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X *Shakespeare*

SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive ;

SET TO

MUSIC

By Dr. JOHN BLOW, Mr. HENRY PURCELL,
and other Excellent Masters of the Town.

Ending with some ORATIONS, made and
spoken by me several times upon the
PUBLICK STAGE in the THEATER. To-
gether with some Copies of VERSES, PRO-
LOGUES, and EPILOGUES, as well for my
own PLAYS as those of other Poets, being
all Humorous and Comical.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *J. Tonson*, at
SHAKESPEAR'S Head, against *Catherine*
Street in the *Strand*, 1719.







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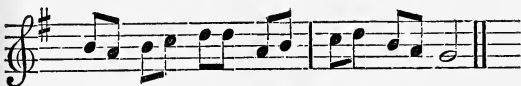
SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive, &c.

VOL. IV.

Three Children Sliding on the THAMES.

Tune CHIVY-CHASE.



* **S**OME Christian People all give Ear
* Unto the Grief of us,
* Caus'd by the Death of three Children dear,
* The which it happen'd thus.

VOL. IV.

B

And

SONGS *Compleat*,

And eke there befel an Accident,
By fault of a Carpenter's Son;
Who to saw Chips his sharp Ax lent,
Woe worth the time, may *Lon*—

May *London* say, Woe worth the Carpenter,
And all such Blockhead Fools;
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For Jestng with Edge Tools.

For into the Chips there fell a spark,
Which put out in such Flames;
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lives beyond the *Thames*.

For lo the Bridge was wondrous high,
With Water underneath;
O'er which as many Fishes fly,
As Birds therein do Breath.

And yet the Fire consum'd the Bridge,
Not far from place of Landing;
And tho' the Building was full big,
It fell down Notwithstanding.

And eke into the Water fell
So many Pewter Dishes;
That a Man might have taken up very well
Both Boyl'd, and Roasted Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of *London* Town,
For Building that was sumptuous;
Was all by Fire half Burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And thus you have all but half my Song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have Cool'd you with the Fire,
I'll Warm you with the Water.

I'll tell you what the River's Name is,
Where these Children did slide *a*;
It was fair *London's* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both Time and Tide *a*.

All on the Tenth of *January*,
To Wonder of much People ;
'Twas Frozen o'er that well 'twould bear,
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children Sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too 'Thin ;
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall In.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great Wager makes ;
But when he saw he could not Win,
He Sigh'd and would have drawn Stakes.

He said it would bear a Man for to slide,
And laid a Hundred Pound ;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For Three Children there were Drown'd.

Of which One's Head was from his Shoulder—
Ears stricken whose Name was *John* ;
Who then Cry'd out as loud as he cou'd,
O Lon-a Lon-a London.

O tut-tut-turn from thy Sinful Race,
Thus did his Speech decay ;
I Wonder that in such a Case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd *a-lack, a-lack*,
The Water ran down their Throats ;
And stops their Breaths Three Hours by the Clock,
Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that Children have,
 And ye that have none yet ;
 Preserve your Children from the Grave,
 And teach them at Home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
 Or else upon Dry Ground ;
 Why then I would never have been seen,
 If that they had been Drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman ties his Dogs,
 For fear they should go from him ;
 So tie your Children with Severities Clog,
 Untie 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God Bless our Noble Parliament,
 And rid them from all Fears ;
 God Bless th' Commons of this Land,
 And God Bless some o'th' Peers.



PHIL. PORTER'S *Farewel. To the same Tune.*

GOOD People all, I pray give Ear,
 My Words concern ye much ;
 I will repeat a Hector's Life,
 Pray God ye be not such.

There was a Gallant in the Town,
 A Brave and Jolly Sporter ;
 Ther was no Lady in the Land,
 But he knew how to Court her.

His Person Comely was and Tall,
 More Comely have been few Men ;
 Which made him well belov'd of Men,
 But more belov'd of Women.

Re-

Besides all this, I can you tell,
That he was well Endowed
With many Graces of the Mind,
Had they been well bestowed.

He was as Liberal as the Sun,
His Gold he freely spent ;
Whether it were his own Estate,
Or that it were him lent.

For Valour he a Lyon was,
I say a Lyon bold ;
For he no Living Man did Fear,
That Sword in Hand did hold.

And when that he with glittering Blade,
Did e'er assail his Foes ;
Full well I tro, they did not miss
Their Belly full of Blows.

A *French* Man once assaulted him,
And told him that he Ly'd ;
For which with Quart-pot he him slew,
And so the *French* Man Dy'd,

Three *Danes*, Six *Germans*, and Five *Swedes*,
Met him in Lane of *Drury* ;
Who cause they took of him the Wall,
He Kill'd them in his Fury.

Upon his Body welladay,
Full many a Scar he bore ;
His Skin did look like Sattin Pinck'd,
With Gashes many a Score.

Oh ! had he lost that Noble Blood
For Country's Liberty ;
Where could all *England* then have found
So brave a Man as he ?

But

But Woe is me these Virtues great,
 Were all Eclips'd with Vice ;
 Just so the Sun that new Shines bright,
 Is darkn'd in a trice.

For he did Swagger, Drink and Gamè,
 Indeed what would he not ;
 His Psalter and his Catechise
 He utterly forgot.

But he is gone, and we will let
 No more of him be said ;
 They say 'tis naught for to reveal
 The Vices of the Dead.

Besides we have some cause to think
 That he may 'scape Tormenting ;
 For the Old Nurse that Watch'd with him,
 Did say he Dy'd Repenting.



The Second PART.

Farewel Three Kings, where I have spent
 Full many an Idle Hour ;
 Where oft I Won, but never Lost,
 If 'twere within my Power.

Where the Raw Gallants I did chuse,
 Like any *Rag-a-muffin* ;
 But now I'm sick and cannot Play, -
 Who'll trust me for a Coffin.

Farewel my dearest *Pickadilly*,
 Notorious for great Dinners ;
 Oh what a *Tennis-Court* was there !
 Alas ! too good for Sinners.

Farewel

Farewel *Spring-Garden* where I us'd
To Piss before the Ladies ;
Poor Souls ! Who'll be their Hector now
And get 'em pretty Babies.

Farewel the Glory of *Hide-Park*,
Which was to me so dear ;
Ah, since I can't enjoy it more,
Would I were Buried there.

Farewel Tormenting Creditors,
Whose Scores did so Perplex me ;
Well ! Death I see for something's good,
For now they'll cease to vex me.

Farewel true Brethren of the Sword,
All Martial Men and Stout ;
Farewell dear Drawer at the *Fleece*,
I cannot leave thee out.

My Time draws on, I now must go,
From this beloved Light ;
Remember me to pretty *Sue*,
And so dear Friends good Night.

With that on Pillow low he laid
His Pale and Drooping Head ;
And streight e'er Cat could lick her Ear,
Poor *Philly* he was Dead.

Now God Bless all that will be Blest,
God Bless the Inns of Court ;
And God bless *D'Avenant's Opera*,
Which is the Sport of Sports.



*On the DEATH of Jo. Wright.**To the same Tune.*

WHEN Rich Men Die, whose Purses swell
 With Silver and with Gold ;
 They straight shall have a Monument,
 Their Memories t'uphold.

Yet all that Men can say of them,
 They lived so unknown ;
 Is but to write upon their Tomb,
 Here lieth such a one.

When *Joseph Wright*, who Dyed Poor,
 (Tho' *Simon* was his Porter)
 Shall Die as if he ne'er had been,
 And want his Worth's Reporter.

Full many a Cann he often Drank,
 In *Fleet-Street* in the Cellar ;
 Yet he must unremember'd Die,
 Like some base Fortune-teller.

He made the Ballad of the *Turk*,
 And sung it in the Street ;
 And Shall he Die, and no Man heed it ?
 No Friends, it is not meet.

He lived in a Garret high,
 Not much below the Steeple ;
 And shall he Die, alas poor *Jo*,
 Unknown unto the People.

He had a Dog, his Name was *Trot*,
 Th' Dog with him did lye ;
 Shall *Tobit* Live for his Dog's sake,
 And *Jo* neglected Die ?

He

He had no Curtains to his Bed,
But yet for t'other Quart ;
Coin he would find, and shall he Die
And no Man lay't to Heart ?

He hated all the Female Sex,
Who knew his private Grudge ;
And must he therefore Die forgot ?
I leave the World to Judge.

Each *Term* he ask'd his Father Blessing,
On bended Knee demurely ;
Who then did give him Shillings Ten,
And must he die Obscurely ?

No, *For*, I'll bid Peace to thy Bones,
Tho' they were Sick and Crasie ;
And must be quite made New again,
Before that Heaven can raise thee.

And since thou'rt gone, and there is none
Who knoweth where to find thee ;
I'll fix this Truth upon thy Name,
Thou didst leave Wit behind thee.

Wit that shall make thy Name to last,
When *Tariton's* Jests are Rotten ;
And *George-a-Green*, and *Mother Bunch*
Shall all be quite forgotten.

Now if you ask where *For* is gone,
You think I cannot tell ;
Oh he is Blest, for he was Poor,
And could not go to Hell.

But for his Father, Rich in Bags,
The Devil ought to have him ;
That took no Care of such a Son,
Till 'twas too late to save him.

The

*The PALPHRY:**A FABLE. To the same Tune.*

A *Palphry* Proud, prick'd up with Pride,
 Went Prancing on the Way ;
 By chance a Mill-horse he espy'd,
 At whom he 'gan to Neigh.

And scornfully with great Disdain
 The *Palphry* he stood still ;
 And laughed at the silly Horse,
 Which carry'd sacks to Mill.

Stand back, quoth he, thou moyling Ass,
 A Shame to Beggars kind ;
 Give place to me, thy Lord, to pass,
 Thou Drudge and toiling Hind.

And with these Words he flung his Heels,
 And by the Mill-Horse pass'd ;
 To whom the silly Jade in Field,
 Did thus reply at last.

Well, Well, quoth he, with mournful Mind,
 Full little know'st thou yet ;
 E'er that thou come unto thy End,
 Who on thy Back shall sit.

When I was Young, as thou art now,
 Full little did I Care ;
 And never thought upon these Sacks,
 Which now to Mill I bear.

I could both Manage, Stop and Turn,
 Curvet, and bravely Fling ;
 At Tilts and Turnaments I serv'd,
 Likewise to Run a Race at Ring.

Then

Then was I fed with Corn and Hay,
And had each thing at Will ;
But when my Strength did wear away,
I sold was to the Mill.

And thou which proudly here dost Prance,
And giv'st no Man the Way ;
Full little dost thou know how soon
Thou shalt come to decay.

Thy Master's Stable is no Grange,
Boast not therefore of Strength ;
Yet not so Constant is by chance,
As thou shalt find at length.

Bucephalus upon his Back
A Mighty Monarch bore ;
When he had spent his fresh green Youth,
The Dogs his Flesh did Tear.

A Horse, a Hound, a Hawk, a Man,
Serve but their Youthful Prime ;
Therefore take heed if thou be Wise,
Lay hold while it is Time.

Trust not then to after Wou'ds,
Gape not for had I list ;
Ten Birds on Wing are not so good
As One upon the Fist.

With store of Shells in Pease-cod time,
Besure thou shalt be Fed ;
With fair Words and sweet ones too,
Besure thou shalt be led.

And when thy Strength does wear away,
And Beauty 'gins to fade ;
Away then with this Doating Ass,
He serveth for the Spade.

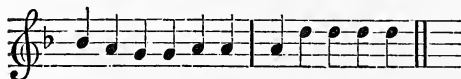
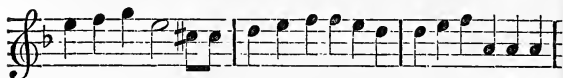
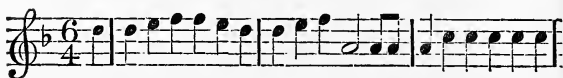
Lo here you lusty lads to learn,
 Under a Caveat told ;
 That Younglings spend their fresh green Youth,
 Not thinking to be Old.

Therefore hoist not your Sails too high,
 Disdain not simple Will ;
 For many a sturdy Horse e'er now,
 Hath carried Sacks to Mill.



The Royal REGIMENT.

By JO. HAYNES.



I 'LL Sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
 Of the fierce Royal Regiment, but don't think I
 Jeer ;
 For I vow and protest, they're as brave Men and
 willing
 As ever Old *Rome* bred, or New *Iniskilling*.

Lord,

Lord, had you but seen 'em March with that Decorum,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em ;
Some Smoaking, some Whistling, all meaning no Harm,
Like *Yorkshire* Attorneys, coming up to the Term.

On Long-tails, on Bob-tails, on Trotters and Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers and Racers ;
You'd have sworn Knights and Squires, Prigs, *Cuckolds*,
and Panders,
Appear'd all like so many brave *Alexanders*.

Those Warriours who through all Dangers must go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe ;
Was Mounted on Steeds the last Lord-Mayors Day,
From *Turky, Spain, Barbary*, Coach, Cart and Dray.

'Twas that very Day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o' th' Town ;
Tho' Sparks were Unhorst, and their lac'd Coats were
 spoil'd
Yet they dreaded no Squibs, from Man, Woman, or
 Child.

The Cornet whose Nose, tho' it spoke him no *Roman*,
Was Mounted that Day on a Horse fearing no Man ;
No wonder, for all o'er his Trappings so sumptuous,
He ty'd Squibs and Crackers ; 'twas mighty Pre-
 sumptuous.

But mark his Design, Faith 'tis worth your Admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse wou'd stand
 Firing ;
Not wisely considering Her Majesty's Marry'd,
And he had been Hang'd, had some Body Miscarry'd.

All Hearts true as Steel, but of all the brave Fellows,
The Scriv'ner for my Money, who was so Zealous ;
He sent for the Lease of his own House from Home,
To make out a Cov'ring for the Troop's Kettle-Drum.

The Lieutenant Colonel being thrown by a Gennet,
His Son-in-Law fancying some Treachery in it ;
Gave

Gave the Horse the Oats, which the Beast took they say,
But Swore by the Lord they went down like chopt Hay.

He the Horse of some *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting, as well he might, his Loyalty ;
He made him to Eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And Prance to the Tune of Old *Lilly-burlero*.

The Tub-preaching Saint was so Zealous a Blade,
In Jack-Boots day & night he Sleep'd, Preach'd &
Pray'd ;
To call 'em to Prayers he needs no Saints Bell,
For Gingling his Spurs Chimes 'em in all as well.

A Noble stout Scriv'ner who now shall be Nameless,
That in Day of Battle he might be found Blameless ;
A War-Horse of Wood of a *Dutch* Carver buys,
To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus's* Main ;
That so by this means he his Prancer bestriding,
Might practice at once both his Writing and Riding.

But Oh the sad News that their Joy quite confounds,
To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet Sounds ;
Lord, Lord how this set them to writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

Ah ! who'll March for me ? Speak any that dare,
Here's a Horse & a Hundred Pound for him, that's fair ;
Dear Courtier excuse me from *Teague-land* and
Slaughter,
And take which you please, Sir, my VVife or my
Daughter.

Some feign'd themselves Lame, some feign'd them-
selves Clapt,
At last finding all themselves by themselves Trapt ;
The King most unanimously they Address,
And told him the Truth, it was all but a Jest.

A Jest, quoth the King, and with that the King Smil'd,
Come it ne'er shall be said that a good Jest was spoil'd ;
Therefore I dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
Sir, 'tis more Your Goodness, than our desert.

Thus being deliver'd from th' tedious Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation ;
They Kiss'd Royal Fist, and were Drunk all for Joy,
Then broke all their Swords, and cry'd, *Vive le Roy.*



A Sad and lamentable Account of an unhappy Accident that befel a young Gentleman, by a Fall from his Horse, whereby he most dangerously hurt his Nose and Chin. The Words by Mr. FISHBURN.



COME listen, good People, the whilst I relate,
An Accident most Unfortunate,
Of a Horse, and a Gentleman, and a sad Fate,
Which no Body can deny.

Then

Then first of the First, says the Country Parson,
It was a Mad Beast as e'er was clap'd Arse on,
And he would Run furiously like a *Mars* on,
Which no Body, &c.

It was not a Horse, nor a Mare, but a Gelding,
A Run-away Beast that will not be held in,
To say the Truth, 'twas a very Heilding,
Which no Body, &c.

To tell you his Colour, his Age, or his Feature,
At what he was Rated, or what was his Stature,
Why Faith 'twould be something besides our Matter,
Which no Body, &c.

But now to Proceed something faster,
And tell you the Cause of this sad Disaster,
Ay, and how this Horse did serve his Master,
Which no Body, &c.

As this Horse and his Master were going to Bed,
(The Master and Horse, I should have said)
Away ran this Horse as if he had fled,
Which no Body, &c.

Onwards went *Pegasus*, there let him Stray,
Off went the Gentleman, there let him lay,
For this Beast had not the Good Manners to stay,
Which no Body, &c.

Then an angry Charioteer did approach,
With a Pox take your Worship, you have spoil'd the
Coach,
Which was before as Sound as a Roach,
Which no Body, &c.

But the Lady in milder Terms did begin,
With alas good Gentleman, pray have him in,
Lord how he has hurt his Nose and his Chin,
Which no Body, &c.

And

And when they had sit him down in a Chair,
They all of his Life began to despair,
At length they did venture to put up this Prayer,
Which no Body, &c.

O Thou that Preserv'st us at Bed and Board,
Some help to this Dying Man afford,
For our Squire we fear, is as Drunk as a Lord,
Which no Body, &c.

But then came a Couple, I took 'em for Dray-men,
But they prov'd a Brace of your Praying Lay-men,
The one cry'd God Bless him, the other cry'd Amen,
Which no Body, &c.

Then a Pox of your Praying, crys out a Painter,
Unless you had a prevailing Saint here,
Such Winning's enough to make a Man faint here,
Which no Body, &c.

Then First he did wisely Examine his Skull,
His Legs and his Arms he next did pull,
Which made this Calf roar out like a Bull,
Which no Body, &c.

At *Portsmouth* there lately did Land an *Hamburgean*,
Who Eat Pickl'd Dog, and took it for Sturgeon,
So we had a Painter instead of a Surgeon,
Which no Body, &c.

But then came a Lawyer to make up the round,
And he to the Purpose a Proverb had found,
He that's Born to be Hang'd shall never be Drown'd
Which no Body, &c.

Then come some Old Women to make up the Ditty,
With alas good Gentleman, Faith 'twas a Pity,
He was the Prettiest Man in all the City,
Which no Body can deny.

The TRIMMER.*To the same Tune.*

PREY lend me your Ear if you've any to spare,
 You that love Common-wealth as you hate common Prayer,
 That can in a Breath, Pray, Dissemble and Swear.
Which no Body can deny, deny; which no Body can deny.

I'm first on the wrong-side, and then on the right,
 To Day I'm a *Jack*, and to morrow a *Mite*,
 I for either King Pray, but for neither dare Fight.
Which no Body, &c.

Sometimes I'm a Rebel, sometimes I'm a Saint,
 Sometimes I can Preach, and at other times Cant;
 There is nothing but Grace I thank God that I want.
Which no Body, &c.

Old *Babylon's Whore*, I cannot endure her,
 I'm a Sanctify'd Saint, there's none can be Purer,
 For Swearing I hate like any *Non-Furor*.
Which no Body, &c.

Of our Gracious King *William* I am a great Lover,
 Yet I side with a Party that Prays for another,
 I'd drink the King's Health, take it one way or t'other,
Which no Body, &c.

Précisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
 Where Sighing I sit, and such sorrowful Greeting,
 Makes me hate a long Prayer and two hours Prating.
Which no Body, &c.

And

And then I sing Psalms as if never weary,
Yet I must confess, when I'm Frolick and Merry ;
More Musick I find in *A Boat to the Ferry.*

Which no Body, &c.

I can pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round,
I can say, Heaven Bless, or the Devil Confound ;
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Which no Body, &c.

I can Pray for a Bishop, and Curse an Arch-Deacon,
I can seem very sorry that *Charleroy's* Taken ;
I can any thing say to save my own Bacon.

Which no Body, &c.

Sometimes for a good Common-wealths I am wishing,
O *Oliver, Oliver*, give us thy Blessing,
For in troubled Waters now I love Fishing.

Which no Body, &c.

The Times are so ticklish I vow and profess,
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace ;
I'll side with those to besure that are least in Distress.

Which no Body, &c.

With the *Jacks* I rejoyce that *Savoy's* defeated,
With the *Whigs* I seem pleas'd he so bravely Retreated,
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated.

Which no Body, &c.

Each Party you see, is thus full of great Hope,
There are some for the Devil and some for the Pope,
And I am for any thing, but for a Rope.

Which no Body can deny, &c.



The CUT-PURSE. By B. JOHNSON.

MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw
 near,
 And look to your Purses, for that I do say,
 And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
 It cost more to get than to lose in a Day;
 You oft have been told,
 The Young and the Old,
 And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;
 Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,
 Who give you fair Warning for and the Cut-purse.
*Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starv'd at Nurse,
 Then for to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.*

It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
 That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime,
 Alack and for pity, why should it be said?
 As if they regarded the Place or Time :

Examples

Examples have been,
Of some that were seen,

In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleaders between :
Then why should the *Fudges* be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the Purse?
Youth, Youth, &c.

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and even i'th' Jayl,
A Knight of good worth did there shew his Face,
Against the small Sinner in rage for to rail,
And lost *Ipse Facto*, his Purse i'th' Place ;
Nay, even from the Seat
Of Judgment so great,

A *Fudge* there did loose a fair Purse of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse?
Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booties to make ;
Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,
They stick not, but stare about Purses to take ;
Nay, once without Grace,
At a better place,

At Court, and at *Christmass* before the King's Face ;
Alack then for pitty must I bear the Curse,
That only belong to the cunning Cut-purse?
Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh you vile Nation of Cut-Purses all,
Relent and Repent, and amend, and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest Mens Fall,
To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground ;
And tho' you go Gay,
In Silks, as you may,

It is not the High-way to *Heaven* (they say),
Repent, then Repent ye for better for worse,
And Kiss not the Gallows for Cutting a Purse.
Youth, Youth, &c.

The MAIDEN's Longing. To the same Tune.

A Maiden of late,
 Whose Name sweet *Kate*,
 She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate* ;
 Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
 She would have a Child, without help of a Man.

To a Doctor she came,
 A Man of Great Fame,
 Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
 Quoth she, Mr. Doctor shew me if you can,
 How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,
 Since so it must be,
 This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently ;
 Take Nine Pound of Thunder, Six Legs of a Swan,
 And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wool of a Frog,
 The Juice of a Log,
 Well Parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
 With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get you can,
 And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,
 The Faith of false Varlots,
 With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
 And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain,
 Brought hither from *Spain*,
 With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
 With eight Quarts of Brimstone Brew'd in a Beer-Cann,
 And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard,
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With Nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Grashopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.



*Upon the PYRAMID. By Mr. Ratcliffe.
To the foregoing Tune.*

MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw
near,
For here's a New Sight which you must not escape,
A Stately young Fabrick that cost very dear,
Renown'd for strait Body and *Barbary* shape ;
A Pyramid much high'r,
Than a Steeple or Spire,
By which you may guess there has been a Fire.
*Ah London th'adst better have built New Burdello's,
T' encourage She-Traders and lusty Young Fellows.*

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,
But they set up this Monument wonderful tall ;
Tho' when Christians were Burnt, as *Fox* plainly shews
us,
There was nothing set up but his Book in the Hall.
And yet these Men can't
In their Conscience but grant,
That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.
Ah London, &c.

The

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,
 To be saved from Water did only desire :
 So the City presumes that this young one is able,
 When occasion shall serve, to secure them from Fire.
 Blowing up when all's done
 Preserves the best Town,
 But this Hieroglyphic will soon be blown down.
Ah London, &c.

Some say it resembles a Glass, fit for Mum,
 And think themselves Witty by giving Nick-names :
 An Extinguisher too 'tis fancied by some,
 As set up on purpose to put out the Flames,
 But what ever they shall
 This VVorkmanship call,
 Had it never been thought on 'thad been a Save-all.
Ah London, &c.

Some Passengers seem to suspect the grave City,
 As Men not so wise as they shou'd be, or so ;
 And oftentimes say, 'tis a great deal of pity
 So much Coin shou'd be spent, and so little to show.
 But these Men ne'er stop
 To pray for going up,
 For all that's worth seeing, is when y'are a-top.
Ah London, &c.

But O you proud Nations of Citizens all,
 Supposing y'had rear'd but only one Stone,
 And on it Engrav'd a stupendious Tale,
 Of a Conflagration the like was ne'er known :
 It had been as good
 T'have humour'd the Croud,
 And then y'had prevented their Laughing aloud.
Ah London th'adst better have built New Burdello's,
T' encourage She-Traders, and lusty Young Fellows.

On the Lovely Mrs. K. W.

K *Ate*, the loveliest thing,
That e'er was form'd by Nature,
Flora i'th' pride of Spring,
Ne'er wore so sweet a Feature.

Her Air, her Port, her Mien,
Her Lips, her Eyes, Complexion,
Had *Fove* when on Earth, but seen,
He had doted to Perfection.

With Kisses and Blissess one's drown'd,
In Seas of liquid Pleasure ;
Such store of Riches there I found,
She's an endless Mine of Treasure.

The

The GREEN-GOWN.



PAn leave Piping, the Gods have done Feasting,
 There's never a Goddess a Hunting to Day :
 Mortals marvel at *Coridon's* Jestings,
 That gives the assistance to entertain *May*.
 The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their Faces,
 So lively as passes, trip over the Downs :
 Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at *Barley-*
break;

Lord what haste they make for a Green-gown !

John with *Gillan*, *Harry* with *Frances*,
Meg and *Mary*, with *Robin* and *Will*,
George and *Margery* lead all the Dances,
 For they were reported to have the best Skill :
 But *Cicily* and *Nancy*, the fairest of many,
 That came last of any, from out of the Towns,
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the Throng,
 They so much did long for their Green-gowns.

Wan-

VVanton *Deborah* whispered with *Dorothy*,
 That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*,
 Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her Authority,
 And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
 But *Sibel* was sickly, and could not come quickly,
 And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon,
Tib would not tarry for *Tom*, nor for *Harry*,
 Lest *Christian* should carry away the Green-gown.

Blanch and *Bettrice*, both of a Family,
 Came very lazy lagging behind ;
Annise and *Aimable* noting their Policy,
Cupid is cunning, although he be blind :
 But *Winny* the VVitty, that came from the City,
 VVith *Parnel* the Pretty, and *Besse* the Brown ;
Clem, *Foan*, and *Isabel*, *Sue*, *Alice* and bonny *Nell*,
 Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
 VVhere they intended to gather their *May*,
 Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
 Singled in Couples did fall to their Play ;
 But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*,
 Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down ;
 And *Prudence* prevented what *Rachel* repented,
 And *Kate* was contented to take a Green-gown.

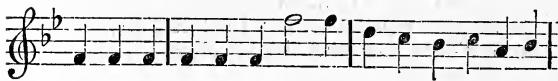
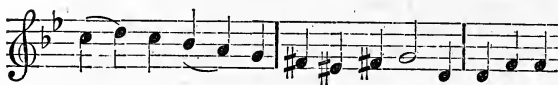
Then they desired to know of a truth,
 If all their Fellows were in the like Case,
Nem call'd for *Ede*, and *Ede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace* ;
 But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeak-
 ing,
 The pretty Lass breaking the head of the Clown ;
 But some were VVooring, while others were doing,
 Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

Bright

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping,
To see if his *Daphne* had been in the Throng ;
But missing her hastily downwards was creeping,
For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarried too long :
Then all the Troop mourned and homeward returned,
For *Cynthia* scorned to smile, or to frown ;
Thus they did gather *May*, all the long Summer-day,
And at Night went away with a Green-Gown.



*The Ballad of King JOHN and the Abbot
of CANTERBURY.*



I 'LL tell you a Story, a Story anon,
Of a Noble Prince, and his Name was King *John*;
For he was a Prince, a Prince of great might,
He held up great Wrongs, and he put down great Right,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury*;
And of his House-keeping and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair *London Town*.
Derry down, &c.

How now, Brother Abbot! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keep'st a far better House than I;
And for thy House-keeping and high Renown,
I fear thou hast Treason against my Crown.
Derry down, &c.

I hope my Liege, that you owe me no Grudge,
For spending of my true gotten Goods;
If thou dost not answer me Questions Three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.

When I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head;
Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Thou must tell me to One Penny what I am Worth.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question you must not flout,
How long I shall be Riding the World about?
And the Third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think.
Derry down, &c.

O These are hard Questions for my shallow Wit,
For I cannot answer your Grace as yet,
But if you will give me Three days space,
I'll do my Endeavour to answer your Grace.
Derry down, &c.

O Three Days space I will thee give,
For that is the longest day thou hast to Live ;
And if thou dost not answer these Questions right,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body quite.

Derry down, &c.

And as the Shepherd was going to his Fold,
He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along ;
How now Master Abbot, you're welcome home,
What News have you brought from good King *John*.

Derry down, &c.

Sad News, sad News, I have thee to give,
For I have but Three Days space for to Live ;
If I do not answer Him Questions Three,
My Head will be taken from my Body.

Derry down, &c.

When He is set on His Steed so high,
With His Crown of Gold upon his Head ;
Amongst all his Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
I must tell Him to One Penny what He is worth.

Derry down, &c.

And the next Question I must not flout,
How long He shall be Riding the World about ;
And the Third Question I must not shrink.
But tell to Him truly what he does Think.

Derry down, &c.

O Master did you never hear it yet,
That a Fool may learn a Wise Man Wit ?
Lend me but your Horse and your Apparel,
I'll ride to fair *London* and answer the Quarrel.

Derry down, &c.

Now I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head ;
Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Now tell me to One Penny what I am worth.

Derry down, &c.

For

For Thirty Pence our Saviour was Sold,
Amongst the false *Jews*, as you have been told ;
And Nine and Twenty's the Worth of Thee,
For I think thou art One Penny worser than he.

Derry down, &c.

And the next Question thou maist not flout,
How long I shall be Riding the World about ?
You must Rise with the Sun, and Ride with the same,
Until the next Morning he Rises again :
And then I am sure, You will make no doubt,
But in Twenty Four Hours you'll Ride it about.

Derry down, &c.

And the Third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly what I do Think ?
All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart Merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
But I'm his poor Shepherd as you may see,
And am come to beg Pardon for he and for me.

Derry down, &c.

The King he turn'd him about, and did Smile,
Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while ;
O no my Grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither Write nor Read.

Derry down, &c.

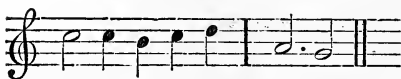
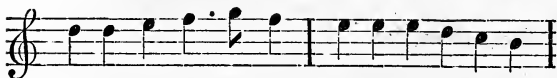
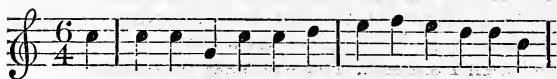
Then Four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true Jest thou hast told unto me ;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a Pardon from good King *John*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.



The Catholick BALLAD :

Or, An Invitation to Popery, upon Considerable Grounds and Reasons.



Since *Pop'ry* of late is so much in Debate,
 And great strivings have been to restore it,
 I cannot forbear only to declare,
 That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute it no more, these Heretical Men,
 Have exposed our Books unto Laughter ;
 So that many do say 'twill be our best way
 To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cause ! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly I do desire thee !
Neither will I Pray to St. *Bridget* to Day,
But only to thee to Inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholick *Rome* ?
I wonder much at your Folly ;
For St. *Peter* was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the World Holy.

For this Sacred old Wood is so excellent good,
If Tradition may be believed ;
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God Bless us) get up,
Tho' his Nature we know to be Evil ;
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an Infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat but our Father the Pope ?
So that here's a plain Demonstration ;
As clear as Noon-day, we're in the right way,
And all others are Doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes,
Which are blinded in bad Education ;
We have Arguments Twenty, and Miracles plenty,
Enough to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if anything can perswade ye ;
An Image shall Speak, or at least it shall Squeak,
In the Honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by *Erra Pater* ;
He shall skip about and tear, like a Dancing-bear ;
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Relicks most rare,
 We can shew you the Sacred Manger ;
 Several Loads of the Cross, as good as e'er was,
 'To preserve your Souls from Danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a Stone-wall,
 But I spare you a little for pity ;
 That each one may prepare, and rub up his Ear,
 For the Second Part of my Ditty.



The Second PART. To the same Tune.

NOW listen again to those things that remain,
 They are Matters of weight I assure you ;
 And the First thing I say, throw your Bibles away,
 'Tis impossible else for to Cure you.

O that Pestilent Book ! Never on it more look,
 I wish I could speak it out louder ;
 It has done more Men harm, I dare boldly affirm,
 Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for Matters of Faith, believe what the Church saith,
 But for Scriptures leave that to the Learned ;
 For these are Edge Tools, and you Lay-men are Fools,
 If ye touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for that you make all this stir ?
 You must Read, you must Hear and be Learned ;
 If you'll be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
 That you need not be so much Concerned.

Be the Church's good Son, and your work is half done,
 After that you may do your own pleasure ;
 If your Beads you can tell, and say *Ave Mary* well,
 Never doubt of the Heavenly Treasure.

For

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he
please,

And without all peradventure ;

If you cannot at the Fore, yet at the Back-dore
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But First by the way, you must make a short stay,

At a place call'd *Purgatory* ;

Which the Learned us tell, in the Buildings of Hell,
Is about the Middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous Hot place, and a Mark of disgrace,

In the Torment on't long to endure ?

None are kept there but Fools, and poor pitiful Souls,
Who can no ready Money procure.

For a handsome round Sum, you may quickly be gone,

For the Church has wisely Ordain'd :

That they who build Crosses, and pay well for Masses,
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain Case, as the Nose on ones Face,

We are in the surest Condition ;

And none but poor Fools and some niggardly Owls,
Need fall into utter Perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye Great and Rich Men,

That ye will not hearken to Reason ;

Since as long as y'have Pence, ye need scruple no
Offence,

Be it Murder, Adultrey, or Treason.

And ye sweet natur'd Women, who hold all things
common,

My Addresses to you are most hearty ;

And to give you your due, you are to us most true,

And we hope we shall gain the whole Party.

