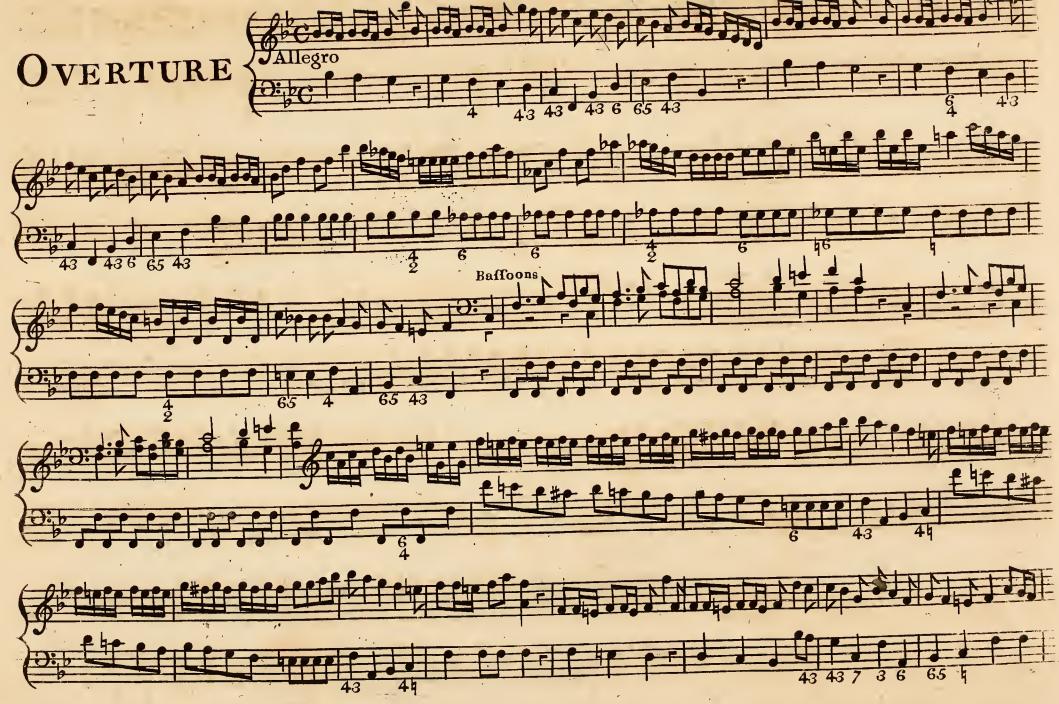
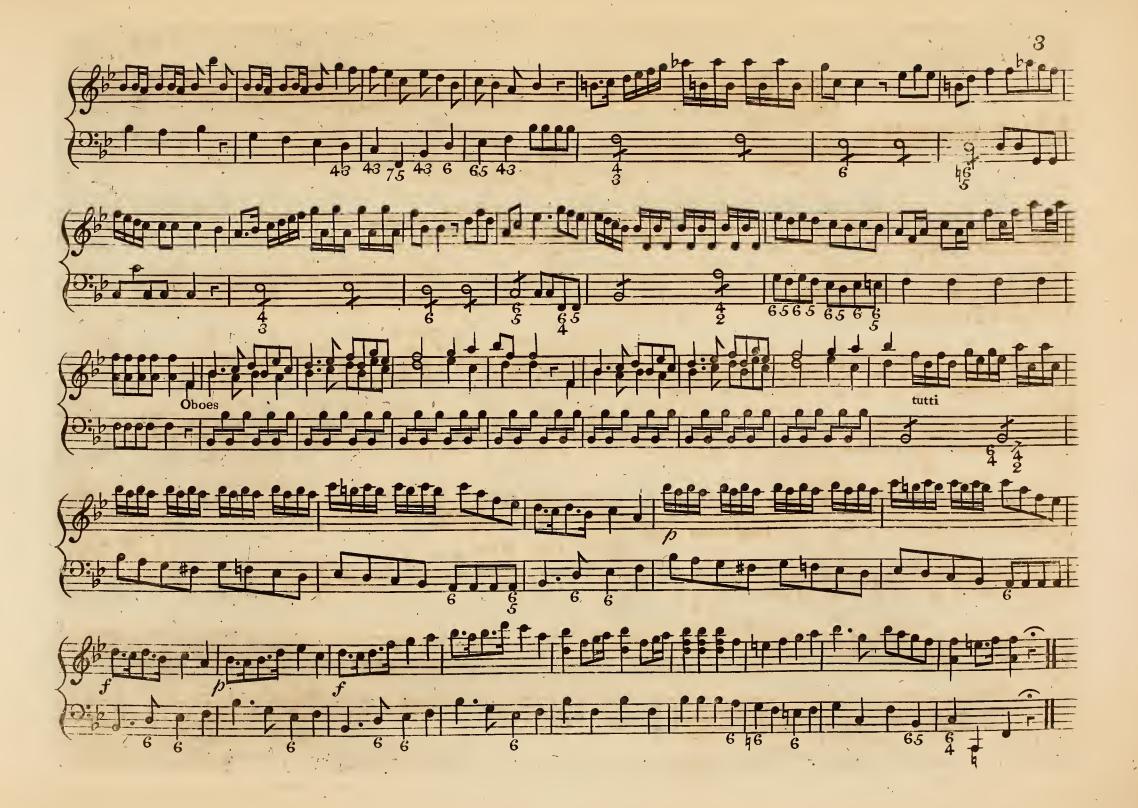
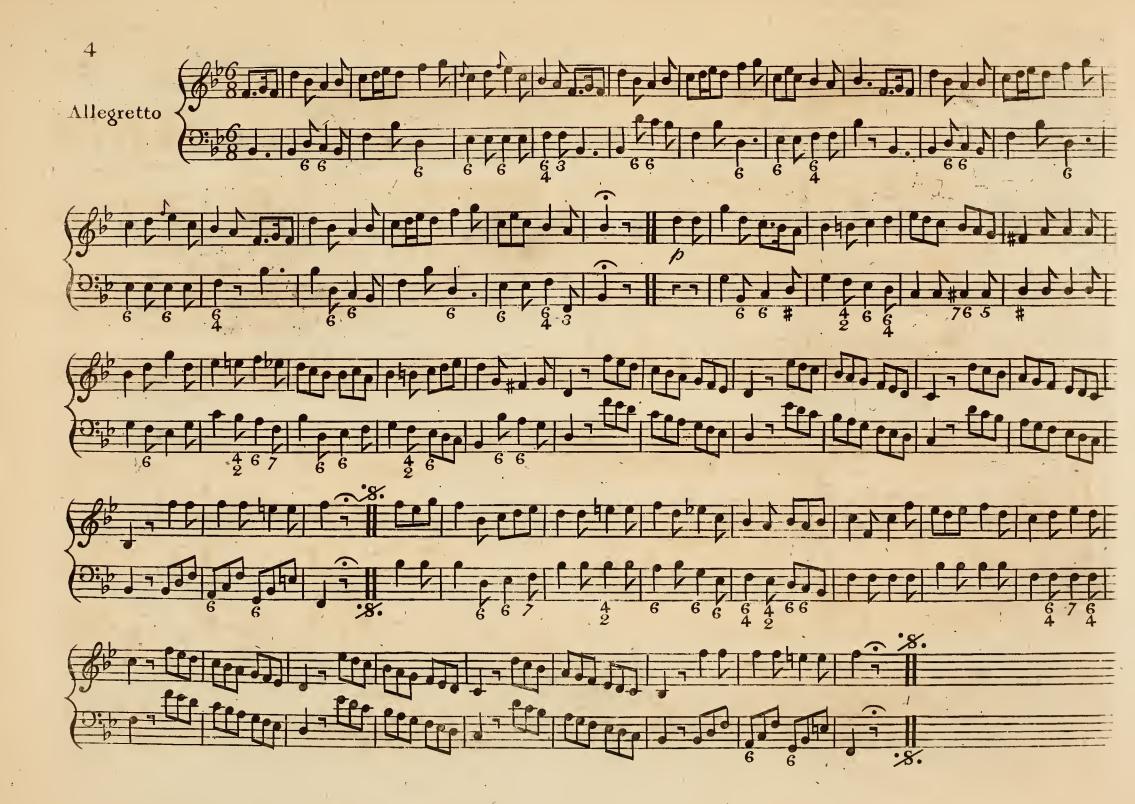


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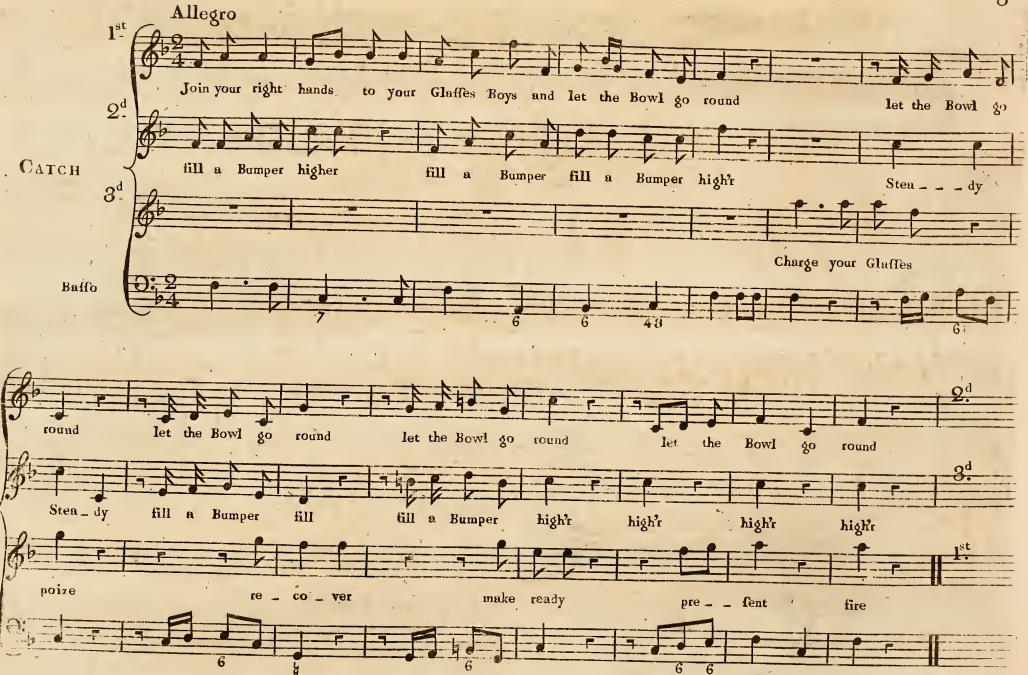
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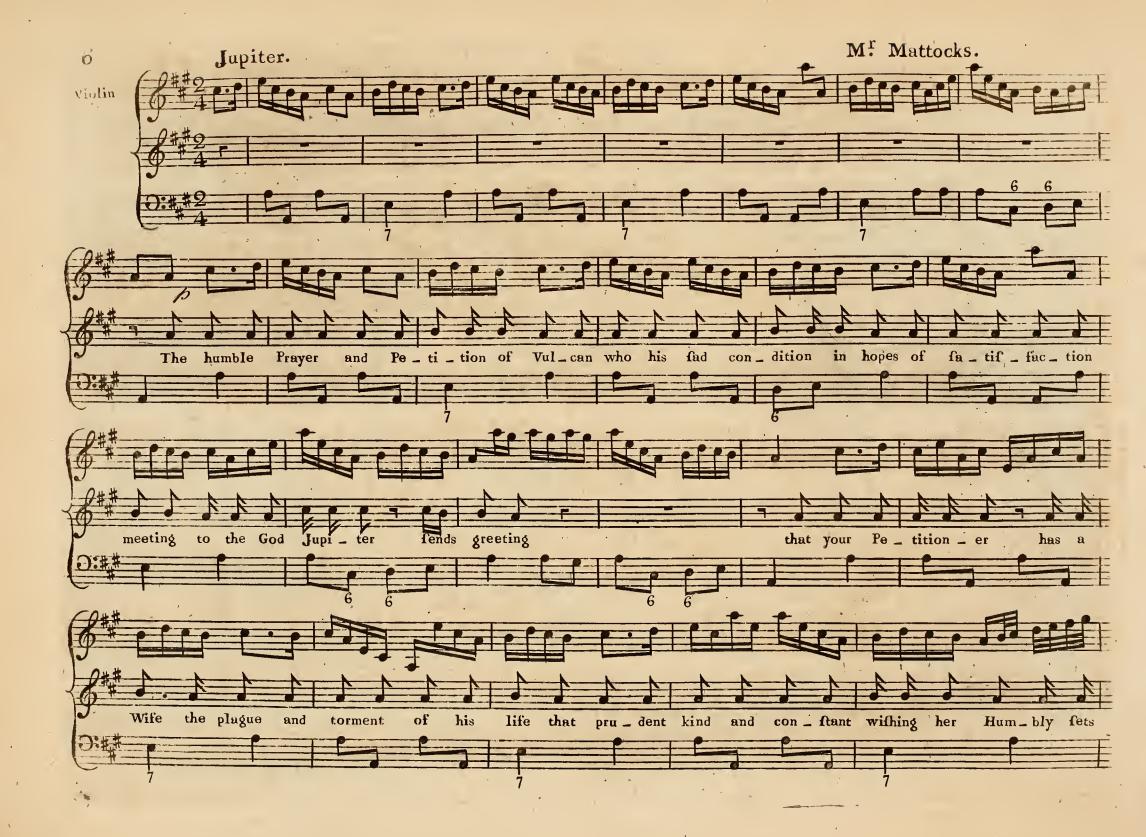


