

7.
Another
N^o 11

Oye oamps, ye fairs, ye divins, and all upon the lay,
In Northall Shields, Gog, sheik, wulke, like lands ye sport and play.
Wattling up your Daxies, I am hitherto your cat,
I am Jigger ~~not~~ home and your welcome do I make
with my son ye may be good. &c. &c.

At your insurance office, the Blots, your taken in
The game you played my kiddies, you always come to win
The times you sound the alarm, the numbers up you brack
With your insurance policy, I'd not insure your neck
with my - &c. &c.

N^o 12

Among popular song was an account of a man
kicking up a woman, was going home with her being out
strips &c. - I do not recollect the beginning.

Near the Temple Bar, I met a madam
She was dress'd so fine.
She, asked me, to go with her,
To drink a glass or two of wine -
We in alley we did sally
Mumblin' in a hen-did-kundle,
Then we had a pleasant shire.

Then follows a description of the place &c.
and then the catastrophe.

8

Was in the morning when I woke
Oh, what a scene of misery shewn.
The Dory gone and left me naked,
Miserable off with all my clothes.
Then I called, roared and bawled -
Nupt the raged Blanckett send me
to find relief then home I go.

The word she, heh'd, likewise she w'd me
Nought to make a punn swear.
Young men take warning, right and wrong,
Lest of the one you go a murthering
Upon the same sad fate may share.

N^o 13.

Another was a description of two fine ^{whores} ~~whores~~ who had seen
Both days, it began thus

Near the Temple Bar, liv'd two trading women
Jane, and Madam Cow, bred in silken trimmings,
More who who used to come, roaring some of them
Now they study the streets there for to hawk them.

2

Madam she kept Jimmy for a working woman.
The remainder forgotten. Madam laments then
fallin' state, says: Gallards of the best came to us in Coaches

Manish like squirrels best are
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 our throats

Lo Lo

IV^o 14

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

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 scald'd up Holborn Hill in a cart, in a cart.

I scald'd up Holborn Hill in a cart

I scald'd up Holborn Hill, at St Giles's drunk my fell
And at Sybun squale 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 pleasaunt 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.