

Manish like squirrels best an
And as sound as swashes -
Treating us with wine -
For a little bellying -
When we sledge the streets
Were glad of half a shilling.

Winter is a coming, we must feed on herbs

Lu Lu

IV^o 14

One which was made for the honour of some
notorious thief, had three wots, all I read remember

I furnish'd all my rooms, every one, every one.

I furnish'd all my rooms, every one.

I furnish'd all my rooms, with, mirrors, brushes, and hair brushes
Wash balls, and sweet Perfumes; them I stole, them I stole.

I said up Holborn Hill in a cart, in a cart.

I said up Holborn Hill in a cart

I said up Holborn Hill, at St Giles's drunk my fill
And at Tyburn squall my will, in a cart, in a cart.

Morgan^{N^o 15} Thattler

157

This song was sung in Clave Market, and at the Holborn
End of Fleet Market. I have long since forgotten the Words

N^o 16

A hole do you know from Holborn in.

One night as I came from the place

I got a fair maid by the way

~~She was a pleasant creature and a double action~~

She had very cheeks and a pimpled chin

Was a hole do you know from Holborn in.

A bed and blanket I have got

A inch a Kettle and a pot

Besides a charming pretty thing

A hole do you know from Holborn in.