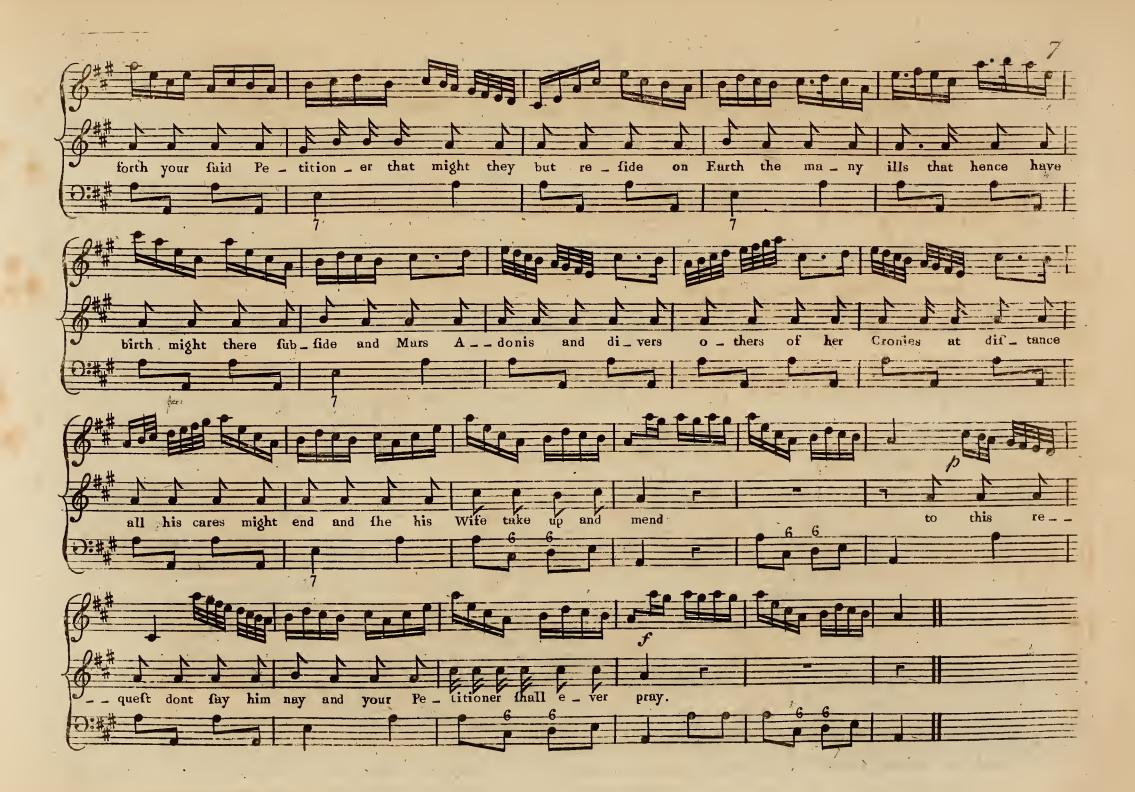


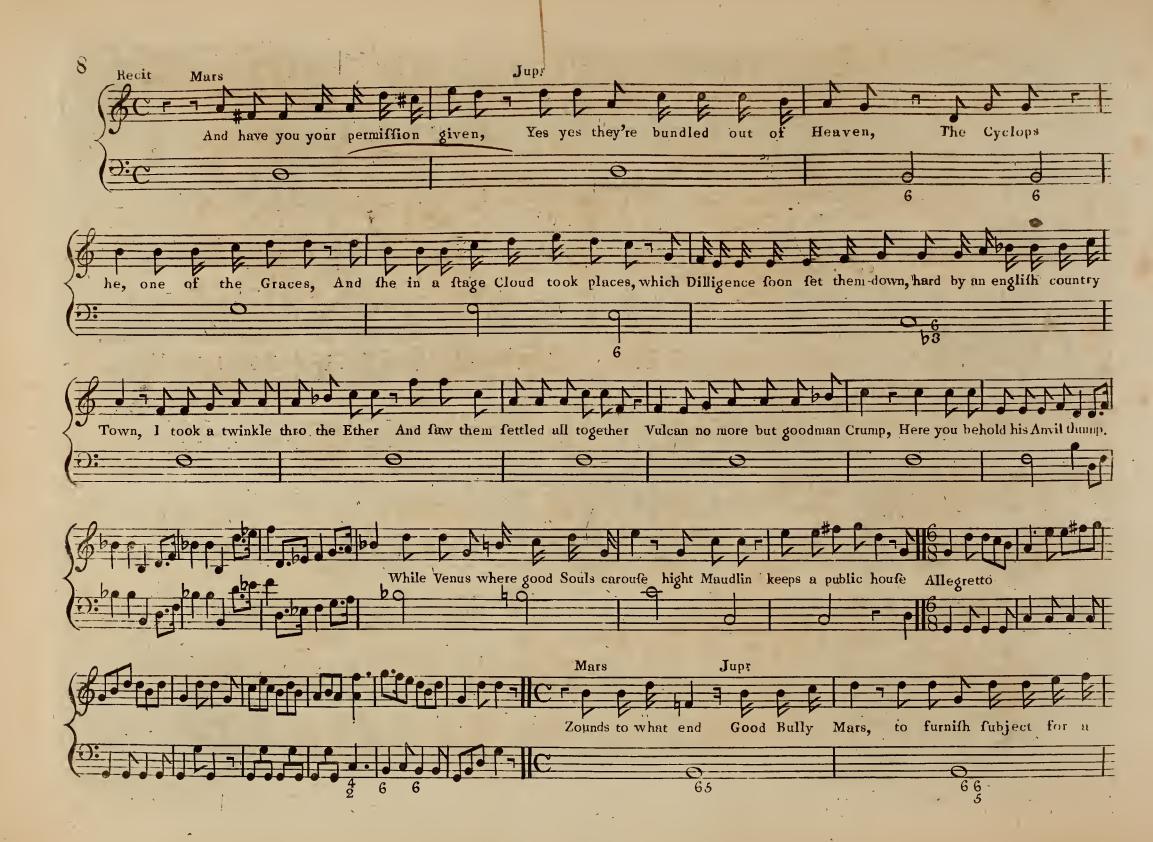


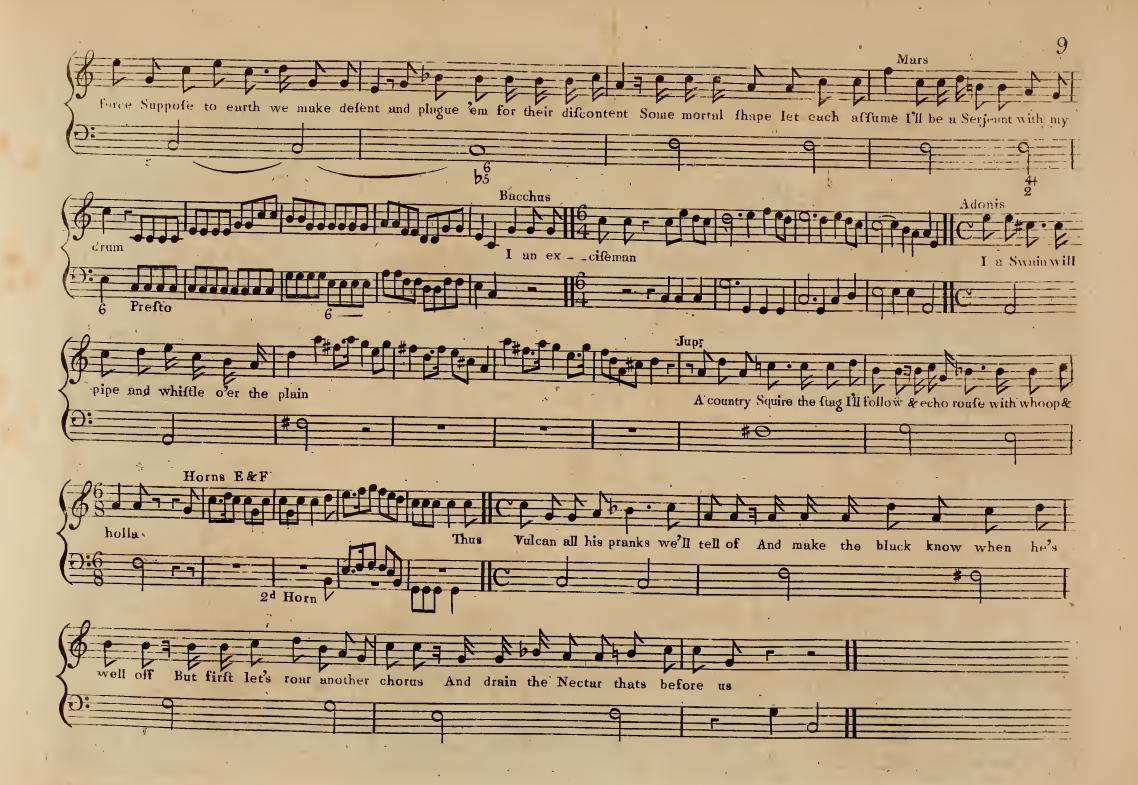


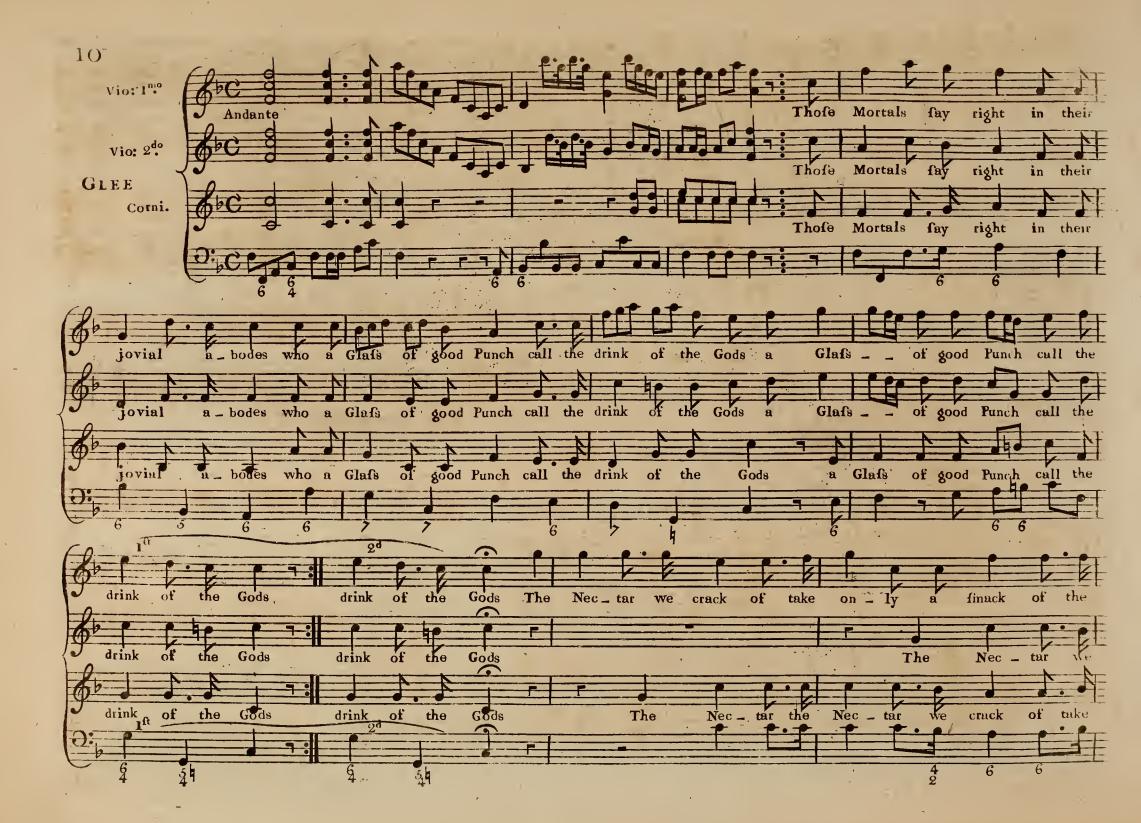


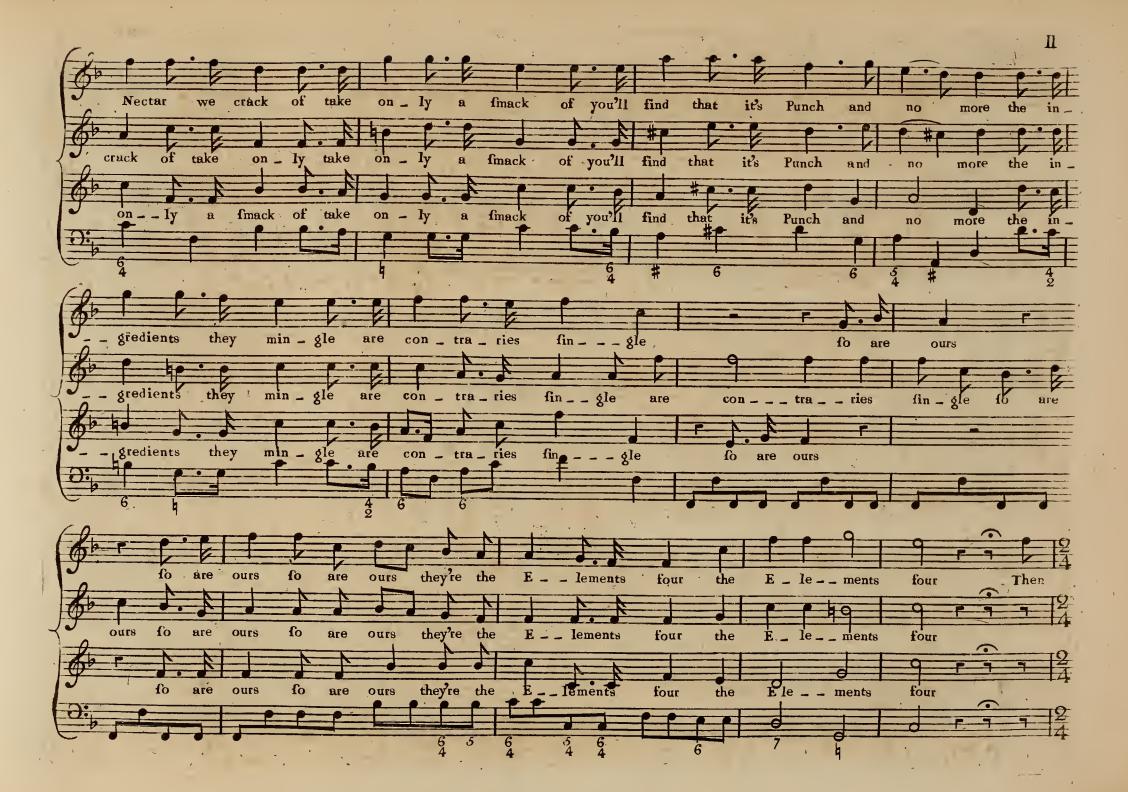


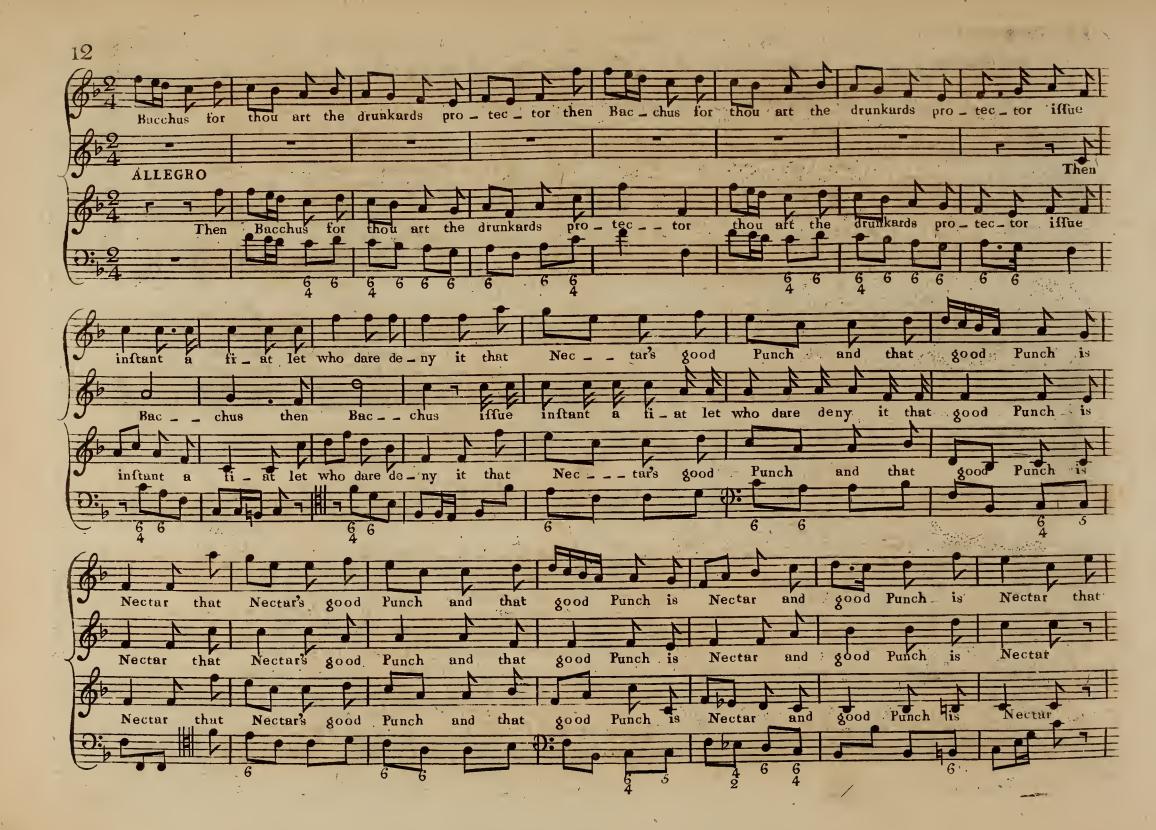


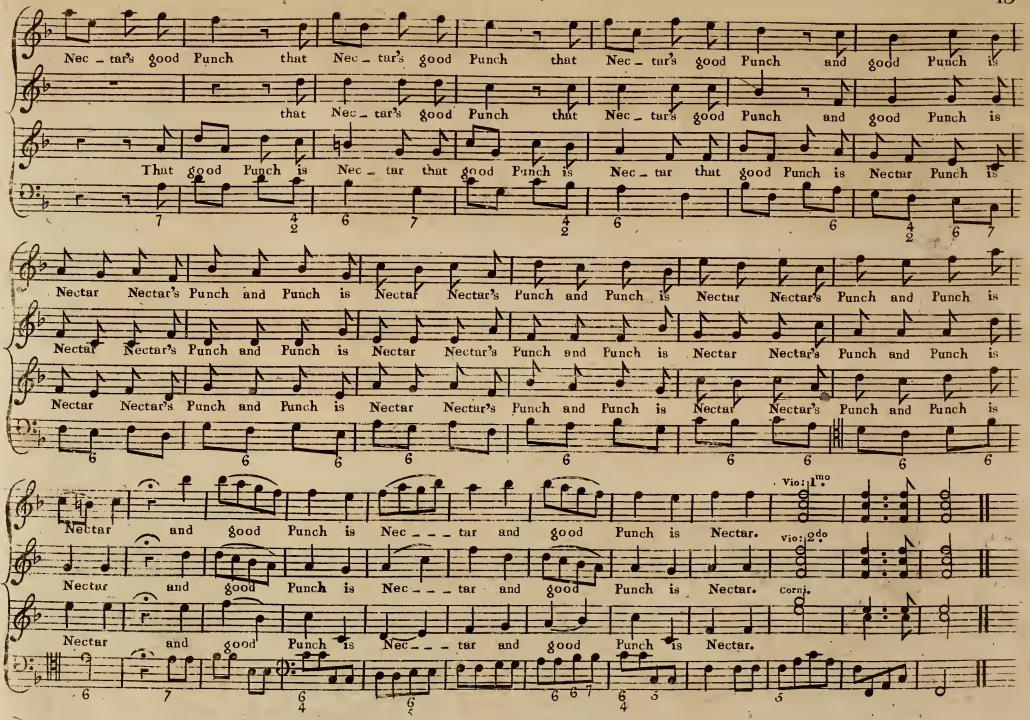


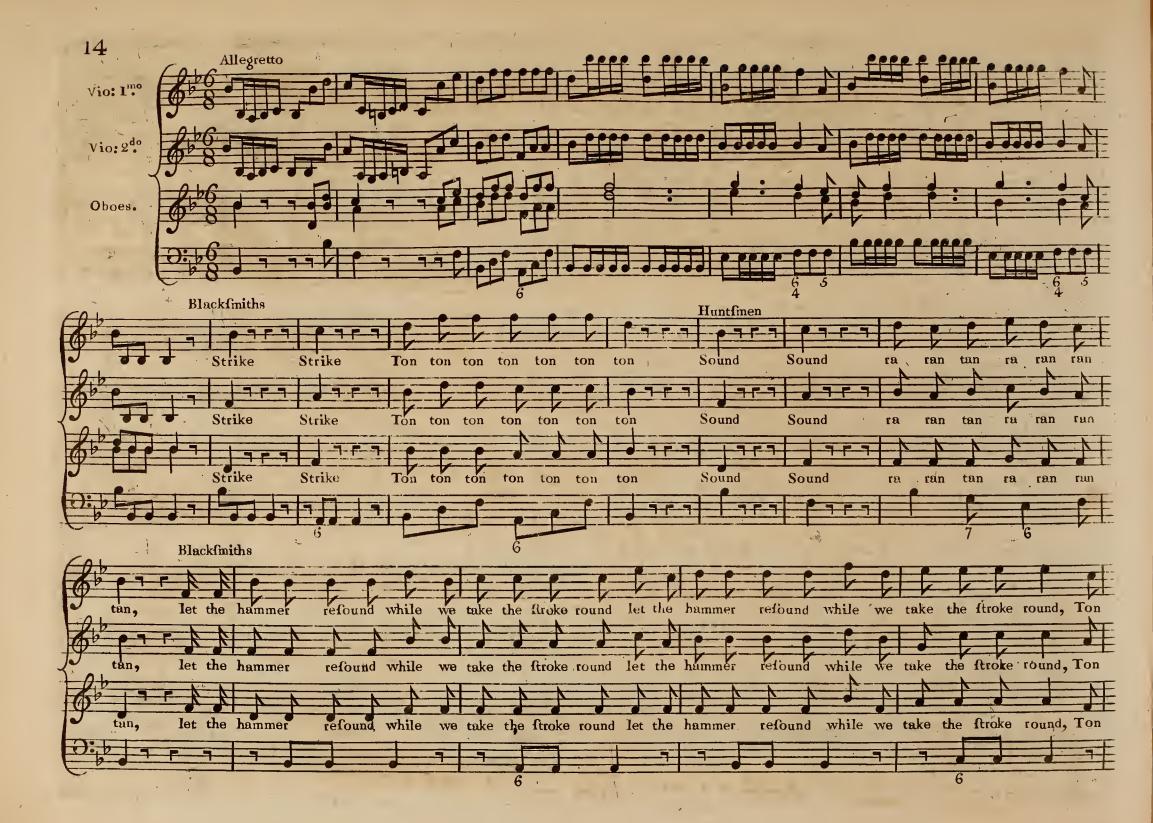


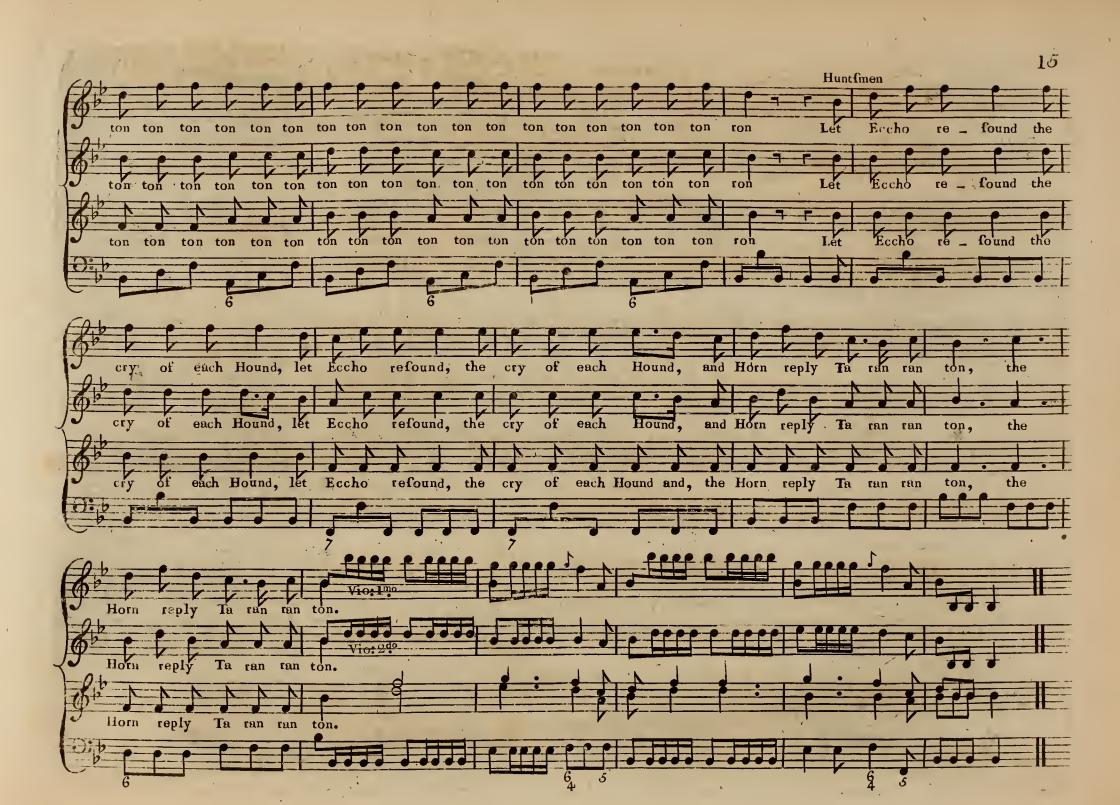


