

1. Hundreds — the wretched bands Lanes and Allen in St Giles.
2. Miserable ragged Novitiales.
3. Whil — Nethil Thiebs Prison
3. Darbies — Irons.
3. Hum Culls — those whom they robbed
4. Sorachins — dividing — spearing.
5. Nubbd — Mangled.
6. Duds — Cloaths.
7. Leedy — Work out.
8. Bub — Drink. Liqueur
9. Quig — Ice
10. Nail — Spire. Arolfer bringing the liqueur but because you are known — want you.
11. Tipt — Game
12. Torum — Not — bowl
13. Diddle — Misch — mist liqueur — &c
14. Diving — Misching of Rockets.
15. Nubbing Cull — Lark Hatch.
16. Nit — Gaol.
17. Tum Brill — Cart.

No 24. 1

To the Hundreds of Drury Twist,
and the rest of my flashy companions,
to the buttocks¹ that pad it all night
To jimpes whome bursts and their stallions
To those that are down in the whit²
Knattling their Darbies³ with pleasure,
Who laugh at the rum⁴ culls they've bit,
While here they are snatching their treasure —

This time I expect to be nubbd⁵
My duds⁶ are gone wondrous ocdy,⁷
I pray you now send me some bub,⁸
A little or two, do the ocdy
I beg you won't bring it yourself,
The hangman is at the Old Bailey
I'd rather yield send it by halt
They, if they ting⁹ you, they'll nail you

Miss Spriggins came here t'other night,
She tipped us a jorum of diddle,¹³
Gamish is the prison's delight,
We sposter away to the fiddle,
Her fortune at diving¹⁴, did fail,
For which she has chang'd habitation
Now now the whome pads in the jail
And laughs at the fools of the nation.

This time I expect no reprieve,
The sheriffs come down with his warrants,
An account now behind us we leave
Of our friends, education and porridge,
Our bolts are knocked off in the whit,
Our friends to die penitent pray us,
The Nubbing¹⁵ cull pops from the jail¹⁶
And into the fimblic convey's us.

Through the streets as our wheels slowly move
 The toll of the death bell dirrings us,
 With nosegays and gloves we are beset,
 To trim and so gay they array us,
 The papage all unrolled we see,
 With maidens that move 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 lights,
 The trumpet shines off, and we morrice.

The Jolly Butcher.

There - of noble race was thinking
 6

1
 There was a Jolly Butcher,
 He liv'd at Norton Fitzwarren,
 He kept a stall, at Leadenhall
 And got drunk at the Dog at Aldgate.

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

3
 His mother she came to him,
 Who once liv'd down at Dover,
 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 clean,
 The constable came smack in,
 To the Widenell, in Clew her well
 They saw poor Nelly packing.

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