THE FRISKY SONGSTER.

BEING

A SELECT CHOICE of such SONGS
As are distinguished for their
Jollity, High Spirit, and
tinnity.

And above Two Hundred Toasts and Sentiments,
of the most Delicious Order.

Lust, through some certain Strainers well refined,
Is Gentle Love, and charms all Womankind.

ESAY ON MAN, EPIST. II.

A NEW EDITION.

Sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country, 1776.
[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence bound.]
A Humourous Dutch dialogue,

As I was go by de tis teen cantons, dat is the place vere
de vas fell de alamote peels, who should p'stand at de
door, but Mynheer Vanflawken and Mynheer Van-
dyson. Zo, Mynheer Vanflawkon was lay to me, vat
is de matter you never was go down to the Veeu's-head
at Yelsea, to play de game at the Dutch robers. Zo, I lay
to him, I never vas go dere, but I will go some time or
anoders. Zo, he zay to me, come now, come now, and
pring your wives along vid you. Zo, I zay to him,
fair, I vas got ne'er a wife's. Zo, he zays to me, den I
suppose you keep a fauker-womans—yes, fair, zay I—
I vas keep a fauker-woman, to be sure fair. Zo den he
zay to me, vel, vel, pring your fauker-woman along vid
you. Zo I go into Newkner's lane. I feth mine fauker-
woman, and away he vas go to de Veeu's-head at Yel-
sea, yull py his Majesty's bon-house. Ven vas was
dere, dere vas Mynheer Vanflawken, Mynheer Van-
dyson, and his wives, and his wife's broders, and Mynheer
Hoofsnicken, and his faukers and moders. Zo Mynheer
Vanflawken, he vas lay to me, fair I vas play vid you at
de Dutch robers for any monie.—zo away we vas go at
and vile he was look ofer de vall at de youngk fauker.
A 2

women's
women's, as vas to go py—py. Got fai, I was tip all nine, four I push down mid de powl, and five mid de doter hand:—Hey, vat de devils ish de matter now? Vat you tipe all nine? says Mynheer Vanfrawken; yes fair, says I—I was tip all nine—by Got dat vas not fair, tays Mynheer Vanfrawken—yes fair, says I, dat vas very fair; Well, vell, says Mynheer Vanfrawken, I could not see, I had not eyes in my aurse. Zo den he say, he would play anoder games along mid me.—Zo I play anoder games—and anoder and anoder by Got I was beat him every one. Zo he sain, he would play no more games, but would go into de room behind de bar, and have a tankard of the fumilt beers, and baper de shmoist toba-go. Zo in de mean vile, my fawker-woman was in de bar, along vid de womans of de house, and madam Vanfrawken. Zo de womans of de house vas say to mine fawker-woman—madam, vile, you please to come and shit down by me. Zo my fawker-woman vas shit down by de womans of de house, and de womans of de house vas shit down by mine fawker-womans. Zo de woman of de house she say to madam Vanfrawken, and my fawker-woman, ladies, will you have a trop of a towns. Zo by Got, they drink five or six drams a-piece, dey was very super womens to be furc. Zo in de mean vile Mynheer Vanfrawken, vas tumble into a great dispute, about vish was de greatest man's, de El—for or de St—r.
St——r. zo as I was come from H——r mine-
selves, I zay de El——r H——r was a more greater-
man as he. Den Mynheer Vanflawken say, pshaw,
de El——r of H——r is no more as a foolish
old woman, dat vas make me as mad as the devils.
zo I say, by Got he is no more as a foolish old man, so
you was a liar for dat; den up he vas come to me, and
gave me a devilish dump of the eye. zo den I got up
to him, and gif him anoder dump. zo den he come up
to me and gif me a dump of the yeeck—den I gif him
anoder dump of the yeeck. away den we go at it, dere
was dump for dump, and plump for plump till Mynheer
Vanflawken vas got me down on de floor.——zo as I vas
lie down on de floor, vat must I do den. Mynheer was
a great tall gross man's come fau, and I was a little sprit
man's come fau. So by Got, a comical tought was come
into mine head, dat I would bite de Dushman's nose.
zo by Got I turn about and I pite his nose too and too
—Donder and Blackfen, says Mynheer, vat is it you pite
a man's nose—No fair, said I, I did not pite your nose.
By Got, says Mynheer Vanflawken, you was a tam'ma
liar, if you say you vas not pite my nose. —zo I say,
indeed fair, I did not. Donder and zarkfen, you lie
you diez, only see now yentlemen's, how it vas hang
dingle dangle, one wa, and de oter by a litel bit of skin.
zo den all de yentlemen's say, it vas a damned shame dat one
man should pite anoder man's nose. zo one gentleman
was come and gif me a dump, and anoder came and gif
me a dump, by Got dey ge me ten hundred touland
dumps, and kicked me out of de company.—zo as I vas
go down flairs, I zay murder! murder! zo who should
come up but an Englishmans, as I was know fery well.
zo I zay to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer
Vanlawken says, I pite his nose.—O G—t dm his
plood, says de Englishman, tell him he bit his nose his
own self.—by Got I tought it was very comical, dat a
man should pite his own nose; however, away I was run
in, dere! dere! says I, Mynheer Vanlawken, you vas a
black-guard, you was a scoundrel, and a diefsman, you
say I was pite your nose, by Got fair, you pite your own
nose your own selves.—Gottam mine ploods gentlemens
says Mynheer Vanlawken, here is a black-guard, here is
a scoundrel!—Now gentlemens, I will be gudged by ye,
veder it is possible a mans can pite his own nose his own
selfs.—zo all the gentlemen say, no to be sure—but
Mynheer Hoofsnecken, a very grive wise mens, vas
shiting by de fire-side, drinking his tankard of de smelt
peer, and smoaking his pipe of the sooisht tobagoo—
Gentlemens, says he, noding is impossible mid Got—if
Got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves.
—So der all the Gentlemen vas fall aboard de great fat
Dutchman, and gife him ten hundred douland dumps
for
to pite his own nose his own self, and lay it upon another man. But in the mean while, who should come in but Mynheer Vandondermans, de comical Dutchman, by God he was a comical man, so comical he make you skite your brogenbrooks, he was come in, O gentlemen, gentlemen, says he, vat is de reason of de damt noise and botteration. Come, come, shit down, shit down, says he, and I will give you a pit of a Dutch song. So den dey all call silence, for Mynheer Vandonderman's song, he was begin.

Yonk coop macarmus
My moisnet havet con gelt.
Eftsoon ye vel macarma scope;
Myre gelt is out o'mine sack aloofe.
Yon cop macarmus,
My moisnet haven con gelt
THE
FRISKY SONGSTER

SONG I.
SPORTSMAN's-HALL.

I HAVE a tenement to let
Will please both great and small, Sir,
And if you'd know the name of it,
I call it Sportsman's-hall, Sir:
It's seated in a pleasant vale,
Near to a rising hill, Sir,
And through it runs a purling stream,
Wou'd turn a little mill, Sir.
It is not roof'd with slate or tile,
Nor is it piec'd or patch'd, Sir,
Yet a drop of Rain can ne'er get in,
It is so nicely thatch'd, Sir:
If I do not let it soon,
By Jove I'll have it cry'd, Sir;
For what's the use of such a thing,
If it's not occupy'd, Sir?

This
This house is very dark at night,
    And so it is by day, Sir;
Yet if you enter in aright,
    You cannot lose your way, Sir:
When once you're in, push boldly on
    As far as e'er you can, Sir,
And if you reach the farther end,
    You'll be where ne'er was man, Sir.
There is no window to this house,
    Nor is there but one door, Sir;
No parlour, nor fine rooms up-stairs,
    But just the middle floor, Sir:
Yet let not that discourage you,
    For ere you long are there, Sir,
What though your furniture be large,
    You'll find enough to spare, Sir.
On two rais'd pillars stands this house,
    Yet though near the door, Sir,
You can't get fairly in, unless
    You creep upon all-four, Sir:
Though there is ne'er a soul within,
    This little door t' unlock, Sir:
It is so cunningly contriv'd,
    'Twill open, if you knock, Sir.
It is surrounded by a wood,
    Where there is game in plenty!
Of hairs so stout, you scarce can find
   The like in places twenty:
Of coney-hunting, day and night,
   You'll have your full enjoyment;
And if in cocking you delight,
   You ne'er will want employment.
This house is warm without a fire,
   In it is peace and plenty;
It is in very good repair,
   And has stood years but twent:
The sort of tenant I would choose,
   I will now tell you fairly,
He must be young, and one that can
   Get up both late and early.
One that cultivates the land,
   And sows it in due season,
That handles well the threshing flail,
   Whene'er there is occasion:
If he does this, I promise him
   I ne'er for rent will call, Sir;
But, if he fails, I will eject
   Him out of Sportsman's-hall, Sir.

SONG II.

THE FRANK.

Once a lady requested a nobleman's hand
   That her letter might go carriage free—
He took up his pen to obey her command,
   And on it wrote C-u-n-t.
The maid was dispatched to the post master's shalt,
   Who told her it would not go free,
For the Parliament house, since the reign of Qu. Anne,
   Was not subject to C-u-n-t.
It's a nobleman's title, reply'd the fair maid,
   Upon which she turn'd away blunt;
A title! a turd, you impudent jade.
   For C-u-n-t does spell C-t.
For I'm sure it's not used at a baron's creation;
   Nor by god-fathers name'd at the fount:
Nor knights of the garter, nor Bath's installation.
   No herald can quarter a C-t.
At her head the Frank flew, whilst his clerk reck
   How they might for precedent hunt—
But they found, in the reign of King Charles the Second,
   Most members made use of a C-t.
Lords, clergy, and commons, alike did it prize,
   And the courtiers insisted upon't—
'Twas raising the customs and helping the excise,
   For the general receiver was C-t.
Away ran the maid in a hurry, for fear
   Her mistress should take an affront;
The postman hobbled after, and cries out, "My dear,
   " Pr'ythee let me lay hold of thy C-t."
In the kitchen she flew, while he follow'd after,
And strongly insisted upon't;
On the stairs he o'en took her, crying out, Lord, mistress,
Here's a man will catch hold of my C—t.
The mistress came down, to know what they were at,
Demanding the letter to see:
But no question she ask'd, for she soon smelt a rat,
On beholding of C-u-n-t.
At the postman she smiled, and her error she owned,
Saying, my maid brought this letter to me;
But the like mistake Queen Elizabeth made,
When Sunt was spelt C-u-n-t.
Then let's bar mistake, and each keep his word,
Let the ink from your pen follow free,
Here's a health to the man that draws the best sword
In defence of a C-u-n-t.

SONG III.

COMMODORE GALE.

COME boys, and before the old vessel unmoors,
Let's toss off a can of good grog to the whores;
It's a pity good liquor should ever grow stale,
So knock round the wash, says old Commodore Gale.

Chorus.
Chorus.
Sing mix it, and stir it, says Commodore Gale,
Sing, mix it, &c.
It's a pity good liquor should ever grow stale.

I hate that d—d watching, and trudging the deck,
The most we can get boys, at best is a check:
Sit still then, and let the lieutenants all rail,
We'll ride out the breeze, says Commodore Gale.

Chorus.
Sing d—n 'em and sink 'em, says Commodore Gale.
Sing d—n 'em, &c.
Sit till then, &c.

The liquor's not their's, it is very well known.
We stole it, and so d—n their eyes, its our own;
We'll booze it about till we spew like a whale,
To half-pay, and their downfall, says Commodore Gale.

Chorus.
Here's to peace and their downfall, says Com. Gale.
Here's to peace, &c.
We'll booze it, &c.

Were I but ashore, and they tipp'd me their jaw,
My truncheon should soon make them stand in more awe.
I'd thresh them as Farmers do corn with a flail;
Till they cr,'d out peccavi, says Commodore Gale.

Chorus.
Chorus.
Sing smash 'em and thresh 'em says Commodore Gale,
Sing smash 'em, &c.
I'd thresh 'em &c.

Come take t'other bottle, and draw forth the cork,
And we'll toss off a can to the whores of the York,
For what tho' they do carry fire in there tail,
The failing is common says Commodore Gale,

Chorus.
Sing kiss 'em and buss 'em, says Commodore Gale,
Sing kiss 'em, &c.
For what though, &c.

But thus while he hec tors, and bullies and roars,
And talks of his bruising, and toasts all his whore, 
His stomach and noodle begin both to fail,
There's go and turn in, says old Commodore Gale,

Chorus
Sing knock off and sleep, says old Commodore Gale,
Sing knock off &c,
His stomach, &c.

Then he staggers to bed, and top-heavy with bub,
He piss'd in his hammock instead of a tub,
And dreamt he was swamp'd in a boat under fall,
Oh! bail her, Oh! bail her, says Commodore Gale,

Chor
Chorus.

Sing scoop her, and bail her, says Commodore Gale,
Sing scoop her &c.
And dreamt, &c.

Then learn to drink freely ye bucks of the main,
But never o'er bail last your stomach or again;
So with this sober moral we'll stop our tale.
And drink reformation to Commodore Gale.

Chorus.

Sing drink, and remember old Commodore Gale,
Sing drink &c.
So with this sober moral we'll stop our tale.

The person who in the above song is called Com. Gale, was an old sotting midshipman on board the York Man of War, and the song was wrote by the Surgeon's Mate of that ship, as a piece of humourous satire on the bad examples he (Com. Gale) was too apt in general to set the other Midshipmen of the ship who were all his juniors.

SONG IV

THE BLUE BELLS OF IRELAND.

NEWS neighbours news, great news I have to tell,
A wagon load of p—ks is come to town to sell,
And if you'll be my customers beggar I'll use you well
And the blue bells of Ireland, go well boys well
And the clapper strikes on every side, bang her a—se well

In
In came lady gay—the footman ran before,
Desiring one, his mistress might, nine inches and no more;
And when he went to thrust it in, she cry'd encore.

And the blue bells,
In came parson's wife, herself for to please,
For she would have a little p—k to give herself some ease;
For parson's diddle, while a preaching, hung below his kness.

And the blue bells, &c.

In came a gardner's wife, and she was cloath'd in green,
And buying of a dozen p—ks, she stole away fifteen,
And ram'd them all into her c—t, that they might not be seen.

And the blue bells, &c.

In came the vintner's wife, and she was full of spleen,
And she would have the biggest p—k that ever yet was seen;
For she had been plagued with little ones e'er since she was fifteen,

And the blue bells, &c.

In came a sailor's wife, and she came from Blackwall,
She bought a waggon load of p—ks, the waggoner and all
To make amends for lots of time, while Jack was at Bengal.

And the blue bells, &c.
The next there came a little Miss, resolv'd to play her part,
And when she heard the p—ks were sold, I thought 'twould break her heart;
Pray give me leave, says she, to rub my c—t against your cart.
And the blue bells, &c.

SONG V.
COMICAL JACK.

SINCE you, on me, call for a long,
I pr'ythee make no riot:
I'll give you one, it shan't be long,
So pray now all be quiet:
It's of a buxom lad and lass,
That one day went a nutting;
Where Jack roll'd her on the grass,
And stopt up her dumb glutton.

At night at home then he would play
With her fame—what d'ye call it;
Says he, my dear, you know to-day
I gave your a—le a sal'ad;
And now I'm in the toying mind,
I would again be fl—h—g;
Therefore, my dear, if you'll be kind,
We'll come here in the kitchen.
No sooner said, but to’t they went,
On a chair both old and crazy:
He with his peg stopt up her vent,
And rumpled all her daisy:
Says she, now do it as you did
To-day upon the grass, man:
When rattling came from o’er their heads
Pots, pipkins, dishes, saucepan.

This noise, uncommon, quickly brought
Her mistress from the parlour,
Who in her infant years being taught,
Was now an antient snarler:
Surpriz’d at seeing such a sight,
(To make a short of the matter)
She at them flung with all her might,
A swinging wooden platter.

Unhappy Jack, in his surpriz,</p>
Clapt pego in his breeches,<p>
And ma’am her coats pull’d o’er her thighs,<p>
The pot and saucepan reaches;<p>
While he seem’d sorry for his crime,<p>
That such hard fate besel it,—<p>
But he resolv’d another time,<p>
To give her a—se a saltad.
SONG VI.

NED AND NANCY.

Tune "Scotch Bonnet."

