

# A BALSOM for BACKSLIDERS

## Or some Hints anent the Oaths of Abjuration,

**A**lthough the News be spread of late  
 Throughout our *Scottish Nation*;  
 That we e're long shall be Defeat,  
 By *Papists* their Invasion,  
 Yet *Presbyters* be not Dismay'd,  
 But look to Heaven for help and Aid,  
 And let it never once be said,  
 That we shall prove Fainr Hearted,  
 For if we shall our selves acquit,  
 Themselvs shall fall into the Pit,  
 Which *Papists* diggs to catch the *Whigs*;  
 They shall be made to smart it,  
*Whigs* join in one do not divide,  
 In Circumstantial Matters,  
 Or el's mischief shall you betide,  
 From *French* and *Romish* Traiteffs;  
 Who now are lying at the Catch,  
 True *Presbyterians* for to Dispatch,  
 Your Ruin they contrive and Hatch,  
 Forsooth ye may Depend on't,  
 Who's a Divids and leaves your Guides,  
 Without true Scripture on your side,  
 Ye are to blame for all the Name,  
 Of *Whigs* and there's an end on't,  
 Some are Counted Honest Folk,  
 Among a Foolish People,  
 Because they're like the Weather Cock,  
 That sits upon the Sceptle,  
 Which turns about with every Wynd,  
 To Novelties they're so inclin'd,  
 They do not Love to be Contin'd,  
 To the present Constitution,  
 Such itching Ears they have inde'd,  
 And so much Lightness in the Head,  
 Church Union Yoke they still have broke  
 Since the late Revolution.  
 And many new Excepction take  
 At the Oath of Abjuration,  
 Yea they do it Occasion make,  
 And ground of Speration,  
 Their Heads are put in such a Stee,  
 That in their Conscience they're not clear,  
 Their Parish Pastors for to hea,  
 Till they shall shew Repentance,  
 He passes scurrant for a Sainr,  
 Although profoundly ignorant,  
 That does debate 'gainst Church and State  
 And Rashly passes Sentence,  
 How can People at this Rate,  
 Divided into Factions,  
 Ever be without Debate,  
 In all of their Transactions,  
 It's Sin and Shame that ever we  
 Who all Profess true *Presbyterians*;

Should we in Judgement broken be,  
 And Various in Opinion,  
 Scarce you'll meet a Company,  
 But still there shall some Difference be,  
 In this or that you'll not know what's  
 Relating to Religion;  
 Thus many on Extreame do Run,  
 And that both Male and Female  
 Some who at a Gnat do Straine,  
 Yet Swallow down a Camel,  
 Some with things beyond their Sphere,  
 Do meddle such great Fools they are,  
 In others Matters they must share,  
 Or else they are uncase,  
 Some they do great pleasure take,  
 In what great Sures and Troubles mak  
 To Church and State which breed Debat  
 Herein they are not Lazie.  
 Did ye but know what Hurt and Harm,  
 Division it procureth,  
 Unto the Church they're fore ro blame,  
 That knows and that not cureth,  
 Occasion, thereby Foes do Catch,  
 Their Plots and Projects (Or to Hatch,  
 Wheteof I fear well get a Swaich,  
 If we be not Cemented.  
 The Church hath Enemies on each Hand,  
 Hard by us warchfully do stand,  
 And do Rejoice to hear the Nois,  
 Of such as do Foment it:  
 If ye be wise take my Advice,  
 Be no more led aside Sirs,  
 By any that are over Nice,  
 And makes you to Divide Sirs,  
 But Join together Hand in Hand,  
 And march in Covenant'd Bond,  
 The Common Enemy to withstand,  
 And guard against Division,  
 A Honte Divided cannot stand,  
 Be thou unite in Heart and Hand,  
 Left ye be broke even by the Stroke,  
 Of such as Love Confusion,  
 For this Courle of Division,  
 Ye cannot Reason Pender,  
 Ye Autho's of Confusion,  
 Ye Friends to the Pretender,  
 Begone Schismatics out of Doors,  
 That Cure but does not Cure our Sores,  
 We do protest ye're none of ours,  
 For all your great Profession,  
 Within our Gates ye shall not stand,  
 And senseless Rule and beas Command,  
 Till ye think shame even of your Name,  
 Yea mouru and make Confession.