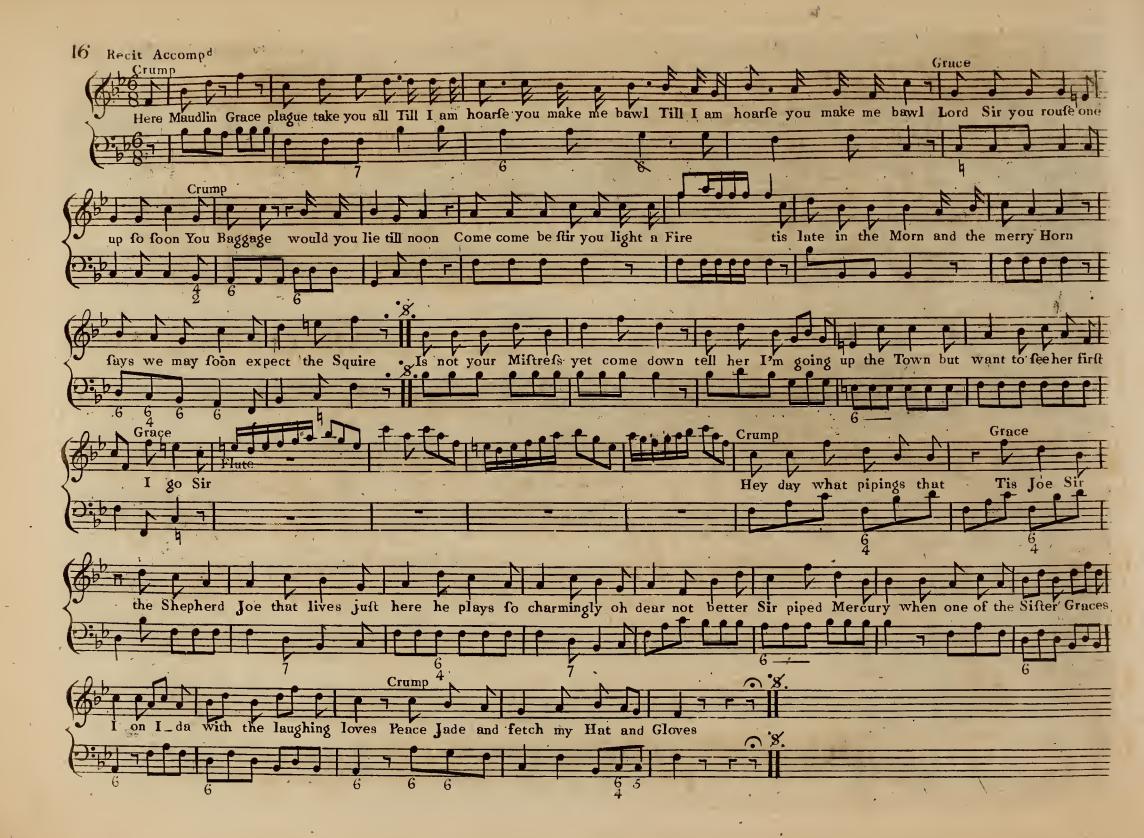


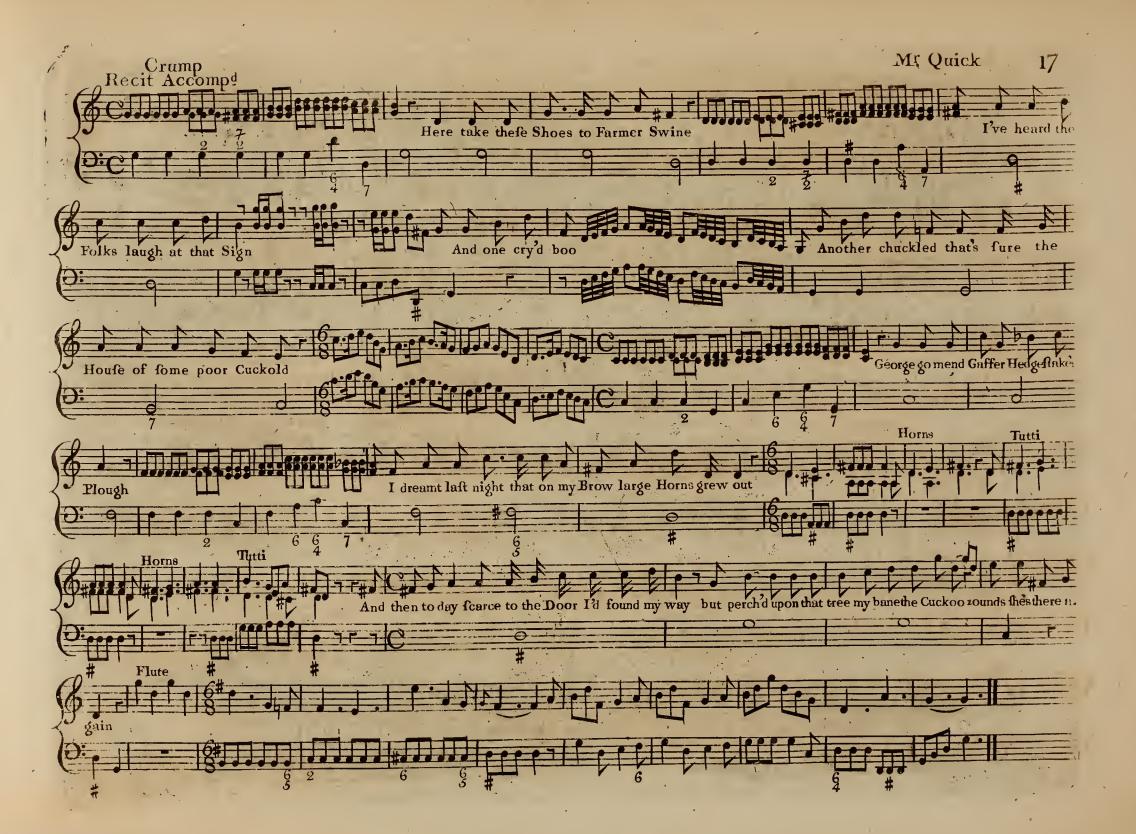


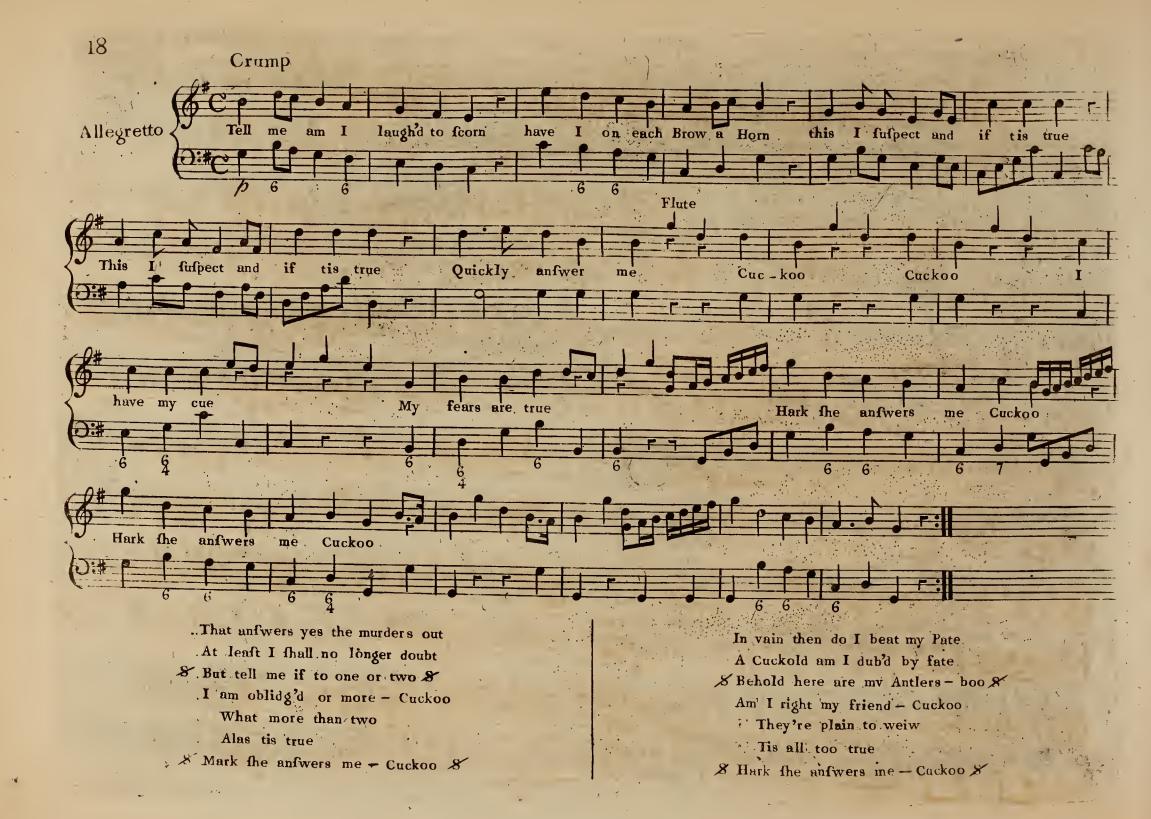


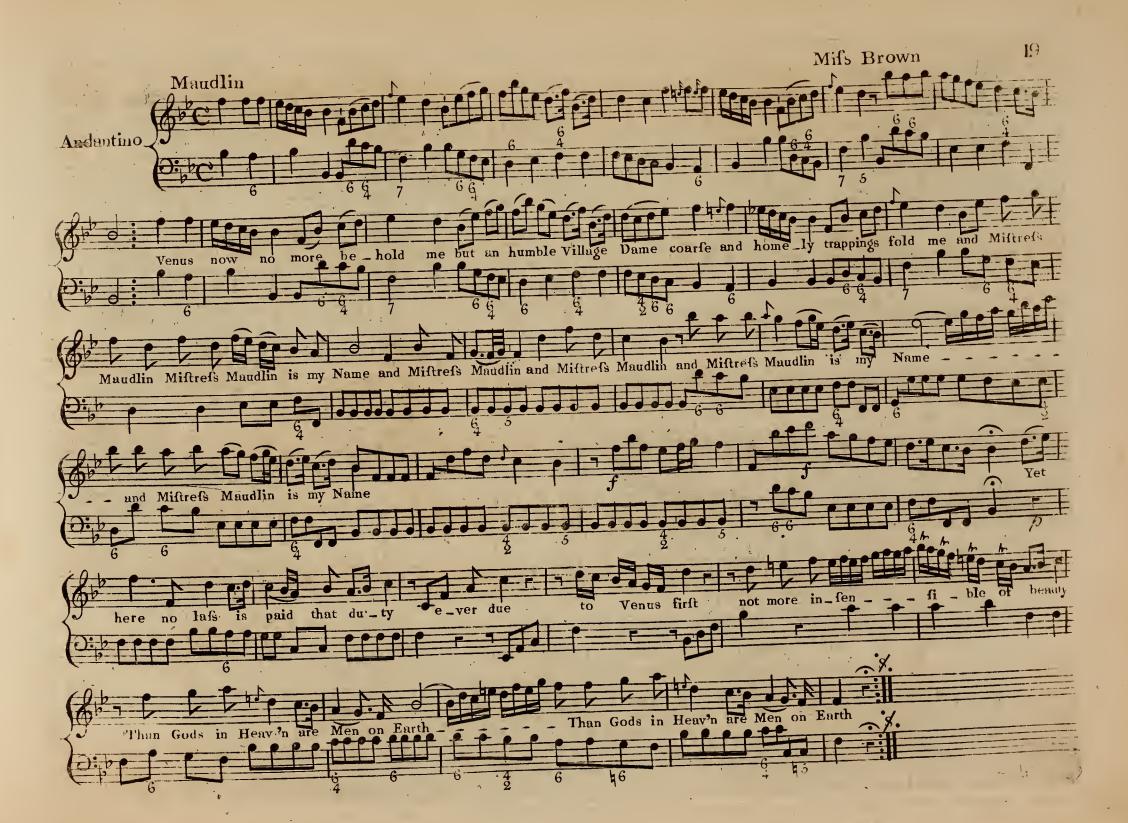


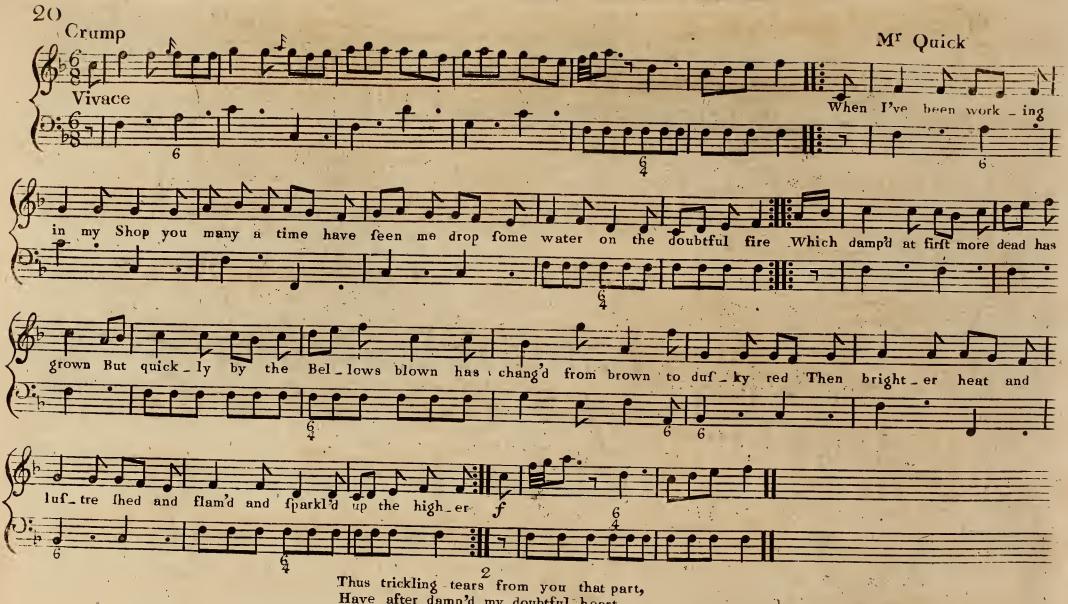




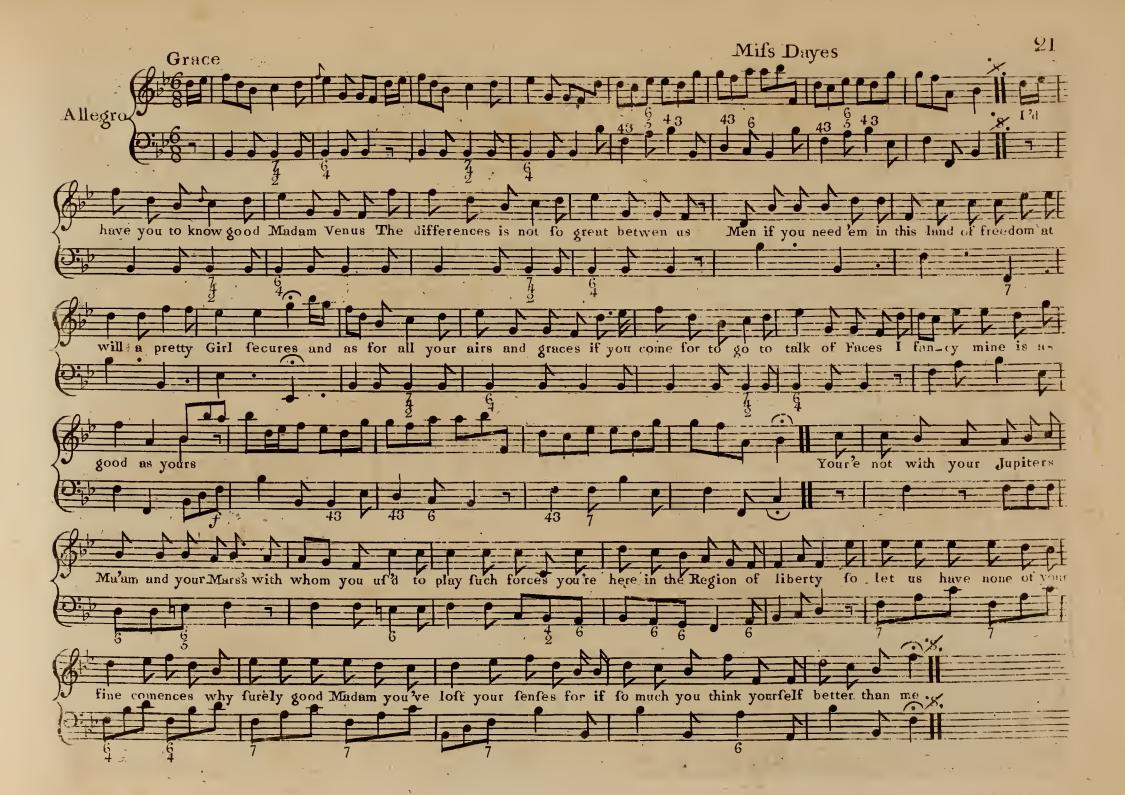


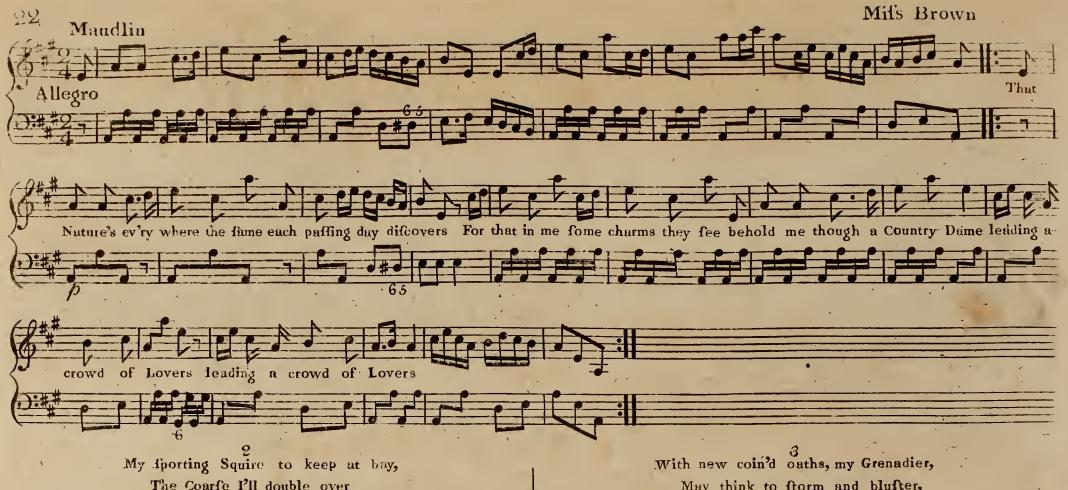






