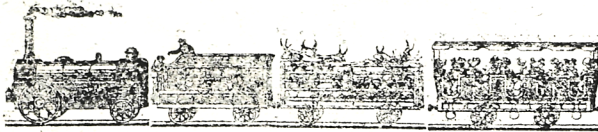


A SCENE IN HIGH LIFE.

THE
NEW



STEAM
CARRIAGE, &c.



— TUNE, ... THE PRESENT FASHIONS. —

ATTEND unto my Ditty, & a story you shall hear;
At the west end of London, in the middle of a square
There lived a jovial Marquis & his Lady gay & free
SO listen with Attention, and I'll tell You of a spree
TO my tol de rol de do, riddle, &c.

ONE Day the Marquis went from home with his
Equipage so fine;
It was because he went to see his lovely concubine
The Lady she suspected; and flew into a Rage,
SO she had a game at skittles with her buxom little
Page.

The Steward and the Lady's-Maid look'd at each
other hard,
Says the Steward, Lovely Jenny, shall we have a
game at cards;—
If You will come in the parlor, and we will bolt
up all the Doors,
SO together they awhile did play, the game they
call all-fours.

The Butler and the Housekeeper play'd underneath
the table,
The Groom went with the Scullery-Maid, a-sweep-
ing Out the stable:—
The Coachman went to have a game along with
Pretty Suke,
And the Valet in the Kitchen went kissing of the
Cook.

The Kitchen-Maid, for fun and glee was seldom
Ever slack,
They had a handsome Footman, christen'd Mongre
the Black:
His nose was flat, his mouth was wide, the Kitchen-
Maid did learn,
TO Mongrel, while he play'd a tune upon the tam-
borine.

IN about 3 quarters of a year a game there did ensue,
from the top unto the bottom of this noble mansion thro';
Some aloud did groan & some did moan, & some did
cry their fill,
For they learnt the 57th Clause of B—'s Poor-Law Bill

The Ladies'-Maid began to cry, I have had a pretty
frolic,
The Housemaid sang out, Oh! bear! I am troubled
with the cholick!—
The Coachman up the stairs did run; to attend upon his
Suke,
And the Valet for the Doctor ran, to help the greasy
Cook:

In the Parlour lay the Housekeeper, right underneath
the table,
The Scullery-Maid was crying like a fury in the stable:
The Ma chioness above was bawling in a rage,
Send up the Nurse to wash & dress this pretty little rage:

The Kitchen-Maid was brought to town, as it may plain
be seen,
A little Black with curly hair, marked with a tamborine,
He marked his father on the nose, & gave his mother
dreadful smacks,
Then ran away down Holborn, crying pickled eels &
sprats.

O, you servants all, I do not wish your feelings for to
smother, (ther:—
They say it's always best for you to hold with one ano-
Of such a pretty Game as this you do not often hear;
This job was done for lark & run in the middle of the
square.



REPRINTED FROM
PITTS, LONDON:
BEING AN AN-
SWER TO THE
Poisoned Family.

1830