If you happen to Fall, your Pennance shall be small,

And although you cannot forego it ;

We have for you a Cure, if of this you be sure

To Confess before you go to it.

There is one Reason yet, which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the *French* Nation ;
Hereby we advance the Religion of *France*,
The Religion that's only in Fashion.

If these Reasons prevail, (as how can they fail ?)
To have Popery entertain'd ;
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What Benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the *Pope* shall us Bless, (that's no small Happiness)
And again we shall see restor'd
The *Italian* Trade, which formerly made
This Land to be so much ador'd.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,
The good Words as sweet as Honey ;
All this and much more shall be brought to our Door,
For a little dull *English* Money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and what can move,
Be restor'd again to our Britain ;
And Learning so common, that every Old Woman
Shall say her Prayers in *Latin*.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State shall
obey,
Which is now look'd upon as a Wonder ;
And the Proudest of Kings, and all Temporal things,
Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,
And have handl'd us with so much Terror ;
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
They may chance to acknowledge their Error.

If any Man yet shall have so little Wit,
As still to be Refractory ;
I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass
And so there's an end of a Story.

*Sir FRANCIS DRAKE : Or, Eighty Eight.
To the same Tune.*

SOME Years of late, in Eighty Eight,
As I do well remember a ;
It was, some say, on the Ninth of *May*,
And some say in *September* a.

The *Spanish* Train launch'd forth a-main,
With many a fine Bravado ;
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
The Invincible *Armado*.

There was a little Man that dwelt in *Spain*,
That shot well in a Gun a ;
Don Pedro height, as Black a Wight,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

King *Phillip* made him Admiral,
And bad him not to stay a ;
But to destroy both Man and Boy,
And so to come away a.

The Queen was then at *Tillbury*,
What could we more desire a ;
Sir *Francis Drake*, for Her sweet sake,
Did set 'em all on Fire a.

Away they ran by Sea and Land,
So that one Man slew Three-score a ;
And had not they all run away,
O my Soul, we had killed more a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast,
For if they come again a ;
Let them take heed they do not speed,
As they did they knew when a.

A BALLAD *called*,*The Jovial Bear-ward. To the same Tune.*

THO' it may seem rude
 For me to intrude
 With these my *Bears* by chance a ;
 'Twere sport for a King,
 If they could Sing
 As well as they can Dance a.

Then to put you out
 Of fear or doubt ;
 I came from St. *Katherine* a ;
 These Dancing Three,
 By the help of me,
 Who am keeper of the Sine a.

We sell good Ware,
 And we need not care
 Tho' Court and Country, knew it
 Our Ale's o'th' best,
 And each good Guest
 Prays for their Souls that Brew it.

For any Ale-house,
 We care not a Louse,
 Nor Tavern in all the Town a ;
 Nor the *Vintry Cranes*,
 Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
 Nor the Devil can put us down a ;

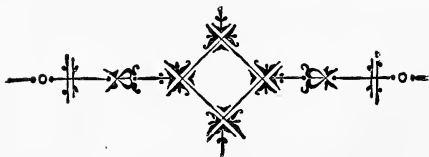
Who has once here been,
 Comes hither agen,
 The Liquor is so mighty ;
 Beer strong and stale,
 And so is our Ale,
 And it burns like *Aqua Vitæ*.

The Wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our Tapping
And still our Ale desire a ;
And there sit and Drink,
Till they Spew and Stink,
And often Piss out the Fire a.

From Morning to Night,
And about to Day-light,
They sit, and never grudge it ;
Till the Fish-Wives join
Their single Coin,
And the Tinker pawns his Budget.

If their Brains be not well,
Or Bladders do swell,
To ease them of their Burden ;
My Lady will come
With a Bowl and a Broom,
And her Hand-Maid with a Jordan.

From Court we invite
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Groom ;
And all our stiff Drinkers,
Smiths, Porters and Tinkers,
And the Beggars shall give you room.



A SONG.



O *H London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis Govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come listen
to my Ditty ;

This City has a Mayor, this Mayor is a Lord,
He Governeth the Citizens upon his own accord :
He boasteth his Gentility, and how Nobly he was born ;
His Arms are three *Ox-heads*, and his Crest a *Rampant Horn*.

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to *Westminster-hall*,

Attended by twelve Companies, for he must have 'em
all ;

The Barges are made all fine and gay, for his Lordship
and the best,

And Dung-boats and Lyters provided for the rest.

Then at the *Exchequer* he's sworn upon a Shoe-soal,
That he will be no wiser Man than was his Brother
Jubernol.

The Sword is born before 'em up and down the Stairs,
To Fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord-
Mayors.

And

And when that is ended, home again he comes,
With joyful Noise upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and
of Drums ; [jogs,
His Lordship lands at *Pauls-Wharf*, and on along he
Attended by his Companies, as Hungry as any Dogs.

Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to work,
With Knife like Scimiter as fierce as any *Turk* ;
He hit upon the Goose-bone, and turn'd both Edge
and point,
Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor, he could not hit
the Joint.

Then up came Custard with Twenty Four Nukes,
As you may find recorded in *John Stow's* Books ;
And why it was so big, if you wou'd know the Reason,
It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be prat-
ing Treason.

Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the City Barge,
And there they have a Noble Treat all at the City
Charge ;
And when they come to *Cuckold's-Point*, they make a
Gallant Show,
Their Wives bid the Musick play *Cuckolds-all-a-row*.

Then they go to *Paul's* Church e'er Morning-Prayer
begins, [Pins ;
And as they go along the Street, they stoop to pick up
But if you'd know, I'll tell you the Moral Reason of it,
They that would to Riches grow, must stoop for little
Profit.

My Lord-Mayor rides along the Street like unto a Law-
maker, [Baker ;
With Forty Catch-poles at his Arse, to Prosecute the
And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his
Bread too light,
He sends it home to his own House, to Feast both
Lord and Knight.

Then

Then to the Sessions-House they go, the Sessions for
to keep,
Until that the Recorder comes they all are fast asleep ;
They call up their Juries by Twelves and by Twelves,
And if they Hang up no Man, they may go Hang
themselves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
they ride,
To see the Bears baited on the Bank side ;
And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many Apes, with each his Golden-Chain.

Then to hear a Sermon once a Year, he rides unto the
Spittle,
And there sits full three Hours long, and brings away
but little ;
And when that he comes home, he sits down at his
Board,
And if he has not Minc'd Pyes, his Cheer's not worth
a Turd.

My Lady says unto my Lord when all the Guests are
gone,
I do intend to Morrow next to invite my Friend Sir
John ;
For I don't think it fit always to have Trades-men,
I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.
My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord what dishes she should
have,
To entertain her friend Sir *John*, that was so fine and
brave,
My Lord he nam'd a *Calves-head*, at which she made
a Pish,
And swore she'd have a *Turkey-cock*, for she loved a
standing Dish.

Next once a year into *Essex* a Hunting they do go,
To see 'em pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show ;
Through

Through *Cheap-side* and *Fenchurch-street*, and so to *Aldgate* Pump,
 Each Man with's Spurs in's Horses sides, and his Back-
 Sword cross his Rump.

My Lord he takes a staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes
 o'er,

I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before ;
 A Creature bounceth from a Bush, which made
 them all to Laugh,

My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare, but it proved an
Essex Calf.

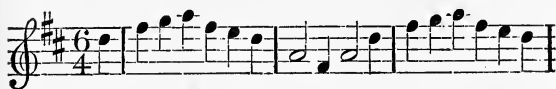
And when they had done their Sport, they came to
London, where they dwell ;

Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd, their Wives scarce
 knew them well ;

For 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
 For of Twenty Saddles carried out, they brought again
 but Five.



A SONG.



Arise,

A Rise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy,
 Arise, get up my Dear ;
 The Night is Cold,
 It bloweth, it snoweth,
I must be Lodged here.

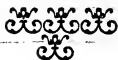
My Juggy, my Puggy,
 My Honey, my Bunny,
 My Love, my Dove, my Dear ;
 O the Night is Cold,
 It Bloweth, it Snoweth,
I must be Lodged here.

Be gone, be gone, my *Fockey*, my *Fockey*,
 Be gone, be gone, my Dear ;
 The Night is warm,
 'Twill do you no harm,
You cannot be Lodged here.

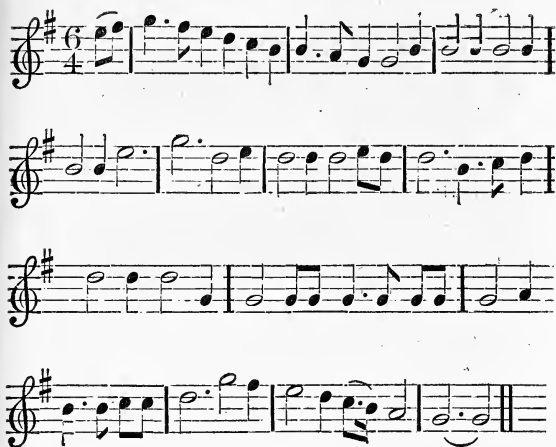
My *Fockey*, my *Fockey*,
 My *Willy*, my *Billy*,
 My Joy, my Joy, my Dear ;
O the Night it is warm, &c.

Farewel, farewel, my Juggy, my Puggy,
 Farewel my Love, my Dear ;
 Now will I be gone from whence I come,
 If I cannot be Lodged here.
My Fuggy, &c,

Return, return, my *Willy* my *Billy*,
 Return my Love and Dear ;
 The Weather doth change,
 Then seem not strange,
 Thou shalt be Lodged here.
My Fockey, &c.



A SONG,
To curb rising Thoughts.



THere was an Old Woman that had but One Son,
 And he had neither Land nor Fee ;
 He took great Pains,
 But got little Gains,
 Yet fain a Landlord he would be,
With a fadariddle la, fa la da riddle la, fa la la fa la
la re.

And as he was a going Home,
 He met his Old Mother upon the High-way ;
 O Mother, quoth he,
 Your Blessing grant me,
 Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
With a fa, &c.

I ha'

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day,
 But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long ;
 For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
 Then e'er I had when I was Young.
With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
 A Penny for it I shall have you shall see ;
 With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
 I shall have Seven for my Penny.
With a fa, &c.

And those Seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
 Perhaps Seven Cocks they may chance for to be ;
 And when those Seven Cocks are Seven Capons,
 There will be Seven Half-Crowns for me.
With a fa, &c.

But as he was going Home,
 Accounting up of his Riches all ;
 His Foot it stumbled against a Stone,
 Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all.
With a fa, &c.

CHORUS.

*His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd.
 This 'tis to count Chickens before they are Hatch'd.
 With a fa da, &c.*



The Reformed Drinker.

COME my Hearts of Gold,
 Let us be Merry and Wise ;
 It is a Proverb of Old,
 Suspicion hath double Eyes :
 Whatsoever we say or do,
 Let's not Drink to disturb the Brain ;
 Let's Laugh for an Hour or Two,
And ne'er be Drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
 To drive the Cold Winter away ;
 'Twill Cherish and Comfort the Blood
 Most when a Man's Spirits decay :
 But he that doth Drink too much,
 Of his Head he will complain ;
 Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And never be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
 But Man was not made for it ;
 Let's be Merry as we can,
 So we Drink not away our Wit :

Good

Good Fellowship is abus'd,
 And Wine will infect the Brain ;
 But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good Fellows we meet,
 A Quart among Three or Four ;
 'Twill make us stand on our Feet,
 While others lye Drunk on the Floor :
 Then Drawer go fill a Quart,
 And let it be Claret in Grain ;
 'Twill Cherish and Comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be Drunk again.

Here's a Health to our Noble King,
 And to the Queen of his Heart ;
 Let's Laugh and Merrily Sing,
 And he's a Coward that will start :
 Here's a Health to our General,
 And to those that were in *Spain* ;
 And to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er be Drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feast
 If a Man did but Measure know ;
 A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
 For he'll Drink till he cannot go :
 If a Man could Time recal,
 In a Tavern that's spent in vain ;
 We'd learn to be Sober all,
And never be Drunk again.



*A true Character of sundry TRADES and
CALLINGS : or a new Ditty of Innocent
Mirth. To the same Tune.*

NOW Gentlemen sit ye all Merry,
I'll Sing you a Song of a *Want* ;
I'll make you as Merry as may be,
Tho' Money begins to grow scant :
A Woman without e'er a Tongue,
She never can Scold very loud ;
'Tis just such another great Want,
When a Fidler wants his Croud :
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New ;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

A Ship that's without e'er a Sail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither ;
'Tis just such another sad Want,
When a Shoemaker wants his Leather :
A Man that has got but One Leg,
Will make but a pitiful Runner ;
And he that has no Eyes in his Head,
Will make but a sorrowful Gunner :
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New ;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.



The Second PART. To the same Tune.

A Doctor without any Stomach,
 Will make but a pitiful Dinner ;
 And he that has got no Victuals to eat,
 Will quickly look thinner and thinner :
 A Bell without ever a Clapper,
 Will make but a sorrowful Sound ;
 And he that has no Land of his own,
 May work on another Man's Ground :
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New ;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.

A Blacksmith without his Bellows,
 He need not to rise very soon ;
 And he that has no Cloaths to put on,
 May lie a Bed till 'tis Noon :
 An Inn-keeper without any Custom,
 Will never get store of Wealth ;
 And if he has never a Sign to hang up,
 He may e'en go Hang up himself :
Good People, &c.

A Miller without any Stones,
 He is but a sorrowful Soul ;
 And if that he has no Corn to Grind,
 He need not stand taking of Toll :
 The Taylor we know he is loth
 To take any Cabbage at all ;
 If he has no Silk, Stuff, or Cloth,
 To do that good Office withal :
Good People, &c.

A Woman without e'er a Fault,
 She like a bright Star will appear ;
 But a Brewer without any Mault,
 Will make but pitiful Beer.

A Man that has got but one Shirt,
When e'er it is wash'd for his Hide ;
I hope it can be no great hurt,
To lye in his Bed till 'tis dry'd :
Good People, &c.

A Mountebank without his Fools,
And a Skip-kennel turn'd out of Place ;
A Tinker without any Tools,
They are all in a sorrowful case :
You know that a Dish of good Meat,
It is the true stay of Man's Life ;
But he that has nothing to Eat,
He need not to draw out his Knife :
Good People, &c.

A Pedlar without e'er a Stock,
It makes him look pitiful Blue ;
A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
Has little or nothing to do :
A Farmer without any Corn,
He neither can give, sell or lend ;
A Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
His Wife she must stand his good Friend :
Good People, &c.

A Plow-man that has ne'er a Plow,
I think he may live at his ease ;
A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
Will make but bad Butter and Cheese :
A Man that is pitiful Poor,
Has little or nothing to lose ;
And he that has never a Foot,
It saves him the buying of Shoes :
*Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New ;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.*

A Warren without e'er a Cunny,
 Is Barren and so much the worse ;
 And he that is quite without Money,
 Can have no great need of a Purse :
 I hope there is none in this place,
 That now is not pleas'd with this Song ;
 Come buy up my Ballads apace,
 And I'll pack up my Awls and begone :
Good People I tell unto you,
These Lines they are absolute New ;
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
This Ditty is Merry and True.



The New ENGLAND Ballad.



WILL you please to give ear a while unto me,
 And streight I chill tell you where c'h' have
 been,
 C'ha been to *New England*, but now cham come o'er,
 I'ch think they shall catch me go thither no more.
 Before

Before Ise went thither, Lord, how Voke did tell
How Vishes did grow, and how Birds did dwell,
All one amongst t'other, in the Wood and the Water,
Ise thought 'thad been true, but I found no such
Matter.

When first Ise did Land, they mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all days on a *Saturday* Night ;
Ise wondered to see strange Buildings were there,
'Twas all like the standings at *Woodbury* Fair.

Well, that Night I slept till near Prayer time,
Next Morning I wonder'd I heard no Bells Chime ;
At which I did ask, and the Reason I found,
'Twas because they had ne'er a Bell in the Town.

At last being warned, to Church we repair'd,
Where I did think certain we should have some Pray'rs ;
But the Parson there no such matter did teach,
They scorn'd to Pray, for all one could Preach.

The first thing they did, a Psalm they did Zing,
Ise pluck'd out my Psalm-Book I with me did bring ;
And tumbled to seek him 'cause they caw'd him by's
name,

But they'd got a new Zong to the Tune of the same.

When Sermon was ended, was a Child to Baptize,
'Bout Sixteen Years old, as Volks did zurmise ;
He had neither Godfather, nor Godmother, yet was
quiet and still,

But the Priest durst not Cross him, for fear of ill will.

Ah, Sirrah, thought I, and to Dinner Ise went,
And gave the Lord Thanks for what he had sent ;
Next day was a Wedding, the Brideman my Friend,
Did kindly invite me, so thither Ise wend.

But this above all, me to wonder did bring,
To see Magistrate Marry them, and had ne'er a Ring ;
Ise thought they would call me the Woman to give,
But I think the Man stole her, they ask'd no Man leave.

Now

Now this was New *Dorchester*, as they told unto me,
 A Town very Famous in all that Country ;
 They said 'twas new Buildings, I grant it is true,
 Yet Methinks Old *Dorchester's* as fine as the New.

Well there I staid amongst 'em till ch' was weary at
 my Heart,

At length there came Shipping, I got leave to depart ;
 But when all was ended, and ch' was coming away,
 I had Threescore good Shillings at last for to pay.

But when I saw this, I Swore on the more,
 That I'd stay there no longer to Swear upon Shoar ;
 Ise bid a Farewel to Fowlers and Fishers,
 Praying God to bless Old *England* and all the good
 Wishers.



The Ballad of FOX-Hunting.



TO

TO Hunt the Fox is an Old Sport,
Used both in City and Court ;
Nor are the *Academicks* free,
No Beast they chase so much as he :
They that think all Pleasures vain,
*Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow, will
sometimes follow the Fox's Train.*

The Gallant who each Hour invents
Some pretty pleasing Compliments ;
And thinks no Phrase so neat and pure,
As *Votres humble Serviteur* :
Slights his Lady's nice Disdain,
And sometimes follows, &c.

The Plodding Student that doth look
Upon no Object but his Book ;
And thinks that all he doth Project,
Too wise is for Old Men t'effect :
Will sometimes ease his troubled Brain,
By following, &c.

The Clergy-men live Merry Lives,
They get fine Livings and fine Wives ;
The Church's State they finely Rule,
Yet with a Cup their Zeal they'll cool :
The Poet writes no pleasant Strain,
Unless he follows, &c.

Physicians that with Skill profound,
Can make the sickly Patient sound ;
They Cure one Grief, and leave a worse,
Call'd the Consumption of the Purse :
Yet once a Month will not refrain,
But follows still, &c.

The Lawyers, as I understand,
Can warrant your Case, if it be good ;

And

And tempting Fees on both sides take,
And new Demurs can make :

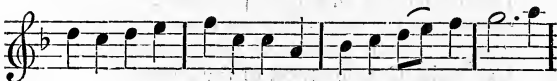
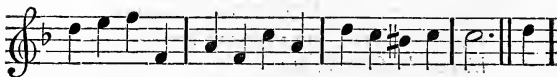
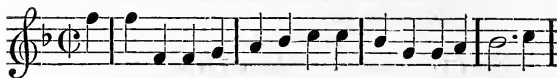
Although his chief delight is Gain,
He follows still, &c.

The little *Fox* at length is found,
Where he lies lurking under Ground ;
He Earths himself in Cellars deep,
When he from Mortals View would creep :
Till gentle slumber charms his Brain,
And then concludes, and then concludes the Fox's Train.



The Longing MAID.

By Mr. AKEROYDE.





THERE was a Maid the other Day,
 That sighed sore God wot ;
 And said all Wives might sport and play,
 But Maidens they may not :
 Full Fifteen have I liv'd she said,
 Poor Soul, since I was Born :
 And if I chance to Die a Maid,
Apollo is forsworn.

*Oh, Oh, for a Husband,
 Still this was her Song ;
 I will have a Husband, I will have a Husband,
 A Husband Old or Young.*

An Ancient Suitor to her came,
 His Beard was almost Grey ;
 Tho' he was Old and she was Young,
 She could no longer stay :
 Unto her Mother went this Maid,
 And told her by and by ;
 That she a Husband needs must have,
 She had a reason why :
Oh, Oh, &c.

She

She had not been a Wedded Wife
One quarter of a Year ;
But she was weary of this Life,
And grew into a Jeer :
The Old Man snorting by her side,
She'd nought but Sigh and Groan ;
Did ever Woman this abide,
'Tis better lye alone.

*Oh, Oh, Oh what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.*

To live a Wedded Life, she said,
A Twelve Month, 'tis too long ;
As I have done, poor Soul, she cry'd,
That am both Fair and Young :
When other Wives can have their Will,
They are not like to me ;
I mean to go and try my Skill,
And seek a Remedy :

*Oh, Oh, Oh what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.*



A Woman once found out.



THO' bootless I must needs Complain,
 My Fate is so extream ;
 I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 Yet all was but a Dream,
 For as that love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone ;
 I'll touch no more a Flame so hot.
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so Fair,
 Shall any more beguile
 My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
 Nor tempt me with a Smile :

I'll

I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That's so fairly shewn ;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conspire
Again t'entrap my Mind ;
And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
Alas, the Boy's too Blind :
For such I'll never venture Smiles,
Nor hazard Mirth for none ;
Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is soon burnt out,
The Diamond's light abides ;
The Fire her Glory hurls about,
The Woman her Virtue hides :
That spark, (if any should be mine)
That else shews like to none ;
For if to e'ery Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought,
With Colours not in Grain ;
Nor put a Love so slightly wrought,
Into my Hands again :
I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
I'll live upon my own ;
Nor shall Affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
My loving Labour's lost ;
I'll be no more so rarely Blest,
To be so strangely crost :
The Love-lost *Turtle* so doth die,
The *Phenix* is but One ;
They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

*A Ballad of all the TRADES.**Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.*

O H the Miller, the dusty, musty Miller,
The Miller, that beareth on his Back ;
He never goes to Measure Meal,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds
ope the sack.

O the Baker, the bonny, bonny Baker,
The Baker that is so full of Sin ;
He never heats his Oven hot,
But he thrusts, but he thrusts, but he thrusts his
Maiden in.

O the Brewer, the lusty, lusty Brewer,
The Brewer that Brews Ale and Beer ;
He never heats his Liquor hot,
But he takes, but he takes, but he takes his Maid
by the Geer.

O the Butcher, the bloody, bloody Butcher,
The Butcher that sells both Beef and Bone ;
He never grinds his Slaught'ring Knife,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must
turn his Stone.

O the Weaver, the wicked, wicked Weaver,
That followeth a weary Trade ;
He never shoots his Shuttle right,
But he shoots, but he shoots, but he shoots first at
his Maid.

O the barber, the neat and nimble Barber,
Whose Trade is ne'er the worse ;
He never goes to Wash and Shave,
But he trims, but he trims, but he trims his Maiden
first.

O the Taylor, the fine and frisking Taylor,
The Taylor that gives so good regard ;
He never goes to measure Lace,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds
out his Yard.

O the Blaksmith, the lusty, lusty Blacksmith,
The best of all good Fellows ;
He never heats his Iron hot,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must
blow the Bellows.

O the Tanner, the Merry, Merry Tanner,
The Tanner that draws good Hides into Leather ;
He never strips himself to work,
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid and he's
together.

O the Tinker, the sturdy, sturdy Tinker,
The Tinker that deals all in Mettle ;
He never clencheth home a Nail,
But his Trull, but his Trull, but his Trull holds up
the Kettle.

The Woman wears the BREECHES.

Tune, Three Children sliding on the Thames. Pag. 1.

A Pox upon this cursed Life,
Where shall I make my moan ?
For I am troubled with a Wife,
Like her there's few or none.

Like unto her there cannot be
Another such a one :
For when the Priest did Marry me,
Then my good Days were gone.

Therefore take heed good Neighbours all,
I wish you to beware,
For when my Wife doth Scold and Baul,
Then *Skimington* is there.

This sawcy Jack behind my Back,
And eke before my Face :
Maintains my Wife to Bait and Strife,
Which is a Woful Case.

And now I see no Remedy,
But I must needs complain
On him you know, that wrought this Woe,
In *England* or in *Spain*.

One *Skimington* about doth run,
In City and in Town,
Come Man and Child with Spear and Shield,
And help to beat him down.

And you good Wives, bring out your Knives,
And cut out both his Stones ;
And two or three then may agree,
To break some of his Bones.

With

With Rakes and Reels, ond Oven-Peels,
With Mawkin and with Flayl;
With Whips and Slings, and other things,
To beat him Top and Tail.

Then let him run to *Islington*,
Or else into the *Vyes*,
Where two or three they may agree
To pick out both his Eyes.

Then let him fly to *Coventry*,
Or else to *London-stone*,
And like a wretch in *Middlesex*,
There let him make his Moan.

All Marry'd Men that see him then,
Will shake their Heads, and say,
He shall have neither Meat nor Drink,
But let him march away.

Then all the Bells in *London* Town
Shall ring both fine and brave,
When they have bury'd *Skimington*,
And laid him in his Grave.



A SONG.



*J*enny long resisted
Wully's fierce desire ;
She the more persisted,
Coyness rais'd his Fire.
When he'd reap'd the Treasure,
And the Virgin's Spoils,
He found such short Pleasure,
Answer'd not his Toils.

*F*enny lay neglected
In her Lover's Arms,
When she was rejected,
She try'd all her Charms :
Then she did discover,
That no Trick, nor Art,
Tho't might win a Lover,
Cou'd regain his Heart.

KATY'S *Beauty.* On Madam K. W.

Katy's a Beauty surpassing,
 She's a Sweet Garden to pass in,
 In Town there is not like a Lass in,
 So Sweet, so Charming is she.

Her Eyes like Stars do so twinkle,
 Her Face is smooth, without wrinkle,
 Her Chin's adorn'd with a Dimple,
 Like the Charms above her Knee.

Her Lips as Red as a Rose is,
 And round and pretty her Nose is ;
 Her Breath's a sweet mixture of Posies ;
 None on Earth's compar'd to she.

Her Belly's a Hill of Sweet Pleasure,
 In Bush enclos'd lies the Treasure,
 If you once make but a Seasure,
 Your lost in an Extasie.

The QUEEN of MAY.



UPon a time I chanced to walk along a Green,
 Where pretty Lasses danced in strife to chuse a
 Queen ;
 Some homely drest, some handsom, some pretty, and
 some gay,
 But who excell'd in Dancing, must be the Queen of
 May.

From Morning till the Evening, their Controversy
 held,
 And I, as Judge, stood gazing on, to Crown her that
 excell'd ;
 At last when *Phæbus* Steeds had drawn their Wayn
 away,
 We found and crown'd a Damsel to be the Queen of
 May.

Full well her Nature from her Face I did admire,
 Her Habit well become her, altho' in poor Attire ;
 Her Carriage was so good, as did appear that Day,
 That she was justly chosen to be the Queen of *May*.

Then all the rest in Sorrow, and she in sweet Content,
 Gave over till the Morrow, and homewards strait they
 went ;

But she of all the rest, was hindred by the way,
 For ev'ry Youth that met her, must Kiss the Queen of
May.

At last I caught and stay'd her a while with me alone,
 And on a Bank I laid her, when all the rest were
 gone ;

She fearing some Mischance, cry'd out, forbear I pray,
 Yet I could still do nothing but Kiss the Queen of
May.

Thus we together tumbled at least an hour or more,
 And like a Fool, I Fumbled, as I had done before :
 But when that Night was come, by chance I got the day,
 And yet a lass, did nothing else but Kiss the Queen
 of *May*.

Her thoughts of coming thither, both Grief and Joy
 begot, [what,
 She smil'd and wept together, yet knew not well for
 And still desir'd to go, but yet she seem'd to stay,
 Yet I alas, &c.

She sigh'd and pray'd for pity that I would once give
 o'er [for more :
 Yet were her Words so Wity, they shew'd she wish'd
 Then seeming to defend it, her Fort she did betray ;
 Yet I alas, &c.

Thus shaking Hands at last we part, but she appear'd
 Both heavy Ey'd and Hearted, with that she felt and
 fear'd ;

Then turning round we parted, she speechless went
 her way,

Because I could do nothing but Kiss the Queen of *May*.

The

The True WORLD.



CHORUS.



They say the World is full of Pelf,
But I think there's no Chink,
For I have little my self ;
When Pockets are full, then Gentlemen borrow,
And one ought not to trust,
To be paid as to Morrow.

Then

CHORUS.

*Then let them seek the World throughout,
 From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
 Ask here, and ask there,
 And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.*

Your honest Citizens bends the Brow,
 And complains there's no Gains,
 For to be got by Gentlemen now;
 For when he does his Book survey,
 He doth find more left behind,
 Then swears they'll never pay.
Then let them, &c.

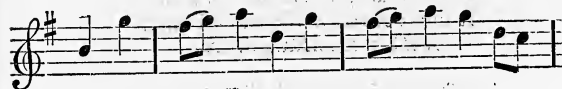
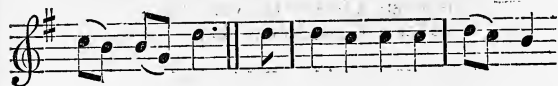
When Gentlemen to th' Scrivners come,
 They will crave their Name to have,
 And the next day will give them their Doom;
 Mean time the Usurer Plots his Head,
 About the 'state left of late
 By the Father who is yet scarce Dead,
Then let them, &c.

If you your Gamester will accost,
 He'll prevent your Intent,
 With *G— D—* him his Money's lost,
 Your Courtier he can Kiss your Hand,
 Cog and Lie, and deny,
 And swear if he had it, you shall it command.

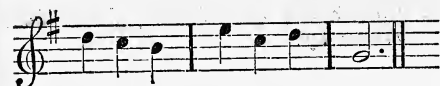
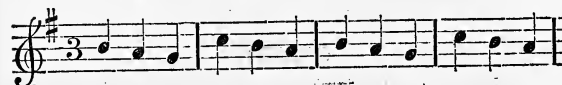
*Then let them seek the World throughout,
 From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
 Ask here, and ask there,
 And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.*



The RIDDLE.



C H O.



MY pretty Maid, fain would I know
 What thing it is will breed Delight,
 That strives to stand, yet cannot go,
 That feeds the Mouth that cannot bite.

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
 grumbledum hey.*

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
 grumbledum hey.*

It

It is a pretty pricking thing,
 A pleasing and a standing thing,
 'Twas the Truncheon *Mars* did use,
 A Bed-ward bit which Maidens chuse.
With a Humbledum, &c.

It is a Shaft of *Cupid's* cut,
 'Twill serve to Rove, to Prick, to Butt;
 There's never a Maid, but by her will
 Will keep it in her Quiver still.
With a Humbledum, &c.

'Tis a Fryer with a Bald-Head,
 A Staff to beat a Cuckold Dead;
 It is a Gun that shoots point-blank;
 It hits betwixt a Woman's Flank,
With a Humbledum, &c.

It has a Head much like a Mole's,
 And yet it loves to creep in Holes:
 The fairest She that e'er took Life,
 For love of this, became a Wife.

CHORUS.

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum
 grumbledum hey.*

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum,
 grumbledum hey.*



The BEE-HIVE.

MY Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowry
Garden,
To her they come with loaden Thighs, to ease them
of their Burden :
As under the Bee-Hive lieth the Wax, and under the
Wax is Honey.
So under her Waste her Belly is plac'd, and under that
her C—ny.

My

My Mistress is a Mine of Gold, would that it were her
Pleasure,
To let me dig within her Mould, and roll among her
Treasure.
As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the
Mould is Mony,
So under, &c.

My Mistress in a Morn of *May*, which drops of Dew
down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down
sweetly trilleth,
As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, so under the Mist
it is Sunny,
So under, &c.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of
Water sweet,
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under
Feet,
Her Belly is both white and soft, and downy as any
Bunny,
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her
C—ny.

My Mistress hath the Magick Sprays, of late she takes
such wondrous pain,
That she can pleasing Spirits raise, and also lay them
down again,
Such power hath my tripping Doe, my little pretty
Bunny,
That many would their Lives forego, to play but with
her C—ny.



The forgetful MOTHER.

MY Mother she will not endure
That I should Married be,
Altho' my Father do procure
A Husband fit for me ;
Wherein she doth me much abuse,
My Father's profer to refuse ;
For younger Maids than I are sped,
And yet forsooth, I must not Wed.

My

My Mother she breeds all the Jars,
 And ill she does me use,
 And Love and Age breeds all the Wars,
 Which grieves me to refuse.
 Before she was as old as I,
 She with a Man six Weeks did lie ;
 Judge you how much she doth me wrong,
 To make me live a Maid so long.

For now I am of lawful Years,
 A Twelve Month's time and more,
 As by the Church-Book plain appears,
 Which doth my Age implore.
 For now I am Sixteen years old,
 Why should I then be thus controul'd,
 And discontent to lie alone ;
 None knows my Grief, but by their own.

I do believe in Heart and Mind,
 There is no greater Pain
 Can fall upon us VVoman-kind,
 And breedeth all our Pain,
 To lie alone, all by my self,
 It breeds Disease, instead of Health ;
 And shortly it will end my Days,
 For so I know the Doctor says.

My Father's Care I must commend,
 And Pains that he doth take ;
 My Mother speaks not as a Friend,
 That I shan't have a Mate.
 Altho' my Mother doth refuse
 That I my youthful time should use,
 I mean not long to stay un-wed,
 Nor yet to keep my Maiden-head.



CUCKOLDS all.



NOT long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed,
 'Twixt sleeping and waking, this Maggot came
 in my Head,
 VVhich caus'd me in the Mind to be, the meaning for
 to know,
 VVith Skill and VVit, and then I writ of *Cuckolds all*
a-row.

Methoughts I heard a Man and's VVife, as they to-
 gether lay,
 Being quite void of strife, she thus to him did say,
 Quoth she, Sweet-heart, if thou wilt Sport, my Love, to
 thee I'll show
 A pretty thing shall make thee sing of *Cuckolds all a-*
row.