Have after damp'd my doubtful heart, And quench'd a while my passions heat; Thus trickling tears &c. But foon arouf'd by kindling eyes I've felt a new my passion rife; While fob, and figh, and figh, and fob, Have made my Bosom throb and throb, And like fledge hammers on it beat. But foon around &c.





My sporting Squire to keep at bay
The Coarse I'll double over
While he intent,
On a wrong scent,
Shall always find me stole away,
'%. When he crys, hark, to cover. %.

With new coin'd oaths, my Grenadier,

May think to ftorm and blufter,

And fwear by Mars,

My Eyes are Stars,

That light to love; he'll foon find here,

S. Such stuff will ne'er pass muster. S.

Thus will I ferve those I distrust,

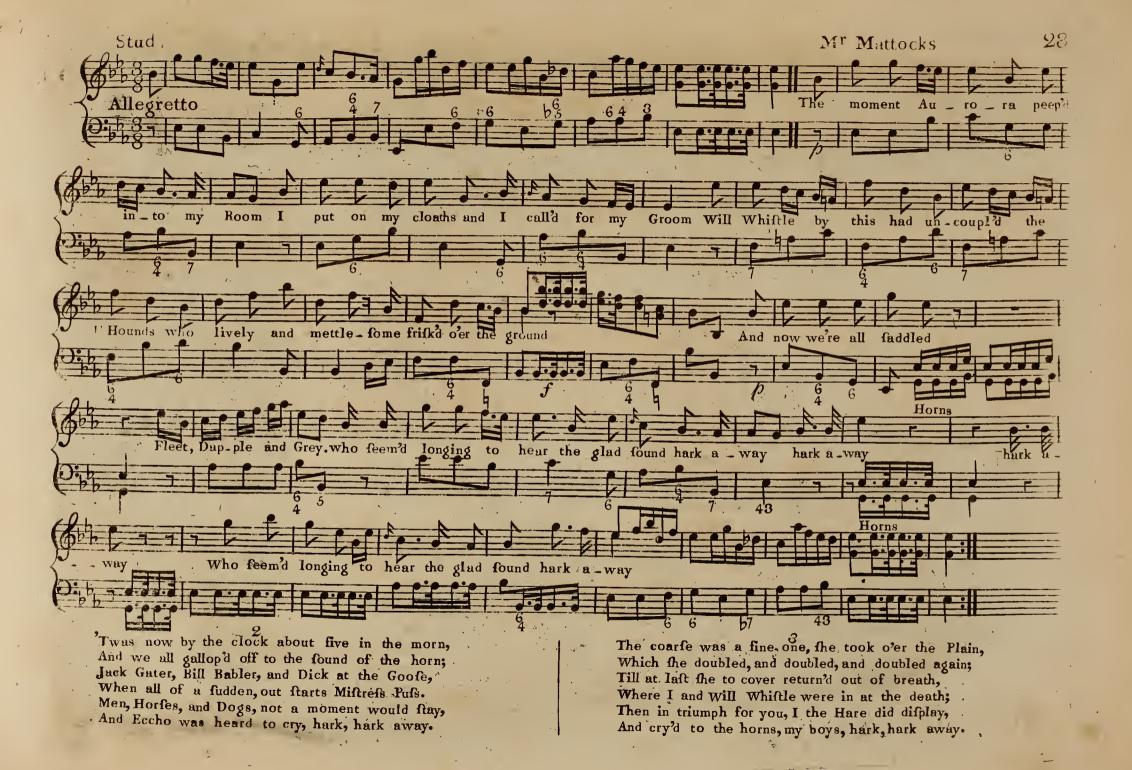
First lough at, then resuse 'em;