THERE's Hall and Doll, and Tom and Bels,
Agreed to please their fancy,
For to put on their Sunday's dress,
And call on Ned and Nancy----
And as they pass'd along the way,
Each sporting with his lass'y,
They roll'd them on the cocks of hay,
And whipp'd their narsey parsley.
Dolly's legs were cloath'd in green,
Below knee ty'd her gan'er;
And tuch a thing there was between,
Would make your mouth to water:
There Bels was shewing all she could,
And Nancy's a'-fe was bare, Sir;
And never a p---k there but stood,
To broach you know where, Sir.
There might you see the strong-back'd Hall,
With a'-fe in nimble motion,
With ups and downs receiv'd from Doll,
As she suck'd'd in the potion.
There Tom and Bell were thrusting home,
And Ned did Nancy ram in;
At length the j--e began to come;
From vigorously cramming.

There might you see the whites of eyes,
Like Jack-Daws all a dying;
A group of mingled legs and thighs,
And tails of smocks a flying;
But listen to what did befall,
When tongue to tongue was darted.

There was a flink among them all,
They kiss'd until they farted,
The lads and lasses all were plea'd,
So well it did beset em.

Each several pogo well was press'd--
Who knows--they might beset 'em;
But whether that was so I know,
It is not worth our heeding;
They cramm'd their gluttonous ouths, you know
That always would be feeding.

SONG VIII.

SHAWNBRY

As Damon stray'd through yonder grove,
In pensive mood sat musing,
He there beheld the Queen of Love,
I ’r favorite theme perusing;
Her breasts they swell’d with heavy
And deep oppress’d as can be;
And ever and anon she cries,
’I die to taste of Shawnbree.

Oft Chloe with her darling swain,
’Retreats to shady bowers,
There quenching love’s fierce raging pain,
’With bliss beguiles the hours;
And Sylvia too does joys possesss.
’And pleasures great as can be,
’For Strepthon does her passion bless,
’And has her will of Shawnbree.

O Cupid god of pleasing love,
If so thou art befriended me:
O kindly now my pray’dr approve,
’And to my aid now send me,
’Some sprightly youth that’s made to charm,
’A maiden warm as can be,
’With rapture ev’ry sense alarm,
’And let me taste of Shawnbree.

He personated then the boy,
And faith sincere presented,
with excess of swelling joy,
Upon the ground she fainted;
Reolv'd to yield, what would betide,  
Her legs were wide as could be,  
That Damon slip'd between the stride,  
And let her taste of Shawnbree.
With eager grasp each other press'd,  
Their melting souls dissolving:  
With twining thighs the hams embrac'd,  
In circling folds revolving—
With closer squeeze he murm'ring cries,  
"Push farther, if it can be:"  
Then sighing deep, again she dies—  
Such pleasure is in Shawnbree.

SONG VIII.

HELLOISA to ABELARD.

My dearest of men, since your p—k you have lost  
My desires I've flidled, and my wishes have cross'd,  
And sooner than any man's pego I'd handle,  
I'd play with a d—o, or f—g with a candle.
My love on my virtue may greatly depend;  
No one in my storehouse shall jelly-drops lend;  
Not even the friar who hears me confess,  
With canonical vigour my body shall press.
Not morning desire, from sleep just awake,  
My strong resolution has power to shake:  
I'll ever be constant and true to my chuck:  
Since you are disabled, with none else I'll f—k.

B 4
SONG IX.
ABELARD'S ANSWER.

MY lovely bright charmer, what joy you bestow,
When your firm resolution you let me to know;
How happy am I, to think in your c—t,
Nobody hereafter will have leave for to hunt.
Since cursed Fulbert, with butchering knife,
Depriv'd me of what I thought dearer than life,
How I've been tormented and sadly put to it,
By longing to f—k when not able to do it.
Desire remains, although power is fled,
And wishes are living, though vigour is dead;
What a terrible thing, with a c—t in one's hand,
To be quite unable to make a p---k stand.

SONG X.
THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING.

YOUNG Roger threw Margery down on the floor,
With kissing, and palming, and thumping;
For heaven's sake, says Madge, look who's at the door!
O curse you! there's somebody coming.
But Roger he vow'd, and he promis'd and pray'd,
Ah, Roger, you are but a humming;
I cannot believe you, says the—I'm afraid,
I'm afraid, that there's somebody coming.
...But Roger kept hugging, and cringing, and squeezing, And at last the fly rogue fell a drumming; Which at last prov'd to Madge so delightfully pleasing, She car'd not if old Nick was coming.

SONG LI.

A Burlesque on, "As Kitty beautiful and young"

Bet Wyemus, of Weatherby's the pride, By Bridewell yet untam'd, Bespoke Nell Field close by her side, With tittle rage inflam'd, Inflam'd with rage and sad ill luck, Which fortune ha' ordain'd, That she could not get one poor f—k, While other brimstones reign'd.

Must Lucy Cooper bear the bell, And give herself such airs! And that damnation whoring of ne'er Bet'd by knights and squires, Has she a better c—t than I, With nut-brown hairs more thick, That all mankind for her should die; While I have scarce a p——k.

Come all ye gods be kind to me. And grant one p—k in store; I'll do my best to please them all, What can a girl do more?
Her prayers prevail'd, the gods gave way,
Betray at heart's desire,
Obtain'd a p---k rhat very day,
That set her c---t on fire.
Must dirty Peg that strolls the town,
With barrow full of greens.
Must she be day and night lie down'
Whilst I waste out my teens ;
What has she with me to compare,
Soft dogs both white and sound:
I'm thick, pure plomp, well cleath'd with hair,
My b---bies hard and round.
Dear, dearest Will, now go with me,
Nor leave me till you try :
I'll give more joy than such as she,
Or Cupid's victim die,
Will prompt by her they both lay down,
And she with full desire,
Lisp's out my dear I die, I swoon,
And melt in love's fierce fire.

SONG XII

Plato's Advice burlesqu'd.

SAYS Cleland why should man repine,
When for a c---t compell'd to stay !
Why shunneth he the joys of wine,
To wear the tedious hours away.
b—bies panting up and down,
Can all the charms of beds of down,
Preserve the soul quite free from care;

In time of rapture-giving squeeze,
The glowing cheek, the sparkling eye;
The faltering voice, the trembling knee,
Please less and on the fancy die;

Go wrap thy p——k in these lov'd folds,
which lately charm'd thee to explore,
You'll find that these delightful holds,
By frequent use will charm no more.

So through the penis flies the f—d,
Disolv'd in titilating joys,
We super-human pleasure bleed,
But 0 how soon the pleasure cloys;
Then since 'tis so, my buckish blades
With wine let's reinforce our reins,
Then f—k whores, widows, wives and maids,
And spent, again recruit our veins.

SONG XIII
The JOLLY FISHMONGER

A Jolly young fisshmonger liv'd in the Strand,
As merry a Grig as was known in the land;
For when at the Dolphin they met round the bowl,
He would drink like a fish, and was reckon'd a Soul.
Derry down, &c.
His heart that had been for twice fifteen years past,
As found as a Roach, was he found tone'd at last,
With an arrow as sharp as a hook, it is said,
Cupid caught him, and made him in love with a Maid.
This damsel might then a bright beauty be stil'd,
Her cheeks were as red as a Lobster when boil'd;
Her eyes too, as learned historians remark,
Stone just like two Whitings when plac'd in the dark.
When e ake'd her the question, at first she seem'd coy;
And vow'd that no mortal her Lending should enjoy;
And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
She dabb'd him and flipp'd thro' his hands like an Eel.
At length by entreaty the jade grew so free,
She'd stroke his fat gills, as she sat on his knee!
And what too perhaps might seem very odd,
She always delighted to play with his Code.
It happen'd one day in good humour he found her,
He caught her and laid her as flat as a flounder,
Then did what he pleas'd in a loving embrace!
Oh! would you not wish to have been in his Place?
Some months had roll'd on, when the neighbours smelt on
When! Jack and his handmaid had both been abs'n
They giggled and pointed, would cry out in scorn.
A Thornback has got a Red herring with spawn.

Ver's down, &c.

SONG.
Twas in the land of Cyder,
At a place called Brampton Bryon,
Such a prank was play'd,
'Twixt a man and a maid,
That all the saints cry'd for on.
For gentle John and Susan,
Were oft at recreation:
To tell the truth,
This vigorous youth,
Caus'd a dreadful conflagration.
Both morning noon and night Sir,
Brisk John was at her crupper,
He got in her gears,
Five times before prayers,
And six-times after supper.
John being well provided
So closely did solace her,
That Susan's waist,
So slackly laced,
She'd signs of babe of grace Sir,
Et when the knight perceiv'd.
That Susan had been sinning,
And that his lasses,
For want of grace,
Lov'd kissing more than spinning.
To cleanse the house from scandal,
And filthy fornication,
Of all such crimes,
To shew the tinsel,
His utter detestation.
He took both bed and bolster,
Nay blankets sheets and pillows,
With Johnny's frock,
And Susan's smock,
And burnt them in the kiln-house.
And every vile utensil
On which they had been wicked;
As chairs, joint stool's,
Old trunks, close-foo'ds,
And cke the three-leg'd cricket.
But had each thing defiled,
Been burnt at Brampton Brjon,
We all must grant,
The knight would want,
Himself a bed to lie on.

SONG LV.

THE CRAB-LOUSE.

A Crab Louse I am, from a Crab-Louste I came,
My parentage always I'll honour,
As a bunter in alley, uncover’d her belly,
    A ling-boy begot me upon her.
A soldier no wonder, he took me for plunder,
    And carried me over to Flanders;
He gave me his wife, she to better my life,
    Introduc’d me to all the commanders.
With a nun I was left, but one morning at thrift,
    A friar took me from my place i
I fluck to his b——es, true catholic reliques,
    And then turn’d a Crab-Louse of grace.
I was brought into Rome, on a Cardinal’s butt,
    Who was fond of the fundamental grope,
His master of horse, he us’d to indorse,
    And that master gave me to the Pope.
From the pope I was drawn by a prelate in lawn;
    With the parson’s wife next was I found;
She gave me her husband dispatch’d from his waistbund
    He sent me the whole parish round.
A he sat in a barn, his breech’s to darn,
    An actor of tragedy found me;
He snatch’d at his c—ds and swore by the gods
    That he would, aye, that he would drown me.
But an inn-keeper’s wife coming in savi’d my life.
    To her from the buskin I past,
Behind an old butt, I left her large skutt,
    So I fluck to a tinker at last.
( 32 )

His trull and himself, made too free with some pelf,
   For which Justice's whipcord had smote 'em?
The trull was releas'd, she the magistrate pleas'd,
   So I stuck to the constable's scotum.
One night on the strole, a lap-dog was stole,
   By a watchman for the sake of the ready;
From the beeche I stept, to the puppy-dog crept,
   And next morning was conveyed to my lady.

'On her Lilly white thigh, was my business to lie
   Till lap-dog provok'd titillation:
Then down from her quarter, I'm thrust to her garters,
   'Till did—e has eas'd inclination.

So oft did—e us'd, I'm from head to heel bruis'd,
   Accurs'd be the day I was took in;
I've no more to speak, but dear ladies for sake
   Your did—es and fall to fair f—g.

SONG XVI

THE OLD WIFE.

WHILE pensieve and serious, we think of a wife:
   But if with a woman you'd saddle for life,
Before take an old one, your case will soon alter,
   You cannot hang long in an old rotten halter.
Derry down, &c.

:Suppose
Suppose you should wed a young beautiful lass,
Why you'd nearer resemble an ox than an ass:
For with different lasses her broth must be stir'd,
And beauxs would buzz round her like flies round a t—d.

But an old wife's at home always easy and cool,
And you use her the same as you'd a close-stool;
If you want to evacuate she's still the receiver,
And when done you may pull up your breeches and leave her.

But the devil can't cure a young wife's itching heat,
If you cram her all night, she'll cry out for more meat;
Until that she has to a skeleton drain'd you,
Then Banbury's show-glass will quickly contain you.

In marrying a young wife you oft catch a tartar,
Suppose you should quarrel blow for blow she can barter;

But if with an old one you are forced to fight,
Whatever she may claw, she'll have no teeth to bite.

How pleasant's the relish of old bottle beer,
Poured forth in a tumbler, how sparkling and clear;
Take an honest old wife, 'tis a parallel case,
Cork her well, and she'll mumble and smile in your face.

Derry down, &c.
SONG XVII.
JOHN AND NANCY.

NOW since you ask me for to sing,
It shall be a new and merry thing:
By me there lives a servant man,
That's his fellow servant Nan,
And always does the best he can,
Whenever he does come to't.

Now it happen'd on a certain day,
This man and maid must needs go play,
For John had found out a new way,
"I was what she little dreamt on;"
He reckon'd her, up stairs they went,
Full well she knew fond John's intent,
Think she knew was what he meant,
Her mind was fully bent on't.

Now I'd have it understood.
That Nan took salts to purge her blood,
To make her juices clear and good,
The girl's to be commended;
But curs'd misfortune step'd between,
Which quite confounds the charming scene,
You may all wonder what I mean,
Poor girl did not intend it.

Now
Now this new scene they began to play,
Her legs o'er fond John's shoulders lay,
His p---k then was fit to pay,
    Poor Nancy's hungry f---t;
She like a butt of hummimg beer,
No sooner broach't, than you shall hear,
Just as he enter'd in her ware,
    She smother'd him with f---t.
O curse confound your nasty breech,
You nasty, sticking poiton bitch.
By jove, no more I will you st--h,
    So he tipp'd her a--e a fagging;
O pray John hear your kneeling lads,
Before such a thing should come to palls;
I'll stick a cork into my a--e,
    If you'll continue fh---g.

SONG, XVII.

THE RED PETTICOAT,

As I was riding by a pip-stye,
    I saw a red petticoat hanging to dry,
I pull'd off my breeches, and hung them hard by,
    To keep this red petticoat company.
[they fell,
But hey ho, hey ho, the wind it did blow, down
Breeches and petticoat into the well,
Oh trust the curches I shall be duck'd,
Ay, says the bridegroat, I shall be f---ed:
O! how my comrannum will grumble and grunt,
When I've got a petticoat to cover her c-t.
O then, then she must do like my grandmother Eve,
Cover her c-t with a fig-leaf.

SONG XIX.

MURDOCH O'PLANEY, and Jenny O'Donnelly

Both went together to thrash in a barn,

He laid her down and kiss'd her to boundly,

Jenny, says he, but I'll do you no harm——

Oh! then says Jenny,

I fear you'll be in me;

By my shoul', says he, twill do you no harm,

Oh! Murdoch, I'm ready to faint,

You press me so close and, my dear,

Quoth he, then by Patrick our faint,

I'll give you no reason to fear.

Then with a look so engaging and genteely,

He to her bosom his hand did apply;

Both her snowy mountains he touched so daintily,

That with her passion heav'd many a sigh——

Painting says Jenny,

I fear you'll be in me:

By my shoul', says he, if I don't I shall die;
Murdoch be easy I pray!
Pray thee be gone from my sight—
Pity me! my virtue gives way,
I'm lost in a flood of delight.

He then feeling her eyes thus quivering,
Scarce my reason, his heart could restrain;
Fearing to anger or the flood wavering.
But was resolved to attack her again:

Then Master O'Blanney,
Pull'd out his sheath y,
(A weapon he ne'er shew'd a woman in vain)
Then starting—she open'd her eyes,
And softly she rear'd up her head,
Oh! Murdoch! what is it, she cries,
That looks so flatly and red?

Sweet one, says Murdoch, I'll shew you the use of it?
Gently fell backwards, your legs open wide,
No girl in Munster to try it as you so fit,
If you'll vouchsafe with your hand for to guide;
Then Miss O'Donnelly,
Strok'd it so bonnily,
Arrah, says she, but I'll down with your pride;
Then closing with eager embrace,
He soon reach'd the end of her joy,
When Jenny now alter'd her case,
No longer was squeamish or coy.
Then with soft capture, and faint dying murmurings;
Lifeless the lar, as it were in a trance;
Eager he drove, but could drive it no further in—
Jenny had so shiver'd the hero's stout lance:
What's that says Jenny,
That runs so warm in me,
That make all my bowels to caper and prance—
'Tis loves luscious balsam, my dear,
Says Muddlech, the Julap of life,
It's the cordial that ban she's care,
And cures the worst scold of a wise.
Murdoch, says she, you shall give me some more of it,
Cordial so fine, I never tasted before,
If you have gallons twice twenty-score of it,
Here is a cellar to lay in a ho e;
Then make no denial,
But pull out your phial,
By my shoul, I must, and I will have some more,
Ah! Jenny, you're coaxing me now,
But priythee, my jewel, he said,
Behold poor Shelary, I vow,
Ey heav'n's you've bodder'd his head.