Peace VVife, quoth he to her again, I'm sure thou
 dost but Jest,
 Altho' I am Cornuted plain, I am no common Beast;
 Yet ev'ry VVoman's like to thee, for ought that I do
 know,
 And each Man may be like to me, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

There's neither Lord, nor Gentleman, Citizen, or
 Clown,
 That liveth in the City, or the Country Town,
 But may carry Horns about them, tho' they them never
 blow,
 For Gallants are like other Men, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your

Your Tradesmen in the City, that sells by VVeight
and Measure,
Perhaps may wear a horned Brow, for Profit or for
Pleasure,
VWhen they to sell their VVares begin, that make so
great a show,
Their VVives may play at In and In, *Cuckolds all a-
row.*

Your Country prating Lawyers that gets the Devil and
all,
That Pleads every Term in *Westminster Hall*,
His VVife in the Country, for ought that he does know,
May let his Client have a Fee, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

The Parson of the Parish I hope shall not go free,
VWhile he is in his Study, another may be
A dandling of his VVife, and do the thing you know,
And make him wear his Corner'd Cap, *Cuckolds all a-
row.*

If any one offended be, and think I do him wrong,
For naming of a Cuckold, in this my merry Song,
Let him subscribe his Name, and eke his Dwelling
show,
And he and I will soon agree, like *Cuckolds all a-row.*



BACCHUS *against* CUPID.

Prithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,
 Cast thy Cares and Love away ;
 Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,
 Do not, do not then delay ;
Bacchus cares not for thy VVill,
 But will have us Drinking still.

Do but view this Glass of Claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,
 Pox of Fighting, or of Books :
 Let us have good store of VVine,
 Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,
 As full as ever it can hold :
 O take heed you do not spill it,
 'Tis more precious far than Gold ;
 Let us Drink, and then 'twill prove,
 Drinking's better Sport than Love.

JOAN

JOAN to her LADY.



L Ady, sweet now do not frown,
 Nor in Anger call me Clown,
 For your servant *Joan* may prove,
 Like your self, as deep in Love ;
 And as absolute a Bit,
 Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.
The Smock alone the difference makes,
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.

VVhat avails the Name of Madam ?
 Came not all from Father *Adam* ?

VVhere

VWhere does one exceed the other?
VWas not *Eve* our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and *Foan*?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Foan*,
Foan's a Piece for a Man to bore,
VWith his VVimble, your's no more.

Then what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires,
Are the cause of Men's Desires;
They're other Darts which Lusts pursue,
Those *Foan* has as well as you.

Then, &c.

VWhat care we for Glorious Lights,
VVomen are used in the Nights;
And in Night in VVomen-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.

Then, &c.

VWere there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either;
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs and both have Hips.

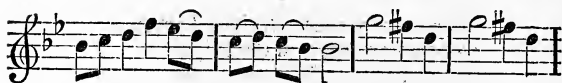
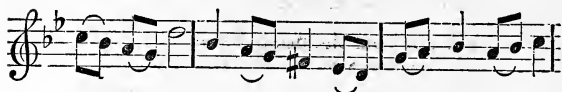
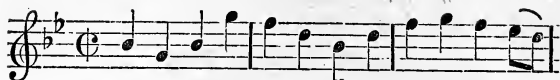
Then, &c.

When your Hand puts out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do
What you should be done unto.

Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.

Then, &c.

CONSENT at last.

L Adys, why doth Love torment you?
 Cannot I your Griefs remove?
 Is there none that can content you
 With the sweet delights of Love?

O No, no, no, no, no : O No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,
 Hath the Love and wish of all :
 Dear, than shall I wait the Pleasure,
 That commands my Heart and all :
O No, &c.

If

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
Will you be so fiercely bent,
Having wherewithal to please me,
Must I still be Discontent?

O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain;
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my pain?

O No, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to,
Will you think it ill Behaviour
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?

O No, &c.

All Amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?

O No, &c.

Once more fairest, let me try ye,
Now my wish is fully sped,
If all Night, I would lye by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed.

O No, no, no, no, no : O No, no, no, no, no, no.



The Glory of all CUCKOLDS.

Listen Lordlings to my Story,
 I will sing of *Cuckolds* Glory ;
 And thereat let none be vexed,
 None can tell whose turn is next :
 And tho' it now is held in scorn,
 I'll Sing the praise of noble HORN.

Diana was a Virgin pure,
 Among the rest Chaste and Demure ;
 But you know well that I am sure,
 What *Acteon* did endure :
 If Men have HORNS from such as she,
 I pray then let us all agree,

Let

Let thy Friend enjoy his Rest,
What tho' he wears *Acteon's* Crest ;
Malice nor Venome at him spit,
He wears but what the Gods think fit :
Confess he is by Time's Recorder,
Knight of great *Diana's* Order.

Luna was no Venial Sinner,
Yet she hath a Man within her ;
And to cut off *Cuckolds* Scorns,
She decks his Head with Silver HORNS :
And if the Man in Heaven's thus Drest,
We Men on Earth like him are Blest.



A True SATYR.

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.





LONG have I grieved for to see
 Of all Estates in each Degree ;
 I have Laugh'd, I have Quaft and have Wept,
 And a stir like a Cur have I kept :
 But now here I stand with a Whip in my Hand,
*Come along, come along, come along, come along, I must
 lash you.*

Come you Divines that should be Pure,
 That keep a Man to serve the Cure ;
 You do Teach not to Preach, but to show
 Places fine, Such Divines as you are slow :
 Your Benefits you'll keep, whilst another feeds the
 Sheep,
Come along, &c.

Come you that live so by the Law,
 That keep your Neighbours so in Awe ;
 If a Hog or a Beast you espy
 In the Ground, to the Pound they must hie :
 Whole Towns you will bruit with a Pettifogging Suit,
Come along, &c.

Come you that brag so of your Wealth,
 Because you have a little Pelf ;
 'Tis your Gold makes you so bold to do wrong,
 Men are the worse that your Purse is so strong :
 To build houses high to the Peoples Misery,
Come along, &c.

But

But what's become of the Estate,
The which your Father left of late ;
You have no care for to spare, but to spend,
Till you bring ev'ry thing to an end :
You'll Drink away your Health, and Dice away your
Wealth,
Come along, &c.

Come you Quack-salvers that do kill
Sometimes a Patient by your Skill ;
You will urge them to Purge and let Blood,
You will tell that it will do them good :
You will ease them of their Purse, tho' their Bodies
be the worse,
Come along, &c.

Come you Ladies that do wear
More Fashions than Sundays in the Year ;
With your Locks, Ribbond Knots, and silk Roses ;
With your Spots on your Face and your Noses :
Your bear Breasts and your Back, discover what you
lack,
Come along, &c.

Come you Tradesmen of the City,
That are so Cunning and so Witty ;
I would know how you grow Rich so fast,
You will swear you sell your Ware for less than't cost :
Or else you'll give the buying, but I'll not believe the
thing,
Come along, &c.

Come along you Puritan,
That make your self a Holy Man ;
Tho' you lift up your Eyes when you Pray,
And frequent Four Sermons in a Day :
Under pretence of pure Life, and yet will Kiss your
Neighbour's Wife,
Come along, &c.

But

But now I am so weary grown,
 That I must let the rest alone ;
 I should slash more with my Lash, did I dare,
 Many more, now therefore them I spare :
 The rest I leave to the Judges and the Sheriffs,
And they shall lash you.



True CONTENT.



MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,
 Such perfect Joys therein I find ;
 That it excels all other Bliss,
 The World affords or grows by Kind :
 Tho' much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.

No

No Princely Pomp, no Wealthy store,
No force to win the Victory ;
No cunning Wit to salve a Sore,
No shape to feed a loving Eye :
To none of these am I in Thrall,
For why, my Mind to me is all.

Content I live with this my stay,
I wish no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no mighty Sway,
Look what I want, my Mind supplies :
Thus do I Triumph like a King,
Content with that my Mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do want,
I little have, but wish no more ;
They are but Poor, for much they want,
And I am Rich, with little store :
They Poor, I Rich, they Beg, I give,
They lack, I leave, they Pine, I live.

Some weigh their Pleasure by their Lust,
Their Wisdom by the rage of Will ;
Their Treasure is their only Trust,
And crooked Craft their School of Skill :
But all the Pleasure I can find,
Is the Content of a quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth and perfect Ease,
A Conscience clean, my chief defence ;
I do not seek by Bribes to please,
Nor by Deceit to give Offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Wou'd all did as well as I.



The Bashful SCOT.

JOCKEY late with *Fenny* Walking,
On a Day in Summer Season ;
Like a Lout with his Love sat talking,
When he should be doing Reason :

Fockey

Fockey lost, *Fockey* lost,
His time to Dally, his time to Dally,
Whilst he cry'd, *Sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny, shall I? shall I?

Fenny, as must Woman use,
To deny when they would have it,
With faint Tongue she did refuse,
When her Looks did seem to crave it:
Still he cry'd, still he cry'd,
When he shou'd dally, when he shou'd dally,
Jenny sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny, shall I? shall I?

She that now was grown more willing,
When she saw his backward dealing,
To prevent her own Heart's illing,
With a Sigh her Love revealing,
Said alas ! said alas !
When he would dally ; when he would dally,
Now you stand Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny, Shall I? Shall I?

He perceiv'd by her Replying,
That a Nay was Yea, in Wooing,
And that asking without trying,
Was the way to Love's Undoing ;
Now he knows, now he knows,
When he should dally, when he should dally,
Not to stand sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny Shall I? Shall I?



The Wanton TRICK.

IF any one long for a Musical Song,
 Altho' that his Hearing be thick,
 The sound that it bears will ravish his Ears,
 Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

A pleasant young Maid on an Instrument play'd,
 That knew neither Note, nor Prick ;
 She had a good Will to live by her Skill,
 Whoop, &c.

A Youth in that Art well seen in his Part,
 They call'd him *Darbyshire Dick*,
 Came to her a Suitor, and wou'd be her Tutor,
 Whoop, &c.

To

To run with his Bow he was not slow,
His Fingers were nimble and quick,
When he play'd on his *Bass*, he ravish'd the Lass,
Whoop, &c.

He Woo'd her and Taught her, until he had brought
her
To hold out a Crotchet and Prick,
And by his direction, she came to Perfection,
Whoop, &c.

With Playing and Wooing he still would be doing,
And call'd her his pretty sweet Chick :
His reasonable Motion brought her to Devotion,
Whoop, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that backwards she fell,
And swooned, as tho' she were sick ;
So sweet was his Note, that up went her Coat,
Whoop, &c.

The string of his *Viol* she put to the Trial,
Till she had the full length of the Stick ?
Her white Belly'd *Lute* she set to his *Flute*,
Whoop, &c.

Thus she with her *Lute*, and he with his *Flute*,
Held every Crotchet and Prick ;
She learned at leisure, yet paid for the Pleasure,
Whoop, &c.

His *Viol-string* burst, her Tuten she Curst,
However she play'd with the Stick,
From *October* to *June* she was quite out of Tune,
Whoop, &c.

With sheming her Hand to make the Pin stand,
The Musick within her grew Thick,
Of his *Vial* and *Lute* appeared some Fruit,
Whoop, &c.

And

And then she repented, that e'er she consented,
 To have either Note or Prick ;
 For Learning so well made her Belly to swell,
Whoop, &c.

All Maids that make trial of a *Lute* or a *Vial*,
 Take heed how you handle the Stick :
 If you like not this Order, come try my *Recorder*,
Whoop, &c.

And if that this Ditty forsooth doth not fit ye,
 I know not what Musick to Prick,
 There's never a Strain but in time will be twain,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.



The Silly MAIDS.



Maids

MAids are grown so Coy of late,
Forsooth they will not Marry;
Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
They say they yet can tarry:
But if they knew how sweet a thing
It is in Youth to Marry,
They would sell their Hose and Smock,
E'er they so long would tarry.

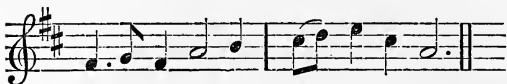
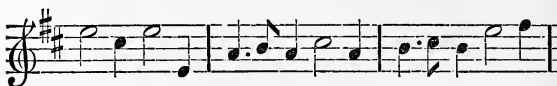
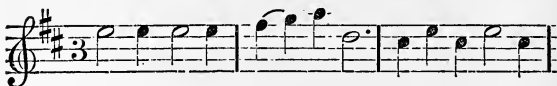
Winter Nights are long you know,
And bitter cold the Weather,
Then who's so fond to lie alone,
When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
With all the Fields inrolled,
To take a Green-Gown on the Grass,
And wear it uncontrouled?

For she that is most Coy of all,
If she had time and leisure,
Would lay away severest Thoughts,
And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:
For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent so much
As when they are too Holy.



*The North-Country Man's SONG, on the
View of London Sights.*

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



W^Hen Ize came first to *London Town*,
Ize war a Noviz, as many mo Men are ;
Ize thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And all the way to Heaven had been thro' the Star.

Ize zet up my Horse, and Ize went to *Powls*,
Uds nigs, quoth I, what a Kirk beth' here,
Then Ize did swear by all Kurson Souls,
It was a Mile long, or very near.

The top wor as high as any Hill ;
A Hill, quoth I, nay as a Mountain,
But Ize went up with very good Will,
But gladder was I to come down again.

For

For as I went up, my Head ga round,
Then be it known to all Kurson People ;
A Man is no little way fro the Ground,
When he's o'th' top of *Paul's* Steeple.

Ize lay down my Hat, and Ize went to Pray,
But wor not this a pitiful Case ?
A'vor Ize had done, it wor stolen away,
Who'd a thought Thieves had been in that place.

Now vor my Hat Ize made great moan,
A stander by then to me said,
Thou dost not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watch'd as well as pray'd.

From thence to *Westminster* Ize went,
Where many a brave Lawyer Ize did see ;
But zome there had a bad intent,
I'm zure my Purse was stolen from me.

Now to zee the Tombs was my desire,
Ize went with many brave Fellows store ;
Ize gan them a Penny, that was their Hire,
And he's but a Fool that will give any more.

Then through the Rooms the Fellow me led,
Where all the Zights were to be zeen ;
And snuffling told me through the Nose,
What formerly the Names of those had been.

Here lies, quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou ly'st like a Knave, he says never a Word ;
And here lies *Richard* the Second Interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edward's* Sword.

And under this Chair lies *Jacob's* Stone,
The very same Stone is now in the Chair ;
A very good Jest ; had *Jacob* but One ?
How got he so many Sons without a pair ?

Ize staid not there, but down with the Tide,
Ize made great hast, and Ize went my way ;
For Ize was to zee the Lyons beside,
And the *Paris-Garden* all in a Day.

When Ize came there, Ize was in a Rage,
Ize rail'd on him that kept the Bears ;
Instead of a Stake, was suffer'd a Stage,
And in *Hunks* his House a Crew of Players.

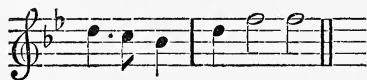
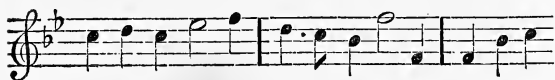
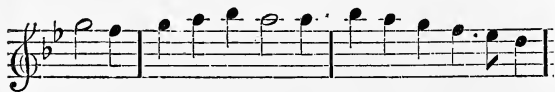
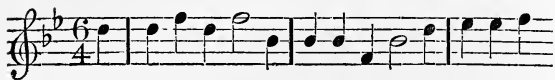
Then through the Bridge to the *Tower* Ize went,
With much ado Ize entered in :
And after a Penny that I had spent,
One with a loud Voice did thus begin.

This Lyon's the King's, and that's the Queen's
And this is the Princes that stands hereby :
With that I went near to look in the Den,
Cods body ! quoth he, why come you so nigh.

Ize made great haste unto my Inn,
Ize Zupt, and Ize went to Bed betimes ;
Ize Slept, and Ize Dream'd what I had Zeen,
And wak'd again by *Cheap-side* Chimes.



A BALLAD of the Courtier and the Country Clown.



YOUR Courtiers scorn we Country Clowns,
 We Country Clowns care not for Court ;
 But we'll be as merry upon the Downs,
 As you are at Midnight with all your Sport.

With a Fadding, &c.

You Hawk, you Hunt, you lie upon Pallets,
 You Eat, you Drink, the Lord knows how ;
 We sit upon Hillocks, and pick up our Sallets,
 And drink up a Sillibub under a Cow.

With a Fadding, &c.

Your Masques are made for Knights and Lords,
 And Ladies that go fine and gay ;
 We Dance to such Musick the Bag-pipe affords,
 And trick up our Lasses as well as we may,
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Cloaths are made of Silk and Sattin,
 And ours are made of good Sheeps Grey ;
 You mix your Discourses with pieces of *Latin*,
 We speak our *English* as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Chambers are hung with Cloth of *Arras*,
 Our Meadows bedeck'd as fine as may be ;
 And from our Sport you never shall bar us,
 Since *Foan* in the Dark, is as good as my Lady.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Courtiers clip and cull upon Beds,
 We Jumble our Lasses upon the Grass ;
 And when we have gotten their Maiden-heads,
 They serve to make a Courtier's Lass.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Dance Courants and the *French* Braul,
 We Jig the Morris upon the *Green* ;
 And we make as good sport in a Country-Hall,
 As you do before the King and the Queen.
With a Fadding, &c.

Then Ladies do not us disdain,
 Although we wear no gaudy Cloaths ;
 You'll find as much Pith in a Country Swain,
 When he plucks up your gay Embroider'd Cloaths.
With a Fadding, &c.



A BALLAD call'd COOK-LORREL. *The*
Words by BEN. JOHNSON.



Cook-Lorrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
 And bid him once into the *Peak* to Dinner ;
 Where never the Fiend had such a Feast,
 Provided him yet at the charge of a Sinner.

His Stomach was queasie, (for coming there Coach'd)
 The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise ;
 To help it he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
 That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And so recovered unto his Wish,
 He sat him down, and he fell to Eat ;
 Promoter in Plumb-broth was the first Dish,
 His own privy Kitchin had no such Meat.

Yet tho' with this he much were taken,
 Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
 As soon as he spied the Bawd and Bacon,
 By this you may note the Devil's a Wencher.

Six



Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women, fit for his Pallet ;
With Feather-Men and Perfumes put,
Some Twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.

A Rich fat Usurer stewed in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers Head and Green-sawce ;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never seen Sawce.

Then Carbonado'd and Cook'd with pains,
Was brought up a Cloven Serjeant's Face ;
The Sawce was made of the Yeoman's Brains,
That has been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board,
(The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Furr'd,
Their Chains like Sausages hung about 'em.

The very next Dish was the Mayor of a Town,
With a Pudding of Maintenance thrust in his Belly ;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-Boys boil'd to a Jelly.

A *London* Cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him ;
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit,
But the *Horns* were very near like to have choak'd
him.

The Chine of a Letcher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick ;
A Pandor's Pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was Warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd Meat into the Story ;
A reverend Painted Lady was brought,
And Coffin'd in Crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an overgrown Justice of the Peace,
With a Clark like a Gizard thrust under each Arm ;
And Warrants for Sippets laid in his own Grease,
Set over a Chaffing-dish to be kept warm.

The Jowl of a Jaylor served for Fish,
A Constable sous'd with Vinegar by ;
Two Aldermen-Lobsters asleep in a Dish,
A Deputy-Tart, a Church-Warden-Pye.

All which devour'd he, then for a close,
Did for a full Draught of *Darby* call ;
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he drank up all.

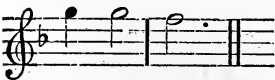
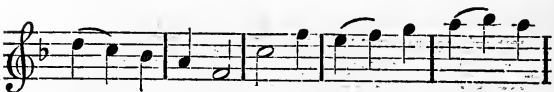
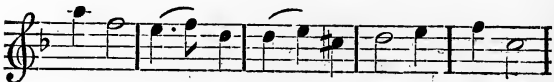
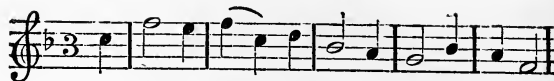
Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where Banquet and Wine were nothing scarce ;
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

And there he made such a breath with the Wind,
The hole too standing open the while ;
That the scent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco, the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court and Town ;
In the Devil's Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Polecat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

From which wicked Weed, with Swine's-flesh and Ling,
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend ;
Our Captain and we cry God save the King,
And send him good Meat and Mirth without end.



A Just BARGAIN.

I Am a Lover, and 'tis true ;
Fair *Daphne* I'm in Love with you ;
Woman thou art, for ought I see,
Yet more assur'd I wish to be :

Such

Such Trial then do not refuse,
As all Men in their Bargains use.

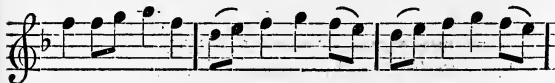
Men feel the Pullen when they lay,
If they be plump, and so wou'd I,
Men ride their Nags, and try their Pace,
The like would I do in this case.
Who will buy Land, e'er they do know,
VWhat Fruit on it is apt to grow?

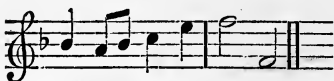
Now if any of my Parts, or all,
You will then to Tryal call,
You shall both see, and feel, and taste,
Lest you repent your Bargain past :
Then Part with Part let us Compare,
There's no Deceit in open Ware.

Your Legs and Feet are strait and fine,
And look you here pray what are mine ?
You have a round and lusty Thigh ;
And look you here, pray what have I ?
But yet that part that all must bind,
O shew not, least you strike me Blind.



Old English ALE.





I Have been *East*, and I have been *West*,
 I have been far in the *North-Country* ;
 I have drank Wine and Beer of the best,
 And Liquor that Men call *Ipse*.

I've been in *Flanders* and in *France*,
 I've been in *Spain* and *Italy* ;
 And I've seen many a Man by chance,
 Fall down to the Ground with *Ipse*.

The strongest Wine in *Flanders* or *Spain*,
 Or yet in the *Palgrave's* Country,
 'Tis nothing like t'our *English Ale*,
 That Liquor of Life, called *Ipse*.

The strongest Soldier that ever did fight,
 Or the bravest Commander of a *Marshalsea*,
 May be brought to the Ground, I hold him a Groat,
 If he swagger too long with *Ipse*.

The Preacher, the Teacher, the Priest and the Clark,
 The Doctor of Law and Divinity ;
 May stumble and fall sometimes in the Dark
 If their Caps be fudled with *Ipse*.

It makes grave Counsellors slumber and sleep,
 When they should speak they cannot see,
 They sit like Momes, for want of Wit,
 When their Caps be fudled with *Ipse*.

The whiffing Gallants of the Inns of Court,
Do hinder their Studies certainly,
They're sometimes glad to pawn their Suit,
For fudling their Caps with *Ipsé*.

The Papist, the Puritan Protestant too,
And all other Religions whatever they be,
Altho' in some Points they cannot agree,
Yet none of them differ in *Ipsé*.

The Taylor that eats more Bread at a Meal,
Than any Tradesman does at three,
A half-penny Loaf will serve him a Week,
If his Cap be fudled with *Ipsé*.

The Smith and the Shoemaker is not behind,
They never were, nor never will be,
If they be Drunk, 'tis but their Kind,
To fuddle their Caps with *Ipsé*.

If Tradesmen they would but forego,
The Vices that hinder their Quality,
The Malt-man may go hang himself,
And the Brewer with his strong *Ipsé*.



The Growth of CUCKOLDOM.

I Find I am a Cuckold,
 I care not who doth know it ;
 It is my Doom, therefore welcome,
 I mean to undergo it.
*Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
 All you that deride or scorn,
 The proudest he who e'er he be,
 Perchance will wear the Horn.*

The Parson of our Parish,
 That no Man thinks Polluted,
 Along with me for Company,
 He kindly goes Cornuted.
Which makes me sing, come along, &c.

It is a darksom Passion,
And yet there is no fear on't,
Like an Ague Fit they come by it,
Few Gentlemen are clear on't.
Which, &c.

Ten thousand in this Kingdom,
Are subject to this Branding,
As Squires and Knights, and City Wights,
For want of Understanding.
Which, &c.

The best Jest that ever I heard,
One swore his Wife was Constant,
When behind the Screen, and a Door between,
He was Cuckold in an Instant.
Which, &c.

At *Westminster* in Term time,
When all the Lawyers Musters,
Like Bucks in *May* you may see them play,
VVith their Velvet Shooes in Clusters.
Which, &c.

If you walk the Town of *London*,
VVhere the Flat-caps call Men Cousins,
If you look about my Masters out,
You'll find Thirteen to the Dozen.
Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
All you that deride or scorn,
The proudest he who e'er he be,
Perchance will wear the Horn.



If every Woman was serv'd in her kind.



IF every VVoman was serv'd in her Kind,
 And every Man had his due Desert,
 The Rooms in Bridewel would be well lin'd,
 And a Coach would not pass in the Streets for a
 Cart;
 Yet I'm a little vex'd at the Heart,
 And fain wou'd I have my grief to be known
 The Parish would have me play a fine Part,
 And Father a Child that is none of my own.

Full Twelve Months I cross'd the Seas,
 Mean time I was crost as much on the Land,
 For all the while my Wife sat at her ease,
 And had her Companions at her Command;
 There's never a Gallant but set at her Hand,
 And said it was pity she should be alone,
 And now they would have me subscribe to a Bond,
And Father, &c.

Let

Let every Father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that,
Altho' I'm a Buck, I am not so Wild,
To nail up my Horns for another Man's Hat,
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since 'tis my Fortune to be overthrown,
Altho' I'm an Ox, I'll ne'er be an Ass,
To Father, &c.

A Man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another Man's Child to Nurse,
And hoodwink his Horns with Ignorance,
But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse ;
And that knows his Cross and his Curse,
And still will be led by a Strumpet's Moan,
May sit and sell Horns at *Britain's* Burse,
For Fathering, &c.

And if that you will be my Judge,
Isn't that Man wonderful base,
To be another Man's Slave and his Drudge,
And sell all his Credit for Disgrace ?
No, I was never sprung from that Race,
To call that my Seed that another hath sown,
And I'll never look our King in the Face,
If I Father a Child that is none of my own.



A BALLAD of Old PROVERBS.



I Prithee Sweet-heart grant me my desire,
 For I am thrown as the old *Proverb* goes,
 Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire,
 And there is none that pities my Woes.
 Then hang or drown thy self, my Muse,
 For there is not a T—d to chuse.

Most Maids prove Coy of late, tho' they seem Holier,
 Yet I believe they are all of a Mind ;
 Like unto like, quoth the Devil to the Collier,
 And they'll be true when the Devil is Blind :
 Let no one trust to their desire,
 For the burnt Child still dreads the Fire.

What tho' my Love as white as a Dove is,
 Yet you would say, if you knew all within ;
 Shitten come Shite the beginning of Love is,
 And for her Favour I care not a Pin :

No Love of mine she e'er shall be,
Sir-Reverence of her Company.

What tho' her Disdainfulness my Heart hath cloven,
Yet I am of so stately a Mind ;
I'll not creep in her A— to bake in her Oven,
Tho' 'tis an old Proverb, that Cat will to kind :
But I will say until I die,
Farewel and be hang'd, that's twice Good-bye.

Alas, no Enjoyments, nor Comfort I can take,
In her that regards not the worth of a Lover ;
A T— is as good for a Sow, as a Pancake :
Swallow that Gudgeon, I'll Fish for another,
She ne'er regards my aking Heart,
Tell a Mare a Tale, she'll let a Fart.

Now I'm sure as my Shoe is made of Leather,
Without good advisement and fortunate helps ;
We two shall ne'er set our Horses together,
For she's like a Bear being rob'd of her Whelps :
But as for me it shall ne'er be said,
You've brought an old House over your Head.

Lo, this is my Counsel to young Men that Woove,
Look well before you leap, handle your Geer ;
For if you Wink and Shite, you'll ne'er see what you
do,
So you may take a wrong Sow by the Ear :
But if she prove her self a Flurt,
Then she may do as does my Shirt.

Fall Back, or fall Edge, I never shall bound be,
To make a Match with Tag-rag, and Long-tail ;
He that's born to hang, never shall drown'd be,
Best is best cheap, if you hit not the Nail :
Shall I toil Gratis in the Dirt,
First she shall do as does my Shirt.

CUPID *no* PHYSICIAN. *Set by* S. Teno.

A Rest-

A Restless Lover I espy'd,
That went from Place to Place,
Lay down and turn'd from Side to Side,
And sometimes on his Face ;
But when those Med'cines were apply'd,
In hopes of Intermission,
Like one that found no ease, he cry'd,
Has Cupid no Physician.

What do those Ladies with their Looks,
Their Kisses and their Smiles ;
Can no Receipt in those fair Books,
Repair their former Spoils ?
But they complain as well as we,
Their Pains have no remission ;
And when both Sexes wounded be,
Hath Cupid no Physician.

Have we such Palsies and such Pains,
Such Fevers and such Fits,
No quick Essential Chimick Grains,
No *Æsculapius* Wits ?
No Creature can beneath the Sun,
Prevail in opposition,
And when such Wonders may be done,
Hath, &c.

Into what Poisons do they dip,
Their Arrows and their Darts,
That touching but our Finger ends,
The pain doth prick our Hearts,
Now I perceive before I get,
Into the Inquisition,
Death never had a Surgeon yet,
Nor Cupid a Physician.



The Young Maid's PORTION.

NOW all my Friends are laid in Grave,
And nothing they have left me,
But a Mark a Year my Mother gave,
By which for to protect me :

Yet

Yet I live on the Leagure still,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
My Coach upon me tending,
If any one be cut or slash'd,
Or any one Offending,
They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

My high Commode, my Damask Gown,
My lac'd Shoes of Spanish Leather,
A Silver-Bodkin in my Head,
And a dainty Plume of Feather,
I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year,
The which my Mother gave me.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
Is welcome to my Oven ;
The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
Whose Beard's but newly shaven,
All's one to me, whoe'er he be,
He's welconie still as may be,
God a mercy Mother, for thy Gift
It's a Portion for a Lady.



The RESOLUTION. Set by Mr. King.

N Ow fie upon a Jealous Brain,
That doth his Love mistrust,
Whose scorching Blood runs through each Vein,
To Judge his Looks unjust :
Give me that noble minded Heart,
That never will do so,
But Loves by Nature, not by Art,
And let all others go.

Let

Let no Man think that *Cupid's* Shot,
Can wound an Honest Breast,
He that still fears a Jealous Plot,
Will never live at rest :
That Man I love that hates to fear
The slander of a Foe,
'Tis he that shall my Favour wear,
And let all others go.

If any do my Vertue Praise,
And thinks to flatter me,
His Subtile Tongue his Heart betrays,
His Follies I can see ;
That Man I'll have, will not suspect,
An honest Woman's No,
'Tis he shall be my choice Elect,
And let, &c.

Some Men by Witchcraft seek to gain,
Their Love with charmed Spice,
Such Love I scorn to entertain,
Fram'd by a base device ;
I'll humour him that seeks no Charms,
Nor *Cerberus* Cups below,
I'll hug him in my Ivory Arms,
And let, &c.

He that threatens when I smile,
I'll vex him when he weeps ;
He that Loves but a Watching while,
I'll Horn him when he Sleeps :
But he that with unspotted Breast,
Bears Love as pure as Snow,
Shall be my Guest at *Cupid's* Feast,
And let all others go.

LOVE *for* LOVE. *Set by Mr. King.*

SHall I wasting in Despair,
Die because a Woman's Fair,
Or make pale my Cheeks with Care,
Because anothers Rosie are :
Be she Fairer than the Day,
Or the flowry Mead in *May*,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how Fair she be.

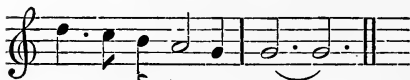
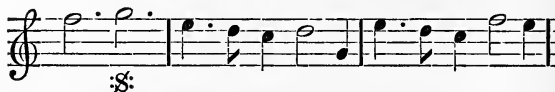
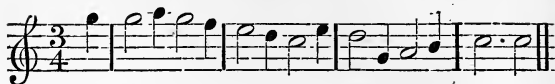
Shall

Shall my foolish Heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a Woman's kind ;
Or a well-disposed Nature
Joined with a comely Feature ?
Be she mild, or kinder than
The *Turtle-Dove*, or *Pelican* :
If she be not so to me,
What care I how Kind she be.

Shall a Woman's Vertue move,
Me to Perish for her Love ;
Or her Merits Value known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with Goodness blest,
As may deserve of Men the best ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be.

'Cause her Fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and Die ?
She that bears a noble Mind,
If not outward Helps she find :
Thinks what with them she will do,
That without them she dares Wooe ;
And unless that Mind I see,
What care I how good she be.

Be she Good, or Kind, or Fair,
I will ne'er the more Despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall Grieve :
If she slight me when I Wooe,
I will scorn and slight her too ;
For if see be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

The Country Man's DELIGHT.

I N Summer time, when Flowers do Spring,
 And Birds sit on a Tree ;
 Let Lords and Knights say what they will,
 There's none so Merry as we :
 There's *Will* and *Moll*,
 Here's *Harry* and *Doll*,
 With *Brian* and bonny *Betty* ;
 Oh, how they did jerk it,
 Caper and ferk it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

Our Musick in a little Pipe,
 That can so sweetly play ;
 Whom we do hire from *Whitsontide*,
 Till latter *Lamas-day* :

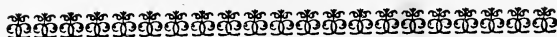
On

On Sabbath-days,
And Holy-days,
After Evening-Prayer comes he :
And then, &c.

Come play us *Adam* and *Eve*, says *Dick*,
What's that, says little Pipe ?
It is the beginning o' th' World, quoth *Dick*,
For we are Dancing-ripe :
It's that you call,
Then have at all,
He plaid with a merry Glee :
O then, &c.

In comes our Gaffer *Underwood*,
And sets him on the Bench ;
His Wife and Daughter *Ne'er-be-good*,
That pretty round-fac'd Wench :
There's Neighbour *Chuck*,
And *Habakkuk*,
They all come there to see
O how, &c.

From thence we go to Sir *William's* Ground,
And a Rich Old Cub is he ;
And there we Dance around, around,
But the Devil a Penny we see :
From thence we get,
To *Sommerset*,
Where Men be frolick and free :
And there, &c.



The Second PART.