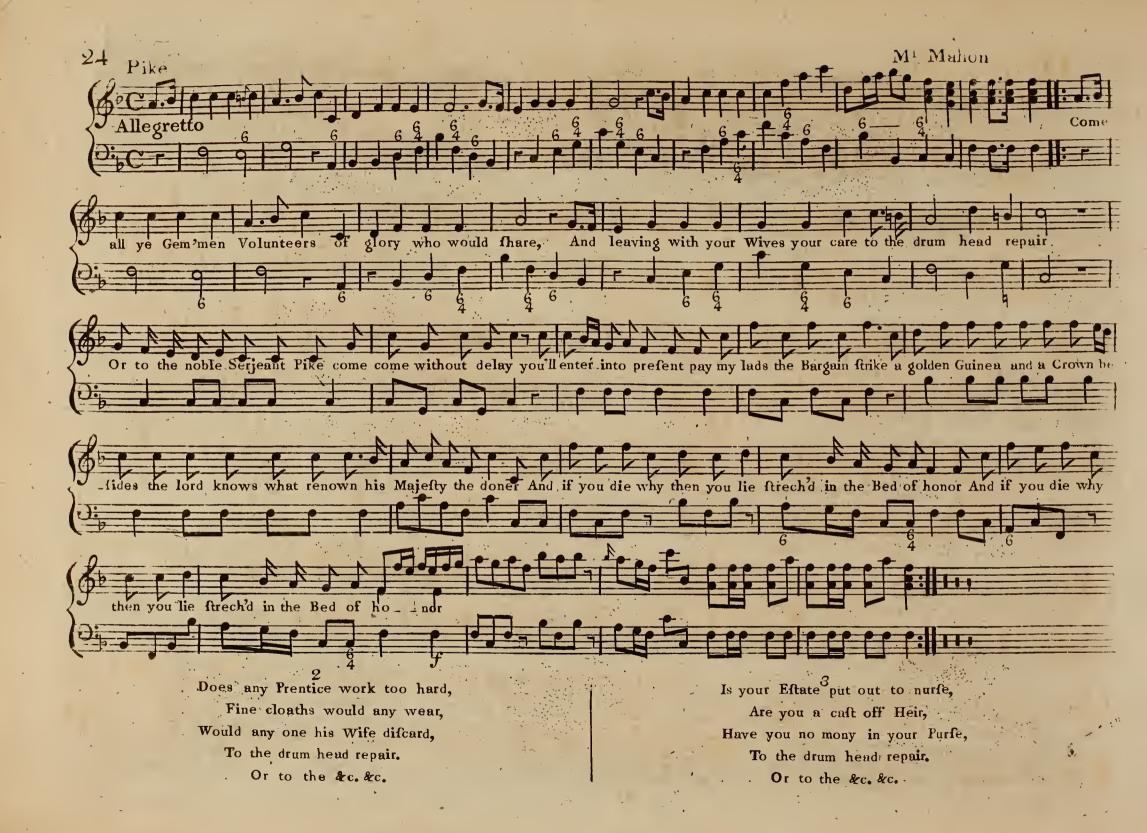
But, ah! not so

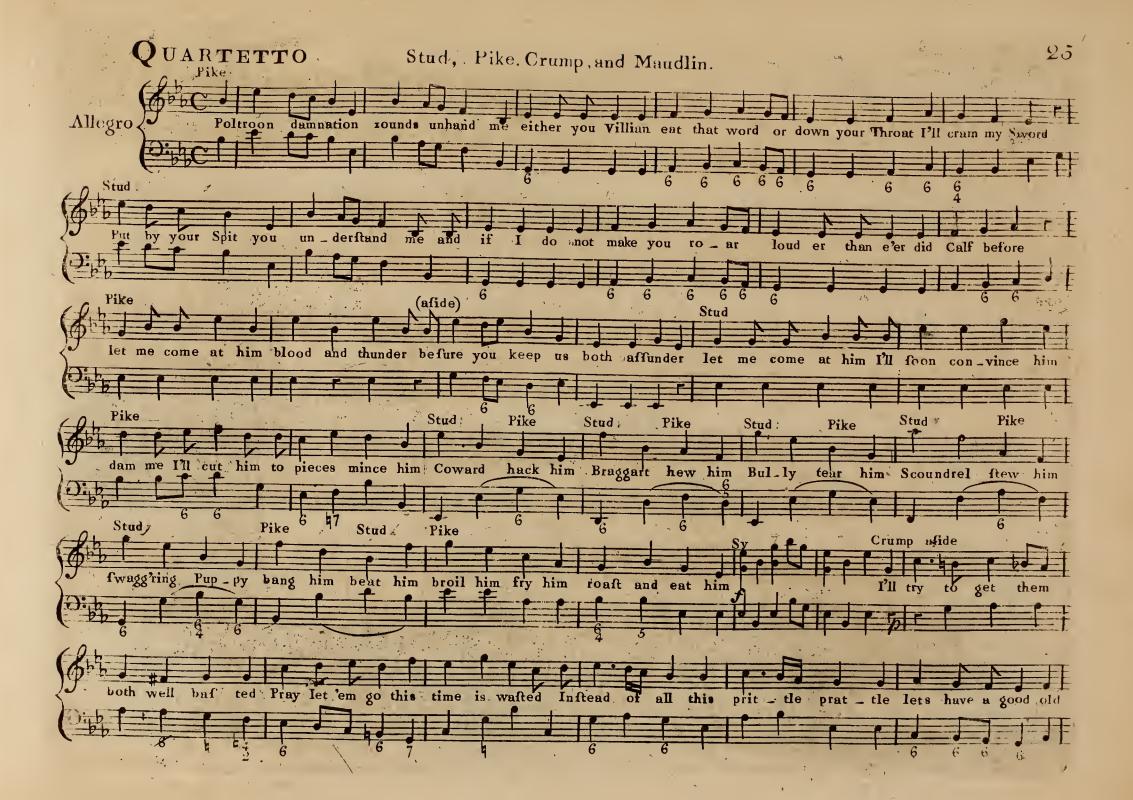
The Shepherd Joe;

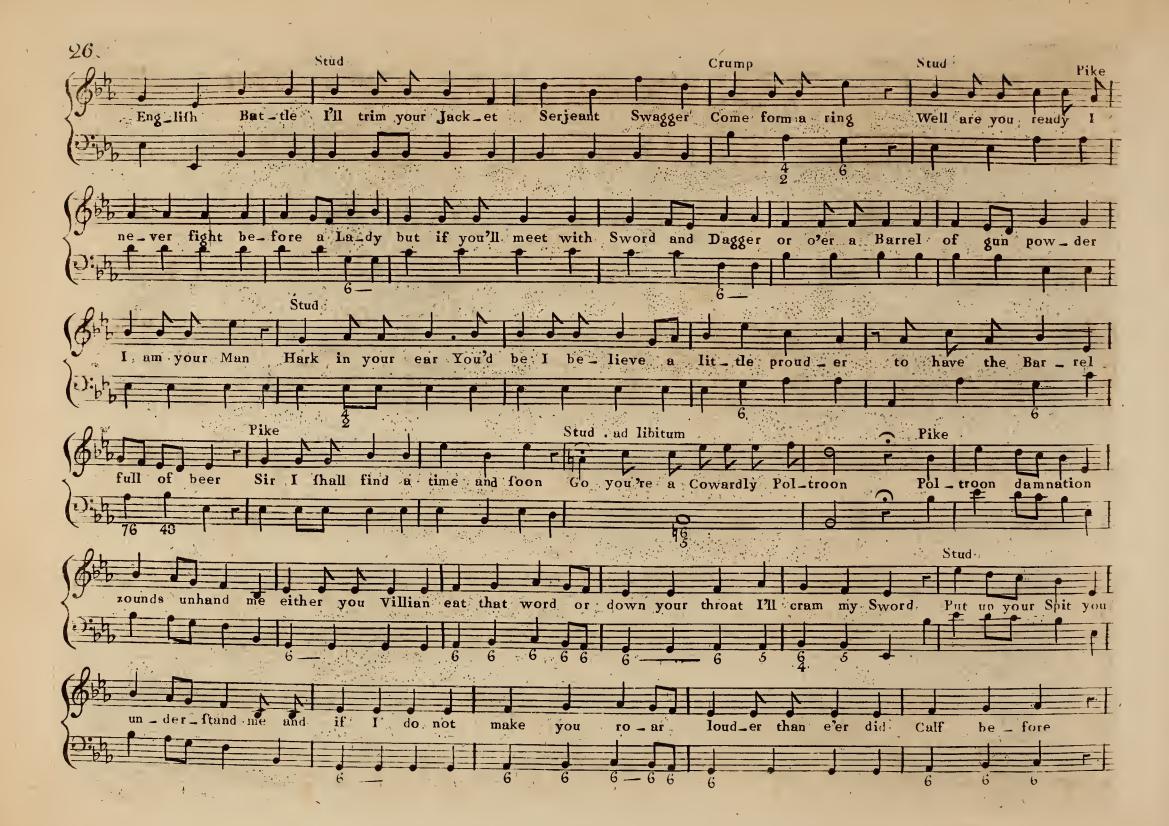
He like Adonis look'd, when first

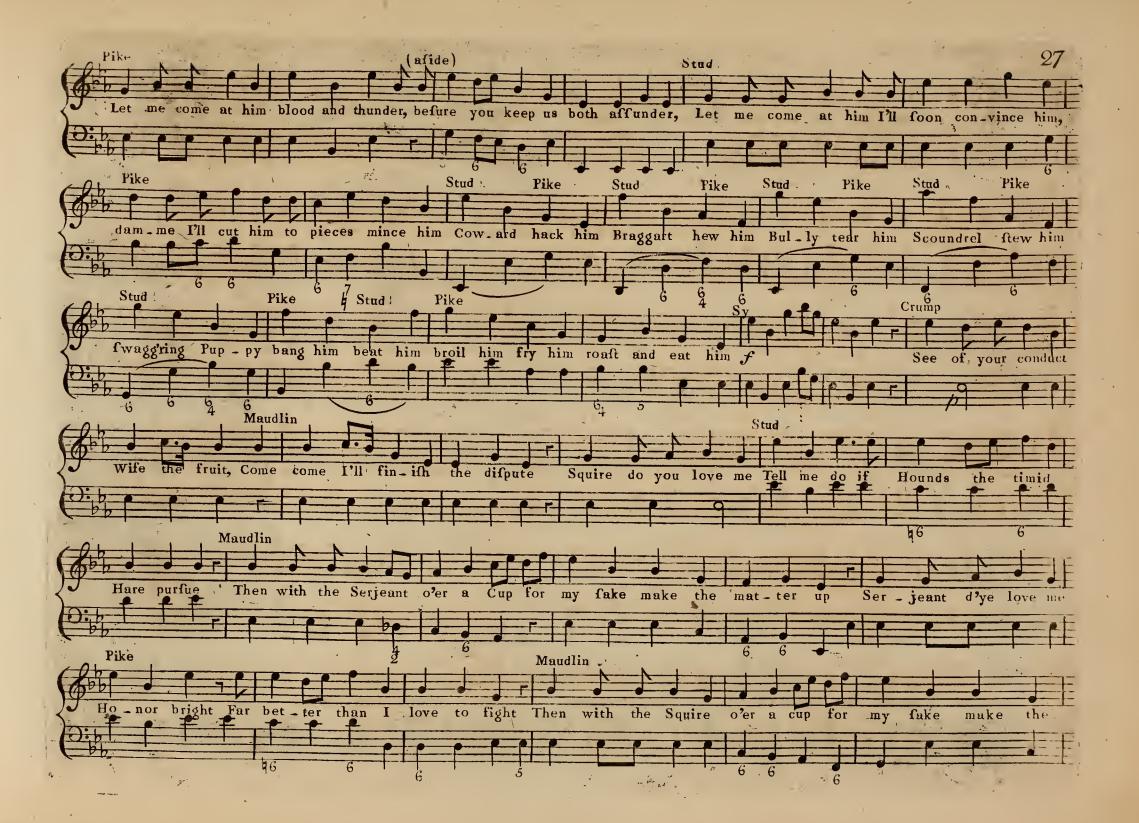
%. I press'd him to my Bosom %.

