

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS

TO PURGE

Melancholy;

BEING

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper
TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:
Most of the SONGS being new Set.

VOL. IV.



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A N

Alphabetical T A B L E

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S O N G S and P O E M S

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Pills to Purge Melancholy.

V O L. IV.

Three Children Sliding on the THAMES.

Tune CHIVY-CHASE.



☼☼ ☼☼
S ☼☼
☼☼ ☼☼
SOME 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.

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 Jesting 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,
But I go to what comes after;
For I have Cool'd you with the Fire,
I will now cool you with the Water.

PILLS to Purge *Melancholy*.

3

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

On the Tenth of *January*,
To Wonder of much People;
Was 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.

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

Out-tut-tarn from thy Sinful Race,
Thus did his Speech decay;
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

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.

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

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;
All 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 Sweedes,
Met him in Lane of Drury;
No cause they took of him the Wall,
He Kill'd them in his Fury.

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

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

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 Game,
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 *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 Mén and Stout ;
Farewel 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 blefs all that will be Blest,
God blefs the Inns of Court ;
And God blefs *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 Purfes 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, alaſs 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 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, Jo, 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 Jo 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 Dev'l ought to have him,
That took no Care of such a Son,
Till 'twas too late to save him.

*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 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,
Before thou shalt be Fed;
With fair Words and sweet ones too,
Before 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.

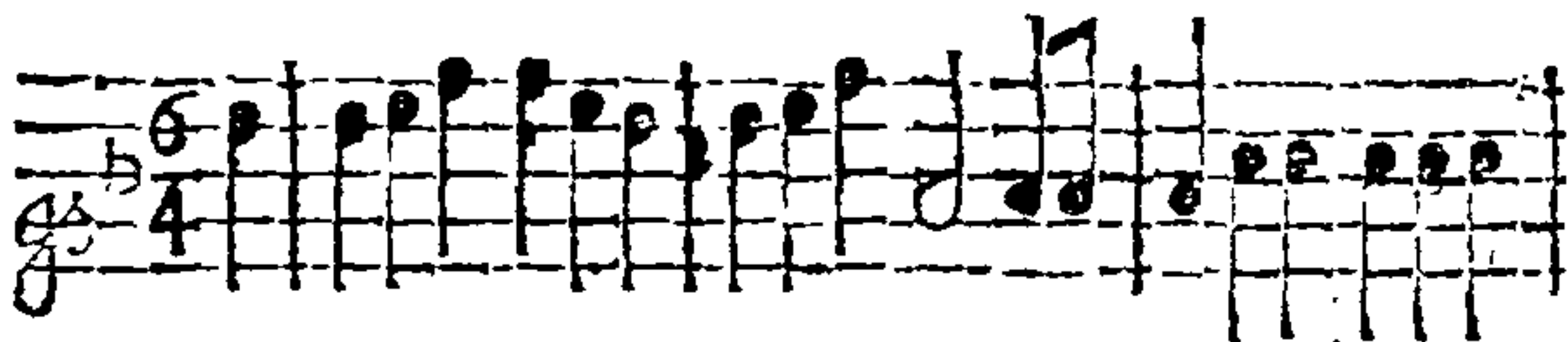
Lo here you lusty lads to learn,
 Under a Caveat told;
 That Younglings spend their fresh green Youth,
 Not thinking to be Old.

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 J O. H A Y N E S.



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 Presump-
(tuous.

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 *Irisb* 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 whiche you please, Sir, my V Vife or my Daughter

Some feign'd themselves *Lame*, some feign'd themselves
(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

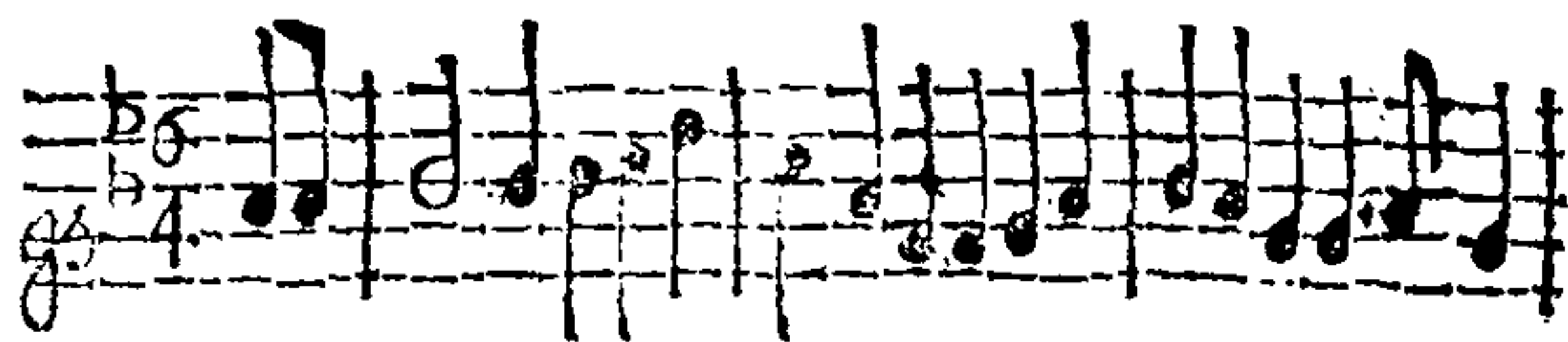
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Therefore I dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
Sir, 'tis more Your Goodness, than our desert.

Thus being deliver'd from th' tedious Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation;
They Kifs'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 besel a young Gentleman, by a
Fall from his Horse, whereby he most dange-
rously 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 *Pegassus*, 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, (Coach,
 With a Pox take your Worship, you have spoil'd the
 Which was before as Sound as a Roach,
Which no Body, &c.

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

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 *Hamburgeoan*,
Who Eat Pickl'd Dog, and took it for Surgeon,
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 com-
 (mon 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-Juror.
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.

Precisely 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.

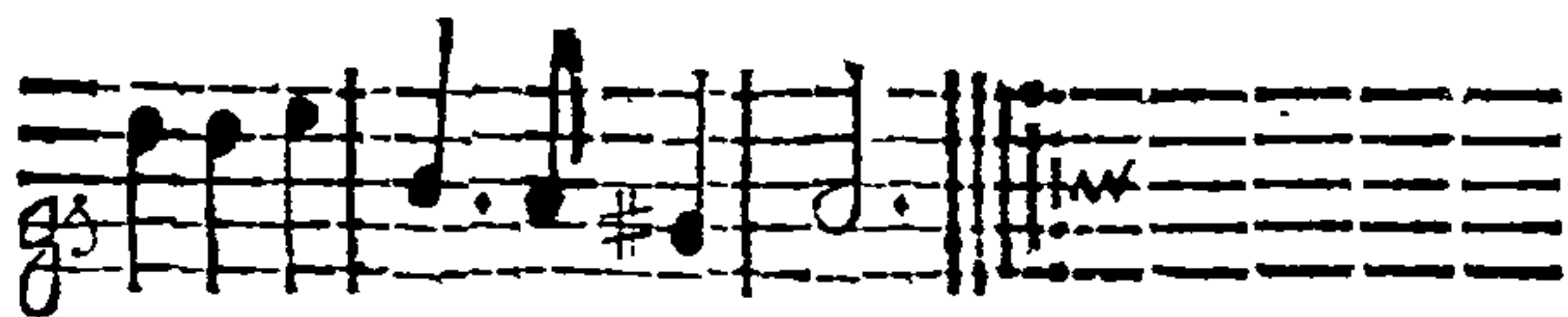
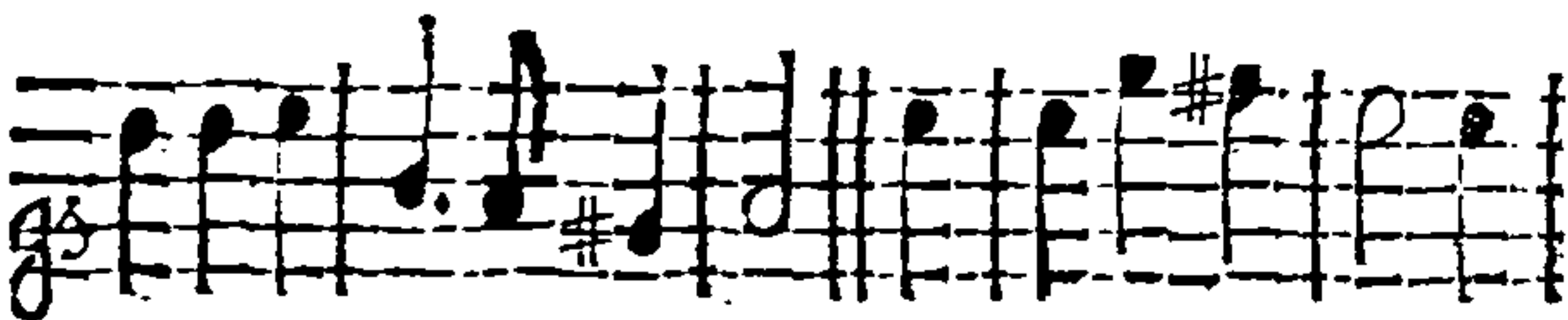
I can Pray for a Bishop, and Curse an Arch-Deacon,
I can seem very sorry that *Charleroy's* Taken ;
I can any thing say to save my own Bacon.
Which no Body, &c.

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 be sure 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 Purfes, for that I do fay,
 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,
 Than 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 have been,
 Of some that were seen,
 In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleaders between:
 Then why should the Judges 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 Judge 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 Purse 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 found,
 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 Grasshopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.



Upon the P Y R A M I D. By Mr. Ratcliffe.
To the foregoing Tune.

(near,
MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw
For here's a New Sight which you must not es-
(cape,
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.
Ab 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.
Ab London, &c.

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-name
 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 sho
 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.

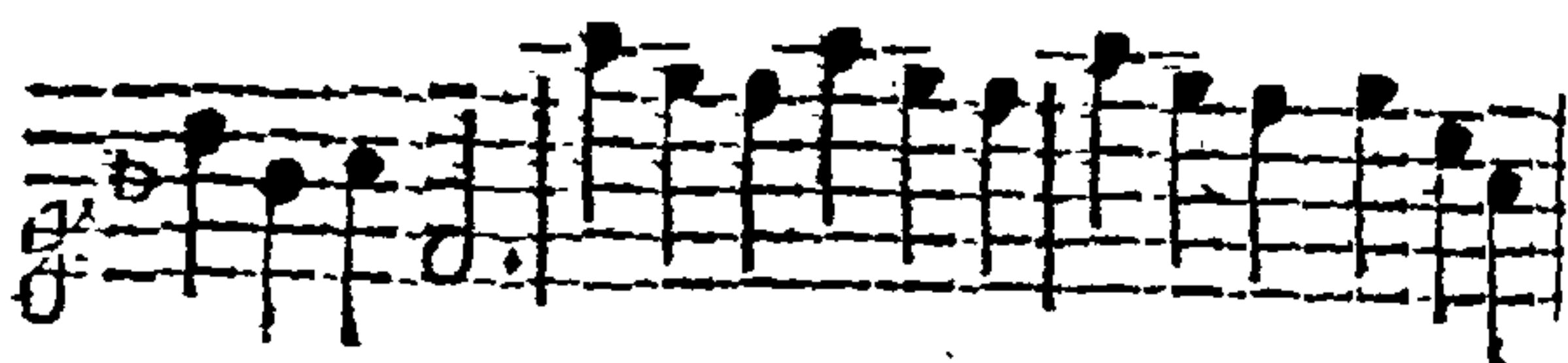


Kate, the loveliest thing
That e'er was form'd by Nature,
Flora i'th' pride of Spring,
Ne'er wore so sweet a Feature.

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

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

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: (break)
 Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at Barle
 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.

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, *Joan*, and *Isabel*, *Sue*, *Alice* and bonny *Nell*,
 Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

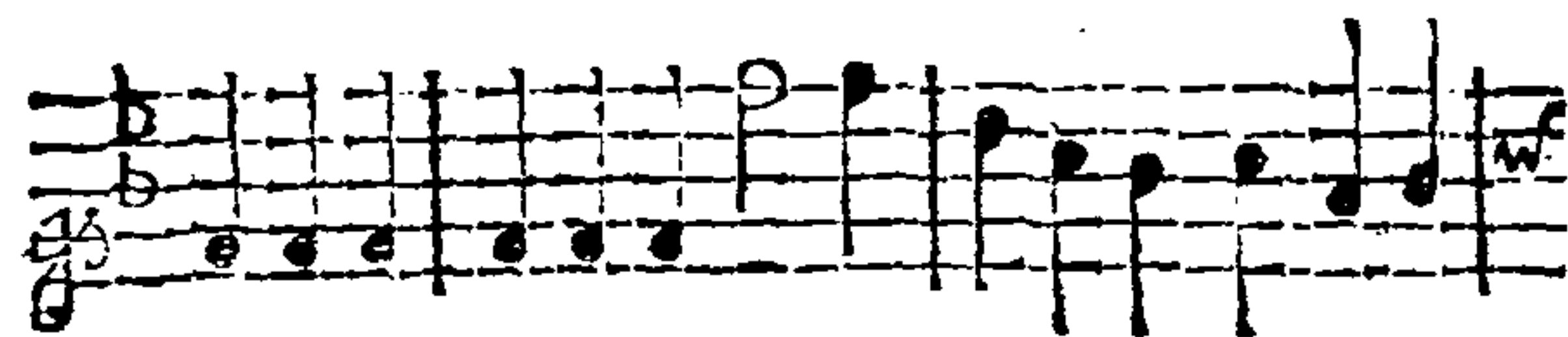
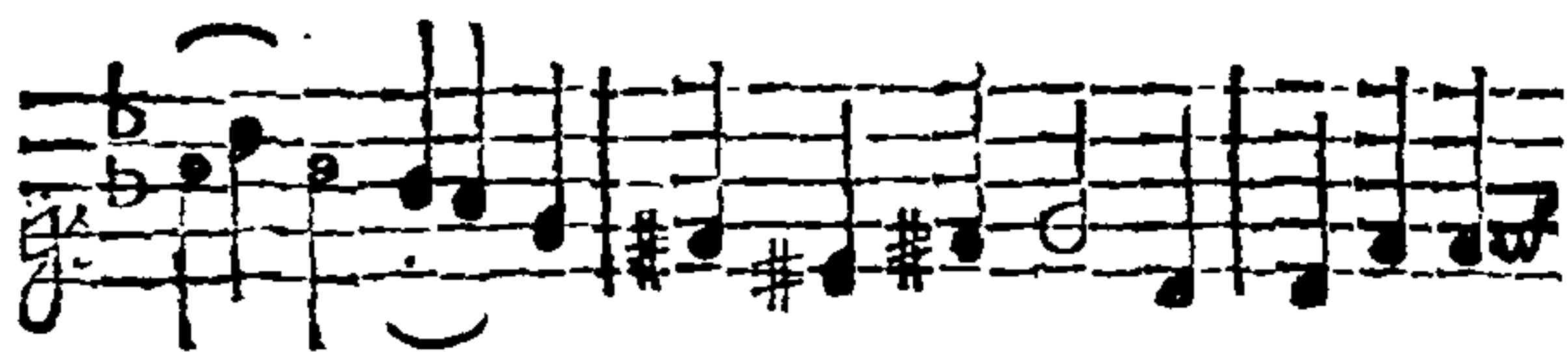
Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
 VVhere they intended to gather their *May*,
 Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
 Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
 But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*,
 Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;
 And *Prudence* prevented 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 squeaking,
 The pretty *Lals* breaking the head of the Clown;
 But some were VVooing, while others were doing,
 Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

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.

○ 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.

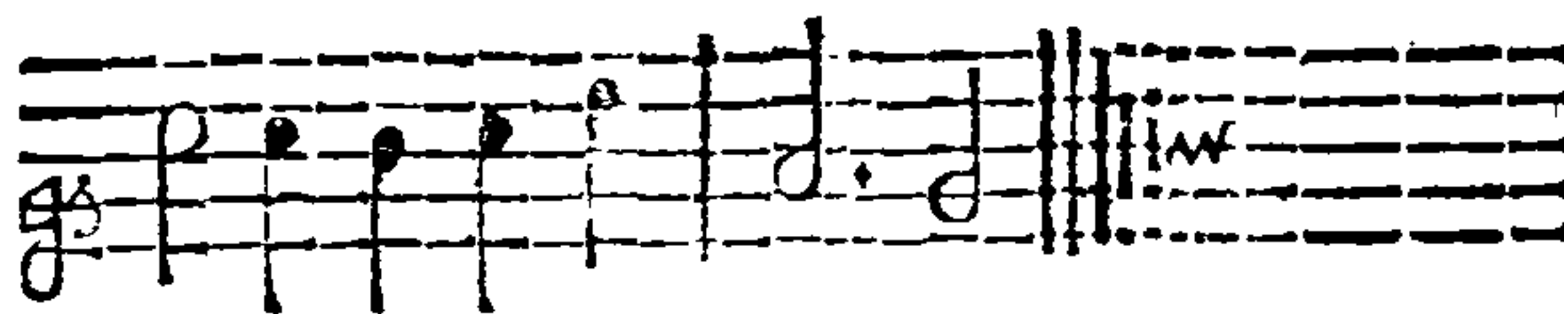
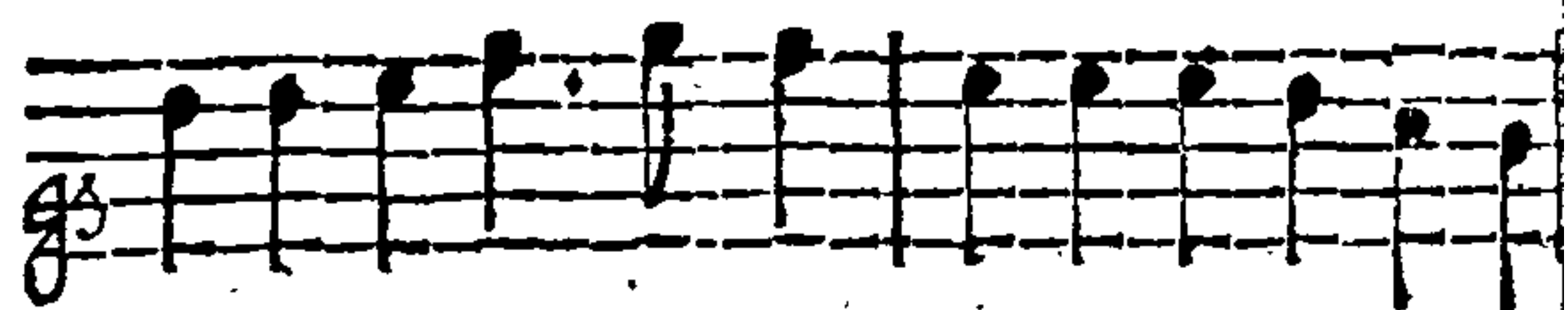
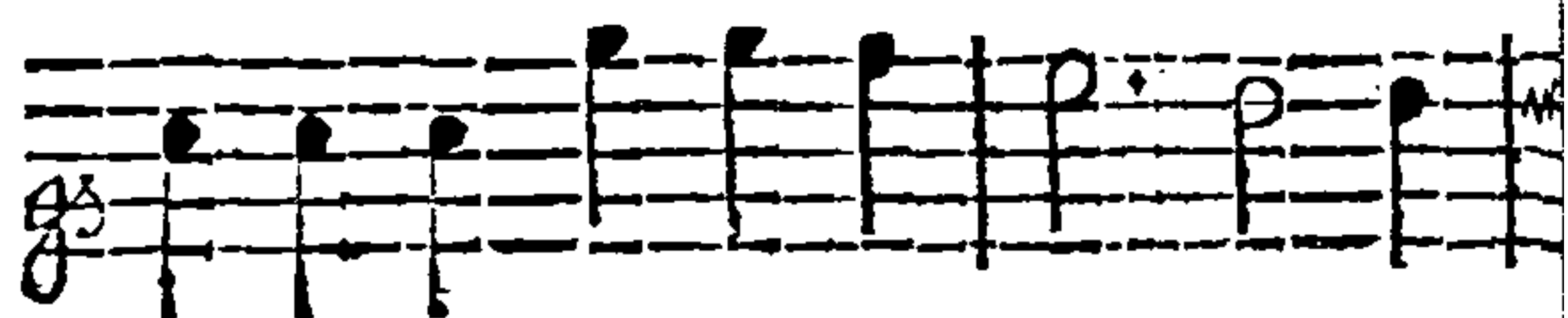
The King he turn'd him about, and did Smile,
Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while;
O no my Grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither Write nor Read.
Derry down, &c.

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 any thing can persuade 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 Ditry.



The Second P A R T. 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 do
 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 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 com-
My Addresses to you are most hearty; (mon,
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;
 If 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. *Katharine* 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* Dances,
 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 Vite*.

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.

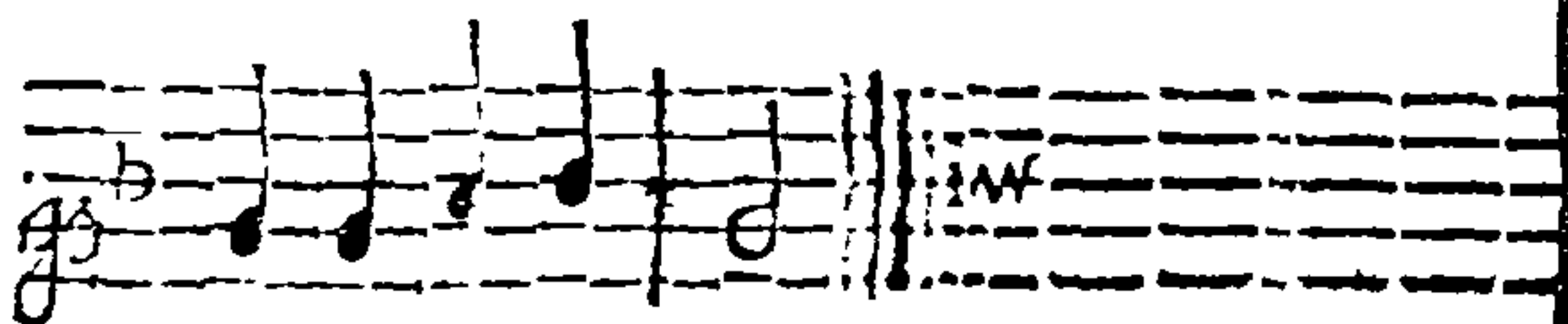
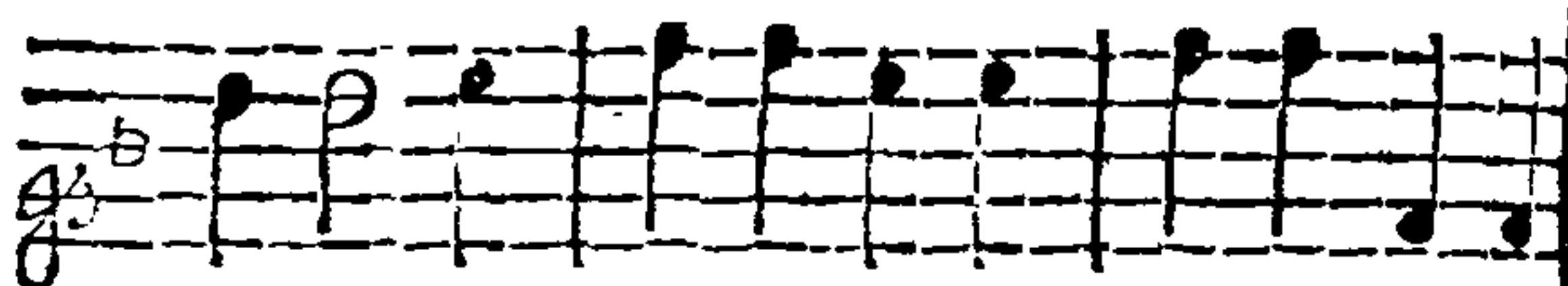
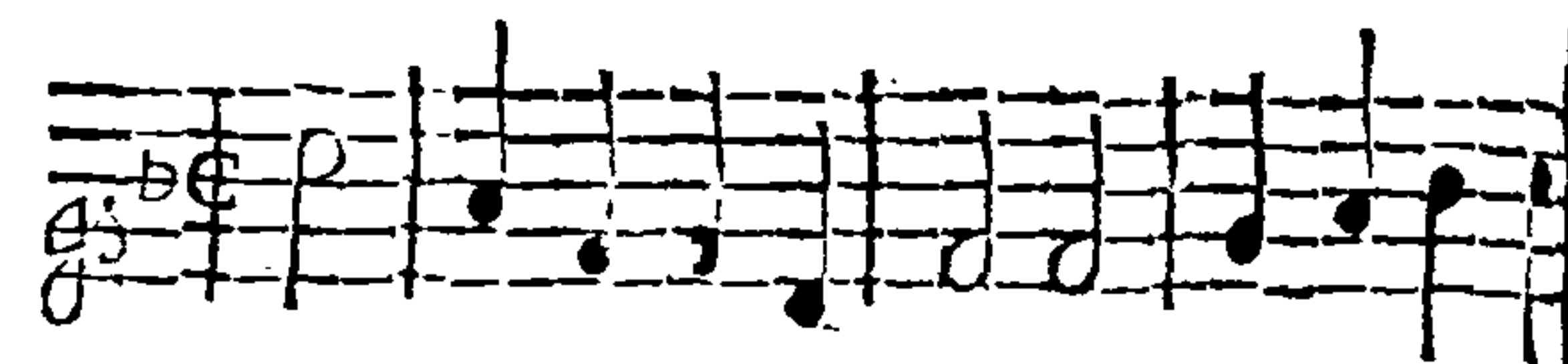
From Morning to Night,
And about to Day-light,
They sit, and never grudge it;
Till the Fish-Wives join
Their single Coin,
And the Tinker pawns his Budget.

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 *London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis Govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come lister
(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 Horse

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-foal,
That he will be no wiser Man than was his Brother
(Jubernal)

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

Adieu

And when that is ended, home again he comes, (Drums;
With joyful Noise upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and of
His Lordship land's at *Pauls-Wharf*, and on along he jogs,
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 pra-
(ting 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,
And as they go along the Street, they stoop to pick up
(Pins;
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,
With Forty Catch-poles at his Arse, to Prosecute the
(Baker;
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

Until that the Recorder comes they all are fast asleep (keep

They call up their Juries by Twelves and by Twelve

And if they Hang up no Man, they may go Hang them (selve

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 Tur

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 an (brave

My Lord he nam'd a Calves-head, at which she made (Pill

And swore she'd have a Turkey-Cock, for she lov'd a stand (ing Dish

Next once a Year into Essex a Hunting they do go,

To see 'em pass a long, O 'tis a most pretty show ;

(Through

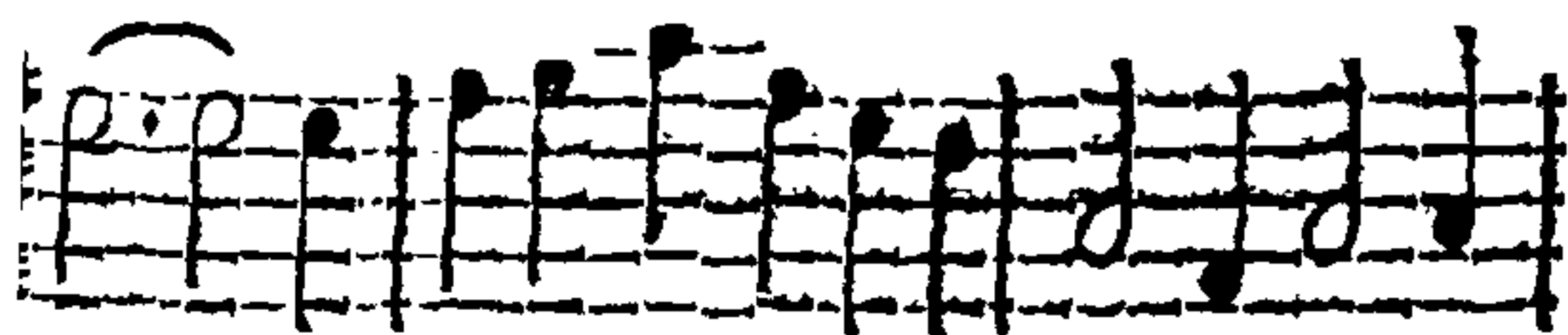
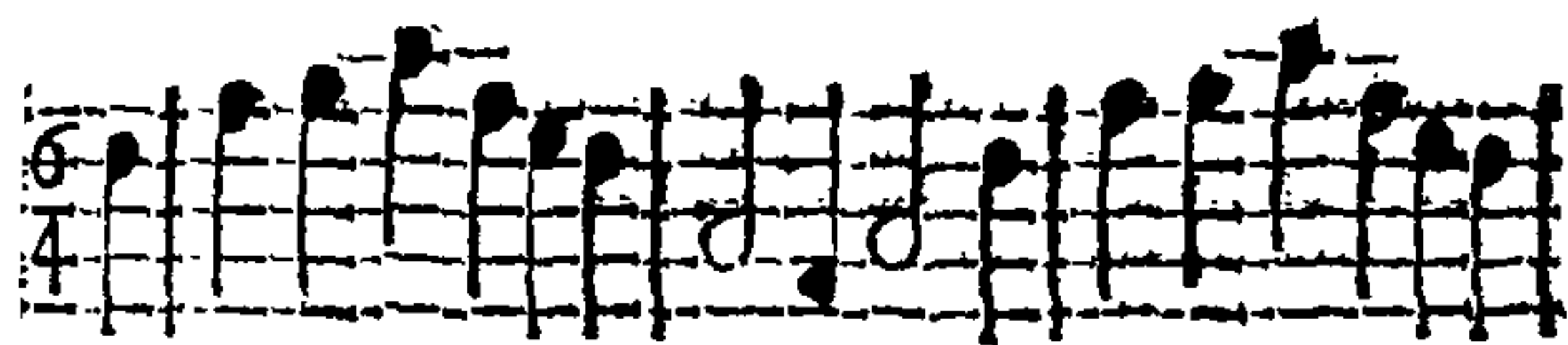
ugh Cheap-side and Fenchurch-street, and so to Ald-
 (gate Pump,
 Man with's Spurs in's Horfes sides, and his Back-
 (Sword cros his Rump.

Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes o'er
 st confess it was a work he ne'er had done before;
 creature bounceth from a Bush, which made them
 (all to Laugh,
 Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare, but it prov'd an
 (Essex Calf.

when they had done their Sport, they came to Lon-
 (don, where they dwell;
 ir Faces all so torn and scratch'd, their Wives scarce
 (knew them well;
 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
 of Twenty Saddles carried out, they brought a-
 (gain 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.

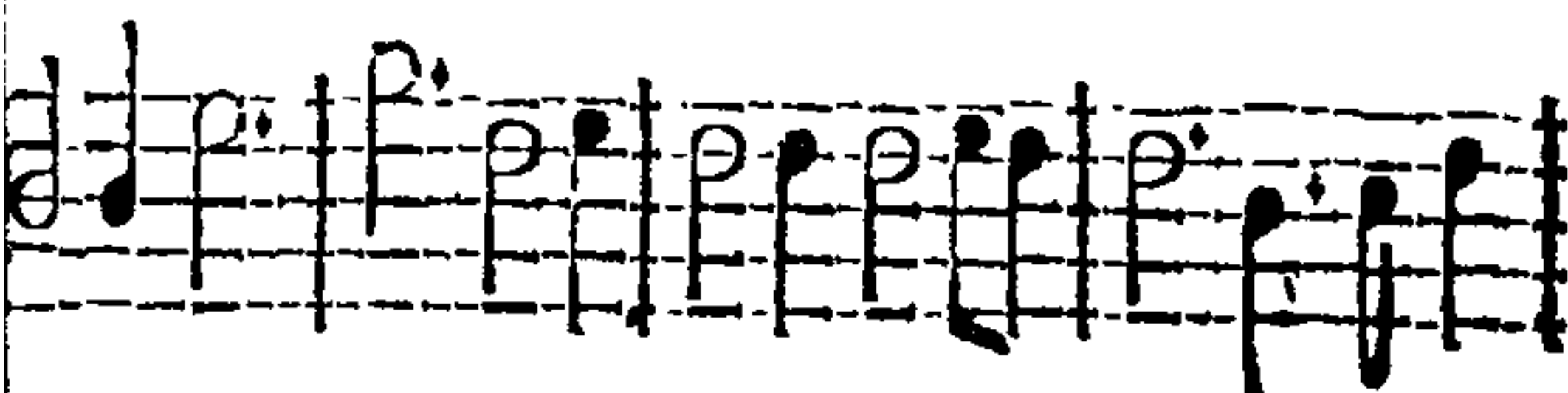
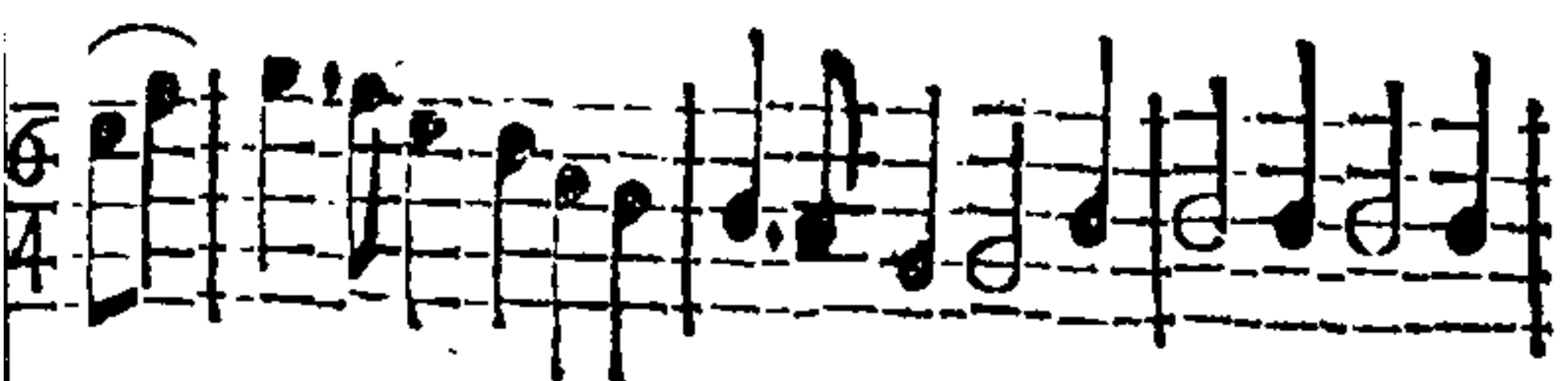
Be gone, be gone, my Jockey, my Jockey,
 Be gone, be gone, my Dear;
 The Night is warm,
 'Twill do you no harm,
You cannot be Lodged here.

My Jockey, my Jockey,
 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 Juggy, &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 Jockey, &c.

A S O N G,

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,
Till a Landlord he would be.

With a fadariddle la, fa la da riddle la, fa la la fa la la re,

As he was a going Home,
Met his Old Mother upon the High-way;

O Mother, quoth he,
Your Blessing grant me,
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.

C H O R U S.

*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;
 'Tis 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.

Cup of old Sack is good,
 To drive the Cold Winter away;
 It will 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;
 When 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 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 ;
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 be
 C'ha been to *New England*, but now cham come o'e
 I ch think they shall catch me go thither no more.

Be

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,
 I 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;
 I wondered to ſee ſtrange Buildings were there,
 It was 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,
 It was 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,
 I pluck'd out my *Psalm-Book* I with me did bring;
 And tumbled to ſee 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,
 About 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.

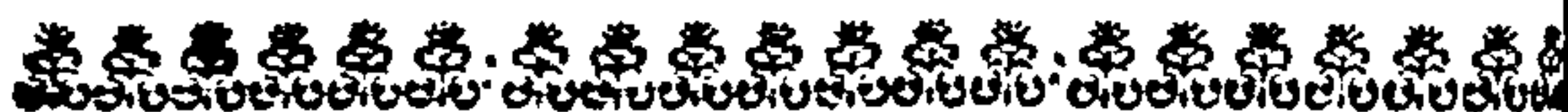
Oh, Sirrah, thought I, and to Dinner Iſe went,
 And gave the Lord Thanks for what he had ſent;
 Next day was a Wedding, the Brideman my Friend,
 Did kindly invite me, ſo thither Iſe wend.

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

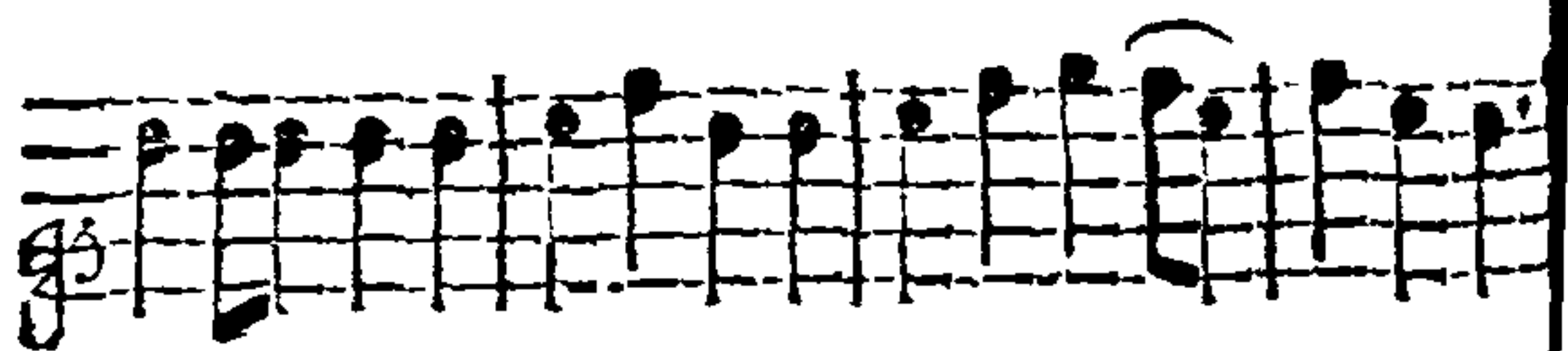
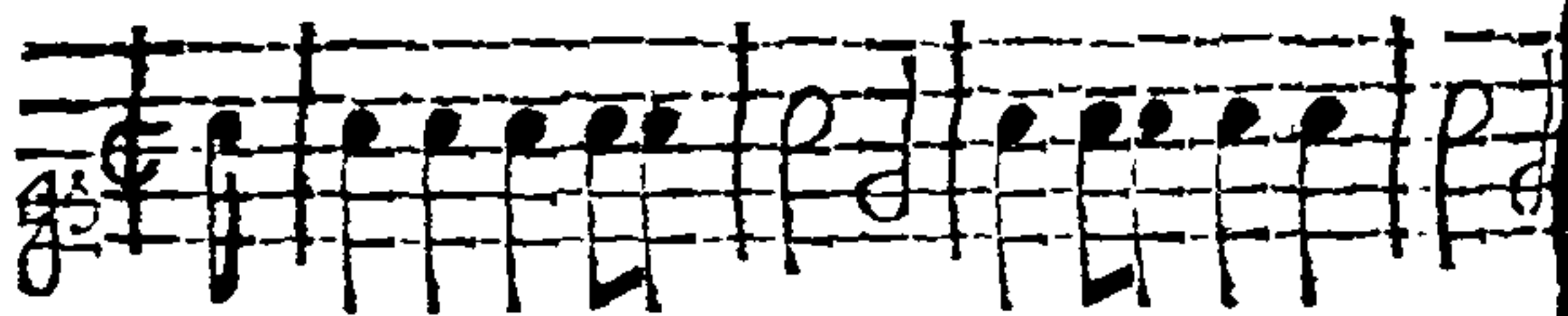
Now this was New *Dorchester*, as they told unto me,
 A Town very Famous in all that Country ;
 They said 'twas new Buildings, I grant it is true,
 Yet methinks Old *Dorchester's* as fine as the New.

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 ;
 He bid a Farewel to Fowlers and Fishers,
 Praying God to blefs Old *England* and all the good
 (Wishers



The Ballad of FOX-Hunting.





TO Hunt the Fox is an Old Sport,
 Used both in City and Court ;
 For are the *Academicks* free,
 So Beast they chase so much as he :
 They that think all Pleasures vain,
Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow, will some-
(times follow the Fox's Train.

The Gallant who each Hour invents
 Some pretty pleasing Compliments ;
 And thinks no Phrase so neat and pure,
As Votre 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,
 All'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 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.





HERE was a Maid the other Day,
 That fighed fore God wot;
 And said all Wives might sport and play,
 But Maidens they may not:
 All 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 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.

"HO' bootless I must needs Complain,
 My Fate is so extream ;
 lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 Yet all was but a Dream :
 As that Love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone ;
 I touch no more a Flame so hot,
 But 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 never think Affection feign'd,
 That is 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.