M.Y Lord's Son must not be forgot,
So full of merry Jest ;
He laughs to see the Girls so hot,
And jumps in with the rest :

He

He doth them assail
 With his Calves-Tail,
 And he thrusts it in to see,
O how they do, &c.

A Pox of all those snuffling Knaves,
 That do our Sports despise :
 We value not the sneaking Slaves,
 They're more precise than Wise :
 Bots on them all,
 Both great and small,
 And such Hypocrise :
For we will, &c.

Tho' bonny *Nell* do bear the Bell,
 'Mongst Gallants gay and gaudy ;
 Our *Margery's* as light as she,
 And yet she is not Baudy :
 When she with trusty *Arthur* meets,
 And *Bob* with *Barnaby* ;
O ! how they do frig it,
Fump it and Figg it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

We fear no Plots of *Jews* or *Scots*,
 For we are jolly Swains ;
 With Plow and Cow, and Barley-Mow,
 We busie all our Brains :
 No City Cares,
 Nor Merchant's Fears
 Of Wreck, or Piracy ;
Therefore we can Flant it,
Revel and Rant it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, and *Whitson-Ales*,
 We Dance a Merry fit ;
 When *Susan* sweet with *Fohn* doth meet,
 She gives him Hit for Hit :

From Head to Foot,
She holds him to't,
And Jumps as high as he ;
O how they do spring it,
Flounce it and fling it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

With Ribbond red in Hat on Head,
Young *Ralph* doth skip and jump ;
Foan has a new long Scarf of blue ;
That reaches to her Rump :
With Petticoats
As light as Moats,
Which in the Sun we see ;
O ! how they did skip it,
Trample and Trip it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

No time is spent with more content,
In City, Court, or Camp ;
We fear no *Covent-Garden* Gout,
Nor *Pickadilly* Cramp :
From Scurvy we
Are always free,
And evermore shall be ;
So long as we Whisk it,
Frig it and frisk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
Like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs ;
We have no twinge to make us cringe
Or crinkle in the Hams :
When some Disease
Doth on us seize,
With one Consent go we ;
To Figg it and Firk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

When

When we're well fir'd, and almost tir'd,
 That Night is drawing on :
 And that we must confess (as just)
 Our Dancing day is done :
 The Night is spent
 With more content,
 For then we all agree ;
To Cock it and Dock it,
Smock and Knock it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.



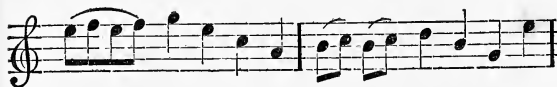
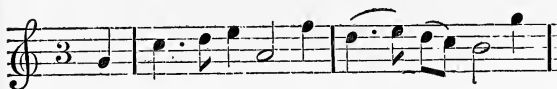
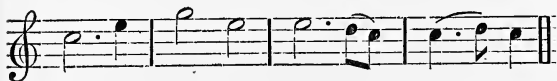
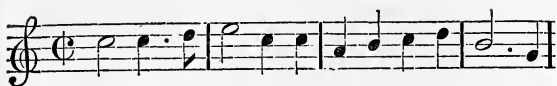
A Mock SONG to, Oh, lead me to some Peaceful Gloom. To the same Tune.

O H, oh, lead me, lead me to some peaceful Room,
 Where none but honest, none but honest,
 honest Fellows come ;
 Where our Wives, our Wives Clappers never sound,
 never, never sound,
 But an eternal Hush, an eternal Hush goes round :
 There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
 There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
 And never, never think of Home, never, never think
 of Home, never, never think of Home,
 Never, never, never, never, never think of Home
 again :
 What Comfort, what Comfort, what Comfort can a
 Husband have ?
 Who Marries, who Marries to be a Slave ?
 What Comfort, what Comfort can a Husband have,
 Who Marries, who Marries, who Marries to be more,
 More a Slave, to, to be more, to, to be more, to, to be
 more, more a Slave.

Three

Three Glorious Things.

Set by Mr. *TENOË*.



IT is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may ;
Three Things be glorious,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Sun, an Angel, and a Woman.
*It is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may.*

Three

Three things be Precious,
I'll tell you if I can,
Bright Pearl, fine Gold, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things there be Lowring,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Pidgeon, a Turtle-Dove, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things there be Loving,
I'll tell you if I can,
An Ape, an old Fox, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will be Angry,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Wasp, a Weasel, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will be scratching,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Cat, a Brier, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will be a Chattering,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Pye, a Popinjay, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things will lie close to a Man,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Flea, a Louse, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things must be Beaten,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Stock-fish, a Mill-stone, and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three things must be stuffed,
I'll tell you if I can ;
A Pudding, a Cushion, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there are ill to Tame,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Devil, a Wild-Colt, and a Woman,
It is, &c.

Three things there are will make you Lean,
I'll tell you if I can,
Brown Bread, small drink, and a curst Quean.
It is, &c.

From these three Plagues, I'll pray as I can,
To bless and to keep every Honest Man.
It is, &c.



A RIDDLE Wittily Expounded.



There was a Lady in the North-Country,
Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom,
And she had lovely Daughters three,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

There was a Knight of Noble worth,
Lay the Bent, &c.
Which also lived in the North,
Fa, la, &c.

The Knight of Courage stout and brave,
Lay the Bent, &c.
A Wife he did desire to have,
Fa la, &c.

He knocked at the Lady's Gate,
Lay the Bent, &c.
One Evening when it was late,
Fa la, &c.

The youngest Sister let him in,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And pinn'd the Door with a Silver Pin,
Fa la, &c.

The second Sister she made his Bed,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And laid soft Pillows under his Head,
Fa la, &c.

The Youngest that same Night,
Lay the Bent, &c.
She went to Bed to this young Knight,
Fa la, &c.

And in the Morning when it was Day,
Lay the Bent, &c.
These words unto him she did say,
Fa la, &c.

Now you have had your will (quoth she)
Lay the Bent, &c.
I pray Sir Knight you Marry me,
Fa la, &c.

The young brave Knight to her reply'd,
Lay the Bent, &c.
Thy Suit, Fair Maid shall not be deny'd,
Fa la, &c.

If thou can'st answer me Questions three,
Lay the Bent, &c.
This very Day I will Marry thee,
Fa la, &c.

Kind Sir, in Love, O then quoth she,
Lay the Bent, &c.
Tell me what your three Questions be,
Fa la, &c.

O what is longer than the Way?
Lay the Bent, &c.
Or what is deeper than the Sea?
Fa la, &c.

Or what is louder than a Horn?
Lay the Bent, &c.
Or what is sharper than a Thorn?
Fa la, &c.

Or what is greener than the Grass?
Lay the Bent, &c.
Or what is worse than a Woman was?
Fa la, &c.

The Damsel's Answer to the Three Questions.

O Love is longer than the way,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And Hell is deeper than the Sea,
Fa la, &c.

And Thunder's louder than the Horn,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And Hunger's sharper than a Thorn,
Fa la, &c.

And Poyson's greener than the Grass,
Lay the Bent, &c.
And the Devil's worse than the Woman was,
Fa la, &c.

When she these Questions answered had,
Lay the Bent, &c.
The Knight became exceeding glad,
Fa la, &c.

And having truly tried her Wit,
Lay the Bent, &c.
He much commended her for it,
Fa la, &c.

And after as 'tis verifi'd,
Lay the Bent, &c.
He made of her his lovely Bride,
Fa la, &c.

So now fair Maidens all adieu,
Lay the Bent, &c.
This Song I dedicate to you,
Fa la, &c.

I wish that you may Constant prove,
Lay the Bent to the bonny Broom,
Unto the Man that you do Love,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.



The Cumberland LASS.



THere was a Lass in *Cumberland*,
 A bonny Lass of high Degree :
 There was a Lass, her Name was *Nell*,
 The blithest Lass that e'er you see :
Oh ! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me :
Blith and bonny may she be,
The Lass that comes to Bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well,
 So did her Brother fancy *Nell* :
 But all their Loves came short of mine,
 As far as *Tweed* is from the *Tyne*,
Oh ! to Bed to me, to Bed to me, &c.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
 Four of them she gave to me ;
 She cut her Mother's Winding-Sheet,
 And all to make a Sark for me,
Oh ! to Bed to me, to Bed to me, &c.

She

She pluck'd a Box out of her Purse,
Of four Gold Rings she gave me three ;
She thought herself no whit the worse,
She was so very kind to me,
Oh ! to Bed to me, to Bed to me, &c.

If I were Lord of all the North,
To Bed and Board she should be free,
For why, she is the bonniest Lass,
That is in all her own Country,
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

Her Cherry-Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
Doth with the Damask Rose agree,
With other Parts which I'll not Name,
Which are so pleasing unto me :
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

For I have rid both East and West,
And been in many a strange Country,
Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
Compared with *Cumberland Nelly*.
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

When I embrace her in my Arms,
She takes it kind and courteously,
And hath such pretty winning Charms,
The like whereof you ne'er did see :
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

There's not a Lass in *Cumberland* -
To be compar'd to smiling *Nell*,
She hath so soft and white a Hand,
And something more that I'll not tell,
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
There I did treat her courteously,
I told her, I thought it was her Lot
To stay all Night and Lig with me,
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

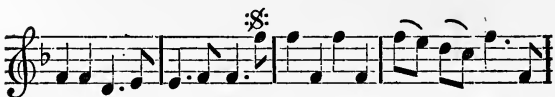
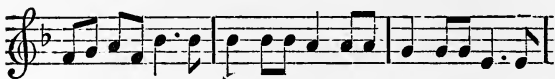
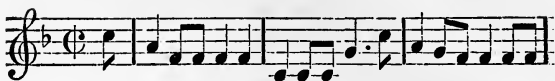
She, pretty Rogue, could not say nay,
But by consent we did agree,
That she for a fancy, there should stay,
And come at night to Bed to me ;
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
And with her Hand she smooth'd it down ;
She kiss'd me thrice, and smiling said,
My Love, I fear thou wilt sleep to soon :
Oh ! to Bed to me, &c.

Into my Bed I hasted strait,
And presently she follow'd me,
It was in vain to make her wait,
For a Bargain must a Bargain be,
O ! to Bed to me, &c.

Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass,
And strok'd her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest we'll let it pass,
For she afterward sung Lulaby ;
Oh ! to Bed to me, to Bed to me,
The Lass that came to Bed to me,
Blith and Bonny sure was she,
The Lass that came to Bed to me.



The Northumberland BAGPIPE.

A Shepherd set him under a Thorn,
 He pull'd out his Pipe and began for to play,
 It was on a *Midsummers-day* in the Morn,
 For Honour of that Holy-day :
 A Ditty he did chant along,
 That goes to the Tune of *Cater-Bordee*
 And this was the burthen of his Song,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad I'll dance to thee,
to thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

And

And whilst this Harmony he did make,
A Country Damsel from the Town,
A Basket on her Arm she had,
A gathering Rushes on the Down ;
Her Bongrace of Wended Straw ;
From the Sun's hot Beams her Face is free,
And thus she began when she him saw,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee, &c.

Then he pull'd out his Pipe, and began to sound,
Whilst tempting on her Back she lay,
But when his quavering Note she found,
How sweetly then this Lass could Play :
She stopp'd all Jumps, and she reveal'd,
She kept all Time with Harmony,
And looking on him, sighing said,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll Dance to thee, &c.

She never so much as blush'd at all,
The Musick was so charming sweet,
But e'er anon to him she'd call,
And bid him active, turn and meet ;
As thou art a boon Shepherd's Swain,
I am a Lass am come to Woove thee,
To play me another double Strain,
And doubt not but I will Dance to thee, &c.

Altho' I am but a silly Maid,
Who ne'er was brought up at Dancing-School,
But yet to the Jig that thou hast plaid,
You find that I can keep Time and Rule !
Now see that you keep your Stops aright,
For Shepherd, I am resolv'd to view thee,
And play me the Damsel's chief Delight,
Then never doubt but I'll Dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd again did Tune his Pipe,
And plaid her a Lesson loud and shrill,
The Damsel his Face did often wipe,
With many a Thank for his Good Will ;

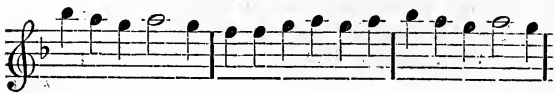
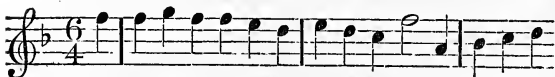
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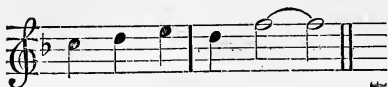
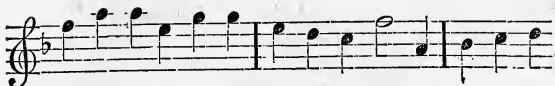
And said, I was ne'er so pleas'd before,
 And this is the first time that I knew thee,
 Come play me this very Jig once more,
And never doubt but I'll Dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd, he said, as I am a Man,
 I have kept Playing from Morning till Noon,
 Thou know'st I can do no more than I can ;
 My Pipe is clearly out of Tune ;
 To ruin a Shepherd I'll not seek,
 Said she, for why should I undo thee,
 I can come again to the Down next Week,
And thou shalt Pipe, and I'll Dance to thee,
to thee, to thee, derry, derry to thee.



The Hide-Park FROLICK.





ONE Evening a little before it was dark,
 sing, tan tara rara tan-vivee ;
 I call'd for my Gelding, and rid to *Hide-park*,
 on tan tara, rara tan-tivee ;
 It was in the merry Month of *May*,
 When Meadows and Fields were gaudy and Gay,
 And Flowers apparell'd as bright as the Day,
I got upon my Tan-tivee.

The *Park* shone brighter than the Skies,
 sing tan tara, rara Tan-tivee,
 With Jewels and Gold, and Ladies Eyes,
 that sparkled, and cry'd, come see me ;
 Of all parts of *England*, *Hide-park* hath the Name,
 For Coaches and Horses and Persons of Fame,
 It looked at first sight like a Field full of Flame,
Which made me Ride up Tan-tivee.

There hath not been such sight since *Adam's*,
 for Perriwig, Ribbond, and Feather,
Hide-park may be term'd the Market of Madams,
 or, *Lady-Fair*, chuse you whither :
 Their Gowns were a Yard too long for their Legs,
 They shew'd like the Rain-bow cut into Rags,
 A Garden of Flowers, or a Navy of Flags,
When they did all mingle together.

Among

Among all these Ladies, I singled out one,
 to prattle of Love and Folly ;
 I found her not Coy, but jovial as *Foan*,
 or *Betty*, or *Marget*, or *Molly* :
 With honours and Love, and stories of Chances,
 My Spirits did move, and my Blood she advances,
 With Twenty *Quadundrums*, and Fifty Five Fancies,
I'd have been at her Tan-tivee.

We talk'd away time until it grew dark,
 the Place did begin to grow privy ;
 For Gallants began to draw out of the Park,
 to their Horses did gallop Tan-tivee :
 But finding my Courage a little to come,
 I sent my Bay Gelding away by the Groom,
 And proffer'd my Service to wait on her Home,
In her Coach we went both Tan-tivee.

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her strait-lac'd,
 she cry'd I shall never believe ye ;
 This Arm full of Sattin I bravely embrac'd,
 and fain would have been at Tan-tivee :
 Her Lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
 She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,
 And like a bold Archer, I aim'd at the White,
Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee.

With many Denials she yielded at last,
 her Chamber being wondrous privy,
 That I all the Night there might have my repast,
 to run at the Ring Tan-tivee.
 I put off my Cloaths, and I tumbled to Bed,
 She went to her Closet to dress up her Head,
 But I peep'd in the Key-hole to see what she did,
Which put me quite beside my Tan-tivee.

She took off her Head-tire, and shew'd her bald Pate,
 Her Cunning did very much grieve me,
 Thought I to my self, if it were not so late,
 I would home to my Lodgings believe me.

Her

Her Hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hag,
Her bald-pate did look like an *Ostrich's* Egg,
This Lady (thought I) is as right as my Leg,
She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which did unto amazement drive me ;
She put up her Finger, and out dropt her Eye,
I pray'd that some Power would relieve me :
But now my resolves was never to trouble her,
Or venture my Carcase with such a blind Hobler,
She look'd with One Eye, just like *Hewson* the Cobler,
When he us'd to Ride Tan-tivee.

I peep'd, and was still more perplexed therewith,
Thought I, tho't be Midnight I'll leave thee ;
She fetch'd a yawn, and out fell her Teeth,
This Quean had intents to deceive me :
She drew out her Handkerchief as I suppose,
To wipe her high Fore-head, off dropt her Nose,
Which made me run quickly and put on my Hose,
The Devil is in my Tan-tivee.

She washt all the Paint from her Visage, and then
She look'd just (if you will believe me)
Like a *Lancashire Witch* of Four score and Ten,
And as the Devil did drive me :
I put on my Cloaths, and cry'd Witches and Whores,
I tumbld down Stairs, broke open the Doors,
And down to my Country again to my Boors,
Next Morning I rid Tan-tivee.

You *North-Country* Gallants that live pleasant Lives,
Let not Curiosity drive ye ;
To leave the fresh Air, and your own Tenants Wives,
For Sattin will sadly deceive you :
For my part I will no more be such a Meacock,
To deal with the plumes of a *Hide-Park* Peacock,
But find out a Russet-coat Wench and a Hay-cock,
And there I will ride Tan-tivee.

The

The Beggar's DELIGHT.

Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm,
 That silly poor Swains in Love should be ;
 For Love lies hid in Rags all torn,
 As well as Silks and Bravery :
 For the Beggar he loves his Lass as dear,
 As he that hath Thousands, Thousands, Thousands,
 He that hath Thousand Pounds a Year.

State and Title are pitiful things,
 A lower State more happy doth prove ;
 Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,
 With the Beggar hath equal Joys in Love :
 And my pretty brown *Cloris* upon the Hay,
 Hath always as killing, killing, killing,
 Hath always as killing Charms as they.

A Lord will purchase a Maiden-head,
 Which perhaps hath been lost some Years before ;
 A Beggar will pawn his Cloak and his Trade,
 Content with Love to lye, and live Poor :

Our

Our eager Embraces in Coal-sheds,
Are always more pleasing, pleasing, pleasing,
Than theirs that are dull in downy Beds.

Our *Cloris* is free from Patches and Paint,
Complexion and Features sweetly agree ;
Perfections which Ladies often do want,
Is always intail'd on our Pedigree :
Sweet *Cloris* in her own careless Hair,
Is always more taking, taking, taking,
Than Ladies that Towers and Pendants do wear.

A Dutchess may fail, created for Sport,
By using of Art, and changing of Things ;
Tho' she were the Idol and Goddess o'th' Court,
The Joys and the Pleasure of Don, Prince, or Kings,
Yet *Cloris* in her old Russet-Gown,
She's sound, she's sound, she's sound,
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

A Beggar's as boon aud as brisk in the dark,
As she that is Painted Red and White ;
And pleases her Mate, tho' not such a Spark,
As lies by the side of a Lord or Knight :
And *Cloris* hath Beauty to Content,
So long as she's wholsom, wholsom, wholsom,
She pleases us, we don't repent.

What tho' all the Day she's attir'd in Rags,
Yet once a Week she changes her Smock ;
And she that has Gold and Silver in Bags,
She can do no more than match a good Cock :
She's willing and ready to show her Art,
And still with her Kisses, Kisses, Kisses,
She'll conquer the Senses and the Heart.

All the Night long we do hug and embrace,
The greatest and Rich can do no more ;
And when to the Swain she joins her Face,
He thinketh what Joys there's for him in store :

By

By the taste of the Blisses, so happy's he,
He crys there's no Beggar, Beggar, Beggar,
Could so blest, or so fortunate be.

The touch of her Hand encreases his Flame,
Who conquer'd by Charms a Captive doth lie ;
And when he but thinks of his true Love's Name,
He vows for her sake he could freely Die :
Then she revives him again with a Kiss,
He cries you undo me, undo me, undo me,
Had ever poor Soul such Pleasure as this ?

Then Gallants, ne'er envy the Poor's Delight,
'Tis Pleasure to Love, and a Plague to be Free ;
Tho' some for our Poverty do us slight,
There's none alive more happy than we :
We well are content with what we enjoy,
And once in a twelvemonth, twelvemonth, twelve-
month
We are blest with a Girl, or a Boy,

Content is a thing we strive to possess,
And better it is than a Golden Mine :
Since us with the same the Heaven do bless,
What cause have we for to repine :
No, we've enough our Hearts to suffice,
And he that doth murmur, murmur, murmur,
Will never be happy nor wise.



JOAN to the MAY-POLE.



Joan to the *May-pole* away let's run,
 The time is swift, and will be gone :
 There go the Lasses away to the Green,
 Where their Beauties may be seen ;
 Nan, Noll, Kate and Moll,
 Brave Lasses have Lads to attend 'em,
 Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick,
 Brave Country Dancers, who can amend 'em ?

Did you not see the Lord of the *May*,
 Walk along in his rich Array ?
 There goes the Lass that is only his,
 See how they meet, and how they Kiss !

Come *Will*, run *Gill*,
 Or dost thou list to lose thy Labour?
Kit Crowd, scrape aloud,
 Tickle her *Tom*, with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Lately I went to a Masque at Court,
 Where I see Dances of ev'ry sort;
 There they did Dance with Time and Measure,
 But none like Country Dance for Pleasure:

There they did Dance, just as in *France*,
 Not like the *English* lofty manner;

And every She must furnished be
 With a feather'd knack, when she sweats, for to fan her.

But we, when we Dance, and do happen to sweat
 Have a Napkin in hand for to wipe off the wet;
 And we with our Doxies do jigg it about,
 Not like the Court, which often are out:

If the Tabor do play, we thump it away,
 And turn, and meet our Lasses to Kiss 'em;

Nay, they will be as ready as we,
 That hardly at any time can miss 'em.

Yonder comes *Dolly* over the down,
 And *Roger* he gives her a fair Green-Gown,
 See how he Hands her up again,
 And how they trip along amain:

They pass o'er the Grass,
 And at every Stile they are Billing,

He gives, she receives,
 Being Youthful, Ready, and Willing.

There is not any that shall out-vie,
 My little pretty *Foan* and I;
 For I'm sure I can Dance as well,
 As *Robin*, *Fenny*, *Tom* and *Nell*:

Last Year we were here,
 When rough *Ralph* he play'd us a Boree,
 And we merrily
 Thump'd it about, and gain'd the Glory.

Come,

Come, sweet *Foan*, let us call a New Dance,
That we before 'em may advance ;
Let it be what you desire and crave,
And sure the same sweet *Foan* shall have :

She cry'd, and reply'd,
If to please me thou wilt endeavour,
Sweet Pig, the Wedding-Jig,
Then my Dear I'll love thee for ever.

Sure I will grant thee thy request,
And learn thee that amongst the rest ;
For e'er it be long, we'll Married be,
And then my pretty *Foan* shall see,
Fine Toys, sweet Joys,
And soft Kisses too, out of Measure,
Sweet Charms in my Arms,
This will be a Fountain of Pleasure.

And if we hold on as we begin,
Foan, thee and I the Garland shall win ;
Nay, if thou live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the *May*,
Dance about, in and out,
Turn and Kiss, and then for Greeting ;
Now *Foan*, we have done,
Fare thee well till next merry Meeting.



The Wiltshire WEDDING.

ALL in a misty Morning,
 cloudy was the Weather,
 I meeting with an old Man,
 was cloathed all in Leather,
 With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
 but Wool unto his Skin ;
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
 and how do you do agen ?*

The Rustick was a Thresher,
 and on his way he hy'd,
 And with a Leather Bottle,
 fast Buckl'd by his side :

And

And with a Cap of Woollen,
which cover'd Cheek and Chin,
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*

I went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking,
a Milking Sir, she said :
Then I began to Compliment,
and she began to Sing ;
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*

This Maid her Name was *Dolly*,
cloath'd in a Gown of Gray,
I being somewhat Jolly,
perswaded her to stay :
Then strait I fell to Courting her,
in hopes her Love to win,
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*

Then having time and leisure,
I spent a vacant hour,
Telling of all my Treasure,
whilst sitting in the Bower :
With many kind Embraces,
I stroak'd her double Chin :
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*

I told her I would Marry'd be,
and she should be my Bride,
And long we should not tarry,
with twenty things beside :
I'll Plow and Sow, and Reap and Mow,
while thou shalt sit and Spin ;
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*

Did you not know my Father,
 the Damsel then reply'd,
 His Jerkin was of Leather,
 a Bottle by his side :
 Yes, I did meet him trudging,
 as fast as he could win,
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
 and how do you do agen.*

Kind Sir, I have a Mother,
 beside a Father, still,
 Those Friends above all other,
 you must ask their good will :
 For if I be Undutiful
 to them, it is a Sin ;
With how, &c.

Now there we left the Milk-pail,
 And to her Mother went,
 And when I was come thither,
 I asked her Consent,
 And doft my Hat, and made a Leg,
 for why she was within ;
With how, &c.

My Husband is a Thresher,
 who is her Father dear,
 He'll give with her his Blessing,
 kind Sir, you need not fear :
 He is of such good Nature,
 that he would never lin,
With how, &c.

For by your Courteous Carriage,
 you seem an honest Man,
 You may have her in Marriage,
 my Husband he anon,
 Will bid you very welcome,
 tho' he be poor and thin,
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
 And how do you do agen.*

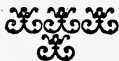
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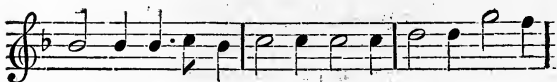
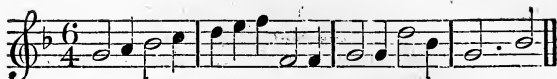
Her Dad came home full weary,
alas ! he could not chuse ;
Her Mother being Merry,
She told him all the News :
Then he was mighty Jovial too,
his Son did soon begin,
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*

Her Parents being willing,
all Parties was agreed ;
Her Portion thirty Shilling,
they Marry'd were with speed ;
Then *Will* the Piper he did play,
while others Dance and Sing ;
With how, &c.

In pleasant Recreation,
they pass'd away the Night,
And likewise by relation,
with her he takes delight,
To walk abroad on Holy-days,
to visit Kiff and Kin :
With how, &c.

Then lusty *Ralph* and *Robin*,
With many Damsels gay,
Did ride on *Roan* and *Dobbin*,
to Celebrate the day :
When being met together,
their Caps they off did fling,
*With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen.*



The Country LASS.

WHat tho' I am a Country Lass,
 A lofty mind I bear *a* ;
 I think my self as good as those,
 That Gay Apparel wear *a* :
 What tho' my Coat be Home-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as soft *a*,
 As those that in their Cypress Veils,
 Do carry their Heads aloft *a*.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
 'Tis a thing that must be done *a*,
 A Garland of the choicest Flow'rs,
 Shall shade me from the Sun *a* ;

And

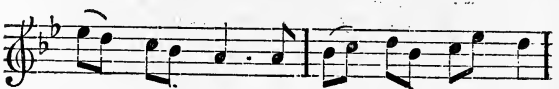
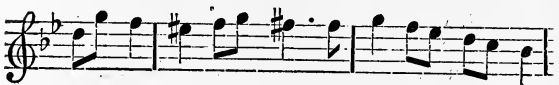
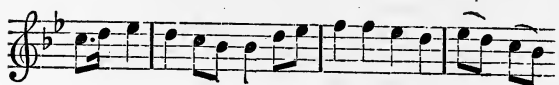
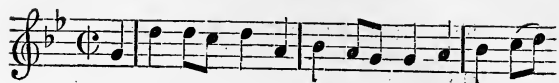
And where I see the feeding Bee,
When Grass and Flowers spring *a*,
Hard by a Chrystal Fountain Stream,
I sit me down and Sing *a*.

My Leather Bottle stufft with *Sage*,
My Drink it is but thin *a*,
No Wine hath taught my brains to rage,
Nor tempt my Blood to sin *a*;
My Country *Curds*, my Wooden *Spoon*,
My things are very Fine *a*,
And on some Flow'ry Bank at Noon,
I sit me down and Dine *a*.

What tho' my Portion will allow,
No Bags of shining Gold *a*,
As Farmers Daughters now adays,
Like Swine are Bought and Sold *a*;
I'll keep my Naked Body sound,
And an Honest Soul within *a*,
And for a Hundred Thousand Pounds,
I value it not a Pin *a*.

I have no *Jewels* in my Ears,
Nor *Fems* to deck my Neck *a*;
Nor Glittering Rings with Stones I wear,
My Fingers for to Deck *a*
But for the Man when e'er it chance,
That I shall Grace to Wed *a*,
I'll keep a *Jewel* worth them all,
I mean my Maiden-Head *a*.



Poor ANTHONY.

Was

W As ever a Man so vext with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony*, since I was Wed,
For I never got my Belly full,

But e're I have supp'd, I must hasten to Bed :
Else she'd begin to Scold and to Brawl,
And to call me Puppy, and Cuckold, and all ;
Yet she with her Cronies must troul it about,
Whilst I in my Kennel must snore it out.

I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But she in a trice did fetch me away,
We both but Two-pence a-piece did spend,
Yet proved to me Execution-day.
For she flew in my Face, and call'd me Fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legged Stool ;
Nay, she furnish'd my Face with so many Scratches,
That for a whole Month 'twas cover'd with Patches.

Whatever Money I get in a day,
To keep her in quiet, I give her at Night ;
Or else she'll license her Tongue to play,
For two or three Hours, just like a Sprite,
Then to the Cupboard Peel garlick must hie,
To see for some Crusts that long have lain dry,
So steep 'em in Skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

And once a Month for fashion's sake,
She gives me leave to come to her Bed,
But most of that time I must lie awake,
Lest she in her Fits should knock me o'th head,
But as for the Bed I lie on my self ;
You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken Shelf :
For the Tick it is made of Hempen Hurds,
And yet for all this, I must give her good words.

We commonly both do piss in a pan,
But the Cullender once was set in the place ;
She then did take it up in her Hand,
And flounc'd it out on my Stomach and Face.
I told her then she went beside,
But she call'd me Rogue, and told me I ly'd,
And swore it was not up to her Thumb.
And then threw the pan i'th' middle o'th' Room.

Then a Maid that was my Sweet-heart before,
Did come to the House to borrow a Pail ;
I Kiss'd her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But she flew in her Face Tooth and Nail.
But the Wench stood to her and claw'd her about,
That for a whole Fortnight she never stir'd out ;
For her Face was so swell'd, and her Eyes were so sore,
That I never saw Jade so mangl'd before.

She then did bid me drop in her Eyes,
A sovereign Water sent her that Day :
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury steep'd in Whey,
I dropt in and anointed her Face,
Which brought her into a most dev'lish case ;
For she tore and ranted, and well she might,
For after that time she never saw sight.

I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from place to place ;
And now 'tis *Husband I hope ye are well* ;
Before 'twas Cuckold and Rogue to my Face,
Then blest be that Henbane and Mercury strong,
That made such a change in my Wife's Tongue ;
You see 'tis a Med'cine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'll say no more.

The Ballad of the CAPS.

THE Wit hath long beholding been,
Unto the Cap to keep it in,
But now the Wits fly out amain
In praise to quit the Cap again :
The Cap that keeps the highest part
Obtains the place by due desert :
*For any Cap, what'er it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.*

The

The *Monmouth* Cap, the Sailors Thumb,
 And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
 The Physick Cap, the Cap Divine,
 And that which Crowns the Muses nine,
 The Cap that Fools do Countenance,
 The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
For any Cap, &c.

The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
 The Fudling Cap how ever bought,
 The Worsted, Furr'd, the Velvet, Sattin,
 For which so many pates learn Latin,
 The Cruel Cap, the Fustian Pate,
 The Periwig a Cap of late :
For any Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the *Monmouth* were,
 On Castle-tops their Ensigns rear ;
 The Sea-man with his Thrumb doth stand
 On higher parts than all the land ;
 The Tradesman's Cap aloft is born,
 By 'vantage of a stately horn.
For any Cap, &c.

The Physick Cap to dust can bring,
 Without controul the greatest King,
 The Lawyers Cap hath Heavenly might
 To make a crooked action straight ;
 And if you'll line him in the Fist,
 The Cause he'll warrant as he list,
For any Cap, &c.

Both East and West, and North and South,
 Where'er the Gospel hath a mouth,
 The Cap Divine doth thither look ;
 'Tis Square like Scholars and their Books :
 The rest are Round, but this is Square,
 To shew their Wits more stable are :
For any Cap, &c.

The

The Jester he a Cap doth wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
And 'tis no slender piece of Wit
To act the Fool where great Mensit
But O, the Cap of *London* Town,
I wis, 'tis like a goodly Crown,
For any Cap, &c.

The Sickly Cap tho' wrought with Silk,
Is like Repentance, white as Milk ;
When Caps drop off at health a pace,
The Cap doth then your head uncase,
The sick man's Cap, (if wrought) can tell
Tho' he be sick, his Cap is well,
For any Cap, &c.

The Fudling Cap by *Bacchus's* might,
Turns Night to Day, and Day to Night ;
We know it makes proud Heads to bend,
The lowly Feet for to ascend ;
It makes Men richer than before,
By seeing doubly all their Store,
For any Cap, &c.

The Furr'd and Quilted Cap of age,
Can make a mouldy Proverb sage,
The Sattin and the Velvet hive
Into a Bishoprick may thrive ;
The Triple Cap may raise some hope,
If fortune serve to be a Pope,
For any Cap, &c.

The Periwig, O, this declares
The rise of flesh, tho' fall of hairs,
And none but Gransirs can proceed
So far in sin till they this need,
Before the King who cover'd are,
And only to themselves stand bare,
*For any Cap, whate'er it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.*

The Ballad of the BEARD

THe Beard thick or thin on the Lip or Chin,
 Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
 That her silence in the Beards defence
 May do her Neighbour wrong.

Now a Beard is a thing that Commands in a King,
 Be his Scepters ne'er so fair :
 Where the Beard bears the sway, the People obey,
 And are subject to a Hair.

'Tis a Princely sight, and a grave delight,
 That adorns both young and old ;
 A well thatcht face is a comely grace,
 And a shelter from the Cold.

When the piercing North comes blustering forth
 Let a barren Face beware ;
 For a trick it will find, with a Razor of wind,
 To shave the Face that's bare.

