May we have in our Arms,
What we love in our Hearts.
THE
FRISKY SONGSTER,
Being a SELECT CHOICE of such SONGS, as are distinguished for their
Jolity, High Taste and Humor,
And above two hundred Toasts and Sentiments of the most delicious order.

In 1739, thro' some certain Strainers well resi'n'd,
Is Gentle Love, and charms of Womankind.
Essay on Man, Epist. II.

NINTH LONDON EDITION.

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A HUMOROUS DUTCH DIALOGUE.

As I vos go by Thirteen Cantons, dat is de place ver déy vas fell de alamose best, who should be stand at de door, but Mynheer Vanflawken and Mynheey Vandyson. Zo, Mynheer Vanflawken vas say to me, vet is de matter you never vas go down to de Veen's Head at Yelsea, to play the game at de Dutch robers. Zo, I fay to him I never vas go dere, but I will go some time or no-ders. Zo he fay to me, come now, come now, and pring your wifes along wid you. Zo I fay to him, fair, I vas got ne'er a wifes. Zo he fays to me, den I suppose you keep a fauker-woman—yes, fair, fays I, I vas keep a fauker-woman, to be sure, fair. Zo den he fay to me, vel, vel, pring your fauker-woman along wid you. Zo I go into Newkner's Lane, I fesh mine fauker-moman, and away we vas go to de Veen's Head at Yelsea, yest py his Majesty's bon-house. Ven we vas come dere, dere vas Mynheer Vanflawken, Mynheer Vandyson, and his wifes, and his wifes broders, and Mynheer Hoofsniicken, and his faders and
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moders. Zo Mynheer Vanflawken, he vas say to me, fair, I will play vid you at de Dutch robers for any monie.—Zo away we was go at it, and while he was look over de vall at a young fauker-womans, as vas to go by, by Got, sir, I vas tip all nine, four I push down mid de bowl, and five mid de toder hand. Hey vat de devils ish de matter now? Vat you tip all nine? Says Mynheer Vanflawken, Yes, fair, says I, dat vas very fair.—Vell, vell, says Mynheer Vanflawken, I could not see, I had not eyes in my aurfe. 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 fais he would play no more games, but would go into de room behind de bar, and have a tankard of de thmelt beers, and a peper de shmorsit tobacco. Zo in de mean vile, my fauker-woman vas in de par, along vid de womans of de house and madam Vanflawken. Zo de womans of de house vas say to my fauker-woman, madam, vill you please to come and shit down by me. Zo mine fauker-woman vas shit down by de womans of de house, and de womans of de house vas shit down by mine fau-
ker-womans. Zo de woman of de house, she say to madam Vanflauken, and my fauker-woman, ladies, vill you have a trop of trams. Zo by Got dey drank five or six drams a-piece, dey vas very swooper womans to be shure. Zo in de mean vile Mynheer Vanflawken vas tumble into a great dispute, about vish vas de greatest mens, de El—r of H—r or de S—r, Zo I vas come from H—r meselfs, I say de E—r of H—r vas a more greater man as he. Den Mynheer Vanflawken say pshaw! de E—r of H—r is no more as a foolish old woman, dat vas make me as mad as de devils. Zo I say, by Got, he is no more as a foolish old man, so you vas a liar for dat, den he vas come up to me and gave me a devilish dump of de eye.—Zo den I got up to him, and I gif him anoder dump.—Zo den he come up to me and gif me anoder dump of de yeek, away den we got at it, dere vas dump for dump, and plump for plump, till Mynheer Vanflawken vas got me down on de floor.—Zo I vas lay down on de floor, vat must I do den. Mynheer vas a great tall gross mans come saw, and I vas a little spare mans come saw. Zo by Got a comical tought
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was come into mine head, dat I would bite de Dushman's nose. Zo by Got, I turn about and I pite his nose troo and troo.—Dunder and Blixen, says Myndeer, vat is it you pite a mans nose. Py Got, says Mynheer Vanflawken, you vas a damn'd liar, if you vas say you vas not pite mine nose.—Zo I say, indeed, fair, I did not. Dunder and Blixen, you lie, you dief, only see now yentlemans, how it vas hang dingle dangle one ways and de oder py a little pit of skin. Zo den' all de yentlemans say it vas a damn'd Shame dat one man should pite anoder mans nose, Zo one yentleman vas come and gif me a dump, and anoder come and gif me a dump; py Got, dey gif me ten hundred thouand dumps, and kicked him out of de company—Zo as I vas go down stairs, I say murder, murder! Zo who should come up put an Englishmans, as I vas know ferry vel. Zo I say to him, come along wid me here is Mynheer Vanslawken, says I pite his nose—O G-d d—a his blood, says the Englishman, tell him he bite his own nose his own self. By Got I tought it vas very comical, dat a man should pite his own nose; however, away I vas run in dere! dere! says I,
Mynheer Vanflawken, you vas a plackguard, you vas a scoundral and a deifsman; you say I vas pite your nose, py Got, fair, you pite your own nose your own selves.—Got tamn mine plood, gentlemans, says Mynheer Vanflawken, here is a plackguard, here is a scoundrel!—Now, gentlemans, I vill judge py ye, veder it is possibile a man can pite his own nose his own self.—Zo all de gentlemans say, no to be shure—but Mynheer Hoofsniicken, a very grave vife mans, vas shitting py de fire side, krinking his tankard of de shmelt peer, and smoaking his pipe of de shmoist tobaccco.—Yentlemans, says he, noting is impossible mid Got.
The FRISKY SONGSTER.

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,
Would turn a little mill, sir,
It is not roof'd with slate or tile,
Nor is it piec'd nor 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 occupi'd, sir,
This house is very dark at night,
And so it is by day, sir,
Yet if you enter in aright.
You cannot loose 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 parlor nor fine rooms upstairs,
But just the middle floor, sir.
Yet not let this 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 pillows stands this house,
Yet though you're near the door, sir,
You can't get fairly in, unless,
You creep upon all fours, sir.
Though there is ne'er a soul within,
This little door to unlock, sir,
It is so cunningly contriv'd,
'Twill open if you knock, sir,
It is surrounded by a wood,
Where there is game plenty,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

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 twenty,
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 in due season,
That handles well his threshing flail
When'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.
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 wrote on it C u n t.
The maid was dispatch'd to post master Strait,
    Who told her it would not go free,
For the parliament house, since the reign of Queen
    Was not subject to C u n t.
It's a nobleman's title, replied 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 us'd at a baron's creation,
    Nor by God-fathers named 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, while the clerk recon'd
    How they might for precedent hunt,
But they found in the reign of King Charles the
    Most members made use of a C--t.  [Second,
Lords, clergy and commons, alike did it prize,
    And the courtiers insisted upon't,
'Twas raising customs, and helping excise,  
For the general receiver was C--t.  
Away run the maiden in a hurry for fear,  
Her mistress should take an affront;  
The postman hobb'd after, and cries out my dear,  
Pr'y thee let me lay hold of thy C--t.  
In the kitchen she flew, while he followed after,  
And strongly insisted upon it,  
On the stairs he overtook her crying Lord mistress,  
Here's a man will catch hold of my C--t.  
The mistress came down to see what they was at,  
Demanding the letter to see,  
But no question she ask'd for she smelt a rat,  
On beholding of C u n t.  
At the postman she smill'd, and her error she own'd  
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 mistakes and each keep his word,  
Let the ink from your pen follow free,  
Here's health to the man that draws the best sword  
In defence of a C u n t.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

THE BLUE BELL'S OF IRELAND.

