

Through the streets as our wheels slowly move  
 The toll of the death bell dirrings us,  
 With noozers and gloves we are becket,  
 To trim and so gay they array us,  
 The papage all involved we see,  
 With maidens that mune us with pity;  
 Our air all admiring, agree  
 Such lads are not left in the City.  
 6  
 Oh! then to the tree I must go,  
 The judge he has ordred that sentence  
 And then comes a gentleman you know,  
 And tells a dull tale of repentance,  
 By the gullet wine tryd very tight,  
 We beg all spectators, pray for us,  
 Our peepers are hid from the light,  
 The trumpet shines off, and we morrice.

## The Jolly Wotcher.

There - of noble race was thinking  
 6

1  
 There was a Jolly Wotcher,  
 He liv'd at Norton Fitzgeese.  
 He kept a stall, at Leadmillhall  
 And got drunk at the Dog at Aldgate.

2  
 He run down Horns ditch reeling  
 At Bedlam he was frighted,  
 He in New fields, bechit his heels  
 And at Norton he was wiped.

3  
 His mother she came to him,  
 Who once liv'd down at Down,  
 She gave him a pot of the best gin bet,  
 And he spew'd her lapp all over

4  
 His sweethearts next came to him,  
 With a rolling eye so charming  
 She was rugged and tough  
 And call'd, huckle-my-muff  
 And would drink from night till morning

5  
 Her name it was Nell Larking  
 And thus she said unto him  
 If you'll go home Dick,  
 I'll pay of your stick  
 And save your soul from ruin

Would you leave them with companions  
 Bob Baker and Ned. Hardon.  
 By your knife and your steel,  
 You might live gentle  
 And come to be Church Warden.

7  
 Consider dearest Dick  
 You've got a wealthy granum  
 He now is sick - and will leave you Dick  
 Near fifteen pound per annum.

8  
 Says Dick my sweetest creature,  
 I am poor I must go beyond sea,  
 Then give me, my girl  
 Was one pot of pearl,  
 And I'll love the as long as I can see.

9  
 While thus they talk'd so clew,  
 The constable came smack in,  
 To the Widenell, in Clew her well  
 They saw poor Nelly packing.

10  
 And as for Dick the Wotcher,  
 Three Bailiff took him napping,  
 No bail could he get  
 And he lies for debt  
 At a spunging house at Wapping