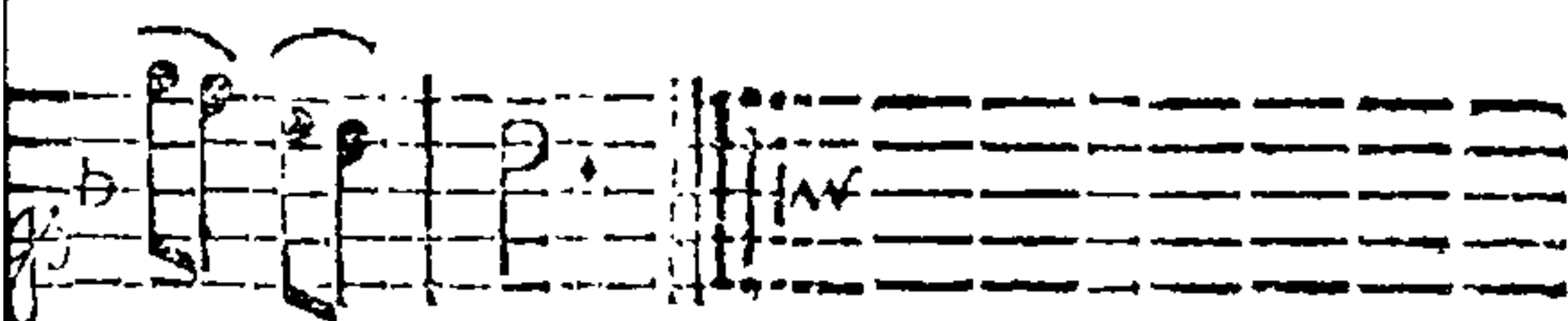
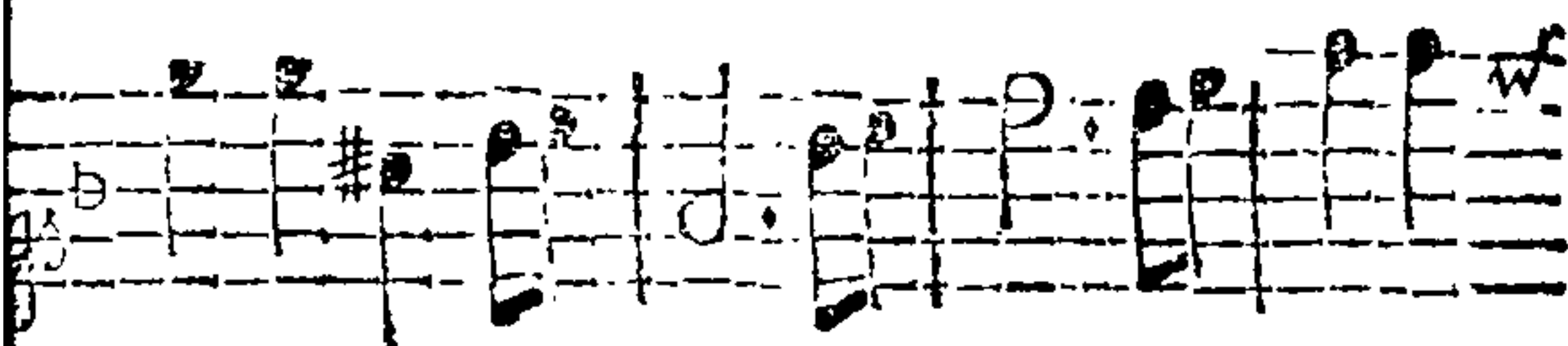
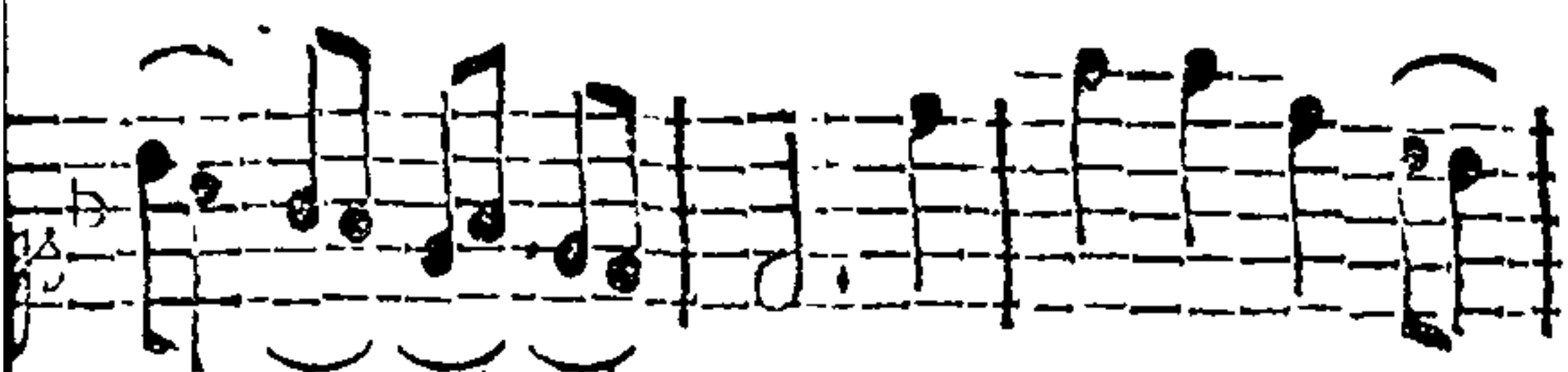
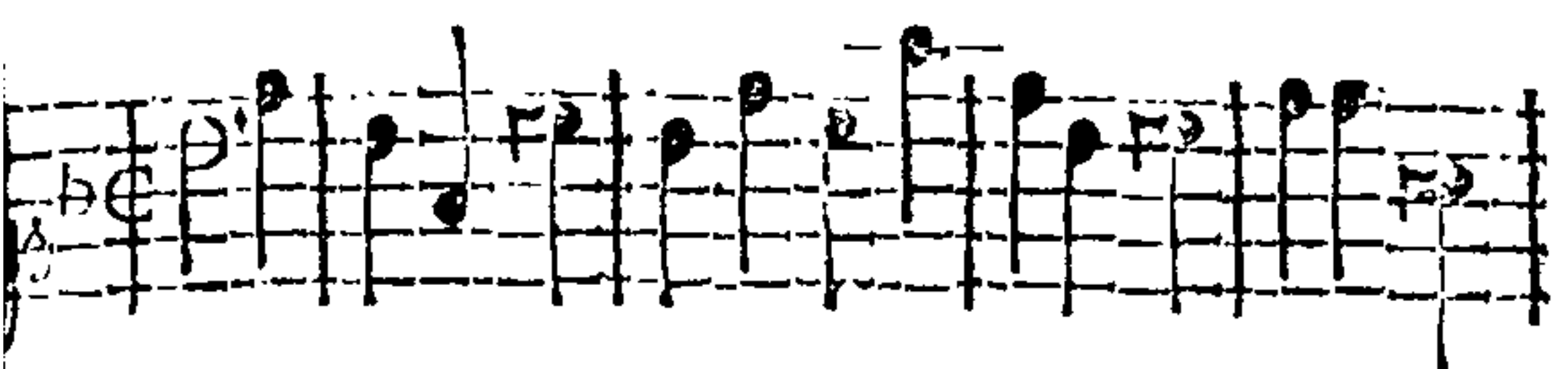
The blazing Torch is soon burnt out,
 The Diamond's light abides ;
 The Fire her Glory hurls about,
 The Woman her Virtue hides :
 That Spark, (if any should be mine)
 That else shews like to none ;
 For if to e'ery Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

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 *Phoenix* 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 the Miller, the dusty, musty Miller,
 The Miller, that beareth on his Back;
 He never goes to Measure Meal, (the Sack
 But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds open;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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, and 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 *Eyes*,
Where two or three they may agree
To pick out both his Eyes.

Then let him fly to *St. Dunstons*,
Or else to *London*,
And like a Wretch in *St. Dunstons*,
There let him meet 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 *Skimmington*,
And laid him in his Grave.



A S O N G.



Jenny long resisted
 Wully's fierce desire;
 She the more persisted,
 Coynefs 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.

Jenny 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

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 Poesies;
 None on Earth's compar'd to she.

Her Belly's a Hill of Sweet Pleasure,
 In Bush enclos'd lies the Treasure,
 If once you 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 handfom, 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

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
 (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 be
 (go)

She smil'd and wept together, yet knew not well for
 (what)

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'r
 Yet were her Words so Wity, they shew'd she wish'd for
 (more)

Then seeming to defend it, her Fort she did betray;
 Yet I alafs, &c.

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

Then turning round we parted, she speechless went
 (was)

Because I could do nothing but Kiss the Queen of May

The True W O R L D.

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

Then

C H O R U S.

*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.*

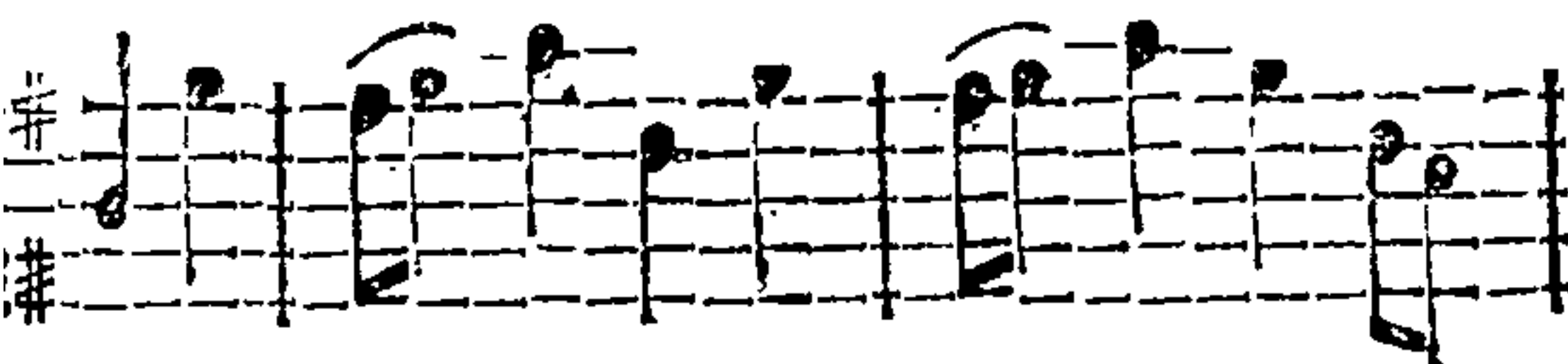
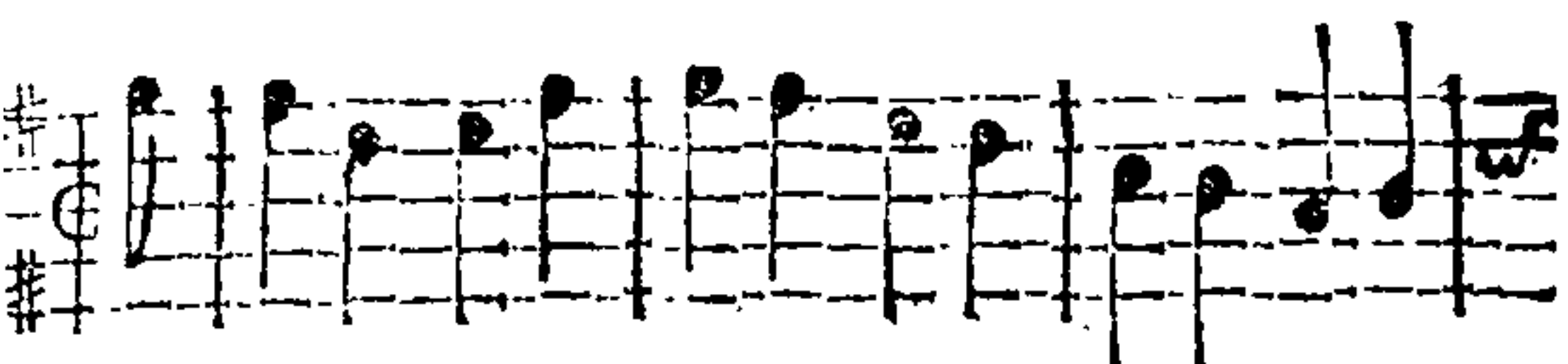
Your honest Citizens bends the Brow,
 And complains there's no Gains,
 For to be got by Gentlemen now;
 For when he does his Book survey,
 He doth find more left behind,
 Then swears they'll never pay.
Then let them, &c.

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.

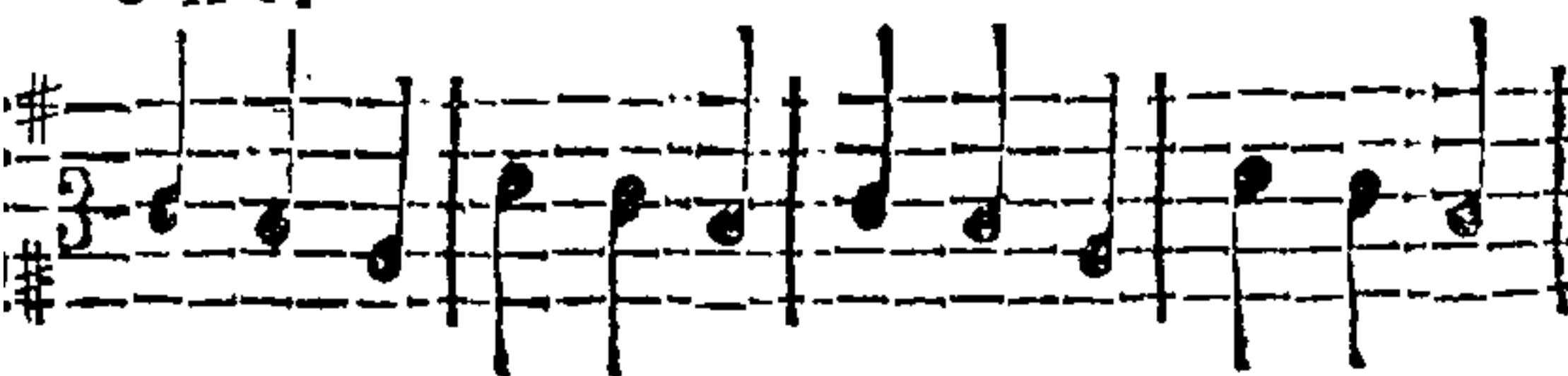
If you your Gamester will accost,
 He'll prevent your Intent,
 With G — D — him his Money's lost,
 Your Courtier he can Kiss your Hand,
 Cog and Lie, and deny,
 And swear if he had it, you shall it command.

*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 grumbl-
 dum hey.*

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumble-
 dum 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.

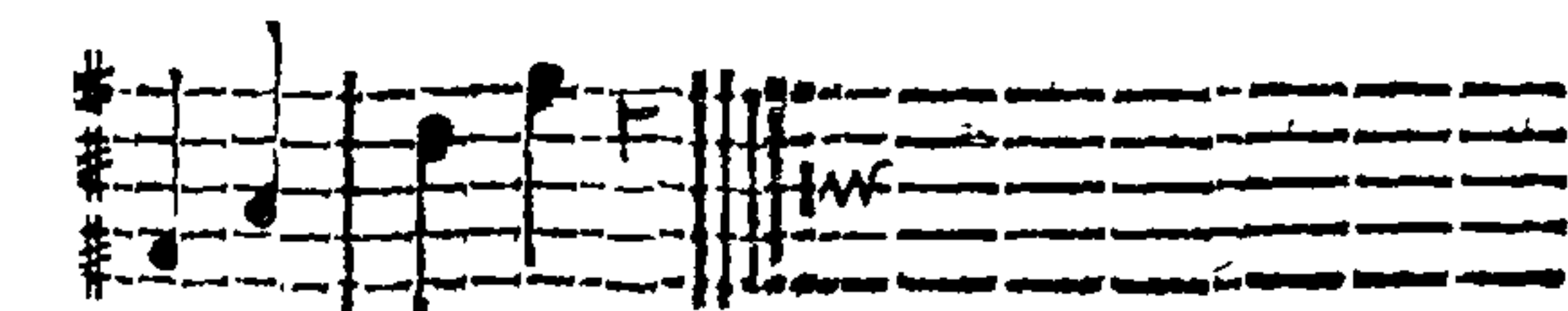
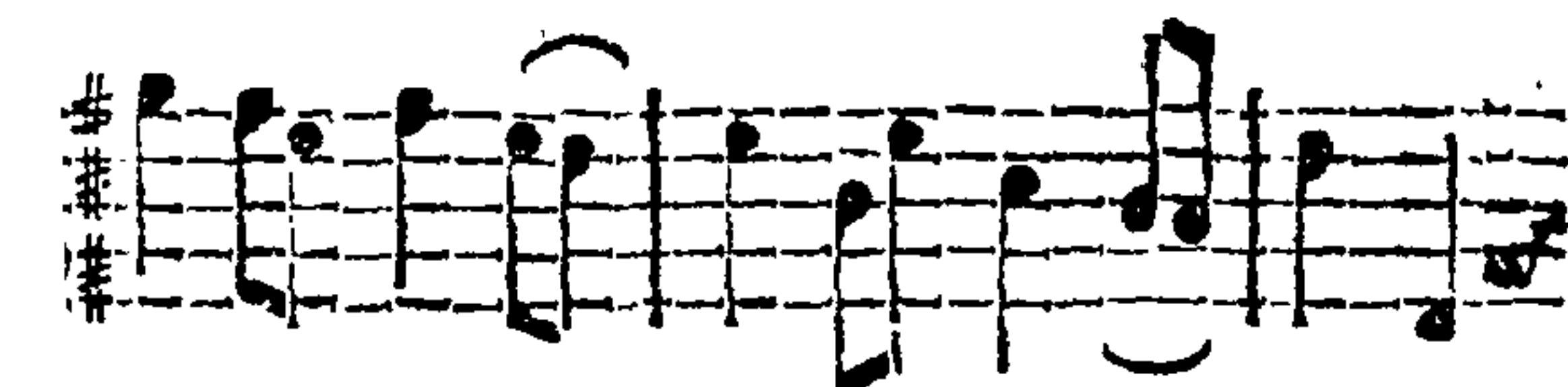
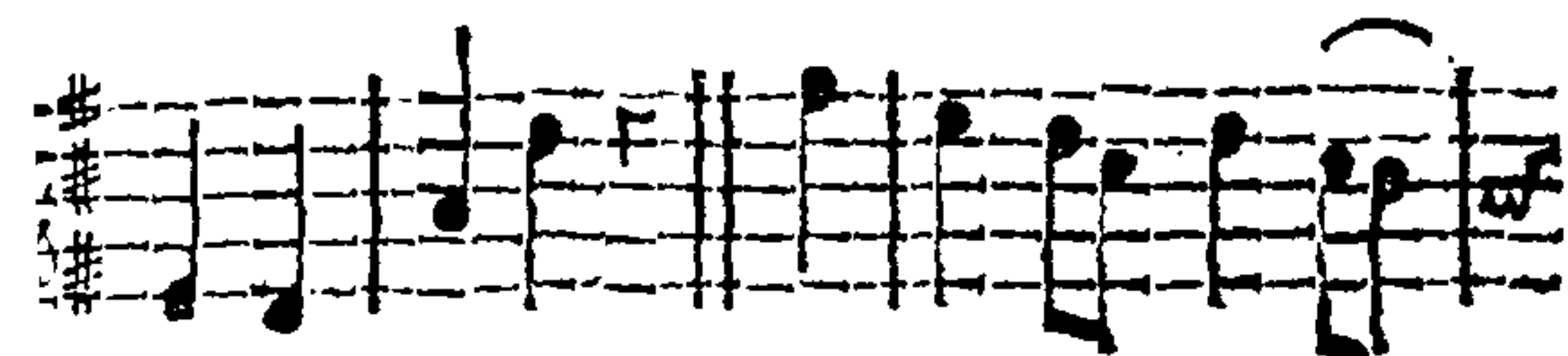
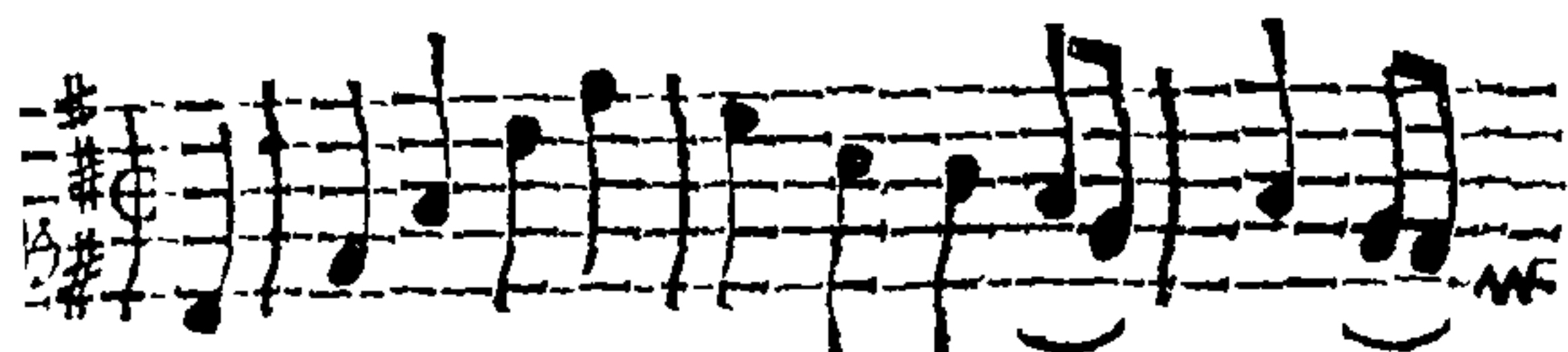
It has a Head much like a Mole's,
 And yet it loves to creep in Holes:
 The fairest She that e'er took Life,
 For love of this, became a Wife.

CHORUS.

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grum-
 dum hey.*

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum, grum-
 dum hey.*



The BEE-HIVE.

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

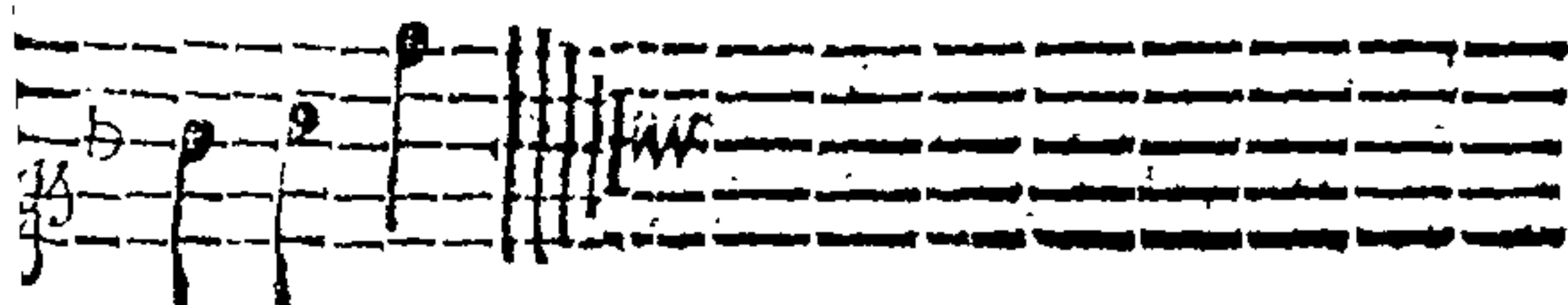
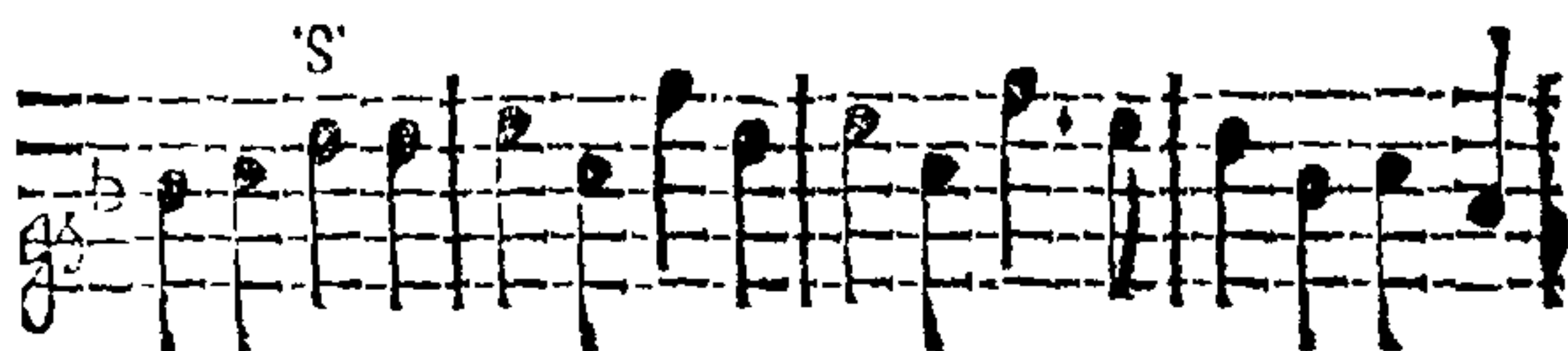
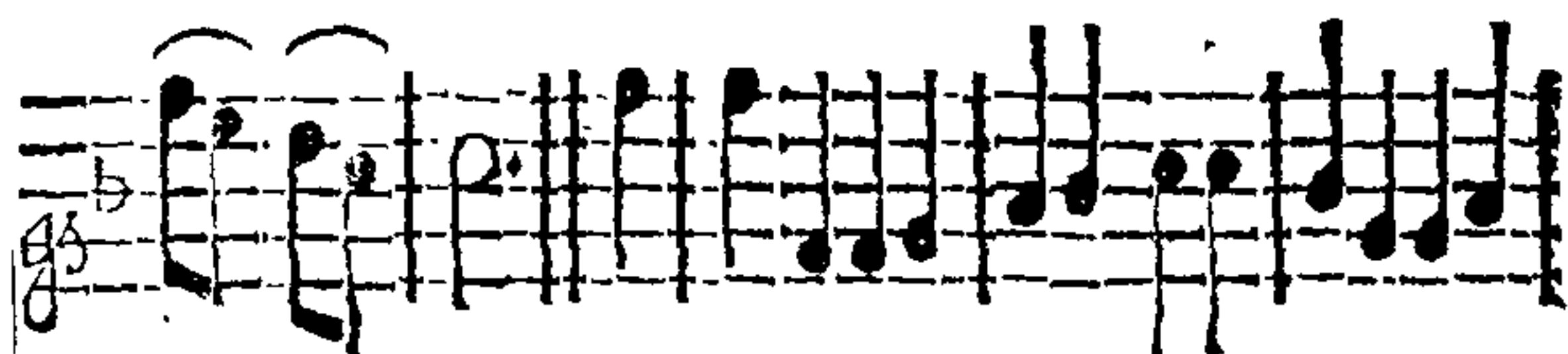
My Mistrefs is a Mine of Gold, would that it were
 (her Pleasure,
 To let me dig within her Mould, and roll among her
 (Treasure,
 As under the Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the
 (Mould is Mony,
 So under, &c.

My Mistrefs 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 Mistrefs 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 Mistrefs 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 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 VWoman-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 much 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.

C U C K O L D S all.



N O T long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed,
 'Twixt sleeping and waking, this Maggot came
 (in my Head,
 Which caus'd me in the Mind to be, the meaning for
 (to know,
 With Skill and Wit, and then I writ of *Cuckolds all*
 (a-row.

Methoughts I heard a Man and's Wife, as they together
 (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 Wife, 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 Woman'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.

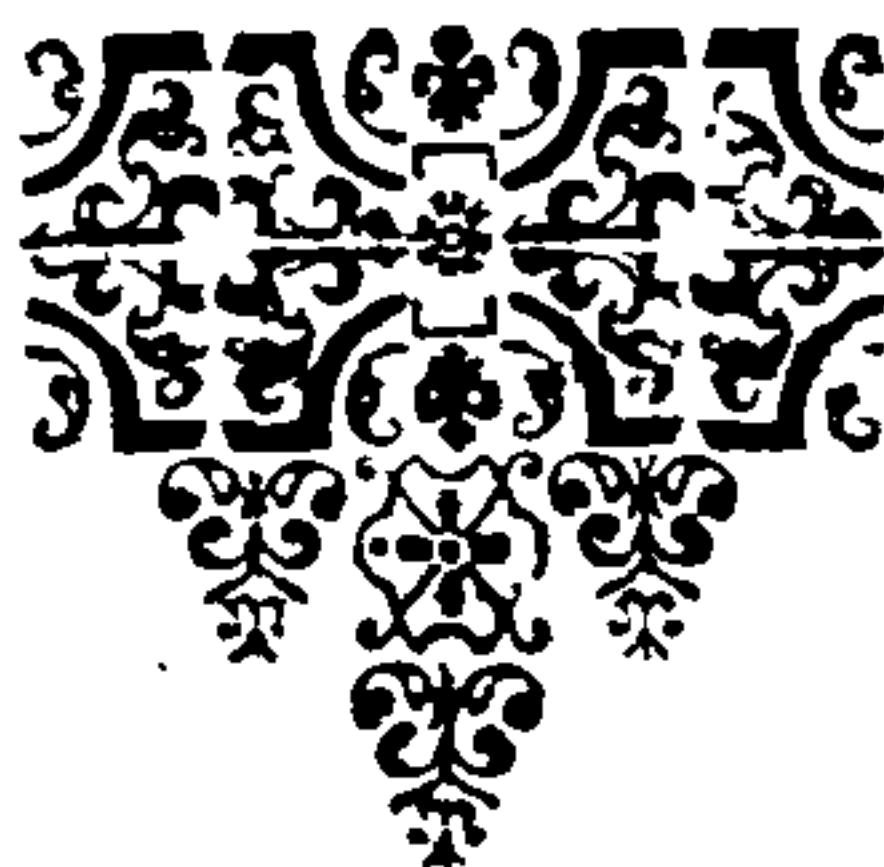
For Gallants are like other Men, *Cuckolds all a-row*.

Your Tradesmen in the City, that sells by VVeight
 (and Measure,
 Perhaps may wear a horned Brow, for Profit or for
 (Pleasure,
 VVhen 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,
 VVhile 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 Glafs 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 to her LADY.



Lady, 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.

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

Where

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

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
 Skin and Sinews, so is *Joan*,
Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore,
 VWith his VVimble, your's no more.
Then what odds, &c.

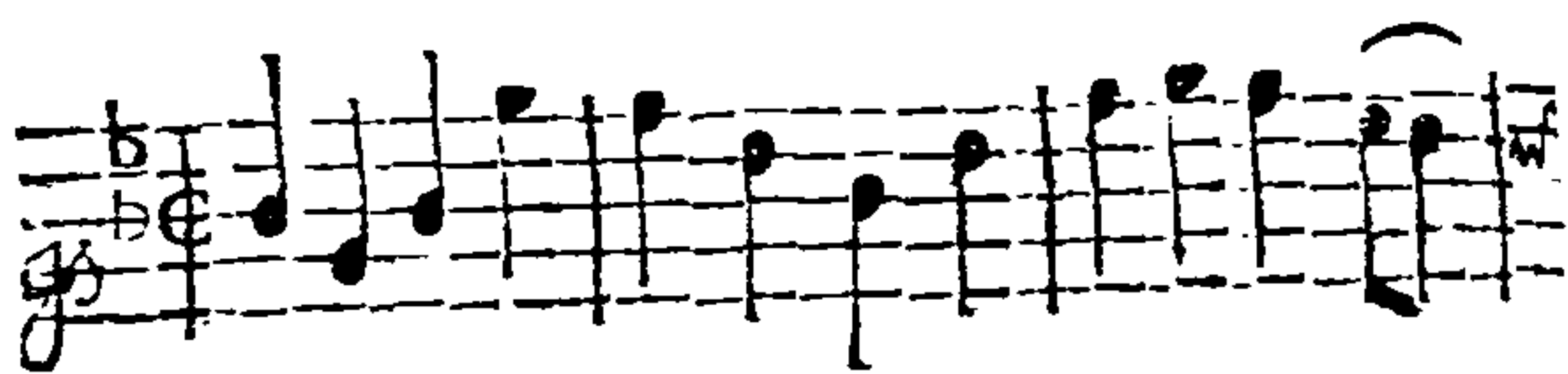
It is not your flaunting Tires,
 Are the cause of Men's Desires;
 They're other Darts which Lusts pursue,
 Those *Joan* has as well as you.
Then, &c.

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

VVere 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,
 When you go about to do
 What you should be done unto.
Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
 He, he, 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.

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 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.

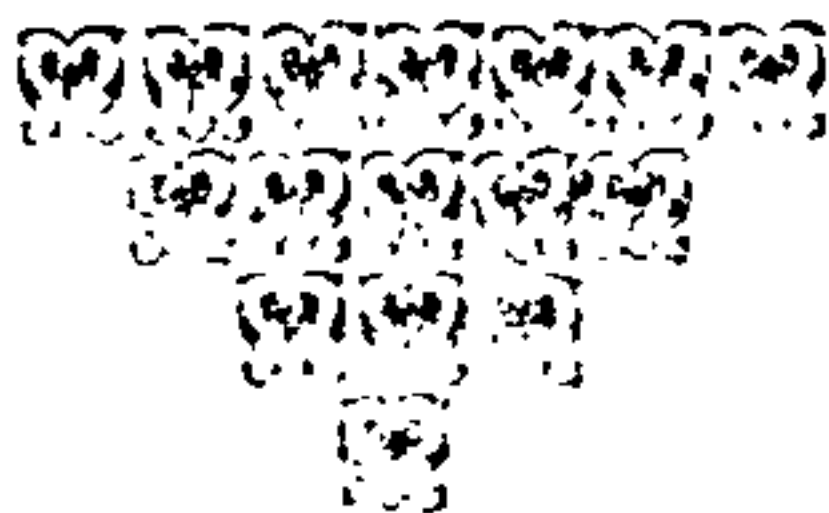
If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain;
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my pain?
O No, &c.

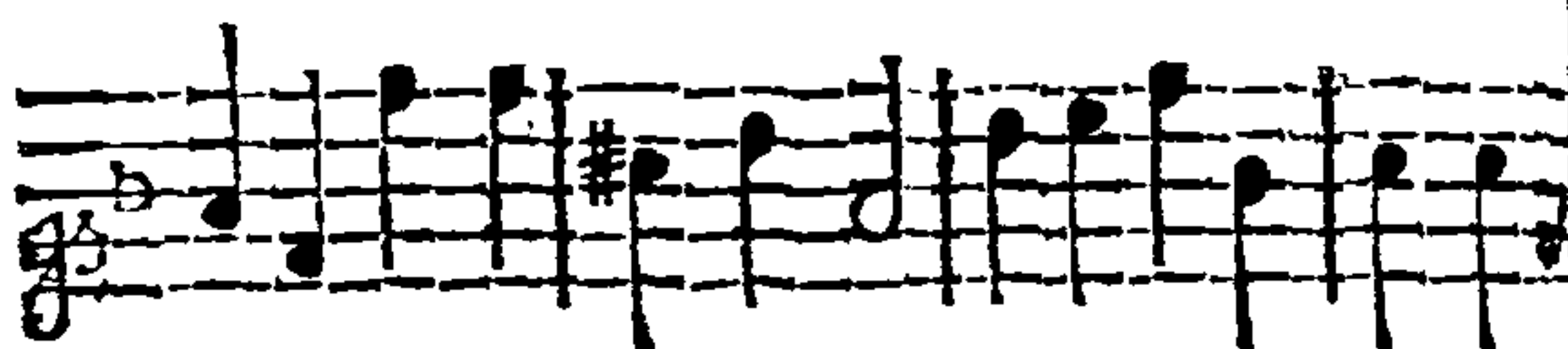
If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?
O No, &c.

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 lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed.

O No, no, no, no, no : O No, 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 you let us all agree.

Let thy Friend enjoy his Rest,
 What tho' he wears *Aescen'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 ftir like a Cur have I kept:
 But now here I ftand with a Whip in my Hand,
Come along, come along, come along, come along, I
 (laft)

Come you Divines that fhould be Pure,
 That keep a Man to ferve the Cure;
 You do Teach not to Preach, but to fhew
 Places fine, Such Divines as you are flow:
 Your Benefits you'll keep, whilft another feeds the Sheep
Come along, &c.

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

Come you that brag fo of your Wealth,
 Becaufe you have a little Pelf;
 'Tis your Gold makes you fo bold to do wrong,
 Men are the worfe that your Purfe is fo ftiong:
 To build houfes high to the Peoples Mifery,
Come along, &c.

What's become of the Estate,
Which your Father left of late ;
You have no care for to spare, but to spend,
All you bring ev'ry thing to an end : (Wealth,
You'll Drink away your Health, and Dice away your
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 : (the worse,
You will ease them of their Purse, tho' their Bodies be
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 bare Breasts and your Back, discover what you lack,
Come along, &c.

Come you Tradesmen of the City,
That are so Cunning and so Witty ;
You 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
Come along, &c. (thing,

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
Come along, &c. (Neighbour's Wife,

But now I am so weary grown,
That I must let the rest alone ;
I should lash 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.

True CONTENT.

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

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 then may suffice ;
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.

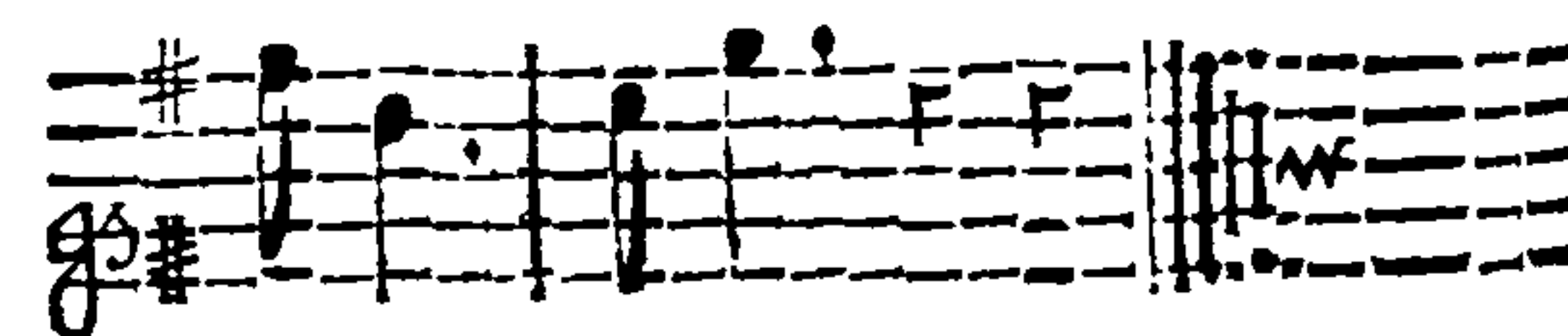
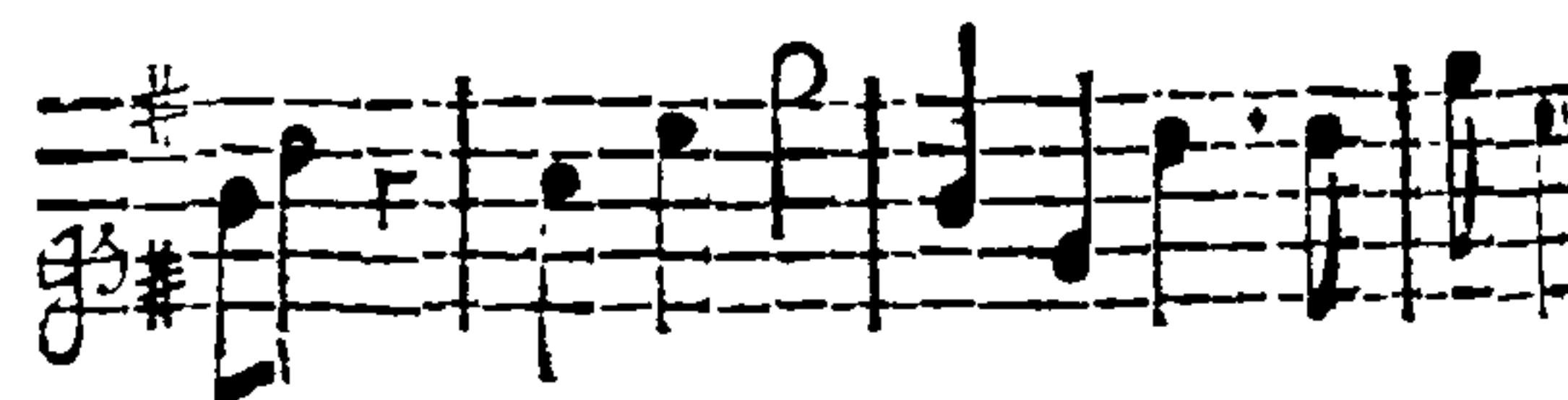
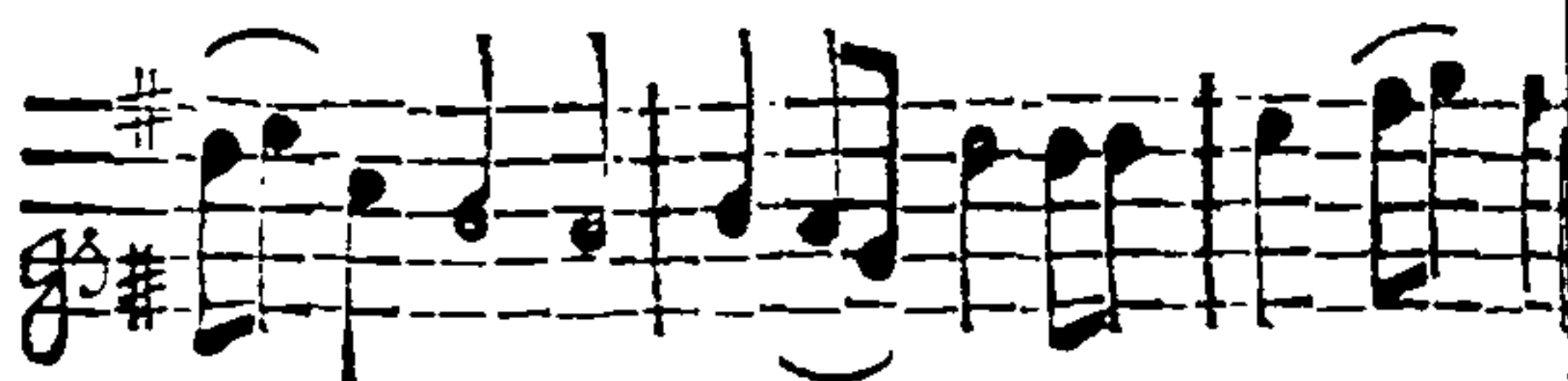
Some have too much, and yet do want,
Some little have, but wish no more ;
They are but Poor, for much they want,
And I am Rich with little store :
They Poor, I Rich, they Beg, I give,
They lack, I leave, they Pine, I live.

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,
You'd all did as well as I.



The Bashful S C O T.



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

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

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?

that now was grown more willing,
When she saw his backward dealing,
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?

perceiv'd by her Replying,
That a Nay was Yea, in Wooing,
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.

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 Lads,
hoop, &c.

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

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

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

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

as she with her *Lute*, and he with his *Flute*,
held every Crotchet and Prick;
learned at leisure, yet paid for the Pleasure,
hoop, &c.

Viol-string burst, her Tuten she Curst,
however she play'd with the Stick,
in October to June she was quite out of Tune,
hoop, &c.

in shewing her Hand to make the Pin stand,
the Musick within her grew Thick,
his *Vial* and *Lute* appeared some Fruit,
hoop, &c.

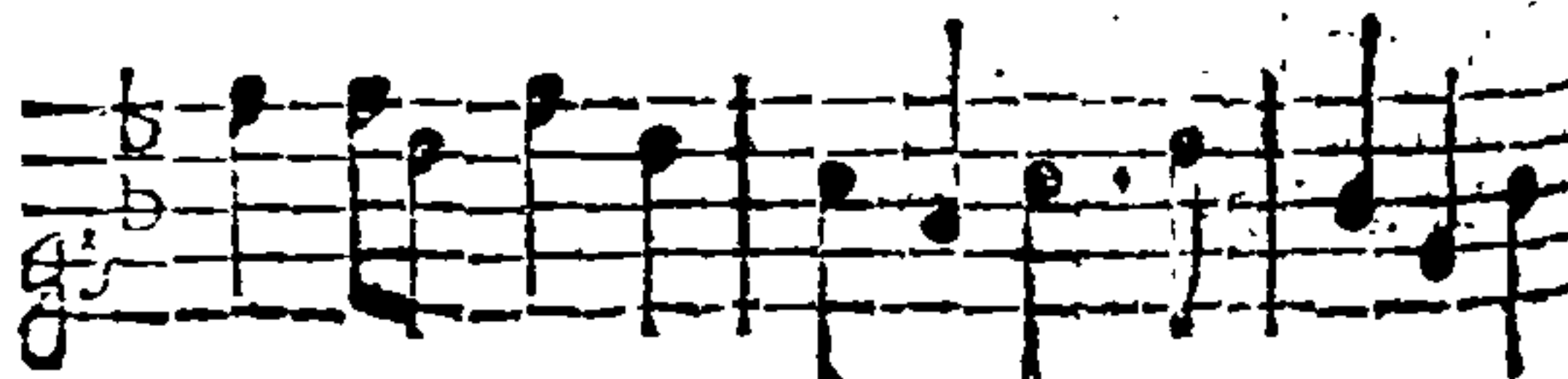
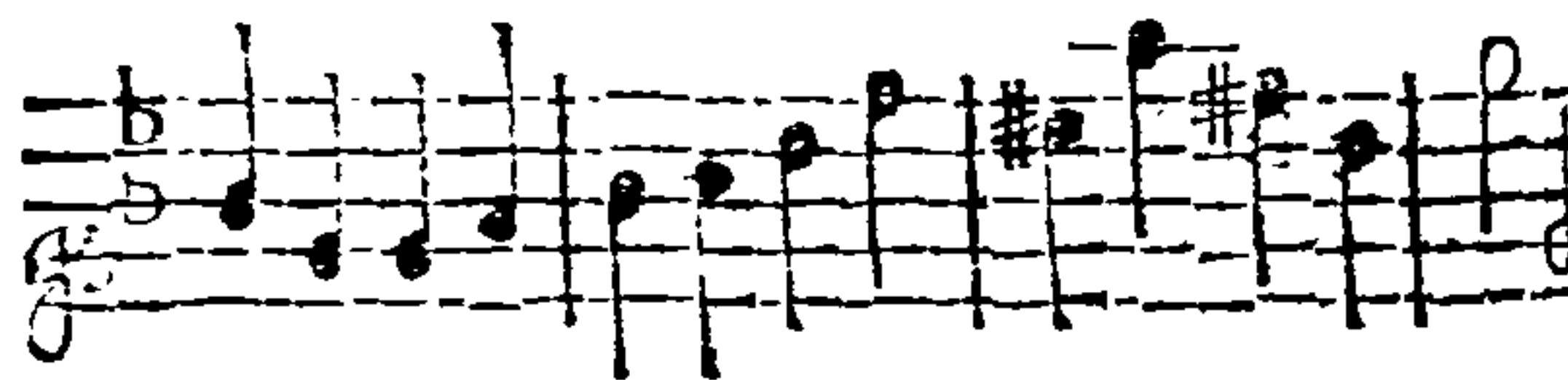
And then she repented, that e'er she consented,
 To have either Note or Prick ;
 For Learning so well made her Belly to swell,
Whoop, &c.

