

The floods of rain now lutulent,  
 Is splashed on ev'ry side, or sent  
 To black wash the poor scavengers.  
 Shortly coaches and passengers,  
 Ladies and dandies disappear ;  
 These more than those the showers fear. 160  
 Apple women fly like the wind,  
 Their slippers clapping smart behind ;  
 Cake venders, show-men, and likewise  
 Ballad singers, grinders of knives,  
 Shoe-blacks, cobblers that have no stall,  
 Jades, that cabbages loudly bawl ;  
 Fish-women, whose fish now might swim,  
 Pie criers, whose pies to the brim,  
 Are more filled with rain than with meat,  
 Hawkers, cripples, take to their feet ; 170  
 Confusion in the city reigns  
 And uproar " bothers " all its brains.  
 Most of those trudge on, run and hie,  
 To the public houses to dry  
 Themselves by the bright big coal fires,  
 That in them kindle new desires,  
 Flaming desires, but half suppress,  
 That smolder to consume the breast :  
 They think it right, the outside wet,  
 That the inside a drop should get. 180  
 Dram after dram swift irrigates  
 Their hearts, while reason moderates  
 Not the fierce scalding rising flood.  
 It is said that the human blood  
 Healthy and unimpeded flows  
 Between two currents that oppose.