NEWS neighbors, news, great news I have to tell,
A waggon load of p---s is come to town to sell,
And if you'll be my customers, begar I'll use you well,
And the blue bells of Ireland, go well boys, well,
And the clapper strikes every side bang her a-feewell.

In came a lady gay, the footman ran before,
Desiring his mistress might have one, nine inches
and no more,
( encore,
And when he went to thrust it in, she cried out
And the blue bells, &c.

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

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

And the blue bells, &c.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

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, (sence she was fifteen,
For she had been plagu'd with little ones, e'er
And the blue bells, &c.

In came a sailot's wife, and she came from Blackwall
She bought the waggon full of p--ks, the waggoner and all,
To make amends for loss of time; while Jack was
And the blue bells, &c.

Next came a little miss, resolv'd to play her part,
And when she heard the p--ks were sold, I tho't
'twould break her heart: (your cart.
Pray give me leave, says she, to rub my c--t against
And the blue bells, &c.

NED AND NANCY.

Tune, Scotch Bonnet.

THERE'S Hal and Dol, and Tom and Bess,
Agreed to please their fancy,
For to put up their Sunday dress,
And call on Ned and Nancy.
And as they pass'd along the way,
Each sporting with his laffey,
They roll'd them on the cocks of hay,
And whipt their narse parse.
Dolly's legs were cloth'd in green,
Below her knee ty'd her garter,
And such thing there was between,
Would make your mouth to water.
There Bess was shewing all she cou'd,
And Nancy's a-se was bare, sir,
And never a p---k there but flock,
To broach, you know where, sir.
There might you see the strong back Hal,
With a-se in nimble motion,
With ups and downs receiv'd from Doll,
As she fuck'd in the potion.
There Tom and Bess were thrusting home,
And Ned and Nancy raming,
At length the juice began to come,
From vigorously cramming.
There might you see whites of eyes,
Like Jack-daws all a dying,
A group of mingled legs and thighs,
And tails of smocks a flying.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

But listen to what did befall,
When tongue to tongue was darted,
There was a stink amongst them all,
They kiss'd until the farted.
The lads and lasses all were pleas'd,
So well it did befit them,
Each several pego was well greas'd,
Who knows they might beshit'em.
But whether that was so I trow,
If not worth our heeding,
They cram'd their glutton mouths, you know
That always would be feeding.

SHAWNBREE.

AS Damon strayed through yonder grove,
In pensive mood fat musing,
He there beheld the queen of love,
Her favorite theme perusing,
Her breasts they swell'd with heavy sighs,
And deep oppress'd as can be,
And yet anon she cries,
I die to taste of Shawnbree.
Of Chloe with her darling swain,
   Retreats to shady bowers,
The quenching love's fierce raging pain,
   With bliss beguiles her hours,
And Sylvia too does joys possess,
   And pleasures great as can be,
For strephon does her passion bless,
   And has her will of Shawnbree.
O Cupid, God of pleasing love,
   If thou art nigh befriend me;
O kindly now my prayers approve,
   And to my aid now send me,
Some sprightly youth that's made to charm,
   A maiden warm as can be,
With rapture every sene alarm,
   And let me taste of Shawnbree.
He personated then the boy,
   And faith sincere presented,
With excess of willing joy,
   Upon the ground she fainted.
Resolv'd to yield what would betide,
   Her legs were wide as could be,
Then Damon slipp'd between the stride,
   And let her taste of Shawnbree.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

With eager grasp each other press'd,
Their melting souls dissolving,
With twining thighs their hams embrac'd,
In circling folds involving—
With closer squeeze the murmur'ring cries,
Push farther if it can be,
Then singing, deep, again the cries,
Such pleasure is in Shawnbree.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

My dearest of men since your prick you have lost,
My desires I've stifled, and wishes I've cross'd,
And sooner than any man's pego I'll 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 send.
Not even the friar who hears me confess,
With canonical vigor 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.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

ABELARD'S ANSWER.

MY lovely bright charmer what joy you bestow,
When your firm resolution you let me 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 better 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 vigor is dead;
What a terrible thing with a c--t in ones hand,
To be quite unable to make a p---k stand.

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING.

YOUNG Roger threw Margery down on the floor,
With kissing, and palming, and thumbing,
For heaven's sake, says Madge, look who's at the door,
O curle ye, there is somebody coming.
But Roger he vow'd and promis'd and pray'd,
Ah! Roger, you are but a hummin'
FRISKY SONGSTER.

I cannot believe you, says she—I'm afraid,
I'm afraid there is somebody coming.
But Roger kept pressing and squeezing,
And at last the fly rogue fell a drumming,
Which at length prov'd to Madge so delightfully pleasing,
She cared not if old Nick was coming.

A Burlesque on Kitty beautiful and young.

Bet Weym's of Weatherby's the pride,
By Bridewell yet untam'd,
Bespoke Nell Field close by her side,
With little rage inflam'd.
Inflam'd with rage and sad ill luck,
Which fortune had ordain'd,
That she could not get one poor f--k,
Whilst other brimstones reign'd.
Must Lucy Cooper bear the bell;
And give herself such airs;
And that damnation whore of hell,
Be f---'d by Knights and Squires.
Has she a better e--t than I,
With nut brown hair more thick,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

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 will do my best to please all,
What can a girl do more.

Her prayers prevailed the gods gave way,
Betty at hearts desire,
Obtain'd a p---k that 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 laid down;
Whilst I waste out my teens.

What has she with me to compare,
Soft dugs both white and sound,
I'm thick, pure, plump, well cloth'd with hair,
My bubbies 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, prompted by her both laid down,
And she with full desire,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Lisps out, my dear, I die, I swoon,
And melt in love's sweet fire.

PLATO's ADVICE BURLESQUED.

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,
Can bubies be panted 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 fault'ring voice the trembling knees,
Please less, and on the fancy die.
Go wrap the p---k in those 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 seed,
Dissolved in titillating joy,
We super-human pleasure bleed,
But ah! 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.

THE JOLLY FISHMONGER.

A JOLLY young Fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,
As merry a gig 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

Derry down, &c. (soul.

His heart that had been for twice twenty years past,
As found as a roach, yet was found touch'd at last
With an arrow as sharp as a hook; as is said,
Cupid caught him & made him in love with a maid.
This damsel might then a bright beauty be stild,
Her cheeks were as red as a lobster when boil'd,
Her eyes too as learned historians remark,
Shone just like two whittings when plac'd in the dark
When he ask'd her the question, at first she seem'd coy
And vow'd that no mortal her ling should enjoy,
And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
She dabb'd him and slipp'd thro' his hand like an eel.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

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 may seem rather odd,
Was often delighted to play with his cod.
It happened one time in good humor he found her,
He caught her and laid her as flat as a flounder;
Then did what he pleased in loving embrace,
O would you not wish to have been in his place.
Sometime after, the neighbor's smelt out,
What Jack and this hand-maid had been about,
They giggled, pointed and cried in scorn,
A thorn-back has got a red-herring with spawn.

MIRTH AND JOLITY.