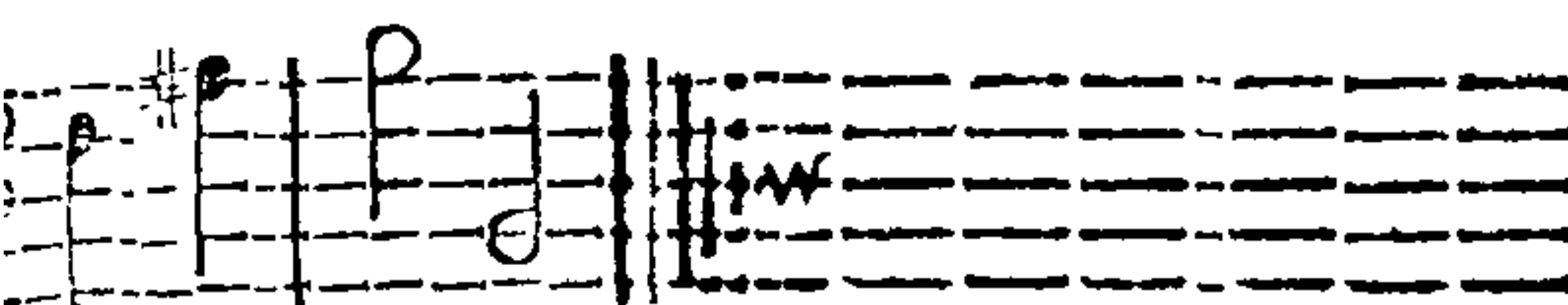
All Maids that make trial of a *Lute* or a *Vial*,
 Take heed how you handle the Stick:
 If you like not this Order, come try my *Recorder*,
Whoop, &c.

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.





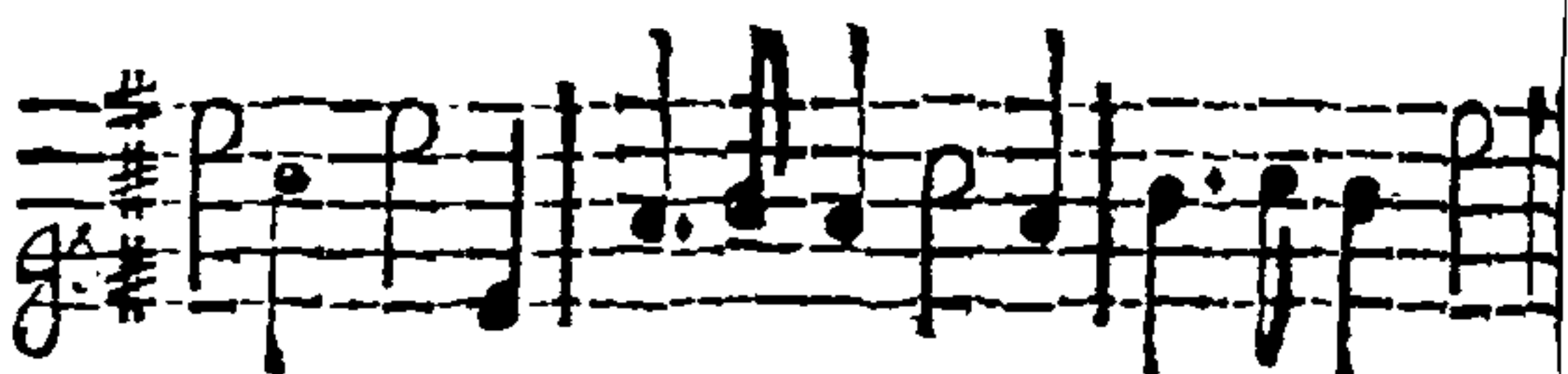
MAids are grown so Coy of late,
 Forsooth they will not Marry;
 Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
 They say they yet can tarry:
 But if they knew how sweet a thing
 It is in Youth to Marry,
 They would sell their Hose and Smock,
 E'er they so long would tarry.

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.



When 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 *Sea*.

Ize zet up my Horse, and Ize went to *Powls*,
Uds nigs, quoth I, what a Kirk beth' here,
Then Ize did fwear 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 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?
 I'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.



BALLAD of the Courtier and the Country Clown.



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

With a Fading, &c.

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 Fading, &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 Faddling,

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 Faddling,

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 *Joan* in the Dark, is as good as my Lady.

With a Faddling,

You 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 Lads.

With a Faddling,

You Dance Courants and the *French Brail*,
 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 Faddling,

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 Clo

With a Faddling,

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



Cock-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 Kitchen 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 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 S

A Rich fat Usurer stew'd 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 Be
 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 First 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

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

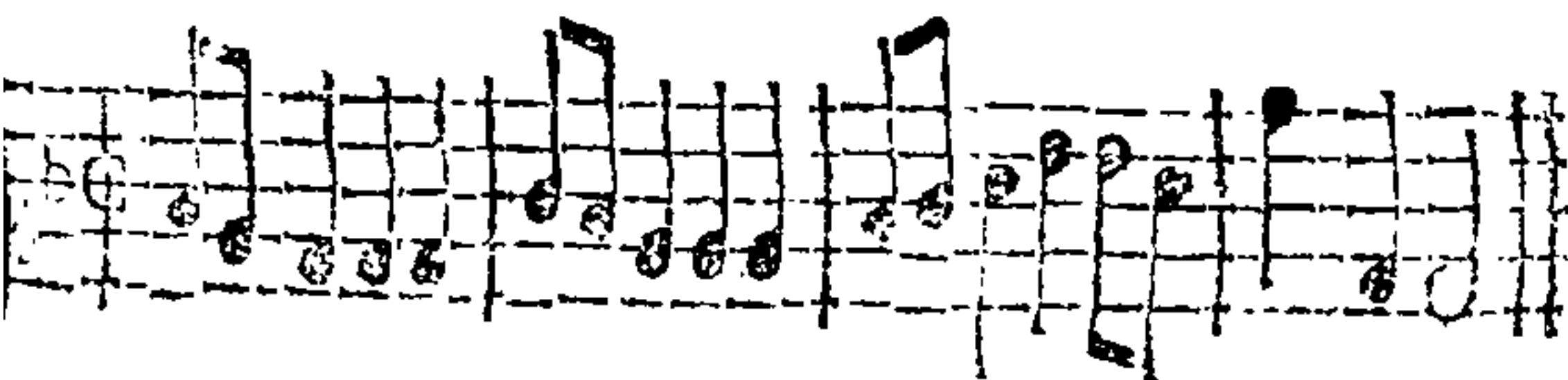
Men feel the Pullen when they lay,
If they be Plump, and so wou'd I,
Men ride their Nags, and try their Pace,
The like would I do in this case.
Who will buy Land, e'er they do know,
What Fruit on it is apt to grow?

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?
Yet yet that part that all must bind,
Shew not, lest you strike me Blind.



Old English A L E.





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 *Palsgrave's* Country,
 Is nothing like t'our *English* Ale,
 That Liquor of Life, call'd *Ipse*.

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

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

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

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 *Ipsē*.

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 fuddled with *Ipsē*.

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 *Ipsē*.

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 *Ipsē*.



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,
VWith their Velvet Shooes in Clusters.
Which, &c.

If you walk the Town of London,
VWhere 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 kind Part,
 And Father a Child that is none of my own.

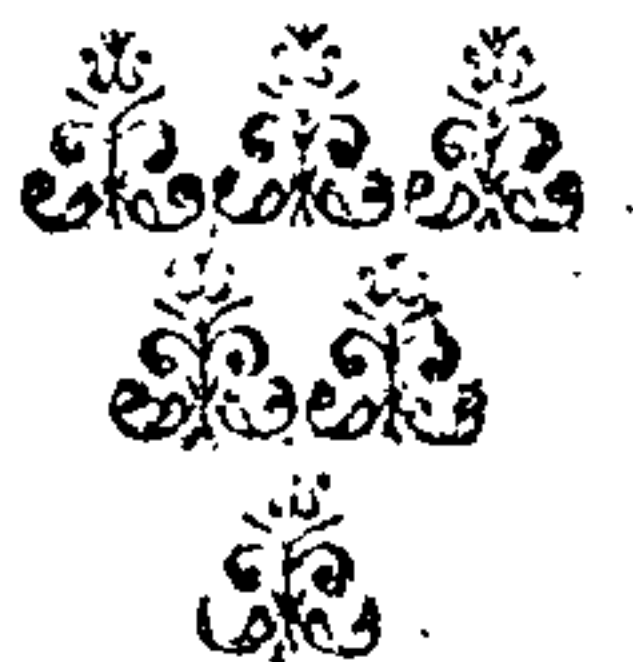
Full Twelve Months I cross'd the Seas,
 Mean time I was crost as much on the Land,
 For all the while my Wife sat at her ease,
 And had her Companions at her Command;
 There's never a Gallant but set at her Hand,
 And said it was pity she should be alone,
 And now they would have me subscribe to a Bond,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

Let:

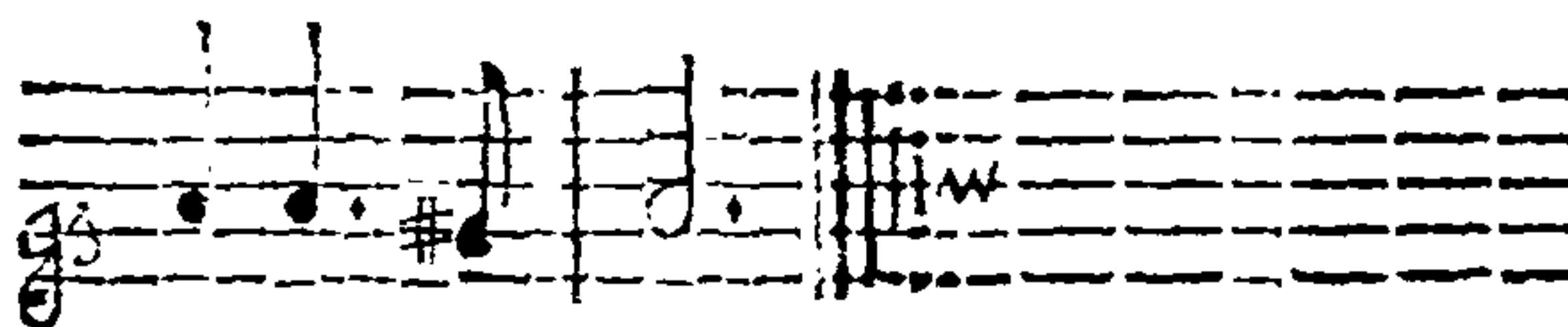
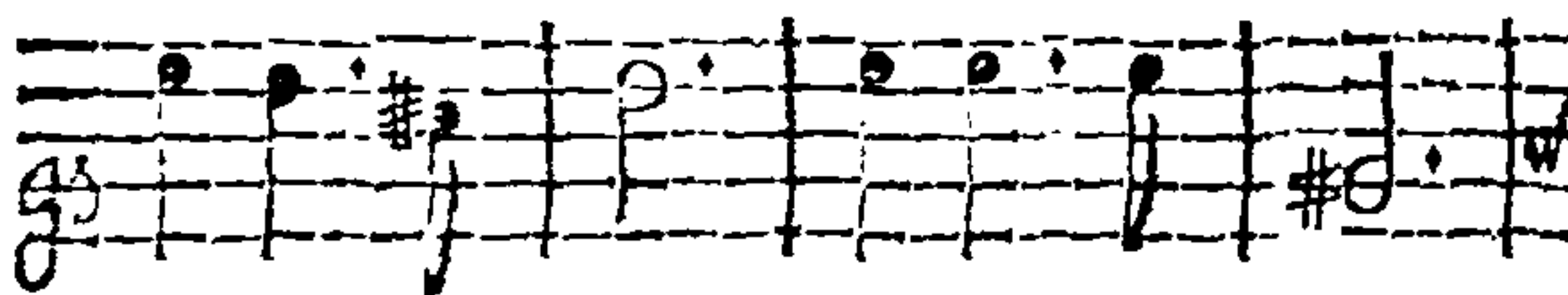
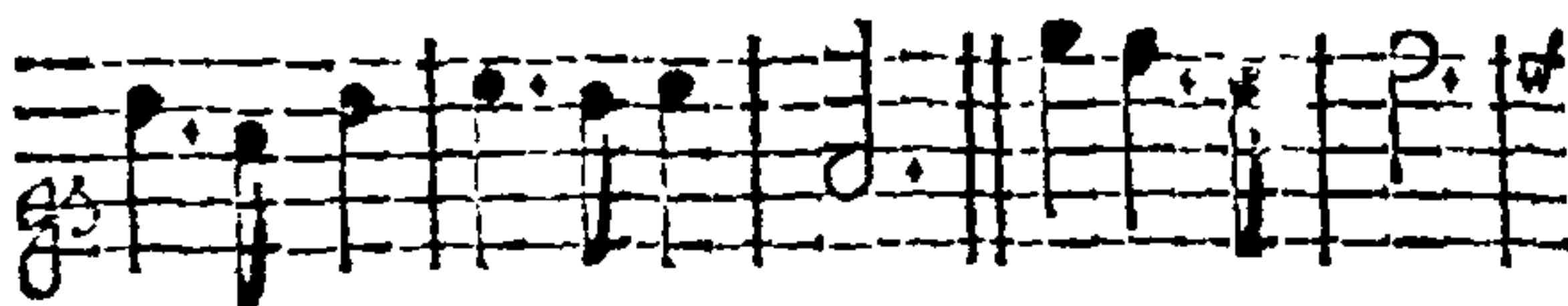
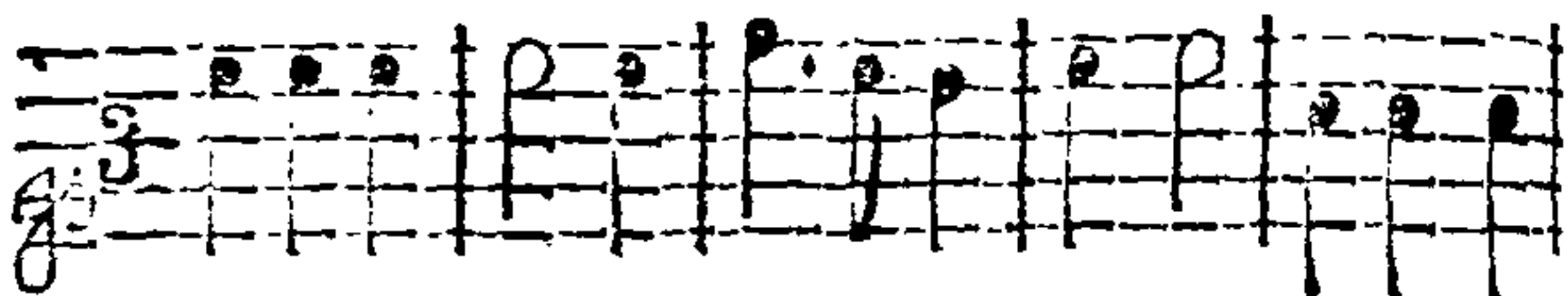
Let every Father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that,
Altho' I'm a Buck, I am not so Wild,
To nail up my Horns for another Man's Hat,
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since 'tis my Fortune to be overthrown,
Altho' I'm an Ox, i'll ne'er be an Afs,
To Father, &c.

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 Crosse 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

No Love of mine she e'er shall be,
Nor Reverence of her Company.

What tho' her Disdainfulness my Heart hath Cloven,
Yet I am of so stately a Mind;
Will 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-by.

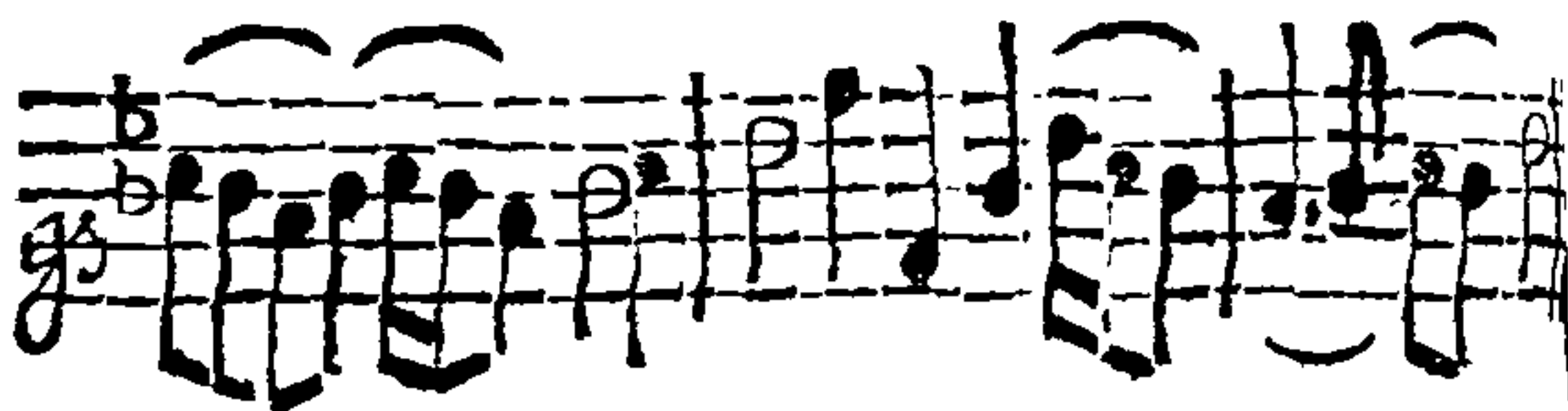
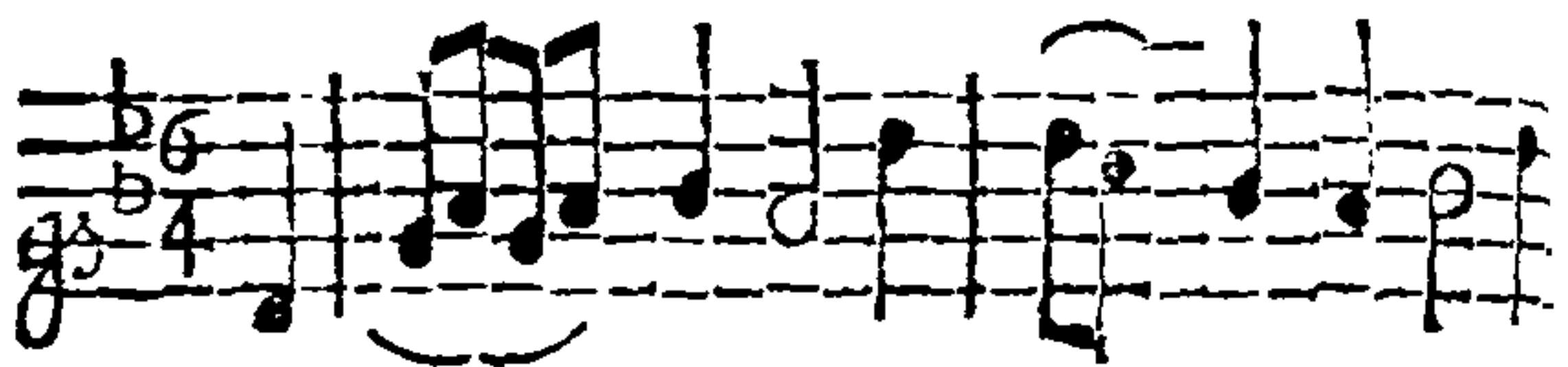
Alas, no Enjoyments, nor Comfort I can take,
In her that regards not the worth of a Lover;
A T — is as good for a Sow, as a Pancake:
Swallow that Gudgeon, I'll Fish for another,
She ne'er regards my aching Heart,
Tell a Mare a Tale, she'll let a Fart.

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.

So, this is my Counsel to young Men that Wooc,
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.

Call 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 Ref

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 Feavers 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 Fingers 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:

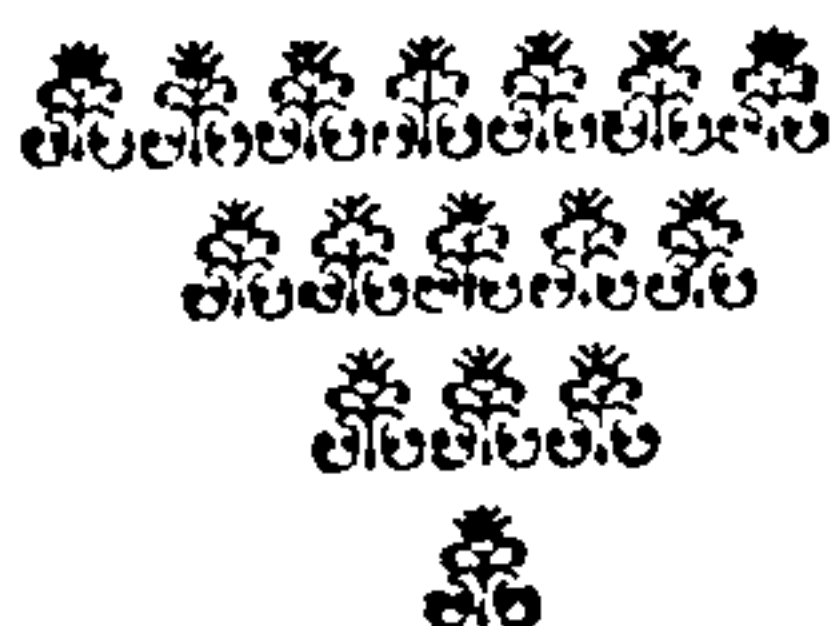
Yet

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 welcome still as may be,
 God a mercy Mother, for thy Gift
 It's a Portion for a Lady.



The RESOLUTION. Set by Mr. King.

NOW 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 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

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.

Shal

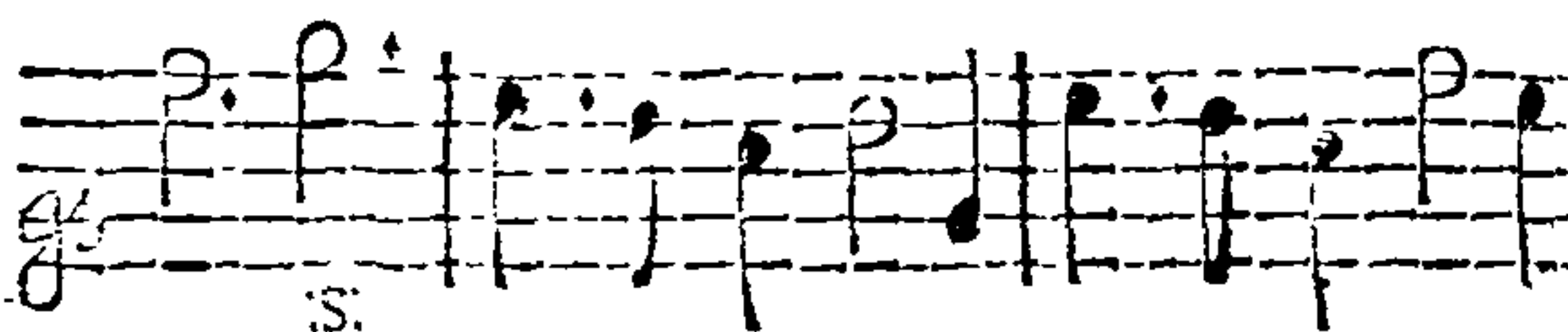
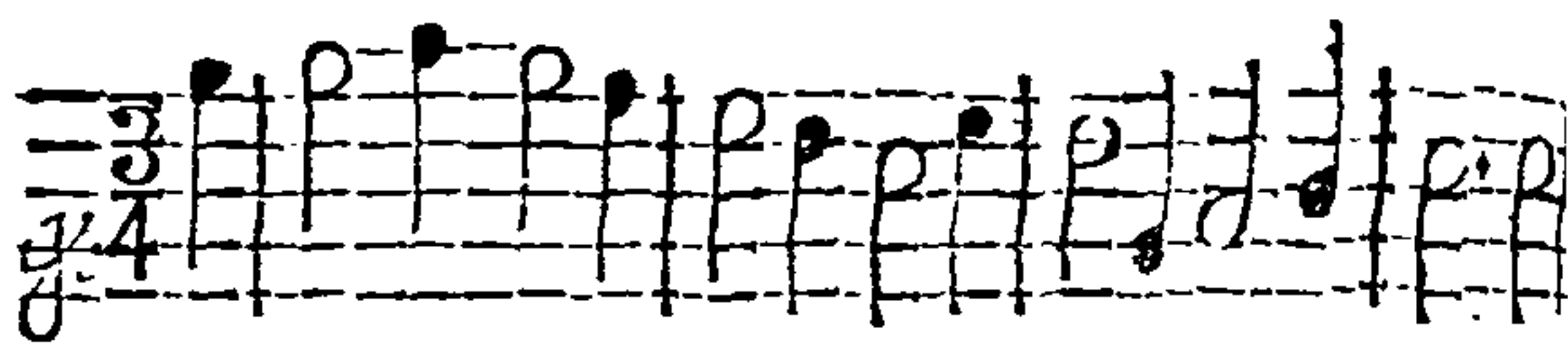
Shall my foolish Heart be pin'd,
 'Cause I see a Woman's kind ;
 Or a well-disposed Nature
 Joined with a comely Feature ?
 Be she mild, or kinder than
 The *Turtle-Dove*, or *Pelican* :
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how Kind she be.

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 she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

The Country Man's DELIGHT.



IN 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 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 *Sommerfet*,
Where Men be frolick and free:
And there, &c.



The Second P A R T.

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

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 snuffing 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,
Jump 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 John doth meet,
She gives him Hir 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;
Jean 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 ever more 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 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 Peace-
 ful 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 Glorious Things.

Set by Mr. TENOE.



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 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.

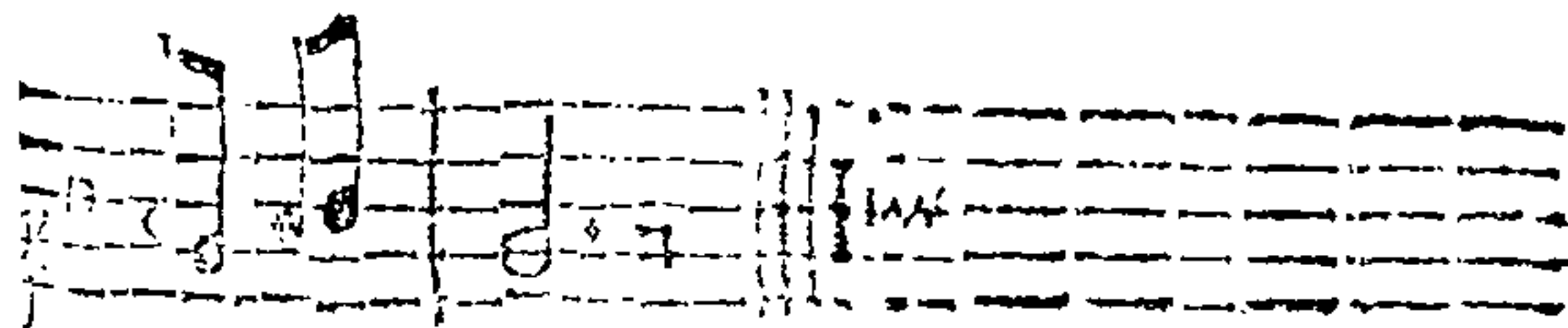
Three things there are ill to Tame,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Devil, a Wild-Colt, and a Woman,
It is, &c.

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 blefs and to keep every Honest Man.
It is, &c.



A RIDDLE *Wittily Expanded.*



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 rare.

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,

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 Grasse?
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

And Poyson's greener than the Grasse,

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 try'd 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 Broome,

Unto the Man that you do love,

Fa, la la la, fa, la la la rare.



The Cumberland L A S S.

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 her self 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.

Far I have rid both East and West,
 And been in many a strange Country,
 Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
 Compar'd 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,
Oh! 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 *Mid-summers-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 Lads 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 Lads am come to Wooe 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 mamy a Thank for his Good Will;

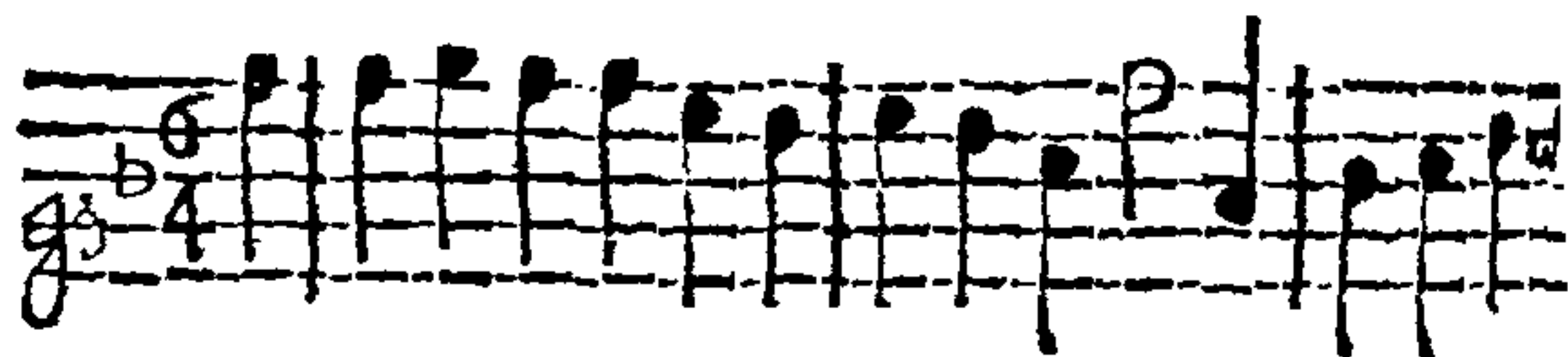
And

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 Joan,
 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,
 for cry'd I shall never believe so;
 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.

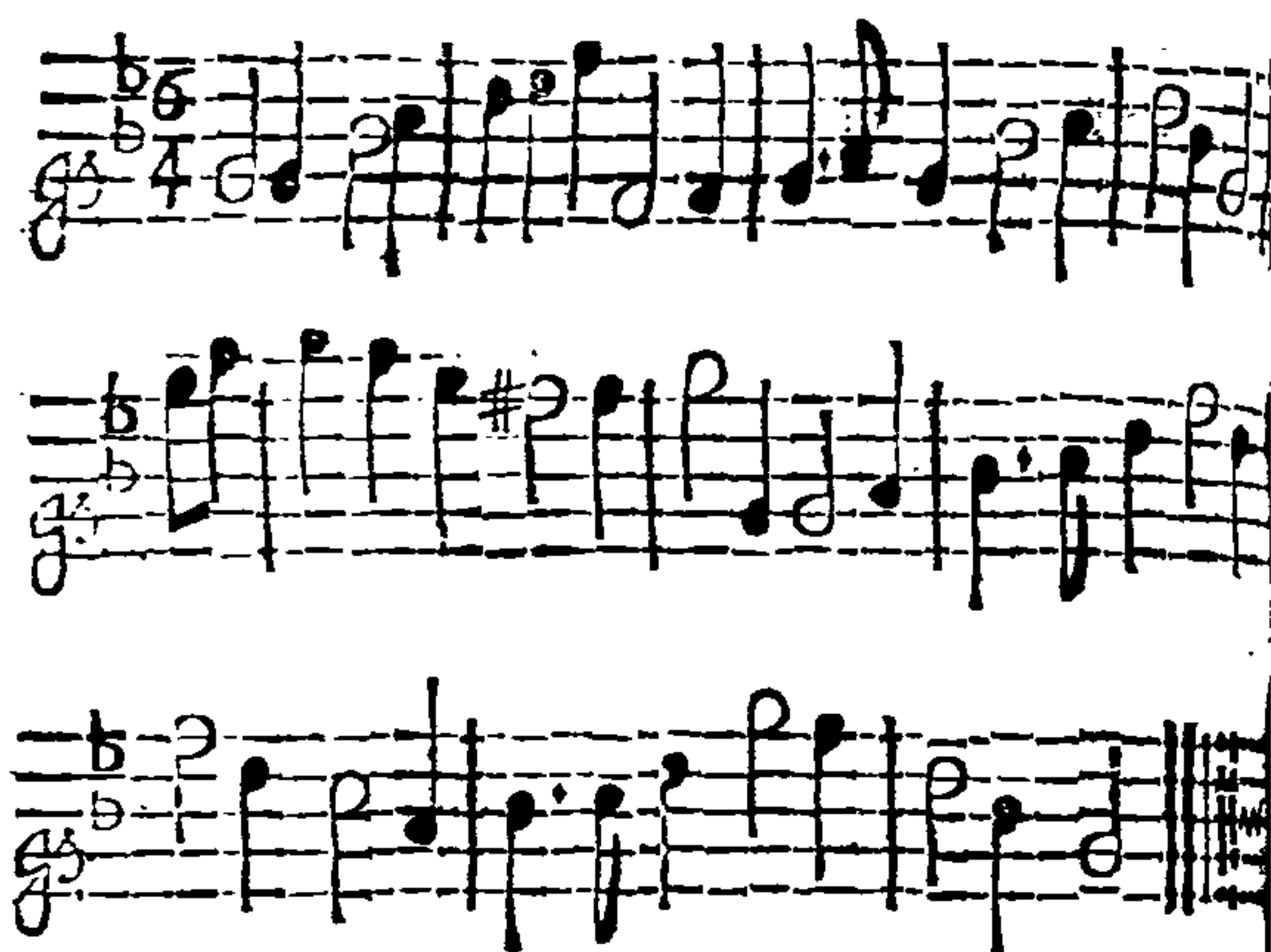
Her Hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hag,
 Her bald-pate did look like an Ostrich's Egg,
 This Lady (thought I) is as right as my Leg,
She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.

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 tumbl'd 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 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 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.

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,
Let *Cloris* in her old Ruffet-Gown,
She's found, she's found, she's found,
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

Beggar's as boon and 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,
We please us, we don't repent.

That 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,
We'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:
The taste of the Bliss, so happy's he,
He crys there's no Beggar, Beggar, Beggar,
But so blest, or so fortunate be.

The

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 flight,
 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 blest,
 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 MAT-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 Lads that is only his,
 See how they meet, and how they Kifs!

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 jig 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 *Joan* and I;
 For I'm sure I can Dance as well,
 As *Robin*, *Jenny*, *Tom* and *Nell*:

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

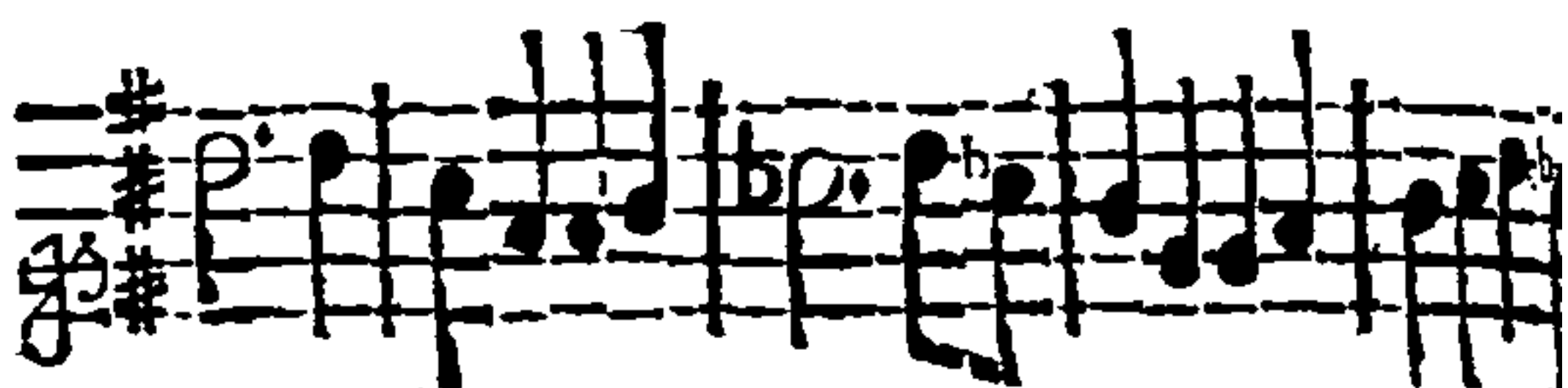
come, sweet *Joan*, let us call a New Dance,
that we before 'em may advance;
let it be what you desire and crave,
and sure the same sweet *Joan* shall have:

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

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

and if we hold on as we begin,
an, thee and I the Garland shall win;
ay, if thou live till another day,
I make thee Lady of the *May*,
Dance about, in and out,
urn and Kifs, and then for Greeting;
Now *Joan*, we have done,
re thee well till next merry Meeting.



The Wiltshire W E D D I N G.

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 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.

went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
as 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,
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.

told her I would Marry'd be;
and she should be my Bride,
and long we should not tarry,
with twenty things beside:
I 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.*

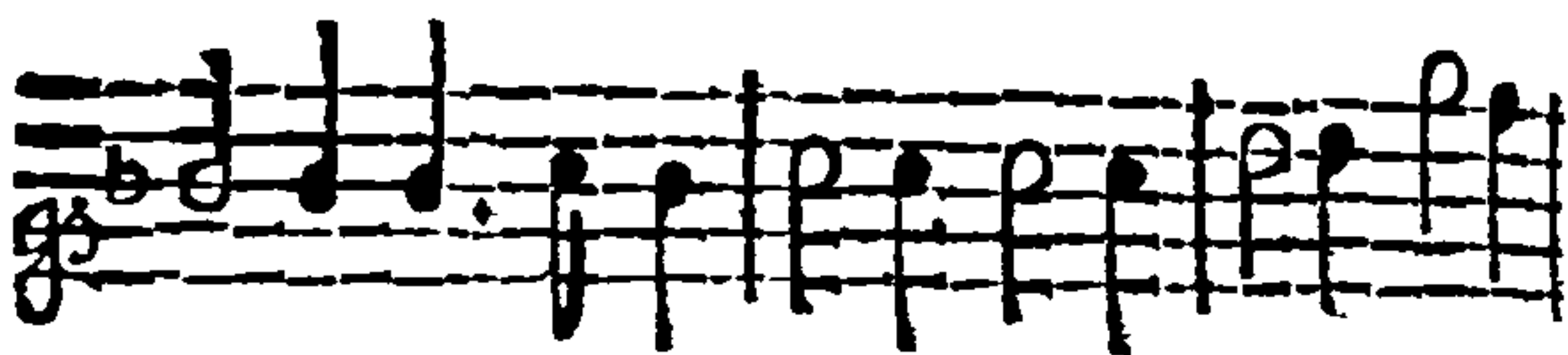
Her Dad came home full weary,
 alas! he could not chuse;
 Her Mother being Merry,
 She told him all the News:
 Then he was mighty Jovial too,
 his Son did soon begin,
*With how do you do? and how do you do?
 and how do you do agen.*

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 L A S S.

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.

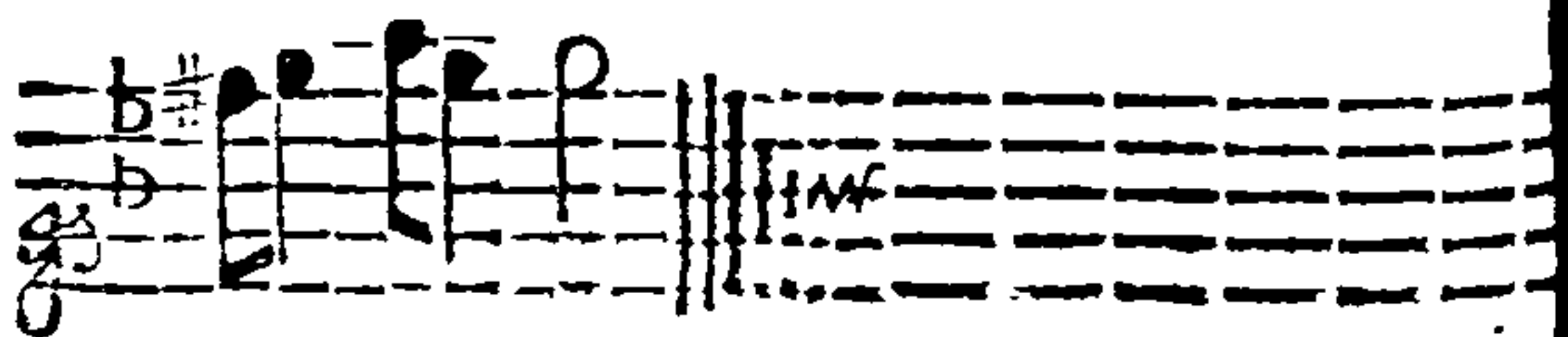
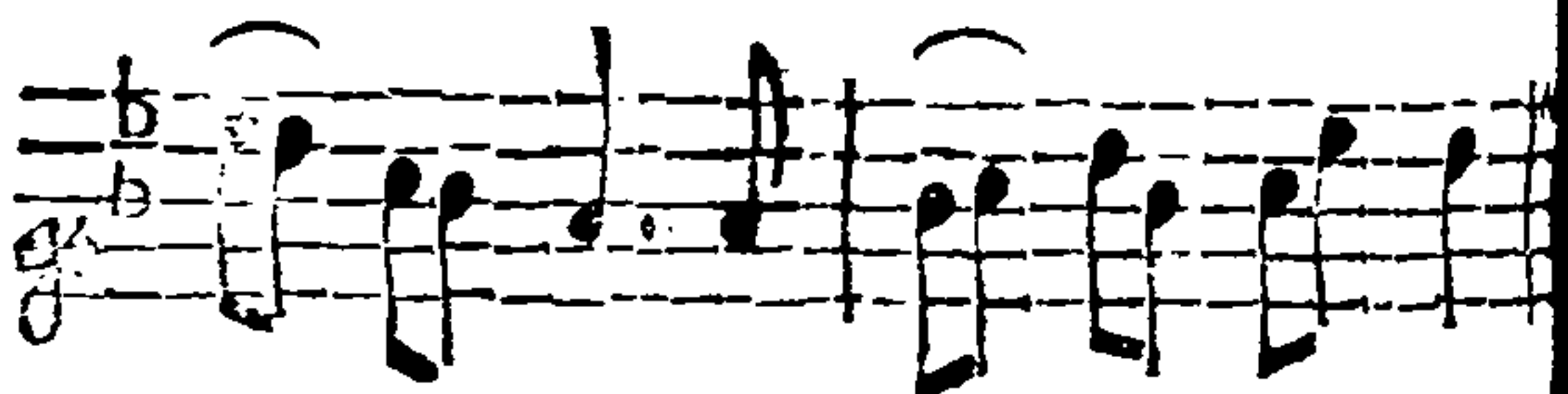
My Leather Bottle stuf't with Sage,
My Drink it is but thin a,
No Wine hath taught my brains to rage,
Nor tempt my Blood to sin a;
My Country Curds, my Wooden Spoon,
My things are very Fine a,
And on some Flow'ry Bank at Noon,
I sit me down and Dine a.

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 Gems 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.



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 Peelgarlick muſt he,
 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;
 Or 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 fight.

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, whate'er it be,
 Is still the sign of some degree.*

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.

