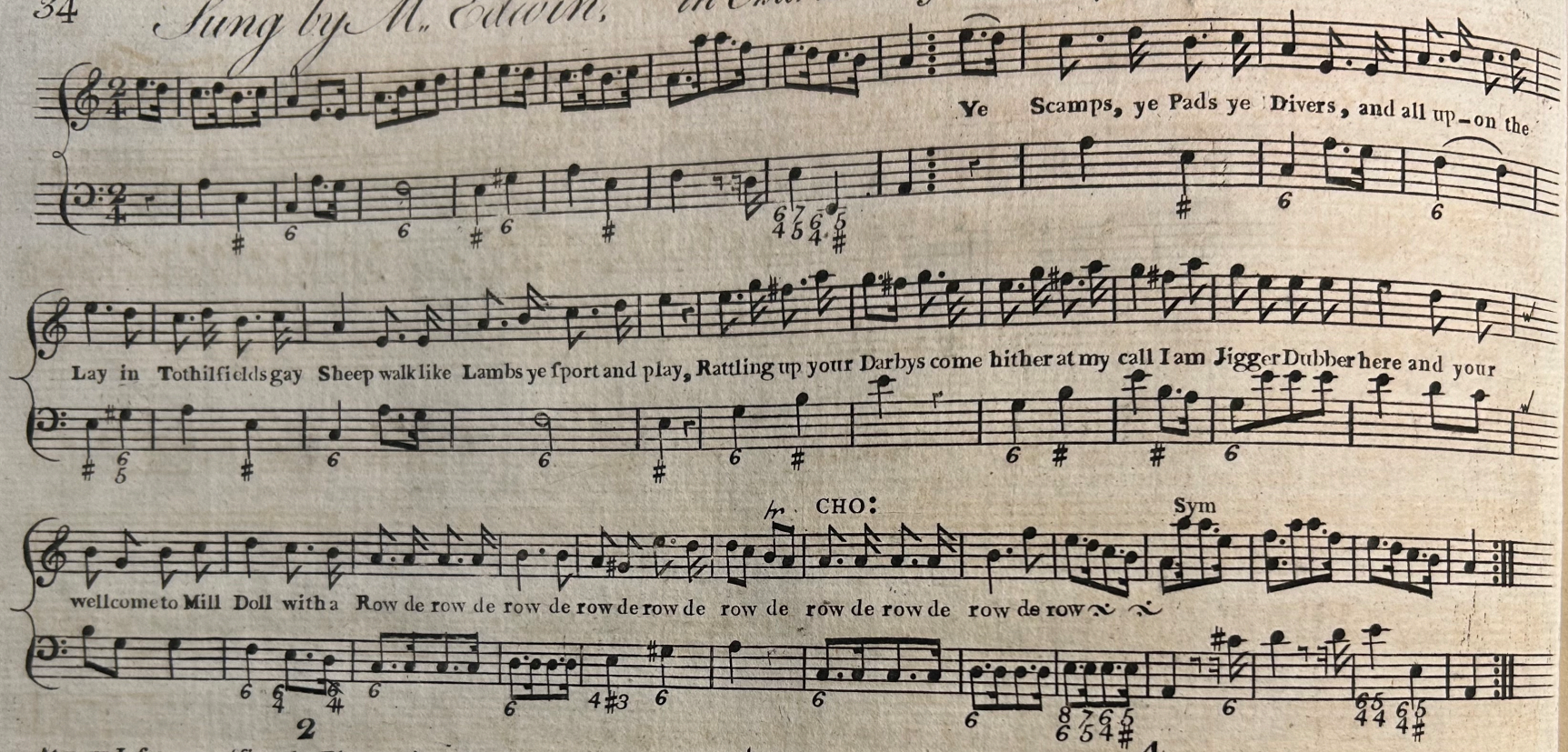
Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Character of the Keeper of Bridewell



2

At your Inſurance office the Flats you've taken in,
The Game youv'e play'd my Kiddy your'e always ſure to win
Firſt you touch the Shiners—The number up—you break
With your inſuring Policy! I'd not inſure your Neck.
Row de row &c.

3

The French with Trotters nimble cou'd fly from Engliſh Blows
And they've got nimble daddles, as Monſieur plainly ſhows
Be thus the Foes of Briton bang'd, ay Thump away Monſieur
The Hemp your'e beating now, will make a Solitaire.
Row de row &c.

4

My Peepers! who've we here now! why this is ſure black Moll
My Ma'am your'e of the fair Sex ſo welcome to Mill-doll
The Cull with you who'd venter into a Snoozing Ken
Like Blackamoor Othello, ſhou'd put out the Light, and then
Row de row &c.

5

I think my Flaſhy Coachman that you'll take better care
Not for a little BUB come the Slang upon your Fare:
Your JAZY pays the garniſh, unleſs the Fees you Tip
Tho your'e a Flaſhy Coachman here the Gager holds the Whip.
Row de row &c.

(CHO: Ye Scamps ye Pads &c.) **End of Firſt Act.**