OF all the delight that's in the town,
Give me a wanton lass,
That when with me she does lie down,
Begins to wriggle her a--e.
Articles when between parties are made,
Each side must stand the brunt,
And of the trilling things in town,
Give me a pretty c--t.
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 momock,
But if you are not pleasing to her,
   She'll be apt to tear off your f---k.
Bowling on a pleasant green,
   Is a pastime that gentlemen prize,
But all the bowling that pleaseth me,
   Is between a pretty maids t---s.
Thick are the trees that grow 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 had a wife,
   He used after her to hunt,
He was so jealous grown of her,
   That at length he Stitch'd up her c--t.
Country girls as fresh as a rose,
   Adorn'd with a beautiful wrinkle,
They've better hands than wenches in town,
   To play with a man's p--------e.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Peter Grievous had a cat,
    That used 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 did untuck,
But Kate espied a man a coming,
    And said he should her f--k.
I'llie upon you says Betty,
    I have the prettiest wrinkle,
And if he comes this way,
    In it he shall put his p--------e.
Pippins they are for pancakes,
    And a rod for the back of a fool,
But were wenches to please their fancies,
    'Twould be with a young man's too!

CYNAM AND EPHIGENE.

Burlesqued.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR Drury's dreadful sands, where many a blood
Have oft been laid supinely in the mud,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

A house there stands for dissipation made;
Fam'd through the kingdom for the f-----g trade.
Thither from counting house, adjourn'd a buck,
To spend the evening, and to take a f--k,
Young Ephigene, a plump and hearty dame,
Come just in time to quench his amorous flame.
Cymon, this buck, attack 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.

AIR.

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 Ephigene!

RECITATIVE.

As Cymon gave directions she perform'd,
While he with vigor push'd and bravely storm'd,
'Till titillating friction touch'd the blood,
And gave the symptoms of the tickling flood;
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The sparkling luster of her lovely eyes,
Grows doubly bright, her short and heaving sighs
Express the tumults that she feels below;
At length she faints with gentle Cymon—oh!
The youth in raptures quickly lost his sight,
And fell entranc'd, benumb'd, and helpless quite;
At length recovering from his fit, he pres'd
The gasping fair, and thus his long address'd:

AIR.

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

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd she wonder'd how he could produce,
In such short time, the all dissolving joyce,
She gazes, finds him brawny, saw him stand,
Then bless'd herself, and strok'd it with her hand,
And smiling swore she did his power approve,
He was the man on whom she'd fix her loves.
FRISKY SONGSTER.
The youth in haste just ready to let fly
Gave her a kiss, and thus he did reply;

AIR.

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

PADDY AND SHELA.
RECITATIVE.

ON the top of turf-slack once with lousing tir'd
Poor Shela fat, her legs all bog-hemir'd;
Dirt dy'd her neck, her nose all firr'd with snuff,
Her arms like coarse mahogany red and rough,
And thus poor Shelah sung.
In the county o'Kilkenny I'm handsome as any,
In the North I'm call'd the girl frisky;
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Tecre's Patrick O'Farrel and Phelim O'donnel
They love me much better than whisky.
Tho' some whores wear fattins and others wear pattens,
Whilst I without brogues go a begging,
If without brogues I go, I would have you to know
I love like my betters, good f----g,
In most folks opinion my skin's white as onion;
My features are nick-nam'd mulatto,
My belly is spread like a blac-a-more's head,
And my a-le is as hard as a potatoe.
But here's the feature the mouse-trap of nature,
As tough and as juicy as can be;
O I'm all over itching for want of a stitching,
Come bodder my gig with your Shawnbree.

RECITATIVE.

Paddy intrench'd half naked stood,
Emtying with scoap the stagnant mud;
He mounts the bank with b----ks bare,
His b----ks with strong bristly hair.
Soon as Shela saw him she flipt down the stack,
And lewdly at the bottom she lay on her back,
She up'd with her cloths and discovered her crack,
The inside was scarlet the outside was black,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Of her ballinamora.
She kept her legs open expecting the job,
Paddy's p----k twist her legs went bibity bob,
But seeing the orifice rais'd up his knob,
And his p----k and her c----t went bibity bob,
And her ballinamora ora.

Tune, Larry Crogan.

Arrah Paddy, your choaking me do not be pok-ing me,
What the devil is this you've suck in me,
Where are you going, or what are you doing,
By my soul I believe you are f----g me.
But now you're in, by my soul I'll lie still,
Blood and zounds you have bothered my belly,
O go no further—by G-d I'll cry murder,
My c----t is all in a jelly.

When he began to thrust his pole in,
He made all my members to quiver,
So far it 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,
Pay well my pumpkin O thereabout, thereabout;
For it is all in, my guts are down falling,
You've made in my belly a stir-about, stir-about.
THE ROYAL CRAB LOUSE.

A CRAB Loufe I am, from a crab louse I came,
   My parentage always I'll honor,
As a bunter in alley uncovered her belly,
   A link boy begot me upon her.
A soldier no wonder took me for plunder,
   And carried me over to flanders;
He gave me his wife 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 stuck to his b-----ks, true catholic relics,
   And then turn'd a crab louse of grace.
I was brought into Rome on a cardinals bum,
   Who was fond of a 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 I was found,
She gave me her husband dispatch'd from his wait
   band,
He sent me the whole parish round.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

As he sat in a barn his breeches to darn,
An actor of tragedy found me,
He snatch'd at his cods and swore by the gods,
That he would, aye, that he would drown me.
But an inkeeper's wife coming in savor'd my life,
To her from the buskin I pass'd,
Behind an old butt I left her large scut,
So I stuck to a tinker at last.
His trul and himself made too free with some pelf,
For which justice's whip cord had smote them,
The trul was pleased she her magistrate pleased,
So I stuck to the constable's scrotum.
One night on a stroll a lap dog was stole,
By a watchman for the sake of the ready.
From his breeches I step't to the puppy dog crept
And next morning was convey'd to my lady.
On her lilly white thigh 'twas my business to lie,
Till lap dog provok'd titilation,
(ter,
Then down from her quarter I'm thrust to her gar-
Till d---e has eas'd inclination,
So oft d---e has us'd, I'm from head to foot bruised,
Accursed be the day I was took in.
I've no more to speak, but my dear ladies for sake
Your d---es; and fall to fair f---g.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

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 f--ks his fellow servant Nan,
And always does the best he can,

Whenever he does come to it,
Now it happened on a certain day,
This man and maid must needs go play.
For John had found out a new way,

'Twas what she little dremt on.
He beckoned her up stairs they went,
Full well she knew fond Johns intent,
'To f--k, she knew was what he meant,

Her mind was fully bent on it.
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 cursed misfortune steped between,
Which quite confounds the charming scene:
You may all wonder what I mean,
Poor girl did not intend it.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Now this new scene they began to play,
Her leg o'er fond Johns shoulders lay,
His prick was ready for to pay
Poor Nancy's hungry slit.
She, like a butt of humming beer,
No sooner broached, than you shall hear;
Just as he entered in his ware,
She smothered him with shit.
O curse confound you nasty breech,
You nasty stinking poison bitch!
By Jove I will no more you stitch;
So he tipt her a--e a fagging.
O pray John hear your kneeling lass,
Ere such a thing shall come to pass,
I'll stick a cork into my a--e
If you'll continue f----g.

THE RED PETTICOAT.

As I was riding by a pig-stye,
I saw a red petticoat hanging to dry;
I pull'd off my breeches and hung them hard by,
To keep the red petticoat company:
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Hey ho! the wind did blow, down they fell,
Breeches and and petticoat into the well.
O, says the breeches, I shall be duck'd.
Aye, says the petticoat I shall be f--k'd.
O, how my old grannum will grumble and grunt,
When she's got ne'er a petticoat to cover her c--t.
O then she must do like old grandmother Eve,
Cover her c--t with a fig leaf.

---

SONG.