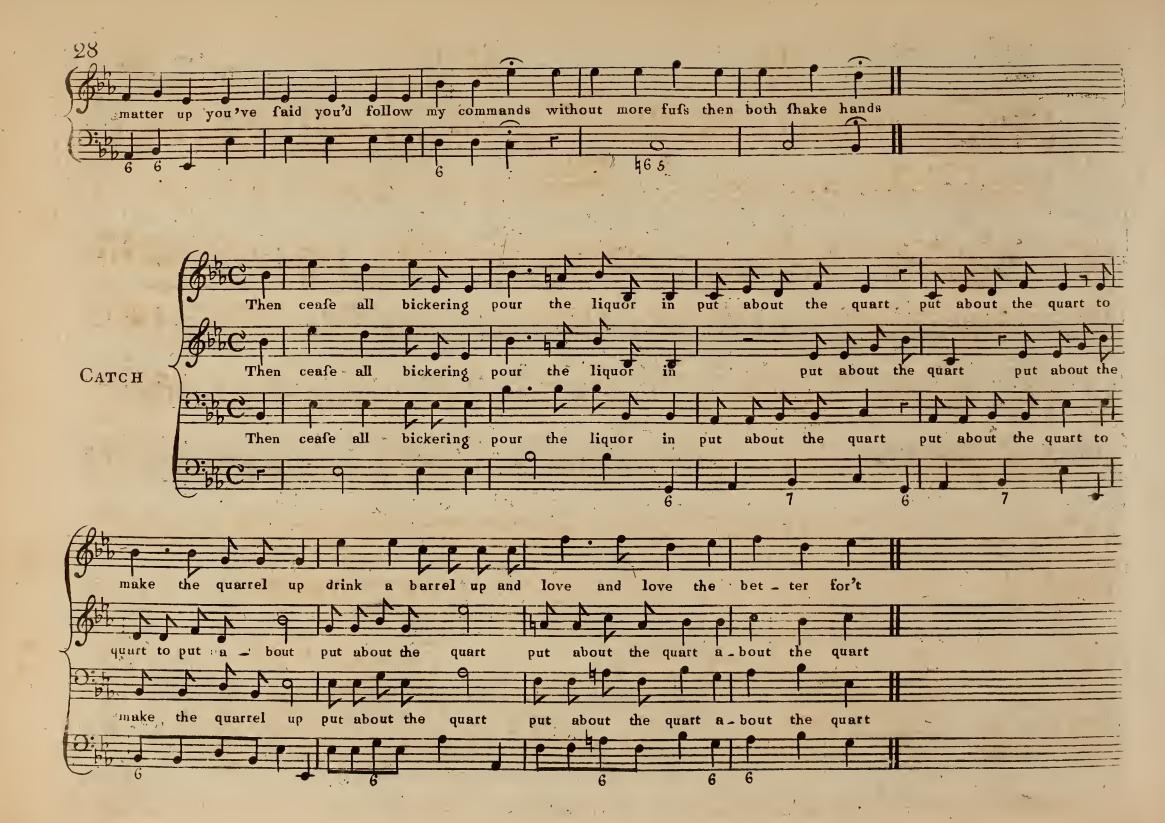






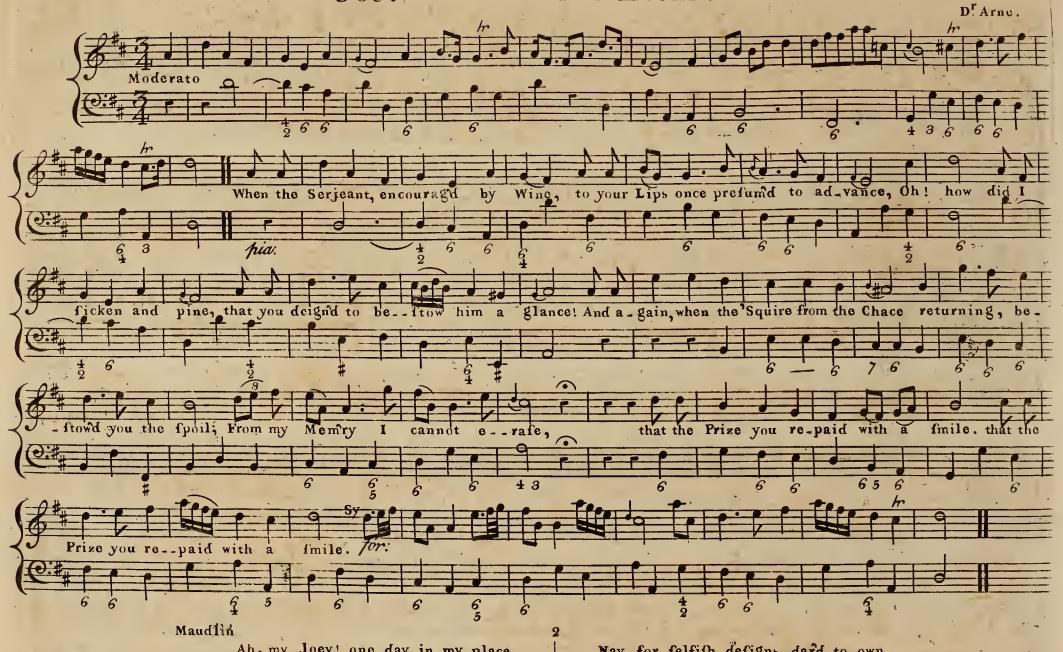








Mr Leoni.

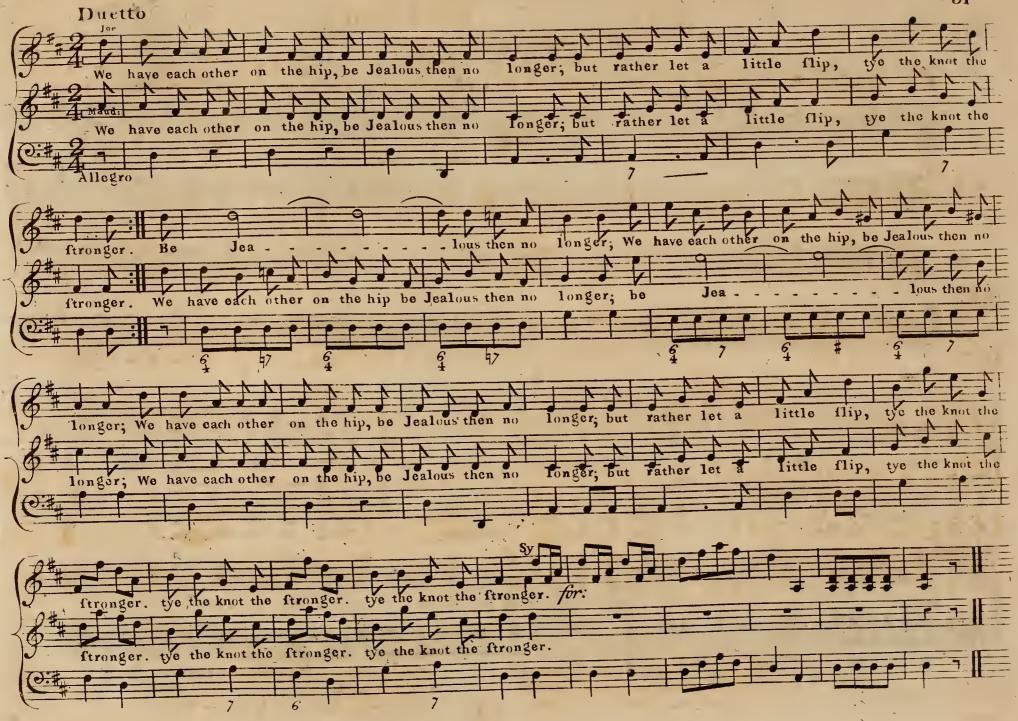


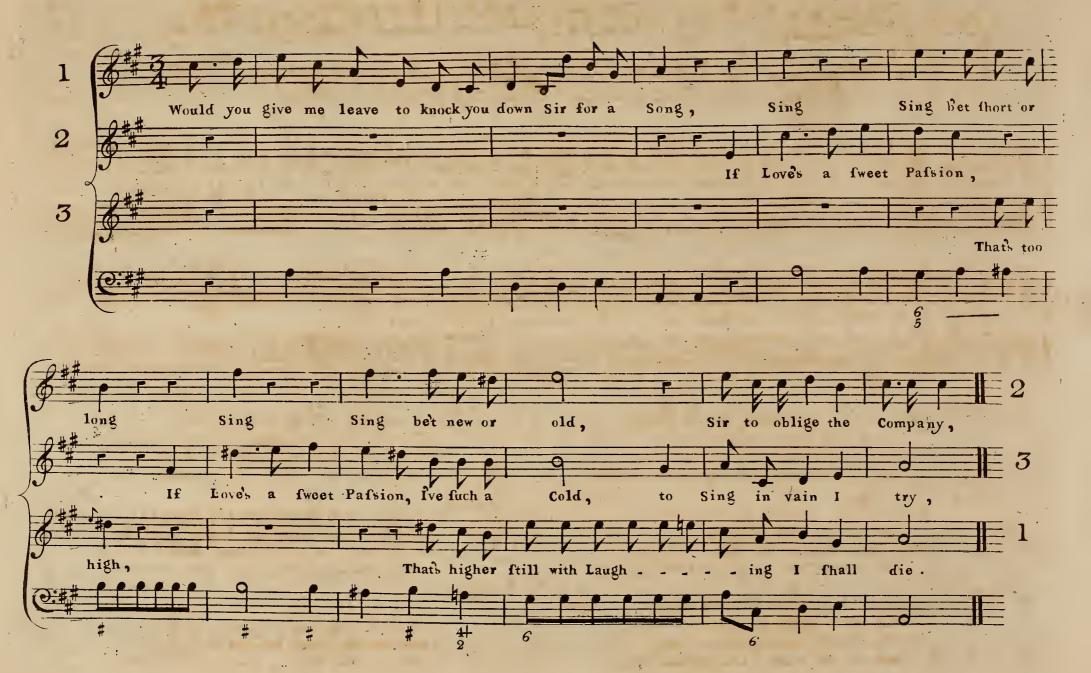
Ah, my Joey! one day in my place,.

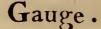
The truth ont you cannot gainfay
When I fent my Suivante, pretty Grace,
You kiffd her all on the new Hay;

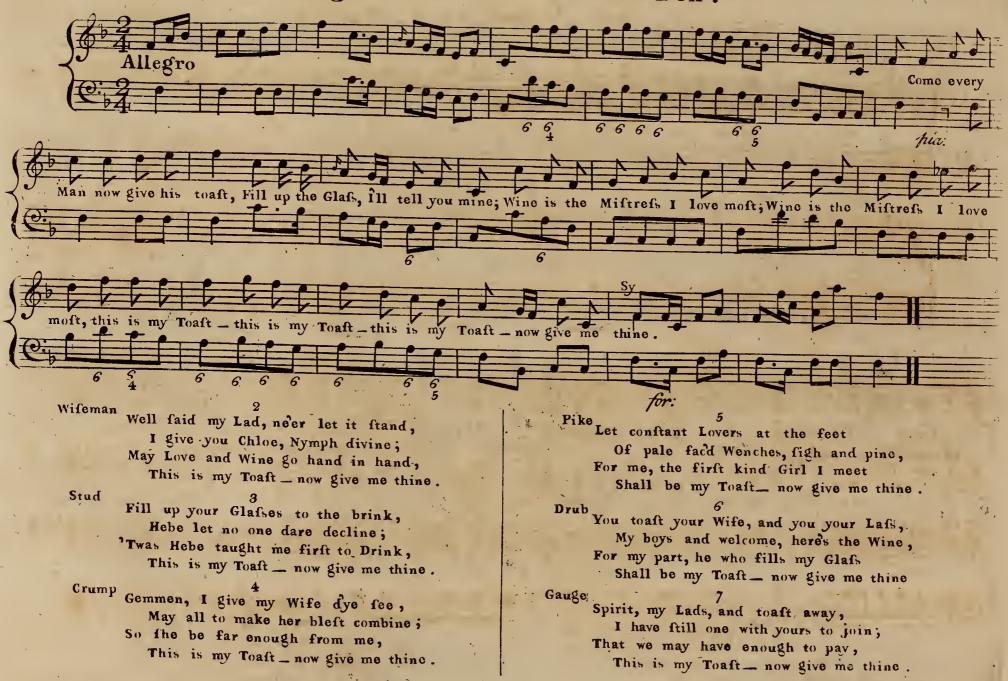
Nay, for felfish designs, dard to own, You pretended a Passion for me; But attractions and charms I had none, For Grace was your favourite she.











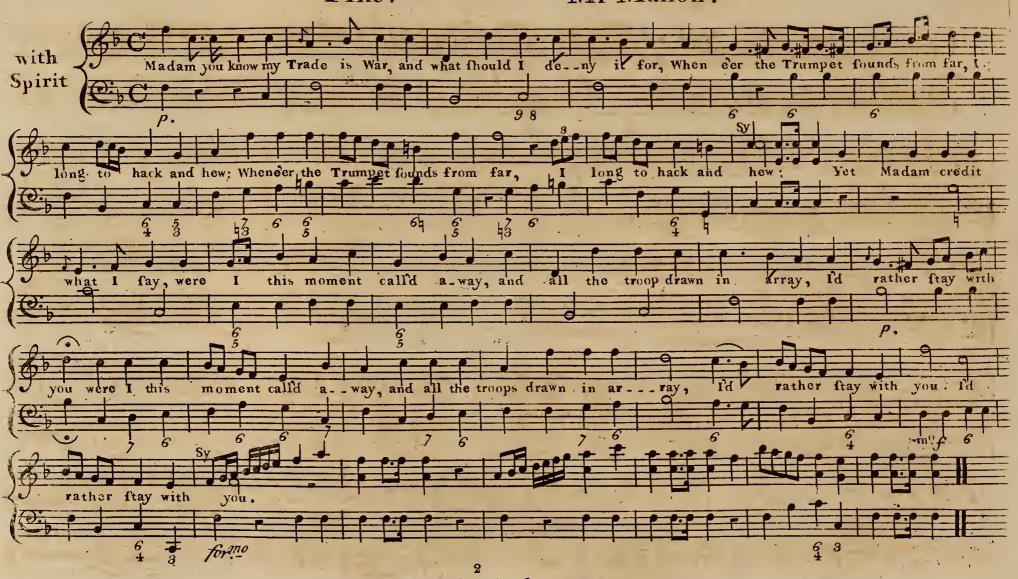


When a Company comes in, on Venison to dine,
Be sure after Dinner to set the best Wine,
But when they once in fort, begin to be merry,
Instead of Champagne, send up Cyder or Perry.
And if told of the error. &c.

