

O HAD I but a genius kind,
As that Apollo gives thy mind;
A taste so apt, so odd, so single,
As thine, for ever on the jingle;
Hence should it be the Muse's care
To sing thee and thy wooden ware:
But tell me who can vie with thee
In the sweet walk of poetry?
Thy mighty power's so great at
 rhyming,
Whate'er we say, thou sure wilt
 chime in,
While with thy ware, still slowly
 poking
About the fire-ts, thou'rt ever jo-
 king.



Any Work for the Cooper?

NO Cooper that patrols the street
Compares to William Farrell,
A washing-tub for mending neat,
Or hooping well a barrel.

Whene'er a vessel gets a bruise
By slipping off the stopper,
Old Farrell I would have you chuse,
As soon as any Cooper.

For as he liquor always lov'd,
And ever would be tasting,
By this good maxim he is mov'd,
"A sin depends on wasting."



Buy a Fire-stone, Cheeks for
your Stoves?

'TIS piteous thinking,
This man, by drinking,
Is always seen in dirt and rag;
Tho' a hard task it's,
With stones and baskets,
On shoulder pois'd all day to lag.

Nay e'en at night,
His fates in spite,
To get a meal deny him pelf;
Tho' he aspires
To mend your fires,
The deuce a fire to warm himself.



Buy my Flounders, live
Flounders?

HOWEVER ugly be his look,
An honest fellow is Tom Brooke,
Who sells you Plaife and Floun-
der;
Yet if he drinks to such excess,
No difficulty 'tis to guess,
His *Smack* will quickly *founder*.

Then, Tommy, prithee now attend
The admonitions of a friend,
Tho' 'tis with loth we tell them;
Else quickly thou no more wilt tread
The streets with flounders on thy
head,
No longer live to sell them.



Black your Shoes, your Honour;
black, Sir; black, Sir?

TO clean the shoes
Of London Beaus,
Contented in his station,
In dirty alley
Plies Patrick Kelly,
Whose brogue betrays his nation.

Nor wigs nor blacking,
Nor kettle lacking,
Nor tripod for your feet,
The dirt he scrubs,
The shoes he rubs,
And makes them shine like jet.



Buy my Eels, a Groat a Pound
live Eels?

IMMERGED in a tub of sand
Her Eels this woman carries,
Far as Old Shadwell to the Strand,
And seldom stops or tarries.

A writer of no small renown
This solid truth reveals,
That many folks in this great towne
More slipp'ry are than Eels.



Buy my Maids, and fresh Soals?

WITH Maids we're furnish'd by
Joe Pardon,
With Soals and other Fish,
Nor let him think his name I'm
hard on,
Or to offend him wish.

But if a dreadful press-gang should
Assail him, I've a notion,
This poor, but honest fellow, wou'd
Plow once more the wide Ocean.



Any Milk below, Maids?

THIS Woman hale,
With yoke and pail,
Attends upon her cow;
The milk she brings
Quick into King's-
Street, crying—*Milk below.*

Custard or pudding
Her milk is good in;
And, ladies, would ye try it,
You'd find that this is,
For boys or misses,
By far the best of diet.



Hot Rice Milk.

FROM Parish boys, and Chimney-sweepers,

This woman turns a penny ;
But cleanly children of housekeepers
Will surely ne'er buy any.

With dirty spoon, and dirtier cup,
And filth about him plenty,
See how that shoe-black fops it up,
To him indeed a dainty !



New Almanacks, new; some
lies and some true; buy a
new Almanack?

PLAINLY an Almanack displays,
What Time will bring forth soon,
Fasts, Festivals, Red-letter Days,
And Changes of the Moon;

And int'rest table, list of Kings,
When Terms begin and end,
And of some other useful things
They information lend.



Potatoes O! two Pound a
Penny, five Pound Two-
pence.

PPOTATOES are a dainty treat,
The Connaught men among,
Who little else can get to eat
For many a twelvemonth long.

The Cheshire men devour with glee
Potatoes and four milk;
The one goes down like beef, d'ye
see,
The other soft as silk.



Any Kitchen Stuff?

YE cleanly maidens skim your pot,
And all your dripping save,
For while 'bout th' old wife can trot,
You will the worth on't have.

The tallow from your candlesticks,
Of dishes save the scrapings;
These, in your fat-pan if you mix,
They will increase your half-pence.



A Hot Loaf, a White Con-
duit Loaf?

WHITE Conduit's sweet and
pleasant hill

Attracts the stripping Cit,
Over his loaves and tea to bill,
While Miss affects the Wit.

But this good woman's wife inten-
tion

A living is to get
By selling loaves, when (sad pre-
vention)

The afternoons are wet,



Buy a Roasting Jack ?

THE Cowslip of a yellow hue
Brings up the rear of this odd
Crew ;
By whom you'll find, to Man 'tis
given,
In various ways to get a living ;
And sure by these I've plainly shown,
What to a very few is known,
One half the world are ignorant
Of what the others have or want.

Luce
et. Pease

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Bridges three o'er Thames irriguous,
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Shewy outsides, insides empty,
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Hackney coachmen ever drinking;
Hackney writers void of thinking;

Pipers, fiddlers, and harpers,
Pickpockets and thieving sharpers,
Beaus and pimps, and many a harlot,
Gamesters clad in lace and scarlet,
Doctors sage, whose chariots keep 'em,
Riches, if one could but heap 'em,
Of poverty a greater store far,
Of politics eternal warfare,
Whole hecatombs of beef or mutton,
And turtle for your city glutton,
Hypocrites with aspect holy,
Honest men with faces jolly,
Tipsey barrow-women tumbling,
Dukes and chimney-sweepers jumbling,
Lords with milliners debating,
Ladies with their footmen prating,
Chairmen, carmen, kennel-rakers,
Catchpoles, bailiffs, and thief-takers,
Lawyers to justice adversaries,
And pompous wigg'd apothecaries,

Many a jilt and more seducers,
Courteous many, more abusers,
Many an exciseman smuggling,
Statesmen in the treasury juggling,
Many a maid and lover billing,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain, could you strike it:
This is London—How d'ye like it?

A
SONG
ON THE
CITY of *LONDON*.

O LONDON is a dainty place,
A great and gallant City:
For all the streets are pav'd with Gold,
And all the folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies
That ride in Coach and Six;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of politics.

And there's your Beaux, with powder'd
cloaths,

Bedaub'd from head to chin ;

Their pocket-holes adorn'd with gold,

But not one soufe within.

And there the English Actor goes

With many an hungry belly ;

While heaps of gold are forc'd, God wot,

On Signior Farrinelli,

And there's your dames, of dainty frames,

With skins as white as milk ;

Dress'd every day in garments gay,

Of satin and of silk.

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