MURDOCH O'Blaney, and Jenny O'Donelly,
Both went together to thresh in a barn;
He laid her down and he kiss'd her so bonnily,
Jenny, says he, but I'll do you no harm.
O then, says Jenny,
I fear you'll be in me,
By my shoul, says he, 'twill do you no harm.
Oh! Murdoch, I am ready to faint,
You press me so closely my dear—
Quoth he by Patrick our faint,
I'll give you no reason to fear.
Then with a look so engaging and genteelly,
He to her bosom his hand did apply;
Both her snow mountains he touch'd so daintily,
That with her passion heav'd many a sigh,
Fainting, 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,
I pr'y thee begone from my sight—
By my shoul my virtue gives way,
I am lost in a flood of delight,
He then beholding her eye-lids thus quivering,
Scarcely from pity his heart could refrain,
Fearing to anger her he stood wavering,
But resolved to attack her again.
Then master O'Blaney,
Pull'd out his shelaly,
(A weapon he ne'er shew'd woman in vain.)
Then staring she open'd her eyes,
And softly she rear'd up her head,
Ah Murdoch, what is it, she cries,
That looks there so stately and red?
Sweet one, cries Murdoch, I'll shew the use of it,
Gently fall backwards, your legs open wide,
No girl in Munster to try it as you fit,
If you'll vouchsafe with your hand for to guide,
FRISKY SONGSTER.  

Then miss O'Donnely,
Strok'd it so bonily,
Arrah, says she, but I'll down with your pride.
Then closing with eager embrace,
He soon reach'd the end of joy,
When Jenny now altered her case,
No longer was squamish or coy:
Then with soft rapture, and faint dying murm'ring
Lifeless she lay as it were in a trance;
Eager he drove, but could drive no farther in,
Jenny had so shivered the hero's stout lance.
What's that, says Jenny,
That runs so warm in me,
That makes all my bowels to caper and prance.
'Tis love's lucious balsom my dear,
Says Murdoch, the Jelup of life,
It's the cordial that banishes care,
And cures the worst scold of a wife,
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 store,
Then make no denial,
But pull out your phial,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

By my shoul I must, I will have some more.
Ah! Jenny, you're coaxing me now,
But pry'thee my jewel, he said,
Behold poor Shelaly I vow,
By heaven you're foddered his head.

A Burlesque on 'How little do your Landsmen know?'

HOW little do our landsmen know,
What we poor bucks do feel,
When buboes rise and cordees glow,
But we have pricks of steel.
No dangers can affright us,
Nor bullies o'er shall flout,
We'll make the harlots teach us,
New wriggles in and out.
Stick stout to order jolly mates,
Then girls have at your rates,
Our y--ds they ne'er will shrink,
We'll rummage all we fancy,
And shove them in by scores,
There's Moll and Kate and Nancy,
Shall st---h in pompadores.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

While at Haddock's we are lying,
  With a plump thigh'd naked whore,
We'll send our seed in flying,
  And drink, rack punch galore.
In peace we'll drink and f--k, boys,
  In war we'll stand the brunt,
Here's a health to the good thing, boys,
Which mortals call a c--t.

THE COBLER's STALL.

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 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 with fo fine a c--t.
My dear, said I, what shall I give thee,
  For a touch at you know what?
Half a crown if you are willing,
  Two shillings or you shall not.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Eighteen pence my dear I'll give you,
  Twenty pence or not at all,
With all my heart, it is a bargain,
  So up we mount the cobler'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 cobler hearing of our parley,
  Through a hole he thrust his awl,
He prick'd the girl into the a-se,
  Which threw the rider from the stall.

THE MOLE CATCHER.

IN Malden in Surry, the sign of the plough,
There lives a young couple as I shall tell how,
This man 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,
At catching of moles from morning till night,
While 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 stile,
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 to fear,
But little she thought that her husband was there.
The farmer immediately pull'd her down in his lap,
Aye says the mole-catcher, I've you in my trap;
Then up stairs they went to fulfill their design,
The mole-catcher followed soon after behind.
Then out at the window her head she did put,
The farmer immediately pull'd up her coats,
He could not come at her before as we find,
So he was oblig'd to take her behind.
The mole-catcher the farmer's shirt did tear,
For he was resolv'd to examine his ware,
And as he was peeping he saw his long pin,
He said to his wife, my dear was he in?
O yes, with blushes, then she did say,
O yes, he was in but a little way:
O that is enough, he said to his wife,
This is the best mole I e'er caught in my life.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Just as they were in the midst of their sport,
The mole-catcher caught him fast by the coat,
Saying, you villain what would you be at,
I think now I have you safe in my trap.
I'll make you pay for plowing 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 six pence a time.
So now to conclude with some of the loss,
The farmer's obliged to go to the cross,
And pending his a--e I do not know how,
He durst not go to the sign of the plough.

THE CRAB-TREE.

The moon was pendulous above,
The sun had gain'd its nadir,
When Sylvia full of grace and love,
In loose attire array'd her.
The twinkling stars entic'd her out,
And she decoy'd her sifter,
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 head,
Observe, my girl, I'll shew ye.
She did what she design'd to do,
Her legs were wide extended,
Her c--t expos'd to open view,
Since nothing could defend it.
To steal some permains on a tree,
Hard by a boy was mounted,
From him the tale devolv'd to me,
Most faithfully recounted.
I heard the merry wag protest,
The muff between her hunches,
Resembled much a magpy's nest,
Between two lofty branches.
In this inviting posture stood,
The lady near a minute,
Jack took the choicest fruit he cold,
And fairly chuck'd it in it.
It soon took root, the foil being fine,
(Pray credit what I tell you)
And like the visionary vine,
It over spread her belly.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

In pleasing shades the stalks arose,
And rang'd themselves in order,
And where the bubbling fountain flows,
Hang 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.

HE DID BEFORE MY FACE.

The rising sun had just began
To streak the eastern sky;
When as I trod the flow'ry road,
A swain came list'n'ing by:
We long han lov'ed both each approv'd;
Long having 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 knee:
Now grown more bold he catches hold,
  Fast in another place;
Then Jack advance'd unto my smock,
  He did before my face.
Now on the ground where daisies round,
  He 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 ne'er teas'd the sport well pleas'd,
  He oft repeats the same;
All was we try to satisfy,
  And quench the raging flame:
Now wrapt in bliss with every kiss,
  Edjoyments lay'rinth taste;
Tir'd with lov's play he di'd away,
  He did before my face.
With fond careles we to excess,
  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 dolesful case;
He'd done his best and for the rest,
    Poor Jack he hung his a--e.

MOLL SPRIGGINS.

To the hundred 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 pit,
    Rattling their darbies with pleasure;
Who laugh at the rum culls they've bit,
    And now they are facking the treasure.
This time I expect to be nubb'd,
    My dubs they grow wonderous speedy;
I pray you now send me some bub,
    A bottle or two 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 twig you they'll nail ye.
Moll Spriggins came here t'other night,
She tipt us a jorum of diddle:
Garnish is the prisoner's delight,
We foot it away to the fiddle.
He 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 a warrant;
An account now behind us we leave,
Of our birth, education and parents.
Our bolts are knock'd off in a wit,
Our friends to die penitent pray us;
The nubbing culls pop from the pit,
And into the tumbril convey us.
Through the streets our slow wheels do move,
The toll of the death bell dismays 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.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

O then to the tree I must go,
The judge hath so ordered my sentence;
And then comes the gownsman, you know,
And tells a dull tale of repentance.
By the gullet we're ty'd very tight,
The spectators we beg to pray for us;
Our peepers are hid from the light,
The tumblers shove off, then we morice.