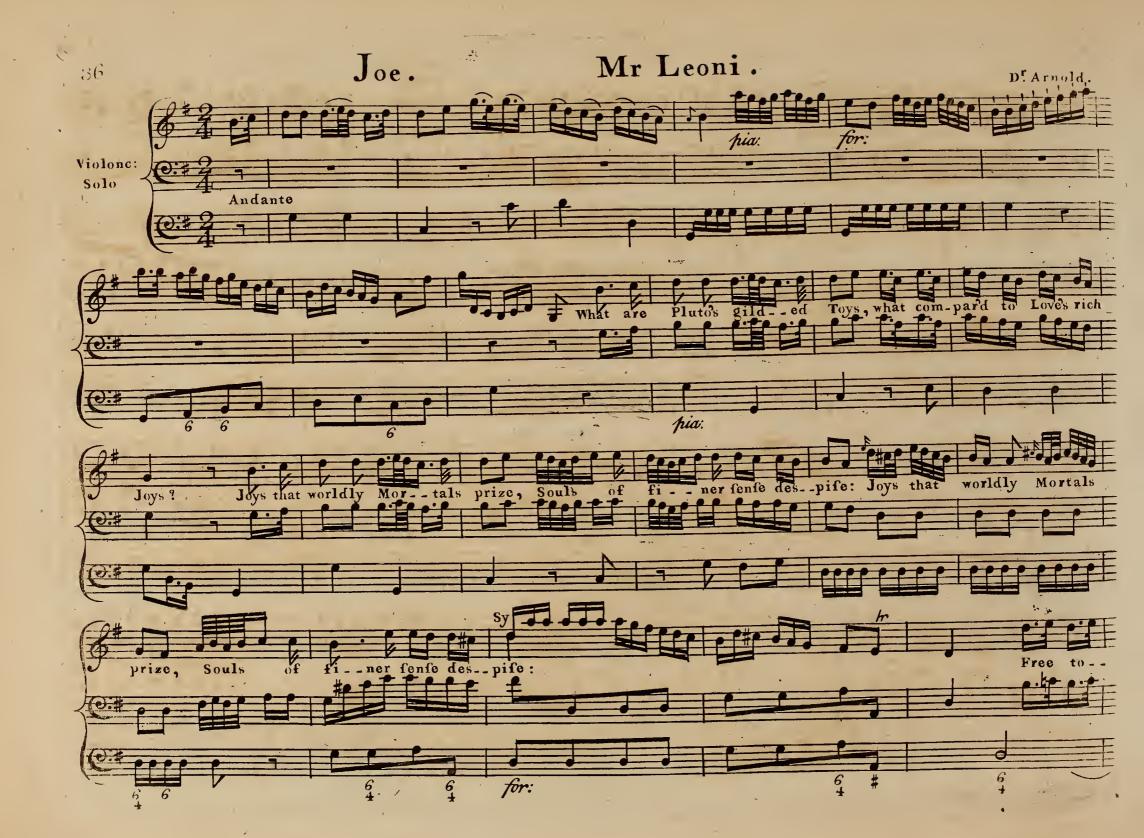
In fhort, with a Pattern like you for my guide,
I shall score well, and Cater, and store and provide:
Taking care still to put something by on the shelf,
Give my Master one half, and take sother myself.
And if told of the error: &c.

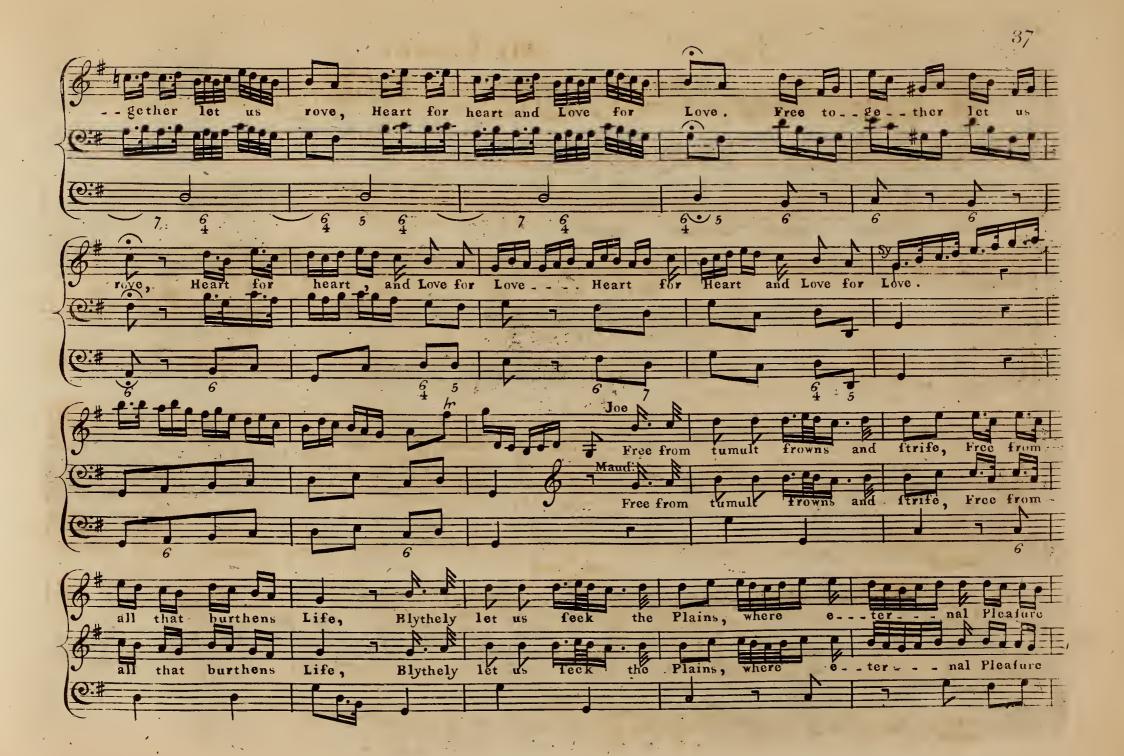


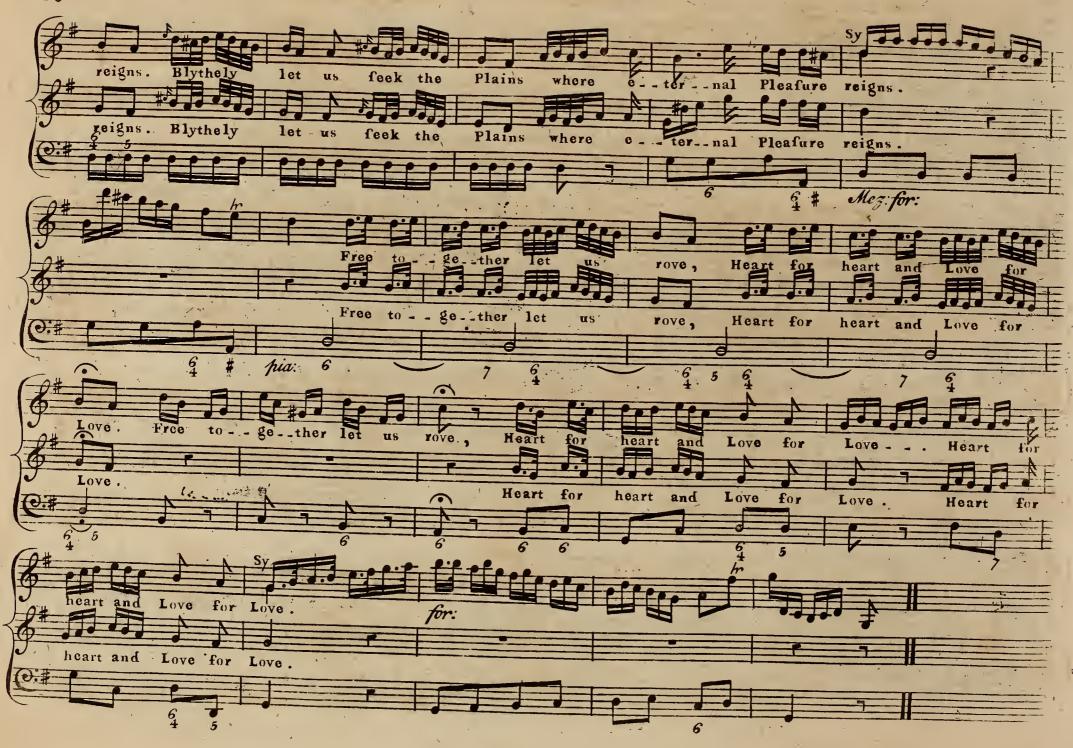
## Mr Mahon.

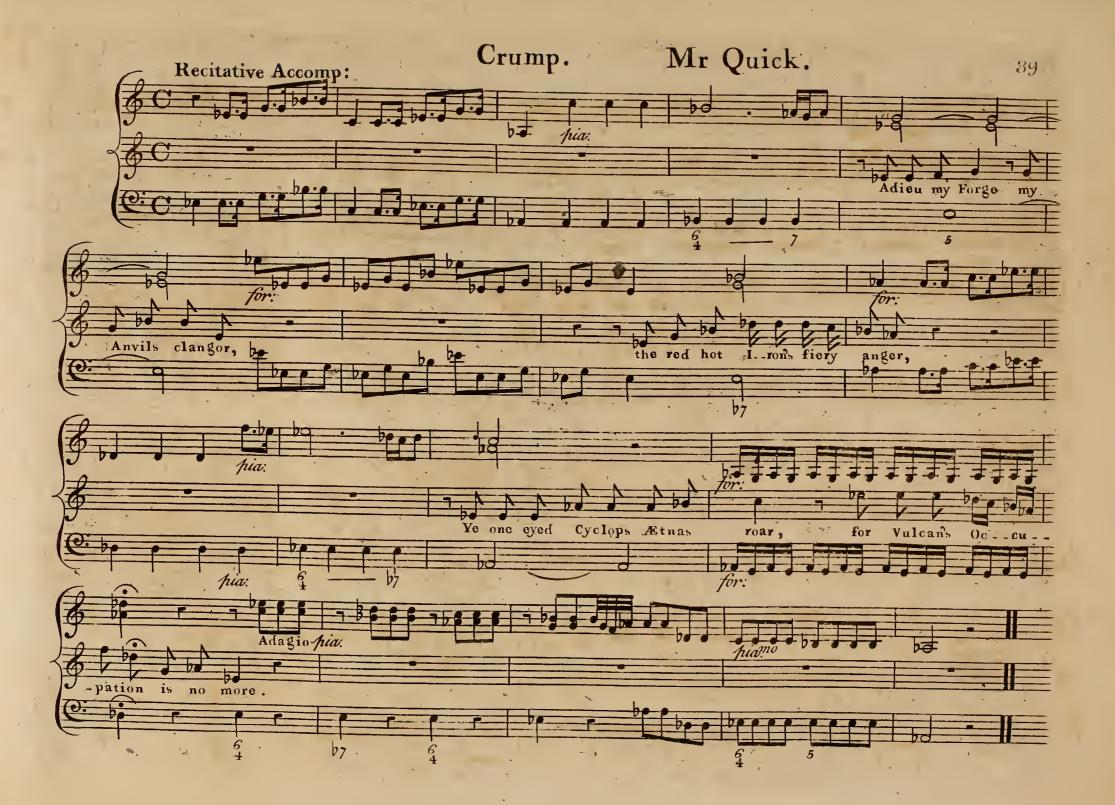


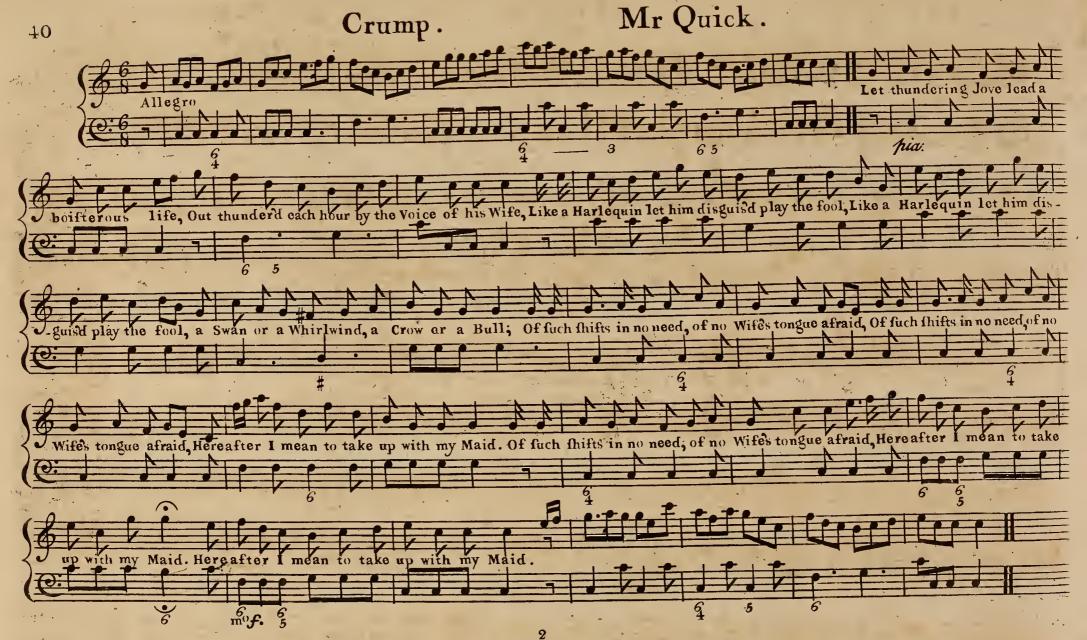
Did Drums and fprightly Trumpets found,
And Death and Carnage ftalk around,
Did dying Horfes bite the Ground,
And we no Hope in view:
Was the whole Army loft in fmoke,
Were they the laft Words that I fpoke,
I'd fay, and damme if I Joke,
I'd rather ftay with you.











Henceforth then my Wife may Parade thro the Skies, Like Nymphs in the Strand to pick up fome new prize, Of Mars and Adonis and Jove at the call, For now thank my Stars, I have done with them all: Of your tricks and your fancies no longer afraid, Good night all ye Gods— Ill take up with my Maid.

for