But

But there's many a nice and strange device
That doth the Beard disgrace,
But he that is in such a foolish sin
Is a Traitor to his Face.

Now of the Beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a Beard ;
Tho' it be ne'er so long.

The Roman T, in its bravery,
Doth first it self disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
With the flames of a Torrid Nose !

The Stiletto Beard, oh ! it makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a Dagger in's Face,
What wears he in his Sheath ?

But methinks I do itch to go thro' stitch
The Needle Beard to amend,
Which without any wrong, I may call too long,
For a Man can see no end.

The Soldiers Beard, doth march in shear'd ;
In figure like a Spade,
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
And think their Graves are made.

The grim Stubble eke on the Judges Cheek
Shall not my verse despise ;
It is more fit for a Nutmeg, but yet,
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.

What doth invest a Bishop's Breast
But a Milk-white spreading hair ?
Which an Emblem may be of Integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen on a Woman's Chin
A hair or two to grow,
But alas the Face, it is to cold a place!
Then look for a Beard below.

But oh! let us tarry for the Beard of King *Harry*
That grows about the Chin,
With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
And a Champion ground between.

Last the Clown doth out rush, with his Beard like a
bush,
Which may be well endur'd;
For tho' his Face be in such a case,
His Land is well manur'd.



The Tunbridge Doctors.



You

YOU *Maidens and Wives,*
And young *Widows* rejoyce,
Declare your thanksgiving,
With Heart and with Voice ;
Since Waters were Waters
I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such cause
Of a Thanksgiving day.

For from *London-Town*
There's lately come down,
Four Able *Physicians*
That never wore Gown :
Their Physick is pleasant,
Their Dose it is large,
And you may be Cur'd
Without Danger or Charge.

No *Bolus* nor *Vomit*,
No *Potion* nor *Pill*,
Which sometimes do Cure,
But oftner do Kill,
Your Taste nor your Stomach
Need ever displease,
If you'll be advised
But by one of these.

For they've a new *Drug*
Which is call'd *the close Hug*,
Which will mend your Complexion,
And make you look smug,
A Sovereign *Balsom*
Which once well apply'd,
Tho' griev'd at the Heart
The Patient ne'er Dy'd.

In the Morning you need not
Be robb'd of your rest,
For in your warm Beds
Your Physick works best :

And tho' in the taking
Some stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant
You cannot be tir'd.

For on your Backs you must lie,
With your Body rais'd high,
And one of these Doctors
Must always be by,
Who still will be ready
To cover you warm,
For if you take cold
All physick doth harm.

Before they do venture
To give their direction,
They always consider
Their Patients complexion ;
If she have a moist Palm
Or a Red Head of Hair,
She requires more Physick
Than one man can spare.

If she have a long Nose,
The Doctor scarce knows
How many good handfuls
Must go to her Dose :
You Ladies that have
Such ill symptoms as these,
In reason and conscience
Should pay double fees.

But that we may give
To these Doctors due praise ;
Who to all sorts of people
Their favours conveys :
On the ugly for pity sake
Skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom,
They're Cur'd for their own.

On the Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely
They scorn should be sold :
Then joyn with the Doctors,
And heartily pray,
Their power of Healing
May never decay.

*A Ballad on New BETHLEM.*

This

T His is a Structure fair,
 Royally raised,
 The pious Founders are
 Much to be praised ;
 That in such times of need,
 When Madness doth exceed,
 To build this House of Bread
 Noble *New-Bedlam*.

'Tis beautiful and large
 In constitution,
 Deserves a Liberal Charge
 Of contribution,
 If I may reach so high,
 To sing a Prophecy,
 Their Names shall never die
 That built *New-Bedlam*.

Methinks the Lawyers may
 Consult together,
 And Contribute, for they
 Send most Men thither ;
 They put 'em to much pain,
 With Words that cramp the Brain,
 Till *Bedlam's* fill'd with Plain-
 tiff and Defendant.

Quacking Physicians shou'd
 Give Money freely,
 They maculate Mens Blood,
 And make them silly ;
 With *Hydragargyrum* Pills,
 Their Reasons and their Wills
 They ruine, and this fills
 Most part of *Bedlam*.

So good a Work as this
Cannot want Actors,
But I'll no more insist
On Benefactors,
But hint such as I see
Hypocondriack be,
And are in some degree
Fit for *New-Bedlam*.

That Amorous Soul that is
In Love a Quaker,
And doth adore a Miss
More than his Maker,
Decks her in Silk and Furr,
Then turns Idolater,
Kneels down and Worships her,
He's fit for *Bedlam*.

The young Man that has got
A golden Talent ;
And hath a brain-sick Plot
To seem a Gallant ;
That richly is array'd,
Spends Land, and Shop, and Trade,
To be a *Hector* made ;
Is fit for *Bedlam*.

The City-Lad that sings,
Rhimes, Drolls and Dances,
And all his business flings
Away for Fancies ;
He that lets his Angels fly,
'Till he's not worth one Penny,
To Study Poetry,
Is fit for *Bedlam*.

Whilst

Whilst some with Brandy burn
 Their Guts with drinking,
 Philosophers do turn
 Their Heads with thinking ;
 He who is such a one,
 As studies for the Stone,
 Till's Brain and his Money's gone,
 Prepares for *Bedlam*.

That Churl who Gold hath won,
 And dares not use it,
 But hath a squandring Son
 Doth Game and lose it :
 His Brain doth greatly err,
 He that with Water clear
 Would fill a Colander,
 Must do't in *Bedlam*.

He that with an Estate
 Weds a poor Beauty,
 Who to Disdain and Hate,
 Turns Love and Duty ;
 It doth his Reason daunt
 He has a Bargain on't,
 Whose then the Elephant,
 And's fit for *Bedlam*.

I could tell many more;
 (I have enroll'd 'em)
 Sould I declare my store,
 As I have told 'em ;
 With Mortar, Brick and Stone,
 Could they their Building run
 From thence to *Islington*,
 'Twould never hold 'em.

An Ancient SONG of Bartholomew-Fair.



I N Fifty five, may I never Thrive,
 If I tell you any more than is true ;
 To *London* che came, hearing of the Fame
 Of a Fair they call *Bartholomew*.

In Houses of Boards, Men walk upon Cords,
 As easie as Squirrels crack Filberds ;
 But the Cut-purses they do Bite and rub away,
 But those we suppose to be Ill-Birds.

For a Penny you may zee a fine Puppet-play,
 And for Two-pence a rare piece of Art ;
 And a Penny a Cann, I dare swear a Man,
 May put zix of 'em into a Quart.

Their Zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
 The Heart of a very fine Man *a* ;
 Here's *Patient Grisel* here, and Fair *Rosamond* there,
 And the History of *Susanna*.

At

At *Pye-corner* end, mark well my good Friend,
 'Tis a very fine dirty place ;
 Where there's more Arrows and Bows, the Lord above
 knows,
 Then was handl'd at *Chivy-Chase*.

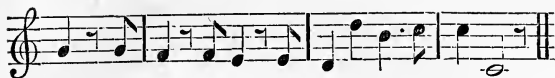
At every Door lies a Hag, or a Whore,
 And in *Hosier-Lane*, if I a'n't mistaken ;
 Zuch plenty there are of Whores, you'll have a pair,
 To a zingle Gamon of Bacon.

Then at *Smithfield-Bars*, betwixt the Ground and the
 Stars,
 There's a place they call *Shoemaker-Row* ;
 Where that you may buy Shoes every day,
 Or go bare-foot all the Year I tro.



TWO to ONE.





THere were two Bumpkins lov'd a Lass,
 And striving who should have her ;
 She presum'd of what she had,
 And they of what they gave her :
Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
Carouse away all Sorrow ;
Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
She shall be thine to Morrow.

But we were both of one Consent,
And something had some Savour ;
And let a poor Man be content
With half a Wenches Favour :
Hey ho, &c.

But this is still against all Sence,
Which ever more hath vex'd us ;
That ev'ry Lobcock hath his Wench,
And we but one betwixt us.
Hey ho, &c.

Good Brother, let us not dismay,
What hap so e'er betide us ;
For fear a Third should come this way,
And pull our Wench beside us :
Hey ho, &c.

For Women they are Winning things,
As mutable as may be ;
No Bird that ever flew with Wings,
So subtile is as they be.
Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
Carouse away all Sorrow,
Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
She shall be thine to Morrow.

No matter who shall pledge her first,
 Affections are but blindness;
 And let the World say what they list,
 We'll take her double Kindness.

*Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
 Carouse away all Sorrow;
 Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
 She shall be thine to Morrow.*

For she hath granted both our Sutes,
 When we came first unto her;
 And he shall Ride in both our Boots,
 That comes the next to Wooe her:
Hey ho, &c.



The ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. BUTLER, *Author of* HUDIBRAS.



*The OXFORD Expedition.*Tune of, *Which no Body can deny.*

A Late Expedition to *Oxford* was made
 By a Protestant P. and his Brothers o'th' Blade.
 Who from *Gloucester* in Triumph his Lordship convey'd,
Which no Body can deny, deny; which no Body can deny.

Had you seen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
 Equipp'd in their sturdy grey Coats and high Shoes,
 You'd have sworn not the Goals, but all Hell was broke
 loose,
Which no Body, &c.

In Rank and in File there rode many a Man,
 Some in the Rear March'd, and some in the Van,
 Tho' some had no Hats, yet they had Head-pieces on,
Which no Body, &c.'

Some had two lusty Legs, but never a Boot,
 And on their Tits mounted, they stood stoutly to't,
 For the name of a Horse, they'd as good gone a Foot,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' Steel was not plenty, yet Armed they come,
 With stout Oaken Plants, and with Crab-tree stick some,
 To Cudgel the Pope and the Bald-pates of *Rome*,
Which no Body, &c.

For in these gay Troops among twenty, scarce one
 Had Holsters or Pistols, Sword, Carbine or Gun,
 A sign they did mean no great Harm should be done,
Which no Body, &c.

Here many a Gallant I'll warrant you that
 Had Ribband of *Orange* and Seaman's Cravat,
 The defects of their Arms, were made up in State,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

One's

One's Horse wore a Halter among all the rest,
Nor had the dull Wight half the Sence of his Beast,
And he of the two, deserv'd the Rope best,

Which no Body, &c.

Here *M—t* and *G—on* their pamper'd Steeds prance,
Jack B— Grace, next *Jack Willis* advance,
Who look'd fierce as *Switzer*, who drub'd him in

France,

Which no Body, &c.

In this Cavalcade for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord *L—* rod first, and the rest follow'd after,
They gallop'd up Town, and then down to the Water,

Which no Body, &c.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous fashion,
Bid him welcome to Town in a fine penn'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking such care of the Nation,

Which no Body, &c.

His Honour next day in Courtship exceeding,
Return'd a smart Speech, to shew 'em his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in Print, 'twill be well worth your
reading,

Which no Body, &c.

Having taken it thus, to secure the Town,
The Guards are all set, and the Bridges pull'd down,
And tho' little Courage, his Conduct was shown,

Which no Body, &c.

Next Night an Alarm our Warriors surprise,
Drums beat, Trumpets sound, and at Midnight all rise,
To Fight the King's Army, who came in disguise,

Which no Body, &c.

Next Morning at Eight, his Lordship did call,
And ask'd if they'd got any Powder or Ball,
But they Manfully answer'd, they had none at all,

Which no Body, &c.

Among

Among the Crowd, two fat Draymen appear,
To guard Mr. Ensign, a huge nasty Tar,
Who flourish'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
Which no Body can deny.

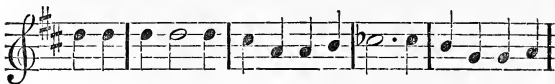
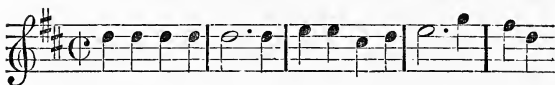
At foot of the Colours, blith *Crendon* did go,
Who play'd a new Tune, which you very well know,
For his Bag-pipes squeak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero*,
Which no Body, &c.

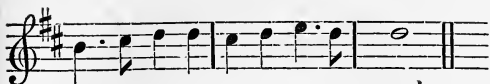
Ah ! had the dear Joys but come in the nick,
I fancy they'd show'd 'em a slippery Trick,
For they'd March'd more nimbly without his Musick,
Which no Body, &c.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er scarce,
So Pleasantly Burlesqu'd the angry God *Mars*,
Or of Affairs Warlike, e'er made such a Farce,
Which no Body can deny, deny ; which no Body can deny.



The FRYER and the NUN.





FLY merry News among the Crews,
 That love to hear of Jests ;
 The oldest Sport that e'er was us'd,
 Yet chiefly in request :
 If any one do carp at thee,
 Or do thee Bawdy call ;
 Say thou do'st write as they delight,
Of Up-tails all.

There hath a Question been of late,
 Among the Youthful sort ;
 What Pastime is the pleasantest,
 And what the sweetest Sport ?
 And it hath been adjudged
 As well by great as small,
 That of all Pastimes none is like
To Up-tails all.

Batchelors will to this Game,
 And Marry'd Men likewise ;
 Yea, Wives, yea Maids, and Widows,
 Will use it all their Lives :
 And old Men they will have a snatch,
 Altho' their Game's but small ;
 Yet these old Colts will have a Bout
At Up-tails all.

If it were Unlawful,
 Then Lawyers were to blame :
 And if it were Ungodly,
 To Priests it were a shame :
 For they no doubt do use it,
 Tho' it a Vice they call ;
 Yet Priests and Lawyers both will play
At Up-tails all.

It cannot be Unwholsome,
Physicians do it use ;
And if that it were Noysome,
They would it then refuse :
And if it hurt the Body,
Then sure their Skill is small ;
For why the best of these will play,
At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Pastime,
And do the Pleasure crave,
And if it were a base thing,
Then it they would not have :
But yet the Fairest Women,
Will soonest for it call ;
There is no she but that will play,
At Up-tails all.

If it were a costly thing,
Then Beggars could not buy it ;
And if it were a Loathsom thing,
Then Genteels would defie it :
But it is a sweet thing,
And pleasing unto all ;
There is not one but that will play
At Up-tails all.



TOTTINGHAM *Frolick.*

AS I came from *Tottingham*
 Upon a Market-day,
 There I met with a bonny Lass
 Cloathed all in Gray,
 Her Journey was to *London*,
 With Butter-milk and Whey.
To come Down adown,
To come Down, down a down a.

Sweet-heart quoth he,
 You're well overtook,
 With that she cast her Head aside,
 And lent to him a Look ;
 Then presently these two
 Both Hands together shook :
To come, &c.

And as they rode together,
 A long side by side,
 The Maiden it so chanced,
 Her Garter was unty'd ;

For fear that she should lose it,
 Look here, Sweet-heart, he cry'd,
Your Garter is down a down, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she,
 I pray you take the Pain,
 To do so much for me,
 As to take it up again,
 With a good will, quoth he,
 When I come to yonder Plain,
I will take you down, &c.

And when they came unto the Place,
 Upon the Grass so green,
 The Maid she held her Legs so wide,
 The Young man slipt between,
 Such tying of a Garter,
 You have but seldom seen.
To come down, &c.

Then she rose up again,
 And thank'd him for his pain :
 He took her by the middle small,
 And Kiss'd her once again :
 Her Journey was to *London*,
 And he from *Highgate* came,
To come down, &c.

Thus *Tibb* of *Tottingham*,
 She lost her Maiden-head,
 But yet it is no matter,
 It stood her in small stead,
 For it did often trouble her,
 As she lay in her Bed.
To come down, &c.

But when all her Butter-milk
 And her Whey was sold,
 The loss of her Maiden-head,
 It waxed very cold :
 But that which will away,
 Is very hard to hold.
To come, &c.

You Maids, you Wives, and Widows,
 That now do hear my Song,
 If any young man proffer Kindness,
 Pray take it short, or long ;
 For there is no such Comfort
 As lying with a Man.
To come Down a down,
To come Down, down a down a.



A BALLAD of a Good Wife and a Bad.



Some Wives are Good, and some are Bad,
 [Reply.] *Methinks you touch them now,*
 And some will make their Husbands mad,
 [Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my Wife, and thy Wife,
And my Wife so will do.

Some

Some Women love to breed Discord,
Methinks, &c.

And some will have the latter Word,
[Cho.] *And so, &c.*

Some Women will Spin, and some will Sow,
Methinks, &c.

And some will to the Tavern go,
And so, &c.

Some Women will say, they're sick at Heart,
Methinks, &c.

And some will let a rousing Fart,
And so, &c.

Some Women will ban, and some will Curse,
Methinks, &c.

And some will pick their Husbands Purse,
And so, &c.

Some Women will Brawl, and some will Scold,
Methinks, &c.

And some will make their Husbands Cuckolds,
And so, &c.

Some Women will Drink and some will not,
Methinks, &c.

And some will take the other Pot,
And so, &c.

Some Women are sick and some are sound,
Methinks, &c.

And some will take it on the Ground,
And so, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
Methinks, &c.

Hoping all Women will amend,

[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :
And my Wife, and thy Wife,
And my Wife so will do.*

A SONG in Praise of Chalk. By W. Pittis.



While the Citizens prate
Over Ale of the State,
And talk of Bank-Bills and Exchequer,
Let us, who drink Wine,
Now summon the *Nine*,
In the Praise of what pays for our Liquor :

Let

Let other Folks sing,
Of a Lord, or a King
Or some Quality Fopling Petition,
Till Footman comes down,
With thanks, or a Crown,
And smiles at the Mortal's Condition.

We the Lads at the *Rose*,
A Patron have chose,
Who's as void as the best is of Thinking,
And without Dedication,
Will assist in his Station,
And maintain us in Eating and Drinking.

Boys out with your Chalk,
And let the Glass walk,
'Tis a crying Sin not to be grateful,
While there's Pit of this Coin,
We will swim all in Wine,
And reel home to our Beds, with our Pate full.

Tho' Relation or Friend
Will not Give us or Lend,
Wherewithal for to down with the Ready,
Yet our good Landlord *Bliss*,
Makes acceptance of this,
And this Boys must Cloath ye, and Feed ye.

With the *White* then in hand,
The *Red* let's command,
And keep drinking and scoring brisk Claret,
Till the Bar runs on Wheels,
And *Will* takes to his Heels,
And sculks home from the Watch, to his Garret.



Cælia's Rundlet of Brandy. By T. Brown.

TO Charming *Cælia's* Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feasted,
No God such Transport ever knew,
Or Mortal ever tasted.

Lost

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And bless'd beyond Expressing,
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing?

The whole Creation's Wealth survey,
O'er both the *Indies* wander,
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And Fighting Monarchs squander.

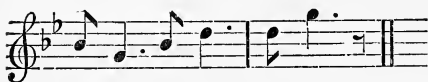
The richest Spoils of Earth and Air,
The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,
Since *Cælia* thus you Fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantzy*.



Cousin TAFFEY.





THere was a Man, a Shentleman,
 And hur was porn, where twas twell,
 In truth, hur was a gallant Man,
 As all hur Country Folk can tell :
 Was a great deal of House, was a great deal of Land,
Taffy, Taffy, Taffy :
 Was Hawk, was Hound at her Command,
 Cousin *Taffy, Taffy.*

Hur Mother was porn of Noble Plood,
 And hur was come of a great pig House,
 And every day was wear French Hood,
 Was kill her Capon, Pig, and Coose,
 And every day was make great Pye, *Taffy, Taffy,*
 In truth it is true, I tell you no Lie, Cousin *Taffy.*

And to the Poor hur did bequeath,
 A great deal of Victuals every day ;
 But there was one was call her Death,
 Was fetch this Shentleman away :
 Of House, of Land hur was berefen *Taffy, Taffy :*
 Now hur was forc'd to twell in Heaven, Cousin *Taffy.*
Behind

Behind hur hur was leaf a Son,
And hur was pear a gallant Mind ;
Was kill twey *Spaniards* with a Gun,
Hur was not of a Coward kind :
At *Killberry* Camp, a great deal afore, *Taffy, Taffy*,
O hur was there, and a Thousand more, Cousin *Taffy*.

Bowoyne hur was at *Tellenton*,
At *Greenwich* Park before hur Grace,
Was shew hur self a gallant Man,
And not a Coward in the place :
Was a great deal of Horse, was a great deal of Foak,
Taffy, Taffy
Was a great deal of Gun, was a great deal of Smoak,
Cousin *Taffy*.

But her was meet with a great Mischance,
As hur was pass a gay Lady by,
Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
Was steal behind hur Cowardly,
With a rousty, fousty, dousty Dart, *Taffy, Taffy*,
Was miss hur Skin, was prick her Heart, Cousin *Taffy*.

But was not this a great Mischance,
As by hur Fortune does appear ?
Sir *Cupid* prick her with a Lance,
Was almost Dead, was ferry near :
Was bid *Tom* Sexton Toll the Bell, *Taffy, Taffy*,
Shudge you if *Cupid* us'd her well, Cousin *Taffy*.

Well a go to, was hold hur a Groat,
Was petter a gone and kill hur Geese,
Hur would not be in *Cupid's* Coat,
Not for a great deal of Toasted-Cheese,
For if ever *Cupid* come in *Wales*, *Taffy, Taffy*,
Hur shall ne'er go to make more Prauls, Cousin *Taffy*.

Mad

*Mad MAUDLIN,
To find out TOM of BEDLAM.*



TO find my *Tom* of *Bedlam* Ten Thousand Years
I'll Travel,
Mad *Maudlin* goes with dirty Toes to save her Shoes
from Gravel.

*Yet will I sing Bonny Boys, bonny Mad Boys, Bedlam
Boys are Bonny;*

*They still go bare and live by the Air, and want no
Drink, nor Money.*

I now repent that ever poor *Tom* was so disdain'd,
My Wits are lost since him I crost, which makes me
go thus Chain'd:
Yet will I sing, &c.

My Staff hath Murder'd Gyants, my Bag a long Knife
carries,
To cut Mince-pyes from Children's Thighs, with which
I feast the *Faries* :
Yet I will sing, &c.

My Horn is made of Thunder, I stole it out of Heav'n,
The Rain-bow there is this I wear, for which I thence
was driv'n :
Yet will I sing, &c.

I went to *Pluto's* Kitchin, to beg some Food one Morning,
And there I got Souls piping hot, with which the Spits
were turning :

*Yet will I sing Bonny Boys, bonny Mad Boys, Bedlam
Boys are Bonny ;*

*They still go bare and live by the Air, and want no
Drink, nor Money.*

Then took I up a Cauldron where boy'd Ten Thou-
sand Harlots,

'Twas full of Flame, yet I drank the same to the health
of all such Varlets.

Yet will I, &c.

A Spirit as hot as Lightning, did in that Journey guide
me,

The Sun did shake, and the pale Moon quake, as soon
as e'er they spi'd me :

Yet will I, &c.

And now that I have gotten a Lease, than Dooms-day
longer,

To live on Earth with some in Mirth, ten Whales shall
feed my Hunger :

Yet will I, &c.

No Gipsie, Slut, or Doxy, shall win my mad *Tom* from
me,

We'll weep all Night, and with Stars fight, the Fray
will well become me :

Yet will I, &c.

And when that I have beaten the Man i'th' Moon to
Powder,

His Dog I'll take, and him I'll make as could no
Dæmon louder :

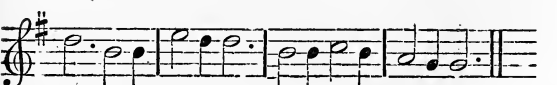
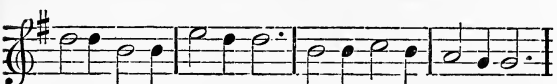
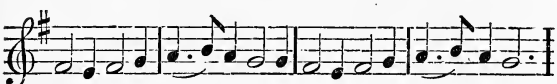
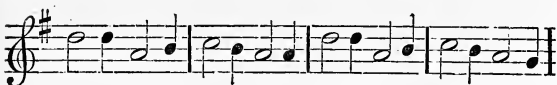
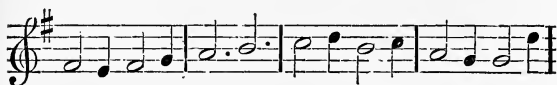
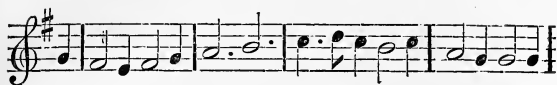
Yet will I, &c.

A Health to *Tom* of *Bedlam*, go fill the Seas in Barrels,
I'll drink it all, well Brew'd with Gall, and Maudling-
Drunk, I'll Quarrel :

Yet will I, &c.

John

JOHN *and* JOAN.



If t

I F't please you for to hear,
 And listen a while what I shall tell ;
 I think I must draw near,
 Or else you won't hear me well :
 There was a Maid the other Day,
 Which in her Master's Chamber lay ;
 As Maidens they must not refuse,
 In Yeomens Houses thus they use
 In a Truckle-bed to lye,
 Or another standing by :
 Her Master and her Dame,
 Said she shou'd do the same.

This Maid cou'd neither rest nor Sleep,
 When that she heard the Bed to crack ;
 Her Master Captive busie was,
 Her Dame cry'd out, you hurt my Back :
 Oh Husband you do me wrong,
 You've lain so hard my Breast upon ;
 You are such another Man,
 You'd have me do more than I can :
 Tush Master, then says *Foan*,
 Pray let my Dame alone ;
 What a devilish Squalling you keep,
 That I can neither rest nor Sleep.

This was enough to make a Maiden sick
 And full of Pain ;
 She begins to Fling and Kick,
 And swore she'd rent her Smock in twain :
 But you shall hear anon,
 There was a Man his Name was *Fohn*,
 To whom this Maid she went alone,
 And in this manner made her moan ;
 I prithee *Fohn* tell me no Lie,
 What ails my Dame to Squeak and Cry ?
 I prithee *Fohn* tell me the same,
 What is't my Master gives my Dame ?

It is a Steel, quoth *Fohn*,
My Master gives my Dame at Night :
Altho' some fault she find,
I'm sure it is her Heart's Delight :
And you *Foan* for your part,
You love one withal your Heart :
Yes, marry then quoth *Foan*,
Therefore to you I make my moan ;
If that I may be so bold,
Where are these things to be sold ?
At *London* then said *Fohn*,
Next Market day I'll bring thee one.

What will a good one cost,
If I shou'd chance to stand in need ?
Twenty Shillings, says *Fohn*,
And for Twenty Shillings you may speed :
Then *Foan* she ran unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him Twenty Shillings just ;
Fohn, said she, here is your Coin,
And I pray you have me in your Mind :
And out of my Love therefore,
There is for you two Shillings more ;
And I pray thee honest *Fohn Long*,
Buy me one that's Stiff and Strong.

To Market then he went,
When he had the Money in his Purse ;
He domineer'd and vapour'd,
He was as stout as any Horse :
Some he spent in Ale and Beer,
And some he spent upon good Cheer ;
The rest he brought home again,
To serve his turn another time :
Welcome home honest *Fohn*,
God a mercy gentle *Foan* ;
Prithee *Fohn* let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a Steel.

Yes, marry then quoth *John*,
And then he took her by the Hand ;
He led her into a Room,
Where they cou'd see neither Sun nor Moon :
Together *John* the Door did clap,
He laid the Steel into her Lap :
With that *Foan* began to feel,
Cuts Foot, quoth she, 'tis a dainty Steel :
I prithee tell me, and do not lye,
What are the two Things hang thereby ?
They be the two odd Shillings, quoth *John*,
That you put last into my Hand :
If I had known so much before,
I wou'd have giv'n thee two Shillings more.



A SONG.



A Lusty young Smith at his Vice stood a Filing,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho ;

When to him a Buxom young Damsel came smiling,
 And ask'd if to Work at her Forge he wou'd go :

With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho :

A match quoth the Smith, so away they went thither,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho ;

They strip'd to go to't, 'twas hot Work and hot
 Weather,

She kindl'd a Fire, and soon made him blow ;

With a Rub, rub, &c.

Her Husband she said could scarce raise up his Ham-
 mer,

His strength and his Tools were worn out long ago ;

If she got her Journey-men, could any blame her,

Look here quoth our Workman, my Tools are not so :

With a Rub, rub, &c.

Red-hot grew his Iron as both did desire,

And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so ;

Quoth she, what I get, I get out of the Fire,

Then prithee strike home and redouble the blow :

With a Rub, rub, &c.

Six times did his Iron by vigorous heating,

Grow soft in the Forge in a Minute or so ;

As often 'twas harden'd, still beating and beating,

But the more it was soften'd it harden'd more slow :

With a Rub, rub, &c.

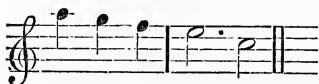
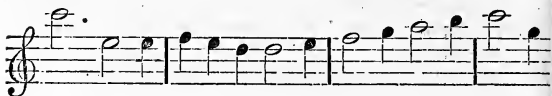
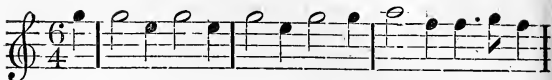
The Smith then wou'd go, quoth the Dame full of
 sorrow,

Oh what wou'd I give, cou'd my Cuckold do so !

Good Lad with your Hammer come hither to Morrow,

But pray can't you use it once more e'er you go :

With a Rub, rub, &c.

The Country WAKE.

I N our Country, and in your Country,
 Where Rufflers they were a raking
 The rarest Pastime that ever you see,
 Was when Hay-cocks they were a making.

Timmy and *Tom*, with Bottle and Bag,
 So merrily they were a quaffing ;
 If you'd but zeen how *Foan's* Buttocks did wag,
 You'd burst your Heart with Laughing.

On another Hay-cock was *Vulcan* the Smith,
 With *Dolly* that came from the Dairy ;
 She thought that his Back was so full of Pith,
 Which made her so willing to tarry.

Then rustling *Foan* came brustling in,
 And said you are vull of your Froliks ;
 If you will not let black *Maggy* alone,
 Beshrew she will take you by th' Bald-Pate.

Then

Then Satchel-arse *Ciss*, she went to P——
And they went home to conduct her ;
And all the way after they did Kiss,
And all the way homeward they pluckt her.

Then down in a Dale was tumble-down *Dick*,
The Wenchies they caught him and held him ;
Because he could not give 'em the Thing they did lack
Poor Fellow, they threaten'd to Geld him.

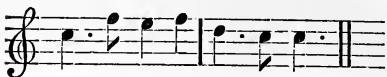
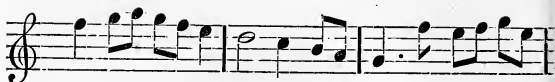
Then did you not hear of a Country Trick ?
They say that *Tuskin's* no Dastard ;
For when Country *Gillians* do play with their *Dicks*,
Then *London* must Father their Bastards.

*The Chorus to be Humour'd by the Hands and Elbows,
as the Souldier and the Sailor.*



The DEVIL and the COLLIER.





THE Devil he was so Weather-beat,
 He was forc'd to take to a Tree,
 Because the Tempest was so great,
 his way he could not see :
 Then under an Oak, instead of a Cloak,
 he stood to keep himself dry,
 There as he stood, a Fryer in his Hood
 by chance came walking by.

The next that came by, was a Collier with his Cart,
 that Coals was used to carry;
 What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
 and he caus'd him a while to tarry ?
 For why do I think, with thee for to Drink,
 and he call'd for a Glass Claret ;
 I know thee so well, that thou comest from Hell,
 and I think thou hast stole my Chariot.

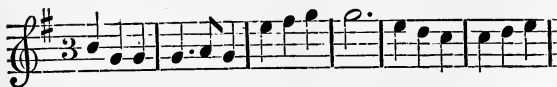
The next that came by, was a Chimny-sweeper,
 with his Brooms, his Poles and Shackles ;
 What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
 thou usest all these Tackles ?
 I prithee gentle Blade, come tell me thy Trade,
 thy Face it is so besmear'd,
 If thou hadst not been so black, with thy Tackles at
 thy Back,
 thou hadst made me damnable afraid.

The

The next that came by, was a Tawny-moor,
as soon as the Devil did him 'spy,
He leared on his Tawny Skin,
saying Friend, art any kin to me ?
For why, thy Skin doth resemble our kin,
therefore let us walk together,
And tell me how thou dost allow
of this Tempestuous Weather.

The next that came by, was a Gun-powder grinder,
with Coals and Brimstone Sifted,
Who for three-quarters of a Year,
himself he had not Shifted :
Then up the Devil rose, and he snuff'd up his Nose,
he could endure no longer,
Away with this Fume, out of the Room,
it will neither quench Thirst nor Hunger.

What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
methinks I know thee well ?
My Trade it is Gun-powder for to make,
to blow the Devil out of Hell :
Oh, had I but him here, his Bones I would tear,
he should neither scratch nor bite
I'd plague the Devil for all his Evil,
and make him leave wandring by Night.

*The IRISH Hallaloo.*



I Nstead of our Buildings and Castles so brave,
 Into our Caverns we're forc'd for to crave,
 When we are driven along the Bogs,
 We root up Putatoes like the wild Hogs.

Instead of their Beavers, and Castors so good,
 In their picked Caps they are forc'd to the Wood :
 And when they are driven along the Passes,
 They've nothing but Tatters to hang on their Arses.

Instead of their Mantles lined with Plush :
 They're forc'd to seek Rags off every Bush ;
 When they have gotten a very good Cantle,
 They go to the Botchers and there make a Mantle.

Instead of their Boots with Tops so large,
 I'm sure they are rid of that same Charge ;
 Now they have gotten a thin pair of Brogues,
 And into the Woods among the wild Rogues.

Their Mutton and Beef they are all wild Runts,
 Their Wives are all nasty, and so are their —
 But I'll keep my Fiddle-stick out of their Cases,
 They stink like Privies, a Pox of their A—ses.



*The LADY'S New-Years-Gift.**The Tune call'd Newington Butts.*

Women are wanton, yet cunningly Coy ;
 Lascivious, yet Crafty, to make us obey :
 When once they have Noos'd us, triumphant they ride,
 And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
 Cho. *But let them remember their Grannum Eve's Fate,*
Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.
 This

This Creature was made a Help-meet for the Man,
 And so he approv'd her, deny it who can ;
 But surely poor *Adam* was soundly asleep,
 Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.