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 flame, and of passion sincere;
To his tale I attended determin'd to know,
To what hight his assurance could possibly go.
Round my neck like the ivy he folded his arms,
Each feature commended, and dwelt on my charms
In transport he usher'd his hand to my breast,
With a swell of disdain I repuls'd the bold guest;
Though down 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 advanc'd and advanc'd, till he found something rough.

Yet I bore it resolved 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 hinders me telling the rest;  
But I found what I often had wanted to know,  
How far a young fellow's assurance could go.

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THE NEW ROLLING PIN.

A Polish old dame to her handmaid thus said,  
Now Christmass 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 some doth report,  
Though seemingly virtuous was fond of the sport;  
And puddings and pies the prize she might win,  
So dextrous was Doll at the new rolling pin.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Father Letcher's a monk of the franciscan clafs,
Who lov'd carnal worship much better than mass;
With true gallic freedom, forbidden came in,
To eat the fruit of the new rolling pin.
To the kitchen then hurried 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 he young Dolly laid,
And having with rapture loves alter survey'd;
The flesh and the devil prevail'd over sin,
He needed her dough with his own rolling pin.

DUMB GLUTTON.

As Roger one day was courting of Bess,
She told him his tale it was moving;
Then kiss'd him & cried, you'll ne'er love me less,
Nor like other swains away 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 craving;
He then quickly tuck'd up the gear of the maid,
To satisfy that which was craving:
Some mouths they are fed with butter & with bread
And others with beef, veal and mutton;
But Roger lugg'd out a long pudding and stout,
And cram'd it into her dumb glutton.
The girl she was mightily pleas'd with the food,
And quickly the same she devour'd;
And Roger whose courage was commonly good,
Yet alas! he was now prov'd a coward:
For the stock it was spent and the fair not content,
When a languishing look she put on;
Bid him once more to try for to satisfy,
Her hungry and greedy dumb glutton.
Provok'd with her beauty as tempting she lay,
Young Roger he burnt with desire;
As she look'd all lovely as the 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 strut on;
And rather than fly he would conquer or die,
So he threaten'd poor Betty's dumb glutton.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

As rallied once more, being willing to please,
   And bravely she held out the combat;
While nimbly he mov'd he begg'd on his knees,
   But alas! she had presently done for:
'Twas now all in vain for he could not gain,
   It was now dwindled into a button;
When he put up his tool he look'd like a fool,
   Being beat by poor Betsy's dumb glutton.

THE WAGGONER.

As I was driving my waggon one day,
I met with a damsel, tight, buxom and gay;
I kindly accosted her with a low bow,
And felt my whole body I cannot tell how.
   Ge ho Dobbin, hi ho Dobbin, &c.
I long'd to be at her and gave her a kiss,
She thought me but civil, nor took it amiss;
I knew no recalling the minutes when past,
So began to make hay while the sun-shine did last.
   Ge ho Dobbin, &.
I have six score of sheep, and each ram has his ewe,
And my cows when they lack, to the parson's bull go.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

We're made for each other, so pray thee comply,
She blush'd, her eyes twinkl'd, she could not tell why.

Ah poor Jenny, fearful Jenny, &c.
I kiss'd her again, she reply'd with disdain,
No kisses I want pr'y thee take them again,
Then whispered me softly—the weather was hot,
And her mind ran on something she could not tell what.

Ah poor Jenny, &c.
Then down in my waggon this damsel I laid,
But still I kept driving—for driving's my trade;
I rumpled her feathers, I tickled her feet,
And I play'd the round rubbers at two handed put

Well put Roger, well put Jenny, &c.
Her breasts were as soft and white as new cream,
And her motions kept pace with the bells of my team;
When her bubbies went up, her plump butt went down,
And the wheels seem'd to stand and the waggon go round.

O brave Roger, broken back'd Roger, &c.
Thus to and gain to our passtime we went,
And my cards went fairly to Jenny's content.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

I worked at the pump till the sucker grew dry,
And then I left pumping a good reason why.

Ah poor Roger, broken back’d Roger, &c.
I thought ere we parted to have t’other blow,
When flap went my waggon wheel into a slough;
Which shatter’d her premises out of repair,
And Roger’s pump handle run to the devil knows where.

Ah! poor Roger, slimsey Roger, &c.

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:
While I in covert of the shade,
In silent covert hid;
Could hear each word the fair ones said,
And see what e’er they did.
The partial girls with witty pride,
A warm dispute began;
Contesting which was best supplied,
With that which pleases man.
But in this great and nice affair,
Mere words were not enough;
And each by ornamental hair,
Would bring it to a proof:
Maria, precious black ey'd maid,
Pull'd up her coats and shift;
And with exulting pride display'd,
Dame Nature's bounteous gift.
Her lovely all alluring turf,
Was black and near as big,
As any modern monarch's muff,
Or Bacon Oakum's wig.
This, this, cries she, shall be your queen,
For I can justly boast;
'Tis this alone the men do mean,
When to the best they toast.
Fair Chloe smil'd and then she spok'd,
I'll not to Polly yield;
Then up she drew her lily smock,
And all her charms reveal'd.
To tell the beauties of the place,
How weak is human tongue;
The noble fringes which it grace,
In golden ringlets hung.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Eliza next disclos'd her parts,
And shew'd her circling hair;
The vanquisher of mortal hearts,
Gods what a fight was there.
The lucious, circling nut brown hair,
Which grew on belly high;
Did like a sumptuous arch appear,
And reach'd from thigh to thigh.
See here, my girls, Eliza cry'd,
Nor shall it here be spoke;
That Bess has been as yet outvy'd
By black or yellow joke.
'Tis this can make the hero droop,
And tame the bravest fellow;
So therefore now I scorn to stoop,
To sable or to fallow.
Now every charming tempting she,
Who had already shewn;
With curious eye survey'd the three,
But boasted of her own.
While pretty Kitty pensive sat,
'Twixt envy and despair;
So young, dame Nature had not yet,
Been liberal to the fair.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The little nymph unveil'd the place,
    Her secrets for to show;
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 tim'd 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've hairs.
See Polly, Chloe, Betty see,
    They may be plainly spy'd;
If you'll but just be roll'd by me,
    To cast a glance aside.
Yet though as yet no fur did spring,
    On that which Kitty wore;
I thought the pretty pouting thing,
    The prettiest of the four.
I through the hedge would fain have been,
    My case was here as bad,
As Tantalus up to the chin,
    With apples o'er his head.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

r had I through the briars gone,
I knew not what to say;
took my fill of looking on,
And flily sneaked away.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

D you ever read a book call'd Tristram Shandy ma'am,
If not look into it quickly I pray,
S precepts are sweeter than sugar candy ma'am,
'Wou'd do you good to taste his curd and way,
There's Miss O'Donnelly,
Like him so bonnily,
Swears that with him she ever could lay,
She takes him each night to her bed,
And cries, that with her he shall lay,
'none but dear Shandy she said,
Should dance upon her covered way.
Tells you a story about his Ovenculus,
So droll that no maid can help grinning at him,
Runs on ma'am, about his Homuncules,
Poor Uncle Toby, and poor Corporal Trim;
And queer Doctor Slop,
Who his head does pop,
With a Dalmahoy wig, and a countenance prim;
At which Uncle Toby laughed out,
At the doctor's queer Dutch-bottom'd a--e,
And said mother Shandy would pour,
If a man came so near to her a--e:
He tells you ma'am in the action 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 ne'er gave a man such a shock,
And cry'd while she tickled his c--d,
My dear have you wound up the clock;
Lord bless me, he said, what 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 heart in an action like this:
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Lie still and be quiet,
And make no more riot,
But squeeze me, and give me a languishing kiss.
There, my dear, wriggle your tail,
And finely your furrows I'll plough,
Tell mov'd, that's as nice as my nail,
There, there! 'tis coming, now, now!

