the *Rump* should be King was never a doubt.  
*Which no body can deny.*

A *Cat* has a *Rump*, and a *Cat* has nine Lives,  
 Yet when her Head's off, her *Rump* never strives ;  
 But our *Rump* from the Grave hath made two Retrives.  
*Which no body can deny.*

That the *Rump* may all their Enemies quail,  
 They'll borrow the Devills Coat of Mayl,  
 And all to defend their Estate in Tayl.  
*Which no body can deny.*

But though their *scale* now seems to be th' upper,  
 There's no need of the charge of a Thanksgiving supper,  
 For if they be the *Rump*, the *Armi's* their *Crupper*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There's a Saying belongs to the *Rump*,  
 Which is *good* although it be worn to the *stump*,  
 That on the *Buttocks* I'll give thee a Thump.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There's a Proverb in which the *Rump* claims a part,  
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,  
That for all you can do I care not a Fart.

*Which no body can deny.*

There's another Proverb gives the *Rump* for his Crest,  
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jest,  
That of all kinds of Lucks, *shitten* Luck is the best.

*Which no body can deny.*

There's another Proverb that never will fail,  
That the *good* the *Rump* will do when they prevail  
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail.

*Which no body can deny.*

There is a Saying which is made by no Fools,  
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,  
That the *Rump* will spend all we have in Close-stools,

*Which no body can deny.*

There's an Observation wise and deep,  
Which without an *Onion* will make me to weep,  
That Flyes will blow Maggots in the *Rump* of a Sheep.

*Which no body can deny.*

And some that can see the wood from the trees,  
Say, this sanctified *Rump* in time we may leese ;  
For the *Cooks* do challenge the *Rumps* for their Fees.

*Which no body can deny.*

When the *Rump* do sit wee'l make it our Moan,  
That a Reason be 'enacted if there be not one,  
Why a *Fart* hath a tongue, and a *Fyest* hath none.

*Which no body can deny.*



And whilst within the Walls they lurk,  
 To satisfie us, will be a good work,  
 Who hath most Religion, the *Rump* or the *Turk*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

A *Rump's* a Fag-end, like the baulk of a *Furrow*,  
 And is to the whole like the *Jail* to the *Burrough*,  
 'Tis the *Bran* that is left when the *Meal* is run thorough.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Consider the *VWorld* the Heav'n is the Head on't,  
 The *Earth* is the middle, and we men are fed on't ;  
 But *Hell* is the *Rump*, and no more can be sed on't.  
*Which no body can deny.*

*Flectere si nequeunt Superos Acharonta movebunt.*



*A New-Years-Gift for the RUMP.*

**Y**OU may have heard of the *Politick Snout*,  
 Or a tale of a *Tub* with the bottom out,  
 But scarce of a Parliament in a *shitten Clout*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

'Twas *Atkins* first serv'd this *Rump* in with *Mustard*,  
 The *sawce* was a compound of *Courage* and *Custard*,  
*Sir Vane* bless'd the Creature: *Nol* snuffed & blusterd.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Right* was then in *Old Olivers Nose*,  
 But when the *Devil* of that did dispose,

It descended from thence to the *Rump* in the cloze.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Nor is it likely there to stay long,  
The Retentive Faculties being gone,  
The *Juggle* is stale, and *Mony* there's none.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Secluded Members* made a *Tryal*  
To *Enter*, but them the *Rump* did defie all  
By the *Ordinance of Self-denyal*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Our *Politique Doctors* do us Teach,  
'That a *Blood-sucking Red-coat's* as good as a *Leech*,  
To *Relieve the Head*, if applied to the *Breech*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

But never was such a *Worm* as *Vane*;  
When the *State scour'd* last, it voided him then,  
Yet now he's *crept* into the *Rump* again.  
*Which no body can deny.*

*Ludlow's Fart*, was a *Prophetique Trump* :  
(There was never any thing so *Jump*)  
Twas the very *Type*, of a *Vote* of this *Rump*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

They say 'tis good Luck, when a *Body rises*  
*With the Rump upward*; but he that advises  
To *Live* in that *Posture* is none of the wisest.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Reason* is worse, though the *rime* be untoward,

When things proceed with the *wrong end forward* ;  
 But they talk of sad news to the *Rump* from the *Norward*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

'Twas a wonderfull thing the *strength of that Part*,  
 At a *Blast*, it will take you a *Team* from a *Cart* :  
 And *Blow* a Man's *Head* away with a *Fart*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

When our *Brains* are *Sunck* below the *Middle*,  
 And our *Consciencies* *steer'd* by the *hey down-diddle*,  
 Then things will go round without a *Fiddle*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

You may order the *City* with a *Hand-Granado*,  
 Or the *General* with a *Bastonado*,  
 But no way for a *Rump* like a *Carbonado*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

To make us as famous in *Counsel*, as *VVars*,  
 Here's *Lenthal*, a *Speaker* for mine——  
 And *Fleetwood* is a *Man of Mars*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

'Tis pity that *Nedhams* Fall'n into *Disgrace*,  
 For he orders a *Bum* with a *marvailous Grace*,  
 And ought to attend the *Rump* by his *Place*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Yet this in *despight* of all *Disasters*,  
 Although he hath *Broken the Heads of his Masters*,  
 'Tis still his *Profession*, to give 'em all *Plasters*.  
*Which no body can deny.*