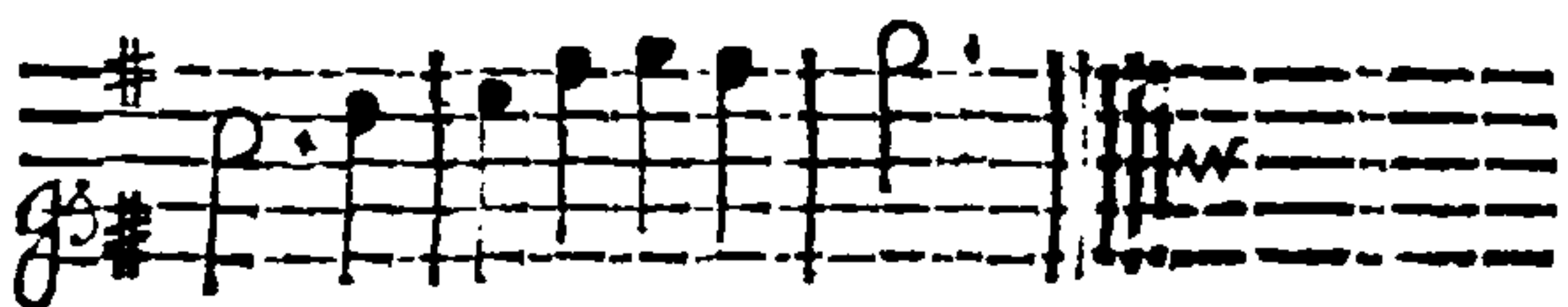
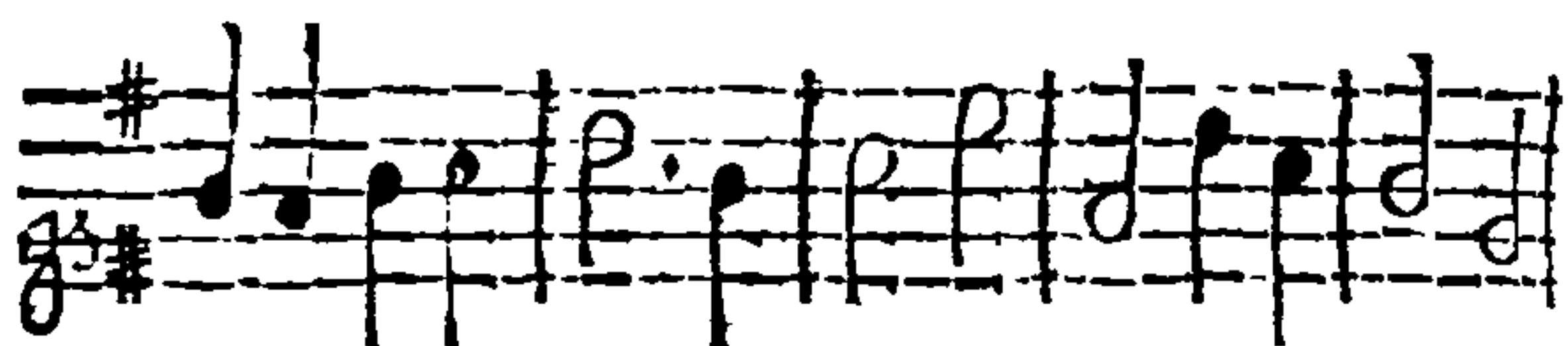
The Jester he a Cap doth wear,
 Whick makes him fellow for a Peer,
 And 'tis no slender piece of Wit
 To act the Fool, where great Men sit
 But O, the Cap of *London Town*,
 I wis, 'tis like a goodly Crown,
For any Cap, &c.

The Sickly Cap tho' wrought with Silk,
 Is like repentance, white as Milk;
 When Caps drop off at health apace,
 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 afraid,
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.

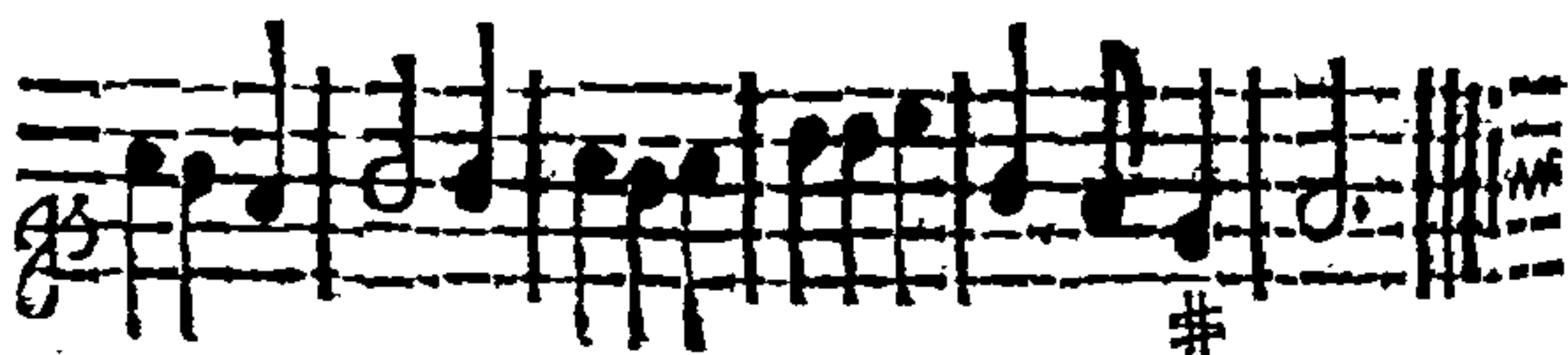
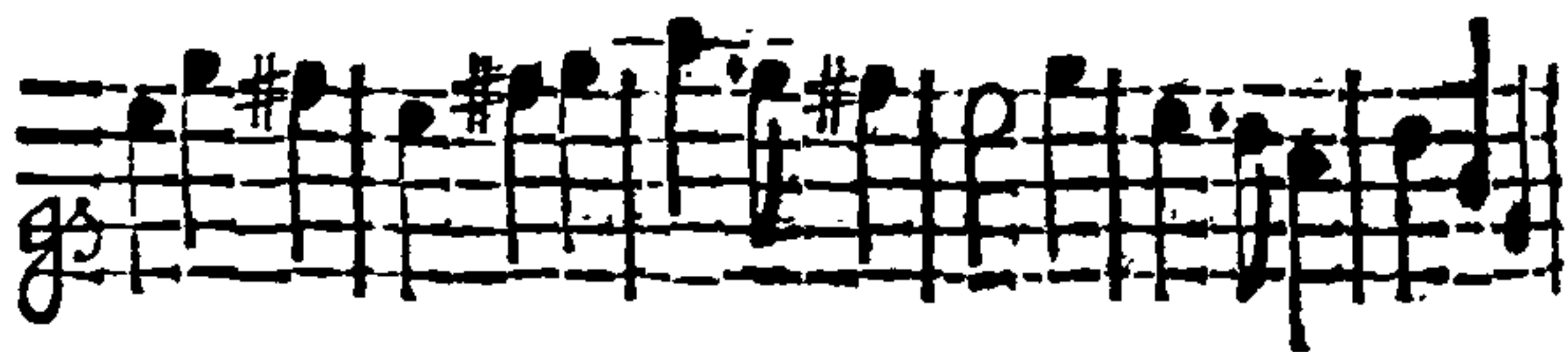
I have also seen on a Woman's Chin
 A hair or two to grow,
 But alas the Face, it is to cold a place!
 Then look for a Beard below.

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

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.

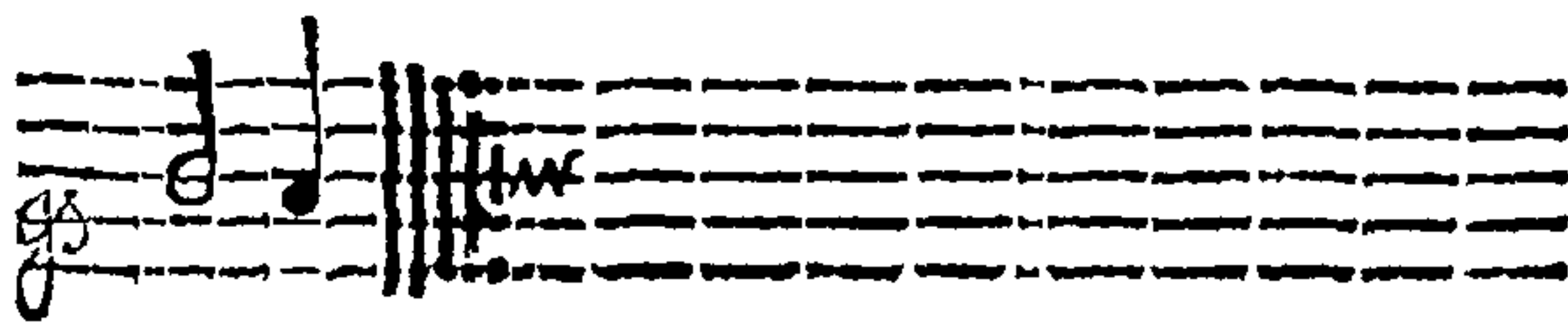
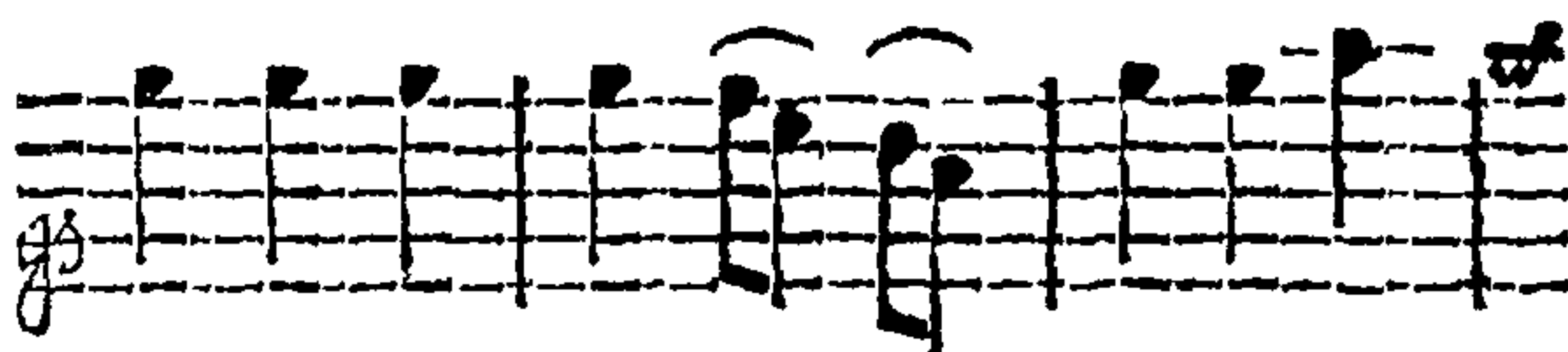
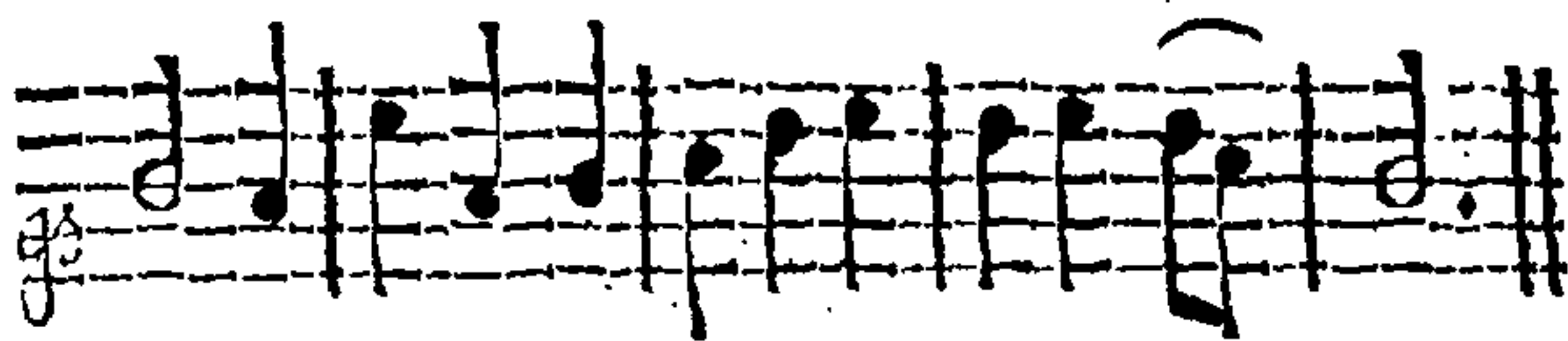
If she have a long Nose,
 The Doctor scarce knows
 How many good handfuls
 Must go to her Dose:
 You Ladies that have
 Such ill symptoms as these,
 In reason and conscience
 Should pay double fees.

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 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 *Hydragargyram* 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
 Hypochondriack 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 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 squandering 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.

IN 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 *Patience Grisel* here, and Fair *Rosamund* there,
 And the History of *Susanna*.

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

At every Door lies a Hag, or a Whore,
 And in *Hesier-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
 There's a place they call *Shoemaker-Row*; (Stars,
 Where that you may buy Shoes every day,
 Or go bare-foot all the Year I tro.



TWO to ONE.



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.





WHAT Creature's that with his short Hairs,
 His little Band, and huge long Ears,
 That this new Faith hath founded?
 The Saints themselves were never such,
 The Prelates ne'er rul'd half so much,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling Reprobate,
 Cause by the *Pope* Propounded;
 And thinks a Zealous Cobler better,
 Than learned *Ujber* in every Letter,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he, that doth High-Treason say,
 Is often as his Yea and Nay,
 And with the King confounded;
 And dares maintain that *Mr. Pim*,
 Is fitter for the Crown than him,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
 A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,
 Doth think his Conscience wounded;
 Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
 And meet a Sister by the way,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that met a Holy Sister,
 And in a Hay-cock gently Kifs'd her?
 O then his Zeal abounded;
 Was underneath a shady Willow,
 Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round-head.

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 Goats, but all Hell was broke
Which no Body, &c. (loose

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 sticks 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 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
Which no Body, &c. (reading,

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.

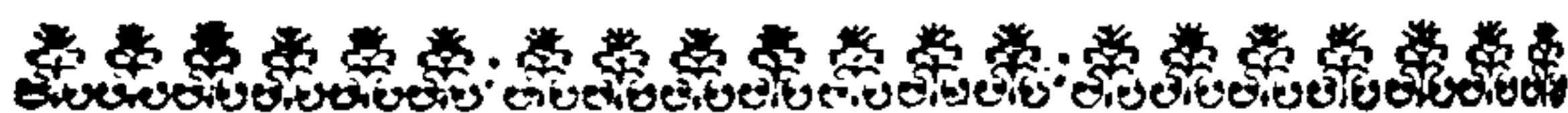
Next Morning at Eight, his Lordship did call,
And ask'd if they'd got any Powder or Ball,
But they Manfully answer'd, they had none at all,
Which no Body, &c.

Among 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.

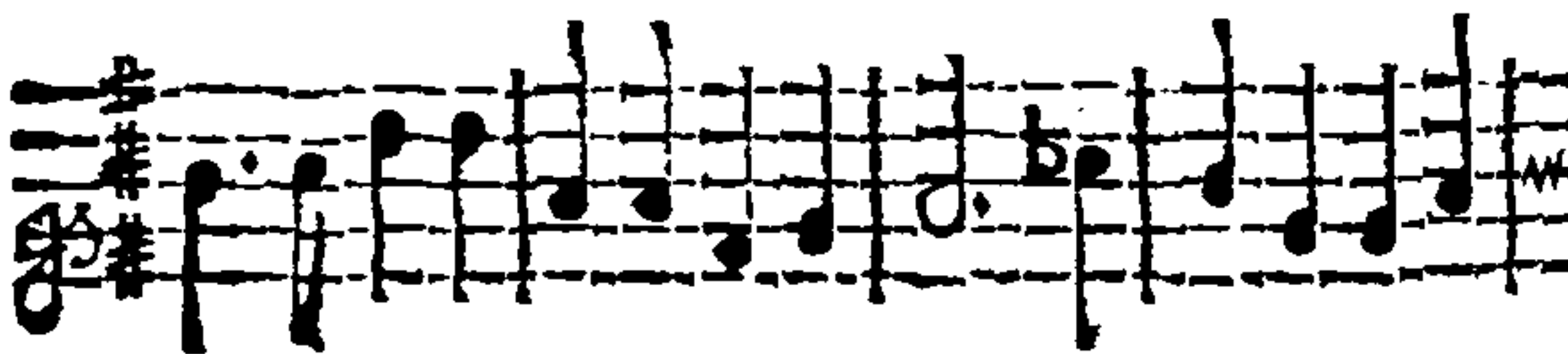
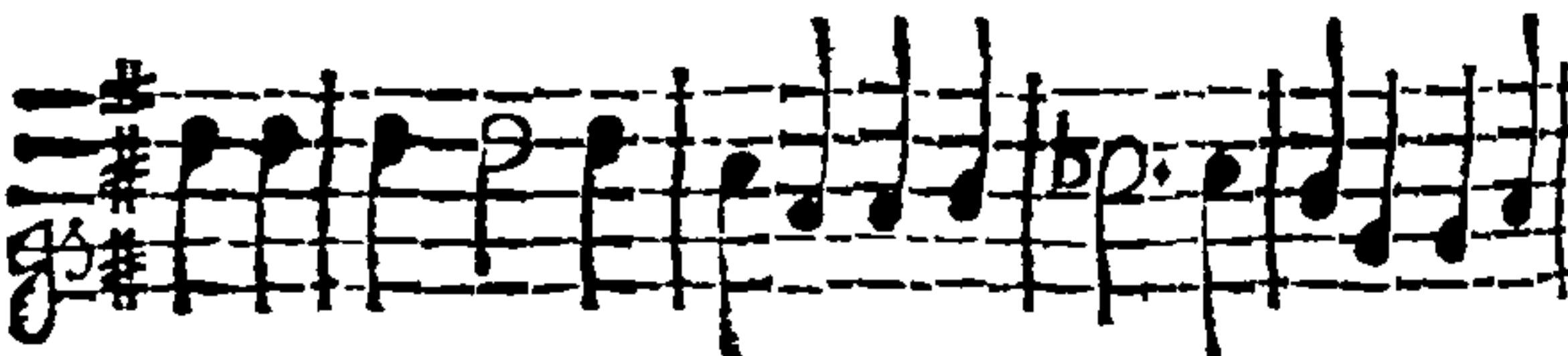
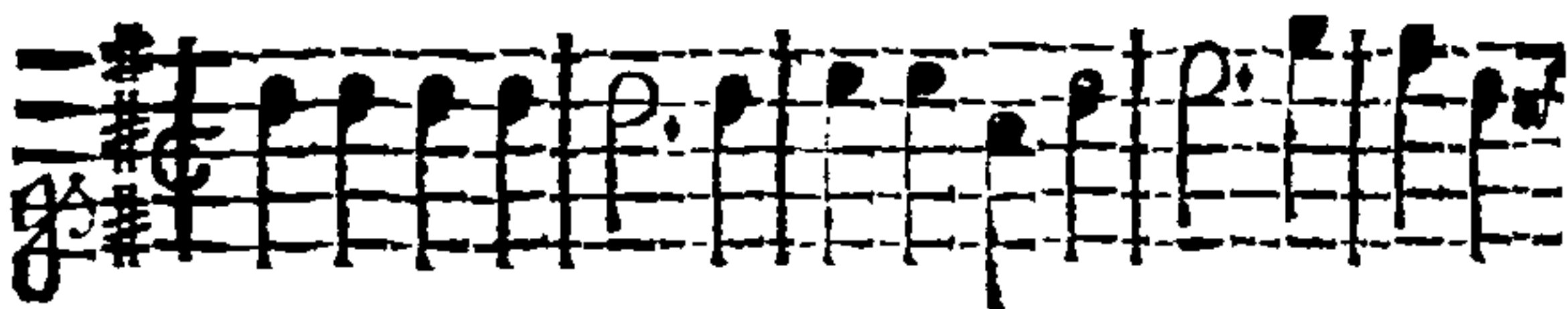
At foot of the Colours, blith Crendon did go,
Who play'd a new Tune, which you very well know,
For his Bag-pipes squeak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero,*
Which no Body, &c.

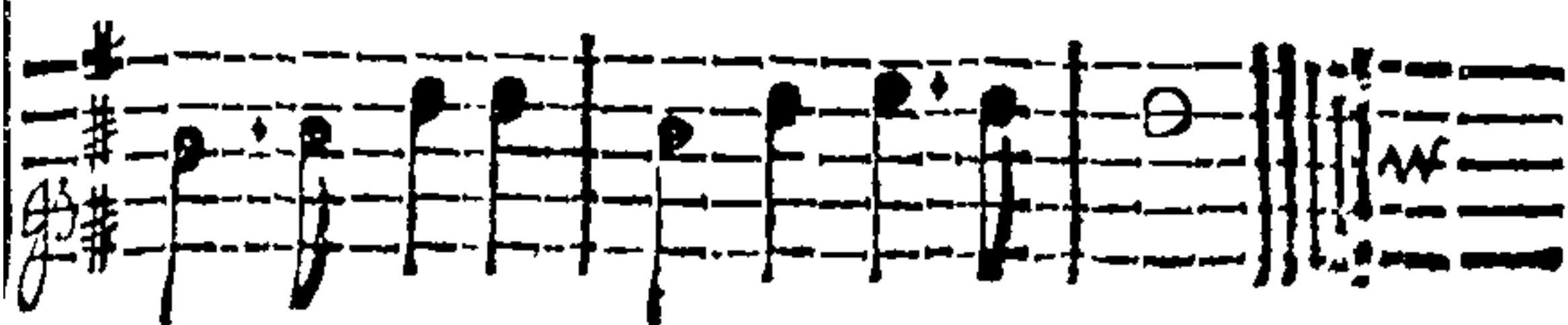
Ah! had the dear Joys but come in the nick,
I fancy they'd shew'd 'em a slippery Trick,
For they'd March'd more nimbly without his Musick,
Which no Body, &c.

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 Noyfome,
 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*
A Upon a Market-day,
 There I met with a bonny Lads
 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;

180 **PILLS to Purge Melancholy.**

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 found,
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 Glafs 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.

Loft in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
 And blest'd beyond Expressing,
 How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
 Reward so great a Blessing?

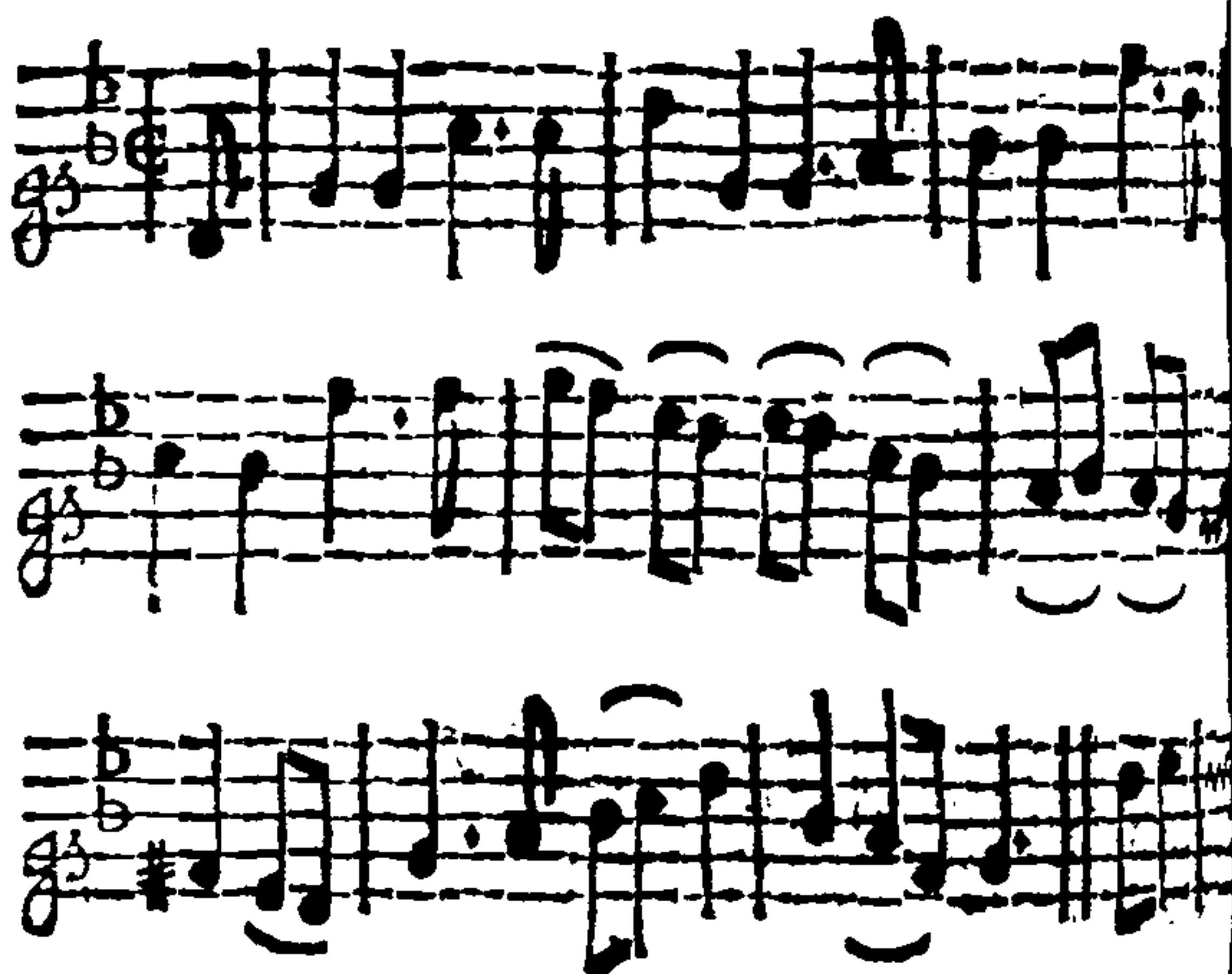
The whole Creation's Wealth survey,
 O'er both the *Indies* wander,
 Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
 And Fighting Monarchs squander.

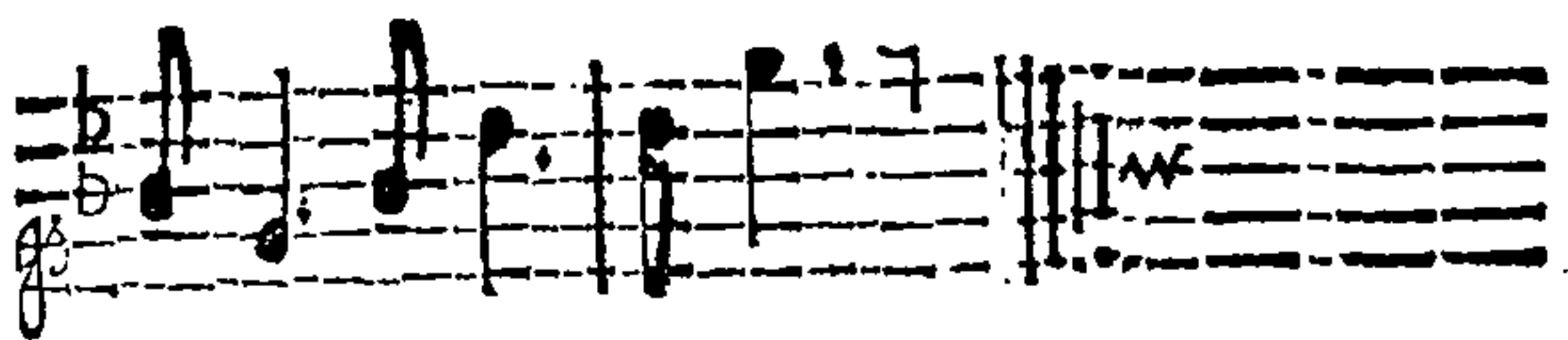
The richest Spoils of Earth and Air,
 The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
 'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
 To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,
 Since *Celia* thus you Fancy,
 Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
 A Rundlet of right *Nantzy*.



Cousin TAFFEY.





T Here was Man, a Shentleman,
 And hur was porn, where was 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 Coofe,
 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 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 *Kilberry* 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*.

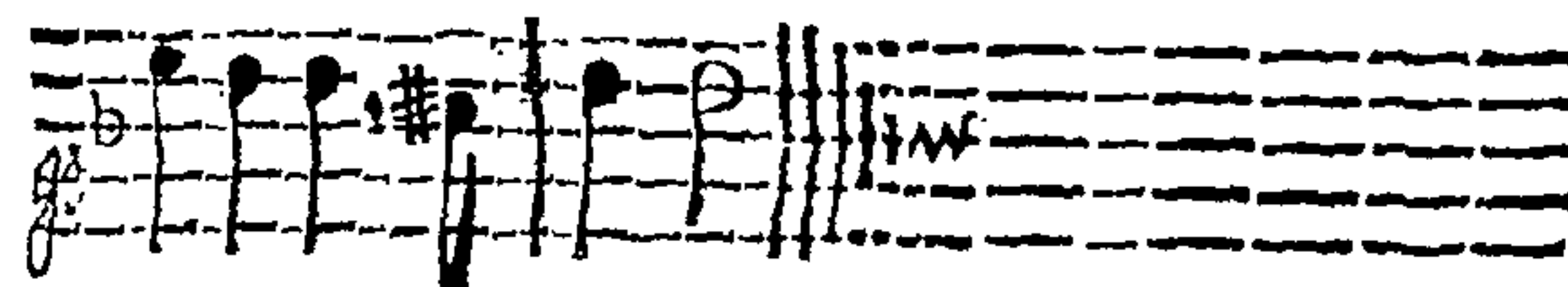
But her was meet with a great Mischance,
 As hur was pass a gay Lady by,
 Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
 Was steal behind hur Cowardly,
 With a rousty, fousty, dousty Dart, *Taffy, Taffy,*
 Was miss hur Skin, was prick hur Heart, Cousin *Taffy*!

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 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 Childrens Thighs, with which
I feast the *Faries*:

Yet I will sing, &c.

My

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 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 went to Pluto's Kitchin, to beg some Food one Morn-
ing,**

**And there I got Souls piping hot, with which the Spits
were turning :**

Yet will I sing, &c.

**Then took I up a Cauldron where boyl'd Ten Thou-
sand Harlots,**

**'Twas full of Flame, yet I drank the same to the health
Yet will I, &c. (of all such Varlets.**

**A Spirit as hot as Lightning, did in that Journey guide
(me,**

**The Sun did shake, and the pale Moon quake, as soon
Yet will I, &c. (as e'er they spi'd me :**

**And now that I have gotten a Lease, than Dooms-day
(longer,**

**To live on Earth with some in Mirth, ten Whales shall
Yet will I, &c. (feed my Hunger :**

**No Gipsie, Slut, or Doxy, shall win my Mad Tom from
(me,**

**We'll weep all Night, and with Stars fight, the Fray
Yet will I, &c. (will well become me :**

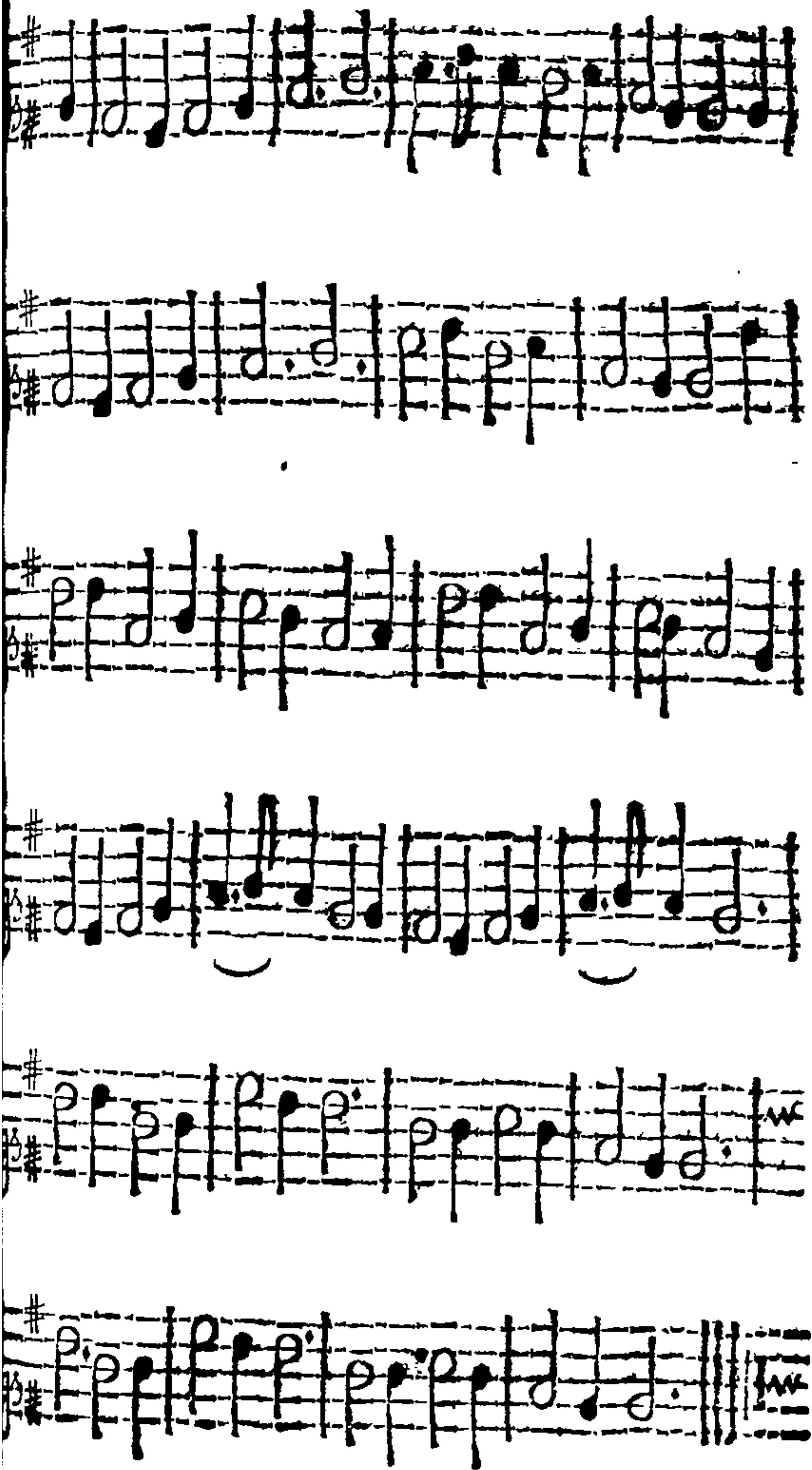
**And when that I have beaten the Man i'th' Moon to
(Powder,**

**His Dog I'll take, and him I'll make as could no Demon
Yet will I, &c. (louder :**

**A Health to Tom of Bedlam, go fill the Seas in Barrels,
I'll drink it all, well Brew'd with Gall, and Maudling-**

Yet will I, &c. (Drunk, I'll Quarrel :
John

JOHN and JOAN.



IF'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.

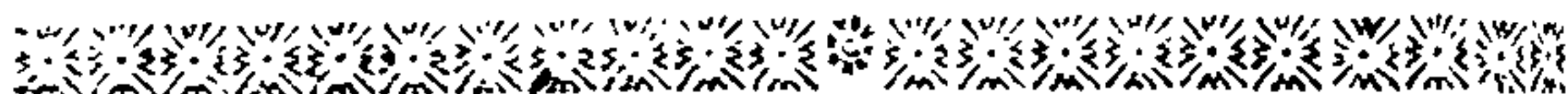
This Maid cou'd neither rest nor Sleep,
 When that she heard the Bed to crack;
 Her Master Captive busie was,
 Her Dame cry'd out, you hurt my Back:
 Oh Husband you do me wrong,
 You've lain so hard my Breast upon;
 You are such another Man,
 You'd have me do more than I can:
 Tush Master, then says *Joan*,
 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 *John*,
 To whom this Maid she went alone,
 And in this manner made her moan;
 I prithee *John* tell me no Lie,
 What ails my Dame to Squeak and Cry?
 I prithee *John* tell me the same,
 What is't my Master gives my Dame?

It is a Steel, quoth *John*,
 My Master gives my Dame at Night :
 Altho' some fault she find,
 I'm sure it is her Heart's Delight :
 And you *Joan* for your part,
 You love one withal your Heart :
 Yes, marry then quoth *Joan*,
 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 *John*,
 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 *John*,
 And for Twenty Shillings you may speed :
 Then *Joan* she ran unto her Chest,
 And fetch'd him Twenty Shillings just ;
John, 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 *John 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 *John*,
 God a mercy gentle *Joan* ;
 Prithce *John* 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 *Joan* 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 S O N G.



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 Damiel 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 Wea-

he kindl'd a Fire, and soon made him blow; (ther,

With a Rub, rub, &c.

Her Husband she said could scarce raise up his Hammer,

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 flow:

With a Rub, rub, &c.

The Smith then wou'd go, quoth the Dame full of sorrow,

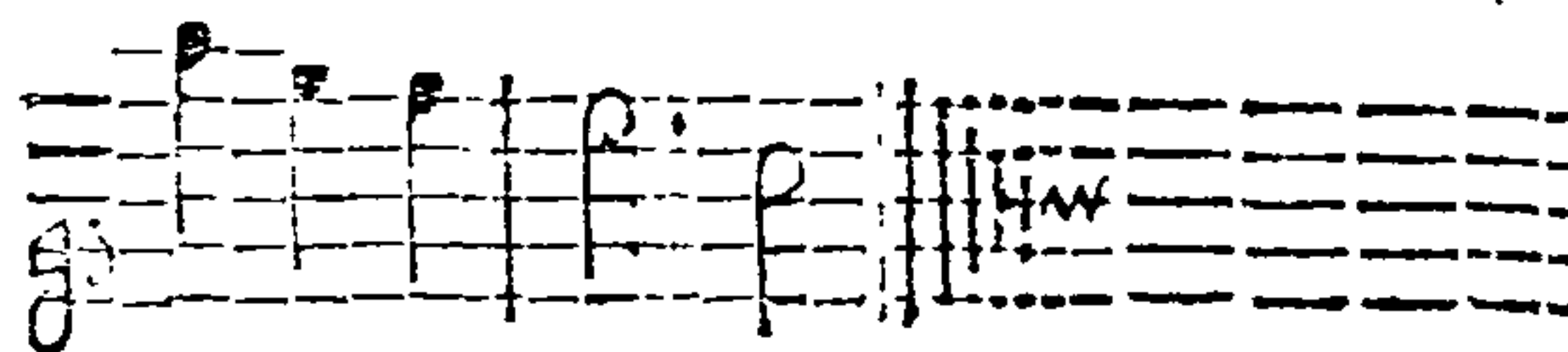
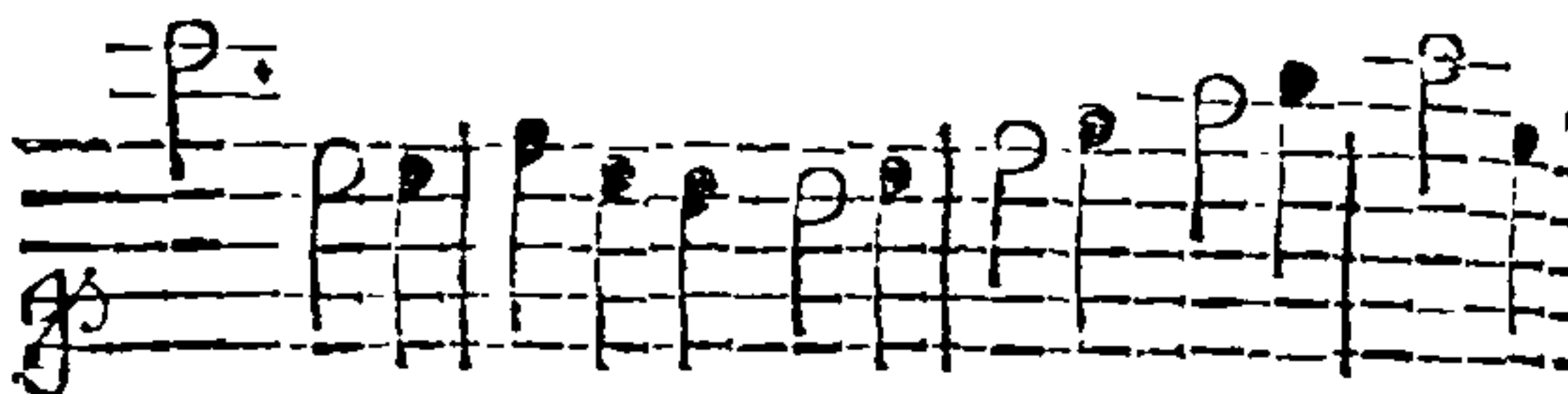
Oh what wou'd I give, cou'd my Cuckold do so!

Good Lad with your Hammer come hither to Morrow,

at pray can't you use it once more e'er you go:

With a Rub, rub, &c.

The Country W A K E.



IN our Country, and in your Country,
Where Rustlers 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 *Joan'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 *Joan* came brustling in,
And said you are vull of your Frolicks;
If you will not let black *Maggy* alone,
Besbnew she will take you by th' Bald-Pate.

When Satchel-arfe Cist, she went to P —
 And thy went Home to conduct her ;
 And all the way after they did Kifs,
 And all the way homeward they pluckt her.

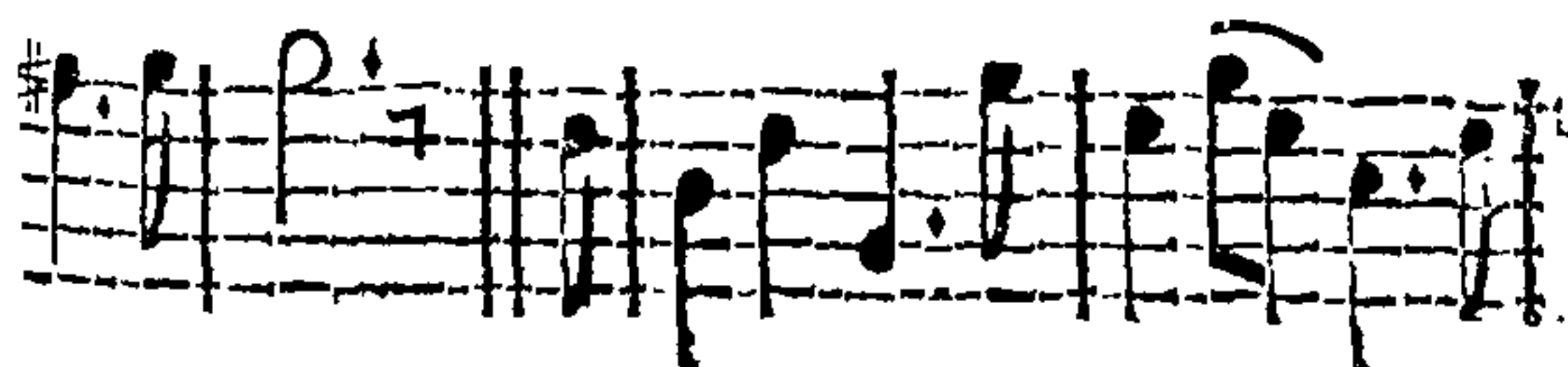
When down in a Dale was tumble-down Dick,
 The Wenches they caught him and held him ;
 Because he could not give 'em the Thing they did lack.
 Poor Fellow, they threaten'd to Geld him.

When did you not hear of a Country Trick ?
 They say that Tuskin's no Dastard ;
 Or 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, (Ba
 If thou hadst not been so black, with thy Tackles at
 thou hadst made me damnable afraid.

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.