SONG XX.

THE BUTTON-HOLE.

I'm a hole, though too narrow when first I am try'd,
Yet the thing I am made for can stretch me out wide.
Tho' at the first entrance perhaps I may tease ye, 
Soon after I commonly prove for to please ye: 
I'm long in my shape, and my depth can't be found, 
But when I'm stretch'd open, my form is more round. 
Tho' I'm nothing but mouth, yet no teeth can you find, 
I am chiefly before, tho' I'm sometimes behind; 
And as for colour if e'er you have seen, 
The whimsical coat of stage harlequin, 
It's white, and it's red, it's black, and it's brown, 
Not a colour on t' at but on me may be found: 
Some whimsical fools, who quite bare chose to have me, 
An act in their favour petition'd there might be: 
Then the king and the state took me into their care, 
And declar'd with one voice, they should clothe me with hair.

I was form'd in an instant, but was not complete; 
There was something still wanting, they found out not yet; 
Then the members rose up, all like creatures bewitch'd, 
And cry'd it's worth nothing, if it is not well stitch'd. 
To modest folks ears I would give no offence; 
Tho' the meaning is double, you may draw from hence: 
You may think what you will, but my song's not obscene, 
For it's nought but a button-ho e, truth that I mean.

C 4 S O N G
SONG. XXI.

A Purl, sque on, 'How little do you landsmen know;
HOW little do our parents know
What we poor bucks do feel,
When buboes rise, and chordees glow,
But we have y—s of fleet;
No danger can a fright us,
No bulies er shall flout;
We'll make the harlots teach us,
New riggles in and out.
Stick flout to order, jolly mates,
We'll stand and tip the winkle—
Then girls have at your first rates,
Our y—ds they ne'er will shrink;
We'll rummage all we fancy,
And shove them in by scores,
There's Moth, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall fit in pompadours.
While here at Haddock's we're lying,
With a plump'd thigh'd naked whore,
We'll send our d—d in flying,
And drink 'rack-punch galore—
In peace we'll drink and—k, boys,
In war we'll stand the brunt;
Here's a health to that good thing, boys,
Which mortals call a—t.
SONG XXII

The courtship true,
'Tween Bill and Sue;
A BURLESQUE on
"The marriage pretty,
"'Tween John and Betty.

T'The marriage pretty,
'Tween John and Betty,
'Twill please us ever;
And Pope and Gay,
Alive, would say,
'Tis vastly clever.

With much ado,
I've wrote one too,
As good a ditty;
Which, when you read,
You'll own indeed,
Is vastly witty.

The other day,
Upon the way,
Sue met with Billy;
Come kiss, he cry'd,
But she reply'd,
'Tis vastly silly.
He talk'd of hearts,
Of flames and darts,
    And little Cupid,
She turn'd her head,
And frowning said,
    'Tis vastly stupid,
But when he found,
He never gained ground,
    And she look'd scornful;
He drew a knife,
To end his life,
    'Twas vastly mournful.
Then Susan ran,
All pale and wan,
    Her pity proving;
To see them trace,
Each other's face,
    'Twas vastly moving.
Oh! Bill, says she,
Since you love me,
    I'll never look cooheelish!
But for to go,
And fright me so,
    'Twas vastly foolish,
Without more fife,
They then did buff,
    As sweet as honey;
And then were wed,
And when in bed,
    'Twas vastly funny.
Ye lovers all,
Both short and tall,
    From them take warning:
For now they play,
Their time away,
    All night and morning,

SONG XXIII.
THE NEW ROLLING-PIN,

A Papist old dame to her hand-maid thus cry'd,
Now Christmas is coming, wench we must provide
Then early to-morrow I'd have you begin,
To work very hard with the New Rolling-Pin.
This buxom young damsel, as fame doth report,
Though seemingly virtuous, was fond of the sport,
And at puddings and pies the prize she might win,
So dextrous was Doll at the New Rolling-Pin.
Father Letcher, a monk, of the Franciscan class,
Who lov'd carnal worship much better than mass;

With
With true gallic freedom, unbidden, came in,
To eat up the fruit of the New Rolling-Pin.
In the kitchen then hid this sanctified sinner, 
Where Doll was preparing the pastry for dinner:
And eyeing her o'er, child, says he with a grin,
I see you can handle a good Rolling-Pin.
Then down on the dresser young Dolly he laid,
And having, with rapture, love's altar surveyed;
The flesh and the devil prevail'd over sin,
He kneaded her dough with his own Rolling-Pin.

SONG XXIV.
DUMB GLUTTON.

Tune, "Shawnbree.'

AS Roger one day was courting of Bess,
She told him his tale it was moving;
Then kiss'd him and cry'd 'Sure you never will love me less
Nor like other swains always roving.
When fir'd with her charms, he flew to her arms,
And breeches began to unbutton;
And boldly he swore, he would love her much more
Nay! he swore he would cram her dumb glutton,
The grass it was green, and 'twas under a shade
And Roger that never was saving,
He then quickly tuck'd up the skirt of the maid,
   To satisfy that which was craving.
Some mouths they were fed with butter and bread,
   And others with beef, veal, and mutton;
But Roger lugged out a long pudding and flour,
   And he cram'd it into her, dumb glutton.
The girl she was mightily pleas'd with the food,
   And quickly the fame she devour'd;
And Roger whose courage was commonly good,
   Yet alas! he was now prov'd a coward.
For the flock it was spent, and the fair not content,
   When a languishing look she soon put on,
Did him once to try, for to satisfy,
   Her hungry and greedy dumb glutton.
Provok'd with her beauty as tempting, she say;
   Young Roger he burn't with desire,
As she look'd all lovely as flowers, in May,
   He grew stiffer, and boldly drew nigh her,
Like a general beat, or one forc'd to retreat,
   But reinforcing again dare to flirt on,
And rather than fly, he would conquer or die,
   So he th' eaten'd poor Betty's dumb glutton,
He rallied once more, being willing to please,
   And bravely she held out the combat:
While nimbly she mov'd, yet he begg'd on his knees;
   But alas! she had presently done for't—
'Twas
'Twas now all in vain, for he could not again,
It was now dwindled into a burton!
When he put up his tool, he look'd like a fool,
Being beat by poor Betsy's dumb glutton,

**SONG XXV.**

**A LOVE SONG IN LOW LIFE.**

By the side of a green stagnant poo',
Brick dust Nan was scratching her head,
Her matted locks frizzled her skull,
As bristles the hedge hog bespread;
The wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
Her ashen brown beauties reveal'd;
A link-boy to her through the mud,
Blec-hoted scamp'd over the field.

O my love, though I cannot weep, jaw,
This phlegm at play't out began,
No to ac o' so sweet to the chaw,
As to kills, is the lips of my Nan.
O my love, cries he mud coloured she
And gave him a rib-squeezing hug,
I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,
But I'll y' ac blood-fucking bug.

Full as black with themselves now the sky,
To the south of the horizon lower'd
Their wedding to keep in the dry.
To a stable they hastily scoured;
While rats round them hungry explored,
Undaunted they took their repose:
All night in the litter they snor’d,
And wak’d the next morning to louse.

SONG XXVI.

THE WAGGONER.

As I was a driving my wagggon one day,
I met a young damsel, tight, buxom, and gay;
I kindly accosted her with a low bow,
And I felt my whole body I cannot tell how.
Ge ho, Dobbin! hi, ho, Dobbin! ge, ho,
Dobbin! hi, ho.
I longed to be at her, and gave her a kiss,
She thought me but civil, nor took it amiss;
I knew no recalling the minutes were past,
So began to make hay while the sun shine did last.
Ge, ho, Dobbin, &c.

I have six-score of sheep, and each ram has his ewe,
And my cows when they lack to the parson’s bull go;
We’re made for each other, I pray thee comply
She blushed, her eyes twinkled, she could not tell why,
Ah, poor Jenny! fearful Jenny! ah! poor
Jenny! hi, ho,
I kiss’d
I kiss'd her again, she reply'd with disdain,
No kisses I want, pr'ythee take them again,
Then whisper'd me softly—the weather was hot,
And her mind run on something she could not tell what
       Ah. poor Jenny!
Then down in my waggon this damsel I laid,
But still I kept driving—for drivings my trade,
I rumpled her feathers, I tickled her fust,
And I played the round rubbers at two handed put.
       Well put, Roger! well put Jenny! well put
       Roger! hi, ho.
Her breasts were as soft and as white as new cream,
And her motion kept pace with the bells of my team;
When her bubbies was up, her plump b—s went down,
And the wheels seem'd to stand & the waggon go round.
       O brave Roger! drive on Roger! O brave
       Roger! &c.
Thus to and again to our pastime we went,
And my cards I play'd fair to Jennys content;
I work'd at her pump till the sucker grew dry,
And then I left pumping a good reason why.
       Ah, poor Roger, broken-back'd Roger! ge,
       ho, Roger! hi, ho.
I thought ere we parted we had 'oher blow,
When slay went my waggon wheel into a slough.
Which
Which shattered her premises out of repair,
And Roger's pump handle ran the devil knows where.
    Ah, poor Roger! flimsy Roger! Ge, ho.
    Roger! hi, ho.

SONG XXVII.

ON THE PETTICOAT-RULE.

WHEN first procreation began,
    Ere forms interrupted the bliss,
Each woman might love any man,
    Each man any woman might kiss.
The youth who beheld a plump lad;
    Dec'ar'd in a few words his request!
Nor whin'd like an amorous ass,
    Nor ever departed unblest'd.
The girl who was ripe for the game,
    Look'd out for a luscious Lad.
Then frankly discover'd her flame,
    And what she demanded the had.
But while they revel'd at large,
    And bantings increas'd in their kind,
The mother still bore all the charge,
    The father what mortal could find?
So when great Samaramas reigned,
    And women repin'd at their lot,
The Queen matrimony ordain'd,
    That each might maintain what they got.
While under the petticoat rule,
    The men they were obliged to submit;
The wife was broad, and the fool
    Still owned all that came to his net.
The men on this system confind,
    They granted the union for life,
But made (their choice knows no bind)
    The husband the head of the wife.
Tradition established the cheat:
    Tradition makes all things divine!
It awed the dull crowd, but the great
    What precept could ever confine?
The sacred law-givers, of yore,
    And all the old ages of Greece,
Could still dispense with a score,
    Though others had but one a-niece.
Twas thought for the good of mankind;
    So into the canons it passed,
The mob will for ever be blind,
    And therefore 'tis likely to last.
Still may the decrees of the state,
    Impose on an ignorant realm;
Let us our own charter create;
    And do as they do at the helm.
When one has the beauty to charm,
And t'other the manhood to please;
In love can there be any harm,
Arising from motives like these?

SONG XXVIII.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

DID you ever read a book call'd Tristram Shandy
Ma'am?
If not, look into it quickly, I pray
His precepts are sweeter far than sugar-candy. Mam's.',
'Twould do you good to taste his cards and wigs.
There's Miss O'Donnelly,
Likes him so bonnily,
Swears that with him she ever could play:
She takes him each night to her bed,
And cries, that with her he shall lay;
For none but dear Shandy, she said,
Should dance upon her cover'd way.
He tells you a story about his Ovunculus,
So droll, that no maid can help grinning at him;
And he runs on, Ma'am, about his Hominculoses,
Poor Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim;
And queer Doctor Slope,
Who his head in dyes pop,
With a Dahlia-bou wig, and a countenance faint.

D 3
At which Uncle Toby laugh'd out,
   At the Doctor's queer Dutch-bottom arse;
And said, Mother Shandy would pour,
   If a man came so near her ** **.
He tells you, Ma'am, in the act of coition,
   His mother had like all the sport to have spoil'd;
For she interrupts him in the midst of fruition,
   With a question that none would have ask'd but a child.
   And while his strong motion,
   Was pouring the lotion,
That would all the sorrow of life have beguil'd;
"She ask'd him a question so odd
   As never gave a man such a shock:
   And cried, while she tickled his c—d,
   My dear: my dear, have you wound up the clock?
Lord bless me! said he, why a speech so uncommon,
   As damps the warm animal flow of my bliss:
   'Tis past all enduring: Did ever a woman
   So check a man's heat in an action like this:
   Lie still and be quiet,
   And make no more riot,
   But squeeze me, and give me a languishing kiss;
O there, my dear, wriggle your tail,
   And kindly your furrows I'll plow,
   Well moved! That's as nice as my nail,
   There, there, 'tis coming now, now.

These
These Shandy's sentiments are not all novel, Ma'am,
   Men of experience May call them far fetch':
Oft have I had them in garrat and hovel, Ma'am,
   'Tis what is usual with girls full of fetch:
   Why there's Eagle-Court Sally,
When Jack's in her alley,
   And pouring his gravy all in her dish,
Cries when shall I have some new mobs;
   At which Mr. Jackey cries pish;
And while his Homunculus throbs,
   She cries, what's the price now of fish.
Where'er your husband lies over your belly, Ma'am,
   Take special care, and mind what you're about;
Left you may stop up his river of jelly, Ma'am,
   How then shall the Homunculus paddle out?
O humour his motion,
   And luck in the potion:
His mettlesome squint shall white-wash each bout.
And while he in amorous pin,
   At love's door gives the conjugal knock,
Rise up, and at once let him in,
   Nor think about winding the clock.

SONG XXIX.

FREE MASONS SONG.

COME let us prepare,
   We know the time is

TEMPLE
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.
Let's drink, &c.
The world is in pain
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word and the sign
Of a Free and Accepted Mason.
They ne'er, &c.
'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
By so many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on
To make themselves one
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.
Should aprons, &c.
Great kings, dukes and lords,
Have laid down their swords,
Our myst'ry to make a good grace on;
And ne'er be ashamed
To hear themselves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.
And ne'er, &c.
Antiquitis pride,
We have on our side,
And maketh men just in their station;
There's nothing but what's good
To be understood,
By a Free and an Accepted Mason.

There's nought, &c.
Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm hand.
Let's be merry and put a bright face on;
What mortal can boast,
So noble a boast.
As a Free and an Accepted Mason,
What mortal, &c.
The following verse is always sung in lodges, between
the fifth and sixth verses.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion;
No mortal can more
The Ladies adore,
Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

No mortal, &c.

SONG XXX.

LOVELY SALLY.

A charming girl there lives in town,
Not far from Covent-Garden,
Were I worth twenty thousand pound,
   She should have every farthing;
While she proves kind, my constant mind,
   No other thought shall harbour:
Upon my soul, without control,
I think she's just the barber.
The lilly, and the damask rose,
   Are both combin'd together;
Their colours on their cheeks disclose,
   In spite of any weather;
Her breasts heave high, with rolling eye,
   She's quite the thing I'd have her;
Were you to see above above her knee,
   You'd swear she was the shaver.
Her taper fingers whiter are
   Than snow-drops in the valley:
No other damsel can compare
   With charming, lovely Sally.
So neat her dress, I must confess
   No quaker can be primmer:
Her charming tongue, so well is hung,
   I'm sure she is the trimmer.
Her locks, which are are as jetty black,
   Hang curling on her shoulders;
And when she lies upon her back
   Astonish all beholders.
Her c—t will stand the brunt,
No bear skin can be rougher:
If by the lie, with her you lie.
She'll soon make you the puffer.

If any one should want to know
The girl that's here intended,
To Bridges-street they need but go,
They there will be befriended:
The Sign's three hairs, one pair of flairs,
'Tis truth depend upon't Sirs:
She's clean and nice, a crown's the price
To f—k this female tonfor.

SONG XXXI.
Tune, "Heigh ho!" in the Entertainment of
THOMAS AND SALLY.

Sing of a damsel just turn'd of fifteen,
Who long has been plagued with a sickness call'd green
And off to the doctor would go:
Who gave his steel pill, but no service could do;
She ever kept fighting—Heigh ho!

A shepherd that lived in a neighbouring cot,
Who had of his parents a remedy got.
To see the young damsel would go;
And to her the phial of drops he did shew,
For which she had been fighting—Heigh ho!
With looks pale as death, on a couch she was laid,
He press'd her to taste—she at first seem'd afraid;
Yet she lik'd the sight on't, I know:
He press'd her to taste—for few drops would do,
To cure her of sighing—Heigh ho!
At length in her hand she the phial did take,
And then from the bottom the liquor did shake,
And soon felt a fucking it so
That the youth was afraid she would ne'er let it go,
And he at each drop cry'd—Heigh ho!
The liquor was life, so must needs give her joy,
The phial was pretty, the taste ne'er could cloy;
The damsel got quickly so so—
But never to bed without these drops she'd go,
Which cur'd her of sighing—Heigh ho!