Here Shandy's sentiments are not all novel ma'am,
Men of experience may call them far fetch'd;
If have I had them in garre and hovel ma'am,
'Tis what is usual in girls full of leech;

Why there's Eagle Court Sally,
When Jack's in her ally,
And pouring his gravy all in her dish.

ies, when will I have some new bobs,
At which Mr. Jack cries pish,
And while his Homunculus throbs,
She cries what's the price now of fish;
her your husband lies over your belly ma'am
Take special care and mind what you're about,
If you may stop up his river of jelly, ma'am,
How then should the Homunculus paddle out?

O humor his motion,
And suck in the potion,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

His mettlesome squirt shall white-wash each bout.
And while he is in amorous pain,
At love's door gives the conjugal knock;
Rise up, and at once let him in,
Nor think about winding the clock.

ROGER AND PEGGY.

GOODY JONES had oft perceiv'd
Her daughter Peg complaining;
Her hair hung loose her stays unlac'd—
She long'd to know the meaning.
Says she, dear daughter, what's the cause
Of all your sighs and wailing;
Come tell me truly how it is,
And how and where's your failing.
Oh! mother I will tell you now,
What 'tis so long has griev'd me;
Young Roger has for all his vows,
I fear at length deceiv'd me.
He told me all the finest things,
His talking did so charm me;
And when he got me in the barn,
He swore he would not harm me.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The mother soon found out what 'twas,
    That made poor Pegg uneasy;
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 flut you forward jade, says she,
    Your ruin needs no telling.
Oh, mother pray forgive my fault,
    He promis'd me so fairly;
He'd marry me if I'd comply,
    And swor it too sincerely.
He look'd so neat and kiss'd so sweet,
    'Twas all in vain dissembling;
I could not stop his eager hand,
    I was seiz'd with such a trembling.
Oh that ever I was born,
    You surely might have stopp'd him;
I would have pinch'd his impudence—
    And held and soundly 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?
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Why in the hay loft first it was,
As one day we were playing;
He laid me down I dreamt no harm,
For side long we were laying.
But soon he turn'd me on my back,
And fiercely got upon me;
And when 'twas in such 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,
It caus'd my belly rising;
For nature will be nature still,
In spite of all advising.

LITTLE BLACK THING.

YE nymphs & ye swains that trip the great plains,
Come listen awhile to my sorrowful strains;
Oh! hear me with pity no trifle I sing,
'Tis no less than the loss of my little black thing.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

At cards as I sat with my friends t'other day,
To banish dull vapours, and drive spleen away;
Young Collin as frisky as birds in the spring,
Sat toying the while with my little black thing.
On me his shy looks were most constantly bent,
To gaze on my bauble were ever intent;
Topsy turvy his eyes he would constantly fling,
While he roughly handled my little black thing.
I dreampt of no mischief, but let him enjoy,
The innocent pleasure to play with my toy;
But when that his humor was left to the wing,
He would more than have play'd with my little black thing.

He said my dear jewel your charms I intreat,
Be kind and I'll fall like a lamb at your feet;
Oh grant me he cried while round you I cling,
One minutes possession your little black thing.
I frown'd and cried no, but as well might comply,
For he would obtain what I did deny;
The rest of the story oh shall I sing,
In a word he has rifled my little black thing.
FAIR OLINDA.

AS fair Olinda sitting was,
  Beneath a shady tree;
Much love I did profess to her,
  And she the like to me.
But when I kiss'd her lovely lips,
  And press'd her to be kind;
She cry'd, O no, but I remember,
  Woman's words are wind.
I hugg'd her till her breath grew short,
  Then farther did intrude;
She scratch'd and struggled modestly,
  And told me I was rude.
I begg'd her pardon twenty times,
  And soon concern'd did feign;
But like a bold presuming sinner,
  I did the like again.
At last I did by dalliance raise,
  The pretty nymphs desire;
Our inclinations mutual were,
  And mutual were our fire.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

OUT UPON YOU FIE.

ONE night I lay musing,
    I heard a woman call;
I stepp'd out of bed and laid my head,
    So close against the wall:
I had not listen'd long,
    Before I heard her cry;
O Lord! God curse ye,
    Out upon you fie.
I peep'd through a crevice,
    And there I did espy;
In the next room adjoining,
    A charming creature lie:
With her enarmor'd swain,
    O push then she did cry;
O Lord! God curse ye,
    Out upon you fie.
He rouz'l'd her, he touz'l'd her,
    He laid her legs at large;
And when he had made it stand,
    He clapp'd it to the charge:
FRISKY SONGSTER.

But all that she did cry,
   Was Lord! I shall die, die, die;
Out upon you fie,
   Out upon you fie.
O fie upon you Roger,
   What a tower 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.

OLD WOMAN OF GRIMSTONE.

I'll sing you a song that's not very long,
   About an old woman of Grimstone;
Whose husband ne'er gave what she often did crave
   And therefore she would have him ston'd.
Then quoth the old man I'll do what I can,
   To be ston'd I ne'er can endure it;
Then if you'd have more I pray thee turn whore,
   And away to the parson or curate.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The dame she was glad when this licence she had,
   And away to the parson she ran;
Her secrets she told and her legs did unfold,
   And her business was nobly done.
Says the dame you'll have luck if you preach as you f---k,
   With equal force and energy;
Archbishop you'll be or ne'er believe me,
   For indeed you are top of the clergy.

THE ROUZING PRICK.

THOU damn'd whore come lay on thy back,
I have a rouzing prick that will make thy cunt to crack;
I have a prick like thunders,
It will raise the utmost wonder,
It will make thee to knock under,
   Thou damn'd whore.

SHE

Thou damn'd rogue, come and do thy worst,
My cunt never minds thy bragging nor thy thurst,
FRISKY SONGSTER.

For although it is young and simple,
It will soon draw thy prick to a pimple,
It will make it soft and gentle,
    Thou damn'd rogue.
Then bollocks stand to it, and be not controul'd,
But enter the breach like an old soldier bold,
Damn her fuck her till she wheezes,
Fuck her till she farts and sneezes,
Damn her drive her to pieces,
    Thou damn'd whore.

GRAFTER AND JUNO.

TO sing of the noble Grafter,
Who liv'd in the town of Sardin,
He always loves a pretty girl,
    But he hates dice and carding.
He often courted ladies,
    And his sport was lucky;
His compliments were always,
Fair ladies shall I fuck ye.
He fuck'd the goddess Juno,
    And split her cunt alibnder;
And with his torse he fir'd her arse,
   And he worked the world's wonder.
Her lips were as red as cherries,
   Her eyes were as black as charcoal;
Her cunt was sick the pox'd his prick,
   And fired all his arse hole.
When his prick would stand no longer,
   And was both weak and limber;
Because he wou'd be doing good,
   He fuck'd her with his finger.

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THE FRENCH MILLINER.

A Pretty French milliner ow'd me some money,
Which she promis'd to pay in a manner quite funny
She told me one day, in a manner bewitching,
Monsieur, me vil pay you your money in stitching.
   Derry down, &c.
Me can make you fine shirts a-la-mode de Paris,
Wid de ruffle so fine you never did see;
Mine trade is to hem, to whip and to stitch,
Remondez Monsieur, you black as pish.
   Derry down, &c.
I told her I wanted no ruffles no shirts,
Resolving to deal no more with such flirts.
She quickly replied, den me never can settle mine conte.

THE CHAMBER MAID.

