

The WEEDERS. CATCH. A. 4. Voc.

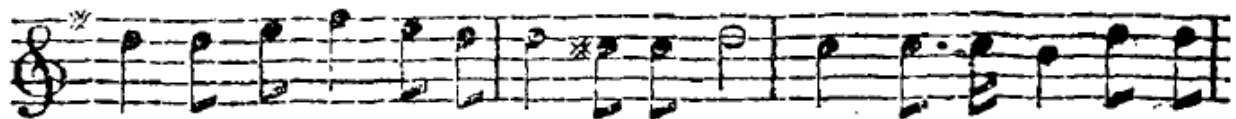
Dr. Arne.



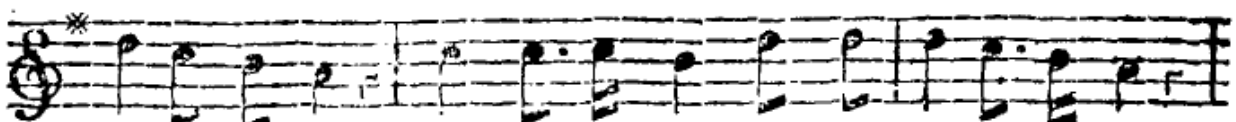
Joan marching forth, Joan marching forth, Joan marching forth



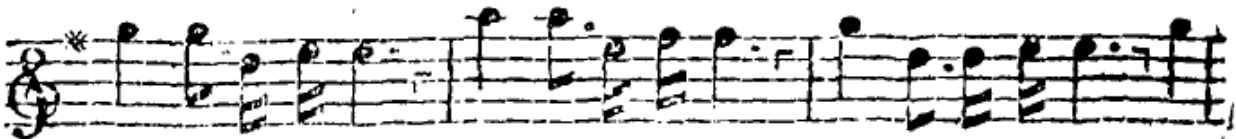
with an old ruf-ry knife, Tuck'd up her tail, Tuck'd up her tail,



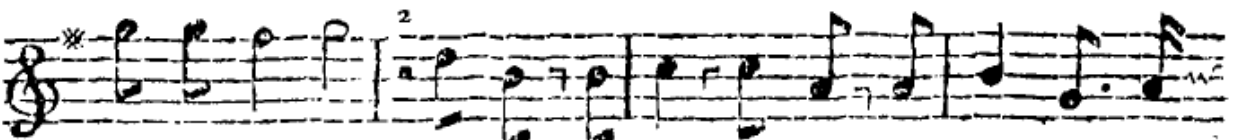
Tuck'd up her tail in the garden to weed; Ralph who an hour had been



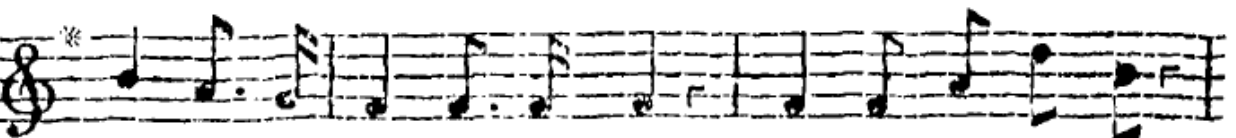
toiling for life, Ralph who an hour had been toiling for life,



Call'd on the de-vil, Call'd on the de-vil, Call'd on the de-vil to



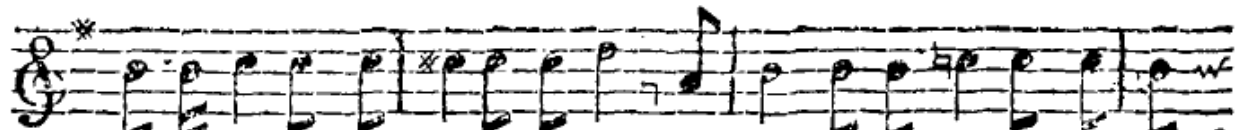
quicken her speed: Rot you, said he, rot you, said he, where the




duce, where the duce have you been? Plague on your conscience,




Continued.



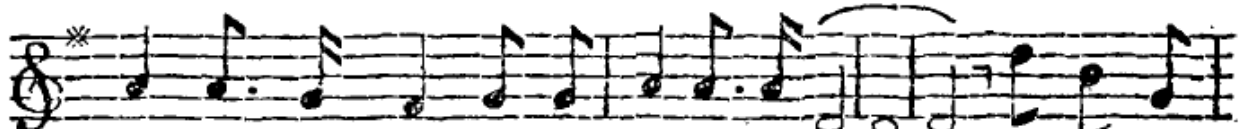
of a hornet was e-ver so bad, No sting of a hornet was e-



ver so bad. Plague on your bawling, plague on your bawling, what



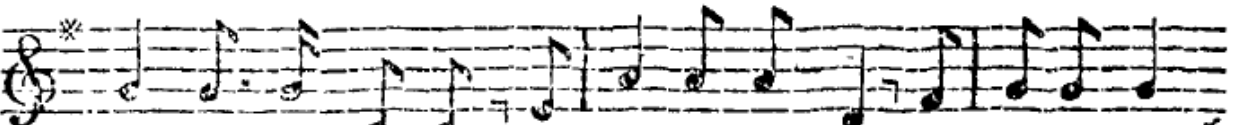
ails you, what ails you, come here, come here, come, No prick, no




prick cou'd have made you so loudly to ro—ar, No prick, no



prick cou'd have made you so loudly to roar; 'Tis shamming,



shamming the cripple, for hark in your ear, You ne-ver yet



squeak'd at a hundred or more.