SONG XXXII.

Tune o't, "When I was a young man I sat in the parlou'

The girls of Kilkenny, so luxum and frisky,
Would o'entimes treat me with claret and whisky
Because I could dance, sing and so nai'y,
And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley,
But Cupid the blinnek, that arch mischief-maker,
For Rudden Madge caus'd my bowels to quak'n, Sir,
Oh! Rudden Madge was the fair creature's name
For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame, Sir.

But
But oh when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards, strayt forwards before, Sir?
Sweet creature said I, can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal, what he now will discover?
But she with her looks and her tongue 'gan to jeer me
And shuitting her eyes, was resolved not to hear me.
Struck dumb with this usage, sa'd I, you false creature,
You'll meet with your match sooner or later.
Then all you young lovers, by me take warning,
And pay no regard to there flouting and scooning:
To boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it signifies nothing to die melancholy;
Then when you are dead they will hear you wit-laughter.
And call you a fool all your life ever after.

SONG XXXIII.
ROGER AND PEGGY.

GOODY Jones had oft perceiv'd,
Her daughter Peg complaining;
Her hair hung loose, her stays unlace'd—
She long'd to know the meaning!
Says she, dear daughter what's the cause
Of all your sighs and wailings;
Come tell me truly how it is;
And how and where's your ailing!
Tal, lal, &c.

Oh;
Oh! mother, I will tell you now,
    What 'tis so long has grieve'd me;
Young Roger has, for all his vows,
    I fear at length deceive'd me:
He told me all the finest things!
    His talking did to charm me;
And when he got me in the bain,
    He swore he would not harm me.
The mother soon found out what 'twas
    That made poor Peg unassy:
She wrung her hands, and stamp'd and tore
    As if she had been crazy;
She on her belly laid her hand,
    And found it hard and swelling—
You slut, you forward jade, says she
    Your ruin needs no telling.
Oh! mother, pray forgive my fault,
    He promised me I said,
He'd marry me if I'd comply,
    And swore it too, sincerely:
He look'd so neat, and kiss'd so sweet,
    I was all in vain dissembling!
I could not stop his eager hand,
    I was seiz'd with such a trembling,
Oh lack that ever I was born,
   You surely might have stopp'd him:
I would have pinch'd his impudence———
   And I held and sundly flapp'd him,
The thoughts of being got with child,
   You jade, might surely shame you,
But tell me truly how it was,
   And where he overcame you.
Why, in the hay loft first it was,
   As one day we were playin,
He laid me down, I dreamt no harm,
   For lid -long we were laying;
But soo he turn'd me on my back,
   And fiercely got upon me?
And when 'twas in sutch pain I felt,
   I swore he had undone me,
But not content with the first time,
   Ere yet he scarce had ended,
Again unable to resist,
   My willing legs extended———
And then it was I do believe,
   As caus'd my belly's rising.
For nature will be natu're still,
   In spite of all advising
SONG XXXIV.

JENNY CODS.

What's the odds;
But my dear I hump you
On this dining table——
With two chairs to enable;

HE. Do not bawl,
SHE. Faith I shall;
HE. Indeed you shan't, my deary.
SHE. It is my desire
That you do retire.
Or the maids will hear you——

Oh! you tease——
Can't you be easy;
Lud I'll squeak:
My back you'll break.
Pray now give over,
Tho' you are a rover,
You shall be my Lover——
My word I will not break.

HE. Do not bawl, &c.
OMY dear,
Do not fear,
No one has yet heard you——

Give
Give me the pleasure——
To enjoy the treasure——
I from harm will guard you.

Pray consent's
Come relent,
The time's so apropos——
This critical minute,
Do not lose, but win it——
Consent my deary, do.

She—'Tis all a folly;
I'll call up Molly
And my dear,
I can't hear,
What are you a doing;
I feel my heart a panting,
I am just a fainting——
Fear you'll prove my ruin

He. O my dear &c.

SONG XXXV.
LITTLE BLACK THING.

Ye nymphs and ye swains that tip the gay plains,
Come listen a while to my low wful strains:
Oh! hear me with pity, no trifle I sing.
'Tis no less than the loss of my Little Black Thing.
At cards as I sat with my friends t'other day,
To banish dull vapours, and drive spleen away.
Young Colin, as frisky as birds in the spring,
Sat toy ing the while with my Little Black Thing.
On me his fly looks were most constantly bent,
To gaze on my bauble for ever intent:
Topsy-turvy his eyes he would frequently fling,
While he roguishly handled my Little Black Thing.
I dreamt of no mischief, but let him enjoy,
The innocent pleasure to play with my toy;
But when that his humour was left to the fling,
He would more than have play'd with my Little Black Thing.

He said, my dear jewel, your charm I entreat;
Be kind, I will fall like a lamb at your feet;
Oh! grant me, he cry'd, while round you I cling,
One minute's possession of your Little Black Thing.
I frown'd, and cry'd no, but as well might comply:
For he would obtain what I did him deny;
The rest of my story, oh! how shall I sing,
In a word, he has rifled my Little Black Thing.

SONG XXXVI.
FAIR OLINDA.

As fair Olinda sitting was,
Beneath a shady tree,

Much
Much love I did profess to her,
    And she the like to me;
But when I kiss'd her lovely lip,
    And press'd her to be kind:
She cry'd, oh! no, but I remember,
    Women's 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,
    I 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.

SONG XXXV.

OUT UPON YOU, FIE.

ONE night as I lay musing,
    I heard a woman call—
E I step'd
I lepped out of bed, and laid my head
So close against the wall;
I had not listened long,
Before I heard her cry.—
O Lord! God curse ye!
Out upon you, fie.
I peep'd through a crevice
Where there I did espy,
In the next room, adjoining to,
A charming creature lie,
With her enamour'd swain;
O push—then, she did cry;
O Lord! God curse ye!
Out upon you, fie!
He rouz'd her, he touz'd her;
He laid her legs at large——
And when he had made it stand,
He clapp'd it to the charge——
But all that she did cry.
Was, Lord! I shall die!
Die! die!——
Out upon you, fie!
O! fie upon you, Roger,
What a towzer is there!
For little does my mother think,
That you have got so near:
"But I will call my mother,
    As loud as I can cry:
Mother! mother!
    One inch further,
Out upon you, fie!

SONG XXXVIII.

HE DID BEFORE MY FACE.

The rising Sun, had just begun
    To streak the eastern sky,
When as I trod the flow'ry road,
    A swain came list'ning by:
"We long had lov'd, both each approv'd
    Sometimes has run love's race;
He begg'd the bliss, and stole a kiss;
    He did, before my face:
He not content, now what he meant
    I plainly did foresee;
One hand he press'd upon my breast,
    And t'other on my kee:
Now grown more bold, he catches hold
    Fast in another place;
Then fancy Jack got to my smock,
    He did before my face.
Now on the ground, where daisies round,
Had deck'd the painted bed,
Midst flow'ry pride, extended wide,
I at full length was laid:
The fiery boy, burnt with fierce joy,
Soon gave the close embrace!
Gainst Hymen's laws, love's weapon draws,
He did before my face.
The youth never teaz'd, the sport well pleas'd,
He oft repeats the same,
All ways we try to satisfy,
And quench the raging flame:
Now wrapt in bliss with ev'ry gift!
Enjoyment's lab'rinth trace;
Tire'd with love's play, he died away,---
He did, before my face.
With fond cares, we to excel
In mutual transports lay—
No more love's fire could raise desire,
The youth his fears betray;
He could, sad swain, no more attain,
He was in delefual case,
He'd done his best, and for the rest,
Poor Jack he hung an a---e.
SONG XXXIX.
The FROLICKSOME SPARK.

As I chanc'd to be roving one night in the dark,
I was met on the green by a Frolicksome Spark;
He kiss'd me and press'd me and call'd me his dear,
Talk'd of rapture and flames, and of passions sincere;
To his tale I attended determined to know,
To what height his assurance could possibly go.
Round my neck like the ivy, he folded his arms,
Each feature commend'd, and dwelt on my charms;
In transport he ush'rd his hatnds to my breast,
With the swell of disdain repuls'd the bold guest;
Tho' I own (to my shame) I was eager to know,
How far his assurance could possibly go.
From my round taper leg to the top of my knees.
As if loth to offend me, he stole by degrees,
By my patience convinc'd, he should meet no rebuff
He advance'd and advance'd till he found something rough
Yet I bore it resolv'd ere we parted to know,
To what height his assurance could possibly go.
O'er my head the rude monster my petticoats cast,
And each delicate member laid bare to my waist;
To my arms then he flew like a bird to his nest,
And he modestly hindres my telling the rest;
But I found (what I often wanted to know)
How far a young fellow's assurance could go.

SONG
SONG XI.
MOLL SPRIGGINS

TO the hundreds of Drury I write,
    And the rest of my flashy companions;
TO the buttocks that pad it all night
    To pimps whores bawds and their stallions.
TO those who are down in the wit
    Rattling their darbies with pleasure,
Who laugh at the rum culls they've bit,
    And now they are snacking the treasure.
This time I expect to be stubb'd,
    My dudds they grow wondrous leedy,
I pray you now send me some bub,
    A bottle or two to to the needy;
I beg you won't bring it yourself,
    The harman is at the Old-Bailey;
I'd rather you'd send it by half,
    For if they twigg you they'll nail ye.
Moll Spriggins came here t'other night,
    She tipp'd us a jorum of diddle,
Garnish is the prisoner: delight,
    We footed away to the fiddle;
Her fortune at diving did fail,
    For which she has chang'd habitation;
But now the whore pads it in jail,
    And laughs at the fools of the nation.
This time I expect no reprieve,
   The sheriff's come down with his warrants.
An account now behind us we leave,
   Of our birth, education and parents:
Our bolts are knock'd off in the whit,
   Our friends to die penitent pray us.
The nubbing culls pops from the pit,
   And into the tumbril conveys us.

Through the streets our slow wheels do move,
   The toll of the death-bell dismay us,
With nosegays we're deck'd and with gloves,
   So trim and so gay they array us.
The passage all crowded we see,
   With maidens that move us to pity.
Our air all admiring agree,
   Such lads are not left in the city.

O then to the tree I must go,
   The judge hath order'd my sentence.
And then comes the gownsmen you know,
   And tells a dull tale of repentance:
By the gullet we're ty'd very tight,
   We beg all spectators pray for us,
Our peepers are hid from the light,
   The tumbril shoves off then we notice.

E 4.    SONG
SONG XLII.

OLD WO MAN of GRIMSTONE

I'll sing you a song, that's not very long,
   But of an old woman at Grimstone!
Whose husband ne'er gave, what she often did crave,
   And therefore she would have him stone.
Then quoth the old man: I'll do what I can,
   To be slow'd I never can endure it,
Then if you'd have more I pray thee turn whore,
   And away to the parson or curate.
The dame she was glad, when this licence she had,
   And away to the parson the run,
Her secret she told, and her legs did unfold,
   And her business was nobly done,
Says the dame you'll have luck, if you preach you f--k
   With equal force and energy,
Archbishop you'll be, or ne'er believe me.
   For indeed you're the top of the clergy.

SONG XLII.

WAGTAIL JOHNNY.

I love my lad the best of all,
   He's ever blithe and bonny,
He gives me many a wanton fall,
   His name is Wagtail Johnny.
Whenever he please, he shall be free,
    He does the thing so gentle;
And for the flat above my knee,
    He calls it goble p—.

I'm sure we've gone, don't think it a hum,
    Through all the wrigg'ing fancy,
All ways we've try'd, with moving bum,
    I'm sure you no more can say;
Blest with each grace, and free from flaw,
    I have a delicate fine skin!
Besides a thing will squeeze a straw;
    Nay more 'twill swallow a nine-pin.

I'll tell the thing I'm pleas'd withall,
    But don't think I'm a joker,
Be sure at first it made me squall,
    'Twas stiff as any poker.
But so repeated e'er since then
    I never let a day roll,
But I'm conversant with my John,
    And now 'twill take a may-pole.

Though many are the ways to please,
    Which love finds out fortlying;
I love my Johnny on his knees,
    When we are close enjoying.
One way he doe, he loves no more,—
   When he loves mine would plunder,
And boldly knock at nature's door,
   I always now knock under.

S. O. N. G. XLIII.

A Burlesque on "In infancy our hopes and fears."

In infancy my grot was small
   No flowers bordered there;
Nor to adorn this little hall,
   Did one bright stone appear;
No grass was seen on either side,
   No seed had then been sown;
But now the spot is beautified,
   And pav'd with precious stone.
Now all around a flow'ry bed,
   Gives luster to the scene:
And curling tendrills lend their aid;
   To shelter those within:
A stream right through the centre runs,
   To wash off ev'ry stain;
And those that bathe therein but once,
   Shall wish to bathe again.

S. O. N. G.
A Burlesque on the Song called "Flirtation..."

Why should men ever wonder,
That the ladies so fond are
Of novels, of plays, and romances;
Since in them they discern,
And what well suits with their turn,
Something that tickles their fancies;
So wherever they go,
Or to church or to show;
To gardens, or concerts, or dances;
Still in ev'ry adventure,
Their desires all centre,
In that which may tickle their fancies.
If you'd win a coquet,
You must swear lie and prate,
And say to her all that you can say,
Then with well pointed flattery,
You may raise up a bat'ry,
That surely will tickle her fancy.
Would you ere win a prude,
You won't fail to be rude,
Though she your behaviour may gainsay;
You will surely o'ercome,
If you push the point home,
And certainly tickle their fancy.

Would:
Would you e'er make a prey,
Of a widow so gay,
With strength, and with vigour advance ye:
But be sure you don't flinch;
Or even spare her an inch
Of that which will tickle her fancy.
Would you ever invade,
The religious maid,
Who scorns ever what wicked men say
She will yield when she sees,
You once drop on your knees,
Devoutly to tickle her fancy,
Then no longer like dastards.
Fear clap pox or bastards
Or heed fortunes changes and chances;
For whene'er you men linger,
With the help of a finger,
They surely will tickle their fancies.

SONG, XLV.

To the tune of "The Rogue's March."

HE.

THOU d---d whore come lay on thy back,
I have a rousing p---k, that will make thy c---t
sto::crack.

I have
I have a rousing p—k, like thunder,
It will raise the utmost wonder,
It will make thee to knock under,
    Thou d—d whore.

S H E.

Thou d—d rogue come on, and do thy worst,
My c—t ne'er minds thy braggings, nor thy thruft;
For although 'tis young and limp'e,
It will sooner draw thy p—e;
It will make it lost and gentle;
    Thou d—d rogue.

H E.

Then b—s stand to it, and be not ere controul'd,
But enter the breach like any soldier bold;
    D—n her f—k her till she wheezes;
F—k her till she, sarts and sneezes;
    D—n her drive her to pieces,
    Thou d—d whore!

S O N G. XLVI.

To sing of the noble Grafter,
Who liv'd in the town of Sardin
He always lov'd a pretty girl,
    But he hated dive and carding.
He often court'd ladies,
   And in his sport was lucky;
His compliments were always,
   Fair ladies shall I f—k ye?
He f—d the goddess Juno,
   And sp'lt her c—t asunder;
And with his t—e he fir'd her arse,
   And he work'd the whole world's wonder.
Her lips were as red as cherries,
   Her eyes were as black as charcoal;
Her c—t was sick, the pox'd his p—k,
   And fir'd all his a—e hole.
When his p—k would stand no longer,
   And was both weak and limber,
Because that he would be doing good,
   He f—d her with his finger.

SONG XLVIII.
THE PEACART.

WHEN Phæbus shone both warm and bright,
   And roses they were blooming,
Early one morning Tom tol'd Pat,
   That he to town was going;
Therefore says he, I'll call on thee,
   Because you are my sweetheart,
To take a ride along with me,
   To London in my Pea-Cart.