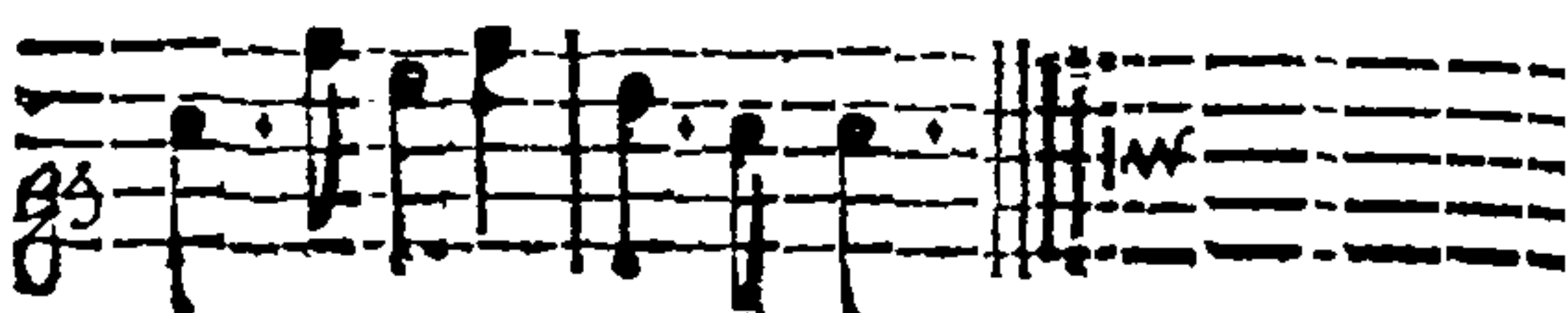
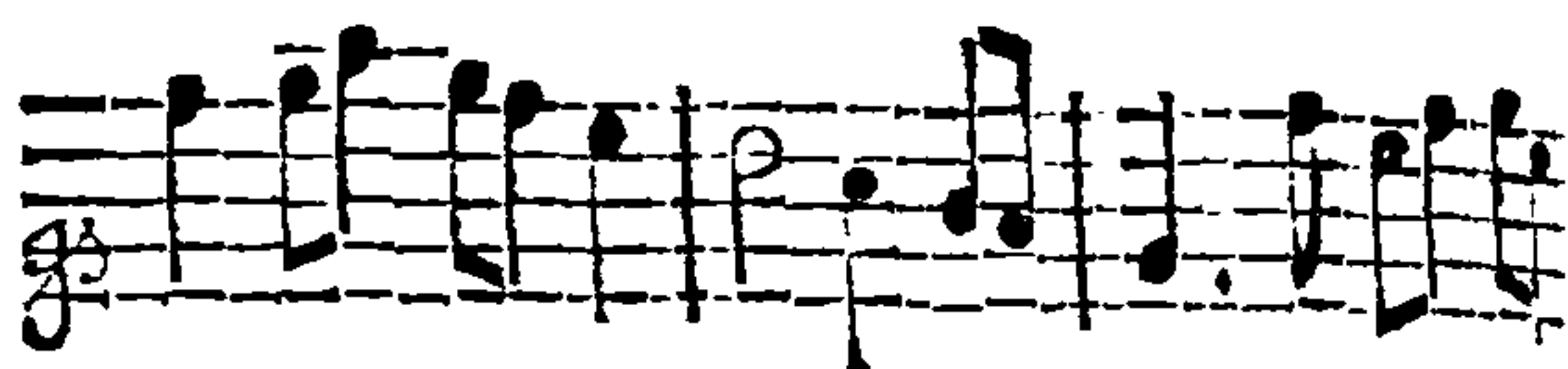
The next that came by, was a Gun-powder grinder,
 with Coals and Brimstone Sifted,
 Who for three-quarters of a Year,
 himself he had not Shifted:
 Then up the Devil rose, and he snuff'd up his Nose,
 he could endure no longer,
 Away with this Fume, out of the Room,
 it will neither quench Thirst nor 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.





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 He was forc'd to take to a Tree,
 Because the Tempest was so great,
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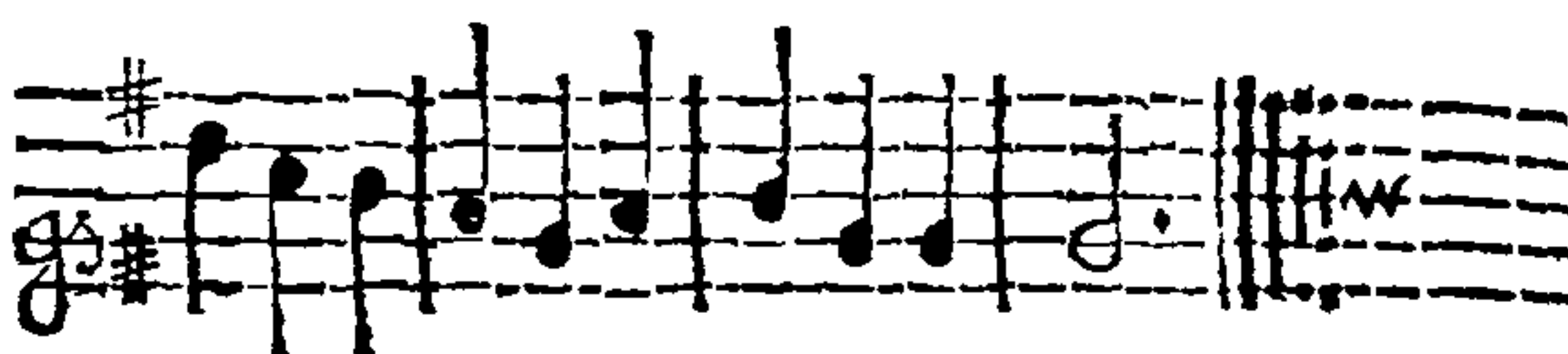
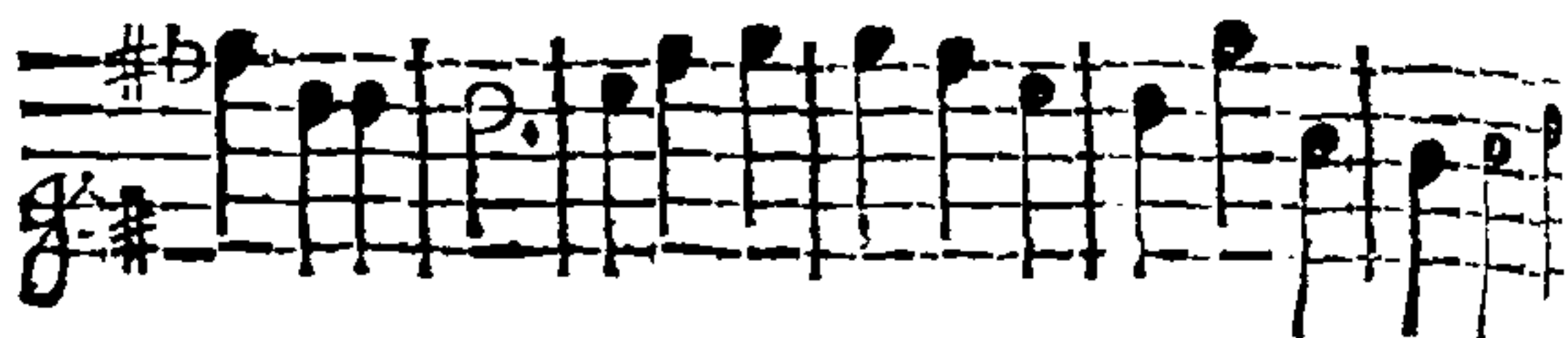
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and make him leave wandring by Night.



The IRISH Hallaloo.





INstead 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 Aisks.

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.



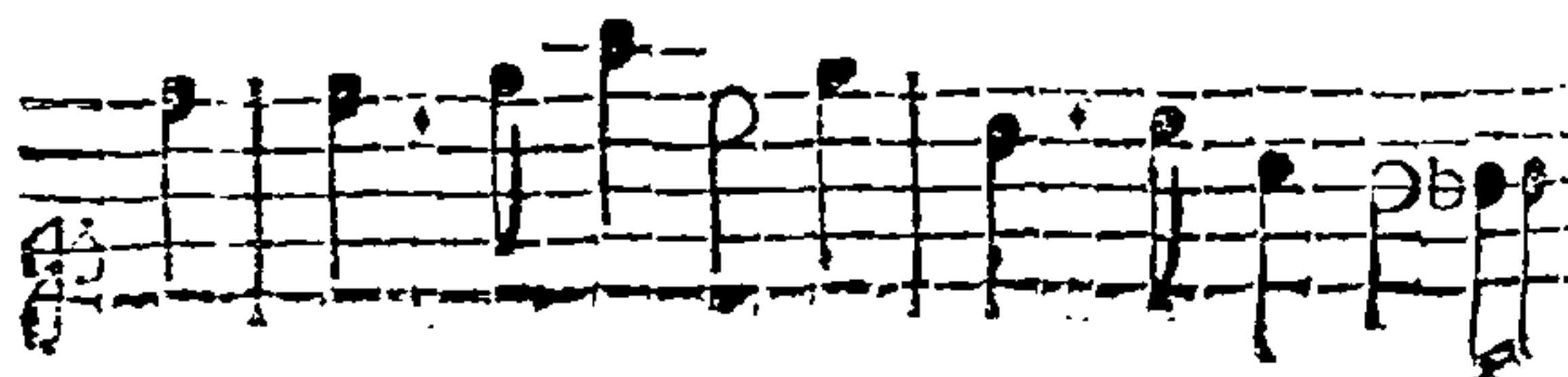
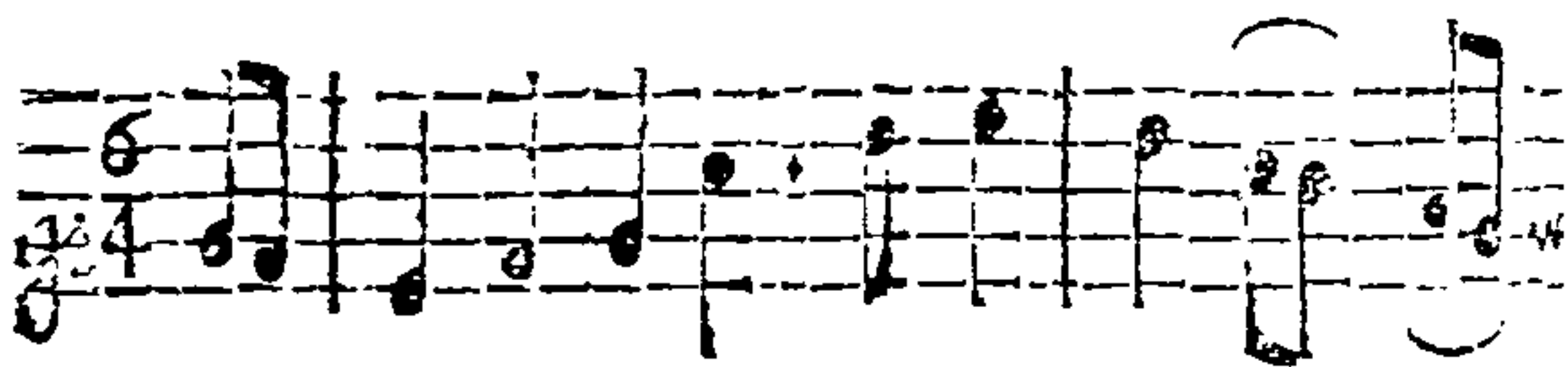
WOMEN are wanton, yet cunningly Coy;
 Lascivious, yet Crafty, to make us obey:
 When once they have Ncos'd us, triumphant they ride;
 And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
 Cho. But let them remember their Grammar Eve's Foe.
 Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

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.





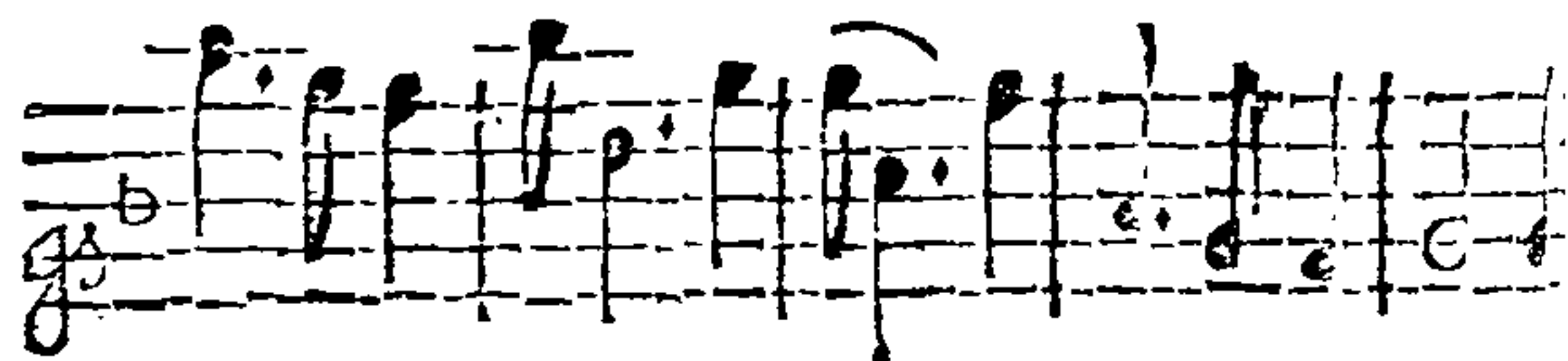
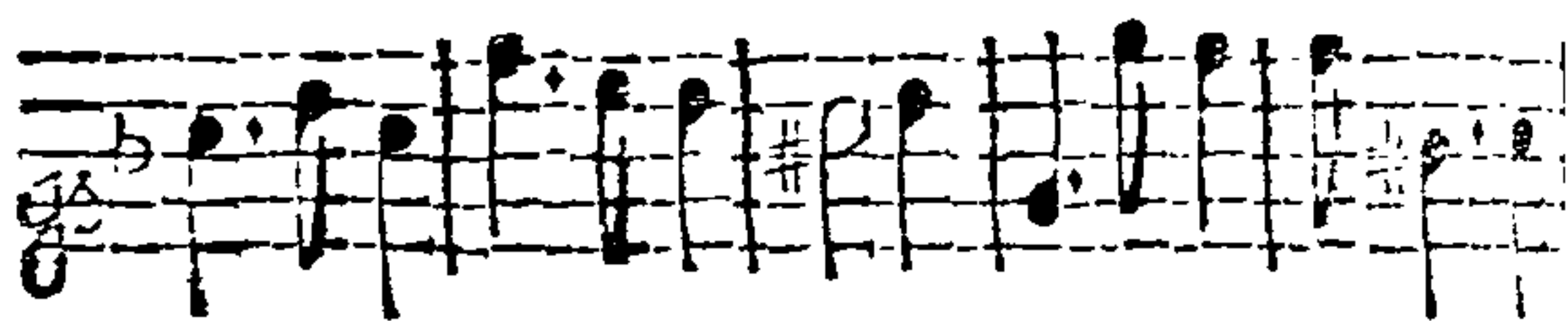
WHat if *Betty* grows old,
 and her Features decay;
 She's Young while she Drinks,
 'tis the Grape makes her gay:

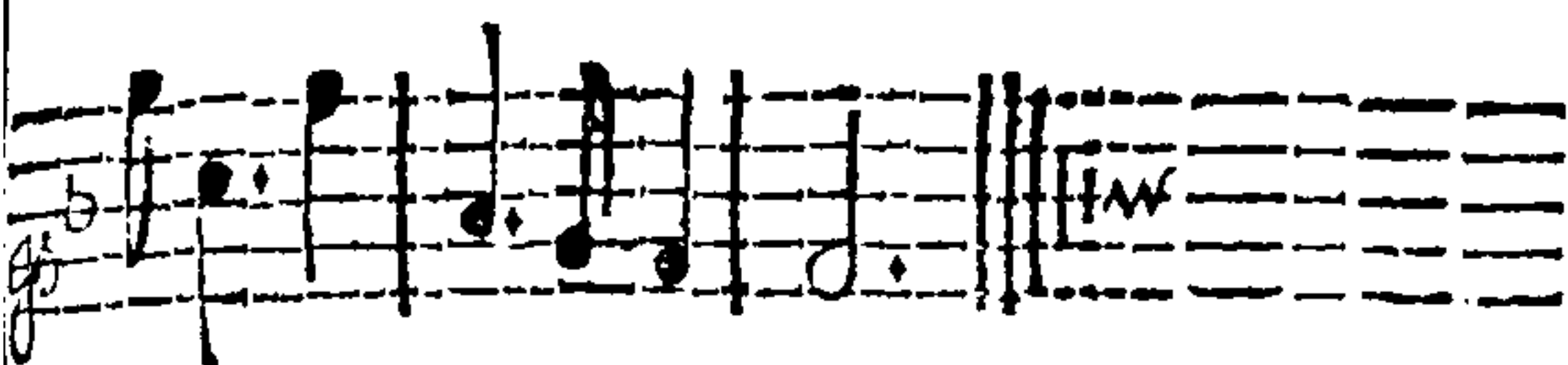
See how her Eyes shine,
 they sparkle with Drink,
 Such a Lustre has Wine,
 they never can sink,
 Such a Lustre has Wine they never can sink.

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.*

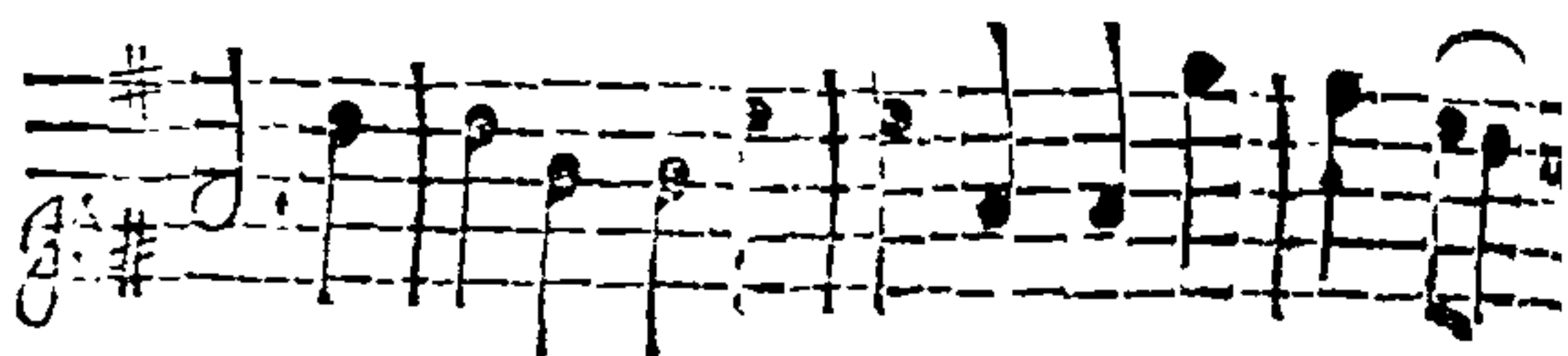
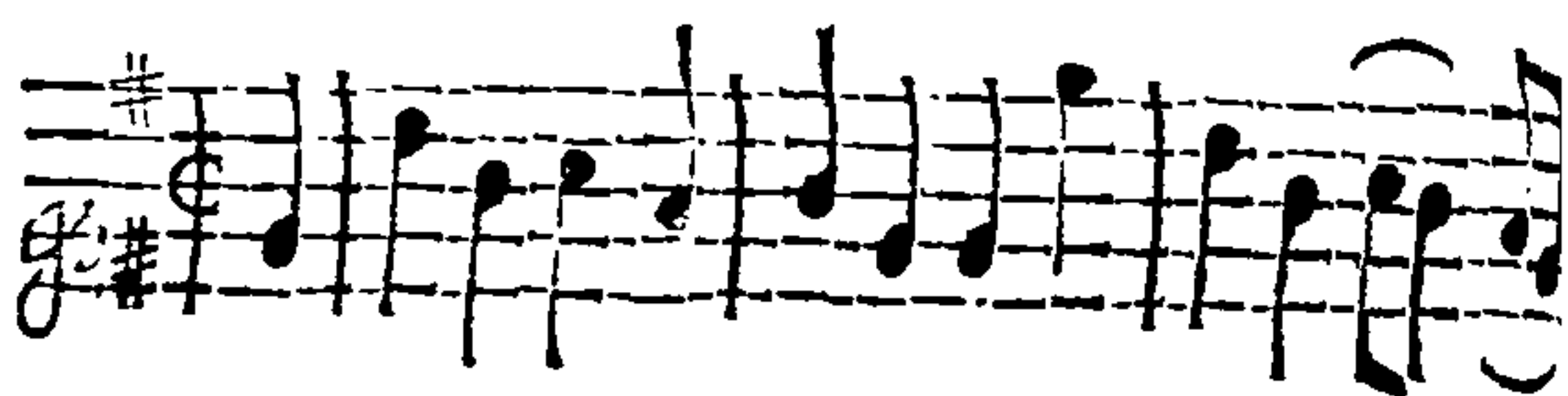


THE Weather's too bleak now to gang out of Doors,
 And faith by the Chimney Ize pass the long Hours;
 And gin that my Dear wilt now stay with me there,
 It may for blest *Jockey* Freeze on the whole Year:

My bonny blith *Jenny*, 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 Lais 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 *Jenny* 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.

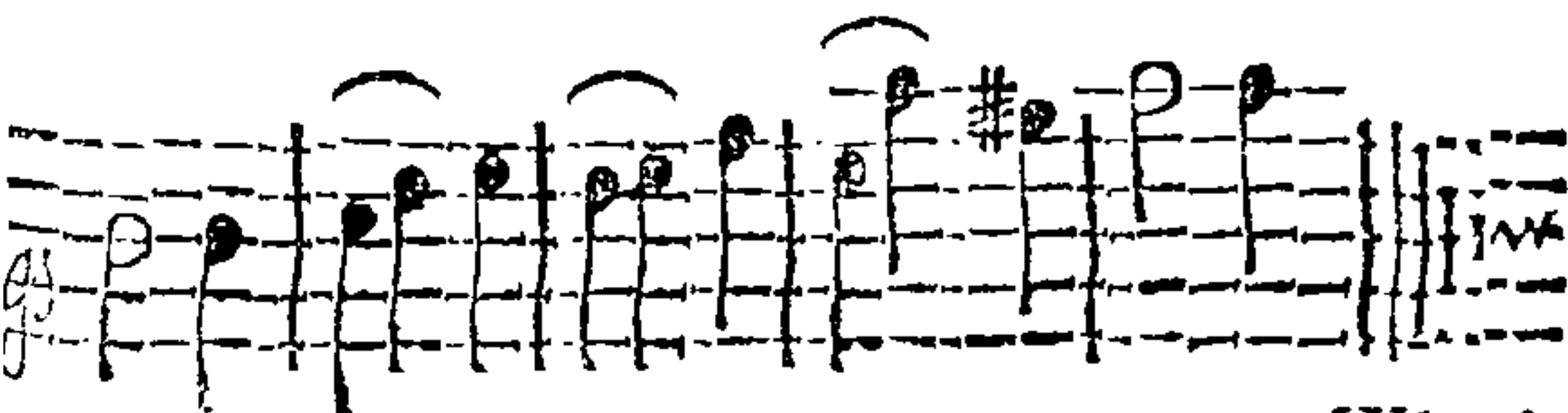
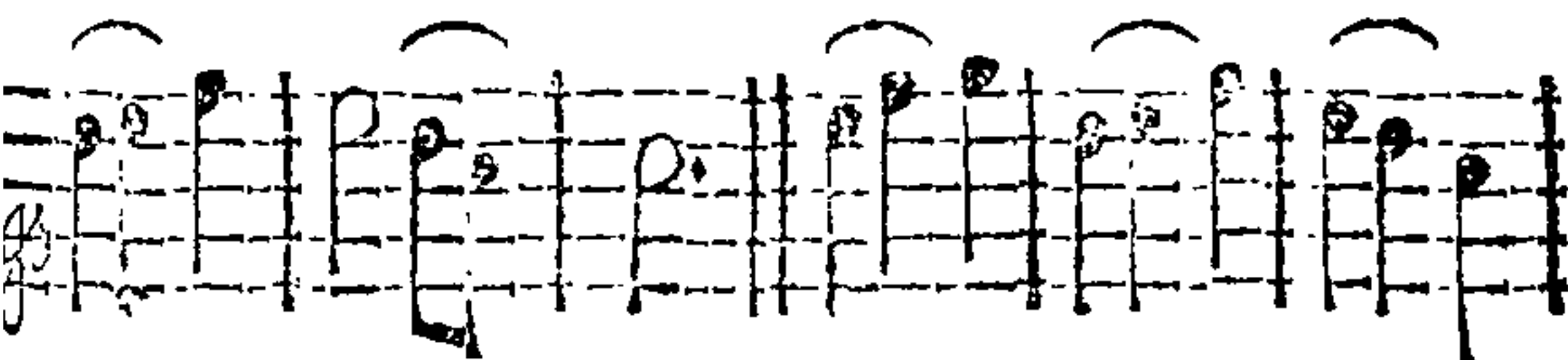
They double their Chaps, and curl their Locks,
 Their Breaths perfume they do ;
 Their Tails are pepper'd with the Pox,
 And that you're welcome to.

But give me the Buxom Country 'Lafs,
 Hot piping from the Cow ;
 That will take a touch upon the Grafs,
 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

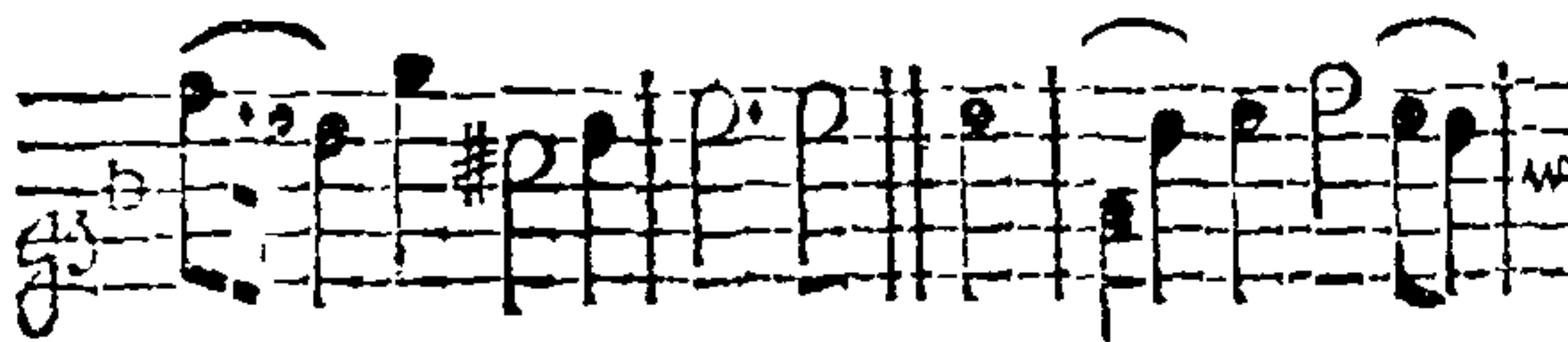
WHAT's a *Cuckold*, learn of me;
 Few can tell his Pedigree;
 Or his subtle Nature Conster,
 Born a Man, yet dies a Monster.

Yet great Antiquarians say
 They spring from old *Metbuselah*,
 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 S O N G.



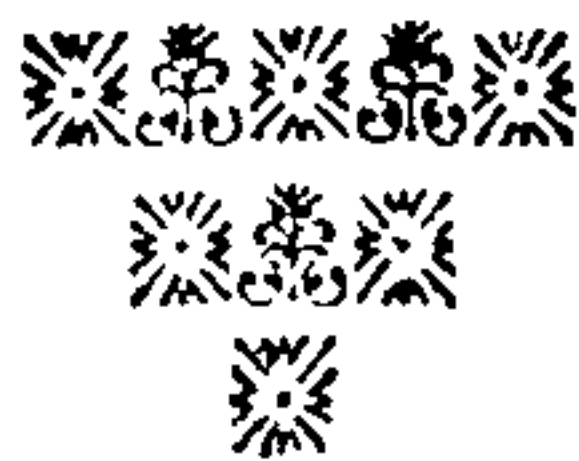


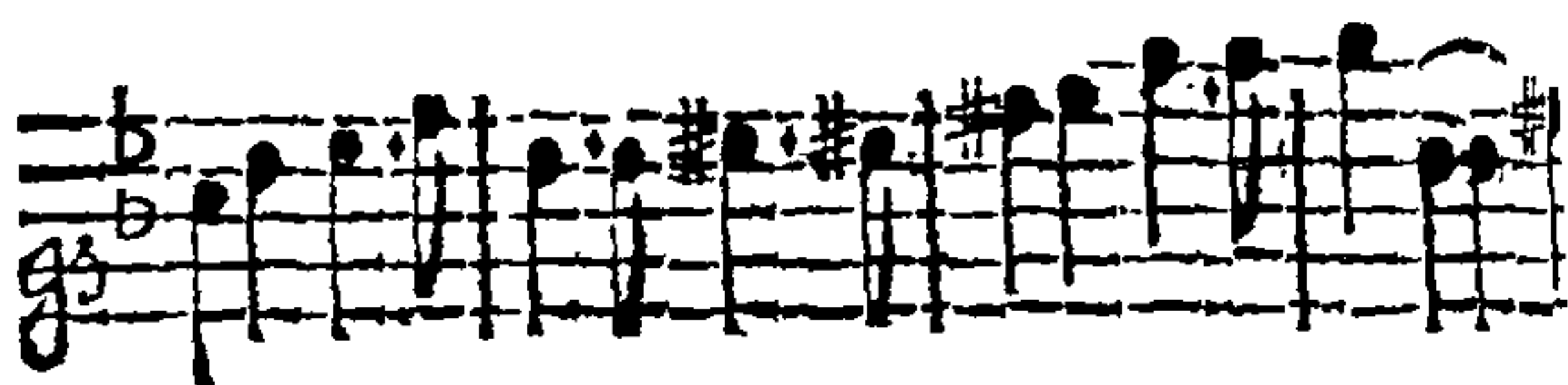
Nothing than *Cloe* e'er I knew
 By Nature more befriended ;
Celia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
 But by more Hearts attended.

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 disserve ?
 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 *Celia Cloe's* Face,
 Or *Cloe Celia's* Motion.



Dunmore K A T E.

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 ;

Whe.

Where soon she met a Footman gay,
That stop'd her short, and made her stay,
To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She Kifs'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 Wooe me, he did at di-
 (stance 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 Kifs'd it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's inchanting grace,
 He drew himself more nigh me, and gently touch'd my
 He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado, (Face;
 His Lips approaching nigher, at last he Kifs'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 S O N G.



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 walking,
 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 Bow's be hurl'd,
 That our Jollity 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 Noses 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 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, and 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 Tenant in tayl.
My thing is my own, &c.

A fine dapper Tayler, 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 Taylers 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 Puls 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 Jean.
My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
 Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
 That made their addreses 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.



N 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 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 P A R T.

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 finging
 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 favour 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 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
 With those kinds of Meat
 That's Ordained,
 Or in the World is contained:
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.



Sir William Butler's Bald Colt.



We

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 ; (Bald Colt,
 Why, that was as much as to say, as if Sir *William Butler's*
 Was at my Gaffer *Hunt's* Command a.
 Toll, toll, &c.

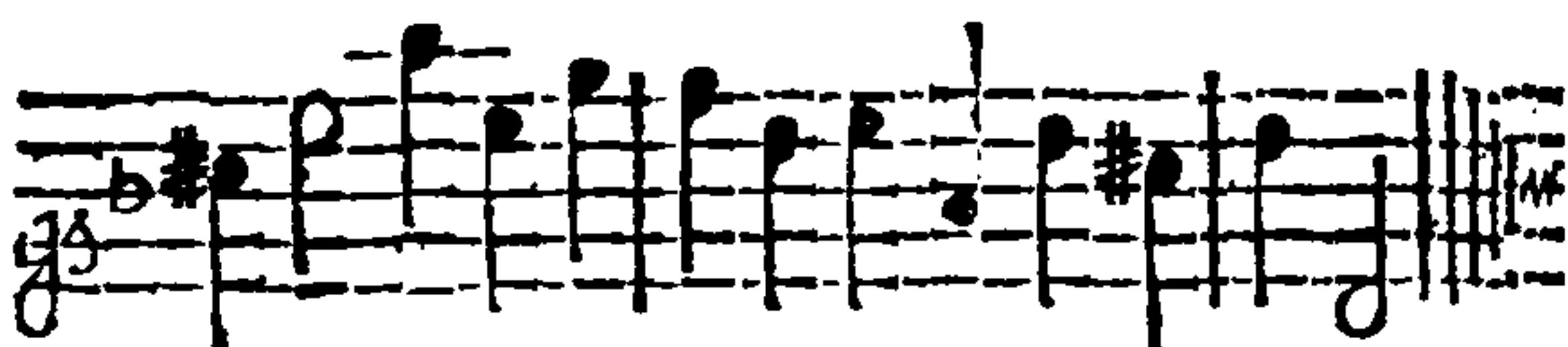
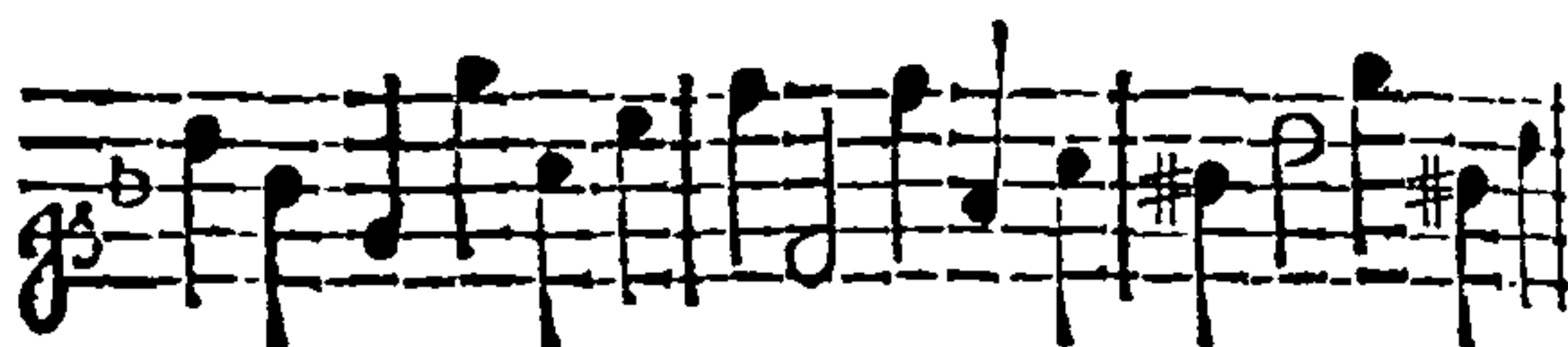
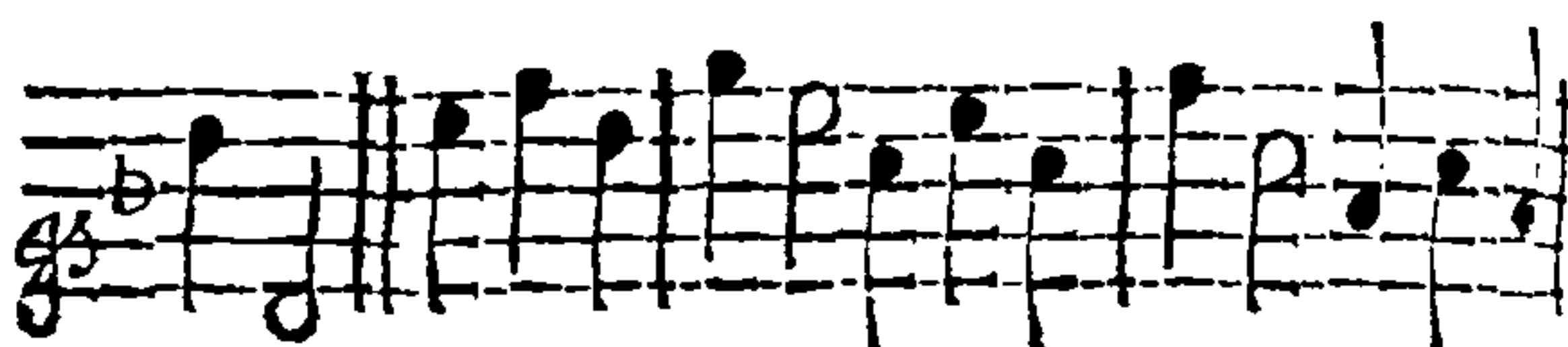
Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt clapt his Ears in his Pole,
 And ran most lamentable ; (Bald Colt,
 But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to catch Sir *William Butler's*
 G—z—s he was not able.
 Toll, toll, &c.

My Gaffer *Hunt* follow'd Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 As far as *Ensham* Church a ; (bald Colt,
 And if my Gaffer *Hunt* had caught Sir *William Butler's*
 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 firk'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 VWoman,
 A bringing *North-Hall* VWater 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 Gennet,
 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 you deny me, and don't supply me
 With many Potions of your sweetest Pleasure:
 Then prithee Gallant improve thy Talent,
 Since we have Opportunity and Leisure;
 With such like Greeting, my pretty Sweeting,
 She seem'd to press upon me without measure.

'Twas Summer Weather, 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:
 What's my desire, Love never Tire,
 For Oh! I long, I long, to be a Mother.

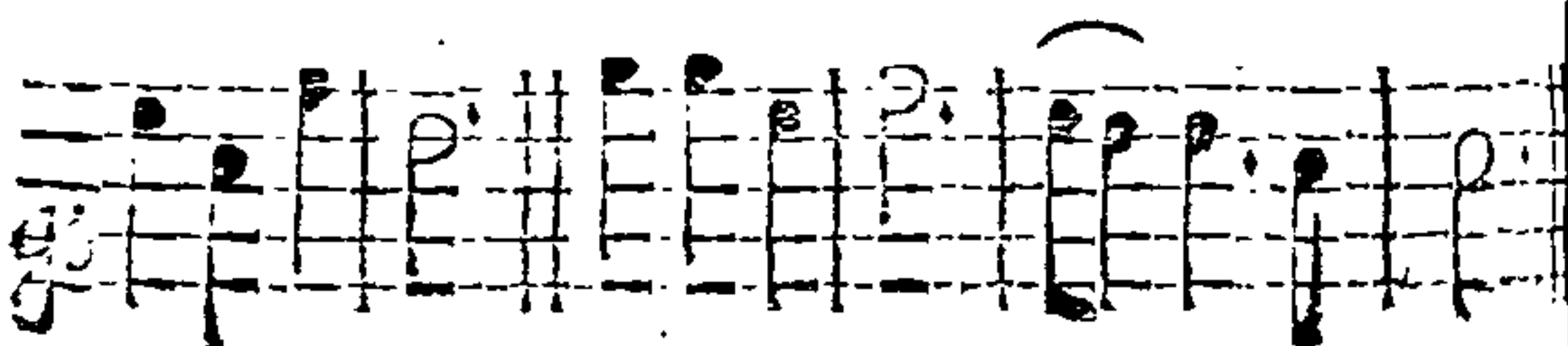
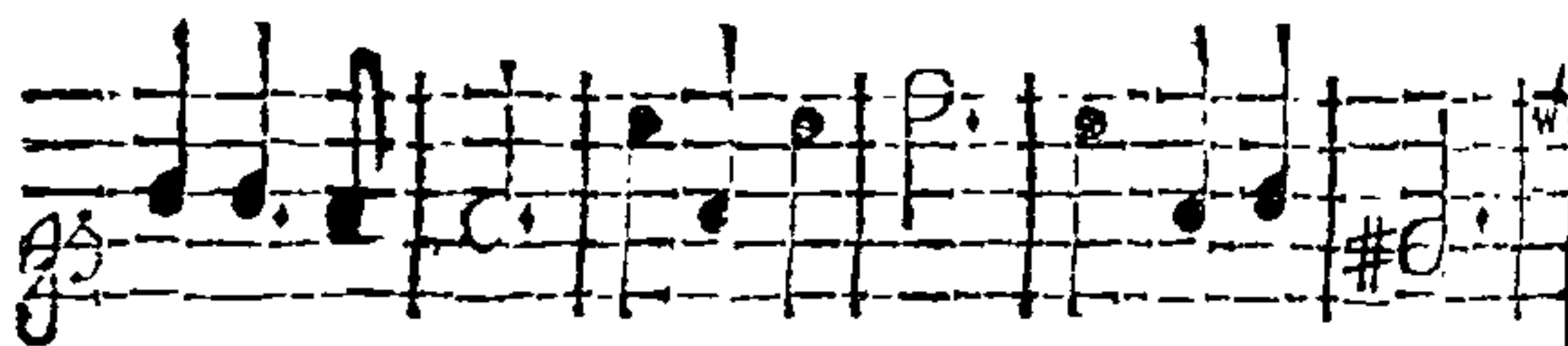
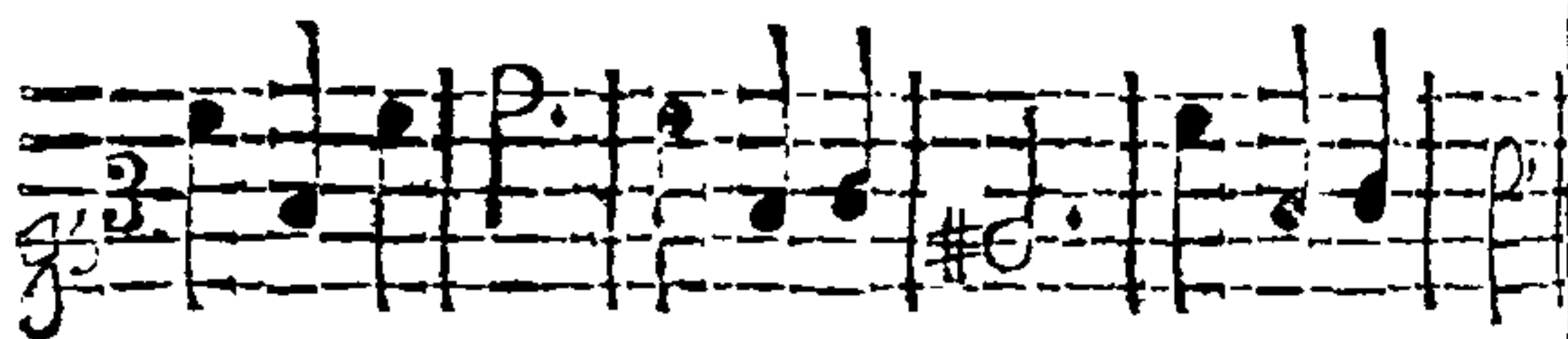
With that I told her, that I won'd hold her,
 A Guinea to a Groat it should be so;
 In Nine Months after, a Son or Daughter,
 Will be your lucky Lot, Dear Love I know:
 Quoth she, you Vapour, and draw your Rapier,
 But yet methinks too soon you seem to tire;
 'I'll lay a Shilling, if you are willing,
 That Nine Months hence I have not my desire;
 Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
 Alas! the Name of Mother I admire.

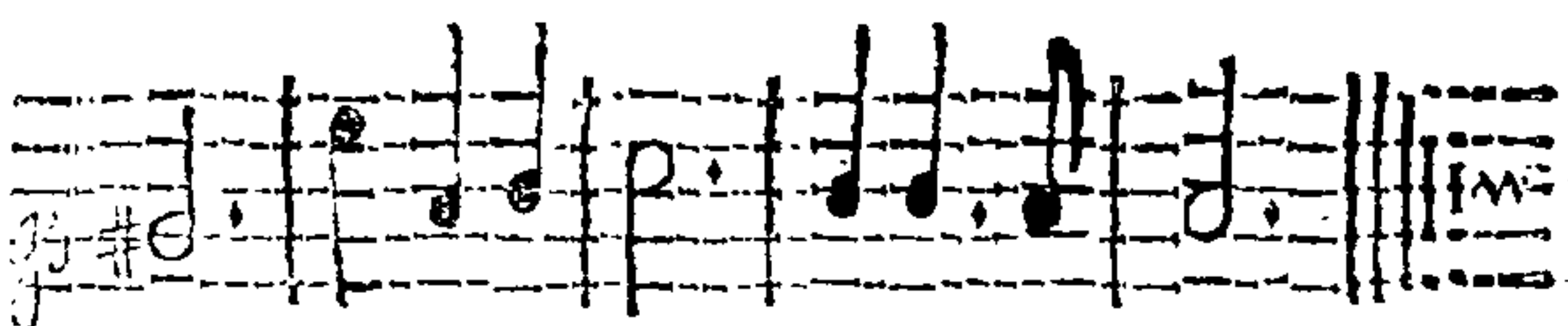
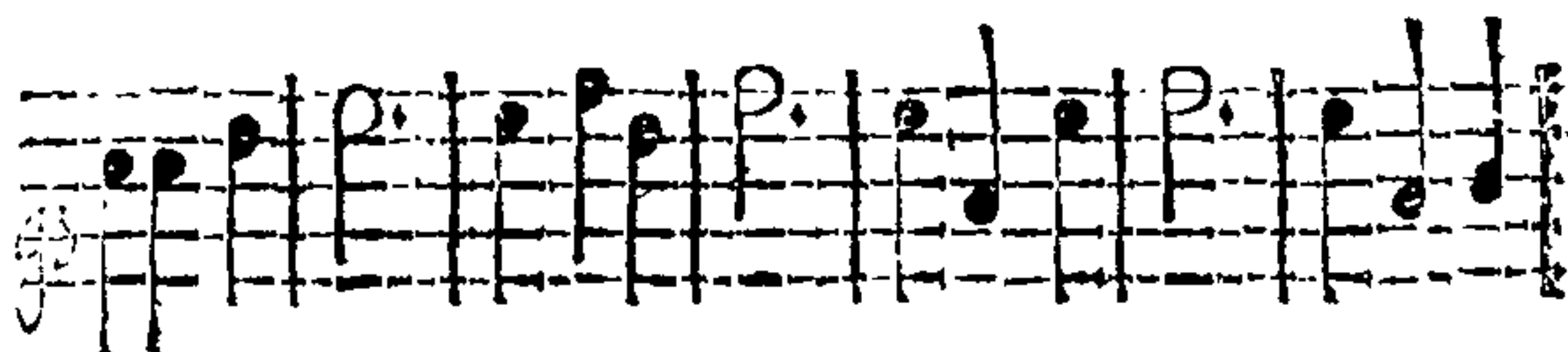
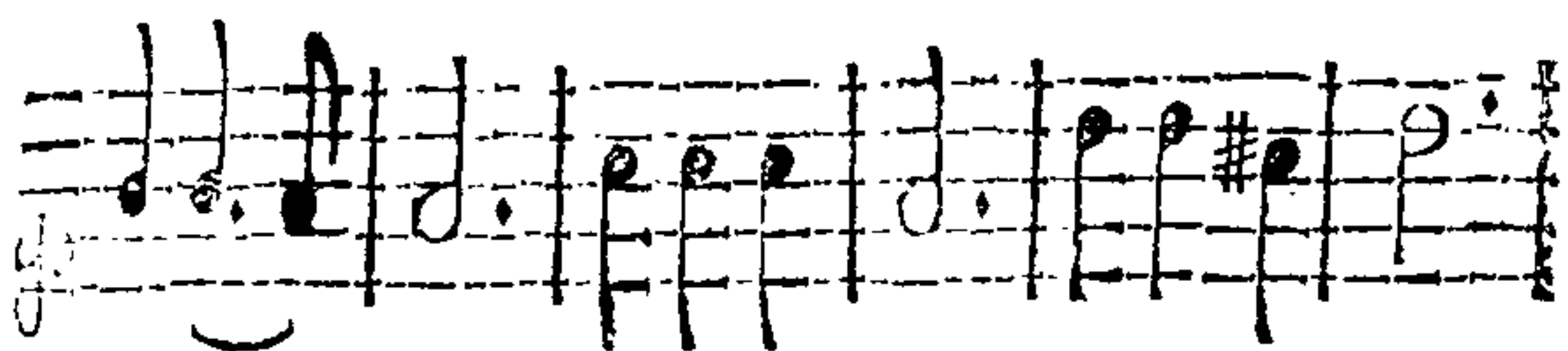
Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
 I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lass;
 Who was a Beauty, and knew her Duty,
 The Night we did in youthful pleasures pass;
 With melting Bliss, and charming Kisses,
 On downy Beds secure from Wind and Weather.
 And in the Morning, by Day's adorning,
 We rose and drank a Glass of Wine together;
 All 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 S O N G.



