

A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
MORNING.

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*April, 1709.*

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**N**OW hardly here and there an Hackney;  
Coach  
Appearing, show'd the Ruddy Morns Ap-  
(proach.  
Now *Betty* from her Masters Bed had flown,  
And softly stole to discompose her own.  
The Slipshod Prentice from his Masters Door,  
(Floor.  
Had par'd the Dirt, and Sprinkled round the

Now

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Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous <sup>(Airs,</sup>  
Prepar'd to Scrub the Entry and the Stairs.  
The Youth with Broomy Stumps began to trace  
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the <sup>(Place.</sup>  
The Smallcoal-Man was heard with Cadence <sup>(deep,</sup>  
'Till drown'd in Shriller Notes of Chimney-  
Duns at his Lordships Gate began to meet,  
And Brickdust *Moll* had Scream'd through half <sup>(the Street.</sup>  
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,  
Duly let out a Nights to Steal for Fees.  
The watchful Bailiffs take their silen Stands,  
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their <sup>(Hands.</sup>