With
With all my heart the nymph reply'd,
I vow I go with pleasure.
I long with Tom to take a ride,
And help him for to measure.
The team set too, full trot they go,
And Pat gave Tom such glances,
Which taught the youth full well to know
What might please both their fancies.
A rounder's a spending pea,
And Tommy let me tell yo,
'Tis fitt for a family,
Because it fills one's belly;
Tom took the hint, but left the cart
Should stop ere he should plump her,
He smack'd his whip to lose no time,
Crying, Gé ho, Ball and Thumper.

What they were at, we all may guess,
They on to town were moving,
And in the most exctic blit,
The time they were improving.
At what come next, I thought that I
Should laugh until I burst O;
While 'Now I am coming,' Tom didery,
She said, then heap and thrust oh!
That jobb being done, both panting lay,
And each seem'd somewhat sly;
Says Tom, my girl, I thought that I
Could find a way to please you:
Aye so you can, but what of that,
Although you are plump and jolly,
I'll warrant that my marrow-fat,
Can match your joly-joly,
Tom scratch'd his head, and vow'd that he,
Wou'd soon give her her baftings;
If she would but contented be,
Till he had told his baftings;
She cram'd them in so tight good lack,
Regardless of the owner,
Cry'd half a bushel for a peck,
For to get done the sooner.

SONG XLVIII.

COME all you young lovers, I pray you attend;
Come listen with patience to what I have penned;
You always will find me a staid standing friend,
Well furnished with courage, at all times to spend
In your balinamora and ora, a maid, wife or widow,
For me.
I'm a lusty young barber from a country town,
In country or city I'm very well known;
When I meet with a fair maid that's making her moan,
I always am ready to lend her my bome,
To rub her balinamora, the curling her whiskers for me.
As I was a riding one morning in May,
I met a fair damsel, tight, buxom and gay;
I rode to her, cause I was going a stray,
And begg'd her assistance to show me the way,
To rub her, &c. and the hunting, her budger for me.
You see 'tween m. legs here, y one-eyed bald nag,
Ride him single, or double, he never will flag;
He's as brisk as a bee, and as swift as a stag;
And the maids in the country all love him to flag,
For he thumps, &c. and the jerk of her hamper for me.
If your nag is gladder'd, I'll put him in the pound,
For daring to offer to come on my ground,
To infect my black mare, that's so plump and so round;
There's no one must enter but what's safe and sound,
In the gate of my, &c. a clever young fellow for me.
She view'd my bald nag then, gave me a glance,
Saying, Sir, you are welcome, with sweet comp'aisance;
He's as sound as a trout, and as straight as a lance,
When she handled him, he began for to prance,
To be at her, &c. and the tickling her—for me.
Then down on the grass this fair maid she lies,
And languishin' glances stole from her bright eyes:
She said, smiling, Sir, your's is of a fine size,
Then pay well my bubbies first, that you may well rise,
For the sake of, &c. and a clap of the haunches for me.
I paid it away with both vigour and rig,
Till I made her squeak out like a stuck Guiney-pig.
Oh! dear Sir, I beg that you'd leave off this jig,
For I vow and protest you have bother'd the gig
Of my balinamona ora, and the skinning her—for me.

Next came an old hog, not a tooth in her gum,
She pulled out a pair, and offered a sum
For the curling her whiskers and tickling her bun;
I pulled my line and began for to plumb
The depth of her, &c. but the devil a bottom for me

Indeed, Sir, says she you play sweetly this flute,
You ravish my sense, though your instrument's mute;
Before that I'd hear either hautboy or flute,
I'd give all my treasure to bobble the root
Of your, &c. a thrust of your kidneys for me.

From the young to the old, none venture to say,
That I ever refus'd them by night or by day:
And have been as free as the flowers in May,
And at all times been ready with them for to play
On their, &c. I am a doctor that never takes a fee.
SONG 3

ROGER AND JOHN.

TWAS told, and young Roget had leave from the squire:
To cleave some dry wood to recruit his wife's fire;
When at ev'ry blow, from his stomach there broke
A hem, or a hah, near as loud as the stroke.

Derry down, &c.

His wife standing by, and demanding the reason,
Quoth Hodge: these emissions in labouring each one,
For while voice and members at once thus employ'd are
I drive the wedge further, and make the slit wider,
Attentive Joan heard, and was silent till night,
When Roger performing the conjugal rite,
In the midst of the rapturous amorous game,
She pinch'd him and pull'd him, and bid him cry hem,
Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
A comfort so long as his spouse could receive;
I hear'd my dear jewel, I can no more hem in;
There's odds you know between cleaving and boring.

SONG, 1.

HAL AMD CISS.

THE clock has struck, I can't tel what,
And the morning comes on as grey as a cat,

Cock
Cocks and hens from their roosts do fly,
Grunting pigs too leave their sty
ev, Down in a vale,—Cis with her pail.
  Met her lover, dapper Harry,
First they kiss'd,—then shock fist,
  And look'd like two fools just going to marry.
Sounds quorh Ha', I can't but think,
Now we are come to wedlock's brink,
  How pure a stroke twill be—nay fine,
When you clap your black mark to mine;
  Gifs at that—glowing hot,
Kiss'd him as if she'd burn him to tinder;
  Thus they woo,—but mark how
Hard fate contrives the bargain to hinder.—

Cicely had a cold, as I suppose,
And through her fingers was blowtn her nose
  Hal wanted linen, as I doubt,
  She'd a glove to serve for a clout,
Stooping low,—manners to show,
    To convince her how much he was her adorer;
Mark the joke—leather thong broke
Down fell his breeches to his ankles before her,
  Cicely seeing him thus distress'd,
Pulls of her gather of woollen lift,
And with a fly and leering look,
  Gave it to mend up what was broke,
Fumbling he—could not see,
What she discover'd ere he'd try'd all.
For before—shirt being tore,
As the devil would have it, there she try'd all.

With that she gave him such a look,
Discontent it plainly spoke,
And running from him near a mile,
He overtook her at a little—
She with too much haste—milk down fast.
Topsy-turvy fell upon her poll with it;
Halseing that—ran with his hat,
But could not cover her c—t for his soul with it.

Some god of love, or else old Nick,
Surely contriv'd this plagues trick,
To make the bridegroom and the bride,
With each other dissatisfy'd;
She grown coy—calls him a boy,
He getting from her, cries sounds you've a rote
She reply'd—things esp'y'd,
She would as soon a mere baby should espouse her

**SONG I.**

**FRENCH MILLINER.**

A prett French Millener ow'd me some money,
Which she promised to pay in a manner quite funny

**SONG II.**
She told me one day in a manner bewitching,
Monsieur, me will pay you your money in stitching,
Derry down &c.

I can make you some shirts a-la-mode de Paris,
Wid de ruffel so fine you never did see;
Mire tra' e is to hem, and to whip and to stitch,
Repondez, Monsieur, why you look black as pith,
Derry down, &c.

I told her I wanted no ruffles nor shirts,
And resolv'd not to deal any more with such shirts?
She quickly reply'd, den Monsieur if you wont,
Begar den I never can settle my conte.
Derry down, &c.

SONG LII.

THE CHAMBER-MAID.

Not far from town a country squire,
An open-hearted blade,
Had long confess'd a strong desire,
To kiss the Chamber-maid,
To kiss the Chamber-maid.

One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
He led her to the shade,
And all beneath the mulberry-tree,
He kiss'd the Chamber-maid,
He kiss'd, &c.

The
The parson's spouse, from window high,
    The am'ros sport survey'd,
And softly wish'd none can deny,
    She'd been the Chamber-maid,
    She'd been, &c.

When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
    Kind sir, I'm much afraid,
That woman there will tell your bride,
    You've kiss'd your Chamber-maid,
    You've kiss'd, &c.

The 'squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
    That she might not upbraid,
And instantly his lady brought,
    Where he had kiss'd her maid,
    Where he, &c.

Then all beneath the Mulberry-tree,
    Her ladyship was laid,
And three times sweetly kiss'd was she,
    Just like the Chamber-maid,
    Just like, &c.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
    For scandal was her trade,
I saw your 'squire, Ma'am, on my life,
    Great with your Chamber-maid,
    Great with, &c.
When, cry'd the lady, where, and how?
   I'll soon discharge the jade:
Bene th the mulberry tree, I vow,
  He kiss'd your Chamber-maid,
  He kiss'd, &c.
This falsehood, cry'd her ladyship,
  Shall not my spouse degrade:
"Twas I that chance'd to make a slip,
  And not my Chamber-maid,
  And not, &c.
Both parties parted in a pet,
  Not trusting what was said,
And Betty keeps her place as yet,
  The pretty Chamber-maid.

SONG LIII.

THE DISPUTE.

FOUR lovely lasses gay and bright,
   Sat snug within a grove,
All thought themselves secure from sight,
   And freely talk'd of love.
Whilst I in covert of the shade,
   In silent pleasure hid,
Could hear each word the fair ones said,
   And see whate'er they did.
The partial girls, with witty pride,
A warm dispute began,
Contesting which was the best supplied,
With that which pleases man.

But in this great and nice affair,
Mere words were not enough;
And each by ornamented hair,
Would bring it to a proof.

Maria, precious black-eyed maid,
Pull'd up her coats and shift;
And with exulting pride display'd
Dame Nature's bounteous gift.

Her lovely, all-alluring tuff
Was black, and near as big,
As any northern monarch's muff,
Or Baron Oakham's wig.

This, this, shall be your queen,
For I can justly boast,
'Tis this alone 'he mean do mean,
When to the best they toast.

Fair Chloe smil'd, and thus she spoke,
'I'll not to Polly yield;
Then up she drew her lilly smock,
And all her charms reveal'd.
Totell the beauties of the place,
How weak is human tongue,
The noble fringes which it grace,
In golden ringlets hung,
Eliza next display'd her parts,
And show'd her circling hair,
The vanquisher of mortal hearts;
Gods! where might was there.
The luscious circling nut-brown geer,
Which she'd on belly high,
Did like a tempting arch appear,
And reach from thigh to thigh.

See here my girls, Eliza cry'd,
And shall it e'er be spoke,
That Bess has been as yet outvyr'd,
By black or yellow joke,
Tis this can make the Hero droop,
And tame the bravest fellow;
And therefore know, I scorn to stoop
To fable or to sallow.

Now ev'ry charming tempting she,
Who had already shewn;
With curious eye survey'd the threc,
And boasting of her own,
While pretty Kitty pensive sat,
Twixt envy and despair.
So young dame Nature had not yet,
Been liberal to the Fair.
The little nymph unveil'd the place,
   Her secret for to shew;
But all was smooth as Kitty's face,
   And white as mountain snow.

Each mocking dame the girl did twit,
   And each her own extoll'd;
And with exulting ill-timed wit,
   Cry'd, 'Kitty, thou art bald.'

Kate bow'd her head as low as thigh,
   Regardless of their jeers;
She gaz'd awhile with earnest eye,
   And cry'd, 'Indeed, I have hairs.

See Polly, Chloe, Betty, see,
   They may be plainly spied;
If you'll just be ruled by me, and cast a glance aside.

   Although no fur as yet did spring,
On that which Kitty wore,
   I thought the pretty pouring thing,
The prettiest of the four.

   I through the hedge would fain have been,
My face was here as bad,
As Tantalus up to the chin,
   With apples o'er his head.
For had I through the briars gyne,
    I knew not what to say;
So took my fill of looking on,
    And flily sneak'd away.

SONG LIV.
THE IRISH JIG

ONE night in a ramble I chanc'd to see,
    A thing like a spirit it frightene'd me:
I cock'd up my hat, and solv'd to loor big,
And straight felt a tuning the Irish Jig.
The devil drew nearer in short.
I found it was one of the petticoat sort;
My fears being over, I car'd not a fig,
But I still kept tuning the Irish Jig.

And when I went to her, resolving to try her,
I put her agog of a longing desire;
I told her I'd give her a whip for her gig,
And scourge to the tune of the Irish Jig.

Then rothing but dancing our sancies could place,
We lay on the grass, and danc'd at our ease;
I down with my b—s, and off with my wig,
And we fell a dancing the Irish Jig.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your kindness, said she,
The scholar's as wise as the master can be!
( 93 )

For if you should chance to get me with kid,
I'll lay the poor bratt to the Irish Jig.
The dance being ended, as you may say,
We rose by consent and both went away,
I put on my cloaths, and let her grow big.
And so went off roaring the Irish Jig.

SONG. LY.

THE MOUSE'S TAIL.

J

ack and his master a wager laid,

Of three-score shillings and ten,
Which of them had the longest p—k,
The wager was to win.

They measur'd the length, and all the breadth,
And they measur'd them round about,
But Jack he did his master beat,
By four inches and the snout-

The maid she went behind the barn-door,
For which she was much to blame;
And when she saw the wager was won,
She went and told her dame.

The old woman went behind the barn-door
To do as she was went,
And stooping down occasionally,
A mouse jump'd into her c—t.

The
The old woman cry'd out unto the old man,
   As loud as she could cry,
There's a mouse crept into my belly,
   And without your help I die.
The old man he laid her on a sack,
   As oft he had done before;
But he could not touch the mouse's tail,
   By four inches, and more.
The old man cry'd out to his man Jack,
   As loud as he could cry,
Here's a mouse crept into my dama's belly
   And without thy help she'll die.
Without you'll double my wages quoth Jack,
   Without you double my price,
Without you double my wages, quoth Jack,
   My p—k shall hunt no mice.
I will double thy wages quoth the old man,
   And give thee a hat and a coat.
And for to buy thee a button and a loop,
   My dama shall give thee a groat.
Then work it away my bonny boy Jack,
   For thou needest not to fail;
A little farther Jack she said.
And you'll touch the mouse's tail!
Then work it away my bonny boy Jack,
   For thou needest not to doubt;

A little
A little further Jack she said,
    And you'll turn the mouse about about.
The old man stood upon the barn-door,
    With the besom in his hand,
To knock the mouse upon the head,
    As soon as it should land.
Come all you merry maids of Yorkshire,
    If you will me believe,
When the old women had enough,
    She let the mouse out of her sleeve.

**SONG LVI**

**YOUTH AND OLD AGE**

DEAR Chloe attend,
    To th' advice of a friend.
    And for once be admonish'd by me;
Before you ingage,
    To wed with old age,
    Think how summer and winter agree,

So antient a fruit,
For want of a root,
    Is doom'd to a speedy decay,
Youth might ripen your charms,
But old age in young a man,
    Is like frosty weather in May.
Believe me dear maid,
When the best cards are play'd,
You seldom can meet with a trump!
And to help the jest on,
When the sucker is gone.
What the plague would you do with the pump?

Let men of threecore,
Think of marriage no more:
They need not be fond of the uosfe;
The cripple that begs,
Without any legs,
Can have no occasion for shoes.

A clock out of repair,
Both but badly are are,
The hour of the day, or the night,
For unless my dear love,
The pendulum move,
'Twould be strange if the clock should go right.

**SONG LVII.**

**THE HUNGRY CAT.**

O'fluxing a wig our street chanters sing.
And of eating a maidens old hat,
Permit me to add one more bead to the string.
And to speak of an hungry cat—
This Cat appertain'd to Miss Polly the fair,
    And she starv'd it,—no matter for that;
i begg'd that she'd give Madam Polly to my care,
    And with pleasure I'd feed the poor Cat,
But she frowningly cry'd how can you request
A thing so immodest as that?
No body shall touzel poor Grimalkin's nest,
    Or cram with bad food my dear Cat.
The food, dearest Miss, I design she shall eat,
    It's soft, and is smooth and is fat:
With a pretty white mouse the dear creature I'll treat,
    A mouse faith as big as a rat.
Mighty well, but cries Polly, suppose she should taste,
    Instead of a mouse, a rat;
It would cause her most surely to swell in the waist,
    And occasion a great deal of chat.
But in spite of these arguments, one day I caught
    Miss Polly asleep, clean and fair;
Her former denial I valued as nought,
    And spite of her I fed her Cat.

SONG LVIII.

THE LINK-BOY.

RECITATIVE.

A howling filbert N.n. with rugged eye,
    Along the streets her cracking ware did cry,
    Two
Two chairman, who a different nation boast;
The Cambrian mountain, and Hibernia's coast.
Made for the fair, of Hercules form,
Long time had strove the frozen maid to warm:
Soon as the dear-loved object they descried,
They left their chairs, to gain her once more try'd;
First Dermot spoke in words like these,
He hop'd in vain the nut-brown maid to please:

Air: (St. Patrick's day in the morning.)
Arrah, my honey, my dear, and my jewel,
I love you far better than nothing at all;
If you resolve to remain always cruel,
By J——'s, I'm sure it will cost me a fall.
Then take me, my sweet one, into your good graces,
Be after consenting, I'll call you my wife;
I'll make you a lady to wear silks and satins,
And ride in a chair all the days of your life,
Arrah, my honey, &c.