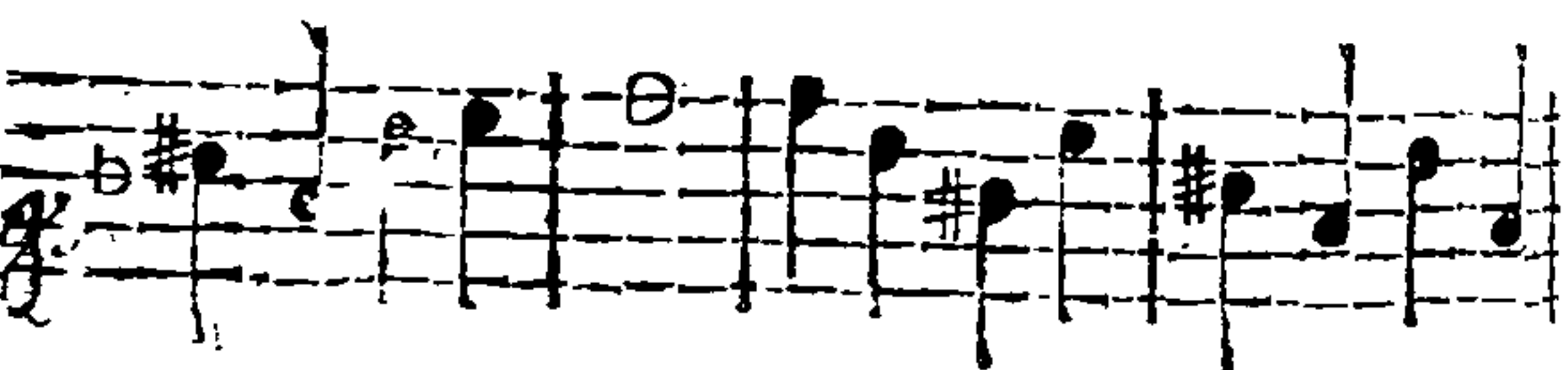
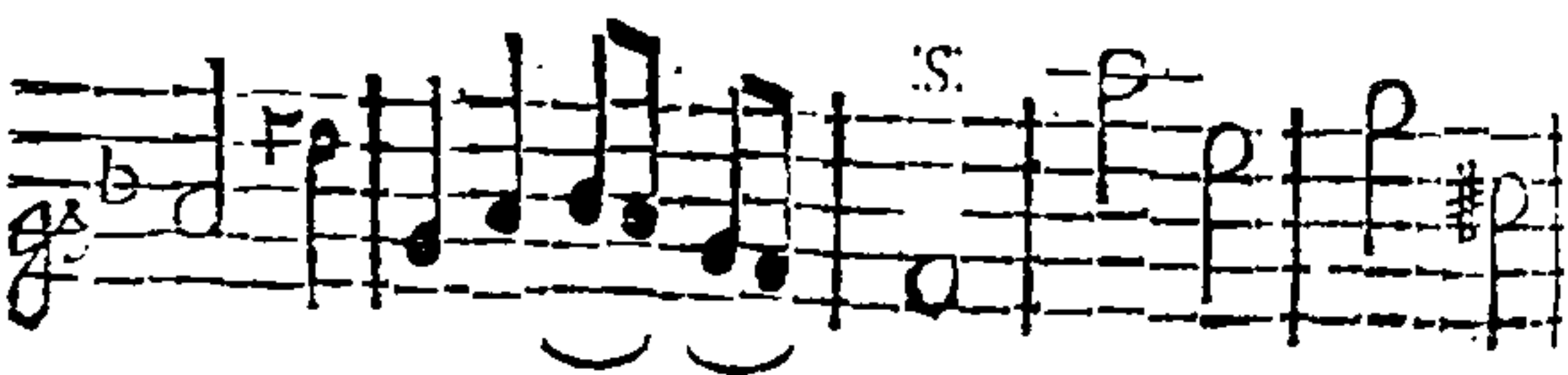


LET Monarchs Fight for Pow'r and Fame,
With Noise and Arms Mankind Alarms:

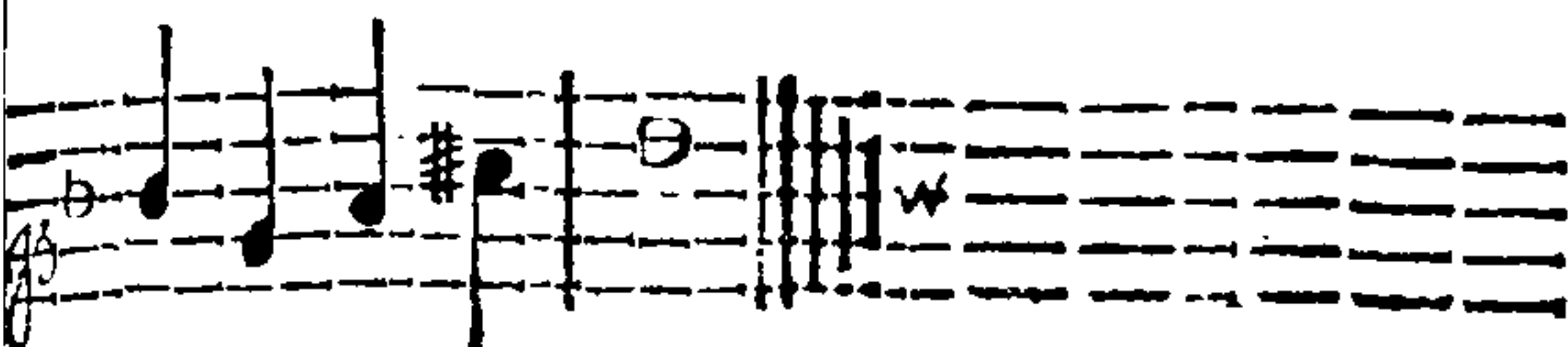
Let daily Fears, their Quiet fright,
And Fear disturb their Rest at Night :
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul enthrall,
Give me Content, and I have all.

Hear mighty Love, to thee I call,
Give me *Astrea*, she's my all,
That Soft, that Sweet, that charming Fair,
Pain cannot hurt while I have her ;
She's Wealth and Pow'r, and only she,
Shows all the World to me.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Joggins

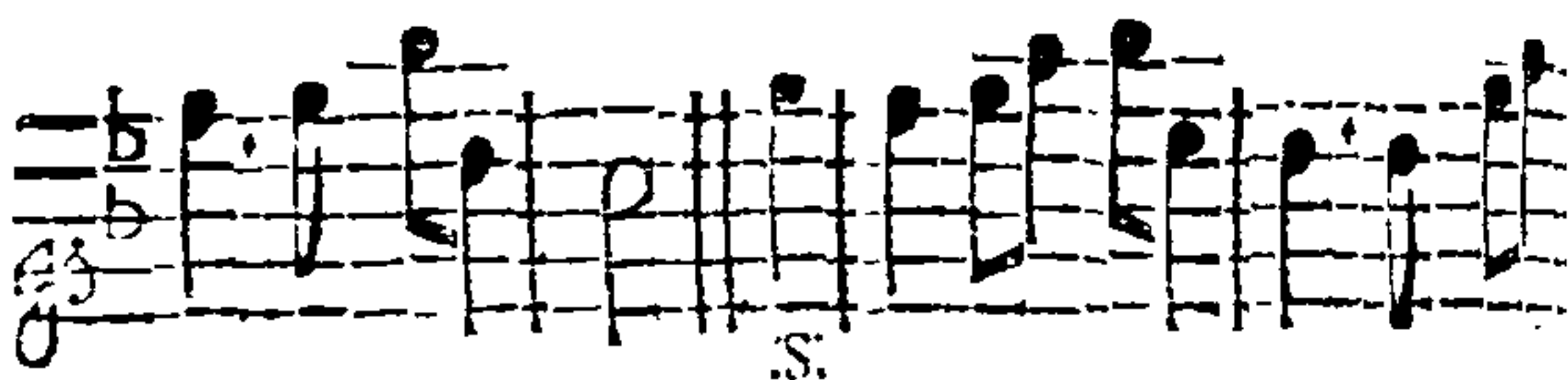


Jogging on from yonder Green,
 Oh the pleasant sight I've seen;
John and *Dolley* jog, jog, jogging,
John and *Dolley* jogging on,
 Themselves Cooling, *Johne*y was fooling,
 Cry'd she will you ne'er have done,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on:
 The Sun shines, make Hay,
 Make Hay, make Hay, make Hay good *John*;
 Hey ho, hey ho, that I might do so,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging,
 Jog, jog, jog, jogging on.

John 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 *John*,
 Hey ho, that I might do so,
 Jog, jog, jogging on.



A Scotch S O N G.



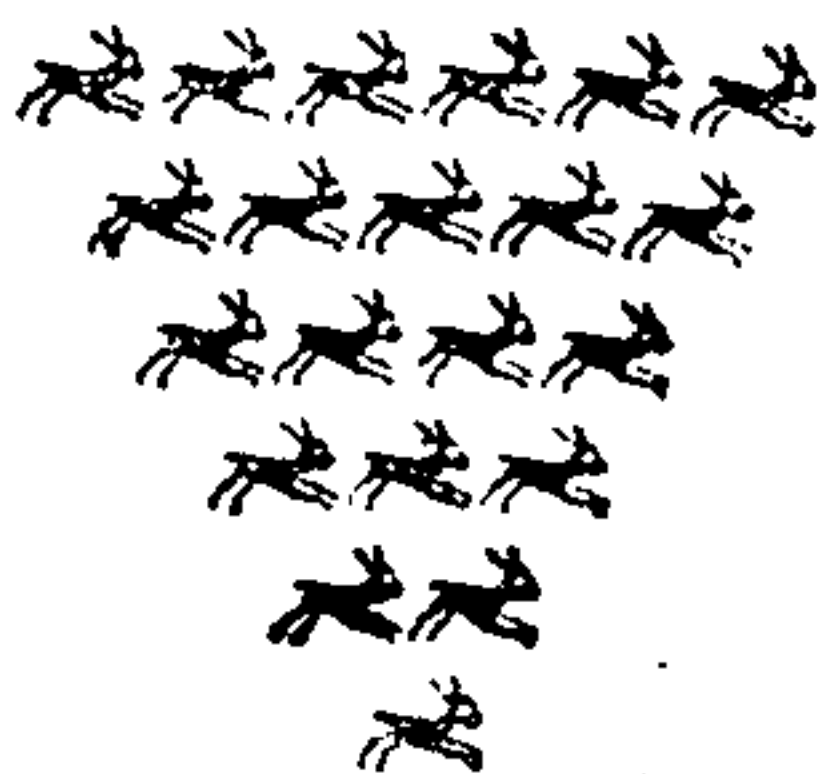
Farweel bonny *Wully Craig*, -
 Farweel to au thy broken Vows to me;
 Thou wast a lovely Lad,
 When on the Grass thou tempted'st me:

Full oft have I dry'd mine Eyn,
 When by my feln to Milking I have gean;
 Oft have I gift the Green,
 Where *Wully* vow'd to be my Swain.

Sea neat was my conny Lad,
 With new Ruslet 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 Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

If 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,
 With 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,
 With 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 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.

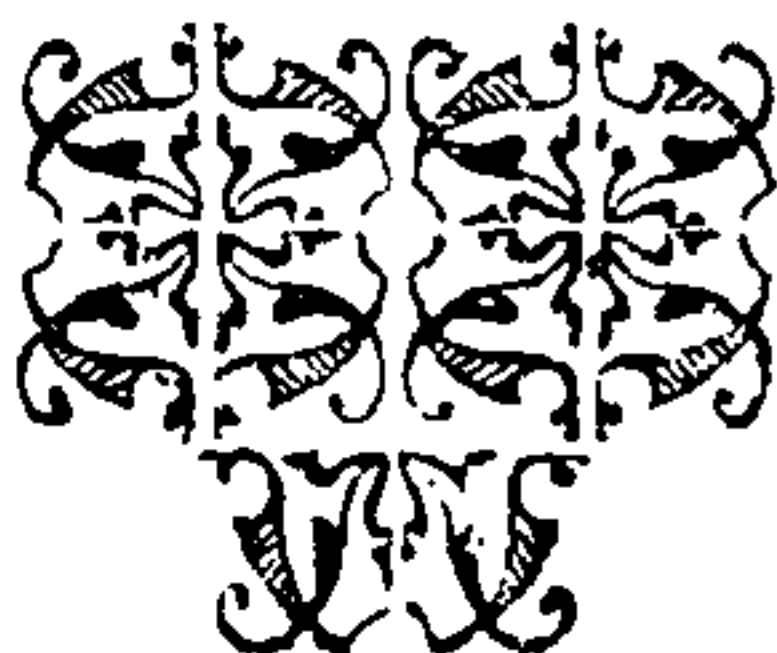
Then up went her Tail,
And down went the Flail,
With a Thwack, &c.

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,
If alack, &c.

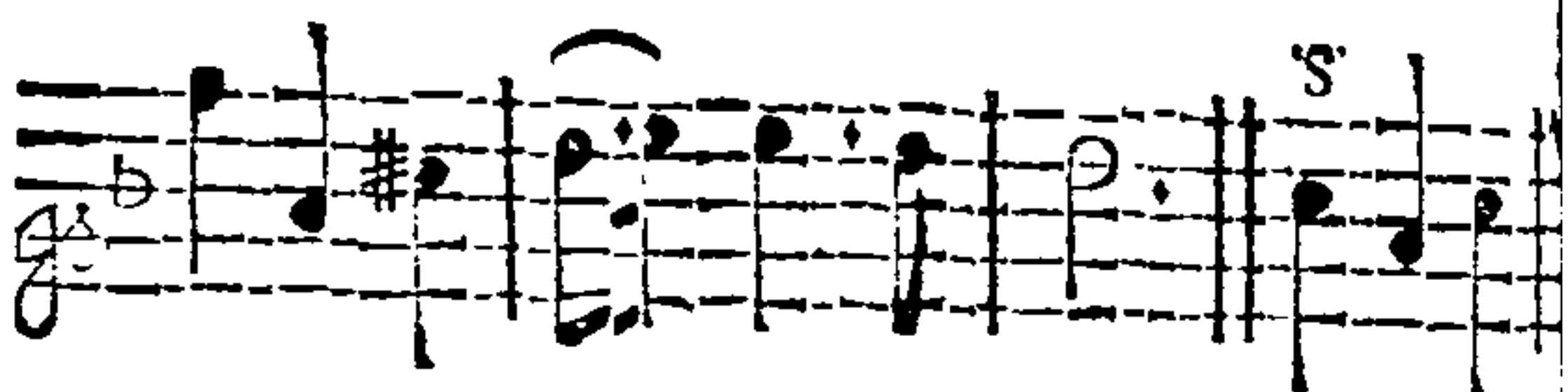
Faith I did the Jobb,
While the Flail bore a bob,
With a Thwack, &c.

He shook off the Staws 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.



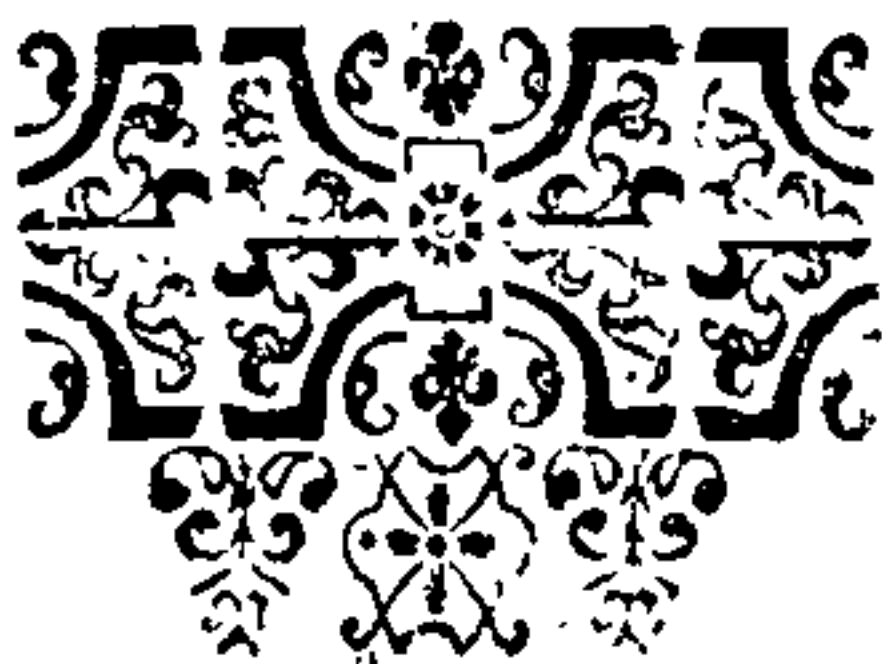
A SONG.



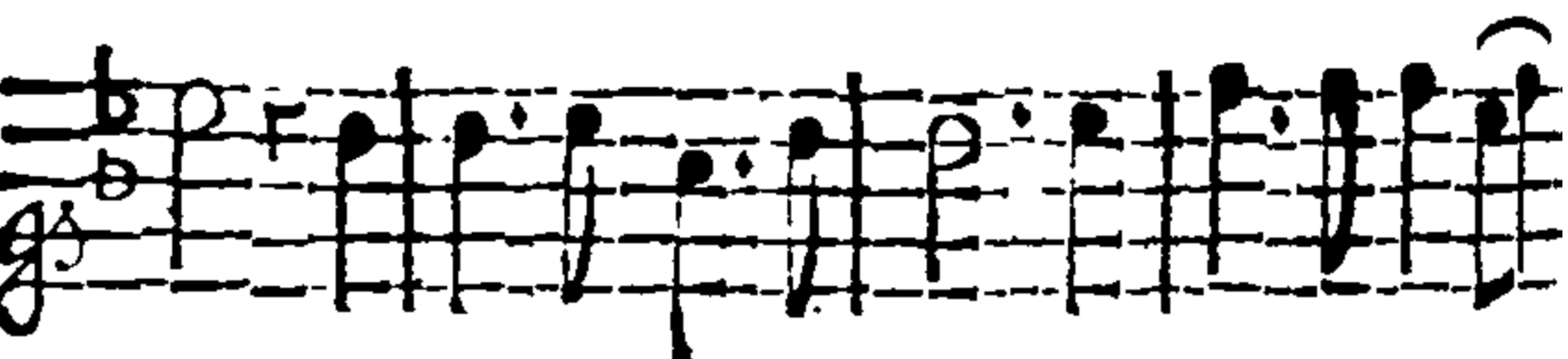
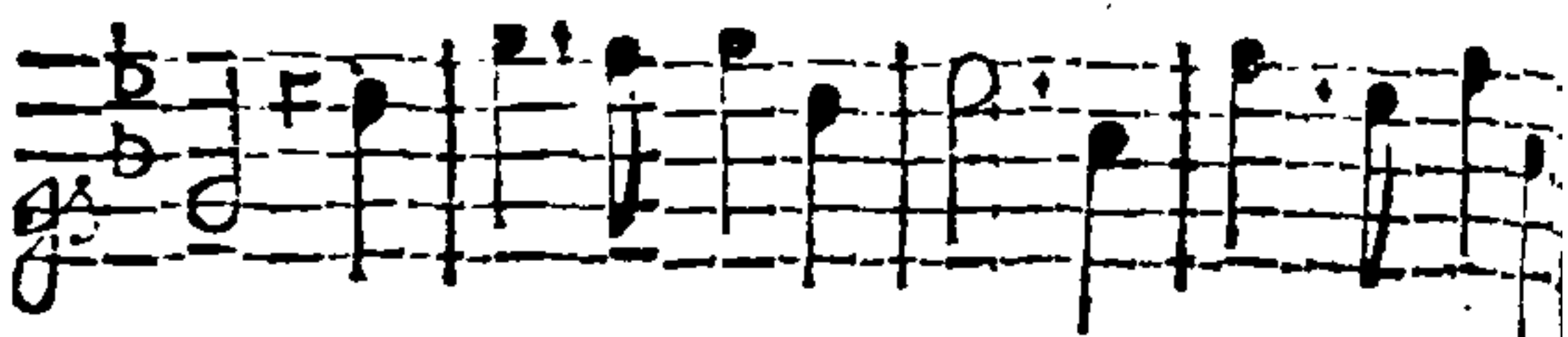
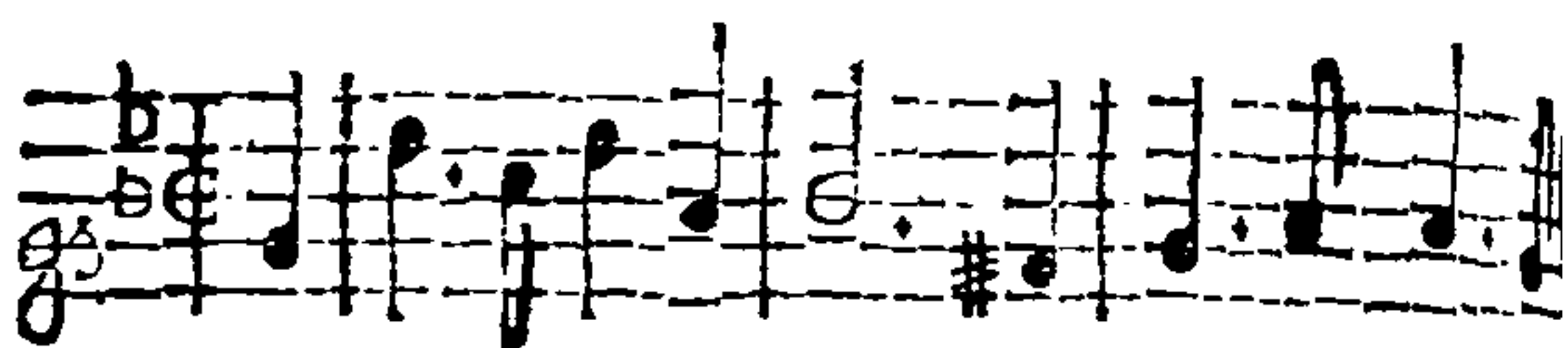


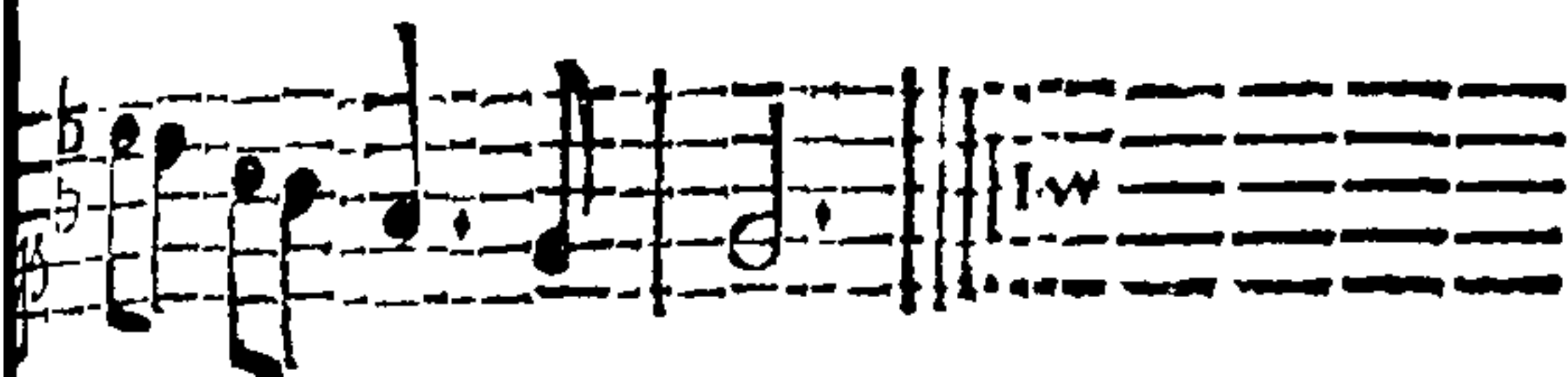
What shall I do to shew how much I love her,
 How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
 That which wins other Hearts ne'er can move her,
 Those common methods of Love she'll despise:
 I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
 Gaze on her all the Day, and melt all the Night,
 Till for her own sake 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.

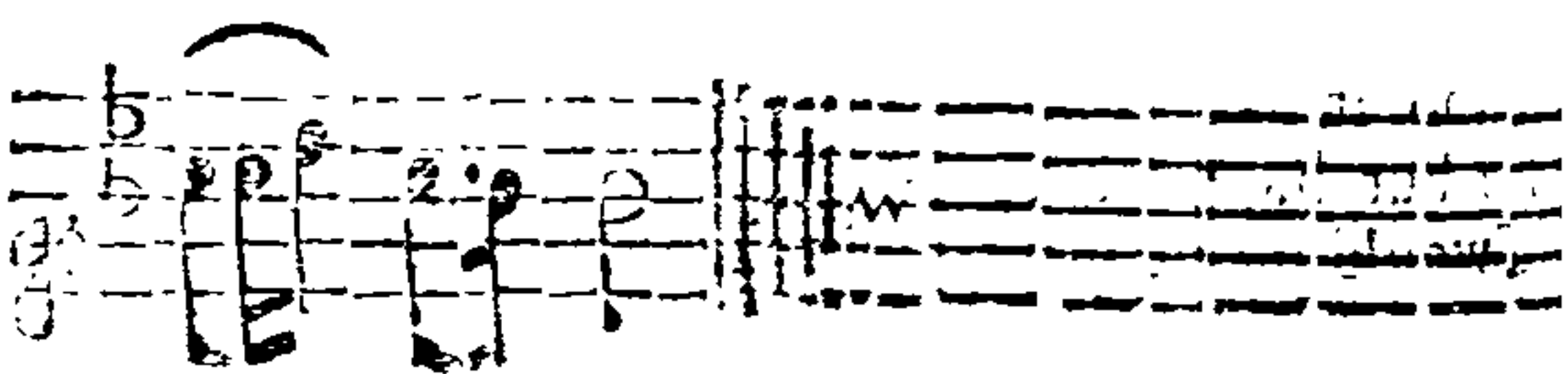
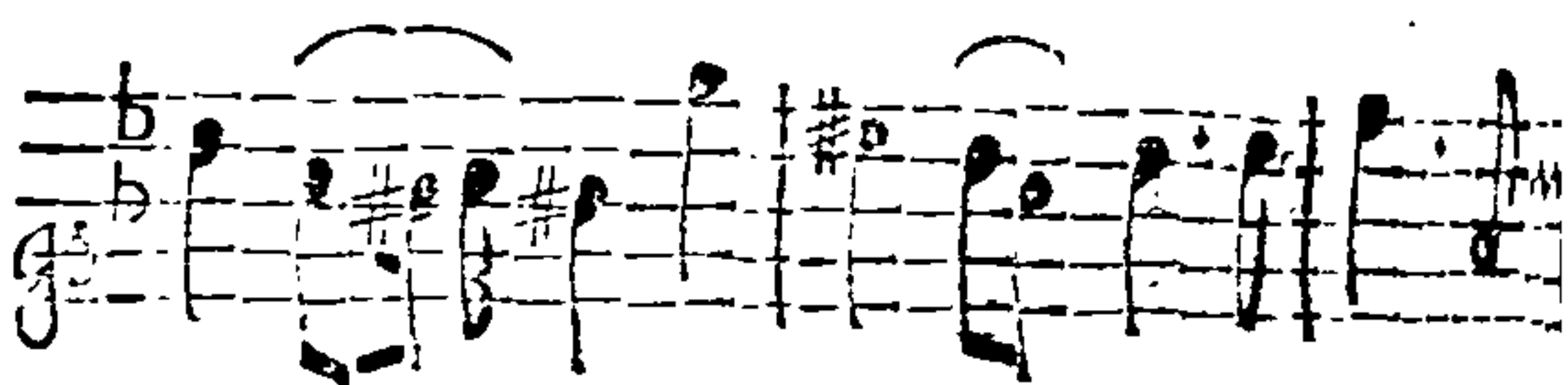
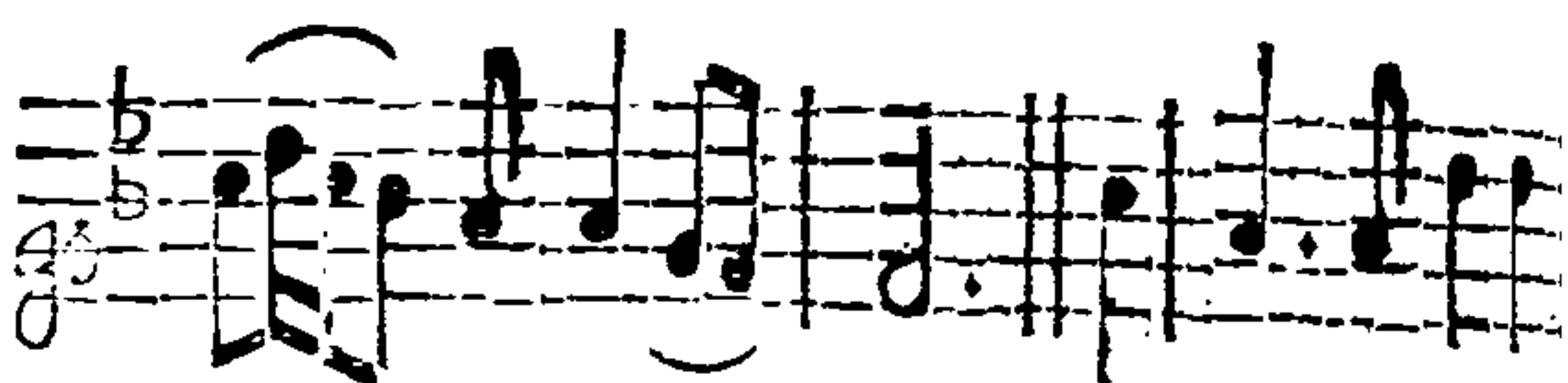




Could Man his Wish obtain,
 How happy would he be?
 But Wishes seldom gain,
 And Hopes are but in vain,
 If Fortune disagree:
 Pity ye Pow'rs of Love,
 Our Infelicity,
 Why should the Fates conspire,
 To frustrate my desire,
 Since Love's a gentle Fire,
 That keeps the World alive:
 But me it puts to Pain;
 It makes me wish in vain, in vain,
 Nor promise any hopes to give.

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.

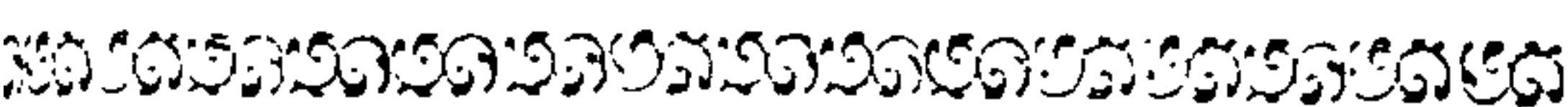
A S O N G.



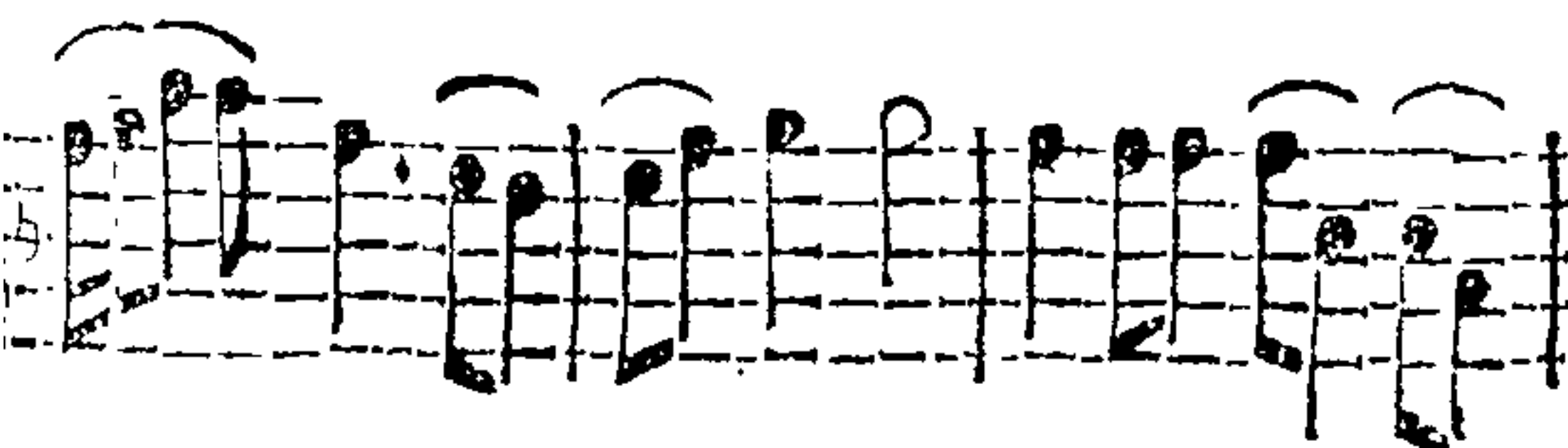
Why does the Morn in Blushes rise,
Tell me, O God of Days?

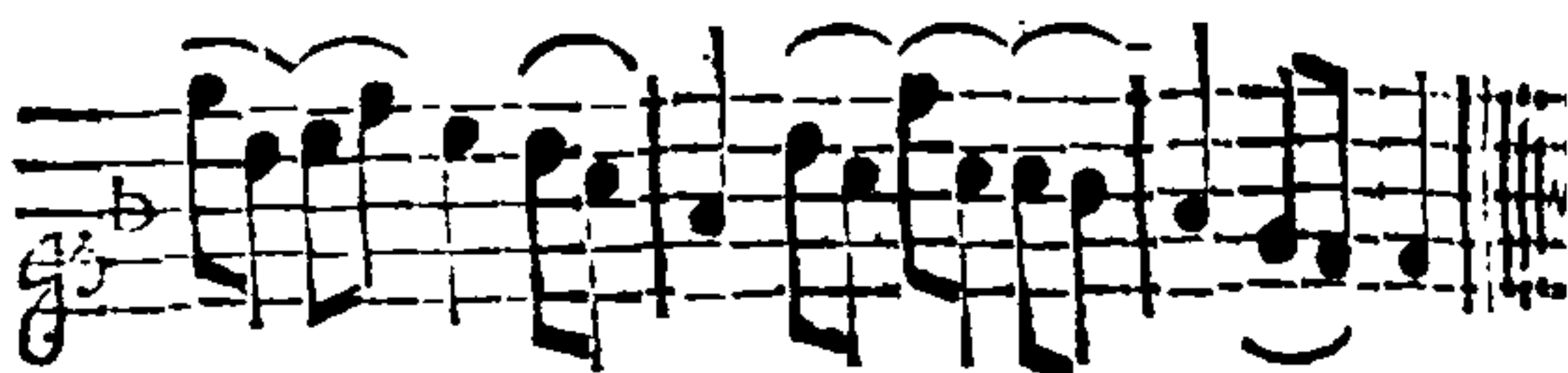
Arise, oh! *Clarona's* Eyes,
Out-shine the brightest Rays,
Is true, 'tis true, she's far more bright,
Dim taper God be gone,
And hide thy baffled Beams in Night,
Let her rule Day alone.

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:
But 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 Expence 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

Open 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,
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,
cannot be compar'd to the Sign,
But within Doors I think
Scarce a drop of good Drink,
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 *Æteon*,
 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 *Æteon* 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 says 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 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.



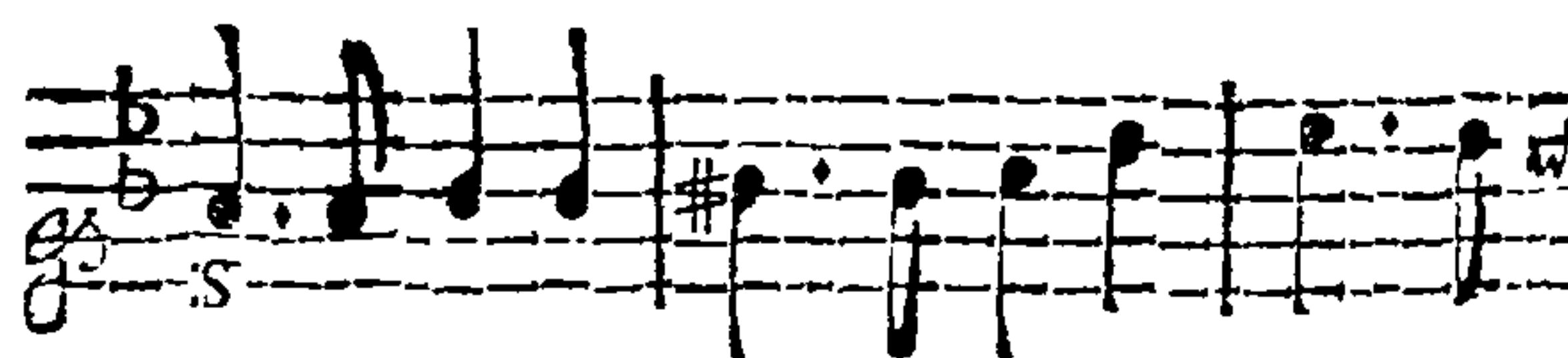
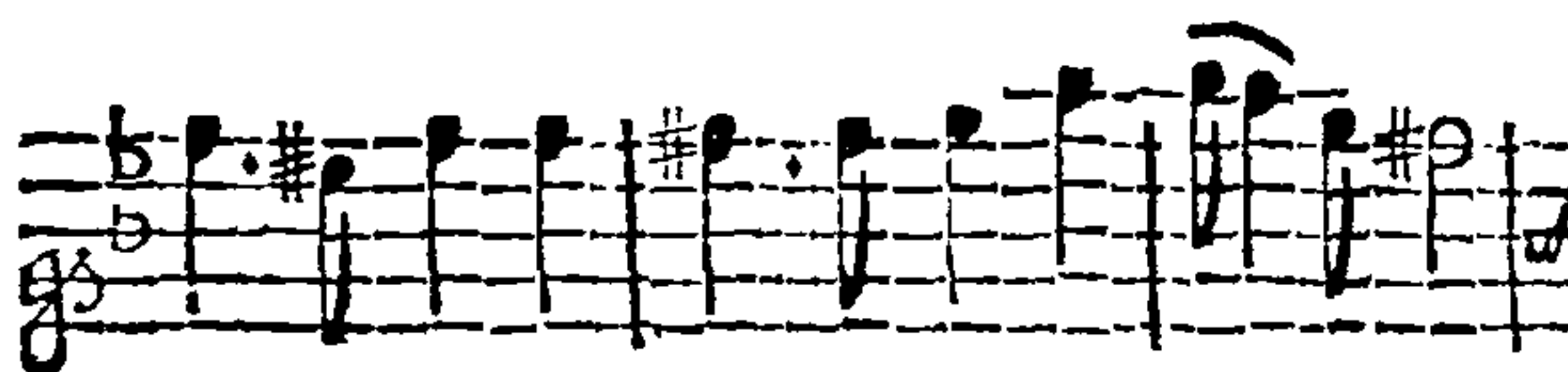
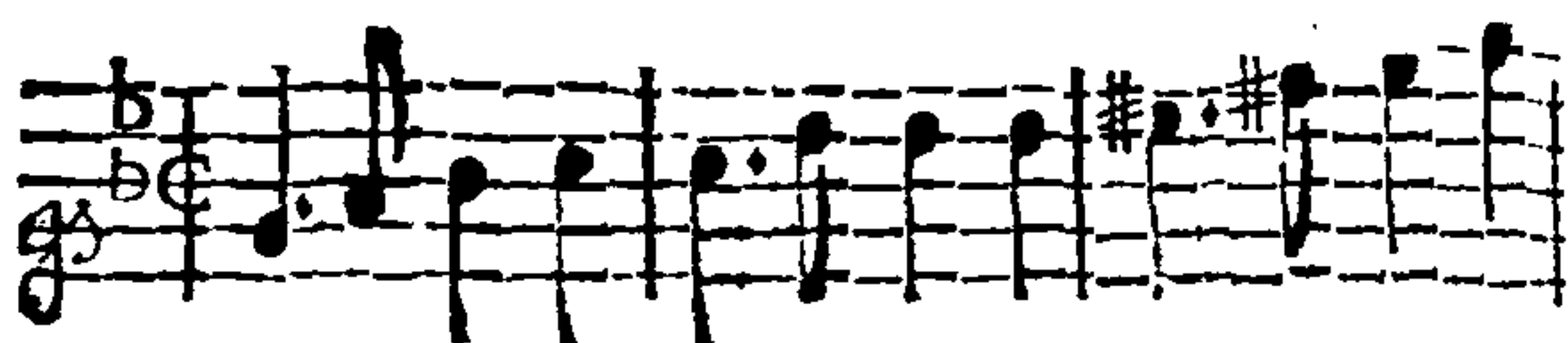


F O R *Iris* I sigh and hourly die,
 But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 Oh! these are the Virtues that Captivate me:
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing we neither betray.

'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 S O N G.



