

Least his fond Doxy shou'd expect more good,  
Than he in prudent fort can well afford.

My Friends be patient : just step in here,  
A Child is born ; and ever there's good cheer,  
At such a jolly Time ; we'll have our share,  
Plenty of Gossips Bowl with sugar'd Beer.  
I can our welcome claim, for this good Man,  
And I have at the *Rose* top'd many a Can ;  
From thence to Mother *Red-cap*'s, and there lay }  
In the foul Arms of Strumpet *Sally May*,  
A Huzzy bold, but full of Wit and Gay.  
And that we her might well remember,  
She gave us both the same Distemper ;  
Nay, pox'd us to our very Hearts content,  
So gave us cause our folly to repent.  
If this his Spouse in Straw should hear,  
Oh ! how she'd comb his Noddle, and then swear, }  
He ne'er on her shou'd get another Heir.

This