Recitative.
His partner, who had hitherto stood mute,
Next boldly advanced to prefer his suit:
With Village pale, as butter-milk or whey,
In mournful ditty thus was heard to say:

Air. (Of noble race was Shenkin.)
Tear Nanny, lofty creature,
All other maids exceeding,
Through Cupid’s snare, and sad despair,
I see how her heart is pleading,
in kindness shew some pity,
On poor untone Llhowellen;
Or else her tears, her sighs, and tears,
Will bring her to teary’s twelling.

Recitative.
With toss’d up nose, and hands on both her sides,
She flings their offers, and their pains beside,
Proud of those charms for which the lover dies,
She snaps her fingers and exulting cries,

Air (From the man that I love, &c.)
From such lubbers as you my heart I’ll defend,
To locks or potatoes I’ll never condescend;
Then plague me no longer, for glim-packeting Jack,
Is the man I adore, and my Gilbert shall crack.

Recitative.
Scarce had she spoke, when lo! a youth appeared;
Who Bridewell, pump, or Tyburn never feared;
At play-house door, in Covent-garden porch,
When night draws on, he plies with flaming torch,
Like Hymen, then, it justly may be said,
He often lights fond couples home to bed,
He gazes, frowns, his looks his mind betray.
Then seiz’d her hand, and bore the nymph away
A i r (Colinet.)

On yon bulk behold 'em laid,
Gentle Morpheus lend thy aid;
Keep the watch from coming there,
To disturb the happy pair;
Sparing pleasures while they can,
Who so blest as Jack and Nan?

SONG LIX.

THE CRAB-TREE.

The moon was pendulous above,
The sun had gain'd her Nadir;
When Sylvia full of youth and love,
In loose attire array'd her.

To twinkling stars invite'd her out,
And she decoy'd her sister;
And as she nimbly tripp'd about,
The boughs would fain have kiss'd her.

Inclin'd to mirth, thus Sylvia said,
Come hither sister Chloe,
I've learnt to stand upon my heed,
Observe my girl, I'll shew ye,
She did what she design'd to do,
Her legs were wide extend'd:

Her c--t expos'd to open view,
Since nothing could defend it.

To
To steal pears from an apple tree,
Hard by a boy was mounted;
From him the tale devolv'd to me
Most faithfully recounted,""I hear! the merry wag protest,
The muff between her haunches,
Resembled much a magpie's nest,
Between two lofty branches.
In this inviting posture stood
The lady near a minute;
Jack took the choicest fruit he could,
And fairly chuck'd it in it,
It soon took root, the soil being fine,
Pray credit what I tell ye,
And like the visionary vine,
It overspread her belly.
In pleasing shades the stalks arose,
And rang'd themselves in order,
And where the bubbling fountain flows,
Hangs wav'ring o'er its border;
Since chance had plac'd its growing there,
And nature fix'd the root on 't,
For want of necessary care,
Crabs only were the fruit on 't.
SONG, LX.

CYMON and IPHIGENE, burlesqued.

RECITATIVE.

Near Drury's dreadful lands where many a blood
Has oft been laid supinely in the mud,
A house there stands for dissipation made,
Famed through the kingdom for the f— g trade;
Thither, from compting-house, adjourn'd a buck,
To spend the evening, and to take a f— k.
Young Iphigena, a plump and hearty dame,
Came just in time to quench his am'rous flame.
Cymon, this buck, attacks her without dread,
A bargain's made, away they steer to bed;
But Cymon's words must modestly be sung,
The theme's too lofty for a modern tongue.

A I R.

Dear charmer suffer me to ride;
Pray throw your pretty legs aside,
And let me go between:
Then press me close between your thighs;
I'll soon make you turn up your eyes,
My lovely Iphigena!
Recitative.

As Cymon gave directions she perform'd,
While he with vigour push'd, and bravely form'd,
Till titillating friction touch'd the blood,
And gave the symptoms of the trickling flood;
The sparkling lustre of her lovely eyes,
Grows doubly bright; her short and heaving sighs
Express the tumults that she feels below:
At length she raises, with—Gently—Cymon—oh—
The youth in raptures quickly lost his sight,
And fell entranced, benumbed, and helpless quite:
At length recovering from his fit, he press'd
The gasping fair, and thus his song addressed:

AIR.

Look up, my dear, and view your swain,
Whose standing pack warts once again
To force his way between
Thy swelling thighs, the cover'd way,
The seat of pleasure and of play,
Of charming Iphigene.

Recitative.

Amazed, she wonders how he could produce,
In such short time, the all-dissolving juice;
She gazes, finds him brawny, saw it stand,
Then bless'd herself, and stroak'd it with her hand;
And smiling swore by all the powers above,
He was the man on whom she'd fix her love,
The youth in haste just ready to let fly,
Gave her a kiss, and thus he made reply:

A I R.

Hug me close, and suck it in,
To lose a drop would be a sin;
Twine your legs about my back,
And strain till nerves and sinews crack.
Be not filly, coy, nor shy,
Strive together to let fly;
Then with close and rapturous kisses,
Both our souls shall sink in bliss.

S O N G  L X I -

"Hony soit qui mal y pense."
"To the tune of Stick a Pin there."

Y e bucks and ye jemmies who ramble the park,
Whose hearts and whose heads are as lightsome as cork
Through Buckinghame gate, as to Chelsea you pass
Without fee or reward you may see the Q—'s A—.
See the Q—'s A— see the Q—'s A—
Without fee or reward, &c. A light
A sight such as this surely never was seen;
Who the deuce would not gaz at the A—of a Q—n?
What prospect for charming,—what scene can mut., afs
The delicate sight of her M——'s A—?

Though my amish old prudes with inventive and spleen
May turn up their noses and curse the Q——n,
Crying out, 'Tis a shame that her Q——ship alas!
Should take such a pride— in exposing her A—.

Let them rail if they will, yet I'll betten to one,
Not a prude of them all, but would alter her tone,
Provided that fortune so kind to each 1 fs,
Had bestrew'd such an A— as her M——'s A——

The scribbles cry out, 'Tis a sin and a shame,
To suffer such a thing with so filthy a name;
Though they rail yet will each take a peep through his glass
For who would not peep at her M——'s A——

From M** kl** h St**l**z a place of renown,
This good natr'd p——ns came here for a crown:
And now in return to the folks as they pass,
She kindly repays them—by shewing her A——

Ye gods! I wish pleasure could gaze day and night,
At so charming, so pretty, so curious a sight;
In truth I must own—nay I swear by the mass,
I could kiss if no treason, her M——'s A——.

But
But this for a subject, though loyal I fear,
Would be look'd on by some folks as coming to near;
Then in prudence my passion I'll flitle alas,
Content but to gaze on her M———'s A—.

Resign'd to my fate, thus to gaze and no more,
In vain for possession I sigh and implore,
But Scripture informs us that all flesh is grist,
And SUCH I presume, is her M———'s A—.

Since then there is no mighty difference between
The A— of a subject, and that of a Q——
Let each lad full of glee take his bottle and glass,
And drink the Q——s health—not forgetting her A—.

SONG LXII.

OYS T E R N A N,

A S Oyster Nan stood by her tub,
To shew her vicious inclination,
'She gave her noble parts a scrub,
And sigh'd for Copulation.

A vintner of no little fame,
Who excellent white and red could sell ye,
Observing of this dirty dame,
As she was scrubbing of her belly.

'Come in, come in, you dirty flutt,
This is a rare convenient minute;
I'll lay the itching of your scut,
Unless some greedy devil's in it
With that flap-cap Nanny smil'd,
And fain would blush but could not,
Saying how soon we are beguil'd
To do the things we should not.

In the door they went behind the bar,
As is by common fame reported;
And there upon a leather chair,
The loving couple kiss'd and sported;
But being call'd by company,
As he was taking pains to please her,
'P' coming sir said he;
And so am I my dear said she Sir,
Her mole-hill belly swel'd about,
Into a mountain quickly after,
And when the little brat crept out,
The creature caus'd a mighty laughter;
But now she's learnt the pleasing game,
Although much pains and shame it cost her;
And daily ventures at the same,
And shuts and opens like an oyster.

SONG XLIII.

BACCHUS'S ADVICE

Drink about, my dear friend,
For I pray to what end,
Stands useless the full flowing bowl?
Leave your sorrows behind,
Give your care to the wind,
And drink to each joyous brave soul.
Leave your sours &c.
Drink about &c.

For Alcides the sam'd,
Who monsters all sam'd,
And bound the stout porter of hell;
Tho'g Immortal his line,
Had it not been for wine,
Might like them he conquer'd have fell.
Tho' Achilles the great,
When he sought such race,
And slew the great H.ctor of Troy,
'Twas the grape's potent juice,
Made him wonders produce.
And Priam's whole race to destroy.

Neaptolemus too.
The same steps did pursue,
And trac'd the sam'd heroes of yore,
He'd in drinking relax,
And burn Pyrrhus's acts,
Was as great as his father before him.

And Ulysses the fly,
Had been drinking for why
When the Trojan Paladium he stole,
    For his subtle thoughts sprung,
If e'er Ajax but sung,
The charms of a sparkling full bowl.
Since in drinking we find,
    There's a charm for the mind,
Let Bacchus then join in the train,
Drink my lads drink about,
Let us see the bowl out.
And once more we'll fill it again.

SONG LXIV.

RECITATIVE.

On top of turf-stick once, with longing tir'd,
    Poor Shela sat, her legs all bog-bemir'd,
Dintdy'd her neck, her nose all far'd with snuff,
Her arms like coals mahogany red and rough:
    And thus prior Shela sung.

In the county O' Kilkenny I'm handsome as any,
    In the north I'm called the girl Silky,
Theres Pat i k O'Farr l, and Phelim O'Donnel,
They love me much better than whisky.

Though
Though some whores wear flattins and others wear patens.
While I without brogues go a begging;
If without brogues I go, I would have you to know,
I love like my betters good f——k.

In most folks opinion, my skin's white as onion.
My features are nick-nam'd mulatto,
My belly is spread, like a black-a-moo's head,
And my a——e is as hard as potatoe;
But here is the feature, the mouse-trap of nature,
As rough and as juicy as can be:
O I am all overheating, for want of a stitching,
Come boddsr my gigg with your Shawblice-

Recitative,
Paddy entrenched, and half naked too,
Emptying with scoop the stagnate mud.
He mounts the bank with s——s bare,
His s——s with strong bristly hair.

As soon as She saw him she flipped down the stack
And lewdly at the bottom she lay on her back
She up'd with her clothes, and discovered her crack,
The inside was scarlet, the outside was black.

Of her balinamora and ora.
She kept her legs open, expecting the job,
Paddy's p——k twixt her legs went bibbity-bob,
But feeling the orifice raised up his knob,
And his p——k and her c——t went bibbity-bob,
Ad her balinamora and ora.
Tune, "Larry Giogan."
Arrah Paddy you're choakin' me, do ye not be pokin' me
What the devil is this you've stuck in me stuck in me
Where are you going, or what are you doing!
By my foul I believe you are stickin', me, &c.
But now you are in me, by my thoul I'd lie still,
Blood and ounds you have bother'd my belly;
O go no further, — I'll cry murder.
My c—t is all in a jelly
When first he began to thrust his pole in,
He made all my members to quiver,
So far he was thrust in, I thought I was bursting,
He turn'd up the lap of my liver.
But before you leave me one f—g give, me.
Pay well my pumpkin, O thereabout, thereabout;
For it is all in, my guts are down falling,
You have made in my belly a flir-about, flir-about.

SONG LXV.

A Friar to a river went,
To wash his hands and face;
And there he esp.'d a pretty maid,
A bathin' of her a—c.
And her fat, pal, &c.
O what is the matter my pretty maid,
That your c—t looks so red,
'Anwer'd with carrying fire in my a—e
For to warm my matters bed,
and his fal, lal, &c.

Then the Friar he lugg'd out a mighty t—fe,
As big as he could handle,
And if you carry fire in your a—e,
Pray let me light this candle.
By your fal, &c.

Then the Friar he rammed in his mighty t—fe,
As much as he could stuff,
But she melted his tallow all away,
And reduc'd it to a snuff
By her fal, lal, &c.

The Friar he kneel'd upon the ground,
In posture most devout,
Lighten my darkness I—d he cry'd,
For my candle's quite burnt out.
By her fal, lal, &c.

SONG LVI.

To the tune of "There was a fair maid but I wont tel her name."

WHEN Jove flink to earth for a bit of that same,
And himself metamorphos'd to meet a fair aune,
I'm surpriz'd he never chang'd to a cock of the game,
With his fal, lal, &c.
What shape could he fix on to proper below?
Why woman will tell you, and women should know,
There's none like a cock that can constantly crow,
With his tail, &c.

Ye Bucks be advis'd by a flag of the game,
When you find a fair fond of a thing she can't name,
Begin to crow, you are cock-sure of the dame,
With her tail, &c.

She's pleas'd to receive what a cock can bestow,
When he knocks for admittance, she never says no,
But wide-spreaing links and permits him to crow,
In her tail, &c.

The youth who would wish with a widow to wed,
Let him boldly but crow, and upright shew his head,
Like a hen she will cackle and call for a tread,
Of his tail, &c.

But the husband who capon-like, flights the young hen,
When call'd down to crow cannot answer again,
Should be fogg'd by the females back into his pen,
With his tail, &c.

'Twas thus that Miss Kitty, the beauteous, the wild,
To a fumbler for wealth was in wedlock beguil'd,
He once strove to crow but the music was spoilt,
Of his tail, &c.
She mop'd round the house and then oft full of play,
His cheek gently pattiug would down loving lay,
But alas, twas in vain for nought could he say,

With his fal, &c.

At lea gth a brisk fag came by chance in her view,
He streted himself out, and she sigh'd at the shew,
But much more she sigh'd when she first felt him crow,

With his fal, &c.

She wantonly welcom'd him into her pen,
For what she once felt she would fain feel again,
All women in this will take after the hen,

With their fal, &c.

To you love-longing gir's this advice I beftow,
In a lover's address regard not his show,
Nor make sure of a man till you know he can crow,

With his fal, &c.

SONG LXVII.

I AM a jolly toper,

I am a ragged soph,
Known by the pimples in my face,

With taking bumpers off,

And a toping we will go, &c.

Come let's fit down together,

And take our fill of beer,
Away with all disputes,
    For we'll have no wrangling here,
    And a toping, &c.

With clouds of tobacco,
    We'll make our Noddles clear,
We'll be as great as princes,
    When our heads are full of beets,
    And a toping, &c.

With jugs, mugs, and-pitchers,
    And Bellarmines of stale,
Dashed lightly with a little
    A very little a.e.
    And a toping, &c.

A fig for the Spaniards,
    And for the King of France,
Kind heav'n preserve our jugs and mugs;
    And king from all mischance,
    And a toping, &c.

Against the Presbyterians,
    Pray give me leave to rail,
Who never had thirsted for king's blood,
    Had they been drunk with stale,
    And a toping, &c.

Against the low-church saints,
    Who silly play their parts,
    Have...
Who rail at the Dissenters,
Yet love them in their hearts,
And a toping, &c.

Here's a health to the king,
Let's bumpers take in hand.
And may Prince F———s Roger,
Grow stiff again and stand,
And a toping, &c.

Oh how we toss about,
The never failing cana,
We drink and piss, and piss and drink,
And drink to piss again.
And a toping, &c.

O that my belly,
It were a ton of stale,
My cock were turn'd into a tap,
To run when I did call.
And a toping, &c.

Of all sorts of topers,
A soph is far the best,
Till he can neither go nor stand,
By Jove he's ne'er at rest,
And a toping, &c.

We fear no wind or weather,
When good liquor dwells within,
( 117 )
And since a soph does live so well,
   Then who would be a king.
   And a toping, &c.
Then dead drunk we'll march, boys,
   And reel into our tombs,
That jollier sophs (if such there be)
   May march into our rooms.
   And a toping, &c.

SONG LXVII.

By the mole on your bubbies so round and so white,
   By the mole on your neck where my arms would unite,
By whatever mo' else you have got out of sight,
   I beseech thee to hear my dear Molly.
By the kiss just a starting from off thy moist lips,
   By the delicate up-and-down jut of thy hips,
By the tip of your tongue which all tongues far out tips,
   I beseech, &c.
By the down on your bosom on which my soul dies,
   By the thing of all things which I love as my eyes,
By the thoughts I lie down with and those when I rise,
   I beseech, &c.

