

N^o 31.
The Frolicsome Spark.

M.T.

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1
A frolicsome spark to their night, from a tavern came reeling out drunk,
Then Watchman come tip us a light, for I'm for a saucy young frunk;
Old George dost you think that I joke, come hither you Gallus old rum,
We civil and dost me provoke, here's a win for do buy you a dram.

2
My load at the Mountain I got, my liquor was generous wine,
Damn the dog that refuses a pot, or a bottle of liquor divine;
I'm in mottle just right for some fun, and I dwell in the regions of love,
Through streets, lanes, and alleys, 'till some, in search of a girl for a shove.

3
At length to a bandy house come, dost think think that I trifle or jest;
Dost bring me a flashy young peice, or blast me 'till kick up a dust;
The band from a window looked out, is it my house you mean for do set,
We civil, and dost make a mess, or the set one shall scotchle your met.

4
The blade much enraged at the throat, began for to storn on to swear,
Why blast you 'till som make you sweet, you bandy-house keeping old man;
You gallus old greasy assid mule, I'm a lad that will never decamp,
If I dost with you glare damn my eyes, then smash was his stick at the lamp.

5
No sooner this action was done, than murder and wotch they were banold,
Notawister her windows he broke, and away to the wotch-house was banold;
When he tipid them an occun of owig, till came from each noble row fled,
That asleef left each drowy old prig and buntled away to his bed.