



FATHER, and MOTHER, and SUKE.

359.

Says my father, says he, one day to I,
Thou knowest by false friends we are undone,
Should my law suit be lost then thy good fortune try
Among our relations in London;
Here's Suke, the poor orphan child of friend Grist,
Who once kept thy father from starving;
When thy fortune shoudst made, thou shalt take by the
For a wife, for she's good and deserving;
But mind thee, in heart, this one maxim, Jack,
As thou'rt read thy good fate in a book,
Make know thy guide, or else never come back
To father, and mother, and Suke.
2) So I bust Suke & mother, and greatly concern'd,
Of Lee, with my father's kind blessing,
To our cousin the wine merchant, where I soon turn

Wout mixing, and brewing, and prepping;
But the slow juice & ratchane, & all that fine joke
Was soon in my stomach a rising;
Why, dem it cry'd I would you kill the poor folk.
I thought you sold wine and not poison;
You place my good cousin wou'd do for your Jack,
To make your broth get another guine's cook,
Reckle, without honor, I cannot go back
To father, and mother, and Suke.
3) To my uncle the doctor I next went my ways,
He took'd me the mystery quickly,
Of those that were drag to shorten the days,
And they in good health to make sickly;
O the music of groans I cry'd my uncle, dear boy,
Vapours set all my spirits a flowing;

A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy,
At an age I'm all in a glowing;
Why then my dear uncle, cries I, you're a quack,
For another assistant go look;
For you see without honor I means go back
To father, and mother, and Suke.
4) From my cousin the parson I soon cam'd away,
Without either waiting or warning
For he preach'd about sobriety three times in one day,
And then cam'd home drunk the next morning;
We relation the author stole other men's thoughts,
As cousin the bookseller sold them,
My pious old aunt found in innocence fault,
And made virtue blush as she told them,
To the prospect around us quite dismal and black.

Steadily knowing on which side to look,
I just sav'd my honor, and then I cam'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.
5) I found them as great as a king on his throne,
The law-suit had banish'd all sorrow,
I'm come, said I, father, my honor's my own,
Then thou shalt have Suke's lambscrown,
But how about London? I won't do for a clown,
There vice rides with folly behind it;
Nay, you see, that I say there's no honor in town,
I only say I could not find it;
If you sent me to starve you found out the right
If to live the wrong method you took;
For I poor want to London, & poor I'm come back
To father, and mother, and Suke.

Published 8th Aug 1795 by LAURIE & WHITTLE, N^o 53 Fleet Street, London.