By
By all the soft pleasures a virgin can share,
By the credit minute to virgin can bear,
By the question I burn so to ask but don't dare,
I beseech thee to hear me dear Molly.

SONG LXIX.

THE MEN WILL ROMANCE.

When I enter'd my teens and threw playthings aside,
I conceived myself woman, and fit for a bride;
By the men I was flatter'd my pride to enhance,
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance:
They swore that my eyes the bright diamond excell'd,
Such a face, and such tresses, sure mother was beheld;
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance!
Oh the maids will believe and the men will romance.

Young Porydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall:
On his knee he entreated my hand to a dance!
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
And declared he never saw so much beauty before;
He ogled and sighed, as he saw me advance;
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then
Then day after day I his company had,  
At length he declared all his flame to my dad;  
But my father lov'd money, and would not advance.  
And reply'd to my lover, young men will romance.

But though my papa would not give us a shilling,  
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing;  
So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,  
And believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

**SONG LXX.**

Sung by PHELIM O'BŁUNDE Hàn the Double Disappointment.

**DEAR Molly, I love you, I hope there's no harm in that,**

For you are so sprightly, and witty, and charming, that  
Whenever I see you, my heart it goes pit-a-pat,  
And I am grown lean and dry, who was once sleek & fat.

Save me, save me, dear Molly save me,  
Or I will hang myself, if you will not have me.

I'm grown a meer sloven, who was once a flirting top.  
My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty mop;  
My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done mutton chop,  
That can of gravy not yield you a single drop.

Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,  
Even just as brown and dry looks your poor Davy.

**When**
When first I was ask'd to drink tea with my Molly dear
I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire;
I sent for the barber, and cry'd, shave me, do you hear,
And I'll give sixpence to drink out in ale and beer,
Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me,
Make me look spuce and fine then Molly will have me.

Then straight to the place of appointment I hurried me,
Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they so worried me
That from that moment I thought of no other she,
And now I most humbly crave you my bride to me.

Crave you, crave you—Oh now I crave you,
For my bride, from this hour, dear Molly I crave you.

Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave you:
I will your husband be, and never leave you;
My surname is Dope, and my christian name Davy,
And when we are married we'll go to Glenavy.

Navy, navy, go to Glenavy,
Then who'll be so happy as Molly and Davy.

SONG LXXI.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love sonnet, and charm her ears.
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her and praise her if fair or brown,
    Sooth her, and smooth her,
And teaze her, and p'case her,
And touch but her finicket and a'l's your own.

Do you fancy a widow well known in men,
    With the front of assurance come boldly on;
Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly.
Put her in mind how time steals on:
    Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
Rouse her and touse her from morn to noon;
    And shew her you're able,
Some hour to grapple,
    And get but her writings and all's your own.

Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,
    That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
    That pleasure's best charms in variety;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her, and when cully's gone.
    Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kifs with a guinea, and all's your own.
SONG LXXII.

MOLLY MOGG.

My sweet pretty Mogg, you're soft as a hog,
And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:
Those eyes in your face——(O pity my fate).
Poo! Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.
For softer t'ai silk and fair as new milk,
Your lilly white hand is, your lilly white hand is:
Your shape's like a pail from your head to your tail,
You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is,
Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is,
As black's the devil, as black as the devil;
Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville or orange from Seville:
When dress'd in your bodice you trip like a goddess,
So nimble so trisky, so nimble so trisky;
A kiss on your cheek (tis so soft and so fleck)
Would warm me like whisky would warm me like whisky.
I grunt and I pine and I sob like a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel:
No rest I can take: and asleep or awake,
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.

Your
Your hate they give over, nor Dermot your lover,
So cruelly and dle, so cruelly hand e;
O: Dermot must die like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

SONG LXXIII.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTALL, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of those wenches they make such a potter,
When once they have set a man have his will:
They're always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage;
What too he spake 'em never so fairly,
Still they keep teasing, teasing on;
You cannot persuade 'em,
Till promise you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They'll tell you——adroit it!
Their characters blasted, they're ruin'd undone,
And then to be sure, sir,
There is but one cure, sir,
And all their discourse is of marriage.
COME listen awhile, and I'll tell you a story,

'Tis of a staunch angler, who loved the sport well:
Pray mark the contents which I shall here lay before you,
The tale it is true that to you I shall tell.

With aruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, ruv, areau;
Ruv, aruv, rav, rau, rau, rau, ruv, ruv, in and out O.

This angler so staunch, had a buxom young wife sirs,
Whom he oftentimes left before break of day.
But she not approving his odd way of life sirs,
Would oft heave a sigh when her spouse was away.

With aruv, &c.

Ah! why did I marry a man that loves fishing?
Ye fair be advised for in this you'll agree,
That a right woman's man should love nothing but
dressing,
And with such a dear spouse how contented I'd be.

With aruv, &c.

Then straight to a buxom young fellow she went sirs,
Who often had blamed her for being too coy,
He view'd her fond eyes and found out her intent sirs,
And eagerly press'd her to grant him the joy.

With aruv, &c.
Six times he put in, and six times he pull'd out sir
Till weary with sport, he could angle no more:
Quoth he tho': 'I've caught neither barble nor trout sir,
I never in my life had such angling before.'

With aruv, &c.

My dear, quoth the fair, you may put in again sir,
But first plumb you depth or your art won't avail;
If you touch not the bottom your angling's in vain sir;
Fishe deep to the bottom of that sport you'll not fail.

With aruv, &c.

Then sit ait with this plummet he felt for the ground sir,
Deeper yet quoth the fair for you're never the near;
No bottom quoth she, is there yet to be found sir,
Zounds why should I plumb when no bottom's here?

With aruv, &c.

Ne'er stand for an inch, quoth the fair, you are right sir,
Now bait well your hook and throw it in with a glee,
Have patience a little you'd soon have a bite sir;
There! now! mind the bob! — 'tis a smart one,
quoth she.

With aruv, &c.

Then strait he pull'd up, but the fish it was gone sir,
His hair bait taken off, and his line snapt in twain;
See, my love, quoth the blade, I am quite broken
down sir,
Nevermind it, quoth she, put it in once again.

With aruv, &c.

Ah,
Ah, no quoth the blade, so my tackle's past used,
But to-morrow I'll come, so till that time adieu.
Go, foolish, said she, for such pastime refusing,
Yet, ah! could my spouse but angle like you.
With aruv, &c,
Observe brother bobs, and take this as a warning,
'Tis jest will hold good, for the moral is plain:
Ere you part with your wives, give a hearty good morning,
And as brisk a good night when you meet them again.
With aruv, &c.

SONG LXXV.

THE HAMMERSMITH PAINTER.

A jolly brisk Painter from Hammersmith came,
To hear what news was in the town;
He met with a jolly brisk maid by the way,
And ask'd if he should lay her down.
'Twas on a bench near to the Goat,
This young man pull'd up her petticoat,
And there they enjoy'd both pleasure and sport.
The cream of the jest I mean to declare;
When he with his brush was got to work:
It was a most pleasing sight to see,
When she with her buttocks gave such a jerk:

The
The bench it broke, and he follow'd after,
Somebody came by and burst into alaughter,
Zounds, say she, you have broke my master.
The place was dirty; where they fell in,
And all bedaub'd this couple were;
Somebody came by that knew them well.
Crying, my lad, be of good cheer;
For though the constable is hard by,
You need not fear, since I'm so nigh,
Zounds, says the constable, sirrah, you lie.

Before the justice he was brought,
There to answer for what he had done;
I catch'd him on Madam, the constable said,
Just in the height of their fun;
I bid him get off, but he did swear,
And told me I had no business there,
And a fig for me he did not care
Come tell to me, the justice said,
Come tell to me most speedily.
What means or ways of living you have,
Or else a soldier you shall be:
For you are a young man stout and tall,
And able to stand before cannon-ball,
It may be your fortune to rise or fall.

I am a painter, the young man said,
To use my brush I thought no harm,
I painted something on your maid's belly,
Thinking I might your worship charm;
I painted her Venus as down she was laid,
I took all these pains 'cause she was your maid,
To tell you the truth, sir, I am not afraid.
It is my maid I plainly see,
And you have wrought her overthrow;
With her you have dealt deceitfully.
So about your business you must go;
But had you not a painter been,
You should have gone and serv'd the king,
But now you may sit and merry sing.
Go take your pencils and your rules,
Likewise your compasses and tools,
And kifs in spite of pimping fools.

SONG LXXVI.

BOB AND HIS LANDLADY;
Or, the Young Soldier's Frolic.

UPON the march it was my lot
A billet for to share,
Unto an inn, which made me grin,
To see my dame so fair:
My landlord he proved kind to me,
And I got quarters there;
And it's true I kiss'd my landlady,
    Let that stand there,
    Let that stand there,
'Tis true, &c.

Our lousy landlord blam'd me,
    For doing of this deed;
Because I did relieve his wife,
    When in the time of need;
Being a petty constable,
    For him I do not care;
It's true I kiss'd his pretty wife,
    Let that stand there.

Our orders were for Ireland,
    I did to her declare,
Which made my handsome landlady
    Begin to curse and swear;
Saying, I'll go along with Bob,
    Let Bob go ere so far,
My Bob's the lad that kiss'd me well,
    Let that stand there.

Farewell my loving landlady,
    I must pursue thenceout;
Dear Bob, says she, pray stay with me,
    Let's have the other bout:
"I'll rob the cuckold of his gold,  
And thou the same shall share;  
For thou'rt the man that kiss'd me well,  
Let that stand there.

Then twenty guineas in my hand,  
She lovingly did squeeze;  
Dear 'ob, says she, pray think on me,  
When you are on the leas;  
Pray think on me, I will agree,  
With you all fates to share;  
For thou'rt the man that kiss'd me well,  
Let that stand there.

SONG LXXVII.

MIRTH AND JOLLITY.

Of all the delights that's in the town,  
Give me a wanton lass,  
That when with me she does lie down,  
Begins to wriggle her a—.

Articles when between parties are made,  
Each side must stand the brunt;  
And of all the trifling things in town,  
Give me a pretty girl's c—,

Cap of cambric very fine.  
Adorn'd with Flanders lace,  
That when with me she walks abroad,  
May adorn her beautiful face.
A wench in your bed is a pleasure,
If on her you make no mock;
But if you are not pleasing to her,
She'll be apt to tear off your——

Bowling on your pleasant green,
Is a pastime that gentlemen prize;
But of all the bowling that pleaseth me,
Is betwixt a pretty maid's——

Thick is the trees that grows in a wood,
And so is the evil of a lawyer;
But when the devil gets him in hell,
He soon will him devour.

Tom Stitch has a wife,
He us'd after her to hunt,
He was so jealous grown of her,
That at length he stitched up her c——

Country girls as fresh as a rose,
And adorn'd with a beautiful wrinkle,
The v have a better hand than wenches in town.
To play with a young man's——

Peter Grievous had a cat.
That us'd with him to play,
It was the best companion he could find
For to keep him company.

Down by a murmuring river side,
Where wenches themselves did untuck;
But Kate she esp'y'd a man coming,
And said he shou'd her —
Fie upon you, says Betry,
I have the prettiest wrinkle,
And if that he does come this way,
In it he shall put his —
Pippins they are for pancakes,
And a rod for the back of a fool;
But was wenches to please their fancies,
T'would be with a young man's tool.

SONG LXXVIII.

The lasses are so wanton grown,
The lads are growing so lazy,
That as they range along the town,
You'd think they all was crazy:
Fire away, the game we'll play,
We value no disalter;
Since they invite, we'll boldly fight,
So touch the thing, you bastard.

Then stepping up to Temple-Bar,
As through the streets was ranging,
There I esp'y'd a jolly tar,
Who had got some gold a changing:
Then ou speak a thinking lass,
Her name was pretty Esther;

Come
Come lay a thing unto a thing,
And play with it, you bastard.
Then stepping up to Drury-lane,
Along with a shoemaker,
There I epy'd two bouncing frows,
A taylor and a quaker;
There Iripp'd them both the glim,
And now they want a plaister:
The quaker lost his watch and gold,
So touch the thing, you bastard.
Brave boys, since we are so besie'd,
By girls of every station,
They'll sure'y make our pockets bleed,
And take our recreation:
Fire away, the game all play,
We value no disalter;
Since they invite, we'll boldly fight,
To touch the thing, you bastard.

SONG LXXIX.

THE MOLE CATC'HER.

In Malden, in Surry, at the sign of the Plough,
There lives a young couple as I shall tell how,
And he had a wife that was buxom and gay,
And she with a farmer used for to play.
The man was a Mole-Catcher by his trade;
He went to the fields with his traps and his spade;

A catching of moles from morning till night,
The farmer he used to play with his wife.

The man had a jealousy of the thing,
He hid in the bake house to see him come in,

Then seeing the farmer come over the style,
That made the Mole-catcher begin for to smile.

He came to the door, and thus he did say,
Oh where is your husband, good woman, I pray?
A catching of moles, you need not fear:
But little she thought her husband was there.

The farmer immediately pulled her down in his lap,
Ay says the Mole-catcher, I've you in my trap;

Then up stairs they went for to fill their design;
The Mole-catcher follow'd soon after behind.

Then out at the window her head she then put,
The farmer immediately pull'd up her coats;
He could not come at her before, as we find,
So he was obliged for to take her behind.

The Mole-catcher the farmer's shirt did tear,  
For he was resolv'd to examine his wares:  
And as he was peeping, he saw his long pin, 
He said to his wife, my dear was he in.
O ye, with blushes, then she did say,  
O yes, he was in, but a little way;  
O that is enough, he bid to his wife.  
This is the best mole e'er I caught in my life.  
Just as they were in the midst of their sport.  
The Mole-catcher caught him fast; hold by the coat;  
Saying, you villain, what would you have;  
I think now I have got your life in my trap.  
I'll make you pay for ploughing my ground,  
And as for the money it shall be ten pound;  
The farmer said, the money I don't mind,  
For it has not cost me past sixpence a time.  
So now to conclude with some of the loss,  
The farmer's obliged to go to the Cross,  
A spending his arse, I know not how,  
He durst not go to the sign of the Plough.

SONG LXXX.

A SONG UPON SONGS.

COME every brisk soul,  
Who delight in a bowl,  
In mirth or what to it belongs;  
Attend to my verse,  
While here I rehearse,  
To please you, a song upon songs.
Put first I declare,
To him to hear
This little original song;
Let him think what he will;
Nought offensive or ill.
Is contained in my song upon songs.
Great statesmen conceal
Their schemes wheel in wheel,
And under disguise commit wrongs;
I nobody hurt,
But contribute to mirth,
By writing a song upon songs.
The boisterous knave,
Who pretends to be brave,
And boasts of his fights and ding dongs;
When put to the test,
How fallen his crest,
And his courage a song upon songs.
The clergy resort
To superiors at court,
And crave for fat livings in throngs;
While I, with low aim,
Aspire to fame,
In scribbling a song upon songs.
Taste differs in all,
In great and in small, A hobby-
A hobby-horse to all belongs,
A girl, ball or play,
A review, or birth-day,
Or even a song upon songs
Guittars with some suit,
Some a fiddel, or flute,
And some love a poker and tongs,
Some admire duettos,
And others cantatos,
And others my song upon songs.
Let all who've the spleen,
Buy this magazine,
Such property to it belongs,
It will give them a cure,
As certain and sure,
As this is a song upon songs
But if you proceed,
And continue to read,
Each song which to this book belongs;
You'll own I believe,
Many pleasures can give,
Besides this our song upon songs.

SONG.
SONG LXXXI.

THE ASS.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart
While thus we sit round on the grass;
The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass,
Whatever the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
Deserves &c.

The beau who so smart with his well powder'd hair
An angel beholds in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
May justly be reckon'd an ass.
May justly, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cæsaurus the wealth to surpass,
And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home,
Claps the horns of an ox on an ass.
Claps the horns &c,

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With his forehead well fronted with brass;
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
There you my good friend are the ass,
There you &c.
The formal physician who knows every ill,
    Shall last be produc'd in this class;
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
    But death proves the doctor an ass.
    But death &c.

Then let us companions be jovial and gay,
    By turns take the bottle and lasses;
For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
    Deserves to, &c.