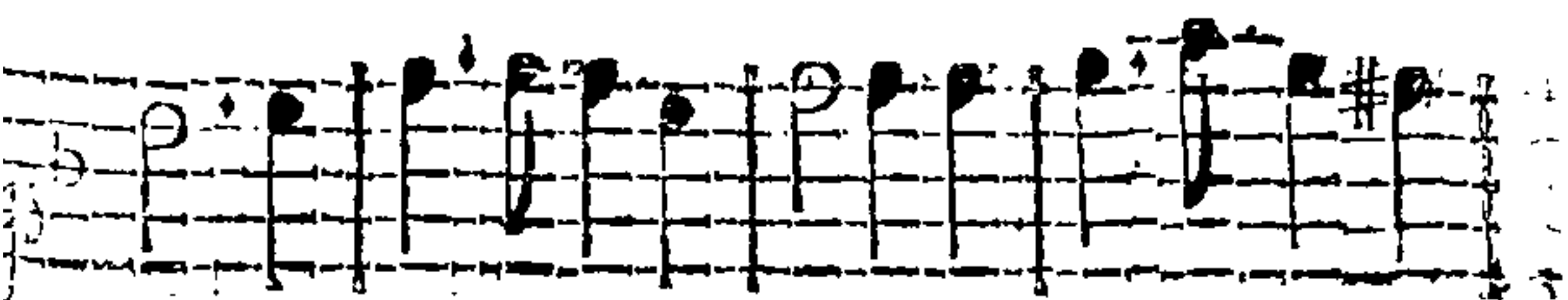
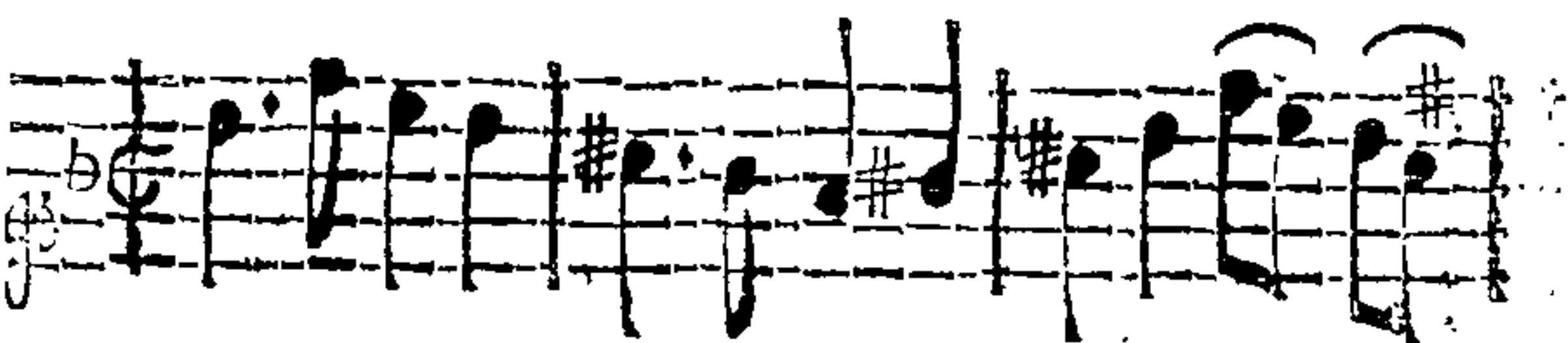
When

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 invatèd,
 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 S O N G.



M 5.



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,
 Eye, 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 S O N G.

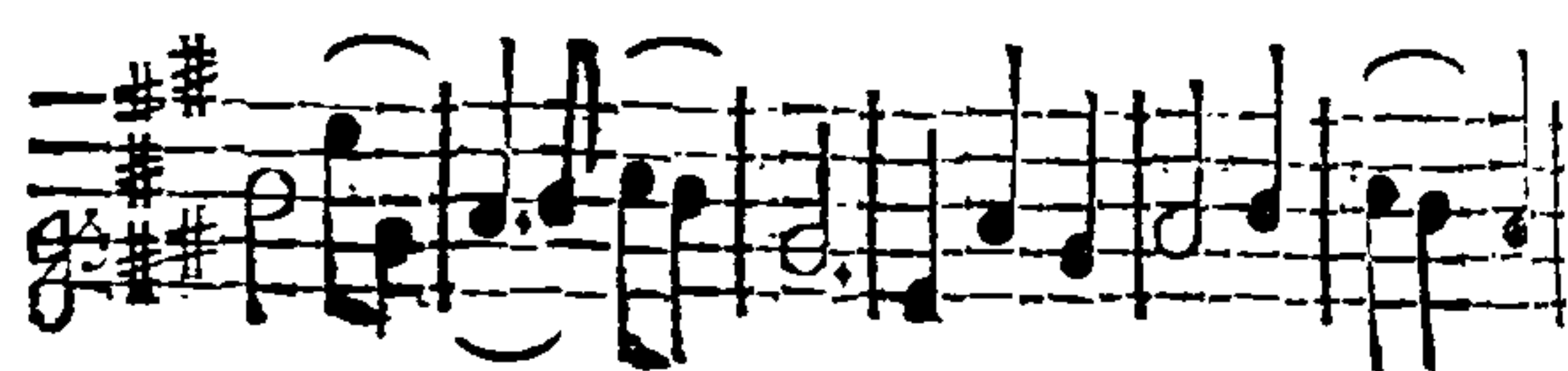


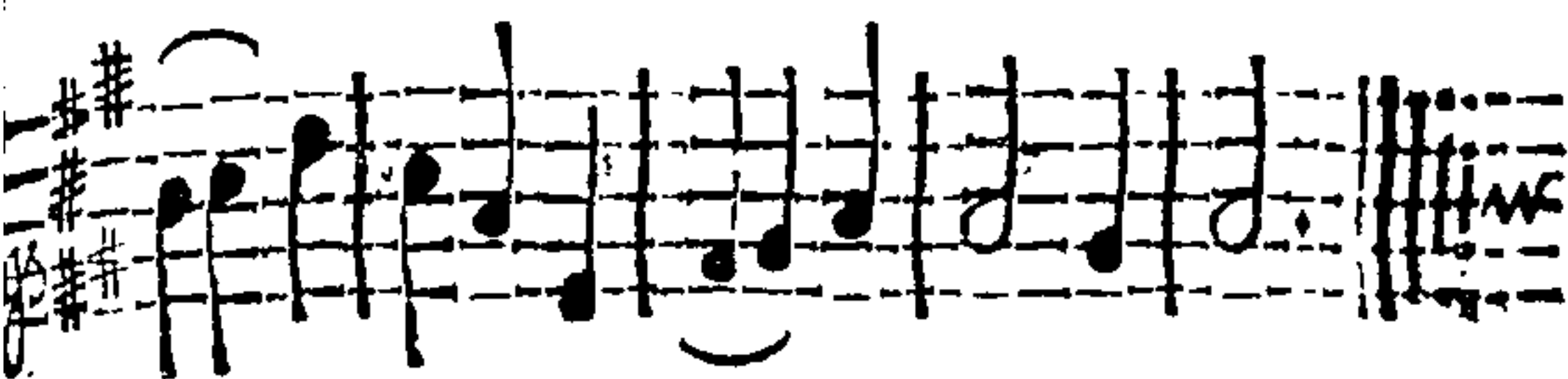
Happy the Time when free from Love,
 I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
 I minded not the Great One's Fall,
 Nor whom Ambition did enthrall,
I minded not, &c.

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,
 But 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 S O N G.





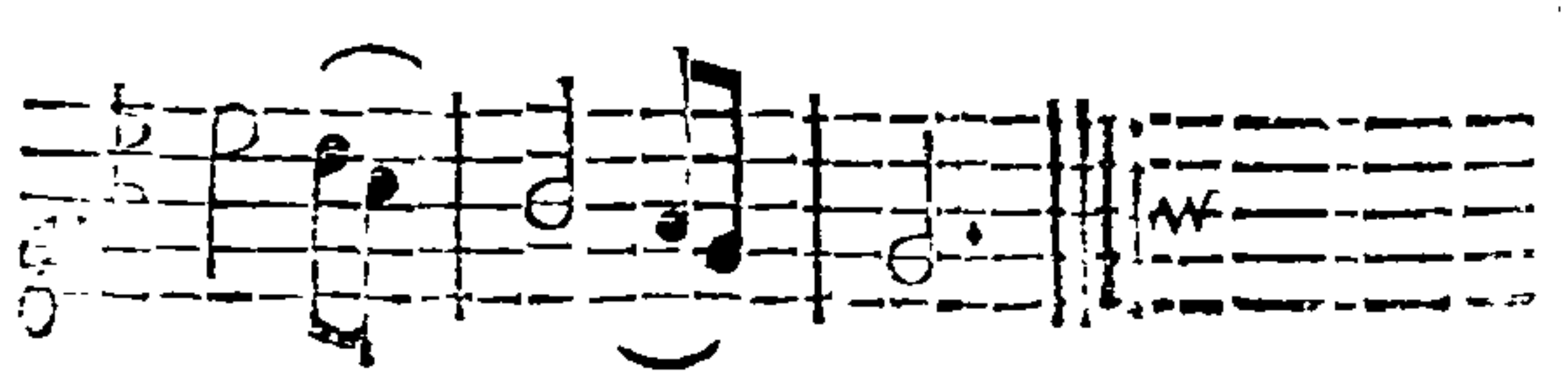
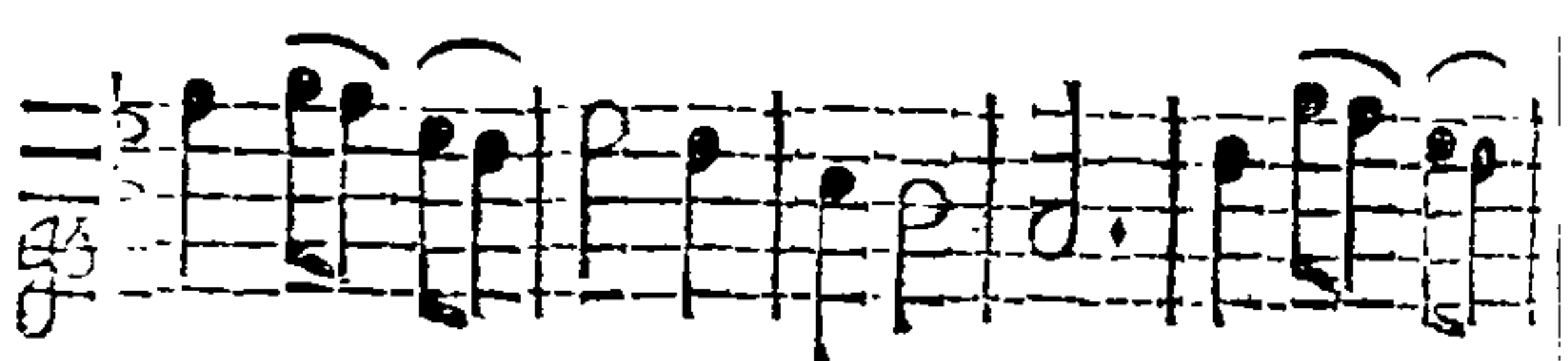
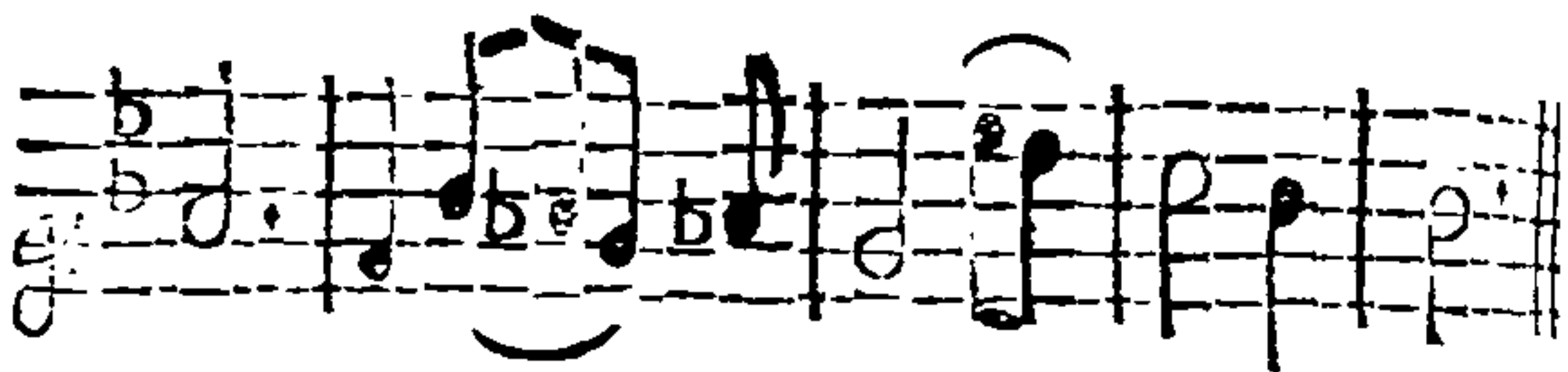
Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars
 And *Rome* foment's the Christian Jars;
 Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with VVars,
 And *Rome* foment's the Christian Jars;
 Whilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,
 And would repent her Crimes too late,
 And would repent her Crimes too late.

Here safe in my 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.



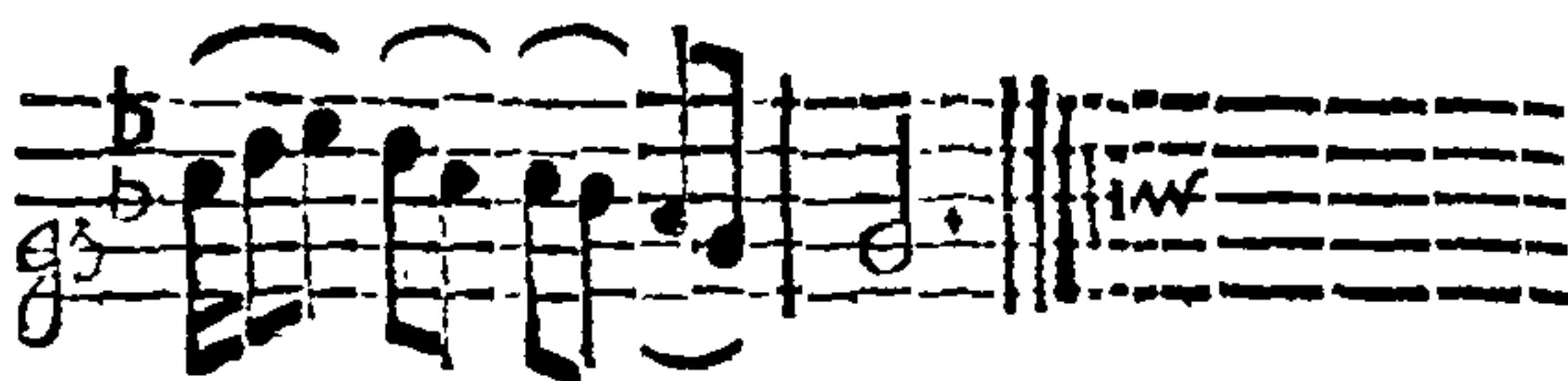
IN Courts, Ambition kills the great,
 In Cities, strive for needful gain;
 Some do in Battles meet their Fate,
 But I by Love, by Love am slain:
Phaeton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vulture's Pain;
 This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
 But I by Love, by Love am slain.

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 S O N G.

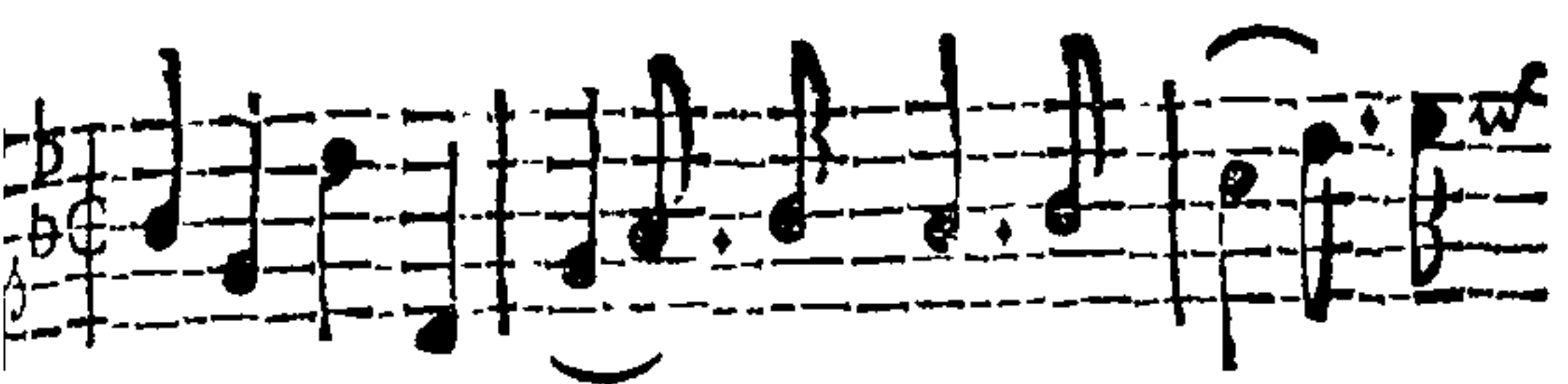




THere is one black and fullen Hour,
 Which Fate decreed our Life should know;
 Else we should slight Almighty Pow'r,
 Rapt with the Joys we find below:
 'Tis past, dear *Cynthia*! now let Frowns be gone,
 A long, long Penance I have done;
 A long, long Penance I have done,
 For Crimes alas! to me unknown.

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.



Calia

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 dis sever,
Love that's true is Love for ever.



A BALLAD of the N O S E.



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

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' the 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 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 Ase sends him packing.
Still doth, &c.

For when this well-truss'd Trouncer,
 Into the School doth enter ;
 With his Napkin at his Nose,
 And his Orange stuf't with Cloves,
On our Ase he'll venture.

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,
 Sirnamed 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 fows'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 fows'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 fullen 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 Excellent BALLAD, Intituled,
The Wandering Prince of Troy.



When *Troy* Town for Ten Years VVars
 VWithstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,
 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 wandring Prince of *Troy*,
 VWhen he for Land long time had fought,
 At length arrived with great Joy,
 To mighty *Carthage* VValls was brought,
 VWhere *Dido* Queen with sumptuous Feast,
 Did entertain this wandring 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 iweetly 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 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 didst 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 sustain'd 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,
 Writ to him to his foul Disgrace:
 In phrase of Letters to her Mind,
 She told him plain he was Unkind.

Fallſe 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.

Eneas, 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 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.

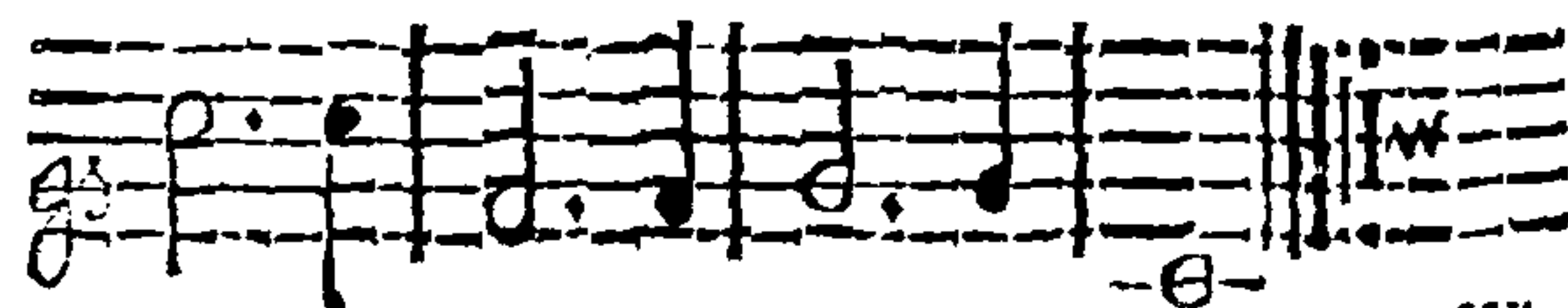
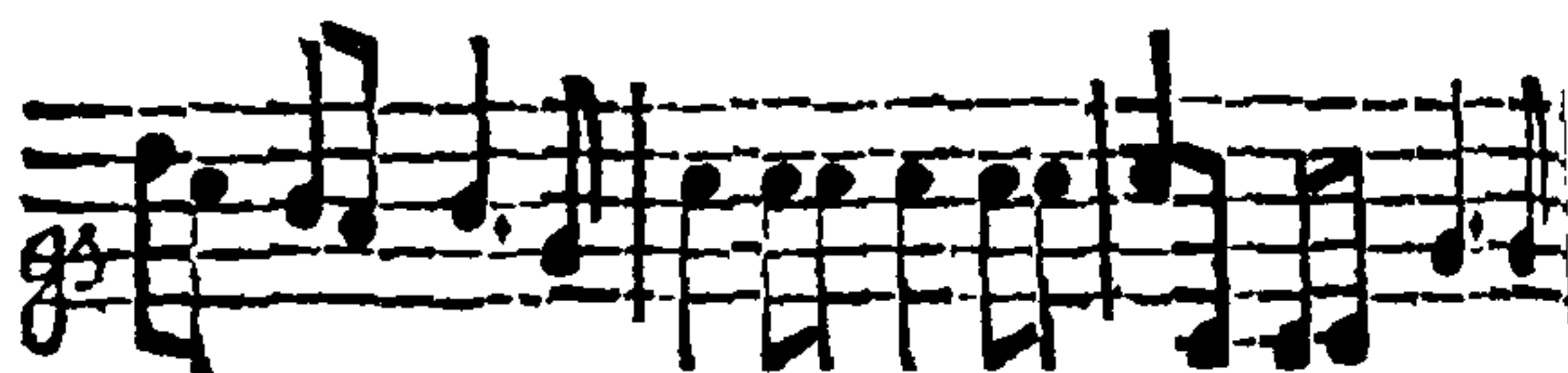


A SONG.



Blith Jockey 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 Jockey comes,
 Sad when he gangs away,
 'Tis Night when Jockey 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 *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she pleas'd King *Edward*'s mind.
Jane 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 *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* took down K. *Edward*'s Met-
Jane Shore she was, &c. (clo.

Alkestis of *Thormydon*, she was a doughty Wight;
 She Conquer'd *Pallas* King in the Exercise of Night;
Hercules slew the Dragon whose Teeth were all of Brass,
 Yet he himself became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Lads:
 The *Theban* *Semel* lay with *Jove*, not dreading all his
 (Thunder,
 But *Jane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he had
Jane Shore she was, &c. (her under.

Ellen 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 *Jane Shore*, *Jane 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;
 N 5 Hence:

Hence *Cupid* came, who afterwards reveng'd his lo-
(ving Mother

And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Cornus* her own
(Brother;

And afterwards the Goddess kept *Adonis* for Reserve,

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she stretch'd King *Edward*'s
(Nerve

Jane Shore she was, &c.

The *Colchin* Dame *Mædea* her Father did betray,
And taught her Lover *Jason* 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 *Jason* False, she burnt his Wife and Court

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she shew'd King *Edward*

Jane Shore she was, &c. (sport

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 *Morared* *Pictish* Prince a Paramore became

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she made King *Edward* tame

Jane Shore she was, &c.

Marcella of *Italy* see how she stoutly copes,

With *Jesuits*, *Priests* and *Cardinals*, and tripple Crow-
(ned Pope

And with King *Henry*, *Resamond* spent many a dallying
(Hea

Till lastly she was Poisoned in *Woodstock* fatal Bower

And *Joan* of *Ark* play'd in the Dark with the Knight
(of Languedoc

But *Jane Shore*, met King *Edward*, and gave him Kne-
(for Kne

Jane Shore she was, &c.

Asphee we know play'd feats with the *Cretan* Bull,

And *Preserpine*, tho' so Divine, became black *Pluto's*
True

The Spanish Baud her Strumpets taught to lay their
 (Legs astride,
 But these and all the Curtezans Jane Shore did them de-
 (ride :
 Pope Joan was right, altho' she did the Papal Scepter
 (Weild,
 But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she made King Edward yield.
 Jane Shore she was, &c.

Agathoclea and Ænatie 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 Ed-
 (gar 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 Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward did command.
 Jane Shore she was, &c.

Of Phryne and Lanya Historians have related,
 How their Illustrious Beauties, two Generals Captiva-
 (ted :
 And they that in the Days of Yore kill'd Men and
 (Sack'd their Cities,
 In Honour of their Mistresses compos'd Amorous Dit-
 (ties :
 Let Flora gay with Romans play, and be a Goddess
 (call'd,
 But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward she enthral'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 Roxelina tho' a Slave, and born a Grecian,
 Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Seignior
 (or Solyma :
 And Naples Joan would make them Groan that ardently
 (ly did love her,
 But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward he did Shove
 (her.r.
 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 *Browna* 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 scarce-
 (ly seen;
 Warlike *Penthesile* was an *Amazonian* Whore,
 To *Heſſer* and young *Ircylus*, 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 *Mars* 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 Statues with Garlands adorning,
 Who from Tyrannous Knight,
 Drove the Mist from their sight;
 And gaye 'em a Glorious Morning.

An Irish SONG.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

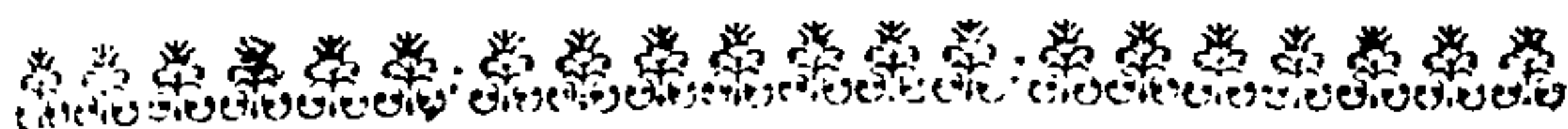


ONE Sunday after Mass, Dermot and his Lads,
 To the Green Wood did pass,
 All alone. all alone, all alone, all alone ;
 He ask'd for one Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue,
 And struck him with her Brogue,
 Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

Sail.

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 bone, Oh bone, Oh bone.

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 Falshood 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 S O N G.



Smiling *Philis* has an Air so engaging, all Men love
 (her,
 But her hidden Beauties are Wonders I dare not dis-
 (cover;
 So

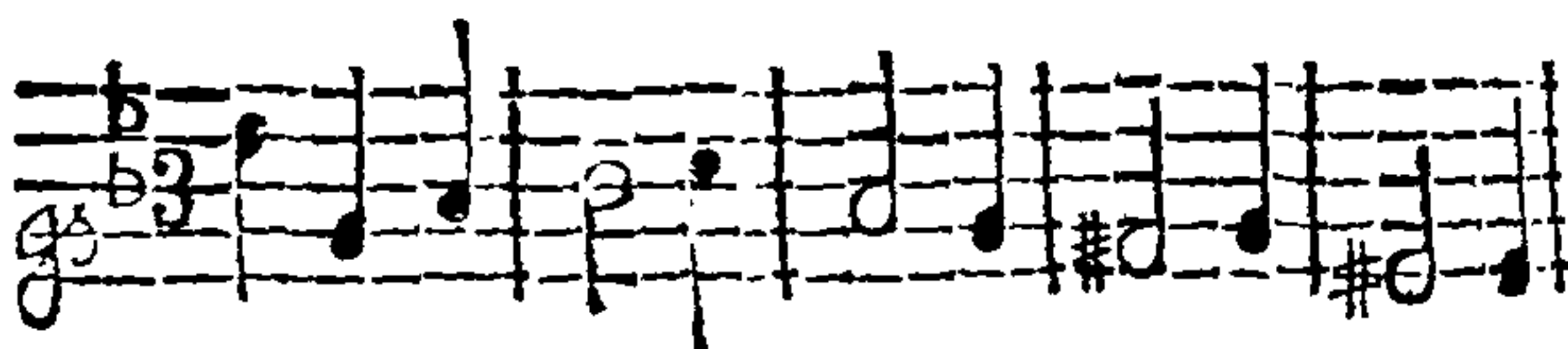
So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour to forget her
 Still she brings me back again, and I daily love her
 (better)

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 S O N G.





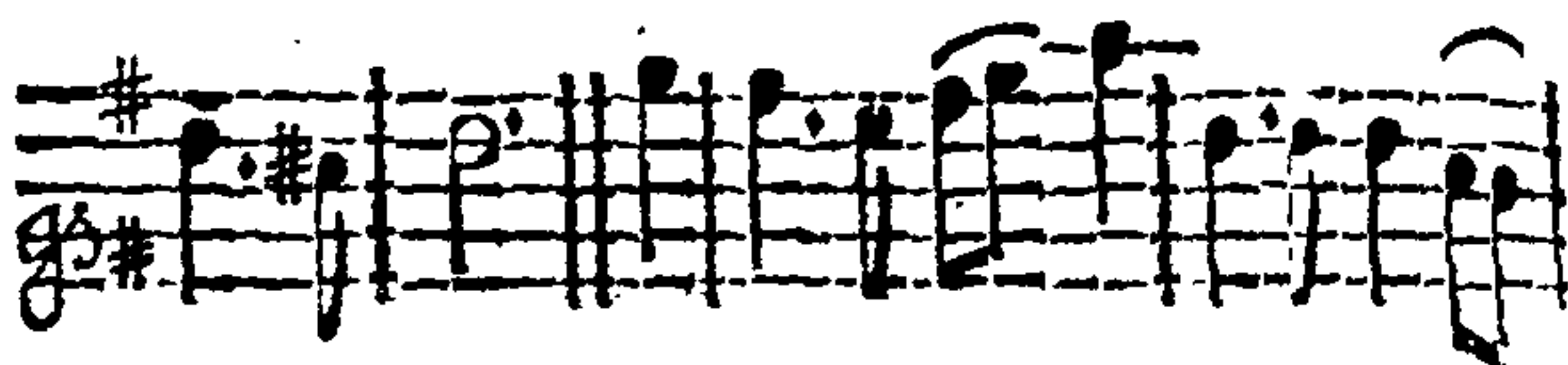
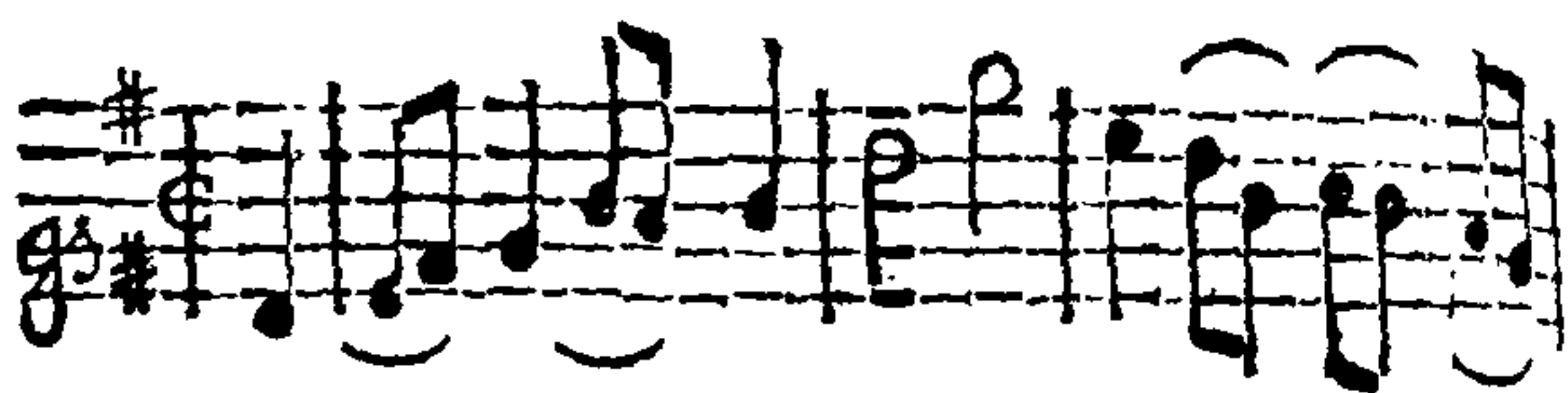
COME all the Youths whose Hearts have bled, by
(cruel Beauties Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sor-
(rows hide ;

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
Pity the pain with which I die, and ask not whence
(knew,
(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.

A S O N G.



AH cruel bloody Fate, what can't tho do more?
Alas, 'tis now too late *Philander* to restore:

VWhy should the Heav'nly Powers perswade poor Mor-
(tals to believe,

That they Guard us here, and reward us there, yet all
(our Joys deceive?
Her

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 V Vound 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.



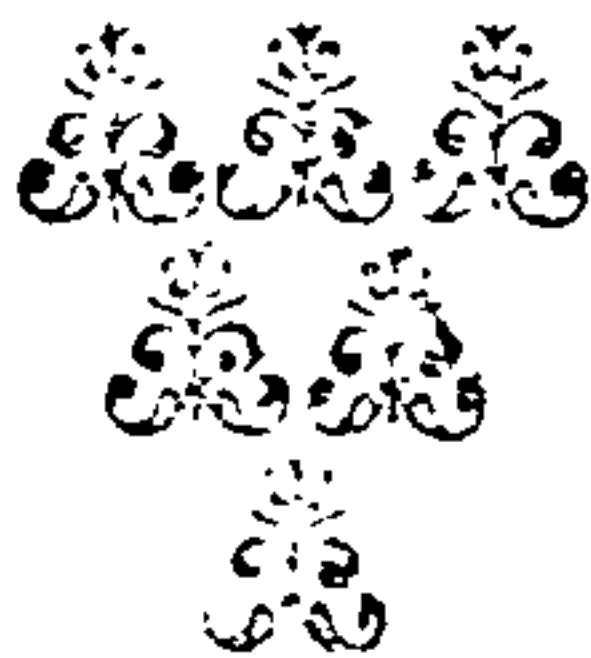
A S O N G.





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.



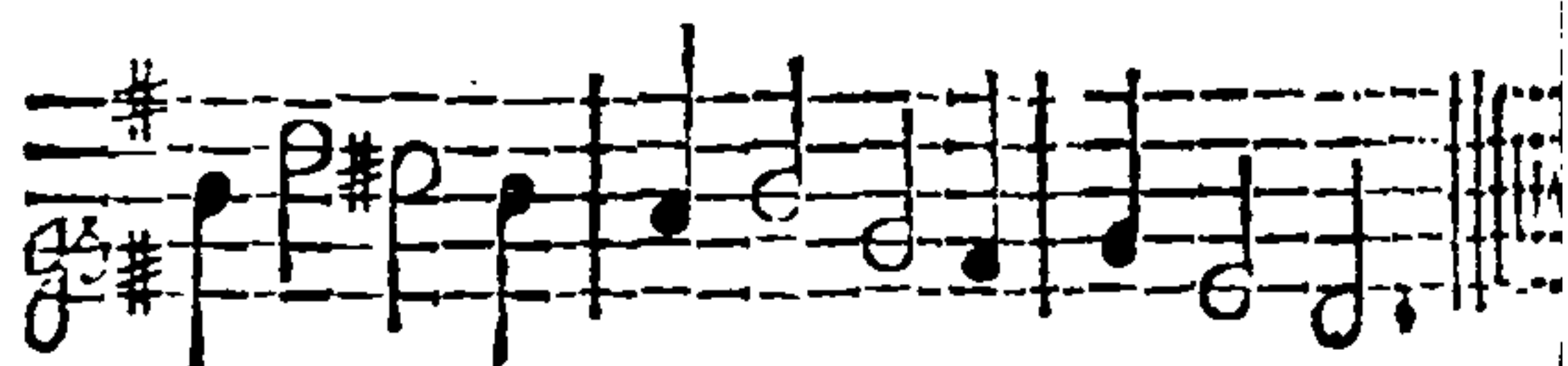
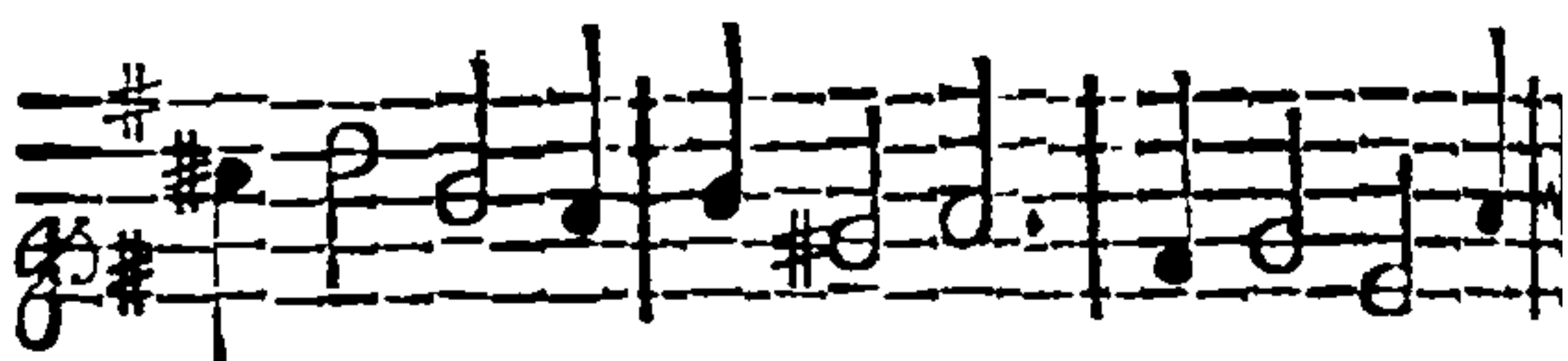
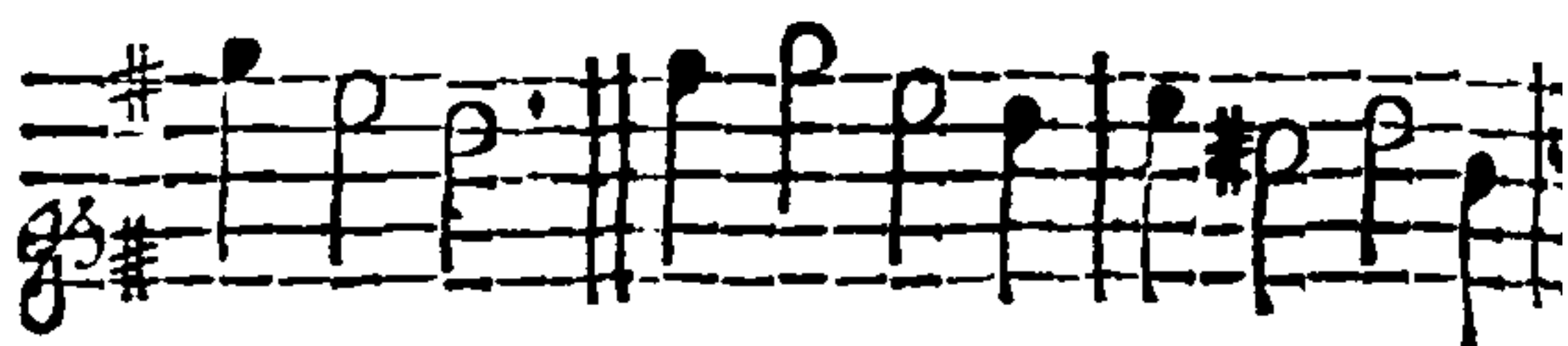
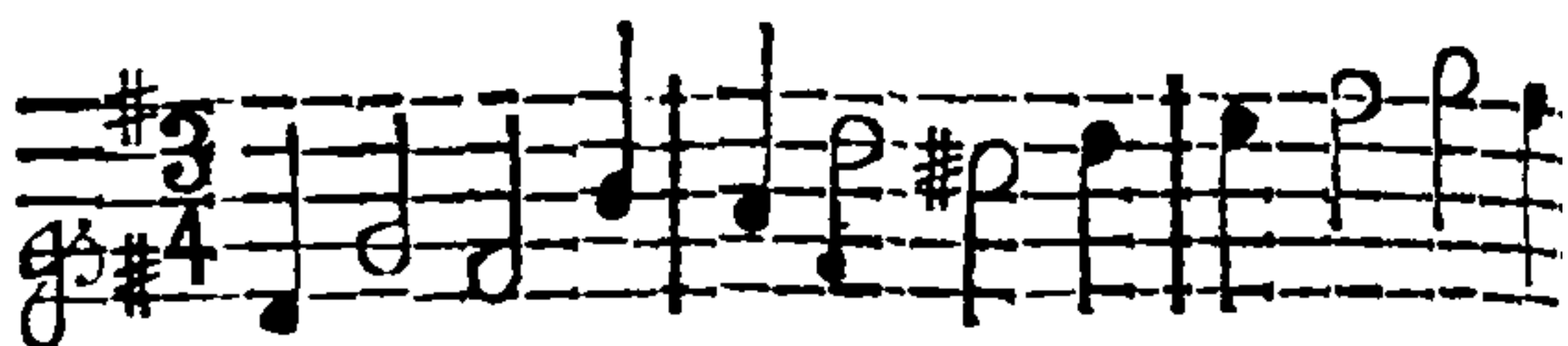
A SONG.



Young *Phaon* strove the Bliss to taste,
 But *Sappho* still deny'd;
 He struggl'd long, the Youth at last,
 Lay panting by her side.
 Helefs 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:
 In my Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 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 S O N G. Set by Mr. James Hart.



Happy 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 Cae,
 Age is no pain, and Youth no Snare.

An Unbappy 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 chace 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'ed on the Hills,
VVell able to endure ;
Their back-fides 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 he Earl *Douglas* 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 *Tividale*,
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;
 Who 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,
 While I have Power to stand:
 While 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 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 *Scottish* King :

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
 And thus Report of thee ;
 Thou art the most Couragious Knight,
 That ever I did see.

O *Dowglas*, quoth *Earl Piercy* then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 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 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 *Douglas* for thy Life,
Would I had lost my Land.

O 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 *Douglas* 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 *John* of *Ogerton*,
 Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
 Sir *James* that bold Baron :

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
 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 *Douglas* 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 the Lord *Markwel* in likewise,
Did with Earl *Dowglas* 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 *Dowglas* 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*.

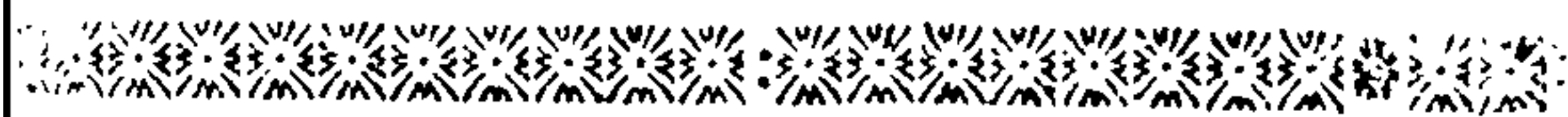
Now God be with him said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my Realm
Five Hundred as good as he.

Yet 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.





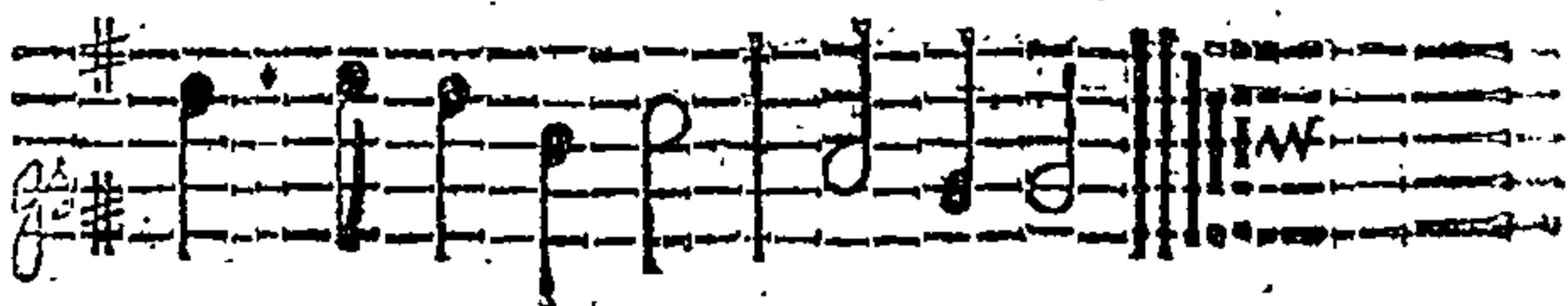
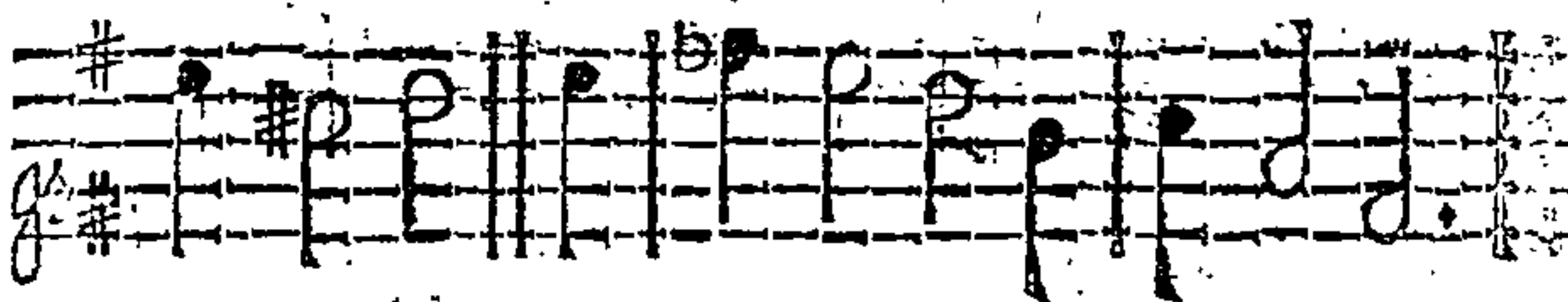
AS fair *Olinda* sitting was,
 Beneath a shady Tree ;
 Much Love I did profess to her,
 And she the like to me :
 But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,
 And prest her to be kind :
 She cry'd, Oh no, but I remember,
 Womens Words are Wind.