Cho. *But let them remember, &c.*

Old Painters did from them resembling the Snail,
 Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail,
 Implying that Modesty kept something in,
 Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin.
 Cho. *But let them remember their Grannum Eve's Fate,*
Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.



On a Campaign MISS.





What if *Betty* grows old,
and her Features decay ;
She's Young while she Drinks,
'tis the Grape makes her gay :

See how her Eyes shine,
they sparkle with Drink,
Such a Lustre has Wine,
they never can sink,
Such a Lustre has Wine they never can sink.

Let the Fops doat on Faces,
her Soul's my delight,
She can't want for Graces,
Who Tipples all Night.

Long Marches o'er Furrows,
no place can her find,
In spite of Camp sorrows,
poor *Betty* will be kind.

Boy fill up our Glasses,
not a Wrinkle will stand,
They're Fools who use Washes,
when *Claret's* at hand.



*A Scotch SONG.**Set by Seignior BAPTIST.*

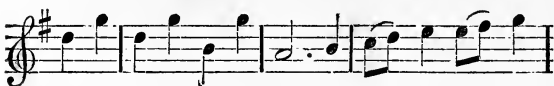
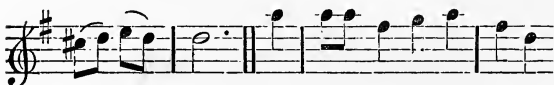
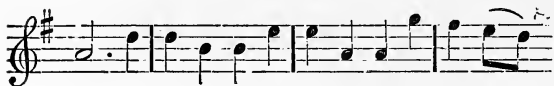
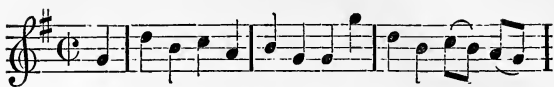
THE Weather's too bleak now to gang out of
Doors,
And faith by the Chimny Ize pass the long Hours ;
And gin that my Dear wilt now stay with me there,
It may for blest *Fockey* Freeze on the whole Year :

My bonny blith *Fenny*, then never let's part,
No Cold here I fear, but that of thy Heart ;
This Weather together weze dally and play,
Enjoying and toying, as if it were *May*.

In Summer 'tis sweet to trip o'er the Land,
And in the green Meadows to walk hand in hand ;
When every Loon
Of his Lass begs a Boon,
Or on the soft Grass gives her a Green-Gown ;
Our Leisure, and Pleasure
Shall now be as great,
Weze Tattle, and Prattle,
And Blessing reap ;
And when I my *Fenny* fast by me do hold,
She'll say it is rather too warm than too cold.



The Sound Country LASS.



THESE *London* Wenches are so stout,
They care not what they do ;
They will not let you have a Bout,
Without a Crown or two.

They

They double their Chaps, and Curl their Locks,
Their Breaths perfume they do ;
Their Tails are pepper'd with the Pox,
And that you're welcome to.

But give me the Buxom Country Lass,
Hot piping from the Cow ;
That will take a touch upon the Grass,
Ay, marry, and thank you too.

Her Colour's as fresh as a Rose in *June*,
Her Temper as kind as a Dove ;
She'll please the Swain with a wholesome Tune,
And freely give her Love.



CUCKOLDS *Creation.*



What's

WHAT's a *Cuckold*, learn of me,
Few can tell his Pedigree,
Or his subtile Nature Conster,
Born a Man, yet dies a Monster.

Yet great Antiquarians say
They spring from old *Methuselah*,
Who after *Noah's* Flood was found
To have his Crest with Branches crown'd.

But in *Eden's* happy shade,
Such a Creature ne'er was made;
Then to cut off all mistaking,
Cuckolds are of Woman's making.



A SONG.





Nothing than *Cloe* e'er I knew
By Nature more befriended;
Cælia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more Hearts attended.

No Nymph alive with so much Art,
Receives her Shepherd's firing ;
Nor does such Cordial drops impart
To Love, when just Expiring.

Why thus, ye Gods, who cause our smart,
Do you Love's Gifts dissever ?
Or why those happy Talents part,
Which shou'd be join'd for ever ?

For once perform an Act for Grace,
Implor'd with such devotion ;
And give my *Cælia Cloe's* Face,
Or *Cloe Cælia's* Motion.



Dunmore KATE.

THere lately was a Maiden Fair,
 With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown hair,
 Who up to Town did trudge, Sir ;
 This pretty Maid, whose Name was *Kate*,
 Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
 As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little e'er it did grow Dark,
 She needs must walk into the Park,
 The Gentry for to see, Sir ;
 Where soon she met a Footman gay,
 That stop'd her short, and made her stay,
 To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She Kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country store,
And let him take his fill, Sir.

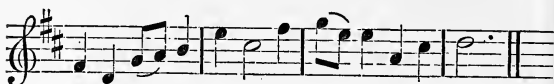
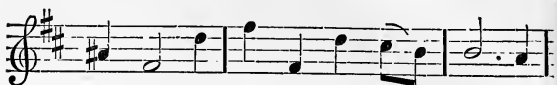
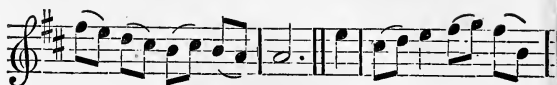
But when she heard one call out *John*,
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone
To Trot before the Chair, Sir;
Which made this Damsel all alone
To sigh and sob, and make great moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London* Tricks,
God send me down amongst my *Dicks*,
That live on *Dunsmore Heath*, Sir;
If ever I come here again,
Or e'er believe one Man in Ten,
May the De'll come stop my Breath, Sir.



A SONG, Set by Mr. Leveridge.





WHEN *Sawney* first did Woove me, he did at
 distance stand,
 Advancing to undoe me, he gently took my Hand ;
 He gently rais'd it higher, with pish and much ado,
 His Lips still creeping nigher, at last he Kiss'd it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's enchanting
 grace,
 He drew himself more nigh me, and gently touch'd
 my Face ;
 He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado,
 His Lips approaching nigher, at last he Kiss'd me too.

Compleatly to undo me, he clasp'd me in his Arms,
 As tho' he wou'd go through me, and search out all
 my Charms ;
 As though he wou'd go through me, with Oh, and
 much ado,
 As sure as e'er he knew me, at last he did it too.



Mr. Dogget's SONG.

I 'LL sing you a Song of my Mistriss that's pretty,
A Lady so frolick and gay ;
It tickles my Fancy to tune her sweet Ditty,
For Love was all her Play.

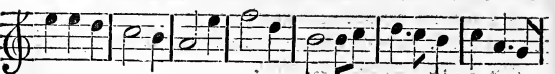
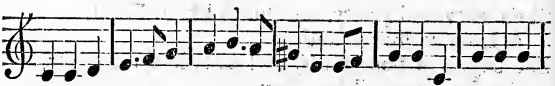
She's witty and pretty, and tunes like a Fiddle,
A Lady so frolick and gay ;
She begins at both Ends, and ends in the Middle,
For Love was all her Play.

She hugs and she Kisses without a Word speaking,
A Lady so frolick and gay ;
She falls on her Back without flinching and squeaking,
For Love was all her Play.

She's laden with Graces of Virtue and Honour,
A Lady so frolick and gay ;
'Twixt a fair pair of Sheets with warm Love upon her,
For Love was all her Play.

The

The World drown'd in a GLASS.





WHAT need we take care for *Platonical* Rules,
 Or the Precepts of *Aristotle*;
 Those that think to find Learning in Books are but
 Fools,
 True Philosophy lies in the Bottle :
 And the Mind that's confin'd to the Modes of the
 Schools
 Ne'er arrives to the height of a Pottle :
 Let the Sages of our Ages keep a talking of our walk-
 ing,
 Demurely, whilst we that are wiser
 Do abhor all that's Moral in *Cato* and *Plato*,
 And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer :
 Then, let full Bowls, full Bottles and Bowls be hurl'd,
 That our Follity may be compleater ;
 For Man, tho' he be but a very little World,
 Must be Drown'd as well as the greater.

We will drink till our Cheeks are as Star'd as the Skies,
 Let the pale colour'd Student flout us ;
 Till our Nosés like Comets, set Fire on our Eyes,
 And we bear the Horizon about us :
 And if all make us fall, then our Heels shall divine ;
 What the Stars are a doing without us :
 Let *Lilly* go tell ye of Thunders and Wonders,
 And Astrologers all divine ;
 Let *Booker* be a looker in our Natures and Features,
 He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.
 Then let full Bowls, &c.

My

My THING *is my Own.*



I A tender young Maid have been courted by many,
 Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any :
 A spruce *Haberdasher* first spake me fair,
 But I would have nothing to do with Small ware.
My Thing is my Own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A sweet scented *Courtier* did give me a Kiss,
And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some *Courtiers* do promise much more than they do.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine Man of Law did come out of the *Strand*,
To plead his own Cause with his Fee in his Hand;
He made a brave Motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and Nonsuit him too.

My thing is my own, &c.

Next came a young Fellow, a notable Spark,
(With Green Bag and Inkhorn, a Justices Clark)
He pull'd out his Warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a Flea in his Ear.

My thing is my own, &c.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on.

My thing is my own, &c.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his Lash,
He profer'd me Jewels, and great store of Gold;
But I would not Mortgage my little Free-hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my Placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I mustered my Spirits up and became bold,
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A Crafty young Bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his Bargains to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a Sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my Ténant in tayl.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine dapper Taylor, with a Yard in his Hand,
 Did profer his Service to be at Command,
 He talk'd of a slit I had above Knee,
 But I'll have no Taylors to stitch it for me.

My thing is my own, &c.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his Grounds,
 His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his Grey-hounds,
 Put in for a Course, and us'd all his Art,
 But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start,

My thing is my own, &c.

A pretty young Squire new come to the Town,
 To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
 Did profer a kindness, but I would have none,
 The same that he us'd to his Mother's Maid *Foan*.

My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
 Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
 That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
 But as young as I was I understood Trap,

*My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
 Until I be Married, say Men what they will.*



*The Gard'ners SONG : Words by Mr.
Samuel Wilde.*



IN the World can ever a Trade be found,
Like Gardiners, which replenish the Ground ;
And makes the Earth by Providence's Hand,
Yield great fruition unto the Land ?

To Mortals we render plenty
Of Dishes fine and dainty,
As Fruit and Sallads,
To pleasure the Palates

Of each Man,
Which is a Lesson to teach Man
How we Gard'ners gain the Praise.

Before

Before that *Adam* in *Paradise* he
 Had tasted of the forbidden Tree ;
 It was unlawful for any to Kill,
 Or the Blood of living Creatures to spill :
 The Fruit and the Herbs were ordained
 Whereby they should be sustained,
 Without any Strangling,
 Or Killing and Mangling
 Each Creature ;
 Can any Maxim be greater,
 For the Gardiners chiefest Praise ?

The Metropolitan Gardiners Trade,
 While Earth continues, can never Fade ;
 For from the Ground we raise up a store,
 To pleasure the Rich, and nourish the Poor :
 Our Trade is the World's Physician,
 To suit each Patient's Condition ;
 For whatever ceases,
 We heal most Diseases
 Of all Men,
 That happens, or ever befall Men :
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The skilful Doctors might pick their Nails,
 If ever the Trade of the Gardiners fails ;
 For by our Herbs, the rarest Compounds
 Are made to cleanse, and to heal the Wounds :
 That incident happens to any,
 And is well known unto many,
 That have been pained,
 And sorely complained
 Of Sorrow,
 Yet have found Ease on the Morrow :
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.



The Second PART.

IN the Gardiners Paradise sweetly grows,
Carnations, Pinks, and the Damask Rose ;
With hundreds of Flowers, whose fragrant Scent
Enjoyns in one for to yield Content :
Where Mortals may ravish their Senses,
With Odours and sweet Influences
That comes from the Flowers,
Which favouring Showers
Sets Springing,
And pretty Birds are singing,
Pleasant Notes in the Gardiners Praise,

All sorts of Apples, with Pears and Mulberries,
Nuts, Grapes and Pippins, with black and red
Cherries ;
Rare Peaches, Plumbs, Apricocks and Quinces,
To Pleasure the Eye and the Pallate of Princes :
Can any possess such a Treasure,
And not be enjoyed with Pleasure ;
Where Currants and Gooseberries,
Rasberries and Strawberries
Invites you,
Then taste of the Fruit that Delights you,
And you'll render the Gardiners Praise.

What Flesh is fitting for Man to Eat,
Until our Herbs do savour the Meat ?
To Roast or Boil'd, they answer both,
As Sawce and Sallads, and Herbs for Broth,
Our fragrant Garden presents you
Each several Kinds to content you ;
Baum, Thime, Winter-Savory,
Mint, Sage, and Rosemary,
Whose Sweetness
Orders the Food with Compleatness :
This aspires the Gardiners Praise.

What

What Plants and Roots, and various things,
 To pleasure the World in the Garden Springs ;
 The Artich oak, Cabbage and Colliflower,
 And Coleworts, our Garden affords a power :
 With Parsnips, and Carrots, and Onions,
 Young Cucumbers, Beets and Muskmelons ;
 And all things to eat
 VVith those kinds of Meat
 That's Ordained,
 Or in the VWorld is contained :
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.



Sir William Butler's Bald Colt.



Well

WELL I'll say that for Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,

He's as good as any's in the Town *a*;

Nay, more than that, Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt

Has kick'd many a Man down *a*.

Toll, toll, &c.

My Gaffer *Hunt* ran after Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,

Crying out, Ho, *Ball*, Ho stand *a*;

Why, that was as much as to say, as if Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,

VVas at my Gaffer *Hunt's* Command *a*.

Toll, toll, &c.

Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt clapt his Ears in his Pole,

And ran most lamentable ;

But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to catch Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt,

G—z—s he was not able.

Toll, toll, &c.

My Gaffer *Hunt* follow'd Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,

As far as *Ensham* Church *a*;

And if my Gaffer *Hunt* had caught Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,

He had claw'd his Arse with Birch *a*.

Toll, toll, &c.

Or if he had'nt claw'd his Arse with Birch,

He had fir'd his Cods with Holly ;

But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to set his VVit to Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,

G—z—s, 'twas but a Folly.

Toll, toll, &c.

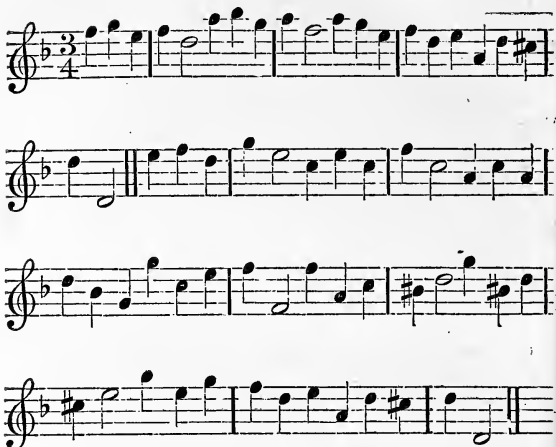
At last Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt

Jump'd into another Man's Ground *a*;

And there my Gaffer *Hunt* he caught Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,

And put him into the Pound *a*.

Toll, toll, &c.

ENFIELD *Common.*

ON *Enfield Common*, I met a VVoman,
 A bringing *North-Hall* VVater to the Town ;
 Said I fair Maiden, you're heavy laden,
 I'll light and give you ease in a Green Gown :
 Says she, 'tis good Sir, to stir the Blood, Sir,
 For the Green-sickness, Friend, will make me like it ;
 Then in a Minute I left my Gennett,
 And went aside with her into a Thicket :
 Then with her leave there, a Dose I gave her,
 She straight confess'd her Sickness I did nick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
 For panting on the Grass she did complain ;
 Saying Physician, my Sick Condition,
 I fear will suddenly return again :

If

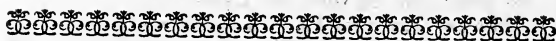
If you deny me, and don't supply me
 VVith many Potions of your sweetest Pleasure :
 Then prithee Gallant improve thy Talent,
 Since we have Opportunity and Leisure ;
 VVith such like Greeting, my pretty Sweeting,
 She seem'd to press upon me without measure.

'Twas Summer VVeather, we sat together,
 And chatted all the pleasant Afternoon ;
 No one was near us, to over-hear us,
 At length I said I'd put my Pipes in Tune :
 To give a Glister, with that I kiss'd her,
 She cry'd another Fit do's round me hover ;
 With the Green Rushes I'll veil my Blushes,
 For in my Cheeks I know you may discover
 VVhat's my desire, Love never Tire,
 For Oh ! I long, I long, to be a Mother.

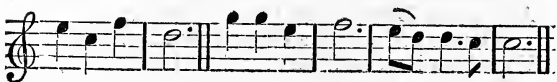
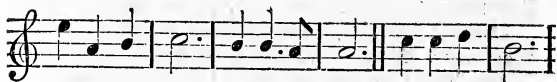
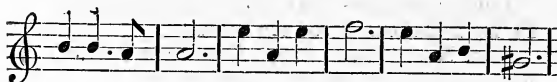
VVith that I told her, that I wou'd hold her,
 A Guinea to a Groat it should be so ;
 In Nine Months after, a Son or Daughter,
 VVill be your lucky Lot, Dear Love I know :
 Quoth she, you Vapour, and draw your Rapier,
 But yet methinks too soon you seem to tire ;
 I'll lay a Shilling, if you are willing,
 That Nine Months hence I have not my desire ;
 Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
 Alas ! the Name of Mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
 I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lass ;
 Who was a Beauty, and knew her Duty,
 The Night we did in youthful pleasures pass,
 With melting Blissess, and charming Kisses,
 On downy Beds secure from Wind and Weather ;
 And in the Morning, by Day's adorning,
 We rose and drank a Glass of Wine together :
 With Joys I crown'd her, for then I found her,
 To have a Heart far lighter than a Feather.

I have cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
 If e'er it was my luck to come that way ;
 I'd pawn my Honour, to call upon her,
 But for that time I could no longer stay :
 The loving creature, of pure good nature,
 She gave me Twenty Kisses when we parted ;
 Because she never had found such favour,
 In Loves soft Pleasures to be so diverted :
 Then straight I mounted, for why I counted,
 'Twas time I had her company deserted.



A SONG.



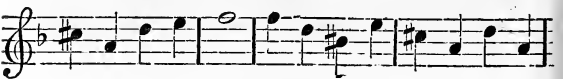
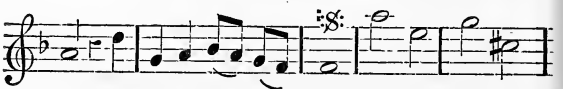
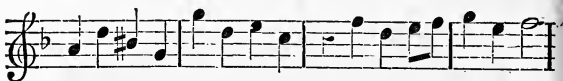
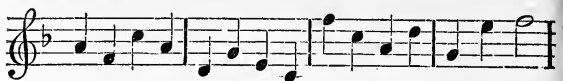
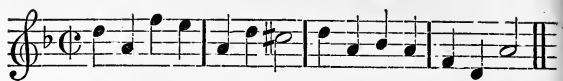


LET Monarchs Fight for Pow'r and Fame,
With Noise and Arms Mankind Alarms :
Let daily Fears, their Quiet fright,
And Fear disturb their Rest at Night :
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul enthrall,
Give me Content, and I have all.

Hear mighty Love, to thee I call,
Give me *Astrea*, she's my all,
That Soft, that Sweet, that charming Fair,
Fate cannot hurt while I have her ;
She's Wealth and Pow'r, and only she,
Astrea's all the World to me.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Jogging

Jogging on from yonder Green,
 Oh the pleasant sight I've seen ;
Fohn and *Dolley* jog, jog, jogging,
Fohn and *Dolley* jogging on,
 Themselves Cooling, *Fohne*y was fooling,
 Cry'd she will you ne'er have done,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on :
 The Sun shines, make Hay,
 Make Hay, make Hay, make Hay good *Fohn* ;
 Hey ho, hey ho, that I might do so,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging,
 Jog, jog, jog, jogging on.

Fohn to ease her of her Pain,
 Ended, and begun again,
 He grew weary, jog, jog, jogging,
 She more Cheary, jogging on,
 Cry'd my deary, prithee tarry,
 Sure you han't already done ;
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on ;
 The Sun's down, pray stay,
 Pray stay, pray stay, good *Fohn*,
 Hey ho, that I might do so,
 Jog, jog, jogging on.



A Scotch SONG.



Farweel bonny *Wully Craig*,
 Farweel to au thy broken Vows to me ;
 Thou wast a lovely Lad,
 When on the Grass thou tempted'st me :
 Full oft have I dry'd mine Eyn,
 When by my seln to Milking I have gean ;
 Oft have I gist the Green,
 Where *Wully* vow'd to be my Swain.

Sea neat was my conny Lad,
With new Russet Shoon, and *Holland* Band ;
But now he's won his way,
With Maiden-head, and Leve and au :
His Locks were sea finely seam'd
And shone as bright as any in the Land ;
But now he's won his way,
With Mailed-head, and Leve and au.

Ise ene thraw away my Skeel,
And gang nea mere to yonder fatal Brow ;
Where I was pleas'd sea weel,
But now I feel meer ner others do :
He took me by the wulling Hand,
And vow'd to Hea'n how he wad constant be ;
When levingly we laid
Under the shade of the Wulow-tree.

But ah ! when the Loon had deun,
He nothing more of Love cou'd shew ;
But now he's won his way,
VWith Maiden-head, and Leve and au :
My VVeam now begins to fill,
And seun the bonny Bird will crow :
Tho' he was won his way,
VWith Maiden-head, and Leve and au.



A SONG. Set by Mr. Leveridge.

EArly in the dawning of a Winters morn,
 Brother *Dick* and I went forth into the Barn ;
 To get our selves a heat,
 By Thrashing of the Wheat,
 From the Stack, from the Stack, from the Stack, the
 Stack :
 The Straws they flew about,
 And the Flails they kept a rout,
 With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.
Margery

Margery came in then with an Earthen Pot,
Full of Pudding that was piping hot ;
 I caught her by the Neck fast,
 And thank'd her for my Breakfast,
With a Smack, &c.
 Then up went her Tail,
 And down went the Flail,
With a Thwack, &c.

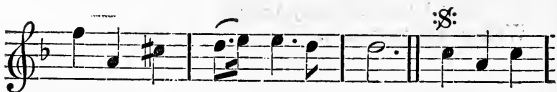
Dick Threshing on, cry'd out fie for shame,
Must I beat the Bush while you catch the Game ;
 Sow your wild Oats,
 And mind not her wild Notes,
Of alack, &c.
 Faith I did the Jobb,
 While the Flail bore a bob,
With a Thwack, &c.

She shook off the Straws and did nothing ail,
Swearing there was no defence against a Flail,
 But quietly lay still,
 And bid me fill, fill, fill,
Her Sack, &c.
 But 'twas all in vain,
 For I had spilt my Grain,
With a Thwack, &c.





A SONG.



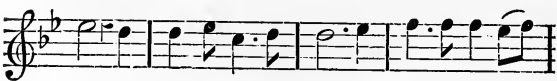
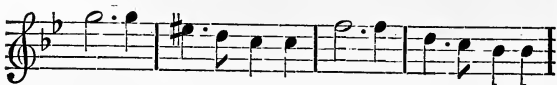
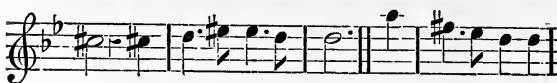
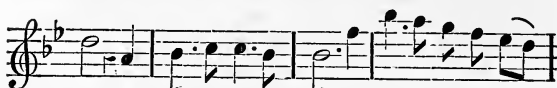
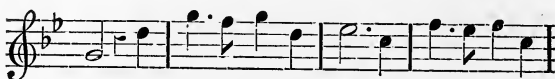
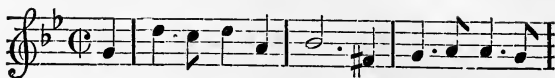


What shall I do to shew how much I love her,
How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
That which wins other Hearts ne'er can move her,
Those common methods of Love she'll despise:
I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, and melt all the Night,
'Till for her own sake at last she'll implore me,
To Love her less to preserve our delight.

Since Gods themselves could not ever be Loving,
Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wish my Soul could be ever improving,
Tho' eager Love, more than sorrow destroys.
In fair *Aurelia's* Arms, leave me expiring,
To be Imbalm'd with the sweets of her Breath;
To the last moment I'll still be desiring;
Never had Hero so glorious a Death.



A SONG.



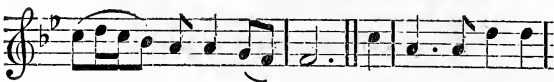
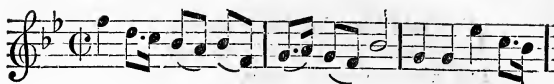


C Ould Man his Wish obtain,
 How happy would he be ?
 But Wishes seldom gain,
 And Hopes are but in vain,
 If Fortune disagree :
 Pity ye Pow'rs of Love,
 Our Infelicity,
 Why should the Fates conspire,
 To frustrate my desire,
 Since Love's a gentle Fire,
 That keeps the World alive :
 But me it puts to Pain:
 It makes me wish in vain, in vain,
 Nor promise any hopes to give.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my Mind ;
Should I my Flames pursue,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A Blessing far above,
More lasting, rich and kind ;
Though Hopes successful prove
My Heart shall ne'er remove
From wishing of her Love,
In *Fortune's* Triumphs lead :
And tho' it banish me,
If she but happy be,
'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.



A SONG.



Why

Why does the Morn in Blushes rise,
 Tell me, O God of Days?
Clarona, oh! *Clarona's* Eyes,
 Out-shine the brightest Rays,
 'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright,
 Dim taper God be gone,
 And hide thy baffled Beams in Night,
 Let her rule Day alone.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
 On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
 And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
 Celestial Crowns to gain :
 Yet after all, could you but love,
 No more would I pursue
 The endless search of Joys above,
 But find out Heav'n in you.



A SONG.

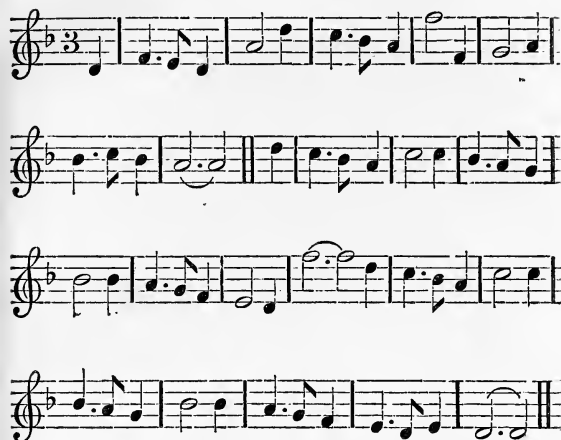




Farewel the Darling Shades I love,
 The calm retirement of my Life,
 Where Pleasures boundless as above,
 Free from all Envy, Noise, or Strife :
 No Passions e'er infest the Plains,
 Contentment there immortal reigns ;
 No Passions e'er infest the Plains, &c.

Were I to chuse what Fate denies,
 Could I command my Frowning Stars,
 Cities should in Confusion lie,
 E'er I'd embrace their restless Cares ;
 Oh ! that I might near gentle Streams,
 Spend my dull Hours in Golden Dreams.



A New SONG. The Good Fellow.

ALL Hail to the Days that merit more Praise,
 Than all the rest of the Year ;
 And welcome the Nights that bringeth delights,
 As well to the Poor as the Peer.
 Good Fortune attend each merry Man's Friend,
 That doth but the best he may ;
 Forgetting old Wrong with Cup or a Song,
 To drive the cold Winter away,
To drive, &c.

Let Misery pack with a Whip at his Back,
 Down to the *Tartarian* Flood ;
 In *Lethe* profound let Envy be drown'd,
 That pines at another Man's Good :

Let Sorrow's Expençe come a thousand Years hence,
All Payments have great delay ;
And spend the long Nights in honest Delights,
To drive the cold Winter away.

To drive, &c.

The Court in his State sets open his Gate,
And gives free welcome to most :
The City likewise, tho' something Precise,
Yet willingly parts with their Roast :
But yet by Report from City and Court,
The Country gets the Day ;
More Liquor is spent with better Content,
To drive the cold Winter away.

To drive, &c.

The Gentry there, for Cost doth not spare,
The Yeomanry fast not till Lent ;
The Farmers and such, think nothing too much,
So they keep but to pay for their Rent :
The poorest of all do merrily call,
When at a fit place they stay,
For a Song or a Tale, or a Cup of good Ale,
To drive the Cold Winter away.

To drive, &c.

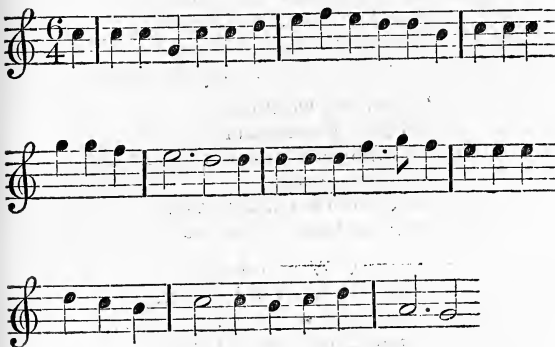
'Tis ill for a Mind to Envy inclin'd,
To think of small Injuries now :
If Wrath be to seek, do not let her thy Cheek,
Nor yet to Inhabit thy Brow :
Cross out of thy Books all Malecontent Looks,
Let Beauty and Youth decay,
And wholly consort with Mirth and with Sport,
To drive the cold Winter away.

To drive, &c.



A BALLAD

*Upon the New INN, with the famous Sign-
Post, called the WHITE-HART, at SKOLE
in NORFOLK.*



DID not you hear
Of a Wonder last Year,
That thro' all *Norfolk* did ring,
Of an *Inn* and an *Host*,
With a *Sign* and a *Post*,
That might hold (*God bless us*) the King.

The Building is great
And very compleat,
But cannot be compar'd to the *Sign*,
But within Doors I think
Scarce a drop of good Drink,
For *Bacchus* drinks all the best Wine

But here's the design,
 What's amiss in the *Wine*
 By *Wenches* shall be supply'd ;
 There's three on a row
 Stands out for a show,
 To draw in the Gallants that Ride.

The first of the Three,
Diana should be,
 But she Cuckolded poor *Acteon*,
 And his Head she adorns
 With such visible Horns,
 That he's fit for his Hounds for to prey on.

'Tis unsafe we do find
 To trust Woman-kind,
 Since Horning's a part of their Trade :
Diana is patch'd
 As a Goddess that's chaste,
 Yet *Acteon* a Monster she made.

The next Wench doth stand
 With the *Scales* in her Hand
 And is ready to come at your beck ;
 A new trick they've found,
 To sell Sack by the Pound,
 But 'twere better they'd sell't by the Peck.

The last of the three,
 They say *Prudence* must be,
 With the *Serpent* and Horn of Plenty ;
 But *Plenty* and *Wit*
 So seldom doth hit,
 That they fall not to *one* in *Twenty*.

But above these things all
 Stands a Fellow that's small,
 With a *Quadrant* discerning the Wind,
 And say's he's a Fool
 That Travels from *Skole*,
 And leave his good Liquor behind.

Near the top of the Sign
Stands there on a Line,
One is *Temperance* still pouring out ;
And *Fortitude* will
Drink what *Temperance* fill,
And fears not the Stone or the Gout.

The next to these three,
You'll an *Usurer* see,
With a Prodigal Child in his Mouth :
'Tis *Time* (as some say)
And well so it may,
For they be devourers both.

The last that you stare on,
Is old Father *Caron*,
Who's wafting a Wench o'er the Ferry,
Where *Cerberus* does stand,
To watch where they Land,
And together they go to be Merry.

Now to see such a change,
Is a thing that is strange,
That one, who as Stories do tell us ;
His Money has lent,
At Fifty *per Cent*,
A College should build for *good Fellows*.

But under this Work,
Does a Mystery lurk,
That shews us the Founder's Design ;
He has chalk'd out the way,
For Gallants to stray,
That their Lands may be his in fine.

That's first an *Ale-Bench*,
Next Hounds, then a *Wench*,
With these three to roar and to Revel ;
Brings the Prodigal's Lands,
To the *Usurer's* Hands,
And his Body and Soul to the *Devil*.

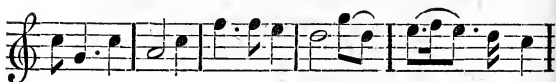
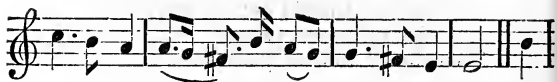
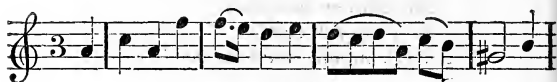
Now

Now if you would know
After all this ado,
By what name this Sign shou'd be known ;
Some call it this, and some that,
And some I know not what ;
But 'tis many Signs in one.

'Tis a sign that who built it,
Had more Money than Wit,
And more Wealth than he got or can use ;
'Tis a sign that all we
Have less Wit than he,
That come thither to drink, and may chuse.



A SONG.



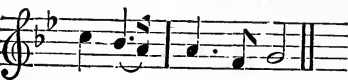
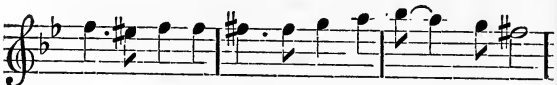
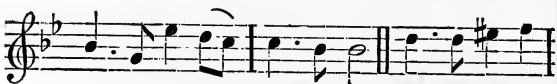
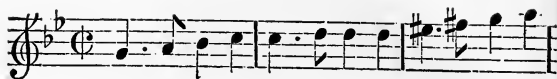


FOR *Iris* I sigh and hourly die,
But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye ;
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
Oh ! these are the Virtues that Captivate me :
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear and say things of course,
We mean not the taking for better for Worse,
When present we Love, when absent agree,
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me :
The Legend of Love, no couple can find,
So easie to part, and so easily joyn'd.



A SONG.



When

When *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too ;
Killing Pleasures when she sported,
And her Charms were ever New :
Conqu'ring Time does now deceive her ;
Which her Glories did uphold :
All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

The Airy Spirits which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more ;
And her Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore :
Want of these abates her Merits,
Yet I've Passion for her Name :
Only kind and Active Spirits
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.



