

All the North shall own,

There ne'er was known

Such a spritely Lass this thousand years.

TO CHLORIS: A SONG.

I.

Chloris, for fear you should think to deceive
me,

Know all my Life I have studied your kind,

Learn'd in your *Grammar*, I'd have you believe me,

And all your Tricks in my Practice you'll find;

Ogling and Glances,

Sighs and Advances,

Poor Country Cully no more shall ensnare:

Pantings and Tremblings,

Fits and Dissemblings,

Now you must leave, and Intrigue on the Square.

II.

Give me the Girl that's good natur'd and Witty,

Whose pleasant Talk can her Friend entertain,

One who's not Proud, if you tell her she's Pretty;

And

And yet enough to be Honest and Clean.

Pox on Town Cheatings,

Jilts and Cognettings;

I my Dear *Chloris*, will bring up by hand;

Tears and Complainings,

Breed but Disdamings,

Those still Love best that are under Command.

*A Catch in Three Parts, set by Mr. Hen. Purcell,
and taken from the Latin of BUCHANNAN.*

I.

Young *Collin* cleaving of a Beam,

At every thumping Blow, cry'd *Hem*;

And told his Wife, who the Cause would know,

'Twas *Hem*, made th' Wedge much farther go.

II.

Plump *Joan*, at Night when t' Bed she came,

And both were playing at that same;

Cry'd, *Hem, Hem, Hem*, prithee *Collin* do,

If ever thou lov'dst me *Hem, Hem* now.

III.

No, no, no, no, sweet Wife, no no,

Some Wood will split with half a blow;

Besides I Bore, now, now, I Bore,

I *Hem* when I Cleave, but now I Bore.