



BARNET RACES.

GOOD people draw near, and a song you shall hear,

I'd have you to buy it and learn it
Not long since you must know with a friend I
did go,

To see the fine races at Barnet.

And when we came there 'twas as full as a fair,
The people were jocund and free,
But this was all the show, here they come there
they go :

And this was the whole we could see.

Many faces I knew, and topping folks too,
Married women with sparks gay and pretty :
And husbands likewise each damsel their prize,
Who had sweated from fair London city.

To my friend I did cry, O! how happy am I,
What pleasure I find in this life ;
For be where I will, my dame's at home still,
Thus, thus I am blest in a wife.

Says he few are found but let us ride round,
And not above ten minutes after,
Who do you think I saw in an open landau,
With their sparks but my wife and my daughter

I thought this was high but my friend he did cry,
For your life do not make the least rout,
But off let it pass, and let's take a glass.

We are all honest 'till we are found out.

Then titup and titup we soon home did get,
The maid looked confused and queer,
Where's your mistress said I the maid did reply,
She and Polly's gone out for the air.

Says I if 'tis so, then to bed I will go,
But believe me no sleep was for me,
'Twas about one o'clock at the door they did
knock,

As merry as merry could be.

Says I, you've stay'd late she began for to prate
Observe what a d——d lie she tells,
With a flattering kiss, cries don't take it amiss,
With my brother I've been to the Wells.

So I let it go, and nothing would know,
Resolved not to make the least strife,
But whilst that I live, this advice I will give,
Let no married man praise his wife.

I suppose what was done, they thought pleasant
fun,

What I think I'll leave you to guess,
If the mother was pleas'd the daughter was ens'd
Because they were both in a mess.

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