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' 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:
 Ino more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
 Than the force, the force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.





GO tell *Aminter* 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 vaineſs of Defence,
 When *Phyllis* does Invade.

But ah! her colder Heart denies,
 The Thoughts her Locks 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 S O N G.



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,
Philis 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. P A C K.



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.

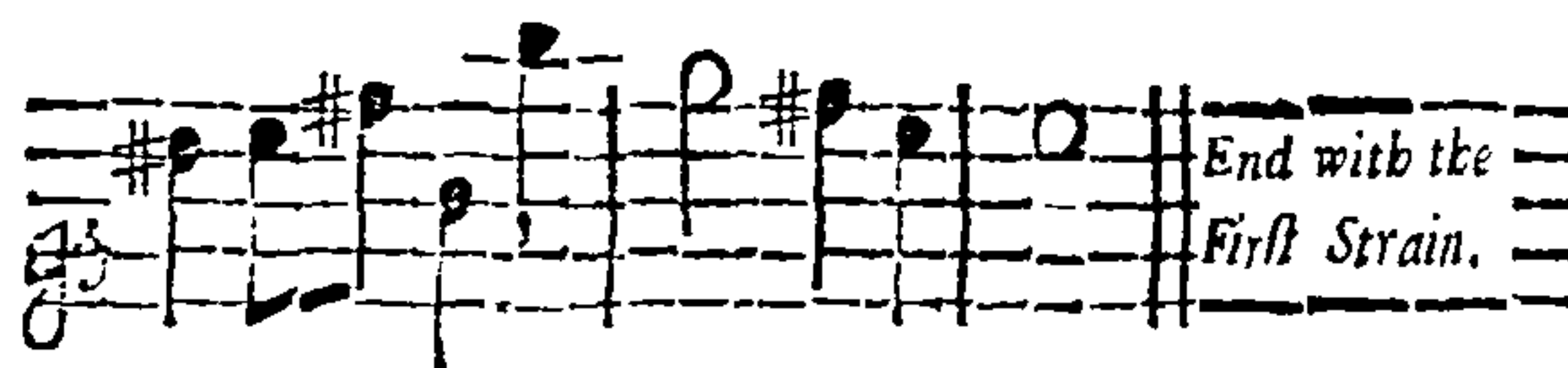
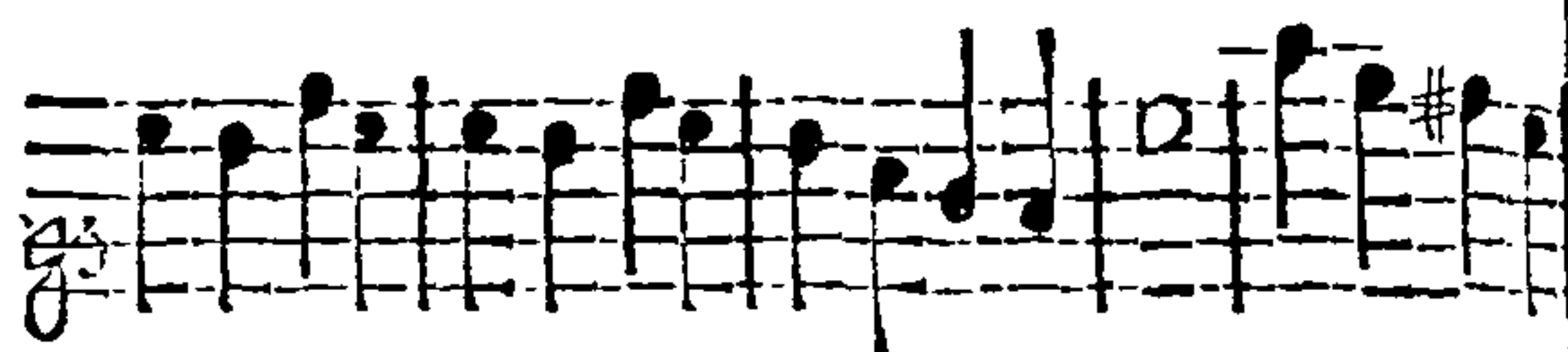
Like those who Magick Spells employ,
 At distance wounds and does destroy ;
 She kills with her severe disdain,
 And absent I endure the pain :
 But spare, O spare your Cruel Art ! The Fatal Dart
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

A S O N G.



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 wandring Eye,
 And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

The

The Pilgrim. Tune by Mr. John Barrett.

*End with the
First Strain.*

(loves

OH! happy, happy Groves, Witness of our tender
Oh! happy, happy shade, where first our Vow
(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
Pill

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 bolt upright, &c.*

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.*



*A H! 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 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 fly 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! *Chloris*, thy Words,
 Are so powerful to me;
 That I could be willing,
 To tarry with thee;

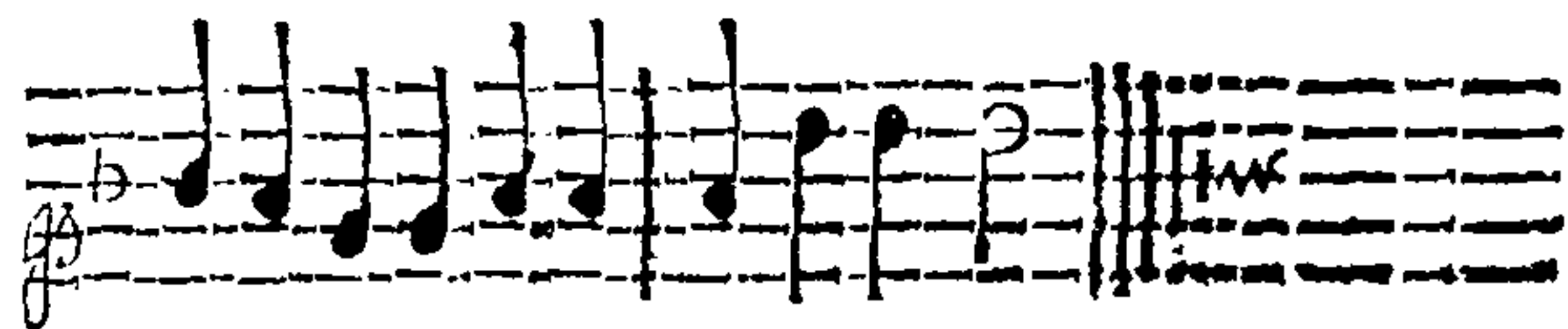
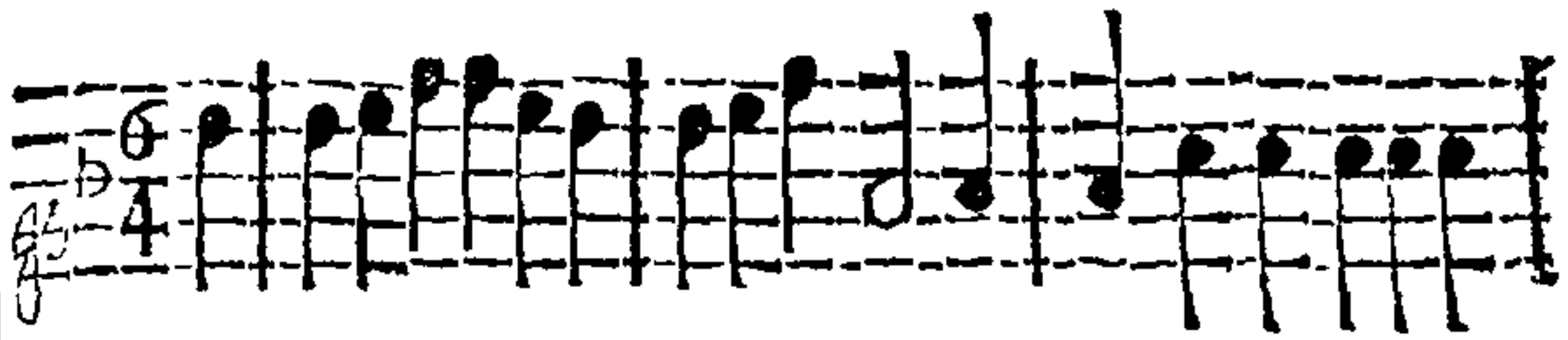
Therefore to content thee,
One Hour I will stay,
But I vow, by God Cupid,
I will then go away.

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 blifs 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 decrepped old Sinners,
To the Bath did resort,
For venereal Distempers,
As well as the Sport.

When the Red Robe was gone,
 To the Country Affizes,
 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 fore.

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.

VVhen

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 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 *Jethro*', 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 Conjuror,
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 Styce,
Or Goats in bad Weather ;
E'er nussl'd so close,
Or more Amorous together.

We Kifs'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 Shilling;
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 fore ;
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 Jenny her Daughter.

Ah! Tenant (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 Wooing.

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 don'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,
 Ruican and Cream joy, wherewith you may flabber 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,*
 If you will be wid me, squeeze my great Thumb; dumb
 Arra squeeze it dear *Sheela joy, Sheela joy, Sheela joy,*
 Squeeze it hard *Sheela gra, till the Blood come.*

A Warning to all CUSTARD Eaters.

LET *Totnam* Court and *Islington*,
L 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,
 VWho 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 scowr'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,
 VWithin 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;
 VWhen 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 Moufe 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.

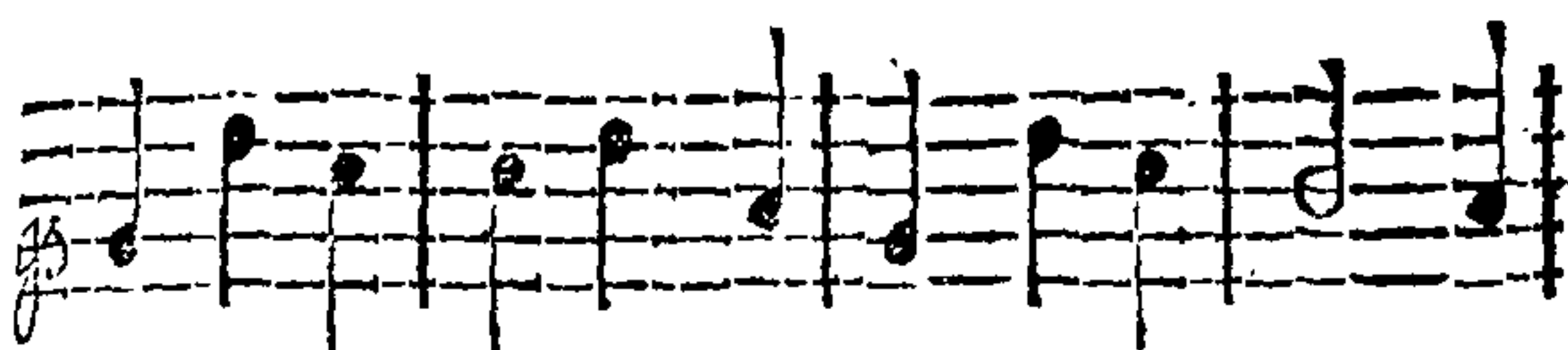


Under this Stone lies one, who writ his *Finis*;



and with a Trick of's own, was kill'd with Kindness:

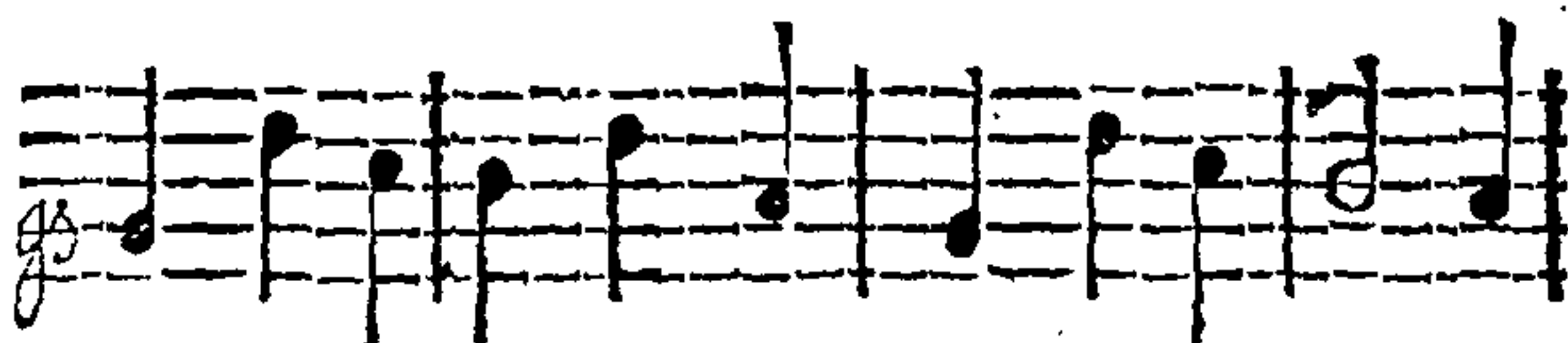
He



He dy'd in such a trim, no Death can match it,



A *Custard* was to him, Pap with a Hatchet;



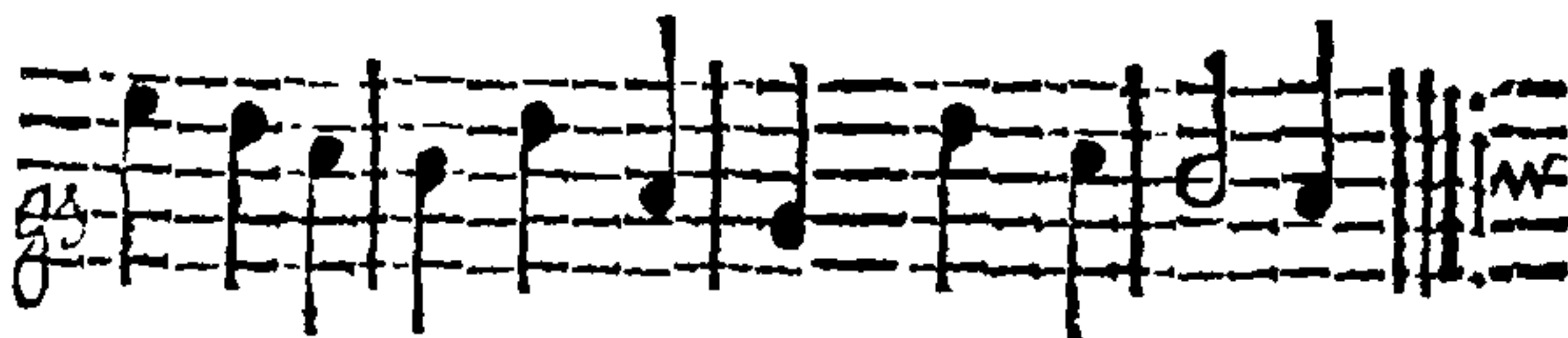
He might as well have been brain'd with a Silk Fan,



As to lose his Life in a lit-tle Milk-pan;



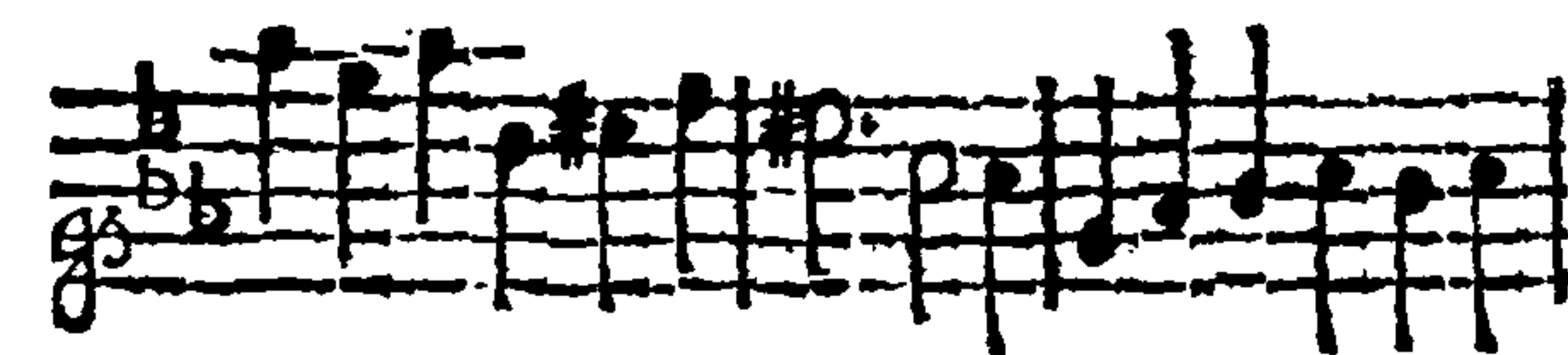
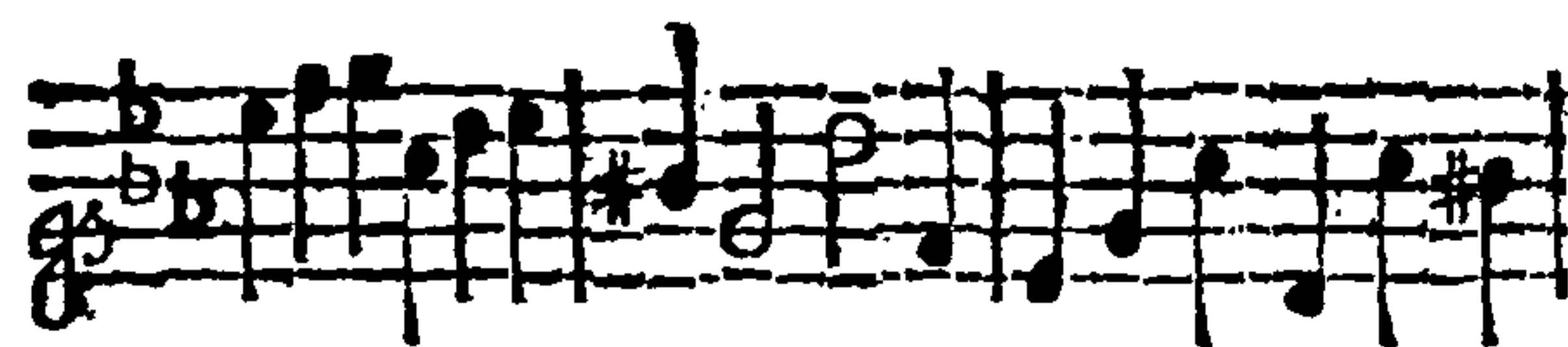
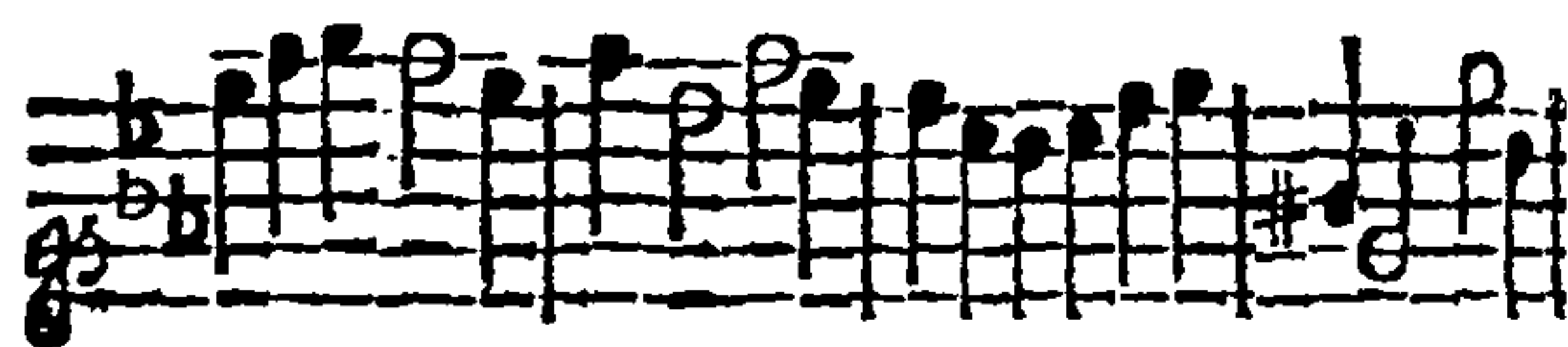
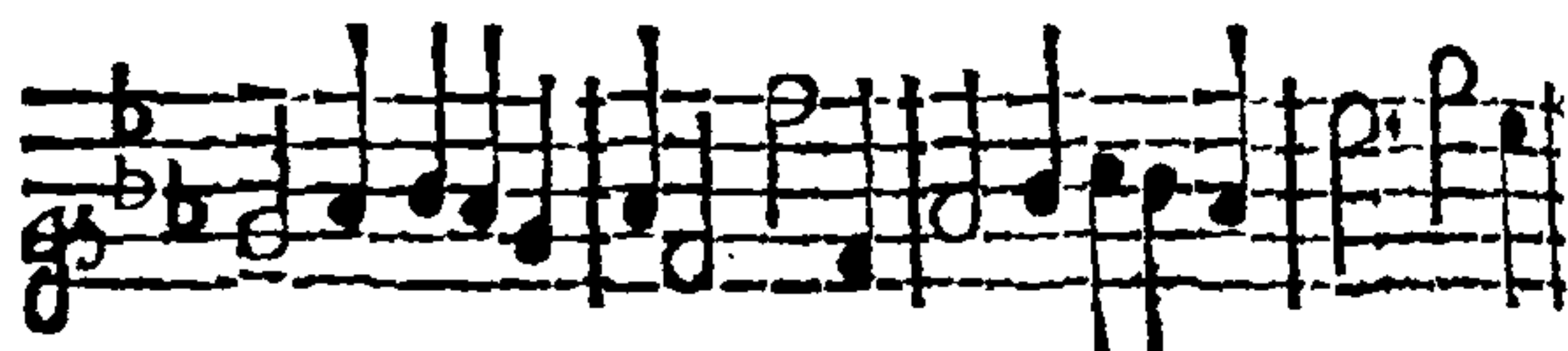
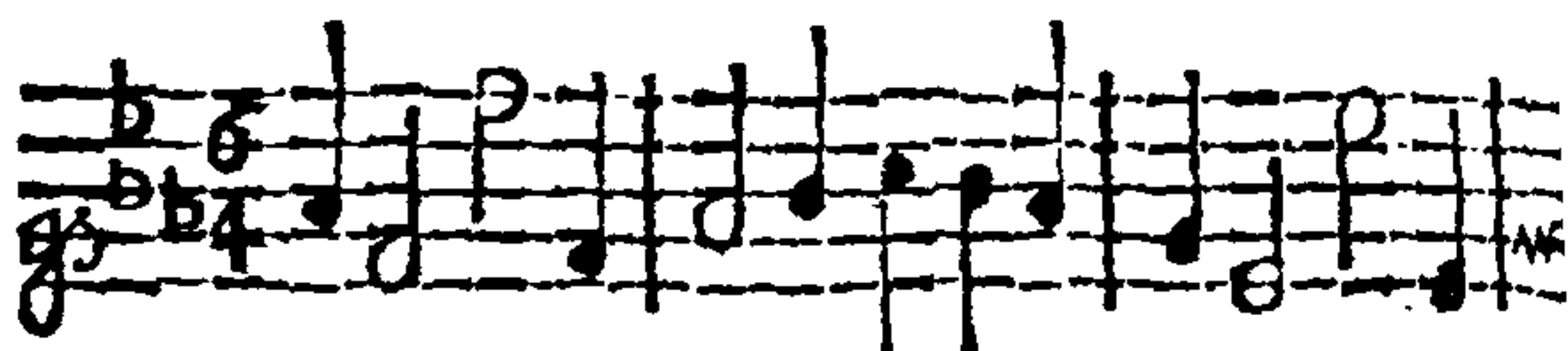
Tho' the great Guns and Pikes have loudly bluster'd,

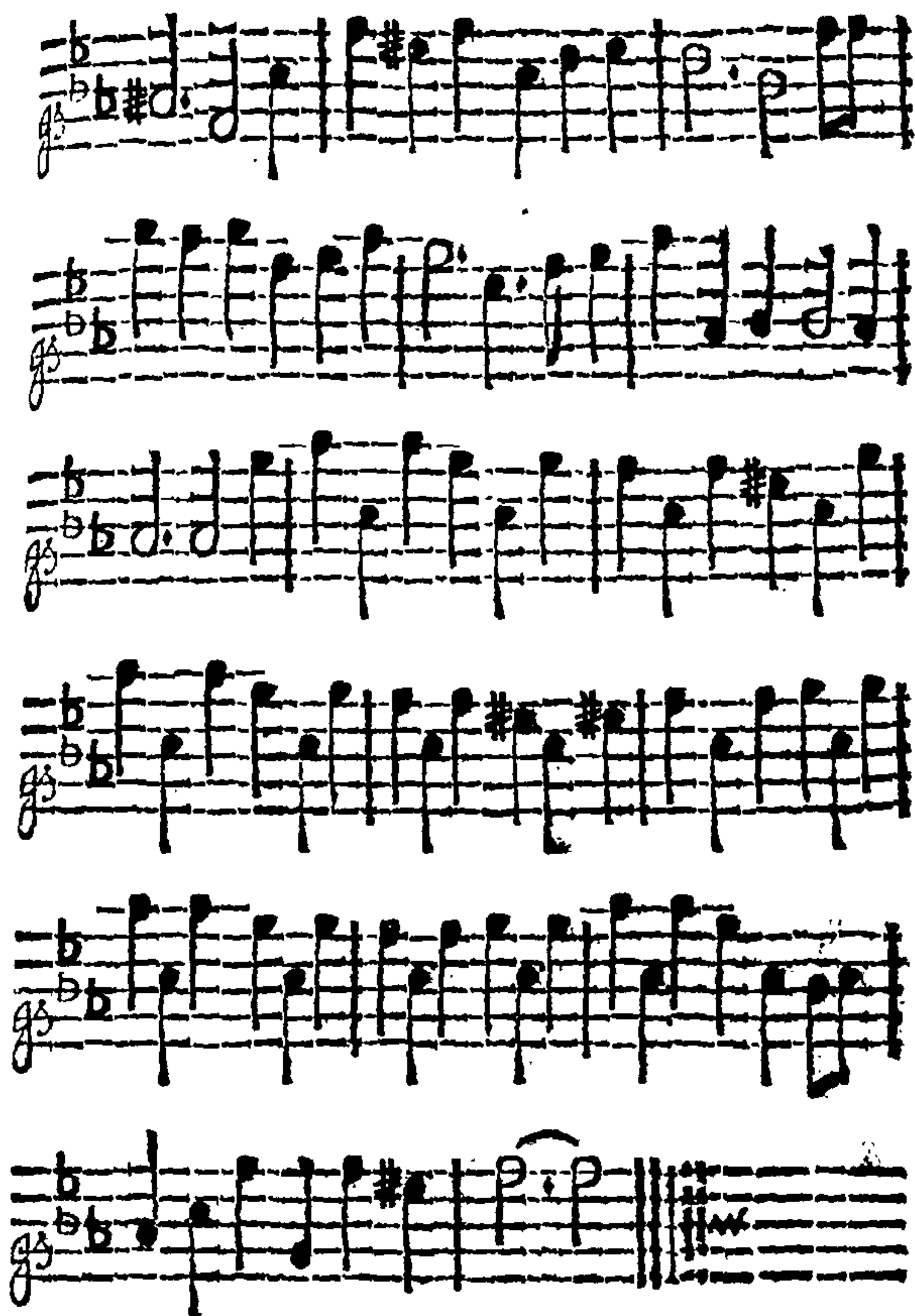


There is no Weapon like long Spoon and *Custard*.

Woo-

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.

DO LLY, 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 Ruffet Shoes on,
 No, nor *Ellen*, with great Belly swelling,
 Can for Dancing with *Dolly*, compare,
 Zocks 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.

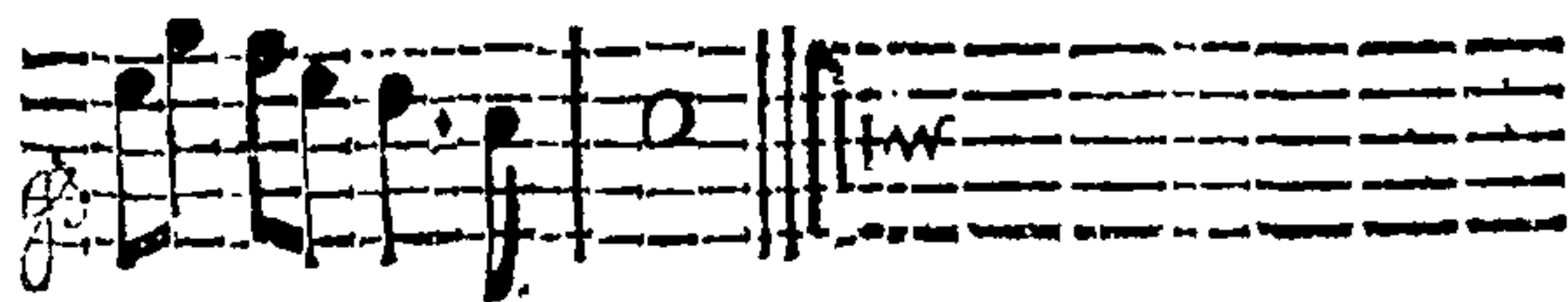
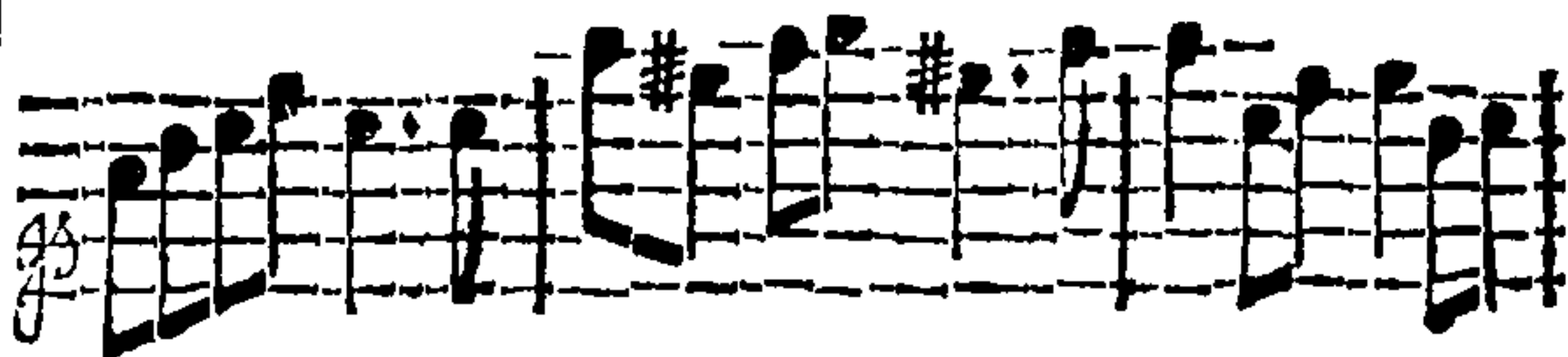
He. Could you guess when first I Woo'd you,
 I thought of less,
 I close pursu'd you ;
 Abandon'd *Bess*,
 To gain dear *Dolly's* good Will,
 My Endeavours to please you ever,
 And to Marry sweet *Doll* of the Dairy,
 So by Kissing first nought will be missing,
 Grant a Tast till my Belly I fill,
 That, 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 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

*The SEA-FIGHT in 92.**Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.**Thurj-*

Thursday in the Morn the Ides of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous Ninety Two;
 Brave *Ruffel* 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 *Ruffel* 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* shoal
 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 dazzling *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.

(agrees)
 Each jarring Kingdom of the World, in this one point
 Thus *Cuckoldom* may well be call'd th' united Provinces
 It does invest,
 With ample Crest,
Min—heer—van pluchen—Hans;
CUCKOLDS are made *Grandeos* 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
 What she's bestow'd, (Woman)
 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
 The Goats ne'er mind, (they're Asses)
 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.



POOR *Cleonice* thy Garlands tear,
 From off thy Widow'd Brow;
 And bind thy loose dishevel'd Hair,
 With Ewe and Cypress now:
 And Since the Gods decreed his Years,
 Shou'd have so short a Date;
 Let thy sad Eyes, pay Seas of Tears,
 As Tribute to his Fate.

The Trees a duller Green have worn,
 Since that dear Swain is gone;
 The tender Flocks their Pasture mourn,
 And bleat a sadder Moan:
 The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
 To happy Mansions fly;
 And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
 Now seem to bid me dye.

A SONG. Set by Mr. Leveridge, Sung by Mr. Wilks in the Comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer.





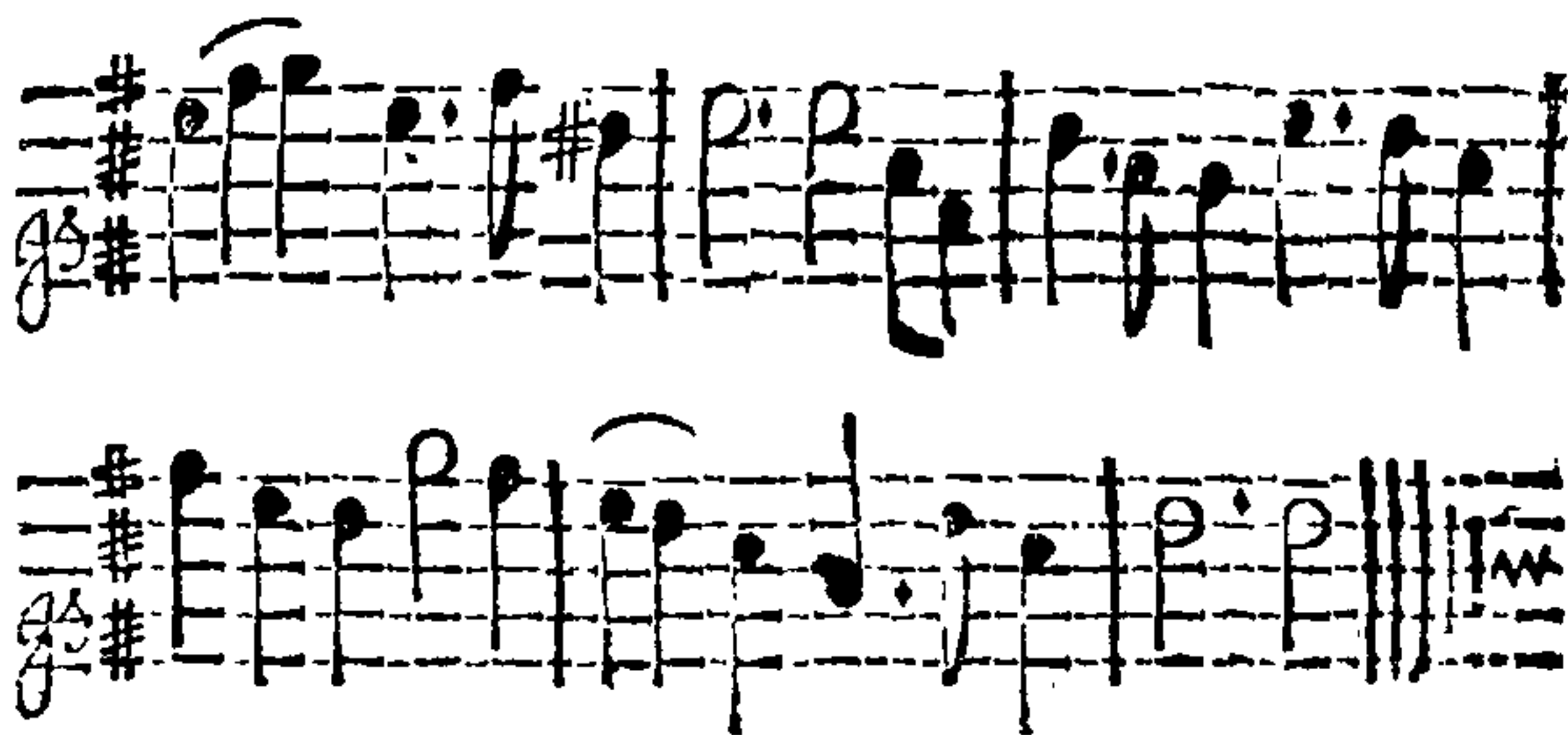
COME Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
 A Fellow so fit for a Lover ;
 Come Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
 A Fellow so fit for a Lover :
 The World shall view my Passion for you,
 The World shall view my Passion for you,
 But never your Passion discover :
 The World shall view, my Passion 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 Kifs,
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will Kifs,
 Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.
 I'll get me, &c.



The NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE *Health.* Set by Mr.
 EDWARD KEEN.





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.

Shou'd 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 Glafs 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.



SPARE 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;

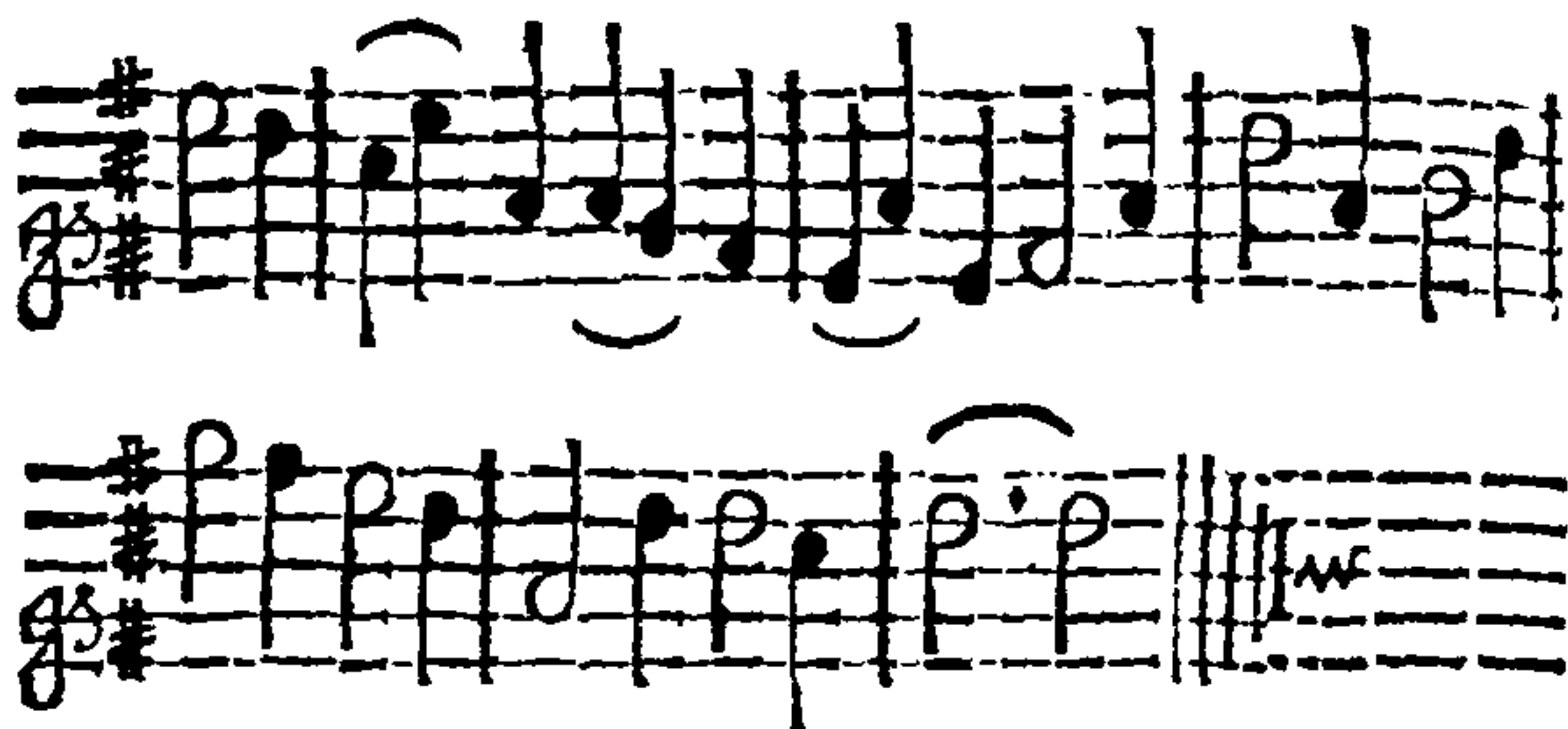
O make the scornful Cælia know,
The Pains she now regardless sees.
O make, &c.

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 L Y N.





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:
 Kifs 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 Kifs 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 Lafs! 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, (Hey ho,
 And the Nectar that drops, drops, drops from her Nose;
 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 think not the Devil is in't;
 For always upon me she looketh 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 *Willie* is return'd with Joy and Peace:
 The Trumpet shrill no more shall sound Alarms,
 And call thy *Jockey* out of thy soft Arms;
 In which I'll lie and sleep both Day and Night,
 And Dream of nought but Pleasures and Delight.

Each bonny Lad shall with his loving Lads,
 With Pipe and Tabor trip it on the Grass;
 With Chaplets gay my *Jenny* shall be crown'd,
 And with her loving *Jockey* Dance around:
 In Silks and Sattins then my only dear,
 The Blithest Lads in *Tweeddale* 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.

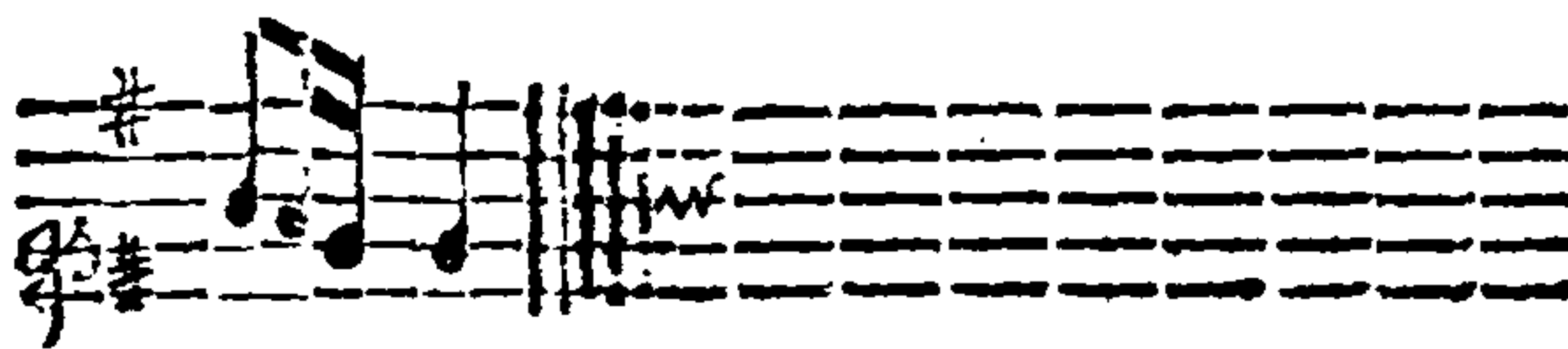


F OOLISH Swain thy sighs forbear,
Nothing can her Passion move;
Celia with a careless Air,
Laughs to hear the Tales of Love:

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'ft an empty Name.



Always easy, never kind,
 When you think you have her sure :
 Such a Temper you will find,
 Quick to wound, quick to wound, quick to wound,
 but slow to Cure.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Berenclow.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line with a bass accompaniment. It is in the key of G major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and note values. The piece is a short song, likely a minuet or a similar light musical form, given the title 'PILLS to Purge Melancholy'.



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.