

A world of joys, it now complete, a winter frost and summer heat,  
With, lively faces or sweetly, feet, last whoring brings the poet;  
Each look each blood, that shines or frowns, each showing fop, or grave divine.  
May brighter than the day light shine, yet have the same mischance.

2.

There's many a fine and flashy beau, that's taking pills for what you know.  
They are all beset from top to toe, tho' they strut St James's Mall;  
There's many a lady at Vauxhall, to go to stool must have a call,  
When up in a corner she lets it fall when it stinks as strong as Hell.

3.

And when this way you have done your best, and your rotten cuffs wont let you <sup>rest,</sup>  
At St Thomas's Hospital you are carost, when you spit the phlegm just out;  
And as the phlegm begins to rise, and the fever works out at your eyes  
And the death stool from your anus goes free, Oh, then you feel no more.