



M A R I A,

Or the Unfortunate Fair.

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MARIA was handsome remarkable fair,
No girl of the school could with her compare,
Accomplish'd in manners her temper was mild,
She was to rich parents the only dear child,
Till a treacherous captain who had stole her away,
As a wolf would a lamb to make her his prey,
Soon after deluded and fatal to tell
He was ordered to sea and then bade her farewell,
Banish'd by prudence and now forc'd to rove,
Neglected by parents, their friendship, and love,
In winter at mid night to trudge for relief,
Half broken hearted attended by grief,
To shun every ruffian! alas but in vain,
She meets him that's injur'd not knowing his pain,
See the victim lies bleeding, while fate seems to frown.
What checks of compassion to a girl of the town.

Upbraiding reflection while guilt urges her tears,
And bids her look back on her happier years,
Who tenderly felt for her own wretched sex,
Such pains now her own would her bosom perplex,
But now she's in sattin at some bagnio door,
To support the old baw must act the cute whore,
While blooming and healthful care'd by the dame,
Well known round the garden as a girl of great fame,
In the height of her splendor, her friends are un-
By all her acquaintance the girl is belov'd, (prov'd,
To help the afflicted under poverty's lash,
From her lov-r's would wheedle a present in cash,
Not thinking that fortune would turn round the wheel
To check her career or justice appeal.
But as riot and whoredom unpunish'd don't go,
The girl of great fame is condemn'd to her woe.

The old cruel beldame with galling abuse,
Distrusting her friendship is now unfit for use,
To give her small comfort this wretch does refuse,
And obliges her to part with her sattin and clothes,
Her limbs are exposed through a garment worn bare,
Once matchless for beauty but now in despair,
Not far through her years she blunders through time
Like a flower just blown she's cut down in her prime.

For wit and good humour to toast o'er the glass,
To this lovely creature, this favourite lass,
She wore no complexion of art red and pale,
By nature look'd blythe till this infernal frail
Her spirits and beauty together decay'd,
Half dead in a blanket her frame is convey'd,
To a workhouse quite helpless death closes her eyes,
There resigns her last breath, and in agony dies.