A SONG.





IN the Shade upon the Grass,
 Where Nymphs and Shepherds lye ;
Will was courting of a Lass,
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by :
 Quoth *Will*, You will not tarry
 Two Months before you Marry,
 Fye, no, fye, no, never tell me so ;
 For a Maid I'll live and dye,
 Quoth *Nell*, So will not I.

Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
 With Kisses mixt between,
 With a Song he charm'd her Ears,
 How Minds have alter'd been :
 Finding his Love grown stronger,
 For fear of staying longer,
 Cry'd, Good now, pray now, If you love me let me go,
 For fear you change my Mind,
 And leave my Heart behind.



A SONG.



H Appy the Time when free from Love,
 I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove ;
 I minded not the Great One's Fall,
 Nor whom Ambition did enthrall,

I minded not, &c.

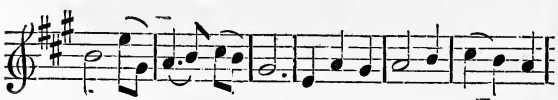
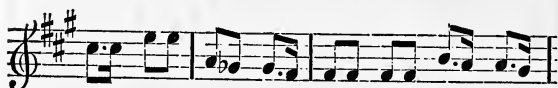
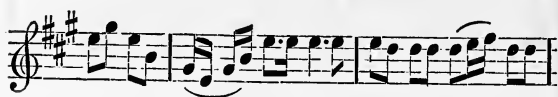
My only care was how to keep,
 From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep :
 But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
 None could my Heart from Love protect.

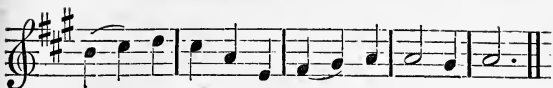
But tho', &c.

There is not one upon these Plains,
 That Loves like me of all the Swains ;
 But I have learn'd now to my cost,
 That who Love's best must suffer most.

But I have, &c.

A SONG.





Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars
 And *Rome* foment the Christian Jars ;
 Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with VVars,
 And *Rome* foment the Christian Jars ;
 VVhilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,
 And would repent her Crimes too late,
 And would repent her Crimes too late.

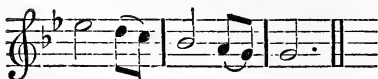
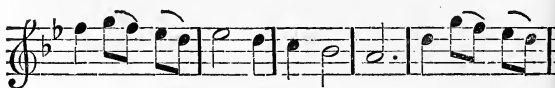
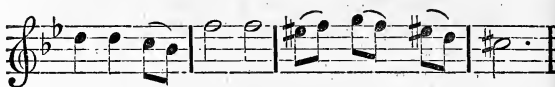
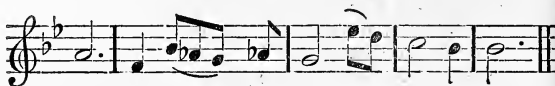
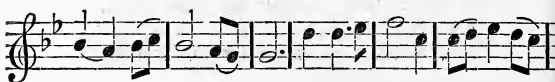
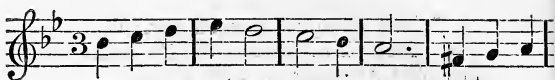
Here safe in confin'd Retreat,
 I see the VVaves about me beat,
 And envy none, and envy none,
 That dare be great,
 Envy none that dare be great.

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend,
 Help me my happy Hours to spend ;
 Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,
 She turns my Prison to a Court,
 Instead of Guards by Day and Night,
 Let *Celia* still be in my Sight,
 And then they need not fear my flight.

Could sense of Servile fear prevail,
 Or could my Native Honour fail,
 Her sight would all my Doubts controul,
 And give me back my peaceful Soul,
 Such charming Truths her VVords contain,
 Or if her Angel Voice refrain,
 Her Eyes can never plead in vain.



A SONG.



I N Courts, Ambition kills the great,
In Cities, strive for needless gain ;
Some do in Battles meet their Fate,
But I by Love, by Love am slain :
Phaeton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vulture's Pain ;
This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
But I by Love, by Love am slain.

Let noisy desperate Fools be brave,
And build up Trophies to the Skies ;
My only Wish, ye Gods I have,
When at *Clorinda's* Feet I die :
When I like some to Greatness born,
To Fame and Empire rais'd up high ;
That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,
And at *Clorinda's* Feet wou'd die.



A SONG.





THere is one black and sullen Hour,
 Which Fate decreed our Life should know ;
 Else we should slight Almighty Pow'r,
 Rapt with the Joys we find below :
 'Tis past, dear *Cynthia* ! now let Frowns be gone,
 A long, long Penance I have done ;
 A long, long Penance I have done,
 For Crimes alas ! to me unknown.

In each soft Hour of silent Night,
 Your Image in my Dreams appears ;
 I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
 Slumber in Joy, but wake in Tears :
 Ah faithless charming Saint ! what will you do ?
 Let me not think I am by you ;
 Let me not think I am by you !
 Lov'd worse, lov'd worse for being true.



A SONG.



C*ÆLIA*, that I once was blest,
Is now the Torment of my breast :
 Since to cure me,
 You bereave me,
Of the Pleasure I possess :
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
First to Love, and then to leave me ;
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
First to Love, and then to leave me.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want ;
 But possessing,
 Once the Blessing,
Is the cause of my complaint :
Once possessing is but tasting,
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

Cælia, now is mine no more,
But I'm hers, and must adore ;
 Nor to leave her,
 Will endeavour,
Charms that Captiv'd me before :
No unkindness can dissever,
Love that's true is Love for ever.



A BALLAD of the NOSE.



THree merry Lads met at the *Rose*,
 To speak in the Praises of the Nose ;
 The Nose that stands in the Middle place,
 Sets out the Beauty of the Face :
 The Nose with which we have begun,
 Will serve to make our Verses run ;
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose his end's so high a Prize,
 That Men prefer't before their Eyes ;
 And no Man takes him for his Friend,
 That boldly takes his Nose by th' end :
 The Nose that like *Euripus* flows,
 The Sea that did the Wise man pose ;
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose is of as many kinds,....
 As Marriners can reckon Winds ;
 The long, the short, the Nose display'd,
 The great Nose which did fright the Maid :
 The Nose through which the Brother-hood,
 Do parly for their Sisters good.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The flat, the sharp, the *Roman* snout,
 The Hawks Nose circled round about ;
 The Crooked Nose that stands awry,
 The Ruby Nose of Scarlet dye :
 The *Brazen Nose* without a Face,
 That doth the *Learned College* grace.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The long Nose when the Teeth appear,
 Shews what's a Clock, if Day be clear ;
 The broad Nose stands in Buckler's place,
 And takes the blows from all the Face :
 The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
 Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge.
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The short Nose is the Lover's Bliss,
Because it hinders not a Kiss ;
The tooting Nose, O monstrous thing !
That's he that did the Bottle bring :
And he that brought the Bottle hither,
Will drink (O monstrous !) out of measure.

*Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.*

The Fiery Nose in Lanthorn stead,
May light his Master home to Bed ;
And whosoever this Treasure owes,
Grows poor in Purse, tho' rich in Nose :
The *Brazen* Nose that's o'er the Gate,
Maintains full many a *Latin* Pate.

*Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.*

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
And think it is more than enough ;
We answer them, we did not fear,
Nor think such Noses had been here :
But if there be, we need not care,
A Nose of Wax our Statutes are.

*Invention now is barren grown,
The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.*



A SONG.

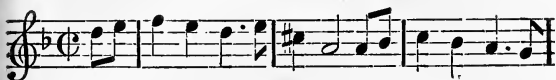


Still I'm Wishing, still desiring,
 Still She's giving, I requiring ;
 Yet each Gift I think too small,
 Still the more I am presented,
 Still the less I am contented ;
 Tho' she Vows she has given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more ?
 Has she Lavish'd all her Store ?
 Must my Hopes to Nothing fall ?
 Oh you know not half your Treasure ;
 Give me more, give over Measure,
 Yet you can never, never give me all.

On

On Doctor G. formerly Master of St. Paul's School.



IN *Paul's* Church-yard in *London*,
 There dwells a noble Firker ;
 Take heed you that pass,
 Lest you taste of his Lash,
 For I have found him a Jirker :
 Still doth he cry, take him up, take him up, Sir,
 Untruss with Expedition ;
 O the Birchin Tool,
 Which he winds i'th' School,
 Frights worse than an *Inquisition*.

If that you chance to pass there,
 As doth the Man of *Blacking* ;
 He insults like Puttock,
 O'er the Prey of the Buttock,
 With a whipt Arse sends him packing.
Still doth, &c.

For

For when this well-truss'd Trouncer,
Into the School doth enter ;
With his Napkin at his Nose,
And his Orange stuff with Cloves,
On any Arse he'll venture.
Still doth, &c.

A *Frenchman* void of *English*,
Enquiring for *Paul's* Steeple ;
His *Pardon amoy*
He counted a Toy,
For he whipt him before all People.
Still doth, &c.

A *Welchman* once was whipt there,
Until he did Beshit him ;
His Cuds-pluter-a-nail,
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the *Cambro-Britain*.
Still doth, &c.

A Captain of the Train'd-Band,
Sirnam'd *Cornelius Wallis* ;
He whipt him so sore,
Both behind and before,
He notcht his Arse with Tallies.
Still doth, &c.

For a piece of Beef and Turnip,
Neglected with a Cabbage,
He took up the Main Pillion
Of his bouncing Maid *Gillian*,
And sows'd her like a Baggage.
Still doth, &c.

A Porter came in rudely,
And disturb'd the humming Concord ;
He took up his Frock,
And paid his Nock,
And sows'd him with his own Cord,
Still doth he cry, &c.

A SONG.

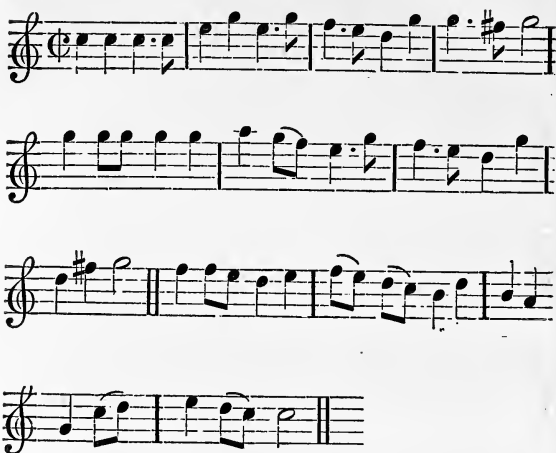


THE Fire of Love in Youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in brush Wood,
But for a Moment burns :
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise,
It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
And soon it self, it self destroys,
And soon it self, it self destroys.

But when crept into Aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a sullen Heat :
Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long,
And tho' the Flame be not so great,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,
Yet is the Heat the Heat as strong.

An

An Excellent BALLAD, Intituled, *The
Wandering Prince of Troy.*



When *Troy* Town for Ten Years VVars
 VVithstood the *Greeks* in manful wise,
 Then did their Foes increase so fast,
 That to resist none could suffice ;
 VVaste lies those Walls that were so good,
 And Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

Aeneas wandering Prince of *Troy*,
 VVhen he for Land long time had sought,
 At length arriv'd with great Joy,
 To mighty *Carthage* VValls was brought,
 VVhere *Dido* Queen with sumptuous Feast,
 Did entertain this wandering Guest.

And

And as in Hall at Meat they sat,
The Queen desirous News to hear,
Of thy unhappy Ten Years VVars
Declare to me, thou *Trojan* dear,
Thy heavy hap and chance so bad,
That thou poor wandring Prince hast had?

And then anon this worthy Knight,
VVith words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappy Ten years VVars
So true a Tale began to tell?
With Words so sweet, and Sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to VVeep.

And then a thousand Sighs he fetch'd,
And every Sigh brought Tears amain,
That where he sat the Place was wet,
As if he had seen those VVars again :
So that the Queen with Truth therefore,
Said worthy Prince enough, no more.

The darksome Night apace drew on,
And twinkling Stars 'i'th' Sky were spread,
And he his doleful Tale had told,
As every one lay in his Bed ;
VVhere they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only *Dido's* boiling Breast.

This silly VVoman never slept,
But in her Chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept,
Unto the Wall she made her Moan,
That she should still desire in vain,
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in Grief she spent the Night,
Till twinkling Stars from the Skies were fled,
And *Phæbus* with his glimmering Beams
Thro' misty Clouds appeared Red :
Then Tydings came to her anon,
That all the *Trojan* Ships were gone.

And

And then the Queen with Bloody Knife
 Did arm her Heart as hard as Stone,
 Yet somewhat loth to lose her Life,
 In woful case she made her Moan :
 And rolling on her careful Bed,
 With Sighs and Sobs these Words she said :

O wretched *Dido* Queen ! quoth she,
 I see thy End approacheth near,
 For he is gone away from thee,
 Whom thou did'st Love and hold so dear :
 Is he then gone and passed by ?
 O Heart prepare thy self to die.

Tho' Reason would thou should'st forbear
 To stop thy Hand from Bloody stroak,
 Yet fancy said thou should'st not Fear,
 Who fetter'd thee in *Cupid's* Yoak,
 Come Death, quoth she, and end the Smart,
 And with these Words she pierc'd her Heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender Heart,
 Of *Dido Carthaginian* Queen,
 And Bloody Knife did end the Smart,
 Which she sustained in woful teen :
Aeneas being Ship'd and gone,
 Whose Flatt'ry caused all her Moan.

Her Funeral most costly made,
 And all things finish'd Mournfully,
 Her Body fine in Mould was laid,
 Where it consumed speedily :
 Her Sisters Tears her Tomb bestrew'd,
 Her subjects Grief her Kindness shew'd.

Then was *Aeneas* in an Isle
 In *Grecia*, where he liv'd long space ;
 Whereas her Sister in short time,
 VVrit to him to his foul Disgrace :
 In phrase of Letters to her Mind,
 She told him plain he was Unkind.

False hearted VVretch (quoth she) thou art,
And treacherously thou hast betray'd,
Unto thy Lure a gentle Heart,
VVhich unto thee such VVelcome made :
My Sister dear, and *Carthage* Joy,
VVhose Folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her Death-Bed, when she lay,
She pray'd for thy Prosperity,
Beseeching God that every Day
Might breed thee great Felicity :
Thus by thy means I lost a Friend,
Heav'ns send thee an untimely End.

VVhen he these Lines full fraught with Gall,
Perused had, and weigh'd them right ?
His lofty Courage then did fall,
And straight appeared in his sight ?
Queen *Dido's* Ghost, both Grim and Pale,
VVhich made this valiant Soldier Quail.

Aeneas, quoth this grisly Ghost,
My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all Men I Loved most,
My Fancy and my VVill did give :
For Entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'st my Grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting Soul,
To wander with me in the Air,
VVhere deadly Grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'st no care :
Delay no time, thy Glass is run,
Thy Day is past, thy Death is come.

O stay a while thou lovely Spright,
Be not so ready to convey ;
My Soul into Eternal Night,
VVhere it shall ne'er behold bright Day,
O do not frown ; thy angry look,
Hath made my Breath my Life forsook.

But

But wo is me, it is in vain
And bootless is my dismal Cry,
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you surcease before I Die,
O let me live to make Amends,
Unto some of thy dearest Friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
And will no pity to me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe;
I must content my self to take,
What Lot thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being in a Trance,
A multitude of ugly Fiends :
About this woful Prince did dance,
No help he had of any Friends :
His Body then they took away,
And no Man knew his Dying-day.

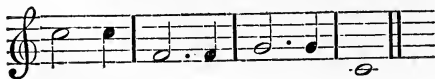
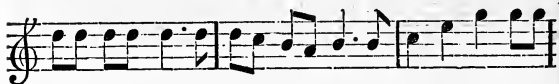
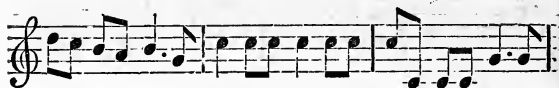
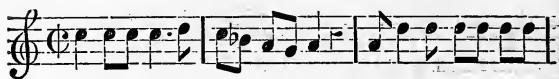


A SONG.



Blith *Fockey* Young and Gay,
Is all my Soul's Delight,
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night :
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter still with me,
But when he's with me here,
'Tis Summer all the Year.

I'm Blith when *Fockey* comes,
Sad when he gangs away,
'Tis Night when *Fockey* Grooms,
And if he Smiles, 'tis Day :
When our Eyes meet, I Pant,
I Colour, Sigh, or Faint,
What Lass that would be kind,
Can better tell her Mind ?

*A New BALLAD**Of King EDWARD and JANE SHORE.*

Why

WHY should we boast of *Lais* and his Knights,
Knowing such Champions intrapt with Who-
rish Lights :

Or why should we speak of *Thais* Curled Locks,
Or *Rhodope* that gave so many Men the Pox.

Read old Stories, and there you shall find,
How *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* she pleas'd King *Ed-
ward's* mind.

Fane Shore she was for fair *England*, Queen *Fredrick*
was for *France*,

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls, how far they did
excel ;

Those with *Scythian* Lads, engag'd in several Fights,
And in the brave *Venetian* Wars, did foil advent'rous
Knights :

Messaline and *Julia* were Vessels wond'rous brittle,
But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* took down K. *Edward's*
Mettle.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Thalestis of *Thormydon*, she was a doughty Wight ;
She Conquer'd *Pallas* King in the Exercise of Night ;
Hercules shew the Dragon whose Teeth were all of Brass,
Yet he himself became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Lass :
The *Theban Semel* lay with Jove, not dreading all his
Thunder,

But *Fane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he
had her under.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Hellen of *Greece* she came of *Spartan* Blood,
Agricola and *Cressida* they were brave Whores and good ;
Queen *Clytemnestra* bold, slew old *Arthur's* mighty Son,
And fair *Harcyon* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon* :
Those were the Ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* Sack,
But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* she spoil'd K. *Edward's*
Back.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

For this the Ancient Fathers did great *Venus* defy,
 Because with her own Father *Jove* she feared not to lie;
 Hence *Cupid* came, who afterwards reveng'd his
 loving Mother,
 And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Cornus* her
 own Brother;
 And afterwards the Goddess kept *Adonis* for Reserve,
 But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* she stretch'd King *Ed-*
 ward's Nerve.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

The *Colchin* Dame *Mædea* her Father did betray,
 And taught her Lover *Fason* how the Vigilant Bull to
 slay;
 And after, thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece,
 She with her Lover sail'd away in *Argus* Ship to *Greece*:
 But finding *Fason* False, she burnt his Wife and Court,
 But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* she shew'd King *Edward*
 sport.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Romix of *Saxony* the *Welsh* State overthrew,
Igræyn of *Cornwal*, *Pendragon* did subdue;
 Queen *Quinniver* with *Arthur* fought singly hand to
 hand,
 In Bed, tho' afterwards she made Horns on his Head
 to stand:
 And to Sir *Mordred* *Pictish* Prince a Paramore became,
 But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* she made King *Edward*
 tame.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Marosia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes,
 With *Jesuits*, *Priests* and *Cardinals*, and tripple
 Crowned *Popes*;
 And with King *Henry*, *Rosamond* spent many a dally-
 ing Hour,
 Till lastly she was Poisoned in *Woodstock* fatal Bower:
 And

And *Joan* of *Ark* play'd in the Dark with the
Knights of *Languedock*,
But *Fane Shore*, met King *Edward*, and gave him
Knock for Knock.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Pasiphæ we know play'd feats with the *Cretan* Bull,
And *Proserpine*, tho' so Divine, became black *Pluto's*
Trull :

The *Spanish* Baud her Strumpets taught to lay their
Legs astride, [deride :
But these and all the Curtezans *Fane Shore* did them
Pope *Joan* was right, altho' she did the Papal Scepter
Weild,

But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* she made King *Edward*
yield.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Agathoclea and *Ænathè* did govern *Egypt's* King ;
The witty Wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty thing,
She freely took her Lady's place, and with great
Edgar Dally'd,

And with main force she foil'd him quite, altho' he
often rally'd :

For which brave Act, he that her rack'd, gave her his
Lady's Land,

But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore* King *Edward* did com-
mand.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

Of *Phryne* and *Lanva* Historians have related,
How their Illustrious Beauties, two Generals Cap-
tivated :

And they that in the Days of Yore kill'd Men and
Sack'd their Cities,

In Honour of their Mistresses composed Amorous
Ditties : [call'd,

Let *Flora* gay with *Romans* play, and be a Goddess
But *Fane Shore*, *Fane Shore*, King *Edward* she en-
thrall'd.

Jane Shore *she was*, &c.

The Jolly Tanner's Daughter Harlot of *Normandy*,
 She only had the happiness to please Duke *Robert's*
 Eye ;

And *Roxolana* tho' a Slave, and born a *Grecian*,
 Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Seignior
Solyman :

And *Naples Joan* would make them Groan that
 ardently did love her,

But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* King *Edward* he did
 Shove her.

Jane Shore she was, &c.

Aspatia doth of the *Persian* Brothers boast,
 Though *Cynthia* joy in the *Lampathean* Boy, *Jane Shore*
 shall rule the roast ;

Cleopatra lov'd *Mark Anthony*, and *Brownal* she did
 feats,

But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but meerly
 cheats,

Brave Carpet Knights in *Cupid's* Fights, their milk-
 white Rapiers drew,

But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore* King *Edward* did subdue,
Jane Shore she was for England, Queen *Fredrick* was
for France,

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Hamlet's incestuous Mother, was *Gartrude Denmark's*
 Queen,

And *Circe* that enchanting Witch, the like was scarcely
 seen ;

Warlike *Penthesile* was an *Amazonian* Whore,
 To *Hector* and young *Iroylus*, both which did her adore,
 But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd Nine
 Victories,

Was like a Bond-slave, fetter'd with *Jane Shore's* all
 conqu'ring Thighs :

Jane Shore she was for England, Queen *Fredrick*
was for France,

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

A SONG.



LET the Soldiers rejoyce,
 With a general Voice ;
 And the *Senate* new Honour decree 'em :
 Who at his Armies head,
 Struck the fell Monster dead ;
 And so boldly, so boldly, and bravely did free 'em.

To *Mass* let 'em raise,
 And their Emperors praise,
 A Trophy of the Armies own making,
 To *Maximinian* too,
 Some Honours are due ;
 Who joyn'd in the brave undertaking.

With Flowers let 'em strow,
 The way as they go ;
 Their Statutes with Garlands adorning,
 Who from Tyrannous Knight,
 Drove the Mist from their sight ;
 And gave 'em a Glorious Morning.

*An Irish SONG.**Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.*

ONE Sunday after *Mass*, *Dormet* and his Lass,
To the Green Wood did pass,
All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone,
He ask'd for one Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue,
And struck him with her Brogue,
Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

Said

Said he my dear Joy, why will you be Coy,
 Let us Play, let us Toy,
 All alone, all alone, all alone;
 If I were too Mild, you are so very Wild,
 You will get me with Shild,
 Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

He brib'd her with Sloes, and brib'd her with Nuts,
 Then a Thorn prick'd her Foot,
 Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu;
 Let me pull it out, You'll hurt me, I doubt,
 And make me to shout,
 Halla lu, halla lu halla lu.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.





WHEN Cupid from his Mother fled,
 He changing his shape, thus made his Escape,
 His Mother thought him Dead ;
 Some did him a kindness, and cur'd him of his Blind-
 ness.

And thus disguis'd like me, thus disguis'd,
 Thus disguis'd, thus disguis'd like me,
 The little God, the little God, the little God cou'd see.

He enters into Hearts of Men, and there does spy,
 (Just so do I) That falsehood lurks within ;
 That Sighing and Dying, is Swearing and Lying,
 All this disguis'd like me,
 The little God, the little God could see.



A SONG.



Smilng *Phyllis* has an Air so engaging, all Men
love her,
But her hidden Beauties are Wonders I dare not dis-
cover ;

So

So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour to forget her,
Still she brings me back again, and I daily love her
better.

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is
always flowing,
Ev'ry Minute does surprise with fresh Beauties still a
Blowing ;
Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a
Treasure,
But I die with jealous Care, in the midst of all my
Pleasure.

Free and easie without Pride, in her Language and
her Fashion,
Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'd with any
Passion ;
When she says I have her Heart, tho' I ought not to
believe her,
She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd for
ever.



A SONG.





COME all the Youths whose Hearts have bled, by
cruel Beauties Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows
hide ;
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love :
And try when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I, my Heart no sorrow
knew,
Pity the pain with which I die, and ask not whence it
grew ;
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very Lovely, very Kind :
Tho' bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bare,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.

Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her Hand,
And with a dying Look, cry'd, thus I Fate Command :
Philander, ah, my Love I came to meet thy shade
below,

Ah, I come, she cry'd, with a VVound so wide,
There need no second Blow.

In Purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the
floor,

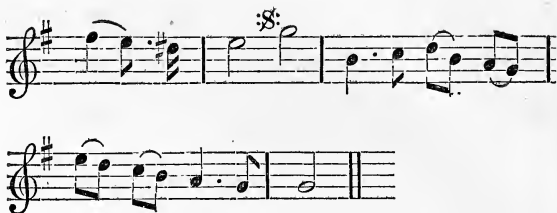
Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and bless'd her dying hour;
Philander, ah, *Philander* still, the bleeding *Phillis*
cry'd :

She Wept a while, and she forc'd a Smile,
Then clos'd her Eyes and Dy'd.



A SONG.





Bless Mortals, bless the clearing Light,
 That flows from *Celia's* Eyes,
 For never did a Star so bright,
 In Beauty's Heav'n rise :
 And whilst a Crown's uneasy weight,
 And all the mighty Toils of State,
 She softens with her Charms,
 Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her Arms.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,
 And oft his Joys renew ;
 And yet how few in King's approve,
 What they themselves pursue.
 The Murmuring Crowd themselves afford,
 The pleasures they deny their Lord,
 Tho' Love is Empire's Dower,
 To recompence the Slavery of Power.



A SONG.



YOUNG *Phaon* strove the Bliss to taste,
 But *Sappho* still deny'd ;
 She struggl'd long, the Youth at last,
 Lay panting by her side.
 Useless he lay, Love would not wait,
 Till they could both agree,
 They idly languish'd in Debate,
 When they should Active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
 And then there fell a Tear :
 I'll in my Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that Age cou'd Love's Rights perform,
 We make Old Men obey ;
 They Court us long, Youth does but storm,
 And Plunder and away.

A SONG. Set by Mr. James Hart.

H Appy is the Country Life,
Blest with Content, good Health and Ease,
Free from Factions, Noise and Strife,
We only Plot our selves to please :
Peace of Mind the Days delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run Pure :
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Vertue only is secure :
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no Snare.

An

An Unhappy memorable SONG, of the
Hunting in CHEVY-CHASE, between Earl
PIERCY of ENGLAND, and Earl DOWGLAS
of SCOTLAND.



GOD prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Hunting once there did,
In *Chevy-Chase* befall ;

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way :
The Child may rue that is unborn,
The Hunting of that Day :

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*,
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods,
Three Summers Days to take :

The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chace*,
To kill and bear away ;
The Tydings to Earl *Dowglas* came,
In *Scotland* where he lay :

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
He would prevent his Sport :
The *English* Earl not fearing this,
Did to the Wood resort,

With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
All chosen Men of Might ;
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their Shafts aright :

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the Fallow Deer ;
On *Munday* they began to Hunt,
VVhen Day-light did appear :

And long before High-noon they had,
A Hundred fat Bucks slain ;
Then having Din'd, the Drover went,
To rouse them up again :

The Bow-men must'red on the Hills,
VVell able to endure ;
Their back-sides all with special care,
That Day was guarded sure :

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the VVoods
The nimble Deer to take ;
And with their cries the Hills and Dales,
An Eccho shrill did make :

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer,
Quoth the Earl *Dowglas* promised,
This Day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay ;
VVith that a brave young Gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did say :

Lo yonder doth Earl *Dowglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright ;
Full Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
All marching in our Sight :

All Men of pleasant *Tivendale*,
Fast by the River *Tweed* ;
Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your Bows with speed :

And now with me my Country-men,
Your Courage forth Advance ;
For never was there Champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France* ;

That ever did on Horse-back come,
But since my Hap it were ;
I durst Encounter Man for Man,
VVith him to break a Spear :

Earl *Dowglas* on a Milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron Bold ;
Rode foremost of the Company,
VVhose Armour shone like Gold :

Shew me (said he) whose Men you be,
That Hunt so boldly here ;
That without my Consent do Chase,
And kill my Fallow Deer :

The Man that first did Answer make,
VVas noble *Piercy* he ;
VVho said we list not to declare,
Nor shew whose Men we be ;

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
Thy chiefest Harts to slay ;
Then *Dowglas* swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did say :

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
 One of us two shall die ;
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
 Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me *Piercy*, pity it were,
 And great offence to kill,
 Any of these our harmless Men,
 For they have done no ill :

Let thou and I the Battle try,
 And set our Men aside,
 Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
 By whom it is deny'd.

Then step'd a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name ;
 VVho said I would not have it told,
 To *Henry* our King for shame :

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
 And I stood looking on ;
 You be two Earls said *Witherington*,
 And I a 'Squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
 VVhile I have Power to stand :
 VVhile I have Power to wield my Sword,
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our English Archers bent their Bows,
 Their Hearts were good and true ;
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
 Full Threescore *Scots* they slew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl *Dowglas* had the Bent :
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
 The Spears to Shivers sent :

They

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant Gentleman,
Lay Gasping on the Ground :

O Christ ! it was a Grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And scatter'd here and there :

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might ;
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight ;

They Fought until they both did Sweat,
With Swords of tempered Steel :
Until the Blood like drops of Rain,
They trickling down did fall.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Dowglas* said,
In Faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By *James* our *Scotish* King :

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
And thus Report of thee ;
Thou art the most Courageous Knight,
That ever I did see.

To *Dowglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any *Scot*,
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an Arrow keen,
Out of an English Bow ;
Which struck Earl *Dowglas* to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow.

Who

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on my merry Men all ;
For why, my Life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took,
The dead Man by the Hand ;
And said Earl *Dowglas* for thy Life,
Would I had lost my Land.

Oh Christ ! my very Heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy Sake ;
For sure a more renowned Knight,
Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
Which saw Earl *Dowglas* die :
Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy* ;

Sir *Hugh Montgomery*, was he call'd,
Who with a Spear most bright,
Well Mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight :

And past the English Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear ;
And thro' Earl *Piercy's* Body then,
He thrust his hateful Spear :

With such a vehement Force and Might,
He did his Body gore ;
The Spear ran thro' the other side,
A large Cloth-Yard and more.

So thus did both those Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain,
An English Archer then perceiv'd,
The Noble Earl was Slain :

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree :
An Arrow of a Cloth Yard long,
Unto the Head drew he :

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
So right his Shaft he set ;
The Grey-goose Wing that was thereon,
In his Hearts Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from break of Day,
Till Setting of the Sun ;
For when they rung the Evening Bell,
The Battle scarce was done.

With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain,
Sir *Fohn* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *Fohn*,
Sir *Fames* that bold Baron :

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *Fames*,
Both Knights of good Account ;
Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
Whose Prowess did surmount :

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his Legs were smitten off,
He Fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl *Dowglas* there was slain,
Sir *Hugh Montgomery* ;
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One Foot would never fly.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
His Sister's Son was he ;
Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And

And the Lord *Markwel* in likewise,
Did with Earl *Douglas* dye ;
Of Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
Scarce Fifty Five did fly.

Of Fifteen Hundred English Men,
Went home but Fifty three ;
The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase*,
Under the Green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail,
They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies bath'd in Purple Blood,
They bore with them away ;
They kiss'd them dead a Thousand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland's* King did Reign ;
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly,
Was with an Arrow Slain.

O heavy News, King *James* did say,
Scotland can witness be ;
I have not any Captain more,
Of such Account as he :

Like Tydings to King *Henry* came,
Within as short a space ;
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*,
Was slain in *Chevy-Chase*.

Now God be with him said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my Realm
Five Hundred as good as he.

Yet

Yet shall not *Scot* or *Scotland* say,
But I will Vengeance take ;
And be Revenged on them all,
For brave Lord *Piercy's* sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd,
After one *Humble-down* ;
In one Day Fifty Knights were Slain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the rest of small account,
Did many Hundreds Die,
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chase*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and bless the Land,
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace ;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate,
'Twixt Noble Men may cease.



A Cure for the Green-Sickness Maid.





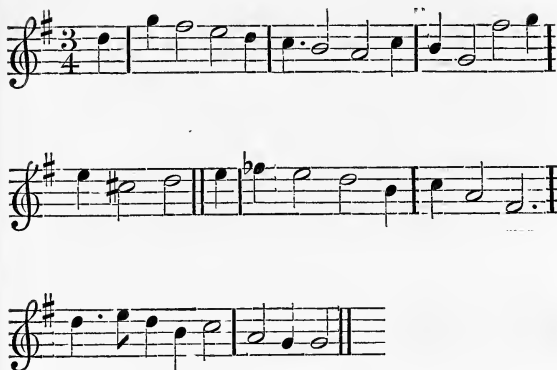
AS fair *Olinda* sitting was,
 Beneath a shady Tree ;
 Much Love I did profess to her,
 And she the like to me :
 But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,
 And prest her to be kind :
 She cry'd, Oh no, but I remember,
 Womens Words are Wind.

I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,
 Then farther did intrude ;
 She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
 And told me I was rude :
 I begg'd her pardon Twenty times,
 And some Concern did feign ;
 But like a bold presumptuous Sinner,
 Did the like again.

At last I did by dalliance raise,
 The pretty Nymph's desire ;
 Our Inclinations equal were,
 And mutual was our fire :
 Then in the height of joy she cry'd,
 Oh ! I'm undone I fear ;
 Oh ! kill me, stick me, stick me,
 Kill me, kill me quite my dear.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. James Hart.



