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SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive;

SET TO

MUSICK

By Dr. JOHN BLOW, Mr. HENRY PURCELL,
and other Excellent Masters of the Town.

Ending with some ORATIONS, made and spoken by me
several times upon the PUBLICK STAGE in the THEATER.
Together with some Copies of VERSES, PROLOGUES, and
EPILOGUES, as well for my own PLAYS as those of other
Poets, being all Humorous and Comical.

VOL. III.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *J. Tonson*, at SHAKESPEAR'S
Head, against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*, 1719.

[277]

The West-Countryman's SONG on a Wedding.

[278]

Ods hartly wounds Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir
Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir:
Who the Rat can mind either *Bayard* or *Ball*, Sir,
Or anything at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking i' th' Hall, Sir;
E'gad not I! Let Master fret it and storm it, I am resolv'd:
I'm sure there can be no harm in't:
Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Pages,
And pretty little *Sue* so true, when she ever engages;
E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

There's my Lord has got the curiosiest Daughter,
Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye water;
This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
Some veed her, some to dress and clout her;
Uds-bud she's grown the veates, the neatest, the sweetest,
The pretty littl'st Rogue, and all Men do say the discreetest.
There's ne'er a Girl that wears a Head in the Nation,
But must give place zince Mrs. Betty's Creation;
She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie:
That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

[279]

Next my Lady in all her Gallant Apparel,
Ize not forget the thumping thundr'ing Barrel;
There'z zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White wine, or Claret:
And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
May tippie off their Cups, until they lie down on their Pillows;
Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy head zo,
For thither I'll go, Cods——because I have said so.