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

Coach
(proach.

Floor.

Now
A Description of the Morning.

Now Moll had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous
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
The Smallcoal-Man was heard with Cadence
'Till drown'd in Shriller Notes of Chimney-
Duns at his Lordships Gate began to meet,
And Brickdust Moll had Scream'd through half
The Turnkey now his Flock returning fees,
Duly let out a Nights to Steal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their flen Stands,
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their