NOT far from town a country 'squire,
An open hearted blade;
Had long confess'd a strong desire,
. To f--k the chamber maid,
To f--k, &c.
One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
He led her to the shade;
And underneath the mulberry tree,
He f--k'd, &c.
He f--k'd, &c.
The parson's spouse, from window high,
The am'rous sport survey'd;
And softly wish'd none can deny,
She'd been the chamber-maid,
She'd been, &c.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

When all was o'er, poor Betty cried,
Kind Sir, I'm much afraid;
That woman there will tell your bride,
You've f--k'd your chamber-maid,
You've f--k'd, &c.
The squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
That she might not upbraid;
Then instantly his lady brought,
Where he had f--k'd her maid,
Where he had, &c.
Then all beneath the mulberry tree,
Her ladyship was laid;
And three times sweetly f--k'd was she,
Just like her 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 your, &c.
When, cried the lady, where and how,
I'll soon discharge the jade;
Beneath the mulberry tree, I vow,
He f--k'd your chamber-maid,
He f--k'd, &c.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

This falsehood, cried her ladyship,
My spouse shall not degrade;
'Twas I that chanc'd to make a slip,
And not my chamber-maid,
And not, &c.
So both then parted in a pet,
Not trusting what each said;
And Betty keeps her place as yet,
The pretty chamber-maid,
The pretty, &c.

THE IRISH JIG.

ONE night in a ramble I chanced to see,
A thing like a spirit; it frightened me;
I cock'd up my hat, and resolv'd to look big,
And straight fell 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 still I kept tuning the Irish jig.
And when I went to her, resolved to try her,
I put her agog of a longing desire;
FRISKY SONGSTER.

I told her I'd give her a whip for her gig,
And scourge to the tune of the Irish jig,
Then nothing but dancing our fancies could please,
We laid on the grass and danc'd at our ease;
I down with my breeches, 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;
For if you should chance to get me with pig,
I'll lay the poor brat to the Irish jig.
The dance being ended, as you may see,
We rose by consent, and both went away;
And so we went off roaring the Irish jig.

THE LINK BOY.

RECITATIVE.

AS bawling Filbert Nan, with roguish eye,
Along the streets her cracking ware did cry;
Two chairmen, who a different nation boast,
The Gambrian mountains, and Hibernia's coast,
Made for the fair, of Herculanean form,
Long time had strove the frozen maid to warm;
Soon as the dear lov'd object they descry'd,
They left their chair, 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.
Arrah my honey, my dear, and my jewel,
I love you far better than nothing at all;
But if you resolve to remain always cruel,
By Patrick, I'm sure it will cost me a fall:
Then take me, my sweet one, into your good graces
Be after consenting, I'll make you my wife;
Then be a fine lady to wear silks and laces,
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 advanc'd to prefer his suit;
With visage pale as butter milk or whey,
In mournful ditty thus was heard to say:

AIR.—Of noble race was Shenkin.
Dear Nanny, lovely creature,
All other maids excelling;
Through Cupid's snare, and sad despair,
See how her heart's a bleeding:
In kindness shew some pity,
   On poor untone Llhelwellen;
Or else hur fears, hur sighs and tears,
   Will pring hur to teaths twelling.

RECITATIVE.
With toss'd up nose, and hands on both her sides,
She flights their offers and their pain derides:
Proud of those charms for which the lover dies.

AIR.—From the man that I love, &c.

From such lubbers as you my heart I'll defend,
To leeks and potatoes I'll never condefend;
Then plague me no more for glim papping Jack
   the man I adore, and my filbert shall crack.

RECITATIVE.

Scarce had she spoke, when lo a youth appear'd,
Who bridewell pump, and Tyburn never fear'd;
At play house door, Covent Garden porch,
When night comes 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.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

AIR.—Colinet.
On yon bulk-head behold I'm laid,
Gentle Morpheus lend thy aid;
Keep the watch from coming there,
To disturb the happy pair:
Stealing pleasures whilst they can,
Who so blest as Jack and Nan.

THE MOUSE's TAIL.

JACK and his master as wager laid,
Of threescore shillings and ten;
Which of them had the longest prick,
The wager was to win.
They measure'd the length, and also 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,
For which she was to blame;
And when she saw the wager was won,
She went and told her dame.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The old woman went behind the barn door,
   To do as she was wont;
And stooping down occasionally,
   A mouse jump'd into her cunt.
The old woman cry'd unto the old man,
   As loud as she could cry;
There's a mouse crept into my belly,
   And without your help I'll die.
The old man he laid her on a sack,
   As oft he'd done before;
But he could not touch the mouse's tail
   By four inches and more.
The old man cry'd unto his man Jack,
   As loud as he could cry;
Here's a mouse crept into my dame's belly,
   And without thy help she'll die.
Without you'll double my wages, quoth Jack,
   Without you'll double my price;
Without you'll double my wages, quoth Jack,
   My prick shall hang no nice.
I'll double your wages, quoth the old man,
   And give thee a hat and coat;
And for to buy thee button loop,
   My dame shall give you a groat.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Then work it away my bonny boy Jack,
   For thou need'st not to fail;
A little further Jack she said,
   And you'll touch the mouse's tail.
Then work it away my bonny boy Jack,
   For thou need'st not to doubt;
A little further Jack she said,
   And you'll turn the mouse about.
The old man stood at the barn door,
   The besom in his hand;
To knock the mouse upon the head,
   Whenever it should land.
Come all ye merry maids of Yorkshire,
   If you will me believe;
When the old woman had enough,
   She let the mouse out of her sleeve.

FIRE IN MY ARSE.

A FRIAR to a river went,
   To wash his hands and face;
And there he spied a pretty maid,
   A washing of her arse.
   And her fal, lal, etc.
O what is the matter my pretty maid,
That your cunt looks so red;
She cry'd with carrying fire in my arse,
To warm my master's bed.

And his fal, lal, &c.

Then the Friar lugg'd out a mighty torse,
As big as he could handle;
And if you carry fire in your arse,
Pray let me light my candle.

By your fal, lal, &c.

The Friar ramm'd in his mighty torse,
As much as he could stuff;
But she melted his tallow all away,
And reduc'd it to a snuff.

With her fal, lal, &c.

The Friar he kneel'd upon the ground,
In posture most devout;
Lighten my darkness, Lord, he cried,
For my candle's quite burnt out.

By her fal, lal, &c.
THE OLD HAT.

TO Chloe young Damon oft 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 should never touch her old hat
Touch her old hat, touch her old hat,
Yet she vow'd he should never touch her old hat.

It happen'd he met her one day in the grove,
He prais'd her and told her again of his love;
Yet still she cried fie, sir, what would you be at,
Do you think you ever shall touch my old hat.

The place was inviting no creature was near,
And Damon was determin'd to cast away fear;
And while his heart dance'd in his breast pit-a-pat,
He swore by young Cupid he'd feel her old hat.

The nymph now alarm'd, struggles, threaten'd and swore,
And said all she could to escape from his power;
His end she declar'd he should never come at,
And vow'd she should die if he touch'd her old hat.

Yet all was in vain, his passion grew strong,
On the grass then he laid miss Chloe along;
FRISKY SONGSTER.

But still she cried, fie, sir, what would you be at,
O rot you, O curse you, 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 would be at,
So he does what he pleases with Chloe's old hat.
Madam Chloe affects no more to be coy,
But willing as Damon will push for the joy;
Now Damon's strong passion is grown some what flat,
Since he finds her as easy as an old hat.

Noses.

