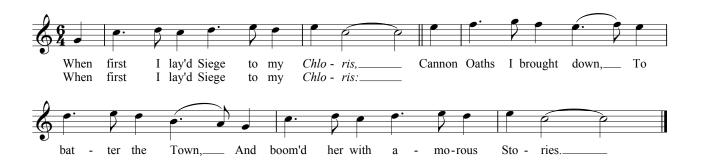
A SONG.



Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her, Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her; And sometimes a Song, Went whistling along, Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a Trumpet, At length she sent Word by a Trumpet, That if I lik'd the Life, She would be my Wife, But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er Marry, I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er Marry; I swore by my Scars, Got in Combates and Wars, That I'd rather dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour, At length she granted the Favour; With the dull Curse, For better for worse, And saved the Parson the Labour.