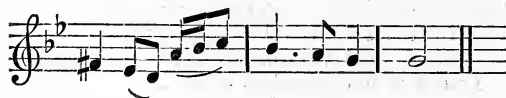
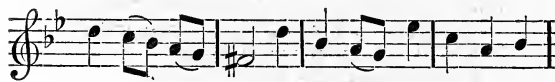
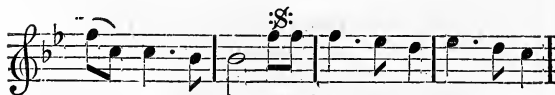
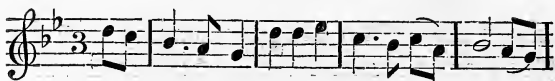
NOW ev'ry Place fresh Pleasure yields,
Let all our Appetites be free ;
Let us enjoy the Verdant Fields,
This is Dame Nature's Jubilee.

With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound, we'll Dance and Sing ;
So blithly will we pass the Hours,
As to promote the growing Spring.

The *Sylvian* Gods the Nymphs and Fawns ;
Shall to our Chorus join their Voice ;
The Woods, the Streams, the Hills and Lawns,
Loudly in Ecchoes shall rejoyce.



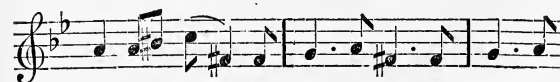
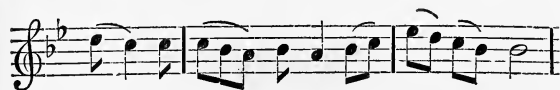
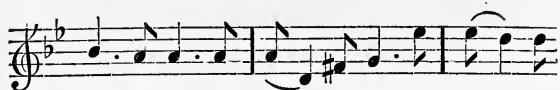
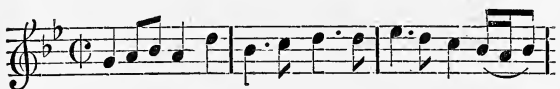
A SONG.



Tho'

THO' the Pride of my Passion fair *Sylvia* betrays,
And frowns at the Love I impart ;
Tho' kindly her Eyes twist numerous Rays,
To tye a poor fortunate Heart :
Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my Pain,
His Heart is too tender, too tender, that's struck with
Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my Passionate Eyes,
It dissolves with Delight while I gaze ;
And he that loves on, tho' *Sylvia* denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys :
I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
Than the force, the force
Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.





G O tell *Amintor* gentle Swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain ;
 Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
 Thy Voice will more prevail than mine :
 For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
 The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief ;
 That Musick should in sounds convey,
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live ;
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid :
 Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
 That soon they will be past Redress ;
 For ah ! the Wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.



A SONG.



I Never saw a Face till now,
That could my Passion move ;
I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow,
But durst not think of Love :
Till Beauty charming ev'ry Sense,
An easie Conquest made ;
And shew'd the vainness of Defence,
When *Phillis* does Invade.

But ah ! her colder Heart denies,
The Thoughts her Looks Inspire ;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire :
Between Extreams I am undone,
Like Plants to Northward set ;
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or Cold, for want of Heat.

A SONG.



F*Ancelia's* Heart is still the same,
 Hard and Cold as Winter's Morning,
 Tho' my Love is ever burning ;
 Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love,
 All the Groves and Streams can Name her ;
 All the Nymphs and Ecchoes blame her,
 If she keeps her cruel Fashion,
 Nought but Death can ease my Passion.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
 All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
 All the Looks with which I languish ;
 Moves not her to any Feeling,
 Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

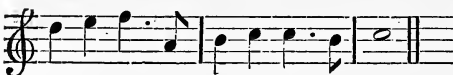
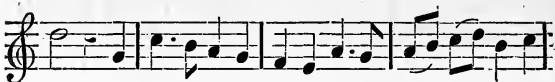
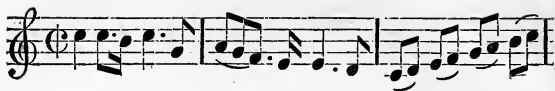
A SONG.



FLY from *Olinda* Young and Fair,
Fly from her soft engaging Air,
And Wit in Woman found so rare ;
Tho' all her Looks to Love advise,
His yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
And breaks the Promise of her Eyes.

Waste not your Youth in Coy disdain,
Hope not your Beauty's pleasing Reign,
By ways of Rigour to maintain ;
If we to Kings Obedience owe,
Or to the Gods with Incense go,
'Tis for the Blessing they bestow.

A SONG.



ALL my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone,
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in store,
 By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts and broken Vows;
 If I by Miracle can be,
 This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
 It's all that Heav'n allows.

A SONG.



WHEN I see my *Strephon* languish,
 With *Lucinda's* Charms oppress ;
 When I see his Pain and Anguish,
 Pity moves my tender Breast :
 Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from Loving.
Sighs so oft, &c.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale ;
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale :
 There's not a Nymph that wou'd not chuse him,
 Why should I alone refuse him ?
There's not, &c.

A SONG. Set by Capt. PACK.

IN vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 The Darts of her disdainful Eyes ;
 She still is Charming, still is Fair,
 And must Love, tho' I Despair :
 Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain,
 Who would not die, to be so sweetly slain.

Like those who Magick Spells employ,
 At distance wounds and does destroy ;
 She kills with her severe disdain,
 And absent I endure the pain :
 But spare, O spare your Cruel Art ! The Fatal Dart
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

A SONG.



L Ovely *Laurinda* ! blame not me,
If on your Beauteous Looks I gaze ;
How can I help it, when I see
Something so charming in your Face !
That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play ;
It ravishes my wandering Eye,
And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

The

The Pilgrim. Tune by Mr. John Barrett.



OH! happy, happy Groves, Witness of our tender
loves ;
Oh! happy, happy shade, where first our Vows were
made.

Blushing, Sighing, Melting, Dying, Looks would charm
a Jove ;

A Thousand pretty things she said and all was Love :
But *Corinna* perjur'd proves, and forsakes the shady
Groves ;

When I speak of mutual Joys, she knows not what
I mean,

Wanton Glances, fond Caresses, now no more are seen
Since the false deluding Fair left the flowry Green.

Mourn ye Nymphs that sporting play'd, where poor
Strephon was betray'd,

There the secret Wound she gave, when I was made
her Slave,

Pil-

PILLYCOCK. *Set by Mr. Tho. Wroth.*

Pillycock came to my Lady's Toe,
 And there the Whoreson began to go ;
 Had he Feet,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he go,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bolt upright and ready to fight,
And Pillycock he lay there all Night.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Heel,
 And there the Whoreson began to feel ;
 Had he Hands,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he feel,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bold upright, &c.

Pil-

Pillycock came to my Lady's shin,
And there the Whoreson began to grin ;
 Had he Teeth,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he grin,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Knee,
And there the Whoreson began to see ;
 Had he Eyes,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he see,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bolt upright, &c.

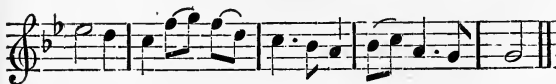
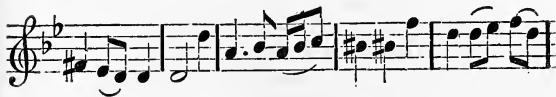
Pillycock came to my Lady's Thigh,
And there the Whoreson began to fly ;
 Had he Wings,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he fly,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's —
And there the Whoreson began to hunt ;
 Had he Hounds,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he Hunt,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Quilt,
And there the Whoreson began to Tilt ;
 Had he a Lance,
 Ay marry had he ?
 And did he Tilt,
 Ay marry did he ?
So bolt upright and ready to fight,
Pillycock he lay there all Night.

STREPHON and CHLORIS: *Or, the Coy Shepherd and kind Shepherdess.*

*He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,
And from her kind Embraces would away;
But she with Charms doth him so fetter,
That for to stay he finds it is better:
When Flocks, and Herds, and Concerns do fail,
Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.*



Ah!

AH! *Chloris* awake,
 It is all abroad Day,
 If you Sleep any longer,
 Our Flocks they will stray.
 Lye still, my dear Shepherd,
 And do not rise yet,
 'Tis a cold windy Morning,
 And besides it is wet.

My *Chloris* make haste,
 For it is no such thing,
 Our Time we do waste,
 For the Lark is on Wing ;
 Besides I do fancy,
 I hear the young Lambs,
 Cry, Baa, baa, baa, baa,
 For the loss of their Dams.

My Shepherd I come,
 Though I'm all over Sorrow ;
 But I swear I'll not love you,
 If you rise so to Morrow :
 For methinks 'tis unkind,
 Thus early to rise,
 And not bid me good Morrow,
 Brings Tears from my Eyes.

Oh ! hark my dear *Chloris*,
 Before thou shalt Weep ;
 I'll stay to embrace thee,
 Neglecting my Sheep :
 My Flocks they may wander,
 One Hour, Two, or Three :
 But if I lose thy Favour,
 I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear Shepherd,
 To hear thee say so ;
 It eases my Heart of
 Much Sorrow and Woe :

And

And for thy Reward,
I will give thee a Kiss ;
And then thou shalt taste,
Of a true Lover's Bliss.

But *Chloris* behold now,
Bright *Phæbus* his Beams,
Invites us to go
To the murmuring Streams ?
I hear the brave Huntsmen ;
Doth follow the cry :
And make the Woods ring,
Yet how Sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsmen
May follow the Chace ;
Whilst we enjoy Pleasure,
In a far better Place :
Thou know'st my dear Shepherd,
There is no Delight ;
Like Lovers Enjoyment,
From Morning till Night.

Alas ! my dear *Chloris*,
What dost thou require ;
The Care of my Flocks
Doth abate my Desire :
The Lambs are new Yeaned,
And tender for Prey ;
And I fear the sly Wolf,
He should bear them away.

My Love do not fear it,
The Wolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging,
In his mossy Bed.
Then let me embrace thee,
Whilst we do agree ;
And I do promise to go,
Thou shalt after be free.

Ah !

Ah! *Chloris*, thy Words,
Are so powerful to me ;
That I could be willing,
To tarry with thee ;
Therefore to content thee,
One Hour I will stay,
But I vow, by God *Cupid*,
I will then go away.

Now I have my Wishes,
Dear Shepherd we'll part ;
Altho' thou dost carry,
Away my poor Heart :
I bless the great Gods,
That to Lovers are kind ;
To bring us together,
Such bliss for to find.

Then farewell dear *Chloris*,
Till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to
My Flocks on the Plain :
Where I will record,
Thy true Love in such Rhimes ;
For Shepherds to admire,
In succeeding times.



The long VOCATION : Or, a New Touch of the Times : With the Comical Humours of NEW BETHLEM, Dr. TROTTER, the never born Doctor, and the Musick-House, &c.



IN the long Vocation,
When Business was scanty,
But Cherries, and Whores,
Extraordinary Plenty.

When News came to *England*,
The best e'er was known,
All our Armies Victorious,
The *French* overthrown.

When Quality withdrew
To their Grotto's of Pleasure,
And Ladies to the Wells,
To spend their Lord's Treasure.

When decrepp'd old Sinners,
To the Bath did resort,
For venereal Distempers,
As well as the Sport.

When

When the Red Robe was gone,
 To the Country Assizes,
 And Butchers, and Carmen,
 Were fighting of Prizes.

When Orthodox also,
 From the Pulpit did roar ;
 'Twas the Sins of the Nation,
 Maid our Taxes so sore.

When young Golden Captains,
 Did walk the Parade ;
 But a draught once in motion,
 Were always afraid.

When the Cits did retire,
 To their Country-Houses ;
 Leaving Servants at home,
 To lye with their Spouses.

When Wives too would junket,
 While their Cuckolds did sleep :
 And spend more in a Night,
 Then they got in a Week.

When high topping Merchants,
 VVere daily beset ;
 And Statutes of Bankrupts,
 Fill'd half our Gazet.

VVhen Lawyers had not Money,
 Nor Shop-keepers Trade ;
 And our Nation preparing
 Another to invade.

VVhen the Season was to hot,
 For the goggle ey'd *Jews* ;
 To exercise their Faculties,
 In *Drury-Lane* Stews.

When

When Inns of Court-Rakes,
And Quill-driving Prigs,
Flock'd to St. *James's*,
To shew their long Whiggs.

When *Sodomites* were so impudent,
To ply on the *Exchange*;
And by Day-light the Piazza's
Of *Covent-Garden* to range.

When the Theatre Jilts,
Would S—ve for a Crown ;
And for want of brisk Trading,
Patrol'd round the Town.

When Debauches of both Sexes,
From Hospitals crept ;
Where Nine Months at least,
In Flannel they slept.

When Drapers smugg'd Prentices,
With *Exchange* Girls most jolly ;
After Shop was shut up,
Could Sail to the Folly.

When the Amorous Thimberkins,
In *Pater-noster-Row* ;
With their Sparks on an Evening,
Could Coach it to *Bow*.

When Poets and Players,
Were so damnable poor ;
That a Three-penny Ordinary,
They often would Score.

When *De Foe* and the Devil,
At Leap-Frog did play ;
And huffing proud Vintners,
Broke every Day.

When

When Chamber-maids dress'd,
In their Mistresses Cloaths ;
Walk'd in all Publick places,
To Ogle the Beaus.

When Tally-men had no Faith,
With Strumpets and Whores ;
But nap'd them in the Streets,
By Dozens and Scores.

When Informers were Rogues,
And took double pay ;
Much worse than the Persons,
They are hir'd to betray.

When Serjeants were so vigilant,
'Twas impossible to shame 'em ;
But whip see *Fethro*, immediately,
G—— Eternally D—— 'em.

When Brewers to the Victuallers
Was so cursed severe,
They scarce would give Credit,
For a Barrel of Beer.

Thus is it not evident,
Tap-lashes don't thrive ;
Since they swarm in most Prisons,
Like Bees in a Hive ?

But you Blue Apron Tribe,
Let this caution prevail ;
Be not too Saucy,
Lest you Rot in a Goal.

At this Juncture of time,
I strol'd to *Moor-Fields* ;
Much us'd by the Mob,
To exercise their Heels.

Also fam'd for a Conjurer,
The Devil's head Proctor ;
Where a little below him,
Dwells the never born *Doctor*,

Two such Impudent Rascals,
For Lying and Prating ;
That the Series of their Lives,
Is not worth my Relating.

My Pockets being lin'd well,
With *Rhino* good store ;
And Inclinations much bent,
After a thing call'd a Whore.

To gratifie my Lust,
I went to the *Star* ;
Where immediately I espy'd,
A Whore in the Bar.

Whose Phiz was most charming,
And as demure as a Saint ;
But con——ly bedaub'd,
With Patches and Paint.

Sweet Lady, cry'd I,
I vow and protest ;
The Sight of your Charms,
Have so wounded my Breast.

That I am downright in Love,
And my Life shall Destroy ;
If you do not admit me,
Your Favour to enjoy.

Cringing in her A——
The B—— then reply'd ;
My favour, kind Sir,
Shall never be deny'd.

Will you please to walk up,
Or be private below ;
Here Boy, with a Bed in't,
The Gentleman show.

Then backwards we went,
To a Cavern behind ;
But such an intricate Place,
The Devil could not find.

Where Wine being brought,
And the Fellow withdrawn ;
I carest her with Love,
She made a return.

No Pigs in a Sty, e,
Or Goats in Bad Weather ;
E'er nussl'd so close,
Or more Amorous together.

We Kiss'd and we bill'd,
We tickled and toy'd ;
And more than once,
Our selves we Enjoy'd.

But the Reckoning grew high,
Which would make my Pocket low ;
So how for to Bilk 'em,
I did not well know.

But at last by a Stratagem,
Pretending to rally ;
While she went for more Wine,
I whip'd into an Ally.

And was so dexterous nimble,
They could not pursue ;
So got rid of my Mistress,
And D——Reckoning too.

Recovering the Fields,
I was void of all Fear ;
And the next place to *Bedlam*,
My Course I did steer.

Where was such amphibious Crowds,
I ne'er saw before ;
Harlots for the Water,
As well as the Shore.

But one above the rest,
So wondrous Trim ;
You would swear she was a Hick,
And no common Brim.

Accosted me presently,
And call'd me her Love ;
But I soon did dismiss her,
With a Kick and a Shove.

For the Jade was so homely,
The D—— would not touch her ;
Fit only for a Dray-man,
Or *White-Chappel* Butcher.

But had not walk'd long,
Before a rare one I espy'd ;
Bright as a Goddess,
And adorn'd like a Bride.

With a rich Furbelow Scarf,
Worth at least Forty Snilling ;
And when I ask'd her a Question,
Was extraordinary willing.

So to the Tavern we went,
A Curse on the Place ;
For her Love was so hot,
It soon fir'd my A——

Where after a Flask,
Which I swore she should pay ;
We took both our leaves,
And went strait away.

The Plague of my Sins,
Made me damnable sore ;
That my Wife soon concluded,
I'd been with a W——.

She scolded so loud,
And continu'd her Clamour ;
I could not forbear,
But to C—— her and D—— her.

We made such a Noise,
And con——ed a Racket ;
My Landlady knew,
I'd been searching the Placket.

And being good natur'd,
To make up the Matter ;
Came down in her Smock,
With *Fenny* her Daughter.

Ah ! *Tennant* (quoth She,)
Let this fault be remitted ;
If *he'll beg but your Pardon,*
He shall be acquitted.

For to speak by the by,
And I'm sure 'tis fact ;
You and I have been guilty,
Of many such Act.



An IRISH Wcoing.



Dermot lov'd *Sheela* well and strove her Heart to gain,

No mortal Tongue can tell *Dermot's* great Pain ;
And still he cry'd *Sheela* gra, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Still he cry'd *Sheela* joy, wilt thou be mine.

I have Six Sheep my Joy, Ten Goats and Twenty Swine,

All dees I'll give to dee if doul't be mine ;
And still he cry'd *Sheela* gra, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Still he cry'd *Sheela* joy wilt thou be mine.

I have Potatoes, and good bonny Clabber too,
Ruscan and Cream joy, wherewith you may slabber you

Arra take me den, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Take me then, *Sheela* joy, and make me thine.

Arra speak to me, *Sheela* joy, what makes thy Mout so dumb,

If you will be wid me, squeeze my great Thumb ;
Arra squeeze it dear *Sheela* joy, *Shela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Squeeze it hard *Sheela* gra, till the Blood come.

A Warning to all CUSTARD Eaters.

LET *Totnam* Court and *Islington*,
 And *Paddington* also ;
 Attend with Lamentation,
 Unto a Tale of Woe.

Altho' 'tis strange, 'tis true, no doubt,
 Of it you may be sure ;
 It is in the News-books put,
 There's nothing can be truer.

Of many several sorts of Deaths,
 I oft have heard I wis ;
 But ne'er knew any lose his Life,
 By such a Cause as this.

At *Newbury* that fatal place,
 Where many a Man was Muster'd ;
 And lost his Life, oh there it was,
 A Youth was slain with *Custard*.

In that same Myrish bloody Fenn,
 As once it did appear :
Ox Essex and his *Custard-Men*
 Did choak the Cavalier.

There

There liv'd this pretty dapper Youth,
VVho was of little Stature ;
Shuff was his Name in very truth,
And tender was his Nature.

He with a Boy a VVager laid,
A *Custard* he would Eat ;
Before the Boy should run so far,
And back again retreat.

The People all assembled were,
To see this piece of VVit ;
They were agreed, and started fair,
This ran, the other bit.

The nimble Lad did run and laugh,
So thro' the way he scow'r'd ;
That he was coming back, e'er half
The *Custard* was devoured.

The eating Champion seeing that,
Much like Jack-puddings Bastard ;
Clapt to'ther half into his Throat
And choak'd himself with *Custard*.

This suffocating Custard wrought,
VVithin his gullet so ;
That on the Ground he tumbled down,
Ah woful overthrow ?

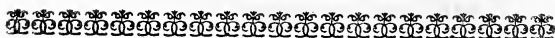
Two-pence in *Custard* did him choak,
And brought his Courage down ;
VVhen death struck him 'twas thought he took,
The Cream of all the Town.

One spark of Fire consumes a House,
 Small Prison makes one pant ;
 The Sword-fish mortifies the Whale,
 The Mouse the Elephant.

But never did I see that Throat,
 Under my Lord-Mayor's roof :
 Unless they brought it scalding hot,
 That was not Custard proof.

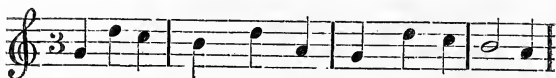
Let this a warning be to those,
 That go to *Islington* ;
Custard will kill, Experience shows,
 As soon as any Gun.

Beware how you on Holidays,
 Abroad do Feast your Wives ;
 For they that feed on *Custard*, go
 In danger of their Lives.

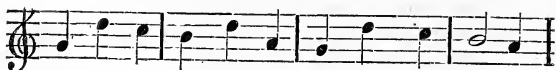


The EPITAPH.

*To the Tune of, Turn again
 Whittington, &c.*



Under this Stone lies one, who writ his *Finis* ;

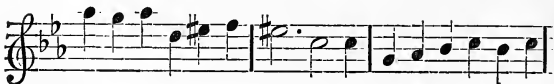
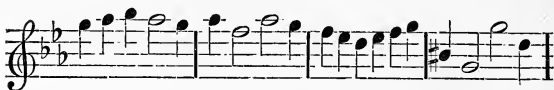
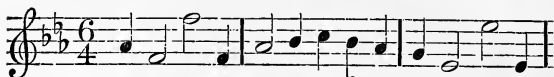


and with a Trick of's own, was kill'd with Kindness :

He

WOOBURN *Fair.*

A DIALOGUE *between* DICK *and* DOLL.





Note, the Tenth Line of each Verse is to be left out at the Second time of Singing over.

He. **D**OLLY, come be Brisk and Jolly,
 Since Harvest's home,
 And *Ralph* and *Molly*,
 With Piper and Drum ;
 Are frisking now at the Fair :
 Nimble *Katy*, whose Foot's so pretty,

No

No, nor *Susan*, with new Russet Shoes on,
 No, nor *Ellen*, with great Belly swelling,
 Can for Dancing with *Dolly*, compare,
 Zooks then prithee my sweetest Dear.

She. Fye *Dick*, you make me so proud when you tell
 me,

That none of our Lasses excel me :
 Nay, Faith I can guess your Design too,
 With the Loss of your own you'd have mine too,
 But I hope I shall mend the Case :

For toying and coying,
 Come short of enjoying,
 And tho' I let Loobies,
 Oft finger my Bubbies :
 Who think when they Kiss me,
 That they shall possess me,
 With slight Invitation,
 Fall to my Collation,

Not a bit till the Priest has said Grace.

He. Could you guess when first I Woo'd you,
 I thought of less,
 I close pursu'd you ;
 Abandon'd *Bess*,

To gain dear *Dolly's* good Will,
 My Endeavours to please you ever,
 And to Marry sweet *Doll* of the Dairy,
 So by Kissing first nought will be missing,
 Grant a Tast till my Belly I fill,
 That, Ods Bud wou'd do rarely well.

She. No, no, your cunning shall never deceive me,
 Should I let you, you'd presently leave me ;
 Tho' something you now may be wanting,
 The Appetite cloyes with consenting,
 And the Passion does soon decay ;
 Tho' our Ears you wou'd tickle,
 We're false as you're fickle,
 And mind not your swearing
 False Oaths, and declaring,

Your

Your amorous Nonsense,
Nor Love dated long since :
For by late Forbearance,
I know by Experience,
There's few till they're Bound will Obey.



The SEA-FIGHT in 92.

Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



Thurs-

T*Hursday* in the Morn the Ides of *May*,
 Recorded for ever the famous Ninety Two ;
 Brave *Russel* did discern by dawn of Day,
 The lofty Sails of *France* advancing now :
 All Hands aloft, aloft, let *English* Valour shine,
 Let fly a Culverin, the Signal for the Line ;
 Let every Hand supply his Gun,
 Follow me, and you'll see,
 That the Battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the Main Triumphant rowl'd,
 To meet the Gallant *Russel* in combate on the
 deep ;
 He led the noble train of Heroes bold,
 To sink the *English* Admiral at his Feet :
 Now every valiant mind to Victory doth aspire,
 The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea it self on Fire ;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a Flood all of Blood,
 Fill'd the Scup'r-holes of the Royal *Sun*.

Sulphur, Smoak and Fire, disturb'd the Air,
 With Thunder and Wonder affright the *Gallick* shoar;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty Streamers now no more :
 At Six a Clock the Red, the smiling Victors led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
 Now Death and Horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, run or dye,
Brittish Colours rid the vanquish'd Main.

See they fly amaz'd through Rocks and Sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater Fate ;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping Lands,
 The Nymphs and Sea-Gods mourn their lost estate :
 For evermore adieu thou Royal dazling *Sun*,
 From thy untimely end thy Masters Fate begun ;
 Enough thou mighty God of War,
 Now we Sing bless the King,
 Let us drink to every *English* Tarr.

*The Honest Man's Fortune: Set by Mr.
Thomas Wroth.*



The

THE mighty state of *Cuckoldom*, by Matrimony thrives,

It is a never failing Portion, paid us by our Wives ;

It was of Old,

As we are told,

The Charter of each Nation ;

In *Palestine* it did subdue,

The Circumcis'd hard hearted *Jew*,

And 'tis a Christian Dispensation.

Each jarring Kingdom of the World, in this one point agrees,

Thus *Cuckoldom*, may well be call'd th' united Provinces ;

It does invest,

With ample Crest,

Min—heer—van—pluchen—Hans ;

CUCKOLDS are made Grandees of *Spain*,

And ev'n in *Italy* they reign,

And they are Alamode of *France*.

The *Persian*, *Jew*, *Mahometan*, the *Protestant*, and *Roman*,

Owe what they are to the Intrigues and Kindness of a Woman ;

What she's bestow'd,

They count no load,

Nor think their HORNS Oppression ;

For sure no Sot can be so blind,

As to esteem a Wife unkind,

That largely adds to his Possession.

Yet some will call poor *Cuckolds* Beasts, and range them in three Classes,

The Goat-*Cuckolds*, the Ram-*Cuckolds*, and we all know they're Asses ;

The Goats ne'er mind,

Their *Horns* behind,

Large Crest the Ram adorns ;

Which on his Brow in Terror lies,

Hanging in Judgment o'er his Eyes,

And Asses take their Ears for HORNS.

A SONG. Set by Mr. Leveridge, Sung by Mr. Wilks in the Comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer.





COME Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
A Fellow so fit for a Lover ;
Come Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
A Fellow so fit for a Lover :
The World shall view my Passion for you,
The World shall view my Passion for you,
But never your Passion discover :
The World shall view, my Passions for you,

The World shall view my Passion for you,
 But never your Passion discover.
 I still will Complain of Frowns and Disdain,
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms ;
 I still will Complain of Frowns and Disdain,
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms :
 The World shall declare, I dye with Despair,
 I die with Despair, I die with Despair,
 When only I die in your Arms,
 When only I die in your Arms :
 I still will adore, Love more and more,
 But by *Jove* if you chance to prove Cruel,
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will Kiss,
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will Kiss,
 Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.
I'll get me, &c.



The NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE Health, Set by
Mr. EDWARD KEAN.





HERE's a Health to those Men,
That go with us again,
To chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,
To serve without Pension,
Or other Pretension,
But Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

As for those that have Pay,
We have nothing to say,
Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir,
We're for them that are known,
To have Lands of their own,
And Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

Should we chuse the Court Tools,
They will call us all Fools,
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir,
We are sure we can trust,
To the Right and the Just,
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Glass fair,
To do otherwise here,
Is unjust against Right, and absurd, Sir ;
He that leaves but three drops,
Shall have them thrown in's Chops,
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

A SONG.

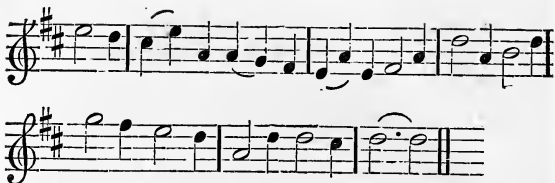


S PARE Mighty Love, O spare a Slave,
That at thy Feet for Mercy lyes :
What would thy cruel Godhead have,
See how he bleeds, see how he dyes :
Upon a noble Conquest go,
And for thy Glory and my Peace ;

O make the scornful *Celia* know,
The Pains she now regardless sees.
O make, &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears,
And subtly poyson so each Dart ;
That spite of all those Arms she wears,
The point at last may reach her Heart :
Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear,
And make our Fortunes so agree,
That I may find that Cure from her,
Which she may need as much from me.
That I may, &c.

*The Maid of LYN.*



ON *Brandon Heath*, in sight of *Methwold Steeple*,
 In *Norfolk* as I Rode along,
 I met a Maiden with Apples laden,
 And thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song :
 Kiss me said I, She answer'd no,
 And still she cry'd I won't, I won't, I won't do so ;
 But when I did my Love begin,
 Quoth she good Sir ; quoth she good Sir, good Sir, I
 live in *Lyn*.

'Twas Summer season then, and sultry weather,
 Which put this fair Maid in a Sweat ;
 Said I come hither, let us together,
 Go try to lay this scorching heat :
 But she deny'd, the more I cry'd,
 And answer'd no, and seem'd to go ;
 But when I did my Love begin,
 Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

To Kiss this Maiden, then was my intent,
 I felt her Hand, and snowy Breast ;
 With much perswasion, she shew occasion,
 That I was free to do the rest :
 Then in we went and Six-pence spent,
 I cry'd my Dear, she cry'd forbear ;
 But when I did my Love begin,
 Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

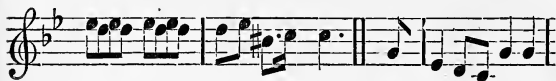
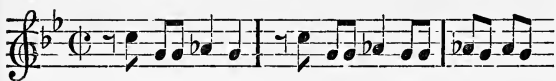
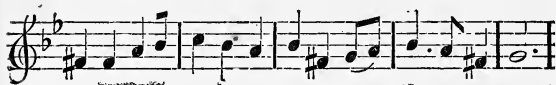
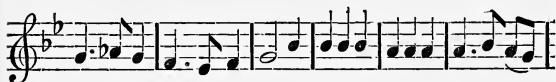
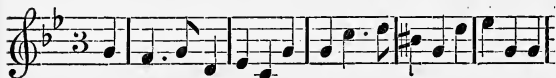
Three times I try'd to satisfie this Maiden,
 And she perceiv'd her Lover's pain ;
 Then I wou'd go, but she cry'd no,
 And bid me try it o'er again :

She

She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,
Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know ;
Where I might see this Maid again,
Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.



*The Beauty, a SONG made and Set to
Musick by GEORGE KINGSLEY, Gent.*





A Lass ! my poor tender Heart must now surrender,
 Since Love such a train of Artillery brings ;
 Such Graces and Glories attend my sweet *Chloris*,
 As are able to conquer and captivate Kings :
 Each lovely Feature, of this pure Creature,
 Creates a Cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel ling'ring smart :
 Her blushing Nose is as red as Rose is,
 Its glowing, glowing, glowing, glowing heat inflames my
 Heart.

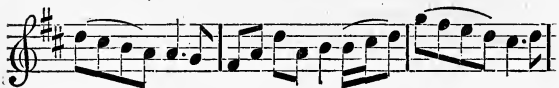
The

The Charms of her Eyes, what Tongue can tell,
 Of Which each Glance conveys a Spell;
 And at distance they look like two Frogs in a Well,
 But oh! the Balsamick scent of her Toes,
 And the Nectar that drops, drops, drops from her Nose;
 Hey ho,
 And a comfortable Gale from her Elbows: Hey ho,
 Hey ho,
 And still I cry in vain, O Love, O Love, O Love,
 Love,
 Love, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love, Love, O Love,
 Come ease my Pain.

But her Heart alas is as hard as a Flint,
 Let me dye if I thinknot the Devil is in't;
 For always upon me she loooketh a squint: Hey ho,
 Yet Nature at least has served her right,
 In taking all her Teeth out quite:
 That tho' she can Bark, she cannot Bite, Hey ho,
 And indeed for this there was a just Cause,
 For according to blind *Cupid's* Laws,
 Love should have neither Fangs nor Claws, Hey ho.



*A Scotch SONG, the Words by Mr. John
 Hallam, Set to Musick by Mr. John
 Cotterel.*





UPON the Wings of Love my Dear I come,
No more I will depart from thee and Home ;
The dreadful noise of Battles now do cease,
Brave *Willy* is return'd with Joy and Peace :
The Trumpet shrill no more shall sound Alarms,
And call thy *Fockey* out of thy soft Arms ;
In which I'll lig and sleep both Day and Night,
And Dream of nought but Pleasures and Delight.

Each bonny Lad shall with his loving Lass,
With Pipe and Tabor trip it on the Grass ;
With Chaplets gay my *Fenny* shall be crown'd,
And with her Loving *Fockey* Dance around :
In Silks and Sattins then my only dear,
The Blithest Lass in *Tweedale* shall appear ;
Thou shalt enjoy what e'er thou dost desire,
And in each other's Arms we will expire.

A SONG, Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE,
at the Theatre Royal.



F OOLISH Swain thy sighs forbear,
Nothing can her Passion move ;
Celia with a careless Air,
Laughs to hear the Tales of Love :

Darts

Darts and Flames the Nymph defies,
 Toys which other Hearts beguile :
 Pleasure sparkles in her Eyes,
 Gay without an am'rous Smile.

Celia like the feather'd Choir,
 Ever on the Wing for flight ;
 Hops from this to that desire,
 Flutt'ring still in new delight :
 Pleas'd she seems when you are by,
 And when absent she's the same ;
 Talks of Love like you or I,
 But believ'st an empty Name.



Always easy, never kind,
 When you think you have her sure :
 Such a Tempter you will find,
 Quick to wound, quick to wound, quick to
 wound, but slow to Cure,

A SONG, Set by Mr. Berenclow.





TAKE not the first Refusal ill,
 Tho' now she won't, anon she will,
 Tho' now she won't, anon she will,
 Take not the first Refusal ill :
 She were not a Woman if she knew,
 One Moment what the next she'd do ;
 She were not a Woman if she knew,
 One Moment, one Moment what the next she'd do :
 If you'll have patience she'll be kind, kind, she'll be
 kind,
 To Day ne'er knew to morrow's Mind ;
 Wait till you find her in the cue,
 If you don't ask her, ask her, she, she'll ask you.

FINIS.



