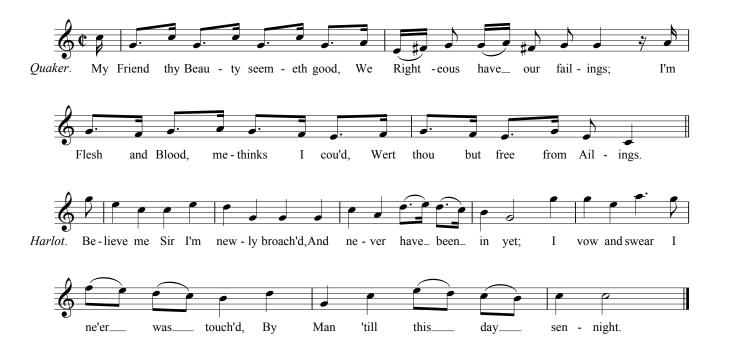
## The Penurious Quaker: Or, the High priz'd Harlot.



Quaker. Then prithee Friend, now prithee do, Nay, let us not defer it; And I'll be kind to thee when thou Hast laid the Evil Spirit.

Harlot. I vow I won't, indeed I shan't,
Unless I've Money first, Sir;
For if I ever trust a Saint,
I wish I may be curst, Sir.

Quaker. I cannot like the Wicked say,
I Love thee and Adore thee,
And therefore thou wilt make me pay,
So here is Six pence for thee.

Harlot. Confound you for a stingy **Whig**,
Do ye think I live by Stealing;
Farewel you Puritannick Prig,
I scorn to take your Shilling.