SONG LXXXII
THE BLACK WHORE

As I rambled last night through the skirts of the town
    Just taking my leave of my friend Johny Brown
He pick'd up a whore, I had a mind for one too
    So I pick'd up one, but the devil knows who.

She led me up alleys as dark as my crime,
And we fumbl'd the door out in two hours time;
    And in finding the door out we entered the room,
But nothing was there but an old birch broom.

I ask'd for a bed, and she shew'd me some straw,
Where we pigg'd in without priest or law,
    So she litter'd me up, and she bid me lay still,
And told me I was safe as a thief in a mill. She
She carelessly threw'd herself flat on her back,
No neighbours to fear, nor no bedfellow to crack,
So we fell to the feast with each other's consent,
No money I gave her but an ocean I spent.

Joys three times spented. I fell in a doze,
Next morning I waked from my own torously repose,
Then I was cared in a damnable fright,
For I found I'd been kissing a black all the night.

My stockings I found in an ocean of piss
My hat no other, and all things amiss:
The cat in my breeches tak'n, her repose,
And thousands of creepers I found in my cloaths:

The fleas were a skipping like lambkins at play,
But the bugs being friendly, stuck to me all day;
The bugs by the millions were close to our backs,
And thousands of vermin clung round the Black.

Then I hurried my implements on in a trice,
And bore away an ocean of bugs, fleas, and lice,
She asked me for two pence, and bid me good by;
Hell smoke you in sulphur, you black bitch said I.

SONG LXXXIII.

As I went through London city,
Twas at twelve o'clock at night,
There I saw a damsel pretty,
Washing her joke by candle-light,

When
When she wash'd it then she dry'd it,
  The hair was black as coal upon't,
In all my life I never saw,
  A girl that had so fine a cet.
My dear said I what shall I give thee,
  For a touch at you know what,
Ma'f a crown if you are willing,
  Two shillings or you shall not,
Eighteen pence my dear I'll give you,
  Twenty pence or not at all;
With all my heart it is a bargain,
  So up she mounts the Cobbler's stall.
My dear said I, how shall I ride you,
  The gallop, amble, or the trot,
The amble is the easiest pace sir,
  With all my heart, so up I got.
The Cobbler hearing of our parley,
  Through a hole he thrust his awl;
Pe prick'd the girl into the a-e,
  Which threw the rider from the stall.

SONG LXXXIV.

I Sing of your noses you all may suppose,
  The nose hasn't been used to such diversities as those;
But til' your long nose requires my song,
And there is nothing so grand as a nose that is long,
  Sing tuntararara long nose.
Long nose's have long been the talk of the town,
There's nothing so soon with ladies go down:
They hate little noses ye very well know,
Because it denotes you've so little below.

The buxum young widow will make smutty speeches,
About your long noses and point to your breeches,
But mercy, don't send us how loud she will brawl
Should you come to attack' and have no nose at all.

Now if nature did form on your nose a high ridge,
The Punsters cry Zounds, sir that's like a penny-bridge,
While some of your noses oft make a worse farce,
When they cry Harkee, Bob bob your nose in my arse.

The nose that each Englishman ought most to prize,
Is a nose that is fixed between two squinting eyes;
The tricks of the M—he does expose,
For pension or place won't be led by the nose.

A snipe nose proclaims that you picture a fox,
A rotten nose tells us you're plagued with the pox,
And if a large carbuncle nose you have got,
All people that's sober will swear you're a lot.

The nose of a black is the colour of sloes,
The Spaniard's poffed'd of a large swarthy nose,
Poor Sawney the Scotchman's remarkably dull,
To think that his nose so resembles his mull.
The nose of Frenchman looks meagre and thin,
'Tis generally long, but looks damnable mean;
Notwithstanding Old England is brimful of grief,
Still an Englishman's nose is half made of roast beef.
The nose of a Dutchman appears very snug,
But the nose of a Dutchman's the nose of poor pug;
And a dame from that side of the water so cute,
Has oft swallow'd up the long nose of Lord B—.
Of the Welshman, Cot-pless hur, e'en sing what you please,
Hur nose was the smell of a good toasted cheese;
And if hur nose was long as hur leek,
Cot's pluf, how hur'd make all the young women squeak.

But an Irishman's nose for to sum up the whole,
Is like nothing so much as a long barber's pole:
Arrah, so Paddy, you see for the length of his nose,
As careless'd by the ladies wherever he goes.

SONG LXXXV.

THE OLD HAT.

To Chloe young Damon had long told his tale,
Yet o'er her strict virtue could never prevail;
He prais'd her, he press'd her, he kiss'd her and that,
Yet she vow'd that he ne'er should touch her Old Hat.
Touch her Old Hat, touch her Old Hat, yet she vow'd
That he never should touch her Old Hat.
It happen'd he met her one day in the grove,
He press'd her, and told her again of his love,
Yet still she cry'd, 'fye, Sir, what would you be at?
Do you think that you e'er shall touch my Old Hat?
The place was inviting, no creature was near,
And Damon determined to cast away fear;
And while his heart danced in his breast pity pat,
He swore by young Cupid he'd feel her Old Hat.
The nymph now alarm'd, struggled, threatened & swore,
And said all she could to escape from his power,
His end she declar'd he should never come at,
And vowed she should die, if he touch'd her Old Hat,
Yet all was in vain, with his passion grown strong,
On the grass then he laid Mistress Chloe along;
But still she cry'd, 'fye, Sir, what wou'd you be at,
O rot ye, O curse ye, you'll tear my Old Hat.
The youth gain'd his point, and since the fair maid,
Of Damon has not been so sorely afraid,
She seldom enquires what he wou'd be at.
So he does what he pleases with Chloe's Old Hat.
Ma'am Chloe affects now no more to be coy,
But willing as Damon will push for the joy;
Now Damon's strong passion is grown somewhat flat,
Since he finds her's as easy as any Old Hat,
TOASTS
AND
SENTIMENTS.

MAY we have in our arms what we love in our
hearts.
The merry travellers: rough c—t and jolly a—e.
Luck and a good f—k, and heaven when we die.
Here's to it and to't, and to them that can do it,
and he that can't, let him never come to it.
— Up with the linen, and down with the claret.
C—t in perfection, p—k in erection, and both in
conjunction.
May the diseases of the c--t be transferred to the
a--e h--e, and all b--s be poxed:
C--t in a bumper, p--k in his bloom.
A whore in her silks, and a wife in her tomb.
May the lovers of c--t never want roast-beef or
claret.
The pipkin that will stretch without breaking.
C--t and church, and they that won't f--k let
them pray.
May each buck catch his doe, and each rogue catch
the itch.
May our representatives strenuously defend what
they wisely resolved.
May all honest souls find a friend in need.
May the wiser grow poor, and the benevolent rich.
Adam's naggar.
May trade enlarge, and faction cease.
May the king know rightly his prerogatives, and
the subject his privilege.
The cormorant: bites the head and eats the brains.
The one-eyed stag.
May the streams of rapture meet each other, and
size life in the middle current.
Girls fair, fond and frisky.
A true hart, and stout p---k,
Can never make a virgin sick.
--- C---t upon a fawn's back, and the clergy in full cry.
May the cushion of life be thump'd by the club of vigour.
Roast meat for the speaking mouth, and raw for the dumb.
May the men leave roving, and the women deceit.
The taylor's wish: may a good button-hole never want a stout button.
May the back never fall in the cause of the tail.
May we have full measure of leather pleasure.
The sportsman's sight in the fields of delight.
Liberty, property, and no excise.
The father of all saints.
The spot of pleasure.
The mark of Cupid's archery.
The rapturous bliss of an etatic kiss.
Health, peace, and plenty.
May our passions be slaves to us, not we to our passions.
May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence marry.
May no good fellow be a slave, nor no churl be free.  
The grace of nature.  
The soldier's command: to the breast-work advance, and then batter in breast.  
Reputation to the mind, and defamation to the coy.  
The best in the bush.  
May the ink flow freely from the pen of Cupid's clerk.  
The juggler: spit his brains through his nose.  
May the perpendicular of life be let fall on the point of his lute.  
To Polly pout, and Jacky snout.  
May the standing man, push his argument with vigour; and the falling woman lack feed in her undertaking.  
May a languishing maid reap fruit from pollution.  
May our members stand stiff to the commodities of Great Britain.  
May every British officer post is Wolfe's conduct and courage, but not with his face.  
May the enemies of Great Britain have a porcupine's saddle, a cobweb pair of breeches, a rough trotting horse, and a long journey.
May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give them.
May he who wants friendship, always want friends.
May the single be married, and the married be happy.
May we never want vigour when we come to a shift.
May the passions of women be stronger than the prejudice of education.
May our joy and vigour be limited, and both be extensive.
May the joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.
May the repetition of our joys be equal to the first attack.
May mutual love be attended with frequent repetition and vigour.
May a standing member never want a place to spend his time in.
May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.
May our p—k and purse never fail us.
Miller's music; opening the sluices and grinding the stones.
The industrious maid, that scours the stones, and keeps the yard clean.
The bookbinder's wife, that stitches best in sheets.
A dish of fish, an honest soal, a pretty maid, a convenient pleise, and a cod's head in the middle.
The linen manufactory, smock in one hand, and yard in the other.
Second mourning, black c—t and white thighs.
The Wexford oyster; rough, without, moist with-
in, and hard to enter.
The Munster lass; had rather skin a p—k than peel a potatoe.
The cruel cobler; run his awl into his wife's belly, knocked out his foreman's brains, and hung his apprentices at the door.
The Indian way of fighting; laying upon our bel-
lies, and firing through bushes.
The love of liberty, and liberty in love.
Life, love, and liberty.
Money to him that hath spirit to use it, and life to him that hath courage to lose it.
Great men honest, and honest men great.
May every honest man have his right, and every rogue a halter.
Extreme unction in dying virginity.
May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give them.
May he who wants friendship, always want friends.
May the single be married, and the married be happy.
May we never want vigour when we come to a shift.
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May a standing member never want a place to spend his time in.
May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.
May our pack and purse never fail us.
Miller's music; opening the sluices and grinding the stones.
The industrious maid, that scours the stones, and keeps the yard clean.
The bookbinder's wife, that stitches best in sheets. A dish of fish, an honest fool, a pretty maid, a convenient plague, and a cod's head in the middle. The linen manufacture, smock in one hand, and yard in the other.
Second mourning, black coat and white thighs.
The Wexford oyster; rough without, moist within, and hard to enter.
The Munster lass; had rather skin a pork than peel a potatoe.
The cruel cobler; run his awl into his wife's belly, knocked out his foreman's brains, and hung his apprentices at the door.
The Indian way of fighting; laying upon our bellies, and firing through bushes.
The love of liberty, and liberty in love.
Life, love, and liberty.
Money to him that hath spirit to use it, and life to him that hath courage to lose it.
Great men honest, and honest men great.
May every honest man have his right, and every rogue a halter.
Extreme union in dying virginitv.
The shrub that flowers monthly, and is in season all the year.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

Health, peace, and plenty.

All our wants and wishes, and all our wanton wishes

Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

The eye that weeps not, when it is best and most pleased

Equal joy in the critical minute.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

The cock that treads his hen,

Flutter's his wings, and treads again.

The sweetest when naked.

The drum-glotton, always craving after p—e meat

The female reaper, that never leaves a handful standing.

The lamb-like lass; that wags her tail when she receives the nipple.

The venison feast; four haunches well spitted.

The female architect; that can replace the stones, when she has pulled down the steeple.

The fairest, the brightest, the blackest the whiteest;
the fairest face, the brightest eye, the blackest e—t and whitest thigh.
The Seville orange; rough, agreeable, and juicy.
The industrious wife, that saves what her husband spends.
The miraculous pitcher; that holds water with the mouth downwards.
The female butcher; that extracts the marrow without hurting the bone.
The vigour of a stone-horse, the lech'ry of a goat, the repetition of a sparrow, and the continuance of a bear.
Girls neat and clean.
Girls fresh and fond.
Girls lecherous, kind and willing.
Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
The best in chresténdom.
Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.
Success to the falling woman and the standing man.
The pleasure of imagination realized.
The door of the world, and the knocker thereto.
The fountain in Hair-court.
The man of penetration, and the girl of capacity.
Sportsman's Hall; may our pleasures be boundless
while we have power to enjoy them.
General Splitbeard and his two Aid de Camps.
The bush under the hill.
A smooth surface upon a rough water fall.
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.
Good store of metal, and good mould to cast it in.
May our conscience be sound, though our fortune
be rotten.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
The pleasure of pleasing.
May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by
birth, deserve it by their lives.
May the enemies of Great Britain never eat the
bread thereof; or if they do, be choked with
the first bit.
The King to the Laws, and the Church to the
Bible.
May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate
in England, never have any share in the go-
vernment of it.
That freeman may never more be considered as a
property to be led to market.
The magic ring.
Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of trade.

Here's to all true hearts and sound bottoms,
May contempt be the fate of such among us first in foreign soppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of England.

Roger, the stone-cutter.
May power ever continue in the friends of England.
Girls fresh, clean, kind, and willing.
Community unity, navigation, and trade.
More friends and less need of them,
Here's to the man who dares to be honest in the worst of times.

Here's a health to the thistle stifter, with a sieve full of lifted thistles, and a sieve full of unlifted thistles.

The losing gamester.
The road to a christening,
A game at all fours, and whiff afterwards.
Cupid's pin cushions,
A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
The two friends who weep at mourning.
What charms, arms disarms.
May we please, and be pleased.
The female oeconomist,
The union of two fond hearts.
A woman's great and final beauties.
Ligonier's livery.
Love, fire, and frolic.
Your love for mine, and ours or that of the company.
Love and opportunity,
Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.
Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.
Health, joy, and mutual love.
 Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
Love without fear, and life without care.
Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.
Peace and plenty.
All that give you pleasure.
Health, love, and ready rhino.
To all those whom you and I know.
Long may we live, happy may we be, blest with content, and from misfortune free.
May Wilkes never turn out a scoundrel.
The key that lets the man in and the maid out,
The grave that buries the living, and casts up the dead.
The bird in the hand and then in the bush,
Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.
The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust,
The art of making feet for children's stockings.
The first game ever played at,
The nice house-maid.
The pleasure we enjoy face to face.
He fishes, foxes plenty,
Men shout, and women dance.
May they never want, who have a spirit to spend.
What we speak least of, think most of, and wish for
Night and morning,
May the man we love be honest, and the land we live in free.
May we always have a friend, and know his value.
May he bend him whom honour can't.
The agreeable parts of life.
A good wife, and a great many of them.
The magical monosyllable.
May the King never want a soldier and warm to defend
The rights of Great Britain.
The King's wisdom, the Queen's beauty, the Queen of
Duke's virtue, and Lord B's honesty.
May the reward of your merit be equal to your wishes.
May the man that has real merit never want encouragement.
May Roger never want a companion.
To the emptying of all full glasses, and the filling of empty ones.
Dissipated friendship, and witless love.
The tailor's games; all-ours, and my lady's hole.
The lock that opens to every key.

May the morning never find fault with the night.
The private passage, but damn the back door.
The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.
The rose of pleasure without the thorn.
Wisdom without bitterness, and mirth without noise.

May the tight vessel always be well-rigged and manned.
May slaves ever meet with tyrants, and tyrants with their desert.

Good wine, good company, brisk fires, clear lights, and handsome wenches.
The apothecaries with; work for the pestle and mortar.

The two that make a third.
The bell without a clapper; and may it never clap those who are able and willing to put a clapper into it.

Plenty of coals, and fire to make it fly.
May the fair always be willing, and the willing fair.
May the lover of a glass never want a bottle.
Religion without priesthood, and politics without party.
Maiden hair; or the fur that suits all weathers.
Let policy be turned out of doors, when she would tend
honesty a begging.
Youth in age, and age in youth.
May the King never want health, and his subjects never want obedience.
May wisdom direct the ministers, and state-menders learn to read themselves.
May liberty never make us licentious, and restraint never make us sad.
May we never seek more liberty than constitutes our happiness.
May we never seek more freedom than tends to public good.
May we never condemn that in others, which we would pardon in ourselves.
May we never feel the jealous fury that gnaws the heart of ambitious fool.
May the cares, which haunt the heart of the covetous never disturb our peace.
May we ever desire plenty but to relieve the unhappy.
May we be happy enough to find friends, but never so miserable to put them to a severe trial.
May the deformity of other men's vices teach us to abhor our own.