I SING of your noses, you all may suppose,
The muse has't been us'd to such ditties as those;
But it is your long noses requires my song,
For there's nothing so grand as a nose that is long.

Sing tantaranara, long nose.

Long noses have long been the talk of the town,
There's nothing so soon with the ladies go down;
They hate little noses you very well know,
Because it denotes you've so little below.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The buxom young widow will make smutty speeches,
About your long noses and point at your breeches;
But mercy defend us! how loud she would bawl,
Should you come to attack and have no nose at all.
Now if Nature should form on your nose a high ridge,
The punters cry zounds, sir, that's like Putney bridge;
While some of your noses oft make a worse face,
When they cry, hark! 'e Bob, bob your nose in my arse.

The nose that an Englishman ought most to prize,
Is a nose that is fix'd between two squinting eyes;
The tricks of the M—y he doth expose,
For pension or place won't be led by the nose.
A snipe nose proclaims 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 the people that's sober will swear you're a lot.
The nose of a black is the colour of sloes,
The Spaniard's possess'd of a large swarthy nose,
Poor Sawney the Scotchman's remarkable dull,
To think that his nose so resembles a mull.
The nose of a Frenchman is meagre and thin,
'Tis generally long, but looks damnable mean;
Notwithstanding Old England is brimful of grief,
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 a pug;
And a dame from that side of the water so cute,
Has oft swallow'd up the long nose of Lord B—e.
Of the Welchman, cot please hur, e'en sing what you please,
Hur nose is the smell of good toasted cheese;
And if hur nose was as long as her leek,
Cots blood how hur'd make all the young women squeek.
But an Irishman's nose, for to sum up the whole,
Is nothing so log as a long barber's pole,
Arrah Paddy you see for the length of his nose,
Is careless'd by the ladies wherever he goes.

THE BLACK WHORE.

As I rambl'd last night through the skirts of the town,
Just taking leave of my friend Johnny brown;
He pick'd up a whore; I'd a mind for one too, 
So I pick'd up one, but the devil knows who. 
She led me up allies as dark as my crime; 
And we fumbl'd the door out in two hours time; 
And finding the door out, we enter'd 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; 
She litter'd me up and bid me lie still, 
And told me I was as fate as a thief in a mill. 
She carelessly threw herself flat on her back, 
No neighbors to fear, nor no bedstead to crack; 
So we fell to the sport with each others consent, 
No money I gave her but an ocean I spent. 
Joys three times repeated I fell into a doze, 
Next morning I wak'd from my drowsily repose; 
Then I was scar'd in a damnable fright, 
For I found I'd been kisssing a black all the night. 
My stockings I found in an ocean of piss, 
My hat in another and all things amiss; 
The cat in my breeches, taking her repose, 
And thousands of creepers I found in my clothes. 
The fleas were a skipping like lambkins at play, 
But the lice being friendly stuck to me all day;
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The bugs by the millions were close to my back,
And thousands of vermin clung round the black.
Then I hurried my implements on in a trice,
And bore off an ocean of bugs, fleas and lice;
She ask'd me for two-pence, and bid me good bye,
Hell smoke you in sulphur, you black bitch said I.

BOB AND HIS LANDLADY.

Or, The Young Soldier's Frolick.

UPON a march it was my lot,
A billet for to thare;
Unto an Inn, which made me grin,
To see my dame so fair:
My landlord he prov'd kind to me,
And I got quarters there;
And it's true I fuck'd my landlady,
Let that stand there.
Let that stand there.

'Tis true, &c.

Our lousy landlord blamed me,
For doing of the deed;
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Because I Did relieve his wife,
    When in the time of need:
Being a petty constable,
    For him I did not care;
'Tis true I fuck'd his pretty wife,
    Let that stand there.
Our orders were for Ireland,
    I did to her declare;
Which made my loving landlady,
    Begin to curse and swear:
Saying I'll go along with Bob,
    Let Bob go e'er so far;
My Bob's the lad that fuck'd me well,
    Let that stand there.
Farewell my loving landlady,
    I must pursue the rout;
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 fame shall share;
For thou'rt the man that fuck'd me well,
    Let that stand there.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

Then twenty guineas in my hand,
She lovingly did squeeze;
Dear Bob, says she, pray think on me,
When you are on the seas:
Pray think on me, I will agree,
With all your fates to share;
For thou'rt the man that fuck'd me well,
Let that stand there.
MAY we have in our arms what we love in
The merry travellers, rough cunt and jolly arse.
Luck and gook fuck and jolly arse.
Up with the linen and down with the claret.
Cunt in perfection, prick in erection and both in conjunction.
May the disease of the cunt be transferred to the arse hole, and all buggers be poxed.
Cunt in a bumper, prick in its bloom.
A whore in her filks and a wife in her tomb.
May the lovers of a cunt never want roast beef or claret.
Cunt in a church, and they that won't fuck let them pray.
Adams' dagger.
FRISKY SONGSTER.

The cormorant that bites the head, & eat the brains.
The one-eyed stag.
May the streams of rapture meet each other, and seize life in the middle current.
Girls fair, fond and frisky.
A true heart and a stout prick, can never make a virgin sick.
Cunt upon a fawn's back, & the clergy in full cry.
May the cushion of life be thumbed by the club of vigor.
Roast meat for the speaking mouth, and raw for the dumb.
May the back never fail in the cause of the tail.
The sportsman's fight in the field of delight.
The sport of pleasure.
The marks of Cupid's archery.
May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence marry.
May the ink flow freely from the pen of Cupid's clerk.
The grasp of nature.
Reputation to the fond, & declamation to the coy.
The bird in the bush.
The juggler that spits his brains through his nose.
To Polly Pout and Jacky Snout.
May a languishing maid reap fruit from possession.
May our members stand stiff to the commodities of Great-Britain.
May the enemies of Great-Britain have a porcupine saddle, a cobweb pair of breeches, a rough trotting horse, and a long journey.
May the single be married & the married be happy.
May we never want vigor when we come to a shift.
May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.
Miller's music, opening the sluices and grinding stones.
The industrious maid, that scours the stones and keeps the yard clean.
May our prick and purse never fail us.
The book-binder's wife, that stitches best in sheets.
The linen manufactory, smock in one hand, and yard in the other.
Second mourning, black cunt and white thighs.
The munster lass, that had rather skin a prick than peel a potatooe.
The cruel cobler, run his awl in his wife's belly, knock'd out his forman's brains, and hung his apprentices at the door.
Money to him that hath spirit to use it.
The Indian way of fighting, laying upon our belly
and firing through bushes.
Life to him that hath courage to use it.
Here's to it and to it, and to them that can do it,
and he that can't let him never come to it.
The pipkin that will stretch without breaking.
May the perpendicular of life be let fall on the
point of pleasure.
May the standing man push his argument with vi-
gor, and the fallen woman suck feed in her
undertaking.
May a standing member never want a place to
spend his time in.
Great men honest, and honest men great.
Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.
The eye that weeps most when it is best pleased.
Success to the lover, honor to the brave.
Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.
The sweetest when naked.
The dumb glutton, always craving after arse meat.
The female reaper, that never leaves a handful
standing.
Girls lecherous, kind and willing.
The lamb-like lass, that wags her tail when she receives the nipple.
The female architect, that can replace the stones when she has pulled down the steeple.
The fairest, the brightest, the blackest, the whitest, the fairest face, the brightest eye, the blackest cunt and the whitest thigh.
The miraculous pitcher, that holds water with the mouth downwards.
Success to the falling woman and standing man.
The fountain in Hair Court.
General Splitbeard and his two aid-du-camps.
A smooth surface and a rough water fall.